

The TRIVENI Quarterly

Editors

K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAU
BURRA V. SUBRAHMANYAM

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Vol. XIII, No. 2 Oct. November, Dec. 1940

Annual Subscription
Rs. 5, 10sh., or \$ 3

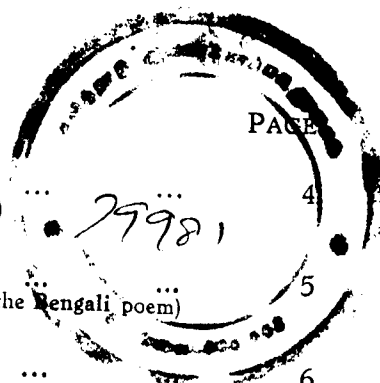
Single Copy
Rs. 1-4, 2sh. 6d., or 75 c.

Office: 16, SEMBUDOSS ST., G.T., MADRAS (INDIA)

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

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

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

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

—THE SONG CELESTIAL

I regret that, on account of the arrest of the Joint Editor Sjt. K. Ramakotiswara Rau, when he offered Satyagraha in the last week of November, 1940, in Guntur District, there has been some delay in the bringing out of this second number of **The Triveni Quarterly**. Sjt. Ramakotiswara Rau has been sentenced to imprisonment for a term of twelve months, but this will not interfere with the publication during this period of the journal. The delay in the publication of this issue became inevitable in view of the fact that I, who have so long been attending only to the literary side of the journal, have had to attend to certain other matters as well pertaining to the publication of the journal. I shall, however, try to avoid delay in the next numbers of **The Triveni Quarterly**, and for the delay in the present instance I seek the kind indulgence of the readers of the journal.

BURRA V. SUBRAHMANYAM

Come

BY DILIP KUMAR ROY

(Translated from his own Bengali poem)

In Thy rainbowed caress, Come, O Loveliness!
In Thy trail of sky-peace,
Come, Mother serene!
Bring Thy gospel of bloom, Thrilling life's lone gloom,
For dun twilight's surcease
In Thy morn-robe of sheen.
In Thy chequer of fire-flush and gloaming, come,
In silence, in bells and in crowded hum;
Eve is dark and sore: Drench in Thy sun-lore
Her song-widowed shore
In a laugh ever-green.
If the heart miss to capture, Thy musk-laden rapture
Of spring-irised dance:
In Thy zephyr invade;
If Thy pilgrim, O Love, Be way-lost—from above
With Thy star-pledge entrance:
The shadows shall fade.
No more will I toss on the billows of Night;
In the nectar-rain, come, with Thy avalanche-light!
All my soul is a-heave, To surrender and cleave
To Thy nearness, and weave
Its dream in Thy shade.

A Mystic Poem

BY SAHANA DEVI

(Translated by Nolini Kanta Gupta from the original poem in Bengali)

The first tremor of the Light, lo the dream-journey!
Night's desire is now appeased, she feels the Sun within her—
The Mother of Infinity holds in her bosom her first Guest:
The Call awakes in the lotus-scented senses!
On the far shore where moves the Fiery Wheel,
Rose, unheeded, the cry of the Spaces—
It spread and enveloped even our shadowy horizons;
A golden vision flutters on Earth's eye-lids,
As the flaming Spider weaves his luminous web around himself!

The Bard wheels onward in his sweeping march:
He gathers in perfect rhythm the soul's obeisances,
Urges secreted in the heart of the sun-flower,
Hymns limned in her petalled gold.

Darkness massed on darkness has burst all on a sudden:
Eyes once closed open to the Lightning's flare!

Death

BY GOPAL BHAUMIK

(Translated by the author from his original Bengali poem)

My love is red like a rose of summer :
You are cruel,
And great is your burning power.
With the vain hope of restless youth,
And a face full of pitiful desire,
I look up to your face :
I see in it the picture of the imminent storm.

Darkness descends
As thick as blind desire :
In the sky is the signal of storm.
Storm comes down
With the unlawful power of a tyrant,
The red rose is blown away.

The Tryst

BY MATIRATTAN

(Translated by P. N. Appuswami from the original poem in Tamil)

Hard by our village lies a pool;
Not far from the pool a little forest stream,
And a grove, where none resort,
But white-winged herons on the feed.
I shall be going thither to gather
Red water-lilies for the hair.
And she, my most innocent fair,
She too will be there.

Ay the Vel

BY URAIYUR-ENICCERI-MUDA-MOSIYAR

(Translated by P. N. Appuswami from the original poem in Tamil)

O fair and gentle dancer!
With thine ears thou hast heard of his fame;
But seen him thou hast not.
If to see him thou art eager,
O glorious fair!
With thy fragrant tresses
Waving in the mountain air,
Walk gracefully like a plumed peacock,
And go to meet him.
He is bounteous like the rain,
Is Ay the Vel, the Lord of Chariots.

Viswarupa

BY S. V. RAMAMURTY, I.C.S.

There is a conflict in man between the multiplicity which he sees all round him and the unity in which he is taught by instinct and tradition to believe. Man has a body which is separate from other bodies and other things round him. That in him which sees the world around sees itself as separate from everything else in that world. The recognition of his separate self is fundamental in his experience and thought. Round him too he sees pieces of matter, each with its own separate existence and retaining its individuality apart from that of others. Both he and the world are a vast mass of multiplicity. And yet, from the beginning, man has glimpses of a unity in the universe which, first expressed in crude forms, is later rationalised into the conception of God. Most civilised men have a belief in God whom they do not see, dominating their life along with a belief in the world that they do see. This conflict between the seen and the unseen makes for man a problem which he is ever called upon to solve.

This problem is not merely academic. It has a pressing practical significance. It affects man's understanding, his feeling, his conduct and the urge to integrate his vision. If the world were an aggregate of unrelated entities, man feels small and lonely among existences larger and more powerful than himself. As an animal, he is weak. His intellectual powers find it a struggle to cope with the vast forces of nature. He is bound to a planet which is a speck in the world of stars. His life is short. His death is certain. His best intentions and efforts are often rendered nugatory by causes of which he is ignorant. He has a record of progress in which he can take some pride. But he does so as a poor man hugging his poverty in a world of unfathomable abysses and gigantic achievements. If man were not of the texture of the universe, if the universe were not the result of a guiding intelligence which maintains it in order and, when need be, destroys it, man feels no joyous and sustained urge to live and strive.

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Thus man has sought to correct his sense of separateness by a greater or less belief in his kinship with men and things around him. From masses of apparently unrelated happenings, he has been observing uniformities which he enumerates as laws. These laws which agree with his reason give him a sense of extended being, to enable him more and more to feel himself at one with the world around him. Such a union through understanding is the path of Gnana Yoga.

Again, he sees the world as an expression of powers with whom he feels at one by yielding them emotional allegiance. This way of union with the world is the path of Bhakti Yoga. Then again, and more commonly, man senses the right lines of conduct towards beings who are akin to one's self, and follows them in spite of promptings to the contrary from one's separate self. Feelings of love, charity, kindness, duty, sacrifice are woven into a roll of practical life which trails the path of Karma Yoga.

Lastly, there have been men who view the vision of unity to be as real as the vision of multiplicity, both derived from instruments, whether bodily or mental or spiritual, with which one is endowed, and have sought to harmonise the conflicting visions by proper exercise of the instruments. This way of reconciling multiplicity and unity is the path of Raja Yoga.

These forms of Yoga are subjective. Followed by a nation, they yield civilisation. Followed by man, they yield salvation.

Objectively, the body of knowledge that is based on the vision of multiplicity is science, and that which is based on the vision of unity is religion. In their origins, they are apart from each other. But they are not opposed to each other, because they move towards each other. Science has its basis in man's perception of the multiplicity of differences all round him. It is the systematisation of the vision of all observers, of the motion of all bodies. But the goal of this effort is towards unity. Science tries to reduce the doings of men and things to fewer and fewer laws. If science could systematize all knowledge of the objective world into one law, that one law which stands for the unity of the world would indeed be an expression of God. On the other hand, the perception of unity which is the basis of religion is only a starting point for a body of thought and feeling and conduct which should be

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adopted as right by the followers of a religion. Sometimes by *a priori* reasoning, sometimes by the test of racial experience, these lines of right life in practice are evolved and set before its followers by the leaders of each religion. Science and religion both seek the union of multiplicity and unity, but they start from opposite ends. The way between multiplicity and unity is long and difficult. It is perhaps to be expected that, for all except the hardest spirits, science tends to believe primarily in multiplicity, and to believe in unity only so far as the multiplicity of observers can see. So too in religion, the perceiver of unity tends to be obscured in his vision of multiplicity. The way to rectify science is more science, and religion more religion. Each is the other when completed. Incomplete, they are subject to dangerous short-circuiting.

In order to avoid the partial vision of science and religion, there is need to resort to the method of philosophy and to study the material regarding multiplicity and unity, which both science and religion have gathered. There is a wide range of multiplicity—the multiplicity of existences, of categories, of qualities. Science has introduced order in the multiplicity of existences by arranging them in a four-dimensional frame of space-time. It views matter as kinks in space-time. It is doubtful about the position of life and mind in relation to this. It has hypotheses under examination about the relation of electricity and motion to matter and space-time. It has reduced happenings to a fairly compact body of laws—the laws of gravitation, electrical force, heat and so forth. Physical qualities have been related to the physical entities. But the position of moral values is left undetermined in the search for unity of knowledge. Thus science is an unfinished structure, being built more and more by the devoted labours of men who stand firmly on the ground and do not seek to reach the sky if they must thereby leave their foot-hold.

Religion holds firmly to its belief in the one reality of the universe—God. Sometimes, this unity is viewed as of the texture of the universe in the shape of an immanent God. Sometimes, the unity is achieved not by comprehending the differences but by abolishing them, with the result that God transcends the world. Where science affirms multiplicity and declines to consider the unity which it has not perceived, there

is no ground for a reconciliation between science and religion. Where religion affirms God and denies the world, there too is no immediate scope for such a reconciliation. Reconciliation is possible between science which, while affirming what it sees does not deny what it does not physically see and religion which, while affirming God, affirms also the world of multiplicity. The movement for reconciling science and religion must come from the side of religion based on the immanence of God. A further reconciliation has then to be made between the immanence and transcendence of God.

Let us now consider ways of realising unity from various types of multiplicity. From the multiplicity of existences to the one existence, a pathway is made by representing the many existences as functions of a single variable which represents the one existence. Thus if x be the one existence which cannot be reduced in terms of simpler existences, then all the existences of the world may be arithmetical multiples of x . Imagine a universe where every entity is represented by a multiple of x . x is the unit of that world and furnishes its unity. As x vibrates, the whole universe vibrates. When x is created, the universe is created; and if x is destroyed, the universe is destroyed. The biological analogue is a world with a closed contour where a single seed of indivisible character—an atom of life—reproduces itself. Not only is every entity so produced *representable by a number*, as books in a library may be represented by numbers, but *it is that number*, for it and the number evolve in the same way. If the universe in which we live is the expression of a single entity, God, then everything in the world should be expressible as an arithmetical multiple of that entity. From the unit of being, then, we pass on to a line of beings.

Can this line of beings be then grouped into categories? Lines can be grouped into areas, volumes and so forth by a geometrical evolution. If all existences are arithmetical functions of a single entity or variable, then may not the fundamental categories of mind, time, space and matter be geometrical functions of the primal being? It is a hypothesis which, I believe, it is permissible to work on.

From the multiplicity of qualities, there is one that emerges at the bottom of each classification. It is the duality of the positive and negative. But the so-called duality is in fact a

trinity, for the positive and the negative are in relation to the zero. Deeper than this trinity is the duality of being and becoming. Being furnishes the unit of the universe but not a direction. It is becoming that has, at the simplest, two directions—positive and negative. Being is the source and also the goal of becoming. All things come from being, are maintained by being and merge into being. The world is thus a process of becoming in which being melts to reform into being. Becoming is thus the differential of being. Everything in the world is a process of becoming. So is man.

The view of being both as multiplicity and as unity is itself one step removed from the view of being as having no quality whether of multiplicity or of unity. Unity is the simplest form of multiplicity. It is also the concrete form of no quality, for a unity has no quality other than being itself. Being then has two fronts—that which is the source of becoming and that which is the goal of becoming. These are the Sakti and Purusha of Hindu thought. Purusha is the unity of being into which all the desires of Sakti, all the processes of becoming lead. Purusha and Sakti form an entity of no quality, which may be personified as Arthanareeswara who is neither male nor female and yet is both. The world then is the process of Sakti seeking Purusha. On the way from Sakti to Purusha lies matter. On the way to Purusha lies spirit. Man is a bridge from matter to spirit. Man is a part of the process from Sakti to Purusha. He gathers up the strands of multiplicity which pass through matter and seeks the unity of spirit which merges into Purusha. The basic nature of man shows itself in his struggle to achieve unity from multiplicity in thought, in feeling, in action, in character. That is good and true and harmonious for man which leads towards Purusha, God. That is evil and false and discordant which leads away from God, towards disintegration into multiplicity, into separateness. God furnishes the measure of man's universe. His twofold nature of Sakti and Purusha also furnishes the direction for man's moral life and development and its reverse. Whence does man come? Out of cosmic energy, from the womb of Sakti. How does he live? Seeking the path of the good, the true, the beautiful, the harmonious, from Sakti to Purusha, from multiplicity to unity. Whither does he move? Into Purusha, merging into God. The life of man, the life of

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the universe is the way Sakti wooes her lord, Purusha, and thereby attains pure being which is free from the limitations of quality of becoming.

In such a world where being melts into becoming and reforms into being, there are three crucial stages. The melting of being into becoming is creation. The flow of becoming is the maintenance of the world. The merging of becoming into being is its destruction. Thus three processes are symbolized in Hindu thought as the work of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva.

We have then three possible world views: of science which affirms the multiplicity of the world, of religion which affirms the unity of God, and of a view built both of science and religion which affirms both the multiplicity of the universe and the unity of God, a religion which deals not with matter or spirit but the matter-spirit, a religion of man whose vision is a symbol of the Viswarupa of God. For man's vision is multiple in its contents and yet unified in its container, namely, himself. This is an image of Iswara who has the infinite multiplicity of the cosmos in his structure and holds it in the unity of his own being. Hinduism is the religion of Viswarupa which is the form of the universe in which God is immanent. To the Hindu, the world is a flow which can ignore neither matter through and from which it flows nor spirit into and through which it flows. There is room in Viswarupa for all forms of energy, all existences, all categories of being, all qualities of becoming, and yet it can never transcend the unity of God for which all religion stands. The reconciliation of science and religion, for which two continents of thought are searching, is possible in the old and yet young vision of Hinduism.

This vision of Viswarupa is needed now in India more than in the past, when India is emerging from a 'pralaya' of stagnation. India needs to keep before herself more than ever, the concrete expression which the South Indian artist has given to Viswarupa in the conception and execution of the figure of Nataraja.

* * *

I sit dreaming before Nataraja. And as I sit, I see the Lord throwing aside the shackles of slumber. He shakes his body into motion. Ripples of rhythm pass down his limbs. Sounds ring. Colours flash. Flames of life rise and fall around him. The

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Lord of being breaks into the dance of becoming. Sakti starts to woo Purusha.

The Lord's dance calls a universe into becoming. Stars blaze. Planets swing round. And in them, the Lord flashes his image in little specks that are men. These specks dart about the universe, numbering, measuring, labelling its harmonies, and, lo, they have called up, out of the mobility of becoming, a vision of being which is the Lord himself. The dance of becoming has merged into the Lord of being. Sakti has won Purusha.

As I wake from the dream, I see Nataraja standing and smiling; dancing and—yet not dancing.

BANGALORE, }
27th October 1940. }

The Motherless Child

BY 'ANDAL'

(Translated by Mrs. Rajee Subrahmaniam from the original story in Tamil)

The pial of my house was the largest and the most convenient in the street. Perhaps that was why it was crowded all hours of the day with children of every sort and description. All the boys and girls of the street used to patronise my pial. There was a constant din, as they dashed in and out, in all the manner of children playing their mad pranks which look so silly to the grown-ups but which are really the only serious business of the children. School is just an infliction, but play is play and serious to them.

I disliked the din at my front door at first but grew in time to like it. The first two days I tried to warn the children that they should not make such a noise, as *mama* would come and be angry with them. But they did not seem to mind me or my threat of *mama*. They carried on as if I had not spoken. A few of them however stopped in the midst of their play to express their displeasure at me by putting out their tongues and talking at me. I was none too displeased with their efforts and kept quiet.

I was new to the place and lonely. My husband left home for office at nine o'clock in the morning and returned only after dark. All through the weary hours of the day, I had none to keep me company. Under these circumstances, no wonder that I grew speedily accustomed to the noise and the din on my pial. In fact, I came to look forward to it to dispel the tedium of the long hours of the day. I would sit on the inside sill of my front window, the same book open at the same page almost every day, and watch the children playing.

The children too in the course of the days forgot to look upon me as a stranger and a grown-up intruding in their games. Later on they occasionally called upon me to umpire, and tried to abide by my decisions. If there were any differences of opinion about the play-technique or the outcome of a game, they asked

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me to decide and arbitrate. And I did it all with pleasure, willingly and justly, remembering the not-very-far-off days when I too had been one like them.

As I have already said, I was a newcomer to that place. I knew none of my neighbours. And I did not intend making friends voluntarily, of my own accord. I do like gossip occasionally, but I am usually scared, and am shy of new faces. But because of these children, I knew in the course of a few days all about all the people living in that street. The children, glad that they had made a new and kind friend, told me freely all about themselves and what they knew of their families. I knew before long which child belonged to which house in the street, how many brothers and sisters he or she had, how his or her brother's wife was treated by the old folk at home, and many such details. I did not open the front door and allow them in, only as I was afraid of their taking advantage of such hospitality and carrying their din and troublesomeness into my house also.

One child among the children constantly playing on my pial attracted my attention and my love in a measure far exceeding the others. Her name I learnt was Kamu. She was a child of about five or six. She had winning manners and a more than winning smile. She was always clad in rags, and dirty at that, but you could feel all the same that she was somehow different from and better than the others. She was fair as a pomegranate blossom. Her forehead always carried a blood-red *kumkum* mark which caught your attention and held it. Her hair was most often unkempt and untidy. For ornaments she had some silver screws in her ears and nose, and some glass bangles on her fore-arms. I fancied she was a Cinderella awaiting her Prince.

As if she had become aware of the interest she had awakened in me, she took more liberties with me than all the other children. One day I made the unfruitful threat of *mama* coming and chastising them; and Kamu turned her black eyes on me, smiled at me and asked me with a charming lisp: "Where is this *mama* whom you try to threaten us with? We have never yet seen him. But *you* won't be angry with us at all, will you ever be?" She said it with such naivete that I had not the heart to get angry with her. I made no reply.

I came to know in the course of a few days that Kamu was a motherless child. Her mother had died the previous year. Her

father had not yet married again. He was a poor clerk in a local office. Kamu had been attending school the previous term, but had been forced to stay away owing to poverty. She had no brother or sister. After she had lost her mother she was not even living with her father. Her mother's parents were both alive, and had taken kind charge, though poor, of the motherless child. Her father, it seemed, was not even interested in her; he did not care to see her even once in a month, the other children told me with unquiet hearts.

It was the second week of my stay in the place. I was talking freely to Kamu about the affairs of the people in the street, my neighbours. Kamu could talk scandal with ever so much naivete and innocence and charm, and, what is often rare with grown-ups talking scandal, with real sympathy and a sort of wondering childish understanding. She just stopped that day in the middle of a sentence and looked up at me with eager eyes, silent.

"What is it, Kamu?"

"I should like to come in and sit beside you," she said.

I opened the door and let her in. She came in and sat beside me on the window-sill. She nestled close and lovingly to me. The other children, seeing Kamu thus ensconced with me in the window-sill, clamoured that they too should be let in. I could not stand the clamour, and threw open my door. From that day onwards the street's children made free use not only of my pial but of the inside of my house also, and strange to say, I, who had chided the children but lately for the din they made on the pial, admitted them into my house of my own free will. They duly carried their play and pranks and noise and joy into my house and into my life as well.

That first evening I combed Kamu's hair, made her wash her face and decked her out as my fancy directed. What a difference these simple attentions made to her looks! She looked glorious. She looked one of God's own angels. She looked so different that I wondered whether even her own mother would recognise the daughter in that simple transformation. And I suddenly remembered that she had no mother, and almost wept at her misfortune.

As soon as it was dusk, she left me and went home. After she had left I sat still for quite a time thinking of the poor motherless child. I knew what it was to be motherless: I had lost my own mother when I was quite a child: in fact, when I had been

younger than Kamu herself. There was not even a memory of my mother left to me as a solace then.... My husband returned late that evening from his office as sometimes it happened; and I had been sitting so long thinking of Kamu that I could not keep my thoughts to myself about Kamu, and I told him in a hurry all that had transpired that day. Kamu said this, I told him; Kamu said that. She stood like this; she talked like that.... I do not remember whether I had ever before mentioned Kamu to him. But that day, tired and worn out as he was with his office-work, he was bored at my insistence that he should hear all that I thought of Kamu. He was unresponsive, and blurted out in the end: "What is all this about Kamu? Kamu, Kamu and yet again Kamu! She belongs to someone else and won't remember you a day longer than possible. Then, why at all this fuss about Kamu?"

I was hurt at his way of putting it. But I thought that he too was correct. I collected myself and thought that I would talk of her no more, at least for that day. He felt that he had hurt me. He was sorry that he had been the cause of the hurt, and tried to make amends for it by being overkind on the sly.

