

580

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

3689



Journal of Indian Renaissance

(Published SIX TIMES a Year)

EDITED BY
K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO

Vol. V, No. 2

Sept-Oct, 1932

Annual Subscription
— 12 sh. or 3 \$

Single copy
Re. 1/4, 2 sh. 6 d. or 75 c.

RMENIAN ST., MADRAS (India)

T. Riven

Vol. 5



No. 2

1932

JL

V2m N28T

N32.5.2

126934

ROYAL PATRON

His Highness

Sri Sri Sri Krishna Rajendra Wadiyar Bahadur

Maharaja of Mysore

ADVISORY BOARD

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

M. S. CHELAPATI, M.A., B.L.
(Formerly Editor, 'The New Era')

A CHORUS OF FELICITATIONS

I greatly appreciate your self-sacrificing labours for conducting your periodical, *Triveni*. It is, what you call it, really a journal of Indian Renaissance. It is a fine specimen of our cultural enterprise.

SJT. RAMANANDA CHATTERJEE, Editor, *The Modern Review*, Calcutta.

Justly claims to be the organ of the Indian Renaissance movement. Excellent periodical which richly merits generous response as the exponent of all that is best and noblest alike in ancient and modern Indian culture.

SJT. SACHCHIDANANDA SINHA, Editor, *The Hindustan Review*, Patna.

Triveni, an admirable quarterly* run by men whose fervent nationalism is beyond question. Anyone who wishes to know what Indian Literature is doing today, will do well to subscribe to *Triveni*.

The Spectator, London.

... the fine quarterly* *Triveni*, a publication devoted to Indian Letters, and in general a model of catholic editing.

The Times Literary Supplement.

* *Triveni* is not a quarterly. It is published six times a year.

Address all communications to:

The Manager, 'Triveni' Office

9, Armenian Street, MADRAS (India)

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



A Letter From ENGLAND

Mr. John de La Valette, Vice-Chairman of the India Society, London, in the course of a letter to the Editor, writes:—

“I have to thank you for so kindly sending me the latest copy of your interesting issue which had already been mentioned to me by our mutual friend, Colonel Haksar.

“I read this issue with great interest.....Allow me to wish you every success with your venture which contributes to a better understanding by the English reading public of the aims and thoughts of modern India.”

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Methods of Representation	
Dewan Bahadur M. Ramachandra Rao ...	107
Modernists, Imagists, and Futurists	
M. Chalapathi Rau, M.A., B.L. ...	119
‘The Triple Stream’ (Editorial Notes) ...	133
The Sea-Songs of C. R. Das	
Kalipada Mukherjee, M.A. ...	137
My Lord (A poem)	
Puripanda Appalaswamy	
Translated from Telugu by S. Srinivasa Rao, B.A. ...	152

3157

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Some Women-Poets of Ancient Andhra	
<i>V. N. Bhushan, B.A., F.P.S., (Lond)</i> ...	153
The Golden Age of Hindu-Javanese Art	
<i>T. N. Ramachandran, M.A.</i> ...	160
The Bull-fight (A Short Story)	
<i>P. G. Sundararajan</i> ...	175
Ancient Art and Modern Taste	
<i>Srimathi Sakuntala Thampi</i> ...	186
The First Messenger	
<i>Srimathi K. Savitri</i> ...	190
Sudhansu Kumar Ray : An Artist-Craftsman of Bengal	
<i>Nihar Ranjan Ray, M.A., P.B.S.</i> ...	193
Fear Dispelled (A Poem)	
<i>Sri Raja V. Viswa Sundara Rao Bahadur</i> ...	198
Reviews ...	199
Our Life-Subscribers ...	208
Information about <i>Triveni</i> ...	208



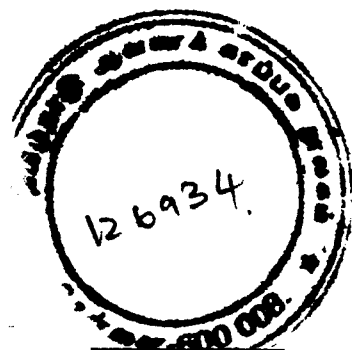
32-12-1957
1957-12-12

ILLUSTRATIONS

Chandi Borobudur	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Hariti	
King Suddhodana on his way to meet Queen Maya in the Asoka-Wood	
A Corner of Calcutta (lino-cut)	
A Bengali Folk-Dancer (wood-cut)	
A Girl (")	

Correction

Page 188, line 23, for 'hair' read 'air'



Methods of Representation

By DEWAN BAHADUR M. RAMACHANDRA RAO

The report of the Indian Franchise Committee has dealt very fully with the subject of the extension of franchise, but it has not devoted the same attention to the even more important subject of the methods of representation. After making a brief reference to the majority rule systems and minority and proportional systems in other countries, the Committee pointed out, as examples of the extreme form of the majority rule systems, the nation-wide constituency for the presidential election in the United States of America and in Germany, and also to the single-member territorial constituency in England. They then referred to the extreme form of minority representation—the separate electorates in which the minorities are registered on separate rolls and vote in separate constituencies, returning their own members directly to the Legislature. The terms of reference prevented the Indian Franchise Committee from dealing effectively with the whole problem of the methods of representation suitable to the varying conditions of India, and the result is that they have been obliged to say that “it is impossible for them at that stage to express any opinion as to which system should be adopted in the new Constitution, for the question lies at the core of the communal problem which is beyond their terms of reference.” They therefore contented themselves by pointing out that “if separate electorates are adopted for any community, the constituencies so created must be single-member constituencies, as otherwise they would be quite unmanageable in size.” If, on the other hand, any system of reservation of seats in joint electorates is adopted, the Committee expressed the view that it is impossible to reserve seats for members in single-member constituencies.” Now that the communal award has been given, the question of methods of representation must be carefully considered. It is expected that the third R. T. C. will

undertake a review of the report of the Indian Franchise Committee, and in the light of the conclusions of the R. T. C. in regard to methods of representation it is presumed that the Government of India will deal with the whole subject in consultation with the Local Governments and a special committee may, in all probability, be appointed for the purpose. It is, therefore, desirable that public attention should be drawn to a few salient points on the subject.

MULTI-MEMBER CONSTITUENCIES IN MADRAS AND BOMBAY

In Madras and Bombay the system of multi-member constituencies had been adopted at the time of the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms. In these two provinces the non-Brahmin communities claimed separate representation, but it was eventually decided that as they formed part of the Hindu community, protection to them should be given by the reservation of seats in multi-member constituencies. The request for the continuance of the multi-member constituencies has been supported by the Provincial Committee in Bombay and also by the Provincial Government, and the Indian Franchise Committee have recommended the continuance of the existing system. In regard to Madras, the Committee observed that experience had shown that the reservation of seats for non-Brahmins in Madras has now become unnecessary in practice. The continuance of the multi-member constituencies has been, however, pressed on the Committee by non-official witnesses. The majority of the Committee did not deal with this contention but the dissenting members (Messrs. S. B. Tambe, C. Y. Chintamani and R. K. Bakhale) recommended that the present system should be retained also in Madras. Now that it has been decided by the Poona Pact that the depressed classes should find their representation in joint electorates, not only in Madras but throughout India, the question of the creation of multi-member constituencies has become a necessity. Even apart from this aspect of the problem we are now at the threshold of a new democratic system in India and it is desirable that we should take stock of the experience gained in other parts of the world of the working of the electoral systems in force there and devise ways and means for the introduc-

tion of a satisfactory method of returning the representatives to the legislatures in the country.

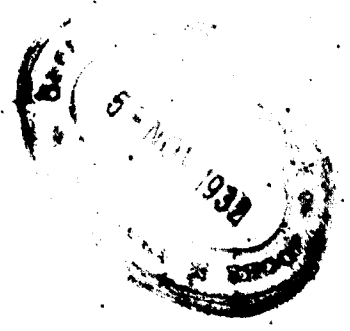
THE SINGLE-MEMBER SYSTEM—THE BRITISH MODEL

Great Britain is the home of the territorial single-member constituency and the system of election prevailing there is the relative majority system. The advocates of single-member constituencies rely for support on the British model. It is, therefore, necessary to make a brief reference to the evolution of the single-member constituencies in that country and the results of the working of the present electoral machinery. The centenary of electoral reform in Great Britain was celebrated only the other day, and the experience of the last 100 years of the methods of representation came under review by eminent political leaders of the country. The Reform Act of 1832 is a turning point in the political history of Great Britain. It made secure the ultimate victory of popular as against aristocratic government. At the time of the Reform Act, the two-member constituency was the rule and there were at that time in England only 5 single-member constituencies. The changes made from that time were summarized by the Royal Commission on Electoral Systems in 1910. They say :

“The Reform Act varied two-member representation in both directions. Seven counties received a third member, and 50 more single-member boroughs were formed, partly by direct creation, partly by depriving certain boroughs of their second member. The Representation of the People Acts 1867 (England) and 1868 (Scotland) continued the process by adding 47 single-member and 5 three-member boroughs. By such successive and piecemeal modifications, based on no theory beyond a rough endeavour to adjust anomalies caused by the drift of population, the distribution of members had become in 1884 highly variegated without being satisfactory. Thus, when the Franchise Bill of that year, which increased the electorate by 40 per cent through the assimilation of the country and borough franchise rendered a large measure of redistribution inevitable, the opportunity was taken to remodel the whole system. The basis of representation then selected was the single-member division, an electoral unit which facilitated the assignment of any desired number of



Chandi Borobudur ; late eighth century



members to any county or borough without creating constituencies of inordinate size. Till 1884 the five single-member constituencies had only existed because they were too small to be entitled to more than one member. From that date they became the unit on which all representation was to be calculated and all future schemes of redistribution must rest."

At the time when these reforms were carried out, no importance was attached to minority representation though it was not overlooked. We have the authority of the minister who drafted the bill for saying that "minority representation, in effect, either for the whole or for part of the United Kingdom, was considered and rejected; proportional representation, though well-known in literature had made little impression on politicians."

SUPPRESSION OF MINORITY OPINION

The natural result of this omission was increasing dissatisfaction ever since with the whole electoral system. It was not long, however, before minorities, religious, political, racial or economic, claimed that the system of majority rule was unduly crude in its operation, and was unfair to important sections of the community having opinions or interests of their own, which, under the single-member constituency system, had no chance of securing direct representation in the legislature. Every general election in Great Britain made it clear that in addition to the nature of the franchise and the character of the constituencies, a third factor exercised an all-important influence on the composition of the House of Commons. That factor is the method of election. In Great Britain the franchise has now reached its widest limit, but it is admitted by all political parties that election from equal single-member constituencies has failed to produce a representative Parliament. In recent years, criticism has become more insistent, and since 1900 the method of electing the House of Commons has formed the subject of no less than three official inquiries.

ROYAL COMMISSIONS

The first of these enquiries was the Royal Commission on Electoral Systems in 1910. This Commission came to the conclusion that "they were unable to report that a case has been made out for the adoption of the transferable vote here-in-now for election to the House of Commons." Six years later, in 1916, a Conference on Electoral Reform was appointed. It included members of all parties from both Houses of Parliament with the Speaker of the House of Commons (Lord Ullswater) as Chairman. This Conference unanimously recommended that proportional representation should be applied in all densely populated areas. The seats affected numbered some 200. This was a great advance upon the views expressed by the Royal Commission of 1910. The third enquiry was held in 1930. As in 1916, it was a Conference of members of the three main political parties, and it was again presided over by Lord Ullswater. But the members of this Conference did not approach the question of reform from the same non-partisan standpoint as did the members of the earlier Conference. Members voted to a large extent as members of a party reflecting party wishes and no unanimous decision or compromise was arrived at. Nevertheless, this Conference, by a majority (13 votes to 8) resolved that "any change in the present system of Parliamentary elections should include the adoption of proportional representation with the single transferable vote"; and they further decided, also by a majority, which included most of the Labour members, against the application of the alternative vote in any constituencies which might remain as single-member constituencies. Early in 1931, an Electoral Reform Bill was introduced which proposed the general adoption of the alternative vote. This Bill did not, however, become law. Even under a two-party system the single-member constituencies gave no assurance of majority rule. Since the advent of the Labour party, the confusion has become worse confounded and tri-cornered fights in the constituencies have resulted in a minority of voters returning the majority of representatives in Parliament. That system has failed to ensure fair representation to minorities. In these circumstances there can be no surprise at the statement

made by Lord Parmour in the recent debate on the Electoral Reform Bill that the present system gave "a grotesque and utterly untrue representation," and that "it was a great constitutional blot on Great Britain." The result of this brief survey shows that in Great Britain where the single-member constituencies are in operation, it has been found by experience that the successful candidate is very often returned by a minority of the votes cast, thereby defeating the majority principle. As pointed out by the Lothian Committee, it is possible under the system in vogue in Great Britain for the legislature to consist largely of members returned by a minority of votes cast (as was the case in the British Parliament in 1924). The second ballot, the alternative vote, and the proportional representation have been discussed for years to rectify the serious defects of the single-member system, but no conclusion has, as yet, been reached. All attempts at reform have been opposed and political parties have not been able as yet to take a dispassionate view of the electoral system.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION IN INDIA

With this experience of the working of the single-member constituencies in Great Britain, we have now to consider whether the creation of single-member constituencies and the abandonment of the present system of multi-member constituencies wherever they exist would be a sound step. I have no hesitation in answering this question in the negative. Even in a country with a homogeneous population like Great Britain the single-member constituencies, as a method of returning members of Parliament, have been found to be a failure.

The system does not make any provision for the effective representation of minority opinion—political, economic, or otherwise. Organised political parties on the British model do not, as yet, exist in this country and we cannot now visualise the course of events in regard to their evolution. But at the present time communal strife and communal feeling are so great not only among the main castes but also among the sub-castes, that they cannot be ignored. The undesirable state of things will be further emphasised by the creation of single-member constituencies. However re-

grettable, they have to be recognized for the present as a working factor in the elections. A Kamma for a Kamma, a Kapu for a Kapu, a Vellala for a Vellala, a Brahmin for a Brahmin, a Nadar for a Nadar, a Mudaliar for a Mudaliar, a Gounder for a Gounder—these and other slogans have come into vogue during the last ten years and it is difficult to say when they will disappear. We are eagerly looking forward to the day when these religious and class antagonisms will be eliminated from the political life of the country. In these circumstances, the creation of single-member constituencies in a country consisting of different races, castes, sub-castes and different shades of political opinion, and different political parties with different political and social programmes, is an unsuitable method of securing a proper representation of minority opinion and various shades of political opinion in the legislature. The single-member constituency would perpetuate the domination of the main caste or sub-caste in each electoral area, and the minority opinion will never have a chance of being represented in the legislature.

THE SECOND BALLOT AND THE ALTERNATIVE VOTE

It may be suggested that the expedients to correct the defects of the single-member system may also be tried here. The first is the system of second ballot under which, where any candidate does not obtain an absolute majority, a second election is held sometime later. As regards this method, the Indian Franchise Committee are unanimously agreed "that the delay and expense involved in the application of the device would be too great to enable them to support its introduction." As it is, in some provinces, elections are going to be spread over several days. "A repetition of the dislocation of administration involved would be intolerable. Any benefits obtained by the use of the second ballot would be counter-balanced by the ills bred of uncertainty and delay." In regard to the alternative vote the object is to prevent the minorities from gaining control of the legislature. The Indian Franchise Committee are also unanimously of opinion that for the franchise that they have proposed the alternative vote is out of the question. The working of the alternative vote in New South Wales has been

unhappy, and the Royal Commission on Electoral Systems in 1910 drew attention to the fact that in Australia the opportunity for party intrigue and the gratification of personal ill-feeling, which are conferred both by the power of using and that of withholding preferences, have been found to produce regrettable results. Apart from these views, the exercise of the alternative vote implies the marking of ballot papers. The large majority of the voters are at present illiterate. On the findings of the Indian Franchise Committee, the expedients adopted elsewhere for correcting the defects of the single-member system are inapplicable to the conditions prevailing in this country. The introduction of the single-member constituencies without these expedients would create an intolerable situation for the minorities and for minority opinion.

THE LIMITED VOTE

For the solution of the problem of minority representation in this country, we must, therefore, fall back upon one of the minority and proportional representation systems that have been tried in Europe and in America. They all require multi-member constituencies for their operation. I should like to invite attention to some of these systems. The first of these is the limited vote, so called because the elector is only allowed to vote for a limited number of candidates, *i.e.*, a number less than that of the seats to be filled. A party then cannot monopolise the representation of the constituency unless it has a very considerable majority. For example, if a constituency returns three members and each elector is only allowed two votes, the minimum majority of votes required to carry all the seats will be three to two. This system is in force in Portugal and in certain constituencies in Spain, and was applied in England to constituencies returning more than two members from 1867 to 1885.

THE JAPANESE SYSTEM

A variant of the limited vote is in force in Japan. In that country the constituencies for the Lower House of Parliament return several members, on the average about 3, 4 and 5 up to 8, but

each elector is allowed only one vote. Thus in an eight-member constituency, a party which can muster only $1/8$ of the votes, can be certain of returning a member. The Proportional Representation Society, London, have sent a memorandum to the Indian Franchise Committee recommending that, in the conditions of this country, the Japanese system may be found satisfactory. In explaining the system, the memorandum says :

"The method of election proposed is that of the single non-transferable vote in constituencies each returning several members. It is the system in use in Japan, with manhood suffrage (at the age of 25) for the election of the Lower House of Parliament. The method was first introduced in 1900, and was confirmed and extended in its application by the Electoral Law of 1925. The distinctive element of the scheme is that each elector may exercise *only one vote*, no matter how many representatives are to be elected.

"Consider the operation of the Japanese system in a constituency having, say, 500 voters and electing five representatives. Each voter will have one vote only; there will, therefore, be 500 votes in play, and no more. If any candidate obtains 100 votes, he will be sure of election, for only four other candidates can obtain as many as 100 each from the remaining 400 votes. Thus, *the system assures representation for minorities of any considerable size*; one-fifth of the electors in a five-member area can secure one seat; two-fifths can secure two seats.

"The system would assure representation to the majority communities and all minorities which are considerable numerically—the Muhammadans, the Depressed Classes, the Sikhs in the Punjab, the Hindus in the provinces where these are in a minority, and the Indian Christians in Madras.

"The Japanese system differs very materially in its working from the system of joint electorates with reserved seats. The report of the Minorities Committee contains this comment on the latter system: 'Doubts were expressed that, whilst such a system of election might secure the representation of minorities, it provided no guarantee that the representation would be genuine, but that it might, in its working, mean the nomination or, in any event, the election of minority representatives by the majority communities.'

The Japanese system—the single non-transferable vote—acts in a different way; each community or section, majority or minority, *can elect its own representatives by its own votes*; indeed, it secures its fullest share of representation, each community or political group must vote for its own candidates; representation will be genuine; no majority can deprive a minority of its full share of the seats.”

THE CUMULATIVE VOTE

Another expedient is the cumulative vote. Under this system the voter is given as many votes as there are seats to be filled, but he may spread them over several candidates or accumulate them on one, according to his preference. The power of accumulation enables a numerically weak party, by the concentration of its voting power on its own candidate, to secure at least one seat against far more powerful opponents. The cumulative vote is in much use in the elections of school boards in England and Scotland and it was proposed for adoption in political elections in Great Britain in discussions of the Reform Bill in 1867, but unsuccessfully, and is not used for such purposes in any country at the present time. The Indian Franchise Committee have, however, recommended the use of the cumulative vote in multi-member constituencies. They considered that as between the restriction vote (as under the Japanese system) and the cumulative vote, they preferred the cumulative vote as giving an opportunity of exercising a broad choice to the voter, and not reserving his attentions solely to those of his caste or creed if he so desires. They believed that the cumulative vote would give a less narrow outlook to the voter and render the divisions in the community less stereotyped. These are weighty considerations but in present circumstances the cumulative vote will result in “plumping” all the votes for the candidate of the voter's own community. The voter will not exercise, in present circumstances, his vote in favour of other candidates. This will aggravate the present situation. I think, on the whole, that the limited vote where the voter is restricted to the exercise of his vote in favour of two candidates, would perhaps be a better system. I suggest, therefore, the creation of at least three-member constituencies where the voter is permitted to exercise only two votes.

THE ELECTORAL UNIT

At present the district is the electoral unit for the elections to the Legislative Council in Madras. I would prefer that the unity of the district for electoral purposes should be preserved also for the future. The allotment of certain number of seats to the district as a whole would enable the voters to come to some understanding and there will be a variety of representation, both political and communal, from the district which might cause far less friction than the single-member constituency. It may also be necessary to adopt the district as a unit for the purpose of conducting the primary elections for the selection of candidates from the Depressed Classes under the Poona Pact, and for the reservation of seats for them. If, however, the district is considered as too unwieldy, it may have to be divided into two electoral areas, each returning at least three members. In that event the reservation for the Depressed Classes may have to be made in one of the two electoral divisions of the district. It is understood that the Madras Government contemplate the creation of each revenue division into a single electoral unit returning a single member. As I have already pointed out, this system would altogether ignore the fundamental requirement of the minority representation and would be wholly objectionable. Moreover, it is necessary to draw into the Legislative Councils men who have achieved at least a district reputation. The smaller the unit the greater is the chance of the election of inefficient representatives. On all these broad grounds, it is inadvisable to unduly reduce the size of the electoral area. There is some indication that the Muslims are also thinking of joining the general electorates with reservation of seats. In this event the case for the retention of the district as a unit becomes still stronger.

A good deal has been said about the expense involved in the elections to the legislatures and about the inordinate size of the present constituencies. It may be admitted that there is some justification for this view. It is a matter of common knowledge, however, that money power in politics is asserting itself and that the illegitimate expenditure in the elections is becoming larger and larger than the legitimate expenditure. One sometimes hears

the most astounding stories of the sums spent in the elections to the local bodies in this province. The smaller the unit the easier it is to corrupt the electorate. The area of two revenue divisions of a district is not unduly large as a unit for elections to the legislature.

In conclusion, I beg to express the hope that public opinion may be fully ascertained in regard to all proposals relating to the questions now awaiting solution. The tentative proposals of the Government in regard to the methods of representation, the distribution of territorial areas and other matters should be published beforehand and criticism may be invited. The widest publicity should be given so that all the interests may have an opportunity of being heard.

Modernists, Imagists, and Futurists

By M. CHALAPATHI RAU, M.A., B.L.

Said il Magnifico
 Pulling a fico—
 With a stoccado
 And a gambado;
 Making a wry
 Face: "This corraceous
 Round orchidaceous
 Laceous porraceous
 Fruit is a lie!
 It is my friend King Pharaoh's head
 That nodding blew out of the Pyramid . . ."

