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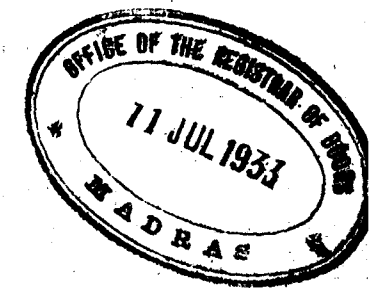
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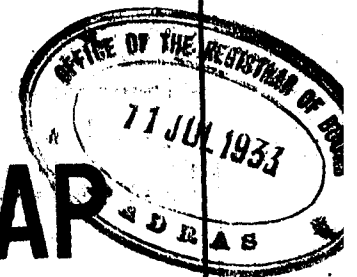
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Persons and Personalities

By **K. Chandrasekharan, M.A., B.L.**

WITH A FOREWORD BY

Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Kt.

Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan writes:—"These sketches attract me for several reasons. They are written in simple and elegant prose and with a justness of appreciation and real understanding. It is not easy to give portraits of living people. If we like them, we tend to flatter them beyond measure; if we dislike them, we are tempted to flay them alive. It is easy to be freely adulatory or devastatingly cruel. It is hard to be sympathetic as well as just. In this difficult task, the writer, I believe, has succeeded."

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Sketches with illustrations of

The Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri	Dewan Bahadur T. R. Ramachandra
Sir Alladi Krishnaswami Aiyar	Aiyar
Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar	Dr. S. Rangachari
Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri	Mr. S. Satyamurthi
Rao Bahadur S. Varadachariar	Mr. K. S. Venkataramani

and four domestic characters

Price Rs. 2.

(Printed and Published by the Madras Law Journal Office.)

SOME OPINIONS

Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar writes:—"I read it with much pleasure and I should like to offer, if I may, my hearty congratulations on the literary merit of your production. Your style is chaste and elegant and is marked by an apparent absence of effort. Your sentences are crisp and clear and free from that tendency to antithesis which is very noticeable in many portraits of this sort. You have succeeded in hitting the right style in form and substance for these sketches."

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style is as crisp and fresh as it is of scholarly excellence and always stimulating by its lightning flashes of sustained and sparkling humour."

Mr. C. Y. Chintamani writes:—"I have read portions of the sketches; they are undoubtedly interesting. I entirely agree with Sir Radhakrishnan in his tribute to your gift of writing. I congratulate you on the same."

Mr. A. G. Gardiner writes:—. . . . Your "Persons and Personalities". I . . . have found in them many illuminating sidelights on Indian affairs as well as much entertaining comment on contemporary characters.

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru writes:—May I congratulate you on the result of your labour. It is somewhat difficult to write about your contemporaries, but I think you have shown a very generous measure of appreciation of their character and great skill in presenting them as they are to your readers.

Philip Guedalla writes:—Many thanks for sending me your essays which I have read with great interest and enjoyment.

Dr. Henry Whitehead:—It was very kind of you to send us your book on *Persons and Personalities* in Madras, which is very interesting and entertaining. It has revived many memories of our old friends in Madras. We are specially interested in your chapter on our old and dear friend Srinivasa Sastri. . . . you give a very vivid sketch of the attractive personality of C. P. Ramaswami.

Birmingham Weekly Post:—The writer's intimate style, his keen observation and his picturesque delineation of character combine to evoke interest in his subjects even if those subjects move in a remote sphere of life . . . the fine pencil drawings by Mr. K. Ram Mohan Sastri add to the value of an interesting book.

The Leader:—It is a sympathetic study in half-tones and subdued colours. He writes with undoubted deftness, and as Sir S. Radhakrishnan said in his foreword, in simple and elegant prose. His reaction to the personalities whom he has portrayed reveals his capacity for tempering admiration with discernment.

In the words of an Australian critic in another connection, it may be said of Chandrasekharan's book that "a frank sincerity and bonhomie prevail, and if it expresses a personal mood . . . there lies behind its spontaneity, the same constructive care." It is heartily commended to those who are alive to the beauty and unfailing charm of an excellent collection of bedside books.

The Scholar:—In spite of his young age, the author has revealed considerable genius for studying persons and assessing personalities—a task which is quite hazardous particularly because the men chosen for study are all contemporary personalities well-known in public life . . . The author's views of these persons are based on personal contact and experience and are expressed in easy running prose and are a pleasure to read.

The New Times:—Written in simple and lucid style free from affectations or even unconscious imitations of any sort, these sketches make very interesting reading. In addition to this they are instructive, not only in turning the search-light of intelligent curiosity upon the prominent subjects but also in checking the legendary propensities of the ordinary reader who generally gives a free rein to his imagination when speculating upon the personal aspects of prominent people.

The Modern Review:—"Persons and Personalities" is a little volume of sketches which the author has written in an original manner recording his own impressions of some well-known Madrasis. They are very brief but written in simple and artistic style which the reader finds delightful.

The Hindu.—In these portraits, the warts are left out. That he has been indulgent to some of his celebrities is, however, no serious blemish for he provides ample compensation when his other characters take the stage.

A pleasant little book, commendably brief and interesting. In apportioning praise amongst the different sketches, there will be almost as many orders of preference as there are readers. . . .

. . . . **The Madras Mail**.—One doubts whether "Persons and Personalities", which consists of pen-portraits of some famous Madrasis, will commend themselves alike to the originals of those portraits. But the book is, on the whole, a sharp-sighted and readable production. . . . The language is generally bright and forceful. . . .

The Hindu Illustrated Weekly.—The sketches may almost be termed, adopting an expression of art, as free-hand. There is praise for everybody, but the human foibles and weaknesses and the idiosyncracies also, are not left out.

The sketches are well worth reading and will amply repay perusal. They are lifelike in places drawn with great insight and detached judgment.

. . . . **The Swarajya**.—In an ordinance-ridden India this canny lawyer has no use for the stiletto; his is the untabooed paper-knife. But it gleams and can scratch and which reader is so base as to pretend that the business of watching Mr. Chandrasekharan prod at the mighty has not furnished him enjoyment! . . .

And the variety of the work! . . .

Professor Radhakrishnan's introduction and Mr. Ram Mohan Sastri's drawings considerably enhance the worth of the work, which is otherwise, an exquisite indictment.

Federated India.—It is a book to read and to possess and the various sketches may not be merely read with delight but discussed in friendly groups with animation and understanding. . . . Mr. K. Chandrasekharan has not tried to imitate any of the well-known masters of the *genre* of portraiture but has rather evolved his own appropriate medium. His sketches therefore have the mark of veracity in them. . . . He wields too a persuasive English style which ably clarifies his meaning and assures us of its soundness. . . . Mr. Chandrasekharan's English is simple, straightforward and idiomatic. . . . *Persons and Personalities* is a nosegay of thirteen exquisite flowers of portraiture, and handling it one looks forward to the future of Indo-Anglian literature with some real hope.

. . . . **Times of India Daily**.—In writing these biographical sketches Mr. Chandrasekharan has done well in giving the Indian Public, especially the Public of Madras Presidency, a glimpse of the life and work of some well-known persons of that Presidency. . . . It is a useful book and deserves to be in the hands of every Indian.

The British Empire Review.—These sketches by a young Indian writer will be read with great interest. They are written in English prose, which has an attraction in itself. The subjects are mostly taken from the group of Mylapore Lawyers of the Liberal School of Indian Politics. Those who have met the silver-tongued orator, the Rt. Hon.

V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, on his many visits to this country, will find the first chapter particularly enlightening. It is an Indian's evaluation of a distinguished fellow countryman, who is well known here. From this we may judge how ably the writer has done his work..... One gathers that human nature, with all its variations, is the same the world over.

Triveni.—.....these and others are presented by Mr. Chandrasekharan with that touch born of intimate knowledge and nice appreciation. His criticism is subtle and there is felicity in his writing. And his diction is simple but elegant, graceful but not ornate. It is a delightful volume and the drawings of Mr. Rama Mohan Sastri add to its attraction.

Free Press of India.—Those who are not acquainted with the lives of South Indian Lawyers will find a good deal of new material in this book.

Indian Review.—It is a delight to read these brief sketches.....It is a varied and impressive gallery that Mr. K. Chandrasekharan has chosen for his portraiture. He has used his pen with light but effective touches and many happy and appropriate turns of expression.

The Law College Magazine.—The collection is, on the whole, fairly representative and comprehensive.

The author has had exceptional opportunities of observing these men at close quarters and in unguarded moments. The style is lucid without being colloquial while a combination of good temper and sound judgment has preserved it free alike from the defects of nauseating flattery and freezing criticism.

The Mahratta.—He has a convincing, if not exactly a metallic, prose style and his sketches both inform and interpret.....Mr. Chandrasekharan's book has achieved a deserved success.

United India and Indian State.—..... the book is interesting as an example of a kind of literature which is not enough produced in this country. In some places Mr. Chandrasekharan reminds us of Mr. A. G. Gardiner whose essays on similar lines probably inspired him to turn the flash light (it can hardly be a search light) on some of his neighbours in Mylapore and incidentally on some of his domestic heroes.

The Presidency College Magazine.—Mr. Chandrasekharan, too, deserves consideration as an artist in the harmony of prose.....in the construction of his sentences, he attempts a happy combination of the snappy manner of A. G. G. and Laski with the epigram and balance of the seventeenth century character-writer.

The Hindustan Review.—The writer has done well in giving the public of the Madras Presidency a glimpse of the life and work of some well-known persons.

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TRIVENI

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

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

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

—THE SONG CELESTIAL

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

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

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

Vol. V, No. 5

Mar-Apr, 1933

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THE M. L. J. PRESS,

'The Triple Stream'¹

'MORE THAN CORONETS'

During moments of comparative leisure, when one number of *Triveni* is published and the next is not yet begun, the Editor waits languidly for the post, half-afraid to open the missives which may, after all, turn out to be unwelcome bills, and yet hoping timidly that "there may be cheques!" The bitter has to be taken with the sweet, and one ought to be thankful that all is not bitter that comes through the post.

On rare occasions, the Fates are propitious; the eye is refreshed by the sight of a cheque for a hundred rupees. And when the giver enhances the value of his gift by coupling it with "my best wishes for your success in your noble endeavour," the pleasure is immense. Mr. M. R. Jayakar, peace-maker and prophet of federation, found time, just before he sailed for England, to write out his cheque and to send it with his best wishes. A month earlier he had written:

"During the brief leisure which I get, I glance through the *Triveni* with very great interest. I have been doing my best to recommend your Journal to friends in England who were seeking a means of finding out the latest literary and cultural activities of the Indian people. . . . I am personally in great sympathy with your effort, and I shall be very happy to send you Rs. 100 as my subscription for the Life Membership. . . . I have a great opinion of the *Triveni*, and I do hope you will keep to the level which your Journal occupies at present. Owing to my political preoccupations it is not possible for me at present to send you any contributions, but later on when my time is less occupied, as I hope it will be, I expect to be able to send you something worthy of the high level which your Journal occupies."

Coming from a scholar and publicist of the first rank, such words of commendation are thrice welcome to an editor who is struggling desperately to keep his journal alive. The trouble and the suffering is great, but great too is the reward.

Another great friend of *Triveni* is Mr. C. Jinarajadasa who never misses an opportunity of putting in "a very warm word" on

¹ June 5, 1933.

its behalf. In the "Watch Tower" Notes of *The Theosophist* for January 1933, he says :

"Among the many magazines published in India—almost every month a new one springs up—*Triveni* is in some ways the most distinguished for its quality and general appearance. It is pre-eminently a magazine of Indian Renaissance, and has already won admiration from such a severe critic as the *London Times*. Its editor has given his life completely to serve India by striking through the magazine a key-note of perfection in literature. For it is necessary in these days in the swift up-building of New India that grace and distinction should characterise the building. The Acting Editor of *The Theosophist* desires to speak a very warm word of appreciation for *Triveni* (on whose Editorial Board he happens to be), and recommend those out of India, as within India, who desire to see something of India's culture flowering in new ways, to view that flowering represented in the articles of the magazine."

With that utter thoroughness which we have learnt to associate with even the smallest of his acts, he is careful to add: "It is published at Gokhale Hall, Armenian Street, Madras." By his deeds, Mr. "C. J." has always shown himself as the Guardian Angel of the *Triveni*.

Messrs. Jayakar and Jinarajadasa belong to widely differing spheres of thought and action; but they have this in common, that they are both great lovers of culture. They possess kind hearts, which, in very truth, "are more than coronets."

THE PENANCE

For three weeks the entire Indian continent was in a state of agonised suspense, dreading the consequences of the Mahatma's self-imposed penance. Devout men and women the world over prayed fervently that in the end the spirit might triumph over the flesh. As the painful hours were counted and from day to day the doctors' bulletins were flashed across the wires, it became increasingly clear that the age of miracles is not past, and the Saint at 'Parnakuti' would be spared for the service of "God's Chosen"—the Harijans. In the early days of the non-co-operation movement of 1921, Gandhiji was in the habit of saying that in some future age he would, if necessary, be born again amongst the "untouchables" and lead a crusade on their behalf. But in this very birth, and in our own day, he has wrestled with Death and is in effect re-born to carry to victory the cause nearest his heart. It is not to be expected

that the forces of reaction will be immediately converted or that they will retire from the citadel. But the great outpouring of love and energy that we have witnessed during the fast will cleanse the hearts of all. Today the Harijans are making rapid strides towards the attainment of the position that is theirs by right, and the transformation in the outlook of people everywhere is altogether phenomenal. With the thanksgiving of a resurgent nation must be combined the resolve to redress an ancient wrong.

THE JOINT COMMITTEE

After the fast, attention is once again being directed to the work of the Joint Parliamentary Committee on Indian Reforms. Except for the presence of the Indian Delegation, the members of which occupy the position of assessors without a vote, everything reminds one of the Joint Committee of 1919. Every interest, big or small, and every school of thought, barring Congress, will lead evidence before the Committee. All our quarrels provincial, communal, or economic are to be fought out in London, and subjected to the arbitrament of Britain. A spectacle less edifying or more injurious to the self-respect of a great nation cannot be imagined. What robs the show of all sense of reality is the absence of the Congress. By some trick of legerdemain, the Round Table Conference, originally conceived as a meeting of the representatives of two nations for the purpose of drafting an agreed constitution has transformed itself into a Committee for the adjudication of the claims of Indians to a further instalment of reforms. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru is not hopeful about any great improvement in the scheme of the White Paper which, as it stands, fails to satisfy him and his political comrades. He has uttered a warning that in the event of all progressive proposals being turned down, men like him would have to retire into obscurity. This, then, is obviously the last chance open to Britain to bridge the gulf between India and herself.

But even the White Paper scheme, utterly unsatisfactory as it is, is sought to be torpedoed by the Churchillites. According to them, British interests in India are in imminent danger of being submerged. A new league for defending and safeguarding them is

an immediate necessity. And who can supply this need so effectively as Mr. Churchill and Lord Lloyd, the twin champions of Conservatism fighting heroically to save India for the Empire? Under their leadership are grouped several of the vainglorious men, who, long years ago, served in India as governors, civilians, soldiers, policemen, or tax-gatherers. The fight is directed against the White Paper which is believed to be a perilous adventure into uncharted seas. Whoever heard of any advance in human freedom without the "Devil's advocate" turning up to plead against it? Most of these sponsors of the India Defence League have eaten India's salt, dumped the less promising of their sons or nephews on the Indian services, and even today they are fattening on pensions charged to the Indian tax-payer. In India nobody takes the League seriously; neither in England, if we are to judge from the attitude of politicians of the stamp of Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare. And yet, they must beat the war-drum, put on the war-paint and rush to the Field of Mars. Their knowledge of India is ante-diluvian, their acquaintance with present day Indian problems pitifully inadequate. Their strength lies in their conceit; if permitted to intervene in matters of high policy, these enemies of freedom for India, Egypt, and Ireland will end by strangling the liberties of Britain. The League is one of the symptoms of a malignant disease which sometimes overtakes an empire; the enjoyment of unbridled power by little little men in far-off lands reacts in time on the heart of the Empire itself. Such unhealthy growths must be weeded out of the public life if the liberties of the homeland are to be safeguarded.

MR. ISWARA DUTT ON 'ANDHRA PUBLIC LIFE'

The Andhra Association of the Benares Hindu University celebrated its seventh anniversary on the 12th of February under the presidentship of Principal Dhruva. The members invited their compatriot Mr. K. Iswara Dutt, Assistant Editor of *The Leader* to deliver the valedictory address. In the intervals of proof-reading and leader-writing, Mr. Dutt managed to prepare an elaborate essay on "Andhra Public Life." Simultaneously his young hosts at Benares prepared an address of welcome, "a souvenir of affection

and esteem" to Mr. Dutt whom they hailed as "one of the few brilliant young men in Andhra at the present day, on whom not only the credit of their province but the glory of the Motherland also depends. They took a peep into the future and hoped their guest would "achieve the same distinction as your gifted Editor-in-chief." The reference was to Mr. C. Y. Chintamani who had migrated to the United Provinces from Vizianagaram in Andhra, and was duly followed by Mr. Dutt of Rajahmundry (and not of Bengal as his name might suggest) a quarter of a century later. Thus the preparations on either side were complete. But as the auspicious moment approached Mr. Dutt fell ill; he stayed away at Allahabad. His speech was read by a deputy and the welcome address was conferred *in absentia*.

It is interesting for us to watch the careers of Andhras far away from their province. It must be even more interesting for them to watch the men and movements in the homeland. Mr. Dutt's survey is both detailed and illuminating; and its literary excellence enhances its charm. After enumerating the achievements of the Andhras in all walks of life, and mentioning individual Andhras from Mr. N. Subba Rao Pantulu, Sir S. Radhakrishnan and Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya down to the humble writer of these notes, he raises a problem:

"By what subtle alchemy then has so much of personal excellence in Andhra been transmuted into collective effervescence? How is it that we are, in spite of our bright achievements, still a backward and neglected people?"

With commendable frankness he tries to solve the riddle:

"Our interest in anything is seldom sustained. And we have little or no capacity for organised team-work. Therein, if you ask me, lies our failure. It is true that we have fine and sometimes generous impulses, but what about cantankerousness and fissiparousness? It is true that we have something of the emotionalism of the Bengalis and something of the intellectuality of the Tamils, but have we the Bengalis' enterprise and the Tamils' perseverance? It is of course a fact—and let us have the courage to say it—that it is much more true of Andhra than of the Germans, of whom it is said that no one ever really likes another. Our patriotism is marred by a mawkish sentimentality. We have almost an open contempt for practicality. And our activities have a fatal tendency to verge on excess. Little wonder that with such failings as I have ventured to enumerate we are where we are. To add to our misfortunes, there is little

atmosphere and less opportunity for talent in Andhra, particularly because we have no province of our own."

All this must cause a searching of hearts. Mr. Dutt is not a cynic; he has not "set down aught in malice." But being somewhat removed from the main currents of Andhra cultural life, he has failed to perceive that in the literary and artistic Renaissance of today, Andhra is pre-eminent in South India. Admittedly, she is running a close race with Bengal or Maharashtra. Nevertheless, Mr. Dutt's analysis is, in the main, correct, and every thinking Andhra should "read, mark, and inwardly digest" his remarks. To facilitate this process, the Andhra Association of the Benares Hindu University has published Mr. Dutt's essay as a pamphlet and made it available for two annas. It ought to be in everybody's hands.

ART EXHIBITIONS

One sign of the revival of interest in fine arts and handicrafts is the recent holding of art exhibitions in centres like Kumbhakonam, Bangalore and Madras. The organisers are young enthusiasts who spare no pains to make the exhibitions fairly representative of the different Art Schools in the country. But nearly always, they meet with very inadequate response from the public. Many people drop in casually and 'look round', but few think it worth while to purchase a picture or other work of art. The prices are very reasonable because the artists are aware of the prevailing conditions. Even the rich—some of them are professed art-lovers—do not deem it their duty to encourage struggling artists. Apart from all considerations of patronage, it ought to be a pleasure to own some beautiful object, and adorn your home with it, instead of crowding the halls with cheap, gaudy prints or calendars. Frankly, few people realise that an original picture is more precious than a print, or that a portrait-sketch by an artist a greater work of art than a mere photograph. In such matters, the artistic conscience of the public needs to be awakened. Beauty in everyday life, in the simple household utensils and bits of furniture, has to be preached as a cult! More is the pity when we know that India is supremely a land of beauty and simplicity, her exquisite handicrafts being in some ways the crown of her achievement.

