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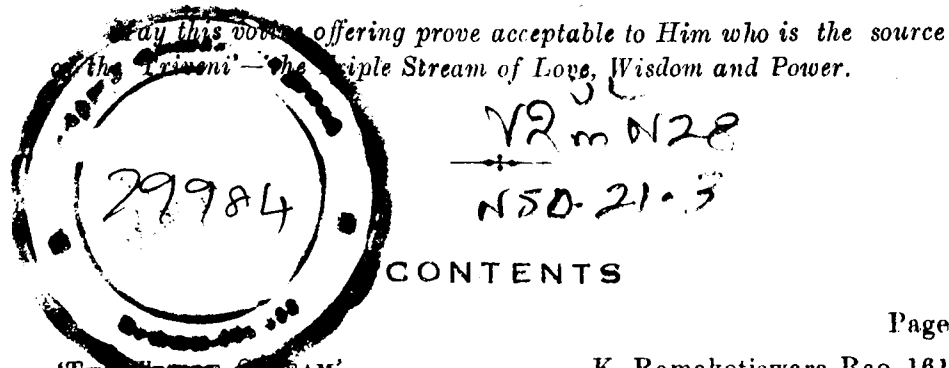
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'Triveni' is devoted to Art, Literature and History. Its main function is to interpret the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects.

'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.



CONTENTS

	Page
'THE TRIPLE STREAM' — K. Ramakotiswara Rao	161
INDIA AND SOUTH AFRICA — P. Kodanda Rao	165
THE LAST GLEAM (Poem) — Raghunath Choudhary	174
(Translated from the Assamese by Praphulladatta Goswami)	
"STRANGE WOMAN" (A Story) — Prof. N. S. Phadke	175
WORDSWORTH: A CENTENARY TRIBUTE — Prof. K. Swaminathan	183
THE KASHMIR TANGLE — Prof. S. P. Sangar	197
BALI: ISLAND OF THE BRAVE — Dr. N. P. Chakravarti	207
THE LAURELS (Poem) — N. Balamani Amma	212
(Translated by the Author from the original in Malayalam)	
THE BACKGROUND OF ASSAMESE CULTURE } Praphulladatta Goswami	213
THE HAND OF TIME (Poem) — "Ketaki"	220
THE HOYSALA COMMANDER (A Story) — Masti Venkatesa Iyengar	222
(Rendered by the Author from Kannada)	
INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS: A SURVEY — Prof M. Venkatarangaiya	229
REVIEWS	235

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

— THE SONG CELESTIAL

'THE TRIPLE STREAM'

By K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO

Nasik and After

The Presidential address of Sri Purushottamdas Tandon at the Nasik session of the Indian National Congress allayed the fears of those amongst us who had looked upon Tandonji as a reactionary and an obscurantist. Since the partition of India, he has been a consistent—and even vehement—critic of the Nehru Government's policy towards Pakistan. In his mental make-up he seemed to be more akin to Khare and Savarkar than to Rajaji or Maulana Azad. It was also well known that Gandhiji had to break with the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan because of the almost fanatical opposition of the 'Tandon group' to Hindustani as conceived and adopted by him. To crown it all, Tandonji created a difficult situation in the Constituent Assembly by his excessive zeal for Sanskritised Hindi and for Hindi numerals. It was the united resistance of the Congress members of the Assembly from the non-Hindi areas, and the eventual acceptance of the Munshi-Iyengar formula, which averted a crisis. In the course of the election campaign for the presidentship of the Jaipur session, the issue between the candidates was narrowed down to 'Hindu revivalism' versus 'State Secularism'. The Hindu Maha Sabha took Tandonji's defeat as its own, and similarly, right up to the eve of the Nasik session, it rejoiced over Panditji's success.

Against this background, and taking into account the pre-election statements of Nehru and Mashruwala, it looked as if Tandonji's election as President might result in a reversal of the Congress attitude to secularism in politics and even hasten a conflict within the Congress Executive between the Nehru-ites and the Tandon-ites. But Tandonji went a long way to conciliate his opponents; and the delegates to the Nasik session expressed confidence in the Home and Foreign policies of the Nehru Government. But one crucial problem was not solved. That related to the setting up of a special body to select candidates

to the legislatures all over India. Pandit Nehru was keen on this, but no formula acceptable to all sections could be evolved at Nasik. This gave rise to misgivings; and the prolonged negotiations with Nehru to induce him to join the new Working Committee reproduced in a measure the post-Tripuri atmosphere. But Tandonji has fared better than Subhas Bose, and, for the time being, a Working Committee which is united on essentials can guide the Congress to success in the coming elections.

But to people who are not conversant with the happenings behind the scenes, the situation is not merely obscure but baffling. The President of the Congress is the Executive Head of the Party which runs the Government at the Centre and in the States of the Union. The Prime Minister is the Head of the Central Cabinet charged with the responsibility of carrying on the administration of the country. And just as the Prime Minister is free to choose his team of Ministers, the President of the Congress is free to nominate the members of the Working Committee. But in both cases, the freedom is restricted in practice. The Prime Minister chooses his colleagues in consultation with the Working Committee, and the Congress President chooses *his* in consultation with the Prime Minister, the Deputy Prime Minister and others, who are not only the leading lights of the Central Cabinet but also top-ranking Congressmen. Some kind of liaison is thus promoted between the Party Executive and the Cabinet. As a broad statement, this sounds satisfactory; but when there are ideological and even temperamental differences between the Prime Minister and the Congress President, an intriguing situation is bound to arise. Conventions have to grow by which any possible deadlocks can be resolved. The nation must be thankful that even at the last moment a semblance of peace was patched up between Pandit Nehru and Tandonji. It is devoutly to be hoped that the peace will be a lasting one.

The Crisis in Andhra

It was for lack of a similar adjustment between the Ministerialist group and the group that dominated the Provincial Congress Committee in Andhra that the Congress suffered a total eclipse in that ill-fated area. It is worth while recalling that Andhra was the first unit in India to be accorded a separate Provincial Committee based on language. At the Calcutta session of the Congress in December, 1917, Dr. Pattabhi put up an admirable fight in the Subjects Committee, and, with the support of the late Lokamanya Tilak, secured permis-

sion of the Congress to inaugurate the Andhra Congress Committee. At the first meeting of the Committee at Vijayawada, Desabhakta Konda Venkatappayya was elected first Secretary of the organisation. At Nagpur, in December 1920, the whole of India was carved out into linguistic provinces for Congress purposes. The Non-co-operation, Satyagraha and 'Quit India' movements found some of their most devoted adherents in Andhra, and the people as a whole played a heroic part in these movements. But, after the advent of freedom, personal and group loyalties worked havoc in Andhra public life. The split between the Prakasam-Ranga faction and the Pattabhi-Kala faction has been the bane of Andhra politics. It was bad enough that the Central Government found in this split a convenient pretext for postponing indefinitely the formation of an Andhra State. But it was worse that the split led eventually to the suppression of the Andhra Congress Committee. At Nasik, Andhra was represented by a handful of delegates who were deemed to have been elected unopposed. The elections to the Congress Committees in Andhra have yet to be held, and judging from the experience of the last two or three years, there does not seem to be any reasonable chance of their being held in a peaceful atmosphere. It is not necessary to apportion blame for this sad state of affairs but people who have not learnt to swear by the leaders of either faction, are gradually learning to swear at them all. Without intending it, the leading Congressmen in Andhra have brought about an impasse in political affairs, which has had its repercussions even in the literary, artistic, and economic spheres. There is a sense of frustration in Andhra, and while individual achievement is high, there is an almost total absence of co-operative effort. The literary academies, the art associations, and the joint-stock companies languish and face a slow, painful death. It is not a new leadership that is wanted, but a spirit of harmony and friendliness between the present leaders. Even now, it is not too late. The men at the top in Andhra must make up their minds to restore unity or retire.

The Hindi Mission

The Hindi Sahitya Sammelan is the leading cultural association of North India, and amongst its members are to be found great scholars, poets and essayists who have contributed to the enrichment of modern Hindi Literature. Now that Hindi has been accepted as the *Lingua Indica* for inter-State contacts, political and cultural, the leaders of the Sammelan are touring the southern States with a view

to promote friendliness between North and South. This goodwill mission is meeting the litterateurs in different areas and making it clear to all of them that there is no desire on the part of the Hindi-speaking people to dominate the rest of India. There will be no intrusion of Hindi into the internal administrative, educational, or legislative activities of the various States of India. The Study of Hindi as a second language has to be promoted, but each State, according to the Mission, will be free to devise measures for this purpose. Compulsion is not a necessary element in this process, nor is it contemplated that children of tender age should be taught Hindi before they have progressed in the knowledge of their mother-tongue. These assurances became necessary in South India, because there is a widespread feeling that the growth of the regional languages might be stifled by undue importance being given to Hindi. This was due to the vague generalities indulged in by some advocates of Hindi. For instance, they talked of 'driving away English' and of 'Hindi taking the place of English'. Now, nobody in any non-Hindi area wants either Hindi or any other language to take the place which English occupied while Englishmen ruled in India. Every regional language must, at long last, come into its own, and be the vehicle for the expression of the loftiest thought and emotion of the people. It must be enthroned in the University, the High Court and the Legislature of the State of the Union where it is the principal language. Hindi can be learnt as a second language and treated as the Federal language. The question of getting rid of English does not arise. Indian Universities will teach it compulsorily, and some Indians will write in English as also in their own languages. The interpretation of Indian culture through an international language like English, and more especially the rendering of the best in all Indian literatures into English, is a vital condition of our growth to an international level of achievement.

INDIA AND SOUTH AFRICA

By P. KODANDA RAO, M. A.

(Servants of India Society, Bangalore)

The Government of India, it is reported, have decided that, in view of the adherence of the South African Government to the Group Areas Act, no useful purpose would be served by holding the Round Table Conference between India, Pakistan and South Africa, as was agreed to at the Preliminary Conference between these parties which commenced in Cape Town on the 6th February, 1950. Pakistan, it is also reported, was however still hoping to persuade India to attend the Conference, inasmuch as South Africa had said that there was no prospect of implementing the Group Areas Act till December, 1950, by which time the Conference could be held. How did this situation come to pass, and what are the courses open to India?

It is not necessary to delve deep into the past to understand India's case against South Africa, which is nearly a century old. South Africa's policy can be fairly summed up as follows: first, repatriation; second, segregation. The Group Areas Act, recently enacted by the Government of Dr. Malan, is perhaps the most comprehensive measure for racial segregation of the inhabitants of South Africa. Segregation has been in operation to some extent or other, statutorily or otherwise, though not uniformly over the whole of South Africa. The Act gives power to Government to set apart different areas for ownership and occupation to the Whites, the Bantus and the Coloured, the last to include the Asiatics. It enables Government to compel within ten years the members of a particular race to move from areas not meant for them to areas reserved for them. All the Whites would be compelled to migrate to the White area; all the Bantus to the Bantu area, and all the Coloured to the Coloured area. An Indian who, under the existing law, owned or occupied land in a particular area, will be compelled to shift from that area if it be declared a White or Bantu area, and to migrate to another area earmarked for Indians! The Natal Indian Organisation, a body of moderates most anxious to co-operate honourably with the South African Government, said that the Act would forcibly segregate the Indian people throughout South Africa, annihilate every

Indian business, small or large, that falls outside the Indian group area, stultify the natural development of the Indian people of South Africa and make them helots within the Commonwealth, and take away every vestige of fundamental human rights.

The South African Government denied that the Group Areas Act amounted to racial discrimination, inasmuch as it applied to all races and did not discriminate against any particular race. Nobody is deceived by this plea. The Act is an enabling one and vests considerable discretion in the Government. Dr. Malan himself admitted that hundred per cent segregation of the races was impracticable. The Act will be so worked as to cause no inconvenience or hardship to the Whites but to repress and depress the Non-Whites. Most of the unskilled labour is done by the Bantus in farms and factories owned by Whites and in the railways, dockyards, etc., owned by Government, and in domestic service of Whites. A hundred per cent White area is almost inconceivable, and would not be permitted by the Whites themselves who cannot do without the Non-Whites for their menial services. The only people who would suffer even more than now are the Non-Whites, and more particularly the Indians.

With regard to Indians, the antipathy is greater and the favoured remedy more drastic than segregation, namely, repatriation. Recently the South African Government published the report of two joint committees, one for Natal and the other for the Transvaal, appointed to make recommendations to amend the Asiatic Land Tenure Acts. The Report said that the best solution of the Asiatic problem was repatriation. "Failing or pending repatriation," it was necessary, continued the Report, to take some incisive action if racial tension and strife were to be avoided. "We can see no way of attaining this except to legislate for total segregation of the different racial groups, so that in course of time homogeneous racial group areas are brought about." It went on to say: "These recommendations for segregation will, on the one hand, not unduly endanger the possibility of repatriation, and, on the other hand, will not fall far short of what we regard as necessary to deal with the present situation." It is likely that, far from unduly endangering repatriation, segregation will promote it with a vengeance. Such, apparently, was the anticipation of the Malan Government in not providing in the Act for an area for Indians, as recommended in the Report. There would be no need for an Indian area if all Indians were repatriated!

The antipathy of the South African Whites towards Indians is more intense because Indians have, on the whole, been more

advanced educationally, economically and in political consciousness and leadership; they had also an external authority, India, to back them in their claims for equal status as citizens; and through India they had access to the United Nations and the Commonwealth. South Africa could get away with racial discrimination against the Bantus as a domestic question, but could not prevent India or the Commonwealth or the United Nations from asking questions regarding racial discrimination against Indians. Indians, under Mahatma Gandhi and since, offered *Satyagraha* against the Government of South Africa. India applied trade and other sanctions. The United Nations practically censured South Africa in 1946 for its attitude towards Indians in that country. Further, South African Whites have to put up with the presence of the Bantus, because the latter cannot be repatriated elsewhere and also because they need the services of the Bantus for their own comfort and convenience. The case of Indians, however, is different. The South African Whites could do without Indians, and the latter could be repatriated to India. For all these reasons the tension between the Whites and Indians in South Africa is keener than between any two other races in that country. And the Group Areas Act will hit the Indians more than the Bantus, at any rate immediately.

Indians in South Africa, belonging both to the South African Indian Congress and the South African Indian Organisation, have declared that they would not submit to the Group Areas Act. The Congress organised *Satyagraha* sometime ago against the Asiatic Land Tenure Act, but gave it up subsequently without achieving the success hoped for. The Organisation banked on a Round Table Conference between India and South Africa to find an acceptable solution; it also appealed to the United Nations to intervene and, if necessary, apply sanctions against South Africa. The Congress proposed to make common cause with the leading organisations of the other Non-White races in South Africa, in order to resist the Group Areas Act by all means open to them. It may be mentioned that one of the reasons why the South African Whites prefer the repatriation of Indians to their segregation is the fear, not unfounded, that the politically more advanced Indians would offer leadership to the Bantus, and thereby make the repression of the Bantus, who form the great majority of the population, more difficult.

A common Non-European Front, as it is sometimes called, has hitherto been somewhat difficult to organise. Indeed, Indians in South Africa have in the past been criticised, even by some friendly

critics, for thinking only of themselves and trying to safeguard their own interests, and hesitating, if not declining, to make common cause with other Non-Whites, who suffered from common disabilities. The attitude of Indians was perhaps excusable, if not inevitable, in so far as they looked to India for help. India could claim a voice only with regard to Indians who, in the first instance, migrated to South Africa with the consent and the protection of India, and in whom, therefore, India had a continuing interest. To the extent that Indians in South Africa became nationals of that country and made common cause with other nationals therein, to that extent India would be handicapped in backing them. India could not interfere on behalf of the Bantus in South Africa or the Negroes in the United States of America, even as South Africa could not interfere on behalf of the Untouchables in India or the Negroes in America.

It was also felt at the time that any relief which Indians secured on account of the good offices of India would ultimately accrue to the other Non-Whites also. But the situation has been gradually changing. An increasing number of Indians in South Africa were born in that country and are its nationals; they constitute over ninety per cent of Indians now in South Africa. India's claim to back them is gradually tapering off, as it were. Indeed, it has been increasingly urged by South African statesmen that the question of Indians in South Africa was entirely a domestic question and India had no right to intervene in the domestic affairs of South Africa, except at the invitation of South Africa and for the purpose approved by South Africa, namely, repatriation of Indians to India. This new development makes it easier for Indians in South Africa to make common cause with other Non-Whites, but more difficult for India to intervene on their behalf.

The question whether the problem of Indians in South Africa was or was not a purely domestic question was tossed about a good deal. The Cape Town Agreement of 1926, which was reviewed and renewed in 1932, admitted in so many words the right of India to intervene on behalf of Indians in South Africa. As recently as the 28th April, 1947, Gen. Smuts, then Prime Minister of South Africa, thanked Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India for the "opportunity given to the Union Government to discuss with the Government of India common difficulties between the two Governments in regard to the treatment of Indians in South Africa," though in a subsequent letter, dated the 28th July, 1947, he repudiated the right of India to intervene on behalf of Indians in South Africa. Subsequently, in 1949, Mr. Eric Louw, on behalf of South Africa, urged at the Politi-

cal Committee of the United Nations that, as the question of Indians in South Africa was a 'domestic' issue, the United Nations was not competent to discuss it. On the 10th May, 1949, the Committee, however, rejected the plea by 33 votes to 7, with 10 abstentions. The same plea was urged in the General Assembly of the United Nations and rejected summarily on the 11th May, 1949.

The South African Indians, as has been pointed out already, organised a campaign of *Satyagraha* against the Asiatic Land Tenure Acts of the South African Government and also appealed to India to raise the question in the Commonwealth and the United Nations. The *Satyagraha* campaign brought no wished-for relief, and it was abandoned. It had only stiffened the hostility of the Whites towards the Indians. There has as yet been no proposal to start a campaign of *Satyagraha* against the Group Areas Act. It was hoped that the Round Table Conference between South Africa, India and Pakistan would find an acceptable solution. This was before the enactment of the Group Areas Act. But the enactment of the Act has diluted the hope almost to the vanishing point. South African Indians now look to the United Nations to find a solution by agreement or by the application of international sanctions, if necessary.

