

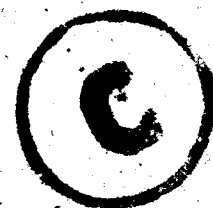
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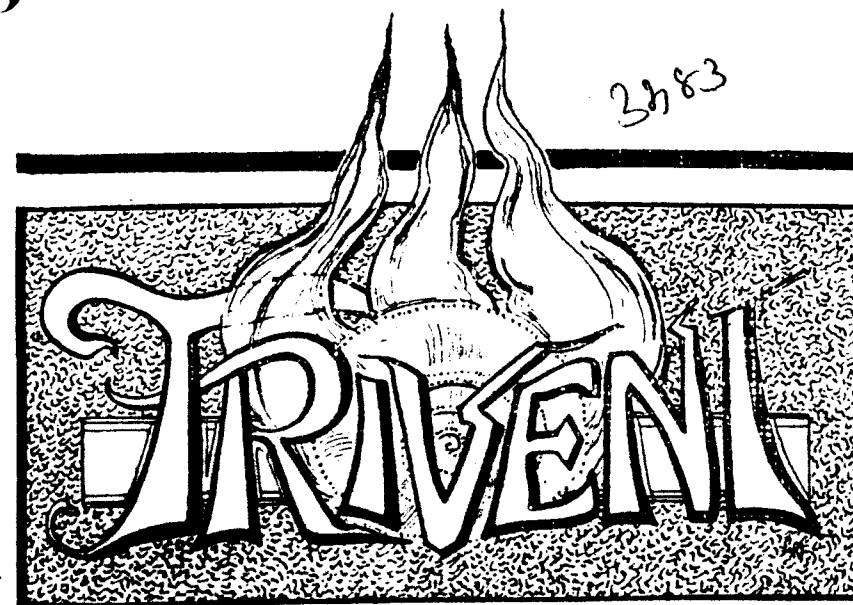


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JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

EDITOR

K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO



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

MAZZINI

ar

Vol. IV, No. 4

July - August 1931

'TRIVENI'

'Triveni' is devoted to Art, Literature and History. Its main function is to interpret the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects.

'Triveni' seeks to draw together cultured men and women in all lands and establish a fellowship of the elect. All movements that make for Idealism, in India as well as elsewhere, receive particular attention in these columns. We count upon the willing and joyous co-operation of all lovers of the Beautiful and the True.

May this votive offering prove acceptable to Him who is the source of the 'Triveni'—the triple stream of Love, Wisdom and Power!

THE EDITOR

*... he that labourath right for love of Me
Shall finally attain! But, if in this
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure!*

— THE SONG CELESTIAL —

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TRIVENI

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(With which is incorporated 'THE NEW ERA')

26 NOV 1931

EDITOR

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

Owing to the recent complications in exchange, the price of paper has increased enormously. We are therefore obliged, as a temporary measure, to reduce the bulk of the Journal slightly. We preferred this course to raising the annual subscription.

THE EDITOR

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Vol. IV, No. 4
July-Aug. 1931

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JANUARY 1931

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Krishna and the Gopis	<i>Frontispiece</i>
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KRISHNA & THE GOPIS

Collection: South Kensington Museum, London

Akroora at Ambadi

BY VALLATHOL

[Translated from MALAYALAM by Manjeri S. Isvaran, B.A.]

The crimson patches of the evening sky
Are mirrored bright upon the Kalindi
And lo! her bosom seems to be aglow
With long levels of crimson lotuses! 4

Is this, thy sheen, O River resplendent
By Lord Sree Krishna's feet incarnadined?
Is it the vermillion upon the breasts
Of nymphs to tint His dear delightful form? 8

The rhythmic dance of the softly blowing breeze
Upon thy wavelets breaking line on line
Doth breathe the balm of empyreal bliss
And shake my frame with glowing ecstasy. 12

The ripple of thy water's steady flow
That fills mine ears with such mellifluence
Doth seem to me the modulations sweet
And sacred of His *venu's* melody. 16

O Brindavan! beaming, beauteous, bright,
Bordered blue by the brimming Kalindi
And where my Darling Little One doth trip
With feet licked by the kine to glossiness,
I wish I were born in a nook in thee
As a tender blade of grass! Ah woodland!
Thou art a paradise pure on this Earth
A world of cows where peace and plenty dwell,
A world un-excelled in felicity:
And Ye! *mandar, malli, and malati*
Who ope softly with white-eyed wonder sweet,

Is not your glory whitened by the waves
Of my Lord's genial and lingering smile ?

29

The lowing of the kine that penwards wend
Swells softly, softly from Ambadi nigh,
And in the billows bursting from the sound
My sins are washed, a hallow'd being I turn.

33

The setting Sun ruddies the straw-thatched roofs
Of *Gokul's* houses rising row by row ;
He leaves his crimson glory unto Him
The Almighty who dwells in Ambadi.

37

The jingling of bells round the necks of calves
When to and fro they run in sportive mirth
Rings unto heaven's vault and seems to chime
Like as a clock the dying hour of day.

41

Let mansions big and decked with domes of gold
And rising town and tower innumerable
Bow low unto the tiny thatched-homesteads
Of *Gokul*, for abideth not here He
The Lord of the Goddess of Opulence ?

46

As fair as she that rose resplendently
From out the milky deep the *gopis* are.
And when they milk the cows licking their calves
With hands wont to fondle the Darling Child
Their bracelets tune forth merry melodies
Which swell and float and fill this blissful world.

52

And when the milk foams up the milking pails
Its tiny bubbles like to eyes do wink
And seem to ask : "Where is that little thief
Of milk and butter ? O where is He ?"

56

O Akroora, thou thirsty *chatak* bird !
Get down, get down from out thy chariot
And look ! for there standeth thy dark-blue cloud
Yonder, watching the milking of the kine.

He is a dark and divine baby born
Out of the long, long penance of the pair
Of Vasudev and Devaki, the good :
He is a heavenly light kindled by God
In Nanda's home. He's a sapphire that burns
Upon the breast of blessed Yasoda,
He is a darling bird that wings gaily
From vine to vine and shining greenery :
He is a radiant black majestic swan
Sporting on the sands by the Kalindi,
He is a chum delightful of the boys,
He is the soul-force of the *Vedantins*.

72

He holds the cowherd's dute and staff—the twain
In his left hand, whilst with the tender right
That bears the sceptre swaying triple worlds
He caresses the sheeny skin of calves ;
And as around a vine bright coronals
Of jasmines bloom, children encircle Him,
And them with words sweetened by honied smiles
He doth delight and ringing laugh provoke.

80

His cloud-dark hair bedeck'd with peacock plumes
Is trailing down, for undone is its knot,
And in His forehead fringed by gleaming pearls
Faded is the fair *tilak* by beads of sweat ;
The saffron silk adown His shoulder hangs
In sweet disorder ; it is stained in mire ;
His frame flecked with woodland particles
Doth seem an uncut gem and unchiselled ;
Unappeas'd is His desire for wandering,
And when His mother with a vase of gold
Filled with oil calls Him aloud for bath
He feigns He has not heard that darling call :
But when the neighbouring maids do beckon Him
And say, "Want you white butter, dear ?" He trips
Towards them blithely and His anklets

Tinkle, tinkle with a mellow melody.

96

And Akroora did see the Divine form,
The Root of Wisdom, Lord of all the worlds,
And lo! in him a chastening influence
Some unseen goodly force infused and he
Felt him a transformed man, a new being!

101

Dived right adown the nectar's depths by depths
Forgot he all the outward elements,
And jumping from out the chariot he rushed
Towards the Lord and by His lotus-feet
He rolled and rolled—a *bhakti*-maddened man.

106

A Critique of Rama Rajyam

BY GEORGE JOSEPH, M.A., BAR-AT-LAW

The subject of this paper, as I conceive it, is important; and in some moods it strikes me as more important than any that can engage the attention of this generation. At the same time, I find it difficult to state what exactly it is or why exactly and how exactly it is important. Rama Rajyam is an ideal and inspiration to millions: its implications are manifold and stretch far: in society, economics, the political order, methods of Government and the general trend and orientation of thought, the conception is immense and can be vital. The description of Rama Rajyam, therefore, and the apprehension of its features are a difficult business. As it happens, I think that Rama Rajyam, always wrong and defective, is dangerous and hopelessly inadequate for our time, and that any attempt to revive it is a blind reversion to futility, atavistic and reactionary, however popular it may be for the moment on account of its advocacy by Gandhiji and the enormous prestige of his name. The criticism of Rama Rajyam is consequently an unpopular, thankless and disturbing task. Fully then though I realise the complexity of my undertaking, both description and criticism are ventured in double confidence: Rama Rajyam as an ideal is invalid, and in practice leads to manifest absurdity; secondly, it is against history.

What is this Rama Rajyam? The word is that of Gandhiji. Sometimes he calls it Dharma Rajyam, sometimes Swarajyam, sometimes Poorna Swarajyam; but essentially and throughout it is Gandhi Rajyam, the kingdom of truth and non-violence. It means self-contained villages, a primitive rural economy, ploughing by men and spinning by women, no machinery. In the relations amongst villages and Provinces and, in a wider sphere, between India and the rest of the world, there will be an all-pervading doctrine, of Swadeshi, whereby each village should be content with the articles it produces and the handicraftsmen who produce them; each Province will be self-contained

in a similar fashion, and the ideal of an India that is economically complete and coherent, cutting itself off as far as possible from the rest of the world, will be supreme. India will then be like she was before the disastrous contact with Europe began, like what China was before the Opium War, and Japan was before the guns of Commodore Perry's battleships broke on her coasts. There will be no such thing as foreign trade or the enormous fortunes made by merchant-princes or industrial magnates. Machinery being discouraged and non-violence being the creed of the nation, the Indian Army (if India continues to possess so destructive an instrument of violence) will not be equipped with modern arms whose efficiency and technical perfection will be possible only amongst a people believing with religious fervour in modern science and machinery. There will be no modern hospitals because medicine and surgery, as we know it today, is based on investigations and experiments which cause enormous suffering to human beings and lower animals. Lawyers and Law Courts there will be none, because the Jurisprudence, we know, is a foreign importation and Lawyers are parasites on society, and the ideal to be aimed at by Rama Rajyam will be simple arbitration under the village banyan tree. As far as the State is concerned, Government will vest in the hands of moderately-paid men who will be just and wise and with a continuous regard to the poor and oppressed; over them all, there will be a man of greater wisdom and justice than all the rest. Standards of comfort and luxury will not be permitted to increase in the modern European fashion; on the other hand, the definitely right purpose will be to reduce the demands of material comfort to an irreducible minimum of simplicity. In the matter of religion also, there will be a doctrine of Swadeshi in virtue of which men and women will be encouraged to continue under the outer labels into which they might be born; a Hindu that sees beauty or finds satisfaction in Islam being counselled to engraft such elements of Islam into his own religious life as a Hindu and not to call himself a Muslim. The theory at the back of this position is a fundamental latitudinarianism which says that each religion is as good as another and that in the matters of spirit no one vision of God-head can be superior to any other.

State and society will therefore discourage inter-religious conversions, and institutions like hospitals and colleges and schools which are run by Missionaries of religion will not be permitted. But curiously enough, though all religions are regarded as of equal value, there is a hierarchy of merit, inequality of virtue in civilisations and culture. Far from counting all civilisation as one and entire, a common heritage of humanity, Indian civilisation is contrasted with European civilisation and a definite effort made to exorcise the methods and standards of value of Europe out of India, out of Rama Rajyam, as an evil thing beyond the pale of toleration. In the deepest analysis, this conception of State and society is founded on a repudiation of the State and on the patient evolution of individual selves which, by the discipline of *Varna* and *Ashrama*, through a series of incarnations, will be beyond the necessity of any order from outside,—a magnificent ideal of anarchy of the spirit. No room is allowed in this scheme for the common human experience that the vast majority of men and women are prone to sin and error, greed and personal self-seeking, and that they can be kept in order and decent behaviour only by an external authority that is pledged to the laying down of laws and their enforcement.

I have said that it is Gandhiji who has made the ideal popular in our day. But the readiness and universality of the response to his appeal is due to the circumstance that, in spite of modern education and the last 350 years of contact with Europe and the thousand years of struggle with Islam, India is essentially and persistently Hindu, medieval and inexorably hostile to other values.

Indian Medievalism has cost her the loss of Empire and political liberty, and made her subject to a succession of alien Rulers, Muslim and Christian, who repudiated her values and departed from her methods. Though it may be going too far to say that political subjection was due to Hinduism or Empire was due to Islam or Christianity, it is a remarkable circumstance, worthy of careful pondering, that during the last 500 years of the world's history, power and vitality, strength and influence, wealth and the good things of the earth have fallen to the lot of the fighting races, of peoples who believed in violence and perfected the organised use of force. The

political centre of gravity of the world has remained in Europe which, by a singular combination of military might, free institutions and the Christian Church that believed itself the repository of a superior religion and sought after Universal dominion. The two generations of Indians who built up the Indian Nationalist movement and continued it, represented a break-away from the traditional Indian spirit and the growth of a feeling that power need not always be the monopoly of Europeans and that they should organise themselves for wresting it from alien hands. Indian Nationalists saw in other countries, similarly dominated by the Governments of Europe, movements for political freedom. They saw Europe rich and asked themselves why India remained poor; why Europe conquered the whole world and India with a variety of resources and an enormous population was ruled by a hundred thousand Englishmen; why Europe was irresistible and India miserably weak.

The problem being thus defined, one solution is fairly obvious, and according to my belief, the right one. India should develop the ideal of physical assertion and power to the end that other Powers, themselves the embodiments of physical assertion and power, might not endanger her freedom. The ideal is to break away from the medieval ideology and political institutions, that were swept away by the Mahomedan invaders of a thousand years ago and the later European Powers. The right thing is to learn European arts and science so that we might beat Europe by its own methods and retain India's liberty. The classical instance of this method was furnished by Japan. Japan did not want any traffic with Europe or America; but the modern world would not let her abide in peace, and in the face of the threat issued to her by American battleships, Japan had to take a crucial decision. She was convinced that she had an admirable civilisation, a humane religion and exquisite ideals of beauty and well-being. She was convinced that the interference of the West in her affairs, because Europe and America had heavier guns and more effective physical force, was wrong and morally indefensible. But the interference was there and no reasonable means of diplomacy and persuasion seemed capable of putting an end to it. Their civilisation and honour and

self-respect being put in peril, Japanese statesmen had to decide how best to preserve the inherited elements of her well-being and national honour.

If Europe would not listen to reason but only to superior guns, the only thing left for Japan was to manufacture the superior guns (however crude and wrong the method of guns might be), and Japan decided, in spite of instinctive revulsion against the use of force, to learn modern military science and to undergo the long, hard discipline of European scientific schools. She deliberately sacrificed her ideals of rural beauty (prettier far than anything conceived by Gandhiji), and reconciled herself to modern machinery and industrial organisation, because she saw that only by handling machinery and developing foreign trade she would be able to manufacture heavy guns and battleships and munitions, and make use of the wealth accumulated in industry and commerce to keep the fighting nations at bay and maintain her honour and self-respect. The Chinese experiment is later in point of time, but in spirit and essence China is following the example of Japan. Chinese civilisation and institutions are nearly as old as the *Vedas*, and her political history covers a longer period of continuity than that of Rome. In spite of it all, she has not been prevented by any wrong notion of national egoism from putting herself to school at the feet of Europe, if only thereby she could learn the methods and forge the instruments of modern Government whereby she could save herself from exploitation by Europe. The victory of Japan over Russia was dramatic and visible to all the world, as also her emergence as one of the Great Powers of the world. But the resuscitation of China and her steady progress to freedom and the assertion of self-respect are no less real. If we turn to the Islamic countries, this process of modernisation so that their liberties may not be endangered by the undoubted might and organising power of Christian Europe, is in full swing. Turkey overthrew an effete Khilafat and renewed herself as a republic on the morrow of her defeat in war and humiliation in the Treaty of Sevres. Her statesmen took refuge in Angora and they modernised her in the middle of the war against the Greeks.

Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha has converted Turkey into a modern State; he has reclothed her people in European habiliments, taught them Roman script, abolished the *pardah*; he has made Europe and his own people understand that Turkey is a modern State and will insist on being respected as a modern State, capable of diplomacy and of war, having wealth and industry and all the conveniences and luxuries of the present age. Though Amanulla Khan was driven away from Afghanistan on account of the rapid pace of his experiment in modernisation, King Nadir Shah is of the same spirit in spite of his caution and clearer understanding of his people. The moral of all these examples is that, though Europe has been an evil during recent years, she was an evil to herself and to others because of the disparity of her strength and their weakness, her efficiency and their inadaptability to modern needs. The conditions of her strength are free institutions, Government by debate, and the unhesitating use of force in the furtherance of national policy. If other nations, including India, can secure for themselves political freedom by these methods and maintain them and make it clear to Europe that they would not tolerate any interference by her in their affairs, the supremacy of Europe in science, arts, methods of war and diplomacy need not be a curse to humanity. This solution necessarily presupposes that non-European peoples will, in the interests of their efficiency and the peaceable development of the world, learn of Europe all that Europe has got to teach and use that learning to preserve the balance of power amongst the nations of the earth. However good or pathetically beautiful other philosophies and social ideals may be, we have to frankly acknowledge that for the time being Europe has the secret of power and she can be beaten only by those who share the secret with her. There may be an evil magic in it; but it is an evil only to those who are ignorant of it. If India is to secure release from political slavery, and maintain freedom as a precious possession of her children, and as long as Governments should subsist, amongst other things, on war and wealth, and as long as the standards of fighting and opulence are set by Europe, it is an idle dream to imagine that we can survive on any other terms.

It is from this point of view that I wish to analyse Rama Rajyam.

There is one preliminary suggestion that should be mentioned to be dismissed. Friends have suggested that Gandhiji believes in machinery, the use of an army, the diplomacy of wealth and the exploitation of demagogic forces, in violence. They say that his preaching of truth and non-violence is a device which he has adopted on account of the force of circumstances and that he refrains from organising a rebellion on the accustomed military lines only because there is not the slightest prospect of his winning through. Let me say at once that I do not believe in this theory. I know Gandhiji fairly well and had the honour at one time of being in his confidence. I am convinced that he believes in love or non-violence as the final and exclusive term of human and Divine endeavour, and that he equates truth with non-violence. Though the truth is that life is maintained by a precarious balance between force and love, destruction and benevolence, individual life being impossible for a second without the destruction of other lives, and Gandhiji is guilty of heresy in his interpretation of Christianity, I am bound to state my conviction that his doctrine of truth and non-violence is of the very fibre of his being. To think otherwise will amount to accusing him of insincerity and hypocrisy, which will be a shocking thing to do. To be frank, if I were convinced that my friends were right, I should not be alarmed at his preaching Rama Rajya; if he should organise India on modern lines with schools, hospitals, and machinery, and an invincible army and secret diplomacy as soon as he gets the power to do so, I should not worry. The trouble is that it is his originality and force and warped reaction against the Christian culture of Europe which may make him, in my humble judgment, a danger to civilisation and the safety of India. To me civilisation is whole and single. In social institutions and methods of Government, language and religion, there are differences; some are Indian, some European, Muslim, Hindu. In the matter however of civilisation and science and culture and philosophy, in the highest achievements of the race, I cannot think of any division. Truth, love, a railway train, the radio, a machine-gun, a bombing

plane, a yard of cloth, St. Francis, Einstein, Mussolini, Gandhiji himself—all these belong to civilisation; I cannot think of any of them excepting as symbols, preservers and enrichers of the civilisation that belongs to the whole of mankind.

If, indeed, the pre-condition of liberty and power in a modern State is the learning of European science and the use of European machinery, the pursuit of Rama Rajyam is a dangerous delusion. Poverty is a danger; low standards of economic well-being are a danger; the abolition or discouragement of foreign trade by Indian Nationalists whether of cloth or any other thing is a danger; asceticism and the denial of plain human appetites is a danger; the condemnation of violence, even though for noble and unselfish purposes, is a danger; the propagation of the idea that suffering, going to prison, being beaten and humiliated without resistance, are virtues is a danger; that assertion is blameworthy and self-abnegation in the face of the enemy is a virtue, is a danger.

Take, for instance, this business of the boycott of foreign cloth. In normal years cloth to the extent of 60 crores was imported into India. The 60 crores was paid for by export of materials to the same value and it is a pure mistake to suppose, as is expounded in street corners, that 60 crores of silver rupees are sent out of India in payment of this cloth. Gandhiji says that import must be stopped. If he succeeds in doing it, see what will follow. To begin with, 120 crores of foreign trade will come to an end (60 crores of foreign cloth and 60 crores of exports which pay for foreign cloth). The cloth affects (as far as India is concerned) the foreign cloth merchants, the producers of Indian cloth with which the foreign cloth competes, the labourers and middlemen who make a living by handling the foreign cloth, and, more than all, the consumer who buys and uses the imported cloth. Since Gandhiji says that there will be no import of foreign cloth even under Swaraj or Rama Rajyam, it will be well to leave out of account the fact that today Lancashire is interested in the trade.

The dealers in foreign cloth will at once lose their occupation, with the consequence that a business that had been hitherto legitimate and flourishing will be completely ruined. It is not only their bankruptcy that is in issue but you must also consider the re-

action of it on the strength of the State. When, in times of war, Governments want money, they rely on the ability of the rich merchants to finance them. The trade in foreign cloth being of its present magnitude, the Government of India had been looking to Bombay merchants to finance them in peace and war. If we look at the producers of the cloth which competes with foreign cloth, the Mill-owners and the All-India Spinners' Association, it will be perceived at once that, as a result of the prohibition of foreign cloth, the price of indigenous cloth will go up and swell the profits of the local producers. No doubt, it will be an excellent thing for the Mill-owners in Bombay and Ahmedabad, and we know as a matter of fact, that as a result of the current boycott, the Mills which, but a short while ago, were on the point of collapse, are now working all the 24 hours of day and night. We can therefore easily understand the enthusiasm of Bombay merchants for the Congress, and their readiness to finance its operations. For, all that the merchants were doing was to pay to the Congress a small fraction of the profits which fell to them by Congress penalisation of foreign cloth. It may be questioned whether the Mill-owners passed on a share of the additional profits to the labourers working in the Mills. The truth probably is that the workmen, who had been caught in a series of strikes and faced with a threat of unemployment, were more than thankful to have regular work and wages. In the matter of Khaddar, I have often expressed the view that it is a species of sweating to make spinners work for 10 hours a day and pay them three annas, which is very much less than a living wage. Especially is this noteworthy in view of one of the articles of the recent Congress Resolution as to the content of Swaraj. That article demands for all workmen in factories a living wage. It will be altogether odd if, after laying down the proposition about a living wage in factories and workshops, the All-India Spinners' Association, which is integrally associated with the Congress and in a special measure the creature of Gandhiji, should proceed to violate an article of the Karachi Resolution. The gravest injustice, however, is that done to the consumer of cloth. Foreign cloth is presumably bought in India

because it is cheaper or more durable or more beautiful than any which the Mills or All-India Spinners' Association can produce. Till a short while ago, such cloth came from Lancashire. But during the last decade, Japan has displaced, in an appreciable degree, Lancashire in the Indian Market. As a result of competition, the Indian consumer was able to get cheap and beautiful things. The prohibition of foreign cloth will mean that the consumer will have to buy Indian cloth which is *ex hypothesi* less satisfactory or pay more for foreign cloth. For instance, Japanese cloth of 30 counts costs 5 annas a yard; and if you want Khaddar of the same quality you have to pay 15 annas; and however much hand-spinners might try with their present instruments, there is no prospect of their selling it at a smaller price. In other words, the use of Khaddar will tax the consumer of cloth 200 per cent. Indian Mill-cloth of the same quality costs between 7 and 8 annas, leading to a levy of 50 to 60 per cent. When we remember that by far the largest majority of people are poor consumers, the magnitude of the injustice caused by the prohibition of foreign cloth will be obvious. The advantage will be that the Mill-owners of Bombay and Ahmedabad will be profited at the cost of the consumer. It is not as if I am pleading for the use of foreign cloth *because* it is foreign cloth. All that I urge is that the consumer should not be penalised for the inefficiency of Indian Mills and their inability to compete with world production. If they should be able to produce stuff of as good quality and at as cheap a price as that from other countries, the consumer will readily buy Indian stuff and it may be taken that the preference will be all for the Indian stuff. All that I object to and infer as one of the incidents of Rama Rajyam is the penalisation of trade in foreign articles including cloth.

