

OUR LIFE-SUBSCRIBERS

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

M.R.Ry., Paladugu Nagiah Chowdary Garu, B.A., B.L.

Advocate, Brodiepet, Guntur

M.R.Ry., Y. Mangayya Pantulu Garu, B.A., B.L.

Secretary, Andhra Insurance Company Ltd.

Masulipatam

INFORMATION ABOUT 'TRIVENI'

1. '*Triveni*' is published Six Times a year, on the 1st, 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th and 25th of August, October, December, February, April, and June. Subscription may commence from any number, but no enlistments will be made for periods of less than one year.
2. **Annual Subscription** : Rs. 6, 12sh. or 3\$ (post free).
Single copy : Re. 1-4, 2sh. 6d. or 75c. (post free).
3. **Intending Subscribers** are requested to remit the annual subscription in advance. A specimen copy of the current number can always be had on payment of Re. 1-4 (post free), and, on enlistment, the balance of Rs. 4-12 only need be paid to make up the subscription for one year.
4. **Change of Address** should be intimated to the office, at least a fortnight before the date of publication of the Journal. If, however, the change of address is only temporary, arrangements may be made by the subscriber with the local post office.
5. **Back Volumes** : A few complete sets of *Triveni* Vol. I. (1928) and Vol. III (1930) are available for sale at Rs. 6 each, (post free). Bound Volumes, Rs. 8 each, (post free).

PIONEERING

Progress always requires pioneering. Some one must take first steps, must lead in the exploring of new fields, must "GO BEFORE AND REMOVE OBSTACLES FOR THOSE WHO FOLLOW."

In order to fulfil its obligation to Humanity Life insurance must seek new ways of service in addition to extending the old and so it must have Pioneers. The "DECCAN LIFE" has recognised this obligation.

The writing of Insurance on WOMEN LIVES at the same rate of premium as men has become an important part of "DECCAN'S" regular service to the public.

Full Particulars can be had from:—

The Deccan Assurance Co., Ltd.

BEZ-WADA INDIA

TRIVENI

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

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

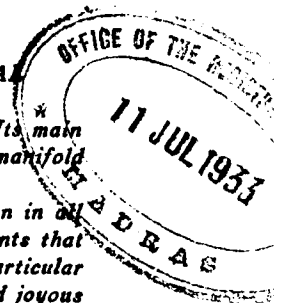
... he that laboureth right for love of Me
Shall finally attain! But, if in this
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure!

—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. 4

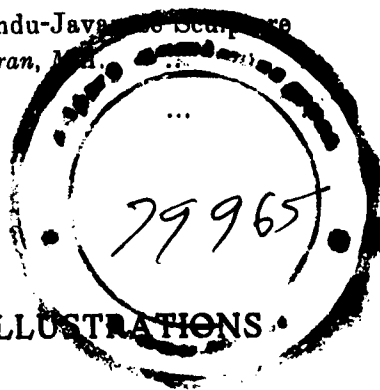
Jan-Feb, 1933

CONTENTS

	PAGE
'The Triple Stream' (Editorial Notes) ...	311
Truth and Freedom	
J. Krishnamurti ...	317
Kemal and the New Turkey	
Dr. J. M. Kumarappa, M.A., Ph. D. ...	326
Changing Values	
K. Ramakotiswara Rao ...	332
The Book and the Lamp (A Poem)	
Manjeri S. Isvaran ...	337
The Call (A Poem)—Translated from his original Telugu song by the Author	
Adavi Bapiraju, B.A., B.L. ...	338

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Crossing the Rubicon (A Poem)	
<i>Srimathi Nilima Devi</i>	339
Tragedy and the Purification of Pity and Terror	
<i>E. A. Wodehouse, M.A.</i>	341
Hindu Origins of Javanese Music	
<i>K. V. Ramachandran</i>	348
Bernard Shaw in India	
<i>Dr. P. Guha-Thakurta, M.A., Ph. D.</i>	354
Theatre-Architecture in Ancient India	
<i>V. Raghavan, B.A., (Hons.)</i>	357
Browning as a Poet of Love	
<i>A. R. Gopalan, M.A.</i>	367
Realism in Bengali Literature	
<i>Humayun Kabir, M.A. (Oxon)</i>	373
The Block	
<i>Gajanan Jagirdar</i>	378
Masako-San Learns English	
<i>Nilkan A. Perumal</i>	381
Fakir Shah Jalaluddin Vasali	
<i>Aga Syed Ibrahim Dara</i>	387
'My Heart has put forth Flowers' (A Poem)—Translated from his original Kannada poem by the Author	
<i>K. Krishna Kumar</i>	396
Selected Examples of Hindu-Javanese Sculpture	
<i>T. N. Ramachandran, M.A.</i>	397
Reviews	
...	399



JL
V2m N28

N33.5-4 ILLUSTRATIONS.

Visvamisra's Visit to Dasaratha
The Abduction of Sita
Death of Vali

Frontispiece



Visvamitra's Visit to Dasaratha
Prabhanam
(Ninth century A.D.)

Frontispiece

'The Triple Stream'

THE WHITE PAPER

The man in the street, the 'common man' as he is usually called, has uncommon shrewdness. Weeks before the White Paper on constitutional reforms was published, humble individuals in crowded third-class compartments and in inconspicuous corners of country buses foretold, amidst peals of laughter, that the White Paper was going to be perfectly blank even as the "Round" Table had resolved itself into a big Zero. Such popular judgments on contemporary events often enshrine the truth, in a somewhat exaggerated form. In this instance, there was no exaggeration at all, for, the combined labours of astute Indians and of more astute Englishmen resulted in a constitutional monstrosity of which no one need feel proud. It would not be true to say that the scheme is disappointing, because no Indian nationalist of any hue expected anything great to emerge from a conference which Mahatma Gandhi and the Congress had not blessed. Nor need we curse it as being unworthy of England: England has consistently blundered in all her dealings with 'subject' nations. It is not in her nature to yield an inch of ground unless it should prove inevitable. The apparent ebb in the nationalist movement has emboldened the British Cabinet to insult the intelligence of India by drafting a scheme which even moderate politicians will not look at, in its present shape. As for the Congress, it will not touch the White Paper with a pair of tongs, even if the tongs were six thousand miles long. One leading Congressman, when asked to express his opinion, declared that he preferred to devote his time to more important matters!

During the week that has elapsed, the document has been assailed by every section of political thought in India. Some of the Provincial Councils have condemned it; they have suggested alterations which will transform it beyond recognition. Public

125th March.

opinion is rapidly crystallizing into certain well-defined formulas. Briefly, they are these:—The conditions laid down for the inauguration of the Federation are such as to put it off indefinitely. No time-limit has been set to the period of transition, nor any provision made for the automatic expansion into Dominion Status. The Army will continue to be an army of occupation, without the slightest control on the part of the federal ministry and legislature. The Services will be subject, in the main, to the Secretary of State; they will enjoy the privileges and immunities which have all along been a hindrance to the growth of real self-government. The Governor-General and the Governors are invested with powers, executive, financial, and legislative, manifestly inconsistent with the most rudimentary form of democracy. From start to finish, every line of the White Paper breathes distrust of Indians. It is not a document which seeks to transfer power from British to Indian hands. Its main purpose seems to be to devise ways and means of preventing such transfer.

As Mr. Kelkar pointed out, no useful purpose will be served by making constructive suggestions with a view to improve the scheme. It is drawn up in a spirit of defiance of Indian opinion. Its sole result will be the setting up of an autocracy of which the Governor-General will be the head, and the permanent Services the limbs. No Governor-General can conscientiously discharge the responsibilities imposed on him unless he is a superman. No individual statesman can be so good, so great, and so utterly impartial that he can safeguard the manifold interests committed to his care, without depending upon the permanent heads of departments. In a word, the White Paper represents the triumph of Conservative die-hardism; the safeguards and reservations are demonstrably in the interests of England, and contrary to the interests of India. And unless the most progressive elements in the public life of England and India come together at this crisis, the political development of India will receive a set-back for several decades.

THE INDIAN STATES

The idea of an all-India federation was put forward by some of the Princes at the first Session of the Round Table Conference.

Since then, there have arisen acute differences of opinion in their own ranks about the desirability of federation with British India, and the terms on which individual States should come into the scheme. The White Paper leaves the States free to determine for themselves whether they will or will not execute the Instruments of Accession, though the hope is expressed that a large number of States would find it advantageous to execute them. The federation is to be between the Provinces of British India and the Rulers of Indian States. The States' subjects are nowhere in the picture. In both Houses of the Federal Legislature, the Rulers will be represented by their nominees. The future Indian Federation will be debarred from interfering in the internal administration of the States, except to the extent that the Rulers have voluntarily parted with a portion of their power. The Rulers will owe allegiance not to the Federation, but to the Crown as represented by the Viceroy. This, in effect, means the continued domination of the Political Department which the Rulers find so irksome. But their prestige required that they should put greater trust in such an agency than in a federal Ministry composed of their own countrymen of the front rank, and possibly having some of their own Order serving on it. Under normal conditions, democratic ideas ought to percolate into the States and bring them into line with the rest of India, but such a consummation is inevitably delayed by the scheme of the White Paper.

THE MESSAGE OF KRISHNAMURTI

By courtesy of the Star Publishing Trust we are enabled to publish in the present number of *Triveni* a radio talk by Mr. J. Krishnamurti. We welcome him back to India after an absence of two years. He is perhaps the most widely travelled Indian of our time. Wherever he has gone, large numbers of men and women have gathered round him and listened to his message of Freedom and Truth. To a world groaning under the dead-weight of tradition and ancient usage, he speaks of the glory of individual uniqueness. He would resolve all conflicts by the harmony between the emotions and the intellect, for "between love and reason is the poise of understanding." He is not concerned with the flag-waving,

drum-beating nationalism which creates the confusion of division. He is opposed to all organised religion; to organise Truth is to step it down. He has no use for priestcraft, for ceremonies, for set prayer; all these, from his point of view, are wholly unnecessary. Truth is a trackless land, and every one must tread it by his own innate strength, unaided by any outside power. He claims to have achieved, to have 'become one with Life'—the Beloved. He tells us that everyone can achieve likewise, not in a distant future, but here and now.

Krishnamurti seeks no disciples, invites no homage. He is full of love and tenderness, but these are impersonal. He gives his love "as the flower gives its scent" to every passer by. In his splendid isolation there is not "the ache of great loneliness." One may agree with Krishnamurti or disagree. But it is impossible to ignore this marvel of a man, this poet-prophet of the New Age.

MEN IN WOMEN'S ROLES

Mr. G. Venkatachalam's articles on Sthanam Narasimharao in the last *Triveni* has given rise to an interesting controversy in the columns of the *Kistna Patrika*, the leading Telugu Weekly. Owing to the urbanity and refinement of the Acting Editor of the *Patrika* the discussion has been maintained at a high level. Mr. Venkatachalam, while paying a tribute to Mr. Narasimharao's unique talents as an actor, raised a wider issue,—the artistic impropriety of men appearing in the roles of women. The *Patrika* does not deny the ease and charm which women could impart, if they appeared in those roles. But, asks the *Patrika*, if art is not a mere imitation of nature and if the triumph of dramatic art lies in the creation of an illusion, why should not men appear in women's roles or women in men's roles? It might impose greater strain on the actor or actress, but that would not detract from the quality of the art displayed.

On the Telugu stage, Kopalle Hanumantharao of Guntur, Jaggaraaju of Rajahmundry, Vasudevarao of Bangalore, Sanjivarao and Parupalli Subbarao of Bezwada, and Sthanam Narasimharao and Tungala Chalapathirao of Tenali, have distinguished themselves in their impersonations of women. In an earlier generation, three

of the eminent leaders of modern Andhra—T. Prakasam, K. Nageswararao and Desabhakta Venkatappayya—won similar distinction. Since the return of Mr. T. Raghavachar from his European tour, he has definitely set his face against what appeared to him a relic of barbarism. Under his guidance, Srimathis Annapurnadevi, Padmavathi Devi, Dr. Varada Bai and a few others are making their appearance on the stage. It is not our purpose here to discuss the far-reaching effects on our social organisation of this innovation on the South Indian stage. Possibly it is not so much of an innovation, so far as the professional stage is concerned; the actresses of the Surabhi Theatres have always played women's roles and sometimes those of men too. The question is not whether nature has endowed women with gifts which ought to be utilized for the advancement of art. On that there is very little difference of opinion. The present discussion centres round the specific questions:

Firstly, is there any inherent impropriety, from the artistic point of view, in specially gifted men appearing as women?

And, *secondly*, does such appearance adversely affect their normal personality, even in the case of first-rate artists for whom art is an impersonal expression of their creative genius?

We are willing to throw open the pages of *Triveni* to a discussion confined to these questions. We invite people interested in the subject to take part in the discussion.

LITERARY CONFERENCES

It is usual for groups of *litterateurs* in every province of India to gather once a year, for establishing personal contacts amongst themselves and to survey the progress of literature in all its branches. Such Conferences were held last December in Maharashtra and Karnataka under the presidentship respectively of His Highness The Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda and Mr. D. V. Gundappa of Bangalore. At the beginning of this month the younger literary men of Andhra met similarly at Berhampore, with Dr. C. Narayana Rao as President. An important feature of these gatherings is the recitation of poems and songs composed during the previous year. This enables the audience to judge the value of recent additions to

the provincial literature. A high standard is set for literary productions in each language. But it is time we took a further step. Fraternal delegates ought to be invited from other linguistic areas, who will speak about the progress of *their* literatures, and also give appropriate recitations, with translations wherever possible. In this way, the literature of one part of India becomes better known in other parts. The communion of kindred souls, the sympathetic study and appreciation of the best in the sister-languages, and the eventual evolution of a federation of cultures, are the objects to be kept constantly in view. Two or three poets of one province may spend some months of the year in another province, meeting the poets, artists and scholars, collecting folk-songs and studying important cultural movements. Every language of India should be enriched by translations from other languages in the neighbouring provinces. We trust these ideas will commend themselves to literary groups all over India.

Truth and Freedom

By J. KRISHNAMURTI ¹

[Mr. Krishnamurti gave brief addresses over the Radio at the invitation of the Broadcasting Stations in several cities visited by him during his travels in the U. S. A., and in Canada in 1932. The reports of these talks have been grouped together and are printed here.]

Most people are trying to seek physical, mental or emotional comfort. Now I say that wherever there is the pursuit of satisfaction, there is a narrowing down of thought and emotion, which brings about a mediocrity of outlook on life. Our whole structure of thought and civilization has been based on the search for consolation, for satisfaction, whereas from my point of view, the search after comfort cannot bring understanding, and in understanding alone is there the realization of intense living.

In seeking comfort there is continual conformity, and, therefore, dependence on another, on one's neighbour or friend, so that, as an individual, one becomes incapable of thinking truly. There is a continual imitation, and in this effort to adapt one's own mind to a particular ideal, there cannot be completeness of thought, because one does not think through, one is all the time being hindered by circumstances, by society, by tradition. Most people thus live in this continual state of fear through conformity.

To me, where there is conformity, there is death; where there is compromise, there is mediocrity, stagnation and slow decay; whereas, if one thinks intensely and completely, irrespective of tradition, or habit, the mind frees itself from this idea of fear, and, therefore, there is no longer the search for security, whether physical or mental or emotional, whether for our existence in this world or in another.

* * * *

Now you are held within the walls of the prison of your own fashioning, and you look to aid from without, but no one can help

¹ By special permission of the Star Publishing Trust, 2123 N. Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, California, U. S. A.

you, or give you the strength to free yourself from the walls that enclose you, except yourself. So, being prisoners of want and craving, we are all the time concerned about what is Truth, what is God or Light. We can know this only when we are out of the prison. Yet we do not, in our intensity of suffering, break down the walls, which we have created by ourselves, so what we do is merely to imagine what a spiritual life would be. Thus we merely bring the idea into the prison but we do not break down the walls. It is only by breaking down the illusions created through want, through craving, that we rid the mind of the idea of distinctions, so that there is no longer a struggle.

I say therefore do not assume anything. Do not struggle to imagine what a perfect Life, or what Truth must be; but become aware of the fact that you are the creator of your own prison, and in facing that fact, in recognizing that through your own cravings, through your desire for accumulation of a multitude of things, or of knowledge, you create the prison that holds you. Where there is craving there must be struggle for achievement, and the achievement, as it were, withers in your hand, because in the very moment of gratification or fulfilment it has already lost its significance and is discarded. And thus continues a ceaseless struggle.

So, in order to understand truly this ceaseless struggle without meaning, and be free of it, become conscious that you are a prisoner, and then you, as an individual, will step out of this prison, which is this so-called Civilization, based on selfishness, this monstrous structure which has been raised through the centuries.

And it is only through becoming aware that you and no one else are the creator of the walls of the prison which holds you, and becoming fully conscious of your actions, which are the result of your thoughts and feelings, that you can destroy the prison. And when the mind is free and no longer bound by a personal idea or the limitation of personal affection, there comes harmony, and the quietude of living intensity. Then alone you will know that which is Eternal.

So, do not seek the Eternal, but become aware in the present of the cause of suffering, and in that flame of awareness you will know the freedom of harmony, which is Truth.

*

*

*

*

I am going to try to explain what seems to me the most important and natural attitude of life. One's thinking and one's actions are at present conditioned, limited by social, economic and religious ideas, and one has become merely a cog in a vast machine. One is not responsible or certain, and out of that uncertainty and irresponsibility one's actions are all the time disharmonious and in conflict. And where there is conflict in thinking and feeling, and therefore in action, there follows sorrow, and most people in the world, the thoughtless and the clever alike, are caught up in sorrow.

To be free of that sorrow one must become conscious that one is but imitating, that one's feelings and thinking are merely the result of continual conformity to established ideals and standards which one follows blindly. And thereby one's true instinct has been perverted.

Now, we cannot trust our instinct, because throughout these many centuries instinct has been perverted by public opinion, by tradition, by spiritual authority, and so on. Our own instinct which is our true guide, has been thus ruthlessly perverted, and hence we have naturally lost all confidence in it. So, once again to discover pure instinct, we must begin to see how our thoughts and feelings are conditioned through fear, through imitation; and in truly facing those limitations imposed by society and religion, through the many standards and ideals, we shall release the natural intelligence which is intuition, which is true instinct.

*

*

*

*

What I am saying is not in any way philosophical, nor is it Western or Oriental thought expressed to suit modern minds, because to me philosophy, that is, a system of thought, merely limits the freedom of feeling and thinking and brings about a conformity, and imitation. I am not in any way offering a remedy or a panacea to the world's existing ills, nor giving you a system whereby you can find happiness.

Throughout the world, everyone is seeking happiness, the happiness which endures, but such happiness is not to be found through conformity of any kind. Conformity, which is imitation, begins from childhood, through education, through the impact of society, and of external circumstances. Thus we tend to make our

thoughts and our feelings correspond to public opinion and subserve religious ideas, or spiritual authority.

If you consider any philosophy or religion, you will find in it a method laid down, whereby one can come to the realization of Truth or God. All that we do is to conform, imitate and force our thinking and our feeling into the particular mould of that system, and thus we merely become cogs in a social or a religious machine. Our whole structure of modern civilization is based entirely on conformity and adjustment to standards which have been laid down by an authority, the authority of public opinion or of a spiritual teacher. And as with church, society, worship and ideals, so it is with education: continual conformity results in the suffocation of individual thinking.

But what happens in actual Life? We have an experience—death, or failure in business or a great disillusionment—and that experience makes us suffer; forces us to think. So, faced by conflict, confusion and misery, we break away from conformity, from imitation, in which there lies insecurity, falseness, and we begin to think for ourselves, thus increasing the conflict. Now when this happens, what do we do? We seek a way to conquer that conflict, that sorrow, not by understanding the cause, but by seeking a means of escape, and we establish an ideal and we hope by means of that ideal to forget the conflict.

So, from conformity one awakens to conflict, and from conflict one escapes to a satisfaction, a consolation, which is again a limitation, and thus one is bound to this process of continual escape from the present, in which alone is Immortality. I say that there is understanding of the present, not in conforming to the memory of the past or by pursuit of an ideal in the future, but in the continual awareness which reveals all conflicts; in facing them and not in trying to escape from them. To face them is to become aware that the cause of suffering will exist so long as there is the pursuit of craving, which is different from need. It is in the intensity of living in the present without the hindrance of conformity or escape, that there comes an ecstasy, an everlasting happiness which to me is the blessedness of Truth.

Question:—What have you to say as regards religion and philosophy as educative factors in the life of an individual? How far, according to you, is religion of any value to the understanding of Truth? Is religious leadership compatible with true spirituality? What is your conception of God?