Yet another proposal has been put forward by some enlightened Whites in South Africa and by some of the Non-European leaders. Mrs. Margaret Ballinger and Dr. E. H. Brookes, both Senators, proposed that Dr. Malan should convene a Round Table Conference of political leaders, including the Africans, to discuss the race problem in South Africa. Dr. Rheinalt Jones, former Senator and now Director of the South African Institute of Race Relations, a non-political study group, endorsed the suggestion for a Round Table Conference of all races and political parties. Mr. J. Christie, leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party in South Africa, favoured the proposal. The Hon. Mr. N. C. Havenga, Minister of Finance in Dr. Malan's Government, also favoured a joint solution to the race problem. If the proposal for an internal Round Table Conference finds favour with Dr. Malan's Government and the leaders of all the racial groups, including the Indian, it is well worth trying, though the hope of an agreed solution is rather remote.

If only to gain time, Dr. Malan's Government may yet find it more prudent and profitable to convene such a Conference, in view of the volume and intensity of criticism against its present policy both from within and without South Africa. The *Manchester Guardian*, in its leading article on the 2nd May, 1950, said that Dr. Malan's

racial policy "tended to embody much of the Nazi philosophy". The *Economist* of London accused Dr. Malan's Government of authoritarian tendencies and suggested that Britain should expel South Africa from the Commonwealth, and added that Britain would gain, rather than lose, by such expulsion. Prof. Lancelot Hogben, writing in the *New Statesmen and Nation*, said that South Africa should be declared a "pariah nation, unworthy to be associated with the British Commonwealth at a time when we are giving a new meaning to the British way of life." He went on to say: "We can do something to rehabilitate our credentials in Africa itself, if we dissociate ourselves from a nation now irrevocably committed to the practice of a doctrine for preaching which we hanged Alfred Rosenberg. Nothing could do more to reinforce Britain's moral prestige than the expulsion of the Union of South Africa from the Commonwealth before the Union, as it will certainly do, deprive us of taking the initiative." Even the *New York Times* has been very critical of the racial policies of South Africa.

The action of South Africa regarding South-West Africa has added to the criticism of Dr. Malan's Government. The United Nations is likely to discuss the matter again in September, 1950, along with India's complaint about the treatment of Indians in South Africa.

India applied direct trade and other sanctions against South Africa in 1946. But they have brought no relief to the Indians in South Africa; on the contrary, their position has become worse. Impotent sanctions are worse than no sanctions at all, however justified the sanctions.

The diplomatic relations between India and South Africa however are somewhat anomalous. India's High Commissioner in South Africa has returned to India in 1946 and has not gone back yet. India did not withdraw the High Commissioner and break off diplomatic relations with South Africa; she merely recalled her High Commissioner for consultations. Gen. Smuts, in his letter of the 18th June, 1947, to Prime Minister Nehru, said that the departure of the Indian High Commissioner from South Africa "was not a rupture of relations between the Governments but simply a recall of the High Commissioner to report to his Government, while his office and staff remained to function as before....Technically, we are on a footing of friendly Governments, and the Union Government are anxious to treat the Indian Government on that footing." Though India and Pakistan have serious disputes over Kashmir and other matters and have taken

them to the United Nations, and though there was a trade war between the two Governments, neither has withdrawn her diplomatic representative from the other country. On the other hand, the two Prime Ministers met and concluded the Delhi Pact to settle some of the disputes between the two countries. Similarly, it would have been better if the Indian High Commissioner had been sent back to South Africa after consultation. It would have been better still if the Prime Ministers of India and South Africa had discussed the question informally when they met in London in 1949; or if the matter was discussed at the Commonwealth Foreign Ministers' Conference at Colombo in early 1950. An informal and private discussion has this advantage, that there would be no occasion to highlight a failure to arrive at an agreement. Failure at a formal conference, however preliminary in character, generally leads to misunderstanding and mutual recrimination, and leaves the situation worse than before.

Now that the Government of India has turned down the proposition for a Round Table Conference, the only alternative left is to raise the question again at the United Nations. The policy of the United Nations has hitherto been one of retreat before the intransigence and defiance of South Africa. On the merits of the case, the United Nations found against South Africa in 1946 when it said that the friendly relations between two member States, namely, India and South Africa, had been impaired and were likely to be further impaired unless a satisfactory settlement was reached. It expressed the view that the treatment of Indians in South Africa should be in conformity with the international obligations under agreements between the two countries, and the relevant provisions of the United Nations Charter. It requested the two Governments to report at the next session of the United Nations Assembly the measures taken to that effect. The Resolution was passed by a majority of 32 to 15 votes, which was more than the two-thirds necessary. South Africa, under Gen. Smuts, declined to accept the United Nations Resolution, with its implied censure of South Africa, as the basis of talks between the two countries. India raised the question again in 1947 at the United Nations, but this time the relevant resolution failed to secure the necessary two-thirds majority of votes in the General Assembly. India brought up the matter again in 1948. The representatives of Australia, Denmark and Sweden jointly suggested that India and South Africa should seek a settlement of their dispute at a Round Table Conference or by other means, such as mediation and concilia-

tion, through a mediator appointed by the United Nations. The resolution was, however, withdrawn. India proposed that the treatment of Indians in South Africa was not in conformity with the United Nations Charter, with the previous resolutions of the United Nations, and with international agreements between India and South Africa, and that a commission should be appointed by the United Nations to study the situation and make recommendations. She subsequently withdrew the resolution. The resolution, proposed by France and Mexico, that India, Pakistan and South Africa should discuss at a Round Table Conference the position of Indians in South Africa 'taking into consideration the purposes and principles of the Charter of the United Nations and the Declaration of Human Rights,' was finally adopted by 47 votes to 1, with 10 abstentions. The retreat of the United Nations from the position taken up in 1946 was thus complete. In 1949 South Africa agreed to a Round Table Conference, more to stave off a fresh discussion of the subject at the United Nations.

The retreat of the United Nations was very largely, if not solely, due to the consistent support that the United States of America and the United Kingdom gave to South Africa. Their support, however, took the form of doubting the competence of the United Nations to deal with a subject which South Africa claimed to be a 'domestic' matter outside the jurisdiction of the United Nations. They wished that the question of competence should be referred to the International Court of Justice. They thereby avoided having to pronounce on the merits of the treatment of Indians in South Africa. It is not surprising that in the absence of the support of the United Kingdom and the United States, whose co-operation was essential for effective sanctions if necessary, the United Nations thought it more prudent not to convict South Africa of violating international obligations. For, in South Africa defied its verdict, the United Nations was not in a position to apply effective sanctions which were sure to be demanded by India.

The situation has changed somewhat since the last session of the United Nations in 1949, but not enough to warrant the hope that the United Nations will and can take more effective action against South Africa. The position has changed for the worse for South Africa, inasmuch as she practically annexed South-West Africa in spite of the mandate of the United Nations, and has, besides, committed herself irrevocably to the policy of *apartheid* or racial segregation and discrimination in South Africa by enacting the Group Areas Act. But

the position has not changed so far as to align the United Kingdom and the United Nations with India and against South Africa. It is true that, on the question of racial discrimination against the Negroes in the United States of America, the Government of the country has taken a more enlightened attitude in conformity with the United Nations Charter. Even the Supreme Court of the United States of America has abandoned the older doctrine that 'separate but equal' facilities did not violate the non-discriminatory clause of the Constitution of the United States. It is, therefore, unlikely that the United States will support the *apartheid* policy of South Africa on merits, but she is likely to continue to evade the issue by continuing to question the competence of the United Nations to discuss it. The United Kingdom is unlikely to desert South Africa and support India. Notwithstanding all explanations to the contrary, the action of the United Kingdom in the case of Seretse Khama is not free from the charge that it was an accommodation to the racial policy of South Africa. It is unlikely, therefore, that the United Kingdom and the United States will veer round now, particularly in view of their pre-occupation with the war in Korea.

Some Indian publicists in India and in South Africa have urged that India should sever her membership of the Commonwealth as a protest against the treatment of Indians in South Africa. But it is unlikely to give any relief to the Indians in South Africa; it will only tend to alienate the other members of the Commonwealth, for it is doubtful if even Pakistan and Ceylon, not to speak of Canada, Australia or New Zealand, will line up with India in this matter. Indeed, Pakistan is likely to gain, and India likely to lose, by the latter quitting the Commonwealth. Mere quitting will not help. Some impression may be produced if India threatened to align herself with the Soviet Union, which consistently supported India against South Africa in the United Nations over the issue of Indians in South Africa. But this will be a change from the frying pan to the fire.

The only alternative left is for India to take technical advantage of the case of Indians in South Africa to champion the cause of all Non-White races in the world who, at the moment, are being discriminated against in any part of the world, and strive for the realisation of the Charter of the United Nations and the Fundamental Human Rights. It is a long-term programme, but noble, honourable and worthwhile. India will then no longer be accused that she was interested only in the emancipation from racial discrimination of a handful of Indians in South Africa, most of whom are South African

TRIVENI

nationals, and not equally keen on the abolition of racial discrimination as such from South Africa and the world. India championed against political imperialism. Her action has been widely appreciated. Let India now champion against racial imperialism everywhere it occurs, and use the United Nations as the forum and the Fundamental Human Rights as the Charter.

THE LAST GLEAM¹

By Raghunath Choudhary

(Translated from the Assamese by Praphulladatta Goswami, M. A.)

In the store of the world I begged for affection
I asked for the gift of the heart,
only venom came up in the churning of the ocean
nectar I could not find.

With wild desires I ran after the golden deer
and roamed all over the world,
my untamable craving was not quenched
the arrow which I aimed came to nought.

The weight of this heart-broken and sorrow-stricken life
is moving in the vortex of blind attachment,
of my torpid and weak mind
ignorance is robbing consciousness.

The thousand sores of sorrow, the humility of frustration
the hot breath of a burnt heart—
who would remove them, O who would listen
to the dream-fantasy of my Arabian Nights?

The polestar of my life is setting
in the last fold of eternity:
won't I attain in the other world
to the supreme bliss of the true gleam?

¹ The milieu of this poem is early twentieth century.

"STRANGE WOMAN"

(A Story)

By Prof. N. S. PHADKE, M. A.

Although he stood in the midst of a jostling crowd in the market-place, a strange sense of loneliness and embarrassment troubled Sakharam's heart, as though he were a child that had lost its way. He looked all around him with a vacant gaze, and undecided as to where to go, stood in his place, puzzled and helpless.

It was Sunday evening and the market-place was filled with noise and dust and movement. Vegetables, vessels, old books, bottles, crockery and clothes were to be seen placed in heaps on both sides of the street, and men and women who sold these wares shouted and shrieked at the customers. There was a sprinkling of respectable looking middle-class people in this motley crowd. But most of the marketers were rustic people who had come to the city from the villages nearby, and there was such a huge rush of these village folks that it was impossible to make way through the crowd without pushing somebody. A Muslim vendor of cheap Unani medicines, advertising his goods in a high-pitched fluent eloquence, had attracted quite a big circle of villagers around him. There was a pandemonium of voices. Young lads with hardly a moustache to adorn their lips, who had joined the Army, attracted mainly by the promise of a pay of sixteen rupees and free clothing and food, elbowed their way through this rush in groups, waving their little canes and dragging their heavy boots. It was difficult to drive a horse-cart or a motor car through this bazar, and the shouts of drivers and the toots of horns fell on deaf ears. A screen of dust covered the whole scene.

Sakharam was not, really speaking, unfamiliar with this picture of the Sunday market, because, except for the last year and a half which he had spent in the War Service, he had lived for nearly thirty years in the Infantry Lines of this city. As a child he had come here with his uncle in uniform to buy a cheap bamboo flute. Then as a grown-up boy he had come again to this market and purchased some old tools which he required to repair his bicycle. And later on when he had joined the Infantry and set up a house after his marriage, he had made in this very bazar a good bargain of a hurricane lantern, paying

only ten annas. He knew this place by heart. But as he stood here today, he had many reasons to conclude that the face of this place had been enormously altered. Like boils making their appearance erratically on a human body, the actual fighting zones in the War were shifting from Burma to Russia and then to a desert in Libya. India was thousands of miles away from these lines of action. But only away, not safe! Because war seemed to affect even the lives of these thousands of village folks who jostled and shouted in this market-place. Take, for instance, the case of Sakharam himself. He had brought with him not a pie less than five rupees, but after purchasing a little tea, and sugar, and soap and matches and vegetables, he found that there were only a few annas now left in his pocket. Looking at the men and women from the villages, brushing their shoulders with each other and drifting with the current of the crowd, Sakharam wondered how much money they had brought with them and whether there was now a penny left in their hands. Were there any people who found solace in the thought that there was no actual war in India? Well, if there were, Sakharam found it difficult to agree with them, because, however hard he tried, he couldn't recognize in this place the market which he had known from his childhood.

This was not the only thought, however, which had made Sakharam suddenly sullen and sad. The bleak sense of loneliness which he experienced was also due to the fact that, although he had walked to and fro in the market-place for nearly two hours, he had not met a soul whom he knew. He felt like a lost child, with no one to greet and no one to talk to.

It was only two days ago that Sakharam had returned from the front, having with great difficulty succeeded in securing leave. He had spent the first day in sleeping and trying to overcome the effects of the tiring journey. On the second day he had done nothing but sit and talk with his wife and watch his little two-year old daughter playing in the house. And then today he had set out of the house in the hope that he might contact some of his old friends in the market-place. But he met nobody. Sakharam had a special reason to wish to meet someone he knew. A friend of his named Khandu Pawar had joined the Army as soon as recruitment had started, and very soon after he had received his training, his battalion had been sent out to the line of action. Khandu had been reported killed, leaving behind him his young wife Tulsa. The poor girl must now be in a very

pitiable condition, Sakharam thought, and he believed it was his duty to call on her and offer her all the help he could possibly give. He had returned from the front with these thoughts. His wife told him that Tulsa no more lived in the house where she formerly lived, and that some people even said that she had left the city altogether. Sakharam, therefore, had come to the Bazar hoping that if he met any of his old friends he would get some definite news of Tulsa's whereabouts. When, therefore, he wandered through the Bazar for two hours and did not succeed in meeting any of his old acquaintances, he was very sorely disappointed. There were hundreds of people all round him, and yet there was not one in the crowd whom he knew. This filled his heart with a sadness and desolate loneliness. He stood in his place looking at the noisy crowd with vacant eyes.

But, however much preoccupied with his own sullen thoughts Sakharam might be, how long would he stand in the midst of that rush? He was pushed to this side and that by hurrying people, and when a stack of dried fodder which an old woman carried on her head brushed against his neck, he came to his senses. He then looked around. He saw a couple of hand-carts with cinema posters pasted on their side-boards pushed past him, and an urchin, distributing handbills, thrust one in his hand. Without caring to read it he let it go fluttering with the breeze. He looked at the basket he carried in his hand as if to be sure that the vegetables he had purchased were there all right, and then began to walk. But his mind was full with thoughts of Tulsa.

She was only a child when both her parents died. Her uncle had brought her up. When she grew up and became a sort of liability he had decided to marry her away. Khandu Pawar was then working as a driver in a transport company earning eighteen rupees. Here was an excellent bridegroom, Tulsa's uncle had thought, and he had married her to Khandu. Only a fortnight after the marriage Khandu had lost his job. He was one of those young men whose heads are swollen with strange ideas of self-respect. So he always found it difficult to pull on with people. His friends were by now used to hear two types of news about him alternately: Khandu has got a job, and Khandu has lost his job. After he lost his job in the transport company he remained jobless for a few days. Then he got another job. But he could never settle in any place owing to his strange nature. He went on getting jobs and losing them. He did not seem to regret this. People found him perfectly jolly even when he was jobless: in fact, he used to seem more happy when he didn't have a

job. People thought that Khandu's wayward nature would improve after his marriage, that he would begin to understand his responsibilities, and would stick to one place. But these expectations proved wrong, because after his marriage Khandu became even more wayward and whimsical. And it was Tulsa who thus spoiled him. She loved him so deeply that she was prepared to admire even his faults as though they were great virtues. It's true that a woman's love is likely to make a man better. But this happens only when the woman is ambitious enough to feel that the man she loves mustn't have a fault in him which the world may disapprove. But if on the contrary the woman is blind and simple-hearted, she drifts with the current of young love, and doesn't have the strength to improve a man. Tulsa so drifted, and Khandu became even more self-conceited and irresponsible. People began to be worried about him. How would he make Tulsa happy, they thought. And yet there was one thing which everyone saw clearly. Khandu and Tulsa were terribly fond of each other.

People were, therefore, surprised when they learnt that Khandu had joined the Army. Is Khandu going to leave Tulsa alone? How's that possible? Did Tulsa permit him to go away? No. That's incredible — This is what everybody thought. But later on Khandu's friends came to know that he was in heavy debts and had caught at this chance of going away honourably and thus avoiding his creditors. "I don't think this war will last very long," Khandu used to tell them. "I'll make enough money to pay my creditors and within a year's time I'll return to my darling Tulsa." But poor dear! His hopes had been shattered and, instead of returning to his darling Tulsa, he had suddenly gone by the way towards the unknown by which all mortals have to go.

These recollections were painful and whenever they crowded into Sakham's mind his intention to call on Tulsa faltered. He had better not go and see her, he thought. He wouldn't be able to bear the sight of Tulsa as a widow. She would cry wildly, beat her breast and tear her hair and wail at the loss of her darling Khandu, and, Sakham feared, he wouldn't have the strength to witness a scene like this. Tulsa would talk of the love she had showered on Khandu and, "How could my precious beloved Khandu go away and leave me behind!" she would ask. This would be enough to melt any one's heart. Tulsa had given Khandu a great love which he had hardly deserved and now Khandu was gone.....Sakham tried to imagine what sort of Tulsa he would see when he now called on her. Would

he find her struggling in poverty? What would she say to him? And what should he say to her?.....And everytime he tried to visualize the poor, pitiable, widowed Tulsa he almost decided that he had better give up his idea of meeting her.

In his heart, however, he knew that he was not going to avoid seeing Tulsa. On the contrary he had told himself that the best way for him would be to meet Tulsa as soon as possible, so that in the rest of his leave he would be able to give her whatever help she needed. That is why he had today come to the market-place, hoping that he would run into some of his old acquaintances who would tell him Tulsa's whereabouts, and when he met no one he thought that a day had been wasted, and this filled him with disappointment and sadness.....

