

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

TRIVENI



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TRIVENI

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

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

... 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

'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!

Vol. V, No. 1

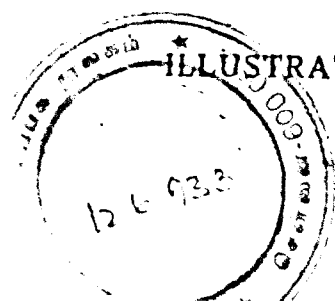
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Tyagaraja

Tricoloured Frontispiece



Tyagaraja

(Believed to be a Contemporary Portrait)

Actual Size

By Courtesy of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa

Triveni

Tyagaraja

(A NOTE ON THE FRONTISPIECE)

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

8-SEP-1932

In February 1916, there took place at Gokhale Hall, Madras, the first exhibition of paintings of purely Indian artists. The exhibition was due to the enthusiasm of Dr. J. H. Cousins and other Theosophists at the Theosophical Headquarters, Adyar. At that exhibition, my eye picked out his picture at once, and I began to sing its praises. The owner of the picture, my friend, the late Mr. T. N. Krishnaswami Pillai of the School of Arts, on noting my enthusiasm, promptly presented it to me. He had marked it for sale, and the price was Fifteen Rupees! He told me the picture was of the Tanjore School, but he gave it no name. That name was suggested later, though tentatively.

I noticed the little picture because it transported me to Italy—to Giotto, Fra Angelico, Luini and other artists whom I love, of that school called the 'Primitives.' They are called that, not because they are primitive, *i. e.*, simple and incapable, but because they are the *beginners* of the schools of Italian painting.

Wherever there are these 'Primitives'—in Greece, or Italy, or India—they have one characteristic. There is more 'life' in their art than form, more soul than substance in their composition. They have still many deficiencies in technique; others who follow them are more able in the handling of their material. But they see 'life' as through a mist of earnestness and devotion, and see all objects far more as symbols than as facts. They are great dreamers, and—as in this picture—a tiny drawing of a deer, a few wavy lines for a river, are as sufficient as a full-sized animal or a true picture of a river.

In this picture, the marvel to me is the exquisite portrait. It is as great a portrait as that by any Western artist. All the soul of the musician is there, and yet probably it is accurate in line and colour. What Western artist would think of painting a three days' beard's growth? Yet the Indian artist, being 'true to life' brings the musician nearer to us thereby.

The picture is not a water-colour. It is more like a fresco or tempera painting. The artist has first laid on some material as a backing and then painted on it. It is a gem, and I am glad to own one great thing of India.

'Bring Me Thy Failure'

By K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO

Of the Japanese armourer it is said that, as he fashions a sword and sharpens it, he sings a song. And according to the prevailing mood of the singer, the sword becomes a power for good or evil. If the spirit of a song can inform a blade of steel, why not an Editor's love his journal? I have loved *Triveni* with an impassioned and unalterable love, and every time a new number is sent out, I breathe a prayer that it may spread peace, joy and strength, and be the symbol of Beauty and Truth.

But prolonged and lonely fight against adversity weakens a man. At the end of five years I find myself a wreck in body and mind. I am thankful, however, that *Triveni* is alive; that the 'Triple Stream' never ceased to flow, albeit fitfully and like a thin rill in a sandy waste. I am reminded of Bhagiratha, Prince of Ayodhya. As the holy Ganges descended from heaven, it got entangled in the matted locks of the moon-crested Lord Shiva. The Prince did penance so that the stream might be let loose, to fertilise the world and quicken the illustrious dead of the Solar Race. His prayers were heard; so too are mine. The generosity of a group of friends,—among them the noblest in the land,—now enables me to release the life-giving waters of the *Triveni* and ensure an even flow.

It is an irony of life that while we strive and suffer to bring solace to one that is infinitely dear, the solace comes a trifle too late,—weeks and months after the loved one is beyond the need of solace. Six months ago, in the midst of poverty and trouble, when not a ray of hope pierced the encircling gloom, passed away my mother. For seven-and-thirty years she guarded me "as the eyelid guards the eye." She was a great admirer of the *Mahabharata*, and her one joy lay in listening to the marvellous Telugu verse of Nannaya and Tikkana. The conception of Shri Krishna as the Divine Charioteer appealed powerfully to her. As a devotee of the Lord, she prayed constantly that He might be the Charioteer of her son, and

'BRING ME THY FAILURE'

5

guide him as He guided Arjuna on the field of battle. In moments of utter loneliness and depression it looked as if the Charioteer had fallen asleep or let go His hold of the reins. But He is the Eternal Watcher, and a mother's prayers are the holiest of offerings at His feet. Those that suffer physical dissolution do *not* pass from us. Divested of the encumbrance of the flesh, they pour forth their love in million-fold intensity. That love is an abiding possession for me, and an inspiration in my humble work.

At the commencement of a new year of life for *Triveni*, I cannot forget what I owe to my esteemed chief, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa. In his loving presence, I have always felt purer and stronger. One morning, last year, when life seemed too oppressive, I met him in his beautiful room at Adyar and narrated my tale of woe. With unforgettable serenity he bade me cultivate a spirit of detachment—to work and not to worry about the result; and ended by reading to me the great passage from Edwin Arnold's *The Song Celestial* in which the Lord calls upon His devotees to "labour right for love of Me," and admonishes them that "if in this thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure." That was a great experience. Since then I have "laboured right for love of Him," because I know He will accept even my failure.

Indeed, in a cause like this there is neither success nor failure. It is a continual striving after perfection: Success consists in unceasing pursuit of the Path, and the only failure that the idealist recognises is the failure to stand by Truth. Along the Path, my feet bled, my spirit was sore tried. Very often my brain was racked with the thought that the burden was far too heavy. It was like attempting the impossible. But always came an answering thought that, if the work is noble and unselfish, an unseen Power will lighten the burden; when my strength failed, I could draw on a reserve of energy. I recall what I said when the Journal was first launched: "May this votive offering prove acceptable to Him who is the source of the *Triveni*, the Triple Stream of Love, Wisdom and Power."

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru: A Personal Glimpse

By R. L. RAU

A comfortably furnished room; deep inviting armchairs; low handsome divans; a soft subdued ruby glow lamp; the smell of freshly prepared *pān*; the lingering fragrance of the finest Turkish cigarettes; the eternal trill-trill of the telephone bell; a bevy of secretaries moving noiselessly to and fro; and amidst all this curious mixture of Oriental ease and Western smartness, the figure of an exceedingly picturesque-looking man sitting at ease in an armchair, now speaking to his guests, now speaking to his secretaries and playing with a pretty little child sitting on his knee.

That is how I remember Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru as I sat with him late one evening talking over many things—politics, literature, music and what not. Two other persons were there too—Mr. Jayakar and Miss Shyam Kumari Nehru, the pretty young advocate who works with Sir Tej as his junior.

I remember as we pulled at our straws and enjoyed the iced *sherbet*, we talked over many things. Not many months have passed since I had the privilege of spending that hour with two of India's remarkable men. Events of outstanding importance have been happening since then and No. 19, Albert Road has, to all purposes, become No. 10, Downing Street, and its hospitable, cheery owner has reached a position that might well be the envy of many a politician or statesman in India today.

But then, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru has still remained the same old 'Sapru.' Whatever people may say outside of his politics, his moves or his views, they are all agreed that Sir Tej is a fine man. Still has that dignified old world courtesy, and the desire to understand the viewpoint of the other man before he criticised him, not left Sapru.

I forget just now where we began that evening. Those were the days when the peace negotiations were still on and Mahatma

Gandhi stayed at Anand Bhawan. The Nawab of Bhopal had arrived earlier in the day and most of us had a trying time rushing about and interviewing and hunting for 'copies.' Prayer time at Anand Bhawan, when Mahatmaji retired for the hour from all pressmen and politics, was a welcome relief to us, the harassed newspapermen, and any relaxation was welcome.

With a young man's impudence I fell to comparing the two men who sat opposite each other, Sapru and Jayakar. The former easy, graceful, polite and chatty, whilst the other suave, urbane, and with all the mannerisms of an Oxford man, taking care of his pronunciation and not caring to open his lips more than a fraction of an inch, sitting stiff and alert in the armchair with his clerical-looking black coat buttoned up to the very chin. The other, dressed in soft ample folds of muslin, chewing *pān*, and vigorously moving his arms and emphasising each word or remark with a gesture or some action.

What strange circumstances had brought these two distinguished lawyers together, I wondered. What stranger destiny had ordained that these two men from two different provinces of India should meet and be in the limelight of Indian politics?

However, it all made a very good picture and the memory of that evening I spent there in the company of these two men often comes back to my mind. Our ways have been different. For theirs was to do and to achieve great things, and mine was to give to a hungry public an account of what they did, and what these men tried to achieve. We have often the queerest phenomenon, that of a public knowing all the details of a man's life or his profession or politics but never the man himself. Thus we all know what Sapru or Jayakar or a Mudaliar thinks of the Communal Award or something else, but what sort of a person is Sapru or Jayakar or a Mudaliar one may not know.

My thoughts wandered somewhat on these lines that evening. It was a rare feeling and a pleasure to discover that a person like Sapru was very, very, human; that he could laugh heartily over a story in the *Oudh Akhbar*; that he could wink his eyes at a sly tale; that he could recite a not very polite or fashionable Urdu couplet; that he could be pleased with small marks of attention

and praise; that he could talk of the gay life led by the young 'bucks' of Lucknow and their many indiscretions, and amidst all this gaiety and light talk, that he could suddenly take you on to Anand Bhawan, talk to you of the spacious days when the distinguished Pandit Motilal ruled Allahabad and controlled the destinies of the Swarajist Party in the Assembly at Delhi and at Simla; or that he could take you again to the politics of Mahatma Gandhi and his impossible political ideal.

And so Sapru spoke and entertained us that evening. It was a treat to listen to this fine man and the life he had lived. And often the flow of that brilliant conversation and talk was pleasantly interrupted by Mr. Jayakar who quoted a line here or a verse there in his melodious Sanskrit.

It was only an hour I spent that evening at No. 19, Albert Road. But what an hour and what an impression I have yet of that hour?

Night had fallen when I rushed back to Anand Bhawan, for the question and answer meeting which Mahatmaji was going to have after his evening prayer, had already begun. There were many there in that small group whose face has become a memory to me, and alas, who are now in the various prisons all over India. Over them all, Mahatma Gandhi presided and patiently answered all questions. At the end of that ceremony—as it seemed to me—a little girl sang a song. That pretty thing in a blue skirt with the finest of Lucknow's embroidery sewed on to it, I was told, was Sapru's grand-daughter. Mahatma Gandhi took the child up and she sat daintily on the brown lap of the great man, all unconscious that he was a Mahatma, that she herself was the grand-daughter of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and that almost all prominent leaders in India had listened to her babbling voice, that evening.

The next day Sapru had won. He had induced Mahatma Gandhi to listen to his negotiations. I do not know who was responsible for it. Whether it was the pretty grand-daughter of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru or the great Sapru himself, is more than I can tell.

The Unknown Sister

By SRIMATHI PADMAVATHI

(Padmavathi, the girl-poet, passed away in April 1920, ten days after her marriage with Mr. Nabhi Ramakrishna Rao of Berhampore. In his bereavement, the young man ransacked the note-books of his lamented bride, and prepared the type-script of the greater part of her poems. It is proposed to publish them after they are edited by Shri Harindranath Chattopadhyay. But meanwhile, Mr. Ramakrishna Rao has very kindly passed on a few of them to the Editor, *Triveni*, his friend from childhood. Readers of the Journal will remember that in April 1928, Mr. G. Venkatachalam, the well-known critic of Art and Literature, contributed an article entitled "Padmavathi: the Girl-poet."—*Editor, Triveni*).

(1)

Levona with her eyes so bright,
Levona shedding baneful tear,
Levona one dark and summer night
Mourned for her one lost dear.

"O Wind that hears her whispers sweet,
O Wind that knows my dear one's heart,
What bears my proud love for me?
Tell me wind as kind thou art."
Yet the wild wind echoed round
"Not for thee Levona,
No, my sweet Levona."

"O flowers that breathe her morning breath
What words of love did whisper she?
Ye have met her laughing eyes
O flowers that bloom, were they for me?"

"O waves that dance around her feet,
O waves that light her crystal eyes,

B

What looks were there unknown to me?
Ye knew it well, what meant her sighs?"

Yet the wild waves echoed round
"Not for thee Levona,
No my sweet Levona!"

"Alas! alas!" Levona cried,
"Woe for me that knew
And loved thee dear—so well, so well,
But sister, thou art not true."

(2)

The Moon crept high, I sang,
I sang a song to thee;
Far and near I search in vain
Wilt thou come to me?
Ere I knew what love was
Thou vanished far from me,
Ere I knew to learn thy name
Thou wert nought for me.
As a dream you vanished, yet I love,
So sweet is memory.

(3)

The East Wind blows so cold and dreary
My heart within is sad and weary.
The sea doth swell along the sand,
To mock me gleams the moonlit strand.
Come back, Oh! come back to me!
The world is nothing without thee,
The flowers will fade, the wind will wail,
What thou wert will be a tale.
What the star is, so thou art,
What I give my star, I give to thee.
I wait and love my star so well;
As for her, so for thee I live.

(4)

O world, my world that breathes so sweet,
Why bitter is the world to me!
O stars, my stars that never set,
Your smiling faces why hide ye!
The moon doth shine, all cold and bright,
To me it is eternal night.

(5)

I hear a step above the path,
I am waiting long for thee;
A white robe steals across the room,
But thou art not she.

(6)

(Enfolded)...Why ask for whom
When thou knowest for whom longs my heart.
Home is sweet, O sweet home!
But sweeter than my mother, sweet thou art.

Four Winds

By SRIMATHI NILIMA DEVI

I knew not when the buds had burst ;
I only saw the thirsting, panting bees,
And heard the South Wind's soft murmurs
In the rustling leaves and young sprouts of grass,
Whither O, South Wind ? Whither ?

When my eyes fell on fallen petals strewn
On the mossy mould once full of moss-roses,
I knew the marauding bees had sucked the sweet.
Only the West Wind played with the dead pollens.
Whence O, West Wind ? Whence ?

Came the rain-clouds in flocks of fleecy puffs
In shapes that hid their future forecast ;
But I saw the tops of trees a-bending, quivering ;
The East Wind rose like a monarch from the seat of the Sun.
The Quest ! O, East Wind ! Thy Quest ?

Leaves, yellow and sere, shiver, crumble and fall,
Only the bare, gaunt trees' tremors and moan I hear
Dead dreams of faint, fretful, and forgotten days
Lie athwart on the trail of the North Wind's bleaksome blasts.
The Message ! O, North Wind ! Thy Message ?

The Fallen Flower

By KUMARAN ASAN

(Translated from MALAYALAM by Manjeri S. Isvaran)

Translator's Note :—

1 April, 1870 in Kayikkara, Trivandrum, the Poet received his early education in the village school ; he studied for a while in the Sanskrit College, Mysore, and later in the Sanskrit College, Calcutta. An ardent social reformer, he was a member of the Sri Mulam Popular Assembly and Secretary for over fifteen years of the S. N. D. P. Yogam. During this time he edited *Vivekodayam*. In recognition of his greatness as a poet he was presented with a silk shawl and a gold medal by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. He died in January 1924, in the *Redeemer* boat disaster in Pallana off Cochin. Kumaran Asan is pre-eminently a poet of the cultured few. He shares with one or two other poets of Kerala the credit of bringing the "Romantic School" in Malayalam Poetry to a high level of excellence. For their haunting melody, calm intensity and deep austerity of thought his poems are unique. They include: *The Flower Garden, The Fallen Flower, The Nightingale, Leela, Seeta, and Nalini*.

Ah, lovely bloom ! once thou didst shine
High like a Queen !
How sad thou liest now in dust
Shorn of thy sheen !
Inconstant is Fortune on earth,
Impermanent is Loveliness.

Dearly the creeper gave thee birth
And tended thee
Within its leafy bosom soft
So lovingly,
An' stirred by the gentle gale the leaves
Lisp'd low and long thy lullaby.

Bathing in the milky moon-light
Full heartily,

And sporting in the morning sun
 Serene, care-free,
 Daily thy childhood thou didst spend
 Amid the blithesome buds and bright. 18

Thou learnt'st the songs of birds of morn
 With deep delight,
 Thou learnt'st Life's secret upon earth,
 During the night
 Lifting thy eager little head
 Toward the twinkling crowd of stars. 24

And growing thus thy features showed
 Charms exquisite;
 Thy countenance did slowly change,
 Thy cheeks were lit
 O Flower! with a new-born light,
 A new-born smile through them did flit. 30

Lovesome loveliness, purity,
 Meekness and sheen,—
 Such fleckless attributes of Youth
 To things terrene
 Do they compare? 'twas a sight to see
 Thy glorious state of golden prime. 36

* * *
 Alas! alas! my darling bloom,
 Upon thee Death
 He placed His pitiless hands and froze
 Thy perfumed breath;
 Doth a hunter i' the wood-land reck
 A vulture or a dove he kills? 42

The lustre of thy lovely limbs
 Grew faint and fled,
 And o'er thy shining visage sweet
 A pallor spread;
 Life's oil dried, fast wither'd thou
 Life's flame in thee flicker'd and died. 48

Blown by the morning breeze adown
 The spiry stem
 O Flower, thou fell! O couldst thou be
 A bright star-gem?
 Or a Being come upon earth
 Content with drinking bliss divine? 54

* * *
 Thy soul that boundless greatness holds
 Though it lay low
 Upon the dust like to a pearl
 Void of its glow,
 Thy beauty's glorious gloriole
 Unshorn did seem to shine alway. 60

And soon small spiders wove thy white
 Soft silken shroud,
 And Dawn with tender hands did deck
 (In death yet proud),—
 Thee with a chaplet gaily strung
 With dew-drops like to peerless pearls. 66

And grief-struck at thy fall the stars
 I' dewy tears rain,
 Whilst from the densely-leaf'd trees
 Sparrows in pain
 Do drop on earth and clust'ring thee
 They chirp a shrill continual wail. 72

* * *
 Behold! what dread disaster dire
 Has come apace;
 And dolour that would melt a stone
 Bedims Day's face;
 The Sun slides down the mountain slope
 Pale, sorrowing; the Wind sighs deep. 78

O why wert thou so rich-bestowed
 With virtues great?

O why shouldst thou be smitten thus
By baleful Fate?
Who could fathom the mystery
Of Creation? the good die soon.

84

* * *
To grieve is vain: upon the earth
Misfortune kills
All joy sometimes; and deathless Soul
The Body fills
And whatsoe'er a Shape assumes
Through the Infinite Power of God.