Poetry is the flower of magic, not of logic, says Edith Sitwell, and writes the above lines. They are intended to tell us that the Soldan screwed his face, swaggered, and said that a particular fruit was a lie; and the rest is fun and nonsense. This fact is woven into a web of magic. The Soldan is magnified into il Magnifico. His swagger is a fico, stoccado, gambado. The fruit is corraceous, orchidaceous, laceous, porraceous. King Pharaoh and his Pyramid are brought in. All of her poetry shares this fundamental unreason, for with her mastery of music, rhythm, and texture, she trafficks with queen Mab and Mother Earth, and would make of her poetry a kind of black magic, and mix it with incantations and dance. She would always use a logical form; she would increase the consciousness of Man; speak through a second sense if one sense fails, or through a centralised sense which controls all the senses; for, poetry to her is "neither conceived in the wits alone, nor in the soul alone; it is a matter, also, of the blood, of the surface of the skin as well as of the heart and pulses." Jane is tall as crane. Light creaks, or brays like an ass. The Sun is a cannibal; the Moon is foolish; and the Stars are like quaking-grass. The fire is furry as a bear; and the flames purr. She etches her emotions with

all art coincides, and all artists are at bottom the same. The modernist rhythm is usually the jazz rhythm. The modernist vision is a futuristic four-dimensional vision. The modernist mythologies are Matter-Spirit, Space-Time, and Sex. Sex is the most important. The modernists consecrate the body as the temple of the senses. They offer it incense and song, and glory in it as the only proof of our being. It is not spiritual to ignore the impulse that kindles our bodies. The late D. H. Lawrence who worshipped the sex-impulse and revelled in the glories of the flesh, was the high-priest of the senses and animal-spirits; for, he had resigned his self for salvation through the flesh alone. He might seem to suffer from sex-neurosis or jaguar spirits to people who do not like his grotesque and sensual imageries. But there is something wild in his hope, something tender in his despair, something sensitive in tone; some sunshine in his clouds and flowers in his crudest clay; and that makes him god-like in his self-torment, self-pity, and barbarism. He has his innocences and child-like moments, and then he has the song in him, and sings like a child of the gorgons. We might sublimate the energies of our being, but sex is the very fire of our blood. It is sex that is the seed of happiness and misery, sex that is working out the destinies of our race, and sex that lights the very dreams of man. Our world is a world obsessed with sex. Huxley's Fifth Philosopher has realised it when he muses:

"A million million spermatozoa
All of them alive:
Out of their cataclysm but one poor Noah
Dare hope to survive."

and the same inspiration gives:

"Darling, will you become a part
Of my poor physiology?
And, my beloved, may I have
The latch-key of your history?
And while the corpse is what it is,
Dear, we must share geographies."

or this modernist love-piece:

"Diaphenia, drunk with sleep,
Drunk with pleasure, drunk with fatigue,

Feels her Corydon's fingers creep —
Ring-finger, middle finger, index, thumb—
Strummingly over the smooth sleek drum
Of her thorax.

All this may be an obsession; it may be that poetry, a fine art, is becoming a pornographic art; but we must get familiar with it to understand the art of some, who have made literature and added to its significance and beauty. The modern poet meets life at many points, and has extended the subject-matter of poetry. Byron could write about Don Juan or the dark blue ocean. The modern poet can write about adultery or the Absolute, about Diaphenia's thorax or the cheek of a Chesterton. He has made even animals heroes of his poems. Davidson canonized the runnable stag; Masfield humanized Reynard, the Fox; Chesterton consecrated the donkey as the beast that carried Jesus into Jerusalem. And others have found beauty in a rhinoceros.

We are metaphysicals without our Donne, says Aldous Huxley and that is the truth. Huxley himself might be the Donne of our age, for every part of his being is supersensitive, his knowledge is marvellous, and his writings, at their best, are miracles of expression. But it is not easy to compete with Donne, who, a master of satire and passion, could make an art of both; who was the one poet that could check the boredom of Spenserian sweetness; who imparted a rapture to the most intricate of his rhythms and a spiritual glow to the mortality of the flesh; as in the well-known lines:

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks and so distinctly wrought.
That one might almost say her body thought—"

or in the little-known lines:

"So to engraft our hands as yet
Was all our means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation."

It is truer to say that we are on the top of a new Scholasticism, which cries for its Dante. Whether our age will throw up its

"rhythmic mesmerism" in one unceasing song, and gives us a melodious chiaroscuro or a singing caricature, and dazzles us with her veils of glamour and music-bells. It is because her theories have worked well that she succeeds in her experiments with new poetic facts and verse-textures; and sometimes cynical and sometimes cloistered, bucolic or Baudelairean, she is the *prima donna* of England's donna poets, so exquisite, deep, Donnish, all poppy and mandragora and syrups.

Edith Sitwell belongs only to the right wing of the Modernists. The Modernist movement in English poetry, which is now the poetry of a language and not of a country, may have achieved much, or may be an imposture that is not yet found out; it is on its trial and cannot be summed up. But it has succeeded as a reaction against the clap-trap of the Romantic, Pre-Raphaelite, and Yellow Book poetry, the translucencies and mythologies of the early Yeats and his imitators, "the chilblained mittened musings" of Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne's boring Beethoven symphonies. When Rossetti wrote that the Blessed Damsel had three lilies in her hand and the stars in her hair were seven, the statement was much appreciated and imitated, though we doubt it would have received attention if the lilies were not lilies and the stars were not stars. The tendency was then, as always, for poetic diction to become standardised with hackneyed themes, worn-out figures, dead metaphors and similes; and Yeats has made his protest:

"I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries
Out of old Mythologies
From heel to throat;
But the fools caught it,
Wore it in the world's eyes
As tho' they'd wrought it.
Song, let them take it,
For there's more enterprise
In walking naked."

The dreamy, moon-struck, "crocus-crowded" stuff was discredited and dying; Cynara and the passion for her were becoming as insincere as lips that are rouged and red. Kipling with his

rub-a-dub and Housman with his dreamy pessimism gave new blood to poetry; but Kipling soon became the drummer-boy of the British Empire and Housman created no new craze. Masfield, so heretical in the pre-War days, is tame beside the truculence of the modern poets. Hardy had potted with Wessex clay and given us pieces of rugged grandeur, figures in stucco, but he established no school. The War released men's emotions. Young blood went crying for action and with a contempt for words, but after four years of hell, came back shattered, lost and Sassooning War-satires. The old world was dead, and the new world was powerless to be born. Among the major achievements of poetry in the traditional manner were the ariel-music of De la Mare, the bucolics of Blunden, and the spontaneous bird-song of W. H. Davies. Poetry was disintegrating; it was organised like puzzles and conundrums, flying sideways, upwards, downwards; running into algebraical patterns and astral symphonies. Much of it is allusive-allegorical-romantic-classical-pictorial-symbolical. It touches the sub-conscious and the unconscious. It makes strange noises. To say that such poetry requires literary midwives and damn it is not the proper attitude. It does not detract from the worth of the poet's emotion, experience, or expression; it is only condemning the technique which in itself is of minor importance. Such poets are avowedly high-brow, and take their chances with the literary public. Their poetry is not decadent; it is not derivative; it is not popular. We cannot ignore it, if we care for poetry; we may wonder and wonder at it, as we wonder at the cheek of Ezra Pound when he writes on a cake of soap:

"Lo, how it gleams and glistens in the sun
Like the cheek of a Chesterton."

Our world may be a world that is disintegrating or progressing; but it is a world that is building sky-scrapers, speeding up motion, splitting the atom, communing with spirits, growing familiar with stars, and thinking of the multiverse in terms of Matter-Spirit and Space-Time. It is spinning in circles and dangerous curves; it has imprinted new rhythms in the blood of man. It is not difficult now for man to feel the pains of rhythm, though proper rhythm requires the heart of a poet and the ear of a musician; it is where

Donne or Dante, it has thrown up Mr. T. S. Eliot, the most scholastic of poets and critics. It is not easy to deal with him as he is one of those who, if asked to debate, would insist on definitions first. He has studied old masters to good purpose, and writes of them with subdued gusto and suspected depths; but with all his intellectual and imaginative insight he is irritating when, in his criticism, he contradicts himself with all the airs of the Absolute, or when, in his poetry, he annotates himself. *The Sacred Wood* has already become the Bible of critics who follow him, while *The Waste Land* is one of the great poems of the world, a poem which in its temper and expression has, like Huxley's *Leda*, shown the weariness, the fever, and the fret of the post-War world. We may take it as a symphony of despair or a spirit-symphony; and in its discords, its weird music, its undying images, and the hush hush hush of its silences, it suggests the very stir of stars, the rustle of planets, and the crash of worlds:

"This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper."

Some may find beauty and others sheer noise in the following exchanges:

"Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight Goonight May.
Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.
Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night."

But Mr. Eliot is clear and pure in his bursts of song:

"Here we go round the prickly pear
Prickly pear prickly pear
Here we round the prickly pear
At five O'clock in the morning."

and sometimes thin and spectral ending in a welter of words.
Listen to this music:

"I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plains behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?
London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

Poit s' a'cose nel foco chegli affina
Quando fiam cere chelidon.....O swallow, swallow
Le Prince d' Aquitaine a' la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih shantih shantih."

This is a case for a literary mid-wife; for Mr. Eliot himself has the cheek to tell us that we should refer to *Purgatorio*, Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, the *Upanishads*, and so on. "Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality," says the modernist Eliot, though we must hope that the escape from emotion and personality is not meant to be an escape into moonshine. It is doubtful if the cleverest prisoner can escape from the whole of his personality, if Eliot himself can escape from his; and it is no disparagement to him to say that he attempts an eclecticism and achieves a dialect, though he gives real pleasure to those who know his dialect. He has given a dangerous lead, for the method will not die with him. His pose is the pose of a scholar, his passion the passion of a scholar on thorns and tenterhooks; and with his boldness and individuality he inspires awe and seems eccentric. It is not only that he is more a pandit than a poet, that his content is often dry thought and parched emotion, but that his poetry proceeds always Minerva-like from the head. That is why he is an inadequate Dante, as Huxley is an undeveloped Donne. But *The Waste Land* is a great poem and is authentic when all the echoes of the one voice, clear, spectral, haunting, are gathered up like a cry from the waste lands of our being. It is impossible not to think of Poe when we consider Mr. Eliot and his contemporaries; for, it was Poe who made the music of the waste lands and influenced Rimbaud, Mallarme, and Valery, the French poets whose works have affected modernist English poetry to a great extent. It was Poe that showed the way of creating a particular pattern of music to express a particular mood; and, though he gave us often more sound than sense, he symbolized all his moodiness into grim and grisly shapes, and wrought out of old words and new names a kind of moody music,

which in its intensity is as terrible as the haunting, brooding speech of ghouls.

Mr. E. E. Cummings is even more drastic than Mr. Eliot, and more difficult to understand. A poem in his case is a being with a will and movement of its own. It is the poet's creature; but is independent of his will and personality. Mr. Cummings is only the medium who voices the spiritual self that is the content of the poem. His clairvoyant powers are as keen as those of Mr. Eliot and he has, in addition, the confusions of his psychic syntheses, and a typography which baffles the pandit and the tyro. His poetry is not so much pictorial or musical as pictorial-musical-architectural; and has the shapes of puzzles, conundrums, and algebra:

" Scorchbend ingthem
—selves—U
pcurv E, into: "

is supposed to be 'scorch-bending themselves, upcurve into'—into anguish or something; and 'jerkily rushes' becomes

" jerk.
ilyr, ushes. "

That is supposed to express the jerk that you get in a modern train. Does Mr. Cummings, in the words of that mystagogue, Mr. Eliot, "dislocate language into meaning"? Robert Graves and Laura Riding tell us that he does dislocate language into new meanings and symbols; and in the light of their annotations we have to believe that Mr. Cummings is one of the greatest poets of all ages, though it is hard to understand how even the most objective of writers could escape the least tinge of subjectivity. His poems compete with "elephants and El Greco." But apart from these puzzle-pictures he can write "thy mouth is a chord of crimson music", or:

" lady through whose profound and fragile lips
the sweet small clumpey feet of April came
into the ragged meadow of my soul."

Mr. Cummings, no doubt, is a genuine poet; he is only too subtle, and does away with conventional punctuation, for punctuation varies from age to age whereas he wants to create powerful

psychic beings that will last through time. Apart from the obscurity of typography and symbolism, he is as deep as anyone in insight and feeling, and uses words with such medium-like incoherence that a word might be as sweet as a sonata and silence as harsh as thunder.

The Imagists replaced the old heraldries of poetry with new heraldries. The camera had caught the surfaces of Nature with much exactness; and when the artists wanted to surpass it they discarded multi-coloured images and gave us dull and drab monochromes; but the camera in its turn has imitated the artist and even made photography a subsidiary art. The Imagists have given us hieroglyphics; they have beaten the symbolists of all countries in tortuousness of thought and obscurity of expression. But they did not deserve so much of boosting or censure. They have given us some good poems and much buckram, but buckram embalmed as exquisite mummies. Amy Lowell was the high-priestess, and Richard Aldington the oracle of the movement. H.D. is the finest flower of all those pains for she is the one poet among them of sincerity and splendid spiritual passion, and has given us images, hard, gem-like, marmoreal; but she too is sometimes tortuous and obscure. Some write of the sea as though they suffered from sea-sickness; she sees it with "pointed pines" and asks it to "cover us with your pools of fir." Amy Lowell is flat. Aldington works up a permanent catharsis; he is full of the bitterness of desire and doubt; the body seems to break, the spirit creaks, and life's taper seems to snap out:

" Do I live for copulation?
Do I live for ham or wine?
O my parrot raven-hearted,
O my parrot, not yet mine.
Snap loud, parrot."

The Imagist poetry is rarely lyrical; it is not winged and cannot fly, for its passion is crystallized into pictures; it is static and waits till it creates an image out of an emotion or thought; it lies like quiet little pools of words reflecting images. The weakness of Imagism was that it concentrated too much on the technique of poetry; but its insistence on clearness of outline, concrete images, and concentration

did much to check the vagueness and the fluid, florid gusto of the Georgians; for we have poets and poets, the conscientious poet who thinks that rhyming is a duty, not a right, or, the consumptive poet who believes in revealing himself to the utmost and puts his consumption in his poetry.

The form of English poetry has undergone a renaissance. We cannot think of great poetry in terms of form and substance, but we have to consider them with regard to the work of all but the greatest poets. It is because of this complete fusion of form and substance in *Gitanjali* and other translations that Tagore attains a grand and sublime simplicity, for though he is not regular in his rhythm, he has the art of making rhythm beat through stops, silences, and spaces till whole areas hum, and words dance about and sing. Rhythm is the life-blood of the greatest prose or verse; for, rhythm is the very beat of our blood; and while in prose it is various, in verse it is regular. Our rhythms are broken or shattered because our pulses are broken or shattered; and the bustle, the hurry, the sickliness and the giddiness, the fever and the grotesque flutter of our verbal rhythms are the rhythms of modern life translated into words. Modern poets have to make magnificent noise. Lindsay with his passion for community-singing gives us the music of the hurdy-gurdy and drums in the boom-boom-boom of his lines, and the rattle of rhymes:

"This is the order of the music of the morning:—
First, from the far east comes but a crooning;
The crooning turns to a sunrise singing.
Hark to the calm-horn, balm-horn, psalm-horn;
Hark to the faint-horn, quaint-horn, saint-horn."

It is regular honking. Chesterton hides the mysticism of ages in roars of Rabelaisian laughter. We have subtler rhythms when Edith Sitwell gives us a fox-trot or sonata; or, when Belloc in his *Tarantella* gives us the ting-tang-tang of the guitar. The verse librists of the present day take to Free Verse because they either feel slowly or irregularly. They do not recreate or recollect in the hurried accents of metre but write as they feel. There has been much loose thinking about Free Verse, which is a contradiction in terms; but the loose thinking is only with people who forget

Einstein and Relativity; for, nothing is absolutely free; and Free Verse is not anything free but verse that is freer than traditional verse with a technique and history of its own, though the mountebank has often taken to it as the cheapest trappings for his trash. As Robert Graves says: "The claim of Free Verse is that actually each line, not only each stanza or passage, may be subject to a new musical change." Free Verse is more than mere prose-poetry or polyphonic prose with its back broken up; it must grow out of itself and attain an organic form with life and movement, like the living song-bird, not a pot of clay. The tendency of all arts is to aspire to the condition of music, said Pater. Painting had exhausted itself in its impressionism and dots that revealed heavens, and been imitating architectural patterns, which has resulted in the cubism of Picasso and others. Poetry, on one side, has become more imitative and on the other less. Some poets have ceased to imitate Nature or anything. But there is a tendency among others to imitate Nature more closely; and so a poem about an elephant should lug and lag and lumber on, one about a stag should be antlered and swift, and one about mud should be muddy. Here is an imitation of a similar kind in a boxing-poem:

"The bell hammered
Staccato,
Swift.
The announcer's arm began to lift.
He bellowed,
Mouth wide:
Turning from side to side:
'LA—A—DE—EES—AN'
Gents. . . .
LA—A—DE—EES—AN'
Gents. . . ."

Here is one of the Dadaists, who produce impressions not by words but by letters, punctuation marks, numbers, dots and dashes:

"La—di—da—da—
——di—da—da—
——da—da—
——dum:

" Why do Frenchmen
woo a woman
as if women
never resisted ? "

Dadaism, like Vorticism, was one of those short-lived movements which were the aftermath of the War. Serious critics have not even attacked it; though many would seem to think that these poets of punctuation marks are less intolerable than others, who are mere makers of noise and singers of nonsense.

We are bursting our horizons, breaking up frontiers. Journalism is twin with literature and not merely cousin-german. History has the charm of romance; it is re-written with Stracheyish irony. Biographies are autobiographical; novels go winding like epics; dramas are lyrical and full of dance. Prose has gone into and mixed with Poetry and nobody knows where Prose ends and Poetry begins. Mr. Eliot with all his classicism is romantic, and Mr. Murry adventurously romantic is rigid as a classicist. The ancients and their advocates might say we suffer from literary epilepsy or elephantiasis. The retort is easy. There are no such certitudes now. The ancient believed that the earth was the centre of the universe with the sun and stars mooning round, that he himself was the centre of that earth. We are not sure, but are sceptical on the top of a New Scholasticism which we have to study, and, if necessary, accept. The modernist poet is egotistic and exuberant, or, like Mr. Cummings, a Maker letting loose powerful psychic beings. He writes with garrulous gusto or with the brevity of the Japanese *hokku*. Modernist poetry is not soul-stirring but it wakes up consciousness; it is not gnomic or divine; it has either much sound and fury or sense and sensibility. It is all cameos and silhouettes or all dots and dashes. It is not only an ironic criticism of life but a criticism of the poetry that has gone before. "Poetry is something that gives me a strange sensation in the back of the neck or down the spine, or a funny feeling in the pit of the stomach," says Mr. Housman; and this, as a definition of poetry, may give a funny feeling but not satisfaction. Poetry in all countries at the present day is not what it was before. The

poet is no more like Shelley's skylark; his art is neither premeditated nor unpremeditated. Poetry has been in the bone of man through the centuries and has become a sort of second nature in him. It is a part of his consciousness; and that is why he is either unconscious or subconscious when he produces it. He expresses himself and it is this theory of self-expression that is the defence of all kinds of poetry. It is not for the critic to ask the poet to fit his apparatus; for, the humblest poet is greater than the greatest critic. He must be understood from his centre or let alone; especially in these days when there is a standard for every one and not one universal standard. The æsthetic criticism of centuries has been groping for a centre but has converged nowhere. Others may carp at the poet who is a law unto himself but he lives in the glory of his vision. He does not care whether others read him though he publishes his poetry to release it from his personality. He does not write for money though he might be able to make it. He imitates none, not even Nature; for, he is a part of the consciousness of Nature, and poetry is a part of him. If he is sincere, and not merely decadent or derivative, he will have justified his existence and title, whether he is popular or unpopular, known or unknown. Sincerity is the one mark of his authenticity, and nothing else matters; for, in this he is independent of time though the public may have its changing tastes and idols. Inevitability has become the basis of our art. We are artistic just as we cannot help breathing, just as the flower cannot help giving scent. Nobody need babble much about the origin or end of Art. "Art for Art's sake" is dead. "Art for Life's sake" is dead. "Art for God's sake" too is dead. All the old parrots and their cries are dead.

What is the end? Is there an end? When was the beginning? One must be impressed by this crowd, this bustle, this hurry; this world of letters living on itself, producing itself like Bergson's *elan vital*, finite yet unbounded like Einstein's universe. Monarchy is dead; oligarchy is dead,—in letters too. The days of a few masters or a few leaders are numbered. The truth is that the number of great men and great writers is increasing though the truth is unpalatable to some and flattering to others. It is the same in all literatures. The world of English Letters is demonstrating it day by

day. Genius like a disease is spreading and the sooner we recognize it the better. If you do not read me I will not read you; and as for the question of making money on the basis of capital this too cannot go on for ever. The day when everybody will not only be a philosopher and a king but a poet also is nearer, perhaps, than we imagine. Writers can then express themselves in any language or mixture of languages they like. There are already writers who stray from the norm of living speech and are intelligible only to themselves. Critics may tap their sybilline leaves in vain for sound or sense. But it does not take away from the intrinsic worth of the poet's experience; and as for his future, it is bound up with the future of poetry itself, if he has had the joy of self-expression or making. Poetry, as we know it, has no future; but poetry as the highest form of expression in words is bound to live till the dissolution of Man. It might be all anarchy, or an organised art, or, worse, a subsidiary art; and the definition of poetry will have to vary from time to time, as it has varied in the past. There are no dark ages in literature, wrote Prof. Ker; but the dark ages for literature are ahead of us, if the prophecies of Science will be fulfilled, for a time will come of the brave new world, when man will be manufactured in the laboratory and live a synthetic life, eat synthetic food, listen to synthetic music, and will not die but merely float away out of the body into time and space amidst a flutter of music and dreams. It will more probably be a case of individualism with poets expressing their highly individualised experiences in highly individualised dictions and rhythms. Instead of the old wandering minstrels, we might have a minstrel broadcasting an Odyssey of Space-Time or an Iliad of the stars. For Art will be the life-blood of man throughout the ages, and the poets will always stare at Life and its Medusa-splendour. The world must outgrow the fever of its present before it can cast away its shell of glamour. That time is yet far off; and till then, the stars and earth and man will have to spin dizzily in a whirl of incense, charms, cadences, dances, phrases, incantations, and hosannas of song.

