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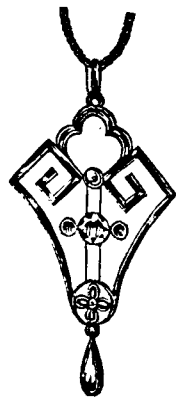
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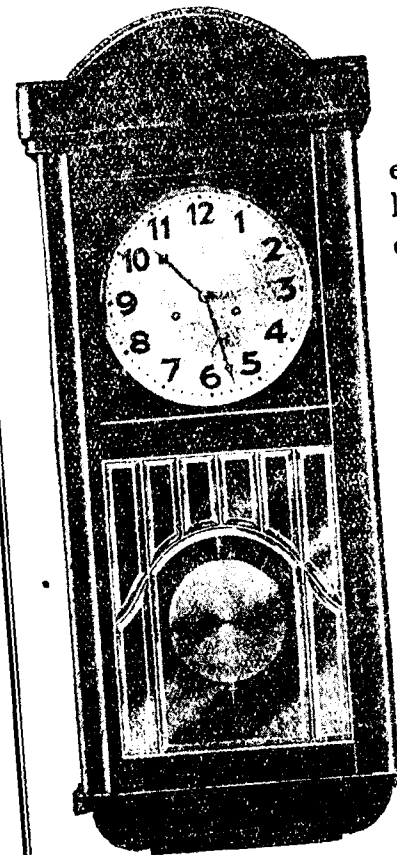
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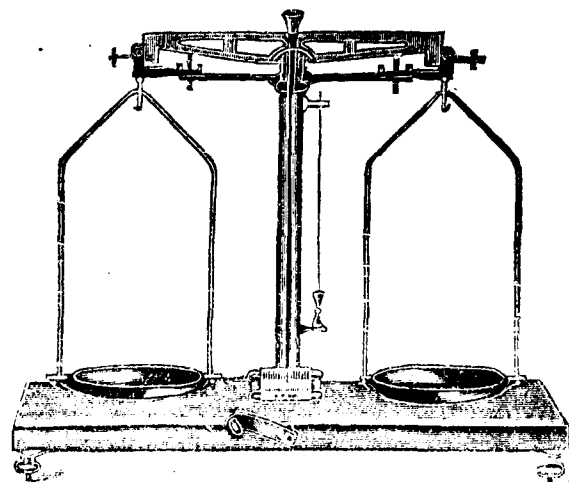
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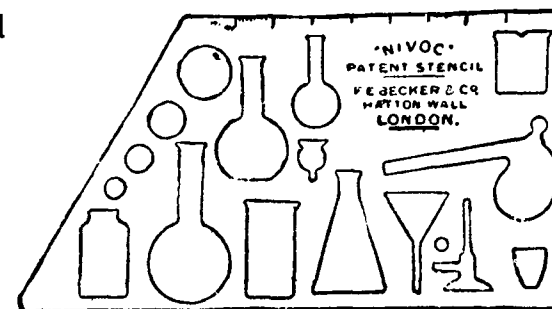
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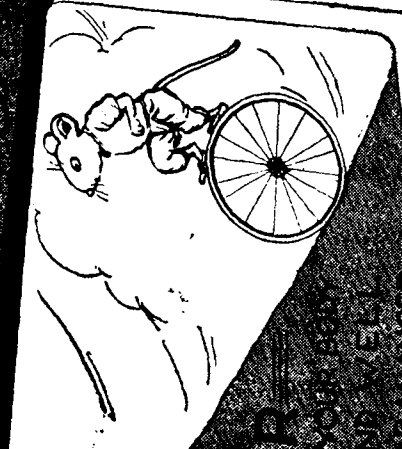
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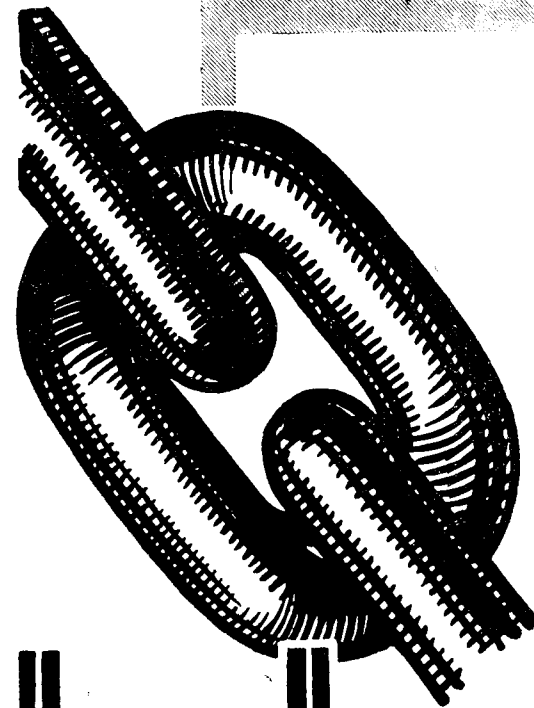
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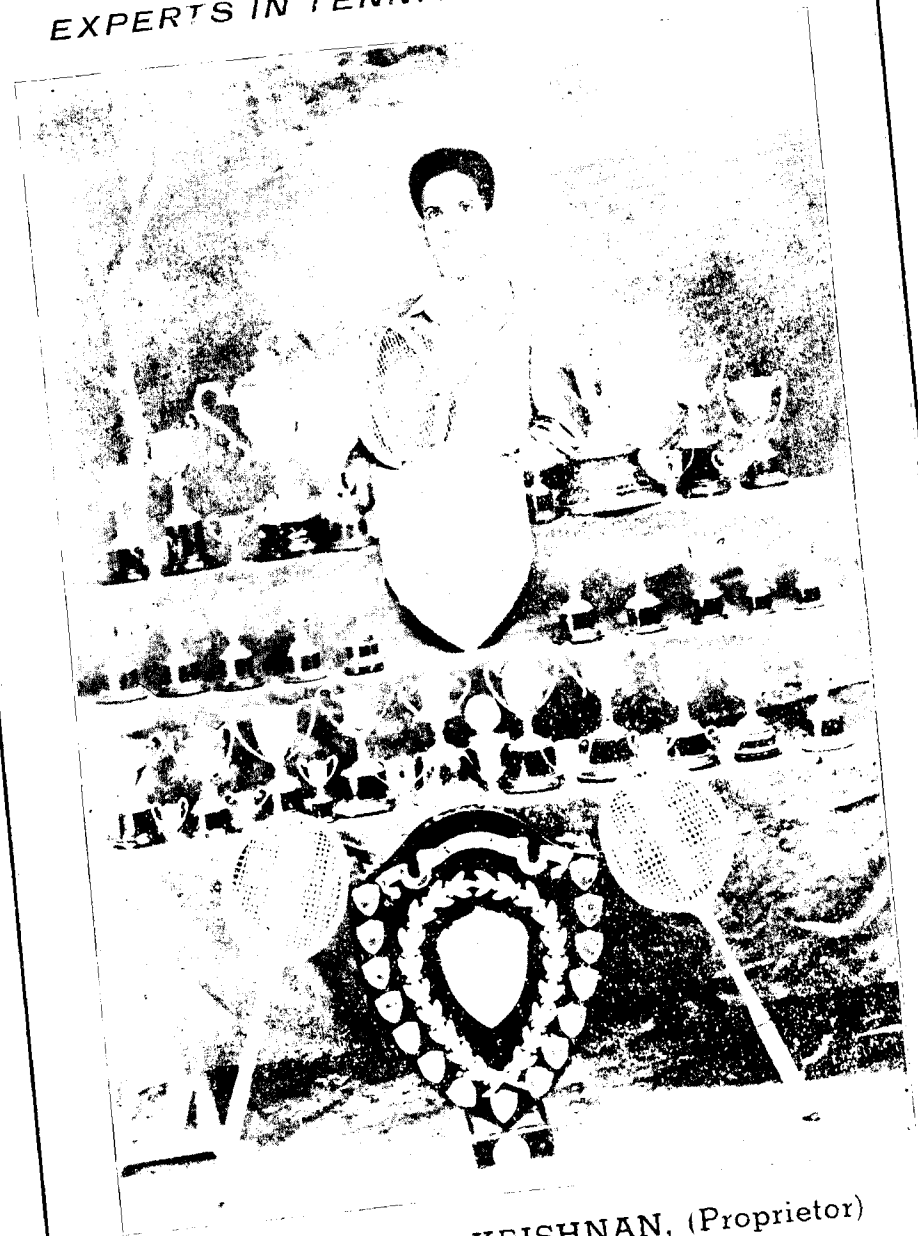
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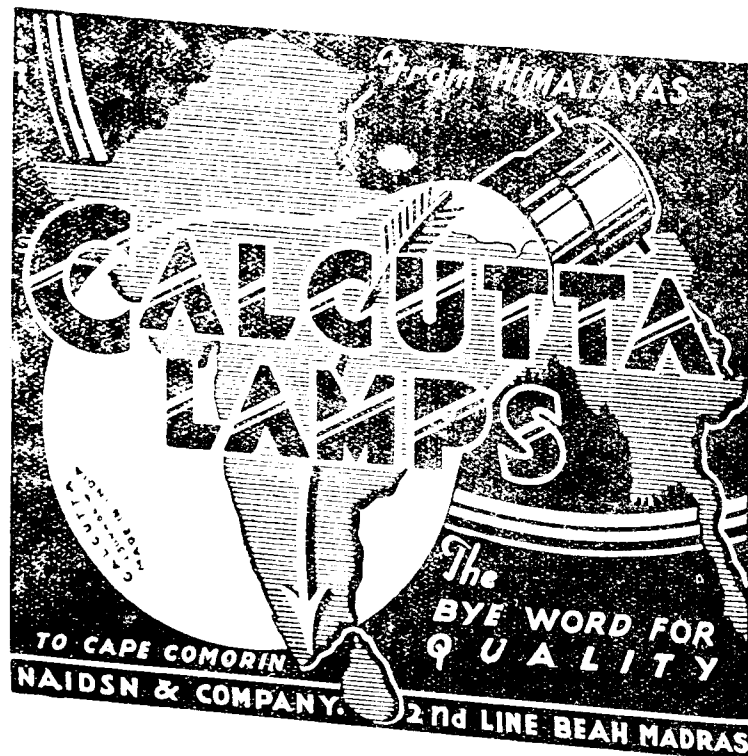
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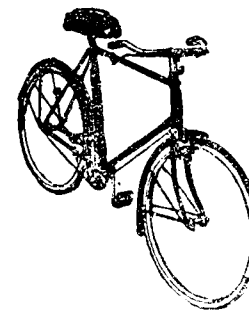
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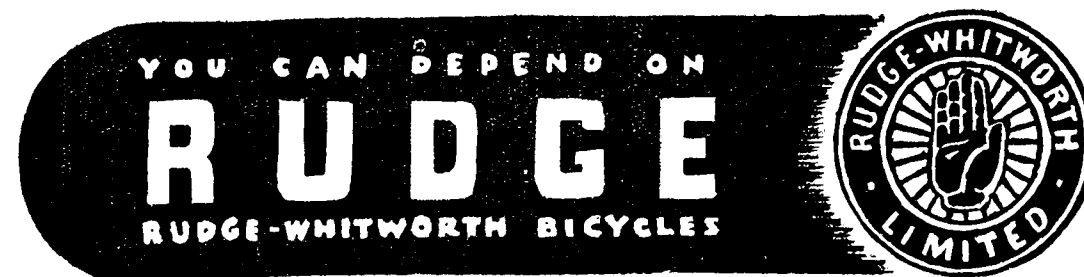


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ANNUAL NUMBER 1940

Vol. XVI.

No. 1.

TO OUR READERS

With this Annual which we are happy to publish before the year is out, *The Scholar* enters upon its sixteenth year. We take this opportunity, as usual, to send Cordial Greetings to our readers and express our deep gratitude to our many contributors and advertisers for their continued support and patronage.

Time and again we have set out in these pages the terrible handicap of journals like ours which aim at instruction rather than entertainment. It has been somewhat of a marvel to us how in spite of the limitations imposed on us by finance and other factors, we have been able to keep the journal going. But we are not satisfied with its mere existence; neither are our readers. We know it. Many ways of improvement have been suggested but their realisation would depend upon infinitely greater support than what we had hitherto from the public.

We hope and trust that the public would accord that support which *The Scholar* richly deserves and greatly needs so that it could not only continue to keep going but could become brighter and better.

Homunculus

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH



know thee, O homunculus! It is thou who didst supply us with so many unnecessary things on our journey. It was thou who didst advise us to distrust all that was young and "inexperienced." It was thou who didst put external facts in the place of the facts of spirit and of essentiality. It was thou who didst gild the frames of the pictures. Thou hast penetrated into councils and leagues and hast hidden the search for perfection with the duties of the grave-digger. Thou art working hard. And within thine unseen kingdom flourishes a most noble hatred of mankind.

Yet, for all that thou art small, we have observed thee already. And we have learnt thy ways. Thou fearest the talisman of love. And love cuts the ground from under what thou buidest. The love of creative perfection! Harmony!

Thou drest of burying it under worn-out things. Thou thinkest that the flame of love will flicker out. But thou hast forgotten the mysterious property of the flame! It will light any number of torches, nor will it grow any less.

How then canst thou fight? And even shouldst thou penetrate into all the Leagues of the Nations, forget not that behind the nations stands humanity. And here industrious homunculus shall not attain success. For, after all, humanity, however slowly, is progressing toward harmony.

Does it not seem strange to you, my friends, that even in our days, these days of the extremest turmoil and terror, it is nevertheless possible to show forth actively such still far off conception as love, goodness, perfection, i. e., all the companions of harmony. Harmony is often misunderstood. Harmony is not an abstract chanting of hymns. Harmony, the harmonisation of the centres, is the manifestation of activity in all its might, in all its clarity and convincingness. Apprehending what we want we combine all our centres into one effort and even overcome all the ordinances of destiny. And our spirit knows, better than any, where truth lies. And every one of our actions is judged by the spirit of truth.

And it is this spirit that knows also that love and perfection will be applied in life in the simplicity and clarity of creative work. If the simplicity of expression the clearness of desire correspond to the immeasurable majesty of the Cosmos then the path will be a true one.

And this Cosmos is not the unattainable one, before which professors can only knit their brows, but that great and simple one which penetrates the whole of our life, building up mountains and setting light to stars on all the countless planes of the universe.

Simplicity is an inevitable quality of harmony. The creative work of the future will be imbued with simplicity. You will not, of course confuse simplicity with primitiveness, with assumption. The difference here is as great as between a work of art and print. And often in gilded frames we find mere commercial prints while true art is fluttering on a poster in the wind and snow.

But the spirit, if even in silence, knows which is the print, the banal, and which is joy and creative work.

Silently question your spirit, as you bring every object into your house. Repeating incantations against the homunculus, think why and how you have arrived at the idea of bringing a new guest to your hearth.

Remember that these silent guests may become true friends, but may also become enemies to your home.

In the cognisance of objects lies their harmony. And again your spirit distinguishes friend from foe.

We know the immutable healing of musics and colours. Let us recall the power of song. Let us recall the exaltation experienced in temples, in museums. The House of the Great Mystery. Art alone can clothe the Great Mystery with flesh. And the sacrament of the Spirit has only beauty for its base.

Of course you love art. And you would ask me of many things. You want to know what is best for the harmony of the house, easel painting or photographs? Is it better to fix the surroundings once for all? Or is there more vitality in the idea obtaining in China and Japan, where every day one new picture is hung upon the wall of the room. No doubt you would ask as to the correctness of the idea of our modern exhibitions, where behind the appearance of the temple of art lurks the booth of the shop-keeper.

The Master drove the money-changers out of the Temple. The Master knew, of course, that as yet we cannot do without them in our daily life, but it was out of the Temple that he drove them. So is it in the matter of art. Buying and selling, of course, must as yet remain. But they must be expelled from the Temple. Let the feast be open; let the shop be open too. But the shop in the Temple and the likeness of the Temple in the shop create internal corruption in those who create and cynicism among those who look on. The sweet savour of the Temple will arrest the gesture even of the bare-faced ciunic and the homunculus must flee. Verily, O homunculus you will have to desert our life after all. Countless youthful hearts request you to depart.

Having purified the principle of remuneration of art, it becomes possible to introduce the latter into the home, to bring into it as it were a taper lighted in the Temple. The idea of wall-painting and the precious change of impressions, as in the East, will both find place in

it. For the truth is infinite. And every individual case of the affirmation of art is determined by the consciousness of the spirit.

The railway guard assumes that people do nothing but travel. In the mind of the shoe-maker men do nothing but walk. In the conception of the man of to-day people do nothing but suffer. But in the knowledge of the Blessed men must rejoice.

True, just at this moment joy over art often sounds strange. Much is said about art, and so little art is brought into men's lives. And always excellent excuses and explanations are offered for this. It is always the most convincing circumstances that are to blame. Everything is to blame attaches only to the "civilized" man who goes to see bullfights or to watch a fisticuffs carried on according to the rules of the Ring. Here both hearts and purses are open.

Question these people as to how much they have done for art. How much art have they brought into their lives? They will only be surprised at the question, and you shall find that the cave-man of the Stone Age holds the advantage over these conquerors of the earth. Nowadays one has to speak of this too.

How is one not to speak of it when at the present time there are Governments which seek to burden the freedom of art with special taxes and thereby put fresh obstacles in the thorny path of beauty. Here again is the work of the homunculus!

And at the same time only ten in the hundred among the peoples bring art into their daily lives and know something about it. About 20 per cent., only talk about art, without making any application of it. The remaining 70 per cent., generally speaking, do not know, or rather, do not now remember what art is.

But it is better to reiterate, even if but mechanically, "good, good, good," than to repeat, even though it be with a grin: "evil, evil, evil." This relative principle has been accepted by many. So in this way let us ask ourselves, if only once a week, what have we done for art during the past seven days? Let politicians, too, and Congressmen, clergymen, bankers and business men, and all those who pride themselves on their often Sisyphean labours—let them, too, learn this very easy habit. Where men cannot follow the path of the joy of consciousness there let the pavement of this road be laid. But efforts are necessary. Otherwise our day threatens the work of art with special calamities. Art must flourish and the spiritual call of music must ring out independent of the state of the Stock Exchange and of the meetings of the League of Nations.

One more "non-platitude". Let us confess and remember that which it is verily needful to remember. In the education of children we still forget the development of the creative power. First men seek to instil into the child a mass of conventional concepts.



"Polstiger" (Russian Epic)
by Nicholas Roerich.

First he is taken through a full course of fear. Then the child is acquainted with all the family quarrels. Then he is shown films, those criminal films in which evil is so inventive and brilliant, and good so dull and ungifted. Then the child is given teachers who, unfortunately, being often without any love for their subject, reiterate the deadening letter thereof. Further, the children are shown all the vulgar headlines in the daily press. Next the child is plunged into the sphere of so called "sport" that its young head may grow accustomed to blows and broken limbs. And this is how the youth's time is first occupied; he is given the most ignoble and perverted formulae. And after that, besmirched and rusted, he may begin creative work.

This is one of the deepest of crimes. Any machine, men treat with greater care than they treat a child. Of course—the machine has been paid for with "almighty" money. It may be allowed to grow dusty or be soiled with dirt. But no money is paid for the children.

We are often astonished by the unexpected character of a child's drawing, by the melody of a child's song or by the wisdom of a child's reasoning. Where everything is yet open, there things are always beautiful. But afterwards we notice that the child ceases to sing, ceases to draw, and that his reasoning begins to remind one of so-called children's books. The infection of triviality has already sunk into him, and all the symptoms of this horrible disease have become evident. Ennui has made its appearance, a conventional smile, submission to what is disagreeable, finally the fear of loneliness. Something near, some ever-present, guiding principle, has therefore withdrawn, receded.

But you will not drive the children out of the Temple. Are not the most difficult things so very simple?

But if even a machine suffers from dust and dirt, how destructively must spiritual grime be to the tender young soul. In mortal yearning the little head seeks for light. In mortal pain it feels all the offensiveness of its surroundings. It suffers, weakens, and sometimes lies in the dust for ever. And the creative apparatus runs down and all its wires fall away.

Open in all schools, the path to creative effort, to the greatness of art. Replace banalite and despondency by joy and seership. Preserve the child from the grimace of life. Give him a bold, happy life, full of activity and bright attainments.

Develop the creative instinct from the earliest years of childhood.

Those scourges of humanity, triviality, loneliness and weariness of life, will thus pass by the young soul of him who creates.

Open up the path of blessing.

Armageddon is roaring!

Rhythm and Auras of the Electron

By Dr. ERNEST J. STEVENS, A. M., D. Sc., Ph. D.,
M. D., D. D., M. E., D. S. Lit.

And other suns perhaps
With their attendant moons that will descry
Communicating male and female light
Which two sexes animate the world

—Milton.

RHYTHM is the universal law of Nature. It is the law of the planetary system. It is the law of the ocean and the land, as well as the atmosphere above and around the earth. It is the law of the lakes, the ponds, the springs and the drops of water. It is the law of the vegetable, the animal and the universal realm of the embodied. Rhythm is the law of motion in the tree and plant, in the monsters of the deep and the birds of the air. Rhythm is the law of action in the elephant and in the fire-fly. Rhythm is the law of motion in the man and woman, the two hemispheres of halves of the whole human sphere and perfecting human being.

Rhythm is the law of the breath of life, in the body and brain of the human being. Rhythm is the law of rotation, in inhalation and exhalation. Rhythm is the law of bodily continuance in elimination and assimilation. Rhythm is the law of radiation in circulation and metabolism. Rhythm is the law of thinking in the brain and feeling in the heart. Rhythm is the law of movement in the corpuscle of the blood and the amoeba of liquids which organizes life-form into matter-form. Rhythm is the law of evolution and revolution in the molecule and in the little world making the atom. Rhythm is the law of evolution in the electron and the magnetone. Rhythm is the rule of life, in the mental as well as in the spiritual realm. Rhythm is the law of feeling in the emotions as well as in the senses. Rhythm is the law of thinking in the brain cell as well as in the blood cell. Rhythm is the law of seeing, in the psychic as well as in the astral.

Rhythm is the law by which things and beings are in the material, physical, mental, emotional, sensual, astral and spiritual. Rhythm is the law of the positive and negative nucleus of the electron vibrating and forming the heart and nerves of the human system. Rhythm is the law or rule of being and becoming, from the nucleus of the electron to the nucleus of the atom and from the atom to the mightiest sun in our physical, mental and spiritual universe.

Having from our standpoint covered the field fairly well, we will now proceed to understand more about this rhythm as is manifested in our neighbours and ourselves.

What about creation? Creation and recreation, health and lack of health, ease and disease, good and evil, ripe and green, sweet and sour, nice and nasty, high and low, are all man-made terms, differently spelt or sounded by different tongues and peoples, and are all relative expressions, used in connection with the various states of evolving, revolving electronic and vibratory action, functioning in their own respective degrees and their own octaves, fulfilling themselves where they belong in the scale of beings in becoming and being; but in all realms mentioned, rhythm is a phenomenon of creation and Nature; and who dare deny that the birth of the material world was ushered in by the Rhythmic Breath of Life; by the All-Knowing Creator, through breathing out His Holy Spirit, His Holy Breath, in the Joy of giving existence to the epic of a universe, and the multiplied and multiplying lyrics of life, ever singing to the rhythmic beat of His Love's Infinite Heart.

The Great Breath of the without, as well as the within is the controlling, if not the creating, principle. Respiration is the keynote of life, rhythm is the music of life; and life and health fail and fall in proportion to the lack of rhythm; therefore, here is the metabolic law of creation and recreation, in fact, Mother Nature's greatest law, established through the whirling electron of her world of matter and of lives.

What is true of all, we have enumerated, which includes the rhythm in light and colors and auras, is also true in relation to forms, figures and letters and all symbols which represent the activities of life. How suggestive is the term "rhythm" with which are built in "arithmetic" and "Geometric" exactitude, forms and figures! All these forms are created by the thought-breath and directed by electronic rhythms.

"As Above so Below". So also 'as without so within' is true of everything. Thus, outside of the Human body we have the rhythm of the sun and solar system; and within the human body we have our sun-centre, the solar plexus with our system of organs. Outside we have our rivers, fertile land and tubular growth, as in plants and trees. Inside, we have the blood streams, such as veins, nerves and hairs corresponding to tubular growths without.

On our earth, we have congested streams and stagnant ponds. In ourselves we have congestion and tumorous stagnation. Outside we have houses well ventilated or ill ventilated, by opened or closed doors and windows. Within we have opened or closed passages and pores, producing harmonious or inharmonious conditions. Here Nature demands that we keep all passages open that he may with unobstructed flow fulfil her rhythm of the human life.

The Great Equilibrator. Rhythm is the universal equilibrator of the planetary and solar systems. It is the balancer of the earth planet;

of the inhabitants thereon and therein, living together in some reciprocal dependence upon each other; and it is also the balancer of the human system, and controls its organs and thought cells in their occupation of impressing and expressing life's manifestations. By inward invisible lights and sounds, it equilibrates the body. Its poised quiet dominates through the seven physical senses, feelings and thoughts, with which we respond to what comes from without and it is the harmony within and between these seven senses and the seven special senses, which contact and control our outer senses of which man seems only to be conscious.

Magnetic Human Vibrations. These differ from the electric currents, elsewhere spoken of particularly in the work, "Vibrations, Lights and Colors—Their Principles and Uses". The reader should bear in mind that the magnetic emanations rhythm in wave-like atmospheres and array themselves in radiating circles which are controlled by certain impulses, emotions and thoughts and in habits of these. They are influenced by the desires and regulated by the imagination and will.

Dreaming

The wild geese rose at break of day
Spread their grey wings and sped away
Into the glow of dawn.

Eastward toward the rising sun
With eager haste they soared each one
Out to the shining morn.

My heart took wing and fled with them
Beyond the dull drab world of men
Still wrapped in mists of night.

O dream come true, that I may go
Where rivers of bright sunbeams flow
The dwelling place of light.

F. H. Aldhouse.

On A Steamship

All night, without the gates of slumber lying
I listen to the joy of falling water,
And to the throbbing of an iron heart.

In ages past, men went upon the sea,
Waiting the pleasure of chainless winds;
But now the course is laid, the billows part;
Mankind has spoken: "Let the ship go there!"

I am grown haggard and forlorn, from dreams
That haunt me, of the time that is to be,
When man shall cease from wantonness and strife,
And lay his law upon the course of things.

Then shall he live no more on sufferance,
An accident, the prey of powers blind;
The untamed giants of nature shall bow down
The tides, the tempest and the lightning cease
From mockery and destruction, and be turned
Unto the making of the soul of man.

Upton Sinclair.

Roerich's Art in India

By VINCENT WHITE

ROERICH'S ties with India began from early childhood. His father's estate had the name "Iswara" and nearby was an estate which during the reign of Catherine the Great belonged to an Indian Raja and showed traces of an Indian park.

There was in the family of Roerich an old painting showing majestic mountains which Prof. Roerich admired since his childhood. Only afterwards did he discover from a travel book by Bryan Hodson, that this was the famous Kinchenjunga Himalayan Range.

An uncle of Mme de Roerich went to India in the middle of last century. After his return he was seen at a court ball in resplendent Rajput garments. He left again for India and was never heard of again.

Already since 1905 many paintings and essays by Roerich were dedicated to India, for instance the paintings: "Deva Sari," "Lakshmi," "Boundary of the Kingdom," "Shri Krishna," "Damayanti," "Dreams of India" (Series), painted already before his first trip to India. His early essays on India include: "Indian Path," "Gayatri," "Silent Cities," "Devasari," "Lakshmi," and a series of poems.

In his essay—"Tagore and Tolstoy" Roerich remembers with great enthusiasm his first meeting with Tagore. In the same article Roerich recalls that Mme Roerich's first ties with India were Ramakrishna's and Vivekananda's books. In Roerich's family "The Bhagavad Gita" and Tagore's "Gitanjali" had always a place of honour and accompanied them on all journeys.

Since his coming to India in 1923, Roerich has dedicated hundreds of paintings to the majesty of the Himalayas, to the sacred concepts of the ancient wisdom of India and his essays in the Indian magazines are well known to all. Prof. Roerich concludes the chapter on India in his inspiring book "Altai Himalaya" as follows: "We know thy fragrant essence, India. We know the depths and finesse of thy thoughts. We know the great Aum which leads to the inexpressible heights. India, we know thy ancient wisdom! Thy sacred scriptures in which is outlined the past, the present, the future. And we shall remember Thee with the same tremor, as the most precious first flower on the spring meadow."

The *Modern Review* was the first channel in India through which the Art of Roerich became known to the wider public on this continent. An inspiring article from the pen of Mr. Joseph Finger

appeared in 1921 unfolding before the eyes of the readers the colourful life and magnificent art of this great Russian Master.

Roerich's art had now become well known all over India. In 1923 Nicholas Roerich, Mme Roerich and their two sons Georges and Svetoslav arrived in Bombay and were heartily welcomed here by many prominent cultural leaders of India. The eminent artist Bireswar Sen summarized the voice of India when he wrote in the *Hindu Weekly*—"To most of us, Roerich is a legendary figure of romance. Against the lurid glare of the flaming West, his mighty figure looms large like the motionless and benevolent Buddha in the midst of a vast cosmic cataclysm. Far above the tumultuous din of frenzied nations rings his voice—the unequivocal commandments of the Eternal, the Voice of Truth, Beauty and Culture. Great is Roerich—and greater still are his works, the beautiful harbingers of Peace and Good Will among men. Indefatigable in action, indomitable in spirit and innocent at heart, he is the new Sir Galahad, seeking after the Holy Grail". This reference to the Holy Grail is very significant, because almost at the same time in another part of the world the famous Lithuanian poet Baltrushaitis voiced a similar comparison.

In the Bharat Kal Bhawan in Benares, and in the Municipal Museum of Allahabad special halls have been dedicated to the Master. Besides this Roerich's paintings are in the Bose Institute in Calcutta, in the Adyar Museum in Madras, in the collection of Rabindranath Tagore in Santiniketan, in the Sri Chitralayam State Gallery of Travancore, in the State Museum of Mysore, in Hyderabad, in the Urusvati Himalayan Research Institute in Naggar and also in several private collections.

The Benares group contains amongst others, the following painting gems so typical of the creativeness of Roerich: "Star of the Hero", "Buddha—The Giver", "Kalki Avatar", "Bhagawan Sri Ramakrishna", "Charaka—the Ayurvedic Healer". The Allahabad group includes: "The Arhat", "Guga Chohan", "Maitreya", "She who leads", "Holy Shepherd", "The Message of Shambhala", "Light Conquers darkness", and paintings of the Himalayas, some of which had been exhibited at the last Governmental Exhibition of the United Provinces in Lucknow. About these paintings O. C. Gangoly wrote in the *Pioneer*, naming Roerich—"the Wizard of Eastern landscapes, who sublimates realistic scenes to the dizzy heights of divine dreamlands". The Bose Institute is adorned by the painting "Santana"—the Source of Life, in Madras is "The Messenger", in the Tagore Collection: "The Ruler", in the Urusvati Himalayan Research Institute are "Fiat Rex", "Heavenly Mountains", etc. and in Travancore: "Fiery Thoughts", "Santana", "Shambale Daik", "Brahmaputra, Himalaya" etc.

Rabindranath Tagore wrote of the Art of Roerich that "it is jealous of its independence, because it is great". Alexander Benois

in his articles pointed out that Roerich appears as a representative of an entirely new school of art. The American critic Dr. Brinton, Serge Ernst and many others wrote similarly in different countries. Leonid Andreev in his last article beautifully expressed the same thought speaking of a whole unique "realm of Roerich". Maxim Gorky called Roerich the "greatest intuitivist". In the last books of the ultra modernist Burliuk, in the book of Jean Duvernois and in the articles of the Belgian critic E. van Loo, again the same idea is affirmed that Roerich is the founder of a new school of Art. More than once this school was named "cosmic synthesis", "synthesis of wisdom", and Serge Ernst states that "such searching more than anything else corresponds to the spiritual path of the Master, so beautiful in its purity and power". R. C. Tandan concludes his monograph on Roerich with the words: "The seeds now sown by Roerich will in the fulness of time blossom forth into a harvest of flowers and redound to the glory of the sower".

Every student of the manifold creativeness of Roerich will indeed note, both in colour and form, the highly unusual expression of the mighty individuality of the Master. Sir Hagbert Wright, Director of the London Library, justly pointed out the repeated comparisons between Roerich and Gauguin and Vrubel. In French literature one can find the name of Roerich in line with that of Moreau; and William Ritter in Germany calls Roerich's Art the best expression of Wagner. The Italian articles, when mentioning Roerich, place him with Benozzo Gozzoli and Duccio. And at the same time all countries definitely underline that originality and independence of the Art of Roerich, which was so clearly defined by Rabindranath Tagore.

What do all these unexpected and seemingly differing comparisons mean? They but affirm that in the Art of Roerich we have some extraordinary, unrepeatable style of his own. Of course Roerich is a modernist. But why then does he remind some people of Benozzo Gozzoli or Moreau? The heroes of Wagner and Maeterlinck are beautifully expressed by Roerich—and this again is something entirely different to modernism. Precisely not by suppositions, but through the numerous series of comparisons and opinions of different critics has the Art of Roerich been defined as a special school. About such independence and unrepeatable originality Claude Bragdon writes in the following words: "In the history of the finer arts, certain individuals have appeared from time to time, whose work has a unique and profound quality, which differentiates them from their contemporaries, making it impossible to classify them in any known category and to ally them with any school, because they resemble themselves only—and one another, like some spaceless and timeless order of initiates. Such were Leonardo, Rembrandt, Durer, Blake and in other

fields Beethoven, Balzac, Rodin Roerich, in his life, in his character and in his art reveals himself as a member of this fraternity".

Those who named Roerich's Art a cosmic synthesis, are not far from truth. Roerich's creativeness cannot limit itself to the boundaries of existing schools. He finds his allies in creation under most unexpected circumstances. No doubt, those who mentioned Roerich with Gauguin, had reason, remembering the same intensity of colour symphonies. Those who compared Roerich with the phantastic searcher Vrubel or with William Blake, also had reason, admiring the wide vision of Roerich's conceptions. Even those to whom Roerich resounded like Peter Breughel the Elder and other Netherland Masters, who so romantically depicted the castles and towers of Northern countries, even they were right, because they remembered the wonderful series of Roerich dedicated to "Princess Maleine", "Sister Beatrice" or his last "Great Mother of Peace". Like Wagner, Roerich loves powerful symphonic series, which like mosaic form sonorous pearls. One has but to remember "Heroica" or "Sancta" and his latest series of the "Sacred Himalayas".

The French critic Denis Roche in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" says that the character of Roerich's Art is formed with unusual logic. The critic thus underlines the persuasive directness of the Art of Roerich, which is the main attractive magnet of the Master's paintings.

This quality of convincingness is a very rare one. One cannot learn it. Either it already exists having been accumulated in the depth of the chalice of the heart, or it is altogether absent, and then no amount of teaching nor handicraft can replace this expression of the Spirit.

In various countries many publications have been dedicated to Roerich, from large monographs to biographical essays, in which all writers, however different their points of view, unanimously acknowledge the grandeur of his style, the unforgettability of his creations and the convincingness of his great colour symphony. How often one hears: "Roerich's Clouds", "Roerich's country", "The Realm of Roerich", "Eagles of Roerich", "a Roerich Blue", "Summits of Roerich"

Like Balzac, like Wagner, like Leonardo, Roerich loves to work and by his untiring creativeness inspires and urges towards works all those who are near him. This also is a definite sign of an entire school. Indeed in this constant achieving Roerich manifests such a genuine originality that it cannot be called otherwise than his own style.

Whether Roerich outlines the profile of a snowy mountain, or eternalises the image of rishis and saints, or whether he defines warriors and heroes, in everything we find this same convincingness and originality of containment and synthesis. Roerich's spirit has long



—Nicholas Roerich.

ago mastered this synthesis. Not casual are his searchings and wanderings; but a certain, fine path, known only to him, unifies all his multi-form creations.

In Hindu literature Roerich's name is often preceded by the epithet Rishi, or Guru. These significant definitions explain much what is perceived by the refined spirit of the sons of the Vedas and Mahabharata. A deep striving towards everything heroic, to the Great Service, is expressed in all attainments of the Master and has been underlined by many authors as a special quality. They state that the very names of his paintings already read like a heroic poem. And the combinations of colours of Roerich's paintings resound like a magnificent symphony.

J. K. Nag in the *Illustrated India* of Calcutta says: in his article "Roerich—A Saint and an Artist": "There lives now on the roof of the world, a unique figure of charming composition—a genius that had so ardently worshipped Beauty—a genius that has so passionately loved art and culture. He is the world famous painter, the great Nicholas Constantinovich Roerich—a towering personality of this century. Besides his genius in art, Roerich is one of the ardent enthusiasts for world peace. He dreams of an international peace through art and beauty. He says: Art is to create beauty, through beauty we gain victory, through beauty we unite and through beauty we pray".

