

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 ²²⁸⁴



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TRIVENI

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

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

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

—THE SONG CELESTIAL

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

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

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

Vol. V, No. 3

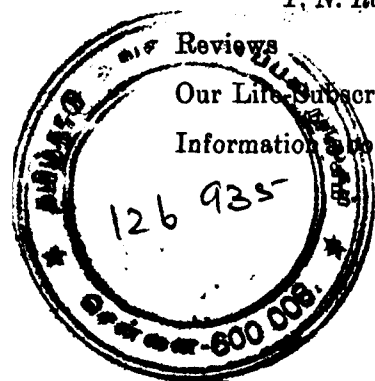
Nov-Dec, 1932

CONTENTS

	PAGE
'The Triple Stream' (Editorial Notes) ...	211
Virgin Love (A Sonnet)	
Sankara Krishna Chettur, M.A., I.C.S. ...	216
An Idealist View of Life	
V. Subrahmanya Aiyar ...	217
Life (A Sonnet)	
Humayun Kabir, M.A. (Oxon) ...	224
Macbeth: A Character Study	
Dr. U. C. Nag, M.A., Ph. D. (Lond) ...	225

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Sthanam Narasimha Rao : An Andhra Actor	
<i>G. Venkatachalam</i>	246
A Water-Colour Painting (A Poem)	
" <i>The Old Dreamer</i> " (<i>Harindranath Chattopadhyaya</i>) ...	251
Residuary Powers in a Federal State	
<i>M. Venkatarangaiya, M.A.</i>	256
Of Necessity	
<i>C. L. R. Sastri, B.Sc.</i>	264
In the Alcove (A Poem)	
<i>Manjeri S. Isvaran</i>	269
The Hidden Spirit (A Poem)	
<i>Manjeri S. Isvaran</i>	270
On the History of India	
<i>Pratapagiri Ramamurti, M.A.</i>	271
Persons and Personalities	
<i>N. Krishnamurti, F.R. Hist. S.</i>	277
Our Forum: Tyagaraja	280
The Golden Age of Hindu-Javanese Art	
<i>T. N. Ramachandran, M.A.</i>	282
Reviews	299
Our Life-Subscribers	308
Information about Triveni	308



ILLUSTRATION

THE PASSING OF DASARATHA

By K. Ram Mohan Sastri

Tricoloured Frontispiece

The plates to illustrate 'Hindu-Javanese Art' were not available in time. They will appear in the next issue.



'The Triple Stream'

'THE PASSING OF DASARATHA'

The frontispiece is a reproduction of one of a series of water-colour paintings by the gifted Andhra artist, Mr. Ram Mohan Sastry, illustrating the story of the *Ramayana*. The Madras Law Journal Press will publish shortly an edition of the great epic with the commentary of Kathaka, and young Mr. Sastry has rendered into line and colour sixteen of the striking episodes so dear to all lovers of Indian literature. The series was completed just before Mr. Sastry left for England last November to pursue his studies at the Royal College. We are greatly obliged to the Madras Law Journal Press for permission to print the picture in *Triveni*.

It represents a death scene, one of the most pathetic in all literature. 'After life's fitful fever' the king sleeps. A long and eventful reign ends tragically. The last moments of the king are clouded by a terrible conflict between his love for Sri Rama, the heir-apparent, and his anxiety to fulfil a long-forgotten promise to his favourite queen to make *her* son Bharata king. With a pang he pronounces banishment on Rama and dies heart-broken, soon after the prince's departure. The picture brings out with wonderful fidelity the atmosphere of an ancient Indian palace. The colour scheme is harmonious and subdued. The flame burns low in the exquisitely ornamented lamp, almost suggestive of the ebbing away of the king's life. The queens are stricken with grief; they cling to the cold form of their lord. The artist seizes a moment of temporary calm, between the passing of the old order and the commencement of the new. A great picture, in form as well as in content.

IS IT 'TYAGARAJA'?

An esteemed friend, Mr. G. Venkatachalam of Bangalore, contributes a short note to our 'Forum' this time. He is full of praise for the artistic excellence of 'Tyagaraja' published in the July-

August *Triveni* but he questions the correctness of the identification of the subject of the picture with the great Tyagaraja. Among other things, he contends that the picture is unlike any other hitherto believed to represent Tyagaraja. In the traditional portrait, no doubt, Tyagaraja is very much older, wears a Vaishnavite caste-mark on his forehead, and has a turban. But the *Triveni* picture, we believe, is an earlier portrait. The features are those of an average cultured Telugu Smartha Brahmin, and Mr. Hari Nagabhushanam, the great musician of modern Andhra and an ardent admirer of Tyagaraja, informs us that the picture has very close resemblance to a grand-nephew of Tyagaraja now living. The absence of the Vaishnavite mark is not important, for it is well known that the Smartha Brahmins of the Telugu country worship Siva and Vishnu with equal devotion. Mr. Venkatachalam imagines that the picture may be that of a Lingayat follower of Basavappa. We are unable, however, to trace any indications of a Lingam Casket or other symbols of the Lingayats. And obviously a Lingayat picture would not be adorned with the foot-prints of Vishnu in the background as in our picture.

As regards the distinction drawn between the Tanjore and Mysore schools of painting, may we point out that they are but off-shoots of a common school—that of the great court-painters of Vijayanagara? Mr. K. Venkatappa, the famous Mysore artist of today, belongs to a family of Vijayanagara painters, and several other families must have migrated to Mysore and Tanjore when the Southern Empire broke up in the seventeenth century.

THE MODERN KURUKSHETRA

"Hinduism has fallen from the purity and vitality it once had . . . it is only out of the ashes of untouchability that Hinduism can revive." This is the dominant note of the statement issued by Gandhiji, announcing the temporary postponement of his fast. Since the epic fast of September which led to the signing of the Poona Pact, the country has been witnessing a great upheaval. The conscience of the caste Hindus is quickened; they are becoming intensely alive to the hideousness and the utter inhumanity of this great blot on Hinduism. The Press and platform in every

province are today flooded with appeals to throw open the temples, great and small, to the lowly and the down-trodden, who are in a special manner dear to the Lord of All. The *tapasya* of a Mahatma, and the nation-wide propaganda in support of a great cause—what is it that these cannot achieve?

The trustees of temples have naturally taken shelter behind the technique of the law. Legislative sanction, they maintain, must be accorded before they can respect the popular demand. This is not the last of their defences. For, if the legislatures break down this barrier, there is the rooted conservatism of the Sanatanists to overcome. They are marshalling their forces, hurling anathemas, and coining the watchwords of ancient warfare. The Zamorin is acclaimed by a 'Holy Synod' as a great warrior. Guruvayur, according to them, is the modern Kurukshetra: the army of Righteousness—which in this instance is the army of the orthodox—is ranged against that of Unrighteousness. Gandhiji is the blind Kaurava monarch, standing apart from the fight and trying to glean news of it through faithful Sanjayas, like Mr. C. Rajagopalachari. The low water-mark in this controversy was reached when a revered Sanatanist leader sought to simplify the problem by declaring that the Harijans are not Hindus at all! This was soon perceived by more astute people to be a tactical blunder, and the position was repudiated.

These unending discussions and the attempts to prove or disprove that the Harijans are entitled to enter the temples, are mostly beside the point. Every great society has the inherent right to fashion its institutions in accordance with the pressing demands of the age. Untouchability is today felt to be a crying evil. The enlightened conscience of the community demands its abolition. It demands, too, that in the presence of the Deity, all shall be equal. Nothing can withstand this rising tide. The barriers will soon be swept away, and India stand before the world purged of her shame.

THE HOME-COMING

Another session of the Round Table Conference is over. The Indian delegates are on their way home. Before embarking, the

Sapru group—the most progressive in the absence of the Congress—expressed disappointment at the result of the deliberations. Sir S. Hoare's closing speech was conciliatory in tone but it did not very much advance the Indian cause. Vague promises to meet the Indian view-point by incorporating certain provisions, not in the Statute but in parliamentary resolutions and in the Viceregal Instrument of Instructions, are not calculated to satisfy anyone. In any case, no final opinion can be expressed on this point till the promised White Paper is ready. But there are some features of the provisional settlement that are very disquieting. The Federation is to materialise only when a certain proportion of the Indian States signify their intention to accede; the establishment of a Reserve Bank must precede the transfer of responsibility at the centre; the powers to be vested in the Viceroy and the Governors of provinces promise a long continuance of autocratic rule; no time-limit is set to the period of transition, nor to the Indianisation of the army; further constitutional development is to depend on the will of the British Parliament. The present scheme is, in a large measure, the negation of self-rule. There is surprisingly little desire on the side of the British to part with the substance of power or to conciliate the Congress which represents an overwhelming majority of politically-minded Indians. This last aspect of the problem—the need to secure the co-operation of Gandhiji and the Congress—was stressed by Sir T. B. Sapru in his final speech.

Fresh developments may be expected when the delegates reach India. But the Congress leaders are not likely to fall in love with a scheme which withholds much more than it gives, and takes away with one hand what it gives with the other.

'NEW INDIA'

We note with sorrow the decision to close down *New India*. Started as a daily paper in 1914, *New India* was a doughty champion of the cause of Indian freedom. It made a great place for itself in Indian journalism; it set a high standard of efficiency and of editorial courtesy. Political ideals and methods have changed rapidly within recent years, but everyone respects Dr. Besant for her fearless expression of views, however unpalatable. The weekly *New India* is, in

truth, the lineal successor of *The Commonweal*, which was as great amongst Indian weeklies as the late Mr. Malabari's *East and West* was amongst monthly journals. The disappearance of old familiar papers is fraught with sadness; it is like the cruel snatching away of beloved friends whose smile once cheered us, the affectionate pressure of whose hand sent a thrill through our frame. We had a similar feeling when, early in 1930, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya's *Janmabhumi* was discontinued. The weeklies in India are usually *views* papers: we turn to them for intimate converse and communion with some high-souled individual like Dr. Besant or Mr. K. Natarajan. Somewhat removed from the dust and the conflict of day-to-day politics, these bright messengers transport us to an atmosphere of study and contemplation. They raise us to the hill-tops and give us a clear vision of the panorama of life. We can never have too many of them. Yet we have so few; and their number is diminishing. To Dr. Besant and her co-workers on the *New India* we offer homage for their valuable service of two decades.

Virgin Love

By SANKARA KRISHNA CHETTUR

I am so poor, I cannot pour the gold
Of virgin gleaming love before your feet,
Timid, ablush with hope, I may not greet
Your loveliness with raptures never told.
I am not young nor middle-aged nor old,
But in me now all ages seem to meet,
And mingled Youth with Eld perchance complete
A tranquil lover, nor passionate nor cold. . . .

Such was my mood before I met your eyes
Or saw you smile, your red lips delicate
With youthfulness, before your tender mouth
Had voiced the knell of my long loveless state,
Bidding my frozen soul awake and rise
Beneath Love's warm and fragrant spicy South.

An Idealist View of Life¹

By V. SUBRAHMANYA AIYAR

(Retired Registrar, Mysore University)

It is a source of supreme gratification to all believers in, or admirers of, Hinduism that so eminent a scholar and authority as Sir S. Radhakrishnan was invited to deliver the well-known Hibbert Lectures in 1929. Whatever impression his English readers and audience may have formed of his lectures, his own countrymen and co-religionists, much as they may differ from him on particular points of faith, will not hesitate to acclaim this literary performance of his as a remarkable achievement. It is remarkable in the sense that, till now, few Hindus and fewer Europeans or Americans have succeeded so well as he has in turning on man's religious experiences in general, and on some of the deepest religious convictions of the Hindus in particular, the powerful search-light of *modern* criticism. Among his predecessors, there was none greater than Prof. Max Muller as an exponent of the Philosophy of Religion as also Hindu religious thought. But Sir Radhakrishnan has outshone him in depth as well as in width of vision, not to say anything of his knowledge of the later researches made in this subject. In fact, our author covers so extensive a field and so ably too, that one cannot help agreeing with the learned reviewer of his book in *Everyman* when he says that it is "the most complete statement of religion in the language of the present that I have read . . . I know of no book that presents so well the ultimate truths of religion in the psychological idiom of this age."

The lectures do not aim at a defence of any specific religion, but at making a tentative attempt to discover truth and to discuss its bearing on the general religious attitude. They seek to interpret 'life' with a view to pointing out that it has a 'meaning' or

¹ *An Idealist View of Life*. Being the Hibbert Lectures for 1929. By S. Radhakrishnan. Published by George Allen & Unwin Ltd., London. Pp. 351. Price 12sh. 6d. net.

'purpose' and that "man has a destiny not limited to the sensible world." In other words, he uses the word 'idealist' in the sense that he is a seeker of 'value' but not in the sense of a believer in 'subjectivism.' He prepares the ground for the central topic of religion by examining the attitude of science towards it. Modern Physics, Astronomy, Biology, Psychology, Sociology, Comparative Religion, Politics are passed in rapid review to show how far they still are from the true religious spirit, which believes in God and the spiritual world. The values of the modern substitutes for religion, such as Theosophy, Anthropology, Christian Science, New Thought, are estimated. The general tendency in our day towards Atheism, Agnosticism, Scepticism, Humanism, Pragmatism, and Modernism are next discussed. They are all found to be lacking in the spiritual element, without which man's life is felt 'incomplete.' And he, therefore, believes that the present world is "waiting for a vital religion which it can follow with self-respect and joy!"

Now comes the main theme which begins with the important chapter on 'Religious Experience and its Affirmations' in which the author grapples with the fundamentals of the problem of religion, a problem which, he says, "exists *directly only* for the religious man who has the spiritual intuition or experience and *indirectly* for all those who, while they have no personal share in the experience, have yet sufficient belief that the experience does occur and is not illusory."

Next, the question is asked whether this 'experience' of the saints and the 'belief' of ordinary men, can stand the test of truth, which is really the most interesting issue. After rejecting dogmatic and speculative theology and showing how religious consciousness differs from philosophy or metaphysics, moral consciousness and mere consciousness of value, he describes religion as "the reaction of the *whole* man to the *whole* reality." Such "functioning may be called spiritual life as distinguished from the merely intellectual, moral, or æsthetic activity, or a combination of these." He says, further, that there is in it "a mystical element or apprehension of the real and an enjoyment of it for its own sake." There is in it an attempt to discover the ideal possibilities of human life, a

quest for emancipation from the immediate compulsion of vain and petty moods. . . . The spiritual sense, the instinct for the real is not satisfied with anything less than the absolute and the eternal." This is, no doubt, one of the best interpretations of the religious sense in man, one that could be accepted by followers of all faiths extant. It is free from the defects of most of the definitions till now given.

Turning to the subject of the validity of such consciousness, he first of all adduces the evidence of the experience of great men of all countries: the Rishis of the Vedas, Sankara, the Buddha, Moses, Jesus, St. James, St. Paul, Muhammad, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, Porphyry, Augustine, Eckhart, Dante, Spinoza, Bunyan, Wesley, who all testify to the *felt* reality of God.

In other words, if we understand him aright, he relies in the first place upon private, individual, or mystic experience. This evidence, he says, "is too massive to run away from."

In dealing with the 'truth-value' of such experience, he says that its validity is 'self-established' (svatassiddha), 'self evidencing' (svasamvedya) and 'self-luminous' (svayamprakasa). "It is its own cause and explanation. It is sovereign in its own rights and carries its own credentials. The 'yogic' (mystic) insight is 'truth-filled' or 'truth-bearing.' In short, what it knows is truth. Doubt and disbelief are no more possible."

The learned author here presses the claims of Hinduism on the attention of the thoughtful reader. Its ideas of harmony, self-discovery or divine nature of the individual, ethical universalism, and tolerance, re-birth, and degrees of salvation leading to the final liberation of *all*, the glorious consummation of all spiritual aspirations, are brought out in great relief.

All the same, the question remains, if authority, tradition, and mystic experience form the bases of religion, in other words, the convictions of seers and saints are the sole grounds of the religious 'beliefs' of mankind, whether these intuitive apprehensions could be taken to be absolute and ultimate truths. Here come two of the most ably written chapters. One of them discusses the relative parts played by intuition and intellect, which is more philosophical than religious in its outlook, though the author places religious

consciousness on a higher pedestal than philosophic thinking. Here he makes a critical examination of the views in this matter, not only of ancient Indian philosophers like the Buddha and Sankara but also of the greatest of thinkers of the West, ancient and modern, from Pythagoras to Croce, including Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Pascal, Kant, Hegel, Bergson, Bosanquet, and Russell. He thinks that some of the most advanced minds of the West agree with Sankara.

"Intuition," he says, "is the direct perception or a simple steady looking upon an object. It lies beyond the intellect. It is the wisdom gained by the whole spirit." As such, intuitive truths are not liable to the doubts cast upon them by the intellect. Nevertheless, the intellect serves a useful purpose, in preparing the soul for apprehending intuitive truths. This however takes us to debatable regions.

Closely connected with this discussion is that bearing on the 'creativity' of intuitive knowledge, the most characteristic feature of 'the spirit in man.' This part of the book is perhaps the most brilliant. Though one may admit that the roots of all great thinking and noble living lie deep in life itself, yet, one may not subscribe to the view that they do "not lie in the dry light of reasoning." Similarly in regard to his observation: all creative work in science and philosophy, in outward life is inspired by intuitive experience. . . . "not by the plodding processes of the intellect." In these and similar statements he argues for the supreme value of intuitive knowledge and makes reason play the second fiddle. Though Bergson, the greatest of its modern protagonists, is not fully accepted by our author, yet Bergson's mystic intuition seems to have cast a spell on him. But inasmuch as the main theme of these Hibbert Lectures is *religion*, I respect the author's prepossessions in regard to religion; for I believe on matters religious or mystical that every man is equally entitled to hold his own convictions to be absolutely true, though one man's beliefs may be in direct conflict with another's.

The author says that religious intuition is "vivid, warm, joyous, hearty, and dynamic." "The thoughts of God are not known by the senses or *reason*. . . Spiritual insight differs from religious intellec-

tualism. Religion revels in unverifiable hypotheses. The intuitive seers shrink from precise statements and clear-cut definitions." All the same, Sir Radhakrishnan seems to believe in religious *evolution*; for, he says, that to reach "true religion which has nothing in common with the spirit of negation, religion as practised today has a long distance to travel." The reader again may feel that the author has not told us what we should do when religious affirmations contradict each other and how we should find out which his 'true religion' of the future may be. I am of the opinion, that all religions must be either equally true or equally false, if *reason* be not the *ultimate* court of appeal. Invariably the religious *bias* of one man makes him assert the inferiority of others' intuitions. The best Christians and Mahomedans hold that the doctrines of *karma* and rebirth are untrue. They sometimes ridicule them as marks of primitivity of beliefs. Again, great authorities like Doctor Otto and Bishop Gore, hold that their intuition tells them that Hindu ethics is lower than Christian morality, nay, that there is "no ideal of good life in Hinduism." But even the best intuitions appear to be helpless, if they cannot appeal to Reason. If an attempt be made to transcend contradictions and inconsistencies that we may know which religious intuition is finally 'true,' the attempt must ignore the finality of the truths till now revealed by any of the intuitions of the Seers and the Saints.