'The Triple Stream'

THE FAST AND AFTER

For two weeks and more the Indian continent was convulsed by the fear that a precious life was about to be sacrificed. As a protest against the provision of separate electorates for the Depressed Classes, Gandhiji resolved to fast "unto death." It was after long and painful travail of the spirit that he took this step. He was aware that the correctness of his judgment, though not the purity of his motive, might be questioned. But to him it was a compelling call from within which had to be answered with promptitude. Death by voluntary starvation is an idea familiar to the Jain ascetics; and vicarious suffering for the cleansing of the sins of humanity is associated with Jesus. At the first flush, however, it was astounding that in the modern age when miracles are not so common, a person of Gandhiji's eminence should have staked his life on what appeared to be a minor issue. Similar doubts were expressed when non-co-operation was first conceived in 1920 as a measure of protest, not for winning Swaraj but to alter the decision regarding the Khilafat. Gandhiji has always his singular point of view. He resorts to programmes which confuse even his most intimate following. It is nevertheless true that when time is given for ideas to be clarified, he is invariably proved to be in the right. Thus, in 1920, Hindus and Muslims were brought together in a way that was not imagined to be possible. In the present instance the emotion and energy set free by the announcement of the great fast were so immense that the work of centuries was compressed into the space of a few weeks. The actual details of the Poona Pact are, comparatively, of little consequence. It is a temporary arrangement for the purpose of ensuring adequate representation to our wronged brethren and to prepare the way for their speedy absorption into the general community. But the supreme value of the Pact lies in that it was arrived at after anxious negotiations amongst Indians themselves. It is the first streak of dawn after a long night of helpless disunity.

Swaraj is desired primarily to enable us to take decisions about India on Indian soil, to commit mistakes and rectify them ourselves. The right to err must be ours, even though in a particular case the foreigner may be able to arrive at a correct decision and impose it from above. The Poona Pact is the beginning of Swaraj. It is the prelude to other pacts between the communities of India, which will make the Premier's communal award inoperative. A mighty wave of feeling has overspread the land which, rightly controlled and rendered purposeful, is bound to take us very far. India rejoices that the Mahatma has been spared to her and to the world.

THE R. T. C. AGAIN

The threat of non-co-operation by the Indian Liberals has brought about a welcome change in the British attitude to Indian reforms. The Round Table Conference is to be re-assembled on a smaller scale about the middle of November next, and speculation is rife regarding its personnel. Some names are inevitable; some re-shuffling too, with a view to placate certain sections of Indian opinion. The Sikh leaders are holding aloof. The Congress, of course, is not in the picture. Immediately after the conclusion of the Poona Pact, there was some informal exchange of ideas on the subject between Gandhiji and the Congress leaders on one side, and the peace-makers—Sapru and Jayakar—on the other. But the conversations were brought to an abrupt close because the Government cut off all interviews with Gandhiji. The Congress cannot call off Civil Disobedience while the Ordinances are about to become a permanent feature of the Statute Book; and the Government cannot give up their extraordinary measures because the Congress continues rebellious. And so, the future Constitution will be framed in the absence of the representatives of the Congress at the R. T. C.

Everyone in India, from Sir T. B. Sapru downwards, and many in England, pointed out the futility of a Constitution to which the Congress is not a party and which it may help to wreck any day. Both countries are tired of this condition of prolonged stalemate. All normal activities in India, political, cultural, or economic, are

languishing on account of this utter absorption in the fight. At some stage, the country must settle down to the work of reconstruction. But that is being put off indefinitely by the short-sightedness of the Government which refuses to use all the means in its power to come to an understanding with the Congress. At the beginning of the year, the Viceroy declined to be interviewed by Gandhiji; today his Government places obstacles in the way of distinguished Indians who are bent on achieving peace. This type of blundering is habitual with the Government of India, but after the remarkable speed and decision shown by the Premier in ratifying the Poona Pact, the Indian public expected greater courtesy and reasonableness on the part of the authorities in India.

A NEW SOCIAL PLAY

The stage in South India is in a most deplorable condition. Indeed, it seems to have grown considerably worse within the last decade. In Andhradesa especially, plays by well-organised and talented groups of actors have given place to 'contract' plays. Some enterprising businessman, with an eye to profit, brings together the most noted actors for an evening, pays each of them according to a scheduled rate, and puts on boards one or other out of half-a-dozen worn-out dramas. Huge audiences are drawn by the display of the names and titles of the actors, and nearly always, the public feels intense disappointment. For, this chance-grouping of actors for the occasion reveals all the weaknesses due to lack of co-ordination. Some of the actors do not turn up at the last moment, and their rôle is either left out or filled in by ill-equipped, inferior actors, much to the disgust of the audience and possibly to the disgust of the actors themselves. There are no adequate rehearsals and the minor characters are utterly neglected. New plays are neither written nor staged. The actors in the 'contract' scheme have no inducement to prepare new plays or perfect the old ones.

Even Mr. T. Raghavachar, the most eminent of our actors, has occasionally appeared in these dramas with the laudable object of rendering financial assistance to some good cause. But his reputation has thereby suffered. Things always get worse before they

can get better. We are possibly on the eve of a great revival. The first indication of this was given by Mr. Raghavachar himself some months ago. He trained a set of very competent actors and actresses, and produced a new social play, *Facts Unpleasant*, with himself in the leading rôle. For the first time after weary years of 'contract' dramas, a Madras audience followed with wrapt attention this new play in which everyone did his or her part to perfection. There was a minimum of music,—and that of the best kind. Attention was concentrated on the evolution of the plot and the interpretation of individual characters. We offer our congratulations to Mr. Raghavachar and his associates. We look forward to a speedy reformation of the South Indian stage through their efforts.

The Sea-Songs of C. R. Das¹

By KALIPADA MUKHERJEE, M.A.

"Awake up my glory;
Awake psalter and harp;
I myself will awake early."

PSALM 57—8.

[The late Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das was better known as a lawyer and politician than as a poet. He wrote and published five books of poems: *Malancha*, *Antarjami*, *Kishore-Kishori*, *Mala*, and *Sagar-Sangita* of which the last-mentioned is his masterpiece. The last desire of our poet, as he said to Mahatma Gandhi in Darjeeling a few days before his death, was to live a poet's life in a cottage on the banks of the Ganges, after initiating his countrymen into the mysteries of self-rule as enunciated in the *Gita*.

I am glad to acknowledge my indebtedness to Sri Aurobindo Ghose for the use in my article of one of his renderings of the *Sea-Songs*. Readers can get a good idea of these from Mr. Ghose's renderings of them.]

The peculiar feature of the sea-songs of C. R. Das is that they are unlike any similar things with which the Western reader is acquainted. The *Odyssey* of the first European bard is, so to say, one long and continuous song of the sea, inasmuch as it describes the adventures 'on the land and sea' of Odysseus, 'a man of many thoughts, and a man of many woes,' who, nevertheless, is always in quest of new adventures, and who, as conceived by Tasso, Pulci, and especially Dante, tempts the seas once more on his return to his island-kingdom of Ithaca after a prolonged absence of twenty years. In the following lines of Alfred Tennyson:

"There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—

¹ All renderings of C. R. Das's sea-songs used in this article, unless otherwise indicated, are mine. These have been done very faithfully to the original forms.

"That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;

* * * * *

"Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die."

But all this is on the physical plane, as are the Anglo-Saxon heroic poem "Beowulf" and the lyric or half-lyric monody of the early English bard, the sea-farer, if we except its allegorical second part.

Among modern English poets there has been no lack of singers of the sea; it is fitting that it should be so, for the forefathers of the English were called "Sea-Wolves" by a contemporary Roman bard, and English critics exult over this fact even now. It is thus that Cunningham sang in the vein of the merry old English sailor; and more modern English bards like Sir Henry Newbolt, the author of "Drake's Drums and Other Poems" and Rudyard Kipling, the singer of "Songs of the Sea" have been sea-poets. Swinburne in whose veins flowed the blood of the sea, who was called the 'sea-mew' in childhood and who wrote of the sea as his mother, is one of the most outstanding sea-poets of England. His sea-poems have, therefore, been as grand, as solitary and as 'endless' as the sea itself. But his poems lack any high spiritual significance, though some sort of spiritual or rather symbolical significance has been read into his sea-poems by some critics of his poetry. This we get in one English sea-song *par excellence*—the last poem of Tennyson, "Crossing the Bar" which may be regarded as his swan-song:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,

THE SEA-SONGS OF C. R. DAS

When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

But in India, the home of spirituality, the idea which interpenetrates the sea-songs of C. R. Das has been as old as the *Mahabharata*, for in the *Gita*, Ch. 12-7, this mundane world and death even have been compared to seas. The *Panchatantra* and the *Hitopadesa* contain many popular verses; one of which has been rendered into English as follows:

"And on the mighty ocean's waves
Two floating logs together come
And having met for ever part
So briefly joined are living beings."

The idea contained in these lines has been reproduced by Matthew Arnold in his touching poem, "The Terrace at Berne" on his beloved Marguerite:

"Like driftwood spars which meet and pass
Upon the boundless ocean-plain,
So on the sea of life, alas!
Man nears man, meets, and leaves again."

Sankaracharya in his "Club that Shatters All Error" conceived this world as an ocean, *Bhavarava*; and, in similar ideas lies the germ of hundreds of popular Vaishnavite songs in Bengal which represent Hari or God as the Pilot of this shoreless and endless ocean-like world, and glorify Him as *Bhavakandari* and *Akulakan-dari* Hari. The late Mr. C. R. Das, a very devout Vaishnava himself, was led back to these ideas when he heard the divine music of the sea amidst the clash and clang of wave on wave, and the greatest of all musicians put him in mind of, and in communion with

all and end-all of his existence, Krishna or Hari Who is God the Absolute according to Hindu religious ideas.

Sagar-Sangita or *Sea-Songs* is a collection of forty-nine pieces besides an introductory poem, written in metres which are impassioned and diversified. The predominant metre used, however, is the couplet not end-stopped; it is as free as the sea-wind itself. The rhythm of the sea-waves seems to have sent the poet off to such a 'rhythm as goes on with such a rush that it is enough to carry the world away.' The words used are pregnant with meaning; few are negligible; all have combined to add a sombre glory to the whole poem which is really a sequence of sea-songs. The origin of this flower of devotion is not, however, steeped in obscurity. Said a distinguished friend of the poet in an obituary notice: "On an outward voyage from England to India, I believe in October 1912, I saw him sitting on the top-deck writing poems when most of the passengers were asleep in their cabins. He told me that the undisturbed sound of the waves inspired him." Thus it was that the poem was born—which will ever be lodged with power in the hearts of all who care for true poetry, poetry that is born in the soul and rushes out of the soul in torrential streams of magical verse.

The poem opens with an introduction in which the poet invokes Poesy or Imagination in the following manner:

"O thou unhopèd for, elusive maiden mine,
Stand for a space: with rhyme let me entwine,
Let me weave thee. Lo! how the sea today
In pale moonlight calm, in what a dream's sway
Pants and wavers and vibrates in what bliss!
O what a dream and how too full of peace!
If thou art come indeed, O Mystery!
Stand still in my soul and let me weave thee
Into my rhymes. O stand still, why quiver?
Into the hymn of this sea that rises ever
And into the strain of my heart that's mute
Yet full, I will weave thee and transmute
My inward solitude and I'll bind thee
In rhymes that beyond rhythms there ever be.
Wilt thou not live there, O dream-arrayed
Full in my rhymes, unfickle e'er, my maid?"

After this solemn invocation, the poet proceeds to the main subject of his poem. In the last poem of *Mala* (Garland) the poet deeply immersed in the silent music of the Himalayas, prayed to God to fill the home of his heart with His soundless great song; and here, in the opening lines of the *Sea-Songs* the poet says that he has laid wide his ears to hear the wonderful melody of the sea's eternal song,—

"I have laid my ears today
And heard the music of the lay
In this sunny morn O sea,
What words O! O what a tune!
My heart is full. I do commune
Yet I cannot know O sea,
What's sung in thy melody!"

The poet hears the sea's song but he can catch only the divine melody; he can neither unravel the meaning of the song that is ever being sung to its deep monotone. So he continues in the following poem:

"My heart is fill'd full with thy song;
My eyes—after the morn they long,
Sometimes thy song's magic sound
Is calm—at others is profound,
Sometimes its pathos makes me weep:
It makes me mad—it is so deep.
I do not know what roves in thy lay
My limbs shiver—shiver as they may
To the tune of thy endless, endless song
I merely look towards the East for long."

In these lines we see that the poet, in his ecstasy, feels that something or someone is moving in the midst of the lay of the seabard. It is now that we should pay particular attention to the poet's meaning underlying these sea-songs of his.

In Vaishnavite literature which is as early as the *Mahabharata*, if not earlier, we come across the idea of Sri Krishna—the great hero of the *Mahabharata* period who has always been looked upon as God Himself,—not merely as an incarnation of God,—'Krishnastu bhagavan awayam' (Krishna is God Himself). He is the divine

flute-player of Brindavan—Who plays His flute eternally and calls to Himself the souls of all His created beings. But He is not merely a cow-boy of a particular period of India's history. What He is in essence and what He is to His devotees were long ago revealed by Himself to the poet-philosopher of the *Mahabharata*. Readers, especially foreign readers, have only to study the well-known *Gita*, the Lord's Song, to know what Sri Krishna stands for. He is the modern European philosopher's God Immanent as well as Transcendent. The created world is only a part of Himself. The next thing to be borne in mind is that the Vaishnava poet who was deeply read in Vaishnavite literature, has, from the beginning, looked upon the sea as a devotee of Sri Krishna—who like a true devotee has been singing the praises of God from the beginning of the world. Prahlad, one of the most famous of the devotees of Sri Krishna, has given the first and second places to the hearing and the singing of the praises of God while enumerating the nine aspects of devotion to God. That the sea is such a devotee is evident from more than one of these sea-songs. The following is a quotation from Sri Aurobindo Ghose's famous rendering of the thirty-sixth sea-song of Mr. Das :

" In prayer and devotion today the very skies
Are full of blossoming flowers,
Thy two eyes swim in heavenwardness
And in waves of melting kindness
Thy waters dancing softly flow.
The roll of *kirtan* sweeps over the world
And the world is fill'd with the deep music of devotion,
Haribole ! Haribole ! the *kartal* clash,
And *mridanga* never sounded so deep in my heart before.
In this joyous *kirtan* the free morning air
Is dancing round and round my heart
In the wild ecstasy of divine madness,
My heart is mad for God !
With what sweet yearning of love hast thou fill'd its depth !
O Joy of heart, O enveloping restful heart of joy !
In the eagerness of reaching thee,
In the anxiety of failing,
I sink and sink,
And rising float and float again !

O devotee, O heart full of prayerfulness !
Sing thy *kirtan* anew.
Keep me with thee for ever in thy prayers and devotion."

Such is Krishna and such is His devotee ! In the twenty-first poem the sky itself with its 'music of the spheres' has been imagined as another devotee of God ; and here, the whole world has joined the sea in a great morning thanksgiving ceremony. Those who are believers in God bereft of all attributes, will demur to the idea of God with a name and with attributes. But the poet-philosopher of the *Mahabharata* has sung thus of such believers in the divine *Gita* : "The difficulty of those whose minds are concentrated on the unutterable or inexpressible is greater, for the path of the unmanifested is hard for the embodied to attain." (Ch. 12.5). Probably this is why Mr. Das, though born of Brahmo parents and a Brahmo himself, became a Vaishnava at heart. In these exquisite sea-songs of his, Mr. Das looks upon the sea as a brother-devotee of God ; and his song with its various moods, touches the heart of the poet with joy, sorrow and fear, and even with a feeling of separation from God. In the third song the poet feels that the sea-song floats like a bird in the sky of his heart. In the fourth song the poet feels so enraptured that he experiences a transformation of the twin feelings of joy and sorrow simultaneously. In the fifth song the poet feels that his heart has become a myriad-stringed musical instrument at the touch of the hands of the sea. In the next song we see the dawn has come, and with it an all-pervading silence. The poet enraptured asks the eternal musician where its song is sung, in what world, unseen and imperceptible—in what dawn.

In the seventh song the poet says that he is quite inexperienced as a musician, that his soul is an open sky filled with the shadow of eternity—and that he can have a hearing of God's call in its songs. It is therefore that he has opened the doors of his heart, and seeks his own self—in the song of the sea. In the next song the poet conceives of himself as an instrument to be played on by the sea who is the instrumentalist ; the poet beseeches the sea to play on his heart in light and in darkness, in morning and in evening and at all times. In the next three songs the poet feels

that the sea has opened his inner eyes, has with its song helped his bud-like heart to open its petals; the whole of his being blows transfigured like a flower before him; it is the song of the sea that has inwoven in a single thread of song his innumerable prior births. The poet dives deep into the sea of song which is infinite but cannot unfathom it; his heart-lotus opens its petals silently from out of the bosom of the shoreless ocean of song. He asks the sea to make him blind to everything else in this world—because he would prefer to live immersed in the sea of sounds; nothing else will abide in the world for him; the whole of the world will vibrate in the harmony of melody and song.

In the twelfth song we find the poet listening to the song of the sea on a full-moon night. The peaceful ray of the moon interpenetrates the heart of the sea and is refulgent on its bosom. The poet is wafted to dream-land—his heart is brightened by a hundred memories—memories of happiness and sorrow—all of his past lives; the poet thinks that the memories of past lives also are being reflected on the soul of the sea; all the births of the poet have become like a single flower and float in his vision like one indivisible whole.

In the next six songs, the sea appears in a different aspect to the poet—the aspect in which it appeared to Wordsworth in "Nature and the Poet." The day dawns with a cloudy sky, the sea howls, the poet is dubious at heart and cannot understand the reason of all this 'storm and stress': the solemn music of the sea's mighty song booms also in the heart of the poet: he is not afraid therefore but bares his bosom and is ready to float or be plunged into the sea of darkness, dissolution and death.

Songs fifteen, sixteen and seventeen portray one of the grandest and greatest sea-storms in the world's literature. The absorption of the world in the sea of dissolution (*pralaya*) appears to the poet to be imminent: he feels the mighty effect of the sea-storm in his heart of hearts; he welcomes the sea therefore to enter his heart in the form of death and reign there supreme for the day. In the next song the poet implores the sea which he apostrophizes as the god of Death to recoil from its threatening attitude and let life and the world live their own lives: he asks the sea to let Creation to

continue in the midst of its weal and woe. But in the midst of all the storm the sea has—so it appears to the poet—fought with him to gain his heart. The poet who was ready to give himself up into the hands of the sea, says to the sea that it is therefore of no avail to fight for his heart.

In the next two songs, from out the grey of the morning the following day of peace and of calm dawns gloriously; the poet feels that the sea has its lord again enthroned in its inmost soul. The flute of dissolution is silenced; in the golden rays of the sun the sea looks like a king; the poet's own heart is gilded with gold; he has brought to the sea his heart filled with the glow of dawn to leave it as a wreath at the feet of the sea. The poet says that both of them will remain intermingled in a single thread of union in the lap of the dawn goddess in the wildernesses of the land of dreams.

Dawn passes on and a sense of loneliness and pathos steals over the poet's heart. The whole world with its sky and clouds, its winds and waters all appear to sing mournfully: the poet is greatly troubled at heart. In the radiant glare of the meridian sun everything is calm and quiet and the poet feels that the sea, greatly tired with singing, is experiencing the propensity to sleep: and he asks it to sleep in peace, while he himself awaits in silence for it to wake up and stretch its arms for him in the midst of the darkness of evening.

In the next poem the poet reverts to the Hindu idea of the transmigration of souls; the sea is his age-long friend from the beginning of Creation; it had its previous birth—and had probably been his friend through them. The poet thinks that it is therefore that each has come to know the other more intimately now, and in some secret love-tryst they will renew their old love for each other.

The following morning has not yet broken and the poet wakes up before anybody; he is willing to bathe in the majesty of the sea's soul, and to hear the same song that day and night reigns in its inmost heart. The poet in his ecstasy feels that the sea is looking with calm and beautiful eyes towards his face; and his own words and his song have become hushed in the midst of the

twilight. He thinks himself to be as a younger brother of the sea; and as such, prays to it to regale his heart with the inward music of its soul.

The very next moment the poet feels that hundreds of dream-decked songs from his heart are being entwined on the neck of the sea by the sun's rays which fall with their sedate glory on the lips of the sea. He implores the sea to sing but one song to him so that he can sing ever to the world. But he is not alone; and therefore he exhorts the sea to reserve the song for more solitary moments. When in the midst of enveloping darkness they will meet each other, the nectareous touch of the sea will fill his own heart with the nectar of its heart.

In the next song the poet feels that all the restlessness of the sea and its mournful monotone are due to a sense of separation from 'God—Who is our home.' The sea appears to him to be a sea of tears, and the poet sings that he has left everything for it, and will so come through the eternal ring of ages and births. In the twenty-ninth song, therefore, the poet asks the sea when and where they were united for ever—twined in the silken bond of love and affection. He feels that both of them have come like 'trailing clouds of glory' from a common source—the source of everything in the world; and the sea flows on towards Eternity, while the poet floats in the eternal song of the sea. In the next song the poet sings that his night has been filled with the deep music of the sea's sound; in the darkness encircled with the sea's song he cannot see the face of the dear singer, but he feels nevertheless a peculiar widening of his heart. And in the next song the poet says that he who had all his life been a stay-at-home man, content in the midst of the little happinesses, cares and anxieties of a small home, has now given himself up to the boundless sea—at the deep call of its howling waves, as he feels an overflowing of his soul with the sea's sound.

Twilight then comes and the sound of the sea becomes mournful—and the poet asks the sea if there is any doubt that agitates the heart of the sea, if any problem remains unsolved, and whether it speaks with life and death. In the thirtieth song we find that the poet asks the sea whether its song floats on in the calm of the

evening. He feels that it is the time of vespers, and that the sea is lifting like a lamp, the heart of the poet towards someone he does not know. He asks the sea to become his spiritual guide, and to initiate him into the mysteries of its sacred worship.

At the approach of evening a strain like the pathetic 'Puravi' overflows the bosom of the sea—and there reigns a solemn stillness—the sky is moonless and starless, and the winds are all asleep. In the midst of this 'inviolable quietness' the sea sits absorbed in deep meditation—speechless and calm—and steeped in the bliss of peace. While in this state, the poet feels that all Nature (*Prakriti*) too floats like a lotus as at the time of Creation, and Time is static as it had been before Creation began.

The following morning brings with it a scene of joyous hymnal, which will be found in the song we have quoted previously in the rendering of Sri Aurobindo Ghose.

In the thirty-seventh song the poet feels an eager yearning to be beyond the reach of this world—to be above its "bourne of Time and Place." The next song, song number thirty-eight, of which we give a rendering below, is filled with the poet's heart-felt desire to be in the other world because he hopes there to see his Pilot face to face:

"Does light burn like a mystery on the shore
Which no eye has seen at dawn or at twilight?
Does music sound there—does it sound evermore
That's unheard of all in day-time or at night?
Does anyone sit there on soft sea-sand
Yearning like me for an embrace that's whole?
Is there seen thy heart's own self on that strand—
Boundless and peerless—the dream of thy soul?
O thou great sprite, I am dying for thirst:
I am very thirsty in my inmost soul:
Drown me in thy waters with a burst
Float me to that shore where thyself dost roll!
Will then be fulfilled my heart's sweet dream?
This lovely heart like a sovereign's seem?"