Dr. Besant: A Tribute

By K. S. VENKATARAMANI

I

The present renascent movement is probably the biggest rise since the days of the Buddha and Asoka. Whether the fruits will be gathered in plenty and variety in the ripening hour is beyond the power of the most daring prophet. But one thing is clear. The longing to do something is intense. The air is charged with a soaring idealism and a fervent desire to achieve. The sense of worship is exalted to a spiritual passion. The will to do, to act, stands at the highest today. That is always a rare and momentous mood for the Indian temperament. It has been fruitful in the past.

But will it all materialise now? Or will the clouds get scattered once again as it has happened so often in our history? That is the eager question everywhere. Yes, it will materialise if the worship of ideas becomes the worship of work, songs fertilise into deeds. Then the achievement will be as complete and renewing as the great renascent rise which our land witnessed twenty-five centuries ago.

We have never been stirred to our depth so much as now. Every department of our life is feeling the stir of unrest and the touch of renewal. The unrest is creative, not the mere ripple of politics in the pond, but the stir of a New India in the making. The awakening is not listless but is charged with a keen desire to work for a living present. Can there be a purer testimony to a renaissance than this?

Three great personalities have directed this movement till now. Swami Vivekananda, Dr. Annie Besant and Mahatma Gandhi, each giving the movement the impress of his or her own qualities as the Time-spirit and their own temperament would allow. Dr. Besant's contribution to this national emergence and growth is realistic. Hers is the canalising genius of the irrigation engineer. She is both pioneering and provocative. She has quickened the

blood circulation and the national metabolism. She has achieved it both by her words of eloquence and deeds of worth. The tragedy at the present moment is that there is nobody now to carry on her line of work, while Mahatmaji is continuing on even a larger scale the idealistic work of awakening the country which Swami Vivekananda had begun.

Swami Vivekananda was something like a conch-blower of renaissance India. In him the spiritual elements gained a perfection and a charm because of his fine appreciation of political ends and social aims. When the earth and the sky were still shrouded in darkness and doubt he sang bravely and in a tranquil voice, the voice of Truth, in the misty morning air of *margasirsha* nights like a true conch-blower, when all were asleep, the glory of the coming dawn. His was the ecstatic utterance of the prophet who sees the Vision. His was the clarion call to the sleepers to "Awake! Arise!" But he died young.

Swami Vivekananda was something like a nature-force, an earthquake whose tremor is felt all over, a gleam of lightning which lights the darkest gloom in the forest-tracks. Mahatma Gandhi also is, at least, as much a nature-force. He is something like a cloud-burst or snow-fall in the Himalayan heights, that sends mighty floods down the Ganges, which move gliding down, lisp the rare babble of liquid life, seeking at every bend and curve of the course the constructive and the fertilising touch of the irrigation engineer.

God who gave us the Gandhian flood in the river has not yet vouchsafed to us simultaneously the Irrigation Engineer; to canalise this release of national energy into constructive statesmanship so that the flood may bless even the remotest village in the parched-up plains of Hindustan. Once I had hoped that the late C. R. Das was the man to harness simultaneously the awakened idealism and release of energy and direct it into the ploughed acres and sown fields. It was God's will to cut off C. R. Das in the prime of life as it was His will to cut off two centuries ago the Peshwas one by one at a very early age.

Had Dr. Besant been of Indian birth and forty years younger, she would have made an ideal ally of Mahatmaji and a constructive

statesman of the first rank. But to me, this wistful regret has its own charms and lessons. The sum of her qualities can give us the clue for constructive work. Her long and strenuous life is indeed a great example to us, for hers are just the qualities to fertilise the Indian temperament.

II

Dr. Besant is a *karma yogin* who applies frankly her powers in the first instance to social and humanitarian ends. Mahatmaji also is a *karma yogin* but his final quest is fundamentally different. He is primarily interested in the individual, and his refinement and evolution, while Dr. Besant fixes her compassionate eye on the collective good and the beneficent working of institutions. Organisation, working beneficently for the common good of man is life to Dr. Besant, and organisation, however healthy, as a final state of affairs, is death to Mahatmaji and to every true Hindu.

This humanitarian view of life has given to Dr. Besant the religious fervour and energy for all self-less work. She is a tireless worker, with faith in work as the great, cleansing agent of life, a worker with love and purity, self-less and detached. All her great qualities, even the *atma gunas* in her case, cease to have an independent existence of their own, but serve and slave to feed the ceaseless fire of love of work. This, no doubt, slightly upsets the balance, tilts the axis of life, and makes uneven the harmonies and gives us the impression of the defects of her qualities.

Action is the greatest urge in her life, strenuous, sympathetic, self-willed, self-sustained action. Fighting is not the motive of her action but a necessary implement in this conflicting world. Even love and peace in their desire for full self-expression will have to fight. It is more compassion, a humanitarian tenderness against the cruel, age-long social wrongs to many, than love—unrelated compassion is love—in its static or dynamic form that pulls her to work. Love even in its most active form is catholic and quiescent. Its propaganda is ethical, never political. Love is even and reacts equally both to the high and the low, the rich and the poor, while compassion responds quickly to the miseries of the poor, but views with distrust even the virtues of the rich.

Dr. Besant is in intellectual reach, if not in realisation, a true *advaitin*. Right or wrong does not matter provided you are self-less. For, right or wrong is only relative to given conditions and has no final value. Evolution reckons only activity. And all true activity is impersonal, is constructive, and has no final relationship with right and wrong. And all true activity is the work of the worker who is self-less and detached.

Decisiveness, and courage which follows decisiveness, like heat that follows light, are her great assets. Once she decides she always goes about her work with roaming joy and freedom like the tempest, but a tempest which raises and brings in its wake not a sand-storm but the monsoon winds of plenty.

She is a fighter, but not a fighter for the sterile joy of it. She is primarily a worker with the self-imposed duty, afterthought and conviction, of cleansing the Augean stables. But she is a worker who finds that she has to fight courageously, however reluctantly, against all the odd things in the way of her work; something like the first freshes in the Cauvery that have to sweep down its whirling eddies, all dirt and lumber, dried twigs and leaves, rotten trunks of dead trees that block the way and scar the sandy bosom of the river bed.

Dr. Besant's mode of approach to life is essentially Indian. Her mind is spiritual not in the pure Indian sense of utter communion, lonely, devout, tragic and sublime, divorced from land and life, but in the best cultural sense. It is spiritual in that it has gained a mastery, a kind of *yogic* control over the senses and the appetites, and the sources of energy that feed daily life, its exaltations and depressions.

She is one of the first to rediscover the unity of India in her cultural and spiritual life, and to work for it through religious awakening, and show us the priceless treasures of our own inheritance lying in sealed cases in our ancestral vaults. On the whole her long life is one lived in the great *Gita* tradition though handicapped by the dragging weight of the civilisation of her own birth. The valuable formative period of her life was wasted in one endless struggle and effort to break the bonds of tradition and go out in freedom in search of Truth.

Her full life has no doubt a message for us all. We have never lacked in wisdom but only in the will to follow the wise and the self-less. Her will-power is a great example. Her message to renascent India is to organise, canalise, co-ordinate and work; till and prune, prune and till; water and manure, manure and water; prune off the dried roots and the rotten branches, work hard and work self-lessly; once again the ancient orchard will bloom to life, bear fruits all the more luscious for the age of the trees; work for the betterment of the social conditions, work on lines of no exploitation, work with generosity and love, and a religious fervour applied to mundane affairs; work for the uplift of all. Renascent India will always honour such work.

This philosophy of life, the primary bias of a humanitarian, gives to Dr. Besant the compassion of a Buddha, the monarchical and the beneficent temperament of an Asoka, the intellect and organising talents of a St. Paul or Ignatius Loyola, and an acute patriotism, courageous and concrete in feeling, for the service of man and the well-being of humanity for which there is no exact parallel in history. If she is not likely to attain immortality in the same rank as those already mentioned, it will not be for lack of sincerity in the quest of Truth, or love for fellow-men, or talents and energy to work out her convictions, but because of a failure to apprehend man in his highest idealistic reaches in moments of meditative felicity.

Dr. Besant has spiritual hunger but not vision. She does not know the needs of the individual man in his highest altitudes. She has great knowledge as a shepherdess and can protect the flock with singular combative skill from wolves, and wolves in the clothing of lambs. But of new pastures for them to feed upon, she had no clear knowledge or idea, except for a vague feeling of wide meadows on the other side of the river in some far-off valley. She has executive courage to a marvellous degree. But God has denied her, and the civilisation and the social organisation in which she was born denied her, meditative courage and intuitional originality, which alone wrap one in the amber of immortality. Thus with all her superb endowments, she has very narrowly missed the first rank of the immortals. But her life itself is a

classic adventure and testimony to the wonder and greatness that is in man.

But there is no doubt that hers is a lasting name in our own history. She is not only the greatest living woman, but one of the greatest for all time. She is the pioneer of the nineteenth century and an example to the twentieth. Her life is the greatest adventure in peace one has known in quest of Truth. She is the most sincere humanitarian of the century. Her mystic glands continually pour into the stream of her compassionate blood an aching affection for humanity and a fevered throb for the well-being of man. She has lived her strenuous eighty years of life in the highest moods of a creative rapture and unrest of work. Has any one, man or woman, a finer record of selfless work to present before the Maker or to one's own generation?

The Guide

By ANILBARAN ROY

O Guide of the Way, how far is it? still how far?
He whose sweet flute-call I hear within my heart,
And it fills my soul with yearnings unknown,
Is this the path where he shall meet my sight?
—"No other path is there."

The farther I advance, the longer stretches the road,
Tired are mind and body. Is it so, alas,
That all my life must be spent? Is there not an easier way
Known to thee, O my Guide?
—"No other path is there."

The unfrontiered desert spreads its waste of fire,
No food is here for my hunger, no water for my thirst;
Insurmountable rise the mountains, violent is the speed of the
rivers;
O Friend, is this indeed the path?
—"No other path is there."

Many gilded Illusions come that charm the heart
And they put out the Light on the Way, enemies numberless
Shoot from day to day their arrows, and escape there is none;
—"This the path by which thou must go—
No other path is there."

Who art thou that art ever by my side and givest comfort and
assurance.
Thy gaze mixes with mine, O thou Compassionate,
And all sorrow is forgotten at thy touch.
Thy path I will follow,
—"No other path is there."

Oh, my thirsting soul has recognised thee,
 Thine the sound of the flute, sweet like a cascade of nectar ;
 Cast off thy disguise, hide thyself from me no more—
 All my journeying ends today at thy feet, O Beloved !

(Translated from the *BENGALI* by Nolini Kanta Gupta.)

Two Hymns from Saint Appar

(Translated from the *TAMIL* by P. S. Acharya.)

I : THE BEAUTY OF GRACE

The perfect music born of the faultless *vina*,
 The full-moon reigning over the evening sky,
 The soft breeze blowing from the southern hills,
 The bursting early spring,
 The lake that is hymned by swarming singing bees,—
 What are these but the beauties reflected from the Grace
 Divine
 Symbolised by the feet of the Blessed Lord !

II : 'SWEETER STILL IS THE LORD'

Sweet is the mellowing fruit,
 Sweet the crystallised sugar,
 Sweet the companionship of thy Beloved in the fulness of
 her youth and beauty,
 Sweet the imperial power that knows no bounds,
 Sweeter still is the Lord to them that come unto Him.

A Passing Phase of Politics

By N. D. VARADACHARIAR
(Advocate, Madras)

Although the Great War was fought for the stated purpose of making the world 'fit and safe for democracy,' we find that democracy has been discredited and abandoned nearly all over Europe. Even in the United States of America, the President has been arming himself with dictatorial powers, and spirited protests are being made against this importation of fascist principles. Except in a few states of Europe, all of which remained neutral during the last War, the principles of liberty and toleration are almost universally disregarded, and brute power, in its most naked and violent forms fills the picture.

Dictatorship may be defined as the selfish exercise of irresponsible political authority by a single person or a group of persons over a state. It is rule by a person or persons as opposed to the rule of law. The sanction upon which the dictator relies is his own might, while constitutional government is based on the active acquiescence of the general body of citizenry. The dictator may have popular support, but that is not what he depends on primarily as the source of his authority in the state. The withdrawal of that support would not have the result of dethroning the dictator, because he is where he is owing to far other reserves of strength.

This phenomenon is not new to politics; Aristotle knew of it, and dissected it with rare acumen. His conclusions are as sound today as when he lived. The type is true to his analysis, which shows what little fundamental progress the psychology of the *Genus Homo* has made during all these centuries.

History shows that a state cannot be sustained by selfish rule for all time. It is bound to collapse by its own excesses and enormities; the fever heat at which it works may daze its victims for the time, but when the people see its real nature, they kill it. Its dissolution is almost always inglorious, drawing no sympathy, not a tear. It is a passing phase of politics.

There is little purpose in resisting dictatorships, because resistance is what they thrive upon. The wisest course is to let them have their run of power. Their authority will wear away when their impossible promises, utopian programs, remain unfulfilled owing to their very nature, and excitement subsides in the state.

But what is really profitable is to study this malady of nations. Why do people, fully aware of the blessings of ordered liberty, permit dictators to overwhelm them?

The reasons are partly psychological and partly in the nature of the problems with which states are confronted at present, problems which call for swift action under a unitary leadership. Many of these problems are indeed incapable of speedy solution, and democracy bore the blame for not solving them. The conflicting counsels of parties, the vacillation of houses of representatives, the wobbling of responsible executives left vast and urgent questions of reconstruction much where they were, and the impatient people turned to the dictator who promised swift relief, unhindered by the slow methods and processes of democratic consultation.

The psychological factor is even more important. After four years of strenuous war, the camp habit overtook peoples. They became accustomed to obedience, the abject and unquestioning obedience of the fighting line. They lost the faculty of private judgment. The result was that when the war did end, the mentality generated by the war persisted, and in this mentality, democracy found its mighty conquering foe.

Dictatorship is thus the natural result of War. Regimentation became inevitable even in the civilian organisation of life to meet the pressure of war. The economic problems which the war gave rise to, stupendous and unprecedented problems, provided the soil for the growth of dictatorships. The delicate and beautiful plant of popular liberty was crushed in consequence.

It remains to be seen whether dictatorships have justified themselves. A certain spectacular success they have achieved, but at terrific cost to popular morale and the peace and quiet of the individual. Whether it is the class dictatorship of Russia or the personal dictatorships of Italy, Germany, Yugoslavia and Poland, they have all equally suppressed the individual, and have set up a

terrorism which has destroyed public spirit and healthy public criticism.

The liberal use of police methods, of clever persistent and intimate spying, of ruthless and speedy punishment of all opposition to the ruling power, however righteous, justifiable and *bona fide*, characterise all these dictatorships. The dictator has to live on excitement, by creating problems which appeal to the imagination, the passions and the prejudices of the people. He stirs up all that is selfish and cruel in the basest elements of society, and from this intoxicating ferment he draws his evanescent nourishment. He is interested in creating more and more danger to the state, for it is his claim that he saves the state from dangers; and no danger, no dictator.

He encourages reactionary elements and an illiberal outlook. In domestic policy, he is the champion of puritanism; in foreign affairs he develops an exaggerated sense of insular nationalism and prestige. In course of time he begins to believe in his own infallibility and righteousness. Like Mussolini, he is God's appointed savior of nations and civilisations.

Aware of all its imperfections, some of the great thinkers of the world still commend dictatorships. George Bernard Shaw is reported to have said: "The real duty of this generation is to study the Russian and Italian constitutions carefully, because to some such type of state we shall have to come in this country if we are not going to smash. We have no government now. It can do nothing. It is the same in the United States." What Shaw wants to point out is that weak government is unsuitable to the modern state which has so many more things to do than the state of old. Dictatorships show only apparent strength, for in the words of Count Carlo Sforza, "Strange that all dictators always mistake an excess of violence for strength. Real strength is quiet, it is never noisy; but dictators—even when they are rich with a beautiful past like Pilsudski—always end in a childish exaggeration of police systems, of coercion even in the moral and intellectual fields." It is not true that democracies are incapable of providing strong governments; if it is assumed that only violence is the foundation upon which the edifice of the state can stand, then democracy is no good,

and democratic government must fail. But, mankind has developed a moral life. The sanction of a state inhabited by a people possessing a live moral sense is not force; it is an appreciation of the need for co-operative endeavour in pursuit of common ideals. Scrupulous respect for the other fellow is the basic condition of its success. In so far as the thinkers of the world deny the possibility of running a state on these principles, they show how much there is to be done to raise mankind to a more human level.

Nextly, there is a tendency to confuse dictatorships with the government of one man. Pericles was a dictator in his way, but the difference between Pericles and Mussolini is fundamental. The moral ascendancy of a man of acknowledged goodness and greatness may give him actual political authority; the motive of those who obey him is not fear but love, respect and consent. Mustapha Kemal appears to be the nearest to that ideal in the present world. His is an involuntary dictatorship, "aiming at making autocrats and dictators impossible in the self-government of a renovated free nation." It is unselfish rule, and as such it is not one of those perverted forms of government described by Aristotle.

Shaw's cry for fascism, for sovietism, is only his way of drawing attention to the need for courageous and active leadership, for a *Karma Yogi*. He cannot have commended the violent ruthless and cruel men who glory in the abject surrender or the merciless destruction of those who honestly differ from them, who have no great human ideals to live for and whose main endeavour is to hold the whip over everybody else.

The psychology of dictators has been well studied by Count Carlo Sforza,¹ a true champion of liberty and one of the sanest men in all Europe. His vast experience of politics, as a party leader, as a cabinet minister and as a diplomat of world-wide service, and his acute intellect informed by a careful study of history, give to his mature views quite peculiar authority. Men like Count Sforza, who have combated the disease of dictatorship with courage and at grave risk to their lives, show the kind of heroism which the cause of freedom can breed. It is to the likes of him that the world will ultimately turn for light.

¹ *European Dictatorships*; By Count Carlo Sforza. (Allen & Unwin 8sh. 6d.)

After Schools

By HUMAYUN KABIR

The vacuity and the emptiness,
The lack of confidence,
The frozen fields of phantasy
Oppressing the deadened sense,

The sky one drab grey of clouds,
Unhurrying, unceasing rain,
No core of living consciousness
Quickening the heavy brain,

A torpor of body and of heart,
A palsy of the soul,
Under an ocean's continuous dumb
Monotonous roll.

The Scarf

By SANKARA KRISHNA CHETTUR

A dark sea and white waves creeping inscrutably towards
the shore.

The slow languid curving fingers of light clutching the
darkness: the white wave of foam and beauty born of the darkness
of the Night.

Dark sea and white wave moving inexorably to shore and
mingling in a scarf about the bosom of the earth. . . .

The slow languid curving fingers of light curl the scarf loosely
around the throat of the Beloved, winding and unwinding it in a
myriad patterns; the glory of light born of darkness is on her face,
the whiteness of the scarf gleams purely on the blackness of her
hair.

O mystic Scarf, fraught with the terror of ocean, the mystery
of night, and the pure whiteness of light, O Scarf, eternally wound
and unwound about the bosom of the Beloved by the slow languid
curving fingers of light clutching the darkness, what perfected
glory is it not when curving and rising about her throat thou
caressest the dark wonder of her hair?

Dark sea and white wave moving inexorably to shore; and
mingling in a scarf about the dark wonder of her hair. . . .

Celestial Gifts

By "WARBLER"

O Star,
Small spark so airy,
What's the spirit you hide?
"It is a Fairy."

If you're a Fairy,
Your tremulous sheen
To whom do you give?
"To the flower terrene."

O Moon,
With lilies laden,
What's the spirit you hide?
"It is a Maiden."

If you're a Maiden,
Your radiant pride
To whom do you give?
"To the blushing young bride."

India and the British Commonwealth¹

By DR. LANKA SUNDARAM, M.A., Ph.D. (LONDON)

(Director of the Indian Institute of International Affairs)

I

A new yeast is now leavening the constitutional and political fabric of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The various Imperial Conferences of the post-War era have introduced a very healthy influence into the relationships between Great Britain and the various units of the Empire. The guardianship of the old Colonial Office (now the Dominions Office) has been gradually relaxed, and with the influx of time the units of the Commonwealth have come to be regarded as distinct national units, with specific duties and rights of their own. The Balfour Report on Inter-Imperial Relations has almost revolutionised the constitutional relationship existing between Great Britain and the Dominions. What this report achieved in the direction of a delimitation of the intra-imperial relations, the Statute of Westminster has codified, so to speak, into the constitutional law of the Commonwealth. Even outside the Empire the Dominions, by virtue of their membership of the League of Nations and their diplomatic representation at foreign capitals, have vindicated their position in the world as no mere appanages of the British Empire, but as nation-States with a distinct personality of their own.

