

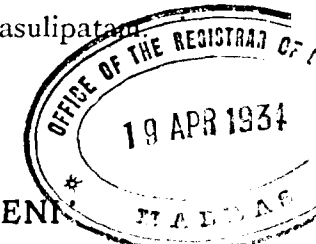
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Mr. R. Ry., D. L. Narayana Garu, B.A., B.L.,

Advocate,
Guntur.

„ Katuri Venkateswara Rao Garu,
Lecturer, Andhra Jatheeya Kalasala,
Masulipatam.



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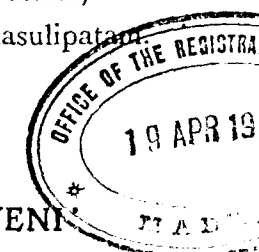
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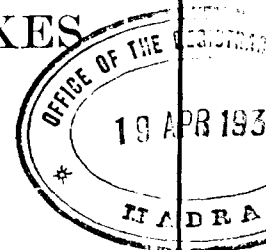
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JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

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

'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. VI, No. 3

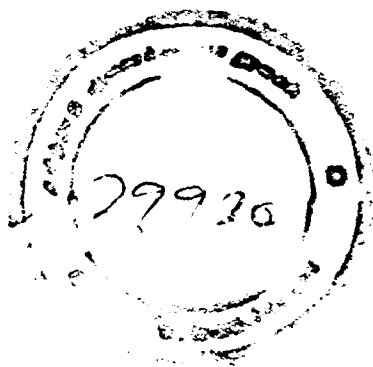
Nov-Dec. 1933

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... 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

‘The Triple Stream’¹

TWO EMINENT JOURNALISTS

Within a few weeks of each other, two eminent journalists of South India have passed away,—Mr. A. Rangaswami Iyengar of *The Hindu* and Mr. Challa Seshagiri Rao of the *Andhrapatrika*. Both of them started life as lawyers, but soon turned to journalism as a means of rendering important services to the Motherland. For a whole decade, from 1918 to 1928, they shared the great task of shaping public opinion in South India through the two foremost organs of vernacular journalism, the Tamil *Swadesamitran* and the Telugu *Andhrapatrika*. They had immense faith in the mission of educating the common man, ignorant of English, into a knowledge of the rights and duties of citizenship. And if today political education has penetrated to the remotest villages of South India, a large measure of the credit belongs to these two stalwarts.

While Mr. Challa Seshagiri Rao gave the best portion of his life to undivided worship at the shrine of the *Andhrapatrika*, Mr. Rangaswami Iyengar played a larger rôle. In the Congress and the legislatures, at Round Table Conferences and gatherings of national leaders, his advice was invaluable. He was among the most gifted Indians of his generation, and his reputation for tact and fairplay stood high. Generous, amiable, and modest, he was the friend of all. By his association with *The Hindu* he raised it to the position of India's foremost daily, fit to rank with the best in any land. It is nothing short of a national calamity that two such publicists should have been snatched from us at a critical period in our fortunes. The Editor of *Triveni* was in personal contact with them for several years and feels grateful for many acts of kindness and of love. He wishes to render affectionate homage to their memory.

¹ 26th Feb. 1934.

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STRICKEN BIHAR

The attention of all India is now directed to the millions of our countrymen in Bihar, left destitute by the earthquake. Government, as well as Indian leaders like Babu Rajendra Prasad, are organising relief measures on a large scale. Magadha was the home of the earliest empires in Indian history, and even after the empires vanished, she kept alive the flame of learning and scholarship for centuries. In the present struggle for the nation's rights, Bihar has played a conspicuous part. In seeking to relieve stricken Bihar, the people of other provinces are but paying back a minute fraction of the debt they owe to the land of Janaka and Asoka. With whole cities destroyed, large tracts of the countryside laid waste, and thousands of families rendered homeless, the task of reconstruction offers problems of great complexity. Gandhiji has decided, at Rajendra Babu's entreaty, to spend a month in Bihar and offer advice regarding the plan of relief. This is one of those moments when we feel our kinship with all those 'that are sad and heavy-laden'; and without distinction of race, colour or creed, every one should deem it his duty to send every available coin and every available volunteer to Bihar. An unfortunate feature of the situation is the imprisonment of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru who threw himself heart and soul into the work of relief, and pick-axe in hand, set a splendid example by clearing the debris. The utter lack of imagination and sympathy now displayed is particularly to be regretted, for it prevents the Pandit from contributing his great talents and heroic ardour to the task of reconstruction. But Governments are wooden.

'ON HANGING'

During the short interval of one month that Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya spent outside the Vellore prison, the Editor implored him to write an article for *Triveni* on 'Indian politics today'. But the Doctor chose to consider himself a pris-

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on parole and refused to write on politics. Instead, he wrote on hanging, its technique, its ethics, and the possible results of its abolition as a form of punishment. His argument may be summed up in a single sentence: 'When you once eliminate hanging, you put a premium upon murder.' His position is that of an administrator, not a humanitarian; he wishes that the problem should be approached in a dispassionate spirit and solved with a view to the ultimate good of society. But even after very sincere efforts to 'revise the generous sentiments of our youth and the hasty judgment of our inexperience,' we find ourselves unable to agree that the retention of capital punishment, as the extreme penalty of the law, is in the interests of human progress. The movement for its abolition is widespread and based on a deep-seated conviction that the taking of life by process of law is a relic of barbarism. During the last century the list of crimes for which capital punishment used to be awarded has shrunk considerably, and the tendency is to press for its total abolition. Apart from the unsuitability of the ancient code that sought to take 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' there are grave doubts whether this form of punishment does act as a deterrent. Most murders are committed in a momentary fit of passion, and the prospect of punishment enters very little into the calculation of chances at the moment of murder. In fact, there is no calculation at all. By hanging a man, you make it impossible for him to repent or reform. But one consideration that ought to outweigh all others in a discussion like the present, is that human judgment is not infallible, and in some cases at least the person hanged may have been innocent. Hanging is the one punishment that is, by its very nature, irreversible, and once an innocent person is hanged there is no power on earth that can make amends.

INDIAN POLITICS TODAY

As the public mind is preoccupied with the Harijan tour of Gandhiji and the acute distress in Bihar, the political situation is receiving very little attention. The all-parties'

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ally masterful and revealing true originality of conception. This artist who lives in India, has before him a marvellous field for exploration; his sensibility and refinement, his culture and sense of the beautiful, enable him to draw much from that which he has under his eyes. His paintings are little living dramas; truthful reproductions of the daily life of his passionate country. Let us add that the manner in which the two scenes entitled 'Shadows' and 'Knife-sharpener' are treated, is exceedingly beautiful and they impress us by their richness and by a power that comes to them out of their own perfection. It is the style of a great artist in whom youthful Painting has gained one of its most worthy exponents. The Government of India has indeed recognised this by choosing, in 1930, some works of Mr. Ananda Mohan Sastri for being shown at the exhibition of the Imperial Gallery of Arts at London.'

The brothers Ram Mohan and Ananda Mohan are already well known to readers of *Triveni* through reproductions of their pictures. They received their early training at the Andhra Jatheeya Kalasala, Masulipatam, and then worked for a time with Mr. K. Venkatappa of Mysore. We have no doubt that they are making a distinctive contribution to modern Indian art.

Shiva

THE INCONSCIENT CREATOR

By SRI AUROBINDO

e on the cold dire mountain peaks
brand and still; its lines white and austere
with the unmeasured snowy streaks
cutting heaven, implacable and sheer.

it a mountain of matted hair,
leon-coiled on that deathless and lone head
solitude huge of lifeless air
bound, above illimitably spread.

on ray on the forehead, blue and pale,
stretched afar its finger of still light
ring emptiness. Stern and male
lark of peace indifferent in might!

it from some Infinite born now came
ver giant snows and the still face
ver and colour of crimson flame,
fire-point in immensities of space.

spear-tips revealed the mighty shape,
ore the secret-veil of the heart's hold;
diamond heart the fires undrape,
ving core, a brasier of gold.

as the closed mute and burning source
hence were formed the worlds and their star- ;
rang a self-rapt inconscient Force,
ve, a blazing seed, from that flame-trance.

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conference has not been held and even ardent sponsors of the conference are not sanguine about its results. The Congress is sullen; it will not participate in the conference. Civil disobedience has not been formally withdrawn. But, barring stray cases of individuals who court imprisonment time after time, it has ceased to be an important factor in the nation's programme. Communal and other squabbles show no signs of abatement. Everywhere there is a feeling of lassitude. The greatest need is a co-ordinated effort to organise the national forces for a forward move. Opposition to the White Paper is a negative factor and cannot possibly give the requisite momentum. A programme of social uplift and purification like the Harijan movement does not lead to definite results in the political sphere. Those that pin their faith to work in the legislatures of the future, find that they are unable to evoke widespread enthusiasm. The position is one of the most baffling within recent times. Hope, faith, unity, are lacking. At the end of two decades of planning for a Swaraj India, we seem to be nowhere within sight of the Promised Land. 'Whither India?' is the question confronting every thinking Indian today. Out of this very feeling of doubt and confusion, must emerge an intensive, nation-wide programme. Every great movement has its periods of inactivity, which are invariably followed by an advance; rest and recuperation are the prelude to renewed activity, but it is difficult to keep our faith bright when we seem to have suffered a set-back.

A HINDI TOUR

Yesterday a batch of Hindi *Pracharaks* (propagandists) left Madras on a tour to North India. The object is to bring together North and South, and enable lovers of Hindi to compare notes with a view to future work. Young men and women whose mother-tongue is Telugu, Tamil or Kannada, have pledged themselves to spread a knowledge of Hindi in their home provinces, and the results of their labours have

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been very encouraging. Every year, thousands of persons, young and old, sit for the examinations held under the auspices of the 'Dakshina Bharat Hindi Prachar Sabha,' and acquire a good knowledge of Hindi. But as there is no living contact with people who habitually speak Hindi, the knowledge so acquired is apt to be bookish. Needless emphasis is laid on the study of Hindi literature, and the spoken word is subordinated to the written. What must be aimed at is an adequate acquaintance with spoken idiomatic Hindi, so that men all over India may readily enter into conversation through the *lingua franca*. The study of Hindi literature as such, may be left to a few who feel a special aptitude for it, or desire to translate the best in Hindi into their own language. Frankly, we do not desire that Hindi should take precedence of Tamil, Telugu, Marathi or Bengali, as the language of culture in the respective provinces. It is no comfort to exchange the domination of English for that of Hindi. Even ardent advocates of Hindi do not pretend that, as a medium of culture, Hindi is superior to the languages mentioned. Every one of them has a rich heritage in the shape of literature in a variety of forms. One year's intensive study, or six months of travelling in Hindi-speaking provinces ought to be sufficient training for most of us. But little children of nine and ten, who have not learnt even the rudiments of their mother-tongue, are being put through the mill of Hindi examinations. In our view, all examinations are an abomination, particularly those that, in effect, impose a tongue other than the mother-tongue at a comparatively immature age. We wish to commend this aspect of the question to the consideration of Hindi propagandists in South India.

A TRIBUTE TO ANANDA MOHAN

In the journal entitled *Les Artistes D'aujourd'hui*, M. Pascal Levis writes the following appreciative note about young Ananda Mohan:

'Ananda Mohan Sastri, though aged only 25, has presented us at the 'Salon Des Artistes Francais,' works exception-

The Essence of Beauty

By ERNEST WOOD

I have often asked myself the question, what will happen in the world when humanity has ceased its multifarious quarrellings and has solved the problem of peace? Already we have taken one great step on the way by the development of the scientific spirit. This has removed the necessity for quarrelling over material things—food, clothing, shelter, and the instruments of education and amusement—because through it we have learned great productiveness.

At this moment humanity seems poised for the second step. Natural thought, as opposed to fanciful thought, has opened the door to material riches, but because man has not yet natural feelings, truly human feelings, rational feelings—but is still ridden by the terrible emotional fancies of fear and pride and greed—he cannot put his foot over the threshold, and enter into the region of peace in which those material riches will be a source of comfort and pleasure to all. When the spirit of brotherhood, which is analogous in the feelings to the spirit of reason in thought, begins to govern the emotions of the leaders of men, the foot will pass over the threshold and humanity will soon achieve both prosperity and peace. Then, as I said before, I have asked myself what will happen in the world when thought and love combined have rendered human life a heaven upon earth.

It is interesting that so few people who look forward to a heaven in the clouds, can decide what they will do with themselves when they arrive in that blessed place. The pictures that have been put before us are tolerably depressing. Some have thought that to sit in rows and play upon harps would be a satisfactory occupation to fill up the wastes of eternal time. One friend of mine, a Chinese, came nearer to reality when he told me that he doubted his possibility of happiness

THE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY

there, unless he could be a traffic policeman, which was the desire of his heart. There was something majestic—that is, crudely beautiful—in that. Somewhat better than most is the picture that I find in ancient books of the roads leading to the city of Yama, the King of Righteousness, with their splendid trees, their elephants and horses, and the roadside ponds peopled with swans and ducks. They are better because they contain more beauty.

All this answers my question. Prosperity and peace cannot make a heaven on earth. Something more than thought and love must come out of man before that is attained, and that more is beauty, the joy of pure or perfect action.

We are all familiar with the sayings that art alone endures, and that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. Even in the realm of nature we find the same tendency, for the land which has been devastated by volcanic eruptions and earthquakes soon blossoms again into the beauty of the flower. Shakespeare lamented that the most precious things are the most fragile; he did not stop to remember that the beauty he mourned over was the highest product of life in the world, and that life could rise again in even greater beauty from every adverse encounter. I say that beauty is the deepest thing in life because the highest achievements of human thought and feeling only prepare the way for that, and the joy of that. It is the height of *yoga*—an external harmony expressing an internal unity. Truly the *Gita* says that *yoga* is skill in action.

It is curious that this pure nature of beauty is so seldom understood or appreciated. I find, for example, that many of my friends are enthralled by a piece of music which they have been educated to understand; they tell me that it means so much to them, and speaks to them in a sort of universal language about palaces and gardens and fountains, and clouds and the wind. All that leaves me very cold. It is only one degree less unpleasing than the remark of a lady who, coming suddenly upon a rich meadow, exclaimed, 'O, how lovely, just like a beautiful green carpet!' It could be forgiven in

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the little girl who saw a wild deer, and clapped her hands and cried: 'O mother, is it real, like those in the Zoo?' But thinking people ought not to make a game of art. It is all so mental, and contains so little of that complete response to beauty which is really the direct perception of the unveiled universal will, the penetration of the eye through the circumstance to the archetype.

Beauty is not a thing of parlour tricks, but of life. It can never be put on with a brush. But where life expresses itself in action, not restrained by fear and not augmented by greed or pride, beauty naturally results. Let me take as example the beauty of a racehorse—of its limbs and of its motion. These are the outcome of real skill in action. There is the horse at the starting post, eager to run; how difficult to restrain him until the signal goes for the start! And then, what joy, what pure and complete concentration in the action, with never a thought of what food shall be eaten tomorrow or what was eaten yesterday.

Looking at this, one thinks what beauty may become man's also when he too takes less thought for the morrow and enters without fear or pride into some perfect action in the present time. He too will become beautiful—and all his works. And that will not be inconsistent with purpose in action. It is not necessary for the future to poison the present, as is the vogue at the present time. I can picture a student of future times, and, rarely, even of the present, who, although he is aiming at complete knowledge or mastery of a subject, is nevertheless fully wrapped up in his study and rejoicing in that as he goes along. It is only when the action is impure, when the knowledge is required for foreign purposes, most dreadful of all for the passing of examinations intended to lead to something different, that the studies are ugly and painful, and also relatively ineffective and damaging to the mind.

Beauty is a goddess who will brook no rival, but will show herself only when there is undivided homage and no external consideration. Nothing can make the beauty of the racehorse. No external power can mould those limbs; no imita-

THE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY

tion produce their equal. Even devotion and admiration will not purchase them for the young racehorse. They will be his merely as the result of running, that is of living, which is really life. There is no statuesque life. Life is living, and that is why pure action is the key to the very heart of life, which is joy within and beauty without.

The heaven on earth of which I am thinking, the human life saturated with beauty, may be little conscious of beauty as we think of it now, looking at it through our mental windows. There will be little consciousness, I fancy, of this and that as beautiful, it will be the natural expression of our skill in action, not valued as skill, but itself in turn the outcome of the joy of pure action. Even in the clumsy and antiquated art of our day skill is a requisite, and will is behind the skill, and will is nothing but life. No one uses his will or achieves more concentration, which is the same thing, than the artist. And do you not find, if you concentrate—not with force, but with simple poise, as concentration should be done—upon some simple natural thing, a mere line perhaps, the edge of a leaf, that you become aware of a wonderful beauty there, which holds you spell-bound? Concentration is the master key to the perception of beauty. That is perhaps why the Japanese, who excel in concentration and are noted for their strength of will, both find and create beauty in simple things and ways. Visitors to Japan are often struck with this. One day a European lady visiting with a Japanese family, found one flower in the vase in her room. She wanted to know, was there a dearth of flowers in Japan, and why did they not place nice fat bunches in their rooms? The young daughter of the house remarked, 'But O, that would be gluttony!' and then spoke of the tender care with which the one flower was disposed.

I have said that art and beauty are the outcome of life in pure action, although even in Greece it was argued that art is imitation. An argument in favour of the existence of a divine mind was derived in this way. It was said that the highest human mind and the greatest genius, as found in the artist and

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the philosopher, showed us only the most perfect examples of imitation. The philosopher could only tell the truths which he had learned; naturally they were not inventions of his. And the artist also could but copy as perfectly as possible the things which he saw. It was then said that if it takes the best of human minds merely to copy, and that imperfectly, the objects around them, how much greater must be the mind which produced the originals. It was a specious argument, for the artist does not see with the eyes of ordinary man. His eye penetrates the form or expression and blends with the soul or life that produced it from joy, or from living, with no thought of external loveliness. The work of the artist then is not to fill our museums and public places with statues, but to isolate those portions of form which have come into the world as the outcome of pure action, and set them up so that men may see them apart from the mess and muddle of ugliness produced by fear and pride and greed. So the artist is a true teacher, causing men to discover the beauty not in his own creations but in the place where he himself found them at first.

In the past, art has been linked greatly with devotion. With unending unconscious patience men have worked to represent in beauty the object of their love, and in their work they have found a sort of adoration or communion. Even in that they stand God off and apart; but when the true secret of beauty is known and the presence felt, the communion will become union and one Life will be over all.

Tagore's 'In Memoriam'

By KALIPADA MUKHERJEE, M.A.

'How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.'

Tennyson—*In Memoriam*—XCIII.

In 'Smaran' or 'Remembrance' which I prefer to call 'In Memoriam', Rabindranath commemorates his dearly loved wife. 1902 was the saddest year in the life of the Poet, for in the beginning of it he had the forebodings of separation from his wife; and when she took ill, he knew that the hour of separation was coming. And the hour did indeed come and deprived the Poet of his beloved, leaving him utterly desolate—with anxieties of various kinds treading on the heels of desolation. His feelings for the time being were such as are expressed in the following lines:

'The world is dark without you,
Memory turns each thought to pain;
Home is vacant, life is weary,
Till we meet in heaven again.'

He left the world behind him and repaired to stay at Almora, in the Himalayas, with his youngest son, and a daughter dying of consumption.