In the last song of all we find the poet weary of his numerous births and deaths. He begs of his Lord, as in 'Prayer,' 'Song' and 'Silence', the three poems that close his *Mala* (*Garland*), to

set him free from this life of births and deaths—and to have him returned to His own Self. This is sombre with a grandeur all its own and is tenderly pathetic as will appear from the following rendering of it:

" I'm tired of this crossing from shore to shore :
Take me to thy shoreless sea for e'ermore.
My soul is adrift—it doth find no beach—
Thy beachless sea it doth yearn to reach !
A deep darkness doth enshroud me all around
I cannot hear in my heart any sound !
My eyes are tearless—they inly weep :
My soul is maddened for thy soul's great deep !
I've sought Thee in the midst of many waves,
In those places which Thy sweet music laves !
And, in Thy mysterious light and shade
Each day and night I have my search made !
O my life-long Friend ! O my Pilot true,
Take me to thy shoreless sea without rue !"¹

Thus ends the *Sea-Songs* of C. R. Das. In these we find evident a blending of the physical and the spiritual, a commingling together of the personal as well as the impersonal, as in at least one of his own three sea-songs in his first book of poems, *Malancha (The Bower)*. These are unique of their kind in all literature. The poet of these songs, as mentioned afore, was a devout Vaishnava with a peculiar fondness for the songs of the great Vaishnava and Sakta lyricists of Bengal, which are wholly free from any extraneous influences of thoughts and ideas and which

¹Curiously enough there is a similar conception of birth and death as a sea in the following lines of Goethe's *Faust* :

"In the tides of Life, in Action's storm,
A fluctuant wave,
A shuttle free
Birth and the grave,
An eternal sea,
A weaving, flowing
Life, all-glowing." (Sc. 1. Bayard Taylor's Translation)

In the *Kathopanishad* we read of

"The Eternal One, the Place of Peace, the Abode
Where fear and grief are fled : the Landing Port
For spirits which have crossed Life's troubled sea."

²*The Secret of Death*—Sir Edwin Arnold.

are actually sung to this day. Almost all his poems and especially his collection of poems called *Antarjami* and the last five poems of *Mala* are imbued with the ideas of the Vaishnava poets. The poet in more than one article like 'The Lyrical Poetry of Bengal' and 'On Transformation,' upheld the work of the above-mentioned poets as containing the quintessence of the life of Bengali lyrical poetry. This, of course, is going too far: for such a view-point seeks to eliminate all other kinds of Bengali lyrics from the category of the very best Bengali lyrical poetry. Yet, in order to understand these sea-songs we have to bear in mind the following notes:

1. God, as He says in the *Gita*, pervades the whole of the created universe with a part of His own Being.

2. The knowledge of God brings with it its own dower of bliss—this bliss is no other than the joy of impersonality—it is the joy of the spirit. This knowledge also ushers in a greater triple delight in the heart of the God-knower. It opens before the inner eye of the devotee the threshold of the bliss of the Transcendent: it releases his soul in the limitless delight of the Universal Person: it reveals to him also the joy of the One Nature. This joy in the individual is a portion of the joy of the Impersonal.

3. When the individual turns towards God, all fundamental pairs of opposites like 'Sat' and 'Asat' (Reality and Unreality), 'Sukh' and 'Dukh' (Happiness and Unhappiness) disappear from the mind of the individual.

4. God says in the *Gita*: "Of all waters I am the Sea." Therefore it is that the poet of the *Sea-Songs* looks upon the sea not only as an individual in whom the spirit of God is interfused, but also as a person, a devout Vaishnava, and as such a devotee of God.

5. Like the devotees of God, the sea also worships Him, meditates on Him, and sings His praises eternally. The sea calls God by His sweetest and most beautiful of names—'Hari,' and this it does without intermission. This act of devotion is by itself equal to all the other acts of a devotee. The Vaishnava believes in the efficacy of 'Narayan-kirtan' (singing the praises of God), so much so that he knows that only this can release a being from bondage of *rajas* and 'maya'. Some have called 'Sankirtanam,' 'Vidya-

vadhu-jivanam'—the life that enlivens all knowledge personified as a bride; others have said that it is 'Anandam-budhi-varadhanam'—that which like the moon makes the sea of joy overflow its banks; while others have even said that the utterance of each letter of such a name of God as 'Hari' helps us to enjoy the ecstasy which is in the Godhead.

6. Such a devotee is an object of veneration to a Vaishnava, as such a devotee is very dear to the heart of God. Says Sri Krishna in the *Srimat Bhagavat*: "I and my devotee are one and not to be differentiated." The sea is such a devotee; and as such is very dear to the heart of the poet; for he believes with Sri Rup Goswami: "He who takes the name of Krishna on his lips should be liked by every Vaishnava. If that man has been properly initiated one should bow down to him. If he has gone a long way in the path of meditation one should be devoted to him. If he has in him deeply God-engrossed love and has no desire to calumniate others, one should always seek his company." Because the sea is endowed with all the virtues of a devout Vaishnava, the poet exhorts the sea to initiate him into the mysteries of God-knowledge, and God-love, and seeks his company throughout eternity.

7. God has said in the *Gita*: "Merge thy mind in Me, Be thou My devotee, Sacrifice thou to Me, Bow thou down to Me, and verily thou shalt come even unto Me."—XVIII, 65. "Take thou shelter in Him in every way: by His grace alone thou shalt attain to supreme peace, and the place that is eternal."—XVIII, 62. "Verily they who abandon all actions in me, and always intent on Me, worship and meditate on Me whole-heartedly, them in no time I lift up from the seas of death and existence."—XII 6, 7.

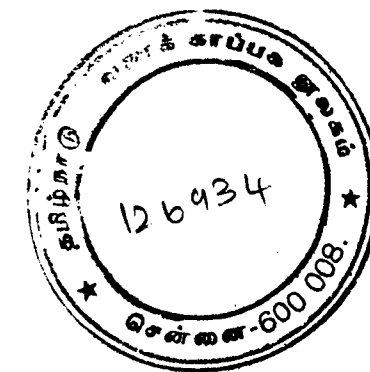
So it is that the devout poet prays to God to release him from the bondage of births and deaths (the two shores of being,—life and death), and from the enwrapping veil of 'maya' (Unreality), and to take him from all the pairs of fundamental opposites to Himself where He is the Eternal, the Immutable, the Subtle, and the Indiscernible.

8. In the 'Chhandyogya Upanishad' (7-6) the poet-sage has declared that the earth, the ocean, the sky and all things in heaven

and earth, and Gods, and even the whole world are always wrapt in the meditation of God.

9. Sri Krishna or Sri Hari is to the Vaishnava not the cowboy of Brindavan though He is sometimes regarded as such, but the Brahma of the sages, the 'paramatma' or 'Oversoul' of the Yogis, and the 'Bhagavan' or God of the devotees.

These are the things that one has to bear in mind while reading the *Sea-Songs* of C. R. Das. C. R. Das was a real poet, and there is much to say about his poetry; and the crown of all his poetical efforts is his *Sea-Songs*, which will ever delight the lover of poetry, the Vaishnava devotee, and all those liberated souls of the world who are ever striving towards a realisation of God in their own selves.



74
V. S. N. D. R.
M22.5.2

My Lord

By PURIPANDA APPALASWAMY

While I lay
Upon thy path, my Lord,
I feared my head might miss
That trace of dust,
That priceless boon
From off thy hallowed feet.
Here alas, the night-winds all too soon
Make approach.

I fear too
That these tiny petals
Stretched for long
Might sadly dwindle down,
That this last breath
Preserved so long
To kiss the jingling
Of thy sacred anklets
Might escape me, too.
I know not how
To bear this raging wind,
This crushing weight
Of night's iron-feet.

Grown a mate to dust and smoke
I rot in these
Woe-tainted walks.
And thou, my Lord
Brushing my trace aside
Movest away
Along the paths of light.

(Translated from TELUGU by S. Srinivasa Rao, B.A.)

Some Women-Poets of Ancient Andhra

By V. N. BHUSHAN, B.A., F.P.S. (Lond.)

Though women-singers in all climes have been few and far between, their voices have the supreme value of beauty and power. In India especially, it seems as though by some transcendent miracle of divine ordination, the banner of song has been handed down through the long centuries, beginning with the noble dames of the Vedic era, then the silent sisters of the Buddhistic age, then the ardent votaries of the *Bhakti* school, then again the Muslim and Mughal Begums, and finally the women of our own times. *Poems by Indian Women* in the *Heritage of India Series* is, I think, the only one of its kind where we have in a collected form beautiful selections from the utterances of our women-poets. The volume, praiseworthy as it is, has certain serious drawbacks, one of them being the complete omission of Telugu. Could it have been that 'the Italian of the East' the language spoken by twenty-four million persons over an area of 2,00,000 miles escaped the attention of the Editors? Or was it that they could find nothing in Telugu Literature worthy of representation in an anthology like theirs? Anyway, Andhra-Desa has had its women-singers who have bridled the pegasus to the envy and applause of their contemporary litterateurs. Of such women who, shunning the limelight, proved to be perennial sources of poetic ecstasy to their lovers or their lords, instances are numerous in Telugu Literature, for, women inevitably were, and still are, the inspirers of the thoughts of men. But, apart from such subdued sources, there were poetesses in ancient Andhra, worthy of our esteem and commendation.

Kuppamamba of the thirteenth century was an unfortunate young girl-widow who sang sweetly of her saddest thought; and these poetic wailings are suspected to have been made use of by Ayyalaraju Ramabhadra Kavi—one of the *Ashtadiggajas* of the

Court of Krishnadevaraya—in his famous work, *Sakala Katha Sara Sangraha*. Next, Kumari Molla of the sixteenth century has, by her single work of translation,—*Ramayana*, which even today is extremely popular, taken an abiding place in the galaxy of our literary stalwarts. To the same century belongs Mohanangi, daughter of the great royal poet and patron of letters, Krishnadevaraya. Born of a highly cultured father she inherited all his literary talents and was a centre of attraction in the learned assemblies of her father's Court. She encouraged in all ways those that thronged around her, and on one occasion bought for a fancy price the poems of a certain poet that hawked them along the city streets for the sake of bread. She was also the author of the no-longer-extant *Marichi Parinaya*—a *kavya* of great charm and invaluable merit that won the appreciation of the Court-poets of the time.

Next, we have Muddu Palani of the eighteenth century—a courtesan attached to the harem of Pratapasimha of Tanjore, whose work *Radhika Swantvanam* is still read for its splendid descriptions, situations and delineations of character. Muddupalani is also the translator of the famous *Saptapadi* songs of the celebrated Dravida poetess Andal collected under the caption: *Tiruppavai*. This work which is regarded as a monumental one in that language is still the 'song celestial' of the devotees of the Vaishnava cult. Belonging to that band of seekers of refuge in God through love, Andal treats of the loves and longings of the milkmaids of Brindaban for Krishna—their hope and consummation. This, Muddupalani translated with felicity and fidelity, but only the first ten out of a set of thirty songs are extant.

In the nineteenth century we come across Tarigonda Venkamamba, a widow ere she enjoyed connubial life, who, by the strength of her radiant spirit and song most miraculously turned her tears of sorrow into flowers of worship to the Almighty Giver of all good gifts. With a sincerity and simplicity all her own, she lived for a time within the holy shadows of her village temple, and spent the remainder of her existence on the serene heights of a sacred mount. Three of her important works—*Venkatachela Mahatya*, *Muktikanta Vilasam* and *Bhagavata*—are most enthusiastically read for their spiritual tone and ethical outlook. To this same period belong two

others—Bapamma, with her *Minakshi Sataka* and Ratnamamba with her *Venkataramana Sataka*. These two works, though small in compass, form a distinct contribution to the brilliant *Sataka* chapter in Telugu Literature.

But, of all these women, the names of only three gifted writers,—Molla, Muddu Palani and Venkamamba,—stand out conspicuous, as having contributed something substantial to Telugu Literature and enriched it.

MOLLA

'Kummari' Molla or 'Molla of the potter's caste' was born of poor and humble parents in the village of Gopavaram in the Nellore District. What fairy star was dancing in the heavens at the time of her birth we know not, but Molla deliberately refused to be attracted to the industry and business of her caste and from her youth up, spent her time in moral discussions and literary pursuits. The heroes and heroines of her playfield were gods and goddesses, and the immortal epic-theme of the *Ramayana* was very often enacted by her and her playmates with a delight that knew no bounds. To a puissant inborn literary urge, Molla added an inquisitive ardour and incessant industry, and very soon conned most of the existing moral and spiritual texts, particularly in Sanskrit. The foremost work in that language that attracted her attention was the *Ramayana* of Valmiki; and very soon, the idea of translating that work into Telugu, that it might inspire and influence the lives of many, possessed her so thoroughly, that she could not remain at peace till it took tangible shape. She prayed ardently for divine help and guidance in her arduous task, and, faithful devotee that she was, soon found her prayers granted; for, hitherto unknown to the art of expression, she felt strangely enough endowed with the divine faculty of song. It was surely a gift divine, for how else could she translate a whole canto of *Ramayana*, impromptu, during the brief time that it took her wet tresses to dry up after bath. Thus by a gift given her, she soon rendered the *Valmiki Ramayana* into Telugu—a literary feat of no mean order. Good translations are as valuable as their originals,

for, they certainly demand of the translator talents and capacities of a high order. These, Molla had in abundance, and more than successfully fulfilled her self-imposed task. For easy flow of style, pithy expression, simple and figurative phraseology, and naïve power of narration, Molla has few equals and no superiors in the circle of women-poets. That is what accounts for the wide popularity of her work even at the present day, and that is again what keeps her memory bright in the annals of Telugu Literature. With her literary reputation based on a single work of translation, Molla reminds us of Edward Fitzgerald—who, in spite of his other works, lives in English Literature mainly through his unique translation of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam which, as Dr. Cousins remarked, “has become one of the inescapable things in literary culture.”

MUDDU PALANI

Possessing literary merit, far above the average, Muddu Palani has come to occupy an abiding place in the poetic pantheon of Telugu Literature. She flourished as a favourite courtesan of the king Pratapasimha of Tanjore, who was an enlightened patron of letters in the eighteenth century. Nothing in detail is known about her parents and their past, except that they too were members of the Court in their time. Tanjore was a place of cultural importance in those days—a centre of ‘The Southern School’—whose contribution to our literature is unique; and it should be no matter for surprise that Muddu Palani, living as she did in such an environment, could swing to us from the firmament of her poetic fancy a gift of worth and value.

‘Muddu’ is a pet name, and ‘Palani’ connotes a place of pilgrimage in South India, and Muddu Palani, in accordance with the custom and convention of her caste, was a dancing-girl in Pratapasimha’s Court, basking in the sunshine of his favour. Placed in such a congenial environment, she produced her *magnum opus*—*Radhika-Santvanam* (Heart of Radhika)—also known as *Eladeviya*—dealing with the loves and longings of Radha and Krishna, the Eternal Lover and the Eternal Beloved of every Hindu heart.

Neither richness of story nor richness of poetry are to be found in the work, but Muddu Palani, being a profound scholar in Sanskrit and Telugu, could give us out of the abundance of her learning, a *Kavya* singled out for its beauty of thought, word and form, its loveliness of figure and metaphor, and its gushing flow—which make the discerning reader dance on waves of joy.

To some critics this *Radhika Swantvanam* is an immoral work, to be despised and abandoned, on account of some of the descriptions here and there, of form and character. Such canons of criticism are not only foolish, but positively harmful. Morality and immorality which essentially belong to the terrestrial plane, have no place whatsoever in the world of *Bhava* and *Rasa*. Literature and Art, which certainly transcend the limitations of Time, Space and Causality, cannot adjust themselves to the procrustean codes of our ethics and morals. We should not confuse moral and artistic judgments. “I deny,” wrote Arthur Symonds, “that morals have any right of jurisdiction over the liberty of art. Art may be served by morality. It can never be its servant. For the principles of art are eternal, while the principles of morality fluctuate with the spiritual ebb and flow of the ages.” Only the enjoyment of *Rasa* is our concern in works of art, not hypercritical vivisection which is but an index of undeveloped minds.

Limitations of time and space forbid an examination of the details of the *Kavya*, but there is no denying the fact that it is a work of rare merit and singular charm. No wonder then, that Muddu Palani lives like a rose in our Literature, with an ever-growing fragrance.

VENKAMAMBA

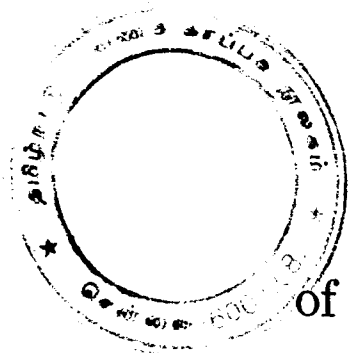
Venkamamba of the nineteenth century was born of good and god-fearing parents in the village of Tarigonda in the Cuddapah District, a place hallowed by the mythic memories of the Avatar of Narasimha that once descended there to save the people from the clutches of a devastating famine. As the only child of her parents, born after a period of dull delaying, all their care and anxiety, no less than their love and affection, were bestowed upon young Venkamamba. The aged parents did all they could to put their daughter

on the path of perfection and fondly yearned for the time when they would be privileged to rock their grandchildren to sleep on their aged knees; but, as the hardest ill-luck would have it, Venkamamba lost her husband while yet a girl. Thus did the most relentless hand of Fate ring down the curtain on her blossoming life. But, acquainted as she was with the immortal spiritual heritage of her country, she could cultivate a temper of mind that made her unmindful of the gains or the losses of the world. She did not, like Kuppamamba of the thirteenth century bemoan with a heavy heart the soul that had fled to the Great Beyond, but with a stupendous strength of mind she completely resigned herself to her fate and dedicated herself to a life of devotion. To a life already heaven-ward-bent, widowhood lent a helpful hand and it led her along the path of perfect peace. What with the reading of holy texts, the chanting of sacred hymns, and doing deeds of charity, Venkamamba spent her time in the most useful and enlightened manner. But mysterious are the ways of a gullible public; there is nothing in the world that it does not want to interfere with; indecent and unfounded are its aspersions; but then, it has been the way of the world always. One like Venkamamba too, could not escape the lashes of society. One of her favourite haunts was the village temple where she sat in contemplation at times, after enjoying the quivering peal of the temple bells, which roused in her heart ripples of joy and wafted her to realms beyond our own. This particular action of hers was construed by many to be a cloak under which she was trying to conceal her infidelities. The charge was too much for Venkamamba, and desiring not to live any more in a place polluted with the vicious thoughts of her villagers, she bade good-bye to the temple in whose sanctifying shadows she had silently built her steps of vision, and left for the famous Mount where Lord Venkatesa dwelt. Here, revelling in the immediate presence of the Deity Himself, she caught the hint from the Immortal Master of song Himself and composed her famous *Venkatachela Mahatmya* dealing with the mysteries and the miracles of the Mount on which she dwelt and the God whom she worshipped. Surely she was god-inspired as she herself acknowledged in a neat little verse in the above-mentioned work. Her other works, *Bhagavata* and *Muktikanta-*

vilasam too bear the stamp of spiritual fervour. These three works of hers still occupy a high place in Telugu Literature for their directness of utterance, sincerity of thought, earnestness of appeal and spiritual intonation.

* * * *

Thus do the hurried sketches of some of the women-poets of ancient Andhra close a brilliant chapter in Telugu Literature. The Goddess of Learning verily, is justified of her daughters no less than of her sons!



The Golden Age of Hindu-Javanese Art

By T. N. RAMACHANDRAN, M.A.

The Diëng Plateau

The Diëng plateau in Central Java was, according to a Javanese tradition, the first part of the isle created and destined to remain longest above water in the island's final destruction and submersion (deluge). It is nothing but a huge crater. According to Scheltema the name of the place is derived from the fact that "nature, in her most mysterious mood, exercises here a charm of a peculiar character, well-expressed by the name, according to the Javanese tradition from *adi aëing*, i.e., marvellously beautiful.¹ But according to Dr. Stuart (an authority quoted by Scheltema in the same page) the name is derived from *dihyang*, a name found by him in old records.

Once a lake of seething lava, the plateau lies enclosed by five mountains, the Prahū, Sroyo, Bismo, Nogosari and Jimat, 2050 metres above the sea-level. In the plain one sees nothing but ruins which continue up the slopes of the hills, even up to the summit of the Prahū. "With its mofettes, solfataras, steam-holes, mud-geysers, sulphurous lakes, its . . . chasms, last but not least, its notorious valley of death, the Diëng is the region above all others in volcanic Java, of miracles that expound the antagonism between fratricide life and death on our turbulent planet, which continuously prepares for or recovers from chasms of generative destruction."²

The river Serayu takes her source here and has, according to the Javanese tradition, Pandava association. It is said Bhima dug deep here, while Arjuna determined the river course and directed the water from the hills to the sea, thereby obtaining the realm of 'Ngastino'; and the belief is that a bath in the river here "under the *pohoon chemeti*, the weeping willow of Bimo's fountain" will

¹ Scheltema, *Monumental Java*, p. 40.

² *Ibid.*, p. 52.

guarantee immortality to the bather. Stone posts seen in the ruins today are said to have been used by Arjuna to tether his elephants, and hollows in the stone as temporary cattle-sheds.

Mighty debri consisting of layers of ashes, bronze and gold rings, bracelets, anklets and other personal ornaments, and old walls, aqueducts, staircases, steps, foundations of secular buildings, etc., prove the existence in the remote past, though not "of a Javanese Benares, minus the Ganges" but of a culture-home with a setting of unceasing volcanic activity, that should have demolished it, all of a sudden. Because of volcanic troubles it is apparent that the population of the Diëng lived in wooden houses, built on substructures of stone.¹

Among canals and ditches of the place, mention may be made of the Guwa Aswotomo (Asvatthaman), some twelve centuries old, which still relieves the plain of its superfluous water. According to a Javanese tradition this was a subterranean passage dug by Asvatthaman, the son of Drona, on his expedition to the Diëng to annihilate the Pandavas, who, on approaching Arjuna's residence pushed his way up to the surface, to see how far he had yet to continue his underground march.

The surviving architectural monuments on the Diëng plateau represent the earliest Hindu temples in stone and have a superficial similarity to the "rathas" at Mahabalipuram. Whether developed from the older school of West Java, or in connection with renewed immigration, the architectural forms "show clear analogies with those of the Gupta, Pallava and early Chalukya of the Indian mainland" and in the opinion of Dr. Coomaraswamy and Mr. Gangoly they are "more Indian than Javanese, and the local factor is only apparent, if at all, in a certain free development of the ornament itself not in its motifs or application." The Diëng plateau was a place of pilgrimage. The temples are small and mutually independent. Only eight² are now found of which six are important. They are Chandis Arjuna, Sriyadi, Puntadeva (Dharmaraja), Sembhadra and Ghatotkacha and Bhima. This group is dedicated to Siva and dates

¹ *Loc. cit.*, p. 58.

² Jungkuhn reports twenty temples, but only eight are left in a recognisable shape.

from about the seventh century. The main characteristic feature of its style is a box-like or cubic construction with vertical and horizontal lines strongly emphasised. Each temple consists of a single cell approached by a vestibule projecting from the wall, the sides being divided into pilasters and niches or sculptured panels. The tour over the cell is in series of diminishing storeys, best illustrated in the Chandi Puntadeva. The steps are flanked by sloping balustrades with effigies of *makaras* as in South Indian temples. A grotesque *kirtimukha* (the "kalamakara," or the "vanaspati" of the Dutch authors) crowns the niches and doorways, and this becomes a common and significant decoration.