From the political stand-point, the British Commonwealth has shown an even more fundamental and remarkable change. Now that

¹ This is an advance copy of an article which Dr. Lanka Sundaram has contributed to the *Queen's Quarterly*, of Kingston, Ontario, Canada. In 1931 Dr. Sundaram was invited to contribute to the same paper on *India and World Politics* which has aroused considerable interest. Written specially to suit the needs of a foreign audience, Dr. Sundaram's present effort will be read with considerable interest in India.

the Colonial Laws Validity Act has been relegated to the scrap heap, as far as the Dominions are concerned, and that the Statute of Westminster has conceded the right of secession from the Empire, a new set of conditions has been introduced into the political relationship between the Mother Country and her former colonies. The Dominions are not now content with a paper definition of their equality of status with Great Britain and with a legal right for independence. The history of the Irish Free State during the past decade is a long series of political incidents which gathered focus and velocity for this fissiparous tendency originally displayed by Canada prior to the Durham Report. Secession from the Commonwealth is a matter of practical politics in the Irish Free State. In the Union of South Africa the stupendous Flag Question and the much-advertised programme of General Hertzog and his co-adjutors for secession from the Empire have demonstrated to the world that the political future of the British Commonwealth is bound to be stormy. Even from distant Australia, the appointment of the Governor-General by the Federal Cabinet without the direct cognizance of the British Government is yet another facet of this separatist tendency in the Commonwealth. Only the continued goodwill and generous statesmanship of the British Government have so far prevented economic and regional nationalism in the Commonwealth from undoing the work of centuries which has created and sustained the most magnificent Empire the world has ever seen. In this, the presence of the Crown as the cementing agency which has brought into being a vast concourse of spontaneous loyalty from all parts of the Empire "over which the sun never sets," has been extremely helpful. In the person of the King there is still an adequate focussing-point for all that is good in British statecraft and economic design.

II

Whatever may be the exact future course of events in the British Commonwealth, there is no doubt that recent developments in the constitutional and political spheres, as indicated above, have had a profound influence upon the possibilities in store for India to

become a nation-State. This is not the place for a survey, however fascinating it might be, of the phenomenal progress made by our nationalistic activity during the past fifty years. But it would be unwise for us to refuse to recognise its extended importance during the post-War era. For, national sentiment in any quarter of the Empire is bound to tell upon its continued future stability as an agent for the ordered progress of a substantial portion of the human race. This nationalistic particularism in India has received ample sustenance from sister movements in other parts of the Commonwealth. If Canada, New Zealand, and even Newfoundland have attained Dominion Status, there should be no inherent difficulty and confirmed obstacles for India to achieve the same. If the New South Wales Government could almost pull a deal and repudiate even funded obligations in Great Britain, it should not be impossible for India to acquire a similar right to re-open the question of her public debt to Great Britain and other foreign countries, especially in view of the fact that the debt has been contracted by England on behalf of her ward and at her own discretion. If the Union of South Africa and the Irish Free State could attempt to redraw the design of the Union Jack and secede from the Empire, it should be equally possible, in all equity, for India to pursue a similar course of action. This, in essence, is the reasoning adopted by the most enlightened, vocal and substantial elements in India today, and in this manifestation the influence of the recent history of the Dominions is clearly discernible. When and how these desiderata should be supplied is a matter for future discussion and decision. But the tendency is emphatically clear that India would like to foot the line with sister Dominions in the British Commonwealth on a basis of substantial parity.

The position of India in the British Commonwealth is a medley of incongruous arrangements. Legally the Government of India is still a branch of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain. This is why Professor Morgan and his school of thinking appositely believe that the Government of India resembles, in all essentials, that of a Crown Colony. There is no doubt that the Great Mogul in Whitehall, who is responsible under statute to the British Parliament for the tranquillity, good government and ordered progress of

India, can, if he so wills, ride rough-shod over the heads of the authorities at New Delhi and of the people of the country. But actually, there is a gradual general devolution of authority and responsibility upon the administrative machinery in India, so that to reach the point where it can be reduced to a negative quantity is only a question of time.

Again, according to the Interpretation Act of 1889 India is defined to be British India and the six hundred odd Indian States which possess varying degrees of sovereignty and administrative autonomy, some of them possessing even separate currency systems. For all external purposes, the subjects of the Indian States are treated on a basis of equality with those from British India. But from a purely domestic point of view a mild and certainly veiled form of extra-territorial jurisdiction has come to be exercised by the Paramount Power over Princely India. This power is not claimed under law, but has accrued to the Paramount Power from usage and the conventions established at its own dictation by the Political Department of the Government at New Delhi. This heterogeneous mass of Principalities is actually outside the pale of the jurisdiction of the British Parliament which can legislate with finality for British India, and of the League of Nations, even though India is a member thereof and is, as such, bound to come up to the requirements of the international conventions adopted at Geneva from time to time. Thus, the Indian States claim to be distinct international personalities, but in actual practice they are either treated as non-existent or as utterly incapable of being brought into alignment with international activity. This is the attitude taken by the late Lord Birkenhead, as Secretary of State for India, in his communication to the Secretary-General of the League of Nations dated 26th September 1927, in his plea for exemption of Indian India from the obligations undertaken by India when ratifying International Labour Conventions. But, strange to mention, an Indian Prince is always associated with the Indian Delegations to the League Assembly, while in 1930 the Maharajah of Bikaner actually led the Indian Delegation to that year's Assembly. There is no gainsaying the fact that the position of the Indian States in their relationship to British India, the British Crown and the

Parliament, and to the British Commonwealth of Nations and the comity of world States, is full of anomalies and knotty points to unravel which a tremendous amount of patience, goodwill and ability are demanded both from Indian and British statesmanship.

This innate complexity of India's internal situation has rendered any definition of her position in the British Commonwealth extremely difficult. When a constitutional scaffolding for the British Empire was fortuitously erected in 1887 at the first Colonial Conference in London, India was not admitted to imperial councils on a basis of equality with other units of the Empire. The India Office nominated an 'observer' from its establishment to watch the proceedings of these Conferences and to intervene on behalf of India only when occasion demanded such a course, while even in those days when the other units of the Empire were able to express themselves as distinct communities, India continued to figure as an appendage to the Empire whose rights need not be specifically protected. India was not then a nation-State and her presence at the first few Colonial Conferences was entirely on the sufferance of the British Government and of the Dominions. Such perfunctory representation of India at these Conferences continued till 1911.

But the Great War has introduced a sudden and fundamental change in the attitude of the Empire towards India. The enormous strides made by India in the field of defined national consciousness and activity were fully recognised. The Minto-Morley Reforms of 1909 had only added point to the activities of the Indian National Congress which had, during the course of thirty years, evolved into a truly national organization. Further, the repercussions of the Great War upon the attitude of the people of India towards constitutional and political problems have been extremely helpful as far as the nation's future was concerned. Everywhere there was a tendency towards creating a salubrious atmosphere for the people to express themselves fully and to enter the gates of national freedom. The Bengal Partition agitation of a decade earlier was but a bold step in the direction of the nation's progressive educational and political catechism.

Further, during the earlier years of the Great War, the part played by India in the cause of the Allied and Associated Powers

was magnificent. In Mesopotamia, in East Africa, and even on the Western Front the Princes and people of India distinguished themselves as loyal and gallant sons of the Empire. This willing holocaust of India's bravest sons in the inferno of the world's greatest Armageddon produced a profound impression upon the Empire and the World. The free gift of a hundred million sterling which the nation voted to the Empire, besides defraying the cost of war nearer home, as well as the non-denominational character of India's sympathy with and concern for the continued stability of the Commonwealth have been equally generously acknowledged by the British and the Dominion statesmen. Even Mahatma Gandhi, after his heroic sufferings in South Africa in the cause of the upliftment of our nationals who were treated as helots by the Union Government, undertook a sincere mission of propaganda on behalf of the Empire, raised and directed an ambulance ship and actually landed in Britain to do active service on the Western Front, but only to be sent back to India completely broken in health. All these manifestations of India's loyalty to the Empire and of her sincere co-operation to get things done revolutionised her position in the world.

This erstwhile Crown Colony in the Empire has now come to stride across Whitehall as a full-grown unit of the British Commonwealth, at least constitutionally if not politically. Thus it was that on May 23, 1917 H. M. Government stated in Parliament that it has admitted "the Government of India to full partnership in the councils of the Empire." This definition of India's added stature was only a prelude to her representation at the Imperial War Conferences and Cabinets of 1917 and 1918. But our representatives to these as well as to the subsequent conferences were never national in character, in that they had no mandate from the nation as is usually expressed in the instructions given to them by an elected central cabinet.

Still the War and the post-War progress of India with regard to her place in the Commonwealth is remarkable both for its rapidity and constitutional content. Resolution No. IX of the Imperial War Cabinet of 1917 stabilised India's position by declaring that a re-adjustment of the relations between Great Britain and

the Dominions "shall be based upon a full recognition of the Dominions as autonomous nations of an Imperial Commonwealth and of India as an important portion of the same." Then followed the historic declaration of August 20, 1917 which postulated "the gradual development of representative institutions with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible government" as the goal to be achieved by India. Again, the Joint Parliamentary Committee of 1919 reported that "India's position in the Imperial Conference opened the door to negotiation between India and the rest of the Empire." The Government of India Act of 1919 is the constitutional instrument in force till today.

The coming into force of the Government of India Act ushered in an era of semi-popular co-operation with the Government in the common task of working the Constitution for the common good of the nation. The very imperfections inherent in the 1919 Constitution led to several onslaughts upon both the central and local legislatures. In some provinces the Constitution was wrecked as in the case of Bengal and the United Provinces, since the new system of dyarchical government proved to be an altogether vicious arrangement, and because the control by the Governor and his Executive Council of the reserved departments has almost annihilated what the elected portion of the council gained by paper increment of power and opportunities in the transferred departments. As for the centre, the position of the Government was somewhat better. Still, the Indian National Congress, as in 1925 and during the subsequent years, fully manned the councils, both central and provincial, and demonstrated to the Government that the present Constitution falls far short of the nation's needs and as such cannot be accepted as a final settlement. The Government is prone to condemn the Congress for this unhelpful attitude and to suggest that the Congress programme is barren of result. On the contrary, it has been amply proved that, during the days when the Swaraj party was in power in the local councils, the elected ministers for the transferred subjects could initiate and carry through successfully vast nation-building projects. Thus, while this constitutional deadlock proved the settlement to be unsatisfactory, it was vindicated that

the nation is replete with administrative competence and practical statesmanship.

The years following the successful conclusion of the Great War have, even under the present very hybrid Constitution which choked the nation in no uncertain manner, been remarkable for the numerous opportunities which were thrown in the way of India towards facilitating her determination to leave behind the stigma of national adolescence. Simultaneously with her entry into the councils of the Empire as a full-grown nation, at least for all external purposes, she became a signatory to the Treaty of Versailles and an original Member State of the League of Nations. There was considerable opposition from France and the late President Wilson at the Paris Conference that a country which did not then possess even the elements of a representative government was being admitted on a par with the sovereign States of the world to membership of the League of Nations, the first article of whose Covenant stipulates full self-government as the criterion for future membership thereof. There is no doubt that considerations of her vast population, of her peculiar international position, and of her War contribution have ultimately smoothed the way for India's membership of the League of Nations in her own right. Such a privilege has also been granted to India in the International Labour Organization and the Permanent Court of International Justice, which are the subsidiary bodies of the League of Nations. For one thing, this triple membership has given India ample scope to express her external individuality. She has actively co-operated with the League's Geneva mechanism during the past thirteen years and has eminently benefited thereby. Sir Atul Chatterjee was unanimously elected President of the 1927 International Labour Conference and in October 1932 he was equally unanimously elected Chairman of the Governing Body of the International Labour Office. These are no mean distinctions for a subject nation to achieve in the international sphere. India has taken part in every international conference of the post-War period, from the Washington Nine Power Treaty of 1922 which guaranteed the territorial integrity of China and the Disarmament Conference of 1932-1933, to the Conference on the Codification of International Law set up by the League of

Nations three years ago. This is all well and good as far as external manifestations of a bloated international status of India are concerned.

But the repercussions of these external achievements upon the domestic situation have been important and have, to a great extent, embarrassed the Indian Government as well as the British and the Dominion Governments. Inch by inch the nation began to fight for equal rights both within the Empire and within her own territorial limits. It is seldom remembered that there are over a quarter of a million nationals of India settled overseas, as a direct result of a century of organised emigration which was coveted and stimulated by the British and the Dominion Governments. From British Guiana to Malaya, and from British Columbia to Fiji, Indians are today scattered all over the Empire. It needs no emphasis that while every citizen of the Commonwealth has equality of treatment and opportunity in India, our nationals in the Empire are being treated as aliens. In fact, the attitude of British Columbia and of the Union of South Africa towards Indian immigrants is extremely uncharitable. The *Komagata Maru* incident of 1914 might as well go down to history as the "Black Hole of Calcutta" of Indian emigration within the Empire. While foreigners like the Japanese are being admitted to special privileges in the Union under the recent "Gentlemen's Agreement," the lot of her Indian citizens is worse than that of aliens. This is a matter of supreme importance to India both on national and on sentimental grounds.

As the Joint Parliamentary Committee has emphasised, India's place in the Imperial Conference has opened the door for direct negotiation between our country and the Dominions, while a year earlier the Imperial Conference passed the now oft-quoted Reciprocity Resolution which has empowered the Dominions to regulate the composition of their respective populations. There is no doubt that the balance of advantage in this resolution lay with the Dominions, as far as Indian emigration problems are concerned. Since the Government of India is not as yet national, India cannot object to the nationals of the Dominions settling down in our country, even if such a step is warranted by special circumstances. But the Dominions are now in a position to penalise their Indian

subjects almost with impunity, and take cover under the plea that such a matter is one of domestic jurisdiction. During the pre-War days the Colonial Office used to intervene pretty certainly when the interests of Indian emigrants in the Empire were put under permanent jeopardy. Now that the Dominions are complete mistresses of their destinies, the iniquities heaped upon their once welcome and now permanently settled Indian citizens multiplied by leaps and bounds.

The situation in the Union of South Africa is a very important point in our present study. For full twenty years Mahatma Gandhi put up a stubborn fight in the cause of Indians in that Dominion, and the Smuts-Gandhi Agreement of 1914 was the net result of a quarter of a century's unremitting effort. But this pact was not a pact between two nations. It was ushered into existence entirely by force of circumstances. With the advent of the Reciprocity Resolution and the exaggerated fears held about economic exploitation and miscegenation, as a result of the continued presence of Indians in that country, the Smuts-Gandhi Agreement was unilaterally abrogated by the South African Government. The Colonial Office was powerless to intervene on behalf of India. Public opinion in our country was worked up to an unusual pitch and even a non-national Government was induced to join in the chorus of national protest, invoke the Joint Select Committee's declaration, and press for direct negotiations with the Union Government.

Thus was the first Cape Town Round Table Conference between India and the Union of South Africa convened in 1927. As a result of this Conference, an Agent-General of the Government of India is now resident in the Union. A similar Conference was held in 1932, thus extending the principle of direct negotiation. Even though the results of these two Conferences are not designed to meet all the contingencies of the Indian situation in the Union, there is no doubt that they have ushered into existence a really useful *modus vivendi* which is sure to revolutionize India's relationship to the British Commonwealth and the outer world.

Much as it is believed that without a national government in India all these arrangements would defeat their own ends, a very

useful extension of this principle is now to be found in the appointment of Indian Trade Commissioners at Hamburg and Milan, while similar appointments are foreshadowed for New York, Alexandria, and Zanzibar. Again, the Indo-Japanese Trade Convention of 1904 was further strengthened by similar bilateral agreements with Turkey and Poland in 1929 and 1930.

Events of the past few years have moved with such rapidity that references to India's place in the British Commonwealth contained in State documents and other constitutional utterances are liable to go unnoticed. Occasionally a deliberate effort is being made to queer the pitch of India's struggle for constitutional freedom by imparting special emphasis to one or two of these utterances. Still, the cumulative effect of these is very important. Thus, the Balfour Report on Inter-Imperial Relations Committee of the Imperial Conference of 1926, while emphasizing the special position of India in the Empire, defined the Dominions as "autonomous communities of the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." Lord Irwin, as Viceroy of India, in his message to the nation in 1929 reiterated the principle that, in the view of His Majesty's Government, "it is implicit in the declaration of 1917 that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress, as there contemplated, is the attainment of Dominion Status." Further, Section 124 of the Report of the Conference on the Operation of Dominion Legislation and Merchant Shipping Legislation, speaking with special reference to merchant shipping legislation, pointed out that "as the position of India in these matters has always been, to all intents and purposes, identical with that of the Dominions, it is not anticipated that there would be any difficulty in applying the principles of our recommendations to India." Lastly, Capt. Wedgwood Benn, the Secretary of State for India in the second Labour Administration, declared in the House of Commons on December 18, 1929 that "there is Dominion Status in action" in the case of India and went on to say that "there is a Dominion attribute which has now become part and parcel of the rights of India." This piecemeal

increment to India's nation-concept has thus supplied us with a fairly comprehensive *de jure* external status, while on every side India's external personality, which has gradually taken shape during the post-War period, has imperceptibly imparted a new orientation to Indian policy towards problems touching the welfare of the British Commonwealth of Nations and the comity of world States.

III

But the real difficulty lies in regard to imparting political content to this *de jure* definition of India's intra-imperial and international status. So to speak, this status must be converted to a *de facto* basis. To achieve this, the liquidation of the Indo-British question is a prime necessity. Efforts are now being made to attempt a constitutional revision for India's good government. With traditional consistency the British Government emphasised the inevitability of gradualness in the sphere of constitutional and political reforms. But equally emphatically the people of India reiterated the national demand that the time is come for plunging headlong into the unknown and certainly untried depths of constitutional finality. They wanted the right to commit mistakes in order to put their house in order and manage it. This they claim is the birth-right of any nation. To bridge the gulf existing between these two sets of objectives is a very difficult task. In either case this multiple effort is fraught with considerable dangers for the ordered progress of India as well as for the future of the British Commonwealth. British statesmanship as well as Indian nationalism are now on trial, and the satisfactory solution of the Indo-British problem will go down to history as one of the most unique efforts at mutual understanding between two distinct peoples in the world.

The Government of India Act of 1919 which still holds the field has laid down the procedure to be followed for the revision of the Constitution after ten years, provided the progress made in the intervening decennial period justifies such a course. As has been indicated above, phenomenal progress in the external sphere coupled with an equally rapid advancement in the field of internal administration has rendered it necessary that the stipulated reforms enquiry should come off earlier than was originally con-

templated by the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms. It was thus that the Simon Commission was sent out to India in 1928. During the past four years the atmosphere has been fully surcharged with the reform spirit both in England and in India.

On the Indian side there were several initial difficulties. From the beginning it was felt that the Reforms Commission should be a joint affair, in so far as both Britain and India could proceed with combined effort. Instead of being such a joint national effort, the Simon Commission was appointed as only representative of both the Houses of the British Parliament. This initial mistake on the part of Britain has been the cause of all the present trouble in India. The people hoped that the reforms parliaments would be conducted on a basis of perfect equality with the British nation. On the contrary, the Commissioners came to India as assessors nominated by the British Cabinet and instructed to advise the British Parliament, to which was reserved the right to deliver the verdict upon India's competence to demand and obtain self-government at any specified time. This fundamental difference of national opinion led to the boycott of the Simon Commission all over the country. The tardy reparation made to cover this initial blunder has only proved to the world that the Indian Central Committee as well as the auxiliary provincial committees were extremely unreal and utterly unsatisfactory. That the Commission has reserved the right to collect evidence *in camera* robbed it of its goodwill towards India, while the entire procedure belied the roseate picture of a free India which is given every opportunity to advance towards nationhood without let or hindrance as was advertised by Great Britain.