Now I come to the cult of non-violence. As long as we are content to be ruled by outsiders, Mussalmans from Afghanistan or Turkey, or by Christians from Europe, as long as India left it to them to protect her from external aggression or internal disorder, the cult of non-violence was a dilettante diversion or religious speculation; anyway it was harmless. But now the position is altogether different. The Englishman who, though a fighter, is more

a trader than a fighter, finding that there is no profit in ruling India, has made up his mind to withdraw from the country and is slowly doing so. The responsibility therefore of protecting the people from unlawful violence, from foreign invaders and unscrupulous men amongst ourselves, falls on the young men of India. They will not be able to do either, without arming themselves under the authority of the State and learning how to use arms effectively. It is arming for military purposes that I have in mind. It involves trained soldiers, expert officers, modern artillery, battleships, fighting aeroplanes and mechanised warfare. More important still, it means a new spirit and attitude of thought in the nation towards violence and warfare. We shall require to teach the youth in our schools to train itself in the arts and sciences making for physical fitness, courage, hardihood and assertion. We certainly shall not countenance the teaching that non-violence is the final virtue. No doubt, we shall praise the courage involved in non-violence. But we should be equally clear that it is a man's duty as much to kill on occasion as to refrain from killing. To use a phrase from the *Bhagavad Gita*, the Lord happens from age to age not merely to protect the good but also to destroy the evil. It may be right for Gandhiji to preach non-violence to a fighting people so that in the pursuit of war they might not forget its limiting term, which is peace or non-violence. But it is dangerous not to remind weak and peace-loving Indians that the condition of true peace is the readiness to offer battle and to destroy the enemy. This can be done only by asserting the right of violence justified by law, and of a righteous war. Young people must be taught that freedom can be secured and maintained only as long as they are ready to fight for it. Militarism can be an evil thing but it is not always so. It can be a high and noble endeavour to inspire a people with the ideal virtues of a Kshatriya. Under modern conditions, every citizen has to fulfil the duties of national defence, and to that extent he has to be a Kshatriya. All-important as the spirit and readiness to fight is, it will be wasted unless the nation can forge the instruments of modern warfare. Modern warfare and its weapons are highly techni-

cal things and will be available only for a people saturated in scientific methods and the tradition of modern science. It is well-known that in the last war the manufacture of guns and munitions on a large scale became possible by the diversion and adaptation of machinery originally meant for pacific purposes. In the background, therefore, of an India that proposes to protect herself against foreign powers in war and in peace, there must be a culture and organised life based on science and machinery. In chemistry, physics, engineering in all its branches, the science of explosives and of chemical warfare, there must be trained people and adequate apparatus which can be made available to the State in times of emergency. Though the situation is most clearly apparent in times of war, the competition of peace is quite as rigorous and searching. The power of a country can arise only from wealth. Wealth can increase under modern conditions from the right use of machinery. How can these results, which are generally acknowledged to be desirable and necessary, be secured in Rama Rajyam founded on a primitive economy? In war and peace, an honourable existence will be possible only on the basis of the highest achievements of modern science, and the continuous search after the secrets of Nature.

Nor can we aspire to these heights of technical achievement, if we are cut off from continuous contact with Europe. Gandhiji's disposition to cast off all European things as evil is a profound mistake. Rightly or wrongly, Europe is there, an unescapable fact and a problem almost insoluble for the rest of the world. If, indeed, it is a cup of poison that she forces on us, we can secure safety only by boldly handling it and making ourselves immune, just as Europe has done. I myself do not believe that it is poison; it is strong meat for men and it is only a queasy stomach that it does not suit. The Ramarajist might for the moment throw Europe out of the front door; but she will presently be in through the back window. Europe stands for certain fundamental convictions and methods and processes of vital energy and religion. India has to make terms with her and it is idle to hope that by the barren formula of truth and non-violence you can arrive at a settlement.

The gift of Government by discussion and debate, minorities though not convinced surrendering to majorities, is something that has come from Europe. In Rama Rajyam the Ruler is a wise man who by his wisdom is accepted and his orders are obeyed, though subjects may fail to be convinced. He follows his conscience and sense of what is right. In the modern State of which we have received the pattern from England, the Ruler is he who has a majority behind him; even if he has misgivings as to the rightness of a policy or method approved of by his party, he does not erect his doubt into a matter of conscience but has the humility to believe that they may be right and himself wrong.

The fundamental assumption of such a method is equality, and I doubt very much whether people living under a social system founded on a hierarchy of castes can work the method. If we consider current political experience, in India, it will be seen that the tendency is to erect a succession of Dictators instead of a series of Prime-Ministers. I am not now canvassing the question whether dictatorship is a justifiable method of Government or no. The remarkable thing is that dictatorship being so nearly universal, there has come out of Europe the method of Government by discussion and majority. My belief is that the characteristic strength of Europe has issued from the method of debate and that it could have grown only out of a people brought up in the Christian tradition of the West. In this matter, I am speaking by the book. See what has happened recently. There was first the incident of the black flower handed over to Gandhiji at Karachi by the Red-shirts angry at the execution of Bhagat Singh and thinking in a muddle-headed way that he was responsible for the execution. Gandhiji was obviously upset at the incident: but he was too brave and fine a gentleman to let anybody else know then how deeply he had been moved. The final upshot of it was remarkable. He called into conference the Red-shirts: but the talk yielded no result. Gandhiji was not able to convince them that the Settlement was right. Instead of disregarding them or accepting their judgment, his was a bold and successful but unjustifiable counter-stroke. He said that if he was convinced that his leadership (mark this) on his own terms was not acceptable to

them, he would retire into some corner and fast himself to death. I say this was wrong for two reasons. It was terrorisation pure and simple. He was not able to convince them: his next step was to tell them that he would kill himself if they did not accept his Settlement. The fact that the violence was directed against himself did not make it any the less an act of terrorisation. Secondly, I think suicide is a mortal sin; and his threat as much as the easy manner in which it was taken by my Hindu friends made it clear to me what profound gulfs asunder they and I were. The point however I urge is that this species of getting away from the consequences of an unsuccessful argument in debate raises the grave question whether Rama Rajyam is consistent with ordered free Government as we have taken it from Europe and which we profess ourselves ready to adopt and work. Secondly, take the affair of the election of the Working Committee. I have not a word to say against the present composition of the Committee: but the method of its construction was a flat negation of the principles of ordered free Government. The Constitution provides that the Working Committee is an elected body: but in spite of the most earnest appeals made to him, Gandhiji challenged the Committee to accept his nominees or nobody at all. It is highly probable that a free election may have led to a similar result; the point is that there was no free election. It was the method of Rama Rajyam, not the method of a modern State. The essential thing is that the Ramarajist lacks the conviction of egalitarian Europe that one citizen is as good as another and will be able to carry out the nation's business as long as the nation's confidence is reposed in him. This is not a proposition that can be proved: it is in the nature of a religious dogma and has to be accepted or rejected in a positive fashion. If you accept it, you can work the method of Government which has come to us from Europe: otherwise you cannot. India can reject it, but at her peril; since the truth is that this overwhelming efficiency of European civilisation and Government arises from the fact of her Egalitarianism, and the readiness of her people to pour out their blood in support of policies

and civilisations that each of them approves of by virtue of his common citizenship.

What we all come to at the end is this. Is there such a thing as an Indian civilisation, or is civilisation the heritage of all mankind, the highest expression of thought and action at which humanity has arrived at a given moment? Are we to excommunicate Europe, or ourselves from her, because for two centuries we were too weak to resist her and she in her strength took advantage of our weakness and corrupted herself in the process? What is the best way of saving ourselves and her? For, it is a pure illusion to imagine that she can go her way and ourselves another. For good or evil we are too closely tied up and entangled, the ends of the earth being brought together. You may repudiate machinery and call it names: you may say science is of the devil. But machinery will destroy you and your country unless you can make it save both, and you have to grapple with the devil at close grips, and then you may find that he is your good angel. Is truth and non-violence going to save you? What is truth as a political formula and what are its limitations? How far will non-violence avail in a world that is armed to the teeth, and will not hesitate to use it against you as long as there are millions of workers in India, and as long as the Indus and the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, the Kistna and the Cauvery pour wealth down your thirsty lands? What did non-violence avail you in Cawnpore when hooligans, Hindu and Mahomedan, butchered and raped, looted and set on fire? I have often wondered what would have happened if Ganesh Sankar Vidyarthi, instead of going out to the futile quest that overwhelmed him, had used his magnificent courage to organise a group of brave men and put down with blood and iron the cowards that insulted women and looted property. It was not cowardice that wrought disaster in Cawnpore, but the wrong ideology that the final virtue of the citizen was to observe non-violence. If, on the other hand, citizens had observed the duty laid on them by curiously blood-thirsty and tender law we have got from Christian Europe, Christian as well as machine-ridden, and shot down a few of the looters, hundreds would not have slaughtered one another, the streets and lanes of

Cawnpore need not have been turned into shambles. I do not see how Rama Rajyam or Dharma Rajyam would have offered us release.

Our generation has to decide whether by getting out of the hands of Britain we shall be strong enough to keep our political freedom. If we are to do it, we have to learn the whole business of fighting from Europe. We cannot do it without modern science, and habitual use and manufacturing of machinery in times of peace. We cannot do it without wealth, without foreign trade, without increasing the standards of life and luxury, without continual assertion, without grasping, without desire and the fulfilment of desire, without the power and willingness to put down those who come in the way of the national will. I have profound misgiving whether Rama Rajyam is not in the heart of Hinduism as an ineradicable danger and delusion, and whether India will ever march to strength and assertion till its ideal ceases to move her.

Wanted—A True Socialism

BY JOSEPH BIBBY

(Editor, *Bibby's Annual*)

When Confucius was asked how he would reform the world he replied, "By calling things by their right names." It is obvious that today we are still troubled with the activities of movements which are inaccurately labelled, and this is especially true of the use to which we put the word "Socialism."

When collective movements appropriate titles or slogans and attach them to activities which have no particular connection with their descriptive titles, a sense of deception is indicated which is lamentable, inasmuch as without the guiding spirit of truth and honesty no individual, class or nation can achieve any worthy attainment. Herein, as we see it, lies the weakness of the movement labelled "Socialism," as many of its activities actually retard instead of enhancing social progress.

A true Socialism, it need hardly be said, should direct thought and attention to methods of attainment animated and directed by the spirit of goodwill and fellowship. Nor should it seek advancement by methods which conflict with individual liberty and freedom. It would make its appeal to reason and justice, and in this way would seek to bring about that state of unity and harmony, which is ever an indispensable condition of collective happiness and progress.

The desire to establish a better social order is commendable, but it is necessary first of all, to have a clearer understanding of those laws of Nature which Confucius termed "The ordinances of Heaven," if that object is to be realised. Men and nations rise to higher attainment not by cultivating the spirit of antagonism within or without, but by developing within themselves those qualities in the character which produce alike industrial and social harmony.

The first important question is whether or not the present

system of free exchange of services and commodities is in full harmony with this principle, and whether growth from within or compulsion from without is more likely to bring about the desired conditions. It may truthfully be said that the method of "free exchange" does much to encourage development of that individual initiative and resourcefulness from which it is known that human progress ever proceeds: nor, on the other hand, can anyone doubt that activities which rest on compulsion, or upon reliance from outside assistance, have very little to contribute to this end.

The methods of coercion have been tried out on a somewhat extensive scale, during the last two decades by the European family of nations, and not the least by our own; and today we are all paying a heavy price for a common ignorance of the laws which determine both international and social well-being. The trouble arose in the first instance with a nation which attempted to advance its own interests by quarrelling with its neighbours and thus forcibly trying to obtain a "better place in the sun" for itself. The experience has proved that it is just as foolish to expect international welfare as a result of war as it is to expect that strife in the ordinary family will conduce to the happiness and well-being of the primary group. We must never forget that "we are members one of another," and that no member of any collective group can be harmed without the others having to share in the loss and suffering. It is needless to say that if the energy employed in the destruction of life and prosperity had been directed into creative channels, the peoples of Europe would all be enjoying a fuller and more prosperous life than they are today.

This disastrous experience has, we think, made it clear to all that nations like individuals have no true interest apart from the good of their neighbours. Other experiences have demonstrated the folly of any separate class attempting to advance a sectional welfare by methods which conflict with the larger good. The truth of this contention is very applicable to our own industrial conditions. As a method of attainment, quarrelling between one section of an industrial group and another is just as inimical to the general good, and as futile to their own well-being, as is war between one

nation and another. The further conclusion forced upon us is, that if better industrial conditions are to be brought about, it is necessary to establish a Socialism which answers to its title in deed as in word, and which makes its appeal to the spirit of goodwill and fellowship, rather than that of class antagonism. We clearly need a philosophy of life which also includes in its purview the good of the world community, as well as one which encourages the growth and development of the social virtues, for the self-seeking spirit is everywhere inimical to the welfare of every individual, class and nation.

Those who are keen to discover the fundamental cause of the world's troubles today will find it in the lack of fellowship and goodwill between rival nations and between the varied groups within each nation. Almost every nation has come to believe that they are patriotic in the measure that they think of their own national interests alone; and many also believe they are true Socialists when they are taking account only of sectional interests.

We cannot afford to live any longer in air-tight compartments which lack the oxygen of a wide and generous outlook. We must peer beyond sectional interests and recognise that each nation and each class must work harmoniously with each other if good results are to be achieved.

This is imperatively true of our own nation, for our geographical position is such that our very existence depends upon our ability to sell the products of our labour in the open markets of the world. To do this successfully it is obvious that we cannot afford to waste on industrial strife the energy which could be so much more profitably employed in efforts to increase our individual and collective efficiency. This as much in the interests of each worker and administrator as in that of the public good. It is only as we succeed in bringing the spirit of service into our every-day work, that we can succeed in turning out goods of such a quality and value as will command a ready sale in the world's market. We may gibe as much as we like about the evils of free exchange of services and commodities, and the law of supply and demand, but we have no power to alter natural laws, and we doubt very much if a better method than free exchange would prove of any advantage;

for coercive methods do nothing to produce the necessary conditions of unity and harmony.

Our only hope, therefore, lies in abjuring strife and improving our skill and ability. It will not be a popular slogan to preach to the ordinary working man or to the average Capitalist, but there can be no doubt that if we wish to recover our former prosperity and find a free market for our products, we shall have to rely more on efficiency, thrift and good fellowship, and less on quarrelsome methods. We shall also have to regard ourselves as an industrial community in which each one of us has his part to play in the general movement towards better conditions, and where individual slackness and inefficiency, either on the part of master or man, will be regarded by public opinion as a crime against the commonweal.

No one can study the many activities of the present-day Socialist Trade Union Movement without recognising that it is in many of its activities an anti-social organisation. We have only to consider the history of the South Wales Coalfield, before, during and since the War, to see where wrong principles of action finally lead. The oft-repeated squabbles between the coal owners and the miners which have done so much to prevent the adopting of reasonable measures to meet the exigencies of the times, is largely responsible for this. Instead of calmly considering the question in dispute from all sides in the interests alike of the community and themselves, and then appealing to an impartial arbitrator if they failed to agree, there has been the spirit of mutual misunderstanding and lack of vision. As a result the industry on which the local populace relied for its livelihood has been nearly destroyed. Had the right spirit existed between the leaders of Capital and Labour, true solutions would have been discovered with advantage to everyone concerned.

What applies to this particular industry is equally true of many others, and if we are to find employment for the millions of workers, who are now out of work, it is clear we shall all have to cultivate a new and better spirit. Strikes and kindred bickerings, and Union regulations which interfere with individual liberty, make no contribu-

tion to that unity and harmony which, as already said, is a prime condition of collective progress. It may be well, therefore, if we set about to recognise the fact that no permanent gain can be obtained by any industry whose activities are not based on the spirit of service; for service is the keystone of every successful activity.

It is ever true that what is given in the way of extra unselfish service is finally returned in one form or another to the giver and it is ever he who gives who receives. The self-seeking spirit wherever it manifests itself always sets up a hindrance alike to individual and to social well-being.

The only remedy for our present-day disabilities, therefore, lies in the fuller realisation of the truth that the destiny of each nation depends finally upon the service it is prepared to give to the general welfare of the world; and that this must rest upon the character and outlook of its individual citizens. These are facts which our present-day Socialist movement has entirely overlooked. Our economic troubles and world disabilities are, as we see it, directly traceable to the fact that there has been a widespread failure to develop those higher potentialities in our nature. These are always insistently indicating that the true pathway leading to individual and social progress is to place the commonweal before personal or sectional interests.

It is also incontestable that we cannot sell our products in the open markets of the world unless we are prepared to give as good or even better value than the other competing nations. However much a certain section of the public may believe in the coercive method of selling its labour, we have no power as a nation to compel the foreign buyer to purchase our goods. We may be sure that if the price we ask is higher than the market value of the same article, or if the goods do not meet the buyer's needs, he will certainly obtain his requirements elsewhere. We have, therefore, as a nation to decide whether we prefer to maintain uneconomic conditions and be overwhelmed with unemployment, or increase the quality of our service to the point where we shall be able to produce goods of a quality and price which will command a ready sale.

That our present condition calls for serious investigation goes without saying, and, happily, many clear-thinking men of all classes are devoting their thoughts and attention to the subject. One thing, however, has been clearly demonstrated, and that is, if we require an ampler and fuller life, both for the individual, the nation, and not least for the great family of nations, we must seek to develop those latent potentialities which exist in every one of us. We must also make closer acquaintance with those fundamental laws of Nature, obedience to which is a necessary condition of all true advancement.

Arguing from the known to the unknown, and realising that the same laws govern the organism as in the primary cell, we claim that the well-ordered family—the primary collective group—abounds in valuable suggestion as to how the right spirit might be applied to the larger collective organisations, and good results secured. The outstanding feature is that each family is founded on the principle of 'free exchange' and not on compulsion, each primary unit having chosen the arrangement of their own free will. It is also noteworthy that every individual in the group, whilst obtaining the training necessary for his present stage of growth, is at the present time gaining experience and building into the character qualities necessary for the next stage of unfoldment.

Its constitution is also seen to be one of variety, not of uniformity, an hierarchy and not a democracy. It is the spirit of affection which obtains in this primary group that binds the members together, making harmony possible in spite of the fact that the group is constituted on the principle of diversity.

If our hypothesis is correct, the next important consideration is, how may the family spirit be applied with equal success to the larger collective activities, both industrial and international? There should, however, (in theory at least) be no fundamental difficulty, seeing that each industry, and each family of industries, each nation and the family of nations, are all composed of individuals, as in the ordinary family, who in point of development are constituted on the principle of variety and diversity. Each is made up of men and women at many different stages in evolutionary progress;

and each is dependent upon one and another, alike for their individual and corporate happiness and well-being.

Nor is there seen to be any injustice in this arrangement when it is realised that those who are now in the higher positions in each collective group, have all passed through the earlier stages of growth and development, and will in due course gradually, and according to the measure of their own efforts, pass upwards and onwards. They who have attained what we call administrative positions within any particular organisation have done so in obedience to the orderly processes of growth and development. Their future advancement to the next higher forms in the School of Life wholly depends upon whether they are equal to the tests which the new situation imposes. Any failure at this point will not only retard individual progress towards still higher attainment, but will impede the general movement towards that higher completeness of human perfection towards which the entire race is slowly moving.

The law of growth in this connection was well expressed by the Great Master when He said: "For unto whomsoever much is given much shall be required." The parable of the Prodigal Son also poignantly illustrates the disastrous effect upon those who neglect to turn their service to good account in the common interest, and who mistakenly seek their own interests without considering the good of others.

The well-ordered family may thus be seen to offer useful suggestions as to the true methods whereby the other collective organisations might make a better contribution to social progress and incidentally to sectional well-being. It also clearly points to the fact that industrial well-being depends very largely on the type of men who come into the higher positions, and this applies alike to our industrial, political and religious institutions, for they are all constituted on the family principle, and if the best results are to be achieved their activities should be directed by the family methods and spirit which think beyond the interests of the institution or the party to the larger good.

That we live in a world where results come about in obedience to just and orderly law, is obvious from the fact that, were it not so,

the Universe would be a chaos whereas it is a cosmos : and this system of orderly progress applies to all human experience. We finally reap as individuals, classes and nations that which we have sown.

Our Poet Laureate saw this very clearly when he wrote:—

" All that I think, or do,
Or make, or spoil, or bless, or blast,
Is curse or blessing justly due
For sloth and effort in the past.
MY LIFE'S A STATEMENT OF THE SUM
OF VICE INDULGED OR OVERCOME."

If this is true of individual experience—and no one who studies the subject can doubt it—it must be equally true of each industrial and national organism; and the cause of our present social disabilities must, therefore, be sought in the "within" and not in the "without."

That there has been a lamentable lack of vision in many of our collective activities in recent times is proven by our present conditions, and the answer to the problem as to where we have gone astray is not far to seek; for no sensible person would take the wrong turning if he knew that it would lead away from his destination; and it is also obvious that our present troubles might easily have been avoided if, when the cross roads were reached, we had known whither the wrong turning would lead.