90

Like as a star that slowly sets
In th' Western Sea
And rises o'er the Eastern Mount
I' white jubilee,
O Flower! thou may'st on *Meru* great
Bloom on the *Kalpaka* branch again.

96

* * *
The Vedic utterances wise
To us give peace;
Only to people ignorant
Self-torture is
Solace in sooth. Keep faith in such;
The rest as God ordains will be.

102

O Eye-lids! fold on humid eyes
For soon this bloom
Will shrivel, rot and turn to dust;
This is the doom
For all; and what can tears avail?
Alas! our life is but a dream.

108

A Tryst

I loved you with all my body and all my mind,
And today, Maiden, I have brought you my garland of songs.
Many travellers march along the track across my heart.
Some come singing, weaving dreams in glowing music notes.
In some eyes shine the suggestion of tears like the glimmer of
pearls.

Some fill the earth with laughter loud and make all glad.
Some conceal their sorrow and brood silently,
Smouldering with slow wasting fire beneath a speechless calm.
But I wandered on and on and my eyes were full of dreams
Till suddenly, startled, I found you walking by my side.

When did I first feel your trusting hands rest in mine?
Through long summer days and weary sleepless nights,
Through the grey evenings when darkness thickens in the groves,
I went seeking in vain through all my world for you.
I sought you in palaces in far-off lands of dreams:
A golden lotus laughing on the waters of the nectar sea
That kiss the sunlit shores beyond the *Tepantar* wastes.
I dreamt of you robed in *Nilambari* blue as sky,
A garland of *Gajamati* round your slender throat,
Dusky tresses that glow like dark *Asharha* clouds
In whose depths flash laughters like lightnings bright.
Methought I would find you a princess in charmed sleep
Till I dawned upon your shores and kissed you back to life.

I wove dreams in my heart and went along my way.
In songs I scattered my secrets upon the path.
Some listened and did not hear; others heard
And laughed at me with a vain disdainful laugh.
A few for a moment paused and with kindly eyes
Smiled at me in sympathy: but regardless of them all
I marched on with your *Agamani* upon my lips.

In the work-a-day world where crowds jostle day and night,
 Men and women strive and struggle for their daily bread,
 And tears and smiles of many hearts flash and fade,
 There in the bend of the city-road I saw you come
 In the bright sunlight across the noisy market-place.
 The dust of the road clung to your robes, and upon your brow
 Burnt the *Tilak* of disgrace that all pioneer souls
 Must suffer in the hands of weak and cowardly minds.
 Suddenly you stopped and proudly smiled at me.

I never dreamt I would meet you upon the common road.
 But your laughter rang out clear above the din of strife.

HUMAYUN KABIR

(Translated from the original *BENGALI*)

September 1927.

Does India Come Properly Prepared to be Initiated into Statehood?

By BLAIR MACLENAHAN

India is now on the eve of a great change in her political life. Whether this change will come about with greater or less rapidity one does not know. But that a change is inevitable is the important consideration. I believe it is now generally conceded that matters have gone too far to make any other conclusion possible.

It is true that Indians have been disappointed many times in their aspirations and to some extent have lost confidence. But they must see that at present new conditions exist. Never before have world conditions been what they are; never has the human race as a whole seemed to be brought so close together; never have the peoples of all nations shared information with one another touching their several national problems; never has the internationalisation of human sympathies been so near in spite of differences that will ever divide, in some measure, one national group from another. From this, it is obvious that we are entering a new age when the morality of nations will take an upward step; when not only India will enjoy the rights of a free people, but all other peoples as well; when justice will not reign solely in limited areas, but will extend throughout the whole world, to nations and races as well as to private individuals in favoured places.

With the dawn of this on-coming day, there will appear above the horizon a new principle of international relations, which will perhaps recognize a nation even as an Outlaw Nation, with all its humiliating consequences, which fails to live up to the new standards of honour expected of nations occupying a respectable place in civilization.

So, I say, let Indians now look forward with confidence

to the day when they will enjoy the promised fruits of their longings, their aspirations and their prayers, and prepare to become in due time a nation among the nations of the earth. What then lies next ahead that India may be made ready for the great change, that she may in a very real sense "come properly prepared" for the limited statehood which will first be offered her? As this is a problem of the very first magnitude, I would ask, "What are Indians doing to meet it effectively?"

Perhaps a casual visitor to your land, one who is neither English nor Indian, but who nevertheless has long held India close in his thoughts, may, on this point, venture a few suggestions that may, he hopes, prove helpful. He does so because he feels that there is no time to be lost at this critical juncture and that leading Indians must do something and do it speedily to rouse India from the age-long lethargy and help her to take a necessary interest in this world and its material affairs (and especially the world of India itself) from the highest practical standpoint. It may be all well enough for a people to set their hearts and minds constantly on gods of unseen worlds, but if in doing so they neglect the essentials of the world in which they live, what has been gained? It may be philosophically conceivable that this world is a relative illusion in the sense that it has its birth, its period of maintenance, and in the course of untold millions of years will meet with death, and so in the ultimate is impermanent. But what, let me ask, has this to do with us for whom, during our brief span of life, the conditions here are all too real? Is there any one of your gods who can say that hunger is not real so long as it lasts; or sickness or pain or sorrow, or poverty, filth and neglect? Such terms as *real* and *unreal* can be used by the highly placed person in human progress without misunderstanding. He will always know, when he is using them, that he is dealing with conceptions covering periods of time inconceivable in their length: but being wise he never thinks of applying the thought of the temporary, the illusory, or unreal to this world of

such stupendous duration in the sense that we may neglect its duties and its opportunities without offending the universal law of life, whether that law be expressed as the whim of the gods to be regulated by prayers or ceremonies, or as the one unchanging and unchangeable Will, the divine expression of the Real.

But when the uneducated masses get a whiff of this high breath of heaven in the form of teaching suitable only to the understanding of trained minds, at home in metaphysical concepts, they surely do make a sad picture of things.

One has only to look at India today to see the catastrophic results of a religious obsession which is but a misunderstanding of a great metaphysical truth of life which has been converted into an *ignis fatuus* alluring its devotees into bogs of material neglect and degeneracy. To pay constant and continuous homage to a life that is speculative and at least admittedly unseen and purely traditional, and to neglect the life here and now which everyone who is born must endure until death, is hardly intelligent. At least let us who have come into this world of so-called unreality conduct ourselves while here so as to leave it a more perfect and beautiful world when we go, thus insuring greater happiness and progress to those who shall come after us (and this may even include our own re-incarnated selves). If your forefathers had done this in their past, your condition would have been far different from what it is today. So long as we have to come here and live, let us do so as gods living in a self-made, magnificent environment, and not as dumb-driven slaves wallowing in filth and ugliness, amid ignorance, suffering and disease. This can be done without giving up one whit of the present religious fervour, and that is the wonderful part of it. On the contrary, a great civilization based upon the highest ideals of material progress with a dominant infusion of spiritual purpose will triumph over all other civilizations and will lead in all the true arts, sciences and philosophies down the ages to come. Let that not be forgotten.

In the light of this it would seem that India—that any people about to become endowed with the privileges and responsibilities of nationhood—should pause and indulge in a searching examination of herself, and find out wherein she is weak and has failed, and how

she may best prepare herself for the great opportunity that lies ahead. There are a few essentials that at once suggest themselves as the ground-work of a united and progressive people.

First and foremost you must be economically free and self-sufficient, making your own goods for your own people and marketing the surplus abroad as you can. A sound economic foundation is the first essential, for it is on this that the entire well-being of a people rests. Any effort made to increase the demand for Indian products would be useful, and patriots should give to such movements every encouragement and assistance in their power. With their growth new demands will constantly be made upon the people to produce this and that not now being produced here, and improved products will also be demanded from time to time, and so you can gradually build up an economic system which ultimately may make itself felt the world over as in the past. India's potentialities in this regard are immense. To show why this is so would require an entire article of itself. Along with right economic development will come a living wage suitable to the raising of the standards of living, the establishment of universal education and sanitation, the growth of the various forms of social service, the cultivation of the arts, crafts and sciences and in general the acquisition of the true spirit of a nation which is yet but embryonic.

To this end the removal of the many barriers set up in times past which now divide man from man will be urgently required. In the days gone by, the world advanced by the creation of effective separated groups, each becoming strong or powerful by vitally individualizing itself and fighting for its existence. But today when the doors of every nation are thrown open to every other nation of the world, when the steamship, the train, the post, the telegraph, the radio and the air-ship have made the many national families of this world into one big human family, we can no longer continue to erect barriers and separate group from group, but must follow the inevitable trend of civilization and demolish all obstacles to the unity of life both within each nation, and ultimately between nation and nation.

In India there are staggering numbers of barriers separating its people, and so long as this continues you can never hope to have

a united people, or a steady and powerful national consciousness. Aside from multitudes of barriers in the form of innumerable religious practices, of many vernaculars and hundreds of separate States, you have those numberless, out-of-date castes and divided sub-castes,—all which tend to keep India in a state of hopeless, inner disunity. It is one of the amazing facts of the Indian peoples that nowhere in the world is there a people whose highest religion emphasizes the principle of the unity of life in all its forms more emphatically or more beautifully, and yet there is no people less united in religion, language or political and social status. Let the mystery of this speak for itself.

But one thing is certain. The unity propounded by your fundamental teachings must sometime come out in the forms of daily life; else, with impressive opportunities confronting you, you will prove faithless not only to your best religious ideals but to your children and your children's children for generations ahead—not to mention your unique duty to the world at large.

Then let us see what campaigns of unity you can set on foot; see how you can end this babel of many tongues, at least by the establishment of a universal secondary language, preferably the one most internationally used; and let us see what you can do to meet on the common basis of all religions, namely, the Brotherhood of Man, subverting all the differing formalisms to this one greatest of all the principles of religious teaching throughout the ages. Then you should study the causes of national and race failure elsewhere, and write it into India's plan that these things *shall not pass* into your public life. For example, the loss of the true home and its up-building influence in the West, resulting in youthful crimes over a widespread area. Save your home and your woman for the home. Again, note the wars and near wars caused by that 'prestige' and 'face' saving childishness that besets the pathways of nations all too full of the weakness of pride to cast it away. This does not belong to you, the India of the future: turn your back on it in the youth of your endeavour.

And above all bring into the lives of your youth the high privilege of universal, free and compulsory education and technical training, and into this infuse the universal civilizing principle of

unity manifesting as the Brotherhood of Man at every point. With this principle guiding the thoughts, the aspirations, the speech and actions of your people, there is no telling how far you, as a nation, may go in time towards leadership of all the world as a practical, spiritually-inspired nation.

Corridor E

A ONE-ACT PLAY

By BEATRICE WOOD

[Private room in a hospital. Hospital bed, screen, chair, bureau. The screen is in front of the bed, so that the patient is not seen by the audience].

Time : Evening

SISTER SERAPHINE

(Entering after the curtain rises. She studies the chart.)

MRS. ALLEN

(Entering shortly after, a middle-aged and sympathetic woman. In a whisper)

Is she still asleep?

SISTER SERAPHINE

I think so.

MRS. ALLEN

What kind of an afternoon did she have?

SISTER SERAPHINE

Restless and nervous.

MRS. ALLEN

She's all right physically, but her nerves have gone to pieces. Her husband's death nearly killed her.

SISTER SERAPHINE

Sad for one so young.

D

MRS. ALLEN

She hasn't the will to live. That is what is making the situation serious.

SISTER SERAPHINE

The doctor said it is imperative we do everything to keep her cheerful.

MRS. ALLEN

It will take her a long time to recover from the shock. They adored one another. He was really a very good husband. Tragic, wasn't it, to die like that overnight.

SISTER SERAPHINE

It was, indeed.

MRS. ALLEN

Have you ever been in love, Sister?

SISTER SERAPHINE

(Amused)

Me? Oh, no, no! Not I! But I understand all the same. I can imagine a great deal about it.

MRS. ALLEN

It's been so long since I've been in love. I've almost forgotten about it. It never seems right for young people to be torn apart. I wish they could have had each other a little longer..... Has she had any pains yet?

SISTER SERAPHINE

None.

(She begins to straighten the room.)

MRS. ALLEN

Too bad! She's becoming more and more restless. These last hours are the worst. I'm a wreck myself, but I try not to let her

see it. Well, guess I'll sit down. I won't remain long. I promised her I would drop in this evening, so I came back, even though it is such a warm night.... How is that English woman's baby? Can they save it?

SISTER SERAPHINE

I hope so. Dr. Bakerfield is working hard over it. If anyone can pull it through, he can.

MRS. ALLEN

Don't you get upset by the continual tragedies you see around you?

SISTER SERAPHINE

(Serenely)

No. I accept God's will. I do my best, He does the rest.

MRS. ALLEN

I envy your serenity. I'd go to pieces in your place. I can't bear to see people suffer.

SISTER SERAPHINE

Life is a good teacher of philosophy. We see life in a hospital, plenty of it.

MRS. ALLEN

I'm glad my daughter is in this hospital, for it's the best equipped in town.

SISTER SERAPHINE

We try to keep it so. Where human life is involved, no expense is too great.

(She starts to go.)

MRS. ALLEN

(Stopping her)

That's what I've always said.

Sister.....No, run along, I won't bother. I'll sit here .. quietly.

SISTER SERAPHINE

I'm in no hurry.

(MRS. ALLEN

Did the doctor call during my absence?

SISTER SERAPHINE

No.

MRS. ALLEN

Dear me, he doesn't call often. I hope he can be found when we need him. That's the trouble with these big specialists, there's no chance of ever getting hold of them. And I encouraged her to choose Dr. Bakerfield. I wonder whether I was right in doing so?

SISTER SERAPHINE

(Rather reprovingly)

He was here this morning, Mrs. Allen, and we are in constant communication with him. He is keeping careful watch over the case.

MRS. ALLEN

I know he is, and don't misunderstand me, I have full confidence in his ability. Only I would like to have a chat with him, every now and then. What is the use in being sick, unless one can talk with one's doctor?

THE PATIENT

(Faintly)

Sister.....Sister.....

SISTER SERAPHINE

(Going to the screen and pushing it gently aside)
You called?

THE PATIENT

Yes.....I've been asleep, haven't I?

SISTER SERAPHINE

You have.

THE PATIENT

I wish you'd put some *eau de cologne* on my handkerchief. Has my mother come?

SISTER SERAPHINE

She arrived a few minutes ago.

THE PATIENT

Push away the screen, will you? I won't mind the light. Oh, I'm uncomfortable.

(Sister Seraphine removes the screen to another part of the room.)

I wish you'd bring me a glass of water. I'm terribly thirsty.

(Sister Seraphine exits.)

MRS. ALLEN

(Approaching the bed)

Had a nice nap, deary?

THE PATIENT

(Petulantly)

No.....I don't think I slept much. I can't stand this waiting any longer. I'm so uncomfortable!—I don't want a baby. Why do I have to have one!

MRS. ALLEN

(Drawing a chair near to the bed and sitting down)

Now darling, don't talk like that! You will be happy as soon as it comes...It's restful here, after all the rush of the street, and

MRS. ALLEN

I saw a delightful baby chair today.

THE PATIENT

(Teasing)

On sale?

MRS. ALLEN

No, only as it was for a baby two years old, I did not buy it. And I saw the most charming little blue jacket! I shall have to knit one like it.

THE PATIENT

You're so excited you're going to have another baby to play with, you don't know what to do with yourself!.....Do you remember the stories you used to read me when I was a little girl?

MRS. ALLEN

I should say I do. I can see you now, looking at me with big eyes, drinking in every word I said.

THE PATIENT

Do you remember the one about the poor Hindu girl who was to become a mother? Her own mother lived far away in a village and had not yet arrived when the agonies of birth began? But the Virgin, who watches over all women in child-birth, and sends them courage with which to endure the pain, came in the likeness of her mother and guided her through the sacrament of birth? And then just before the real mother arrived, she vanished, and the young mother had no realization of what had happened?

MRS. ALLEN

No, I've forgotten that story.

THE PATIENT

But how could you, it was so charming. Don't you remember the girl thanked her mother for the marvellous tenderness shown,

and the older woman to her astonishment replied that she had not shown any tenderness, as she had not arrived in time. Then only did they understand what had taken place, and both were overcome with gratitude.

MRS. ALLEN

All I remember is that "Alibaba and Forty Thieves" was your favorite story. You adored when I would say in a deep voice: "Open Sesame; Close Sesame."

THE PATIENT

It gave me gooseflesh. I could never wait for the forty thieves to be trapped in the jars of oil! I guess most children have morbid curiosity.....Did you bring my pink negligee?

MRS. ALLEN

Yes, dear, I put it on top of the bureau.

(For the sake of making conversation)

Did Sister Seraphine tell you that Naomi Moore, the actress, is on this floor? I think that's wonderful.

THE PATIENT

I'm crazy to see her. They say her baby is awfully cunning. It's a little boy and born two days ago.

SISTER SERAPHINE

(Enters with a glass of water)

MRS. ALLEN

Oh, Sister Seraphine, tell me.....is Naomi Moore's baby put in the glass case with all the other children at certain hours of the day?

SISTER SERAPHINE

(Slightly amused)

Of course, we make no discrimination with any baby. All are put there at certain hours. It's the rule of the hospital.

MRS. ALLEN

I can't believe it. That's democracy for you! Just imagine such a baby being put without distinction right by the side of any other. I think it's wonderful!

SISTER SERAPHINE

There are always dozens of visitors to see the babies, and this way they are in no danger of picking up germs, because they can't be touched.

MRS. ALLEN

Imagine how my son would have felt if he had been bathed, weighed, and put to sleep next to President Hoover as a baby!

SISTER SERAPHINE

(To Patient)

Would you like something to eat, or a glass of milk?

THE PATIENT

Nothing, thank you.

SISTER SERAPHINE

I'll be in the hall fixing reports. The evening is the best time to get them ready. Ring if you need me, and I'll return immediately.

(Exits)

MRS. ALLEN

Isn't it wonderful the way these nuns run the hospitals? They are most efficient.

THE PATIENT

They have an extraordinary system.

MRS. ALLEN

(Now in her element)

They certainly serve wonderful trays! That was delicious soup you had at luncheon.

THE PATIENT

Why didn't you take some? I asked if you weren't hungry. You said 'no,' you old darling.

MRS. ALLEN

Don't worry, next time I will!

THE PATIENT

I'm ashamed to be so on edge, when the nuns are so gentle.

(Emotional again)

But sometimes I can't bear to go on living. I feel I'm going crazy. When I think of bringing a child into this terrible world, I want to.....I want to.....No! I can't go through with it!...it's awful! Oh, mother, I am so tired, so weary, I wish you could stay with me all night.

MRS. ALLEN

There, there, dear. I know you're tired, but soon it will be over, and you'll forget all about the discomfort, and even laugh about it.

