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JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

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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 spirit. 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!

... 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 Stalemate

BY K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAU¹

Half-way through their term of office, while important schemes of public beneficence were yet being planned in every Province, the Congress Ministries have retired into the wilderness. In the full enjoyment of the confidence of the respective legislatures and of an overwhelming majority of the electors, these Ministries went out of office, in a blaze of glory. If they had clung to their positions, it could only have been with loss of self-respect and in direct opposition to the best interests of the nation they had vowed to serve. To become responsible for policies and programmes with which they were in entire disagreement, and to continue to hold office shorn of real power would be unworthy of the servants of the nation. For, once the Defence of India Ordinances started working, the Ministers became, in vital matters, mere agents of the Central Executive at Delhi.

The immediate issue on which they resigned was the unsatisfactory nature of the Viceregal response to the demand of the Congress. What was demanded was not the establishment of Dominion Status straightway, but a clear declaration by Britain

¹ 12th November.

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that Dominion Status for India, with the right to secede at will, would be an accomplished fact at the end of the War. Immediate steps were to be taken to democratise the Central Government, as a provisional measure.

Even as one Ministry after another was resigning, the Congress and League leaders were summoned once again to Delhi, and, for two or three days, it looked as if, after all, the Congress Ministries would function under happier auspices, and with a definite promise of freedom for India. But what the Viceroy and the Secretary of State offered was a temporary arrangement by which the Congress was to accept office at the Centre, and not a clear undertaking about the future constitutional status of India. At the crucial moment, the Congress leaders sized up the situation and declined to enter into a discussion on the Minorities and the methods of recruitment to the Central Executive Council, without a previous solution of the vastly more important problem of Swaraj.

During every crisis in the relations between India and England, someone in authority at Whitehall earns the reputation of a bungler. Once it was Birkenhead; another time it was Hoare; and now it is Zetland. And the pity of it is that Zetland is a student of Indian culture who claims to interpret 'the heart of Aryavarta.' The ignorance of scholars can sometimes be very profound indeed.

Between the positions taken up by Gandhiji and by Zetland, with regard to the present impasse, the gulf is a wide one; but it is by no means unbridgeable. The latest negotiations at Delhi broke on the rock of the Constituent Assembly. The Congress was required to come to an understanding with Mr. Jinnah in respect of the 'Provincial field' with a view to making provision for more Executive Councillorships at the Centre. Quite logically, the Congress spokesmen insisted that this was a minor issue which could become relevant only when the fundamental question of Britain's war aims, in relation to India, was settled. "Suppose the Congress and the Muslim League agree. What follows? Will you allow a Constituent Assembly of Indians to frame a Constitution with the approval of all the Minorities?" Lord Zetland goes to the root of the matter when he denies the right of Indians to be the sole judges of their future. Britain must have a finger in the pie;

THE STALEMATE

Britain cannot betray her trust; India's right to self-determination must always be overridden by the superior right of Britain to dictate what is best for India! The issue was never more clearly defined by India, nor was the claim to be arbiter more vehemently asserted by Britain.

With mutual good-will, however, even this conflict may be resolved. When Indian leaders speak of a Constituent Assembly, they are aware that any constitution framed by themselves will eventually have to be ratified by the British Parliament. So long as India remains part of the Commonwealth, this procedure has to be followed. If Britain is keen on certain safeguards, and if India is convinced that such safeguards are also in her own interest, there is nothing to prevent these matters being mentioned in the terms of reference to a Constituent Assembly. Questions like Defence, Foreign Relations, the Indian States, and Minorities are not less important from the Indian standpoint than that of Britain, and Indian statesmen charged with the task of framing a constitution must take note of these factors and strive for perfect agreement on every one of them. But such agreement will become impossible, so long as Britain claims the final voice. Indians must decide for themselves, and the part of British statesmen is to ratify the decision arrived at by Indians. This is of the essence of self-determination. The presence of an outsider is always a disturbing element, and any attempt to impose a decision will reduce the Constituent Assembly to a futility like the ill-fated Round Table Conferences.

Whether a settlement on the above basis will be achieved within the next few months, so as to end the present impasse, is more than anyone can foretell. But judging from the pronouncements of British Parliamentarians belonging to the Opposition, and from the views of Liberal and Labour journals, Lord Zetland's statement seems to have met with grave disapproval. It is being viewed as a disaster. The breakdown of the Constitution in several Indian Provinces, leading to primitive expedients like one-man rule, has placed the British Government in an awkward position. The Congress has successfully put them in the wrong, and robbed British declarations championing democracy and freedom of all sense of reality. And Gandhiji's repeated statements that he is not contemplating a campaign of civil

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A great deal depends on the attitude of Mr. Jinnah, and on the final outcome of the Jinnah-Nehru talks which will shortly be resumed. Public opinion among nationalist Muslims is gathering strength, and Mr. Jinnah's right to block all constitutional progress is being questioned. The Congress is in a mood to conciliate the Muslim League, provided the latter is prepared to support the national demand. The Hindu-Muslim question is a purely domestic one; and once agreement is reached between the leaders of the Congress and the Muslim League, it is not open to the Government to plead the problem of the Minorities as an obstacle to the settlement of the larger issue of Indian freedom.

1

BY TIPPU-T-TOLAR

[The lover, who comes courting a maid, offers her red flowers as a gift. But the maid rejects them thus, disdainfully, for they abound in her own land. The poem is, in its form, in praise of Muruga, one of the popular gods of the Tamil country. He fought and slew the demons, so that he might save the gods. The modern reader will be reminded of the battle-field of Flanders, and its profusion of red poppy flowers.]

Red is the battle-field with the blood of the demons
 he slew;
Red are the shafts of his arrows which annihilated them;
Red with blood are his elephants' tusks;
Red is he himself, wearing warrior-anklets on his feet;
And blood-red are the glory-lilies clustering on his hill.

Problems of Democracy in India

BY PROF. N. SRINIVASAN¹

(Andhra University, Waltair)

I. GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS

It might appear premature and out of place to discuss at present the problems of democracy in India. For as yet we have only its germ, and our experience of it is brief. Until we achieve our national freedom we cannot really know its problems at first hand and we have only the Government of India Act of 1935 which is very far removed from the goal. Our political generalizations about democracy must therefore suffer a two-fold limitation: firstly, in that it is not a real democratic experience that we shall be summarising, and secondly, in that we are dependent on an experience that is not good enough to enable the formation of political judgements valid over long periods. The conclusions that we draw will inevitably be limited in their usefulness. It does not require proof that we can neither use nor abuse a power that we do not possess and thus render ourselves worthy or unworthy of the responsibilities of a democratic polity.

None the less, there is a purpose that will be served by discussion even if we cannot bring to it an experience of democracy in its full scope and over a long period of time. We are wedded to democracy as an ideal to be realised along with our freedom. Democracy, unlike other forms of government, is nurtured on reflection and criticism and is dependent on a sound public opinion for its efficient functioning. An atmosphere of reasoned criticism is one of the major conditions of its success. Even with the limited means available to us it is our duty to contribute to the establishment of the spiritual and material conditions under which alone democracy can effectively function. By discussion we should be contributing in some measure to this end. Besides, we might be able to gain a knowledge of the ways of overcoming the peculiar evils to which democracy is subject and thus be able to avoid its dangers and pitfalls.

¹ A review of Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar's Address of the above title.

PROBLEMS OF DEMOCRACY IN INDIA

In discussing the problems of democracy we cannot escape the necessity of drawing upon the experience of countries other than our own, for the reasons that the experience they furnish us is larger and that democracy in this country should be, as Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar rightly points out, a modern ideal. Democracy for us is not the revival of an ancient institution; it is a new polity of which both the idea and the politics have to be borrowed from the West.

But the limitations of this procedure must be carefully borne in mind. The study of the experience of other countries will certainly help us to understand our problems and might even suggest to us the means of overcoming our difficulties, but it can never be a complete guide to the adequate handling of all our problems. As Montesquieu pointed out long ago, governmental problems are peculiar to each country and must be faced by each in its own way. Political institutions must be suited to the genius and circumstances of each people, and history and experience alone can determine the fitness of a people for a particular type of institution. Where political institutions are copied by one country from another, they cannot exactly reproduce the originals in all their details and must be altered in particular directions to suit the new country. It is a commonplace, well supported by experience, that theoretically perfect systems may fail in actual practice and political systems which have worked admirably in a special environment, may not function at all or, what is still worse, may function perversely in a different environment. These considerations must be before the student who would study the problems of democracy in this country.

A few general remarks on Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar's Address as a whole may be in place here before a detailed examination is undertaken. No student of this provocative Address can fail to notice that more is attempted in it than can be conveniently dealt with in the brief compass of an Address, and that as a consequence it raises more issues than answers them with any adequacy. Nor can he escape a sense of disappointment at its obviously abstract and theoretical quality. Very often Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar gives us his conclusions leaving us to surmise the premises and the course of the argument of which they are the product. The result is, his conclusions appear to stand on no substantial basis.

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Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar's reading of history, both past and present, is defective in places. He shows only a partial appreciation, if not a total misunderstanding, of the processes of representative government. The assumptions that mere mechanism could establish a perfect democracy and that any institution can be transplanted with ease from any country to any other country underlie his argument, in spite of his statements to the contrary.

There are serious omissions among the problems of democracy chosen for discussion, as for instance the minorities problem and its bearing on democracy, the place of the bureaucracy in India, and the problem of local self-government. Here are perhaps the most difficult and fundamental issues for our democracy, and yet they are not dealt with even in passing.

Over the entire field of Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar's observations there is an exaggeration in the criticism and an impracticability in the suggestions. So disproportionately severe is his criticism at some places that one wonders if there is another species of democracy which Mr. Iyengar has in mind rather than the one with which we are familiar in this or any other country.

These remarks may appear irreverent. But the detailed examination that follows of the contributions, errors and omissions in Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar's analysis of the problems of democracy will be found to bear them out fully.

II. FUNDAMENTALS

DEMOCRACY IN INDIA, A MODERN IDEAL.

Among the general observations that Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar makes is his call to us to recognise that democracy in India today must be "a wholly modern ideal," and that in its fundamentals as well as in its details it must be 'completely secular and modern.' (8)* Though we may discover forms of democratic policy in ancient and mediaeval India as the growing literature on the subject of Hindu Polity attests,¹ none of these forms have survived and not even the least connection could be established between them and the modern experiment. The

* Figures within brackets throughout this article indicate the pages from which the quotations have been taken from the Address.

¹ K. P. Jayaswal: Hindu Polity; D. R. Bhandarkar: Carmichael Lectures (1919); B. C. Law: Republics in Ancient India; U. Ghosal: Hindu Political Theories; S. K. Aiyengar: South Indian History; K. A. Nilakanta Sastri: Chola Administration; etc.

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ancient Hindu concept of the State was a concept of Society and not of the State as we understand it, and the conception of a popular Government actively changing our social life was "probably alien" to early Hindu notions. The concept of Dharma first limited and then prevented the development of democracy, and finally whatever there was of democracy or Dharma vanished with the advent of the Muslims into India. The vastness of the country, the differences of religion, foreign invasions and domestic strife were among the other causes which prevented the growth of democracy in this country. (3-7)

We may question the role ascribed in this account to the concept of Dharma. *Prima facie* there seems to be no reason why a conception that sought to limit the action of Government in the name of a higher morality should have resulted in the suppression of democracy in the interest of the 'divine right' monarch. It may be here pointed out that an analogous conception, that of the Law of Nature or of God, worked exactly in the opposite direction and was the basis of the revolutionary philosophies of Europe in the 18th century which led to the great experiments of democracy in the West. But this is a point of interest only to the student of political ideas and we may pass on to matters of more general interest.

It cannot be doubted that our democracy must be a wholly modern ideal, and that it should be completely mundane and rational. This is dictated by our conditions. It is on the plane of a common democratic citizenship that we can hope to achieve the unity and welfare of this country. To introduce religion into politics would be to split that unity and to render the chance of our free political existence remote.

DEMOCRACY, NATIONALISM AND 'RACIAL IDENTITY.'