Inasmuch as these lectures aim at an interpretation of 'life,' the scientific accounts of Matter, Life, and Mind cannot be overlooked. They are considered at length and then the unsatisfactoriness of their explanations is pointed out after an examination of the latest theories. The next chapter on 'Human Personality and its Destiny' is however of supreme value to Religion, for, it deals with what is known as 'personality,' 'soul' or 'self' and 'consciousness,' from the psychological and spiritual standpoints. The author here expounds the doctrines of *karma*, freedom, immortality, rebirth, and salvation, which are not merely learned but most thoughtful. Though men of other religions may trifle with some of his views owing to prejudices, yet they appear to me to be very ably argued. This only proves the fact that in religion based upon *intuition*, we can never get at any consensus. But taking one's stand on intuition or

mystic experience, I do not see why Hinduism should not be considered to be far ahead of other religions. Europe and America, though undoubtedly enlightened, have yet to reach a higher level wherefrom they could realise the validity of *karma* and rebirth. Turning to salvation we find the author describing it as 'spiritualised harmony,' 'coherence within the individual' and 'harmony with the environments' as its *essentials*, though, from the point of view of different religions, some are asserted to be truths and some, other than truths. His arguments in regard to *karma*, particularly 'Rebirth' appear to me to be exceptionally good; for, no explanation of the existence of 'evil,' yet offered by Western thinkers, however eminent, is so satisfactory. Man's survival, in some form, and his inheritance of many characteristics of a spiritual nature, are being more and more recognised even by such men as adhere to 'reason.' Here Sir Radhakrishnan has given some food for modern seekers after truth to think about at leisure.

In the concluding chapter on 'Ultimate Reality,' the author tries to reconcile the religious with the philosophical interpretations of the goal of existence. He examines the modern doctrines of Naturalism, Holism, Emergent Evolution, Ingressive Evolution, and offers many thoughtful criticisms. But we may pass on to the coping stone, the question of the reconciliation of the 'God' of religion and the 'Absolute' of philosophy. If he considers the Absolute also to be something intuited like the God of religion, I must plead inability to get a view of the Absolute as *object*, which is implied in his definition of Intuition, as quoted above. If it be a matter of reason and if the Absolute must itself be changing,—for, he speaks of it as being the 'precosmic' nature of God, who is also subject to time,—he must be in agreement with the Hegellian, Bradleyan and Bergsonian Ultimates which, like Sir Radhakrishnan's Absolute, are characterised by 'never-ending activity.' What is the relation of this Absolute to its everchanging appearances? Are they both *Real* in any sense? And what does *Reality* mean in the phrase 'Ultimate Reality'? Religion, however, ignores such subtleties of thought. But Sir Radhakrishnan supports the *Advaita* view of God and the Absolute, as generally understood in the Pandit world. His object, however, in these lectures, is not a philosophical determina-

tion of the 'Ultimate Truth' but only a religious attempt to get at it. And I admit that in regard to *religious* issues, men must not push reason beyond the limits of their choice.

These differences, however, cannot in the least blind me to the outstanding worth of his spiritual views as presented in this volume. The author has rendered no small service to those whose object in life is to seek religious truth. If one could venture to take a peep into the future one would not hesitate to say that Sir Radhakrishnan's singularly wide outlook is the nearest approach to a religion that would be most welcome to cultured humanity in general in the years to come. No student of the philosophy of religion can, I presume, lay down this book without the feeling that he has come in contact with one of the most gifted and thoughtful minds of our day. In this short review, it is not possible to refer to all the invaluable topics of interest dealt with by him. Considered from the points of view of comprehensiveness, depth, and modernness, I must say that there are very few books on the subject of the religious value of life, to compare with it. And no Indian has, during the last half-a-century, given to the world a view of religion so strikingly independent and original.

Life

By HUMAYUN KABIR

Who shall explain to me the tragedy
Of love unrequited ? Of deferred hope
That wearily treads the downward slope
Of untimely death ? The sweetest melody
Is hushed before the final harmony
Has soothed the discord of the tortured soul
Struggling through conflicts towards its goal
To pierce the enigma of life : to solve its mystery.

Perhaps after all there is no enigma here,
No mystery to solve because there is no mystery,
Only the painted shadow of a huge mockery
Whose pretence we see through when we near
And gaze intently at its empty vacancy,——
No magic, no beauty, but only a hideous leer.

Macbeth : A Character Study

By DR. U. C. NAG, M. A., PH. D. (LOND.)

(Head of the Department of English Studies, Benares Hindu University)

It is universally accepted that the personality of Shakespeare is elusive, but attempts have been always made at interpreting some of the great truths that underlie his plays—particularly his tragedies. And such attempts are not always wit upon ill employment, provided we bear in mind that he is many-sided, and that “his mind is not small enough to be comprehended with ease.” He is not to be labelled according to any one of his aspects, and ticketed with a comfortably precise description.

Again, though he may not be labelled with a party name, we are not to suppose that he has no distinct and distinctive ideas upon human life. We are to guard against narrowing those ideas to the dimensions of our lesser minds and claiming that he means just what we assert and no more.

We assume then the intelligibility of Shakespeare while bearing in mind his rare comprehensiveness ; we look to him for criticism of life without seeking to force that criticism to the moulds of narrow creeds and dogmas, or to limit to one significance a criticism that may have as many meanings as there are glints of colour in a piece of shot-silk. I shall attempt in my own humble way to record some of the impressions that I have gathered about some of the profoundest thoughts of Shakespeare upon certain aspects of human life as presented in the play of *Macbeth*. *Macbeth* was written at a time when Shakespeare's powers were full-grown, and his knowledge of life and art, mature and deep. We may, therefore, expect to find in it a noble and profound application of his ideas to life. The play is so complex in its dramatic combinations, so rapid in its action that it needs no little effort to keep in view the course of each individual character and to be awake all through to the ethical sense which underlies the whole. But the character and history of *Macbeth* himself form, as it were, a point of concentration for the various

elements of life and character mingled in the play, and if we limit our study, for the present, to the central character of the piece we are, at any rate, at the centre of the poet's thoughts and may hope to catch something of his meaning. There is, however, a view of the play which reduces its criticism of life to a statement, at once meagre and pitiless.

Macbeth is, it is said, a picture of a man goaded on to crime by supernatural agencies, or victimised by the iron-hand of fate—as are the characters of Hardy—from whose grip there could be no escape. If this view of Shakespeare's intention be true, it is obvious that we must abandon much of the hope wherein we have dressed ourselves. The human interest of the play would necessarily decrease, its presentment of life would be merely depressingly barren of all inspiring suggestions, and its author would be setting the seal of his approval upon the pessimism which is reached by *Macbeth* only in his spiritual paralysis. But it is impossible to accept this view as truly representing Shakespeare's mind. To a man of such intense reality as Shakespeare, to one who had taken life so seriously as Shakespeare had, to one whose genius was so vigorously human as Shakespeare's was, it would have been impossible to revert to a conception possible only to such mind in the ancient days of the Greek drama. The two modes of thought were separated by a gulf of centuries, and Christianity lay between. That the conception is capable of artistic treatment has been shown to the full by Æschylus and Sophocles. But truth is higher than art, and if *Macbeth* is an instance of a great character degraded by demon agencies which he could not be expected to resist, we are driven to suppose that Shakespeare was false to himself and to the truth of his experience and that merely to create an artistic effect, he spent his genius upon a history he did not mean to stamp as real and true.

Apart, however, from these considerations, to think thus of the play is to mistake completely the nature and function of the Weird Sisters in *Macbeth*. In this wonderful creation of art, Shakespeare, as has been well said, "took enough of traditionary matter to enlist old credulity in behalf of agents suited to his peculiar purpose; representing to the age its own thoughts, and at the same

time informing that representation with a moral significance suited to all ages alike."¹ They have, therefore, a literal character drawn from the traditionary and contemporary ideas about witch-craft, and they have a symbolical character in which they answer to a permanent fact in human life and "represent the mysterious action and reaction between the evil mind and external nature," which invites man to crime because his own heart is depraved. They are not goddesses or fates whom *Macbeth* is powerless to resist—nor does *Macbeth* anywhere betray a suspicion that his actions have been forced upon him from without. They represent rather the evil in the hero's own soul. They are to some extent projections of his own heart, but they symbolise also the influences of evil in the world around which are quickened into activity by the evil in the soul and come to reinforce it. They may, thus, be aptly enough described as poetical or mythical impersonations of evil influences. They body forth in living form the fearful echo which the natural world gives back to the evil that speaks out from the human heart. And the secret of their power over *Macbeth* lies mainly in that they present to him "his embryonic wishes and half-formed thoughts," and stand for forces at work in the world around him which are called into activity by the half-conscious soliciting of his own heart. Their office is not properly to deprave the evil heart. They merely untie the evil hands, and act as mediators between the secret purpose and the final accomplishment of crime. Their effect upon *Macbeth* is to hasten an action he has already dimly thought of; their effect upon Banquo is merely to draw from him utterances which display to us the loyal nature and an honest heart.²

In the course of the play it is made clear to us that the idea of attaining the throne by fair means or foul, was not new to *Macbeth's* mind. He has spoken with his wife about the matter, and when, afterwards, he falters in his purpose, it is no small part of the sting of his wife's reproaches that she can taunt him with his previous plans to secure an object placed at last well within his reach:

¹ Raleigh: *Shakespeare*.

² This is true only when Banquo meets the witches for the first time.

"Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and you would make both."

It is not unnatural that Macbeth should have dreamt of the throne. His claim, prior to the elective vote, is as good as Duncan's. He has given more than satisfactory proof of his fitness to govern such an unruly people as the Scots were. He has quelled at a single stroke, as it were, an insurrection within the kingdom and an invasion from without. He was like Duncan a direct descendant of Malcolm II through his daughter. His blood, therefore, was as royal as that of Duncan; and Duncan was temperamentally unsuited to rule a people that required a masterful, bold, and martial king. Macbeth can very well be excused for feeling that he was better capable of ruling than the gentle but inefficient ruler under whom he served; who was not warrior enough to fight for his own throne against foreign foes, nor statesman enough to discern and deal with enemies near home. Besides, Duncan was getting on in years, and it was but natural for Macbeth sometimes to think of the future when the throne should again be put to the elective vote. Who could then be regarded as fitter for the throne than himself, particularly when he had rendered such signal service to the country and was practically its saviour? Besides, it was the custom of the North to elect the nearest kinsman of full age, and as such Macbeth's claims were the strongest; because Malcolm and Donalbain were mere youngsters of unripe years. They could in no way be compared to Macbeth. Thus, at any rate, we may conclude that the salutation of the Weird Sisters merely objectifies a suggestion that was no unfamiliar tenant of Macbeth's heart.

This prospect of future greatness he must have frequently discussed with his wife, between whom and himself there has been always a perfect understanding and loving confidence. It is not, also, unnatural that as they both warmed over the future, the possibility of Duncan not doing rightly by Macbeth would sometimes cross his mind or his wife might have suggested such a disappointing possibility. It is very probable that it was at such moments the dark hint of crime would suggest itself to him, without its taking any definite shape in his mind. Besides, as they anticipated the future grandeur to which they would ascend, their minds were too actively

engaged in rearing the aerial castle to let them think, in any consequential way, of the steps they would take, if their hopes were frustrated. Besides, their perfect understanding of each other removed the likelihood of any discussion of plans to be undertaken to realise their hopes, should chance prove inadequate. Thus, though the suggestion of crime was there in the mind of Macbeth, his ideas on the matter remained vague and indefinite in the absence of any situation insisting upon him to clarify them. It should also be borne in mind that they were both young—much younger than at the time the play opens, when the average healthy mind always dwells upon the pleasantest aspect of life and is optimistic enough to believe that everything will come all right.

So much by way of preface. We may now follow the course of Macbeth's career in the play. He is introduced to us on the day of his success, returning from the battle-field filled with the exultation of victory and it is in this ardent and enkindled spirit that he is met by the Weird Sisters, and their promises of greatness. Their salutation startles him, throws him into a rapture of meditation. He startles not at the mere prediction that he shall be king, for, though he professes that "to be king stands not within the prospect of belief," the kingship was no more than he might reasonably have expected. The promise that he should be the Thane of Cawdor would have been the more surprising of the two. But it is the sudden flash of revelation thrown upon his own criminal aptitudes that keeps him fixed in thought. The weird salutation has taught him in a moment to know himself better, and the knowledge is disquieting. "Macbeth that shall be king hereafter"—it is his own thought uttered aloud, and the innocent prediction takes the colour of that thought and becomes shrined with the hues of murder. And it is precisely because these supernatural beings embody and objectify the secret evil working in Macbeth that in their appearance is laid the keynote of the whole play. That this is so, becomes apparent as we proceed. The sisters vanish "as breath into the wind" and will not abide his questions. But their disappearance is the signal for the fulfilment of their prophecy to begin. On Macbeth the effect of the news which he hears in part fulfilment of the prophetic salutation is

sudden and striking. He accepts at once the truth of the whole prophecy, but it is deeply significant that his mind indulges in no dreams of future grandeur such as might only be natural at such a moment, but hurries at once to a vision of the means whereby the prophecy is to be fulfilled. The road has evidently been traversed before; and his mind takes the line of least resistance. The mere prediction need have suggested no sinister thoughts. Duncan was old and the kingship in the ordinary course of nature might be fast approaching. But conspiracy and kingship have been mentally associated in the past, and the proffer of the one inevitably suggests the other. Murder has, however, not been definitely planned. His vaulting ambition might have vaguely suggested the dark hints of crime by which means the crown was to be attained, and opportunity created. Now, therefore, that the image of murder is brought near and floats vividly before the mind, it is horrible to him; and he yields to it with a sense of horror which throws his whole being into turmoil and confusion:

"This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not."

He is no hardened villain.¹ His imagination is, on the other hand, afire with the horrors of hell. He knows that he is capable of the deed, and feels within himself a purpose answering to the suggestion which has so appalled even while attracting him. It is his consciousness that he has nothing to oppose to so powerful a

¹ Here it is that we see the difference between Richard III and Macbeth. The latter is more like Claudius, Hamlet's uncle, in this regard.

temptation which lends sting to the terrors of thought; for, in it he reads a dim prophecy of what awaits him and it is the same consciousness which bids him resort to procrastination—the common expedient of shallow and unprincipled minds. He does not altogether dismiss the idea as wicked but shrinks from it as terrible; he does not resolutely put it from him but merely refuses to look it in the face when a new hope of fulfilment of his desire is engendered by his unexpected elevation to the Thanedom of Cawdor coupled with Ross's announcement that this was but an earnest of greater honour yet to come.

"If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me
Without my stir....."
"Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

In this frame of mind he meets the King, who greets him with the profoundest expressions of gratitude:

"More is thy due than more than all can pay."

Such a phrase can carry with it only one interpretation. All that Duncan can give to Macbeth is his due; and the best that Duncan had to give was the succession. Macbeth had shown himself fit for the Kingship by being kingly: his bravery was unimpeachable, his presence carried respect, his address was dignified, his character, so far as it had been known, was unstained. How could Duncan have provided better for the future? Was there anything unconstitutional in the arrangement? Macbeth was of the royal house. Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's sons, were, by their years, unfit to rule. They had taken no part in the fight. The succession of the kinsman of full age was the usual rule in the North.¹

Imagine then Macbeth's feeling when, immediately after his superlative promises to his victorious cousin, Duncan nominates Malcolm the Prince of Cumberland and heir-apparent to the throne. The reaction is intense, and immediately lets in, only with far more

¹ Ransome's *Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plays*.

definiteness of conception, the visions of murder, which have already visited his brain. They have now a fresh stimulus in a sudden and unlooked-for reaction of disappointment, and much of their terror for Macbeth is, thus, for the moment dissipated, while the prospect of having Duncan within the walls of his own castle gives them a new definiteness of form :

"The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my dark and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

There is a pathos in the position of unconscious Duncan, which, were it not pathos, might also be scoffing irony. How unconsciously he paves the way to his own destruction! Macbeth wanted but little to spur his excited indecision to action, and that little Duncan is not slow to supply. The deed would never, perhaps, have been one of stupendous difficulty, but Duncan must make it as easy as possible. What a pregnant commentary alike on his virtues and his weakness!

Meanwhile, apparently before Malcolm's appointment, Macbeth has written to his wife of the strange apparition of the Weird Sisters, and we are now in a position to obtain a view of Macbeth through the eyes of the person who knows him best. Some such commentary we feel to be necessary at this stage of the story. Much that has gone before has been puzzling. Why did Macbeth catch so strongly at the weird prophecy only to dismiss the idea of crime with such relief immediately afterwards? And why was he so ready to revive again when the way to the natural succession was barred to him? Lady Macbeth seems already to know much of the mental process through which her husband has passed.

"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,

Thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus must thou do if thou have it";
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone."

Macbeth is, in the view of his wife, 'too full of the milk of human kindness'; too full, that is, of the ordinary weakness of human nature, too apt to shrink from what is not natural, too thoroughly human to catch 'the nearest way.' He would be great but is not sufficiently unscrupulous to be a villain of the resolute, unshrinking kind. He cherished unholy aims and wrong desires of gain, but shrinks from unholy means, from playing false. He kept from crimes, as she thinks, not because it was in itself abhorrent to his nature, not because it was infinitely repugnant to his conscience, but from a vague fear of the results of evil-doing associated to a great extent with thoughts of failure and disgrace. Perhaps, too, because he would still preserve for himself some show of self-respect. And what an echo do we find in Lady Macbeth's words of the thought which her husband has already uttered:

"Yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

Much that has puzzled us heretofore is now made clear. But we tremble to think of the awful possibilities of crime latent in the character such as Lady Macbeth has drawn. There is in it no principles which make for good and are against evil. Lady Macbeth, on the other hand, is not imaginative. Like most of Shakespeare's women she is quick-witted and practical; and her lack of imagination is at once her strength and her weakness. It strengthens her for immediate action but it is fatal to her in the end and to her husband, too. Had she understood him she could never have spurred him on. Had she imagined the full cruelty of her deed, she could never have done it. With this light thrown upon Macbeth we can not only understand what has gone before, but can already foresee much of what is to follow.

But we are also in a position to know that Lady Macbeth's account, true as it must be so far as it goes, does not cover the

whole ground of her husband's nature. Built as she was in a different and almost antithetical mould, she could not appreciate the immense force of her husband's imagination, morbidly set alight, as it was, by a conscience which still wielded a scourge. Macbeth's vivid powers of imagination form a very important part of his character. We have seen already how it is through them that his conscience works when its direct voice fails to touch his will, and is driven almost to refuse its office. And we already guess that through them his earthly punishment will begin; nay, has begun already, though the crime is not yet translated into action. For his terrors before the deed, those horrible imaginings which made his seated heart beat against his ribs, are no less a substitute for the remorse he will not feel than the picture of the horrors which will haunt him when the deed is done. Macbeth's scourge will not be remorse, but he will create round himself an atmosphere of imagined horrors which will cling to him without ceasing. It was some consciousness of this which made him shrink from catching the nearest way. And though under the stimulus of a bitter disappointment, he partly overcomes his fears, we know, as we watch him, that they are not dead but merely dormant. But to revert once more to Lady Macbeth, her husband's letter has carried her beyond "the ignorant present" and she feels "the future in the instant." Just at this moment of tense excitement comes a messenger with the unexpected news that the King is coming to the castle of Macbeth that very night. The news is so sudden, so unlooked for, that Lady Macbeth almost staggers and is appalled by its suddenness. "Thou art mad to say it: Is not thy master with him?" is the unsuitable reply with which she confronts the man who brings the tidings; but in an instant she recovers herself sufficiently to be able to falter out—"who, were't so, would have inform'd for preparation," lest the grim and hideous suggestion implied in her startled reply becomes palpable to the man. When the messenger is gone and her mind comes back once more to gloat over the possibilities of this unexpected development, when the murder is something more than a mere prospect in a yet uncertain future, and when her resolution is taken, the appalling suddenness of the situation and the fierceness of her resolve raises her to an ecstasy

of horror which is almost sublime, though so evil; because of the spirit of total self-forgetfulness.

"Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty....."
"Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold.'"

At this moment her husband enters and the quick colloquy which ensues tells Macbeth that she has already decided on the course which has suggested itself to him. Rapidly she sketches for Macbeth the part he must play. His work it will be to lull Duncan to security—no difficult task we should imagine. She herself, she says, will strike the fatal blow:

"Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters: to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch....."
"Only look up clear:

To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me."

Brought face to face with the necessity of immediate decision Macbeth wavers once more. Once more he would procrastinate, "we will speak further!" But the former horror at the revelation of his own criminal aptitudes does not revive. Familiarity indeed breeds indifference and he yields to a pressure which he does not wish to resist.