It was there that he drank in beauty which is perennial in mountain, cloud, tree, and river among the Himalayas, even while pondering over his sorrow of ever-loving memory. It was there too that he composed the greater part of his 'Katha' ballads; while he wrote 'Smaran' of 'extreme pathos and beauty' as well as of 'majestic solemnity'.

'Smaran' is a small book or collection of merely twenty-seven poems. The Poet probably did not or rather could not find the heart to make it longer, since the sorrow he felt at

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separation was 'too deep for human tears'; or else, the Poet may have thought like Tennyson :

'I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold:
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline, and no more.'

And great griefs are generally silent.

Though very reticent about the expression of grief, the Poet passes many sleepless nights and comes to meet many unhappy dawns. With one such, he begins his poem, which I have Englished as follows¹:

'Even in this morn a heaviness
Presses my tired eyes very sore;
I passed the night in sleeplessness
On my bed in grief wrapped o'er.

The gardens burgeon newly in spring
The cool winds know their awakening,
But my heart and body weary
Find no joy in them any more.

Hide from me Thy morning glow,
O, hide it from my eyes today:
Take from me the colours that blow,
And take off all Thy sweet lay.

Tearing me from the heart of this dawn
Bind me in Thy darkness—withdrawn
Into Thy arms full of affection.
Be Thou mine one sole stay.'

This poem is a prayer to God; so is also the poem that follows this. This brings us to an examination of the structure of the book as a whole. The book is not a

¹ All renderings of Tagore's poems used in this article have been made by me by kind permission of the Poet.—K.P.M.

TAGORE'S 'IN MEMORIAM'

sonnet-sequence as Prof. Thompson supposes it to be, but rather a lyrical sequence, for the sonnets which are only eleven in number, are far outnumbered by poems of other kinds: it begins, moreover, with a lyric poem and ends with another. If we analyse the structure of the book, we shall find that the poems fall into five groups and not two, as supposed by Prof. Thompson. The book consists of two poems which are addressed to God; it contains one poem on Love and Death, and two poems, one of which is on, and the other addressed to, Spring; it has one poem which may be called 'The Awakening'; the other poems and all the sonnets are addressed to the wife of the Poet. Prof. Thompson was greatly mistaken in regarding some of the poems as sonnets simply because they contain fourteen lines each. In spite of our grouping the contents of the book into so many sections we must remember that these, though independent compositions, contain a unity of thought, as all centre round the large grief of the Poet, and are interwoven into a developed whole.¹

Thus it is, that in the next poem which is addressed to God, the Poet says: 'I have now no time to repay the debt which I owe my beloved for all that she gave me during her life. Now her night has dawned, and Thou hast taken her today into Thine own self. And, it is therefore that I, in my gratitude, offer back to Thee Thine own gift.' The Poet's mood is much like that of Tennyson when he wrote:

'Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair,
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.'

Thus it is that he would ask for forgiveness from his wife by falling at the feet of God, and will offer her his garland of love which he presents as an offering to Him.

¹ This sense of separation gives him pain ever afterwards, and has been embodied in many pathetic songs, and in more than a dozen touching poems of a latterly published book of poems 'Purabi,' a collection of eight years' poems.

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Next, the Poet thinks of Love and Death. He mourns that Love came and went away; now it was the turn of Death to come to him and he sings in the following strain:

'Love he came—but, he left ajar
My door, and he will ne'er return:
Now will come another guest's turn
Who will come from some space afar,—

And will be my last acquaintance,
And will put out my lamp one day,
Lift me into his chariot gay,
And light up my countenance,—

And will take me homeless away
In the track that's traversed by stars;
I'll finish my endeavours,
And leave my door ajar alway.

Nothing will stand i' his way when he
Will come to my door; O, then I will
Receive him open-arm'd and tranquil,
And for my journey prepared be.

The love that's left has called to say,
"Wipe thy tears, it is not yet:
Thy guest will come: for him wait;
But, he will never come to stay."

That love has said, "Thy work be done,
Pick out and fling away life's thorns,
Weave thy garland that adorns;
Then to thy new home, homeless one."

In the next poem the Poet addresses his wife and says:
'It was midnight when you left our home, to walk on a path on which you had never walked before. At the time of parting you said not a word to me, and you did not bid farewell to any one. You went out all alone into a world steeped in deep sleep; and when I sought you, I did not find you.' He thinks that his beloved must have vanished among the myriads of stars. He asks her whether she took away in her hands anything from this home of hers. And he says: 'Have you thus left in my lap the burden of the weal and woe of the score of years of our married life?' He reconciles himself to his fate, but finds consolation in the thought that his wife must have gone before him from this world, only to make and prepare

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his bed with her cooling and tender hands, for some eternal evening.

But, his sense of loss is not wholly gone; and in poem 5, we find him still looking for his beloved in his home where she is nevermore to be found. In his hopelessness, he addresses God, and thinks of the infinity of His home; for whatever he loses from his home, is never re-found by him; but nothing is lost in the eternal home of God. Therefore it is that he looks up to Him, and comforts himself with a prayer to God to immerse him in the nectar of His peace and to vouchsafe to him that touch in the world which he does not find in his own home. Thus:

No more is she to be found in my home:
I enter it hopeless, and out I roam.

O Lord, my home is of but little space,
Whatsoever is lost there leaves no trace:
Thy home is limitless, the world's Thy home:
To seek her therein O Lord, do I come.

I stand today in the setting sun:
Towards Thee I look, my tears do run.
I bring my sick heart where nothing is lost,
No face, no happiness; no hope is crossed;

No thirst is lost there. O Thou, do drown
My sick heart in the nectar which's Thine own,
The touch ambrosial which I so miss
At home, do I find in Thy world of peace.'

The Poet's house is empty, his beloved has departed into eternal space. So, he looks for her not only in the universal, but says: 'When you were in my house, you called me there; but, now as you have gone into the world, call me thither with your plaintive voice.'

He deeply meditates on the blessed form of his beloved: to his mind his household Lakshmi (goddess of beauty and of wealth) has become transfigured as his comic Lakshmi 'crowned with good'; and he wishes her good through the good of all.

'When thou wert at home, thou didst call me there
With thy piteous voice so sweet, so fair.

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But thou art gone out to the world today,
Call me there also, with thy voice as aye.
The door thou hast left for ever ajar
No one will ask me to shut up or bar.

Printing thy silent farewell in my mind
Thou didst show me the highroad to find.
Today at this great world's great God's feet
O my household Lakshmi, let me thyself greet

Like as the Lakshmi of this world without end.
Let stars their rubied rays do send,
And paint thy brow with vermeil : while I brood
Over thy good mingled with the whole world's good.'

But, she was very reticent, very subdued by temperament, very unobtrusive and it is this aspect of her character that surprises him most now. She was always behind her work, but, ever before the eye of God who inhabits the inmost heart.

But the grave cannot divide him from his wife. The Poet thinks that death has removed all obstacles in the way of the fuller union. And he thinks that after breaking the bonds of time and space, his beloved has entered in at his breast and brow and has made her union with him really perfect ; she is a spirit in his spirit.

But his Lakshmi is now without a house of her own ; and in poem 9, the Poet looks upon his Lakshmi transformed into Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning, standing on the hundred-petalled lotus of his song. His feeling is very much like that of Tennyson when he wrote :

'Thy voice is on the rolling air ;
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then ? I can not guess ;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less :

My love involves the love before
My love is vaster passion now ;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

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Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
I have thee still and rejoice ;
I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.'

And he dreams of good and mingles all the world with his beloved.

Therefore the Poet who finds his beloved a soul within his soul, asks her to tell him all her inmost thoughts which remain unuttered through all her unobtrusiveness. And in poem 11, he imagines that his beloved has come back from 'that bourne from which no traveller returns' into his heart, dressed in her renewed bridal garments ; his heart has lit the only lamp, and his song alone weaves the words of blissful reunion.

The heart of the Poet is widened by the love which he feels to be a vaster passion, now that he has lost his beloved ; and he knows that this love embraces the love that he felt for his wife when she was alive. Today therefore, when he feels a commingling of the heart of his beloved with his own, he feels that his manly heart has been widened by the mixing up with it of the deathless womanly heart of his wife.

Therefore in the next poem the Poet sings that by her death his beloved has made death sweet to him, has tinged the western horizon of his life with the evening glow of death. She has with her arms held in a deep embrace the life and death of the Poet.

But yet the relics of his former earthly love remain—the love-letters written by him to his wife remain now with him, preserved carefully by her, to remind him of his former love. These now remain, but, with whom are they to find their shelter ? This makes the Poet think that as these letters were preserved once by the affection of his beloved, so she herself too must have found shelter with Some One. But this beloved like a new bride had stood by him some day ; was it merely by chance that she came to share her life with him ? No ; the Poet believes that it was not sheer chance that in this way brought them together in life : they had both of them hopes in their hearts throughout the ages to make their lives

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fuller by their union with each other. They had both in unison been building their hopes, but how can he finish by himself the unfinished work of both? And therefore it is that the Poet in poem 16 reflects on all the unrealised hopes of his beloved and hears their cry.

Now, death has dissolved all bonds of separation. The Poet's beloved has now left all others of the world to be all the more his and his alone. She has lost her selfhood in death, only to mingle it the more intimately with the Poet's self. Now he loves her even more deeply than ever; and his regret is dead because he thinks that his beloved is living now her life in his own.

But the beloved when she lived had adorned with her dearly loved presence the Poet's world. Now, he asks her therefore to pick out and fling off the thorns of his life, and to wash his heart clean of all its spots and blemishes, so that both of them may sit on the same seat in prayer before their God.

Winter has passed, and Spring has come, proud Spring with all its sweet colours and sounds. The Poet looks back to the days of his former life, when Spring came as ever and called, but he and his beloved deeply engrossed with their own world had paid no heed to the call of Spring. But now when Spring comes again it brings with it the wonderful looks of the Poet's beloved, her inexpressible utterances; and her grief-laden heart is loud in the song-echoing bowers. Spring can now no longer be ignored and the Poet in his desolation cannot but pay heed to its irresistible call. And in poem 20 therefore, the Poet welcomes Spring and invites it to make its carousal of joy in the outside world so that he may get an answer to his call to his beloved in his inmost heart.

In poem 21, the Poet asks his beloved not to deprive him of the love that makes the many into one. He asks her to remain awake every evening to weave her golden dreams into the dark canvas of his sleep when, in the midst of the crimson of the evening glow, he may see the lac-dye of her feet. He asks her also to draw his life towards a full death in her house

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by her winkless gaze and to beckon him thither by 'the star-like sorrows of her immortal eyes'.

In the next poem the Poet explains the mysterious sweetness of woman which is due to the fact of God's hiding His own sweetness in the shape of woman. God, the Joyful, the Good, and the Beautiful has divided into two parts His own self, as the *Upanishads* declare, and the Poet believes that his beloved by her union with him, however short-lived, has filled his heart with that mystery which fills and interpenetrates the created world through and through.

In poem 23, the Poet looks at his own life of fame and effort; but everything tires him, and everything earthly is burdensome without love and the companionship of the beloved. And, therefore, the Poet asks his beloved to keep her lamp of evening and of love lighted up in a secret corner of his heart and to remain hidden, like a bride, to ravish his soul which lies scattered now over the world of efforts. He hopes to come back every evening to that secret corner of his heart after the close of his day's toils to find the peace which is only in love. And in the following poem the Poet seeks to outlive his life of regrets, and looks forward to the union that lies ahead of him in the unwearying joy of God; there where the flame of the lamp of his beloved burns unmoved for ever.

As he thinks of the home of eternal union his grief vanishes completely; in his exultation he is aware of a great awakening of his heart. And, he asks his heart to awake and arise and not to bind itself to the fetters of the earth, but to embark its boat on the sea of life towards the peace of the eternal stars, to the home which is as much his as his beloved's.

In poem 26, the Poet therefore asks his beloved to sleep contented in the house of his heart, for he will remain awake at the door. He will henceforth adorn and prepare himself for a union with her: she needs no longer adorn herself as she ever did. His beloved has finished her worship of him, and the Poet will now begin to worship her with his tears and songs.

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Poem 27 which closes this exquisite book of lyrics is a follows :

'Thou didst love as thine own this earth :
And in the tide of the whole world
Was thy life with thy joy unfurled :
Thy laughter was e'er full of mirth.

Now thou dost turn thy beaming eye
Across the sky, the lonely mead :
With thy looks thou dost farewell bid
To all by the palms that there lie.

Now with me all thy well-pleased gaze
Thou hast left and I see alone
For both of us : the joy that's grown
Is partaken by thee in amaze.

Today the light of winter plays
In the wood ; *Strish* leaves do fall :
My mind with thine does now carol
In the wood 'midst murmuring lays.

Live thou, O live, in my life, live :
Seek thou thine wishes through my heart ;
So that I know thou wilt never part
From my self, O, do thou in me live.'

Thus ends the book of lyrics which embalms the sacred memory of the Poet's wife Mrinalini Tagore whose maiden name was Miss Bhabatarini Roy Chowdhury who, born in 1882, in a noble Brahmin family at Dakshindihi in the district of Jessore, died on the 14th of Pousa, 1308 B. S. corresponding to 1902. She was never educated in school or college, but, after she entered the house of the Tagores as a new bride, her education was looked after by Mrs. Nipamoyee Tagore, the wife of the Poet's third elder brother Hemendranath Tagore. She was very subdued in her temperament ; was skilful in theatrical performances, as it is now known that on a certain occasion, she played very successfully the part of the Brahmin woman in Tagore's play 'The King and the Queen' which was staged and acted entirely by ladies. She learnt Bengali and English, read Bengali and English novels with eagerness and learnt music too ; and as her husband was a reputed author, she did not think it worth while to write anything herself. And when she died

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she was the mother of several children. After her death the Poet never married again, but has remained faithful to his love.

'Smaran', however, requires a little more consideration than has already been accorded to it. The book is small, but there is in it a great deal of positive poetic beauty in the midst of the great grief which it so exquisitely embodies. The Poet has not only adjusted the different sections to his general theme, but has also adjusted his medium to the different tones of the different sections. In the midst of the varieties of metres, the Poet has employed a monotone of temper and subject which in his hands,—the incomparable master of Bengali harmonics that he is—has never become unattractive or monotonous. The poems are full of noble thoughts, of a deeply passionate sentiment and of wonderfully beautiful pictures. But, it seems, as the poems are undated, that these are not all chronologically arranged. A strict chronology would probably require an arrangement in which the last poem, which is evidently written in winter, should have preceded the two spring-poems. But the arrangement must have been prompted by the requirement of sentiment which necessitates the placing of the last poem where it is. Yet the whole is a supreme threnody in our language, which through the personal easily rises to the universal. Like Tennyson's 'In Memoriam', 'Smaran' is in no sense an 'eirenicon between faith and scepticism', as the Poet has never been faced with any doubts regarding the existence of God.

Finally, when everything is said, it remains to be added that this slim volume occupies the position of a landmark in the life of Rabindranath, for, after the death of his wife, he could not be the same man as he had been before. We see him in this book of poems a man lonelier yet greater and much more religious than ever—with eyes peering forth into the vastness of infinite space into which his beloved has disappeared. Poem 6 in the collection is very important as showing what thenceforward was going to be the Poet's attitude towards the world. His heart broadened, he nevermore wholly be-

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longed to one country and one language, but became more a cosmopolitan at heart and in outlook than ever—a true poet, for 'indeed there are no times, or countries, or languages in the kingdom of poetry'. And love is the transfiguration of humanity.

'Love's a virtue for heroes, as white
as the snow on high hills,
And immortal, as every great soul is
that struggles, endures, and fulfils.'

Some Frescoes of the Cholas

By C. SIVARAMAMURTHY, B. A., (Hons.)

It is very well known to students of Indian Art, especially to those interested in the history and the development of art and architecture in South India, that Chola Art is but a continuation of Pallava Art. We find no specific line of demarcation that separates the one from the other, no marked difference of conception and execution, of form and ornament, of action and repose. The transition from the one to the other has been a smooth one. There has been nothing of the so-called independence of the artistic spirit, which by the name of artist's licence may pass muster as the element in art corresponding to poetic licence in literature, to wean the painter away from the most noble and beneficent of art-traditions, encouraging him to fly at a tangent from the most profitable of past culture and achievement for the mere and empty satisfaction of exhibiting thereby what is wrongly supposed to be originality of conception and its embodiment.

On the other hand, it is a matter for congratulation that art tradition in India has been kept up in some degree of purity till some time past, though the hand of destruction, diversion, and positive discouragement have sufficiently helped the process of decay that has been going on rather rapidly for the last two or three centuries.

Under the rule of the Hindu kings, rulers of a high intellectual calibre, enlightened in a very true sense, delighting in the encouragement of a thousand arts like dancing, painting, sculpture, architecture, music and poetry,—to mention only a few,—there was all the possibility of the best in every art exhibiting itself; and it is such a living monument of the best execution of form in line and colour by some unknown artists of the royal court of the Chola kings of Tanjore, peeping through the dust and dilapidation of encrusting coatings some

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centuries old, on the walls of the dark and dismal passages round the *Garbhagriha* of Lord Brihadeswara, and dwelling practically on untrodden ways to waste its sweetness in the darkest gloom, that made me wonder at the mighty skill and the marvellous workmanship of those cunning craftsmen of old whose value and worth have so long been a sealed book to the world around.

It was the advent of a Sigurd in the person of Professor Dubreuil who, on a scent got from the chirpings of strange birds in the form of frescoes at Ellora singing songs in a magic language and foretelling his discovery of Brynhild in pictures at Kailasanath in Conjeevaram, that gave the stimulus for fresco-hunting in temples, and all praise is due to Mr. Govindaswamy who got it as the richest game in one such expedition when similar effort very generally happened to be in the case of many others but a mere wild goose chase.

There are many of these covering almost every inch of the walls whose gigantic proportions allow the execution of such huge drawings as of Siva in the attitude of Tripurantaka sitting in the beautiful 'Alidha' posture in his mighty chariot, the conception of which is a unique thing in Sanskrit literature. Of these pictures only a few are open to our gaze if we go through those pitch dark passages with a sufficiently powerful light to illuminate everything around. The greater part of it is all covered up by thick coatings of colour, every layer revealing some pictures of the later Vijayanagar school when the Nayaks held their own against the suzerainty of the powerless descendants of the once mighty emperors.

These pictures of the Nayak period, which mark the beginning of degeneracy of art in India, exhibit in themselves that unpleasing tone of colour and vulgarity of line which are so obnoxious to the eye that revels in the beauty of the rhythmic lines and grace of form that peep out from underneath, and more than amply fulfil the dictum of the Acharyas of old 'that *rekha*—line drawing—(graceful drawing of a picture in line) is praiseworthy' as the *Vishnudharmottara* puts it. It is not the graceful line alone; we have all the

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tastes catered to in those splendid frescoes of the Cholas. The element of 'bhushana,' i.e., ornamentation which is so dear to the women is in such rich profusion on those walls that one stares in wonder at the wealth of imaginative and inventive skill of the workmen responsible for such glorious work. A look at the danseuses in fig. 3 and the crowns ('kirita') of the five princes (fig. 1) would show what a conspicuous part ornamentation plays in Indian Art in general and in Chola Art in particular. The rich trappings of the horse in fig. 2, are also noteworthy in this connection. In fact the pictures here reproduced do not speak half so eloquently as the originals do; and I must confess that I was rather baffled when I was copying that labyrinthine display of ornamentation on the wall. To do justice to the pictures I can only say that the intricacy of the ornamentation in them is like magic. As for the element of 'varna' (colour) that captivates popular hearts, even the remnants of faded colour that still stick to those surfaces are enough to help the play of our imagination in trying to guess how bright and fresh they must have been in the days when the Chola monarchs gazed proudly at them.



