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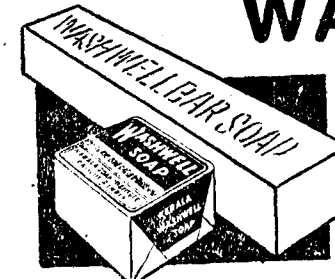
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'Triveni' is devoted to Art, Literature and History. Its main function is to interpret the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects.

'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.

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

The 'Triveni' Symbol

Padma (the Lotus) represents the purity of Love, Jyoti (the Flame) the light of Wisdom, and Vajra (the thunderbolt of Indra) the splendour of Power



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THE BACKGROUND OF ASSAMESE CULTURE : CORRIGENDUM

TRIVENI: Vol. XXI, No. 3, p. 219, lines 5 & 6

"The hold of the Assamese people, especially of upper Assam" should be: "The hold of the Bihu or Spring festival would explain a great deal of the mentality of the Assamese people, especially of upper Assam."

.....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 RAU

Republican India

It is now a year since India declared herself a Republic. Her continued membership of the Commonwealth has not restricted her freedom of action in the international sphere. In fact it has enabled her, in association with Britain and some other Commonwealth countries, to play a vital role as peace-maker. Having no plans of aggression, and supremely anxious to preserve the just rights of all peoples, East or West of her, India is in a position to influence the views of the main parties to any conflict. She is not claiming the leadership of Asia, but that distinction will be hers by virtue of her persistent efforts to bring New China into the United Nations. India's refusal to align herself with America or Russia has cast on her the burden of finding a peaceful solution of the Far-Eastern problem. The Arab-Asian plan of an exploratory conference of seven Powers including Communist China may be the key to "this door of opportunity in search of peace", in Pandit Nehru's expressive phrase. America's insistence, even at this late hour, that China should be branded as 'aggressor' can only bar the way to peace. To plead, as America is doing at Lake Success, that the naming of the aggressor can be followed by negotiations for a peaceful settlement of the conflict is to miss the significance of the crisis. If America had recognised the People's Government of China and given it its legitimate place in the United Nations Organisation, the shape of things might have been different. But at the moment, the Political Committee is torn between the divergent views of the group supporting America and the group urging, through B. N. Rau, the necessity of an intimate conference at a round table, instead of long-range exchanges of notes. The first anniversary of the Republic India has

¹ January 26

been rendered memorable by the part played by the Indian delegation.

At home, the joy of the Republic Day Celebrations has been marred by the recent passing away of one of the major architects of our freedom. Friend and trusted lieutenant of Gandhiji, Sardar Patel worked incessantly for the consolidation of the Indian Union through the integration of its units—the erstwhile Provinces and Indian States. Firmness of purpose, allied to tact and skill in the management of men, enabled the Sardar to achieve in two brief years what lesser men could not have achieved in decades. It is true that he loved power, whether in the Congress or in the Government. It is true too that he showed no mercy to colleagues in the freedom-struggle who dared to oppose his will: Khare, Nariman, Subhas Bose, Bhulabhai Desai are names that occur to one's memory in this context. But the Sardar was singularly impersonal in his actions, and always strove for what he deemed to be in the nation's interest. He protected the infant Republic as its vigilant guardian. India mourns his loss, and will always cherish the example of a great life spent in the nation's service.

The problems confronting the Republic are many and complex. Kashmir continues to be a cause of discord between India and Pakistan. The evacuees from across our borders have not yet been properly provided for. Shortage of foodgrains may precipitate famine conditions over large areas. Freedom has not brought to the common man the satisfaction of his primary needs. It has not even ensured reasonably efficient administration. To add to our troubles, the Congress Party which controls the Governments at the Centre and in all the States is a prey to internal strife. The Prime Minister is seeking to restore unity in the ranks of the Party, and to establish a friendly understanding with other parties by means of an all-party conference. Incidentally, he has delayed the threatened action against dissident groups like the Democratic Front. But before the Congress can regain its old place in the affections of the people, it has to purify itself and exalt the ideal of service. And the yawning gulf between profession and practice must be bridged.

Sri Aurobindo

It is hard to realise that Sri Aurobindo is no more. How could the Light of all lights be extinguished? To those who drew inspiration from his message of the divinisation of man, Sri Aurobindo was the symbol of Eternity. He was prophet, poet, and seer. Not by

the slow process of a progressive evolution, but the revolutionary effort of dedicated spirits was humanity to attain the status of the Divine. The Vision that burst upon him in his prison-cell in 1906 was to be transformed into Reality. And so, he pursued the Path of utter consecration of body, mind and spirit to the loftiest of ends. He belonged to all lands and to all ages. Innumerable men and women sought to shape their lives after the pattern glimpsed by him, though it was given only to a few to share his Vision. He preached no Cult, founded no Religion. He was himself the master-mind into whom all cults were absorbed. He was the fulfilment of the dreams of all the founders of religions. In him, the world saw the synthesis between Matter and Spirit, between Past, Present and Future, between Love, Wisdom and Power.

We are too close to him in point of time to grasp the immensity of his achievement. At a critical moment in the life of humanity, Sri Aurobindo became the vehicle for the transmission of that Energy which enables man to pass the Gateless Barrier. His beneficence and grace will always enrich the consciousness of men seeking the Light.

The Kala-Kshetra

From small beginnings, Sri Rukmini Devi's art-centre at Adyar — the Kala-Kshetra — has grown into an institution of all-India importance. Dance and music, sculpture and painting, find a congenial atmosphere in those sylvan surroundings. The mind and the emotions of the young votaries of art are here trained with the utmost care, so that the spirit of beauty unfolds itself and becomes the means of self-expression for the individual and the group. It is significant that about the same time that *Triveni* came into being as a journal of Art and Letters, interpreting the cultural renaissance in India, a band of music-lovers organised the Music Academy in Madras, and Dr. James H. Cousins, Sri Rukmini Devi and other choice spirits founded the International Academy of Arts which some years later transformed itself into the Kala-Kshetra. Indian music and dance had fallen on evil days and Bharata Natya was imagined to be an accomplishment 'proper' only to courtesans. With something of a shock, the public of South India learnt that a cultured and well-born lady like Sri Rukmini Devi actually learnt to dance. It needed great perseverance on her part to convince Society that music and dance were the accomplishments of ancient Indian princesses like Uttara and Malavika. The great Pandava warrior, Arjuna, was a teacher of dancing

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Why, the Lord Siva was 'Nata-Raja'—the Master of Dance. She collected pupils, engaged distinguished exponents of the arts of music and dance to train them, inspired everyone with her own zeal, and gave public performances of pure dance and dance dramas. But if institutions are to thrive, funds must be collected and budgets balanced. The dance-recitals of Sri Rukmini Devi and her pupils brought in some money, but the expanding needs of the various departments of the Kala-Kshetra, — including artistic handicrafts like the weaving of *dhotis* and *sarees* of exquisite design—had to be met. The period of struggle and anxiety is almost over. The Central and State Governments have begun to help. Freed from financial worries, the organisers can concentrate their attention on the task ahead,—the shaping of the Kala-Kshetra as a University of Fine Arts, with affiliated institutions in important towns all over South India. Sri Rukmini Devi is a believer in the maintenance of the classic tradition in all the arts. Spontaneity and individual invention are valuable, but these must grow out of the mastery of the ancient technique. Modern India is greatly indebted to the organisers of the Kala-Kshetra for their pioneering work in the realm of Art.

Translating the Constitution

In accordance with the wishes of the Constituent Assembly, the new Constitution of India was translated into Hindi and published under the authority of the President of the Republic. Translations into other Indian languages are now in progress. Special Committees are at work in the capitals of the different States of the Union; the State Governments are primarily responsible for the efficient functioning of the Committees, subject, however, to the instructions issued by the Parliament Secretariat from New Delhi. As regards the South Indian languages, the Governments of Travancore-Cochin and Mysore are in charge of the translations into Malayalam and Kannada, and the Government of Madras is in charge of Tamil and Telugu. As a preliminary measure, a conference of language experts was held at Delhi, representing every linguistic area. The conference agreed upon a list of "all-India equivalents" for the many legal and constitutional terms occurring in the English text of the Constitution. The list is by no means an ideal one, but it is the best that could be evolved under the circumstances. The terms current in the different Indian languages are not enough for the proper expression of the intricate ideas conveyed through a modern constitution. In several cases, the experts had to use such Sanskrit words as were available, or coin new words from Sanskrit roots. They also found that the

THE TRIPLE STREAM

same Sanskrit word was being used in different senses. While the Special Committees engaged in translating the Constitution are required to use the all-India equivalents as a general rule, they have been given the option to discard any term that is unsuitable or likely to mislead. But in such cases, the all-India term has to be indicated in a foot-note, so that in course of time it may become familiar to people in that language area. A uniform terminology may thus be possible of achievement, by the time that the administration of the country is carried on in the Indian languages. There are several terms in the English text for which no all-India equivalents have been given. The Committees have to find suitable words, drawing upon the popular terminology or resorting to Sanskrit roots. While ensuring accuracy, the latter method is likely to introduce an element of unintelligibility. The difficulty is common to all Indian languages, but it is greater in the case of the languages of South India, particularly Tamil which employs a smaller percentage of Sanskrit words than the others.

Despite the complexity of the task, it is an exceedingly interesting one. For the first time millions of citizens in a Democratic Republic have to cast their votes under a system of universal suffrage. The education of the electorate in the first principles of the new Constitution necessarily implies the existence of authorised translations of that important document. The Parliament Secretariat addressed itself to this stupendous business of simultaneous translation into fourteen languages. When the labours of the Committees are over within the next few months, the public will be in a position to evaluate those labours. The close association of lawyers and linguists on every Committee, is a feature of importance; the form as well as the content of the translations will be satisfactory. But no translation can be understood thoroughly without an occasional reference to the original text in English. Annotations and commentaries may also be needed. But that applies to the English text as well.

A Narrowing Circle

When one is on the wrong side of fifty-five, the tendency to look back becomes very pronounced. As friend after friend is snatched away, the desire is to cling to the few that are left. It is always a narrowing circle, for, new friendships are hard to forge; and they can never make up for the loss of those whom you have loved for half-a-century, for as long as memory can stretch. Being put to school is the first important experience in life, and you always remember your first playmates at school. But they drop out of your life and go their

own ways. Even if you meet them later, they are no better than chance acquaintances. Of how few of our friends of childhood days can we say, "He was my friend fifty years ago; he is today dearer than ever before." Two or three, if even that. It was one of that little group, Udayagiri Narayana Rao, who passed away suddenly in Madras, on the 5th of this month, during my very brief absence from the City. He was a keen businessman, but greatly interested in the fine arts. He was a connoisseur, and loved to surround himself with objects of art. He had a genius for friendship; artists and poets were always welcome to partake of his lavish hospitality. To me, he was one of the few precious links with the days of a childhood so remote yet so vivid in its memories. We were sons of prosperous lawyers in a small town and the very smallness of the town made for the intimacy of what were termed family friendships. During the twenty odd years in which I have been editing *Triveni*, Narayana Rao made it his special job, as Chandrasekharan, Gopala Reddi and Govindarajachari did at different periods, to raise donations for the journal. But he took care to tell me, "Any day, the Editor is more dear to me than the journal!"

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF ART

By RUKMINI DEVI

According to my conception, the true spirit of Art comes not from a knowledge of Art alone but from a knowledge of Truth and from possessing the true religious spirit. I say this because the source of all knowledge and inspiration is one. It does not matter whether by Religion we mean a faith, a philosophy, a system of ethics, as long as we agree that the religious spirit is primarily a spirit of dedication. The true spirit of Art is something which can be contacted only by those who have this dedicated spirit. So is Art a sense of aspiration, a reaching out. Some may think that Art is Beauty and, being concerned with the expression of Beauty in a material world, is a matter of Form before anything else. According to me, Beauty is Form as well as inspiration, because the spirit of the Beautiful which comes down to expression is the spirit of inspiration. Many have said that Art is Religion. This should not be taken to mean that Art is another kind of a Religion but it certainly is the essence of Religion,—the same inspiration is behind it. So it is that, in the case of the artist, the sense of dedication, the sense of tremendous aspiration towards spiritual life becomes Beauty.

In the world today, people talk much about understanding the value of Beauty and Art without knowing fully what it means. Most people really do not know what Art is. They have, of course, a theoretical idea about the place of Art in national life. They give it a high plane in the national consciousness. Our present Government, for example, has the avowed intention of encouraging all kinds of folk Art, folk dancing, etc. But the conception most people have of Art is very superficial because it is mostly based on book knowledge. At the same time, while calling something very superficial by the name of Art, they are prepared to do anything for it. In reality, such an attitude is similar to that of a man who says, "I am a learned man because I have read many books and know them all by heart". But it is the identification with the spirit of knowledge that is contained in books that makes a man learned, not the mere committing of words to memory.

It is the same with Art. Many say they are artists but only a few are. It is aspiration, it is that inner conception of the true spirit of Art which is the real heart and the most important force in the human individual, that makes the artist. Take a great musician like Tiger Varadachariar. Those who have listened to him periodically will say, "He could sing a magnificent number of Ragas". Others will acknowledge and admire his marvellous repertoire of Kshetraya Padams and of Thvagaraja Kritis. All this is quite true; but suppose Tiger had forgotten them all or had never known them; then the general opinion would have been that he was quite a nice man but that he did not know much. The usual conception or judgment on such matters is founded on the extent of an artist's knowledge and not on the feeling one gets of his contact with reality. As a matter of fact, it is this feeling of contact that is important. A very great individual, a great personality, gives one the feeling that he is in touch with something real. Such a person can even make mistakes which lesser personalities can ill afford to make. Tiger could make mistakes in *Tala* which in his disciples would mean only insufficient training. A very great poet may sometimes write verse which sounds appallingly like nonsense. In a lesser writer, such a poem would really mean nonsense because he depends for effect upon form,—words, correctness, etc. In a great poet, whatever be the mistakes in form, he still gives the impression of a contact with reality. This is because he has touched the Truth, he has contacted light.

Ordinary people do not know how to judge artists. With all the present day craze for dance and music, we see how judgments and criticism are superficial. If a dancer is fair, the dance is good. If, in addition, she wears many jewels, the dance is still better. The same levels of judgment obtain also in the case of music and musicians. In the West, on the whole, the general level of Art appreciation is better. Because of this, over there, they have a certain understanding of genius and know how to forgive a genius his peculiarities. They will say, "Well, anyhow, he has something in him".

For a singer ordinarily, mostly so in the West, the voice is a most important factor. Of course, the voice is an important factor in India too. But such a pre-occupation with the voice of the singer can, in some cases, lead to a position where the voice becomes more important than the music. It is very hard to put up with a harsh voice. But there may be a musical element in a singer who has a

harsh voice which may be beautiful and well worth while to contact. The music is in the soul of the singer and it expresses itself in beauty, whether or not the voice does it full credit. This is because the spirit of Art—the creative spirit—is a very remarkable thing. This spirit is independent of Form in one sense; in the sense that, often, it expresses itself even in imperfect Form, as in the case of the poet who may write good poetry which, from a formal point of view, may contain many mistakes. Art as we know it is at the same time dependent on, as well as independent of, Form. In one sense, if Art is invisible, there is no Art at all. It has to be visible and so is bound to Form. How can human beings know music without sound? If a great musician were to say, "I have taken a vow of silence for the rest of my life. In future, silence will express my music", it would be strange, even amusing, yet it is possible.