The failure of the people of India to develop a stable and nation-wide government of any sort, not to speak of democracy, has been, in the main, due not to lack of political genius, but to the inexorable facts of long distances, differences of religion, race and language, and foreign invasions and internecine troubles which have filled our history. An enduring democratic State can be reared only on the basis of a cultural homogeneity among the people for whom the polity is intended. A sense of unity,

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transcending the barriers of race, religion, language and the difficulties of inter-communication due to distance and a vast population, is an indispensable pre-requisite of democracy. Such unity is found in nationalism. It is essentially psychological, and is best described as a mystic sense of oneness that the people of a country feel. A people that experiences the feeling that it is a nation constitutes one.¹

An identity of race or even a mistaken belief in such identity is by no means an essential constituent of this spirit, though it may help in its formation. Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar seems to fall into the error of believing that the sense of racial identity is essential for a nationalism that does not desire to be an anaemic force, incapable of defending itself.² There is indeed no need to assume a fictitious identity of race and fall foul of scientific theories as Mr. Iyengar does.³ We cannot wish away biological differences. A proper sense of nationalism would require that we should subordinate the claims of race to those of the nation and ultimately of humanity. Mr. Iyengar's criticism of Huxley, Haddon and other writers is entirely misconceived, and shows little appreciation of the services they have rendered to unmask a huge fraud.⁴ The dithyrambic references to our common race displays an utter confusion of thought.

Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar's meaning appears to be race not in the strictly biological sense; it is race in a mystical sense. One

¹ The literature on Nationalism is too vast to be cited here. The following titles would be representative: Hayes: *Essays in Modern Nationalism*; Hollan Rose: *Nationality*; Muir: *Nationalism and Internationalism*; Joseph: *Nationality and its Problems*; Zimmern: *Nationality and Government*; Laski: *Grammar of Politics*, Ch. on the subject; Hans Kohn: *Nationalism in the Soviet Union*; *Nationalism in the Near East*, etc. See also Arthur Keith: *Nationality and Race*.

² "A purely intellectual concept of nationality formed in the political laboratory can at best lead to an anaemic nationalism which will never be able to defend itself." (80)

³ "We Indians are all a mixed people: and I have the unshakeable conviction that we all belong to one race" (80). Again: "The concept of nationality and race is a psychological one, rooted in the depths of our being. It is already there in our blood though we have been rather slow to rediscover it. If we would but plumb the depths of our hearts we shall surely find that we are all one race. The sense of racial identity is among the most precious things to be cherished and will give us unalloyed happiness. And to my mind it is the one mystic force that will hold us together through all our vicissitudes." (80-81). Or again: "A people can do without democracy, but they cannot do without faith in the racial nexus, however much biological race may be exorcised by the convinced pacifist or scientist." (15)

⁴ (80-81) The books criticised are: Julian Huxley: *We, Europeans*; and Haddon: *The Races of Man*.

PROBLEMS OF DEMOCRACY IN INDIA

cannot argue against mystic belief. One must take it or leave it. The most charitable view seems to be that his purpose is to prove that whatever the differences of race in a scientific sense, in a cultural sense there are no differences amongst us. Whatever may be the racial differences amongst us, taken as a whole, we differ more from other peoples than we do among ourselves. In the strictly scientific sense we may not be a race but an ethnic group. But that is no barrier to our feeling as one people. Whatever may be the scientific validity of such a view, it may be pointed out that it is exactly this kind of belief that constitutes the modern idea of nationalism.

There are two points which need to be emphasised here. An overwhelming sense of unity among the people is necessary in the first place for a successful democracy. In the second place, the people must have faith in itself. Not only do we need a spirit of solidarity; we also need, perhaps in a much greater measure, a spirit of self-confidence to succeed in the art of democracy. The words of Pericles that the secret of freedom is courage are no less true today than when they were spoken.

DEMOCRACY AND GOOD GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar writes: "While it is perfectly true that good government is not self-government, it is equally true that self-government is not good government." (16). Literally, this proposition would make no sense. What seems to be meant is simply that democratic as well as other forms of government can be both good and bad, and that there is no inseparable connection between democracy and good government. This doctrine has been examined at length by John Stuart Mill and there is no further need to discuss it here.¹ It is only necessary to recall his conclusions. Even were we to admit that government is not merely a matter of form, since the representative system has in it the potentialities of individual development by merely coming into existence, and as it cannot exist without the citizen's active interest in public affairs, it still remains the 'ideally best form of polity.' Any other view would be pernicious.

¹ Mill: *Representative Government*, Chs. 2 and 3.

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The question that has to be answered is; What constitutes good government? Judged by mere form, representative government is the best. We must also judge by results. Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar offers us no criteria by which to pronounce a government good or bad. Individual answers to the question will differ according to the social philosophy of the person making the judgment. Social philosophies are in their turn largely determined by the social class of individuals, and they differ widely. I consider a government good if its actions please and profit me. A socialist would consider every government an unmitigated evil if it is not seeking to bring about the social millennium, and a conservative would consider it the best. What matters is the result for the majority of average men and women. The total achievement of a government must appeal to them as the realization of their interests. That is possible only under democracy. A good government, then, would not be a government that satisfies this or that individual's conception of good government, but one which fulfils the large purposes of democracy and realises the majority's conception of good government. Democratic government has this as its supreme object and its machinery should therefore be designed to secure it.

THE ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL BACKGROUND.

This brings us to the issue of the social and economic background in which democracy can function. The problem does not elicit the attention it deserves in Mr. Iyengar's survey. The industrial problem is mentioned; the agrarian and social problems are not mentioned even in passing. Yet the disharmonies that exist amongst us due to the system of castes, the inequalities of our economic system and the feudalistic regime in agriculture, are among the most serious factors that are likely to pervert and nullify democratic institutions. Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar admits that economic justice is indispensable. This does not, in his opinion, involve economic equality. It has to be achieved without infringing upon the institution of private property. Mr. Iyengar advocates the socialisation of all large-scale industries, the abolition of joint stock companies which have distorted, in his opinion, the economic relations of society, and the adoption of State Planning in the field of industrial development. Current views on these subjects are embodied in the suggestions. How

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democracy is to be fitted into the system of State Planning and other important questions associated with socialisation are left out. It is to be emphasized that, however fool-proof may be the institutional apparatus that we may adopt, democracy cannot be safe unless these important problems are squarely faced and solved.

THE PROBLEM OF EDUCATION.

It has been said that education is the heart of the modern State.¹ Some of the best things that Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar has to say are said of it. The intelligent participation in public affairs that is required of the citizen of a democracy is only possible if he is educated. If for no other reason except that of being articulate about his wants, the citizen in a modern State needs education up to a high standard. The aim of education must be to strengthen and preserve democracy. It must be designed for the common man and woman. It should seek to inculcate a spirit of patriotism and discipline and teach tolerance and critical judgment and should be based on respect for the dignity of human personality. It should help to make the citizen creative and should not be prostituted to the purposes of party or sect. (74-76)

"On the whole," writes Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar, "if the Indian democracy is not to fail, a very large increase in the organisation of mass education must be insisted upon. The only just solution appears to be to make education of a standard above the primary and a little below the secondary-school-leaving-certificate, universal and compulsory." (27). This must become a direct obligation of the State. Under present conditions, higher education is more important than even primary education. It should be completely secular and rational to suit a democracy that is secular and rational.

A word of dissent must be said about Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar's plea that scientific and technical subjects must have precedence over merely cultural subjects which are, in his opinion, only a luxury and are "the hall-mark of a class education." Mr. Iyengar considers the arts as useless for the common man. We do not know whether Mr. Iyengar would classify subjects

¹ Laski: Grammar of Politics.

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like Law and Politics, Education and Economics as arts or sciences. But if these studies were to be regarded as cultural subjects having merely a luxury value and omitted from the school and college curricula, one should despair for the future of democracy.

(To be Continued)

The Shroud

(A STORY)

BY PREMCHAND

(Translated by A. B. M. Habibullah from the original story
in Urdu)

The fire was nearly out, but it threw a weird gleam on the haggard features of two men, father and son, who sat still, their dhoties drawn tightly over the ears, gazing impassively at the dying embers. Inside the hut lay Budhia, the young wife of Madho, on the cold bare earthen floor, writhing in pain at her first labour. As her groans occasionally pierced the chilly stillness of the night, their eyes met, and lips twitched in an uncontrollable, dumb agony.

A pitiless winter night; the village wrapped in a soulless black; an unearthly primeval silence.....

Ghisu spoke first: 'Looks she's going to die; been suffering the whole day; go and have a look.'

Madho's voice was piteous: 'Why the devil doesn't she die quickly, if die she must?'

'You heartless swine; and she is your wife, and you have been happy with her this whole year?'

'I can't stand it; it makes me sick to see her twisting about like a crushed worm. It's dreadful—honest, it is.'

It was the cobblers' quarter in the village. Both had an unenviable reputation; the father, a notorious do-nothing, and the son, a lazy insolent youngster, ever ready to smoke away the whole day if he could evade the employer's eye. A handful of wheat was enough to turn their heads and make them contemptuous of the world's riches. A couple of days' starvation, however, would quickly soften their pride, and you would see Ghisu in the forest collecting firewood for the market. The money thus earned would then be enough for a few days' loafing about. Work was not scarce, but no employer would approach them. They should really have been Sannyasis; it was amazing to see them contented and happy with so little in life. A few earthen-ware vessels were all they possessed; and a tatt-

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ed dhoti with countless patches made up their sartorial equipment. Deep in debt, yet carefree, they were a strange lot: insulted, abused, mercilessly beaten, but yet without sorrow or shame. The very meanness of their lives would evoke pity, and people did lend them money, although they never hoped to see it back. Most of their meals consisted of roasted potatoes stolen from the fields. A few sugar-canes, similarly obtained, made a good dessert.

Ghisu was proud; he had spent sixty years of his life in this way. And Madho studiously followed his example.

They were roasting the potatoes and impatiently thrusting their hand into the still-burning ashes. Ghisu's wife was dead long ago; but Madho had married last year. Budhia worked hard, and by her unceasing toil bought a certain amount of stability into the family. She ground the villagers' corn, collected fodder for the market, tended the cattle, and in the evening brought enough wheat for the family meal. But this was a luxury for the men; their conceit increased, and they began to demand high wages and were glad they were refused.

And Budhia lay dying in her labour-pains since early morning.

Peeling a hot potato Ghisu again said: 'Go and see how she is,' and then casually added, 'The evil spirit will be hanging about here, and that worries me a bit. The magic man would charge a rupee, and I am damned if I know where that is to come from.'

Madho was unwilling to leave. He could not trust his father with the potatoes! 'I am afraid,' he replied.

'What is there to be afraid of, you coward?'

'Why don't you go then?'

'How can I, you silly ass? I have never looked at her face, and to see her body now in that condition! She is hardly in her senses.'

They turned silent. The embers flickered and died with a last glow; groans were feebler and less frequent.

'But father, what shall we do if the baby is born?' Madho suddenly asked, genuinely perturbed at the thought. 'Ginger, oil, sugar—we have none of them here.'

'Don't you worry; we'll get everything, if God gives us the baby. God gave me nine children, but I never had anything. I manage somehow.'

THE SHROUD

The ashes had cooled, and they busied themselves with their meal, their first for two days. They could hardly wait, and the hot, half-burnt potatoes brought tears trickling down the cheek as they hurriedly swallowed them to escape the unbearable heat inside. They were soon scouring the ashes for the last bit, and with a hunger half-appeased, Ghisu fell into a reminiscent mood. He had only one happy recollection, the happiest in his life of sixty years: the memory of a hearty meal he had twenty years ago at a neighbour's wedding feast. Never had he a full meal since then. 'What a feed! Puri, chutney, raita, vegetable curry, curd, sweet and what not! And every one had plenty, every one, I tell you, rich and poor, young and old. No one to stop you: take whatever and as much as you like and eat as you never did before. And my word, how we all ate! Didn't have room for water in our stomachs. And yet they would insist on your having more puris, hot, delicious, crunchy puris,' his eyes glistened, 'and then *pan* at the end. But I was all in, couldn't stand; I crawled somehow to my blanket and lay down.'

Madho was never tired of listening to it; it was a peculiar delight and almost a luxury to be able to talk about these feeds. 'I wish some one gave us a feed like that,' wistfully and timidly he remarked.

'No such luck, my boy. Those were grand days. They are all saving now, these blokes are. No feasts, no entertainments, no parties. How the devil are you going to spend all that money, I ask? Nothing bad in hoarding but the economy in expenditure, damn it.' His voice was indignant.

'You must have had some twenty puris, I guess?'

'Much more than that.'

'I would have had at least fifty.'

'It was not less than fifty, either. I was young and healthy then. You are not half as strong.'

The meal was long over. They drank water, drew the dhoti above the head and lay down to sleep, curled up like dogs round the fire.