There is no doubt that the Round Table Conference design is unique in the history of the British Commonwealth. Whenever a Dominion of the Commonwealth acquired a new constitution such joint consultations never took place. Britain has never sat round a table to hammer out with the prospective Dominion the details of a constitution suited to the requirements of the latter. In the case of India it was felt that the Round Table Conference method would meet the special position of the country. It was necessary to bring the Princes and the people of India on a common platform in order

to give them a united opportunity for negotiating a treaty with Great Britain, especially in view of the fact that the Princes of India are not amenable to the good offices of the British Parliament, in that their relations to the Paramount Power are solely determined through the Crown and as such can only be brought into a constitution for the whole country entirely at their own will. Undoubtedly the Round Table Conference method had a lot to commend itself to the country.

But one or two difficulties were in the way of the people of India to warm up to the British proposals. The procedure was defective right from the beginning. Apart from the question of the composition of the Simon Commission, it was emphatically made clear by the British Government that the Round Table Conference had no plenary powers. Its function was merely to arrive at the largest measure of agreement between the Princes and the delegates from British India and then between these two units and the British delegation. This reservation of rights to the British Parliament to accept or reject the Round Table Conference recommendations on merits further emphasised the point that a settlement cannot be negotiated between the two nations on the basis of joint free discussions.

From this it is evident that the breach between the people of India and the British Government became wider and wider as months rolled by. So much so that when the first Round Table Conference was convened in the cold weather of 1930 the most substantial portion of India's national opinion, as represented by the Indian National Congress, was relegated to the spacious prisons of the country. The first Conference itself was barren of result. The false position in which the Conference was placed in 1930 was rectified at the second Conference held during the course of the subsequent year, as a result of the *rapprochement* which was arrived at between the Government and people of India through the medium of the enlightened statesmanship of Lord Irwin, and Mahatma Gandhi represented the hitherto suppressed elements at the second Round Table Conference. A deadlock ensued and the Conference broke up almost in disgust. The events of the past fifteen months, ever since the Mahatma returned to India on the 5th January 1932,

constitute a very sad record in the history of Indo-British relationships of the post-War period. A Conservative ramp in the British House of Commons can now claim that the nationalist movement in India has been completely brought under control and that the third Round Table Conference has been convened and completed its appointed task as the year 1932 negotiated the corner. As we write this article, the air is thick with rumours that there will be a general gaol delivery in India and that the promised White Paper on constitutional reforms will contain a provision for the appointment of Indian assessors to co-operate with the announced Joint Parliamentary Committee which is to draft the new Constitution. Whatever the case might be, two facts are emphatically clear. In the first place, an organization may be suppressed for some time by an iron government, even as in the case of Germany today. But the nation's soul which yearns after complete autonomy cannot be annihilated. The second point is that when the Congress was represented at the second Round Table Conference substantial progress was made in visualising the rough outlines of a complete constitution, even though the inevitable crash came along on fundamentals. Without the Congress the third Round Table Conference proved to be a dismal failure, and whatever leeway was made a year earlier was most unceremoniously forfeited and the clock of progress was actually put backward. One thing is now certain. That is this. The Congress alone can deliver the goods and with the Congress alone ought any constitutional settlement to be arrived at.

So far we have concentrated upon the vital reasons for the failure of the present efforts to define the future relationships of India to Great Britain and through the latter to the British Commonwealth of Nations. Ultimate realisation of the liquidation of the Indo-British problem is bound to come in the immediate future. But enough progress has been made during the 'thinking aloud' process so aptly adopted at the Round Table Conferences that we are in a position to predict the probable future course of events as well as the rough outlines of an Indian Constitution.

The most important outcome of the deliberations of the past four years is the Federation idea. This has taken root in the country, and an all-India Federal Constitution is bound to come,

That several of the Indian Principalities are now willing to throw in their lot with the Provinces and to strive for a united India is a remarkable manifestation of the new ideas of freedom and nationhood which are now truly obsessing the people of the country. Medieval feudalism is in league with triumphant democracy, but the medieval feudalism of the Indian States is to be ennobled by contact with the more democratic people from British India, while the latter themselves are to be restrained by the more stable elements from Princely India. Poise is sure to emanate from this process of double harness. No doubt friction as to constitutional detail will drag on the task of complete democratisation of India, both the Indias included. Still it cannot be gainsaid that going through the mill is but one of the main qualifications for any people to possess before they aspire to nationhood. When Princely India coalesces with its British counterpart, there will be a sense of actuality in the connotation of the word 'India' which has so far denoted a loose geographical entity. In the future this self-same 'India' would indicate a robust and live nation. This is a fundamental change involved in the Indian scene during the past four or five years. It is bound to stay, whatever may be the initial difficulties.

It would no doubt be edifying to discuss the details connected with the present constitutional porparlours. But such a method is outside the scheme of the present paper. Still, we are perforce obliged to take cognizance of two or three important aspects of this prelude to the impending constitutional change-over which are bound to affect the position of India in the British Commonwealth. The bone of contention between British and Indian public opinion in the present struggle is the question of central responsibility in relation to safeguards. The British believe that any transference of actual responsibility in the Centre, without safeguards, to the people of India would dissolve the country into different warring camps and there would be two or three Ulsters in the country as are represented by the Indian States and the minority communities. On the other side, India insists that without central responsibility the new Constitution would be a *potpourri* designed to whet the appetites of a favoured group of Indian politicians, while any array of safe-

guards would negate all hopes of political nationhood for the country. On a closer analysis it is felt that the gulf between these two points of view is fairly well bridged as far as central responsibility is concerned. The task of the impending Joint Select Committee of the British Parliament is bound to revolve upon the question of safeguards. Mahatma Gandhi's definition of India's goal as being "the substance of independence" is equally bound to be the pivot of the ensuing discussions in London.

The safeguards required by the British relate to full or combined control of the army, defence, external relations, and equal commercial and economic opportunity in India. The first three are intended to guarantee the chain of defences now erected in the Empire, since India's place in it is claimed to be of vital significance. Through the latter it is hoped any unjust discrimination against British enterprise in the country would be obviated. In either case the British Government would like to control triumphant democracy in India from indulging in ultra-nationalistic programmes to sustain which, it is believed, the country is as yet unequal in strength and experience. But the hedging of Indian central responsibility by vexatious restrictions tantamounts, according to Indian public opinion, to a modified form of dyarchy which has so far been restricted in its application to the Provinces. The restoration of dyarchy in the federal and central spheres is bound to end in a complete deadlock, and would make the Viceroy the virtual dictator in the country. Further, the position of the Secretary of State for India has been completely shaken, and it is doubtful whether the Dominions Office, when entrusted with cognizance of Indian affairs, would be able to ease the situation in the country. It is very difficult to emphasise the probable course of events in regard to these matters, but it is certain that their solution to the satisfaction of India, which is bound to come, is sure to affect her position in the British Commonwealth. The test of the time is whether Britain would stand by her pledge that India is to attain Dominion Status within any reasonably definable time. If this is done, a seventh Dominion would figure as a health unit of the British Commonwealth. Otherwise, the Indian political cauldron would continue to simmer

for an indefinite period and impart instability both to the British Commonwealth and to the comity of world States. The League of Nations is claimed to be the problem of the XX century, but a permanent solution of the Indo-British problem would go down to history as the most peaceful solution of the fortunes of 350 millions of human beings, and as such as the greatest event in human history.

Delhi, 4th March 1933.

On Autobiographies

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

There is a good case for writing one's own life-history: it would be an eye-opener to many. Every man should be compelled to tell his life's story. It does not matter if he tells it ill. Literary craftsmanship is not necessary. It is well, of course, if it is present; but one may dispense with it. An illiterate man is not a bad one to recite his experiences, to tell the bead-roll of the pains and pleasures that fell to his lot in his sojourn through life. Sometimes it draws an additional charm of its own by being rough-and-ready and unalloyed with the doubtful virtue of skilful narration. There is more *truth* in it, at any rate: there is no glossing over discreditable events: there is no attempt to tell a fine tale, with the first person singular always in the forefront: there is no sifting and arranging of material under glittering heads: everything is natural, just as it occurred, with the good and the bad cheek-by-jowl, and, if anything, the bad preponderating. There is a notion that most men's lives are dull and, therefore, are not worth going over with the reader: there is dullness enough in them to weigh the whole universe under. The notion is a wrong one. Life is not full of joy, it is true, and success does not lead on to success in a never-ending chain; happiness is only for the few and all men are *not* born equal; but when the worst has been said, "when all the wine has been drunk and but the lees remain," even then all is not over, a substratum of liveliness is left, and this, added to a little philosophy, makes all the difference, and none is bereft of hope till the very last breath of his life. The lives of the unfortunate, the apparently insignificant, are in fact much more interesting than those of the obviously successful. Ill-luck is not without its own relish. After all, there is no picturesqueness in a straight and level road: the beauty belongs to the winding path. Variety is the spice of life; and the unexpected is not less its charm. A successful man's life should be told as well as that of



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an unsuccessful man; a bad man's no less than a good one's. All are equally full of instruction. And, after all, who knows but that the so-called useless man of today may not be the idol of that final and most impartial judge of real merit—posterity? Have we not heard instances of such a thing having happened before? And what is there to prevent its happening hereafter?

Autobiography need not be in a set-form: it need not be confined to a single vehicle of expression; it can reveal itself, like Providence, in a variety of ways. There is scope for personal touches even in fiction; and, though they may not be complete, they are enough to satisfy the curiosity of the reader and supply him with material to form a reasonable judgment of the author. After all, whatever a man's external accomplishments may be, it is his inner self that gives the key to his real estimate. The two are not separate entities but run into each other imperceptibly; it is as if they were tethered in neighbouring stalls and a kick would, at any time, bring down the partition. Even in the most public acts, one's inner life is reflected. I do not mean, however, that a man's public life should be judged by his private life; what is suggested is that where his outward self alone is not sufficient to explain his actions, recourse should be had to his inner life, whenever and wherever this can be reasonably probed, to supply the data. It is just here where autobiography becomes useful, where it bears a revealing light. A man's history, in the best of circumstances, cannot be all in all: the most it can do is to supplement what otherwise may be but a meagre estimate.

In a man's letters also we can pierce through the veil of his being: it is here, if anywhere, that he drops off the dress-coat of conventional life and appears *en deshabille*: he is here himself, with all his vices and virtues in bold relief. He cares not for any audience, for applause from the pit and stalls, nor does he appeal to the gallery in a last desperate attempt at mock-shows and make-believe. He is not talking at posterity. He is communing with an intimate, a friend in his retreat to whom he may whisper "solitude is sweet." It is a case of mind opening on to mind and heart talking to heart. There are no intimacies so private that he does not divulge to his friend: he is curiously frank and is in his most

natural vein: his soul, he shows, is still a child by the sea, picking up shells; in fine, he is in his most primæval and aboriginal element. Most men, when the outer layer of affectation is removed, are simple at heart: their souls are fair,

"Bright as the children of yon azure sheen."

It is because they are not often allowed to be free, or when they are free they are so woefully misunderstood, that they appear so complex: and habit makes them inured to this their prison-house, where the key is turned upon the free play of their buoyant spirits: they even appear comfortable in such a restricted environment, like

"The linnet born within the cage
That never knew the summer woods."

There is yet another way of pulling aside the curtain just a little and exhibiting the rare show of a man's private and inner life. A man, unless he is born dumb, reveals himself, be it never so slightly, in conversation—"that great international congress," as Stevenson calls it.

"In short" (says he) "the first duty of a man is to speak; that is his chief business in the world; and talk, which is the harmonious speech of two or more, is by far the most accessible of pleasures. It costs nothing in money; it is all profit; it completes our education, finds and fosters our friendship, and can be enjoyed at any age and in almost any state of health."

For perfect conversation the company must be limited. It must be conducted only among intimates. If authenticated reports of some men's conversation could be had, they would shed a flood of light upon their real selves. Dr. Johnson, for example, is known more by reports of his conversation, faithfully conveyed through the medium of Boswell's admiring pen, than by all his books put together. Good talkers are unfortunately rare, and even of these we know not all. Hazlitt was an excellent talker, and so was Charles Lamb. We know the latter more and love him the better because of reports of his talks and personal characteristics that have come down to us from his friends. It is an irreparable misfortune that we have not been rewarded by similar reports of Hazlitt's powers: Hazlitt that was as fine, if

not a finer, talker than Lamb himself. Hazlitt both loved good talk and was an excellent hand at the game himself. His brilliant descriptions of his friends' conversational abilities are unforgettable;

"Wordsworth sometimes talks like a man inspired on subjects of poetry (his own out of the question)—Coleridge well on every subject and Godwin on none. Mrs. Montague's conversation is as fine-cut as her features and I like to sit in the room with that sort of coronet face. What she says leaves a flavour, like fine green tea. Hunt's is like champagne and Northcote's like anchovy sandwiches. Haydon's is like a game at trap-ball, Lamb's like snap-dragon; and my own (if I do not mistake the matter) is not much unlike a game at nine-pins."

Hazlitt was one of the most irremediably unfortunate people that ever existed: he was not judged fairly in his life-time, and even now, people are loth to give him his due. The conjecture is not highly fanciful that if portraits of the man as he revealed himself in conversation to his favourite friends, among whom Lamb was foremost, had come down to us, the world would have been less harsh in his estimate of him.

After all, a man is known by his small actions no less than by his great ones: he is the sum of all that he is daily and not merely what he is at rare and inspired moments. He must be judged not only by the peaks of his achievements but also by the depths of his degradation; and the truth, no doubt, would lie somewhere in the middle. There is a good deal to be said for keeping a private journal and for recording passing thoughts. Pepys did a great thing when he gave posterity his personal diary of many volumes. Many of us could do the same, or nearly the same, if we too kept a diary and recorded assiduously all that we did every day of our lives. Exaggeration notwithstanding, there is something in the idea, after all. Life, at best, is very short: most of us are not known even while we live. As Hazlitt says:

"It is not surprising that we are forgotten so soon after we quit this mortal stage; we are scarcely noticed while we are in it. It is not merely that our names are not known in China; they have hardly been heard of in the next street."

We are here today and are no more the next; but the great wheels of the world will ever roll on. Why not, then, take stock of

the present and make it imperishable? Is it not a pity that by far the greater part of our existence should be lost in what Sir Thomas Browne calls "the uncomfortable night of nothing?" Mr. H. W. Nevinson, in the preface to his autobiography, which he calls *Changes and Chances*, gives his excuse for it in the following beautiful words:

"It is nearly incredible that all the vital experiences of today will by tomorrow have become a blank of nonentity, like the sums a child washes from a slate, irrevocable as the million ages before man made himself. It seems an extravagant waste, a lamentable squandering. And so a book of memories like this becomes an attempt to clutch at transient time before it whirls into oblivion. It is a fond endeavour to retard that hurrying chariot, to grasp the vanishing shadow, and with Faust to cry to the moment: *Verweile doch, du bist so schön*. Or, if the moment be not fair but grisly, still one would not have it blotted out for ever."

Lady Macbeth: A Character Study

By Dr. U. C. NAG, M.A., Ph.D.

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In Shakespeare's presentment of Macbeth¹ we saw a character in process of development, and development of character was accompanied by a corresponding development of feeling in the spectators. Such is also the case with the presentment of Lady Macbeth. The two cases are, however, parallel but opposite, not similar but contrasted. The development of character, function and emotion in the case of the woman are the reverse of what they were in the case of the man. In the opening of the play the wife functions more powerfully and largely than the husband; but she is no longer the master spirit when Duncan has been provided for and finally passes out of the action altogether. She commences with an ecstasy of criminal resolution but sinks into listlessness and nerveless apathy. She excites horror at her entry, but the pendulum has almost swung to pity as she departs, if we may dare to pity her. In each respect she is contrasted with her husband, who as the play progresses gathers up all the threads of action into his own hands, accumulates murder upon murder till horror is a familiar spirit without power to make him start, and wins the deepest reprobation from those who looked at him with admiration upon a first acquaintance.

The story of Lady Macbeth falls naturally into four stages, three of which are included within the limits of the play. The first, as in the case of Macbeth himself, precedes the action and is drawn for us only by suggestive hints.

At her first appearance—which opens the second part of her story—Lady Macbeth can only be described as appalling, but so appalling as to be sublime. She exhibits the sublime awfulness of the relentless storm-wave or the irresistible and pitiless tornado. Her eyes are fixed upon a goal, she takes "the

nearest way" with an inflexibility of will that stops for no obstacles, and an unperplexed singleness of purpose that is in fact invincible. She appears before us as the most awe-inspiring picture of sheer will-power that tragedy can show. By virtue of that will-power she has burst through the sphere of common morality and lives in a world, where power is its own law. She is not immoral but non-moral, for to her exultant will moral distinctions do not exist. The only obstacles which in her view need to be reckoned with are those which spring from the disparity between her power to will and her power to do. Her will is triumphant, it sweeps her husband forward, it lifts her beyond the discomforting touch of scruple, it seizes upon possibilities and converts them into allies. But she is, after all, a woman and conscious of feminine weaknesses which perhaps she resents. These weaknesses dare to raise an inward protest against the onward march of her exultant will and must, therefore, be crushed. The spirits that tend on mortal thoughts must be invoked "to unsex her and fill her from the crown to the toe topful of direst cruelty," a cruelty her nature protests against, but forced into being at the demand of her will. But though the protest is stilled, it is not killed; and in spite of the assistance of wine from which boldness is to spring Macbeth must commit the deed which his wife cannot bring herself to do with her own hand.

"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done't."

There is a touch of impatience in the excuse. She resents this last persistent trace of weakness, this failure of her will to overpower herself, this weak lingering of a protest to which she would give no quarter. But the little weakness is not fanned into any strength by sentiment, and is not allowed to unnerve her for what remains to do. The will remains inflexible, its courage is in no way abated and a firm, unwavering course is steadily pursued.

Such is Lady Macbeth in the first two acts of the drama. Inflexibility of will, and fearless courage seem her most prominent characteristics. But these do not exhaust the character and three considerations may be suggested here to complete our picture.

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¹ *Triveni*, Nov—Decr, 1932.

(1) In the first place we must notice the goal towards which her will is bent. It is, in a word, the crown. But the crown for whom? Is her ambition personal, for herself? Or does she forget herself in the thought of her husband? The question forces itself upon us. But I shall merely raise it here and answer it later.

(2) The second point to notice is that Lady Macbeth is, like her husband, the victim of an internal conflict though her conflict is not his. Macbeth is torn asunder between his high ambition on the one hand, and the vision of imagined fears on the other. These encounter his ambition and the result is a civil war within the mind which "shakes his single state of man and make it suffer the nature of an insurrection." In Lady Macbeth the conflict is between sex and determination; between nature and the human will; and in the issue of that conflict lies the tragedy of her life. That she herself should have failed to perceive the inevitable issue is due to a limitation of character which marks yet another contrast between her husband and herself and brings us on to the third consideration of which I have spoken.

(3) Lady Macbeth had, in comparison with Macbeth, but little imagination. Macbeth was 'of imagination all compact'; his wife was colder-witted. The realism of the wife is in the most marked contrast to the imagination of the husband and is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the scene which follows the murder of Duncan.

The blood to her is but a filthy witness, to him it grows into a vision of the multitudinous seas incarnadined; the noises of the night, the sudden knocking, seem to him to come from a disturbed supernatural world; to her they are the noises of owls and crickets and a knocking at the south entry. This limitation was, as we have already seen, at once her weakness and her strength. It veiled the horrors of the deed but it also fatally concealed its consequences. For a moment indeed she is startled, for a moment she is not sure that her husband's imagination is all fancy, but it is only for a moment. With sudden seriousness she turns to him with the words:

"These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad."

And when he goes panting on, .

"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more'."

She breaks in "what do you mean?" half doubting whether this was not a real voice that he had heard. Then almost directly she recovers herself, convinced of the vanity of his fancy. Nor does she understand herself better than him. She never suspects that these deeds must be thought after these ways; that her facile realism, "a little water clears us of this deed" will one day be answered by herself, "will these hands ne'er be clean?" or that the fatal commonplace "what's done is done" give place in no distant future to the infinitely regretful "what's done cannot be undone." Thus do these two prepare their tragedy by a union of opposites and the imaginative horrors of the man prove the ruin of both, through the failure of the woman to estimate them at their worth.

From this point of the drama Lady Macbeth abandons all initiative. She suggests no more crimes; she contrives no more plots; she no longer stimulates her husband's purposes; nay, she no longer shares them. A languid listlessness is settling down upon her soul, the weariness of utter depression has fastened upon her soul which is only pierced by one consuming anxiety on her husband's account.