Nevertheless, expressed Art depends on Form whether in sculpture, architecture or painting. Beautiful words are necessary in poetry to express noble ideas. Art, while it expresses itself in Form, transcends Form. The method of expressing oneself in the chosen Form of a particular Art is called its technique. The rules have to be learnt, but when they are learnt thoroughly they can be broken. Younger artists often like to break the rules, but really to be able to do so one must be a genius. What is a genius? Of course, from the Hindu point of view, genius is something that develops through a number of incarnations. Genius is creativeness of the soul. What is a creative person, what is creative Art? Creative Art is something that is eternally new, eternally different. A recognition that it is something ever fresh and new, leads to the misconception that it means variety. Mere variety does not mean creative Art, though many will say where there is variety there is creativeness. A creative artist can go on doing the same thing and yet it will never be the same. Each time, the creative impulse gives to the same Form a fresh, newly born atmosphere. Creative Art has variety but it does not need to have it. It can be something that is repeated over and over again and is yet ever fresh. It would sound like a paradox to say that, even in repeating, the one thing a creative artist cannot do is to repeat himself. A person who believes in variety, consciously promotes variety while an artist is concerned only with his creative spirit. In the creation of variety as such, there may be inventiveness, there may be talent. But talent is not genius.

In these days we are prone to mix up words and the facts behind the words. We think that talent is genius when it is not. A person

can be very talented and still not be a genius. When artists have genius it becomes clear that all creative Arts belong to one spirit. That spirit becomes evident and expressed when an individual is able to contact the reality of an experience through a mind which is under the stress of a deep emotion. To be an artist, mind and emotion have both to be developed. The intellect, as ordinarily understood, is not necessarily needed for Art. I have myself seen this in the case of children who do not like books but are interested in, and can express themselves in, Art. Our ideas are very limited. We do not really know what intelligence is. Often we think that when we do not understand a person, she or he must be intelligent. When I was very young, sometimes I used to attend lectures delivered in English and I thought these lectures were marvellous because I did not understand one word. Now, the same thing happens to most of us in mature life. We are apt to be impressed by a thing just because we do not understand it. Intelligence really means a capacity for the perception of truth, of reality. In genius this very clear perception of the mind combines with a deep emotion which stirs the soul of him who contacts it. This emotion is not confined to one particular stimulus but is something which makes one sensitive to all experience, which makes one feel for everything.

In society, people often make a special effort to appear cultured in conversation. This is mostly so in the West where, in society, people have to have something to talk about. "What a lovely scene!" they say; "Have you read the latest book of such and such an author?"; "Oh! you are from India. It must be a very interesting country", and so on. When I go to New Delhi I hear men and women talk in the same way. This is a reflection in India of the superficial side of Western civilisation. But this has nothing to do with real culture which primarily is a keen perception in which there is deep emotion,—a deep emotion tremendously responsive and making one expand. Beauty and Art make one feel as if a comb is drawn through the meshes of our being and fresh air is let in. This happens when one sees a beautiful thing, when one feels very much for a child or an animal. We are breathing deep, spiritually, when we feel a great emotion. This stirring up is tremendously important and this is one of the reasons why Art is important. Unless we know how to comb out our being so that we are ever fresh and revived, we cannot respond and we cannot help people. The intellect by itself is cold and unresponsive like steel. But when beautiful emotion is mixed with intellect we are able to contact something which is deep

and marvellous. The actual emotion of contact is something one cannot convey to others. Ask a great musician wherein lies the secret of his inspiration and he will reply he does not know. At the same time there has to be something within us to respond. We cannot really hear the Kalyani Raga and all its subtleties unless there is a deeply responsive element within us. That part of us which hears, sees and responds has to be prepared for the reception of Art.

A very important thing in life is the stimulus of being with someone who knows a great deal about these subjects. Slowly one begins to feel and know also. This has been a part of my own experience. I have often been in contact with remarkable people who were specialists along lines which were not mine—Sir C. V. Raman, for example. It is so marvellous when he speaks about the diamond, and his inspiration has made me feel that the diamond is indeed something wonderful. I have felt the beauty of the diamond all the more. When one hears him, one wants to go in for scientific research also. One wants to be a great scientist like him. His ability to contact such an inspiration in the subject of his research makes one feel that he is also an artist. The stimulus of greatness is tremendously important. Many say they will and can study for themselves. This is a mistake. The presence of greatness in the Guru, the teacher, makes one contact the reality in the subject of study. When someone has made a deep study of certain books, those who come into contact with him also begin to feel the greatness of knowledge. Sometimes I have heard recitations from Shakespeare which have laid open to me the soul of the poet and made me wish I could recite as beautifully as some of these artists. When one has such contacts, one is inspired. Therefore, we should be with those who can give us such inspiration.

The real difficulty with genius, the creative spirit, the Truth, is that you cannot really explain what it is or teach another person to acquire it. You have to learn to contact it by imperceptible means. Art has to be contacted thus and it has a very special message. Art means Beauty although today anything passes for Art. Dancers think that if they do anything with their bodies it is beautiful. In the Art galleries of today we see many horrors labelled as modern Art. Certainly, in the future, such Art will be looked down upon. In India at present, there is a craze to copy this foolish phase.

Art means expressing beauty but we must remember that the unexpressed is also beautiful. Complete negation of movement is beautiful. Beauty is a very marvellous and cosmic thing. Human

consciousness is on many planes. There is one part of it which is material and one which is divine. That part which is material belongs to the world of limitations. It is slow, *tamasic*, purely physical. So the mind is often physical, very concrete and narrow; but one sometimes comes across a mind that can fly to heaven. There are ordinary minds and spiritual minds. The spiritual is a God-like force. From my point of view, the Gods cannot speak too easily to humanity because humanity is very slow to understand. The Rishis and teachers have made great efforts to provide this contact through the Vedas, through poetry, through Religion, through beautiful and forceful language. They have tried to show us something of the other world. Does Art teach us something else? If it does, what is it that it attempts to teach? It teaches us the same thing that the Rishis have taught. It shows us a suggestion of the Heaven world and puts it at our feet. Would you like to know what the Devas are like? Look at a beautiful dance; it comes from the Devas. Do you want to see something that comes from the Highest and yet belongs to the ordinary world, something marvellous that God has created? There is a flower right before your eyes.

Art is something that, so to speak, is placed right at your feet. Here before your very eyes is your divine self. You think the artist is someone outside yourself. You yourself are the artist and a creation of Art is your own creation. You have it in you to create. You can make beautiful poetry, you can write a wonderful book, you can sing this song. You will say, "I cannot do any of these things. I am afraid even to attempt them". How is it then that another human being like you can do them? This means you can do it also. Art is a direct message from the Higher to the lower. Beauty is the most perfect language there is. You want the divine to speak. But we are hearing the divine speaking always. If we know how to hear music, we are hearing the divine speak. All of us have heard, only we do not know. We have seen the Art of the divine—though we do not realise it when we have seen a great dancer. But then we may say, "she is after all a human being". However, when she dances it is the divine spirit in her that dances and not the mere human body. If we learn to think this way, we will understand Art and its marvellous message. This divinity is a marvellous message to humanity—a direct gift. When we hear great music we feel so thrilled and stimulated that we feel we ourselves can create. If we really understand Art as a message of the Gods, then we will find that God Himself is Beauty. And the world should be filled with it. We must become

God-like. We can do this. But we have to become filled with the spirit of pure Beauty, filled with a spirit of dedication. This means we have to expand emotionally and mentally so that we can enter into the spirit of Beauty, the spirit of Art, and be thrilled.

People often consider themselves 'hardboiled,' using that term in a complimentary sense. Actually it is an unfortunate confession, a very sad thing. If there is nothing on earth that thrills them, what a sad position they are in! Every person should be sensitive enough to be moved deeply by something. It is better even to be moved to tears than not to be moved at all. The capacity to respond to emotion means something more than being merely emotional. Every time you are really thrilled by something, I am quite sure it makes you grow and you will never again be quite so small as you were before. The difference before and after may not be very great, but if we go through such experience constantly and are constantly inspired, one day we will transcend the ordinary. Every individual has, at least to a small extent, the power to be inspired. If one is cold and hard, then inspiration means nothing. But if we are capable of being inspired, it means two things. Firstly, that there is someone who has the capacity to inspire and, secondly, that we have the capacity to respond. It means that we can respond to Beauty. To some extent, it is because there are people who can respond to Beauty that there is expressed Art, not entirely because there are artists alone. If nobody responds to music the singers will always have to sing to themselves. Therefore, the spirit that can respond to the revelation of a very great artist can also show you the way magnificently. When you contact such art, when you hear the sound of music or see the colours in a beautiful picture, you not only hear the music or see the picture; you see into the very soul of the artist and, even more, you see the soul of Art itself.

Art is a threefold message from the Highest, through the Spirit, technique and form. When an artist pours forth his inspiration, what is it we have? That which is inspiring in it is not the Form but the spirit. The spirit, of course, needs the Form for its expression. Form is necessary for the expression of Beauty—that Beauty which is Cosmic and which is the true spirit of Art. This Cosmic Beauty is like a very great river that comes down like a waterfall from the high mountains. This is Art. If we want to contact it we have to enter into that greatness. We have to enter into the heart and the essence of Beauty. How are we to do it? Not merely by thinking of Form.

Technique will come, will develop. Form will appear and shape itself even without effort. A person who is inspired is touched by the spirit which is eternal, a form which has no end. A picture can have a frame but the spirit goes beyond the frame. The form has limitations but in that limitation the spirit is seen and we begin to see everlasting Beauty. This is the work of Genius and is the essence of Art. Art goes together with the right kind of Religion. I have said this many times. There must be purity of action, purity of thought, purity of life, a true attitude to life, clear perception, sensitiveness to all things, a tenderness of feeling—above all, deep tenderness. Such tenderness of emotion is delicate emotion. Then Art becomes spiritual and not the Art that is portrayed today. The dance I speak of is the dance of Sri Nataraja Himself. If we would understand His Art, we must learn to spell the word not only ART but also HEART. This is our way. We must put all our hearts and minds into it and a penetrating and keen intelligence, so that we are no more on the physical plane but on the plane of the Gods where the True Spirit of Art lives.

In India today, we have a great work to do for the revival of the spirit of Beauty. There is a consciousness of the place of Art—but there is a lack of understanding of Art itself. As we travel in India today and visit famous places we see monuments and temples in ruins. No traveller or educated Indian visits any place for sight seeing except to see relics of the old civilisation which are of either religious or historical interest. In India, with very rare exceptions, the religious and the historical are combined. There is no history without Religion, nor monuments nor cities. This is a unique feature of India's life. We have made our genius unique because Form is an embodiment of spirit, and we use no form that is not spiritual, nor is there any true life for us ordinary human beings without beauty of form. This is why Indian Art is primarily a spiritual Art. Our conception of Art has come from the plane of Intuition and therefore our creative expressions are the result of a spiritual experience. The fundamental difference between East and West seems to be that the East has emphasised the fact that a body is taken by the soul and therefore the soul has a body, while the Western conception is that the body has a soul. The Indian knows of the Himalayan heights and traces the Ganges from the source to the ocean, while a Westerner discovers the Ganges, and after travelling along the plains and climbing mountains, he finds the source.

So it is that we find the source of Art in the seership of the Yogis and direct knowledge is given to the world. Just as each Brahmin has a *gotra* by which he can trace his birth to a Rishi, each Art, each Science, has a *gotra* by which we can trace the root of the teaching to a great Rishi. Bharata Natya finds its *gotra* in the Rishi Bharata, Medicine in the Rishi Agastya and Dhanvantari himself and so on without end. Indians accepted the knowledge and worked with it to discover the truth of it. In the West, a few great poets, musicians and philosophers gave to the world their knowledge and their experience. But it remains as their own individual expression. The nation as a whole accepts no knowledge but develops through experience. So we find that Western Art gradually developed through different phases of civilisation and has yet to understand the deep significance of Art. They have yet to know the philosophy of Art, and the spiritual meaning. But whichever of the two methods is used, they will meet. Either Truth must be experienced, or, experience must teach Truth. It is with the approach of opposite ends that East and West will meet. Either way it is Truth that is Art.

Speech alone does not portray Truth or knowledge. Knowledge or wisdom is expressed through colour, sound, rhythm and movement. It is because of this conception that we see in the symbology of the great Being, Nataraja, an expression of every form of Art. As the rainbow is many-coloured, Art is many-formed. You see in Nataraja the great Yogi, for Art is primarily not only spiritual on the spiritual plane but spiritual on every plane of consciousness coming down to the physical level. So He is the Yogi, the Seer. He is the Teacher, for in Him is born knowledge. He is movement, and every limb even as portrayed in the still form of an image is movement and grace. He is the all powerful—but his power is hidden by grace and beauty. This again is the expression of true Art, for it is power that has transcended brute force and crudity. He is sound, for in Him is symbolized the first sound, the sound of the Damaru. He is last, but not least, rhythm, a dancer, for the dance is the united expression of all Art—poetry of motion, music, line, grace and, most important of all, an expression of spirit triumphing over matter. In the statue of Nataraja we see that all Art is one and the essential spirit of Art is the cosmic conception that touches the heavens and the human conception that touches the heart of man.

This is a very marvellous idea, because there is no Art which does not throb with human emotion. Without this emotion, Art becomes cold and uninspiring.

If we, as Indians, cannot understand this spirit, we can never really revive Art. What we need in India is a revival of spirit, not a revival of Art Forms. If we revive Art Forms, we revive a dead body; if we revive the spirit, we not only revive the Art Forms but become the source of new Forms which will be as beautiful as any that man has created. So many people speak of creating a new Art. In every field of Art in India efforts are being made in this direction. I am sorry to say that this effort is only producing ugliness instead of beauty because we are creating with the mind alone and not with the spirit. There are many modern-minded Indians today who decry what they call revivalism or tradition in Art. Usually these are people who neither understand Art nor India. For centuries and for thousands of years, India has not only preserved her religious spirit and tradition but has proved that creative consciousness was an important feature of Indian Art. One of the greatest dangers for the artistic future of India is the fact that people of little knowledge are taking such an active part in it. The Christ said "do not cast your pearls", meaning, "do not give a precious jewel to the ignorant." In the same way when the ignorant direct the way of Art which is a message of the Devas, it can produce nothing but sacrilege.