Krishnamurti:—To me, religion or philosophy is a system to mould a mind. I say that Truth cannot be found through a system, through a guide. Religion cannot show the path to Truth, because Truth or God or Life, whatever be the name we give this Reality, can only be realized through individual awareness. Religion and philosophy but superimpose the ideas of others on our minds and thereby dull and cripple our thoughts. They set up ideals and standards to which we continually try to conform. Because our thought is conditioned by tradition, by imitation, by fear, our action also must be limited, and therefore out of that action there springs sorrow. It is only through the intense awareness of mind and heart, through the clear perception of thought, that we can come to the freedom from sorrow and to the realization of that which is eternal.

* * * *

As I have said, Truth cannot be realized through any organized form of thought. You have perhaps heard the story of how the devil and a friend were walking one day, and they saw a man ahead pick up something, look at it intently, and put it in his pocket. The friend asked the devil, "What was it that he picked up?" and the devil replied, "Oh! he picked up a bit of Truth." The friend said, "That's very bad business for you, then, isn't it," and the devil replied, "Oh! no, I shall get him to organize it."

One cannot organize Truth because realization is purely an individual matter. Where mind and heart are pursuing a system and are not entirely relying on their own strength, on their own integrity, there must then be confusion in one's life.

And so, an organized system of thought, a spiritual authority, is to me the utter denial of Truth, because Truth, the Godhead of understanding, cannot be realized through a system or through another. No one can save man except himself and this is the

greatness of man, that in himself, in his own fullness of action, lies the realization of Truth.

* * * *

If you were to ask a Hindu, a Christian, a Buddhist, a Muhammadan or a Hebrew to describe God, each of them will try to give expression to his particular conception. That is, each one will contrive to give shape to God in accordance with his particular fancy, his particular predilection or prejudice.

Now, God or Life or Truth cannot be conceived and described. If you had never seen the sea, and some one were to come and describe it to you, you could but imagine it, but your idea cannot convey the reality to you. Likewise, being limited, being finite and conditioned, you try to imagine the immeasurable, the indescribable. Like a prisoner who craves for liberty, begins to imagine and worship the beauty, the ecstasy, the majesty of freedom, but does not break down the walls that hold him prisoner, so does man toy with the conception of God, of that Reality, through the prison bars of his limitations.

Now I say that there is immortality, that there is eternity of which I know, but it cannot be grasped by the mind in limitation. So I say, do not concern yourself about it, but rather concern yourself with the present with which you live, with the conflict, the cruelty, and the suffering of everyday incidents. Thus when you begin to free the mind and heart from this limitation, from this illusion, from this prison of sorrow of many centuries, you will know for yourself that everlasting eternity called Life or God or Truth. Therefore live with intensity in the present, for in the present alone is eternity. Immortality is not in a distant future, and the concern about your individual destiny is but vain effort. In the present is the Godhead of understanding which is supreme intelligence.

Question:—The whole world is at present passing through a very critical phase. There is acute economic crisis throughout the world, under a darkened political firmament. To what cause or causes would you attribute this state of affairs, and what remedy would you suggest?

Krishnamurti:—We desire to solve our economic difficulties by a miracle. We have built up a system through centuries, based on competition and selfishness. Now, we must aim not at the substitution of one system for another, but at a complete re-orientation of our minds and hearts. We have set up innumerable authorities, as religions, teachers, gods, for our worship. Individually in the field of thought, therefore, we have become as lambs; but with regard to work for our living, like so many wolves.

It is of the utmost importance that we go to the root of the problem. That is, in the field of thinking and feeling we must not set up another as a guide, but be integrally alone, whereas in work we must plan together collectively for our living. Therein lies the remedy: it is by the expression of individuality in its rightful place that you can find freedom, which is Truth; and in the realization of that Truth you will solve your social and economic problems. By merely trimming the branches of the tree you will not solve your troubles, but if you properly nourish the roots, the branches will be healthy and abundant. So work for the change of heart and mind individually and then these problems will solve themselves.

The present civilization has been based on greed and individual competition and therefore cannot last for ever, because it has no intrinsic value. At present the individual who is the outcome of our present civilization, has been caught up in accumulation which is his sole incentive; that is, the individual has tried to express his ambition and attain his desired social position through the accumulation of wealth and power. He has therefore set up social distinctions, and hence a civilization as it is, which is based on utter ruthless selfishness, must eventually break down. It is merely a matter of time.

As long as we have this conception of individuality, based on selfishness and greed, no civilization, no structure built on it can last long, nor can it free the mind from sorrow.

Up till now spiritually we have been slaves; that is, we have followed, we have imitated, we have set up spiritual authorities, and tradition has bound our minds. No matter to which country we belong, there is, I am afraid, everywhere a constant adjustment

towards a tradition. In thought and emotion, as individuals we have merely conformed, while in the world of action we have lived utterly for ourselves, selfishly, in the pursuit of our own security. As I said, I am not giving you a panacea, but from my point of view, only when we understand the right function of individuality, is there a way out of this chaos. To me, individuality can be expressed only in the world of thought, not in the world of existence; that is, we must think intensely for ourselves, untrammelled by tradition, by habit, or by the fear of public opinion. But in order to secure the needs for our existence, we must co-operate, work and plan together; that is, we must get rid of this idea of nationality, flags and frontiers, and thereby we shall come to solve the economic problem through a human point of view—not through national or separative prejudices.

* * * *

When society is built on selfishness, on ruthless competition, when one fights another for security for himself, as in the structure of our present civilization, then that social order must eventually collapse. Man, through his possessive craving, has built up what he calls a civilization. To that world he clings, and naturally a structure based on continual want, on continual achievement of successive heights of empty nothingness, must eventually crumble.

Now, what is the remedy?

There is no world panacea. We can individually, and therefore collectively, see the basic cause, and individually and therefore collectively, step out of that system which is its inevitable product.

In the world of action, man, as an individual, has become ruthlessly aggressive in his desire for possessions, in his search for security. He has used his mind for his selfish cravings.

Now, I say that one must think utterly for oneself, and be free of all imitation; that one must maintain one's individuality in its integrity in thought and feeling; thereby alone can there be the spontaneity of true co-operation in the world of action, in the collective work for the benefit of all.

In seeking that which is eternal, there is true work for all, based on human needs, not on human greed and exploitation. And, when you, as an individual, break down this narrowness of patriot-

ism, nationality, flag-waving and war, when you, as an individual cease to be an exploiter, through your strength and through your selfish cleverness, then will come to you the peace, the understanding, for which you now grope in vain.

* * * *

When you are no longer a cog in the machine of society where you exploit and are exploited, when you, the individual, do not abandon yourself to authority, when you free yourself from all traditions which cripple your mind and heart, when you cease to look for happiness, for Truth, through another, then you will become utterly responsible in action and thus will create an understanding of life, based on Truth and Freedom.

Kemal and the New Turkey

By DR. J. M. KUMARAPPA, M.A., Ph. D.

About ten years ago a Sultan reigned in Constantinople. The Turks wore the fez. Women were kept in harems, and when they appeared in public they were required to wear heavy veils. The religious elements wielded immense influence and possessed almost unlimited power; even education was in their hands and woe overtook any one who tried to usurp their authority. The peasants were ignorant and oppressed, while even among the townspeople the standard of civilization and knowledge was astonishingly low. Frequent wars had drained the exchequer dry. The Balkan wars, the Tripoli campaign and the World War had crippled and killed thousands and thousands of Turkish soldiers. And the national life of Turkey was at a low ebb. It is no wonder therefore if some spoke of Turkey as "The Sick Man of Europe." In 1919, however, Mustapha Kemal appeared on the scene. He organized a revolutionary movement in Anatolia, drove the Greek army into the sea at Smyrna, and dictated peace terms to the Allies at Lausanne. Then he set about "modernizing" Turkey, his motto being: "Turkey for the Turks and a Clean Sweep with the Past." He established a republic and set himself as President; and then he separated religion from the State and divested the priests of their powers. He did not stop at that. To the amazement of the Western world, he emancipated the *purdah*-ridden women, forbade the wearing of the fez, introduced a new alphabet and initiated a score of other reforms.

Even the internal progress of Turkey during the last ten years under the lash of the Gazi is said to be very satisfactory. According to the recent report of the Minister of the Interior, the present population is nearly 14,000,000 out of which 11,000,000 persons, inhabiting more than 40,000 villages, are engaged in rural occupations. At the present rate of increase, the population would number, says the Report, some 25,000,000 in

less than fifteen years. Since Turkey is in the main a rural country, it is interesting to notice the care and forethought bestowed upon the rural population. The reforms introduced by the Republican Government have gone far towards improving the economic and moral standards of life in country districts. Even so backward a province as Hakiari is now reported to be modern both in her buildings and schools. When the Gazi went on a tour to the different provinces some eighteen months ago, he started a co-operative movement, and seized every opportunity to encourage agricultural producers to form groups in order to protect their interests and market their produce to the best advantage. Now that the movement has spread rather extensively, there comes the next move of initiating a system of State co-operatives.

More crops mean more commerce and greater prosperity, and hence the Nationalist Party is paying at present special attention to commercial matters and to the tapping of Turkey's natural resources. A rice expert has been engaged to advise Turkish planters as to how to improve their rice cultivation and double their crop. Other agricultural experts have also been provided to help the farmers. Farmers are now forbidden to plough behind the slow oxen and water buffalo. The order of the Government demands that where tractors are unavailable, horses must replace the old slow pullers. Tractors, harvesters, ploughs, harrows, disks and other agricultural implements are imported in large quantities from the United States, and experimental demonstrations are held for the benefit of the Turkish peasants and to encourage them to use such machinery in the cultivation of their own farms. In 1928 President Mustapha Kemal built on his model farm of 10,000 acres the first irrigation system in the country with mechanical power. A motion picture of this model farm is also shown in different sections of the country, in order to help the farmers to see for themselves the different ways in which they can improve their own lands.

The Popular Party believes in State control of the important industrial and commercial activities. In pursuance of this principle, the Government has, during the last ten years, gradually acquired most of the railroads in Turkey; the production, manufacture and marketing of such commodities as tobacco, cigarettes, salt, gun-

powder and alcoholic beverages have all been placed under State monopolies. Almost all the clothing and uniforms for the army and the navy are now being manufactured by Government factories; the bulk of the Turkish mercantile marine belongs to a State concern known as the Seiri Sefain Steam Navigation Company, and all important ports have Turkish monopolies even in such services as discharging or loading of all foreign ships. Further, most of the banking business is now in the hands of the Turks, and the capital of the Turkish banks has been entirely or in large part furnished by the Government.

Though the Turk proved to be a poor business man, in the past, yet every encouragement is now given to develop business enterprise in him. The Grand National Assembly has, in fact, passed a law reserving certain trades and professions. Only Turkish citizens can now be barbers, bootmakers, builders, chauffeurs, chemists, dancers, hall porters, hatmakers, interpreters, musicians, music-hall performers, photographers, printers, stevedores, stockbrokers, waiters and waitresses, watchmen and veterinary surgeons. Foreigners following any of these callings have been granted a year's time in which to abandon them, but the Council of Ministers reserves, of course, the right to make special exceptions and to list any other trades or professions, should the interest of the country so demand. Foreign doctors and lawyers, although not included in the new list, are already prohibited from practising in Turkey, except those enjoying acquired rights. Countries whose subjects are particularly affected by the new law are Greece, Italy, and France; for, it is emigrants from these countries who have been monopolizing all forms of domestic service and different kinds of business. Thus the New Turkey seeks through legislation not only to encourage the Turk to interest himself in business but also to keep out foreigners from holding posts of responsibility, even compelling those who are already holding such posts to relinquish them.

The enactment of this law marks the last stage of the evolution of the foreigner in Turkey. Until the Great War and the signing of the Lausanne Treaty, foreigners living in Turkey enjoyed the privileges of extra-territorial jurisdiction known as capitulations.

Their origin dates from the earlier days of the Ottoman Empire when Suleiman the Magnificent was Sultan, and the privileges were originally accorded to French merchants. In reality these capitulations were made in a spirit of contemptuous indifference by a warrior race at the height of its power to infidel merchants whose petty interests were deemed unworthy of the attention of the Turkish courts. The privileges were gradually extended to other foreign residents, and the 1830 treaty of commerce and navigation granted most favoured-nation treatment, which meant that they too benefited by the capitulations. Some idea of the scope and importance of these privileges may be formed from the fact that they included even immunity from arrest and trial by Turkish authorities. Offences committed by foreigners were tried before their own consular courts, and lawsuits between foreign residents and Turkish subjects could be heard by local courts only in the presence of the dragoman from the consulate of the foreigner concerned. Judgments against him could only be enforced with the consent of his consul. Foreigners, moreover, were free of all taxation and the merchandise they imported could be subjected to only a specified rate of duty, which, until 1910, was 8 per cent *ad valorem*. Some European powers had even their own post offices, sold their own stamps and handled their own incoming and outgoing mails.

Naturally Turkish resentment grew slowly against this system which not only diverted revenue from the State but also removed all chance of competition in business against foreigners who were free from taxation. It was not surprising, therefore, that in 1908, when the Young Turk Revolution led to constitutional changes, the foremost desire was to rid the country of capitulations. However, early efforts were successful only to the extent that customs duties were increased from 8 to 11 per cent and the foreign post offices were suppressed. All other privileges enjoyed by foreign residents remained intact and were only abolished on Turkey's entrance into the World War. But when Istanbul was occupied by the Allied forces, the capitulations were re-introduced only to be removed immediately after the defeat of the Greeks by Kemal in Anatolia in 1922. When finally the Allies and the representatives on the new national government met at Lausanne,

the question whether the capitulations should be revived was one of the most difficult problems which confronted the conference. But the Turks gained their point and ever since the foreigner has been gradually ousted from the enviable position he once held in Turkey. Now outside of the restrictions on trade and professions, the foreigner enjoys much the same treatment accorded to the Turk.

As the Turk proved a poor business man, most of the important trade passed into the hands of foreigners. It is true, no doubt, the capitulations made it easy for aliens to trade at an advantage, but even if the capitulations had not existed, it is doubtful whether their position would have been materially changed. However, the Gazi's policy now is to train the Turk to become efficient in business, by giving him protection against the competition of others more fitted by experience and tradition, in the hope that the Turk himself will acquire similar qualities if given proper opportunities. Further, to wipe out ignorance and to make the Turks better business men and loyal citizens, the Republican Turkey is developing a new system of elementary and primary education. At the invitation of the Turkish Government, Dr. Beryl Parker of the School of Education, New York University, is now in Turkey under a three-year agreement to help in organizing a more suitable primary school system. For nearly ten years the Turkish system of education has been undergoing a change. The Turkish authorities believe that they are now ready for the development of new plans. Under the direction of Dr. Parker, they hope to put through a system of teacher training in order to get a capable staff of teachers. They have also planned to reconstruct the curriculum in accordance with the needs of modern Turkey, and to carry on a programme of English instruction in the school and in evening classes for young people and adults.

Besides these new developments, we find that the New Turkey, under the leadership of Mustapha Kemal, has been greatly secularized. The Caliph of Islam has been got rid of, the Koran has been set aside and all forms of religion have been disestablished. The Turkish Government has placed a wholesale ban on fortune-telling, sorcerers' cures and dervishes. Religious courts have been abolished, and with them the entire body of the *Shariat* law which

had been developed but never codified through centuries of varied interpretations of the Koran. In their place, civil, criminal and commercial codes of the West have been introduced, making polygamy illegal, and marriage and divorce civil. Muezzins in derby hats cry the call to prayer. Women, casting aside their veils, vote in all municipal elections. And Turkey, shedding its medieval forms of theocratic government, has hastily adopted modern forms of Western secular government. A new alphabet and lunar calendar now mark the scene of Turkish revolution.

In fact, Turkey has made such great progress under Kemal's dictatorship that it may be said without any exaggeration that there is no precedent anywhere in history for so overwhelming a revolution. No previous case exists in which a country outlawed its own laws and enacted an entire body of foreign laws. No nation has ever been conscripted and sent to school to learn a new alphabet. No doubt the reforms have come from above, but even so the progressive measures adopted show the sincerity of the national leaders and their earnest attempt to overcome the force of age-old and unprogressive traditions and customs. All these changes, of course, could not take place without producing a definite effect upon the individual Turk. The peasant, in spite of the increased interest in his work and welfare, has been slow to realize the significance of what is taking place, and it will be some time yet before he becomes really Europeanized in outlook and character. Even the city-bred is somewhat dumbfounded at the sudden and sweeping changes, but as these reforms generally react in his favour, he accepts them cheerfully. Moreover, the Turks are a very disciplined and obedient people, and they like having a leader who will tell them what they require and what they must do. They have such a leader in the Gazi; his efforts to rejuvenate old Turkey cannot but command the admiration of the thinking world. Within a decade of his dictatorship, the progress Turkey has made is without parallel in the history of nations.

Changing Values

By K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO

Values change as our outlook on life changes. Things once held most dear are put away as childish. This is not less true of nations than of individuals. In times of transition, especially, the change is so rapid that in the course of a single generation we seem to cover several centuries. In speaking of the West to-day, it is usual to refer to the transformation wrought by the Great War in the minds of men, even more than in their environment. To most people who were young when the war was in progress, the conventions, the traditions and the institutions of the pre-war era convey no meaning. It is difficult to believe that they could, at any time, have shaped men's conduct. They belong to a world that is as dead as that of Cæsar or Alexander.

India played a subordinate part in that war; she was tied to the chariot-wheels of England, and, right or wrong, England's cause became hers. It was impossible that she should look upon the war as a life and death struggle, in the way the chief combatants did. In India's case, the war was an interlude between two great upheavals. The decade before the war was covered by the movement associated with the partition of Bengal, but having nation-wide repercussions. The decade after the war witnessed the birth of Non-co-operation. Since the beginning of the century, the spirit of nationhood has gathered increasing strength, assumed diverse forms, and achieved a revolution in our outlook similar to what the Great War did elsewhere.

The removal of Surendranath Banerjea from the Indian Civil Service and the voluntary resignation from the same service of Subash Chandra Bose half a century later, are striking episodes in our national history. The first was considered, at the time, a great calamity; the latter was hailed as an act of consecration to a great ideal. Between these two points, the national mind traversed the entire distance from subjection to Swaraj. For when young

Surendranath and Romesh Dutt gained admission into the charmed circle of the Civil Service, they believed that they were storming a citadel; and the nation believed with them. Theirs was not an act of individual advancement but an offering of patriotic devotion. They were snatching from the rulers a fraction, however small, of their power. The Indian National Congress, from its inception, devoted most of its energy and the eloquence of its stalwarts to securing simultaneous examinations for the Civil Service. So late as 1913 the great Gokhale pleaded with fervour for the institution of simultaneous examinations. The proceedings of the Public Services Commission on which he served were followed with the greatest interest, because the Indianisation of the services was believed to be the foundation of all self-government. Nobody denies the value of administrative training or the need to build up a permanent public service manned by Indians to run the departments in a self-governing India. But an exaggerated love of administrative posts prevented people from seeing that even if every single one of these places were filled by Indians, India would not advance a step nearer Swaraj, so long as the Government of the land was directed by the Cabinet and Parliament of Britain and not by the free legislatures of a free nation. By 1921, when Subash Bose resigned, that sense had dawned.

This change in outlook went with an overwhelming desire to raise the status of India and Indians in the international sphere. For a century and more, the minds and hearts of Indians had been turned to England. English literature, English institutions, English modes of thought and expression exercised a strange fascination. The West meant England, and whatever light from other lands found its way here was invariably coloured by the English prism. If Indian students went abroad in search of higher education, they chose between Oxford and Cambridge. France, Germany or America was rarely thought of. Service under the Government of India was the highest good, and an Oxford or Cambridge degree was the way to achieve it. But the tide soon turned. The more enterprising and far-sighted amongst our youths spent long years at Harvard and Cornell, Berlin and Paris. The conviction was borne in upon them that India counted for little in

international affairs. The nationals of the smallest countries enjoyed a higher status than themselves. It was not within their power to remedy the situation. Political equality with other nations was a long way off, but it was possible in the immediate present to win greater respect for Indian talent. Science and philosophy, art and literature were worth cultivating for their intrinsic value. But even "the things that are more excellent" gained an added excellence in our view when they enabled Indian savants to meet on equal terms the savants of other lands.

The award of the Nobel prize for literature to Rabindranath Tagore was a turning point in India's fortunes. The honour was conferred on the Poet for poems in an Indian language. Edmund Gosse had introduced Toru Dutt and Sarojini Devi to the English public. W. B. Yeats rendered similar service for *Gitanjali*. But there was a vital difference; it was as a poet in Bengali that Tagore achieved eminence, though the judges had an English version of his songs before them, and the exquisite beauty of the Poet's English prose was acknowledged. Modern Indian literature is like a spring welling up from the soil. Tagore is not a solitary warbler; in every province of India writers of distinction are expressing themselves through the provincial tongues. Part of this new literature may be jejune or ephemeral, but it is authentic. Its beauty and richness may be perceived through stray translations, or the brief articles in Indian journals indicating the main tendencies. A systematic attempt ought to be made to determine its value as a contribution to the literature of the world.