Macbeth is progressing in wickedness. His mind has lived

a life-time in the last few hours, and he is now "experiencing that inexorable law of human souls that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by reiterated choice of good or evil which gradually determines character."¹ Rapid as his progress seems, in reality it has been gradually determined; his whole life has been a preparation for this moment. How far he is progressing we shall be able to appreciate when we see him self-displayed and exhibiting the innermost workings of his mind in the famous soliloquy:

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

All horror at the deed itself is gone and we find him calmly summing up the objections which, to his mind, urge themselves against the deed he meditates, and lamenting that he has not sufficient motive to afford the smallest justification of what he knows will be universally damned as crime of the deepest dye. It has been said that there is in this soliloquy no trace of any thought of sin; no trace of any horror at the enormity of the crime he contemplates; no trace, even of the lowest moral incentives, hope of heaven or fear of hell. It amounts to this, says Dr. Moulton,² "that murder is a game at which two can play, that heartlessness has the effect of drawing general attention, that ambition is apt to defeat its own object."

But such a view must, it seems to me, be qualified to be made tenable. Macbeth could not describe the horror of the deed as it would appear to others, were there no horror in his own heart. He talks of consequences, because he is trying to get away from the power of that imagination which shakes him in its grasp. He is striving with all his might to break its power and is forcing himself to look at the matter from a practical point of view. And he is so far successful that though he cannot stifle his imagination he changes its centre. The awful image which a few days ago made his seated heart beat at the ribs, has given place to that of pity striding the blast. It is not the horror of the deed but the horror of its consequences which now holds him. He is not in any ordinary sense

¹ George Eliot: *Romola*.

² Moulton's *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*.

afraid of these consequences but he shrinks from the picture he has drawn of an execrated name and a horror-stricken world. On the appearance of his wife he tells her that he will proceed no further in the business. It is however very characteristic and significant that he does not tell her his true reasons.

He is afraid of seeming a coward if he says that he desists through fear of consequences and he cannot explain to his wife the imaginative horror he has memories of. He is driven therefore to a certain lameness of speech:

"We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon."

This is not altogether pretence. It puts forward a feeling which, doubtless, he knew he ought to feel, and he would fain delude himself into the belief that this is really his motive and deceive himself, as men only too easily may do, into regarding himself still with some degree of complacency. But with ready instinct his wife sees through the pretence, hits him hard on his weakest point:

"Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire?"

Just as in the time of her disease she speaks the same words with the unconscious lips of the sleep-walker, "Fie, My Lord, fie: a soldier and afeard?" To be scorned as a coward by the woman he loves is more than Macbeth can bear, or for the matter of that any man. In a burst of irritation he bids her hold her peace:

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."

But an indignation, which arises with suspicious tardiness only at the moment when the consequences of sin are urging their argument, is too conscious of its own hollowness to stand resolutely against an attack which takes its hollowness for granted.

Ignoring the exalted morality of Macbeth's last utterance, Lady Macbeth hits him again where she knows she most flinches from a blow, and in answer to his wife's passionate address he can only falter out: "If we should fail?" But the business is already settled. Conscience, as we have seen, had no real part in this debate, and insistent realism of Lady Macbeth's remonstrances has overcome imagined fears which were the real ground of Macbeth's reluctance. Macbeth catches some of his wife's fire, and moves on to the deed not only with determination but also with some zeal.

"I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

This closes, what we may call, the third chapter of Macbeth's crime. The first chapter which brings us to the opening of the drama, was at a time when, unstained as yet by actual crime, Macbeth had dallied nevertheless with the thought of crime as a means to ends which he greatly desired. It was a time of wrong desires and ambitions, working slowly but surely their inevitable result upon the character. The second chapter shows us Macbeth horrified at the awful shape in which his own thoughts stand revealed as they come back upon him from without like a fearful echo, and for the first time show themselves to him stripped of the gloss in which he had wrapped them even from his own gaze. In the third, we find him striving to grow callous to the awfulness of the form at first so dreadful. The horror of the deed is mitigated as its face grows familiar, and its place is taken by a statesman-like summing up of consequences and a picture of the public horror which they include; the process resulting in a feeling of repulsion too weak to abide the touch of passion and the breath of scorn.

There remain but two brief chapters to complete the history—the consummation of the deed, and the results it generates.

Now that the practical details have been supplied him, now that the nameless vision of murder assumes, finally, a concrete and a definite shape, Macbeth moves forward to the murder even with animation. He is not fearful but excited: his imagination is

wrought up to its highest pitch, and is so fired by the lonely horror amid which he moves, that he can even have an eye to the dramatic environments of the deed:

"Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it."

What an awful curse is latent in an imagination which can work thus! But for the time it stands its victim's friend, and nerves him for a task whose horror is hidden only in the moment of execution. Even Lady Macbeth is not equal to the strain, and when she gives way to an irresistible instinct of feminine delicacy, Macbeth rises to the occasion and the deed is done. But from this moment his punishment begins too. He becomes, till he can feel no longer, a prey to those supernatural imaginings whereby his conscience wields its scourge—though but now these had stood his helper. He is utterly unnerved, and as he views his hands red with blood he has a foretaste of what is to be his punishment:

"How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

In the events which follow Macbeth is attended by the greatest possible good luck. The murder is discovered in the most natural way, and even the blunder of slaying the grooms is lost sight of in the sensation which follows discovery of the flight of the King's sons. Lady Macbeth had fainted—perhaps she really did faint

just at the right moment, and had tided her husband over what may have been an ugly pause. And thus the close of the second Act of the drama leaves Macbeth in apparently secure possession of all he sinned to get.

It will not be necessary to follow the course of his future with the same detail as hitherto. What concerns us is the mental history, and that can be soon told.

The horrible imaginings which might have betokened at first, if Macbeth could but have understood himself aright, a prophetic warning of what was to come, have returned upon him in a new character :

" We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it ;
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly : better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further. "

His mind is full of scorpions, but it is a terrible irony that while crime has put them there, Macbeth can think of no way to get rid of them but by a further course of crime.

" Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. "

It is as if an outraged conscience can inflict no greater punishment than to goad the sinner on to fresh sins :

" That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation. "

With Milton's Satan, Macbeth would say :

" For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts. "

Not only does Macbeth press on to fresh crimes, but he grows more self-reliant in executing them. His wife gradually passes out of his life. Her nerves have snapped beneath the strain. Her part is played out. But her husband's career continues. He has deeper depths of moral evil and despair to sound before he follows her to the grave. The whole flood of evil in his nature is now let loose. He becomes an open tyrant, dreaded by every one about him, and a terror to his country.

" Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face. "

She is not the mother of her children, but their grave :

" Where nothing
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not marked. "

For this wild rage and furious cruelty we are prepared : but vices of another kind start up as he plunges on his downward way.

" I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, "

Says Malcolm : and two of these epithets surprise us. Who would have expected avarice or lechery in Macbeth ? His ruin seems complete. ¹

It is at any rate a testimony to an ancient and perhaps not wholly extinguished sense for goodness that Macbeth does not like Iago, glory in his evil ; it is perhaps a redeeming feature that he is only infinitely weary and not relentlessly wicked when he looks forward. But in no case can paralysis be called a form of life. Fresh crimes do but make him less sensible of crime, and he attains at last an incapacity for feeling which is his final punishment on earth.

¹ Bradley, p. 363.

"I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, and my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't : I have supp'd full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me."

Even his wife's death cannot stir this stagnancy. There has indeed been a progress of the soul on the path of death. The man who at Duncan's death shuddered because he could not say "Amen" now holds the sombre creed of the fatalist.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Macbeth's candle is almost burnt out. He is all but dead now. One more flicker of animation, one more burst of flame, as old courage returns with despair, and the tyrant falls beneath the sword of Justice, while his funeral oration writes him down a "dead butcher" with a "fiend-like queen."

Before he entered upon a career of crime there was much that was attractive and noble in Macbeth. Physically he was a fine man. His courage was dauntless. As a warrior he was renowned. He had fine gifts of intellect and sensibility, a powerful imagination, a capacity for thought, and, better than these, a capacity for love and tenderness which is clearly shown us, even in his evil day, by the undoubtedly sincere affection he bears his wife. He would seem to have had also the soldier's regard for honour and truth, and dislike for chicanery and fraud. Deceit and dissimulation did not come natural to him, and he needs to be schooled by his wife to look like the innocent flower while being really the serpent under it.

Moreover, Macbeth seems to show some indications of moral education. His moral perceptions were by no means blunt and must have once done their work. Some of his utterances are really fine and profoundly true, and though they evidently do not come from the depths of an earnest heart, he at any rate makes as though they do ; they are not cynically uttered or spoken out of a deliberate and smiling hypocrisy. He would like to believe that he meant them.

In reality, however, Macbeth's character was never truly noble. He is not, as some critics would have us think, a noble nature degraded by the coarser but stronger nature of his wife. But neither, as others think, is he meant to be a cold, cautious, "resolute, remorseless" villain, restrained from crime only by mean and cowardly apprehension." He was a man blest with many natural gifts from which a noble character might have been produced. But he utterly lacked the basis or principle by which alone nobility can be attained. This is no natural gift. It is the fruit of self-discipline and honourable purposes sustained through stress of trial. And he who fails to plant his feet upon this basis stands upon a thin crust beneath which are working forces that may one day burst through and overwhelm him. The tyranny of accumulated impulses is so grinding that they seem to owe their power to forces greater than man and to rise by virtue of that force beyond human control. It is for this reason Shakespeare has given them an independent life and often embodies them in the supernatural beings who are exhibited on his stage. "His witches and ghosts and fairies do not come uncalled : they are the shadows and reflections of human minds, creatures of the mirror, who, by a startling and true psychology are brought alive, released from the true dominion of Man's will, and established as his masters."¹ Macbeth excited by the dark hints of ambition, falls in with the witches and thereafter is carried with fearful speed into an abyss of crime. Hamlet saddened by the death of his father, and tortured by the infidelity of his mother, receives the message of the ghost, which brings his suspicions and broodings to a point, and makes him thenceforward an instrument in the

¹ Raleigh, p. 159.

hands of destiny. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the inexplicable whims and changes of inconsistent love seems to be the work of fairies, sporting, not malevolently, with human weakness. In each case we see very different phases of life, and with gradations from fancy to sadness, from sadness to terror, the almost ultra-human power which gathers round impulses and passions that have stirred within the human breast. Once this power is let loose upon man he seems to be but the plaything of destiny, but its forces have been gathering slowly within before they burst upon him from without.

Thus though the character of Macbeth is individual, its significance is universal, and the story of his life is played around us every day on many a stage of life with every variety of accessory circumstance.

The growing mastery of wrong impulses, wrong in many degrees of a descending scale when unchecked by fixed and settled principles results in just such a process, however it may disguise itself, as Macbeth undergoes.¹

There is the gradual drifting away from a hold on the great truths of life, into a commonplace and traditional morality which rises readily to the lips but has no power on the heart. There may be, just at the beginning, the same quick growth of moral sentiment in the shallow soil, followed as quickly by the rapid withering away of the plant which has no root. This is the first stage of deterioration, and as yet its terrible potentialities are not revealed. For with all this there may yet exist a vague fear of wrong; the conscience may still act as a deterrent, and pronounced crime may still seem horrible and repulsive.

But there comes a time, and surely it will not tarry, when in a moment all the laxity and thinness and growing falsity of the man's life gather themselves together into one startling temptation: and though perhaps the relics of an once innocent past still urge revolt, the end is certain. For each single motive which might have placed the man upon his feet, firm and unflinching though all the winds of evil blow upon him, has been

¹ Godfrey Cass in George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, and Tito in *Romola* are both, in varying degrees, instances in point.

successively strangled by the successive, perhaps, imperceptible lapses of the unprincipled and unspiritual life in the past. His life has created for him a tradition which acts with all the greater force because its powers have been slowly accumulating. And so, though the temptation passes as a lightning flash, and the struggle lasts but an hour, it has been prepared of old, and it has been determined in days that are past that the issue shall be evil.

Beyond this there lies, as all students of the human heart have known, a state, the most awful that can be conceived. A period when God leaves, as it were, the soul that He has made, and when His hand presses no more upon the sinner. A time of utter callousness of heart, a time when terrors of sin depart, when the heart knows not any more the fears which once it obeyed. Terrible indeed is such a state, for, for it, there seems no way back to repentance and restoration,—terrible because it presents to us an image of Death in the midst of life itself.

Such seems to me to be the criticism which Shakespeare offers in this wonderful tragedy. And it should be observed that with consummate skill he succeeds in retaining for Macbeth at the end some measure of our sympathy. We do not hate Macbeth as we do Iago or Richard III. It may be because he suffers terribly before our eyes, unlike Iago who suffers not at all, or Richard who suffers only when his will is laid at rest in sleep. But it is also because we feel that the distance between ourselves and Macbeth is not infinite—that he is far more normal than the two villains with whom we have compared him. Macbeth, we feel, might have been a good man had he not been 'possessed.' It is a term we use, happily not often, to describe the unaccountable delinquencies of men we have known as friends, and it may be even of ourselves. Shakespeare has in this play analysed for us the process of possession, he has shown us its small beginnings in the secret recesses of the heart, and traced its development into a power which defies human mastery. He has shown it to be the tyranny of accumulated impulse unchecked by fixity of principle.

In reading the play, thus, we can hope that we have followed the author's mind and caught at least one glint of actual colour from a fabric spun by the poet himself.

Sthanam Narasimha Rao: An Andhra Actor

By G. VENKATACHALAM

The Andhras, bulwarked as they are between the two big presidencies of Bengal and Madras, share in a strange manner something of the æsthetical sensibilities of the Bengalee and the metaphysical subtleties of the Tamil, apart from their own peculiar characteristics. They are emotional, impulsive, proud, and patriotic, albeit a little clannish. They have had a great and glorious past and rivalled, in pomp and power, some of the mightiest kingdoms of ancient days. To-day, in the cultural renaissance of the country, they run a close race with Bengal, Gujarat and Maharashtra, in the creation of a new literature, new art, new poetry, and new dramas. Bengal still stands supreme in these matters, but Andhradesa is intensely alive and enthusiastic, and the younger generation is bidding for leadership in cultural things. Every third Telugu man you meet is either a poet or a patriot; every year reveals fresh efforts and surprising achievements in all walks of life.

The Andhra Stage, as such, has not yet shown any striking improvements on its technical and æsthetical sides and remains no better than what it was a few years ago. The little changes brought about in the production of plays and in the creation of a refined atmosphere on the stage are not such as to merit any special praise. There is yet much to be learnt in this direction from Bengal and Maharashtra; but there can be no doubt, whatsoever, that Andhradesa to-day claims two of the best actors of modern India for her own. I refer, of course, to Bellary Raghavachari and Sthanam Narasimha Rao.

It will be foolish to attempt any comparison of the respective merits of these two actors, though one discerns a certain slight similarity in the technique of their acting. This may be due either to mutual influence, as they have often acted together in the past, or to the Telugu language in which they speak and sing. I must not

be understood to mean that they imitate one another; it is impossible in the very nature of things, as one acts always the part of the hero and the other the heroine. This fact alone will preclude any possibility of similarity in tone, gesture, pose, and expression. Nevertheless, there is a subtle something in the technique of their acting. I see it, but any analysis is beyond me. Raghavachari is supreme in emotional acting, as a devotee, as a *bhakta*, as a frenzied lover. He has his limitations in other rôles, but that is beside the point. What is interesting is the fact that two of the finest actors on the Indian stage hail from the Andhra country and both are contributing immensely and unostentatiously to the richness and sweetness of Indian life. The Andhra temperament, genius, and language are peculiarly suitable for artistic expression, and more torch-bearers of beauty and art ought to rise amidst them to lead the way.

One of the sweet warblers of the coming dawn is the talented young Andhra actor, Sthanam Narasimha Rao. His fame has gone before him, outside the Andhra country, through his gramophone records; but he is not a product of "His Master's Voice" as some are. He has no prepossessing personality, with wild wavy masses of raven hair, finely chiselled features, sensitive mouth, and dark-deep, tranquil eyes to suggest that he is an artist. These are often mere externals signifying nothing. Some of the world's greatest artists were and are plain-looking persons. Sthanam Narasimha Rao possesses no artist's pose, nor does he arrest your attention by any eccentric manners or mode of dress. He seems a simple man, devoted to his art, and quite business-like in his transactions. He is slender, and has a pleasant face, and there is a sweet ring about his voice when he talks.

He took to acting when he was quite young and had, of course, his early struggles and difficulties. His parents were opposed to his taking to the stage as a career and, for a time, he was torn between two strong dominating feelings, his devotion and duty to his mother, and his innate longing and love for acting. Circumstances, however, helped him to get over this initial difficulty, and he soon found himself a popular figure in his native town as an actor. He was in great demand for playing leading rôles both at amateur and

professional performances, and encouraged by this early success he made up his mind to achieve eminence in his new career. He had not met any talented actors whom he could imitate; he was not sufficiently educated to study for himself the life and experiences of any of the famous European actors, and so he had to fall back upon himself for a fuller expression of his art. He knew the ordinary defects of the Indian stage and he tried to correct them by an intelligent understanding of Indian dramaturgy. There is an element of modernism in his acting which has an appeal to modern youths, and he is a greater success in modern social plays than in old classical ones as he has, to a preponderating degree, more of the coquettish romantic element in his acting than the old restrained dignity.

It seems a pity to me that he plays the part of "Woman" on the stage. I do not know to what heights he can rise and to what extent he can display his genius if he played the rôle of a hero opposite a real woman as his heroine. He may fail for aught I know. He may be constituted mentally, emotionally, and physically such as to be an Uranian both in his life and in his art. Both physiology and psychology recognise such intermediate types. It is a phase of human evolution; and who knows the ideal human being is one who combines in himself harmoniously and in an equal degree the best attributes and qualities of both sexes? Evolution may aim at such ideal types, like Shelley and Tagore. It is inevitable also that failures and freaks are bound to be in this great mysterious process of nature; but the fact remains that some of the most sensitive artists are of the highest and best of these types, vanguards of a beautiful humanity to come.

In spite of this knowledge, I have ever been a determined opponent and an uncompromising critic of man acting the part of woman on the stage, and I do not propose to make an exception in Narasimha Rao's case. I can only regret that it should be so. But this does not prevent me from recognising the artist in him and acknowledging his fine talents as an actor. He is as great an artist as Balagandharva of the Maharashtra stage (though it is unfortunate that both play the woman's part) but as an actor, Narasimha Rao is, to my mind, superior in several respects to Balagandharva. The latter dresses much more tastefully and effectively and has an

eye for beauty of his environments, which are, somehow, lacking in the Andhra actor. There is no dignity about his dresses and adornments which are just tinsels and tawdry stuffs. His torn, dirty stockings on the feet and those abominable artificial flowers in his hair are inexcusable even in the ordinary tenth-rate Indian actors and much more so in his case.

Indian actors, as a rule, do not act but sing away their parts, and the public are pleased. But a good drama demands intelligent acting along with a little singing, of course, to interpret and express certain *rasas* in the play; and Narasimha Rao has happily hit the best medium of acting under the circumstances. He seldom overdoes a thing and he sings sweetly and suggestively, not just to show off his musical skill and knowledge as most Indian actors unfortunately do. There is great restraint in his acting and the moods he creates for himself are highly contagious; and to that extent it is creative work. Just as, in painting, it is not the mere technique or the colour-scheme or the drawing or the background or the subject that makes a picture great but a subtle fusion of some of the best elements of all these by the creative genius of the artist, so in acting, it is not mere pose or gesture or singing or setting that makes it great but a happy and harmonious blending of all these. Narasimha Rao has this magical quality. He can change from one mood into another with startling naturalness, and can weep and laugh, love and hate alternately without showing any conscious effort on his part in effecting these changes. There is intelligence and understanding behind his art, not merely skill and talent.

