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'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 laboureth 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

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

(With which is incorporated 'THE NEW ERA')

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—Swarajya

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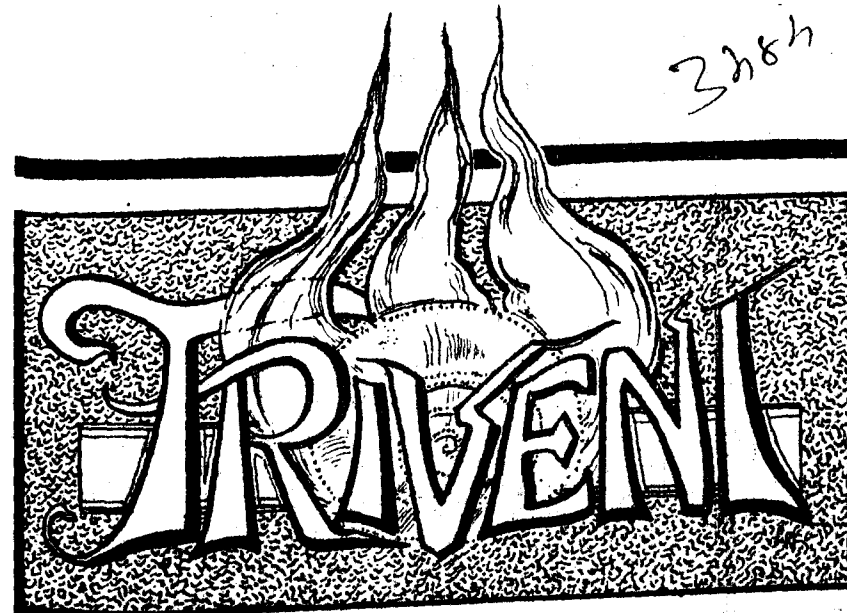
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Agastya

Frontispiece



JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

EDITOR

K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO

18 FEB 1932

*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

Year

Vol. IV, No. 5

Sept. - Oct. 1931



AGASTYA

From Chandi Banon, South Kedu, Java
(Ninth or tenth century A.D.)

Tagore, Artist and Internationalist

BY C. JINARAJADASA, M.A. (*Cantab.*)

(*Written for the Tagore Septuagenary Celebration*)

It is well known that Europe discovered Tagore before some of us did in India, particularly South India. I happened to be in Italy when the first English translation of *Gitanjali* appeared, and I well remember the impressions of some of my Italian friends. In Italy, as in other Western countries, artists had been exploring the field of sensations, and it seemed to them as if there were no new fields whence to create new masterpieces. A sentiment of staleness was evident in many of them. When, then, Tagore appeared on the scene, it seemed as if once again something of the tender bloom of Spring was to be felt in the invisible field of events which is the domain of Art. It was the artlessness and child-like response of Tagore to Life which seemed so deliciously fresh and young. Of course, behind his art, there lay a philosophy that was exquisite to the materialistic mind of the West. But above all things, it was the new glow of youth which charmed all in the West who discovered Tagore.

It is this element which has moved Europe and the two Americas very deeply. Three years ago, I spent twelve months in travel in seventeen countries of Latin America. In every one of them, all the educated men and women knew of Tagore—whose name, however, they pronounced in the Spanish fashion 'Tagoree'—and through his writings had contacted what was to them the romance of India. Not only had most of them read his writings, but I think there was scarcely a home among them where I was a guest which did not have several of his works in translation.

All those who have had the privilege of knowing Tagore, know how one of the most lasting impressions about him is his youthfulness. Who of us, who has ever seen him dance, will forget the sense of delight at seeing an elderly man throw himself with the abandon

of a child into an artistic creation like the dance? The unity of the various aspects of Art is so strong in him that he is not solely a poet, as are so often poets in the West. He is a musician, actor and dancer too, and therefore every song and every play of his has a larger content than is the case with similar creations in the West.

Tagore's work at Shanti Niketan is now famous, and is a matter of pride for India. His contributions in the domain of education show, particularly to us in India, what is the only way to build the new Indian Nation. For that Nation must retain its Indian soul, though it may accept in some fashion some of the adornments of Western civilisation.

If we recognise that first and last Tagore is an artist in every cell of his being, then we shall understand the excellencies as well as the deficiencies of his creations. Tagore does not set out to be a reformer, but is bent on giving out of his soul the Art which is weaving itself there in many forms of creation. All the more he is a true reconstructor of civilisation.

It is just because Tagore is supremely the artist, that he has such a powerful influence in binding the Nations more closely in the bonds of peace. As the artist belongs to no one Nation, so in every one of his creations Tagore is speaking not of India but of all Humanity. Therefore Humanity, as represented by the many Nations, greet in him a brother to all men. So strong is this international and humanitarian spirit in Tagore that one cannot help thinking that sometimes he appears as if torn between his World Soul and his Indian Soul. Not a few have been the occasions when Gandhiji has launched some campaign that Tagore has instinctively held back, feeling intuitively that the outcome of the campaign would be to narrow the consciousness of Indians and not to expand it to embrace the whole world.

The West is beginning to discover through the work of Tagore and others something of a unity of Art—or rather the unity of the Indian soul—which is characteristic of India. Western civilisation has divorced religion from science, and philosophy from philanthropy, and all of them from Art, in a way that has never happened in India. It is because this unity is sensed in India that she has a

unique message for the whole world. Tagore is one of the brilliant exponents of her message and a pioneer in giving it. Others will no doubt come who may be greater than he, but none will surpass him in his particular uniqueness as Nature's exquisite child who sings because Life sings.

Three Oxford Scholars

BY PROF. P. SESHADRI, M.A.

INTRODUCTION

Among the numerous personalities of note I had occasion to meet during my recent travels abroad, it is perhaps not surprising that I should have been drawn with special interest to some eminent educational leaders. Three well-known scholars of Oxford today stand out prominently in my recollection. Sir Michael Sadler, the Master of University College; the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, the Warden of New College and Prof. Gilbert Murray, the Regius Professor of Greek at the University, though my acquaintance with the last was made not on the banks of the Isis, but on the shores of the Lake of Geneva at the Headquarters of the League of Nations. Recalling my impressions, I realise how fortunate must be the individual whose reminiscences of travel include not merely the picturesque sights of foreign lands, but also at least a few inspiring examples in them of noble human achievement.

SIR MICHAEL SADLER

Having had the privilege of knowing Sir Michael Sadler since the days about fifteen years ago, when he was in India as Chairman of the Calcutta University Commission, it was only a pleasant renewal of old memories, when at the end of a delightful day in Oxford this summer, I was his guest at dinner and found that the intervening years had not aged his appearance, or dimmed his powers. The company naturally consisted of University men, though only one of them wore a beard and looked somewhat forbidding in appearance, and there were some juniors looking with a certain amount of awe at the experience and reputation gathered at the head of the table. It was a delight to watch Sir Michael talk, Signior Mussolini and Fascism coming in for a good deal of attention that evening owing to some

THREE OXFORD SCHOLARS

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accident or other. With the inbred love of freedom characteristic of an Englishman, he would not reconcile himself, in any measure, to the curtailment of individual liberty and the autocracy of a single man's rule which were the prominent features of the Fascist regime today. There were not wanting people at the table who ventured to point out how Signior Mussolini's administration had resulted in efficiency of various kinds and Italy seemed to have turned a new chapter in her history, but Sir Michael was unconvinced as no material prosperity or good government could be adequate compensation for such slavery, and he thanked his stars that his lot was cast in Britain!

After dinner, we walked on the beautiful lawn in his private quadrangle at the back, immediately below the room which Shelley occupied when he was an undergraduate at the college. Sir Michael pointed out the quarters with almost visible emotion and was proud that even the glass-panes of the window had not been changed since his time. He was obviously quite distressed that it was one of his predecessors in office who had performed the odious task of rustivating the great genius, but in the interests of fairness, he was also at pains to explain the precise circumstances in which the expulsion had occurred, dwelling on the public agitation and the influence exercised by the Church. Having seen the monument of Shelley in the college only an hour earlier, the delicate body of the poet represented in its nakedness as it was when taken out of the Gulf of Spezzia in which he was drowned, it was some consolation to feel that a later Master of the very college which had sent him out seemed to be doing penance on behalf of the institution. As evening was setting in and the stars began to twinkle one by one, Sir Michael was still vigorously striding the lawn with me, discussing the communal problem in India, the present economic depression of the world, the heaviness of the income-tax and the styles of architecture in the college buildings of Oxford. The tyranny of the railway time-table however stopped the conversation after some time, as I had to catch the last train to London and had therefore to say good-bye to him though with considerable reluctance. He was not forgetful of little details and did not see me

off at the gates of the Masters' Lodge, till he was satisfied that I had put on my overcoat and it protected me sufficiently against any danger of catching cold.

THE RT. HON. H.A.L. FISHER

Transition from membership of the Cabinet of an Empire to the headship of a college would probably be a startling proposition in many countries, but it has actually happened in the case of the Rt. Hon'ble Mr. Fisher whose Presidentship of the Board of Education some years ago was a period of remarkable expansion and progress. He is today installed as the Warden (Principal) of New College and he calmly looks out from his study at the top of his lodge lined with bookshelves to the ceiling, into the college quadrangle below and not at the serried ranks of members of Parliament whom he faced at one time. This record which is perhaps as complimentary to the ex-Minister as it is to Oxford, has again been matched this year by Sir William Birdwood's assumption of the headship of Peterhouse immediately after laying down the Field-Marshal's baton in India. Introduced by a mutual friend, it was with a cordial welcome that I was greeted as I mounted the steps leading to his library, led by his charming daughter who opened the door for me. The conversation turned promptly on the service he had rendered during his ministership to the members of the teaching profession in England and the great improvements he had effected in their emoluments and conditions of work. It was very great satisfaction to him to hear from me, as the result of my own observation of schools in England, that teachers seemed bright and comfortable and were not looking poor and discontented as was generally the case in many countries of the world. He felt thankful that the country had reposed confidence in him during his ministership and had no hesitation in thinking that the improvement of the teachers' lot was an essential condition of educational efficiency. He hoped that the efforts of the All-India Teachers' Federation would result in similar improvements in India and Indian Ministers of Education in the future constitution would take the matter in hand. The future of the Universities of India

was the other topic which occupied our attention and while pleased with the ability of some of the Indian students he has had, he wished the Universities in India to develop to such a high degree of efficiency that there would practically be no need for our young men to go abroad for education, except in some special cases.

It was pleasant to hear that the only regret he had during his ministership was that he was practically cut off from his books. He took me round his private library which was only a part of his collection and which included, as he was keen on mentioning, not merely books on History, but also books on my subject of English literature. If, as the classical historians have narrated, Cincinnatus returned to his plough when he laid down the robes of his dictatorship, here was a modern scholar who did not seem to regret his refuge in books after all the dazzle and glory of life on the treasury benches at Westminster!

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY

The name of Prof. Gilbert Murray is one which is honoured wherever classical scholarship is held in respect, and one of the attractions to me of my membership of the Educational Experts Committee of the League of Nations was that he was our Chairman. The absence of previous acquaintance was made very easy for me by his coming up to me by himself in the meeting room at the office of the League of Nations and shaking hands with the new member. He was also so kind as to offer me a special welcome in his opening speech at the Committee met to consider the best means for popularising the League among young people. The translator of Euripides and the greatest living authority on Greek literature, one may wrongly imagine him to be a crabbed scholar steeped in the musty records of times which are past, but Sir Gilbert is keenly alive to the world of today and he can discuss the complications of world-politics, or the material problems of modern life with the facility with which he can discourse on the beauties of a Greek couplet, or the limitations of an ancient dramatist. It was therefore with pleasure that I found myself sitting next to him at a dinner and at a lunch, besides enjoying the privilege

of membership of the same Committee. We talked of tragedy and Indian dramatic literature which lacked in this element, in spite of its excellence in many directions. Discussing the doctrine of Karma, it was interesting to find that he was aware of its exact significance and did not confound it, as is popularly done, with the fatalism of the Greeks. Talking of his translations, he said that his first consideration was always to see that the lines read well. He did not mind if he exceeded the number of words in the original Greek, provided he made the translation attractive. Prof. Murray regretted he could not have the privilege of presenting any of his books to me as I already happened to possess them all, but looked forward to the pleasure of sending me his forthcoming translation from Euripides and was particularly anxious that I should not buy a copy of the book. As he was not living on the lake this year at Geneva, he was sorry he could not indulge in his usual pastime of swimming every morning, and he acknowledged with a smile my remark that he seemed to share the ancient Greeks' fondness for water, being steeped in their literature! Anything appreciative of Greek literature pleased him immensely and I could see how his face brightened when our German hostess at dinner said that she was quite fond of Homer and read him very often. With a singularly broad forehead and a face of considerable intellectual refinement, Prof. Murray has a personality which marks him out in any company and I should probably have recognised him even without an introduction. I need hardly add that I look forward eagerly to my collaboration with him at future meetings of the Educational Experts Committee, even apart from the special work with which we are concerned.

A notorious danger of the profession of teaching and scholarship is its tendency to segregate one from the world, but the most striking characteristic of all these scholars may be said to be their interest in life. Another handicap usually noticed in senior members of the teaching profession, particularly in those who rise to headship of colleges, is their inability to sympathise with the feelings and aspirations of youth, but here are three scholars of Oxford whose minds are as fresh as those of the youngest undergraduates of

today, in spite of the weight of their years and the somewhat deadening discipline of the daily routine of educational work. If you can combine effectively the details of daily administration with the achievements of higher intellectual life, the wisdom of age with the fire of youth and the experience of the past with the aspirations of the future—what other element is necessary for the making of a really great educational leader?

The Philosophy of 'Sakuntala'

BY "A STUDENT OF INDIAN DRAMA"

Æsthetic impression is essentially a subjective one. When we ordinarily see an object, the impression has a subjective as well as an objective side. There is the object without and there is the impression within. One is an exact counterpart of the other. Æsthetic impression is different from this primary impression which an object produces in us. It is a secondary impression. And for this secondary impression, both the objective and the subjective sides are within. The object without and the first impression within function only as stimulus for the production of the secondary impression, and have little in common with the final æsthetic impression. The æsthetic impression is not a picture with a definite outline and form as in the case of the first impression of an object; it is really a mood and not a picture.

What is termed art is an external object which can give the right stimulus to the æsthetic faculty within, to receive that impression, to transform itself into that mood. In the external objects, there are various factors and each of them produces a primary impression within, through the various senses. There are certain other factors in the external objects which produce the secondary impression. Art consists in selecting such of the factors in the objects without, which can produce this secondary impression, and in eliminating all the other factors as far as it may be. A complete dissociation is impossible. That is only in the ideal art. A piece of art is judged by its approach to this ideal. By eliminating from the object such of the factors as produce the first subjective impression, it follows that some sort of indefiniteness is an essential factor in art. As the secondary impression, the æsthetic impression, can be ordinarily produced only through the channel of the senses, through the stimulus of the first impression, some sort of form and outline must be ordinarily associated with the art side of an object. A perfect art is possible only if we are ourselves

perfect, without the limitations of the body, the senses and the mind.

As the æsthetic impression can ordinarily be produced only through the external senses, the mind and other channels, it naturally follows that the æsthetic impression, the particular mood into which the æsthetic faculty is transformed, has to be considerably coloured by the condition of the channel through which the secondary impression is produced. A tree, for example, may produce practically the same impression on different persons that look at it; but a piece of art produces entirely different impressions on different individuals.

Sakuntala has been recognised, through universal consent, as a work of art of a high order. The bare external outline of the story, whose primary impression produces the æsthetic impression, is understood in the same way by all the individuals who read the drama. There is no difference of opinion on the facts of the story that constitute the drama. But there is considerable difference on the final impression which the drama produces in various individuals.

To some persons what strikes in the drama is the contrast between the life in the forest and the life in the cities. To them the drama is a glorification of the life of the hermits in the forest, with their peace and contentment, with their few wants all well satisfied, with their life and time dedicated to the higher ends of life, in search of the Great Truth, and in helping their less fortunately placed fellow men. There in the forest, is the life of eternal communion with Nature. The trees and the plants and the flowers, the hills and the meadows and the rivers, the bees and the birds, the antelopes, all these live in a relation of fraternal unity with the hermits—men and women, young and old. Physical passions and impulses play no part in the life of the forest. The body serves only as a vehicle, as a protection and as a sheath to the pure spirit within, and is not a burden and a source of suffering to the soul. This is the picture that is presented to us in the first four Acts of the drama.

With this serene peace and calm that reign in the forest, is contrasted the bustle and noise and confusion in the city, as we see

in the fifth and the sixth Acts. The King, his many consorts, their rivalry and quarrels, the consequent pang and worry which the King has to endure, doubt and vacillation, distrust and fear, the hierarchy of officers, theft and punishment, war and conquest—this in outline is the sum total of the life in the city. We see only men with all their base passions. We see nothing but men. There are no trees and plants and flowers. There are no bees humming. There are no birds cooing. Music gives pain to the King. Nothing of what is termed 'Nature' is allowed to come in within this scene. Two girls are introduced as plucking flowers to celebrate the Spring festival, and they are summarily sent away. Sakuntala introduces the incident of fondling the antelopes in the forest, and the matter is mercilessly dismissed. We see the stern, artificial, lifeless life in all its ugliness in the city.

The sacred grove of the hermits was the scene of the union of souls. The city is the scene of their separation. Then we are again transported to another holy hermitage. The mountains and the trees and the animals come back. The human souls are united again in this scene. In the hermitage we find also the union of man and Nature. In the city man is rigorously divorced from Nature. He leads an isolated life. Such is the picture of the contrast between the forest and the city. This is the philosophy of life which one finds in the drama, if he is a rebel against civilisation, if he is an admirer of the beauty of retired life in the forest.

To others *Sakuntala* does not present a study in contrast. They find here a study in harmony, in synthesis, within apparent contrast. Contrast is alien to the Hindu mind. The Hindu mind, if anything, is synthetic. To the Hindu, Matter and Spirit are not two mutually conflicting entities. They are not exclusive of each other. They are the twin products of the Lord Narayana. They function together; they co-operate with each other towards the same goal. *Kaivalya* is as much the goal of Matter as of Spirit. In the state of *Kaivalya*, Matter as well as Spirit resume their separate real nature.

To the Hindu, there is no conflict between a worldly life with all its implications, and a life of monasticism. Both can run

concurrently in the same person. This world and the world above are not two water-tight compartments; each is a continuation of the other, and one can cross and re-cross from one to the other. To a Hindu, brought up in the traditions of the *Bhagavad Gita*, the *Sakuntala* is the artist's representation of true Hinduism; the *Gita* is the religious representation. Here we find the reconciliation of apparent contradictories. Here we find the study in harmony of human life. The King with his power and plenty in the palace, and the Saint in the forest; the King with his innumerable consorts, and the shy maiden who has never seen a man of the world; the life of ease and luxury, and the life of asceticism; the eternal *Brahmacharin*, and the anxious and loving father; each is found united to the other, and in the end we find a really harmonious life pictured before us, life in its totality, the life that is extolled in the *Bhagavad Gita*.

The King and the Saint do not represent two conflicting interests. These two characters drawn from opposite sides in human life are brought together: they work towards the same goal. The purpose of the King is in harmony with the plan of the Saint. There is no conflict between the two. In most literary works, we see characters drawn from opposite extremes grouped in two conflicting camps; we see their fight with each other and the victory of the one over the other. This is what we find in the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*; this is what we find in Homer and Virgil; this is what we find in Milton; in the great tragedies of Shakespeare we find the same thing. But in *Sakuntala*, the two extremes meet and co-operate. The King and the Saint are the two co-heroes of the drama. The only difference is that one is always before our eyes and the other is always before our mind. One is the conventional hero on the stage; the other is the real hero behind the scene.

The King is the conventional hero of the drama. He is on the stage when the first scene opens; he continues on the stage throughout the first three Acts. He is always before our eyes. Then in the fourth Act he retires for a while, and re-appears in the fifth Act; really he opens the Act. Then he does not leave the stage till the curtain finally falls. The other characters come and go. But the King is always present on the stage (except

in one Act). The whole story centres round him. Event after event rolls on, and the King it is who sets the plot in motion and keeps it moving from beginning to end. At least this is what we see on the stage.

Then there is the co-hero, the Saint, who is mostly behind the scene. He is brought to our notice quite at the beginning of the drama. In the first three Acts, the Saint never appears on the stage. Yet he never leaves our mind. His presence behind the scene is always felt by us. In every movement of the story, we feel his influence. He dominates our mind entirely. The whole movement of the story looks like being controlled by some unseen power. In the presence of this all-dominating power, the actual characters, even including the King, seem to be mere machines worked from behind. The Saint works out his plan through the King, so long as he could do so through this medium. Slowly the plot develops and we come to a state, where the King's powers are arrested. The King retires and the Saint comes with his bodily presence on the stage. For a short time, the invisible, but real hero dominates the stage both in body and in spirit. Then he resumes his position behind the scene. The King comes back. Although the Saint has retired physically, his spirit continues its influence on the course of events.

The King and the Saint are never together on the stage. If we bend the drama into the form of an arch it will be found that the fourth Act will be in the centre and at the top, and the first three and the last three Acts will form the two sides of the arch. The King appears on the sides of the arch, on the lower parts of the arch; the Saint is in the centre, on the top of the arch and pours down his influence on the King below, on the sides. The King works out the plan of the saint from below. The Saint watches the action of the King from above. There is the plan of the Saint, there is the purpose of the King. The King sets his purpose according to the plan of the Saint; the Saint designs his plan to gain the purpose of the King. The King acts; the Saint supervises and controls. The Saint does not come in his bodily presence where the King is; and the King does not go where the Saint is in his bodily presence.

And is this not what we find in real life also? The man in his physical form is always before our eyes. Man is here from the very beginning of the world and continues right up to the end. He keeps the world going, or rather he seems to keep the world moving. But above all the activities of man is the eternal Divine Spirit. That Spirit Divine is above and in the centre. He pours down His influence on the men below. The Divine is not physically visible in the lower portions; but His influence is felt. He supervises and controls the actions of man. His plan is so designed as to gain the purpose of man. Man sets his purpose according to the plan of the Divine. He works on towards his goal according to the Divine plan. The Divine functions through man, and manifests through man; He works out His plan through man. There is a region above where man does not function. There is the region of the pure Spirit. He shows himself in his 'form' in that region.