She shares no longer in her husband's actions, but she is afraid for him with an absorbing fear and her one positive emotion is anxiety lest he should betray his misery and himself. Stimulated by this she makes one supreme effort in the banquet scene. For a moment she is strong again; for the moment she is the stronger spirit and has the ascendancy; but when the guests are gone, she is exhausted and the daily listlessness returns; and with its entry the note of terror is replaced by the note of pathos. There is to my mind nothing more pathetic in this tragedy than the short colloquy which ensues after the departure of the guests when the husband and wife are left alone.

Macbeth's morbid imaginings pass by unheeded, his imperious questions meet with listless submissive answers that seem to come with difficulty. Lady Macbeth is changed indeed. And we cannot

be insensible to the deep pathos in the answer which at once tells of her care for him and of the misery she herself silently endures.

"You lack the season of all natures, sleep."

And it is a misery she endures alone. Lady Macbeth is now in absolute solitude of the soul. She sees her husband's tortures of mind, he indeed dilates upon them when they are together, but she will not burden him with any mention of her own. Her only weakness of will is a horror of the dark. She must have light by her continually to relieve the terrors of loneliness, for the heart is sorely charged. Yet she asks for no sympathy, she craves no comfort, she keeps her lips resolutely closed, but her resolution is relaxed in sleep. And in that state of pitiful unconsciousness she reveals the disquietude of her mind.

And so she slowly sinks into the final stage of madness. She is carefully watched. "The means of all annoyance" is carefully kept from her. But in spite of all precautions the day soon comes when the wild cry of women is heard and the terse message comes to Macbeth, "The Queen, my lord, is dead." Lady Macbeth has cut short by one last determined stroke the agony of her life.

It was evidently an agony too bitter to be borne. But wherein did it consist? Was it an agony of repentance? This can hardly be maintained. Campbell was surely right when in alluding to Mrs. Jameson's analysis he insisted that in Lady Macbeth's misery there is no trace of contrition. Lady Macbeth repents no more than does her husband. Her unconscious revelations tell us of a horror at the sight of blood which she had overcome but not killed. It is, however, not the shame of penitence but the horror of strong physical repulsion, such as any woman must naturally feel—"Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?" It is too cold-blooded for contrition. She betrays a knowledge of Macbeth's greatest atrocity and laments it—"The Thane of Fife had a wife, where is she now?" She would never have approved of mere atrocity—she was not naturally cruel—she knew she must be unsexed to be that—and it is her husband's deed not hers of which she speaks. So far as her own deeds are concerned there is besides the physical horror at the sight and touch of

blood only one other element in her unconscious utterances—fear of discovery for her husband and the attempt to put down that fear: "What need we fear who knows it when none can call our power to account." "No more o' that, my lord, no more of that, you mar all with this starting." Wash your hands, put on your night-gown look not so pale. I tell you yet again Banquo's buried, he cannot come out on's grave."

It was not contrition that filled Lady Macbeth's mind with scorpions, but hers was nevertheless an agony that should claim from us the response of pity, for these self-revelations of the night-walker have made its nature clear to us. It was a torture in which four separate torments united, anyone of which were sufficient to rack the mind into madness.

(1) There was first the torment of outraged womanhood. The perpetual, unceasing clamour of instincts temporarily thrust aside only to cry out for ever against a deed which excited them to infinite and eternal repulsion.

(2) There was secondly the torment of being compelled to watch the sufferings of a husband for whom she has sacrificed her very nature, combined with the racking pain of striving to minister comfort to a mind diseased, when her own mind was itself in need of the same comfort with none to administer it. "I tell you yet again Banquo's buried, he cannot come out on's grave." How many fruitless efforts of a worn-out spirit are hidden in that "yet again."

(3) There was once more the torment of knowing that it was her will which spurred her husband on to deeds from which such tortures have sprung to punish him. She meant so well; she gave him of her best; and it has come to this—to such a pass that for her and for him no better comfort can be found than the terrible reflection "what's done cannot be undone."

(4) There was finally the torment of being compelled to witness the degradation of the husband she loved, a growth of the most awful and purposeless wickedness—a growing savagery of crime in the one whom she most admired—"The Thane of Fife had a wife, where is she now?" It weighs upon her as the outcome of her own persuasion but an outcome she did not foresee and would have given worlds to prevent.

Thus Lady Macbeth suffers because she did a cruel deed without being cruel by nature. She suffers in her husband's sufferings and by the effort to alleviate them. She suffers because she contributed to her husband's ruin while seeking nothing but his advancement. The naturally cruel and loveless woman has been drawn by Shakespeare elsewhere; but Lady Macbeth is not Goneril. Goneril need have invoked no evil spirits to fill her with the direst cruelty. They were already there. Goneril would not have suffered in the sufferings of another, for of unselfish love she knew not.

We have, thus, found an answer to the question we raised as to Lady Macbeth's ambition, and our answer is that it was for her husband and in no way for herself. Nor is this answer merely an inference from suggestions in the play. Among the sources which Shakespeare used for his play was the graphic account of the history of Macbeth given by the chronicler, Holinshed. And in his use of Holinshed the dramatist's intentions are conveyed no less significantly by his omissions than by his borrowings. Holinshed describes the effect upon Macbeth's mind by the nomination of Malcolm as heir-apparent to the throne, and tells us how he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force having a just quarrel to do so (as he took the matter). The chronicle then proceeds: "the words of the three weird sisters also (of whom before you have heard) greatly encouraged him here unto but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as *she was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen.*" Bearing this passage in mind it is deeply significant that nowhere is this ambition expressed in the play either by Lady Macbeth herself or by others for her. Her reference to the crown when she reveals herself in soliloquy contains no trace of ambition for herself but only of ambition for her husband:

"Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirit in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal."

Only one inference is possible. Shakespeare deliberately dec-

lined to use Holinshed's suggestion, and intended the exact opposite. Where a suggestion is emphatically made and not perceptibly followed the inference must be that it is rejected. Thus, the self-revelation of Lady Macbeth in soliloquy, the light thrown upon her sufferings by the lips of the sleep-walker, combined with a comparison of the play with its sources, prove conclusively that Lady Macbeth was devoured not by personal ambition for herself, but by a consuming ambition for her husband.

We are now in a position to complete our picture of Lady Macbeth by gathering together the hints that tell us what she was before she entered on the path of crime.

It is to be borne in mind that the Gruoch of Holinshed is not the Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare. There are certain details relating to Gruoch in Holinshed that Shakespeare for artistic purposes has deliberately rejected, in the same way as he has done in respect of the character of Portia in Julius Caesar. According to the chronicle Macbeth is the second husband of Gruoch, who married him after her first husband had been murdered in his castle. But Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth, we are to assume in the absence of anything to the contrary, came to wed Macbeth in all the freshness of her youthful idealism, love and enthusiastic devotion to the interest of her husband. She has, thus, for Macbeth something of the self-annihilating passion of Juliet, as also some of the latter's idolising fancy. To her Macbeth must have appeared as the immaculate hero of her maiden dreams, and this adoration for him did not abate even after her marriage. She, thus, comes to be devotedly attached to her husband, and is more determinedly ambitious for him than he is for himself. The total absence of any other claims upon her love and affection naturally enough cause her whole love to centre upon her husband. And her love and determination are narrowed down to his career by the greatest loss of her life. She has known the joys of motherhood, and she has been visited by the pangs of bereavement.

"I have given suck, and know
How tender it is to love the babe that milks me."

A world of comment lies here. Hers was a nature meant for

love and what it might have been if the babe had lived Shakespeare alone knows. But the babe was taken from her and her whole nature goes out to her husband. His career is now the one thing to which she can devote herself. She is conscious of his great gifts and they are all to be devoted to the one great service—they are to carry her husband as high as he can go. She will not waste sweet words and pretty nothings upon him, howevermuch he may caress her and speak to her the "little language" of the lover. Like Cordelia she prefers deeds to words as the expression of her love and she will watch, therefore, for opportunity to act. Nowhere is her husband without her influence upon him. We have noted an entire absence of principle in his character and this absence of principle must have been a potent factor in the development of his wife's ambitions. There was nothing to check or restrain her purposes, and to guide them into legitimate paths. She had no aids to help her to preserve a mental and a moral balance. Thus, out of fair beginnings there grows the gradual tyranny of the fixed idea. She is dominated by it, till it becomes her whole self. "She is in the grip of the most terrible form of selfishness—the selfishness of one for another."¹ It is not too much to say that a person in this condition is not quite sane. The fixed idea is destructive of all sense of proportion and it is in a fairly adequate perception of proportions or in other words of right adjustments that sanity consists. Psychologists distinguish a certain class of actions as ideo-motor. They are those actions which follow upon an idea merely by reason of the vividness of that idea and without any conscious effort of the will. Action under a fixed idea tends to follow type and it does so in the case of Lady Macbeth. Her apparent inflexibility of the will and triumphant resoluteness of purpose are not really moral qualities at all. They are the outcome of the fixed idea irresistibly pushing her forward to its realisation. That is why she is beyond the reach of moral distinctions and can commit a cruel and horrible deed without perception of its horror and cruelty.

But when the goal is reached and the idea realised; when the crown is on her husband's head and he is seated on the throne, then

¹ Verity's Edition of *Macbeth* (Introduction).

the tyranny of the fixed idea is relaxed. It has spent itself, and other ideas have room to rush in. Moral ideas have, perhaps, been extinguished for ever. They do not survive long—continued neglect, but the basal instincts of womanhood revive, and each one inflicts a separate wound upon the soul that has dared to outrage them.

The love from which that former tyranny was born survives, and survives unabated. But it is no longer the source of exultant purposes and quick activities; it has become the wielder of instruments of exquisite torture. Thus, the insanity of fixed idea gives place to the listlessness of passive suffering, and the mind grows more and more disordered beneath the strain of the reaction, till the end is sheer madness and the death of the suicide.

"Lady Macbeth," says Dr. Johnson with his usual air of finality, "is merely detested." But she is so only by one who has misread her character. More recent critics have tended to an opposite and waxed sentimental over her. They, however, have misread the mind of Shakespeare. Awe and horror, not untouched by the deepest pity, seem to combine in the impression he would leave on us. And it is not, perhaps, a misreading of a part of his intention to suppose that in the case of Lady Macbeth and in that of her husband, he would have us observe the play of forces let loose by the human hand only to overpower the human heart. In Macbeth we watched the tyranny of accumulated impulses exercised over a man possessed; in Lady Macbeth there is the same fact of possession, but it is due to the tyranny of fixed idea. In both the initial responsibility lies with the being 'possessed' for Shakespeare is no shallow fatalist. But in both cases forces are let loose upon life in which the human agent seems to be the instrument of evil influences from without. For both, therefore, reprobation, but for both some measure of pity, and for Lady Macbeth it should be a very large measure for her punishment comes through her love, and her ruin through her devotion to another—and this another her husband. And what devotion! what singleness of purpose! Only if it had a little more of moral discrimination which fate had barred from her by a triple bolt, the age she belonged to, the husband she wedded, and the last and greatest of all—her frustrated motherhood made all the more poignant and dark by the brief moment of its illumination.

The Baha'i Philosophy

By PROF. PRITAM SINGH, M.A.

In order to follow this new orientation on the problems of life, the whence, whither, the why and the wherefore of man and the ultimate goal of human destiny, we have to know something about the personalities that have succeeded in projecting this new outlook and in re-interpreting the whole of the phenomena of religion for the modern world. The central figure of this drama is Baha'u'llah who was exiled from Persia in 1852 and died in the Turkish Penal Colony of Akka in 1892. His son and successor Abdul-Baha who accompanied his father in exile and imprisonment at the tender age of eight, came out of prison at the ripe old age of sixty-three in 1908 and passed away in Haifa (Palestine) in 1921 after having proclaimed the Message of Baha'u'llah in the continents of Africa, Europe and America.

The Baha'i Philosophy was therefore projected from within the prison walls of Akka and every bit of it was recorded by the Supreme Pen as we call it in Baha'i terminology.

Among Baha'u'llah's writings we may mention *Haftwadi* (Seven valleys), *Kalimat-i-Maknuna* (Hidden Words), *Ighan* (Book of Assurance), Epistles to the Kings and Emperors of the world and many Tablets (*Alwah*) or letters written to the believers which give us an indication of his ideas and ideals in that inimitable Persian and Arabic which can be truly designated as revealed word of God. His son Abdul-Baha who is the expounder and the exemplar of his father, has to his credit the following well-known books—*Almudnia*, (Mysterious forces of Civilisation), *Makala Sahya* (Traveller's Narrative), *Mufavazat* (Some Answered Questions), *Makatibs* (Tablets of Abdul-Baha and *Khitabat* or the Addresses delivered by him in England, France and the United States of America. All these have been translated into English and form a complete compendium in the form of selections in one volume known as the "Baha'i Scripture" and published in New York by the Baha'i Publication Committee.

I can do no better than arrange in order the teachings of Baha'u'llah and Abdul Baha on the problems that baffle solution and give their own words with regard to each of these questions. Before we proceed further let me state that Baha'u'llah was a Mystic, as every great religious thinker is more or less a Mystic, and I will first of all take his Mystic Philosophy and give an outline of the same.

The stages of the journey of travellers from the earthly dwelling to the divine home have been designated to be seven according to Baha'u'llah. (1) *The Valley of Search*:—"The steed upon which journey through this valley is undertaken is *patience*. The traveller must not become dejected or down-hearted. Heart must be purified and freed from every blemish and one must turn away from blind imitations of the past and he should close the doors of friendship and enmity to all the people of the earth." Next is (2) *The Valley of Love*:—"The steed of this valley is pain. A lover fears nothing and no loss can do him harm. He finds life in death and glory in shame. At this time the traveller is unconscious of himself and of aught else and he has no thought except that of the Beloved. Without pain this journey cannot be accomplished." (3) *The Valley of Knowledge* comes next. In this valley according to Baha'u'llah the traveller will be led from doubt to certainty, and from error of wordly desire to the light of guidance of piety. His inner eye will be opened and he will engage in close communion with the Beloved. The traveller will see in God's creation neither difference nor contradiction. He will see justice in injustice and witness grace in justice."

After journeying through this valley which is the last station of limitation, the traveller reaches the (4) *The Valley of Unity* which has been split up into four stages of which this forms the first stage. Then follow the stages of (5) Contentment (6) of Astonishment and (7) of Absolute Annihilation. When a traveller steps into this Valley of Unity he hears with divine ears and sees with the eyes of God. He will know "all voices to be from the 'King' and hear all melodies as from Him." He will find the splendour of the Divine Sun shining equally upon the contingent beings and see the lights of unity manifest and present in all existent things.

The traveller then exercises divine contentment and thinks of the pure, spiritual wine. Baha'u'llah says: "The tongue is unable to give an account of the three valleys of Contentment, Astonishment and Annihilation because utterance falls exceeding short." The traveller's amazement increases; he becomes astonished at the beauty of the All-glorious. And when he reaches the last stage—the Valley of Annihilation—he dies from self and lives in God. All this may have been put in a poetic language but to the Mystic these journeys are real experiences. I would suggest a thorough study of the *Haftwadi* in order to comprehend the Baha'i Mystic Philosophy.

The greatest contribution of Baha'u'llah to religion is the interpretation of Holy Books, specially, the *Gospels* and the *Koran* in a book known as the *Ighan* (Book of Assurance). Thus a new interpretation has been put on the doctrines that are common to Christianity and Islam, such as the Resurrection or the Day of Judgment, the Second Coming of Christ, the Prophet as an educator of humanity, the idea of God as manifesting His qualities through Divine Men in a Prophetic Cycle. We shall give below a few of these new interpretations by way of illustration.

Take for instance the words: "The sun shall be darkened and the stars shall fall from heaven," or when it is said, that "The heavens shall be cloven asunder," (K. S. 82) or again; "In that day, the earth shall be changed into another earth." The purpose of these allegorical words is not to be understood *literally* but *metaphorically*. For example one meaning according to Baha'u'llah of the 'Sun' is the 'Sun of Truth' or the Manifestation of Divinity. The 'Moon' and 'Stars' signify the divines of the former Dispensation at the time of the subsequent Dispensation. Therefore by the darkness of the sun and the moon and by the falling of the stars is intended the fall of the divines and the abolition of the ordinances or laws established in the old manifestation or at any rate the lessening of their influence under the new Dispensation. Now all this is not known to the interpreters of Holy Books, for they always read a meaning into these words which are neither true nor do they appeal to the reason of man.

We must hurry on to some of the fundamental metaphysical

conceptions and the Baha'i view on these questions. I will arrange them as under and give in the words of Abdul-Baha, the expounder of the words of Baha'u'llah, the explanations offered and answers given in that wonderful book—"*Some Answered Questions*," which can be recommended to students of Baha'i Philosophy.

I. NATURE IS GOVERNED BY ONE UNIVERSAL LAW:—"When we behold organization, arrangement and law in Nature we infer that there is some intelligence that is ruling the world of Nature. Human life is the branch of Nature which is the root. How can will, intelligence and perception be absent in the root when they are present in the branch? Evidently Nature in its own essence is in the grasp of the power of God, who is Eternal Almighty One; He holds Nature within accurate regulations and laws and rules over it."

It is certain that the whole contingent world is subject to a law and rule, which it can never disobey; even man is forced to submit to death, sleep and other conditions. Contingent beings are, therefore, dependent on something which we infer to be an independent being, whose independence is essential. Throughout the world of existence it is the same; the smallest created thing proves that there is a creator. How can then this great universe which is endless, be self-created and come into existence from the action of matter and the elements? "What a strange mistake is such a supposition," says Abdul-Baha.

II. THE NEED OF AN EDUCATOR:—"If a person were to say that he possesses perfect comprehension and intelligence and has no need of an educator, he would be denying that which is clear and evident. How can a child say, "I have no need of education: I will act according to my reason and intelligence." An educator is therefore necessary. That Educator must be perfect who may give life to the world of humanity, change the earth, lay the foundation of a new existence, organise the world, bring nations and religions under the shadow of one standard—certainly nothing short of a divine power could accomplish so great a work. The founders of religions in the past—Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha, Krishna, and Zoroaster have been such educators who possessed divine qualities. Baha'u'llah is another such Educator.

III. THE FIVE ASPECTS OF SPIRIT:—According to the Baha'i teaching spirit has five divisions—“(1) The *vegetable spirit*—this is a power which results from the combination of elements and the mingling of substance by the decree of the Supreme God and from the influence, the effect, and connection of other existences. When these substances or elements separate the power of growth ceases to exist. (2) The *animal spirit* which also results from the mingling and combination of elements, but this combination is more complete, and through the decree of the Almighty Lord a perfect mingling is obtained and the animal spirit, in other words the power of the senses, is produced. It will perceive the reality of things from that which is seen and visible, audible, edible, tangible and that which can be smelt. After the dissociation and decomposition of the combined elements, this spirit also will naturally disappear. (3) The *human spirit* may be likened to the bounty of the sun shining on crystal. The body of man, which is composed from the elements is combined and mingled in the most perfect form; it is the most solid construction, the noblest combination, the most perfect existence. It grows and develops through the animal spirit. This perfected body can be compared to a crystal, and the human spirit to the sun. Nevertheless, if the crystal breaks, the bounty of the sun continues; and if the crystal is destroyed or ceases to exist, harm will happen to the bounty of the sun which is everlasting.”—*Abdul-Baha*.

“But the spirit of man has two aspects: one divine, one satanic; that is to say, it is capable of the utmost imperfection. If it acquires virtues it is the most noble of the existing beings, and if it acquires vices it becomes the most degraded existence.” (4) The fourth degree of spirit is the *heavenly spirit*; it is the spirit of faith and the bounty of God; it comes from the breath of the Holy Spirit, and by the divine power it becomes the cause of eternal life. It is the power which makes the earthly man heavenly, and the imperfect man perfect. It makes the impure to be pure, the silent eloquent; it purifies and sanctifies those made captive by carnal desires; it makes the ignorant wise. (5) The fifth spirit is the *holy spirit*. This Holy Spirit is the mediator between God and His creatures. It is like a mirror facing the sun.

As the pure mirror receives light from the sun and transmits this bounty to others, so the Holy Spirit is the mediator of the Holy Light from the Sun of Reality, which it gives to the sanctified realities. It is adorned with all the divine perfections. Every time it appears the world is renewed, and a new cycle is founded. The body of the world of humanity puts on a new garment. It can be compared to the spring; whenever it comes, the world passes from one condition to another. Through the advent of the season of spring the black earth and the fields and wildernesses will become verdant and blooming, and all sorts of flowers and sweet-scented herbs will grow; the trees will have new life, and new fruits will appear, and a new cycle is founded.”—*Abdul Baha*.