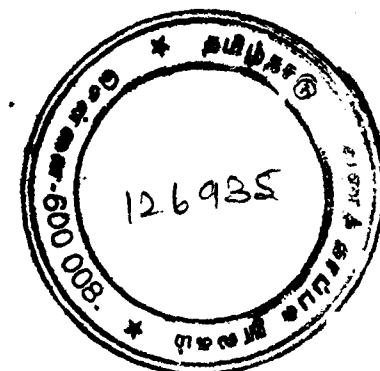
He has, of course, several obvious defects which experience will set right. He is, like most artists, a creature of circumstances and they hinder his rising to great heights. He has yet to learn to create his own environments and to dictate his own terms to producers and theatre managers. It is the tragedy of Indian life that the individual gets completely lost in the group or community, with no opportunity for striking a unique path for himself. There are circumstances and obstacles to overcome, indifference and lethargy to be fought. Artists of the type of Narasimha Rao are generally weak and helpless, and they need to be told that it is not enough they have individual talent but that they should create better and more

beautiful environments around them. Sthanam Narasimha Rao, with a better cast and more suitable costumes and stage settings, is sure to leave his mark on the Indian stage as one of its pioneer-reformers.

A Water-Colour Painting

By "THE OLD DREAMER"

Half of my inspiration I declare
 Attributable to my easy-chair
 On which the livelong day I love to sit
 With eyelids closed, behind whose darkness, lit
 With changing lights, dappled with changing shades,
 A thousand pictures rise. . . . Life slowly fades
 Into the faery twilight of the mind
 Rememored of beauty left behind
 In childhood's realms, and all prophetic grown
 Of future miracles already sown
 In the Unconscious, Childhood lives again
 In the awakened slumber of the brain,
 The treasure-house of myriad memories, . . .
 I see once more wild woodlands full of trees
 And roaming butterflies behind the old
 Romantic house, where noonday lavished gold
 Upon the bleak bare rocks, and mornings came
 Like elfin festivals of coloured flame
 And sunset like red music came and went
 Struck on some angel's magic instrument.
 I still remember how we chased and caught
 Warm butterflies, bright as a poet's thought,
 Winged into lambent liberated flight
 And shot courageously into the light;
 And how we climbed the branches where we sat
 And watched the grey and ruddy squirrels at
 Their mid-day meal of fruit which seemed to wait
 As though the rich fulfilment of their fate
 Depended on their hunger; and I yet
 Remember every grassblade dripping wet
 At dawn with midnight dew which slipped and fell
 Like slow dissolving diamonds in the dell
 Marking the moments I remember well
 The creaking bamboos margining the glade
 Tall and unquiet, and the sounds they made
 As though they mourned incalculable loss . . .
 And then we watched the clouds like camels cross



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Unending azure desert miles of heaven
Between the glowing noon and glimmering even.

They all come back to me : the bees, the doves,
The sky, the trees, the stones, my childhood's loves
To whom I have been loyal to this day . . .
All suddenly out of the far-away
Forgotten past they leap in recognition
Of me, their lover, when the hour of vision
Bridges eternity with time, the vast
Unhappened future with the happened past.
What else do I remember ? The queer sense
Of indefinable Omnipotence
Hidden within all things I heard and saw,
Some vaguely-felt, imperishable law
In silent operation everywhere ;
I trembled at the blueness of the air,
The whiteness in the lily and the sweet
Coming of rain which, falling in a sheet
Of woven pearl, sent through my heart intense
And nervous tingles, coursing through each sense
Like scented splendour. Every bird which sang
Went through my being like a sudden pang
Of parting, but from whom, I could not tell !
Each thing of beauty was an urgent bell
Calling my heart to prayer, while childhood was
As beautiful and dreamy as the pause
Of light upon a hill just at the break
Of morning when the first bird is awake.

I yet remember how I used to thrill
When in the rainy time the light lay chill
Sombre and magical, quiet and cool
Upon white lotuses along a pool . . .
When overhead the heavy clouds appeared
Like heaven's drooping eyelids many-teared.
How the leaves trembled in the trembling wind
Like to sweet poems in a poet's mind,
Poems of life and death and joy and pain
In God's cool breath which blows before the rain
Of gathered inspiration . . . In a while
Each rainfed runnel was as good as Nile
Or Ganges on whose waves we set afloat

One carefully constructed paper boat
And then another boat and then another
Laden with news for our exiled brother
Living in Germany, a place that stood
According to us, in the neighbourhood,
Perhaps, a furlong from our garden wood.
But then, invariably O evil luck ;
Our boats in a few moments would be struck
Against rough pebbles in the way or stuck
In some obstructing branch lying across
The swollen runnel . . . O, our childhood's loss
Of paper boats . . . perchance, intenser than
The loss of real ones to grown-up man.

And when the sun came out again, the trees
Were loud with dark innumerable bees,
Purple reminders of the joy that lives
In never-failing Nature and forgives
The thrice unnatural wretchedness of man
Who hurts her harmony and pulls the plan
Of heavenwardness to pieces . . . man, the traitor
Of the original trust of the Creator
To whom creation with its fire and cloud
Bird, beast and man, bending in silence, vowed
Full, absolute obedience to His word
Ere they, out of travailing chaos, stirred
Into a perfect rhythm of intense
Self-mastery, exalted reticence.
All things and beings, save man, fulfil the vow :
The greeny yellow parrot on the bough,
The scarlet berry and each quivering leaf
Which, had not mortal coloured them with grief,
Had been unsullied rapture . . . In his pride
Of loathsome ignorance on every side
Man, hurling a blind challenge, wounds and draws
The blood of beauty, breaks the Law of laws
At every turn as easily as a flower . . .
Believing that he hath defied the power
Vanquishing It, because It humbly bows
In patience for a period and allows
His hands to trifle with the pledge and tamper
With Its virginity without a hamper.
Until at last in high retaliation

It rises in the wrath of all creation
Against his huge corruption and demands
Full compensation at his errant hands
For all the hideous ruin that they wrought . . .

Think you the offended Power remembers not
The offender? . . . Fool! the broken Law breaks him
Who breaks It . . . since It is both quiet and grim
And jealous of the wonder It has set
And never never never can forget.

I loved such placid stones as dwell and dream
In the clear silent flowing of the stream,
Stones that are dead to us whose mortal sight
Behold not in their greyness brimming light
Issuing from the womb of heaven which knows
No difference between a stone and rose,
Sweet equal nurslings in the Master's vision
At the still ancient hour when the division
Of fire and breath and colour was begun . . .
In the immortal scales the moon and sun
Weigh equally with worm and dust and herb,
And when man's inequalities disturb
The harmony, within a little while
The Maker with His unperturbed smile
Comes down to earth in His resistless form
Of retribution, blacker than a storm,
And under lightning's wrath and thunder's stress
Resuscitates the broken loveliness
Holding the scales again, and will not rest
Until all things responding to their test
Are equal to each other in the far
Unalterable balance where things are
Evasive essence, undecreed of earth,
Unmanacled of life and death and birth,
Unbondaged of the cyclic wheel which whirled
Incessantly sustains the visible world.
But on the surface of existence dwell
Combating contraries which make the hell
Of inequalities around our lives
Wherein harsh exploitation rules and strives
Relentlessly reducing Nature's house
To a huge sepulchre; Death like a mouse

Lurks in Life's granaries and nibbles at
The gathered grain, and all the beauty that
Trembles outside of us is as a sleep
In which the canker never fails to keep
Its constant tryst, casting its ugly shade
On the world's blossom, making it afraid.

Escaped from Singlehood, from shape to shape,
Back to the Singlehood we must escape
Through death and devastation and disease
Inevitable threat of contraries
Continued through the ages . . . All that's born
By the sure shadow which it sheds is torn
And twisted into agony and dread
And at the fountains of its own blood fed
Under the fiery crimson-coloured pall
Of time's enormous shadow covering all.

The lizard pounces on the moth at night,
The kite upon the chicken in the light
Of morning red upon the cottage-yard;
Under the mobled midnight many-starred
The tiger leaps upon the tethered cow,
The serpent on the frog, and on the bough
The blue-black crow feasts on the weak white worm . . .
Since lo, life holds within itself the germ
Of secret death in which her safety lies . . .

Beauty is beauty all because she dies !

Through the dim portals of her myriad deaths,
Between the ceasing of her myriad breaths,
Her shadow into Time's bare garden thrown
Touches at length the feet of the Unknown.

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya

Residuary Powers in a Federal State

By M. VENKATARANGAIYA, M.A.

(Reader, The Andhra University, Waltair)

The subject of residuary powers in the proposed Indian Federation has become a subject of keen controversy. One of the now famous fourteen points of Mr. Jinnah requires the location of residuary authority in the provinces. There are many who advocate that it should be lodged at the centre. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, in the letter which he wrote to Pandit Malaviya just before his departure to attend the third Round Table Conference, has stated that on that question he held very strong views and he suggested that residuary powers should remain with the central government. The Allahabad Unity Conference proposed a rather complicated solution providing practically for two kinds of residuary powers to belong to the Indian or provincial governments, according to the relevancy and closeness of their connection with the subjects scheduled as being within the control of the provinces. This solution has some resemblance to the clauses in the Canadian Constitution which in a sense leave the residuary authority in local and provincial matters to the provinces and in national matters to the central government. It is also known that this question has become a source of acute differences of opinion at the Round Table Conference now in session, and that it had to be referred to a separate sub-committee for thorough discussion and report. As a considerable amount of importance is being attached by all schools of thought in our country to this subject, it is desirable that an attempt should be made to understand its true importance in a scheme of federal government.

Readers of this Journal need not be told that the fundamental characteristic of a federation is the distribution of the powers of government between a central authority and the several provincial authorities, each being supreme in the field allotted to it in the

Constitutional document. In the sphere made over to them the provincial governments are co-ordinate with, and not subordinate to the central government, and it is not open to the latter to modify at its will and pleasure the powers of provincial governments as is the case in a unitary State. In consequence of this a province in a federal State enjoys a superior status and exercises independent jurisdiction in a field of its own. It is a question of primary importance what this field happens to be. The framing, therefore, of a constitution for a federal State has no more difficult subject to deal with than that of determining what powers should be granted to the central government and what should be granted to the provincial governments.

The manner in which the respective spheres of the central and provincial governments are delimited varies from one federal Constitution to another. In some Constitutions a list is given of the powers of the central government with the implication that all other powers not so enumerated—and therefore spoken of as residuary powers—are to be exercised by the provincial governments. This method has been adopted in the United States, Australia, Switzerland, the German Empire from 1871 to 1918, and the present German Republic. In all these States the central government possesses a given stock of powers and it cannot go beyond them unless the Constitution itself is amended; and all residuary authority is with the provinces. In some other Constitutions, as for example Canada, a list is given of the powers of the provincial governments and all the remaining powers—not included in the list and therefore residuary—are with the central government to a considerable extent. The Constitution of South Africa—though not technically a pure federal State—follows in this respect the example of Canada. Now that we are engaged in framing a federal Constitution for our country we have to settle whether we shall, as in Canada, draw up a list of the powers of the provincial governments leaving the residuary authority with the centre, or make out a list of the powers of the central government as in the United States and the German Republic leaving the residuary authority with the provinces.

To answer this question it is necessary for us to enquire

whether any important political principle is involved in the adoption of the one or the other alternative.

Many people seem to be under the impression that the government in which the residuary authority is lodged will be the stronger and relatively the more powerful government, while that which possesses only a number of enumerated powers will be a less powerful one and will command a smaller amount of respect at the hands of the citizens. The large importance that has come to be attached to this subject, is explicable only on a hypothesis like this. The fathers of the American, the Canadian, and the Australian Constitutions were also influenced by a view like this. So jealous of their sovereignty were the thirteen colonies that constituted themselves into the United States, that they felt they could not maintain that high political status unless the federal government they created was made a government with a number of enumerated powers only. The Canadian statesmen felt equally strongly that, unless the residuary authority was lodged with the central government, the Dominion of Canada would not possess that strength and unity which they thought was necessary for their national existence. From this it is often argued that federal States, which must be strong at the centre, should provide for the residuary authority at the centre, while those which favour the ideal of considerable autonomy and dignified status for the provinces must have the residuary authority located in the provincial governments.

It is a well-known fact that our Muslim brethren are advocates of provincial autonomy, as that would give them the power which they think it is their due in provinces like the Punjab, Bengal, North-West Frontier, etc. where they are in a majority; and they are also staunch advocates of residuary authority in the provinces. There are others who think that most of our sufferings in the past were the result of the existence of semi-independent provincial governments, that these contributed to the weakness and the powerlessness of the central government, that the greatest blessing of British rule is the establishment of a strong central government and that the future of the country depends entirely on the preservation of this strength at the centre against the numerous forces of disintegration that are always liable to raise their heads in

this extensive land of ours. From their standpoint, what is necessary is the grant of a few enumerated powers to the provinces and the location of all residuary authority in the central government.

Is there really an intimate connection between the location of residuary authority and the strength of the particular government—provincial or central—in which it is located? A study of the history of the federal States and the actual working of their governments will lead us to the conclusion that there is no such intimate connection and that we are labouring under a misconception when we attribute to the location of residuary authority an importance which it does not inherently possess. As a matter of fact the relative strength of the central and provincial governments depends on the actual powers enumerated and on the general loyalty and devotion of the people to the one or the other government than on the location of residual powers. In the United States the powers of the central government are only enumerated powers and, as has been remarked above, this was done with a view to retain the importance of the part-States. But this has not prevented the central government from exercising larger and larger powers as circumstances necessitated and becoming the real centre of political life in that country. It will make this article too lengthy if a detailed reference is to be made to all the methods that have been available in that country for extending the powers of the central government through judicial interpretations and the free use of the doctrine of implied powers based on the last clause in Section VIII of Article I of the Constitution. Germany affords another glaring example of a federal State in which residuary authority is in the provinces with the central government enjoying powers so numerous, extensive, and extraordinary that for all purposes it may be said to be as powerful as the central government in a unitary State. This is because of the central government having been granted a very large number of powers.

The fact of the matter, therefore, is not so much the location of residuary authority as the amount of that authority. Many seem to think that the totality of governmental power to be exercised in a State is something infinite and that however much might be taken away from it to be handed over to the provincial or the central

government, the residue that remains is still infinite and will therefore add to the dignity and importance of the government enjoying it. But governmental power has only a limited content though it cannot be precisely measured, and if the powers made over by enumeration are sufficiently large, what remains as residue will only be slight and the government in which it is located cannot possess that degree of sovereignty which is regarded with misgiving by some and with pride by others among those that seem to make a fetish of this question.

If constitutionalists of the type of Dr. Sapru stand for a strong government at the centre, they can effectively secure their object by giving to the central government all those specific powers that will contribute to its strength and making the list of enumerated powers as exhaustive as possible. They have now before them a long history of the working of federations commencing with that of the United States and coming down to the German Reich. From an analysis of the several federal constitutions they can see that it has been felt with increasing intensity that the advantages of a federal union will be at their maximum when more and more functions are made to devolve on the central government, that the functions of the Canadian central government—which was established eighty years after the formation of the United States—are more numerous than those of the central government in the U. S. A., that the enumerated powers of the Commonwealth Government of Australia are greater than those in Canada, that those of the present German Republic are still more numerous, and that all this has been the inevitable outcome of those universal changes through which the economic and social conditions of the world have been passing ever since the foundation of the United States. If with an insight into our national requirements of the present and of the calculable future the builders of our Constitution allot to the central government all those particular powers in the field of defence, protection, industrial organisation, transport, etc., which are necessary for its strength, efficiency and effectiveness, there will be no danger of disintegration even if the residuary authority is kept with the provinces. The powers of the centre, as enumerated in the Constitution of the German Reich, may be taken as the basis. It is

because the list has been made very exhaustive in Germany and because the distinction between 'normal powers and emergency powers has not been lost sight of, it has become possible for the central government of Germany to establish its own dictatorship in a big province like Prussia even though the residuary authority is in Prussia under the present Constitution.

Other points worthy of consideration in this connection are the need for introducing into the Constitution clauses similar to those that are found in Australia and South Africa by which the provinces are enabled to transfer to the central government departments of provincial administration or the right to make laws on purely provincial subjects, if the provincial governments feel that such transfer would be of advantage to them and to the nation at large. As in the Constitution of Germany provision may be made in our Constitution for the central government exercising what are known as normative powers under which it can lay down standards for the guidance of provincial government in the field of purely provincial legislation. These features of the Australian and German Constitutions which locate residuary authority in the provinces, show how the possible dangers, if any, of such location may be mitigated. The system of "Federal Aid" has enabled the central government in the U. S. A. to gradually extend the scope of its control and supervision into purely provincial fields.

Above all, the process of amending the Constitution should be made simple enough so that changes in the distribution of powers that might be suggested by subsequent experience might be easily incorporated into the Constitution. Any difficulty that has been found in the matter of assuming new powers by the central government in the U. S. A., has been the result of the complicated procedure to be gone through in amending the Constitution and not of the residuary authority being placed in the provinces. Here also the Constitution of the German Reich will be a good model to follow.

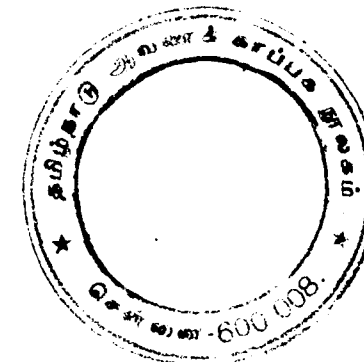
That, under the peculiar conditions in which we are placed, our statesmen should concentrate attention on solutions on the above lines and not so much on the location of residuary authority, will become clear if we remember that we have to bring the Indian

States also into our federation. The States are now enjoying a good deal of semi-sovereign authority. They are not mere administrative divisions like the provinces in British India deriving whatever authority they have from the central government. To reduce them to the position of provinces with only enumerated powers is not a practicable proposition. Sentiment is a powerful factor to reckon with at all times; and in the Indian States sentiment will be in favour of residuary authority being located in them. It is also a well-known fact that the lodging of residuary authority at the centre in the Dominion of Canada was possible mainly because the Canadian federation grew out of a previous unitary Constitution and the two principal provinces—Ontario and Quebec—did not, on entering the federation, lose any of the powers they formerly enjoyed and therefore easily reconciled themselves to residuary authority being retained at the centre. In the U. S. A., Australia, and Germany the units that were federated were, like the Indian States, autonomous before federation and could, with justification, insist on retaining residuary authority. Federation will raise the status of provinces in British India even if the residuary authority is kept at the centre. They will have no legitimate cause of complaint that their position will under such a scheme be worse than what it is now. Not so in respect of the Indian States. To bring them in they have to be conceded the enjoyment of residuary authority. Under these circumstances only two alternatives are open. One is an Indian Federation with residuary authority in the provinces and States; the other is a federation with the centre enjoying residuary authority in relation to the provinces but only specified powers in relation to the States. Dr. Sapru seems to have some such view, as can be seen from his letter to Pandit Malaviya. But a distinction like this would create inequalities of status among the component parts of the federation and introduce numerous complications into its working so that on calm consideration we will have no choice left except to accept the first alternative.

It may be said that all this is to ignore the Unity Pact arrived at by the Allahabad Conference which provides for scheduling the powers of the provinces. But it is to be noted that the Indian States are not a party to that pact, and from what we know of the

currents of thought among the Indian Princes and their ministers it may be asserted that they may not agree to such a clause. And it has been shown above that there is no incompatibility between a strong central government and residuary powers in the part-units. Even if British Indian leaders succeed in persuading the States to agree to the location of residuary authority at the centre, the cause of a strong central government cannot be won unless the schedule of provincial powers is carefully drawn. Much caution is required to see that, to satisfy local sentiment and patriotism, powers that ought to be retained at the centre are not transferred to the parts, especially in matters connected with industry, transport, agriculture, and education.