We see this unity between the purpose of man and the plan of God, between the Divine and the human, between the regions of the pure Spirit and of man, well exhibited in the drama. Again neither the life in the forest, nor the life in the city is the ideal. It is the union of the elements in the two that constitutes life. There is artificiality in both, in separation. The city is divorced from Nature and the higher and nobler emotions of man; the forest is lacking in many of the true implications of life. The whole purpose of the drama is to bring about a union of these two imperfect parts into a harmonious whole, and that is the meaning of the union of Sakuntala with the King, which is the end of the drama. The plan of God is the union of man and woman, a recognition of the true realities of life and its implications. This plan is disregarded by man through ignorance (represented by the curse of Durvasa). What is implied by life in the world is not a thing that can be thrown away and could be got rid of. The real plan is that man must live through all such implications. There is no conflict between what are called the higher ends of man and the implications of life in the world, and this point is illustrated by the reconciliation in the Saint of the life of a *Brahmacharin* and that of a fond parent. *Sanyasa* does not free anyone from the respon-

sibilities of life. Even the Saint, the *Nityabrahmacharin*, fulfils his responsibilities as a parent. Thus in *Sakuntala*, we find the reconciliation between the King and the Saint, between the King in the city and Sakuntala in the hermitage, between the life of a *Brahmacharin* and the life of a parent; and finally we see the union of God, man and Nature into a harmonious whole. It is no wonder that Goethe, reading only the translation from a translation, wrote as follows:

Wilst thou the blossoms of the early Spring and the fruits of the
later season,
Wilst thou what charms and delights, wilt thou what
strengthens and supports,
Wilst thou the heaven and the earth with one name encompass;
I name thee, *Sakuntala*, and so has all been said.

The Golden Age of Hindu-Javanese Art

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II

Amidst the confusion of their annals, it may, however, be noted that the Javanese people have introduced certain traditional beliefs that pass almost for history. First and foremost is the arrival in the island of Adi Saka, the founder of the Saka era, in 78—79 A. D. The next tradition relates to the colonisation of the island by a batch of Indian colonists from Gujarat. This tradition, according to Fergusson, would appear to rest on a surer foundation and consequently is quoted here briefly:—

“In the year 525 (A.D. 603 or 599), it being foretold to a king of Kuj’rat, or Gujarat, that his country would decay and go to ruin, he resolved to send his son to Java. He embarked with about 5000 followers in six large and about 100 small vessels, and after a voyage of four months, reached an island they supposed to be Java; but finding themselves mistaken, re-embarked, and finally settled at Matarem, in the centre of the island they were seeking.” “The prince now found that men alone were wanting to make a great and flourishing state; he accordingly applied to Gujarat for assistance, when his father, delighted at his success, sent him a reinforcement of 2000 people.” “From this period Java was known and celebrated as a kingdom; an extensive commerce was carried on with Gujarat and other countries, and the bay of Matarem was filled with adventurers from all parts.”

The trustworthiness of this tradition becomes apparent as this chronicle adds that while this Gujarat prince and two of his immediate successors were ruling “the country advanced in fame and prosperity. The city of Mendang Kamulan, since called Pram-

banan, increased in size and splendour : artists, particularly in stone and metals, arrived from distant countries, and temples, the ruins of which are still extant, were constructed both at this place and at Boro-Budur, in Kedu, during this period by artists invited from India."¹

Further evidences bearing on our subject are :—(1) the visit of the Chinese pilgrim Fa Hien, already alluded to, in 414 A. D., to Java or Sumatra and his remark that the island knew not much of the law of the Buddha, heretics and Brahmans alone flourishing then in the island, (2) the information got from some Chinese records of the second century A. D., known as *Heou han chou*, to the effect that in about 132 A. D., there were Hindu establishments in Java and that one of the Hindu kings of Java of the name of *Tiao Pien* (Deva Varman ?) sent an embassy to China, (3) and lastly, the belief that Buddhism was probably introduced into Java in 423 A. D. by Gunavarman, a prince of Kashmir. Though Buddhism appears to have been introduced in the isle as early as 423 A. D., it should have received very little attention till much later, for we find that up to the eighth century it was Brahmanism that was having its sway over the isle.

Yet another tradition, though late, recorded by Raffles in his *History of Java*, relates to the mission of the children of a Javanese king, Deva Kasuma to Kling (Kalinga) in India in order that they might be educated in the Brahmanical religion. The importance of Kalinga as a cultural home can best be appreciated when we examine certain Chinese records of the T'ang dynasty which locate a kingdom of the name of Kalinga in Central Java. This name is explained as due to the belief that Kalinga in India was the region from which the Hindu colonists emigrated and settled in Central Java.² It would appear that the name Kalinga is specially cherished even today and that "in Javanese parlance, Orang Keling, means a man from India proper."³ From the writings of Mr. Gangoly and others on the subject we are given to understand that

¹ Raffles, *History of Java*, vol. ii, p. 87.

² (Scheltema, *Monumental Java*, p. 35).

³ O. C. Gangoly, *The Art of Java*, p. 3.

there were a number of emigrations from India, the largest streams of immigrants flowing from the eastern coast of India—from the banks of the Mahanadi and the Godavari—Orissa and Kalinga, from the Coromandel coast, and possibly later on from Bengal also. We have it on the authority of Dr. Burnell, an eminent epigraphist, that the character of the inscriptions found in Western Java appears, on comparison with the Vengi and Pallava inscriptions, to be 'nearest to the last.' His conclusion is amply borne out by the Dutch savants like Dr. Vogel who have described the Western Java script as "Pallava script." This characterisation has been accepted by Dr. Coomaraswamy who describes the Purnavarman records as "Sanskrit inscriptions in Pallava script, of the fourth or fifth century A. D."¹

From what has been narrated above, it will be easy to conclude that the culture of Java was related to that of South India and that the source of Hindu civilization in Java "must be sought for in the North Tamil coast." As regards the nomenclature of Hinduism in Java it has to be observed that, though Vishnu was actually in worship from a very early time and also the cult of the combined form Harihara was very popular, though only perhaps during the later Hindu period, Saivism was the main, if not the chief faith of the isle. For nearly nine centuries (600-1479 A. D.) "foreign colonists had persevered in adorning the island with edifices almost unrivalled elsewhere of their class; but at the end of that time, as happened so often in India, their blood had become diluted, their race impure, their energy effete, and, as if at the touch of a magician's wand, they disappear. The inartistic native races resumed their sway, and art vanished from the land, never, probably again to reappear."² While it is true that the native Malay-Polynesian or Indonesian races of Java, that form the bulk of the population, have left few monuments, with perhaps the exception of a few "so-called Polynesian antiquities" and a few dolmens, they cannot be cried down as "inartistic" for the little that they show us today acquires great importance "as representing the Javanese element in Indo-Javanese

¹ Coomaraswamy, *History of Indian and Indonesian Art*, p. 200.

² Fergusson, *History of Indian and Eastern Architecture*, vol. ii, pp. 421-2.

art, a factor of increasing importance after the classical period, and, in Bali, the dominating factor."¹ It shall be our pleasant task now to pursue the history of Indian culture in Java for about nine centuries (603-1479 A.D.). The treatment of the subject shall, as far as possible, be chronological, within a geographical classification as West Java, Central Java and East Java.

III

WEST JAVA

Though the settlement of Western Java by the Indian immigrants must date from the beginning of the Christian era, actual vestiges of West Javanese art are not older than the fifth century A.D. The rock inscriptions in Pallava script of the fourth or fifth century A.D., already alluded to, are the earliest and in fact the only known records of Western Java. These records, as already examined, make mention of the old Hindu kingdom of Taruma, whose king was Purnavarman. It would appear that Hindu rule in West Java, which has unfortunately left few traces, did not persist much later than the sixth century. We owe to Mr. Gangoly the information that the Tamil poem *Manimekhalai* speaks of two kings Bhumichandra and Punyaraja who reigned at a place called Nagapura, which according to him was "probably a capital of West Java."²

Excepting these stray references and the few Sanskrit inscriptions, no other earlier records of Hindu kings are traceable in West Java. Such sculptures or images as were discovered here clearly belong to a very late period posterior to the art of East Java. The later phase of East Javanese art represents the native art of Java which does not however appear in the earlier periods represented by the "Indian" art of Central Java and the "Indiantesque" art of the early period of East Java. These sculptures and images, by dint of their superficial resemblance to the style of East Java, give room to the conclusion that "Western

¹ Coomaraswamy, *History of Indian and Indonesian Art*, p. 200.

² O. C. Gangoly, *The Art of Java*, p. 4.

Javanese work is more spontaneous and forceful than the Eastern, and naturally has nothing of its complicated refinement."¹

Probably the early monuments of Java illustrating early native Javanese art, *i.e.*, before the advent of Indian culture in the isle, were built of perishable materials such as wood. The same was the case with the early monuments in India proper as proved by the Mandagapattu inscription of the Pallava king Mahendravarman I (600 A.D.). Their perishable nature made the artists of India think of means by which the monuments could be made to live for ages. Cave temples and other rock and stone monuments were constructed. Details of carving and architecture that were probably found in those early wooden models were carried out into rocks and stones, though the process was indeed laborious.

Hindu rule in West Java did not persist later than the sixth century A.D. and Western Java became independent and was under native rule for a long time, even in the time of the kings of Majapahit (1294-1478 A.D.) with Pajajaram, about 40 miles east of Batavia, as its capital. According to Fergusson, Pajajaram was the capital of a kingdom in West Java which extended over the whole of the western or "Sunda part of the island." The Sundas find no favour with him, for he dismisses them indignantly as "not a building race." Pajajaram was slow to accept Islam in the 15th century and the same reasons should have hindered her acceptance of Hinduism earlier. The mountainous regions in West Java such as the Priangan were sparsely populated and consequently the Hindu culture in West Java was not only confined to a small area but also remained far behind that "which reared the superb temples of Central Java." The indignation of Fergusson is also shared by Scheltema who, on noting that West Java has nothing grand to show, burst out thus: "While Central Java attained to the loftiest and noblest in art, West Java vegetated until improved communication, stimulated by war and trade, brought about a dissemination of more eastern artistic notions, discernible in raised levels and terraces as those of Gunoong Jati, which remind one faintly of the Boro Budoor. . . . Even then Polynesian clumsi-

¹ Karl With, *Java*, p. 119.

ness was not shaken off."¹ The brilliance of Central Java however consoles the writer who winds up his condemnation of the Pajajaram culture as follows:—"The story of the development of architecture and sculpture in the island from the immaturity identified with Pajajaran to the luxurious grandeur of the temples of Prambanan, the Mendoot and the Boro Budoor, hides a riddle no less strange than that of the bursting forth of Arabic poetry, full-blown in all its subtleness of thought, exuberance of imagination, perfection of language."²

IV

CENTRAL JAVA

"Javanese art is the art of an oasis of civilisation which is situated in a sea of tropical aborigines. In the beginning it is Indian colonial art on Javanese soil and at the end it is Malaic-Javanese popular art on the sediment which Indian art left in Java."³ This Indian colonial art has been happily characterised as the "classical Javanese art." It is indeed by this name that the whole art of Central Java is referred by writers on the subject like Karl With. According to Mr. Gangoly, this appellation means nothing more than "Indian art, transplanted on Javanese soil." It would therefore be far from the truth to characterise the art of Central Java as "Indianesque," as some writers have done, for it is peculiarly free from any contact with Indonesian types and remains unadulterated or *Indian*, "in conception, formula and execution." As a regular Indo-Javanese form comes into existence not before the thirteenth century, it may be easily conceded that the Indian art on the Javanese soil could not be called "Indo-Javanese." It was just Indian art in a new environment and under the spell of a divine and fresh inspiration. We shall now pursue the development of this art in Central Java.

As a result of a stream or streams of immigration from South India, either long-continued or renewed periodically, evidences of

¹ Scheltema, *Monumental Java*, pp. 35-36.

² *Ibid*, p. 37.

³ Karl With, *Java*, p. 120.

Indian culture, extensive and sumptuous, unlike those of West Java, are found in Central Java dating from probably the latter half of the sixth century. These evidences are epigraphical and for the most part monumental and architectural. They prove that Javanese cults were of Indian origin and that the Brahmanism of the Javanese courts was throughout "predominantly though not exclusively Saiva" while popular belief was based on animism, much as it is today. It is interesting to note however that about this time Hinayana Buddhism was unknown to Java, there being no traces of this faith in the isle. And Mahayana Buddhism as a 'separate and integral cult' makes its first appearance in the isle during the period of the Sailendra rule in Central Java (732-860 A. D.) and savours of a Tantrik character, tending to become increasingly so till a stage is reached later on, when it becomes inseparably combined with Saivism, as is proved by the canonization of one of the East Javanese kings, Kertanagara (1268-1292 A. D.) as *Siva-Buddha*.

We shall now examine the epigraphical evidences of Indian culture in Central Java. The oldest dated inscription, in good Sanskrit, comes from Changal, South Kedu and is dated Saka 654 (A. D. 732). Though this has been noticed briefly in the earlier pages of this paper, I advert to it here in detail because of its importance to the student of Javanese art. It is in the form of a verse and reads as:—

*Asid dvipavaram Yavakhyam atula (m) dhanyadi-bijadhikam
sampannam kanakakarais tadamarai (h)——dinoparjitam |*

*Srimat Kunjarakunja-desa-nihita-vamsaditva dhrtam
sthanam divyatamam sivaya jagatah Sambhostu yatradbhutam ||*

"There was the best of islands, Yava (Java) by name, wide, rich in grains, paddy, seeds and the like, filled with gold mines, and by the immortal daily——, where (is found) a supremely divine and wonderful abode (temple) of *Sambhu* (Siva) taken or transferred as it were from the family or clan (*vamsa*) that lived in the prosperous country (*desa*) called *Kunjarakunja*, for the prosperity of the world."

The rest of the inscription not quoted here (as its meaning has been made clear by several writers on the subject) relates to a king of the name of Sanjaya who probably belonged to a clan, whose original home was *Kunjarakunja*, from where he migrated to Java and built a temple for *Sambhu* there on the model of a Siva temple in his own land, viz., *Kunjarakunja*. From the fact that the said temple is spoken of as having been transferred from its original home for the good of the world, we are given to learn the loftiness of the missionary quest of King Sanjaya. Not being content with almost the limited worship of Siva in the country of his birth, he carried the faith across the seas so that the God of a small country, viz., *Kunjarakunja*, might become the God of the World, who could shower His bounties on His worshippers all over the world. Siva has gone to Java with all His Indian synonyms too as will be clear from the reference made to Him in this inscription as "Sambu" (i.e., from whom good or prosperity (*sam*) accrues).

The name Sanjaya reminds us of the names of some of the Indian rulers that ruled in Southern Kalinga, like *Jayanta*, *Arjuna*, etc. The latter belonged to what is called the *Matsya-vamsa* that ruled in Southern Kalinga, in the country round the present Madgole District in the thirteenth century A. D.¹ Sanjaya being also a name like *Jayanta* given to *Arjuna* we cannot help making a conjecture—just a conjecture it is, for the *Matsya-vamsa* people that we talk of belong to the 12th and the 13th centuries A. D.—that the Sanjaya of Changanal should have gone from Southern Kalinga. This receives strength from the Javanese traditions speaking of several immigrations to Java from Kalinga. Can it be that our Sanjaya was an earlier representative of the *Matsya* or any other allied family that held sway in Southern Kalinga? If we admit he was, then we have to locate "Kunjarakunja-desa" in Southern Kalinga on the strength of the Javanese traditions, speaking of immigrations from the eastern coast of South India, "from the banks of the Mahanadi and the Godavari—Orissa and Kalinga, from the Coromandel Coast. . . ." The "Vengi" character of some of the West Javanese inscriptions, already discussed, and the general shape of some of the early

¹ E. I., Vol. v, p. 107.

Javanese monuments such as those of the Dieng plateau (to which we shall come presently), which recall the Chalukyan type such as is illustrated in the temple at Buchhanapalli¹ and other Chalukyan temples in the Nizam's territory give room to the possibility that our "Kunjarakunja-desa" can also be located elsewhere, say the Ceded Districts. It should have been a sacred place of Hindu pilgrimage, this Siva temple in the "Kunjarakunja-desa," as otherwise it could not have been taken as the model and the repository of spiritual inspiration for the other temple built in Java. About this time we can think of two famous shrines in this part of the country celebrated for Siva worship, Srisailem and the Virupaksha temple at Vijayanagara, which later on in the 13th century A. D. became the seat of the illustrious Vijayanagara monarchs. Dr. Venkataramanayya, an authority on Vijayanagara history, tells me that the Virupaksha shrine dates from a very early time and that nothing would stand in our way of looking upon it as the model.

Mr. O. C. Gangoly has gone into this question very carefully and has successfully demonstrated that "Kunjarakunja" is identical with *Kunjara-kona*, the Sanskrit translation of the more modern Kanarese "Ane-gondi," the earlier capital of the Vijayanagara monarchs. Though we had already conjectured this, we were lacking sufficient proof to demonstrate it. The necessary proof has been ably supplied by Mr. Gangoly, by which we should look for the *Kunjarakunja-desa* not actually in Southern Kalinga but in the country to the south of Kalinga, and in it to that tract watered by the river Tungabhadra, the tributary of the Krishna, which later on attracted the mighty Vijayanagara power.

Some writers however suggest that *Kunjarakunja* might be an equivalent to *Kunjaradari* which is the Sanskrit for the Tamil *Anamalai*. The result of their argument is that there being an *Anamalai* in the Pandya country, it is also possible to locate our *Kunjarakunja* in the Pandya land. We cannot admit this as it goes against the Javanese traditions regarding the immigrations from Kalinga and other architectural evidences which we shall examine

¹ Fergusson, *History of Indian and Eastern Architecture*, vol. i, fig. 254.

presently. Also *Anamalai* is far removed from Kalinga while the case is different with *Anegondi*.

While on the track of sage Agastya, Mr. Gangoly comes upon this *Kunjara-kona* or *Anegondi* which he describes as one of the haunts of the sage who had erected there probably a Siva temple which should have served as the model for the other across the seas. From the evidence culled from *Harivamsa*, he proves that the auspicious home of this sage was situated on the *Kunjara* hill on the banks of the river Tungabhadra.¹ As thus Agastya is so much mingled up with this migration to Java and is also spoken of as a "culture hero" and as we do find in Java a definite Agastya worship and cult under the name of "Siva-Guru," "Bhattarakaguru" or "Bhatara Guru" we cannot but take to the fascinating study of the activities of this dwarfish sage who has been aptly described as "the Aryanizer of the Dravida Desa," "the titanic Architect—the Great Builder of a Greater India beyond the seas."

THE CULT OF AGASTYA

While the Changal inscription suggests the name of Agastya in the indirect manner we have seen above, another inscription from Central Java associates Agastya with the building of a temple for Siva in Java. Thus this is an advance on the earlier inscription which only attempts to associate the first Hindu temple of Java (the *sthana* of *Sambhu*) with the family of Agastya. The inscription is in beautiful Sanskrit verse, in the *Arya* metre and runs as follows :—

Vihite Kalasaja-namna
Bhadralokahvaye vibudhagehe |

Tasyatha putra-poutrah
Bhavantu labdheshtapada jivah ||

"The 'pitcher-born' (Agastya), having made a divine house *i. e.*, a shrine which goes by the name of *Bhadraloka* (probably after the god enshrined who is called here 'He of good appearance or

¹ *Rupam*, 1926, p. 7.

beauty'), may his sons and grandsons (*i. e.*, descendants) and other souls achieve their hearts' desires or realise their ambitions."

We have in the above an indication that there were some descendants of the sage Agastya who had formed a colony in Java. And connecting the evidence of the Changal inscription with this we come to the conclusion that here is a colonisation from the shores of South India under the inspiration of Agastya (we do not know whether it was also under the immediate direction of the sage himself) by his descendants. And King Sanjaya was in all probability of the *Agastya gotra*, which is probably identical with the *Agastya Gotra* mentioned among the 49 *Brahmana Gotras* in the *Asvalayana Grihyasutra*.

This sage is not only regarded as the arch-coloniser but also as the guiding genius of Javanese culture. He receives worship in the isle under the name of *Bhatara-Guru* or *Siva-Guru*, "and as a divine being, enjoys precedence over the gods, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva." Numerous images have been discovered of this sage from all parts of the isle bearing testimony to a well-developed cult for the worship of this sage under the glorious appellation of "Siva-Guru."

He has become the founder of several families, the builder of temples and lastly an "icon of worship, the subject of a cult." His images appear to have been worshipped first in sandalwood and next in stone. This would account for the dearth of the remains of early monuments in the isle, for the earlier ones should have been of perishable materials like wood. We have it from the Dutch archaeologists that Agastya is known today in Java in the Polynesian dialect as "Valaing" which stands for the asterism Canopus in the Southern Sea, a point of interest that we have dealt with already. His name is often found in the declarations and oath formulae, of Java and Bali, and people here swear by Agastya, either by his Sanskrit name or by his local Polynesian name. It may be of interest to note that in an Old Kavi inscription he is hailed as the "Great sage of *harichandana* (yellow sandalwood)."

The term *harichandana* opens the question of the iconographical features of this wonderful sage, whose earlier images were

evidently made of this yellow sandalwood. Luckily an inscription from Dinaya, in the Maleng district of Eastern Java supplies us with the needed information. It is dated Saka 682 (760 A. D.) and runs as follows:—

*Purvaih krtam tu suradarumayim samikshya
kirtipriyah talagata-pratimam manasvi |*

*Ajnapyā silpinam aram sah dirghadarsi
krishnadbhutopalamayim nrpatih chakara ||*

*Rajnya Agastya-Sakabde nayana-vasu-rase
margasirsha cha mase*

*Ardrarthe Sukravare pratipadi-divase
paksha-sandhau dhruve— |*

*Ritvigbhih vedavidbhih yativara-sahitaih
sthapakadyaih—*

*karmajnaiah Kumbhalagne sudrdhamatimata
sthapitah Kumbhayonih ||*

“The learned and glory-loving king, on seeing the image made of *devadaru* (deodar) by the ancestors fallen on the earth (probably the image had tumbled down owing to its worn-out and effete condition consequent on its being made of perishable material like wood) gave orders to the best of sculptors and made (caused to be made by these sculptors), the seer that he was (*i. e.*, he considered how best he could make the image so that it can live for ages without being affected by the ravages of time), an image of beautiful black stone.”