* * *

When Madho entered the hut in the morning, Budhia was dead. Flies buzzed above the unbearably distorted face; glassy eyes fixed in a ghastly stare; the cold, stiff body soaked in bloody mud. The child had died in the womb.

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Horried, Madho ran back to Ghisu, and they both raised a loud wailing. Neighbours assembled.

It was no time for mourning, however. A shroud had to be provided, and then wood for cremation.

Lamenting their bereavement, they ran to the village and within a few hours Ghisu had collected nearly five rupees for the funeral. Towards noon they started for the market, while neighbours tried to construct a bamboo stretcher.

Some one had covered the stiff, naked corpse; red ants had started their trail.....

* * *

'Well, we've got enough wood now, don't you think?' Ghisu enquired at the market.

'Yes, and now for a shroud.'

'We don't need an expensive one, do we?'

'Of course not; it will be quite dark by the time she is cremated and who is there to look at her shroud?'

'How silly it all is! She didn't have even a decent enough rag when alive, but now you must get her a new shroud!'

'After all it is only going to perish with the corpse,' Madho observed.

'We could have given her some medicine if we had this money before.'

They understood each other perfectly well. As the twilight deepened they found themselves, as if by chance, in front of the drinking house, and in agreement, quite unnecessary to express in words, they walked in. In the centre of the courtyard they stood for a while hesitating and afraid to look at each other's face. Then Ghisu approached the counter, bought a bottle, drank it quickly. A few shy glances, a little embarrassed smile, and soon father and son were sitting comfortably on the ground and drinking merrily.

A light carefree mood quickly came over them.

'Why do people bother about a shroud? It would only get burnt after all: not that she could take it with her.'

Madho looked at the sky and said in a voice of utter innocence: 'Such is the custom. People spend thousands on the Brahmins. What for? How do they know they get anything in return after death?'

THE SHROUD

'Well, they have their money to throw away,' Ghisu consoled. 'What have we got to play with?'

'But how would you answer the neighbours? Wouldn't they ask about the shroud?' Madho was puzzled.

Ghisu laughed. 'O, we'll find an excuse; tell them the money was stolen.'

Madho laughed too; he felt happy at this unexpectedly easy solution of the problem. His respect for his father increased. 'Lucky to have such a clever father,' he thought.

And then in his gratitude he remembered Budhia. 'She was a sweet girl; honest, she was, to give us such a feed even after death.'

It was the fourth bottle and nothing on earth mattered. Ghisu sent for some snack supper, puri, hot and savoury meat, fried fish. Real delicacies. ... Only a few annas were left.

But they were happy, supremely happy. With the defiant ease of a lion at his meal, they devoured the food; too contented to feel shame or be worried about the future.

Ghisu philosophised: 'She has brought happiness to our souls. Surely she will have her reward for that.'

The son bowed his head in deep reverence and agreed, 'Most certainly.' And then he addressed the high heavens: 'You know our hearts, Bhagavan! Take her to Vaikunta! We bless her from the depth of our souls.'

They became silent. Suddenly Madho asked: 'But father we also have to go there sometime.'

Ghisu became annoyed at this question and did not reply.

'And what if she asked us why we didn't give her a shroud?'

'Nonsense.'

'Ask she will, I am sure,' Madho persisted.

His father grew indignant. 'How do you know she won't have a shroud? You take me for an ass? She will get a shroud and a better one for that!'

Madho was suspicious. 'Where are you going to get it from? You spent all the money.'

'I tell you, she'll have it.'

'Where from?'

'The same people who gave this money; but we shan't have the money to ourselves. If somehow we do get the money we

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shall be sitting here again, and you bet we get the shroud all the same.'

Within the courtyard every one was happy. From a dark corner came the sound of someone singing in a dull drunken voice.

Some puris were left and Madho beckoned to a beggar wistfully looking on. And for the first time in his life he felt an incomprehensible exuberance as he gave them away.

'Eat your fill and pray for Budhia. It was her earning, and she is dead.' He looked up at the sky. 'She is in Vaikunta now. Queen of Vaikunta.'

Ghisu stood up and overflowing with sheer joy said, 'Sure my son, she is in Vaikunta. She was so kind, never harmed a soul'; and then, as if reassuring himself, 'Sure she is there. If not she, who else is? These fat-bellied blokes who rob the poor and then wash their sins in the Ganges?'

Then they became sad, and Madho remembered his dead wife. 'How she suffered in life, poor kid. And how she died, Ye God.' He wept.

Ghisu consoled him. 'Don't cry, Madho, but rejoice that she was able to leave this world of suffering so soon.'

A couple of gay youngsters rose, and as they went past, started singing. Before the entrance they stumbled and rolled to the ground. Ghisu stood up and danced; then Madho rose; and holding each other's arm they started dancing, with indecent gestures, as they took up the unfinished song.

Opera and Indian Music

(With special reference to the art of Dilip Kumar Roy)

BY KALIDAS MAJUMDAR

The purpose of the present review is to demonstrate the dramatic qualities of music, not of course according to the traditional conception of it. It must be pointed out at the outset that 'music-drama' *per se* is not much in vogue in our country. We propose, however, to familiarise our readers with its importance, not only as a species of music but also as a fascinating type of pure art with unsuspected possibilities.

In order to explain our points in a convincing manner it is necessary to take a concrete instance, and the achievements of Dilip Kumar Roy in this particular direction will stand us in good stead. It will be convenient for us to discuss his songs in the Indian languages and to study the evolution of the Drama as exhibited therein.

One of his Bengali songs, namely, 'He mohan bajao banshi' (Oh, enchanter, play on thy flute) appeared to me to be a sort of rhythmic action—a dramatic representation of a series of emotional states, all organically connected and attendant upon the endeavour to attain a definite aim—an aspiration enclosed in the circle of a representation—action, character, local colour, expressed through deathless song.

It had its objective side in rhythmic action, which was suggested and worked out in detail by means of a steadily accelerating movement, expressed mainly by varying the tempo, force and pitch. The lyrical element lay chiefly in its romantic beauties, the sonorous subtleties and delicacies, the dulcet harmonies, the wonderful modulations, the haunting melodies and vocal architectonics, and secondly in its inspirational fervour that animated the soul of the auditor with the vision of 'veiled immensities' and the possession of 'indefinable ecstasies.'

The dramatic representation, by virtue of its rhythmic character, readily suggested a dance-scene whether it be the dance of the waves or of human feet.

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As in drama, the song had its clearly perceptible ascent, climax, pause, and *denouement*, the plays and interplays. Whatever could have been the literary implications of the song, the *motif* appeared to me to be the singer's earnest quest for the ideal as suggested, among other things, by the increase in pitch and volume, while the acceleration in rhythm symbolised the intensity of the struggle to attain the ideal.

The feelings which the song roused in me were somewhat akin to those of an imaginary boatman in the following impressionistic sketch:

The pulsation of the song at its commencement was even: like the even heart-throb of a boatman rowing in silent waters, with a dumb, clear sky overhead, and no premonition of the impending storm. Then his joy in his task and mirth in his gay surroundings.....His glad rhythmic expression.....The storm.....The fury of the elements.....The Tandava dance.....The struggle.....The conquest of Nature.....The exultation.....The sublimity of calm repose.....The fatigued and wearisome prolongation of the voyage till a restoration to normal is achieved.¹

The charm dissolved apace, leaving the memory of the palpitating vision of Nataraj and of his wild perennial dance to the elemental tunes of Love, Life and Mystery.

Strange as it may seem to the lay reader in view of the age-old theory of music's non-imitative and ideal character wherein lies no 'distracting duty of calling up images of particular and perishable phenomena and whereby expression is given to emotion that may be quite detached from all definite ideas or images,' although in the wider Aristotelian sense of mimesis music is indirect imitation, I yet had a vision of Uday Shankar's Tandava or Shiva dance (as suggested by the peculiar nature of Roy's music) which 'by the laws of association at once recalled a storm-swept scene with its previous and future histories in contiguity, as a corollary to my feeling of an organic evolution of movement made tangible through music. The pictorial impression was not so distinct as the reality and the strength of the "torrent of varied and entrancing emotion which the song poured along the heart—emotion latent and undivined", since the pictorial effect is only secondary and deri-

¹ Cf. Chaliapin's famous "Song of the Volga Boatmen."

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vative. Yet it raised the interesting question of the possibility of music's ability to conjure up images, assuredly not particular but ideal images. I was aware, not of a spirit only but of motion, and not only of motion but of shapes in motion. Just as the Grecian urn provoked the whole corpus of a dramatic imagery in Keats, so did Roy's well-appointed music, by stimulating the art-sense of rhythmic forms, produce in me the sensation of a vision of a dance-scene symbolical of the inner struggle in the singer's mind—sometimes "the soul crying for the over-soul, silent behind the panoramic pageantry," and at other times "afire with the fire of its own harmony"—"the cry of the eternal child."

Until the period of the success of the opera during the last century in Europe, the 'dramatic' quality in music had been a moot point. It is a settled fact now. Still to the vast majority of Indians, this 'dramatic' power of music has not been clearly brought home by many Indian musicians. We shall try to prove *de novo* the dramatic quality in music by way of elucidation of Dilip Kumar Roy's music. In this connection it is well to recall the following remarks of the late Mr. Krishnadhan Banerjee, a nineteenth century authority on music, who surprisingly enough was the first Indian to realise the importance of dramatic music as a desideratum for meeting the growing and complex needs of modernity, to champion its cause and to prophesize for its advent in no distant future. Dilip Kumar Roy, who has heralded this advent and has used it as an artistic instrument of psychological expression, is its first and chief exponent in India, and is a firm believer in its competence. "Just as the drama is the highest perfection of literary form, the highest perfection of music is dramatic music.....The types of music that are in vogue today in our country are not dramatic—they are all 'Vaithaki'. Dramatic music is very difficult of achievement; it necessitates an appropriate study and adequate knowledge of tunes and character. The business of dramatic music is to express in tunes all the emotions of the human mind and all the tuneful happenings of the external world which bear any relation to human deeds—and thereby cause an illusion in the auditor's brain." (Extract from 'Gita-Sutrasara,' Ch. XI, by the late Krishnadhan Banerjee, quoted in Bengali in 'Gitashree' by Dilip Kumar Roy and Nishikanta.

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and herein translated by the writer). The vocal music that is in vogue in Indian 'Jatras' and theatres is more or less a type of songs which serve to explain or emphasize the actor's or speaker's actions or deeds in terms of feeling; else, they simply sit the atmosphere of the moment. They seldom, if ever, satisfy the criterion of the power of rousing any dramatic feelings by themselves, divorced from their special context, in that they do not give rise to the sensation and perception of any action—unlike the really dramatic songs of a Wagner or Dilip Kumar Roy which do possess such power. The background music of Indian theatres and talkies is, however, made up of pieces of dramatic music yet in its infancy.

It is this effect probably, "whether coupled or not with a trained intellectual recognition of the highly abstract and elaborate nature of the laws of the relation, succession, and combination of sounds on which the effect depends, that has caused some thinkers, with Schopenhauer at their head, to find in music the nearest approach we have to a voice from behind the veil, a universal voice expressing the central purpose and deepest essence of things."¹

Sound is wave-motion. It vibrates within itself. It is self-revealing, unlike words which are created to express definite ideas. By a special configuration of a set of sounds — the musical atoms we may say — with another set, a combination of sound-waves is achieved. Rhythm and tempo give motion to these waves. Our hearts vibrate in unison with this motion or vibration; and as such, the emotion that we experience through musical tones is peculiar to music and is not necessarily related to any definite reality of experience. Motion or energy is the quintessence of creation, and, if aesthetically constituted as in music or dancing, creates in us an apposite vibrant emotion.

But since we possess this aesthetic faculty of musical creation, it is but natural for us to try to give expression to our real or ideal feelings with their subtle variations through music.

Music and dancing being both space-and-time arts suggest each other. Dancing suggests shapes or forms in motion, which again suggest drama.

¹ Dr. Sidney Colvin on "Fine Arts" in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th Ed.

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Let us now search for any psychological reason underlying the possibility of music ever giving rise to any pictorial impression in the first place, and the sensation of drama in the second. How was it that from sensation of sound we arrived at a perception of shapes? How was it that Dilip Kumar Roy's music recalled a 'Tandava' scene which, coupled with other effects, gave rise to a sensation and perception of a drama on the sea, by the laws of analogy and association, the images being readily evoked from the depths of the sub-conscious?