The true Socialist will, therefore, first of all address himself to the study of the laws which lead to happiness and well-being. He will know that not until each individual and each class are ordering their activities in harmony with these laws, is it possible to achieve either social prosperity or individual advancement. He will also be quick to recognise that activities animated from the lower self-seeking impulses of our Nature are unreliable guides to conduct, and that it is the inspiration which springs from contact with higher planes of consciousness which ever points the way onward and upward. When this truth is more fully recognised there will come that development of capacities and powers which are the winning force in human progress. The principle involved was well expressed by one of old in the well-known words : "Seek ye first the King-

dom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Another fact which must not be overlooked is that all social progress has its rise with individuals who have passed along the earlier stages in evolutionary progress and have made such good use of their opportunities that they have developed new capacities enabling them greatly to improve their contributions to the common weal. This development has not come along by sudden changes from without, but is the flowering of many lives of strenuous effort directed by sound methods of attainment. They have thus come into closer contact with the Master Mind of the Universe, and have profited accordingly.

As illustrating the outworking of these principles, it will be interesting to consider the experience of two outstanding men of our time who, working along these lines, have made a very substantial contribution to social advancement. We refer to Marconi and Edison. Little is known of the early days of Marconi, but all are acquainted with the useful service he has rendered to society as a result of his work, and especially to the wonderful results achieved in radio communication. The present and all future generations will owe this great genius a debt of gratitude for having developed his capacities to the point which made it possible to make his epoch-making contribution to social progress.

Of Edison's early days we know somewhat more: born a delicate boy, he only remained at school for three months, after which his mother, an "ex-Schoolmam," took charge of his education. In spite of his physical handicap, he came into the world endowed with a spirit full of restless desire to know and to achieve. When he was between twelve and thirteen years of age, he began work as a newsboy on a railway between Port Huron and Detroit. Despite his lowly occupation, he had what may be called an inner urge for the study of chemistry; this led him to establish a small laboratory in the baggage car of the train. The demands of the laboratory soon exceeded his earnings, to meet which he fitted up a small printing machine in the car, and produced a weekly paper which he sold to passengers. He was thus enabled to purchase raw

material for his studies. His activities on the train, however, finally ended in disaster, for in the process of trying out one of his ideas an explosion occurred which set fire to the car, and at the next station he was summarily dismissed. It took more than this unfortunate happening, however, to deflect him from his chosen career.

His studies have had fruitful results in many directions and not least in connection with that mysterious force known as electricity, which he succeeded in harnessing and utilising in many ways, with immense advantage to numerous industries and to the improvement of our domestic comfort.

It is a commonplace to note that etheric waves and electric forces have been in the Universe all down the ages, but these two men have discovered for us a method of utilising them in the interests of the human race.

It is not too wild a speculation to state that there may be yet other and higher capacities lying latent in each of us, and which are capable of exerting a still wider influence on human progress. Why, for instance, might not some genius discover for us some method whereby the mysterious force known as 'love', which has proved such a wonderful unifying force in the well-ordered family, might be applied in the larger collective groups, and so advance the level of social and international well-being? The development of that virtue which suffereth long and is kind is doubtless just as capable of producing that unifying influence, alike in our social and national relationships, as is found in the well-ordered family.

We should then have a true Socialism; one that was in harmony with its name, and also one that is capable of 'delivering the goods.'

Dead Habit

(A SHORT STORY)

BY "VAGHEESAI"

It was a hot summer afternoon. The wind was blowing in gusts, bringing the dust with it. Our little station of D—looked deserted and sad. Afraid of missing the train, I had come here an hour ago, and was sitting in lonely splendour on my bundle of clothes and bedding, waiting patiently. I was going to Bombay to meet my son. He was my eldest born and the hope and the darling of the family; he had just finished his course in England and was returning home, crowned with success. But I felt cheerless and depressed. Would my son, hereafter, ever pay me the respect due to a father? I was only a poor clerk and he would be a big official, moving on terms of equality with Englishmen. Perhaps he might even feel a little ashamed of me—the thought of it stung me. A snub-nosed boy came running along the platform, crying out "The train is coming! chiff! chiff! The train is coming!" I started up and lifted my bundle, when he laughed out and said "Come along, sir, this is the train. One anna is my fare—won't you get in? Surely you must be tired of waiting!" I swore under my breath and tried to catch him, but he was too quick for me and ran away.

I again sat down on my bundle, but the next time the snub-nosed boy passed me I hit him on the shoulder, and that somehow relieved me. At last the train came, and soon I was comfortably lodged in a third-class compartment. A sharp whistle and it started off.

In my compartment, there were only three other men besides me. Two of them were evidently Punjabis. They wore long flowing beards and coloured turbans and talked to each other in a language I did not understand. The third man was a South Indian like me. He was a shabbily dressed and morose looking fellow who sat in a corner by himself, poring over

a newspaper three days old. He did not even look up when I got in. So there was nothing for me to do but lean out of the window and gaze at the monotonous stretch of Agaves, planted along the railway lines. Presently a coal dust falling into my eye, I withdrew my head sharply within. Then I began to study my companion. He was a small dark and middle-aged man with a crumpled coat worn at the sleeves and neck; a torn shirt and a dirty *dhotie*. His hair was dishevelled and flying about, his face pinched and haggard. He had large dreamy eyes, but once, when he turned towards me, I saw there was an almost wild look in them. He somehow interested me very much, so I made bold to interrupt his reverie, for it was soon evident to me he was not reading his newspaper.

"May I know how far you are travelling, Sir?"

The man started, as one waking from an ugly dream, and dropped his paper.

"I—I am going—not very far—only as far as Raichur," he replied and smiled in a peculiar manner.

"That is not so near either," I said. Then I explained to him where I was going and for what purpose.

"You must be a proud father," he said and again relapsed into silence.

It was very difficult to make him talk, but I was determined to draw him out. I talked at random of all sorts of things, wondering what would interest him. Among other things, I mentioned philanthropy and spoke with great warmth of Father Damien and others who had sacrificed their lives for the sake of others. That seemed to rouse him at last. He became very excited and said, in an eager tone, "This reminds me—I will tell you a story. Will you listen to me? It is a true one, so you must not try to see a moral in it."

"Certainly," I replied gladly, "go on."

He began—

"When I was young, I had a friend. He was a very gifted young man. He could talk to you by the hour and make you forget your dinner! I often forgot mine, listening to him. I used to

meet him at the Club. All the younger men there worshipped him. The older men envied him. And everyone had great hopes in him.

But—he was an idealist. This, sir, is a dangerous thing. I know it from experience. This unfortunate man believed in the inherent goodness of everything and specially in his own goodness. This is, of course, ridiculous. Men may be divided into the clever and the dense, the rich and the poor, the lucky and the unlucky,—whatever you like. But, the good and the bad! Bah! If men are good, it is because they fear either the Police in this life or the torments of Hell in the next. And some are good from sheer indifference or force of habit."

This was more than I could stand. Here was a man, who was still young, smashing up all my pet doctrines of life in one stroke! These were comforting doctrines to me and so I clung to them. Also, his superior tone and the assurance with which he expressed his absurd opinions—all irritated and annoyed me beyond measure. But an under-current of sadness, of almost despair, in his voice, made me keep quiet and let him go on.

"My friend had a beautiful and charming wife. She was the only daughter of a rich old man, who died a few months after her marriage, leaving all his money to her. She was very young then, and loved and trusted her husband implicitly. She was willing to sacrifice anything for his sake. And God, what a dog's life he led her! He made her live in a hovel and cook for him and all the dirty crew he brought with him daily, while all their money—*her* money, that is,—went towards the scheme for the betterment of the *cheries* around. Such self-sacrifice! The poor people blessed him as they passed his house. That was all he wanted. And much good their blessings did him!

Yet, his wife was not unhappy. Her lark-like voice was heard singing in the hot, dark kitchen that had become her prison now. Then, one day, a dry ugly little cough came and the bird could sing no more. The doctor warned my friend. It was not too late yet, he said. A change, fresh air, somewhere near the sea, and plenty of rest might work miracles.

"Rest, change! I can't afford it, man!" came quick reply, "Can Munian, the cooly, give his wife a change? Or Ramudu, the shoe-maker? No more can I."

It was useless to argue with him—The doctor rose and went sadly away.

A few short months, some red red blood, and the little bird was silenced for ever.

Now, Sir, you must not think my friend had no affection for his wife. He loved her deeply, fiercely even. It was this doctrine of living for others, and to him his wife was part of himself. This gave him no pleasure whatever and yet he could not break away from it. It had become a sort of dead habit with him. You understand me, don't you? A dead habit, that's what I say. All of us harbour these foul corpses within our bosoms. They lie there, snug and warm, kept warm by our heart's blood. And yet they are cold, cold and dead! Ha, ha!" And he burst into mirthless laughter.

I became seriously alarmed. I thought he was beginning to rave.

"Are you ill?" I cried out. "What is the matter with you?"

"Not ill, no, I am not ill" he replied hastily, "Only a little queer. I get this feeling sometimes. But it will soon pass away." He closed his eyes and passed his hand rapidly over his forehead several times. Then he looked up at me and suddenly smiled.

"You thought I was becoming delirious, did you? No, my friend, I am all right."

By this time we had already reached Raichur station. My companion picked up his travelling bag and made ready to get down.

"But your friend, how is he now? Has he realised his folly at last or does he still—No, please don't go away without telling me."

The second bell was ringing now, but I kept a detaining hand on his arm.

"Oh, there is no friend, can't you guess? He exists only here."

And tapping his forehead lightly with a finger, he disappeared quickly into the crowd.

Long after he had gone, I sat there, in dazed bewilderment, oblivious of my own little sorrows; till at last the great meaning of his words slowly dawned on me.

Modern Marathi Poetry : A Remarkable Decade

BY PROF. MADHAV RAO T. PATWARDHAN, M.A.

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Modern Marathi poetry is essentially lyrical. It is influenced by English lyrical poetry of the Romantic Period. It began some fifty years ago with the loose but graceful rendering of some English lyrics into Marathi verse by Vishnu Moreswar Mahajani of Akola in Berar. Modern Marathi poetry written on the Sanskrit classical models is of even earlier origin. It has not yet gone out of vogue and its great representative today is Sadhudas (b. 1884) of Sangli who in his 'Ranavihar,' 'Vanavihar' and 'Grihavihar' has attempted to narrate on a grand scale the ancient story of the Ramayana. Tilak, Keshavasut, Madhavanuj, Chandrasekhar, Vinayak, Bee, Tambe and Dutta are all representatives of the new lyrical school. They were born between the years 1865—1875. Of these only three, Chandrasekhar (b. 1871), Bee (b. 1872) and Tambe (b. 1874) are still living. Dutta the youngest of them was the first to pass away. He died of plague at Baroda in 1899, prematurely but not before he had produced a few priceless gems. Keshavasut, whose poetry is characterized by a strong rugged individuality, was carried off by plague in 1905; and four years later passed away Vinayak whose narrative ballads have not yet been surpassed. The rest lived on to see the rise and fall of another great wave of poetry. Tilak wrote more feelingly than others. He had embraced Christianity and naturally the orthodox were prejudiced against him. But lovers of poetry loved him none the less; and in devotional poetry his *Abhanganjali* places him in the honoured line of Namadeva and Tukarama.

Sumant (b. 1881), Sadhudas (b. 1884), Govindagraj (b. 1885), Tekade (b. 1887), Tiwari (b. 1887) and Balakavi Thombare (b. 1891)

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were the poets who now began to attract the small poetry-reading public. From amongst these Govindagraj, Rendalkar and Balakavi were the leading poets of the 2nd decade of the present century. They were more gifted, more assertive and more combative than their predecessors; and they were greatly instrumental in making modern Marathi poetry popular with the rising generation of the student world. Govindagraj soon gave up writing poetry and took to writing plays in which field his brilliance was crowned with unparalleled success. Again, it was the youngest, Balakavi, who was the first to pass away. He was accidentally run over by a train in 1918. In 1919 passed away the great Govindagraj and also Tilak, and in 1920 the virgorous and prolific Rendalkar was gathered to the majority.

It was in this decade that the fashion of giving public recitals from one's poems was started. Song-form in Marathi goes as far back as Dnyaneshwar and that kind of literature is pretty copious. But songs were never looked upon as literary till modern Marathi poets raised them to that status by deliberately choosing the musical metres to express their lyrical thought. Some of these song-forms had been popularized on the stage by Anna Kirloskar. In 1915, Sumant of Kolhapur, who was then still in the stage of feeble imitation, gave public recitals from his poems at Baroda, Indore and other places. Then came Tekade of Nagpur with his rich voice, simple tunes and popular national sentiment to charm large audiences, and wherever he went, he made the general public, literate and illiterate, take a lively interest in his recitations. His song 'Mine is this Land of Ind' though it contains little intrinsic poetry is known wherever Marathi is spoken. To this period belongs the poetical output of Madkholkar and Madhava Katadare and that singularly remarkable poem, "Out of the Jaws of Death", by Shridhar Ranade who has since then almost ceased to write.

In 1920 was published the first volume of Tambe's poetry. He is Vinayaka's junior by two years and was born a year before Dutta. He hails from Central India and belongs to what is known as the Greater Maharashtra. For years he had been composing

lyrics. They were known to his few friends and admirers; but he was not at all anxious to see them published. At last, in 1920, Prof. V. G. Mydev of the Indian Women's University collected the stray lyrics, published them in book form and commenced to give them publicity by reciting them before students of Poona Colleges. What with the exquisite lyricism in Tambe's poetry and what with the reciter's sweet voice and expressive, almost theatrical gestures—the recitations were a grand success. Tambe's haunting song 'O fix not on me those forceful eyes of thine' was soon on the lips of all lovers of poetry.

Just about that time was formed at Poona the 'Maharashtra Sharada Mandir'—an association primarily of poets; but people like Prof. Vamana Malhara Joshi and Prof. Datto Vamana Potadar who do not write verse and are yet interested in Marathi poetry, could and did join it. Its members used to meet on Sundays to read, to hear, to discuss and to enjoy modern poetry. Ananta-tanay, Shridhar Ranade, Girish and Adnyastavasi were among its moving spirits. The last named published in 1923, under the auspices of the Mandal, 'Maharashtra Sharada'—an anthology of modern Marathi poetry, and Girisha published in the same year similarly his 'Unfortunate Kamala' a popular long poem describing the sufferings of a Hindu child-widow. It was at meetings of this association that those who afterwards formed themselves into the 'Ravikiran Mandal' came to know each other.

Then in 1921 came the 10th Literary Conference held at Baroda under the presidentship of Mr. N. C. Kelkar. Sumant, Tekade, Yashavant, Shridhar Ranade and Madhav Julian were present at the Conference. Madhav Julian was then but little known as a poet; and far from reciting his lyrics in the open Conference as other poets did, he made his debut with a paper on phonetics of Marathi and the reform of Nagari Script. At this Literary Conference, there took place a sort of an unpremeditated competition among the three poets Tekade, Sumant and Yashavant. Yashavant's 'Bridge of Bodies' carried the day. The untaught taste of the audience, which was by no means uneducated however, gave him the place of honour. Tekade just kept his ground; but Sumant,

who had specialized in song-writing, could not however come up to them in recitation. Yashavant's 'Mother', inspired by the bitter thought that his mother was not then living to rejoice in the son's triumph and to give him her blessings, was composed in that mood of exaltation; and when it was soon after published in the 'Maharashtra Sahitya' it made a tremendous appeal to the public and marked him out as the rising star of the new decade. The burst of popularity with which it was received can be compared only to that with which Balakavi's 'Dawn' and 'the Flower-Queen' and Govindagraja's 'the Rosy Riddle' and 'the Royal Swan' were welcomed ten years before. Even Tambe was temporarily thrust into the background.

About the same time that Yashavant and Girish were coming to the forefront, Madhav Julian's verses began to appear in 'Narayana' and in 'Maharashtra Sahitya'. He had not studied Marathi, he had been born and educated at Baroda, that is, outside Maharashtra proper, his environments had not been Maharashtrian. But Marathi was his mother-tongue, and though he could write but with difficulty he had decided to express himself through no other language. And this was an advantage to him. He was not tied down to any tradition. He became and has been ever since an experimentalist. He had been composing verses since 1911; but for nearly 9 years he fought shy of publishing them. Perhaps he was a bit reserved and proud. It was only at the instance of Madkholkar, who had arrested public attention more by his prose essays on modern Marathi poets than by his poems and who at this time was connected with 'Navayug', that Madhava Julian sent some of his poems for publication in it. His very name is suggestive of his eccentricity, of his strong love of Hinduism coupled with a strange fascination for Western civilization. He struck people with his innovations and eccentricities, attracted a few by the sincerity, frankness and independence evident in his verses, but repelled many on account of his rugged uneven style in which words of Persian origin often went hand in hand with pure Sanskrit words. He espoused the cause of the sonnet—called 'Sunita' in Marathi, and in his *ghazals* introduced Persian metres into Marathi.

But he has less of passion and of fancy than Yashavant, he is wanting in the homely simple melody of Girish. He has none of the sublimity of Tambe.

From among the members of the 'Sharada Mandir,' Shridhar Ranade, Madkholkar, Yashavant, Girish, Madhav Julian and D. L. Gokhale, attracted by common ideas regarding social and literary freedom, gradually came into closer relations with one another. They met almost daily informally and on Sundays formally, if not always to discuss literature, at least to share the delights of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." There was then no idea of forming themselves into a society, far less a co-operative publishing society. Yashavant and Girish had already started a publishing house called 'Vina-Mandal'; and their first publication the 'Vina-Zankar' which contained their lyrical poems had already made them very popular with students. Now was come the age of lyrics which are born of a strong inner impulse, which combine beauty of form with intensity of feeling, and which, however rich in fancy and imagination, are frank and fearless expressions of self. There was no attempt here to make love-lyrics respectable by giving them the garb of mysticism which consequently becomes a mere trick—a kind of self-deception. Mr. R. L. Rau does not at all exaggerate when he tells us that soirees soon became the order of the day and that no club or association was worth its name if it had not invited to its gathering Yashavant or Girish.

These 'Sun-tea' friends met mostly at Shridhar Ranade's house. Mrs. Monorama Ranade, herself a poetess of tender and deep feeling, whom they familiarly called 'Jiji' was no less attentive to their culinary requirements than to their poetical effusions and heated debates. She made an ideal hostess, silent, sympathetic, unobtrusive and unexacting. About the middle of 1923, it became clear that Shridhar Ranade might, after taking his M.Sc. degree, leave Poona to take up some job elsewhere; and it was decided that a pamphlet of barely 32 pages containing contributions from all the members of the 'goodly fellowship' should be published as a souvenir of the never-to-be-forgotten few days spent in each other's company. Love poems were mostly chosen just to spite the

aged literary puritans, and as the word 'Sun-tea' had a foreign un-national flavour about it the fellowship was called the 'Ravi-kiran Mandal' just to commemorate the Sunday dear to all.

This small unpretentious pamphlet named 'Kiran' evoked from Balakrishna Anant Bhide, a celebrated critic and poet, the highest praise for its poetic qualities and the bitterest denunciation for its supposed immoral tendencies. The book sold like hot cakes. The notoriety which the audacious circle enjoyed, spurred them on to prepare and publish a valuable book containing essays on a few poets and some aspects of poetry. This they followed up with 'Usha'—a fresh collection of poems not wholly of love. The Mandal became a new force in literature within six months of the publication of 'Kiran.'

During these three or four eventful years, those poets whose poems had been appearing in the foremost popular monthly—the 'Manoranjan' and who therefore thought themselves to be in the front rank, were gradually receding into the background. One of them, Keshavakumar, an exceedingly clever man, hit upon the idea of punishing these audacious upstarts of the 'Ravikiran Mandal' by holding them up to ridicule. He found himself in his element and began his masterly parodies. The book 'Zenduchin Phulen' was published in 1924. It was a very remarkable book. Yashavant, Girish and Madhav Julian, all victims of its satire, were too generous to miss the general laugh, and laughed with a rare good humour at their own caricatures. They were as alive to the manifold beauties of the book as to the malice underlying it; but they freely admitted that Keshavakumar had opened up a new field for literary activity, and that in that field he reigned supreme.

But Keshavakumar could not kill the 'Ravikiran Mandal.' The Mandal was such a pronounced success that other 'Mandals' grew up like mushrooms and flooded the market with pamphlets full of feeble imitative lyrics. About July 1924, Vitthal Ghatge, son of the poet Dutta, was elected member of the Mandal; and he and Madhav Julian, who had been old friends, published a small volume of their poems called 'Madhu-Madhava.' In 1926 was published Madhav Julian's 'Viraha-

tarang' a long poem dealing with a love-romance of college life. It was this poem that made his reputation as a poet. It took no time to become a favourite with the young who were carried away by its deep passion, no less than they were fascinated by its sensuous beauty.

In 1927 was published the 2nd volume of Tambe's poetry—a veritable mine of gold. Most of these lyrics are simply matchless. They are of enduring interest. The poet had been confined to bed with a serious illness, and these utterances inspired by the gleam that was dimly visible through the shadow of death, are as sublime as they are pathetic. They are richer in colour, imagery and intensity than the songs of Sumant's 'Bhavaninada,' which were published in the pages of 'Kavya-Ratnavali' a little earlier. As the recitations have turned people away from active reading to passive listening, these two books unfortunately, in the absence of a champion reciter, have not yet received their due; while Tiwari's spirited but prosaic 'War-songs' have run through three or four editions!

Madhav Julian's 'Sudharak' was published in 1928. It is a strange mixture of romance and satire, original in conception and execution but very annoying and bewildering to hide-bound critics. The same year saw the publication of the 'Mango-grove' of Girish. It is a love-story of village-life. Early in 1929 came 'Yashodhan'—a comprehensive collection of Yashavant's lyrics. That the edition was exhausted within nine months bears ample testimony to Yashavant's great popularity. In the same year, was published the Marathi version of 'Umar Khayyam' from the original Persian. In 1930, Girish published a comprehensive collection of his stray lyrics in 'Kanchanaganga.'

I should not fail to mention here the name of a young poet, Nishigandh, whose 'Moonlight Song' and 'Night Song' are most delicately touched with love and despair. He is a rising man, and his work on Poetics and Rhetoric—the 'New Kavya Prakasha'—is very highly spoken of by learned men. He is undoubtedly one of our new hopes.

This decade has seen the rise of two other new poets. Yadav

Mukund Pathak's 'Shashimohan' is full of youthful promise. Berar is astir with new hopes. Some of Mydev's homely tuneful child-songs are marvellous. They have a haunting beauty all their own. His recitals are very effective. Today he carries the palm as decisively as Yashavant carried it ten years ago. But the taste of the listening crowd, valuable no doubt so far as it is untaught, is not always an infallible test of poetic greatness. With hope we do look forward to the new decade for some star of the first magnitude to rise; but there is no doubt that the past decade was remarkable for wealth and variety of poetic creation.