In connection with the Golden Jubilee of Nicholas Roerich let us remember the inspiring address which the well-known American artist Leon Dabo delivered at a meeting arranged by the Fellowship of Faith in New York:

"This universe is a universe of law and order: it is a universe of law and order and justice—and if man has lost the sense of spiritual guidance, it is because he has severed his connection with the creative forces. It is a universe spiritually guided and the Hierarchy are constantly sending their messengers to this terrestrial globe of ours. They constantly send to us those, who like John the Precursor, act as guides. This guidance is in three forms—the first form is that of creative art; the second form is that of formulative philosophy, the law; the third form is through the inventive forces, where the whole marvellous mechanism of evolution is revealed, and which combines all the three forms. One of these Messengers is Nicholas Roerich—priest, poet and artist—who as a result is also a philosopher, prophet and guide. One who like a Leonardo, a John, the Baptist is sent providentially as have been so many precursors, who by culture and beauty teach us to gain spiritual peace, and through love to destroy the blasphemy.

Nicholas Roerich has no home, no date, no Nation—he belongs to no Nation or epoch. So do the Persian miniatures, so do the great

Chinese art works, or the Etrusean creations. They belong to all times and all Nations. For every artist, every poet, every philosopher is primarily a priest—his vocation is holy, holy, holy. He leads mankind and we follow his light. They are timeless, as is beauty. They have many facets all reflecting the Supreme. Nicholas Roerich is the present day representative of that divine inspiration—what matters, whether he is here or in India. What matters if one hears from him but a few times a year—I always knew Nicholas Roerich, and there is an eloquence in our silent communication that transcends all written words. He is a messenger from the Hierarchy itself, revealing that in Beauty all virtues are combined: no man with an evil thought can create, not unless he is seered by the fire until all the selfish and ordinary has been removed from his being. When such a divine seering by the fire takes place there results a Michael Angelo, a Leonardo, a Hokusai—and then and there results—a Nicholas Roerich.

The Road To Badrinath

By R. R.

AS the mists lifted, I strained my eyes for a glimpse of the approaching Himalaya. The train was heading straight for the mountains. Haridvar was but a few miles ahead. The morning sun hung dimly over the horizon, a dull red disk on a smoke-coloured canvas. And through the mists, gradually, we saw the dim, melting, jagged outline of the foot-hills.

I confess it was not a very impressive sight; it bore no promise of the sublimity which miles and miles behind these first ranges would reward the toiler up the mountain path. We rushed noisily through frequent clusters of huts and *ashrams* set in densely-wooded groves, slid past a hillock and pulled up. We were at Haridvar!

I shouldered the bag which contained the clothing which I meant to use on the journey, put underneath my arm the blanket which was to serve me for a bed, gripped my light aluminium kooja (meant to be my water-bottle and, in an emergency, my cooking-pot too) and alighted. My companion, a boy of twenty, who was to be my interpreter, cook and something of a porter, stepped after me.

Here, then, our journey to the holy snows was to commence. We were impatient to start. We knew there was a regular bus service from Haridvar to Rishikesh, higher up in the hills. From Rishikesh we could catch the bus which left once each day—at what hour we did not know—for Devaprayag, about fifty miles away on the route to Badrinath.

Before we took bus at Haridvar, we walked to the beautiful river bank where the holy Ganga slips down from the hills, bearing with her rich promise of life and prosperity to the millions of the plains. Steeling our muscles to the cold impact, we took a hurried bath in her icy, refreshing, sacred waters. The sun shone fiercely as we caught the bus and squeezed ourselves between men and women who sat tightly packed together, still wearing the expression of chastened happiness which the morning's bath had given them. As the bus jolted over the forest road, the women set up a chant in honour of the Lord of Badrinath which mingled with the fragrance of the vegetation around.

At Rishikesh we learned that the bus to the higher ranges started at dawn each day. That meant that we would perforce have to waste some hours in idleness before we could set off on the next stage of the journey. We took the advice of an official of the bus company and engaged a room in the Kalikambliwala choultry—a one-storied building, square-shaped, enclosing a quadrangle between its wings.

When evening came on, I took a walk on the river-bank and strayed into the *ashram* of some Tamilian *sadhus*. With them I went to see and join in the evening prayers at the Pasupathinath temple in the Nepalese Dharmasala. The cymbals clanged, the bell sent its deep-throated message into the approaching night, and the boom of the conch and the horns gave me a vision of roaring wild animals in the mountain forests at night. We offered our flowers to Pasupathinath, the saviour of the mountain-people in their great perils.

At dawn, we hurriedly packed our things and went in search of the bus which was to carry us to Devaprayag. The vehicle was but partially filled. As the minutes went by, other hurrying pilgrims came in little groups. At last the bus was full, the doors were slammed and the aged vehicle started. The women pilgrims began their chant, the men beamed their joy in the hazy dawn.

The road to Devaprayag girdles vast-bosomed foot-hills of the Himalaya which descend into the river bed sometimes precipitously, sometimes in gentler slopes which are cut out into broad, grassy "stairs" in which the peasants cultivate their wheat and other crops. Sometimes the road goes up so high over the side of the hills that we come to within a hundred feet of the ridges, sometimes so low that we almost touch the river bed, but generally speaking, it preserves an impressive height. Sometimes the terrific gulf yawns almost beneath our hand as we stretch an arm outside the bus; sometimes around sharp bends the wheels just escape whirling into space. It is the expertness of the driver and his experience alone which save us from a fall, though the road-side is generally protected by a low stone parapet. At places the road is wide enough to allow the passing of two vehicles abreast of each other, but these places are few and far between. The rest of the route is narrow, not quite dangerously, but narrow enough to give the traveller many moments of deliciously thrilling experience.

Our imperturbable driver was apparently an expert at his job. He drove easily, non-chalantly, negotiating the dangerous bends with a sang-froid which was fascinating though it brought a chill to our hearts. The day grew warmer. We gazed at chain after chain of the foot-hills fantastically shaped. After a couple of hours' drive, we halted before the first "chatti" of the route.

A "chatti" is a short wooden-roofed shed, sometimes a storey high, which has a provision store in one side of it and a long verandah-like space on the other. In this verandah pilgrims cook their food, using the ovens which one always finds there placed along the walls, and sleep at night. The only condition attached to their use of the space is that they should get from the store-man the things they need for food.

We took tea at the "chatti" and hoisted ourselves into the bus again. More hills, more dizzy bends, more magnificent precipices, little hamlets high up on the slopes. It was about noon and we had travelled over six hours. We were beginning to feel the discomfort of the heat notwithstanding the mountain breeze, when the bus pulled up sharply at the foot of a slope. The roar of the river had increased considerably in the meantime and, looking down, we saw that immediately below us was the junction of two swift-flowing streams. We had arrived at Devaprayag.

The bus stand at Devaprayag is close to the bathing ghat at the junction of the rivers Alakananda and Bhagirati which, flowing from different points in the Badrinath ranges, unite here into the great river which flows down the hills and is called Ganga. A long flight of steps leads down from the street above to the water level, and all that way *pardas* besiege the traveller. These men have dedicated their lives to the pleasant duty of receiving the gifts which pious pilgrims feel themselves obliged, at holy *Sangams*, to offer to others. They have so organised the business that there are among them individuals or groups of individuals who claim to represent one or other of India's provinces and consider themselves entitled to a sort of monopoly over the gifts which visitors from these parts make. Long compliance by the pilgrims with their exactions has hardened them in the conviction that they have a *right* to some part of the traveller's money.

I am afraid I disappointed the particular representative of this tribe who attached himself to me. He came down the steps in my wake, anxious for my spiritual welfare, persuasive. He told me what *Sankalpa* I was to say after bath, what gifts I was to bestow for the benefit of my immortal soul. He watched me place my things safely in the custody of my companion, dip hurriedly in the strong current with a muttered thanksgiving to God, and get out to dress. An expression of pained surprise came into his face. I remember the feeling in his voice as he ejected the question: "What, don't you perform *dhan* at this holy place? You wont acquire *punya*, my Babu!" But I risked that consequence.

In the after-noon, a bus took us from Devaprayag to within three miles of Srinagar which is about twenty miles away and is the biggest town on the route, and dropped us right in the middle of the white, wind-swept road, the driver informing us pleasantly that this was as far as the vehicle would go. We did not grumble at that, because we knew beforehand that so far as the bus service was concerned, this particular point would represent the journey's end. As a matter of fact the extension of the service thus far beyond Devaprayag was itself an experiment which the bus company was trying for the first time that year.

We picked up our load in the rays of the setting sun. The country around was beautiful. We were in a rich valley enclosed by low hills. Below us in the Alakananda, the sands were softly white. Little Gaharwali girls stood picturesquely in the fields by the road and watched our dismounting operations with gentle amusement. The sickles in their hands reflected the vanishing rays.

A cold, invigorating breeze was blowing. My heart sang within me as I shouldered my load. Here, then, our trek across the hills was to commence. There could be no better starting point. Our hearts were cheerful. The spirit was willing, the flesh complaisant. We set out on the march.

That night we stayed at Srinagar in the Kalikambliwala choultry. At dawn the next day, we were on our feet again, trudging cheerfully in the cold morning air. There were no steep ascents to negotiate, though the path went up and down the slopes, rocky in places. From a cowherd who sat under a tree by the road, a huge pail of boiling milk over a glowing fire before him, we bought a steaming cup of tea. In the chill of the morning, this warmth was heaven indeed.

Many tiny villages dot the foot-hills of the Himalaya. The road to Badrinath—this road is only a six-to-eight-foot foot-path really—passes near or through only a few of these. Steep, narrow path-ways, with shaky swing-bridges spanning the fissures and the streams which cut into them, furnish the only means of approach to the others. Close to the villages we did pass by, we were often met by little girls, fair-complexioned, round-faced, their heads covered by the folds of the *saree* they wore, their foreheads beautiful with red vermilion, and they danced around us singing a couplet in praise of Sri Rama and followed us a considerable distance begging for "A pice, Ranaji!"

We halted at Battisera, a place where there is a small cluster of "chattis," for the mid-day meal. A pipe line from the top of the hill brought fresh water to the road and we drank and bathed in it. These pipelines are a feature of the pilgrim route to Badrinath. The cold spring water which they bring down is the mountain's nourishing gift to weather-beaten guests at its snows.

We left Battisera as the shadows began to creep over the road, protecting it from the fierce sun. The going was easy for a time, then there was an ascent. The path began to climb a steep hill of considerable height in serpentine fashion. As we stopped for a moment at its foot, we noticed an alternative route up—a foot-path, narrow and steep as the path of virtue, but much shorter than the regular road. We made up our mind to try this path and, in less than ten minutes, regretted the decision. We were lifting ourselves over a vertical two feet in every three steps we took, and this made us breathless and unsteady in gait. The stones which provided a foot-hold were loose

and rolled out as we stepped on them. A very stiff wind was blowing straight into our face. Within a couple of yards of us, the slope fell away in a dizzy precipice over the river. We began to grow afraid, because few of the other pilgrims who were on the road before or behind us were coming up this way; and we would have retreated if that had been possible; but it wasn't. And as we struggled on, the ordeal seemed to last an infinite length of time.

But the effort was worth while: for, as we struck the road again and leant on a rude parapet almost at the top of the ridge, palpitating, perspiring and terribly thirsty, we saw the most glorious sight of the journey. From beneath our feet, the foot-hills stretched far into the horizon, tier upon tier, huge, black, pyramidal, the Alakananda twisting its way among them "like the tender stalk of a lotus." Beyond, on the horizon, rose more ranges, cutting cross-wise into the nearer hills. And above them, resplendent in the rays of the afternoon sun, stood a solitary snow peak.

I folded my hands in salutation. I was in the presence of the eternal. This mighty, resplendent Himalayan peak was to me the Vi-man of God's great temple. Those ancients of ours who created traditions and legends to send us to the foot of these snow-clad mountains of Aryavarta were right indeed. If the poor, passion-ridden, common man and woman can ever realise God, it could only be in such a setting as this.

"Bhaghavan, Kya Thumari Maya!" said a soft voice at my elbow. I turned. A wild-eyed Sadhu clad in rags was standing beside me. His gaze was fixed on the splendour of the horizon. His lips moved softly, gently, as if in prayer. Listening, I caught the words "Jaya, Jagadeesa Hare."

We quenched our thirst at a stream which poured out of the mountain side, and began the descent of the hill. The process was both easy and pleasant, but we lost sight of the snow-clad peak.

We climbed another hill, lower and much easier than the first and stopped for the night at a big "chatti" three miles from Rudraprayag. Starting early the next morning, we reached that little town which stands at the conjunction of the Mandakini with Alakananda and bathed in the *Sangam*.

At Rudraprayag the road to Kedarnath branches from the straight road to Badri, to rejoin the latter at Chamoli, further up the hills. Unwillingly, owing to exigencies of time, we decided against following this other route to the holy snows of Kedar. Sticking to the main road and travelling rapidly and, on the whole, without much difficulty, we arrived at Karna Prayag, about twenty miles away at night-fall the next evening, to the accompaniment of a thunder-storm. Low clouds rumbled in the sky, lightning flashed and as we entered the large choultry

in this wayside town, we heard for the first time the patter of heavy snow-balls on the roof.

The most impressive scene I had passed through in this lap of the journey was the green table-land of Gowchar where, incidentally, I saw a huge lizard, so big it might easily have been a baby crocodile, creeping lazily up the mountain side. The hills were wooded with cool deodars. There were slaty hills, hills so loosely built up that I could prod a steel-edged stick into their sides and see it pierce layer after layer of thin, crumbling rocky hills of stern solid stone in which a million particles of shiny metal glistened.

We took a morning's rest at Karnaprayag and enjoyed a plunge in the Alakananda near to its junction with Pindari Ganga which it meets here. Starting again in the afternoon, we marched easily over the next ten miles of the road, there being no big ascents or descents. We passed high up over a valley in which pleasant fields and white-roofed houses adorned the riverside. Tall, slender deodars crowded the slopes. The bell-like call of the cuckoo came to us from the woods. Passing near a village, we saw a middle-aged man teaching a group of boys to march in order, soldier-fashion, singing. I listened to the tune and was astonished and thrilled. The song was "Janda Uncha Rahe Hamara!"

As the evening advanced, clouds filled the sky, pouring in dense masses through the gap in the hill-ranges through which the Alakananda was threading its way. We found a providential 'chatti' just in time, and sat watching the fury of the elements as thunder spoke from hill to hill and rain slashed the mountain side. The rain had ceased when, late in the night, I fell asleep. The moon was sending her fitful rays through the clouds. The surrounding hills, bathed in a light mist, looked in this dim light mysterious, fascinating, ethereal.

The next morning saw us at Nandaprayag where the Mandakini joins the Alakananda and that evening we reached Chamoli. We were forced to spend the night there, for there was again a thunder-storm late in the evening. These cloud-bursts occur indeed almost every evening in the regions of the foot-hills which are near to the higher Himalaya. At Chamoli, the road from Kedar joins up with the main route; consequently there was a large crowd of pilgrims staying at the 'chattis'. We found it difficult to get accommodation, though Chamoli is a big place and has a large post office and dispensary.

The next day we covered about eight miles before we halted at noon at Peepal Koti. There was only one big ascent in this part of the route and we negotiated it easily, taking the risk of following a foot-path which saved us a mile, though it was much steeper than the regular road and was definitely risky. We had a rather elaborate mid-day meal that day—by way of a treat. I might perhaps add here

that most of the food-stuff one needs for a South Indian meal can be obtained in the larger 'chattis' on the road. Curds or butter-milk, however, is rarely obtainable.

Some miles beyond Peepal Koti, the hills close in on the river, their faces bending into it like the pillars of a huge *mandap* in a South Indian temple. Behind them there are other ranges which cut right across the river's course, looking as if they were intent on damming its waters. Above and beyond them, was there anything? We did not know, for the clouds were floating down the valley obscuring the distant view. We sighted a group of 'chattis' and ran to it for shelter from the approaching rain. The particular 'chatti' we sat in, drinking hot tea, was a one-storied structure with a window in its back-wall which commanded a vast view over the foot-hills. When the rain had abated and the clouds vanished down the valley, we stood looking through it at the sky ahead of us. Suddenly, as a cloud slipped from its face like a veil pulled back, there stood before us high above the surrounding hills, a mighty giant of the Himalaya—a long snow-ridge culminating in a double peak of magnificent ice. Remote above everything else around it, this giant stood watch and ward over the landscape. As we gazed clouds flitted across the horizon and hid the great mountain.

We wanted to do a couple of miles more that evening before resting, and so left the 'chatti' in the gathering darkness. It was an unwise step. We had proceeded about a mile and the twilight was already vanishing when we came to a spot where the road shrank to little more than a footpath which lay over the slippery and precipitous side of a mud hill in which huge boulders hung at a precarious angle to the slope. Three hundred feet below us the river raged like a mad thing. A notice-board planted at the edge of the path warned people against falling boulders and landslips. I wonder even now how we managed to pass that spot in the gathering darkness without a single false step. We did, then crossed to the other side of the river by a swing bridge and took shelter against the night which now, for the first time, brought with it a biting cold.

The next day's march took us beyond Joshi Mutt which is a very large town indeed according to Gaharwali standards. We spent there a pleasant half-hour over a cup of tea in a chat with an pleasant-faced *dukandar*. Beyond this town which is on the top of a very high hill, the path descends almost to the level of the river at the point where the raging snow-waters of Kamet fall into it. We crossed this side stream by a rickety bridge and stopped for the night at a 'chatti' nearby, with the howling of the wind and the roar of the waters in our ears.

The next day was to be the last day of our journey to Badri. We pulled ourselves together for the effort, for we had over fifteen miles

to travel over particularly difficult road. We started early and enjoyed the morning march. The slopes were rich green with luxuriant plant life. Flowers blossomed on every side. High up on the slopes, mountain ponies were grazing. The road ran low and the river gurgled joyously, falling often in splendid cascades over huge boulders which had at some bye-gone time fallen into its bed. At one particular point this water-fall assumed considerable proportions and its thunder was audible a long distance away.

We passed Hanuman Chatti, five miles from Badrinath, at four-thirty in the evening. We calculated that we would be able to arrive at our destination in time for *Darshan*. Actually, we did not see the end of our labours until long after sun-set. Three hours for five miles is poor going but it was good enough on that route, considering the ascents we had to negotiate. It was a question of climbing higher and higher all the time. One huge hill after another presented its steepness to our tired feet, fiercer, taller, more magnificent than its predecessor. The river was heading in a smooth curve to a sort of pass amidst the hills which tumbled on each other's shoulder closing no other way out of the narrow valley. The vegetation in this valley was rich, fragrant, colourful. We had no doubts as to what we would see once we ascended to that pass ahead. We were at the foot of the high Himalaya. Over there, there no doubt awaited us a wonderful panorama of snow-clad mountains.

Actually, when we reached the pass we saw nothing of the kind. We climbed from hill to hill eager for the view. Snow from the ridges beneath which we were travelling had flown down the slopes and lay thick in patches across our track. In many places it had run down into the river and once it formed a sort of archway over it. It was a beautiful sight. But, as I said, of a panoramic view when we reached the pass, there was none. Indeed, what we had taken for a pass was no real pass at all. It was merely the opening into a spacious valley on both sides of which steep mountains rose challengingly, their crests filled with snow. The real pass lay on the farther side of the valley, perhaps about ten miles off, and even from this distance it looked terribly difficult to negotiate. But we were not going to negotiate it in any case. We had come to the end of our journey. Below us was Badrinath.

Thus, over a hundred and eighty miles of the foot-hills, the path which our ancients had discovered and popularised had led us to the very foot of the eternal snows. Over this path each year come men and women, mostly edging on into old age, mostly ill-clad and ill-fed, braving discomfort, risking ill-health, accidents, perhaps death from the cold in the higher regions. In no other country is such a journey undertaken, or such hardships faced by ordinary men and women for such ends. What impels them? Deep down in each pilgrim's

heart is the conviction that in this holiest of shrines in the heart of the earth's greatest mountain, he would find the fulfilment of his (or her) spiritual aspirations, that here perhaps he would meet his God. Does he? That is a question which each pilgrim must answer for himself, in the solitude of his own heart. But the conviction so universally shared by so many pilgrims through uncounted years has generated a powerful spiritual tide which sweeps through the traveller with irresistible force, if at all he is responsive to spiritual emotion. He might have started the journey as I did—a mere mundane adventurer whose only desire is to see that great mountain's majesty at close quarters. Before he is through, he ceases to be that. He is a treader of the sacred path to God-realisation. He is a pilgrim.

They give the Lord's name to each other, these pilgrims, in exhaustion, in exultation. "Jaya Badri Bisbal!" It is their word of cheer, their proclamation of happiness and achievement, their message of hope. It is their war-cry in their battles with the obstacles of the mountain path.

The sun had disappeared and the cold of the late evening set us shivering as we descended the easy slope and crossed the bridge that marks the approach to the little town of Badrinath which lay grey and unimpressive in the vanishing twilight. We found lodgings for the night with a *panda* who was to "accept" a gift offering from us later. The next morning we bathed in a thermal spring — the Thaptha Kund — which sprouts out hot and steaming, like the creation of a magician's wand, from the icy bosom of the mountains. Then we went to the temple which is small and undistinguished in the exterior. Inside, set amidst short *Praharas*, is the *Garbagriha* of the Lord.

Pilgrims came in, rang the bell, prostrated themselves, stood gazing at the beauty of the Lord's image. Some prayed aloud, some remained silent. The thrill which comes to the devotee standing before Sree Badrinath is too deep and hallowed to be recalled in words. Gazing at the Lord's *Swarupa* I lost count of time.

There remains little to tell. After a couple of days at the holy town, we started on our return journey. This time we took the shorter route, via Raniket, to the plains. This route branches away from the main road at Karna Prayag and passes through some magnificent scenery. About twenty miles this side of Raniket, it traverses a thick jungle in which bearded monkeys — the largest I have seen in my life — caper from tree to tree. At Raniket we took bus to Kathgodam and at Kathgodam, on the seventh day of our return journey, we entered the afternoon train to Bareilly en route to Calcutta and Madras.

Some glimpses of the struggle for food among lower animals

By Dr. T. V. RAMAKRISHNA AYYAR

IT may be conceded by most educated persons that some knowledge and information regarding the life activities and traits of lower animals will be of sufficient interest and importance to man in many ways. This will be clear when it is realised that there exist numerous intimate relations between some of the many characteristics we meet with among lower animals and a good number of the manners and methods of behaviours found among human beings, though most of the latter are often qualified by such dignified terms as education, refinement, talent, sense, intelligence etc. This study is not only of scientific interest but is fascinating and instructive also since we get some ideas of the remarkable affinities which many animal characteristics bear to human traits; in other words it gives us some inkling as to how much of the '*man*' already existed in the '*beast*' and how much of the '*beast the 20th century man*' still retains! To some of our readers who might have become fed up with the present day slogans regarding the dire poverty, keen competition, widespread unemployment and blind national and communal rivalries among human beings, this theme might even serve as a diversion, giving them some ideas of the state of affairs in the domain of lower animals. Since it is hardly possible to do justice to the different aspects of this very wide and interesting subject in a brief article like this, an attempt is here made to present some facts regarding some of the many activities connected with one or two of the most important and striking features in the domain of animal behaviour and intelligence.

It will be found that almost all the activities in the world of living beings are connected directly or remotely with one or other of the three vital needs and functions of every individual organism—viz. *Feeding*, *Protection*, and *Propagation of the species*. Every animal from the tiny naked speck of living protoplasm known as the *amoeba* upto the highly civilised human being is, in the words of Wells, "Primarily a food-seeking, danger-avoiding and mate-finding instrument". The struggle for existence we see going on every day around us in nature is, in fact, the manifestation of the activities of all living beings to provide these primary needs satisfactorily. There is hardly any biological study more absorbing and fascinating than that of the various structural peculiarities and striking adaptations possessed especially by animals in the lower rungs of life, their diverse activities and behaviour, their reactions and responses to their environments and numerous such factors which play their respective roles as "shifts

for a living" in the words of Professor Thomson. While most of us are familiar with the general characteristics of higher animals like mammals and birds, very few have sufficient or accurate ideas of the thousands of the marvellous modes and ingenuities adopted, the various industries practised and the inimitable adaptations displayed by many lower forms of life to satisfy their important vital needs. We shall just examine some of the various activities displayed by them in connection with one of the three important aspects in their life viz. food, and the methods of procuring it.

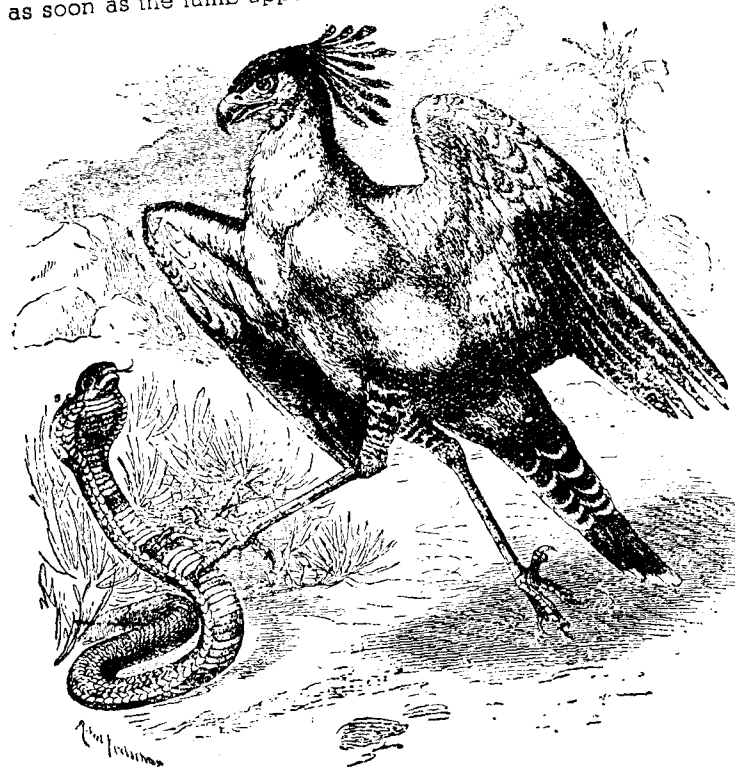
The most important and the foremost of all animal activities are those connected with the fundamental and primary craving of the animal viz the securing of food. The need for food and the instinctive trials to secure it have necessarily been the cause of the earliest industries among animals. In this connection we find even among some of the lowest forms of life, just as in men and the higher animals, the art of hunting and fighting for food, collecting and storing of provisions and even domesticating and reducing other animals to obedience and slavery. As a general rule the carnivorous animals are more skilful as hunters than the herbivorous ones, since the food materials of the former, unlike those of the vegetable feeding ones, are active fellow-beings to capture which they have to develop special activities and ingenuities. These include a variety of methods, the common ones being hunting, lying in ambush catching by traps and accessories, robbing the prey, especially young one's eggs, stealing under favourable circumstances and fighting in flocks and actual struggling with the prey. There are found not only hunters among lower animals as among ourselves, but there are also animal brigands and warriors, and our superiority even in this matter is not what many of us imagine it to be. Here it may be remarked that in the case of man such acts as attacking animals, either to kill them, feed on their flesh or to steal provisions which they have stored for their use, go under the names of sport, hunting, adventure, recreation etc. and are considered dignified and perfectly legitimate. But when men turn to their own fellow creatures to kill or rob them, it becomes either brigandage or war; the former where the invaders are few being considered reprehensible and the latter when the parties are in numbers generally receiving no reprobation! Well-known among animal hunters are the carnivorous beasts like the lion, tiger, leopard etc. and most of us are familiar with the ways of many of these animals. Some of them actually pursue the prey and capture it, while some others wait in ambush and suddenly attack the victim when it innocently approaches the ambush. The crocodile is known to conceal itself in shallow waters in rivers under water weeds with its huge jaws wide apart, creatures like water fowl, and other birds which unknowingly approach the water are entrapped into the mouth of this terrible reptile before they realise the situation. Larger animals like dogs, sheep, deer

etc. and even men occasionally get caught in that way by this creature. The python or rock snake is another reptile which prepares a terrible trap to get its prey. This huge snake prepares a wide loop or noose with its own long body and remains hanging along the side like a long creeper from a tree across any forest tract; the moment any unwary active animals like deer, sheep, wild dogs, monkeys etc. enter the noose, they are instantly entangled in the living loop and strangled by the monster muscular force of the leviathan of a snake! The carnivorous and carrion feeding shark fish, which often reaches fifteen to twenty feet in length, is known to follow ships, especially hospital ships carrying the sick and wounded, expecting the fall of dead bodies every moment. The king fisher perching on the banks of a river, the wall lizard lurking on the wall behind the shadow of a light to pounce upon innocent moths and flies, rapacious kites and vultures scenting their prey from dizzy heights, all these exhibit in their own way different methods of trapping their prey. When we peep into the world of insects we see numerous examples of such captures in many remarkable ways. The dragon flies, the tiger beetles, the robber flies, ant lions and various other small creatures are, as their names indicate, peculiarly adapted to get their food as hunters and robbers each in his own way. Just like the night flying bats, the dragon flies fly about keeping their mouths open giving free passage for any food particles; the tiger beetles and robber flies resort to the same devices as tigers and robbers: The small creature known as the ant lion (which is really the wingless cub of a dragon fly-like creature) exhibits a unique method of catching its prey. Along the sides of sandy foot paths and old walls one often finds numerous small funnel shaped sandy excavations; each one is a trap pit, at the bottom of which the lion cub remains concealed and when any pass along this slippery pit the hiding creature immediately seizes the victim. Almost the same method is adopted by another baby insect - the young of an active insect known as the tiger beetle. While the parent is a regular hunter in the open, the young one which is a worm-like creature of about an inch in length adopts almost the same method as the ant lion cub but designed far more cleverly. It constructs a narrow round vertical hole on the ground, of depth enormous for its size and remains attached to the top of this tube by arching its body along the walls and with its head level with the ground surface with the opening loosely covered with debris. As soon as any little insect or worm walks over the hole where the larva has its head the latter immediately drags its victim and both drop down into the deep prison where the young tiger beetle can easily despatch the innocent prisoner. Insects known as rove beetles also resort to such methods to get food. Looking at these devices of trapping victims there is nothing to be wondered at man constructing elephant-catching pits or devising traps of different kinds to catch rats, rabbits etc. We are all familiar with the

method of fishing known as angling; attracting fish by some tempting materials like worms, flies etc. It may be news to some that this method is much older than man who has copied it from lower forms. Fish themselves have been found to adopt such a device, the bodies of some of them being wonderfully adapted for such adventures. The fish known as the angler has at the end of its lower jaw a slender movable filament. Completely concealed in the mud, he agitates and vibrates this filament which looks like a wriggling worm; smaller fishes moving about in the vicinity approach the moving object mistaking it for a worm and before they are able to find out their error they disappear inside the mouth of the angler fish. It is perhaps thought by many that man alone is sufficiently clever to use weapons or other objects either for catching food or for defensive purposes; but it is not so; we have examples among lower animals which are capable of utilising materials either possessed by themselves or foreign bodies. A fresh water fish which generally feeds on insects, when it finds a fly or bee perching on a plant close to the water level brings it down into the water by squirting a strong mouthful of water on the insect.

During the wars and expeditions in search of food deadly fights often ensue with the result that the party with greatest skill—not strength alone—often succeed in the end. We are familiar with the struggles and combats between higher animals like bison, tiger, elephant, monkey, lion, and leopard etc. We find similar fights among many of the lower forms also. One of the most interesting of such duels known is that between the African snake-eating bird called the Secretary bird and poisonous snakes which generally form its food. Such a combat is vividly described by Le Vaillant in his African Natural History. At the end of a chase the snake, finding himself nearly overtaken, suddenly turns round to use his deadly defensive weapon—the poison fang. The bird stops and turns in one of his wings to protect the lower parts of the body from being stung. The snake throws himself on his enemy who at each stroke parries with the end of his wing; the fangs of the snake are buried in the great feathers and there the poison is left without any effect. Meanwhile the bird strikes with the other wing repeatedly and the reptile is stunned and soon killed. Nor are there wanting among the myriads of lower animals creatures which take advantage of peculiar circumstances and employ tricks and cunning hardly different from those we meet with among man. The crow, the monkey, the fox etc. are well-known examples which steal food. The crow, the raven and allied birds are notorious for such clever feats by ingenious devices. Tennent narrates a singular trick he found played on a dog by two black crows in Ceylon; a crow approached the dog which was gnawing a bone and tried all tricks to divert the dog's attention to fly away with the bone but failed; he then flew away and came back in a few seconds with a

friend possessing as little respect as himself for the property of others. Both these began to disturb the dog and when at last the dog feeling highly insulted turned to attack one of them the other flew away with the coveted bone. The raven found in Iceland is said to know when a ewe is going to give birth to a young and awaits this moment carefully; as soon as the lamb appears the raven alights on him, digs out



The Secretary Bird.

his eyes and devours them! Crows following the ploughshare to catch worms and grubs is a very wellknown and common sight in our fields. A good many among lower animals depend for their food on their peculiar association with other animals as parasites, messmates, slaves etc. In the case of these creatures there is no special effort or risk on their part to get food, since they feed on the host itself or the food gathered by the host.

In the matter of obtaining food and other allied activities, the acme of perfection is reached in the case of ants, bees and wasps which lead a social life and which exhibit wonderful methods of securing their food, storing the same and utilising it in the proper manner.

Securing of food material alone does not in many cases enable the creature to get possession and utilise it as its food. Some birds which feed on shelled animals, sometimes get embarrassed because the soft matter of the edible parts are enclosed in a shell and not easily

got at. In many cases they take these shelled animals, and drop them on rocks from a height to break open the shell. The famous Grecian vulture known as the 'Lammergeyer' is the best known of animals using this method: he not only catches small shelled animals like snails, mussels etc. but even tortoises which possess hard bony coverings! Such devices and ingenuities among animals are numerous and have evidently become evolved out of sheer necessity in the struggle for existence always going on in the animal world. Among animals it is not enough to capture the prey or even to possess the means of utilising it when secured; it is often necessary to prevent the booty being taken possession of by some other animal. Various devices are developed for these purposes and some of these found among ants are marvellous. Ants have individuals among them to collect food, guard their supply, fight their enemies and even act as slaves. In the case of many animals a good deal of foresight is exercised to store properly provisions not only for wintry or rainy seasons but in many cases for the offsprings! Though a good many young animals secure their food independently of the parents, there are numerous cases where the offspring are helpless and have to be nourished. Many birds have to secure food not only for themselves but also for their chicks in their nest which are often seen anxiously awaiting the parent's home-coming with food. Bees, wasps, and ants have all to feed their young ones until adolescence. Many of us are familiar with the potter wasp carrying a green worm and thrusting it into its clay nest as food for its baby. We thus find that in the matter of procuring food the struggles, devices, ingenuities and sufferings among animals are endless and yet those we have just noted are only in connection with one of the three fundamental needs of each animal! We can easily imagine how many more contrivances, and ways and means should be in existence among them to satisfy their other vitals—viz Protection which deals with the provision of proper dwellings, their security against season and enemies and the other important craving—which includes courting, marriage and motherhood—which again call for various special provisions, contrivances and skill on the part of each and every organism. We thus see almost all the fundamental activities found among men to carry on their existence dispersed throughout the animal kingdom in ever so many intricate and clever ways. The more we study these facts the sooner is the disappearance of the barriers raised by human pride between man and other animals. Our bodies do not differ from some of the highest among animals and such glimpses as we are able to obtain regarding their numerous activities make us conclude that their psychic faculties are almost of the same nature as our own. But we may, however, safeguard our vanity by the fact that man excels in all the arts found among other animals and that his intelligence is far superior to theirs.

Cereals in Human Nutrition

By Dr. K. V. GIRI, D. Sc., A. I. I. Sc.



EREALS form a very important constituent of the dietary all over India. Rice and wheat are the two cereals which constitute the main items in the dietary of Indians. Wheat which is the principal cereal in Northern India is not so extensively cultivated in South India, where rice, jowar or cholam, Bajra or cambu, and ragi constitute the important food grains. The percentage consumption of different cereals in Madras province is given as, rice, 65; Jowar or cholam and Bajra or cambu, 20; ragi 10; wheat 1 and others 4¹

Recent researches in the quality of foods have revealed many significant differences in the food value of cereals. In this article is presented a brief summary of the nutritive value of the more important cereals that enter into the Indian dietary. Although cereals are important foods, they are by no means complete foodstuffs. They are characterised by a relatively high content of carbohydrates which is largely of starch, and they are very poor in fat.