The next day too Kamu came. She came and went and moved with more freedom and as if she had known me for ever so many years. I did not cut her; nor was I too cold; but I remembered the words of my husband and tried to keep a bit aloof. And that was an attitude which I found impossible to take with Kamu. She was visibly so full of affection and love that it was impossible for me to be cold or unloving. It was a pleasure to which I yielded all the more readily as I was myself, my heart told me, inclined towards her. I told her stories. I played with her. She was charming company for a lonely girl like me. Her friends,—and all the children of the street were her friends—because of my kindness to her, were more considerate and loving to me, and felt me their friend and responded to my least wish obediently. I gave Kamu tiffin and coffee. She took it and said: "We don't have coffee at our house these days."

She told me all that she knew of her mother, in a childish, incoherent, innocent way. There was nothing very unusual or strange in what she told me. It is a tale common enough in this land of ours. A none-too-happy family life; an early child-

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bearing ordeal which the wife, almost a child herself, could just outlast; a prolonged illness; a second child-bearing, and merciful death. That was what had happened in the case of Kamu's mother, I was able to gather from her incoherent talk.

In the earlier days of our intimacy, she avoided my house when my husband was at home. One Sunday, however, unaware that he was at home, she came, and was surprised. She was at first very shy and would not talk with me even in his presence. He mocked at her, saying: "Kamu is shy of me because she is going to marry me. Or is she dumb?"

He too was taken up with the expression of the poor child and tried his best to make her feel easy with him. And her shyness wore off soon enough, and she began to be as free with *mama* as she was with me. In course of time, he too began to take an interest in her lovingly, and she reciprocated his affection gratefully. If any day after that he was very busy and she troubled him, as was her nature to do, he would call me and say smilingly: "Andalu, please take your daughter away."

Most days Kamu would stay away from her house. She would take her meal with me and spend the night with me after informing her grandmother. She brought unconsciously a joy and a light into our home. I would take her with me to the films, to the bazaar for shopping, to the local Ladies' Club—in fact, wherever I went.

Three months passed like this. We, Kamu and I, grew happily in our affection. It was in the fourth month of my stay in the town that the incident I am about to relate happened.

I was making coffee in the kitchen. Kamu came quietly and sat beside me silent. I thought that she looked as though she had been weeping. And it was not natural for Kamu to be so quiet. I thought that something out of the ordinary had happened.

"What is it, Kamu?" I asked her, tenderly.

She just heaved a big sigh. She made no reply.

I drew her closer in my arms and again asked what the matter was.

Still sighing, she replied: "I am motherless!"

I did not know what to say to this.

THE MOTHERLESS CHILD

After half a minute's silence and many sighs, Kamu said "Will you be my mother?" She said this with a strange lisp and a strange expression, halting, a yearning look in her eyes.

I pressed her more closely to my heart and comforted her. I kissed her several times, signifying my consent to her proposition. It took me some time to convince her that she was not left so uncared for in this world, that I would stand in the place of a real mother to her as long as it was in my power to do so. She was satisfied only after a full hour of my company, comforting and caressing. She did not leave me the whole of that day. She slept away the night with me.

It was only the next day that I learnt what had inspired Kamu's despair. Her grandmother came to see me and told me what had happened to cause anguish to the childish heart. She told me that Kamu's father had fixed up a second marriage for himself and was leaving for Madura that morning to get married at his own expense. Kamu also had wanted to go, but her father had refused to take her with him. She had left her home, it seems, swearing nevermore to return.

Kamu's grandmother was a venerable old woman and exceedingly kind. It was the first time I had met her. She said: "Kamu tells me that you and your husband are kinder to her than even her mother had been. And may God bless you for that" (I saw there were tears in her eyes as she said this.) She continued: "Kamu calls you her new mother. If you are her mother you should be my daughter, and I thought that I would look up my daughter-that-should-have-been today."

I stayed after this incident only a year in that town. I was known not only throughout the street but also throughout the town as *Kamu's mother*; and I can not say I was not proud of that name. At the end of that year my husband was transferred to a distant place. And Kamu and I had to part, with unworded anguish in our hearts.

* * *

It all happened nearly thirteen or fourteen years ago. Last week I met Kamu by chance on the Tanjore Station platform. I was able to identify Kamu by the child that stood beside her. That child was an exact replica of my Kamu of those days.

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I asked her whether she recognised me. I dared not expect it, but she did recognise me. She said: "You are my mother." My eyes filled with tears.

My six-year old girl was standing beside me with eyes wide open. I had previously told her the tale of Kamu. And when Kamu asked her kindly what her name was, my girl replied: "The same as yours," and the elder Kamu rejoiced.

Kamu was accompanied by her husband who was a decently paid travelling representative of a Chemist's at Madras. They were going to Madras.

Happily so was I. We could talk in the train; and, believe me, there was a lot to talk!

The Content of Social Welfare

BY JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

What exactly is social welfare? The well-being of society, I take it. If so, it includes almost everything that one can think of—spiritual, cultural, political, economic, social. It covers thus the entire field of human activity and relationships. And yet, this wide and all-embracing sense is seldom applied to it, and we use the words in a far more restricted sense. The social worker, often enough, considers himself or herself as working in a field which is strictly separated from political action or economic theory. He or she will try to bring relief to suffering humanity, will fight disease and slum conditions, deal with unemployment, prostitution and the like. He may also seek to bring about some changes in the law in order to remedy present-day injustice. But he will seldom go down to the roots of the problem, for he accepts the general structure of society as it is, and seeks only to tone down its glaring injustices.

The lady who visits the slums occasionally to relieve her conscience by the performance of good and charitable deeds is a type we need not consider. The less we have of this patronising and condescending approach to the problem the better. But there are large numbers of earnest men and women who devote themselves to the service of their fellow creatures in the somewhat narrow way conceived above. They do good work, and to whatever extent they may benefit others, they certainly benefit themselves by the discipline and training that this service gives them.

Yet, it seems to me, that all this good work is largely wasted, because it deals with the surface of the problem only. Social evils have a history and a background, roots in our past, and intimate connections with the economic structure under which we live. Many of them are indeed the direct products of that economic system, just as many others are of religious superstition and harmful custom. Any scientific consideration of the problem of social welfare must therefore inevitably go down to these roots and seek out the causes. It must have the courage to look deep down into the well of truth and to proclaim fear-

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lessly what it finds there. If it avoids politics and economics, and all that goes by the name of religion, for fear of treading on dangerous ground, then it moves on the surface only and can neither command much respect, nor achieve results.

For nearly two years now I have been associated with the National Planning Committee, and the conviction has grown upon me that it is not possible to solve any major problem separately by itself; they all hang together and they depend greatly on the economic structure. To social problems, in the limited sense, this applies with equal force. Recently, the Planning Committee considered the report of their Sub-Committee, on Woman's Role in Planned Economy. This Sub-Committee, more than any other, had to deal with social problems, and it tackled them in all earnestness and with great ability. In doing so it was all the time coming up against political conditions and even more so economic aspects and religious injunctions, or just prejudices with the force of custom.

It is not easy to say which is more difficult to deal with—economic vested interests or religious vested interests. Both these series of vested interests want to maintain the *status quo* and are opponents of change. The path of the real reformer is thus a difficult one.

It is indeed not easy to say which is more difficult to deal with—economic vested interests or religious vested interests.

Before we seek any particular reform, we must be clear what our general objective is and what kind of society we are aiming at. It is obvious that, if we have a social structure which assures work and security to all adults, proper education for the young, a widespread distribution of the necessities and amenities of life, and a measure of individual freedom for self-development, this in itself will solve many of our social problems. Crime will decrease rapidly and the criminal type will become an extreme rarity, prostitution will be infinitely less, and there will be far better adjustments of human relations. If this background and basis are not provided, then the roots of evil remain.

The problem therefore has to be attacked on all fronts and possibly the greatest difficulty will be along the so-called religious front. Religion as such need not be touched, but there are so many rules and regulations which are presumed to have religious sanctions that any attempt to vary them is likely to meet with

THE CONTENT OF SOCIAL WELFARE

the solid and passionate opposition of the votaries of organised religion. Inheritance, marriage, divorce are all supposed to be parts of the personal law of various communities, and this personal law is supposed to be part of religion. It is obvious that no change can be imposed from the top. It will thus become the duty of the Government of the day to try to educate public opinion so as to make it accept the changes proposed. It should be clearly laid down, in order to avoid suspicion, that any change of this type will only apply to a community when that community itself accepts it. This will give rise to difficulties and to a lack of uniformity, but any other course will lead to greater difficulty and ill-will, and laws passed may become dead letters so far as their application is concerned.

It seems to me that a uniform Civil Code for the whole of India is essential. Yet I realise that this cannot be imposed on unwilling people. It should, therefore, be made optional to begin with, and individuals and groups may voluntarily accept it and come within its scope. The State should meanwhile carry on propaganda in its favour.

One urgent need is the extension of the Civil Marriage Act to cover marriages between any two persons, to whatever religion they may belong, without any renunciation of religion as at present. This will of necessity be optional.

Another desirable step is to have records kept of all marriages. This will be useful in many ways and it will gradually make people think in terms of civil marriages. The sacramental forms of marriage should certainly continue for all who want them, but it will be desirable later to have a civil registration also which the State will recognise.

Divorce laws, especially for the Hindus, are a crying need, and so indeed are so many other changes. We want changes which apply to both men and women, we want changes also especially applicable to women who have suffered for ages past under a double burden. Let us accept the democratic principle of equal rights and equal obligations as between man and man and man and woman, and frame our laws and social structure accordingly.

*Kalidasa and Chehov*¹

BY PURASU BALAKRISHNAN

(Translated by the author from his original Tamil essay)

The Russian temperament is allied to the Indian. The old Slavonic is said to be nearly related to Sanskrit. "The Art of Russia," says Havelock Ellis, "sometimes seems to have been almost effaced by Byzantine or Hindu influences." "Russia," says G. K. Chesterton, "touches the Orient; she is a great link. Her people still go on pilgrimages; they still believe in poverty and holiness, miracles, sacrifice and faith."

There is a play in Russian literature which has close resemblances in some respects to our greatest play, "Sakuntala." I refer to "The Cherry Orchard" of Anton Chehov. In that play is described the bond which binds man to mother earth, with the lyricism and almost human affection which we find in the scene depicting Sakuntala's departure from Kanva's hermitage. In point of sincerity and poignancy of sentiment, this is perhaps one of the few plays in the world which can be compared with "Sakuntala."

"The Cherry Orchard" has a national significance which "Sakuntala" has not. Nevertheless the note struck by the two authors is the same. It is the note of man's love for nature which has cradled and nurtured him from his infancy. Both the plays bring out an affection, at once spontaneous and delicate, unsophisticated and refined, which binds the heart of man to the soil of the earth. There is an atmosphere of melancholy, brooding over "The Cherry Orchard" which the Russian family, almost immediately on their return home from their trip to France, are obliged to sell, having been reduced to poverty. The love of the earth which breathes through "The Cherry Orchard" is like the Himalayan breeze sighing through the bamboos, and is resonant with many undertones of tenderness and sadness which are not heard in "Sakuntala." In "Sakuntala," on the other

¹The English translation from Sanskrit is that of Laurence Binyon; from Russian, that of Camilla Chapin Daniels and George Rapall Noyes, except in one instance where it is that of Constance Garnett.

KALIDASA AND CHEHOV

hand, we hear a truer note of the same love, as the play is devoid of any national significance. In "Sakuntala" the spirit of the earth embraces her children who are nearer to her than they are in "The Cherry Orchard."

Let us now examine the plays more closely.

Towards the end of the Third Act of "The Cherry Orchard" Anya consoles her mother thus:

"Mamma! Mamma, you're crying, dear, kind, good, mamma! My precious! I love you! I bless you! The cherry orchard is sold, it is gone, that's true! But don't weep, mamma! Life is still before you, you have still your good, pure heart! Let us go, let us go, darling, away from here! We will make a new garden, more splendid than this one; you will see it, you will understand. And joy, quiet, deep joy, will sink into your soul like the sun at evening! And you will smile, mamma! Come, darling, let us go!"¹

To the Indian reader a passage like this brings recollections of the Fourth Act of "Sakuntala." The departure of the Russian family from the cherry orchard is described in the last Act of Chehov's play. Lopahin, the merchant who has bought the orchard, says,

"Is every one here? No one left?" (He locks the door on the left.) "There are some things stored here, we'll have to lock them up. Come on!"

And Anya cries,

"Good-bye, old house! Good-bye, old life!"

Lynbov Andreyevna, the dispossessed proprietress, and Gayev, her brother, wait till they are left together and fall into each other's arms and sob softly, restrainedly, as though fearing lest some one should hear them.

Gayev (in despair): "My sister, my sister! . . ."

Lynbov Andreyevna: "To look at the walls, at the windows, for the last time! . . . Our dead mother loved to walk to and fro in this room. . . ."

Gayev: "My sister, my sister!"

The student Trofinov's voice calls them from outside: "Yoo . . . hoo!"

Lynbov Andreyevna answers, "We are coming," and they go out.

¹Constance Garnett's translation.

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This parting scene forcibly recalls to the Indian reader the Fourth Act of "Sakuntala," where Kanva calls on all the hermitage

"Hearken, you neighbour trees of the holy grove!
She who would never seek to quench her thirst
Before she had refreshed your thirsty roots,
Who, tho' she loved adornments, never plucked
One flower of yours, because of love of you,
Whose time of joy was your young burst of bloom,
She, even she, Sakuntala departs.
With kindness, all of you, and tender breathings
Out of your branches, comfort her farewell."

Such scenes as these display a tender heart with a great feeling for nature. Kalidasa is more idyllic in his conception, Chehov is unashamedly less 'poetic' and more national. About the latter feature of "The Cherry Orchard," I shall content myself with observing that it will be evident to the reader on a complete perusal of the play.

Again Chehov reveals his love for the dumb animals but he is very brief in his expression of it, and he passes over them quickly to his human characters.

In the opening Act of "The Cherry Orchard," the maid Dunyasha remarks,

"Even the dogs haven't slept all night long. They seem to feel their masters are returning."

And Lopahin replies,

"Why, what's the matter with you, Dunyasha?"

Dunyasha's fancy recalls to us Sakuntala's words on the eve of her departure,

"Oh, what is it keeps pulling at my dress,
As if to hinder me?"—

and Kanva replying,

"Beloved daughter,
It is the fawn, your adopted child.
Tenderly did you rear it, give it rice
In dainty handfuls; when its mouth was pricked
By the sharp-bladed grass, you healed the sore
With ointment from the juice of Ingudi,
And now this same fawn seeks to follow you."

The imagination of the poet, in the narrower sense of the term, is synthetic. It proceeds from incidents and particulars to

KALIDASA AND CHEHOV

abstractions and generalisations. Thus Kalidasa mostly describes emotions in a general comprehensive way. On the other hand the imagination of the fiction-writer is analytic. It proceeds from the main springs of the heart to particulars and incidents which reveal and exemplify them. This does not imply that the fiction-writer is less of a poet. On the other hand, Chehov's stories and plays are the works of a true and tender poet. To describe numerous incidents and situations, as he does, so as to bring out abstract emotions implicitly contained in them, perhaps requires a more rigorous imagination than that which Kalidasa, the purer poet, employs. Observe how Chehov brings out the affectionate feeling for mother earth more concretely, for the stage demands it, than Kalidasa does. While the family is preparing to depart, the sound of an axe striking against the wood is heard in the distance. Lopahin, the merchant who has bought the orchard, is quite composed and talks like a man of sense and business:

"Well, good-bye, my dear fellow. It's time to go. Here we stand chaffing each other, but life goes on just the same. . . . Leonid Andreyevitch has taken a situation. He's going to be a clerk at the bank—6000 roubles a year. Only of course he won't stick to it—he is too lazy."

And Anya appears in the doorway, saying,

"Mamma asks you please not to let them cut down the cherry orchard before she goes."

With what exquisitely tender and beautiful feeling this unostentatious sentence rings! It brings back to our minds Sakuntala,

"Who, tho' she loved adornments, never plucked
One flower, for love of you."

One is as beautiful as the other. It is impossible to say which is more beautiful. But the two, between themselves, display the difference between the methods of the two poets. Chehov is analytic, Kalidasa is synthetic. Chehov has a more vigorous imagination, as is evinced by his numerous stories and plays. Kalidasa breathes a purer poetry which lifts us at once on its wings to higher regions where the air is rain-washed, purer and fresher than on the earth.

Kalidasa's is the synthetic imagination of an ancient, a Hindu who was brought up in the great synthetic philosophy of the Upanishads; Chehov's is the analytic imagination of a modern, a doctor who could probe quietly into the depths of human nature.

Bengal

BY BASUDHA CHAKRAVARTI

The alluvial soil of Bengal is said to be responsible for her poverty in architecture; the salubrious climate of Bengal is believed to have given her people an emotional character. The green corn-fields give them a feeling of reposeful self-sufficiency. The rivers which are many, particularly in the eastern districts, are a challenge to their daring; the western districts, heavily labouring under malaria, develop not unoften a calm determination. The lakes and marshes lie extensive; and what has been called the spiritual hankering of the Indian people mixes in Bengal easily into the poetry of Nature.

That is well reflected in her poetry, whether of the old Vaishnava poets such as Chandidas and Vidyapati or of moderns headed by Rabindranath. Human love merges on the background of Nature into the love of God. Altogether they produce a spirit of utter self-abandon. With the deep emotions thus generated, Bengal, in the course of her political history, felt the frustration of her life. The result was not only much pioneering work in the nationalist movement, but such in the face of threats to her integrity: much of violent effort that was, in its very impetuosity and impatience, largely sporadic if determined action. That was the Swadeshi movement and the revolutionary outburst that accompanied it. In the natural course, Bengal came into line with the freedom movement of the whole country—without, however, losing the urge that, derived of the emotional make-up of the people, led to the use of the bomb and the pistol. Emotional Bengal sent her children to the gallows, or to the Andamans.

But this emotional impetuosity of the Bengalee has a negative aspect too. It has militated against work that necessitated steady, gradual effort. Public work in Bengal has often been done on the initiative of one or two capable individuals; but, even in politics, it has succeeded only when attempted under the pressure of sudden emotion. Agriculture, which is yet the mainstay of the Indian people, being still in its primitive, non-collective form, results in individualism in our character, and this with the emotional mind

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of the Bengalee takes a perverse direction, explaining much of the party-strifes that frustrate his effort whether in high politics or in small constructive spheres. It has therefore not been possible to build up any movement on scientific lines. Only those movements which could rest chiefly on emotions could flourish in Bengal; and Swami Vivekanand successfully canalised the emotional bent of the Bengalee mind to initiate a movement of service to the suffering and the distressed. Based on sentiment, this movement has assumed many permanent forms. The religious and reform movements of Rajah Rammohan Roy and Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, which have permanently left their mark on the life of India as a whole, were no doubt grounded in the profound intellectual approach of these pioneers; but they found their first foothold in the appeal they made to the emotions of the English-educated Bengalee against social inertia and social injustice. Similarly, Vaishnavism flourished in Bengal as it did because of the appeal it made to the emotional fervour of the Bengalee mind against the rigidity of institutional religion. A more recent political instance has been the emotion successfully roused by the movement for the abolition of the Black Hole Monument.

It is the nature of an emotional mind to adopt what appeals to it only to the extent that it does not become a pressure. Recent history has provided an illustration when the emotions of Bengal were led by provincialism to a conflict between a leader of the Province and the Congress leadership; but they did not tolerate the Fascist attempt of the same leader to muzzle the press and monopolize the platform. There is no denying that politics in such an emotional atmosphere tends to be vague and unstable; effort, howsoever great, fails to be concentrated, particularly when homogeneous politics is cut across by class and communal divisions.

Scientific orientation of politics in Bengal can be possible only through increasing contact with the masses, by first-hand perception of their day-to-day struggles and strivings. Politics can outgrow communal divisions only by developing an economic mass basis; and also, it can have reality only with that concrete background. A beginning in that respect can be said to have been made in Bengal not only in the practical political field but in efforts to assimilate folk-songs and dances in the national

arts and literature. Incidentally, the attempts have revealed the tremendous moral power latent in the people, and there is no gain-saying that contact with the soil will give not only a reality to our politics but a solid basis to our literature which already evinces an effort, imperfect as it is, to develop a background of the lives of peasants and workers. The process can only be helped by the increasing association of Moslems and Hindus in both literature and politics, which gives them, by reason of the nature of economic alignments in Bengal, a mass character, and should, even through the problems arising from inter-communal maladjustment, bring every thing into accord with life. Bengal shares with the rest of the country a slowness in the tempo of life due to industrial backwardness; and industrial development would wear down the futile cogitation that fills many moments in her yet feudal mode of life. Political evolution will doubtless help down the barriers that still divide the Provinces; and with the mobilization of the mass-forces latent within her, Bengal may well be expected to attain richer fullness of life and show greater fruition than have hitherto been possible. And it can be hoped of Bengal's tradition and resources that it will be no insignificant part she will be entitled to play in a free India for which she, in common with her sister-Provinces, longs and strives.