He heard the shrill whistle of the mill to the east of the town, piercing through the noise of the market. He must now hurry home, he thought. Tomorrow he would get up early, come into the town, and try to find out where Tulsa lived. So he changed the basket from one hand to another, and pushed his way through the crowd. He would have hurried on out of the Bazar street, but at the turning where a little lane branched off from the main street, he found a big crowd. He slowed down his pace and heard comments of men and women: "Hang the bastard! He must be ashamed to insult a woman", "He had almost run away with the chain on her neck", "A fellow like this must be whipped", "If I were here I would have handed him to the police". Sakham stopped and made enquiries as to what had happened. It appeared that a fellow had tried to catch hold of a woman and pick her ornaments. She had raised a cry. People had run to her assistance, but the fellow had bolted away. Such incidents were common in a market-place, so Sakham decided not to pay more attention to it. But just as he was about to hurry on, the little crowd dispersed, discussing what had happened, and a knot of half a dozen people came towards him. There was a woman with them, and they were talking to her. "Would you like us to take you home? There's, of course, no reason to fear now. Nobody will molest you. But in case you are still afraid, we won't mind coming with you. Or shall we put you in a tonga?" they were asking her. And the woman was telling them, "You needn't worry. I don't need a tonga. I'll go alone. Who will dare touch me.....?"

Sakham started when he caught a good look of the woman. "By God, isn't that Tulsa?" he cried. But the next moment he

thought what a fool he was to mistake this woman for Tulsa! How could this be Tulsa? She was a widow and this woman had on her all the ornaments which only women, with their husbands living, could wear. This woman was smiling, happy. No, she wasn't Tulsa.

Sakharam, therefore, felt very much embarrassed. He started to walk.

But he heard somebody calling him. So he stopped and when he turned he found that woman standing very close to him and asking him, "Well, brother Sakharam, how could you walk away even after seeing me? Don't you know me? Forgotten poor me?"

Poor me?

Sakharam looked at the gold ornaments round her neck and on her bosom. "How could any one call you poor?" He wanted to say... It was impossible to recognize in her the widow of Khandu Pawar who had died in action.....Thinking like this, Sakharam stood in his place, speechless.

"When did you come? Tell me," she was asking him. Then Sakharam came out of his thoughts. He told her that he had come on leave and that he had come to the market today with the purpose of meeting somebody from whom he could know her whereabouts.

"Then you ought to come to my house, now," Tulsa said. "It is near. We live only a few streets away. Come. It doesn't matter even if you're a little late in reaching your home. I'll have you sent in a tonga."

Sakharam began to walk with her, but said nothing. It was evident that she had married and her face and her gay talk was clear evidence that she was happy in this new marriage. So Sakharam was not asking himself, "Has she married somebody?" It was another question with which his mind played: She was terribly fond of Khandu. How could she then marry again so soon after Khandu's death? She had said, 'We live in a house only a few streets away.' 'We' that is who? Sakharam tried to decide. She and her new husband, or has she taken a lover.....Sakharam didn't have to wait long for an answer to these questions. After a few minutes when they had turned in a small lane and gone past a dozen houses, she stopped in front of a little house, and, taking a key tied to a silken thread round her neck she bent down to unlock the door.

She and her husband must be living here, Sakharam decided, and it appeared that her husband was at the moment not at home.

There were a few chairs in the front room in the house. "Sit here," she pointed to a chair, "I'll make some tea for you. I'm so happy that you've come at this time. You will get to meet my husband. He goes on a bus every Saturday and makes the return trip on Sunday. He may come home any moment. He prefers to drive the bus himself, because it is difficult to get honest drivers. But we'll talk later. Let me give you tea first."

And she went into the house.

So, Tulsa's new husband was also in the motor business? It looked like that, Sakharam thought. And this fellow was not a mere petty driver like Khandu, but the owner of a bus. Looking at the things in the room, Sakharam had to admit that it was fairly well furnished. It was certainly not the room of a bus driver earning thirty or forty rupees.....Had Tulsa married one of the owners of the buses on which her first husband Khandu had served?.....

Sakharam discovered that he had guessed correctly when Tulsa came out with the tea, and sat in a chair telling about herself. Her new husband was the owner of the Royal Mail Service in which Khandu had worked for some time as a driver. This fellow had run his business cleverly and made a little fortune. Tulsa waxed eloquent as she talked of him, of his business tact, the money he earned, and this thing and that. When her husband failed to return even after Sakharam had waited for a long time, she became restless. "I wonder why he hasn't come back yet," she said repeatedly. "I'm terribly worried whenever he is late like this."

"Strange woman!" Sakharam thought as he gazed at Tulsa, her face shadowed with genuine anxiety. She must have someone to love with all her heart. Someone to worry about. Someone to give all to. Someone to spoil.....This was the key to her nature, Sakharam was about to conclude.

"I believe I ought to be going now," he said at last, getting up. "I'll come again, and meet your husband."

"Are you really going?" Tulsa asked, and her voice was pleading. "Won't you stay a little longer? Not because you'll meet my husband, but because I've to talk to you about something else."

Sakharam resumed his seat. He looked at her as though to ask, 'what is it?'

Tulsa turned her face and kept silent. When Sakharam looked at her he found her crying. She began to sob.

TRIVENI

"Tulsa, what's the matter?" he asked softly. "What were you going to tell me?"

She lifted her face. Her eyes were wet, tears trickled down her cheeks, her nostrils moved with her breath, and her lips quivered. She remained without speech for a moment. Then she sobbed freely, and in a very pitiful voice murmured, "I miss Khandu terribly. How could he, my own dear Khandu, die leaving me! When going he had said to me, 'I'll come soon. Don't you worry.' And now he has gone! And I'm still alive, cursed me." She sobbed loudly and at last covered her face with both her hands, her whole body quivering with the agony of grief.

Sakharam gazed at her. He wanted to cry but couldn't. He only felt a thick choking in his throat, and his eyes hurt. He was terribly puzzled and only dimly aware that he was face to face with something that was a part of this queer human life but was beyond comprehension!

WORDSWORTH : A CENTENARY TRIBUTE

By Prof. K. SWAMINATHAN, M. A.

By nothing is England so great as by her poetry. And to us in India, by no English poet is this greatness so clearly manifested as by William Wordsworth. Not only is he nearer to us in time than Shakespeare or Milton; not only was he more directly and passionately concerned with the moral problems that still trouble us, the problems of man and nature and society; but he is nearer to us in his whole temper, in his calm acceptance of spirit as well as matter, in his essential truth to the kindred points of Heaven and Home. The harmony which he sought to establish between science and religion, between reason and imagination, between philosophy and poetry, is such as to satisfy our orthodox Vedantin. True, Wordsworth's revelations were like flashes of lightning, precarious and uncontrollable and brief; they had none of the certainty, the steady strength and serene brilliance of the vision of our rishis, ancient and modern. And yet, since his poems are accurate records of real experiences of *Kshana samadhi*, they supply meaning and substance to those formulations which are jejune to us but which we repeat parrot-wise, as ready-made answers to the eternal problems of man's relations with nature and society. Wordsworth's philosophy, such as it was, grew out of his personal and poetic experience. Poetry with him was not an art or a trade; it was a *sadhana*, a means of attaining *jnana*, the knowledge of that truth which alone can make us free. We do not know Arithmetic when we have got by heart the correct answers at the end of our Arithmetic book. We know it only when painfully and patiently we master its principles and methods and apply them again and again to various situations, including those in our own practical lives. With Wordsworth we can share the excitement of the search for knowledge; and this is more thrilling and more nourishing to our souls than mere pride in an inherited and unused possession.

The Battle of Plassey in 1757, the Indian Mutiny in 1857 and the grant of Independence in 1947 are no doubt epoch-making events. But there are other incidents in the Indo-British connexion, not so loudly blazoned forth by historians, which are not less significant to

TRIVENI

a thoughtful mind. One such incident took place in 1881 in a classroom in the Scottish Churches College, Calcutta. Dr. William Hastie was explaining a passage from *The Excursion*:

"In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not, in enjoyment it expired,
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!"

The students did not understand what all this meant. The professor said: "Such an experience is the result of purity of mind and concentration on some object. I have seen only one person who has experienced this state of mind and he is Ramakrishna Paramahansa of Dakshineswar. You can understand this if you go and see him." One of the students in that class was Narendra Nath Datta, famous later as Swami Vivekananda. It was then that for the first time Naren heard of his future Master. Thus Wordsworth led Vivekananda to Ramakrishna and, through this meeting, won Margaret Noble and Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood and Gerald Heard and how many more to the service of the Perennial Philosophy.

In the nature mysticism of Wordsworth there is to us nothing strikingly original. Ramakrishna himself had his first trance when he saw a flight of white cranes against a background of black clouds. Students of Zen Buddhism know how often the truth of the unity of Being has been revealed to the contemplative by the petal of a flower, or the gesture of a hand, or the curve of a mountain.

If Wordsworth in humble reverence learnt lessons of wisdom from animals and children and peasants, and even from idiots and madmen, he was only re-living some moments in the life of our own poet-philosopher, Sankara, whose encounter with an untouchable and an idiot boy occasioned two of his most famous poems.

Even the statesmanship of Wordsworth, not merely in its final form as described by John Stuart Mill and Professor Dicey, but in the whole, long, troubled process of its growth, affords nothing more than a good example of honest, practical *Varnasrama*. The village-poet became a national, a European and a world poet; the poet of the Revolutionary era became a poet of permanent importance, precisely because he did not run away from, but accepted and made his own,

WORDSWORTH

the circumstances of his age and country. The timelessness of William Wordsworth was the direct product of his utter timeliness. He is universal because he was uniquely and intensely himself. Wordsworth is Everyman because he was himself alone, rooted in his own place and time and circumstance, the product of his own peculiar predicament.

It has been well said that Wordsworth looked on men as trees walking. It may equally well be said that he looked on trees as men rooted to a spot. His skill lay in following Nature's silent footsteps at her own slow pace. He admired and almost worshipped men as they are in their daily life. He saw and sang the wonder of the commonplace:

"Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.....By words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are
Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures."

Wordsworth experienced in common things and expressed in common words a joy in widest commonalty spread. A man among men, he discovered and revealed a secret which is well within the reach of average humanity.

The conjuror who raises before our bewildered eyes in ten short minutes a whole mango tree with leaves and flowers and fruit, corresponds to the usual poet, the dealer in epic and tragic stuff. Deliberately turning away from such sensationalism, Wordsworth leads us to the deeper mystery, the more wonderful miracle of a real tree growing.

This indeed is the supreme wisdom taught to Svetaketu by his father. The boy returned home after twelve years in his master's house. His father said to him, "Svetaketu, my boy, you seem to have a great opinion of yourself. You think you are learned and you are proud. Have you acquired that knowledge whereby that which was not heard is heard?"

TRIVENI

"What is that knowledge? My honoured masters knew not this themselves. Explain this to me, father."

"So be it, my child. Bring me a fruit from this banyan tree."

"Here it is, father."

"Break it."

"It is broken, Sir."

"What do you see in it?"

"Very small seeds, Sir."

"Break one of them, my son."

"It is broken, Sir."

"What do you see in it?"

"Nothing at all, Sir."

"My son, from the very essence in the seed which you cannot see comes, in truth, this vast banyan tree. Believe me, my son, an invisible and subtle essence is the Spirit of the whole Universe. That is Reality. That is Atman. Thou art That."

Yes, the precious truth, the open secret, that Wordsworth discovered for himself, and that we Hindus take for granted as correct doctrine, is the immanence of Spirit in Man and the Universe.

In dozens of passages Wordsworth declares the presence of an active Principle in every form of Being — in stars, clouds, flowers, trees, stones, rock, the waters, the air and the mind of man.

Spirit that knows no insulated spot,

No chasm, no solitude; from link to link

It circulates, the soul of all the worlds.

Man and Nature belong to each other; man is not like the conjuror's mango tree, a construction; he is like the real tree, a natural growth. But man is different from the rest of creation in one respect; namely, that with the development of mind and reason, he can conceive of himself as a separate entity and may, if he is careless or obstinately perverse, cut himself off from the living whole. The danger of self-will can only be overcome by the grateful memory of experienced Unity. Hence Wordsworth's distrust of mind as the Enemy and his faith in memory as the Friend.

Wordsworth was lucky in his natural endowments—first, his fine awareness in childhood to sense impressions, and second, his natural, spontaneous idealism, his frequent trance-experiences in which spirit alone seemed to exist and matter to fall away and vanish. But this

WORDSWORTH

natural and healthy enjoyment of matter and spirit might have worn away, might have been corroded and consumed by Mind, might have sunk into customary staleness. This is exactly what happens in most of us. We too have known our godlike hours as natural beings in the strength of Nature; in our existence too we have had spots of time, that possess a renovating virtue. We too have known mother-love, our first sight of sea or river or mountain, our first visit to a temple or church, our first transforming apprehension of "objects that endure"—not to mention our daily reunion with our inmost being in deep sleep. These precious moments, which most people forget and then deny, Wordsworth treasured in his memory and made much of. How did this happen? It happened because of the great crisis in his life, the conflict of loyalties in the early months of 1793, when he lost his faith in the senses and the affections and when he leaned on mere reason for support and found that it failed him utterly.

The Prelude, the story of his early life, has been called, rightly enough, the pattern of the English poetic mind. But the two adjectives—'English' and 'poetic'—should, on careful consideration, be rejected as superfluous. *The Prelude* is, in reality, the pattern of Mind, the story of the growth of every normal human mind from *manas* into *buddhi*, the process by which, in Keats's words, "a world of pains and troubles schools an intelligence and makes it a soul."

In the Old and New Testaments taken together, that is, in the story of the loss and gain of Paradise, as in the story of the Prodigal Son who left his father's home and ate husk in a foreign land before he returned to his loving father and his not-so-loving elder brother, we have the same archetypal pattern which we find repeated in European civilisation and in 18th century English poetry and in the personal life of Wordsworth. This is the discovery of religion by the recovery of a lost innocence. The passage from *tamas* to *sattwa* lies through *rajas*. The eleventh and twelfth books of *The Prelude* describe the moral conflict, the internal disruption, which corresponds to the loss of Paradise, to the self-imposed exile in a famine-stricken foreign land, the divorce of mind from the senses and the affections which is the precondition of religious conversion. As Middleton Murry puts it, "The spiritual progress of man is a progress through three phases, unconscious integration with nature, conscious separation from nature, and conscious reintegration with nature." Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy in his 'Transformation of Nature in Art' describes these same phases as three kinds of knowledge; first,

TRIVENI

pratyaksha, direct immediate knowledge by experience, such as the child has of mother-love or objects of touch and taste; second, indirect knowledge, *anumana* or *aparoksha*, by inference, analysis, description, which is useful, no doubt, but partial and treacherous as leading to materialism, rationalism, cynicism and despair; and thirdly, the highest knowledge, *aparoksha pratyaksha*, the integral, intuitive knowledge of Spirit available to the contemplative saint. The prodigal son, we may be sure, had a keener appreciation of the parental roof than the stay-at-home elder brother. Wordsworth's golden years, 1797 to 1807, were full of this recovered joy in common things. Bread is no doubt commonplace and not worth singing about, but to a typhoid patient kept on strict diet for many weeks, the first bite of bread after his long illness is very heaven.

Nature Lyrics

The reflective Nature-lyrics in the 'Lyrical Ballads' of 1798 are classical in the distinctively new kind of poetry which Wordsworth created.¹ Here the language actually spoken by men is used, unfalteringly, for the simple and direct statement of the joy in Nature which the poet has now recovered after a terrible period of loss and privation and dismay.

These lyrics formed a *pons asinorum* which many worthy persons found it difficult to cross. The attack on books, the plea for passiveness, the assertions that linnets have wisdom and that throats can preach, that flowers enjoy the air they breathe, were treated as jokes or denounced as perverse. Viscount Morley declared: "No impulse from a vernal wood can teach us anything at all of moral evil and of good."

"How readest thou?" asked Jesus of a lawyer who was out to justify himself. How readest thou?—whether it is the law or poetry or Nature thou readest, *how readest thou?* is the question. Dost thou read humbly and seriously and with heart and will as well as intellect, or dost thou read cleverly and superciliously and for self-justification? Wordsworth reads Nature humbly and learns wisdom. Morley reads Wordsworth with the cleverness of a lawyer and learns nothing. If we are humble as we listen to Wordsworth, we shall learn that Man and Nature belong to each other as child and mother, tied together by gravitation and the filial bond of love. An inmate

"Lines written in early Spring," "To My Sister," "Expostulation and Reply," "Tables Turned."

WORDSWORTH

of this active universe, Man is in organic, living union with Nature; and when he is conscious of this union there is joy. This is true, immediate, integral knowledge. From books we get only a false, partial, indirect knowledge.

The Nature which the Sciences study is only the corpse in an Anatomy Laboratory. The Nature which the poet knows and enjoys is the living body, filled with spirit.

The intellect, refusing to wed, first murders and then proceeds to dissect Nature. But Man and Nature creatively unite to produce the living Reality which we call *Sat - Chit - Ananda*, Being - Awareness - Bliss.

To one who has enjoyed this bliss, goodness comes as naturally as leaves to a tree in spring. Coleridge and Morley and Lecky, in their strenuous pursuit of virtue, toiling and spinning, sowing and reaping, refuse to consider seriously lilies of the field and sparrows of the air and poets in their prime.

Tintern Abbey Lines

While many critics doubted the authenticity of these lyrics, both as poetry and as philosophy, the Tintern Abbey poem has been accepted as true autobiography and valid philosophy and has wrought a complete revolution in the general English attitude to Nature. That the English (or should one say the British) are a people with a compact, continuous and growing culture of their own is vividly illustrated by the success of the Tintern Abbey poem. The achievement of any Englishman becomes in time a general English achievement. The old, dirty water is thrown out before fresh clean water is received in the vessel. The 18th century attitude to Nature was destroyed once for all, and for the benefit of all Englishmen, by Wordsworth. It is sad to contrast the way in which many of us in this country retain not merely the Pre-Gandhian, but the Pre-Buddha and even the Pre-Upanishadic attitude to society.

The poem compares his mood in 1798 during his second visit to the Wye valley with his mood in 1793 during his first visit. In describing the different stages through which he passed in his enjoyment of Nature, he shows how his joy is rooted in memory. Avoiding all traditional symbols and images, this poem gives a clear, categorical and non-metaphorical account of numinous experience, and its value as evidence is enhanced by the poet's unaffected sincerity and painstaking accuracy.