Take the Dance for instance. First it came from the Rishis, it had a great place in national life; so much so that it had a place of honour in the temples. Then it decayed owing to the degradation of the lives of those who danced. Why did it decay? Was it because the Art had no more beauty in it or was it because of the lowering moral values? It is a pity that the Art had to die because the artist did not lead a pure life, yet one important point emerges, that the life of the artist is as important as the Art itself. Though morality seemed to concern itself only with one aspect, yet the fact is as true as ever, that the life of an artist has to be dedicated and pure. This applies to every class of individual. Yet how many of us think of keeping our bodies pure and our minds and hearts filled with Beauty? The dance has become a craze and a fashion today. How many think of its spiritual meaning? How many realise that it expresses human emotion, rendered transcendent and beautiful by the stories of the Avatars, of the Mahabharata, of the Ramayana and the Puranas? When we think of this Art decaying, do we not think of it entirely on the basis of morality? If so, what is morality? From my point of view, *ugliness is immorality* and today a greater immorality has taken the place of what obtained in those whose lives were called 'impure'. In the hands of the professionals, the Art retained its standards of

technique, purity of movement and a sincere devotion to the Deity. Today the Art has lost its beauty of Form. It is strange to see that India has accepted Bharata Natya which is a temple Art but that the temple has no more of this Art and that, in fact, it is prohibited in temples. Still more, we believe in Bharata Natya without believing in Bharata. If a Natya which is given by the Rishis is divorced from them, from Religion and from the temples, how then does this dance represent the genius of India? To me, it now represents more the spirit of the modern world. To the modern Indian, the ruined temple is more interesting than the living temple itself. Yet, even in the ruins, the glories of India shine with more lustre than in all the Art forms of the present day.

Of all the Arts, the easiest to revive will be music; yet it is only musical ability that can be revived, not musical genius, because musical genius is so inextricable a part of spiritual knowledge. Musical revival is possible, though difficult, because the appreciation of it is still living to a certain extent. Even this is almost extinct in the north of India, but for a few deep students. It is unfortunate, the number of crimes that are committed in the name of Art. As I have said before, Art in the hands of the ignorant can become a sacrilege. One sees it everywhere, in the theatre, in dancing, in the temples and monuments. But the dance, one need not see; one can avoid it. Yet how can one avoid seeing sacrileges like one sees in the Dilwara temples, in Chidambaram, in Mylapore and other places? As one travels, this brings greater sorrow than almost any other form of ugliness except cruelty. One sees constantly the hideous colours that are painted over Gopurams and the walls of shrines. Great kings built shrines out of their devotion, kings who worshipped not only in their hearts but kings who worshipped through Art, kings who inspired, encouraged and helped craftsmen whose work cannot even be imitated today. Such masterpieces that have inspired thousands of people, that are valued in every country and every museum in the world today, are neglected and forgotten. The other day I saw masterpieces of bronze which had once been buried underground during a Muhammadan invasion. Now they are unearthed and privately sold to connoisseurs and others. The possession of bronzes has become as important a craze as dancing. Shops are selling bronzes, real or unreal, to satisfy this craze. One of the amazing things of the present day is that ignorance can be satisfied by tricks. In the concert, tricks of the voice and glamorous noises of different instruments can please the audience and can pass off as music. In the

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dance, a dancer who has worked years to perfect the Art, who presents Art through simplicity is far less appreciated than one who studies for a short time, who can present glamorous clothes, jewels, etc. In the same way the bronze that is copied and made to look dull and old is as satisfying as the old image full of the atmosphere of centuries of worship. This is indeed Kaliyuga, for we may have ears but we do not hear, we have eyes but do not see. The old prayer "From the unreal lead me to the real, from darkness lead me to light, from death lead me to immortality" is applicable equally to Art, for what is Art but that which leads to reality, to light and to immortality?

India is rich with the ruins of every Art. We are fortunate in this, for it gives us the knowledge of our culture and the promise of a great future. We are equally fortunate in the enthusiasm that exists for Art. To build the future, we must build on the basis of the old—not because it is old but because it is eternal. There are many who say they are developing a New Art. What they mean by this is usually the presentation of Art that will please the public.

This is against the spirit of India. Art is neither an entertainment nor a pastime. It may be entertaining, for we must learn through joy, but at the same time Art is neither for the superficial nor can it be expressed by the superficial. All Art is for the highest and for one's own heart. It being the true education of life, its mission is to teach without appearing to teach because the best way to learn is to learn without the pain of learning. When songs are written about Nataraja, His dance is spoken of as Ananda Natana. The meaning of this is obvious, but how wonderful the conception is! It has many meanings, the most important of which is that joy destroys all misery. Through His joy, He destroys ignorance.

To the ordinary human, the learning of the dance is as strenuous as the practice of Yoga because it means the control of the body, the discipline of the body and finally the forgetting of the body through the joy that comes of its transcendence. By the conquering of the body, by the expression of the spirit through the physical, we are as Shiva Himself, destroying ugliness, destroying matter and flesh itself into the ashes of divine rhythm and joy. Tamil poets speak of Shiva as One shining with brilliant and pure white ashes. This is the dance in which intelligent emotion transcends all. It is creative and new and when one's mind is filled with this spirit how can the artist be conscious of pleasing the audience, or think of headlines?

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As dance is the conquering of the body, so is music the conquering of the emotion. True music is transcendence of lower emotion. As Natya is the dance of the physical body, so is music the dance of the emotional body. To transcend emotion is again a Yoga, the sound that is physical calling to the eternal self in all. In India, the cultural centre was truly the temple, and because Art was understood it was offered as flowers and incense to the Deity.

It is because beauty is such a universal spirit that it can know no differences of nation, language or caste. All speak today about a national language. To me, the real national language is culture and any Form that expresses culture is the language of the land. It is interesting to note how Art is the one thing which all nations recognise as a bridge. Even during the last war, many people and many countries gave up speaking German, would have nothing to do with Germany. But the only German born thing that was allowed in any country was the Music of German composers such as Bach or Beethoven. In the love of Art, the nationality of the composer was forgotten. For a great artist the world is his nation. In the division of India the greatest loss has been the cultural loss. In the North, craftsmen who make beautiful things, and wonderful musicians are Muslims, for music there is no barrier of Religion; almost all Ustads sing of Krishna and Radha. If real artists had been the politicians there would have been no division of India. Art seems to be exempted from all barriers of birth. The Christian will enjoy a dance performance or even learn to dance, though it is known that every song is in praise of Krishna, Rama, Sita or Parvati. This interesting fact gives us an idea that perhaps in the new India, Religion cannot return in the same way. But if the religious spirit is to return it may be through beauty, through the presentation of drama, of music, of dance and of poetry. Only if India regains the spiritual outlook will India regain her place as the Centre of Culture, of Beauty of living, a land to be worshipped.

At one time, India's influence spread to China and pilgrims wrote of her and her prosperity. Will ever another pilgrim write of India's glory? Will there be descriptions of our new Architecture, Music, Dance, Poetry and, most important of all, of the Poetry of living? Or will there be descriptions of the great progress of industrial centres with ugly cities filled with the smoke of factories? Today, from what I know, visitors come to see the ancient monuments and no new city is visited except to be shown the ugliness of the present day. When

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visitors are shown our dances, they are filled with surprise; surprise at the lack of organisation, lack of colour sense, the loudness of the microphone and the lack of respect for the Art on the part of the audience. Of course, it is natural that audiences lack reverence for Art, because the artist himself or herself is unaware of the need for such a quality. Reverence and humility can come only with knowledge. The same is true of the Art galleries today. Our modern Art is neither ours, nor is it Art. We are all filled with respect for the West and copy the struggles of the West in our Art. Our pictures win little respect and are unfortunate copies of the wrong West. Of course there are rare exceptions, but popular taste in India is very uneducated though the uneducated have better taste than the educated. The uneducated has not learnt of the modern and, therefore, responds to the simplicities of the old or the eternal.

There is no doubt that in the Western world there is a far better understanding of Art. The vulgar exists, as in the night clubs, but the vulgar is known to be vulgar, as the classical is known to be classical. The West is full of a sense of good taste, of polish and a capacity to do well whether in good or evil. The forms of dancing in the cabarets exact as much hard work and untiring effort as the classical ballet. The West is a land of contrasts. Last year when I was in Paris, a U. N. O. representative gave a lecture with lantern slides. He showed the glory of Notre Dame, the beautiful Cathedral dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and in the next picture was a slide representing the Folies Bergeres, a famous place of light entertainment. Yet, in spite of all this, there is no mixing up of the crude with the classical. There will not be one note of the cheap music-hall at a concert of a classical musician, and what is more, the audience will know the difference. They will not tolerate the sacrilege of the classical artist descending to the cheap tunes. The cinema songs in India, with their imitations of foreign films and their music, has made this type of music so popular that the greatest danger has come to the very life of India, so that an average Indian (except to a certain extent in the South) does not even know the difference between the good and bad. Those who work for Art and Education have this great mission, to educate children and the public to true knowledge.

If one day a traveller were to write of India's place amongst the nations of the world, it will be to show India as a land of her particular genius, the genius to express Truth and philosophy in every phase of life, in the temples, in the homes. Just as the temple was the Cultural Centre, so was the home a Centre of Beauty. We still

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speak of a home as one where Lakshmi resides. What does this mean? It means Beauty in the home. The home of a villager, of a poor man, was as beautiful as that of any rich man. In fact India's genius for simplicity in life, simplicity in the home, beauty in everything that was used such as the vessels, the lamps, the mats, the floor and the dhotis or the saris. This universal sense of beauty extended to the stage. So, just as we wish for the presence of Lakshmi in the home, we need Lakshmi in our nation. It is then that India will represent an all-prevading Beauty, spiritual and real. It is then that India will bless the world both with the light of an outer Beauty which is Art and an inner Beauty which is character. It is only then that India will spread her message to the world, the message of her soul, and bring Moksha to the struggling nations. It was said by a great Teacher that "Men walk in their own shadows and cry out that it is dark." Let man see the light, the light of Beauty, and men shall walk in Light as they shall sing in joy and peace.¹

¹ (Full text of the T. R. Venkatarama Sastri Endowment Lecture for 1950, delivered under the auspices of the South Indian National Association, Madras.)

WET AND DRY

(A Short Story)

By Prof. N. S. PHADKE

Hira, the maid servant, nodded to herself knowingly as she watched her mistress, Indumati, standing before the stall of the moving wax figures in the brilliantly illumined premises of the Industrial Fair. The wax figures, depicting a scene from a popular play, were a drunken husband beating his wife. The man lifted the stick in his hand. It slid down slowly, and hit the woman on the head with a thud. The woman turned her face. Then the stick moved back, was lifted by the man again, who brought it down once more until it struck the woman with a clicking sound. Little Ashok, Indumati's son, whom Hira held by the hand, stood before the exhibition, wonderstruck, following the movement of the stick with his admiring eyes. "Look, Ma. He will hit her now. Look." He called out to his mother every time the stick began to come down. "Hira, keep looking at the man. He will give her a blow." He pulled Hira's hand and made her look. "There!" he cried when the stick clicked. He wasn't at all willing to move away from the stall. And Hira could guess why his mother too stood gazing at the wax figures. The scene had for her a meaning which was beyond Ashok's comprehension. There was a sign-board on the stall with a big lettering on it: 'Prohibition be Blessed'. Little Ashok didn't care to look at it; and even if he had read it he wouldn't have understood its meaning. How could a child know that his father was a drunkard, and that since the coming of prohibition he had been required to give up his drink? But his mother, Hira knew, lingered before the wax figures because they had a secret personal meaning for her. They had a similar meaning for Hira too. Because her father also was an addict and had been reformed by the new prohibition law. There must be many women like herself and her mistress, Hira thought, who must be daily watching these wax figures, thinking of their own lives, and blessing the Government for having cured their men of the drink habit...

"Well, Ashok," Indumati said at last, "Let's make a move. There are yet many other stalls to visit. Come." But Ashok stood rooted to the spot. "Wait a minute, Ma," he said, "Let him strike

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again just once. Let us watch it—just once more." "All right" his mother said, with a wistful smile on her face. The stick came down, and clicked on the woman's head. Indumati was about to drag her son away, when the chief organiser of the Fair happened to come along and greet her. "Hullo!" he said, "So we have the pleasure of your visit. Did you like this show?"

"It's grand." Indumati told him. "Who made these wax figures?"

"Don't you know? Wait a moment. I'll introduce the artist to you." And the organiser turned to a neighbouring stall, and shouted, "Rajan! Mr. Rajan! Would you mind coming here for a minute?"

A man who stood talking to a group of people turned round, smiled, and began to walk slowly towards the organiser.

Hira gave a start when she saw him. She knew this man...She would have liked to run away. But she couldn't do such a strange thing. She therefore only turned her head away. But even in so doing she looked at the approaching artist again. And she was convinced that she had recognised him rightly...She knew this man. She heard her mistress complimenting him "What beautiful figures you have modelled..." And she also heard the organiser telling Indumati, "He is a great artist, you know. And Government are very pleased that he is popularising prohibition by his show."...But she didn't care to hear their further talk...Her mind had gone back over four years, and she remembered what were perhaps the sweetest and also the bitterest years of her life...This artist whom the organiser was praising was then an ordinary young man...

He lived in the 'Toy-Makers' lane. He belonged to a family whose profession for several generations had been that of making dolls from rags. Rajan was a clever boy. He began to make small clay figures, and although there was no one to guide him, he soon became known for his beautiful clay figures. Images of God Ganapati are worshipped by the Hindus in the month of 'Bhadrapada', and are in great demand in that season. Ganapatis made by Rajan became very popular. People registered their orders two months in advance, and Rajan's house assumed the look of a small factory when he was busy making Ganapatis in various sizes and poses...Hira first began going to Rajan's house as a servant girl whose business was to prepare the clay and to pound the rags...

Her father had a job as a 'Pattewala' in an office. But his salary was too small to provide him with money enough for his evening

drink. It was necessary for the daughter to earn a few annas every day. It became easier for him to have his evening drink when Hira began to work in Rajan's factory. He also got a fine image of Ganapati free once a year, when the Ganapati festival came round. He was therefore quite pleased with the arrangement...She was of a marriagable age now. But he was not very anxious to marry her away, and lose the money which she brought home every day. So he sried to shut his eyes to her blossoming youth...

But her youth and her pretty looks attracted Rajan towards her. In the beginning he had taken her just for an ordinary working girl, not caring to look at her. But one day something happened within him as he went near her and stood before her just to see whether she was kneading the clay properly. Wanting to test if the clay was sufficiently soft and even, he bent down, and looked into her face. And in that instant he was amazed by her beauty. She had a fine nose, big, dark eyes, and long dark tresses, sweeping back from her broad forehead, dangling in a loose knot en the nape of her neck...

"It's fine," he smiled at her as he rubbed the clay with his fingers, and then added, "Aren't you tired?"

"Tired?" she asked in a puzzled voice, as though there was no tuch word in her poor life.

Rajan looked at her hands smeared with wet clay. What beautiful hands, he thought. "You must do something else than this..." he said.

"What else can I do?" she said, smiling. "I know nothing else."

"Would you like me to teach you?"

"But what will you teach me?"

"Making clay figures for instance?"

"Can I?"