“In the Agastya-Saka year arrived at by the chronogram, *nayana* (2), *vasu* (8), *rasa* (6), *i. e.*, 682 (by reversing it as is the custom in South India)=A. D. 760, in the month of *Margasirsha*—on Friday, the first day of the new half moon at the union of the dark light moon, in *Kumbhalagne*, by this king who was extremely clever or intelligent was installed (an image of) the “Pitcher-born” (Agastya) with the help of priests learned in the Vedas, ascetics and sculptors or artists who knew their job very well.”

In the dating of this inscription we are happy to find that the reckoning is done as in South India. The chronogram, *nayana-vasu-rasa*, reminds us of the thousands of similar chronograms by which almost all South Indian inscriptions are dated. The order of reversal also is the same. And it appears that the sage is also associated with the starting of the Saka era in Java or at any rate is responsible for the introduction of this era, as otherwise the reckoning will not tally with the same of South India in the wonderful manner in which it does.

The king who made this wonderful black stone image of Agastya is called Gajayana. A grateful posterity has given him a niche in the temple of fame, for, whom does he remind us of in the glorious history of South India?—the *matta-vilasa*, the *vichitra-chitta*, the *chaitya-kari*, indeed the wonderful Mahendravarman I, the crest-jewel of the Pallava dynasty. Does he not recall the exploits in art of the latter, though not about the same time, perhaps after a lapse of 150 years? Surely we should allow this period for the wonderful exploits of the illustrious Mahendra to cross the seas, especially as the news agencies of those days moved very slowly for lack of the present-day superior scientific equipment like radio, wireless, etc. Was not architecture in South India prior to Mahendravarman mainly wooden or, to speak correctly, of perishable material? The answer is given by the Mandagapattu inscription in which the royal artist bursts out as follows:—

*Etad anishtakam, adrumam, aloham
asudham vichitrachittena |*

*Nirmapitam nrpena Brahme-
svara-Vishnu-lakshitayatanam ||*

“By the king who was called (for his trouble) “the curious-minded” was caused to be built a god’s house for Brahma, Isvara (Siva) and Vishnu, a construction which knew no brick, no wood, no metal and no mortar.”

Does not the expression, *talagatapratimam samikshya i. e.*, “seeing the image that had fallen down” in the Dinaya inscription suggest

a royal pity, the shocking pity that indeed an artist and artist alone can feel on seeing a work of art perishing? Does not the king do the same as Mahendra did under the circumstances? The compassion of Mahendra on seeing several works of art enshrined in those early temples and monuments of South India perishing, because of the perishable nature of the material with which they were built, is voiced in the expression *Etad anishtakam, adrumam, aloham, asudham*. If a single work of art was down at the feet of the Dinaya king crying for redemption and perpetuation of art, there were a thousand monuments enshrining things of beauty, actually in ruins, Art peeping out of the debris that had prepared for her a premature grave and appealing pitifully to the king of the land, the "patron of art" that scriptures proclaim him to be. Whom will not her tears move? Even as the Dinaya king, Gajayana, summoned the best among the artists of the land and had the image of Agastya made of wonderful black stone which could endure for ages, for which act he deserved the encomium, *dirghadarsi*, i.e., the seer that could visualise the future, or in short that could vouchsafe long life or permanence for the work of art on hand, so also the Pallava ruler summoned the best architects and designed the permanent rock-architecture that one sees in South India today at Mahabalipuram, Dalavanur, Kanchipuram, etc. The earlier specimens of architecture and art have vanished into thin air, while his immortal achievement, viz., the cave-temples, defy grim time and stand even as Kalidasa puts it:—*nirvata-nishkampam iva pradipam, i. e., "like a flame that flickereth not in windless space."*

How were the works of these two royal votaries of art received by their subjects? That of the Dinaya king was appreciated as is proved by the expression *dirghadarsi* which indicates that his subjects realised the wealth of his ideas and suggestions. On the other hand, that of the Pallava ruler was probably derided as it might have gone against the then-existing conventions and customs. Far from calling him "the father of Dravidian architecture," they called him mad, his work a lunatic's prank (*matta-vilasa*). In short they greeted him as *vichitra-chitta*, or "he of curious ideas or idiosyncracies." Deride him as they liked, denounce him to their hearts'

content as they might, the royal votary of art chided them not, for even as they were calling him names he was dreaming the life of an eternal artist. Even as the "arch-beggar" (*Bhikshatana*) took the abuse levelled against him by the sages of the forests as ornaments and garlands, so also Mahendra made a garland of the names by which his subjects called him, and prompted by the artistic instinct in him immortalized them by engraving them, so that they can also stand time, on the very works of art that were much maligned. Even as he had expected and even as the immortal poet Bhavabhuti had prophesied in his *Malatimadhava*, "*Utpatsyate mama tu kopi samanadharma, Kalohyayam niravadhir vipula cha prithvi*", his noble attempt came to be appreciated in the time of his son Narasimhavarman I (630 A. D.) as is evident from the latter's immortal works at Mahabalipuram that have gone down in history as the "seven pagodas," which are in fact only the elaboration and the enrichment of his father's "mad" projects.

The term *krishnadbhutopala*, i.e., "the wonderful black stone," in the Dinaya inscription requires elucidation. The black stone is wonderful not because of its inherent virtue but because of the plastic hand of art in the shape of the carving of Agastya on it.

To revert to the story of Agastya, he can be distinguished by the matted locks (*Jatamakuta*) a beard, a corpulent waist, the pitcher (*kamandalu*) and the rosary (*akshamala*) in the hands. He is just shown in Java in the same way as we find him in South India, in places like Vedaranyam, Chidambaram, Narayanavanam, Tanjore and Nallur. As a proverbial devotee of Siva, he got identified with Siva, attaining thereby *sarupya* or "same-form" with him as is evident in the "Siva-guru" conception, which only means that he is the *guru* of Saivism inasmuch as he is the preacher of that cult. "Bhattaraka or Bhatara guru" would mean the good or revered *guru*. His devotion to Siva has earned for him the latter's trident also which is shown in some of his images in Java. It is a mistake to identify the images of Agastya with Siva simply because of the name *Siva-guru* as some writers have done, for we know of no form of Siva corpulent, bearded and fat in the stomach. Such a representation is iconographically an error. As many as 40 images

(both in stone and in metal) of this sage have been reported as found in Java, most of them being now housed in the Leiden and Batavian Museums. These have been ably studied by Mr. Gangoly in his *Rupam* (1926), even later decadent examples receiving attention at his hands just because they prove the popularity of the Agastya cult. Among the disciples of Agastya, sage Trinabindu, whose Tamil name is Tolkappiyar, the author of the Tamil grammar *Tolkappiyam*, receives special treatment. One of his sculptures with his name inscribed on it in *Nagari* characters now adorns the Batavia Museum.

Of all the images of Agastya we have singled out one, easily the best (frontispiece), for reproduction here because it crystallizes in a flash the whole genius and crust of Brahmanic culture. It is indeed a *chef-d'oeuvre* of Indo-Javanese sculpture and is now housed in the Batavia Museum, having been found in Chandi Banon, South Kedu. It has been assigned to the ninth or tenth century A.D., as it strictly belongs to the classic period of Indo-Javanese sculpture. Its dignity, equanimity, simplicity, its introspective placidity and fidelity to the formula of the icon mark it out as almost rivalling "the sweet serenity and the profundity of the series of Buddha images of Borobuddur."

The limit to Agastya's exploits in South India is marked by Vedaranyam, the extreme south-eastern coastal point of the Coromandel. This name should have gone over to Java and inspired the inanimate there. In all probability we owe the name Prambanam (Central Java) to this inspiration; Prambanam is probably *Brahma-vanam*. *Vanam* is a Sanskrit synonym for *aranya*, and *Brahma* is identified with the *Vedas* and as such is a synonym for the latter. Is it not therefore fascinating, the study of this dwarfish sage, an intrepid Aryan adventurer, braving the seas, conquering by his superior yogic powers the sea-gods and drinking off the waters of the seas, thereby earning for himself the title "pita-sagara"? And do we not run mad with joy to learn that a "Kumbha-yoni" a pigmy born in a pitcher, achieved the antithesis of the "Drinker of the Ocean" (pita-sagara)?

Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri

By "C. S."

It was in the week following the resignation of Mr. Venkatarama Sastri as member of the Executive Council of the Government of Madras, that I happened to be present at a breakfast party at a friend's. Naturally the gossip turned upon the much-talked-of subject of the week. Two of the persons present began to discuss the wisdom of the step that Mr. Sastri took.

"I should think," said the older of the two, "that anyone imbued with a sense of self-respect or genuine patriotism could not have pursued any other course than the one followed by Mr. Sastri. He has only raised our prestige by his act. Nothing could have been served if he had wavered or sought counsel of others in the matter."

"Oh! certainly," replied the other, "but my surprise is, how he grew so very decisive of a sudden."

This gives the clue to the general impression Mr. Venkatarama Sastri leaves on others. It may be right or it may be wrong. But it may not be far from the truth to say that he cannot anywhere bring with force the impress of his personality on the minds of people or on matters requiring guidance from men of his eminence and equipment. Anybody else for such a splendid sacrifice as his would have earned a richer reward. It is not in his nature to strike people as more than what he is. So much so, a friend of his remarked, when a group of lawyers were discussing the merits of persons at the Bar who could grace the Bench, "True, Mr. Venkatarama Sastri possesses all the desired qualities in a judge of the High Court. He has stature, brain, discernment and urbanity, but he may not be quite quick to come to a decision."

He is perhaps one of the few honest men at the top in this scheming world of ours. There is no unusual zest for him in a heavy brief involving, in its consequences, either a deep mark on the litigant world or an increasing account to his credit at the bank.

The Tanjore Palace Appeal of 1923, in which almost all the luminaries of the Bar had a share or rather felt not having a share was ignominy enough for them, failed to disappoint him when he was not briefed. He was only heaving a sigh of relief at the good prospect of timely meals after refreshing oil baths. He always courts freedom from the shackles of deep calculation.

The late Sir Walter Schwabe felt, even in the very first weeks of his ascending the Bench as Chief Justice of the Madras High Court, the air in the Court hall filled with a certain amount of dignity and decorum when Mr. Venkatarama Sastri rose to address him. For Mr. Sastri is always fair to his adversary and faultless of his language. His tall form adds considerably to his fine deportment. And but for his gait, which occasionally induces one to feel that he would be better even without his socks and shoes on, he is lacking in none of the natural aids for creating a very favourable impression at first sight.

It cannot be said of him that he will be quite happy to meet an unforeseen difficulty that may arise, or depend without perturbation upon the inspiration of the moment in a court of law. He prepares his case and writes his notes in a neat hand on a white paper, which he places before him whenever he argues. He is not all composure, though he rarely loses self-poise. "In those days I never used to be relishing my food for days together, when either Krishnaswami Aiyar or Sundara Aiyar was appearing against me in a case to be reached," said he once in his own unassuming manner. There is not in his advocacy any display for the sake of effect or any conscious working up into a fine frenzy at the prospect of defeat. He can be steady and sure in the face of a losing cause. The sense of duty and the strength of opposition make him rise equal to the occasion. He relies upon an able junior for help and never browbeats him, when himself in a dilemma. With his brows lifted as high as the middle of his forehead, he speaks with a clearness and care, not within the easy reach of many a reputed lawyer. But still it does not entirely convey an ease or freedom either in the delivery or in the choice of diction. The effort he makes is more obvious sometimes than

even his conquest of correct pronunciation. He is sound and safe to be relied on under any circumstance. Nothing but propriety tempts him in all the things he does; nothing but chasteness in all the words he uses.

He belongs to the Sivaswamy Aiyer tradition at the Bar. And as one who had his direct training under him, he is not for paying complete homage to law alone. For good books in general allure him. And enthused as he is not with the same spirit of scholarship that characterises his master, he has the same breadth of vision and wide culture. Whether in the intervals at Court or a music concert or while walking alone, you can find him book in hand with one of his fingers inserted into it, evidently marking a page where he has been reading.

It was an evening. Mr. Venkatarama Sastri was driving in his car along the beach. He saw a junior of his walking on the marina and stopped his car to take him in. As soon as the other was beside him in the seat he said, "Well, I want to tell you something." But as the car was moving he became silent, while the gentleman by his side was eagerly waiting all the time for the information. The car halted at the Club, and Mr. Sastri got down without a word to his companion and was at the billiards table. The junior, having lingered in his seat for a few minutes, wondered what for he was left in the lurch. He went in and asked him why he was asked to accompany him, whether any urgent business needed him. The strange reply was, "Were you walking on the marina?" Such is the artless forgetfulness about him. He can be almost staring at you and calling you by a different name altogether. But he is open to admit it unlike many others who do not possess the grace of owning their own foibles. There is nothing to keep him bound to conventions. Age has not soured nor position betrayed him.

"Many must go under if one should go up. It is the passionless rule of life," writes K. S. Venkataramani. At any rate it applies with some truth to the lawyer's trade. The successful leader derives no complete satisfaction till he practically captures the entire field. But it is not the case with Mr. Venkatarama Sastri. He never aims at it. If people look up to him, he is not responsible for it. They

do it of their own accord. He is free to mix with all and that too most unaffectedly. Here and there an attempt at humour by him in conversation makes him wait for its effect on the listener. He has himself not much of humour though he likes very much to have it. But often his simplicity lifts him above the rest who are weighed down by their own importance.

Love of cultured talk and a life of ease are quite as much to him as a healthy body and a good dinner. He is a fast walker not only in level plains but on high grounds and can enjoy a good company or a game of billiards. He has no great fascination for the airs of age.

Though not a full-fledged politician of these stirring times, he has all the redeeming qualities of the Liberal fold. He is ever sober and seldom enthusiastic. The agreeable complacency of his party affects him too. His adherence to the Liberal party is his adherence to the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri. It is very often the presence of the Rt. Hon. Mr. Sastri that makes Mr. Venkatarama Sastri a happy man. While many a spicy talk passes round the adoring circle about the Rt. Hon. Mr. Sastri, he is all eagerness and enjoyment to listen to his chief weaving his magic incantations of silvery eloquence.

He has a child-like delight in narrating anecdotes of an ancient origin. You can find him delving into the past without much of reverence for older beliefs. Reform and reconstruction of our social fabric have a strong hold on him. But he is very careful not to curb individual thought in others, more so in his children. For he never seems to assume the rigidity of a patriarch and wish his sons and daughters to stand at a distance of abject worship.

As a public man Mr. Venkatarama Sastri has enabled Madras to be proud of him. When the history of the city is written, his name will occupy no ordinary place. His moral heights and noble instincts will far outlive him. There may not be vigour or brilliance in his utterances on the platform, but always sedateness and sense; his diction unerring, his aims unpolluted. His qualities never dazzle us but shed a mellow effulgence all around. He is kind, self-revealing and accessible.

His may not be a brilliant record of unsurpassed magnitude. His may not be a career richly fraught with lessons for the lowly and the depressed. Yet he stands a stalwart character in the midst of huge wreckages and wayward drifts; a lonely peak among a pile of rugged boulders. For the fine opportunity that was his to wield authority, none else could have shown the same superior nature that he revealed when he gave it up for the sake of principle. He is a true free-thinker following his own path with a frankness and faith all his own. It is true he often allows himself to be borne along in a forgetful mood. Perhaps the intricacies of social etiquette or the rigours of a wary householder have no enticements for him. Free from the murmurs of a home, he loves to enjoy a refreshing hour under the Courtallam waterfalls. It saves him worry; it brings him content.

Education and Education¹

BY DR. G. S. KRISHNAYYA, M.A. (MADRAS),
M.A., PH.D., (COLUMBIA)

No matter what the ideals of a particular people have been, the school has always been looked upon as the maker of citizens. History shows that nations have made their education a training for the attainment of the things they valued most. Athens, prizing beauty, symmetry and harmony, both physical and intellectual, sought through her great teachers to cultivate a love of the true, the good and the beautiful. Rome, exalting law, authority and conquest, instructed her youth in oratory, so that they might advocate the claims of law, and skilled them in war, so that they might introduce the Roman Eagle to the uttermost parts of the earth. The education of Monasticism was other-worldly, because the gaze of its adherents was fixed upon the hereafter. Training in arms, loyal and gallant service to the king and devotion to whatever was noble, brave and courteous, comprised the education of the Age of Chivalry, because these were the highest ideals of that period. And in our time the same thing holds true. England needed patriotic sons, valiant heroes, and dependable representatives to help her with her colonial expansion, commerce and administration, and so her outstanding schools set out to give an education which stressed courage, character and love of country. America, after her first struggle for liberty, shared with other countries of the nineteenth century an eager desire for material success, and therefore, the surest means of obtaining that treasure became the object of close study and effective practice.

INDIA'S NEED

But in India, education has not consciously sought to meet the needs of the times, much less to respond to the ideals of the nation—

¹ A fuller treatment of this subject, and of the ways and means of enabling the school to fulfil the all-important function of educating, will be found in the author's book, *Education Out of School—A Handbook of Extra-Curricular Activities*, shortly to be issued by the Oxford University Press.

and therefore her citizens are not found in possession of the many qualities which a progressive people should manifest. Our schools have yet to devise a system of training which will aim at correcting inherent and long-standing defects and drawbacks. If it is true, as we have been told *ad nauseam*, that Indians do not co-operate with each other, that they lack initiative and practical-mindedness, that their critical faculty is never exercised, that a sense of responsibility is conspicuous by its absence, that enterprise, originality and independence are unknown—if they do not possess or exhibit these desirable and essential traits, it is evident that in India, the citizen-making institution has not yet been made to function effectively.

THE FAILURE OF THE SCHOOL

The Indian high school has yet to recognise its responsibility for this larger social control. Even when it gives comprehension, insight and perspective, and helps the student to become conscious of his ideals, it does little to relate them to the business of being good citizens. Unrelated to national thought, unresponsive to national needs, uninterested in home and community, our educational system moves on from one decade to another blessing neither him that gives nor him that receives.

The 'regular' work of the school centres around knowledge, and comparatively few opportunities are provided for the practice of desirable ideas and attitudes. Education is usually treated as something stored up in text-books, certified by tradition, guaranteed by teachers, meant to be taken by children willy nilly in uniform fashion, in order that they may become good citizens! Or else, it is regarded as a process which can go on only in class rooms, under the supervision of school masters. But if man is to be considered as a whole, his well-being means the well-being of his body, the well-being of his spirit as well as the well-being of his mind. The curriculum in its almost exclusive attention to one aspect has neglected these others.

This comprehensive work therefore at the present time, cannot be carried out in the class room, much less can it be left to chance. So long as the purpose of the school is supposed to be the

teaching of 'examinable' subjects prescribed by the ubiquitous syllabus, so long as the mastery of book information takes the place of the building up of the whole æsthetic, intellectual, moral and physical life, so long must most activities calculated to introduce pupils to a world of broadly varied and significant education, be regarded as 'extra curricular.' It is this recognition that the school should seek not only to produce citizens who shall have acquired certain skills and abilities, but somehow to educate them so that they may take into life with them strong character, balanced judgment and robust physique, that has brought into existence, what are usually called 'extra curricular activities.'

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

From the point of view of the development of attitudes, the 'life' of the school as distinguished from its courses of study has very large significance. This principle has long been recognised abroad. Indeed, the emphasis upon school life has probably been the chief factor in the unquestioned contribution of the great secondary schools of England, Eton, Harrow, Rugby and Winchester. Such schools have an advantage over most of our high schools, in that the entire life of their students is under institutional control during the years of schooling. Though this advantage cannot be duplicated in day schools, a great deal can be done to overcome this handicap in some measure through the intelligent development of extra-class-room activities, clubs, societies, games, sports, scouting, dramatic performances, school magazines, excursions, student councils, social service leagues and the like. The most valuable lesson, perhaps, which we may learn from English and American schools is their recognition of the value of the more purely social activities as a means of training youth.

Nor can it be forgotten that the school is the best and most appropriate agency for the promotion and proper regulation of this side of the pupils' life. Thrown together intimately during a large part of their working hours, the pupils most naturally form themselves into groups, and find in extra-class-room activities, wide possibilities for self-expression, self-realization and

therefore real education. There is the added advantage of the presence of the teacher's authority which, if extended sympathetically to the social life of the pupils, assures a much better regulation of it than can possibly be secured in any other way. Besides, the social instincts of gregariousness, emulation, and altruism are especially strong during this period. These urges will cause students to form organisations, good or bad in their ultimate effect upon their life and character. And the school cannot escape the responsibility of determining whether the good or the bad effects of this social urge shall prevail.

DESIRABLE RESULTS

Social Efficiency.—The student needs to be able to understand and judge other people and get on with them. Social efficiency is therefore an invaluable aspect of the training for life. If education is not primarily a matter of lessons and examinations, but of becoming acquainted with, and adjusted to the world of men and affairs, extra-curricular activities have a large part to play in achieving this very desirable educational objective. In the place of the old-time maxims and sermons on good social behaviour, actual practice in right social action is afforded. Unselfish service, co-operation, toleration and true democracy are ideals which are encouraged by being forced to function in actual social situations. The pupil has to exercise them if he is not to lose his place and standing in the different organisations.

Citizenship Training.—There is no better method of training pupils for their rights and responsibilities as citizens. It has been said that "the good citizen is one who has sense enough to judge of public affairs; discernment enough to choose the right officers; self-control enough to accept the decision of the majority; honesty enough to seek the general welfare, rather than his own at the expense of the community; and public spirit enough to face trouble or even danger for the good of the community." Not only do these activities develop the mechanics and devices of government, but they also give opportunities for the development of the true spirit of good citizenship. The pupil learns many civic virtues.

He also learns many valuable lessons in the art of ruling and of being ruled. Preparing a student for membership in a democracy by training him in an autocracy or an oligarchy is an incongruity.

Moral Training.—Experience has shown that there is no better way of teaching and applying lessons in ethics than through bringing about the participation of students in extra-curricular activities. Qualities such as justice, honesty, fairplay are put to the test. "Every ounce of moral experience is worth a pound of ethical teaching." Besides, it is necessary that wholesome recreation, within reach of all, should be offered to our pupils under the right kind of supervision and environmental conditions. The inner discipline developed through practice in directing his own affairs will abide with the pupil long after he has ceased to be a school boy.