"Modern psychology teaches that, odd as it at first appears, our more or less definite images, auditive as well as visual, and whether actually perceived or merely remembered, are in reality the intermittent part of the mind's contents coming and going and weaving themselves on to a constant woof of our own activities and feelings. It is precisely such activities and feelings which are mainly in question when we use the words, Beautiful and Ugly. Thus everything which has come in connection with occasions for satisfactory shape-contemplation will meet with somewhat of the same reception as that shape-contemplation originally elicited.....even the mere nervous intoxication furnished by the musician will all be irradiated by the emotion due to the shapes they have been conveyed in, and will therefore be felt as beautiful." (Vernon Lee: "The Beautiful.")

"Epic and Lyric, or Drama and Lyric," as Croce rightly remarks, "are 'Scholastic' divisions of the indivisible. Art is always lyrical—that is, epic and dramatic in feeling."¹ The greatest operatic composer of the nineteenth century, Wagner, expressed psychology in music. "And not only the varying shades of human emotion but also the passion and force of the elements are rendered in his music in a powerful and realistic manner, all the existing rules of musical composition being strained to their utmost to suit Wagner's purposes."² The same holds true of Dilip Kumar Roy also who in his music-drama expressed his emotional realism by his arrangements of well-constituted pitch, rhythm, tonality and harmony, by his rich tapestry, inlaid work, and gossamer patterns, and generally by his perfect utilisation of the 'emotional alphabet' of Indian music.

¹ Croce: "Breviaria di estetica."

² "History of Music" The Britannica Home University Series.

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In Dilip Kumar Roy's music-drama (we do not use the term with any Wagnerian association) the emotion was properly worked up, the development being nowhere jerky but progressive. The very quiet beginning of the song reminded one of the sense of calm, haunting the memorable lines of Keats in his Ode to Psyche—

"Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass."

.....

Before the song reached its climax, it clearly exhibited the anguish of creation. It was no musical extravaganza. It was a serious production and evinced a sense of an evolutionary process—a sense of organic unity, of cohesion, of unity in diversity. He harped on certain words like 'udasi' (the indifferent one) and *byatha* (sorrow) with infinite colour and soulful yearning, squeezing the juice out of them as it were, like 'linked sweetness long drawn out'—and even now they stand alone in my memory mantled in a halo of unforgettable appeal and haunting melodies.

Let me now enumerate briefly the salient features of the generality of his songs as they appear to me. The first essential characteristic which at once strikes the auditor is the natural spontaneity of his expressions. "He is no conscious artist"—thus says my esteemed friend, Sri Vismadev Chatterjee, the great, if not the greatest, classical singer of Bengal. Dilip Kumar Roy sings indeed "in full-throated ease" of profound things that sway the human mind—ambition, love, faith, mystic communion. His music has an easy movement which is often charged with the indomitable spirit of a mountain-stream or a rushing cataract. The second trait is the life or *darad* of his song. The songs are intensely alive, charged with the spirit of their creator's masterful emotional and intellectual organisation. Thirdly, there is a persistent quality of the vast, of a Colossus, both in the conception and in the execution of his songs, which touches the texture of the serious auditor's back-ground of artistic imagination. For instance, in his '*Eso ma vijaya*,' the pictorial impression supplied was a sort of *Arati-Nritya* or the dance of the devotee in a temple, by the sea-shore, the billowy sea danc-

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ing in sympathy with the devotee, supplying a fit back-ground.¹ His famous song in the *Malkosh* tune punctuated with *Akhar* (which may be found in his '*Surjyamukhi*') was a marvellous trilogy of the annihilation, creation and maintenance of the universe. The goddess who was invoked in the song, in her elemental dance-song, symbolised this triple action or world-flux. It was a mighty maelstrom of human emotions, unprecedented in the annals of present day Indian music, in the profundity of pathos and surging intensity and the novelty of technique that silenced all criticism and carried the auditors completely afar with its tempestuous movement. No idea of it can be formed without giving the song a hearing. Fourthly, the songs possess the power of all true *belle arti*—namely, their capacity to be reproduced in the auditor's mind according to the mind's varying susceptibility; and their power to produce often the state of a trance or aesthetic beatitude, seldom achieved by the art-expressions of the majority of musical artists. The melodies that we hear from Dilip Kumar Roy often readily stir up or lead to the 'unheard melodies'—the music of the Eternal Spirit within and without:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."

Fifthly, new ideas of thought and vision, symbolism, suggestiveness, and exquisite and appropriate poetry—which sometimes recall the 'Metaphysical Poets' of English and Bengali Literature—are drawn with romantic glamour and iridescent grandeur on a vast canvas of epic proportions. "Dilip Kumar Roy has emphasized the word-value of Bengali music in preference to the intricacies of Hindustani melody-moulds, and demonstrated the ample scope of *Tan* in Bengali music." He has appropriately used consonants and compound letters for *Gamak*, and vowels for *Tan*, and with his rich *appaisonatas* has sought "expression through word-projections and melody-

¹Of course, the poetry of the song, read or recited as poetry only, does not warrant any such image, but, when sung, it is a different matter altogether. As has been pointed out previously in this review, music differs from other fine arts in its indefiniteness and plasticity, and it can supply any number of different images. What is meant to be stressed by us is that this back-ground of the sea, etc., is really full of a suggestion of vastness, which does not fail to impress upon the auditor.

expansions." He has furthermore effected a happy marriage of words with tunes. In the course of a speech introductory to his musical demonstrations he compared this union as being in the nature of a chemical compound and not a mechanical mixture. His songs possess what Prof. Dhurjatiprosad Mukherjee of the Lucknow University calls the balanced beauty of the Ardhanariswara and not the grotesque zoomorphism of the Greek satyr or centaur—in his glorious synthesis of poetry, tune and idea. Sixthly, he has carried on the tradition of his renowned father, Dwijendralal, who according to Prof. Dhurjatiprosad first introduced the western air, specially, we may say, in his famous comic songs. He has hailed it as brimful of the *elan*, the life-force, with adequate and typical demonstrations in *Thumri-Dadra*, quasi-*Dhrupada*, in *Teot* and *Sur-Phanktal*, and many other tunes "having distinct echoes of the waltz." Lastly, as great art transcends the limitations of time and space, Dilip Kumar Roy's music is phosphorescent: it glows in the dark recesses of the auditors' memory.

Dilip Kumar Roy's song is a happy nexus of classicism and romanticism—inasmuch as representation and feeling are most artistically blended. Balance or poise has been most markedly achieved in his song. His is a classic spirit breathing through a romantic body. The classic *Raga*, though not divested of the solemnity of its age, in its spirit is yet rehabilitated in the rich, full and multi-coloured raiments of modernity; is yet made to suffer an orientation in its state of limited freedom and knowledge, and is endowed with a democracy of movement and cultural expansion, as is in consonance with the march of progress, with the pulse of the age, yet revealing the spirit of a growing mind, bearing the hall-mark of individuality and originality.

Ancient South Indian Commerce

BY SRIMATI V. T. LAKSHMI¹

As regards South Indian trade with Japan in the early days, we have a few conclusive proofs to adduce. From the days of Asoka, Buddhist missionaries were going to Japan to propagate their faith there. Thus, religion connected South India and Japan, and paved the way for their future commercial relations. The Official Annals record how Indian cotton was introduced into Japan, years ago. Says Mookerji: "India" (we may say South India) "contributed not only to her (Japan's) religion, but also to her industry." Towards the end of the tenth century A.D., South India, under the Cholas, witnessed a remarkable outburst of naval activity. The last Chola embassy of 1077 A.D. consisted of seventy-two men: it was nothing better than a trading expedition on joint account, the seventy-two men being the shareholders. Japanese trade with South India continues right down to this day.

When South India was carrying on an extensive trade with China, she incidentally came across Malaya, which served as the 'entrepot' of her trade with China. Probably, the betel-leaf was an article imported to South India from Malaya. Although it is widely used by the Tamils, there is no proper name in Tamil for that article. "Vetrilai" means mere leaf: that is, the leaf which can be eaten as it is! The early mention of it was made in "Silappadigaram" where Kannagi offered betel-leaves to her husband. In exchange, South India must have sent her famous native commercial goods to Malaya, although there is no definite evidence to support this statement.

Last but not least, we must deal with South Indian commercial connections with Rome, which are amply supported by numismatic and literary evidences. Pliny mentions the vast quantities of spices that found their way to Rome from South India. Embassies were sent from South India to Rome. Roman coins were found in profusion in the peninsular South. In 68 A.D., a number of Jews fled from Roman persecution and

¹ Continued from the October number.

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settled down in Malabar, in South India. It is to be noted that South Indian intercourse with Rome was both commercial and political by nature. In very early times, the Romans retained their original simplicity, and did not, therefore, hanker after luxuries. So, South Indian goods, for which there had been a great demand in Asia and elsewhere in Europe, did not reach Rome in the early Consular times. But, ere long, "successive conquests and spoliations of all the Mediterranean peoples had brought Rome treasures as yet unexampled, as a taste for the precious things of the East was developed overnight." (Schoff's *Periplus*). Says Warmington: "The old frugal austerity had long given way before the attractions of luxury, and wastes of the Far East were reaching Rome in some quantity at the end of the second century before Christ." In the days of the Empire, Augustus, after his Egyptian conquest, developed sea-trade between South India and Rome. Strabo saw a number of ships, not less than 120 ships, sailing from Hormus to South India. Political embassies from the Tamil States under "Sera, Pandya and Sola monarchs" of the time went separately to Rome and this incidentally led to the huge expansion of South Indian trade with Rome. The Roman Empire could not counter-balance the inflow of Indian products by a return of Roman products. The result was that Roman money was sent to South India as the price of South Indian imports; and these coins never returned. Rome was on the verge of bankruptcy and ruin. She practised, for some time, fraud in the exportation of money to South India, but she could not carry on the game for long. Several were the products of South India, that were exported to Rome during this epoch: among the exports of living animals and birds, mention must be made of tigers, elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, hounds, parrots, peacocks and serpents. We hear of Augustus having shown tigers in cages, a one-horned rhinoceros having been exhibited by Sulla and Pompey, elephants having been used in the second Punic War and in drawing the Emperor's royal chariots, hunting dogs having been reared under chains by the Roman nobles, and parrots and peacocks having been the pets of the Roman ladies! Strabo saw an Indian serpent, nine feet in length, in Egypt. Some of the important animal products which South India exported to Rome were ivory and pearls.

ANCIENT SOUTH INDIAN COMMERCE

Cleopatra drank wine, containing the solution of dissolved pearls! Cicero saw a number of ladies wearing pearl jewels. Lac-dyed cotton of South India was sent to Rome, where it was used and appreciated by the Roman ladies. Says Pliny: "While they (cotton clothes) cover a woman, they, at the same time, reveal her naked charms." Ivory was used for both necessary and luxurious articles in Rome.

A word must be said about the vegetable products of South India that went to Rome during this period. Pepper and spices, gingelly oil and cocoanuts, timber and ebony and various precious stones found their way to Rome in abundance. In spite of all this, South Indian trade with Rome did not assume any great proportions during the early days of the Empire. It was in the latter days of the Roman Empire that this trade flourished. In addition to the products already mentioned, Rome also got rose-wood, sandal-wood, cotton, iron and steel from South India during this period. It is a common story how Philon, the Jewish philosopher, lamented the fact of Roman ladies parading pearls, and how the Roman nobles used cups hollowed out of precious stones for drinking wine. For instance, Emperor Nero paid a million sesterces for a cup of emerald! In exchange for these articles of South India, Rome sent her chiefly coins, but also coral, wine, lead and tin. But, as it has been already noted, South Indian trade adversely affected the Roman coinage and, in a way, paved the way for the split and disruption of the Roman Empire.

Roman arts and ideas also travelled with the stream of Roman gold which flowed into the treasuries of Tamil Rajas as payment for the spices, gems, etc., of South Indian export to Rome. When the Roman Empire was overrun by the barbarians, the Roman commercial agents took refuge and later settled down in South Indian capitals and markets. Says Smith: "There is good reason to believe that considerable colonies of Roman subjects of all shades of interests settled in Southern India, and that Roman soldiers, described as 'powerful Yavanas' and 'dumb mlechhas' clad in complete armour, acted as body-guards to Tamil kings." Tamil literature alludes to the facts that Roman soldiers were enlisted in the services of the Pandyan and other kings, and that they were employed to guard the gates of the fort of Mathura. Tamil capitals were full of

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Yavana statues ('Yavana Pavai') and Yavana ornaments ('Yavana Manjigai'); and Roman artisans and engineers, who settled down in South India, did yeoman service to the country by introducing into the same several types of their architecture, and battering-rams and other machines of engineering skill. There is evidence to show South Indian embassies having been sent to Rome in the days of Augustus, Trojan, and Julian. Thus, there is authentic evidence, beyond doubt, to prove the establishment of a Roman colony in South India, as well as close connection between South India and Rome, not only in commerce but also in political affairs, in ancient times.