As a result of the increased interest in contemporary literature in the Indian languages, our attitude to the study of English and its use as a medium of literary expression is undergoing a rapid change. Gifted writers like Harindranath Chattopadhyaya and K. S. Venkataramani, whose best work has so far been done in English, are now writing with even greater felicity in Hindi or Tamil. Within two or three decades we are likely to witness far-reaching changes in this direction. In a linguistically divided Indian Federation the language of administration and of public instruction will be the provincial one for the province, and Hindi for all-India. English will be studied only by university students, business men,

diplomats, or scholars who wish to keep in touch with the main currents of international culture. English poems, stories, or literary criticism may continue to be written by Indians, very much in the manner of the Romanised Gauls and Iberians of the days of the Empire who employed Latin. Such attempts will be valued if they faithfully interpret the Indian point of view. But the primacy will undoubtedly rest with the writers in the Indian languages. We shall not then witness the painful obsession about "correct English" or "the Englishman's English." Indeed there is no valid reason why Indians writing or speaking English in the India of the future should be expected to do better than the Frenchmen or the Japanese.

With the spread of the Gandhian gospel, certain assumptions in the realm of economics are being widely challenged. Is the increased use of machinery inevitable? Is industrialisation the goal of progress? Does large-scale production by competitive methods imply equitable distribution of goods? The spinning wheel is not an isolated phenomenon; it is the symbol of protest against the modern rage for industrialisation. The emphasis has been shifted within recent years from wealth to well-being, from machinery to the man behind it. This is by no means a return to medievalism and obscurantism. On the other hand, it points to a further advance in economic organisation, and towards a more humane one. Cottage industries in rural areas run by electricity, families working on small agricultural holdings and borrowing modern implements on easy terms from co-operative societies, and universities planted in rural surroundings, in intimate touch with the lives of the common people, are steps towards a future in which the machine and the inventions of science will spread happiness and not destroy it. These will fall into their right place as the servants of man. This point of view will gain acceptance, because it seeks to purify and chasten the human spirit, and to establish concord where there is deadly strife.

In the study of the nation's history a new orientation is taking place. Between the extremes of utter contempt for the past and unreasoning glorification of it, we are settling down to the view that during the chequered history of centuries there were achievements

of which we might reasonably feel proud. The errors of outlook and of organisation which made for our weakness are recognised; the need for fresh effort to gather up all that is best and most vitalising is also felt; every Indian thinker of note to-day draws his main inspiration from the past of the race, while he is ready to profit from the experience of other nations, old or new. India wishes to enter the family of nations as an honoured and useful member who gives quite as much as she receives. Her contribution to that family will depend upon her ability to adjust herself to the world-forces, to breathe fresh life into age-long institutions or destroy them if they are evil. She must give a new meaning to the old values.

To those that can discern, the modern tendency in India, in politics and economics, in art and literature, is towards a higher synthesis of matter and spirit. The poet and the painter, the musician and the actor are winning recognition as the creators and interpreters of beauty. We no longer discount their achievement in comparison with that of the scientist or the statesman. The Indian renaissance is full-blooded. Its facets are many and of remarkable splendour. The final fruition of our hopes, the realisation of the dreams of our prophets and poets, is yet in the future. But thought is power: great things are achieved in idea even before they are achieved in fact. To will and to plan greatly, to dream great dreams and see splendid visions—this is the auspicious beginning as well as the first condition of all advance. The prophets create the atmosphere for the coming of the statesmen. We who are so near to the events, are distressed by the apparent slowness with which the vision is translated into reality. Its loveliness fades; we seem to be groping in the dark; possibly we have run into a blind alley. That is the feeling which has come over so many of us. The losses appear so great that we fail to notice the gains or even to realise that indeed they *are* gains. External changes are perceived with greater readiness than changes in spirit and in mental make-up. And yet, these are vastly more important.

The Book and the Lamp

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

I oped the mysterious book
 that men call Life,
 and scanned through it page after page
 variously rife
 with laughters, loves, and luminous joys
 annal'd starwhite
 that whiter seem'd beside the lamp
 shedding pale light,
 when asudden crackling, the flame
 luridly glowed
 and lit the space betwixt the lines
 and strangely showed
 deceits, greeds, lusts, hopes, despairs, hates
 in mingled rout—
 I shrank aghast; a moth dash'd past,
 the lamp flared out!

The Call

By ADIVI BAPIRAJU, B.A., B.L.

Come, sweet my lad, come
To our hamlet
Where, in ebb and flow
The river sweeps and rolls,
Come, sweet my lad, come!

In the moonlight
Athwart the floating foam,
With the white sail unfurl'd,
And tuning dulcet notes
Come, sweet my lad, come!

When I scull the boat
With sidelong glances spying
Thou wilt cast thy net
For this silvery fish.

We shall sail on
Athwart the heaving seas,
And merge in the moon
Born of the ocean-wave.

(Translated from his original TELUGU song by the author)

Crossing the Rubicon

By SRIMATHI NILIMA DEVI

LIFE

Is to some as a glass of wine
To be greedily quaffed in one hurried draught
To the dregs, and then, the glass renewed
With vintage of a fresher brew,
Be it sweet or bitter.

TO ANOTHER :

It is as a tapestry, and he the weaver
Who dyes the warp in wondrous hues
And weaves the weft in patterns gay.
But Time fades the blue to grey, the mauve to lavender
Making all colours look more soft and tender.
And yet, there gleams a thread of gold, ageless and bold.

TO YET ANOTHER :

Life is a fine, gay adventure,
And he sails on unchartered seas
Dauntless while the tempest rocks and heaves
His frail craft upon the foaming billows
Of the seething sea. But he steers it
With fearless faith on to the unknown haven.

TO ALL OTHERS :

Life is but a ruthless automaton
To which perpetually slaves they are,
Like cogs in its wheels, from birth till death,
Rotating day unto night, will-less, joy-less, soul-less.
Mechanical, they toil, sleep, wake, beget and die ;

No waves of memory beat on the sandy shore of their
 span of Time,
 Nor gleams of light shine on the dark recesses of their
 muddled mind.
 Like a herd of dumb driven cattle they cross
 The Rubicon betwixt life and death.

Tragedy and the Purification of Pity and Terror

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

(Professor, The Deccan College, Poona)

"Tragedy, then, is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude, in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several kinds being found in the several parts of the play, in the form of action, not of narrative, through pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these emotions." Aristotle, *Poetics*, Ch. VI.

The above quotation is the full text of the famous dictum of Aristotle about the "purification of pity and terror," which Tragedy is supposed by him to effect.

This phrase, as is well known, forms part of the Aristotelian definition of Tragedy; and, being part of the definition, must be taken as something, in Aristotle's opinion, essential to the tragic art. As such, it would seem to sum up what Tragedy, if properly handled, does for the spectator. The saving clause, "if properly handled," has to be inserted, since we read, in chapter XIII, of the *Poetics* that there are wrong ways of composing a Tragedy, which either fail to produce pity and terror at all, or do so only imperfectly. The well-written Tragedy, on the other hand, will arouse both these emotions in the right way and the right degree; and in doing so it will be fulfilling what is, in the terms of the definition, the specific task of Tragedy, as distinguished from other forms of art. *Tragedy*, in short, is that which arouses pity and terror.

But, its task is something more than this. Tragedy not only arouses these emotions, but arouses them in such a way that it also "purifies" them; and it is impossible, in reading Aristotle's treatise, to escape the conclusion that this purification is to be regarded as pleasurable—indeed, as the real secret of the "tragic pleasure." Tragedy, in other words, subjects the spectator to a psychological process, which is not only cleansing but pleasant, and is pleasant

because it is cleansing. The "tragic pleasure" is something comparable to taking an emotional bath.

Much controversy, however, has arisen over the precise meaning of the word *Katharsis* or "purification."

The only direct hint, as Butcher (in his authoritative edition of the *Poetics*) points out, is to be found in a passage in the *Politics*, in which Aristotle, after giving a certain interpretation to the word, remarks: "What we mean by *Katharsis* we will now state in general terms; hereafter we will explain it more clearly in our treatise on Poetry." This further explanation, however, was either never incorporated in the *Poetics* or has dropped from the text, the consequence being that the passage in the *Politics* remains our sole authority. Two things, however, are clear from the sentence, which has just been quoted: (1) One is that the theory of *Katharsis* was no casual side-thought of the writer, but one definitely enough conceived to be kept over for use as an important formula in a forthcoming work; (2) the other is that, whatever the more detailed explanation may have been, the theory which Aristotle thus planned to use in his *Poetics* must have been, in its general outline, the same as that already suggested in the earlier work.

Turning then to the *Politics*, we find that the conception of *Katharsis*, there suggested, was derived from the observed effects of the treatment of religious mania or over-excitement by means of "wild and restless music." Such music, played to the patient, was found to afford a relief: for the sufferer, after being subjected to the treatment, relapsed, according to Aristotle, into his normal condition, as though he had undergone "a medical or purgative treatment." In some way, therefore, the wild and restless music dispelled the religious mania: and the method, whatever it was, was taken by Aristotle as analogous to the purgation of pity and terror by Tragedy. Everything, therefore, turns on what precisely happened—or what was conceived by Aristotle as happening, during this interesting process of the cure of religious enthusiasm by means of music.

Jacob Bernays, whose theory is quoted with approval by Butcher, held that what happened was something corresponding to what modern psycho-analysis would call "precipitation," i.e., the

release of suppressed emotions by bringing them to the surface and thus dissipating them. All of us have pity and terror within us, as products of our everyday life. Ordinarily they lie, as it were, half-conscious and submerged and, being submerged, tend to become morbid elements within us, clogging, and so disturbing, our emotional life. Tragedy, by stirring them into increased activity and by giving them something definite to fasten themselves upon, affords them the satisfaction for which they crave and thus enables them to expend themselves. When they have thus been expended, or released, the emotional nature experiences a feeling of relief, and falls back into its natural state. If this theory be true, then the function of Tragedy is simply to provide a release for two emotions which are ordinarily locked up inside us and incapable of expression, and "purification" means "dissipation." Whether the whole of the two emotions is dissipated, or only the disturbing elements in them, is another matter, which Bernays does not make quite clear. But it is not particularly important. The main point is that the interpretation put upon *Katharsis* by Bernays is that of release through projection, i. e., through throwing outward.

Butcher accepts Bernays' theory, so far as it goes, and admits the authority of the *Politics* as our guide in the matter. But he is of opinion that the more detailed exposition—which Aristotle intended in his *Poetics* and which has somehow dropped out—would have developed the artistic and poetical application of the idea, as distinguished from the purely pathological, and would have given us an æsthetic theory of the manner in which the pity and terror of our ordinary natures are purified by the pity and terror of Tragedy. The central idea of this more developed theory would, he thinks, have been that of "*transmutation*," considered as the second of two stages, (1) that already indicated by Bernays, of arousing, and so stilling, the tumult of the mind, (2) that of, at the same time, purifying, or ennobling, the emotions thus aroused. In his own words: "The function of Tragedy, on this view, is not merely to provide an outlet for pity and fear, but to provide for them a distinctly æsthetic satisfaction, to purify and clarify them by passing them through the medium of art."

This clarifying process he identifies with the expulsion of what-

ever is painful in pity and terror, as we ordinarily feel them; and the painful element, in both, he finds in their "reference to self." Tragedy expels this by presenting a pity and terror, which belong to the imaginative, instead of to the real world; and the pity and terror thus aroused become, to all intents, impersonal. Not only that, but they are universalised, until they become a general pity and fear, not for this or that particular man or woman, but for suffering humanity as a whole. The purification, then, consists in the transmuting effect of a larger pity and terror upon the smaller pity and terror of ordinary life: the transmutation consisting in the expulsion from these of their selfish elements.

With all this we may agree, so far as the actual facts of the tragic experience are concerned. But the point, with which we are particularly concerned, is whether this version of *Katharsis* was in Aristotle's mind, when he wrote the passage in the *Politics*, and so (presumably) in his mind when he took up the idea again in his *Poetics*.

It will be noticed that, in the theories of both Bernays and Butcher, the root idea of *Katharsis* is that of the expulsion of morbid or painful *substances*, corresponding to the ordinary medical idea of "purging." What, however, neither of these two critics would seem to have noticed is that this idea is not really the one which arises most naturally out of the facts on which Aristotle admittedly based his theory—*i. e.*, the observed facts of the cure of religious mania by means of music. And the discrepancy becomes the more noticeable, if we consider the other passage quoted by Butcher in support of his theory—*viz.*, the passage from Plato's *Laws*. For Plato, speaking of the very cure just mentioned, compares it with "the method of nurses who lull their babies to sleep, not by silence but by singing, not by holding them quiet but by rocking them in their arms." "In each case," continues Butcher, "an external agitation is employed to calm and counteract an internal." And this he suggests is a kind of "Homoeopathy," by which the trouble, or ailment, is expelled by something of the same kind as itself, *i. e.*, agitation expelling agitation.

But surely this is to misinterpret the meaning of both the passages quoted. A true "homoeopathic" treatment of religious

enthusiasm would be by a larger dose of religious enthusiasm; of the restlessness of babies, by making them yet more restless. What neither Bernays nor Butcher appears to see, is that it is in the *difference* between the two movements, and not in their similarity, that the curative power lies. And, if we think for a moment, we shall perceive that the difference lies in the fact that the second movement—*i. e.*, that applied as a remedy to the original movement—is, in both cases, a *rhythmical* movement. The remedy thus consists in the super-imposing of *rhythm* upon a restless and *disorderly* movement, and the *Katharsis* effected by Tragedy will, in terms of this interpretation, consist in the imposition of a "rhythmical" pity and terror upon the unrhythmical pity and terror of ordinary life.

This, to my mind, is the true interpretation of the Aristotelian *Katharsis*. It has nothing to do with purging, in the sense of expulsion of foreign *substances*. It has to do with the reduction of our emotional movements, or agitation, to *order*, by compelling them to move in harmony with orderly emotions (of the same kind as themselves) which are imposed upon them by the art of the tragic dramatist. Tragedy, in short, by presenting a rhythmic pity and terror rhythmicises the pity and terror of our everyday emotional life. Not only is this a thoroughly Greek idea—for the Greek mind was permeated by the notions of order, harmony and rhythm—but it gives us an intelligible theory of the purpose of Tragedy, which we may work out somewhat as follows:—The theory is, for all practical purposes, the same as that elaborated by Butcher in the last half of his chapter, but the terms in which it is expressed are different and are, to my mind, truer and more Greek. What is rhythm? we may ask. The answer is that it is *order imposed upon movement*. Our theory will, therefore demand that the pity and terror of Tragedy shall be, in perceptible ways, linked on to a system of law or order, and shall move in accordance with this law; and that the tragic pity and terror shall differ, in this respect, from the pity and terror of ordinary life. Can we construct a theory of this kind? Surely. It is one that arises naturally out of the whole character of Greek Tragedy as we know it:—

1. The tragic poet reveals a world of infallible, omnipresent Law, controlling and adjusting human life.

2. The workings of this law are such as frequently to inspire pity and fear: pity for the sufferer under the Law, fear of the Law itself. But the person who realises and understands the Law, will at the same time recognise its justice. His pity will therefore be tempered by submission; this fear will be tempered by the re-assuring thought that only by sinning against the Law can he himself come under the operation of its penalties.

3. Pity and fear, so tempered, may rightly be said to be harmonised, or reduced to order, in relation to the Law. In other words the recognition of the Law has imposed a *rhythm* upon them, so that they no longer move in an irrational or lawless fashion, but in an orderly manner, subdued and regularised by a truly philosophical conception of human life and fate.

This, then, is what the "tragic" pity and fear do for our ordinary undisciplined fearing and pitying. The ordinary man, in his normal state, has no philosophy of this kind. He pities intemperately; he fears needlessly. Another's misfortunes will often fill him with resentment and indignation; his fear for himself will often be irrational and chaotic, because he imagines vaguely that good and evil fortune, in life, are matters of chance or caprice—consequently, that he himself may at any moment be, without cause or justice, struck down. The majority of people do, in fact, go through life filled with those vague half-conscious kinds of fear and resentment, and the ordinary spectator at a tragedy will usually, therefore, be a person of this type.

Now, Tragedy "purifies" all this inner disturbance by rationalising it. By revealing the justice, as well as the universal character of the Moral Law, it induces these chaotic emotions to move, no longer at their own sweet will, but in a sober, reasoned and orderly manner. In other words, it rhythmicises them—not stopping their movement, but merely regularising it. Nay, it even increases the movement and thus gives the emotions full play; but, at the same time, it controls it and keeps it orderly. And thus it comes about that the pity, so rhythmicised, will be a pity which, while feeling deeply for the sufferings of the sinner, will yet recognise that the suffering is just, and has been brought by the sinner on himself; and the terror, so rhythmicised, will be a fear which,

while recognising and trembling at the omnipotence of the great Law of Things, will realise that it is only to be feared by those who have transgressed against it.

The general effect of this transmutation will thus be that of *Reconciliation*; which means that the emotions of the spectator, which are ordinarily, in a vague kind of way, at war with the scheme of things, will be brought into submission to it, and will accept it as good. In a word, they will be purged of all rebelliousness, and this purgation will be the *Katharsis*, or purification, spoken of by Aristotle.

Hindu Origins of Javanese Music

By K. V. RAMACHANDRAN

Like Indian painting of the classic age, Indian music is perhaps best described as *linear*, in the sense that it is severely melodic. However intricate the convolutions, the progress was that of a trail of single notes, vivid and victorious, before which Harmony itself stood silenced. Europe recognises Melody but prefers it in a complex harmonic setting. With Harmony, music gains an element of colour and let us admit readily that European music possesses something that modern Indian, and generally Oriental music, lacks and that something, is the analogue of colour, *viz.*, Harmony.

Melody is undoubtedly the soul of music, but one is apt to misunderstand the term, when one applies it to Indian music, in the narrow sense which it carries in European parlance. Indian melody is winged with *Gamaka*, and makes use of the unique scheme of *Stayavaga* in which the notes and their enjambments merge to form new units of expression—no embellishments, but integral parts of the melody, by virtue of which music resided as much in the notes, as between them, a process of continuous blending and graded shading as it were, a whole world of *intervallic* melody, of which Europe knew nothing. Nor is Europe aware of the abstract but pictorial *Ragas* familiar to us as *Lalita*, *Vasanta*, *Kalyani*, etc., in elaborate profusion and which are the burden of our music.

Harmony signifies the coincidence of different notes; the unit of European music is the chord, and its progression that of a cluster of notes marching in triple or quadruple file, a kind of blend in which every note surrenders its individual hue to produce a new composite effect, emphasised and reinforced as it often is, by the diverse *timbre* of the various instruments of the orchestra. It is indisputable that European music is a more composite art in that it expresses itself in the interaction of the three elements—rhythm, melody, and harmony; and with harmony particularly it has

assumed the existence of a kind of space in three dimensions, none of which could subsist without implying the others, in contrast with the merely melodic, two-dimensioned Oriental art. But the critic is on debatable ground when he affirms that without harmony, a musical art of permanent value and intelligibility has not been known to attain independent existence or that non-harmonic music is always ancillary to poetry and dance, because he is not aware that the movements of *Ragalapti* make it as elaborate a work of art as the symphony achieved with an economy of means unthinkable in Europe; nor has he gauged the *Gamakik* richness of Indian melody or the intricacies of Indian rhythm, still largely a sealed book not only to Europe, but also to ourselves, exponents and all! Harmony by itself is no guarantee of great art, for if it were, popular European music will not be the abomination it is. Great music like any great art depends upon human personality especially that of the chosen ones such as Beethoven or Tyagaraja, and let us not, therefore, exaggerate the role of this or that element of music, because every element has its unplumbed depths, and all methods are legitimate because beautiful, and no method final; but welcome every school and style, the slow majesty of the *Dhrupad* along with the learned *Pallavi*, no less than the epic harmonies of Europe or the intriguing polyrhythm of the *Gamelan* or the ethereal tintinnabulation of the *Gendar Wayang*. Many are the paths that lead to the Palace Beautiful!