Fig. 1.

Now to go to the details of the pictures. We have five typically beautiful faces of Mahapurushas in fig. 1, wherein the

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minute details of every part are worked to a high level of finish. The long and lustrous eyes, the elevated nose in perfect relief, the sweet and graceful lips, the lovely chin and full cheeks, the arched brows and the ringlets of hair, the beautifully curved ears and the singularly attractive neck, are typical of the highest human conception of the beauty of semi-divine form. As for the ornamentation in the figure, little need be said of it in detail since a look at the crown would talk eloquently on the point.

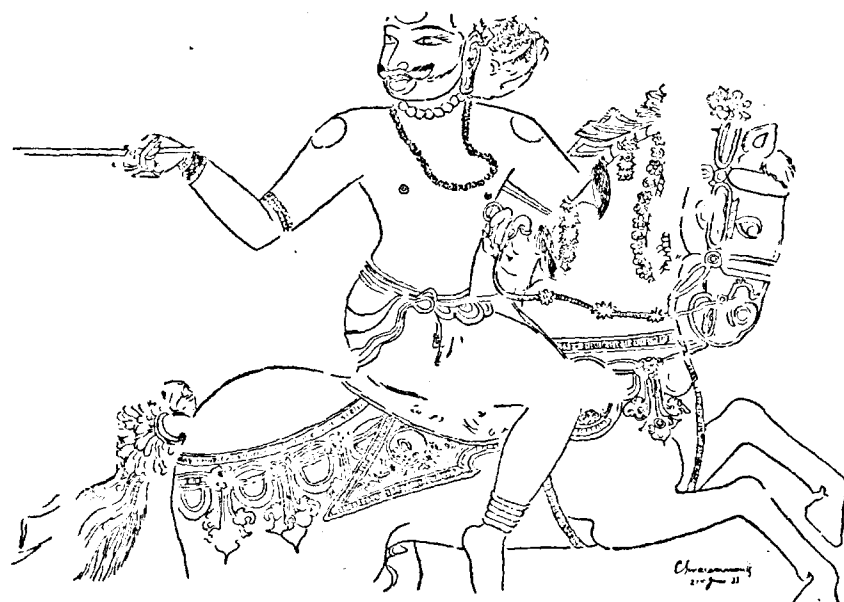


Fig. 2.

The picture of the rider on the horse in fig. 2 is equally attractive in every detail. There is a grace in the way in which he holds the reins in one hand and the long wand in the other. The horse, though reminding one of the animals of that species, especially the white one in the centre in the Battle of St. Egidio by Paolo Uccello in the National Gallery, and though appearing to be defective in drawing to some extent in the so-called modern academic sense—one has to bear in mind that many pictures of great masters cannot

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stand this test so well, which is, to confess the truth, never a test of true greatness and worth—is yet a unique example of the skill in animal drawing in those far-off days, and testimony

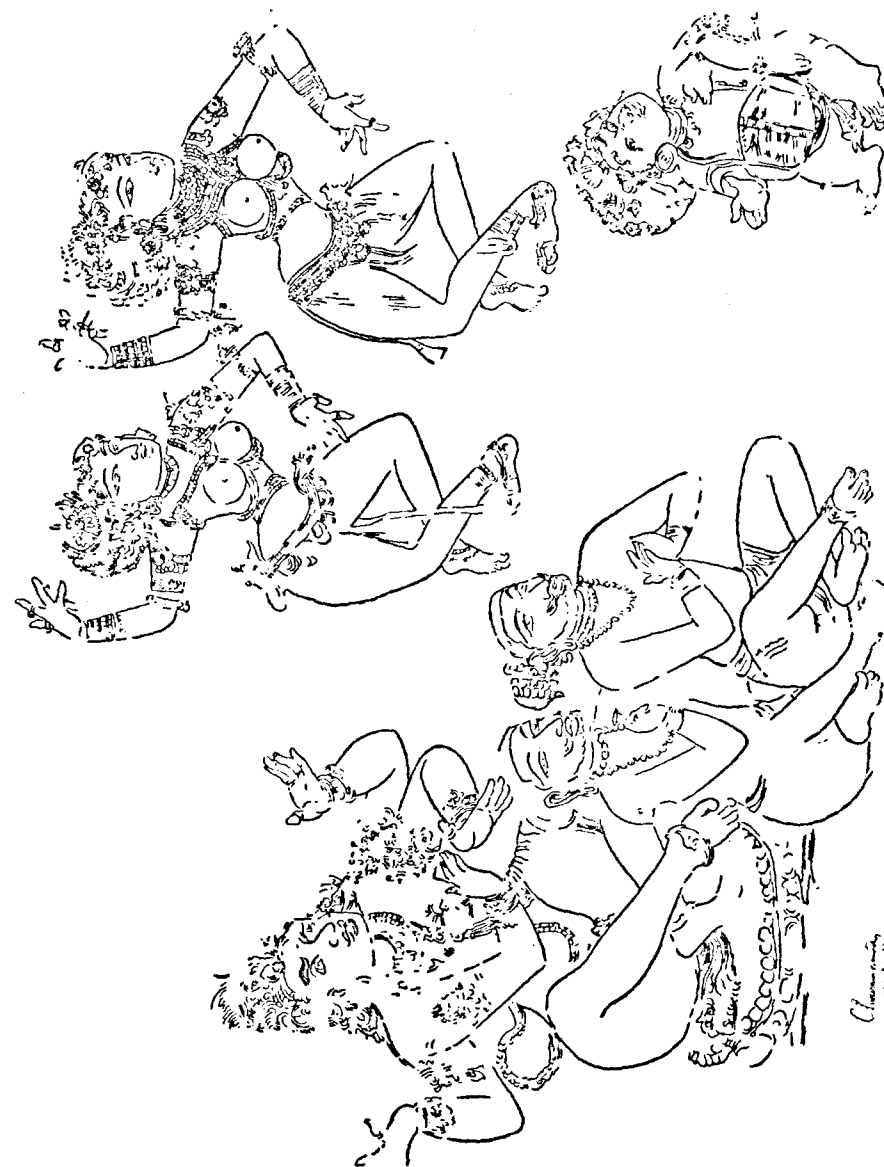


Fig. 3.

to this is borne by the magnificent elephant that is painted very close to it.

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The figures of the dancers in fig. 3, with the slender waist, the supple form, the slight tilt of the head, together with the graceful 'mudras' of the hand and the poise of the body forming beautiful 'bhangas' remind one of the familiar line of Kalidasa in the *Malavikagnimitra* :

Cchando nartayitur yathaiva manasah slishtam tathasya vapuh |

The artist has been most lavish here in his gift of ornamentation and has shown himself off as an excellent beautifier. In short, the figures of the two dancing damsels correspond exactly to the description of the Daitya princess Mahallika in the *Kathasaritsagara* :

'Lalatatilakopetam Charunupurapadikam |
Smeradrishtim Vidhatraiva srshtam nrttamayimiva ||
Kesairaralairdasanaish sikhair bibhratim stanau |
Uromandalinau nrttam srjatimiva nutanam ||' ¹

All the theory of various 'gunas' and 'alamkaras' that constitute beautifying factors in the case of good-looking persons in general and lovely maidens in particular, and which have been given out in detail by Rajanaka Ruyyaka in the two verses of his *Sahridayalila*—

'Rupam varnah prabha raga abhijatyam vilasita |
Lavanyam lakshanam cchaya saubhagyam chetyami gunah ||
Ratnam hemamsuke malyam mandanadravyayojana |
Prakirnam Chetyalamkarakah saptaiveta maya matah ||'

elaborately explained in his commentary thereon, is to be seen crystallised in perceptible form in these two figures.

The picture of Vishnu painted close by as keeping time is another type of the 'Mahapurusha', the knowledge of whose 'lakshana' is so essential in the case of every Indian artist who professes to work in the traditional method. The subtlety and grace of the lines that gently indicate the movements of the limbs is well worth noting in this as well as the other figures in the picture. As for the 'bhaktas', one of whom similarly keeps time by a sounding of the cymbals, and the other

¹ Some of the technicalities of Natya are cleverly suggested in these two interesting verses possessing a double meaning.

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merges himself in that divine harmony of sound and action, we see pure piety written plainly on their faces. The quaint little figure of the dwarf playing the part of the grotesque drummer is very often met with in Sanskrit literature in the person of the famous 'kubjas' and 'vamanas' so absolutely essential in royal equipages and households and peeping out of any group of pictures and carvings of ancient India discovered in any part of our land. The epithet 'Vismayalolita maulih' used ironically in the case of Bhattaputra in the *Kuttinimata* of Damodaragupta and the sarcastic verse,

'Brahmuktanatyasastre gite murajadivadan chaiva |
Abhibhavati Naradadin pravinyam Bhattaputrasya ||'



Fig. 4.

can well be taken in their plain and ordinary sense and applied to the dwarf in the picture who exhibits in his form, personality and movement that essential and superior knowledge of 'Sangita' and 'Natya' which is a regular feature with the 'ganas' of Siva of whom he is one.

The picture of seated Siva Fig. 4 that appears like the figure of Yoga-dakshinamurti with all its grace

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and serene dignity reminds us of the *nandi sloka* of the *Mricchakatika*,

‘Paryankagranthibandhadvigunitabhujagasleshasamvitajanoh |
Antahpranavarodhavyuparatasakalajnana-ruddhendriyasya |
Atmanyatmanameva vyapagatakaranam pasyatatadvadrishtya
Sambhorvah patu sunyekshanaghatitalayabrahmalagnah samadhibh||’

wherein this attitude of Siva is most beautifully portrayed.

Shortness of time and physical indisposition denied me the pleasure of copying some more of these wonderful masterpieces that form an exquisite ‘Devakula Chitrasala’. But the regret is more than balanced by the sense of their being typical representatives of the most noteworthy elements of that magic conception and workmanship that stand there on those walls of the unfrequented passage, to inspire and guide willing recipients of art knowledge and culture who approach them with humility and love that cleanse and purify the disciples’ heart and turn it into a spotless receptacle, pure and crystalline like a limpid sheet of water in a lake.

On Hanging

By B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

If life is full of interest, death is not less so in history. The death-bed scenes that are familiar both to doctors and to the friends of the dying patients constitute a harrowing chapter of the life of most people. The horror of death is felt more by those that witness its slow on-set than by those that submit to it. It is very much like the feeling created in the minds of the public in respect of people who wear *Khaddar* or go to jails. Friends and even sympathisers feel infinite pity for the delicately nurtured politicians who wear this sorry stuff called *Khaddar* and frequent those unspeakable places called jails. We cannot, however, say whether the dying person feels the same joy and satisfaction in his impending dissolution as the patriot that wears *Khaddar* or the Non-co-operator that rushes to the jail. Be that as it may, death itself admits of study in two aspects—one natural, and the other artificial. And undoubtedly there is a world of difference between the feelings generated in the two cases in the victim thereof on the eve of his passage from this world to the Great Unknown beyond.

Hanging has been a subject of perennial interest, more so on account of the intense feeling that has been recently rising in the minds of the public against capital punishment. You have only to raise the question in a public body, notably of Congressmen, in order to elicit a volley of opposition to it. It is almost a fashion to condemn hanging, not that people want a substitute in electrocution or shooting, but that capital punishment itself is considered as abhorrent to modern civilization. Hanging, therefore, has to be studied both as a means of punishing the murderer and as a final scene in a criminal’s life. In other words, the subject of hanging presents aspects which constitute both a science and an art.

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There is a common belief that electrocution is a quick method of disposing of life. But this is entirely untrue. The ghastly appearance of a man through whom a current of electricity is made to pass has only to be imagined in order to feel the horrors which the electrocuted person experiences. His body is seared. It goes into contortions of a horrifying kind. It looks as though the man had suffered from the agonies of death for minutes together before life was extinguished. Really the spectacle of electrocution has only to be witnessed once in order to discourage what has come forward as a humane substitute for hanging. It would be no exaggeration to say that beheading,—the punishment meted out to King Charles I, in the middle of the 17th century—would be far more generous and comforting to the victim condemned to death than putting him in the electrocution chair. It does not take a second to sever the head from the body. Of course, there is a gush of blood and the sight is horrifying. Nevertheless, one turn of the wheel brings the knife with a thud and the head is severed from the body, and too the body and the soul are apart; there is no agony, no struggle, no torture, no tossing, no contortions, nothing of the kind.

Hanging, however, is entirely different. It is a momentary process, and momentary can only mean instantaneous. No one knows what a moment is. As a time-measure, metaphorically, it may mean an instant, a day, a week or even a month. But when measured in terms of hanging, a moment is possibly less than 1/100 of a second. The man is full of life and vivacity when the news of his plight is carried to him. He is quite conscious and devotionally inclined when the resting board upon which he stands is released and he takes his seven-feet drop. When he actually drops to the lowest point in the body from the platform, he is still alive. There is no suffocation, no sense of tightness of the rope over the neck, no suffering whatever, no trouble, no worry of any kind. At that point, however, at which the rope is tied and the pressure applied to the nape of the neck and the spinal cord is broken in twain, that moment, that second, that one-

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hundredth of a second, the head is twisted. The nervous connection between the brain and the spinal cord is broken. The centres of respiration and circulation no longer operate and that very moment the man is dead. The spectator, who has been expecting to see a ghastly scene and is gathering up strength for courage, finds the man simply disappear. The stages are simple and swift. The man is taken to and placed upon the board. One man ties up his legs, another puts a black cap on his face. In the meantime the noose of the rope is adjusted round the neck, a hand is raised by one of the officers to indicate that all is ready and when the chief officer passes the sign, the trigger is pulled, the board gives way, the man drops invisible, drops as it were into the bosom of the earth and is already dead. We do not see the man himself. He is gone into the depth of a subterranean room and you can reach him the next moment if you like by a stair-case, only to find that there is neither movement, nor struggle, nor suffering. Perhaps the pulse continues to beat for a couple of minutes or even five; that is only the action of the muscles by a reflex process or is mere inertia. Whatever that may be, hanging is doubtless the most humane form of capital punishment.

There is a little ceremony that always precedes the actual event of hanging. A man is informed about his fate the previous evening. He is taken to the last of the condemned cells, so that there may be no mistake about the identity of the person who has to be removed next morning in the early hours to the execution room. He is taken great care of during the period of waiting and it covers some weeks after receiving the sentence of death. The orders, if of the District Judge, are confirmed by the High Court, then the mercy petition to the Local and Central Governments would take some weeks, and finally when the man's doom is fixed, a few weeks will have passed since the original condemnation. During all these weeks of waiting, care is taken to see that the man does not commit suicide, for it is decreed that judicial homicide should be the end. During this period,

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he is allowed to write such letters and make such communications to his family as he may deem fit; not seldom do his wife and children or parents visit him on the eve of the great tragedy ahead. He spends his time while awaiting his doom, in hearing stories from the epics, in meditation, and in most cases in a sincere contrition of heart.

Most people really become devotional towards this premature end of their lives. In the early hours of the morning he is bathed and given his own clothing, (nowadays he is not given his own dress), and he is allowed to perform such worship as he may think fit. Finally his hands are tied behind him by a rope and he is led to the jail gate behind the great door that opens into the open ground that leads to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The Superintendent, the Jailor, the Deputy Jailor, the Doctor and the Sub-Magistrate meet him behind the jail gates. It is explained to him how his appeals have failed and his petitions for mercy have proved in vain, and he is asked to state what his last wishes are. Oftentimes he is not able to answer because he is stunned and stupefied, and he cannot think of his relationship to others, the obligations he owes to society or owing to him by his friends and relatives. When we are going to jails as ordinary prisoners, we feel a sense of void and the realities of the world cease to interest us, though for the time being; but when the man condemned to death is about to meet his doom, it is hardly thinkable that he should be able to entertain thoughts or affections for any one whom he leaves behind, or if by chance he says aught, he may say that his body may be delivered up to his family or that his clothes should be sent back to his people, or he may merely ask the Superintendent himself to suggest what he should ask. Marks of identification are forthwith verified and the man is marched to the execution room outside the gate accompanied by the persons of the jail, the Magistrate and a posse of warders. Of course, adequate precautions are taken to see that no disturbance takes place around, though none is to be expected in the case of common criminals, and in less than a minute all the processes of hanging are gone through.

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What is the state of mind of this man who is meeting death deliberately and in the fullest enjoyment of life? Many people are firm but a few become nervous. Only in a recent case a man had to be carried shoulder high and made to stand on the board with effort until the processes and preparations were completed. He lost his head and was weeping and wailing and it was a job to the officers, who always detest this function of theirs, to carry him through this ugly feat. Ordinarily people are firm in mind, devout in spirit, and say their prayers and offer exhortations to the Almighty, asking for salvation and forgiveness. Even as the words are flowing from the man's lips, down goes the body with a thud and out goes his life in less than a second.

We have now to address ourselves to the question whether, apart from the processes of hanging, the punishment itself is compatible with modern civilization. The ready answer of young enthusiasts would be that it should be terminated forthwith. So do we all think ordinarily. But when we study the case of a criminal and learn to distinguish between the accidental and the vicious elements in the perpetration of crime, when we realise by actual experience the spirit of vengeance that still animates the convict after years of detention, when we understand the horrors committed out of lust and greed which have brought the victim to his doom, when we are confronted now and again with men who have been brought a second time to the jail for a murder committed on the morrow of their release after 20 years' detention for their first crime, when we measure the intensity of the feelings of vengeance and vindictiveness which certain passionate criminals feel without allowing time to soften their vendetta, we are inclined to revise the generous sentiments of our youth and the hasty judgment of our inexperience. It is not claimed that hanging, especially when it is carried out in the secret manner as it now is, acts directly as a deterrent on society. But there is no doubt that the prospect and fear of it do act as deterrents. At any rate, the converse is true, that if there is not such fear or

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prospect, people will not hesitate to commit murders in greater profusion than before. A life sentence, after all, is a fourteen-year sentence, and in these fourteen years one can get another three-year remission. For a youthful adventurer of 25 who devastates society, a ten-year detention is not much of a hardship, for he can return in the very prime of life back to the scene of his exploits. And when we further realise how a long-term prisoner may in two years become a night watcher or a maistry, an overseer and a convict-warder, the last earning 10 days of remission a month, including the two days' commutation for the eight annas that he is paid monthly, we can understand how short a life sentence is. There is moreover the system of examining the case sheets of convicts who are sentenced to periods of between 3 and 10 years, by which when a man completes three-fourths of his term including remission, he is recommended to Government for release if his conduct is satisfactory, and the officers of the place from which he comes send up a good report about him. Of course, this does not apply to life convicts. But when once hanging is eliminated the punishment for murder or homicide may vary between a few months' sentence and sentence for any term running up to fourteen years, and except in the last case the other cases have a chance of having their period of detention curtailed by this process of revision by a Board composed of the Inspector-General of Prisons, the District Judge and the Superintendent of the jail. All this is mentioned in order to show how, when you once eliminate hanging, you put a premium upon murder. These are thoughts that strike those who have been actually in jails and spent some time in the company of the convicts. They may be useful as affording grounds for a revision and a re-valuation of our ideals and ideas of penology and are offered to the public in this view, in the hope that an intelligent exchange of thoughts on the subject may lead to a balanced decision on this problem of perennial interest.