Proper Use of Leisure.—Too long has the school ignored its responsibility for stimulating interest in avocations. The purpose of education should include the increasing in the pupils of the ability to utilize the common means of enjoyment—music, art, drama, literature and social intercourse, games, picnics, excursions, scouting and other out-of-door pursuits. The problem of adequate and wholesome recreation is solved to a large extent by these activities. Apart from their direct and practical value, they are invaluable for the enlargement and enrichment of personality. 'Bookworms' rarely acquire a broad culture.

Development of Leadership.—Another badly neglected duty is the development of leadership. The regular curriculum is incapable of encouraging the qualities which leaders should possess. Every student, who gets the training that is to be obtained through leading his fellows in some school activity, is preparing himself for leading his fellowmen in the social, civic and vocational activities of later life. The least that the school can do to promote leadership is to furnish the necessary opportunities.

CONCLUSION

That the school stands to gain by the introduction of extra-curricular activities and the provision of citizenship-training should be obvious. Participation in the management of the affairs of the

school tends to enlist the interest and co-operation of the pupil. This 'we-feeling' towards the members of the school—the headmaster, the teachers and the fellow pupils—has far-reaching effects. It makes possible and available a public opinion which can enforce conformity to certain accepted and acceptable standards. It makes co-operative effort easy and natural. Self-control and discipline readily become matters of common concern. Such an attitude is an invaluable asset to the school.

Summarising, it may be said that through these activities, intelligently conducted, it is possible to secure the broader social, civic, moral and avocational improvement so essential for a successful well-rounded modern life. The regular work of the school offers comparatively few opportunities for the development of desirable ideals, habits and attitudes. It is therefore necessary that attention be given to nation-building and citizen-making activities outside the curriculum. In countries and schools with well established traditions, many desirable things can be trusted to happen naturally, but in others, such things will largely have to be made to happen. Deliberate and detailed planning will have to take the place of happy blundering. Then and only then will the school have discharged its obligation to this and the succeeding generations, teaching people to practise fairplay, to live co-operatively, to shoulder responsibility, to think clearly and critically, to exercise initiative and independence, to build strong bodies and active minds and to serve their God by serving their fellowmen.

The Spirit of Realism

BY R. K. NARAYAN SWAMI

The Classical writer (I use the term broadly) took only the essence of humanity's experience and observation, and transmuting it by the alchemy of his art, presented us in the end with something that was vast and gorgeous, and with figures in it moving in and out, that in their magnificence bordered on the divine.

But there was one serious flaw in the scheme. It gave us an unreal perspective of life. It was not false, but unreal; not the falseness of a lie, but the unreality of a dream. It, no doubt, did nothing to lessen our interest in life (life that is 'next to our skin') neither did it do anything to increase it. It trained our minds to think of life, not in terms of humanity and its innate mystery, but in terms of demi-gods and their doings. It galvanized our imagination, and awed and thrilled us with its sweep and power. But at the same time, it tended to make us forget our feet and the little brown patch of earth that we plant them on.

In its decadence Classicism was marked by an excessive rigour that had replaced the perfection and polish of form of the ancient masters. There was still a certain remoteness from life, but it was without the spiritual stature that the ancients gave to what they transformed.

The wave of Romanticism that swept over the artistic and imaginative world in the later Eighteenth Century completely submerged all the old standards and methods. It was a revolt against all artificiality that tended to remove literature farther and farther from life. The movement stood for the ideal of spontaneity and naturalness in art. The artist no longer had to peer out of his tabernacle but he tried "to give the charm of novelty to things of everyday. . . . by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us."

It is, however, only in our times that this spirit has found a

fuller expression. This is the age of Realism. Today, the artist has a new conception of life and his mission. Through its seeming instability and jerkiness, he perceives a balance and rhythm in life, and through its clumsiness an intricate order. His soul is more attuned, and his perceptions are finer than ours. He sees a sensitive beauty and hears a delicate rhythm where others see only the drab commonplace. He does not pick out life in fragments of essentials and then trim and enlarge them into magnificent patterns. He merely dips his hand into life, brings out a slice of it, and holds it aloft in the light of his own genius. Here there is an implication that life is great enough as it is. Life is no longer a raw material for the artist. It is a finished product, if he can look at it aright. Even as it is, life is staggering in its beauty, strangeness and irony. "The purpose of art and literature," says a writer (in 'Tradition and Experiment in Present-day Literature'), "is not to educate us into a state where . . . our servants must do our living for us. It is, rather, to give us a more passionate sense of life and power for living."

It must be admitted at the same time that a fanatical devotion to Realism has given rise to countless freaks in modern literature. Such things are perhaps inevitable in any attempt to reach out for new values. At best they are blind frantic gropings for truth, and at worst abnormalities. But they will pass away soon, if they have not already.

A Hindu King

BY P. B. SATHE, B.A., L.L.M., *Mimamsa Bhushana*

It is many times argued and sometimes taken for granted that a Hindu king was an autocrat, that he had unfettered power to do anything and that he was responsible to none but to himself. The theme of this short essay is to show that this proposition is not correct. A Hindu king as described in the old literature of the Hindus was not an autocrat. The autocracy of the king is a subsequent development of the polity of the Hindus which slowly encouraged extensive powers of the king in the later stages of the history of Hindusthan. Before however we proceed to the subject proper, it would not be out of place here to consider the origin of the Hindu kingship. The concept of *Danda* is one of the fundamental ideas in the Hindu political theory. The problem of the origin of kingship can be considered from two points of view; one the realistic and the other rationalistic. The first looks at the question from the point of view of how kingship originally came into existence. It is mainly concerned with the facts of history. The second views it from the moral or ethical point of view. The theory of political science tells us that power and the prowess of the king and its growth is always mainly due to external pressure. When there is a danger to one State from the neighbouring States, the State in question tries to be as strong as possible and wants to have certain discipline which would help it to remain free from foreign aggression. This discipline is maintained by a strong and powerful hand, whether it be that of a king or a dictator. In the *Aitareya Brahmana* it has been stated that the *Devas* being pressed by the unrighteousness of the *Asuras* proceeded to elect one of themselves as a king. (Jayaswal, *Hindu Polity*, Volume II, pages 4 and 5). It is thus clear from this passage that the Vedic kings were of human origin. They cannot be otherwise when they were selected. In the *Satapatha Brahmana*, this problem is however looked at from the rationalistic point of view

(*Satapatha Brahmana*, volume I, p. 514). In the *Sutra* period the question of the origin of kingship is not given much importance. According to the *Sutrakaras* the social structure of the Hindu society which recognized the *Varnashrama* was eternal, and it was *Dharma* which guided all actions of all beings on the face of the earth. According to them, the law was expounded by the Brahmins and the kings simply enforced the decrees of the *Rishis*. The king according to these philosophers was not above the law but had to obey certain rules. The sanction behind these rules was of moral discipline and of penalty after death (*Vasishtha* Volume I, 39 to 41).

Kautilya does not also care to give us any idea of the origin of kingship (Sen's *Hindu Political Thought*, page 53). It appears from what he has stated that he tries to reconcile both the views of the origin of kingship i.e., that of the human origin and of the divine origin. (So also *Santiparva*, page 58, *Shlokas* 41 to 48). The king is created for the protection of the world from out of the body of five deities. Leaving aside the metaphors, it can be said that the king was a symbol of five attributes of the five deities, which rule the universe. The main theme therefore appears to be that the king was invested with these powers for the protection of the world. This does not however go to show that the king had an unfettered power. For according to Manu, the *Danda* which was above the king would surely destroy the autocratic and oppressive king (VII, p. 27). The king was to follow the rules of *Danda Niti*. He could not thus be above Law.

In the *Mahabharata* the origin of kingship appears to be divine (*Santiparva*, Section 59). According to the *Mahabharata*, God Vishnu entered the body of Prithu and hence Prithu, the ruler of the earth, became representative of God. The king was to be obeyed because he was really a portion of Vishnu on earth. Underlying all these ideas, therefore, the predominant idea appears to be that this divinity was attached not to the person of the king but to his office. The *Mahabharata* expressly shows that an unrighteous king could be slain by his subjects (*Santiparva*, Section 58, *Shloka* 41). The kingship, according to the *Mahabharata* and according to the ancient scriptures, was not a right but a duty. The aspect of

duty is very prominent in Hindu jurisprudence and in Hindu polity. The king was to observe the rules of *Raja Dharma*. It was only Narada who says that the king had an unfettered power over all things under him and that he was responsible to none (*Narada*, XVIII, p. 22). With this solitary exception, Hindu philosophers did not advocate the divine right to rule. In the *Mahabharata*, the subjects are even conceded the right of tyrannicide. According to Hindu *Sastras*, the king is to be consecrated. He does not become a king till the religious ceremony of coronation is performed *i.e.*, the God Vishnu enters his body, not when the person of the king is born, but only when he is accepted by the people as their sovereign. The king takes the coronation oath first, and then he becomes the king. The coronation oath is a sort of consideration for the kingship which the person of the king gets from his subjects. Whenever the king breaks the promises made at the time of the coronation, his right to be obeyed can be questioned by the subjects. The Hindu political philosophy, as all Hindu scriptures are, is more concerned with the religious aspect of life and it is no wonder therefore that the Hindu political philosophy accepts the principle of the divinity of the king. In the *Shukraniti*, however, a very advanced view has been propounded and the king is said to be a servant of the people. (Sen's *Hindu Political Thought*, page 61). We can thus in short say that though the Hindu Polity attached a sort of divinity to the king's person, they never recognized the divine right of the king to rule. The sum and substance of the political thought of the Hindus therefore appears to be that the king is bound by his coronation oath and that he was responsible to the people so far as those oaths were concerned.

We shall now turn our attention to the checks against tyranny of a Hindu king. These checks can be divided under two heads. The first head would be of preventive checks and the second would be of retributive checks. The preventive checks were those which the king himself adopted for his guidance because of his training in his youth. During the period of his studentship, the king was to follow certain rules of conduct and those rules of conduct used to be ingrained in the habits of the king, when he assumed office. His

conduct was governed by moral precepts and his moral discipline was one of the most effective checks in those days when religion was the sole criterion of human conduct. This moral discipline came from within, and was thus a most effective check on the king's conduct towards his subjects. The king was to regard his office as a sacred trust and the king, who carried on his administration from this moral point of view, was called *Rajarshi*.

The second preventive check was that of the religious belief of the king. To bad kings punishments were prescribed after death. Such a religious check today would appear ridiculous, but to the minds of Hindu kings in the pre-historic period, it was a great force which kept them within bounds. According to Manu, a king who cares for his subjects gets $\frac{1}{6}$ th of their merits, while if he does not, he gets $\frac{1}{6}$ th of their demerits (Manu, VIII, 304.) Kautilya, who is more or less a secular philosopher, is not also free from this religious bias because according to him also a king, who rules righteously, goes to heaven (*Arthashastra* III, 7).

The political preventive checks are the laws, customs, forces of public opinion and the opinions of the ministers and the assemblies. The king was to look to the customs of the people, and the customs had great force as law just as they have got today. According to *Shukraniti*, the king was to observe *Nyaya* in the noon and *Smriti* in the morning. The king was to legislate within certain bounds, but the law was mostly interpreted by the learned Brahmins who had absolutely no interest in their personal worldly well-being. The force of public opinion was recognized by Shukra when he states that the officer who was impeached by 100 men could be dismissed (*Shukr*, I. p. 763). It would appear from this passage that the Hindus had an idea of what is called ministerial responsibility in these days.

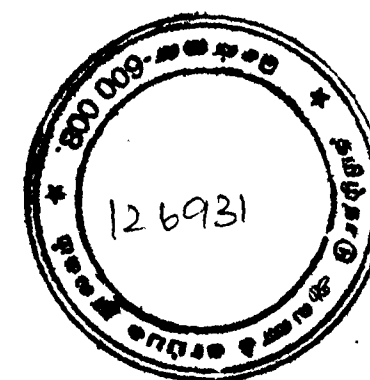
The real and the most effective check was that of the advice of the ministers and the assemblies. According to Kautilya, a single wheel could not move, and therefore the king was to employ ministers and hear their opinions (*Arthashastra* I, p. 7). The king was to be enthroned in the presence of the ministers, and their presence meant their consent to the king's assuming office. The

king was enthroned not only in the presence of the ministers but also in the presence of all the people. Thus the consent of the people to his assumption of office was solicited by the king. These ministers, therefore, who could raise a prince to the throne, could under certain circumstances revolt against him. As a matter of fact an instance of how the queen of Ceylon was dethroned by her ministers is cited by Sen in his *Hindu Political Thought* on page 77.

We shall now turn to the retributive checks. In the Vedic period, we find that the ministers had power to depose a king (Sen's *Hindu Jurisprudence*, page 778). The second retributive check was a *prayopaveshana*, a form of passive resistance. The subjects, who had certain grievances, fasted before the king's palace till the grievances were redressed. There was a danger of this remedy being used for all purposes. *Prayopaveshana* is *Satyagraha* but it can amount to *Duragraha* also. In any case, the king had to look to the grievances of these people who followed the form of this sort of passive resistance. This *prayopaveshana* was a form of direct appeal to the judicial conscience of the king, and to the pity of the people. The idea of deposition is not repugnant to the Hindu mind. According to Kautilya, an unrighteous king would fall a prey to his discontented subjects (*Arthashastra*, VI, p. 1). According to *Santiparva*, a king, who is carried away by the advice of vicious ministers or who is unrighteous, deserves to be slain (*Santiparva*, Section 22). This was the greatest punishment that the dissatisfied subjects could inflict upon an unrighteous king. The right to revolt against the king, though under very exceptional circumstances, was a great and most effective political check on the tyranny of any king. The distinction between a good king and a tyrant has been maintained by *Shukra* also. *Shukra* has quoted the historical instance of King Vena being killed by his subjects for his unrighteousness. *Shukra* does not encourage tyrannicide—and rightly so—but he is emphatic enough to recognize the right of the people to this extreme action. *Shukra* is very clear in calling the king a servant of the people.

We thus see that a Hindu king, who was born and brought up under very rigorous discipline during his student life and who was

susceptible to religious influences, could not be an unrighteous king. All his training during his studentship, which formed part and parcel of his character, tended towards his being a king who cared for his subjects. A king who followed the principles of *Rajdharma* during his *Brahmacharya* period, could not be an unrighteous king. Secondly the council of his wise ministers, expounding of the laws by the most disinterested *Rishis*, and the ultimate danger of being dethroned by his own subjects, all tended to make a Hindu king a very great constitutional king indeed, that is to say, he accepted the principles of *Rajdharma*. He felt that his office was merely a duty imposed upon him by God and that he was responsible to God for his actions. Thus there is no wonder that the old Hindu idea of kingship was one of the loftiest ideas of Hindu political thought and jurisprudence. The trend of Hindu jurisprudence is towards the observance of duties and not towards the exercise of rights. The subjects therefore did not care to know their rights as they cared to understand their duties. So also, the king did not care to know how kingship came into being but he was more conscious of his duty as a king. He was to follow the principles of *Raja-Dharma* and aimed at being called *Rajarshi*. The Hindu king, therefore, was not, and could not be an autocrat but was merely an officer whose principal duty was to look to the welfare of his subjects.



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Mari, the Fisherman

(A Short Story)

BY MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Far, far away where the low sky mated with the sea, roses were beginning to bloom. The sea lay as smooth as glass, the air was still. At this early hour of dawn the Triplicane Beach presented a scene of quiet liveliness; dragging the logs of wood to the shingly shore and lashing them together, fishermen were busy launching their catamarans.

The sun half peeped over the rim of the sea and the waters grayed. One catamaran alone lay amid the pebbles unlaunched as yet. Beside it stood a fisherman, now looking at the sea and now with an impatient toss of his head to where the sands ended and the Marina Pavement ran. Presently two forms were discernible on the sandy level, moving forwards in evident haste. One was a lad of about nineteen, tall and lithe, and the other a boy of six who kept a continuous dog-trot by his elder's side. They reached the shore.

"Mari," now cried the fisherman standing by the catamaran, "you are late again. What made you so?"

In answer Mari only scratched his head and smiled.

"See," the former continued pointing to the waters, "they are all gone. We are left behind as usual."

"As usual!" echoed Mari becoming vocal at last, "and as usual, Kali, we will be blessed with the heaviest haul."

In a trice Kali's asperity was gone; smiling genially on his younger brother and affecting seriousness, he cried, "You lazy, lazy loon."

No more was said between the two; with a word to the boy to go home to mother and not roll like a mad puppy on the sands, the two were soon on the bosom of the deep, their Catamaran leaping and dancing waywardly till slowly it got under way. The boy

MARI, THE FISHERMAN

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watched them disappear like a speck, as he had done every morning, with a new and growing interest in that strange land beyond the sea where he, too, would go when he was grown up like his father and uncle; then turning back, he set off at a quick run.

(2)

Before a hut, a little apart from the huddle of tumble-down fishermen's huts on the western bank of the Buckingham Canal, the boy stopped. Everything around it was trim and tidy; a torn sail, tanned by the sun and the sea-wind, lay in a part of the front yard, and near it an old net, all in a pile, through whose sides here and there white threads showed furtively—obviously in the process of mending. On the sail a black dog had made himself a warm bed. As soon as he saw the boy, he got up wagging his tail, and the little master, pleased with the welcoming sign, got on his back for a ride, and as a preliminary, administered with his fist a blow on his head which brought from the animal a sharp yelp. Hearing the dog's cry, a woman came out of the hut, and, at the sight before her, burst out laughing.

"You will kill the poor thing, you naughty, naughty child," cried she, "and then with whom will you play?"

"I won't kill him," said the boy shaking his head.

"Then get down from his back like a dear and run in to eat your food. Fishes fried and"

The fond mother had to break off in the pleasure of seeing her son roll like a lump of flesh into the hut.

Andayi, Kali's wife, was, at the time the incidents of this story took place, twenty-two years old. Of medium height, with a face plumpy in its contours, and sharp eyes suggesting intelligence, and complexion black as ebony, she shone with qualities that go to make a full and voluptuous beauty. She was an exemplary house-wife and shrewd business woman; in the fish-market she always sold well and to advantage, which prosperity was a matter for the envy of other garrulous fisher-women. Verily was she called the queen of the fish-market; even Karuppayi, her formidable rival in the market, whose vocabulary of 'fine' words was credited to be the richest in the whole

*kuppam*¹ was tongue-tied before her quiet and queenly bearing. Virtuous in wedlock, she united tenderness with devotion for her somewhat sentimental husband. She never allowed her darling son to mingle with the little ragamuffins of the *kuppam*, nor her husband and brother-in-law to move very freely with men who made regular pilgrimage to the pot-house at eventide. So some of the fisherfolk called her a virago, and the two brothers, asses. But these spiteful remarks were made behind their backs only, and such people are no better than cowards.

(3)

The white blazing noon slowly mellowed into evening and a gentle breeze murmured through the cocoanut glade in which the cottages lay. Andayi had, by now, collected fuel for the kitchen-fire, done a little marketing and got everything in readiness for supper.

Taking a wicker-basket and carrying her boy on her hip, she now walked towards the beach. Reaching there, she awaited her men's return.

One by one the fishermen rowed ashore after the day's hard toil. There, at a distance, a crowding of brown sail was sighted; anon it was furled and the catamaran was lost to view, but presently again, it leaped forward like a dolphin through the foaming billows,—thus mounting and dropping amid the undulations, one by one the catamarans glided into the strand.

And soon, "holding acquaintance with the waves," Kali and Mari came. Andayi stood up, her face lit with a smile and eyes agleam with welcome. The men smiled in response. Yes, they had the great big luck that day. Three big fishes in addition to the usual smaller ones! The wicker-basket teemed with the treasure of the tide, and the devoted wife sent a silent thanksgiving to *Mari Amman*² for their opulence which seemed to grow day by day.

While the two brothers were unlashng the catamaran and depositing the detached logs on the dry sands, a crowd had collected

¹ Fishermen's quarters.

² The Goddess of the fisher-folk.

around the basket—some desirous of purchasing the fishes, but most for a mere look at them.

"Two rupees for the whole lot," cried a neatly dressed middle-aged man who had come with his wife and children bent on pleasure to the sea-side.

"And eight annas," cried another of the same class.

"Three," cried the former triumphantly.

"Three-eight," coolly said the second.

"Four."

"Four-eight."

"Five."

And the middle-aged man won. Through this wrangle for buying, Andayi was too jubilant to speak; she knew it would come to five rupees—such things had happened twice or thrice before. She received the white and welcome currency note and held it a while between her fingers, a lovely banneret waving her triumph; then pulling out a tiny bag (a receptacle for money as well as for betel and nut) from her waist, put it therein, and thrust the bag into its original place, satisfied with the rich gain the quick sale of the fishes had brought. Then joining the men she retraced her way to the hut.

"The fishes are snatched away from her hands whilst we have to sell them in the market-place to persons who chaffer, and not infrequently at a loss," remarked one of a group of fisher-women standing on the shore.

"Pooh-pooh," sniffed another who was none other than the formidable Karuppayi, "she was dancing before the purchasers."

"Oh, why be jealous of her? She is born lucky," cried a third.

"And she is non-interfering, and pleasing in her speech," chimed in a fourth.

"Cease your chatter," bellowed Karuppayi, "soon, you will be calling her *Mari Amman*."

"What are you talking about?" now broke in a deep-toned masculine voice. "Even if all the fishes at the bottom of the sea were to come in the net in one haul, you will not be satisfied. You, women, are a grumbling lot."

"And all the fishes at the bottom of the sea will not slake your thirst for toddy," snapped Karuppayi turning round briskly.

The women laughed. And Vallathan, her partner, found his wit nipped in the bud.

"Andayi has sold her fishes for five rupees," cried Karuppayi, her sides splitting with envy, "do you know that?"

"Hm," grunted Vallathan.

"And what have you brought this evening? Nasty little fishes that will not fetch even eight annas a hundred!"

"Hear her! Ha! Ha! Ha! He! He! He! Hu! Hu! Hu!"

"And those big, big things they have netted!"

"They will never do it again, dear," murmured Vallathan to his wife, suddenly checking his laughter. And a sinister look came over his rugged and weather-beaten face.

(4)

In the *kuppam*, Vallathan was the most noisy fellow. He was a vulgar swearer and a veritable drunkard; in the pot-house one night after a heady drink, he had actually paddled on the floor and fished with his cloth. On another occasion, the drink had led him to cry piteously for upwards half-an-hour on the shoulder of the old woman who sold boiled Bengal gram in the toddy shop, and between his sobs, he had called her his darling wife promising her that he would no more drink. He thought he was a mighty wit and a clever woman-charmer, but his amiable spouse had given him little opportunity to charm anyone. But the brave fellow had persevered and triumphed sometimes without very much danger to his skin.