In the same way, the appearance of Baha'u'llah was like a new spring time which appeared with holy breezes, with the hosts of everlasting life, and with heavenly power.

IV. THE ORIGIN OF MAN:—According to the Baha'i teaching the universe is without beginning and without end. Absolute non-existence cannot become existence. There was no time when this universe was not because we cannot imagine a time when no being existed. Existence is, therefore, eternal and perpetual. The original matter which is in the embryonic state and the mingled and the composed elements which were its earliest forms, gradually grew and developed during many ages and cycles passing from one shape and form into another. United they appeared in this perfection, this system, this organization and this establishment through the supreme wisdom of God. Man similarly gradually grew and developed and passed from one form to another, until he appeared with this beauty and perfection, this force and this power. Man's existence and this earth from the beginning until it reaches this state, form and condition, necessarily lasts a long time, and goes through many degrees, until it reaches this condition. But from the beginning of man's existence he is a separate species. He is the embryo of the superior species, and not of the animal; his species and essence undergo no change. The idea that he was at first an animal and then developed and became a man, is not maintained by the Baha'i teaching.

V. THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SPIRIT:—The immortality of

the spirit is mentioned in the Holy Books; it is the fundamental basis of the divine religions.

"The rewards of this life are the virtues and perfections which adorn the reality of man. For example, he was dark and becomes luminous, he was ignorant and becomes wise, he was neglectful and becomes vigilant, he was asleep and becomes awakened, he was dead and becomes living, he was blind and becomes a seer, he was deaf and becomes a hearer, he was earthly and becomes heavenly, he was material and becomes spiritual. For such people there is no greater torture than being veiled from God, and no more severe punishment than sensual vices, dark qualities, lowness of nature, engrossment in carnal desires. When they are delivered through, the light of faith from the darkness of these vices, and become illuminated with the radiance of the sum of reality, and ennobled with all the virtues, they esteem this the greatest reward, and they know it to be the true paradise. The rewards of the other world are peace, the spiritual graces, the various spiritual gifts in the Kingdom of God, the gaining of the desires of the heart and the soul, and the meeting of God in the world of Eternity.

"Briefly, the human spirit is in one condition. It neither becomes ill from the diseases of the body, nor cured by its health; it does not become sick, nor weak, nor miserable, nor poor, nor light, nor small. That is to say, it will not be injured because of the infirmities of the body, and no effect will be visible even if the body becomes weak, or if the hands and feet and tongue be cut off, or if it loses the power of hearing or sight. Therefore it is evident and certain that the spirit is different from the body, and that its duration is independent of that of the body; on the contrary, the spirit with the utmost greatness rules in the world of the body, and its power and influence, like the bounty of the sun in the mirror, are apparent and visible. But when the mirror becomes dusty or breaks, it will cease to reflect the rays of the sun."—*Abdul-Baha*.

Predestination and Free Will:—With regard to this subject Abdul-Baha has said that fate was of two kinds: one was decreed, which could not be changed or altered, such as the power of life created in the body of man was like the oil in a lamp, which ended must be extinguished. The other kind of fate was con-

tional, for example, a strong wind blowing may extinguish the lamp. This can be avoided by caution and circumspection.

The question, if man was a free agent or not, has been answered in this way. Says Abdul-Baha: "Some things are subject to the free will of man, such as justice, equity, injustice, tyranny, good or evil actions. There are other actions to which every human being is forced, such as sleep, death, decline of power, injuries, misfortunes. Everyone of us is compelled to endure them." As a matter of fact the states of man are different and everyone is perfect in his own degree and man in all his actions receives help and power from God.

VI. THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOUL:—The Baha'i teaching is absolutely clear on this point. The human spirit does not descend into a body, that is to say, it does not enter it, "for descent and entrance are," says Abdul-Baha, "the characteristics of bodies." "The spirit never entered this body, so in quitting it, it will not be in need of an abiding place. The spirit is connected with the body as this light is with this mirror. When the mirror is clear and perfect, the light of the lamp will be apparent in it, and when the mirror becomes covered with dust or breaks, the light will disappear."

VII. THE KINGDOM OF GOD:—The Kingdom of heaven is not a material place according to the Baha'i teaching. It is sanctified from time and place. The spirit has no limitations of time or space. The world of the spirit cannot be perceived by the eye or by the other senses—hearing, smell, taste or touch. "Entrance into this Kingdom," says Abdul Baha, "is through the love of God, through holiness and chastity, through truthfulness, purity, steadfastness, faithfulness and the sacrifice of life."

VIII. THE NON-EXISTENCE OF EVIL:—As a matter of fact, according to the Baha'i teaching, all that God created is good. There is no evil in existence; just as death is the absence of life or darkness is the absence of light or ignorance is the absence of knowledge, so evil is the absence of good. Light is an existing thing, but darkness is non-existent. A scorpion or a serpent may be evil in relation to man but in reality as regards themselves they are good. Satan therefore has no real existence according to the Baha'i teaching.

CONCLUSION:—The above in brief is the outline of some of the Baha'i metaphysical ideas. The Baha'i programme for the regeneration of human society is a very elaborate one and is based on the fundamentals stated above. If we are living in a world which is under a divine government and if we wish to create a kingdom of heaven on this earth then we must equip ourselves with real knowledge—a knowledge that has been revealed to us by these divine teachers who have ushered in a new era of spiritual enlightenment for the human race. This is the New Day—the Day of God—the day when a New Dispensation has dawned and a New Heaven and a New Earth are being created before our very eyes. Let us look up to these great beacon lights for guidance as way-farers on this great journey from earthly life to divine life, through the valleys of search and of love and of knowledge to the valley of Union with God.

The Motorman

(A Short Story)

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

I was then a clerk in the Statistical section of the Customs Office with the high hope of becoming one day the Superintendent of the section. Being young and fresh from college I attended to my work with flaming zeal, but I was soon to know that my superiors were a set of crusted philistines who crystallised all warm blood. Years passed on, but no promotion; the asymptote of hope quivered a sickening quiver, then coiled itself into sullen reconciliation.

It was a Sunday afternoon in June—I attended to "urgent" papers on holidays—and escaping from the musty files and the mustier air of the office, mooned about the Harbour for an hour or so, looking at the coolies and the cranes at work. The sea breeze blew with a hushing tenderness; the lapping of waves and the chuff-chuffing of motor-boats as they cut the waves came in as melodious sea-sounds. The influence all around breathed balsamic sleepiness; in fact its warmth was getting on me; but there was the wife at home waiting for me, and remembering my promise to her of a speedy return I walked out of the Harbour.

The Barbers Bridge tram was ready on the track to start. It was empty, and the conductor who was a familiar fellow, yawned. I jumped in; he blew the whistle and the car began a-rattling. The conductor knew me for a season-pass holder, rising as the sun and setting as the sun through that tram orbit, and he advanced towards me smiling. I was in the mood for a chat and to his query: "Have to go to office even on Sundays?" I nodded Yes. Interestedly he regarded my fingers stained with ink and asked, "Writing and writing heaps?"

"We have to write," I answered simply, thinking the while of the dignity of the plural usage.

"And we have to whistle, and whistle away our life," he rejoined. The conductor knew how to talk.

The car was gathering speed with moans and creaks and more moans and oscillating up to Parrys Corner when a cry to stop was heard. The conductor whistled, but the motorman was in the moonland; he whistled shrilly, the dreamer in *khaki* turned back with a wry face, drew a curve with his foot, stooped, and the car lurched to a stop at the bend. And it had to for upward three minutes; in three strides the conductor had reached the tail-end and was waiting to receive the passenger.

"O, Yella, don't curse me. It's not my fault." I heard him cry with deep concern. And immediately I saw a man of thirty-five or thereabouts buoying up along the footboard, and tapping slowly in to sit. His right leg below the knee was wooden and its iron-ringed end was painfully visible. He sat wiping off the sweat on his brow and complimented the motorman in affectionate tones by calling him a dhoby's ass. The ass did not bray; it grinned foolishly; perhaps it was stone-deaf.

The tram resumed rattling. The conductor and Mr. Woodenleg chatted, nodding heads, winking eyes, and smile chasing smile in their faces. I thought them thick friends. Another stage was reached with a couple of passengers boarding in, and at the next "cars-stop-here-if-required" I saw Yellan tapping out and the conductor looking after him wistfully, his forehead wrinkling, so it seemed to me, into many memories.

I was interested—Mr. Woodenleg had not paid the fare: he was too ill-clad and lean to possess a season-pass, and his friend had not demanded the fare of him—and was thinking of calling the conductor to my side, when he himself, turning back, approached me.

"A wonderful fellow," he said, "he was one of us, the Company's servants, one of the smartest motormen that kept his uniform clean and his brass-buttons like so many little moons. But he lost his leg (this he accompanied with a click-click-click of his tongue) and lost his job."

"In an accident, in a collision," I asked.

"No, he alone is responsible for it."

"How do you mean?"

"It all happened ten years ago, (he continued), but I remember everything with astonishing clearness. Yellan had more blood in him than a young man should have, and God drained the superfluous part in due time. He was given too much that way." Here he lowered his tone.

"Was he not a married man then? You people marry early."

"He was a married man and Thaiyanayaki was a trusting and confiding girl. That's the bitterest part of it. But Vallachi knew how to noose a young fellow. She was a fruit-seller and sat on the kerb near Round Tana with her basketful of fruits, particular to the season, for sale. Twenty, fleshy, of the colour of coffee, full-bosomed and dusky-eyed, she was a perfect she-animal that raises the animal spirits in man. I don't know when the pair had met for the first time, and where; but here was Yellan stopping the car near the kerb though it was not a stopping stage, sprinting to Vallachi, his face wreathed with smiles, and she receiving him her face wreathed with smiles, and he snatching a couple of oranges out of her basket, sprinting back and driving the car! And every day regularly! Obviously they had known each other for a pretty long time. Somehow Inspector Shamsuddin, we call him the Tiger, came to know of this, warned Yellan three or four times, and finally even threatened him that he would get him fired. Whether he was off duty or on duty Yellan's young blood was coursing, drumming, and simmering, and his flesh twisting, wriggling, and creeping to Vallachi's. Straightway the Inspector's back was turned upon him he would thrust out his tongue and emit through his nose a noise as if proceeding from an application of the air brake. He had turned out such a devil-may-care fellow.

"But things began to go wrong. Yellan, a good friend to all of us, was growing fretful. Often he drove the car at top-speed indifferent to the speed-zones and said he was driving the Punjab Express or the Tufan Mail. But he had such a perfect control over the brakes that we were sure he would not run into an accident. The accident, however, did happen.

"It was about 11 o'clock morning of a Monday. Yellan ran No. 52, the Washermanpet-Barbers Bridge car. I was on duty as

conductor and that's why I am able to give you these details. Early morning I had noted his gloomy expression, but in his talk I could not detect any trace of excitement. No. 52 with an almost full load of passengers was on its fourth down-trip. Yellan was doing ten miles uniformly; the car neared the point at the kerb where Vallachi sold fruits when all on a sudden I saw Yellan loosing hold of the handle and flying out a regular swallow-flight. In a moment I raced to the handle, applied the brake, and prevented the car from running off the rails. Almost simultaneously I heard an automobile bumping to a stop with a creak and a smell of burnt tyres and what I saw the next moment horrified me. A battered and bleeding leg was protruding from beneath it!

"Poor Yellan came to himself midst shudders and groans, reeling, racked, and wrestling with pain, midst a thousand ghostly noises—the clanking of myriad bells, the sighing of many winds, and the rush of multitudinous waters—in the Elphinstone Ward, General Hospital. He lost his name: like the tram he drove he was No. 14. The next day morning, mysterious chloroform, dark, delicious, subtle, drew his being into its numbing depths, and his right leg was amputated at the knee. He stayed in the hospital for four months for the wound to heal; I visited him weekly; his poor wife too; but the rascal was hoping and hoping that Vallachi would come to see him, would come with oranges. Twice or thrice he hinted about that to me but I silenced him curtly. As yet I was ignorant of the cause of his mad jump from the tram; he was very reticent to tell but at last when he could no longer stand my importunity, said: 'She was turning rather cold towards me and that morning I saw her saree trailing negligently down her shoulder exposing her naked arm and a part of her naked bosom and she was laughing and chatting with a young man. And the harlot, she was peeling an orange for him. I've given her half of my earnings and the sight was too much for my nerves.'

"I offered no comment. It was positively useless to offer.

"With haggard eyes, sunken cheeks, and a goatee Yellan emerged out of the hospital limping on an wooden leg. He saw the freedom, the colour and the rush of life outside; he looked at

the lopped limb and his eyes were humid. His wife was all tenderness towards him and worked in three houses as servant, sweeping floors and scouring pots to maintain him. Yellan put on strength but Vallachi was always in his thoughts. He visited her twice; Vallachi laughed heartlessly at the wreck of him and threw orange peels at him. His wife came to know of these amorous excursions and shrewd woman that she was, when she knew he was preparing for another visit, she made use of his wooden leg as fuel for the oven to keep him at home. Thrice she did like this; Yellan hopped and raved and raged in impotence. In the third burning, however, he saw a gleam of light; it seemed to illumine his suffering and virtuous wife with a radiance he understood, yet not understood fully. He cast out Vallachi out of him as he would a devil. Yellan is now a devoted husband and a fond father."

"He *must* be," I affirmed, and the tram jerked to a stop at the Ice House terminus.

The Cultural Revival under the Guptas

By SHISHIR COOMAR MITRA

Whether or not the theory stands that during the six centuries from the fall of the Mauryas to the rise of the Guptas early in the fourth century A.D., Sanskrit learning had almost been extinct in India, there can be no questioning the fact that the Gupta era ushered in a national revival, a golden age, so to say, of arts and letters comparable with very few of subsequent kindred movements of which history keeps any record. Political power and abundant wealth combined to provide the most powerful incentive for varied creative expressions of the national soul. Indeed the fund of energy that found release in those intellectual activities presupposes many centuries of patient preparation and strenuous though silent exercise of the brain. The evidences advanced by Pandit Hara Prasad Shastri in refutation of Max Muller's theory about the intellectual inactivity of the Brahmins in pre-Gupta times very clearly prove that many authoritative Sanskrit works are the products of that period and that the Brahmins did not sleep but kept alive the lamp of Sanskrit learning, however dimmed, by the indifference and frequent incursions of the foreigners who held political sway over India in those days, and encouraged the spread of Buddhism in total disregard for the original culture of which the Brahmins were the sole and trusted custodians. The Indo-Parthian and the Kushan kings were possibly inclined to apprehend that any patronage to the Brahmanical learning might be detrimental to their political interest and that the Brahmins might again, through the revival of their racial culture, organise opposition to their suzerainty, and re-assert through the intellectual, their political supremacy as well. Nevertheless, the Brahmins, in spite of such difficulties, had all along been true to their traditional virtues, and seized the opportunities offered by the very favourable conditions in the Gupta period when the kings, inspired by the

unique ideal of kingship, enunciated in the Kautilya's *Arthashastra* that the "ruler has been made by Brahma as servant of the people" were deeply anxious to resuscitate the ancient culture of the Indo-Aryans and evinced utmost enthusiasm for everything that might cater to the intellectual and æsthetic needs of the people. For, not only literature and art, but the study of philosophy, logic, politics, law, mathematics, astronomy and other sciences was widely encouraged and best attention was given to each of those departments of human knowledge with the result that treatises were written which are held authoritative even to this day. The ancient fire that had so long been smouldering under the ashes of imperial neglect, was rekindled in the soul of the nation, and the new idealism moulded the entire fabric of national life into a unity of aspiration and forged it ahead on the path of self-conscious development based on the heritage of the past. The whole country became vibrant with the breath of a new life, a new joy of self-finding which it had long been eagerly seeking all through the days of its travail under hostile kings and untoward circumstances.

The rebirth of Indo-Aryan culture as is witnessed in the Gupta era is not a reaction of Buddhism in the sense that Buddhism is a revolt against the priestly obscurantism in the early days of its formulation as a religious creed. Buddhism came in response to the call of the Time-spirit and having served its purpose became merged in the ocean of Indian thought. But the Gupta 'Renaissance'—if we may use the phrase—came as a matter of course, since the religion and culture of the land cannot long remain suppressed under the weight of any of its offshoots; neither can the nation tolerate the inculcation by foreign rulers of the tenets of a religious creed which is only a fragment in different form, of the vast structure of the Vedic thought. A short résumé of the brilliant records of the cultural activities of the Gupta era will unravel to our view the picture of a happy and contented India, free from any alien excrescence, with her arts and letters developed to a very high degree of excellence, nay almost to the very acme of perfection.

Being an ardent lover of Buddhistic culture, Fa-Hien's interesting account does not throw any light on the revival of

Brahmanical learning, but his mention that the people were rich, prosperous and virtuous lends support to the fact that the Gupta emperors must have been benevolent benefactors of the people aspiring to live up to the ideal type of Kingship as defined by Manu in his theories of Indo-Aryan policy. The King must be a personification of justice, a friend of the people, a patron of arts and letters, and a faithful believer in Aryan traditions of laws and institutions which it should be his duty to establish by up-rooting from the racial mind the effects of any baneful influence, as was conceived by Manu and so clearly depicted in the *Mahabharata*. The Gupta Kings, as we have seen them in all their aspirations and achievements, fulfilled in a far greater degree than the Mauryas, all those noble functions of Kingship. They looked to the welfare of their subjects as a dutiful father looks to his son's. The administration was very liberal and at the same time highly efficient, and it was based on well-regulated organisations all of which were so manipulated that the interests of the subjects could be served in the best possible way. It was love that governed every act of the State. The taxes were very light, cruel punishments, so much in vogue in the Maurya times, were abolished, and harassing rules and regulations like registration and passports were unknown. The king was bound to consult his Councillors on questions of peace and war, military, naval and financial matters, on things concerning the protection of the people, and on the proper use of the royal revenues. Fa-Hien says that *dharmasalas* were built along the roads where travellers found shelter, food and drink and were supplied with all necessities. Even Buddhist pilgrims were entertained at public expense, though separate provision was made for them. As in the case of the King, so also in respect of society, the authority of the code of Manu was freely acknowledged, and the King exercised the whole force of his royal prerogative so that the people did abide by the social laws adumbrated therein, and in no case, break with these ancient moorings of human conduct. Buddhism though absorbed in Hinduism from an earlier phase of which it had evolved, left on the mind of the people the impress of a new form of social regeneration. Its beneficial effect is perceived in the Gupta period in that the people, notwithstanding their being re-initiated in Brahmanical cult, did not

indulge in animal killing, in drinking intoxicating liquors, an excess of which was the characteristic of the Hindus in the early days of Buddhism. Orthodox Hindus as they were, the Gupta Kings were never miserly in rendering assistance to those among their subjects who were yet inclined to admire and worship Lord Buddha. And under the patronage of the King and his subjects the Buddhist art developed to the stage of its classical excellence in the Gupta era. This tolerance of the Hindu Kings for other faiths, more specially for Buddhism which denounced the authority of the Vedas, reflects the incomparable nobility of their soul which had possibly been permeated with the spirit of the *Gita*—a portion of the great epic *Mahabharata*—the very centre of inspiration for all intellectual activities of the people in this particular period of Indian History. Problems of military skill, of metaphysical speculations, ethical standards, social idealism, everything finds its consummate solution in this master-epic of India, "in the characters of which" according to Shri Aurobindo, "nothing is more remarkable than a kind of puissant intellectualism."