THE PATIENT

I'll never forget about Frank. If only I weren't alone! It's terrible to go into the Valley of Death alone.

MRS. ALLEN

You won't be alone, dear, I'll be with you. And when your time really comes, a marvellous strength will pull you through. Supernatural courage is born into women at such times.

THE PATIENT

The loneliness is almost unendurable.

MRS. ALLEN

Dear, we are never alone. Someday you will learn that. You're tired, that's all. The long months have worn down your resistance.

THE PATIENT

I'm scared.

MRS. ALLEN

My little girl really isn't scared. She's braver than most women. Did Sister Seraphine tell you of the gorgeous flowers that movie actress is receiving?

THE PATIENT

No.

MRS. ALLEN

Her room is loaded with them. I think it is ridiculous the way those people spend money!

THE PATIENT

(Cheering up)

You'd be just as bad if you had money!

MRS. ALLEN

I would not! I certainly think it is wrong for one person to be smothered in roses, while others haven't even a cactus! I'm beginning to sympathize with the Socialists.

THE PATIENT

I hope that English baby you were telling me about holds its own.

MRS. ALLEN

It's doing well. I just asked the nurse.

THE PATIENT

I'm glad! The father is a young college professor.....they adore one another.....he reminds me of Frank.....

(Her loss is recalled and she begins to weep.)

Oh, no, no, no! I can't endure it!

MRS. ALLEN

(Agitate, trying to change the subject)

Now, dear, be calm! It's nothing, dear. You're just tired, that's all. Mrs. Roberts has learnt a most wonderful new crochet stitch. I shall use it on the blue jacket. They showed it to her at a department store. Department stores teach all kinds of things. They're really getting to be like drug stores.

THE PATIENT

Mother.....if anything should happen to me.....

MRS. ALLEN

Nonsense! Nothing is going to happen!

THE PATIENT

Oh, I know I shouldn't worry like this, but I can't help it. Everyone has told me dreadful things.

MRS. ALLEN

(Wrathful)

Friends should never be allowed to talk to pregnant women! I suppose Mrs. Oliver has been to call again. I particularly did not want her to see you the other day. What did she tell you?

THE PATIENT

A mouthful!

MRS. ALLEN

(Annoyed)

And she's never even had a child! That's the way of it! She doesn't know what she is talking about! I asked her to be careful. She has a tongue as long as a railroad train, and as rattly as an egg-beater.

THE PATIENT

Lying idly in bed, I can't help certain thoughts pressing into my mind.....

(With a change in tone)

Mother, do you believe in God?

MRS. ALLEN

(A trifle disconcerted)

Why, what a question.....of course, I do.

THE PATIENT

I don't!

MRS. ALLEN

You ought to! Why, what's the matter with you! You really shouldn't talk like that, dear.

THE PATIENT

I've been wondering a lot about God recently. *I don't believe in Him!*

(Defiantly)

If He exists, why does He allow so much suffering in the world!

MRS. ALLEN

I don't know dear, I don't know anything about the 'why' of the universe. But I do know suffering has never harmed anyone. Look at the people who have never suffered, and you'll see they have little understanding and sympathy. Perhaps it is God's wish that we develop understanding, and therefore He gives us suffering. That may be the answer.

THE PATIENT

(Rebellious)

I don't care what He wants! I don't want to suffer any longer! I'm tired of suffering! I want to forget! I want to die!

MRS. ALLEN

Dear, you're overtired! Once, I too thought there wasn't much left to live for. I didn't actually want to commit suicide, but I

wanted to stop fighting. The temptation was, oh, so strong! Then suddenly I took myself in hand and said. "No!.....God put me here. As long as I can breathe I can fight. It is no sin to be a worldly failure in life, but it is a sin not to fight." And I forced myself to become full of faith. Why should we *choose* to look upon the bad side of life instead of the good one?

THE PATIENT

I suppose so. I know you're trying to help me—but I'm not in Sunday school.

MRS. ALLEN

Let me feel your head.

(She touches her forehead.)

Your forehead is hot. Wouldn't you like mother to comb out your hair?

(She rises, gets the comb, and begins to comb out her daughter's hair.)

What beautiful hair you have! When you were a little girl, I used to comb it out every night. Then I would braid it, and we would begin the fairy stories.

THE PATIENT

(Her eyes half-closed).

That feels nice and restful!

MRS. ALLEN

(Rubbing her forehead)

I wanted you to have curly hair, I was disappointed when you hadn't. If only I had known of permanents what worry I would have saved!

(Seeing her daughter is about to fall asleep, she continues in a monotone)

The painter finished your room today. The woodwork is a particularly nice shade of tan. The gardener is going to put new geraniums in the window boxes.

THE PATIENT

(Half-asleep)

Tell him to put pink ones this time. I'm awfully tired of red. My, your touch is soothing!.....You're the sweetest thing to me.....I think I'll go to sleep now.

MRS. ALLEN

(Kissing her on the forehead)

All right, dear, I'll ring for the nurse.

THE PATIENT

(Murmuring)

And thank you for bringing the negligee.

MRS. ALLEN

If there's anything you want in the morning, phone before I leave the house.....How silent everything is! Difficult to realize this is a hospital.

(She adjusts her hat at the mirror, and notices a book on the bureau.)

This book has a most amusing chapter about Americans in Europe, I shall read it to you in the morning.

(She returns to the bedside)

Well, you're almost asleep! Goodnight, darling. Don't worry any more, dear.....Mother will be with you in the morning.

SISTER SERAPHINE

(Entering quietly)

You are going home now?

MRS. ALLEN

(Moving away from the bed, nearer to the Nun)

Yes, she is almost asleep. I've been combing her hair. When do you expect the doctor?

SISTER SERAPHINE

Early tomorrow. In case of an emergency tonight, we have instructions where to reach him without loss of time.

MRS. ALLEN

I know everything will be all right, and I'm not going to worry. By the way, Sister, do you leave flowers in the room overnight?

SISTER SERAPHINE

(With a slight smile)

No, indeed, we're not allowed to. I shall remove them presently. We have a special room where they are kept at night.

MRS. ALLEN

What a lot of extra work flowers give you nurses!

SISTER SERAPHINE

Oh, no, it doesn't. It cheers up the patients. We want them to be happy. Considering the pain endured, the little extra trouble is as nothing.

MRS. ALLEN

Well...guess I'll really have to be moving. Watch over my darling carefully...There are two magnificent, awe-inspiring moments in life...one is at birth;—the other at death. What mysteries they are! Well, well, I must be the last visitor, everything is so quiet. Goodnight.

(Exits)

(Sister Seraphine straightens the room. The curtains are pulled shut, the book is re-arranged. The

medicine bottles are put in order. The knitting is discovered on the floor. She rushes out for a moment and gives it to Mrs. Allen, whose "Thank you" is faintly heard down the corridor. She returns, turns the lights out, and does a bit more 'business'.)

THE PATIENT

(Faintly, half asleep)

Sister Seraphine?

SISTER SERAPHINE

Yes...?

THE PATIENT

Has my mother gone?

SISTER SERAPHINE

She left a few minutes ago.

THE PATIENT

I guess I fell asleep while she was talking. Well, no matter... I'm frightfully uncomfortable, Sister.

SISTER SERAPHINE

You'll be asleep soon, and won't know it. I hope you have a good night.

(The Patient closes her eyes. The light from the hall slightly illumines the room, and falls upon her face. Sister Seraphine takes the chart from the foot of the bed, and reads it in the doorway, where there is more light. She then returns it to the foot of the bed, looks at the Patient, gently fixes the covers, and exits.)

(All is still.)

(To indicate the passage of time, a clock strikes one, for the half hour, and after a short while it chimes eleven. The patient breathes heavily, with an occasional moan.)

THE PATIENT

(Muttering in low, disconnected way, as if asleep)

Oh.....oh.....I don't want to go on.....I can't go on!

(She rises in bed with a nervous jerk, as if to jump out, but exhausted falls back on the pillow.)

Oh, God! Help me!.....Oh, God, don't leave me alone like this.....Oh, God, have pity!.....(She sobs.)

(A Nun appears silently in the doorway. There is a strangely impressive quality about her bearing. She is tall and carries herself with grace and dignity. She pauses in the doorway, and gazes over at the patient. The Nun moves out her arm as if to comfort her. She takes a few more steps and stands silently at the foot of the bed, looking at the Patient with compassion. Then slowly she moves to the back side of the bed, so that she is facing the audience.)

THE PATIENT

(Almost hysterical)

I don't want to die yet. I'm so frightened! I'm so tired; Why did they tell me such terrible things!

(The Nun slowly raises her hand and holds it over her, as if to soothe)

THE PATIENT

(Faintly, at first)

What is it, Sister?.....I did not ring for you.

(She looks up at the Nun.)

You're not Sister Seraphine, are you!.....No, who are you?

(The Nun shakes her head, a soft light falls upon her face.)

THE PATIENT

Oh, I'm restless. I'm so hot. I don't know what to do with myself. Can't you help me?

(The Nun takes hold of her hand.)

How soothing your hand is.....just like mother's. You take all that feverish feeling.

(The light is now shining more brightly on the Nun's face.)

What peace you bring.....don't leave me.....Oh, I'm so frightened! I just feel I can't go through with it. Don't leave me!.....I don't want to be alone.....Sister, how deep your eyes are.....Sister, who are you?.....I haven't seen you before..... You're not cross with me for being frightened, are you?

(The Nun shakes her head.)

How gloriously kind of you to come.....Sister, I want to ask you a question.....you believe in God, don't you?.....That's a foolish question to ask, I know you do!

(With a touch of hysteria again)

.....But I don't!!.....and 'tis driving me crazy.....It's awful to have no faith.....If only I could see the reason for the cruelty of life! Sister, I'm in the fog, if only the clouds would pass, and I could see the light.....but there is no light, there is only fog.....I feel I'm going out of my mind.....Sister, help me!

(The light is now shining brightly on the Nun's face.)

Sister!

(With growing amazement)

Sister!.....You look just like the Virgin Mary! How beautiful you are! My mother used to tell me about her when I was a little girl.....Put your hand on my forehead. How heavenly restful!

(A pause)

I used to find this peace near my husband.....we were extraordinarily happy together.....and so joyful making plans for the baby to come.....Don't you see, Sister, it's not fair that he should be taken from me at such a time!

(A pause)

You're so full of love.....there must be magic in your hands.....suddenly I feel better.....You're like the mother of all the

world.....I see all it can mean to be a mother.....I won't any longer be afraid of the pain.....it's worth the sacrifice.....You know, it's strange, but I almost see angels around you as you stand there.....You're wonderful, I think you understand all pain.....you understand my anguish about Frank, mother never has.....I've never known anyone as full of love as you are!

(The light begins to dim on the Nun's face.)

That's the trouble with us all, isn't it.....we-don't-love-enough!

(The Patient's eyes are closed. The Nun lingers near, then slowly departs.)

(The patient sighs, moves slightly in her sleep. After a moment)

THE PATIENT

Sister.....

(Sitting up in bed, almost as if she had suddenly awakened)

Sister.....where have you gone to.....I want to ask you something.I see everything so clear now.....I am not frightened at all.

SISTER SERAPHINE

(Entering)

Did you call?

THE PATIENT

What?

SISTER SERAPHINE

I thought I heard you call.

THE PATIENT

No, I'm all right. Do you know the time?

SISTER SERAPHINE

Not quite midnight. Keep your arms under the covers. Doctor's orders.

THE PATIENT

I wish you'd bring me another glass of water.

SISTER SERAPHINE

Of course. As I was working, the thought came to me strongly that you needed something, so I passed by to see if you were awake.

THE PATIENT

I wish you'd ask that Nun to come back.

SISTER SERAPHINE

Pardon me?

THE PATIENT

Please ask the Nun to come back.

SISTER SERAPHINE

Who?

THE PATIENT

That Nun who was just here.

SISTER SERAPHINE

But there has been no one, not a soul has passed through the corridor.

THE PATIENT

But there has been some one. I think it was the Mother Superior.

SISTER SERAPHINE

The Mother Superior is sick in bed.

THE PATIENT

It wasn't one of the probationers, of that I'm sure, for she had a lovely blue veil around her head.

SISTER SERAPHINE

(Astounded)

A blue veil?

THE PATIENT

Yes, I touched it.....and her eyes were big, like stars..... She was exquisitely tender towards me.....I must see her again.....she was so wonderful.....Please find her!

SISTER SERAPHINE

A blue veil!.....but none of our order wear blue veils..... You have seen.....oh, Madonna Mia!.....God bless you! I have never seen her, but others have.....She passes like that at rare intervals in the silence of the night.....She is ever watching over those in pain.....God bless you!

THE PATIENT

You mean that was not a Nun I saw, but.....

(Much moved)

No, it can't be!.....Yet I see now.....I begin to see light. The Light—is—piercing through—the—clouds!

(Sister Seraphine crosses herself. Takes out her beads and kneels.)

CURTAIN

[Notes for Amateurs:]

This play is simple to produce. One should strive particularly at the end to create a beautiful atmosphere. The light changes can easily be managed; an electric light off-stage can be shielded so as to throw an effective light on the Virgin's face.

Sister Seraphine can be of any age, but should be placid and serene of temperament.

Mrs. Allen will prove effective, and bring contrast to the play, if she is played with a little touch of comedy. She is a nice well-meaning woman, but not especially intuitive. The fact that she does not entirely understand her daughter, makes the Virgin's sympathy shine out with greater force.

The Patient should be played with emotion and a touch of hysteria and fright. She has been under a heavy strain for weeks, and is about to break. She should have a tremendous spiritual reaction to the Virgin, and play with mysticism. Her long speech at that time is intensely moving if rightly done.

The Virgin should preferably be tall. She should have magnetism so that she dominates the scene, even though she never says a word. Lady Diana Manners in Reinhardt's "Miracle" has the quality I mean. She must feel love and project it, and move with exquisite grace.]

Japan's Constitution in a Crisis

By N. D. VARADACHARIAR

(Advocate, Madras)

I happened to be in Japan during May last, when a first-class political crisis arose there. It was an exceptional opportunity for studying the true nature of the Japanese Constitution and the manner in which it behaved during a period of emergency and high popular excitement. I discovered that in practice, the Constitution was as unlike any known forms of Parliamentarism, as in theory Japan's Constitutional Instrument tended to conform to it. The cynical disregard with which Parliament there was put aside and decisions taken by authorities outside the Constitution itself, and the unmistakable acquiescence of the people in these measures showed that the written Constitution of Japan is just a piece of propaganda for the aggressive modernism of Japan, while really she cared little to enforce popular sovereignty which she ought to enjoy according to that law.

The facts which led up to this crisis may be briefly stated. Huge amounts of money were raised to finance the military operations in China and Manchuria by the Government of Japan, acting under the authority conferred on the Executive to enact financial measures by Imperial Ordinance in times of urgent need. This Imperial Ordinance had to be placed before the Diet, of which a special session was summoned to meet on 23rd May.

The Seiyukai party led by Mr. Takeshi Inukai held power, while the Minseito led by Baron Wakatsuki was the official Opposition in the House of Representatives. As the date of the Diet's meeting neared, outstanding public questions began to be agitated in the Press and in public gatherings. There was a feeling in the country that the foreign policy of the Government was not sufficiently firm and well directed, and the cause was attributed not so much to the inefficiency of the particular administration as to the weakness of party government as such. Baron Hiranumi who held a high position in the Military command, was known to have

been of this view, and he enjoyed the support not only of the Army and Navy officers but of a large body of independent publicists who had been attracted by the success of Mussolini and Fascist Italy. The growing popularity of this idea was not a little due to the way that Parliamentary institutions had worked in Japan. Corruption was rampant in elections, and wealthy industrialists had strewn money in purchasing votes. In every constituency, hundreds of petitions had been lodged against the successful candidate impeaching his election. A series of actions in law led to the washing of much dirty linen in public, besides causing loss of prestige to the legislature whose members had such uncertain credentials. Candidates elected as a result of proceedings like these could hardly command public respect; and they made things worse by the grossly indecorous and disorderly way in which they disturbed the proceedings of the House itself. Insults and assaults were common, and grave questions of national concern were considered in an atmosphere of levity, certainly of irresponsibility. The public sentiment had been outraged by exhibitions of this sort, and public confidence in Parliamentary institutions rudely shaken. It was this feeling that the party of Japanese Fascists exploited with disastrous consequences to Parliamentary institutions there.

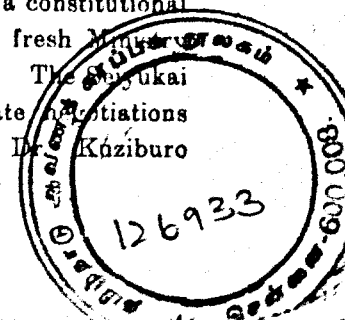
The party leaders fully realised the danger to Parliamentarism. Inukai made a speech on May 9th in which he appealed to the public to support Parliamentarism, and promised to initiate measures to rectify its present evils. Proportional representation was one of the remedies he suggested. Baron Wakatsuki, the leader of the Opposition, in a statement the next day, promised his whole-hearted co-operation to the Prime Minister, and agreed to join forces with him in resisting the common danger of Fascism. The Press which wields such enormous influence in Japan, led by the Asahi and the Mainichi, also ranged itself on the side of the two leaders. It looked for a time as though the Fascists would be vanquished, at any rate in the coming session of the Diet.

The Fascists then struck a decisive blow. Twenty-five junior officers of the Army and the Navy rushed up to the official residence of the aged Prime Minister and assassinated him on the evening of May 15th. Simultaneously, other Cabinet Ministers, banks

and public places in Osaka and Tokyo were also attacked. But the terrorists did not succeed in injuring anybody seriously except the Prime Minister who died the same night. The Ministry resigned the next day, but was directed by the Emperor to continue in office until its successor was nominated.

In so far as the assassination was an indication of the strength of public feeling against the Inukai Ministry, the resignation was perhaps inevitable. But it must be remembered that neither Inukai nor any member of his Cabinet had been accused of corruption or of any offence involving moral turpitude, and that the dissatisfaction was against the political views they held in support of Parliamentarism in Japan. In a Parliamentary State, the only way to test the real feeling in the country would have been to dissolve the lower house and to have a general election. The Seiyukai still remained the majority party in the House; all that had happened was that the chief of the Ministry was dead. Reshuffling of portfolios, even reconstitution of the Ministry, provided it was still Seiyukai, would be understandable. But, why should the Ministry flee the place, when a handful of assassins with whom no one publicly sympathised, did away in a very cowardly manner with the life of the defenceless old Premier who met his end quite heroically? The question, in a Parliamentary State, would not be whether the Ministry forfeited the confidence of the people; it would rather be: Did it lose the confidence of Parliament? If it was suspected that Parliament itself had lost the confidence of the electorate, or if the Ministry wanted fresh authority from the electorate, over the heads of Parliament, a general election was the only constitutional course imaginable. In spite of the way that the articles of the Japanese Constitution are worded to conform to these well-understood principles of Parliamentarism, when the crisis arose, Parliament was wholly ignored in the reconstitution of the Executive.