And confident of his powers, he had turned at last to Andayi. That virtuous woman was at first pained to see him behave clumsily to her and had kindly and silently ordered him to keep away; and when he had persisted, scolded him in vexation, and finally, in swelling indignation and contempt, had broomed him and set the dog on his heels.

"You shameless ass," she had cried, "the next time you step in here, I will ask my husband to twist your neck like a cock's. I

am with child, and in trying to outrage me in this, my holy state, you will go to the nethermost depths of hell."

And he had laughed a malignant laugh and said threateningly, "I will make it fatherless, the little thing that is cutting a caper in your accursed belly."

(5)

At first she was frightened at his words and wanted to tell all about the man's shameless advances and her own wrathful repulsion to her husband, but, on further thoughts, she deemed it wise not to do so, as that would only be bringing open hostility. Karuppayi was a bitterer foe than her husband; her jealousy at their affluence was a smouldering fire which only needed a scandal concerning her to fan it into a leaping flame. That termagant would turn the whole thing to her advantage and say that she, the seeming virtuous Andayi, tried to noose her husband, but he, the devoted Vallathan, knowing her to be a strumpet fled from her pestilential touch. So she communed with herself in this sorry situation and tried to maintain a calm, an almost jovial, exterior.

But courage within oneself, under such tense circumstances, cannot last long. And a moodiness was becoming visible in her face. Her husband, poor soul, thought this the languidness due to her growing motherhood, but soon thinking that all was not well with her, asked her one night, "What's troubling you? Something seems to weigh upon your mind."

"Nothing, nothing," she replied with a faint smile. "What's there to trouble me when you are here to protect me, and your loving brother to help you? But sometimes I think you will be venturing far into the boisterous waters, and I will not see you any more."

"A fisherman's wife to fear of the sea!" he said laughing, "you are trying to shield the real cause of your trouble. And you do not seem to be half as radiant as you were before."

She sighed and with an abruptness that almost startled him said, "Don't oh, don't be too friendly with Vallathan. He seems to be some fierce bird of prey; there is such evil light in his eyes."

crows by the sea-side, and I am going to scoop out that heart. If you want to save these, mend your ways."

At this, Vallathan spat on the ground in withering contempt and let out a volley of vulgar oaths and vulgarer abuse, and shaking his fist at Kali's face, cried, "I will kill you for what you have said. I will kill you." And he thought of Andayi's brooming him and her dog barking at his heels when he ran a race for life one evening and escaped battering against a cocoanut tree.

(7)

The idea of setting fire to their hut first crossed the ruffian's mind, but when it began to take shape he wished he had not thought of it, for fire in one hut meant fire in the whole *kuppam*.

So he thought of another plan and seemed to derive a grim satisfaction from it.

* * *

The day for putting his plan into execution came at last.

Though the morning had dawned pleasantly, changes were being noticed in the mid-day sky. It was growing dull like a vapour-blown mirror and in the east fleecy clouds were gathering into black banks.

Before these vagaries of Nature turned into warring elements, fishermen were rapidly rowing towards the shore.

Kali and Mari had gone a little farther than the others; in that part of the watery expanse their catamaran floated solitarily. Seeing the changes in the sky, Kali said to his brother, "Mari, a storm seems to gather. We shall paddle ashore quick. I don't see another catamaran anywhere near."

"Yes," replied the younger one, "they are all gone, I think."

Scarcely had he said so when he espied to his left, at a fishing-line's cast, a catamaran buoying up. "There is one to keep us company," he exclaimed.

It came nearer, and the brothers saw Vallathan. "Oho," cried the fellow jovially, "I'm lucky indeed. In the foul weather that seems to threaten, I was a little afraid being alone. Now I have found help."

The brothers wondered at the absence in him of the least sign of enmity towards them; they thought he was trying to be good at last and wanting to be friends with them.

"We too are lucky, Valla," said Kali happily, "row nearer so that we can hitch the two catamarans together. That will be safer."

"No, no. I am safe enough by being near you."

"Then let it be."

They rowed on. Kali cut jokes with Vallathan and talked to him freely "amid the wild foam's glee," but Mari could not bring his mind to trust the fellow who had mongered such detestable scandal and hurt him wantonly. Was he up to any mischief? Why had he come alone? Why was he thrusting his friendship on them? Why had his brother not asked him anything about this change of behaviour? These were the thoughts that were recurring one after another in his mind. And he was on his guard accordingly.

The waves were becoming wilder and wilder, and the gloom gloomier. There was an hour's row more to the shore.

"Look!" cried Vallathan suddenly pointing towards the harbour, "smoke, thick, thick smoke and flames too!"

Kali and Mari simultaneously stopped paddling and turned their eyes thither, but the latter, with the intuitive consciousness of coming evil, as sudden turned round and in one fleeting moment saw Vallathan's face convulsed uglily and murder shining in his eyes. He had dropped the oar and was poising over his head a big granite stone—the weight that is usually kept in the catamaran to maintain its poise on the waves—ready to hurl it on his head. Mari screamed a wild scream; Kali turned back startled and what he saw the next moment froze him with glacial horror; the stone had come hurtling down on his brother's head and precipitated him into the wild turmoil of the waters. A crimson patch spreading and fading as sudden where he sank told Kali that the fall of the stone had proved fatal. The sound of a well-known laugh, fiendish in its malignity, coming cleaving through the waves now galvanized him into life; with a hoarse cry of maddened grief he turned and looked

"You of all to feel so absurdly fearful! In what way can he harm me?" And he laughed again heartily which dispelled her gloom somewhat.

"In the evenings at the shore," she continued, "I have seen him watch you strangely."

"My fishes!" he broke forth, "they interest him more than I."

At this point footsteps were heard outside, and Kali came out of the hut.

"You are late for supper Mari, lad," he said. "Quite unusual with you. You ought not to have done it all at once, the blackening of the new fishing-line. Half of it you should have kept for tomorrow, I told you so."

"That was not what detained me," he replied, and his voice trembled.

Thinking all was not well with him, Kali came close to his brother, and, in the doubtful light of the crescent moon that peeped through the cocoanut trees, saw a streak of blood across his face.

"You've hurt yourself," he cried taken aback, "tell me how." And he called aloud to his wife to bring a light.

"No, no," sobbed Mari, "I can't. It is wicked, too wicked."

"What is wicked, brother? What has come over you that you should behave so strangely, you who are such a sensible and plain-spoken lad?"

"Tell her to go in," he whispered pointing to his sister-in-law, "she must not hear."

Andayi was gone no sooner than she came, but she had seen blood in her brother-in-law's face and heard enough of his whispered words to make her heart flutter like leaf in the wind. Had anything dreadful happened?

Mari told all. While blackening the fishing cord, he had heard Vallathan and two other fellows talking scandal about them. They had laughed riotously after Vallathan's remark: "That is why he is not marrying. Her tenderness to her husband's brother is something more than that of a sister-in-law, and Kali, poor ignorant ass, is blind to things happening under his very nose." And he had called Mari by foul abusive names at which, stealing from behind,

he (Mari) had aimed a heavy blow on the slanderer's shoulder with the paddle. It had missed and Vallathan had wounded him with the fish-hook. But Mari had shown that he was not a coward.

(6)

So scandal was already in the air. Kali felt that he was wantonly insulted and was grieved beyond measure that his virtuous wife's name should be on the babbling tongues of drunken rascals. But he did not want to make matters worse by any impetuous act of his; he was for tempering violence with conciliation. So, approaching the scandal-monger, he said with a calmness that surprised himself: "Will you bear to hear anybody talk ill of your wife?"

The bluntness of the question rather irritated Vallathan and he replied, "It's my wife's business, not mine."

"But when *you* talk dirt of another's wife, it is *her husband's* business to tie your tongue. Do you know that?"

"You don't know how to tie a catamaran. Learn it first and then think of tying men's tongues."

"You are witty, friend, and clever too, but you bark like a despicable cur."

Vallathan's lips twitched, his nostrils dilated like those of a horse and he cried, passion choking his utterance, "You also want to taste of my fish-hook?"

"Cool down, cool down, Valla," suavely rejoined Kali, which only exasperated the other all the more, "as if I have no fish-hook! Toddy has addled your head and good Karuppayi has rather soured you. Why did you hurt my poor brother?"

"Hurt him! I would have killed him," shrieked Vallathan. "But I spared him for your wife."

No man, however patient, could brook such stark insolence, and Kali began to feel a strange fire burning within him. Kind reasoning with this unmitigated scoundrel was doing injustice to a sense of justice within himself, and he said slowly and with a shivering deliberateness, "You have a tongue that would blacken even Mari Amman's virtue, and I am going to cut off that tongue. You have a heart that is rottener than the rotten fish pecked at by

at Vallathan, and even as he looked a mountainous wave poised Vallathan's catamaran on its champing and chafing crest; the lashes unfastened, the detached logs spun recklessly; and clawing his hands violently into the air, the murderer disappeared amidst a smother of seething foam. The tempest howled, the billows roared and in that swaying tumult of wind and water a passionate cry was heard: "*I owe my life to you, my dearest, dearest brother.*"

* * * *

The sea refused to deliver up the dead.

While walking along the beach one evening, now a couple of years ago, I happened on Kali mending his fishing-net on the sands. There was such an air of sad forlornness about him, and to my remark that he was getting more and more to look like his flat paddle, he lifted a pair of very melancholy eyes upon me and said: "It is so ever since the lad went."

He then turned towards the Marina Pavement as if to look for the *lad's* approach as of old; I wondered to see his face suddenly brightening. And wondering I looked in the same direction and saw a woman coming towards us skirting the Aquarium, with a child on her hip and an urchin by her side. Kali rushed forward, almost snatched the child from her and holding it between his hands ran back towards me.

"Little Mari," he said, his face expanding into a joyous smile whilst the sturdy two-year-old kicked at his chest with the force latent in a tamer of the sea.

Andayi stood a little away watching with pride the rebelliousness of little Mari.

"Very like *him*. Very like *him*. Is he not?" Kali cried, hugging the child to his bosom.

The fisherman's child-like delight, sacred in its simplicity, went straight to my heart. The image of his noble and affectionate brother, which he seemed to see in the babe, had proved a lasting solace to him!

A Fragment

BY SRIMATHI NILIMA DEVI

They know not what love is, who say when
The beloved is dead that love is dead.
The dreams of by-gone lovers for ever flit
In the interminable interstices of Timeless Space.
Love as a dream is born anew in some lonely heart
At some dim, unexpected, unknown hour;
Take it to your heart, then, while you may,
There build for it a nest with your warm, tender hands;
But do not cage it, for love's sake; love never is
A possession, as it must always remain the one and only
Exquisite expression of the beauty of the soul.

Romance

BY SRIMATHI NILIMA DEVI

An elusive dream is the eternal quest for romance—where is it?
Is it over the purple hues of some snow-capped mountain-peak?
Or is it in the blurred, white haze of the noon-tide desert?
May it be round the bend of some swift-flowing, far-off river?
Or off the curve of a street in some half-forgotten old-world city?
Is it, again, in the scent of a cluster of moon-washed flowers?
Or in the soft, tender lilts of an old, unfamiliar song?
Maybe, in none of these it is, or anywhere in the world's sound or
sense;
But, if at all it is, it's in the depths of the human heart itself,
Like a spring bubbling forth from Time's beginning till end.

The External Relations of India

BY DR. LANKA SUNDARAM

In any scheme of constitutional reforms for India the question of external relations and their control must be equitably settled. The Lord Chancellor, in his summing up of the proceedings of the Federal Structure Committee of the first Round Table Conference, mentioned 'external relations' as falling into the category of Crown subjects. An attempt to reserve external relations to the Crown engenders grave difficulties, while the political settlement of the Indian demand would be incomplete and certainly unsatisfactory in the event of such a reservation. Even more, the relegation of external relations to the control of ministers responsible to the Crown is liable to serious administrative difficulties, while the existing rights of the Central Legislature which were acquired during the past twelve years would have to be abrogated. Finally, there is the problem of the Indian States in the future federal constitution. In this respect again, the question of external relations occupies an important place. In this article it is proposed to discuss all these questions in detail, for attention to detail is at once necessary and would certainly conduce to a satisfactory settlement of the Indian national demand.

The control of the external relations of India has been so far subject to and defined by the following constitutional utterances and arrangements:

1. H. M. Government admitted "the Government of India to full partnership in the councils of the Empire."

Parliamentary Declaration, 23 May 1917.

2. India was represented and took part on a basis of equality with other Dominions of the British Commonwealth in the Imperial War Conferences and Cabinets of 1917 and 1918.

3. Any re-adjustment of the relations between Great Britain and the Dominions and India "shall be based upon the full recogni-

tion of the Dominions as autonomous nations of an Imperial Commonwealth and of India as an important portion of the same."

Resolution IX of the Imperial War Cabinet of 1917.

4. The objective to be achieved was postulated to be "the gradual development of representative institutions with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible government" by India.

Parliamentary Declaration of 20 August 1917.

5. "India's position in the Imperial Conference opened the door to negotiation between India and the rest of the Empire."

Report of the Joint Parliamentary Committee of 1919.

6. Representation of India at the Peace Conference of Paris and the signature by Indian plenipotentiaries of the Treaty of Versailles of 1919.

7. Mention of India in the *annexe* of the League Covenant which postulates 'full self-government' as the criterion of future membership of the League organisation, and original membership of India in the League of Nations.

Article 1 of the Covenant of the League.

8. India is a 'High Contracting Party' in all the League treaties and documents

9. Indian plenipotentiaries, by virtue of Royal letters patent, sign League conventions and deposit instruments of ratification by India of same.

Cf. Sir Atul Chatterjee deposited the instrument of ratification of the General Act for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, in May 1931.

10. While special emphasis was laid upon the position of India, the Dominions were defined as "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any respect of domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

Balfour Report on Inter-Imperial Relations, 1926.

11. In the view of H. M. Government "it is implicit in the declaration of 1917 that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress, as there contemplated, is the attainment of Dominion Status."

The Viceroy to the people of India in 1929.

12. "There is a Dominion Status in action, . . . there is a Dominion attribute which has now become part and parcel of the rights of India."

The Secretary of State for India in the House of Commons, 18 December 1929.

13. Speaking with special reference to merchant shipping legislation, it was emphasised that "as the position of India in these matters has always been to all intents and purposes identical with that of the Dominions, it is not anticipated that there would be any difficulty in applying our recommendations to India."

Section 124 of the Report of the Conference on the Operation of Dominion Legislation and Merchant Shipping Legislation, 1930.

14. H. M. the King conferred upon the High Commissioner for India the same diplomatic status as that enjoyed by similar representatives of the Dominions, early in 1931.

These declarations and arrangements, recognised to be inadequate, cannot, it is submitted, be abrogated in any new constitution for India. Reservation of external relations to the Crown, as contemplated by the Sankey Report, militates against the formidable constitutional practice operating during recent years. A constitution which is retrograde in character is out of question.

JURIDICAL AND POLITICAL UNITY OF INDIA

We now pass on to a consideration of the point that both in constitutional theory, legal fact and political reality, India has attained and retains an essential unity for all external purposes. The Interpretation Act of 1889 (s. 18, sub-s. 5) defines India as comprising "British India, together with any territories of any native prince or chief under the suzerainty of Her Majesty." Thus the seal was set upon a fundamental principle which compels recognition by world States of this juridical and political unity of India. Again, the Foreign Jurisdiction Act of 1890 recognises, for all external purposes, the unity of the people of Indian provinces and Indian States. It only remains that the nationality and naturalisation laws of India must be co-ordinated and codified. Furthermore, in all international documents India has preserved this

characteristic of territorial and political unity, whether it is in the case of the League of Nations, commercial conventions with foreign States, or emigration of Indian nationals to oversea countries. Even though an administrative definition of the Government of India is available in Section 33 of the Government of India Act, a statutory definition of the "Government of India" as distinct from H. M. Government is necessary.

EXISTING RIGHTS OF THE CENTRAL LEGISLATURE

The Central Legislature of India has acquired certain definite rights in regard to the control of external relations. It is within the competence of the Legislature to scrutinise the budgetary provision for all external purposes, as in the case of India's contribution to the League of Nations and the expenses of the Indian delegations to various international conferences. There is a Standing Committee on Emigration, and the rights of the Legislature in regard to the dealings of India with foreign States, wherever the interests of Indian nationals abroad are involved, are specifically recognised.

In another sphere, and a more important sphere too, the position of the Central Legislature is secure. Articles 405 and 408 of the Covenant of the League of Nations run, *inter alia*, as follows:—

Article 405:—

Each of the Members undertakes that it will, within the period of one year at most from the closing of the session of the Conference, or if it is impossible owing to exceptional circumstances to do so within the period of one year, then at the earliest practicable moment and in no case later than eighteen months from the session of the Conference, bring the recommendation or draft convention before the authority or authorities within whose competence the matter lies, for the enactment of legislation or other action.

In the case of a recommendation, the Member will inform the Secretary-General of the action taken.

In the case of a draft convention the Member will, if it obtains the consent of the authority or authorities within whose competence the matter lies, communicate the formal ratification of the convention to the Secretary-General and will take such action as may be necessary to make effective the provisions of such convention.

If on a recommendation no legislation or other action is taken to make a recommendation effective, or if the draft convention fails to obtain the consent of the authority or authorities within whose competence the matter lies, no further obligation shall rest upon the Member.

In the case of a federal State, the power of which to enter into conventions on labour matters is subject to limitation, it shall be in the discretion of that Government to treat a draft convention to which such limitations apply as a recommendation only, and the provisions of this Article with respect to recommendations shall apply in such a case.

Article 408:—

Each of the Members agrees to make an annual report to the International Labour Office on the measures which it has taken to give effect to the provisions of conventions to which it is a party. These reports shall be made in such a form and shall contain such particulars as the Governing Body may request. The Director shall lay a summary of the reports before the next meeting of the Conference.

Under these provisions it is obligatory on the part of the Government to bring the conventions of the League to the notice of the Legislature, obtain its sanction and introduce the necessary legislation. It is submitted that the existing powers of the Viceroy to take action over the heads of the legislators in regard to League matters is entirely unconstitutional and derogatory to the functions of any parliament. Nor are these international conventions of purely domestic interest to India alone. It is impossible here to enter into a discussion of the rights of the Central Legislature in relation to the ratification of every convention of the League organisations. But to illustrate the point we desire to make, it must be mentioned that of the 33 League and 11 International Labour Conventions, Protocols thereto and Recommendations ratified by India, the assent of the Legislature was taken by the Government and the necessary legislation passed. In the case of International Labour Conventions this feature is of fundamental importance.

The Government of India is in direct touch with the Inter-

national Labour Office, and, considering the existing imperfect constitution of India, this is no mean arrangement. In so far as the consent of the Legislature has been and is secured in regard to conventions such as the Conventions, Agreements and Protocols for the Abolition of Import and Export Prohibitions and Restrictions of 1927 and 1928, the Convention and Protocol for the suppression of Counterfeit Currency of 1929 and similar international instruments, it is evident that the Legislature is the only body competent to deal with foreign States interested in these matters. Obviously, such arrangements and constitutional precedents cannot be wiped away. On the contrary, there is every necessity and justification for their equitable extension, as we will show below.

It must be here pointed out that the position of the Indian States has so far been extremely anomalous. While not being international personalities, they are not amenable to any administrative action by the Government of India. In his dispatch to the Secretary-General of the League of Nations dated 26th September 1927, the late Lord Birkenhead, then Secretary of State for India, outlined the difficulties to be faced in extending the scope of international conventions ratified by India to the territories of the Indian States. We are not in any way inclined to embarrass the Indian States. But it is submitted that an Indian Prince is always associated with the work of the Indian delegations to the League. The delegation is composite in character and bound by convention to unanimity of policy. An Indian Prince or, as in the case of the League Assembly this year, one of his officers, always takes part in the deliberations of the League and makes statements on behalf of India which have as much binding effect as those made by any statesman in the delegation and coming from the Indian provinces. In all equity it is essential that the Indian States should become parties to all external obligations undertaken by India from time to time. Actually, whenever an Indian Prince or his substitute lays down a particular line of policy on behalf of India it does not bind his own State, not to speak of the States belonging to the members of his Order. Obviously, such a state of affairs cannot continue indefinitely.

But there is one saving grace for this tangled problem. In the

future federal constitution, responsibility at the Centre is to be shared in a corporate manner by the statesmen of the Indian provinces and the Indian States. This is an additional and substantial argument for the co-ordination of administrative action of the Governments of the Indian provinces with that of the Governments of the Indian States. It is pointed out that no question of further administrative difficulties arises in extending the rights of the legislature to the control of external relations of India as affecting the States. At the present moment, the States are not competent to take cognisance of external relations, but a treaty with the Paramount Power, as contemplated by the Princes themselves, ought to be able to straighten up this difficulty, while joint responsibility at the Centre, both by the States and the provinces, would certainly conduce to a working settlement of the question.

Under this head, it now remains for us to point out that the Indian delegations to future international conferences, conducted under the auspices of the League or otherwise, must be responsible to the future Indian Cabinet. The question of co-ordinating the specific interests of India with those of the British Commonwealth can be easily settled. Whenever the Dominions and India are separately represented at international conferences the Empire delegation as a whole provides for joint consultations, and actually this venue has been found useful and satisfactory during the past twelve years. There is a possibility that the individual interests of a particular Dominion might clash with Imperial interests, and such clashes are not few and far between, but this difficulty was never allowed to come in the way of the exercise of external sovereignty by any Dominion of the Commonwealth. On the contrary, individuality of action on the part of the Dominions has enhanced their reputation, while the Empire Delegation always enjoyed a particularly important and useful function. That the Irish Free State was able to co-operate in this direction is a strong proof of the advantages of this arrangement.