The Proteins. Although cereals are not poor in proteins, they cannot be considered protein-rich materials. The protein of the cereals, together with their nutritive value (Biological value), are given in the following table. For purposes of comparison the corresponding values for milk also are given, as milk constitutes an ideal perfect food.

Cereal.	Protein grammes (*) per cent.	Biological value of (*) the proteins.
Rice	7-8	80-86
Wheat	11-12	67
Cholam or Jowar	10	83
Cambu or Bajra	11	83
Ragi	7	90
Milk	3.3	85-90

(*) From Health Bulletin No. 23, Government of India Press.

The protein content of rice and ragi is rather small compared to that of other cereals. But as regards the nutritive value (biological value) of the proteins contained in these cereals, rice and ragi proteins are highly nutritious compared to that of wheat protein. Ragi protein is not only much superior to wheat protein but is also as efficient as milk protein. It is found that the proteins of rice are of high quality for supporting maintenance and growth. The cereal proteins can be classified according to their biological value in the following descending order: Ragi, cholam, cambu, rice and wheat, ragi protein being the best of all cereal proteins.

1. Indian Agricultural Statistics By P. J. Thomas and N. Sundararama Sastry.

The Minerals. It is now generally accepted that calcium is an important essential in nutrition. It is believed that in most countries of the world, large sections of the population would be more adequately nourished were they to ingest more calcium. This applies with force to India. Milk, which is a good source of calcium, is scanty and costly in many parts of India. As cereals form the bulk of most Indian diets, the problem of how far cereals can supply essential mineral elements is of practical importance.

The calcium and phosphorus content of cereals are shown in the following table.

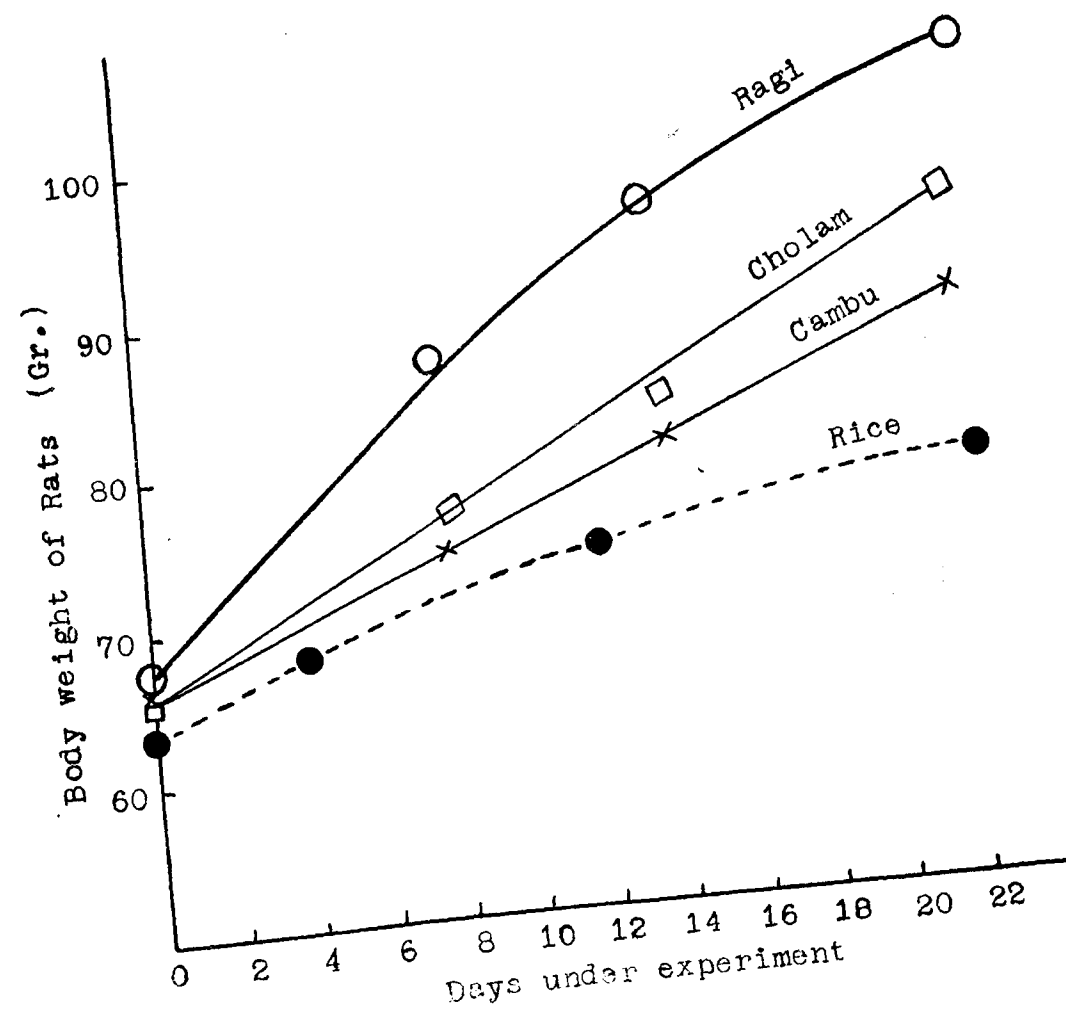
Cereals	Calcium* per cent.	Phosphorus* per cent.	Calcium/phosphorus ratio
Rice	0.01	0.17	0.06
Cambu	0.05	0.35	0.14
Cholam	0.03	0.28	0.11
Wheat	0.05	0.32	0.15
Ragi	0.33	0.27	1.22
Milk	0.12	0.09	1.33

(*) From Health Bulletin No. 23, Government of India Press.

One of the significant and important points emerging out of the figures presented in the above table is the extraordinary high content of calcium in ragi, compared to that of other cereals and its exact resemblance to milk with regard to the ratio of calcium and phosphorus, the two important minerals in nutrition. Recent researches conducted by the author¹ in nutrition research laboratories, Coonoor, on the availability of the minerals, calcium and phosphorus in cereals, have shown that ragi constituted the best source of these minerals among the cereals (rice, cholam and cumbu) investigated. Not only is it rich in calcium and phosphorus, but also the percentage retention of these minerals is high. The ratio of calcium to phosphorus in a diet is an important factor affecting their availability in nutrition. During rapid growth and calcification, the calcium phosphorus ratio of the diet should be 1:1 or 2. A distorted calcium phosphorus ratio has been found to produce rickets in experimental animals. Recently several workers have shown that the rachitogenic effect of pure cereal diet can be counteracted by merely adding sufficient calcium to produce a favourable calcium phosphorus ratio. The writer carried out series of experiments on rats, which were fed on diets complete with regard to all other food constituents, except calcium and phosphorus, which were supplied by the cereal under investigation. The calcium phosphorus ratio of the diet containing 70 per cent of ragi was of the order of 1:3, which is of the same order as the ratio of these minerals existing in milk. The corresponding ratios for other cereal diets ranged from 0.10 - 0.30. It is clear, therefore, that the

¹ The Availability of Calcium and phosphorus in cereals. By K. V. Giri, *Indian Journal of Medical Research*. 1940, 28, 101

calcium phosphorus ratio in ragi is very favourable for optimum growth and retention of these minerals. This is supported by the fact that rats fed on the diet composed of ragi produced the greatest increase in weight than those fed on other cereal diets. This fact is clearly brought out in the figure which shows the growth curves of the rats fed on different cereal diets, in which the cereal constituted the main source of calcium and phosphorus.



The Vitamins. Although cereals are particularly devoid of vitamin C and D and ordinarily possess but an insignificant amount of provitamin A (carotene), their content of B vitamins (vitamin B₁ and nicotinic acid) is not inconsiderable. The following table shows the relative value of the cereals as sources of these vitamins.

Cereal	Vitamin B ₁ (1) micrograms/gram	Nicotinic acid (pellagra- (2) preventive factor) micrograms/gram.
Wheat	5.3	3.1
Ragi	3.0	1.6
Cholam	2.8	2.2
Cambu	2.8	3.2
Rice ;		
" raw homepounded	2.4	2.1-4.4,
" raw milled	1.0	3.2

(1) Health Bulletin No. 23. (2) from the author's Publication. (Ind. J. Med. Research.)

The cereals are fairly rich in vitamin B₁ and nicotinic acid and they constitute the important source of these vitamins in Indian dietary. A diet consisting largely of cereal products would supply an ample amount of these vitamins, if the whole cereal without any further treatment such as milling, is used.

The effect of milling on the nutritive value of cereals.

The question of the extent to which various degrees of milling affect the nutritive value of cereals is of particular importance. The introduction of milled rice has converted the national dietary, based to a large extent on rice, from one reasonably compatible with well being into one definitely dangerous to health. There is no cheap source of vitamin B₁ other than whole rice or ragi, and if efforts to make this inaccessible continue, the greatest consequences to national health will result.

The process of milling seriously affects the mineral content of rice. The removal of rice bran and germ in the preparation of polished rice affects a reduction in the mineral content to about one fourth to half for calcium, phosphorus, vitamin B₁ and nicotinic acid. The germ of cereals, particularly wheat and rice, has important nutritive properties. Rejection of the germ in the process of milling involves serious loss of the important vitamins—Vitamin B₁, nicotinic acid and vitamin E. The loss of calcium is probably not of great importance, as rice, like most other cereals, except ragi, shows an ill proportioned ratio of calcium to phosphorus, and contains a very negligible amount of calcium.

Effect of cooking on the nutritive value of cereals.

The effect of preparation and cooking on the chemical composition and vitamin content of cereals has been studied extensively in the case of rice in nutrition research laboratories. It is shown that the losses from washing and cooking of rice amount to about 40–50 per cent in the case of calcium, phosphorus, vitamin B₁ and nicotinic acid. Rice is invariably subjected to these processes before it is cooked. On the other hand, grains like cholam, cambu and ragi are usually ground up and eaten in various ways which do not deprive them of their vitamins, mineral salts and proteins. So ragi eaters are usually stronger than rice eaters. Thus the method of cooking the cereal is of considerable practical significance.

Cereals and agriculture.

Attempts are being made to improve the quality of cereals by judicious control of fertilizer applications. It is, however, reported that no significant differences were noticed in the vitamin B₁ content of barley and wheat grown under experimental conditions on soil treated with different types of manure and on the untreated soil. On the other hand, in the case of rice, it is reported that improvement in the quality of rice by increasing the protein and mineral content of the grain can be effected by suitable application of fertilizers. The following view of Sir John Russel¹, which has been fully endorsed by Dr. W. R. Aykroyd, in a recent publication entitled "Rice problem in India", would be of interest.

"In dealing with food crops intended for home consumption the agriculturist should aim at securing the largest and healthiest crops possible, but he need not concern himself with trying to change their composition. The amount of alteration possible is too small to justify the expenditure of time and resources that can better be spent in other ways"... "Investigations should be directed to increasing the output per acre of food crops with a view both of ensuring full supplies and of liberating land for the growth of supplementary crops and of fodder crops for the production of milk.....The really vital matter is the food value per acre, not per ton of produce."

Conclusion. It has been shown that there are considerable differences in the chemical composition of the cereals that enter into the Indian dietary. We shall now discuss the relative merits of each cereal from the point of view of the supply of the important food constituents. Assuming that 600 grammes of rice and 300 grammes of ragi, cholam and cambu are the amounts corresponding roughly to adult daily intake, the following figures are obtained for the daily intake of calcium, phosphorus and vitamin B₁, the most important elements supplied by each cereal.

Cereal.	Daily intake.		
	Calcium gr.	Phosphorus gr.	Vitamin B ₁ mg.
Rice—hand pounded	0.06	1.02	1.44
" milled	0.06	0.66	0.60
Cooked rice (after deducting the losses on cooking estimated as 50 per cent).	0.03	0.33	0.30
	1.0	0.80	0.90
Ragi	0.15	1.05	0.8
Cambu	0.09	0.84	0.8
Cholam			
	Daily human requirements.		
	0.68	1.0	1.0

1. Report on the work of the Imperial Council of Agricultural Research, Government of India Press, Simla.

Thus a rice ration of 600 gr., therefore, supplies less than 0.30 mg. of vitamin B₁, which is a very liberal estimate. This quantity is very inadequate, especially for the labourer, who requires more than 1 mg. of the vitamin a day. On the other hand, ragi, cambu and cholam supplies the required amount of this vitamin, in the daily ration. Among the cereals, ragi is the only food which supplies the optimum daily requirement of the two important minerals, calcium and phosphorus.

Although it seems unfortunate that so much of the nutritive value of rice grain is sacrificed by the modern process of milling, the predominant position of the cereals in the dietary justifies the position occupied by rice. We cannot escape the danger of modern foodstuffs by avoiding them. A partial remedy lies in suitably supplementing it with other foods, thereby the essential economy of rice can be enjoyed without sacrificing the quality of being palatable to the taste of the dietary as a whole. The best and cheap supplement to rice diet is ragi. It is an important millet, from the point of view of its nutritional quality. It constitutes the best source of calcium and phosphorus. It is rich in vitamin B₁, and the nutritive value of the ragi protein is of very high quality, which can be compared to milk protein. Thus ragi resembles milk in many of its nutritive qualities. Further it contains the essential nutritive elements in correct proportion, which is lacking in all other cereals. It is cheap, easily available, and the food prepared from it can be kept for a long time. Unlike rice it is perfect in itself as food. It is, therefore, a satisfactory substitute in a region (South India) where whole milk is not available and the diets are deficient in calcium. Children, whose diets include a special cereal like ragi, which furnishes several productive food elements, especially vitamin B₁ and calcium, show accelerated rate of gain in weight. The ragi-conjee or the boiled aqueous infusion of the ragi powder can replace milk in feeding children, as it contains the correct proportion of minerals.

These should justify the extensive use of ragi as a supplement to rice diet, if not an almost exclusive article of diet, in spite of its colour. Colour prejudice at least in regard to cereals should be set aside, if we are to be benefited by the quality of the product and should base our preference only upon the excellent food value of the cereal. No one can afford to neglect the peculiar virtues of ragi as a valuable and wholesome food material, and for economy in diet it is of eminently practical importance.

The United Provinces in the Montford Reforms Period

By DR. NANDALAL CHATTERJI, M. A., Ph. D., D. Litt.



THE introduction of the Montford Reforms marks the beginning of a new era in the history of the United Provinces. It was now raised to the status of a Governor's province, and an Executive Council was for the first time created to assist the Governor in the administration of the Reserved Subjects. The importance of the new reforms will be apparent from the fact that the first step towards the progressive realisation of responsible government was taken as a result of it, and the traditions of a parliamentary form of government were partially introduced for the first time.

In the Executive sphere, the outstanding change under the new reforms was the introduction of Dyarchy. Certain departments, to be designated 'Reserved', were assigned to the Governor in Council, and the rest, to be known as "Transferred", were to be administered by the Governor acting with his Ministers. The Executive Council consisted of two members—one belonging to the Indian Civil Service, and the other a non-official Indian, and was appointed by His Majesty. It was not responsible to the legislature and the pay, appointment, and tenure of office of the members were fixed by statute. The transferred departments were entrusted to Ministers appointed by the Governor from amongst the elected members of the Legislative Council, and in theory, holding office during his pleasure, but, in actual practice, responsible to the Legislative Council by convention, and normally allowed to run their departments in their own way so long as they held the confidence of the majority.

The Governor served as the link between the two halves of government—reserved and transferred. He was responsible for the distribution of departments among his Councillors and Ministers, and it was he who made rules for executive business, binding upon both the halves. Through the permanent heads of departments, the Governor could keep himself fully informed of whatever was going on in each department. He was in short responsible for the entire administration of his province and formed the pivot of the dyarchical scheme.

The Legislative Council created under the new reforms remained unicameral as before, but its size and character were materially altered now. The total strength under the new Act was considerably enlarged. Under the Minto-Morley Constitution, the total strength had been only 49, now it was raised to 123 of which, under the present Act, not more than 20 per cent could be officials, and at least 70 per

cent were to be elected members. Thus the power of the Governor to nominate non-officials was restricted to only 10 per cent. The unpopular official *bloc* was thus reduced and for the first time a large elected majority was conceded.

The detailed work of defining constituencies and franchise was done by the Franchise Committee of Lord Southborough. For purposes of "rural" representation, the district was taken as a convenient unit. The larger towns were given 'urban' representation. This distinction between rural and urban constituencies was a new feature introduced under the Montford Reforms. In addition to these general constituencies, particular communities and special interests were given separate representation. The Muslims were granted separate representation to the extent of 30 per cent in accordance with the Lucknow Pact of 1916. Direct elections were now for the time allowed, and the franchise was broader than before.

The Legislative Council had added powers and responsibilities. It could now for the first time have an elected President. The right of asking questions was enlarged, and any member could put a supplementary question. Adjournment motions were another new feature that was now allowed to enable the Council to debate upon a question of urgent public interest, and thereby censure the act of omission of a government department. The budget could now be more fully discussed item by item, and the Council was given the privilege of voting the demands for grants. The Council had power to omit, or reduce any grant, but certain items of expenditure were not submitted to it. At the commencement of each financial year, a Committee on Public Accounts was appointed— $\frac{2}{3}$ of the members being elected by the non-official members of the Council. Through this Committee, the non-officials could satisfy themselves that the money voted by them was correctly spent. In matters of legislation, the Council had, subject to the special powers of the Governor, the privilege of entertaining a bill on any subject which was within the ambit of local legislation. In regard to transferred subjects a bill could not be placed on the statute book without its consent, although in regard to reserved subjects, a bill might be made an Act in spite of its refusal, if the Governor certified that the bill was essential for the discharge of his responsibility. Thus, although in the sphere of law-making and financial control, the authority of the Council was strictly restricted, yet it had now greater opportunities of influencing the general administration than could be possible under the previous constitution.

Foundations of provincial autonomy were laid under the specially-framed Devolution rules in matters of finance, legislation, and administration. Administrative functions were now classified into Central and

Provincial, while under the heads of revenue the divided ones were abolished, some being entirely provincialised, and the others being entirely centralised. By this allocation of revenue heads, the Central Government had had to face a deficit. The Meston Committee therefore fixed the quota of Provincial contributions to the Central Government, and the U. P. like other provinces had to pay for a number of years a heavy sum assessed on the basis of the increased spending power obtained under the new reforms. The province had, however, greater freedom in financial matters, and its powers of taxation were considerably enlarged, while for the time it was given the power of borrowing on the security of its revenues for meeting capital expenditure on constructions of lasting public utility.

Dyarchy, however, gave rise to a number of problems and difficulties partly because of the nature of the peculiar constitution and partly because of the political conditions prevailing in the country. Dyarchy itself was a hybrid constitution rooted in compromise, and was expressly meant for a transitional stage. As such, it could hardly evoke any popular enthusiasm. The situation was further aggravated by the rise of the non-cooperation and the civil disobedience movements. Dyarchy was also of the mixed type. The administration of the reserved departments impinged on that of the transferred departments, and the position of the Ministers in the absence of a proper cabinet of party system and a regular joint deliberation between the two halves was inherently weaker. The Ministers further complained of interference from above, and also from the Finance Department. Their relations with the public services were also not always as harmonious as they should have been. Dyarchy could not also satisfactorily work because of the absence of a democratic party system, the growth of communal jealousies, the apathy of the uneducated masses, lack of experience of parliamentary government and bitter opposition of the Swarajist and Congress Leaders.

In the legislative sphere, despite unfavourable conditions a much higher level of achievement was reached than could have been possible under the previous constitution. For example, the first reformed Council passed such important measures as the Intermediate Education Act, The Allahabad University Act, the Oudh Rent Act, and above all the U. P. District Boards Act. In the second reformed Council, the successful resolutions relating to the establishment of a Chief Court for Oudh, the establishment of the Agra University, and the grant of the franchise to women are noteworthy. The Council also legislated among others on such subjects as *Satta* Gambling, and Opium smoking. Finally, a Chief Court was constituted under the Oudh Courts Act, and a tenancy bill was also passed after prolonged discussion.

During the life time of the third reformed Council, considerable advance was made in Local Self-Government through the U. P. District Boards Amendment Act and the U. P. Town Areas Amendment Act. The first introduced vital changes in the administration of the educational system of the District Boards, and the second provided for the election of chairman of Panchayats by the whole electorate and for the reservation of a certain number of seats for the minority community. The Naik Girls Protection Act and the Minor girls Protection Act to prevent the training for prostitution of minor girls were a piece of valuable social legislation. The U. P. Prevention of Adulteration Amendment Act sought to insure the supply of pure food stuffs like ghee.

The fourth reformed Council amended among others the Agra Tenancy Act, and prescribed a new procedure for the election of Municipal Chairman and appointment of Executive Officers, reconstituted the Court of Wards, and legislated on the suppression of immoral traffic, among other subjects. The last Council under the Montford Reforms also passed five important acts on debt relief, enlarged the power of the village panchayats and, it is interesting to note, sanctioned by the National Parks Act the establishment of Sanctuaries for the preservation of wild life in U. P.

Judged as a whole, the U. P. made undeniable progress during this period through such measures as the project of irrigation works like a Sarda Canal, the Hydro-electric Grid Scheme, the co-operative and rural development movement, the creation of the U. P. Fruit Development Board, agrarian legislation, democratization of local bodies and panchayats, reforms in secondary and university system of education, introduction of the principle of compulsory primary education etc. The activities of the Legislative Council during the Montford Reforms period were not confined to mere progressive legislation. It made its influence felt in finance and administration in general, and exercised pressure on the Executive to bring about some retrenchment.

Howsoever unsatisfactory in many of its features, the Montford Reforms accelerated the political education of the people and prepared the ground for the introduction of a more real measure of responsible government.



Cosmic Justice

By ANILBARAN ROY

IT is sometimes seen in life that innocent people reap the fruits of the evil deeds perpetrated by others. Sri Aurobindo gave an illustration in the *Arya*: "A commercially-minded king of Belgium is moved to make a good thing of the nation's rubber estate and human cattle farm in Africa and his agents murder and mutilate thousands of cheap negro lives to hasten the yield and swell his coffers. This able monarch dies in the splendour of riches and the sacred odour of good fortune, his agents in no way suffer; but here of a sudden comes Germany trampling her armed way towards a dream of military and commercial empire through prosperous Belgium, and massacred men and women and mutilated children startlingly remind us of *karma* and illustrate some obscure and capricious law of talion. Here at least the nation in its corporate being was guilty of complicity, but at other times neither guilty individual nor nation is the payer, but perhaps some well-meaning virtuous blunderer gets the account of evil recompense that should have been paid in of rights by the strong despots before him who went on their way to the end rejoicing in power and splendour and pleasure." (*Arya* VII—277).

From the ordinary human point of view it seems to be a gross injustice that innocent persons should be thus made to suffer for the guilt of others. We may indeed explain it away by saying that the injustice is only apparent, for the innocent persons really suffer for their own evil deeds done in past lives, and the guilty who seem to escape will have to render an account in some future birth. But if we take a deeper view of the law of Karma we need not resort to this facile explanation, but can accept vicarious suffering as a fact of life. In the first place we should make it clear that the law of Karma does not work in terms of rewards and punishments. It is a popular but ignorant notion that by the cosmic Law a person is rewarded for his good deeds and punished for his evil deeds. That sort of justice prevails only in human society, where it serves to maintain law and order as long as man does not rise above his lower nature and finds his true being in a higher spiritual consciousness. "The truly ethical being," says Sri Aurobindo, "does not need a system of rewards and punishments to follow the path of good and shun the path of evil; virtue to him is its own reward, sin brings with it its own punishment in the suffering of a fall from his own law of nature; this is the true ethical standard. On the contrary, a system of rewards and punishments debases at once the ethical values of good, turns virtue into selfishness, a commercial bargain of self-interest, and replaces the right

motive of abstinence from evil by a baser motive. Human beings have erected the rule of reward and punishment as a social necessity in order to restrain the doing of things harmful to the community and encourage what is helpful to it; but to erect this human device into a general law of Cosmic Nature or a law of the Supreme Being, or the supreme law of existence, is a procedure of doubtful value. It is human, but also puerile, to impose the insufficient and narrow standards of our Ignorance on the larger and more intricate operations of Cosmic Nature or on the action of the Supreme Wisdom and Supreme Good which draws or raises us towards itself by a spiritual power working slowly in ourselves through our inner being and not by a law of temptation and compulsion upon our outer vital nature. If the soul is passing through an evolution by a many-sided and complex experience, any law of Karma or return to action and output of Energy, if it is to fit itself into that experience, must also be complex and cannot be of a simple and exiguous texture or rigid and one-sided in its incidence." (*The Life Divine*).

The world has a purpose, a divine purpose, and there is a cosmic order through which that purpose is served; suffering sometimes comes as a device of Nature for restoring the balance of forces that is disturbed by any action. There is nothing irrational or inconceivable in this that the suffering undergone by one person may serve to restore the balance disturbed by another. Thus the Christians believe that Christ ascended the Cross to redeem the sins of all humanity; the Hindu Guru takes upon himself the sins and sufferings of his disciples. And this will appear quite natural if we remember that in fact there is unity and solidarity in the race—Humanity has one Self which manifests itself as so many different human beings; what it does in one of its forms may react on another.

On this very intricate and baffling problem of Karma and re-birth, Sri Aurobindo has thrown a flood of light, drawn from spiritual illumination; and we find the subject fully elucidated in his great work, *The Life Divine*. "All energies in Nature," says Sri Aurobindo, "must have their natural consequence; if any are without visible result in the present life, it may well be that the outcome is only delayed, not withheld for ever. Each being reaps the harvest of his works and deeds, the returns of the action put forth by the energies of his nature, and those which are not apparent in his present birth must be held over for a subsequent existence. It is true that the result of the energies and actions of the individual may accrue not to himself but to others when he is gone, for that we see constantly happening,—it happens indeed even during a man's lifetime that the fruits of his energies are reaped by others; but this is because there is a solidarity and a continuity of life in Nature and the individual cannot altogether, even if he so wills, live for himself alone. But, if there is a continuity

of his own life by rebirth for the individual and not only a continuity of the mass life and the cosmic life, if he has an ever-developing self, nature and experience, then it is inevitable that for him too the working of his energies should not be cut off abruptly but must bear their consequence at some time in his continuous and developing existence. Man's being, nature, circumstances of life are the result of his own inner and outer activities, not something fortuitous and inexplicable: he is what he has made himself; the past man was the father of the man that now is, the present man is the father of the man that will be. Each being reaps what he sows; from what he does he profits, for what he does he suffers. That is the law and chain of Karma, of Action, of the work of Nature-Energy, and it gives a meaning to the total force of our existence, nature, character, action which is absent from other theories of life. It is evident on this principle that a man's past and present Karma must determine his future birth and its happenings and circumstances; for these too must be the fruit of his energies: all that he was and did in the past must be the creator of what he will be and experience in the future. Man is the creator of himself; he is the creator also of his fate. All this is perfectly rational and unexceptionable so far as it goes and the law of Karma may be accepted as a fact, as part of the cosmic machinery; for it is so evident—rebirth once admitted—as to be practically indispensable." (*The Life Divine*)

Somerset Maugham—An Estimate

By PROF. DIWAN CHAND SHARMA, M. A.

MR. Somerset Maugham who, in the estimation of some judicious critics, is the peer of John Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett in the realm of fiction, has already delighted the public with some of his novels and short stories. There is no lover of fiction, I believe, who has not read his *Of Human Bondage*, *Cakes and Ale* and the *Moon and Six Pence*. Of all these *Of Human Bondage* is the most gripping story, for it gives that sense of reality and imaginative truth which is a characteristic of the highest kind of fiction. It is an autobiographical novel. Yet it is so, not in a superficial and flippant sense, but in a profound and significant way. The character of Philip, who is the author himself, fixes itself on our mind indelibly and we live, as it were, with him through his many and varied experiences. All these experiences leave him a wiser and a sadder man, but he never becomes cynical or embittered or morbid. He learns from them a great deal and we too learn much from him, for besides its story and character interests, the book conveys much about the meaning of life. To live is to feel and to know according to Mr. Maugham, and therefore in this book he educates our emotions as well as understanding. He gives not only a picture of life but also an analysis of it—an analysis that is profound and moving. In the *Moon and Six Pence* he gives the life of that French painter of genius, Paul Gauguin. In this book the author paints on a smaller canvas, for it contains a very small number of characters and does not give the same sense of the multiplicity of life as *Of Human Bondage* does. Yet it is a very revealing study of a man who is dominated by a single purpose. *Cakes and Ale* is a different type of novel. It is in some ways satirical and in other ways merry. The portrait of the hero was at one time thought to be a study of Thomas Hardy, but the author denied it. It was believed that Alroy Kear was a veiled representation of some writer of the day, but this notion was also counteracted. As he said in the preface to this book, novelists generally draw composite figures, that is, they combine the traits of many persons into one. Equally interesting in this novel is the figure of Rosie, who is so sensual and enchanting. Besides these there are two things that live in the memory of the reader. The first is the eloquent defence of the author's profession. The author may be persecuted by the world and ignored by the public, but in one sense he alone is a free person, for only he can set down his free and frank impressions about everything. The other is an apologia for Rosie's infidelities. In such passages the author attains to very measured eloquence.

As a writer of short stories Mr. Maugham would challenge comparison with the best. His sense of form finds full play in them and his economy of expression is highly serviceable to this form of literature. Some of his stories are sketches; yet they are not slight, for even they convey a sense of the mystery and complexity of this life. Of all his books of short stories, *The First Person Singular* and *Cosmopolitans* come to mind most readily, and in almost every one of these short stories he reveals the secret springs of the soul and the hidden motives of human actions. After reading these one comes to look upon every human being as an unrevealed mystery and as a call to human understanding and sympathy. The scene of most of these is placed in the South Seas, China and other remote places, and while the exotic atmosphere in them satisfies the imagination, the unfoldment of the story keeps up the reader's interest. Many of these are studies of human misery, depravity and morbidity, yet every one shows the understanding heart of the writer.

Besides these novels and short stories, he has done a large number of plays which have been mostly stage successes. It has been said that these are fine examples of the comedy of manners, and show his power of observation as well as a capacity for detachment. All these plays are satirical or critical, but they are entertaining as well. His dialogues are always pointed and his situations are intriguing. I believe that he is the greatest living dramatist after George Bernard Shaw. To get an idea of his power as a dramatist one should read *The Circle* and *Our Betters*. One of the things that one finds ever present in his novels, short stories and dramas is irony which is so subtle.

In another literary field also he has shone with much brilliance, and his autobiography—*The Summing Up*—is a book of its own kind. It is not so much a record of outward events and adventures in the ordinary sense of the term but a description of the author's literary career. It shows his noble intelligence, his candour and his capacity for detachment. Anyone who reads this book will learn a great deal about the author's craft and will find what aims Mr. Maugham has always set before himself as a dramatist, as a novelist and as a writer in general. It is true that he does not preach any fiery gospel like George Bernard Shaw, nor has he a passion for reconstructing the world as some authors have. Like H. G. Wells he does not seek to interpret the social and intellectual currents of the life of the day, but still he has a cause and, as it has been so admirably said, it is the cause of human decency and dignity for which he stands. One of the most attractive qualities of this book is the author's modesty. Unlike so many other writers of autobiographies he does not place himself on a pedestal and does not indulge in self-adulation. If anything, he tries to have no illusions about himself and quite often errs on the

side of understating his case. There are many valuable things in this book, but of all of them his remarks on style have interested me most. I wish these were better known.

Mr. Maugham is a much-travelled gentleman. I think he says somewhere that if a person cannot change himself, he should at least change the scene of his activities. He has himself been putting this precept into practice and has been visiting some parts of the globe. His book *The Gentleman in the Parlour* is a record of his journey through Burma, Siam and other countries, and shows the author's gift of making interesting even the most ordinary happenings of the day. It throws a great deal of light on the writer's habits and his attitude towards life. It contains also a delightful fairy tale which he wrote while he was recovering from a very serious illness. It is a pity that this gift of his he has not put to as much use as he should. If he were to do so, he would be a first rate writer in this field, for his fairy tale has that admirable mixture of irrepressible fancy and underlying criticism which is entertaining at once to the child and the grown-up.

Now he has published a collection of three articles under the title of *Books and You*, in which he has given valuable advice to those who would like to read for pleasure as well as profit. To be sure he is very well qualified for this task, for no one who goes through his books can fail to be impressed by his love of reading. He has himself said in this book that he is in the habit of reading four or five books together. In the morning before he begins the day's work, he likes to have a taste of science or philosophy, for both these require the utmost of his attention. After he has finished the day's work he turns to history, essays, criticism or biographies. These, as everyone knows, do not demand as much of attention as books of philosophy. In the evening he reads a novel, which is not a very exacting kind of reading. At the same time he dips occasionally into a volume of poems or into some kind of miscellany. He does not, however, recommend this heavy programme of daily reading to others. Them he asks only to read at least one book by one author. Even this might frighten away some, for the number of authors is legion and the number of their books is such as cannot be counted. He, however, wants that we should stick to the best authors and the best books by them. In the choice of the best authors he does not confine himself only to England but ranges over the Continent and America. I believe no one would quarrel with him so far as his choice of these best authors is concerned. No one would deny a place among the very best to Defoe, Swift, Fielding, Boswell, Dickens, Jane Austin, Hazlitt, Cervantes, Montaigne, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Voltaire, Balzac and Walt Whitman. A choice like this is mainly a matter of personal taste, yet on going through this list one cannot help feeling that Mr. Maugham's taste is very sound and his judgment is almost unerring

except in the case of some American writers. It is a pity he does not find the reading of Emerson as edifying as some American and even Indian readers find it to be.

But edification is not what he aims. From the reading of a book he expects to get only delight, and if a book cannot give that he is content to leave it alone. I think this criterion of his is quite sound for those who want to read not because they wish to be scholars or professional students but for occupying their leisure profitably and pleasurably. In this matter his attitude is really quite different from that of similar guides who wrote on this subject some years ago. They recommended books for study so that their readers may acquire all kinds of knowledge or may be able to improve themselves morally, but Mr. Maugham has no such intentions. He would therefore be a very helpful guide to those who value the pleasure of reading very much and yet are unable to make up their minds about what to read.

Mr. Maugham's list is, however, over-weighted with novels. This may be a drawback in the eyes of some, but they should remember that the non-professional reader cares more for fiction than for any other kind of literature. If this is so, argues Mr. Maugham, why should he not read the best of fiction available! This does not mean, however, that he rules out poems and other forms of literature. As regards poetry, he suggests a few standard books of poetical selection such as the *Oxford Book of English Poetry*, and he recommends a few books of essays, biographies and autobiographies; but on the whole he recommends books which cannot be easily left out.

Mr. Somerset Maugham is delightful in whatever he may write on, and one should read some of his representative works in order to know the fine and subtle qualities of his writings.

Classification of Literature

By PROF. SANJIB CHAUDHURI, M. A.



CAN Literature be classified? Can there be first, second and third class literature? This is a problem that has troubled many. Critics have differed widely on the subject. According to some a real classification of literature is by the very nature of things impossible. Literature is principally of the domain of the abstract in man where infinite varieties are born and any attempt at classification will, according to them, after some time be found to be incomplete. According to others there may be a real classification of literature and this classification may be based on the entire nature of man. These critics think that the abstract itself is subject to a happy and healthy classification, mental, moral and spiritual, and that on this basis a first class classification of literature is possible.

There may indeed be very good literature pleasing the mind. This class expresses in finest art the commonest feelings and sentiments in man. It has no other object than *pleasing* in view and it does not care how the moral nature of the readers is affected once this purpose of *pleasing* is served. There are great French and English critics who have supported this kind of literature and their view still holds the field to a considerable extent. The ideal poems of these critics are poems like the Rubaiyat of Omar Khyam, where the sentiment is lulled to a kind of pleasing sleep and man forgets himself for the time being in sensuous joy; or poems like Keats's St. Agnes Eve and Isabella where love dissolved is 'in STAR-SHOWERS THROWN'. We do not agree with this class of critics. Literature has a purpose in social life and this purpose in our view is not completely served by *pleasing* only, however sweet the pleasure may be. The best of this kind of literature, if innocent, — that is, if it does not imperceptibly lead the mind along unmoral lines, — is at best second class literature. Into the realms of the first class they cannot and must not be allowed to intrude. The worst is found in Bengal in some of the earlier writings of Rabindranath, in the writings of the well-known novelist Saratchandra and in the profuse productions of some of their satellites.

The next superior kind of literature, whatever its form—novel, drama or poetry—is that which, while pleasing the mind in a first class way, touches the border of the moral nature in man and both pleases and purifies. The process of purification in literature must, however, be both excellent and imperceptible. For Literature must always reject conscious moral efforts. They are of the domain of morals with a

separate field of their own and a separate value. Still the moral nature in man is something superior to what is merely mental and poets, if they are to endure longer and to serve humanity, cannot ignore it particularly in this age when pleasure for pleasure's sake has brought great nations to the brink of ruin. The allegories of Spenser, some of the dramas of Shakespeare and some of the prose and poetic compositions of Milton, not a few of the novels of Tolstoy are literature that touches the border of the moral nature in man and, while soothing it in a supreme way, edifies and purifies it too. The best among this kind of literature must necessarily be better and more edifying than the best productions of 'Pleasing literature.'