Lyrics

Wordsworth's poems are usually accurate records of real occurrences. "The Solitary Reaper" was composed by Wordsworth during a walking tour in the Highlands of Scotland. A Highland girl reaping and singing by herself is seen by him and his sister. The song is in Gaelic and hence its meaning is not known to Wordsworth and his sister. The poem conveys in a thrilling manner the sense of loneliness and mystery. The Reaper, the one living creature there visible, dominates the landscape and her voice fills the valley. The stanza about the nightingale and the cuckoo is a piece of pure magic. It pictures two other situations where a vast silence is broken by the music of some solitary voice. Arabia and Hebrides are musical words conveying suggestions of distance and mystery. In the next stanza the poet wonders what the Reaper's song is about. He makes a series of guesses. *How* she sings the poet knows; she sings sadly. *What* she sings he does not know and can only guess. The lyric concludes with the statement of the Wordsworthian doctrine of memory. He carries the music in his memory long after he has ceased to hear it with his bodily ear.

The poem on the *Daffodils* ('I wandered lonely as a cloud') is of similar origin and leads to a similar conclusion. It is a paraphrase of an entry in Dorothy Wordsworth's journal. Coleridge, who had begun to drift away from Wordsworth and who had lost his faith in the power of memory and in the objective reality of joy, cites the last stanza of the *Daffodils* poem as an example of Wordsworth's mental bombast, that is, the use of thoughts and images too great for the object. He says, "bright colours in motion both make and leave the strongest impressions on the eye. A vivid image thus originated, may become the link of association in recalling the feelings and images that had accompanied the original impression. But if we describe this in such lines, as

They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude!

in what words shall we describe the joy of retrospection, when the images and virtuous actions of a whole well-spent life pass before that conscience which is indeed the *inward* eye: which is indeed 'the bliss of solitude'?" Coleridge, like Viscount Morley, misunderstood Wordsworth because he failed to see that spiritual experience is something *sui generis*, and that one moment of pure joy is worth a multitude of virtuous actions.

The poem on *The Glow-worm* is a simple and satisfying statement of a real experience, in which there is an element of suspense and the final joy is doubled because it is shared with one he loves.

Sonnets

Our chief interest in Wordsworth's sonnets lies in their exposition of the idea of national liberty and independence. Wordsworth's patriotism was not of the sort which says, "My country, right or wrong." Wordsworth discovered and expounded the correct doctrine of nationalism a whole generation before Mazzini, but important as this service was, it has done its work and is now only of historical interest. Shakespeare, Keats and other English poets have embroidered with their words and images the subject of sleep. It is not for its wit or fancy or phrasing, but rather for its directness and simplicity, that one goes to Wordsworth's sonnet on *Sleep*. Man becomes one with Nature, man enjoys a sort of unconscious bliss, in sleep. As we say in this country, in sleep we, ordinary creatures, touch the depths of our real nature, the ground of being from which spring our million little islands of individuality and over which rolls the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea of *samsara* or waking life. There is no difference between a Hitler and a Gandhi in their state of sleep.

This idea of sleep and its complete contrast to the state of wakefulness is applicable to a city as well as to an individual. In the sonnet on *Westminster Bridge*, Wordsworth compares London asleep to any rural valley, rock or hill. If we visit, say, our own Flower Bazaar in Madras at 3 A. M. and contrast its state with its appearance of an evening, we shall realise the beauty of stillness and the structural strength of Wordsworth's sonnet on Westminster Bridge.

The sonnet addressed to Milton is a fine example of what we may call social poetry as contrasted with Nature poetry. While man is a passive, though conscious and joyous, partner of Nature, his relation to society is more dynamic; and self-analysis and moral earnestness are in place in this kind of poetry. But Wordsworth's humility invokes Milton for uttering this exhortation.

The last sonnet written in 1815 ('Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind') was suggested by the thought of his daughter Catherine whom he recollects long after her death, because the joy he now feels was of the same kind as the joy he shared with her years before.

The Prelude

The first Book of *The Prelude* describes the history of his childhood till the age of ten. He describes bird-snaring, bird-nesting, an

T R I V E N I

expedition in a stolen boat, skating and other outdoor activities. These activities led to an unconscious love of Nature. In childhood he accepted sun, moon and stars, the mountains and the lakes, as the background of his glad animal movements. But later he loved them for their own sake.

When he took a bird which had been caught in a snare set by another boy, he felt the twinges of conscience. The moral law is only a part of the law of Nature. And Nature, not society, taught him virtue.

When he attempted to rob the raven's nest of its eggs and clung to the steep crag, he experienced a sense of danger. In imagination he went through the experience of death and through mortality he put on immortality. Wordsworth came face to face with the immortal spirit within him in this awful moment, when he seemed for the last time to hear the wind and to watch the sky and clouds. This vivid, integral and immediate experience of a moral law and of life and death came back to his memory after the crisis of 1793, and it was in the course of writing *The Prelude* that he discovered, in his childhood's contact with Nature, the hiding places of his power.

From THE PRELUDE

Book I, Lines 301-339

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
Much favoured in my birthplace, and no less
In that beloved Vale to which erelong
We were transplanted—there were we let loose
For sports of wider range. Ere I had told
Ten birthdays, when among the mountain slopes
Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapped
The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy—
With store of springes o'er my shoulder hung—
To range the open heights where woodcocks run
Along the smooth green turf. Through half the night,
Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied
That anxious visitation; moon and stars
Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace
That dwelt among them. Sometimes it befell
In these night wanderings, that a strong desire

W O R D S W O R T H

O'erpowered my better reason, and the bird
Which was the captive of another's toil
Became my prey; and when the deed was done
I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

Nor less when spring had warmed the cultured Vale,
Moved we as plunderers where the mother-bird
Had in high places built her lodge; though mean
Our object and inglorious, yet the end
Was not ignoble. Oh! when I have hung
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
Blow through my ears! the sky seemed not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!

A passage from Book IV of *The Prelude* describes his dedication during the summer vacation of 1788. The sheer irrelevancy of prudence and morality and taking of thought is fully and finally proved by this passage.

Book IV, Lines 307-338

And yet, for chastisement of these regrets,
The memory of one particular hour
Doth here rise up against me. Mid a throng
Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons staid,
A medley of all tempers, I had passed
The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,
With din of instruments and shuffling feet,
And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,
And unaimed prattle flying up and down;
Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there
Slight shocks of young love-liking interspersed,
Whose transient pleasure mounted to the head
And tingled through the veins. Ere we retired,
The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky

TRIVENI

Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse
And open field, through which the pathway wound,
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the fields.
Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me, bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

By humility and a wise passiveness the poet had earned much more merit than he could have by strenuous pursuit of virtue. The spirit bloweth where and when it listeth.

The Immortality Ode

The great problem in Wordsworth is the contrast between the glorious outburst of song and philosophic utterance during the years 1797 to 1807, and the comparative dullness, staleness and conventionality of the poems composed in the last forty years of his life. There is no parallel in the world's literature to this phenomenon of an inspired poet suddenly and completely losing his inspiration and yet going on writing masses of verse as if unconscious of the loss. The gods sell all things at a price, and the price which they demand from any given people for national solidarity, for a coherent culture, is the destruction of excessive originality. A good poet, says Garrod, is a man who throws bricks at windows and breaks them. Good and pious persons do not want their windows broken and the fresh air of heaven to get into their comfortable homes. Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria* delivers a direct attack on Wordsworth's admiration for children and, especially, his admiration for them on the ground of their not knowing the meaning of death. He singles out for special condemnation the sixth stanza of the *Ode*:

WORDSWORTH

"Thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!"

In the best manner of Samuel Johnson he exclaims,

"What does all this mean? In what sense is a child of that age a *philosopher*? In what sense does he *read* 'the eternal deep'? In what sense is he declared to be 'for ever haunted' by the Supreme Being? or so inspired as to deserve the splendid titles of a *mighty prophet*, a *blessed seer*? By reflection? by knowledge? by conscious intuition? or by *any* form or modification of consciousness? In what sense can the magnificent attributes, above quoted, be appropriated to a *child*, which would not make them equally suitable to a *bee*, or a *dog*, or a *field of corn*: or even to a ship, or to the wind and waves that propel it? The omnipresent Spirit works equally in them, as in the child; and the child is equally unconscious of it as they."

The whole difference between a child on the one hand and a bee, a dog, a field of corn, a ship or the wind on the other, is that the child grows into a man, the child is father of the man, the child retains, and builds upon, the memory of its first dim oneness with Nature, while the bee, the dog, the field of corn, remain forever a bee, a dog, a field of corn. Wordsworth knew and believed in the power of memory, of integral knowledge, in the evolution of human personality. Coleridge and most other Englishmen of his time were too arrogant to learn from children, tho' of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. No wonder that Wordsworth lost heart, lost confidence in himself; and for the sake of conformity and because a good poem could no more be explained than a good joke, he wrote to please his public, not himself, and ceased to feel freshly or to remember truly.

In the first four stanzas of the Immortality Ode, Wordsworth raises the following question:—"When I was young I saw a visionary splendour not only in the rainbow, the rose, the moon and the sun but in every common sight, the meadow, grove and stream. Even now I see the splendour of extraordinary things like the rainbow, the rose, the moon and the sun. But the common objects have lost the glory and the freshness of a dream. What is this change due to? When in childhood I saw Heaven on earth, was it an illusion created by myself, or was the glory of earth seen by me in childhood the real truth and have I now lost the power of seeing the truth?" These

TRIVENI

same questions can be put in another way and indeed they are so put by Wordsworth in his *Prelude*, "What one is, why may not millions be!" For Wordsworth's problem is the artist's problem, it is the human problem, it is the central problem of all philosophy. Wordsworth in childhood saw with the eye of the mystic. For him then earth was crammed with Heaven and every common bush aflame with God. For him then the whole earth was full of God's glory. Were the Upanishadic seers right, were Jesus and Laotse right, who saw the world as Wordsworth saw it in childhood? Or are we, ordinary people, right who see the world as Wordsworth saw it in his 32nd year?

To this question he found no answer in 1802. But by 1805, when he had completed *The Prelude*, he found the answer and he states it triumphantly in the last seven stanzas of the Immortality Ode.

Wordsworth gratefully accepts the gifts of memory. Memory gives him back the integral experience of childhood.

About the obstinate questionings referred to in the ninth stanza, Wordsworth says, "I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality." He had to push against something that resisted, to be sure there was anything outside of him. He was sure of his own mind; everything else fell away, and vanished into thought.

In the last stanza Wordsworth reconciles himself to the loss of this direct experience of spirit by the thought that the grown up man has reflection, sympathy and social activities. Also, successive generations of children continue to be born and to enjoy this natural, spontaneous idealism.

At the time that he was completing the Immortality Ode, Wordsworth was engaged in expressing his sense of heroism in poems like the "Happy Warrior" and "Elegiac Stanzas". These poems explain how the individual has to give up the quest for personal salvation and to merge himself, not in the rapt contemplation of Nature, but in the lives of other men.

(Paper read at the British Council, Madras, on the occasion of the Wordsworth Centenary, 30th August, 1950).

THE KASHMIR TANGLE

By Prof. S. P. SANGAR, M. A. (Hons.)

(Government Hamidia College, Bhopal)

The fair land of Kashmir, which was desecrated by invaders from the tribal areas, is slightly smaller than Great Britain and about the same size as Hyderabad. It has an area of 84,471 square miles. The world-famed vale of Kashmir, the emerald set in pearls, is 6,000 feet above the sea level. The peak of the Mount Godwin Austin in Kashmir is 28,250 feet high, second only to the great Mt. Everest in height and grandeur.

The population of Kashmir, according to the census figures of 1941, was 40,21,616. Of this 77.11% were Muslims, 20% Hindus and 1.6% Sikhs, the rest comprising Buddhist and other faiths. As a result of the foreign raid in 1947, a large number of Hindus were made to leave Kashmir, and a great number of Muslims from Pakistan entered, thus raising the Muslim population in 1948 to 95%.

Kashmir has an ancient history going back to 3,000 years. Legend has it that the original name of the valley was "Kashyapa Mira", after its founder, the sage Kashyapa.

Asoka founded the city of Srinagar in the third century B. C. Buddhism, introduced by Asoka, existed side by side with Hinduism for several centuries. Lalitaditya was one of the greatest Hindu rulers of Kashmir. He conquered the neighbouring land of the Panjab and Central Asia and built the famous Martand temple. Sultan Zainul-ab-din ruled Kashmir in the beginning of the fifteenth century. Akbar conquered it in 1586. Jehangir and Shahjehan laid out a number of gardens there. After the defeat of the Sikhs in 1846, Kashmir and Gilgit passed from the hand of their Sikh masters to the British. Maharaja Gulab Singh who held Jammu, Ladakh and Baluchistan, purchased Kashmir and Gilgit from the British. Maharaja Hari Singh and his son Yuvaraja Karan Singh are descendants of Maharaja Gulab Singh.

Kashmir, like other Indian States, was till recently under the rule of a despotic and autocratic ruler. The Indian National Congress launched the States People's Conference, a movement for the

TRIVENI

liberation of the people of the States. Kashmir, under the guidance of its popular and brave leader, Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah, was much affected and inspired by this movement. • The National Conference, consisting of persons of all castes, creeds, and religions, having faith in "the objective of a responsible and democratic Government in the State," carried on agitation from 1939. In that year the National Conference passed a resolution known as the "national demand". "This resolution advocated responsible government, joint (not communal) electorates based on adult franchise, with seats reserved for the minorities, and legislative control of expenditure in most of the departments of the government." Sheikh Abdullah, like the Indian National leaders, was repeatedly imprisoned and in 1946 was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. On this occasion Pandit Nehru went to Kashmir to defend and support Sheikh Abdullah.

As a result of the British announcement of June 3, 1947, and by the Indian Independence Act, India and Pakistan came into existence on August 15, 1947. This Act also announced the lapse of Paramountcy, but provided that any of the Princely States could accede to either of the Dominions, or might stay out of them as a separate entity.

After August 15, 1947, India put no pressure on Kashmir for accession, as India wanted "not mere accession from the top, but an association in accordance with the will of the people." But soon after 15th August, Pakistan signed with Kashmir a Standstill Agreement according to which posts, telegraphs and railways were to be administered by Pakistan.

Now Pakistan got seized with the anxiety of effecting an immediate accession of Kashmir. In order to attain her objective she brought every pressure to bear upon Kashmir. As all the supplies vital to Kashmir's need, like food-grains, salt, sugar, and petrol, came from Pakistan, and could not be easily supplied by India, Pakistan was in a position to put a very serious pressure on Kashmir. She applied an economic blockade, and stopped the supply of these articles and threatened the economic stifling of Kashmir.

But when this failed to achieve her objective, she let loose a torrent of tribal raids on the unhappy valley. Tribal raiders from the N. W. F. Province, and Pakistan nationals and ex-service men from the neighbouring districts of Western Panjab, were collected on the Pakistan border, equipped with the latest weapons and hurled on Kashmir under the command of competent officers. These blood-

THE KASHMIR TANGLE

thirsty raiders set up a reign of terror and committed serious acts of depredation on the unhappy inhabitants. They indulged in murder, arson, and loot and foul attacks on women and children. A considerable portion of Jammu fell into their hands.

On October 24, 1947, the raiders, under the command of Major Khurshid Anwar, Deputy Commander of the Pakistan Muslim League National Guard, swooped down on Muzaffarabad and started their career of murder, rape and arson. These men were armed with Bren guns, machine-guns, mortars, flame-throwers and had a large number of transport vehicles.

The Maharaja of Kashmir appealed to Pakistan not to aid the raiders; but his request fell on deaf ears. Then he appealed to India. There was discussion on it on the 25th and 26th in the Defence Council, as the question was to be considered from all points of view and was fraught with serious consequences. On the 26th an urgent appeal came from the Maharaja and from the popular leader of Kashmir, Sheikh Abdullah, who was by now released from jail. They begged for immediate military aid and offered the accession of Kashmir to India. Lord Mountbatten, the then Governor-General of India, advised the Government of India to accept the accession. India did so; but we made it clear to the Maharaja that the accession would not be valid, unless it was decided by reference to the will of the people after Kashmir was cleared of the raiders and peace restored. Another condition was that the Government of Kashmir must be carried on in accordance with the popular will and Sheikh Abdullah be charged to form a popular Government.

Our Prime Minister sent immediate help to Kashmir by air, but not before the 27th of October. A delay of 24 hours would have meant the fall of Srinagar and disastrous consequences for Kashmir, India and Pakistan. Our troops went into action immediately and their gallant commander died fighting.

Now the question naturally arises: "What led Pakistan to aid and abet the raiders?" The reason is not far to seek. Pakistan wanted to coerce Kashmir into accession, and when she failed to do so, decided to capture Kashmir by force of arms. Pakistan was fighting the battle of Kashmir, standing behind the raiders; and, in the event of their being victorious, she was to become the virtual mistress of the valley, and present to the world a *fait accompli*. "Pakistan will not be complete without Kashmir and it is the duty of every Pakistani to be prepared for it," said Mr. Abdul Quaiyum

TRIVENI

Khan, Premier of the N. W. F. P., while making a public speech on September 18, 1949, in Hyderabad (Sind). Once this principle was decided on, Pakistan started to execute it in practice, and to gain her objective she put forward all sorts of pleas. For about ten months she denied any sort of complicity in the Kashmir imbroglio, and her great public leaders and responsible men in the Government vehemently supported that denial. But when Pakistan could no longer conceal her large armies and her hand behind the scenes became absolutely clear, she began to put forward all sorts of reasons for the invasion of Kashmir. On February 7—10, 1950, Sir Mohd. Zafrullah said in the Security Council that Kashmir's accession to India was not valid, as the majority of the population was Muslim and the country adjoined Pakistan. But when an exactly similar plea was offered for the creation of Pakhtunistan, Pakistan, instead of meeting their demand, began to bomb the Pakhtuns into silence. In the one case it was a question of mere religion, in the other that of nationality along with the sameness of religion.

To the Pakistani and British propaganda, concentrating attention on Mr. Jinnah's two-nation theory and Kashmir's accession to Pakistan on religious grounds, our Prime Minister retorted on Sep. 24, 1949, during the All-Jammu-Kashmir Conference at Srinagar:

"This is a surprising argument. At no time in India have we accepted the two-nation theory, nor will we accept it. Why did we agree to partition? To avoid conflict, disorder, and postponement of achievement of freedom.....What we accepted was the popular verdict as expressed by the elected representatives and not the two-nation theory. *If we had accepted the theory, 40,000,00 Muslims would have become aliens in India.*"

The last words are significant.