The Indian colonisation of Java and the presence of the Indian Cult in Armenia in the early days lead us to the conclusion that there must have been commercial connection between South India on the one hand and Java and Armenia on the other, dealing in the famous native products of South India. For no country, Asiatic or European, failed to realise the value of South Indian pepper or the beauty of her ivory and teak!

We have made a cursory study of South Indian trade, chiefly maritime, from the earliest times down to the first half of the millennium following the birth of Christ. We have, as far as we could, sketched the development of her trade with various countries and Empires, beginning with Sumeria and ending with Rome. During this short review one special fact comes out prominent: that it was the decree of the Unknown that civilisation should not be monopolised by any one country either in Asia or in Europe. From the Sumerian the torch of world-civilisation was passed on to Babylonia; from Babylonia to Egypt; from Egypt to Palestine; from Palestine to China; from China to Arabia and Assyria; from Assyria to Persia; and from Persia to Greece and Rome; and incidentally to Malaya. Java and Armenia were also benefited by the world-civilisation. But, throughout, South India steadily kept up the torch of her civilisation in an ever-bright flame. She had not known any vicissitudes of fortune nor did she suffer from any adverse catastrophe. She preserved and cherished her glorious prestige and honour, and did not let slip her world-renowned commercial privilege. She adjusted her trade relations with several countries according to the conditions of the times. With Babylon and China she traded on the system of barter, while

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in the case of Rome, she received the payment of her products in coins. She was straight in her dealings both with the Arabian and Greek intermediaries as well as with other commercial countries. Her goods were uniformly praised and incessantly demanded by every advanced country, in the early periods. Though her exports were not many, they were choice, and fetched her both wealth and renown. Her pepper, gingelly oil, sandal-wood, ivory and spices and precious stones and, above all, her fine cotton, not to speak of several animals and birds, were to be found in the lists of imports of every ancient country! We must remember that South Indian international trade not only benefited South India, but also other countries of the day, with which she came into contact.

It will not be far from the truth if we assert that it was South India which contributed much to India's international glory in the early times. Just as the North spread far and wide Indian culture and religion, it was given only to the South to make the country commercially great and internationally greater. It was the South that built up a greater India, and secured her undying fame, and gave India a status in the galaxy of the great ancient countries of the world. Gifted as she is with natural advantages, she availed herself of them, and long before the North ever thought of oars and overseas, she became an adept in sea-trade! But for South Indian trade with other countries and Empires, in the pre-historic ages, India would have been a neglected country, groping in the dark. It was her Southern trade not less than her Northern culture that immortalised her name through the ages. "This gives the lie direct to several statements that Smith has made in his books against South India." Thus, we will not be justified, at least hereafter, to give the Deccan and the Far South a secondary place of importance in the history of India. Perhaps the political or religious history of South India may not be as interesting as that of North India. But, the South has a very interesting commercial history to present to us. She has an interesting tale to narrate as to how she grew, step by step, in the scale of world-civilisation, by means of her wide and expansive trade with the rest of the known world. In these gloomy days of economic depression in India, it is her ancient commercial history that will animate her and inspire her to do her best to revive

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her ancient industrial wealth and glory and compete successfully with the modern industrial world. So long North India, with her religion and philosophy, guided India as the cultural mistress of the rest of the world. Let South India from now, with her commercial experience and ancient glory, make herself the leader of the world in the field of commerce and trade, and revive her ancient prestige.

Such is the glorious picture of ancient South Indian inter-commercial relations with the rest of the then-known eastern and western countries. There had been a prevailing belief from early times, which ran continuously through the most ancient historical and quasi-historical writings of both the Hindu and Buddhist writers, as well as through the accounts of foreign travellers and various inscriptions, in other countries, that the rich oriental merchandise of the days of King Hiram and King Solomon had its starting place in the sea-ports of the Deccan, and that, with a very high degree of probability, some of the most esteemed of the spices, which were carried into Egypt by the Midianites merchantmen of *Genesis*, XXXVII, 25 and 28, and by the sons of the patriarch Jacob, had been cultivated in the spice gardens of the Deccan. If this conclusion were to surprise anybody, it was nevertheless in perfect accordance with the fact, now scarcely to be doubted, that the Deccan was the seat of well-ordered monarchical government, as far back as, and therefore even some time prior to, the time of Raghu, the great-grandfather of Sri Rama, and that it was the centre of a splendid culture and had all the marks of civilised progress. As truly as she is still the mistress of the world in spirituality, it was given to South India, throughout the ages, to occupy a significant place of parity and equality with the rest of the great commercial and progressive countries of the world. The most interesting characteristic of ancient South India was the evolution and flourishing of an international commercial organism for the preservation, enrichment and glorification of the country, adapting it to existing conditions, although owing to various circumstances it failed to transmit it to posterity. South India took full advantage of every commercial phenomenon as it presented itself, and transmitted it into an energetic agency for stimulating in her children a striving towards whatever was noble, great and good in the world of maritime commerce. For, in the ancient days, there was no

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arrant selfishness or deceit. There was no smuggling or dumping. There was no complex system of tariffs. And there was no League of Nations or World Council of International Commerce to supervise the inter-trade relations among several countries or International Companies to draft, alter and adjust rules and regulations to govern the procedure of international commerce or to hold out "economic boycotts" to aggressive countries. The present dubious principle of Imperial Preference or quite questionable conceptions of "Mother and daughter countries" were conspicuous by their absence. The whole of the commercial mechanism in the ancient times was based upon simplicity, honesty and mutual trust and good-will. There was a common and sane understanding that every country should profit herself, to her utmost, by honest means, not at the cost of, but only with the willing co-operation and good-will of, the other countries. It might be also contended that the commercial soul of India was in evidence through the ages, overcoming and assimilating or adorning and adapting to her conditions every foreign influence with which she came into contact. In the words of a great South Indian historian, it was only too true that in the remote past as in the recent present "South India did not plough a lonely furrow, during the ages, but acted as the perpetual spring whence the living waters of science, art, religion" and, may we add, commerce, "had been steadily flowing" not only to benefit herself, but also to profit the rest of the progressive countries of the world.

The Philosophy of War

BY S. S. SURYANARAYANA SASTRI, M.A. (Oxon), *Bar-at-Law*
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Never having been anything but C-3 physically, there was no possibility of my ever having been a combatant. I have, however, had some experience of war. I have lived through rationing days, and seen food-queues; I have slept through an air-raid and been torpedoed in mid-winter; and in John Bull's Other Island I made acquaintance with barbed wire, dead horses, and dead men. The horrors of war, physical and mental, are in some measure matters of experience to me, not mere hearsay; so that I may be presumed to have a little more right to speak of them than the arm-chair philosopher of tradition. There is perhaps another appropriateness in a Hindu speaking now about the philosophy of war; and this is the first day of the *Navaratri*, the nine-days' glorification of the Mother of the World battling with the demon-hosts.

We may start with certain incontestable facts about the present war. Whether war is desirable or not, we are in a state of war; and whoever may have willed its commencement, no one seems anxious to continue with it. Germany desires peace because she thinks she has obtained what she wants for the moment; the Allied Powers desire peace, since they would seem to have desired nothing but that all along; both sides would like to terminate the war, though, as to when and under what conditions, there is considerable difference of opinion. There is no belief that fighting in itself is good, whether for the whole community or for a class of it. It may be inevitable in the present condition of humanity, but it is none the less an evil, and one which we hope, at least progressively, to eliminate. We respect the men who die for their country, but we have learnt to respect, at least as much, those who live for their country, a task far more taxing to the spirit in many circumstances. And a live dog any day is better than a dead lion. Though there is a willingness to fight and to suffer, there is no jubilation. It is like a surgical operation; the patient

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suffers it and the surgeon performs it, both under a sense of necessity and to subserve a higher need. No self-respecting surgeon would operate merely to demonstrate his skill, irrespective of the patient's chances of cure; no patient would submit to an operation merely to demonstrate his fortitude. Both parties believe in the possibility of success, the restoration of the patient to normal health or a near approximation to it, by the elimination of the adventitious circumstance; health is normal, disease abnormal, because of the intrusion of what is alien; extrude the intruder and you have a restoration of normal conditions. And war is surgery on a large scale, with this difference, that human nature is itself both operator and patient, and the latter comes to the test in a spirit of defiance, not submission. The lower elements of human nature, greed, passion, malice, envy, ever seek to establish themselves; balked in their endeavour by the restraints of civilisation, they feed on themselves, gaining increased explosive strength with the repression; realising the weakness of their nakedness, they clothe themselves in the trappings of civilisation; they invent *kulturs* and mask themselves under ideologies; earth-hunger masquerades as the legitimate need for expansion; the attempt to spread culture is a pretext for annexation; an inferiority feeling due to prior defeat becomes a complex, and manifests itself as bluster and persecution; where the usual gallery of gods is thought inadequate, new gods are added to the pantheon, and there are fictions like that of the Aryan race. And it is not that such evil forces are to be found on one side alone. The present sins of one party clash often with the past sins of another. Imperialism clashes with imperialism as often as with democracy. One way of sizing up such a situation is to say that there will always be wars in the world, just as there will always be good people *and* bad. No nation is likely to be perfect; and the failures of one will ever provide pretexts for the aggressions of another. Conflict will bring about a re-arrangement of powers and possibilities for evil, not the extinction of evil. The world in its finitude cannot guarantee perpetual peace; men fight men; the gods too, in our mythology, have to fight demons; even if we could imagine perfection on earth, what about the Martians who may be very martial, judging by their name? Conflict is the law of life. To strive and to conquer, these are

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supreme necessities. There may be peace perhaps when the struggle has eliminated all the weak, and the strongest alone survive. And even these, for aught we know, may eventually destroy one another, like the legendary Sunda and Upasunda.

Such a crude view hardly commends itself to us today. It is now a commonplace to say that the endeavour of civilisation is not to eliminate the unfit, but to fit as many as possible to survive. We may have attempted in the past with little success to achieve collective security; but not even our failure can justify the conclusion that the only alternative is individual brigandage. In the last war there was execration not merely of the Kaiser, but also of the Hun; today we decry Hitler but try to convert the German people by leaflets; and Hitler's choicest anathemas are reserved for the Churchills, Duff Coopers and Edens. Not all this change of mentality can be set down to mere diplomacy. We have come to believe that, even though evil is actual, it is not a necessary feature of humanity or of large sections of it; wrong-doing is individual; the masses are misled; if their ignorance can be removed they will both see and do what is right. The present war seems appreciably nearer the ideal of being a war to end war. And it is not without significance that the new Napoleon, Gamelin, is reputed to be a student of the philosophy of Bergson, the doctrine of surging life-force, the *elan vital*. A far cry from the fire-eating generals of former days! What I would impress on you is the transition from the faith in good and evil as parallel forces, either triumphing by turns, to the faith that good is fundamental, while evil is a sporadic, though frequent occurrence, due to the disease of ignorance, a disease which one may legitimately hope to cure by wisdom.

The trouble, however, is that the same faith may be and is held by both parties, so that there seems no way of settling which is the good side, except by results. And though there is nothing intrinsically wrong in judging by results, it is a notoriously defective criterion. Should we judge by success immediately, or in the long run? On which side was the right in the last war? With the Allies who survived the war or with Germany which survived the peace and is rearing its head again in opposition? Questions like these are as genuine as they are difficult. They may tend to show the possibility of a legitimate conflict between differ-

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ing ideologies, each commanding fervent loyalty from its adherents without any showing itself patently worthy of universal acceptance. So long as men are finite and their vision limited, conflicting ideologies will be the rule rather than the exception. Truth is one, but truths are many, and no truth is true for all.