"Of course you can. Why not?" he said. And then he added, "Let us make a beginning right now. Get up, wash your hands, and come over to that stool there."

Thus Hira began modelling figures of clay.

It took some time for her to discover that Rajan loved her. But when she knew it she decided to lure him even more. Her cleverness matched her beauty, and she instinctively knew how to make herself more and more desirable.

"Hira, you have become an expert now in this business of making clay figures," he said to her one day. "You had better start a shop of your own."

She was busy carving the eyes of a Lord Krishna. "What? Are you tired of me?" she asked, tilting her head and placing the point of the wooden carver between her lips. "Are you asking me to have a shop of my own so that I might stop coming to you? Want to get rid of me?"

"O no, not that," Rajan said. "But you will earn more money."

"Hang the money!" she said. "If I earn more money it will only help my father to drink more. Do you think I come here for the sake of money?"

"No? Then why?"

"Don't you know?"

"Yes, I know. But I like to be told. Come. Tell us."

There was a row of large bowls filled with colours on a range. Hira made a movement to pick up one of them. "Stop your tricks," she said, "or I'll splash this over your face."

Rajan laughed and moved away. But no sooner had she put back the bowl than he turned and drew her by the hand, and, not minding her protests, held her in embrace and kissed her.

Soon after this she became his...She lived only for being loved by Rajan...And then slowly the reaction also came. There comes a phase in young people's love when the first summer showers of abandon are over, and the woman begins to ponder over consequences. So Hira began to ask herself what the end of her affair with Rajan was going to be. She wanted to discuss things with her lover. But she also feared that he might not like it, and if she nagged him he might end his relations with her altogether. So she kept silent. But soon her anxiety became unbearable, and she found it increasingly difficult to let things drift...She decided that she must speak to Rajan sometime and tell him how worried she was...

"Let me go home now," she said to Rajan one night, as she moved away from the bed, "Don't you hear the bells in the temple? It's nearly midnight."

"Bells?" Rajan asked, "I hear nothing when I lie like this in your arms. Do you really hear any bells?"

"Sure. If I stay on any longer I'll be terribly late, and what excuse shall I have to satisfy my father?"

"But you have already told him, haven't you, that the Ganapati festival is drawing near, and you have to work here late in the night?"

"But that does not mean that I should stay here after midnight." She caught hold of his locks and lifted his face. "I'll stay on with you if you answer a question," she said, her face suddenly becoming serious.

Rajan nodded. "Yes?"

"And you must tell me the truth."

Rajan nodded again.

"Look here," she said, "I am a Maratha by birth. You belong to a different caste. What shall I do in case my father comes to know of our affair and asks me to leave his house?"

"Leave it." He laughed.

"And where should I go?"

"Come here and live with me."

"As your mistress?" she asked. "No, that can never be. So tell me, Rajan, will you marry me?"

"Of course I shall marry you," he said. "Don't you trust me?" He kissed her.

That made Hira tremendously happy. She gave him a kiss. "I trust you, my sweetheart," she said. "But after all you are a man. And I often fear..."

"Don't be silly," he said and took her back into the bed.

And she heard the temple bells again when she awoke. For a moment she thought that they were the midnight bells. But then she remembered what had happened after midnight, and knew that these bells meant that it was dawn. "My God!" she gasped, "now I shall surely have a good beating from my father." She got down from the bed. Rajan pulled her 'sari'. But she freed herself. "Will it never be enough for you, you beast?" she reproved him with mock anger. She moved away from him, and left the house.

The streets were empty and only dimly lit by the dawn. The tolling of the temple bells went on. It must have rained heavily in the night, because the streets were wet, and water gurgled in the gutters. The sky was thickly set with clouds. A small flock of crows

sat on a roof, pecking at their feathers with their hard beaks, and making a raucous noise. A pair of beautiful green parrots clung to a crevice in the wall of a house, and filled the air with their sweet chirping...Hira walked on happily. She wasn't afraid of her father now. Rajan was always prepared to receive her as his wife. Why should she care then if her father scolded her?...Hira was very happy in her heart...

Her father didn't ask her anything. She found him lying in his bed, snoring. He must have had a bottle too many last night. She didn't have to face his questions.

But she soon had to face a question which nature posed before her. She was going to have a child, she discovered. What was she going to do? The prospect filled her with fright...But everything would be all right, she thought. Only she must get married without delay...

But Rajan refused to take matters seriously. When she reminded him of his promise, he talked of this difficulty and that. She quarrelled with him, rebuked him, at last wept and fell at his feet, begging him to take pity on her. But he only laughed, and asked her not to be a fool...At last she gave up all hope. She understood that she was herself to blame. She had foolishly thought that it was love which Rajan gave her, but it was mere lust...

Her father flew in a rage when he knew her condition. He got dead drunk and started calling her a bitch and beating her. He took out a burning stump of wood from the fire and branded her. "This will open your eyes, you shameless harlot!" he shouted...Was there no one, Hira thought in her agony, who would flog and brand the real culprit—Rajan?...

Her father stopped speaking to her...After a few days, however, he realised that it was no use being sullen and angry and punishing the girl. He must help her and save her from dishonour. So he took her to another town, got her out of the difficulty, and on returning, lost no time in marrying her away to an old man...

Hira went through all this with set teeth, without murmur. But inwardly she burned with the thought, was there no one to whip and brand Rajan?...Hira's old husband died within a year, and she returned to her father's house, and began to work as a maid-servant in Indumati's house. Outwardly she looked cheerful. But there was pain in her heart. The wound which Rajan had inflicted on her heart

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was old now. But whenever she saw the big dark-blue scar on her left arm she remembered all that she had suffered. Was there no one, her heart cried, to slash Rajan with a whip and to brand him with burning wood?...

* * * * *

She had never seen Rajan during all these years. And now she saw him all of a sudden. He looked like a prosperous man. He was dressed in white 'khadi'. His wax figures exhibition was being praised by the people and the Government. He was a famous artist...She had remained what she had been—a common working girl, scrubbing pots and washing clothes for a living. Her heart shook with anger and hate. How she wished to step forward, catch hold of Rajan, and ask him straightaway, "You scoundrel, shall I tell all these people how you betrayed me and made a mess of my life?" But she knew that she couldn't do this. She thought of going away. But even this became difficult, because Indumati called out to Ashok, "Don't you want to meet this gentleman? He made these wax figures, do you know? Come and say how-do-you-do. Hira, bring him here." So Hira had to step forward and lead the boy to his mother. Her eyes met Rajan's. She thought he smiled at her—a secret smile of recognition. She showed disapproval. But the next instant she too had smiled at him before she knew...

On her way home she reproached herself severely. She wanted to slap her own face. What business had she to give him that smile? How could she smile at the man who had ruined her? Did she love him still? What a big fool she was to want to please him? She had no business to grin at him. She deserved a cracking slap across her face for having grinned like that. She mustn't let her heart soften like this if she met him again...

But she forgot all about this resolution when Rajan came to her house after two days. She went into a flutter, spreading an old carpet for him to sit, running to the neighbour to borrow sugar, and making tea. He remained with her for a long time, talking gaily about this thing and that. When at last he got up to leave, he placed a few currency notes on the carpet.

"What is this?" she asked.

"Keep them," he said, "I am a rich man now."

She frowned angrily. "What have I to do with that?" she asked.

WET AND DRY

"Don't talk like this," he said. "I didn't marry you. That was a mistake. But I wish to correct it. I shall make you happy."

There came a lump in Hira's throat. "Don't play with me again," she said.

"Play with you?" he said, "No. Believe me, I wish to make you happy. Why should you slave like a common working girl? I cannot marry you. But I am a rich man, and can give you a lot of money. Come to me once. I have many things to tell you."

He left. His sweet words had revived an old yearning in Hira's heart. She was angry with herself for this weakness. What a shame it was, she thought, that she wanted him again, after all this. She wanted to slap her own face. She hated herself. "Come to me once," he had said. She knew too well what he wanted from her. But she was no longer the thoughtless foolish girl that she was once...No. She would never go to him. She would kill herself rather than succumb to this temptation...

She kept her resolve for three days. On the fourth she went to his house...

She was amazed by the change in Rajan's style of living. Formerly he had occupied only the front portion of the house in the 'Toy-Makers' lane. But now he also owned the tiled courtyard beyond it and the rear portion of the house which opened into another narrow lane. The front portion was occupied by his studio and factory. The room on the first floor overlooking the courtyard was used as a living room, and the spacious but dark building beyond the yard presented a look which utterly puzzled Hira. And she was simply astounded when Rajan explained to her what the place was being used for. For a moment she couldn't believe him, and kept staring at him. "Rajan, are you mad?" she whispered.

He laughed. "Mad?" he said, "This isn't madness, but sound business. It brought me three thousand rupees in three months' time. This is a gold mine I have discovered."

"But what if you are found out? They will put you in a jail."

"You are a simple child, Hira," he said. "It's only the poor who go to jail. Men who can block the way to prison by spreading bricks of gold are never caught. You too can become rich, if you join me in this. You will be an ideal help to me, taking this stuff secretly to big monied men who thirst for it. This is a gold mine, remember."

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He waved his hand at the distiller and the utensils and tubes in the half-dark room.

Hira shook with fear as she looked at that 'Gold Mine'...So Rajan ran a secret liquor distillery...The place was indeed ideally suited for the business. There was Rajan's Studio in the front part of the house. Who would suspect the existence of a distillery in a respectable house like this? The rear portion of the house had a door opening into a narrow by-lane so that liquor could be sent out without anybody's noticing it. Rajan had earned the Government's goodwill as a supporter of prohibition by his exhibition of wax figures. He wore handspun 'khadi'. Who would ever think it credible that there was a distillery in his house? The whole thing was indeed very cleverly conceived...

Hira stood speechless, afraid and amazed.

"So Hira," Rajan said again, "you must help me. There's a fortune in this for both of us, you see."

What a despicable devil this man was, thought Hira. He had ruined her. And now he was betraying the Government. He was betraying women like herself and Indumati, whose fathers and husbands, freed from the drink habit, would again find a means of slaking their vile thirst. Rajan was turning them again into drunkards. The scoundrel! Was there no one, the old bitter thought came to her again, who would give this brute a good flogging and brand him with a rod of iron?...A strange new idea occurred to her suddenly...She grinned. "Do you really mean," she asked Rajan, "that I'll get rich if I help you?"

He caught her hands. "Let's go upstairs to my room," he said, "We are wasting the night. Come, dearest."

She went with him.

Leaving Rajan's house after a couple of hours she went straight to the nearest police 'chowki'. She found a policeman sitting on the steps, smoking a country 'bidi'. "I have something very serious to report," she said, and told him everything she had come to know of Rajan's distillery. She had expected the policeman to be impressed by the news, and to ask her to take him to Rajan's house. But he did no such thing. He kept sitting where he was, and smoking. "Do you know, woman," he said in a threatening voice, "people are sent to jail if they give false information?" Hira remembered Rajan's

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words. Rich men are never caught, he had told her. It was no use, she understood, arguing with this policeman. She turned to go away. But the policeman wouldn't let her go. "You will have to sit here," he ordered in a gruff voice. He even uttered an oath. This frightened Hira. And she also felt very much puzzled. People were told, she thought, that they should report offences fearlessly and help Government. And now this guardian of the law...She sat down in a corner, thoroughly bewildered. She didn't know what to do...

An Inspector came to the 'chowki' at one o'clock. The policeman seemed to be taken aback by this surprise visit. "Who is this woman?" the inspector asked. Hira collected all her courage and, going up to the officer, told him about Rajan's distillery.

The next day the police raided Rajan's house. Rajan was arrested.

On the third day Hira was taken to the police headquarters. She was terribly frightened when she was made to stand before the chief officer. But he smiled at her. "Be seated," he said, "You have nothing to fear. I asked them to bring you here because I wished to thank you. You have rendered very valuable service to Government. Women like you..."

But Hira was not attentive to what he went on to say...She wished to tell the officer her whole story, and the real reason why she had reported. She hated liquor, no doubt. She wished that Rajan should be punished for breaking the law,—for having cheated the public by donning 'khadi' clothes and by his wax figures exhibition. But there was another, and a more personal reason which had impelled her. Rajan had betrayed her and ruined her life. She had always wanted that someone would whip him and brand him...She thought of telling all this to the officer...She even thought of rolling up her sleeve, and showing him the big dark-blue scar on her arm, which had been to her the symbol of both woman's helplessness in this unjust world and man's vile power to sin and to escape punishment...She wished to show the scar to the officer, and to confess to him that she had exposed an offender against the 'dry' law because her own heart was wet with the dripping blood of silent suffering...

But she didn't do any of these things...

"You can go now," she heard the officer say after finishing his long speech...

She mumbled a few words, and left the room...

INTRODUCING SPANISH LITERATURE

By MARCELLA HARDY

"With us", writes Salvador de Madariaga in his Spanish version of his own English book, *The Genius of Spain and Other Essays on Spanish Contemporary Literature*, "With us, criticism is almost completely divorced from creation". This terse remark touches the very pulse of the tremendous and intensely rich genius of Spain. Far from being derogatory, the remark explains much of the exuberance and impetuosity of Spanish literature, its vigour and colour.

A language of wonderful force and resourcefulness, Spanish discovered early those metres and forms which suited it best, those predominantly imbued with dramatic power; and the sense of the dramatic is most characteristically of the genius of Spain. It is natural, then, that the literature should have blossomed almost more prodigiously in the drama than in the other forms, fine and plentiful though these undoubtedly are. The dramatic content of life rather than its philosophy is the burden of this literature; and life, for Spain, connotes Man in the various situations in which he may find himself. Man having to deal with three constant factors that he may maintain himself in his exalted position, duelling with Death the constant enemy, finding inspiration in Love the inexorable force, and steering his course by Honour his most prized attribute; these are the motives that dominate all action. Thus pre-occupied, the Spanish genius has no inclination nor concern for analytical studies, philosophical dissertation, adventurous explorations into the workings of the mind; it has no gift for criticism of self, understandably enough, for neither Death nor Love nor Honour submit satisfactorily to such a test. Man is indeed so much the king of life that, as de Madariaga also puts it, attacks on him by Death, though inevitable, constitute almost a crime of *lese majeste*.

And it is true that in few literatures does one find Death treated—allow me the paradox—so much as a living force, with such familiarity. A recent novel by a young Basque writer is an instance: the main character is a sort of waif who becomes an undertaker, and the whole story is treated from the point of view of a man for whom

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death is wealth, death is his life, it is to be welcomed not as a release but as an asset, a tool of vengeance against unfeeling society. The theme is only incidentally gruesome. The same genius gave birth to Don Juan and to the death Commendador at the banquet; likewise those grave yet not gruesome paintings in which the skull figures as an important element of the intention. There are many traits in the Spanish character—reflected, of course, in the literature—which are not at all Western as this term is usually understood; one often has the distinct impression that Spain is only accidentally and imperfectly a part of Europe; its roots were nourished elsewhere with other nurture.