The Song World in Tamil: A Glimpse

II

BY T. K. CHIDAMBARANATHA MUDALIAR, B.A., B.L.
(Ex-Commissioner, Hindu Religious Endowment Board, Madras)

Man's life on this earth has never been an easy one. From Adam down to the present-day coolie, man had to live by the sweat of his brow. The land of plenty and the land of drought are often things far apart. The rich and the poor seem to be also eternal entities. Under these circumstances the bountiful heart feels the need of giving relief to the poor, and out of true charity, gives. This gift finds response in the grateful hearts of thousands. No wonder when people go from place to place, (pilgrimage was such a common thing in those ancient days), from Cape Comorin to the very Mount Kailas and *vice versa*, they found an inexhaustible theme in the acts of charity they witnessed or heard of. Even to-day a munificent gift made in this country finds recognition in the columns of a New York newspaper the next morning. Now let us see how the poet sings of this grateful appreciation of a gift. Here is an old song (1st century A.D.):

The beat of the Drum is heard miles afar;
The thunder in the Clouds is heard for tens of miles.
But all the three worlds do hear
The Praise that a gift was made,
Oh, on this earth.¹

II

It is indeed difficult to realise fully all the psychological implications of war, as it was a couple of thousand years ago. People

¹கடிப்படி..கண்முரசும் காதத்தோர் கேட்பர்
இடித்து முழங்கியது யோசனையோர் கேட்பர்
அடுக்கிய முவுலகும் கேட்குமே—என்று
கொடுத்தார் எனப்படும் சொல்

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never had the long periods of peace which have been prevailing of late. In the present-day warfare, it is not any soul force that operates but only a mechanical force operating against the one on the other side.

The operative force being mechanical, war has only a depressing effect upon the people. Whereas, in those ancient days war brought out the innate heroism in men and also in women. We will see how a woman felt the supreme need of war-like spirit in a land subject to constant attacks from neighbouring states. It would almost seem as though her attitude to her son was unmotherly:

My duty as mother is to bring forth and to bring up;
To educate is the father's duty;
To make manful is the king's duty;
To give the spear is the duty of the blacksmith;
And my son's duty is—
To plunge into the battlefield,
To pierce the elephant in the enemy's line,
And return triumphant.¹

III

Till very recently, Art and Poetry had to be fostered, practically all the world over, by patrons. For thousands of years the Tamil country was fortunate enough to have munificent patrons. But for such patronage, the poet's lot would have been a melancholy one, and 'chill penury' would have frozen 'the genial current of his soul.'

In one of the eastern ports of Tamil Nad (Kayalpatnam) some two hundred years back, there was a merchant prince, Syed Khadar by name. He had such a fine sense of poetry that he had always about him poets and scholars of taste and learning, and his munificent gifts to the poets were the talk of everybody in the land. A number of poets as a result of his patronage put forth their best endeavours in bringing out poems. In the midst of all this bounty and poetic adventure, the patron died, and that

¹ என்று புரந்தருதல் என் தலைக் கடனே
சான்றோன் ஆக்குதல் தந்தைக்குக் கடனே
நன்னடை நல்கல் வேந்தற்குக் கடனே
வேல்வடித்துக் கொடுத்தல் கொல்லற்குக் கடனே
ஒளிறுவார் அருஞ்சமம் முருக்கிக்
களிநெறிந்து பெயர்தல் காளைக்குக் கடனே.

THE SONG WORLD IN TAMIL: A GLIMPSE

suddenly. The despair that must have overtaken those patronized, may easily be imagined. Now, for the voice of despair:

The goddess of Wealth is there;
The goddess of Earth with all her bounty is there;
The goddess of the Muses also is there;
We ourselves are, O Poets, all alive here;
What avails all this
When our patron Lord is now no more?—
Learning, O brethren, is dead, dead, for ever dead.¹

IV

It would be no exaggeration to say that thousands of years ago, why, tens of thousands of years ago, some great souls had discovered the truth that God was all-pervasive, and that in the inmost heart of every human being the spirit of God was present. This truth was known to the Jews also in the distant West, and in the Bible we have the saying 'The Kingdom of God is within thee.' The text, as it is, emphasises the fact well enough, but the joy of realisation is not manifest in it.

We will see now how a Tamil-song sung by a woman saint (Karikal Ammiyar, 5th century B. C.?) bursts with that very joy of realisation.

There are those who say that Lord God is with the
celestials, let them say so;
There are again people to say that he is with the King
of the Celestials, by all means let them too say so;
But "God is within me," say I.²

The song is simple—but profound.

¹ பூமா திருந்தென் புவிமாதிருந்தென்ன. பூதலத்தில்
நாமா திருந்தென்ன, நாமும் இருந்தென்ன, நாவலர்க்குக்
கோமான், அழகமர் மால்சீதக் காதி, கொடைக்கரத்துச்
சீமான் இறந்திட்ட போதே புலமையும் செத்ததுவே.

—தனிப்பாடல்த்திரட்டு.

² வானத்தான் என்பாரும் என்க, மற்றும்பர் கோன்
தானத்தான் என்பாரும் தாமென்க, —நானத்தான்
முன்னஞ்சத் தாலிருண்ட மொய்யொளிசேர் கண்டத்தான்
என்றெஞ்சத் தான் என்பன் யான்.

—அற்புதத்திடுவந்தாதி.

Materialism and the Bhagawadgita

BY K. B. KRISHNA, M.A., Ph.D. (Harvard)

I

INTRODUCTION

"When you want to read and understand a book, especially a great work like the Gita—you must approach it with an unprejudiced and unprepossessed mind."

"The next thing one has to do is to take into consideration the time and circumstances in which the book was written and the purposes for which the book was written. In short the book must not be read devoid of its context."

"The conclusion I have come to is that the Gita advocates the performance of action. . . ."

B. G. Tilak, "Gitarahasya," cited below: pp. 232-4.

The Bhagawadgita is unintelligible save in the context of pre-Buddhist philosophical speculations. In it are found concessions to the Vedas.¹ In it are found Upanishadic speculations.² In it are found Sankhya and Yoga.³ It is a medley of beliefs as to the relation between spirit and matter, and as to other secondary matters. It is certain and uncertain in its tone in regard to the comparative efficacy of action and inaction, and in regard to the practical man's means of salvation.⁴ Its patch-work origin explains its philosophical inconsistencies⁵—yet more apparent than real. It is an assorted cabinet of the philosophical opinions of the day.⁶

¹ Like concessions to sacrifices, etc. But Krishna gave a different interpretation to the word "sacrifice."

² Like insistence on action being done without any regard for the fruit: Isopanishad, Verse 2; Ch. U IV. 14. 3; B U IV. 23; and Mai U. VI. 20.

See R. G. Bhandarkar: "Vaishnavism, Saivism and Minor Religious Systems," Collected Works, Ed. by N. B. Utigikar, Vol. IV, pp. 37-8.

H. Raychaudhuri: "Early History of Vaishnava Sect," 1920, pp. 48-50.

³ R. G. Bhandarkar: op. cit., p. 38; "Besides the Upanishads and the religious and moral atmosphere prevalent at that time, the Gita avails itself of the philosophy that had come into existence in early times. This is the philosophy of Sankhya and Yoga." See Bhagawadgita, Chapters II, III, IV.

⁴ Cf. E. W. Hopkins: "Religions of India," 1908, p. 390.

⁵ Cf. Ibid, p. 400.

⁶ Cf. Ibid, p. 399.

Bhandarkar, op. cit., p. 39. "Bhagawadgita is the result of development of the religious and philosophic speculation that prevailed before the rise of Buddhism."

MATERIALISM AND THE BHAGAWADGITA

The history of Hindu Philosophy confirms Hegel's Law of Triadic Development. The Vedas constitute the beginnings of Hindu philosophical speculations.¹ They represent the first attempt at envisaging reality. The vague cosmological speculations of the Vedas yielded to the concrete, material enrichment of priestdom. These two contradictions of the Vedic period—insufficient cosmologies, and priestdom with its concrete material bases—paved the way for Upanishadic speculations. The Upanishads represent the second main attempt at envisaging reality. They improved the cosmologies of the Vedas by including elements like fire, water, air, and earth. They rejected the hedonism of the priests by advocating the other extreme of asceticism. This was a necessity on the part of the Upanishadic thinkers in order to undermine priestdom. These attempts constitute the thesis and the antithesis of Hindu philosophical development. The Gita represents the third attempt at envisaging reality. It did not reject any of the Vedic or Upanishadic speculations. It violently rejected the school of Lokayats. It followed the track of centrism, or opportunism. It attempted a synthetic unity without elevating the philosophic level higher than the Vedas, or the Upanishads, or the Lokayats.² It did not even choose a "middle way" like Buddha's. It did not reject the Plurality of the Vedas or the Unity of the Upanishads. It admitted the possibility of both. It did not reject the hedonistic activism of the Vedas, nor the ascetic quietism of the Upanishads. It admitted the possibility of both, asserting that complete development of personality is impossible without activism and quietism.³

But the Hindu attempts at envisaging reality did not end with the Gita. They continued. The Gita again became the thesis. Buddhism and Jainism became its anti-theses. They rejected the priestdom of the Vedas, "the soul theories" of the Upanishads and the centrism of the Gita. In their attack, they raised the philosophical level higher than any of the previous

¹ B. Barua: "A History of Pre-Buddhistic Indian Philosophy," 1921, p. 5.

² Almost all speak of the synthetic nature of the Gita. See Aurobindo Ghose, "Essays on the Gita," Vol. I, 1926, pp. 9-10. M. Rangacharya, "Bhagawadgita," p. 5.

Aurobindo Ghose: "Essays on the Gita," First Series, p. 96. "The Gita in its foundation is a Vedantic work."

Ibid, p. 115: ".... the Gita founds its synthesis of Vedanta, Sankhya and Yoga, its synthesis of knowledge, work, and devotion."

³ D. D. Vadekar: "Bhagawadgita," 1928, pp. 37-40.

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systems excepting Lokayata. They brought philosophy from the "skies" to the "earth." They represented "a movement of Asiatic Reformation" on a wider scale. Then came Neo-Brahmanism, a swing back to the past with its feet in the "existent." The synthetic result is modern Hinduism. The attempts are not yet dead. We find them in the Arya Samaj, Brahmo Samaj, Maha Jana Sabha, Regeneration of Untouchables, Theosophical Movement, Gandhism, Industrialism, and British Rule. Yet reality is not discovered. The Hindu thinkers, in their attempts at envisaging reality, created a structure peculiar to India—its caste system, its ikons, and iconoclasts—a gothic architecture of philosophical systems, sublime and ridiculous. The same perennial contradictions run through the ages. One wonders whether the Hindu society was ever mobile. It was mobile and immobile; mobile in those protestant sects which formed castes of their own, immobile in those that perpetuated priestdom. This was the reason for the prevalence of innumerable sects and creeds in India. History moves in contradictions. Philosopher Hegel was right, and Indian History is his chief witness.

II AUTHOR

There is much doubt about the authorship of this work. Most scholars agree that this is not an original poem composed by a single hand, but an ancient work, rewritten and enlarged.¹ By whom was the ancient work written? This is of importance for our purpose. Without being dogmatic, it can be said that this was written by Krishna. That Krishna is not a legendary figure but a historical personage is accepted by modern scholars.²

Very little of historial accuracy is known of him. Krishna was a Kshatriya warrior who fought at Kurukshetra. His father's name was Vasudeva, and his mother's Devaki. He had an elder brother named Bala Rama or Samkarsana. He sprang from the ancient Vrisni or Satvata branch of the family of Yadu. Their home was perhaps in the neighbourhood of Mathura.

¹ W. Douglas P. Hill: "Bhagawadgita," 1928, Introduction, p. 14. I followed this work closely.

² See for a discussion, whether Krishna was a mythological or historical figure; and for references—Hill: op. cit., p. 4-5; Aurobindo Ghose, "Essays on the Gita," 1st Series, 2nd Edition, 1926. He does not deny that there existed an historical Krishna (pp. 19-20). But he regards the author of the Bhagawadgita as God himself descended into humanity (p. 15).

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The Rig Veda had been composed. The Yajurveda was being completed. Sacerdotalism was laying its dead hand on the more simple and joyous faith of early days. Religion was in the grasp of priests. But the Kshatriyas seem to have revolted from the priestly dominance. In Kshatriya circles there grew up a body of speculative thought and mystical doctrine, which later the more spiritually-minded Brahmins themselves were eager to learn.¹ Krishna grew up in such circles and later raised the standard of revolt against orthodoxy.

We also find that Krishna received instructions from Ghora Angirasa. So records the Chandogya Upanishad. There we read of Krishna, son of Devaki, learning from a priest of the Sun those lessons of the meaning of sacrifice, the merit of virtue, so inimical to orthodox priests. These appear in the Bhagawadgita. Beyond these dim pictures of Krishna, the warrior, of Krishna, the student, no more is known of him.²

What are the lessons that Krishna learnt from his master Angirasa? He learnt that

1. the life of man in its various states, and his death, may be compared to the various ceremonies observed in ritual sacrifices, and that the mystic meaning of sacrifice is the life of man himself;

2. the practice of certain virtues—austerity, liberality, uprightness, harmlessness, and truthfulness—is as effective as the offering of customary gifts to the priests;

3. at the hour of death, a man should think, "Thou art the imperishable, the never-failing, and the very essence of life."³ These lessons are indeed revolutionary. Krishna reoriented them in the Gita.⁴ In the Gita, sacrifice is interpreted in no narrow ritualistic sense, but ennobled as a constant, living attitude. All work for God, rightly performed, is a sacrifice that leads the worshipper to Him. By insisting on the practice of virtues, Krishna aimed at dealing a death-blow to priestdom.

¹ Hill, op. cit., p. 8.

² Hill, op. cit., p. 9.

³ Hill, op. cit., pp. 5-6.

⁴ H. Ray Chaudhuri: "Materials for the Study of Early History of Vaishnava Sect," 1920, pp. 48-50.

See Bhagawadgita XVI, 1-3; VIII, 11-13, I. 21; XI, 42; XVIII, 73.

III

DATE OF THE TEXT

The date of this text is quite uncertain. Vaidya thinks that the date must be some centuries before 500 B.C.¹ Tilak puts the Gita in about the 4th century B. C.² Telang, Bhandarkar and Dixit place it in about 300 B. C.⁴ Winternitz⁵ and Hill⁶ assign 200 B. C. as the period when the Gita appeared in its present form. Gowen writes, "that the date may well have been as late as the second or third century A. D. when Brahmanism was rallying its forces to stem the tide of popular Buddhism."⁷ European scholars generally place the Gita at the beginning of the Christian Era. And it is generally agreed that the matter referred to in the Bhagawadgita belongs to a very ancient period. It is also agreed that the Gita has undergone several interpolations.⁸ The Gita may be considered to be a pre-Buddhist work, but many additions have taken place up to as late as the early Christian Era. The later interpolations are entirely Brahmanic. In this way we can account for the inconsistencies in the Gita and for the absence of Buddhist or Jaina references.

Since the date of the work is so uncertain we cannot possibly know exactly the social conditions that gave rise to the Gita. We can only infer from the passages in the Gita about the conditions of those days. The Gita shows the imminence of a schism in Brahmanism. It shows the presence of several evils—priestdom, caste supremacy, asceticism—denounced previously by several thinkers. But the most important point in the Gita is the need for a theory before action. The war has to be fought. Arjuna must be consoled. His action would contravene existing social laws. How to fight? To obviate this difficulty, Krishna gave his discourse—an essentially centrist discourse—trying to reconcile various conflicting ideas of the day.

¹ C. V. Vaidya: "History of Sanskrit Literature," IV section, pp. 34-46.

² B. G. Tilak: "Gita Rahasya," p. 564.

³ See for a discussion in V. Mangalvedkar, "The Philosophy of Action," 1928, P XLIV ff.

⁴ D. D. Vadekar: "Bhagawadgita," p. 5.

⁵ Winternitz: "History of Indian Literature," pp. 437-438.

⁶ Hill: op. cit., pp. 17-18.

⁷ H. H. Gowen: "A History of Indian Literature," 1931, p. 236.

⁸ See for opinions of Garbe, Winternitz, and other scholars in Vaidya, "Sanskrit Literature," 4th section, p. 23.

IV

DIATRIBES AGAINST THE MATERIALISTS OF THE DAY

In the Gita we find violent diatribes against the materialists of the day.

Says Krishna to Arjuna:¹

"There are two orders of created beings in this world, the Divine and the Devilish; the Divine order has been described at length; of the Devilish, O Son of Pritha, hear from me.

Neither action nor inaction² do devilish men know; cleanness is not in them; nor even right conduct nor truth.

'Without truth,³ without basis,⁴ is the universe,' they say, 'and without Lord; born of mutual union, caused by lust⁵—naught else'.

Holding this view, lost souls of feeble judgment, they come forth with cruel deeds as enemies to destroy the world. They turn to desire insatiable, they are possessed of hypocrisy, pride, and frenzy; in their delusion they grasp untrue ideas, and do their business, sworn to vows impure.

"They turn to cares unbounded that end with death.⁶ Enjoyment of desires they make their goal, assured that that is all. Bound by hundreds of bonds of hope, given up to desire and wrath, for the indulgence of their desires they seek unjustly to gather wealth.

'This have I gained to-day; this desire I shall attain; this wealth is mine; this also shall be mine hereafter; that enemy have I slain, and others also shall I slay; I am a lord; it is I who enjoy; perfect am I, strong, happy;

¹ Hill, op. cit., pp. 244-8 (chap. 16, verses 6-24).

² Sankara, one of the commentators of this text, writes: "Neither those acts which ought to be performed to achieve the end of man, nor those acts from which they should abstain to avert evil."

³ This is said to mean that no reliance can be placed on the truth of the Vedas and Puranas.

⁴ With no moral government. The "basis" is either "right or wrong" according to Sankara, or "Brahman" according to Ramanuja, another Commentator of the text.

⁵ Sankara notes: "This is the view of the Lokayatikas (materialists), that sexual passion is the sole cause of all living creatures."

Thomson following Schlegel, whose view is defended by Lassen, translates: "They deny that the Universe... has arisen in certain succession, or anything else, save that it is there for the sake of enjoyment."

Davies notes: "They deny such a succession in the order of development or creation, as the Samkya or Yoga system taught."

Sankara writes, "Ariasing in no serial order, with nothing but desire for its motive force."

⁶ Davies translates, "They ignore everything beyond death, caring only for the enjoyments of the present world."

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Wealthy am I, high-born; what other is like to me? I shall sacrifice, I shall give alms, I shall make merry,—thus speak they, by ignorance deluded.

Led to error by many a fancy, covered with the net of delusion, attached to the indulgence of desire, into foul hell they fall.

Concited, stubborn, filled with the pride and intoxication of wealth, they offer nominal sacrifices, not in accord with rule, but of hypocrisy.

Turned to the thought of I, to strength and pride, desire and wrath, they hate me in their own and other's bodies, malicious men.

These cruel haters, lowest of mankind and vile, I hurl for ever in birth's cycles into Devilish wombs.

They enter a Devilish womb, in birth after birth deluded; to me they never win, O Son of Kunti, but go thence to the lowest way.

Desire, wrath, and greed—this is the triple gate of hell, destructive of the self; therefore, these three should one abandon.

The man, O Son of Kunti, who from these three gates of darkness is released, works weal for self; thence goes he to the highest way.

He who forsakes the ordinance of scripture¹ and lives under the influence of desire, gains not perfection, nor pleasure, nor the highest way.

Therefore, let scripture be thy rule for the determination of right acts and wrong; that work which the scriptural ordinance enjoins thou shouldst know and here perform."

Comment is hardly necessary on these passages. These reveal indirectly the central ideas of the materialists of the day, of course as seen by an opponent. While Krishna tried to reconcile Sankhya and Yōga, he rejected entirely the materialist school. Although he was influenced by that school in his mild attacks on the Vedas, sacrifices, the caste system, and determinism, he belonged to a more liberal and less Vedic party.² We now examine such liberal materialist and positive aspects of the Gita.

¹ Sastra is a wide term, which may include the Vedas and the Dharma Sastras. The materialists deny the Scriptures. Hence this polemic against them.

For Ramanuja's commentary on this part of the text, see: Iswaradatta, 1930, pp. 302-308.

For Sankara's commentary, see Bhagawadgita by A. Mahadeva Sastri, Part I, 1897: pp. 287-292.

² J. C. Thomson: "Bhagawadgita," 1855, p. XLIV.

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V

MATERIALIST AND POSITIVE ASPECTS OF THE BHAGAWADGITA

(A) KNOWLEDGE AND ACTION; THEORY AND PRACTICE.

The Bhagawadgita forms part of the Bhismaparva of the Maha Bharata. The Epic is mainly concerned with the struggle for sovereignty between the Kauravas and their cousins, the sons of Pandu. The struggle culminates in the battle at Kurukshetra, where Krishna acts as the Pandava Arjuna's charioteer. On the eve of the battle, Arjuna falters. He hesitates to fight. Krishna encourages him, in a long argument, to fight. The argument is the theme of the Bhagawadgita.

When Arjuna falters, Krishna urges him to fight. He reminds him of his Kshatriya duty to fight when the cause is just.¹ He tells him of the need for combining theory and practice.² At the time when the Bhagawadgita appeared, men were so devoting themselves to speculation on metaphysical problems as to exaggerate the efficacy of pure knowledge for salvation (Moksha). Action of every kind was thought not merely to be an obstacle to leisured contemplation, but positively a bar to liberation. For centuries, some of the Upanishads had taught that *to know* is *to be*. The aim of the ascetic aspirant was to know, and not to act. Krishna by no means scorns knowledge. More than once he breaks out into a panegyric on "knowledge" and the "knower."³ Yet nonetheless he combats the wide-spread fallacy that the man of knowledge should aim at complete inaction. Inaction is neither right nor possible. Theory and practice, knowledge and work are not opposed, but are, as the learned realise, two sides of one's well-balanced mode of life. Knowledge must find its complement in work. Its function is to bring all work to true fulfilment.⁴

Krishna again and again urges Arjuna to action. He combines the knowledge-method of Sankhya with the work-method of Yoga. Some kind of work is inevitable. It is only by doing his duty that

¹ Bhagawadgita, ii, 31-38.

