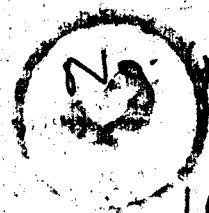


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Vol. VII



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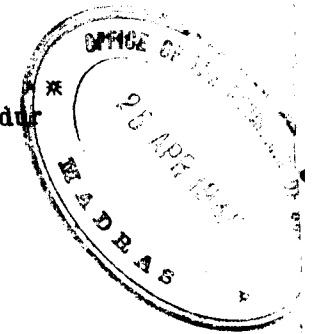
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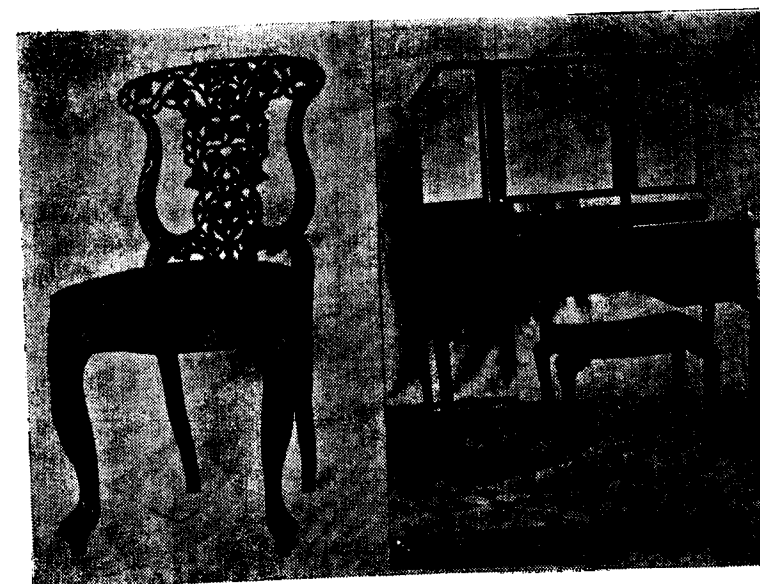
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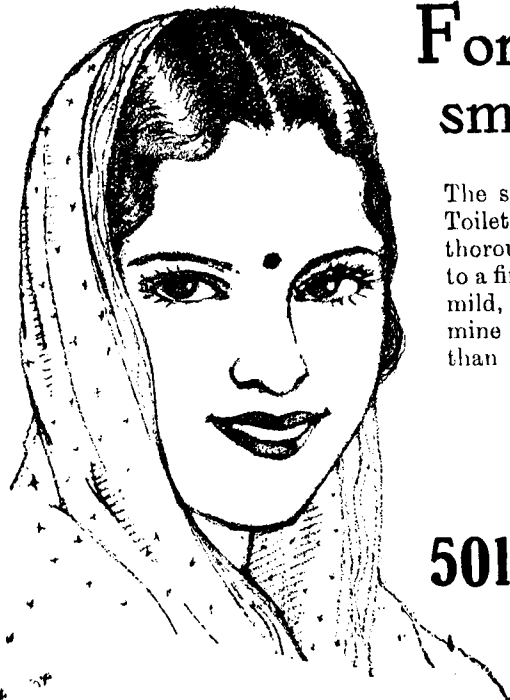
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JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

Editor : K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAU

'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. VII, No. 4

Jan-Feb. 1935

CONTENTS

	PAGE
'The Triple Stream' (Editorial Notes) ...	303
Dance Traditions of South India (<i>Illustrated</i>)	
<i>K. V. Ramachandran</i> ...	308
The Case for Rejection (<i>A Supplementary Note</i>)	
<i>B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya</i> ...	320
Poor Saraswati	
<i>K. Swaminathan M.A.</i> ...	325
Acme (<i>A short story</i>)	
<i>Bal S. Mardhekar</i> ...	332
Kalidasa and Nature	
<i>K. Balasubramania Aiyar</i> ...	341
Some Old Indian Art-Crafts	
<i>C. Sivaramamurthy, B.A. (Hons.)</i> ...	346
'Sonnet'	
<i>H. Chattopadhyaya</i> ...	353

CONTENTS

	PAGE
'Optimism' ...	354
<i>H. Chattopadhyaya</i> ...	354
'To an Irish Poet' ...	355
<i>Prof. E. E. Speight</i> ...	355
'The Andhra Ploughman' ...	356
<i>Prof E. E. Speight</i> ...	356
Shrimati Hutheesing : A Daughter of the Dawn ...	357
<i>G. Venkatachalam</i> ...	357
The Poetry of Kamini Roy ...	361
<i>Kalipada Mukherjee, M.A.</i> ...	361
Browning and his Fugitive Vision ...	375
<i>Krishna Kripalani</i> ...	375
Travancore, the Beautiful ...	377
<i>N. K. Venkateswaran</i> ...	377
Oriental Knowledge and Occidental Research ...	383
<i>'A French Scholar'</i> ...	383
Our Forum : Uday Shankar ...	391
<i>K. V. Ramachandran</i> ...	391
Reviews ...	393

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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

BITTER AND SWEET

The New Year's Day is the same for Andhra and Karnataka. Some other provinces celebrate it a week later. To give a foretaste of the sorrow and joy of the coming year, the bitter margosa blossom is mixed with sugar, and this strange dish is taken as the year begins. In the evening, people gather in temple or grove to listen to a recital of the calendar,—the personnel of the cabinet of the planets for the year, the prospects of the crops, the coming of fire and flood, of monsoon and eclipse. For the individual as well as the race, one year is very much like another. There may be just a little variation in the proportions in which pleasure and pain are mixed by Fate; but what matters really is the determination to welcome the bitter with the sweet, to bear in mind that ‘Even this will pass away.’ To the readers of *Triveni*, we send forth greetings for the New Year.

KRISHNAMURTI'S TALKS

In place of the bi-monthly *Star Bulletin*, the Star Publishing Trust are issuing, in separate volumes, verbatim reports of Krishnamurti's talks in various countries. These provide an easy and direct access to his teachings. From early boyhood, Krishnamurti was marked out for an exalted position; every effort was made to give him a superb training to enable him to fulfil his destiny. In every land, devout men and women looked up to him with reverence. His lightest word was recorded; his movements were chronicled with affectionate care; and, as he passed from country to country, he was welcomed as the harbinger of a new era

¹ 4th April, 1935 (Telugu New Year's Day).

TRIVENI

in the religious life of humanity. His sweetness, his utter simplicity, charmed all.

But, in 1929, he surprised his friends by dissolving the Order of the Star. He decided to forego the aid of religious organisations and of admiring interpreters of his message. Year after year, he speaks with increasing earnestness against exploitation by spiritual authority; he stresses the need for living in the 'Eternal Now'; he pleads for the change from unconsciousness to self-consciousness, from self-consciousness to the liberation from all sense of the separate self. This last, according to him, is the only natural, human state: having struggled with pain towards it, he asserts that others can do likewise. His is the gospel of liberty in the realm of the spirit. In trying to describe his experience, he invents a technique and a nomenclature of his own; but if the reader has not had a glimpse of the vision, all verbal descriptions of it must remain defective. This again means that every one must cut out his own path to Reality. Krishnamurti comes into conflict with established religions, traditions and formulas. He is a valiant fighter in the cause of spiritual freedom,—a living symbol of the eternal search of man for the God within himself.

UDAY SHANKAR IN MADRAS

Uday Shankar's second visit to Madras has proved an unqualified success. Appreciation of his dance compositions of 1935 from the Pundits who criticised those of 1933, indicates a *rapprochement* between the artiste and the votaries of Bharata Natya. His efforts to co-ordinate the dance traditions of different parts of India, and weave them into a marvel of beauty and grace, have won the admiration of all art-lovers. With the joyous enthusiasm and abandon of the born artist, he combines the patience of the researcher; and working on old and seemingly worn-out materials, he yet transports his audience into a fairyland of colour and movement. The vision of Uday Shankar as the dancing Siva and as the Player on the Flute will dwell in our memory along-

'THE TRIPLE STREAM'

side of the noblest achievements of the artistic genius of India in recent times,—with the music of Seshanna's *Veena*, with the *Sati* of Nandalal Bose, and the *Gitanjali* of Tagore.

A LANDSCAPE PAINTER

An exhibition of paintings by a single artist—and all of them landscapes—is something unusual. But it is a great advantage to be able to study the technique of a landscape painter from a hundred water-colours spread out in one room. We then learn to appreciate the uniqueness of his interpretation of Nature's moods, of the play of light on sea and mountain, flower and leaf. Mr. V. V. Bhagiradhi's array of landscapes at the Gokhale Hall, Madras, attracted quite a large number of visitors last week. He is a gifted painter, with a definite contribution to modern Indian Art. His intense absorption in his work, and the rapidity with which he produces pictures of rare merit, are remarkable. From the mountains and the waterfalls of Jeypore to the shrine of the virgin Goddess of Cape Comorin, he has wandered in search of beauty. His 'Bhongir Fort,' 'Godavari near the Papi Hills,' and 'Near Hussain Sagar' (lent by Mr. S. V. Ramamurty) received warm praise. There is a quality even in his smallest pictures. Pre-eminently a lover of the rocks, Mr. Bhagiradhi is akin to them in his rugged strength and his steadfast fight against adversity. We wish him all success.

THE ASSEMBLY

The disciplined strength of the Congress has made itself felt at every stage of the discussion on the Budget, but so long as the Governor-General has the power of 'restoration,' the victories of the Congress cannot bring relief to the taxpayer. When Congressmen sought the suffrage of the electors, they never imagined that they could bring the Government down on its knees. All that they had ever hoped to do was to expose the utter hollowness of the claim of the Government that it governed the country with the willing consent of the people, that in fact it knew the mind—and

TRIVENI

the needs—of the nation much better than a handful of discontented politicians who filled the prisons just because they found nothing better to do. Here is a Government that can carry on despite defeat after defeat. Opposed to it is the Congress which undoubtedly commands a majority in the country. Interpellations, adjournment motions, severe criticism of the policy and measures of the Government, sum up the achievements of the Congress; for, all opportunity for the display of constructive statesmanship is cruelly denied to the people's representatives under the present constitution. Whether, after the present session, the members of the Assembly will tour their constituencies and lead a crusade against the Government of India Bill remains to be seen. Work in the Assembly is but supplementary to wider work in the country. In organising the nation and educating it into a knowledge of its just rights, the experience gathered during the last few months on the floor of the Assembly ought to prove invaluable.

K. R.

TWO VETERAN SCHOLARS

The first two weeks of March 1935 saw the celebration of two notable events in Madras. The first was the honour done by Tamil-lovers to Mahamahopadhyaya Dakshinaty Kalanidhi, Doctor V. Swaminatha Iyer on his Satabhishekam. Very few scholars can attain to the eminence that Mahamahopadhyaya Swaminatha Iyer occupies in Tamil. His services to the Tamil language and literature are unique. For nearly fifty years, he has devoted himself heart and soul to the publication of classical Tamil literature and of works on grammar. His is the glory of having rescued a major part of the current Tamil classics from neglect, oblivion and ruin. He has furnished a tangible proof of the saying that the surest way to overcome death is to devote oneself strenuously and uninterruptedly to work. His early life and education and his position as Tamil Pundit in the Government colleges at Kumbakonam and at Madras have been helpful to him in his work. He

'THE TRIPLE STREAM'

wears lightly the rare honours conferred by the triple sources of honour,—the Government, the University and the public. May he long continue unostentatiously in his noble task with the energy and enthusiasm of youth!

The event of the second week was the farewell given to Mahamahopadhyaya, Prof. S. Kuppuswamy Sastri, M.A. on the eve of his retirement from Government service. Like Swaminatha Iyer, Professor Sastri has proved himself an exceptionally good Acharya. Tamil and the other Indian languages did not find favour with the educational authorities in the days of Swaminatha Iyer's punditship; and consequently his scholarship had to find scope in editing works and in the training of private pupils. Professor Sastri, on the other hand, found full scope for his scholarship (and for the ripe experience of teaching gained by controlling the Sanskrit colleges at Mylapore and Tiruvadi) in organising and conducting the honours school of Sanskrit at the Presidency College, Madras. 'Not only has he been a researcher himself, but even more important than that, he has been a potent cause of research in others.' He had played a very useful part in the activities of the academic bodies, particularly of the Madras, the Mysore, the Andhra and the Annamalai Universities, in the building up of the Government Oriental Manuscripts Library, Madras, in the Madras University Oriental Research Institute and in the Tamil Lexicon. It is hoped that in the leisure of retired life, his ripe wisdom will be devoted to maintaining with augmented glory the reputation for Sanskrit research which Madras has built up under his fostering care and guidance.

V. N.

Dance Traditions of South India

By K. V. RAMACHANDRAN, B.A.

Something of the beauty of the early Hindu art survives in the indigenous dance and drama,—in the 'Terukoothu' of the Tamils, the 'Veethi Nataka' of the Andhras, the 'Bayalatta' of the Kannadigas, in the dynamic attitudes of 'Kathakali,' in the refined idiom of the nautch, in the curves and contours of the 'Kuchipudi' dance. Transplanted in bygone ages in Siam, Cambodia and Java, these very arts continue to 'astonish, enrapture, elevate' not only the peoples of those far-off countries, but also many European lovers of beauty, thanks to whom the dances of these countries are known to us far better than those of our own. It is not any casual resemblance that these arts have in common, but an identity in their basic technique of gesture sequences and floor contacts, and those vital attitudes that sum up a series of fleeting attitudes in one expressive movement—an identity so close and continuous that to derive these diverse systems from the classic dance of India, is to prove the obvious. A brief review of some of the salient features of the South Indian traditions indicating the points of contact with one another and with the classical dance is all that is attempted in the following pages.

(1)

The Yaksha Gana players of the Karnataka represent an authentic school of Indian dance that deserves to be preserved at all costs. Through a word and a step and a beat of the drum, these artists create portraits of epic heroism and raise visions of battles made beautiful through art. The gorgeous costume, the towering 'kirita' that accentuates the toss head, the mammoth girdle that suggests mountainous strength, the rhythmic movements, steps and gyrations in which anger incarnates itself, the sophisticated attack, counter-attack and

DANCE TRADITIONS OF SOUTH INDIA

defence, in dance language—the 'yuddha charis,' 'nyayas' and 'pravicharas' of Bharata—to the accompaniment of fierce challenges, disdainful admonitions—the powerful 'vachikabhinaya' in which the modulations of voice enrich and galvanise words, intertwined with the thrilling cadences of the drum—every little detail helps to recapture the beauty of heroism and courage. The lure of the battle exercises an unique fascination over these artists and they revert to it again and again, even creating situations for it where the original stories do not warrant them. Next to these dance pictures of war, a feature shared by the 'Terukoothu' which has a specific terminology for these, 'vachikabhinaya' is the most noteworthy feature of this school, *viz.*, 'abhinaya' that resides not only in the speech but in the nuances of voice that render it—the crescendo of the challenge, the thunderous cry that announces the Rakshasa's ferocious wakefulness and the many other significant modulations and silences. No wonder that this powerful 'vachikabhinaya' has relegated 'angikabhinaya' to the background and confined it to certain characters and situations. The most beautiful feature of this art is its use of pure dance,—a feature characteristic of 'Terukoothu' as well—as a prelude to speech and an accompaniment to song, very much like a motif of flower and foliage twining in and out of human and divine figures, a kind of dance analogue of the decorative architectural designs that encase and set off sculpture. The feminine dances of this school belong to a far lower plane of expression and are comparatively feeble and unconvincing. A reference to the Karnataka dancers would be incomplete if homage is not paid to Ganapati Prabhu of Sri Perudur, an artist of high rank whose movements in general and neck-movement ('griva rechaka') in particular are marked by natural grace and restraint.

(2)

If the feminine dances of the Yaksha Gana fail to convince by their feebleness, those of the Kuchipudi school

TRIVENI

are exceptionally vigorous and energetic, though perhaps they are hardly what one would call feminine. It would be rash for the present writer to formulate judgment on the Kuchipudi artists from a single much-abridged performance of 'Usha Parinaya' rendered in incongruously modern attire, but that they triumphed over all handicaps is due to the dance whose essential beauty nothing could suppress. 'Vachikabinaya' of a very distinct kind there is in this art, along with an elaborate and sometimes over-elaborate 'angikabhinaya,' but one missed the delicacy and daintiness of the nautch, especially the co-ordination of the intricacies of facial expression, the play of mood and counter-mood and the 'hastabhinaya'; one missed too the continuous syllabification by the feet that accompanies significant gestures in certain compositions of the nautch—a sacrifice perhaps rendered necessary by the dramatic end in view. But of strength and power there was an abundance, in place of the refinements of the nautch, which inhere partly in the dance itself and partly in the feminine medium that expounds it. It is not known whether the Andhra repertoire includes evolutionary compositions similar to those of the nautch, with parts organically related, though the materials for building up these are present as well as repetitive sequences called 'muddayis' similar to the Tamil 'tirmanas.' The chief merit of the Kuchipudi school is that it preserves a balance among the several modes of 'abhinaya' of which 'natya' is the coincidence, more than the Karnataka or South Canara school where 'vachikabhinaya' has overshadowed 'angabhinaya' and the Kathakali wherein 'angabhinaya' has eliminated the 'abhinaya' of speech. As in the other systems, pure dance constitutes the glory of the Kuchipudi school,—especially its series of specific 'nritta hastas,' floor contacts and attitudes, some of which are to be found in the nautch, but which other traditions appear to have forgotten. In this respect the Kuchipudi system has closer affinity to the nautch than to any other school: the 'nritta hastas' (patterned movements of the hands), as in the nautch,

DANCE TRADITIONS OF SOUTH INDIA

have maintained a precision and clarity, in comparison with which those of Kathakali appear uncertain and indefinite. The repertoire of the Kuchipudi artists includes a number of rare cadences absent from most of the parallel traditions, for instance, the cadence 'thom dhimi' in which the torso along with the arms executes a very graceful forward and backward flexion. To the dance of the future, the Kuchipudi system has undoubtedly many precious gifts to offer. Vedantam Raghaviah claims the honours as the best exponent of this school by his amazing record in speedy execution; but the homage that is due to knowledge belongs really to his Guru, Chinta Venkataramiah, who trained him. This ancient is a master of the art,—the last among a line of 'Natyacharyas' and one of the few living authorities on the subject.

(3)

The following notes on the Kathakali are based chiefly on the recitals of Gopinath, the talented partner of Ragini Devi, and to a small extent on the rehearsals of Vallathol's troupe at Madras on its way home. To the courtesy of Ragini Devi are due the accompanying illustrations of herself and of Gopinath; the prints from sculpture are the writer's own, gathered many years ago¹ for the purpose of study more than that of reproduction,—a circumstance that explains their indifferent quality as photos.

The first noteworthy feature of the Kathakali is its rejection of 'vachikabhinaya' for the purpose of intensifying 'angikabhinaya'; that by such sacrifice 'angabhinaya' has gained volume as well as power, needs no proof. The technique of 'hastabhinaya' is similar to that of the nautch, but while the 'abhinaya' of the nautch is passionate and lyrical and, in its higher manifestations, interpretative and creative, that of the Kathakali is, in accord with the text of the play, often descriptive and sometimes transcriptive, but dynamic always and dramatic. More than the play, the skill and imagination of

¹ 1, 2 and 4 from the precincts of the temple of the Goddess at Chidambaram, and 3 from Belur.

TRIVENI

the artists who interpret it determine the character of 'abhinaya' in the Kathakali; how profound and moving the 'abhinaya' could be and to what heights of persuasive eloquence it could soar was witnessed in the duet between Krishna and Arjuna, especially the iterations of Krishna in the transcendental symbology of gesture. Here was a language which, more than Sanskrit, was the speech of the gods; and who would distract its ceremonious beauty and infinite suggestiveness with a painted curtain or other mechanical aid when it needed none? At its highest, the Kathakali is an all-comprehensive art.