INDEPENDENT ACTION BY INDIA

Nor is the position of India different in regard to the devolution of authority upon New Delhi. Even under a regime noted for control from Whitehall, India was sometimes able to exert her individuality, as contradistinguished from that of the Dominions and even that of Great Britain. Without making the catalogue unduly lengthy, we quote the following precedents. Even though Indian delegations to the League and other international conferences are not political or national in character, in the sense that they are not appointed by a sovereign parliament in India but are selected by the Secretary of State in consultation with the Government in India, India's representatives on certain occasions pursued a line of action independent of the wishes of H. M. Government. Thus, India took an independent line at the Washington Labour Conference of 1919 (hours convention), the Genoa Maritime Conference of 1920 (employment of Indian seamen), the International Labour Conference of 1921 (weekly-rest day), the Barcelona Transit Convention of 1921, the Conventions on the Suppression of Traffic in Women and Children (1921) and on Traffic in Obscene Publications (1923), and the Convention on Opium and Drugs (1925). In the first Committee of the First Assembly of 1920, India and Australia voted in a minority as against Great Britain and other Dominions on the subject of the method for the selection of four non-permanent members of the League Council, while India voted against the whole British Commonwealth in regard to the second part of the resolution in question. Again, in 1920 and 1921, India urged successfully economy in the expenditure of the League. These instances demonstrate the fact that the competence of India in international law and practice to pursue a particular line of policy is not questioned either by the British Commonwealth of Nations or by the rest of the world. It will be seen that even on matters of first-class political importance India was able to exercise her discretion even as against that of H. M. Government. Nowhere is it more true than in international affairs that personality is a vital factor in shaping policies.

Indian control of external relations is sure to produce this healthy effect.

But this involves the weaning of control from the Secretary of State and investing the Government of India with the same. There should be no difficulty in this regard. As early as 1920 this question was solved in the following tentative manner. By means of a *modus operandi* every effort was made to avoid any specific definition of the residuary rights of the Government in India and the Secretary of State in the shaping of imperial and international policies. A system of prior consultation and agreement upon broad lines of policy was successfully established between the Government in India and the Secretary of State. Indeed, certain wide powers of initiative were given to the Government in India, even though final decisions and responsibility were recognised to be within the practical competence of the Secretary of State. Thus, a unique system of imperial constitutional practice has come to be recognised, and the division of sovereignty between the two component units of the Government of India was based on clearly perceivable principles. It is very seldom that the views of the Government in India have been rejected by the Secretary of State. What is required is a statutory definition of the powers of the new Cabinet at New Delhi, vesting it with the privileges and duties so far recognised to belong to the Secretary of State. The future Minister for External Affairs in India would certainly be in liaison with the Secretary of State, if his office is to be retained. Otherwise, the Dominions Office and Ministry of External Affairs in India can co-operate with each other whenever any important difference is to be settled, as is done by similar ministries in the Dominions.

FISCAL AUTONOMY

This is not the place for a full discussion of the question of fiscal autonomy in relation to the powers of the future federal Cabinet in India. But it is necessary that we should point out the external aspects of this problem. The Fiscal Convention of 1921 has given certain rights to the Central Legislature, and the right of India to negotiate fiscal matters with the

Dominions is recognised by the Joint Parliamentary Committee of 1919, as shown above. Definite settlements in this direction with Australia and Canada in 1922 were the outcome of the visits of the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri to these Dominions. Even more, India has direct and complete relations, which to a certain extent resemble diplomatic approach, with South Africa, as is clearly illustrated by the Cape Town Agreement of 1926. An Indian Agent accredited to the Union Government is now resident in South Africa and looks after the interests of our nationals in that Dominion. This only emphasises the position of India in relation to control of external affairs.

Yet another illustration of the necessity for direct approach between India and foreign States is available in the following two facts. The Indo-Turkish and the Indo-Polish Commercial Conventions of 1930 and 1931 respectively brought to a head the question of direct relations between India and foreign States, for the first time in recent history. No doubt, the diplomatic agencies at Angora and Warsaw were utilised in the implementing of these conventions which provide for most favoured nation treatment of articles of commerce between India and Turkey and Poland respectively. In all similar arrangements in the future, the Ministry of Finance acting through the medium of the Minister for External Relations, ought to negotiate with foreign States, as is the usual practice of the Dominions at the present day.

Another significant feature of recent years also lends weight to this proposal. With the recognition of India's specific interests in fiscal and commercial matters, Indian Trade Commissioners are already stationed in some of the foreign States. Such were the appointments to Hamburg and Milan, while similar appointments to New York, Zanzibar and Alexandria were foreshadowed by the late Viceroy. These appointments ought to form the nucleus of a system of Indian trade and consular services functioning under the joint control of the future ministries of Commerce and External Relations. As shown above, the High Commissioner for India in London is accorded the status enjoyed by similar representatives of the Dominions, and an extension of this principle ought to give the Indian

trade and consular services definite recognition by foreign States, as in the case of the Dominions.

RELATIONS WITH FOREIGN STATES

This leads us to a consideration of India's relations with foreign States. We recognise that this is a very delicate question and bristles with numerous difficulties. Imperial policy sets its limit to India's dealings in this respect. But there is a clear necessity for direct relations between India and foreign States. Such is the position existing between the Dominions and Great Britain at the present day. Wherever the Dominions have their own diplomatic representatives, *e.g.*, Canada and the Irish Free State at Washington, Paris, Tokio, etc., such diplomatic agency was specifically intended to be supplementary to that of H. M. Government. Such was the original scheme prepared by the Canadian Prime Minister immediately after the Great War. Indeed, a scheme was originally adumbrated according to which Dominion diplomatic services were intended to be tacked on to the Imperial Service in the manner of subordinate coalescence. We recognise that this is not the practice of the Dominions at the present day, which always try to preserve their own individuality. But during an agreed transition period an Indian diplomatic corps should be given the opportunity of familiarising itself with the manifold problems involved in inter-statal relations before definitely taking charge thereof.

Such is the pre-eminent demand in the case of States with which India has direct and intimate relations of its own. Such is the nature of India's connection with South Africa. There are about three million Indian nationals abroad, and emigration is a matter of vital concern to India and actually falls under the jurisdiction of the Central Legislature even under the present regime. It is submitted that direct relations with foreign States where Indian nationals find a home ought to be conceded. Without going into statistical detail, it is urged that wherever Indian overseas interests, either in the shape of the numerical strength of emigrants or of vested interests, preponderate, Indian diplomatic representation ought to be permitted. Such are the demands of

India in relation to the Netherlands (Dutch Guiana and Java), Portugal (Portuguese East Africa), France (Madagascar and other colonies), certain Central American States and others. Of course, individual interests must be carefully weighed before this suggestion is put into operation. But it is urged that the principle of direct approach to foreign States must be granted and the future federal parliament in India vested with its control.

We can now pass on to a consideration of the extension of this principle to States with which India has direct political dealings of one kind or another. India does enjoy direct relations with Muscat and certain Arabian States, besides Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan. In this connection, the control of Aden, as outlined in a recent report of the Government of Bombay, ought to pass on to the control of the Central authority. Such again is the need for direct dealings with ultramontane countries like Afghanistan, Persia and Tibet on the one hand, and of Siam, China and Indo-China on the other, to mention a select few at random.

India's position in relation to the Permanent Court of International Justice ought to be in a similar manner stabilised. India has ratified the Protocol of Signature and the Optional Clause of the Permanent Court on 4th August 1921 and 5th February 1930 respectively. She has also ratified the General Act for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes in May 1931. In case of disputes, either with members of the British Commonwealth or with foreign States, these international instruments can be pressed into service and thus friction can be obviated whenever the control of external relations by the future federal Cabinet lends itself to disputes of an inter-statal character.

Entering Venice

BY KRISHNA R. GURUSWAMY REDDIAR, M.A., (*Cantab*)

It has been a most pleasant voyage concluding with thrilling vistas of panoramic views of Grecian Isles and Italian coast—undulating mountain sides covered with vineyards among which glitter charmingly villas. Memories of ancient events throng on their sight, among which is the Homeric story of the Odyssey. The ship to which by now we have developed an affection, due to it as temporary home at sea, steams along measuring punctual knots, glad that it is returning home once again as numerous times before, after days and nights of unerring passage through far-away seas.

It's evening. Venice is reached duly piloted, welcomed with customary ceremonies. The aesthetic-feeling-effect of the sight of Venetian churches, buildings, harbour, spires, domes, houses—fresh experience of reading Italian names on buildings and hoardings by the long sea entrance—there are some Italian warships arrived—is mingled with the feeling of reaching the destination of a long voyage. The previous evening there has been a farewell dinner on board—the somewhat Roman-looking captain of the ship bidding adieu in the daintily decorated saloon—I like the frieze effects, Greco-Roman, on the walls—to the passengers whom he has brought to Port. We are all gathered on decks and in saloons—there are Fascist pictures in them—restlessly moving to and fro, catching eager glimpses of this historic Venice. Gradually the rolling, powerful, vibrating, reverberating sound of the engines stops, the heavy thud of the swimming propellers stops, the ship is anchored and moored. Farewell greetings are exchanged among us who have grown into friendship on meeting on board.

Now destinations differ. We go with our gathered baggages our different ways—my Dutch friend who has spoken about Hindu architectural remains in Java, my French friend who has spoken about Indian soldiers during the War and the combination of British

Troops with French command and their greatness, my German friend who has spoken about Kant and Schopenhauer, my American millionaire friend who has spoken about the Fourteen Points, War Debts, Prohibition—pragmatically considering “d—d” drinks—and my friends of other nationalities, from long voyages—one of them who gave attractively swelling accounts of storms in the Chinese seas and of heavy seas in the Behring Straits.

We part with the feeling of slight sadness that contact of many nations even in such a temporary home as a ship on voyage brings on its cessation—somewhat of a League of Nations gathering.

It's raining—somewhat, not overmuch, clouds overhang the city—not too thick. Step by step, by the steps of the ladder, I leave the ship, with the last step telling myself that I step now in the great city feeling the atmosphere of past greatness immensely rich in my imagination.

I like the drizzling drops. The umbrella is spread. I do not like to pass through the Customs—I am eager to feel the true atmosphere of the city. I walk away along streets crossing and re-crossing bridges, canals—I start and am startled to realise what Venice is like. Streets of water, sea-water—unique in this that the city floats built on ‘Foundations’ in sea canals—the wonder—canals, deep canals—these the streets and roads, the ways and by-ways of Venice to be reached, crossed and re-crossed, by bridges which are so quaintly pretty, which are frequently, here and there, now and now.

I like this—I see children—Venetian children playing by a church,—by a school—what games are they!—such sweet-eyed little boys and girls, happy, merry, full of the zest of the games. Wistfully, I pass by girls, ladies, look at their eyes, tell myself these are Venetians—So!—I see, observe along the ways, streets, canals, costumes and Venetian customs.

I return—pass through the Customs. The “business” there is much. The searching of this or that, for this or that—these are officials of the Fascist Italian Government. The questioning is finished—and the search—Free!

The canal's here—the boats await. I hear Italian spoken on all sides except when passengers and interpreters—how polyglot they are!—speak foreignly. Italian is sweet to hear,—*Dolce, si, si*,—I remember its great Literature—poems occur to mind—ah! but I must deal with Italian boatmen.

I am in the boat—Venetian Gondolas! It is most pleasant to realise the smooth, lulling, floating, care-free, gliding-feeling of the Gondola—the shape of it! The dazzling rain-drops that fall on the canal water, with reflected effects and temporarily unceasing patter, in variegated patterns!—so refreshingly nice to see! The rhyming rhythmic splash of the oars!—on and on—I go thus—dreaming dreams, realising past dreams of nights of Venetian glories. The rain continues—I feel the music of it. I hear music from a Gondola. The effect of the rain on the canal I feel will make a most pretty picture—*bello*!

I am in the Grand Canal. What great sights! How do these ancient, massive, historic, rich buildings float in the midst of deep waters! I wonder about the histories in what I see. I wonder what effects can be captured in colours, pictures. Thus musing I find lights glimmer, shine, bright iridescent. The water twinkles and sparkles with reflected lights and the effect is a thousand-fold increased in the dancing waters—with the many boats passing and re-passing—now silent, now articulate. It's pleasant to hear Italian spoken from inside the rain-wet boats.

The hotel is reached—*Albergo*!—a fashionable one on the Grand Canal—invited, welcomed, I find myself among well-mannered Italians and visitors. I like the office well. I like the welcome. I like the little boy who takes the umbrella, who with somewhat mischievous glances says greetingly ‘*Bona Sera*’—speaks Italian smilingly to me explaining everything.

Escorted to my room—*Camera*—most comfortably arranged—by a sweet-looking maid, who has pretty dimples in her cheeks, I find a picture of a beautiful girl eyes-smiling, look at it, see, look at it again—there on the wall!—There, there on the wall is a picture of Venice. I look at it—I look at it again—

St. Mark's square!—the beloved *San Marco*. I remember its

Literature. I look through the Venetian windows. I see the lights of the city. 'Italia'—I shall see this at Dawn.

* * *

In the lulling softness of the bed I find myself irresistibly dreaming, musing over the Great past of Venice and the Great past of India—of their ancient mutual silken-sea-acquaintance, Friendship—of the ancient Greatness of Italy and of the ancient Greatness of India.

Sanskrit Lyrics

BY U. VENKATAKRISHNA RAO, M.A.

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I

"Lyrical poetry" generally refers to verse which is, or is supposed to be, susceptible of being played on the lyre. It is an inspired and passionate outburst of one's own heart-felt experiences. Its function is to interpret, in an artistic way, "the secrets of inner life, its hopes, its fantastic joys, its sorrows, its delirium." The highest literary art is required to pour forth these "strains of personal magic and music."

In India, the lyric originated with the religious fervour of the devotees. And this is quite in keeping with the religious outlook of the people. The 'dawn-hymn' or the *Ushas-Sukta* of the *Rig Veda* possesses the finest lyrical characteristics. Devotional hymns are interspersed throughout the Epics and the *Puranas* in the form of prayers to particular deities. *Tantric* literature too preserves some fine specimens. The *sahasranamas*, the so-called *hridayas* and *kavachas* like the *Lakshmi-hridaya* and the *Narayana-kavacha* in the *Bhagavata Purana*, the *bhakti-stotras* like the *Bhaja-Govinda* of Sri Sankara and of the Ramanuja and Madhwa schools, the *Gangalahari* of Jagannadha Pandita, or the *Krishna Karnamrita* of Lilasuka belong to this class.

The erotic branch of lyrical literature is secular in character. It is only about the beginning of the Christian era that we find whole and independent works preserved of this class. Giving free vent to his poetic imagination, the poet draws upon Nature and natural scenery, investing it with a charm all its own because of the intensely human touch he imparts to it. Nature—the plant, and animal world around—is invested with a wide sympathy of outlook, and all vibrate in symphony with human aspirations. The *chataka* bird subsists on nothing but the rain-drops; the *chakora* drinks the

rays of the moon alone. The *chakravaka* is fated to be away from its mate at night: Kalidasa compares the pining Agnimitra to this bird, stating that Queen Dharini is like the night, coming between him and Malavika. In his *Meghaduta* the Yaksha is made to find similitudes for the various limbs of his beloved in Nature around: the *priyangu* creeper resembles her body, her timid and fickle glances are like those of the timid deer, the lustre of her face is like the splendour of the moon, her tresses of hair are like the rich peacock plume, and the small ripples of the rivulet are similar to the play of her eyebrows. This love-lorn madness is carried to its logical culmination in the fourth Act of the *Vikramorvasiya* where Pururavas roams in search of his beloved, asking the cuckoo, the bee, the elephant, the swan and the rest, (cf. *Raghuvamsa*, VIII, 59), to apprise him of Urvasi's whereabouts. He even imagines that she, often brooding too much over his trivial offences, might have transformed herself into a river, having waves for her playful eyebrows, the jingling row of birds for her waist-girdle, with her garment of foam unfastened in her rage. (Lyrical effusions are quite permissible in dramas or epics when the individual inspiration is so strong). The cloud also contributes its share to intensify the feelings of those already pining and thus—because it could best sympathise with their feelings, knowing them best,—it was chosen in the *Meghaduta* as Love's messenger. The conventional descriptions of the *ashoka* flowering as a result of being kicked by a beautiful royal damsel, and the *kesara* plant with its desire for the wine ejected from her mouth, are also dealt with and serve to remind one of the superstitious beliefs obtaining in Europe that the royal touch cures certain obstinate diseases. Valmiki's characterising the *ashoka* as dispeller of *shoka* or sorrow has proved infectious among lyrical writers also, and seems to have suggested the *ashokadohada* motif for Kalidasa's *Malavikagnimitra*. It is quite usual, again, for lyrical writers to conceive of the moonlight (*kaumudi*, female) as the spouse of the moon (*shashi*, male); lightning (*tadit*, female) as that of the cloud (*megha*, male) and so on.

II

The *Meghaduta* is a towering example of this class. It consists of about 115 stanzas composed in the *mandakranta* metre. Kalidasa's genius exhibits itself even in the choice of metres which admirably suit the context. To add to the pathos, in the VIII Canto of the *Raghuvamsa* and the IV Canto of the *Kumarasambhava*,—which are lyrical also in their character and content—the *viyogini* metre has been very aptly chosen, to suggest some *viyoga* or bereavement and consequent *pralapa* or lament. To suit the lyrical nature and erotic content of the piece, a metre that is both musical and perhaps easily intelligible to the inanimate cloud, was pitched upon in the *mandakranta* or 'advancing slowly,' but surely, like the cloud itself.

Kalidasa seems to have been indebted to Valmiki for his inspiration to write this work. He seems to suggest it definitely in two places. He makes his Yaksha choose for his *ashrama* the Ramagiri where even the waters in the lakes are hallowed by Sita's *jalakridas* with Rama, and forcibly recall to his mind similar sports of his own consort far away in the Himalayas. Again his comparison of his message sent through the cloud with Rama's message sent through Hanuman (in the *Uttara Megha*), is significant enough. Rama's delaying for four months in the *Aranya Kanda* due to the rainy season seems to have its parallel in the Yaksha consoling his wife through the cloud, somehow to bear up with her grief for four months till Vishnu should rise up from His serpent couch. Lastly Sita's particular mention of Kakasura's attempts to ravish her in the Dandaka forest even when Rama was asleep on her lap, seems to have suggested to Kalidasa the Yaksha's reference to a dream of his beloved (when sleeping along with him) in which she saw him making love to another damsel. These testify to the personal touch and intimate study and knowledge of the human heart. A profound insight, both into Nature around us and into the intricate workings of the human heart, is quite essential for lyrical writers, and a happy and harmonious blend of them is preserved for us in the *Meghaduta*, the first part being dedicated to Nature but

yet full of human feeling, and the second part overflowing with human feeling, yet quite alive to natural grandeur. Such a harmonious blend is possible only when the lovers visualised in the theme are able to merge themselves completely in one another, when there is not an iota of suspicion in the one regarding the faithfulness of the other, and when as Kalidasa himself says, (but in a different context), these two are able to think and affirm that they are one soul in two bodies. Such a love was visualised as existing between Rama and Sita by Valmiki himself: "Sita was dear to Rama because of her beautiful form and more beautiful virtues. Rama was also dearer to Sita than her own life, —it is the heart alone that fully knows of the silken bond of love." And we find a faithful echo of such love in the *Meghaduta*. It goes without saying that Kalidasa records a subjective confession, and beautifully suggests a small chapter in his own autobiography.

To heighten the effect of the pathos, as it were by contrast, a Yaksha is made the hero, or rather the sufferer in the poem. The Yakshas are people who are born to enjoy perfect bliss, they know no tears except of joy, no heart-burning anguish other than that which is sure to be quenched. They have, again, no prospects of estrangement from their beloveds other than those arising from playful quarrels, and they ever remain in youthful and blissful enjoyment of their inexhaustible wealth. Such a Yaksha, due to some dereliction of duty, has been banished for one year by the capricious and unimaginative Kubera. (His name itself seems to be disgusting to Kalidasa). At Ramagiri he lives, emaciated and lonely. The sight of a cloud moving northwards, just when his heart was filled with yearning for his sorrowing wife at Alaka, infuses some hope into his love-deranged mind. He determines to send a message through this cloud which will certainly oblige him because of its benevolent nature. To add to it, other incentives, namely, the acquisition of merit by visiting holy places of pilgrimage and waiting upon the holy Gods Siva and Subrahmanya, and quenching forest-fires with its rains, are held up to the cloud to undertake the journey. The superb beauty of the places to be visited is also another consideration. The path from Ramagiri to the Himalayas by way of the

Amrakuta hill, the Narmada river, the Vindhya, the Dasharna country, the Vetravati river, Ujjain in Avanti, the holy Kurukshetra, the Ganges and the Yamuna, and lastly the mountain Himalaya where, near Kailasa, Alaka is situated, comes in for picturesque description and testifies to such intimate knowledge on the part of the poet as could have been acquired only by keen observation. Such wide travel, with no facilities, or rather with positive risks to life in those unsettled times, is enough to make us admire his patience and appreciation of Nature.

The *Uttara Megha* gives us at first a description of the superb city of Alaka, and of his own house which is certainly cheerless now. A description of the chaste and pining *Yaksha-stri* follows, and the cloud is bidden to announce itself gently to her at night when she will be rolling on the bed pining for him, or weeping over the *vina* while singing songs of himself in wrong melodies, or counting with flowers the days of separation that yet remain. The message itself is to be prefaced by a straight declaration that the Yaksha is safe, and is every minute pining for her as, he is quite sure, she also is. She is prayed to not to resort to excesses due to her grief, the major part of the period of separation being over. The reunion would certainly be rendered all the more enjoyable for such a long separation. The message is really a literary feast to the ear and the poet's genius has invested the poem with an ineffable charm.

The artist's insight is not so mature in the *Ritusamhara*, a work in six cantos, answering to the six Indian seasons and trying to interpret their meaning to the lovers. Kalidasa has been aptly praised for his *vyangya-vaibhava* or richness of suggestion; he just indicates to our mind's eye the richness of his poetic creation. Repetition of the same ideas is never indulged in by him. But here the same idea is paraphrased and expressed in so many ways as sometimes to tire one's patience. "The lover's passion is aroused" this is the chorus in many verses describing Summer. "The cloud instils anxiety in the hearts of the already pining lovers" is the chorus in more than six or seven verses in the 'Rains.' Kalidasa who simply said in the *Raghuvamsa*, "When Dilipa entered the forest, the mightier animals did not exhibit their strength on the

weaker ones," wastes as many as seven verses to describe the friendship between even naturally antipathetic animals like the peacock and the serpent, the elephant and the lion, etc. Descriptions of *Vasanta* in the III canto of the *Kumara* or the IV Act of the *Malavikagnimitra* have no point of similarity at all with that in this work. The conception of cupid as a warrior with mango blossoms for his arrows, with the bowstring of the rows of bees, shooting at the hearts of the love-lorn *virahins* is more artistically suggested in the *Kumara* III. 27, "When the arrow of fresh mango blossoms with its feathery tip in the form of the tender shoots was completely designed, *Vasanta* inserted the (black) bees symbolic of Manmatha's name." The fourteenth verse on *Spring* ambitiously aims at combining the effects produced by two verses of the *Kumara* III, 32 and 36. The poet who skilfully suggested love and joy in the *raktashoka* in the *Meghaduta*, declares that the *ashokas* fill the mind with grief in the royal season of Spring. But it is unique in its being highly sensuous to a fault, and does throw open the door to the higher aspects of Nature-Romanticism which is the keynote of his later works.