² Ibid, ii, 39.

³ Ibid, iv, 35-41.

⁴ Aurobindo Ghose: "Essays on the Gita," 1st series, p. 98. "Action in the Gita is a permanent foundation."

See also, Ibid, 2nd series, p. 467.

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a man can reach that perfect state when action no longer hinders liberation. Theory is useless without practice. Without work life cannot be sustained. So work is better than inaction.¹ Perfection it attained only through work.² Work should be done for the sake of example.³ The wise and ignorant alike must work. All through his argument, Krishna urges Arjuna into work, into action. No wonder that Tilak⁴ and Aurobindo⁵ saw in the Bhagawadgita nothing but action.

(B) ATTACK ON THE VEDAS.

In his further argument with Arjuna, Krishna makes some interesting observations on the Vedas. The Vedic path is fraught with uncertainty and doubt. Here Krishna is repeating his predecessors, Kapila and Brihaspati. Krishna speaks with contempt of the "flowery speech" spoken by witless fools who see nothing beyond the Veda. For *the Veda is concerned with material rewards*.⁶ It brings no message to this fleeting and illusory world. Krishna does not blame the Veda. He accepts it for what it is. He only blames those fools who cannot see that beyond, and including, the Vedic realm lies higher truth. They say, "There is naught else."⁷ The Veda is like "a tank flooded with waters from all sides." The tank itself is small and bounded by its shores. From all sides there flow the boundless waters that cover it. Why should a wise man use nothing but the tank when all these waters are at hand from which it draws its limited supply? So too, in ancient days when only the teaching of the Veda was available, it served its purpose. But now a higher all-inclusive knowledge has dawned, a wisdom offering deliverance from this transitory world. Krishna therefore urges Arjuna to rise superior to the Vedic realms. Here we have a sedate protest against the Vedas:

1. The Vedic path is fraught with uncertainty and doubt
2. The Veda is concerned with material rewards.

¹ Bhagawadgita, iii, 3-8.

² Ibid, iii, 17-20a.

³ Ibid, iii, 20b-26.

⁴ B. G. Tilak: "Srimad Bhagawadgita Rahasya" or "Karmayoga Sastra," 1910, 11. Tilak wrote this while he was in prison. He placed action in the forefront of the Gita doctrine.

⁵ Aurobindo Ghose: "Essays on Gita," 2nd series, last 2 chapters. According to him, the core and message of the Gita is action. Bhagawadgita, XVIII, 18. "Knowledge and action are closely connected..."

⁶ Bhagawadgita, ii, 43.

⁷ Ibid, ii, 42.

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3. The Vedas served a historical purpose, and are now no longer adequate for the present needs.¹

At the same time, the Vedas are not absolutely rejected by Krishna. They may have many uses for a prudent Brahmin.²

(C) FREE WILL VERSUS DETERMINISM.

Krishna expounds another doctrine in the course of his argument with Arjuna. His discourse on nature and duty is interesting.³ According to Krishna, duty is conditioned by nature. It is the nature of Kshatriyas to fight for a just cause. Therefore, being a Kshatriya, it is Arjuna's duty to fight. A man must do the duty which his own nature bids him do. Each man possesses his own special nature whose promptings it is idle to defy. All existences follow their nature, and what shall coercing it avail? Even the man of knowledge acts according to his own nature. Better is one's own law of works, though in itself faulty, than an alien law well wrought out. Death in one's own law of being is better. Perilous is it to follow an alien law.

This idea is exploited by the defenders of the caste-system. The idea they deduce, by way of an implication, is the acceptance of the order which a man inherits. This is not what Krishna meant. By nature, Krishna meant "nature as self-determined in the individual." Both man and nature are determined. Within this determinism, man is yet free to act. Consciousness is an instrument of nature when it acts. Nine-tenths of freedom of will is a palpable fiction. The will acts not by its own self-existent action at a given moment, but by the past, heredity, training, environment, and the whole complex thing called Karma. The whole nature plus the man determine what the action is at a given moment. Nature forms in man and within man. It is mixed up with other determining elements.⁴ The will of the ego is a will determined by matter. It is a part of the nature as it has been formed in us by the sum of its own past action, and self modification. The nature and will in men so formed determine our present action. There is no first action in nature which has no deter-

¹ Bhagawadgita, ii, 40-46.

² Ibid, ii, 46.

³ Ibid, iii, 33-35.

Aurobindo Ghose: "Essays in Gita," 2nd series, p. 318.

⁴ See Aurobindo Ghose: "Essays on Gita," 2nd edition, 2nd series, pp. 324-325.

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mining past behind. Even passivity, refusal to will, is itself a choice of nature.¹ The very form of the Gita implies that Arjuna is free to choose. When Krishna has finished his teaching, he says:

"This knowledge have I taught thee... fully consider this; then *as thou wilt, so act*."²

Yet at the same time he tells Arjuna that it is a delusion to think that he is a separate individual agent.³ There is freedom in the Gita, but it is a freedom working within the bounds of an ultimate determinism.

Orthodox students of the Bhagawadgita vulgarised this revolutionary side of Krishna's teaching. They cited these very passages for the defence of the caste-system and of fatalism. Krishna emphasised without doubt that within determinism there is free will (choice). The will is limited. Yet it acts. If this is the case, nature and conduct vary. They are not fixed. As nature changes, so does will, so does duty. If this interpretation is adhered to, the whole edifice of the caste-system will go overboard.

Krishna is dialectical. Will is free. It is non-free at the same time. Work, and yet do not work.⁴ Sacrifice, yet do not sacrifice.⁵ Reject the Vedas, yet do not reject them, those that are useful. True renunciation, and true performance are not opposed.⁶ They are one and the same. Asceticism is not done away with by Krishna. He prescribes a temperate method.⁷ In this vein Krishna propounds his doctrine.

(D) ATTACK ON THE CASTE-SYSTEM.

Krishna's discourse on the caste-system is also vulgarised. Nowhere in the Gita does Krishna speak of *caste by birth*. He speaks of castes formed according to nature. No one is free from the influence of three strands (gunas, qualities). This is an old idea. Even the Greeks held this idea. Plato, too, held this idea. These three qualities are Purity (Sattva), Energy (Rajas), and Darkness (Tamas). A man acts according to the predominance of strand

¹ Aurobindo Ghose: "Essays in Gita," 2nd series, pp. 328-329.

² Bhagawadgita, XVIII, 63.

³ Ibid, XVIII, 59-61.

⁴ Ibid, IV, 16-23.

⁵ Ibid, IV, 25-23.

⁶ Ibid, V, 2-5; VI, 1, 2.

⁷ Ibid, VI, 10-17.

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in him. A Brahmin is one in whom the Purity strand is predominant. A Kshatriya is one in whom the Energy strand is predominant and so on. Duty is conditioned by nature. This is all that Krishna says. He does not speak about the birth of caste. If a man be born a Brahmin, yet the Purity strand may not be predominant in him. It is the same with Kshatriyas. All that Krishna says is, "Act according to nature." Brahmin, Kshatriya, Vaisya, and Sudra are terms by which Krishna depicts the various strands in people.¹ He added that performance of duty conditioned by nature leads to perfection.² This point if rightly understood is a mild attack on the caste-system. But orthodox students falsified Krishna's teaching for their own ends.

(E) KRISHNA'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO INDIAN PHILOSOPHY.

Krishna throughout the discourse followed the track of centrism. He was afraid to reject the traditions. Yet he made serious inroads upon their validity. He reconciled theory and practice, work and no work, free will and determinism, sacrifices and no sacrifices, asceticism and non-asceticism. He followed an eclectic, pseudo-dialectical, compromising method throughout. But in one thing he was consistent, in that he was bitter against out and out materialists.³ At times he was vague and uncertain. With all these defects, his contributions to Indian Philosophy are revolutionary. They are these:—

1. He emphasised *knowledge and action*. This is the leading idea of his work.

2. He emphasised *the unity of theory and practice*. This corresponds to the Marxian idea of unity of theory and practice.⁴

3. He *did not deny the role of will*. Yet he stated clearly that will itself is determined. He undermined "fatalism" by this idea. This also corresponds to the Marxian idea of will.⁵ To Krishna the individual is real and important; yet he is bound by Nature.

¹ Bhagawadgita, XVIII, 40-49.

² Ibid, XVIII, 45-49.

³ Ibid, XVI, 6.

⁴ J. Stalin: "Leninism," Vol. I, pp. 94-95.

⁵ V. I. Lenin: "Collected Works, Iskra Period," Vol II, p. 67.

"That ideologists (conscious leaders) cannot divert the movement is to ignore the elementary truth that *consciousness participates... in creation*."

For a discussion of the role of will in Marxism, see: T. B. H. Brameld, "A Philosophic Approach to Communism," 1933, pp. 38-40.

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4. He attacked the Vedas mildly.
5. He did not speak of the caste-system as one resting on birth but as one based upon individual differences and qualities. Here, too, he mildly attacked the caste-system.
6. He preached toleration.

If Krishna had not followed the track of centrism, if he had attempted a reconciliation of the opposites—a unity of the opposites—he would have checked the progress of Brahminism. Buddha chose a middle way. Krishna chose a centrist way. Both in their own ways contributed to the movement of materialist and positive thought in India.

VI

INFLUENCE OF THE BHAGAWADGITA ON CONTEMPORARY POLITICS

The influence of orthodox texts on contemporary politics is not unusual in India. Ram Mohan Roy took his stand on the Vedas,¹ although the Brahmo Samaj later rejected them.² According to Roy, the Vedas sanctioned no idolatry, taught monotheism, ignored caste, prohibited the burning of widows. He was a reformer. He had to fall back on a text, and he found it in the Vedas.³ At that time Vedic learning was at a low ebb.⁴ Right or wrong, Roy took his stand on the Vedas.

The Vedas also influenced the Arya Samaj. In spite of the advance made in Vedic learning, and due to ignorance of English, Dayananda declared his belief in every word and letter of the Vedas. To him, not only was everything that was contained in the Vedas perfect truth, but he went a step further; and by the most incredible interpretations succeeded in persuading himself and others that everything worth knowing, even the most recent inventions of modern science, were alluded to in the Vedas. Steam-engines, railways, and steam-boats—all were shown to have been known, at least in the germ, to the poets of the Vedas, for Veda, he argued, means divine knowledge, and how could anything have been hid from that?⁵

¹ Max Mueller: "Biographical Essays," 1884—1900, 18-21.

² Ibid, p. 40, 168. "In 1850 the Brahmo Samaj solemnly pronounced the dethronement of the Veda."

³ Ibid, pp. 18-19.

⁴ Ibid, p. 19.

⁵ Ibid, p. 170 ff.

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It is not necessary to refute these assertions. The Vedas, as Krishna says in the Bhagawadgita, are of "flowery speech." They speak of "material rewards." They contain hymns of class and race war against Dasyas.¹ There is nothing sacred in the Vedas, but vulgar pretensions of a Brahmanic oligarchy.² Yet this movement took its stand on the Vedas. It became a romantic anti-Western movement, and in some respects a reforming movement.

The Vedas influenced Tilak. His researches into the antiquity of the Vedas commanded the admiration of European scholars. Most of Tilak's views are now rejected.³

To Gandhi, the Vedas constitute the sum of human knowledge.⁴

B. C. Pal finds the word Swaraj interpreted in the Vedas.⁵ Just as Dayananda saw modern science in the Vedas, so Pal saw Swaraj in them. This shows the ridiculous length to which these men have gone to bolster up their causes.

Like the Vedas, the Bhagawadgita influenced contemporary political thought in India variously. Gandhi writes that the New Testament really awakened in him the rightness and value of Passive Resistance, and that the Bhagawadgita deepened this impression.⁶ The spirit of the Sermon on the Mount competes almost on equal terms with the Bhagawadgita for the domination of his heart.⁷ He writes: "Nothing delights me so much as the music of the Gita or the Ramayana by Tulsi Das, the only two books in Hinduism I may be said to know. When I fancied I was taking my last breath, the Gita was my solace."⁸ He agrees with the Bhagawad-

¹ Rig Veda (Griffith's) Book I: Hymn 33, Verses 4, 9. These hymns are addressed to Indra to destroy *wealthy Dasyas* and those who differed from their religious practices. Indra is a *wealth-giver* to these poets of the Rig Veda.

² Compare the strictures of Lokayats on the Vedas.

³ B. G. Tilak: "Orion on the Antiquity of the Vedas." (Of the European scholars, Jacobi is the only one who accepted Tilak's researches. For a discussion, see C. V. Vaidya, "History of Sanskrit Literature," 1930, Vol. I, pp. 29-40. Tilak has written another work, "The Arctic Home in the Vedas," 1925.)

N. C. Kelkar: "Life and Times of Lokamanya Tilak," 1928, pp. 436-470. G. Buhler: "Notes on Jacobi's Age of the Vedas and on Tilak's Orion," in Indian Antiquary, Vol. 23, 1894, pp. 238-249.

⁴ Gandhi: "Speeches and Writings," p. 1054. "I believe in the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Puranas and all that goes by the name Hindu Scriptures. . ."

⁵ B. C. Pal: "Nationality and Empire," 1916, pp. 33-34.

⁶ M. K. Gandhi: "Speeches and Writings." (4th edition. 'Notes on Madras') p. 161.

⁷ Gandhi: "Speeches and Writings," op. cit., p. 338.

⁸ Gandhi: Ibid., p. 1058. (This essay on "Hinduism" reveals his reactionary conception of Hinduism and its political significance.)

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gita that masses follow classes.⁵ He might have seen the verification of his statement in his own case. A Vaisya by birth, a lawyer by profession, a religious orthodox reformist leader by dint of circumstances, he won the masses, still under the influence of religion, to his cause.¹ No wonder he freely renders a verse of the Bhagawadgita into meaning that masses follow classes. Gandhi saw in the Bhagawadgita not only a replica of the Bible but an instrument to lead the masses in his own way in the name of religion.

Tilak studied the Bhagawadgita in a different light. Of all the leaders in India, Tilak stands pre-eminent as a gifted revolutionary leader. He was the first to break the amiable Indian National Congress from its traditional and academic methods, and to root it in the masses. It was in 1907 at Surat on the question of self-government for India within the British Empire.² He was the first to coin the word "Swaraj."³ He was the first to

¹ Gandhi: Ibid., p. 342.

² The first open rupture between the followers of Gokhale and those of Tilak took place at the Benares meeting of the Congress in 1905, and the final schism at the Surat Congress of 1907 when the meeting dissolved in disorder. "Political India," 1932, edited by John Cumming, (Sir Evan Cotton, "Some Outstanding Political leaders.") p. 187.

For the description of this incident, see: A. C. Mazumdar, "Indian National Evolution," 2nd series, 1917, pp. 104-113. See also, H. P. Modyz, "Sir Pherosha Mehta," 1921, Vol. II, pp. 519-557.

Cf. B. G. Tilak: "Speeches and Writings," p. 210. He says the split was due to differences of opinion as to method of work rather than to divergence in ideals.

Aurobindo Ghose: "An appreciation of B. G. Tilak" (in B. G. Tilak's Writings and Speeches, 3rd edition, Madras, 1922, p. 6: "The Congress movement was for a long time purely occidental in its mind, character and methods confined to the English-educated few, founded on the political rights and interests of the people read in the light of English history and European ideals; but with no roots either in the past of the country or in the inner spirit of the nation. Mr. Tilak was the first political leader to break through the routine of its somewhat academical methods, to bridge the gulf between the present and the past, and to restore continuity to the political life of the nation. He developed a language and spirit, and he used methods which Indianised the movement and brought into it the masses.")

³ J. Coatman: "Years of Destiny," 1932, p. 89. "He also was first to conceive and organise consistent action directed towards the achievement of nothing less than Home Rule for India." "The word 'Swaraj' now so well known as the synonym for Home Rule was coined by him and his criticism was directed against the very bases and sanctions of British Rule in India."

Cf. B. C. Pal: "Nationality and Empire," pp. 33-4. "This word Swaraj, recently introduced into our current political literature by Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, though evidently borrowed from the political records of the Maharatta Confederacy...."

Tilak, as a Marathi Brahmin, might have discovered that word in those records. Gandhi, "Speeches and Writings," p. 1014, says—"The inspiration of his life was freedom for his country which he called Swaraj;" p. 1017, "He breathed into us the spirit of Swaraj."

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bring "agitation and propaganda" as the right methods for the popularisation of political ideas to the masses.¹ He was the first to reorient traditional literature for revolutionary purposes in a popular language.² He was the spearhead of nationalism which is wholly based on Hinduism.³ To Tilak also is due the conversion of the Congress to the doctrine of boycott as a means of securing self-government (Swaraj).⁴ Above all he is the first to bring "action" to the forefront of Indian politics.

For his theory of Action he resorted to the Bhagawadgita. To him it is a song of "action." He says:

"Merely reciting Sivaji's story like a lord does not secure independence.⁵ It is necessary to be prompt in engaging in desperate enterprises like Sivaji and Baji, knowing you good people should take up swords and shields at all events now. We shall cut off countless heads of enemies. Listen. We shall risk our lives on the battle-field in a national war. We shall shed upon the earth the life-blood of the enemies who destroy our religion. We shall die after killing only, while you will hear the story like women."⁶

Like the Brahmins of yore, who advised the masses to take up arms against an unjust ruler,⁷ so does this Maratha Brahmin advocate armed resistance to foreign rule by the masses. Like Krishna in the Bhagawadgita, he advises the masses to wage a national war against the English. He says, "This is called Hindustan. How is it that the English rule here?"⁸

¹ Aurobindo Ghose: "Appreciation," op. cit., p. 7.—"To bring in the mass of the people, to found the greatness of the future on the greatness of the past to infuse Indian politics with Indian religious fervour and spirituality are the indispensable conditions for a great and powerful political awakening in India... Mr. Tilak was the first to bring it into the actual field of practical politics."

See Ibid., p. 11, for his ability to unite all classes of men behind him, particularly the masses.

² See Report of the Sedition Committee, 1918, pp. 2-3.

³ Cotton, op. cit., p. 186.

⁴ Ibid., p. 187.

⁵ Cf. J. Stalin's remark, "Independence is not a gift." Leninism, Vol. I, p. 277.

⁶ Quoted in Report of the Sedition Committee, p. 2.

⁷ Mahabharata, Santi Rajadharma Parva, 78. In reply to the question of Yudhisthira as to "Who would protect the Brahmins and their Vedas, if all the Kshatriyas proved hostile to the Brahmins; and what then should be the duty of the Brahmins and who would be their refuge?"

Bhishma says: "By penances, by Brahmacharya (vow of celibacy), by weapons, and might applied with or without the aid of deceit, the Kshatriyas should be subjugated... All persons should take up arms for the sake of Brahmins..."

⁸ Quoted in Sedition Committee Report, p. 2.

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On one occasion, he said:

"Did Sivaji commit a sin in killing Afzalkhan or not? The answer to that question can be found in the Mahabharata itself. Srimat Krishna's advice in the Gita is to kill even our own teachers and our kinsmen. No blame attaches to any person if he is doing deeds without being actuated by a desire to reap the fruits of his deeds."¹

This is exactly what Krishna told Arjuna.² Tilak interpreted the Gita as suited to the contemporary political situation in India. Again he said:

"Do not circumscribe your vision like a frog in a well; get out of the Penal Code and enter the extremely high atmosphere of the Srimat Bhagawadgita and consider the actions of great men."³

Here he expressed the opinion that great men were above the common principles of morality. In this way the Bhagawadgita contributed to the revolutionary movement of the middle classes in India.⁴

The Gita influenced other leaders more in their private lives than in their public ones. It is said of Malaviya that he could not make a speech in the Legislative Assembly without quoting a verse from the Gita.

The Gita is important even today if rightly interpreted for the situation in India. In this respect Tilak is still unexcelled.⁵

¹ Quoted in Sedition Committee Report, p. 3.

² Bhagawadgita, IV, 16-23.

³ Quoted in Sedition Committee Report, p. 3.

⁴ Sir H. V. Lovett: "The rise of an extremist Party," in Cambridge History of India, Vol. VI, p. 552.

⁵ For a summary of Tilak's Gitarahasya in English, see: V. Mangalvedkar, The Philosophy of Action, 3rd ed., Madras, 1928.

The Orchard

(A STORY)

BY 'PREM'

We called him Atthan¹ though the precise degree of his kinship to us was really much more indeterminate. But we had no suspicion of it when he entered our lives soon after the premature death of our father. We were six of us, brothers and sisters, in various stages of an unhappy childhood or adolescence. In those days, our chief occupation was to add to the distractions of a helpless widow by a display of our innocent and chronic malignities. It was then that Atthan appeared on the scene like a heaven-sent guide, philosopher and friend.

His name was Murtyunjaya Sastri. He was of medium height and sturdy build. A prodigal use of *vibhuti*² threw into strong relief the darkness of his complexion and the coarseness of his skin. He wore his *panchakaccham*³ a little more flowingly than the *vaidiks* (Levites) do, partly for swank and partly to hide a pair of bandy-legs. A single *Rudraksham*⁴, embellished with silver discs on the sides, depended from a piece of red silk-cord round his neck. The berry reposed directly under the adam's apple, and moved with its movements whenever he spoke. He always sported two upper cloths, one shorter than the other; the former served as a handy substitute for a kerchief or duster or sun-shade according to exigencies.