It is under the direct patronage of the Gupta Kings that the recension of this *magnum opus* of Hindu ideals of human conduct was completed, and that its doctrines were propagated in all parts of India in Bengal, Southern India, in the Punjab and throughout the Deccan where its existence today in almost the same form may be traced to the noble efforts of the Gupta emperors for spreading its tenets with the express object of co-ordinating the whole of India under the banner of Aryan supremacy. The Gupta Kings saw the vision of the United Empire of India broad-based on the cultural traditions of the past, and became impatient to see a practical replica of their mighty dream. Sister Nivedita, famous for her psychological studies of Indian history, wrote: "The *Mahabharata* is in good sooth a monarch's dream of an imperial race. The Gupta Emperor of Pataliputra who commissioned the last recension of the great work, was as conscious as Asoka before him or Akbar after of making to his people the magic statement, 'India is one.'" As an unfailing manual of Brahmanical religious teaching, the redaction of the *Mahabharata* gave the Brahmins an opportunity of asserting their supreme position in the Hindu society. But the

most vigorous appeal it made to the Kshatriya youths of the country "to fulfil their religious duties by warlike deeds rather than by meditation" proves the national and intellectual rather than the moral and religious value of the *Mahabharata* at least as it was assessed by the Gupta kings who did surely realize the hindrance to the building up of a healthy society caused by enforced monasticism so much emphasised by the religion of the Tathagata. It is not improbable that the intellectual element in the *Mahabharata* furnished in some measure the stimulus for the tremendous revival of literature, science and art which we are going to relate now.

Nalanda whose fame as the greatest culture-centre of the time, spread beyond the confines of India, proves the most glowing evidence of the Gupta achievement in the realm of education. This university was at this time at the zenith of its powerful influence, and attracted scholars not only from different parts of India but from such a distant place as China. About ten thousand students were permanent residents of the University which "carried on researches in a dozen branches of knowledge in Sanskrit." The court of the Guptas sanctioned grants for its maintenance; and it is believed that a greater portion of its architectural work was completed by a Gupta King. It is interesting to note in this connection that during this period of a most brilliant intellectual revival "book-learning was not considered a criterion of literary culture, and an oral method of education was preferred as more exact and more mentally efficient than text-books."

Kalidasa, one of the greatest poets the world has ever produced, was the court-poet of Chandragupta II, Vikramaditya. This prince of poets and dramatists stands as an epitome of the poetic genius of India. His *Raghuvamsa* and *Kumarasambhava* form the best type of *Kavya*, or epic-literature; *Shakuntala* is his dramatic masterpiece, and *Meghduta*, the gem of Sanskrit lyric poetry. Goethe's famous poem on *Shakuntala* is a striking proof of how deeply he was touched by Kalidasa. It is significant that he introduced in his *Faust* the prologue system of *Shakuntala*. Bharavi's *Kiratarjuniya* is a short but fine epic-poem of the Gupta age. Dinnaga is the name of a poet who is said to have been an opponent of Kalidasa. Bhatrimentha was a man of poetic gifts,

and was associated with Vikramaditya by the compilers of anthologies who ascribe a certain verse to their joint authorship. The *Mricchhakatika* is a remarkable drama of the fifth century whose author is not known. Visakhadatta is a dramatist assigned to the reign of Chandragupta II whose *Mudra-Rakshasha* deserves special mention because of its singular character in being a play of political intrigue unknown in previous dramatic works. The revival of Brahmanism made it necessary for its sponsors to revise and re-arrange the various Sanskrit texts as also their commentaries so as to give them a popular shape and make them meet the wants of an increased number of followers. *Smritis*, *Puranas*, and *Bhashyas* began, therefore, to be written and "this general literary impulse was communicated to other branches of learning." We have already mentioned that the recension of the *Mahabharata* is the work of this period. The *Manu Smriti* (the Laws of Manu) was evolved into its present form in the Gupta age. Its unmistakable influence in the social and political administration of the country as we have already shown, might presuppose a re-shuffling of it to suit the changed conditions of the time. According to Sir R. G. Bhandarkar, several works on the sacrificial ritual and specially the *Bhashyas* or great commentaries on the *Sutras* of the several *Vedas* or *Sakhas* must have begun to be written about this time. The *Vayu Purana*, one of the oldest of the eighteen *Puranas*, is attributed in its existing form to the first half of the fourth century. The *Vishnu*, *Linga* and *Markandeya Puranas* were also recast in this period to meet the growing religious needs of the people. The disquisitions on Jaimini's system of Mimamsa philosophy elaborated by Sarvaswami in the fifth century, set at naught the Buddhistic doctrines of the Yoga-chara School and re-established the authority of the *Vedas*. The Sankhya philosophy also was revived by Isvarakrishna in this time who wrote the *Sankhya-Karika* in its present form. The sciences of Mathematics and Astronomy made great progress in this period, the former having its authority in Aryabhatta whose advanced theories of the cosmos, repeated by Copernicus a thousand years later, are yet the accepted laws of that branch of science; and the latter in Varahamihira who wrote special treatises on the five *Siddhantas*

which describe various aspects of Astronomy and Astrology. These two as also those others we have already mentioned in connection with our description of the literary and philosophical revival of this period, are only luminaries—the pioneers so to say, famous for their original contributions in their respective spheres, who had evidently behind them a number of ‘lesser gods’ whose service in the collaboration work must always be recognised.

Let us now turn our eyes to the most splendid of creative achievements of this glorious period. In literature and philosophy the Gupta epoch cannot be said to have excelled their pristine original sources—the *Upanishads* and the epics and kindred other products of the ancient brain of India. Though the Gupta masters tried with success to give a more popular shape, an ornate cast, to the eternal truths of Aryan thought, it cannot yet be said that the fruits of such efforts are as clearly suggestive of the profound spiritual instinct of the race vivified by creative inspiration, as the sublimities of art, plastic and pictorial—those revelations of a deeper endeavour to realize the unity of life in diverse forms of artistic symbology. According to Dr. Coomaraswamy, the outstanding characteristic of the art of India at this time is its classical quality. The technique is perfected and used as a language without conscious effort; it becomes the medium of conscious and explicit statement of spiritual conceptions—the keynote of the classical virtue of all art-expressions of the Gupta period. Painting sculpture and architecture are the three prominent forms through which the artists communicated their æsthetic emotions.

Typical examples of the painting of this period are the frescoes preserved in Caves 16, 17 and 19 of Ajanta—that famous centre of art-culture of ancient India. The subjects of these paintings deal with Buddhist legends and events of contemporary life. The very clever manipulation of line plastered with an equally effective colour-scheme render these frescoes unique specimen of the Indian art of drawing pictures. The bold freedom of the brush strokes seems to show that all the work was freehand. It is difficult to understand how the work could have been done in those dimly-lighted halls. The universal appeal of the art of Ajanta is proved by its being the pilgrimage of all lovers of

beauty of all countries and all ages. The technique and tradition of Ajanta can be mistaken in almost all subsequent developments of Indian painting. A group of wall-paintings in Cave 4 at Bagh in Gwalior State has been assigned to the Gupta period. Ajantan influence is very clear in these paintings which as also those at Ajanta are not only masterpieces of ancient Indian painting, but, both in their vivid imagination and in their realistic portrayal of contemporary life, they give a striking impression of the masterful creative impulses which were then stirring the mind of India. The frescoes at the rock-palace at Sigiriya in Ceylon are classified as the work of the Gupta artists. Ravages of time and man have despoiled many beautiful works of art of this period including paintings. Hence there is left to us only a very small number of relics of art, specially of painting. A separate treatment of sculpture is not possible without reference to architecture which being the synthesis of all arts and crafts, include the plastic figuration as an invaluable feature of its decorative scheme. A short description may, however, be given of the more typical of the sculptural art of the Gupta revival. “The Buddha figure in the early Gupta period is fully evolved and this classical type is the main source of all later forms both in and beyond the Indian boundaries.” One of the most exquisite examples of this figure is furnished by the seated Buddha in Saranath which is called “the very treasure-house of Gupta figures.” For its refined definition, dynamic pose, and the distinctive quality of suggesting a divine mood, this figure seems to represent the highest skill of the Gupta sculptor.

Saranath also built a tradition in technique which is discernible in the standing Buddha figure in the Mathura Museum and in the unique copper colossus of Buddha now in Birmingham Museum, which was discovered from the ruins of a monastery in the Sultan-ganj District. Among the Brahmanical sculptures mention may be made of a group of them—justly held to be examples of a more elaborate construction—which describe Shiva and Parvati. These were unearthed from Kosam in the Allahabad District, and are now in Indian Museum, Calcutta. Beautiful modelling and tasteful pose characterise the images of Shiva as an ascetic with another Yogi and of various heavenly beings hovering over the air, which adorn the

panels of a temple at Deogarh in Lalitpur Sub-division of the Jhansi District. Of exceptional good quality are the images of Vishnu as Eternal reclining on the serpent Ananta, which form the subject of another panel of the same temple. In the Gupta period were evolved some of the best forms of the sacred architecture of India. Leaving aside the high religious significance of the Stupa symbolism, a consideration of the salient features of the beautiful cave-cathedrals, the apsidal and the flat-roofed temples, and the Shikhara shrines will show what a mastery the Gupta builder achieved over the complex science of construction. Cave architecture of this period is typified by Chaitya hall of Cave 19, by the Vihara or pillared hall of Caves 16 and 17 at Ajanta, by the famous Visvakarma Chaitya hall at Ellora, remarkable for its unique facade.

Of the surviving examples of apsidal temples, those at Tagara in the Sholapur District are considered to be of the Gupta era. Interest attaches to the Chaitya cave planning of these temples which include one Brahmanical. According to Mr. O. C. Ganguly the most tangible example of the earliest form of the Hindu temple is the flat rectangular shrine at Sanchi dating about 400 A. D. Here we have for the first time the nucleus of a Hindu temple, viz., a cubicle cell (*garva griha*) with one entrance and the porch (*mandapa*). Thus the Gupta era gives birth to a very typical form of the Indian order of Architecture. Other examples of the flat-roofed temples of the same period occur at Bhumara in the Nagooh State, and at Nachna Kotari in Ajaigarh, Bundelkhand. In Aihole in Deccan stands a very interesting example of this type of temple. Its Gupta character is proved by the figures of river goddesses on the pillars of its porch which are introduced in architectonic decoration and favoured by the Gupta artists. The dispute about the foreign influence on Shikhara type of temple has now been definitely settled in favour of India being its origin. This characteristic form of Indian temple architecture found its well-defined expression in the Dasavatara temple in stone at Deogarh near Lalitpur the sculptures of which have already been referred to, in the stone and brick towers in Bankura District, and in the very

beautiful brick temple in Bhitargaon in Cawnpur District which is remarkable also for its vigorous and well-designed terra cotta decoration. Gupta influence is discernible in the architecture of various other temples. The iconoclasm of Islam is responsible for the destruction of many beautiful works of the Gupta architect of which the most notable is the great brick temple at Nalanda erected by the Gupta King Narsinha Baladitya. Hiuen Tsang describes this temple as 300 feet in height with a tower resembling that of the Maha-Bodhi temple at Gaya, most exquisitely decorated and magnificently furnished. The Asokan practice of erecting monumental columns was revived by the Gupta emperors. Skanda Gupta's stone pillar in Bhitaria in the Ghazipur District, the monolithic pillar 43 feet high at Eran in the Sagar District are mentionable. The celebrated pillar at Delhi, made of wrought iron in the time of Samudra Gupta is a marvel of metallurgical skill. An account, however brief, of the art of the Gupta period cannot be complete without a reference to the *Shilpa Shastras*—the grammatical treatises on art which were formulated in that creative epoch. The *Vishnudharmottaram*, an authentic treatise on Indian painting is the work of this period. Vatsayana's *Kamasutra* wherein painting requisites are mentioned as the ordinary furniture of a gentleman's chamber is also assigned to the Gupta era. Of the five *vidyas* or *shastras* referred to by Hiuen Tsang in the late Gupta period, the second is said to be the *Shilpa-sthanavidya*. Stray canons of art are also found in some religious literature of the same period.

In concluding this brief review may we repeat that the creative endeavours of the Gupta age were inspired by the eternal motive of India's soul that quickened the national intellect into varied forms of cultural activity embracing every phase of human knowledge which was exalted and illumined by new ways and new light? And this orientation came to stay as original and permanent contribution towards the enrichment of Indian, and therethrough, of human culture. The Kshatriya gave his intellect and sword, the Brahmin his religion and spirituality, and the Shudra his service and sacrifice. Thus was evolved a powerful State and a vigorous society broad-based

on the solid rock of cultural and national solidarity. Once again India realized her own self and became the queen within her own inviolate lands, administering her own high laws, controlling her own wide wealth, imparting her own rich culture, defending her own vast frontiers. Her old ideals are born again in a myriad-hearted multiform energy and shine afresh in the revival of her national learning, in the renewal of her national arts, in the restoration of her manifold secular and spiritual activities, in the brave and virile manhood of her sons, and in the bold and passionate attempts at national reconstruction. Great in war, greater in peace, the Gupta emperors built an India which is still a pride with us.

George Moore

By "WAYFARER"

It is rather a pity that, while several newspaper and magazine articles have been published on the work of John Galsworthy who died in England recently, hardly any notice was taken, at this end, of the death of George Moore who undoubtedly occupies a very much greater position in literature and whose personality ought to be found more interesting than that of any of his contemporaries.

This is, perhaps, not very surprising when we remember that a writer of Moore's class, whatever greatness, beauty and excellent qualities may have been blended in his work, generally, keeps a certain distance between himself and the so-called modern, general public; makes himself inaccessible to that public in consequence of certain idiosyncrasies in the character of his work; and it would be interesting to inquire whether this kind of obstacle placed between a writer and the world remaining outside the sphere of his influence is not a requisite of a certain greatness, a source of a certain charm in that writer.

That is, however, not to say that Moore's greatness as a writer of a high order has not been acknowledged, not only by his peers but by a larger and important public. The obituary notices in the English newspaper and literary Press that have appeared after his death would easily dispel such an inference. Nor is it necessary that a great writer's genius should meet the exact measure of praise from the average public: on the other hand, such praise, which is as lavishly showered as it is withheld, carries with it its dangers and there is always the certainty of turning of the tide.

Moore, one ventures to think, is happily placed beyond such a possibility not because he is dead but because he has always adopted a particular attitude towards such things as popularity, success, fame, which most men pursue—an attitude that is so noble, so characteristic of what may be described as artistic idealism. He retained, indeed, that Irish pugnacity and courage till the end which

add a fresh and charming quality to his work and which bring out his gifts of wit and humour. One of his earliest books, *Parnell's Island*, is a typical instance of this courage which is also the supreme human courage—the courage of truth. A representative of Irish landlordism and a 'reactionary,' antagonistic to the agrarian movement of the day, the artistic instinct and culture triumph over his class-identity and his book contains the most moving picture of the misery of the victims of his own class. This humanism of his pen developed in his later *Esther Waters* which is rightly considered to be the first novel in the Zolaesque naturalism. Yet, like everything else in all his work, it is pronouncedly individual, bursting forth with a powerful spontaneity although he cannot be said to have resisted the influences of these 'nineties in which liberalism swept over the inspiration of principal writers both in England and France—a liberalism of which Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* is a fine example.

Moore began with painting with, of course, the prelude of poetry, following the law laid down for wild-oat-sowing youth. Very few amongst us have seen his youthful verses: *Poems of Passion*, I think, was its significant title, reminding as they do both of Baudelaire and Swinburne who must have influenced him a great deal. He went to Paris to learn painting and ended finally by discovering his real vocation. Yet he owes not a little to painting which enabled him to find himself and which influenced and shaped his critical faculties. His art-criticism in *Modern Painting* will live as a record of these influences, and, in spite of his enthusiasm for certain impressionists like Monet, Manet, Degas and Corot, he formed a taste, an eye for beauty, a sureness and penetration of judgment not unworthy of an artistic-literary connoisseur.

The next important phase in his career was his association with the Irish Renaissance movement to which, in a moment of temptation, he succumbed and his visit to, and residence in, the country of his birth contributed a great deal to his experience. His three-volume *Hail and Farewell*, a book in personal biography merged with phantasy, in which his peculiar genius finds the happiest medium of expression, preserves an essential record of this period in his life. This work will certainly survive as most characteristic of

those qualities in this writer which the Landorian *Conversations in Ebury Street* bring out. More than this, it acts as a corrective in presenting the Irish literary movement and the interesting and brilliant personages viewed from a strongly individual and highly interesting point of vantage. It has certainly as much historical value as artistic and one may set it beside W. B. Yeats's *Autobiographies*—the work of a poet and more or less serious writer—to judge of the difference between the two temperaments and the methods employed by each of the two writers.

His sojourn in Dublin in the midst of the group Moore has immortalised in his three volumes of *Hail and Farewell* was also marked, not only by the spiritual experiences of which he speaks in these books, but by the production of his *Untilled Field* (a symbolic title) and the *Lake*. The former was translated in Gaelic and used as a text-book and the latter will always occupy an important place amongst his other books like *Abelard and Heloise*, *Esther Waters*, *Celibate Lives* (a collection of stories), not to mention the series of those he wrote earlier. And his *Bending of the Bough*, a play with a characteristic Irish background, certainly deserves to be better known not only because of its beauty but also because it deals largely with an event in his career that is not without a certain significance affecting his personality. It is a remarkable fact that Ireland had remained (and continues remaining, in a measure) a land of the *émigrés*, a country of exiles, and the history of Anglo-Irish literature furnishes one of the strangest paradoxes in irony and a most striking phenomenon, namely, of Irish writers winning fame and eminence amongst (nationalistically speaking) foreign audiences. Curiously enough, the Renaissance movement fostered by persons like Lady Gregory and Yeats, while its basis was national idealism, played a passive part in the political events that profoundly changed Ireland's destiny and one even receives a suggestion of that apathy and lack of enthusiasm towards the nationalist politics which is difficult to reconcile with the aims of the movement in the attitude of some at least of its leaders. One has, of course, to make allowance for several factors that entered into this question: and does not Yeats define the pure intellectual's attitude regarding this in his famous lines? It must however be admitted that the part the leaders of the Irish literary

movement played in politics, compares quite unfavourably with that played by the Spanish writers during the recent years that saw the collapse of monarchy and establishment of the Republic in that country.

Moore's contribution, then, to the Irish literary movement must be considered as both valuable and generous if we take his brilliant cosmopolitanism and his strongly individualistic and restless temperament into consideration; and that contribution adds to the movement's work an element that one misses in purely Irish writers. The Irish themselves instinctively recognise this and are not slow in the expression of gratitude for whatever Moore had been able to do for his country. It is, of course, impossible to drag in considerations of racial or geographical nationalism in literature and one explanation of the phenomenon we remarked above is the fact that great writers who rise above the level of provincialism and servile flattery and are solely guided by the needs of their art would find it impossible to practise their trade in a country which lacks in a certain literary culture, liberalism and that atmosphere of freedom which Irish writers of the position of Liam O'Flaherty miss in the country of their birth. The *post* revolution history of literary censorship and the dominance of clericalism in Ireland makes this quite clear.

And now Moore's figure can be recalled as that of a man who stood so long as a representative, so like and unlike his younger contemporary, Galsworthy, of past generations, of a literary old-world the excellence and savour of which was wafted by his charming personality. He may even be considered to be the last of the legendary poets of the ivory towers, artists of distinction who, whatever work they produced, produced it on their own terms mainly for the delight of producing it, out of the necessity even, imposed upon themselves who can tell out of what mysterious subtle laws of artistic being? Yet Moore was not a literary solitary but was steeped in a humanism the flavour of which floats out of every page he wrote. The old controversy of *L'art pour L'art* may not be raised in his case; nor was he in any sense one of the decadents and other literary species of the 'nineties and did not

join in the tragic wreckage of that sad age. If he was exposed to several influences, as he certainly was, he may be said to have assimilated their excellence and the qualities he imbibed from each could flow in his pen which was always wielded by energetic and firm fingers. In him artistic sensibilities and sympathies were cultivated to the highest degree and his genius could touch anything and turn it into gold. He was a connoisseur of life; his sympathy, thanks to his artistic culture, never turned into insipid sentimentality; he had depths of humanity in him and countered the calamities of life with his polished irony, his profound sense of humour, his wisdom and his *naïveté*. And so he will live while the love of literature endures, and men turn to his page to have a glimpse of beauty and enjoy its myriad pleasures.

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

Ancient Monuments of Kashmir.—By Ram Chandra Kak. With a Foreword by Sir F. Younghusband and an Introduction by Professor A. Foucher. [Published by the India Society, London, 1933, Price 25 Sh. net.]