Alongside the exuberance of the language with its easy flowering and fertile generosity and imagery, stand the almost numberless proverbs and wise sayings of the folk—marvels of wit, conciseness, and wisdom. These proverbs and wise sayings may be said to constitute the reserves of material from which the literature draws its strength and plots. Indeed, a surprising proportion of the body of Spanish writings is, as it were, an amplification of and a commentary on the race's store of proverbs. Such titles taken at random through the pages of a history of the literature are examples: *Walls have Ears*, *You must fall before you rise*, *Who can be a father being a King*. These plays form part of the serious drama, and are not mere comedies for the delectation of a moment, and for the populace. The most celebrated men of letters have taken such themes to clothe them in the melody and grace of their verse, and create characters taken from real life—for the country's genius is more at home with immediate portraiture, which it does admirably.

This unconcern for psychological problems, this realistic approach of transferring to the stage or the novel the ordinary life of Man, brought with it a keen sense of local colour; this is perhaps what makes Spanish literature so intensely personal. It is one of the most documentary of literatures. Anybody following Don Quixote and Sancho Panza on their fantastic peregrinations through Spain, is travelling through Spain itself and meeting all sorts of perfectly plausible people on the way. Perhaps the only times when literature was unrelated to reality, was artificial in its tone and setting is when, literary fashions from Italy and France were introduced—at several intervals during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Though such fashions did affect writers for more or less time, they never found support in the folk who, as theatre managers complained, crowded to see ordinary Spanish playlets and themes while the elegant plays from France were performed to rows of empty seats.

It was only with the nineteenth century, after the French Revolution which, in spite of everything, did have some repercussions on the far side of the Pyrenees, that writers became deeply impressed with the thought of the Romantics in other countries; with this spiritual storm came a reaction against the fashions of other countries and a reflex of national consciousness that sought its themes in the country's past, that turned once more to the folk genius and introduced it to serious contemporary writing. With this period also came a consciousness of social problems; and attempts at psychological studies in verse, drama, and prose were made. Incidentally, a notable break from the Golden Century (the seventeenth), was the essay in prose taking the place of the rhymed epistle as an instrument of satire or comment. The Romantic writers of the first decades of the nineteenth century in Spain—over which this movement swept more tempestuously than elsewhere—had no tradition of psychological studies or social problems, with the result that their works have all the spontaneity and immature formlessness and downrightness of adolescence. Characters in plays and novels ceased being the Spanish folk called upon to play certain roles, but became types: the type of evil, the type of goodness, the type of jealousy—Othello and Lear had recently been introduced to the reading public—and so forth. Accumulations of circumstances, the imminence of doom, the consonance of natural elements with human emotions, a quite Gothic stress on the sombre, all fill the works of the times almost to the exclusion of the subtleties and flowing humour and humanity of the earlier periods. A famous name of the Romantic period is that of the Duke of Rivas, a vigorous writer of tragedies unbarring the intolerance of society and the force of destiny.

Gradually, however, this turbulence and ebullience settled down to create literature of a solid and permanent value, readable at all times and in different languages; criticism started working its way, pruning, analysing, examining. To the latter part of the nineteenth century are owed solid works of scholarship and the translation of contemporary literature into the European languages. Spain was herself again, in that her literature was Spanish, but schooled in a sterner manner; in different vein, there was a coming back to the skill of the great seventeenth century with its Calderons, Quevedos, Rojas, a coming back to the vigour of a Lope de Vega and the humanity of a Cervantes. To this latter period of the nineteenth century belong Blasco Ibanez, Valle Inclán, Unamuno, Perez Galdos, Pereda, and others who have so magnificently increased the fascinating body of Spanish letters.

In the branch of speculative writing, which is so akin to philosophy and scholarship, the record of Spain is one of lost opportunities—not surprising in view of the national character. Right down the centuries Spain produced great thinkers, yet they were thinkers in the sense that their capacity for thinking was tremendous and their imagination and intuition outstanding; they were not capable of pursuing their thoughts to a logical end. Earlier than most of the great European brains who helped in the advance of science, Spain produced men who already had written on such things, pointing a way to later discoveries; these men never themselves pursued their discoveries to make any change in contemporary thought. This volatility that throws out indications, that has visions and instinctive apprehensions of scientific truths is part of the country's genius; the present age, apparently, is more and more turning to pressing that virtue to the service of life.

These are only some scant notes on a vast subject on which it is only too easy to generalise and, thereby, fall into many errors. So far, the purpose has been to introduce the character of this literature so that its reading may become all the richer with attributes. *Lorca*, for instance, has been acclaimed as one of the European poets of the present times, but only those who know Spain can realize how very Spanish he is and, knowing this, his work becomes all the more beautiful; it illuminates the scene of life from the Spanish angle and thus becomes universal. Of the luxuriant early centuries with their Saracenic-Christian cycles of lays, their pastorals, their plays of social customs, their interpretation of proverbs, and the unbelievable manipulation of language such as reached its most fantastic forms during the late Golden Century,—of all this there is still everything to tell. It is hoped that these notes may bring some to learn something about this wealth.

India And Pakistan : The Cultural Crisis

By BASUDHA CHAKRAVARTI

Before and even after his election as President of the Congress, Sri Purushottamdas Tandon was anxious to be regarded as an evangelist of what he and many others with him regard as Indian culture. Culture indeed has had a grim role to play in the chapter of India's history of which independence is the main theme. It was a difference in culture that Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah announced, existed between Hindus and Muslims, and had to be preserved. That difference was ostensibly the genesis of Pakistan. But it was not only the Quaid-e-Azam that made culture subserve a political purpose. Rather, according to non-Marxist thought, culture is the determinant in historical development reflected in politics. Even Marxian thought owns it to be the expression of life the course of which is, according to it, determined by the economic motive of history. Sri Purushottamdas Tandon has at least as much justification for regarding culture as the mainspring of politics as had Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah.

What then is the Indian culture that Sri Tandon requires all Indians, irrespective of religion, to own as their own? That culture is admittedly essentially Hindu. To avoid the stigma of revivalism it is now insisted that only the essence of Hinduism need be revived, not the whole of its ritualistic paraphernalia. To obtain detachment from communalist politics it is also emphasised that acknowledgement of Hindu culture as the culture of all Indians would not prejudice the rights of non-Hindus to pursue their own ways of life. Still, the question remains: What is the essence of Hindu culture into which all Indians are required to be initiated? Is it the Vedas on which Swami Dayananda based a strong revivalist movement? Is it the Gita which many Hindu leaders have owned as the source of their strength and inspiration? Or is it the Upanishads on which the Brahmos have relied to build up a strongly dissentient philosophy? Or, is it any of the six Darsanas the message of which intensely varies between pantheism, deism and materialism? There is no authoritative statement of the essence of Hindu culture. Cosmopolitanism is indeed often adduced as its chief trait. Its attitude to

Buddhism is shown as proving its intensely synthetic character. That even atheists are accommodated within its fold is presented as a matter of pride. Non-Hindu Indians are not concerned to dispute these claims except where Hinduism operates through exclusivist manners and customs that are a negation of cosmopolitanism. If this is Hindu culture, the non-Hindu Indian has to do nothing actively to accept it. Rather he has already accepted it, for the Universalism of Hindu culture is committed to accepting his approach to life as well. But Sri Purushottamdas Tandon cannot be meaning that, for he insists that there is a particular brand of Hindu culture that is essentially Indian and has to be accepted by all Indians. Yet he has not outlined the essentials of what he calls Hindu culture for non-Hindu Indians to learn. If he had tried to do that, he might at best give his own views. Almost certainly there would be thousands of Indians to challenge his interpretation of the essence of Hindu culture. The average Hindu is indeed unaware of any traits of his culture that are to be regarded as Indian. He would rather pass off his own beliefs, howsoever partial and at variance with those of many fellow-Hindus, as the essence of his culture and religion and deserving emulation by all fellow-countrymen. He is lost in the welter of argument, dispute and discussion over aspects of Hindu life and culture, and would leave those serenely aside. All he is concerned with are some ceremonial rites, and he himself would be flabbergasted were anybody to describe these as the compendium of his and, for the matter of that, India's culture. At any rate it would be absurd to ask non-Hindus to take part in the name of a national culture in Hindu religious ceremonies. Roughly again, India's culture is sought to be distinguished as essentially spiritual and, for that purpose, contrasted with the supposed materialist bias of Western culture. Considering Europe's attainments in philosophy, divinity and science it is indeed questionable if India's so-called spiritual effort is so admittedly greater as to permit her claims to distinctive spirituality to be taken for granted. The question is indeed open if spirituality and materialism are not distinctive traits of particular phases of civilisation rather than engrafted in permanence in differences between regions. For one thing the Sankhya of Kapila proclaimed the supremacy of matter thousands of years before materialism with its modern connotation entered the scheme of human knowledge. Rather, it seems creditable to claim for Hindu culture a universal track of knowledge and inquiry not permanently obsessed by assumptions of spirituality. At any rate it would be out of place to tell the non-Hindu communities

in India to accept the spirituality of Indian culture. For none of them would admit that they are in any way lovers of materialism. Rather the main two among them, the Muslims and the Sikhs, claim religion to be the breath of their nostrils, and for their religions indeed they would, they say, gladly die. If India is to be content to claim to be a land of religious culture, there are no communities in the country that would have it otherwise, and it is superfluous to tell them that they must accept the spirituality of India's culture as the basis of the national being. All communities that inhabit India are professedly religious and would be only too glad to own that theirs is a land of religion.

For it is on the basis of religion that Muslims have carved out for themselves, in the areas where they form a majority in the Indian sub-continent, what they call a homeland. In its professed aim to preserve Islamic culture Pakistan also claims a religious *raison d'être* for its existence. It will be necessary then to inquire into what cultural potentialities Pakistan has hitherto revealed. Pending that, however, it is disconcerting to find that exponents of both Hindu and Muslim cultures have become associated in even friendly minds with aggressive communalism. Organisations swearing by culture, professedly derived out of unadulterated religion, have been by universal knowledge active in communal riots. Even people in sympathy with them are not concerned to plead on their behalf anything more positive or edifying than that they stand up well to the other community. The result has been that over-emphasis on religion has had the dialectical effect of suggesting to many minds something very contrary to what was intended. It is that religion has in this age none but reactionary significance. Leaving out that extreme deduction, it is permissible to argue that what is sought to be revived is the social system enjoined by religion. But seeing that nobody would take the responsibility of asking, say, for the revival of Varnasrama Dharma in practice, it is difficult to believe that anybody really considers it possible. No such demand was made when the Republican Constitution was discussed and adopted and totally banned untouchability, which is supposed to be a part of ancient religion. In the practical shape of things, indeed, all the differences of caste and creed are breaking down with greater force than before. Hindu culture which is claimed to be a culture for all Indians remains therefore undefined. It would be a poor specimen of culture indeed were it required to be denoted only by compulsion on all Indians to adopt Hindi in Devnagari script as the national language and by a ban on cow-slaughter.

Not all protagonists of Indian culture challenge the secular basis of the national State. If those who do challenge it would go so far as to interfere with the non-Hindu communities' own ways of life, their professions of culture necessarily dissolve into rank communalism. These talks of culture therefore are at a dead end.

It is necessary to enquire why this should be so. The fruits of contemplation by our ancient sages are doubtless an abiding legacy to mankind. That they were little concerned with empirical science does not detract from the concentrated spirit of inquiry in which they originated. It is on the face of it puzzling why protagonists of Indian culture do not succeed in building thereon a practical philosophy of life. Speeches and writings, of which there are plenty, on the need to revive Hindu culture and derive strength therefrom, fast resolve themselves into stale inanities. These facts suggest something inherently static about what is intended to be a dynamic determinant of life. And this is not surprising, seeing that exponents of Hindu culture do not care to offer anything but deductions reached some uncounted thousands of years ago. The nonchalance with which it is suggested that nothing has been and nothing need be added since then is amazing. Only it does not make up for the failure to integrate pristine culture with the lives of the people which cannot have remained the same through the vicissitudes of history. The ups and downs storms and stresses through which India has reached the present stage of an integrated unity at the same time as the Muslim majority areas have been sliced off her, are a most engaging panorama. Complacency would overreach itself in the suggestion that cultural life has through all these periods remained still. And there we face what is at once the problem and the secret of India's cultural development through the centuries.

For the life of the people of India has really not stood still. The broad historical phases of its development are easy to recall. Even within them, however, there have been many social convulsions with deep cultural significance. The impact of Aryan civilisation on the country is still a subject of research. The protestant cults of Buddhism and Jainism left a deep impress on the literature, arts and architecture of the country. Muslim rule not only introduced its own tenor into the country's cultural life but actually provided the background for an effort at synthesis between Hindu and Muslim cultures. That effort has left a distinct mark on the literature and arts of India's middle ages. It is but pertinent to recall that Brahminic Hinduism and Pakistani Mohamedanism alike repudiate that effort.

There also arose a protest against institutional religion that was countrywide in its ramifications, and whose devotional sway made a bid to level down internal inequalities in Hindu society. Representative of that protest are the Vaishnava Dharma of Sri Ramanuja in the South and of Sri Chaitanya in Bengal and Orissa, and the almost iconoclastic cult of Sankar Dev in Assam. There were many minor cults too, and all of them inspired poetical and musical literature that has been the people's solace through the centuries. Still later came the impact from the West, and Bengal, for example, which received it earlier than other parts of the country and owned it in the great reform movement initiated, among others, by Raja Rammohan Roy, treasures the liberalism of the resultant culture which then found its universal voice through Rabindranath Tagore and of which the best individual expression was Desabandhu Chittaranjan Das. Other regional movements resulting from the same cultural process are also well known. It is amazing to note that the advocates of Indian culture who would determine the pattern of lives of all Indians disown this dynamic movement of national life through the ages. All that they are concerned to offer is the great cultural fruition contemporaneous with the faint beginnings of the country's recorded history. And even that is not presented as part of a dynamic, progressive movement of spirit but as static, self-sufficient dogma. Small wonder that in practice it has failed to supply an active philosophy of life. One point will suffice to explain that failure. Authoritative historical opinion lays down the non-admissibility of the evidence of non-Brahmins against Brahmins charged with murder as a fundamental proposition of the orthodox Hindu Code of justice. Nobody today would consider that any less absurd than that under orthodox Muslim rule, evidence of non-Muslims and women was not admitted against Muslims accused of murder. Even Muslim rulers respected the Hindu injunction that no Brahmin could be hanged, even though found guilty of murder. Such a philosophy is no proper background today for religiosity, or religious fanaticism, or indeed even for cohesion among professors of that particular religion. No wonder then it has been perverted, only to be a fillip to Communalism.