His zest for ordering other people's affairs was tremendous. In particular, he was *amicus curiae* to derelict widows, most of whom were childless. His house was full of them, and they were drawn from the remotest branches of his family-tree back to the third generation. All that they needed was less than two meals a day, and somebody to look up to in the intervals between their *appalam*-making and temple-going. As they usually brought some little property to look after, or small annuities to collect from factious relations, the arrangement was to the advantage of both sides.

¹ Atthan=father's sister's son. ² Holy ash. ³ Orthodox style of wearing the dhoti. ⁴ Rosary bead.

Atthan had been trained for the purohit's profession, but deserted it for higher game since he was of an adventurous turn of mind. He was an indispensable figure in all that concerned the activities of a score or so of Brahmin families in the little town of Venkolam. He could help you perform a *tharpana* or *shraddha* with the right sacerdotal unction, or draft a sale-deed, or negotiate a loan on the security of land or jewels. But his forte was filing suits in the courts, and tracing their progress through interminable hearings and appeals. He often carried about under his arm a bundle of mysterious papers, swathed in a piece of silk-cloth, which he referred to as '*dustawage*.'

His talk was mostly about money with which he seemed always to be well supplied. It was only much later that I understood it was no more his than the money in the bank the manager's! He was really a sort of animated joint stock company, with this difference, that he made both creditors and debtors pay *him* for his services in their behalf. If at any time he felt that he had exacted more than a legitimate percentage from his 'clients,' he would invariably celebrate it by performing the next feast or festival with a decorous ostentation which delighted everybody, and in which he usually gave the place of honour to his unconscious victim. Such was the man as I came to piece him out, bit by bit, over a number of years.

II

As the eldest son of the family, I naturally came into intimate contact with him. In truth, I did not like him at all; the aversion was instinctive and spontaneous. But under the influence of my mother, I had to show him a deference which I thought he did not deserve. Gradually, however, I passed on to him the management of the troubles of the family. Indeed, I was glad to be rid of the bother of answering creditors, discharging old debts with new, or periodically selling off odd nick-nacks to keep the pot boiling. But on the strength of these services, he usurped the right to exercise a very thorough censorship over my youthful activities. Though I resented it strongly, I had not the courage to throw off the yoke which oppressed me.

When I came to the high school classes, I got into a set considered fast, because the members of it dared to experience the fearful joys of doing forbidden things. Playing truant, exploring

temple-towers or tank-depths, consorting with bhajana-parties, or frequenting concert-halls were some of the lines we specialised in. But the worst of our enormities was to enjoy the ecstasies of surreptitious snuffing. To graduate in it with honours, it was necessary that the snuff-box should be passed round among the elect during class-hours, and the titillating drug abstracted and inhaled, without incident, under the very noses, as it were, of the teacher in charge! I had arrived at the stage where the craving for it had become imperious without however my developing a corresponding courage to keep my own stock. I had therefore to create apocryphal engagements with classmates in order to escape from home on holidays to enjoy the forbidden pinch.

Once I was assisting, along with my friends, in a street-procession of a temple-god in the neighbouring town on the night of *Chaitra-Pournami*. The moonlight was of such intense loveliness as to cast over the familiar, arid landscape a luminous haze that softened its ugly contours almost out of recognition. Some of us had gathered round the piper as he plunged into one of his impromptu involutions of *Swaras*, while the drummer strove to keep abreast of him with an answering cataract of plangent rhythm. We nodded our heads and kept time with our fingers in the most approved style of seasoned aesthetes. In the pause that ensued, our leader took a pinch of snuff, and then passed round the box to the rest of us. I took my share and inhaled it with what I hoped was an unabashed, anticipatory gusto. No sooner had I finished and given my fingers the lordly snap that is *de rigueur*, than I became painfully conscious of a resounding rap of clenched knuckles on my unoffending head. What with the snuff and the shock, I felt as if everything was going round and round me faster than I could hope to keep pace with. But the pain was as nothing to the humiliation as I recognised the hateful form of Atthan grinning over me like one of the denizens of Ravana's Lanka, and bawling me off from the crowd with the emphatic declaration that I was hastening to my perdition by the shortest route, and promising to deal with me more fully 'at home.' I slunk away in impotent rage, vowing eternal vengeance against him for inflicting a moral wound on my young manhood.

From that day, I decided to oppose him by every means in my power. My plan was simple; it was to contradict him at

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every turn, and meet his suggestions with counter-suggestions. But the odds were heavily against me. The more I hated him, the more was he indispensable to the family. His word was law with my mother. So he serenely went on, hectoring and bullying us. But I don't mind admitting *now* that he also kept us going by manipulations of our little property which, though it steadily dwindled, never wholly disappeared. . . .

III

In due course, the time came for raising more money as, in addition to the family needs, it was decided that I should go to college. Excluding the small house we lived in, only one piece of land remained ours. It was a plot of ten acres in an adjoining village, half of which had been converted into an orchard by my father, because it was high ground. He thus gave proof of his originality in trying to rear a fruit-garden on incorrigibly bad soil in the perennially dry district of Chingleput! Cashew, cocoanut, guava, lime and mango had been planted with a sublime disregard for irrigational facilities. He sank a huge well, but did not live to finish it. We prided ourselves on the orchard, and would, in our idle moments, discuss its maximum yield at some unspecified, future date. Meanwhile it cost us no end of trouble and expense. Many of the trees had withered, while others were struggling on, even as we did—anyhow!

My mother was as keen on my going to college as I was. She naturally sent for Atthan and sought his advice.

He came and squatted comfortably in the centre of the *kudam*¹ after neatly spreading the smaller of his two upper cloths for a seat. My mother sat behind a pillar at a distance.

'What do you say, Atthan, to Chandru going to college? He says he would require bags and bags of money—as if it grows in the fields! I don't know, but it is you must make a man of him still.'

'Oh, that we shall,—if he will let us. How much do you want?'

'As if there's any limit to that!' I thought it was smart.

'Naturally—I forgot your admirable habits. Perhaps you have progressed from snuffing to smoking, drinking, and, God alone knows, what else!'

¹ Kudam=interior hall or parlour.

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I cursed myself for a blithering idiot to have given him such an easy opening. Luckily my mother interposed with assumed warmth.

'You wicked boy, I thought you had given it up. . . .'

'Of course I have, mother,' I answered coolly. 'Only Atthan would never forget that time. . . .'

'As if I have nothing else to attend to! Come, give us some idea of your requirements.'

'About Rs. 200 for ten months. . . .'

'Good heavens! A whole family could live comfortably on it for a year and more.'

'—excluding college fees which, luckily for me, will come from the scholarship.'

'That's something,' he admitted grudgingly. It was apparently difficult for him to reconcile a corrupt young fellow given to snuffing with a scholarship. He continued: 'There's nothing else but the orchard which can be mortgaged or sold. You can't do anything with the house as you have got to live somewhere.'

'Sell the orchard!' I cried in dismay, for it made the pleasure of opposing him a duty! 'No, no; it's such a splendid property. I'm sure it will yield us. . . .'

'How much?—when?—and after spending, how much more on it?' he spaced out his retort for more effect.

'Why not mortgage it?' asked my mother timidly, not wishing to appear on my side.

'Why not indeed! But the question is: Who will take it in its present state for any decent sum? As it is, it is absolutely valueless. I tell you what, my dear Meena, these young hopefuls will not settle down here, after their education. Better sell it while there are a few trees left. That is, if you care for my opinion.'

'In that case, I don't want to go to college at all.' I spoke more to assert myself against Atthan than out of any heroic spirit of self-abnegation.

'Please yourself, young man; loaf about here, learn a few more fashionable habits like snuffing, and I assure you I shall have the melancholy satisfaction of seeing you one of these days between two policemen. If you are determined to disgrace your father's name, I can't help it. Only he deserved better. Well, Meena, I shall be going, I think. . . .'

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He pretended to rise, but not too hurriedly.

'But Atthan, why do you mind the foolish boy's words? What does he know of my troubles in looking after them all?' This was at once to mollify him and to appeal to me to behave. 'I shall not know where to turn for help if you give us up,' she concluded.

'Can't we raise 200 on it, if necessary with possession?' That would show him, I thought, that I too had ideas about such things.

'That is not a concession, but a penalty; for the mortgagee would have to go without interest, and in order to safeguard his capital would have to water the plants at his own expense! It is doubtful if we can sell it for five hundred.'

This enraged me. 'What! Only Rs. 100 for an acre?'

'I see you have learnt your arithmetic all right? Yes, about that, more or less.'

'It does not take us very far,' put in my mother diffidently.

'But the money will take him half-way; and then we will see.'

'However, I'm opposed to the sale of the orchard, please note.'

'Now then,' cried my mother sharply, 'will you leave us alone? Doubtless your friends are waiting for you at the street-corner.'

'I sympathise with you, my dear Meena; here you are, wearing yourself out for the sake of these unruly boys. And what is to be your reward? Some little minx will come from somewhere and queen it over him when he becomes a big man; and what is worse, fifteen to one, he will take her part against you.'

'That's the way of the world,' answered my mother with a sigh, as I unwillingly left them to their *tete-a-tete*. . . .

IV

I doubt if I mourned the loss of the orchard for more than twenty-four hours. It was soon forgotten in the excitements of my collegiate life in Madras. My progress there was smooth and uneventful. I did not achieve any great triumphs, nor did I make a single halt on the road to the degree.

In my eighteenth year, it came to the turn of my younger brother either to go to college, or to do something else. I had

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still a year to go, and Ramu was naturally eager to join me. In the summer vacation, we explored the possibilities of providing for two of us at Madras. It was clearly beyond our resources. Atthan was still the family friend and adviser, although my antipathy to him was as lively as ever. I had come to appraise the range of his activities with a more experienced eye; but I could not find anything shady in his transactions. The thought, it will be seen, was very much the child of the wish. My mother depended upon him as much as ever; so another council of war was held.

Atthan was, as usual, categorical. 'There are three courses open to us,' he began.

My mother, who had not sensed even the ghost of one, was rapturous in her gratitude to him.

'I was sure of it, Atthan; I don't know where we would have been but for you.'

He waved his hand deprecatingly, but inhaled the incense.

'The first is for Chandru to make a good alliance. One thousand rupees down, and all marriage expenses *not* to be borne by us!'

My mother's ideas on dowries were mixed. She deprecated them in theory, perhaps secretly moved by the fact of three young daughters still to be disposed of! If she demanded money for her sons, she knew she would have to pay double for her daughters. But in her present straits, she felt that a compromise was indicated.

'I don't care for dowries; but I suppose it will not be improper to accept whatever is voluntarily offered.'

Her ingenuousness was appalling! But I felt that I should not allow my case to go by default. So I announced with dignity:

'I'm not for sale.'

'Noble sentiment, I'm sure,' sneered Atthan; 'I hope you'll not only act on it in your own case, but also persuade three other fellows to do likewise. And find out the first one as soon as possible. How old is Sarasu, Meena? Eleven isn't she? Unless,' he added as an after-thought, 'like other modern young men, you turn your back on your family the moment you get a job.'

I was always helpless against his shock-tactics. How to make him look small by asserting that I intended to be a model son

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and brother, without being guilty of ranting? So I weakly said: 'I am what I am, and shall be what I shall be,—for better or worse.'

'Exactly my fear, young man,' he answered dryly.

'Suppose it is not possible for some reason or other, what then?' interposed my mother.

'The second course is to defer Ramu's going to college for a year. Let Chandru pass, get a job and then pay back his debt to you by helping his brothers.'

Ramu drew a long face, and my mother a longer one. I had either to take their side or incur their life-long odium. It was a case in which neutrality would have been worse than treachery. So I hastened:

'That's unfair. I tell you what, Atthan, please raise a little more money somehow. We'll live together as economically as possible. I shall try to get a tuition or two....'

'And fail in your B.A.! What would be the good of that? No, no; let Ramu wait for a year, he's not yet fifteen. Or, as I said, you must agree to marry. Not that I have an offer in hand, but you leave that to me.'

'There have been offers enough already, as you know Atthan. Only....'

Her unspoken but more effective reason must have been, I guessed, the hope of a bigger dowry! So these two had been treating me as a pawn in their game!

'No marriage for me, if you please.' The remark was aimed at Atthan more than at my mother.

'Going to be a sanyasi?' It will be noticed that our antipathy was reciprocal.

'You might leave me alone, I think. If Ramu likes, I'm willing to stop here to enable him to go to college....'

'And come back home at the end of the year, making two ne'er-do-wells where there is only one now! I wonder what your education is supposed to fit you for. Not for the use of your commonsense, so far as I can see.'

The brute! How I hated him for ticking me off every time.

My mother was growing sceptical of his resourcefulness, and so she asked doubtfully: 'What is the third suggestion, Atthan? Not that the others are bad. But let us have all the three before we decide which is the best.'

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'To hear you or your wiser son,' he replied in an injured tone, 'one would think that I am suggesting something nefarious.'

'Forgive me, Atthan, I meant no offence.'

'I shouldn't wonder if the third course proves to be the worst.' I said it mainly to neutralise my mother's abject surrender to him.

'Hear that, Meena! To be invited and insulted in your own house! I didn't expect gratitude; but this is—too much!'

'Wretched boy, where are your manners? Beg his pardon this minute, or I shall never see your face again.'

Perhaps I had gone too far; so I said sullenly: 'Excuse me, Atthan—it slipped—I didn't mean—'

'This is the last you'll see of me, anyway. Well, well; if we wish to do good, we must naturally expect to be abused. That has been my experience.'

'But, what is to be done, Atthan; do tell us about the other course.'

'Oh, nothing much. But if this fellow liked, I thought I might see if we could not get some more money from the Gramani¹ who bought the orchard of you.'

'How do you mean?' asked my mother in great surprise in which I shared. The Gramani had taken such care of the orchard that it was expected to yield its first crop in the following year. I wondered if, out of an attack of conscience for having got it cheap, he was now prepared to pay something more. So I said:

'I knew we were selling it for a song. However, he must be a decent man if he offers to pay more now.'

'You're talking like a fool—again! Whoever said that he was offering anything? Do you know he has spent twice the purchase value in improving it?'

'I don't know what you mean then,' I replied, nettled and mystified, 'but I have no objection to taking whatever he gives.'

'Then send him a notice repudiating the sale of the orchard by your mother three years ago. The Gramani will send for me to square up the affair, and I shall get you a couple of hundreds,—perhaps. Understand?'

'But I agreed to the sale, didn't I?'

'You're not called upon to tell him so now.'

¹ Gramani—lessee of toddy-shops.

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'But really, didn't you object to it,—at first?' hastened my mother in what, I felt sure, was to be the beginning of a painful attempt at casuistry. Atthan went one better by saying: 'And even if you had agreed, I may tell you a minor's consent is not valid.'

'But would it be right and proper?'

'It's perfectly legal anyway, you dunder-head,' he returned, in a tone of anger at having to be on the defensive against me.

The opportunity was too good to be missed. So I shouted, exultantly,

'But I call it blackmail, and I shall have nothing to do with such methods. I may be a fool, Atthan, but never a knave—either directly or by proxy!'

That moment, I was delivered from my uneasy thralldom to him.

* * * *

As I indulge in my now frequent and unreprieved pinches of 'snuff, I sometimes recall the memory of my Atthan with the kindly regret that is due to the dead. But even in the moment of my triumph over him, I was conscious of a feeling of regret that his third suggestion had not occurred to me independently!

The Poetry of Patriotism in Telugu

BY K. LAKSHMIRANJANAM, M.A.

[Lecturer, The Osmania University, Hyderabad (Dn.)]

One of the most noteworthy features of modern Telugu Poetry is the sentiment of patriotism which inspires some of the noblest of our poets. Descriptions of the glory of our land account for some of the best poems in modern literature. More often than not, the fallen state of the country, the poverty and ignorance of the masses, the uneventful life of the present times make the poet sigh for the greatness of the historical ages, and call for a melancholy tune from his lyre. Classical and medieval poetry is not vocal in patriotism. Nannaya paid a conscious tribute to the land of his birth, the Vegidesa, sacred with sacrificial altars and holy fires. In medieval poetry it is the sword of the king or of the chieftain that comes in for patriotic eulogy. The sentiment is not expressed in terms of the country or the people in general. The Andhras of the historical ages were masters in their home and something more. Their love of country was their second nature, and did not call for emphasis. To use the simile of the Bhagavadgita, 'when man is surrounded by water on all sides, little need has he for drinking water.' Similarly, when every act was inspired by a sense of duty to one's country, patriotism was inarticulate. It was deeds, not words. Today the Andhras are not what their historical forebears were, and hence the necessity for keeping the flame of patriotism burning bright. The intense feeling for reviving the glory of the motherland is not inspired by any hatred of others, for what begins in hate ends in hate. It is a sort of spiritual yearning to restore glory once again and lift her from the dust. It has a deep aesthetic and religious background. The modern poet looks upon Mother Earth as a visible manifestation of primeval energy, the great Maya of God at whose altar the poets burn incense. The poet, Abburi Ramakrishna Rao, sings the glory of Mother Earth thus:

O boundless earth,
with pure and unsullied glory

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What was thy beauty like in those primeval moments
when the almighty cast your shape, in thy sari of green
leaves, in thy bright petals of light. The song of thy beauty
flows deep in the happy hours of this morning.

Mighty flood of radiance,
Glorious mother.

Like the flower in the dark hair of Sita, which knows
no fading, thy morning play is unending in its charm and
ever-new. Thy song of the morn or of the lengthening
shadows of the evening is the centre of beauty. What sweet
music makes thy heart leap up with joy?

Oh thou with charm that is ever fresh,
Ocean of tenderness.

I shall cast off my chains that look handsome to the
eyes; I shall leave behind my wealthy parlour, and run in the
direction where the notes of your lyre flood the ether with
music. I will give my gold and my necklaces of precious stones
for one atom of your fragrant dust or the joy of thy green
grassy meadow.

One is reminded of the Vedic Hymn in praise of Mother
Earth which every Hindu knows:

"Praise to Mother Earth, the origin of wealth, the queen
of Indra, she who is the ear, the eye, the mind of our great
fathers who were sacred Rishis, she in whose entrails gold is
embedded,—let the mother, the seat of truth, grace my house."

So much is said to show that modern poetry is rich with
the legacy of the timeless culture of India. It is not alien
wine poured into native bottles. It aims at bringing to the door
of the ordinary man the best concepts of our great sages.

The poet, Gurazada Appa Row, is a practical patriot. He
is not carried off his feet by the emotional surge of past glory.
He gives us great home-truths, and fastens attention on the pre-
sent, here and now. In his poem, 'Love of Country,' he says:

"Love your mother country,
Try to increase the well-being of the people,
Put an end to words without deeds,
Do some solid good to the country.
Forego a little of your self-interest,
Try to help your neighbour,
The country means not clods of earth;
The country only means the people.
What if religions differ, if men are one at heart?"

THE POETRY OF PATRIOTISM IN TELUGU

The poet, Rayaprolu Subba Rao, who competes with Gura-
zada Appa Row as the pioneer of modern Telugu Poetry, struck
a more prophetic note, and left many a track to be followed, in
the poetry of patriotism. With a deep insight into the ancient
glory of the land and its present ills, Rayaprolu Subba Rao laid
out two distinct avenues for patriotic poetry. His vision pene-
trated the thick veil of oblivion, and vividly saw the glory of
the past which cried out piteously for a voice, like the wounds
of great Caesar, 'poor little dumb mouths.' His lyre struck out
the following melancholy tune:

"The Chalukyan civilisation of which the deep waters of
the Godavary are the only story-tellers;

The glory of the princes of Warangal, which was laid
in deep slumber on the immense dilapidated walls of the
fort;

The invincible valour of the heroes of Palnadu
That takes life in the lays of the villager;

The tragic fate of the Vizianagar Empire which is
bemoaned by the angry waves of Tungabhadra."

He calls up a living image of the constructive genius of the
past which should serve as an example for the present.

"The genius that inspired the Buddhists to build the great
Universities of Amaravati, near the ancient capital of Andhra
Emperors;

The valour that inspired the Kakatiyas to establish nume-
rous Military Colleges as training grounds befitting the
warrior class;

The aesthetic yearning that erected wedding-bowers for
the bride of poetry in the wide streets of Vizianagar, the
city of learning and the muses;

The triumphant arms which raised the Pillar of Victory
of Emperor Krishnadeva Raya near Potnur as a standing
monument of the Andhra Empire;

The sacred sense of duty which inspired these and
other events must fire the imagination of the Andhras of
the day, and urge them on the path of their great past."

Noble sentiments like the above may be multiplied, but these
should be enough as illustrations. His songs, 'Tammuda' (Dear
Young Brother) conjuring up the vision of the noble achieve-
ments of Greater India, and 'Janmabhumi' (Motherland) in which

the poet proclaims his great delight at being born on the sacred soil of India, are among the classics in the poetry of patriotism in Telugu. If poetry is the criticism of life, the same is contained in another poem of Rayaprolu Subba Rao—'Tenugu Tota' (the Garden of Telugu). With the aid of an artistic and elegant allegory, he unbares the evils of contemporary society, social, religious and otherwise, and urges the Telugu people to bestir themselves on the onward path of progress. The sister sub-nationalities and languages are getting ahead briskly, and it would not do to lose time in subline inactivity.