The Chandi Bhima is different, with its pyramidal tower containing a series of window-like niches, with human heads, corresponding to the Pallava *kudus*. Much finer and delicate in conception and execution is a series of panels of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva from the Chandi Srikandi, while another figure, that of a *dvarapala* with staff in hand, is obviously related to Pallava *dvarapalas*, the coronet and the dress being almost identical. Other figures that have been described by Mr. Gangoly in his *Art of Java*, (pp. 14-16), appear to recall, as he says, South Indian types in details of iconography, dress and ornaments as well as in the general plastic feeling. These Chandis¹ do not seem to follow any known Indian prototype. (No temple of the North Indian or 'Indo-Aryan' type has been found in Java). If we compare the elevation of a South Indian *vimana* with that of Chandi Arjuna, we notice an obvious similarity in the lower parts below the pinnacle, the tower being very much divided in diminishing stages like the South Indian temples. This establishes a kinship with a difference, particularly in the shape of the *kalasa* or pinnacle. Probably they represent types formerly done in wood. According to Campbell, "it was in the Diang plateau there lived the last of the Hindu families descended from the first Hindus who visited and colonised Java."

¹ i.e., temples. Originally "Chandi" had a restricted sense, like the word "chaitya", meaning 'a mausoleum built over the ashes of the dead.'

CENTRAL JAVA UNDER THE SAILENDRA
MONARCHS OF SUMATRA

The history of Java under the Sailendra monarchs is virtually the history of the spread of Mahayana Buddhism in the isle under the patronage of these monarchs. For its early history we have to depend on Chinese records. We saw already that about the year 414, when Fa Hian visited the isle, the isle knew not much of the law of the Buddha, heretics and Brahmans alone flourishing then in the island. How then did Buddhism step in?

In 423 A. D., Gunavarman, a prince of Kashmir, renounced the throne of Kashmir much as the Buddha did, and to avoid the importunities of his subjects left Kashmir for Ceylon where he was hailed as a great spiritual leader. Then he left for Java where he introduced Buddhism in the following manner:—"The night before his arrival the mother of the king of Java dreamt that a holy man, mounted on a flying cloud, was coming to her country. When Gunavarman arrived the next morning, the king's mother was converted by him to Buddhism. At her bidding, her son, the king of Java, also accepted the tenets of Buddhism. . . . A monastery was erected by the king in honour of Gunavarman who, however, in his ardent desire to propagate the true faith left for China soon afterwards, in a ship belonging to a Hindu merchant of the name of Nandi".¹

From Chinese sources we learn that a Hinduised kingdom of Palembang, formerly known as "Srivijaya" ("Sanfotsi" or "Che-li-fo-chi" of the Chinese records) existed in Sumatra in the fifth century A. D. The researches of Drs. Coedes and Krom have thrown light on the history of these Sailendra monarchs of Palembang, who appear to have ruled over a mighty empire extending over the Malay-Archipelago besides Sumatra. In the seventh century their kingdom included the isle of Bangka also, while in the succeeding century it extended as far north in the Malay Peninsula as the Bay of Bandon.

From the accounts of the Chinese pilgrims such as Fa Hian, Hsien Tsiang and I-tsing we learn that there was then a trade

¹ B. R. Chatterji, *Indian Culture in Java and Sumatra*, p. 24.

route, known as the "Southern Sea-route" between China and India 'by way of the Condore isles, Sumatra, Java, the Straits of Malacca, the coast of Burma and Arakan, to Tamralipti (Tamluk), or else by the more adventurous way of Ceylon from Quedah'.¹ I-tsing gives us details of this route by remarking, '. . . going west 30 days from Quedah, merchants used to arrive at Nagavadana (Negapatam), whence after two days' voyage they reach Ceylon'.² It will thus be seen that maritime commerce between Eastern India and the Malay Peninsula—now represented by the British India Service between Negapatam and Penang—is extremely ancient.

I-tsing stayed in Srivijaya for seven years (688-695 A. D.) and bears testimony to the strength of the Sailendra monarchs. According to him Srivijaya was a great centre of Sanskrit learning, Chinese monks desirous of visiting India on a pilgrimage being required to halt there and learn Sanskrit before visiting India. The king of the country possessed many ships that sailed between Palembang and India and it was in fact in one of the ships of this king that I-tsing left Sumatra for Tamralipti (Tamluk) in India.³ This kingdom appears to have embraced Mahayana form of Buddhism subsequent to the visit of I-tsing to the isle, for we find the pilgrim describing the place as a great centre of the Hinayana.

Some time in the early half of the eighth century Srivijaya should have become a stronghold of Mahayana Buddhism, for we find the Sailendra monarchs to be zealous patrons of this faith. Wherefrom did Srivijaya get its Mahayanism? The answer is given by Dr. Krom in his 'De Sumatransche periode der Javaansche Geschiedenis.' According to him Dharmapala, the famous *guru* of Nalanda, a stronghold of Mahayanism, spent his last years in Sumatra, which appears to have been in close touch with Magadha and Bengal. We know that Mahayana tinged with Tantrayana spread in Bengal and the Magadha like wild-fire under the Pala rulers. And it is indeed surprising to note that the same is the case with the Mahayana that we find in Sumatra, Java and Cambodia. This proves that Sumatran Mahayanism was derived

¹ *Indian Antiquary*, vol. x, p. 197.

² Beal, *Si-yu-ki*, vol. ii, p. 233.

³ Chavannes, *Voyages des pelerins Buddhistes*.

from the one found in Bengal and the Magadha under the Pala rulers.

Epigraphy confirms this suggestion. A copper plate grant of the ninth century A.D., found in Nalanda itself in 1921, belongs to Devapala of the Pala dynasty and records that "Devapala being requested by the illustrious Maharaja Balaputradeva, king of 'Suvarnavipa' (Sumatra), granted five villages for the upkeep of the monastery built at Nalanda at the instance of the king of 'Suvarnavipa'".¹ According to this record the mother of this king of Sumatra was Tara, daughter of King Dharmasetu of the "chandra-vamsa" and queen of 'the mighty king who was the son of the renowned ruler of "Yavabhumi"—the ornament of the Sailendra dynasty (of Srivijaya).' The king is described as building at Nalanda a monastery, white in colour with a series of stuccoed and lofty storeys, for the assembly of monks, with his mind 'attracted by the manifold excellences of Nalanda and through devotion to the son of Suddhodana.'

The earliest inscriptions of the Sailendras in Java are also written not in the South Indian "Pallava grantha" script which was the case with the earlier Javanese records but in a North Indian script "almost exactly like that of the ninth century inscriptions discovered at Nalanda." According to Dr. B. R. Chatterji this North Indian script is more akin to Bengali than to the Deva-Nagari characters. One of the Chandis in Java, the Chandi Kalasan, (to which we shall come presently), reported as the first monument of Sailendra glory, has an inscription in this North Indian script. This and other indications led Drs. Kern and B. R. Chatterji to the conclusion that "if the early Saiva cult in the Archipelago and Indo-China originated from South India, the later wave of Mahayana Buddhism should be traced to the influence of Magadha and Bengal."² As the inscription from Chandi Kalasan speaks of the erection of the shrine in honour of the Mahayana goddess Tara, in 778 A. D., by the order of the Sailendra king of Srivijaya, and 'in his own kingdom', it is evident that Central Java came under the Sailendra rule by at

¹ B. R. Chatterji, *Indian Culture in Java and Sumatra*, p. 25.

² *Ibid.*, p. 17.

least the second half of the eighth century and was probably ruled by them, by their viceroys, for over a century (732-860 A. D.).

The great Bengali Buddhist monk, Dipankara, (Atisa, 980-1053 A. D.) who is said to have done much propaganda work for Buddhism in Tibet is, according to the "Phyag-sorpa," a Tibetan work of Kalyana Mitra (middle of the thirteenth century), said to have visited Sumatra. His visit may be described as follows:—"In the company of some merchants Dipankara (Atisa) embarked for Suvarnadvipa in a large vessel . . . At this time Suvarnadvipa was the headquarters of Buddhism in the East and its High Priest Dharmakirti was considered to be the greatest scholar of his age. Dipankara (Atisa) resided there for a period of 12 years in order to master completely the pure teachings of Buddha, of which the key was possessed by Dharmakirti alone. He returned to India accompanied by some merchants in a sailing vessel visiting Tamradvipa (Ceylon) and the island of forests on his way."¹ Dipankara's advent in the isle is attested to, according to M. Foucher,² in a Nepalese manuscript with miniatures dating from the eleventh century, the first miniature in which has the label 'Dipankara in Yavadvipa.' ("Yavadvipa" meant Sumatra as well as Java).

The name Srivijaya (vishaya) occurs in some of the Chola records of the tenth and eleventh centuries. As a result of maritime commerce between Eastern India and the Malay Peninsula, already alluded to, there existed at Negapatam,³ in the days of the Cholas (871-1250 A. D.), a colony of Malay Buddhists, particularly from Srivijaya, who appear to have given a new lease of life to the declining Buddhism of South India by erecting Buddhist temples at Negapatam with the aid of subsidies granted by their kings, the Sailendras. Being patronised by the Chola monarchs, they built at least two temples at the beginning of the eleventh century. These temples were called "Rajaraja-perum-palli" and "Rajendra-chola-perum-palli" or "Chola-perum-palli", and the smaller Leiden grant dated in the 20th year of the reign of Kulottunga I (1090

¹ B. R. Chatterji, *Indian Culture in Java and Sumatra*, p. 26.

² "Etude sur l'iconographie bouddhique de l'Inde", p. 79.

³ Ptolemy's "Nikaua," I-tsing's "Nagavadana," Marco Polo's "Pa-tan," Rashiduddin's "Malifattan," and the "Navutapattana" of the Kalyani inscriptions of Dhammacheti, dated 1476 A. D.

A. D.) records gifts to both of them.¹ The former was named after Rajaraja I, and the latter after Rajendra Chola I, during whose reigns they were respectively built. The former was evidently the chapel of a vihara, known as the "Chudamani-varma-vihara," which including its chapel was built during the reign of Rajaraja I by Sri Maravijayottunga-varman, son of Chudamani-varman of the Sailendra dynasty, King of "Kataha" (Kadaram) and Srivishaya or Srivijaya, and dedicated to the memory of his father. An ancient tower of three storeys which had for long served as a land-mark for vessels approaching the Negapatam roadstead, and was known as the "Puduveli gopuram" or the "China pagoda" and which was pulled down by French Jesuits in 1867 A. D., evidently represents one of the temples above mentioned. Such storeyed temples being unknown in South India, while they prevail in a large measure in Java and in the other isles of the Archipelago, it may be presumed that the "Puduveli gopuram" derived its architecture from either a Sumatran or Javanese temple and was probably the one built by the Sailendra Maravijayottunga as the chapel of the "Chudamani-varma-vihara."

Since 1856, bronze Buddhist images, most of them votive offerings, have been accidentally discovered on the site of this vihara, which should have been a place of pilgrimage, as proved by the later Kalyani inscriptions.² The earliest find was in 1856 and consisted of 5 small idols. The next find was in 1926, when a huge collection of 294 images was found very near the spot where stood till 1867 the "Puduveli gopuram."³ Most of the images are of Buddhas of the usual conventional type; a few represent Avalokitesvara, Tara, Jambhala and Vasudhara. They all belong to the Mahayana, the faith adopted by the Sailendras, to whom we owe most probably the introduction of this faith at Negapatam. A study of these images and their inscriptions places a few of them in the

¹ A. S. S. I., vol. iv, pp. 224-7.

² *Indian Antiquary*, vol. xxii, p. 45.

³ 48 images of this find, considered to be the most important in the collection, have been acquired by the Madras Museum and the rest by the Director-General of Archaeology in India who has distributed them to various Museums, whence those bearing inscriptions, of which there are over 60, have been sent to the Madras Museum for study and report in the Museum Bulletin by the author of this paper.

early Chola period (871-1070 A. D.) and a large number of the rest in the later Chola period (1070-1250 A. D.).

Rajendra Chola's inscriptions speak of his having conquered Srivijaya by sending a fleet into the midst of the surging ocean and seizing Samgrama - vijayottunga - varman, ruler of Kadaram (Kedah).¹ This conquest by the Chola king was a temporary one, for in a record of the Chola Vira-Rajendra, dated in the seventh year of his reign, (about 1068 A. D.), it is said that after having conquered Kadaram he was pleased to give it back to its king "as it was too far off beyond the moving sea."² A few years later the ambassadors of Srivijaya report at the Chinese court that it was Srivijaya that claimed then suzerainty over the Cholas.

During the short rule of the Sailendras over Java, a Sailendra king is said to have popularised the study of Sanskrit by editing himself a Sanskrit glossary in the "Kavi" language. We owe to Chau Ju Kua, a Chinese Customs officer (1225 A. D.) the following information about this kingdom:—

"Sanfotsi (Srivijaya) is situated between Cambodia and Java. . . . The people are skilled at fighting on land and water . . . In writing official documents they use foreign characters (the Chinese chronicle of the "Sung" dynasty quotes this paragraph but substitutes "Sanskrit" for "foreign characters") . . . There is in Sanfotsi a golden image of Buddha called the 'Hill of gold' . . . When a person is . . . ill he distributes among the poor a sum equivalent to his weight in silver (*tulabhara*?—italics ours.) . . . this country is a great shipping centre."³ He mentions 15 States as dependencies of Srivijaya, and curiously enough Ceylon is one of them. Ferrand points out⁴ that 300 years before Chau Ju Kua, the Arab Masudi had mentioned in his "Prairies of gold" a 'maharaja who was the king of the island of Zabaj (Srivijaya), . . . of Sirandip (Ceylon) etc.'

Central Java seems to have been recovered from Sailendra domination in the tenth century by the Hindu Javanese princes of

¹ S. I. I., vol. ii, no. 20, l. 8.

² S. I. I., vol. iii, p. 195.

³ Translated by Hirth & Rockhill, 1912.

⁴ *L'empire Sumatranais de Srivijaya*, p. 14, l.n. 6.

East Java, and antagonism between the two powers did continue in the eleventh century. It was not till Srivijaya was conquered, though temporarily, by the Chola Rajendra I that Java recovered her independence, and what was called "restoration of Java" did take place. In the time of Chau Ju Kua (1225) Java had come under the Singasari house. But it was only when the Majapahit successors of the Singasari dynasty (1294-1478) took a systematic conquest of the Archipelago that Srivijaya fell. In 1377 this glorious kingdom (Srivijaya) fell for good and the country came under Majapahit subjection. The Javanese neglected the country to destroy the rival, and allowed Chinese merchants and pirates to settle in it, so much so that the whole country became soon a waste land.

We have now to compare this sad picture of Srivijaya under Javanese supremacy with the glorious condition of Central Java under the Sailendra rule in the eighth and ninth centuries A. D. (732-860 A.D.). Let us now consider the important monuments of the Sailendra period. Chandi Kalasan, dated 778 A.D., is an invaluable landmark, being the first surviving Buddhist monument on Javanese soil. It was erected by a local ruler Kariyana-Panankaranah at the instance of the guru of the Sailendra king and dedicated to Tara. Chandi Kalasan follows the Diēng type in its general design and is characterised by elaborately carved "kirtimukhas" and makara-toranas "obviously derived from early Chalukyan architecture."¹ A little to the north is another contemporary Sailendra building known as *Chandi Sari* of the storeyed-vihara type with many shrines and monastic apartments, which was probably a monastery attached to Chandi Kalasan.

The next important Buddhist temple is *Chandi Mendut* in Kedu, a little later than Kalasan, which resembles the above-said temples, but there are no side chapels, and the inner walls of the open vestibule are decorated with reliefs representing Hariti and Panchika. Inside the sanctum are three colossal statues of the Buddha seated, with two Bodhisattvas, which "represent the highest level of classic Indo-Javanese art."² They recall kinship with

¹ Gangoly, *Art of Java*, p. 17.

² Coomaraswamy, *History of Indian and Indonesian Art*, p. 204.

Gupta sculpture, though they actually supersede in quality the surviving remains of the Gupta Buddhas.

Plate I shows a bas-relief from Chandi Mendut representing the Buddhist Madonna Hariti. She is a protectress of children and is worshipped in Northern India by bereaved parents, while in Nepal she is believed to prevent small-pox. She would appear to occupy a position similar to the South Indian Mari-Amman or "Ammavaru." According to Buddhist accounts she was at first an ogress (yakshini), a cannibal demon, devoted to devouring all the children of Rajagriha. She had herself 500 children, and she had nearly swallowed 499 of them, when Gautama Buddha rescued the last one, Pindola, by hiding the child under his begging-bowl, and causing her to repent for her evil ways, converted her into a nun (bhikshuni), while the Buddhist priests assured her her daily food. From the accounts of the Chinese pilgrims, Hiuen Tsiang and I-tsing (seventh century) we learn that her statues were always found in the porches or refectories of the Buddhist monasteries of North India, where she was adored as 'Giver of children,' and she was invariably placed opposite the god of wealth, Jambhala or Kubera. In Java she was likewise located. This feature led Waddell to think that "Hariti is none other than a form of Vasudhara, goddess of abundance, and consort of Kuvera, god of Wealth."¹ She was called in China 'Giver of sons' (Sung-tse).

In the Gandhara school she is seen in flowing garments without a covering for the head, and holding a child, with an army of children climbing about her. Sometimes she holds a pomegranate, for the Buddha is said to have cured her from her cannibalism by giving her a diet of pomegranate, 'the red fruit being supposed to resemble human flesh!' The feature of the flowing garments varies with the country. Sometimes it is shown, sometimes not. She is invariably represented seated, offering her breast to the child in her arms, much as she is seen in our illustration.² Here she wears an ornate mitre-shaped head-dress, carries a child in her arms to which she is offering her breast, while fourteen children are about her,

¹ Waddell, *Evolution of the Buddhist Cult* (Imp. Asiat. Quart. Rev. Jan. 1912).

² The photographs illustrated in this paper were kindly lent by Dr. Vogel, to whose encouragement and help in this task of mine I am much indebted.

some playing, some plucking fruits from two trees, one on either side of her, while birds are fluttering above her, flying from one tree to the other, evidently disturbed by the children's revelry. The "flowing-garment" that she is expected to have is not to be seen.

The Chandi Mendut, Kalasan and another, the Chandi Pawon, furnish excellent preparations for approach to the supreme monument of Buddhism in Java—in fact in any part of Asia—Chandi Borobudur with which they are related stylistically.

THE BOROBUDUR

Its date has been determined on stylistic and palaeographic evidence to fall between 760-850 A.D. Scholars are divided in opinion as to what it represents, a *vihara*, a *chaitya* or a *stupa*. If a *stupa*, it is unique in its form and design, unlike any other *stupa* known hitherto. According to Fergusson "the fundamental formative idea of the Borobudur is that of a dagoba."

The *stupa* is originally a memorial that owes its importance to the relics it enshrines or the events it commemorates. Slowly it became a symbolic structure, symbolical of Buddhism and 'its creed of salvation.' Likewise the Borobudur was intended to be a symbolic building. Generally *stupas* were built as massive domes crowned by a pinnacle, resting on a square pedestal or drum. They were invariably erected on level ground; not so, Borobudur.

A rounded hill in the Kedu plain has been terraced and clothed with stone, the result being a truncated terraced pyramid of seven storeys supporting a relatively small central *stupa* surrounded by 72 much smaller perforated *stupas* arranged in three concentric circles; a stairway provided with *makara-torana* gateway in the middle of each side of the pyramid leads directly to the upper storeys with the *stupas* (frontispiece). The ground plan of the six lower terraces is square with re-entrant corners, while that of the three upper terraces is circular. The perforated *stupas* enshrine images of Dhyani Buddhas. Each of the four lower terraces is a perambulation gallery on the walls of which are long series of reliefs illustrating the life of the Buddha according to the *Lalita vistara*, and stories from the *Divyavadana*, *Jatakamala*, the *Gandavyuha* and other sources. The intention of the designer of this



King Suddhodana on his way to meet Queen Maya in the Asoka-wood.

(From Chandī Borobudur, late eighth century)

Borobudur (many Buddhas) is a monument of Sailendra culture done in the very height of Sailendra glory; it is "like a ripe fruit matured in breathless air; the fullness of its forms is an expression of static wealth, rather than the volume that denotes the outward radiation of power".¹

Plate II contains an interesting relief from the Borobudur representing the following incident from the Life of the Buddha as recorded in the *Lalita vistara*, a work of Northern Buddhism:—

Queen Maya, the wife of King Suddhodana dreamt that a white elephant with six tusks had entered her womb, and waking up from her slumber, she made haste to inform her lord accordingly. "Then Queen Maya rose up from her splendid couch, wearing ornaments and soft garments. . . . and surrounded and followed by her company of women she descended from the top of the magnificent palace and betook herself to the asoka-wood. As soon as she had entered it, as she wished, she dispatched a messenger to king Suddhodana: 'May it please your Majesty to come, the queen desires to see you'". When the king heard this he left his throne and repaired to the asoka-wood accompanied by citizens, councillors, attendants and other relations. 'But when he was come there he became incapable of entering the asoka-wood. He seemed to have become too heavy. Pausing at the entrance he spoke after a moment's reflection. . . . "Never can I recollect, even when leading my soldiers, that ever I felt my body so heavy as now. I am not able to enter the abode of my own family; what will overtake me here and to whom can I turn for advice?"²

The queen appears to be in the palace and not in the asoka-wood of the text; she is sitting on a raised seat (throne?), an attendant gently swaying a fan behind her, while other women are kneeling around. Two guards can be seen on the left of the building, in which the queen is seated. In front of what seems to be a pavilion or small temple can be seen two persons, one of them kneeling respectfully before the king on the left, and probably inviting the king into the building where the queen is seated, on

¹ Coomaraswamy, *History of Indian and Indonesian Art*, p. 204.