The Ramayana and Valmiki Abroad

BY PROF. K. A. NILAKANTA SASTRI

(*The Madras University*)

Few works of literature can lay claim to so great an influence on the daily life and conduct of millions of men and women as the Ramayana of Valmiki. Even professed scholars steeped in the higher criticism of the Ramayana cannot, if they be Hindus, resist the temptation occasionally to surrender themselves to the rapturous melody of the *Adi-kavya*; at such moments they do not ask themselves if the two summaries of the story in the prologue contradict each other, or if the long epilogue of the *Uttara kanda* issued really from the author of the main epic; they simply enjoy the flow and the eternal freshness of the limpid verse, the beautiful imagery and the apposite figures of speech of the first *kavya* of our land. To the masses, the story has always possessed an irresistible fascination, and the characters in it have served for ages as models or warnings for the guidance of their own conduct in daily life. And all the popular redactions of the Ramayana, most conspicuous amongst them the *Ramcharita-manasa* of the greatest poet of mediæval Hindusthan, have directly aimed at harnessing this sentiment of the common folk in the service of morality. The appeal made by such a name as '*Vanar Senas*' to the little ones in the country is only a recent illustration of the educative influence of the tale of Rama's deeds.

It is equally wonderful, though not so well known as it should be, how powerful the influence of the Ramayana has been outside India. A considerable part of the cultural capital of most of the ancient States of Indo-China like Champa, Kambhoja and others may be traced ultimately to the Ramayana of Valmiki. And in recent years, so many forms of the Rama-legend have been discovered and in such diverse regions that we are just beginning to realise the

wide sweep and the truly popular character of the appeal made by the Ramayana. Many scholars, from different countries, have made distinct contributions to this line of research; the most conspicuous among them are doubtless the scholars of the French School of the Far East at Hanoi. The Central Asian expeditions of Sir Aurel Stein have also contributed something to the study of the Ramayana problem. The popularity of the Ramayana in Java has been known for over a century. We may look at some of these versions in a little detail.

In Java, there seem to have prevailed two different versions separated from each other alike in time and space. The earliest Ramayana sculptures in this island are the bas-reliefs of Parambanan (Central Java) dating from the ninth century A.D.; these sculptures, which are markedly Indian in character, follow a version of the story very different from what we have in Valmiki. On the other hand, the later sculptures of Panataran (Eastern Java), fourteenth century A.D., which follow Valmiki much more closely are decidedly Javanese in form.

Every one knows of the ancient Dasaratha Jataka of the Buddhist birth-stories which opens by making Rama and Sita brother and sister, and ends by making them husband and wife,—a story which knows nothing of Ravana or Lanka. A northern counter-part of this is seen in an early Chinese version dating from about 470 A.D. to which Prof. Sylvain Levi drew attention in 1903. In the following year, Professor Huber brought to light another form of the story, also from China. This occurs in a Jataka book translated into Chinese in the third century A.D. No names are given for the characters, but we can easily recognise in the story the exile of Rama and Sita, Ravana's abduction of Sita, the resistance opposed by the vulture Jatayu to Ravana's progress, the strife between Vali and Sugriva, the bridge to Lanka thrown by the army of monkeys, and the ordeal of fire by which Sita demonstrated her purity before the eyes of Rama. But there are significant differences from the story of the Ramayana. Not a step-mother, but an uncle ruling a neighbouring country and preparing to oust Rama from his heritage was the cause of the exile; Rama's excel-

lence thus lay not in fulfilling his father's command and helping him keep his plighted word given to his wife in a moment of infatuation, but in avoiding bloodshed and civil war by renunciation. When he returned after his adventures, Rama found that his wicked uncle was no more and took charge of the kingdom. Vali again is the uncle, not brother, of Sugriva; and Rama did not kill Vali who fled at the sight of Rama. There is nothing of the story of the *Uttara Ramayana*.

Huber also discovered in 1905 an Annamite version of so late a date as the eighteenth century, the author of which localised the legend at Champa saying that the people of Dasaratha's kingdom were of a Simian race and that the Chams of the 18th century were their descendants. This story appears thus to be a distant echo of what must once have been a national epic of the Chams and is now lost. Cham epigraphy gives clear proof of the early popularity of the Ramayana and its author in Champa. Prakasadharman, a king of Champa in the seventh century A.D., built a temple dedicated to Valmiki. The inscription, which records this event, shows that the Ramayana in its present form, with the introductory story of Brahma's visit to Valmiki in his *Ashram*, was well known in Champa at the time. The same king built another temple to Kubera in the form of Ekakshapingala to which we find the earliest reference in Indian literature in the thirteenth canto of the current version of Valmiki's great epic. Kubera lost his left eye for having turned it on Parvati when she appeared before him in the company of her Lord, who was pleased with his observance of the *Raudra Vrata*. The verses of the inscription relating to the Kubera temple exhibit close verbal affinities to the *slokas* of the Ramayana narrating this tale. The Ramayana and the Bharata were read in temples in Indo-China, as in India, and endowments are recorded for the maintenance of this institution of popular culture. Themes from the Ramayana formed favourite subjects with the artists, sculptors and painters of Indo-China, and few archaeological finds are of greater interest than the numerous Ramayana sculptures and paintings preserved in the museums of Indo-China, of which excellent descriptive lists are being published from time to time. Janaka finding Sita,

Sita's *svayamvara*, the death of Vali and the grief of his women, the meeting between Hanuman and Sita, and the alliance between Vibhishana and Rama, are among the most favourite scenes depicted by these artists.

In India itself, there are in existence many fine examples of the sculptor's art devoted to the Ramayana that are not as well known as they deserve to be. The books give so little information on this subject; but the inquisitive student, who makes it a point to spend sometime studying the sculptured panels of the more ancient stone temples, of which there are luckily still so many that have not been renovated by the cruel benefactions of ignorant money-bags, will discover for himself many examples of really communal art depicting high themes from the life and deeds of Sri Rama and will meditate on the truth of Brahma's promise to Valmiki, that his great poem will be current among the sons of men as long as the hills and the rivers endure.¹

¹Substance of a lecture delivered to the Madras Samskrita Academy on 28-3-1931.

C. Y. Chintamani: An Estimate

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

"He can understand the measurable things which can be brought to a statistical test; he cannot understand the impalpable things. I can imagine him being profoundly moved by a meeting of the Royal Statistical Society; I cannot imagine him feeling emotion at the inarticulate grievances of the agricultural labourer. He is deficient, in fact, in imaginative insight. He does not enter into your mind. . . . If he could live on the plane of ordinary men he would widen his experience and double his prestige. *For all great achievements in politics come from the creative use of the imagination, and without its authoritative insight, we miss the significance of those inner visions which, in the end, so largely determine our lives.*" (My italics.)—Professor Harold J. Laski on Sir Herbert Samuel. (*The Daily Herald*, February 28, 1931: P. 8).

I

It is not my intention to write the 'Life' of Mr. C. Y. Chintamani. I leave that to more suitable hands. For one thing, a 'Life' cannot be 'done' within the (necessarily) limited space of a magazine. It is, of course, only too true that these are not the days of long biographies: Mr. Lytton Strachey and his disciples have long ago knocked the bottom out of them. But, all the same, and however much brevity may be desirable in itself, I doubt whether it is possible to convey an adequate idea of any person within the compass of a short article. Much, of necessity, will have to be discarded; and, in the process, the good may go with the bad; the baby may be poured away with the bath-water. Selection and abridgment are not always conducive to a thorough comprehension. The only excuse for them is the lamentable shortness of life; and, in their own interests, writers must be indulgent towards their readers, must be mindful of their time; else their effusions will not be read at all. So I shall try to be as concise as possible, presenting only what seem to me to be the more salient features in Mr. Chintamani's country of the mind.

II

Writing about living persons is the riskiest thing imaginable: it is the most thankless job under the sun. In the first place, one lives too near the hero to be able to judge him with that amount of detachment that is necessary for even a passable valuation. In the second place, there is always the danger of treading (however innocently) on your hero's corns. You may, indeed, applaud him as if he were Socrates and Alexander and Napoleon and Mussolini and Pilsudski rolled into one compact and homogeneous whole. But, incorporate in your almost uniform and hectic adulation the least *soupeon* of qualification, the tiniest bit of adverse criticism, and lo! you will be condemned to eternal perdition, you will be cursed till the last syllable of recorded time. In fact, writing upon contemporaries is like walking on a tight rope: at any moment one may fall, with a resounding thump, on to the base earth. It, therefore, requires all one's circumspection, it needs to be treated with what someone has called 'the hutmost delixy and tack.' Further, 'portrait-painting' (in words no less than in colors) is an art like another; and to attempt a branch of literature of which (among recent practitioners) Mr. A. G. Gardiner and late Mr. 'E. T. Raymond,' or, to give him his real name, Mr. E. Raymond Thompson, are the shining lights, may well daunt even the most audacious heart. However, I shall face the ordeal as bravely as I can: it is so much better to dare and lose than not to dare at all.

III

Mr. Chintamani may deny, but it is, to anyone who looks at it dispassionately, merely incontestable that he was (metaphorically speaking) born with a silver spoon in his mouth, that the gods were specially active at the time of his birth. I do not, in saying this, imply that it can be boasted of his nativity, as Glendowar boasted of his:

" . . . at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

* * * *

These signs have marked me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men."

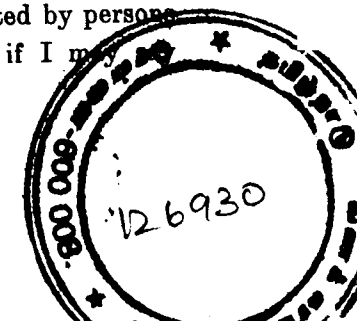
But, without breaking forth into such lyrical ecstasy, without dissolving into such dithyrambics, I repeat, what is simply undeniable, that he was born under a most lucky combination of stars. Mr. Chintamani has only recently turned fifty; a comparatively young age for a man of his widespread fame: and, except for a short period while he was still very young, his life has, so far, run extraordinarily smoothly, his lines have been cast in extremely happy places and situations. I do not, of course, deny that he has had to work tremendously for his success. Nor do I deny his immense, his wonderful, talents. But, nowadays, the world is full—nay, over-full—of people that are working themselves to death and yet not achieving anything even remotely suggestive of 'big' or 'great.' As Hazlitt says somewhere: "It is not merely that our names are not known in China. They have hardly been heard of in the next street." My whole point is that, without at all intending to rob Mr. Chintamani of the fame that is justly his, he seems to have secured it at a (relatively) small price. His life, up to the time of writing, has been, if I may be allowed the expression, a series of successful marches from one post of occupation to another: it is almost as if he had only to take the trouble to arrive at a particular place, and doors automatically opened to him, without so much as his being put to the (base) necessity of knocking at them.

IV

What is it that one thinks of as the most salient point in Mr. Chintamani's career? Why,—it is nothing less than this,—namely, that he is a 'self-made' man, if ever there was one: nor have I the least doubt that it is the point that he himself would stress more than another, were his opinion solicited. 'Self-made'! What magic, what witchery, there is in that double-pronged word! What enchanting visions it recalls of a certain Dr. Samuel Smiles—and of a much lesser man, a certain Mr. Marsden of the United States! But, alas! as day succeeds to day, and night replaces

night, there appears to be a very noticeable fading in the charm of that word. For these, if any, are the days, *par excellence*, of 'self-made' men and women. They are, as someone has wittily, but none-the-less accurately, put it, at least three a penny. The most of the famous men and women of today are 'self-made': panting pen toils after their names in vain. There is, then, no longer any perfume, any 'virtue,' in that (once) hypnotic word: no 'magic casements' open at the mention of it. As competition becomes fiercer and fiercer, 'self-made' men begin to swarm the world like bees round a hive. But when Mr. Chintamani was fashioning his career, was moulding it to its present shape and size, that word had not reached its nonage as it has now. On the contrary, it shone with the majestic splendour, the blinding radiance, of the noon-day sun: or, if this be regarded as a patent, though pardonable, exaggeration, at least with the borrowed brilliance, the derivative dazzle, of a full-moon in a clear sky. Thinking back to that time, then, it becomes evident that Mr. Chintamani was making himself 'on his own lonesome,' as it were,—without, that is, any adventitious aid from anybody: no, not even from God Almighty: for, your typical 'self-made' man would scorn even Divine assistance, as, in his opinion, it would detract something from the finished cloth of his glory—that cloth which was, if the fancy be permitted, so entirely 'Swadeshi,' so entirely 'home-spun,' and to the making of which no 'foreign yarn' was ever contributed. Fiddle-sticks! There is, in this vast and heterogeneous world, no such thing as a 'self-made' man or woman. Some extremely credulous persons imagine themselves so made, that is all: if the truth were known, it would be found that they were made as much by others, and by outward circumstances, and by Heaven-sent opportunities, as anyone else that, in his rustic honesty, confesses to having had considerable extraneous help. I will not try to prick with the pin of a private scepticism the current faith regarding 'self-made' men, but I cannot help thinking that it is all so much sound and fury signifying nothing, that it is all so much cant invented by persons that have risen from the ground to the leaf, in order, if I may so, to self-glorify themselves.

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V

Consistency has been the guiding principle of Mr. Chintamani's life. In Roman Law, we come across an arresting expression: "*Semel heres, semper heres*" (once an heir, always an heir). Of him who is the subject of this article it can be said, as it can be said of very few indeed: "Once a journalist, always a journalist." Well, Mr. Chintamani may, with justification, lay the flattering unction to his soul that he has been a faithful servant to his mistress—journalism—in all sorts and conditions of times. He may repeat, with Ernest Dowson:

"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion."

Journalist he is, and it is as a journalist that he will be remembered by posterity. At any rate, it is undeniable that journalism was his first passion; and though, as time went on, other interests also came to occupy his mind, it must be said to his credit, to his intellectual integrity, that, even while sweating for them, he never wholly lost sight of his life's work, and returned to it the moment he was emancipated from alien toil: that, to put it differently, though, for the time being, those other interests "served to grace his measure," journalism was "his real flame" all along—aye, even when uncomfortably shivering in St. James' Palace a few months back in allegiance to a misconceived duty.

Mr. Chintamani was born and bred in Vizianagaram in the Andhra Desa; and while still in the fourth or fifth form fell violently in love with newspapers and politics, and when other boys were panting and perspiring after such mystifications as are to be found throughout the length and breadth of Euclid, he would be surreptitiously reading the '*Hindu*,' or the '*Bengalee*,' or any other paper he could get hold of, or else would charm the hours away by going through the various Presidential Addresses of the Indian National Congress, from the time of its inception to date. It is easy to fathom the reason of his extraordinary success both in journalism and in politics: that reason is none other than his early fondness for it. Recently that best of dramatic critics and one of the best of living English prose-writers, Mr. Ivor Brown, confessed: "A fool had brought me to Latin, but a wise man brought

me to Virgil." But Mr. Chintamani had no need of any such *deus ex machina* for being brought (foolishly or otherwise) to his chosen subjects of study: he himself brought himself to them out of the abundance of love that he bore them: he was his own inspirer. Depend upon it, when a man shows unmistakable indications of a strong and ineradicable attachment to any subject under the wide canopy of heaven—ten to one he will one day master it and bring unforgettable credit both to himself and to it. What does Stevenson say?

"To be wholly devoted to some intellectual exercise is to have success in life; and perhaps only in law and the higher mathematics may this devotion be maintained, suffice to itself without reaction, and find continual rewards without excitement."¹

R. L. S. was, of course, wrong in restricting his examples to "law and the higher mathematics": the sentiment holds good of journalism also. Journalism is as great and as difficult an art as any other; and, as in the others, unless one is prepared to give the whole of oneself to it, one cannot make a success of it. I am aware that the world is full of journalists nowadays: especially the Western world, where they seem to grow on every tree-top and every factory-chimney,—in fact, wherever there is the least bit of space for them to grow on. Journalism is a noble profession, even if some journalists are far from noble: and just now it is true enough that there are more reprehensible journalists per square inch of the earth's surface than there are honourable ones. But I am, in this context, speaking of the more worthy sort of journalists; and of these Mr. Chintamani is one of the most distinguished examples. Had he been born in England, he would have been more than an equal to your Spenders and Gardiners, your Garvins and Stracheys; and as a memoir-writer (but of that anon) he would have held his own with the best anywhere. Extraordinarily fortunate as he has been, he has been slightly unlucky in having been born in India: for having regard to his unusual talents, I cannot but confess that opportunities have been wanting for the realisation of the highest in him. The *Leader* is, doubtless, the best Indian-edited paper in the country. But he who

¹ 'Weir of Hermiston': P. 19, Tusitala Edition: Heinemann.

thinks that it gives sufficient scope for the expression of his genius does irreparable injustice to Mr. Chintamani. There are heights in him that he has not scaled: nor ever will, circumstances being what they are. Compared to the British species, Indian journalism is still in its infancy; and though, with the passing of days, it is making remarkable headway, it would be foolishness to bracket it with the former. But I dare to say that, were Mr. Chintamani suddenly elevated to the editorship of any daily in England, he would not only not shame himself but would shed such light on it "as never was on sea or land." It is opportunities that make a man; and in India, except perhaps in the department of law, there is not a sufficiency of them in any field for her sons to lift themselves up from comparative obscurity to the empyrean of supreme success. Unless the standards are extremely high, the ensuing results will not be high enough. In the country of the blind, we are told, the one-eyed are the monarchs. So far as journalism is concerned, ours is a country of the blind, and what successes we have are so only on the above principle. Mr. Chintamani is not capable of boasting, but if, in an expansive mood, he were to repeat that excellent line of Drayton's, "My thoughts bred up with eagle-birds of Jove,"—why, there would not be much of ill-manners in it, because, in so far as those thoughts of his relate to his beloved profession, they *have* "bred up with eagle-birds of Jove": but having done so, they have not the means of realising themselves to the fullest extent, of "expanding" themselves, in Walter Pater's celebrated phrase, "to the measure of his intention." And more's the pity.

VI

Mr. Chintamani, along with Mr. K. Natarajan of the *Indian Social Reformer* and the late Mr. Karunakara Menon of the *Indian Patriot* (alas! long since defunct), learnt whatever was to be learnt of his profession under the loving care of that doyen of Indian journalists, the late Mr. G. Subramania Iyer of Madras. Those, really, were in a manner of speaking, the giant days before the flood. People were better in the mass, there was usually a hearty

give-and-take, and superior minds did not, as a rule, disdain to commune with inferior ones: on the other hand, they were only too eager to share the things of the intellect with whosoever was anxious to be thus benefited. Great men did not completely and irretrievably doff their humanity, they did not erect unscalable barriers round about their persons: *per contra*, they were free and easy going, and their knowledge and wisdom could be availed of by any one who chose to do so. In fact, it seems to me that what Hazlitt said of the period immediately following the French Revolution can be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to the time of which I am speaking:

"Somehow that period was not a time when *nothing was given for nothing*. The mind opened, and a softness might be perceived coming over the heart of individuals beneath 'the scales that fence' our self-interest."

The training that the trio mentioned above received from that distinguished son of India stood them in good stead then as well as thereafter: for it is only fair to refer back their glorious latter success to the uncommonly good coaching of their common master. On this view of the matter, I take leave to say that only half of their success is theirs, *sui generis*: the other half must, undisputedly, be laid at the doors of Mr. G. Subramania Iyer. In these things tuition counts for at least as much as the gifts one brings with oneself to the task in hand. In one sense of the term, indeed, the clay is almost nothing: the potter's hand is everything.

Just how Mr. Chintamani, then working in a half-baked moffusil paper in remote Vizianagaram, 'cottoned on,' in the colloquial phrase, to Mr. Subramania Iyer, or *vice versa*, is a tale soon told, though the telling of it does not at all render the essential nature of the transaction any the less baffling. The mystery remains a mystery even when it is explained. Mr. Subramania Iyer once paid a hurried visit to far-off Vizianagaram on some business. Mr. Chintamani, though lacking in cash and, what is more to the point, in any degree—that surface-polish of modern education, which is now-a-days a million times more important even than real, solid, substantial knowledge—was indefatigably preparing himself

to meet Fate whenever it should deign to come to him; and though only a failed F.A., and poorer than poverty, he held himself in readiness for the impending visit of the great man, and when that visit materialised, boldly went up to him (as though he had a prevision of success) and asked for a job in his office: on the combined strength, I suppose, of his poverty, his insatiable interest in Congress Presidential Addresses and newspaper leading articles, and an ingrained belief in his own worth—a belief that a plentiful lack of shirts in the family wardrobe seemed not in the least to impair. Well, the upshot of it was—whether my readers will believe me or not—that Mr. G. Subramania Iyer readily capitulated to the charms of the youngman's pleadings on his own behalf (though on what one of the four grounds mentioned above I cannot say); and not only appointed him sub-editor in his famous paper on the spot, but, if I remember rightly, did not allow the grass to grow under his feet and (for fear, perhaps, of losing his precious bargain) took him away along with himself to distant Madras and to a different people from his own fellow-Andhras, or fellow-Telugus: for Mr. Chintamani hates the word 'Andhra' almost as much as Miss Catherine Mayo hates the word 'Hindu.' Thenceforward Mr. Chintamani made himself: or, rather, if the truth were to be told for once, I should say that Mr. Subramania Iyer made Mr. Chintamani's career, and made it, moreover, on such sure and firm foundation that even when the time came for the veteran's supporting hands to be snatched away from it, it should not prove treacherous and fail his disciple's feet. In the lives of 'self-made' men there are always, let it be understood, one or more Subramania Iyers in the background: but, for that very reason,—that is, for their being in the *background*—practically nothing is heard, or allowed to be heard, of them, and the hero himself contrives to live in the limelight for all the time. In Mr. Chintamani's career there are at least two more men, besides he of whom so much has been written already, who acted as benevolent pulleys to the upraising of himself from the bottom to the top: I mean the late Rao Bahadur Mr. R. N. Mudholkar of Amraoti, and (God be thanked) the still living Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, of Allahabad.

VII

From Madras, Mr. Chintamani took himself, in due course, to Allahabad to serve in the *Indian People*—a semi-weekly, which, later on, was merged in the present *Leader*. Even before going to Allahabad he had made the acquaintance of Pandit Malaviya and others in the Lahore Congress to which he went all the way from Madras; and there he made his first speech. He was very young, that was his first visit to the Congress, he was absolutely unknown, but, nothing daunted, he wrote out his speech beforehand, got it by heart, bathed in the river, put on holy ashes, prayed to God deeply and fervently, and then wended his way to the Pandit's tent and repeated the experiment with Mr. Subramania Iyer at Vizianagaram on, if possible, a larger scale and with more splendid success. I should, in all fairness, say that Fate urged him on, because no other mortal, and with such scanty credentials, would have bearded two or three lions in their own dens with such undoubted victory as Mr. Chintamani did in Madras and in Lahore. The great men did not push him away, or order their *chaprasis* to push him away (as would have been done in these days), but bore with him, and, at last, allowed him, however unwillingly, to speak in the open Congress. Mr. Chintamani, we may be sure, did not wait to be asked twice, but leapt to the platform and delivered his first and urgent message to the nation in no faltering terms and in exactly the same form as he had previously written it down. The morning bath and the holy ashes and the passionate invocation to the Ruler of All had, I doubt not, their respective shares in the coming off of his maiden speech. At the next session of the Congress, as was only natural, things eased off a bit, and he again succeeded in taking the platform. Thenceforward there was practically no Congress meeting (until 1916) wherein he did not impress his audience with his fervent patriotism and persuasive eloquence. All too early, Mr. Chintamani became an All-India man.