Kashmir, "the holiest of all the holy lands," the *Rishabhumi* or "the land of the sages," *Saradapitha* or "the eternally pure seat of the goddess Sarada," is renowned throughout the world for its beauty "for the girdle of snowy mountains which surround the lovely valley, for its rivers and lakes and for its moderate temperature." Visitors to Kashmir return with the impression that the place is indeed a "happy valley." They would welcome the present volume which is a very useful guide to the ancient monuments of this happy valley containing in 170 pages all the general information on the geography, history, architecture and archaeology of Kashmir. Several valuable accounts have been published of the various monuments of Kashmir in journals of learned societies, Archaeological Survey reports and other similar well-known publications to which the general visitor has not ready access. The present volume supplies therefore in a handy and accessible form all the available information on the subject. It is refreshing to find that it has been designed particularly to suit the convenience of the visitor "who without desiring any great erudition, takes an intelligent interest in the subject of Archaeology." The monuments are grouped not according to their age or style but in regard to their situation, so that the visitor may complete his inspection of the monuments in one area before he starts for another. While reading through the work we feel that we are pleasantly led as it were by the author "from temple to temple, from mosque to mosque, from Mughal garden to Mughal garden, round Srinagar, or up or down stream."

After detailing the various sources of Kashmir history, the author gives a cogent account of the political history of the country from about 270 B. C. to 1846 A. D. We get very interesting historical and topographical details from works of Kashmir writers. They are, to mention a few, the

Nilamatapurana, the *Mahatmyas* of the various places of pilgrimage and Kalhana's *Rajatarangani* composed in 1148-49 A. D. By far the greatest amount of our information regarding ancient and medieval Kashmir is supplied by Kalhana. An excellent translation of his work with an exhaustive introduction, numerous explanatory notes, and with a valuable monograph on the ancient geography, and coinage, etc., of Kashmir has been published by Sir Aurel Stein. Among other writers mention may be made of Kshemendra, Jonaraja, Bilhana, Mankha, Haidar Malik, Narayan Kaul, Hasan, Birbal Katsur, Mirza Haidar Doghlat, Firishta, Abul Fazl, Bernier, Foster, Moorcroft, Vigne, Hugel, Honigberger and Jacquemont.

The various monuments of Kashmir are conveniently grouped and discussed in three chapters (Chap. IV—VI) Srinagar is taken as the centre, and the first grouping relates to those monuments that are actually found in Srinagar and in its vicinity. Next come monuments above Srinagar. And lastly, monuments below Srinagar are described. In Chap. III, the author has given us a very valuable contribution on the subject of architectural styles arising from the description of the various Kashmirian monuments. No structural monuments can with certainty be said to belong to the pre-Christian era, the only monuments assignable to the Kushan times being the Buddhist structures at Harwan and Ushkar (pp. 105—111).

The early Buddhist religious monuments of Kashmir have practically the same plan, and probably the same elevation also as the contemporary Buddhist buildings of Gandhara. But there was difference in the materials used as also in the modes of decoration adopted. At Ushkar the abundance of local quarries ensured a plentiful supply of stone chips. At Harwan, the available building materials being round boulders and pebbles, the chip masonry of Ushkar was replaced by walls built of small pebbles (plate XVII). The pebble construction that we find at Harwan can be explained as follows:—

The Harwan masons seem to have realized early that a pebble wall built in mud, each pebble being not more than one or two inches in diameter, even though it was covered by a coat of plaster, was not a durable structure. To keep it standing for even a short period was not easy without care and constant repair, for every shower of rain was sure to peel off a part of the facing. They therefore adopted the practice of inserting large stones in the midst of pebbles, thereby giving it a somewhat more solid and certainly more picturesque appearance (Plate XIX). This style is designed as the "Diaper-pebble" style.

The architecture of Medieval Kashmir (600—1300 A. D.) comes for very detailed study at the hands of the author, the buildings being grouped into two classes, the Buddhist and the Brahmanical. There is everything in common between the two classes, in point of material, technique etc.,

but the religious needs of the Buddhists and the Hindus being essentially different it has wrought a wide difference in plan and elevation of the respective groups. The Buddhists with their long artistic tradition behind everything that they built struck to their old models, though they were not opposed to the use of better materials or of elaborate decoration. The material introduced was a beautiful grey limestone which was easy to carve and presented a smooth surface when properly dressed. By the middle of the 8th century we can say that the architectural use of limestone for religious buildings of Kashmir was general. The Hindu buildings which form the majority give room for the inference that the earlier examples were simple, and that art progressed step by step, up to a certain point, from the simple to the more elaborate. The influence of the Buddhist art of Gandhara on that of Kashmir was so great that it can be said that the two are practically identical. The needs of the Hindus and the Buddhists in the religious direction were almost the same; and though these religious needs of the Hindus did not necessitate their borrowing stupas and sangharamas from the Buddhists, such considerations did not prevent them from using to their own advantage the experience that the latter had gained in temple-construction. When the new religion is also of the soil, when the old and the new religions live in amity and when the modes of worship of both are almost the same, it becomes almost inevitable that the buildings of the new religion should follow the style of those of the older one. This happened twice in Kashmir, once when Buddhism slowly gave away to Hinduism, and again, when with the accession of Shah Mir (1338—41 A. D.), Islam supplanted Hinduism. On the latter occasion, the Muslims, like their co-religionists in India, borrowed the materials and the technique of the Hindu shrines, but unlike them, retained the form of the Hindu temple as far as it was compatible with their religious requirements. The discussion on medieval architecture is followed by an interesting account of Muslim architecture of the valley, before the author starts on his guide of the various monuments of Kashmir.

The author's deep scholarship and wide experience both on account of the excellent training that he had had under Sir John Marshall and his position as Director of Archaeology in Kashmir, the attractiveness of the Happy Valley itself, and lastly the creditable way in which the India Society have found it possible to publish it—all these happy factors have combined to enhance the value and the usefulness of the present publication which no student of Kashmirian architecture and art can do without.

T. N. RAMACHANDRAN, M.A.

Memories of Lenin.—By Nadezhda K. Krupskaya. Translated by E. Verney. [Martin Lawrence, London.]

This is not a biography of Lenin, though it presents intimate glimpses

into the life, dreams, aspirations, plans and actions of this great Russian revolutionary and gives a profound understanding of his traits and character. It is not to be wondered at as the author is the wife and comrade of the character under study, who shared and suffered with Lenin the toils and fruits of his long-cherished vision—the vision of a free proletariat Russia.

The memories begin with the meeting of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin and Nadezhda K. Krupskaya in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) in 1893 and the forming of their first friendship. The narration of these reminiscences is more or less in the form of a diary, giving careful details of dates, meeting places and of the personalities connected with the much-chequered career of Lenin. We get an insight into the formation and growth of several socialistic and democratic organisations in the country and the plots and counter-plots designed and attempted by these societies to throw off the Tsarist regime in Russia. Lenin's life has been one series of adventures from country to country, from city to city, as an exile, and in this book Comrade Krupskaya gives a detailed account of his doings and writings during this period. A tireless worker, a determined fighter, a born optimist, he never gave up hope even in moments of darkest despair.

We see him carrying on his plans, conferring with his comrades, conducting journals and writing articles, assisted by his wife and companion, the author of these memories, in Munich, in London, in Geneva, in Finland, wherever he was in exile. A strong character, a dominating will, a trained physical body and a powerful brain that can think, plan, scheme and decide, Lenin was an outstanding figure among his contemporary men. He suffered for his idealism; he worked hard and selflessly for his country's freedom, especially for the betterment of the peasants and the working classes, and he had the satisfaction of seeing his life-long ambitions being realised before he died.

The book reveals his many hidden characteristics, his love of literature and art, his erudition, his power to mass figures and facts to convince his opponents, his uncanny insight into the mass psychology, his hold on the helpless and voiceless millions of his countrymen and above all his one-pointedness in achieving his end. Lenin was not a mere agitator; he was a convinced Marxist at heart and devoted years of study and thinking to the problems of poverty, economics, politics, socialism and other subjects, and his writings and speeches are valuable contributions on those subjects.

Three men influenced his life according to Krupskaya, Marx, Engels and Chernyshevskyi. Tolstoy seems to have had no attraction for him at all. The book deals with his activities up to the period of 1907, and it will be interesting to have another volume from her pen dealing with his life just before the great revolution of 1917 February, after the revolution, and

up to his death. Lenin's biographical volumes, both official and private, are increasing in number every year and this little book is certainly not the least of them all.

World Chaos.—By James McDoughal, F.R.S., (Kegan Paul, London.)

Originally an address delivered by this eminent scientist, and now elaborated and published in book form, this book is remarkable for its simplicity, directness and outspokenness. The problem dealt with, within its pages, is one of the most intricate and baffling of world's problems; in fact the only most pressing problem before the statesmen and reformers of the world today, and the author deals with it in a manner at once original and challenging.

He attributes the present world chaos to the amazing progress made by physical science, resulting in mass production, cheapness of labour, "cut-throat" competition, colonisation and exploitation, and points out that corresponding progress has not been made in Social Science, which may have averted the present dreadful calamities. He discusses in detail and quotes authorities for his views; and the book is timely and valuable to help the politicians and economists of the world from their muddledom.

It is written in a vigorous style and with convincing force. He attacks the physical scientists, himself being one, with a candour and freedom rare among them. He tells the capitalists and imperialists of the world that they are responsible for the present chaos and muddle by taking advantage of the fruits of physical science and making use of them for their selfish ends. He warns the world of its impending destruction if it will not pay heed to the call of its better nature and change its intensely selfish and aggressive nationalistic policy of politics, economics, armaments, wars, and other self-destructive elements. He pleads for more humanism and less science in life. A truly prophetic book written by a humanitarian-scientist, worthy of everyone's attention.

G. VENKATACHALAM

GUJARATI

Sorath ni Sandhya.—By Gunavantraai Acharya. [Printed at the Swadhin Printing Press, Ranpur, pp. 230, With a three-coloured picture. Price Re. 1-4].

Kathiawar (Sorath) whether looked at at dawn or in the evening of its history, has always furnished instances of bravery, chivalry, and courage. The nine stories narrated in this volume, though they savour of romance, are founded on real incidents, and the skill of the writer lies in the ability with which he has clothed these incidents in the garb of romance. For this he has had recourse to a lively imagination, and vivid language both of which have elevated ordinary facts of life to higher planes of chivalry and romance. Unflagging interest of the reader, this is the writer's reward.

(1) *Tutelan Bandhan.*—By Piyush. [Published by the Gunasundari Karyalaya, Bombay, pp. 109, Price as. 8]

(2) *Garib ni Grihalakshmi.*—By the same author and published by the same company, pp. 386, Price Re. 1-8.

The first book is the second edition of a translation into Gujarati of Tagore's *Broken Ties*. It contains four stories and it need not be said that the work is well done because a second edition has been called for within a couple of years of its first appearance.

The second book is a translation of *Gaban* a well-known Hindi novel written by Sjt. Premchandji. It is greatly to be desired that the best works in any of the Indian vernaculars should be made available to the readers of other vernaculars, and that can best be done by intelligible translations such as would preserve the spirit and sense of the original. This has been done in this case.

KANNADA

Hosa-Huttu (The Renaissance): By Mr. A. N. Krishna Rao [V. G. T. General Agency, Balepet, Bangalore City. Price Re. One.]

The book of Mr. Krishna Raya is very timely. The Renaissance in India began some fifteen years ago and except for the short study of the Irish poet James H. Cousins, *Renaissance in India*, which appeared at the beginning of the movement, it has been very little studied, especially by those who are themselves plunged in it. We already know by his books, the objective attitude of Mr. Krishna Raya, his largeness of vision, his understanding of the evils of India as well as her virtues. And again, living in one of the most important among the intellectual centres of India, Bangalore, he can speak with authority about the contemporary movement.

Hosa-Huttu is a collection of sixteen essays published in various Indian journals and their titles themselves show the vastness of the subjects treated in the book: "Awakened India," "Our ancient Culture," "New tendencies in our Literature," "The awakening of Indian Womanhood." To speak frankly—in spite of the fact that his metallic language can express a great many things in a few lines—Mr. Krishna Raya very often touches only the fringe of the subjects and does not show the historical origin of the movement.

Especially in his essays on Contemporary Art and Literature, we would have liked very much to hear a little about the psychological background of the Renaissance which he seems to accept without any explanation. It would have been useful to indicate that the present Renaissance is the result of a formidable reaction to blind Europeanism. The Shelleys and the Swinburnes, not to say of the Watts and Burnes-Jones, had been for India of the end of the last century a marvel, an

astounding marvel. That poetry and that art seemed to them less formal and more living than her own art and poetry. To the Indian mind that had considered—much like the cathedral builders of Europe in the Middle ages—that the highest form of art was painting and fresco drawing of the temples, and had also lain luxuriantly in the flood of Kalidasa and the magnificent rhythm and fancy of Bharthribhari, the Poetry of Europe—particularly English—was a flash of lightning, something so vivid and so new. It was not the glorious idea of a mass of mankind, but something living, personal, and above all simple. There was neither the tricks of metaphor nor of metre and said something not so remote and fancy-born, but something near and human. And this newness was so dazzling that our poets and artists simply drank it with eagerness—and produced the facile poetry of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, or the expressionless Burne-Jones-like Indian gods and goddesses of Ravi Varma. No doubt, respectful of the advice that Mrs. Naidu received from Sir Edmund Gosse asking her not to talk of the nightingales and the Church bells calling people to the Sunday service, she called the nightingale 'Mina' and the Church bells the 'Muezzin.' In fact she was never able to get into the depths of the Indian Soul—like, to a certain extent, what her brother Harindranath Chattopadhyaya has—and perhaps the English are right in calling her the greatest living poetess of the English language; but to the Indian she will always remain an outsider, though charming and fanciful, rich and rhythmical. The same applies to Ravi Varma. The poetry of Tagore itself—except for a few verses in the *Gitanjali*—seems to be, for Indians, in its aristocratic flow, its monotonous colouring, devoid of the real and profound mystic force.

The movement of reaction, in art began with the Bengal School of Art. And here again a historical background would have considerably explained some of the points mentioned by Mr. Krishna Raya. In the past, India conquered by the Greeks and the Mohamedans have always benefited by the contact with the foreigners without losing her soul. The Gandharan movement, in the beginning of the Christian Era, took the fineness, the exactitude and the sense of proportion of the Greeks, without losing nothing of that sense of the Absolute, the idea of Nirvana so natural to the Indian soul. Similarly, during the heyday of the Moghul rule, the Hindu architecture, powerful and precise, was able to combine with the magnificence of Mussulman art and gave to India such remarkable works as the Fatehpur Sikri of Akbar. To benefit of European art, it was necessary for India not to Europeanise herself, but to see through the 'Third Eye.' Hence, the Indian artist, taking from the frescoes of Ajanta and of Bagh, their grace and their sumptuousness, their delicate colouring and their immense background, discovered their own souls—the Soul of India. Then, looking at European art with that newly acquired light, they were able to receive from it the complex subtleties of expression and the clarity of design. And as Mr. Krishna Raya rightly explains, they were able to keep the religious conception of the Indian soul, who expresses the Universal being, all-comprehensive and eternal. Venkatappa's Ardhanarishvara shows the half-man half-woman each part accomplished with care and exactitude, and beyond that, express the primordial idea of the Complete Being, or again take the designs of Kanu Desai, published in his Mahatma Gandhi Sketches; the realism of each movement, the influence of European art, does not exclude the immensity of the background, which

gives to the picture as a whole a Universal meaning which is purely Indian. In the same way, Nandalal Bose (Bengal) and Chughtai (Punjab), the great contemporary artists, have taken from Europe its clarity and realism, at the same time not forgetting the powerful symbolism of India.

In literature, as Mr. Krishna Raya says, the new movement began with the Gandhi movement of 1921—22.

H. K. RAJA RAO

Tanjapura Andhranayakaraja Charitramu.—By Kuruganti Sitaramayya, M. A., Superintendent of the Tanjore Palace Library, [Published by the Andhra Patrica Press, in the *Andhra Grandhamala* series; Price Rs. 2/-; crown size, 8 vo, pp. 412 including Indexes, and Appendices, etc.]

The chronicle of the Nayak kings of Tanjore is a brilliant chapter in the long-forgotten history of the emigration of the Andhras into the land of the Tamils, in the South. Early from the eighth century of the Christian era, there was migration to the South of the Telugu Brahmans, well learned in the Vedic lore and *sastras*, seeking patronage in the courts of the Pallava monarchs, who ruled an extensive empire, having Kanchipura as their capital. This fact is proved by the occurrence of the names of Telugu villages, mostly of the Kistna and Guntur districts, mentioned in one of the copper-plate inscriptions of Nandivarman II Pallavamalla.

Though sometime after, the incursions, to the South, of the Andhra powers, under the able commanders and kings of the Telugu Choda and Kakateeya dynasties, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, have given a fresh lease of life to the emigration activity of the Telugus, it had not taken a concrete shape, in the formation of regular, Andhra colonies, until the time of the second, third and fourth dynasties of Vijayanagar, when the Telugu arms were carried, not only to the southern extremity of the Indian Peninsula, but on, even into Ceylon, comprising Jaffna, the kings of which, became the tributaries of, the Nayak kings of Tanjore.

The rule of the Tanjore Nayak dynasty, which comprised only four members, *viz.*, Chinachevvappa, his son Atchyutappa, his grandson Raghunatha and his great grandson Vijaya Raghava, extended for only one and a half centuries, from A. D. 1535 to 1676.

Mr. K. Sitaramayya, the author of the work under review, has given us in this volume, in a course of six lectures, delivered in December 1931, under the auspices of the Andhra University, a complete history of the Nayak kings of Tanjore, the literary sources of which was able to study in the Tanjore palace library.

The only work we had on this subject, hither to, in Telugu is the "Tanjavuri Andhra Rajula charitram" published long ago by Mr. V. Prabhakara Sastry, which is, strictly speaking, a paper on the subject, from the Mackenzie collection, to which was appended a good introduction from the able pen of the publisher. Even in English, there is no separate work dealing with this subject. As such, we deem this work a welcome addition to the literature on this object and we congratulate the author on its production.

Though the author has taken much pains the book contains some palpable mistakes as regards some facts and dates, and his theories are not all sound. What is more regrettable is that the author relies on the Taylor's and Mackenzie Manuscripts, accepting them as authoritative. The author quotes very many passages and that too indiscriminately.

A few of the mistakes may be pointed out here: as stated by the author,

(1) Veerachola's son was not Kulottunga (p. 29). In fact he was the son of Raja Rajanarendra of the Eastern Chalukya dynasty.

(2) Brihadeeswaralaya was built not by Veerachola but by Raja Raja. Hence it has the other name of Raja Rajeswaram or Rajeswaram temple.

(3) Malik Kafur never ruled the South, making Mahura his capital. The reference, he gives for substantiating his statement is wrong. It is not the "Early History of India" but the "Oxford History of India." Even in that work, it is not stated that Malik Kafur lived at Madura and ruled the south (p. 39).

(4) Who was this Ganapati, who was driven out by Saluva Narasimha? (p. 51). Perhaps it should be Gajapathy.

(5) It is not correct to say that Krishnadevaraya had no sons at all. He had sons but they died. (p. 53).

(6) The author's statement that the Nayakship of Madura was founded even prior to that of Tanjore, is, in our opinion, incorrect. The evidence supplied by the chronicles is quite contrary to that supplied by the inscriptions.

(7) Saluva Gundanarasimha's rule came to an end even before 1497 A. D. So he was not alive in A. D. 1505 (p. 68) and the reference given namely Ep. coll. No. 318 of 1919, supplies the date Saka 1406 or A. D. 1484 but not 1505 A. D. and the references, given to pages of the Aravidu dynasty of Vijayanagar, have no bearing to the statement, made in the text. In these pages, there is no reference to Nagamanayaka.

(8) Though the first year of the rule of Chinachevvappa, as the Nayak king of Tanjore, cannot yet be determined, the epigraphical evidence shows that he ruled till A. D. 1580 but not till 1561 A. D. as stated by the author (p. 108.)

(9) On the evidence of the letters of the Jesuit missionaries and inscriptions, it is to be concluded that Achyutappa Nayak's reign extended from 1561 A. D. to not later than 1599. A. D. (p. 133).

(10) In the battle of Vallaprakara, Atchyutappa Nayaka sided Veerappa, the Nayak king of Madura and not Venkatapatiraya, the Emperor of Vijayanagar. In fact Atchyutappa's armies were routed. In this connection, whatever was written by the author is incorrect.

After all, it is not the political relations between the powers concerned, the order of succession, or the wars that were waged, which are valuable for us. As such, we cannot but think that the author would have done well to add a separate chapter on the achievements of the Andhra Nayak kings of Tanjore, the legacy they left to succeeding generations and their contribution to the enrichment of the life and culture of the South.

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