At ordinary levels, however, the Kathakali reveals a distinct realistic bias and prefers to serve the actual in place of the imaginative visions of the actual,—an instance of the concession that Art had to make to Life in the interests of intelligibility. How could uncultivated audiences follow the 'abhinaya' narrative, by itself sufficiently unintelligible, made doubly obscure by the omission of speech? Realism provided an easy way out of the difficulty. That the Kathakali made use of it is no wonder, because other traditions have reacted likewise under similar circumstances,—the serious Terukoothu, for instance, that exhausted itself in a debauch of low comedy. Lovers of the art who call the Kathakali 'primitive' and on the strength of that adjective claim a pre-Aryan antiquity for it, have no more basis for their theory than the abrupt realism of the Kathakali which, from Bharata's point of view, was a shortcoming inevitable in the ages when his ideals were forgotten. And those among us who bestow a distant and formal patronage on the Kathakali on account of its origin in a period of general decadence are apt to exaggerate its lapses and overlook its essential beauty and its very genuine claims to represent the 'Natya' of Bharata. The Kathakali is no isolated curiosity from Kerala, but one of the many parallel traditions that Bharata's teachings have inspired.

The gesture materials employed by the Kathakali in fact are as old as Bharata; whether its immediate source was the aristocratic Cakkier Koothu or the Krishnan Attam, its ulti-

DANCE TRADITIONS OF SOUTH INDIA

mate source was the very system on which the Cakkier Koothu and the Krishnan Attam had based themselves, *viz.*, the classical Dance Art of ancient India of which Bharata was the theoretical exponent. What matters it if, like Ekalavya, the Kathakali obtained its gift of knowledge indirectly? On the basis of the dance vocabulary of the Kathakali which is far anterior to the 17th century, the legend that assigns the Kathakali to this age, instead of being understood literally, should be interpreted to signify some phase in the vernacularization of the Sanskrit Drama, when the Kathakali broke away from the parent system, either because of its aggressive realism or because it discarded some essentials of that system. Legends do not constitute history, though sometimes they embody valuable historical truths.

'Cakha' was the name of a system of 'abhinaya' that employed beautiful and variegated movements of the entire arm, called 'vartanas.' Each of the 'abhinaya hastas' had a corresponding propelling movement, and the form of 'angikabhinaya' accompanied by these whole-arm movements was known as 'Cakhabhinaya.' Our knowledge of the 'vartanas' is derived from a passage from Kohala abstracted by Kallinatha in his commentary on the 'Sangita Ratnakara.' To what extent the dance of the Cakkiars is based on 'Cakhabhinaya' and whether the classical 'vartanas' have found their way into the Kathakali through that source, are questions that await detailed investigation at the hands of scholars. The reference in 'Cilappadikaram' is unmistakably to the expert in Cakha.

The linear decorations of the face, especially the extensions of the line of the eyebrow and eye for the purpose of accentuating the 'abhinaya' of the face ('upanga abhinaya'), the painted approximations of the mask which render the character impersonal and simultaneously limit the 'abhinaya' to one dominant emotion, the costume and make-up generally, are features that the Kathakali shares with the Tamil, Telugu and Karnataka traditions of the open-air drama, and the advantage of artistic merit in some respects is in favour of the

latter. So also the technique of 'angikabhinaya,' is one that is familiar to the nautch and the Kuchipudi Bhagavatars. But the Kathakali's right to recognition as a classical art is based on its memory, at least in outline, of some of the ancient dance cadences,—the 'karanas'—and its use of these supremely expressive forms in 'abhinaya.' Some of the more graceful and seductive of these cadences occur in the nautch and to some extent in the Kuchipudi system as well, as pure dance, but neither the nautch nor the Kuchipudi school employs them as media of 'abhinaya' as the Kathakali unmistakably does.

What is a 'karana'? 'Karana' is the cadence of the body in dance that resolves itself into a patterned movement of the hands ('nritta hasta') and a corresponding beautiful movement of the feet ('chari'), preceded and followed by a rhythmic and harmonious attitude of the body ('sthana'). The 'vaishnava sthana' for instance—that attitude in which the Buddha is represented at Ajanta—was one in which the chest was thrown slightly forward, body flexed graciously and relaxed, and the feet a little parted, with hands to correspond; when such an attitude was co-ordinated in a continuous and exquisite movement, the cadence was known as a 'karana.' A sequence of these 'karanas' in a predetermined order and within the limits of 'tala,' formed the classical 'angaharas'—the theme of Siva's dance. It is worth remembering that this is an imaginative dance that rejects the burden of the human spirit and interprets neither 'pada' nor 'vakya' and accepts no theme or programme other than itself,—a thing of beauty like the 'raga' in which the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression. Later, when the classical playwright sought to make his poem visible on the stage, he readily seized these cadences of dance and music ('karana' and 'raga') as his media of visible and audible expression. Thus the karana¹ 'leenum'

¹For sculptures of 'karanas' from the Nataraja temple, Chidambaram, the reader is referred to the Madras Epigraphical report, 1914; Mr. M. Ramakrishna Kavi, M.A., has reproduced these in the edition of the 'Natya Sastra' Vol. I, published by the Baroda Durbar.

was employed in situations where the heroine was beseeching her lord; 'apaviddham' in anger; 'valitorukam' in the coy love of the 'mugdha'; 'swastika rechitam' in joy; 'nikuttanam' in self-importance; 'katichhinna' in wonder; 'vakshaswastikam' in sympathy; 'unmattakam' in pride born of beauty-consciousness; 'mattalli' in love etc. A less exalted office was sometimes assigned to some of the 'karanas,' for instance, 'samanakham' announced the commencement of the dance; 'dikswastikam' indicated the change of music; and 'akshiptam' denoted the clown. According as these cadences were intended for men or women, they divided themselves into two classes,—the 'uddhata' or forceful, energetic kind which embraced such 'karanas' as 'garudaplutakam,' 'dandakarechitam,' etc., and the 'sukumara,' the graceful and dainty, some of which have already been mentioned as having found employment in crucial situations of the play. The great Abhinavagupta has, in his invaluable commentary on the 'Natya Sastra,' given us a good number of passages from ancient Prakrit dramas for the appropriate introduction of the 'karanas,' a study of which is indispensable for the student of Indian dance. If some of the daintier cadences have been appropriated by the nautch, the Kathakali has retained in outline some of the 'uddhata' movements.

It is not claimed that the Kathakali artists render these movements by employing the very 'nritta hastas' and 'charis' enjoined by Bharata. In fact, the dances have undergone a twofold change: in many instances, what were originally cadences have congealed into attitudes that neither begin nor end the movement, but occur in the middle of it; in other instances, what were originally immobile attitudes have developed a swaying movement in dance and 'abhinaya.' However confused the memory and displaced the attitude, the memory is unquestionably there; and the Kathakali remains one of our principal sources for reconstructing the classical dance.

Every movement of dance begins with a basic attitude—

TRIVENI

'sthana'—and the classic attitudes are many, and of these the nautch prefers some, while Kathakali prefers others. Sculpture print (1) illustrates the beautiful disposition of the body at the commencement of the dance in 'mandala sthana'—the 'lata hastas' reaching down to the knee creeper-wise, hip lowered, thighs and legs bent and turned gracefully, the feet looking towards either side with an interval of one 'tala'¹ between them. This 'mandala sthana,' but with the hands arranged differently, is a very common attitude in nautch and the 'karanas' carved at Chidambaram from a girl model, with very few exceptions, have all been rendered from this basic attitude. A predominantly masculine art that Kathakali is, the 'vaicakha sthana' with an interval of three and a half 'talas' between the feet, is the natural and most common Kathakali attitude. Gopinath's poses (Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5) illustrate the disposition of the legs in this posture.

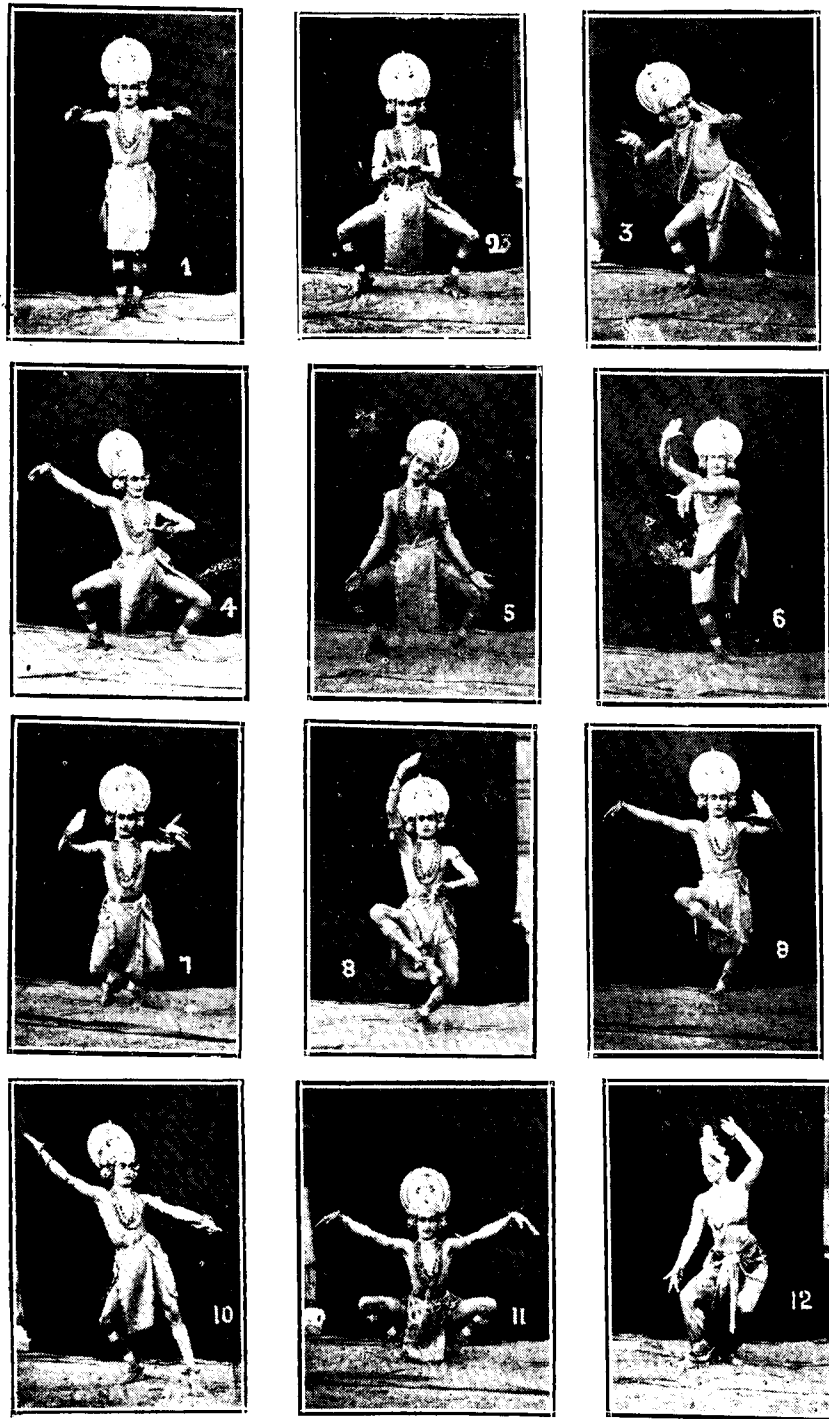
Sculpture (2) is the end of a cadence called 'ardha-mattalli' expressive of the intoxication of youth, rendered from the 'mandala sthana.' This 'ardha mattalli' is an eternal favourite with the South Indian sculptor who has given endless reproductions of it at Chidambaram, Kumbakonam, Darasuram, Tanjore and Madura. This occurs in the Kathakali on a basic 'vaisakha sthana' instead of the 'mandala' (fig. 4 of Gopinath) as an attitude of ease from which the hero surveys his beloved and takes in every detail of her form before describing her perfections. In the classical dance, this is a movement, whereas in Kathakali it is just an immobile but rhythmic attitude.

The 'karana' was the co-ordination of the beautiful movements of hands and feet. The 'nritta hastas' were the patterns of beautiful movements of hands; the 'charis' were the corresponding beautiful movements of feet. These 'charis' were of two kinds,—the 'bhoumya' and the 'akasa' charis; in the former the feet never lost contact with the ground; in the latter the foot was lifted away from the

¹ 'Tala' was a unit of linear measurement and denoted the length between the outstretched thumb and forefinger.



DANCE TRADITIONS OF SOUTH INDIA



ground, The movement which lifted the left foot of the Nataraja and sent it athwart the right leg is an example of an 'akasa chari.' Though the nautch and Kathakali are familiar with both these classes of movements, the nautch finds more frequent employment for the 'bhouma charis,' while Kathakali prefers the 'akasa charis' more often. Sculpture (4) gives a vivid idea of the 'oordhvajanu' foot movement in co-ordination with the hand movement 'karihasta.' Figure 8 of Gopinath gives the Kathakali equivalent of the 'oordhvajanu chari' along with an upward movement of the hands. This attitude occurs in the middle of a forward movement in the 'kalasam' of 8 'matras' beginning 'takrukruta'—a vigorous movement employed in heroic situations. Sculpture (3) from Belur, the 12th century capital of the Hoysalas, is a sculptor's version of a similar movement from an entirely different part of India, the northern extremity of Mysore. Another print in the writer's possession tallying more closely with that of Gopinath could not be included because the hands were out of focus. The reason for matching this 12th century carving with Gopinath's dance is to indicate the common source of both, viz., the classical dance of India. A preliminary movement called 'chuvaduvu' employs the same foot movement. (Fig. 9.)

The 'swastika' movement in which the feet cross each other occurs in a 'misra gati kalasam' of the formula 'tai—dhi tai—dhi ti tai—dhi ti ti tai' in which the dancer moves sideways to the right and left in accord with the syllables. This furnishes another contact with ancient dance. Figure 7 is the end of the first movement, and the entire movement may be any one of those cadences in which the feet keep crossing each other,—possibly the 'uromandalam.' With a touch or two Gopinath's semi-seated posture at the beginning of his 'garuda' dance may well approximate to the classical 'gauravalinakam.' Figure 5 which looks like the end of the 'karna' 'vartitam' in 'vaisakha sthana' is frequently employed in the Kathakali to denote grief. The Kathakali has a dance portrait of the elephant, and at the end of it occurs the

TRIVENI

Kathakali equivalent of the arm-movement 'karihasta' together with an upraised knee (fig 6). Figure 1 is the usual attitude of rest in the Kathakali and has been included for being compared with a similar posture in the nautch. Figure (2) represents something similar to the karana 'talapushpaputam' on a basic 'vaisakha sthana,' but the movements of which bear no resemblance to those of the classical cadence. Figure 11 is a combination pose,—the pose of hands of one 'kalasam' having been fitted on to the semi-seated posture of another; in effect the picture appears as if the karana 'unmattaka' had been rendered in an 'upavishta sthana.' And that terrible attitude (fig. 10) in which anger has taken bodily shape,—one leg thrust forward in a pointed stride and the head and torso tilted backward to produce a vibrant line, may well represent the Kathakali recollection of the Bharata cadence 'soochi'; an Aswathama may very appropriately enter the stage in such a manner in quest of his father's murderer.

Fig. 3 is from a 'kalasam' called 'rettivattam' in which the body is flexed now to one side and now to the other with a semi-circular movement, the hands forming alternately a 'sandamsa' and 'alapallava.' This 'sandamsa-alapallava' alternation, corresponding to the 'hamsasya-alapallava' combination of the nautch, is the most frequent hand accompaniment to floor contacts in the Kathakali. These very 'hastas,' but with an upward direction, occur in the fine picture of Ragini Devi (fig. 12) which illustrates not only the beautiful flexions of a typically feminine attitude, but also the artiste's easy familiarity with the Kathakali technique.

No description of the Kathakali could ignore the significance of the drum in this wonderful pantomime. Those who have seen Gopinath's little masterpiece—the hunter's dance—would recollect what an integral part of the movement the drum cadences were. Indeed the drum furnishes an intimate and unique kind of commentary on every turn of the head and hand, every glance of the eye, every movement of the eyebrow in 'abhinaya' and dance,—refinements that by themselves deserve a whole chapter.

DANCE TRADITIONS OF SOUTH INDIA

What is a 'kalasam'? According to Sarangadeva, 'kalasam' was an instrumental finale in which the drums and cymbals took part; when the 'kalasam' was played, the danseuse was directed to remain still and motionless as in a painted picture. But the 'kalasams' of the Kathakali are dance sequences corresponding to the 'tirmanas' of nautch. It is a common phenomenon in the history of dance for a drum sequence to get converted into a dance sequence; for instance, the 'malapanga' and 'malapa' drum sequences survive as the dances 'chinna malappu' and 'periya malappu' in the nautch,—sequences of pure dance (nritya) performed in front of the processional deity at the four cardinal points. It is the 'kalasams' that embody the greater part of the 'tandava' attitudes and are therefore a vital part of the Kathakali. 'Kalasams' are many and varied and known by such names as 'eduthu kalasam,' 'vattamittu kalasam' etc; sometimes these names denote more than one 'kalasam.' Gopinath mentions an 'ashta kalasam' corresponding to the 'tillana' of the nautch. In our quest after the forgotten dances of ancient India, the Kathakali technique in general and the 'kalasams' in particular hold the key to an important part of the materials that elude us elsewhere.

Why these beautiful 'kalasams' were omitted from the programme of Vallathol's troupe, and why the inevitable stool replaced the wonderful 'upavishta sthanas' of dance, are questions I have never been able to answer. Among the first to discern the beauty of the Kathakali and the first also to spread its message in other provinces, Ragini Devi, it must be owned, has made liberal and excellent use of the pure dances of the Kathakali in her recitals.

(To be concluded)

The Case for Rejection

(A SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE)¹

By B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

(Member, Working Committee of the Congress)

Turn to Budgets for a moment. A most unusual and altogether novel procedure is introduced in the J. P. C. Report in relation to Budgets. The J. P. C. is not satisfied with the recommendation of the White Paper that the Federal Upper House should, at the instance of Government, be able to demand that any grant which has been reduced or rejected by the Lower House should be brought up before a Joint Session. 'We think,' says the J. P. C. Report, 'that all demands should be considered first by the Lower House and subsequently by the Upper, and that the powers of each House in relation to any demand should be identical, any difference being resolved by a joint session to be held forthwith.'

Much the most astounding provision in the whole Report is contained in the Second Schedule, which enumerates the provisions of the Bill the amendment whereof is not to affect the validity of the Instrument of Accession of a State. Thus, any amendment relating to the following points will invalidate the Instrument of Accession, and this means that these powers which are really the reserved powers under the Act cannot be transferred even by Parliament without entitling a State to walk out of the Federation. Yet, the Bill speaks of the inability of the States—once they gain access to the Federation—to secede. Let us briefly review the provisions whose amendment is virtually interdicted, rather we extract nearly the whole Schedule for the interest it abounds in.

PART II, CHAPTER II

The exercise by the Governor-General, on behalf of His Majesty, of the executive authority of the Federation,

¹ The main article was published in *Triveni* for Nov.-Dec. 1934.

THE CASE FOR REJECTION

and the definition of the functions of the Governor-General; the executive authority of the Federation; the functions of the council of ministers, and the choosing and summoning of ministers and their tenure of office; the functions of the Governor-General with respect to external affairs and defence; the special responsibilities of the Governor-General relating to the peace or tranquillity of India or any part thereof, the financial stability and credit of the Federal Government, the rights of Indian States, and the discharge of his functions by or under the Act in his discretion or in the exercise of his individual judgment; the provisions relating to His Majesty's Instrument of Instructions to the Governor-General; the superintendence of the Secretary of State; and the making of rules by the Governor-General for the transaction of, and the securing of transmission to him of information with respect to, the business of the Federal Government.