According to historians it took Europe more than 700 years to understand harmony. Whatever the origin of European music, whether it grew out of the post-classical tradition or the folk-arts of the Celtic and Teutonic races, it was a musical necessity that led to such a discovery, for "vague melodic music and vocal music sung by voices of different pitch seems imperatively to call for the help of harmony;" the melody was primitive and poor in content and had developed neither in the direction of *Stayavaga* nor *Raga*; harmony alone could redeem its poverty and raise it to the level of an art. The immediate source of harmony was the fact that men's voices were of different calibre from deep bass to high tenor and that it was inconvenient that they should all sing their plain chant at the same pitch. So men had to discover that relation of pitch

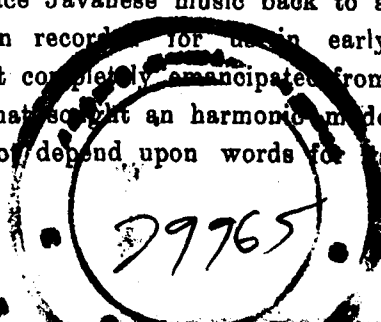
at which the song could be sung simultaneously. This led them to mix up notes as when the tenor sang the principal melody and the other voices took up assigned parts in accompaniment and so to blend divergent melodies. This was the contrapuntal tradition, and as it took root, the tendency was to bring instrumental music into greater prominence, till eventually the art based itself on a succession of chords. Here was the curious phenomenon, that European music which during its infancy broke away from the ecclesiastical modes, after the lapse of many centuries and the wisdom of a later day, is seen walking back in the direction of the very modes she had discarded earlier and halting at the half-way house of modulation—the modern musician's mainstay. In a purely melodic art with a multiplicity of modes there was no call for the 'changing of keys' of the European kind, and the tendency was rather towards a single, well-defined pitch in the shape of a rich drone, sometimes a second if the level of the song demanded it. In an harmonic system, an explicit drone would clash with the chords and therefore impossible. When Mr. Suryaputra, during the Javanese Art Congress, objected to modulation in European music, he revealed that like the Indian, his music-consciousness was melodic and modal; likewise should we remember his harmonic prepossessions when Mr. Fox Strangways calls the drone a distraction or the tritone ugly. Musical Europe has never understood musical Asia for this reason, that Europe thinks exclusively in terms of harmony so that a merely melodic utterance becomes unintelligible unless harmonised; Asia has likewise to divest European melody of its harmonic setting, if she would understand it at all. A truly Himalayan barrier of form!

Harmony was no doubt an important European discovery, but the scope of harmony was much wider than European music, so that several systems of harmonised music could co-exist, each different from the other. One such system was the Javanese. It was an unique phenomenon and its very uniqueness upset the equanimity of Sir Hubert Parry who assigned it a place just above the art of the bushmen. Raffles rated it high because it was the nearest Oriental approach to European music. A modern savant Mr. Brandts Buys states: "I do not claim that Western music is

more developed than the Javanese system, both being highly developed and highly cultivated forms of art, both having an evolution of more than a thousand years behind them; they have, however, developed along parallel lines, not identical lines. The point where Javanese music stands now is not behind us, but rather at the side." And referring to the musical art of Bali, he says: "We Westerners get the impression of a certain immobility about the Javanese Gamelan; but the Bali orchestra demonstrates how immensely moving the same gong-sounds could be; it boils and bubbles; it is not calm, but tremendously expressive, wild, demoniac." Tagore called it a tonal mosaic and said that in the gongs of the Gamelan the Indian *Jalataranga* had gained breadth, dignity, and variety. In spite of its dissimilarity it was very pleasing to our ears, nor did there seem to be any bar to its appreciation by the Europeans either." Here after all was common ground for East and West, where the West could follow an art that was polyphonous in expression—may seek inspiration therefrom as in the case of Debussy—and the East recognise her immemorial *Ragas* and *Talas* in a strange but beautiful setting. Javanese music was not the less harmonical because the scales were not of the same pattern as the European or the polyphony was regulated differently. As the pianoforte in Europe evolved from the harp and lute which it replaced, so the bronze-keyed Sarons and Genders of Java ousted the stringed instruments in some period of her history. Up to that period Javanese literature and sculpture abounds with guitars, lutes, harps; suddenly these disappear and are replaced by the keyed instruments. The same musical tradition continued without a break, though in place of lutes with notes of variable pitch, there was a new class of Idiophones with notes of fixed pitch. I will just stress this point that the Javanese Idiophones are evolved from the stringed instruments in the same way as the piano, with this difference that the latter is mechanically more perfect.

I propose in this paper to trace Javanese music back to a forgotten school of instrumentation recorded for the first time in early musical literature in Sanscrit—an art completely emancipated from language as well as dance and that so that an harmonic mode of utterance particularly and did not depend upon words for its

JL
V2 m n 28
N33-5-4



intelligibility—literally a 'song without words' of pre-historic antiquity.

The term *Samgita* comprised the triple arts of Song, Dance, and Instrumentation which expressed themselves in interaction with one another or in separation, but which were inspired by the common principle of rhythm. The three were independent arts, never ancillary to one another, though in the theatre as in the temple, they merged in a common service. The modern notion that exalts any of these at the expense of the others is a mistaken interpretation of the ancient Hindu view of the individual status of each of the arts.

Hindu theory recognised two great schools of *Samgita*, the *Desi* and *Marga*. All those local systems which like the *Prekrits* varied from province to province and followed popular caprice and which by their very diversity could not be brought under one comprehensive code were of the genus *Desi*. *Marga Samgita* was the analogue of the Sanscrit language and signified the highest art creations of the race—a culmination of several cycles of art endeavour divinely inspired—a height of creative expression unattainable by mere humans. This group of arts demanded from the artist not virtuosity, but faithfulness to encompass which was devised an elaborate grammar of regulations which controlled every detail of practice and left nothing to chance or whim of performer or auditor. Whoever rendered a *Marga* piece, whether a native of Dravida or Kashmir, and wherever it was rendered, its musical character remained the same. Its preservation engaged the early theorists and monopolises the bulk of our technical classics. *Marga* song in particular found a passionate votary in king Mahendravarman whose inscription at Kudumiyamalai is an attempt to record for posterity some of these classical melodies as remembered by Rudracharya and it is inferable that they were in danger of being forgotten so early. It was Rajaraja III who in the course of a visit to Tiruvorriyur (a centre of Sanscrit learning of the age) during the Avani festival, witnessed *Marga* dance being rehearsed by a girl, learnt to love it so well that he had the cadences of the dance permanently defined and identified on the inner walls of the towers at Chidambaram and elsewhere. A similar office was perhaps done

for the classical orchestra by an unknown king of the Sailendra dynasty after whom was named one of the two tone-settings of the Javanese Gamelan, very much like modern South Indian music which is called Carnatic in memory of the Karnataka kings of Vijayanagar, who patronised her during six centuries.

The *Marga* and *Desi* system had many ingredients in common though their use of it was different. All modern Indian music is *Desi*, whether Hindustani or Carnatic, though there are relics of the *Marga* system in either school awaiting discovery.

The *Marga* instrumentation, comprised many systems, one of which was *Nirgita Vadya*, known also as *Bahirgita*, whether because, as Abhinavagupta explains, it originated with the Asuras, like Maya-Silpa or because its place was outside the stage, we do not know; but if legend may be believed, the bulk of it had disappeared very early except for a few compositions. This art which accompanied neither song nor dance, for once went out of its way in the preliminaries of the ancient theatre, along with *Marga* song, to provide a musical background to the supreme *Tandava*. The unit of this music was not the note, but what was called *Dhatu*, a sequence of which constituted the principal melody and was played on the chief harp, to the accompaniment of an elaborate kind furnished by the subordinate *Vinas*,—the lutes, guitars etc. This system of accompaniment was perhaps taken advantage of later, in following the orthodox *Gitis* by the Tata Kutapa (string band) consisting of *Chitra*, *Vipanchika*, *Nakula*, *Kinnari* (petit and grand) *Pinaki*, *Kurmi Satatantrica*, *Ravanahastaka*, *Shadharana*, etc. We read in this connection of an ensemble of flutes and piccolos and also a vocal choir (Gayana Vrinda) made up of four chief singers, eight subordinates, twelve women accompanists, four flutists and four drummers, not to mention the *Avanaddha kutapa* (drum orchestra) in which more than twenty members of the drum family were represented. Chronologically let us remember that *Marga* arts not only implied millenia of evolution, but had a history dating back to the Vedic age and that *Nirgita Vadya* in particular has been a lost art in India during the past ten centuries or more, unlike *Marga* song which straggled on almost till the times of Vijayanagar.

Bernard Shaw in India

By DR. P. GUHA-THAKURTA, M.A., PH.D.

Bernard Shaw in India! But before one had time to realise that he was here, he was gone. It was not a visit, honestly speaking, but just a visitation or perhaps only a presence as eccentric and enigmatic as his own self. Of course, Shaw did not intend that it should be otherwise; but it will be sometime before he realises that in passing India by only as a stage of halt on a wide sojourn over the globe, he has added one more legend to an already much too legendary halo that encircles his name. The legend is sure to persist in India longer than he may suspect, in spite of the earnest efforts of the pressmen of Bombay to give his movements for a week, in and out of the luxury liner lying in the harbour, a touch of reality.

The message of the 'strong man' he gave to India will soon be forgotten; even his advice that public speaking should be made a capital offence under Swaraj will pass out of our statesmen's memory. In fact, all the things he said about us, our garrulousness, our romantic notions of liberty, our pursuit after Dominion Status and our dispute with our British rulers, will not outlive even the time the *Empress of Britain* takes to go round the world. But the legend of the whimsical appearance of a man who refused to see anything in India like an ordinary tourist, will linger. Not only that; the legend will increase in mystery as people begin to ponder on the inveterate vanity of a man, who came and said that he was on show for eight days in Bombay and was welcome to a good view by anybody in India who might care to go and have a look at him. The people of this country are not used to be treated in that way by any visitor, however world-famous he may be.

But what has been an escape from the botheration of sight-seeing to Shaw is not compensated by the obvious loss to him of the opportunities of knowing intimately what we in India really think of him. We, too, have one or two candid things to say about his contributions to the literature, thought, and culture of the twentieth

century. He has not attacked specifically our literary traditions or social or political institutions, and naturally, we can talk about his exploits like disinterested people whom he never gave any cause for offence. In our enjoyment of his wit, pungent or mellow, the element of self-criticism has never entered. We have watched him from a distance; we were neither shocked nor hurt by his dangerous doctrines. What appeared in the beginning to the entire British race as aspersions of an eccentric genius appeared to us only as the violent and impetuous outbursts of a young unknown Irishman who was dying to get himself talked about.

To-day in England, as Frank Harris informs us, in his posthumous biography of Bernard Shaw by quoting Oscar Wilde's epigram regarding him: "He has no enemies, but none of his friends like him." But in India his friends do, indeed, like and admire him tremendously. A great deal that has been said against him has not been taken seriously at all in this country; because one feeling about Shaw in India is quite pronounced; which is, that Shaw will take a lot of beating and is quite competent to defend himself without anybody's aid. India has no need either to blaspheme him or lionise him. She can size up Shaw in his proper dimensions.

In spite of his seventy-six years, he is still the Irish playboy at heart. Up to the present day, he has been the one and the same man, doing only the one and the same thing, that is, trying to change the ideas and outlook of the British people. He is just as keen to-day to save human society from confusion and inequality as he was to denounce Victorian ideas at the very beginning of his literary career. He smote one Victorian superstition after another; he denounced the sentimental and self-deluded Victorian type of heroine in *Widower's Houses* and enlarged the picture of the New Woman in the *Philanderer*. His iconoclasm, eventually in *Man and Superman*, went even deeper than a mere attack against conventional morality; it cut at the very root of the Victorian notions of sex. The doctrine of Life-Force which Shaw expounded in 1903 has, within less than thirty years, become a commonplace. It neither irritates nor infuriates people to-day.

India has had her iconoclasts too; but they did not agitate themselves over such mundane problems as sex, morality, or

economics. To quote Plotinus, they strove "from the Alone to the Alone." They did not get entangled in the human crowd, with its silly little worries and cares; they kept aloof from the insignificant little day-to-day conflicts of the instincts and passions of men and women in the mass. They only fought against themselves, their own ego. Whereas Shaw has fought only against the ego of others and tried to foist on it his own, which he has always considered to be unique. His iconoclasm led him not to the elimination of his unique self, but its enthronement on the altar of fickle public opinion. He has rode many hobby-horses, each in its own turn, Fabianism, Femininism, Ibsenism and Communism. And now Fascism in grand old age!

None of the iconcolasts in India, however, ever tried to upset a single *Apple Cart*; they never said things that were *Too True to be Good*, but only those that were too good to be true. They did not mix up grave messages with gay; they trod the path of high seriousness. Shaw expects that he should be heard now and here; they expected that they would be heard in the great beyond and hereafter.

If Shaw were to try to convert India to his ideas by means of the lighter qualities, he would try in vain. Here in this country we distinguish between jest and wisdom, and so we cannot be expected to take in earnest what is uttered in jest. This might sound 'paradoxical' to Shaw! But this is only characteristic of India which Shaw, to our regret, did not care to explore when he had the chance. Yes, we have read his masterpiece, *An Intelligent Woman's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism*, but to be quite honest, we have better ideas of the intelligence of our womenfolk than Shaw has of his. Nevertheless, below the surface of all his ragging and fooling, we sometimes do see the hard core of his ideas which are hardly so foolish as the follies they laugh at. Shaw is a mental tonic, and a dose or two of him once in a while might do us a lot of good.



The Abduction of Sita
Prabhanam
(Ninth century A.D.)

Plate I

Theatre-Architecture in Ancient India

By V. RAGHAVAN, B.A., (HONS.)

II

In an article on this subject published in the November—December issue, 1931, of this journal, I spoke of the existence of well-built theatres in ancient India on the basis of evidences from Sanskrit treatises on Drama.¹ The kinds of theatres, the details of their dimensions, equipment etc.,—these were dealt with by me in that article, as far as can be gathered from available Sanskrit texts on *Natya Sastra*. Now I propose, similarly, to treat of theatre-architecture on the basis of evidences from Sanskrit works on the *Silpa Sastra*, which deal with the construction of the theatre along with that of other buildings.

The *Samarangana Sutradhara* of King Bhoja, a work comprehensively treating of the architecture of palaces and other buildings, of arms, air-vehicles, painting etc., describes the construction of the palace of a king in Chapter XV. While mentioning the various parts of the palace, it says that in the southern quarter of the palace is built the 'Gandharva Vesma,' where 'preksha' and 'sangita,' (drama and dance) are witnessed. Coming to painting and the decoration of the buildings, Bhoja gives in Chapter XXXIV what sort of pictures should adorn what places. He says here that the halls for 'preksha' and 'sangita' should be decorated with pictures of damsels with the dance-expression called 'mudita'—'gladdened face,' of danseuses in their skilful dances, and of women playing on the various instruments.

The *Isana Siva Guru Deva Paddhati* of Isana Guru Deva, a big work on 'sivagama,' temple-architecture, 'murti lakshana,' etc., gives

¹Subsequent to my writing that article I have been going through the 'Natya' literature and find that many a work describes the theatre. The *Sangita Damodara*, the *Sangita Chandra* of Abhilasha and the *Sangita Narayana* of King Narayana of Parlakimidi contain descriptions of the theatre.

a small and obscure description of the 'prekshagriha'—the place for dramatic presentation.

The *Silpa Ratna* of Sri Kumara describes in Chapter XXXIX, the various 'mantapas' within a temple, of which the 'Natya Mantapa' is one. This work devotes one section of eight verses to the construction of the 'Natya Mantapa' in the temple. The text as printed in the *Trivandrum Sanskrit Series* is corrupt, and as that of other 'silpa' works, lacks grammar. These facts add to the difficulty of releasing the information locked in the technical terms of these 'silpa' works, research work in which field has not yet advanced sufficiently. The text contains a description of the details of construction, dimensions etc., but only a little is clear. The 'Natya Mantapa' in the temple is divided into four parts. The stage proper, 'Ranga,' is square, has four pillars, and is "perfect with other requisites." In the back is the place for 'mridanga' and other instrumental accompaniment making the orchestra, 'Kutapa,' supporting the 'natya.' This place accommodating the instruments is the 'Ranga Sirsha' of Bharata. Sri Kumara says that behind this place for orchestra, "the 'Nepathya dhama,' the green room, must be constructed by one knowing the several parts of the stage." This 'Natya Mantapa' must be in the south of the temple, facing directly the God in the main sanctuary. In the end, Sri Kumara says that in a temple or in the cities for the sake of the people, or in the capital where the king lives, theatres like the above-described must be built according to 'lakshanas.' Thus though Sri Kumara mainly describes only the theatre in the temple, he mentions also the theatres of the people and of the King.

The *Narada Silpa* of Sage Narada, an unpublished 'silpa' treatise,¹ a manuscript copy of which is available in the Adyar Library, describes the theatres, 'Nataka Salas.' The work affects a very archaic style and consequently the interpretation becomes very difficult. To begin with, Narada divides 'Nataka Salas' into three kinds: 'Daiva,' 'Gandharva,' and 'Kshatra,' i. e., the theatre of God, of the people, and of the King. The first, 'Daiva' is to be built in a temple; 'Gandharva,' the second, where all people see dramas, is

¹ Subsequent to my writing this, this work has begun to be published serially in the monthly journal *Tirumalai Sri Venkatesa, Tiruppati*.

to be built in such places as cities; the last, 'Kshatra' is to be built in a king's palace. And here, there is this good rule: On a 'daiva' stage should be presented 'Daivika Rasa,' i. e., 'Bhakti,' divine and religious themes; on a 'Kshatra' or king's stage, the 'Kshatra Rasa,' i. e., 'vira,' the heroic etc.; the cultured and the tasteful present in the 'Gandharva' or the city-theatre for all people, all the various 'Rasas.'

Narada is the only writer who has given this clear division of the theatres in ancient India. From Bharata's description of the theatre, we get only the King's and the people's theatres. But in a later context, Bharata says that dance and dramatic performances should be a feature of festivals. The art of 'Natya' had for its patron, more than the king, the God in the temple of the city, town, or village. Each place had not a king but each small place also had its temple. There is a Tamil maxim which says that one should not live in a place where there is no temple. The centre of village life was the temple, which gathered its revenue and redistributed it during its annual festivals. Each place had its artists and craftsmen, to all of whom employment was given by the temple. The annual festival of the temple was a festival to the whole village and to many other neighbouring villages also. The annual festival itself was an exhibition of the artware, metal works etc. of the neighbouring places. The occasion of such annual festival was marked also by dramatic performances. We all know very well how the prologues to most of the Sanskrit dramas say that those dramas were staged during the festivals of certain deities of certain holy places. The puppet show, 'Bommallattam,' was up to a recent time, to be seen during the festivals. The 'Bhagavatars,' i. e., the Brahmin Bharatas staged their 'Natakams' during the festivals, as for instance, the 'Prahlada Charitam' during 'Narasimha Jayanti'.¹ Now that this 'Natakam' and the race of the Brahmin Bharatas are

¹ These traditional 'Natakams' keep the art of Bharata alive. The village of Uttukkadu, six miles south of Kumbakonam, is the oldest place for this drama. It flourished in Nallur, Sulamangalam, Saliamangalam and Tepperumalkoil, all villages near to each other. It goes on still at Sulamangalam and Uttukkadu. During the Vasanta festival in the month of *Vaisakha* ten such dramas are even now staged at Uttukkadu every year. Will enthusiasts of Bharata-art turn their attention to this?

almost dead, some rich temples arrange during festivals for 'Katha Kalakshepams' by the new 'Bhagavatars', the successors of the old 'Bharata Bhagavatars'. Similarly, the lower class of people, during festivals of their deities, such as the 'Droupadi Amman Utsavam,' arrange for their dramas, the 'Terukkuttus.'

Besides the various kinds of 'Natya' during these annual festivals, each temple had its 'Natya Mantapa' and its daily 'Natya' by courtezans attached to the temple. This is supremely so in the cases of the temples of Siva, who is the greatest dancer, the greatest in the pantheon of 'Natyacharyas' and who himself dances every day in the glorious evening hour. The Vaishnavite lyrics are all set to music and were intended for 'Natya.' The 'Arayars' at Srirangam, Kanchi, and Alvar Tirunagiri were master exponents of these, which they offered to their Lord. 'Natya' in the temple is very old. Kalidasa mentions in his *Megha Sandesa* the daily dance in the evening by courtezans in the temple of Mahakala in Ujjain. Kalhana speaks of such daily dance by courtezans in temples in some other part of India in his *Rajatarangini*. Even now the evidences of those times are lingering in our temples in some useless specimens of these 'servants of the Lord.' Without making possible those conditions which will again make them the repositories and exponents of the beautiful art of 'Natya,' other social reform issues have set themselves to sweep out the race. Reformation often times is so lacking in imagination; it produces cultural anæmia. The temple was thus the greatest patron of 'Natya,' next to the palace. It is said that a very great personality of to-day hailing from the North characteristically delivered himself of a truth that nothing would flourish under the shadow of the South Indian temple towers. It is in the shade of the lofty towers that everything flourished, the towers which by their height, not only appear to, but really also dominate the whole village life. Withdrawal from their nestling shade has been the cause of life steadily becoming more and more insipid.

So each temple had its 'Natya Mantapa.' The 'Kuttam-balam' is a feature of all temples. It is this that Sri Kumara describes in his *Silpa Ratna* and the *Isana Paddhati* briefly speaks of.