III

Bhartrihari is famous for his three *satakas* of *Shringara*, *Niti* and *Vairagya*. He seems to have been a grammarian, a philosopher and a poet. The *Vakyapadiya* is written in a flowing style and the verses are as sweet as those of the moralist. It is a work on grammar, concerning itself with the philosophy of speech. His death, according to Chinese accounts, took place in 651 A. D. and so he must have flourished in the first half of the 7th century A. D. His style is simple and sublime.

The secret workings of love, its hopes, its fantastic joys, its pitfalls, the love-quarrels and happy reconciliations, in a word, all the intricacies of the *Kamashastra* are delineated in single verses or *muktakas*, in a charming manner by Amaru or Amaruka. Tradition palms this work on to Sri Sankara. Anandavardhana of the ninth century quotes him and pays a very high compliment and so he might have lived at least two centuries earlier. Every poem is a

gem in itself, and sometimes successfully rivals the sentiments of the *Meghaduta*.

Sri Sankara is believed to have lived between 788 to 820 A. D. Though more famous as a philosopher and a religious preacher, he has bequeathed to us a rich legacy of religious lyrics; *Sivanandalahari*, *Soundaryalahari*, *Sivabhujangastotra*, *Bhajagovinda* to mention only a few. These stand as a monument to his transcendental *bhakti*. The *Soundaryalahari* dedicates a century of verses to Parvati invoked as an incarnation of the divine *sakti* creating, sustaining and destroying the world. The *Sivabhujanga stotra* contains 37 stanzas in the highly musical *Bhujanga prayata* metre. The *Bhajagovinda stotra* is very popular in Southern India and is chanted in every Hindu household.

Tradition refers to Muka as a contemporary of Sri Sankara. He lived at Kanchi or Conjeevaram. His genius is believed to be the Goddess Kamakshi's gift. His felicity of diction and choice expressions have made his works very popular. His *Panchashati* consists of five *satakas*, *Arya*, *Padaravinda*, *Stuti*, *Kataksha*, and *Mandasmita*. The third and the fourth are highly imaginative and poetical.

Bilhana of Kashmir, who has also written a historical *kavya* named the *Vikramankadeva charita* in which he panegyrises his patron, Chalukya Vikramaditya VI of Kalyana, is the author of a purely erotic poem named the *Chaura Panchashika*. Fifty stanzas make up this highly passionate lyric. The handsome poet was requisitioned to teach music to a princess, to whom he stealthily made overtures, of course to be reciprocated. Caught red-handed by the king, he was ordered to be executed, but quite unmindful of his impending fate, he poured forth these unpremeditated 'strains of personal magic' concerning his dalliance with the princess. So moved was the king that he pardoned him and blessed their marriage.

The *Gita Govinda* by Jayadeva who flourished in Bengal under Lakshmanasena (1180-1200 A.D.) ranks next only to the *Meghaduta* among lyrical compositions. It seems to have been based upon the popular Krishna festivals celebrated even today in the *Jatras* of Bengal. The perfection of form and graceful diction coupled with

skilful handling of difficult metres have deservedly brought the poet unstinted praise. It is divided into twelve cantos with two sections in each, composed in various metres to be sung in sets of eight—*ashtapadi*—to suit different tunes. Krishna, as cowherd, is living on the banks of the Yamuna river, enjoying the love of the cowherdesses, pre-eminently of Radha. Her estrangement from Krishna and her final reconciliation form the subject-matter of the poem. Radha's intense love is interpreted as being symbolic of the individual soul pining, in its *Bhakti*, for return to the Lord Krishna from whence it sprang. Krishna, Radha and her *Sakhi* are the three characters. Jayadeva is a successful rival to Amaruka in his delineation of the various phases of love. His influence on the *Bhakti* cult in Bengal introduced by Chaitanya seems to have been immense. His praise of himself as an elegant writer is eminently deserved.

The *Krishna Karnamrita* of Lilasuka—his real name is unknown—is another familiar lyric. It is essentially devotional, and is in three parts, of about 100 verses in each. Its music and harmony added to its graceful style have contributed to make the work very popular. Gesture-dancing or Krishna's *Rasakrida* with the *gopis* is described in fine verses echoing the tune of the dance. His transcendental *Bhakti* is everywhere apparent. *Alamkarikas* (rhetoricians) quote many of them, and some ideas of his are adopted in Canarese works on Poetics also.

Jagannatha Panditaraya is the last great lyrical poet. His *Rasagangadhara* is a standard work on Poetics. The lyrics are the *Bhamini Vilasa* and the five *laharis*, *Ganga*, *Purusha*, *Sudha*, *Amrita* and *Karuna*. He seems to have been a contemporary of Shah Jehan. He was engaged as private tutor by Dara, the Emperor's son. So his date may be between 1620 and 1660 A.D. The lyrics are lucid and musical. The *Amrita* and the *Karuna* are dedicated to the Yamuna and Vishnu. The *Bhamini Vilasa* is greatly appreciated and describes the amorous passions of women.

The Rock-Cut Cave Temples in Trichinopoly

BY L. N. GUBIL

Trichinopoly is one of the historical centres in Southern India, not only famous for its temples, but also for its rare interest to the student of Archæology.

There are two cave temples in the Rock-Fort which contain inscriptions of an ancient order. The upper cave temple is situated in the middle of the rock, and the lower one at its foot. People say that these carvings have a Buddhistic air dating back to not later than the 5th or 6th Century A.D. Pallava kings, Simha-Vishnu, Mahendra Varma, and Narasimha claim to have conquered the Cholas by the 7th Century, and it was only during their time that these inscriptions were engraved in these cave temples. During the siege by the British, this chamber was used as a magazine. Mahendra Varma was reigning over Kanchi at the beginning of the 7th Century A.D., and it was he who realised that cave temples would be more enduring and permanent than Pagodas and won the reputation for carving out cave temples. The workmen of Mahendra Varma excavated the sides of hills, leaving portions standing as pillars, carving on the wall statues in bas-relief, or high relief or in the round, and the image for worship.

This cave temple (the upper one) is a low hall of unpretentious dimensions and contains some sculpture notable for its excellence. This hall is supported by pillars of special shape which are about 7 feet high and 2 feet square. Further the length of the hall is about 20 cubits, and the width 10 cubits: the hall is 6 cubits in height, which contains shrines in a square room to the east of it facing west. There must have been a phallic emblem inside it. In a niche on each side of the entrance into the shrine, a *Dwarapalaka* or Door-keeper is carved. There is a fine group of statues at the west of the hall. The central figure is Siva with his four arms

having four *Rishis* kneeling about him and two *Gandharvas* raised about him. The right upper arm holds Ganga issuing from his hair, and the left a rosary. The right lower arm holds a serpent while the left rests on his hips. His right foot having been bent is placed on the head and the left hand of a dwarf, and his left foot stands straight. The two sides of his crown have a deer and a little human figure.

The inscriptions carved on the northern wall savour much of literary merit and eulogise the beauties of the Cauvery, of the temple, and of his own glories, the apprehensions of Parvati that Siva might fall in love with the Cauvery, and also state the reason of Parvati's coming over here from her father's house.

The lower cave temple, which is at the foot of the rock, is also of the same form as above with various statues and pillars cut out of the rock. Here the hall possesses two side chapels, one in the east with a Vishnu image and supported by 8 pillars. The group statuary have figures of Brahma, Surya, Indra, Siva and Ganesa.

For serenity of pose and expression, it is hard to find a parallel, but it is true that this panel cannot stand comparison with the caves of Elephanta dealing with the same theme though on a different conception. The tourist and the student, after having visited these temples, get back with pride and pleasure that they have seen something useful and interesting, particularly a treasure of ancient art which is rare to be met with anywhere in Southern India.

Physician and Philanthropist

A SKETCH OF THE LATE DR. K. AHOBALA RAO

BY S. MALLAPARAJA RAO, B.A., L.T.

Machilipatnam mourns the death of its dearest son. Andhra-desha stands bereaved. The medical profession has lost one of its brightest ornaments. No more can that tall, broad-shouldered, firm-lipped, well-chiseled, khadi-clad figure erect on an unusually high B.S.A. cycle be seen riding through the streets of the ancient city of Machilipatnam, on daily healing rounds, regular as the Sun's. No more will that face, perpetually calm and confident, and child-like, sweet, simple and open, shed cheer and health all around.

On the fateful evening of Friday, the 16th of October 1931, the call came from above, sudden and terrible, and the soul of Dr. K. Ahobala Rao left its mortal sheath and flew to the heavenly Father, Whose work he had done on earth for about two decades, with unique and selfless devotion.

He was not full fifty years and seemed to be in possession of perfect health. Even on the last day, he went with clock-like regularity through his daily routine. He got up before the Sun, had his morning exercise, examined for about three hours his patients who were very large in number. He then went on his rounds in the town, returned home after twelve and had his Spartan meal and a brief rest. By two o'clock his friends were ready and he had his game of bridge with them. By 4-30 he biked at top speed to his Cosmopolitan Club for tennis. He had not played three games when he felt giddy, left the court and reclined on the ground. He yet called to his friends to go on with the game. Quickly spasms followed. Doctors came and did what all was possible at such brief notice. Some said a blood vessel burst in the brain and others that an artery in the heart gave way. But what could they do? The darling of the gods did not need any human aid. If he did, could not he, who rescued thousands from the jaws of Death, have

forestalled this catastrophe and saved himself? He was wanted by his Father perhaps for work in other spheres. It was for him to obey. At 5 p.m. his body was carried to his house, a mansion with over seventy high doors, open always as his ever-open, spacious heart, and laid on his cot in his favourite semi-circular hall.

As wild-fire the news spread through the vast town and to the villages around. All shops closed. All business stopped in an instant. Men from all parts of the town, men of all classes, creeds and ages, ran towards the bungalow to have a *darshan* of the body. There was not one in the whole crowd who did not shed tears of anguish.

Next noon the body, still fresh and composed as in natural sleep, was laid in a tastefully decorated easy chair. Lo! when muskets were fired and the chair was lifted up by over a hundred arms, even as the Sun was shining bright, there was a light shower. Was it a shower of flowers from heaven? Was it a shower of tears from the gods weeping at the death of their darling? Or were they their tears of joy that, after nearly fifty long years of separation, they were having their brother amidst them again?

The body was carried through the principal streets of the town, and, in spite of the heavy downpour of rain which commenced on the way and lasted an hour, a huge procession followed it till burning sandal-wood consumed it and shot the incense up the way the great soul had flown. There was a complete and spontaneous hartal. Not even a pinch of snuff or a betel leaf could be had in the market.

What is the secret of this universal love and respect he commanded? Why did the people of Machilipatnam do obeisance to his body as they have never done to any other? Since his return from England about twenty years back, unceasingly and selflessly, without an eye to recompense, in obedience to his own inner law, as a tree yielding its fruit unmindful who takes it up, as the clouds which drop down rain on all alike, Dr. K. Ahobala Rao had dealt out health and life all around. He was born for service to humanity. For the sake of that service he remained a bachelor life-long and that service he rendered as a *karmayogin*. He treated the

zamindar and beggar with equal care and sympathy. He never demanded money. He took what his patients gave him of their free will and full heart, and put it into his pocket without counting. The money so earned he gave away with both hands. Poor students, musicians, poets, artists, all received his bounty. For his friends he was a never-failing mine. Whoever asked, it was not in his nature to say 'No.'

Though an allopathic doctor, educated in Scotland and holding the degrees M.B., C.H. and D.T.M., his leanings were towards the natural system of healing. He worked with Nature. Diet and fast, exercise and rest, water, light and air and suggestion, were the chief remedial agents he employed. He used the minimum of drugs. Sometimes he used them as a matter of unavoidable necessity, and oftentimes for the mental satisfaction of the patients, who could not be shaken out of their age-long drug superstition. His diagnosis was shrewd, quick, and sure, and his prescriptions were simple, masterly, and unerringly effective. He had due regard to the Ayurvedic and Unani systems and directed patients where they could get relief. It is impossible to find a physician so candid and confessing so openly the limitations of his profession.

He patronised juniors. They might come and learn under him and go when they liked. He did not mind if his practice suffered thereby. He was only too glad if they flourished and carried relief a little deeper into suffering humanity.

There is practically no house in Machilipatnam which is not under a debt to him. Patients from all parts of Andhradesa flocked to him. His name became a household word and disease was as it were conjured away with it. His open child-like smile, his confident look, and that indescribable something which was in him and which is always in the anointed ones of God, attacked disease and half cured it before medicine went down the patient's throat.

It was not only as a physician and a man of unbounded charity that Dr. K. Ahobala Rao served his fellowmen. Long ago he had ceased to be a mere individual. He was in himself an institution, a great healing and synthesizing institution. In him, the allopathic, the Ayurvedic, the Unani, the natural and the faith

cure systems lost their antagonisms. He was a strong Congressman and was in the forefront of the Non-Co-operation movement. But the Justice party leaders and Government officials did not cease to be his staunch friends and admirers. His life was an object lesson in equity and equality, and his table was truly a round table. The Hindu, the Muslim and the Christian, the Brahmin and the Non-Brahmin, the official and the non-official, the Justicite and the Congressite, the zamindar and the pauper, forgot their differences and conflicts in his presence. He was the friend of them all and treated them with equal familiarity and consideration. The proudest official felt him his equal. The stalwart rowdy loved him as his own brother. The child played with him as with a fellow of its own age. Such was the magic of the love welling out of his heart, which instinctively realised the essential human unity underlying all apparent differences of caste colour, creed, age and sex.

There was no activity, worthy of note, in Machilipatnam with which he was not associated. Whenever there was a keenly contested wrestling match, Dr. Ahobala Rao must be the umpire. It was only his decision the combatants would honour and abide by. He was the President of Y. M. W. Badminton Club, the founder of the Cosmopolitan Tennis Club and the chief member of the Chatrapur Theatrical Company. He was a member of the Government Temperance Committee and also the President of the local Congress Committee. He was on the Managing Committee of the Hindu College and also on the Governing Body of the Andhra Jatheeya Kalasala. He was the President of the Board of Trustees of Ramalingeswara's temple and the Managing Director of the Andhra Insurance Company. Wherever he was, his strong commonsense showed the way, his voice carried weight, his personality quieted opposition, and his selflessness, candour, and good humour kept miles away the rivalries, recriminations and intrigues which nowadays often vitiate public life. If the Andhra Insurance Company did such vast business and reached such stability and standing in such a short time, it was mainly due to the mighty influence he wielded and the aroma his name carried through Andhradesa and beyond. What

is to become of those institutions now? Whither will the different parts of society drift, now that the strong cementing force which held them together is no longer there?

I heard a small girl of five whisper to her ten-year-old sister, "Our Ahobala Rao is dead. When next we fall ill, what is to become of us and to whom can we go?" There are very few in Machilipatnam whose minds are not likewise agitated. The death of Dr. K. Ahobala Rao has left a void which cannot be filled.

But happy was he, happy in his birth, happy in his life and happy in his death. In spite of his multifarious activities and great achievements, he lived and died a child. The cares and sorrows of the world never touched him. "No happiness without peace" *Santhamu leka saukhyamu lethu*, was his favourite tune. While he played at bridge, while he indulged in light talk with his companions, and while he attended to serious business he often hummed that tune. Who knows, as he hummed it, to what mental discipline he was slowly subjecting himself? He perfected the virtue of *santam* and reaped to the full its reward, *anandam*. He was floating in it. Reverses he had, and financial losses. The vile tooth of ingratitude bit him hard and often. But he cared not. He did not allow all that to interfere with his peace and bliss.

He still continues his mission of service. The suffering of womenfolk moved him to tears and he often gave expression to his desire that Machilipatnam should have a Gosha Hospital of sufficient magnitude to alleviate that suffering and to reduce child mortality. It is perhaps the decree of God that his desire should be fulfilled through his death. On the 21st of October, there was a huge meeting in the Machilipatnam Town Hall and it was resolved to raise a fund of at least a lakh of rupees and erect in a suitable place in the town a free hospital for women and children as a fitting monument to him. The hands that are seen working are those of his 'friends' and 'admirers.' The inspiration is coming from above. From the footstool of God he is animating, watching and guiding those below. May the whole of Andhradesa respond to the call and continue the work of healing and synthesis which Dr. K. Ahobala Rao died doing!

Our Forum

RAMA RAO'S PAINTINGS: A REPLY TO MR. GANGOLY

BY OSWALD J. COULDREY, M.A., (*Oxon*)

To The Editor, TRIVENI.

Dear Sir,

The sentiments expressed by Mr. O. C. Gangoly in his letter about Damerla Rama Rao did not vastly surprise me, since I had inferred (as perhaps my article suggested) a certain coldness at least toward my subject in the breasts of the Shining Ones of the *Rupam* heaven. But the volume and vehemence of his protest, and indeed its appearance at all at this juncture, is not so easy to understand. His plea that my appreciation was in any way "a slur on the merits and achievements of living Andhra artists" is so patently absurd that I shall waste no more of your space on it. If Mr. Gangoly was afraid that by commemorating Rama Rao I was tempting his successors to imitate his faults, I wish he had said so without these extravagant variations, whatever obscure forensic purpose they may have been designed to serve. I am grateful for the opportunity which you offer me of replying to his attack. At the same time I doubt if there is much more that can profitably be said in the matter within the compass of a letter. Your readers know what I think of Rama Rao (although my article was more concerned to remember than to praise him) and they know also what Mr. Gangoly has to say on the subject. It would be unseemly for my 'mountain of praise' to rise up again after the passage southwards of this pontifical civilizer and would-be Agastya of the arts, especially as in this instance the said mountain has not been flattened out at all but is still there for all to see who wish to. Mr. Gangoly's letter is little more than an amplification of the review quoted in my article. Where he tries to go beyond it, he merely becomes incoherent. Thus in one breath we are told that the heights which Rama Rao might or might not have achieved are a matter of idle speculation; in the next, that he ruined an artistic future which never materialized by adopting standards and models of which Mr. Gangoly disapproves. Again, his addiction to these heresies is theatrically described as "one of the most tragic occurrences of the revival of Indian painting," a phrase which might intelligibly be applied to the supposed perversion of a young painter of power and promise, but which is deprived of all meaning when the writer

proceeds to insist with tiresome redundancy on what he calls the 'average mediocrity' of this painter's gift.

As for the spate of professional polysyllables with which he drenches our poor painter and his supposed models, your readers can judge for themselves whether the feeling suggested in the pictures reproduced with my article is misplaced or exaggerated (which I presume to be what critics mean by 'sentimental' when they use the word reproachfully), or whether, apart from my own reference to the painter's boyish delight in scene-painting, there is any excuse for using the phrase 'theatrical costume-pieces' in connection with these delicately idealized pictures of contemporary life. For the rest, had my friend's 'concoctions' been more obviously and even clumsily reminiscent of ancient Ajanta or mediæval Delhi or eighteenth-century Yedo or nineteenth-century Kangra, or some other place and epoch that has some relish of salvation in it according to Mr. Gangoly's habits of association, I dare say that we should have heard nothing of spurious and derivative, of futile mannerisms and decadent travesties. Whatever may be thought of neo-Hellenism in nineteenth-century Europe and of the painters who favoured it (and I notice that our critic does not decorate his diatribe with the name of Ingres), I have given my reasons for holding that a breath of the same tradition might afford a far livelier inspiration to a young Indian painter of today. When all India goes into suits and boots (unless it has already done so), it will be time to speak with the airy cosmopolitanism which Mr. Gangoly knows so well how to assume when it suits his argument.

Finally we are told that Rama Rao's painting is absolutely devoid of any linear and plastic qualities, and incidentally that I, who praise them, have no perception of linear values. Whoever says so, in my humble opinion, shows but a hide-bound conception of linear value. Damerla's line has not the emphasis and variety of the Chinese brushline, nor does it follow economy and abstraction to the degree that is usual in older Oriental art, nor, for that matter, does that of the Periclean vase-painters which is yet not absolutely devoid of quality. Our painter's also is firm and purposeful for all its delicacy, and diligent in the search for the more complex curves and contrasts which his closer observance of natural forms affords; and in his best pictures it plays its part harmoniously enough in the exquisite design. I do not say that he has perfected his instrument. The most astonishing genius, starting as he did, would not have done so in the time that was his. That he had to fashion his instrument himself is a fact that will be taken into account in any serious attempt to estimate his capacity. I am not sure (nor, I think, was he sure himself) that the purely linear method which he favoured in the last three years of his brief life was the one best suited to the quality of his vision. But his gallant

attempt to combine the Western reverence for Nature with something of the clarity of Eastern art will at least command the respect of every open-minded æsthetic philosopher. In the meanwhile, and in spite of his few years and unproved equipment, by sheer force of genius he achieved perhaps half a dozen designs (I speak with caution because I know so little of his mature work at first hand) which were not only unique in their time and place of birth, but which will not be 'overrun and superseded' simply because really fine work in art is never overrun and superseded. That is my claim for Rama Rao. Time, not Mr. Gangoly, will decide whether I am right or wrong. Meanwhile there must be many picture lovers unencumbered by my 'burden of love and affection' for the painter, who will share my delight in his work and be interested in the story of its growth in the face of so many difficulties. I judge from the response of my friends here in England, for South India is not the only region of the world that is in danger from the influence of this 'unsuccessful artist.'