PART II, CHAPTER III

The number of the representatives of British India and of the Indian States in the Council of State and the Federal Assembly and the manner in which they are to be chosen; the disqualifications for membership of the Council of State and of the Federal Assembly in relation to the representatives of the State; the procedure for the introduction and passing of Bills; joint sittings of the two Chambers; the assent to Bills, or the withholding assent from Bills by the Governor-General; the reservation of Bills for the significance of His Majesty's pleasure; the annual financial statement; the charging on the revenues of the Federation of the salaries, allowances and pensions payable to or in respect of the Judges of the Federal Court, of expenditure for the purpose of the discharge by the Governor-General of his functions with respect to external affairs, defence, and the administration of any territory in the direction and control of which he is required to act in his discretion, and of the sums payable to His Majesty in respect of the expenses incurred in discharging the functions of the Crown in its relations with Indian States; the procedure with respect to estimates and demands for grants; supplementary financial statements; the making of rules

TRIVENI

by the Governor-General for prohibiting the discussion or the asking of questions on any matter connected with any Indian State; the making of rules by the Governor-General as to the procedure with respect to joint sittings of, and communications between, the two Chambers.

PART II, CHAPTER IV

The power of the Governor-General to promulgate ordinances in his discretion or in the exercise of his individual judgment, or to enact Governor-General's Acts.

PART III, CHAPTER II

The special responsibility of the Governor relating to the rights of Indian States and the superintendence of the Governor-General in relation thereto.

PART III, CHAPTER III

The making of rules by the Governor for prohibiting the discussion of, or the asking of, questions on any matter connected with any Indian State.

PART V, CHAPTER I

The power of the Federal Legislature to make laws extending to a State or the subjects thereof, the power of the Governor-General to empower either the Federal Legislature or Provincial Legislature to enact a law with respect to any matter not enumerated in any of the Lists in the Seventh Schedule to this Act; the provisions of the chapter relating to inconsistency between a Federal law and a State law.

PART V, CHAPTER II

The previous sanction of the Governor-General to the introduction or moving of any Bill or amendment affecting matters reserved to the discretion of the Governor-General in relation to defence or external affairs; the power of Parliament to legislate for British India or any part thereof, or the restrictions on the power of the Federal Legislature and of Provincial Legislatures to make laws on certain matters.

PART VI

In so far as the provisions of that Part relate to Indian States.

THE CASE FOR REJECTION

PART VII, CHAPTER I

In so far as it relates to Burma.

PART VII, CHAPTER II

Loans and guarantees to Federal States.

PART VIII

The constitution and functions of the Federal Railway Authority; the conduct of business between the Authority and the Federal Government; and the determination of questions arising between the Authority and the Ruler of a Federated State.

PART IX, CHAPTER I

In so far as it relates to appeals to the Federal Court from High Courts in British India; the power of the Governor-General to refer questions of law to the Federal Court; the power of the Federal Legislature to confer further powers upon the Federal Court for the purpose of enabling it more effectively to exercise the powers conferred upon it by this Act.

PART XII

Resolutions of the Federal Legislature or any Provincial Legislature recommending amendments of this Act or Orders in Council made thereunder.

FOURTH SCHEDULE

The oath of affirmation to be taken or made by the Ruler or subject of an Indian State.

SEVENTH SCHEDULE

Any entry in the Legislative Lists which has not been accepted by the State as a Federal subject.

* * *

The addition of Schedule 2 to the Bill virtually brings about this condition of things:

1. A State has to make a declaration that it is willing to abide by this Act.

2. This, when accepted by the King, forms the foundation of the Federation.

TRIVENI

3. The Act so formulated has two sets of sections, (a) some enumerated as Chapters in Sec. 2, (b) those 'saved'.

Virtually these are (a) Structural, and (b) Functional.

4. No amendment relating to matters enumerated (not saved, *i.e.*, matters structural) shall affect the validity of the Declaration.

5. But in any case such an amendment is not binding on or does not extend to any Federated State—unless the Prince individually concurs in it. The implications of such an arrangement are with regard to matters 'saved' in Schedule 2. (*i.e.*, functional matters), that any amendment of the Act in respect of 'saved' matters affects the validity of the declarations of the Federating States, and thus produces one of two results. Either the Federation is dissolved, or amendments are made impossible at the inception or in the implementing. In effect then, while structural amendments are capable of being passed with the consent of the Federating State and in any case in respect of British India, *i.e.*, while structural amendments are capable of being made to apply to British India and such of the States as consent to them, functional amendments destroy the Federation itself or destroy themselves.

EXAMPLES

Structural.—Appointment of the Commander-in-Chief, Financial adviser, Advocate-General.

Composition of Legislatures in respect of British India Provincial Governments.

Functional.—Reserved Powers. Railway Board. Functions of the Reserve Bank Services.

Really the object is to prevent the change of the Act in response to further agitation or by, say, a Labour Government, and to use the States in the Federation as an additional and effectual bar to further progress.

We now understand why the decennial statutory enquiry of the Montford scheme is abandoned, for this Act will be not for a decade, nor for a generation, but for eternity.

Poor Saraswati

By K. SWAMINATHAN, M.A.

There has been in recent years much mischievous talk against our present system of education. People as widely apart as Mahatma Gandhi and Sir K. V. Reddi, as Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, have been busy and loud, preaching against this system. What value are we, teachers and students, to attach to these outbursts?

There is an instinct in every human being to criticise something or other, and the more reckless and the more extreme your criticism of a thing, the more courageous you are taken to be. Any criticism, whether mild or violent, of the army, the navy, the police force, the revenue system, or the judicial system, is fraught with danger. If Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru or Sir K. V. Reddi or Mr. Ramaswami Sastri talked of the waste of money or the misdirection of energy in any of these other ways, they would be silenced with prompt and condign punishment. But education, alas, every one can criticise with impunity, and almost every one wanders up and down the land, heaping abuse on all schools, colleges and Universities.

Not only is there no legal restraint on irresponsible criticism of education, but there is not even a social or academic demand for some *knowledge* on the part of the critics of education. While a teacher is wisely silent on the antics of our Judges, the absurdities of our legal system, and the selfish jealousy and mediæval obscurantism of the medical profession, while our Civil Engineers know nothing, and say nothing, of any waste or inefficiency in our military organization, every Judge and Councillor and Advocate and Doctor and Journalist thrusts his interfering and unwanted finger into the pie of education and makes the sorriest of trades also the most ignoble of professions.

TRIVENI

Leaving Gandhi on one side (for his is 'the holy madness of the pure in heart crusading through a comfortable world'), one is tempted to wonder at the ingratitude and inconsistency of the other crusaders against modern Indian education.

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, shouting obstreperous abuse at our schools and colleges, still sends his own children to these very schools and colleges. Even Sir K. V. Reddi does not keep his sons at home and safe from the contamination of modern education. In fact, the sons of Sapru and Sir K. V. Reddi have all of them had brilliant academic careers and are all the better for them. We who know the facts cannot take very seriously the Saprus, the Reddis and the Ramaswami Sastris, who loudly condemn education but send their own children to schools and colleges. We shall do what they do, not what they tell us to do.

But not everybody knows the facts or stops to weigh them. The damage that is done to the boys and girls at school by these highly-spiced and widely-advertised tirades against education, is incalculable. That the standards of attainment of school and college students have gone terribly down during the last 20 years, no one can deny; and one of the chief causes, if not the chief cause, of this deterioration is the undeserved contempt into which the system of education has been brought by the unbridled talk of intemperate politicians.

When we were boys, people like Chandavarkar, Mani Aiyar, Krishnaswami Aiyar, Gokhale and Sivaswamy Aiyer, men who were not only politicians but scholars, encouraged us to work hard, to pursue knowledge and to approach our schools with the reverence due to a temple or a church. Saraswati was *then* considered a goddess worthy of worship. To us, teachers like A. Panchapagesa Aiyar and A. S. Kasturiranga Aiyar were indeed prophets and priests, not mere underpaid hirelings. Now all that has changed. In convocation address after convocation address, graduates are told that they have wasted their time, that knowledge is an

POOR SARASWATI

unnecessary evil, and that their teachers are selfish fools who dole out their folly in exchange for fodder and stabling. The students at school and college naturally take these estimates of the 'Brahmacharya Ashrama' at their face value, and without hope or enthusiasm on the part of pupil or teacher the process of education drags miserably on to its barren conclusion.

What exactly do these critics expect from any system of education, no matter how perfect? And what exactly are the benefits that our system has failed to yield? Even on the meanest utilitarian basis, the education which has thrown up, willy-nilly, Gandhi, Nehru, Sapru himself, Srinivasa Sastri, C. V. Raman and Radhakrishnan, this system has not failed. Education *is* a wasteful process. There is no proportion between the labour and the result. In this it is like Nature herself, 'who has no law, but wastes the myriad spawn to hatch a single fish.' And from the point of view of the country it is worth while that a million students should each fail thrice in the Intermediate Examination, if out of these failures a Gokhale, a Raman, a Radhakrishnan or a Nehru could spring. In addition to the production of outstanding men, our education has certainly given us all a sense of our rights and duties as citizens, and brought us from a mediæval to a modern outlook on life. If courage and self-respect are slowly replacing fear and superstition, if freedom and equality are driving away the hideous nightmare of caste, have we not reason to be thankful?

But this testing by general results is unfair in its application to education. Education is to be judged, not by the faulty and mischievous standards of its social or political utility, but by its results on the individual educand. Is or is not any given young man the better, clearly and by much, in intellect, in emotion and in physique, for taking full advantage of the facilities offered by his school? If you are going to judge the system by its effect on a young man who refused to take advantage of the facilities it offered, who pursued it half-heartedly and against his will, you are not being fair to the

TRIVENI

system. To be fair to it, you must judge it by its effect on one who followed it whole-heartedly, enthusiastically and with full-blooded vigour, enlarging and strengthening his intellect, refining and enriching his emotions, and making his body taut and supple like a sword of tempered steel. To the man who shuts himself up throughout the day inside his windowless hovel, there is no brightness and no kindly healing in the sun.

The benefit to the individual educand is many-sided and important. A modern scientific training gives one a critical spirit, inductive reasoning, reliance on one's own observation, experience and judgment, freedom from blind faith and a desire for justice and equality. These things are the gifts of modern education. I say modern education, and not western education, because, till the time of Bacon and Hobbes and Montesquieu the ideas of Europe were not very different in their absurdity from the ideas of Manu himself. It was not the fault of our ancient philosophers, as it was not the fault of Aristotle and Plato, of Aquinas and Duns Scotus, that they had not read Rousseau, Karl Marx and Bertrand Russel. If to the temper and spirit of the ancient Rishis we bring the knowledge and exactitude of modern science, we shall be evolving the synthetic civilisation for which the world has been waiting. And no other means is available for bringing about this grand consummation than the dull, dry, day-to-day drudgery of our schools and colleges.

Socially, politically and culturally, our education *is* producing benefits but not in the required degree or with the required rapidity. The remedy is in intensifying and widening the system, not in scrapping it. The filtration of modern knowledge to the masses is painfully slow. The liquidation of illiteracy is still an ideal. If with vernacularization we combine a passionate faith in the virtue of modern scientific education and replace the Pandit and Moulana tradition by a genuine love and reverence for children and a relentless pursuit of truth, free from authoritarianism, this system will yield better results than any other that the world has conceived. One does not tear a whole tree by its roots because some of

POOR SARASWATI

its leaves or some of its fruits are rotten. This system of education has yielded much good and is capable of yielding more; it deserves mending here and there by people who love children and who know their subjects, but not at all the rough handling it now gets from all and sundry.

The complaint that there is unemployment in the land is no argument at all against education. In this country at any rate education has always been considered not as a means to an end but as an end itself. To give food and training to the minds and hearts of our children is as much a duty and a necessity as to give food and training to their bodies. No doubt there are people who feed their children only because this will fit them for employment, people who would starve their children to death if there were no chance of employment; such people will refuse education to their children. But others, who feed the body irrespective of chances of employment, must feed the mind also. True Brahminism consists in giving to the mind and spirit of man at least as important a place as to his body, and the lack of faith in education is a better proof of the failure of Brahminism in our land than any other event or circumstance of recent times. Education should provide, not a means of livelihood, but a way of living. It is not the business of education, it is the business of other forces, Industry, for example, and Population-control, to make livelihood possible for all.

People who talk of the waste involved in education do not stop to calculate what proportion of the nation's human and material resources are spent on education and what proportion on other things; for example, on drink, or tobacco, or motor-cars, or preparations for war. We count carefully the pence spent on our children, while we squander pounds on evil and unnecessary things.

The complaint is sometimes made that modern Indian education has not resulted in any important discovery or invention. This is not wholly true. But even so, there is a time and place for the increase of knowledge and a time and place for the dissemination of it. In the affairs of this world,

TRIVENI

our people are more or less in the stage of the people of England about the year 1530, and if we can make all the knowledge gathered by Europe in the last 400 years available to our own people within the next generation or two, that will be work enough for a hundred times the number of schools and colleges in this country.

But apart from this duty of disseminating modern knowledge to the masses, the great problem of education here as elsewhere is the problem of how to make good our losses. These losses are enormous and unceasing. We should bequeath to the young generation the House of Knowledge in good repair, not tumbled down and ruined. Learned men die off as rapidly as the unlearned, and the race for knowledge, for the maintenance not the progress of knowledge, is a race against 'the steady and on-coming tide of destruction and oblivion.' Every school has to fill a little of the emptiness caused by that unwearied worker, Death. Every thirty years or less, we have to replace all the knowledge and all the skill in the world. 'We have to provide that the infants and the children of today shall know all the secrets and wield all the powers of the best and wisest men now living.' If we slacken, the fate which overtook the great civilisations of the past will overtake the slowly growing, rich and complex civilisation of modern India. We must work hard if we wish to stay where we are.

Education is a struggle against the deep and treacherous river of time. Whether in the process of the years we are to become an A_1 nation or a C_3 nation, depends almost entirely on the way we treat the body, mind and spirit of the young generation, in other words, on the way we value, and establish, and provide for their education. To pursue knowledge, sincerely and disinterestedly for its own sake and for the sake of our children, should not be a difficult ideal for this, till recently, Brahmin-ridden land.

Short-sighted greed and immediate utility will paralyse and kill any system of education that accepts these standards. Germany and America may perhaps encourage such know-

POOR SARASWATI

ledge only as is useful, but we in this land have learnt during some three thousand years to look upon knowledge as the tree of life. We cannot 'cultivate its branches for profit and neglect the root; we cannot apply the test of utility to knowledge that is living and growing.' The cry for vocational training and applied science is the cry of specialised and over-practical men and has little relevance to the broad basis of national culture. The knowledge that can be used is knowledge that has ceased to live; it is the timber, not the growing tree, out of which you make doors and windows and furniture.

To the individual the spirit rather than the use of education is everything; it is 'the opening of fresh eyes on the world, the exhilarating trial of new powers against the forces of the world.' It is the making of men and women, not of bread-winners or cannon-fodder or industrial units. Let us make men and women of our children and the State can well take care of itself.

Let it not be concluded that we resent all criticism; far from it. Raman and Radhakrishnan, V. S. Sastri and Ratnaswami, have in their addresses on education, shown a wholly admirable spirit and temper and tendered advice which is welcome and helpful. What we deplore is the thoughtless and mischievous invective heaped on education by those who, in education alone, clamour for an impossible perfection. To them we may say, adapting a Persian proverb :—

He who would have only a faultless friend
Must, friendless, live his life, and, friendless, end;
He who would be from every error free
Must seek in death his sole security;
He who would go but to a perfect school
Was born, and must remain perforce, a fool!

Acme

(A Short Story)

By BAL S. MARDHEKAR

(1)

Shall I describe the cottage first? Rather not. I would leave it to emerge as I proceed. I was sitting on the little, spotlessly clean but crumpled up bed just near the window looking out of it. It was early morning and the cool breeze that caressed and rustled the tree-tops out of sleep wafted in an exhilarating freshness, and as it touched the bare skin of my body all over, it sent a sweet sensation, a mild thrill through it, which was reflected in the blitheness of my countenance. The varying shades of green leaves were absorbing a new liveliness from the glimmering orange yellow of the twilight. The inarticulate twitter of the birds had already begun, and the morning felt their rapturous awakening and understood the meaning of their choral hymn without knowing its language. From a long distance came the faint sound of cowbells tinkling, and as it approached nearer and nearer you could hear the mingling strains from the milkman's day-dream-world while he led his cows for milking. I sat watching this morning life for I know not how long. I was not attending to any one particular object; rather, the whole spectacle had that indefinable charm that holds one spellbound without knowing why. And in contemplating it gleefully and in smiling silence, I had so completely forgotten myself that—

'I say, Ravi,' I exclaimed, 'look at that girl. How exactly like your picture!'

Ravindra who was arranging the flowers in the vase came to the window and I looked out of it. The resemblance between the picture he was then working on and that girl there was simply startling and he was as astonished as myself,

ACME

if not more. She was wearing a *sari* of pale orange and rose and a white silk blouse. Her face was oval rather than round, and from underneath her pencilled eyebrows and dark eyelashes quivered her bright and beautiful, wandering eyes as if, although they would no longer linger over the fast vanishing fields of childhood and innocence, they were timid, almost afraid, to roam freely over the blossoms in the Garden of Youth that was stretching before them. There was a pink rose with two green leaves on its stalk in her stamen-like hair. Swinging playfully the net in her left hand which held her books, she appeared to be going tip-toe to the morning school and one could have fancied Dawn herself had stepped down from the horizon.

'Ah,—yes, Subha,—how like,' came the words slowly. There was a note of bitterness and slight dejection in his voice. But I was in no mood to recognise it. That close likeness was convincing me that Ravindra must have seen that girl before and managed to procure her photograph. And that he should never have told me! Of course there could be no other explanation. Every detail agreed so perfectly. That charm which Ravindra was imparting to the figure on the canvas was there tint for tint in that other figure that was moving towards us. Having achieved in a divine moment of supreme creative inspiration one perfect human form and sent it down to this earth, and then despairing of his power to recreate that vision of loveliness but once more, yet in love with it, had the great Creator appeared as Ravindra to copy his own creation? At another time, I might have amused Ravi and myself with that and similar conceits. But now I was feeling hurt a bit.

'You could have told me who she was. But you *don't* know, I suppose.'

'No.'

'I see. All right.'

We were, at least I was, all this time watching that girl from the window. Suddenly she turned the corner and disappeared.—Slowly I was turning round—

TRIVENI

'Gracious! Man! How could you!' I simply blurted out in utter despair. The picture, that was, had come down from the board and lying on the floor, a bundle of coloured rags!

He was not listening to me. Almost mechanically, he washed his palette and his brushes and put them away. He put the towel on the rack and with heavy steps came near me and sat down on the bed. In his dark gazelle eyes there shone a heart-rending light of complete frustration—

The jasmine creeper that hung in uncertain festoons at the three sides of the window which were gently shaken by the light breeze, had winded its leafy way in the cottage. One little white jasmine flower was peeping down from the green leaves. For a long time Ravindra sat there, his eyes fixed on that suspended flower and his long fingers slowly pushing back through his silken hair as if to keep time to his thoughts.

Then he closed his eyes.—Yet his whole face expressed a silent but deep yearning for something unseen, unattainable, only felt—ever so faintly!

And how fascinating he looked in that trance of moveless meditation—!

Something stirred deeply within me—. I forgot my early resentment, forgot the girl, forgot the picture and only thought of him. I would not disturb him—. And I murmured lovingly—'Goodbye.'

'Goodbye.'

I closed the door of the cottage behind me, quietly, noiselessly.—Yet the cuckoo on the mango tree flew away up in the sky and rose higher and higher—.

(2)

'Did you see that cottage? Isn't it a dream? I wonder who lives there.'

'Where?'

'Just there, beyond that causeway on the left, under that mango tree. See it?'

'Oh, that one—yes—don't know whose it is, though.'

ACME

'Isn't it lovely! Charu, look—that deer—and the jasmine's in flower too! Really, but who could be living there!'

'Would you like to go and see? I can take you there, if you care to come. I am in fact going there myself and whoever is in the cottage would be only too pleased to have such guests. Besides, that cottage isn't merely a picture from outside. It's got lovely pictures inside.'