The next superior category of literature is that which not only pleases and purifies but elevates and sublimates the soul. We at once include some religious literature here though certainly not all. They are portions of the Bible and some of the writings of the great Buddha. But the function of literature is different and we include these writings because they are no less literary than spiritual. This class of literature yields not only joy but a kind of bliss, and naturally their authors are sometimes styled saints. It imperceptibly paves the way for realisation beyond the aesthetic and the moral and it is for this kind of bliss that the deeper self in man has yearned from age to age and is still yearning. We mention a few productions of this class and they are indeed not many. Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* Rabindranath's *Gitanjali* fall into it and so does Shelley's *Adonais*. This is real first class literature much better, nobler and sublimer than the two classes mentioned heretofore. For the more a literary effort borders on this region of the spiritual through the mental and the moral, the greater must be its appeal to the entire nature in man. Such literature must by its very nature be more enduring and permanent.

A Playground of the Butterflies

By MARGARET E. COUSINS, B. Mus.



WE have a saying in our household: "Let us go and look for a miracle." Last week I started off on one such adventure to a place ten miles away the name of which had attracted me when once before I had driven past it—"Forest Rest Bungalow". "That ought to be a place of peace", I thought. "At any rate there will be nothing approaching to the daily routine of interviewing the vegetable basket man or the dhobi or the postman or reading the newspaper. Nor will there be the eternal books of one's own library shelves. Everything will drop off me but the one subject on which I am engaged in writing a book. I will take my typewriter and write a chapter." I forgot about the miracle, but it didn't forget me.

The Bungalow showed itself comfortable and cool within, though by noon it was a summer haze outside, and the air was fragrant with the scent of sandal wood collected there from the surrounding forest. But it was not these details that proclaimed themselves the miracle.

Never do I remember finding myself amongst such an assortment of butterflies. This was surely one of the playgrounds for the butterfly people. My attention was utterly absorbed within a few minutes by the way some zig-zagged through the enamel blue ether. Others flip-flopped along. How well the musician Grieg had transferred to music the rhythmic and melodic figure of these dainty denizens of the blue sky in his ever-fresh lyric for the pianoforte "Schmetterlinge (Butterflies)"! Its theme begins with the drop of the interval of the seventh followed by the rapid run upwards of the sequence of notes between, then come outspread sixths in jerks and so on to a final collapse, and the blow-out of the little flame of life in the design which expresses the movement of its gay life,—the works within propelling it had slowed down to tired extinction.

The little yellow butterflies (so vivid and bright) were the conjurors of these new friends of mine—and their balls and whole equipment was themselves! You never knew whether they were on their heads or their heels; so rapidly did they turn and twist that I could not tell whether the little thrown-up unit of motion was made of two of them or six. They know how to create the illusion of multiplying themselves till they dazzled and bamboozled me until they finally disclosed themselves in their slowed-down cadence as two only.

What infinity of shades these fragile creatures show—even in one tone only, for example, brown! There was a little brown hen of a butterfly as dowdy as one could imagine, no border or variety of tint

or design, dull as ditch-water. The bright yellow little ones seemed to flaunt themselves in front of her. Suddenly arrived a brownie with so much pure sepia as her frock that she looked as if a couple of inches of the earth had lifted itself into the air by its own propulsion, without any adornment but the glory of Mother Earth's basic substance—red-brown. And then I found four eyes gazing at me from a differently-tinted brownie, insignificant in colour and personality save for the skilfully painted circles, two on each wing filled with concentric and shaded circles. What a game it must have been for some Nature artist-spirit to add on those all-seeing orbs!

Then passed by a giddy larger butterfly, very handsome in dark brown, decorated with four large round white spots. It was somewhat rivalled by aristocrats of their race, large ones in brown and turquoise stripes. This class was not satisfied with stripes alone. Some added quaint patternings to the stripes,—but how can I give the details of a streak of joy volplaning past me at top speed? There was however, one large old lady "schmetterling" whose wings were so crowded with a variety of designs on their background brown tint that she was actually overlaid, and could only lumber past me, quite unlike the others.

It occurred to me that the Japanese must belong to the butterfly line of evolution. In the Tokyo great Department Stores the multitude of gay and whimsical designs on the stuffs used for children's clothing dazzled and affected me just like the parade of mannequin butterflies this morning past the Forest Rest Bungalow which perches on a narrow ridge bolt upright above the plain around Mettupalyam town below.

What a Playground for these ravishing play-toys of the Infinite Creator of all beauteous things!

A levelled triangle of ground, covered with thick grass of which the point faded downwards into authentic jungle, and the base formed the bungalow site, a one-storied house set up on a four-foot platform, pucca-built with large windows and a wide cool verandah.

O joy, while I pen such prosaic words, a jet-black butterfly as large as the black and white robin of these Nilgiri hills comes right into the bungalow! Hallo! he has great white orbs splashed on his petals! Why won't he keep quiet for a moment? He is tantalisingly active. Off he goes and finds a motley coloured lady-friend and brings her also to dance around me, but she too is an illustration of perpetual motion. No, this is not a "Rest" bungalow in the morning sunshine if one's eyes are opened to the Butterfly Race. Of them it can be said, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety." They keep me distracted and interested for hours by colour, design, fashion, method of flight and customs. I have not been a student of

books about them. I am just studying Nature at first-hand. And how supremely interesting and enjoyable are the knowledge and pleasure she hands out to us!

One thing is surprising me—I find the same old separativeness between groups of butterflies as between "classes and castes" of humans! The superb large cream ones seem to scorn all companionship. They have a distinct air of self-importance as they hurry across the Ridge. I never see the small ones mixing with large ones. The big, handsome black and red ones with the double tail-like extension at the back become attached to the one place; the little white and small yellow ones are quite gregarious, indeed they seem to be the dancing troupes of their world.

How can anyone have the heart to stick pins in them for the sake of possession, or for some mistaken ambition of science to be gained after death, the very reversal of the butterfly's true life and motion; or for some excuse of gaining money by selling their effigies pinned in rows on a piece of stiff card-board under a glass cover (they who barely touched the loveliest flowers and foliage in your rapid motions!).

Such humans are insensitive vandals and philistines, surely far below the denizens of the blue ether in evolution.

These airy beauties are not so inconsequent as they appear. They also know the words "duty" and "service" as they flit about amongst the flowers, fertilising them. I remember my husband's tribute to them:

IN A SWISS GARDEN

O trees and flowers and butterflies!
A moment from your labours cease.
I think you must be very wise,
You have about you such great peace.

T: "We house all comers free of rent:"
F: "We scatter for the common good:"
B: "To serve creation is our bent:"
They said. I heard—and understood.

O trees and flowers and butterflies!
May God our usefulness increase!
I think we must be very wise
Who know the simple path to peace.

Well, well, this morning I have been led a dance in the sunshine in company with the fluttering silvery leaves of the poplar tree against which the hundreds of butterflies silhouetted themselves as they flew from left to right out from the valleys of the heights on their way down

to the flowered plains. I also have flirted with life giving the go-by to set programmes and have enjoyed my morning. Has not Rabindranath Tagore written "Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows"?

A butterfly nature is enviable. Was that why the Greeks chose "Psyche" (butterfly) as their name for the Soul? Part of the answer is given by another poem about the Butterfly:

TO A BUTTERFLY INVISIBLE DESIGN

Honey from blooms the zephyr swings
And fitful flight your day fulfil;
And out of these, upon your wings,
The wizard hands of life distil
In rhythmic line and rainbow tone
A beauty you have never known.

And should my honey days depart,
And all seem ruin round me spread,
I shall remember, and take heart,
Knowing that somewhere overhead
Expands in deeper eyes than mine
My soul's invisible design.

(J. H. C.)

Was it some similar wisdom that caused the Druids of Ireland to tell how Angus, the God of Love, kept his beloved in the form of a butterfly in his Grianan (Sun-Bower) during the day, and enjoyed her in her Goddess form during the night? I shall never again call any one in derision "as flighty as a butterfly". My flight from household responsibility into the forest lightened my thoughts and gave me the happiness of an Illumination.

Group Organisation and Functional Democracy

By DEWAN BAHADUR K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

MR. G. D. H. COLE says well: "Men do not make communities—they are born and bred into them". We are all likely to forget this fundamental truth and behave like Robinson on his desert island or like Mahomed Bin Taglak with his fantastic, dictatorial, lunatic ways. I do not mean to say that men must not change their thoughts or ways. But they must not break the moulds and patterns of the society into which they are born. It is through social institutions that social experience is garnered and perfected. But we must realise this in terms of Will and not in terms of Force. Society, like the State, rests upon our willing consent and freely rendered homage. Society is but the Family writ large, and it will be a source of beneficence only to the extent to which the family spirit pervades it. The organismal theory of society is based on this idea.

Each one of us lives as a centre of a series of concentric circles—the family, the class or caste, the nation, and humanity. Why should there be any clash and conflict among our expanding loyalties? We can develop certain qualities in small associations and others in bigger associations. We find an expansion of our petty egoistic self only by being members of groups animated by a common purpose and giving us a chance of living a larger common life.

This common group life expresses itself through customs and institutions. It is common for the modern mind to adopt a high-brow attitude towards them. But this is a wrong and irrational attitude. Rousseau says: "Every political society is composed of other smaller societies of different kinds, each of which has its interests and rules of conduct; but those societies which every body perceives, because they have an external and authorised form, are not the only ones which actually exist in the community; all individuals who are united by a common interest compose as many others, temporary or permanent, whose influence is none the less real because it is less apparent, and the proper observation of whose relations is the true knowledge of public morals and manners".

Each social group has thus functions and purposes of its own and carries out those functions through customs and institutions. The purposes and functions of all groups must finally coalesce and generate the national welfare as a whole. The guiding motive of the group life should be service, not profit. The group, like the individual, must think of its duties rather than its rights.

The State must be the balance-wheel of the national life. It must be stable and combine order and progress and must harmonise the various groups with one another and with the general welfare of all. It must not blindly follow the doctrine of *Laissez faire* or the doctrine of incessant and inordinate interference. It must not allow anarchism or practise despotism. It must regulate and adjust and harmonise production and distribution and consumption. It must regulate wages and prices, tariffs and subsidies. The soul of a rational state is Democracy and not Dictatorship, because it is based on consent. Such consent must be real. A citizen must not be reduced to the position of a mere voting machine—a sort of penny-in-the-slot machine into which a ballot-paper is shoved and out of which a representative emerges. Representative government which is not watched all the way by intelligent, capable and disinterested citizens will become misrepresentative misgovernment. Rousseau has referred to "the tendency of all government to deteriorate". Walt Whitman refers to "the never-ending audacity of elected persons". There is not only what the poet cynically refers to as "the right divine of Kings to govern wrong". There can be also "the right disgraceful of representatives to govern wrong" and "the right diabolic of despots to govern wrong".

In modern India we have tried territorial democracy and communal democracy. These have been melancholy failures. Functional democracy is natural and has the best chance of success. Mr. Cole says rightly about modern parliaments: "Parliament professes to represent all the citizens in all things, and therefore as a rule represents none of them in anything. It is chosen to deal with anything that may turn up, quite irrespective of the fact that the different things that do turn up require different types of persons to deal with them. It is therefore peculiarly subject to corrupt, and especially to plutocratic influences, and does everything badly, because it is not chosen to do any definite thing well. This is not the fault of the actual members of Parliament; they muddle because they are set the impossible task of being good at everything, and representing everybody in relation to every purpose". He says further: "There can be only one escape from the futility of our present methods of parliamentary government; and that is to find an association and method of representation for each function, and a function for each association and body of representatives. In other words, real democracy is to be found, not in a single omnipotent representative assembly, but in a system of coordinated functional representative bodies".

These two ideas—Group Organisation and Functional Democracy—are in consonance with the genius of the Indian people. We must not have a prejudice against these ideas because we have been taught by men of loose thinking to gibe at the caste system. The Caste System is not praiseworthy if it merely generates a sense of privileges

and all sorts of superiority complexes which are essentially as anti-social as they are undivine. There is nothing essentially irrational about the hereditary idea. It leads to social stability and takes its stand on inherited aptitudes and harmony of early environment. The hereditary idea is not in itself a source of group arrogance or of group tyranny. The only useful type of democracy is a coordinated system of functional representation based on hereditary group organisation.

The fact is that real representation is different from mere delegation or mere unwatched and uncontrolled freedom. A delegate is a mere automaton. A "free" representative is really no representative at all. The voter becomes a cypher till the next election. Functional democracy can advise and guide the representative without hampering him or making him a mere robot. It alone can secure leadership as distinguished from automatism and autocracy. It alone will secure that element of active and willing consent without which leaders will become misleaders. Passive consent will make them autocrats. Autocratic consent will make them passive robots. It is the middle way—the path of the golden mean—that is the best.

Such functional democracy will lead to legislation by functional groups by the process of self-regulation. There will be coordination instead of coercion. The State would be necessary for general coordination and for the supply of the necessary sanctions. Functional democracy will secure real self-expression instead of the present spectacle of self-suppression and self-annihilation. Only then will the Leviathan, as Hobbes calls the State, become a "ministering angel".

In short, we must combine social functionalism and economic socialism and political federalism. Is this an impossible dream? Must society be always an arena of competing groups? Is class war an inevitable social phenomenon? Must there always be excessive production and mal-distribution and unregulated consumption? Must there always be extremes of wealth and poverty? Must the state be always an engine of oppression by selfish representatives of ignorant voters?

It is here that, as in Religion, India must once again show the way and lead. She has balanced agriculture and industry. She has harmonised ruralisation and urbanisation. She has banished the extremes. She has given a due place to the group idea and to group-organisation, though the present degenerate caste system is an anti-social menace. She has shown the world how to combine central strength and local autonomy. She has shown the way to harmonise regionalism and nationalism. The Indian village republics are wiser than the bloated urban anarchies of to-day. It is only in the smaller units and in limited areas that there can be real comradeship.

heart-unity. India has shown how decentralisation is natural and how its weaknesses can be set right by federalism. The modern craze for centralisation and for bigness is an unmitigated evil. A new vision of life is needed. Social discipline and social freedom can go together. Both are guaranteed by functional democracy. Freedom implies a knowledge of one's needs and rights and an unimpeded satisfaction of these. Discipline implies a knowledge of one's limitations and responsibilities and duties and a cheerful attitude of acceptance of these. It is in the non-descript territorial democracy that we see the extremes of tyranny and license. India's way is the way of group organisation and functional democracy. It will be well if we enable her to realise herself and be a model to the world at large.

The Indian Democracy turned on the pivots of Regionalism and Pluralism and Functionalism. Small and separate regions formed the units. Even there we find many group organisations. These are based on functional differentiation. All this made for pacifism. But pacifism may be a good type or a bad type. The good type is strong in defence and unwilling to attack. The bad type is weak in defence and incapable of attack. It is only by federalism that the regional functional groups can be knit together so as to be strong to defend while being unwilling to attack. Before India could complete her federalisation, the agonies of invasion and conquest fell to her lot and she fell prostrate and bleeding and has not yet risen happy and whole.

The west on the other hand has gone to the other extreme. We have got there conscripted peoples whose lives are based on relentless competition within and relentless exploitation without. The pacific state has been replaced by the military state. Nationalism came as a friend but is now a foe. It knit up each area into a powerful unity but the units are now at death grips. Armageddon follows Armageddon and life is insecure and miserable in the extreme. Meanwhile the exploited weak nations of the world lie at the feet of the war-drunk nations of the west and are weeping tears of blood.

Is there a chance for *true* democracy yet—not the unfederalised, pluralistic, ineffective democracies of the East or the imperialistic and heartless and soulless democracies of the West but the true, real, noble, ethical, strong, pacific, spiritual democracy? Yes, there is if we have a functional democracy, a federal democracy, a faithful democracy. Today in India we are supplanting the ancient unfinished functional democracy by the modern imperialistic territorial democracy. We are not completing the former and correcting the latter by a functional, federal, faithful democracy in the East or in the West. It must be possible to combine territorial and functional democracy, and to harmonise individual freedom and group organisation.

"The Friend in Need"

By A. G.



WHEN the beggar came to the door the child ran out to greet him with a shout of joy. He was her favourite beggar and he sang such funny, delightful songs to her that she would easily have spent hours with him if her parents did not persist in the annoying habit of calling her in. They were big people and they did not like the idea of their girl being so friendly with a mere beggar; of course, they never drove the beggar away without giving him something; that would have been just too bad—the neighbours would remark adversely about their meanness and they had to keep up their prestige at any cost! Their charity flowed out of policy, not out of a good heart.

One particularly cold morning the beggar made his appearance as usual at the door. The child ran out to greet him.

"Sing a song-story to me", cried young Meena.

And her friend did. She listened with rapt attention to him, all the while dreading to hear her mother's voice calling out to her not to waste the morning hours but to read her lessons. Anyhow that day there was no disturbance till the song was finished and then Meena gave Karuppan the usual handfuls of rice.

"Amma", he said, "It is so very cold. I am an old man and I am unable to bear it. I shiver a good deal. Can't you give me something to wrap around me?"

"Of course, I can" answered Meena, and went straight to her bedding, unrolled it and took out her blanket and came out to give it to him.

"Meena" came her mother's voice, shrill with anger, "Meena, what are you doing?"

"Nothing mother, I am merely giving the poor old man my blanket. He says it is very cold and, you know, I can use one of my many other ones."

"What do you mean? Do you think we are millionaires? It is a new one, and just wait till I tell Father about it."

With that the mother beat the child and she started weeping.

"Look here, Amma," cut in the beggar roughly, "You and your blanket! I won't touch it even if it were to be the only thing that would keep me from meeting my death of cold. Beating the poor child like that, like a *rakshasi*! Poor darling, I won't trouble you

again at all. And may your mother suffer for what she has done to-day".

With a gesture of supreme anger and contempt he flung the blanket back. "Take it back, you wretch," shouted Meena's mother, "Do you think we will touch it again after it has been soiled by your filthy touch?"

The beggar answered never a word, but, simply walked away.

The mother called to a servant to take the blanket back into the house; she told him never to use it again in Meena's bed. She was afraid, like most fashionable ladies, of infection. The world was too full of microbes for her to have any peace of mind!

A few years after this you might have heard the music of young girlish voices in the casurina grove near the sea's edge at Ennore. The girls of the school from Ramnagar in Madras were there on a picnic. Under the watchful eyes of two or three mistresses the girls were sporting themselves in the cool sea breeze and their joy of living was so obvious in the happy shouts that rang constantly through the otherwise still air of the quiet countryside. They who could swim were doing so in the sea. Among these swimmers was a particularly bold one that insisted on swimming farther out into the sea than her companions. Some of these and one of the attendant mistresses shouted to the girl to be careful but the laughing mermaid went on heedless of these warnings. Suddenly she threw up her arms and shouted for help; she seemed to have gone out of her depths or else to have caught a bad cramp. She had gone so far into the sea that even those among her companions who knew how to swim could not go out to her help now. They all stood by and wailed in despair.

A man who had been watching all this from a distance now realised the seriousness of the situation and with a shout of encouragement he rushed into the sea and proceeded towards the girl swiftly and soon brought her safe but fainting back to the shore, amidst the encouraging shouts of the assembled party.

For a moment the rescued girl opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Meenamma," he said with a smile and then he fainted too.

They had to give her first aid before she recovered. The old man was a different problem. He was not suffering from the effects of drowning but still he was in a torpor. They did not know why it was so.

They brought him in one of their cars to the General Hospital.

There, in due course, Meena's father and mother visited the man, the hero who had saved their child's life. The mother recognized him

to be the old beggar Karuppan who had gone away in anger so long ago. The papers were full of the man's heroism because Meena's father happened to be a prominent personage, a politician in power. The reporters were hanging around the hospital so that they might be by when the great man visited the hero of the hour. The doctors said, however, that the man's heart was so bad that he might die without ever regaining consciousness. He seemed to have been suffering from a long-standing heart disease, and the vital organ had given way under the recent strain placed so suddenly upon it. His recent heroism would also be his death warrant.

Around Karuppan's bed they all waited anxiously. Meena's father had an eye to the publicity the whole thing would get him. And Meena's mother was already thinking of the time when she would be able to leave the filthy and infectious surroundings of the Hospital. Meena alone was waiting anxiously for her old friend to recover. In spite of what the doctors said she still hoped Karuppan would recover.

"He seems to be waking up," said an attendant nurse.

The reporters crowded round. Meena's father made a small speech!

"My good man, saviour of my daughter's precious life, how can I ever thank you enough? What can I do to reward you? If you have anything to ask of me, ask me now, and I shall try to satisfy your demands to the best of my powers." The reporters took the words down avidly.

"Yes, do," said Meena's mother, pressing forward anxiously (she wanted to get out of the hospital as soon as possible!) "We can never thank you sufficiently for what you have done for us to-day."

Karuppan smiled warmly. "I am dying and you can do nothing for me, and you know it well. But I hope you will remember to your dying moment how the wretched beggar to whom you would not give away one of your superfluous blankets saved the life of your daughter. She is a nice child and even now I remember how you trashed her for having given away that blanket to me. She is a good girl and may she remain so, by God's grace, in spite of your best efforts to spoil her excellent nature." He looked at Meena with a look of ineffable love, and breathed his last in peace.

That evening all the papers reported in full what had happened at Ennore and what Meena's father and mother had said at the death bed of the old beggar, but not a word was said of the episode of the blanket.

Dasara in Mysore

.By C. H. V. PATHY, B. A.

"OH to be in England, now that April is there," is one of those time-worn quotations which lost none of its glamour and certainly not its appropriateness till Hitler flung his missiles of accumulated destructiveness on that green and pleasant island.

"Oh to be in Mysore, now that Dasara is there," is a dream which many Indians harbour. That fairy city, wedged between two hills, becomes the focal point of India during a fortnight every year. Walking through the beautifully-lit streets of Mysore during this period, one bumps across all types of people. There is for instance the hustling American tourist, hat perched in Hollywood style, dashing from place to place in a highly-powered automobile, with the inevitable movie camera, shooting some exotic pictures; there is the cold, staid Englishman, walking in measured fashion as though he takes his pleasures sadly; there is the sturdy Punjabi with his strong face and strident gait; there is the unmistakable pot-bellied Sindhi bania with his billowy turban; there is the martial Maharashtrian and the jabbering Madrasi—in fact you bump across a whole cross-section of India.

I was one of those fortunate few who witnessed this year's Dasara festivities in Mysore from what may be called an aisle seat. I shall presently explain what it means. In order to obtain a grand stand view of the functions arranged for this occasion, you have to be a guest of the State. They numbered, I am told, over five hundred this year. Every comfort is provided for this rather bulky crowd among whom are generally philosophers like Sir S. Radhakrishnan, statesmen like the Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri, scholars like Dr. Amarnath Jha, authors like Dr. Paul Brunton, not to speak of musicians, journalists and businessmen of note.

A caravan of cars is chartered for the guests, and the Publicity Department of the State, under the able guidance of Mr. S. Ranga Iyer, draws an interesting itinerary which includes visits to fields and factories, gardens and playgrounds. In every nook and corner of not only Mysore but also the hinter-land, one finds evidence of the amazing industrial prosperity of this "little Belgium", going hand in hand with agricultural development. Nature, so jealous in the distribution of her gifts, has been unusually partial in dowering Mysore with an enormous amount of raw materials, and the genius of Sir Mirza, the Dewan with the golden touch, has utilised every blade of grass that grows and every drop of water that comes out of mother earth. Wherever you turn, whether in the busy sandalwood oil factory with its 300

workers, or the silk weaving mill with its surprisingly large number of deft women workers, or the lac and paint works or the Technological Institute, the predominant impression left in the mind is one of neat orderliness and disciplined efficiency. The late Maharaja of Mysore, with his dynamic vision, wanted to make Mysore the model State in India and it was left to him to see the sprouting of several seeds he had sown in his own life-time. He was extremely fortunate in having as his Dewan Sir Mirza Ismail, shot through and through not only with an intense personal devotion to his ruler but an abiding patriotism delighting in service to the people, whose administrative head he happened to be.

The Dewan was good enough to afford me an opportunity of accompanying him on a visit to a model village, about fifty miles away from Mysore and I witnessed at close quarters the tumultuous welcome he received at wayside villages. It was roses, roses everywhere. But his keen eye probed beneath the surface appearances into the heart of things and he flung a devastating array of orders, calculated to benefit the besieging petitioners. Such a state of affairs is only possible in an Indian State, free from the fetters of red-tapism.

I was transgressing. The Dasara in Mysore is not a mere Kumbha Mela. It is a shrewd business proposition. I was told that nearly fifteen lakhs of rupees flow into the coffers of Mysore during these days. Myriads of people attend the Exhibition, housed in a palatial permanent structure. Here once again is a glorified shop-window of Mysore and State products dominate the whole show.

Every palace in the State is brilliantly illuminated for the Dasara and the dazzle of more than a million tiny electric lights add to the lustre of the daily durbar when His Highness from his golden throne receives the innumerable invitees. This ceremonial which lacks the stiff-necked formality of a Government House reception has a religious aura about it which eludes definition. The Maharaja becomes the temporal and spiritual head of the people. Arts fade, states fall, empires are rolled up in dust, but from times immemorial, the splendour and pageantry that marks Dasara in Mysore has a solemnity that is unsurpassed. This is in a large measure due to the sweetness and light spread over the function by Goddess Chamundesvari, the titular deity of not only the ruling family but the whole Mysore public. Those with a religious or romantic bent of mind take a mountain top view of things from the Chamundesvari temple, access to which lies through a garland of lights skirting a hillock.

Another unforgettable spectacle is that of Brindaban—the garden marvel of the world, planned and executed by Sir Mirza Ismail. It would require the imagination of a Gibbon and the imagery of a Macaulay to do justice to this in a description. Fountains filled with



Statue Square illuminated.

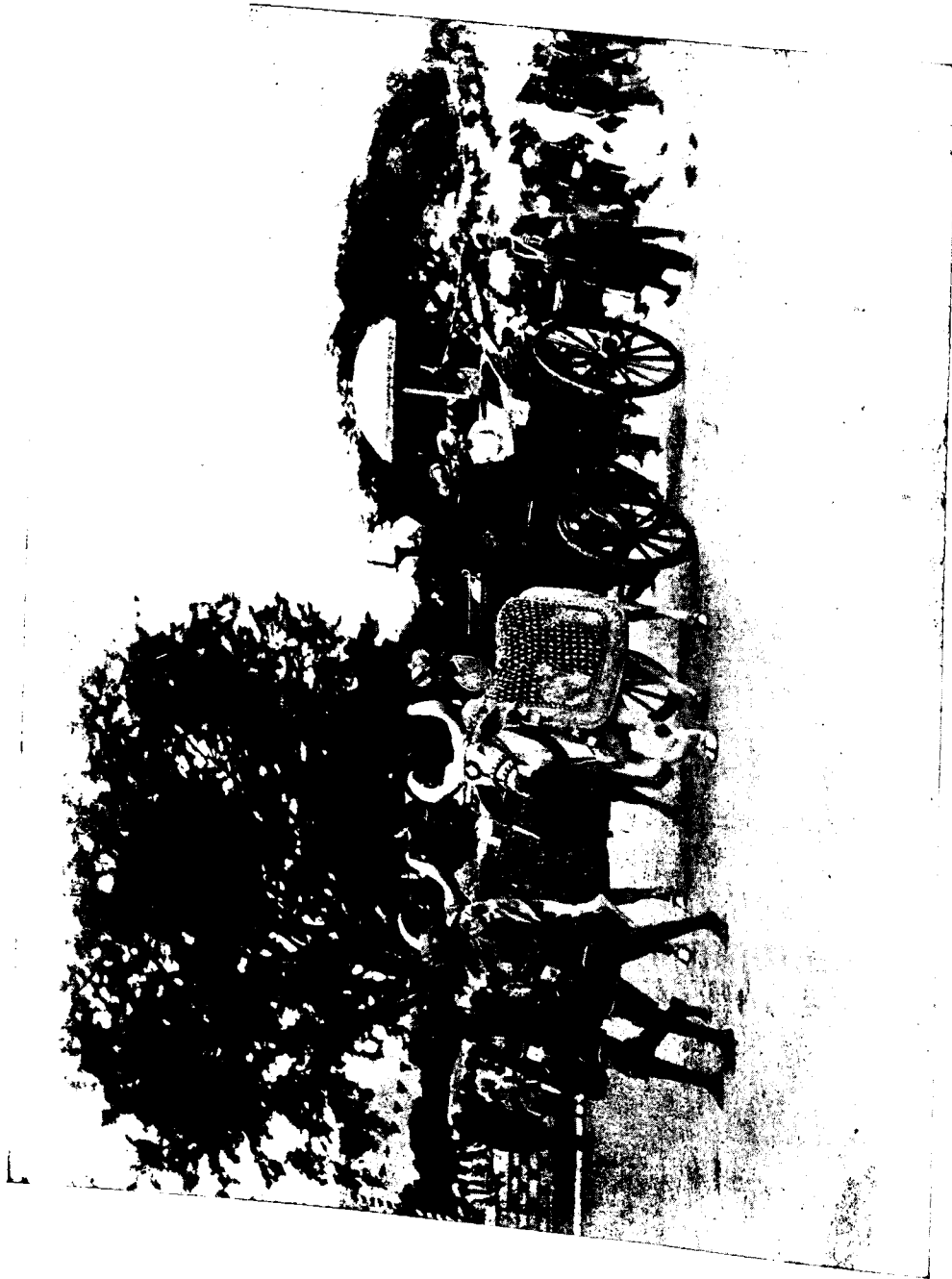
fairy waters jostle for supremacy and from their imprisoned bed shoots of silvery cascades revel in the abandon of freedom. Lights change their hue now and then. From the terrace of the Brindaban Hotel, the hardened globetrotter drinks deep of this fairy land and beauty for which there is hardly any parallel in the world except in Versailles.

On Vijayadasami Day which climaxes the Dasara, the Mysore ruler rides out in procession in a golden-caparisoned elephant. One of those present at the procession told the present writer that even the coronation of King Edward VIII paled into ineffectual brilliance before this spectacle of unsurpassed charm. Through streets lined with cheering crowds, the gorgeous elephant, flanked by the artillery and the infantry, cleaves its way to the spot from where the troops are reviewed by His Highness.

Then the captains and the kings depart home and all that is left in the minds of the multitudinous myriads is a golden city of lights, a smiling ruler, a wonderful Dewan, and prosperity and orderliness everywhere.

"Oh to be in Mysore, now that Dasara is there" must be the wish of many an Indian.

His Highness the Maharaja in a Car drawn by bullocks



The Waters of Discord

The Eastern part of all the waters carry
Reflection of the movement up above,
And move with steady motion transitory,
Because the moon that draws them must remove
From East to West and West to East nor tarry
Upon its cycling circuit and return
Until the Eastern waters in their hurry
Become the Western burning as they turn.

And all the Occident is caught in fury
And everywhere the fire begins to spread,
And everywhere the whirlwind predatory
Blows out the Past and carries off the dead;
It is not sure that all we know as History
Will last beyond the fury of the storm
Yet we who live along the realms of faery
Have nought in this nor suffer any harm.

Barnett D. Conlan.

King Asoka and the Solution of the Communal Problem in Maurya India

By Dr. DINES CHANDRA SIRCAR, M. A., Ph. D.



ALL our political thinkers today are confronted by the greatest problem—the so-called Communal Problem. The Government of India is also thinking very seriously of the solution of this problem. It is now fully realised that the Communal Problem stands as a stumbling block in the way of the fulfilment of India's national aspirations. I therefore make no apology in drawing the attention of persons interested, to the attempts of solving the communal question made by an Indian monarch more than two thousand years ago.

It is now known to all students of Maurya history that the *Dharma* which was preached by king Asoka (circa 273—32 B. C.) among all classes and sects of people was nothing but the essence of all religions, even though the king was himself a Buddhist by creed. Pillar Edict II gives a clear exposition of Asoka's *Dharma*: "But what does *Dharma* consist of? (Of the following things—) little *Asinava*, much *Kalyana*, mercy, liberality, truthfulness, purity." The same record as well as Rock Edict V explains *Kalyana*: "*Chakshu-dana* have I given in manifold ways; and various favours have been conferred by me on bipeds and quadrupeds, birds and aquatic animals, even up to *Prana-dakshina*. And many other *Kalyanas* have I done," (P. E. II). P. E. III connects *Asinava* with *Papa* or sin and says, "these passions indeed lead to *Asinava*, such as violence, cruelty, anger, conceit, envy", which a man should avoid. In a number of Asoka's records, again, *Dharma* is essentially connected with obedience to parents and old men, reverence to elders, liberality towards friends, acquaintances and kinsmen and towards Brahmanas and Sramanas, good behaviour towards kinsmen, Brahmanas and Sramanas and towards slaves and servants, small expenditure and small accumulation of wealth, non-slaughter of animals or non-injury to creatures or restraint with regard to living beings, etc. (R. E. III, IV, IX and XI).

It will be seen that Asoka's *Dharma* was not different from the *Dharma* that is called *samanyā*, (i. e. common to all the four *Varnas*) by Brahmanical teachers of religion and law. The *Vishnusamhita*, II, 7--8. e. g., says "Fortitude, truthfulness, self-restraint, purity, liberality, restraint of the senses, non-injury, obedience to elders, visit to holy places, kindness, simplicity, want of avarice, (want of) reverence to gods and Brahmanas, (want of) envy—these are called the Common *Dharma*."

It is also clear that the attitude of a man, who preached such a *Dharama* towards the followers of different religious sects amongst his subjects was necessarily impartial. He treated all people alike, as he believed "there is no place in any country where men have no attachment for one religious sect or other" (R. E. XIII). He not only treated the Brahmanas and the Ajivikas in the same way as the Buddhist Sramanas, but even declared, "All men are my offspring; just as for my offspring I desire that they may be united with all welfare and happiness of this world and of the next, precisely do I desire it for all men" (Dhauli R. E. separate R. E. I; of *Minusamhita*, VII, 80 and *Yajnavalkyasmriti*, I, 334), and also, "And whatever effort I make—what is it for?—in order that I may be free from (the king's) debt to the creatures, that I may render them happy here and that they may gain heaven in the next world" (R. E. VI).

This extreme impartiality is also characteristic of R. E. VII and XII which deal with the communal question. The text of these records runs "King *Devanampriya-Priyadarsin* (i. e., Asoka) wishes that all religious sects may dwell at all places (in his empire), as they are all desirous of acquiring self-restraint and purity of heart. People (belonging to the different sects), however, have different likings and have attachment (to their sect) in a varying degree. They do either the whole or only a part (of their duty). (It should be noted) however that even if a man has lavish liberality, but has no self-restraint, purity of heart, gratitude and firm attachment, he is quite worthless.

"King *Devanampriya-Priyadarsin* honours men of all the religious sects—house-holders and ascetics. And he honours them with gifts and manifold honour. *Devanampriya*, however, does not think so much of gift and honour, as—what is that?—as that there should be growth of the essential among all religious sects. But this growth of the essential is of various kinds. The root of that is, however, restraint of speech. How is that? There should not at all be any honouring of one's own sect and condemnation of another's, on improper occasions i. e., on flimsy grounds and only a little (honouring one religion and condemning another) may be done on serious occasions (i. e. if there is sufficiently strong reason). Indeed, other religious sects should be honoured on proper occasions. By so doing, one promotes one's own sect and benefits others' sects. By doing otherwise one injures one's own sect and also harms others' sects. For one who honours one's own sect all through attachment to one's own sect—how? thinking 'I shall illumine my own sect'—in reality by so doing severely injures one's own sect. Concourse is therefore commendable; why? In order that one may hear and like to hear other's *Dharma*. For this is the desire of *Devanampriya*—what is that?—that all religious sects may be well-informed (regarding one another's *Dharma*) and may follow the liberal doctrine of *Kalyana* (i. e. doing good to others).

And those who have attachment for this or that religious sect (i. e. religion) should be informed, *Devanampriya* does not so much think of gifts or honour, as—what is that?—as that there may be growth of the essential among men of all religious sects and also mutual appreciation (or, prosperity). For that purpose (of preaching according to the directions of the king) have been engaged the *Dharma-Mahamatras*, *Stryadhyaksha-Mahamatras*, *Vrajabhumikas* and other bodies (of officials). And the following is its result—the exaltation of one's own religious sect and the illumination of *Dharma*."