In his statement before the Security Council (Feb. 7-10, 50) the Pakistan Foreign Minister also said:

"Kashmir.....is vital for Pakistan.....If Kashmir should accede to India, Pakistan might as well, from both the economic and strategic points of view, become a feudatory of India or *cease to exist as an independent sovereign State.*"

Now the words in italics were meant to stir the already active imagination of the British people. Sir Zafrullah wanted to awe the British opinion that in the event of Kashmir remaining out, Pakistan, the child of their creation, would cease to exist! The Pakistan Foreign Minister's plea of economic and strategic importance was an

THE KASHMIR TANGLE

unsuccessful attempt to take the wind out of India's sails and a mere counter-argument to India's similar plea. Much earlier than Sir Zafrullah's statement in the Security Council, India's Prime Minister had affirmed on Nov. 25, 1947, in India's Constituent Assembly (Legislative) that Kashmir was vital to the economy and strategy of India. "Kashmir, because of her geographical position, with her frontiers with three countries, namely, the Soviet Union, China and Afghanistan, is intimately connected with the security and international contacts of India. Economically also, Kashmir is intimately related to India. The caravan routes from Central Asia to India pass through the Kashmir State."

To put it in a nut-shell, Pakistan's argument has been that a strong State, on the plea of supposed national security, and in Pan-Islamic interests, has every right to devour a neighbouring State.

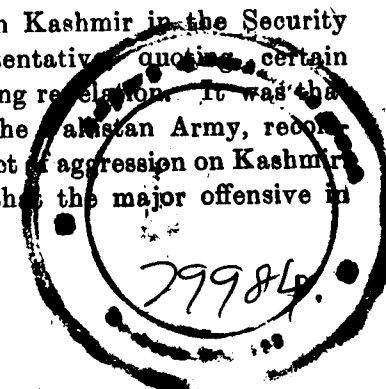
To support Pakistan in its wild policies and ruinous adventures, Britain has been the main inspiring, guiding and controlling hand. Pakistan was not created for nothing. It was designed to be used as an Anglo-American military base against Russia. Towards the end of last year a writer in the London "Economist" wrote:

"Suddenly, bases in Pakistan seem to have become more important than those of Egypt or Palestine. Karachi is two days steaming nearer the Persian Gulf than Alexandria, and Persia's vulnerable frontiers with Russia would be better defended from Quetta than from the Canal zone. Moreover, in the Middle East proper.....one must also have a military mission and a garrison.....local armies have neither the technicians nor officers to stand up to a modern army. But Pakistan's forces have learnt their trade the hard way in two world wars, and any British officers, they feel they need, can hold operational command and are not confined to advisory functions in a mission."

Herein lies the genesis of Anglo-Saxon interest in Pakistan's game in Jammu-Kashmir. Pakistan, along with India, has thus become a piece in the chess-board of international politics.

In the February, 1950, discussions on Kashmir in the Security Council, Sir B. N. Rau, India's representative, quoting certain statements of Sir Zafrullah, made a startling revelation. It was the General Gracie, Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army, recommended to the Pakistan Government the act of aggression on Kashmir. From his statement it is absolutely clear that the major offensive in

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TRIVENI

Kashmir was launched at the instance of General Gracie, a British subject.

To resume the thread of events our armed forces went to Kashmir on the invitation of the Ruler and of the acknowledged leader of the people. They saved the valley of Kashmir and the city of Srinagar from ruination and drove the raiders away. Since then large-scale fighting began to take place. Now it was a clear case of aggression on the part of Pakistan and Pakistan's armies fighting on Indian soil. But India still desisted from attacking Pakistan. On the other hand, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, a lover and champion of world peace, tried to explore all avenues to a peaceful solution of the Kashmir problem. He requested the Pakistan Government not to give the raiders transit through Pakistan territory by motor or rail, not to supply them petrol, food and ammunition, not to allow them the use of Pakistan territory as a base of operations, and to stop Pakistan nationals and Pakistan officers from taking part in operations against the Jammu and Kashmir State, as this State formed a part of India by accession.

A letter specifying these various objectionable forms of aid to the raiders was delivered personally by Pandit Nehru to Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan on 22nd December, 1947, in New Delhi. Pakistan kept mum. India's two reminders failed to elicit any reply. Actuated by an inflexible determination to solve the Kashmir tangle by peaceful methods, India presented the case at the bar of world opinion, and on December 30, 1947, lodged a formal protest with the Security Council of the UNO.

It is needless to say that the attitude of the Security Council to India's request has been most unsatisfactory, regrettable and amazing. Because of the United Kingdom's interest in Pakistan, the other members of the Security Council fell into her way of thinking and were led astray. To India's simple complaint that Pakistan was an aggressor and was aiding and abetting the raiders and that she should be persuaded not to do so, the Security Council never gave any consideration. Rather, they side-tracked the issue and slurred it over. Instead of taking action on India's complaint, they decided to investigate Pakistan's out-of-the-way and fantastic charges of India's determination to crush Pakistan, organized genocide of Muslims in India, accession of Junagadh, and the procurement of Kashmir's accession by force of arms.

THE KASHMIR TANGLE

On 28th January, 1948, the Security Council established a United Nations Commission on India and Pakistan and charged it with the task of carrying out this investigation. India vehemently resisted this action of the Security Council. There was so much agitation and resentment against the Security Council's decision that, at one time, it was considered likely that India would withdraw her case from the UNO. Pandit Nehru sent a note to the Security Council that India would not acquiesce in this extension of the Commission's scope and refused to co-operate.

Pakistan denied all charges levelled against her by India. Her representatives were apparently irritated that such charges should have been made against her. Her politicians, statesmen and leaders emphatically denied that Pakistan had anything to do with the raids. But when the UNCIP arrived in India in July, 1948, and observed things for two months, startling revelations were made. Pakistan admitted on September 6, 1948, that her armies were fighting in Kashmir—an admission which, twenty-four hours before, they were not prepared to make. It was really a most amazing thing that responsible persons in a Government should, for over ten months, repeat all manner of lies about their non-complicity in the aggression, should try to deceive the world and then suddenly, on being found out, make admission of their complicity! Their whole case, built so laboriously, was torn to pieces. Pakistan admitted that her armies were sent to Kashmir in the month of April when India launched a great offensive against the raiders. But, from the statement of General Gracie, Sir B. N. Rau proved in the Security Council that the Pakistan armies had been there much earlier and Pakistan was aiding the raiders in some direct or indirect manner. Pakistan's plea was that her armies were in Kashmir in defensive position against the mounting Indian armies. What a convenient argument! What a place this world would become, if Governments of countries began to send their armies to other countries to take up defensive positions there! Pakistan sent her armies to Kashmir to protect herself against an invasion of Pakistan by India through the mountain passes of Kashmir! "It would have been easier," remarked Pandit Nehru recently, "to send our armies to Tibet and Central Asia and come down to Pakistan through the Karakoram Pass." But imagination staggers at the thought of a country sending her armies into the territory of a neighbouring State, and that too without even informing her or the UNO! While invading a country, even Hitler was more courteous in his pleas and procedure.

Both India and Pakistan agreed in the Security Council to decide the matter by plebiscite.

The UNCIP's resolution of 13th August, 1948, assumed great importance. After dilatory tactics and with many reservations, Pakistan came to agree to the 13th August resolution of the Commission. In October 1948, in the General Assembly of the UNO in Paris, India and Pakistan agreed to the general principles of a plebiscite.

Due to the Commission's good offices, the cease-fire in Kashmir became effective one minute before the midnight of January 1, 1949. On January 5, the Commission unanimously adopted a resolution supplementing the Commission's resolution of August 13, 1948. On April 15, both the Governments received from the Commission proposals for a full truce agreement, representing an adjustment of "view-points within the frame-work of commitments already entered into".

But here difficulties again began to raise their head and "we came up against a blank wall," because of Pakistan's attitude and her virtual refusal to carry out the agreements regarded as definite pre-requisites for a plebiscite. India had put before the Commission three conditions for a fair plebiscite in Kashmir:

1. Provision for the administration of the sparsely populated Northern districts.
2. Disarming of the Azad forces.
3. Withdrawal of Pakistan troops and nationals from Kashmir.

Now these three conditions were agreed to by the Commission and Pakistan, and India stood by her promise. But at this stage a surprise was flung upon India. On August 30, 1949, Mr. Attlee and President Truman suggested to India and Pakistan the idea of arbitration for the solution of the Kashmir problem. The arbitrator was to be Admiral Chester Nimitz appointed by the UNO. The minority report of the UNCIP revealed that this idea was absolutely British-inspired. India reacted immediately with vehemence against this "unwarranted intervention" of England and America.

When on December 17, 1949, the United Nations Commission for India and Pakistan reported to the Security Council, it was found that three outstanding issues remained unsettled; and these were the same three conditions for a plebiscite put forward by India.

On the suggestion of the Norwegian member, General McNaughton of Canada was appointed by the Security Council to carry on private and informal conversations with India and Pakistan and to find a mutually satisfactory basis for the solution of the Kashmir problem. He failed to meet with success, as he blundered over the same point and could not persuade Pakistan to abide by the three conditions of India for a plebiscite. Instead, he suggested 'synchronized' withdrawal of Indian and Pakistan troops from Kashmir. India held by her original contention; Pakistan refused to carry out her commitment; and the mediation fell through.

When the Security Council again took up the matter, it decided that a single mediator be appointed between India and Pakistan who should make both the parties agree to withdraw their armies within five months, before the plebiscite could take place. Sir Owen Dixon, Judge of the High Court of Australia, was selected by the Security Council to be the Mediator (April 12, 1950).

Sir Owen Dixon came to India, met the representatives of both the countries and then towards the end of August, 1950, he announced his proposals. He rejected the idea of an overall plebiscite and suggested a partial plebiscite. He held that during the time of the plebiscite the government of Jammu and Kashmir should be handed over to a U. N. authority. India gave short shrift to this "most astounding" and "extra-ordinarily illogical" proposal. India held that the proposal of handing over the administration of Kashmir to a Plebiscite Commissioner could be agreed to only by a government in a state of disruption, and the Governments of India and Kashmir were not in a state of disruption. To agree to such a proposal was to give Pakistan 90% success in Kashmir, as it would amount to a virtual diplomatic victory for Pakistan and she would surely make all possible use of it. Pandit Nehru has described the whole situation as that of 'Alice in Wonderland.'

So the situation has gone back to where it was. It is baffling every attempt at solution. The main reason why the Kashmir issue has suffered shipwreck is that the Security Council has failed to face the basic question. The Korean situation offers an analogy. The Security Council has declared North Korea as the aggressor and has refused to listen to the invader unless she withdraws from South Korea. Pakistan has admitted her aggression, and here the Security Council is giving all facilities to the aggressor. India fails to understand this discrimination. The United Nations Commission agreed

T R I V E N I

that Pakistan armies should withdraw from Kashmir; but the Security Council has failed to compel the aggressor to go back. This attitude of the UNO has made public opinion in India doubt the sincerity of the UNO in solving the Kashmir affair. The Korean issue has demonstrated to the world with what unflinching determination India can fight for justice and call a spade a spade. The exigencies of the present world situation make it clear that it is a dangerous game to appease the aggressor. World peace requires that the statesmen of the world should remove cobwebs in their thinking and face facts boldly. Pandit Nehru expressed the view the other day that it is time "we started from the beginning and went back to fundamental realities". The reason for all the bungling has been that the Security Council started on wrong premises and this led to wrong conclusions. From the very beginning India has taken a clear stand that Pakistan is the aggressor and must be forced to withdraw before a fair plebiscite can be held.

It is hoped that the Security Council decides to focus attention on the fundamental issue and do justice to India, if for nothing else, at least for the sacred cause of world peace.

BALI : ISLAND OF THE BRAVE

By Dr. N. P. CHAKRAVARTI

(Director-General of Archaeology, Government of India)

BALI, literally meaning "the island of the brave", is a small island of irregular shape lying to the East of Java. It is less than 100 miles in length and 50 in breadth, half of which only is inhabited by a population of a million and a half, the other half consisting of forests and hills being left to the denizens of the wilderness. But nonetheless this charming island, where nature has poured forth her unlimited bounties, has a special interest for India. While the rest of Indonesia is now Muslim, Bali, since its colonization by the Indians in the early centuries of the Christian era, has remained mainly Hindu.

Very little is known of the early history of Bali. The first historical name we come across in the inscriptions of the early 10th century is that of Ugrasena, the ruler of Bali. Towards the end of the same century, Dharmavamsa, the king of Java, conquered Bali and appointed Udayana, a Balinese nobleman married to a Javanese princess, as his Governor.

The offspring of this union was Erlangga, a name famous in Javanese history, who after passing through many vicissitudes of fortune conquered Java in 1035 A. D. and became the combined ruler of Java and Bali. During the next three centuries Bali had a chequered history, sometimes as an independent kingdom and sometimes as nominally subordinate to Java, until it was overrun in 1343 A. D. by Gaja Mada, the famous Prime Minister of the Majapahit rulers, and annexed to the Javanese empire along with many other islands of the archipelago.

This was a turning point in the cultural history of Bali, as from this time onwards it came under the direct influence of Javanese culture. Towards the end of the 15th century, not able to withstand the onslaught of Islam, the last Majapahit ruler, together with the other Javanese who wanted to save their religion and culture, took refuge in Bali which remained free from the Muslim incursion and had preserved its independence.

TRIVENI

Bali was already divided into nine principalities, each under a separate Governor more or less independent. A Majapahit prince now made himself the overlord of Bali under the title of Deva Agung with Gelgel as the capital. After its destruction in the 17th century the capital was shifted to Klungkung.

The Dutch came into contact with Bali as early as 1597, but they did not interfere with its internal administration till the middle of the 19th century. But in 1814, during the British occupation, Boeleleng was occupied for a short while by the Raffles Government because of some domestic trouble. But all this time internecine quarrels were going on among the chiefs, resulting in misrule and continuous shifting of power. This gave an opportunity to the Dutch to gradually bring one district after another under their own administration through military expeditions.

Even then they did not find it easy. The last expedition was sent as late as 1908 against the Deva Agung of Klungkung. On the day the palace was besieged and all seemed lost, the Dutch Army was suddenly faced with a procession of men, women and children dressed in their best coming out of the palace. The king himself was in their midst in full regalia seated on his golden chair which was carried on the shoulders of his trusted ministers.

At first, fearing an attack, the army opened fire, but there was no reprisal. At a given signal a priest in white robes raised his sword and struck it into the breasts of women and children about him. When the amazed soldiers refused to fire, the women and children begged to be killed as they preferred death to a life of subjugation and dishonour. The prince was the first to fall and with him were many of his brave followers.

The few who could be caught alive were interned on the neighbouring island of Lambok, and Klungkung was formally incorporated into the Dutch empire. With this last sacrifice the Hindu rule of the island of the brave came to an end.

In the present set-up the principalities have all federated into an autonomous State, governed by a Council of the eight Rajahs, assisted by a representative body chosen according to democratic methods.

Balinese society is divided into four Vamsas or castes—Brahman, Kshatriya, Vaisya, and Sudra, the same division as in Ancient India. Polygamy is not forbidden and a man is allowed to take a

BALI: ISLAND OF THE BRAVE

wife from a lower caste but not from a higher one. They believe in the Vedas, and their principal deities are Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, who form the Hindu Trinity, the last occupying the highest place. There is also a host of subsidiary gods and goddesses well-known in India, besides the numerous sea, mountain and forest deities and also wicked spirits. Their 18 Sasanas take the place of Indian Smritis and their social laws and rituals are guided by them. The pedendas or priests conduct all ceremonies but the Brahmins, who consider themselves spiritually higher, do not worship images in temples. This lesser form of worship viz., idol worship, is left to the members of the subordinate castes.

The life of the Balinese is centred round their temples. Each household has special shrines for ancestors where offerings of food and flowers are kept for the departed. In addition, there is the common village temple which is not only used as a place of worship but for everything connected with village community life. The temple gates are guarded by figures of demons who are ever awake to ward off evils. Beyond the main gate is a succession of three courtyards, each set apart for a particular purpose.

The three principal ceremonies in the life of the Balinese are the teeth-filing ceremony, marriage and funeral. The teeth-filing ceremony is confined to the male and is performed on attaining puberty. Not more than six teeth are filed, and unless this is done one is not allowed to hold any responsible position in the village.

Boys and girls are quite free to mix with one another and to choose their own mates. But permission of the parents on either side is essential. After sanction has been obtained comes the betrothal ceremony, when a number of relatives and friends of both sexes visit the girl's house with presents of clothes, ornaments, betel leaves, fruit and other eatables. Then on an auspicious day fixed by the priest, the boy, accompanied by his parents and others, goes to the girl's house to fetch the bride. The marriage ceremony is performed by the priest in the temple of the boy's village in the presence of his people and the village headman.

The Balinese cremate their dead and cremation is their most spectacular and expensive ceremony. The expenses are so heavy and the auspicious moments are so rare, that one has to wait two to three years before it can be performed. In a rich family the body is kept mummified by a special process in a specially built pavilion near the home of the deceased. Offerings of food and flowers have to be made

TRIVENI

for the dead several times a day and the body cannot be left unattended even for a minute. The neighbours always come to help in the vigil and they have to be entertained with food and drink.

The day before cremation the ceremony of fetching water from a holy spring or river is performed. Offerings of flowers, food and various articles of toilet are carried on silver platters in procession for the goddess of water.

The day of the cremation is a great one and crowds gather from miles around. It is not a day for sorrow but for rejoicing. Various offerings of flowers, food and clothing are carried in procession to the cremation ground for the use of the departed soul on its way to the other world.

Accompanied by the Gamelan orchestra, women specially selected for their beauty march with offerings on silver platters and bowls; then come the Kris (ceremonial knife) bearers in their full regalia. They are followed by another group of women carrying the holy water, and last of all are carried the ceremonial articles required for cremation. Most striking among the latter is the decorated cremation tower—carved in wood and got ready at great cost after months of labour—where the body is placed in a niche and the coffin made in the shape of an animal (usually that of a cow), in which the body is to be cremated later, is on view.