Treaties of Accession

By N. D. VARADACHARIAR

(Advocate, Madras)

If objections of a technical nature are raised against some of the provisions of the White Paper, it must not be considered mere pedantry. Federalism is based on law; and a federal constitution, being an instrument in writing liable to judicial interpretation as a statute, should avoid errors which make for vagueness or ambiguity of any kind. Particular care should be taken not to use devices or words in the Constitution which may defeat the intention of the framers, that this should be the first onward step in India's march towards Dominion Status. No usage or constitutional convention which conflicts with the terms of the Constitution could grow; so that the defenders of the White Paper cannot be heard to say that if any provision is shown to be wrong, it could be put right in actual practice. There is at least one objection to the proposal as to the manner of bringing the new All-India Federation into existence which seems to me to have the effect of negating the primary purpose of the Constitution.

I refer to the Instruments of Accession by means of which the Indian States are sought to be taken into the All-India Federation. Very little attention has been given to this matter in the long evidence of Sir Samuel Hoare before the Joint Select Committee; nor has Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru adverted to it in his Memorandum. I do not know if there is any elucidation of it in the other evidence before the Committee whose full Report I have not yet seen.¹

¹ The procedure adopted in the United States of America for the admission of New States will be found interesting in this connection. The relative clause in the Constitution is Art. IV, S. 3. The Congress is empowered to admit New States into the Union under certain conditions. The only foreign State which has been admitted under this clause is Texas; the others were Territories of the United States upon whom the status of statehood was conferred, or they were mere sub-divisions of already existing States. These would-be States petition to the Congress to pass an enabling act to

The proposal is that the All-India Federation should be brought about, (i) as regards the British Indian Provinces, by an Act of Parliament providing for the accession of the Provinces individually and British India as a whole to the Federation, and (ii) as regards each Indian State, by a separate Treaty of Accession between it and the Crown in its English right, whereby the State would transfer to the Crown certain powers and jurisdictions for exercise by the federal authorities. The formal inauguration of the Federation is to be by a Royal Proclamation. The States strenuously object to the authority of an Act of Parliament over them, while they appear to have no such objection to a Royal Proclamation. The reason is that they acknowledge the suzerainty of the Crown and they seem to think that it is no derogation of their sovereignty to place themselves under the Executive jurisdiction of the Crown.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon this curious interpretation of the status of the Indian States except to point out that in constitutional law, it makes no difference in substance

let them hold a convention for passing a State Constitution, and the Congress after seeing the Constitution so framed, admits the State into the Federation. It is open to the Congress to prescribe terms as conditions precedent to the admission of the State concerned. But after the State has been admitted a member of the Union, it is equal in status and powers to all other States, and no condition will bind it which amounts to inequality. See *Coyle v. Smith*, 221, U. S. 559. The distinction between conditions which bind and those which do not bind a new entrant is stated as follows in the well-known case of *Stearns v. Minnesota*, 179, U. S. 223. "A state admitted into the Union enters therein in full equality with the others, and such equality may forbid any agreement or compact limiting or qualifying political rights and obligations; whereas, on the other hand, a mere agreement in reference to property involves no question of equality of status, but only of the power of a state to deal with the nation or any other state in reference to such property." See J. M. Mathews, *American State Government*, (1924) p. 7, and W. W. Willoughby, *The Constitutional Law of the United States*, (2nd Edition.) p. 403, for a fuller treatment of this very important and interesting subject.

S. 121 of the *Commonwealth of Australia Constitution Act* gives the power of admitting New States into Federation to the Parliament of the Commonwealth itself. The provisions closely follow those which obtain in the U. S. A. In Canada however the colonies which may be admitted into the Dominion by the Queen, are expressly mentioned in the Act itself. The actual admission is by the Crown-in-council on Addresses by the Houses of the Dominion Parliament as well as of the Colony concerned. The development of Dominion Status makes any unwanted interference of the British Cabinet in this matter quite impossible.

The proposals now made for the Indian Federation are entirely original.

whether it is Parliament by an Act, or the Crown by a Proclamation under the Great Seal that originates and assumes authority over the Federation. A Royal Proclamation is the act of the Executive of England which is under an ever-present responsibility to Parliament.¹ If the Indian States imagine that they are escaping Parliamentary sovereignty by having recourse to the expedient of a Proclamation they are sadly mistaken. No public act of the Crown of England can be a personal act thereof. A well-known authority points out, 'In fact there now remains no department of public business in which the King is free to act at his own discretion. He has ceased to possess the substance of power and has become much more of a confidential adviser to successive administrations. Indeed when we speak of the King, or—as we usually do when we desire to emphasise the impersonal character of the Royal Office—of the Crown, we usually mean the Government of the day.'² The 'Government of the day' referred to is the British Cabinet except when it relates to the Self-Governing Dominions to which the Statute of Westminster applies. In every Dominion, the Government is the King acting with the Dominion Ministers. This distinction is of the utmost importance. But both the White Paper and the Princes agree that now and for all time the Crown should mean the King acting with his British Executive in all matters pertaining to the Treaties of Accession.

So far as the British Indian Provinces are concerned, they are legally bound by an Act of Parliament, and their transfer from the present organisation of the State into a new

¹ Proclamations under the Great Seal are 'either formal announcements of executive acts, or mere declarations by the Crown for the information of the nation at large of the provisions of existing laws; though in certain cases, the Crown has statutory authority to put into force, by Proclamation, an Act or part of an Act of Parliament which would otherwise not be operative.'—Stephen's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, 19th Edition, Vol. IV, p. 356. The scope and significance of a Proclamation may be gathered from this definition. A Royal Proclamation inaugurating an Indian Federation is merely the formal announcement of an Act of the British Executive.

² Stephen's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, Vol. IV, p. 264. Note the use of the phrase 'at his discretion' which is adopted in the White Paper also.

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State such as the Sankey Reports contemplate, will be complete when a Parliamentary Act declares such a result. Whether it is proper or even legal to alter the nature of the State so radically as to destroy and replace it by a wholly new organisation without formal authority from the people who compose the State and are affected by the change; whether the consent of the Round Table Delegates, so far as it went, was sufficient formal authority in this behalf; are politico-legal questions, and as a matter of fact can only be determined by the party enjoying the superior sanction. And since Parliament possesses this sanction, it could drive the dumb provinces into the federal fold without let or hindrance.

In fact the Indian States are much in the same position, although it suits Parliament to give the matter a somewhat different colour. The Indian State claims that it enjoys a certain amount of sovereignty which places it outside the jurisdiction of Parliament. This sovereignty it insists upon retaining even after it has entered into the Federation. Two questions fall to be considered in respect of this claim. In the first place, is such a claim compatible with federalism? Secondly, do the States possess any substantial powers which, by any interpretation of the term, can be approximated to Sovereignty as jurists and political scientists understand it?

It is here that the distinction between a federal and a confederal relation of States becomes important. I should weary my readers if I were to repeat all the details of the distinction between *Bundestaat* and *Staatenbund*. The one distinction which is relevant to this inquiry is that a confederation maintains the nationality and independent sovereignty of the member-states intact, while a federal polity effects a merger of the members so as to constitute one nationality and a single unified sovereignty.¹ It has been occasionally rather loosely said that in a federal constitution, there is a division of sovereignty between the

¹ 'By voluntarily merging into another State, a State loses all its independence and becomes a mere part of another.' Oppenheim's *International Law*, 4th. Edn., Vol. I, p. 163.

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national and the state governments. What is in fact divided is not sovereignty, which vests in the entire people of the Federation acting together. The actual powers of government are alone divided between the national and the state authorities, and these are exercised in strict conformity with the Constitution, which being the expression of the sovereign will of the people as a whole, is superior to and transcends them all. The distinction between the right of sovereignty in the people and the powers of Government in the actual day-to-day conduct of the administration is important.¹ So that when the Indian States enter the All-India Federation, their citizens acquire the federal nationality, and their sovereignty such as might have existed becomes merged in the authority which is sovereign as regards the entire Federation. There is no way of recognising and perpetuating the separate sovereignty of component States in a federal constitution. The Indian States will not understand this; and apart from them, some interests are served by their illusion being kept up.

¹ "Sovereignty, as that term is employed in constitutional law, implies supreme law-making power; this power is, of logical necessity, an indivisible unity, and therefore, in the case of a State apparently composed of a number of united or co-operating States, but two alternatives are possible; either the individual States remain severally sovereign with the result that there is no real central State but only a Government that acts as the common agent of the severally sovereign States, or that there is a single sovereign national State, legally omniscient, and a number of subordinate political bodies, which may or may not be termed States, but which, juristically viewed, act as agents of the sovereign national State, and possess such political status as they have only within, and as members of, this national body. In the first case, the union is spoken of as a Confederacy, or, to use the German term, a *Staatenbund*; in the second case, the union is described as a Federal State or *Bundestaat*. In the Confederacy, the articles of union, whether denominated a Constitution or not, are, in their essential juristic character, an agreement, compact, or treaty between the severally sovereign States. In the Federal State, the fundamental instrument of government is a veritable law embodying the will of the National Government or of its citizens and operating as the source whence, in the last resort, the legal authority or competency of all government agencies or organs, whether national or of the individual States, is derived and determined." W. W. Willoughby, *The Constitutional Law of the United States*, (2nd Edition) Vol. I, p. 129.

"This division of governmental powers, or, rather of the right to exercise them, between the national and State Governments has, since the time when the United States Constitution was adopted, been spoken of as a 'division of sovereignty.' From what has been said, it is clear that this is, and has always been, a juristically improper, and politically unfortunate description." *Ibid*, p. 130.

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Secondly, do the States possess sovereignty at all in any sense? Sovereignty consists of actual independence of any alien superior,¹ and even more, of recognition as sovereign by other International Persons.² Not one State, including Hyderabad, satisfies the usual tests of a sovereign power. After its entry into the Federation, it is not only subject to the wide, undefined and continually expanding paramountcy jurisdiction, but it is also to acknowledge the direct authority over its citizens of a legislature which under the law will itself be a law-making body subordinate to Parliament and whose decisions will be subject to the control of the British Executive through the Viceroy. Any claim to sovereignty or even part-sovereignty after joining the Federation under the circumstances is a ludicrous abuse of a hallowed word. But the Indian States persist in this fancy, and Parliamentary statesmen see advantage in encouraging it.

Having assumed that these States possess sovereignty and that such sovereignty can and should be maintained and protected even when they have become members of the Indian Federation, the authors of the White Paper invented the method of Treaties of Accession for effecting this purpose. Each State is to enter into a separate treaty with the Crown by which it would place at the disposal of the Crown certain powers for being exercised by the Federal authorities, in consideration of its being allowed to participate in certain Federal state-activities. Different States may have different provisions in these treaties, and these would remain in force

¹ Some writers refer to 'half-sovereign' States which possess internal independence although they have no right to act internationally in any manner. See Oppenheim's *International Law* Vol. I at p. 185, and the observations of Lord Finlay in *Duff Development Co., v. Kelantan Government*, (1924) A C. 797. Prof. Lawrence however says: 'We must exclude altogether from our classification such communities as the native states of India and the Indian tribes of North America. The former are sometimes spoken of as independent States; but in reality they are not even part-sovereign in the sense given to that term by International law; for they may not make war or peace, or enter into negotiations with any power except Great Britain.'—*Principles of International Law*, (7th. Edn.) p. 55.

² "A State is and becomes an International Person through recognition only and exclusively." Oppenheim's *International Law*, Vol. I, p. 143.

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as sources of the Constitution along with the Constitution Act, if not actually superior to it. The treaties are of perpetual obligation and could be altered only with the consent of the State concerned and the British Crown; the Federation itself has no say in the matter. So far as questions arising from the treaties are justiciable, they would be decided by the Federal Court and the Privy Council, and in non-justiciable matters, the Crown of England as the dominant party will have the last word. By calling this agreement a treaty, there is a recognition of the State's 'sovereignty'; by making the treaty the primary source of the Constitution, that sovereignty is sought to be preserved in the Federation.

The Irish Free State introduced the novelty of a Constitution based upon, and related to a treaty. The difficulties to which it has given rise are in no small measure due to this very origin. Because it is a treaty, the present Government of the Irish Free State feels justified in invoking sanctions of international law to alter its provisions. Is not this precedent a warning to those whose desire is to build the edifice of the new State merely upon foundations of constitutional law such as Federalism means? A treaty is an engagement between independent States. Bouvier defines a treaty as a 'compact made between two or more independent nations with a view to the public welfare.'¹ How could you have a treaty between territories of the same State?

The concept of a federal state involves the operation as regards all parts of the Federation of domestic law under the sanctions known to it. If there is a conflict between the Federal and State authorities, it would not justify the intervention of foreign powers to help either of them. The use of treaties to regulate the relation between parties so situated is unknown to political practice. Federal compacts are indissoluble, and consequently, no unit of a Federation has a right of secession. The American Civil War established this principle.² But treaties presuppose a right in the parties to

¹ Bouvier's *Law Dictionary*, Vol. III, p. 3312. (8th Edition).

² *Texas v. White et al*, 7. Wallace 700.

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denounce them in appropriate circumstances.¹ The Secretary of State for India has declared that the Indian States should make up their minds once for all to enter the Federation or not; after they shall have come in, the decision is irrevocable.² The difference in status and rights between a High Contracting Party to a treaty and a mere federal unit, seen from this aspect, is fundamental and striking.

Nextly, while treaties may have the same validity as statutes before municipal tribunals, they are always subject to the Constitution itself. Bouvier states the law thus: 'It need hardly be said that a treaty cannot change the Constitution or be held valid if it be in violation of that instrument.'³ The scheme of the White Paper is that these so-called Treaties of Accession should, wherever they conflict with the Constitution Act, prevail over it; a reversal of the self-evident law of constitutional governments. The point was just touched in the evidence of the Secretary of State for India

¹ "No independent Government can indefinitely and for all time bind its successors by treaty, for the community so shackled would no longer be completely independent. It should follow therefore that every State becomes legally entitled to repudiate a treaty of indefinite obligation as soon as the conditions which preceded its formation have undergone substantial modification." Birkenhead, *International Law*, 6th. Edn. at p. 144.

² "It was made clear that it was not contemplated that the Treaties should contain provisions which would enable a State to come into the Federation and go out again at pleasure." *Report of the Third Indian Round Table Conference*. (Indian Edition, p. 66.)

Q. 7843: Dr. Shafa'at Ahmad Khan.

"Am I correct in assuming that the Federation when brought into being will be perpetual and indissoluble?"

A. The Secretary of State.

"I should hope so."

Q. 7843: Dr. S. A. Khan.

"And that was the position which was pointed out by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to the Delegates?"

A. The Secretary of State.

"Certainly. I think it would be quite fatal to the Federation if either Provinces or States came in and then went out—went out and then wished to come in again. I do not believe any system of Government should continue on that sort of line." *Evidence of the Secretary of State for India before the Joint Committee on Indian Constitutional Reforms*, (Unrevised Indian edition, p. 269.)

³ *Law Dictionary*, Vol. III, p. 3312.

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before the Joint Select Committee, but was dealt with most perfunctorily and amateurishly. Its importance deserved a much fuller treatment.¹

I shall state a few more objections to this proposal quite briefly. The Courts of the land will be in some perplexity in determining where constitutional law as laid down in the Act ends, and where the international law of the treaties begins. Many different rules of interpretation have to be applied to a statute and to a treaty. For example the maxim 'rebus sic stantibus' will not avail against a statute, while one has to bear it very much in mind in construing a treaty. Serious embarrassment and possible injustice might flow from having the law determined upon two sets of interpretations, and two sets of sanctions.

Again, if the purpose of the Federal constitution is to foster a sense of Indian nationalism, the existence of the treaties will keep alive the separatist tendencies and thwart that great purpose. Each State will feel that it is a specially privileged member of the Federation, and this will give a most unhealthy parochial bias to the patriotism of Federal citizens living within its territories.

I come now to a vital aspect of this difficult question. The power of amending the Constitution, everywhere important, is in the Indian Federal system crucial. To start with, the Federal units will enjoy unequal powers *vis-a-vis* the Federal Government. This lack of reciprocity must be made

¹ See answers to questions 7746 to 7748, Evidence of the Secretary of State for India, *op cit*. After saying that the treaties would not form part of the Constitution Act, Sir Samuel Hoare added that they would be taken into account as treaties are now. In what way are they taken into account now? They are treated just like any Act of the legislature, and are subject to the rule that, in case of conflict between a treaty and an Act, the later in point of time prevails. Suppose that a Federal Act is inconsistent with the terms of a Treaty of Accession. Would it prevail over the treaty? It clearly is not meant to, and yet this would be the result of the proposition as stated by Sir Samuel Hoare. He did not realise that the Accession Treaties embody constitutional law, as distinct from the ordinary law that other treaties amount to. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru was therefore somewhat hasty in assenting to the rule laid down by the Secretary of State without analysing its implications, and his proposition that 'treaties are part of the Municipal Law everywhere,' however true, does not help the discussion.

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up in course of time, if the Constitution is not to degenerate into an elaborate and complex machinery for the exploitation of some parts of India by the rest. If every change of the Constitution must receive the consent of each of the units which considers that by that change its treaty rights are invaded, the result in practice would be to give the *liberum veto* to even the most insignificant State-member of the Federation. The trouble and delay of getting each of the States to agree to a change, and of amending treaty after treaty can easily be imagined. Our constitution will be unduly rigid, so rigid indeed that with the growth of popular and progressive opinion, its failure to react to that opinion timely may have the result of forcing a revolution in the place of a peaceful amendment of the constitution as in other countries.

The power of altering the treaties so as to vary or add to the jurisdiction of the Federation resting with the State and the Crown, it can never be exercised by any authority within the Federation; with the result that at no time in the future could India enjoy one of the important attributes of Dominion Status, the constituent power. The British Parliament and Executive acting through the Crown will hold perpetual authority within the Federation, in their right as parties to the treaty with the States and as guarantors for the performance by the Federation of its conditions. It is in this way that the Treaties of Accession, in the manner proposed, render impossible the supreme purpose of the new federal constitution which is to make a full-fledged Dominion of India in the future. India cannot ever become a Dominion if the treaties exist with the British Crown as party and British resources as sanction for their performance. India cannot become a Dominion if every single alteration of her constitution involves a revision of each of these treaties, which in its turn implies virtual unanimity, in any event as regards the States section of the units of the Federation. India can never be called a Dominion so long as every change in her constitution has to be sanctioned and brought about by the British Executive.

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The irresistible consequence of our accepting the treaty method is thus to abdicate our right to Dominion Status now and for all time.

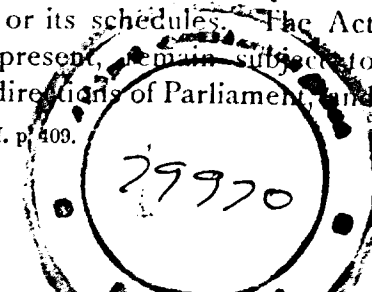
I hope I have shown that the proposal as regards the accession of the States is unscientific, inconvenient if not dangerous, grossly unjust to the British Indian Provinces, and destructive of the ultimate objective of the Constitution. In drafting laws, and especially the Constitution Act which is usually described as the fundamental or organic law of the land, the greatest care must be taken in determining what are the rights which should be recognised and declared; and the methods by which they are to be protected should also be clearly stated. Why deliberate departure from this sound principle should be made in enacting the Indian constitutional law is not clear. A sovereignty that does not exist is ardently recognised; Dominion Status which cannot and is not meant to be attained is pompously declared as the governing purpose of the constitution; and conflicting authorities and inconsistent sanctions are provided for the working of this 'bastard federalism' as Sir John Marriott would probably call it.¹

No solution of this question is possible unless the States accept what is a fact, that by entering the Federation they become legally subject to Parliamentary sovereignty. They and the British Indian Provinces must labour together thereafter to attain Dominion Status, which is only possible by developing India's nationhood. It is only by becoming a Dominion that the Federation can eliminate Parliamentary sovereignty.