For a time Japanese Parliamentarians appear to have expected, naturally enough, that the Emperor would act like a constitutional monarch carrying out his duty of appointing a fresh Ministry in conformity with known conventions in this behalf. The Seiyukai party met, and after prolonged and very delicate negotiations among rival candidates for leadership, chose Dr. Koziburo



Suzuki as the chief of the Party in the place of the late Premier. Dr. Suzuki, fully expecting to be summoned to form the Ministry, entered upon the difficult task of choosing his Cabinet, and had almost completed it. But the call never came.

The Japanese Emperor is a difficult institution to understand. According to the terms of the written Constitution, he is a constitutional monarch functioning under forms of Parliamentary government. Law must be sanctioned by him, acting by and with the advice and consent of his Diet. He can, of course, promulgate Ordinances in emergencies as every Executive under all systems of government can, but his Ordinances have to be placed before the next session of Parliament, and if not approved by it, become null. His Ordinances have to be countersigned by a Minister, which shows that the Ordinances are really measures of the Cabinet rather than of the Emperor acting independently of it. It is difficult to see that a system so closely modelled upon principles of Parliamentary government could, in its real intent, have invested the Emperor with powers wholly unknown to those principles. In practice the two chief appointments of that warlike State, the Army Minister and the Navy Minister, do not form part of the responsible Cabinet, and are not political appointments. These are directly responsible to the Emperor. This breach into the theory of Cabinet government has been productive of factors which have very nearly killed the system in Japan. There was an additional cause of no less importance.

At the time when the present Ruling House came into its own in Japan, during the middle of the last century, terminating the Tokugawa Shogunate, a certain number of loyal and patriotic men helped the young Meiji Tenno to acquire and to sustain his authority. These were the Genro, wise and ardent friends of the Royal family, devoted to its service. The Emperor never did a thing of importance without taking their counsel, and has never been known to have rejected it. This body which had no sort of recognition in the Constitution, remained in fact the most effective power in the State. One by one have these aged Genros passed away, and not a place was filled, till at the present moment there is just one surviving Genro, the venerable Prince Saionji. Thrice within the last two years the Emperor has

turned to this Nestor of Japanese politics for advice. When Inukai was killed and a constitutional crisis arose, the Emperor summoned Prince Saionji to counsel him.

No one bothered about what the House of Representatives thought or would like to do. The leadership of the majority party in the House was not a conclusive nor even a sufficient circumstance to entitle Dr. Suzuki to assume the Premiership. He had to convince Prince Saionji that his choice would be in national interests. The Prince did not tender the advice which we should expect in any Parliamentary State, that the majority party's leader should be automatically summoned, or that there should be a dissolution to ascertain the wish of the people. He received rival claimants to Prime Ministership, and interviewed a number of leading publicists. The electorate, the political sovereign, was nowhere in the picture; no attempt was made to ascertain its mind. At the end of ten days or more, Prince Saionji advised the Emperor to summon Admiral Seito, Governor of Manchuria, to be the Prime Minister. And Admiral Seito announced his Cabinet a few days later. He did not lead any party in the House of Representatives where the Seiyukai and the Minseito were still the leading parties.

Commentators of the Japanese Constitution and of its public law freely admit the incongruity of this situation, that a man wholly unknown to the Constitution such as the Genro, should yet possess the decisive voice in Japanese politics, reducing even the Emperor to a mere figurehead. Dr. Inazo Nitobe, a very learned writer on Japanese problems and Honorary Editor of the Osaka Mainichi newspaper, consoles himself that, as the body of Genros is about to become extinct with the death of the old and feeble Prince Saionji, this anomaly would soon be removed. No aspersion is meant to be cast against the soundness of his advice or against his motives in tendering it from time to time. By all accounts the Prince is a very estimable man. The point which interested me rather was that the entire Japanese democracy should be willing to let this old man decide its destinies, wholly without taking it into his confidence by any of the well-known methods of democratic consultation, at a time when everybody admitted, there was a serious financial crisis and a crisis in Japan's tangled foreign policy. It

makes no difference from the point of view of Democracy and Parliamentarism whether it is the Emperor who made this decision, or whether he allowed it to be made for him by his trusted adviser, so long as the democracy or its chosen representatives in the Diet had no voice whatever in the matter.

Again, as regards the advice itself, it struck me that it was a total negation of Parliamentarism, whatever may be its justification from other considerations. The assassins have been vindicated by the supersession of Dr. Suzuki, and in a much more positive way, by the appointment of one of the chief men of the discontented Army and Navy services from which they were drawn. They achieved their purpose of destroying party and parliamentary government and of enthroning a military dictatorship by their well-aimed shots at poor old Inukai. And all this without a reference to the electorate. The Seito Ministry has been able to carry on without a party and without a programme; and no effort was made in Parliament, as far as I know, to express want of confidence in it. It seems that in Japan any Ministry can carry on if it is once placed in power, a condition not wholly unknown in India. In both the countries, this absurd thing becomes possible only because there is a power superior to Parliament. In India, this power acts under colour of law; in Japan, it is a power exercised in spite of the Constitution and tolerated by those whose rights are affected by such exercise.

The conclusion which forced itself upon my mind was that the Japanese people care little for forms of government, so long as they have an efficient, patriotic and progressive administration. The tremendous prestige enjoyed by the Naval and Military services and by the bureaucracy is proof of the indifference of the people to forms of popular liberty. The patient submission of the people to frequent and violent inroads upon the guaranteed liberties of the people, including their right to Parliamentary government in accordance with the terms of the Constitution of 1889, prove what many Japanese writers assert, that the Constitution is a spontaneous grant of the Emperor out of his generosity, and unconnected with any popular clamour or even demand for the recognition of their rights. It looks as though the people never will want these rights. The

Labour Party, whose influence is beginning to be felt, is trying to better this condition of apathy. Communists are rigidly suppressed and the docile public is assured by a solicitous administration that Communism is all wrong. The economic distress which is affecting Japan as much as any other country, is rousing the mind of the average citizen to an appreciation of the fundamental problems of State and Government, but the awakening is slow and imperceptible. So long as the Government is able to ensure economic prosperity, domestic peace, foreign prestige and international recognition as a first-class power, this awakening is bound to be tardy. To those idealists to whom liberty means more than security, Japan must remain an object of sympathy for many, many years.

The Irish Parallel

By "AN INDIAN NATIONALIST"

The recent change of attitude on the part of Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for India, towards the Round Table Conference might come as a surprise to those who are uninstructed either in the history of the last twenty years or in the ways of British statesmen. If only we knew what men like Asquith and Lloyd George, Bonar Law and Churchill did to Ireland during the Great War, there would be little room for surprise or even doubt in the matter. It was only to be expected from the teaching of history that India could fare no better after the War than Ireland during a period of national crisis. And too, India is an Oriental country while Ireland is peopled by a nation much nearer to the English people in life, manners and religion. Ireland is a country brought under British domination for about eight centuries and deprived of its identity for over a century. India's subjection is not much over a hundred years.

Certain outstanding events that had happened prior to the Great War and during it, may be profitably recalled at this stage, in order to show the close parallel that exists between the policy pursued in Ireland then and the policy now being pursued here. One witnesses the same prevarication, the same dubiety of aim and purpose, the same dilatoriness of procedure and finally, the same opportunism ending in what amounts to a breach of faith. An Irish Home Rule Bill was projected in 1912, and Ireland was confronted with the same problem of stages that faces India today. Only, with Ireland, the deductions that were intended related to a dismemberment from the outset. Here in India, we have started with a much-advertised unity of the country through a Federation and are perilously near a dismemberment through its failure. Again in Ireland, at first there was no thought of any deduction of power through reservations or safeguards, which however cropped up suddenly towards the end of their 'Convention,' while here we have started with safeguards and seem likely to end only with them.

In both countries, as we shall see presently, there have been assiduous endeavours to deduct both territory and power from the Nation to which ostensibly the transference of all authority is contemplated and even advertised.

Let us take a few details into consideration. We have already stated that a Home Rule Bill was contemplated in 1912 by Mr. Asquith's Government. Its details were kept a close secret. It was only in 1914 that matters were pressed to an issue. Mr. Asquith promised that his Bill of 1912 would be incomplete without an Amending Bill and would be made operative only when the latter was passed. The fact was that, while the partition of Ireland had been decided upon and was made further inevitable by the minatory conduct of Sir Edward Carson and his followers, the Liberal Government had not the courage to own it up. Their talk of two Bills was certainly dishonest as later events would show. It was to draft the Amending Bill that a small committee was appointed. The object of the Amending Bill was really to make the exclusion of Ulster temporary and limited to the period of the War. Accordingly, heads of agreement were drawn up between the Redmondites and the Government of the day. But when it came to a question of publication of these 'heads of agreement,' it was found that there was a total variation from the original. Mr. Redmond, the Moderate leader, loudly protested, but in vain. He was challenged to produce the original by his friends and opponents alike. He would not. Government were challenged to do likewise. They would not. The former would not produce the original, apparently because it contained a clause that the existing Irish members of Parliament should continue to hold their stipendiary positions at Westminster and yet hold office, virtually as ex-officio members of the new Parliament at Dublin. The bargain was nothing creditable to Mr. Redmond or to the nascent nationalism of Ireland. And it was only when Government went back even upon this, that it provoked Mr. Redmond and his men to expose the Government. On the Government side they would not publish the original 'heads of agreement' because their version was substantially different from the original,

as can be seen from the few specimens indicated briefly as follows :

Mr. Redmond gave Ireland to understand that the Home Rule Act was to come into immediate operation.

According to Mr. Redmond, an Amending Bill was to be introduced as a strictly War Emergency Act, to cover only the period of the War, and a short specified interval after it. During this War Emergency period the six Ulster counties to be left as at present under the Imperial Government.

The actual text said : " The Government of Ireland Act, 1914, to be brought into operation as soon as possible after the passing of the Bill, subject to the modifications necessitated by their instructions."

According to the actual text, the said Act was "not to apply to the Excluded Area, which is to consist of the six counties of Antrim . . ., including the Parliamentary Boroughs, Belfast, Londonderry and Newry." As regarded the Excluded Area, "the Executive power of His Majesty to be administered by a Secretary of State through such offices and Departments as may be directed by order of His Majesty in Council, those offices and Departments not to be in any way responsible to the Irish Government."

This virtually closes one chapter of the Irish struggle. The jugglery now being practised by Sir Samuel Hoare about a 'single Bill' may be compared with the jugglery practised by Mr. Asquith and Lord Londonderry. In Ireland it was an Amending Bill to be simultaneous with the original Bill. But there was no doubt left in the minds of anybody that the Amending Bill was all important as it made the exclusion of Ulster permanent. With us, it is a 'single Bill,' but everybody knows that it is Provincial Autonomy that counts and Federation is made remote, i.e., exclusion of the 670 Ulsters of India is made more or less permanent.

Irish affairs took a new turn with the ebb in the fortunes of England in the Great War. In 1916 and 1917, an earnest attempt was made to secure the participation of the U. S. A. on the side of the Allies, and it was well-known how intense were the American sympathies with Irish aspirations. Lloyd George, who took charge of the Irish Question on the eve of the crisis, therefore thought it necessary to placate President Wilson and organised a show of settle-

ment with Ireland. From this moment forward the analogy between the policy in Ireland and the policy in India becomes markedly identical. A Convention, called "a convention of Irishmen of all creeds and parties" was summoned to draft a "Constitution for the better Government of Ireland within the Empire" and the Prime Minister pledged the Government to carry into law any proposals of the 'Convention' which might secure '*the substantial agreement*' of its members.

Compare with this the objects of the London Conference—as the Indian Round Table, so called, has all along been termed in official language—as defined by Lord Irwin on several occasions. Lord Irwin stated, in announcing the Conference at first, then on July 9th 1930 in addressing the Central Legislature in India, and in between, in answering a Muslim deputation, that "the object of the London Conference was to explore the largest measure of unity between the various parties and sections in India, for proposals which it later would be the duty of the Cabinet to place before Parliament."

From the wording quoted above relating to the terms of reference, one hopes that Ireland might have fared better, for, in reference to India it leaves no doubt that the largest measure of unity is to be explored not as the *basis of* but merely *for* the Cabinet proposals. If the Government were honest, they could readily have said, "the greatest measure of unity, *in accordance with* which the Cabinet would later lay proposals." But no such thing was said or meant. With Ireland, however, the language is more definite, but as we shall see later, the words '*substantial agreement*' were given a perverse and impossible meaning, when it was decided to break up the Convention.

So far we have dealt with the terms of reference of the Irish Convention of 1917 and the Indian R. T. C. of 1930-32. Let us study the composition of these bodies. In Ireland as in India, the Convention was a large body composed of a hundred members. In India the first R. T. C. was composed of 92 and the second of 103 members. But more than the numbers, the personnel arrests attention. In Ireland there was to be a substratum of Presidents of Corporations and Mayors of Councils, a middle layer of the elderly

Bishops and clergymen, and an upper stratum of the representatives of the three parties from among the Irish members of Parliament; to which should be added certain nominees of the Government and a few representatives of Labour. Mr. Redmond's sympathies were easily secured, because the local bodies were chiefly peopled by men who were allied to the Hibernians of Redmond. In India, the composition of the two Conferences is too well known. In Ireland, Mr. William O'Brien implored that a Conference should not be an unwieldy body but should be limited to a dozen representatives of different parties, and also advised that the growing party of *Sinn Feiners* should be given a share in the representation. Government said that they would have to 'fight' the *Sinn Feiners* and carried on with the 100 Convention. Here in India, we know how the Government fought the Congress in the first Conference and stabbed the Conference since.

In Ireland, no secret was made of the fact that Lloyd George's proposals constituted a war measure and not an Irish measure. His whole object was to keep up a show until the American army was well on its way to the battle-fields in France. And when once that was secured, the assembly of talkers was bundled out of notice. The Convention had a miscarriage after eight months of gestation. By the fifth month it became lifeless. As the American sympathies were being won, the Irish Convention which had been talking all the while with determination not to come to grips with any serious business, was put out of action. A sub-committee was appointed in place of the larger Convention consisting of nine members, and in addition two or three roving committees were appointed to investigate the land purchase question, and the Irish mines and minerals question. Compare the Consultative Committee appointed in India and the three roving committees, namely the Franchise Committee, the Federal Finance Committee and the States Relations Committee, presided over by 'junior politicians,' as Churchill would say, such as Lothian, Percy and Davidson. As the Consultative Committee in India is virtually stabbed, so was the sub-committee in Ireland put out of action, and the similarity of treatment meted out to the two bodies at this stage is even more complete than that in the previous stages. In either case, to anticipate the fate of the

'Convention' or the 'Conference' and to predict that they were only meant to expose the failure of Indians or Irishmen to come to an agreement among themselves, would have looked undoubtedly cynical, had it not been for the confirmation of such predictions by the later experiences in both cases. In Ireland, Mr. Redmond and his fellow Hibernians started with the utmost faith, in the midst of ridicule and opposition by the younger generation, and doubts of the "All for the Irelanders." In India, the members of the Round Table Conference braved it all and made a pilgrimage to see it through in the midst of thousands of countrymen in prison. When the purpose for which the Irish Convention was convened fulfilled itself and Dr. Wilson joined the War, the Liberal Government under the presidentship of Lloyd George flung two lances at the Irish Convention and put an end to it. The first was a peculiar meaning given to the expression '*substantial agreement*.' For the first time, it was explained that '*substantial agreement*' meant and included the agreement of the Ulster representatives in the Convention with the rest. The case of Ireland was prejudged. She was not treated as a single country whose dismemberment was to be arrived at by a substantial agreement in favour of it, but as an already dismembered nationality whose union or reunion was to be contingent upon the consent of a section avowedly hostile to it. It was thus that the apprehensions of partition entertained from the very outset were fully realised through the disingenuous interpretation of two plain English words by the Cabinet.

But even a more dishonest attitude was taken by Bonar Law when he for the first time intimated towards the fag-end of the sittings of the Convention that, "in any case, Excise and Customs" were to be reserved in the hands of the English Government. There had been no such talk of reservations at any previous stage. Customs represented £2,000,000 while Excise answered for £14,000,000. In the end, the English Cabinet was prepared to abate its demand of Excise but Customs was enough to break the back of the Convention. It is easy now at this distance of time to see why Customs was sought to be reserved. It nearly represented the land annuities which are now the bone of contention between Mr. Thomas and Mr. de Valera. If the Customs had

been reserved, there would have been no such contention now. For one reason or another and still another, the Irish Convention came to an end when Mr. Redmond saw the folly of ever having joined it and withdrew.

In India, we have fared no better. The first Round Table Conference was brought to an end almost with the determination that the Congress should be brought in. The Indian *Sinn Feiners* were no longer to be 'fought.' The story of the Peace Pact and Gandhi's participation in the Round Table Conference is fresh in the memory of the public. He did not mince matters but demanded a complete transference of power and possession, with certain limited rights and privileges to those hitherto in power. This was unpalatable to the British. The very idea of 'agreed decisions' between Indians and the British was anathema, and a third Round Table Conference would only mean respecting such agreed decisions, however attenuated they may be. Accordingly the Conference was unceremoniously scrapped. And here we stand at a point at which Ireland stood before the 'Black and Tan' days. In Ireland they acted for over a year and a half before peace was in sight and the rebel leader de Valera was invited by Lloyd George. Here is a lesson and a warning to the Moderates. Let them not dismiss the issue with the fond thought that in Ireland it was violence that forced the pace. Non-violent Non-co-operation was carried on successfully in India for over eleven months in 1930-31 and may *perhaps be again operative much longer now*, before an honourable peace can be achieved.

Our Forum

MODERN MARATHI POETRY

To the Editor, 'TRIVENI.'

SIR,

Prof. Patwardhan's article which was published in *Triveni* of July-August 1931 is likely to mislead the non-Marathi readers of the Journal and make them draw wrong conclusions about the development of modern Marathi poetry during the last decade. As an advertisement of the 'Ravi-Kiran Mandal,' of which Prof. Patwardhan is one of the foundation members, the article is excellent and can hardly be improved upon! Non-Marathi readers of *Triveni* hardly know the open secret that the poet 'Madhav Julian' whom Prof. Patwardhan has extolled to the skies in his article, is none other than Prof. Patwardhan himself. How "his very name is suggestive of his eccentricity, of his strong love of Hinduism coupled with a strange fascination for Western civilization" is not plain to the reader. For though 'Julian' may indicate a fascination for Western civilization, there is nothing in the name which would suggest his strong love for Hinduism.