What it has become a fashion to call 'the crisis of culture' is here brought to the fore on the entire background of Indian history. The crisis is recurrent and in a sense, perennial. It is the almost incessant challenge from the subdued sections of the people to the set of values discovered by a particular class and also providing it a refuge. Even without subscribing to the Marxian belief in the class character

of culture, it is necessary to recognise that the literature of a particular age is a mirror of contemporary society which, even according to Marxian interpretation, has its abiding contribution to make to culture. Classical Brahminism has throughout the centuries set its face against recurring trends of popular thought, with the result that it has not considered it worth its while to own anything of substance, therein and to add, in the thousands of years that have elapsed, anything to its ancient heritage. The classical and popular trends of development have thus been juxtaposed against each other throughout the chequered course of the country's history. It indeed seems that the people have failed to stand up against the Brahminical offensive typified by Sankaracharya and Kumarila Bhatta. But they have created, and sought refuge in, a culture of their own. Abstract spirituality has thus failed to retain a practical, popular philosophy. At this moment it is awfully submerged under the total moral and cultural breakdown caused by communalism, while even nineteenth century liberalism has, on the background of the Indian philosophy of synthesis, proved capable of keeping the minds of the initiated above communalism. Ancient culture has given shape to the political dream of a revival of Shivaji's aim of a mono-religious national life, just as Islamic inspiration has aimed at the re-conquest of humanity in Pakistan. Both have however stumbled on the rock of historical reality and nothing but mutual hatred, that engulfs all moral and cultural values, has been the practical outcome. Without blinking at facts, it is enough to recall that the ideology of mono-religious glory has led to one of the greatest horrors in human history: the murder of Mahatma Gandhi.

It is therefore doing no service to Indian culture to confine it to a static and, even so, unspecified religious dogma. Religion has its place in individual life as a quest for shelter in the Universal Existence around us; but its social significance has been reduced to collective ceremonies on a background of devotional perception. Pressed into a dogma, it gives rise to reaction such as has found expression in "the Sunnyapuram in which the people of Bengal rejoiced in the incarnation of Dharma in the guise of Paigambar and of gods as his Khalifas; this Javana role was assumed by Dharma to destroy their idol temples—an echo of Buddhism in the lower strata of the people of Bengal protesting against the high class Brahminical oppression (Dr. K. R. Quanungo, Presidential Address, 1914, Indian History Congress, Mughal History Section). The same authority makes himself responsible for the statement that Sri Chaitanya came too late to

save Bengal from reaction against Brahminical oppression, but he (Sri Chaitnya) was more successful in Orissa where the temple of Puri provides an atmosphere of equality and universal love. Even there, however, Kalapahar laid assault. Even that temple was closed to the so-called untouchables, and the present writer recalls a day in May, 1934, when he saw the gates of the temple closed, reportedly for the first time in about nine hundred years since Kalapahar, for fear that Mahatma Gandhi who had arrived at Puri would storm it with a legion of untouchables. Ancient culture, or what passes for it, is in this way led into a morass of absurdities. It cannot present any sanction for its present claim to provide a philosophy of life for all Indians. And just now it only helps the dissident, disruptive outlook of Periyar E. V. Ramswami Naicker. Protagonists of exclusive Hinduism felt themselves let down by Sri Purushottamdas Tandon when the President of the Congress, subsequent to Sri Nehru's enunciation of the fundamental choice between secularism and a religious-communal outlook, disclaimed all ideas of chauvinism. Yet it is not a fact that Sri Tandon has given up his policies out of fear. He has had to accept Sri Nehru's position, only because it is the only position tenable in the twentieth-century world and Sri Nehru is fitted, as no other Indian seemingly is, to assure India's role in the international currents and cross-currents of the day. Again it is blank reality that has compelled the abandonment of revivalist dreams. So, it is apparently inadvisable to talk in terms of revivalism which has the effect not only of alienating non-caste sections of the population but estranging, even among the so-called castes, minds adapted to the influences of the modern world. As such its effects are definitely anti-national.

Freedom, surely enough, has a connotation of culture in the sense of progressive development and expression of the national being. The genesis of culture is the striving for a better life. In the suffering incidental to that striving, culture is conceived. Enough indeed is the suffering through which India today aspires to a life divine. She wants to redeem the suppression of her self through generations of alien rule. She feels so much the social mal-adjustment from which she suffers, because it stands in the way of her attainment of the potential conditions of a vast endeavour. Even situated as she is, she pursues experiment at international harmony in music and, of course, letters. But the very anguish of her striving has cultural potentiality, yet to bear fruition. And life's marvels are again being brought to us by history almost on a platter. Not the clash of reli-

gions in the name of culture, but the pains of the clash might yet prove the best cultural asset for India and Pakistan. So it is felt in the two Bengals where the communities have parted, ostensibly to pursue their respective ways of life. The parting is complete inasmuch as even organisations claiming to be left-wing and progressive have not the courage, even if they had the wish, to regret the split or, for the matter of that, to make it their business to put in a word of justice for the minority community of their own country or State. Nobody yet claims that the philosophy of separatism has as yet resulted in any cultural acquisition. Rather, there has been good literature produced in both Bengals by denying, getting round or beyond separatism. Rather, there has grown enough sense of travail to seek a spontaneous cultural outlet. There has been love sundered by communal dissension, personal friendship broken on the rock of communal misunderstanding. The two-nation theory and practice has exacted its full price. But its spiritual significance has not been formal. It has been dialectical. The mind that has lost inter-communal feeling may not miss the friends separated by partition. It has all the same been landed into a vacuum not unlike an all-male society unrelieved by any female presence. Any possible claim that it has thereby enriched its quality is still to be made. Eyes that met in despair on the background of communal riots retain the tinge of an abiding loss. Perhaps they wait to be lit up at the sound of the yet-to-be-composed symphony of eternal parting. For, to be reduced to a communal existence is to have one's personality dwarfed. To be introduced only as a Hindu or a Muslim is to lose one's human stature. And there is an end of, not fillip to, one's social and cultural self-expansion. If a particular approach to life is peculiar to a particular religion, the essence of it is nevertheless universal and is an ingredient of culture. So even Vaishanava devotionism need not be anathema to a Muslim. It would even help his self-perception. For culture essentially is self-expansion. If now the communities have parted on the basis of culture, the song of migration that waits to be written is a song of travail. The memories and traditions of the village left afar wait to be resolved into life's renewed effort. Still however they seek nostalgic redemption in East Bengal's song Bhatial. A refugee ex-officer of a former Nawab of Dacca whom the present writer has met, laments that he has not been able to live up to the behest of his employer for a self-contented life. For he has been turned a refugee and is in need of help. Yet his sense of values is derived from his Muslim employer and the consequent sorrow needs to be resolved

into life. Forms of cultural expression have been brought by migrants from East Bengal to West but not yet absorbed into any composite pattern of development. To do that is a cultural task of the hour, not to repeat parrot-like many-thousand-year-old dogmas. If Tolstoy universalized Christianity, Gandhi has universalized Hinduism and, on that plane, if indeed anywhere, can Hindu culture have an abiding appeal in the lives of Indians, if not of humanity. In the recesses and passages of a great city the birth-pangs of our independence make a conscious striving for resolution into the dynamics of international life. Workers in that purpose are workers of culture. The sorrows and pains of the Muslim minority of India whose dream-land of Pakistan has vanished beyond the horizon of their lives, and whom their country does not quite feel to be her own, are also a component of Indian culture in the making. For, they too are not static, their minds also evolve into what could be accepted as a cultural purpose. The way lies open for Indian culture, which has been made up of composite trends of historical development, to launch a most potential and marvellous experiment in an adventure of spirit. No truer way to national solidarity and glory and fulfilment among nations could be imagined.

Pakistan's concentrated purpose of self-building will have to transcend, if indeed it has not already transcended without acknowledgement, communal barriers, if it would reach cultural fulfilment. The hankering of East Bengal Muslims for Calcutta is not a mere political greed but a desire to feel the cosmopolitan pulse-beat of Calcutta life. While Pakistan may, for sometime yet, make a bid for Islamic glory, East Bengal needs to make herself aware that the feudal system that she has looked upon as communal domination was yet a historically necessary setting for production for living. It had its culture spread out into the lives of all communities, none of which disowned the graces in a musical function at the local landlord's house under the autumnal fullmoon sky. Now that the system has worn down by its inner contradictions, East Bengal might also be informed that scions of her feudal aristocracy are already out on the streets seeking ways of integration into the minds of the people. Not a sectarian but a human approach is needed to absorb the cultural significance of developments like that. When Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah said to the first session of the Pakistan constituent Assembly that the Hindus would thenceforth cease to be Hindus and Muslims would cease to be Muslims in the collective national being, he set well the stage for the Pakistani nation's undeterred self-expression and

self-development. It is not relevant in the present context to enquire why that perspective has since given place to an outlook limited by communal bounds. There is visual evidence however that no cultural pattern of communal fulfilment has yet emerged or even shows signs of emerging. That the East Bengal Muslim youth who feels himself estranged from his Hindu friends, finds himself an alien even on the borderland and—that is the most important thing about it—is not content in his own country and community, is a reality. He is a frustrated personality. If by chance he is one of those removed by post partition circumstances from engagement in Indian life, his sense of deprivation has no cultural antidote in his own country's life. That is what the dream of conquest he was asked to dream has come to. Varied tragedy supplies free Indians and free Pakistanis an adequate background for an utmost human effort. For, it is in pain that man strives to elevate himself out of the limitations of the present into a higher state of personal and collective development. Already the desire for freedom, with which goes the minorities' desire for the removal of the inhibitions that have been put over them, is generating social and personal proclivities that were not within the calculation of those who wanted, and still want, to make cultural separation the last word in the development of individuality. Out of the lacerated soul's protest against the ravages of separatism arise social and personal combinations that, cutting across separatist barriers, work in a cultural shape that is not the less real because orthodox minds will call it an aberration. Possibly there too is a synthesis, there is a beckoning to the human mind to the endless vista of unfolding civilisation. If there is today a challenge to the existing sense of values, if indeed the whole religious basis of civilisation has received a shock, it is by no means certain that it is not the deliberate clash of communal ideologies derived from dogmatic religion, of which the dialectical result has been to cause the hearts of the people seek relief in ways that could at least restore to them a shelter in humanism. For the soul of the people is in agony and cries for succour. Succour will draw upon the immense reservoir of strength that is latent in the people themselves. It is, then, along the course of unending life that we shall reach freedom unto culture and thus fulfil the legacy of the thousands of architects, known and unknown, great and small, of our freedom:

TRIVENI

"Can you tell me the way to Samarkand?
We are the pilgrims, Masters. We must go
Always a little further. It may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow.

"Across that angry or that glimmering sea,
White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born. But surely we are brave,
Who take the golden road to Samarkand."

G. B. S.

O immortality, your children, too,
alas, are mortal; even so is their
mortality a child of yours!...O you
master playwright, you conquered the despair
of life; so might you conquer the malaise
of death. But oh, to think that you no longer
teach us, no longer write, no longer raise
your voice of wisdom—wisdom that was stronger
than all the world's philosophies—this breaks
our hearts. And yet, your deathless spirit makes
us trust that there where you lie buried, or
there where you dwell in starry heavens, you may
still reign o'er human thought and shine like star
and sun and moon in an eternal way!

— RADHAKRISHNA MOORTHY CHALLA
(From his book *Passion & Philosophy*)

THE UNION AND THE STATES

By C. V. HANUMANTHA RAO, M. A.

(Editor, "Indian Republic")

When the esteemed Editor of *Triveni* asked me to contribute an article on the relations between the Union Centre and the State Units under our new Constitution, I agreed to do so, though I realised that there may not be much to say on the subject which had not already been said by many others. Our Constitution is an elaborate and complicated document, and education of the public on its salient provisions cannot be said to be complete when only a theoretical exposition of the bases of those relations has been attempted. The progress of any country under a Constitution, even under a Constitution which is a written and rigid one, cannot in actual practice be hamstrung by constitutional provisions, however elaborately worded. Its practical working is bound to be influenced by various developments, which arise from time to time in the course of that working and which would help to clarify the wording of its provisions or impart some special significance to them. The interpretation of disputed points by the Supreme Court and the High Courts when references are made to them would help further to extend their meaning and import. A national emergency or an economic crisis may give a new complexion to the Centre-State relations and give them a new shape. These possibilities need not be ruled out; even a ready-made, rigid Constitution grows, or should grow, if it is to be an instrument for national progress, as the American Constitution has been growing. No Constitution will be worth the paper on which it is written unless it contains within itself the seeds for self-growth or self-liberalisation, and after all any Constitution is made for the people and to subserve their needs and not *vice versa*.

Our Constitution can, on the whole, be described as being a Federal one, because its predominant characteristic is the division of powers between the Union and the States, though the separation of powers between the Legislature, the Executive and the Judiciary is not as clear-cut as it is in some other Federal Constitutions. It has

further been noted that our Constitution is a cross between the British and the American Constitutions. While we have a President, who is the Head of the State and in whom all authority in the State is theoretically concentrated, it does not provide for his direct election by the people, as under the American Constitution, nor can he function as the undisputed Executive Head. It provides on the other hand for the Cabinet system of Government of the British type. The President is elected by an indirect process, the members of the Union Parliament and the members of the Legislative Assemblies in the States sitting together, in accordance with the method of proportional representation by single transferable vote, and holds office for five years. He is not, like the American President, the sole authority to select his Cabinet nor does he directly govern the country. In the discharge of his day-to-day functions, he is merely the constitutional Head of the State, acting on the advice of a Council of Ministers, of which the leader and head is Prime Minister, who is the person commanding the largest measure of support in Parliament. But at the same time, there are vested in him certain emergency powers which he exercises in his discretion. Those powers are theoretically so wide that he can apparently transform himself into a virtual autocrat. But then the Constitution provides that the period for which any proclamation of an emergency made by him shall be in force will not be more than two months. During the pendency of the Proclamation, Parliament can enact legislation even in respect of subjects in the States List, and he can issue directions to any State in regard to the manner in which the Executive power is to be exercised. As a measure of the principle inherent in it, it may also be mentioned that in the discharge of its obligation for national Defence, the Union is charged with the duty of protecting the States against external aggression and internal disturbances and the Executive authority of the Union extends over all the Union territory in this respect. Despite all this, for any deliberate misuse of his power involving a violation of the Constitution, the President can be impeached by Parliament in the same way as the U. S. President can be. Since in his election, members of the State legislatures have a direct part, his position *vis-a-vis* the Union Ministry is one of peculiar importance. But that does not affect the constitutional position of the Union Ministry of the day, as the repository of Executive authority.

Based as it is on the Federal principle, the legislative powers under the new Constitution are divided between the Union and the State Legislatures. The Union List consisting of 97 items, among

which are Defence, Foreign Affairs, Communications, Currency and Exchange, Citizenship, Atomic Energy and others which are generally of common concern to the whole country. Parliament's legislative authority is supreme and unquestionable in respect of the items in the Union List. The Constitution also contains a State List of 66 items, among which are included many of the subjects which have traditionally been classed under the term "nation-building" subjects, in respect of which the State Legislatures are the legislative authority. Besides these two lists, there is also a Concurrent List of 47 subjects, in regard to which both Parliament and the State Legislature have jurisdiction to make laws.