Asoka's attitude towards the Communal Problem may then be summed up as follows:—

- (1) He preached that there are common elements in all the religions, as followers of all the sects desire self-restraint and purity of heart. He thus emphasised on the relationship between man and man.
- (2) He was extremely impartial in his dealings with the different religious sects, but denounced very severely freedom of speech with reference to glorification of one religion and condemnation of another. In this way he tried to avoid communal tension and clashes.
- (3) He encouraged concourse or assemblage of people belonging to different religious orders to discuss the tenets of one another's faith. He believed that there is truth in all religions and that by such concourse alone one may realise the excellences of different religions. Concourse is expected to widen one's vision and to do away with the narrowness of one's doctrines.
- (4) He directed a number of officials to see that followers of the different religious sects behaved according to the lines indicated by him. These officials preached to the people the principles of religious toleration on behalf of the king and tried to ease communal tension arising in any part of the empire.

The Goal of Civilization

By ANIL KUMAR SARKAR, M. A. (Gold Medalist).

THE term civilization stands for a very complex conception. But the underlying idea is the progress of some form of world-consciousness. This world-progress is primarily a progress in ideas, for they give shape to various types of world-consciousness. It is essentially a march towards a new 'appearance' as Whitehead points out in his *'Adventures of Ideas'*. In the abstract understanding of the term, we can understand it only from the side of the ideas, and can find some truth in our remarks when we learn that the ideas are not merely unrealities as are ordinarily supposed by men. We are as real as our ideas, and our ideas are as real as we. When Whitehead says that the world-move is towards a final appearance, civilization, or idea or new vision, he does not mean a visionary thing approaching at last, but he hints at the focussing of the aspects of the whole universe at that point. A critical appreciation of Whitehead's thought would be to place his philosophy in all points. But that is a lengthy affair. Here we shall confine ourselves to the central thought of his philosophy. His conception of reality is only a conception of a world-process and Creative Evolution.

The world-march is a continual process, but the process is nothing but a focussing of the eternal objects or aspects of the universe, in a "form", or a "concrete situation," making up an actual occasion. The world of actual occasions is nothing but a centre of the aspects of the universe. It is nothing but the focussing of the aspects of the universe on these "forms", but this assuming of "forms", is not a final character of the world-process; it is only a situation to pass on into a further situation. Every actual situation, is thus a "feeling" or focussing or unification of the aspects of the universe from that standpoint, and there is a tendency to pass on into a further aspect in a new form. The world-move is always to a progressive synthesis, to a progressive feeling and vision.

As the world-move is towards a progressive feeling, a progressive vision, there is a progress towards a further synthesis of the aspects of the universe, towards a new vision and appearance. Therefore the expression of Whitehead becomes just appropriate when he says the whole world-move is towards a final appearance or civilization.

The march of creative Evolution is by self-limitation, to progress, and it is moving towards a final appearance. But he does not say that there is a pull from the final appearance. There is only a movement towards it. Human beings cannot understand this creative process

without the supposition of a principle of limitation in the process. So every process is to be limited, in order that the synthesis or focussing of the world aspects may be possible. The assumption of actual occasion as focussing the world aspects is based on the primary belief in the principle of limitation. This is the belief in the principle of limitation as a metaphysical or at least a human demand, and this human demand is the belief in God.

Whitehead's conception of God is, thus, peculiar. It is only to understand the Creative Evolution, an indeterminate process, that we must believe in this principle of limitation. For this principle of limitation and a belief in it give us to understand the occasions and the focussing of the universe in that synthesis, an approach to a world-process-vision and appearance into that centre, an appearance of the world-civilization at that point. It is nothing but the appearance of the whole universe in that new synthesis. It is surely a new vision, a new appearance, a new civilization for the flowing world. If the goal of the universe is towards a final appearance merely it is a goal towards civilization. Civilization can only be understood from this realistic standpoint, for the progress of "appearance" from the lowest manifestation of appearance and synthesis, to the highest experience, the religious experience of man, shows the progress towards a new vision and appearance of the universe. It is a gradual ascent to a new meaning and conception of the universe. It is getting a new vision in the process or creative march of the universe. If the new march of "appearances" of the world-process advances along the heights of mentality or 'appearance', its ascent in the human mind, is surely an ascent in a higher level in the world-process.

Our perception of the external world is a new vision of the universe from that centre, a new appearance. But there is a further ascent in the mental level. It is the ascent towards the religious experience which is not the stage of perception, but a stage of appreciation, a gaining of a new thought, a realization of value, a realization of self-value, and this new insight reveals to us a new vision of the universe. It is a new approach to the world of process. It is approaching from the realization of values to the values of the occasions of the universe—a feeling of identity from the side of self values, an advance towards a new civilization. It is nothing but a focussing of the whole universe into that centre and so there is a new appearance or experience, and this changes the whole view and appearance of the universe. This religious experience is not the possession of all, but it is the possession of some, an experience in the solitude, for in these centres the world-appearance or new vision has taken place. The world-move is towards that. It is a march towards a realisation of self-value, and from that centre it is a realization of the self-values of all world-occasions. But viewed from the side of the universe, the

whole universe darts towards a final intensity of feeling, towards a final 'subjective form', where there is a final move towards Truth, Beauty and Goodness, to a final synthetic situation, which is realization of final harmony, and when that harmony is realised there is the final appearance, a final civilization that this world can attain. But the final has no attractive force in it. It does not pull the world-process to it, but the general movement of creativity is towards that synthesis. But really such a final is only ideal, but the cessation of the world-process is an impossible doctrine for the thinker who believes in the ultimate reality of process. To believe in the final situation, and to think of it as actual will be nothing but the annihilation of the world-process, a complete 'Nirvana' of the world-process, a civilization that speaks of a "death" or "extinction," as the Buddhists.

So this final "Subjective Form" is only a vision towards which the process advances. It is only a spiritual vision. But the intellect suffers a sort of death, if it ever thinks that it can be attained. The whole world-move is towards the attainment, but it is not attained. This is the paradox of all process towards a final goal—a goal that is never actually final. George Santayana also speaks of a spiritual experience of the essences, but he is also afraid of the annihilation of ourselves in that experience, so "animal faith," the torch of material universe, is always kept to attract from behind as magnet to pull the world-process to it. He is afraid of reaching a final vision of the universe. He is afraid of passing into a final civilization, lest it should end in annihilation. In Alexander we find a world-move towards deity, but this ideal situation is never real, for to make it real, is to actualise it and render it finite and to believe in it as ultimately finite, there will be an annihilation of the world-process. So he is afraid of the last phase of civilization which is annihilation. Deity remains for him the ever-moving unrealised reality ideal, the final unrealised "subjective form" of Whitehead. The world is moving on towards a final—towards an ultimate experience, towards a new civilization and culture, but the dread of annihilation lurks in human minds. The world-progress is finally annihilation that is civilization, the final culture, the final world-move. But mankind dreads to think that the human mind slowly passes into a stage of "Anirvachaniya" the unspeakable or ineffable, but the world must move towards it—the last appearance, the final civilization.

Home-Making as a National Industry

By M. S. SRINIVASA SARMA, M. A.

THE home is the origin and the beginning of every form of social organization and is the ultimate end and aim of every aspect of culture and civilisation. It is the legitimate purpose for which all industries and governments operate, the home is the mighty social agency for the training of the human race, and is the main criterion by which the value of institutions and laws is tested and eventually accepted. It is the one place where individuals are treated affectionately and as ends-in-themselves, and on terms of perfect equality; and it is only in the atmosphere of the home that opportunities are offered for the highest forms of love and friendship. It is a great socialising agency and is based on the principle that "each should give according to his power and receive according to his need"—a principle which guarantees the development of the noblest qualities and the most loyal services. Thus it is the basis of the social order, and is the training ground for the future members of the social group. Therefore the organisation of the home on sound lines ought to be the chief business of the legislator and of the state.

There have been tremendous changes in modern times which seem to tend inevitably to cause the disintegration of the home. History is recording such startling metamorphoses in political and social life within so short a period of time that we have not yet acclimatised ourselves to the new situations, and consequently are unable to see things in their true perspective. The advance of science, the growth of machinery, the emancipation of women, the invention of contraceptive methods, equal opportunities for both sexes to earn a livelihood, and therefore the economic independence of women—all these are today accomplished facts. They have come to stay, and it is no good to ignore them. History is irreversible; it must run its course. The better part of wisdom consists in recognising the inevitableness of these facts, and preparing ourselves for a transvaluation of values. We should learn to pay more attention to operating forces than to mere events, and develop the habit of long-range thinking.

Science introduced machinery. Machinery gave rise to factories; and they in their turn brought into existence the cities; and the cities have revolutionised the old ways of life, and initiated the movements for birth control, companionate marriages, divorces and similar other features characteristic of the modern day. This ferment of ideas has certainly given rise to temporary intellectual perplexity; and if tension and temper are aroused in discussing these problems, it is only because these are supremely human and vital problems of personal

interest and national importance and certainly where personal and national values are at stake one cannot afford to be cold and indifferent. The intensity of emotion and excitement that is displayed in the consideration of these problems is certainly a matter of happy augury. It decisively demonstrates that our heart is in the right place; only it needs a clear perspective and a right direction.

It is now too late in the day to assert that woman is inferior in intelligence and in physical stamina, and therefore should be confined to the home and that she cannot stand the strain of brutal competition and professional stringency that obtain outside the home. All these antiquated views have been exploded as a consequence of the achievements of the women in universities, and their employment in almost all posts of public activity. In every case women have proved their mettle and their "nerve" to hold their own against men. The extraordinary mental vigor, the incessant and insistent intellectual work, and the exceptionally devoted and energetic personality of the modern women are a standing monument of their unquestioned equality with men; and this revelation is a permanent enrichment of the home and, therefore of the human race.

Hence one need not become pessimistic about the future of the home on account of the so-called disruptive forces, that are said to be undermining the stability of the home today. The new freedom, the all-round education, the greater knowledge and the deeper insight into human nature that women naturally possess today are proof against any destructive influence of the undesirable forces that are said to be insidiously active. Of course, in the larger interests of the national welfare and more particularly, for the sake of human happiness, it is indispensable that the home should be kept intact, and strengthened by all possible means.

The fact of basic importance that should be borne in mind in this connection is that we cannot separate the home from the influence of the intellectual, political and economic factors of civilisation. In fact the soundness and the validity of these factors ought to be judged from their importance and value to the upkeep and stability of the home. Again the home itself is not a closed four-walled room; it is as expansive and as pervasive as the wind that bloweth where it listeth. Its influence permeates every nook and corner of human society, and is as potent a power for solid work and abiding good in the economic sphere as in the formation of the children's character and personality. We cannot therefore isolate the home from the environmental influences and treat it as a distinct and a separate sphere of life. The home should always be coordinated with the social and political institutions in order to guarantee the orderly growth of individuals, and to perpetuate the desirable forms of government. The home-making and home-seeking instinct is such an imperious and irrepressible tendency

in human beings that any movement to temper with it is foredoomed to failure. But on that account it cannot be allowed to work in its own way. The undoubted power and potency of this instinct should be properly educated and harvested to social and spiritual values; and it is for this purpose that the state and other institutions exist.

The home is a cooperative enterprise and exists for a common good towards which each member contributes his part. The home flourishes on the principle of division of labour; and therefore the importing of questions of inferiority and superiority into the corporate life of the home is irrelevant and dangerously mischievous. The home exists not for economic profit but for mutual help, reciprocal affection, and intimate contact of the members. Therefore if the man earns and the woman stays at home and rears the children, it does not mean that the woman is a parasite and a slave. The absurdity of this notion will become manifest if we remember that the moral aim of the home is the common good of all the members, and that the continued stay and the personal influence of the wife is indispensable to unify and integrate the many-sided interests of the family. The aim of the home is not simply the creation but the re-creation of the human life. The call of the home is the invitation to ineffable joy, unalloyed happiness and ever-refreshing sweetness of personal contact with the children and the life-partner—a substitute for which could be had nowhere else. People may glibly talk of profession, club, travel, and hobby as affording an outlet for the inner craving for fullness and completeness; but the utter emptiness and the colossal waste of these accessories, when the home does not exist are most emphatically felt by all placed in such unenviable circumstances.

The home has to be preserved and vitalised at any cost. Mrs. Bosanquet has clearly indicated the basis on which the home should be maintained: "There is one fundamental division of labor between men and women. The lines which it follows are drawn not so much by the woman's inability to work for her family in the outside world—she constantly does so when the death or illness of her husband throws the double burden upon her; but from the obvious fact that the man is incapable of the more domestic duties incident upon the rearing of the children." Of course woman should be educated; and educated most soundly in the arts and sciences. If the home is to be a "recreation" centre and an abode of joy and sweetness, then it is most necessary that the woman who reigns supreme in it should be given the fullest scope for the highest development of her mental powers. If the kingdom of God is within us and if the home opens its arms and tells us "come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give ye rest," it is because wise and cultured woman presides over it.

Again the home is the nursery of the nation. The child is a candidate for personality and character. Not simply the creation of life but the more important function of the formation of character constitutes the main business of the home. If the stream of life is to remain pure, virile, strong and unvitiated, it should be taken care of and properly nurtured at the source. It is idle and futile to leave this matter entirely to the school. Of course education can work miracles; but there are limitations even to the miracle making tendency of education. To expect the school to accomplish the all-important task of building up the character and strength in the pupils in the short duration of five hours in a day in the course of a few days in the week is to hope for the impossible. Early training and impressions are lasting. The children absorb ideas by suggestion and imitation; and these are stored up in their minds and powerfully affect their later growth, and serve to assist or retard their progress. The prolonged infancy and the utter helplessness of children necessitate the continued existence of home where the loving tenderness, understanding sympathy and cultured guidance of the parents and especially of the mother are the most powerful influences in the formation of stable character and the orderly unfolding of the native talents of the children. In a well regulated home, a congenial atmosphere is created for the child to grow into it, and develop a loveable and cooperative spirit. Good habits, correct tastes, and right conduct are engendered in the child spontaneously. In the free and pervading affection of the home which supplies the very life of the child, it is simple and easy for it to realise the first lessons in citizenship that no man lives for himself. Nowhere else do we get individuals so loyal to a common purpose. The primary concern of the state is to bring into existence and strengthen well-regulated homes; for there is nothing like home for the elucidation and nurture of the latent powers of individuals. If the national prosperity consists essentially in its man-power and the virility, and character of the individuals, then all steps for its promotion and advancement should begin with the home. Every mother should feel that she is doing an abiding service to the nation and its culture by bringing up her children on healthy and sound lines. The burden of maintaining the family, the strain and hardship consequent on unemployment, difficulties in connection with child-bearing and aged dependents and the added cost of the education of the children—all these fall so heavily on the parents and cause so much physical and mental suffering that they easily work with other corroding factors in the modern day civilisation. It is therefore most urgent that all the formative forces of Religion, Ethics, and Education should realise that the home is pre-eminently a moral institution and the most fundamental one which guards and replenishes the stream of human life; and the governments should recognise this fact by exempting the parents from certain taxes or by allowing a large rebate in the incometax payable

by them. It stands to reason that the parent who actually and directly contributes to the man-power of the nation should be assisted in his labors in some shape or other. If from ancient times the sexual relationship has been subjected to untold taboos and numberless religious restrictions, social control, and political legislations, it is because that the home has been recognised to be the nurse of all personal virtues and basic foundation of National strength and prosperity.

There is another way in which the home looks to the government for direct help. The health of the individuals is the primary duty of the state. But its department of health is too limited in scope to be of real use to every home. The nursing and rearing of children and their protection from the ordinary and serious illness are heavy burdens which the parents have to bear. The state has to meet directly and exclusively these medical charges or treat them as rebates in the taxes payable by the parents. Child welfare schemes, health week organisations, lectures on sanitation—all will be futile if the mother is not properly educated and has not attuned herself to the supreme moral and nationally important task of running the home, and is not co-operated with by the state in a most effective way. Infant mortality, prevalence of epidemics and low vitality are all disintegrating influences, and therefore should be completely wiped out, and this is mainly the glory and the privilege of the home. Women therefore have ample opportunities to form and sustain the national health and prosperity and to exercise to the fullest extent their unique and superior abilities in making the home the cradle and the nursing centre of culture, character and personality.

Again the influence of the home in the matter of production of articles is great. What kinds of goods are to be produced, how much of them should be produced, do they satisfy the vital needs of human beings or simply gratify their flippant wishes?—these questions are to be settled first before the various national industries start their manufactures; and the woman is here the sole controlling factor. The home exercises a steadying influence in the matter of production, because it is ultimately the consumer, and therefore has a voice in deciding what kinds of goods and how much of them should be produced. Again the rightly educated mother who is thoroughly conversant with the principles of physiology and hygiene will justly insist on a well-lit and well-ventilated house with enough space for playing and gardening for bringing up the children in healthy and strong ways, and thus will render lasting service to the nation, a service more effective and more enduring than what the Departments of Public Health do in the matter of town-planning and house-constructing.

It is therefore wrong to say that woman's life is cramped, and that no scope is given for the initiative, freedom and creative urge of the women. The creative impulses and the expanding life of women

find their fullest expression in that most foundational institution namely the home : and without her unique personality, soft touches, tender affection, it degenerates into a matter of a house that is but walls and a bed. This proves that woman's life is as noble and as serious as that of the man, and that she needs as much mental ability and strength of character as the man does. As Horace Mann has said "where anything is growing, one farmer is worth a thousand re-formers". Thus the home is run and preserved on the basis of equal freedom, equal responsibilities, equal dignity and equal authorities of man and woman. It scarcely needs to be emphasised that there are innumerable defects in the management of homes ; but on the whole they are the defects in the individuals who compose them rather than in the home as a moral institution. But these difficulties could be easily dealt with by educating the parents to a full sense of their duties. The home conducted on right lines, is never a vale of tears but a valley of soul-making ; and, as Ruskin pointed out the manufacture of souls is the greatest of all industries Kant eloquently speaks of the ideal of morality as the establishment of the kingdom of Ends in which each treats the other as "End " never as a means, in which the common good enhances the personality of each and gives it a higher moral dignity and worth. Is there a fitter, nobler and more appropriate embodiment of the sublime Kantian conception of the kingdom of Ends than the home ?

The Unspared Rod

By R. RAMAKRISHNAN, M. A., L. T.

IT was 4 P. M. The monthly meeting of the Elementary School Teachers in the Vinodasagar Taluk area was over. The teachers were about to leave for their respective villages. Before actually leaving, however, they divided themselves in groups of six or seven and were discussing the month's educational news and passing remarks on the new departmental orders. To an onlooker there was something in these poorly paid teachers—most of them did not have the privilege even of a stamped acquittance—that had the touch of greatness in it. These educators of the young, these bringers of light into baby minds were paid less than a decent day-labourer, but yet they worked ungrudgingly, even enthusiastically, like the Hindu wife who accepts her lot and never questions and smilingly toils on. Their reward was not of this world. Perhaps on the Day of Judgment when we all would be summoned before God's throne, God would call these Elementary teachers aside and tell them "In as much as you laboured for the good of Me in the forms of children, and the world honoured you not, you will receive special consideration in Heaven which is My home." These meek masters would then inherit heaven.

In one of the informal groups was old Periadeva Sastri, old indeed, old with grey hair and wrinkled brow and sunken cheeks and non-existent teeth ; old with a shirtless coat and unshod feet ; old with a bald head on which lightly sat a hasty apology of a turban, manufactured out of a bath-towel two cubits long ; old with the wisdom of an age that was no more. No one in fact knew how old Periadeva Sastri was. He had educated three generations of children. He was an ancient, and these ever-changing, fantastic, modern notions in the sphere of education met with but a smile of contempt on his part. For instance, when he was directed to open a service register he could never see the need for it. "I am here, a living service register," he told the Circle Supervisor of Teaching, a mere youth of yesterday who always quoted rules and departmental orders, "I know my past quite well. Why should these things be recorded ?" Did a Kambar or a Kalidasa, he pertinently remarked, ever open a record of service ? And were they not remembered ? Of course he had after all to open the register, but the entry regarding his date of birth proved a hard nut. The Circle Supervisor wanted evidence of the correctness of the date of birth. "I have no evidence other than my own person," answered Periadeva Sastri, "I have a body now, and it must surely have been born some day. What does it matter whether the birth was on a

Tuesday or a Saturday? And as I was the fourteenth child in the family my entry into earth was not an event, and my tired father who regarded child-birth as an annual trifle did not even cast my horoscope, which I do not regret much, for a horoscope sometimes reveals unpleasant truths. All that I remember is that when I was sent to school the tamarind tree over there had just been planted." The Circle Supervisor was not learned in the ways of plant-growth. He said he would record Sastri's age as 52. "Your hair is grown white, your teeth have retired, you must surely be on the wrong side of 50" the Circle Supervisor said. "White hairs are not the monopoly of old men, Sir," answered Sastri, "and men in their thirties nowadays lose God's teeth and seek the dentist's aid." Unfortunately the Circle Supervisor himself had half a dozen golden teeth and his moustache though only fifteen summers old was half grey, half golden and (if there can be a third half in a substance) half snowy. The Circle Supervisor did not argue any more and Sastri was departmentally evaluated at 40. "That gives you 15 years more of service," pointed out the Supervisor. "So long as you live you will be in service." "That is but just," remarked Sastri, "A palmist once told me that death would snatch me away during one of my midday naps on the school-chair."

Periadeva Sastri was an institution in himself, and his colleagues never missed an opportunity of conversing with him, and listening to his wise remarks on what he termed the modern attempt to enslave the teacher by circumscribing his freedom and initiative, and by denying him the liberty to experiment. "These endless official instructions show a want of trust in us. We know our boys, and our boys know us. Where is the room for a third party here?" Sastri used to say.

On this particular day, the talk turned on the new Regional Controller of Teaching who was expected to visit the Vinodasagar Taluk in the coming month.

"And what kind of gentleman is he? They say that his name is Shambu Das, and that he is the holder of a dozen degrees and a score of diplomas. It seems he had his education in New Zealand," spoke Sastri.

"Yes, they say that the Government have appointed him on a huge salary in order to reorganise Elementary education in the Province. I hear that he is a crusader against old, out-worn methods of teaching. His idea seems to be that the child and not the teacher is the centre of education," said Marthanda Devan, the head-master of a big school in an interior village.

"I too saw it all in the papers. He is an enemy of all punishment of children. He says that half the time of the school must be devoted to play. He thinks that education can best be imparted to

children only through play. And he says that children must be helped to create, and to sing and dance in the school," put in the tall, lean, sunken-cheeked Rama Vadhyar.

"This Shambu Das paid a visit to my cousin's school in the neighbouring taluk" said another teacher, "And my cousin told me the whole story. An inspection by Shambu Das is, I am told, an awful experience. He gets wild when he sees a cane on the teacher's table, frowns when he hears a teacher abusing a pupil, gets into a fit of indignation when he sees a cobweb under the roof or a torn piece of paper on the floor. He says that the children are divine forms who must be adored by the teacher. The children are the gods, the school a temple, and the teacher a reverent worshipper. That is his theory."

"Our old wisdom will suffice for us," spoke Periadeva Sastri. "Let these modern notions pass before our eyes compelling from us a nod of pretended approval. We shall not be tainted by them."

II

It was the holy Mahalaya fortnight. And Periadeva Sastri was an orthodox Brahmin. A shave during the fortnight is considered an act of impiety towards the departed ancients. And in the village of Machipur where Sastri lived and worked, this fortnight was a vacation for the barber, Pongan.

Pongan was therefore greatly surprised when on the third day of the fortnight he received at dawn a call from Sastri. His surprised look demanded an explanation, and Sastri told him that the Regional Controller of Teaching, a gazetted officer, was visiting his school that day. "Though my own conviction is," said Sastri, "that a bearded face very well becomes a teacher, still I must honour a distinguished guest."

"And insult the departed ones?" queried Pongan, laughing.

The school bell tolled louder than usual that morning, and the boys and girls, dressed in their richest clothes, came running to school. There was cent per cent attendance.

Sastri had made the best of preparations for the eventful occasion. The walls of the school had been whitewashed, and the floor had received a thick coating of green cowdung. In a corner were piled a dozen tender coconuts, and in a small basket were found sweet 'hill plantain fruits' of a rare variety.

Precisely at 10 A. M. the sound of the motor-horn was heard, and Sastri straightened himself up, buttoned his coat as best as he could (for at the neck the button and the button hole could not be brought nearer each other than an inch), drew his dhoti broadly over his shoulder so as to hide a small hole in the coat that the mischievous rats had made only the previous night when Mrs. Sastri had used the

coat to cover a basket of vegetables, and stood ready to welcome the august visitor.

Shambu Das, the Regional Controller of Teaching, was an officer who loved the pomp and circumstance of authority. And Sastri had heard that whenever he visited a school he would be accompanied by a small army of peons, cooks, clerks, attendants and by all his subordinate officers working in the particular area he toured. Shambu Das was an officer of thoroughness and of great integrity. But what was Sastri's surprise to see Shambu Das arriving alone, driving his own car!

Shambu Das went round the school (rather went to and fro, for the school consisted only of a long hall), asked a few insignificant questions about the strength and attendance, the village, the weather etc. And then suddenly Shambu Das pointed to an almirah and expressed desire to examine its contents. Sastri was alarmed. It was in the almirah that he used to keep his three canes, his inseparable companions of thirty years, and he knew that Shambu Das was an enemy of the birch in the school.

"The almirah contains mere lumber," Sastri said, "all my records are in the box here."

Shambu Das was interested only in the almirah, which had therefore to be opened. Shambu Das seemed to look for something very familiar to him, and in an instant he took out the canes. One was a foot long, and was blood-red, and had a knob at one end; another was thin and elastic and was three feet long; the third was a twig of tamarind, extremely light. Shambu Das examined them, much to the heightening horror of Sastri who feared a violent outburst. But nothing happened. The officer silently replaced the canes (Sastri had heard that he could not put up with canes in schools), turned to Sastri and said, "Give a holiday to the children."

Sastri was surprised. Was the inspection over so soon? What about the rumours he had heard of the unbearable length and severity of Shambu Das's inspections?

Sastri's school worked from Sunday to the next Sunday, and a holiday was an extremely rare happening to the pupils of his school. The children were therefore highly joyous, and ran out in wild and happy confusion, their minds busy planning schemes about the best form of holidaying.

Sastri and Shambu Das were now alone in the school.

"You have been long here?" asked Shambu Das.

"Yes, Sir, I have been here for quite a long time" answered Sastri.

"And you remember all your old pupils? There must be hundreds of them!" asked the officer.

"Surely a father remembers all the children in the home, though their number may be large," spoke the teacher.

"Do you recollect a Zamindar who lived here two decades back?" queried Shambu Das. "You are referring to the nobleman, Arasappa Iyer. I know him quite well. I was a good friend of his. His only son was a pupil of mine. He was called Siva Samban. But the Zamindar left this village for good long ago and we know nothing of him, subsequent to his departure" said Sastri. "Why did he quit the village?" asked Shambu Das. "Perhaps he had a misfortune?" "No, no. I was told the Sarkar wanted him to go to some other land as an ambassador or agent" said Sastri.

Shambu Das rose from his chair and in the twinkling of an eye he was lying down reverentially prostrating at the feet of Sastri. "I am Siva Samban" he sobbed.

There was a gleam in Sastri's eyes. He lifted Shambu Das from the ground, warmly embraced him and said lovingly "Art thou indeed Samban? How changed thou art physically? Twenty years have made thee a big man. Art thou Samban indeed! Come home." And Shambu Das followed Sastri to his hut where Sastri called out to his wife saying, "Do you know who has come? Samban has come. Don't you remember he likes your *keerai-kootu* very much? Prepare some for him!" And Mrs. Sastri looked on wonderingly, and said, "Samban what a fine *durai* you have become? Is it good on your part to have frightened your master so very much? He was so very anxious about your visit!"

Shambu Das's silk kerchief was wet with wiped tears—tears that flowed in response to a love that was rare on earth.

III

The next morning Shambu Das was taking rest in the travellers' bungalow, a couple of miles away from Machipur, where he was camping. The Circle Supervisor of Teaching came to pay him the customary morning visit due to a superior officer. And the talk turned on Periadeva Sastri's school.

"You were so keen on inspecting the school all alone," said the Supervisor, "I am sure you had the shock of your life. For, the Machipur school is the one institution in my jurisdiction which is proof against all modern methods of teaching. Periadeva Sastri's constant companion is the cane. He inflicts terrible corporal punishment on the young innocents. If I ask him to teach the alphabet starting from the simple formations he violently nods his head and says 'You may as well start counting from number 7 and then mention number 3, because 3 is a little more curved than 7. When the ancients have given us the alphabet in a certain order, why should we change it?'

When I tell him that he must take in an assistant or two, as a single-teacher school can never be efficient, he answers that it is just like asking a mother who has many children to take in the help of an assistant mother. His school works on all the seven days and from sunrise to sunset. I offer my apologies to you on behalf of this one dark spot of the Machipur school in my otherwise bright jurisdiction."

Shambu Das remained silent for a while, and then he spoke in a deep voice. His words seemed to come from the very depths of his soul. "No, Mr. Supervisor," he said, "the Machipur school is the one bright jewel in your jurisdiction. I shall tell you why. It is in an attitude of reverence that I speak now. Years ago I was a pupil of that school. I have been moulded by Periadava Sastri. I know what he is. He may not satisfy your modern notions. I know that what I preach as the Regional Controller of Teaching is in effect the severest condemnation of Sastri. But there is something mysterious about him that lifts him above rules and regulations and changing theories. Where can you find in your modern schools a teacher like Sastri? He is the last of the old band. You may know that he keeps not one, but three canes. I have had in abundance the blessings of those saving rods. Sastri is not a mere teacher, he is a mother to the pupils. He does not merely teach, he educates. I remember how when in my boyhood I fell into evil company and was securely on the road to ruin. He detected my evil ways and gave me such a good beating that then and there I renounced my bad ways. His three canes are as old as he. The tamarind twig he wields in order to rectify mistakes related to learning. The short fat rod is for mistakes connected with character. And the long thin cane he uses for reforming criminals. It was the long thin cane that saved me from the pit of disaster into which as a boy I had fallen. He never spares the rod, and his children are not spoilt. Do you think he is harsh? No. Where amidst the multitude of these modern trained teachers who take to teaching as a mere job, and not as *Dharma*, can you find a *guru* like Sastri? It is true he keeps school from six to six. He did the same thing when I was a pupil. But do you know that he teaches his boys to clean the teeth well that he takes them to the river for a bath and a swim, that he instructs them to pray, that he looks after their health? His children are all healthy and strong, though he may not have periods for drill and games in his time-table. Sastri is too big for rules and enforced theories. He knows his job. Would to God there were more men like Sastri! I do not deny that our latest educational theories are a great improvement on the old ones. I am a very ardent up-holder of the new principles of pedagogy, but yet I feel that there is a certain soulfulness, a certain spiritual immensity, in these old village schools manned by teachers like Sastri, which we lack in our schools of today, schools built according to type designs

schools conducted by the new generation of masters with their certificates and diplomas, and their syllabuses and curricula. I feel that the Sastri generation of teachers functioned as real mothers, while the pupils of today get tended only by nurses! I do not, of course, blame the teachers of today. They are not free. But the Sastri tradition must not be allowed to die if India must retain her distinctiveness."

Shambu Das then sank into thought. The Circle Supervisor spoke nothing. Words would disturb the severity of the atmosphere, he felt for the soul's outpourings are best heard in silence.

"So long as there is this reverence for the teacher, the reverence like that of Shambu Das for Sastri, so long need we have no despair, and our educational system, whether it follows this principle or that, may be taken to be sound" thought the Circle Supervisor as he departed, leaving Shambu Das to his sacred recollections of the days of tutelage under Sastri.

Philosophy of Rabindranath Tagore

By Dr. K. C. VARADACHARI, M. A., Ph. D.

THE tendency towards a newer and fresher reconstruction of Indian Philosophic thought has been noticeable during the past few decades. In India the impetus was given by the fresh thought infused by Christian Civilization. At times such an infusion has the effect of annihilating the original thought of the country wherever such thought is weak and irrational. At other times and places, it has the opposite effect of provoking fresh thought through conflict. Every conflict has also the effect of making one probe deeper into one's own thought, and when this conflict is intellectual, without being dogmatic, it stimulates assimilation. This has been the case wherever the thought which was provoked by this Christian conflict was strong and profound—as in India.

Thus stimulated and thrown on the defensive the Indian philosopher diving deep into his own culture and thought, brought to the surface several tendencies, quite old but now re-lived in his own being. Thought that soared without a material foundation now tried to find its bed-rock in human life and being. It is characteristic of Rabindranath's philosophy to call it the '*Religion of Man*.'

In his *Religion of Man*, Rabindranath sketches beautifully and arrestingly the way of expression of the Universal Spirit—within the conditions of space and time. He shows that the Spirit had at first taken the quantitative direction and found at last a quantitative mass-infinity undoubtedly an infinity but far from real infinity of Spirit. Mere mass without integral organization leads to disruption and results in the giving-up of beauty and simplicity for the sake of gorgeousness and unnecessary, unwieldy and uncouth decoration. This could be seen in forms of the pre-historic monsters. Their very size prevented them from protecting themselves against attacks from less massive and more lithe and better organized creatures. Spirit bloated and grew vast as it were misinterpreting its own fundamental nature of intensive infinity. But checked and prevented from growing vaster by the very fact of the survival of the fittest and made to recognize that size by no means makes for efficiency in defence, there originated an orientation towards real evolution of spirit which is conscious interiority and intelligent adjustment. Man's evolution as a spiritual being was assured thereafter and coherent organization became the chief characteristic of evolutionary history. Real power consists not in size but in organization and intelligent direction. As this development progressed, we may say that the unfolding of the main purpose of the cosmos more and more emerged into light; what was apparently a

subconscious purpose now pronouncedly became conscious, in all its diverse characteristics. Life became human instead of remaining natural. The natural passes over in its conscious character into the human. Therefore does man start with the artificial reconstruction of life. That man has made human life more and more artificial by reconstructing conditions far from those of the animal (for that has been civilization) only shows that the spiritual end has been the transformation of the unconscious organization into the conscious. It is not true to say that human destiny is at cross-purposes with that of Nature. Natural process and human organization are but one continuous unfoldment of the self-same purpose of Spiritual Life. The natural process and human organisations tend to the expression of the Divine-God. The highest truth of man is the full creative expression of himself in the light of eternal Life or Man, the man himself universalised. From the repetitive and the imitative instinctive-life, through all the sorrows and defeats, the spirit in nature tries to follow this trend up towards the complete exemplification of human values. The completest exemplification of this purpose of Spirit is *Man* (*purushottama*) who is the goal of individual human beings. * (*Upeya*)

If we are confronted with the question whether or not we should take present human beings as representative, in however little measure of the universal, we must admit that man is yet unborn, but though unborn he is yet with us in our inmost purposes, and wherever man has caught the purpose of universal life, he has to that extent become the true man—a universal being. Not in his primitive desires which are as yet animal, because unconscious expressions of an urge towards his true nature, (every urge within the human breast and animal life is but the expression of the spirit within, struggling to release its meaning and life), but in his rationalized consciousness which recognizes the greater and the All—'*surplus*'. This is the purpose and goal of individual life. Reason is universal and truly spiritual, and reason in man is the sure guide towards universal Life. This Reason, however, is not the intellect which tries to thwart the main ends of universality but confines itself to particular ends, but it is intuition which is the appreciator of the harmony of life and its meaning and which guides the conduct of man accordingly. We find, thus, that, Rabindranath holds the humanistic thesis that the goal of the world or cosmos is human, and that its realization is a possibility only when the individuals act *consciously* towards the fullest exemplification of the Universal Man. This inner realization or consciousness of Man is essentially the recognition of oneself.

Some people hold that evolutionary history is a fantasy and an illusion. It has no reality. It is mere appearance. In fact, they even

"Chapter ii. Creative Spirit. *Religion of Man*: cf. Man. Andhra University Lecture.

go to the extent of saying that the individual human being himself is an illusion, caught up in an illusion, trying to reach an illusion. Rabindranath holds that the individual souls are not illusion, that the world of which we know is certainly not an illusion, though it is an appearance—quite a different thing. It is an intimation of the more real though by itself and in itself it is as yet ununderstandable. To deprive truth of its appearance is to deprive it of its best part. "When you deprive truth of its appearance, it loses the best part of its reality. For appearance is a personal relationship, it is for me" "This appearance which seems to be the surface but which carries the message of the inner spirit" is something that cannot be denied reality because it is the only manner we can know the real at all.