I ventured to make this offer as I remarked the particular curiosity of one of the two persons in the above dialogue. It was after nearly a year that I was going to see Ravindra again. All the year I was in North India.....And now, at the sight of that old, familiar dwelling, what a host of thoughts filled my mind, what a medley of feelings. It had not changed a great deal in appearance, perhaps. But I could see new beauty in that warm red roof: it almost seemed ready, even impatient, to hold me in an affectionate embrace. The golden rays of the evening sun lingered upon the slanting roof reluctant to withdraw. Under that roof must be Ravi. What could he be doing, I mused. He couldn't be expecting me. How jolly to surprise him like this——!

From this reverie I was roused by the talk of two persons, strangers evidently, for they did not seem to know much about the place. They were three in all—an elderly gentleman accompanied by a lady who appeared to be his daughter, and her son. The young lady was of middle height inclining rather towards tall. The sportive smile on her face and her diverting conversation betrayed a genuine culture and an innocence that was not afraid of spontaneous expression. She almost invited you to be frank without fear, and gay without constraint.

'Can't we go, Dada? We could see those pictures inside,' she said to her father and turning to me inquired, 'Who's living there? An artist? Friend, I believe?'

'Yes. Would you come with me?'

They agreed, of course, and crossing the causeway we proceeded towards the cottage. Even by the time we neared it we had become friends. Her outward formal charm blend-

TRIVENI

ed with an exquisite inward grace to impart a merry tone to the conversation. When Beauty knows how to talk—

Here was the cottage and stepping before them I opened the wicket gate of the garden. The flowers which had smiled the day out on their stalks were closing in their places one by one. But the tiny jasmines were frail and drooped, soon to lie faded on the green leaves. The westering sun tried to lift their faces but succeeded only in spreading a thin veil of golden hope over them. At the end of the gravel walk was the door. The deer that was grazing raised its neck and stared at us with its full, dark eyes. I entered first—

‘Dear me!’—Suddenly but very softly exclaimed the young lady and quickly bending her head down, tried to protect her beautiful hair with her right hand from getting entangled in the jasmine creeper that hung from the trellis-arch before the door. Two tiny flowers were caught in her hair and remained there unknown to the wearer.

I pushed the door slowly and peeped in. Ravindra was washing his palette and brushes and relieving that work with furtive glances in a direction where apparently hung a newly finished picture. It was amusing to watch him do it, lingering over the brushes with the fondness of a mother, as if he would prolong his association with the creative effort by protracting this last link with it. We could not see the picture but we could see him. He was, however, so lost in the joy of achievement that he did not notice my intrusion.

‘Ravi—’

He started—then saw me, and leaving his brushes where they were, came shouting almost hilariously,

‘Hallo, Subha! You didn’t fall out of heaven, you—! Well, here’s something—’

Then suddenly he became aware that I was accompanied by strangers, and as he saw that young lady smiling at him with mingled amusement and tenderness, he blushed—was taken aback—and for the briefest instant felt his warm blood freeze. But only for the briefest instant; in the twinkling of an eye and before anyone could perceive, he recovered his

ACME

self-possession and serenity and welcomed his guests with courteous cordiality.

‘I am so sorry I didn’t see you.—Wont’ you come in?’, he said apologetically and moved three chairs near the table.

‘Oh, it’s all right, don’t worry. After all we are really intruders,’ replied the elderly gentleman rather reassuringly.

‘Take a seat, please.’ Ravindra addressed these words to the young lady. She obeyed him and smiling one of her bewitching smiles, remarked,

‘Aren’t we lucky to catch an artist in a rapture like this.’

Ravindra did not meet her eyes again.

‘Excuse me,’ he said, ‘I won’t be a minute.—Would you have some tea?’

‘No, thank you.’

Then he quietly removed his newly finished picture to the next apartment and joined us in conversation.

We sat like that talking about all sorts of things, but mostly about art. There were many of Ravindra’s paintings on the walls and some he fetched from the other room. The guests were quite obviously delighted. Such a lover of art as the young lady, come to such a shrine of the Beautiful, where, in the stillness of an embowered cottage, worshipped a young artist with the spirit of a missionary to capture the abiding loveliness of the universe and transfer it, if he could, to the canvas. . . . And she knew the art of provoking him to wax eloquent. Innocently flippant and wisely gay, she subtly broke the barriers of reserve and diffused an atmosphere of charm and fun. If she made a witty observation, Ravi would perhaps be thinking of the gentle wind that played wantonly with the *sari* in his picture. If she spoke of the subdued revelation of beauty in works of art, he would probably be remembering how he had made the soft fluffy hair in his picture half conceal the delicate curves of the ear. If she happened to dwell on the loveliness that resides in all things in this universe and on love that alone can reveal it, love that transcends individuality and embraces all creation, he would be reminded of the high

forehead in his picture. And when at last she expressed, a little shyly but most charmingly, how happy they had been that evening to meet him and how thankful to him for showing them his pictures, he could almost have felt that he was 'retouching' the soft dimple in the rosy cheeks of his picture.

It was dark. The elderly gentleman reminded,

'But we haven't seen your new picture—'

'No, but it's—I mean there's no light now. It's better seen in daylight.'

'Well, I think that would give us an excuse to call again,—that is, if Mr. Artist wouldn't mind.'

'Not at all. On the contrary, it would be a joy. And surely you wouldn't need an excuse to come.'

They rose to go. Ravindra offered them each a bunch of Queens of the Night. We followed them to the wicket gate.

'Come along, Charu, leave that deer alone,' called the lady.

'Goodbye,' said the father.

'Goodbye,' repeated the daughter. 'Charu, say Goodbye.'

A little voice whispered, 'Goodbye.'

'Goodbye,' we replied.

—I was helping myself to a glass of water and airily asked where the new picture was. Ravindra who had preceded me in the cottage dryly replied, 'There.'

What was there? Coloured rags scattered about!

I looked at Ravi. What was there? The poignant despair of futile inspiration! The piercing forlornness of a soul that felt it saw and knew it was blind. It *would* be filled but remained empty. It cried and called and felt it heard—it was an echo, not an answer. . . .

'Good night, Ravi, it's dark—I'm—'

'Will be morning—'

(3)

I was disgusted, but never spoke a word.

Ravindra was filling in the colours with a sure and a light hand. Every new tint added unforeseen beauty, so it seemed

to *him*! He would stop for a minute or two and gaze at the picture,—then, suddenly, his eyes would light up with a strange lustre and with inspiration welling up, brimming over his heart, he would give it a brush or two. Didn't it work a miracle! He seemed to be under the spell of some compelling magic power and obeyed the mysterious impulse which illuminated for him a new vision of beauty and moved his hand to transfix it on the canvas. As if he was at last capturing the vision that had so far eluded him; as if the whole world was yielding up its secret of colours, lines and masses; as if he was swimming in the harmony that throbbed through the universe and was touching his whole being into song!—

And it was, or appeared to be, the portrait of an old emaciated woman, low browed, wrinkled, her breasts hanging down, her ribs and all the bones showing, cross-eyed, with more than one nose, and ears that were as big as the palm of a hand,—dead as a corpse!

Gradually, it was nearing completion. Thank God, I said, he would finish it today. But Ravindra had stopped. He had only to put one little red mark on the forehead. He could have done it that day, but apparently he didn't want to.

We came out in the garden and sat on a bench. There was a white moon in the western sky and the pale, white jasmine flowers were nestling in the green leaves round us. In front of me was Ravi in his thin white muslin shirt and the moonlight lay on the ground as white as snow new fallen.

'Since how long have you taken to ugly old women, Ravi,' I remarked, more to tease him than to express my opinion which, however, would not have been different.

'I am bl—d if I can see what there is to get so excited about in a dirty old hag of a creature that—'

He stared at me bewildered and surprised. I became silent. Then he smiled a tender smile of quiet contentment in a sort of perfumed ecstasy. As I started to go, I heard,

'Come early in the morning. I'll have finished it before you come, though.'

'Still, you can leave the brushes and the colours—.'

TRIVENI

(4)

The early morning came rather late next day. I was neither curious nor very eager. I took my time over the morning tea. Then starting leisurely I walked a few paces. There came upon me a curious feeling. . . . I felt heavy in my feet. Once near the door of the familiar cottage, I felt better and I knocked—so late and still in bed—I called aloud...there was no answer, so I pushed the door——. It was open !

Ravindra was sitting on a chair in front of that portrait, staring at it, the brush that had put the last red mark still in his hand.

‘ Couldn’t you answer a fellow, man ? ’

Still he did not stir. I was wild, and going to him placed my hands on his shoulders—‘ God ! ’—it was cold as ice !

(5)

At an international exhibition held in P——, there hung in one corner of the Indian section a portrait of an old woman entitled, ‘ Meaningless Beauty. ’

Some were attracted by it, others were repelled ; all were arrested and challenged ; every one went away either richer or poorer for the experience ; none would ever forget it !

‘ Ah, well, what a beauty ! ’ whispered some one in French.

‘ Rather interesting. ’ ‘ What !—I can’t see what it is. ’

‘ The artist was struggling—but he failed, ’ sounded a profound remark in feeble German accents.

And, so on.....

A perfect Babel, for they all knew ——.

Only in the opposite corner sat an old man with long hair and a flowing beard. Day after day he would come and sit there gazing at the portrait while the crowd would pass by. And sometimes his eyes would be dim and perhaps a tear would glide down his furrowed cheek. And if anyone asked him the reason of his grief, he would murmur inaudibly, in Italian : ‘ There was an *artist* And they tell me he was very young and he died of ’

Kalidasa and Nature

By K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

It has been said that the poet holds the mirror up to Nature. Literary criticism, both Indian and Western, estimates the true worth of a poet and the real essence of his poetry by the poet’s attitude to Nature as revealed in his works. The great literary critic, Dandin, when mentioning the various ‘ alankaras ’ of genuine poetry, gives an honoured place to ‘ svabhavagyana ’ and says : ‘ Truth about Nature is the culmination of all sciences and is the ideal of all poetry. ’ Judged from this standpoint, we may state, without fear of exaggeration, that Kalidasa, of all, is Nature’s poet. His devotion to Nature rose to the height of a spiritual reverence and attained the sublimity of a religious conviction. The great English poet, Wordsworth, once expressed the regret that he was not born a Pagan, so that he may worship the beautiful aspects of Nature in the true spirit of heathen devotion :—

Great God, I had rather be
A Pagan suckled in some creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.

Kalidasa, much more than even Wordsworth, is profoundly convinced of the divinity of Nature. Instead of the conventional beginning of poems, adopted by Sanskrit writers, of an invocation to one’s own ‘ Ishta Devata, ’ he begins the ‘ Kumarasambhava ’ by the solemn affirmation of the divinity of the Himalayas. It will be wrong to think that this ascription of divinity is merely poetic, in the sense of being unscientific or untrue. The evolution from percept to concept is a familiar method in Science. Physicists describe certain gases as obeying or disobeying Boyle’s Law as if it were an enactment for their guidance, and as if Science set

TRIVENI

forth an ideal, the perfect gas, for their imitation. The language seems to imply that gases are wanting in perfection, in that they fail to observe the exact letter of the law. Speaking in the same strain, one will have to say that Hydrogen is nearest to perfection, that Oxygen and Nitrogen are good enough in the affairs of everyday life and that Carbon-di-Oxide and Chlorine are poor sinners which yield to temptation. Sometimes, moral qualities are attributed to inanimate matter when we judge them according to the fulfilment of the purpose for which we use them. For example, we refer in scientific parlance to good and bad radiators, or good and bad insulators, as if it were a duty on their part to radiate well or insulate well; as if there were failures on the part of Nature to come up to the proper standard. In using language like this and in ascribing moral qualities to Nature, Science is dealing with the perfect concepts as evolved from the percepts of Nature. In other words, it describes the good action or bad action of a certain object as viewed from the standpoint of the perfect concept of that body. Again, it is this perfect concept of a particular object in its relation to the inner truth of the universe which is affirmed by the doctrine of 'Abhimani Devata' known to Hindu religious literature, which is as scientific as it is poetic. So, let us not run away with the feeling that when the poet is indulging in this divination of Nature, he is either roaming in the realms of pure fantasy or falling into the mire of illogicality.

When moral or spiritual qualities are ascribed to the inanimate objects of Nature, rhetoricians say that the poet who does so is using the figure of speech called 'Pathetic fallacy,' but it is neither pathetic nor is there any fallacy underlying it. Discussing this figure of speech, John Ruskin says in his *Modern Painters*, Volume III: 'The state of mind which attributes to it (Nature) these characters of a living creature is one in which the reason is unhinged by grief. All violent feelings have the same effect. They produce in us a falseness in all our impressions of external things, which I would generally characterize as the "Pathetic fallacy."' But

KALIDASA AND NATURE

he adds, 'if we look well into the matter we shall find the greatest poets do not often admit this kind of falseness.' Hence we find Kalidasa saying: 'The soul under the grip of highstrung emotion naturally flows out in compassion and inundates Nature, animate and inanimate alike.' There is no falseness about it. (*Kamarthahi prakriti kripa chetana chetaneshu.*)

There are many aspects of the truth or reality of an object. Science and sense-perception may reveal only one aspect of the whole truth. For example, while mathematics confines itself when counting oranges to their aspect as units, and physical science may view them only as composed of atoms or electrical charges, art reveals their colour and beauty of outlines, and religion enunciates the truth of their relation to the sum-total of all objects—the universe. Kalidasa's noblest creation, Sakuntala, is the child reared in the lap of Nature. She is the intimate friend of the forest-creeper and the boon companion of the Ashrama deer. She is the foster-daughter not only of the sage Kanva but also of the divinities of the wood, and just as the sage feels intense sorrow on the occasion of his parting with Sakuntala, the Sylvan deities are said to feel poignant grief at her departure. The sage addresses them in the same manner as he would address Sakuntala's mother. To the poet's fancy a beautiful damsel and a creeper are objects alike of beauty. They are one in the æsthetic sense. One touch of magic will transform, as in the *Vikramorvasiya*, the damsel into a creeper. The creeper entwines itself round a tree, as the beloved would cling to her lover.

Man's relation to Nature in Kalidasa is an æsthetic and spiritual oneness experienced by the realisation of the essential unity of the beauty, truth and joy of man's inner being with the beauty, truth and joy of Nature. One feels alike the play of the Unseen Hand in the joyful and beautiful aspects of Nature as in the workings of the feelings and emotions of the human personality. This conviction permeates the whole attitude of the poet to Nature. Looking at the

TRIVENI

vastness and grandeur of the sea, the poet exclaims: 'The boundless sea is as much beyond cognition as the form of Vishnu, the Lord of the Universe.' The Yaksha in the *Meghasandesa* appeals, in the fulness of his emotion, to the cloud for conveying his doleful message of love to his beloved in the distant city of Alaka. For, according to the poet, true emotion which holds a person in its grip and transforms his whole nature, knows no difference between animate objects imbued with feelings and inanimate Nature. Every human feeling or emotion, when it reaches the glory of its fulness and the acme of its perfection, becomes universalised and forms part of the nature of the Universal Spirit which pervades the whole of creation. The truth of this is well expressed by the *Srimad Bhagavata* when speaking of the universalised soul of Suka. The sage Vyasa called aloud for his son in grief, and the sound reverberated throughout the forest and found its echo in the trees of the forest. The poet, there, views man as the noblest work of God and as part of the same beautiful fabric of Nature, and feels convinced that man's heart beats always in unison with the heart of Nature. Speaking of Sakuntala, the poet says that, though fond of adorning herself with the flowers of creepers, she would desist from doing so on account of her affection for the creepers, lest she should deprive them of their ornamentation. It is this solicitude for her creeper-friends that is responsible for her self-abnegation. A similar feeling impels the saint under the vow of Ahimsa to refrain from plucking with his finger-nails the flowers and tender sprouts of trees and plants. It is the realisation of the essential unity of man with Nature that makes the poet transfer all the feelings, emotions and tastes of man to the objects around and make them animate with life and joy. It is the projection of man's personality, which is one with the personality behind the universe, upon the aspects of Nature. In the *Meghasandesa*, the Yaksha holds out the joy of æsthetic appreciation to the cloud to induce it to make its long pilgrimage to the distant city of Alaka. He, therefore, says that the supreme æsthetic

KALIDASA AND NATURE

joy of appreciating the beauty of the play of moonlight on the balcony of a fine palace, which is denied to the cloud in every other part of the country, is fully available to the cloud if it happens to go to the city of Alaka. The moonlight there can never be hidden by the darkness of the clouds, for it proceeds from the moon on the head of Siva living in the suburbs of the city and not from the moon high up in Heaven. This is the significance in the selection of the city of Alaka as the destination for the cloud in the Poem.

To Nature, 'red in tooth and claw,' however, he was indifferent. For, he saw in her only the beauty, joy and emotions of man. According to him, the truth of the Universe does not lie in the grim aberrations of Nature.

Some Old Indian Art-Crafts

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

Restricted meanings create tremendous mischief in the sphere of understanding; false associations creep in where no such really exist. And with the advent of these, the entire outlook changes, and confusion and disorder arise. The word 'art' suffers from exactly a similar disease and is generally taken to mean any one of the fine arts as they are commonly understood; and distinctions are drawn first between arts and crafts and then between the so-called 'fine' and 'useful' arts. The absurdity in this division and classification is clearly revealed to us when we consider the real meaning of these words. The words 'art' as well as 'craft' mean 'skill'; the words 'artful' and 'crafty' mean the same thing and connote the idea of cunning which can never be the attribute of a person devoid of skill. Thus we have the skill of a workman in any particular handicraft, meaning art. Again the division between arts into useful and fine is false and mistaken. There can be no art, however fine and attractive it might be, and however much mind and imagination might play in it, that is absolutely useless. Utility cannot and should not be dissociated from the so called fine arts; they are not luxuries as some hold them to be: nor should the so-called useful arts be taken as mere mechanical utilities lacking any element of beauty and artistry. It is this wrong classification that Morris so very much deplores and his lectures, especially that on 'Art and its Producers,' would convince one of the futility of this division.

The Sanskrit word 'silpa' that corresponds to the word 'art' is quite all-embracing and is meant to connote all the arts that involve human skill. There are sixty-four such arts recognised in India and we have an enumeration of all these in the 'Sukranitisara' as also in various other books. The

SOME OLD INDIAN ART-CRAFTS

'Amarakosa' gives this definition of 'silpa,'—'Silpam karma kaladikam,' and under the 'Unadisutra,' 'Khashpasilpasa-shpabashparupaparpatalpah,' we have it given 'Silpam kausalam'; and this gives us exactly the sense of skill involved in both the words art and craft. Dancing, music, sculpture, painting, cookery, garland-making and a host of other practical sciences are included under this head.

Of these various arts the art of paper-cuts, so very popular today and so very often seen in art exhibitions, appears to have been most popular in old India. One of the many arts learnt by the grandees of our land happens to be this. Thus we have 'patracchedana' as one of the arts learnt by Avantisundari and her companions as part of their general education, and it happens to be a 'Vinodasthana.'¹ A knowledge of 'patracchedana,' 'alekhyia karma' and 'pustakriya' i.e., paper-cuts, painting, and sculpture or modelling, coupled with an acquaintance with the arts of music and dance, was considered a great asset in those days, and the humorous

¹Kanyaparijanastrinam dadarsa vihritikriyah
Kandukenatribhischarai ratnairapi cha shadvidhah
Chitradushkaramargesu kridantiraparastriyah
Panchalikadikankelipatracchedyani chaparah
Durvachakani kurvantirashtadasavidhanyapi
Lipibhedamscha sindhavadin kaschinmlecchaksharani cha
Prahelikadika vachah parascha parichinvatih
Sangitagitavaditranyabhyasayanitranekasah
Tasminnavantisundarya dadarsa paricharikah

Avantisundarikatha

Of. Bharatavisakhiladantilavrikshayurvedachitrasutreshu
Patracchedavidhane bhramakarmani pustasudasastreshu
Atodyavadanavidhan nritte gite cha kausalam tasyah

Kuttanimata

Malati is described as proficient in all these arts.