As was only natural in the context, in regard to the last mentioned list, a law passed by Parliament will have precedence over the law by the State Legislature, for, if there is a State and also a Federal law on the same subject, the latter will prevail and the former will become repugnant to the extent that it is opposed to the Federal law. At the same time the Federal ideal is also enshrined and preserved in the provision which lays down that if two States together request the Union Government to legislate on any particular subject included in the States List, Parliament can pass a law on that subject, which would become applicable not only to those States but to any other State also if the Government of the latter so desire. A contrary process is also envisaged by which a State law on a concurrent subject will take precedence over a subsequent Federal law on the same subject, if the State Government have reserved it for the signification of the President's assent and if the latter signified his assent to it. The conclusion which these provisions point to are: (1) that Parliament's legislative authority extends throughout the Union in respect of the list of Union subjects; (2) that in regard to any subject in the Concurrent List, laws passed by the Union Parliament have invariably priority over laws passed by the State Legislatures except in prescribed exceptions; and that (3) even in regard to the subjects in the State List, Parliament has the right to legislate, if a request is made to that effect by two States. The general tendency of the Constitution to bring into existence a strong Central authority which could override State rights in some emergencies is reflected in the Legislative as much as in the Executive sphere.

Further evidence of this proneness to establish a strong Centre is contained in the provision that in respect of any matters not specifically incorporated in any of the three lists of legislative subjects, the

right of legislation, vests in the Union. In other words the residuary power under our Constitution vests, as in the Canadian Constitution in the Centre. In actual practice, when the State and the Union Lists are fairly exhaustive and comprehensive, it is of little consequence where technically the residuary power rests. The fact that the Constitution-framers had displayed a predilection to make the Union Parliament the residuary in respect of legislative authority, is an indication that they were determined deliberately to reverse the decentralisation process and the principle of provincial autonomy, which was the cardinal characteristic of the Montagu-Chelmsford Act of 1919 and more so of the Government of India Act of 1935. This reversal is not a fortuitous circumstance, it is a deliberate matter of policy, intended to circumvent the danger of centrifugal forces that were dominating our political life prior to August 1947, asserting themselves. It is also of interest to note here that the Union of India is intended to be an indissoluble union, and the States have no right of secession.

While Parliament's legislative supremacy is undisputed in respect of those items which are included in the Union List, the President shares with it its functions, in that he is vested with authority to promulgate Ordinances which have the effect of law. This power is exercisable only when Parliament is not in session and when an emergency calls for urgent action. An Ordinance issued by the President will have to be placed before Parliament, as soon as possible, for approval. In any case it ceases to operate at the end of six weeks from the date of meeting of Parliament, or earlier if the two Houses so determine. The Ordinance-making powers of the President do not hamstring to any real extent the principle of Parliamentary supremacy; they are intended solely to cover an admittedly extraordinary situation.

The division between the spheres of the Union and State legislatures in respect of legislation does not in practice mean a complete and clear-cut division of legislative functions between the State and the Federal Governments, as in the American Constitution. We have already seen that a connecting bridge between them is provided by the Concurrent List, in regard to which both the Union and State legislatures can make laws. Thus we have Central measures of legislation, such as the Preventive Detention Act, the Industrial Finance Corporation Bill, the Road Transport legislation, the proposed measure to abolish and penalise untouchability and so on, though some of these subjects are included in the States List.

What has been said on the division of legislative power is significant as a revelation of the tendency in our Constitution to combine the Federal and Unitary principles. The fact that the State Units' autonomy is subject to the basic consideration that national interests will be paramount, is underlined by the powers vesting in the President pertaining to the proclamation of an emergency and preventing a breakdown of the Constitution. These emergency powers, which apparently give the President unlimited control over the administration of the States, need not, however, be regarded as either normal or as intended to justify wanton encroachment into the States' sphere. An emergency is not something intangible, and a Proclamation about its existence or of a breakdown of the Constitution in any State cannot be made unless certain conditions and elements are present. Thus no President would be inclined to make use of them unless there is a clear, *prima facie* justification for it, such as a grave, nationwide economic crisis, or the imminent outbreak of war, or danger of widespread famine. Once a proclamation of an emergency is issued it cannot be in operation for more than six months, though at the end of that period it can be extended by an Act of Parliament for a further period.

The "breakdown" provisions on the other hand can be set in motion only on the recommendation of the Governor of the State concerned. This involves an even more serious responsibility than the proclamation of an emergency, because it results in a complete suspension of the constitutional channels of legislation and enables the President to carry on the administration on his own responsibility, as the abolition of the Legislature is inter-related to and means the abolition of the Ministry also. As a proclamation of a breakdown is a serious matter, it imposes a correspondingly greater responsibility on the President to act cautiously and with the utmost circumspection before taking a decision. It is only a President who is autocratic-minded that can throw all caution to the winds. The spirit of the Constitution would have to be accorded the greatest possible consideration in this respect, and it is the essence of that spirit that these provisions can be resorted to only when there is a clear threat that the administrative machinery of the State is collapsing completely. The fundamental point to remember is that what is constitutionally valid may not always be legally sound or politically expedient. The President, who attempts to resort to any of his emergency powers without the backing of his own Ministry or the legislature in the State, will be committing a constitutional and political blunder. He will lay himself open to impeachment.

TRIVENI

The inter-dependence between the Centre and the States is in no other respect more patently and strikingly evident than in that of financial relations. The division of financial resources between the two parts of the Union has been so devised that the Centre would collect most of the direct taxes and distribute their proceeds, either wholly or in part, to the States. The Centre is thus in a position to exercise an effective control over the functioning of the States, which depend to a large extent on the financial allocations from tax proceeds and the other grants-in-aid and loans that the former makes. Direct taxes like the Income-tax, Death Duties, Export Duties and some Excise Duties are among the most important income-yielding resources which are leviable by the Centre. Besides, for various other purposes, such as the grow-more-food campaign at present, educational expansion, agricultural and industrial research and construction of irrigational and hydro-electric projects, road development and so on, the States will be indebted to the Centre for assistance rendered. This inter-dependence is a definite advantage in the sense that nation-building, prosperity-promoting activities that are undertaken by the States as an integral part of their constitutional responsibilities would be assured of a continuity and adequacy of financial support. At the same time, by reason of the fact that Central supervision and control over the development works executed by the States is thereby ensured, uniformity in the progress of the Units will be facilitated. The importance of uniform economic progress and development throughout the Union is so patent as to be undeniable; and in a country wherein considerable diversity in conditions exists, due to historical, geographical and other causes, it can be promoted only by the kind of supervisory control that can be exercised by a benevolent Centre. It is also beneficial in the sense that in respect of the levy of a tax like the Sales-tax, for instance, uniformity in the methods of its levy and administration and avoidance of the danger of its proving an impediment to free inter-State commerce, will be practicable only by such Central action under the constitutional provisions. It may be mentioned here that trade, commerce and economic intercourse among the various Units of the Federation are to be free, subject only to such restriction as may be imposed by Parliament and the State legislatures.

The Constitution provides for the appointment by the President of a Finance Commission, which will be representative of both the Central and State Governments, and which will review from time to time the financial relations and the allocation of financial resources

THE UNION AND THE STATES

between the two sets of Governments. The appointment of a commission of this character is of paramount significance, because of the principle it enshrines of their inter-relationship in a matter in which close partnership between them is essential. In the same way as, for administrative convenience, territorial division is rendered necessary, financial requirements call for as much integration as possible.

The dependence of State Governments on the Union Government for financial allocations and grants may seem a detraction from the autonomy of the former. But circumstanced and conditioned as we are in this country, what the Constitution provides for is the best arrangement and the most beneficial. In any case, there cannot be political and administrative inter-dependence between the Union Government and the States and financial independence of the one from the other. It is both unthinkable and impracticable, though a warning is admittedly necessary that it would not conduce to administrative efficiency if the Central Government were to utilise the financial provisions of the Constitution to convert the States into glorified District Boards, dependent on it for the wherewithal to carry through nation-building activities. This is not by any means the intention of the Constitution-framers.

In the judicial sphere, the relations between the Centre and the States are again very close. The Supreme Court is the highest judicial body in the Union, and it is a Court of Appeal from the High Courts in the States as well as a defender of the constitutional rights of either Government and of the Fundamental Rights of the citizens and an interpreter of the Constitution. The judges of the Supreme Court as well as of the High Courts are appointed by the President, the only difference being that, in the appointment of Supreme Court judges, he should consult the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, and of the High Courts, as he deems necessary. The Supreme Court, by virtue of its all-India jurisdiction, will naturally have a great say in the preservation, and even extension, through its powers of interpretation, of the constitutional and fundamental rights of the citizens. It can be a powerful deterrent to any State or the Central Government committing an unconstitutional act or acting in contravention of the Constitutional provisions, and as between the Centre and the States and between the States *inter se*, it can settle constitutional, jurisdictional and other disputes. It can thus cement the solidarity and bring about co-ordination between the two Governments, provided it builds up high traditions as the Supreme Courts in other Federal

Unions have done. The Supreme Court has also an advisory function in that the President may refer to it any question of law or fact which he considers to be of sufficient public importance to make it expedient to obtain the opinion of the Supreme Court thereon.

In the sphere of administration, as in others, the tendency to unitariness and integration is perceptibly evident in the Constitution. In respect of important common subjects on which the Union Government can legislate, that Government has its own administrative machinery which functions throughout the Union territory. Thus Income-tax, Central Excise, Posts and Telegraphs, Customs, Railways and Central Public Works, are all administered by the Union Government directly through its own officials. But in a number of other subjects, such as, for instance, the enforcement of economic policies which affect the lives of the people intimately, implementation of labour legislation, and especially in respect of legislation bearing on the Concurrent subjects, the Union Government inevitably has to depend on the administrative machinery in the States. The Central Government can issue necessary directives to the States Governments to produce that result, and the latter have to carry out those directives. In practice, this ensures smoothness in administration and also economy in expenditure of public revenues and further promotes co-ordination between the Centre and the States. This last-mentioned factor is of the utmost significance, since co-ordination between the two Governments in respect of policies on all-India matters and their execution is essential for stable and sustained progress and is in the interests of uniformity.

Additionally, as has been pointed out already, during a period of emergency or in case of a threat of breakdown of the Constitution in any State, leading to the assumption of Executive authority in the State concerned by the Union President, the Union Government's writ will automatically run throughout the State or the States affected. In such circumstances the Executive officials of the State will function directly under the orders of the President, though this will undoubtedly be limited to the currency of the state of emergency. What it, however, serves to emphasise is that the administrative spheres of the Union and the States do overlap and that our Constitution contemplates that in certain circumstances, and in particular when vital national interests are at stake, there should be no irreconcilable conflict of jurisdiction or division of loyalties impeding co-ordinated direction and action. Every Unit is specifically called upon to

exercise its Executive power "to ensure compliance with the laws made by Parliament." So long as this provision and other Central powers are not exploited to the detriment of the Units, they are a sign of healthy centralisation and should be welcomed. It is a world-wide trend and is clearly envisageable in the U. S. A., Australian and other Constitutions, and is, therefore, not peculiar to India. We have only accorded recognition to a tendency which is recognised as inevitable.

The survey of the relations between the Units and the Centre under India's new Constitution leads irresistibly to the conclusion that there has been a definite reversal of the process of provincial autonomy which was becoming progressively more pronounced between the Minto-Morley Reforms of 1909 and the Government of India Act of 1935. It was a reaction fundamentally against the fissiparous and disintegrating tendencies that the Muslim League agitation had set in motion. It is, however, not a tendency which we need deplore. It represents an imperative need of the hour; it is a concession to historical facts; and it is a reflection of the political experience which the working of other Federal Constitutions in the world teaches us. A cardinal element of that experience is the imparting of increasingly greater strength to the Federal Government's elbows. The whole arrangement of the relations between the Centre and the Units under the Constitution is based on political convenience and on the geographical, historical and physiographical conditions obtaining in the country; and it will be found on close examination that the whole structure represents an integrated whole, in which each part has a place of its own. The requirements of national Defence, national security, the complicated economic problems of grave national import and the need for uniformity in labour legislation and other factors have given a fillip to this tendency in other countries. If we have accorded recognition to it in the Constitution, it is an indication of the fact that our Constitution-framers have learnt the lessons of history and have successfully circumvented the need for experimenting with the trial and error method. While structurally, India's Constitution is a Federation, it can be made to function in cases of emergency as a Unitary one, all authority emanating from a central source. On the whole this constitutes the strongest point in its favour.

Admittedly too much centralisation of political authority in a Central Government, whose territorial jurisdiction extends over a vast country like India with its diverse local problems and diversities in progress, language, manners and customs, has its own disadvantages. We cannot overlook the fact that such a process can destroy local

initiative and impede the speedy implementation of administrative policies which directly benefit the common man, apart from such nationally important activities as Defence, Communications and Foreign Policy. One potent evil that emerges out of this aggravating tendency to centralisation and against which a note of warning must be struck is what is known as delegated legislation, which amounts to vesting the permanent bureaucracy with power to manipulate parliamentary legislation to public detriment under the rule-making powers implicit in such legislation. On the other hand, as a set-off against these disadvantages, must be placed the benefits of centralised executive and administrative responsibilities, about which mention has been made in the above paragraphs. As I pointed out at the outset, time and circumstance will play a large part in bringing about an adjustment and striking a balance between Union and State powers, and constitutional amendments are not debarred in order to promote desirable modifications therein. As things stand at present what our Constitution-makers have achieved is a striking demonstration of their appreciation of the needs of our country in the critical times through which we are passing. Everything in the direction of promoting the kind of desirable and essential changes referred to in response to the time-spirit will depend hereafter on the vigour and energy with which our national democracy will function in the years to come.

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS : A SURVEY

By Prof. M. VENKATARANGAIYA, M. A.

In his broadcast from London on January 12, 1951 Prime Minister Nehru observed thus: "Of my generation many have lived the greater part of our lives and only a few years remain to us. It matters little what happens to our generation but it does matter a great deal what happens to hundreds of millions of others and to the world at large. *To day these hundreds of millions all over the world live under a kind of suspended sentence of death.* And from day to day an atmosphere is created in people's minds of the inevitability of war." The tragedy of the world today is in truth this suspended sentence of death under which the millions of the people of all countries are made to live in consequence of the game of power politics in which the rulers of Soviet Russia and the United States, aided by their allies and satellites, are indulging.

In the survey for the previous quarter it was remarked that with the crossing of the South Korean and the United States' forces into North Korea beyond the thirtieth parallel the Korean War became an aggressive war the aggressor being the United States. It was against this aggression that the Chinese moved their forces. The move was not a sudden one. Notice of it was given in the speech delivered by Chow-En-Lai, China's Foreign Minister, on the occasion of the celebration of the first anniversary of the establishment of Communist Government in China. Prime Minister Nehru conveyed to the Government of the United States that what the Chinese Foreign Minister stated should not be regarded as an empty threat or boast but should be taken seriously and he advised the United States not to cross the thirtieth parallel. No heed, however, was paid to his sage counsel with the result that the Korean War became transformed into a war between the United States on one side and China on the other. The danger now is that it might develop into a global war unless the United States takes a commonsense view of the situation.