Mr. Gangoly writes me down an 'early Victorian.' So was Ruskin, whose wisdom is not yet buried, though it is out of fashion. It is true that I share with Ruskin a kindness for the natural language of the eye. That language also is rather out of fashion here at the moment; largely because we have studied it with too much singleness of purpose in the past, but the same cannot be said of India. This language is sure to return to favour, for, though it is probably the most difficult of all pictorial languages to use imaginatively, it is also in many ways the most exactly and subtly expressive, as it certainly is the most immediate and universal in appeal. That Rama Rao was well on the way to use this language with a mastery rare in India is probably his real offence in Mr. Gangoly's mind, for Mr. Gangoly, while he appears to have no very fine discrimination in the said language (or he would never lump the Yakshinis of Barhut in the same scale-pan with them of Sanchi) has obviously a rooted dislike for it, perhaps because it tends to wean the world away from the more cryptic vehicles to which his loyalty is given. His bias is illustrated with amusing regularity at the end of nearly all his pleasant homilies on Indian art in *Triveni*. He writes of the 'aggressive anatomy' of Praxiteles. In the current number he prefers an 'early Mayurian' chauri-bearer (apparently the supporter of some lost group) to all the Venuses of Greek sculpture. I am tempted to seek my revenge for his calling me an early Victorian by calling *him* an 'early Mayurian'; a *very* early Mayurian 'dated about 350 B.C.' like the chauri-bearer. In any case it will be seen that if Rama Rao and incidentally myself stand low in his critical opinion we are after all in excellent company. Mr. Gangoly is a connoisseur of old Indian art to whose enthusiasm and enterprise every student of the subject and indeed all of us are deeply indebted. After his hand-

some and repeated tributes to my qualities of heart (as distinguished from my head) it would be churlish in me not to mention it. But even in his favourite field we must reserve the right to differ occasionally from his æsthetic judgments. For him to set himself up as the infallible dispenser of blame and fame to living Indian painters appears to me (to pay him back in his own coin) to be 'the height of indiscretion.'

Abingdon
Berkshire, England }

Yours very truly,
OSWALD COULDREY.



I Meet Gandhi

BY THE REV. J. H. HOLMES¹

(Extracted from *UNITY*)

TEXTS: (1) "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit . . . the half was not told me."—*I Kings 10: 6-7*.

(2) "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people."—*Luke 2: 29-31*.

These are the texts which I have chosen to introduce a sermon which is not really a sermon at all. What I have to say to you this morning is only a personal narrative—a little story out of my own life. *I have met Gandhi*—have clasped his hand, have looked into his eyes, have listened to his voice. I have sat in a great public audience, and heard him speak; I have sat alone at his feet and talked with him about many things. All this is of no importance, except to myself. But I have talked to you so often about the Mahatma, and you have responded so generously to my admiration and love for this great man whom we have learned together to describe as "the greatest man in the world," that I feel I should be remiss in my duty if I did not share with you so far as I am able, an experience which I shall ever regard as the most precious of my life. Furthermore, there are wider implications in my experience! I saw Gandhi at the climactic hour of his career and against the background of events momentous in the history not only of our own but of all time. I can tell you, therefore, not only of my impressions of the man, but also of my estimate of his significance today for India, the Empire, and the world. I have met, in other words, not merely an individual, but a cause, a movement, a revolution. How do I feel about this phenomenon—this Word become flesh which dwells among us "full of grace and truth"—this incarnation of the Spirit in which is life, and this life "the light of men?"

¹ A sermon delivered by Mr. Holmes at the Community Church, New York.

I MEET GANDHI

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I was in Berlin when I heard that Gandhi was coming to London. Earlier in the summer I had received from him a letter in which he had spoken of his journey, and of his expectation of seeing me on his arrival. But his plans had been thrown into confusion, and he had announced that he would not attend the Round Table Conference. Then came the agreement with the Viceroy, and the sudden determination to make the trip. The moment I heard that Gandhi was coming, that he had actually taken ship and was on the sea, I abandoned all my other arrangements and rushed to London, resolved to camp upon the Mahatma's threshold until the door might open and let me through. I had not dared to hope that I could greet him when he first landed upon English soil. But by a dramatic and amusing combination of circumstances, which is a story in itself, I found myself on the morning of Saturday, September 12th, standing on the pier at Folkestone, awaiting the arrival of the Channel steamer.

It was typical English weather—cold and foggy, with occasional heavy showers. The wind was sweeping the waves with whitecaps, and chilling the bones of the watchers on the pier. I was talking with an officer, one of the members of the police force appointed to be the bodyguard of the Mahatma.

"Do you see that point of land over there," he said to me, pointing to the white cliffs of Dover to the north. "That's where Cæsar landed when he brought his legions to conquer England."

To conquer England! I thought of that great soldier of ancient Rome and of his victories upon these shores. His twentieth Legion had remained here three hundred years! Then I thought of another conqueror—William of Normandy—who had crossed this Channel a thousand years after the immortal Julius and beaten the Saxons and annexed their realm. This invader had landed at Pevensey, not so many miles here to the south. And now another thousand years had passed, and still another conqueror was crossing these stormy seas. Not a soldier, but a mightier than any soldier. Not an invader, with a sword of steel, but an apostle with the sword of the spirit. Not an enemy to lay waste the land, but a friend to surprise and devastate the hearts of Englishmen. If ever Britain

was in peril, it was in peril now, when for the third time in two thousand years, there was coming an alien to dictate terms of peace.

I wiped the rain from my glasses, and gazed out through the mist to the open sea. There was the steamer, a little craft in white, emerging from the horizon like a sheeted ghost. As she made fast at the pier, only one man, the official representative of the British Government, was allowed on board. All the rest of us—friends of Gandhi, delegates from India, the Dean of Canterbury, newspaper reporters and photographers—were left standing in the rain, with a great crowd of sightseers behind the barriers. But the delay was brief. In a few moments we were aboard the ship, and I was standing at the door of Gandhi's cabin awaiting my turn to be received. It was here I had my first glimpse of the Mahatma. He was sitting cross-legged upon his berth, in earnest conversation with Reginald Reynolds, a young English Quaker, who had been a resident at the *Ashram* in India, and had become famous as the bearer of Gandhi's letter to the Viceroy on the eve of the march to Dandi. Gandhi's legs were bare, his body wrapped to the neck in the ample folds of a *Khaddar* shawl. His head and shoulders were bent forward in a listening attitude. A naked arm, long and lean and wiry, reached out of the shawl and took a paper from Reynolds' hand. There was a quick interchange of words, a flitting smile and the conference was over.

It was now my turn. I stepped into the little cabin. Instantly Gandhi jumped to his feet, and, with the lithe, quick step of a school-boy, came forward to greet me. I felt his hands take mine in a grasp as firm as that of an athlete. I saw his eyes shining with a light so bright that not even the thick glass of his rude spectacles could obscure their radiance. I heard his voice addressing me in tones as rich and full as they were gentle. We had a few precious moments together. I was confused and excited, and today have little memory of what was said. But at this first meeting it was not words but feelings that were important. I was in the presence of the man whose spirit had reached me, years before, across the continents and seas of half the world, and now this presence was stamping its indelible impression upon my mind.

What was this first impression of Gandhi, as distinguished from the others which came later? I do not find it difficult to answer this question. It was an impression of the beauty of the man. Where do people get the idea that Gandhi is ugly? Why have they described him as a 'dwarf,' and a 'little monkey of a man'? It is true that his limbs and body are emaciated—his ascetic life produces no surplus flesh! But his frame is large, and his stature erect and of medium height; I have seen many Indians who are much more insignificant in appearance than Mahatma Gandhi. It is true also that his individual features are not lovely. He has a shaven head, protruding ears, thick lips, and a mouth that is minus many of its teeth. But his dark complexion is richly beautiful against the white background of his shawl, his eyes shine like candles in the night, and over all is the radiance of a smile like sunshine on a morning landscape. What impresses you is not the physical appearance but the spiritual presence of this man. You think at once of his simplicity, his sincerity, his innocence. He approaches you with all the naturalness and spontaneity of a little child. There is not an atom of self-consciousness in Gandhi—in spite of all his greatness in the world, and all the adulation which has been heaped upon him, he has no pose, no pretentiousness, no pride. You realize at once that his peculiar aspects of appearance and his peculiar ways of life have nothing fraudulent about them, but are the honest and fearless expression of a transcendent personality. Therefore, you do not think of how he looks, but only of what he is. You see truth, in other words, shining through the imperfect garment of the flesh. It is this which makes Gandhi beautiful. For truth is beauty! You remember how John Keats told us this in the closing lines of his great "Ode to a Grecian Urn," when he wrote.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
Ye know, and all ye need to know.

In a few moments we were off the boat, and started for London. Gandhi was in the official automobile of the Government, guarded by police. I rode in a compartment of the train with Devidas Gandhi, the Mahatma's son, Mr. Pyarelal, one of his secre-

taries, and Miss Madeleine Slade, the English girl, now known as Mirabai, his servant and disciple.

The story of Miss Slade is one of the noblest chapters in the saga of the Mahatma. Years ago, before the War, she was an English society girl, daughter of a British admiral, young, beautiful, rich, much sought after. During the War she did relief work with the Red Cross in the usual conventional way. After the War, she found, as so many found, that something had gone out of her life. She seemed to have lost her grip upon reality. A sense of frustration and futility settled down upon her like an atmosphere. It was while she was groping about, like a person lost in a dark room, that she hit by chance upon a book by Romain Rolland, the one man in our western world whose soul is most akin to Gandhi's. She went to Switzerland to see Rolland, and through this contact made her first acquaintanceship with the author's biography of the Mahatma, published in 1924. She had no sooner read the pages of this book than she realized that she had found the mission of her life. She wrote to Gandhi, and asked if she might come to the *Ashram* and be his servant. The Mahatma did not encourage her. Did she know what she was asking? Did she realize what it meant to leave England and come to India? How could he be sure that she was sincere, had thought through her problem, and had steadfastness of purpose to work it out? She had better wait a year, and then write him again.

At once Miss Slade set herself to the task of preparation. She abandoned her family and friends. She got rid of her dresses, her jewels, and all the paraphernalia of her social life. She arrayed herself in rough garments, did menial work, slept on the floor. She made herself a vegetarian. She saturated herself in the *Bhagavat-gita*, which was the Hindu scriptures, and Gandhi's Bible. The year up, she wrote Gandhi again, and told her tale of discipline. He now said she might come—and from that day to this she has been his servant, his nurse, his friend, his fond disciple. She prepares his food, washes his clothes, makes his bed, cleans his room. She guards his hours of prayer, and stands sentinel at his day of silence. She follows his footsteps during the hours of the day and sleeps

upon his threshold during the hours of the night. I thought as I looked at her, how beautiful she must have been, with her noble figure, her lustrous eyes, her liquid voice. I looked again, and thought how beautiful she is now, in spite of her shaven head, her rough clothing and her rougher hands, for her beauty, like Gandhi's, is the inward beauty of the spirit. I looked still again, and found myself thinking of the women who followed Jesus—Martha, Mary, the other Mary—and who served him with their love. I thought of St. Francis and the Lady Clara, and all the lovely relations between these two through the years of life and in the hour of death. And I said to myself, this Mirabai is the Mahatma's Sister Clare. She is a combination of Martha, "careful about many things" for Jesus, and Mary who sat quietly and gladly at the Master's feet.

We were soon in London, and went immediately through the mud and rain to the Friends Meeting House, where a great audience had gathered to meet and welcome Gandhi. As I saw him enter this auditorium, I was impressed again by the beauty of his personality, and now, also by its power. With what dignity he walked upon this platform; with what serenity he surveyed this English scene; with what command he took possession of these men and women! To an intruder who knew nothing of Gandhi, nor of the momentous character of the occasion, there might have been something ridiculous in the picture. Here was this Indian striding into the room with his feet bare, his legs naked to the thighs, his middle bound by the loin-cloth, his body wrapped and rewrapped in the ample folds of his *Khaddar* shawl. But as he took his seat, and sat there calm and motionless as Buddha, the ridiculous, if it ever was present, was straightway diffused and dissolved into the sublime. I shall never forget the sense of awe that settled like an atmosphere upon that room. For the first time, I understood the secret of Gandhi's influence over the millions of his fellow-countrymen. Had a king been present, we could not have felt more reverence in his presence. Suddenly I found myself remembering the testimony of Mr. Bernays, a sensitive English journalist, who said, "The moment you see Gandhi, you catch the atmosphere of royalty." And I remembered also that, a few weeks before, I had been in the

presence of royalty. I had seen and talked with the man who, for more than thirty years, had been the most brilliant monarch of his day. This man was nobly dressed, attended by his court, himself a fascinating, gracious, and splendid figure. But not all the majesty of this king could match the royal air of Gandhi.

But Gandhi not only looked like a king, he spoke like a king. His words that afternoon were gently uttered, in a voice quiet, almost monotonous. But as they reached our ears, they were the words of a royal proclamation. He made three points clear; First, his credentials! He came to England, he said, not as an individual, but as the representative of his people. "I represent, without any fear of contradiction, the dumb, semi-starved millions of India." Secondly, his mandate! He came not to dicker or to bargain with Britain, but to present the terms of the All-India Congress. "As an agent holding a power-of-attorney from the Congress," he said, "I shall have my limitations. I have to conduct myself within the four corners of the mandate I have received from the Congress . . . If I am to be loyal to the trust which has been put in me, I must not go outside that mandate." Lastly, his goal! What did the mandate exact? "Freedom," said Gandhi. "The Congress wants freedom unadulterated for these dumb and semi-starved millions." No compromise here, no equivocation! "He spake as one having authority" and with the voice of prophecy.

This was on a Saturday afternoon. On the succeeding five days that I was privileged to remain in London, I saw the Mahatma four separate times. The first time was on the following morning, Sunday, when I went bright and early to Kingsley Hall, the settlement-house in the East End of London where Gandhi had characteristically taken up his abode. He was on an open terrace just outside his room, which was a kind of cell some five feet wide, seven or eight feet long with stone floor and bare walls, and furnished only with a table, a chair, and a thin pallet on the floor where Gandhi slept. Mirabai was washing the one window of the little room. The Mahatma was sitting on a chair, bathed in the warm sunshine of a perfect day. He was talking with one of the great leaders of Indian affairs.

Within a few moments this conference was finished, and I came and sat down in a chair beside the Mahatma. We talked of the Round Table Conference—was it going to succeed? No, Gandhi saw no reason for believing that it would succeed. His mind told him it must fail. "But God has told me to come to England," he said, very simply, "and he must have his own reasons. So I have put my mind aside, and shall trust and hope until the end." I referred to the slanderous attacks upon him in certain of the London newspapers, and expressed the hope that they did not trouble him. "No," he said, "they do not trouble me, but they pain me terribly. Think of how fully and freely I have talked to the reporters. I have told them everything. And yet they print these slanders and vicious lies. It hurts me to think that such things can be done. But," he continued, with a smile, "I do not let them worry me. They do no harm. Nothing can injure truth." I then referred to the next day, Monday, which was his day of silence, and asked if he would attend the Conference. "O, yes," he said, with his delightful smile now become almost a laugh, "I shan't say a word, but think what a chance I shall have to listen." We talked of a few other matters, and then I arose with an apology that I had taken his time, for others were waiting to see him, as indeed they always are. I shall never forget the loveliness of his smile, as he took my hand, and said, "Come whenever you can. You may have to wait, but I want to see you as long as you are in London."

I next saw Gandhi on Sunday night at a religious service in which his friends and some men and women from the neighbourhood participated. The Mahatma sat on the platform, not in a chair but on the floor, wrapped in a shawl, with a rug thrown about his bare legs. He spoke to us, from his sitting posture, on prayer, his experience of prayer. He stated that he believed in God, and therefore of course prayed. He told us what prayer had done for him. "Without prayer," he said, "I could do nothing." As he went on in his quiet way, telling us of his experience with this most intimate discipline of the spiritual life, his voice became very soft and low. I doubt if many persons in the room, back of the front rows where I

was sitting, could hear what he was saying. The Mahatma seemed more and more to sink into himself. His address became a process of self-communion, or communion, right there before our eyes, with One greater than ourselves. But words were not necessary at such an hour! Gandhi's presence was diffusing an atmosphere in the little room which gripped us in its spell. It was a moment of mystic uplift never to be forgotten.

I did not see Gandhi again until Wednesday night, when I sat with him in his room during his supper-hour. He was sitting on his bed, on the floor. I squatted down beside him, that I might be as near to him as possible. He held in his left hand a cup of goat's milk. On his lap was a tin plate, such as I have seen convicts use in a prison, and in this was the handful of dates which made the substance of his meal. Gandhi's secretary, Mr. Pyarelal, was with us but did not join in the conversation. We talked of many things—of the Round Table Conference, of Mayor Walker's request for an interview, of Palestine and Zionism and their relation to the situation in India, and of the Mahatma's projected visit to America. At the close, I bade him good-bye, for I was leaving on Friday, and did not expect to see him again. Immediately he laid aside his cup and plate, and took my hand in both of his. "We shall meet again," he said, "in America, or perhaps in India. But if we never meet, we shall still be together."

The next night, Thursday, Devidas Gandhi sought me out and told me, to my surprise, that his father wanted to see me. The Mahatma was at St. James's Palace, where the Round Table Conference held its sessions. I hastened with Devidas to the Palace, and found Gandhi in one of the committee rooms, eating his supper. He was sitting on a large lounge, or divan, and he invited me to sit down beside him. A message had come from Amercia, and he wanted to discuss it with me. We talked for a half-hour or so, as members of Gandhi's party passed in and out of the room. Then, on word that the attendants were waiting to close the Palace, we all arose and started for the automobiles. Gandhi asked me if I would ride with him to Kingsley Hall. Of course I accepted his invitation, and sat by his side as

we sped far eastward to the slum districts of the city. As we drew up to the house, we found the doorway blocked with a great crowd of children. The boys and girls of the neighbourhood had become much excited over this strange man from India. In the morning they gathered in the street to see him drive away, and in the evening to see him come home again. This night it was late, but they were still there. And what a shout they raised as he emerged from the automobile! The Mahatma paused and turned toward the children with smiling face. They shouted again, and crowded about him to touch his hands and feel his shawl. I bade him a hasty good-bye, as he sought his room. And as I went down the narrow street, with the children's voices ringing in my ears, I thought of the story of One of Galilee, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Current Topics ¹

THE HOME-COMING

Most of the Indian delegates to the R. T. C., have come back home. Even the warmest advocates of the conference method will not contend that any striking success has been achieved. The Premier's closing speech at the plenary session does not take India any farther on the road to Swaraj or the substance of Swaraj. Much is sought to be made of the fact that a Conservative majority in Parliament is definitely committed to central responsibility and federation. There is no 'going back'; hence, argue our friends, we must be deemed to have progressed. But was it for this that Gandhiji and the Congress called off the Civil Disobedience movement and agreed to participate in the discussions at St. James's? The safeguards and reservations, the checks and balances, are all there, strongly entrenched behind pompous ministerial declarations. What is worse, the discussions in the Commons have made it clear that the period of transition will not terminate at a specified time or on the happening of particular events. Future progress is subject to the scrutiny and approval of Parliament at a later stage. That is to say, the new Government of India Act will not provide for the automatic expansion of 'self-governing institutions' into full Dominionhood.

The various delegations did not pull together. In fact, they pulled in opposite directions. The group of retired Civilians and satraps joined hands with the reactionary elements of the R. T. C. They did their precious work with such consummate skill, that it was made to appear that the Congress was just one out of a large number of political organisations, and not the all-comprehending and overwhelmingly powerful institution, which it is. The strength behind the Indian demand is indeed the strength of the Congress. It was the Congress that declared non-violent war on

¹ 26th December.

CURRENT TOPICS

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the Government of India and put up a great fight. It was the Congress again that called off the fight and entered into a truce. But in the packed assembly round the table in London, the little men wrangled endlessly and drowned the Nation's voice. The fundamental problems relating to Defence, External Relations and Finance were hardly touched, mainly because the minor issues assumed an oppressive prominence. With the home-coming of the Nation's plenipotentiary begins a new phase in the relations between India and England. Will the men in power at Delhi and Whitehall permit Gandhiji to offer the co-operation that he is yearning to? Or will they precipitate yet another struggle with a people anxious to be free?

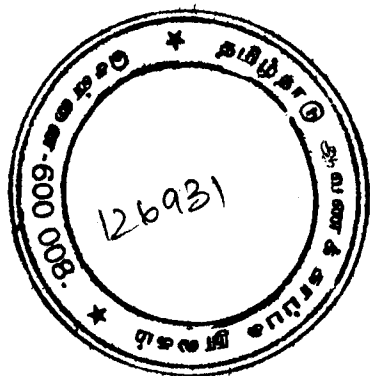
REPRESSION AND REFORM

It is the incurable habit of all dominant Governments, and particularly the British Government, to ride the twin-horses of repression and reform. They feel, almost intuitively, that any concession to the demands of a subject nation is apt to be mistaken for a sign of weakness. To preserve the appearance of firmness and decision, therefore, some repression must precede, accompany, and succeed every fresh step in constitutional development. Added to this is the belief that the moderate and 'reasonable' elements of the population could always be rallied through the reforms, that 'their moral support could be bespoken for 'firm measures'. This plan succeeded partially in India during 1909 and 1921; but the universal boycott of the Simon Commission was a blow to all bureaucratic schemes of this complexion. But Governments must persevere; they must make a display of their unfortunate capacity for blundering. Thus on the one hand the personnel of the various committees of reform is being announced, and on the other, the Governor-General is issuing Ordinances at terrific speed. In Bengal and Guzerat, U. P. and Andhra, the Provincial Governments have paid scant regard to the peace-pact. Amongst officials, a spirit of disregard of popular rights and liberties is evident. Gandhiji is patient and long-suffering, but the Bengal Ordinance has tried even

his patience. "I have not the patience of a stone," says he. Unless wisdom and statesmanship are permitted to prevail, the future is unspeakably dark. The Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri appealed to Gandhiji to stay his hands and to pursue the path of co-operation. Lord Irwin spoke in a similar strain in the House of Lords, urging the futility of repression. We are told that Government are anxious to secure Gandhiji's co-operation in the work of the Franchise and other Committees. But they have set about it the wrong way.

THE TEST

"Has Gandhiji succeeded in his English mission?" is the question usually asked nowadays. But there is no objective standard of success in this case. The main purpose of Gandhiji's trip to England was to present the Indian demand. His immediate auditors were the delegates to the R. T. C., but his words reached the entire world. Thoughtful men and women everywhere have learnt at first-hand the facts of the Indian situation. They know the moral fervour of the illustrious representative through whom the Indian problem has been raised to the level of a world-problem. The widest interest has been aroused in his gospel of Truth and Non-violence as the prime factors in this peaceful revolution. And whether it is peace or war, in the immediate future, the ultimate result can only be one—the dawn of Indian Freedom.



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Opinion of
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117, ARNHEIM STREET,
MADRAS. 8th July 1929.

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