Of. Also, Janan patracchedanamalekhyam sikhapustakarmani
Nrittam gitopachitam tantrimurajadivadyabhedamscha

Kuttanimata

Sundarasena knows all these arts.

Of. Also, Anucharaniva naralekshanadini adheyavikrayani patracched-
yadini.

Upamitibhavaprapanchakatha p. 206

Even an allegorical prince like Nandivardhana is proficient in all arts including patracchedana.

TRIVENI

description of Bhattaputra found in the 'Kuttanimata' as trying to display a knowledge of all these which he did not actually possess, shows us all the more clearly how much such knowledge was valued, even to the extent of a fool dabbling in them.

Bhattaputra, the proud and foolish lazy drone of a son of a nobleman, is pictured as holding up in his hand the 'patrakartari' for a mere make-believe, to deceive people into a belief of his knowledge of the art.¹ Of the 'patrakartari' we know very little. It appears to have been the instrument used for cutting 'patra' and, as the name suggests, should have had the form of a pair of scissors. The 'patra' used might have been both leaf and paper, since both were freely used at that time. But the ancient 'patrakartari' has now become as extinct as the old surgical instruments of India whose descriptions and use are given at great length in the medical works like 'Susruta Samhita' and 'Ashtangahridaya' but remain quite unknown even to the medical world by reason of long disuse.

The intaglio process of engraving designs on gems and metals, which has now taken a new shape in the popular dry-point of today, is an interesting study by itself. Though prints were never taken it can never be denied that all designs cut on all pots, plates, platters, pitchers, jugs, mugs and hosts of other vessels, on seals, inscription-plates and so on, are anything but different from, being analogous to, modern dry-point. In fact, the process of dry-point takes us back to the primitive man who scratched his pictures on pieces of bone and stone.

The importance of dry-point cannot be overrated. Etching is in fact an outcome of dry-point, and the art of biting metal plates with acid was first practised at the beginning of the 16th century in both Germany and Holland, the

¹ Patracchedamajanan janan va kausalam kalavishaye

Prakatayati janasamaje bibhranah patrakartarim satatam. *Kuttanimata*

The commentary says:—Patracchedanam nama kalavisesah, yena bhurja-patradinam swabhiprayadyotanaya tattadakritya kartanam kriyate.

SOME OLD INDIAN ART-CRAFTS

word 'etch' being derived from the old High German 'esjan,' 'to cause to eat' as with an acid. This process was first developed by the armourers and jewellers of the 15th century who filled in the incised lines of the elaborate patterns on weapons and ornaments with black paint to make them stand in bold relief, and pieces of paper pressed on them to take prints of these for a better view of the work of ornamentation gave rise to this process of printing of etchings and dry-point plates. Though no prints were ever taken, (even if taken they would be prints the wrong way), the palm-leaf manuscripts of old India with letters incised on the leaves with the pointed iron style (*Lat-stilus*) were smeared over with black colour (soot) for a better view of the letters, while reading them. We have also pictures drawn on palm leaf attached to the manuscripts and these correspond to dry-point on fibre of today.

The Sanskrit term 'salakalekhya' is used for that art of ancient India that corresponds to modern dry-point, and it was a very popular one too, being given an honoured place in the list of subjects of general study. Trivikrama talks of 'salakalekhana' as practised by even maidens.¹ The 'salaka,' as the very name suggests, is a metal pin or fine rod with a pointed needle used to scratch lines over various surfaces including the surface of smooth walls.² But unfortunately, like the 'patrakartari' even the 'salaka' is merely known by name, the instrument itself having been lost by long disuse. Apart from bold free-hand drawing practised as a matter of course by all housewives and maidens of India, called by various names in various parts of the country as the 'Rangoli' in and around Bombay, as the 'Alpana' in Bengal and the 'Kolam' in South India, there has been in practice what can be called an art corresponding to modern stencilling. Plates of metal, especially of tin, with patterns of various designs

¹ Kusala salakalekhyeshu.

Nalakhampa, Page 87.

² Yaissarvatra salakayevalikhitaiddigbhittayashkritah.

Nalakhampa, Page 87, cl. 88.

TRIVENI

marked by pin-holes through which white or coloured powders were allowed to pass through and settle on the ground, served as the household stencil plates of Indian homes. This is done even today with one or more colours in almost every part of our land.

Under the 'sutra' of Panini, 'Nityam kridajivikayoh,' we have the word 'dantalekhana' given as an example. The compound of 'danta' and 'lekhaka' is possible because the word denotes a profession. The 'dantalekhana' herein stated is taken to mean, as some hold it, a practice in old India of painting the teeth to beautify them. That meaning cannot be impossible since I have myself known cases of Oriyas blackening their teeth and screwing up gold flowers through holes bored through them for the purpose. Rajasekhara talks of the teeth of Bahlika women as red—probably, they were painted, since redness due to 'tambula' is common everywhere and no special country need be named for it.

Apart from this, 'dantalekhana' may be taken to mean painting on ivory, which art has been in existence in India from a very long time. Work in ivory has been going on in India for ages and the earliest date cannot be fixed. Dr. Vincent Smith has this passage in his 'History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon' in which he gives what he considers the earliest reference to ivory work in India: 'There can be no doubt that the art of carving ivory has been practised in India, the house of the elephant, for uncounted ages. For instance, the ancient drama "The Little Clay Cart," composed in the fifth century of the Christian era describes the entrance to Vasantasena's mansion as shining "with its high ivory portal" (Act Four). But I am not in a position to mention a single extant ancient object in ivory of any importance. In modern times many localities are famous for their ivory carving.'¹

It is most unfortunate that dates should be so cheap as to be adjusted according to our own pleasure. The date of Sudraka is generally accepted as prior to Kalidasa, and when

¹History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon, page 372.

SOME OLD INDIAN ART-CRAFTS

some of the jealous late-date fixers persist in clinging to the fifth century A. D. in spite of Bhau Daji and Mr. Kshettresh-chandra Chattopadhyaya proving the date of the author of the 'Raghuvamsa' as the century before Christ, surely it cannot be conceived how Sudraka could be reckoned as having lived in the fifth century. Further, Dr. Smith forgets the 'Ramayana' which is, by far, older than the ancient book that he cites. The 'Sundarakanda' of the 'Ramayana' opens with a magnificent picture of Lanka with its mansions and palaces. Glowing descriptions of profuse ivory work are not wanting.¹

He however quotes as an earlier evidence the inscription of the Sanchi tope. 'Much earlier is the record at Sanchi of Circa 200 to 150 B. C. which informs us that one of the piers of the southern gate was not only dedicated but executed by the ivory carvers of Bhilsa. "The workers in ivory of Vidisa have done the carving." (Vedikehi dantakarehi rupakarumam katam). This implies that even at a date so early the carvers of ivory were organised as a guild (Sreni) Ep. Ind 2, pp 92, 378; Tope I, Inscr No. 200 C. 189.'² How sad it is that the existence or non-existence of ivory carving in ancient India should hang by a thread as it were, on a solitary inscription and its accessibility to Dr. Smith!

Apart from carving in ivory there has been in vogue painting on ivory and this was developed to a high degree in the Mughal period. The medium being a very soft and delicate one, paintings executed on that surface were exquisitely nice and attractive. 'Dantalekhana' might therefore mean even this art of painting in colours on ivory plates.

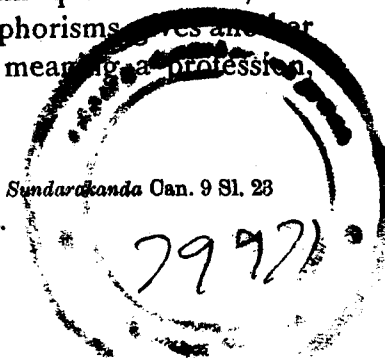
Under the very 'sutra' of Panini quoted before, the 'Kasika,' an early commentary on the aphorisms gives another example of a compound of two words meaning a profession.

¹Manisopanavikritam hemajalavirajitam
Sphatikairavritatalam dantantaritarupikam.

Sundarakanda Can. 9 Sl. 23

²History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon, page 372.

351
V2 m 6128



TRIVENI

‘Nakhalekhaka.’ ‘Nakhalekhana’ means drawing with the nail. That the nail was used as a ‘sringaranga’ for painting and drawing ‘makara’ and other patterns on the body according to the ‘patralekhana’ process, is a very well known fact, but there is also another type of nail work done on paper today known only to a very limited number of people. This work is done in the cameo method, and the figure is brought into relief by a dexterous working with the nails on the paper and appears like some embossed print. A fine example of this was executed by an artist friend of mine from Hyderabad, Mr. Pathak, a Maharashtra gentleman well versed in this art, when he tried to do my figure by nail work. ‘Nakhalekhana’ might have most probably meant this sort of work, since the drawing of ‘makara’ and other designs with ‘gorochana’ and ‘kasturi’ on the body was usually known by a special name ‘patrabhangalekhana.’

The arts of India are not so few as to be exhausted in a short note like this; and it would indeed be preposterous if one were to attempt a detailed and exhaustive enumeration of all these. It has been however attempted to give a few of the most popular arts in old India that go to make up the ‘Vinodasthana’ of the gentlemen of the land, and practised as a rule by one and all as a part of a liberal general education.

Sonnet

Live thou each day as though it were the last,
Since every single day that comes and goes
Is but a beautiful ascetic rose
Born bravely twixt the future and the past,
Dim desert stretches, solitary, vast,
Unknown, forgotten, huge with dark repose ;
For thee today has blossomed, and ———who knows?
Thou mayst tomorrow in deep earth be cast.

Each moment is a burning-point between
Two long eternities, two mournful greys,
Two terrible solitudes of the Unseen
That broods amidst the passing of our days,
Between the still to be and what has been,
Blind travellers, we go our separate ways.

Vikarabad, 17th Sept. '31.

H. CHATTOPADHYAYA

Optimism

I will have better days again :
The dawn between the trembling boughs
Will end this lonesome night of pain
And grow familiar in my house.
I will have better days erelong
When I will break to sudden bloom,
And I will break to sudden song
Out of the silence and the gloom.
I know that I will soon arise
Out of this long unhappy night
When in my hands and mouth and eyes
There will be power and love and light.
But if out of this world of men
I slip and pass on death's lone ways
Robed in the flowerless dust,—why then,—
I surely will have better days!

Vikarabad, 17th Sept. '31.

H. CHATTOPADHYAYA

To an Irish Poet

Thy quiet wisdom, like the antler-moss,
Forms a green triad in my memory.
Imbas forosna,—knowledge that illumines
All its adventures; things half-said, and so
The dearer; poems that lead the spirit forth
From the bonds of understanding. Three rich thoughts
Close to my fingers clambering up the rocks
Of the new mountain-life that wakes the joy
Of my most ancient spirit,—antlered moss
Beneath grave cedars, taller than the masts
Of long-forgotten argosies, the beams
That sway against earth-tremors down the depth
Of grim pagodas built in every region
Of long-brooding Japan. Wisdom and sorrow
Moving to their slow fulness, in their train
Bring noble compensation, little things
That glow with infinite wistfulness, that are
Rare tidings to the soul.

E. E. SPEIGHT

The Andhra Ploughman

A wooden plough, a brown rug, and a net,
Covering a shining body dark as jet,
Mere bone and sinew, trudging home to sleep
On coudung floor, a weary, bundled heap.

Yet go his dreams, per chance, to old Lagash,
Left when his venturous forbears took the seas;
And some dull feeling starts again the lash
On those proud towers and lordly terraces.

Of such a race was Adam, doctors say,
And his great sons, Sumeria's ancient Kings;
And watching him I wonder at the way
Mankind has wandered since those far-off things.

E. E. SPEIGHT

Shrimati Hutheesing: A Daughter of the Dawn

By G. VENKATACHALAM

I first heard of her, while alighting from my train at Bolepur on my way to Santiniketan. 'Have you ever met Shrimati?' asked an artist pupil of Tagore who came to receive me at the station. During my brief stay of two days I had glimpses of her. Nandalal Bose, her art-master, was full of her praises. She was, I found, the pet of the Poet and a favourite of all. She was from Gujerat, the first girl to visit Santiniketan as an artist-pupil from that province, (though today half the students of Kalabhavan are boys and girls from Gujerat and Kathiawar), and she enjoyed certain privileges. Shrimati was the best dressed young lady in the compound and easily the most beautiful looking. She moved about the place like a Kangra miniature come to life. Hers is not a common type of beauty but rather a classic one: face like that of the Madonna, eyes large and dreamy as those of Ajanta. Shrimati was studying painting under Nanda Babu, music under Dina Babu, and dancing under Nabhakumar, and she was showing great progress and much promise in all these arts.

This was nearly a decade ago. Since then she has blossomed into one of India's foremost dancers and is making a name for herself as an artist of rare genius. She has travelled widely both in India and in Europe, studying, sketching, dancing, enriching her mind and arts. She went 'afoot' through the Himalayas for a while, and later visited the *salons* in Paris and Berlin, eager to see, learn and understand. 'Who is this Miss Hutheesing, a dancer from India?' wrote a friend from Europe. Returning to India she started giving dance-recitals on her own. Rabindranath Tagore felt proud of his pupil and encouraged

TRIVENI

her to interpret some of his poems in her own way, and she delighted him with her dances. Thus was born 'The Spirit of Rhythm,' one of Shrimati's favourite dance compositions. To Rabindranath she is the best exponent of Indian dancing and he is never tired of singing her praises. Calcutta welcomed her heartily when she gave her first public show in that city; Colombo applauded her art to the skies; Madras and Bangalore opened their eyes to a new vision of dance-art.

Dancing is not a mere matter of mastering the technique or blindly conforming to traditional forms; it is the joyous expression of life's moods, passions, aspirations and anguishes. It is not a vocation or a hobby but the life-throb of sensitive souls, the creative expression of the surging life within. Rhythm is the basis of life, as it is of the universe, and this law of rhythm is behind all manifestation, behind all Nature's phenomena, behind all creative arts. Indian dancing, as a science and an art, is based and built upon this inner rhythmic significance of forms. Its motifs are highly conventionalised, and their mastery is a matter of years of devoted learning and practice. In its present decadent state it is all science and no art; all form and no life; all tradition and no creation. But fortunately there is a tendency today for more freedom of expression and for more creative compositions, and it is here dancers like Shrimati, Menaka, Uday Shankar, Rukmini, Jamuna, Nandita, Ghosh and others can give the necessary lead and save Indian art from a tradition that has lost its soul. Of course, there is a danger in this as well, but every born artist, like Shrimati, is so attuned to rhythm that she could not feel, think or express herself otherwise than rhythmically, and that is what distinguishes a born dancer from a spurious one.

Shrimati may not have, in fact has not, any profound knowledge of the theory of Indian dancing, but she is, being an artist, no stranger to the *Rasas* and *Bhavas* inherent in the art itself. She lives these moods while Pundits only talk about them. To her the birth-pangs of love, the pain of separation, the joy of freedom, the agony of captivity, the

A DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN

frustrated hopes and unfulfilled desires are not so many mental imageries, like the flight of the birds or babbling brooks, but part of emotional experiences which ever feed and nourish her artistic expressions. Shrimati is one of the most representative of modern Indian dancers, and her art is a treat of the rarest kind. An artist to her finger-tips, a dancer to the very core of her being, she creates magical moods with her genius. You see them not only in the rhythm of her dances but also in the atmosphere of her productions.

Nothing tinsel or tawdry about her art. Everything is genuinely beautiful. Her costumes, ornaments, background and accompaniments are not just stage accoutrements to deceive the eye but objects of art that ought to and should surround one's daily life. The settings, with their simple coloured cloths and embroidered Sind and Cutch works, cannot be improved upon or more beautified by costly mechanical contrivances or gaudily painted screens and curtains. The costumes and draperies are creations of a cultured artist, and she has shown how to create chaste, simple, beautiful backgrounds for stage performances. It is in these little details that you discover her true genius.

Her dances are visions of rhythm, grace, beauty, poise and movement. Her body, supple like a tender willow, sways and moves from a centre deep within her and the musical accompaniments merely give the time-beat and the melody-setting. She does not dance to music; music keeps time to the rhythmic beat of her soul. And this is the secret of all great dancers. It is not enough to possess a supple and sensitive body and a mastery over technique, but the soul of the artist must be aflame with the fire of life. A Pavlova cannot be produced in a studio; she is born. Shrimati shares this great soul-quality with that incomparable dancer who had the world at her feet.

Shrimati's dances include simple folk-dances like the Garba Pot Dance and classical dances like the Kathak. 'Devotee' is a beautiful rendering of a type of Manipuri dance which the Tagore Players have made popular through-

TRIVENI

out India. In 'Bondage' and 'Freedom' we see other moods of Shrimati and her versatility. Some of these dances are strictly conventional and follow traditional forms, and others are original compositions inspired by the mood and the theme. Her latest creation is an interpretation of Nataraja's dance inspired by that famous bronze.

Shrimati is strangely modern and ancient; sensuous and spiritual. Intensely practical and business-like, she is yet dreamy and other-worldly. In her attitude, outlook, behaviour, culture, she is a modern among the moderns, but has withal all the gracious charm and tender gentleness of the old world, and reminds one of those bewitching women created and immortalised on the walls of Ajanta by the unknown masters of ancient India.

The Poetry of Kamini Roy

By KALIPADA MUKHERJEE, M.A.

One of the Bengali poetesses whose work is likely to survive is Mrs. Kamini Roy¹ who died at the age of sixty-nine, on September 27, 1933. She was born in 1864 at Basanda in the district of Backergunj; and was a daughter of Chandicharan Sen who was a writer of some reputation himself, being the author of a Bengali rendering of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and of a novel 'Ajodhyar Begum' or 'The Begum of Oudh.' She was one of the earliest of Bengali ladies to become a graduate of the Calcutta University: she graduated with Honours in Sanskrit in 1886. She received her early training from her father, a man of character who had become a Brahmo in 1870. Even as a girl she had begun to write poetry. Her early poems had remained unpublished for long, until these attracted the notice of Hem Chandra Banerjee, one of the greatest of Bengali poets. These poems, collectively called 'Alo O Chhaya' (Light and Shade), Hem Chandra extolled to the skies, and advised their author to have them published. The young poetess requested Hem Chandra for an introduction, and the

¹ Mrs. Roy was well-known in Bengal not only for her work as a poetess, but also for her social service, and her great love for her country and womankind. All these varied aspects of her life are expressed in her poetry. After her marriage she practically ceased to write poetry, and when asked the reason, pointed to her children and said, 'These are my living poems.' After graduating she worked for some time as a mistress in the Bethune Collegiate School and later was appointed a Lecturer in the Bethune College, Calcutta. She was a champion of women's rights and in 1923 she headed the Deputation that waited on Lord Lytton, then Viceroy, for the removal of sex-disqualification for the purposes of election to the (then) Calcutta Municipality. And, in 1930, when the Labour Commission came out to India to enquire into the conditions of the labouring classes, the Government of Bengal secured her services as an assessor to make the Commissioners acquainted with the grievances of the women workers of Bengal. One of her brothers, Mr. Nisith Sen, is a well-known Advocate of the Calcutta High Court; and Mr. S. N. Roy, C. I. E., I. C. S., Additional Secretary to the Government of Bengal in the Political and Appointment Departments, is one of her step-sons.

TRIVENI

famous poet wrote: 'These poems have impressed me very greatly; in places they are so very sweet and so full of deep thoughts that one's heart is charmed directly one reads them.....I have praised their authoress at heart when reading them myself. And, to be candid, I have even envied her at times.' This was in 1889, when the poetess was twenty-five years of age, and when Rabindranath Tagore had not yet become famous as a writer in Bengal. She had already passed her Entrance Examination at the age of sixteen, and her B.A. at twenty. Most of the poems, however, were written many years before the one of publication. And this, her first publication, with the above-mentioned introduction from the pen of Hem Chandra, made her famous in a day.