If Rayaprolu Subba Rao drew the outlines of the great historical legacy of the Telugu people, the poet, Viswanatha Satyanarayana, supplied the picture with flesh and blood, and left an indelible impression on the susceptible mind of the Andhras. Viswanatha Satyanarayana is a many-sided genius and a most fertile and prolific writer. The great fame he enjoys in the field of poetry he carried into the field of Drama and Short Story also. The style of Rayaprolu Subba Rao is rich in suggestion; that of Viswanatha Satyanarayana has superior vigour and strength. It sets the imagination on fire, and makes the reader feel like a pigmy before a giant. Rayaprolu Subba Rao's voice is of the whispering angel that hovers about you, but still leaves you to feel your way for yourself. With Viswanatha Satyanarayana history has become poetry. Mallampalli Somasekhara Sarma amongst historians and Viswanatha Satyanarayana among poets have fought against history being dry as dust. The incidents of history are treated as living expressions of the age rather than as isolated and motiveless happenings. Thus what was vague so far in Andhra history or what was the zealous and exclusive possession of the historian has been brought to the door of the lay man, and he sings of the great deeds of his heroes without knowing anything of history. In this respect the poems of Viswanatha Satyanarayana may be compared to the patriotic poems of Sir Walter Scott, the 'Battle of Bannockburn,' and the 'Battle of Flodden-field,' etc.

His book of poems 'Andhra Prasasti' (the glory of the Andhras) is a mine of great poetry which stirs the soul to its depths. Starting from the days of the first Andhra Empire in the pre-Christian era, the poet chose great historical incidents and infused the dry bones of history with throbbing life. The poem

on Gowtamiputra Satakarni, describing the historical march of the Emperor to subjugate the hostile Sakas, and the poem 'Vegikshetra,' a masterpiece which has no parallel for soaring into imaginative heights and vigour of expression, deserve special mention. A noble vista of great events rushes to the fancy of the poet and makes him feel that there is a volume of history in every inch of this land. He sings in 'Vegikshetra':

"Here where I tread the soil with my feet, what great king must have dispensed justice from the Seat of Judgment!

Here in these fields which my eyes scan, what heroes must have been trained!

This very wind that blows on my limbs, what hoary fragrance it must have inherited!

In this void that encircles me, what echoes of great sacrifices must have rung!

Here in this sacred land which is all a voice in praise of our unknown past, I stand with chains on my hands. The Andhra in me makes me tremble at the colossal change."

How history is transformed into poetry by Viswanatha Satyanarayana may be illustrated from two poems in 'Andhra Prasasti.' King Madhava Varma about 350 A.D. was the ruler of Bezvada. History has no place for him, for he neither waged wars nor revelled in aggrandisement. He was justice incarnate. One day the King's son drove rashly in the streets in a new chariot to which were harnessed fiery steeds. The son of a poor old woman was run over by the chariot of the Prince, and died on the spot. The old woman entered the audience hall of the King and sobbed out her sad story. The King commanded his ministers and legal advisers to go into the case and pronounce judgment. They declared the highest penalty of law. The great King ordered the death of the Prince, which order was executed. Justice is merciless, but the heart of the great King broke at the loss of the only son. That day the gods sent a shower of gold, in the land of the King, for his love of justice. The poem 'Yama Damstrika' (the cruel tusk of Yama) describes in a picturesque manner the great qualities of generalship of Ramaraya, the hero of Vizianagar. Once Ramaraya laid siege to the fort of Kalyan. The siege was long and terrible. Victory receded into the background and the soldiers of Vizianagar were losing heart. Then the great hero dramatically turned the scales. He threw his sword, the 'Yama Dam-

strika,' over the walls into the fort, and asked his soldiers whether they could recover it. There was a great bustle and stir in the camp of Vizianagar. They made a desperate sally, and captured the fort!

The poem 'Kanksha' of Vedula Satyanarayana has a refreshing candour and honied cadence about it, and ranks amongst the masterpieces of its kind. Vedula Satyanarayana is a consummate master of diction, and the compound is as flexible a material with him as the earth with the potter. The 'Kanksha' touches caressingly the heart, like the rhythmic waves of the ocean on the shore. It is the trumpet call against slavery and bondage in every form. He proclaims:

"I cannot live for a moment the thrice-miserable life which can acquiesce in the bolstered up superiority of the rich on earth, who, growing fat on the flesh and blood of the poor, are yet miserably poor in the quality of mercy; a life, which can tolerate the tyranny of stone images which, in the name of God, foster religious fanaticism.

"I would rather be a flower, blossoming on the sacred soil of the grave of the immortal souls who sacrificed their precious lives in the cause of their country, who preferred noble death to the miserable life of slavery. I would live and die that flower, filling the air with fragrance."

The poet has an utter abhorrence of the chains of slavery that bind man down in present society. The pleasures of art and the dreams of love he would spurn equally, when these are associated with social and political thralldom.

The Idealism of J. Krishnamurti

BY DR. P. T. RAJU, PH. D., SASTRI

J. Krishnamurti is a religious genius discovered by Mrs. Annie Besant and introduced by her to the world as an incarnation. But of late he has severed his connexions with the Theosophical Society altogether. Now, not only does he claim to be no incarnation, also that he is no theosophist. He proclaims that he is a human being like any other human being, but has been able to realise the Truth through individual effort, a realisation that can be had by any man who is seriously after it.

Mr. Krishnamurti tells us that he is regarded by the West as teaching oriental philosophy and by the East as teaching the Western, but that he does neither, and only gives out what he individually felt and experienced. He is so iconoclastic in his statements, attacking tradition, authority, and the ideas of heaven, Church, etc., that he is taken by some for an atheist, an individualist and so forth. But if one tries to understand his talks as a whole, one finds that it is unfair to call him by any such name. And the real significance of his statements cannot be understood unless the philosophy underlying them is understood. Unfortunately neither Mr. Krishnamurti nor any of his disciples has given us a systematic account of his thought. Still it is not impossible to get a connected picture of his ideas from his speeches and talks. It is true Mr. Krishnamurti is trying to strike a new course of thinking and of understanding reality. But the world is many centuries old, and reality and man are the same. And we can best appreciate Mr. Krishnamurti's ideas when we are able to notice their similarity and dissimilarity to others'. Mr. Krishnamurti is opposed to thinking in ways traditional, because his conception of reality, as we shall see, does not allow it. And his is one of the most systematically developed of the philosophies of anti-traditionalism. Except for a few outbursts against tradition and traditionalism, there is, in India, no philosophy of anti-traditionalism; and so far as my knowledge goes, Mr. Krishnamurti's is the only philosophy in India which we may call anti-traditionalism.

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He says: "Then there are those who come here to compare what I have to say with the many schools of thoughtlessness. (Laughter). No please, this is not a smart remark. From letters I have received and from people who have talked to me, I know there are many who think that by belonging to special schools of thought they will advance and be of service to the world. But what they call schools of thought are nothing but imitative jargons which merely create divisions and encourage exclusiveness and vanity of mind. These systems of thought have really no validity, being founded on illusion. Though their followers may become very erudite and defend themselves with their learning, they are in reality thoughtless."¹ This teaching of Mr. Krishnamurti reminds us of the teaching of the Zen sect of Japan, from one of the writings of which we shall quote a fairly long passage, for that will elucidate much that Mr. Krishnamurti says.

"O you disciples who aspire after truth, if you wish to obtain an orthodox knowledge of Zen, take care not to deceive yourselves. Tolerate no obstacles, neither interior nor exterior, to the soaring of your spirit. If on your way you meet Buddha, kill him. (The Zen is a Buddhist sect!) If you meet the patriarchs, kill them! If you meet the saints, kill them all without any hesitation! That is the only way of reaching salvation.

"Do not allow yourselves to be entangled in any arguments whatsoever. Place yourselves above them and remain free. So many men come to me pretending to be disciples of Truth, who are not even freed from the vanity of a goal, of a prejudice that dominates them. Therefore when I see them I strike them down. Such a one has confidence in his arms? I strike him off. Another counts on his eloquence? I make him hush. Yet another believes in his foresight? I blind him.

"I have never seen one who was completely free—who was the unique. Most of them have filled their minds very uselessly with the farces of old masters. What have I to give them? Nothing. I try to remedy their evil by delivering them from their slavery.

"O you, disciples of truth, strive to make yourselves independent of all objects.....Do you believe yourselves worthy of being called a monk of the Zen doctrine if you possess such an erroneous idea of it? I tell you: No Buddha! No

¹ *Talks in Latin America*, p. 7. (1935)

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teaching! No discipline! No demonstration!.....Renounce this error. There is no exterior truth. And now you attach yourselves to the literal sense of my word so that it is much preferable that we should end this discourse, and that you should be nothing at all."

This passage is quoted from *Rinzairoku* by Steinilher-Oberlin in his *Buddhist Sects of Japan*.¹ And he wonders at the idea of a Buddhist killing the Buddha. At last understanding the significance of the passage, he writes: "At last its meaning became clear to me. This is what Rinzai meant to say: let he who aspires to the light of Zen shake off and discard all borrowed values—scholastic formulae, prejudices and modes with which he encumbered himself and which blind him, even were they to be presented to him under the features of Buddha. All that you have not found yourself, in your inner consciousness, by a personal and intuitive act, is but a vestment of hypocrisy with which you clothe your conscience. It is not Buddha. First liberate your spirit. Open your eyes, O moles! *Buddha is within you*."² He is not external to you, you cannot meet him."

Just similarly, even according to Krishnamurti, to think in terms of those systems is not the true search for truth. "True search begins only when there is release from those reactions which are the result of division."³ The division between the I and the You, which is made in Reality, does not actually belong to it. When the division is made, the individuality or uniqueness of the I appears. Where there is duality, there must be conflict and mutual adjustment, which develops into patterns of thought and action. These become our thought-mechanism and behavior-mechanism and hold true only within the sphere of duality. They are in principle incapable of revealing Reality which is beyond duality. So the I or the ego, institutionalised religion, tradition, authority, and everything that belongs to duality is an illusion; it is due to ignorance. "All strife is one of relationship, an adjustment between two resistances, two individuals. Resistance is a conditioning, a limiting, or a conditioning of that energy which may be called life, thought, emotion. This conditioning, this resistance, has had no beginning. It has always been, and we can see that it can be continued. There are many and complex causes for this conditioning.

¹ pp. 14-34.

² Ibid, p. 144.

³ *Talks at Ojai*, p. 8 (1936).

"This conditioning is ignorance, which can be brought to an end.

"Ignorance is the unawareness of the process of conditioning, which consists of many wants, fears, acquisitive memories, and so on.

"Belief is part of ignorance. Whatever action springs from belief only further strengthens ignorance.

"The craving for understanding, for happiness, the attempt to get rid of this particular quality and acquire that particular virtue, all such effort is born of ignorance, which is the result of this constant want.

"So in relationship, strife and conflict continue."¹

"So, what is one to do, discerning that whatever action, whatever effort one makes only strengthens ignorance? The very desire to break through the circle of ignorance is still part of ignorance. Then what is one to do?

"How, is this an all-important vital question to you? If it is, then you will see that there is, no doubt, no positive answer. For a positive answer can only bring about further effort, which but strengthens the process of ignorance. So there is only a negative approach, which is to be integrally aware of the process of fear or ignorance. This awareness is not an effort to overcome, to destroy or find a substitute, but is a stillness of neither acceptance nor denial, an integral quietness of no choice. This awareness breaks the circle of ignorance from within, as it were, without strengthening it."²

Here we seem to be reading a Buddha delivering a sermon. All this duality, Mr. Krishnamurti tells us, is ignorance. And ignorance is dissolved by awareness. But what is the result attained? It is a stillness of "neither acceptance nor denial, an integral quietness of no choice." Reality is pure life running its course; our individuality is created in it through ignorance. When it is dissipated, we become absolutely one with pure life, and the strife of the individual ends.

Can we have any idea of the nature of this life and its process? "Life—which is all things and which is eternally renewing itself—is passing from unconscious perfection in the lower kingdom of nature, through conscious imperfection in the present 'I'—

¹ *Talks*, p. 11. (Omen Camp, 1937-8).

² *Ibid*, p. 12.

conscious stage, to perfection, that is, to an entire, perfect realisation of itself. In this and in this alone, the very process of perfection consists: that the forms of life, at a definite stage—the human stage—will, by and by, actualise and realise their latent perfection entirely and freely."¹ The stage of the ego is imperfect, because it makes the distinction between itself and reality. "At the 'I'—conscious stage, men think themselves separated from Reality, 'Life', 'Truth', which they consider to be something objective, something outside themselves, something they worship and which they call 'God.'"²

Mr. Krishnamurti believes that it is natural for man to become one with this life which is beyond dualism. "As a river must make its way to the sea, so must the individual make his way to reality."³ Nay, nature itself sees that man finally dissolves his individuality as if universal salvation is a predetermined fact. "It is impossible that humanity in the long run will be able comfortably to settle down and remain under any illusion whatever. Nature herself, in her own mighty, irresistible process of perfecting, urges man beyond any illusion towards an increasingly clear realisation of actual facts, of the one, immortal, perfect Life within us, which, in the fullness of time will disperse all illusions and eventually all forms of 'I'—consciousness."⁴ This is like believing in some divine destiny of evolution, that the forces of evolution themselves can bring about universal salvation. But elsewhere he says that "the whole destiny and function of Nature is to create the individual who is self-conscious, who knows the pairs of opposites, who knows that he is an entity in himself, conscious and separate."⁵ Here, whether the individual attains his salvation or not depends on himself and not on nature. And this seems to accord more with the general teaching of Mr. Krishnamurti who says "realisation of Truth, of Life, can only be achieved through your own strength,"⁶ and who discourages thinking in terms of some system or institutionalised religion.

This reality, Mr. Krishnamurti says, is infinity. "There is a movement, a process of life, without end, which may be called

¹ Lilly Heber: *Krishnamurti and the World Crisis*, p. 66.

² *Op. Cit.*

³ *Ibid*, p. 48. Quotation.

⁴ *Ibid*, p. 68.

⁵ *Ibid*, p. 86. Quotation.

⁶ Lilly Heber: *Krishnamurti and the World Crisis*, p. 84. Quotation.

infinity. Through authority, limitation born of fear, mind creates for itself many false reactions and thereby limits itself. Identifying itself with this limitation, it is incapable of following the swift movement of life."¹ This sounds Bergsonian.

The illusory 'I' is dissolved through what Krishnamurti calls self-consciousness. That is, when we try to look within ourselves and analyse our own egos, they disappear. "We find that what fundamentally matters is thoroughly to grasp certain basic facts in existence—the only immortal life, the supreme Reality; what fundamentally matters is: to be fully awake, tirelessly, in one's whole conduct of life. We find that it is this attitude which frees the individual from all limitations."² "To come back to the point with which I started, you cannot realise Truth along any path, through any system, through any learning or teacher, but only through the flame of self-consciousness."³ This does not mean that reality is self-consciousness; it is beyond self-consciousness. "Consciousness is of the ego, and when we are rid of our consciousness there is Reality that is free of self-consciousness."⁴ That is, to be self-conscious is only a method of realising truth. Did not many Buddhists preach that reality is beyond *vijnana* even? This dissipation of self-consciousness is not annihilation. "I am not preaching total annihilation. You cannot destroy life, but that which is separate can become the whole. That is not annihilation, that is not destruction; but is true living, true being, true action, true love, and spontaneity of conduct; it is that perfect balance of love and reason which is the essence of experience."⁵

In self-consciousness what is really the root cause of our individuality, namely, the sub-conscious, is brought to the threshold of consciousness, and when so brought it dissolves. So we are not always fully conscious of ourselves. That part of our self of which we are not conscious remains in the sub-conscious and has to be brought to the light of consciousness. This requires strenuous effort.

So far Mr. Krishnamurti's teaching is mainly of religious interest. We may now raise the question whether ignorance is prior to the 'I' and is its cause, or whether it is the ignorance of the individual, and therefore requires the individual as a locus

¹ Talks, p. 9. (Ojai, 1936).

² Lilly Heber: *Krishnamurti and the World Crisis*, p. 36.

³ Ibid, p. 40, Quotation.

⁴ Ibid., p. 41. Quotation.

⁵ Ibid, p. 42. Quotation.

on which to exist. We do not get a definite answer to this enquiry from Mr. Krishnamurti's talks. He says: "The 'I' process is the result of ignorance, and that ignorance like the flame that is fed by oil, sustains itself through its own activities. That is, the 'I' process, the 'I' energy, the 'I' consciousness, is the outcome of ignorance, and ignorance maintains itself through its own self-created activities; it is encouraged and sustained through its own action of craving and want. This ignorance has no beginning, and the energy that created it is unique to each individual, which creates in its self-development, its own materials, as body, discernment, consciousness, which become identified as the 'I'."¹ But in another place he says: "Ignorance is the lack of comprehension of oneself."² He speaks of ignorance also as conditioning, as the mechanism of thinking and acting that results from the adjustment between the divisions that arise out of the one Reality; in which case ignorance is posterior to the 'I' and is a sort of a quality of the 'I'. The division between the 'I' and the 'You' does not seem to be caused by ignorance, but ignorance itself seems to be the result of the division. We come across a similar difficulty while interpreting Buddhism, and probably we have to adopt a similar interpretation here too. That is, the creation of division will have to be regarded as the same as the activity of ignorance; and this ignorance will gain strength through the habit-mechanisms of thought and action, which will be formed through mutual resistance and adjustment of the divisions. Further, the appearance of the divisions is not the same as the appearance of the egos. The divisions assume the form of the egos after becoming conscious "through sensation, perception, and discernment."³

Mr. Krishnamurti accepts neither the mechanistic view of life according to which man is a product of the environment, nor the view that the human ego is something divine and eternal.⁴ For, as we have seen, the 'I' is really the supreme Reality become finite through certain limitations or conditionings, and so is not a product of mechanical processes. Yet it is not eternal, because the 'I'-sense, though without beginning, vanishes when we analyse it.

In this account of Mr. Krishnamurti we find that he is an absolutist, a monist and an idealist. True, he tells us that

¹ Talks, p. 20. (Ojai, 1936). ² Ibid, p. 13.

³ *Seventeen Talks*, p. 29 (1936).

⁴ Ibid, p. 27.

Reality is beyond consciousness and self-consciousness, and that in it both these are dissipated and lost. But he repeatedly says that there is one supreme Reality, Truth, which he sometimes calls God,¹ sometimes Life and other times energy. But like Buddha he cannot describe it further. To describe it is to use concepts, which belong to the mechanism of thought, which is a result of the mutual adjustment between the divisions in reality, and which is therefore unreal and illusory. The concept of the 'I' is a product of ignorance and is therefore not adequate to reality. To understand reality in terms of a concept is to understand it in terms of the 'I', a bubble which is to be pricked. To long for immortality itself is a false desire, for it is the desire to perpetuate the 'I'. Similarly to enquire whether the soul lives after death is motivated by this false desire. Reality is inexplicable; none can explain it. It is beyond the 'I' and thought that belongs to the 'I'. It has to be directly experienced by us.

It is no wonder that, with this metaphysics, Mr. Krishnamurti preaches against traditions, authority, systems of philosophy and institutionalised religion. He is not an individualist, because the individual is not ultimately real for him; yet he appears to be an individualist only because he preaches against all the above. In his thought we get one of the best metaphysical bases for the revolt against tradition, authority and established modes of thought. His metaphysics may not be absolutely new. But the way he connected it with the revolt he preaches and the self-dependence he emphasises seems to be his own. Did not Buddha long ago preach that reality lies beyond all *samskaras* and exhorted his disciples to go beyond them? The *samskaras* are the mechanisms of thought and action, the universal habits of thinking and doing. Even the so-called categories of thought may be interpreted as the cardinal habits of thinking. The *samskaras* include not only these categories but also the biases and the customs of people and the habits and idiosyncracies of the individuals. Tradition may be not only the traditions of a people but the tradition of creation. The latter are the *samskaras* that are beyond the ego and are the condition of the ego. And Mr. Krishnamurti like Buddha preaches against the tradition of even these *samskaras*.

¹ Ibid, p. 12 (Ojai, 1936).

The Ceded Districts, the Circars, and the Nizam

BY DIWAN BAHADUR T. BHUJANGA RAO,

(Retired District Judge)

During his recent visit to the Madras Presidency, Nawab Yar Jung, a Jaghirdar of the Nizam's Dominions, wanted a retrocession of the Ceded Districts in the Madras Presidency to the Nizam, and spoke as if the Nizam had a moral if not a legal claim to the retrocession. This demand of his has evoked some sympathy in the minds of a few of the Muslims of the Ceded Districts. As for the Hindus, the claim has so terrified them that, when the Governor of the Madras Presidency visited Bellary, some of the leading merchants waited in deputation on His Excellency and prayed that the Madras Government should at once, openly and unequivocally, declare that there would be no such retrocession.

To people who are acquainted with the terms of the treaty, dated 12th October, 1800, between the Nizam and the British Government, by which the Nizam handed over to the British Government the four districts of Cuddapah, Kurnool, Bellary and Anantapur, now known as the Ceded Districts, the demand of Nawab Yar Jung must seem based on complete ignorance of the terms of the treaty and of the negotiation that preceded it.

In the wars waged by the British against Tippu Sultan, first in 1792 A.D. and again in 1799 A.D., the Nizam, as an ally of Britain, got a large area of territory for his share. In the year 1800 the Nizam entered into what is known as a subsidiary alliance with the British. By the terms of this treaty the Nizam agreed to have a *permanent* subsidiary force of eight battalions of sepoy and two regiments of cavalry furnished by the East India Company in his territory. For the regular payment of this force, the Nizam was asked to cede in perpetuity the area that he got in the wars against Mysore in 1792 and 1799 subject to a few territorial adjustments and exchanges so as to make the Tungabhadra and Krishna rivers the boundary line between the ceded

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area and the Nizam's own territory. The Nizam agreed to this; and it is the area so granted that is now known as the Ceded Districts.