The *Narada Silpa* just mentions the 'Daiva,' this temple stage, and says that it shall be of the form of a 'Mantapa' and passes over it. Naturally the 'Natya Mantapa' in the temple was not, and could not have been, so perfect and elaborately built as the theatres of the King or of the people.

The 'Kshatra' or the King's theatre also is not fully described by Narada. He says that it is constructed in the palace in the form of halls with 'Anganas' or courts. We can supply the description of 'Daiva' from Sri Kumara. So also we can supply the description of the 'Kshatra' from the works surveyed by me in the last article. The *Natya Sastra* of Bharata, the *Bhavaprakasa* of Saradatanaya etc., describe the 'Kshatra' theatre of the palace. All throughout the Sanskrit 'Kavya' and Drama literature we can see this theatre in the King's palace. The *Ramayana* says that one of the losses to the country resulting from its being without a king is that 'Utsavas' and 'Samajas,' festivities and gatherings of art-lovers in which feature joyous 'Natas' and 'Nartakas' which are necessary for the nourishment of the country, do not flourish.¹ It is part of the 'Rajadharma' that the king should patronise 'Natya,' and that the greatest gift he can make is the arranging of dramatic performances. Bharata says in his 'Natya Sastra' in chapter XXXVI: "Among the 'Dharmas' of a king, great merit is sung of this drama. Of all 'Danas,' gifts, this gift of drama is the greatest."²

Coming to the theatre of the public, the 'Gandharva,' it is this that Narada describes at great length in his 'Silpa' work. The ancient Indian led a rich life. Life was a supreme art for him, and all the fine arts helped the greatest art of his, namely, life. This is true not only of the finer among those whom Vatsyayana calls as 'Nagarakas' but of all cultured people in general. The elite of the city had their own public places to meet and enjoy 'Natya and Sangita.' There were theatres in the city, which Sri Kumara calls as 'Manushya' and Narada as 'Gandharva.' And we shall

¹ Narajake janapade prahrishta nata nartakah.
Utsavascha samajascha vardhante rashtra vardhanah.||

Ramayana Ay. Kanda 15.

² Nripadharmeshu sarveshu keertyate asya mahaphalam.
Prekshaneeya pradanam tu sarvadaneshu poojyate.||

N. S. XXXVI 76.

see presently, besides these regular theatres in the city, there were other places in the city more or less like theatres where on many occasions, citizens gathered to enjoy 'Natya.'

As remarked above, *Narada Silpa* is written in an affected archaic style, as a result of which all the valuable details given in it are rendered obscure. The ground is first made into three parts. The portion at the centre is made into the stage proper. Behind the line marked by the curtain, is the third section, which should be built so as to have many rooms, with space enough to place many things. This portion, therefore, was used for keeping the articles of stage equipment and served also as the green-room. The first section of the ground is made into the audience hall. Nearest to the stage are to be arranged seats for the Brahmins; behind them for the Kshatriyas and so on. The audience hall has storeys with large windows for ventilation and here sit the women spectators. Narada further seems to say that the stage itself has three or five 'Bhaumas,' that is, it is not even everywhere but of three or five levels. Near the entrance gate and outside the audience hall are several special chambers, a circular hall and rows of beautiful seats for taking rest. This portion of the house perhaps represented a fourth and further section where spectators spent their time before or after the play or at other times when there was no play. Narada speaks of other details also, such as gates, pillars, beams etc. In the end he comes to the decoration of the theatre and says that in the top along the turret, beautiful forms of Gandharvas must be carved. The top of the second section containing the stage proper has an upper room, big or small, which is richly decorated with carved birds and pictures and which ends like a 'Mantapa' in a long 'Sikhara' or 'Stupi.'

The *Prasada Lakshana* of Vasudeva Suri is perhaps the biggest work on 'Silpa Sastra.' It has an elaborate commentary by one Yagna Dikshita. The work is unpublished and a manuscript copy of it is available in the Adyar Library. The work describes, giving all structural details, many kinds of mansions, public and private, 'samanya' and 'visesha.' The public buildings are those where citizens meet and celebrate festivals such as the 'Vasantotsava.' There are theatrical buildings among these, where during the festivals

the citizens enjoy 'Natya' performed by courtezans. The private buildings are the palaces and the houses of rich citizens and these also contain special apartments for witnessing 'Natya.' Of these we shall speak now.

The most important of the public buildings where citizens meet during festive occasions to see 'Natya' is the 'Saradaprasada.' The commentator here points out that the 'Saradaprasada' is of two kinds, one intended for Brahmins to meet for studies, debates and other literary activities, 'Kavya Sastra Goshtis,' and the other for the Kshatriyas and Vaisyas for 'Sangitaka,' i.e., for witnessing dance and drama. The temple of Sarasvati built by King Bhoja where he held his literary court was perhaps the first kind of 'Saradaprasada.' The commentator adds that sometimes marriages are celebrated in the 'Saradaprasada' and that it is to suit such celebrations that the text also gives the 'Saradaprasada' additional apartments at the back for feasting large numbers of people. The main purpose for which the 'Saradaprasada' was intended, was, however, witnessing dance during marriages or other occasions like Spring festivities.

Vasudeva Suri describes it as the eighth kind of mansion in his *Prasada Lakshana*. He says that it shall be of a square or other shape. Each building, the text says, has many varieties on account of size. In a village, 'grama,' the building is small; in a town 'pattana,' the same building should be slightly bigger; in a city, 'nagara,' it is still bigger; it is still bigger in size in the capital 'rajadhani.' According to this general rule, Vasudeva gives two main kinds of 'Saradaprasada,' the smaller one in a village and the bigger one in a city. Thus each village also had its 'Saradaprasada.' The smaller had two gates, four adjoining rooms, and three storeys and the bigger in the city had four gates, eight adjoining rooms and five storeys. The whole house had three courts, the middle containing the stage. It was a big 'Chatvara' and was called the 'Rangika Sala.' Behind it were several rooms for other purposes. In the central hall containing the stage were seats arranged in galleries, having steps to ascend at the corners. The commentator says that according to the size, the number of pillars in this hall having the stage is eight, twelve or sixteen; that the hall shall be very spacious and beautified with many pictures.

This central hall containing the stage was high and rose up like a 'Mantapa' with dome and other features like 'Stupa' and 'Kalasa' at the top to give beauty. Further this central hall with the stage was surrounded by four or eight rooms which were connected by a running 'Angana' and above these rooms, there were three or five storeys. These storeys also accommodated spectators, perhaps the women.

The 'Sarasvati Mandira' mentioned in the *Kama Sutra* by Vatsyayana seems to be different from the above-described 'Sarada prasada' though both are similar in that they are dedicated to Sarasvati and to 'Natya.' The difference is that Vatsyayana's 'Sarasvati Mandira' resembles very much the temple. In it is the Goddess of Learning and Arts, Sarasvati. The day sanctified by her name is the 'Panchami,' the fifth day after the new or full moon. Such days are called the 'Prajnata' days. On every 'Panchami' the cultured men of the city repair in a body to the temple of Sarasvati, for Sarasvati is the greatest deity of the 'Nagarakas' who are devoted to learning and the Arts. This temple of Sarasvati is a feature of all cities. The chief among the citizens or some other authority appoints a certain number of artists called 'Niyuktas,' has them permanently paid in the 'Sarasvati Mandira' of his city, to entertain the 'Nagarakas' with 'Natya' on the day of their meeting, namely, the 'Panchami.' Sometimes a touring party of 'Natya'—artists, the visitors, 'Agantukas' arrive. They belong to some other city and are 'Niyuktas' in the 'Sarasvati Mandira' of that city. When these visitors arrive it is the duty of 'Nagarakas' to receive them, arrange for their performance in the local 'Sarasvati Mandira' and honour them with presents. Thus this 'Sarasvati Mandira' which we see from the *Kama Sutra* as a feature of all 'Nagaras,' cities, was mainly intended for fortnightly presentation of 'Natya' and hence had as the main part, a stage intended for that purpose.

Coming again to the work called *Prasada Lakshana*: It describes other public and private buildings, built for witnessing 'Natya.' The nineteenth mansion called the 'Malika Prasada' is one such public building. The Brahmins do not frequent this. The Kshatriyas meet here during marriages and festival occasions to see

'Natya' performed by courtezans. The stage is in the central hall. By its side and also in the front of the house are, on the whole, four halls and further, behind the stage-hall, there are other apartments for other purposes.

The twenty-second 'prasada' called the 'Matra Parasada' is also for seeing 'Abhinaya Vidya.' The text says that this mansion has a big hall for the presentation of 'Abhinaya' and that the whole house has two or three storeys with stairs at the corners. It is said that sometimes debates are also carried on in this mansion. The commentary says that this 'Matra Prasada' is mainly for seeing dances by courtezans and is also used for testing students and scholars in debates. The building, the commentator says, should be on an elevation of six 'hastas', nine feet, above the ground, with four high gates on the four sides, or on the whole twelve gates, four to each of the three sides. The central hall containing the stage-platform is built like a 'Mantapa.'

The thirty-fourth public mansion called the 'Visvakarma Bhavana' is another such building. Of it the commentator says that it is a public mansion where Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras, and other mixed castes—all men in general—meet during auspicious and beautiful occasions such as Spring to hear religious expositions, or music, or to see the presentation of 'Lasya' and 'Abhinaya' by courtezans, or to witness magic, 'Indrajala' or to hear expositions of puranic 'Kathas.'

The thirty-fifth mansion called 'Maya Bhavana' is a square building and is for all men to meet during Spring and on other festive occasions for enjoying music and dance. Thus the public buildings for theatrical performances are five,—the 'Saradaprasada,' the 'Malikaprasada,' the 'Matra Prasada,' the 'Visvakarma Bhavana,' and the 'Maya Bhavana.'

Coming to the 'Visesha Prasadas,' private mansions, the fifteenth mansion described by Vasudeva Suri called the 'Iravata Prasada' is a big palace. Measurements etc., for this palace are given. This building has in it halls for music, dance and drama. These halls occupy the third court. Many other private 'prasadas' like this, of kings as well as of rich men, are said to contain separate halls for the witnessing of 'Natya.'

Thus in ancient India, there were well-planned and well-built theatres in the cities where people gathered, and in the palace where the king witnessed drama and dance with his retinue. These theatres are most elaborately and completely described by Bharata only among writers on the subject. The theatres were of varying sizes and shapes. From Saradatanaya's *Bhavaprakasa* we see that the 'Vritta' or circular which is the same as the semi-circular or horse-shoe theatre that is considered as the best, was also available in ancient India. Besides these, there were the theatres of temples, which were naturally not very elaborately designed as the palace theatre or the city theatre of the citizens. In addition to these there were the 'Saradaprasada' and the 'Sarasvati Mandira' in each city, as also the many other mansions which provided stages and were constructed somewhat like theatres, where on many occasions the citizens enjoyed drama and dance. The cultured ancient Indian had so much of the art of 'Natya' dance, drama, and music in his life, that besides the heavy programmes he had in regular theatres, he enjoyed often smaller programmes of drama and dance on all festive occasions in the public mansions of the city, or, if rich, in his own private mansion. These were the many places where, in ancient India, dramas were staged and the art of 'Abhinaya' presented.

Browning as a Poet of Love

By A. R. GOPALAN, M.A.

" All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame."

These words of another poet may be said to sum up for us in a nutshell the end and aim of Browning's poems.

Of all the fields of human experience portrayed by Browning in his poetry, that into which his imagination most fully entered and that which presents to us the most vital and compelling side of his genius is Love. It is indeed remarkable that Browning, of all poets the most masculine and intellectual, should be so predominantly a poet of Love. This passion forms the motive power of his verse just as he believed it to be the guiding inspiration and harmoniser of the Universe. He dramatised Love in all its manifestations, from baseness and folly to the noblest heights of self-renunciation; he differs from other poets in being able to express the love not only of his own heart, but of the hearts of all. One might say of him that never was another poet in whom there was so much of the obsession of Love and so little of the obsession of Sex.

Commonly speaking, the term 'Love Poems' does not mean poems concerning absolute love, or the love of ideas such as Truth or Beauty, or the loves belonging to home, or the love of friends, or even married love—unless it be specially bound up with ante-nuptial love—but poems expressing the isolating passion of one sex for the other chiefly in youth, or in conditions which resemble those of youth. They generally celebrate the joys and sorrows, the rapture and despair, the changes and chances, the moods and fancies, the 'quips and cranks and wanton wiles' of that passion which is half of the sense and half of the spirit. According to Browning, Love, the manifestation of a man's or woman's nature in the highest and most intimate relationship

possible, is the test and crisis of one's life; love and sacrifice for God and for man form the sole channel through which Humanity can reach the Deity; they constitute the highest opportunities for mental and spiritual growth. His prophetic belief that Life does not cease with what we know as Death, but continues thenceforth to exist in some changed form, was not so much the result of blind unthinking faith as of logical reasoning based on the mainspring of his life, Love. He could not explain, but yet felt the need of loving and of being loved, and it is from this strong religion of love that his world-wide sympathies spring and derive their strength. They are not derived from any mere scientific interest of a psychologist but from a genuine belief that all men are brothers and form with him the great family of God. Thus Love is an essential element of his theology; it converts what would otherwise be a pure theism into a mystical Christianity; its removal from his themes would be the removal of his most original as well as his most solid contribution to Literature; it would have left the poet himself a man without a purpose, in a universe without a meaning.

Consequently it is no wonder that Browning comes to regard the union of soul with soul as the capital achievement of life and also as affording one of its chief proofs; as a supreme power in itself and also as a revelation of infinite things which lie beyond it; as an evidence of character and even as a pledge of perpetual advance in the life of the spirit. When it has taken possession of a soul that is complex, affluents and tributaries from many and various faculties run into the main stream. "With Browning passion is indeed a regal power, but intellect, imagination and fancy are its office bearers for a time; then in a moment it takes all authority into its own hands, resolves of a sudden all that is complex into the singleness of joy or pain; fuses all that is manifold into the unity of its own life and being." In *Rudel to Lady Tripoli*, Love which cometh by the hearing, is a pure imaginative devotion; in *Count Gismond*, Love is the deliverer; in *Cristina*, Love is the Interpreter of Life.

In short, the faintest and most fugitive signs of Love—a word, a glance, the impalpable music of a romantic name—came not merely to kindle and subdue, but permanently fortify and secure.

With all its insurgent and emancipating vehemence, Love was for Browning the very ground of stable and harmonious existence, the energy of integration which makes a cosmos of the sum of things, the element of permanence, of law. In a life thrilled into being by Love, Heaven was already at hand on earth; and Eternity itself could but continue what Time had begun. Browning may thus be seen to be the last and assuredly not the least in the line which handed on the torch of Plato.

Having dwelt so far on the general tone and temper of Browning's philosophy of Love, it remains to be seen when and where and how these impressions are conveyed to us. On forming all his poems into groups, one easily perceives that it falls in the main into two divisions: those which tell of attainment and those which tell of defeat. In either case, however, that passion does not go beyond this life and even in this life takes up the whole brain of the lover, seeming absolutely the best and the only thing he can possess without reference to any one except himself; but in its consuming selfishness it exalts itself over all other phenomena; while those to whom love is an intellectual idea find in success or failure more use than in actual present enjoyment.

It is indeed curious how little the passionate love poem with its strong personal touch exists in Browning's poetry. His own single and supreme passion touched no fountain of song, such as love sets flowing in many who are not poets. The reason for this is, of course, that such poems naturally demand a sweet melody in verse, and Browning's genius was not essentially lyrical, nor could he inevitably command a melodious treatment in verse. Yet no English poet of his century, and few of any other, have made love seem so wonderful—though he habitually takes this wonder bruised and jostled in the grip of thwarting conditions. One love of a personal nature, however, he possessed, fully and intensely, and this was his love for his wife. And three poems embody it. The first is *By the Fire-side*, a meditative poem of recollective tenderness wandering through the past—a finished piece of art, with its quiet thought, profound feeling, and sweet memory, which like a sunlit atmosphere soften the aspect of the room, the image of his wife and the emotions and scenes described. It is Browning's most

perfect rendering of the luminous inner world, all-sufficing and self-contained, of a rapturous love. The outer world is drawn into the inner by taking its hue and becoming the confidant and executant of its will.

One Word More is full, and full to the brim, with the long experience of peaceful joy in married love. And lastly comes *Prospice*, composed in the autumn following his wife's death which expresses his triumphant certainty of meeting her, and breaks forth at last into so great a cry of pure passion, that ear and heart alike seem to rejoice. We thrill, when we are told that all the gloom and terror which beset man in life's fitful fever

" Shall change, shall change, first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
Oh, thou soul of my soul, I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest."

His impersonal poems in Love are poems of Love not in its simplicities, but in its subtlest moments, moments Browning always loved to analyse. *Love Among the Ruins* is an exquisite poem of re-union in love, and depicts a pastoral solitude in which are buried the remains of an ancient city, once fabulous in magnificence, wealth and strength. It is a scene in the Roman Campagna in twilight. Into this landscape of the wreck of ages and the scattered memorials of a forgotten metropolis is projected the idyll of a lover going to meet his mistress, a golden-haired girl with eager eyes of love, and the emotion evoked by the meeting is emphasised by the contrast of the surroundings. He muses on the changes and wonders of the world; and this sad reflecting contemplator of the past learns by the glance of her eye, and her look and embrace which extinguish sight and speech, that splendour of arms, triumph of wealth, centuries of glory and pride, folly, noise and sin, are nothing comparable to Love which, sharing as it does the destiny of finite things, is yet triumphant over time and death and is the highest element in Human Life—"Love is best!"

We may pass on to *The Last Ride together*, one of the loveliest of love lyrics, in which thought, emotion and melody are mingled in perfect measure; which has the lyrical cry and objectiveness of

the drama. Poets have often sung of unrequited love, and filled the mouth of the disappointed lover with dainty blasphemies of the heartless fickleness of love in women and of the result of the dismissal to the lover's own soul development; but here there is nothing but a manly and dignified resignation. A man who has spent years in passion for a young girl by mistaking her camaraderie for a deeper feeling just realises his error when he is told that he can hope no more. Possessed of that strength which emanates under failure in a strong cheerful fatalism, he has courage enough to crush the rising despair in him, and requests for a last ride with her. The secure faith of Evelyn's lover that "God creates the love to reward the love" is not his; his mistress will never "awake and remember and understand." But that dead form he is permitted to clasp; and in the rapture of that phantom companionship, passion and thought slowly transfigure and glorify his fate, till from the lone limbo of outcast lovers he seems to have penetrated to the innermost fiery core of life, which art and poetry grope after in vain:

" And so you sculptor, so you gave
A score of years to art, her slave,
And that is your Venus, whence we turn
To yonder girl that fords the burn."

He, on the other hand, has been able to possess that supreme moment of earth, which prolonged is Heaven:

Ride, ride together, and for ever ride!

He had achieved his heart's desire through his faith in Love as the healing balm of Life's many unhappy worries, of Life's many little interludes.

In conclusion, as the poet himself has it:

" All that thou dost enumerate
Of power and beauty in the world
The mightiness of Love was curled
Inextricably round about."

It is only Love can rule the noise of Life to heavenly quiet. It is the wonder of all wonders, the object of our very existence;

it is the culmination in a series in which Knowledge is the last stage but one and the condition of our reaching the highest. It is the star that blazes through an ever-present Eternity; it is the most perfect human entity which when labour and pain are at an end, when lonely midnight walks and raging noonday battles have drawn to a close, when the division and duality of ages are forgotten, takes its throne at the foot of God himself.

" If we love,
Although death shall break and bray our flesh,
The joy of love that thrilled in it shall fly
Past his destruction, subtle as fragrance, strong
And uncontrollable as fire, to dwell
In the careering onward of man's life,
Increasing it with passion and with sweetness.
Duty is on us therefore that we love
And be loved."

It is too vast to be circumscribed in a lyric, represented in a drama, bound up in a long story of spiritual endeavour like *Paracelsus*; it moves in dignity, splendour, and passion through all that he deeply conceived and nobly wrought; its triumphant immortality in his work is never for a moment clouded with doubt or subject to death. This is the supreme thing in his work: Love is conqueror and Love is God. "Love is All" might have served as a text for the whole volume of his poetry; but the text is wrought with an amazingly acute vision for all the things which are not Love.

One may find a more delicate grace in Tennyson, a more voluptuous intensity in Rossetti, an easier sweep in Byron, a more ideal beauty in Shelley, but in no poet is there a more complete fusion of all these elements than in Browning, the dramatic and passionate singer of Love.

" Life with all its yields of joy and woe,
And hopes and fears,
Is just our chance of the prize of learning Love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and IS."

Realism in Bengali Literature

By HUMAYUN KABIR, M.A. (OXON)

The question of idealism and realism in literature is being hotly debated in connection with the manifestations of recent Bengali literature, but unfortunately, a good deal of the discussion is rendered meaningless by the arbitrary and sometimes inappropriate usage of the terms. Instead of trying to define the meaning of the terms as applied to literature, people have been content to employ them in the classification of writers into opposed schools and mete out praise or blame according to personal preferences. The result is that the discussions degenerate from an attempt to judge between different outlooks in literature into a squabble about the relative importance or unimportance of some pet novelist or poet.