The 'Ravi-Kiran Mandal' has certainly contributed its quota towards the development of modern Marathi poetry during the last decade, but Madhav Julian's share in the same is not as great as Prof. Patwardhan would wish the readers of *Triveni* to believe. Madhav Julian's poetry is of a hybrid Sanskrit-Persian type with the best elements of both the cultures sadly absent. His poems are mostly love-poems and the sentiments expressed are often morbid. Sensual love has its place in poetry if it is based on morality and has a religious and cultural backing. A passionate love-poem may appeal to the young but the adoration of sensual love not fructifying in marriage is morbid and would hardly adorn poetry in any language. Poems treating of pure and divine love, with the element of sensuality absent in them, can develop Modern poetry in the right direction. Morbid love-poems merely retard the development of modern poetry.

The only great poet of the 'Ravi-Kiran Mandal' is 'Yeshvant' and not Madhav Julian. He is certainly the rising star of the present day. His songs are deeply passionate and his voice is very melodious and enchanting. The audience is spell-bound whenever he gives a recitation of his songs, as most of his popular songs have a touch of tragedy in them, and it is a well-known fact that "our sweetest songs are those that tell of

saddest thought." But his education is limited and consequently his outlook is narrow. There is no philosophy behind his writings and there are already evident signs that he will have to yield his throne to Prof. Mydev in the near future, as Mr. Tekade had to yield to him sometime before. For no poet can ever expect to make a permanent landmark in poetry, if he has to depend largely on his singing faculties and his melodious voice for his popularity as a great poet. The voice is sure to become less melodious with age and a better singer is sure to be born in the world, and the memory of people is weak.

Messrs. Girish, Ghate and Madkholkar—all three members of the 'Ravi-Kiran Mandal'—are poetic stars of the second magnitude or probably even of a lower degree in the poetic horizon. But Prof. Patwardhan is partial towards the first two because they do not reside at a great distance from Kolhapur as Mr. Madkholkar does. Distance may add a charm of its own in Nature to the landscape in perspective, but it certainly diminishes affection in the practical world of men. For Prof. Patwardhan dismisses Mr. Madkholkar with a mere 'poetic output,' while a prosaic and puerile attempt of Mr. Shridhar Ranade—another member of the 'Ravi-Kiran Mandal' not much known as a poet to the public—is described as 'a singularly remarkable poem.' If Mr. Madkholkar cannot stand any comparison with Mr. Ranade, much less has he any chance of stepping into the charmed circle of Prof. Patwardhan's favourites—Messrs. Girish and Ghate.

The other poets who unfortunately do not belong to that poetic sanctuary, deserve certainly no mention in Prof. Patwardhan's article. The reason, in Prof. Patwardhan's words, is self-evident, and is quoted here in full for the enlightenment of the readers. "During these three or four eventful years, those poets whose poems had been appearing in the foremost popular monthly, the *Manoranjan*, and who therefore thought themselves to be in the front rank, were gradually receding into the background." What an audacity for them to suppose that they were in the front rank of poets because their poems appeared 'in the foremost monthly' and are appearing even today! Prof. Patwardhan has rightly punished them for their presumption by making no mention of their names in his article. They are certainly doomed to oblivion. Mr. N. S. Rahalkar of Indore, Mr. Gadre (Kavya-Vihari) Mr. Barve (Ananda), Mr. Shinde (Aravinda), and Mr. Dattatraya Bhimaji Randive and the writer of this article belong to this group. They are certainly greater poets than the members of the 'Ravi-Kiran Mandal' though Prof. Patwardhan would condemn them to oblivion. The writer of this article published his first volume of poems known as the 'Necklace of Pearls.' The poems are prescribed for study both for the Intermediate and the M. A. examinations of the Nagpur University. His book of songs for

children is running into the third edition at present, but Prof. Patwardhan would doom him to oblivion because his poems appeared and still appear in the 'foremost popular monthly—the *Manoranjan*' in a prominent place, often on the front page. Other poets of this *Manoranjan* group would similarly be able to speak about themselves. One of the *Manoranjan* poets

Keshav Kumar', an exceedingly clever man, hit upon the idea of punishing the members of the 'Ravi-Kiran Mandal' by holding them up to ridicule. Keshav Kumar' certainly deserves praise for administering a dose of ridicule against the disease commonly known as 'vanity' and which has certainly affected some members of the 'Ravi-Kiran Mandal', if not all.

Prof. Patwardhan also makes not the slightest mention of the two great patriotic poets of Maharashtra—one living and the other recently dead. Barrister Vinayakarao Savarkar has enriched modern Marathi poetry by his ballads and songs. 'Gomantaka' is a long poem composed by Barrister Savarkar in the Andamans and memorized by him during his long period of transportation as he had no paper and pencil to write it out in the period of his imprisonment. On release, he reproduced it from memory and published it in book form. The publishing of this romantic and exquisite poem with its equally romantic history of production is an unparalleled event in the history of modern Marathi Literature, and no honest and impartial chronicler of the development of modern Marathi poetry can forget to mention this event without a sense of joy and pride. The other great patriotic poet whom Prof. Patwardhan did not even allude to in his article is the great poet 'Govinda' Darekar of Nasik. The production of his melodious, beautiful and patriotic songs in book form is an important landmark in the history of modern Marathi poetry in the last decade. His great soul was imprisoned in a crippled body and always longed for liberty and action. Though his body was crippled his free spirit soared high in the pure regions of love and sacrifice along with his friends. Prof. Patwardhan may forget him, and other lovers of morbid sensuous poetry may not assign any place to him in the history of modern Marathi poetry; but a handful of such men do not constitute Maharashtra.

Prof. Patwardhan is equally unfair to the Marathi poets residing in the Central Provinces and Berar. Poona and the neighbourhood of Poona, nor the boundaries of Bombay Presidency, can define and enclose the great Maharashtra. Half the Marathi-speaking population of India lives outside the man-made artificial geographical limits of Bombay Presidency. Nearly 50 lakhs of Marathas live in the Central Provinces and Berar, and an equal number lives in the Nizam's Dominions and other Central India States. In fact Berar was the first home of Marathi and it was from there that it spread to the South, West and East. Mr. Jayakrishna Upadhye of Nagpur ought to be mentioned with 'Keshav Kumar' as a good

parody writer. Kavibhushan Anna Saheb Khaparde of Amraoti and now a professor of Marathi in the Benares Hindu University, is certainly as great a poet if not greater than either Mr. Girish or Mr. Ghate. The Deshpandes of Berar, Messrs. A. R. Deshpande (Anil) P. Y. Deshpande, G. H. Deshpande and Mrs. Vimalabai Deshpande M. A., the talented wife of Mr. P. Y. Deshpande, have certainly contributed to the development of modern Marathi poetry to a far greater extent than Mr. Nishigandha of Nasik during the last decade, and along with Mr. Y. M. Pathak must be mentioned the names of the rising poets of Nagpur—Prof. Kolte of Amraoti college, Mr. Shahane of the Servants of India Society (Hemant) and the two Pandit cousins V. N. and B. S. respectively. Almost all the C. P. and Berar poets mentioned above are double graduates with a genuine love for Art in general and Poetry in particular.

This letter does not claim to give a history of the development of modern Marathi poetry during the last decade. It is written with the specific intention of removing the misunderstanding of non-Marathi-knowing readers of *Triveni* due to Prof. Patwardhan's article which is in the nature of a garbled yet dignified advertisement of himself and the 'Ravi-Kiran Mandal' of Poona, and so the readers are requested to treat this letter as a supplement to Prof. Patwardhan's article. The two together will give the readers a correct perspective of modern Marathi poetry during the last decade.

The Patwardhan }
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Recent Kannada Literature

By A. N. V.

Not unlike the other sister vernaculars of India, a conspicuous feature of the new movement in Kannada is the influence of English literature. This is seen clearly in prose as in poetry, in the creative aspect as in the critical. In fact, critical literature is something new to the language.

The new era began with the novels of the late Mr. B. Venkatachar. His novels are with the Kannada reading public what the paintings of Ravi Varma are with the lovers of the pictorial art in South India. The writings of Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar so much impressed him that he learnt Bengali to study them in the original. With a knowledge of the language thus obtained, he studied the novels of Babu Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, the charm of which compelled him to render most of them into Kannada. The subject matter mostly pertains to Indian history of the Moghul and later periods, and the novels are reminiscent of the historical novels of Walter Scott. Mr. Venkatachar has a flowery style and his novels abound in lengthy descriptions, often running into three pages. He has a mannerism of addressing the reader at the beginning or after each description, or even in the middle sometimes, and at the psychological point. This produces a feeling as if the author is personally narrating the story and draws his chair nearer. The tendency to translate from Bengali is found in another Kannada novelist, Mr. C. Vasudevaiah. His themes pertain to the lives of Puranic and historical heroes and the style is simple and chaste. Marathi also has acted as a means for the introduction of the novel into Kannada. The Marathi novels of the late Mr. Apte and a few others have been done into Kannada by Mr. Galaganath of Dharwar. The only exception is his 'Madhava Karana Vilasa.' The raw material of his novels is taken from Mahratta and Karnataka history. In contrast to the flowery smoothness of Mr. Venkatachar, his diction has a certain vigour. Besides, we meet

with certain Marathi and other expressions which are common to the northern dialect known as 'Dharwar Kannada.' Domestic life with homely expressions is seen in the novels of the late Mr. M. S. Puttanna. He portrays the middle-class life of Mysore; his diction runs smooth and has all the characteristic features of the Mysore dialect. Of late the popularity of the novel has waned, giving place to the short story.

The history of the short story in Kannada is different from that of the novel. It did not begin with translations. It might even be said that Kannada was in advance of the other vernaculars in introducing the short story into its literature. Though Mr. Masthi Venkatesa Iyengar is the pioneer in the field, the short story has come to be what it is through the efforts of 'Prabuddha Karnataka' a high-class literary quarterly edited by Mr. A. R. Krishna Sastry. Under the pseudonym 'Sreenivasa,' Mr. Masthi has published three volumes of short stories. They are very popular, being full of humour and pathos. Unlike many of the beginners who rarely go out of a limited sphere, his raw material is taken from various sources and affords plenty of variety. He is not only the pioneer but the most prolific producer in the field. Short stories dealing with rural life and depicting the inherent unsophisticated culture of village-folk are a speciality with Mr. C. K. Venkatramaiah. He raises a voice of protest on behalf of the 'rustic' who is much despised by his brother of the town. The expressions used are very homely and there is a pristine humour which is in harmony with the subject matter. Mr. A. Seetharam writing under the pen-name 'Ananda' is a master-painter of connubial life with all its 'romance.' Some of his stories show a clear insight into the workings of an artist's mind. To give accurate descriptions of his 'settings' is a noteworthy feature in him. Another type may be seen in the stories of 'Sreepathi,' as Mr. A. R. Krishna Sastry chooses to call himself. A peculiarity of his stories is the abundance of practical humour and worldly wisdom. His subject matter refers to occurrences in middle-class Brahmin life and reveals a great capacity for observation of details. For instance, he can give you the correct number of lozenges available in a country shop and its ratio to the number of children in the village. To preach

social reform through short stories seems to be the aim of Mr. A. N. Krishna Rao who has painted the horrors of social evils in Hindu society. Besides these there are many others who write quite well. In fact, Kannada is now experiencing a wave of short stories, and there is a monthly specially devoted to short stories called 'Kathanjali.'

The essay is a form which may be said to be a neglected one in Kannada. There is almost none who has tried it. Mr. V. Seetaramaiah's 'Mysore Turban' shows that he has a talent for it which is very promising. Similarly the 'Rural Sketches' of Mr. Gorur Ramaswami Iyengar. Though they do not strictly conform to the definition of the literary essay, they show that the author has a capacity for writing on light and varied topics like R. L. Stevenson writing on the 'Lap Dog', or Hazlitt 'On Hats.' The rural sketches of Mr. Iyengar show that there are many things in life to enjoy by looking at, if only we keep our eyes open. Both Mr. V. Seetaramaiah and Mr. Iyengar can attempt and give us a series of essays on different subjects with touches of humour and satire. They are sure to form enjoyable reading and give 'mild doses' to some common human frailties.

Produced in as great an abundance as the short story, if not more, is poetry. Mr. B. M. Srikantia may be called the father of modern Kannada poetry. He is a rebel who is out to break many an age-long convention in poetry and literary traditions, of which his 'Aswathaman' is the greatest proof. He is responsible for many a new note in prosody and is a master in the art of adapting Kannada metre to translations of English verse, as is revealed by a study of his 'English Geethagalu.' For England and her poetry he has great admiration. A true disciple of this master is Mr. K. V. Puttappa. He is the most prolific producer in the field, and poetry seems to come quite spontaneously to him. His translation of Brownings's 'Pied Piper of Hamelin' brought him into the lime-light and he has maintained a high standard ever since. Another poet of rare capacities is Mr. D. V. Gundappa. He wields with equal ease both the old and new metres. His 'Nivedana' is a snapshot album in verse of 'the beauty spots' in Mysore. He is the only one among his fraternity to make use of 'Seesapadya' a metrical form very common in

Telugu and well-tuned for music. Mr. Masthi who has explored every field, probably except the novel, has given us three volumes of poems. His themes are varied, from philosophy to child poems, and the metre is accordingly varied from sonnets to blank-verse. Like those of Mr. D. V. G., his poems are tuned for music. The most recent publication is from the pen of Mr. V. Seetharamiah who assumes the pseudonym, 'V. C.' He is a musician among poets, and some of his poems are on music itself and well-adapted for singing. Some of them are full of a strong sentiment and some others show that he is very susceptible to artistic influences. The poem entitled 'Sidhartha's Renunciation' written on seeing the 'bas relief' of the same name by Mr. K. Venkatappa, a great artist of modern India, is an instance of this. Among poets of South Kanara, Mr. Govinda Pai of Manjeswar and Mr. Sankara Bhattah Kadengodlu stand out prominent. The former has contributed a number of good compositions in verse on various subjects to several magazines and is a well-read linguistic scholar. Also he has rendered into Kannada a few selections from 'Omar Khayam.' The latter is endowed with a rich imagination and is full of promise. If we go to the other side of the Tungabhadra, Mr. Dattatreya Bendre is very prominent. He is the chief of a fraternity of young men called 'Galeyara Gumpu' (friends' group) silently working for the cause of Kannada. He feels strongly and writes with power. It may be said that his poems stand on a level with the best modern poetry of the West. The degraded condition of Mother India and the woes of the wretched have very much moved him and are reflected in his poetry. Some of his poems breathe the Soviet spirit. The other members of 'Galeyara Gumpu' are a band of ardent workers who have produced excellent verse. Similar to this, is another band of graduate and undergraduate poets in the Mysore Maharaja's College. They have given us two volumes of poems, the contents of which prophesy a bright future. Besides these there are many others who are experimenting with the new prosody.

The new spirit has extended to drama also. Broadly, dramas may be divided into three classes: social, historical and Puranic. Among those who write dramas of the first kind, Mr. T. P. Kailasam

is the most powerful and prolific. His analysis of intricate social problems is very clear. As is the modern tendency in the West, he puts the problem before you to solve for yourself. He has no message to give. He only shows you what is wrong and where. The satirical hits in his writings are very pungent though sugar-coated with humour. Spoken language is introduced 'cent per cent' into his dramas. Though not universally popular, this is a powerful vehicle. Hollowness of mere academic distinction, evils of priest-ridden society, and the disharmony between the daughter-in-law and mother-in-law are some of his favourite themes. Another evil of our society is the indignities to which the parents of daughters are subjected. This is very successfully satirised in Mr. Masthi's recent play 'Manjula.' The method adopted is different from that of Mr. Kailasam. There is a '*deus ex machina*' which solves the problem instead of allowing the audience to think. Similarly Mr. C. K. Venkatramiah's 'Nammamasaja.' The play depicts the unhappy consequences of blindly adopting Western manners. It deals with 'the clash of cultures' and the author has suggested a way out of the difficulty by portraying how a sympathetic understanding of both the East and the West will contribute to a happy blending of the best in both. The horrors of untouchability and the tyranny of the upper classes are treated of in Mr. K. V. Puttappa's 'Jalagara' where God Shiva is represented as the scavenger of the universe. In a pilgrim centre where scavengers are kept out, Shiva appears as one of them and removes the veil of ignorance from the high-caste priests. The perverted philosophy that has made us a lethargic people and our holy places unholy, has been dealt a severe blow by Mr. M. R. Sreenivasamoorthy in his 'Nagarika.' This is a blank-verse play with plenty of old Kannada words which lend a dignity to the diction. Mr. Moorthy has preached through his hero the modern doctrine: 'Work is Worship.' There is none who has specialised in historical dramas though several playwrights have worked on themes from both Indian and European History. Both Mr. Gundappa and Mr. Masthi have written about the fall of Vijayanagar. While the former has chosen the cultural decline of Vijayanagar, the latter has written about the political decline due to the internal feuds and communal animosity. The political dis-

putes of eighteenth-century Mysore is the subject-matter of a drama called 'Vigada Vikrama Raya' by 'Samsa.' The play is in old Kannada prose. The Sophoclean tragedy 'Ajax' has been adapted into Kannada by Mr. B. M. Srikantia. The author has adapted an episode from Bharata to suit the translation. The hero, Aswathaman, who is a bachelor in the original, has got a son in the drama, and a 'Chiranjeevi' is made to commit suicide. This has given rise to a lot of controversy. The play is in old Kannada blank-verse, and the construction is after the Greek model with its chorus and other features. It is a wonderful piece of translation and marks an important phase in the history of our literature. Mr. V. Sitaramaiah has rendered into simple spoken Kannada prose 'Sohrab and Rustum' with some variations from Matthew Arnold and the Persian original. The change gives an enhanced æsthetic effect to the play. The appearance of the parents on the last scene to see their son die produces a wonderful effect. Especially the philosophic calmness with which the young warrior embraces death. The last days in prison and death of Socrates is the theme of Mr. S. G. Sastri's prose-play entitled 'The Death of Socrates.' There are a number of stage directions and the final scene is particularly free from emotional language, generally employed in such scenes to give a melodramatic effect. This is in harmony with the calm and philosophic boldness with which the hero meets his death. The latest publication in the field is Mr. Devudu Narasimha Sastri's translation of John Masefield's 'Trial of Jesus.' It will appeal very much to modern readers since the hero of the play is the prototype of the hero of modern India, Mahatma Gandhi. The construction of the play is somewhat after the Greek model and the subject-matter is the last chapter of the life of Jesus Christ. No doubt, Puranic dramas are stale enough on the South Indian stage. But they need not prevent new ones coming up. There are many Puranic characters misrepresented and situations mishandled. To remedy this, is the purpose of the new playwrights who borrow their raw material from the Puranas. They give a new interpretation to the old story. For instance, Urmila is an obscure character in Valmiki's *Ramayana*. But all the same her character is very wonderful. Unlike

Sita who was so anxious to follow her husband in his forest travels, she tolerated separation from her lord for fourteen years. During this long period she lives a hermit's life and feels her oneness with even the animals of the hermitage. All these are so nicely brought out in 'Tapasvini,' a small play by Srimathi Bharati. Similarly the heroine of Mr. C. K. Venkataramaiah's 'Mandodari.' She is a true wife, a sympathetic woman, a benevolent queen and a tactful lady. Though she knew her husband had deviated from the path of righteousness, she does not behave like Vibhishana who reproached the brother only to join the enemy. She tries to convince her husband of his weakness. Even he, Ravana, knows that he is pursuing the wrong path, but is overcome by the Destiny of the tragic hero. Mandodari feels this when she expresses that there is no sin that is not absolved by repentance. Unity of time has been carefully kept up in this play and each character speaks in a manner that is becoming of his or her station in life. The several characters are true to life, and hence the greater appeal. Similarly, the two plays 'Usha' and 'Shantha' of Mr. Masthi, reveal a capacity for handling the love element with delicacy. In the former play, a love-lorn princess is compelled by her father to marry one whom she does not love, and she refuses to obey the father, having clandestinely married the lord of her heart. The restraint exercised in handling such themes is very appropriate. In 'Shantha' the princess of Kerala goes with her retinue to tempt a sage in penance and bring him to give relief to the famine-stricken kingdom. The conversations of the princess with the ascetic who has never seen the face of a woman and her 'silly little jokes' lend a peculiar grace to the play. These are missed when handled carelessly. A discriminate introduction of music is another special feature of these playlets.