Most of the poems of 'Alo O Chhaya' which are sixty-one in number,—including a quintette on Love and two longer but exquisite poems in blank verse 'Mahasweta' and 'Pundarika' both based on the 'Kadambari' of Banabatta,—were conceived in an autobiographical vein. Sweetness of lyric measures, a beautiful mode of expressing poetical thought, an elusive gracefulness, the first hopes of early youth and its doubts, desires that were great and lovely at the same time, love of country and of God, sympathy for fallen humanity, love of Nature, and the early experience of growing womanhood, combined to make it a unique contribution to Bengali poetry. These are the things which had made the poems of the collection instantaneously popular and captivated readers, some of the most famous of whom gave expression to their feelings of the time when they first had read them, at the time of the death of the poetess. Even Sir P. C. Ray the eminent scientist is reported to have said: 'I do not like to say more than this, that even at this old age of mine the poems of 'Alo O Chhaya' remain imprinted on my heart.' Another Bengali poet, the late Devendranath Sen, eulogised the book as unique in the field of Bengali literature. And Dr. Brajendranath Seal wrote in this 'New Essays in Criticism' (1903): 'It is a work of great talent and greater promise, and is of unique interest

THE POETRY OF KAMINI ROY

as carrying one of the three elements of the neo-Romantic poesy further than any other Bengali poem. In point of natural magic, a transfiguration of the subjective egoism, the lyrics are nowhere beside Babu Rabindranath Tagore's 'Songs of Sunset,' and as regards the creative imagination, unfolding deathless visions of sublimity or beauty, the finely imaginative pieces of this volume, 'Mahasweta,' 'Pundarika' and 'Chandrapada's Awakening' are eclipsed in the blaze of 'Valmikir Jaya' (M. M. Haraprasad Shastri) and the 'Saraḍa Mangala' (Beharilal Chakravarty). But in the other element, the objective criticism of life, the previous poems are meagre beside Miss Sen's poetry.¹

The late Mr. Roby Datta remarked in a note in his 'Echoes from East and West' that Mrs. Roy's 'L'Allegro' comes after her 'Il Penseroso.' 'The very first poem in Mrs. Roy's 'Light and Shade' is 'In the Gloom'; but the very next one shows her 'In the Light.' This duality of mood is peculiar to her temperament.' This is why the book begins with the poem 'In the Gloom' which is as follows:—

Creatures we are of gloom !
In gloom awhile we play,
In gloom doth melt away
The mart of life and bloom.

.....
There, thro' the gloomy wood,
A dim, dark ray is seen;
Who knows whence it hath been?
Its beauty who hath view'd?

As long as life may stay,
Since certain is the doom
That we must move thro' gloom,
O seek and chase the ray.

.....
Amid this solemn gloom,
Seek we and follow we
The little light we see;
Therein we'll play, O come.²

¹ The maiden name of Mrs. Roy was Miss Kamini Sen.
² 'Echoes from East & West'—Roby Datta.

TRIVENI

It is followed by one on 'Light' in which we find the poetess singing,

Children we are of light ;
O what a concourse bright !
In light we sleep and wake,
And life's carousal take.

Amid this splendid light
No more we lose our sight,
No more we wander blind
Where we the path can find.¹

We should like to give here the renderings of some of the headings of the poems, so that the reader can form an estimate of the contents of this first book by Mrs. Roy. These are, The Quest after Happiness, Sorrow, Renunciation, Lest Some should say Something or Moral Cowardice,² New Year's Eve, Destiny, The Pole-Star, The Dream of Youth, Hope's Enchantment, Farewell, Asunder, In Abraham's Bosom, The Mother's Call, The Uninvited, A three Years' Child, Where?, The Question, The Inner Soul of Beauty, The Days Fly, The Awakening, In Silence, Nirvan, The Dream of Hope, The Story of a Widow, The Girl and the Star, The Marriage of Krishnakumari, Desire, Pain in Love, The History of Love, The Awakening of Chandrapid, The Voice of Woman, and The Disappointed.³

Some of the poems are tinged with the youthful pessimism of the poet,—she felt lonely and she expressed her sense of loneliness in more poems than one, like Mrs. Browning who wrote,

Oh my God,
Thou hast knowledge, only Thou.
How dreary 'tis for women to sit still
On winter nights by solitary fires
And hear the nations praising them far off.

¹ 'Echoes from East and West'—Roby Datta.

² A popular poem included in Secondary School text-books.

³ It reminds one of Moore's 'Light of other days.'

THE POETRY OF KAMINI ROY

But, in some other poems also, we find the authoress struggling out of pessimism into optimism, as in her poem 'The Broken Soul.' But her self-revelation is in 'Sukh' or 'Happiness,' which has been rendered by Roby Datta as 'From Gopa to the Buddha' in 'Echoes from East and West,' in a footnote to which he says, 'Here we get an insight into the mind of the poetess.' The names Gopa and Goutam are the insertions of the translator, so also are the five opening couplets of the last stanza.

Yet, the most significant thing about these exquisite poems of Mrs. Roy is their revealed femininity. In this respect she stands side by side with a more modern poetess, Laurence Hope, who wrote,

Your beauty puts a barb into my soul,
Strive as I will it never lets me go ;
My love has passed the frontiers of control,
You are so fair and I desire you so.

Others may come and go, they are to me
But changing mirage, transient, untrue,
My faithlessness is but fidelity
Since I am never faithful but to you.
.....

Yet is your beauty so divine a thing,
So irreplaceable, so haunting sweet
Against all reason, I am fain to fling
My life, my youth, myself, beneath your feet.

In a poem called 'Joubana Tapasya' (The Penance for Youth) the poetess calls upon Time not to take away her youth, the prime of her life, as she cannot bear the idea of a life without the freshness of youth. She said therefore that she would undertake a long penance for the preservation of life-long youth—youth that would not be possible for even Time to deprive her of. It was indeed this life-long craving for youthfulness that gives her poems a peculiar sadness and also a unique sweetness.

TRIVENI

Man says that the mind of woman remains inscrutable to him, but woman fears that man looks down on the mind of woman. There is for ever a difference in the angle of vision of the sexes. This she has revealed with a force and frankness which can again be compared with that of Laurence Hope who has written,

Rarely men understand our way of love,
How that to women in their wedding hours
Lover and priest and king are blent in one,
Hence the awed worship of these hearts of ours.

At times love for a little lifts the veil,
And men and women see each other's heart,
But swiftly passion comes, obscuring all,
And thus the nearing souls are swept apart.

To us love is a sacred rite; to man
Custom, perhaps affection, or desire.
Before we hold our lovers in our arms
They are too fiercely amorous to inquire.

The sacred ideal of love in the heart of a woman she reveals in a poem of extreme beauty, in 'What is That?' The trend of thought which delights in giving expression to ideas about love is to be found in some poems of her second book of poems 'Malya O Nirmalya' (The Garland and The Remains of Offerings to the Deity), a collection of as many as one hundred and ten poems, and by some regarded as a greater achievement than her first book. It is interesting to see that the poetess gives in detail the story of a man in love in orthodox Bengali society, his final disappointment in life, and of the consequent sorrow, in 'Nothing in Particular.' This may be read with 'A Loving Conversation of a newly wedded Bengali Couple' in 'Manasi,' in which Tagore has very humorously denounced child-marriage.

'Alo O Chhaya' contains, as I have already said, two bigger poems, 'Mahasweta' and 'Pundarika.' Both these, like 'Vaisampayana' and 'The Awakening of Chandrapid,' are based on the 'Kadambari' of Banabhatta. But these

THE POETRY OF KAMINI ROY

adaptations of Mrs. Roy have a peculiar charm of their own. These are as graceful in descriptions of natural scenery as in the delineation of the budding soul in love. And their blank verse is admirable, full of an elusive grace and such as can come only from the pen of a female poet of fine sensibility.

'Alo O Chhaya' is important in other respects too. It contains three poems, 'The Dream of Hope,' 'Mother Mine,' and 'The Voice of Woman' which all reveal the poetess's great love of country, and of ancient India with her greatness and high ideals of life. In 'Mother Mine' her song rises like the following hymn about New Jerusalem:—

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life and rest.¹

It may be compared with Rabindranath's,

'Tis for thee, O mother mine,
My limbs I throw away;
'Tis for thee, O mother mine,
My life adown I lay.

'Malya O Nirmalya,' Mrs. Roy's second book, published in 1320 B. S. (1913), is full of the pathos of life and testifies to the truth of,

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

In it the ideas of the poetess are fuller, and more mature in expression than in her first book. This book has been dedicated to God, a fact testifying to the godliness of the poetess. In a poem 'Ashirbad' (Blessing), which was composed in October, 1891, she has sung of her own ideals in

¹ By Bernard of Morlaix, 1140; Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1851.

TRIVENI

life. This forms the theme of another poem 'The Poet's Desire.' She is wide awake to the ideal of service and believes with Robert Browning that

All service ranks the same with God,
.....there is no last, nor first.

In a poem 'In a Half-Sleep' the poetess has given us a spiritual poem of a very high order, which is entirely personal too. This book contains many love-poems among which 'Pariksha' or 'Trial' reminds one of Mrs. Browning's 'Rhyme of the Duchess May' and Lord Tennyson's 'The Lord of Burleigh.' 'Love to Genius' is on love which is particularly unselfish; while 'Hisab' or 'Reckoning' puts us in mind of Mrs. Browning's 'Courtship of Lady Geraldine.' These poems are, however, original in their own way, and cannot be said to be imitations of the poems named with them.

In 1899, Mrs. Roy published her 'Puraniki' or 'Poems on Legendary Subjects.' Amongst the poems in this book are, 'Drona to Dhristadyumna,' 'Ahalya to Rama,' and other pathetic poems that will ever please. This book of poems may be said to have closed a part of the poetess's poetical career.

From 1900, storms of grief began to blow and blast the soul of the poetess. One of her children died in the same year. In 1908, died her husband K. N. Roy, I.C.S., who, being charmed with her poetical accomplishments, had married her after the death of his first wife. Her eldest son Ashoka died in 1913; and her grown-up daughter Leela died of consumption the same year. These griefs well-nigh benumbed the poetess. The sad sense of bereavement for her eldest son she latterly expressed in 'Ashoka-Sangita' (Songs to Ashoka.) And 'Jibaner Pathe' (On the Path of Life) is her 'In Memoriam' enshrining her grief at the death of her husband.

In 1915, Mrs. Roy published her poetic drama 'Amba' which she had written as early as 1891. This is an episode from the Mahabharata, but differently treated. It has been

THE POETRY OF KAMINI ROY

staged successfully by school and college students. The heroic visage of Amba inspired the poetess to write a drama on her.

'Deep O Dhup' (The Lamp and Incense) consists of poems written during many years, and reveal the inward religious nature of the poetess. These reveal a sadness born of past experience; but it is religious faith that bears her up under deep depression. The poetess here gives vent to her patriotism in many poems. In 'On the Path of Immortality' she expresses her kinship with the lowliest in Indian society. She expresses her resolve to make herself free from the trammels of a life of ease, only to make it worthy of action for the alleviation of the sufferings of humanity, and for unbinding the fetters which bind her country. In some poems she deals with contemporary political events in India. 'The Song of Awakening,' 'The New Awakening,' 'The Cry of the Weak,' 'Let Him be Victorious,' 'The Liberated Prisoner,' 'The Satyagrahi,' 'Regarding Tarakeswar,' and such other poems are full of patriotic fervour. In 'If they Awake' she sounds the same note which is being sounded by Mahatma Gandhi as a champion of the cause of the untouchables. She gives expression to her naive sense of humour in 'The Letter of the Grandmother,' 'The Reply of the Granddaughter' and 'The Reply of the Grand-daughter-in-law.' And she becomes exquisitely pathetic in 'In the Mud of the Pond,' and in 'The River it is that makes me say.'

But more beautiful and more exquisite self-revelation comes in 'On the Path of Life' which can be rightly styled her domestic and spiritual autobiography. This is a book of poems of the same kind and of the same rank as 'La Vita Nuova' of Dante, 'The House of Life' by D. G. Rossetti, 'The Sonnets from the Portuguese' of Mrs. Browning and 'Monna Innominata' of Christina Rossetti. This is a sonnet-sequence, and is divided into three sections,— 'Companionship,' 'Alone,' and the 'Fallen Flower.' The first section contains poems dealing with the maiden-

TRIVENI

hood of the poetess, her life with its hopes and fears, as it was before her marriage. In such sonnets as the following she gives expression to the recollection of her life as a maiden :—

Afar I dwelt, and you to bring me near,
Dared even death. What was the wizardry
That made you see a goddess' aureole here
About the brow of a woman such as I?
And all unasked you lavished at my feet
The treasure that was yours. High on the height
I lived, my heart like ice.—To the valley sweet
You brought me down, and chill and hard and white
I am no more. Your love has thawed my soul,
Melting it drop by drop. O love, slake
Your thirst, with this my cup be satisfied.
.....O let me hide
Within the sanctuary of thy heart.
But if the spell dissolve and your love fly,
What resting place in all the world have I?¹

I do not mean that the above lines were inspired by Tennyson, but the reader when reading them will be strongly reminded of the following lines from Tennyson's 'Princess':

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the Shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
.....
And come, for love is of the valley, come,
For love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him.....

The poetess, as in the above poem, still doubted the constancy of her lover and remained unmoved; but he still came,—

You said—'Yes, I have come again for you.
The more repelled, the closer am I drawn.
Hope, like the daily dark-dispelling dawn,

¹ This and all the following renderings of Mrs. Roy's poems are from 'Sonnets from the Bengali' by Mrs. Jessie Duncan Westbrook. *The Modern Review*, November, 1929.

THE POETRY OF KAMINI ROY

After each disappointment wakes anew.
Look round and see what light, what sound, the play
Of the waves of life,—how beautiful it seems.
Who would remain stricken by sorrowful dreams
With wilful eyes close shut when all is day?
Come, let us walk together in this light,
Our perfect life's fulfilment to attain.'
.....

Yet she would not listen, for,

Both day and night, I walk in dreams, I said,
A twilight world, nor dark nor bright is mine.
With longings undefined my heart is fed,
Dimly a hundred hopes within it shine,
As gleam the small stars in the evening sky,
Seeking an everlasting refuge there.
.....

Such love you ask for—is it mine to give,
Your thirst to quench, your fever to allay?
Could we pursue together while we live,
Doubting and fearing not, the self-same way?
And if your heart's desire be thus fulfilled,
Would not new longings rise again unstilled?

But her lover would put a stop to all her questionings by asking her to trust in his love, because he said,—

Your love is the only goal of my desires.
Rejected I still urge my bitter need.

This at last set at rest all her doubts, and she could not but give herself up to his love; and she said,—

Let this your love lovely and fruitful be.

She added,

Burdened with ill
And heavy load of pain, a woman halts
Weary through life; but heaviest she bears
The burden of herself. O lift this load
And help me.

TRIVENI

Her lover wants to question her again ; but she refuses to be disturbed with questions, as she wants all thoughts of the past and the future to be banished from her mind and also because she believed,

Safe in the heaven of your arms is peace.

This all-sufficing and all-confiding love was to suffer a rude shock at some future time in the life of the poetess, and she sings,—

Hand still clasps hand, but soon unheeding drops,
The *Malati* garlands lose their fragrant air,
The song I sang sudden unfinished stops.
Look in my eyes, the clouds are gathering there,
My heart feels it will break. Is this the end
Of all my dreams, or but an evil one
That yet may pass?

She, in utter bewilderment, asks,—

Is my spring-time done?
What place is this, what time, and who are we
Who sit side by side? By what strange ways
Have we been faring? Did fatality
Lead you astray? Where searches now your gaze?

She feels greatly perturbed at the fickleness of love,—

Alone, my dark self-questionings never cease.
Is this love's way—to swell and overflow
And then to move indifferent and slow?

And she asks,

Is it impossible that love and peace
And joy in work together ever dwell?

Yet, she will go hand in hand, for she says,—

.....Let pity be the band
That holds us each to each.....
.....
Let us two frightened hearts, clasped as in love,
Fight with our fears.....

THE POETRY OF KAMINI ROY

She becomes great with the greatness of self-effacement and self-abnegation,—

Let love go and let joy forsake our lives,
Let hope be shattered and in fragments hurled,
But memory knows no death, it still survives,
Let us not drift afar in this cold world.

Then death comes and intervenes and takes her companion in life away to the other world; and she remains all alone behind. But she does not feel the pain of separation, for she knows that her marriage is endless matrimony and she believes that her beloved is always with her, though now removed from the field of human experience and the phenomenal world.

'On the Path of Life' is in its own way a great book, and is one of the greatest of sonnet-sequences written on love. Its diction is faultless and its metre, following the Petrarchian model, may rank with the noblest efforts of that great but dangerous form. It reveals also that

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.¹

In her life-time Mrs. Roy was regarded as the greatest of Bengali poetesses, though some might maintain Mrs. Mankumari Bose's claim to the highest rank among them; as Mrs. Roy falls short of Mrs. Bose, the writer of an epic poem, 'Beerkumar-badh' or the 'Slaughter of Abhimanyu,' in the power of conceiving and giving shape to a poem of great bulk. But whatever may be the opinion of some, most will certainly admit that Mrs. Roy has no superior among Bengali poetesses.

The death of Mrs. Roy, though at the age of sixty-nine, is a distinct loss to Bengali poetry; for had she lived longer she could have presented it with more works that would endure. At her age her powers remained undiminished; and she identified herself, with the ardour of youth, with many

¹ Byron, *Donna Julia*.

TRIVENI

social and humanitarian activities. Her poetical work is of rare value. This will give her a rank in Bengali literature with the best of our poets; and, though herself free from all blemishes of form and metre, with Mrs. Browning in English, for, like her, she was pure in sentiment and generous at heart. Her sincerity too was unquestionable; and she had 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price.'¹ Like that of Mrs. Browning, her yearning heart said to her lover,—

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only.....
A creature might forget to weep who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby !
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayest love on, through love's eternity.

¹ 1. Pet. iii, 4.

Browning and His Fugitive Vision

By KRISHNA KRIPALANI

It is possible to appreciate Browning without either dubbing him 'a metaphysician' or likening him to a Vedic Rishi, although it may be true that his intellect often indulged in the gymnastics of the former and his vision captured the experience of the latter. And yet Browning was too much of a poet to rationalise before he believed and, perhaps, too much of a poet too to realize, that is, live through it as an enduring experience, what he felt as a fleeting ecstasy. Being too much in love with life, he could not lose himself in Eternity but would be content to accept the experience of 'instants' as its evidence. It is these 'instants' that give us a clue to his Vision of Being which is felt as a poet and not realized as a Yogi. Many of us—common folk—may have felt the same at rare moments, though, perhaps, not so intensely.

For there are moods in human experience when all thinking is submerged in a deep surge of elevated consciousness. There is felt an expansion of the heart that finds no limit, as though the entire universe is contained in its infinite embrace; or rather, the individuality is so strangely rarefied that it seems to be absorbed into all that is within and without us, and yet be itself.

The state is not one of mental blankness; much less of mental torpor. It is as though an intense but unknown yearning, that cannot define its object, suddenly felt the rapture of fulfilment in its own immensity, and expanded and spread 'till flesh must fade for heaven was here.' It is a flood of consciousness as elusive as it is overwhelming,—a consciousness that in swaying seems to sublimate one's being. It is as though while wondering at the vastness of an ocean you suddenly became one of its silvery waves, and, rising and

TRIVENI

falling with its heaving breast, you felt you were the ocean itself. Or, losing yourself in the ecstasy of a song, you became the song itself and, floating on the waves of the atmosphere, you struck against the rhythm of every being's being. Would we not cherish the 'instant made eternity'?