On reaching the cremation ground the body is washed with the holy water and placed in the coffin, and at the appropriate moment the officiating priest lights the pyre on which are placed the coffin and the tower amidst cheers from the crowd.

The whole thing is ablaze in a few minutes, but nobody would think of leaving until the last glow of fire has died away. The relatives collect the ashes on the following day and consign them to the river nearby, scattering petals of flowers on them till they have been carried away by the stream.

Of the arts and crafts of Bali the most famous are wood-carving and silver-repouse work, both of great antiquity. The art of painting on cloth and illuminating palm leaf manuscripts according to traditional designs are also ancient. The preparation of Batik cloth with intricate designs, in gold when meant for ceremonial use, is of more modern origin and acquired through Java.

The Balinese are artistic by temperament. Whatever they do there is always an artistic touch about it. There is an art even in

BALI: ISLAND OF THE BRAVE

the laying out of rice-fields in endless terraces, watered by the age old system of irrigation. This has been found so satisfactory that the P. W. D. have preferred not to change it. The distribution of water is left to the water conservation associations organised by the Balinese themselves.

The women vie with one another in producing the most artistic arrangement of cones of fruits, flowers and rice cakes as offerings to the temple. With very simple materials such as banana plants, bamboos and the hearts of the cocoanut palm, all of which they possess in plenty, they produce wonderful decorative designs. On the occasion of the tour of the Indonesian President and the Prime Minister of India, practically the whole of the 100 mile route was decorated with such objects. Even the several dozen gateways which were put up on the route had as their decorative material only leaves, flowers and sliced bananas dipped in colour. The general effect was magnificent.

No article on Bali would be complete without a short account of its dances and theatres. Every village has its own Gamelan orchestra and dance troupe. During our recent visit, in every village and town we were received with Gamelan music. Boys and girls stood lined up on either side of the road shouting "Merdeka" (liberty); in some places girls threw flowers at the guests or danced, prettily dressed, to the music.

Besides Wayang, or shadow plays, which are popular throughout Bali and Java, Bali has its own special dances, which must be performed in the temple courtyard and of which there are half a dozen varieties. Ketjak or the monkey dance is the most exciting. Of the secular dances the most popular is the Djanger, performed by boys and girls, and may be termed the Balinese opera. Most of the stories are taken from popular legends, both ancient and modern, and are accompanied by the Gamelan orchestra and intermittent songs.

One of the oldest dances in Bali is the Radjang where the dancers impersonate the celestial nymphs dancing in honour of the gods. This dance is confined only to the boys and girls of the villages of Tenganan and Asak in the province of Karangasen. These villages are the only remnants of ancient Bali and have their own traditions which are different from the rest of the island.

— *By courtesy of the Indonesian Information Service.*

THE LAURELS

By N. BALAMANI AMMA

(Translated by the Author from the original in Malayalam)

I

Through the long long dusky way,
In a victorious march,
I reached the Kingdom of Earth
And was garlanded with this string of blossoms;
A fount of colours that shine and die;
A ripple of primeval joy that brings purity in its wake.

II

Entrapped was my soul in the tight embrace
Of this softness embodied.
My star-crowned head bowed to inhale
Its fragrance sweet;
My heart, drunk with the light of Infinity,
Stooped to suck its honey-drops;
My hands, laden with the treasures of the Universe,
Bent to pluck the petals of its roses.

III

They fade, these blossoms that open
The jewelled portals of beauty,
They drop one by one, before my fond gaze.
Transitory, this garland : let it be.
Am I not the prospective conqueror of this world?
Am I not destined to wear the laurels,
Won from myriad spheres of splendour?

At the journey's end,
As I regain the abode of peace,
There shall lie dormant in me,
The perfume of garlands innumerable.

The Background of Assamese Culture

By PRAPHULLADATTA GOSWAMI, M. A.

I

Culture is a term admitting of various interpretations. The consensus of opinion seems to indicate that it generally transcends the biological individual and deals with the mass of learned and transmitted habits, techniques, ideas, and values—and the behaviour they induce in a particular social group. Culture not only comprehends what is obvious, that is, the arts and crafts and oral or written literature and thought currents, but also the basic customs and traditions, rites and rituals which together foster a certain social pattern and a certain outlook among the people living in that pattern. 'Literature and historical incidents are but what we see from the outside; what gives authenticity and a convincing colour to any study of a social group is an understanding of the deeper roots from which it sprouted.

Any study of Assamese culture will include the social and political movements that have occurred from time to time, the conquests and defeats, the invasions and migrations, the records of sculpture and architecture, the cultivation of the arts, the religions of the people, and so on. The social system of the Assamese community will reveal influences of the Indian *varnasrama* model; the political ideals of Assam kings will show parallels in India; the cultivation of the arts will reveal influences of the Indian standards; the language itself is a Sanskritic language and the old inscriptions prove the acceptance of Sanskrit as a court language; even the land system bears traces of the Indian land system. Thus the culture of Assam on the face of it is Indian culture. Where lies the differential? To answer this question will be the responsibility of any study which assumes the analysis of Assamese culture.

Assamese culture does have its distinctive features. For example, in spite of the apparent adherence to the *varnasrama* systems Assamese society does not admit of caste rigidity and there have been evidences of classes considered as *Brahmans* or priests even among non-Brahman castes. The process of Hinduisation is easy and has gone on for centuries. The reason behind this is that Assam is a

TRIVENI

melting pot of races, and the fusion of cultures here has been sanctioned not only by miscegenation but by political necessity. The army of Bhagadatta was supposed to have been constituted of Kiratas and Cinas, and during historical times, Assam kings gave a tough fight to invaders because a common national ideal could be fostered among the people. The local customs were overlaid with customs derived from the *Grihyasutra*, the local temper was softened at the touch of the Aryan outlook, and these external factors thus had a cohesive and harmonising effect on the diverse elements which apparently confused the social and cultural scenes of the land.

But the primary step in any discussion of Assamese culture must be this racial miscegenation and the results consequent on it. At present the land is inhabited by Aryanised Assamese, Bodos, Nagas and Kukis and their sub-tribes. The Mongoloid strain is obvious (it includes a Shan element), and if language is any indication, at one period of the history of the land there were Austro-Asiatic or Austric settlers—a sub-section of the far-flung Austronesian race. The Khasi people around Shillong speak an Austric tongue but the people themselves can no longer be called racially Austronesian. The lower culture of the land seems to have borne traces of Austronesian influences. There are numerous traits whose distribution is found from the Naga of Assam to the Batak of Sumatra and the Ifugao of the Philippines, thus indicating their antiquity. These traits include: *Jhum* farming by burning and slashing new pieces of forest; terrace irrigation of wet rice; keeping of chickens and pigs, sometime of buffalo also; multifarious use of bamboos for houses, spears and bows, handles, knives, containers, musical instruments, and what not; raising dwellings on piles off the ground; here and there, surprising megalithic monuments; separate men's or girls' dormitories, with associated but varied customs of courtship and trial marriage; strong development of legal institutions, but weak political ones; blood feud and head-hunting; survival of sacrifice, divination, and ordeals of the types widely prevalent before their displacement by the great world religions. This summary still holds good in Assam among the tribes dwelling to the north-east and the east. While the use of bamboo—its shoots even as food—is universal, some of these traits are to be observed among people who are within the fold of the Aryanised Assamese, others are extant among those who form the fringe of the Assamese population. The Namghar, a centre for congregational prayer as well as for all social activity, introduced by Sankardev in

THE BACKGROUND OF ASSAMESE CULTURE

the 16th century, could be so successful because the tribal council held in the Bachelors' Hall was a living tradition among the people.

The influence of primitive peoples is probably no less felt on the Indian religions which penetrated into Assam. Devi worship here was accompanied with animal and human sacrifices, especially at Kamakhya and Sadiya. That Tantricism could flourish here was probably owing to the fact that women had few restrictions put on them; excepting in socio-political matters, women in the Polynesian zone have always enjoyed a pretty enviable status. In the secret sittings of certain sections of the population, women even now take a regular share, and these secret clubs themselves seem to be in the tradition of primitive secret societies. These clubs have thrived on Bauddha-Sahajiya nourishment. The great Spring festival, known as the Bihu (from Sans. *Visuvat*) itself occasions an atmosphere which till recently saw the choice of life partners, especially in upper Assam. While the Bihu dance points to affinities in the Polynesian zone, the songs accompanying it have spiritual parallels among the Shans and had such parallels in ancient south-west China. In spite of the vitality of Hindu forms of worship, a popular festival like the Bihu can be singled out as one which sends a thrill through the heart of every Assamese.

Linguistically also, there are evidences of Austronesian influences. The very word *tokon*, a bamboo stick which a villager carries about, is an Austric word and current in at least twelve languages and dialects outside Assam. The town of Gauhati (*Guahati*) owes its name to an Austric formation, meaning a place where areca nuts grow in plenty. The great Brahmaputra is popularly known as the *Luit*, and the term is traced to Austric sources. *Luit* was later Sanskritised as *Lauhitya*. The study of place names would show the interplay of cultures like the Austric and the Bodo (Mongoloid).

Even folk-literature would throw some light on the lower culture of the people. A Bihu song which says :

First God made the world
then He made the creatures
the same God made love
why don't we?

might point to a spirit which gave resistance to the onrush of the more powerful Aryan civilisation. How this spirit proved too strong even in the sixteenth century could be gathered from the life of the

TRIVENI

neo-Vaishnavite saint, Sankardev, who came back baffled in his attempt to preach his tenets in upper Assam.

II

Thus a study of the culture of Assam is a complex task and presupposes more than mere historical knowledge. Mr. R. M. Nath in his impressive work, "The Background of Assamese Culture," has made an attempt to do justice to a difficult subject. Mr. Nath is an engineer by profession and historian and archaeologist by inclination. His outlook is historical and, for the earliest portion of his narrative, he has had to fall back upon hypothetical ground. He starts with the early Austric (Austro-Asiatic) settlers of the land and has tried to connect several extant groups of the present population with certain names found elsewhere in India. For example, he connects the Morias (Marias of the Central Provinces) with the Matakas and Moa-Morias (Mowamariyas), who played a distinct role in the dissolution of the Assam kingdom in comparatively recent times. The argument is based on similarity of sounds of terms and not ethnological investigation or linguistic evidences, and the conclusion seems to have been pushed back into time. To give another instance, the Kalitas, a caste in the Assamese community, he connects with a Tamil formation *Kal-Taton* (stone-worker). Philology does not sanction the conversion of *Kal-Taton* to *Kalita* and the *Kalitas* have been known rather as good cultivators. The term *Kalita* should perhaps be traced to *Moggalana Kalita* as found in Buddhist literature. The conclusions based upon philology of this nature seem to be shaky but those based on historical records or even historical conjectures stand on firmer ground.

As regards plausible historical conclusions, the writer sometimes has stretched his imagination to a considerable extent. A case in point is the reason put forward for the recall by Harshavardhana of Hiuen Tsang from the court of Bhaskarvarman (p. 39): "Continuance of the Buddhist sage for a long period in the royal court of Kamarupa was considered a menace to the Hindu religion in the country and the ears of Harshavardhana appear to have been poisoned against Bhaskar Varma by interpreting this special favour to the ambassador of China as an endeavour to establish political alliance with the emperor of China for gaining ultimately a political supremacy over the whole of India." This is a brilliant conjecture, not unwarranted by the intelligence and capability of Bhaskarvarman and certain references found in *Harshacharita* and *Mudrarakshasa*. The writer might have mentioned a more historical episode relating to the life of this liberal king of old

THE BACKGROUND OF ASSAMESE CULTURE

Kamarupa. Bhaskarvarman showed a desire to have first-hand knowledge of things Chinese and requested the Chinese traveller to let him have a Chinese classic in Sanskrit translation. At a time when China showed so much desire to have information relating to India, the only Indian who returned the compliment was the enlightened Bhaskarvarman of Kamarupa.

The writer has done adequate justice to the sculptural side of his subject so far as records have been unearthed. He has added to the value of the book with a sufficient number of plates and diagrams and these throw light on the religious beliefs of the people also. For example, snake pillars are indicative of a certain trend in the religious beliefs of the people (plates II and III).

The snake holds an important place in the popular religions of the people and especially in lower Assam, Goddess Manasa has her due propitiation every year in the rainy season. Manasa may finally be a Dravidian import, but she has such a hold on the popular mind that a literature has grown around her personality. The writer is on strong ground when he speaks of religions like Saivism and Tantricism. It is a common assumption that till the advent of the neo-Vishnavite saint Sankardev, Assam did not have any trace of the Vasudeva cult. It is pointed out that Mahabhutivarman was mentioned as a *Parama Bhagavata* in a rock inscription dated 554 A. D.

Dr. B. Kakati has conjectured that Naraka of Mithila was the first man who let in the stream of Aryanisation into the land (*Mother Goddess Kamakhya*). In fact, in the early history of Kamarupa, Narakasur holds a mysterious position. There are several Narakas in Indian mythology. One of them, found in *Kaliki Purana* and *Jogini Tantra*, two early works dealing with the land and religious life of Assam, seems to possess fairly strong outline; Dr. Kakati calls him the Naraka of Mithila. Mr. Nath also considers him as Naraka of Mithila, an Asura adventurer, who comes to settle in Kamarupa and carves out an empire around Pragjyotishpur, modern Gauhati. Mr. Nath writes that, owing to Naraka's settlement in Kamarupa, "Maithili culture spread in Assam and gradually influenced the Austric and Bodo cultures—sometimes by annihilation and sometimes by assimilation. Some of the Bodos and Austries held their ground in the hill areas... The Austric *Ku-Meikha* and the Bodo *U-Mei-Ludai* were gradually assimilated to the Hindu pantheon and became goddess *Kamakhya* and Siva Umananda... Maithili language with Asura accents mixed with Austric and Bodo words became the dialect of the common people."

TRIVENI

(pp. 27-28). Mr. Nath has not shown in what ways "Maithili culture" spread into Assam and the way he has characterised the creation of the "dialect of the common people" is facile and unhistorical. The Assamese language is Sanskritic, full of *tadbhava* words and the percentage of tribal words is small. The language itself cannot be traced earlier than the ninth century, barring a few words found in Sanskrit inscriptions. The identification of an earlier Mother Goddess with Kamakhya or of a wild tribal God with Siva is plausible and herein we might even see the supersession of an earlier culture by a later one; but to identify modern formations like Khasi *Ka-Meikha* with Kamakhya or Bodo *U-Mei-Ludai* with Umananda is misleading.

Mr. Nath is happier when he deals with later periods, which have authentic records. From about the thirteenth century the history of the land is an uninterrupted narrative because of the chronicles written by the Ahoms, a section of the Shans, who came to rule here and later became naturalised as Assamese.

The writer is also on stronger ground when he describes the arts and crafts of ancient Assam. These can be deduced from available historical records, mainly archaeological. Music and the dance find mention in early inscriptions. Sculptural figures have kept records of social activities of early Assam. "Males and females danced together in temples and also in gatherings on festive occasions accompanied by musical instruments like drums, cymbals and flutes, while aristocratic women played on high-class stringed instruments like the *veena*. Gallant young men used to amuse the audience by playing with tamed tigers in the open. The sculptor used his chisel to record all these minor events of daily life in black hard stone—that are even now found scattered all over the present town of Tezpur." (p. 43). A series of reliefs found near Tezpur (plate X), where men and women dance to the sound of the drum and the flute, evidence dance of a popular nature and seem to have affinities with the Bihu dance as observed even in modern times. The Bihu is primitive and sexual in character. The writer describes it as an early Austro festival and gives it a metaphysical description: "Swaying of the upper part of the body backward and forward with a sudden jerk, keeping the lower part stiff, was an imitation of the effect of the storm on trees....." (p. 5). The derivation of *Bihu* from *Dvishu* is open to question; the term *Vishu* is prevalent also in South India.¹

¹ See P. Goswami, *The Bihu Songs of Assam*, *Eastern Anthropologist*, Dec. 1949 and March 1950, pp. 57-100.

THE BACKGROUND OF ASSAMESE CULTURE

If culture implies something more than written literature, sculpture, inscriptions and travellers' reports and does necessitate an attempt to define the behaviour-pattern of a particular society, then the popular festivals and the large body of popular songs and sayings should deserve more careful study. The hold of the Assamese people, especially of upper Assam. In like manner the evidence of sayings like the following may not be lightly set aside:

1. Rice you will get so long you live; a hole you will get when you die.
2. If the sun is hot he takes to the shade; if he finds a shade he sleeps; the ploughing season must be over before he can persuade himself to plant on a piece or two of grounds.
3. If God keeps who kills? If God kills who keeps?
4. The king kills, the mother poisons (i. e., such things are not to be thought of).

If folk-literature is any evidence, and it is respectable evidence, the Assamese people are ease-loving, tending to be apathetic, poetic, and good-humoured.

To sum up, Mr. Nath's book, in spite of its shortcomings, would give the reader a panoramic view of the history, sculptural achievements, religious developments, and a good deal of the elements which have composed the society of this land. The plates and diagrams and reproductions of paintings are of especial value, being convincing records of the arts and crafts, popular beliefs, and even political achievements of the Assamese people. For the lay reader the book should prove interesting, though something misleading, while for the specialist it would at least blaze a new path in historical and cultural research. Persons like Guisseppi Tucci and Paul Levi have spoken well of the book.

THE HAND OF TIME

By 'KETAKI'

If Life were one long Wreath of Roses
Strung on a thread of Love:
If Life were one long Rope of Pearls
Strung on a String of Love:
If Life were one long Chain of Thrills
Held by Links of Love:
I would wish for a Wreath of Roses
I would pray for a String of Pearls.
I would long for a Chain of Thrills
I would ask for a Life of Love.

It was a beauteous Crimson Rose
Fill'd to the Lips with sweet Perfume.
The Night was still: aloft, the Moon
Glow'd and shone like a lovely lamp.
Night stood still atop the hill
Holding her breath. On a sudden,
There wafted forth a breath of air;
A gentle, tender touch of love.
The Rose, she swoon'd in ecstasy.
The vale was fill'd with sweet perfume,
The breath and bloom of a beautiful life
Heap'd on the Shrine of Love:
The Incense of a loving heart
Burning on Love's Altar.