At the very outset it may be said that the opposition between the two is largely an unreal one. Any literature worthy of the name must reflect the spirit of man—his aspirations and his achievements. Art and literature are the creations of man; they embody the inspiration that is in him and express the reality which constitutes his truest self. Their realm is that of his thought and feelings, and their highest purpose is to give these a permanent form. In the scheme of our life we can allow only that which has some function to fulfil. It is meaningless to speak of "Art for Art's sake," for art has no meaning except in reference to the values of human life. If we remember this, we also see that there must be the reflection of life in all art and literature. A close contact with reality is an absolutely indispensable condition of their growth, for once this contact is lost, they lose their relation to life and become merely idle phantasies. Dreams and phantasies also have their place in the scheme of things, but those who exalt them at the expense of the reality of life, are not artists but lunatics. Any literature which neglects this vital reference to life, does so at its own risk, for in becoming unreal it also ceases to be literature.

Realism or fidelity to nature is therefore an essential condition

for literature that wants to live, but this realism is not necessarily antagonistic to the highest type of idealism. Idealism in literature does not mean that the facts of life are denied to proclaim the value and glory of some faith or hope: it means that life is seen in all its magnitude and value discovered in its infinite complexity. To see life whole is to see it steadily, and in this serenity of vision, which can see the storm and wait for the calm to follow, lies the secret of idealism.

From this point of view, it is not only possible but also necessary to reconcile idealism and realism. For the value of any literature depends on the depth of its meaning and this can be gained only by the inclusion in it of life in its manifold manifestations. We may perhaps put it in another way by saying that realism is a question of the technique of literary art, while idealism refers to the end for which this technique is used. It may be difficult to separate technique from purpose in every case, but we recognize the broad distinction implied by the terms, while their inseparability only proves that they are involved in each other's being.

We must, however, admit that realism and idealism have not often been understood in this sense. Realism has been taken to mean, not fidelity to human life and nature, but only to a certain section or fragment of it, while the term idealism has been used to indicate fidelity to other equally vital aspects of life. This, however, is obviously arbitrary and unjustifiable, for there is no reason why we should call by different names what is at bottom the same attitude. Undue emphasis on some particular aspect of life to the neglect of all its other manifestations is certainly not realism, and it is difficult to see why it should either be a necessary element of idealism in literature.

The attitude of mind we have been trying to describe, can perhaps be best expressed by calling it Romanticism. Without entering into any discussion about the relative merits and demerits of Romanticism and other "isms," it might perhaps be said that one of the characteristic features of Romanticism lies in its total absorption in some idea or ideal to the total exclusion of everything else in the universe. The intense and passionate quality of romantic writing is a result of such wide-hearted devotion, for, to the romantic, the mean-

ing of the universe is concentrated in the object of his immediate consciousness. Balance and proportion, and a proper distribution of emphasis on the different components of our experience are qualities that we miss in most romantic literature, but it often gains in depth and inwardness what it loses in extent and width of appeal.

There is no doubt the inevitable reaction. From the exaltation of the spirit and intoxication in the value of some particular aspect of life, romantic literature passes by a natural transition to the glorification of opposed elements of our experience. The devils of to-day are the gods of yesterday, only because these gods in the days of their prime sought to occupy the entire universe and crush out of existence anything that refused homage to them, but any such attempt to reduce the complexity of life to any one uniform pattern is bound to fail. The neglected elements revolt against their banishment, and clamour for full recognition, till with the strength born of the opposition and the struggle, they in turn become supreme, and seek to suppress the rivals who had so long kept them out of the picture.

This is what is happening in Bengali literature to-day. The undue emphasis and unhealthy absorption in all matters relating to sex, specially in its abnormal and subnormal sides, are merely natural reactions against the taboo which has so long dominated over our lives. Nobody can deny that sex is an integral part of our lives, but to make it the only, or even the most important fact of our life is essentially to falsify the picture. Men and women love one another and physical union of the sexes is an element in this love, but is not the whole of it. Similarly, love itself is one of the most important factors of our life, but cannot be regarded as the only factor. Love and hunger are both fundamental traits, and we can perhaps argue as to which is the more basic in the economy of life, but any literature which recognises only the one or the other is doomed to unreality and failure.

Recent Bengali literature cannot, therefore, be regarded as realistic in its technique or its aim. Those who have hailed as anti-romanticism its absorption in the questions of sex have failed to see that what we have here is merely the substitution of one

romanticism for another. Instead of the soft and sweet things of life holding the centre of the picture, we have to-day minute studies of ugliness and evil. But if life is not all soft or sweet, neither is it merely evil and ugly. An undue preoccupation with either aspect alters the complex and delicate organisation of life in its contrast of light and shade, and gives us a picture which is essentially romantic.

This fact can be seen in another way. We have referred to the unhealthy interest in all matters sexual, but we have before our eyes the day-to-day struggle of common men to eke out a bare existence. The poverty and squalor, the lack of education and hope, the absence of health and happiness in which our peoples live have found little or no reflection in the literature of the day. The political subjugation of the country does not come with humiliation to the hearts of our *litterateurs*, and the movement for emancipation that is sweeping through the country to-day finds no echo in their writings. The merely political aspects of the movement may have little to do with art, but the urge of life that rises from the depths of the nation's soul should have its reflection in the literature of the day. We expect in the artist an acute sensitiveness and power of response to his environment, but what are we to think of his passion and imagination if he remains dead to currents that stir the ordinary man from the routine of his daily life?

The Romanticism inherent in us has many forms. It is in its essence an escape from life and may largely be attributed to the fact of our political slavery. We are not proud of what we are, and therefore we seek to compensate in dreams for the deficiencies of our actual lives. That is again why we are so impatient of criticism, for we lack sufficient confidence in ourselves to accept criticism for whatever it might be worth. We boast of our past and dream of future glories, but in this constant attempt at self-delusion we forget that the present with all its harshness cannot be imagined away. The result is that our literature is shot through and through with unreality, and nowhere is this unreality more marked than in our drama. False in emotion and in the conception of character, our drama exhibits extravagance masquerading as heroism, and sickly sentimentality playing the role of deep and strong emotions.

But then we can say of this drama that it has, at any rate, no pretensions to realism.

What then we need in Bengali literature—and without much acquaintance I am still inclined to think that this holds true of other provincial literatures also—is a recognition of the fact that life is not a simple thing and can be expressed by no single formula. In its rich complexity and manifoldness, it has room for many and apparently incompatible factors, and undue exaggeration or neglect of any element falsifies our picture of life. All slavery—whether political, economic, or social—has a narrowing influence on the mind, and it is only the free and open spirit that can successfully fulfil the high and arduous task demanded of a real artist. A Shakespeare is born perhaps only once in a thousand years, but the tragic balance which is the secret of his greatness, ought to be the principle informing all our literary endeavours.

The Block

By GAJANAN JAGIRDAR

It had struck two. The third hour had commenced. The drawing teacher stepped into the class room. The general chatter faded away into a significant hush, and the drawing books were promptly produced. The teacher distributed the pencils as also the rubber pieces. Some pencils wanted mending. The boys started on them with their pen-knives.

The teacher placed a wooden block upon the table: a square block. He tilted his head a little and considered its position. He went near and altered it just a little. His face beamed with satisfaction.

"There! You have now to make a sketch of this block. Look well at it. Close one eye and measure the block with your pencils: . . . Thus! Take care. No thick lines. No erasing. Foot rules not to be used. Free hand drawing. Now, be quick about it," said the teacher.

The boys shut one eye and held the pencils before their noses. They tilted their heads and began measuring the block. The teacher stood in a corner and proudly beheld the position of the block. Now and again he also cast a vigilant glance at the boys.

"Teacher, may I draw a flower?" a weak little boy got up and spoke. There was fear in his voice.

"Who said 'may I draw a flower?' Who was that? Did I not ask you to sketch the block? There the matter should end! 'Flower' indeed! Sit down and do as you are told."

The teacher's eyes were wide with offence; his brow was knit. The weak little boy sat down in utter submission. He knew his teacher when his eyes rolled so. Quietly he held his pencil before his nose and began to measure the block. His hand was shaking.

"Sir, he is not sketching the block. He is drawing something else!" complained the neighbour of that weak little boy.

"Who is not sketching the block?" thundered the teacher.

"Sir, this fellow, this Dattoo Sane." The culprit was pointed out.

Dattoo Sane looked about. His heart was beating fast. With quick instinct he hid the picture before him between the pages of his drawing book, held the pencil before his nose, and fixed his eyes on the block.

But this sleight of hand did not escape the searching glance of the teacher. A sinister look stole into his eyes as he approached the boy. Deliberately he picked up the sketch book and dislodged the picture from its guilty retreat.

"You did this?" The teacher gave the boy a fair chance to tell a lie.

"No," said Dattoo, availing himself of that chance.

But his head was bent with shame. It was indeed his doing, and mighty proud he would have been to confess it, under different circumstances. He had spent the whole morning over it. There was the parrot perched on a leafy branch, there was the green lawn spread below, there were the flowers smiling here and there, there was the streamlet rushing through all this beauty . . . and behind, peeping over the broken wall of mountains was the Rising Sun: that was the subject of his picture. Dattoo had painted it from memory. Such a picture he had never drawn before. Such a joy he had never felt before. How often during the first two hours had he stolen a glance at it! His entire mind was filled with one vision, the vision which he had so eagerly tried to record.

"You naughty urchin, you liar!" the teacher went on, "you were asked to sketch the block, and what is this that you have done? Who on earth asked you draw *this*?" He viewed the picture with undisguised contempt. "Using your silly head again? Oh, you just wait and I shall teach you to obey!" With which he tore the picture into little bits and flung it into the waste-paper basket.

Dattoo shut his eyes. He was choking within. He felt his heart was being twisted. He sat down, crushed, and started sketching the square block . . .

Father had liked the picture.

Mother had liked it too.

Everyone had liked it.

Why had not the teacher?

Dattoo was at a loss to think.

Somehow he finished sketching the block. The teacher gave him nine marks out of ten. But he did not smile. He did not even look up. His face remained just as sad, his look remained just as anguished as before.

The gong struck again. The teacher left the class. Dattoo picked up the discarded bits from the waste-paper basket and began to piece them up together. Tears welled up in his eyes. He could hardly see . . .

(Adapted from the original MARATHI of P. K. Atre, Poona)

Masako-San Learns English

By NILKAN A. PERUMAL

On the very first night I went to live in my newly rented flat in Kobe, Japan, where I was living a few years ago, my landlord's family came to see me. It was a cold night although spring had come and the cherry blossom season was in full swing. I was in my warm dressing gown in the study busily revising an article for the *Osaka Mainichi* (one of the two greatest newspapers in Japan) when the door was knocked. I said, "Come in!" The door then flung open and a Japanese woman past her middle age carrying a baby on her back, entered and bowed. She was followed by another young woman holding a child by the arm and yet a third, a bright-looking girl attired in a butterfly *kimono*, who appeared to be fourteen years old. All of them smiled innocent smiles and reverently bowed to me saying, "Kumbava" (good night). I rose upon my feet and returned their salutations. Then there was pin-drop silence in the room for a while.

The elderly lady then began "Anone"—for that was the way the Japanese started any conversation—and spoke something in Japanese which I did not know enough to understand as to what exactly she spoke. I stood puzzled, and blushed. Then "the girl of fourteen" stepped a pace forward to my help.

"Upasan (grand-mother) say," she said in English slowly, taking long breaths between each word she uttered, "she happy you come."

"Oh, thanks. I am equally happy to see you all here. Please tell her so," I replied rather quickly. Although I doubted very much whether the girl had understood me fully, I saw she appeared to, from the way in which she immediately gave a translation of what I spoke.

Again the elderly lady spoke something and the little girl interpreted.

"Upasan say," she continued, "I know lithle Engriz (English) —want—study—more." And she took a deep glance on a piece of paper which she held tight between her fingers, laughed heartily, and said, "You teach."

"That is fine. Come to-morrow and we shall see," I replied without a second thought.

They bowed in reverence, as only the Japanese know how to, and departed.

The whole affair appeared to me very funny. I wondered—and even now I do—why they came to me with the request to teach the girl English. How did they expect me, a *pucca* Indian to give English lessons to a Japanese, when I knew not enough of Japanese to converse even and when the girl knew nothing of my own language, Tamil? Yet I thought that nothing was lost in trying an experiment. And so I decided to try.

Punctually at seven next evening, Masako-San—for that was the girl's name—turned up alone and bowed to me with a broad smile. She was full of curiosity and hesitation which she tried to conceal.

"Gooth nighth," she said in English as I rose up to receive her. I gave her a chair to sit by me, and as she sat she thanked me in Japanese, "Arigatho-Gozaimaz" (Thanks please).

Then she gracefully opened a cloth bundle and produced a note-book, a copy of the English-Japanese pocket dictionary and an English First Primer whose author I do not now recollect. She placed these books on the table and again smiled.

I sat still like a frozen corpse, for I knew not what to do. But something had to be done. . . . Why not then start a conversation, I thought, and this, I did.

"Why—you—want—I learn English?" I asked her in broken English in order to make it easy for her.

"Why—you—want—learn—Engriz?" she repeated almost in parrot-like fashion, casting a serious look at me. She sat in contemplation scratching her head wondering what I meant by those words. She could not however catch me. And yet another laugh! . . . Then slowly picking up her note-book and fountain pen she asked me, "What you say?"

I repeated the words slowly, and she carefully jotted them down in her note-book, one by one. She read them over again and consulted her dictionary. And it took her full fifteen minutes to understand the full meaning of my query.

Then with a long breath she exclaimed, "So!—" which was a Japanese exclamatory expression similar to "Is That so?" in English. Again her fingers were busy turning the pages of the dictionary to find the exact English words to give me a reply. Another fifteen minutes! And the reply was: "I like—become—working girl," by which she meant that she was picking up English with a view to become a sales-girl in one of the big departmental stores in Kobe where foreigners frequent. If she knew the English language she would get a position easily and she would also receive a better salary than the other girls.

I and my pupil carried on conversation in this manner for a few hours! That night I decided that the only thing I could do was to teach Masako-San English conversation. In order to do that I would daily write down a few sentences which came into daily conversation. She had to find out the exact meaning of those sentences in Japanese. Then she should also try to converse with me every day in English and not show signs as most often she did. Further she should read out to me her English primer and I would correct her pronunciation and explain the meaning. That was all possible. She agreed to my method of helping her and as days passed on, Masako-San did really improve her English conversation, though she made no advance towards correct pronunciation.

Masako-San was an intelligent girl. She had a very good memory and never forgot anything that I once told her. And she was a painstaking student. Like all Japanese she was bent upon achieving her self-imposed task, somehow. Besides doing all her domestic duties, she devoted all her leisure to learning English and reading the daily press. She would now and then drop into my room and consult me on this and that. I admired her zeal and was therefore only too pleased to help her as best as I could, in spite of the busy time I had to spend—like all journalists in Japan.

Among the Japanese I came across several English writers and speakers, but I have never known any one who spoke the English language with ease and with correct pronunciation. Men like Dr. Inazo Nitobe (the scholar-philosopher), Yone Noguchi (the poet-artist), Tsurumi (the author-politician) and Kawakami, the leading journalist, all wrote fairly good English but you could always notice clearly the Japanese accent in their speech.

With Masako-San also the chief difficulty was pronunciation. Well-read girl that she was in her own language, she could seldom easily think in English. And whenever she came out with her funny pronunciation, she always made me laugh. But Masako-San took no offence and she too seemed to enjoy the joke. To quote only one example, I could never get out of her mouth the letter L. She always pronounced it as R. I dinned into her ears that she should say only "L" but in vain.

"Say 'Glass,' Masako-San," I used to tell her but she only said 'Grass.'

This reminded me of how the Japanese who read Kipling studied his verses which ran :

"On the Road to Mandalay
Where the flying fishes play."

as :

"On the Road to Mandaray
Where the frying fishes pray !"

Four months had now passed since Masako-San became my pupil. She could fairly converse in English though she never said anything without a little hesitation while choosing her words. However she could do nothing by herself, without the aid of her favourite dictionary. She wrote a round neat hand English and always tried to improve upon it. She did not at all appear to be wearied in trying this laborious experiment of picking up English and she toiled day and night. If however she has now attained her goal, none would be happier than I to hear it, for I helped her a little—in fact very very little—towards her ambition.

One day after she had finished her daily lessons, I broke the news to her—the news of my sailing for the United States the next morning. Her face turned pale. She stared at me sitting motionless. I could read in her eyes how much she felt my departure. Her kindly eyes twinkled while her usual smile remained as sweet as ever.

"Why, you needn't have to go," she spoke in English with feeling and concern.

I was now happy that Masako-San had improved a little in English conversation after she came under my tuition, though she had learned something all by herself and without a teacher before I went to live in her flat. That was the only joy I had in leaving behind Masako-San, who held me in reverence and even in affection, for the little service that I had rendered her.

After a pause she gracefully picked up her dictionary and turned over its pages more quickly than she had ever done before. This time she was not looking for words for her own benefit. She was searching for words, I understood, to wish me good luck in my mission to the United States.

After half an hour, she had completed forming a few sentences which she wrote down in her note-book. Taking a careful look on the pages of the note-book, she told me in a feeling tone :

"Perumal-San, I wish success to you in America. I cannot be enough grateful to you, for kindly teaching me. Japanese people respect teachers. I respect you."

So saying she rose up from her seat, bowed to me, and walked out of the room. I was astonished why she did not even wish me the customary "Kumbava." But my astonishment was soon over when she came back a few minutes later. She had gone out to a near-by shop and bought a calendar diary, an ivory pen and a crystal ink-bottle. With these in hand she entered the room, and as she held out these gifts towards me she said :

"These are my offerings to you and please accept."

I accepted her presents without a word of protest for I knew that there was no use refusing it, although I did not deserve them. After all what had I done to merit these offerings? Nothing.

As I looked at the parcel containing the gifts I was moved,

and so was Masako-San. Tears rolled down our cheeks. There was perfect silence.

I merely said, "Thank you" as I bowed to Masako-San, taking leave of her.

"Arigatho, Kumbava" was all she said in reply before leaving the room with another of her characteristic bows.

Fakir Shah Jalaluddin Vasali

By AGA SYED IBRAHIM DARA

Shah Jalaluddin Vasali of Khurashan was a God-realised fakir and a wanderer. The term 'Vasali' means one who has attained Union. He became known and famous to some extent in India, among the Hindus as well as the Muhammadans. The devotees of Ram take him to be one of them, describe his devotional acts, and believe in many miraculous responses he got in answer from his Beloved, which rarely fall to the lot of even a chosen devotee.

I give as much as possible an exact reproduction of the incidents of his life so well described by one of his admirers in the *Kalyan*.

The writer calls him 'Mahatma Vasali' and says: "He was a man of great devotion and a lover of Beauty. He was a devotee of Ramchandrajī and considered that he would win his salvation by repeating his name alone. Wandering from place to place, he reached the town of Multan in the province of the Punjab. Here a certain panditji called Tekchand had recently arrived and used to hold 'Kathas' in which he recited passages from the Hindi *Ramayan*, the celebrated and inspired translation of Tulsi Das. So beautifully and in such a fine and melodious voice did he recite that people gathered from distant villages to hear him, and there used to be a gathering of thousands."

One day the chapter recited dealt with the *Swayamvar* of Sita in the palace of Raja Janak, when the entire city of Mithila had gone mad after Ram and marvelled at his beauty and strength. It is one of the finest portions of the *Ramayan*, and that day the panditji recited it with so much charm and effect that many amongst the audience fell into a swoon or got into a condition of ecstatic emotion, while others found it difficult to restrain their tears or shouts of praise and love. A wonderful atmosphere was created and the panditji went on reciting till late at night. When at last he closed his book and wrapped it in his cloth and stood up to go home somebody came to him making his way through the

crowd. It was the Shah Saheb who said, "Panditji, Panditji, I was greatly pleased on hearing your 'Katha.' I was beside myself with joy and at times got into trance and ecstasy. Do tell me what great book it is that you read and of which great and Yussuf-like handsome Beloved does it speak?"

The panditji replied, "Shah Saheb, at some distance from the Himalayas there is a town of Ayodhya in the province of Oudh. Our great Maharaja Dasaratha used to rule the province and it was his capital. He was a great God-realised sage. Ramchandraji was his son, famous as you have heard for his beauty, bravery, and knowledge. 'Who was an ocean of merit, accomplished, polite, refined, brave and handsome, with a body shining with rays of light.' This book is the *Ramayan* and contains his praise, which you have heard recited to-night. How did you like it, Shah Saheb?"