After the *Indian People* episode, he was appointed Assistant General Secretary of the Indian National Congress, and, in that capacity, was closely associated with the late Rao Bahadur Mr.

R. N. Mudholkar, whose native town of Amraoti he made his headquarters for some of his most happy years. Happy, of course, he was bound to be; all things conspired towards that one end. But journalism—that cunning jade!—was not minded to give him a permanent holiday away from herself, and so the *Leader* was started in Allahabad in 1909, mainly through the efforts of her most honoured son, Pandit Madhan Mohan Malaviya, and he was called back to his former place as Joint-Editor with Mr. N. Gupta. The latter left the place after some time and Mr. Chintamani has been the sole Editor of it ever since, but for a period of three years or so when he joined the United Provinces Government as Minister for Education and Industries.

VIII

Before closing this part of my article, let me jot down a few points in regard to his journalistic capabilities. There is absolutely no doubt that Mr. Chintamani is a born Editor. He seems to have imbibed the knowledge of his profession with his mother's milk. If one wants to see him at his best one must see him as he is in his editorial chair. *There* he has few rivals and *no* master. Whatever he does not know of Politics and Economics is not worth knowing. His genius for facts and figures is almost uncanny. You will never find his mind 'in an undress,' as Charles Lamb would have put it, when these sciences are in question. The drearier the facts and the figures, the more he relishes them. Leave him to roam about freely in a wilderness of Blue Books, and he will thank you from the bottom of his heart. His gala day is the day when a copy of the Budget Speech in the Assembly comes to him. He shuts himself up with it in his room for hours and hours together—only tea or coffee being allowed admittance, for he is a great tea-drinker and would have held his own with Dr. Johnson in a tea-drinking contest—and when at last he emerges from it you can see a strange light in his eyes and his whole face is irradiated with a beatific smile.

Not only does Mr. Chintamani find himself absolutely 'at home' among such dry details and soul-less statistics: his style takes on a chasteness that is, alas! so woefully lacking elsewhere in

his dissertations. When he is dealing with economical and sociological problems he becomes an entirely different man from his ordinary self: his words arrange themselves in a pattern that is a delight to the eye as well as the ear. The stuff is perfect both in manner and in matter, and one easily wishes for more of it. But take an article of his at random, and you are disillusioned; it is vitiated throughout by that disease known the world over as 'journalese.' But he possesses one quality that makes up for everything else, and which very, very few journalists, English or Indian, can boast of in an equal degree: I mean his lightning-like rapidity of writing. Indeed, I may say of Mr. Chintamani, as Hazlitt said of John Cavanagh, the famous fives player: "His service is tremendous." He writes at a furious pace; but the wonder is that not a single mistake creeps in. Perhaps, however, it is not a wonder, after all, in the case of a person who knows Bain's 'Grammar' almost by heart: though, I must confess there are many worthy gentlemen who seem to have no end of grammatical lore, but who, at the same time, are not above committing a few 'howlers' at certain frequently recurring intervals in their compositions:

"Rules for good writing they with pain indite,
Then show us what is bad by what they write."

It is a delight to watch Mr. Chintamani in his editorial chair. The whole office is hushed, there is only an hour or so to catch the mail, and the paper has not yet been printed: probably, there is news of first-rate importance, and Mr. Chintamani has been waiting till the last minute to write his article. Then, when he has not a second more to lose, he seizes pen and paper, and the sentences rush upon one another at such speed that one suspects that a Robot, not a human being, is letting them loose. The head-foreman himself waits upon him and, as each slip is dashed off, he runs with it to the compositors, and almost by the time the last slip is written, the proof of the whole article is brought in. Mr. Chintamani is an expert proof-reader, and with his flashing eyes he not only corrects the proofs but makes whatever changes he chooses to while in the process of correcting. Then, his whole face crimson with anger

against the diabolical principle in the universe that makes possible such delay in the transmission of news and such muddiness in the heads of those who run the Press department, he rushes to the place where the printing is done, and lays about him with such fury that not a soul dares to look at him but, instead, works with all his might, and the paper that, otherwise, would have come out only four or five hours later is finished within the twinkling of an eye, and for that day at least everyone is saved. Mr. Chintamani is not less lovable when he is in his irate moods than when he is in his more genial ones.

IX

I said at the commencement of this article that, as a memoir-writer, Mr. Chintamani can hold his own against anybody in the world. It is true, pathetically true, that not a single book of memories has issued from his pen so far, nor probably ever will. But, if he were to gird up his loins for that task, his book would be a roaring success. His work brought him in touch with almost all distinguished persons in the country, dead and alive, and he has a considerable acquaintance even among Englishmen and Anglo-Indians. What is more, he has a knack of piercing through the outer shell of their personalities and coming upon their real, their human, selves. And what he has once learnt, he *never, never* forgets. The result is that he remembers uncommonly well whatever is significant in the lives of those with whom, at one time or another, he came in contact, and even to listen to him, while the stream of his discourse rolls on to its appointed end, is a delight in itself. Mr. Chintamani is a master of narration and nothing that he writes or speaks is suffered to tire the reader or listener. Even when, for the thousand and oneth time, he declaims against the Congress and the Civil Disobedience Movement and, in the process, draws a too flattering picture of his own life-long creed, Moderatism, falsely called 'Liberalism,'—that creed upon which he has thriven like a cedar of Lebanon,—even then, I say, he is not dull, but imparts to his audience something of his own fire, something of his own conviction.

I wrote a few pages earlier that consistency is, and has been,

the guiding principle of Mr. Chintamani's life. Though that is true in the main, I must say to his credit that there was at least one occasion when he departed from his usual practice and adopted a more inspiring policy. It was when Mrs. Annie Besant and her two trusted lieutenants, Mr. B. P. Wadia and Mr. G. S. Arundale, were interned in Coimbatore in the height of the 'Home-Rule' agitation of 1917. Mr. Chintamani had been opposed to that agitation from the start. But the moment it was announced that three distinguished persons were made to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for their conduct, his gorge rose at the very mention of it, and he, then and there, indited a fiery leader under the inspiring caption, "*Rally Round Home-Rule!*" For a few months he was a Home-Ruler, and though later on he resigned from the Home-Rule League, still those few months will stand to his eternal glory. After all, it does not do to be always worldly-wise, to be practical, to be finicky, to be, in short, counting the pence and letting the pounds go.

Why is it, one asks oneself, that, during last year's agitation, when the Government did almost everything except pass orders for a general massacre of Indians—why is it, one asks oneself, that Mr. Chintamani did not remember his former glorious attitude and write a leading article under the inspiring caption, "*Rally Round the Civil Disobedience Movement.*" As he himself loves to put it, echo answers, "Why?"

The truth is that the Indian Liberal programme, whether it is whole-hog or little-pig, is at least a whole decade behind the times; it is, so far as class-spirit is concerned, "as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruet." Moreover, it lacks all the things that are calculated to inspire confidence in the masses. Of course, the Indian Liberals may say: "But we do not want to inspire the masses: ours is a more intellectual movement." As a matter of fact, they do say so; for which the simple but sufficient answer is: "If you feel like that, then there is nothing to prevent you from clearing out of the field altogether and leaving it entirely at the disposal of more democratic, and less superior, organizations."

There is no virtue in reiterating incessantly: "I have been a Moderate up to now and will remain one to the end of my life." In

like manner Mrs. Micawber protested her faithfulness to Mr. Micawber, and declared that she would never desert him. Well, but Mrs. Micawber had reason as well as morality on her side: she was, after all, Mr. Micawber's own wedded wife. But what can be said for the Liberals? Mr. Robert Munro, in his book, *Looking Back: Fugitive Writings and Sayings*, reports the following highly suggestive incident:

"You have probably heard of the candidate in the South who patriotically affirmed, 'I have been born an Englishman, I have lived an Englishman, and I hope to die an Englishman.' A voice from the back of the hall exclaimed, in accents unmistakably Scottish, 'Man, hae ye no ambeetion?'"¹

I should like to suggest to your dyed-in-the-wool Liberals, "Men, hae ye no ambeetion?"

I have no space, I fear, to write about other things: his interest in spiritualism, his opposition to the Andhra Province movement, etc., etc. So I shall conclude my confessedly inadequate sketch with a few general observations. Mr. Chintamani is a very sociable man, and when he is in a genial mood one never tires of his company. As a conversationalist he has no peer, and to hear him discourse in English is a liberal education in itself. Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith: "He wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." Mr. Chintamani talks as well as writes—if not exactly like an angel, at any rate like someone only a few degrees below an angel. He never, I suspect, had to wrestle with words: and never felt English to be a foreign language. I wish, however, he had experienced greater difficulties with that tongue at the very beginning: for, then, he would have been a much more graceful writer than he is. Your rapid writer is not necessarily a good writer; and easy writing is not necessarily easy reading. "I write with ease," said the confident young gentleman to Sheridan. "Yes," replied the great man, "but easy writing makes d— hard reading."

As a man, as well as a politician, Mr. Chintamani has one fault: he has no imagination. He cannot put himself in another's place; and thus it comes about that he is so fatally certain of himself. The

¹Quoted by the *New Statesman* of July 19th 1930: P. 480.

words that I prefixed at the top of my article apply to him most appositely. Professor Laski might easily have written his essay on Mr. Chintamani instead of, as he has done, on Sir Herbert Samuel: the sentiments hold equally true of both. I have said just now that Mr. Chintamani is often fatally certain of himself; and that is partly why he is now where he is. This world is not for the Doubting Thomases. All the same, one could wish Mr. Chintamani were not so positive about practically everything under the sun. Though, to be sure, that way lies success, it does not, I take leave to say, conduce to the right development of the soul; and to such persons the adjuration uttered by Cromwell on a famous occasion comes pat: "I do entreat you, in the bowels of the Lord, to search your hearts, and conceive the possibility that you may be wrong."

To Mr. Chintamani duty is next to godliness: that is to say, duty as he conceives it. He sees to it that, so far as in him lies, nothing—not even what is called a 'family tie'—stands between it and him. Sometimes, of course, his mania for it leads to comic situations. Once there was a very, very insignificant Committee meeting of some select members of the United Provinces Legislative Council: anyway, it *was* a 'Committee meeting,' however and from wherever chosen. It was certainly not of a nature to convulse the world to its very foundations, to 'make' or 'unmake' kings or nations. Well, to cut a long story short, he very nearly absented himself from the marriage of one of his sons for the sake of that meeting; and I have no doubt that it weighs upon his conscience still that he was persuaded to swerve, however little, from the straight path of duty. In these days, it does one good to come across such people, people in whom the quality of honesty has developed so far that they are loth to use—to take a minute instance—a single office letter-paper for private purposes. Mr. Chintamani, I am proud to say, is one of them, and Mahatma Gandhi is another; and greater praise than this (*viz.* to be thus bracketed with that saintliest of men, if only in one matter) cannot be, to paraphrase Jeannie Deans' Scotch into English, in all the world that lies between the two ends of a rainbow.

Kalidasa, the Poet

BY S. BALAKRISHNAN¹

I

The *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* are undoubtedly our greatest poetical legacies, but Kalidasa is our greatest poet.

Arthur Ryder says when writing on Kalidasa that "rarely has a man walked our earth who observed the phenomena of living Nature as accurately as he, though his accuracy was of course that of the poet, not that of the scientist." Ryder was perfectly true. For Kalidasa knew minutely a continent's flowers and trees and brooks and landscape; more, he observed them sympathetically. The Himalayas of snowy grandeur, undefiled and pure, of awful majesty and giant strength; the windy music singing to the eternal snow; chill Himalaya's breeze; the breeze surcharged with Ganga's cool soft spray; the warm south-wind from the far Malaya-Hills; the holy Ganga, washing the mountain-pines; not these alone had caught our poet's view. For his were all smaller brooks and littlest flowers; not pouring rains alone and clouds were his; for, to adapt the words of a worthy, the tears of flowers he turned to visible pearls.

Thus far even a casual reader will agree with Ryder. But Ryder has taken a step further—and a tremendous step it is—and says: "It is delightful to imagine a meeting between Kalidasa and Darwin. They would have understood each other perfectly; for in both the same kind of imagination worked with the same wealth of observed fact." Why then, is the vast difference between the two mighties? Why should one be the greatest revolutionist and claim all the field of natural history as his own? And why should the other be one of the greatest poets—and considering his glorious achievements in all the different fields of poetry, the greatest poet—a poet who was

¹ The translations, when not otherwise stated, are by the author.

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great alike in epic composition, in drama and in lyrical poetry, who was original too in the method of writing poetry, in having created a new *genre* in the *Megha-Duta*.

A Ruskin will easily give a reply to this. The accuracy of our poet's knowledge was stayed by the tenderness of his emotion; and that is exactly what Ruskin wants.

And plain Keats! He said that proud philosophy will clip an angel's wings to the rainbow. What would he have felt if he had read in the *Kumara-Sambhava* the descriptions of the Beautiful and the Permanent, the pictures of the sunset, the twilight and the nightfall on the mountains, the incomparable picture of spring and love, all over which is shed the magic of Kalidasa's style! Kalidasa clipped no angel's wings: only an ennobling human charm, enhanced often by love, beautified by a woman's presence, and all these purified again by Nature. Truly Kalidasa created no angel's wings out of the rainbow, though he built a bridge with the light of the setting Sun—which however Keats would have been pleased with:

See, my beloved, how the Sun
With beams that o'er the water shake
From western skies has now begun
A bridge of gold across the lake.

(Ryder's translation).

I shall in this connection (regarding this topic of Kalidasa's 'Nature-poetry') now quote one instance—which has to my knowledge escaped notice of critics—for the poet's impulse underlying it is indisputable to the most careless of readers. Kalidasa has reduced in his *Raghu-Vamsa* effectively and brilliantly the long epic of the *Ramayana* into six short cantoes. Within this restricted limit, he has devoted one entire canto (the thirteenth) to describe the scenes and the realms which the aerial car flies over as it carries the triumphant hero back to the city of his sires. Valmiki himself in his epic—which is considered to be twice as lengthy as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* put together—describes the triumphant journey in but a short chapter. Now Kalidasa has enlarged this alone and endowed it with a beauty which none but

he can give. It thus occupies a very prominent place indeed in his condensed story. Its prominence is more striking because the previous canto is a particularly condensed narrative. And what a speedy, brilliant picture of all scenes of broad and minute beauty is given us! But observe: is not an unduly great proportion devoted to this? Yes; and why? Because Kalidasa is so fond of Nature; and he lavishes here his best on her. He loves her more than love and women themselves. Love of Nature forms a greater part of his poetic temperament than love. And any excess of passion—if any stole over his bosom, as he says it crept over Shiva, 'dreaded God of dauntless will'—was subdued and soothed again, and ennobled and purified, by love of external Nature with its innocent children, and by reflection on the Permanent.

II

One of the greater poems of Kalidasa is the *Raghu-Vamsa*; and the thirteenth canto is one of the most delightful cantos in the poem. It speaks much indeed of the poet who wrote it. One significance of this canto has been pointed out in the previous part. Let us again in our imagination transport ourselves to the aerial car and gaze on the passing scenes below. We feel the freshness of the sea-breeze as we fly amidst the clouds, and the breath of a cool sky, and we hear the majestic voice of the ocean roaring below. The sight of land entrances us as the sea recedes, and we are now up above the holy spot Pra-ya-ga, where two sacred waters meet:

Oh faultless Sita mine, of faultless limbs,
See here the holy Ganga's clear wave
With Jumna intermix'd of waters blue,
See Ganga's current broken by her rival.
It seems a pearly necklace here that's woven
With emeralds covering it in splendour mixed;
And there, a lotus-chaplet white, set in
With lotuses all blue at intervals;
And there again, a row of flamingoes
From Manasa, midst geese of dark grey wings;
Seems here like grounds with whitest sandal smeared
And bearing ornamental leaves, black-sandal;
And yonder there, all beautiful, equals

The splendour of the moonlight 'neath the shades,
By darkness lying there variegated;
And yonder there, it looks like streaks all white
Of clouds autumnal that midst them betray
A little sky to view thro' openings clear;
And here it looks a part of Shiva's form,
Anointed pure with sacred ash all o'er,
And adorned too with snakes all black; ah, thus
The merging glory of the waters two.

Many may think this a little overdone. But each comparison brings out the little differences in the mingling of the colours of the two streams at different places. In accents, how clearly forcible, does this speak to us that, to Kalidasa, the Infinite Great was never far from the Infinite small! The merging of the waters suggests to him a pearly necklace, equals a lotus-chaplet, a flight of birds, the ornamental leaves, the moonlight and the shade, the clouds, and lastly Shiva Himself. I shall not labour this point. If he had not solved that Great Equation, how could he have connected the birds and the lotuses and Shiva? And do you doubt the truth of Kalidasa's belief? If you do, my word is briefly told: the poet's vision can never fail; go, read the science of the atom and the star.

It is a common saying about Darwin that though many had visions of 'the web of Life,' none had spun it as well as he. For a poet, visions must suffice; and Kalidasa felt the thread of unity, running in all the living world and in the Universe. The human drama to him is staged against a background of universal life. To him, human life is set to the varied harmony of Nature's symphony—to quote Tagore's phrase. "The moonbeams of the summer-evening" to quote Tagore again, "resonant with the flow of fountains, acknowledge it as a part of its own melody. In its rhythm sways the *Kadamba* forest, glistening in the first cool rain of the season; and the south breezes, carrying the scent of the fragrant blossoms, temper it with their murmur." Thus his pictures of human love are painted upon a 'limitless canvas.' The third canto of *Kumara-Sambhava* is a most convincing illustration.

To him man was inseparable from Nature. Kalidasa, as Ryder says, can hardly be said to be primarily a poet of the human heart,

nor can it be said that he is primarily a poet of natural beauty. "The two characters unite in him, it may almost be said, chemically," says Ryder, "What I am clumsily endeavouring to say, is beautifully epitomised in the *Cloud-Messenger*. The former part is a description of natural beauty, yet interwoven with human feeling; the latter half is a picture of the human heart, yet the picture is framed in natural beauty."

Thus, while great poets like Wordsworth hold the view bordering on pessimism, that the more man is centred on himself—the more 'the world is too much' with him,—the more he cuts himself off from Nature, Kalidasa maintains an opposite view. Let man be self-important, only let him not chase love away for his own beloved, then all is right with the world. Love—that is the remedy. "All is right with the world as long as man and woman love!"¹ Sympathy for all creatures, says Kalidasa, proceeds from true and ardent love of one's own beloved—love whether in union or in separation.

We shall now illustrate this from his works. Self-centred interests of mankind—which drove Wordsworth to cry out in anguish "little we see in Nature that is ours"—this self-importance, says Kalidasa, tries to find sympathy in Nature, and it does so most beautifully in the case of women. Let us begin with the case of women, and let us take the happy case of love in union.

Let us imagine the scene. We go to a beautiful young woman at sunset and we ask her,

Maiden, maiden, smiling sweet,
As closes in the dusk of eve,
Oh happy maiden, what thought rich
Makes you smiling, gay and sweet?

In reply says Kalidasa's maiden, "Sir"—she now points to the day-blooming lily at sunset—"Sir, the water-lily closes now, but how happy she will be at morn." And then she sings,

The water-lily closes, O,
The water-lily closes slow—
Reluctant droops her dear head now:

¹ Quoted from Ryder.

Poor thing! Against her wish—O how reluctant she
To shut her welcome door to the honey-bee!
Yet lily-pet, she shall revive when the morning breeze doth blow,
And dear thing! How she will raise her head at morn—Happy!
Happy then she will be
To ope her bosom to the honey-bee.

Thus, Kalidasa's maiden sympathises with lower forms of life, knowing as she does the beauty of the feelings of her own sex.

III

If we had raised an objection to Kalidasa that he read Kalidasa in all, he would have cried out merely: "Is not each kind of life one great drama of Love in five acts—longing (or, attraction, if you choose), union, fulfilment, influence (happy change of mind) on all the creatures around, and Love's triumph beyond? . . . And who is not renewed in spirit by the sentiment of love? Which sorrows does not love's deep simple wisdom heal? What but love makes life happy to live? And what but love finds deepest beauties and greatest truths and grandest plans in Nature? What but love unites man with the rest of creation by sympathy, and broadens his love and kindness to them?" etc.

Now we have returned to the point we started from, that is, sympathy for all creatures proceeds from true love of one's own beloved; and let us now take up the illustrations. Return to his maidens. We have seen his happy maiden, happy in her union; and we have heard her song brimming out of her lips. Let us now hear a disconsolate maiden of his, abandoned by her lover. She sings a pathetic little song, to lighten a little her gloom by way of songs:

You kiss'd the stale-hued mango-flower,
O buzzing guest, you honey-bee,
You gave her all within your power,
Yet the only boon she ask'd of thee,
You gave it her so tenderly,
You gave her all your passion's doze,
You fickle bee that go to where the air most scented blows.
And how are you now tempted thus,
Alas, by the deceiving lotus?

No loving heart she has, I know,
But fresher honey is sweet, you think;
Alas, will you be lured by ev'ry show?
Will you forget the old for newer drink?

This unhappy maiden here uses the same flower-and-bee idea of the happy maiden. But even if it be not granted that to women spring is always the inspiration, the same idea is modified in every different case so as almost to be original and no stale repetition.

With respect to women, then, his words have been proved, proved from Kalidasa's own stand-point. It is good enough in the case of women. But in the case of men, the men are tinged with a touch of a little too meditative turn, unbecoming a man. The critic's work however is to point out the idea of the poet and not to criticize it.

This is Kalidasa's argument: a bereaved lover appreciates external beauties more than anybody. He finds beauty in them, though proceeding only from the selfish motive of trying to find his lost love there or to identify her among them. The object having the minutest resemblance to her or even to any part of her catches his eyes; and because he has his eyes ever alert to find this beauty anywhere, he finds beauty everywhere he searches. For instance, he thinks he sees his lost love in a stream, and he exclaims:

The rippling curve is truly her arch frown,
The row of sailing swans her girdle zone;
The streaks of foam, by winds all scattered blown,
Her flutt'ring garment is, her garment own;
The devious current now to me does seem
Her stumbling gait. 'T is she—for Nature cannot scheme—
'T is she, 'tis she, turned now in her wrath into a stream.