Such a lovelit night it was
When you look'd on me.
Can one forget the glad surrender
On that night of love?
When you kiss'd me, time stood still.
The magic of the moonlight
I found in your eyes.
The very air was so perfumed
My eyes grew faint with ecstasy.
The breath of roses sweetened the air
The moonlight glister'd around like Pearls.

THE HAND OF TIME

My frame was thrill'd at your approach
Like the mighty Earth at the touch of Spring.
You and I walked hand in hand
In the path of Love.
Silver gleam'd the milky river,
The flowers look'd like stars.
The mighty earth, the moon, the stars,
Stood still like painted pictures.

The Wheel of Time has gone full round.
The Moon, a ghost of her former self,
Sinks pallid in the western sky.
The Hand of Frost has hurt the Rose,
Her blush is gone for ever.
The perfum'd breath of the moonlit night
Has vanished all too soon.
It is now the icy winter gale
Moaning in the caves,
Wailing like a wounded god
On the Shores of Love,
Searching for a Souvenir
From the Wreck of Life.

Life is a Wreath of Roses
Strung on a Thread of Pain:
Life is a Rope of Pearls
Strung on a String of Pain:
Life is a Chain of Thrills
Held by Links of Pain:
It's no matter: Life is Love.
The breath of love is the breath of life,
We must love, or die.

The Summer air may change her tune,
The Music lingers on:
The moonlit night may change to grey,
The Magic lingers on:
The lovelit night is a thing of the past,
The thrill, it lingers on:
The Hand of Time may break the Vase,
The Perfume lingers on.

THE HOYSALA COMMANDER

(A STORY)

By MASTI VENKATESA IYENGAR
(Rendered by the author from Kannada)

(1)

It was the year Dundubhi, 944 of the Saka Era. Kamarasa, founder of the Hoysala line of kings, was ruling in Molanur. On the fifth day of the bright fortnight in Pushya, there was music in the yard of a fairly big house in one of the streets of the capital. Ladies, young and old, of the neighbouring households were coming into the house or leaving it with presents and sharing in the joy of a domestic celebration.

The house was the house of Joga, a commander in the employ of King Kama. The house was celebrating the seventh month of the pregnancy of Joga's young wife. This house was to the young woman not only her husband's house, but her mother also lived there.

Vasanti's friends had decorated her and placed her upon the festal seat and were doing her the honours of coming motherhood. The elderly ladies were singing blessings and performing the usual ceremonial to ensure good health and safe delivery.

Commander Joga stood near the doorway of his room on one side of the hall, looking with eager joy at the beauty of his young wife as she was seated on the festal seat. Vasanti, half shy and other half proud that her husband should be looking at her in the presence of so many people, was flushing red and receiving the blessings of elders, pretending to be unaware of his presence.

A friend of Vasanti observed Joga for a moment and said something to the young wife and smiled a little. Vasanti also smiled and, as she did so, bent her head in shyness and pleasure. An elderly lady made the usual mark with red powder on Vasanti's face and moved behind her to place some flowers in her hair.

"Taka Taka, Taka Taka, Taka Taka" from the street all of a sudden came the sound of the army drum. Everyone was startled

THE HOYSALA COMMANDER

Vasanti, her eyes opened wide in fear, looked towards her husband and his face also showed a shadow of unhappiness. Why had this sound come in the midst of festive joy? What a pity!

The sound was a summons to the troops of the Hoysala king. The drummer had started to proclaim to the men of the army that the king desired them to gather together in the parade ground that evening. Within a few minutes a special messenger from the palace came to Joga and communicated to him in person the wishes of the king.

The joy of the festival ebbed visibly. Those who had assembled brought the ceremonies to a conclusion somehow. Desiring not to frighten the wife more than was inevitable, Joga tried to talk and move about as usual. But that wife seemed to be cast down by a new anxiety adding to the fatigue of the morning ceremonies and the fact that she was carrying a child.

Immediately after food, Joga went to the palace and learnt the details about the summons.

(2)

The Kadamba king of Banavasi was overlord to the Hoysala. Enemies of Banavasi were moving from the ghat boundary in a hostile expedition towards the Hoysala boundary. The commander of the boundary guards had sent word of the move both to Banavasi and to Molanur. Nripakama decided immediately to do his duty as feudatory and sent the drum summons over his territory.

When it comes to fighting, no soldier who knows the taste of fighting and is not forgetful of his duty hesitates to go. To cause injury and receive injury, to see others die and to be ready to die oneself, is not pleasant nor exactly sport. But to stay behind is no pleasure and definitely not sport. When honour summons to the fight, to stay behind is shame.

Yet one has a home and friends and for once, for some special reason, some of these may desire that one should not go to the fight. Joga's mother and his mother-in-law arranged through a friend to bring to the notice of the king that the commander's wife was with child seven months. Both the women had sacrificed their husbands in fights and had brought up Joga as the one boy who represented both the families. There was no other male in the household and the young wife was with child. It would be a gracious thing if the king should exempt the commander from duty on this occasion.

TRIVENI

Joga himself was not aware of all this. Prepared like anyone else to start with the troops when required, he appeared on the parade in the evening and stood Near Nripakama when he came to review his men.

The king saw the men of the various troops that had come, allotted their tasks to the different commanders and directed them to start for the boundary the next day. The senior officers were assembled and told of the disposition that had been ordered and requested to see to the execution of the plan.

Joga was present in this assembly. But the king assigned him no task. He, therefore, came forward and doing obeisance to the king said, "No section has been assigned to me." The king said, "That will be done in the palace."

Joga did not go home. From the parade ground he went to the palace, waited until the king had finished evening worship and supper, and appeared before him again to receive orders.

Nripakama said, "I understand, Joganna, that the feast of decorating with flowers took place in your house just today."

"Yes, Sire," said the commander, "We submitted presents about this to your eminence yesterday."

The king personally liked the idea of taking Joga with him. But he could also imagine the state of mind of the commander's mother and mother-in-law. He had reconciled himself to leaving him behind. He knew that the proposal would be distasteful to the young man himself, courageous by nature and keenly alive to the sense of honour. Unable to decide immediately, he told Joga, "I have to leave the capital in the hands of a competent commander. Let me think over everything. I shall tell you tomorrow. Now go home and rest."

(3)

Joga went home and reported all that occurred to his mother and mother-in-law and asked, "Did you send word to the king suggesting that I should be left behind?"

The young wife looked at her mother. That mother looked at Joga's mother. Joga's mother turned a firm look towards her son and said, "I should have said nothing if your wife had been confined. But I felt that you ought not to go out when she is still carrying. At any rate I thought that the king should know how things stood. It is our business to submit the facts to him. After that, we carry out commands."

THE HOYSALA COMMANDER

"If we indicate to the king what would be agreeable to us he is sure to command that very thing. If I make the least little sign to show that I prefer to stay behind, he will not want me. The command to stay would, in that case, not be a command. It is an assent to a wish expressed by us."

"Son, we have not been ungrateful and we have not been unmindful of what is due from us. If we stretched our hands to receive food, we have stretched our hands to receive death also. We have fed on sorrow as we have on food. Your great-grand-father died in the service of the king. Your grand-father died in the same service. When you were a boy, your father closed his eyes in the same service. When your wife was a little girl, her father closed his eyes in the same service. All died for the king. True, the debt is not cleared. But we do not now refuse to pay it. How is it more service to fight on the battle-field and less service to guard the capital? Wait till your wife is confined. Then, having looked at your child and said a word of comfort to the mother, you can go to the fight. We shall not stand in the way."

"Mother, I agree that it is service to the king, whether I go to the battle line or stay to guard the capital. I am a commander of the king's bodyguard. My task is to guard the king's person. When he is in any danger from the enemy I should guard him or die. That is my task. I can do this if I am on the battlefield. I cannot do it by staying in the capital. Supposing I stay in the town and there in the course of the fight a hair of that head comes to harm from the enemy, the food I eat would that moment be poison to me. My ancestors would fall low from high in heaven. The child of your daughter-in-law would live to hang its head in shame for the cowardice of its father. How then can I stay to guard the capital? It is like saying that the sun might come but not the light with him, to say that the king should go to the fight and leave me here. Give me your permission, my mother. Let my mother-in-law give me her blessings. I shall make my wife agree and leave tomorrow morning."

The mother heard the son's words. They seemed right to her. Though unwillingly, she gave the permission.

The mother-in-law said, "It is not as if your son does not know. What is there for us to say? If he thinks he ought to go, that must be so. Let him go, and may God guard him and send him back to us well and happy!"

TRIVENI

The wife said nothing then. If she said anything later, it was known only to Joga and the spirit that guarded their nuptial chamber.

Next morning Joga started with the king.

(4)

Nripakama's forces stationed themselves along the boundary. Some troops of the king of Banavasi came and joined. There was not, however, much of them. It was apparent that the principal had left to the feudatory a disproportionate share of the burden of protecting the realm.

The Hoysala troops waited for very nearly a month in expectation of the enemy and finally came into touch with them one day. Concealing themselves in the valleys and behind the jungles and attacking the defending troops from the side and from behind, the enemy troops teased the Hoysala forces for ten days. It became quite a task to beat a number of small troops of the enemy's men and drive them to one field and force them to fight.

When this was done, troop met troop and a fight took place. Nripakama was a hero, without doubt. For two days continuously he led his forces in person and forced the enemy to move back. He seemed to be present at ten points at the same moment and his flag waved in front of his troops at all those points, heartening his men beyond all measure.

The young commander of his bodyguard moved wherever the king moved, ever beside him, and fought so well as to win universal admiration. As a hound of the chase follows its master, taking joy in the sport, Joga shared the fight with his master in simple joy of heart.

To the king who knew how matters stood in the young commander's household, this care-free courage of the youth seemed astonishing. On the evening of the second day, he praised Joga in the presence of the troops and expressed admiration for his poise. The commander only said in reply, "It is the virtue of the hand that feeds me."

Next day the battle continued and, in the midst of it, Kannama the Kongalvar Chief, made a target of the Hoysala king and rushed in a sudden onset towards him.

There had been no reason to suspect this sudden attack. The fight was wearing a different shape and the bodyguard were otherwise

THE HOYSALA COMMANDER

busy. Suddenly Kannama rushed on horseback towards Kama and, his sword uplifted and ready to descend, was almost by his side.

The king was taken by surprise and it looked as if he could not evade the blow. A few of his men who noticed this from a distance, thought that all was over with the king and grieved helplessly.

The sword that flashed from on high like lightning did not, however, touch the king. For, that moment, Joga stood between the descending sword and the person of his king and diverted the stroke. At the same moment, he speared the pony that Kannama was riding. The pony fell to the ground and with it Kannama. The next moment Kannama disengaged himself from his pony and rushed at Joga and slashed at him. Joga fell to the ground, but picked himself up and rushed upon Kannama.

Kannama ran his dagger into Joga's body. Joga fell down and died almost immediately. The king, however, was saved.

(5)

The town knew, of course, that all who went to the fight could not return alive and well. When a month and a half was over, and long before the troops returned victorious, the capital had news of the men who had lost their lives. The whole province knew that young Joga had died.

Not merely that he died, but every detail of the manner of that death was known all over the country. Songs in praise of the young commander who sacrificed his own life to save the life of his king had been composed and were sung by the people.

Joga's mother-in-law was grieved to see that widowhood had come to her daughter at an even earlier age than to herself. Joga's mother burnt in grief and thought, "This was my portion in life." On the day that the news came of the husband's death, the young wife had been overcome by sorrow and given premature birth to a son and fainted.

The next day Joga's wife told her mother that, her husband being dead, she could not live any longer and she would burn herself as Sati with Joga's bones.

The news reached the king and he sent a message to her:

"If I, Hoysala, were God, I would not have allowed Joga's life to close. But I am only a man. He who is dead, is not merely my commander, but my son. I am so grieved myself.

TRIVENI

"The child that is orphaned by Joga's death is to me a grandson. That child has suffered grievous loss in the death of its father. If it should lose its mother too, how could it face its life? Death has not taken one man only. It has taken a hundred men. If, to the hundred men whom the enemy has killed, sorrow should add some more hundreds, what shall the king rule? —a large cremation ground?

"Joga's bodily frame has gone. But his breath lives in his son and his name is as a light to the country of his birth. Joga's wife should think of that child, should look at that light, and learn to bear her grief. She should endure all the pain that life has brought, and learn to bear with life. This she should do to enable the king to bear his life."

(6)

Elders advised and the younger people begged; and the little one cried and tugged at the mother's entrails. Unaware how she brought herself to do it, Vasanti consented to live.

On the day of the cradle-feast the king sent presents to the dead commander's little son and got him named 'Joga' after his father. On the same day he had put upon the little child's forehead the insignia of a commander of the Hoysala.

Some days later, the king erected at the spot where his heroic protector fell a monumental stone in commemoration of his courage and sacrifice.

The grandmothers of little Joga prayed to God that the little boy might grow up a hero like his father and that he might win renown, only differing from his father in length of days on earth. What the mother prayed for, her heart knew and its God.

No monumental stone has been found to commemorate the younger Joga. It would perhaps not be wrong to assume that he lived longer than his father.

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS : A SURVEY

By Prof. M. VENKATARANGAIYA, M. A.

The one and the only event of importance in the quarter is the Korean War. It has passed through two stages. In the first stage the North Korean forces won a series of brilliant victories and at one time it appeared as if they would drive out the Americans completely from South Korea and unify the whole country under their control. But then came the second stage. The superior numbers of the Americans and the superiority of their weapons made their influence felt. The North Koreans were completely defeated and they were forced to abandon all the territory they won in South Korea and retreat beyond the 38th Parallel. The war has now entered the third stage. From the South Korean point of view—and from the point of view of the United States and the United Nations—it has so far been a defensive war against the aggression of North Korea. Now with the crossing of the South Korean and the United States' forces into North Korea it has become an aggressive war—the aggressor now being the United States. It is this situation that has created a dilemma and it is very difficult to prophesy what the future course of events will be. It all depends now on the United States whether the Korean war will gradually develop into the third world war.

It has become clear in recent weeks that there is a party in the United States which is determined to make use of this campaign to destroy the forces of Communism in East Asia and to deal a blow to Soviet Russia and her prestige. General MacArthur belongs to this party. It does not look as if President Truman will be able to restrain him. Even Britain and the other countries that have sent their forces to South Korea have not come to any clear cut conclusion on this matter. But the fact that the forces of South Korea and the United States are already on the other side of the 38th Parallel indicates that the Americans are thinking of the occupation of the whole of Korea as a prelude to its unification under one Central Government.

China, however, has made it clear that she would not keep quiet and inactive if the United States were to persist in the occupation of North Korea. She is prepared to take up the cause of North Koreans

TRIVENI

and fight the Americans. On the occasion of the celebration of the first anniversary of the establishment of the Communist State in China her Premier and Foreign Minister, Chow-En-Lai, is reported to have said:

"The United States is the most dangerous enemy of China. China would defeat the United States if America resorted to intervention and aggression against China. It is a fact that the China people sincerely love peace, but they will not be afraid to fight aggression in defence of peace. They will not tolerate foreign aggression and will not stand aside, should the imperialist wantonly invade the territory of their neighbour. Those who attempt to prevent the admission of the almost 500 million strong Chinese people to the United Nations Organisation, who attempt to ignore and undermine the interests of the Chinese people constituting a quarter of all mankind, who attempt to decide arbitrarily any question in the East immediately affecting China, will break their necks."

This is a new voice emanating from the East. It is the voice of Asia's awakened millions. It is a voice whose force cannot be resisted and which is bound to be heard. To be deaf to it is to court ruin and destruction. The question is whether America and her allies will pay heed to it, before it is too late.

In trying to answer this question, one has to ask oneself why the United States has entered South Korea. It is not so much because she is interested in Korea as such, or in the welfare of the Koreans, as because this step has become necessary in her campaign against Communism and Soviet imperialism. For three years and more she has been waging a war against these forces, but it was all along a cold war. She has now come to the conclusion that, unless the cold war is transformed into a hot one and the onrushing communistic forces in Korea are completely crushed, she would find herself ultimately defeated in her campaign. The United States is fighting not against North Korea but against Soviet Russia. And until she is satisfied that Russia has given up her aggressive policy there is no chance whatever of her withdrawing from Korea. The threat of China, by itself, may not be effective in deflecting the United States from the new course in her foreign policy.

There is one other feature in the situation which should not be lost sight of. If a war is bound to come between the United States and Soviet Russia, the sooner it comes the better it will be so far as

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS: A SURVEY

the United States is concerned. She is now well-prepared for it. She has her stockpile of atom bombs. She has also large accumulations of other destructive weapons. Russia is not yet so well-prepared. It may take two or three years for her to complete her task of preparation. It is, therefore, argued by the makers of foreign policy in the United States that no such time for preparation should be given to Russia and that she should be attacked now and that one way of attacking her is to bring under American tutelage as many countries of the world as are likely to fall into Russia's sphere of influence.

This is a new kind of game at which both Soviet Russia and the United States are playing, although it was Soviet Russia that started it and although she has displayed more skill in playing it. It is the game of making other people fight their cause. By organising communistic parties in almost every country in the world and by guiding their activities, Soviet Russia has succeeded in dividing all countries into two camps—a communistic and a non-communistic one—and she is trying to spread her influence and power by bringing about civil war between the two sections. This was her policy in Greece, in Persia and many other countries. And the United States also has been driven to play a similar game. There is thus no open or direct war between Soviet Russia and the United States. All the same the war that is now going on—the war in Korea—is indirectly a war between these two great powers. Other peoples are made to suffer in order that these great powers might become still greater. This is the new game in world politics.

If we look at the world as a whole, we may say that in relation to peace and war it is possible to divide it into three sections. It is only one of these sections that is sincere in its desire for peace. It is the section constituted by countries in East and South Asia—countries like India, Burma, China, Ceylon, Indonesia etc. These are all countries which have recently been liberated from the yoke of Europe, and unless they enjoy peace for a generation or two it will not be possible for them to give to their peoples the minimum standard of life consistent with modern ideas. They are at least two centuries behind the European peoples in economic matters, and it is only if they are in a position to concentrate all their attention on economic reconstruction that it will be possible for them to eradicate the poverty of their masses and give them the minimum of civilised existence. So when Pandit Nehru or Dr. Soekarno or Mao speaks of peace they do it in all sincerity and they would do all that is humanly

possible to further the cause of peace. But the same is not true of either the Americans or Soviet Russia. What they are anxious about is to secure more and more power. In the case of America it is a new imperialism—only a generation old—and in the case of Russia it is merely a continuation of the imperialist policy of the Czars. The only difference, as pointed out above, between the two countries is that America wants war immediately while Soviet Russia is anxious to have peace for at least two or three years and then measure her strength with the United States. It is only when the divisions in the world today are looked at from an angle like this that we will be in a position to say what prospects there are of peace and of war—whether the new phase in the Korean war will develop into a third world war.