Critical literature is slowly developing and Mr. Masthi Venkatesa Iyengar has contributed three volumes of essays of the type of Matthew Arnold's. Some of them deal with the philosophy of literature and others are a kind of review of a few masterpieces of the world's literature. Mr. D. V. Gundappa has published an essay on 'Science and Literature.' The Central College Karnataka Sangha has published a supplement to its journal called 'Muddana

Sanchike.' The volume consists of a number of scholarly articles on the life and works of Muddana, a poet of modern Karnataka, and is a valuable contribution to Kannada critical literature. Similarly, the 'Ranna Kavi Prashasthi' of the Mysore University Union. It has a number of articles by scholars of repute on the life and works of Ranna, a poet of the tenth century. Besides these, a number of good books on the history of literature and allied subjects have come out. Mr. M. R. Srinivasamurti's 'Bhakthi Bhandari Basaveswararu' and Mr. D. V. G's articles on 'Vidyaranya and his Contemporaries' are worthy publications. So also the 'Lives of the Poets' by Mr. R. Narasimhachar and Dr. A. Venkatasubbayya's articles thereon. Mr. Govinda Pai of Manjeswar is another eminent scholar of philology who has written on subjects like the occurrence of Kannada words in Greek dramas. A unique publication which aids to a sympathetic understanding of the historical and literary culture of Karnataka is Mr. Venkoba Rao's 'Mysoroo Desada Vasthusilpa,' dealing with the architectural antiquities of Mysore.

It may not be out of place here to deal with journalism. Due to want of facilities for communication, and the Kannada country being split up into different political units, Karnataka cannot boast of a 'daily' worth the name. But special magazines devoted to particular topics is a feature in Kannada journalism. There are a number of 'weeklies' published from different centres among which mention may be made of 'Viswakarnataka' of Bangalore. Though of recent origin, it has given a lead and come to stay. Among monthly magazines 'Jayakarnataka' of Dharwar is the 'Modern Review' of Kannada and is very popular. Another popular monthly is the 'Rangabhumi' published by the Bangalore Amateur Dramatic Association and devoted to topics concerning drama and the stage. 'Makkala Pusthaka,' a children's magazine run on the lines of Arthur Mee's English magazine, is a praiseworthy enterprise. The wave of short stories has given rise to a monthly devoted to short stories, 'Kathanjali.' Mr. M. Rama Rao, who has been silently working for over a decade, has the credit of having published the largest number of books, and he also runs a magazine called 'Subhode' dealing with moral and religious topics. Srimathi Kalyanamma of Sarada

Stri Samaja edits a ladies' magazine called 'Saraswathi.' Pundit Taranath of Tungabhadra is the Editor of a high-class monthly, 'Prema,' dealing mainly with topics of social and religious reform. A kind of miniature 'Jayakarnataka' is the 'Vasantha,' a monthly magazine from Mangalore. 'Prabuddha Karnataka,' edited by Mr. A. R. Krishna Sastri and published by the Central College Karnataka Sangha, is a high-class quarterly devoted to literary topics. The new spirit in Kannada is very much due to its influence and 'Prabuddha Karnataka' will occupy a prominent place when the history of Kannada literature comes to be written. Besides these, there are many others suffering for want of patronage. Anyhow the want of a powerful, widely circulated 'daily' is a great desideratum in the cultural life of Karnataka.

Contact with the West has thus given a new orientation to Kannada and whipped into action those who were in slumber. But a regrettable feature of the Renaissance in Karnataka is the prejudice it has been creating towards everything old, in literature and life.

Fresco-Painting in 'Sivatatva-Ratnakara'

By C. SIVARAMA MURTHY, B.A., (HONS)

It has ever been the desire of man to express his feelings and emotions to people about him in glorious verse or eloquent speech. An attempt at a subtler mode of conveying the same ideas resulted in the birth of the art of dance and gesture. An apparently mute but really eloquent way of expressing the same emotional moods is to be found in the art of portraiture or painting, and sculpture. There has never been a time, since the origin of man, when art was totally unknown to him. In India, painting and music have been given the seats of honour in the assembly of Arts and Sciences. The subject of this essay is 'Painting' and since it is too wide to be covered in such a short compass, it is here proposed to deal with the theory of fresco-painting as laid down by Basappa Naik in his 'Sivatatvaratnakara,' a book brought to my notice by my friend Mr. V. Raghavan, some eighteen months ago.

India can boast of great princes quite profound in various branches of learning, and one such was a Kannada prince of the Keldi dynasty named Basappa Naik, a follower of the 'Virasaiva' faith. He lived about the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries and wrote a great encyclopædia in Sanskrit called 'Sivatatvaratnakara.' Though not an elaborate treatise on the theory of Painting, the small chapter devoted to the subject serves as a very clear introduction to bigger volumes in Sanskrit. It is no doubt a later-day work but that does not diminish its importance. After dealing with the principles of architecture, the author introduces to us the art of fresco-painting as a method of adorning the beautiful walls of well-built mansions.

The chapter opens with a graphic and attractive description of a typical dancing hall (a theatre) illuminated with brilliant lights and supported by pillars of gold, sandalwood, gems and coral, with its glassy floor vying with the crystal walls that mirror the

objects brought within their range. It is the painting of such walls that enhances their innate beauty and produces joy in the spectator, and it is here that the art of painting is discussed as a necessary element in beautifying the theatre.

Competence to carry on this noble work is the next subject of consideration and the artist's qualifications are stated. Such wise and eminent men as are masters of form and line, experienced in colour-blending and capable of depicting the truth of emotions should be engaged.

To begin with, the wall must be neatly white being completely plastered with *chunam*. Care must be taken to avoid scratches, and the surface must be perfectly smooth. Then must be prepared the *vajralepa*. This is prepared by boiling a new buffalo-skin in water till it becomes a greasy paste, soft as butter. The paste is then made into small sticks to be dried in the sun, and the sticks boiled in an earthen cup of water to produce a paste. This is mixed with all colours to be applied to the pictures drawn on the wall.

Three coatings of this paste mixed with white clay should be applied, one coating over the other soon as it is dry. Conch-shell powder and sugar mixed with *vajralepa* paste should, with the addition of soft mud, be smeared over the wall to make it glossy. Zinc ore should be crushed into a moon-white powder on a stone and applied to the wall mixed with soft white mud and *vajralepa*. Over this wall should be painted pictures suggesting various emotions in the most picturesque manner. Their outlines should be perfect and admit of colouring.

The materials are then described. Taking the brushes, the one called *tulika* is to be made of a strong and hollow-less bamboo of the thickness of the little finger, and with two nodes. At the tip of the *tulika* should be placed a small copper pin with a grain's length of it protruding, and a feather should be attached to it.

Mixing up the sweet-smelling root *khachora*, i.e., Sanskrit *kaccuraka* or *gandhahyah*, with some grains of boiled rice, and making it into a small stump with a point, we prepare a *vartika* with which to draw.

Procuring the soft hair of a calf's ear and fixing it up with lac

at the end of a *tulika* we get a brush called *lekhini*. It is of three sizes—big, medium and small, and is useful for painting. The big one is used for big coatings and is held slantingly when colour is applied. The medium brush is used for marking with the side of its tip resting on the picture surface, and the small one is for outlining the picture, thin and delicate lines being easily drawn with its fine tapering end.

The clever painter must conceive of the proportions of the figures, whether of living beings or of inanimate things, so as to suit the wall on which they are painted. He should picture to himself the entire figure, and so paint as to prove himself a master of anatomy. In the initial stages, the picture should be a rough figure-outline, devoid of colour, drawn with the *vartika*. It should next be coloured with the aid of brushes using appropriate mountain-born colours in particular places, as would suit particular tints. In depicting heights there should be light shown and the colour should be bright; for depths, dark shades must be shown. It is not necessary that there should be different colours used for depicting light and shade; graduation in the same colour would give the effect. Bright colours should be made brighter to lose their dark dullness; different colours should be used to represent figures having diverse colours.

The colour scheme is given next. In places where white should be applied conch-powder is to be used; the colour used for reddish brown is vermilion. Red lac or sap, red sanders and mountain-born red chalks are used for crimson tint. Yellow orpiment is to be used for yellow colour. Lamp-black is good for representing black. These four are considered pure (primary) colours. The mixed colours are produced by mixing the primary colours. They are mentioned next. Conch-powder mixed with vermilion gives a pale reddish tint like that of a red lily, but in union with red lac or sap produces the colour of the Sun's horses. Lamp-black mixed with conch-powder gives the colour of smoke; added to blue the latter gives the grey colour of a pigeon. This colour is quite like that of the 'Rajavarta' stone and the hemp flower. Pure indigo which is of the colour of the blue lily, gives a green tint when mixed with yellow pigment. Red

mineral mixed with yellow pigment becomes pale, but in union with lamp-black gives a dark tint. Lamp-black added to red lac gives brown, while the latter mixed with indigo gives the colour of the rose-apple. These form the list of mixed colours and the painters should use the primary or secondary or tertiary colours as occasions arise for their use. In the case of animals of variegated hue as black antelopes, spotted deer, tigers, peacocks, flancolins, etc., different colours should be used. After a coating of yellow, mineral chalk (red or white) and indigo should be used for white and blue respectively, yellow orpiment being quite essential for both.

Outlines beyond the required margin are to be carefully scratched away by the tip of a sharp knife. White dots are to be got only with its aid. Additional colour should be removed carefully by rubbing so as not to spoil the white plaster. Different delicate lines, thin and subtle like hair, might be drawn with the sharp ends of a grass called *virana*. Pure gold finely powdered on a stone is to be put in a glass vessel containing some water, and after straining the fluid and stirring it, the water should be removed completely till not a drop is left. The heavy and smooth gold dust would not go with the water but remain in the vessel, giving a rich orange hue. Some of this levigated powder of gold is to be mixed with *vajralepa* and after filling the brush with the paste the ornaments are to be drawn in gold. When the gold in the picture dries up, it is to be rubbed slowly with a boar's tusk till it gets a burnished hue like lightning. This is the ordinary process in doing all pictures generally. The lines at the ends, i.e., outlines, are to be drawn with lamp-black. Painting dress, ornaments, flowers and the colour of the mouth with red lac finishes a picture.

The next topic is 'pose' and its variety. First they are mentioned by name and later explained. Further on we get an account of the proportions of various gods, all of which should find a place in iconography—not that proportion has no place in figure-drawing and painting, by which process gods are as much represented as by sculpture—but only because it does not concern painting proper so much as sculpture.

So then, in these few pages one can see how very nicely the

author Basappa has expressed his knowledge of wall-painting of his day. It does not mean he did not consult books on the subject written long before him, but all the same we ought to feel highly indebted to him for the way in which he kept green the memory of the processes of painting by writing it afresh.

A close study of the work of Basappa and Somesvara's *Abhilashitartha Chintamani* would indicate that the former is an almost verbatim copy of the latter. Somesvara III, a king of the Western Chalukyan line of the 12th century A.D. was a versatile scholar and wrote an encyclopædia of knowledge in Sanskrit in which the chapter on painting, which is much bigger than the one in *Sivatavaratnakara*, supplies information on the subject to Basappa. Most of the readings that are rather queer and misleading in the *Sivatavaratnakara* are easily corrected by following the better preserved text of the *Abhilashitartha Chintamani*. Even in cases where the correct text of *Sivatavaratnakara* differs from that of *Abhilashitartha Chintamani*, it is the latter that generally gives a better meaning. So then Basappa Naik cannot boast of having written an original treatise; but all the same he deserves our respect as one who kept alive certain arts and sciences by rewriting them in a new work.

It would be interesting to see how the fresco process of the Roman Vitruvius coincides with ours in certain respects. "In Vitruvius the process of plastering 'albaria opera' are first described (VII, 2, 3) and it is provided that after the rough cast, 'trullisatio,' there are to follow three coats of plaster made of lime and sand, each one laid on when the one below is beginning to dry, and the three of plaster in which the place of sand is taken by marble dust, at first coarse, then finer, and in the uppermost coat of all in finest powder. It might now be finished with a plain face, but one brought up to such an exquisite surface that it would shine like a mirror" (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. 20, 11th Edition.)

It is evident that our ancients were quite clear about the nature of primary, secondary and tertiary colours. Only they never expressed secondary and tertiary colours as different, but named them both as products of mixing primary colours. White, though not accepted by moderns as a distinct colour, in spite of all paint-

ings requiring Chinese or Flake white, is honourably accepted by our ancients as a primary colour so as not to mitigate its importance in the colour scheme.

Again the brushes used are by no means few. There are appropriate brushes named for various uses. The wash brush and the pointed No. 0 brush was as essential in India of long ago as today. The medium brush is especially useful; only there is one mentioned while we have a lot to do for inferior pictures. The curious pencil with a copper point is worthy of note as also the paste stump.

It is also to be noted that the old Indian painting process never advocates hazardous modes of beginning with colour at once on wet walls without drawing outlines, as some Indian art experts of today misrepresent. As a matter of fact no wet wall is mentioned. It is clearly stated on the other hand that outlines are to be drawn first. Painting on wet walls is the process in the West.

Zinc oxide is the chief ingredient of the white colour of that name and it is no wonder that it (zinc) is stated as quite essential for a final coating on the wall before drawing any figure. The various pigments are simple and easily got, being generally ochres, minerals and vegetable dyes. Burnishing of gold is quite essential. Cennino talks of this process and says: "The gold is then burnished till it appears almost dark (in the shadow) from its own effulgence." (*Encyclopædia Britannica*.)

In the Western process there is as free a use of yolk of egg as there is that of *vajralepa* in the Indian. Shreds of parchment are boiled down to be used as a medium. This corresponds to our *vajralepa* medium produced by boiling down buffalo's skin. Fish glue is yet another of the media of the West.

It is curious to note how the direction in the text to scratch off the superfluity of line in an outline by means of a sharp knife coincides exactly with the instruction of Ruskin in his 'Elements of Drawing.' "The ends of lines which go over the edge, are afterwards to be removed with the penknife." There can be noted many more comparisons in the Western and Eastern methods provided one has an eye for it. It must be clear from these

pages how fine an idea of the technique of painting our ancestors had; suffice it to say that this short note will have gained its purpose if only it creates interest in the Indian artists of today and kindles their emulative fire, thus helping them to keep the torch of learning, albeit only in the sphere of the Fine Arts, alive and aflame.

The Roses of Youth

By V. K. GOKAK, M.A.

(Professor, The Fergusson College, Poona)

The roses of our youth shall fade
And *kokils* cease to sing
Ere our happy serenade
This life's last winter bring;
And then I wonder, dear my love,
What love will flow between us,
And wheth'r the bow'rs of heaven above
Or shades beneath will hold us?

Perchance the jewel that we hold
As God's immortal dower,
Will vanish ere our tale be told
And our rose deflower,—
And our divinest fires slacken
As sun's rays fly the earth!
We will hide us in fern or bracken
All tearful for its dearth!

And yet I wonder, dear my love,
When one of us is dust,
Will that love too slide from its grove
And shun our innocent trust;
And ashen-grey and pearly-pale
In smouldering embers die,
And for the one that doth bewail,
In flashes give the lie?

Well; not of our own begetting
Was this love of ours;
It came on us when Spring was setting
Its mark on wind and flowers.
All the thousand stars did rise
Our love to consecrate,
And He that made the starry skies
Will answer for our fate!

A Page from Dr. Besant's Life

(With an unpublished letter of the late G. K. Gokhale)

(Dr. Besant is now in her eighty-fifth year. She has retired from active life, after serving India and the world in varied spheres. She is "waiting for the call." We wish, while yet we may, to add our tribute of grateful praise to this friend of Humanity and fighter of forlorn causes. On many occasions during her stormy life, she has stood forth on behalf of the weak and the disinherited, and roused the ire of those in power. One such arose out of the "Appeal to the Government and to Europeans" which she issued in February 1910, calling attention to the glaring discourtesy shown to an Indian gentleman by an Englishman on a railway journey. She felt that incidents of this nature helped to swell the ranks of the Indian Anarchists. With her characteristic fervour she called upon all Englishmen "to be loyal to the Emperor, to whose race you have the privilege of belonging, and do not shame his name and undermine his Empire." Finally she made a personal appeal to the then Viceroy, Lord Minto, thus: "Proclaim the reign of peace; bid all, officials and non-officials, to forget that their races differ, that their creeds differ, and to remember that their humanity is one. . . . Mutual trust, mutual sympathy, mutual respect—these alone can bind the Rulers and peoples together, and insult breeding outrage and outrage breeding insult will cease, when all know that your high displeasure will fall on each alike."