This is from the fourth Act of *Vikrama-Urvashi* which abounds in such beautiful and apt fancies. Now, indeed, in the above piece, the sailing swan appeals to the bereaved lover more sympathetically beautiful than merely appearing, as it did to Wordsworth,

"To float double, swan and shadow"¹

Indeed Kalidasa's bereaved lovers, in their expression of love-lorn

¹From *Yarrow Unvisited*.

sorrow, are often more wide-reaching in their sympathy than in the above case. Hear how the love-lorn Yaksha cries out in anguish to the cloud, that through the cloud *she* may hear:

Thy slender limbs I see in the graceful creeper,
Thine archful glances in the eyes of startled deer,
Thy curved eye-brows in small ripples of the river,
Thy shining tresses in the fair-plumed peacock's pride;
Thy lovely face in the cool moon's disc I oft have spied,
Thy sportive frown in the curving river's dimpled tide;
But 'lack, these combined charms in one sweet form
I ne'er can see, ah ne'er behold thy combined charm!

Beautiful indeed! In tones of how unmistakable sorrow does it speak to us of the Yaksha's love-lorn condition!

Now one case yet remains to be illustrated—the case of man in happy union. Without more ado, let us ask, "Well, the same river with its sombre mist, that appeared to Vikrama his own love transformed, how does it appeal to a happy lover?"

Her reeds to him seem hands
That clutch,—ah, too zealous
To hide her charms,—the dress,
And veil her loveliness.

These display intense poetic feeling, a heart which throbbed with the sway of the branches, a mind which saw Nature vibrating with life. All his poems have been written on a literally limitless canvas, and no illustrations can exhaust them. Turn wherever we may, we still find equal beauties greeting us, literary treats everywhere awaiting us.

IV

It is as a poet of natural beauty that Kalidasa decidedly towers above all other poets who were born to charm the world. If you will have the sweetest beauties of Nature, and pregnant brevity of poetic picture, all beauty's landscape vivid-coloured, all Nature's realms most glorious-flowered, I must beg your indulgence to recite all his poems. And if I were to give you fair pictures of Nature's scenes from his poetry, I may as well take you round the whole wide India's land and down its rivers. As an Indian critic points out,

Kalidasa is the only poet who has described a particular flower growing in Kashmir.

So it is that Ryder says, "Poetical fluency is not rare; intellectual grasp is not very uncommon; but the combination has not been found perhaps more than a dozen times since the world began. Because he possessed this harmonious combination, Kalidasa ranks not with Anacreon and Horace and Shelley, but with Sophocles, Virgil, Milton." It is evident too that no man would write as he wrote without deep and careful study. He was a man of extensive education and vast culture. He had mastered the science of grammar which is believed to require twelve years' study; he had mastered the works on dramaturgy and rhetoric; he knew the most profound systems of philosophy, he knew the elements of astronomy and law. At the same time he found time to stroll through a continent and observe minutely. Throughout all the aspects of the man, this singular balance of character comes to his help. "Thus the great Bhavabhuti spent his whole life in constructing three dramas; mighty spirit though he was, he suffered from the very scrupulosity of his labour. In this matter, as in others, Kalidasa preserves his intellectual balance and his spiritual initiative: what greatness of soul is required for this, every one knows who has ever had the misfortune to differ in opinion from an intellectual clique."

Kalidasa is a great poet of the heart, a very great dramatist. At the same time, in Kalidasa's poetry, brighter Nature appears most truly personified, both broadly grand like Milton's and minutely beautiful like Wordsworth's or Tennyson's, with charms as well as music in her. And the sonorous solemnity which his poetry attains to suit sublime descriptions like that of Shiva in the third canto of *Kumara-Sambhava* and beautiful descriptions like that of Parvati in the same canto, are incomparable. What Beethoven said of Goethe's poetry¹ is mightily true with respect to Kalidasa's—that it exerts a sway over us not only by the meaning but by the rhythm also. Kalidasa has beautified things and incidents of daily occurrence, as did Wordsworth.

¹ See George Henry Lewes' *Life of Goethe*.

He is one of the glorious lyric poets. He is a master of historical poetry—poetry of the type of Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, because he had to follow in his *Raghu-Vamsa* written records, though even the records were in the epic vein and of imaginary mighties. If Shakespeare and Milton have created two kinds of sonnets, Kalidasa created a new *genre* in his *Megha-Duta*. Thus take whatever poet we may, Kalidasa rises equal to him. Kalidasa's genius displays itself in all the different fields of poetry as one of the highest rank. Ryder ranked him with Milton. Kalidasa was what Milton chiefly was—a poet of epic composition. He had what Milton had—great scholarliness, and more, because he refrained from the over-scrupulosity of labour against the tendencies of the age. And Kalidasa was also what Milton was not—a great poet of the human heart. The quality and variety of Kalidasa's poetry is such that we can argue to his advantage against any other poet—though that will show an eminently diseased taste on the part of the critic.

Kalidasa is universally acclaimed as the essence and the darling of Hindu Culture. Sakuntala's marriage is at first tinged with passion, so she has to suffer for it; and only after cruel suspicion and meek humiliation have purified her love from passion does she enter into the true happiness that is now her right after her great trial, grown more beautiful than ever and proved courageous and sweet by her painful experience. To quote another instance, in the *Kumara-Sambhava*, Parvati who is merely the live woman of the earth is altogether unable to win the love of Shiva; and after the mortification of her little faith (not to say, pride) in her beauty, she reproaches her own beauty as being useless and vain; and it is only through humiliation, service and penance that she wins at last the love of the great God, who has also prepared Himself for the sweet duty by great purity of thought and mind arising from penance; and thus their love bestows the gods with a conquering hero who is to overthrow the aggressive Titans. This shows that Kalidasa not only sang of love but often of deeper love and peace. That is why the late Mr. V. Krishnaswami Aiyar used to say: "He knows little of the true inwardness of Hindu Culture who knows not the best of Kalidasa's creation."

Theories of the Drama: Aristotle vs. the Indian Theorists

EMILY GILCHRIST HATCH, M.A.

The theories of the ancient drama of the Hindus are all but unknown to the Western World. This is due primarily to the fact that few of the treatises on dramaturgy have been translated from the original and difficult Sanskrit. The theories advanced by Aristotle in the *Poetics* and the *Rhetoric* are well known and have been studied extensively. The similarities and contrasts found in these two schools—the Greek and the Hindu—afford a very interesting study.

Sometime during the 2nd century B.C.,¹ Bharata wrote the *Bharatanatyasastra*, a treatise on dramaturgy, which is the foundation for the wealth of Sanskrit drama written during the first eight or ten centuries of the Christian era. The treatise has come down to us imperfectly, due in part to the fact that no commentaries on it were written until the latter part of the 10th century A.D. The book in its thirty-eight chapters deals with the origin and rise of the drama, gives elaborate and minute details for its composition and presentation, and analyzes the purpose of dramatic performances. Only parts of it have been translated.

The next treatise of note, written in the 10th century A.D., is the *Dasarupa*. It is virtually an abridged edition of the *Bharatanatyasastra*, dealing with the construction of the drama, types of characters and plays, and with the production of sentiment or the purpose of the drama. In 1912, George C. O. Haas made an excellent English translation of this treatise, which is one of the Columbia University *Indo-Iranian Series*.

The third book is the *Sahitya Darpana*, the Mirror of Composition. It is dated in all probability in 1383 A.D. It is really a

¹ Some scholars would date the *Sastra* as late as the 2nd century A.D. The date is conjecture.

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book of poetic criticism, discussing the divisions of poetry and its various elements. The chapter on the drama is based on the *Dasarupa* and much of it is copied verbatim. The discussion of the production of the sentiments, or the purpose of dramatic performances, is very detailed. The English translation of this treatise was finished in 1875 by Pramada-dasa Mitra.

The following study is based on these three Hindu treatises and the two books by Aristotle, *Rhetoric* and *Poetics*.¹

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY

The first difference, which is immediately noticeable, concerns the division of the drama into tragedy and comedy. The Hindus knew no tragedy. To the Greeks tragedy was the highest form of dramatic and poetic art. It received the attention of the people and the magistrates before comedy; its development and origins were known. The development of comedy, we read, escaped their knowledge because it was not at first an object of attention. As tragedy is the most beautiful form of art and must picture the change from prosperity to adversity, it must end in misfortune.

To the Hindus the happy ending was traditional. The principal form of drama is the *Nataka* which is declared in the *Sahitya Darpana* to "be abounding with the sentiments of pleasure and pain, as also with a variety of flavours."² The extent of the pleasure and pain, however, was limited by two rules: "One should not visibly represent a long journey, murder, fighting, revolt of a kingdom or province or the like, a siege, eating, bathing, intercourse, anointing the body, putting on clothing or the like"; "One should not present the death of the principal character anywhere in the play, but what is inevitable is not to be avoided."³ These rules were interpreted by the Sanskrit dramatists to mean that the death of the hero or heroine might be reported provided the dead person be restored to life before the close of the play. An incident similar to the death and restoration of Hermione in "The Winter's Tale" would be quite

¹ "Poetics." Translated by Theodore Buckley, 4th Ed.

² *Sahitya Darpana*, 377.

³ *Dasarupa III*, 39-40.

acceptable in a Sanskrit drama provided Hermione's death took place off stage and was only reported.

The story of a Sanskrit drama was to be about some notable or royal person and it was essential that it end happily and profitably for the hero. The drama might contain as much pleasure as the poet desired. The pain endured, however, could be but momentary and was occasioned by such obstacles in the path of the hero as would cause only temporary delay in the realization of his desires. If any of the prohibited actions were essential to the plot, they might be used provided they were necessary to the ultimate triumph of the hero and were directed toward the minor or lowly characters of the play.

In Greek tragedy suffering was an essential element. The Greeks were sensitive to reversals in fortune, to the injustice of the world. The Hindus were just the opposite. The sorrows and sufferings of mankind aroused in them, seemingly, no emotion and no question. This attitude was prompted by their religion and the happy ending was, no doubt, the outcome of Vedic philosophy. Life never ended but travelled on in its cycle, proceeding either in the upward or downward cycle, from the highest to the lowest, from the lowest to the highest. Each man accepted his lot without murmur as a just fate: whatever he was in the present was due to his actions in a former life. He believed that his life had already been arranged, that nothing could make it different; that no one could help him, that he could offer no assistance to another; and that the lives of his fellow-men were governed by the same principle. The acceptance of such a philosophy precluded any probing into the meaning or ways of life, and the dramatist had no reason and no desire to write tragedies. They wrote pleasing dramas, the outcome of which was always advantageous to the hero. The ending was always happy.

Measured by Aristotle's standards, even Kalidasa, the greatest Indian poet, falls far below the norm of the Greek poets. Measured by standards as enunciated by the Indian theorists, he soars far above all.

PURPOSES OF THE DRAMAS

The Greek dramas are classified under the divisions of tragedy, comedy and satire. The Sanskrit dramas might be classified as comedies. The classification is divided into ten major and eighteen minor forms which differ somewhat in details, but the entire twenty-seven forms are held to resemble the one called *Nataka* and to the lay reader they seem very much alike.

The purpose of Greek drama was to arouse the emotions of pity and fear in the minds of the spectators, and cause pleasure thereby. The purpose of the Hindu drama was to give pleasure by arousing in the spectators *rasa*, the flavours or sentiments. The sentiments constitute one of the most interesting discussions in Hindu dramaturgy. Sentiment is defined by the *Dasarupa* to be the giving of pleasure by a permanent state which is produced from a poem through various elements. The spectator does not see sentiment; it is not emotion. He sees something which arouses in him the remembrance of an experience akin in emotion to that which is being enacted; the response to this gives him a pleasant feeling which feeling is the sentiment. The theory of sentiment is accordingly based on the theory of suggestion and association of ideas; and sentiment is open only to those who have experienced emotion. That is, the spectator can know sentiment only in so far as he has had experiences which will enable him to understand the permanent state upon which the sentiment is founded. These permanent states are eight in number: love, the basis for the erotic sentiment; energy for the heroic; disgust for the odious; anger for the furious; mirth for the comic; astonishment for the marvellous; fear for the terrible; sorrow for the pathetic.

The permanent states are analogous to the passions enumerated in Book II of the *Rhetoric*. Aristotle devotes lengthy discussion to the passions which the speaker should arouse in the hearer. He analyzes twelve: anger, placability, love and friendship, hatred, fear, shame, impudence, gratitude, pity, indignation, envy, emulation. The analysis of these passions includes a definition, how and why the passion is effected, in whom it is aroused, toward whom it is directed,

who is capable of feeling the passion and under what circumstances. The *Dasarupa* merely lists the permanent states, giving no definitions or explanations. *Sahitya Darpana* gives one short paragraph of definition.

The sentiments are closed to all those who have not experienced similar feelings. The passions are open to all. The attempt of the theorists to explain this sentiment is an admirable one to put into words, "that which cannot be described in separate and intelligible terms."¹ Translated into modern terms, the discussion of the sentiments in the ancient Hindu dramaturgies is analogous to present-day discussions concerning the æsthetic attitude, a state of disinterested contemplation. Sentiment might be described as the empathetic response experienced by the spectator when viewing the drama.

ACTION Vs. CONDITIONS

Both dramas are, of course, concerned with imitations. Aristotle emphasizes the point that tragedy is the imitation of actions, that the end of tragedy is the imitating of actions, that tragedy cannot exist without actions. The Hindu drama is the imitating of situations (states or conditions).² As the Sanskrit dramas were based on the sentiments, the situations were limited by those which were considered essential to the arousing of the sentiments. Lengthy lyrical passages often proved more effective for this purpose than did logical situations, and action tended to be neglected.

SUBJECT-MATTER

To a certain extent, the Indian theorists recognized the necessity of a conflict, even though the hero's struggle with the obstacle was but momentary. The conflict in the tragedy is essential. The change from prosperity into adversity comes about through some great error of character. The subjects were taken from such persons as had suffered or had done dreadful things. The subject-matter of the Hindu drama might be taken from legends of the past, be devised by the poet, or be a combination of

¹ *Sahitya Darpana*, 54, 54 a.

² *Dasarupa*, I, 7.

these two. The legends were taken from the religious books and were usually about the exploits of the gods. The subjects imagined by the poet dealt mostly with royalty or noted persons; the common man was ignored. Aristotle claims that persons neither far above nor far below the average are the proper subjects for drama. The Hindus seemed not to wish their drama to be a picture of life, in spite of the fact that the *Bharatanatyasastra* relates that Brahma "made drama full of different kinds of feeling or essences consisting of the different states of life, an imitation of the world, where there are described the actions of the high, the middle and the lower classes of men."¹

DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION

The analyses of the construction of the dramas show much similarity, the main difference being the approach. In simple form the analyses would be as follows :

INDIAN DRAMATURGIES

Elements of plot {are parallel to the	Stages of action {these added give the	Junctures
Germ	Beginning	Opening
Expansion	Effort	Progression
Episode	Prospect of success	Development
Episodical Incident	Certainty of success	Pause
Denouement	Attainment of success	Conclusion

ARISTOTLE

Parts in Every Tragedy {are divided into one	Dramatic Whole {which is presented in the form of	Parts arranged according to quantity.
Fable or plot	Beginning	Prologue
Manners or characters	Middle	Episode
Thought or sentiment	Complication	
Diction	Development	Exode
Melody	End	Parados
Spectacle		Stasimon

The Indian theorists have made an effort to classify the various parts of a drama into causes and effect. The first and the last items

¹ Dhruva, H. H. *Bharatanatyasastra* As. Quart. Rev. Vol. 2, 1896, p. 359.

follow through simply enough: the germ (the nucleus of the story) is the beginning of the action which is the opening of the drama; the denouement is the attainment of the hoped-for success which is the conclusion of the drama. The three middle items are not so simply related. There might be effort shown in the pause, or prospect of success revealed in the progression. The three middle items, however the relationship may be, form the body or the middle of the drama.

Aristotle analyzes the drama from quite a different point of view. In every tragedy there are six different elements. The plot is the most important. Since the story depends upon the manners, there must be characters which are second in importance. The thought, the diction, the rhythm and the spectacle follow in order. These six elements are so arranged as to form the beginning, the middle and the end of a story, or one complete whole action. In the body of the tragedy, there are complication and development which may be expressed through peripity or discovery or both. The dramatic whole is represented to the spectators by means of the quantitative parts of the drama.

UNITY

It is Aristotle's opinion that the dramatic unity of a play necessitates that the fable should be an imitation of one whole action, so arranged that, should any one part be transposed or taken away, the whole would become different or changed. The unity of time decrees that the tragedy be limited by one period of the sun, or admit but a small variation within that period. The Hindus do not recognize any unity of place; many of the dramas picture intercourse between heaven and earth, journeys through air, and similar feats. They do, however, recognize a unity of time. The *Sahitya Darpana* decrees that the business extending beyond a year should be comprised within a year.¹ It is interesting to know that the Sanskrit dramatists made no particular effort to follow this ruling, but allowed themselves infinite freedom.²

¹ 306.

² See Jackson, A. V. Williams, "Time Analysis of Sanskrit Plays." *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, Vol. 20, pp. 341-359, and Vol. 21, pp. 88-108.

HERO AND HEROINE

Another marked contrast is found in the qualifications for a hero. In the *Dasarupa* we find: "The hero should be well-bred, charming, liberal, clever, affable, popular, upright, eloquent, of exalted lineage, resolute and young; endowed with intelligence, energy, memory, wisdom, skill in the arts, and pride; heroic, mighty, vigorous, familiar with the codes, and a just observer of laws."¹ The hero described by Aristotle is "one who neither excels in virtue and justice, nor is changed through vice and depravity into misfortune, from a state of great renown and prosperity, but has experienced this change through some human error"² He goes on to give the four necessary requisites for character; that they be good, appropriate, like reality and consistent. The elaborate sub-divisions of the Indian theorists, 48 types of heroes, 384 types of heroines, various messengers and assistants, are not only needless but seem absurd.

The hero and heroine in the last subdivision are classified under high, middling, and low characters. There is similarity in Aristotle's objects of imitation; those who are better than we are (ideal), those who are worse (inferior), or those like ourselves (real or average). Both Aristotle and the theorists of India made a distinction between male and female characters. The Indian treatises enumerate the many graces which each may assume. Aristotle merely states that manners must be appropriate; for instance, that it is not fitting for a woman to be manly and terrible.

UNIVERSALITY IN CONTRASTING GENIUSES

The study of these works is interesting in two ways. The similarity speaks for the universality of the drama and the contrasts show the essential differences in the cultures and the geniuses of the two peoples. The *Poetics* was written in a direct simple manner. Aristotle analyzes the drama as a whole, and even in the discussions of the various details, the relationship of the details to the whole is kept well in view. The Indian theorists divide and

¹ *Dasarupa*, II. 1.

² *Poetics*, Chapter XIII.

subdivide. Analyses take them on and on into needlessly minute classes. The drama as a whole is almost never seen and the subdivided details do not appear in a relative position. Yet, in spite of this difference, the similarity is marked.

The contrasts are more in the point of view which the writers take. The reader gets a distinct feeling that the *Poetics* was written by a man of action, while the Hindu treatises were written by men who sat in meditation. This inherent difference is brought out most clearly in the subjects of imitation. Action on the one hand; a state or condition on the other. In actual practice the dramas of the two people served different functions: the Greek drama was played for all classes and masses; the Hindu Sanskrit drama was written and presented for the aristocracy. The Greek drama lived and grew, forming a foundation for European drama; the Hindu drama declined and has left only the barest traces, aside from its plays.

DID THE HINDUS BORROW?

The second point of interest lies in the arguments advanced by a goodly number of scholars that the Hindus borrowed the dramatic form from the Greeks. The various attempts to date the *Bharatanatyasastra*, the first Hindu dramaturgy, would indicate that in all probability it was written in the 2nd century B.C., which is some years after Alexander's invasion. There is a possibility that the drama was borrowed. There is an equally strong possibility that the drama is wholly their own. Regarding this controversy, Dr. Keith makes the following statement which seems a fair and sound conclusion:

" . . . we are, in fact, faced with the usual difficulty that, if there were borrowing, the Indian genius has known how to recast so cleverly and to adapt what it borrowed so effectively that the traces which would definitely establish indebtedness cannot be found. In all the instances enumerated there is no doubt similarity, but there is also essential difference such as renders independent development of the Indian doctrine at least as probable as borrowing. " ¹

¹ Keith, Arthur B. *The Sanskrit Drama*.

A study of the Indian peoples, their manners and customs, as a background for the study of the drama, would tend to lead one to believe that the drama of the Indian theorists is a distinctly Indian product. The comparison of these two theories, the Greek and the Hindu, studied in the light of the geniuses of the two peoples, forms an interesting and illuminating chapter to the history of the drama.

Sumitra

SRIMATHI K. SAVITRI

There is in the beauty of the character of Sumitra an effect almost too holy and beautiful for words. She is drawn with so pure and subdued a glow of colour as to make the tenderest and the most enduring picture in the reader's heart. Indeed, no portrait has ever received such a maximum of effect with the minimum of labour at the artist's hand. What Shakespeare has achieved with Portia, the wife of Brutus, Valmiki has, in a different sense, with Sumitra, the mother of Lakshmana. In both, the same few words suffice to bring out the singular force of their natures. Search the whole *Ramayana*; you can hardly find, next to Rama, a figure more sedate and unruffled in spirit than Sumitra amidst all those agitating circumstances. She is like some distant star which may be overlooked but for the steady clear ray of light that it sheds.

The comparison between her and Kaikeyi is inevitable. While the favourite queen of the King exhibits all that is thoughtless, wilful and petulant in her sex, Sumitra displays a mind full of a quiet strength, patience and sweet humility. In whatever situation she is placed, we feel her self-possession will hold its own like a vessel with an unshakable ballast. The storm may blow all around, yet leave the vessel as untouched and unyielding to the rough winds as ever.

Should we ask ourselves how she would have acted were she the mother of Bharata, instead of Kaikeyi? Would Manthara have prevailed with her? Far otherwise; we fancy she would have not only withstood her friend's evil insinuations but would have definitely carried everything before her with her own vivid reasoning and persuasive powers of speech. And Manthara would have actually discovered the flowers of her eloquence wither away in that rarefied atmosphere of moral superiority.

The poet writes speaking of her as *Tatvadarshini*. In truth, no term could be more fittingly applied to a character like hers.

SUMITRA

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For, her clear intellect always rises superior to her feelings. How else could she have found it in her heart to bid an almost tearless farewell to the dear son and speak to him rather in a tone of command than one of sorrow as she does?

"My son," she says as he bows down at her feet, "Thou art meant for exile. Ever devoted to thine own kin, fail not in thy love now that thy brother goes away. In affliction or in happiness I see no better course for thee than that thou shouldst completely submit thyself to thy elders. This behoves the right-minded and is, I believe, worthy also of this great House of thine. Look up to Rama, dear Lakshmana, as thy father, to Sita as thy mother and the forest as no less than this thy dear city, Ayodhya. Let this conviction comfort thee. Hurry up my child, tarry not here a moment longer."¹

Such are her parting words, brave yet filled with the deepest sorrow, which have all the distinctness of the tinkling of a bell amidst the general clamour and weeping of those around her.