To the criticism that, however careful we may be in drawing a schedule of powers, it will not be possible for us to make provision for all future contingencies and the better course will be to fight for the location of residuary authority at the centre, the reply that has to be given is that no Constitution will enable a country to escape from the need to face risks in the future and that wisdom consists not in trying to provide solutions for all future difficulties—for it is an impossible task—but in facing boldly and squarely the situation as it now is and as it is likely to develop in the near future. It is true that we should not by our short-sightedness create difficulties for our descendants a century or two centuries hence, but this ought not to lead us to the error of thinking that we can, with our limited vision and experience, solve the problems of the future generations of our people. If we proceed to our task with this faith in the capacity of the later generations of our countrymen, our work at present will be simpler and more effective.



Of Necessity

By C. L. R. SASTRI, B. SC.

Necessity, it has been said, is the mother of invention. It is, I fear, not always so: it is not a condition precedent, as jurists would say. There was no necessity, as far as I know, for the invention, or, rather, the discovery, of the first law of gravitation. If Newton's mind had not been wool-gathering under the apple-tree, the falling of the apple would not, I imagine, have disturbed his equanimity to any appreciable extent. As it was, the apple fell at the right moment, and a train of reasoning was set in motion in Newton's brain. It was a question, not of necessity, but of the coincidence of circumstances. Newton, surely, had seen apples fall many a time before; and, when he was a boy, he must have *made* many of them fall by the simple process of throwing stones at them. It no more suggested a new world of thought to him *then*, than the bursting of the lid of a tea-kettle suggested the invention of the steam-engine to many a man before George Stephenson.

No; the point is not that of necessity: it is that of the importance of the moment. There is a time for every thing. Fate's clock must strike: then, and then only, can anything come to fruition. It is not that men's minds were lax before and are extraordinarily keen now; man has changed very little, essentially, during all the uncountable years of his existence in this world. Nobody would say, for instance, that a man of today is more full of brains than Shakespeare and Milton, because he knows only too well many things of which Shakespeare and Milton were utterly ignorant. As the late Laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges, in his *Testament of Beauty*, says:

"There is now no higher intellect to brighten the world
than little Hellas own'd; nay scarcely here and there
liveth a man among us to rival their seers."

Or, as Messrs. H. G. Wells, and Julian Huxley, and G. P. Wells express, in their *Science of Life*:

"The inventions and organisations that have produced the peculiar opportunities and dangers of the modern world have been the work so far of a few hundred thousand exceptionally clever and enterprising people. *The rest of mankind has just been carried along by them, and has remained practically what it was a thousand years ago.* Upon an understanding and competent minority, which may not exceed a million or so in all the world, depends the progress and stability of the collective human enterprise at the present time."

It is all a question of circumstance: some may give it the name of necessity, that is all. Of course, some things were invented out of necessity: 'tanks,' for example. But even here we must go right back in time and place and not content ourselves with the first ready-made answer that strikes our minds. In these days words have lost their meanings. They are not 'apparell'd in celestial light': we use them much too indiscriminately. If we think deeply, we shall find that necessity is not the mother of invention, nor, for that matter, of anything else. Thunder and lightning there have been ever since the world began; but it is only recently that we have seen the invention of lightning-conductors to houses. I suppose there was necessity for them just as much now as when the first house was built. No one has invented anything by simply taking it into his head to invent that thing: he invented it while conducting experiments in other directions. The question is not one of taking thought. As Wordsworth pertinently asks:

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

Most of the biggest inventions simply *came* to happen. They were in the nature of "fair, unsought discoveries by the way." We might almost say that they dropped out of the clear sky; why, if history is to be believed, Columbus discovered America by actually setting out to discover India!

There is, no doubt, a fine flavour about the word *necessity*:

"there is magic in the web of it." It acts like a charm. You have only to mention it, and a deep calm at once settles on the troubled waters of society.

"Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hoodwink'd."

The truth of the matter is that we have become experts at deceiving ourselves: we are like the man in Scott's *Woodstock*, who had "attained the pitch of believing himself above ordinances." If a thing suits our minds, forthwith it must be done; and there is always, of course, the excuse of necessity. Indeed, it comes to hand most readily: like Mercutio's wound, "'tis enough, 'twill serve."

Now, what is a necessity? That, surely, without which it is, for the time being, at any rate, impossible to get on. An umbrella is a necessity when you go out in the rain. In this primary sense, doubtless, necessity has a value; though, even here, it is possible to argue that it could be done without. But, generally, the word is used in a much larger and freer sense; its meaning is extended very, very far. Nowadays, to be a graduate is a necessity; to drink coffee (first thing in the morning) is a necessity; bluffing is a very great necessity; turning a blind eye to the things that you do not want to see is a compelling necessity; and, in short, everything is a necessity that you or I want to do, or have done. Necessity is that on which you have stamped your approval: it is that which goes with the mark of your particular mint. The word would not loom so large in the public eye were it not for the prevalence of a peculiar kind of morality. There is a morality that pertains to convention. It has a higher order of merit than the original and authentic brand. It is not enough if a thing is good: it must be good in the eyes of the world. *The world* is the grand referendum; not God, not Nature, not your own conscience. By the verdict of the world shall you stand or fall. But though convention rules the world and is the merest gloss upon morality, it cannot get on for a single day unless it borrows the alphabet of the real thing; and, therein, though in an indirect way, it pays homage to its original parent. You

cannot do the slightest thing without showing sufficient cause. You must go half-way to meet the wishes of the world and to justify your conduct. It is not, however, so terrible as it looks; throw out a feeler or two, enough to see whether it works. Provide an excuse and the world will be satisfied with that excuse: too much is not demanded of you, and you do not demand too much of the world. It is, at the worst, only a kind of formality: that, and nothing more!

We have all, of course, heard of such a thing as "biological necessity." Wars, it has been said, are a biological necessity: they are one of Nature's ways of putting down the superfluous population of the world. That there is often some superfluous population may, if only for argument's sake, be admitted; though the world, I think, is wide enough and large enough for even a more superfluous population. A poor man that has a dozen children does not (out of biological necessity) do away with some of them, just to make room for the others. No doubt, if he killed some of them, the others would have more room. But, generally, this beautiful idea does not strike him, even as an idea. And then, granting that an over-grown population must be annihilated, Nature, I fancy, has other and better ways of annihilating it than by the agency of wars; and Nature often utilises these ways. Within her own bosom Nature has sufficient machinery of destruction: fire and flood, by themselves, are quite enough. It is men that make wars; not Nature. Biology believes in the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." It must be a curious kind of biological necessity indeed, that slaughters thousands and millions of the best youth of a country, leaving only a few old men and children!

The things of utter necessity are very few indeed; they can almost be counted on one's fingers. Some people have mistaken the promptings of the mind, inspiration, for necessity. In this sense you could say that Luther started his Protestant campaign out of necessity; that Einstein propounded his Theory of Relativity out of necessity; that General Dyer shot at Jallianwala Bagh out of necessity. All this, however, is merely evading the question: it is only going "about it and about."

Let us face the blunt truth. We do things because we like

them: we do not do them from any oppressive sense of necessity. We do them first and theorize afterwards: in fact, our theories fit our actions and not our actions our theories. Of course, we have our carefully constructed systems. But we forget that it is we who have evolved the systems, not the systems us. It is we who have created what we call our necessities; there is thus no binding factor about them; we may break through their frame at our will. They have no fixity: they change with the times and with the persons. What is a necessity to you may not be a necessity to me; and, even in regard to the same individual, what was a necessity once may no longer be a necessity now. A necessity is but a creature of the brain; and there is nothing permanent about the workings of the brain. It follows that the whole thing is enveloped in a thick layer of mystery. He that sets about to explain it is in the same predicament as Bardolph:

“ ‘Accommodated’; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby ‘a’ may be thought to be accommodated.’ ”

In the Alcove

(A Memory)

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

When I behold
The mirror in the alcove,
Meseems,
It beams
Sweet days of old
When I had with me my Love.

A flow'r-soft countenance rimm'd
With tresses, wavy, dark,
And collyrium'd eyes love-dimm'd,
And brow-deck'd vermil mark,
And betel-redden'd lips
Parted and showing
Teeth chisell'd pure, and set
Like tiny seeds glowing
In a pared pomegranate . . .
And henna'd finger-tips
Crown'd with pearly nails,
The eyelids smoothening
And drawing velvet veils
O'er dimpl'd cheeks glist'ning.

It is her mirror . . .
The mirror in the alcove!
It has absorbed her soul,
And in its depths I see
Gleaming dream-tranquilly
That picture of radiant Love.

The Hidden Spirit

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

My form may be of crudest clay
Scarred with wrinkles old,
But within is a chamber gay,
Its walls are panell'd gold,
Its vault a starry spray
Whose sapph'rine showerings
Kindle a kingly bold
Spirit in-throned that sings :

" I gather shells from foam-flower'd strand
That croon of interstellar seas,
I gather gems from fissures deep
That gleam earth's hidden mysteries,
I gather seeds of luscious fruits
That conceive heaven's plenitude,
I gather blooms from deathless trees
That waft the scents of solitude ;
I play with shells,
I pelt with gems,
I scatter blooms,
I shower scents,
Glow ye, my lovely lavished treasures, glow,
Let him garner who hath a *soul* to know ! "

On the History of India

By PRATAPAGIRI RAMAMURTI, M.A.

(Professor of History, The Wilson College, Bombay)

It is our object in the following article to discuss the validity of certain assumptions on which historians have attempted to construct narratives of our past. There is no desire to get acquainted with the technique and theory of history. With inadequate equipment our writers sit down most confidently to the task of describing events exactly as they have happened. Their only anxiety is to fit out a real past. There is a haunting terror of shadows.

The consequence has been that our histories are generally one-sided. They give us no insight into the true nature of our past, of the content of its life as such. For the story of India's past is unlike that of any other country known to the world's history. To understand it, it is not enough to watch the destinies of royal dynasties, the rise and fall of great kingdoms and empires. The perusal of mere events, of wars and crimes, leaves behind the impression that our history is a mausoleum of dead issues. We fail to realise that it abounds with ideals and beliefs, with the achievements of the soul. India has revelled in the things of the spirit, and her history is the record of the mind, of the thought that expresses its endless quest: " Ever old, ever new. "

It is necessary, hence, to dive below the surface of the so-called facts or events of history to understand the spirit that determined the content of life. We conceive that the mission of history is to give us the content of life. The world of fact is to be appraised in terms of value, for the historian must try to reach the subterranean sphere of the soul, the inward of which the outward humanity is but the expression. What we wish to understand is not the dead man, the fossil in itself, but the living being he once was, his hopes and aspirations.

History, that is to say, is not the dead past, a past that has ceased to be, but a " living past, " a past transfused into the living

actuality it once was. To think of the past as simply the past, an aggregate of facts finished happening, is as hopeless as the meta-physician's search after things-in-themselves. The past as a thing-in-itself has no existence. It must be related to our present experience. It must not only be capable of being remembered but also experienced. We could live all history in our own person, for history is the continuous attempt at the adventure of living.

We must, therefore, turn our backs on our realistic historians who are too much influenced by the temporal aspect of Time to realise the Eternal in its unity. As Benedetto Croce has truly observed,¹ every true history is contemporary history, and it is not fanciful to consider the past as perpetually present. It is unfortunate that we try to differentiate between different periods of time and thus miss all that is of human interest.

History, thus, is not simply the past. Neither is it the 'event.' The dominance of the 'narrative' spirit has vitiated the whole outlook of our historians. The construction of narratives, chronologically arranged, is not history. It is something more. Facts are mere dross, as both Ruskin and Macaulay hold, and it is from the thoughts, the abstract truth that the events and happenings embody that history derives its value. History is the thought that expresses itself, the mind that records, and mind is prior to the fact. All history, that is to say, is, in a sense, in the mind of man; not as pre-composed symphony, we hasten to point out, as our statement may be misunderstood. Lotze has truly maintained that it is the irresistible demand of the human spirit that history must be more than the translation into time of an eternally complete content.² What we mean is that history is the law of man's being, the idea in its potentiality, the universal in its spirit, even as Hegel would have it.³

The past, therefore, simply regarded as the past in the crude realistic sense, is wholly unthinkable. The past that we try to

¹ *Theory and History of Historiography*, P. 11.

See also R. G. Collingwood's article in the *Journal of Philosophical Studies*; Max Muller: *Selected Essays*, Vol. 11, P. 11.

² See Ward: *The Realm of Ends: Pluralism and Theism*, P. 310.

³ See his *Philosophy of History*.

reach is not a world of things-in-themselves, a world that has ceased to be, and so an isolated fact. Such a fact can never be related to the present; the chain of linkage is severed into its links. To us the past of India is the living relic in the present; for the past has resulted into the present. The India of the past is a projection of itself into the India of the present. Or to express it in other words, the past of India is the present experience of it, taken in as a unity,—“synthetic unity” as Croce would put it, a unity which may reveal sequence, in space and time; each unit of the sequence, however, not as an isolated fact, unrelated to others; but in organic relation manifesting the rhythm of the flow of real life.¹ And whatever of the past goes into our present experience, that is history in the largest sense of the word.

To us, therefore, the *Rig Veda* or the Buddhist *Jatakas*, the Epics, the *Smritis* and the *Srutis* are as much history as any other relic now possessed by us which professes to describe the political events of bygone days. For what we want to know, as already said, is not the fossil itself, but the living, thinking man of whom the relic before us is a dead representative. In the search after the so-called authentic facts, we are apt to run into the danger of missing the human touch. The most formidable obstacle to a proper understanding of our past is just the tendency to restrict history to the construction of narratives, and where such a construction is impossible to assume a sceptical attitude and dissipate effort in trying to sift what is supposed to be the unquestionable fact from myth and legend. Where there are no records, it is usually assumed that there is no history either; as if historical truths are lost because their memory is not preserved in the form of chronologically connected narratives.² “The essence of history,” as Ratzel has well put

¹ See B. Croce: *Theory and History of Historiography* P. 12. As regards the continuity of history and its organic nature refer to Shailer Mathews: *The Spiritual Interpretation of History*; Marvin: *The Living Past*, Bagehot: *Physics and Politics*; Graham Wallas: *Our Social Heritage*; J. A. Smith in his Essay in *The Unity of Western Civilisation*; Carlyle, F. Harrison, Caird, and other famous writers who can easily be reached.

² See Shailer Mathews: *The Spiritual Interpretation of History*, P. 3, and Pp. 33—39.

it, "consists in the very fact of happening, not in the recollecting and recording what has happened."¹

How true is H. G. Wells's complaint that "historians are for the most part very scholarly men nowadays. They go in fear rather of small errors than of disconnectedness; they dread the certain ridicule of a wrong date more than the disputable attribution of a wrong value!" It is held by philosophers like Radhakrishnan and historians like V. A. Smith that "in the absence of accurate chronology, it is a misnomer to call anything a history," and that a "body of history strictly so called must be built upon a skeleton of chronology, that is to say, in a series of dates more or less precise." Evidently there is a serious confusion between the office of the annalist and the function of the historian. History is not putting bits of information, chronologically arranged together like beads on a string. Everything depends on our understanding history, not as a past, but as a present interest.

And when we talk of interest or experience, we are aware that we may be told that history "is a hybrid form of experience, incapable of any considerable degree of 'being or trueness';"² for, the 'being or trueness' of history is held to be its verified and verifiable certainty. The discussion of historical veracity will lead us again into the realistic meshes of the world of things-in-themselves. For, we ask along with Benedetto Croce: "How could that which is present producing of our spirit ever be uncertain?" It is only by effecting a divorce between life and thought in history that we are led to irrelevant positions. For the question itself becomes irrelevant viewed from our conception of history. The word 'history' originally meant 'inquiry', and only secondarily came to be applied to the embodiment of the results of inquiry in the particular form of narrative. The Greek word for history is 'historia' meaning 'search after truth'. In unravelling the threads of the working of the human mind in the past, we cannot help playing the part of the judge.

Annals, therefore, are not history. To deserve that title they must be inspired by conviction. Truth in history is that which is

¹ Ratzel: *History of Mankind*, P. 5.

² Bosanquet: *Principle of Individuality and Value*, Pp. 78—79.

accepted by the intellect and approved by conscience, not that which in the empirical sense the realists would have as something which had actually happened. Historical truth is concerned with human values. The facts of history are those that satisfy our sense of right and justice. It is perhaps in this sense that Guizot speaks of civilisation, in its widest sense, as a fact.¹ Historical truth does not exclude earnestness of conviction if it is to serve as our common tribunal. To be impartial, it must be certainly above contention, but the impartiality of the historian is not that of the mirror which merely reflects.² The attitude of detachment is psychologically impossible and untenable. Open minded we shall be, but "open-mindedness does not mean mental vacuity."³

In short, the historian has to make use of hypotheses as much as other investigators; he must select his theme, and start with his theory. He must see, even as Darwin did, that all observation must be for or against some view if it should be of any use. Bacon's advice that we should renounce our conceptions for a while and try to acquaint ourselves with the things themselves is absurd, as it would land us into the world of things-in-themselves. We should not, indeed, commit ourselves to a pre-judgment, and then fit in the facts to suit our theory. We only point out that it is impossible to have any idea of 'things themselves' without our own view of them.

When we attempt, therefore, to write the history of our country, we feel that there is an urgent necessity to set aside received notions and begin with a novel approach. It is so much time wasted if we simply duplicate the narratives already extant. As Goethe has said: "History must from time to time be rewritten, not because new facts have been discovered, but because new aspects come into view, because the participant in the progress of an age is led to standpoints from which the past can be regarded and judged in a novel manner." Perhaps this is due to an unconscious factor which affects all historians, ancient and modern. The younger generation usually finds delight in tearing down the idols

¹ *History of Civilisation*, Vol. 1, Pp. 4—6.

² See Temperley's *J. B. Bury: Selected Essays*, Pp. 70—71.

³ Allen Johnson: *The Historian and Historical Evidence*, Chapter on the "Use of Hypotheses."

of the old; ideas are bound to change from age to age. Each age demands, therefore, that history must be re-written from its own point of view.

By this we do not mean that history does not reveal continuity of purpose, that its processes are not the embodiments of reason, because constantly changing. History is not a perpetual sifting about, like the rolling of the waves. In spite of appearances even change itself is not fortuitous, because purposive. What we do mean, however, is that the historian dare not be blind to the truth that through history we obtain, as Flint says, "a veritable increase of our knowledge of God's character and ways." We discern the design of Providence, the fulfilment of God. The story of mankind is the record of the eternal quest to solve the problem of life by seeking to comprehend it in its spiritual unity. This is more especially true of India. The spiritual unity that the history of our past presents to us is, as Das Gupta truly observes, "essentially one of spiritual aspiration and obedience to the law of the Spirit, which were regarded as superior to everything else."

We, therefore, plead that it is very necessary for the historian of India to interpret the spirit of historical movement as such. He should primarily seek to give us the content of life, and should enable us to form a coherent idea of it so that we could relate it to our present consciousness. Only then could we be in a position to judge the 'facts' of history and assign them rank in the scale of human progress. It is time, therefore, to realise the fallacy of our old conceptions of historiography.

So long as our histories continue to be written from the standpoint of the mere 'past,' of the mere 'event,' our narratives would always lack the tone of reality, because divorced from life. Our plea is that history must hereafter be written from the standpoint of 'life.' For history is the human epic, and nothing less.

Persons and Personalities¹

By N. KRISHNAMURTI, F. R. HIST. S.