Nawab Yar Jung seems to imagine either that the arrangement of 1800 was not of a permanent nature or that it was one of trust. Neither supposition is true. Article 5 of the treaty of 1800 (printed at p. 323 of Vol. VIII of Aitchison's Treaties) says that the Nizam "hereby assigns and cedes to the Honourable East India Company *in perpetuity* (italics mine) the territories acquired by the Nizam in the wars of 1792 and 1799. Article 6 refers to the territorial adjustments above referred to. Article 7 says that the area ceded "shall be subject to the *exclusive management and authority* of the said Company and of their officers." (italics mine)

Writing about this treaty, Mill in his History of British India (5th edition of 1858, Vol. VI) says:—"Nizam Ali ceded to the English, in *perpetual sovereignty* (italics mine), all the acquisitions which he had made from the territory of Tippoo." This shows how British politicians and historians viewed the cession.

But, should doubts still exist as regards the matter, they will be dispelled when we look at the negotiations that preceded the treaty dated 12th October 1800. In Vol. II of Brigg's well-known book on "The Nizam—His History and Relations with the British Government" (published in 1861) at p. 392 is to be found a letter dated 15-6-1800 despatched by Marquess Wellesley, then the Governor-General of India, to Captain J. A. Kirkpatrick, the British Resident at Hyderabad. It shows that, without the previous consent of the Governor-General, the British Resident had entered into a treaty with the Nizam on 20-5-1800 and sent it for ratification to the Governor-General. Marquess Wellesley refused to ratify it. He expressly objected to the fourth article of the Resident's draft treaty "which expressly reserved to the Nizam the option of discharging the subsidy (due for the subsidiary force) either from his treasury, or by an assignment of territory, according to his Highness's pleasure." The Governor-General ended his criticism with these words:—"Any expression in the grant calculated to raise a doubt of its permanence or to limit the power of the Company's internal government of the countries; or to *favour the Nizam's right of resumption* (italics

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mine), would evidently prevent us from concluding any settlement worthy of our character, or advantageous to our interests."

While refusing to ratify the treaty, Marquess Wellesley sent a draft treaty of his own with remarks on the several clauses in it. It was this draft that was accepted by the Nizam, and that became the treaty of October 1800. Some of the Governor-General's remarks are interesting. Speaking of the permanent cession of territory, he writes:—"The cession will appear both advantageous and honourable, when His Highness shall reflect that the dominions proposed for cession were acquired principally by the aid of the British arms, that after the cession, His Highness will possess the same extent of country which he held previous to the war of 1790-91; that he will be enabled without any pressure upon his finances, to command the services of a large British force; and finally that he will be effectually protected against all future encroachments of the Mahrattas."

Writing about article 7 of his own draft (now article 7 of the treaty of 1800), the Governor-General wrote:—"If the subsidy (i.e. the cost of a subsidiary force) were a mere temporary charge upon the funds of the Nizam, the perpetual assignment of territory would be objectionable; but as the subsidy is a fixed and permanent charge, the funds for its liquidation should be of the same nature."

Dealing with the objection that the future revenues of the ceded area might exceed the cost of the subsidiary force, the Governor-General wrote:—"A long period of time must elapse before the territory which I require as a security for the subsidiary payments can become equal to their discharge. . . . If the net revenues of the districts specified in the new treaty should hereafter exceed the charges of the subsidiary force, or of the present nominal revenue of the districts (a revenue which under the management of His Highness's officers never has been realised—) should be realised under a more wise and prudent system, enforced by the abilities, experience and integrity of the Company's officers, it would be reasonable that the increased resources of these countries now verging to ruin, should be turned to the advantage of that power under whose happy auspices the improvement had been carried into effect. The augmented revenue might justly be claimed by the Company on various grounds." (Then the Governor-General proceeded to give five grounds).

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It will be seen that Marquess Wellesley was determined to see that the cession was a permanent one without any right of resumption in the Nizam. The Nizam, with open eyes, entered into the arrangement thus suggested by the Governor-General. No amount of casuistry or ingenuity can now convert the perpetual arrangement into a temporary one.

Apparently Nawab Yar Jung and his supporters seem to think that the assignment of the Ceded Districts was somewhat like the assignment of the Berars in 1853. But under the treaty of 1853 (printed at page 349 of Vol. VIII of Aitchison's Treaties) the British Government agreed to "render true and faithful accounts every year to the Nizam of the receipts and disbursements connected with the said districts and make over any surplus revenue that may exist to His Highness." In other words the Berars were assigned "to be held in trust by the British Government for the purposes specified in the treaty of 1853" (Aitchison Vol. VIII, p. 271). But in the case of the Ceded Districts there was no trust. There was an outright grant, subject only to the obligation of the subsidiary force which continues to be maintained at Secunderabad.

Dealing next with the alleged moral claims of the Nizam to the Ceded Districts, can it be contended that the Nizam was unwise in entering into the subsidiary alliance and handing over to the British the sovereignty of the Ceded Districts? Writing in 1806, Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) wrote of the condition of the Nizam after the Nizam's defeat in 1795 at the battle of Kurola by the Mahrattas, (a defeat caused because Sir John Shore would not send British troops against the Mahrattas who were also allies of the British at the time), as follows:—"The Nizam, by the result of an unfortunate state of hostility with the Mahrattas, which ended in battle, and a peace or rather capitulation, concluded at Kurola, in the year 1795, had fallen from the state of a great and leading power in Hindustan to that of tributary to the Mahrattas. His ministers were appointed by the Mahrattas." (See p. 53 of the introduction in Sidney J. Owne's, *A Selection from Wellesley's despatches*, published in 1877).

It may safely be said that, but for the treaty of 1800, the very existence of the Nizam as a power in South India would have been impossible. His luck in becoming an ally of the win-

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ning side helped him not only to get back a large part of his territory taken by the Mahrattas by the treaty of Kurola but even to win some of their own territories.

When dealing with the alleged moral claim of the Nizam, it may not be inappropriate to consider what was the condition of the Ceded Districts under the Nizam before their cession in 1800. A large portion of the present Cuddapah District was acquired by the Nizam under the Mysore Treaty of 1792, and was thus for about ten years under the Nizam's direct administration before its cession to the British in 1800. Writing about the state of things during those ten years, Sir Thomas Munro wrote, in 1801: "The ten years of Moghul Government in Cuddapah have been almost as destructive as so many years of war, and this last year a mutinous, unpaid army was turned loose during the sowing season to collect their pay from the villages. They drove off and sold the cattle, extorted money by torture from every man who fell in their hands and plundered the houses and shops of those who fled." (Rulers of India Series, *Munro*, p. 112). According to Sir Thomas Munro, there were in the Ceded Districts 80 *poligars*, or petty chiefs, who subsisted by rapine, with 30,000 armed peons under them. The Nizam had never been able to put them down.

The claim for the retrocession of the Ceded Districts has thus neither a legal nor a moral sanction. Will the British Government be a party to such a retrocession when it is opposed by the majority of the residents of the Ceded Districts? I think not, unless the British Government attaches no force to the following lines of one of the English poets:

Are crowns and empire,
The government and safety of mankind,
Trifles of such moment, to be left
Like some rich toy, a ring or fancied gem,
Like pledge of parting friends?

(ROWE'S LADY JANE GREY, ACT III SC. I.)

* * * *

The speeches of Nawab Yar Jung, a Jaghirdar of the Nizam's Dominions, during his recent visit to the Madras Presidency, have also raised the question whether the Northern Circars are not held by the British Government under a grant essentially in the

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nature of a lease made by the Nizam, and whether in any case the Nizam has no moral claim to recover the Northern Circars. It would be of interest therefore to state the facts relating to the acquisition of the Northern Circars by the British Government.

In the year 1751 Salabat Jang (the third son of Asaf Jah, the founder of the present ruling dynasty at Hyderabad) became the Subadar of the Deccan with the help of the French troops. Out of gratitude he gave an Inam of the Kondavid (Guntur or Moortizaganagar) Circar to the French in 1752. The next year he assigned the remaining four Northern Circars to the French, viz., Moostafaganagar (Kondapalli); Ellore; Rajahmundry; and Chicacole.

In the year 1756, the Seven Years' War broke out between England and France. Ananda Gajapati Raz of Vizianagar, who was the renter-in-chief under the French but was dissatisfied with their administration, applied to Clive in Bengal for help. He was emboldened to do this, because the French General Bussy had left Hyderabad, having been summoned by Lally, the new Governor of Pondicherry, to help him with his troops in the siege of Madras. Clive was only too glad to accept the invitation of Ananda Gajapati Raz, and deputed Colonel Forde to evict the French from the Circars. After brilliant successes, Colonel Forde marched on Masulipatam, then the chief town of the Circars, and took it. The French were completely evicted. Salabat Jang, however, advanced to oppose the British, but found it prudent to enter into a treaty with them in 1759. By this treaty the British got, "*as an enam or free gift*," the country round Masulipatam and Nizampatam. The rest of the Circars reverted to the Subadar, i.e., the Nizam.

In the year 1761, Salabat Jang was deposed by his younger brother Nizam Ali. Nizam Ali gave the Kondavid or Guntur Circar to his brother Basalat Jang as a jaghir for life. For the remaining area in his possession, Nizam Ali appointed one Hussain Ali Khan as the renter. Nizam Ali, though a usurper, managed to get his title confirmed by the Delhi Emperor.

In the year 1765 an important event occurred. Following the way pointed out by Nizam Ali, Lord Clive obtained a *Firmana* or *Sanad* direct from the Moghul Emperor for the whole of the Northern Circars. This Sanad is printed at pages 278

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and 279 of Vol. VIII of Aitchison's "*Treaties, Engagements and Sanads*." After referring to the unauthorised grant of the Northern Circars by the Subadar to the French, to its not having been confirmed at Delhi, to the British being the firm allies of the Moghul, and to their having expelled the French from the Northern Circars, the Sanad proceeds thus:—"We, therefore, in consideration of the fidelity and good wishes of the English Company, have from our throne, the basis of the world, given them the aforesaid Circars *by way of enam or free gift without the least participation of any person whatever in the same*". (Italics mine).

The Madras Government was at first unwilling to publish the above Sanad lest it should make Nizam Ali an enemy. But in 1766 the Madras Government mustered courage to publish it. The result was that Nizam Ali invaded the Carnatic where the British had obtained a large jaghir from the Nawab of the Carnatic. But Nizam Ali was driven back. The Madras Government, however, was in pecuniary difficulties and did not wish to exasperate the Nizam. So it entered into a treaty with the Nizam in which no reference was made by either party to the Sanad of the Moghul Emperor. In this treaty of 1766, Nizam Ali granted the East India Company the five Northern Circars "*as a free gift for ever and ever*," the grant being accompanied by a Sanad published at page 283 of Vol. VIII of Aitchison. The treaty was published as a separate document, page 280 of Vol. VIII of Aitchison. By the terms of this treaty the British agreed to pay to the Nizam annually some sums thus:—5 lakhs for the Circars of Rajahmundry, Ellore and Moostafaganagar (Kondapalli); 2 lakhs for the Circar of Chicacole; and 2 lakhs for the Circar of Moortizaganagar (Guntur), when the Company took possession of it (i.e. after the termination of Basalat Jang's life-jaghir). But these sums were not payable in the years in which the Nizam might ask for the assistance of British troops. The Nizam also was to assist the British with his troops when necessary.

Had matters stood thus, the British Government would be now holding the Northern Circars as a kind of jaghir under the Nizam. But this was not to be. In 1767 the Nizam joined with the English and the Mahrattas for an attack against Haidar Ali of Mysore. Haidar Ali first bought off the Mahrattas,

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and then seduced Nizam Ali to desert the British and to invade the Carnatic. When the Nizam thus proved faithless, the British rose equal to the occasion, and advanced against Hyderabad. This brought Nizam Ali to his senses, and he found it prudent to enter into a tripartite alliance with the British and the Nawab of the Carnatic. It is by virtue of the terms of this treaty of 1768 that the British Government are now holding the Northern Circars. (The treaty is to be found at page 285 of Vol. VIII of Aitchison's Treaties).

The terms of this treaty of 1768, which was entered into by the Nizam when he feared an attack on his capital, are naturally different from the terms of the treaty of 1766. Briefly, they show that the Nizam recognised the grant of the Northern Circars by the Moghul; that, however, for the sake of peace the British agreed to pay an annual subsidy to the Nizam (the subsidy being paid as by one co-equal government to another); and that the British also agreed subject to some conditions to supply troops, (2 battalions of sepoys with guns), on the Nizam's requisition, the Nizam defraying the cost of the force.

The treaty of 1768 was thus in the nature of a compromise by which, though the British held the Northern Circars under the Moghul Emperor, they agreed to pay an annual subsidy. This is rendered clear by the difference in language between the terms of the treaty of 1766 and the treaty of 1768. In the treaty of 1766, there was no mention of the Sanad of the Moghul Emperor; but in the treaty of 1768 there is a reference thus:—"The exalted and illustrious Emperor of Hindustan, Shah Alum Padtcha, having out of his gracious favour, and in consideration of the attachment and services of the English East India Company, given and granted to them for ever, by way of *enam* or free gift, the five Circars—by his royal Firmaun, dated the 12th August 1765..." Nizam Ali in the treaty of 1768 described himself as "Soubah (provincial governor) of the Deccan." There was thus an acknowledgment of the royal grant.

Again, in the treaty of 1766, there was a grant of the Circars by the Nizam "as free gift," i.e., as an *enam*. But in the present treaty the language used is as follows:—It is now acknowledged and agreed by the said Ausuph Jah Nizam-ool-Mulk, Soubah of the Deccan, that the said Company shall enjoy and hold for ever, as *their right and property*, (italics

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mine) the said five Circars, on the terms hereafter mentioned." There is no reference to the Circars being held as an "enam or free gift" under the Nizam.

Further, in the treaty of 1766, the British agreed to pay certain sums annually "as a consideration for the free gift of the above-mentioned five Circars." In the treaty of 1768, there are no such words. It is true that there is a reference to the annual payments. But the treaty of 1768 says that they will be paid "as a further proof of the Company's sincere desire to preserve a friendship with the Soubah of the Deccan."

Then again, under the treaty of 1766, the British agreed to pay annually 5 lakhs for the Circars of Rajahmundry, Ellore and Moostafanagar (Kondapalli), and 2 lakhs for the Circar of Chicacole. In the treaty of 1768, for all the above four Circars, the annual subsidy was fixed at only 5 lakhs and not seven lakhs. (As for the Circar of Guntur, the British in both the treaties agreed to pay 2 lakhs annually after the life-estate of Basalat Jang came to an end. Basalat Jang died in 1782; and after some hindrances caused by the Nizam, the British got possession of the Guntur Circar in 1789; and from that time the total subsidy payable to the Nizam rose to 7 lakhs.)

The matter is perhaps clinched by one of the clauses in the treaty of 1768, under which the Nizam agreed to acquaint all the Zamindars concerned that "they are in future to regard the English Company as *their sovereign*." (Italics mine).

There can thus be little doubt that under the treaty of 1768 the British were recognised as sovereigns of the Northern Circars subject to two main obligations, viz., (1) the payment of the annual subsidy and (2) the despatch of troops when required by the Nizam. As for the annual subsidy, in the year 1823, Nizam Ali's son and successor Sikandar Jah extricated himself from his financial difficulties by getting the annual subsidy capitalized, and taking a lump sum of one crore and 66 and odd lakhs of rupees (Rs 1,66,66,666). (See Aitchison's Treaties, Vol. VIII, page 269). As for the despatch of troops, it was in the treaty of 1768, subject to the qualification that the British were to send the force "when the situation of their affairs (i.e. of the British) will allow of such a body of troops to march into the Deccan." When in 1800 the Nizam entered into a subsidiary alliance with the British and agreed to have a permanent force of 8 battalions of sepoys

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and two regiments of cavalry, the Secunderabad Contingent, the clauses in the treaty of 1768 about the despatch of troops by the British when they found it convenient became superfluous for all practical purposes.

In the above circumstances he would be a bold man indeed who could say the British are now holding the Northern Circars under a direct grant from the Nizam that was essentially in the nature of a lease.

As for the alleged moral claim of the Nizam to recover the Circars, apart from the fact that the retrocession would be against the wishes of the bulk of the residents of the Circars, one may take into consideration the condition of the people when they were under the Nizam. Prior to the treaties of 1766 and 1768, a large area was under the direct administration of the Nizam who, as already stated, appointed one Hussain Ali Khan as a renter or lessee. Being unable to restore order, this lessee had to request the Madras Government for help. The then state of things is thus referred to by Mr. Grant who wrote in 1785 in his "Political Survey of the Northern Circars": "The completest anarchy recorded in the history of Hindustan prevailed over all the Northern Circars. The forms, nay, even the remembrance, of civil government seemed to be wholly lost."

The Concept of Time

BY K. S. PATHY

Few of the problems of philosophy are as obscure and as absorbing as Time and its place in Nature. The ideas of physicists engaged in the mathematical formulation of Time as a character of natural knowledge, and those of metaphysicians committed to a more comprehensive treatment of it as an attribute of reality, have but augmented the confusion and contradiction hanging about this complex concept. Newton handled Time as a Universal Absolute having objective reality. Leibnitz viewed it as a relational matrix. Kant differed from Newton in that he treated it more as a form of awareness than a self-existent absolute.

The incidence of Time on human perception is three-fold. The going-on of Time is felt in the ever-moving stream of consciousness. It is also revealed as a principle informing the process of Nature. As a conceptual framework for an arrangement of events postulated for correlating physical knowledge, Time affords a relative measure for the evaluation of the duration of events as well as intervals between them. The basic notion of pure duration originates in the awareness of self as an indivisible and sustained process. It is interesting to speculate whether Nature is in Time or Time is in Nature. Time occurs in consciousness; consciousness is a happening in Nature; and Nature is comprehended in consciousness. The problem is cyclical and does not admit of further reduction. Physical Time, i.e., Time in the sense of a measurable temporal series, is but an objective projection of subjective Time, i.e., Time as permeating processes of thought and of sense-awareness. Subjective Time is directly experienced; physical Time is a conceptual inference and therefore a mental construction.

The empirical phenomena such as succession and change are not essential to the subjective notion as well as its objective counterpart. The only safeguard for awareness of the passage of Time is a bare continuity of existence which is the purest

of all processes known to simple consciousness. The varied progression of physical events is often construed as a factor that unsettles the generic identity of the subjective and physical goings-on. Professor Dingle writes, "The going-on of events can conceivably stop; a child can picture the whole course of Nature suddenly petrified, and it has often been done in romances; but subjective time does not thereupon stop." The conceivable petrification of the whole course of Nature and a reduction of all flux to an eternal immobility cannot in any way annihilate the going-on of physical Time, nor need it be expected that subjective Time would thereupon stop except it be with the extinction of the subject. The metaphysical basis for the concept of Time, subjective as well as physical, is the principle of the continuity of existence. It is the pervasive feature of not only perpetual flux but eternal immobility as well. Prof. Dingle seems to have stopped short at the simple appreciation of the apparent distinction between the subjective and the physical goings-on, failing therein to get at their generic identity inhering in a common attribute of continuity of existence. McTaggart's observation that a universe in which nothing whatever changed (including the thought of conscious beings in it) would be a timeless universe confines itself to notions of commonsense and lacks philosophic penetration.

Subjective Time has its ablest exponent in Bergson. He holds that duration experienced by one's consciousness is the only real Time. It is qualitative and defies spatial analogy. It is irreversible. The transmutation of experience into memory brings about the intuitive awareness of it. The difficulty with Bergson's philosophy is that it winds up with mere consciousness of duration and considers all attempts at objective treatment, through measurement, calculation, comparison and representation as so much mutilation of the real Time-flow. Time is denaturalised, when once it is treated quantitatively. A metaphysical attitude such as this is tantamount to a total repudiation of the procedure of science. Withal Bergson holds that the real Time which is conscious duration is the same for all observers and that the inconstant local times of a relativistic world are effects of physical perspective. How does Bergson establish the identity of conscious duration for all observers, when he excludes from consideration all ideas of measurement?—Of course, by direct

intuition which, according to him, is the proper method of philosophy. Conscious duration has also got to reckon with the inconstancies and relativisms of local times. As the Time of this universe has its origin in duration directly cognisable by consciousness, only universality of consciousness can afford to encompass the multiple events of the physical world within an all-inclusive time-perspective.

The late Samuel Alexander discarded the subjective views such as Bergson's. According to him Time is not mere enjoyment of duration of consciousness, but one of the two categories of the only existential reality, Space-Time. In his realistic metaphysical scheme the empirical characters of Time, such as succession and continuity, cannot be comprehended, except in relation to the correlative category of Space. Time is linked to Space, and together they form the framework of Nature. Time denotes process; it is directive. Space gives form, and is conservative. The doctrine of Emergence which is the mainspring of Alexander's metaphysic of Nature utilises the time factors as the spear-head of changing reality—"Time is the Mind of Space."