Where can we find the mother who would willingly spare her son to accept a banishment to which he is in no way bound? But she knows the heart of Lakshmana. She is perfectly aware that he would rather accompany his brother to the end of the world than bear to be parted from him for a single moment. She would not think of dissuading him from a noble resolution even if she were ten times his mother. It would seem, like that great Roman Mother, if she had twelve sons she would have rather eleven of them die for a noble cause than one remain idle at home.

It is a rare detachment from all binding influences of poor human nature with which Sumitra carries herself through life and thereby is enabled to attain a peace of mind hardly to be won by anyone else. Even Kausalya is not more aware of her son's greatness than this saint of a woman who could thoroughly comprehend the magnanimity of his conduct unfettered by weaker sentiments. How ably she consoles the grief-worn Kausalya!

"Indeed, dear madam, why should you weep? Your son, blessed with all the virtues in the world, is a prince among men.

¹ *Ayodhya Kandam, Sarga 40, Slokas 7 to 11.*

If he has renounced the crown and accepted the banishment, it is because he would have his noble father remain faithful to his word."¹

In what a different light does this place the poor old King who is accused of nothing less than an abject surrender to the force of love! That single sentence reveals to us not only her fine understanding but her unfailing devotion to her husband, and also the admirable delicacy with which she strives to point out to Kausalya that she must not be hard on the afflicted King.

Again, it is significant, though it is but in keeping with her unique temperament, that not a word against Kaikeyi ever passes her lips. In this respect even Rama comes after her. For does he not, the high fortitude which supported him till then suddenly forsaking him, break down with feelings of bitterness against Kaikeyi when Sita is taken away from him?

The fair personality of Sumitra, only occasionally visible, is yet so vivid before us that we are sure we cannot entirely dispense with it. However small her part in the story, the reader will be rare to whom her true womanly courage and her incomparable nobility of mind will fail to make their own special and lasting appeal.

¹ *Ayodhya Kandam, Sarga 44, Slokas 2 and 8*

Selected Examples of Indian Painting and Sculpture

BY O. C. GANGOLY

XIV. KRISHNA AND THE MILKMAIDS

Kangra School. Circa 1795-1850

(Collection of Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, London)

With the transference of the traditions of the Hindu school of Rajputana to the hills, valleys and recesses of the Punjab Himalayas, a new turn was given to the evolution of the Rajput school in a new atmosphere of poetry and romance, realised in the lyrical settings of the charming scenes and landscapes of the Punjab Himalayas, where the original Rajasthani pictorial tradition developed local peculiarities of novel qualities and charm. They are conveniently designated as the 'Hill Schools of Paintings' or *Pahari qualam* ('the brush of the hills') and have been distinguished in four distinct groups of the 'Jummu,' 'Basholi,' 'Chamba,' and 'Kangra' schools. Undoubtedly the most brilliant pages of the Hill school are contributed by the artists of the Kangra valley. They are the latest phase of the Pahari school, principally flourishing about the end of the eighteenth century and continuing well after the middle of the nineteenth. The most fundamental test of the native Indian character of the motif and expression of the Kangra school is furnished by the fact that almost every picture can be paralleled by its literary equivalent from the Hindi poets. In fact both the literary and the pictorial forms of art derive their materials from one common stock of Hindu religious culture and beliefs. Lovers of Hindi poetry are familiar with the exquisite gems of lyrics with which the Krishna cult and the *Bhakti* movement have embroidered the beauty of Hindi literature. Indian painting under the same inspiration attains in the Hill school of the Punjab a passionate lyricism which has hardly any parallel in

the pictorial art of the world. One could take at random any picture of the Kangra school to demonstrate this unity of pictorial and literary expression. Take for example the late Kangra miniature from the collection of the South Kensington Museum, London, here reproduced.¹ It is evidently an illustration of a version of the *Dana-Lila* (the 'sport of Gifts') one of those love pranks of Krishna, in which He waylays the village milkmaids and levies the lover's toll. Here, the toll appears to have been exacted and paid already and the gallant lover is seen restoring the pots of water drawn from the neighbouring stream, and helping the *gopis* to carry their loads. As comments on the picture one cannot offer anything better than the verses, (translated below), of a modern Hindi poet of Oudh named Lachiram who died a few years ago (1908):—

'My brother's wife chose the biggest jar which that wretched potter's wife gave her early this morning.

My waist, slender like a wire, bends under the load of my busts.

Tired already, I have put off the load of my anklets.

O Lachiram! This jar with its fill of water is lying too heavy for me to lift.

O my Lover dear! I beseech thee

Like a good chum, do help me to lift my jar.

"*Maheswara Vilasa*"

In our picture, the milkmaid is really hungering for a touch of the body of Krishna and resorts to a clever pretext to accomplish her desire. The apparently accidental stretch of her right arm is seeking something else than the wretched jar and tarries too long on her lover's hip. In these pictures, the love passions of Man and Woman are transfigured and symbolized in the spiritual union of Radha and Krishna, and interpreted with a tenderness and a noble reticence which expresses more than it actually tells, and are throughout coloured by an underlying depth of religious feeling which uplifts very common anecdotes of love to the exaltation of a spiritual devotion. In their manner of presentation, the Kangra miniatures put to shade the mannered sensualities of Fragonard as also the austere lyricism of Greuze.

¹ See the Frontispiece.

The Golden Age of Hindu-Javanese Art

BY T. N. RAMACHANDRAN, M.A.

(*Archæological Assistant, Madras Museum*)

I

In 1925, Dr. J. Ph. Vogel, Professor of Sanskrit, Leiden University and President of the Kern Institute, Leiden, Holland, delivered a course of lectures in the University of Madras. One of his lectures was on the subject 'Hindu-Javanese Art.' By his scholarly exposition of the subject with the aid of a number of lantern slides, the Professor made the subject very interesting and provoked further research in that particular subject. The results of my work in this line will be published in the 'Triveni' in convenient parts.

"The spread of Indo-Aryan civilisation in the Malay-Archipelago is a subject of great historical interest." Indeed the spread was phenomenal and gigantic, for the places that were affected by such a spread were even tiny islands including the islands of Sumatra, Borneo, Bali and Java. This civilisation does exist even today in Bali, though probably in a degenerate condition. But it is indeed Java that presents a singularly charming and highly interesting tale of herself. Her monuments breathe words of love to the artist, while to the archæologist they murmur her glorious past.

To the South Indian, Java is of particular interest, for he finds in Java almost similar work, similar gods, similar epigraphs and writing and, if we may be allowed to say so, of course with a certain amount of reservation, similar culture. This culture is more Hindu than Buddhist, though remnants of Buddhism are also found. To a student of the Javanese modern history, what may loom large and, therefore, may be considered as the most important event in the history of Java, is the adoption of Islam by a majority of the Javanese people in the course of the fifteenth century A.D. But the

artist or the archæologist, who is on the look-out for remnants of Hindu-Javanese Art in Java, finds ample food for his noble study, for "Hinduism has left traces which four centuries of Muslim ascendancy have not been able to destroy."

Many of the present geographical names in Java cannot but instil in our minds a feeling of appreciation derived from the conviction that they should have been largely derived from or inspired by Indian originals. The highest peak of the isle is called *Semeru* or *Smeru*. It is needless for me to point out that one is at once reminded of the Mount *Sumeru* of Indian mythology.

Java is divided into many districts, one of which, the easternmost one, is called *Besuki*. Surely this is the Javanese form of the Sanskrit *Vasuki*, the King of the serpents. The attribution of this name to that part of the isle is explained by Dr. Vogel as probably due to the existence of "some sanctuary dedicated to the serpent deity" (*Vasuki*).

The central river in Java, and for the matter of that the principal river of Java, which takes its origin from the southern slopes of a mountain called *Prahu*, bears the illustrious name *Serayu*, a name evidently derived from the Sanskrit *Sarayu*, the glorious river now known as the *Gogra*, on the banks of which was situated Ayodhya, the seat of Sri Rama.

The Javanese and the Malay languages are "as full of words of Sanskrit origin as the English is of Roman words." As is the case with Sanskrit words, in Malay words the accent falls on the last syllable but one. The name *Arjuna*, for example, will be pronounced by the Javanese as *Arjuna*. Other features worth mentioning are that the pronunciation of most of the Javanese words has undergone change, that the original meanings of the words have too often been modified and that the aspiration of aspirate consonants is not found.

The old Javanese language is denoted by two Sanskrit words, *Basa*, *Kavi*, i.e. "the language of poetry." We also find that the term *Kavi* is often used as a synonym for *Ved*. Whatever literature was treasured in that *Kavi* language it was, we may assert, largely derived from or inspired by Indian originals. We meet with Sans-

krit names particularly among the *birudas* and designations of the nobility and the high functionaries of Java.

Rulers and other chiefs of Central Java are known by the titles, *raja*, *prabu*, *adipati*, and *aria*. The Indian or Sanskrit equivalents of these are *raja*, *prabhu*, *adhipati* and *arya*. Hereditary rulers and chiefs are known as *bupati* (Skt. *Bhupati*). The designations most common among officials are *mantri*, *pati*, *dyaksa* (Skt. *adhyaksha*), and *wedono* (Skt. *vadana*).

In the case of personal names, we find that there are not only names of Arabic origin but also names of Sanskrit origin. The Javanese nobility always appear to have had a distinct preference for such names as *Suryavinata*, *Suryaputra*, etc. It may be asked how these names, although they are of Sanskrit elements, appealed to the Javanese nobility, especially when we find that such names are not nowadays used in India. The answer that Dutch archæologists including Dr. Vogel give to this question is:—"The use of such names is, no doubt, primarily due to Hindu influence, but in their present form they must be the outcome of a prolonged independent development."

The architectural term, *mandapa*, which means "a pillared-hall" is of special interest to the student of Javanese architecture. Its Javanese equivalent is *pendapa*, a name which is applied to a big pillared-hall attached to the house, in front of it, in which the Javanese chiefs are wont to receive their guests.

A telling evidence of the influence of Hindu culture on that of Java is furnished by the Javanese mythology. Sri Rama, the hero of the Hindu epic *Ramayana* and the five Pandava brothers, Yudhishtira, Bhima, Arjuna, Nakula and Sahadeva "enjoy among the population of Java as great a popularity as in the land of their origin." Indeed the legends narrated in the two epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, have become so popular in Java and the stories have been so completely assimilated by the Javanese that their foreign origin has been forgotten, and "for the great mass of the population the Pandavas and Rama are truly national heroes, born and bred in the isle of Java."

The extreme favour that these Indian legends have found

among all classes of society in Java is due to two causes. First, they are sung in old Javanese poems. This reminds us of our own ballads singing the praises of these heroes. Secondly, they are staged. A similar treatment is given to them in the land of their origin. While, however, in India they savour of the ordinary kind of drama that everyone is acquainted with, in Java they are done in a queer way, the performance being a shadow-show known as the *Wayang*.

This *Wayang* is often described as the most popular of entertainments known to the Javanese, lasting for 12 hours without any interruption, from sunset to sunrise. Java having the same climatic conditions as South India, this kind of pantomime performance, which reminds us of the South Indian '*Koottu*,' with, however, the difference that while the *Wayang* is silent, our '*Koottu*' is most noisy, commences at 6 P.M. and terminates at 6 A.M. "Indians would be surprised to see Arjuna, Krishna and Rama appear here in the quaint garb of *Wayang* puppets, which, in their strangely fantastical, yet unmistakably artistic, character are the true children of Indonesian art."

Coming to the monumental remains of Java, we find that the isle is studded with quite a number of them. These, with the sculptures in them, prove how effectively Hinduism had penetrated into the very vitals of Javanese culture and had almost shaped the Javanese life. Such monuments, which are, as it were, the ancient sanctuaries of the Hindu period, are "now, alas! in a more or less ruined condition due to centuries of indifference and neglect." It is only since the beginning of the 19th century A.D., thanks to Dutch savants, these Hindu vestiges of Java have again excited curiosity which has gradually grown into admiration.

While the credit for stimulating archaeological research in Javanese things should strictly go to Sir Stamford Raffles, Governor-General of Java, during the very short period of British supremacy (1811-16 A.D.) over the isle, our thanks for the best results of this research, which make the glory of these monumental remains no longer a mystery, go most deservedly to a band of Dutch archaeologists that worked under the leadership of Dr. Kern, a great Sanskrit

scholar and an authority on the languages of Indonesia and the founder of the Kern Institute of Leiden, Holland.

The main result of their study is that "the numerous stone and brick temples which, in their dilapidated condition still excite our admiration, owe their existence primarily to a mighty wave of civilisation carried across the sea from the Indian mainland." This wave appears to have created two creeds—Brahmanism and Buddhism. We shall for the present confine ourselves to the first creed—Brahmanism.

An examination of the various sculptures adorning these monuments reveals a sufficiently long list of Hindu gods, chief among whom are Brahma, Vishnu, Siva (the Trimurti), Ganesa and Durga. Though most of these gods are enshrined in the many ruined temples with which the isle abounds, much prominence appears to have been attached to the cult of Siva, for Siva is assigned the central and therefore the chief place in all these shrines. There is no doubt, from the relative position of these various gods, that Siva was considered the chief deity. From the writings of these Dutch savants, it is easy to conclude that "the Brahmanism practised in Java was decidedly Saivism" which, in course of time, became blended with Buddhism.

What has been characterised as the golden age of the Hindu-Javanese Art would fall in a period of two centuries ranging roughly from 700 to 900 A.D. And it is this period that is also characterised as "the classical period of the Hindu-Javanese Architecture."

But, whereas those two centuries, to which the Brahmanical monuments of Central Java are assigned, may rightly be called "the golden age of the Hindu-Javanese art," we know that the beginnings of Hindu civilisation in Java must lie at least three centuries farther back. For our knowledge of those early relations between India and Java we have to rely entirely on the evidence of inscriptions, luckily supplemented by the itineraries of Chinese pilgrims.

Earliest among these pilgrims is Fa Hian who, in the year 414, on his voyage home from Ceylon, having been assailed by a storm, arrived at a land which he calls *Ye-po-ti* and which must have been either Java or Sumatra. According to the pilgrim, there were heretics

and Brahmins flourishing in the country while "the law of Buddha is not much known." This information acquaints us with the historical fact that at about 400 A.D., Indian civilisation was established in the Archipelago and that this civilisation was essentially Brahmanical.

Let us now see how the information supplied by the Chinese pilgrim receives confirmation from inscriptional evidence. The earliest epigraphical records of Java are a group of four rock inscriptions found in the western part of the island, at no great distance from Batavia, the present seat of government. These inscriptions speak of a king who is called *Purnavarman*, who styles himself as the ruler of the town of *Taruma*. Though they bear no dates, they have been assigned, on the strength of the palaeographical features of the letters, to the middle of the fifth century A.D.

One of these inscriptions that has come for some critical study at the hands of scholars is carved in rather bold letters on a rock in the 'Chiaruten torrent.' It is in 4 lines and is incised below a pair of foot-prints deeply cut in the rock. The inscription embodies a verse in correct Sanskrit and runs as follows:—

Vikrantasya avanipateh
Srimatah Purnavarmanah 1
Taruma-nagarendrasya
Vishnoriva padadvayam 2

"The couple of feet (i.e. foot-prints below which the inscription is incised) is of (i.e. represents the feet of) the prosperous *Purnavarman*, a lord of the earth and the chief of the city of *Taruma*, whose prowess was sufficiently demonstrated even as was also done by *Vishnu* (during the latter's incarnation as *Trivikrama*)."

The idea suggested by the term '*vikrantasya*' and the comparison of the feet with those of *Vishnu* is that "just as *Vishnu* measured the whole earth and the sky with two strides, so also *Purnavarman* conquered all the country around." In short, the comparison with *Vishnu* was only meant to indicate the extent of the domain and the superior prowess of King *Purnavarman*. But it

is, however, funny to note that this comparison has led certain writers to rush to the unwarranted conclusion that King *Purnavarman* was a worshipper of *Vishnu*, and as such a *Vaishnava* in faith. Far from there being any room for this conjecture, there is ample proof to show that all the records of *Purnavarman* are Brahmanical.

Though the *Purnavarman*-records are undated, there are other inscriptions in the isle in which dates and eras are recorded. In the later dated inscriptions of Java, we are happy to find that it is the *Saka* reckoning that is adopted, a reckoning that is exclusively South Indian. As proof of our theory that the Hindu culture that went to Java was from South India, it can be pointed out that not only the *Saka* reckoning is found but also that the *Vikrama* era, the reckoning known to North India alone, is conspicuous by its absence not only in Java but also in Malay-Archipelago.

Among the earliest dated inscriptions of Java, we can single out two as the most important for our study. They are those of *Changal* and *Dinaya*. Both have been critically studied by the Dutch scholar, Dr. Kern. The former is in good Sanskrit verse and records the consecration of a *linga* in a temple by a king called *Sanjaya*, whose ancestors belonged to *Kunjarakunja*, a locality which, according to Dr. Vogel, was situated somewhere in South India. Can *Kunjarakunja* be, by any means, the *Anegondi* of the *Vijayanagara* Kings, the Sanskrit equivalents of which are '*Kunjarakona*', '*Hastikona*' etc? Dr. Vogel assumes on good grounds that *Purnavarman* belongs to a dynasty that left the South Indian shores for Java and settled in Central Java. The point that is most important for our main purpose is that this inscription is dated *Saka* 654, corresponding to A. D. 732. The temple mentioned in this inscription is not traceable.

The second inscription (i.e. the *Dinaya* one) dated *Saka* 682 (i.e., 760 A.D.) contains information of vital interest to the student of Tamil culture, for it speaks of the construction of a stone image of the sage *Agastya*, whom we (the Tamils of South India) take to be 'the father of Tamil.' This sage, who is credited with short size, is said to have carried Brahmanical culture from North

India into the Dekhan across the Vindhya Mountains. He is also identified with the asterism Canopus. Particularly among the sea-faring population of South India, he is very popular and has been deified. The reason for this is not far to seek. There is the belief,—even Kalidasa records it,—that on sight of him or when he rises (this would refer to Agastya as the star) troubled waters (as for instance the sea in storm) become calm. This belief is recorded by the poet in the statement "*Agastyodaye jalani prasidanti*" ("When Agastya rises, or on the advent of Agastya, waters come to rest.") With such an aphorism in the background it is easy to understand how these sea-farers should have carried the Agastya-cult to distant shores like those of Java etc. We have therefore no hesitation in agreeing with Dr. Vogel that "in all probability, it was through their agency that the cult of Agastya was carried to Java."

We shall now consider the evidence of scripts. Almost all the early inscriptions of Java are written in a character which is unmistakably South Indian, resembling what is known as the 'Pallava-Grantha' script. This script, as we know, was adopted by the Pallavas, the rulers of South India that held sway over the Coromandel coast for nearly six centuries, say from 300 A.D. to 900 A. D.

There can be no doubt that the Pallavas had dealings with powers across the seas. We have in Java in the various *Chandis* dedicated to the Pandava brothers (as for instance *Chandi Vrikodara*, *Chandi Bhima*, etc.) just a counter-part of the 'Pallava rathas' such as those that we find at Mahabalipuram, a group of splendid temples considered as "a lasting memorial of Pallava rule." Even the idea of associating these *rathas* with the Pandava brothers appears to have gone over to the other side of the sea. The above observations coupled with the fact, (this we must needs stress again), that the Pallava-Grantha script is also found in Java gives us, as it gave the Dutch archaeologists, good reason to assume that "it was South India, and in particular the Coromandel coast, which sent forth the emigrants who carried their Brahmanical religion and sacred language to the eastern islands."

Songs of a Sadhu

BY V. N. BHUSHAN

(Translated from TELUGU)

[The saffron-robed *Sadhu* with the beggar's bowl and staff in hand, that wanders from place to place singing devotional songs, is the last relic of a characteristic phenomenon in the social life of Hindu India. He pilgrims thro' the land from snow-bound Kashmere to sea-lapped Kanyakumari, chanting hymns and songs that the more educated and elderly of his coterie had composed in moments of light and ecstasy. No high literary flavour or deep provoking thought is there; but a little touch of philosophy here, a light tint of mysticism there, a firmness of faith, a sincerity of purpose, and a directness of expression throughout, serve to render the songs that the *Sadhus* sing sparks of spiritual fire to light candles of vision on the altar-hearts of humankind.

The following are free translations of some of the songs as echoed in Andhradesa. V.N.B.]

I

Out of the depths of ages
I prayed to Thee,
Out of the depths of life
I waved to Thee,
Out of the depths of devotion
I beckoned to Thee,
But Thou wert adamant, reticent, calm.
Am I thus to languish in life
like a waterless plant,
And scatter all my dreams
like leaves to the wind?
Am I to pine in sorrow thus
groping in darkness eterne?
But ere I perish like the petal
of a sunburnt rose,
Wouldst Thou not shine like the moon,
in the sky of my life
And draw me near with a ray of hope?

II

With trust and hope, alone I seek for thee—
Call me, O call me, Lord!

Dispel from this gaping wild
The deadly, deepening dark;
In this burning, reeling noon
Alone, alone I weep and swoon—
Let me, O Lord, Thy wisdom know.

Thou wouldst not shower rain in the fields
O, how can life to me its pleasures yield—
Let me, O Lord, Thy wisdom know.

Steeped in desire's unholy mire
I dare not think of the sunlit spire;
Nay, I cannot live this mirage-life—
Call me, O call me, Lord
And let me, Lord, Thy wisdom know.

III

When the inescapable fire-god
Snatches thy soul away . . .
Can thy brother and sister obstruct his path—
Can thy father and mother detain him out,
Can neighbours any stand betwixt,
Or any of thy kith and kin save thee then?

* * *

Confide not therefore in mortal worth
But praise and pray the Immortal One!

My Queen Mother

BY THE LATE DWIJENDRA LAL ROY
(Translated from *BENGALI* by Sudhansu Bose)

With food, plenty and flowers gay
Rich is this world of ours, we say;
But there is a land in it—of all lands the best,—
Built of dreams is she and rimm'd with memories blest.

Where else doth the Sun glow so bright,
And the Moon and stars all at night?
Where else the lightning plays in clouds so thick and dark?
Here song-birds bring us sleep: we rise again and hark.

Water all fresh the rivers bear;—
Here heads quite gray the mountains rear.
Where else are fields so lovely green beneath the sky,
And the breeze in waves sends plants of paddy to fly?

Here flowers bloom on every branch;
Here birds in bowers sing and dance;
Here in a thousand swarms the bees come humming by,—
They suck honey in flowers, in flowers they lie.