To create an opposition between reality and appearance is to misjudge the nature of reality. It is due to the perversity of intellectual obscurantists and abstractionists turned mystical, that such a charge has been maintained and human values sacrificed. Rabindranath, though an intuitionist, does not sacrifice, as pseudo-mystics have done, the world of values. To him the human values are absolute truth. He does not join the intuitionists who maintain that in some sense the reality which is experienced or the appearance is a distorted or segmented reality. The charge which Bergson levels against intellect as the fundamental instrument of mind which has an innate separate and utilitarian bent and which therefore distorts reality to further the ends of practical life is only partially true. Bergson has great influence on modern thought. His intuition resembles superficially the integrative consciousness of Hindu thought, and facile writers on Indian philosophy have adopted his description without looking deeper into it. Intellect has the primary and inevitable tendency to abstract from experience and to contemplate on those abstracted experiences, which once abstracted, lose life and movement, their peculiar individuality and completeness. When it is exercised to its fullest, it becomes a falsifying instrument neither valuable nor practicable. But when it is used within limits for the purpose of understanding, it becomes defining and analysing activity¹. But such a definition and analysis can be valuable only when one has complete knowledge of the object. The real then has to be understood as a whole and not in segments. Knowledge of it can be complete only when its unique character is realized. To enter into the object, and understand it as a whole is the way of intuition.² The whole is a definite uniqueness, not a vague undefined experience, though to describe it by words may not be possible. When Bergson calls Intuition 'intellectual sympathy', he means intellect as limited in its tendency and as having for its main purpose wholeness and completeness, and as characterised by emotion or instinctive dynamism.

1. Faith of a Moralist. A. E. Taylor vol. 1, p. 346.

2. Introduction to metaphysics. Bergson.

Intellect can be abused as much as intuition can be. Everything is sanctified or defiled by the goal to which it tends. Instincts are proclaimed holy when they aim at the liberation of true values within the individual life. Reason, then, must apply to experience and evaluate it, draw out its significance and express its inmost aspiration. It is only then that it becomes truly spiritual. To hold that intellect and intuition are opposites, emergents out of life which contradict and thwart the purpose of each other, is to hold a view which is damaging to philosophy and to life alike. Nor are action and thought contradictory. Pragmatism is perfectly right when it affirms this criterion of workability. Only it fails to see the real springs of practical action. Ultimate knowledge is really a synthesis, a synthesis of thought and action. This knowledge will lead not to the abstract impersonality of knowledge and reality but to the concrete personality of reality. Reality is a synthesis, a whole that ought to be apprehended as a whole—not merely as nature, nor merely as spirit, but as a unity comprising both the subjective and the objective. In man as a psychophysical being, it finds its first resolution of this dualism of the subjective and the objective.

The objective-view of the scientist is a partial representation of the whole. The Scientist is too preoccupied with the constancies in nature, its laws of causality and regular occurrence. He tries to discover those impersonal principles of nature that order it. He certainly does not know the future but he can deduce or calculate the chances. But the fact of chance always makes him uncertain as to the individual events happening one way or the other. The past is capable of exact determination but the future is pregnant with the impossibilities of today and of the past. The nature of the world seems therefore incapable of any purely mechanical explanation.

The subjective world-view on the other hand depends only upon one's personal whims and fancies. Having constructed a world of imagination the individual seeks to live in his own creation. The individual thus centered in his own person, living an isolated life, unrelated to other lives ends in a life of glorified phantasy of egoistic existence. The world, according to the subjective thinker is individual creation, having no objective or trans-subjective reference. But even he finds that there is such a thing as objective commonness in existence, which is referred to as identical by all beings, even if such an identity is only for the sake of practical life. This objectivity is affirmed of the world with respect to the individual selves who experience it, because it is obvious that the individual's knowledge is too little and narrow to enable him to create a universe more than himself. Even subjective Idealists like Berkeley also maintain that there must be a Spiritual Being greater than the individual whose creative fancy this world is.* This they call God. Therefore, we find

* Douglas Fawcett: World as Imagination.

that the subjectivist tends more and more to the recognition of a greater and an All who alone fashions and creates this world, and has as his fundamental nature creative activity. Before His manifestation we are nothing, and our understanding of Him fails to grasp the plan of the unfoldment of His Nature.

The objective world also strives to gain significance through subjective life that so fashions it as to express the sure purpose of Spirit. There is an inner pulsation within it that seems to vibrate in unison with the purpose of human Life: else it would not be possible to organize it. Within it Spirit is struggling to express itself. Its very orderliness (which some idealists think is imposed by man's schematizing mind) suggests the organized nature of its being. The world, therefore, is spiritual not because its substance is spirit (spirit is no substance here but purposive governing activity), but because its order and unfoldment are coterminous with the world of the subject and his ideals. The world is ideal because its ground is in something which is forcing expression in and through its texture. This *ethical* trend within its being is what makes even the most hardened realists affirm the ideal character of reality. Idealism is true only when we understand it in terms of ethical life, not in the terms of the philosophers of Absolutistic schools of thought who somehow call themselves idealists.

This possible organization of the objective world by the subject is a conscious process—a process which is planned by the individuals who have recognized this ideal as the goal of Man. In personality, then, the resolution of subjective individualism and objective impersonalism take place. The Personality of Man attains its fullest scope and measure when its infinity is realized within the finite, when the absolute values of Spirit are adequately represented and assured within the relative. For,

"Man has found out the great paradox that what is limited is not imprisoned within its limits; it is ever moving and therefore shedding its finitude every moment. In fact, imperfection is not a negation of perfection; finitude is not contradictory to infinity; they are but completeness manifested in parts, infinity revealed within limits."

What exactly is this ideal nature? Is it something that is far-off and somehow influencing the world-process? Rabindranath holds the view that the Ideal Man is constantly immanently sustaining the process of the revelation of His Being in terms of the relative and the finite. Such sustaining may be compared to the teleological immanence of Spirit of Aristotle's theory. We are conscious of this Ideal in our most lucid moments, in our appreciation of art and nature, in Beauty, in other words, in the sacrificial moment when we offer ourselves entirely for the person we love, in the expression of our truth which is direct and unequivocal, and in the justest acts of equity. We cannot deny that which we feel so surely. Even the most extreme of the amorality and immoralists cannot deny that life is governed by such principles

as beauty, truth and equity, because we know in the depths of our being that we are thoroughly governed by such Ideals. We even affirm that the Ideal is immanent within us sustaining our very life. The more consciously we express and the more consciously we are guided by this ideal power, the more we become men, or as Tagore would express it, *Man*.

The arguments of Tagore, therefore, for the existence of God are cosmo-teleological as well as ontological.

But to be able to express our faith in God we have to be conscious of our real Self

"We have our personal self. It has desires which struggle to create a world where they could have their unrestricted activity and satisfaction. While it goes on, we discover that our self-realisation reaches its perfection in the abnegation of self. This fact has made us aware that the individual finds his meaning in a fundamental reality comprehending all individuals—the reality which is the moral and spiritual basis of human values. This belongs to our religion. As science is the liberation of our knowledge in universal reason, which cannot be other than human reason, religion is the liberation of our individual personality in the universal person who is human all the same."

Thus the ideal of reason which science lays down, is the liberation of itself from finitude and relativity: the ideal of love is the liberation of the individual love from the finitude of its individual relations or selfishness. Sometimes, one feels that this must be a progressive process—this release of the individual love from the bond of individual relationship, even as the body of scientific laws goes on liberating itself from the relativity to which it is restricted by the very nature of experience. It must, however, be remembered that in Science there is an objective impersonality which integrates itself with other laws of science, equally impersonal. But the movement of love is, on the other hand, personal; and its enlargement does not lead to impersonal contemplation but to concrete expression towards all. There is an ascent to perfection—a gradual liberation by the submission of our wills to the sovereignty of the Universal will, which is universal Love. There is a gradual submission of our desires to the happiness of the family; the family is sacrificed for the happiness of the nation, the race, and finally, Man.

All sacrifice is inevitably attended with pain. But even pain becomes a valuable asset, it becomes the measure of our Love. All suffering is due to the inability to sacrifice oneself—or rather to adjust oneself to the perfect Ideal which constantly seeks expression through us. This pain is the intrinsic quality of sacrifice, is, indeed, the joy of love and giving for the sake of Man. Humanity must realize this Universal will and submit to its greatest expression which cannot be expressed in terms of human experience.

The voice of Conscience might be considered to be the chord which catches the rhythmic vibrations of the Universal Mind. The voice of

beauty, the call of Truth, is the same for all, in the sense that it manifests the universality of its nature. So, it is absolutely certain that there is a universal Mind which works through the relative finite centres or selves. No less imperative is the call of Love.

"Want of love is a degree of callousness: for love is the perfection of consciousness. We do not love because we do not comprehend, or rather we do not comprehend because we do not love."

The private individual has to shed his privateness and assume universal significance which is that of the Universal Person.

"The Upanishad says 'Know thou the one soul. It is the bridge leading to the Immortal Being. This is the ultimate end of man, to find the One which is in him; which is his truth, which is his Soul; the key with which he opens the gate of spiritual life, the heavenly Kingdom.'"

The freedom which characterizes moral life is really the freedom of the Spirit which has assumed several modes of expressing the infinite in terms of the finite. To ask why there is so much suffering if there is a God or a universal Being is to ask a question of inconsequence. The freedom of the individual is a condition necessary for the creative life of spirit. Craving for uniformity, men create a state of uniformity, but it has not attraction of distinction nor the richness of beauty, nor the rhythm of music. All true love is characterised by joy, and that is because all love is soul-offering. All true co-operation is based on the free acceptance of love which cannot be brought into being by force. If there is freedom which sometimes ends in severance of relations—independence—it is because there is another element which forces the individual into loving and union. But the element of severance is, according to Tagore, only an appearance, and the element of union is the ultimate truth. Anarchy that reigns in the moral life of the individual is a condition precedent to real co-operative life, the life of love. Just as we have to pass through 'the valley of the shadow of death' to attain to Happiness, we have to pass through the stage of severance ere we attain to Love.

The more we adjust our ends to the universal goal as revealed by our conscience (which is not to be mistaken with the norms and standards of life but which in some measure expresses the fundamental universality of the values of truth, love and beauty,) the more we become truly free.

Then the Godhead becomes one with the individual, the infinite is revealed in the finite mind. This could be possible only if the universal Being is really human and not the phantom of intellectual philosophy. God is a person of universal significance, whose nature is Love and Beauty. His relation to men is integral, or organic.

"It is only the Vaishnava religion that has boldly declared that God has bound himself to man, and in that consists the greatest glory of human existence. In the spell of the wonderful rhythm of the finite he fetters himself at every step and thus gives his love out in music in his most perfect lyrics of beauty."

It is because the personality of God is human, there is possible the *rapport* with the Infinite All. It only means that God's Personality is superior to the impersonality of the logical Absolute. The impersonality of God is his Truth-aspect. God interpreted through Logic appears to be an abstraction, a concept. But God understood in terms of value, of moral life and religion is personality.

"Some modern philosophers of Europe who are directly or indirectly indebted to the Upanishads, far from realising their debt, maintain that the Brahma of India is a mere abstraction, a negation of all that is in the world. In a word, that the infinite being is to be found nowhere else except in metaphysics. It may be that such a doctrine is to be found and still is prevalent with a section of our countrymen. But that is certainly not in accord with a pervading spirit of the Indian Mind."

The metaphysical Absolute is a result of pure scholasticism. It is a tenet held by none except the intellectualist thinkers. All religious thinkers accept no such description of God.

Nor is the destination of man the abstraction of the Absolute. There is not the slightest evidence to support the view that increasing understanding, sympathy and co-operation tend to make real personalities disappear. It is only those who have developed the unique character of moral or rational life that reveal the fundamental persistence of immortal existence. "It is precisely the stability and originality of people of character that keeps the world from stagnation," says Rabindranath. The truth of our private selves does not lie in our idiosyncracies but in the moral nature of the freedom that we possess and exercise.

Rabindranath believes in the Joy of existence. He accepts the Unity of all things, *Advaita*, the Absolute Divine All. In God according to Rabindranath the super-personal God *en rapport* with the individual God manifests himself in the parts. But no part can absorb the whole. The part cannot defeat the ends of the whole by the accentuation of itself. It must subordinate its individuality to the whole; if it does not, it perishes. Civilization is the continual discovery of the transcendental Humanity or God. All men, therefore should try to live for Man, for it is His Joy that the world reveals.

Therefore is the significance of the parts and the snatches of finite experience realised only when we go beyond the purely partial, and investigate the purpose for which the parts stand, not merely in order to plan out the whole as the metaphysician or the geographer does. It is only the artist who sees the All and the One, and understands the goal of human existence. Without the vision of the All, we are certain to sink down in the morass of internecine quarrels, and Civilization would become nothing other than selfish enterprise. The Artist is the real Seer: he sees beyond the temporal and the fragmentary. Intellectualists are interested only in the fragmentary and the temporal. The Poets and the Artists alone can save the world, for their's is the Vision of Beauty, Truth and Bliss. They alone can

plan the future with sympathy and true Love. They alone, having intuition, perceive the Man *sub specie eternitatis*, whilst the individual beings look at it in fragments.

Rabindranath has taken upon himself the task of planning such an education and his International University at Bolpur aspires to bring into being a culture which shall reflect the Man and not any particular individual or nation or race. Not the renunciation of life but the fulfilment of Life is immortal Joy and unending beauty. That should be the main aim of Knowledge. The world is the Creative Excellence of the Man, the *Lila*, play of Divine Perfection.

In evaluating Rabindranath's Philosophy, at the very outset, it must be said that it makes no pretence at offering a complete exposition of the moot-points of intellectual philosophers. In spite of its poetic character, there are certain features that demand attention and appreciation, even from the intellectualists.

There is a spiritual purpose, says Rabindranath, that runs through the ages. This Purpose is Man. Rabindranath's theory does not, however, clearly explain how the Divine Mind finds projection in the individual. Rabindranath assumes that this perfection of Man will find its fullest expression in an altogether utopian order of existence where the intellectual and the intuitive cooperation of all the several peoples of the world shall reign supreme and the peoples shall give to one another their particular riches of spiritual experience. Thus the completest Deity comes into being. Man, then, is the whole Universe of existence come to complete expression in human terms. Two interpretations are possible here. We may conceive of the whole universe as the One Purushottama appearing diversified but yet holding the unity which is the very nature of His Spiritual existence. The several individuals, then, are parts somehow, reaching beyond themselves, even as our individual organs strive for the maintenance of the unity of the body,—to express the infinite purpose of the Deity, whose instruments they become. A more conscious realisation of the interdependence of the parts and the whole makes for complete Oneness. It is necessary in the case of human beings that the unconsciousness that is a characteristic of functioning of the organs of the body must give place to the conscious and deliberate offering of the several parts of the life of the whole which is Man.¹ The other alternative is the Divine expresses Himself fully each of His perfections individually,

1. Plato affirms that the world only mirrors the eternal Ideas and this mirroring is an imperfect and unreal manifestation. Rabindranath is a realist and does not accept that the world is illusory. Plato holds that the Pure Idea, God, the Highest Essence can be known only by discovering the essences in existence and subsuming them under the most universal Being. Rabindranath affirms the realisation of the Pure Being in the values of the universe, of space and time. It is not through intellectual generalization that will lead to the Concrete Universal Being, Man, but the loving surrender to the All. The Universal is other than the

and in each individual he is complete and full. The Goal of the Process is then Society. Rabindranath inclines to the former view. The Goal is Man. Here again we have two alternatives. (1) Should the surrender of the parts to the whole be made once and for ever? This course has a parallel in the Social contract theory of Hobbes—or (2) should the surrender be a conscious endeavour at every moment of individual existence? The former surrender becomes nugatory after a time for there is no love and real affection but mere habit, the latter becomes the real revealing affection to the unity of the whole.

The description of evolution by Rabindranath has novel features. It is quite distinct from anything that we know of in Indian or western thought, and effectively reconciles several western theories.

Evolution of Spirit into Matter and a return to itself through its texture is the real Thought of the East. The summit of this return is Man.² The immanent urge within matter is Spirit. How this urge expresses itself through extension at first and then by a return to its intensive character has been explained. Rabindranath concurs with the view of those thinkers who have been deeply influenced by Aristotle, viz. Bergson, Lloyd Morgan, and General Smuts.

That Spirit as vital energy fashions and creates new forms or patterns of life for the purpose of expressing itself adequately and that the progress of evolution is guided by the principle of adequate expression of Spirit is the main thesis of these thinkers. Lloyd Morgan and Bergson agree in so far as they posit new forms of spirit as reflex, instinct, intellect, and intuition. We cannot derive any one of these forms from the rest, though they are equally manifestations of the identical *Elan*. Tagore does not however, visualise the emergence of these forms clearly. He seems to follow Bergson in so far as the impeding of one form of Spirit by another is concerned, though not with respect to all forms of Spirit. The quantitative movement of Spirit impedes the qualitative. He follows more closely Yadva Prakasa's cleavage theory of evolution. Originally spirit began to function in the direction of quantitative infinity—and matter was the result. When it began its movement towards intensity and qualitative infinity, it created Life and man. Its final expression through Man is the transcendent—over humanity—God. The original matrix of existence is the Absolute Undifferentiated Spirit. In the theory of Yadva, the cosmic process is immediate, and sudden. In Rabindranath it is closely linked with time. In both theories, the identity of the One Spirit becomes the unity of the three in relative existence, and by becoming such it reveals an intenser harmony and humanity. More so in Rabindranath's Philosophy.

2. This concept is the most intriguing in Rabindranath. Whether he means this to be identical with the Leviathan of Hobbes or with the Utopia of the Anarchists; whether the Absolute of Bosanquet or the world of souls who have attained co-operative freedom is not quite clear.

The theory of Rabindranath does not account for the nature of the many-ness of the individuals as fully and satisfactorily as may be desired. But his theory of sacrifice of less perfect individuals for the purpose of the most perfect being, Man, deserves consideration. General Smuts explains that in evolution less perfect wholes are subsumed under larger and more perfect wholes. The completer whole reveals some peculiar characteristic over and above the qualities of lesser wholes, that compose it if not altering them. There is visible a newer function emerging from such an inter-relation of wholes. Functionally, its activity is not the mere *sum* of the functions of the units which form it. At first, in evolution, small cells (unicellular organisms) are independent units. Later they group themselves to form more complex bodies with diversified functions. These groupings bring into being functional characteristics like instinct, intellect, consciousness, and intuition. These functional characteristics are therefore the quality of the wholes, the more complex and diversified, the more dominant and delicate are these forms of spiritual activity. The highest in the organization on the physical basis of wholeness is the human body. These units now progress towards the still more complex spiritual units, the family, society, community, State, and, finally, Deity. The last is the completest personality, the most real and perfect whole. Its nature is transcendent to anything contained in the several units. In an ideal sense the Deity as the spirit moving towards the whole is immanent at every stage of the process. In Rabindranath's theory, however, the Ideal is more powerfully present. His idealistic tendency is greater, and resembles strongly the Hegelian. If we can compare this Ideal Deity with Man, Narayana, we have not only the explanation of Evolution but also the realization of the Most perfect whole, the Supreme Personality, God who is organic with the world.

It is not clear in Rabindranath's philosophy whether he means the ideal implication of the parts in the whole, or the natural biological implication of the units in the whole as in Smuts' theory. Rabindranath speaks about the sacrifice of the individual units for the gradual realization of the unity of the family, community, nation, state, universe, each in turn being sacrificed for the sake of MAN. Rabindranath does not mean to annul the individuals or communities, but he intends to make them whole, so as to bring into being the Ideal expression of MAN.

As a Seer, Rabindranath sees this ideal purpose of Man, as a poet he sings about Him, for this perfect being is not a mere emergent possibility but an actual fact when we Love deeply, truly and spontaneously. Evil and chance are not the truth of existence. Despair is not the last word; tragedy is not the highest summit of spirituality. Delight through sacrifice is the highest truth of existence. All this world is the Lila, the creative Delight of Man—to Him who Sees this within Himself.

The Sastrakali or Feast Dance.

By M. S. KRISHNA AIYAR

THE Sastrakali or Feast dance which is known under several names as Samkakali, Chathiricali, Sastrakali, Yatrakali etc. has had once, like the Koodiyattom, the Chakkyarkoothu and other decadent theatrical representations, great popularity among Kerala folk, and is still met with during festivals in royal houses and among other personages of distinction. Like Kathakali, and dances like Mohiniyattom whose artistic worth has come to be recognised only within the last few years, the Sastrakali also is a superior form of dramatic representation having literary excellence and historical importance, and deserves revival, though with changes suitable to the times.

For the origin and development of this form of Rupaka (dramatic representation) the Nambudiri Brahman was responsible. In the hey-days of Kerala, it formed an inevitable part of any family function conducted under the auspices of the Nambudiri.

The sastrakali has four parts called respectively the Nalupadam, the Angyam, the Pana and the Hasyam. Its elaborate technique exhibits wonderful indigenous talent, and it also shows the recognition by its authors of the presence of the supreme in everything and everywhere.

Whether one believes in the legendary origin of Kerala or not, it may be presumed that Sri Parasurama was the leader of the Aryan Brahmins who emigrated to the land. The superior mode of life of the newcomer must necessarily have evoked the admiration of the earlier inhabitants. The result must naturally have been that the newcomer gained leadership and Parasurama became the founder of a new social and governmental order.

The land was divided into sixty-four villages, each forming a unit of governmental administration. Mamankam and such other festivals came to be celebrated. Rakshapurushas or administrative heads, and later on the Perumal Kings, were anointed. Parasurama, believed to be the sixth incarnation of Vishnu, disappeared into the heavens after thus putting the Kerala country in order, and the brahmins began to rule the land.

Of the 64 villages or divisions mentioned above, 32 were Tulu as Gokarnam and Gomakudam, and the other 32 Malayalam as Payyanur and Perinchallur. These 64 villages were grouped for purposes of general administration into four territorial divisions of 12 villages each, and were known respectively as the Tuluvakhanda comprising the places between Gokarnam and Perumpuzha; the Koovakhanda

consisting of the land from Perumpuzha to Puthupattanam; the Kerala-khanda, the country lying between Putupattanam and Kunnettil; and the Mushikakhanda, the portion from Kunnettil to Kumarikshetra.

The need for military protection, of course, followed these arrangements for civil government. Some Brahmans, therefore, decided to practise the science of archery. This led to a caste division among Brahmans, for they could not, according to the Dharmasastras, follow the profession of arms allowed only to the Kshatriya. The Brahmans were generally of eight classes and there were any number of subdivisions. The fifth class was called Jatimatrakar (meaning belonging to the caste only in name) and in this category was included the Ashtavaidyans, the Brahmakshatriyas (those Brahmans that accepted Kshatriya Dharma), the Vedadhyanyagis (those who abandoned study of the Vedas), and the Parivarthanakkars (those liable to change their manners and customs). These Brahmakshatriyas were the persons who were initiated by Parasurama into the science of archery. These are known in Kerala under various names as Chathirar, Sastra Nambudiri, Yatra Nambudiri, Yatrangya Nambudiri etc. Eighteen groups among them including those that belong to the villages of Kadamuri and Chengannoor in Travancore generally conduct the Sastrakali. The other Nambudiris that conduct the Sastrakali are those who settled in Travancore under circumstances detailed below.

The Nambudiris of Thaliparamba village (North Malabar) for some reason earned the displeasure of Udaya Varma Kolattiri Raja of Chirakkal who, out of spite, brought 237 families of equal distinction as the Thaliparamba Nambudiris from Gokarnam in Tuluva-khanda to Perinchallur village and attempted to influence the other Nambudiris to accept the new-comers as one among them and as included in their group. Thirty one villages accepted this new dispensation, the one village Thaliparamba alone not agreeing. These new-comers came to be called Sagara Brahmans, and Udaya Varma earned the appellation of Parasurama, the Second. These Nambudiris belonging to the Perinchallur group first settled in Kolattunad. During Tippu Sultan's invasion some of these Nambudiri families fled away and sought protection under Karthiga Thirunal Maharaja of Travancore. The gracious Maharaja, whose only pleasure in life was giving relief to the distressed, gave them asylum. The descendants of these families are still known to reside in the Moovattupusha, Chenganasseri, Thiruvalla and Mavelikkara Taluks in Travancore. The Nambudiris of these places, as also of Evur and Karthigapally conduct the Sastrakali.

There are several traditional accounts as to the origin of Sastrakali. The last Perumal ruler of Kerala embraced Buddhism and the Brahmans had therefore to encounter some obstacles at the hands of the king. Emboldened by royal support, the Buddhists also made redoubled effort to propagate their own religion. Alarmed at this, and

with a view to put the Sanatana Hindu religion on a firm foundation, the Kerala Brahmans to whom prayer alone was the reliever of all distress, bestower of all gifts and accomplisher of all desires, joined together and started a big Bhajanam (prayer, service and meditation) in Thrikkariyur temple. At the time of that great prayer-service, Jangama Maharishi appeared, and following his advice, it was conducted for 41 days. On the 41st day came six scholars, well versed in Hindu Sastras, from the eastern districts, and they, engaging themselves in disputations, discomfited the Buddhists. Following this, the Perumal king divided his kingdom among his relatives and left the country for good. The Sastrakali is said to be commemorative of this incident and the Dipapradakshina (going round the sacred lamp), an integral part of this dance show, is supposed to be performed for propitiating Thrikkariyurappan and preventing evil.

A second legend is that when departing from Kerala after finishing his mission, Sri Parasurama gave word that he would come again if real need arose, and if at such times of need the Brahmans joined together and prayed for his presence. Some enthusiasts wanted to test the correctness of the plighted word, and others also were persuaded to join them in their wish. A conjoint worship was conducted and true to his word Parasurama appeared; but the worshippers stood aghast, having nothing to ask. Coming to know that the summons to him was pure mischief-making, Parasurama cursed: "Let there be no unity amongst you." It is said that the Sastrakali was started to ward off the evil result of this imprecation and that the part called 'Angyam' exactly represents the anxiety and perturbation exhibited by some of the busy bodies at the time Parasurama appeared.

A third legend is that Sastrakali is the imitation of the big procession led by the Sastri scholars mentioned in the first legend in order to demonstrate the opposition of the people to Buddhism.

Leaving alone the factum of the legends it may, however, be assumed that the origin of the Sastrakali had something to do with the warding off of some danger that happened to, or some evils anticipated by, the Kerala Brahmans and that this form of dance-recital originated a thousand years ago.

The Sastrakali is generally enacted during big family festivals as Pandrandammasam (day after the first death anniversary), marriages, Upanayanam, Annaprasanam, Shastyabdapurthi, birthday celebrations of royal personages etc. It is even now enacted on the birthday of H. H. The Maharaja of Travancore.

The entertainment consists of quaint and curious rituals and we shall here mention some of them. The troupe of actors reaches the place in the morning of the day the function is proposed to be held. The first thing that they do is to proclaim their arrival by beat of drums,

This is called *Kelikottu*. A big mid-day feast is arranged for the actors. An hour or two hence there is what is known as *Uchappattu*. This proceeds by first placing upside down a big copper vessel, circular in shape, in the *Pandal* improvised for the show. The Nambudiris sit round the vessel and begin playing on it and sing several kinds of songs. The songs are in old Malayalam having dialectal peculiarities. A detailed and colourful description of Sri Durga is the substance of these songs. One among those sitting round does not take part in the drumming or music but sits leaning on one side with a *Chirattakkayyil* (spoon made of cocoanut shell) in his hand. After sometime is spent by his friends in music, this individual, plays the oracle and gives expression to what is supposed to be inspired by the divine. The spoon is the oracle's emblem. The oracle is believed to have derived supramental power from Durga who has been propitiated by the adulation and the panegyrics that have gone before.

Before the oracle finishes his part, it is dusk and the actors have their Sandhya or evening prayers. Then begins the *Nalupadam* or *Dipapradakshinam*, the next and most important part of the *Sastrakali*. The actors go round a big lighted lamp loudly chanting in Vedic style and conforming to *Tala*. What they chant is a hymn in Dravidian metre. The hymn apparently is only laudatory of *Thrikkandiyurappan*, Sri Krishna and Siva; but it really contains the essence of all the four Vedas. Going round the lamp singing this song of praise is regarded as very auspicious. The chant is so enthralling that it moves even the confirmed unbeliever. "*Nalupadam*" (literally, containing four feet) can only be a conventional name, for the verse as a whole has more than four feet or *Padas*.

After the *Nalupadam* comes a grand dinner to the actors who during the meal, call for various kinds of dainty dishes one by one, which the host is bound to supply. Various pleasing tunes are adopted in calling for the things and this gives occasion for a lot of merriment. At intervals what is called *Karislokas* (verses about the dishes) are recited. These verses begin with prayers of Ganesha, Sarasvaty and Sri Krishna. There is also a special chant of Lord Ganesha. This part of the show is reminiscent of the great feast offered by Kubera to Lord Ganesha. There is then the cheering indicative of the magnificence of the feast, followed by *Neetuchollal*, which is of several kinds. The one in general vogue is the reading of a long letter composed in old and ornate Malayalam prose and addressed by one Puranic hero to another. This is not simple reading; it is accompanied by action and there will be cheering both at the beginning and at the conclusion.

After dinner the regular dance drama begins. The actors dress themselves in different kinds of costumes and come out in procession from the green room towards the *Kalipandal* (stage). The drummers and the *Dipayashtikkars* (persons holding lights perched on staffs)

accompany them. They all station themselves a little away from the stage where in the meanwhile a big lamp is lighted and *Arippara* (a big measureful of rice), *Nelpara* (a measureful of paddy), raw and ripe plantain bunches, cocoanuts, pan, *Palakkombu*, tender cocoanut leaves etc are brought and arranged in a particular order. The musicians stand near this and the spectators also occupy places close by. The procession slowly continues its march with music, drumming etc., the actors singing *Vanchipattu* (boat song). The actors take their seats around the lamp. The drummers take the place behind them. After a short panegyric on Ganesha, what is called *Angya* begins. The Musicians sing from behind. They keep time on a water pot (something like the *Ghata vadyam* that is seen in Madras). The actors then show different finger signs (*Angya*). Though there is not much connection between the songs and the signs, the scene on the whole produces much laughter, mirth and buffoonery, and concludes with dances and songs and circumambulation round the sacred lamp.

The third part of the *Sastrakali* called *Pana* then begins. It consists of two parts. The first is *Polivupattu*. This consists of singing eulogistic songs on Ganesha, Mahamaya, Sri Krishna, and the Vedic Gods. The second is *Thattolyuzhichal*. All stand up and pray and *Vadya gosha* is at its highest swing. In a cocoanut shell without the kernel being removed, ghee is poured and a flame is kept burning. *Mantrakshata* etc. are placed on a broad plate. This plate is waved three times before the big lamp, when a *mantra* praising Sri Durga is also chanted.

Then comes the fourth and concluding part—*Hasya*. This portion is illustrative of the proverbial Nambudiri humour. Several actors as the oracle, *Kandappan*, *Vididi* (buffoon), *Kakkalan*, *Prakkal*, Nambudiri, *Kaniyar* etc. take part; but *Kandappan* is the biggest buffoon of all. He poses himself as a big dignitary and boasts of his accomplishments. His speeches, songs, and actions are full of wit and humour. There is much of *Sringara rasa* (love), also. The other actors likewise indulge themselves in a lot of fun and frolic. Before all these end, it is day-break and a benedictory song concludes the function.

The Activated Sludge Process of Sewage Purification

Its Development and Significance.

By S. C. PILLAI, B. A., A. I. I. Sc.

EVER since the recognition of the fact that oxidation of putrescible organic matter is the essential factor in the purification of sewage and that the process can be hastened by forcing air into the sewage, many attempts were made to devise a practicable method of treating sewage. Notable among these are the experiments of Angus Smith in 1882, Waring's method in 1892, the early and later experiments at Lawrence in 1893 and 1912 respectively, Mather and Platt's process in 1893, Fowler's early experiments at the Davyhulme Works of the Manchester Corporation in 1897, and his later experiments with "M₁" discovered by Mumford, Henderson's patent in 1905, Adeney's experiments in 1905, MacClean Wilson's discovery of "a clotting enzyme" in 1908, and the New York experiments by Black and Phelps. If these experiments did not result directly in a practicable method, they did pave the way for the development of what is known as the "Activated Sludge" process.

The Development of the Activated Sludge Process.

The origin of the process and the experimental work on which it is based are described by the pioneers, Edward Arden and W. T. Lockett, working under the supervision of Dr. Gilbert J. Fowler who was then the Consulting Chemist to the Manchester Corporation, in a series of papers read by them before the Manchester Section of the Society of Chemical Industry:—

"In November 1912, Dr. Fowler visited the States in connection with the question of the pollution of the New York harbour. Shortly after his return he described to the authors a laboratory experiment which he had seen in progress at the Lawrence Experiment Station, Massachusetts, which evidently referred to the earlier work of Clark and his colleagues on the aeration of sewage in the presence of green organisms as the bottle in which the sewage was aerated was coated inside with strands of algal growth. Dr. Fowler suggested that new work might with advantage be carried out on somewhat similar lines. Acting on this suggestion, further investigations with regard to the subject of aeration of sewage were undertaken by the authors.....".

Although the principles of activated sludge process were known long before the process came into being, the most valuable contributions, the practical application of this knowledge and the development

of the process were made by Fowler and his colleagues, Arden and Lockett and Major and Mrs. Mumford in England, and by Barlow and his associates in America.

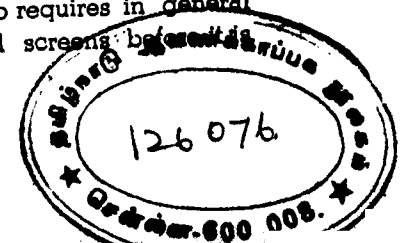
The Activated Sludge Principle of Sewage Purification.

The activated sludge process, as defined by Sewerage and Sewage Disposal Committee of the Sanitary Section of the American Public Health Association, consists essentially in the agitation of a mixture of sewage with about 15 per cent. or more of its volume of bacterially active liquid sludge in the presence of ample atmospheric oxygen, for a sufficient period of time to coagulate at least a large proportion of the colloidal matter, followed by sedimentation adequate for the subsidence of the sludge flocculi; the activated sludge having been previously produced by aeration of successive portions of sewage and maintained in its active condition by adequate aeration by itself or in contact with sewage. A little reflection would show that the process is simply an adaptation of Nature's method of disposal of waste products; but it is so developed and adjusted that the maximum results can be obtained in the shortest possible space of time.

If air is allowed to bubble through a sample of sewage, a number of changes progressively take place. The first to be noticed is the gradual conversion of the colloidal matter, which gives the turbid appearance to the sewage, into brown granular particles which readily settle leaving a clear liquid. In course of time nothing is left in solution but mineral salts, namely, chlorides and nitrates.

This complete oxidation of sewage by the action of air together with the microorganisms present in the sample of sewage occupies a considerable time, possibly many days, and for this reason purification of sewage by aeration alone was deemed once impracticable. But it has been found that, if the brown granular deposit which forms is allowed to settle out from the liquid and the latter decanted away and a further quantity of sewage aerated in contact with the brown deposit, the time required for the purification of the sewage decreases considerably; as this process is repeated with the brown deposit retained at the end of each operation, the quantity of the deposit naturally increases and the further purification of sewage is effected much quicker. Finally, when the deposit accumulates to the extent of about a quarter of the total volume of the sewage, the latter can be purified in a few hours time and the process becomes a practical proposition. The brown deposit has been termed "activated sludge".

For the practical carrying out of the activated sludge process, artificial aeration is necessary and the sewage needs to be freed from heavy detritus and from floating solids. It also requires in general to be passed through a system of catchpits and screens before being subjected to aeration.



The layout of the Activated Sludge Plant.

The installation is so laid out that the essential requirements of the process are adequately met: provision is made for a constant supply of air, for the circulation of a portion of the activated sludge containing the appropriate organisms, and for sufficient agitation to prevent any local stagnation and to keep the contents of the tank thoroughly intermixed (Fig. 1).

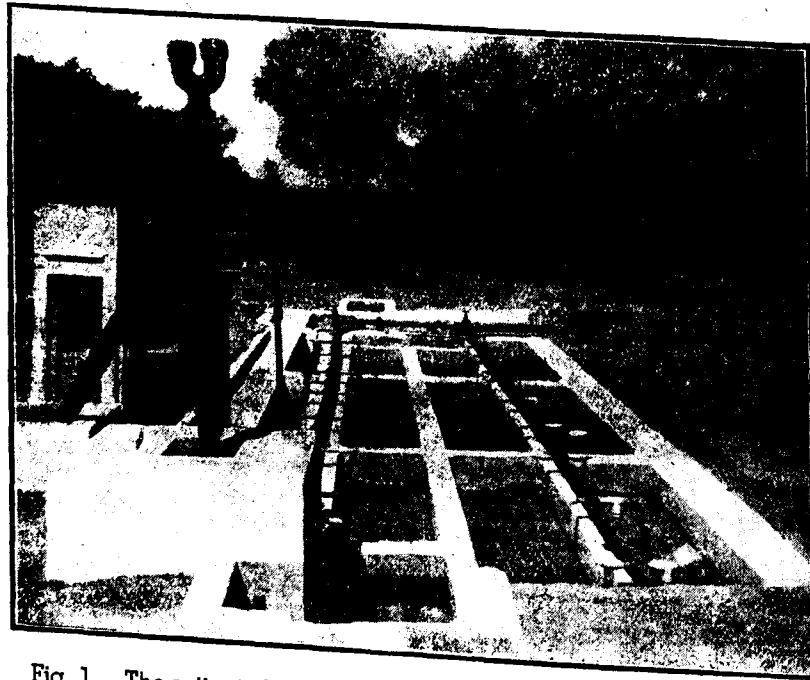


Fig. 1. The activated sludge plant at the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore.