² Krom, *Life of Buddha on Borabudur*, pp. 19-20; Lefmann, (Ed.), *Lalita vistara*, p. 55.

monument, whose name, according to an old tradition, is given as Gunadharmas that the worshipper, while making his *pradakshina* of the building, should be instructed orally in the whole doctrine of Buddhism, according to the system of the Mahayana. "In accordance with the cosmic significance of the building, the galleries are richly decorated, but the platforms which, in contrast to the phenomenal world below, are intended to represent the region of formlessness, have been left unadorned".¹

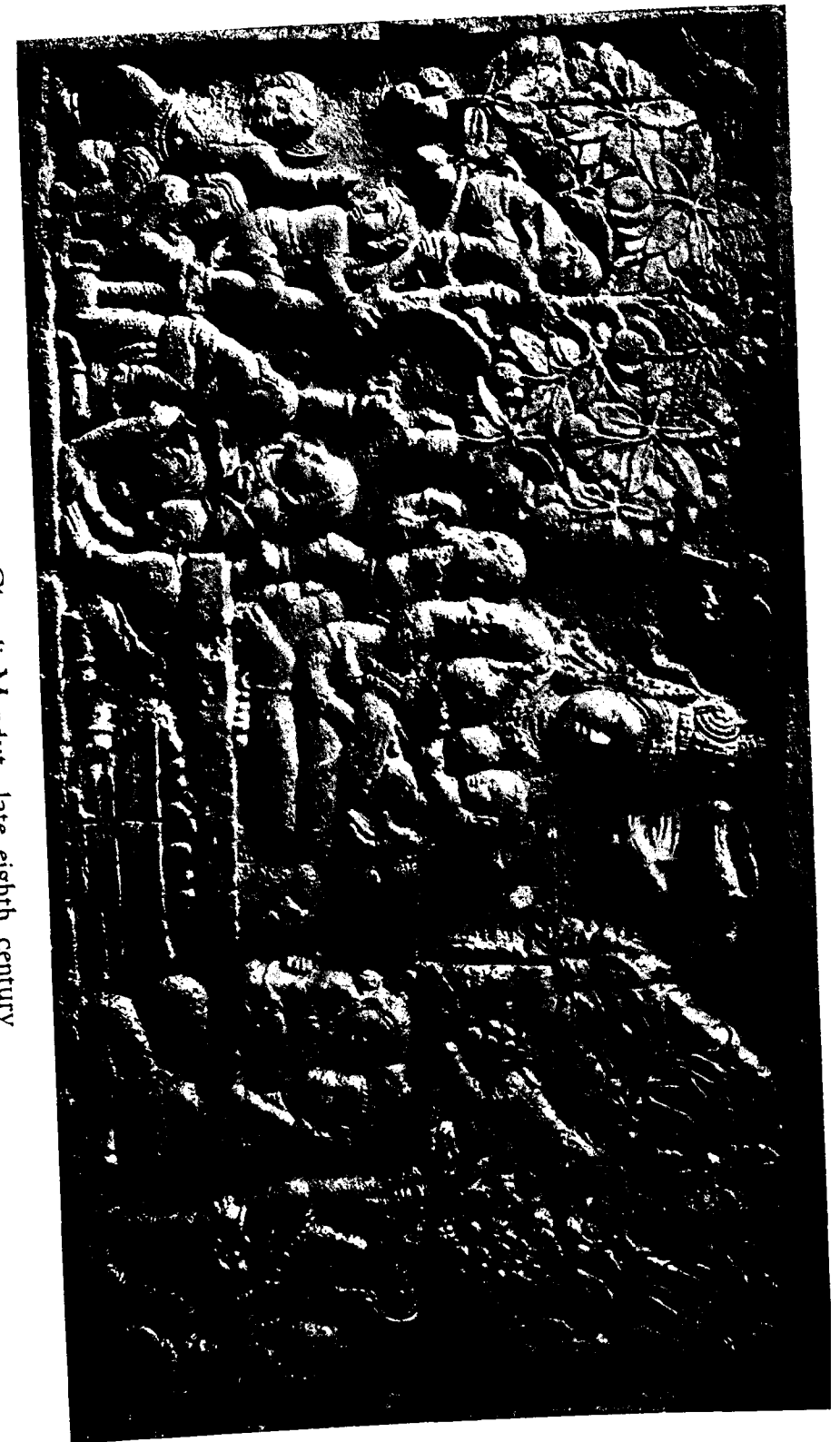
The total number of sculptured panels along the four galleries amounts to about 1300 which, if placed end to end, would extend for over three miles, and they bespeak an infinitely luxurious experience. They open out an encyclopædia of edifying Buddhist legends, told with moving eloquence and in the plastic language of a singularly chaste and refined diction, elaborated with rich and exquisite imagery. Incidentally the "speaking pictures" afford glimpses into the details of the life pictured therein. "Humble dwellings, pompous palaces, court scenes and assemblies, temples, cloisters, carriages, ships, household implements, tools, utensils for temple ceremonial, flora and fauna—everything in fact, is here pictured in stone in eloquent and overwhelming profusion, yet with chaste and refined restraint."² In contrast with the moving compositions of stirring anecdotes and absorbing stories, are the static images of a series of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, "dreaming their eternal dreams in the apotheosized gesture of serenity and repose" (*dhyana*). Though strictly following the iconographical models of India they overshadow anything of the type found in Indian Buddhist sculpture, in sheer beauty of craftsmanship and conception. It is as if Indian sculptors achieved the summit of their perfection on the congenial soil of Java. Here we notice the entire absence of the local element. The types depicted in the various galleries are all Indian, following closely the models of the Indian Peninsula. In short "the whole artistic phraseology, the language of the plastic, is characteristically Indian in body as well as in spirit."³ In fine the

¹ Krom, *The Life of Buddha*, Int.

² Gangoly, *Art of Java*, p. 21.

³ Gangoly, *Ibid*, p. 28.

Hariti, Chandi Mendut, late eighth century



behalf of the queen. Or is he the messenger that the queen is said to have sent to bring the king to her? As for the king, a dignified figure standing in the centre, with the royal 'chhattra' over him, he is evidently musing over the strange feeling of his. His suite can be seen sitting on the left facing him while his mount, the elephant, with the mahout drowsing lazily on its back, stands in the background in all its majesty.

Of other Buddhist temples of the ninth century in Central Java mention may be made of Chandi Sewu (1000 temples) now in ruins, which was a development of the Kalasan type, decorated with arches and niches rather lavishly. The monuments of the Sumatran period are not exclusively Buddhist, Hindu temples also coming into existence during that period. A Saiva temple of the Sailendra period may be instanced in Chandi Banon, in the vicinity of the Borobudur, from where come fine images of Agastya (already described), Vishnu, Siva, and Brahma, all of them in the classic Indian style of Central Java. To this period are also assigned a fine sculpture of Durga (now in Leiden Museum) and a magnificent fragment of the head of Siva,¹ akin to Chola types. This closes a chapter in the history of art in Java.

The Sumatran rule came to an end about 860 A. D., when the Javanese kings returned from East Java to take up their seat in Prambanam in Central Java. Saivism once again became the official religion of the court, though Hinduism and Buddhism continued to live side by side enjoying royal patronage. The Central Javanese period represents classic Indian art at its best, and in its typical specimens it supersedes anything produced on Indian soil itself. The ideals of this glorious period are often reverted to in the later period—which scholars call the "Restoration Period,"—but it is impossible to trace in the later evolutions an organic continuity of this style.

¹ *Rupam*, 1927.

The Bull-fight

(A Short Story)

By P. G. SUNDARARAJAN

(1)

The river Vaigai describes a majestic curve just between the two villages of Mettupatti and Nadupatti; the former on the northern bank, so called on account of its raised position, the latter on the southern bank owing its name to the central position it occupied in the district. Groups of mud-houses interspersed with white-washed ones on the northern bank looked down with stolid disdain upon the lowlying but more numerous houses of Nadupatti, which always suffered a disadvantage in times of quarrel. These two villages, though treated as one unit for administrative purposes, were eternal rivals. It is a boast of the villagers of the higher bank that Nadupatti justly suffered from the freshes of the speeding river for having the 'audacity' to be the headquarters of the Village Munsiff. But now, temporarily at least, Nadupatti could afford to look, as it did, unflinchingly up at its rival in vengeful contemplation of many a quarrel and stone-throwing; for, the river that ran between them like a streak of lightning parting two black clouds, was one long stretch of burning sand except for a few canals in which the oozing waters traced their lazy course. On either side of the river, the fields looked bare but for the dry stumps evidencing a good harvest.

(2)

It was a bright morning. A group of men sitting under a tree on the southern bank were reviewing with interest the unusual activity going on in the opposite village. The villagers were busy erecting thatched *pandals* and decorating them with gay flags and festoons. Down by the river in the shallow waters some men could be seen washing a number of bulls. On the sands a crowd of urchins teased a calf and laughed in glee as it capered with

upraised tail. A continuous noise of music and tom-tom floated along the sandy bed filling the air with a festive spirit. Straggling lines of carts, cattle and men kept up a stream of movement from Nadupatti, for it was the day of the consecration of the new *Mari Amman* temple at Mettupatti; what was more, and what accounted for the exultant joy of the urchins, there was going to be a bull-show and bull-fight in honour of the festival.

For long the inhabitants of Mettupatti had been feeling keenly the absence of a good temple for the goddess in their village, while their rival fawning at their feet, as it were, had not only an imposing temple whose tower seemed to frown accusingly at them, but had the place of honour in the annual festival of the region. Small wonder, then, that the people of the higher village seemed to keep up a proud murmur during their preparations. Mettupatti had waited and was now having the unique opportunity of receiving the people of not less than five neighbouring villages. The most important item of the evening, on which they prided themselves, was the display of the prowess of the as yet unconquered bull of Kalimuthu Pillai, the leading personality in the village who was familiarly known on the opposite side as the "Man with the Moustache." And this champion bull was the topic of conversation among the group under the tree.

"They seem to be fully conscious of the importance of the occasion; what excitement! what enthusiasm!" put in an old man biting off a bit of tobacco and safely returning the remainder to the pouch at his side. "But I tell you, these fellows need a lesson. That man with the moustache had the impudence to demand a higher tower for the temple. And now he is challenging everybody to fight his bull. I wonder to what length these fellows would go but for our master's control."

His friends contemplated this for a while. Then one of them spoke, slowly slicing the surface of the earth with his spade: "But you know, those chaps have the upper hand always. Mr. Pillai seems to encourage them too. I think our master is much too indulgent with them."

"It is high time we showed them that the power lies this side of the Vaigai. It is a shame to leave them thus, we having to go

to their village for toddy, while they make faces at us. And you, whom we look upon as our adviser," continued a young man angrily addressing the ancient, "always spoil a fight by enjoining patience. Perhaps you will ask us not to raise a finger while the infernal bull tears our Karuppan to pieces, and throw the honour of our village to the winds!"

"Keep quiet, Mayandi," commanded the old man, "we've had enough quarrel due to your impatience. Why, when you started the row last watering time, we might have been killed had not Karuppan been there. We must keep our peace today. Moreover, it is dangerous to fight the bull. What do you say, Karuppa?"

The person thus addressed was a young man of about eight-and-twenty, of light and powerful build who seemed a study in ebony. It was some time before he replied to the old man's question, engaged as he was in making a miniature cart out of dried *cholan* stalks. He fixed a thorn to hold the forepart of the cart in position and raised his head.

"Mayandi knows that I have already decided to face the bull. I am simply yearning to meet it, seeing that it has not been beaten by anybody."

"Do you mean—are you going to encounter it, alone?" asked the old man in broken words of surprise.

"Of course, it is one of the conditions that only one man should fight the bull at a time. Well, I think the silk and the chain are prizes worthy to be fought for."

"But my dear fellow, you will be killed!" exclaimed the whole group including Mayandi.

"Is it not better than earn the title of cowardice for our village?" was the brief interrogation of Karuppan as he added another horn to the bullock in the toy-cart.

"Look here Karuppa", interrupted the old man sharply, "it is all very well to be sensitive and impetuous, but you should understand that it is not so easy to fight the animal as is the making of the toy-cart for our master's child. Moreover, where does the honour of the village come in? We are only brothers

of the other village and instead of fighting them, we should see our way to help them."

"And make our Karuppan, the champion bull-fighter, yield his trophy to some other fellow!" retorted the irate Mayandi.

"As for that," chimed in another man, "you may rest assured that no one will dare approach the bull within a hundred yards of it. Everybody hereabouts remembers the death of two persons last year by the deadly horns of that beast. The owner must revoke his condition of single combat. Why not we ask him to do so, Karuppa?"

"For the simple reason that I have made up my mind to face it singly," said Karuppan rising. "I am afraid the master will need me. Mayandi, call me when you go that side." With which he left the amazed group of men.

"He was always a bit headstrong," mused the old man. Then: "Well, boys, we must stand by our young fellow and see that there is no foul play this afternoon. But mind, particularly, you Mayandi, that we don't pick up a quarrel with them. Our master will be there. So be careful. This is a sacred day."

"Suppose the beast forgets the rule of the game and turns upon the men as it did last year, what are we to do? Since this is a sacred day we should raise the banner of our goddess high. In case they are up to any dirty work, I have an idea—," went on Mayandi.

"Keep your ideas to yourself. You may go now. See that you are at the master's place early." With an air which showed that he was their accepted leader the old man waved them away and disappeared into a neighbouring grove.

(3)

Meanwhile, Karuppan wended his way to the Village Munsiff's. He was, as others of the group, an unofficial servant of the official, whose ancestors were responsible for the enviable position he now held. It was a well-known fact that he had considerable difficulty over Mettupatti and its leader Kalimuthu Pillai who had a full catalogue of grievances against him, not the least of them being his failure to get a temple built in his village before

Nadupatti had the opportunity. Among other things, Kalimuthu Pillai had not forgotten the refusal of the Village Munsiff to prevail upon the Collector to spend a day in Mettupatti. With these, he had championed the cause of his villagers whose hatred of those of the lower bank was mutual, and had now come out with a challenge to them to fight his bull which seemed a veritable embodiment of his anger and vengeance. Of late Mr. Pillai used to frequent the Village Munsiff's and talk about the completion of his temple with much hauteur, never taking his fingers off his moustache, while his other hand ostentatiously handled the wide lace border of his upper-cloth. Needless to say, he was treated with much respect, though the servants hated him from the bottom of their hearts. His shameless attempt to get the old man and Karuppan, the best gardener and the ablest ploughman in the neighbourhood, under his service by offering them a higher salary, strengthened the opinion of Nadupatti villagers. Both the fellows heartily resented his offer. And his failure made Mr. Pillai green with envy and purple with hatred. He showed this in no uncertain terms. Again, his flagrant breach of ceremony in absenting himself from the annual *Mari Amman* festival at Nadupatti rallied the whole village against him.

As Karuppan neared his master's house, a small boy leaving off playing came running to him with outstretched hands.

"For me!" he exclaimed in incredulous surprise as Karuppan presented him with the toy-cart. "Oh, how beautiful! I must show this to my sister!" and he ran away. Karuppan feeling happy, went to the pen and was attending to the cows when the boy came in with tearful eyes.

"Oh, Karuppa, sister has taken the toy and mother scolds me," he wept.

"Never mind, I will make another one for you," consoled Karuppan.

"No, I don't want a cart. She will take that too. Make a bull for me, Karuppa. I want to fight with it as you do with real bulls."

"Yes, I will. Now run away like a good boy; there is master coming."

As Ramaswamy Iyer, the Village Chief appeared at a distance, the boy fled from the place. Karuppan hastily adjusted the piece of cloth which served as a turban and stood awaiting orders.

"Well, Karuppa, what is it I hear about your fighting the bull over there? Don't you think you had better keep off the function? Why invite quarrel needlessly?"

Karuppan did not reply to these rapid questionings. He regarded a little calf nearby with wistful eyes. He felt his hopes were shattered. After a few moments he began slowly: "If master orders me so—."

"I am not ordering you, my dear fellow. But they say it is rather dangerous. But see that you don't lose your temper, if you *must* enter the arena. We have to exercise a good deal of restraint while we are there. I wish you good luck." He retired with a slow smile on his lips, for that very morning had Mr. Pillai spoken disparagingly of Karuppan.

Karuppan turned to his work with a proud heart.

(4)

It was a little past midday. The procession escorting the Village Munsiff 'with family and friends' crossed the river and ascended the banks of Mettupatti to the accompaniment of *nagaswaram* and band. After the ceremonial reception, the party was conducted to the terrace of a building where a canopy was put up for the distinguished visitors.

From that eminence the whole village presented an enchanting view. There were enthusiastic people everywhere, occupying positions of vantage. There were men on roofs, on haystacks, on cart-tops, on fences, on branches of trees; children on their parents' shoulders, youngsters desperately clinging to cart-wheels, fighting pushing, elbowing for places. Well was Mr. Pillai proud of the occasion as, with a majestic sweep of his hand, he showed the scene to the Village Munsiff. To these reckless human beings who set at nought the fierce heat of the summer sun came vendors selling their wares. There were the sweetmeat sellers who sang the contents of their burden, old women carrying baskets full of ripe ~~melons~~ sturdy men sitting beside heaps of green cocoanuts with sharp

THE BULL-FIGHT

knives poised to cut them open. Everywhere there was the hum of animated speech,—discussion about the bull-fight, speculation about the fighter; and, an unaccountable feeling of uneasy tenseness was in the air.

The band stopped playing. From a corner nearby sounded the beat of the rustic drum, the drummers dancing a weird step. All eyes turned towards the spot; the point was tantalizingly quiet for a moment. Then a frightened calf came running, leapt wildly, and increasing its pace, turned back and scudded off in another direction. More and more bulls followed. Some were ferocious, some frightened, and some, with as little interest as their fellow beings, the buffaloes, who basked in the sun down the river utterly indifferent to all this uproar. Many a bold man cast himself in the affray and came out either injured or with a piece of cloth. These men who went out painted with sandal paste and refreshed by cocoanuts, came back dishevelled and sweating, receiving the applause of the onlookers. Of the group of the faithful men of Nadupatti, only Mayandi led occasional expeditions into the arena, which was by this time a raging chaos with madly careering bulls and devil-may-care fighters. He returned with an assorted variety of torn clothes and broken bell-ropes (from the necks of the bulls), and a memento in the shape of a fractured wrist.

Suddenly there fell a dead silence over the place. People swiftly cleared the path and resumed their places. A whisper went round that the big event of the day was to come off immediately. All eyes turned towards Karuppan who tried hard to suppress his excitement. The old man, Mayandi, and others gave him words of encouragement. People craned their necks. The Village Munsiff had risen and smilingly acknowledged the salute of Karuppan. The ladies present leant over the parapet-wall and gazed with fear, wondering what more terrible thing was in store. The little son of Ramaswamy Iyer shouted something incoherent to Karuppan who smiled back. A wild acclamation rose from the crowd; then, a grim silence, as the sturdy bull appeared round the corner.

It did not run. It came with measured steps and levelled head. The jingling of the bells round its neck, seemed to repeat the challenge. Round its painted horns, one red and the other

green, was tied a costly blue silk cloth; and round its neck somewhere under the garland of wild flowers was the gold chain, the prize for the victor. The crowd, however, seemed to be disappointed, for the bull came a few paces, stopped, sniffed the air and grunted utter contempt for the sweltering mass of humanity. Its black skin glistened in the sunlight, and the spots of white on its forehead and sides seemed to scintillate like stars on a moonless night. The people yelled and threw bits of sweet-meats and fruit-peels at the animal. Karuppan advanced. The bull which seemed to be waiting for this move on the part of its antagonist, shook its head in disapproval and moved on increasing its pace. At this Karuppan leapt on the bull and clasped its hump, but the next moment he was flung aside. The bull shook its necklet of bells and dug the earth with its hoofs. Karuppan, infuriated and thrilled by the encouraging shouts of the crowd, closed in upon the bull and attempted to get hold of its horns.

From then people forgot themselves. Some of the ladies on the terrace fainted as man and beast raced along, none knew where. Mad with anger, failing to shake off the aggressor on its back, the savage animal headed towards the river. But Karuppan pulled at the rope encircling its neck and its attempt was thwarted. It reared and plunged, kicked and snorted. Karuppan clung to its back firmly and gave a last tug at the prize-chain. Presently the chain was dangling in his fingers. He caught it between his teeth and stretched his arm to snatch the silk—the last attack in the grim battle. But the instinct of the animal proved itself in that brief interval, for, kicking its hind legs, the bull rushed at headlong speed towards a mud-wall. As the party on the terrace and Kalimuthu Pillai, and the excited crowd of onlookers watched the progress with their hearts in their mouths the maddened bull dashed against the mud-wall throwing the brave fighter high in the air and shattering a portion of the old wall. Karuppan fell with a crash.

His friends rushed to him and found him still biting the chain and holding aloft part of the silk cloth. But two crimson streaks, one upon the right fore-arm and another on the back, showed where the sharp horns had pierced the iron sinews. The spectators,

however, were, allowed neither to wonder nor to speculate; the beast, assured of victory, dashed towards the prostrate Karuppan.

The time for action had come, so thought, at least, the friends of Karuppan. With a hoarse yell breaking their patient anguish, some of them raised their cudgels and dealt a shower of blows across the horns of the bull, which, snorting with pain retreated, and ran back overturning a melon basket and scattering a heap of cocoanuts. This was too much for Mr. Pillai and his friends. Before the former could try to protest, his followers had rushed on, and a grim fight begun in which all sorts of implements and missiles were freely used.

Stones flew, fast and numerous in all directions, hitting everyone who happened to be in the way. Mr. Pillai had disappeared. The bull was far down the river complacently quenching its thirst, deaf to the raging battle. The people on the terrace took cover near the walls crouching down. The spectators ran like an unloosed menagerie of panic-stricken animals. The few friends of Karuppan were soon reinforced by fresh contingents from their village. They retaliated with stones picked up from the river-bed. In vain did their master shout to them to cease hostilities. He stood up and waved his hands violently; a stone whizzed past his ear missing him narrowly. He plunged down and took cover.

As suddenly as it began the battle of stones stopped. Mayandi, who was absent, strangely enough, till now, came running from the direction of the temple followed by a gesticulating crowd. And what a Mayandi!—with dishevelled hair and reddened countenance dancing with a wild look, chewing a bunch of *neem* leaves.

"The goddess! The goddess!" went forth the cry, and all was quiet. People crowded round forgetting hostilities.

"We found him near the temple," the priest explained to the Village Munsiff who had come on the scene. "The goddess is upon him—*Mari Amman*—and she is in great anger for the disorder of the day."

"Yes, disorder! Disorder and disrespect, my children!" cried Mayandi hoarsely. "You have fought among yourselves and you," pointing to Mr. Pillai who had come from his hiding place, now there was peace, "you have failed to keep your promise. You

did not leave the calf to the temple; you have played with it and made it kill my children. And you have fought with my pet animal!" The last was addressed to Karuppan who, with Mr. Pillai, simultaneously fell prostrate at the feet of Mayandi. The former begged for pardon while the latter expressed remorse and declared that the bull was henceforth the temple's property. And the crowd to one man joined in the supplication with a wild apprehension of small-pox as a result of the goddess's anger. Mayandi swayed from side to side for a while and then fell down. A moment later he recovered consciousness and cried feebly: "O, where am I? what has happened?"

(5)

Early next morning when Karuppan was down by the river, he saw the bull standing in the shallow water and gazing vacantly, evidently contemplating its unexpected freedom, for, now as the holy bull, it had access to every hayrick. Karuppan approached and stroked its forehead. The animal who knew that it had found its superior in Karuppan, brushed its face against his arm affectionately.

"You seem to have become friends quite soon." It was Mayandi who accosted Karuppan.

"Oh, what a start you gave me, Mayandi? By the way, I want to ask you one thing. Were you really possessed by the goddess yesterday?"

"What a question, brother? Do you think I pretended?" enquired the other innocently.