It is a very handsome and attractive volume. I rose from its perusal with a flush of pleasure and a sense of kinship with its gifted author. The kinship is an ancient one, for towards the late V. Krishnaswami Iyer, Mr. Chandrasekharan's great and greatly lamented father, I have felt a more than pious regard. In January 1912, when I was a college lad at Madras, one morning all Madras, young and old, thronged at the crematorium to pay the last honours to one who had been tragically cut off, still in the prime of life though already at the zenith of glory. I was among the crowd and stood close to the bier, and my own feelings and impressions found expression in the words of tribute paid by Mr. (afterwards Justice) Napier that it was impossible to believe that his vivid and intense personality could be stilled by the hand of death. Later in the day I wrote a column-long "In Memoriam" which the genial and gentle Editor, the late Dewan Bahadur C. Karunakara Menon, published prominently in the *Indian Patriot*. This ancient bond between Mr. Chandrasekharan and myself was the other day happily revived when the authentic Mr. Venkataramani in a recent issue of *Triveni* likened us to each other in the spirit in which we react to life and literature. And now with this volume before me, I feel the more drawn towards him, though I am only too, too sensible of the high praise which Mr. Venkataramani thus bestowed upon me.

Shall I say with the illustrious writer of the Foreword to this volume: "I like what I like and dislike what I dislike and I do not always know why." But if what I have said above gave me a good start in favour of the talented writer, the work has manifold merit kindling in me the desire to know the author more and meet him in the flesh. Through the pictures drawn with intimacy and

¹ *Persons and Personalities*, by K. Chandrasekharan. With a Foreword by Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Published by the Madras Law Journal Office, Mylapore, Madras. Price Rs. 2.

subtle artistic reserve, I feel that I am made familiar as much with the painter as with the subjects of his study. A word, an expression, a sentiment, and running through and through the work an unmistakable fragrance of his own great parentage, and the reader who knows anything of South India knows at once the conspicuous title of Mr. Chandrasekharan to distinction in the land.

Personal portraiture is not an easy task. Sometimes it is made an art, often it degenerates into an artifice. Characteristics are balanced, a smart turn is given to an acid thought, and to be a public man is more to be blinded by the lime-light of criticism than to be heartened by charity in public life. But Mr. Chandrasekharan is a lofty artist. He renders generous praise, brightening up the picture here and there with just a hint or suggestion of some weakness of his subject which is as accurate of fact as it is innocent of malice. For instance, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Sastri will readily admit his inherent disinclination to 'grow warm towards others.' When he and I happened to be in London together recently and I often took the liberty of calling on him at the unusual hour of near midnight at his flat in Kensington, Mr. Sastri would quietly pull off his clothes and stretch himself on his bed, just leading me on with a question or two, only to show that he had not actually fallen asleep. I must at the same time confess to an incident, two decades old, when happening to be his companion in the corridor compartment of the S. I. R., I received from his lips the highest praise that has ever come to me in this life. I cherish its recollection with undiminished pride. Sir Alladi will only too gladly affirm the tribute to the generosity springing within his reminiscent soul. Nor would the accomplished and far-travelled Sir C. P. mind the touch that he is 'never slow to impress these facts on others.' The picture of the family friend fills the mind of the present writer with affectionate memories of one who filled such a place in his own family. The venerable Dewan Bahadur Ramachandra Aiyar will only confirm with fresh warmth how by prayer he got his rewards and repeat the injunction to others to go and likewise pray. And undoubtedly there are others elsewhere who equally with the distinguished Mr. Venkataramani enjoy being discussed, whether praised or abused.

But I must not take the reader through all the sketches drawn. I can assure him that he cannot find elsewhere finer estimates of those who, whether in politics or the professions, have built up the history of our Presidency during the last quarter of a century. The aristocratic politician Mr. Sastri, "C. P." with his matchless eyes and marvellous versatility, the favourite of fortune born with a spoon of gold, Sir Alladi the architect of his own magnificent fortune and fame, Dr. Rangachari whose professional benefaction is the theme of praise for rich and poor alike, the dignified and high-souled Mr. Venkatarama Sastri who in a flash revealed the principle of a life-time, the fiery Satyamurthi favourite of the platform and the stage with his unequalled gift of parliamentary debate, these and others are presented by Mr. Chandrasekharan with that touch born of intimate knowledge and nice appreciation. His criticism is subtle and there is felicity in his writing. And his diction is simple but elegant, graceful but not ornate. It is a delightful volume and the drawings of Mr. Ram Mohan Sastri add to its attraction.

Our Forum

TYAGARAJA

To

The Editor, *Triveni*.

Sir,

Let me congratulate you on the excellent frontispiece in the *Triveni* for July-August 1932. It is a delightful portrait study, and has not suffered much in reproduction. Mr. Jinarajadasa's valuable note is very helpful to a proper appreciation of the picture. But he is, I am afraid, wrongly informed with regard to the identity of the subject and the school of painting.

We are not sure if any contemporary portrait of Tyagaraja exists anywhere in India. Several portraits have been identified as such, and each is so different from the other. There is a fine portrait of an elderly musician, with *Vaishnava* marks on his forehead and arms and with a musical instrument by his side, in the Mysore Jagan Mohan Palace Music Room, which also claims to be a contemporary portrait of the great South Indian musician.

It was first discovered by Dr. J. H. Cousins amidst a heap of miniature paintings belonging to His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore. It is painted in the same tempera style and bears all the characteristics that Mr. Jinarajadasa refers to. On the back of the picture, was a Canarese inscription which led us to identify it as Tyagaraja. We got it mounted and framed, and it is now kept in the musical room of the Jagan Mohan Palace, Mysore.

I have seen one or two more "Tyagaraja's Portraits" in other places; and, as I said, it is indeed very difficult to be certain about their authenticity. All the three paintings I have seen have some resemblance to one another, and all of them are treated in more or less the same manner. They are portraits of an elderly man, of round face, bronze complexion, dark eyes, a massive head, graced by a dignified turban, with prominent *Vaishnava* caste mark on the forehead, and in a seated position with a musical instrument by his side. And Tyagaraja, it must be remembered, was a great devotee of Rama and his soul-stirring masterpieces were compositions in Rama's praise.

Mr. Jinarajadasa's painting is superior, in artistic merit and æsthetic quality, to any of the three I have seen, but I have my serious

OUR FORUM

281

doubts as to its identity. In the first place, the musician looks a Lingayat of Karnataka, with *Saivite* caste marks and with silver *lingam* casket on his chest. He is fair, tall, slim and has the refined features of a well-born follower of Basavappa. The features especially resemble a typical Mysore Brahmin or an orthodox Lingayat *Bhagavathar*; at any rate, it is a type common to Karnataka. The ear-drops, his anklet-bells, his small *tambura*, all suggest that the musician is a *Bhagavatha*, who moves from place to place, performing *kalakshepams*, and not the immortal classical composer, Tyagaraja.

Further, the painting is not of the Tanjore School, but is typical of the Mysore School. When Dr. Cousins and the writer of this letter were entrusted with the work of re-arranging the old Jagan Mohan Palace and starting a *Chitrasala* in connection with it, we discovered amidst a rubbish-heap of books and pictures, two precious volumes of portrait studies, in water colour, painted by the Mysore artists about the middle of the nineteenth century.

These little paintings of contemporary men and women, both Indian and European, that were in the service of the Royal House of Mysore, are as good miniature paintings as those executed in the Moghul Court. The Moghul miniatures were, of course, in tempera and better finished; but these Mysore miniatures have the same pictorial qualities, sensitiveness of line, delightful colouring and "feeling" of character. Some of them—and there are hundreds of head studies in these two volumes—are markedly masterpieces and have the same æsthetic appeal as this "Triveni" Frontispiece. In fact, it seems a page torn from one of these two books, only better finished and painted in tempera.

With the permission of the Maharaja of Mysore, I hope, one day, to get some of them reproduced for the benefit of the public, and I shouldn't be surprised if I unearth an identical face as this supposed Tyagaraja from the hundreds of pictures that crowd these two volumes. I once again congratulate you on the beautiful reproduction of Mr. Jinarajadasa's painting and the excellent get-up of the current number of *Triveni*.

Bangalore,
12th September '32

G. VENKATACHALAM

The Golden Age of Hindu-Javanese Art

By T. N. RAMACHANDRAN, M.A.

THE RESTORATION PERIOD (860-915 A.D.)

About this period the Saiva kings, who had been ousted from Central Java and who had made East Java their home during the domination of Central Java by the Sailendras of Srivijaya, won back their lost territory from the governors of the Sailendras. Prambanam (Brahmavanam?)¹ became their seat as well as the seat of a great building activity, and monuments arose as if to rival the Borobudur.

Of numerous small temples of this "short but brilliant restoration period" (860-915 A. D.) mention may be made of the Hindu Chandi Asu and the Buddhist Chandi Plaosan. The former is now in utter ruins and the latter is a fine Buddhist temple proving that Buddhism continued to flourish side by side with Saivism at Prambanam. Strictly speaking, Chandi Plaosan is a "Buddhist establishment" consisting of a temple, a complex shrine as Gangoly calls it, associated with a monastery and surrounded by numerous smaller shrines. The main shrine reveals beautiful sculpturing on its walls which at once recalls that of Chandis Mendut and Sari. The architecture of the shrines is described by Gangoly as follows:—"The delicate tracery of the basement is divided by slender pilasters (false pillars) and the frieze beneath the symmetric cornice is richly festooned. Bodhisattvas, standing between, furnish the principal decorations of the panels bordered by pendant prayer bells".² In one of the shrines can be seen a series of Buddhist images "large in size and finely chiselled, in chaste restraint and dignity, notwithstanding a profusion of details and ornaments."

A typical specimen of the Plaosan sculpture is a graceful Padma-

¹ Was it named after Brahma, who is enshrined in one of the three largest temples of the group? See also above, p. 24.

² O. C. Gangoly, *The Art of Java*, pp. 32-3.

pani which is figured by Gangoly.¹ Two characteristic specimens of the imagery of the same place, luckily figured by the same author,² are an image of Tara with a "prabha-mandala" or aureole and a head of Maitreya Bodhisattva which Gangoly justly acclaims as "a masterpiece of exquisite serenity and repose" attesting to a very high level of Buddhist sculpture. Here, as in any other monument of Java, no architectural pillars can be seen. And while one speaks of Javanese architecture one cannot help remarking that no pier or column is found in any Javanese temple and no mortar was ever employed.

Before taking up the description of the greatest Hindu monument of the restoration period, *viz.*, Chandi Loro Jongrang, we shall try to define the art of this period, as it occupies a peculiar position in the history of the evolution of "Hindu-Javanese" art. It is, as Gangoly aptly puts it, "a continuation of the art of Borobudur in a somewhat novel form and application" and is still in the classic style of Central Java. "Somewhat lacking in restraint, in comparison with the Borobudur reliefs, its exuberance is due to a conscious endeavour to rival the magnificence of the great Buddhist monument. There is also an inclination to acclimatise the classic style of Indian art to local conditions. It foreshadows rather than initiates the coming change in the style when transferred to East Java in the next following epoch."³

The vast plain of Prambanam, which extends southward from the foot of the Merapi, one of Java's most active volcanoes, is studded with a group of temples held in great veneration by the population. The most important monument here is again a group of Hindu temples known as Chandi Loro Jongrang, comparable in scale with the Borobudur, and Chandi Sewu. "Loro" designates a lady of high birth, say a princess. The princess Loro Jongrang is well-known in Javanese folklore. It is said that to win her hand the Chandi Sewu or "the 1000 temples," in the vicinity of Prambanam, was built in a night by a suitor in a wager; but this unhappy suitor was however frustrated in his task by an unusually early dawn.⁴

¹ *Loc. cit.* pl. xxxi.

² *Ibid.*, pls. xxxii and xxxiii.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 32.

⁴ For a slightly different account of this legend see Scheltens, *Monumental Java*, pp. 70-75.

The complex (i.e. the whole group) consists of eight temples built on a walled square terrace in the centre, surrounded by two outer walls and a group of 156 smaller shrines spread over the walls in three rows. The three largest of the inner temples are dedicated respectively to Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. These shrines are now in an advanced state of decay, the main temples alone having resisted better the ravages of time. The group is said to have been built by a prince of the name of Daksha about the second half of the ninth century. The largest is the central temple of Siva; "in principle it resembles the *prangs* of Cambodia and the supposed original design of Borobudur, i.e., it consists of a temple occupying the summit of a steep truncated terraced pyramid, square in plan, with stairways in the middle of each of its three sides, leading respectively to the main entrance and to those of the side chapels. The temple itself, raised above the upper terrace by a richly decorated plinth, contains a standing image of Siva. The terrace below is surrounded by an even more richly sculptured balustrade, the continuous series of reliefs on the inner side illustrating the earlier part of the *Ramayana*, of which the continuation was probably to be found on the corresponding terrace of the now ruined Brahma shrine on the right; the reliefs of the Vishnu temple illustrate the Krishna cycle."¹

Obviously these reliefs were intended as Hindu parallels to those of Borobudur. They are "if anything superior to those of Borobudur and certainly more dramatically conceived, and the aspect of the shrines, despite their rich ornament, is more masculine. It is possible that the complex served as a royal mausoleum as well as a temple."² Prambanam makes us think of Borobudur for comparison because Prambanam and Borobudur are "the twin flowers borne by the transplanted tree of Hindu art in Java; twins born within the same period of cultural awakening and self-realisation of the race; and as twins, they show agreements, but each has its peculiar individuality as well, and this has given rise to the contrast between them which irresistibly fixes our attention."³ A correct

¹ Oomaraswamy, *History of Indian and Indonesian Art*, p. 206.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Rupam*, 1928, p. 2.

estimate of the Prambanam art would be, in the words of Dr. S.K. Chatterji:¹ "The divine serenity of the art of Borobudur is balanced by the most perfect human feeling of the reliefs at Prambanam—whether of the Krishna-legends round the shrine of Vishnu or of the Rama-legends around the central shrine of Siva, the Loro Jonggrang temple."

THE RAMAYANA IN JAVA

To understand the Ramayana reliefs of Prambanam it is necessary to take up here the fascinating study of "the Ramayana in Java," for these reliefs are best explained, as will be seen presently, by the much later Javanese Ramayanas (the *Serat Kandas*, etc.) and the Malay version based on them than by the earlier Javanese Ramayana called *Kakavin*, which follows Valmiki's pretty accurately.

There are several recensions—early, mediæval and late—of the Ramayana in Java both in verse and in prose. The Rama literature in the Malay Archipelago shows such marked divergences from the epic of Valmiki that scholars are led to think that the Javanese owe their Rama-legend to other Indian versions besides the epic of Valmiki. The Rama story had seized the mind of the Indonesian with an irresistible force, even as it did in the case of the Indian in the Motherland. It had followed in the wake of Indian colonising activities and had spread all over South-Eastern Asia—Burma, Cambodia, and Siam. The deeds of valour that Rama is credited with are represented in the puppet-shows of Burma; in Siam the king is supposed to be an incarnation of Rama, and the founder of the Siamese kingdom is said to be Rama Kamheng. Representations of scenes from the Ramayana worked in silver can be seen on the gates of the Vat Chetu Pon, the principal Buddhist temple of Bangkok. As for Cambodia, a sixth-century inscription of the country records that "with the Ramayana and the Purana he (the Brahman Somasarman) gave the complete Mahabharata and arranged for a daily recitation without interruption." Scenes from the Ramayana, such as the meeting of Rama and Lakshmana with Sugriva, the fight between Vali and

¹ *Loc. cit.* p. 8.

Sugriva, Sita in the *Asoka-vana* handing the jewel to Hanuman, etc., can be seen on the walls of the Ba Puon, one of the best pyramidal temples of Cambodia, best known as the "hema-sringa-giri." The galleries of the Angkor Vat, a Vaishnava temple of the twelfth century, contain bas-reliefs also representing scenes from the Ramayana, such as the death of Maricha, the death of Kabandha, *Sugriva-sakhya*, *Vali-vadha*, Hanuman finding Sita in Lanka, fight with Ravana and the return of Rama and Sita in the *pushpaka-vimana*, etc. According to the old chronicles of Annam the people of Champa (South Annam) are the descendants of monkeys; Tibetan works make mention of Hanuman, and the Tibetans are said to be, according to their own confession too, the descendants of monkeys and are said to have had for a long time tails.

The small deviations from the epic of Valmiki revealed by the Prambanam reliefs were believed to be just deformations of the text. But did similar divergences appear in India about the end of the ninth century, the period to which the Prambanam reliefs have to be assigned? This and other allied questions concerning the vicissitudes of the Rama-legend in the literatures of India, Farther India, and Indonesia have been studied by Drs. W. Stutterheim¹ and B. R. Chatterji, to mention a few, and the main conclusions of these scholars are as follows:—

"The account of Rama's career in the Mahabharata differs in some respects from the version of the Ramayana. The Mahabharata account does not concern itself with what happened after the return of Rama from Ceylon. There is also some difference in Ravana's genealogy in the Ramayana and the Mahabharata versions. Again in the Mahabharata there is nothing of Rama's journey to Mithila, breaking Hara's bow and Sita's *svayamvara*. . . . From other versions of Rama's life (e. g. Bhavabhuti's *Mahavira-Charita*, some of the Puranas, etc.) sufficient divergences can be shown even in the classical period of Sanscrit literature.

In the old Javanese Ramayana *Kakavin*, the divergences are neither numerous nor important. Moreover the *Kakavin* is not complete. There is no definite information as to the date of this

¹ See *Rama-legenden und Rama Reliefs in Indonesian*.

work. We can only judge from the language. Prof. Kern would ascribe it to the Kediri period which was the golden age of *Kavi* literature. The author probably did not know Sanscrit. It has a Vaishnava character and the Kediri dynasty was also Vaishnava. It was probably written about the same time as the *Bharat Yuddha*, i.e., about 1100 A. D. In the *Serat Rama* . . . , a work much appreciated in Javanese literary circles, the early history of Ravana is found which is not given in the *Kakavin*. Here too, there are not many divergences and the book is free from the distortions introduced later on. . . . The Javanese *Uttarakanda* (the 7th canto of the Ramayana does not exist in the *Kakavin*) is a prose paraphrase of the Sanscrit *Uttarakanda*. This first group (consisting of the *Kakavin*, the *Serat Rama* and the *Uttarakanda*), without following Valmiki verbatim, gives on the whole the orthodox Indian version.

The second group is represented by the *Rama Kling*, the *Serat Kandas* and other less known works such as the *Ramayana Sasak*, *Rama Nitih*, etc., This group closely approaches the Malay version of the Ramayana. The Malay *Hikayat Seri Rama* is probably based on this second group. . . . In popular dramas still staged, . . . it is this second group and not the first which serves as the basis. These pieces for the theatre have been worked up on episodes of the Javanese Ramayana, such as the birth of Dasamukha (Ravana), Dasamukha's abduction of a Vidyadhari (Indrajit is represented as the son of this Vidyadhari), Rama's marriage, etc. The old Javanese Ramayanas (the *Kakavin*, etc.) are sometimes quoted in these dramatical representations but nobody understands them. The influence of the first group has been superficial on the growth of the Rama tradition in Java.

The *Serat Kandas* begin with Adam in Mecca with his sons Abil and Kabil and Satan. We get then a curious association of Noah and Uma. We come next to the account of the births of Vishnu and Vasuki and Muslim figures then disappear. The genealogy of early Javanese kings is worked into the story..... The difference between the conclusion of the *Serat Kandas* and Valmiki's *Uttarakanda* is so great that the former must be ascribed to a different source altogether.....other versions

besides that of Valmiki may have been the basis for these Javanese divergences. The fame of Valmiki has made us forget that there were also other (formerly well-known) accounts of the life of Rama.

In the *Serat Kandas* there is firstly a combination of Muhammadan tales and of the deeds of Rama. In the third canto, Siva is mentioned as a descendant of Adam. In the Malay version, . . . the Muslim element is more conspicuous. Secondly, in the *Serat Kandas*, the story of Rama forms an organic whole with early legends of Javanese dynasties. These Javanese texts of the *second group* may be taken as Javanese Puranas working up local legends with the orthodox Indian traditions.