The body of the Constitution Act should contain only those provisions which are applicable to all the units, while other matters should be set down in schedules. The treaties will cease to be of effect after federation, but its operative provisions will come into the Act or its schedules. The Act and its schedules will, for the present, remain subject to amendment only by or under the directions of Parliament, and

¹ *The Mechanism of the Modern State*, Vol. II, p. 409.

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that body can be trusted not to endanger the rights of States unduly. But it is contemplated that at some time, the Federation will, by becoming a Dominion, acquire this amending power also. Sufficient mutual confidence, unity of interests and national patriotism would have grown at that time to make the devolution of the amending power to the Federation both desirable and just. A State which wishes to insure against the authority of the Federation in this matter at any time in the future, however remote, had better stay out of the Federation, than come in and thwart the full bloom of a self-determined Indian nation, which is the ideal of even the most pessimistic Indian.

In this view, the Provincial constitutions will have to be taken out of the Federal Constitution Act, and separately enacted.

I venture to invite attention to this and other possible lines of solving this complex problem.

Revolt

(A Short Story)

By K. S. VENKATARAMANI

(1)

Padma was a soft-skinned, sweet-tempered, lotus-eyed lad of seventeen. He was the last born of a family of numerous fifteen, in which the daughters definitely predominated over the sons, indicating something of the virile share which Neelakshi had thrown into the conjugal partnership. But the daughters had a splendid success in the matrimonial market. For Neelakshi had succeeded not only in the mere minor triumph of transmitting her sex but also in reproducing in her daughters her glorious complexion and refined features. The far-seeing mother had bestowed on this lovely bunch of daughters infinite patience in the rearing and disposing of them. Calm and vigilant in the most intricate transactions of marriage, she always won the best of a wide range of suitors. Till she actually chose her son-in-law, she kept all of them hopeful and dreaming.

But Neelakshi found the upbringing of her sons a more difficult job. Her husband came of a family long ago settled on land. But she gave up the ancestral village in favour of Shiyali, a semi-urban centre, fortunately blessed with a railway station at which all trains stopped except the Boat Mail. All her five sons ran up to the matriculation class. Some negotiated the minor hurdles of class promotions at least the second time. But all of them found the matriculation examination too wide and disastrous a ditch for their jumping power.

The shrewd mother understood that she had not succeeded in transmitting her own quality to her sons. She deplored the lack of talent and ambition, alas, of the sons

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sprung of her own loins. A subtle reaction evidently pervaded the natal hour and withheld the classic qualities of the mother from her own sons. But Raghu, the last but one and the elder to Padma, was an exception to this reaction of quality in the male progeny. She knew Padma as an exception almost by natural insight and so she persevered with him and gave him her best.

Neelakshi had so far succeeded in scattering her 'failed matriculates' and S.S.L.C.s all over the Tamil districts—for she was fruitful over a wide period of time which the progressive University of Madras had beneficently used to experiment with the course of studies for the young. She had succeeded in securing for some, mainly with the help of her sons-in-law, minor jobs of clerkships in public offices and private firms. And some others not so good even for such jobs, she had wisely settled as part of the *pannai* of her richer sons-in-law who showed a melting tenderness for the affiliated blood.

(2)

Raghu really displayed great promise. He passed his S. S. L. C., the first in his high school at the first attempt. He read history with a discerning eye to the large movements of ideas that shaped human events, and specialised in Economics and Labour problems as subjects of increasing importance in the world's affairs, especially in India's unshapen future. He successfully graduated but missed very narrowly a first class in the University though he scored one in life by his marriage. In the final collegiate year his impoverished mother had to marry Raghu to an irrigation engineer's daughter, solely with a view to avoid a financial breakdown. This happy event distracted Raghu's attention from his studies, with its *deepavali* travels and presents and all the unrest which matrimony means at that tender age. That was the only mistake Neelakshi ever committed in her long and busy life, but she was obliged to do so to replenish her treasury. Except for a dilapidated house in the ancestral village, the family at this time owned nothing on earth. But

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thanks to this fortunate alliance,—it brought in three thousand rupees of the irrigation engineer's over-stocked gold,—Raghu was sold at one hundred times his share of the inheritance value.

Raghu, with his resources so providentially supplemented, tried indeed very hard for the I. C. S. He went up to Delhi with conscious pomp by the Grand Trunk Express—he was far surer of his administrative capacity than of his academic talents—but failed of course for want of a few marks to get into the chosen arc. Then he tried several offices for a job till he had nearly run out the three thousands. And he quietly settled down to journalism which, thank God, required no capital except a pennyworth of ink and paper and of course postage to and fro to carry safely its own weight. Out of three dozens he conceived and wrote in the highest moments of his creative fancy, only three got locally published though he sent all of them abroad with amazing perseverance to the very ends of the earth, London to New York, New York to California. One of the three happened to be a laudatory research article on the economic and labour organisation in Vedic times. The local Deputy Collector happened to be similarly engaged in such research as a recreation from the exactions of civil and criminal administration and as a reaction to a promotion long overdue but denied. He wrote appreciatively of the maiden efforts of the young man and gave intelligent and elderly advice on the proper lines of research, and as an allied subject for collateral study suggested the Sumerian civilisation.

The young graduate, Raghu, enthusiastically responded to the generous words of praise, and sent in the next day an application for a clerkship at the earnest entreaty of Neelakshi not to miss the chance but to make hay while the sun shines. There was fortunately a vacancy in the Taluq office of Shiyali, and the Deputy Collector, warm and intellectual by temperament, defied the standing orders that no Brahmin should be appointed to a clerkship in the Division until further orders, blessed Raghu with an appointment that carried initially

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twenty-five rupees a month and the baton of the field-marshal in the knapsack. Raghu may still become a Collector some day though just now crawling on the bottom rung.

There were no bounds to the joy at home that day. Neelakshi was overjoyed; for some monthly income was a dire necessity, as her daughter-in-law had already come home with a boy of five and a girl of two in the cradle. Raghu sincerely took to his slaving work at the desk for all his juvenile ambition, and became a happy bread-winner of the family. A few months rolled on and Raghu continued steadily his honest grind of revenue accounts.

And Padma, the last born, was in the sixth form preparing or supposed to prepare for the S. S. L. C. public examination. Padma's forefathers were village magistrates before Neelakshi's driving ambition and fertility drove the family to the adventures of town life. The hereditary taste for public affairs which expressed itself in Raghu in his passionate attachment to Economics and Labour problems, had a precocious outburst in Padma in patriotic song and deeds.

Padma, the lotus-eyed, for all his softness of features and kindly expression, was a born rebel whom the Time-spirit and a wooden system of education had kindled to quick flame. And the youngest in a joint Hindu family is either a born rebel or a slave of all work. On the inheritance side he gets nothing, as everything movable and immovable is exhausted by his elders before he sees the light of day or attains the age of discretion to commit indiscretions. And his boyhood nominally owing allegiance to school is more or less a period of menial service to the elders who boss over him.

Padma began to take recognition of this ill-jointed world very early in life. The unrest of the decade hatched him into a precocious public worker. Padma took to the *Hindu* newspaper and the patriotic meetings on the Uppanar sands like duck to water where ears of corn lay floating. His text-books, what few he had purchased, he had long ago sent down the temple tank to consecrate some patriotic vow he had taken for public service. Still he kept on attending school just to

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gain those qualities of leadership which he hoped would stand him in good stead in later life.

Still for all his truancy to his studies Padma was easily successful in school. He regularly passed his class examinations without any sort of industry, to the amazement of his own teachers. So Padma was cocksure of success, for all his devotion to public work as a full-time local worker who met and garlanded at the station even at midnight every provincial and national hero who passed that way by any train except the Boat Mail, which did not stop there but for whose stopping Padma had already sent a monster petition to the Agent and the Railway Board at New Delhi.

Padma reckoned the selection examination by the headmaster as a tyrannical and wasteful diversion and mockery, and did it in a very perfunctory way. Still he hoped to pass the S.S.L.C. public examination by sitting up a few days before the ordeal, borrowing the books of so many rich lads who kept the books tidy for the next year, sure to fail this time. Raghu chided Padma for his patriotic vagrancy, and Padma mocked at Raghu, the distinguished student of Economics and Labour problems, for the slave's work at the desk twelve hours a day, all too sterile for words or tears.

The Time-spirit played tragically through every nook and corner of life like a cyclone in its windiest hour before the rains.

(3)

It was a Saturday evening. Neelakshi was busy negotiating the price of a bundle of firewood which an old woman of the *irulla* caste was hawking in the streets for sale. Neelakshi with her sure business instinct knew how to negotiate successfully at rock-bottom rates with these poor and hungry vendors. Raghu had promised to return rather early for lunch that day and she was eagerly waiting for him to give him, hot and crisp, a few *uthappams* with a dainty ball of fresh butter riding over them. The firewood was knocked down at less than the cost of labour for splitting the wood. Raghu came home and had a really nice lunch with his mother all alone.

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Padma was busy in the streets of Shiyali,—he had not had even his breakfast at home,—gathering the vagrant lads up for a monster procession and a meeting of protest against some ill-conceived act of the Government of India and the support which the Secretary of State for India gave it in a speech at a luncheon given in his honour in London. Neelakshi's maternal bosom heaved a sigh of pain at the thought that Padma was not there to share in the domestic lunch.

'Raghu, you are becoming more and more indifferent to your home affairs, more and more absorbed in your official work. Padma is fast getting adrift—truant and reckless. You should check him immediately or the boy will be lost to us in the Gandhian flood.'

'I should check him, mother!—and get a slap in the face! Already he is advising me to kick off my job and respond to the country's call,—and that God would feed us all as he feeds the sparrow. He is an unruly colt, mother, though he looks so soft and speaks so soft. The blood of the rebel is in him. You alone should try to check him, your youngest,—and your dearest.' Raghu finished with a significant laugh.

'Yes, Raghu, I'm partly to blame—at least now I'll give him a bit of my mind. For all his wildness, I trust, he will pull through the S.S.L.C.—and also the selection examination held last week. We've to pay his examination fees in a day or two as soon as the headmaster puts up the list—and I've not a pie on hand—I've tried all sources open to me and failed. Can you manage it, Raghu, in the office from your fellow-clerks?'

'Manage it from my fellow-clerks! shrivelled up, old, battered affairs who daily depend on me and the *karnams* for a copper or two for their *pan* and snuff. I may as well ask the *tahsildar* for a loan!'

'Then, Raghu, there must be many rich *mirasdars* whom you must have helped in many ways—will they not help you with such a trifling sum as this?'

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'That way surely, mother, red ruin lies, and it is dishonest. It would make my sweated and slaved food, mother, doubly repugnant.'

'Only a loan I suggest, Raghu, not a bribe.'

'It's impossible, mother. No such distinction exists in the official world.'

Already the shouts of boys in multitudes and in moving procession were heard at the western end of the street corner. For, Padma had succeeded in declaring a school strike for the afternoon to protest in a monster meeting assembled on the sands of Uppanar against the action of the Government of India. And Padma bravely laid the route of the procession along his own street so that his mother may have a glimpse of the infant power that he was already in local affairs and in the country's cause. He led the boys with banner in hand singing to himself a tune slightly different from the patriotic chorus-song of the crowd. Neelakshi's heart was filled with both pride and anger.

Neelakshi openly called out for Padma in the crowd and scolded him vigorously for his wild, wasteful and unruly life, and spoke in a sharp voice of decision which she alone could command, a voice which was already fretting with the thought of lack of funds for the many vital needs of home life.

'I'm sure, Padma, you will fail in the examination, and it is a mere waste to send you up even if you chance to get into the selection list. Don't enter my house, so long as you lead this reckless and vagrant life.'

The sensitive lad Padma stopped the tune he was singing to himself and shouted at the top of his voice, 'All right, mother, I shall not enter your house, pass or fail. Be happy with Raghu. The call of the country calls me away from home.' His mother's words were a chastisement administered before a crowd, and his words, an oath of honour taken in an excited but sacred hour, taken in the presence of so many. It went deep into the sensitive mind of Padma.

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(4)

It was an excited, crowded, unprecedentedly crowded, patriotic meeting that the boys held on the sands of Uppanar under the leadership of Padma. Raghu, his brother, was almost the only young man of his age in Shiyali who did not attend this monster meeting. There were as many as five speeches in English and seven in Tamil and one in Hindi for the unity of India. Padma who presided spoke first in English, then in Tamil, then in Hindi, broken but expressive. He scattered pellmell all through his speeches quotations from Sanskrit, especially from the *Bhagavat-Gita*, in support of his protest against the action of the Government of India.

The juvenile president had hardly closed the peroration of his closing speech in English when a smart young lieutenant of his ran up to him and whispered into his ears, 'I hear the selection results have just been published, Padma, and your name is not there, nor mine! What shall we do?'

Padma did not lose his presence of mind. He courageously stood up and said to the boys in the meeting: 'Before we dissolve this meeting I have to announce you today that the selection list has just been published and that the headmaster has cut down fifty per cent of us, including myself. We have just been protesting against the high-handed action of the Viceroy and the Government of India, and we should from now turn our attention to local affairs. Meanwhile let us go in a body and find out the facts.'

Yes, they marched to the school in crowded excitement under the leadership of Padma. They saw the list with perspiring eagerness. But it was a slender one of three in which Padma ranked first. Even his lieutenant who gave the news was not in the list. The other two were notorious slackers, sons of local magnates who went to school because they had fine clothes to wear and were too troublesome at home.

In five minutes Padma found he became a leper. One by one all his friends who applauded his eloquence but half an hour ago, till land and water echoed to the juvenile shouts,

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melted away quietly. He found himself reeling on the parallel bars for support almost all alone on the school playground. He was lost in thought for five minutes. But he quickly recovered himself as he thought of his mother and brother at home and the evening incident. He hastened towards the railway station side by the back exit of the school along a short cut by the side of an irrigation channel, unnoticed by anybody. Nearing the station he heard the Parcel Express thundering on the fateful Uppanar Bridge. That settled his plan of future action. It was his first failure in life. The sensitive lad smarted under it. He took it to heart. But he gained the true taste of life from his first failure.

(5)

The Parcel Express came slowly steaming into the platform carrying as if with conscious pride its mixed load of perishables and imperishables; fruits, vegetables, and men. Padma had always a weird fancy for the steam engine as the very emblem of the glory of motion, and looked upon the station-yard as a place of the keenest pleasure for the study of men and women in the most liquid condition of their lives, and often longed, at the bottom of his juvenile heart, for the longest journeys. But this evening he did not feel the ecstasy of motion but felt a prisoner in the open space of the platform and the throng of men.

Just when the train whistled to start he slipped into one of the crowded compartments, and put out his head just to see who was the white-trousered gentleman who got into the next carriage. He could not see him though he craned his neck very hard but heard the gruff voice of the ticket-examiner, calling for tickets. Padma had done many a time with his gay band of boys joyous free rides to the Coleroon in the same Parcel Express. But this time his heart strangely clicked alarm, and he felt that he was diminishing by inches almost to the vanishing point.

Padma had made up his mind to slip out of the train on

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the wrong side at the next station of Coleroon, and await the chances by another train. Padma effected his escape safely. Quickly walking across the rails he gained the shelter of the darkness of the giant avenue trees growing rankly on the rich alluvial soil. The goods-shed lay like a mausoleum a little beyond.

A strange thought stole through his mind for the first time, 'What is the worth of my life to me or to my fellows? Let me end it quietly in the glory of the Coleroon floods and reach the everlasting sea in half an hour.' A fat, wild lizard clicked 'amen' from among the stored bags of paddy in the goods-shed, and a huge tree lizard murmured assent from amidst the dark leafy branches of a giant tree.

The gloom seemed to become darker, and at the mysterious prophetic voice of the lizard, Padma shuddered a little more and moved along the rails to the open sky towards the Coleroon bridge, soliloquising with a maturity which three hours of grief and failure had already given him: 'I'm but one of fifteen to my mother, and why this wild profusion? It seems God has but wantonly made me only for waste. Let me carry out His wish; and my mother won't miss me; drown myself in the mighty river after one splendid ecstasy of swimming. None loves a bath in roaming waters dearer than myself and it is a fitting close to my career; let me have the longest swim and the sweetest death;—and the sea throw up as feed for the vultures on the shore the body from which life had been taken out by the human vultures on the land; and perchance my ghost may haunt the soul, the sleeping and the waking hours of my headmaster.'

A new courage came to him with this resolve. With firm steps he marched on balancing lightly on the shining rails as if he were a trained trolley puller.

The magnificent Coleroon was but a furlong off the station. The rumbling sound of the Parcel Express thundering along the massive iron bridge had not yet died down. It but seemed to cheer the pedestrian Padma to run along its wake and feel the joy of it for himself.

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Padma balancing himself on the shining rails sped like a serpent along the lawn. He bet within himself that if he chanced to slip off the rails, he would surely die. Strange to say, though he wanted to drop off he could not. Some magnet glow at his heels kept him to the shining rails. He did not and could not slip off. What a strange thing destiny is! He was so unhelpably alive even for a merry puzzle! So like a trolley-man he flew on the edge of the shining rails till he reached the wonderland of the river and the bridge. He saw the river by the crescent moonlight, not in the glory of floods but in the greater glory of sand, with deep pools of clear water here and there.

Padma spoke to himself: 'Are the pools deep enough to drown? Is Padma to leave his tender body floating in a stagnant pool against the gay morning sun? No, no. To be drowned in the Coleroon in floods has at least the glorious end of a rolling sea. No, Padma never will die in a pond like a stoned frog.'

He was already a few yards up on the railway bridge. He sat on the massive end of the third pier, looked on the glory of the river-bed bathed in crescent moonlight, and said to himself, 'The river has cheated me of my resolve. Why not sleep over the rails forever and leave a mangled tender corpse just to illustrate the story of man's misdeeds on earth once again?'

Before the thought could mature into a firm resolve, Padma felt a native repugnance to this form of death. And all too soon a train came blazing its searchlight along the rack. It seemed a difficult job for Padma to face death before such blazing glory. He became undecided as the train drew nearer, grinding and whistling. He jumped over the bridge at the last moment as a compromise in conflict between life and death, courage and cowardice, and fell sheer eighteen feet below into a deep pool, splashing the quiet water to showering heights. It was indeed very deep and a little broad. Padma knew swimming as well as a fish. How! could he get drowned for all his wish in a

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stagnant pool? He swam ashore briskly, walked back in deep sand to the banks of the river, fell into a deep reverie. The cool bath refreshed his fevered brain and pulsed it to clearer thoughts of the joy of living. It cut a change for him from the immediate past.

An hour later Padma stood up and prostrated himself to the Unseen God once, twice, thrice, and stood up again transfixed in prayer for over half an hour with his palm joined to palm.