Air supply. Air is forced in a state of fine division. It has been found that this fine division is necessary for the sake of economy of air, and it is effected by the use of what are known as diffusers of porous material through which the air is forced creating a fine emulsion of air and sewage. Where diffusers are used, the air is introduced into the sewage far more uniformly and in a state of finer division than is possible with perforated pipes. The diffusers generally used deliver the air in bubbles, say, about $\frac{1}{8}$ " in diameter. A set of six diffusers is supplied by a separate down pipe with a needle valve for regulating the supply. The diffusers rest on the floor of the tank, and can be lifted out for examination in case of extreme need (which might very seldom arise).

The air for the diffusers and air lifts laid out in the plant is furnished by the compressors which are conveniently housed near the

sewage plant. The air compressors are driven by electric motors. The layout is so arranged that each motor for each compressor may be driven independently; if necessary, two or all of them, as the case may be, can be worked simultaneously; and by varying the size of the pulleys, the speed of the motor may be increased or decreased.

The function of the air which is blown into an activated sludge tank is twofold: (a) to supply oxygen to support the life of the organisms and for oxidation purposes, and (b) to agitate the sewage and keep the sludge in suspension. If, however, the air supply is inadequate, many difficulties in the working of the plant are caused, the quality of the effluent deteriorates, 'bulking' of sludge takes place, insect larvae appear in large quantities in the slowly moving sludge, and the whole process is disorganised.

The process of purification of sewage in the plant and the formation of activated sludge.

The installation consists of a number of long narrow chambers or compartments in succession, which are designed and designated as follows:—

The inlet chamber. The sewage collected in the main sump from the various sewers and smaller sumps goes first into this chamber. This is provided with a coarse screen, so that the sewage as it leaves this chamber is rendered free from lumps of floating matter. Ammonia is always present in this chamber. Samples are not generally taken from this chamber for testing purposes, but chemical analysis of samples from this may be carried out to report on the character and strength of sewage that is being treated.

The disintegrating chamber. The detritus-free solid matter of crude sewage is broken up and physically changed in this chamber by continuous aeration and agitation. Ammonia is present in this chamber under normal conditions. Samples need not be taken from this chamber for testing purposes except under special circumstances.

The grease chamber. There is no aeration in this chamber. All the greasy matter collects here, which may be removed. This chamber is not so very necessary for the Indian plants as for the European plants, since European domestic sewage contains much more fatty materials.

The mixing chamber. This is called the mixing chamber because of the fact that the reactivation channel continually empties into it a proportion of the activated sludge from the reactivation tank. This chamber, therefore, contains a mixture of practically raw sewage and a certain proportion of the reactivated sludge which is further aerated and agitated. Actual purification of the sewage starts in this chamber, and this feeds the aeration tank through sluice valves. Samples from this

chamber may be taken and examined with a view to studying the course of oxidation of ammonia or nitrification.

The aeration tank. This may include a number of compartments, and in these, by continuous aeration and agitation, the sewage is slowly but steadily converted into a granular deposit, which develops biological activity capable of clarifying and completely purifying sewage. Each particle of the brown (chocolate colour) granular sludge that is formed in the aeration tank is densely colonised with micro-organisms which may be regarded as the living force in the purification of sewage. Samples from these chambers, particularly from the last aeration chamber, may be taken at periodic intervals and tested for ammonia and nitrite as also for the percentage of sludge and its character. From these tests the working of the plant may be readily judged.

The settlement tank with Clifford inlet. The product that is formed in the aeration tank is brought into the settling tank in such a way as to disturb its contents as little as possible. For this purpose a "Clifford inlet" is used, which consists of a vertical pipe ending in a bucket suspended in the centre of a trunk or shaft. The energy of the incoming sludge is absorbed by the bucket which deflects the flow upward, the sludge returning with a greatly reduced velocity down the shaft. The sludge goes vertically down the settling tank without making the least disturbance.

The reactivation tank. Right from the bottom of the settlement tank, by syphonic arrangement, the sludge is brought up into the reactivation tank. This tank affords the advantage of providing a reserve of biological energy. Reactivation of sludge is essentially a biochemical process of oxidation; in the presence of dissolved oxygen, it proceeds simultaneously with the process of purification. The starting point of the process of reactivation may be considered as the point nearest the inflow of the aeration tank at which dissolved oxygen first appears. The degree of reactivation that takes place in the aeration tank is dependent upon the 'balance maintained between the supply of and the demand on oxygen and the period of detention as timed from the determined starting point'.

The reactivation channel. The reactivated sludge (a proportion of it, depending upon the requirements of the plant) is lifted up by means of an air lift into the reactivation channel which leads to the mixing chamber. Thus the circulation is completed and the whole process continues in the above manner.

The mechanism of the air lift. The air lift consists of two vertical pipes, the smaller one an air pipe, and the larger a rising main for the sludge. The air is delivered by the first pipe to the foot of the second, though it rises, mingled with sludge. For the proper

working of the lift, the pressure of the sludge in the borehole at the foot of the rising main must be greater than that due to the weight of the mixture of sludge and air in the latter, which means that the rising main must be carried down below the sludge level to a depth equal to twice the height of the lift. In order that the air may lift the sludge and not merely slip through it in large bubbles, the sludge and air must be thoroughly mixed, for which purpose various forms of nozzles have been devised. The sludge as it leaves the lift must be delivered in the open, so that the air may escape. The efficiency of an air lift may be low, but its simplicity and freedom from all moving parts will often outweigh its disadvantages.

The process carried out in practice may therefore be briefly described as follows. The screened sewage passes into the aeration tanks into which air is forced in a state of fine division. The effluent passing away at the end of aeration tanks is purified but contains activated sludge in suspension which is separated and returned to the inlet of the tank. The aeration tank is followed by the settlement tank in which the activated sludge rapidly settles out and from which the clear and purified effluent passes. The deposited activated sludge can be lifted from the bottom of the settlement tank by means of compressed air either back to the inlet of the aeration tank or out of the system altogether on to sludge drying beds from which it can be removed and used as manure. Any surplus over and above the 15 or 20 per cent. of the volume of the tank which is necessary to effect purification is thus removed from time to time.

From the foregoing observations it would appear that the process of purification of sewage in the activated sludge plant involves a number of factors, physical, chemical and biological. The influence of these and their relative importance are being slowly understood in the light of modern researches.

The significance of the activated sludge process.

As may be seen from the foregoing paragraphs, the activated sludge process yields two final products which are of considerable importance: a well-nitrified effluent and a well-oxidised sludge. The real significance of the process probably lies in its production of a well oxidised sludge of the nature of "humus" which contains the largest part of the fertilizing ingredients originally removed from the soil by the crops. Perhaps the time has come to regard the activated sludge process as a fertilizer process, as the pioneers of the process themselves anticipated about quarter of a century ago when they brought it into being; that it is not so much a method of purification of sewage as that of completion of the Nitrogen Cycle, by conserving the nitrogen in the sludge for the purpose of making fertilisers for farm lands. The sludge fertiliser having a very high percentage of nitrogen as also the other elements of plant nutrition, as defined by Dr. Gilbert

Fowler and Mrs. Gladys Mumford when they took out a British Patent in 1915 for an improved fertiliser, "is of such a character, and is in such condition, that it will incorporate or enter into union with the soil in such a manner as to act highly effectively in it, in all ways. It constitutes a species of 'humus' which is granular in character, and very readily dried and handled".

But the difficulties with regard to drying the sludge which always exists in finely divided, deflocculated condition have been doubtless standing in the way of its preparation and extended application. Recently, however, a considerable measure of success has been possible in this direction through the work of Dr. Fowler. His invention relates to an apparatus or equipment, consisting principally of a brush filter mat which is preferably of coir, for separating solids from liquids. The 'Fowler mat' has been found efficacious for the separation of the flocculent sludge and drying it. The essential principle of the specially designed drying mat is filtration on 'as a surface formed by the ends of stiff, parallel, vertical fibres'. The mat is mounted on rollers and at the turn over the fibres open and the sludge can be readily scraped or brushed off (Fig. 2). Simple filtration on this mat yields a



Fig. 2. The sludge drying mat installed near the activated sludge plant at the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore.

product containing 70 to 80 per cent. of moisture in the course of less than half-an-hour. This moisture can be further reduced either by a current of hot air or radiant heat obtained from electric elements superimposed half an inch above the filtering surface on the principle of electric toaster. Laboratory trials have shown that it is comparatively easy by this method to get a product containing about 50 per cent. of moisture. The final drying of such a product, at any rate, in the hot weather is not difficult, but the heating on the mat ensures the "cracking" of the "truculent colloids" so that they do not revert.

The activated sludge process has been now well established as an elegant and compact method of disposing not only all domestic sewage but also industrial wastes with suitable pre-treatment. The process also fulfils the modern requirement, namely, the preparation of the crop food separately from its application to the soil.

An Indian Newspaper

By M. G. BROAD

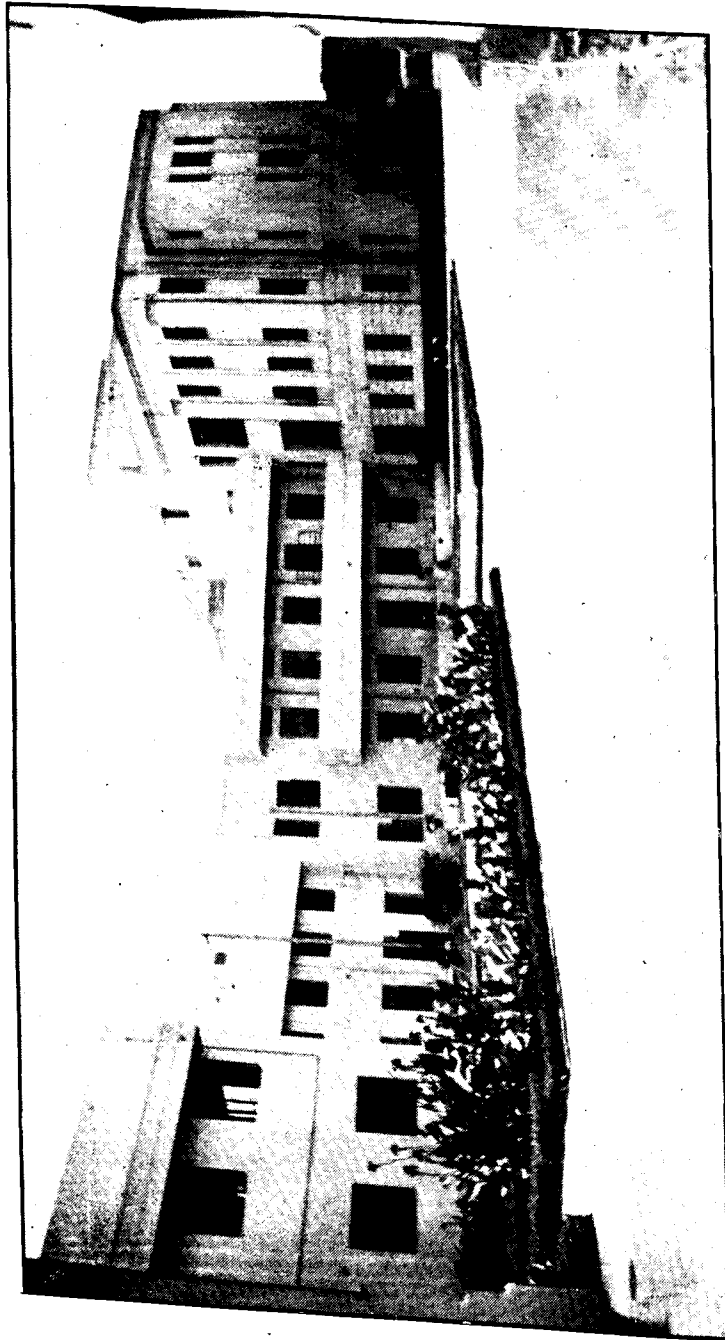
[Our readers, we have no doubt, will read with considerable interest and appreciation the following article which tells us how an American coming from the "land of newspapers", where newspaper production has become a fine art, views a similar venture in our own country. —Ed.]

WHEN in September 1939, I was approached by my friends The Duplex Printing Press Co., of Battle Creek, Mich., to enquire whether I would be interested in considering a position as Superintendent of an Indian newspaper, I was, I assure you, filled with a mixture of doubts and desires as I was truly reminded by the Duplex Co., I would be employed in a country who are at war with Germany, that I should be on the other side of the world, far away from Uncle Sam and my many friends. In as much as I had to make up my mind almost immediately I let the desire get the better of the doubts and came to India, and now many months later, sitting in my office, I feel as though I should pass along to my friends in America, "the land of newspapers", my findings here.

Firstly, let me say to those at home who are fortunate enough to travel to Europe: "Take a trip to the East". It has been my privilege to visit Europe and now the East and Far East. I assure you the latter is past all explanation, and imagination, — climate, beauty, vegetation, flowers, the like of which one never sees anywhere else except in the East, "The land of mystery". I and my wife sailed from Los Angeles on January 8, 1940 and our next touch of land was Manilla 21 days later. The Atlantic Ocean is a mill pond compared to the Pacific. Why the name Pacific was given to that stretch of water which separates the shores of America and the Phillipine Islands is to me a mystery — may be because one sails for three long weeks without ever seeing a ship or land. It is quiet, but certainly not pacific! I did not think there was so darn much turbulent water in the whole world. If I were one of those statisticians who every now and then break out in a rash and tell us the newsprint used on such and such an edition would reach around the world and the ink used would float a boat 62 $\frac{1}{3}$ feet long etc., I would tell you how many times the water in the Pacific Ocean would cool the casting boxes in the Stereo-type department of THE HINDU. But then I am not a statistician, you should be thankful. From Manilla on to the Dutch East Indies and then Bali, the Isle of Romance where beauty, happiness and complete satisfaction of living truly exist.



The writer during his visit to the Isle of Bali.



A portion of The Hindu Plant.

After six weeks of sailing the seas, we arrived in Madras, which was to be our home for some years to come. What would we find? Would it be an old dirty city, with its thousands of starving people, with old ideas of the East, with insanitary homes, bad food and its subsequent diseases, as I had been told by those in New York? Or would the dream I had of a fine modern city and up-to-the-minute newspaper be before my eyes? Well, it is a mixture of both. India has in the last 20 years made wonderful strides. Whilst there are a lot of hungry people, there is much progress. One finds modern hotels, which, whilst of course are much smaller, nevertheless compare favourably with my old hang-out in New York, "The Commodore". We have our air-conditioned Cock-tail Bars and dining rooms and we dance at night to Orchestras which surely remind one of Samie Kay, "Ben Bernie and all the Lads". Our homes are very large and of course airy on account of the climate. We enjoy all the convenience of a California real estate development without the cramping, as homes are built far apart and one generally enjoys a garden, or, as we call it, a compound of at least an acre.

Arriving as I did at 6-30 a. m. on Friday, February 23, 1940, my first desire was to meet my Publisher, the gentleman for whom I had travelled thirteen thousand miles, with whom it was to be my pleasure to work on the greatest newspaper in all India. But no, that was not to be, at least not yet, as I was told I must wait until after 2-30 p. m., as it was inauspicious time to meet him earlier and so I waited. At 2-30 I journeyed to the offices of THE HINDU, where I found as fine a newspaper building as can be found in any part of the world. With its cream stone front faced with green marble, towering to a height of almost 100 feet, with its lobbies, halls and staircase of marble, its mosaic work, its oil paintings, its modern elevators and its indirect lighting, it was a sight I shall never forget. Equipped as it is with every modern piece of machinery that money can buy, Mr. K. Srinivasan and Mr. K. Gopalan, the Proprietors, truly have a plant which any of our American publishers would indeed be proud to own—with 16 Linotypes including many Blue Streik models, the best of stereotype equipment, a top notch Photo Engraving plant and a 32-Page Duplex Unitubular Press equipped with balloon former and capable of producing multi-colour work built on sub structure, with automatic tension control which was erected by Mr. Harvy Larks of the Duplex Printing Press Co., who made the journey to India expressly for this purpose. I have often thought what a very fine job he accomplished here. Whilst in any American city he would have at his disposal the best machine shops, such conditions do not exist here.

There are 500 employees in *The Hindu* (all of whom are Indian excepting the writer) which is the national organ for the whole of India and which celebrated its Diamond Jubilee last year. With a circulation of 50,000 daily, distributed over an area of almost 1,000,000 sq.

miles, one can judge what a Herculean task confronts our Circulation Department. Of our Business and Editorial Departments, I am proud to say we have many of the keenest minds in India. In the Mechanical



The Press of the HINDU
A 32 Page Duplex Unit-Tubular.

Department a few of the men speak in English, others speaking Tamil, Telugu or Hindustani. I am sure you can well imagine what a wonderful job is being done—to print a newspaper, all in English, under these conditions. Can you imagine a New York Daily being set in Tamil, by American Linotype operators? However, in spite of these conditions, we seldom have any typographical error in *The Hindu*. We check, double-check and then finally check all over again. Whilst of course, the American mechanic is capable of using his own

judgment and is expected to do so, such is not the case with the Indian mechanic. He has been taught to obey instructions and no more and he does an excellent job of it. It is, therefore, imperative that men in key positions be well-trained, in order that those under their charge may be properly instructed. It is truly a situation where executive ability counts and I am most grateful to my old employer, J. E. Stiles, Publisher of the Nassau Daily Review of Long Island, N. Y., for the executive training I received during the many happy years I spent with him.

In the past practically all newspaper supplies for Indian newspapers, such as newsprint, mats, ink, typemetal etc. were purchased from England, Norway and Germany. But due to the present war, we were compelled to look elsewhere, with the result that our supplies today come from the U. S. A. and I am sure this is going to give India better printed newspapers, as nowhere has so much advancement been made in the production of a newspaper as in America.

To give to my readers some conception of the heat here, the daily temperature the year round is from 90 degrees to 110 degrees in the shade. We have many mechanical problems which do not exist at home, lubrication especially. I can assure you that before our editions are put to press, the presses are so hot that one in America would be afraid to start on the run; but with all roller bearings under careful lubrication we are able to run our presses at a speed of 30,000 an hour. But all told, printing a newspaper in India is much about the same kind of a job as in the land of Uncle Sam. There are, however, a few fundamental differences. News is of first importance and, whilst advertisements are of course accepted, they are not solicited. To the reader, whatever he may read in his newspaper, he can be quite sure it is the whole truth. One will not find anything of a sensational nature and I am quite sure Walter Winchell would be a "forgotten man" in India.

As a matter of comparison—a stereotype journeyman receives Rs 35 per month a Linotype operator Rs. 40 p. m. a journeyman pressman Rs. 35 p. m. A rupee today is the equivalent of 32 c. Whilst, of course, these salaries seem ridiculous to those in America, there is the old old saying, "It is not how much one earns, it is what one needs for the necessities of life in the particular environment in which one finds oneself". These chaps here are quite happy with the wages they receive and, inasmuch as their need in food is a little rice and curry—they are mostly vegetarian—and in clothes a dhoti for himself and a saree for his wife, they are well provided for.

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous, here are a few of the humorous things we Westerners notice.

The Indian cows have as yet not been trained to sit on a quart bottle, so the cow and calf are trotted around, usually by small boys,

from bungalow to bungalow and the desired quantity of milk is milked from the cow at your backdoor.

The coolies know nothing of the housing and clothing problems. They wear nothing but a piece of rag held in place by a cord drawn around the waist and after a hard day's labour for which they receive six to eight annas (12 to 15 cents per day) they and their families—generally large—lie right down by the side of the road for their night's rest.

All Indians, be they of the wealthy, educated class or the coolies sit on the floor and eat their rice and ghee from a plantain leaf. Invariably the men of the house and children are served first. After they have finished, the womenfolk sit for their meals. Time was when the young wife would save the leaf in which the husband had eaten and eat from it herself later. This custom and others like it are now disappearing. In fact, not a few families use plates and spoons, and instead of squatting on the floor sit on chairs with meals served on tables, just as you and I.

Sri Raghavendra Tirtha

His Life & Works.

By V. RANGACHARYA, M. A.

Introduction. Of all the life-stories of the Madhva Saints whose pictures have been immortalised by the ardent fervour of devotees, the story of 'Sri Raghavendra Tirtha, the famous sage of Mantralaya (Mantsala), the well-known place of pilgrimage on the banks of the Tungabhadra (Adoni Taluk, Bellary District), is perhaps the most singular and picturesque. To the scholar who is moved by the prosaic achievements of learning, his career appeals as that of an erudite polemical controversialist, the thunder of whose voice, which carried opponents by storm nearly two and a half centuries ago, has not died in its effects even today. But to the large mass of the Madhvas the picture he conjures up is that of a rare teacher of Bhakti, a miracle-worker, thanks to his yogic and mantric skill, of deep sympathy to human beings in need of relief from the ills, bodily and spiritual. The most curious fact about Raghavendra Svami is that he has Brindavanas or tomb-shrines erected over soil taken from his original burying-place at Mantralaya, in more than a score of places, from Kasi to Tinnevely, and from Udipi to Kumbhakonam, wherein public worship takes place even today. And in the Madhva homes it is not uncommon to see little brindavanas in metal, in which a bit of earth from the same holy soil is deposited, and around which they go every morning, after bath, with his Stotra in their lips as a curative from all ills human beings are heirs to; while his memory is kept up by his supposed picture which, if dark, rotund, and unattractive, had in it the soul of a noble servant of God and lover of his fellowmen who is supposed to be alive even today and gracious enough to bestow on his devotees all the blessings they crave.

Environment and Parentage. Raghavendra Svami, whose earlier secular name was Venkata Bhatta, was the scion of a distinguished family of Madhva scholars, and musicians who lived under the patronage of the emperors at Vijayanagar in the 16th century. Vina Dimmanna Bhatta, his grand-father, was an accomplished singer whose skill in playing on the Vina, was equal to his ardour for the Dvaitic cult. His father, Kanakachalabhatta, carried on the family tradition, and enjoyed the patronage of the court. Kanakachala had a pious

1. Raghavendra's life is praised in a small treatise in 32 verses by his disciple Sri Appanacharya. Another authority is the *Sri Raghavendra-vijaya* by Narayana in which Raghavendra's life, miracles, and victorious controversies are described. The former has been published, together with a Tamil biographical booklet, at Kumbhakonam, and the latter at Belgaum.

wife in Gopikamba. At first childless, they proceeded to Tirupati and propitiated Lord Srinivasa. In course of time they had a girl named Venkatamba and a boy named Gururaja. Leaving Tirupati then, Dimmanna Bhatta settled at Bhuvanagiri near Chidambaram, a village then famous for scholars. Lying four miles to the north-west of Chidambaram and 'close to the Vellar, which here runs in a deep bed between steep banks which are almost cliffs', and situated in the centre of the wet land of Chidambaram Taluk, it was in later days used by the English at Fort St. David as a grain depot, and was protected by a small fort of which no traces now remain'. But in the days of Vijayanagar the place had less eventful but far nobler happenings. There were indeed no 'happenings' at all; for the minds of its householders were usually exercised on things deeper than those of this world; and, though they were poor in material things, they were rich in moral and spiritual life. Kanakachala Bhatta made a respectable name as a Madhva teacher among them. The story is that, while staying at Bhuvanagiri, Kanakachala prayed to Srinivasa for a second son, as the result of which Venkata Bhatta, the later Sri Raghavendra Tirtha, was born. Later on, when Raghavendra's name was a household word in every Madhva home, he came to be regarded as an *avatar* of Prahlada himself intended to free Dvaitism from its enemies; but at the time when he was born it was hardly dreamed that the dark and unimpressive child was destined to be worshipped as another Madhvacharya.

Early Life. Losing his father while he was a child, and brought up by his elder brother, Venkata Bhatta was sent, after Upanayana, to Madura where their sister's husband Lakshmi Narasimhacharya, was then living. Endowed with the gift of unrivalled aptitude for learning, Venkata Bhatta became, in course of time, an all-round scholar. Returning to Bhuvanagiri, he lived there as a *Grihasta*. Some time later Venkata Bhatta began a new chapter of his life by proceeding to Kumbhakonam where the celebrated Vijayindra Tirtha, the author of more than a hundred polemical works and the opponent of Appaiya Dikshita, was presiding over the matha established by him after overthrowing a Sakta fanatic, and ministering to the followers of the Dvaita Vedanta. Tradition, as confirmed by a conventional portrait in the Vijayindra matha, says that Venkata Bhatta studied under him; but if so it was only for a short period. For we know positively that he had for his preceptor Sudhindra Tirtha, Vijayindra's disciple and successor, and mastered at his feet the entire range of Dvaita works. Once, Venkata Bhatta surprised his teacher by a commentary of his own on a difficult passage of the *Nyayasudha*, the *magnum opus* of Jaya Tirtha, which had baffled the latter; and with an enthusiasm which was unclouded by jealousy, the preceptor asked the disciple to compose a commentary of his own. This is the well-known *Sudhaparimala*,

on which account the author came to be known as Parimalacharya. Regarding its thoroughness and merit Dr. Nagaraja Sarma observes in the *Hindu*: "In many a context like the one dealing with an analysis of the term *Narayana*, Sri Raghavendra dives deep into the mysteries of Panini and Patanjali. In other contexts wherein principles of 'Purva-mimamsa' have been pressed into service Sri Raghavendra Tirtha recapitulates the discussion in full, adopting a comparatively simple style of exposition. Unless the original work is studied under the proper type of Pandits, its philosophic grace thoroughness and charm of style cannot be felt adequately." Once, when Sudhindra was gone to Mannargudi (Tanjore Dt), Venkata Bhatta beat an Advaitic controversialist, and earned the name *Mahabhashyacharya*. Similarly he is said to have vanquished Yagnanarayana Dikshita, the son of Govinda Dikshita, at Tanjore thereby earning the title of Bhattacharya. This could have happened, however, only later on; for, as Venkata Bhatta became a Sanyasin and Sudhindra's successor in A.D. 1545, according to tradition, he must have met Yagnanarayana before 1545 if he had met him in his pre-Sanyasin period. But that would be too early a period for Yagnanarayana by about a score of years at least, if not more.

Life at Bhuvanagiri. Some time later, Venkata Bhatta returned to Bhuvanagiri and spent his days in teaching a number of disciples; but Providence denied him the necessities of life. Venkata Bhatta, it is said, named his son, who was born here, Lakshmi Narayana*, so that he could with divine grace be free from his grinding poverty. But Providence, which intended him for a great mission in the world, denied him the needed relief. Unable to endure this situation, Venkata Bhatta left Bhuvanagiri. On reaching a village, he saw an entertainment going on. The host who regarded Venkata Bhatta, then in rags and tatters, as a beggar, appointed him to prepare the sandalwood paste for his other guests. Considerably pained by this treatment, Venkata Bhatta went on preparing the paste, uttering the *Agni-sukta* all the while. The result was that, when the guests put the paste on, they were scorched by it. On inquiry it was realised that it was due to the pain to which Venkata Bhatta had been subjected and that relief was possible from him alone. And Venkata Bhatta, by chanting the *Varuna-sukta*, made the selfsame paste as cool as water! Fascinated by the mystery of such a miraculous power, the village chief, who was now in a mood of bitter self-condemnation, showered gifts on one who had proved himself to be so great.

Study and succession at Kumbhakonam Matha. Eventually, Venkata Bhatta returned to Kumbhakonam and lived with his own teacher. The story goes that once, while expounding Vyasa-raja's *Tatparya-chandrika*, Sudhindra got the explanation for a difficult

* He has left a work, the *Rikbhashya-tippani* to perpetuate his name.

passage from the *Prakasa* which his pupil was writing for his own use, and so regarded him more as a teacher than a pupil. In course of time, Sudhindra, too old and ill to preside over the Matha, asked Venkata Bhatta, unrivalled scholar as he was, to become a Sanyasin and succeed him. But Venkata Bhatta did not close with the proposal, on account of the youth of his son and of his own weakness for conjugal life. So Sudhindra Tirtha made Yadavendra, another famous disciple, assume the robes of the Sanyasin. But in a few days Sudhindra recovered his health, and Yadavendra went away on pilgrimage. (A little later Sudhindra became ill once again, and prayed to Lord 'Sri Rama to instil the attitude of resignation in the mind of his beloved disciple. The result was that in Rudhikotkari, Phalguna Krishnapaksha A. D. 1545) he received from Sudhindra the Sanyasic robes and the appellation of Raghavendraswamin. The retiring Acharya proceeded to Pampa, where his *Brindavana* forms even today an interesting survival of an historic period of Sri Madhvaism. Raghavendra Tirtha's assumption of monastic life led to his wife's sacrifice of her life; and he took pity on her restless and haunting spirit and gave it eternal heavenly rest by introducing the custom of presenting clothes and jewels in her name on auspicious occasions by the members of his *Gotra*.

The works of Sri Raghavendra. As the head of the Kumbhakonam Math Raghavendra made it impossible for other seats of spiritual learning to outstrip it in importance. A perpetually growing stream of disciples, devotees and scholars flocked to listen to his learned discourses. The leading, Dvaitic authority of the age was physically, by no means, a prepossessing figure. He was indeed uncouth, heavy, dark-featured and unattractive; but the glow of the spiritual fire obscured the uncouth features of the physical shell. The exalted character, the erudition, and the mental powers of Raghavendra dazzled all who came into contact with him. During the long space of 48 years (1545—93 A. D.) during which he held the headship of the Madhva community, Raghavendra Tirtha enriched the Dvaita world with more than fifty polemical works. The vast majority of these are of the nature of glosses and commentaries on the works of *Madhvacharya*, Jayatirtha and Vyasatirtha; but there were original works as well in the varied fields of the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Mimamsa, the Vedanta and the Puranic lore. The versatility of the Acharya gained him the title of *Sarvatantra-Svatantra*; and all ranks of people, from prince to peasant, joined to pay tribute to one who, to unrivalled erudition, added the attractive quality of sympathy and the miraculous power of a Yogi.

Raghavendra Tirtha contributed three types of commentaries or digests on vedic literature. First, there are the *khandarthas* on the *Isavasya*, *Kathaka*, *Taithriya*, *Shadprasma*, *Brihadaranyaka*, *Mandukya*, *Talavakara*, *Chhandogya* and *Atharvana Upanishads*. The second set

of vedic commentaries go by the name *Vivaranas*. These were composed on the *Aitareyopanishad*, the *Isavasyopanishad*, the *Rik-Yajur-Sama*, the *Purushasukta*, the *Ambat-karmasukta*, the *Samudrasukta* and the *Pavamanasukta*. The third type is indicated by manuals like the *Rik-arthamanjari* and the *Mantrararthasangraha*. To these may be added the *Gitavivriti* and the *Gitarthamanjari*.

In the field of mimamsa Sri Raghavendra wrote the *Bhattarahasya* and the *Bhattasanygraha*, explaining the Jaimini-Sutras according to the views of Kumarilabhatta, besides a third treatise called the *Bhattasara*. The Acharya expresses himself in the colophone in this typical manner:

सर्वतन्त्रस्वतन्त्र सुधीन्द्रगुरुपादशिष्य राघव यतिकृतम् ।

Sri Raghavendra wrote glosses on almost all the works of Sri Madhvacharya. These 'Tippanis' were on the *Tatvasankhyana*, the *Tatva-viveka*, the *Tatvodyota*, the *Tatvanirnaya*, the *Karmanirnaya*, the *Kathalakshana*, the *Pramanalakshana*, the *Mayavadakhandana*, the *Upadhi-khandana*, the *Mithyatvarumana khandana*, the *Anubhashya*, the *Mahabharata-Tatparya-nirnaya*, etc. The *Nyaya-muktavali* is a summary of Madhvacharya, while the *Tantradipika* (printed in 1910) is an independent commentary on the *Brahmasutra*.

The Acharya naturally wrote several sub-commentaries on the commentaries of Jaya Tirtha. These were generally known by the title *Bhavadipa*. One of these was on the *Tatvodyota-vivarana*, wherein Jayatirtha had explained Madhvacharya's doctrine regarding the condition of the soul, even after liberation, as an entity distinct from the supreme Lord (Vishnu). Another is a gloss in 3700 granthas on the *Vishnutatvanirnaya-tika*, in which Jaya Tirtha had explained Sri Madhva's original work on the Supremacy of Vishnu. The Tippanis on the *Gita-promeyadipika*, the *Tatvaprasika*, the *Gita-nyayadipika*, the *vadavaji*, the *pramanapaddhati*, were the other works in which Sri Raghavendra elaborated the views of Jaya Tirtha.

Similarly Vyasa Tirtha's *Chandrika* and *Tarkatandava* were explained by special commentaries, under the names of *Prakasa* and *vivrti*, the latter being a further elucidation of Vijayindra's *Yukti-ratnakara*. It has been suggested that Raghavendra Tirtha wrote glosses on only two of Vyasara's three masterpieces, and left the third, *Nyayamrita*, alone for the reason that he regarded Sudhindra's *Gurvamoda* on it was too thorough to be supplemented in any manner.

To the above long list of works may be added the general treatises like the *Pratassankalpagadyam*, *Sri Ramacharitramanjari* and the *Sri Krishnacharitra-manjari*.

A Dispute and its statement. The reputation of Sri Raghavendra Tirtha naturally gained him the tribute of veneration from the Tanjore

Nayakkam King, Achyutappa (1572—1614). The Tanjore court was then thronged by the intellectual luminaries of South India, of whom Govinda Dikshita was the foremost. The deep regard which Achyutappa had for him is evident from an episode which took place some time about 1580. We have already seen how, before Raghavendra became a Sanyasin and was invested with the headship over the Madhva community, Sudhindra Tirtha had approached Yadavendra, and how that scholar had gone away on pilgrimage before the circumstances that led to Raghavendra's elevation. Now, sometime about 1580, or perhaps a few years earlier, Yadavendra returned and claimed to be the head of the matha on account of his senior discipleship. But the dispute, which was carried to the king, was settled by him in favour of Raghavendra Tirtha, on the singularly diverting ground that the very names of the disputants gave a clue to the relative superiority of their claims; that Yadavendra (Krishna) had in days of yore never occupied the throne whereas Raghavendra (Rama) had done! It is very probable that the king himself never intended this argument to be seriously taken; but it was sufficient to show that he was in favour of Raghavendra Tirtha. Yadavendra, for his part, accepted the decision, gave away several idols of worship in his possession to 'Sri Raghavendra, and, proceeding to the Krishna, spent his life there in severe austerities.

Pilgrimage. Raghavendra Tirtha undertook, several years later, a widespread tour of pilgrimage and propaganda. He visited all the important centres of worship, conveyed the doctrines of Madhvaism to numerous flocks through his wonderful voice, and eventually reached Udupi where he stayed a year. It is believed that he composed his famous commentary known as the *Prakasa* on Vyasa Raya's *Chandrika* in the great temple of Krishna. The *Nyayamuktavali* on the *Tantra-dipika* is also believed to have been completed during this period. After a visit to Pandarpur and Kothapur, Raghavendra proceeded to Malkhed, the scene of Jaya Tirtha's Brindavana, and Pampa, the scene of the Brindavanas of his Guru Sudhindra and others.

Venkanna Pant of Adoni. From Pampa Raghavendra proceeded to Adoni, then the capital of a Muslim principality. Here he came to have for his disciple a remarkable man who was subsequently to rise to great official position, and who was to do considerable service to his Guru. This was Venkanna the later Diwan of Adoni. An illiterate orphan, Venkanna had been brought up by his uncle. An accident commonly narrated in regard to almost every hero in South India is said to have happened in his case as well. A serpent once spread its hood over him, and people at once foretold his coming greatness. Raghavendra Tirtha met him, and became the guiding lamp of his life. Venkanna on his part, saw in his teacher, no ordinary preacher. He saw even in his truisms gems of wondrous vitality,

even in his platitudes the pure pearls of a spiritual genius. And the teacher cherished a real affection for the spell-bound disciple. He advised him to remember him whenever he was in difficulty, and assured him of his coming to his rescue. Little did Venkanna dream of the manner in which the prophecy was to be fulfilled.