You may think that this would justify difference at best, not conflict. Why not live and let live? Even if absolute *laissez-faire* is impossible, why should not ideologies co-operate rather than conflict? The Rotarian symbol is a toothed wheel; its teeth are meant not to bite or to destroy but to engage in co-operative effort with suitable cogs in other wheels; the teeth may break when the machine is out of gear, but that is not the normal condition of the machine. But neither of the policies advocated seems feasible. Indifference is impossible, for where is one to draw the line? With one's village or professional group or household or members of one's family or strictly with oneself? Logically, each man's ideas should be good for himself alone; and thus all corporate life, all that makes life worth living, becomes impossible. On the other hand, once you extend the applicability of an ideal, where can you stop? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; what is good for me cannot but be good for my neighbour. If not, there is something wrong, and we shall both have to arrive at a higher good which will satisfy both; and this means conflict. As for co-operation, can you conceive of Nazism and Communism co-operating? The Non-aggression Pact between Germany and Russia was itself such a monstrosity that it begot the present war. Co-operation in better and more fruitful ways is unthinkable. One ideology or the other will have to yield, if both are not supplanted by a third. The finitude of man, his proneness to form ideals and be loyal to them, these seem to indicate that conflict is a necessary feature of all corporate life. If all of us turned ascetics there would be no war. But so long as we respect, maintain and cherish social institutions, we are bound sooner or later to come into conflict with those who stand for different ideals and institutions. We shall be less than men if we shirk this conflict, this *dharma-yuddha*, when it comes. Our clear duty is neither to fall flat nor to retreat but to march breast forward, to survive with our ideals or to perish for their maintenance.

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So much seems commonsense. But we are not wholly satisfied. From very early times we have been taught, at least in precept, to turn the other cheek and to return good for evil. It is true that such counsel is sought to be reinforced in its appeal by the promise of the kingdom of heaven; the *surest* way to *chastise* the evil-doer is to do him good in return; so that even these counsels of perfection seem to fall short of the highest ethical standard of disinterested goodness. Nevertheless, even as expedients, the courses suggested seem eminently worthy of consideration. Both in the physical and the psychical realms, action produces opposite re-action. If you vanquish your enemy in battle he will cherish rancour against you and await an early opportunity of avenging himself. If you repress your impulses, they will revenge themselves on you by occasioning obscure neuroses undermining your health. The cure in psychical cases is to bring up the impulses from the depths of the sub-conscious and the unconscious, ventilate them and sublimate them. Is it not likely that the same process should apply in the social world too? War can at best lead to repression of one party or the other and subsequent re-action. Should we not rather provide machinery for the aeration of grievances and the sublimation of the primarily disruptive forces? This, you may feel, belongs to the philosophy, not of war, but of the peace to succeed it. But surely if such machinery could be created and made to function successfully, there would be no need for war at all. Without abandoning one's own loyalties, it is permissible for one to have the vision that such loyalties are finite and imperfect, that they are capable of being superseded by others, that where conflict seems inevitable the path of persuasion and passive resistance may yet be the nobler one.

I am not unaware of the numerous difficulties in the way. Are there any occasions when violence is justified? What are the limits of non-violence? Such questions have not been answered satisfactorily in the past. The question of defending woman's honour is not to Gandhiji the poser that it was to many conscientious objectors in the last war; but Gandhiji's answer cannot claim to be final. Rather than let myself be killed, perhaps ineffectually to save the woman, and with the possibility of causing relentless remorse to the aggressor, may I not, as a friend suggests, disable the would-be violator,

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maiming him in the arm or leg? My intention is good; the consequences are good for the person protected, and not as bad as they might have been for the aggressor, who is given an opportunity to repent and reform. Would such an act of self-defence constitute violence? The difficulty may be due to the fact that abstract solutions of concrete problems can never satisfy; they must be solved by each individual, as and when they occur. This, however, is not of much help to us who seek a widely general, if not universal, principle for guidance.

It is worth while, however, to re-affirm the ideal of non-violence and insist on its soundness, despite disagreements, actual or possible, as to the methods. If war is not merely selfish or brutal, it is waged for the establishment of what is good and claimed to be so. War is necessary because good is opposed by evil. If evil were ultimate, either evil may be the ultimate victor or there will be a perpetual see-saw, and establishing the good will be a task of Sisyphus. There may be exceptional heroes who will wage war in such conditions, but these may be one in a million or in a hundred millions. The average prudent man fights because he believes not merely in the justness of his cause but also in the final prevalence of justice. Evil is a fact, but not ultimately real; it is dispellable by good, just as ignorance is a fact, dispellable by wisdom. And the war against evil is only a war against ignorance. The story of Durga's battle with Mahisha is variously described in many Puranas; but as Vishnu says in the *Varaha Purana*, the central theme is everywhere the same, intelligence warring with inertness, spirit with matter, wisdom with ignorance. And the final victory of spirit is possible, because spirit is fundamental; it is the real, of which the finite, the material, the discordant are appearances. We see only the discord; but we have faith in the basic harmony; else we would not either suffer the discord or seek to harmonise it. If that much is true, is it not legitimate to claim that the method of resolving the discord should be inspired and guided by the sense of the harmony? Should we not, in plain words, oppose hate with love rather than hate? The latter course may leave us with no survivor or with a triumphant hate as survivors; in neither possibility is there much cheer. Health is normal, disease abnormal; love is normal, hate abnormal; goodness is normal, violence abnormal; wisdom is normal, ignorance abnor-

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mal. Except on the ground of such beliefs, no human activity for the betterment of oneself or neighbour is intelligible. And granted those beliefs, the resolution of conflicts, which are actual, would seem achievable, not through the perpetuation but through the abolition of conflict.

The practical difficulties and problems are, as I have said, many. And even in theory, non-violence as a method cannot claim the last word. If it is true that non-violence is fundamental, that it is the one reality, that all else are appearances thereof, it should be possible to experience that reality, whatever be our mode of approach, conflict or co-operation. Even hatred, our Scriptures say, is a mode of devotion to the Highest. It is not outside of us, an ideal remote from us in space or time or both. It is our very nature in whatever we do. The man of wrath must be saved as much as the man of peace, the sinner as much as the saint. Non-violence can claim to be a quicker, easier, less wasteful method; but that is its maximum valid claim. Again, we are not unfamiliar with poison counter-acting poison, leaving the human system whole. Whitehead speaks of "a species of microbes which kills the forest" and "also exterminates itself." And such drastic methods become necessary in quite a few cases. We would prefer to keep our bodies intact, avoid injections and excisions, preserve our health with normal diet and exercise, shun doctors and treatments except perhaps mild and beneficial stimulations like those from ultra-violet rays. Not being models of discretion, however, we err from the straight and narrow path; we become subject to troubles which defy 'natural' treatments; we may develop cancers, growths which have to be eliminated by destructive deep X-rays; we may, like Gandhiji himself, develop a diseased appendix requiring removal by the surgeon's knife. The opposition of one disruptive force by another seems in such cases both necessary and beneficial. It seems therefore unsafe to dogmatise about non-violence as the sole, supreme method.

We cannot, however, afford to forget the end in view. Whatever the means employed voluntarily or of necessity, the result aimed at is peace, not fresh discord.¹ And to this end

¹ We may sympathise with the Archbishop of Canterbury in his desire to mass might "on the side of the right" but cannot afford to follow him in his dictum that "there are some things that are more sacred even than peace."

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we must seek to conserve, not to destroy; to sublimate, not annihilate. For nothing that exists can become a mere nothing. Not the phoenix alone, but even demons can rise out of their own ashes. Hitler may be destroyed by force of arms, but Hitlerism which grew out of the Treaty of Versailles can be conquered only by the spirit of love. Here again I shall give you an example from Hindu mythology. The Field-Marshal *par excellence* of the Hindu pantheon is Subrahmanya, whose vehicle, the peacock, is the object of nearly as much veneration as the god himself. The arch-enemy of the divine hosts was one Surapadma whom Subrahmanya vanquished and killed; but Surapadma would not stay killed; he came up again and again, as a man, a demon, an elephant, a lion, finally he appeared simultaneously as a cock and a peacock; these, the legend runs, Subrahmanya did not kill; the former he raised aloft to serve as his banner and the latter he used as his vehicle for evermore. Evil was conquered in the end by loving-kindness, not the cruel spear. And that, I venture to think, is a lesson which we may all take to heart, whatever be the mode that lies nearest to our hands or hearts, in our strife with evil.

The Corporative State

BY G. PARTHASARATHI¹

The Italian political system is usually described as corporative, but before we proceed to analyse its basic principles, it is necessary to give its historical beginnings. For, unlike other political philosophies, the theory of Italian Fascism developed only after its actual establishment in power. Mussolini himself says that in 1922, when he carried through his *coup d'etat*, he had "no special doctrinal attitude" in his mind. He was able to capture power without disclosing his aims or developing a new philosophy. Displaying a determination to do something, he did not divulge what he would do, except that he would destroy what he called the "anarchy of democracy and replace it with discipline and order." Italian Fascism was, thus, the first mass movement in Europe which was openly anti-Liberal and anti-Socialist in character. The success of this movement was due to the conditions that prevailed after the War of 1914 to 1918, which had plunged Italy into a political and economic crisis. Besides, the country was in a disillusioned and depressed mood, because the people had realised only part of their nationalist ambitions. Italy had emerged from the War without colonies; the Adriatic Sea, '*Mare Nostrum*,' was in other hands. In addition to the discontent over the Versailles Treaty was a dislocation of the entire economic and financial structure of the country. The socialist parties were carrying on an intense agitation, and there was a wave of strikes.

This was an ideal situation for Mussolini, for he demanded united action against the internal enemy of anarchy and revolution, and the external enemy of exploitation, namely the Western Democracies of Britain and France. He very properly exposed the impotence of a weak liberal democracy. This was not difficult in Italy where party politics were corrupt and leadership ineffective. Mussolini argued that, if democracy checks the arbitrary exercise of executive power, it also prevents any substantial good being done to the people. He argued that an

¹ By courtesy All-India Radio.

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ineffective government might be all right for the wealthy Western nations or pluto-democracies, as he calls them, who merely wanted to keep what they had; but a poor nation, like Italy, could not afford the luxury of democracy. Italy, he claimed, needed leadership and discipline such as a liberal democracy could not provide. Otherwise, he prophesied, anarchy would soon follow. This threat of revolution rallied the middle classes and the rich to his cause. The industrialists were delighted, the Liberal politicians uncertain and the peasants apathetic. In such circumstances, it was not difficult for a resolute man at the head of a political army to win power. His appeal to nationalist pride and an Imperial future found resounding echoes in a people, who believed that they had been treated badly. The nationalist sections envisaged a glorious future, and through Mussolini hoped to attain it. Had he not stated that Fascism believes "neither in the possibility nor the utility of perpetual peace"?

The Fascist theory is anti-democratic in character. As Mussolini himself put it, "Fascism combats the whole complex system of democratic ideology, and repudiates it, whether in its theoretical premises or in its practical application. Fascism denies that the majority, by the simple fact that it is a majority, can direct human society; it denies that numbers alone can govern by means of a periodical consultation, and it affirms the immutable, beneficial, and fruitful inequality of mankind, which can never be permanently levelled through the mere operation of a mechanical process such as universal suffrage." Mussolini in another place says, "The foundation of Fascism is the conception of the State, its character, its duty and its aim. Fascism conceives of the State as an absolute, in comparison with which all individuals or groups are relative, only to be conceived of in their relation to the State. The conception of the Liberal State is not that of a directing force, guiding the play and development, both material and spiritual, of a collective body, but merely a force, limited to the function of recording results; on the other hand, the Fascist State is itself conscious and has itself a will, a personality—thus it may be called the 'ethical' State."

Thus the idea of the sovereignty of the Nation-State is the very kernel of Fascist social and political theory. The

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nation becomes transformed into a "corpus mysticum,"—an unbroken chain of generations, armed with a mission which is realized in the course of the historical process. The duty of the individual is to elevate himself to the heights of the national consciousness and to lose completely his own identity in it. He has individual rights, only in so far as they do not conflict with the needs of the sovereign State. This theory, it will be seen, is the negation of the democratic conception of freedom and liberty.

Another tenet of Mussolini's philosophy is that the actual administration of the State must be entrusted to a limited number of persons constituting an organic unity. This is an adaptation of George Sorel's philosophy of history, which sharply emphasises the significance of the elite as the embodiment of the genius of a people, an institution or class. Domination by a small group of "leaders" is justified in Italy, because it is said that the action of the 'dynamic' State must be, in contrast to that of the parliamentary system, to quote the Duce, "quick, sure, unanimous, conscious, responsible." Thus even when Fascism tries to harness its strength by drawing in the democratic forces, by way of plebiscites, they are only held to choose the elite.