'I'll catch the Ceylon Boat Mail, and at Colombo get into one of the Australian steamers, hiding myself in the coal-bunks, even as Lord Reading did; return ten years hence to India if not as the Viceroy, at least as a pioneer with funds for a new system of education and of life—at any rate, having reached an age when none would ever think of putting me to school again.'

So with this deep resolve Padma waited at the Coleroon station for the Ceylon Boat Mail from Madras, hiding himself and his aching but active and dreaming youth behind the great banyan trees on the platform.

Thikkana, a World-Poet

By M. V. N. SUBBA RAO, M.A.

(Lecturer, The Andhra University, Waltair).

Thikkana is one of the greatest of the world-poets. But it is a matter for considerable surprise that he is not known beyond the Telugu country though the Telugus themselves consider him as the greatest Telugu poet. The reason for this, it seems to me, is a twofold one and must be sought in the nature of his work and the character of the Andhra race.

The greatest work of Thikkana is his translation of the *Mahabharata*. This is one of the reasons why Thikkana's fame as a poet has not spread far and wide. A mere translation, however good, cannot be as great as an original work; and this common belief has obscured from the general view the transcendent greatness of the poet. Every excellence in the *Andhra Mahabharatam*¹ is supposed to be merely a reflection of the excellence of the Sanskrit original. So Thikkana is considered as a mere translator and not a creative poet. But a careful reading of the Telugu poem will reveal the creative genius of Thikkana. The fables and the episodes, the characters and the sentiments are all taken from the Sanskrit poem. The language for the most part is a translation (if a free translation) of the Sanskrit of the original. The great triumph of Thikkana is that in spite of all these, retaining the general appearance of his book as a translation of the time-honoured epic, he has managed to make this work a creative poem of unsurpassed beauty.

The *Andhra Mahabharatam* is not a translation of the Sanskrit epic in any accepted sense of the term. It is not even a free paraphrase. It would be more true to say that it is an adaptation of the original work. Though there are no

¹Though the *Andhra Mahabharatam* is the work of three poets, it may be considered mainly as the work of Thikkana who is responsible for 15 out of the 18 Books.

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serious deviations from the original, the poet has ordered the whole material and constructed the poem on a definite plan with an artistic view, pruning a bit here and adding a little there, heightening the colour in one place and developing a portrait in another. He has in fact re-created the poem. To take only one instance for illustration, I may mention the omission of the famous *Bhagavat Gita*. The knife of the artist has been ruthlessly applied here. This is not the place to enter into any lengthy discussion regarding this point. Suffice it to say that Thikkana felt that the introduction of a long philosophic treatise on the battle-field just before the commencement of the war would impede the action, and therefore he boldly omitted it. It must have required extraordinary courage to omit this famous and popular discourse. But no poet has become really great who has not had the courage of his artistic convictions. Sincerity is the first condition of greatness in poetry as elsewhere. Thikkana had this sincerity and courage to a remarkable degree, and the omission of the *Bhagavat Gita* is due to this artistic sense in him. However that may be, this omission indubitably proves my contention that Thikkana conceived of his work as an original creative poem and not merely as a translation. It is the hand of the artist and the creative poet that is in evidence throughout and not that of a mere translator. Unless we recognise this point clearly we shall not be able to appreciate the greatness of Thikkana adequately.

The second reason why Thikkana's reputation is not bruited outside the Telugu country is to be found in the character and temper of the Andhras. The Andhras are a queer people. Once they were very great: they were the rulers of the Earth and masters of every art and craft. Their kings were poets and their poets were philosophers. Even today the vestiges of their greatness may be seen in a curious kind of solution: they are kingly in spirit and demeanour, poetic in expression and aspiration, and philosophic in outlook and conduct. The Andhra has the intellect of the Tamil, the emotion of the Bengalee, the valour of the

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Mahratta, the simplicity of the Malayalee, and the open-heartedness of the Punjabi. But he lacks industry, perseverance, and ambition. Both his virtues and defects conspire to make him unambitious.

He is no hero-worshipper. He does not care to advertise the great men of his race. He takes them for granted, much as he takes the radiance of the sun and the daily loveliness of the world. He almost considers it a vulgarity to praise them too loudly. He is as shy of lime-light as the jasmine is of sun-light. That is why the great men of the Andhra country are not known as well as they should be. Even today, for instance, there are great philanthropists who give away in abundance but whose left hand does not know what their right hand gives away; there are silver-tongued orators whose eloquence moves the hearts and sways the wills of thousands but whose names are unknown outside their province; there are leaders of thought who take delight in hiding their light under a bushel; there are poets who are as great as any that India can boast of but who deliberately seek obscurity; there are martyrs in the cause of country and religion whose righteousness and sacrifice are really marvellous but whose reputation has not spread beyond the Andhra country.

Their racial realisation of the deep truths of life is so great that the Andhras are subconsciously influenced by it to a remarkable degree. It seems to me that this deep philosophical temper, this complete indifference to fame, this utter lack of ambition, this absolute disinterestedness is largely the legacy of Thikkana. His *Andhra Mahabharatam* has entered into the very life-blood of the Andhra race. It is not like other epics of the world which are honoured but never read. It is as great and honoured as any other epic, but it is at the same time as popular as the English Bible, and its influence in all spheres of Andhra thought and action is as great, if not greater.

Considered deeply the *Andhra Mahabharatam* is an exposition of, and a commentary on, the life of Thikkana.

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Active in body but passive in spirit, heroic in deed but contemplative in mood, expert in the affairs of this world but other-worldly in attitude, practical and yet idealistic, he was a true *Karma Yogi*. His life was rich in experience. He came into contact with the many-coloured dome of life at innumerable points. On the religious side he was a ceremonialist, a *Bhakta*, and a philosopher; on the cultural side a scholar, an artist, and a poet; in the practical region a statesman, a diplomat, and a warrior. He belonged indeed to the race of heroes whom he has described with such marvellous beauty and power in his work. He lived a full life, a complete life—not a compartmental or partial life. Milton, the great English epic poet, said that he who would aspire to be a great poet 'ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things'. It is profoundly true. The greatest poems of the world have been written not by the mere men of letters, not by those who are supposed to have the pure artistic temperament and live far from the madding crowd, not by mere dreamers and idlers, but by those who have lived strenuous lives, by those who have had an ideal before them and striven to achieve it with all the vigour of their body and soul, by those who have taken active and heroic part in the battles of life. Dante and Milton, Aeschylus and Sophocles, to name only a few, are instances in point. Thikkana belongs to this class. His life is an epic poem in itself. The life of no other poet, ancient or modern, Occidental or Oriental, can equal that of Thikkana in its manifold beauty, in its unsullied purity, in its many-hued splendour.

The language I have used may appear to be exaggerated, but I claim that it is bare unvarnished truth. Consider for a moment the life and work of a late contemporary of Thikkana in the West who is praised and honoured as the epic poet of Roman Catholicism, as the spokesman of the middle ages—Dante. Both are epic poets. Both have written in the vernaculars of their countries rather than in the learned languages. Both are men of action as well as poets. Speaking of Dante's portrait Carlyle says: 'I think it is the mourn-

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fullest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. . . . A soft ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent *scornful* one!' Now no authentic portrait of Thikkana has come down to us. But to the eye of the imagination informed by the known facts of his life and a proper understanding of his works, he appears to be royal and dignified, calm and collected, balanced and benignant. His face beams with spiritual and physical heroism, with the wisdom of both the worlds, with the peace that passeth all understanding. He is a man of action as well as of vision, of achievement as well as of words. He is an artist in life as well as an artist in letters. What a contrast between these two figures! One sorrow-stricken, mournful, pathetic, scornful, and screaming; the other dignified, calm, peaceful, tolerant, and serene!

Their works justify these portraits. The root idea of both the *Divine Comedy* and the *Andhra Mahabharatam* is the same—that 'life is based on judgment'. And yet the treatment is so different that the difference in their characters is fully brought home to us. The *Divine Comedy* reflects the narrowness, the violence, the intolerance of its author. It is, in the words of Carlyle, 'deep, fierce as the central fire of the world'. It is full of fanatic, scathing denunciation. He condemns, for instance, the great Greek philosopher Socrates to Hell. Socrates in Hell! Socrates who said to his judges,

'No evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death.
His fortunes are not neglected by the Gods.'

In Hell on the gates of which are inscribed according to Dante the terrible words

'All hope abandon Ye, who enter here!'

What can be a more absurd, a more perverse judgment than this? But this is only one instance out of a multitude of its kind. Burton Roscoe in his *Titans of Literature* condemns

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both the man and his Book in strong language. Of the Book he says :—

‘The *Divine Comedy*, like the Holy Roman Empire, which Dante admired which was neither Holy nor Roman nor yet an empire, is not an epic; it is not divine; it is not a comedy; nor except in a few isolated passages, is it poetry.’

He describes Dante as violent and hysterical, as deceitful and debauched, as a turn-coat and a traitor. It seems to me that, without agreeing with Roscoe in all that he has said, we yet must concede that there is considerable truth in his criticism. There seems to be little doubt that Dante was bigoted and spiteful, narrow and intolerant, and that his Book betrays his personal and parochial outlook, his spirit of revenge, his want of balance, his lack of charity and catholicity.

The *Andhra Mahabharatam* is entirely different. There is nothing personal, hysterical, or fanatical about it. It represents cosmic vision. ‘As a man sows so shall he reap’, is the fundamental idea of the poem. It describes on a grand scale the inexorable working out of the moral law, the law of cause and effect, the law of *Karma*. But there is no undue violence, or soul-revolting cruelty, or inhuman torture, as there is no weak sentimentality and no cheap pity. There is perfect correspondence between cause and effect, between crime and punishment, between sin and suffering. The perfect proportion achieved in this epic shows the well-balanced nature of Thikkana. I admit that much of the sanity of the moral judgment is due to the original Sanskrit epic; but the perfect proportion wrought in the artistic construction of the *Andhra Mahabharatam*, which is entirely Thikkana’s achievement, indicates the pattern of his character.

One could easily guess to what purposes Dante would have used this theme of the Mahabharata and to what unutterable tortures of Hell he would have consigned its heroes. Though Dante concludes his epic with reference to the Love

‘That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars’, there is very little evidence of it in large tracts of the poem.

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As Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch points out it is based on hatred rather than on charity. But the whole of the *Andhra Mahabharatam* is lit up with the enchanting love-joy of the most magnetic of all God-men—Sri Krishna. Even as the rainbow in the sky lends a weird beauty to the stormy landscape, Sri Krishna’s smile playing upon the gloom and horrors of war sheds a strange charm and a novel beauty on the poem and converts it into a real *Divine Comedy*—a cosmic drama revealing the mysterious and yet marvellously attractive *leela* of the Divine Player. As there is more charity and more balance in Thikkana’s poem there is also more exquisite poetry and truer philosophy in it than in that of Dante. The reason is that in addition to the vision of the poet, Thikkana had the chivalry of the hero, the impartiality of the judge, the deep purposefulness of the prophet, the wisdom of the seer, the serenity of the philosopher, the artist’s sense of proportion, and the disinterestedness of the *Yogi*. He is one of the very few men of the world to whom the words of Shakespeare may without exaggeration be applied :

‘His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix’d in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, “this was a man.”’

His vision was deep and penetrating. He looked into the very life of things and discovered the balance, the equilibrium, and the harmony of the universe. That is why he was able to present the drama of life in all its enthralling beauty, in all its lyrical sweetness, and in all its epic grandeur.

My friend Pingali Lakshmikanta Kavi, who is a great Thikkana scholar, tells me that there is an implied similarity between the architectonics of the *Andhra Mahabharatam* and the architecture of the South Indian temple. Undoubtedly the *Andhra Mahabharatam* is a glorious temple of poetry built by the genius of Thikkana in whom was incarnate the spirit of the Andhra race. It is at once a national, a racial, and a universal temple.

The empire of the Andhras has vanished like a splendid dream; but this poetic Taj Mahal will stand for ever as an

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eternal monument reflecting the imaginative splendour, the heroic grandeur, the poetic glory, and the philosophic serenity of the Andhra race. And Thikkana represents at their highest the Andhra achievement, the Hindu genius, and the human aspiration. It is not parochial partiality but a due recognition of the fact that he is a master-singer of cosmic harmonies, that has prompted the Andhras to honour him as *Kavi Brahma*.

The Reddis and the Rayas: A Page from Deccan History

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I

To many students of Vijayanagara history, Kondavidu is but the name of a fortress for which the Rayas occasionally fought either with the Gajapatis of Orissa or with the Muhammadans. Why the Emperors should have fought with these powers for the possession of this fort, they do not pause to enquire. Before we embark on a study of the relations of the Rayas with the lords of Kondavidu, it may be useful to have an idea of the principles on which their policy towards their neighbours in the north was based. They regarded the river Krishna as their natural northern frontier and never ceased, throughout their history, to push it forward so that it might reach the banks of that river. In this attempt, they had to encounter two enemies, on whom they had to wage incessant warfare. In the north, they had to face the fierce opposition of the sultans of Kulbarga, who desired to push them back to the banks of the Tungabhadra. The history of the struggle between the Rayas and the rulers of Kulbarga need not be dwelt upon in this context, as it is pretty familiar to students of Vijayanagara history.

In the north-east, the small kingdom of Kondavidu prevented the Rayas from extending their dominions up to their natural frontier. Therefore, they set their hearts on the conquest of the kingdom, which could not have appeared a very hard task at the beginning. However, when the struggle had actually commenced, they discovered that the Reddis who were the masters of the kingdom showed no disposition to submit easily. In addition to this, the appearance of a number

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of competitors made the work of conquest more difficult. The possession of the fort of Kondavidu was coveted by the rulers of the northern kingdoms, as it opened the gateway for the invasion of the rich coastal region. According to the poet Srinatha, 'the fort was so incomparable that it excited the cupidity of the three kings' (*viz.*, the king of Vijayanagara, the Bahmani Sultan, and the Gajapati). Consequently, the kingdom of Kondavidu became the battle-ground, where the armies of these three kings fought several sanguinary battles. An attempt is made in the present article to trace the course of these wars, without which no reconstruction of the history of Vijayanagara can be said to be complete.

II

The first Gajapati invasion of Vijayanagara took place during the reign of Mallikarjuna. Gangadhara describes the cause and the occasion of this invasion in his *Gangadasa-pratapavilasam* :—

'On the death of Pratapa Devaraya, the Purandara of Vijayanagara, his son Mallikarjuna Raya ascended the imperial throne. Having heard of this, the Sultan of the Deccan and the Gajapati, both of whom had been formerly defeated (by Pratapa Devaraya) marched upon (Vijayanagara) with a large army consisting of elephants, horses, and men.'

Special attention must be paid to two points in this extract. (i) The Sultan of the Deccan and the Gajapati were formerly defeated by Pratapa Devaraya, *i.e.*, Deva Raya II. (ii) They marched upon Vijayanagara after his death, taking advantage of the accession of his youthful son.

The cause of this invasion is evidently the desire to take vengeance on Vijayanagara for the defeats which these monarchs had sustained at the hands of Devaraya II. When and where did Devaraya defeat them? Devaraya's victory over the Sultan of the Deccan is described by Abdul Razak, the Persian ambassador, who was living in Vijayanagara at that time; but no information is available pertaining to his victory over the Gajapati. Where did Devaraya come into conflict

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with the Gajapati? As no inscription of the Gajapati (Kapilesvara) bearing an earlier date than A. D. 1452 is found in the Telugu country, it is not likely that he should have been defeated at any place within the boundary of the Vijayanagara empire. There is reason to believe that about 1344 A. D. the authority of Devaraya II extended to Rajamundry, if not actually to the southern frontier of the kingdom of Orissa. He appears to have come into conflict with Kapilendra somewhere in Kalinga, and inflicted a defeat upon him. What were the circumstances under which Devaraya advanced to the southern frontier of the kingdom of Orissa? To answer this question in a satisfactory manner, I am obliged to embark upon a lengthy discussion of the policy which the Rayas of Vijayanagara adopted towards their neighbours in the north-east, as it is in pursuance of this policy that Devaraya II led his armies to the frontiers of Orissa.

The Kakatiya kingdom spread over almost the whole extent of the Telugu country. When this kingdom fell, all the important noblemen asserted their independence in their respective estates. Then ensued a period of struggle when each petty chieftain attempted to extend the boundaries of his principality at the expense of his neighbours. As a consequence of this struggle, all the weak principalities disappeared yielding place to a few small but powerful kingdoms. These were: 1. In the extreme north-east was the kingdom of Pithapuram which was established by a certain Namaya Nayaka of the Koppula family. It extended from Simhachalam in the Vizagapatam district to the river Godavari. 2. To the south of it lay the kingdom of Korukonda; it was established by Kunaya Nayaka who was probably one of the subordinates of Prataparudra. The tract of territory which came under his sway corresponded roughly to the present Godavari district. 3. To the south of this was the kingdom of Kondavidu which was established by Prolaya-Vema, one of the officers of Prataparudra. He succeeded in seizing the country between the Krishna and Kandukur in the Nellore district, and the Bay of Bengal and the Srisaile

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mountain. His kingdom corresponded to the whole of the present Krishna and Guntur districts and portions of Godavari, Nellore and Kurnool districts. The capital of this kingdom was originally Addanki in the Ongole taluka of the Guntur district, but later it was shifted to Kondavidu in the Narsaraopet taluka. 4. To the north-west of Kondavidu lay the Velama kingdom of Rachakonda. Singama, one of the Nayaks of Prataparudra, seized the hilly tract corresponding to the Nulgonda district in the present Nizam's Dominions, and established his authority over this region. His capital was the famous fort of Rachakonda from which the kingdom derived its name. 5. The kingdom of Vijayanagara extended to the south and west of Kondavidu and Rachakonda. Although the founders became at first masters of the small kingdom of Virakampiladeva, they did not fail to appropriate a part of the dominions of their old master, Prataparudra. They subjugated the districts of Raichur, Cudappah and large portions of Anantapur, Kurnool and Nellore districts. The kingdom of Vijayanagara was very powerful on account of the wealth of its rulers, and the extent of territory over which they ruled.

These kingdoms did not remain on friendly terms, as the conditions under which they came into existence were still exercising a powerful influence upon them. They continued to fight against one another, as they had fought against the small states which they suppressed. In the course of the present study, I propose to trace the history of the struggle between two of these kingdoms *viz.*, Kondavidu and Vijayanagara.

III

The kingdom of Kondavidu was founded, as noticed already, by Prolaya-Vema about 1330 A. D.¹ He came of a respectable

¹ A copper-plate grant of Prolaya-Vema dated A. D. 1330 is mentioned in the *Kaifiyat of Varivaru* (L. R. 57, p. 131); but as the original of the inscription has not yet been discovered, the evidence of the *Kaifiyat* cannot be accepted without doubt. However, it is not improbable that Vema should have begun to rule by that year; for according to an epigraph of Nekarikallu Anna-Vema granted the village of Narasimhapuram to the god Santana Narasimha in A. D. 1332, Prolaya-Vema was also known as Anna-Vema as shown by the *Harivamsam* of Yarra Preggeda. In part ii. 3: 1; 9: 1, of this work, he is addressed as Annama-Vema.