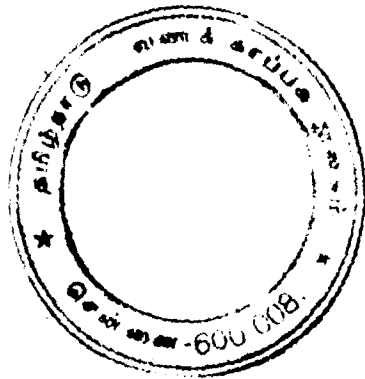
Never you get in any land
Such love o'mother and brother grand.
Place, O Mother! thy feet on my bosom to hold.
Born I was here;—may I breathe my last in her fold.

Seek where'er you may, you find not a land so fine.
Queen of all lands is she—this motherland mine.

The Rose and the Dew-drop

BY DR. P. N. BINDU

A Rose cried out—"What of our long-pledged vows,
Kissing each other in forgetful mirth,
And lost in summer-love dreaming of a birth
Under the singing of the springtime boughs
Where the thorny bush grows and sunshine glows?"—
The Dew-drop fretted, said—"I come in dark.
And our love deepens in Unity's spark
O darling, wait in the grove of cooing doves!"
The Rose, in anguish, a dragon-moth eyed—
That stealthily tore her immaculate breast—
And with an imploring look again replied:
"Ah! O dear, mark the Moth trying to wrest
From me the honeyed-kiss in the Cup-heart cast—
"What sweetness's there when the longing hour is past?"



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.]

SANSKRIT

Vinavasavadattam—[An old anonymous Sanskrit drama: Reprinted from the Journal of Oriental Research, Mysore, Madras. Price Rs. 8.]

The importance of the *Brihat Katha*, in respect of supplying inexhaustible themes for dramatists is next only to that of the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. Among the stories of the *Brihat Katha* itself, it is the romances of King Udayana of Kausambi that have attracted the dramatists most. The *Udayana-Natakas* fall into two classes, those that dramatise the marriage of Udayana with Vasavadatta, and those that have for their plot one or the other of the romances of the Prince subsequent to their marriage. The publication of this drama, *Vinavasavadattam*, has added one more to the former class of dramas.

The drama is available up to the end of the third Act only, the remaining being lost. We do not have any clue to find its author or its own name. The title, *Vinavasavadattam*, as pointed out in the Foreword, is only a conjecture. The Foreword suggests that the author of the play may be Saktibhadra, the author of the drama, *Ascharyachoodamani*, in the Prologue of which he refers to himself as the author of another work called *Unmadavasavadatta* which probably is identical with this *Vinavasavadattam*. It is not likely that Saktibhadra is the author of this play, since the style of that poet as seen in his *Ascharyachoodamani* differs very much in its superiority over the unidiomatic and insipid prose bits and prosaic verses of the *Vinavasavadattam*.

However, this drama has interest for a student of the Bhasa-problem, displaying as it does all the peculiarities of the thirteen dramas ascribed to Bhasa. It is very likely that this anonymous drama also belongs to what is very aptly described as the *Chakyr-Nataka-Chakra*, stage versions (or sometimes original plays also) of the Kerala actors.

As pointed out in the Foreword and the foot-notes, this drama bears resemblance, in plot, ideas, and expressions to the *Pratignayangandharayana*, one of the thirteen dramas attributed to Bhasa. Both derive their plot—the marriage of Udayana with Vasavadatta, daughter of Pradyota, King of Ujjain,—from Somadeva's *Kathasaritsagara*, ii. 3-6.

The development of the plot slightly differs in the two dramas, the *Pratignayaugandharayana* beginning with the action of the third Act of the *Vinavasavadattam*. Act 1, describing King Pradyota planning the ruse to capture Prince Udayana, to give him his daughter in marriage according to a Divine vision he had in a dream, and Act 2, depicting the elephant-hunt of Udayana and his subsequent capture by the minister of Pradyota, are very dull. But the third Act, depicting the chief minister's love for his imprisoned master, is very impressive. The diction also grows finer now, but unfortunately, the loss of the text after the third Act makes us postpone our estimate of the play until further search brings to light the complete drama.

V. RAGHAVAN

ENGLISH

The Five Laws of Library Science—By S. R. Ranganathan, M. A., F. L. A., [Published by the Madras Library Association. Price Rs. 5.]

Both in manner, matter and get-up, this is a sumptuous production, artistic and attractive, showing the high standard set up by the Madras Library Association under the energetic leadership of Mr. K. V. Krishnaswami Aiyar. The author of the book, Mr. S. R. Ranganathan, is a distinguished scholar and a keen, clear thinker. I have always deemed it a good fortune to the public life of Madras that a man of his temperament and attainments should have deliberately chosen to keep away from the arid tracks of the law or the narrow ruts of official service.

Mr. Ranganathan has reduced to five the final rules of Library service, and in the process of reduction, he has shown the real touch of an artist, and has lifted the science to the realm of art. Library organisation and management is very prosaic, but the author has carried to the subject a sympathetic and orderly mind, and does not forget for a moment the human background that alone makes books valuable. The five laws are the results of his own research, and his analytic mind never fails to perceive the underlying group-unity in diversity.

Mr. Ranganathan's book is at once a study of the psychology and the economics of the Library movement in its intimate relationship with the great problem of Education. I would heartily commend this book to all lovers of literature.

K. S. VENKATARAMANI

Teardrops—By Nalapat Narayana Menon : Translated into English by V. M., with a Foreword by Prof. S. K. Banerjee, M. A. Ph. D., Presidency College, Calcutta. [Published by W. Newman & Co., Ltd. Calcutta. Price Rs. 1].

There is a proverb in Italian : *Traduttori, traditori* which condemns all translators as traitors, but as one who has read Mr. Nalapat Narayana Menon's *Kannuneerthulli*, the Malayalam original of *Teardrops*, I must say that V. M. escapes in a large measure the harshness of the apophthegm by trying to be uniformly faithful to the original. *Kannuneerthulli* is an Elegy on the death of the poet's wife, breathing forth a poignant philosophy of life realised through death ; death, which, as a writer on folk poetry says, "is the source of all art, of all human achievement. . . . It shattered to pieces the dull round of the food-seeking present and built out of the ruins the perception of a past and a future. It was a symbol of human oneness with the coming and going of day and night, summer and winter, the rising and receding tide." As an elegy *Kannuneerthulli* has hardly any equal to it in Malayalam, and the translator who has been sponsored by Prof. S. K. Banerjee "to that wider cultured public who are ready to find for themselves a second home wherever beauty beckons them on" deserves to be congratulated on his task.

But the chief defect of *Teardrops* is that it abounds in loosely-constructed lines of bald prose.

"This *Samsara* is all trash, declare the Pundits who have realised *Brahmam*" (V. 6) ; "who cared in those days for even *Vaikunda* praised to exhaustion in the *Puranas* ?" (viii, 11). The italicised words which are merely scholastic only sound the hollowness of the prose.

"The *Brahmam*, that pervades all matter, does not discriminate between bodies in choosing its abode ; the loss from my bosom of that priceless jewel is therefore a loss for ever." (V. 13). From a didactic as well as a deductive view-point the original is couched in felicitous epithets ; in the translation the logical reasoning jars.

Translations, exquisitely poetic and passionately lyrical, however, are not absent in *Teardrops*. I quote a few :—

"As usual, the day dawned pleasant and fresh—
Faced like the red lotus, and with flowery smile
Welcomed the dancing legion of tender leaves ;
The playful breeze strolled along, sprinkling the
Earth with fragrant dew ;
With mirthful ripples the winding brook shook
Gently the sleeping banks." (ii, 1)

And where the poet sings of the fatal day and the funeral pall that death threw over the sky :—

"With charcoal clumps of gloomy clouds on the border,
And stars of splintered bones scattered here and there

With ashes all over,
The sky that night looked a burnt-out pyre." (iv, 6)

And in the section which tells of the wife as an expectant mother, the translator is at his best:—

"Into the silken cloth of life that we two
Wove with the vital nerves of our souls,
The Hand of Fortune sewed the golden border of lace". (x, 1)

Or the profound philosophy expressed in such magnificent manner:—

"The Mysterious Alchemist settling himself down to
Silver work with dark iron dust,
Transmutes everything into the gold ere He puts
His Blow-pipe back into the Bag of Time." (x, 8).

Malayalam is as yet a comparatively undeveloped language, and surely V. M. has done a creditable bit of work by translating one of the best pieces in his mother-tongue and thereby pointing out the not unworthy place of Kerala in the literary world, the Kerala of whose natural beauty and glory Laurence Hope sang to the West three decades ago.

MANJERI S. JSVARAN

Yoga Personal Hygiene—By Shri Yogendra [P.O. Box 481, Bombay. Price Rs. 10.]

Practical Yoga has long since been a mystery to the Oriental scholars and a secret of much complicated technique to the public. Of late, with clever metaphysical sifting, we have been able to ascertain the exact field of Yoga as a philosophy and also as a religion. While, however, it was suspected that the technique of practical Yoga has besides its metaphysical and religious significance a deeper scientific merit, no attempt was made to classify those claims and ascertain the net value of the various Yoga practices in the light of our modern sciences. It is extremely gratifying, at this stage, to observe that a very far-reaching attempt of much academic and scientific interest is made by an internationally reputed authority upon the subject of the Yoga and Yogatherapeutics. Shri Yogendra, the author of the *Scientific Yoga Series* (to appear in twelve uniform volumes) is an able scholar who has made extensive researches in the realm of practical Yoga. He acquired at first hand all the Yoga practices from His Holiness Paramahansa Madhavdasji of Malsar, a practical Yogin of great distinction, by undergoing the secret training under his personal supervision for over three years during the years 1915 to 1918. He has thus every right to speak upon the subject of

Yoga practices. Combined with his knowledge of the Western sciences and the wide experience gained at his Yoga Institutes in India and America, conducted under medical supervision, the author is placed in a position to successfully handle the subject from the practical and scientific aspects.

We have been swamped with the so-called practical Yoga literature by cheap and popular exploiters, which neither helped the searchers after truth nor the scientists. Mr. Yogendra's presentation of the subject, the Science of Yoga, is a challenge of clinical and laboratory tests and deserves special attention and admiration. For example, his work *Yoga Personal Hygiene* now available is probably the only authentic and encyclopædic work of its kind representing that great field of personal training and care of the body secretly taught by the Yogins five thousand years ago. It deals with every phase of hygienic interest with corroborations from both the most ancient Yoga literature and the modern health authorities. It is just the kind of work that should be in the hand of every lay reader and also the scientist, for it serves as a reliable text-book both for individual and personal study and for further scientific researches. His method of exposition is thoroughly scientific in its treatment and practical in its scope.

Looking to the interest and general importance of the subject, it is hoped that the author may be able to present his more important succeeding volumes at an early period to enable further scientific investigations on Yoga—the great heritage of practical knowledge which the Aryans possessed.

M. R. VIDYARTHI, M.A., LL.B.

KANNADA

Minchu—By A. N. Krishnarao, Bangalore.

This book entitled 'Lightning' contains nine short stories. The way of the short story is the way of lightning. It comes and goes all of a sudden and we are wiser for the intervening flash.

The writer stands midway between the artist and the social reformer. He is something of both. The strain of advocacy is more marked in his writings than in those of his predecessors, while artistic presentation is not absent. The first, third, fourth and seventh stories show the sensitiveness to the joys and the agonies of the world, natural to the born artist. The others show the righteous indignation of a social reformer with all the susceptibilities of an artist.

Character and situation—these are the key-notes of the stories. Both are finely interwoven in the third, which is the best. Here the

speed of the short story equals that of a railway train, both of which lead their noble victim to inevitable death. The first story gives a vivid picture of constant love. But it should be noted that the first sentence of the third fragment of the story (p. 5) leads the reader to a misinterpretation of the time-scheme and implies that the wife of the narrator fell ill *thirty years after* the journey to Mysore.

Then there are the two historical tales, the fourth and seventh. Of these, the former is better for the simple reason that the plot and characterisation are more interesting. The story centres round the heroic deeds of Pratapasinha, and Prithviraj, a Prince-bard at Akbar's court. But the smile said to be lingering on the face of Yoshi's corpse (p. 42),—a heroic woman who killed herself to inspire in her husband the indignation which she herself felt against the licentious Moghul Court—is unnatural. Krishnadevaraya of Vijayanagara is the hero of the other historical story which has no special significance. The sudden transition from the dramatic to the narrative style in the second fragment of this story produces an unpleasing effect. The short story should be regular in its process and faithful to the style which it has taken up, unlike the novel where all methods may be tried.

"Her Life" is remarkable for the interplay of the three characters of the degraded woman, the inspiring mother and the lovable son; the technique is perfect, though a slight touch of artificiality is noticeable towards the end. "What next" is a platform lecture. But it has reason to be so, for the heroine relates her misfortunes when she is going to join the mighty sea. "Savitri's Soubhagya" again follows the unimpassioned style of narration. "The child" is a model of brevity in narration. But it also remains true that the situation of a child crushed by a motor-car and of the retaliation which follows admits of no more expansion. An artistic restraint imposed upon the fiery outburst of a volcanic eruption—such should be the way of the model short story.

The book is intensely human. The author's sense of the terrors and sublimity of this life pervades all the tales. A genius for details, a dramatic power of characterisation and dialogue, and a perfection both of design and execution, frequently mark the manner in which he imparts this sense to his readers. Every story goes straight to the heart. And that is a sufficient test.

V. K. GOKAK

Pranaya Gitegalu—Edited by A. N. Krishnarao, Bangalore.

This is a pretty little collection of some of the love-poems of modern Kannada poets. It is printed and got-up very finely. This external loveli-

ness alone makes it a welcome gift; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. But the lyrics are also lovely. The spirited renderings of the poems of Tagore and Omar, by Prof. B. M. Srikantayya, Mr. T. N. Srikantayya and Mr. D. V. Gundappa are not mere translations but incarnations. Love in its extremity of joy or sorrow, in its spiritual or æsthetic exaltation, has been sounded by famous poets like Shrinivas and Bendre, Puttappa and Kadengodlu. The lyrics of Pai, Sali, Betgeri and others are also haunting and beautiful. The Editor has done his work extremely well and deserves admiration for his powers of appreciation and selection.

But we should like to mention that there are many more poems which ought to adorn this Golden Treasury. As it is, the collection is very slender. Mugali's *Sampige* can stand comparison with any poem in this collection for lyrical charm. Ramachandra's *Bhavadevi* deals with an aspect of love unrepresented in it.

V. K. GOKAK

TELUGU

Bharatiya Chitrakala—By Talisetti Rama Rao, B.A., B.L., (Published by the Andhra Patrika Office, Madras. Price Re. 1.)

Mr. Rama Rao has made a praiseworthy attempt to trace the history of Indian Painting from the earliest times. Information scattered in various standard works on the subject is here presented in an attractive form and made accessible to the Telugu public. The book lays no claim to originality; and, while it is a satisfactory survey of the *development* of Indian Painting, it fails to touch the fundamentals of Indian Art in general. We look in vain for a clear grasp of the ideals and methods of Hindu and Buddhist Art, or illuminating criticism of its content. In certain places, the writer is actually apologetic about the art of Ajanta. There is a vein of amateurishness and dilettantism which vitiates his judgment. We wish he had taken more from Coomaraswamy and Havell, and less from Vincent Smith and Percy Brown.

But the book is the first of its kind in Telugu. Mr. Rama Rao's devotion to art is well known, and he has made a name for himself as an art-critic and talented cartoonist. We value his present essay as an earnest of loftier achievements in art-criticism in the future, and as a convenient introductory volume for the use of the lay reader.

K. R.

Current Topics¹

THE IDEAL OF "RAMA RAJYAM"

Mr. George Joseph's eloquent "Critique of Rama Rajyam" raises several far-reaching issues. Among other things, it is a plea for the rejection of the current notions regarding truth and non-violence as factors in the up-building of Swaraj India, and for the acceptance of armed warfare and secret diplomacy as inevitable conditions of growth in the world of today. Mr. Joseph's views are shared by a powerful section of our countrymen to whom the gospel of non-violence savours of medievalism. It is curious to notice that, just at a time when the ultra-modern nations of the West are war-weary and yearning for saner substitutes for war, the compatriots of Gandhiji fail to perceive the efficacy and the essential nobleness of the new technique in revolution inaugurated by him. If China and Japan, Turkey and Afghanistan felt compelled to assimilate the destructive methods of the West, it does not follow that India should deny herself the privilege of forging a new weapon and writing a new chapter in world-history. To Gandhiji, the winning of Swaraj for India by non-violent means is but an incident in the spiritual Ascent of Man. An earlier one was the sheathing of Asoka's victorious sword after the carnage of the Kalinga war, when the great Emperor resolved that the sound of the war-drum (*bheri-ghosha*) should give place to that of the Law of Piety (*Dharma-ghosha*). Great ideas have a way of persisting through the ages, and the Gandhian epoch may witness the fulfilment of the vision of Asoka. Apart from idealism, the South African struggle leading to the Gandhi-Smuts agreement, and the Satyagraha movement of last year ending in the Gandhi-Irwin pact, have demonstrated that large masses of unarmed men and women can bend the mightiest of armed Powers to their will. The teachings of Tolstoy, the disillusionment wrought by the Great War,

¹ 23rd October.

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the work of the League of Nations, the strivings of Gandhiji—all point to the emergence of a new era in international relations. In the family, the community, the nation, and in still wider spheres, love is an infinitely more potent force than hate. It is this truth that is stressed by Prof. Einstein in his latest message to Gandhiji: "Your example will inspire and help humanity to put an end to a conflict based on violence, with international help and co-operation guaranteeing peace to the world."

Whether, under Swaraj, India will maintain a standing army and militia for purposes of defence; whether she will employ Science and machinery to the extent needed for her economic development; whether her civilisation will be predominantly rural or urban—these and allied problems may be left to the decision of her statesmen and seers. But we desire to question whether higher and yet higher standards of life, production on a larger and yet larger scale, and the unending hurry and bustle of modern life constitute an unmixed good. The acceptance of the age-old conception of plain living and high thinking, and the diversion of human energy from the futile conflicts of a competitive civilization into more fruitful channels for the attainment of the common weal, are likely to usher in a nobler order of society.

A word about Khaddar. It is cruel to speak of 'sweating' by the All-India Spinners' Association. Time and again, Gandhiji has pointed out that hand-spinning is meant to serve as a subsidiary occupation for the millions of agriculturists who are forced to be idle for several months in the year, and for the women and children who prefer work in close proximity to their homes instead of the hard and demoralising toil of crowded factories in far-off places.

"Rama Rajyam" is not only valid as an ideal, but capable of translation into practice in the immediate present, for "Rama Rajyam" is the realm of equal opportunities for all. The weak shall not be suppressed nor the strong triumph by reason of their brute-strength. Not isolation, but active co-operation with all other lands, will mark the age that is dawning.

THE R. T. C.

The communal wrangles at the Conference are most unseemly. Nearly every community and interest claims separate electorates, reservation of seats, weightage, and guarantees in the future Constitution. The most preposterous suggestions are made about the tyranny of the Hindu majority. Persons who are mere nobodies at home suddenly shoot up as eminent leaders and 'representatives' of powerful communities. Thus, the main constitutional issue—the transference of power to an Indian Federal Government—is relegated to the background. According to the communalists, it cannot even be discussed without the rights of the Minorities being safeguarded in advance. The British General Election and the disposition of British parties have further complicated the situation. Valuable time is being wasted, and occasionally Gandhiji threatens to return home unless the Government explain their attitude.

To those of us who have been looking forward to a peaceful settlement, the situation is fraught with the utmost anxiety. "The Sun of Freedom will melt the icebergs of communal differences," says Gandhiji; but these very icebergs are blocking the free flow of the life-giving waters of Swaraj—to vary the metaphor. If every Indian Province and State is cut up into a number of groups, fostering communal as against regional patriotism, even the best-laid plans of constitutional advance must prove futile. The worst aspect of the situation is the refusal of the Muslim delegates to refer the question to arbitration. The vicious circle has got to be broken through, somewhere and somehow. The attitude of the Britisher has visibly stiffened after the recent communal talks. This at least ought to put the Indian delegations on their guard. If everyone will but agree to abide by the decision of Sir Pheroze Sethna, H. H. the Aga Khan and Gandhiji, the darkness may yet be dispelled. It is small comfort to be assured by Sir Samuel Hoare that the Government have very virtuously chosen not to torpedo the Conference. The mere continuance of the Conference will yield no results. A united Indian demand for political power is the immediate need.

THE MAHARAJAH OF TRAVANCORE

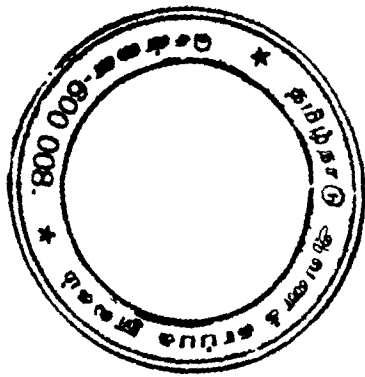
Students of Rajput history are familiar with the expression '*Ekling-ka-Dewan*,' as applied to the Maharana of Udaipur. The State belongs to the Deity, and this most august of Hindu Princes is just His agent. The same charming conception is enshrined in one of the titles of the Rulers of Travancore in the far South. Since the days of the great Martanda Varma, the Heads of the Royal House have always borne the appellation of '*Sri Padmanabha Dasa*,' 'the servant of the Lord Padmanabha.' Very soon, the young Maharajah, Sri Chittirai Tirunal, will be invested with ruling powers. Great hopes are entertained about the future career of His Highness, whose education—literary and administrative—has been supervised with the utmost care. With its splendid natural resources and its industrious and well-educated population, Travancore must play a great part in All-India politics. In Indore, Jodhpur, Travancore, and other States, young Rulers hold sway, who may be trusted to take a progressive view and distinguish themselves as leading statesmen of the Indian Federation. We convey our respectful felicitations to His Highness and pray for a long and prosperous reign.

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Our esteemed friend, Mr. H. D. Sethna of Bombay, is editing a beautiful journal—'The Orient.' These are trying times for all literary ventures, and even well-established journals are finding it extremely difficult to keep themselves afloat. But Mr. Sethna is endowed with courage. Within the first few months, 'The Orient' has attained a high standard of artistic and literary excellence. It is published six times a year like 'Triveni,' and—let us here make a confession—with much more regularity. A bi-monthly is midway between a monthly and a quarterly, in point of time as well as in the nature of its contents. Editors of bi-monthly journals have more leisure than editors of monthlies—provided they are not worried about proofs, printer's bills and defaulting subscribers—and it is possible to select with greater care and publish articles of lasting

TRIVENI

value. The quarterlies are nearly always devoted to research: they fail to interest the general reader. Journals like 'The Orient' and 'Triveni' may succeed in bringing the bi-monthly into fashion. For this reason, no less than for its intrinsic beauty and worth, we welcome 'The Orient.'



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Opinion of
K. Ramakotiswara Rao, Esq., B.A., B.L.
Editor, "TRIVENI"

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