For some years people have been talking of creating one world in place of the existing two worlds. But it has not been found possible to create such a world. On the other hand the gulf separating the two worlds has grown wider and it has become impossible to bridge it. What seems to be necessary at the present day and in the years to come, is to neutralise the effect of the existence of these two worlds; and, in the light of contemporary events, this can be best achieved by creating a third world out of a combination first of India and China, and subsequently of the other nations in East and South Asia. The sooner this is brought about the better it will be. It is only in this way that the third world war can be averted and real peace established on earth.

This is the only logical development of Pandit Nehru's foreign policy. All along he has been emphasising the desirability of India not aligning herself with any of the power blocs—either with the Anglo-American bloc or the Soviet bloc. He has so far succeeded to a very great extent in keeping aloof from either of them, but this is only a negative policy. What is needed is a more positive one. There is no intrinsic significance in an independent line of foreign policy if it does not achieve world peace. And India by herself is not strong enough to neutralise the rivalries of the two power blocs. She has not the necessary material and moral resources for the purpose. And this has been made clear by events in recent times. Every one has been praising Pandit Nehru for his peace efforts. He has admirers in Britain as well as the United States, but no one has so far paid serious heed to his words. The situation will be completely transformed if India and China were to become allied as parties to a treaty of friendship for safeguarding the peace of the world. Such a treaty

will gather around it the other countries of East and South Asia which are sincere lovers of peace. No power on earth will be able to ignore such an alliance between two of the most populous countries in the world with potential riches of unknown magnitude. It is only the formation of a third world like this that will establish peace of a long-standing character. And if even then a war breaks out between the United States and Soviet Russia it will not become a world war.

One will naturally raise the question whether there is any prospect of such a treaty of friendship between India and China and the emergence therefore of a third world—a world of peace loving nations. The fact that both India and China are really in need of peace and are conscious of this need is one factor favourable for the conclusion of such a treaty. Both these countries have been friendly neighbours in the past and both have been linked together by many cultural affinities. And all these factors point to the possibility of such an alliance being concluded. In addition, both are determined to see the ending of colonialism in Asia. Thus common needs and interests bind them, and if there are no other serious obstacles the statesmen at the helm of affairs in the two countries should lose no time whatever in negotiating a treaty of friendship.

But are there any serious obstacles? There seems to be one such obstacle at present, and it is the fact that the Government of China is a Communist Government and allied by a treaty with Soviet Russia, while the Government of Pandit Nehru is a democratic one. Naturally many will have a misgiving on this score and will rule out all possibility of real friendship between the two countries. There is, however, no need to draw such a conclusion. In pursuing a common objective, Communists and non-Communists may come together. To put down Hitler and Mussolini, Soviet Russia and the Western democracies came together in the second world war. The same thing may happen in the case of India and China.

There is, however, one condition which has to be fulfilled before such a treaty becomes an accomplished fact. Like any other democratic country, India is opposed to what may be called the aggressive type of international Communism—the type represented by Soviet Russia. So long as Communist Governments are determined on spreading their doctrines by all sorts of insidious methods, including civil wars, it will be very difficult for a Communist and a non-Communist country to come together. It is on this point that India should get assurance from China. If China agrees not to interfere in

TRIVENI

the internal politics of other countries in East and South Asia, and not to give any kind of encouragement whether direct or indirect to Communism abroad, there can be no serious obstacle in the way of India and China coming together and becoming the nucleus of a third world—a world of peace.

Will China agree to give such an assurance? Will she be permitted to do so by Soviet Russia with which she has already entered into a treaty? These are the really important questions. What is now needed is for Pandit Nehru to carry on negotiations with China on these lines and persuade her statesmen to give the assurance. It may take some time before the rulers of China feel themselves to be in a position to do so. But a short delay will not matter much. International events are making it clearer from day to day that it is only when a third world consisting principally of China and India emerges that the hostility and bitterness now existing between the Soviet bloc and the Anglo-American bloc will be neutralised and the way prepared for real peace. It is for its achievement that the Governments of China and India and of other countries in East and South Asia should work. It is thus clear that what is now needed is the emergence of a third world.

(October 2, 1950)

REVIEWS

ENGLISH

Divine Dwellers in the Desert: by Gurdial Mallik. Nalanda Publications, Bombay. Demy 8-vo size. Pp. 80. Rs. 3-12-0.

The book embodies a series of Extension Lectures delivered by the author at Viswabharathi in the year 1933 on the Mystics of Sindh, the Sufi poets who dwelt in the desert.

The essential principles of Sufism are explained at the outset briefly but with admirable clarity. Sufism, we are told, is based on the recognition of the Divine Unity at the heart of the universe. In its positive aspect it is a yearning for harmony with the All in its negative aspect it manifests itself in non-conformity, a refusal to limit the limitless, God, within the four walls of the temple or the creed and ritual of an organised religion. The emphasis is on Divine Love which is only another term for deliverance out of one's narrow self, to be realised here and now in our human world, through perception of beauty and cultivation of fellowship with all aspects and expressions of life. The futility of mere learning, the uniqueness of the individual and the widest tolerance are the obvious corollaries and solitude, contact with Nature, control of passions and desires, sorrow and suffering are the aids to the discipline of realisation.

But this is no sin, the author himself points out, no new offspring of Islam, no original gift of Persia to the world. It is as old as man. It is the Perennial Philosophy. Yet it is so heartening to note the existence of this philosophy not as a mere philosophy and tradition but as a practised discipline and real influence in the life of the people of the great religion of Islam, through the centuries.

This exposition of the essentials of Sufism is followed by a sketch of its history in the fertile soil of Sindh, an abridged edition of the history of India, a miniature guest house of cultures. But the author is no historian and after the interesting story of the first Sufi settle down in Sind (1350) Usman Shah of Baghdad, the history is practically given up and he raises and answers the question 'What these Sufis of Sindh taught?' with profuse quotation from their poems and

REVIEWS

songs and parallel passages from the writings of Emerson, A. E. and Tagore, 'The Sufi of Santiniketan.'

Separate sections are devoted to Shah Latif the greatest mystic poet of Sindh (1693—1752) and Sachel (1750 to 1829) and song of a few others of the 19th century are briefly referred to in one short section.

The approach to the subject is neither that of a philosopher nor that of a historian. The author professedly endeavours to take the reader into the very heart of the people of Sindh, through the songs of their most popular poets. Himself unmistakably a mystic and a poet, he makes his points always by preference with the help of poem and song, anecdote and epigram and the style is all through chaste and poetic. He refuses to interpret or point out the moral of the stories of Sunhi and Mahar or Punhu and Sasai which he narrates so beautifully to illustrate the lyrical flame of Latif or a reference in a song of Sachel. He believes so implicitly in the spiritual influence upon simple folk of an interesting story rendered through the song of a mystic poet.

The last section of the book on "Some of the Mystics I have met" is the most attractive of all and gives us three great experiences of his in the manner of great art, so artless and artistic at the same time. The book is a very valuable introduction not only to the Sufis of Sindh and Sufism but also to mysticism in general and—to the personality of the author.

Bapu's Letters to Mira (1924—48). Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. Cr. 8-vo size. Rs. 4-0-0.

It was an accident, a result of time and circumstance, that such a large share of the attention and energy of Gandhiji was devoted to the historic struggle for the political independence of his country, historic chiefly by his leadership and the methods employed under his leadership. But he was essentially a man of Religion, a seeker of Truth, a believer in the supremacy of the Spirit and the perfectibility of man. And in all this and likewise in his emphasis on *Sadhana*, his grim determination to realise here and now in this modern world with all its new problems the fundamental spiritual unity of the universe he is in the true tradition of the ancient sages of our holy land.

Gandhiji was a *Sadhaka* all through his life and his life was a series of deliberate Experiments with Truth, a record of which up to

REVIEWS

1921 he has left us in his own words in his Autobiography. In 'Bapu's Letters to Mira' we find as it were a reflection of the last 23 years of his life, not the grand outer life seen by all but the inner personal life which ran its balanced even course of spiritual search undeterred by all the turmoils of the outer world.

It was in 1923 Miss Slade happened to read Romain Rolland's book on 'Mahatma Gandhi' and at once felt the call to dedicate her life to the ideals of the great man. In 1924, after due preparation for the change, she came over to India, became an inmate of the Sabarmati Ashram and an adopted child of Gandhiji. It was a case of deliberate choice on her part, after a study of his ideals from a distance and an equally deliberate acceptance on the part of Gandhiji of the responsibility of guiding her along the path of spiritual progress. 'You shall be my daughter' he said and rechristened her Mira. He wanted her to be 'a perfect woman', 'his first heir and representative' 'to work out his ideals to greater perfection than was given to him to do.'

The story of this fascinating spiritual romance is presented to us, unconsciously in a unique literary form, in the volume under review which contains a selection of 386 out of the 650 letters she received from him from time to time during the period 1925 to 1947. The correspondence was regularly and continuously maintained throughout except when they were together, which was not often and not for long—intentionally—after the first few years. The letters are interspersed with the briefest possible notes here and there to enable the reader to understand the context and the references in the contents. "There is no question of literary style or philosophical flights. It is the most simple, direct and intimate teaching of a spiritual father to his stumbling child."

But so intimate and direct was the teaching, so loving and patient, so stern and severe too was the teacher ('It was no joke to be his daughter') and withal so regardful of the individuality of the pupil that we are not surprised to find the pupil declaring at the end 'Bapu's love has at last led me out upon the upper pastures where God's peace fills the sweet mountain air.'

The book is an invaluable contribution to Gandhian literature and a boon to all lovers of Gandhiji's memory, all students of his ideals, all seekers for guidance on the path of spiritual endeavour and also to all connoisseurs of the art of literary biography through letters. Almost every page contains gems of spiritual truth sparkling

REVIEWS

with the brilliance of Gandhiji's inimitable style born of utter sincerity.

— M. S. K.

Glimpses into our Problems After Independence by K. R. Veeraswamy, Secunderabad. Cr. 8-vo size. Pp. 112. Rs. 2-8 0.

The achievement of Indian independence has given rise to a series of problems—political, social and economic—which have been arresting the attention of our statesmen for the last three years, demanding speedy and satisfactory solution. Mr. Veeraswamy, who has done yeoman service already as a constructive worker highly interested in the cause of the elevation of the depressed and the downtrodden, has analysed carefully the burning problems and offered his own valuable views thereon. His observations on National Education, India in the world picture, Problem of the belly, Civil liberty, The Underdog and the remedies suggested by him after careful thought deserve a sympathetic and patient consideration at the hands of ministers in charge of the respective portfolios in the different States. His style is lucid, perspicuous and quite characteristic of a writer of balanced views and sound judgments. His book though small in size is rich in content and provocative of serious thoughts calculated to promote the happiness and well-being of the teeming millions of our Independent India. His dedication of the brochure with affection, love and reverence to Sri Ramanand Tirtha, the great leader of reawakened Hyderabad, is praiseworthy. We commend this valuable publication for the perusal of all young men, interested in doing national reconstruction work.

— C. B. K.

TELUGU

Tara Toranam by Nanduri Ramakrishnamacharya, Vijnana Prabhasa, Bhimavaram. (West Godavari Dt.) Imp. 8-vo size. Pp. 82. Rs. 1-8-0.

This volume of 27 fine lyrics, a poetic garland of stars, announces the advent of a new bright star on the poetic horizon of Andhra.

The title-piece is the third in the series and presents the poet's characteristic conception of the universe as the work of an artist, the stars standing for the garland of flowers at the gate of His Palace of Art, suggesting but vaguely though impressively to our limited illiterate minds the depths of His meaning and His joy. In this and about half a dozen other equally fine lyrics the poet achieves the

REVIEWS

artistic expression of specific imaginative moods of considerable variety—in *Sakshatkaramu*, *Niriksha*, *Vayaswini*, *Venugithi*.

In some of the shorter lyrics *Pipritchcha*, *Thoduneda*, *Pushpabana vilasam* striking, single ideas are presented in brilliant poetic form and telling language. This element of intellectuality naturally leads to systematic philosophising in several other pieces of the collection—in *Sukta vasantamu*, *Ananda sruti*, *Om Santissanti*. The philosophy is naturally the philosophy of beauty and joy, and peace and love, the philosophy of a young poet in Gandhi's India.

But the author is at his best in *Sakuntala Nirgamanamu*, *Ajgnathu Kountheyamu* and especially *Seerna Mekhala*—where he handles beautifully and powerfully famous themes and incidents of classical literature. The powers revealed here of subtle characterisation, dramatic presentation, careful building up of the elements, step by step, of a complex situation are really remarkable. *Seerna Mekhala* deserves particular mention as the theme—of Duryodhana's implicit faith in the loyalty of his friend, instantaneous understanding, and noble and graceful bearing when he finds Karna and his own wife Bhanumathi in an apparently compromising situation—is quite unfamiliar to the Telugus.

Some of the lyrics are songs, poems in metrical patterns definitely designed for musical rendering and here and there we come across colloquial word forms and lines of broken and irregular rhythm with no clear justification and no gain in beauty or power thereby, perhaps the marks of modernity and freedom. But in general the diction is sweet and musical and the versification is smooth and regular, the poetry on the whole of a high order of excellence.

Collected Poems of Pemmarazu Lakshmipathi: Edited by A. Nagagopala Rao, Padma Publications, Ellere. Cr. 8-vo size. Pp. 80 Rs. 1-8-0.

The poems of Sri P. Lakshmipathi were quite familiar to the readers of the Telugu literary journal *Bharathi* during the Nineteen Thirties. His place among the great poets of modern Andhra was well recognised and so early as 1937 a full length appreciation of his *Vasantam* appeared in the pages of *Triveni* under the caption "A Poet of the Spring." It is a great pity that the attempts of his loyal and loving friend Sri Nagagopala Rao, a promising poet, to publish his poems in book form could prove successful only after the demise of the poet in 1943, at the early age of 44. *Tholakari* (The first rains) dealing with Nature and the tiller of the soil whose life is closely

REVIEWS

interwoven with nature, was published in 1944 and "The Collected Poems" in 1948.

The volume of "Collected Poems" contains three long poems in narrative form — *Pranayarpanam*, *Bali* and *Poli* and a set of nine lyrical poems entitled *Grishmam*. *Grishmam* is only the title piece of the lyrical section and with two other lyrics among the rest *Sarvari* and *Pamulavadu* belongs to the same kind as the earlier *Vasantam* and *Tholakari*, a type of nature poetry in which the poet reaches great heights of excellence. The spirit of the poet is so perfectly attuned to the beauty of Nature in its various seasons, aspects and moods that he is able to recreate for us the living presence and breath of it in his highly imaginative verse.

Some of the other lyrics are personal in theme and deal with the achievement and influence of literary and national heroes like Tikkana, Gandhi and Aravinda. Even here the style of the imagery, and the accent of the utterance are highly poetic and sweep the reader off his feet on the tidal wave of the poet's intense feeling of worshipful admiration for the great men.

In the three longer poems we find the sensitive spirit of the poet troubled by the injustice, the stupidity and the cruelty in human nature and social relations, and grappling with the problems and attempting a criticism of life. The narratives are characterised by restraint, concentration on the essentials and utter simplicity and directness in expression.

Pranayarpanamu is the story of a bird's grief on the death of its partner ending in self-immolation and touching the heart and effecting a transformation in the mind of the callous and hardened debauchee who shoots it down. The theme is the power of love. *Bali* is the story of ruthless exploitation of an ignorant peasant by his cruel and extortionate landlord, a powerful plea for economic justice. *Poli* is the best of the lot, admirable for the vitality of the character of the heroine, an old, hard-working, independent, virtuous servant-woman before whose untaught wisdom and moral stature the entire male world withers into pitiful smallness as she asserts the claim of woman for real equality in spiritual status.

Lakshminipathi's place among the greatest of the modern Telugu poets is assured and his friend Sri Nagagopala Rao deserves the thanks of all lovers of Telugu poetry for bringing out this volume.

Panduga Bahumanamu (Short Stories in Telugu) by Illindala Saraswathi Devi, Andhra Book House, Hyderabad (Dn) Cr. 8-vo size. Pp. 200 Rs. 2.

REVIEWS

The book is a collection of 14 short stories, the first entitled *Panduga Cheera* (Festival Saree) and the last *Bahumanamu* (Presentation). Some of the stories were originally published in the literary journals of Andhra and some broadcast from Hyderabad (Deccan). Their re-publication in book form enables the Telugu reading public to study the quality and assess the value of the contribution of the author, a talented lady, to an important branch of modern Telugu literature, of increasing popularity and social significance.

One of the chief attractions of the volume is in the vivid pictures that it provides of social, especially domestic, situations in contemporary middle-class life in Andhra. The presentation reveals a lively imagination and considerable talent for effective realism. Several of the stories deal specifically with the theme of married life and its problems of adjustment and accommodation. The author pleads powerfully for mutual understanding, imagination and sense and points out clearly what a world of difference it makes. Perhaps the didacticism is a little too obtrusive and insistent.

The author exhibits a strong flair for psychology in quite a number of the stories—of the child that pines for sympathy, of the childless mother and the mother that has lost her child, of the father of a neglected wife, and of the despised and neglected son. The variety and range of the studies attempted and the success achieved, indicate wide sympathies, keen imaginative insight and a remarkable capacity for pathos in the writer.

In fact there is a predominance of the pathetic in the life presented in the volume and the author goes in sometimes for curious, out of the way and artificial situations, and an overdose of accident and coincidence for the sake of opportunities for psychological study and pathetic effects.

But the presentation is always dramatic and the device is very frequently employed and with good effect, of opening with a striking situation and providing the background and the antecedent circumstances by way of explanation or recapitulation. The language employed is uniformly chaste and elegant, the language of conversation of the educated classes, and well adapted to character and situation.

There can be no doubt Srimati Saraswathi Devi bids fair to carve out for herself an honoured place among the prominent Telugu short story writers of the day.

— RASIKA

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