These Fascist ideas found expression in the structure of the Italian State. The main constitutional results of Fascism have been to replace the democratic government by the rule of a single party or in actual practice by the Duce; and to nullify most of the personal rights which characterise popular government. There is a legislature, the Chamber of Deputies, but it is elective only in name. The electoral plan, which effectively cancels all contact between the Chamber and the voters, is based on the "Corporative System," which now regulates the industry of the country. By this system, all associations of producers in the country are grouped together into associations according to their professions, for example, associations of railroad men, miners, industrialists, teachers. Each of these Associations has a committee, and these committees elect 800 persons, which is double the number of the Deputies in the Chamber; certain non-industrial units nominate a further 200. From these 1,000 nominees, the Grand Council of Fascism, which will be described later, selects 400, but the Council has the right to

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nominate members outside the list. The 400 names thus selected are submitted to the electors, who can vote 'Yes' or 'No' only, for the list as a whole. To secure even more thorough obedience, the Grand Council can remove any Deputy, even after he is elected.

All power is centred in the "Chief of the Government," i.e., Mussolini. No measure can come before the Parliament without his consent. The Duce has unbounded authority over the economic and social framework of the country. He controls the armed forces; he can dismiss judges and magistrates who are suspected of views contrary to those of the Government. All Government posts are occupied by Fascists. No possible focus of opposition survives. The Senate still exists, but it may only debate such matters as the Chief permits. Overshadowing the Senate and the Chamber is the Grand Council of Fascism, consisting mainly of high officials of the Fascist Party, who are nominated by the Chief and meet only at his summons. Subject to his veto, it supervises the whole discipline of the Fascist Party; and as that Party is the only one recognised by the State, the Chief through the Grand Council controls the life of the country.

The Fascist Party has played a great part in the rise of Mussolini and his continuance in power. The Fascist squads, with their black shirts and banners, and their assumption that theirs was the obligation to restore law and order, were the incarnation of the new spirit, which challenged the weakness of democracy and once more claimed that politics was based on organised force. Now the Party has its ramifications in every village and town, and is all-powerful.

In the Fascist State, there is no charter of personal liberty. All political cases come, not before the ordinary courts, but before tribunals composed of Fascist officials. Juries have been displaced by official "assessors." No lawyer or journalist or doctor may practice without the consent of the local Fascist Committee. No meetings may be held without the consent of the police or the prefect. All newspapers criticising the Government are seized and it is a crime punishable with three years' imprisonment to express ideas contrary to those of the Government.

In Italy the State has the right to regulate the entire life of the people. It is significant that the State administration

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allies itself with private enterprise and the preservation of the capitalist order, for private enterprise is declared to be the "most practicable and feasible means for serving national interests"; and Capitalism is considered the best "method of production." The State, however, has the right to intervene in the process of production whenever private initiative is unequal to the task at hand, or when political interests are at stake. The most thoroughgoing interventionism is, however, in regard to the freedom of labour. Workers have no legal status in respect of their wages, unless they join a Fascist "syndicate" or association, and no free trade unions are allowed. Efforts are made to counteract the economic and political effects of class-conflict, by emphasising the solidarity of capital and labour in the production process, by means of education and propaganda. Still, of course, the clash of interests is there; but since all strikes and lock-outs are outlawed, such disputes are to be settled only by arbitration-groups or, in the last resort, by what are called "State Labour Magistrates," that is, officials appointed by the State for the purpose. Wages according to the labour constitution should be determined by three considerations—not always easy to establish—namely, the necessities of life, the potentiality of production, and the profits of labour. The important point is whether these joint employer-employee organisations do exert control over production, for, theoretically, their powers are great. If they do, then the Italian Corporative State can be described as a kind of planned capitalism, with State intervention in the background.

I have given in brief outline the central ideas and institutions of Fascism, but since the evolution is by no means yet complete, it is difficult to give a more precise picture of the Corporative State. It is not yet a set body of doctrines. In 1919, Mussolini wrote: "We have destroyed every known creed, spat upon every dogma, rejected every paradise, flouted every charlatan—white, black or red—who deals in miraculous drugs for restoring happiness to the human race. We put no faith in any system, nostrum, saint or apostle; still less, do we believe in happiness, salvation or the promised land."

Galsworthy

BY PROF. C. S. BAGI
(Lingraj College, Belgaum)

For his dramas Galsworthy never goes far to seek the material. Modern life is a thing of perennial interest to him. Its pathos and comedy are not deficient in anything that makes for stage success. A rough classification of Galsworthy's plays would reveal to us his preferences in the choice of the dramatic material. The theme of 'Justice' and 'The Silver Box' is the inadequacy of the modern legal system to meet the needs of Justice. 'The Eldest Son' and 'The Skin Game' deal with class hatred. The problem of marriage—a fruitful theme on which anybody can say anything—is dramatised in 'The Fugitive,' 'A Bit O'Love' and 'The Eldest Son.' 'Joy' too deals with the same theme, though here it is on the clash of individual temperaments that interest is principally focussed. Galsworthy's contribution to the literature of the modern economic world is found in 'Strife,' 'Old English,' 'The Forest' and 'The Skin Game.'

This classification is only suggestive and not exhaustive.

The world pictured to us in Galsworthy's dramas is a narrow world. Conscious of the limitations of his experience, Galsworthy very rarely strays into unfamiliar subject-matter. The characters and scenes of his plays are generally typically English. And where foreigners are introduced the purpose is seldom more serious than to tickle English ears with outlandish accent. Problems of morbid psychology have found little favour with Galsworthy. Not for him are cases of sadism, masochism, *dementia praecox* and split personality. But the thing which the student of Galsworthy is somewhat baffled to account for is Galsworthy's general indifference to past history. One can only wonder now whether it was personal prejudice, artistic scruples or something else that kept him from exploiting this vast and interesting subject.

Gloom predominates in Galsworthy's world. He seems to have no patience to be gay or sportive. He writes with a wounded heart about the spectacle of human misery he sees

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around. The rich middle class (the ruling class of the 19th century) is in the final stage of dissolution. Disrupting forces are at work on innumerable families of established repute. Democracy (on which the politicians of yesterday had built so much hope) has done no miracle. It has encouraged mob-rule. Stephen More in 'The Mob' expresses a growing opinion of today when he says, "You—Mob—are the most contemptible thing under the sun. When you walk the street, God goes in." Surely it would be vain to look for a silver lining in this sombre world.

The gloom becomes still more conspicuous when we remember that Galsworthy has but little to offer us in the nature of a fantasy or romance. The reader cannot help wishing at times that Galsworthy had given us a few more things like 'The Little Dream' and 'Punch And Go.' And it is no idle wish too. Realistic art is perfectly right so long as the reality it depicts comports with the demands of Beauty and Pleasure. But to practise realism in an ugly and unpleasant world is bound to pall sooner or later. What we demand of a writer of today is occasional holidaying into romance. And that is what Galsworthy is all but determined not to do. His characters are all men and women of average intelligence and ability, incapable of rising above circumstance. Too often (as in 'The Silver Box') a worthless rogue earns all our pity, though on second thoughts we begin to wonder why we had that sentiment for the fellow at all. Even the potentially romantic situation in 'Joy' turns in Galsworthy's hands into an occasion for selfish rancour.

In the structure of his plays, Galsworthy harks back to the classical ideal. And this is a welcome sign in an age when formlessness and lack of design are the major heresies of the leading writers. As in Greek tragedies, there is generally no flagrant breach of the unities in Galsworthy's plays. There is also no sudden alternation of the gay and the grave. A sinister Fate seems to hover over the characters and victimises them to the caprice of Social Custom.

The dialogues of Galsworthy are models of brevity and restraint. Words which are not related to action and character are ruthlessly omitted. Galsworthy's genius is unsurpassed in suggesting a complex situation in a casual talk of a few words.

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Jack Barthwick's opening speech in the opening scene of 'The Silver Box' is a case in point. It opens out a mental vista of the modern metropolitan life in its full swing. Labour men are rushing into Parliament and causing alarm to the Liberals. The Press is eagerly looking about for scandals of the vested interests. The curse of unemployment is forcing the tide of opinion against the ruling powers. Jack's wild life at Oxford and his free behaviour with his parents are an impressive symptom of the campaign the youths have launched against Authority. The unknown lady, who quietly allows her reticule to be stolen overnight and threatens to sue Jack Barthwick next morning, is also phenomenon which adds to the truthfulness of the scene. There is hardly a feature of the civil life of London which is left out. In fact, Jack Barthwick's speech gives us a comprehensive picture such as might have tempted a lesser writer to be undramatically long-winded.

Particularly noteworthy is Galsworthy's use of significant silences in the plays. Whenever a situation is extremely touching, the playwright keeps the stage silent for a few seconds and leaves the events to speak for themselves. Consider, for instance, the scene where David Roberts ('Strife') takes leave of his wife just before her death, and also the scene where Jones' children ('The Silver Box') stand crying outside Barthwick's house. The scenes are too pathetic to be made articulate in words. In either case Galsworthy leaves the stage silent for a few seconds before resuming the dialogue.

In conclusion, it must be observed that Galsworthy's social sense never gets into the way of his artistic sense. He has no theory of social philosophy to teach. He neither advocates nor advertises a cause. He blames none: whether rich or poor, friends or enemies of social convention. All men, according to him, are victims of forces as ruthless as Fates. Law in 'Justice'; selfish obstinacies of the economic world in 'The Skin Game'; idealisation of the motherly feeling at the cost of the more powerful impulse of sex in 'Joy': these among others are the powers against which man contends in vain. And so long as we are ruled by them it is useless to blame this or that man, this or that community. What a sane person is expected to do under the circumstances is to avoid conflict by understanding the other man's point of view. The spirit of accommodation

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and sympathy are the indispensable necessities of life without which man cannot make much headway in private or public affairs. A family or community can preserve its strength only if the members are mutually agreed. And social peace and happiness are the result of the love each man bears to his neighbours.

Separation

BY MOHAN NADKARNI

(Translated from the original poem in Marathi)

Between us was a blinding curtain, forbidding and foreboding.
Between us were doubts, prejudices, and our dead hearts' ashes—
Then we looked into each other's eyes and seemed to hear
The music of our former life—alas! crushed dead so soon.
We were in two different worlds, so real and so untrue:
One, a glittering dome of show, money and shame, and the
forgotten Self
The other of dreams, hopes and the rhythm of the Soul.
And you said: 'Come out, you dreaming idiot, kick those castles
in the air.'
And I replied: 'Come, my friend, leave that dead material
world
Of hate, passion and distrust, where men toil on to find their
graves.'
Then we shook our heads and murmured, 'Let me die where I
was born.'
The words clashed, our hearts were crushed, and we looked
mortally pained;
And like drifting boats we strayed apart to shores we knew
not which.
But, Fate decreed that we should meet and balm the bruised
hearts:
So here we stand to understand the unknown and the un-
knowable.

Berar

BY V. P. K. NAMBIAR, B.L.

A few months ago the appointment of Sir M. Venkatasubba Rao, Ex-Judge of the Madras High Court, as Agent to H. E. H. the Nizam in the Government of Central Provinces and Berar under Article 11 of the Settlement of October 1936 was announced. The appointment brings to the fore the importance of Berar in the constitutional history of India, and the extent of the sovereignty of the Paramount Power over the Indian States. To appreciate fully the new settlement, the political history of Berar in brief may be profitably reviewed.

The Berar originally formed part of the Nizam's Dominions but it has been in the hands of the British since 1853. In the 19th century, following the political unrest in South India, the Maharattas were frequently invading Hyderabad. To prevent their wild incursions, the Nizam requisitioned the services of the British troops. When the troops were despatched, it was agreed that while on duty their pay and emoluments should be met from the State treasury. The army could not be withdrawn inasmuch as the Maharatta depredations became a permanent feature of Hyderabad history. Consequently, their pay swelled to an enormous extent which, due to the depleted finances, the Nizam found it impossible to meet. Thereupon he mortgaged the Berar to the Government of India, reserving the right of redemption if and when the treasury improved. That never happened. In 1902, during the viceroyalty of Lord Curzon and in the regime of the father of the present Nizam, an agreement was entered into between the Government of India and the Hyderabad Durbar under the terms of which the territory was given as a permanent lease to the Government of India. The Nizam in return was to receive an annual subsidy of twenty-five lakhs of rupees.