Though all conscious thinking has ceased, there is present, nevertheless, an undercurrent of mental realization slowly rising to the surface. One suspects that it was while floating in such a beatific blue that the mystic vision of life swam into Browning's ken. For in that vision reality and fantasy, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, shed off their mutual repugnance and, dancing in an harmonious whole, appear like the soft hues of a rainbow,—refractions of a light that is without colour or form. The broken arcs have gathered into a perfect round. God and Satan seem the same self. For Satan is only God in a fancy dress, given a separate entity by man to stimulate and appease his own ethical prejudice. It acts like the magic mask of the primitive man and serves its purpose by frightening people into settled grooves of accepted ethics.

But, alas for the rarity of life's charity! The consciousness flows away as irresistibly as it flowed in, leaving behind only a vibration. The faint memory lingers, if only to give a new direction to Browning's thinking. But the idea without realization is like doing the steps of a Tango, after the music has ceased. Intellectual conception may remain, but the heart, for a while, seems to discern nothing but 'the infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn.' The echo keeps vibrating but the song of Pippa is heard only on New Year's Day.¹

¹ All apologies to Sigmund Freud who, while admitting that the 'oceanic' feeling exists in many people, is disposed to relate it to an early stage in ego-feeling, and which later on seeks 'to reinstate limitless narcissism.' *Civilisation and its Troubles*, by Sigmund Freud.

Travancore, the Beautiful

By N. K. VENKATESWARAN

Nobody that came to Travancore ever went without leaving some praise behind. It is the praise of beauty quietly tendered. There is grandeur in the Himalayas, vastness in the Gangetic Plain, blended variety in Central India, intermittent effects in Hyderabad, some gorgeous pomp of Nature in Mysore, but the tranquil beauties of Travancore are nowhere else to be seen. I am assailed by a swarm of images when I think what to call Travancore, but some who have been before me have called it the garden of India and I have no quarrel except to say that first of all it is Nature's own pleasure-garden.

It is a new world the traveller finds when he passes from Tamilnad into Kerala; and of the three divisions of Kerala, Travancore, Cochin and British Malabar, Travancore is not only the largest but also the loveliest. There is a certain pallor in the contexture of features in British Malabar, and while Cochin is undoubtedly pretty Travancore is both fresh and fair.

Those who live all their lives in Travancore can never know how beautiful is their country, and those who have never been to it can scarce think. It was only after I had gone out 'to see the world' and returned that I realised. Then it was that the State seemed to me, for the first time, mantled in a modest glory that I had never seen anywhere else. Then it was the freshness, the softness, the pure loveliness, of things and prospects that everywhere encircle one in this country began to breathe a spell upon my mind and fill my eyes with their own coy felicity. In fact, it was as if I had awaked one morning to find Travancore famous and I was the more rejoiced because in some half real, half imaginative way I myself seemed to share in this fame that had lain hidden so long and come to light so suddenly.

TRIVENI

You may go where you like in Travancore, you will not come upon one small patch of land that you could call drab or commonplace. And if you think of the country as a whole, the picture that rises in your mind is that of a fairyland bathed by silvery showers and fertilised by sparkling streams, perpetually clothed in emerald green and studded with innumerable kinds of plants and trees crowned with masses of leaves and blessed with clustering bouquets and garlands of fruits. From the hazy ramparts of the Western Ghats, from which here and there the blue dome of the sky is pierced by pinnacles and spires, in the east, to the sapphire sea clambering up the shores, sprinkling its milk-white foam on the sands, in the west; from Cochin State in the north, where the cocoanut-palms obliterate the political frontier, to Cape Comorin in the south, where the oceans gather and India ends in a classic conjunction of land and water, which is Travancore, there is a coolness and greenness everywhere, even in the hottest months, wooing you to linger and refresh yourself. If you like you may think Travancore a mild season of spring beautifully nestled between the sea and hills, but if you don't, you can yet have no doubt that it is one of the most comforting countries in the world.

I have almost said that there is no break in the beauty of Travancore, that it is a single picture, that, in short, it acts chiefly on one's mind by the sum of its charms. Yet, in spite of its singular harmoniousness of beauty, you are not sure as you flit from place to place in this unique garden-State, like a bird among the aeries of a tree in full life, that it has not many beauties in its flowing oneness of beauty to be felt and enjoyed one after another. Among these, first and foremost, are the backwaters of Travancore.

These backwaters, sprung from the struggle between land and sea, unfold themselves like liquid music from the northern borders of Lower Travancore to within a few miles of Trivandrum, covering a length of about 150 miles. The Arabian Sea heaves alongside, while they slumber and dream under mellow moons and silent starry skies. Forests of

TRAVANCORE, THE BEAUTIFUL

cocoanut-palms arise from their banks and roll away inland in tumbling waves of green as far as the eye can see. The total extent occupied by these 'inland seas' is 160 square miles and the largest of them is the 'Vembanad Kayal,' 52 miles long and nearly 10 miles broad. The 'Ashtamudi Kayal,' the eight-pronged lake in the Quilon District, which has been called the Loch Lomond of Travancore, is a sparkling gem set in green tresses of vegetation. It must not be imagined, however, that the backwaters are merely geographical ornaments, for without them the cocoanut-palms cannot flourish and without the cocoanut-palms Travancore should never have possessed the distinctive flavour of prosperity so generally associated with the State. They provide, too, a network of very useful and very beautiful water-roads, open and unfettered as the sea and yet immune from its perils.

The backwaters are an 'intrusion' in the original physical features of Malabar. Once they were all a part of the sea. Malabar is one of the heaviest rain-belts of India and its rivers, surcharged with the loose soil of the land, have been pushing back the waves of the sea by invisible degrees. It is almost a scientific certainty that there are even rivers running underground to the sea between Cochin and Quilon, the principal region of the backwaters. The sea, however, has receded only in part although the rivers have thrown up new shores to mark the extent of their advance into it. It is the shallow and quiet patches of sea lying behind these outposts of land that are called the backwaters of Travancore.

In few other bodies of water, running or still, is there more soothing beauty than in these backwaters. They look like the limpid floor of the sky and allay the troubled spirit like a wandering cloud. They shine gently by day and shimmer under the stars, and if the weather is fair they become an azure half-hidden glow. Only when the monsoon loses its temper or a seawind howls through the land, there occurs a disturbance in their habitual tranquillity.

A 'cruise' on the backwaters in a country-barge is about the most enjoyable thing there is to be had in all India. The

TRIVENI

craft is an object lesson to the vanities of haste and speed. It moves without any of the familiar accompaniments of movement. It sleeps and moves and puts you by and by to sleep by the charm of its quiet example. In it you are in a floating nest and, if waking, you keep looking out at the glorious panorama of green cocoanut-palms which everywhere surround you as if in an affectionate gesture of embrace. Time has no use for the sailor in these waters. It stands still and meaningless. And he enjoys the happiest of all illusions, that he comes from nowhere and goes to nowhere and that he is at last out of the reach of the fever and fret of life. The backwaters are a dream in the sleeping beauties of land and water.

It would take me long were I to describe the array of single beautiful places and scenes like Varkala by the sea between Trivandrum and Quilon, where the land ends in a cliff reminding you of that which is conjured up by an excellent son for his unfortunate father in *King Lear*, where the sea seems lying enchanted under the shadow of that towering cliff and where all over the wide and rolling highland Nature like a beauty-sprite spreads her handsomest gifts; or lovely hill-stations like Peermade, where meadow-lands and mountains mix delightfully and breathe the pleasantest breezes; or even the celebrated 'Sankumukham,' the seashore of Trivandrum, which yields to no strand in the world in its combined effect of sea and sand, space, scene and setting, of curly surges, of flowing breezes breaking into continual song in the foliage of casuarina-trees. Nor would I speak now of the peculiar graces of the people of Travancore, not of those that stand in the public eye or figure in the politics of the day, but of the common people who live in happy secluded villages and are hardly yet touched by the infectious tendencies in modern civilisation and who consequently add to the natural charms of the land. But of one thing I must speak, which is Travancore's first and foremost glory and in which, moreover, all India rejoices, and which is, if you have not already guessed, the Land's End of India.

TRAVANCORE, THE BEAUTIFUL

It is Cape Comorin where all India becomes a thin promontory of land pushing into the oceans. As you come to the Cape, the nearer you come the further it seems to go till, all on a sudden, when you least expect it, you find yourself right amid the oceans. Sea to the right, sea to the left and all before and beyond, you ask yourself, 'Is it a dream?' You wonder where you stand, in land or water. The blue dome of the sky flattens over you and you nearly say to yourself that you have only to jump and put up your hand to touch it. The horizons appear to move towards you. The sun rises a few paces to the east of you in the waters and sets a few paces to the west of you in the waters. In the night-time the stars cluster over your head like coronals and the mellow moon seems to weave a halo about you. Here is infinity where everything appears immediate and infinitesimal. Here is all the manifoldness of India melted into a single unity. Cape Comorin is a call, a prayer, a cry, for oneness.

In the vast plains and plateaus of India, where everything is large, the small things assume an importance they have not and the large ones are easily overlooked. But when you stand at the very end of India, which is no bigger than the palm of your hand and where yet the earth and oceans mingle and even the heavens bend down to mingle with them, the larger things become small enough for you to see and the smaller ones melt into thin air. You should come to Cape Comorin to see the vision of things in their just perspective, to feel the loftier patriotism that comes from the knowledge that the many are not many but that all is one.

This is chiefly the reason why our ancestors declared Cape Comorin one of the most sacred places of India and erected a temple on it for a virgin goddess, *Kanya Kumari*, the pure, looking out into the waters smilingly. And in her presence, so it seems, the seas lose their accustomed fury and the land of men its annoyances. You may worship her or not, but cannot help appreciating the beautiful thought that placed a virgin goddess to preside over the termination of India and the conjunction of the oceans.

TRIVENI

If you come to Travancore by railway from the Tinnevely District you will pass through the Ghats, bathing your eyes in showers of hills and dales teeming with the richest and freshest vegetation. The train zigzags and circles, emitting clouds of smoke, (which take on a strange beauty in the clear air and tangled green), and going two miles to one. As you look at the rolling pomp and jubilee of the woods, you come to see for yourself that you are entering a really beautiful land.

Oriental Knowledge and Occidental Research

By 'A FRENCH SCHOLAR'

The question of the true meaning of Oriental traditional thought and that of the respective present situation of the Orient and the Occident are the object of a series of studies which have been published these last twelve years under the signature of Rene Guenon and which, from the very fact of their touching a great number of topics, have drawn the attention of an extremely varied public spread all over the world. The author of these studies offers to us the very rare case of a writer using a European language—French—and whose knowledge of Eastern ideas has been obtained at first hand, that is essentially from Oriental masters. It is in fact to the oral teachings of Orientals that Monsieur Rene Guenon owes his knowledge of Hindu doctrines, of Islamic esotericism and of Taoism, as well as his knowledge of the Sanskrit and Arabic languages. This characteristic feature sufficiently distinguishes him from European or American 'Orientalists' who have indeed sometimes worked in close touch with Oriental people, but who did not ask them for anything else than an help destined to facilitate a work mainly based on books and texts and totally inspired by the methods of Occidental erudition. On the other hand, the earnestness, the depth and the preciseness of Monsieur Rene Guenon's works are such as to forbid any *rapprochement* with another group which is much less well defined, the group of those people which may be called the 'spiritualist' interpreters of the Orient and whose various theories are fitted less to the 'positivist' than to the sentimental and moralist trend of the Occident, with the result that one often meets in them the most heterogeneous things ranging from mysticism to hygiene

and including occultism and the philosophical theories of the West.

Monsieur Rene Guenon's work is rather complex and it would be difficult to summarize it. It consists of studies in which the fundamental ideas of Oriental thought are stated and explained, in books on the present situation of the Occident and in others which somehow touch these two subjects.¹ We think we shall sufficiently show the spirit of this work by presenting here some remarks on the respective values of Oriental and of Occidental thought,—remarks which have been inspired by indications given by Monsieur Guenon in some of his books.

Whatever may be said of the respective merits of the Ancients and of the Moderns, of the inhabitants of this or of that continent, there is a superiority which the modern Occidentals claim for themselves and which seems to them to be beyond all doubt: that is, intellectual superiority. All that man has thought of and taught during the many thousand years that have preceded 'modern' times, and all that men of other civilisations may still think of and teach, is, as is generally believed in the West, nothing but a heap of puerile and often quaint beliefs, an expression of a naive mind, incapable of distinguishing what is real from what is imaginary; and one even speaks rather often in the Western world of a 'pre-causal' or 'pre-logical' thought, that is, of a thought which, it is believed, has been that of an extraordinarily long epoch in the course of which the most elementary laws of logic were unknown. Suddenly, by a sort of miraculous illumination, due, to be sure, to the touch of some fairy's magic wand, 'Science,' it is said, appeared in Europe about the sixteenth century A.D.: an experimental science supposed to be 'based' on the observa-

¹ We confine ourselves to quote the *Introduction generale a l'etude des doctrines hindoues* ('General introduction to the study of Hindu doctrines' (Paris, 1921), *Orient et Occident* ('Orient and Occident') (Paris, 1924), and *L'Homme et son devenir selon le Vedanta* (Paris, 1925). An English translation of this last volume has been published by Rider & Co., London, under the title *Man and his becoming according to the Vedanta*.

tion of perceptible facts and which was soon to be considered as the only serious and possible science. Thus, according to the modern Westerner, mankind knew a period of false science, of fancies more or less poetical and without any relation to reality, in short a 'mythological' period; and it is only in recent times that, its intelligence being at last awakened, it was able to discern the rules of really 'objective' and 'scientific' thought. Of course Christians do not admit that the Bible's contents are 'false science'; but the reservations they make on this subject rarely ever affect their satisfaction in living in a time of 'progress' and of 'enlightenment.' In any case, all representatives of 'positive' science, which, by the way, has become the official one, and specially all ethnologists, all 'sociologists' and the big majority of Orientalists—European and American—accept as an indisputable truth this bipartite conception of the history of human thought: an hypothetical, very simple, and partial conception, and such as to stupefy the learned men of other civilisations.

With regard to this theory, which the general public of the Occident indulge in the more easily as they have never thought of all its consequences, and do not perceive its difficulties, Monsieur Rene Guenon affirms with an equal decisiveness the intellectual superiority of Oriental knowledge, or in a general way of all truly traditional knowledge, over modern Occidental thought. If we consider the respective sources of the one and of the other thought, the difference is such as to exclude any sort of *rapprochement*: for no comparison is possible between knowledge obtained by a full intuition of the intelligible Light, such as the Hindu doctrine affirms,—not only its theoretical possibility, but even its effective realisation in the case of the *jivan-mukta* (and specially in the case of the *rishis*, authors of the Veda),—and a purely rational and human research, which can in no way release man from the ignorance and illusion belonging to his state as a manifested being. But as modern thought does not recognise the possibility of that basic knowledge and even

TRIVENI

implicitly denies it in describing as 'myths' the symbolical expressions of it which have been preserved in the traditional books of different peoples, one has to examine the contents and the characteristics of the two kinds of knowledge; this examination, not to speak of other considerations, ought to be sufficient to allow at least a provisional judgment on the authority which attaches to the one and the other thought. It is this we should like to do very rapidly, keeping ourselves to some particularly important and characteristic features and without entering, of course, into any detailed discussion.

One of the most apparent features of modern science is its absence of unity, and its analytical character. Far from constituting a coherent whole, that is a universal synthesis, it is divided into an ever-increasing number of 'specialities,' in the interior of which scientists accumulate their knowledge of details, of 'facts,' without however being able to bring about a synthesis more easily in this smaller field. Now, this shows clearly enough that, if modern research suffers from any defect, it is that it does not possess the ideas which would enable it to co-ordinate and to synthesise all these details; this consideration alone would suffice to explain why Monsieur Rene Guenon has described modern science as a 'science without principles' and as 'an ignorant knowing.' But the absence of principles does not only make impossible any larger views of things and any truly deep conception: it even deprives science of any solid intellectual basis. 'Science,' the same author writes, 'in constituting itself according to modern views, has not only lost in depth, but also, one might say, in solidity, for its attachment to principles made it participate in their immutability as far as its own object allowed it, whereas, being completely shut up in the world of changing things, it does not find anything stable therein, no fixed point on which to rest; not starting from any absolute certitude, it is reduced to probabilities and approximations, or to purely hypothetical constructions which are nothing but a work of the individual fancy.' (*The Crisis of the modern World*, Paris, 1927, pages 99-100). Intelligence, to put it in another way,

ORIENTAL KNOWLEDGE

cannot judge of anything if it does not occupy a fixed place, higher than the object which it judges; and the error of modern science has been its search for immutable principles, necessary to all science, inside an essentially changing experience. As it could not find them there, it had to satisfy itself by using the limited ideas which are accessible to everybody and sufficient for the everyday material life; but in keeping to these ideas it limited its intellectual horizon and, in the same way, its scope and depth. This is what appears in a particularly striking manner if one compares it with traditional thought whose horizon and scope are not exactly limited by anything, and which possesses ideas, that is, principles of synthesis and of explanation, of a quite different level, as may be easily seen from some instances.

Modern scientific research, firstly, gives no place to the idea of the 'Supreme Principle' though that idea is spread among all the peoples of the world and even the most degenerate. Now, it is the 'Supreme Principle' which, at least under its determination as *Ishwara* or *Brahma saguna*, gives the fundament to the essential unity of the universe, a unity without which the universe could not be coherent nor, therefore, intelligible. If one does not feel the necessity of having recourse to that idea, then we must conclude that the pretensions of speculation are extremely diminished. And if that idea, on the other hand, has disappeared from modern 'scientific' thought, then we must find, as it seems, the reason for it in the impossibility of relating it to the phenomenal multiplicity: 'cosmological' ideas are necessary for this linking up, and oral traditional teaching which furnished them before has entirely disappeared from Europe at a time which, according to a series of indications, seems to lie about three hundred years back. The idea of 'cause' (*karana*), for instance, is no longer understood in Europe in its profound significance, which no modern philosopher has ever perceived, of an 'irreversible relation of identity' implying, on the one hand, the identity of effect and cause, and on the other hand, the superiority, nay the 'transcendence' of the cause

TRIVENI

with regard to the effect: two faces, so to say, of the idea of causality, these appear in Hindu thought quite clearly in the relation which unites the *Shakti* to the *Shaktiman*. If the disappearance of the idea of *Brahma* or of the 'Supreme Principle' meant a beheading of Science, so to say, by depriving it of the very principle which maintains the cohesion of all things among themselves and makes possible intelligible general or universal conceptions, the disappearance of the veritable idea of 'causality' (*karanatva*) had no less serious consequences. As the effect could no longer be entirely identified with its cause, it could no longer be entirely explained and there remains between the one and the other an irreducible difference, an essential obscurity due to something else than our ignorance: the habit has thus been formed of considering that there is in things a sort of obscure principle of existence, irreducible to intellectual Light and which therefore could not have issued from it nor be brought back to it; and it is easy to see the links which unite this belief to the western 'materialism' and 'anti-intellectualism.' On the other hand, where there is no longer 'transcendence' there is either no longer a hierarchy, as there is nothing more to justify the 'distances' separating the different 'orders' of the universe from one another: now, thought only escapes confusion by ordered conceptions rigourously maintaining the distinction of principle and application of superior and inferior; there is no intelligible conception without a certain 'order' of the things thought of, and in the intellectual still more than in the social domain, there is no order without hierarchy and no hierarchy without irreversible relations. Lastly, the loss of the true, intellectual notion of causality had another, not less important, consequence, which is the impossibility of Deliverance (*Moksha*) and therefore of total knowledge: Deliverance evidently presupposing the essential identity of *jivatma* with *Paramatma* and the transcendence of the latter with regard to the whole development of his *Shakti*, from *Sadashiva* to *kshiti*.