"Well, I have seen many cases of men being possessed by gods in my time. But it was only yesterday that I found the vehicle of the goddess assume a wild look, and attempt to suppress a smile. Look here, Mayandi, you can't fool me. Were you justified in doing so? Suppose *Mari Amman* really gets angry with you—."

"Hush! brother, hush!" whispered Mayandi. "Look out, our old man is ambling up to us. What does it matter any way? I have secured a sturdy bull for the goddess. And chief of all, I have stopped hostilities and given the fellows up there a good fright."

Ancient Art and Modern Taste

By SRIMATHI SAKUNTALA THAMPI

I am writing this article in the hope that it may communicate something of my uneasiness, and touch the conscience of people of my own age and bring with it, perhaps, a suggestion of the light. The Modern Age has witnessed a revolution in Art,— the result of the resistless forces of the age, the silent revolution of time. Some think that this revolution has come on us like a thief in the night. It has been coming for centuries, inevitable, irresistible and quite observable. It is we who are to be blamed, for we have fostered and encouraged this state of things, and the change has been speedy and dramatic. India, through generations, has been in the slow travail of evolution and the present-day revolutionary ideas are momentous and far-reaching. Some of us who have not given Indian culture and India's art a passing thought have wakened up to find that much of the Occident is slowly merging into the Orient, and a new set of conditions is taking the place of neither the one nor the other. This confusion of ideas has much to do with the mechanised age we live in. I shall divide this sketch roughly into three periods: the Buddhistic, Moghul and Modern, and, from a study of these remarkable ages you will agree with me that the Buddhistic and Moghul in comparison to the Modern is a flight from the sublime to the chaotic.

Let us begin with *Ajanta*, a name which will endure in the records of artistic culture for all time. It stands for all that is creative and educative in the æsthetic instincts of our people during the zenith of India's renaissance. In that great and glorious age which has left its mark on the civilization of the world, a community of artist-monks produced their paintings undisturbed by the ebb and flow of political agitation or the progress of civilization around them. I question if there is any period in the world's history which gave to posterity, a more magnificent specimen of art than India at the close of the seventh century. Criticism being

the plaything of the prejudiced, has battered on the walls of India's art at the expense of artist and architect, but the name of *Ajanta* has persisted while the sincerity and piety of greater names have been forgotten. In the study of that extraordinary period of achievement, these works stand symbolic of an expression of religious zeal and of great artistic skill almost amounting to genius, and reached degrees of sculpture together with painting unequalled in the recorded page. Buddhism being the prevailing religion, all Asia looked to Buddhist India for inspiration; nevertheless, it is still a matter for some surprise how these ascetic monks have succeeded in compelling recalcitrant matter to serve their purpose with inadequate lighting and primitive tools. Here you will find a quality of art, not before observed, with its happy interplay of ideas. Imagination has poured out its colours and shapes into oddly surprising beings never carved in wood or stone before. These artist-monks in their isolated caves seem to have had a fuller and correct view of the outside world and its doings although bounded by the stone walls of their cloisters. Perhaps there were festive days when worshippers from the country around crowded in through these halls in gala clothes, and the monks so susceptible to the beauty of the human form, copied every line and curve, eloquent of the vision of those by-gone artists. Here lived a society of people, simple and sensitive, passionate and kind, among whom art grew to a perfection. These ancient artists gained merit for a future life by hard toil and sacrifice, and the more lasting the work, the surer was *Nirvana*; and, what is more lasting than work in solid rock? It is said that European art seems but the creation of yesterday in comparison to the *Ajanta* frescoes. Most of the work is carried out in one bold line and a few pleasing colours that do not clash. The expression is to be seen in the eyes and in the poetry of the human form,—piquant faces and graceful carriage all imbued with the joy of living, as if their souls had grown lyrical in their happiness. The central figure is that of Lord Buddha, calm, abstract, beautiful to the point of loveliness, wholly passive and indifferent to the flow of beauty below and the ogres and demons above,—one marvels how the saintly Buddha in the face of so much distraction was not tempted to shake off his determination to pursue *Nirvana*. Asceticism is

deeply set on the entire figure but it does not mar the sweetness of his expression that speaks of purity and love. This is just what the master-mind intended to convey. The great European masters with their wonderful colour-effects and perfect composition, could not have put more expression than in this gigantic work. Once you set foot within these walls, you find yourself in just a dream-land of enchantment, infinitely entertaining and revealing the spirit of the age. For, though ages have passed, there is still the bloom on the lotus, and lustre sheds a ray on the most remote work amply compensating for what they may lack in force and scope. Here these ancient monks spent their days in concentrated thinking and self-denial within the sanctuary of their cloisters, where they piled up their experiences and fancies and ideas into one colossal, shining work, inspired by the saintly life of Lord Buddha, and dedicated it to his followers in the long years to come.

The "Moghul Period" has expressed itself in gigantic works of architecture, the outstanding being the *Taj-Mahal*. This was an age of many emperors and many artists. The emperors had the money and the inclination to encourage the artists. The artists, true to tradition, were not slow to take advantage of their opportunities. Not to see so marvellous a poem in marble is not to prove worthy of existence. It is the most simple, beautiful, pathetic monument in the whole world, and the most wonderful specimen of architecture belonging to the Mohammedan conquest. Tagore has rightly described it: "An eternal teardrop on the azure blue of the heavens." If I remember right, towards the north of India there is nothing that can be spoken of with equal truth, respect and admiration. It seems to convey a message to the soul as no other work fashioned by human hands, and is the touching dream frozen in stone of an emperor's love for a remarkable wife. The romance of these royal lives, the poetry of affection and their dramatic end fill the soul with pity, love, and sympathy. When one gazes on this magic in marble one is filled with the shadow of its perfection, and often, one's senses are stirred a little; looking at it on a moonlit night when quiet reigns everywhere and the tall cyprus shadows fall full length, a feeling of strange significance steals like a benediction bringing with it the

idea that time has rushed by for ever, and we are already at ease in Eternity. Pleasure, admiration like so many chords of music, strike the mind and fill the soul with harmony, and one dreams of the immortality of love and the transience of life. It is a glorious tribute to a blameless Eastern life calling forth across five centuries the respect and admiration of the nations abroad.

At last we come to the "Modern-Age",—an age as confusing as it is interesting. From evidences that may be observed, the East is approximating much to the West. A careful scrutiny of the recent innovations, evolution of manners, thought, art, and even of our philosophy, will reveal that the process of revolution and transformation are rapidly at work. In spite of all our mysticism, our philosophy, and the warnings of the great Mahatma, the revolution of India's art continues its onward progress, and will, in time, be a riot of the three different ages combined. In a stroll along the Marina, or, in the homes of even our middle-class people, the westernisation of the East is observed. The common inscription everywhere is English and it is ludicrous to see two people of the same community leaving their own language for a foreign one. The average South Indian student has thrown off the dignity of his *Angavastram* and *Dhoti* for coats of the latest tailoring, and with his trousers creased, he has the proverbial 'patent leather hair.' Amongst our fashionable Indian ladies the growing influence of Western fashion is often seen,—the high-heel shoe, the no-sleeve blouse, strips of silk taking the place of beautifully woven sarees of noble colors; many of our most educated and enlightened women are 'Parisienne' to their fingertips; while bank-clerks and Indian typists go bravely ahead with knife and fork rejoicing in their new-found culture! Has not Europe copied our brocades, displays of jewellery, bright colors, flowers decking the tresses and long full skirts? In many of the receptions given in the most aristocratic homes both in Europe and America, one observes the introduction of a great deal of Indian dancing; the dress and movements are reminiscent of Rajaputana, Ajanta, and the South Indian temples. In our Literature and Art the Western influence is keenly in evidence; and, in our architects and weavers the tendency of the age is marked. Conceit has taken

the place of culture; gilded vanity screeches at the gates of refinement, and lets itself loose in startled highways, and in our modern homes where different examples of art grow in beauty side by side. But I will not say literally that they fill one's home with glee. Everywhere there is hustle and bustle—the hoot of cars and buses, and jazz gramophones and loud speakers creating an atmosphere difficult for art to exist. There seems to be everywhere a dislike for things essentially Indian in the soul of modern life, for conditions are becoming less and less favourable to it, little though it asks. The appearance of so much westernization marks the decline of India's culture and the steady rise of the mechanically-minded generation. We are wandering amongst entangled ideas and chaotic dreams and the spirit of India's art hanging far beyond our reach. Let us try to destroy imitation and convince others that imitation is as great an evil as suicide. We should eliminate every indication of the degeneracy of taste, set beauty back upon her pedestal, the beauty of Indian art, the beauty of our villages, graceful architecture, our decorations and designs, and make life a cultivated and gracious exercise. Let us touch our new cities, glamorous of western garishness, with things essentially Indian, so that our peoples, houses and furniture, gardens and public places may be as easy on the eye as the lapis lazuli skies, and the green of the country-sides. Above all let us not allow the 'Will-o'-the-Wisp' of modernization mislead and mockingly escort us into the wilderness, but let us set up the "Culture of India's Art" as an ideal.

This discourse may be as antiquated as a palm-leaf umbrella, might break down and lead to nothing but a desert. Nevertheless by aiming a little wildly at the sun, a beam may fall, and bring with it a re-awakening.

The First Messenger

By SRIMATHI K. SAVITRI

While brushing my hair before the mirror the other day, I had a sudden, darting suspicion that I caught sight of something white, gleaming in the midst of the dark, wavy mass. It glowed for a second like a streak of lightning, thin and faint, among the clouds, and then was lost completely to my view. It was a thing I had hardly noticed before, and my hands instinctively held from their activity, as the suspicion sent through my whole frame the consciousness of some new and unpleasant change. But I sought to recover myself with this re-assuring thought: Might it not be I was mistaken. I was scarcely disposed to look upon the keenness of my eye-sight as anything infallible in the present instance.

"A tiny piece of yarn has evidently found its way amidst the locks," I told myself with optimism, though another voice kept saying within me that a fond hope deceived me and that I probably lived only in a fool's paradise. No, there was no mistaking it. There it was, sure enough, the cause of so much unrest (for me) strong and vigorous to the touch, and showing with a challenging air that it had as much right to be there as the rest.

"What is there so forbidding in the appearance of a single harmless grey hair," one might ask. True; so long as it is stray and solitary, it can be easily kept in check. For, there is the strength of the countless dark hairs to fight and struggle with it and effectively thrust it aside from others' gaze.

It is not so disquieting as all that. You see it and judge not so much by what it is as by what it portends. It reminds us of the other side of the picture which we have forgotten totally hitherto, and which stares us now in the face grimly from out of the dark. It is the first and earliest messenger of Age who forces himself upon us on our way to keep us company, whether we wish or not. A feverish vision of innumerable such messengers who must make their appearance in due course and crowding on the

scene, must effect a change of the whole atmosphere—that is what renders the advent of the early grey hair so ominous. Indeed, no ship sailing merrily on the smooth waves can detect the tiny patch of dark that breaks on the horizon with greater concern than we do this white emblem of age.

The consciousness of its existence and all the meaning that it implies is bound to be far more oppressive to the mind than ever the knowledge of its being noticed by others can be. The fact that it invariably comes as a surprise and a painful surprise at that, when we least expect it, is, I imagine, what makes the future appear so gloomy and unacceptable to us. Of course, when I say this, I hardly mean those persons who are destined to have a number of these unpleasant visitors even early in the day and are often left with no other choice but to learn to suffer them with a cheerful disregard. These people being inured to them, perhaps, may be said to be not only not worse for having been spared a surprise but fare better in comparison—the first few intruders being more kindly disposed, by not adding to their numbers with that eagerness that they originally seemed to display.

Charles Lamb tells us in his *Essays of Elia* that he hates people who meet Time half-way. We know what he says, and the entire spirit of his complaint. There are persons who, far from meeting Time half-way, choose in another sense than what Lamb meant, to ignore it altogether. They would try by cunning means to give the enemy the slip and at sixty would contrive without scruple to pass for thirty. But who can fail to espy the withered old hand once it is upon them and they are caught in its grip as in a vice? The desperate way in which they cling to fast fleeing youth is a sight not without a touch of pathos.

There is no escaping this 'inevitable spoiler.' Our triumph lies not in overcoming the enemy, for it cannot be, but in accepting his supremacy with the best grace and cheer possible. We find our strength in refusing to allow him to wither our spirits.

What is so repulsive in old age that people should instinctively shrink at its approach? It is but a part of the same Life's journey. The mellow evening light is part of the same day that began with

the rosy freshness of morn and grew into the fiery radiance of noon.

Age has its joys as well as its advantages. The sight of it in distress seldom fails to awaken the instinct of pity. The tragedy of Lear can hardly be at its height if he were only a king and a father and not a desolate old man as well, with the weight of eighty winters upon his head. There is a charm and dignity which add to the air of benevolence about old age and often stand it in good stead. Can we ever wish the world to be free of these kind old souls that become only dearer on account of their years? Ask the little boy whether he would like to give up his grandmother, a wrinkled old figure in the midst of youthful brightness. No, not for worlds will he consent to part with her. For, there is a perfect sympathy and understanding that exist between them, and he knows it. He has grown to love the dear old face in spite of its wrinkles and grizzly hair. Perhaps she is also happy and thanks heaven for the blessed state that gathers the little people round her and makes a perfect picture of childhood and old age—the two presenting one complete cycle of human life.

Sudhansu Kumar Ray : An Artist-Craftsman of Bengal

By NIHAR RANJAN RAY, M.A., P.R.S.

(University of Calcutta)

Wood-cuts and lino-cuts as methods in creative art are recent introductions of the renascent school of art of Bengal. It is not long since the remarkable creative possibilities of this form of art-craft were recognised, and the artistic expression capable of being achieved by this process discovered by our artists. This new start of wood and lino-cut in India, frankly speaking, is the direct outcome of the most recent influences of European art in the domain of Indian art and art-craft, adapted no doubt by the highly sensitive and assimilative local genius according to Indian spirit, Indian sensibility, and Indian technique. It is really very refreshing to see our artists whose paintings, chiefly in miniature, have so long drawn mainly from the lyric sensitiveness of *Ajanta* or from the romantic realism of the Moghul Court painters, or from the extremely feminine tenderness of Rajput miniatures, or still more recently, from the stereotyped mannerism of old indigenous folk-art—those artists stirring out to discover fresh vistas not only of new art-forms and languages, but also of art-craft for a modern world and hence from a modern stand-point.

The art-craft of wood and lino-cut has a fascination all its own. Inherent in its method and technique is a boldness of execution which leaves out details and takes notice of broad essentials alone. There is thus a strength in its attitude as well as in its expression, and what is more, a directness which never fails to appeal or please. As the technique is most simple—cutting directly on the wood with the help of a *buli* or, in the case of linolium with a sharp knife, in depth and surface, resulting in sharp contrasts of black and white,—and the language without any pose or sophistication whatsoever,—there is also a clear and unfailing note



A Corner of Calcutta

of sincerity which is all the more emphasised by the extremely loving and sympathetic attitude of the artist towards his subject.

We have in Bengal a small band of young artist-craftsmen who have successfully mastered this form of art-craft. One of them is a young Calcutta artist—brilliant and resourceful—Mr. Sudhansu Ray, now a teacher of Fine Art in the Sarojnalini Industrial School for Women in Calcutta. A student of Mr. Ramendra Nath Chakravarty at the Andhra Jatheeya Kalasala, Masuli-



A Bengali Folk-Dancer

patam, Mr. Ray received his first lessons in this particular art-craft at the hand of Mr. Chakravarty. There he received the very kind help and patronage of Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya and Mr. Ramakotiswara Rao, then Vice-Principal of Andhra Jatheeya Kalasala (now Editor, *Triveni*), but for whom his youthful, enthusiastic work might have met with a set-back. Later on, he joined the Indian Society of Oriental Art in Calcutta where his merits were readily recognised. Here he was awarded the first prize

Fear Dispelled

By SRI RAJA V. VISWA SUNDARA RAO BAHADUR

Oh, Death ! how we fear thee, thy grim approach !
How we tremble frightened at thy icy touch !
But, do we understand right thy mission performed,
Before we fling our reproach on thy head 'larmed,
Perhaps you carry us on thy wing to the land
Whence we came to be thrown on this sad earth banned,
To suffer in bondage made of toils wrought and miseries chosen.
Fie upon our tears and fetters ! Let us face, let us not shun
Thee that helps our return to the sweet home forgotten.

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

Purdah—The Status of Indian Women.—By Frieda Hauswirth (Mrs. Sarangadhar Das), Kegan Paul, London, Price 6sh.

Mrs. Das's first book *A Marriage to India*, published last year, dealt mainly with the problem of inter-racial marriages in India and incidentally referred to the social and economic conditions of the village life in this country. It was written in a racy, spicy style, and the observations recorded therein were direct experiences and reactions of a white woman married to a coloured man living under new and trying conditions. It was neither exaggerated nor distorted, neither too critical nor too sympathetic; nor was it coloured with too much personal prejudices, common to such books. It was as truthful as it could possibly be.

This second book of Mrs. Das, *Purdah*, is another honest attempt on her part to understand and interpret the real status of Indian women, in the social, economic, political, and religious life of the people, as it was, as it is, and as it is likely to be; and it may be said at the very outset, that she has remarkably succeeded in portraying the forces and personalities "behind the veil in India," with rare insight and understanding. It must not be supposed that she has dealt with Indian Womanhood, in all its aspects, exhaustively and comprehensively.

In fact, narration of some of the incidents connected with the women's part in the Civil Disobedience Movement of 1930 is only partially true, as she herself was not present in India at that time and had to depend upon a restricted source of information. Like the previous volume, this one also betrays Mrs. Das's weakness for mentioning names that are well-known and fairly well-placed in life. The psychology is only too obvious. She gives the impression to the reader that she moved exclusively in the best of society possible and met only the greatest people of the land. She has no place for the hundreds of the middle-class and less-known men and women she met in India, and, perhaps, through whom she learnt more about the country, its art and literature, and to whom, as the reviewer can testify, she owes more for her knowledge and information than to the oft-mentioned names in the book. If Mrs. Das had cared to know, she would have been supplied with hundreds of names of brave

in 1931 as well as the first Gold Medal of the Fine Arts Exhibition of the Calcutta University Institute in 1931 and 1932, all for wood-cuts.

Mr. Ray is equally at home and effective in his landscape works as well as in his portraits. His trees and landscapes are faithful in artistic expression and often characterised by a soft tenderness and



A Girl

sympathy, and a marvellous touch of simple homeliness. The composition is almost always convincing and the treatment of contrasts in black and white is direct in its visual effect. His portraits are bold and full of character brought out by easy effort and simple detail.

Of the wood and lino-cuts reproduced here, one is a landscape—a lino-cut depicting “a corner of Calcutta.” Calcutta is perhaps the youngest of the metropolitan cities of the world, but young though

she is, she can well pride herself on her lovers who choose to kiss her into a realm of light and glory, beauty and mystery. Here straight lines and angles dominate, “brick is piled on brick and man-worm is interstitched in between.” And yet she invites artists to turn her into golden. The reality of the scene can hardly be questioned; the tree shorn of its leaves, the houses in their lines and angles are so faithful in artistic expression that they at once go straight to our mind and heart. There is a sensitiveness in the treatment of the contrasts in black and white, and they are very strictly spaced in a convincing composition.

Of the two portraits, that of “A Girl” is a fine example of character-exposition by a minimum but robust and effective economy of effort. The contrast in black and white is most lovely in effect which is heightened by a mellowness of touch born of an intense sympathy which the artist feels for the subject.

Mr. Ray intends bringing out an album of his works in wood and lino-cuts. It is hoped that art-lovers in our country as well as abroad will appreciate our artist's first efforts in this line and express their heartiest wishes for his future distinction, as does the present writer.

Humanity Uprooted.—By Maurice Hindus, Jonathan Cape, London, 12sh. 6d.

Maurice Hindus is one of the most fascinating writers in the English language, and one of the most popular of authors. An artist by instinct, he paints word-pictures of scenes, events, personalities and problems with the deftness and sensitiveness of a master-painter. Russian by birth and American by adoption, Hindus is a world-citizen and observes and studies life and its problems from a humanitarian point of view. His book *Broken Earth* is one of the most widely read books of modern times; his *Red Bread*, a sequel to *Humanity Uprooted*, created great sensation. Maurice Hindus' broad intellectual outlook and keen synthetic vision have made him one of the intellectual forces of today.

Humanity Uprooted deals with that outstanding event of this century—the Russian Experiment. Hundreds of volumes have already been written by world-famous writers on this subject, and very few prominent literary figures of the modern world have left the subject untouched. Wells, Shaw, Russell, Tagore, and a host of other international men of letters have written their impressions of Russia, but this one of Maurice Hindus is, to the reviewer's mind, the best of them all. Wells himself acknowledges this fact in his letter to Hindus: "I have just read your book. It answers a score of questions I've been asking about Russia and a score of others I should have asked had I known enough to ask them. It is as illuminating and exciting as it is convincing. I've learnt more from it than from any other work I've read for years."

A book with such an enthusiastic introduction from one of the foremost thinkers of modern times needs hardly to be reviewed or praised. All I wish to do is to draw the attention of the readers of *Triveni* to the fact of the existence of a remarkable book, written by a remarkable man on a most remarkable undertaking of a great people. It is written in the most attractive style and keeps the reader fascinated from first to last. It is an artist's description of a world cataclysm, in rich and warm colours, and therefore of apparent transparency and truth. No personal bias or prejudice, no individual idiosyncracies or interests, no attempt at justification or explanation. They are like the colours put direct on the canvas from the palette as the artist saw and reacted to the changing conditions. Their appeal is personal and intensely human; truly a precious document of human history. No modern man can afford to miss this intellectual treat and no book can give the satisfaction on the many burning questions on Russia as this does. A truly amazing book.

G. VENKATACHALAM

Malaviya Commemoration Volume.—(Benares Hindu University, 1932, pp. x., 2007, with five portraits of Malaviyaji, twelve photographs of the Benares Hindu University and twenty-seven plates of a scientific and general nature. Price Rs. 10.)

"Three score and ten" applied to any mortal being in India is a theme to conjure with. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya reminds us today of the glory and limitless powers of our ancient *rishis*. The Benares Hindu University must be congratulated on bringing out this sumptuous volume of over two thousand pages of scholarship, as a tribute to the work of the greatest Indian of the past fifty years, next only to the Sage of Sabarmati. *The Malaviya Commemoration Volume* will go down to history as a great human document, fully representing the tendencies of the modern era in Indian national activity, scientific advancement, philosophical attainments, and more than all, human relationships.

The *Volume* contains eighty-seven papers written by eminent persons and is divided into five sections: Literature; History, Politics and Economics; Religion and Philosophy; Science; and Greetings, Appreciations and Memoirs.

The *Volume* fittingly opens with a message from Mahatma Gandhi in a facsimile of his Gujarati handwriting, paying his tribute to Malaviyaji and his work. A Hindi translation of this letter is appropriately appended.