Shah Saheb replied, "Panditji, for many days I am regularly coming to this place and listening with great adoration and rapt attention. I get into a great ecstasy and roll in the ocean of love and delight. I have really become a lover and a devotee of this Prince of Beauty." Then he added, "I turn my face from the world and find myself in the lane of my Beloved."

The panditji said, "You seem to be a devotee of Ram and an admirer of this 'Katha.' Kindly come daily to hear it. I will give you a place near my side."

Shah Saheb answered, "I do come here daily. I am the first to arrive and the last to leave, but nobody lets me sit here. I however do not mind it. For I can clearly hear it standing at a distance. Let me take leave of you to-day. I will come to-morrow again." After this he daily visited the 'Katha' and became a well-known and a prominent figure there. The news of his devotion spread all over the place. His Muhammadan co-religionists also heard of it and troubled Shah Saheb, and failing to convince him they felt greatly offended and angry. At last a meeting was organised to which all the Muhammadans of the town were invited. Shah Saheb too, was forcibly dragged to the place. The famous learned Molvi Saheb of the town got upon the pulpit and explained the fundamental principles of Islam and the rules of religion. Shah Saheb who had taken

his seat in a far-off corner, did not seem to pay much attention. At an opportune moment he quietly recited the lines of Khushro :

"I have become an idolater of Love and have no more any need of religion.

Every vein of my life has turned into a harp string and I have no more any need of a rosary.

The whole world says, see Khushro has become an idolater.

Yes, yes, he has become an idolater and has no more any need left of the entire world."

And saying "all my aspiration and longing and desire is only this: O Beloved, appear before my eyes and I may go on seeing Thee forever," he quietly slipped out of the place.

After the long speech was over, Shah Saheb was called for, but he was nowhere to be seen in the gathering. People got enraged on hearing that he had left. They went in search of him and seeking him at all possible places finally came to the 'Katha.' Here, they found him sitting in a semi-conscious condition swaying with emotion and love, and tears falling from his eyes. Seeing this the rage of the Muhammadans only grew more. They thought it was the panditji who had converted him and he should therefore be held responsible for it. A great uproar and confusion took place in the 'Katha.' That same day the panditji was threatened and warned to leave off holding his 'Katha' in the town. His life was in danger.

The panditji himself was a mild and peaceful man and had never got into such a situation before. He, therefore, thought it best to leave the town and resume his journey. And the very same night he left it secretly and alone. On the road he was surprised to meet Shah Saheb who recognised him from a distance, and said loudly, "O, Panditji, where are you going away? Wait a moment, I wish to hear of the Beloved."

The panditji said, "Shah Saheb, I am fleeing from the town with my life on my palms. With the least delay there is a likelihood of my being caught and hampered, otherwise I would surely have recited what you ask me to do."

"What do you fear, Panditji?" Shah Saheb answered. "I

give you this staff, dash it against the ground, and it will become a great serpent and frighten away all your enemies. I will give it to you as you recite the praise of my Beloved; what is there for you to fear?"¹

The panditji sat then, opened his book and began reading. This time too, he happened to read the same passage describing the time of the breaking of the bow, when all the women had fallen in love with Ram's beauty and the rajas and kings stood amazed at his marvellous grace and strength. After the recitation, the panditji closed the book with the words:

"Dharnika bhar harne yahi Ram ab bane hain,
Papoka ghan udane Ghansyam ab bane hain,
Vishnu yahi Vishvambhar yahi Nilkanth Dhari,
Yahi Para Brahma Ishvar yahi Ram Murari."

But when he turned to Shah Saheb he found him in a condition of trance, with hardly any consciousness of outer things. He woke up with a start, (says the writer) and in a generous movement of gratitude and with an aspiration to do some service to the one who read to him the praise of his Beloved, Shah Saheb turned to the panditji and said, "Ask what you wish from me." The panditji thought for some time and said, "I ask for three things. First, I wish to have a son. Second, that my death should be unexpected and without pain. Third, I should be given *Priti* of Ramchandrajii." Shah Saheb said, "All right, I grant you the first two boons now. But the third you will get only when you see me next and recite the praise of the Beloved." The panditji felt sorrowful at the reply, and repented why he did not ask the third boon first, which was the chief of all. And he asked, "Shah Saheb, where

¹ This is based on an incident given in the Quoran in connection with Moses. God told Moses to go to king Firoun who had become a tyrant and ask him to fear God. Moses said, "O God how can I face so proud, faithless and tyrannic a king. He will kill me at once." Thereupon God said, "I am with you to help. Throw down the staff that you hold in your hand and it will become a serpent and frighten away all thy enemies." I think, Jalaluddin said the same thing about his staff in a kind of devotional faith, not literally meaning what he said. But this is important, for it shows to what a great degree he had the Hindu mind. For it is characteristic of the aspiration of a Hindu devotee to wish to do things which had been done by God. It is utterly absent in the Muhammadans and does not come even in their thought, and is considered blasphemy and sin.

shall I find you next?" To which this reply: "Where else but in the lane of the Beloved. My Beloved will draw you and bring you to the place where I shall be. You will meet me there. Let us part now."

Tekchand went in one direction and Shah Saheb took the road leading to the lane of the Beloved, singing to himself:

"My Beloved, come into my eye-sight, my eyes are pining for Thy vision, show Thyself to me."

Five months after Shah Saheb reached the town of Ayodhya and got down at the mosque of Baber. His joy at having reached the destination knew no bounds. He went into a profound contemplation of Sri Ram. A man now came to him and said, "Shah Saheb, how is it that you are sitting alone here." This woke up Shah Saheb, and he said, "Sitting alone? I was not alone and lonely till now. By your intrusion I have become lonely." The man felt ashamed, begged his pardon, kissed his hand and went away.

Shah Saheb then took a round of the city. As Moulana Rumi has said:

"Na man behuda girde koocha o bazar mi gardam
Maza keh ashqui darm, paeye dedar mi gardam."

Translating:

"Would that I had not to wander aimlessly in lane and bazaar,
Would that I had a Beloved and wandered for the sight of the face."

After taking the round of the town he walked with great joy through its lanes. In those days there were not many temples in Ayodhya. To the few that were admission was utterly out of question. He wished to enter but was not allowed anywhere. "This set his entire being aflame and the fire of devotion blazed up in his heart. He felt the pangs of separation acutely and pined for *darshan*."

It is a fact, (says the writer) that there exists no love that gets no response. When one loves, the Beloved too loves him in

return and responds to his call, whether it be God or man. The poet Tulsi Das sings :

"The lotus resides in water and the Sun and the Moon stay high up in the heavens, but for him who loves, his place is in the heart itself."

At last he heard a voice: "Come soon, Vasali, I am anxious to meet thee." On hearing it tears flowed from his eyes. He stood up from where he was sitting, and running straight towards the river jumped into it. The people on the shore seeing this plunged after to rescue him. But they could find him nowhere. It was the first month of the rainy season. The river was in flood and the current strong. There seemed to be no hope of finding his body and they returned disappointed to the shore. After three hours he was seen at a *ghat* and was pulled out of the water. It is believed up to this day that the *Gudari*—the cloth he was wearing—was dry, though his body was wet. He saw a rare and exquisite vision in the stream, of which he writes in inspired lines of poetry :

"Doosh raftam basooey hummamy
Didam anja yaki dilarami,
Ohabooki dilbari bebaki,
Nazuki mehrukhi gulandami,

Chun mara deed barooeye khud talabyd
Tana varzad zoorey andami

Man nami danam keh andar anhairat, ba Vasali keh dad paighaemi."

Translating :

"So handsome, exquisite, beautiful and agile,
Careless, and free with the face like the Moon,
And the delicacy of a rose petal,
Tall, fragrant from head to foot, proud and hurting,
Sharp and quick, a tormentor of the heart,
Eyes deeply drunken, resembling the ocean deep,
The face so fair contrasted against the dark hair,
Seemed as if the truth is placed side by side with doubt,
My Beloved saw me, and he himself sent for me
Fearing lest my life itself may not be consumed by that pang of
separation.
I could not know in that great wonder, bewilderment and dazzle,
Who it was that gave Vasali the Love message.
When the eyes and the heart are constantly seeking
Whatever one sees, it becomes the Beloved."

Searching for Shah Saheb Tekchand now arrived in Ayodhya. He could not get news of him from anybody here and was almost disappointed. A very brilliant idea struck him. "If I begin my 'Katha' he is sure to hear of it and come." And he began reading the *Ramayan*. People gathered from all sides to hear him. The saying "Others may have magic in their eyes, but thou hast got it in thy voice" proved very true in his case. Many days passed and Shah Saheb did not come. One day he appeared all of a sudden at the end of the 'Katha' and threw five grains of barley at the book from a distance without coming near. On picking them up all remained wonderstruck to find that they were of gold, and believed it to be a miracle of Shah Saheb.

The panditji briefly narrated his story and said, "Now grant me the last boon." Shah Saheb answered, "Come to me under the *bir* tree at *Pramod Ban*," and went away.

Tekchand went in that direction. Many people followed him. But he sent them all back saying, "If any one accompanies me neither he nor I would be able to see him." A man followed him unseen from behind. Tekchand reached the *bir* tree at *Pramod Ban* but Shah Saheb was not to be seen there. He sat on the ground in disappointment and the man who had come turned back and went away. After he had gone out of sight, Shah Saheb appeared sitting at the foot of the tree. Tekchand said to him respectfully, "By your grace I have got a son, now grant me the third boon." Shah Saheb answered, "Distribute all you got in the 'Katha' to-day to the poor and come to this place at night. But bring nobody with you as you did this time."

Tekchand went home and distributed all he had to the poor and returned to the tree at night. He found him deeply absorbed and thought him to be in the state of union with the Beloved. He went and sat near. Shah Saheb did not open his eyes but asked Tekchand to repeat these lines with him, which he had spontaneously uttered in a moment of inspiration on arriving at Ayodha:

"We the lovers that are awakened neither turn to wordly things nor to religion.

Like so many bulbuls of the same branch of the tree we are separated by fate and will and fallen out of the garden.

We are all seeking that gem only which solves this puzzle and opens the gate of this great secret."

Shah Saheb recited slowly, the panditji repeating. After some time, Shah Saheb said, "Now, become Vali Allah."

The panditji said, "I am the servant Tekchând."

Shah Saheb answered, "I see, I see, yes, yes, then become Vali Ram." At this Tekchand lost his senses and turned almost love-mad.

Tekchand remembered the three couplets. They gave him such an inspiration that he became a learned man and a scholar of Persian and Arabic. He composed a book of poems called *Divan-ai-Vali Ram*. It is a book of great merit.

Shah Saheb lived under the same tree whilst Tekchand lived in the city. They spent many hours of the night together in meditation under the tree. After a short period, Shah Saheb left this world. His grave is still to be found under the tree. Once Moulana Nazir came to see Shah Saheb and recited the three couplets which he had given to Tekchand. Shah Saheb was surprised to hear them and asked him where he could have heard them. Moulana Nazir replied that he had heard them long ago in a "Mushaira" at Lucknow, where they were sweetly sung by Pirzada Naki Saheb and were greatly liked and praised by all. Shah Saheb thinking it to be 'a secret' of his Beloved remained silent in thought. The writer compares this incident of Shah Jalaluddin Vasali with that of a famous experience of Madhavendra Puri of Bengal in connection with God Krishna in Gopinath Temple, about whom there is the famous proverb in Bengali: "Pratishthar bhaye Puri jaya palaiya; Puri age pratishtha jaya douraiya." (Puri fled from fame but fame preceded Puri.)

It is clear from the facts given above that Shah Jalaluddin Vasali was a sage, who had no doubt won his realisation. He surely was the devotee of Ram as is evidenced by his life. Even if it be argued that it was only a temporary phase of his aspiration and a result of exchange of consciousness and condition between him and the devotees of Ram with whom he came into contact during his visits to the 'Katha,' there is no doubt that this aspiration became

his own, and got its fulfilment and ended in the realisation of Ram whose vision he obtained in the river.

His life shows clearly how unimportant the outer religious forms and barriers are for the man who has got inner spiritual experience, and how easily a free soul can rise above them to their Reality.

‘My Heart has put forth Flowers’

By K. KRISHNA KUMAR

My heart has put forth flowers
Blessed with the grace of scent and colour ;
They have fiery petals of gold
That sparkle with pure radiance.

Their fragrance longs to travel on high
Beyond the range of their affluence,
To greet the distant light of their longing
Still hidden in the depths of future.

In joy and pain they bloom and fold
Their petals to the tune of my panting heart ;
Their dreamy life is a living beauty
Which awaits a purpose and a fulfilment.

I hide my flowers from outward view
And keep them in bloom ever fresh and sweet ;
They have a message of their own
Which the world may never know !

(Translated from his original KANNADA poem by the author)



Death of Vali
Prambanam
(Ninth century A.D.)

Plate 2

Selected Examples of Hindu-Javanese Sculpture

Three Scenes from the Ramayana

By T. N. RAMACHANDRAN, M.A.

The illustrations that we have selected here, are from the Siva temple in the plain of Prambanam in Central Java which was in the height of its artistic glory in the 8th and 9th centuries A. D. They stand to prove our conclusions detailed in the previous volumes of *Trivert*¹ that Indian Art in the Archipelago is "a continuation and a development of the Indian creative genius under colonial conditions."

The three photographs illustrated in this issue represent popular scenes from the *Ramayana*, their originals being sculptures assignable to late 9th century.

We have in the Frontispiece, sage Visvamisra visiting King Dasaratha and requesting him for the services of his divine son Rama against the *rakshasas* who were desecrating his sacrifices. The sage can be made out in the centre of the sculpture as seated with hands folded and resting on his lap. Though his face is defaced, it is evident from his pose that he is addressing or listening to Dasaratha on the left. The king is discerned by his crown with a halo behind it while his queen, probably Kausalya, also with a crown and a halo, is seated by his side. Their expression is one of painful contemplation and dilemma arising from the sage's request. A female attendant to the right of Kausalya in a kneeling attitude is evidently beseeching the sage to accept offerings of flowers and fruits. To the right of the sage is a group of three persons, the first of whom who is near to the sage is probably Rama because of the crown he wears. He is listening to the conversation arising also from the sage's request that the two others, perhaps Dasaratha's courtiers, are holding. The rest of the

¹ Vol. IV., Nos., 4 and 5; Vol. V., Nos., 2 and 3.

sculpture to the right of the group is not described here as it obviously relates to the next scene.

Plate I represents the abduction of Sita by Ravana. Ravana disguised as a sage is attempting to bear her away. Sita is repulsing him and trying to escape to the hermitage on the left, in front of which the kneeling form of a forest woman, evidently her companion, (Rama and Lakshmana being away in quest of Maricha, the Golden Deer) can be made out with looks of consternation and utter helplessness. Behind Ravana is seen his begging bowl which he has cast away, while the vessel from which Sita intended to serve food to the mock-saint is thrown in the foreground, the contents of which a squirrel is nibbling at. The ladle lies by its side. A *chamara* and a *chhatra* lying awry behind Ravana indicate the status of Ravana—that of a monarch in a saint's garb.

Plate II portrays the fight between the brothers Sugriva and Vali in which the latter was killed by Rama hidden behind a grove of trees. On the left behind the grove are Rama and Lakshmana, the former in action. On the right Vali and Sugriva are engaged in their deadly fight, the latter wearing a wreath of leaves to enable Rama to distinguish him. And Rama being guided by this wreath has discharged his fatal arrow which is seen fast approaching the ill-fated Vali. Between the parties, the fighting brothers on one hand and the divine brothers on the other, is the seated figure of a forester watching with interest the fight.

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

Jacob Epstein.—By L. B. Powell. [Published by Chapman & Hall Ltd., London.]

Already the name of Epstein is recognized among all who love art as one of the most striking of living sculptors. Ever since his work began to be noticed by the public at large, he has been the source of furious criticism with, on the whole, a larger number of dissentients than supporters. This book on his work is therefore particularly valuable because it is written by a great enthusiast of Epstein who is evidently in close touch with the artist. The book is one that will certainly go into several editions, partly for its letterpress, but much more for the thirty-nine beautiful illustrations of Epstein's masterpieces. It gives for the first time adequate material for appraising Epstein's technique and the ideals which lie behind it.

There is no question whatsoever regarding his strength and the power of his realism. Some of his portrait busts are intensely living and will always be recognized as masterpieces; and yet somehow, to some at least, his work is not satisfactory, and it is that dissatisfaction which has been voiced by the public at large. Not that the public at large is a connoisseur in matters of art, but yet there are certain primitive instincts of humanity which reflect deep and eternal intuitions.

Epstein's work is a distinct challenge to the accepted standard of art as a revealer of beauty. We are driven to examine what is the fundamental basis of our belief regarding art by these works of Epstein, which are representative of a certain wave of unrest in all art circles to-day. Of course all artists of every epoch accept as the fundamental basis of art that it shall be true to "Nature." But it is upon the understanding of this word "Nature" that there is such a divergence of opinion. Very briefly, there are two Schools, represented on the one hand by Epstein and all those who see the world as he does, and on the other by all those artists who seek the beautiful as did Plato.

The School of the Moderns represented by Epstein tries to see Nature as it is; they use a highly trained artistic sensorium, and by its aid try to grasp the character of Nature. Thus in Epstein's sculpture we see the

various persons as they are. Each has a clearly marked expression, and in the main the character is brought out in the sculpture. But there is no attempt at *idealism*, that is to say, to see a person in any way different from what he appears to a trained psychological medical man gifted with artistic appreciation. Epstein is a master in this mode of art. Mr. Powell, in trying to explain him to us, again and again uses the word "elemental" as the real clue to Epstein. Undoubtedly all elemental things are true to Nature, and have, from certain aspects, a very great beauty.

But the second School of Art did not stop at elementalism. This second School is represented by Plato. He, too, recognized that the basis of all truth is "Nature," but this "Nature" was to Plato not the Nature of our five-sense sensorium. The Nature of our senses was to Plato what the Americans call "a jumping-off place." So to the typical Greek, particularly at the time of Phidias and his followers, every "natural" thing was a mirror of a thing in a supernal realm of "Nature." It is this thing of the other world which they were always seeking, in order to understand the truth and reality about the thing of this world. That loftier thing was called by Plato the archetype—the eternally beautiful thing whose very nature was truth, goodness and beauty. From this Platonic standpoint the whole world was recognized as a more or less distorting mirror of that greater world of beauty.

Therefore, a thing could be seen *truly* only when seen in relation to its archetype; and since each archetype behind every existing object was essentially beautiful, the attempt of the Greek artist was to see the reflection of the archetype in the thing here below. They were always trying to find the spirit behind the matter, the life behind the form, just as do all Indian artists. The Indian artist leaves the form with a few graphic contours, without developing them to show the beauty of the form, as he is sensitive to the inner life of the form. The Greek, being more objective, revelled in making a beautiful outward form, leaving the highly trained imagination of the cultured Greek to sense the archetype behind the form. In the schools of art represented by India and Greece, the truth as to a thing—*Sat* in India—, or the reality concerning it—its "being," as Plato said in Greece—must first be grasped, if there is to be any true reaction of the observer to the thing which he observes.

This same divergence of standpoint characterizes symbolism as it is to-day, and as it is found in the best artists of the Middle Ages. Symbolism has a mathematical structure behind it, like the formulæ of algebra, and is suffused by a great imagination; but as that imagination is healthy or diseased is the embodiment of the symbol. It has been stated by psychiatrists that many of the drawings of Futurists and Cubists, which have been considered as the high watermark of their art, find exact parallels in

drawings drawn by lunatics in the asylums. It is surely right to give the artist perfect liberty to do what he wants; but the question: Is it beautiful? is not superfluous, since art has always a relation to the inhabitants of this world who have to appreciate it.

Epstein is certainly wonderful in portraiture. There is vigour and virility, and there is no question that he has a great place in the development of the art modes of to-day. But whether he will be recognized as anything more than a brilliant example of the unrest of to-day will only be shown by future generations. While admiring Epstein greatly, I feel utterly convinced that men are seeking, not the world which Epstein sees, but that other world of the archetypes which is so near and yet so far. Plato, after all, is the pointer along the true path and it is in the light of that conviction that I have, rightly or wrongly, thus expressed myself about Epstein.

C. JINARAJADASA

The Man of Gingerbread.—By Alastair William Rowsell Miller.
[Published by Basil Blackwell, Oxford, 3s. 6d. net]

Mr. Miller quotes from Beddoes' *Fool's Tragedy* this as motto and challenge to his little book of poems: "Am I then a man of gingerbread, that you should mould me to your liking?" And altering Churchill's lines boldly we answer that he is not a man of gingerbread; he is not savour'd in talk and phyz; and he is quite of this world. His verses (most of them are translations from Latin and French) are not Brummagem wares, all gilt and gawdy; they are bright little cameos, and seem to have come from the hands of a skilful lapidary, exquisitely cut and polished. Truer to say, the whole book is one shining cameo.