We shall keep ourselves to these three ideas of the

ORIENTAL KNOWLEDGE

'Supreme Principle,' of identity, and of transcendence, whose importance, moreover, is obvious; they form, so to say, the triple basis of the teaching of the *Upanishads*: ideas which, it may be noted, are not specifically Hindu, but rather purely and simply traditional, as they are to be found, identically the same at bottom, in the Taoist works, in those of Islamic esotericism and in old books of the Occident. One could naturally quote many other ideas which have become foreign to Occidental scientific research: as, for instance, the idea of the different 'states' of being and that of the correspondences existing between higher and lower orders; to find a great number of them it would suffice to study any *mandala* or any symbolical representation of the universe, but this would take us too far away from our subject. Against all these ideas the highest principle that modern science offers to us, that which entirely inspires it, is the idea of 'natural law' which it considers as its own discovery, and to which it has given an exclusive importance. Now, that idea has only a very relative and purely apparent intellectual value, as it tends to establish between determined events of the corporeal world relations which are supposed to be 'not-conditioned' and which would constitute so many 'closed-up systems.' Now, there is no other 'not-conditioned' thing than the Absolute, and an entirely closed-up system is not reconcilable with the profound unity and harmony of the universe. However disputable and relative this idea may be, it meets certain possibilities of application in the lowest orders of reality, where the primordial Light is so much divided that it admits at least of certain appearances of 'closed-up systems' and thus it possesses an unquestionable and unquestioned value from the point of view of practical action, and above all of action utilising material means. But where it is no longer applicable, and where also its application would require other ideas than those concerning 'weight and measure,' Occidental Science finds itself without intellectual means and it cannot construe any satisfactory theory. This impotence is particularly visible in those

branches which have been called 'philosophy' and 'psychology' and in the study of the thought of other civilisations: here we find western science getting embarrassed, heaping up 'facts' and documents without being able to explain and interpret them, or losing itself in a labyrinth of contestable theories and of ephemeral hypotheses. These three domains, we believe, are doubtless the ones where modern thought could best become aware of its own relativity.

In short, Occidental research clearly suffers from a lack of principles, which thus deprives it of a solid basis and of sufficient intellectual means. Falsely believing itself to be based on experience, it does not know either what it is or to what it may claim. Deprived of any fixed guiding mark, it is at the mercy of the slightest mirage, intellectual or sentimental, and it floats about, so to say, in the lowest orders of reality, the only ones where its limited and systematic conceptions can find some application. Having lost any notion of the universal hierarchy, it puts all things on the same plane and explains anything by anything: the soul by the body, the intelligence by social forms, metaphysical symbols by natural phenomena. The systematic application of a certain experimental method has led modern technics to the realisations which are well-known and, which, astonishing the man in the street, bind him more and more to the ~~dis-~~ well-being and to the amusements they procure for him. But this is a result of an extra-intellectual order and aim. Rem- ~~ing~~ ^{aining} ~~the~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{what a} ~~new~~ ^{whose} ~~of knowledge, as~~ ^{value is, besides,} ~~the~~ ^{Guénon has remarked,} no hesitation is possible between a mere accumulation of knowledge of details, however useful they may be from some points of view, and the irreplaceable whole of the traditional ideas, which open up to man quite different prospects, not only in the order of theoretical speculation, but also in that of the 'realisations' at which he can aim.

Our Forum

UDAY SHANKAR

TO THE EDITOR,
Triveni, Madras

Sir,

In 1933, after Uday Shankar's visit to Madras, *Triveni* published a criticism of his art from the point of view of Bharata and the traditional dance by the present writer, under the pseudonym 'Ganadasa.' This criticism was, regrettably enough, made use of to discredit Uday Shankar by interested persons who sometimes exceeded the limits of that criticism in their propaganda against him,—a development which if it had been foreseen, might have induced the writer to keep his opinion to himself instead of publishing it.

That criticism related exclusively to Shankar's performance of 1933,—a period when the artist did not command the materials that he commands now. It was then contended that his art was exotic, that it had some contacts with classical sculpture, but few with classical dance as outlined by Bharata and the living dance traditions derived from the classical system. On behalf of Shankar it was urged that he was free to abandon the traditions and Sastra and evolve an art of his own, which would not be the less classical and less Indian on that account. Indeed, some claimed that his glory consisted in his rejection of the traditions.

Uday Shankar however has repudiated these defences by a course of discipline in Kathakali under an eminent master from Kerala,—an act of courage that reveals the true artist that he is. Critics of tradition, let us hope, would disown Uday Shankar now, because he has succumbed to its blandishments instead of creating an art of his own. Let us hope also that these good people would delight the world and themselves by reviving that unfortunate art which they wanted Uday Shankar to create.

Since, Uday Shankar has been learning and practising. His 1935 dance compositions have little in common with his

TRIVENI

attempts of 1933. Not only has he outgrown the greater part of his imperfections, but intimacy with tradition has taught him to express himself with beauty and force. That Kathakali is responsible for the magnificent tableau at the beginning of his Siva-Parvati duet with its many felicities of attitude and raiment, is no demerit, because Kathakali no less than other traditions requires imaginative artists dowered with the gift of physical beauty, as rich as Uday Shankar's, to expound it. Mr. Pothan Joseph of the *Hindustan Times*, in the course of a lengthy attack on the classicism of Uday Shankar, queried whether it was possible to render a dance exactly as it was rendered in Sri Harsha's time, intending to bring home the utter impossibility of it. In the tableau referred to above, Uday Shankar has in a great measure done it,—a truly marvellous feat of artistic synthesis!

To invoke Bharata and tradition, one imagined, was the trait of a Pundit; obviously Uday Shankar is not ashamed of a trait that throws him into the company of a much hated class of people. Like Shankar, the writer also is a student and a votary of the very Bharata and traditions that he has invoked; he would be therefore denying himself if he denied Uday Shankar now.

More beautiful than his dance was his gesture to such of those as were not fully pleased with his expositions, past and present, not to judge him by these, but to judge him by what he intends to do. The writer who has been pleased by his present performance makes bold to assert that, at this rate, his future is certain to prove far greater than his past: indeed, he may turn out to be the medium through whom Natya-Kala might fulfil itself,—the man born to be king, of Dance! Like Shankar the writer also is continuously learning; among other things he has learnt recently is the occasional utility of such people who, with Shankar, invoke tradition and Bharata.

Mylapore, Madras
31st March, 1935

Truly yours,
K. V. RAMACHANDRAN

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.]

SANSKRIT

Raghunathabhyudaya of Ramabhadramba.—(Bulletins of the Sanskrit Department—No. 2.—Edited by T. R. Chintamani, M.A., Ph.D., University of Madras.—1934. Price Re. 1. Foreign 2sh.)

This Sanskrit poem deals with the life of the Nayak king Raghunatha who lived in the earlier half of the seventeenth century; the author was a beloved mistress of that king. The character of the king is likely therefore to be somewhat idealised and his achievements given exaggerated values. But a careful historian can easily quarry from this poem considerable historical material. His conclusions can be corroborated by the *Sahityaratnakara*, another extant historical poem about the same king, and verified by the numerous inscriptions and other historical records of the period. A mention of this poem was made by Dr. S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar in his 'Sources of Vijayanagar History' and by Mr. T. A. Gopinatha Rao in the 'Madras Christian College Magazine' but the poem itself has not been published till now. Dr. Chintamani has done considerable service to the students of South Indian history by obtaining a transcript of this poem from the manuscript in the Saraswati Mahal Library at Tanjore and editing it with an introductory note on the author and a summary in English, canto by canto, of the contents of the Kavya.

Apart from its obvious value to the student of history, the poem is a notable and welcome addition to Kavya literature. The poetess is apparently endowed with a rich imagination and commands an easy flowing style. The use of *alankaras* reveals considerable poetic talent. There are many delightful echoes from the *Ramayana* and the works of Kalidasa. The quaint conceits of the authoress add a rare charm to the

TRIVENI

descriptive portions of the poem. Special mention may be made of the descriptions of the Cauvery river and the Chola country. The poetess has, besides, the rare gift of turning maxims into epigrams which have the ring of proverbs.

How the 'charming descriptions, the edifying dialogues and the luminous excursions' of the *Ramayana* have permeated the mind of the poetess as well as the daily life of her hero is rendered apparent at every turn of this poem, in the poetic descriptions as well as in the delineations of the characters. There is a delightful summary of the *Ramayana* story in the fourth canto which brings out prominently how the hero Raghunatha modelled his life on the life of Sri Rama.

Concluding cantos, eleven and twelve, contain an intimate description of the Nayak's harem. Sanskritic and Sastraic studies had permeated the lives even of the women of the period; and the several accomplishments of the ladies of the royal court of Raghunatha Nayak in the triple streams of culture—poetry, music and drama—ought to enthuse modern Indian women in their attempts to regain their past eminence and glory.

Another feature of the poem, for which lovers of Carnatic music and South Indian dance as well as research workers in those topics feel thankful to Dr. Chintamani, is that the last canto contains references to the *ragas* and dances in vogue in the earlier part of the seventeenth century.

The Unadisutras in Various Recensions.—(Madras University Sanskrit Series, No. 7, Part 6. Edited by T. R. Chintamani, M.A., Ph.D., University of Madras.—1934. Price Rs. 3. Foreign 6 sh.).

This part contains the *Unadi Sutras* of Bhoja and those of the Katantra school with the commentaries or 'vrittis' of Dandanatha Narayana and of Durga-simha respectively. Both these sets of sutras are different from the sutras of the Paniniyan school. The sutras of the Katantra school have been published in the Bibliotheca Indica Series; but that edition does not contain the portion relating to Unadi. For the first time, both the sutras and the commentary of Durga-simha have been published, as part of the Series of Unadi Sutras, by Dr. Chintamani. The commentary is bound to be of considerable help not only in the study of the sutras of the

REVIEWS

Katantra but also in arriving at the correct readings of several of them. The Editor has been put to considerable difficulties in reconstructing the text from the only palm-leaf manuscript available to him, which in several places was moth-eaten, rendering the deciphering of the letters almost impossible in very many places. The tentative readings given by Dr. Chintamani will, it is hoped, stand the test of corroboration by other scholars who may have access to other manuscripts, containing the text and commentary of these sutras; in any case, in the absence of other copies these tentative readings will be welcome to students of Sanskrit grammar as supplementing Professor Eggeling's edition and helping in the reconstruction of the sutras of the Katantra school.

The other set of sutras forms a part of the Sanskrit Grammar *Saraswati Kanthabharana* of Bhoja, the full text of which work the learned Editor will be publishing shortly. The Unadi portion of the sutras are now issued along with a commentary by one Dandanatha, valuable suggestions about whose identity are contained in the introduction. Neither these sutras nor the commentary have been published before. Dr. Chintamani has, however, in his edition of Paniniyan Unadisutras (published as part 2 of this number) given the correlations made by Narayana Bhatta between the sutras of the Paniniyan school and the Bhoja sutras and also published the list, given by that commentator, of the sutras of Bhoja which could not be brought under any of the Paniniyan sutras. The publication of the authentic text of the Bhoja sutras will enable the student of Vyakarana to appreciate the efforts of Narayana Bhatta to make a comparative study of the sutras of the two schools.

We are told that the textual readings relating to these Unadi Sutras are noted under the corresponding section of the *Saraswatikanthabharana*. It would have been more convenient to the student of the Unadisutras to have them incorporated in this part itself.

V. NARAYANAN

TRIVENI

ENGLISH

Social and Political Life in the Vijayanagara Empire.—By Dr. B. A. Saletore, with a Foreword by Dr. S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar, (B. G. Paul & Co., Madras 1934, Volumes I and II, Pages LV+470+525, Rs. 10.)

These two volumes form a very creditable addition to the respectable number of valuable publications on South Indian history which Messrs. Paul & Co., have issued in recent years. The reputation which this firm has established in the field of historical publications on South India is perhaps unrivalled in Madras; and the present attempt is quite in keeping with the past record of the firm. The author of these two volumes is a scholar of the Germanic type with training and experience in Berlin, and he has had the benefit of guidance under that punctilious scholar who has made for himself a unique name in Indian history, namely, the Rev. Fr. Heras. The volumes have been published with the aid of a grant from the Publication Fund of the University of London and a generous donation by a gentleman who has preferred to remain anonymous. They are dedicated to Dr. L. D. Barnett, the author's teacher and guide. A short introduction from the pen of Dr. S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar adds to the value of the work which was originally approved as thesis for the Doctorate of Philosophy in the University of London in 1931.

Volume I begins with the detailed classification of the copious bibliographical sources upon which the author has relied. An idea of the thoroughness of the list can be seen from the fact that it covers 42 pages. The volume contains 9 chapters besides an introduction. In the first of these the author describes the country in general and in the succeeding chapters he deals successively with the capitals of the empire, the revenue administration, central government, local government, 'justice and oppression,' foreign relations (with some reference to Hindu-Muhammadan amity), and the army.

Volume II has got 9 chapters devoted to the description of the Varnasrama-dharmas, the social institutions in general, the Brahmins, women, social legislation; public service, honours and patriotism; habitation, food and dress, corporate life in social matters, and lastly, festivals, games and amusements. In every chapter there is a general introduction deal-

REVIEWS

ing with pre-Vijayanagara times, followed by the details connected with Vijayanagara. Every fact is supported by ample quotations from all the original authorities, indigenous and foreign. There are occasionally expressions of views which may not be unanimously approved. But the author always tries to demonstrate his views with copious documentation. This volume is illustrated with a picture of the Virupaksha temple and three other pictures to illustrate dancing and hunting scenes taken from temple walls. There is a glossary of technical terms covering over 40 pages, followed by an index of 56 pages. The author, it will be thus observed, has rendered a substantial service to the cause of South Indian history. Though it is regrettable that, in a scheme planned so largely and carried out so successfully, there are no special chapters allotted to the numerous schools of literature and philosophy; though the reader misses the large achievements of the people in the field of Sanskrit, Tamil, Telugu and Kanarese literatures, as well as the large number of spiritual and philosophical treatises which appeared copiously in all shades of religious thought from the numerous village colonies which were established on a large scale by the emperors throughout the vast expanse of the empire; there can be no doubt that the exhaustive study of all the other aspects of the history of this glorious period of South India is a thing of which the author may be proud and for which students of Indian history cannot be sufficiently grateful.

V. RANGACHARYA

The Metaphysics of Berkeley.—By G. W. Kaveeshwar, M.A. (Published by Mrs. Ashavati Kaveeshwar, C/O Mr. M. K. Bakshi, B.A., Headmaster, Government High School, Khandwa, C. P. Price Rs. 2-8 net.)

Lucid as the critical exposition of the Metaphysics of Berkeley is, the value of the book is enhanced by the parallelism that is drawn between the Berkeleian system and Vijnanavada. The author agrees with Fraser in characterising Berkeley's position as 'Spiritual Realism,' a theory which holds that 'what-so-ever is real is ultimately spiritual in essence.' Superficial students of Berkeley are apt to regard his metaphysical system as subjective idealism; and this mode of understanding his philosophy is not without support from his own writings. When he says that the *esse* of every object

TRIVENI

is its *percipi*, he appears exactly to re-echo the dictum of the Vijnanavadins that, because blue and the cognition thereof are never seen apart, they must be identical.

But what is essential in Berkeley's system is not its subjectivistic tendency. Mr. Kaveeshwar distinguishes subjective idealism, which holds that each particular thing lasts only so long as the particular perception of it by some one individual percipient lasts, from objective idealism according to which a thing continues to exist so long as any spirit is perceiving it, and he gives it as his opinion that what is essential in Berkeley's philosophy is its vein of objective idealism.

Thoughtful students of Berkeley will agree with him in his view that the Irish Bishop destroyed matter in order to make room for God. Berkeley confuses metaphysics with theology; and Berkeley's philosophy is essentially a theology—a doctrine about God. Many of the criticisms which the author of this book levels against the inconsistencies of Berkeley's metaphysics are acute and just; and the book, while being a valuable addition to the literature in the field, is likely to be particularly useful to Indian students of Western Philosophy.

S. S. S.

From Wrong Angles.—By Gagan Vihari Mehta (Published by the Author, 70 A, Chakarabare Road, Calcutta. Price Re. 1-8-0, pp. 181).

Mr. Mehta has been known to the Indian reading public as a contributor to some of our leading journals and periodicals. By family tradition and present vocation he belongs to 'big business.' In this volume he steps aside from the high seriousness of commerce and in a mood of sportive banter makes fun of our problems and politicians. To a people like us not particularly endowed with the sense of humour, works like Mr. Mehta's are of great value. They afford not only intellectual delectation but help understanding, for a good smile makes the world kin. In the preface the author has quoted from a French journal, 'I hasten to make fun of everything lest it make me weep,' which forms as it were the moral justification of the present work. The opening paper, 'The Viceroy of Tomorrow,' is in the author's best vein. It is less an effort at parody than an essay in psychology. It is

REVIEWS

an imaginative reconstruction of the reactions of some of our leading politicians to the startling thought of their becoming the Viceroy of India. Other notable papers are 'Geometry of the First Round Table Conference,' 'How to repair the Round Table,' 'Third Round,' 'Impressions and Depressions' and 'A singular outburst of Plurals.' Mr. Mehta is gifted with a style that is suited to the purpose. It is light without being trivial, and his epigrams and paradoxes have all the naturalness and spontaneity that can only be found with humourists of a class. This is a book which ought to be read and enjoyed.

M. S. C.

TELUGU

Natya Kala.—(7, Thambu Chetty St., Madras, Annual subscription Rs. 2, Single copy As. 8).

This quarterly journal, devoted to drama and the fine arts, is the official organ of the 'Andhra Nataka Kala Parishat.' Recognising the need for a co-ordination of all artistic activities in Andhra, the Parishat brings together, every year, actors and playwrights, musicians and dancers. The Telugu stage must be so transformed as to make it the brightest expression of the artistic talents of the people. While we have gifted actors amongst us, the plays produced are pitiful. The advent of the 'contract play' has lowered the tone of our performances. The Parishat is seeking to reform the stage, to encourage playwrights, to build up a National Theatre. The *Natya Kala* is a worthy exponent of the ideals of the Parishat. It is exceedingly well-produced and contains representative articles on every aspect of the art of the theatre. There is some amount of overlapping of themes in the first number, and far too many photographs of actors off the stage. Mr. N. V. Seshayya is a great enthusiast, and under his editorship the *Natya Kala* is bound to occupy a high rank among Andhra journals.

A History of India.—Part I, The Hindu Period. By M. Somasekhara Sarma (The Indian Publishing House Ltd., Madras. Price Re. 1.)

It is not often that a school-book on history rises to the dignity of literature. Mr. Sarma, however, is a writer of beautiful Telugu prose, in addition to being a research scholar

TRIVENI

of high attainments. In his books and papers, he maintains the standards set by his Guru, the late lamented K. V. Lakshmana Rao. The present work, ostensibly prepared 'in accordance with the Syllabus for Group A of the S.S.L.C.,' deserves a much loftier place than the one it seeks to fill. It incorporates the results of the latest research, and even students of the B.A. classes may turn to it with profit. Within the short compass of less than 300 pages, it narrates the story of our strivings and failures, and the vicissitudes of our religious and cultural life. To the general reader, happily free from the incubus of examinations, Mr. Sarma's book is an ideal introduction to the study of Indian history.

Udayini.—(Published six times a year. Annual subscription Rs. 4. Single copy As. 12. 15, Audiappa Mudali Street, Vepery, Madras.)

Since the ill-starred *Jayanti* ceased publication, we have not come across any Telugu journal fit to take its place as the interpreter of the progressive tendencies in Telugu literature. A host of cheap periodicals have come up, which have vulgarised the public taste and dragged journalism into the mire. *Udayini*, edited by Mr. Kompella Janardana Rao, seems almost like the *Jayanti* reborn under happier auspices. As a reviewer in the *Kistna Patrika* puts it, the *Udayini* inherits the 'unfulfilled renown' of *Sahiti*, *Sakhi*, and *Jayanti*. It has already enlisted the co-operation of nearly all the leading writers in prose and verse. Beautiful in form, and rich in its contents, *Udayini* is an ornament to Telugu journalism. Besides poems and stories, the first two numbers give us some valuable literary criticism. We are unable, however, to reconcile ourselves to the prose style of the Editor.

K. R.

Opinion of

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

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