As regards the Malay Ramayana, Dr. Brandes believes that a great part of it consists of old native legends which have nothing to do with the story of Rama. . . . In the Malay version Dasaratha's first wife is found in a bamboo thicket, and according to the *Serat Kandas*, the second wife is also found in a bamboo grove. . . . The part which Balia Dari (Kaikeyi) plays is different from that which she plays in the Ramayana. She held up with her hand Dasaratha's litter when it is breaking. In the *Adhyatma Ramayana* there is also a mention of the breaking of the litter in addition to Kaikeyi's healing the wounds of Dasaratha.... In the Malay version, Rama, when quite young, teases a hunch-backed woman (Manthara). In Kshemendra's *Ramayana Katha Sarita Manjari*, Rama's rough treatment of Manthara led to her action against him. . . . Again in the Malay version and in the *Serat Kandas*, Sita is apparently Ravana's daughter by Mandodari (really in both of these works she is the daughter of Dasaratha and Mandodari). . . . In the Siamese version also Sita is the daughter of Ravana. In a Ceylonese tale Sita is born of the blood of ascetics collected by Ravana. In the *Uttarapurana* of the Jains, Sita is also the daughter of Ravana. . . . In the Malay version . . . we find Lakshmana leading an ascetic life (without sleeping or partaking of any food) for twelve years just as in the Bengali version of Krittivas. In the Malay version Lakshmana draws a line (a charmed circle) round Sita's dwelling place before he leaves to help Rama who is supposed to be in distress. Krittivas also describes the same procedure in his popular poem.

Most of the divergences in the Javanese and Malay accounts of the *Lanka Kanda* can probably be deduced from *Indian sources*. . . . In what relation do these variations (most of which can be traced to India) stand to Valmiki's epic? Some of these stories may be older than the epic itself and certainly they are cruder, e.g., in some of the earlier versions Sita is Ravana's real daughter. In the Malay *Hikayat Seri Rama* and the *Serat Kandas* she is only apparently Ravana's daughter. In Valmiki's epic there is no relationship between Ravana and Sita. . . .

At first it was supposed by some of the Dutch scholars that the Tamil Ramayana might be the basis of the Javanese and Malay versions. But the Tamil Ramayana of Kambar follows Valmiki closely. The popular tales in the Indonesian (Javanese, Malay, etc.) versions approach closely some of those popular editions current in Gujrat, Punjab and Bengal. A tradition still existing in Java ascribes the colonisation of the island by emigrants from Gujrat. This was probably due to the fact that from the thirteenth century the Gujratis were in Java as merchants, mullahs and sailors. Epigraphical evidence does not support the tradition of any Gujrati influence in earlier times. Nor, as regards the divergences in the Indonesian Ramayanas, can any monopoly be attributed to the influence of the Gujrati versions. . . . No single definite recension has as yet been found in India from which the Indonesian (Javanese and Malay) versions could have been derived. There has been a very mixed influence—principally of *oral traditions* some of which have come down from very ancient times. Valmiki's work, according to Dr. Stutterheim, represents a later and more refined civilisation. The Javanese and Malay versions, having preserved some of the more primitive traditions, should be more interesting from the anthropological point of view than the literary and polished Ramayana of the orthodox school."¹

It will thus be seen, as already pointed out at the beginning of this paper (p. 3), that the Rama tradition is still a living force in Java, Rama being a national hero like the Pandava brothers. Coming to the Prambanam Ramayana reliefs, a few important scenes and features are worth mentioning:—

¹ B. R. Chatterji, *Indian Culture in Java and Sumatra*, pp. 30-35.

The reliefs illustrate the story of Rama up to the bridging of the sea (*Setu-bandha*), in some 42 scenes. Excepting the small series at Deogarh and Aihole, a similar series illustrating a great cycle of legend, as it were, has not been noticed anywhere within India. These sculptures are inestimable documents of Indian literature and mythology breathing a refreshing spirit of what is called "romantic naturalism."

The first relief shows Vishnu reclining on the serpent couch in the heart of the ocean peopled with all kinds of aquatic animals. On his right is his *vahana*, Garuda offering a lotus to Vishnu. On the left four gods headed by a sage (a bearded person) are supplicating him to descend to the world and incarnate himself. This sage might be interpreted to be Brahma, or sage Bhrigu as Dr. Vogel explains. Dr. Vogel's remarks on this relief are:—"It is interesting that this . . . differs from the version both of the Sanskrit and the old Javanese Ramayana (the *Kakavin*), but agrees in a remarkable way with the corresponding passage in Kalidasa's *Raghuvamsa*. In the 10th canto of *Raghuvamsa*, the gods led by the rishi Bhrigu, invoke Vishnu in the midst of the waters of the ocean."

In the following reliefs are depicted Visvamitra's visit to King Dasaratha and his request for the services of Rama (pl. IV), Rama killing with arrows two *rakshasis*, one of them assuredly Tataka, meeting Janaka at Mithila, Sita's *svayamvara*, the breaking of the bow, Parasurama confronting Rama and Sita on their way back to Ayodhya, Kaikeyi speaking to Dasaratha, an amazon dancing before two princes and Dasaratha with Kausalya behind them, exile of Rama with Sita and Lakshmana, a funeral ceremony, (most probably the *sraddha* ceremony after Dasaratha's death?), Bharata receiving from Rama the latter's sandals, Rama killing Viradha and another *rakshasa*, the punishment of the crow (a demon in the form of a crow) for molesting Sita, the wooings of Surpanakha, Sita guarded by Lakshmana while Rama chases in the forest Maricha in the form of the golden deer and kills him, the abduction of Sita by Ravana disguised as a brahmin (pl. V), Ravana with ten heads and twenty hands carrying away Sita on an aerial chariot borne by a winged demon, while Jatayu attacks him and Sita gives her ring to Jatayu when the latter is wounded by a lance-thrust

inflicted by Ravana, Jatayu holding the ring in its beak and handing it over to Lakshmana, Rama being lost in thoughts and misery consequent on his separation from Sita, Rama shooting Kabandha through the belly, who has a head on his shoulders besides a second one in his belly, and Kabandha becoming a *deva* after death and going to heaven seated on a lotus, an unidentified relief showing a prince or king shooting a crocodile in a tank and a woman on the bank in an attitude of prayer, and the meeting with Hanuman.

The next relief contains an interesting episode not present in any of the Indian versions. Rama feels extremely thirsty while searching for Sita in the forest, and Lakshmana brings him water in his quiver which in the sculpture looks like a tube. Rama finds the taste of the water to be salty and Lakshmana discovers that the water he had collected was from a stream of tears issuing out of the eyes of Sugriva, who, seated on a tree was lamenting his sorrows. This leads to the discovery of Sugriva with whom Rama contracts friendship, with Lakshmana in attendance.

Then follow reliefs in which are vividly depicted Rama shooting an arrow through seven trees to exhibit his valour and thus assure Sugriva, the first duel between Vali and Sugriva when Sugriva could not be distinguished, the second fight and the death of Vali at the hands of Rama who shoots him with an arrow, Sugriva being distinguished this time by a garland of leaves round his waist (pl. VI), the marriage of Tara and Sugriva, monkeys attending, Rama, Sugriva and others in consultation, the monkey-chieftains being presented to Rama, Hanuman's flight to Lanka, Hanuman lying hidden in a bower in the *Asoka-vana* in Lanka and a *rakshasi* attendant with woolly hair who has discovered him calling the attention of Sita and Trijata to him, Hanuman speaking to Sita, Hanuman burning Lanka with his flaming tail, the city in flames and utter confusion with however a comic scene, wherein an ascetic is shown as removing treasures from a burning mansion, Hanuman back from Lanka and narrating his experiences and his meeting with Sita to Rama attended by Lakshmana, Sugriva, Tara and other monkey attendants, Rama on the sea-shore, bow in hand, in an attitude of sorrow at his separation from Sita, and with the intention of chastising the God of the sea (*Samudra-raja*) for refusing him and his troops

passage to Lanka, and the sea-god attended by the sea-monsters and fishes rising from the waters to make obeisance to Rama, and the bridging of the sea and fishes swallowing up the stones, a detail found only in the Malay *Hikayat Seri Rama*.

Minor details where the Prambanam reliefs differ from Valmiki's epic are:—the introduction of a second *rakshasa* in the Viradha scene and a second *rakshasi* in the Tataka episode, the crow scene, Jatayu receiving a ring from Sita and handing it over to Lakshmana, Kabandha's two heads, the incident of the tears leading eventually to the friendship of Rama with Sugriva, Rama desisting from letting his arrow into the sea, fishes swallowing up the stones of the bridge, etc. These variations, as already stressed, have to be explained as due to the fact that the reliefs, instead of following the contemporary old Javanese *Kakavin*, approach more closely the later Javanese stories of Rama and the Malay version, in which probably some of the older Indian traditions have been preserved which do not find a place in the *Kakavin* that follows the literary and polished text of Valmiki.

Of single statues of Prambanam mention may be made of images of Brahma, Siva (9 feet high) and Durga¹, the last of which is still the object of popular devotion that has given the shrine the name Loro Jongrang. Durga (Mahishasuramardini) is identified with the heroine of a local Javanese legend, "the maid with the beautiful lips"—Loro Jongrang. And even today when *pasar*, i.e., market falls on a Friday, crowds assemble to do honour to the virgin goddess, "when pledges are given, favours asked, sacrifices made and the image is festooned with flowers and besmeared with paste. Not only Javanese, but Chinese, half-castes, Musulmans and even Europeans offer incense and seek her goodwill." Another piece of decorative statuary found here is the "Three Graces" or *apsaras* arranged in a 'graceful unity' and employed as a decorative *motif* on the facade of the Siva temple.²

These temples were no sooner built than they were deserted for some unknown reason. Inscriptions of the Buddhist Sailendra kings ceased to appear in Central Java after the middle of the ninth

¹ O. C. Gangoly, *The Art of Java*, pls. xxiii-v.

² *Ibid*, pl. xxvi.

century, and after 915 A.D. we do not hear any more of Central Javanese rulers, the region being abandoned by then. About 915 A.D. Central Java was suddenly deserted evidently as a result of some natural catastrophe, probably a volcanic eruption as occurred in the case of the Bimo temple of the Diöng plateau, and we have to look for the later development of Hindu-Javanese art in East Java. This change or the 'breach in continuity' is essentially geographical, and not stylistic. The Prambanam art adheres to the principles established on the Diöng plateau, reveals "unity of plan and harmony of construction and ornament," and is so thoroughly advanced in its "conception of the inner relations of the fundamental elements," that any further development could only lead to what we find in the following epoch in East Java.

Before we take up the study of East Javanese art a passing reference must be made to a few specimens of bronze images that would fall within the restoration period itself. The Javanese bronzes show at the outset at least superficial similarities to Indian prototypes with which they are no doubt related. They have certain unique qualities and peculiar characteristics that at once distinguish them. Bronze-casting, which was probably carried from South India, was extensively practised in Java and we have preserved for us a group of "masterpieces of great distinction in ideas and execution." Such are for instance Umasahita¹, Siva², the Leiden Mahishasuramardini³, to mention a few Hindu images, and Dhyanī Buddhas and Bodhisattvas⁴ of the Mahayana pantheon recalling similar bronzes discovered at Nalanda and some old sites in Bengal. The recent find of Buddhist bronzes in Negapatam, in South India (p. 32) consists of several gods and goddesses of the Mahayana pantheon, closely related to the Nalanda style—a style which appears to have been transported into Negapatam by the Sailendras of Sumatra in the early part of the tenth century. The Sailendra connection with the Palas has been alluded to above (pp. 29-30). Metal-casting was also practised, as in India, in the

¹ O. C. Gangoly, *South Indian Bronzes*, pl. ii.

² O. C. Gangoly, *The Art of Java*, pls. xxxiv-v.

³ *Ibid*, pl. xxxvi.

⁴ *Ibid*, pls. xxxvii-iii.

case of religious utensils and objects of temple ritual and worship such as lamps, incense burners, etc.¹ Even a look at them is sufficient to prove that they are related to Indian prototypes especially from South India. Gangoly who studies this question carefully, concludes that possibly "many pieces of bronzes were actually taken from Southern India to Java."²

V

EAST JAVA

A student of Hindu-Javanese art has not much scope for his study in East Java, except by way of contrast, for he comes now to an era of national renaissance, evident as much in the monuments of East Java as in its literature, for all the classics and epics in the Javanese language, translated from Sanskrit into a national form, "Indonesian in essence and idiomatic in expression" belong to this period. A gradual unfolding of the native art, "Polynesian" as it is called, commences, resulting in an undermining of the influence of classic types, "followed by a complete submergence thereof by the indigenous Javanese forms and ideals." It is however in the later phase of East Java period that the native art of Java is clearly found, and it is a wonder that we do not find it nor even get glimpses of it in the earlier periods represented by the *Indian Art* of Central Java and the *Indianesque Art* of the early period of East Java. While it is possible that examples of native art existed in wood or other perishable materials, as in South India before the advent of the "Mahendra" style of architecture, we cannot help noting with regret the absence of stone monuments and the like in Java that could at least throw us straw-like clues to determine the character of Javanese art before the advent of Indian culture in the isle. The essence of Polynesian art that can be discerned in the monuments of Bali and in the *Wayang* figures³ "is a primitive joy in an indulgence in fantastic decorations and riotous forms of illogical fancy."

¹ *Loc. cit.*, pl. xxxix.

² *Ibid.*, p. 34.

³ *Ibid.*, pl. lxiv.

The history of the various dynasties that ruled over East Java till the introduction of Islam in Java in the middle of the fifteenth century, is discussed at length by Dr. B. R. Chatterji¹ and Gangoly². Some of the early eastern monuments are Gunung Gansir (977 A.D.), the Belahan gateways, Chandi Sumber Nanas and Chandi Sangariti which are of Central Javanese character. Chandi Lalatunda, tomb and bathing place, are ascribed to Udayana, the father of the great Erlanga (1010-1042 A.D.), to whom is assigned another bathing place near Belahan from where hails a portrait of Erlanga which represents him as Vishnu riding upon Garuda, in accordance with a practice common in Java and Cambodia of canonizing kings after their death, the king being regarded as an incarnation of the god on earth. Erlanga's reign was the most flourishing period of *Kawi* literature, some of the old Javanese poems having been composed about this time, e.g., *Arjuna-vivaha* by Kanva, in which the shadow-play is mentioned for the first time, and *Bharat Yuddha* by Sedah.

No temple of the time of Erlanga or of the next century has survived and we are left to guess the style of the eleventh and twelfth centuries from the surviving remains of the thirteenth century, associated with two dynasties that ruled at Singasari (1280-1292 A. D.) and Majapahit (1294-1478 A. D.) The chief monuments of Singasari are Chandi Kidal (Saiva), with a heavy pyramidal roof and with conspicuous horizontal courses over the doorways mounted by *kalamakara* (*kirtimukha*) heads, practically overweighting the whole structure, Chandi Jago (1268 A. D.), a Buddhist temple with its *wayang*-reliefs illustrating the Javanese Krishnayana, rather strange in a Buddhist temple, and with separate sculptures and images of the Dhyani Buddhas and their Saktis, all inscribed in Devanagari character of the thirteenth century, and Chandi Singasari which has yielded many Saiva images, especially the well-known Durga-Mahishasuramardini³, Ganesa of Leiden⁴, a vigorous Tantric conception as indicated by its *asana* made of skulls, and Bhairava, a masterpiece of Brahmanic sculpture of this period. The Durga-Mahi-

¹ *Indian Culture in Java and Sumatra*, pp. 5-12.

² *The Art of Java*, pp. 8-18.

³ *Ibid.*, pl. xlix.

⁴ *Ibid.*, pl. xlviii.

shasuramardini from Singasari is a novel conception and is a distinct evidence of the native art, though details of iconography are strictly from Indian models and the treatment of the whole is free from convention.

From another Singasari shrine comes the famous Leiden image of Prajnaparamita (pl. VII), whose iconography I have discussed elsewhere.¹ It is the most attractive example of Indo-Javanese sculpture and is believed to represent the features of Queen Dedes, the wife of Ken Arok (1220-1227 A. D.). From the same shrine comes a vigorous image of Manjusri, dated 1343 A.D.² now in the Berlin Museum. A significant specimen of sculpture of this period is a Ganesa from Bara³, dated 1239 A. D., which is demonstrably 'a native Javanese version of an Indian conception.' Saiva-Buddhist syncretism is illustrated in Chandi Jawi where the main cell has a Siva image with a Buddha above it. In another Chandi, Chandi Chupuwatu we find a stupa-linga. According to an old Javanese Mahayana text, *Sang Hiang Kamahayanikan*, Siva is identical with the Buddha.

Of the Majapahit period (1294-1478 A. D.) two temples deserve noticing here. Chandi Papoh (1300-1 A. D.) is an elegant little shrine with a squat, cubical form that arrests attention. Another is Chandi Jabung (1359 A. D.) which is the finest example of East Javanese art. The shrine is circular, rather unique, standing on a terraced base, rather unusually high. Here the transition from a square base to a circular tower—gracefully broken by niches surmounted by *kirtimukhas*—is well managed.

By far the most important monument of the golden age of East Java which furnished the last phase of Eastern Javanese art, and after describing which we have to close our study of Hindu-Javanese art, is the Saiva temple complex of Panataran near Blitar, famous for the Ramayana and Krishnayana reliefs that adorn its terraces. The architecture is "more a degeneration than a development of the form which opened in the temple of Kidal" and indicates "a loss of balance between construction and ornament." The temple was completed about 1320 A. D. The basement, which

¹ *Triveni*, vol. IV, No. 6.

² O. C. Gangoly, *The Art of Java*, pl. liii.

³ *Ibid*, pls. li—lii.

alone remains, is square with recessed corners; the lower of the terraces is decorated with the reliefs illustrating the Ramayana according to the *Kakavin*, the upper with a continuous frieze illustrating the Krishnayana. These reliefs are designed in a grotesque *wayang*-like style, i. e., in the plastic dialect of native Indonesian art—a curious mixture of human and animal forms with long noses, grinning mouths and coarse fat trunks¹. Ornamentation is very rich; trees and clouds are worked into fantastic decorations in the manner of "Chinese" clouds and into forms of animals and faces aptly called "cloud-faces." The background in these reliefs is full of conventional magical symbols, surely the survivals of old Polynesian traditions and superstitions; human faces are done badly but monkeys and demons are realistic enough.

The story is however told with almost primitive vigour, 'in a language entirely different from the chaste diction of Central Java forms.' The exploits of Hanuman according to the *Lanka Kanda* are represented here and the story continues till the fight with Ravana and the return of Rama. Some of the scenes worth noting are:—Hanuman's flight to Lanka, Ravana seated with two of his queens, Ravana in the *Asoka-vana*, Hanuman meeting Sita there, battle scenes between Hanuman and the demons, Ravana in court, Hanuman breaking Aksha's arm, Hanuman taking a sea-bath, Indrajit binding Hanuman with the *naga-astra* and leading him as a captive before Ravana, Hanuman releasing himself from the *naga-pasa*, his tail set fire to and Hanuman burning the city with it, Hanuman's second visit to Sita and return to Rama, the bridging of the sea, the monkey-army marching in the battle-field, the battle, Hanuman's part in the battle, death of Kumbhakarna, fight with Ravana and return of Rama, etc.

It is the art of Panataran that leads to the *Wayang* (the puppet-shows of modern Java) and which still survives in the art of Bali today. In other words, Panataran art may be styled as *wayang-art*, which can be best understood by a brief study of the varieties of the *wayang* itself.