Sri Raghavendra, shortly after, resumed his tour. Reaching the banks of the Krishna, he spent several months there, during which period he finished a commentary on Sri Madhvacharya's *Anubhashya*. The holy shrines of Tirupati, Kanchipuram, Tiruvannamalai, Tirukkoyilur, Vriddhachalam, Sri Mushnam and other places were then visited before the return to Kumbhakonam took place. Everywhere the teachings of the Dvaitic philosophers, refashioned in the furnace of his pure soul, came to shape the minds and direct the conduct of thousands.

Miracles. One of the significant causes of Sri Raghavendra's triumph lay in the yogic powers with which he re-inforced the words of truth and wisdom which fell from his tongue. He vivified the worn-out words of spun-out wisdom with the living fire of miraculous exploits. Once we are told, he asked three astrologers to scrutinise his horoscope. They assigned three different periods of life to him, namely hundred, three hundred, and seven hundred years. Raghavendra said that all of them were correct; and, when he was asked to explain this perplexing statement, he answered that he was going to live 100 years; that his works would last for three hundred; and that his Brindavana would endure for 700 years! The Acharya erred too much in moderation when he assigned a period of 300 years for the study of his works. More than three centuries have passed, and they have not been forgotten. But it is plausible to argue that in belittling the duration of his work he was only displaying his characteristic humility!

On another occasion, Raghavendra Tirtha gave a few grains of sand to a devoted disciple, and enabled him thereby to subdue a Brahmarakshas which had been oppressing the family of the girl whom he was to marry, with the result that he was able to achieve the object of his heart.

Bidrhalli Srinivasacharya. On a third occasion, the great scholar Bidrhalli Srinivasacharya visited the Matha, and showed his numerous works to Sri Raghavendra. The latter appreciated them highly, and bestowed on the author the Sanyasic title Srinivasa-tirtha, even though he was a house-holder. When Srinivasa had his meal in the matha, he saw that mustard was used in the preparation, and so excluded the part wherein it was used. The result was that, when he went back to his native place, he found that the Mantrakshatas which he had taken from the saint had taken the form of carbon pieces! Informed by his elder brother Yadavarya that this must have been due to some misconduct on his part, and compelled by him to go to

Sri Raghavendra and seek his pardon, Srinivasacharya went back to Kumbhakonam and had the happiness to see the carbon dust transmuted into red *akshatas* on begging pardon of Sri Raghavendra and learning from him that he should not be over-scrupulous in a matter in which even the matha was lenient. Srinivasacharya learnt that, however great he was as a learned man, he should not try to pattern things according to ideals regarded as impracticable by his spiritual advisers.

Tanjore Famine. Once Tanjore was seized by famine as the result of a twelve years' drought. The king prayed to Sri Raghavendra to save his people. Proceeding to Tanjore, he wrote the *bijakshara Sri* on the royal granaries, as the result of which the king found that they were never exhausted in spite of his endless supplies of relief to the people. The king expressed his gratitude to the saint by bestowing the royal necklace. Sri Raghavendra threw the ornament into the fire; and when the king resented this as an insult, the Acharya took it out intact, pointing out that it had been offered by him to God Agni for adornment and that he had been wearing it all the while! The king expressed repentance and begged the saint's forgiveness.

The Final fall and Search for Brindavana-site. One day, while Sri Raghavendra was expounding something to his disciples, he uttered some expiatory mantras on a sudden, and made obeisance to an invisible deity. At the same time a garland fell from the sky on his shoulders. The disciples had often been stirred and moved by their Guru's doings; but the present experience was a complete blank to their intelligence, particularly when a pair of fingers conspicuously showed themselves thrice in the sky! The astounded disciples requested their teacher to explain what it all meant; and he replied that he was warned by Vyasa himself that he had only a space of two years, two months and two days in this life and that he should therefore seek a place for his *brindavana*!

More miraculous Exploits. Accordingly, Raghavendra left Kumbhakonam. He wanted to choose a place wherein he would like to lay down his mortal coils. His movement was signalised by miracles wherever he went. Once he sprinkled a few drops of water from his *sankha* on a Brahman reprobate of the worst type, and condescended to allow him to sit and mess in his company. When his disciples expressed a doubt as to the possibility of the reform of such an abandoned sinner, Raghavendra just sprinkled a few drops from his *Sankha* into the water darkened by long contact with *myrabolan*; and it immediately turned snow-white. The eyes of the disciples sparkled with admiration.

Once the queen of a particular region in which Sri Raghavendra was travelling, who had heard of his greatness, impressed on her husband the wisdom of obtaining his grace by some worthy endowment.

But what was revealed to the feminine intuition was invisible to the masculine eye. The king mistook Raghavendra for an ordinary mendicant and he allowed his reason to be mastered by the impulse of wanton disrespect. The king got himself promptly punished. He fell seriously ill, and he hovered between life and death; and he was able to recover only when he asked pardon of the saint and further made a grant of two villages for the comfort of his numerous flock.

An equally bitter experience befell another prince, a hot-headed man who violently seized Brahmadeya lands and expelled the owners. The dispossessed people came to Raghavendra Svami and prayed to him to secure relief. He ordered a Bhuta to carry away the king's son. The tyrant now found that it was rather costly to toy with honour and justice. He rushed to the saint, fell at his feet, promised to behave better, and had his son miraculously restored to him.

At another place a disciple of Raghavendra was put to great trouble by the fact that his wife was in pains in the midst of a burning desert. The saint, whose heart was sore at his disciple's dilemma, threw up his yellow robes into the sky, so that they formed themselves into a shady canopy! The contact of the earth with a few drops of water from his *kamandala*, moreover gave rise to a gushing well which is even now known as *dandu-tirtha*! Another disciple, bitten fatally by a serpent, was cured by the saint's invocation of Garuda. On another occasion his palanquin-bearers found themselves at breaking point, and deposited their burden on what seemed to be a platform and rested themselves. A Mahomedan rushed to the spot with dramatic abruptness, and informed the saint that he was resting on a grave. Raghavendra smiled and observed that it was not a grave at all as the prince buried there was still alive. The grave was thereupon opened; and it was found that the boy had only swooned on account of the snake-bite and that life still tingled in his veins! Gazing at the unconscious form with love, Raghavendra uttered a mantra which charmed the heart of the serpent itself which had bitten the boy, made it go back to the scene, and suck the poison back! The prince woke up as if from sleep. With a heart glowing with gratitude the local king bestowed the village of Krishnapur on the saint.

Still another story is connected with the Desai Brahman of a village. He entertained the saint in his house. A sumptuous feast was in full swing, but, in the course of it, the host's five-year-old boy fell into a vessel of mango-juice and died. Desai and his wife were unwilling to make this terrible shadow mar the harmony of the occasion. They therefore suppressed the fact, and took the body to the saint only at the end of the function. The assembled guests were grieved that they had drunk the juice which had been defiled by a dead body. But Raghavendra smilingly observed that there was no occasion for grief either for the parents or the guests. He sprinkled a few drops of

the kamandala water on the body, and he woke up as if from sleep. A few Lingayats tried to make fun of the saint by making a boy pretend to be dead and asking the teacher to 'revive' him; and Raghavendra who could be firm in chastising wickedness as he was gentle in relieving the sorrow of innocence, observed that the boy was really dead and could not be awakened. His words were indeed found to be true, and the hypocrites realised that, in attempting to ridicule a man of God, they only laid the foundations of a tragedy to themselves.

At Adoni. Fate so ordained that Sri Raghavendra found the place for his Brindavana in the land where his old disciple, Venkanna Pant, had risen to power and fame. This had been the fruit of strange circumstances. Once while the Local Nawab, Sidi Masand Khan (1662-87) went on inspection in his city, a message was handed over to him from Delhi. Looking for one who could interpret Hindi on the spot, he saw Venkanna the poor Brahman. In his own dictatorial way the Sultan, who presumed the poor man's knowledge of Hindi, threatened to do away with his life unless he explained what the communication was. Venkanna was in a dilemma. He was ignorant of the language, but the Sultan threatened his life. He therefore remembered Sri Raghavendra's old promise to graciously come to his rescue in difficulty, and prayed to him. All at once he had a miraculous knowledge of the language, and he was able to read it and explain it to the Sultan. It was found to be gratifyingly auspicious, and so the Sultan made him his Diwan!

Venkanna Pant and Grant of Mantralaya. It was through Venkanna that Sri Raghavendra gained the object of his pilgrimage. Welcomed royally by him, the Madhva apostle gained over, subsequently, the support of the Sultan himself by an exploit of his. Intending to test the greatness of the Acharya, Sidi Masand announced a visit to him. But before going to the *Asrama*, he sent a basket of flesh as an offering, saying that it was full of fruits. To his intense surprise he found that the saint had, by sprinkling the holy water over the 'gift', transformed it into fruits. Bending before the force of such lofty spirituality, the Sultan joined his minister in honouring the saint; and granted the village of Mantralaya on the Tungabhadra for the erection of the Brindavana where the saint's earthly remains were to be laid. Tradition connected this place with the famous Bhakta Prahlada who it was believed, had of yore performed a sacrifice there after the slaughter of his wicked father by Vishnu in His avatar as Narasimha. And, indeed, the Madhvas believe that Raghavendra chose the place for his last abode as he was himself the re-incarnation of Prahlada. There was at first a little hitch against its acquisition. The deity presiding over the village, Bhavani, took the loss of her jurisdiction to heart; but she was satisfied by the offer of the plantation of the images of the sheep-heads which she loved so ardently in front of her temple!

These preliminaries over, the village was transferred to the saint's keeping; and ever since it has been indissolubly connected with him. A set of 700 salagrama pebbles were collected for the performance of *pūja* during the short period of his remaining life, and for covering his body when he died. A colony of 60 Brahmans, settled for the purpose of conducting the worship.

The Entry into Brindavana. In this manner did Raghavendra make the preparation for his departure from this world! He provided for it as if it was only a further step in his life-journey! When the moment arrived—the second of the dark fortnight of Sravana—the saint ordered his *vina* to be brought to him, and played on it the celebrated *pada* in Bhairavi which is a favourite even now amongst the Madhvas, and which begins with the expression: *Indu Venake Govinda ninna padara-vindava toro Mukunda*. It is a pathetic and heart-felt prayer to Lord Mukunda to graciously bestow mukti on him; and, the story goes that, while singing it, the saint saw the image of Venugopala alive and dancing in ecstasy! Raghavendra Svami had his own commentaries also read out to him on the occasion; and while the vedas were chanted, and *bhajana* was conducted by Divan Venkanna himself, who was honoured on the occasion by the saint's bestowal of the Sanyasic robes on him (together with the title of Yogindrasvami), the great saint, with the *danda* in his hand, the smile in his face, Hari's name in his tongue, and the kashaya robe on his uncouth but holy frame, stepped quietly and in the full powers of his mind into his own 'brindavana'. The body of the saint, as he sat in his last journey, was sheathed in 700 *Salagrama* pebbles; and an image of Rama, the object of his ardent and incessant worship, was planted over the holy resting-place on the completion of its *bandhana*.

Sri Raghavendra and Sir Thomas Munro. So ended the life and labours of Sri Raghavendra Tirtha. The holy village of Mantralaya has ever since been, as has been already mentioned, the scene of festivals on the third week of August on and before the day of the saint's 'entrance into the Brindavana.' The tomb itself, points out the author of the *Bellary Gazetteer* (p. 204), is of no architectural interest; but it is visited not only by the Madhva pilgrims from all over the country, but by even Lingayats from Bombay, the Nizam's Dominions and even Mysore. The land endowed for its maintenance by Venkanna Pant is tax-free. The story goes that when, in the days of Sir Thomas Munro, it was threatened with resumption, the miraculous appearance and pleading of the saint himself dissuaded Munro from doing it. Munro, it is said, removed his boots, took off his hat, and "approached the grave. The saint thereupon emerged from his tomb and met him. They conversed together for some time regarding the resumption, but though the saint was visible and audible to Munro—who was himself, the people declare, semi-divine—none of the

others who were there could either see him or hear what he said. The discussion ended, Munro returned to his tents and quashed the proposal to resume the endowment. Being offered some consecrated rice, he accepted it and ordered it to be used in the preparation of his meals for that day."

Appannacharya and the Raghavendrastotra Similar stories are current regarding Sir Raghavendra's appearance before Bhaktas. One of his own disciples, Appannacharya, was disappointed in his desire to see him in his last days. So he composed the poem *Raghavendra-stotra*, and addressed it to the saint after his entry into his resting-place. We are informed that a verse therein was completed by the saints' own voice from the tomb-shrine, assuring the testimony of Lord Hayagriva himself in regard to the power of this *Stotra* to give whatever a Bhakta desires. It is believed by the Madhvas even today that the repetition of the poem every morning after bath and during the *pradakshina* of the saint's *Brindavan*, is conducive to the saint's grace and the acquisition of health to the diseased, prosperity by the indigent, and children by the barren.

Sri Raghavendra's place in History. A later teacher, Vadindra Tirtha, the author of the ¹ *Madhvarya*, the *Tattvodyota-tippani* and the *Vishnusanbhayya-sikha-tippani*, panegyricised Sri Raghavendra in his *Guru-guna-stava*; and the very tomb of the saint is said to have shaken to and fro in joy! Another scholar, Vedavyasa Tatvagna Tirtha, who spoke disparagingly of Sri Raghavendra's commentary on the *Nyayasudha* as *muka-tippani* on account of its leaving certain parts unexplained, had subsequently to revise his estimate and become a sincere admirer of the saint when, as the result of a vision of the latter, he could explain a baffling passage only with the aid of that work. The writer of a Tamil biography of the saint, published by the *Madhvamitran* Office, Kumbhakonam, a few years ago, narrates a miraculous episode of which he was a personal witness, indicating that the belief in the power of the saint to move devotees does not rest in past history alone. Sri Raghavendra died in or about 1593 A. D.; but he lives in the hearts of the Madhvas, and plays on their emotions even to-day. If the flow of his spiritual lore bewildered his opponents ten generations back, the music of his voice is not less powerful in inspiring the conduct of the Madhvas even in these days of scepticism and worldliness. I cannot conclude this paper in a better manner than in the eloquent language of Dr. Nagaraja Sarma. "Even to-day, torn by tortures and troubles of existence, worn out by worries and weariness of life, haunted by hideous hallucinations, desiring a riddance of the ills which flesh and spirit are heirs to, countless persons of all

* 1. This work consists of 32 verses. It has been published, together with a Tamil biography of the saint, at the Madhvamitran Office at Kumbhakonam.

castes and creeds, proceed to 'Mantralaya' to practise penitence and secure calm and peace by the grace of Sri Raghavendra, modern critics have never disguised their disapproval of such practices and penances, at the shrines of saints dead and departed. What interest could they evince in struggling mankind? Questions like these are otiose in their folly and foolish in their otisness. Yogis like Raghavendra have always a huge stock of good and noble deeds done in countless previous lives. They have a kindly interest in the fortunes of those who worship them. They relinquish a fraction of the spiritual benefit of their noble deeds, as it were, in favour of those who approach them in a genuinely penitent spirit, and enable them to rid themselves of their troubles. That is why even in this sophisticated age 'Mantralaya' is held sacred. They say none would return from the shrine of Raghavendra disappointed. Sri Raghavendra Tirtha was indeed the metaphysical marvel of Mantralaya. The tranquillising memory of his holy name even to-day comforts many an afflicted heart, and calms many a mind agitated by the agonies of existence."

Thiruvallah Shrine.

By K. P. PADMANABHAN TAMPY, B. A.

TRAVANCORE is *par excellence* the Pilgrim's Paradise. It is a mere truism to say that there is no part of India where there are more temples and other places of worship to the square mile than in Travancore. In Travancore, the land of numerous temples, there are more than 30,000 places of worship. The temples of Suchindram, Kanya Kumari, Thiruvattiar, Kumara Koil, Neyyattinkara, Thiruvallam, Ananthasayanam, Varkala, Vaikom, Ettumanoor, Haripad, Thiruvella, Chengannor, Aranmula, Ambalapuzha and Kalady in Travancore are but some of the oldest and most famous shrines in India. Of the 108 temples in India most sacred to the Vaishnavites, 13 are in Malabar, of which 11 happen to be in Travancore. Hymns in praise of these shrines have been sung by the Alvars or Vaishnavite Saints. Mahatmaji's observations on Travancore temples, quoted below, are most deserved as they are true. "They are kept clean and often undergo improvement and addition. They are never empty. They supply a felt want." The sight of a Hindu Temple is the most impressive sight alike to the gay tourist and the devoted pilgrim; and visitors to Travancore, whether they travel by road, rail or water, are sure to be thrilled at seeing a large number of such temples with giant *Gopurams* ornate, sculptured Pyramids resembling the Egyptian Pyramids in similarity of outline shooting up amidst lovely surroundings of romantic charm.

Thiruvallah which is situated about eighty miles to the north of Trivandrum is famous for its magnificent temple consecrated to *Thiruvallappan* or *Maha Vishnu*, the God of Protection in the Hindu Trinity. The name of the town is connected with the story of the origin of the temple which is traditionally believed to have been founded so early as 84 B. C. This shrine is considered by the Vaishnavites as one of the most sacred. Many interesting stories and colourful legends have clustered around it. Tradition and legend aver that the present site of the shrine was chosen by the orthodox priests because of the existence of an inviting pool with crystal clear water, and a lovely jasmine grove nearby where *rishis* observed penance in days of yore. At first there was only a small temple in which was installed the *Sudarsana Chakram* or God Vishnu's discus. Some years after, the present imposing shrine was constructed.

In the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the principal shrine are consecrated five images, besides Vishnu's idol, all of which are made of a mixture of five metals—namely, gold, silver, lead, tin and copper. Images made of *Panchalokams* (five metals) are believed to possess

great sanctity. The idol of *Sri Thiruvallathappan* or *Sri Vallabha*, according to tradition, was installed by Rishi Durvasa and was the original image which was worshipped by Satyaki, a bosom companion of Lord Krishna, at Dvaraka. Tradition continues that this image, consequent on the demise of Sri Krishna (in his corporal body) was placed in the possession of Garuda, the mighty bird, Sri Krishna's *Vahanam* or conveyance. Garuda safely deposited the image in the river Narmada lest unholy hands should pollute it. Many centuries after, a pious Monarch of Kerala whose devotion endeared himself to the Gods, had a dream in which Garuda appeared before him and asked him to take the image from the river and install it. The king did so and the Thiruvallah Temple was the result. The idol of *Maha Vishnu* is about 4 feet high and is in a standing posture. The image faces the East. Legend says that on certain nights Sage Durvasa visits the shrine and offers special *poojas* to the Deity and that on such occasions the sound of many conches is heard.

The *Sudarsana Chakram* which too is worshipped, is installed in the west. An incomplete painting of *Sudarsanam* is seen on the western wall. A story says that the artist who executed this was unable to complete it because he was suddenly taken ill.

One of the minor deities installed in the precincts of the Thiruvallah temple is *Kurayappasami* who is credited with miraculous powers. Popular belief is that if children suffering from whooping cough and other ailments are taken here and offerings are made to *Kurayappaswami* praying for recovery from the disease, the prayers will be answered.

Thiruvallah temple, like the other great shrines in the State, is a world of its own, with its many secondary sanctuaries of the Gods clustered around the central pile or *Srikoil* wherein is installed the principal deity. The *Srikoil* stands out as a structural entity of unique grandeur. To obtain a full view of the central shrine and its subordinate sanctuaries one should look down from a point of eminence. The temple is a marvel of architectural skill and sculptural extravagance. It is a succession of colonnades, corridors, covered galleries inner and outer courtyards and in their heart the hidden and mysterious sanctuaries of the Gods, while the entire complex structure is surrounded by a massive outer wall of brick and mortar 4 ft. thick and 20 ft. high. The Thiruvallah temple is strictly in the style of Malabar architecture. The extremely elaborate ornamentation and florid *motif* of the Hoysalyan style is, however, witnessed only in some of the exquisite carvings on stone. The temple is characterised by *Mantapams* (porches), gate Pyramids and pillared halls, all of which are imposing and magnificent. Four massive wooden *gopurams*, one each on the east, west, north and south, add to the grandeur of the temple. These *gopurams* which are two storeyed, contain quite a lot of

intricate wood carving executed by master craftsmen. The gopurams are about 50 feet high and have tiled roofs, peculiar to Malabar architecture. The triangular gables of the *gopurams* arrest attention.

The temple presents a captivating and picturesque sight, full of imposing grandeur. The entrance is under a grand gateway through a passage richly decorated. The first impression of the temple is rather bewildering. Stone pillars and statues, richly embellished heavy columns with protruding brackets, fantastical forms of huge animals, strange, uncanny dragons, beautiful flowers, statuous groups of deities, mythological heroes, all wrought in splendid relief—these unique attractions make the visitor spellbound.

The *Velikkal* or the principal Altar Stone, in front of the *Garudamatam* and facing the diety is a monolith six feet broad, six feet thick and ten feet high. In no other shrine in Malabar is there such a massive *Velikkal*. The chief priest of the temple ascends this stone and offers boiled rice to the *Bhutas* (minor, diabolical deities owing allegiance to the Principal God) amidst prayers and finger-signs as laid down in the *Sastras*.

The temple is steeped in an aroma of holiness, the perfume of the many thousand prayers that have been prayed there, of the many holy thoughts that have been thought there. The temple is always full of people—some kneeling, some prostrating, some squatting, some lost in amaze, some wrapt in contemplation, some standing with closed eyes and joint palms, but all saying over and over the great precepts of their faith, chanting hymns and prayers, trying to bring into their hearts the wisdom of the scriptures. There are always religious men of different sects and orders passing to and fro. There are always crowds of people climbing up and down the steps that lead from the road below.

Within the four walls of the temple is a lovely tank with crystal clear water. It is believed that this is a natural pool and pious Hindus ascribe divine associations with it. The priests attached to the Shrine bathe in this pool before offering prayers to the God.

Scrupulous observance of personal cleanliness, a characteristic feature of all the high caste peoples in Travancore, is demanded alike from all those who worship the Deity. The Thiruvallah temple has a heirarchy of priests profoundly learned in religious lore. Besides the priests, the temple has got its own staff of musicians, garland makers, sweepers, guards, cooks, lamp cleaners etc., all of whom have clearly assigned duties to perform. It is remarkable to observe that the anthropomorphic tendencies of the Hindus invest their Gods and Goddesses with a halo of domesticity. The daily ritual of worship in the temple resembles the carefully-designed time-table regulating the movements of a busy person of high eminence. The Deity is awakened at dawn and the numerous ceremonies connected with his bath, toilette

and meals keep his many attendants busy the whole day and late in the night, for it is close upon midnight before Maha Vishnu retires to bed. The system of worship current here which is based on the *Agamas* is perfect and amazing in its meticulous punctuality and precision.

The *Deeparadhana* hour is regarded as the most sacred time for worship. It is then that the temple is in all its splendour. The image is lavishly decorated with jewels, sandal paste, flowers and silk cloth and the inner shrine is lighted brilliantly with hundreds of tiny beautiful lamps shedding reddish yellow light. The *Deeparadhana* is supremely imposing. Flutes play, drums beat, conches sound, bells ring, devotees chant *mantrams* and piety reigns supreme. The many lights which light up the Holy of Holies render the place sublime. The flash of the rubies, emeralds and diamonds with which the Lord is adorned dazzles one's eyes and spreads a heavenly radiance and glamour all around. The night breeze begins to blow softly and gently and the whole place is full of sweet smell from the incense burnt in the temple. The temple starts into a new glory, for it is all hung about with tiny, bright lamps and even the facades of the shrines are lit up. The lamps are arranged in long rows or in circles to fit the places they embellish. The temple illuminated thus, with concentric lamps, looks austere, magnificent.

The flag staff of the Thiruvallah Temple is unique, spectacular and amazing. It is a wonderful structure, a round, tapering jet black monolith, fifty feet high and two feet in diameter. It is believed that the extent of the buried portion of the flag staff is not known and that its bottom touches water underground. Tradition and history do not enlighten us as to how this flag staff, which kisses the heavens at once heavy and brittle, was transported to Thiruvallah and erected. Our wonder is all the more when the fact is taken into consideration that there are no granite rock quarries within a six mile radius of the temple. The *Silpa Sastra* ordains that the flag staff should be transported with great care and that it should never touch the ground while it is being carried to the temple. The moderns have to take their hats off to the ancients and their ingenuity in overcoming transport difficulties in spite of the scanty facilities they had at their command. The summit of this imposing flag staff is embellished with a beautiful five-metal image of Garuda, in winged human form. This image which is three feet high and in a sitting posture is a marvellous specimen of Hindu art. The image of Garuda is ever bright. Legend says that this image is firmly chained to the flag staff by Maha Vishnu lest the bird should take to flight. The *Garuda Mandapam*, in the Thiruvallah Temple is a marvel of art and architecture. Garuda is worshipped by those who go to the Thiruvallah Temple. Cocoanuts are offered to Garuda. On the eastern wall of the Garuda Madam is painted a huge conch.

The entire flag staff is not visible, as in the case of flag staffs in other temples. The top end of the flag staff alone, to a height of about three feet, could be seen, for the remaining portions are completely enclosed by the massive laterite buttresses built against the four sides of the column. These buttresses are covered with a series of three copper-plated roofs, one over the other, and looks like a three-storeyed minaret of complicated but exquisite architectural workmanship. The Thiruvallah temple is the only one of its kind in the whole of India, which boasts of such an unique monolith flag staff which is an object of wonder to engineers and architects. It is a picturesque sight to see the summit of the flag staff with the imposing likeness of Garuda perched on it, shining resplendently against sunshine.

The temple has a spacious underground cellar, used as a strong room, around which many stories have gathered. People believe that many jewels, large cooking vessels, lamps and various other articles of gold and silver, are deposited at the bottom of this mystery-ridden cellar which has remained closed for more than ten centuries, and that deadly serpents guard these treasures day and night. Popular belief is that the cellar extends to the bottom of the *Srikoil* wherein is enshrined the idol of Maha Vishnu. The Thiruvallah temple is a very wealthy one. Tradition says that the temple possessed, until two centuries ago, one hundred and one gold pots of exquisite workmanship—but none of these remain now—and that these valuable vessels were added to the State treasury by a Minister save one pot which was stolen by a temple priest.

The Kerala Society Papers, which throw a flood of light on the history of Malabar, say:— "These pots, each one *para* or about 640 cubic inches in capacity were thinwalled and collapsible (much more so than modern toothpaste or colour tubes of leadfoil) and could be concealed in a shirt pocket when pressed flat and folded. They could easily be restored to their original shape by merely blowing into them with the mouth".

The temple is also rich in its mural paintings which depict in lively colours the various phases of India's religious imagination and ceremonial life. The murals adorning the walls of this temple are of recent origin. They form a part of the precious artistic heritage of Travancore and are full of charm, expression and perfection of technique. In their dignity of demeanour, elegance of craftsmanship and symbolic expression they are of considerable artistic and cultural significance. The frescoes are characterised by boldness of outline and broad sweep of the brush. The different human emotions are portrayed in these murals with arresting faithfulness, with a realism which powerfully moves the spectator. It is surprising to note how well the colours made from indigenous materials retain their freshness and lusture. The paintings have been executed in a purely native style and are

perhaps the latest records of indigenous painting representing striking scenes from the great Indian Epics, the *Bhagavatha* and the other *Puranas*. The murals are remarkable in the excellent grouping, delicately virile line, lovely and attractive colouring, vivid yet reserved life, high, cosmic and psychological symbolism and sublime conception. Some of the finest paintings here depict Siva's Marriage, Parthasarathy, Krishna and the Gopies. These mural paintings do not, however, stand comparison with the first-rate frescoes in the Padmanabhapuram Palace and the Ananthasayanam and Ettumannur Temples.

One remarkable feature of this temple is the interesting, peculiar and age-old custom of feeding a Brahmin Brahmachari every noon before the *Nivedyam* (offering of food) is placed before the Deity. The food is served on the outer-sheath of the Arecanut palm. The *Santhikaran* (Priest), before presenting the *Nivedyam* to the God, ascends the *Mandapam* of the temple every afternoon and calls aloud twice "*Vedantamale*". This is the call inviting a holy Brahmin who is empowered to learn the Vedas, to dine. A legend enlightens us about the origin of this custom. In days of yore there lived at Thiruvallah a pious lady, known as Chankrothamma, who was a wealthy scion and only surviving member of an aristocratic Nambudiri family. Though immensely rich she chose to lead a simple religious life. She worshipped the Lord by scrupulously observing fasts. It was her custom to feed a Nambudiri Brahmachari on the day succeeding a fast. It so happened that on one occasion, on the day following Ekadasi, no Brahmin youth turned up to participate Chankrothamma's feast. The pious lady was grief-stricken and she prayed to God Vishnu. The Lord who was satisfied with the piety of the lady, appeared before her in the guise of a Brahmachari. Chankrothamma who was over-joyed requested the Brahmin youth to take his bath and dine. The youth hastened to the river and there he had a bloody encounter with *Tholasuran*, a wicked Asura chief who was the terror of the locality. The God in the garb of a Brahmachari beheaded the Asura with the *Sudarsana Chakram* or discus and washed it at the Ghat, which has since borne the name *Chakrakshalana Ghat* meaning the ghat where the discus was cleaned. The Brahmachari then hurried to the residence of Chankrothamma and was sumptuously fed. The God in human form was greatly pleased with the extreme devotion of the old lady and he installed the *Sudarsanam* in the open courtyard of Chankrothamma's house. Chankrothamma was thus honoured by Maha Vishnu and she attained a state of bliss. Legend concludes that the lady and her faithful maidservant were bodily borne to the land of the Gods by Maha Vishnu's orderlies.

One peculiar feature regarding the Thiruvallah temple is that women are allowed to worship in the shrine only on two days every year, the Thiruvathira day in November-December and the Vishu day,

in April On the Thiruvathira day women are permitted to worship between 6 and 8 P. M. and on the Vishu day from 6 to 8 A. M. On these two occasions the image of the God is bedecked in the robes of a hideous-looking Hunter, and men are precluded from worshipping the Deity.

Every year, in the month of Kumbham the *Utsavam* (Temple festival) is celebrated in the shrine with great pomp and splendour. The *Utsavam* which lasts for ten days attracts large crowds of pilgrims and sightseers to Thiruvallah. Various kinds of popular entertainments such as *Kathakali*, *Ottam Thullal*, *Chakkyar Koothu*, *Patakam*,—dances and recitals peculiar to Kerala—performed by accomplished artists form some of the attractions of this season. Thiruvallah, may well be said to be the centre of *Kathakali*, for not a night goes by without a performance being held in the precincts of the temple. One of the favourite offerings to the Lord in this shrine, is the holding of a *Kathakali* and devotees vie with one another in arranging *Kathakali* performances, for the delectation of the Lord and the rapturous appreciation of the people.

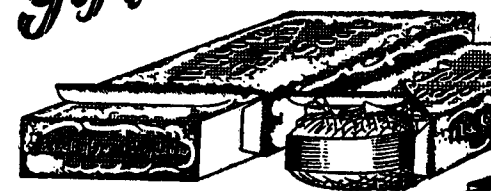
The ninth and tenth days of the *Utsavam* are the most important. On the night of the ninth day, the Lord goes out for the *Palli Vetta* or Hunt, to a place a couple of furlongs to the east of the Temple. The idol of Maha Vishnu on Garuda's back is carried by the temple priests in procession to the foot of a huge Banyan tree on the day of the hunt. This commemorates the day when the Lord went out for a hunt. The mock hunt is perfectly designed and absolute silence is observed by the entire procession until the hunt is over. A temple dignitary, as the representative of the Deity, shoots at cocoanuts placed amidst some bushes. After the Hunt, the gay procession goes back to the temple amidst the ear-splitting din of drums, the boom of conches, etc. On the night of the tenth day is the *Arat* or bathing of the God. At 11 P. M. the idol of the deity is taken out of the temple in procession to the river which is a mile away. The priests bathe the idol in the river and carry the idol back to the temple by 4 A. M.

In days of yore, the idol of *Sri Vallabha* used to be taken in procession on the back of a white elephant. The tusks of this mighty pachyderm are preserved in the temple. The place where the beast was buried is called even to-day *Vellappuram* meaning the ground where the white elephant was buried. At present the idols in the shrine are not taken in procession on the backs of elephants because tradition enjoins that white elephants alone are privileged to carry the Gods in the Thiruvallah Shrine.



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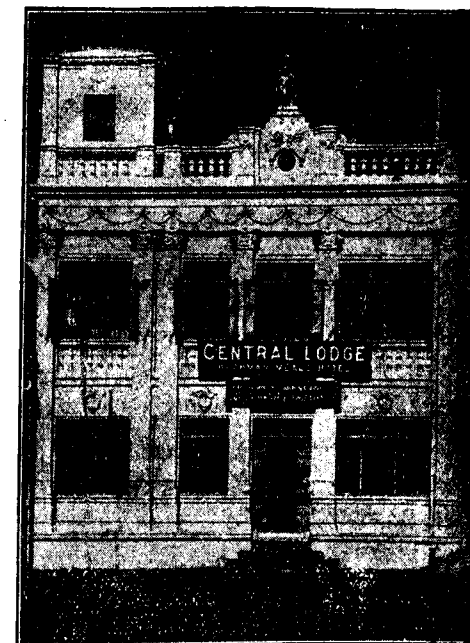
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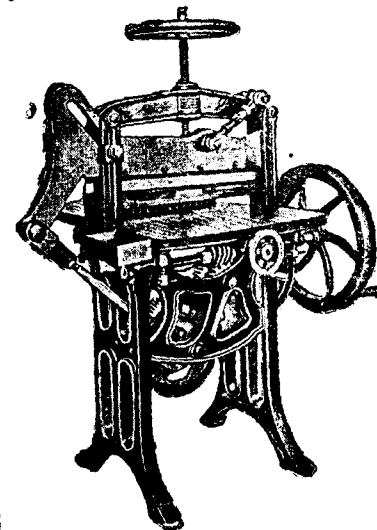
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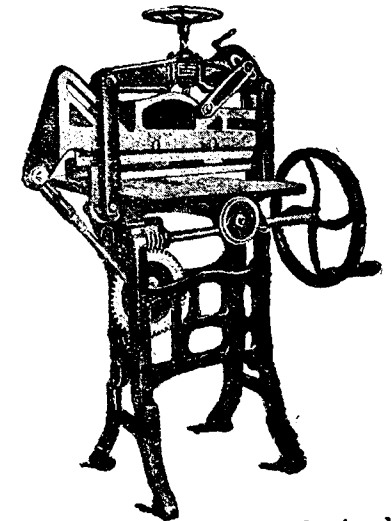
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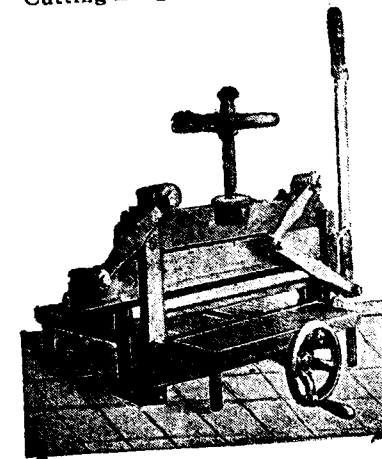
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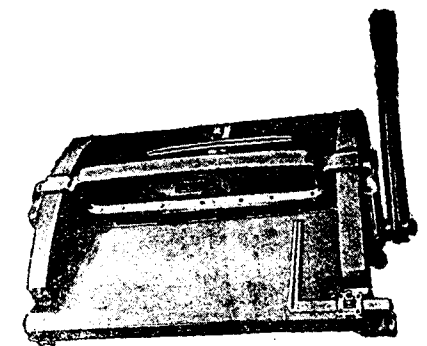


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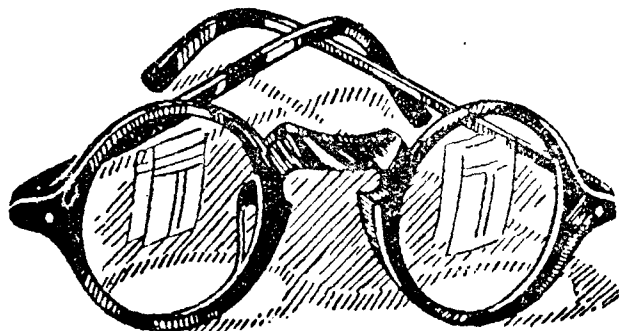
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[* அல்லது தாம் செய்யும் சரணாகதிக்கிணங்கி பரணம் செய்ய வல்லவரின் அல்லது ஸ்ரீமத் மஹாவிஷ்ணுவின் என்றும் அர்த்தம் சொல்வார்கள் உண்டு.]

[§ இதனால் தாம் செய்த சரணாகதிக்குப் பெருமாள் இரங்குப்படி கடாங்கித் தருளவேண்டுமென்ற உத்தேசமாய் என்றபடி]

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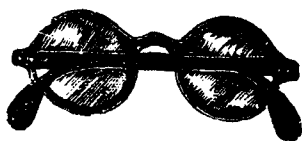
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