While Alexander conceives of Time as an informing principle of Nature-stuff, Eddington treats of it as the arrow indicating the trend of the group of physical facts which could be covered by the general law of entropy. The law of entropy, according to Eddington, institutes a distinction between the past and the future. It gives meaning to the process of Nature, in the sense of distinct and irreversible degradation of the system of physical energy. There is a progressive disorganisation in Nature pointing towards a final stagnation when the universe will be an inert but extended continuum. But the truth may not be so simple as this. Many counter-theories have been put forward rebutting the notion of the running down of the universe and pleading the possible rejuvenescence of the ageing organism. But they seem to be still vague and yield no positive disproof of the law of entropy. Thus, apart from the intuitive consciousness of the passage of subjective Time from a known past to an unforeseen future, certain physical processes indicate an objective going-on of Time, manifested in the slow and definite degenerescence of the natural system. However, there is no special charm about the 2nd law of Thermodynamics in that it furnishes an instance of the going-on of Physical Time. Physical Time can be made to go on or

stagnate, quite arbitrarily. The laws of Thermodynamics cannot exhaust the sum total of physical facts. There are laws of physics which do not pretend to infer any directed movement in the facts they govern. Physical Time can be made to indicate a directed process or an undirected static continuity according to the nature of the facts covered by the metrical laws of physics.

In Newtonian physics, Time was understood as a uniform and absolute flow, valid for all observers and identical in all co-ordinate systems. The characteristics of events, such as antecedence, subsequence and simultaneity, retained a fixity of connotation independent of the systems of reference. Modern physical theory has challenged the tenability of every one of these ideas. The Restricted Theory of Relativity put forward by Einstein establishes the relativity of simultaneity, provides for as many local times as there are reference systems, and furnishes the formulae for the laws of change in time-rhythm from one system to another. The mathematical comprehension of motion and change brings about a reorientation of the Time-concept in the field of physical measurement. Time as understood in mathematical physics is of quite a different nature from the Time-extension of subjective awareness. In the essential function of being a composite framework for the causal arrangement of physical facts, Time and Space are practically identical. The distinctive notion of Time as something peculiarly non-spatial is not to be had in physics however far we may push our analysis. Any contrivance of measuring Time involves the selection of some sequence of events between which there is a measurable interval of some other physical quantity, the latter being used to define the measurement of the former. Time does not yield a measure of itself but has got to be measured in non-temporal forms. Applying the pragmatic test to the case, one is driven to wonder if there could be any validity in the Time notion at all. A simple spatial configuration is plausibly adequate to interpret position as well as movement in physical nature. In securing a static picture of rectilinear motion for purposes of quantitative consideration, the dynamic quality of Time is reduced to a variety of spatial representation, capable of being graphically projected along with a Space dimension, the two being compoundable in a Time-Space continuum of two dimensions. In the words of

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Einstein and Infeld, "Now the motion is represented as something which *is*, which *exists* in the two-dimensional Time-Space continuum, and not as something which changes in the one-dimensional Space continuum." In relativistic physics, Time is no more than a mathematical co-ordinate as good as any other spatial co-ordinate, the utilisation of such co-ordinates being solely for the compact description of observational measurements.

An ingenious theory, under the arresting appellation of serialism, has been elaborated by Mr. Dunne purporting to effect a metaphysical adjustment between psychical and physical events. By a species of mathematical tinkering, physics and psychology are sought to be dove-tailed into a structure of knowledge which claims to dissipate all discontinuities in our Time-perception. Mr. Dunne's epistemology is founded on the logic of 'Infinite Regress' inferred from the obvious facts of 'regression' of 'consciousness,' 'will,' and 'time.' From a study of a series of precognitive dreams, mostly reminiscent of his own life, the author seeks to envisage the possibility of *displacement* in Time, the fourth dimension of the Space-Time world as visualized by the scientists. The alternating phases of mental existence such as waking consciousness and dream-activity are construed as the vitiating elements of an universally stretched-out time, cutting it up into numerous 'pasts' and 'presents' grouping round the various mind centres. The argument is that, were it not for the mentally imposed barrier between the two phases of mind, the dreamer's attention would move about the associational network of mental impressions, back and forth, round and about, in an unhampered and natural fashion. If this fanciful supposition could be treated as an explanation, the question of a man's prevision of future mental states ceases to be problematical inasmuch as such ability is assumed to be normal and habitual. Some further experiments conducted by Mr. Dunne have led him to conclude that not only dreams could be precognitive, but one could, while quite awake, observe images of future happenings. It is our obsession with the past that stands in the way of the future beckoning to us in abrupt flashes. Such considerations as these, fortified by the logic of the serialism of the fields of presentation and the multi-dimensional facility which the theory of Relativity has extended to the imaginative faculty of thought, have suggested to Mr. Dunne a possible parallelism and a cog-

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nitive connection between the regressive series of consciousness and the series of Time-travelling fields of presentation, the larger field containing the smaller and itself travelling in another dimension of Time. Mr. J. B. Priestley gives us a succinct impression of Mr. Dunne's theory when he writes, "He believes that each of us is a series of Observers existing in a series of Times. To Observer One, our ordinary full-awake sharp selves, the fourth dimension appears as Time. To Observer Two, which is the self we know in dreams when the First Observer is not functioning, the fifth dimension would appear as Time."

No doubt the whole scheme is a masterpiece of imaginative construction. It has no match for the height of ambition, the simplicity of conception, and above all the wish-fulfilment it affords to the luxurious indulger in abstract speculation. The comments of Eddington in his letter to Mr. Dunne, "I agree with you about 'serialism'; the 'going-on of time,' is not in Minkowski's world as it stands. My own feeling is that the 'becoming' is really there in the physical world, but is not formulated in the description of it in classical physics (and is, in fact, unless to a scheme of laws which is fully deterministic)," are significantly restrictive. Eddington refers only to the 'serialism' of time and not to the parallelism and the cognitive connection between it and the regressive series of consciousness, which one will do well to note.

We have, erstwhile, been dealing with the concept of Time as a positive attribute of Reality, and examining a few of its implications in science and metaphysics. But philosophies are not lacking which have disputed the claims of Time as an element of Reality. From Parmenides of Greece down to McTaggart among the moderns, a host of eminent thinkers have viewed with suspicion the perplexities of the Time-factor, and spun out abstract-idealist systems of static Reality under the delusive impression that they have dispensed with Time inasmuch as they have dis-
countenanced change. But, change or no change, Time is bound to assert itself in philosophic thought as it is inextricably bound up with Nature, Existence and Consciousness. The philosophy of Sankara, reared on religious mysticism, banishes Time from the realm of Reality. A monistic preoccupation with a perfected universe makes it impossible to think of Nature as a Timeful process. The doctrine of Maya is a conceptual aid to dispel the

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contradiction between concrete experience and abstract idealism. Paradoxically enough, what is brought in to save the system casts a doubt on the eligibility of the system itself. To *exist* and to *be in Time* seem to be conjoint characteristics. Nothing could be in Time without existing. Nothing could exist without being in Time. Time and Existence, Nature and Consciousness are the four-fold basis of all theories of knowledge.

Reviews

BENGALI

Upala—Prose-poems by Surendra Nath Maitra. (Published by D. M. Library, 42, Cornwallis Street, Calcutta. Price, One rupee and eight annas.)

Poet Surendra Nath Maitra is a very important figure in the domain of modern Bengali poetry. He has entered into the field of Bengali literature very late in life. Still in this short time he has enriched our literature, especially our poetry, in so many ways that it owes a debt of gratitude to him. He is a prolific writer and has successfully tried his hand at almost all the different forms of poetry. He holds a very high place among the sonneteers of modern Bengal: he has creditably experimented in different forms of the sonnet. As a good translator of foreign poetry, Mr. Maitra is unrivalled in Bengal. He has won high praise from all quarters for his inimitable translations of Browning, Shelley and the Japanese poets.

In the present book, '*Upala*,' we find Mr. Maitra in a new role. '*Upala*' consists of a number of prose-poems. He has two other previous books of prose-poetry to his credit: these are '*Parnaja*' and '*Khoai*.' Both these books have been very highly praised by the press and the public. I am sure this new book will also add to his fame.

The prose-poem is a very important feature in modern Bengali poetry. Rabindra Nath Tagore and Premendra Mitra are undoubtedly the pioneers in this field. Following in their foot-steps many other younger poets have come to write prose-poems: the prose-poem, to speak the truth, has become the fashion of the day. There are many young poets today who seem to think that it is very easy to write prose-poems. But it is far from the truth. To infuse life into a prose-poem, one must needs be a great original poet with considerable knowledge of different verse-forms and with technical skill. Mr. Maitra possesses all these qualities: he is a gifted poet who can breathe life even into the dry bones of prose. That is why most of the prose-poems of '*Upala*' have become pieces of genuine poetry. I do not mean to say that all the poems included in this book are of the same high standard, but a good many of them have pleased me by virtue of their poetic excellence—direct expression, depth of emotion, and learned but simple imagery. Mr. Maitra is not only a good poet; he is well versed in science also. Scientific imagery plays a great part in his poems. Most of these prose-poems centre round homely and simple subjects, but beneath each lurks a deep thought which cannot but stir the feeling emotions of our heart. On the whole,

REVIEWS

the book has given me great pleasure, and I hope all the lovers of modern Bengali poetry will find rich fare in this book. Below I give the English rendering of a very small poem from this book.

LOVE-PLAY.

The banian tree tells the Vaisakha sky,
"Friend, I have not received your showers for long,
So I have become dry wood.
Still I shall not die
So long as I get the sap of the earth at my root
—That sap which memorises your previous showers."
This prayer reached the ears of the sky
At the end of Jaistha.
At once comes the rainy season
With her plentiful showers—
The emaciated banian shines with rich green twigs.
I sit alone at the window
And watch this love-play
Between the sky and the banian tree.

GOPAL BHAUMIK

'*Nirukta*'—A quarterly poetry journal. Edited by Premendra Mitra and Sanjoy Bhattacharjee. (Published from 157B, Dharamtala Street, Calcutta. Price, Eight annas per issue. Annual subscription, Two rupees.)

Bengal has always been and still is the land of poetry. Perhaps poetry accords most suitably with the verdant and smooth perspective of the land. It is therefore that in our literature we possess the richest heritage in poetry. Modern Bengal is also no exception to this general rule. Poetry today holds the most important place in our literature. This is well proved by the fact that there are at least three periodicals entirely devoted to the cultivation of poetry. '*Nirukta*' is the latest in the list. The first issue of the '*Nirukta*,' which is under review, has given me great satisfaction by its high standard. The editors themselves are good poets: Premendra Mitra is, in my opinion, the most important poet in the post-Tagorean Bengali poetry; Sanjoy Bhattacharjee is also a young poet of merit. So a poetry journal edited by Premendra Mitra and Sanjoy Bhattacharjee can hardly fall below the standard. The present issue includes the contributions from such famous poets as Rabindra Nath Tagore, Surendra Nath Maitra, Jatindra Nath Sen Gupta, Mohit Lal Morumdar, Sudhindra Nath Dutt, Sajoni Kanta Das, Nilima Devi, Humayun Kabir and Amiya Chakrabarty. '*Nirukta*' has got a special review section in which learned reviews of poems are published. This poetry journal has given me great pleasure by its rich contents, and I hope it will please all lovers of modern Bengali poetry. The editors are to be congratulated for bringing out such a brilliant poetry journal.

GOPAL BHAUMIK

The TRIVENI Quarterly

KANNADA

Bharata-Marga (E. M. Forster's 'A Passage to India')—Translated by G. B. Joshi, M.A. (Pp. 7+413. Manohara Grantha Mala, Dharwar. Price, Rs. 2-4-0.)

'Bharata Marga' is a translation of Mr. E. M. Forster's famous novel, "A Passage to India." Mrs. Moore and Miss Adela Quested, English tourists in India, whose frank and open-hearted natures have not yet been touched by the petty snobberies of Anglo-Indian life, get acquainted with one Dr. Aziz. Their acquaintance soon develops into friendship, and Dr. Aziz invites them to visit the Marwar caves, much to the unexpressed dislike of Miss Adela's lover. While in the caves, Miss Adela for some reason gets agitated and comes to believe that Dr. Aziz attempted outraging her. The rumour spreads like wild fire, and Aziz is incarcerated. The earnest efforts of Mr. Fielding, the principal of a Government College, and the ultimate withdrawal of the accusation, secure the acquittal of Dr. Aziz, but the stigma pursues him through life. The bitter experience leads Aziz to hate the British people as a whole, and he spends the remaining part of his life in a Native State.

Forster visited India before the dawn of the Gandhian era in Indian politics. He is convinced that civilians imported into India are neither political experts nor men of high culture, and if some bright exceptions come infrequently, they too, within a short period, succumb to pernicious precedents, and are soon dominated by an official and no less racial superiority-complex. A habit of mind which looks down with contempt upon the people of India, is soon fortified by the fawning of subordinates, and creates a gulf between the civilian and the people, making a mutual understanding impossible. Thrown far away from their own country, and disinclined to mix with the people here, they create in the heart of the land an artificial "Anglo-India" of their own. Forster is evidently pained to see that mediocrity of English talent and culture should so much monopolise covetable positions in the bureaucratic system and rest satisfied in complacent insularity. To those who are curious about the way of life of such civilians in India, Forster gives an illuminating and significant picture.

"A Passage to India" lays particular emphasis upon the gradual change which "Anglo-India" has suffered with the lapse of time. If the Turtons are affected by racial complexes, Mrs. Moore, who, as the novel marches to its close, assumes more and more the character of a presiding deity, is sympathetically disposed towards India. The interest of the novel centres mainly around the unfortunate consequences of the two ladies' intimacy with Dr. Aziz. For Forster, as for D. H. Lawrence, personal relationships are only possible when accompanied by a realisation of the complete integrity of the other person involved. Even when we love people, we desire to keep some corner secret from

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them, however small; it is a human right; it is personality," says Forster in his other novel "The Longest Journey." Forster, who, in his earlier novels, deliberately stressed the value of personal relationships as the only kind of stable basis for existence, seems, in "A Passage to India," which ostensibly deals with the difficulties of communication and understanding between the East and the West, to doubt the value of personal relationships. Though in the end Miss Adela Quested withdraws her accusation against Dr. Aziz, to the scandal of the European Colony and her own disgrace; and though the memory of Mrs. Moore effects a reconciliation between Dr. Aziz on the one hand and Mr. Fielding and Mrs. Moore's children on the other, one feels almost convinced that the reconciliation means nothing. The growing sense of post-war disillusion and the negation of all value find emphatic expression in this great novel. When factors far more important than personal relationships sway the balance and decide the issue, mutual harmony and understanding seem to Forster meaningless, and, as the writer of the Preface to the present translation tells us, Forster, while recently speaking to the Majlis at Oxford, confessed that while he wrote "A Passage to India," he was unaware of the economic relations between the two countries, and clearly expressed his conviction that personal friendships such as that between Dr. Aziz and Mr. Fielding could emphatically be of no avail.

To Forster, novel-writing is a complex and esoteric art, and "A Passage to India," though practically devoid of a story to speak of, holds, as his other novels do, much popular favour, sheerly by his placid integrity, clarity of outlook and originality of thought. With a keen sense of character and a penetrating insight into the thoughts, feelings and view-points of the Indian and the Englishman alike, he has given in the present novel a variety of powerfully conceived characters. The emotional and impulsive Dr. Aziz whose liberal sympathies only tragically stigmatized him for life, the self-respectful lawyer, the magistrate striving to be impartial,—all testify to Forster's sympathetic observation. The fabric of the whole story is subtly interwoven with the political life in India, enlivened here and there by deft glances at the social life of Hindus and Muslims, and by emphasis upon the artificial character of the Anglo-Indian ways of life.

In these days of growing political consciousness, the value of a translation of a novel like the present one can hardly be exaggerated. Mr. Joshi is responsible for a number of valuable translations. Kannada readers must ever remain thankful to him for the valuable service he has rendered in making available to them a great and voluminous novel.

V. M. INAMDAR

The TRIVENI Quarterly

Grama-Panchanana—By B. K. Laxmeshwar. (Pp. 5 plus 112. Manohar Grantha Mala, Dharwar. Price, As. 12.)

A sufficiently gripping novel, *Grama-Panchanana* gives a striking reflection of the countryside ignorance, and superstitions and the troubles which they bring. The novel raises an interesting and no less important question in literary criticism. Art is no mere transcript from life, and the representation, unless lifted up by a subtle and unmistakable touch of ideality, cannot avoid being static and particularised. Realism in literature, at a certain point, ceases to be interesting and tends to detract universality from characters and situations. An otherwise successful novel, *Grama-Panchanana*, however, leaves the reader with the impression that the characters and the situations have been too much individualised and localised so that one hesitates to accept what is presented without a pinch of salt. Not that the incidents and the ignorant credulity of the characters, which helps the story to move on, are impossible in daily life, but they are not informed by a necessary measure of convincing probability.

Vadakanna, a thoroughly selfish and crafty fellow, gets into the confidence of a village zamindar and his wife with no issue, and taking advantage of the wife's credulity and the former's unsuspecting generosity of mind, plays all kinds of mischief, and, in the end, with an eye on the zamindar's property, secures his slow death through the agency of a village sorcerer. The husband and the wife play too much into the hands of the villain whose cunning after all was thin and easily penetrable. Even accepting, as we have done, the possibility of such natures as that of the zamindar and his wife, the whole story moves on in an atmosphere where too much has to be taken for granted. It is the subtle touch of the artist in letters which gives to characters their validity in imaginative fiction and a wider life beyond the framework of the particular story. That subtle touch, however, is here certainly wanting. Here among the pages is the realistic history of "a case" of simplicity deluded by crafty scheming.

The editor notes with satisfaction that the story is wrenched directly from the rough experiences of rural life. If on that account the novel has gained in vividness and verisimilitude, it has lost much by its crudity. Colloquialism does not excuse crudity of expression, which sometimes proves an undesirable substitute in making explicit certain things which one wishes should have been covertly suggested. The author, however, has undoubtedly the skill to maintain interest in the story till the end, though, as in the opening chapter, he is apt to lapse into unnecessary descriptions. *Grama-Panchanana*, though crude and unsatisfying as a performance, holds behind its crudity a promise of polished output for the future.

V. M. INAMDAR

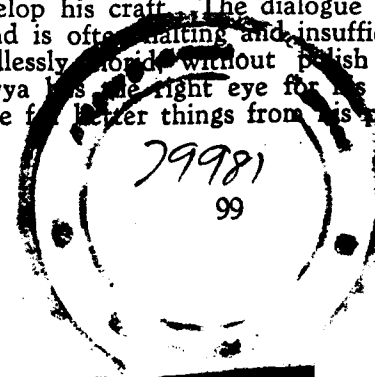
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Marga-Darsaka—By M. V. Seetaramayya. (Pp. 8+142, Manohar Grantha Mala, Dharwar. Price, As. 14).

Marga-Darsaka is a collection of thirteen short stories. The story which gives the title to the collection tells us of a rather morbidly sensitive youth, grief-stricken at the loss of his child, and intent upon ending his life by suicide. He is at last dissuaded from his endeavour by an old man. The persistent emphasis laid upon the wisdom of experience explaining the proper approach to life's troubles makes the figure of the old man symbolic and shadowy with the inevitable result that the old man of the story wavers only somewhere on the confines between the dim world of moral values and that of living humanity. A certain morbidity or at least an acute and ironic sensitiveness to life's bitterness, seems almost an invariable trait of mind with most of Mr. Seetaramayya's heroes. The disgust which Moorti in "*Bagedante Balu*" comes to feel about life and which ultimately sends him to his untimely 'watery grave' proceeds more from his own morbid and dissatisfied brooding than from any external cause to speak of. The story, however, is grimly told and, in its effect, only vies with the tragic pity which overwhelms the life of the newly-wedded Chennu, in "*Hucchana Hambalu*," whose dreams of a happy meeting with her husband are all too rudely shattered by the latter's instability of mind, pitifully due to unemployment; and the girl is driven to suicide. In "*Gopiya Geluvu*" again, a convalescent, falling in love with the nurse who attended upon him, relapses into his illness and dies when he finds that she could not love him until it was too late. A note of sadness, something bitter at the bottom of life's cup, pervades all the stories in the collection. If the love of the newly-united lovers, strangely developing from mere physical attraction into a closer and more intimate understanding of one another, characterises the later stories (*Prema Pareekshe*, *Kumuda*), there is something deeply moving in the way in which beauty and youth's unfulfilled love hold man under their pitiable sway. "*Kathegara Chandu*" and "*Kurudu Prema*," though distinctly amateurish, only substantiate the above statement in one respect or another. "*Nambidare Nambi*" and "*Sodararu*" depend for their effect upon all too unexpectedly sudden accidents. "*Kalla Ranga*" is an interesting and no less thought-provoking piece of a beggar's autobiography. The other stories may be left unmentioned.

When one lays down the book one feels with the author that what is wanted is experience and, in the case of the author of the stories, experience in his craft. But, the book being the first collection of his short stories, Mr. Seetaramayya, one thinks, has yet to develop his craft. The dialogue has sometimes an air of unreality, and is often halting and insufficient. The writing is sometimes needlessly florid without polish and ease. However Mr. Seetaramayya has the right eye for his themes, and one may confidently hope for better things from his pen.

V. M. INAMDAR



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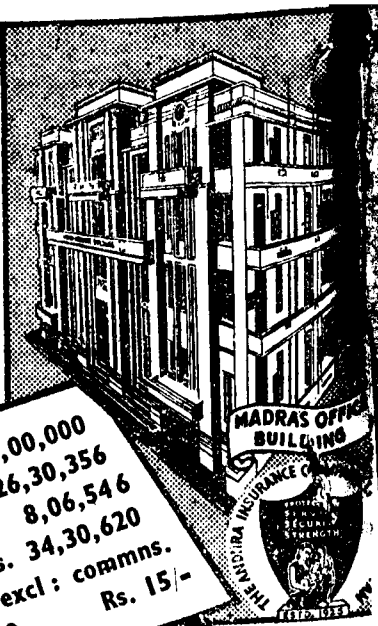
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