The "Appeal" which was published in the *Central Hindu College Magazine*, created a great stir at the time, and it was believed that the local officials of the U. P. Government brought pressure to bear on the Princes and Zemindars to withdraw their support from the College. Even a prosecution of Dr. Besant was rumoured. Mr. G. K. Gokhale intervened on her behalf, and the Government of India assured him that no prosecution had ever been contemplated. We give below three important letters, being part of the correspondence relating to this incident. We are obliged to Mr. C. Jinarajadasa for copies of the letters which are here published for the first time.—*Editor, Triveni.*)

From Mr. G. K. Gokhale to Dr. Annie Besant

2 Auckland Place, Calcutta.

10 March, 1910

Dear Mrs. Besant,

Your letter of the 23rd February reached me here on the 26th. I sent you a wire immediately to acknowledge its receipt, which you must have duly received. On getting your letter, I first consulted Mr. Sinha and Sir Lawrence Jenkins and then as the matter belonged to the Home Department of the Government of India, I saw Sir Harvey Adamson. He first took a line of strong disapproval of your appeal, saying that it was unfair to the great body of Englishmen in the country and that the impression it left on one's mind was that a large proportion of Englishmen were habitually guilty of the kind of conduct complained of. He also said that you should not have accepted the Indian gentleman's version without further inquiry and that as regards the other incident referred to by you, the assault had been committed not by an Englishman but by an Indian. Ultimately, however, after a good deal of discussion, he agreed that it was preposterous for anyone to suggest that your object in making the appeal was anything but the highest and he also agreed that it would cause a perfect storm in the Hindu community throughout the country, if the Government tried to touch either you or the Central Hindu College. As I was about to leave, he told me that there was really no official reference made by Sir John Hewett at all in the matter, that he had only written demi-officially to the Viceroy and that the Viceroy had sent the letter down to the Home Department for minuting on it. I next saw Col. Pinhey, the Viceroy's Private Secretary, who told me that Sir John Hewett's letter had been addressed to him and not to the Viceroy, and that the matter would have to be dealt with by him and not by the Home Department. I left your letter with him and he undertook to lay all that I said before the Viceroy, and if necessary, to give me an opportunity to talk over the matter with His Excellency before it was disposed of. I learnt afterwards that the Government had decided to drop the matter and yesterday morning I got the enclosed letter from Col. Pinhey. Since then I have seen him personally and he said he was going to write to you direct, and probably he has already done so.

I am sure Sir John Hewett would never have dared take any action against you personally, and I believe what he wanted to do was to frighten the Ruling Chiefs and others who support the

Central Hindu College. Sir Lawrence Jenkins thinks that Lord Morley should see your letter to me. Have I your permission to send it to him? Probably you have already written to him direct. In that case, of course, it is not necessary to send this one. Sir Lawrence's idea is that Lord Morley should know what manner of man Sir John Hewett is and how he and his officials do not hesitate to treat even one in your position and of your eminence. Sir John Hewett is shortly going to England and it will be an advantage if Lord Morley sees this letter before Sir John meets him.

I need hardly say what you have no doubt noticed,—that the hearts of millions and millions of Indians have been with you in this affair. Your appeal has no doubt caused some unpleasantness, but it has, on the whole, done a great deal of good and the insults and vexation you have had to endure on its account will be repaid a hundredfold by the gratitude of Indians for the way you have spoken out.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

G. K. GOKHALE.

P. S.—I suggested to the Government that they should allow a question to be put to them in this matter and should give a friendly reply, as that would have a good effect over the public mind. They have however expressed their inability to do this for fear of offending Sir John Hewett.

From Col. A. G. Pinhey to Mr. G. K. Gokhale

Government House, Calcutta

8 March, 1910

Dear Mr. Gokhale,

I return herewith Mrs. Besant's letter to you. You will be glad to hear that there has apparently never been any idea of a prosecution under the Press Act and Mrs. Besant has been informed accordingly.

All that was done was to consider the advisability of asking the Patrons of the College to repudiate any sort of sympathy with

the "Appeal" and to try and have it recalled. The "Appeal" has undoubtedly created a great stir and there was a good article on it in the *Indian Spectator*. The matter has now been dropped, at any rate as far as the Government of India is concerned,—and I hope we shall hear very little more about it.

I hope to see you to-morrow.

Yours sincerely,

A. G. PINHEY.

From Dr. Besant to Bishop C. W. Leadbeater

March 27th 1910

On Saturday I had over an hour's talk with Lady Minto on Theosophy, and have promised to send her some books. She asked me to stay to lunch, and after lunch the Viceroy took me aside for half an hour's talk. He had not disapproved my para, but when I found that he had quashed everything and had himself written to the Lieut-Governor, and that he wanted the thing 'closed,' I volunteered to say no more.

Reviews

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

ENGLISH

History of the Great French Revolution:—By Dr. Annie Besant. [The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras. Price Rs. 2.]

The fourteen lectures of which this book is a re-print were delivered in London between 1875 and 1884 when the author was a vigorous Free-thought propagandist and a member of the Fabian Society. There are other books on the French Revolution available, in English and other languages, more scholarly, more literary even than Dr. Besant's. Carlyle, Hilaire Belloc, Louis Blanc, Michelet—to name no others—have all illumined, each after his own fashion, that wonderful and extraordinary epoch in European History. But it may be doubted if there is another book like Dr. Besant's that seems to be spoken to one with the friendliness and affability of an intimate conversation. Moreover, it is, as the author claims, written exclusively from the standpoint of the people; and that makes the book very important indeed.

After briefly surveying in the first lectures the deep-rooted causes of popular discontent which were to make the Revolution "at once possible and inevitable", Dr. Besant enables the reader to have a clear perspective of the course of events from the accession to the throne of Louis XVI to the fall of Robespierre. The circumstances under which the States-General was summoned, the nature of its deliberations, the emergence of Mirabeau, the first peaceful solution of the problem, Mirabeau's death, the unloosening of the latent forces of extremism, the King's attempts to fly the country, his capture, trial, and conviction—all these so bewilderingly rapid changes are cogently narrated in the first half of the book. And then, the Reign of Terror; the grim incredible figures of Marat, Danton and Robespierre; the lesser shadows of Camille Desmoulins, Saint Just and Focquier Tinville; the strange, and pathetic destinies of Marie Antoinette and Charlotte Corday—the account of Dr. Besant's which weaves into one fascinating yarn so many tantalizing threads, is masterly and one can but whole-heartedly admire the volume and pass it on to one's neighbour.

Mr. Jinarajadasa points out in the Foreword that Dr. Besant's

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"estimate of Robespierre is not the usual one." The general view of Robespierre, most spectacularly expressed in Carlyle's picture of the 'sea-green incorruptible,' is that he was the moving spirit of the Reign of Terror. The most important part of this view of Robespierre's career was the immediate result of his fall. What gives colour and plausibility to the whole theory is the fact that with Robespierre's fall, the Reign of Terror did indeed come to an end. And why if he was not the author and sustainer of it? But Hilaire Belloc and Dr. Besant think otherwise. The Reign of Terror was tolerated by the people because they trusted Robespierre; obviously the man was above suspicion. Robespierre himself instinctively shrank from terror; but his lieutenants made him believe that his own security depended on the very extremity of terror. He was a good man and a great patriot; but he was fatally weak and this weakness undid him. When he fell, the real architects of the Reign of Terror saw to their infinite chagrin that they had removed from the scene the one man whose universal popularity alone could have sustained the Terror and so it inevitably came to an end.

It is unnecessary to say much about Dr. Besant's vivid and forceful style or about the urgent significance the 'History' has to the New India in the painful throes of a rebirth. The volume is excellently got-up and does not belie one's expectations of the books over the imprint of the Theosophical Publishing House.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR.

Modern India Thinks.—By Keshavjee R. Luckmi Das. [Published by D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co., Bombay. Price Rs. 6.]

The salvation of the world, said Thomas Hardy, lies in international thought. *Modern India Thinks* is a collection of the thoughts of some of the greatest sons of India: Mahatma Gandhi, Aurobindo Ghose, Rabindranath Tagore, Radhakrishnan, to mention only a few,—and these thoughts cover every phase of life: Literature, Art, Religion, Education. The book includes thoughts of non-Indians as well, and this inclusion is meant to show how the utterances of the East and the West fuse into one another and thereby contribute towards the salvation of the world. Ancient India no doubt "let the legions thunder past and plunged in thought again"; but Modern India has become conscious of her individuality, her greatness to deserve the name of the Eternal City of the Universe. See what Mahatma Gandhi says: "My mission is not merely brotherhood of Indian humanity. My mission is not merely the freedom of India, though today it undoubtedly engrosses practically the whole of my life and the whole of my time. But through realisation of the freedom of India, I hope to realise and carry on the mission of the brotherhood of man." Mr.

Luckmidas, the compiler, has, from the deepest fissures of the mighty Indian minds, gathered the choicest gems and pearls and strung them into a lovely chaplet.

M. S. I.

Kandan, The Patriot.—By K. S. Venkataramani. [Published by the Svetaranya Ashrama, Mylapore, Madras. Price Rs. 2.]

The English novel at the present day is Cleopatra-like in variety. It ranges from the trilogies to tetralogies, the Leviathans of modern letters, long sagas in three or four volumes covering the longest periods and all the space between the Poles, to the little masterpieces of psycho-analysis that read like lyrics in prose. We have novelists who hack at words like maniacs or play with them like monkeys; and the machinists who plan novel-writing like cinematography, work as barmaids or butlers to learn about hotel life, or go with note-books for 'local colour' to places about which they write. The spirit of modernism has enlarged the scope of the novel. The modernist novelist zigzags round a point, employs the trick of the cinema, wavers between the merest sounds and symbols, between shadows and hidden lights, and creates characters as exquisitely unformed and deformed as Epstein's sculptures; but he has given us marvels of psychological insight and sex-expressionism. The consciousness of a moment is made exciting for hours. Whole mobs and streets are heroes. We not only travel fantastically round Moons but are familiar with the scientific robots of the future. One must read the works of Dorothy Richardson and the late D. H. Lawrence; of Mrs. Woolf, a phenomenon in herself with her system of psychics and juggernaut syntax; of Huxley with his icy realism and inhuman cleverness; of James Joyce with his super-realism and hydra-headed prose.

If Mr. Venkataramani's *Kandan, The Patriot* were published in England it would be difficult to place him. He is neither a maniac nor a machinist. He is not even a modernist. He maintains his statutory bulk and form. There is little psychology and less pathology in his work. What are his axes? The question arises because the axes in *Murugan* were a bit obvious, and critics made them plainer still. He does not seem to grind axes in *Kandan*. So the questions whether it is right for a novelist to grind axes, whether Mr. Venkataramani's axes are good axes, whether his axes are the same as your axes or my axes, do not arise. *Kandan*, like *Murugan*, mirrors the spirit of an India rising from her sleep of centuries. While *Murugan* is better in patches, *Kandan* is more ambitious and better-constructed. Rangan and Kandan, like Ramu and Kedari, are a study in contrast, till the dual forces are fused into one. The end may seem sudden but is within the limits of the possible and the probable. Not the least part of its interest is its topicality. Though

everything is idyllic, it is not an idyll; it is mainly a story of the present-day political India. Mr. Venkataramani does not write like a psychologist or a pathologist; nor does he, like some modernists compete with photographers. He dips his brush in beauty and paints the little comedies, little tragedies, and little ironies of life. His book has characters that live, a delightful humour and much poetry; it lacks gusto because of an evenness, unusual in the modern English novel. Events such as the arson, the loot, the firing are described with the same deliberate ease and slowness, while the maniac and the machinist would have debauched in beauty. There are no subtleties and examples of special knowledge or observation. It is written throughout with a sensuous intuition, and with a reserve of the sublime. A strange part of its realism is that readers and characters feel kin, like the characters among themselves, and blood answers blood. More words would have given us slow motion-pictures of everything, but Mr. Venkataramani reels off scene after scene.

Meet these charming people. Rajeswari Bai has distinguished herself as a 'Desh Sevika' in Bombay. Rangan the Civilian, is Indian in spirit and skin, sweltering in Western trousers. Sundaram is a vagrant, then a bogus *sadhu*, then a station-master. Saraswati is the shrew till she is tamed to national service by the force of Kandan's personality. Chockalinga, fiddling with engines and mobs, is a delightful rascal. We have a mob of granary-rats and toddy-rats. Govindan talks like a toddy-shop Plato; Katteri is a mute inglorious Marx. Karian is the force that side-tracks trains and causes a collision. Like Murugan, Kandan is more an influence than a figure in detail; he is the spirit of self-sacrifice and reform. They are all types and individuals. Rangan is not only the Assistant Collector of Guntur but the discontented intellectual. Sundaram is the station-master of Akkur as well as the versatile vagrant. Mr. Venkataramani betrays character in a phrase or a sentence. We are not told how they blow their noses, twiddle their fingers, and twirl their thumbs. It is this economy that leaves a sense of something suggested, something withheld; we are familiar not with human bodies but with spirits, and the spirits that move and talk and live are the spirits of beings rooted in a background of the beauty and the strange force of life. When Saraswati changes it is like the sudden fall of water. When Kandan dies in the hour of fate it is like the quenching of a thirst.

Many have praised Mr. Venkataramani's prose, and some, the poetry in his prose. We should rather compare him with Mr. Tomlinson or Major Yeats-Brown, whose books have been so refreshing to English reviewers in those days of breathless jazz rhythms. Mr. Tomlinson's 'All our Yesterdays' has similar slowness, dreaminess, and irony; and Mr. Yeats-Brown in his 'Bangal Lancer,' which is not fiction, uses simple

words, but makes phosphorescent sentences, now and then dazzling with splendours. Mr. Venkataramani subdues his colour and sound but loves to wander into luminous zig-zags. His is the rhythm of the surf and foam-breakers on the beach, but the little graces and the small music creep into the dialogue like foreign matter. Characters as different as Kedari, Murugan, Kandan, Rangan, Karuppan talk like Keyserlings and seem to suffer sometimes from mysticism and sometimes from metaphors. The truth is that Mr. Venkataramani has created a technique of his own, and like all masters of technique suffers from it to a certain extent, though technique is not of any intrinsic importance. The danger in such cases is that writers escape from one kind of jargon only to fall into another kind of jargon. Mr. Venkataramani in his use of epithets is sometimes on the verge of danger, but avoids it by sheer restraint. 'A Log of Wood' and the 'Hour of Fate' show him in his strength and form the best that he has yet done.

It is the Comic Spirit that sounds the dominant note in his previous works and in this as well. He avoids satire and caricature but delights in irony. Some day Mr. Venkataramani may let himself go and write a great novel and then perhaps he will write to the Tragic Muse, for Melpomene, the Muse of Tears is also the Muse of Strength and Power. Contrasts are as odious as comparisons; but we may say that, to realise the charm of his novel and the characters he has created, one should be familiar with the robots of Huxley, the sensualists of Lawrence and the mediums of Virginia Woolf. It is a tribute to his art, that though the story apparently ends, we are impelled to watch with interest the progress of Akkur and the future of Rangan and Rajeswari, and Sundaram, the special correspondent, and Khan Bahadur Meera Sahab, and Rao Sahab Ratnam Pillai, and Mr. Lance with his Martian fondness for straight irrigation channels and the granary-rats and the toddy-rats and Chockalinga, that delightful rascal.

Star Fires:—By V. N. Bhushan. [Published by the Ananda Academy, Masulipatam.]

Mr. Bhushan writes poetry but rarely gives us a good poem. He has much poetic energy but little poetic art, and seems to dissipate his imagination and fancy in verse that is too fluid and formless. We have no quarrel with Free Verse. But Free Verse, which is not merely blank verse, even blank verse with its many variations, has a technique of its own, a form that must be spun out of itself into pleasing patterns, and rhythms that could be rich and various and demand an impeccable ear. The poems in *Star Fires* are rich in substance, coherent and incoherent, but deficient in form; some are crude; some are chaotic; and most of them lack focus, like scraps of Pindaric odes. The weakness of Indo-Anglian poets is that they do not

study and master the technique of English verse rhythms, and if they make their consonants alliterate they do not attend to vowel composition and assonance. Mr. Bhushan shares this weakness. Alliteration runs amock amidst gorgeous imagery; some promising music is shattered and lost in single lines; and the verse is not the better for all the consonances, the confused metaphors, the refrain, and the half-hearted rhyming. "God Save the King" is a mixture of Hudibrastic doggerel and Republican bathos. "Re-creation" has the sound of Yeats without the art of Yeats. In some poems he is prophet, psalmist and parson. But there are moments when his art matches his energy, and he produces the right poetic atmosphere and gives us lines and phrases like: 'Thro' sweeping savannahs and whistling wilds,' 'Orphan clouds in lunar synthesis,' 'The pale shadowy paths of the earth,' 'The dying embers of dreams,' 'A chandelier on the liliated altar.' "I and My Jar" contains some good lines: 'The spilt riches of the water-nymph,' 'Lying captive in the clutch of shape I felt my soul,' 'Red sleep of form'. "Influences" throbs with passion; and "Routine" has grace form and felicity of expression. We think that Mr. Bhushan would achieve better results and would not fritter away his sounds and images so much if his Muse were to put on the fetters of a more formal verse.

Saffron and Gold, and Other Poems.—By Manjeri S. Isvaran [Published by the People's Printing & Publishing House Ltd., Triplicane, Madras. Price Rs. 1-8; or, 2sh 6d.]

Mr. Isvaran is not one of those minor Tagores who are overrunning the country, one of those Indo-Anglian poets or poet-asters who fiddle with rhymes for days and days and end their woes in Free Verse. He does not attempt word-magic that is meaningless, or, like a medium, convey messages beyond the power of his words. The poems range in subject-matter from Sita, Damayante, Hira Bai, to things he is intimate with, like a Brahmin wedding, the busy esplanade, or the sea; and in form, from the sweet simplicity of 'The Pleasure-skiff' to the complicate rhythms of 'The Eclipse Bathers.' Mr. Isvaran does not overpower us with passion or stir us with his song; he does not dream much or deal with elves and elfin music though we cannot forget the dulcet dreaminess of 'The Pleasure-skiff' or the haunting dreaminess of 'Dream-lit Homes.' We are glad that he cares more for the poem than the phrase, that he is free from pampered phrases that make a poem the merest palimpsest of passion; and if strange words, clipt words, learned words are not lacking in his verse, he is simple throughout and does not dim his sense of wonder, or mystery, or pity. Many of his poems are monochromes, though they are monochromes of light and shade. English is said to be a language in which the consonants dominate the vowels; but Mr. Isvaran

does not make a mess of English verse rhythms, and is to be congratulated for avoiding hissing or hiccoughing effects or the rub a-dub of drums. We can see his sense of sound in 'Dream-lit Homes,' wherein the last stanza has the richest orchestration, and the chiming vowel-sounds in the last words of each line, roll like the organ-notes of the ocean :

"O sweet it is to watch the mighty ocean roll !
And sweeter far to paint it with an Apolles-soul,
But sweetest aye to go athwart its creamy combs
Agilding onwards on in quest of dream-lit homes !"

his sense of colour in :

"Crimson hibiscus and rose
And jessamine white as the snows"

or in :

"By gleaming tanks of marble white,
By arbours green with blossoms bright,
'Neath arches by boughs twining made,
Through paths with yellow leaves o'erlaid."

his sense of wonder at the Divine Goldsmith fashioning the mystery jewels of stars and the 'delicate-wrought disc' of the moon; his sense of pity in 'Saffron and Gold,' 'A Strange Bedfellow,' 'Triumph of Love,' 'Love's Sorrow'; and his dramatic sense in 'Hira Bai.' 'On the Golden Throne of Fame' is packed with natural magic; 'To Heaven Ascending' reminds us of Francis Thompson; 'A Rare Rosary' is simple and dainty; and all three reveal his art at its best. Mr. Isvaran manages his rhythm with success; and sometimes the texture is complex and triumphant as in 'Sons of the Soil,' 'La Divina Lumiere,' 'On the Strand' and 'The Eclipse Bathers.' The poems wherein he is rich with memories or photographs the soul of a city, adorns a tale or points a moral, as 'Nought recks Man of Foul or Fair,' 'The Voyage of Life,' 'The Little Basket-maker,' 'The Child that gave me a Flower' and others are not so successful as the poems wherein he attains the sublime or the purely sensuous. His passions are never trite or tempestuous, and there is a tendency in him to tranquillize his emotions into thought; he has more of the light of imagination than the fire of passion, more of feeling than fancy, and what would have been a triumphant sensuous outburst is toned down to a seasoned rapture. He is primarily an artist and not a prophet or medium like some Indo-Anglian poets, and we give below a few lines wherein he weaves his colour and sound into textures, robust and delicate :

"The moon illumines
The iris blooms
Upon the hedges green."