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ddi family of the Nellore district, and he carved a small kingdom for himself on the east coast during the period of confusion that followed the overthrow of the Kakatiya monarchy by the Mussalmans. It is said that Prolaya-Vema declared his independence at Vinukonda, a place of considerable military importance in those days. This is not improbable, although no evidence of a reliable character is available in support of this statement. From the fact that Addanki—now a village in Ongole taluka—was his original capital, it is reasonable to infer that at the time of his declaration of independence, Vema was the master of Kammanadu, in which this town is situated. Vema was obliged to fight incessantly with his neighbours, both to maintain the stability of his kingdom and to extend its boundaries. In these wars he was strongly supported by his brothers Anna and Malla, and his cousin Nuka. With the aid of these, he was able to maintain his own against a host of enemies whom he had to face.

Prolaya-Vema must have at first come into contact with the ruler of Vijayanagara as an ally. He seems to have joined Kanya or Kapaya Nayaka in driving the Mussalmans out of the Telugu country. It is frequently stated in the inscriptions that Vema defeated the Mussalmans and restored to the Brahmans the *agraras* 'which had been taken away by the wicked Mlechcha kings from the time of the king Vira-Rudra of the Kakati Vamsa.' Who were the Mussalmans whom Vema defeated? And when did he achieve this victory? As his victory over the Mussalmans is mentioned for the first time in an inscription dated 1345 A. D., he should have defeated them before that year. As Ala-ud-Din Hasan Gangu did not establish his power until A. D. 1347, he could not have been the Mlechcha king whom Vema defeated. The Muhammadan historians throw some light upon the subject: 'At this time' (1344 A. D.), says Barni, 'Kanya Nayak who was in the vicinity of Warangal rose in rebellion, in concert with the zamindars of that country, and Malik Makbul, the *naib* fled, and came to Delhi. Warangal came into the possession of the Hindus, and ceased to be included in the

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imperial dominions." Vema appears to have been one of the zamindars who joined Kanya or Kapaya Nayaka to drive the Mussalmans out of the Telugu country. As Kanya also obtained help from Harihara who was governing at this time, the province of Kampili, as a subordinate of Sultan Muhammad, it is evident that Vema and Harihara should have figured as the allies of Krishna or Kanya Nayaka.

The struggle between Vijayanagara and Kondavidu seems to have commenced even during the reign of Harihara I himself. As the kingdom of Kondavidu which lay on his north-eastern frontier effectively prevented the expansion of his dominions towards the Krishna, it was only natural that he should have attempted to remove the obstacle. Though no outbreak of hostilities between the two kingdoms is recorded, Vema appears to have sustained some loss of territory in the west during the last years of his reign. The district of Vinukonda was included in his dominions ever since he laid the foundations of his kingdom. But it passed into the hands of the king of Vijayanagara some time before A.D. 1352. The circumstances under which this district changed hands are not known. It is not likely that this transfer of territory was effected by peaceful means.

No information is available regarding the relations between the two kingdoms during the reign of Bukka I. But, as Anapota, the son and successor of Vema, was obliged to shift his capital from Addanki to Kondavidu, it may be surmised that he was forced to take this step owing to the increasing pressure on his southern frontier. Harihara II who succeeded his father in 1377-8 displayed great activity in extending the boundaries of his kingdom. He brought Udayagiri, the most important province of the kingdom, which had remained under the quasi-independent authority of Kampana I and his sons, under the effective control of the central government by appointing his son, prince Devaraya, as the governor of the province. Ever since he took charge of his new office Devaraya evinced keen interest in the affairs of Kondavidu, probably with the object of launching an attack at a favourable

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moment. He seems to have strengthened his position by marrying the daughter of a Chola prince called Nuka, whose estate lay in the district of Addanki, in the extreme south of the Reddi kingdom. A favourable opportunity presented itself soon. Ana-Vema who ascended the throne of Kondavidu after the death of his brother Anapota, died about A. D. 1382, and was succeeded by his incompetent nephew, Kumaragiri, who was more at home in the company of scholars and dancers than among his soldiers. The task of defending the kingdom fell upon his brother-in-law and minister, Kataya-Vema. Though Vema was a capable general, and a brave soldier, he could not resist the advance of Vijayanagara armies from the south and the west. The territory extending from Srisaillam to Tripurantakam was lost between 1482 and 1485, and the district of Addanki together with the coastal strip extending as far as Motupalli appears to have been lost at the same time. A peace was probably concluded at this stage; for Kataya-Vema was busy fighting along the Kalinga frontier from 1385 to 1391. It was during this period that he subjugated the forts of Makledi, Kimmur, Bendapudi, Vajrakuta, Ramagiri and Viraghotta. If war had continued on the southern frontier during these years, Kataya-Vema could not have gone on an expedition of conquest, leaving the home districts of the Reddi kingdom at the tender mercies of the armies of Devaraya. It was probably by the terms of this treaty, that a daughter of Harihara II was given in marriage to Kataprabhu, a son of Kataya-Vema. As a consequence of this treaty, Kumaragiri seems to have ruled in peace for the rest of his reign.

There appears to have been considerable strife at Kondavidu during the last years of Kumaragiri regarding the question of succession. He had a son called Vira Annapota who predeceased him. There was much uncertainty about the person who should succeed him. Kataya-Vema who guided the destinies of the kingdom, hoped to succeed his brother-in-law. Although he was intimately connected with the royal family, he could not claim the throne, as he was not

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a kinsman of the king on his father's side. Consequently his right to succeed Kumaragiri on the throne of Kondavidu appears to have been questioned by several people, especially Pedakomati-Vema, a descendant of Macha, an elder brother of Prolaya-Vema. Kumaragiri attempted to solve the problem by effecting a division of the kingdom between the two rival claimants. He gave Kataya-Vema the northern districts of his kingdom with the city of Rajamundry as his capital, and appointed Pedakomati-Vema as his successor on the throne of Kondavidu. This method of deciding the dispute satisfied neither of the parties, and it gave rise to a good deal of trouble in the future.

In the meanwhile Kumaragiri died in 1403 A. D., and Pedakomati-Vema seized the throne of Kondavidu at once. Kataya-Vema could not prevent his rival from taking this step, as he was in a helpless condition, just at that time. Devaraya on whose help he must have counted was not in a position to render him any sort of assistance.

Harihara II seems to have fallen ill just about this time, and was not expected to survive. Each of his three sons, Virupaksha, Immadi Bukka, and Devaraya, whom he appointed as governors of some of his important provinces, entertained hopes of succeeding him. On hearing the news of his illness, they hastened to the capital with their armies in order to watch their respective interests in person. Harihara died on 16th August 1404, and this was the signal for the outbreak of a civil war. At first Virupaksha appears to have been successful, but after a rule of a few months, his reign came to an end about the middle of A. D. 1405. He was succeeded by Bukka II whose rule lasted until November 1406, when he was succeeded by Devaraya.

Pedakomati-Vema, who, as we have already noticed, ascended the throne of Kondavidu, was anxious to increase the extent of territory under his sway, as he felt that he was unjustly deprived of some of the wealthy districts of the kingdom. Kumaragiri had bestowed the rich districts between the Krishna and the Godavari on Kataya-Vema, and Devaraya

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wrested from his predecessor much territory in the south and the west. Therefore, the extent of the kingdom which he came to rule was very limited indeed. Naturally, he was desirous of extending its boundaries. The time appeared very auspicious for undertaking such an enterprise. The kingdom of Vijayanagara was in the throes of a civil war. The sons of Harihara were more interested in plotting against each other than in providing for the defence of the realm. Even the garrisons which usually protected the frontier fortresses, were withdrawn to strengthen the hands of one or other of the claimants in their attempts to seize the throne.

Pedakomati-Vema knew that, if he wanted to recover the lost districts of his ancestral kingdom, he should strike at once. But he did not want to tackle the giant alone. Therefore he looked for an ally, with whose assistance he could reasonably feel certain that he would win victory. He seems to have found the sort of ally that he wanted in Feroz Shah, the sultan of Kulbarga. The sultan who ascended the throne in 1397, had already established his fame as a warrior by leading a successful attack upon Vijayanagara in 1399. Therefore, he seems to have entered into an alliance with the sultan and made arrangements for delivering simultaneous attacks upon the dominions of their common enemy. In accordance with this agreement, the allies marched upon the Vijayanagara kingdom in 1406 A.D.

Pedakomati-Vema seems to have placed the army under the command of Malla, a descendant of Perumala, an younger brother of Prolaya-Vema. The army, at first, appears to have marched upon Udayagiri which it captured. Then it marched south and occupied the districts of Pottapi-nadu and Pulugulanadu. Thus, the king of Kondavidu not only reconquered the territory which was lost during the reign of his predecessor, but subjugated the province of Udayagiri together with some of the outlying districts in the south.

Devaraya was quite helpless against the Reddi activity. In the first place, his position on the throne was not yet secure; and his enemies were conspiring to remove him from

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their path by assassination. Secondly, he was obliged to bestow all his attention on the movements of the Bahmani Sultan who, as already noticed, invaded the Vijayanagara territory at the same time as the Reddis.

Although the events of this war have been recorded by two Muhammadan historians, Ferishta and Syed Ali, it is not possible to accept their accounts as true, as they differ from each other on important points.

Even regarding the causes of this war, our authorities differ. According to Ferishta, Feroz Shah had undertaken this invasion to punish Devaraya for having laid waste several towns and villages in the Mudkal district. In this connection Ferishta narrates one of the most interesting of his romantic tales, which frequently occur in the course of his history. In one of the villages of the Mudkal district, it is said, there lived a damsel of exquisite beauty called Nehal or Perthal. Her Brahman tutor, considering her worthy to be the wife of a great monarch, proceeded to Vijayanagara and gave such a description of her beauty to the Raya that he was at once smitten with love for the girl. He offered to marry her, and bestow rich gifts upon her parents. The Brahman returned at once to the village, and communicated the happy news to the family. Although her parents were overjoyed at their good fortune, the girl stoutly refused to have any dealings with her royal suitor. When Devaraya was apprised of this situation, he resolved to abduct the object of his passion, in spite of the remonstrance of his officers, and although she was residing in the territory of his neighbour, Feroz Shah Bahmani. He despatched towards the village where the girl was residing five thousand picked troopers, with instructions to bring her and her family; but on the approach of this cavalcade, not knowing the cause of its arrival, the girl together with her parents fled to distant parts. Therefore, the messengers of Devaraya were considerably disappointed, and they gave vent to their feelings by plundering several towns and villages on their way. But the usual thing happened; the Muhammadan officer who was in charge of this district having defeated them

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put them to flight. When Feroz Shah heard of this occurrence, he at once mobilised his troops and marched straight upon Vijayanagara without meeting any opposition on the way.

Syed Ali who was also a contemporary of Ferishta gives a much less romantic account in his *Burhan-i-ma'asir*. According to him, Feroz Shah who conceived 'the idea of waging a religious war against the infidels of the country of Vijayanagara, despatched an army in that direction. When they arrived there, the troops opened the hand of slaughter and plunder, and threw the fire of chastisement among the infidel inhabitants of the country.'

Nor do we find any agreement about the events connected with the war. According to Ferishta, Feroz Shah marched straight upon Vijayanagara without meeting any opposition. As Devaraya dared not oppose the Mussalmans, he shut himself up within his capital. The Sultan laid siege to it, and even got possession of some of the streets, but was repulsed by the Carnatic infantry. Being encouraged by this slight success, Devaraya came out of the fort and offered battle to the Mussalmans. The Mussalmans suffered much and their king was even wounded, but ultimately they defeated and drove away the infidels. Feroz Shah gave up, for the time being, the idea of besieging the city. Placing ten thousand horse under the command of his brother, Khan Khanan, he commanded him to devastate the country around Vijayanagara. He despatched one of his officers to capture Bankapur, and he himself sat before the gates of Vijayanagara, to watch the movements of Devaraya. Devaraya attacked the camp of Feroz Shah more than once, but was repulsed. Then he gave up the idea of attacking him; but sent ambassadors to the kings of Malwa, Khandesh and Guzerat soliciting aid from them. In the meanwhile Bankapur was captured and the Khan Khanan returned to the camp bringing in his train 60,000 Hindu captives whom he had captured during the course of his raid. Then Feroz Shah left Khan Khanan with an army to oppose Devaraya, and marched towards Adoni with the object of besieging the fort. As Devaraya did not

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obtain any assistance from Malwa, Khandesh and Guzerat, he sued for peace, and obtained it on the condition that he should bestow the hand of his daughter on the Sultan in marriage, and allow him to keep the fort of Bankapur with its dependencies as the marriage portion of his wife.

The account of Syed Ali differs considerably from the above. 'By force of arms they conquered several of the districts of Bhanur and Musalakal. The Sultan having appropriated the fixed sum of thirty-three lakhs, returned to his capital with immense booty.'

It is evident from this that Ferishta and Syed Ali differ very much from each other about the causes, the events and the manner of termination of this war. Syed Ali appears to have been unaware of some of the sensational episodes of this war; the wooing of Perthal, the siege of Vijayanagara, and Feroz Shah's wedding with the Raya's daughter are not even alluded to by him. It is strange that he should be ignorant—if it had actually happened—of Feroz Shah's marriage with the daughter of the king of Vijayanagara, especially as it should have been recorded with pride in the works of the Muhammadan writers of the age. From the account of Syed Ali, Feroz Shah's invasion appears to be no more than an ordinary frontier raid. But at the present state of our knowledge, it is not possible to discover the truth concerning the various events connected with this war.

Whatever might be the nature of the war, there can be no doubt about one thing. Devaraya was kept during this time so busy that he could not even think of recovering the eastern districts of the kingdom, which Pedakomati-Vema had conquered.

V

Taking advantage of the temporary security of his southern and western frontiers, Pedakomati-Vema seems to have made an attempt to wrest the kingdom of Rajamundry, which was formerly included in his ancestral dominions, from Kataya-Vema. How far he was successful in this attempt, it

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is not possible to ascertain at present. Kataya-Vema seems to have paid a visit to Ahobalam, which was included in Devaraya's dominions, in 1410. The visit was probably not unconnected with his desire to secure the assistance of Devaraya against Komati-Vema. Whatever be the object of the visit, the Vijayanagara armies soon made their appearance on the southern frontier of Kondavidu. Devaraya seems to have made careful preparations for launching an attack upon Pedakomati-Vema. He secured the alliance of the Velamas of Rachakonda who were the hereditary foes of the Reddis. There had been constant warfare between them, ever since they founded their respective kingdoms. Singa II, and his uncle Mada defeated Anapota Reddi at Dharanikota. Singaya Mada inflicted defeats on Ana-Vema and Kumaragiri. Therefore, Vedagiri, who was then ruling, showed no hesitation to join Devaraya in striking a blow at the enemy of his family.

Pedakomati-Vema was not without allies. Feroz Shah, the sultan of Kulburga who was eager to extend his dominions eastwards, willingly promised him support. Moreover, the Choda prince, Annadeva, who had probably thrown off the yoke of Kataya-Vema, also became his enthusiastic ally. The various powers of southern Deccan grouped themselves into two camps, and were ready for commencing the war by A. D. 1411 or 1412.

The hostility of the Velamas kept Pedakomati-Vema busy on his western frontier. In the meanwhile, Devaraya I easily expelled the Reddi garrisons from Udayagiri and other forts. By 1413 A. D. he was able to recover, more or less completely, the territory which he had lost during the early years of his reign. He seems to have appointed his son, Ramachandra Raya, who assisted him in conquering the Reddi dominion in the past, as the governor of the fort of Udayagiri. Having thus arranged for the protection of the frontier region, he seems to have sent his armies to the north.

The war then began in right earnest. During the first phase of this war, Devaraya and his allies seem to have suffered many reverses. Kataya-Vema appears to have been

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defeated and killed, and the Velamas, though successful at the beginning, were effectively checkmated by Pedakomati-Vema. Vedagiri attacked Macha, a brother of Vema, who was governing the fort of Dharanikota, and having vanquished him, severed his head, and out of the skull had a spittoon fashioned. This savage act so enraged Pedakomati-Vema, that he resolved to avenge the death of his brother in any case. Therefore, he seems to have attacked the Velamas with the help of his ally, Feroz Shah. He succeeded in slaying Vedagiri in battle, and being unable to forget the savage treatment offered to the corpse of his brother, he cut off the head of the Velama chief, and had a spittoon made out of it. This inflamed the anger of the kinsmen of Vedagiri; but they could not do any harm to Pedakomati-Vema, as he was strongly supported by the Bahmani Sultan.

Meanwhile, Feroz Shah, having enabled Pedakomati-Vema to wreak his vengeance upon the Velamas, proceeded against the fort of Panugal, belonging to Devaraya, and laid siege to it. Although he invested the place for two years, he was no nearer taking it than at the beginning. The outbreak of a famine in his camp reduced the strength of his army to some extent. To complete his discomfiture, a large army consisting of the Vijayanagara and the Velama forces made its appearance on the scene, and the sultan in an attempt to drive them away suffered a defeat. The Mussalman army was very nearly destroyed, and the sultan was obliged to beat a hasty retreat.

The Velamas, having driven away the Bahmani Sultan from their neighbourhood, turned their attention to Pedakomati-Vema whom they wanted to punish for his conduct towards Vedagiri. A large Velama force, under the leadership of Linga, an younger brother of Vedagiri, invaded the Reddi kingdom. Pedakomati-Vema was not in a position to expel them. He was almost friendless. His ally, the Sultan, was defeated by his enemies and driven away; and there was no chance of getting any help from that quarter. The Choda chief, Annadeva, who caused a revolution in the affairs of the kingdom of Rajamundry, was crushed by Allada,

THE REDDIS AND THE RAYAS

one of the generals of Kataya-Vema. Komati-Vema was now surrounded by powerful enemies. Allada, who established himself at Rajamundry in the place of Kataya-Vema, attacked him from the north, and inflicted a defeat upon him at Ramesvaram. Devaraya I appears to have been annexing the Reddi territory adjacent to his kingdom. The Velamas, who invaded his kingdom from the west, defeated him in a battle and slew him.

The death of Pedakomati Vema was fraught with disastrous consequences to the kingdom of Kondavidu. Racha-Vema, who succeeded him, had none of the qualities which could enable him to steer the ship of state successfully during a stormy period. He was a tyrant, and by his cruel and oppressive government, he soon forfeited the love of his subjects. After a short reign of four years, he was assassinated about 1424 by one of his victims. The kingdom which Prolaya-Vema founded, was thus brought to an inglorious end after a stormy existence of a century. What was left of the Kondavidu kingdom was annexed by Devaraya II, who, thus, realised the ambition of his ancestors; for by the annexation of the dominions of the Kondavidu Reddis, he extended his kingdom to the river Krishna, its natural frontier.

Our Forum

AN INDIAN ACADEMY

TO THE EDITOR,
Triveni, Madras

Dear Sir,

I was much interested to read the article in the July-August issue of your journal, entitled 'Why not an Indian Academy?' by Dr. P. Guha-Thakurta. As you have pointed out in your editorial note on it, the suggestion in favour of the creation of an Academy is by no means a new one. And there is also force in your remark that literary academies become far too often centres of reaction and obstacles to progress. But such risk has indeed to be taken in view of the immense good the Academy can be expected to do in India. Dr. Guha-Thakurta lays much stress on the greater possibilities of establishing cultural contact with the outside world which the formation of an academy will secure. While not denying this, I should attach more importance to the need for co-ordinating literary effort in the different parts of India herself. If we think of it, is it not very strange and tragic that while political and social happenings in any part of India are flashed all over the country practically in no time, literary and cultural developments should almost entirely be shut in on account of language barriers? This, I suggest, is a much more serious desideratum than lack of recognition in outside countries for our prominent literary artists. And it can be remedied only by the establishment of regular contacts between literary men in the different parts of India.