Wayang means the theatre and this theatre embraces a number of forms, of which the oldest is the *Wayang Beber* which is an ex-

¹ O. C. Gangoly, *The Art of Java*, pl. lvii.

hibition of scroll paintings with spoken text, an equivalent of the old Indian *Yamapata* exhibition as described in the *Mudrarakshasa*. Other forms are the *Wayang Purva*, *Wayang Gedog* and *Wayang Klitik* which together, embracing Javanese history beginning with the Indian epics and ending with the last kings of Majapahit (1294-1478 A.D.) form the shadow-play. "The Javanese shadow figures are cut in leather and have moveable arms, but they are not translucent like those of China. Those of Burma and Siam on the other hand are combined with landscape in whole scenes and are not moveable." The Javanese figures are handled with reverence, so much so that the shadow-play is not merely an amusement; it is a ceremony, a kind of ritual performed in honour of the ancestors of the race whose spirits are represented by the leather puppets. A true puppet play is *Wayang Golek*. In it the figures are also manipulated from below, unlike those of Burma which have moveable legs and arms. Finally we have also plays in which living actors take part—the *Wayang Topeng* or masked dance of high antiquity, in which it is said that the king took part on the occasion of a *sraddha* for the queen-mother,—and the regular theatrical performances in imitation of shadow-plays called *Wayang Wong*. This human theatre is mainly an eighteenth century creation of aristocratic origin, but the themes are invariably drawn from the ancient sources, and the noble costumes, absence of scenery, and traditional dances and gestures always reminiscent of Indian tradition, lend to the whole performance an air of antiquity. As Dr. Coomaraswamy, who has made a special study of the *Wayang*,¹ observes "the Javanese theatre presents a living and emotionally convincing picture of a heroic and romantic past" and "embodies spiritual and cultural values of deep significance." Its popularity may be understood when we say that permanent troupes of actors are supported at the royal courts, that members of the royal family also take part in it, and that on great occasions hundreds of actors are trained for months in advance, no expense being spared.

We shall close our study by concluding that Indian art in the Archipelago is a continuation and a development of the Indian creative genius under colonial conditions, that the art of Java "really recovers to us one of the lost pages of Indian art" and that it is undoubtedly "one of the outlying frontiers of the civilization of a Greater India stretching itself to the shores beyond the 'moving seas'".

¹See *Rupam*, 1921, No. 7, p. 5.

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

Catalogue of South Indian Hindu Metal Images in the Madras Government Museum by F. H. Gravely, D. Sc., and T. N. Ramachandran, M. A., Government Museum, Madras, Bulletin of the Madras Government Museum, New Series, General Section, Vol. I, Pt., 2, 1932, Pp. 142, 23 Plates. Rs. 5-8as.

The latest Bulletin of the Madras Government Museum will be welcomed by all lovers of South Indian bronzes. Dr. Gravely is the Superintendent of the Government Museum at Madras and, as Dr. Annandale once modestly admitted when writing a preface to an archaeological catalogue of the Indian Museum, by "an accident of a kind common in India" though himself not an archaeologist he has found himself in official charge of a great archaeological collection. He is an eminent zoologist, who is widely known for his numerous valuable scientific papers. His name on the title-page shows the keen interest that he takes in the bronzes in the Museum. Mr. T. N. Ramachandran, whose name appears under Dr. Gravely's as joint author, is the author of a number of archaeological papers and has recently made a reputation for himself for scholarly work with an excellent monograph on the Stupa at Goli. The work under review is thus a happy combination of scientific method with archaeological research.

A really useful catalogue of the fine collection of South Indian bronzes in the Madras Museum has long been a desideratum and the present publication is a model which other museums in India would do well to follow. It is greatly to be regretted that in India museums are so backward in publishing catalogues of their collections. Thus Anderson's catalogue of the archaeological collections in the Indian Museum appeared as far back as 1883 and the small supplementary catalogue by Bloch was published nearly twenty years ago, and both are now completely out of date and no catalogue has been forthcoming to take their place. Dr. Gravely deserves the thanks of all for the excellent work he is doing in publishing from time to time catalogues of important collections in his charge; we trust he will follow up the present work by an equally comprehensive and

adequately illustrated catalogue of the splendid collection of sculptures from Amaravati in the Madras Museum.

The aim of the authors, as stated in the introductory portion, was to bring to public notice "the whole contents of the collection rather than at exhaustive treatment of any of the specimens." A summary of previous work on metal images in South India and Ceylon is given though so sound is the treatment of the whole subject in the present work that the previous books and many of the papers have now little more than an antiquarian interest. We have next a brief but useful and critical analysis of the iconography of the images, and such subjects as the various mudras, dress and ornaments are discussed. In the resume of previous literature we miss Coomaraswamy's paper on some metal images in the *Burlington Magazine* and his *Dance of Siva* published in 1918 in his book of the same name; likewise Gopinath Rao's *Hindu Iconography*, although referred to in other places, should have been mentioned here as it contains a large number of reproductions of and notes on South Indian metal images. We note that Krishna Sastri's book is mentioned. We now come to the most important part of the introduction, namely the section dealing with the archæology of the images. The difficult subject of dating and the evidence furnished by certain characteristics of treatment of attributes and dress are very carefully examined and the discussion which takes up twenty-three pages will be studied with considerable interest by all serious students of Indian archæology. This portion is especially gratifying to the reviewer who has independently stressed the importance of dress and ornament as evidence of date in a paper on some early Chola bronzes specially written for *Eastern Art* so long ago as August, 1931, but sent too late for publication in the volume for that year. The conclusions arrived at by the authors are next considered in relation to the Hindu metal images found in Polonnaruwa in Ceylon. This is succeeded by an exhaustive list of the images classified according to their find-spots, for nearly all the images in the Museum have been acquired as treasure-trove. The authors are not content to deal merely with the archæology of the images: we have valuable notes on points of special interest concerning the style of the images found in different localities. The catalogue proper of the images, which occupies nearly eighty pages of this handsome quarto, is very ably and painstakingly done. It gives short and succinct descriptions of all the Hindu metal images from South India acquired up to March, 1931. The care which has been devoted to this part of the work, is admirable. Some small errors have, however, escaped detection. Thus on page 64, "Vishnu (Pl. ii, fig. 3)" is a mistake for "Vishnu (Pl. ii, fig. 2)", fig. 3 being a figure of Varadarāja. An index completes the work. The number of illustrations is large. The reproductions are on the whole satisfactory, though some of the blocks might have been better printed.

This splendid volume is offered for sale at Rs. 5-8 as. only. This valuable work is sure to be appreciated outside India; in this country, it is to be hoped, it will succeed in rousing more than a passing interest in these wonderful works of art of India's past.

AJIT GHOSE

Poems.—By Humayun Kabir. (Published by Basil Blackwell, Oxford. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

"Your wounded heart swells within your breast:
Madly you rush out in quest of new ways of life.
The waters are churned grey in your frenzy wild,
Seething with rage in devil's dance you beat
At dusk and dawn upon the banks that crack
And faint into your flow with long lamenting moans."

Here you find no delicate fingering of music's mellow box; the accent in the chant is unmistakable, it is that of a voice in which nature and passion mingle with a rush and a roar. It is this descriptive force shown by Mr. Kabir in the opening poem, "The Padma", that he sustains throughout his verses, unrelaxed in tension, and enriched with a choice and intense vocabulary. The following imagery, "The Sea", with its complex arrangement of stressed and unstressed long and short syllables, with its astonishing concatenation of vowel sounds, is turbulent:

"Wan and bloodless rose the moon
And through its gauze veil of clouds it looked
On the infinite seas. A line of movement long
Stretched to the horizon, the waters rise
In uneven waves that meet the circle of the sky,
Tossing, leaping and circling in wild career
With long low moans of deep suffering
The sea throws itself in vast abandon on the shore,
Time and again he beats his head upon the sands,
While from the depths of his heart the wordless pain
Urges forward in yearning that seeks in vain
To fling out in trumpet tones what it wants to say.
The throttled sorrow seething in his breast
Twists up in wild discontent in waves
That swing and swell and rise and fall behind
The misty curtain where perilous magic rules
Strange flames in the moving waters gleam,
Unbodied dreams of the ocean, they are dashed

Upon the sands before fulfilment comes.
 With his own heart toys the cruel sea,
 Scatters around his treasures in callous sport :
 A reckless spendthrift who keeps no count of cost."

Mr. Kabir has the imagination of Tagore, but not the fugitiveness of his imagery ; while sharing with Tagore the same moods in the numerous sea, river, night, and twilight studies he is never vague or mystical like the older poet. He maintains the persistent clearness and loftiness of his themes ; and where his imagery is enshrined in sentiment—thoughts of love and recollections of childhood as in "Comrade," "The Quest," "Twilight," and "Parting"—he is particularly happy. "Poetry", says Coleridge, "is the blossom and the fragrantcy of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotion, knowledge." Mr. Kabir catches the visions of life in an exquisite web of awareness ; he, however, lacks the power to *create*, to utter something suddenly, absolutely in a moment of high imaginative tension. This is due to the even introspective cast of his mind that cannot ignite, that cannot detonate. His poetry, as seen from the present volume, is the rhythmic expression of a conflict followed by a yearning for calm.

"Doubts" expresses the struggle :

"I do not know why I was born, but know
 I never begged for birth.
 My heart is weary with effort to understand,
 To know the meaning of it all. But this I feel
 That whether I understand or not, I must go on
 Seeking through the eternal darkness in quest of light
 That flame may nowhere shine : I do not know,
 But only hear in the darkness the sound of tears.
 The want, the poverty, the pangs of horror raw,
 Cruelty and injustice, and the futile rage of slaves.
 Upon this heaped-up evil we yet want to base
 The heaven of our dreams. Through weary night and day
 Its hope sustains our hearts : But will it ever come ?
 Will our sun ever shine upon the earth and night be gone ?"

And "Faith" brings in serenity :

"She believed, she said, and there was nothing more to say,
 And all my eager questionings over life and death
 Seemed on the sea-shore of Time like mere children's play,
 —I drew in my breath,

"I thought perhaps Revolt carried itself too far,
 That Heresy could never find a 'gospel of its own,
 Our quest of Truth is waste of soul, but peace for her
 Lay in faith alone."

While one set of poems is thus heavy with meditative moods, there is the other set which has *in excelsis* the quality of a dream. Such are "After Death," "Jahan Ara," "Taj Mahal," "The Flower and the Sea," "Birth of Venus" and "Attic Marble." Here where melancholy falls like dew-drops on a tropical night, melody falls as soft ; words like pearls on a silken string linger in the fringe of our memory, and their clear dewy glow hushes us.

Mr. Kabir writes in his preface to *Poems* : "A foreigner's uncertainty about English sounds and lack of skill in the technique of English verse made it impossible to preserve the verse movements of the originals, but these translations—sometimes in prose, sometimes in halting verse—are the best that I could do." We don't want Mr. Kabir to be metrical and thereby choky in his utterance. He holds the rugged as well as the marmoreal beauty of the world ; he has a crowd of words and images clamouring to be let loose ; with his sincerity and sense of rhythm his Bengali poems as they are in English are both refreshing and something of a *tour de force*. Mr. Kabir is a poet from whom we have the right to expect in the coming years things of beauty and greatness that will endure.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Jainism in North India.—(800 B. C.—A. D. 526) : By Chimanlal J. Shah, M. A. With a foreword by the Rev. H. Heras, S. J., Director, Indian Historical Research Institute, St. Xavier's College, Bombay.—Longmans Green & Co. 1932. Pages xxiv, and 292. Price £2-2s. net.

The reviewer derives peculiar pleasure in noticing this work which contains much of the best work done on Northern Jainism and carries the reader through pages of instructive discussions of each separate question, which invariably leaves the impression in his mind that the work is as much readable as it is reliable. The author, Mr. Shah has presented to us the story of Jainism in a manner that does credit for his wide learning, and patient research. We agree with the Rev. Heras that "his work will undoubtedly be of great credit to his *alma mater*"—the Indian Historical Research Institute, Bombay.

Though at first sight the work may appear to be almost a chain of quotations from other works on the subject, though of course relevantly linked up with the points under discussion by cogent and copious comments of the author, in reality it is not so. We have had the pleasure of reading the work thoroughly, when only the originality of the author is

revealed. In fact the thesis of the author has the supreme advantage of being the result of intensive study of material and data and of bibliography which is full and up-to-date.

A brief sketch of Jainism before Mahavira (Chapter I) in which the historicity of Parsvanatha, the 23rd Tirthankara, is stressed, is followed by an illuminating account of Mahavira, the 24th Tirthankara, and his times (Ch. II). This chapter is divided into 4 sections, wherein besides an account of the life of Mahavira, questions of absorbing interest, such as the origin of the world according to Jainism, the 'three jewels' (*ratnatraya*) leading to *moksha*, the Tirthankaras or the world-teachers, the ideal of *ahimsa* for which Jainism is noted, the doctrine of *syadvada*, the Jaina church and its schisms, the Svetambara and Digambara sects, nudity—is it an indispensable factor of holiness or *arhata*, the great council at Vallabhi and its accomplishments, and the circumstances that enabled Jainism to be still a living sect, are discussed. Chapter III, which is divided into 2 sections, deals with Jainism in royal families (800-200 B.C.) in general and the aristocratic origin and connections of the religion of Mahavira in particular. The much-discussed Hathigumpha inscription of the Kalinga Kharavela whose patronage of the Jaina faith is stressed, forms the subject-matter of Chapter IV, entitled "Jainism in Kalinga-desa." Chapter V deals with the Mathura inscriptions which tend to corroborate what the cycle of Vikramaditya legends bespeak concerning the place of Jainism in Western India. In Chapter VI, a short but important chapter to be sure, the author discusses at length the evidence, though unfortunately meagre, available on Jainism during the Gupta period, and narrates the circumstances that led to the great council at Vallabhi where the Jaina canon was fixed. Chapter VII deals with Jaina literature of the north; and Chapter VIII, the last chapter, with Jaina art of the north. It is indeed in these two final chapters that the originality of the author becomes self-revealed. It is clear that he has attempted to steer clear of the "rocks of Jaina technicalities" while presenting the story of the Jaina religion. We cannot help remarking, however, that the author, being a Jaina himself, has not always succeeded in taking a detached view of the evidence before him.

The author deserves our congratulations both for the excellence of his work and the fine get-up. The letter-press is indeed a credit to its publishers and the pictures are of a high order.

T. N. RAMACHANDRAN

Water-Colours.—By Kanu Desai.

'The March to Dandi' and 'C-Class Prisoner' were two pictures by Mr. Kanu Desai which attracted a loud attention when exhibited in Madras a year or two ago. One could see from these two pictures how young

imaginative artists wonderfully react to the environing atmosphere. Now this youthful, but able artist has brought out a choice collection of his pictures into an album, beautifully printed and got-up. Every one of the reproductions speaks for itself, and displays fine imagination and sense of colour. The pose of every figure is unaffected and happily shows how the artist has thoroughly identified himself with his subjects. Mr. Kanu Desai is quite young. And the country can expect much from his brush in the coming years. Mr. Desai will be doing a great service to the country and its future if he will bring forth more pictures of the type of 'Dandi March' and 'C-Class Prisoner.' The present album should be in the hands of every picture-lover. Mr. Desai is really lucky in having secured Mr. N. C. Mehta, I. C. S., the well-known author of *Studies of Indian Painting*, to write a foreword.

M. S. SUNDARA SARMA

GUJARATI

Kaye Raste.—By Chimanlal Jechand Shah, M. A. (Published by the Prasthan Office, Ahmedabad. Paper cover. Pp. 103. Illustrated.) Price Re. 1-8 as.

As the author of that scholastic work, *Jainism in North India*, Mr. Shah has established his claim to be a writer in the field of serious literature. But that this curious branch of literature alone does not monopolise his energy and his powers of observation can be seen from this work which consists of eight short stories, all relating to the problems of our domestic life. Widowhood, remarriage, spinsterhood, and other like questions are taken up here and treated in the form of short stories, which are as suggestive as they are interesting and graphic. *Kaye Raste* means "which way," and is meant as a query, as the writer wants to know which way our society is going. The pictures are expressive also.

K. M. JHAVERI

KANNADA

Mandodari.—By C. K. Venkataramayya, M.A., LL.B., Bangalore, Price Re. 1-8as.

Rama and Sita are perhaps the most commonly found names in India. But no one has taken a fancy to call one's son Ravana, or daughter, Mandodari. Mr. C. K. Venkataramayya has wrought an innovation in giving this name to the creation of his literary art. Though there is a Sanskrit saying that the mere daily chant of Mandodari's name washes off the worst sin, for most of us, she is nothing before Sita. This may be

due to her espousing Ravana, the kidnapper of Sita. What if he is a kidnapper? There is an excuse for him whether it be according to Puranic tradition or according to our conception, that is, Shakespearean conception, of a tragic hero. If it be the first, he is a victim to the curse of the *rishis* to whom he refused entrance into *Vaikunta*. If it be the second, we ought to pity him for the single flaw which brings about his downfall; and our admiration must flow unstinted for the nobler traits in him. To Mr. C. K. Venkataramayya must be given the credit of creating in this drama a wider circle of sympathisers to Ravana, a much-despised character of the Puranas. Mandodari is an ideal Hindu wife who evokes admiration even from Sita. More than this, she is a kind sister to the other women, a benevolent queen concerned ever about her subjects' prosperity, and a heroic mother. In the face of these wonderful aspects of her character, the other aspects do not catch the reader's attention. There is a logical sequence from scene to scene, and the unity of time is carefully kept up. Every scene has suggestive stage directions which lend an atmosphere of grandeur to the entire play, leaving in us towards the end a feeling of something great, something stupendous having fallen,—the fall of the mighty Ravana. But more poignant is our feeling at the fate of Mandodari, who, in the words of Vibhishana, "lives though dead." We experience a purifying of the emotions after reading through the play. The dialogue of the play is dynamic, its humour refined, and its philosophy beautifully revealing. The author would have done well to give a list of the *dramatis personæ*. On the whole *Mandodari* is a play of which the Kannadigas may well be proud.

Ashadabhuthi.—By A. N. Murthy Rao, M.A., Karnataka Sangha, Maharaja's College, Mysore. Price Re. 1.

This is an adaptation of Moliere's *Tartuffe*. In bringing master-pieces of foreign literature, should we translate or adapt is a mootable point. If a verbatim translation, it may look outlandish; if an adaptation with suitable alterations to give local colouring, it may not be a faithful representation of the original. Of course to follow the original as closely as possible is a happy mean. But this is an art in itself with but few exponents. Mr. Murthy Rao's adaptation has certain elements which make it 'not quite true to life.' The plot spins itself around Sankarappa, a middle-class land-lord of Mysore with an old widowed mother, a young second wife, a son, and two daughters, one married, all of them of the first wife. Besides these the present wife's brother and another orphan boy—a suitor to the unmarried daughter—complete the household. Subba Shastri, the villain of the play and his *chela* enter the household as permanent guests and play upon the credulity of Sankarappa and his conservative mother. Before long

truth is discovered by the youngsters who want to see Subba Shastri out. But Sankarappa has come to admire his philosopher-friend so much that he even disowns his son. However in the end, Subba Shastri's villainies come to light, and he gets his due.

In his admiration for Subba Shastri, Sankarappa even proposes his second daughter to Shastri much against the wishes of the other members of the household. There is an excited conversation between the elder daughter and the father on this point. The daughter's talk in this situation is strained and uncommon in life. So also the talk between the second daughter and her would-be husband, the orphan boy. It is doubtful if any young girl of marriageable age in a Brahmin family talk to her prospective husband, and that in such 'tickling' words. Granting it common, why should such a talkative hussy be silent when her father proposes her to Subba Shastri, the object of general hatred in the house? This may be the result of attempting to discover in present-day Karnataka social life elements similar to those of Moliere's France. The author has given nice stage directions, but has forgotten completely the element of Time. The punctuation may be done better. The shortcomings will not be so conspicuous on the stage. They are the result, perhaps, of a foreign poet being adjusted to local life.

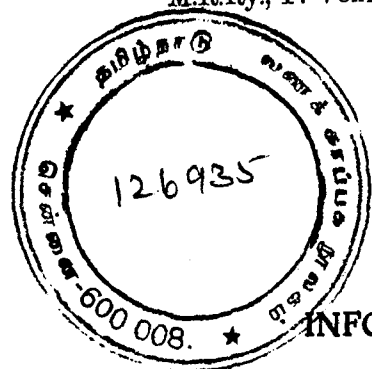
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