"But th' stillness whole
Could not console
A *kokil* in her nest."

* *

"Begemmed with buds and blossoms snowy white"

* * * *

"Wind-dimpled soft as the soft swandowny bed"

* * * *

"Of her sylphid symmetry
Of her faery-lightness gay
Ah, *unconscious* was she!"

* * *

"She bathed me with the balm
Of bliss ambrosial"

* * *

"Once on a night
My soul took flight
From out the dark prison of bony bars,
Spirall'd heav'nward and stray'd amid the stars."

* * * *

"It saw along the gemmy pathway glide
Silent and sweet and slow with stately pride."

* * * *

"I pray'd to God
For a gift
That from this sod
Me would lift
Unto His feet."

"He answer'd me
By granting
A rosary;
And chanting
Him I could meet."

* * * *

"With eyes as coals glowing sinisterly
And wound round in clammy coils her leg
So soft and delicate as jessamine."

* * * *

" And like a sprightly elf it seems to take
 Its flight out of my body "
 * * * * *

" By wavelets tipp'd with phosphorescent foam "
 * * * * *

" the flames rose high
 In gory tongues dancing."
 * * * * *

" Round the carved image
 Ruined not by age
 Did my intent soul
 See an aureole."

Even the greatest men of letters are in a sense men of promise. Mr. Isvaran in his first book of verse promises much, for he has matter in him and knows his medium; has colour, sound, art, and vision, and what is rarer among Indo-Anglian poets, an understanding of English verse rhythms.

M. CHALAPATHI RAU.

Speeches and Writings. N. Krishnamurti, F. R. Hist. S. [V. V. Press Branch, Trivandrum. With a foreword by Rao Bahadur K. V. Rangaswami Iyengar]

We welcome this little book of seventy pages, a collection of the speeches and writings of Mr. N. Krishnamurti, a talented writer and a fascinating speaker. Every page is saturated with a deep love of English Literature, and 'The Rapture of Song' with which the book opens, gives us a taste of its quality. The life of H. H. Sir Rama Varma, the late Maharaja of Travancore, which he originally contributed to *Triveni*, is sketched with feeling and insight. And the author's father, Dewan Bahadur V. Nagam Aiya, is portrayed with that interest and sureness of touch which intimacy and complete saturation with the subject can alone give. The other essays tell us of his ideas on Education and Indo-Anglian Poetry.

Mr. Krishnamurti belongs to the select clan to whom literature and life is one, as it is to my gifted friend Mr. K. Chandrasekharan; their approach to life is from the dainty angle of the pure artist and the true lover of joy. Books move them, vitalise their outlook as much as life itself with its heroic men and their deeds. This little book is the work of a scholar whose wide reading has not choked but only quickened the circulation of his ideas. We hope that Mr. Krishnamurti will give us in the near future more things of this kind and work out in life the longings of his mind. For, Renascent India requires of us all true and strenuous lives, each in his own way, for the service of the Mother.

K. S. VENKATARAMANI.

MALAYALAM

Koman Nair.—By Chelmat Achyutha Menon, B. A. [Published by S. R. Book Depot, Trivandrum.]

Koman Nair is a simple story simply told. Its theme is drawn from the folk-songs of North Malabar, one best suited for treatment as a story. Very few of these folk-songs are reduced to writing; composed in the colloquial dialect of the people in irregular metres, they treat of the deeds of bravery and chivalry of the fighting Nairs of old Kerala, and are extremely popular. The story is all about a blood feud, a Montagues-and-Capulets affair; it ends happily with the marriage of the knightly hero with the beauty of the rival house. Love triumphs. Mr. Menon has successfully reproduced the atmosphere of the times. He wields a nervous, dulcet Malayalam prose style.

M. S. I.

KANNADA

Gitagalu.—By 'V. C.' [Publishers, Karnataka Sahitya Prakatana Mandira, Bangalore. Price Rs. 3.]

The author is a sincere worshipper at the altar of beauty, both in life and in his writings. The book under review is a bunch of poems on various subjects, patriotic, philosophical and psychological. The author is highly sensitive to beauty in all her aspects; and whatever he is impressed with, he expresses in poetry. The contents are merely the poet's emotions and imagination 'reflected in tranquillity.' There is an artistic finish about every poem and most of them are tuned to select *ragams* well in harmony with the subject-matter and are free from the choking rigidity of old school prosody. In the various phenomena of the universe he discerns the play of God's beautiful hand and its mystery. The patriotic poems are free from unbridled emotion often characteristic of them. But at the same time they rouse the reader to 'the call of the Mother.' He has a personal tie even with the towns in which he lives. A week's absence from Mysore in his native place kindles in him a feeling which he calls a type of *viraha*. This only shows how deep-rooted his love for 'a thing of beauty' is. The introduction of reprints from the master paintings of two of India's leading artists gives a finishing touch to the get-up of the book. Some people may complain of the price of the volume, but anyhow, the get-up is something very rare in vernacular publications. We only wish the country will, ere long, rise to a position of liberally patronising such a volume which is 'a thing of beauty' and therefore 'a joy for ever.'

Aryaka.—A drama by Mr. S. G. Sastry, M. Sc., (Lond.)

Though more widely known as a Soap Chemist Mr. S. G. Sastry has extended his activities to literature also. He is a good story-writer and this is the second drama from his pen, the first being his "Death of Socrates."

The play under review is a translation of Henrik Ibsen's 'The Warriors of Heligoland.' The story gives a picture of the sea-faring life of the Norwegian Vikings. A character who appears throughout and rivets our attention, is Prathapakumari, the foster-daughter of Aryaka, after whom the play is named. She is a cunning, emotional woman, with a kind of 'devil-may-care' spirit, espoused to a coward who is always under her sway. Next to her we are concerned with Aryaka, her foster-father. He is an adventurous sea-farer somewhat akin to the Scotch Highlander met with in Scott's novels. He is very sensitive to tribal dignity and is overcome in old age by a great calamity consequent on the demise of all his sons, which he endures with a spirit of resignation. The other characters have nothing very impressive about them. In some places here and there we find certain words which may be replaced by better ones. 'The printer's devil' first manifests itself with the first word of the Introduction and reminds us of its presence now and then elsewhere also. The play has a number of stage directions and the author suggests to the male characters dress of a kind similar to that of the Norwegian Vikings. But his suggestion of *sarees* and *ravikas* for the women characters looks incongruous. Anyway, Mr. Sistry deserves to be congratulated on his attempt, and we hope he will translate some more dramas of Ibsen which have some problem in them. Though good materials are used in the get-up of the book, the printing could be done better.

MARATHI

A. N. V.

Sahyadrichyi Parythasin, (Or At the Foot of the Sahyadris). By V. S. Sukhtankar. (With an Introduction by Shrimati Kamaladevi Chattopadhyay. Publishers, The Dhruvaprakashnalay, Bombay. Price Rs. 2 4.)

Few writers in Maharashtra have been able to achieve in the course of their literary apprenticeship the somewhat unique position which Mr. V. S. Sukhtankar has been able to achieve by his interpretation of the life of Goa and its somewhat chequered history, to a wider public through Marathi. To many of us, Goa and the civilisation of the Portuguese has remained a closed book and all that we know about Goa is that it is a pretty place with prettier girls, and as a land of old world romance and travel. What were the influences at work on this small province? How did the people of Goa and Portuguese India assimilate the Portuguese culture? What were the results of a premier European civilisation on a soft and mild, peace-loving race? How did the literature of the country develop under such diverse influences?

The answers to some of these interesting questions are to be found in this dainty volume of short stories which Mr. Sukhtankar has brought out recently.

The short story has undoubtedly become today a most powerful means of literary expression, and with a writer who has a certain amount of imagination and skill of portrayal, it excels easily all other forms of literary execution. Mr. Sukhtankar, one feels happy to note, possesses both these qualifications and what is most pleasing, he has an uncanny insight into the hundred frailties of the small provincial community at Goa and their beautiful simplicity which he brings out in all his writings.

Most of these stories make charming reading for an idle hour. It is difficult to make a choice, but the story of 'Varanda,' or 'Tamrapat' will do credit to any writer. 'Jai-Jui' is a well-executed plot in spite of its length.

One helpful suggestion the reviewer feels he ought to make to Mr. Sukhtankar, and that is, his stories must be made less lengthy. He must remember that the days of long-winded descriptions are past and that the more direct a word picture or a story is, the better is its grip. For instance, the way in which we are introduced to the families of Santhu Shenai, Paola Da Sa is much more interesting and gripping than the long descriptive introduction to 'Jai-Jui'.

But this is a small detail. One hopes Mr. Sukhtankar will write more stories about his beloved Goa and introduce us all one day to the spirit and the playful genius which Camoens loved and sang.

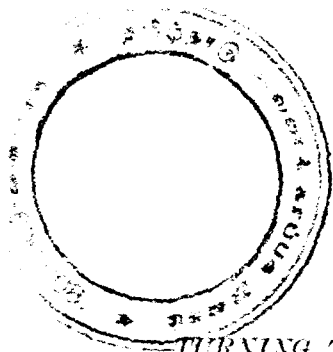
Draksha Kanya.—(Or the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam of Naishapur.) By 'Madhav Julian.' [Publishers, The Ravi Kiran Mandal, Poona. Price 12 annas.]

'Madhav Julian' needs no introduction to Maharashtra. Nor does the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam to the world. But Madhav Julian's beautiful translation of the first edition of the *Rubaiyat* does need an introduction, and the writer of this review has great pleasure in recommending to readers of *Triveni* this fine volume of verses.

The attempt is one of the first of its kind in India. 'Madhav Julian' therefore deserves the thanks of all persons interested in modern literature.

The translation of some of those haunting quatrains taken at random, say the 26th, shows the author at his best.

R. L. RAU



'The Triple Stream'

TURNING THE CORNER

It is not usual for an Editor to take his readers into confidence and tell them about the finances of his journal. But then, *Triveni* has run a very unusual course; for one reason or another, its difficulties have been widely advertised. In times of stress, economic and political, cultural enterprises inevitably suffer. The editing of a journal like *Triveni* is a great privilege, but it involves enormous strain. The lack of a little working capital has all along interfered with the normal progress of *Triveni*.

Nearly every number has been delayed far beyond the appointed date, and in April 1932, it looked as if the Journal was collapsing. The final number for 1931 was published in June 1932. There was obviously no sense in trying to bring out the January-February number in July or August. We therefore took a desperate step and announced that the *Triveni* year would run from July to June, instead of from January to December. This meant a virtual suspension of the Journal for six months, but there was a compensating advantage in that it held out a promise of regular publication after a temporary break.

Even thus, the problem of providing the requisite working capital had to be solved; else, the old trouble might recur and the Journal be in perpetual arrears. A warm-hearted friend who insists on remaining *incognito*, suggested a scheme and worked strenuously to materialise it. The following announcement, sent to the Press on August 16, explains the nature of the help rendered to *Triveni* at a critical stage:

With a view to stabilise the *Triveni* and ensure its regular publication, fifteen of its ardent supporters have undertaken to advance a sum of Three Thousand Rupees for the time being, and several of them met today at the residence and under the presidency of Sir Alladi Krishnaswami Aiyar. Among those present were Messrs. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri, C.I.E., V. Govindarajachari, N. S. Srinivasa Aiyar, K. Chandrasekharan and P. N. Appuswami. On the motion of Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri, Messrs. P. N. Appuswami Aiyar and K. Chandrasekhara Aiyar were appointed Treasurers. Arrange-

'THE TRIPLE STREAM'

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ments have been made to have the Journal published regularly hereafter. Vol. V, No. 1 (July-August 1932) will be published before the end of August.

We appeal to the public to support the Journal by enlisting as subscribers.

P. N. APPUSWAMI.
K. CHANDRASEKHARAN.

The money is advanced without any obligation to pay interest, and on the understanding that the principal is to be repaid in easy instalments spread over a number of years. We are profoundly grateful to the worthy individuals who have thus associated themselves with the work of the Journal. It is now possible to make a definite promise about its regular and continuous publication.

It is estimated that three hundred fresh subscribers must be enlisted between now and April next to make the Journal pay its way. May we request our subscribers, life-subscribers, contributors, and readers who are not subscribers, to help us to secure the necessary subscribers during the coming months? To one and all who have co-operated with us, we render thanks.

A WASTED OPPORTUNITY

When some months ago, Babu Ramananda Chatterjee of *The Modern Review* quoted passages from the letters of the Special Correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* and surmised that the correspondent was Prof. Thompson of Oxford, we had a lingering suspicion that the learned Editor was not correctly informed, for, it was difficult to believe that an old friend of India and Indians could write the sorry stuff that the *Guardian* published week after week, while the Indian continent was passing through unprecedented trouble and suffering. But all suspicions are now set at rest by the publication of the Professor's "*A Letter from India*"¹ which makes painful reading. Prof. Thompson came out to India on a mission of cultural co-operation; in particular he wanted to survey the present condition of the various vernacular literatures of India and report to the Rhodes Trust. He began well, and under happy auspices. But soon the superiority complex 'got' him. He donned

¹ Faber and Faber, Ltd., 24 Russell Square, London. 5sh. net.

the robe of Omniscience and talked wildly about Gandhi's failure at the R. T. C., the Viceroy's long-suffering patience, the unwisdom of the Congress and, God save the mark!, the comparative innocence of General Dyer who 'saved the Empire.' Here was a well-meaning Briton, genuinely interested in Indian Art and Literature, seeking to promote better understanding between two races. But he wastes his opportunities, ignores South India altogether, and sullenly cuts short his visit. The only valuable section of the book is that relating to the literatures of Northern India. The author gives helpful suggestions for future work. He wants a series of 'Oxford Books' of Indian Verse to be published, and the more gifted Indian poets and writers in the vernaculars to be recognised and rewarded. All this is to the good. On our side we can promise whole-hearted co-operation to the Professor in his scheme, for *Triveni* is in a special manner devoted to the interpretation of the renaissance movements in the different linguistic units of India.

PROVINCIAL AUTONOMY—WITH RESERVATIONS

Sir Samuel Hoare has cut himself off from the Indian Liberals by his announcement of the change in the Reforms programme. It was known beforehand that Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. Jayakar would non-co-operate. But that did not deter the all-wise Secretary of State from persisting in his course. He kept repeating that he was misunderstood; the Liberals retorted that they understood him perfectly. If non-co-operation has become a factor even in Indian Liberal politics, the British Cabinet have themselves to thank. In 1929, it was the appointment of the Simon Commission; in 1932, it is the scrapping of the Round Table Conference. No one in India takes Sir Samuel seriously when he pleads that his sole anxiety is to speed up the Reforms. The present move is due to the conviction that the Congress is crushed, that the Liberals do not count, and that with the goodwill of the Communalists and the Princes, the new Constitution is certain of a cordial reception. It is thus that men in power oftentimes blunder and alienate those that are willing to co-operate on honourable terms.

Close upon this comes the Communal Award. Apparently,

it has satisfied nobody, not even the Muslims, for their fourteen points are not conceded in their entirety. But what is most significant about the Award is the absence of any provisions regarding the Central Legislature. It is Provincial Autonomy that is in immediate prospect, and the Communal Award recognises this position. Central responsibility and federation will, of course, form part of 'the picture', but they cannot come into operation till many outstanding problems are settled. The Indian Constitution, like Dobbin's tail, is progressing backwards, and we should not wonder if the present stage ends in Provincial Autonomy,—with reservations. This always happens when the component elements of a nation fall apart, and community is placed above country.

RAO SAHEB C. RAMASWAMI IYENGAR

The Ramakrishna Students' Home is one of the beauty-spots of Madras. As one goes round the pile of buildings, the gardens and the hospital, or watches the bright young lads at work, one is filled with admiration for the devout soul that planned it all, and laboured day and night for many long years to make the Home the premier institution of the province. The late Rao Sahab C. Ramaswami Iyengar loved the poor students that wandered to Madras in search of learning. His heart went out to them in their perpetual struggle for board and lodging. As a servant of the Lord, he chose to bear their burdens that they might study in peace. In their stead, he begged of the rich and the powerful, took rebuffs with equanimity, waited for hours in ante-chambers, and by the power of his devotion, won them over to the good cause. In the brief intervals of a strenuous official life, he watched over the dear institution, and literally spent himself in its service. Here is a great example to all public workers. May his soul rest in peace!

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Mr. J. K. Meghani of Botad, Kathiawar, informs us that the two stories contributed to *Triveni* by Mr. N. M. Shah from Gujarati folklore: "The Postal Runner" (Vol. IV, No. 2) and "Jago Patel" (Vol. IV, No. 6), are translations from Mr. Meghani's collection of Gujarati folk-tales. We regret that no suitable acknowledgment was made at the time.

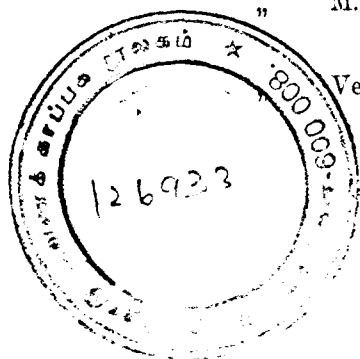
OUR LIFE-SUBSCRIBERS

The permanent life-subscription for *Triveni* is Rs. 100. The following is a list of those who have come in, since the publication of the last number. The Editor desires to thank them cordially for their generous assistance.

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Sir C. V. Raman, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., N.L.

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