Such a consummation is possible on the establishment of an academy. But how about its language? I presume that Dr. Guha-Thakurta thinks of English in that connection. But in any case, we cannot afford to forget the vast mass of our literary men who use the vernaculars and are innocent of English literature. It seems to me that the official language of the academy, in its journal for instance, cannot at any rate be exclusively English. A combination of English and Hindi

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would perhaps be the most practicable medium for exchanging thought.

Just another point. An All-India Academy consisting of representatives of the different literatures of India could probably be sooner established than similar bodies for the different literatures themselves. But surely, the latter are, in a sense, more urgent. And steps have to be taken to bring them into existence along with, or immediately after, the establishment of an All-India body. This is, I understand, what Dr. Cousins tried to do some years back. It is of course on the basis of active and flourishing vernacular literatures that an All-India Academy can be expected to have any life; otherwise, it will be an exotic. I cannot omit to mention in this connection the important and invaluable spade work that is already being done by the *Triveni* in establishing cultural contacts between men in different parts of India. If and when an All-India Academy is started, it will have a happy debt to repay to a fine journal that did pioneering work for it, against great odds.

The matter is of as much importance as urgency. And I trust that it will be taken up in right earnest by all literary men and by all lovers of literature.

Triplicane, Madras
9th January 1934.

Yours Truly,
S. P. SARMA

Post-Mortem

By SRIMATHI NILIMA DEVI

Were you always veiled in your mystic shroud,
O, gloom-wedded Doom ?
Or did you once unfold yourself
To the languid eyes of care-worn mortals
As a gentler sister of Life ?

I wonder—and if at the end
Of their allotted span of life,
They also welcomed your gentle wooing,
And felt your cool touch
As a beneficent benediction.

Did they drink the cup
Of your potent poppy-seed potion
And hover in the tremulous twilight regions,
Dreaming dreams of fantastic fairy shapes ?
Did they?—I wonder.

In the world of purple twilight—
The cool, purple twilight—
Which knows no intrusion of day or night—
Did they weave garlands
Of dark-red, blood-red poppies ?

And then, lulled by sibillent murmurs
Of turgid waters of Lethe,
Did they obliviously fall asleep ?
Under a turquoise sky fading away
In the pale haze of horizons.

Maybe, in some far, forgotten time
In a mood of wanton caprice,
You snatched a new-born babe

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From its suckling mother's breast ?
Was your hand-maiden Grief born in that hour ?

And was the other, Heart-Break born
When, in the folly of youth,
You snatched the young lover
From his hour-old bride,
With a jealous woman's unjust spite ?

Then perchance enraged Eros cursed
That you shall be no man's love, but his fear.
That curse, maybe, shrouded for ever
Your image from mortal gaze,
O, gloom-wedded Doom !

Onwards thence, your vast twilight spaces
Were transformed into the immemorial
Gloom of countless aeons,
Haunted only by ghostly spectres
And your Lethe—a terrific, turbid torrent.

From that ill-fated moment
Your gentle nature changed ;
And with frantic fearsome wrath,
You began your war on shadows of men,
Struck them remorselessly.—

The infant—but a half-furled bud ;
The spring bloom of youth ;
The ripening fruit of autumnal life ;
In the same way as the weary, the worn ;
All withered wintry souls.

And thus it came to pass :
The fire of your hideous hate
Seared, burnt, and dissolved you
Till you were but a stark skeleton
Enveloped by the gloom of buried years.

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

The Indian Theatre: its origins and its later developments under European influence: with special reference to Western India.—By Dr. R. K. Yajnik, M.A., Ph.D. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., 10 sh.)

The work falls into two parts, the first dealing with the ancient Sanskrit theatre and medieval vernacular theatres of the peoples of the provinces, and the second the modern Indian stage as influenced by the European theatre. It is the second part of the book that contains valuable and original work.

Part I is meagre, considering the rich original material that awaits research and the certainty of discovering in ancient Sanskrit Dramaturgy ideas that will form valuable contributions to the dramatic theory of the world. But as an introduction to the main subject of Part II, it serves its purpose by briefly noting the important ideas such as the *Rasa* theory, the stage-decencies, the construction of the plot in five junctures, production of drama with music and the art of minute *Abhinaya* (gesture) etc. The next section, on the theatre of the people, also is meagre especially the subsection on Southern India. The *Yakshagana* and the *Kathakali* are merely mentioned by name and even that wrongly regarding the latter. The Tamil play given here as *Nalatangi* is a mistake for *Nallatangal*, and Ramdas described as a pariah saint is a mistake for Ramdas, a Telugu Brahmin saint connected with the shrine of Sri Rama at Bhadrachalam. The pariah saint is connected with the shrine of Chidambaram in the Tamil land and his name is Nanda. Similar mistakes regarding South Indian names occur in the author's enumeration of South Indian adaptations and translations of Shakespeare.

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On P. 164, the author supposes that in Mr. P. Sambandam's Tamil adaptation of *Hamlet*, 'Dravidian names befitting Southern India have been chosen with great propriety.' The names, cited by the author himself, are not at all Dravidian but are purely Sanskrit ones, proper and fit for the North as well as for the South. 'Amala-aditya,' Mr. Sambandam's *Hamlet*, 'the spotless-sun' is a pure Sanskrit name. Again on the same page, the author supposes that *Hamlet* in the South is more natural than in the Maratha country, for 'such ancient Dravidian practices as the mode of burial closely resemble those of Denmark'! The sections on the medieval peoples' theatre of Western India are very valuable.

With reference to South India again, his account of the rise of the modern theatre is not satisfactory. His general statement that the older Tamil drama is yet the most backward and that the Telugu and the Kannada have both advanced rapidly is correct; but he has not said anything about even the more advanced stages of Andhra and Karnataka. While surveying Shakespeare in India, the author's special subject and the chief theme of his work, he has mentioned with reference to the Marathi stage the great Shakespearean actor, Mr. Ganapatrao Joshi, but in the whole work, which does not fail to mention Mr. Rangavadivelu and Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, one finds no mention at all of Mr. T. Raghavachari, the well-known South Indian Shakespearean actor, famous for his 'Shylock' and 'Othello'.

The main part of Dr. Yajnik's work where he examines the influence of Shakespeare, Moliere, Ben Jonson, Congreve, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Lord Lytton, Ibsen and Shaw, on modern Indian drama is very interesting and reveals, especially in respect of the Gujarati-Urdu stage and the Marathi stage of Western India, a very intensive study of the subject. Dr. Yajnik's work is a valuable contribution on the modern Indian theatre of Western India. He notes the translations and adaptations of Shakespearean and non-Shakespearean plays in all the Indian vernaculars, (an appendix gives a list of these plays), and gives his estimate of the benefits and evils of foreign imitation. He believes that, comparatively, the benefits are overwhelming. Surely, conception of character, humour, humanisation, and depicting real social life,—these the modern Indian dramatist owes directly to European influence. The modern Indian theatre

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owes also to European models, its crude realism, osculations on the stage, etc. The study of the modern Indian stage under foreign, especially British, influence is yet to be made in an intensive manner and this is work which has to come after all cataloguing of translations and adaptations has been finished. From this point of view, chapters X and XI of Dr. Yajnik's work on the general influence of the British drama, 'Retrospect and Prospect,' are very interesting. The first thoughtless imitation must, at the present time, give place to an assimilation of the truly artistic elements in foreign models, to a deeper understanding of the spirit that is Indian and to the creation of a drama that is organic and not hybrid. We are also of opinion that, as a result of the European influence and with an idea of writing according to the times, dramatists like Dvijendralal in his *Sita* have given mere modern social and other polemics, mutilated the Sanskrit originals and produced not *Rasa* but *Rasabhasa*. 'What India really needs just now' is the title of a paragraph of Dr. Yajnik on page 258, and he answers that India now needs an Indian Ibsen and a Shaw. It is not possible to discuss in a review problems of the present and the future of our Indian theatre but everybody will agree when Dr. Yajnik says (on p. 258), 'So far, the Indian theatre is in a state of utter confusion, since the country does not know its own mind and has not yet reached the proper period of self-unfolding. *It simply borrows crudely and imitates.*' The Indian theatre has to see greater confusion as a result of the impact of what has come closely upon the English drama and the novel, *viz.*, the American and the British moving and talking picture.

Dr. Yajnik's 'Indian Theatre' is bound to be of immense help to the student of Indian Drama.

V. RAGHAVAN

Education in Ancient India.—By Dr. A. S. Altekar, Head of the Department of Ancient Indian History and Culture, Benares Hindu University. (The Indian Book-shop, Benares City. Price Rs. 3).

The work under review is a history of Education in Ancient India up to about 1200 A.D., though it often briefly brings up its survey to the time of the advent of the British also. Dr. Altekar has examined every possible source, Sans-

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krit and Brahminical literature, Pali and Buddhistic literature, inscriptions and accounts by foreign travellers and chroniclers. Every department of education in Ancient India is described with citation of evidences—religious, literary, cultural education, useful vocational education, primary, secondary and higher education, education of women, of the masses and of each caste in particular. The historical and educational significance of such ancient Indian educational rituals as *Upanayana* and *Upakarma* has been elucidated, and the good points in the ancient ideals and methods of education as compared with those in our present age are pointed out by the author. Defects there must have been and Dr. Altekar notices them in the last chapter, after which he concludes that, if a proper comparison is instituted with conditions obtaining in other countries in the corresponding ages, 'India will have nothing to be afraid of' (P. 357). The causes which led to the fall in the percentage of literacy in India in course of time, the neglect of the education of women and the masses and connected problems are also discussed by the author. The work teems with information which will interest very much the lay student of Indian history and culture as well as the thinker interested in present-day educational problems. State and public help to ancient Indian educational institutions, the various kinds of such institutions and a brief account of the more important of them,—city-centres, monasteries, colleges in temples, or *Agrahara* settlements, like Takshasila, Benares, Nalanda, Valabhi, Vikramasila, Saltogi, Ennayiram, Tirumukudal, Tiruvottiyur, Malkapuram are some of the other primary subjects dealt with in the work.

Dr. Altekar's work is not merely a contribution of a substantial nature by a research professor to a department of ancient Indian history. Its value at this juncture of events in our country cannot be overstated. Modern Indian thinkers of differing schools of thought are all agreed upon the point that our present educational system is bad. Lopsided intellects and mechanised lives in the place of whole-men; lack of individual attention of the teacher to each student due mainly to overcrowding at a few city-centres; crude, improper and overdone examination tests, the students forgetting everything in their after-life;—these were not found in the ancient system. Even at such great centres as Nalanda and Ennayiram where ten to twenty subjects were taught and 300 to 5000 students studied, the system was such that each teacher

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had under his care at the most only twenty students. Dr. Altekar expatiates upon *Brahmacharya*, the character, habits and necessary virtues of the students' life in ancient India which can be compared with the extravagant and foppish habits of students of both the sexes in our modern colleges. The country is awake now to the need of a new kind of education and its birth is already seen in the rise of Ashramas, Kalasalas, Vidyapithas and National Colleges of a new kind in various parts of the land. To all those interested in the future of India, of which the basis is a sound education, Dr. Altekar and his reviewer would suggest a study of the ancient Indian educational system, 'the general principles (underlying which) . . . are inherently sound and capable of yielding excellent results even in modern times, if applied with due regard to changed circumstances.' (P. 358).

The book is neatly got-up, but printing mistakes are not few. Transliterated spelling and diacritical marks are used haphazardly.

V. RAGHAVAN

Personalities in Present-Day Music.—By E. Krishna Iyer, B.A., B.L. Advocate. [Messrs. Rochouse & Sons, Madras. Price Re. 1.]

It may be said music is the most popular of the Arts, for its appeal is direct and universal. The possession of it can be equally enjoyed by both high and low, whereas pictures are but the luxury of the rich. Let it be a mere street-singer; if only the voice be melodious, one cannot but pause and listen to it whatever one may be doing. So complete, so elevating is the grip of music over the human spirit that one who is unmoved by its sweetness seems liable to be pitied.

If India can be justly proud of anything, it is undoubtedly her music, especially Carnatic Music, unique in its conception and its system of *ragas*, beautiful and varied. Nevertheless, the glory of South Indian Music was allowed to suffer a temporary detraction. Till lately it was relegated to the background and the practice of it save by a few who sought it as a means of earning their livelihood, was distinctly looked upon with indifference. Happily, a widespread enthusiasm for the restoration of music to its rightful place is observable everywhere, and musicians hitherto held in no

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great veneration are coming into their own. Such a zeal as has established a Music Academy, wherein correct theory and standards of music are being discussed with a view to popularising them, is certainly to be highly commended.

Mr. E. Krishna Iyer is one of those enthusiasts who serve their cause with unmitigated devotion. How can he help coming out with what he feels for the Art and the Artists? He is a pioneer too, in raising his voice on behalf of that much disparaged art, the Indian Dance. He has not only tried earnestly to re-establish its lost prestige, but shown his great respect for it by learning it himself and assiduously practising it.

In this book entitled 'Personalities in Present-Day Music' he has given no less than eighteen sketches of prominent musicians of both sexes, vocalists as well as instrument players and able exponents of *Bharata Natyam*. Being free from bias—a condition most desirable in a work like this—Mr. Krishna Iyer has been able to study his subjects in their proper perspective and present them as faithfully as he could. One finds oneself agreeing generally with what he has to say about each of these subjects. 'The studies have been timely', the Foreword says, 'and would be found useful by those who desire to form correct standards of judgment in music.' The book, there is every reason to believe, will amply justify that expectation.

It is just possible, however, the critical reader may not find all that he expects there. The sketches are drawn, one and all, in much the same manner. The critics would perhaps wish they may be brought into greater relief and rendered more lively by comparisons between one popular musician and another, and a few select anecdotes which would serve to bring out the peculiar merits or characteristics of the subjects, would certainly have added to the interest of the book. It is otherwise well-written and bids fair to provide information as well as enjoyment to all lovers of music.

K. SAVITRI

Picturesque India, the landscape, the monuments and the people.—By Dr. M. Hurlimann. [D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co., Bombay. Price, Rs. 20.]

Last year, this enterprising firm of publishers brought out a beautiful volume entitled 'Panoramic India' with excellent

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photographs by Mr. E. R. Wallace and explanatory notes by Mr. K. H. Vakil, the well-known art-critic of Bombay. The present volume is even more sumptuous and wider in its scope. It is one of a series of volumes planned by Dr. Hurlimann to illustrate the art and life of various countries, East and West. The selection of over three hundred plates has been made with the utmost care, so as to cover every aspect of Indian life. Specimens of Hindu, Jaina, Buddhist, and Islamic architecture; views of the great beauty-spots, on the mountains, by the rivers and on the sea-shore; simple scenes of the home and the bazaar; ancient bronzes and statuary illustrative of India's art-traditions; are all reproduced here, giving a vivid impression of India through the ages.

In the Introduction the Doctor reviews briefly the ethnology, religion and art of India and seeks to explain the unity underlying the many apparent contradictions in Indian life today. But being meant primarily for the foreign reader, the review is necessarily scrappy and hurried. And, running all through, is the feeling that there is something lacking in the civilisation of India, that Hinduism and Buddhism can in no sense rival Christianity in universal appeal.

Apart from this, the book is very valuable and ought to be kept in all public libraries. As a gift-book, it would be admirable.

K. R.

MARATHI

Prathibha.—Editor, G. D. Khanolkar, Bombay. [Fortnightly. Re. 1-8 per year.]

Prem Anci Vidwatta.—By G. D. Khanolkar. [Bombay, Price 12 annas.]

The name of Mr. G. D. Khanolkar has now become a familiar one in Maharashtra's literary circles as a writer of great promise, versatility, and of a mellow and pleasing style in Marathi. Mr. Khanolkar has a definite Bengali influence and it is very markedly noticeable in all his writings. *Prathibha* is a literary review published fortnightly and conducted along lines of some of the better class English weeklies in England, and it aims at giving a review of current Marathi literature and its tendencies. A few copies that have

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been sent to me for notice fully justify the ideals with which this young review has made its *debut* in Maharashtra's literary world, and if *Prathibha* represents the literary urge of Maharashtra's younger writers in poetry and in prose and in the art of story writing and literary criticism, then one feels that great days are in store for the growing Marathi literature of today.

Prem Anci Vidwatta is a collection of delightful short stories by the same author, and almost all the stories contained in this volume give an hour's bright unadulterated entertainment. But I must warn Mr. Khanolkar of too much sentiment, and sometimes mawkish sentiment at that, in his stories. He could easily make his stories more gripping if he tried it, and avoided certain obvious commonplaces. The story of 'Malaki Hakk' or Right of Possession, is fine.

R. L. RAU

SANSKRIT

Unadi Sutras in various recensions. Part I. The *Sutras* with the *Vritti* of Svetavanavasin. Part II: The *Sutras* with the commentary *Prakriya Sarvasva* of Narayana.—Edited by Dr. T. R. Chintamani, M.A. Ph.D., Senior Lecturer in Sanskrit, University of Madras. [Published by the Madras University. Price Rs. 2-8-0. Foreign 4 sh. each part.]

The *Unadi Sutras* form a supplement to the various grammatical systems of Panini, Sakatayana and others and they treat of the formation of nouns by the addition of suffixes 'Un' etc. to roots. This is an important section of Sanskrit grammar which reveals the rich vocabulary of the Sanskrit language, but unfortunately its study is being neglected of late by students of Sanskrit. The publication of this text in various recensions with a number of unpublished commentaries will serve to emphasise the need for the study of this subject, if one should acquire a command of vocabulary.

The authorship of the *Unadi Sutras* is a vexed question and the editor reserves a full discussion of this question to the last part of the series. The commentary of Svetavanavasin, published in the first part, is much older than Bhattoji's and it reads the text differently from Bhattoji in many places.

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It is easy and lucid and is very helpful in understanding the text.

Part II contains the same text in a form slightly modified in accordance with the commentary published in ii, viz., the *Prakriya Sarvasva*, of Narayanabhatta. The text of this commentary on the *Unadi Sutras* represents the 19th chapter of Narayanabhatta's big grammatical treatise *Prakriya Sarvasva*, dealing with all aspects of grammar like Bhattoji Dikshita's *Siddhanta Kaumudi*. Narayana Pandita's work is very popular in Malabar on account of the great reputation of the author, well-known through his devotional poem, *Narayaniya* and the *Mimamsa* treatise, *Manameyodaya*, published long ago in the Trivandrum Sanskrit series. This *Prakriya Sarvasva* was proposed to be published in parts with a commentary in the Trivandrum series and part one of it appeared in that series (No. 106) in 1931. The section on the *Unadi Sutras* has been now published by the Madras University.

Narayanabhatta has drawn upon his wide learning in commenting on the *Sutras* and comparing the views of many other commentators, especially of King Bhoja. He gives the etymology of many words not touched upon in the *Sutras* and thereby reveals the extraordinary range of his vocabulary. He also adds at the end a section on the derivation of many rare words following the grammatical system of King Bhoja which could not be included in the body of the text.

The editor, Dr. T. R. Chintamani, has bestowed great attention in preparing this edition, and in furnishing it with indices of *Sutras*, words and quotations (mostly identified). The addition of some scholarly grammatical or philological notes on some important words can improve the edition very much. The publication is free from any serious errors and the printing and get-up are good. The editor is certainly to be congratulated on bringing out this important and useful work.

A. SANKARAN, M.A., Ph.D.

Opinion of

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

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

C. V. Raman

25th May 1926

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