The administration of Berar was rather peculiar. It was administered with, but not as a part of, the Central Provinces. Under the Montford Reforms, Berar was represented in the

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C. P. Legislature by 17 elected members who were formally nominated to the Council by the Governor to get over the constitutional difficulty inasmuch as the Government of India Act did not apply to that province. Bills which passed through the Central Provinces Legislative Council and became Acts for the Province were subsequently made applicable to Berar by the Governor-General in Council in exercise of his powers under Foreign Jurisdiction. And although the Governor-General in Council reserved full powers to legislate for Berar as he thought fit, in practice he has always been guided by the committee of seventeen elected members and others of the C. P. Legislature. The revenues of Berar were allocated to the Central Provinces Government as a source of provincial revenue, but under Devolution Rule 14 (2) the Central Provinces Government have full control over them but there is the proviso that due provision shall be made for the necessary expenditure in Berar.

In 1911, the present ruler of Hyderabad, Asaf Jha ascended the Mansab. Being a shrewd financier, and extremely frugal in his habits, he managed to hoard colossal wealth. During the viceroyalty of Lord Reading, he reopened the question of the retrocession of the Berar. He agreed to pay up the arrears of payment and requested for the retrocession of territory. That brought forth the famous reply of Lord Reading dated 27th March 1926, which later formed the background of the Butler Report. A few sentences in that letter have become so famous that they may be quoted in extenso. Wrote Lord Reading: "The sovereignty of the British Crown over the Native States arises not only from treaty rights but exists independently of them, and no State can hope to negotiate on terms of equality with the Paramount Power. The internal, no less than the external, security, which the ruling Princes enjoy, is ultimately due to the protecting power of the British Government and, where imperial interests are concerned or the general welfare of a State is seriously and grievously affected by the action of its government, it is with the Paramount Power that the ultimate responsibility of taking remedial action, if necessary, must lie." No Viceroy since then has been so unsympathetically authoritarian in his utterances to the Princes. For the moment the Nizam was silenced and it looked as though the curtain had rung down over the question of retrocession.

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But Asaf Jha did not leave matters there. In 1930 the Simon Commission published their Report. They recommended that, in any future constitution of India, the Indian States could not be ignored, and they visualised the future to be an All-India Federation consisting of autonomous British Indian Provinces and the Indian States. At the Round Table Conference which met in England in the autumn of 1930, the future constitution of India as an All-India Federation was accepted by the Home Government. In 1931 Lord Willingdon replaced Lord Irwin as Viceroy and Governor-General of India. The recrudescence of political unrest and the measures taken to combat the same alienated the Government of India in the eyes of many Indian publicists, and the Viceroy looked back to the Indian States for support. Naturally, Lord Willingdon viewed with sympathy the aspirations of the Ruling Princes. The Nizam thought this to be the crucial moment to reopen the question of the Berar. At the Second Round Table Conference in 1931, the delegate from Hyderabad, Sir Akbar Hydari, now the Rt. Hon. Sir Akbar Hydari, President of the Nizam's Executive Council, declared that the vexed question of the Berar should be satisfactorily settled and there should be a clear demarcation of the sovereignty of the Paramount Power over that province. In December 1933 when Lord Willingdon visited Hyderabad, at the State banquet in his honour the Viceroy announced that, as a result of negotiations between the British Crown and Hyderabad Durbar, it had been agreed that the sovereignty of the Nizam over the Berar shall be reaffirmed, but how it was to be reaffirmed were details which were yet to be worked out. Before they were finally drawn up, Lord Willingdon's term expired, and the Marquis of Linlithgow came out as Viceroy of India. On the 24th October 1936, an agreement was entered into between the Government of India and the Hyderabad Durbar under the terms of which the sovereignty of the Nizam over the Berar was deemed to have been reaffirmed.

Some of the salient features of the Settlement may be noted:

1. The Berar shall continue to be administered by the Government of the Central Provinces as heretofore.
2. The Nizam shall continue to receive the annual subsidy of 25 lakhs of rupees.

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3. The flag of His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad and Berar shall fly side by side with the Union Jack in all Government buildings in Berar.

4. The heir-apparent to the Nizam shall be officially designated as the Prince of Berar and shall be recognised as such by the British Crown.

5. The Nizam shall have the power to appoint an Agent of his in the Berar. He will have no power to deal with the internal administration of the Berar except to watch the same on behalf of the Nizam's Government.

6. The Nizam shall be consulted before the selection is made of the future Governors of Central Provinces.

7. The Governor of Central Provinces shall be required to attend the ceremonial durbars held by the Nizam as and when His Exalted Highness may notify.

Section 47 of the Government of India Act, 1935, enacted that, while the agreement is in force, the Berar and Central Provinces shall be administered together as one Governor's Province, notwithstanding the continuance of the sovereignty of the Nizam over the Berar, and the Act shall be applicable to all Berari subjects, except for the purposes of any oath of allegiance.

Also, any provision made under the Act of 1935 with respect to the qualifications of the voters for the provincial legislature of the C. P. and Berar or voters of the Council of State shall be such as to give effect to any provision with respect to those matters contained in the agreement.

In the event of the agreement ceasing to have effect, the references in the Act to the Central Provinces and Berar shall be construed as references to Central Provinces.

A question may legitimately be asked whether the Settlement of October 1936 is a reaffirmation of the sovereignty of the Nizam and whether he has substantially gained anything. Perhaps the only point which the Nizam may be said to have gained is that His Exalted Highness has to be consulted regarding the selection of future Governors of the Central Provinces. It was announced, when the appointment of His Excellency Sir Francis Wylie in succession to the late Sir Hyde Gowan as Governor of Central Provinces was made, that the Nizam had been consulted, according to the terms of the Settlement. But does

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it mean that the Nizam has an effective voice in the selection of the person? Can he insist on having his own candidate for the gubernatorial 'gadi' of the Central Provinces? If it is a mere formal consultation and automatic approval, the concession given appears to be a shadow, almost a legal nullity.

There is again the provision that the Governor should attend the ceremonial durbars. It was said that it is derogatory to the dignity of the King's representative to attend ceremonial durbars. But even here, it is not quite clear as to how and when they are to be arranged, whether it is at the pleasure of His Exalted Highness or to suit the convenience of the Governor. Arguing *ex hypothesi* that a proposed ceremonial durbar synchronises with the visit of the Viceroy to the capital or when the Governor is away on tour in the interior, is he to attend it forthwith or plead inability to be present? These are some of the questions which the Settlement in actual working might unfold, but it must be hoped that the foresight and political wisdom of the Nizam will avert any ugly situation. The selection of Sir M. Venkatasubba Rao to the new post is quite appropriate. He has won laurels not only as an eminent Judge and jurist but as one whose munificence, generosity and sympathy with the needy know no bounds. That His Exalted Highness should have as his first Agent a Hindu from South India is a tribute both to the tolerance of the Ruler and to the wisdom of his choice.

A Letter to the Editors

To
THE EDITORS,
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Dear Sirs,

Mr. Srirangam Srinivasa Rao's article on "The Short Story in Telugu," which appeared in a recent number of Triveni is somewhat hasty. In the first place it did not mention story-writers in Telugu whose contribution to the development of the short story in Telugu is not at all negligible. They are, chief among others, 'Karunakumara,' Mr. Munimanikyam Narasimha Rao and Prof. V. N. Bhushan.

'Karunakumara' is a writer in whose stories we find village life so vividly, sympathetically and artistically depicted. In fact, there is no other short-story-writer in Telugu who can stand comparison with 'Karunakumara' in depicting village life, if we except Mr. Sripada Subrahmanya Sastry.

Mr. Munimanikyam Narasimha Rao is a story-writer whose stories are full of amusing incidents. If a film-goer, when he wants to forget himself in enjoyment, ought to take four-anna worth of Charlie Chaplin, a reader of Telugu short stories, if he wants to have the same effect, ought to buy a copy of two-anna 'Vinodini' to read Mr. Narasimha Rao's incomparable accounts of incidents in 'his' family life. His 'Kantam' is as admirable a creation in Telugu short stories as 'Yenki' of Mr. Nanduri Subba Rao is in Telugu lyrics.

Prof. V. N. Bhushan's short stories teem with clever incidents written in chiselled language. When we read Mr. Gudipati Venkatachalam's short stories we cannot escape the fact that the writer is importing incidents from Western society and giving the characters Telugu names. But not so with Prof. Bhushan. Prof. Bhushan's characters are cultured. They are Telugu in spirit, though they give an impression that they are hugely interested in Western culture.

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It is regrettable that Mr. Srirangam Srinivasa Rao forgot to mention these excellent writers when he was writing on Telugu short stories which form the most important branch of Telugu literature today. And his criticism of the literary talents of Mr. Gudipati Venkatachalam and of Mr. K. Kutumba Rao is poor. Wise critics in the Telugu country say that Mr. Venkatachalam's stories teem with incidents which seem utterly ridiculous. They are imported from Western society and, it is said, not without truth, that these incidents of his stories could not have happened even in Western society until very recently. Even then, for argument's sake, let us agree with Mr. Srinivasa Rao that Mr. Venkatachalam is an excellent writer who depicts the evils in our society in all their horror and without any fear. Then, is this quality in a writer not worthy of imitation? But Mr. Srinivasa Rao does not think it is. When he writes of Mr. Kutumba Rao, he says, "At present the influence of Sri Gudipati Venkatachalam is too greatly on him. Once he *shakes it off* he can be expected to scale the higher reaches of artistic endeavour." (*Italics mine.*) When Mr. Srinivasa Rao thinks that Mr. Venkatachalam is an admirable writer, why should he forbid Mr. Kutumba Rao to imitate him? The truth is that Mr. Kutumba Rao does not imitate Mr. Venkatachalam, as Mr. Srinivasa Rao thinks he does. Even though Mr. Kutumba Rao does, at times, import incidents from Western social life and invest the characters with Telugu names, yet he has written stories which show that he is an excellent observer of men and manners in Telugu society. He certainly does not imitate Mr. Venkatachalam so obviously.

Yours truly,

M. SATCHIDANANDA SARMA.

THE REPLY

BY SRIRANGAM SRINIVASA RAO

I do not remember to have met Mr. Satchidananda Sarma before, either in print or in person. But a perusal of his letter leaves me with the conviction that we can never agree in our judgments. When he speaks of Charlie Chaplin, 'Vinodini' and "Kantam" in the same breath, I find it beyond my capacity to

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adjust my sense of values to his viewpoint. He praises very highly Messrs. Karunakumara, Munimanikyam, and V. N. Bhushan. He is entitled to his own judgment, and I readily concede that they have their points, but I cannot regard them as front-rank writers. Among very good second-rate writers I had named a few in my essay. I did not intend my essay to be comprehensive, or else I could have mentioned, besides the above writers, fine *raconteurs* such as Messrs. Sivasankara Sastri, Muddukrishna and Bhamidipati Kameswara Rao, any of whom is any day a greater writer than the three Mr. Sarma mentions. The title of my essay is a misnomer, I admit; but the fault is not really mine, for I wanted to write only about "Some Short-story-writers in Telugu."

Then there is the controversy about Mr. Gudipati Venkatachalam. My criticism of his literary talents Mr. Sarma considers as "poor." Staking what little reputation I possess, I assert that 'Chalam' is the greatest living short-story-writer in Telugu. I know that people raise a hue and cry when 'Chalam' is praised. With many his name is taboo. The high-class monthly, "Bharati," has not published even a single story of his, during its existence of over twelve years. Others remember only his shock tactics and fail to perceive that our bullock-cart society cannot keep pace with his sky-rocketing speed. His honest realism has torn the middle-class masks. It is easy to understand the rage of Caliban looking at his own image in the mirror.

"When Mr. Srinivasa Rao thinks that Mr. Venkatachalam is an admirable writer, why should he forbid Mr. Kutumba Rao to imitate him?" asks Mr. Sarma. It is for the simple reason that no writer has become great by imitating another. Individuality is everything and imitation is its death-knell. I thought that Mr. Kutumba Rao possessed fine qualities as a short-story-writer, and so I wished to warn him against this bane.

And then, what is this talk about East and West, as if human nature were different in different places? It is really amusing to read that certain incidents in Mr. Chalam's stories 'could not have occurred even in Western society until very recently.' The fact is, they occur always, here, there, everywhere. The Western writers were bold enough to present them

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in literature. Chalam's incidents are not ridiculous. It is the society in which such incidents occur on the sly that is ridiculous.]



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