Mr. Miller's technique is faultless, and his diction, not tediously conventional. He expresses himself briefly and precisely; he is not abandoned to any mood or image, and his poems, crystal-shrill in brightness, are crystal-chill in emotion. "Blame Me not Much" is an exception. It is a pure lyric drop and quivers with its melody:

"When spring had broken
Up winter's levee
And trees were bowing
Budded heavy,
Then sweetly spoken
Was our vowing."

In our opinion the finest poems in the book are "An Evening of Spring," and the three under the heading "Virginia Remembered." Here

is the first of the poem-sequence and we would ask the reader to get the book and discover the rest for himself.

" I saw an ancient cherry tree
Scarredly and crookedly
Stand in a field that was also
Crooked and scarred with the scars of plough.
Bloom was misty upon the bough ;
And the earth was red with the riches of earth ;
And the wind, that frolicked a thoughtless path,
Would tremble the blossoms then and now,
Tremble the blossoms, and laugh, and go ;
And the red earth would be flecked with snow.

That is all. And yet it seemed to me
That the plough-scarred field and the crooked tree
Were built in holy harmony."

Surely, Mr. Miller has not used poetry as a means of escape into a peristyle of misty unreality.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

(1) *Kalakshepam* (2) *Gopala Krishna Bharati*.—[Author of "Nandan Charitram."] By M. S. Ramaswamy Iyer, B.A., B.L., L.T.

Mr. M. S. Ramaswamy Iyer is already known in the circles of music-scholars as the author of a biography of Sri Tyagayya, the great genius of Karnatic Music and as an editor of the standard Sanskrit texts of Karnatic Music, like Ramamatya's *Svaramelakalanidhi*. In the first book under review the author treats of the subject of 'Kalakshepam' from the points of view of its origin, original form, nature, development, and its purpose for society. He tells how the art arose at Tanjore and what parts the three celebrated exponents of that art, Brahmasris Krishna Bhagavatar of Tanjore, Panchapaksa Bhagavatar of Tiruppayanam and Lakshmana-charyar of Tiruvayar played in its development. He estimates the first as "interesting," the second "instructive," and the third "inspiring"—qualities essential for the art and whose combination is the perfection of it. The second and the third sections of the book offer some hints to Bhagavatars who perform 'Kalakshepam' and to those that enjoy the performance.

There is none in the Tamil Land who has not heard of the story of Nanda, the Pariah Saint, sung in the immortal *kirtanas* of Gopalakrishna Bharati. As an opera on the stage and as a 'Kathakalakshepam' its popularity is great and unwaning. Mr. Ramaswamy Iyer's biography of Bharati is a welcome study as it adds to our greater understanding of the

rich heritage of our land in Literature and Art. It is an exhaustive study and fascinating: it discusses and arrives at the date, patron, etc., of the author; traces the history of *Nandan Charitram*; devotes some attention to the other works of Bharati, and his services to Music. "A few of these 'other works' Mr. Ramaswamy Iyer observes, "are in the possession of Mr. G. K. Lakshmana Iyer of Chidambaram. Will any individual or any corporation persuade or even otherwise help him to bring them into the light of day?" This appeal can very well be addressed to the Music Academy, Madras.

I recommend these two books to Bhagavatars and to that wider public that is interested in the music and the master-musicians of South India.

V. RAGHAVAN

Studies in Applied Economics, Vol. I.—By Benoy Kumar Sarkar, Calcutta University. [Published by Chuckerverty Chatterjee & Co., Calcutta. Price Rs. 6.]

The volume consists of essays on six different subjects: (1) Principles of control over Foreign Insurance companies as found in some of the European countries, (2) The remaking of the Reichs Bank and the Banque de France—a study in comparative banking, especially on the note-issue side, (3) The Bank capitalism of young Bengal with special reference to the Central Bank of India, (4) The Railway Industry and Commerce of India—in International Railway Statistics, (5) Rationalisation in Indian Business Enterprise, (6) The World crisis in its bearings on the regions of the Second and the First Industrial Revolutions. Most of these topics are dealt with from the standpoint of estimating the position occupied by India in the scale of comparative Industrialism. As may be expected, the book is full of statistical information relating to these various aspects of economic life, of practically all the modern countries; and in the attempt to draw lessons from them and group the countries under different stages of evolution, the author is able to draw considerably from his recent travels in Europe during the years 1929-'31. Especially the second, fifth and sixth essays are very suggestive though in the cases of the third and fourth essays one may feel uncertain whether all the labour involved in finding out India's relative position in the international scale by a comparative study of *per capita* bank capital and the number "of persons served by a Bank, etc., and to say that Bengal to-day is very behind Japan as she was in 1907," or with regard to Railways judged from the mileage per 10,000 population, to say that "India in 1925 was somewhere what Germany was about the year 1853 or France about 1860," is worth while when as the author himself admits that 'equations' of comparative industrialism or capitalism must not be invariably treated as identical

with the equations of economic or other efficiency" and also that "it does not take centuries and millenniums to become modernised in regard to bank-technique, industrialisation, etc.," as especially the experiences of Italy and Japan show.

In the fifth essay the author deals with the extent to which even India has been forced by international price competition to rationalise, and he points out traces of this process in the Cotton Mills of Bombay—though here it is all the more in the way of internal economies rather than by way of combination and the weeding out of inefficient mills, and in the case of the Tatas at Jamshedpur where in addition to labour-saving devices and other efficiency methods of an internal nature, he finds rationalisation in the larger utilisation of the firm's by-products and in the expansion of the firm into something like a 'vertical combination,' possessing its own mines and even using all its steel as raw material for its finished goods, and also in the increasing nationalisation of the staff which must help to reduce costs. He rightly points out how the future of some of our other industries which are now in a backward condition is bound up with rationalisation, *e.g.*, hydro-electricity, oil-pressing, chemical industries like the soda compounds, etc. The economics of these industries depends on the technology of subsidiary or affiliated industries. For instance, "In order to develop one chemical industry it is not enough to invest money and employ technical experts in that line only. One will have to develop simultaneously a large number of industries in the same group. . . . An isolated chemical industry is doomed by its very nature." So also in the case of the vegetable-oil industry, "true rationalisation would involve a simultaneous business activity along different fronts of the oil complex," *e.g.*, the manufacture of oil-cakes, fertilisers, vegetable butter or other edible fats, candles, paints and varnishes, soaps, etc. The thing is so obvious that one feels that it will not be long before our business men are able to rectify the defect and India becomes self-sufficient with regard to these small and variegated though important industries.

As regards the world crisis which is the subject-matter of the sixth and last chapter, it is the author's opinion that unemployment of a genuinely critical character is to be found chiefly in the three industrial countries—Germany, Great Britain, and U. S. A., and that France which is not so predominantly an industrial country is comparatively free from it, and that it is more of an 'epochal' longrun phenomenon than a cyclical one, being largely due to the final consummation of what may be called the Second Industrial Revolution in certain regions and of the First Industrial Revolution in others. If in the course of this transition certain countries have been more hard hit by unemployment than others it is due to the reaction in those countries from the overemployment of the War Period, that of the post-War currency

depreciation which gave a fillip to industrial expansion in them. To add, the export industries were severely affected by the sudden and abrupt fall in agricultural prices throughout the world since 1929 and the tremendous decline in the purchasing power of peoples like the Indians, the Chinese, etc., producing raw materials. But the author answers us that "in all this unemployment crisis of 1929-'32 there is hardly anything to demonstrate in a palpable manner that the income per head of the population in currency or goods and services is lower than it was, say, during 1905-'15.

. . . . So far as the national wholes are concerned, the present unemployment as such, although a manifestation of depression, cannot be interpreted as a sign of economic catastrophe, decay, etc." It is only a question of certain groups within a nation being hit relatively harder than others. It is only a form of poverty—an eternal and universal phenomenon. And we find in these countries "the public finances are more or less adequate to maintain the millions of unemployed, *i.e.*, that the tax-payers, especially the business corporations, are rich enough in spite of the difficulties of the hour. . . . Neither the German nor the British budgets, even under conditions of retrenchment and economy, are the budgets of famished and hunger-stricken peoples. . . . Some dislocation and maladjustment is certainly in evidence but neither the public finance nor the national wealth of the unemployment regions is in a seriously bad plight." The line of thought pursued here is original and suggestive. So also the suggestions with regard to future reconstruction. The improvement of the situation in the case of the advanced industrial countries depends on increasing the purchasing power of the backward ones. This can be done only by their industrialisation and modernisation of agriculture. These are the countries entering the stage of the First Industrial Revolution. Their industrialisation would mean, of course, the loss of markets for commonplace goods of ordinary and inferior qualities for the advanced countries. But the demand for 'quality goods' in the backward regions will have to be satisfied for a long time to come by imports from abroad. Further they will have to depend on the advanced countries for a long time for the imports of machinery, chemicals, etc., and for capital loans. So far as reparations are concerned he is of the opinion that if these cancellations are carried out in an abrupt manner, it may not benefit either Germany or the Allies because "the industrial and general socio-economic structure of the German people to-day is based on some two decades of war economy and reparations economy." So also "Italy, France, Great Britain, and the U. S. A. have likewise established their national economies in accordance with the imports and exports requirements such as the financial (and goods) transfers dependent on the receipt of reparations and payment of war debts have rendered inevitable." So a sudden change of this regime can only

mean great dislocations in their industries and commerce. He therefore wants the reduction of these payments to be in a gradually declining scale and to be spread over a decade or so. He hopes that as soon as reparations question is solved in a reasonable manner, a new series of international capital movements will commence from regions that have it to those that want it for their industrialisation. This will relieve the world of a great part of industrial unemployment and agricultural depression. But we may doubt if all this consummation can be achieved without considerable concerted action of the nations, and some world-planning also, especially in the matter of the division of labour and industries as between the nations of the Second Industrial Revolution and those of the First.

TELUGU

V. A

Kalingadesa Charitra.—Edited by R. Subba Rao, M.A., L.T. [Published by the Andhra Historical Research Society, Rajahmundry. Price Rs. 7-8]

This volume of nearly 800 pages is a symposium of articles, contributed by various scholars on subjects, relating to the history of Kalinga Desa, and is a useful addition in Telugu to the history of Kalinga, a much-neglected period of Andhra History. One of the pioneers in the field that worked under great disabilities was Mr. Mon Mohan Chakravarti whose articles were published in 1903 in the journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society. We owe to him primarily a connected history of the later Gangas of Kalinga till their downfall when their kingdom was usurped by the Gajapatis of Orissa. Drs. Fleet, Hultzsch, Kielhorn, Sten Konov, B. C. Mazumdar and others have also done much for the elucidation of the Kalinga history by editing several copper plate grants. The first scholar in the Andhra country to edit some of the Eastern Ganga grants was Rao Sahib Gidugu Ramamurty Pantulu who has identified 'Kalinganagara,' the capital of the Gangas of Kalinga with the present Mukhalingam in the Parlakimidi Taluq, Ganjam Dt., an identification disputed by scholars like Mr. Gadi Narasinga Rao, as evident from the article "Kalinganagara" included in this volume. B. C. Mazumdar besides editing many copper plate grants has given us in English a short sketch of the Eastern Gangas of Kalinga in his *Orissa in the Making*. Other scholars working on the subject are Messrs G. Ramadas, Satyanarayana Raju Garu, B. V. Krishna Rao, R. Subba Rao, the editor of this volume, Ch. Narayana Rao, G. V. Seetapathi, G. Narasinga Rao and A. Rama Rao. To-day luckily there is no lack of materials for writing the history of Kalinga. The volumes of South Indian Inscriptions, the reports on Epigraphy, the journals of the Behar and Orissa Research Society, the Bengal Asiatic Society, the

Andhra Historical Research Society, and the Telugu *Bharati* contain well-edited inscriptions of both the Ganga and the Gajapati dynasties which throw a flood of light on the history of Kalinga. In spite of such an abundance of material, the history of Kalinga, particularly up to the middle of the sixteenth century, i.e., the history of the Eastern Gangas of Kalinganagara and the Gajapatis of Cuttuck, offers innumerable problems for solution. Such are, for instance, the Ganga Era, the Home and the Origin of the Eastern Gangas, the Chronology of the later Gangas, the nature of usurpation of the Ganga Kingdom by the Gajapatis of Orissa, the relation between the Eastern and Western Gangas, the relation between Kalinga and Orissa architecture, the social, economic, and religious conditions in Kalinga from early times up to the British period and the peculiar constitution that was prevailing during the later Ganga and Gajapati dynasties.

Contributions on various subjects like Anthropology, Chronology, Archaeology, Architecture, Historical Tradition, Ethnology, Language and Literature, find a place in this volume; but unfortunately, there is much repetition of articles by different writers on the same subject but with different titles, which the Editor could easily have avoided. The general standard of many of the contributions is rather low too. Most of these do not take us any farther nor enlighten us any more than what we already knew before the publication of this volume. The Editor himself has written a lengthy history of Kalinga (nearly 280 pp.) in two parts and with two titles, one about the history of Kalinga and the other about the history of Utkal or Orissa. His reason that because Anantavarma Choda Ganga conquered northern Kalinga—Uttarakalinga or Odhradesa, the history of his descendants had to be treated under the caption: "The History of Uttarakalinga or Odhradesa" is, far from convincing. The spelling adopted of proper names is defective, e.g., Kalpaharudu for Kalapahad, Chezzarala for Chezzarla and Bad for Baud, etc. The mere mention of facts given in the inscriptions like the maintaining of lamps, giving of coins and cows, etc., and piecing them together do not make history. Each fact mentioned in the inscriptions has its own value and proper use should be made of it in its proper place. If history is written as is done by the Editor it will confuse the reader rather than enlighten him. With all its defects however this volume is a useful reference work. Its usefulness would have been enhanced if the Editor had only incorporated in it all the published copper plate inscriptions of the Eastern Gangas of Kalinga.

M. SOMASEKHARA SARMA

GUJARATI

Soratha ni Sagar Kathao.—By Gunavantray Acharya. [Published by the Fulchhab Karyalaya, Ranpur, Kathiawad.]

"Naval Tales of Soratha:" this is what the title of the book means. Kathiawad peninsula, because of its extensive coastline, has produced some of the best and most adventurous sailors from the earliest times, competitors of the old Phoenician, Arab, and such other mariners. To cross over to East Africa or Arabia has been child's play to them all along. This spirit of adventure still survives. The six short stories contained in this little volume of ninety-six pages furnish enough of thrill and adventure to last for days together, and portray in graphic language the hair-breadth escapes of the heroes of the tales. The piracy that infested the Indian seas in the past also furnishes its part of interest. Altogether we congratulate the writer on the new line he has struck out in thus reminding us that we also possess a race of sailors as fearless and resourceful as those of the modern European nations, if only proper opportunities were given them to demonstrate those qualities.

(1) *Rang Tarang* (2) *Mhari Nondhpothi (My Diary)* by Jyotindra H. Dave, M. A. [Published (1) by the Gandiv Press, Surat; and (2) by the General Book Depot, Bombay. Both illustrated. Price Re. 1, and Rs. 1-8 respectively.]

Both these books are full of humour. The introduction to "My Diary" written by Prof. V. J. Pathakji, very ably analyses the merits and demerits of this young writer of humorous literature in Gujarat, who though he has made his *debut* on the stage comparatively lately, has already made his mark and won applause. He reminds one by his style and the lightness of his touch and naturalness of portraiture of the late lamented Sir Ramanbhai Nilkanth whose place in this branch of literature still remains vacant. The skits and laughter-producing incidents narrated in both these books give genuine delight and pleasure to the reader. Though quiet, i.e., not loud and boisterous, the writer never misses his mark of raising real mirth in his reader. His great merit is that he provokes you to mirth and laughter, and himself sitting glum and solemn-looking watches your antics. There is no doubt the difference pointed out in the Introduction between the writings of Sir Ramanbhai and those of the present writer, that whereas ridicule or derision is the predominating note of the former's writings, joking or merriment is the predominating note of the latter's. But a closer study of both would reveal many other distinctive features in each. While Sir Ramanbhai's originality could create individual and towering characters like Dickens's Pickwick, Mr. Dave has still a long way to make up in that direction, and he promises to do so, we are glad to-day,

K. M. J

Opinion of

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

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

C. V. Raman

28th May 1926

THE INDIAN PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.
Process Engravers & Colour Printers
217, CORNWALLIS STREET, CALCUTTA
Telegrams: "DUOTYPE, CALCUTTA"

SUPPORT INDIAN ENTERPRISE

Though not the Biggest
One of the Best and Soundest for its Age

Life Fund exceeds Rs. 4½ Lacs.
Investments exceed " 6 "
Annual Income exceeds " 2½ "
Expense Ratio as low as 30%

Bonus of Rs. 10/- declared per 1,000 per Year.

It will pay you to take up our Agency

APPLICATIONS INVITED

Apply for particulars to:

Y. Mangayya, B.A., B.L.

Secretary

THE ANDHRA INSURANCE CO., LTD.

HEAD OFFICE: MASULIPATAM

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

Advocate and Editor of the "SREEMATHI,"

KOTTAYAM

Writes:

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

Ask your chemist.

or

KESARI KUTEERAM

INDIAN CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS

EDMORE, MADRAS

NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office:— National Insurance Building
7, Council House Street, Calcutta

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

LOW RATES
NEW TABLES

LIBERAL CONDITIONS
NEW BENEFITS

For particulars and agencies please write to:

R. G. DAS & Co.

or

BRANCH SECRETARY

Madras Branch

113, Armenian St., Madras

FIRE & ACCIDENT RISKS
COVERED BY
National Fire & General Insurance Company, Ltd.,
NATIONAL INSURANCE BUILDING
7, Council House Street, CALCUTTA

BRANCH SECRETARY

Madras Branch

113, Armenian St., Madras

R. G. DAS & Co.

Managers

THE THEOSOPHIST

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

EDITED BY ANNIE BESANT, D.L.,

President, Theosophical Society.

THE THEOSOPHIST is the international organ of the President of the Theosophical Society and is published every month at Adyar, Madras, India. Dr. Annie Besant with her staff of co-workers, Bishop C. W. Leadbeater, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, Bishop G. S. Arundale, will contribute regularly articles of fascinating interest relating to Occultism, Mysticism, and all general problems dealing with the advance of Humanity.

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

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

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

THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,
ADYAR, MADRAS, S. INDIA.

VICE-CHANCELLOR

ANDHRA UNIVERSITY, WALT AIR

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

Sir S. RADHAKRISHNAN

Available at all Chemists

and

KESARI KUTEERAM

INDIAN CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

Egmore, MADRAS

BUY INDIAN

All are agreed about this.

The United India Life Assurance Company, Ltd.

is a purely Indian Life Office

It is an established concern—quite safe and sound.

By buying Policies in the UNITED INDIA, you

BUY INDIAN

Head Office:
MADRAS

Chief Agents and
Agents all over India

INDIA SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

BOOKS

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

JOURNAL

INDIAN ART AND LETTERS

(INDIA—CEYLON—JAVA—SIAM—INDO-CHINA)

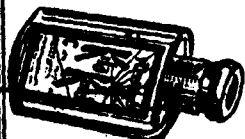
(Founded 1925)

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

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

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

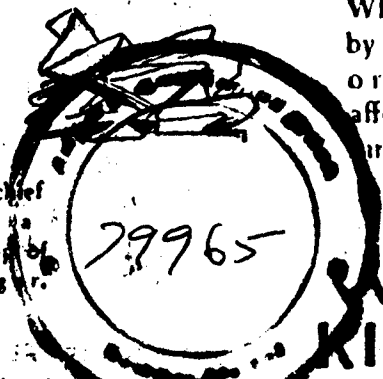
The Little Drop



that drives away
the dreadful Cold

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

On
kerchief
or on
lamp
sugar.



HENRY'S
KILA-KOLD

A Little's Oriental Balm Product SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS

A Dainty Volume of Verse SAFFRON AND GOLD AND OTHER POEMS

BY
MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Crown 8vo: pp. 96 Featherweight
Price, Indian Rs. 1-8 as. Foreign 2 Sh. 6d.

PRAISE FROM THE PRESS

"He is primarily an artist and not a prophet or medium like some Indo-Anglian poets.....he has colour, sound, art, and vision, and what is rarer among Indo-Anglian poets, an understanding of English verse rhythms."—Triveni.

"His poems show an intimate knowledge of life in many of its obscure ways.....his is the subdued and mellow vision of the thinker, who clothes his thoughts in beauty."—The Madras Mail

For copies apply to:

THE MANAGER,

"Triveni" Office

9, Armenian Street, MADRAS

The Young Builder

A Cultural English Monthly

EDITED BY

MR. JAMSHED N. R. MEHTA

AND

PROF. H. C. KUMAR

Annual Subscription Rs. 2

Specimen copy on receipt
of 3 annas stamp

Write to:—

THE MANAGER

SEVAKUNJ

Ramabagh Road

KARACHI

72
V2 m 8V 28
V33.1.1.4