In Section I, Rabindranath Tagore and Jagadish Chandra Bose discourse on the modern age and the unity of life. As if to crystallise the life message of Malaviya, Dr. Tagore says:

"To-day, more than ever before in our history, the aid of spiritual power is needed and therefore I believe its resources will surely be discovered in the hidden depth of our being. Pioneers will come to take up this adventure and suffer, and through suffering open out a path to that higher elevation of life in which lies our safety."

The citadel of orthodoxy and Hindu piety, Malaviya has for over half a century striven to maintain the pristine purity of our race. He risked his all in this research of our national ideal. But Malaviya the adventurer is with us when he burnt his boats and made his voyage to England to attend the Second Round Table Conference and also when he changed his life-long convictions to bring about a *rapprochement* between the caste Hindus and the so-called Untouchables in the cause of true national emancipation. Sir Jagadis Bose, emphasising the unity of life, observes that we are not afraid that the march of knowledge is a danger to our true faith, "for we have still the *sanaysin* spirit which utterly controls body and can mediate or inquire endlessly while life remains, never for a moment losing sight of the object, never for a moment let it be obscured by any terrestrial temptation." Pandit Malaviya, again, symbolises this fundamental unity of life and change.

girls who played no less heroic part in the last struggle than Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Mrs. Hamsa Metha or Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya. Not that their names should necessarily be mentioned in a book like the one under review, but it is rather tiring to read merely the names of the so called "leaders" of the country as if others did not exist or were not worthy of any notice.

Barring this defect, the book is, on the whole, a carefully compiled compendium on woman's status and influence in India. The first few chapters deal with woman's position in ancient India, and it is a fairly correct presentation of the subject, summarised briefly and concisely. The author reveals her sympathetic nature in her intelligent understanding of the ancient ideals of the Hindus, and she studies the age-old institutions of caste, child-marriage, polygamy, matriarchy, *devadasis*, with equal discerning intelligence. She neither condemns nor criticises, but just interprets their ideals. She understands their evils and wisely does not advise, but points out the weak spots. She had special advantages in her wandering life in India; she met all sorts of people, in all sorts of conditions: she lived in great cities and in the villages and she moved with the orthodox as well as the progressives, and this rich experience has, naturally, mellowed her judgment.

"Some Helpless Women of India" is an interesting chapter, being short sketches of well-known women like Lady Bose, Saroj Nalini Dutt, Pandita Ramabai, Mrs. Ranade, Sarojini Naidu and Dr. Muthulakshmi. This chapter could have been improved by adding a few more sketches of young women workers like Mrs. Kamala Nehru, Miss Zutshi, Miss Sofia Somji, Mrs. Munshi, Miss Ganguli, and Kamaladevi. Many books have been written, both by Indians and Westerners, in reply to Miss Mayo's *Mother India*, but this book excels them all, in that it is written by another American woman (though Swiss born) who contacted Indian life intimately in all its phases and therefore was in a better position to judge.

Mrs. Das has rightly given a prominent place in her book to the part played by Indian women in the last national struggle, and the several instances of heroism, courage, endurance, patience and suffering cheerfully borne she quotes, are too well-known in India. She says: "The womanhood of India gained the following inestimable advantages from the Nationalist movement: Millions of women broke in one short year fetters which normally it would have taken generations to shake off; they broke them not in rebellion against their own guilty men-folk who had forged them, but against the alien government at whose expense India was thus saved from the deep internal conflict and bitterness which the fight for emancipation had called forth between the sexes in Western countries. Moreover, they have the mother-adoring youth of India solidly behind them in their support."

REVIEWS

The concluding chapter "Personal Observations" is quite reminiscent of her first book, wherein she records her impressions and personal experiences in a free and easy way, and it makes very interesting reading. There is a frankness about her utterances and a desire to say the truth without much colouring. She may be wrong in some of her views or utterly misinformed with regard to certain facts, but she is artless in the expression of her views. Such fearless and honest expression of opinion is always welcome, and from that point alone this book is worth reading. It is both well-printed and attractively got up.

A Wandering Harp.—By James H. Cousins, Roerich Museum Press, New York, U. S. A. Price Rs. 3.

Dr. James H. Cousins is well-known in India. He came out to this country about 1915 and worked first as a journalist, then as an educationist, and latterly as the head of an International University at Adyar. He was a popular figure among Indian students and was greatly loved by all. His work in connection with the artistic renaissance is too well-known to be referred to here. His books have had a good circulation and his poetry well received in educational centres in India. He has over twenty books to his credit, half of which are books of poems.

A Wandering Harp is a selection of poems from his old works and is now presented to the reading public in an attractive garb by the Roerich Museum Press of New York. There are over 120 poems, some long and some short, ranging over a period of thirty years and written in different parts of the world and conveying varied moods and themes. Cousins was one of the major poets of the Irish Revival, and, today, he is one of the acknowledged poets in the English language.

His poems are finished examples of skilled workmanship and show labour, patience and "the genius of taking infinite pains." There is a tendency, in some of them, to be learned, scholarly and metaphysical. There are others which are exquisite little gems, full of colour and imaginative feeling. His poems are best appreciated when they are recited by the poet himself, and new meanings and significance peep out of apparently insignificant words and phrases. He is both a creative artist and a critic, and has a rare insight into things, and as a cultural interpreter and messenger he stands unrivalled. He was till lately engaged as "Guest Lecturer" in the New York University, and this volume of verses is a silent testimony to his popularity in that new land of his adoption. This is about the best printed and published book of Dr. Cousins, with green and gold binding, and ought to be treasured by every admirer of this Irish Poet and Friend of India.

It will be impossible in a review to do justice to the numerous papers contained in the *Volume*. Besides the two papers mentioned above, the Literature Section contains eleven others ranging from "The Anglo-Saxon Settlement in Britain" to "The Dawn of Lyrical Poetry in Bengal." Seventeen papers cover Section Two which deals with History, Politics and Economics. Messrs. Jayaswal, D. R. Bhandarkar, Ganganath Jha, Radhakumud Mukherji discuss certain aspects of ancient Indian history. Dr. Stella Kramrisch and Mr. O. C. Gangoly, Editor of *Rupam* occupy us with a disquisition, each, on Indian art, the latter giving us for the first time a print and commentary on the newly discovered illustrated MSS entitled "Bala Gopala Stutih." A thought-provoking article by Prof. S. V. Puntambekar on "The Rise of Fascism" is very appropriate in this volume intended to popularise the idea of neo-nationalism as lived by Pandit Malaviya. Dr. Beni Prasad of the Allahabad University gives us a paper on "Towards Democracy" which is extremely helpful. Religion and Philosophy are dealt with in Section Three. Sir S. Radhakrishnan opens this section with a dissertation on "Intuition in Kant's Philosophy of Religion." I am sure that all the twenty papers in this Section will appeal most to Pandit Malaviya, in that they contain the quintessence of Hindu life and teaching. Ramananda Chatterjee writes "A Humble Apologia for my Astikya", while Principal Dhruva of the Benares Hindu University has a very useful paper on "The Veda and Its Interpretation." Such a pronounced Brahmin scholar as Mr. C. V. Vaidya, author of the *History of Medieval Hindu India*, writes a very interesting article on "The Position of Untouchables in Sanatana Dharma." Writing this review when the fast of Mahatma Gandhi was started on the 20th September, I must confess that I felt great comfort in this article, particularly in view of the fact that Pandit Malaviya has given the country a tremendous lead in the effort to stamp out this blight on our national character. Twelve essays follow in Section Four dealing with Science. Eminent Indian scholars have in this section justified the prediction of Sir Jagadish Bose at the beginning of this *Volume* that the efforts of a renaissance India are directed towards the supreme task of co-ordinating the spirit of the *sanyasin* with that of a truly scientific outlook on life. Sir C. V. Raman, Meghnad Saha, S. S. Joshi, Bholanath Singh and others in this Section enrich the domain of international scientific thought and indicate the fact that in the world's onward march of scientific progress, India is not lagging behind.

But the real human interest of the *Commemoration Volume* lies in the last Section which contains Greetings, Appreciations and Memoirs of a score of eminent Indians about Pandit Malaviya. Rai Bahadur Salval Das's reminiscences of a teacher are most illuminating in so far as they indicate the promise shown by pupil Malaviya over fifty years ago.

Sachchidananda Sinha's delightful ten-page sketch of Malaviyaji gives us a picture of young Malaviya already establishing his reputation for unstinted service and uprightness of character as early as 1888 when the Fourth Session of the All-India Congress was held at Allahabad. Dr. G. N. Chakravarti, ex-Vice-Chancellor of the Allahabad University gives us a picture of what a class-fellow of Malaviya thought of our illustrious countryman. Sir P. C. Ray, Messrs. C. Y. Chintamani, N. C. Kelkar, Bhagavandas, and Sir M. Visvesvaraya join the chorus of praise giving us points in their individual reactions to the personality of this "Prince of Beggars" to whose lasting endeavour the Benares Hindu University vies with John Hopkins University and other universities of the West started by individual effort. Sir Mirza Ismail and Mr. G. K. Nariman, representatives of the Muslim and Parsi faiths in our Motherland, emulate each other in their praise of Malaviyaji who, notwithstanding the fact that he symbolises in modern India all the greatness and conservatism of the Hindu faith, was able to cordially demand and pleasantly sustain the admiration, respect and friendship of sister communities in this land of religions. A few articles in Hindi enrich the value of the *Volume* which has thus a wider appeal to the people of India who do not know the English language sufficiently well.

A glance at the *Malaviya Commemoration Volume* is an invitation to buy, and no library, public and private, in India should be without a copy of it.

LANKA SUNDARAM

Shakespeare and the Problem of Evil.—By M. V. N. Subba Rau, M.A., Lecturer, The Andhra University. The East and West Publishing House, Rajahmundry. Price (?)

Shakespeare is a sure touchstone. We cannot write or speak about him without being platitudinous, but the platitudes of Mr. Subba Rau are simple and not ponderous. His book has the merits and defects of an elementary book in that it is simple but inadequate. He is safe in treading the middle path of the late Sir Walter Raleigh; for if he errs at all he errs on the side of sanity and Shakespeare. The Bradley-Dowden-Harris view erred on the side of imagination; the Stoll-Schucking-Robertson view erred on the side of canon and clap-trap; and Bernard Shaw erred on the side of Ibsen and himself. Mr. Subba Rau writes with much persuasive sweetness on many aspects of the problem; and reveals his constant awareness of the fact that whatever might have been Shakespeare's philosophy or his views about dogs, mobs, puns, or witches, whether his art was an accident or supremely conscious of itself, he was primarily a craftsman and man of business who pilfered from Pultaroh and Boccacio, imitated and parodied the Marlowes and Peeles, and improvised stories

of love and hate, duel-scenes and death-scenes, puns and songs, to please his patrons, the Queen, the Lords, the liveried courtiers and the garrulous groundlings. Mr. Subba Rau does not try to distil a system of philosophy; but writes about the working of Evil, the old theory of waste, the tyranny of Chance, the symbolism of the *Tempest* and its significance as the testament of Shakespeare; and explains how, while in the Comedies virtue and love overcome and convert vice and hatred, in the Tragedies all is gloom and waste and suffering. He sides with Johnson against Beeching on the Principle of Justice, or rather the lack of it, and shows how, if innocent creatures like Cordelia perish, they perish in a just cause, "contrary to the natural idea of justice, to the hope of the reader, and what is still most strange, to the faith of the chronicles." He has succeeded in producing a readable book on a worn-out theme; and it is most heartening to come upon a pandit, who avoids the clap-trap of Shakespearean canon and indulges in some good hearty rhetoric.

M. CHALAPATHI RAU

Rock-cut Temples Around Bombay.—By Kanaiyalal H. Vakil, B.A., LL.B. (Published by D. Taraporevala Sons & Co., Bombay, Price Rs. 3.)

The well-known art-critic of Bombay, Mr. Kanaiyalal H. Vakil, has brought out this excellent illustrated brochure about the rock-cut temples around Bombay. The little book is full of big ideas. The plan and method are striking, making one wish more from the author. "Human belief in the common and permanent heritage of Beauty" is the key-note which Mr. Vakil strikes, and consequently he very pertinently rebels against all academic or rather 'policed' criticism and study of these ancient monuments of art. He brings in a 'vision which animated the ancient imagination of the country' to give us an insight into these ancient works of art. The illustrations are well-choiced and beautifully reproduced making one eager to see them in larger size. A perusal of these carefully collected pictures with their respective foot-notes alone would enlighten the reader a great deal about the artistic glory of ancient India. At a time when the whole mind of the nation is bent upon revival and reconstruction of the land on truer foundations a book like this should be in the hands of all thinking persons who care for the welfare of our Motherland.

M. S. SUNDARA SARMA

TAMIL

Thirugnanasambandar.—By Mr. C. Sivagnanam Pillai. (Published by Messrs C. Coomaraswamy Naidu & Sons, Madras. Price Rs. 1-4.)

Mr. Pillai is the author and editor of several valuable Tamil publications. His wealth of experience in the Educational Department has stood him in

good stead in bringing out works in Tamil, suited to students of High School Classes. Born to a heritage of Tamil culture, he has brought to bear the influence of that culture on all his works. The author's *Ramayana* series for the young has won the appreciation of eminent educationists. His *Thirugnanasambandar* forms an intelligent compendium of research. Here, in this book, his diction is quite felicitous, his language is marked by perspicacity, and his arguments by sound logic. In dealing with the biography of Saint Sambandar, the author has treated the subject in the form of an essay closely following the accounts of Nambiandar and Seikilar. He has placed the valuable matter within the easy reach of all. The second part contains an exhaustive annotation of all the important passages connected with the Saint and his clear exposition is very useful. The life of the Saint is treated under well-defined heads,—birth, age, chronology, descent, *Thevaram* and its inner significance, his contemporaries, the blending of classical words with the Tamil, the truth about religion, miracles, old customs and festivals, and particulars about the several decades of Sambanda's life and how Sambanda attained *mukti*. The Tamil public must be indebted to the author and publishers for this work.

VIDWAN P. A. MUTHUTHANDAVAROYA PILLAI

TELUGU

Neelirathnalu.—By Sri Ramachandra Appa Rao Bahadur, Nuzvid.

This is a collection of lyrics by a young aspirant to the poet's role. The poems mark the writer's youthful enthusiasm and his love of wild imagery. The note of plaintive appeal to an unattainable, unsatisfying object of attachment is kept throughout. But the thoughts are overlaid in such sweet confusion that the reader must shift for himself. Lyric Poetry is not a well-established form of Telugu Literature. There are not more than half-a-dozen men of note who wield that instrument with success. Too much of what passes as Telugu lyric poetry is simply born of youthful ardour. Consequently it is unreal, pointless and ineffectual. The book under review contains a good number of such poems but there are others which bear a promise of something better. If the young poet can hold his enthusiasm in check and keep his imagery clear, it is not unlikely that he will fulfil that promise.

G. V. S.

NEW INDIA WEEKLY

(Edited by Annie Besant, D.L.)

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

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

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

Its comments are made without fear or favour.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

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

For Advertisement rates, apply to:

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

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

Advocate and Editor of the "SRHEMATHI,"

KOTTAYAM

Writes:

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

Ask your chemist.

or

KESARI KUTHERAM

INDIAN CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS

BOMBAY, MADRAS

NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office:—National Insurance Building

7, Council House Street, Calcutta

New Policies Issued in 1931 for over	Rs. 1,32,33,000
Showing an increase over the New Business figure for 1930 of	16.54%
Claims paid up to end of 1931 over	Rs. 90,00,000
Invested Funds amount to over	Rs. 1,75,00,000

LOW RATES
NEW TABLES

LIBERAL CONDITIONS
NEW BENEFITS

For particulars and agencies please write to:

R. G. DAS & Co.

or

BRANCH SECRETARY

Managers

Madras Branch

113, Armenian St., Madras

FIRE & ACCIDENT RISKS

COVERED BY

National Fire & General Insurance Company, Ltd.,

NATIONAL INSURANCE BUILDING

7, Council House Street, CALCUTTA

BRANCH SECRETARY

Madras Branch

113, Armenian St., Madras

R. G. DAS & Co.

Managers

THE THEOSOPHIST

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

EDITED BY ANNIE BESANT, D.L.,

President, Theosophical Society.

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

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

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

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

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

THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,

ADYAR, MADRAS, S. INDIA.

VICE-CHANCELLOR

ANDHRA UNIVERSITY, WALT AIR

"I have used Kesari's Dental Cream for some days and I find it to be quite good. I have no doubt that in these days of Swadesham, it would find a large sale."

Sir S. RADHAKRISHNAN

Available at all Chemists

and

KESARI KUTEERAM

INDIAN CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

Egmore, MADRAS

BUY INDIAN

All are agreed about this.

The United India Life Assurance Company, Ltd.

is a purely Indian Life Office

It is an established concern—quite safe and sound.

By buying Policies in the UNITED INDIA, you

BUY INDIAN

Head Office:
MADRAS

Chief Agents and
Agents all over India

INDIA SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

BOOKS

- THE RELATION BETWEEN THE ART OF
INDIA AND JAVA, by Dr. J. PH. VOGEL £0 5 0
- SHAH ABDUL LATIF, THE SUFI POET,
by H. M. GIDVANI £0 7 6
- INDIAN SCULPTURE AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM,
by LAURENCE BINYON and WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN,
with a Foreword by SIR HERCULES READ £1 1 0
- THE BAGH CAVES IN GWALIOR STATE, with text
by Sir JOHN MARSHALL, Dr. J. PH. VOGEL, M. B.
GARDE, and J. H. COUSINS £2 0 0
- GUJERATI PAINTING, by N. C. MEHTA £0 7 6
- SOUTH INDIAN PORTRAITS,
by T. G. ARAVAMUTHAN, with Foreword
by Dr. A. K. COOMARASWAMY £1 1 0

JOURNAL

INDIAN ART AND LETTERS

(INDIA—CEYLON—JAVA—SIAM—INDO-CHINA)

(Founded 1925)

An Illustrated Magazine published twice
yearly by the India Society (London).

The following are among recent contributors to its pages:
DR. CHARLES OTTO BLAGDEN, DR. F. D. K. BOSCH, MR.
PERCY BROWN, M. GEORGES CEDES, MISS CUISINIER,
PROF. A. FOUCHER, MR. O. C. GANGOLY, MR. AJIT GHOSH,
M. RENE GROSSSET, M. JOSEPH HACKIN, COLONEL K. N.
SARAB, MR. LIONEL HEATH, MISS SUZANNE KARPELES,
MR. H. V. LANCHESTER, PROF. SYLVAIN LEVI, PROF.
PAUL PELLIER, MR. STANLEY RICE, DR. WILLEM STUTTER-
HEIM, MR. J. V. S. WILKINSON, SIR JOHN WOODROFFE.

through "THE INDIA SOCIETY"
Obtainable at, London, S.W., and the usual Agents
3, Victoria St.

The Little Drop



that drives away
the dreadful Cold

**When you are troubled
by a cold or a cough
or any bronchial
affection—you can be as-
sured of instant relief by**

On a
kerchief
or a
lump of
sugar.

HENRY'S KILA-KOLD

A Little's Oriental Balm Product-SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS

Just Out!

Just Out!

A Dainty Volume of Verses

**SAFFRON AND GOLD
AND OTHER POEMS**

BY

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Crown 16: Fp. 96: Featherweight
Price, Inland Rs. 1-4-0 Foreign 2 sh. 6d.

For copies apply to:

The People's Printing & Publishing House, Ltd.,

132, Big Street

Triplicane, Madras (S. India)

The Young Builder

A Cultural English Monthly

EDITED BY

MR. JAMSHED N. R. MEHTA

AND

PROF. H. C. KUMAR

Annual Subscription Rs. 2-

Specimen copy on receipt
of 3 areas stamp

Write to:—

THE MANAGER

SEY

ROCK KUNJ

Branch Road

KARACHI

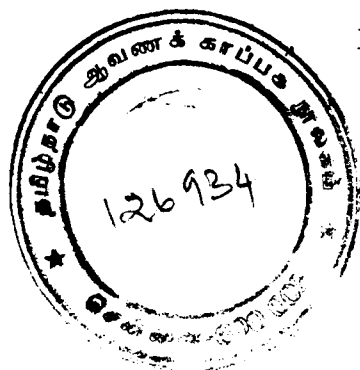
[illegible]

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.

M. R. Ry., Bellamkonda Subba Rao Garu, B.A.,
Vakil, Gurazala, Guntur Dt.

R. Chandramouli Garu,
Narasaraopet, Guntur Dt.



INFORMATION ABOUT 'TRIVENI'

1. '*Triveni*' is published **Six Times** a year, on the 15th of August, October, December, February, April, and June. Subscription may commence from any number, but no enlistments will be made for periods of less than one year.
2. **Annual Subscription** : Rs. 6, 12sh. or 3\$ (post free).
Single copy : Re. 1-4, 2sh. 6d. or 75c. (post free).
3. **Intending Subscribers** are requested to remit the annual subscription in advance. A specimen copy of the current number can always be had on payment of Re. 1-4 (post free), and, on enlistment, the balance of Rs. 4-12 only need be paid to make up the subscription for one year.
4. **Change of Address** should be intimated to the office, at least a fortnight before the date of publication of the Journal. If, however, the change of address is only temporary, arrangements may be made by the subscriber with the local post office.
5. **Back Volumes** : A few complete sets of *Triveni* Vol. I (1928) and Vol. III (1930) are available for sale at Rs. 6 each, (post free). Bound Volumes, Rs. 8 each, (post free).

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

I have entrusted with the Indian Photo. Engraving Company the making of line- and half-tone blocks to illustrate the scientific articles appearing in the Proceedings of the Indian Association for the Cultivation of Science. As our illustrations are intended to assist in the understanding of new scientific results, it is of the utmost importance that the reproductions should be clear and accurate. I may say at once that the work of the Indian Photo. Engraving Company has fully come up to our requirements.

C. V. Raman

29th May 1926

THE INDIAN PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.

Process Engravers & Colour Printers
217, CORNWALLIS STREET, CALCUTTA

Telegrams: "DUOTYPE, CALCUTTA"

TO LET

Single Insertion Rs. 50/-

Six Insertions .. 250/-

*Printed at the Huxley Press, 114, Armenian Street, and Published by P. Tirumala Rao,
Manager, 'Triveni' Office, Y. M. I. A. Buildings, 9, Armenian Street, G. T., Madras*

"ALWAYS RELIABLE"

"As Diamond Merchants, they have been as successful in serving the needs of Indians of the middle class and of moderate means as they have been in satisfying the exacting standards and requirements of the rich and titled nobility of our land"

(Sd.) A. RANGASWAMI IYENGAR
Editor, 'THE HINDU,' Madras



SURAJMAL LALLUBHAI & Co.

**DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS,
GOLD AND SILVER ARTWARE MANUFACTURERS**

313, ESPLANADE, MADRAS

BOMBAY
359, Kalbadevi Road

RANGOON
134, Moghul Road

TRICHY
Rock Fort Gate