In the early stages of the Chinese intervention there was some uncertainty as to what the real objectives of Communist China were in sending her forces into Korea. Was it merely to defend her frontiers and to prevent the hydro-electric works in Korea which

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supplied energy to her industries in Manchuria from being destroyed or from falling into the hands of the Americans that she intervened? No clear-cut answer was forthcoming to these questions. But as time went on and as the military situation developed more and more favourably for her the answers also became clearer although some of these answers were found in the speech of Chow-En-Lai referred to above. Every one now understands that China has a number of objectives before her and that she is determined to fight until she realises all of them. To liberate Korea from the aggression of the United States and to unify it under a Communist Government are not the only aims that she has before her. More important than these are the securing of recognition as a great power from the United States, consequently of a seat in the Security Council and in the United Nations Organisation, the establishment of her rule over Formosa which she claims to be a legitimate and lawful part of her territory, the liberation of Indo-China and Malaya from the yoke of the European colonial powers and the introduction of Communism into these and other countries of South-East Asia—Burma, Malaya, Thailand, Indo-China, Indonesia and Philippines. The first three are her immediate and short-period aims and the last two the long-period ones. She will carry on the struggle with the United States until all these aims are secured. They are all of them intimately inter-related.

The campaign in Korea has been an unprecedented triumph for her—a triumph even far greater than what Japan won against Charist Russia half a century ago. Obtaining Formosa and a seat on the Security Council depend very much on the attitude of the United States. An invasion of Formosa is not so easy as the intervention in Korea. The primary difficulty here is the absence of a navy. While Communist China has inexhaustible military forces at her disposal—and this has been at the basis of her victory so far—she has no navy with which she can fight the American navy guarding the waters round Formosa. In this respect her position is similar to that of Napoleon in his wars with the British. The only alternative therefore left for her is to create trouble for the United States and her allies in other parts of Asia in which they are vitally interested—prominently in Malaya and Indo-China. That this will be her next move if in the meanwhile diplomacy doesn't succeed in bringing about a truce or an armistice has already become clear. Forces are ready for undertaking an invasion of Indo-China and for strengthening the Communist Government of Viet-Nam under Ho-Chi-Minh and it will be an impossible task for the French even with more substan-

tial help from the United States to resist these forces. In addition to this the Government of China has protested to the British against the alleged persecution of the Chinese settlers in Malaya and this is regarded as a preparatory step for sending help to the Communist Guerillas fighting there against Britain. If naval weakness prevents China from invading Formosa it will only encourage her to make the fullest use of her superiority in land armies.

It is this numerical strength of the Chinese ground forces and the military equipment that they have been able to get from Russia that have been causing worry to the United States. These have been responsible for her defeats in Korea and they may result in her being driven out from that peninsula. She was never prepared to face such a situation. When MacArthur began his offensive in November he was under the impression that all Korea could be occupied in about a month and that most of his men could return to their homes for Christmas. So confident were he and his Government of a speedy victory that they refused even to consider the proposal made by the British to create a neutral zone in Korea bordering the Chinese territory and give assurance to the Chinese that the U. N. forces operating in Korea had no aggressive designs in China. Things however took a worse turn. Everyone in America grew hysterical and the President himself came forward with his formula that he would not hesitate to use the Atom bomb. It was this more than anything else that opened the eyes of the world to the seriousness of the situation and the need for all reasonable peoples to bring pressure on the United States to dissuade her against the use of the bomb. Prime Minister Attlee went all the way to Washington to make President Truman and his advisers adopt a more reasonable and balanced attitude towards China. This had some sobering effect although it required more blows from the Chinese and the North Korean forces to make the United States come down to the earth and view things in their proper perspective.

The stiff attitude of the United States in the days when her forces were being marched towards the Manchurian frontier and before they had to beat a hasty retreat to escape from complete annihilation was also illustrated by the treatment accorded to the Chinese Mission headed by General Wu which came to Lake Success to represent China's case against the United States. The Mission was not given adequate opportunity to express its views and it had to return completely disappointed. This was to a great extent responsible for the unwillingness of the Chinese Government to enter into any kind of negotiations on the subject of cease-fire in Korea.

During all these months there has been a contrast between the stiffness of the United States and the more conciliatory policy for which Britain stood. Public opinion not only in Britain but also in the other countries of Western Europe was averse to the United States becoming heavily involved in a war with China in the Far East. There was a general reason for it. It was the fear that it would weaken the defences of Western Europe. Russia had nearly four million men ready to march into Western Europe. The Atlantic Pact was formed to resist such a march. But so far not even a million men could be recruited for the purpose. There were internal dissensions regarding the control to be exercised over the armies to be raised. There was a feeling that after all nothing could save the West from the Soviet armies and that it would be futile to try to resist them. The will to fight has become considerably weakened in France and other countries. This was one of the reasons for the insistent demand that more and more United States' forces should be stationed in these areas. Strategically also the idea gained ground that if Communism is to be resisted it should be done in Europe and not in Asia as the real protagonist of this faith is Russia and not China. One of the objects of Premier Attlee's visit to Truman was to impress on him this view of the strategic situation. It therefore became necessary for the United States to reconsider the Korean affair in the light of this global strategy. So great has been the importance attached to concentration of all available defence forces in Western Europe that several responsible statesmen in the democratic States even went to the extent of telling the Americans that it would be best for them to withdraw from Korea without waiting as it were for being pushed out by the Chinese. It was the movement of West European opinion in a direction like this that was to some extent responsible for the growing willingness on the part of the United States to reconsider her policy towards China and to think of some kind of compromise.

The Chinese war has also been responsible for some other developments during the quarter. One such development was in regard to the problem of the rearmament of Germany and the rearmament of Japan. With the establishment of Communism in China nearly nine hundred millions of people have been included in the Communist part of the world. This meant an inexhaustible source of man power for Communism in its war with the democratic States. In contrast to this the peoples included in the Atlantic Pact

countries and the Pan-American Union come to about only 500 millions. It therefore became plain that if Western Europe is to be defended against a Soviet onslaught the people of Germany should be made use of and that for arresting Chinese Communism in the Far East the people of Japan should be made use of. Discussions have been going on as to how this has to be brought about and within what limits. The rearming of Western Germany and Japan will no doubt add to the military forces of the democratic States. But there is also a fear that it might prove dangerous in the long run. The world had already suffered a great deal at the hands of German and Japanese militarism and imperialism. There are therefore many sections of people in the democratic camp who are opposed to the revival of these militarisms. In addition to this another difficulty has naturally cropped. The Germans feel that opportunity has now come to them to dictate their own terms before willing to join the democratic armies and fight against the Communist forces. They are demanding complete equality with the other West European nations. They are prepared to become recruits only on condition that they are organised as a national army just like the other armies in Europe. Negotiations are now going on in regard to these various issues and it may perhaps become necessary for the nations of the Atlantic Pact to accept some of the terms at least as put forward by the Germans in spite of the risks involved.

One effect of the move of the democratic States to rearm Germany is seen in the correspondence that is going on between Soviet Russia on one side and the United States, Britain and France on the other on the desirability of the revival of the Foreign Ministers' Conference which actively functioned in the settlement of treaties with Italy and some of the other enemy States in South Eastern Europe but which fell into abeyance in consequence of the growth of acute and irreconcilable differences between the two blocs into which the great powers came to be divided from 1946. The proposal for the rearmament of Germany has created alarm in the minds of the Soviet leaders. From their standpoint this amounts to a revival of Hitlerism especially in view of the fact that in working out the proposal some of the ex-German generals are being consulted. Soviet Russia is therefore anxious that the problem of Germany should be considered in the conference of foreign ministers on the basis of the war-time agreement concluded at Potsdam. The democratic States are not very hopeful of the outcome of such a conference and they have put forward the view that if at all a conference is convened it must be convened not merely to discuss the German problem but all the other issues which

have become the source of dispute between themselves and Soviet Russia. It is to be hoped that Russia would agree to such a demand.

Similar are the problems that have emerged as a result of the proposal to rearm Japan. It is not merely from the Soviet camp that opposition to this proposal has emanated. Even Australia and New Zealand are opposed to it. As there is no likelihood of agreement among all the countries interested in the issue the United States is determined on entering into a separate peace treaty with Japan. In view of the dependence of Australia and New Zealand on the United States in all matters of defence it looks likely that they may not persist in their opposition to the rearmament proposals.

It was to consider all these international problems that the Commonwealth Prime Ministers held a conference in London from the 4th January for a period of ten days. There was free and frank discussion among them. One of the aims of the conference—although it was not explicitly stated—was to bring the combined weight of the opinion of all the members of the Commonwealth on the United States and induce her to revise her policy towards China. The question of the recognition of China naturally occupied a prominent place in the discussions. Britain and India which along with Pakistan and Ceylon had already recognised Communist China tried their best to prevail on Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand to do the same. But they have not succeeded in their attempts. Prime Minister Nehru was emphatic in asserting that China had no aggressive designs, that she was not a satellite of Soviet Russia and that independently of questions like these it would be most unrealistic to refuse to recognise the fact of China now being under a Communist Government. These assertions have not however been able to convert Australia and other members of the Commonwealth. This does not however mean that the conference was fruitless. It is not usual for the conference to arrive at any decisions. Its main purpose is to create a better understanding among the members and the present session has succeeded in this.

It had also produced an indirect result. The trend of discussions at the conference and the views expressed by Nehru and Bevin have been able to influence the attitude of the United States towards China. For sometime before the conference and during the days when it was holding its session there was a move on the part of the United States to have China declared by the U. N. as an aggressor. Nothing would have been gained by such a declaration. On the other

hand much would have been lost. It would certainly have embittered still further the relations between China and the United States. Fortunately the United States had given up the move and has agreed to have all the issues between her and China—including the issues of seating China in the Security Council and the future of Formosa—being discussed in a conference representing Soviet Russia, Communist China, Britain and herself provided that China agrees to a cease-fire in Korea. This willingness on the part of the United States to sit along with a representative of Communist China and discuss issues with him is an indication of the influence that the deliberations of the Commonwealth conference have been able to exercise on her. It does not follow from this that China would agree to a cease fire in Korea but it is a reasonable inference from all this that the United States is now disposed to take a more realistic view of the situation in the Far East which has emerged from the establishment of the Communist regime there. This is a step in the direction of world peace and away from the global war with which mankind is being threatened. Many more steps however will have to be taken before the threat disappears completely.

The world is now passing through a most critical stage. The crisis has been developing for the last six years. But it has reached an acute stage as a consequence of the rise of China as a united country under a strong Communist Government. This need not have intensified the crisis if the United States had reconciled herself to the emergence of this new power in Asia and on the borders of the Pacific. But she has not done so as yet. She is suspicious of Communist China and her suspicions are being strengthened as a result of the close ties that have come to be established between new China and Soviet Russia. There are certain forces and factors especially those represented by the statesmanship of Nehru and the mature political experience of Britain which are striving hard to bring about this required change in the attitude of the United States. And the future of the world depends on the success of these attempts. (15-1-51)

BHEESHMA AND DRONA

By "KETAKI"

Bheeshma : You are welcome to Hastina, Brother mine.

Drona : How, now, 'brother'? You, my lord, are a Kshatriya; the uncrowned monarch of this Kuru Land; the son of divine Ganga; a grandchild of Himavan himself. I am but a poor Brahmin, friendless, penniless. Is it not a laughing matter when you call me 'brother'!

Bheeshma : Acharya Bhargava is your Guru, and mine too. What dread anger is it, my friend, that sits on your brow like Vajra in the hands of Indra? When you pronounce the word 'Kshatriya' your frame trembles in anger: your lips curl up in scorn and flames, as of fire, leap from your eyes. Perhaps, when he taught you archery, my Guru, Jaamadagni, taught you his hatred of the Kshatriyas too! May I know what troubles you?

Drona : You may. I have been greatly hurt: pained: insulted by a Kshatriya and my mind is still unhinged as a result of that. You must have heard of Yagnasena, the son of Prishatha. He was my friend and playmate. Once, in an outburst of affection he told me, "When my father passes away and I become King, I will be the lord of immense lands and wealth. Come to me then, and I will share my good fortune with you." Days passed by. Years too. I was a poor Brahmin with a wife and son. My powerful son is called Aswatthama. When he was a child, he one day came to his mother and said "Mother, all my friends talk about something called milk. They say it has a beautiful taste. Mother, give me some milk." She burst into tears and when I came home, I found my child sleeping on her lap, his hair drenched with her tears. I was shocked and I asked her the reason. She told me. I felt unhappy too. But suddenly I remembered the words of Drupada. I cheered her up saying, "Weep not, Kripi. Our days of poverty

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are at an end. I heard that my friend, Yagnasena, is now King of Panchala. Let us go to him. He will give me cows and wealth and we can be happy". So I went to the court of The Panchala King. He refused to recognize me. He said no friendship was possible between a king and a beggar. Full of pain and anger I have come away from there. From now on, only one thing matters to me, and that is my revenge. My end and aim is now to train a young Kshatriya in the art of archery and ask him to fight my foe, Yagnasena, and win too! I have altered my profession from that of a Brahmin to that of a Kshatriya.

Bheeshma : Why! Methinks you have come to the right place! I have any number of grandsons—running into hundreds, their veins brimming with lusty Kshatriya blood. They can all be your pupils, and in a few years the young veins which are like sap-filled young tendrils will be turned into whipcords filled with Kshatriya blood, and methinks you can pick and choose from them the youth who can pay you your *Gurudakshina*.¹ Come, I will show them to you, the scions of the Kuru race, born of the Moon!

Drona : Indeed, I am honoured!

Bheeshma : Nay, do not say so. Mine is the privilege of leading the Master to the slaughter-house.

Drona : Slaughter-house! What mean you, my Lord?

Bheeshma : Why! The *Ayudhasala*! That is where the young Princes, the future Kings of the Kuru race are being trained in the art of killing each other. Do you not know the future of Bharata? *Annihilation*! Slaughter of Man by Man! And you, Acharya, are the fittest person to train them in the art of hatred, filled to the brim, as you are yourself, with hatred.

Drona : I deserve the reproof. But why should they destroy each other? They are all brothers!

Bheeshma : Brothers! Bah! Wise as you are, Acharya, you are not wise enough! The need for fire is not there when

¹ Offering to the Teacher.

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brothers and cousins strive for kingship!... But all that is yet to come. Your duty and mine too, of course, is to close our eyes to the future and live in the present, which is hard enough. But come, let us hasten to the *Ayudhasala* before the Sun sets.

(Some years later)

Drona : Your dread prophecy is fulfilled, Gangeya.

Bheeshma : Yes. My dread prophecy. Methought that it would be a different kind of annihilation. I thought that *Dharma*¹ still lived in this sinful world and that Suyodhana and his brothers would be destroyed. It is evident that I am wrong.

Drona : If Saubala had not been here, young Suyodhana would not have had a chance to destroy the Pandava Princes.

Bheeshma : Yes: Sakuni is the proverbial evil star, sweeping across the vision of Suyodhana, blinds his sense of justice and fair play.

Drona : Indeed, it is true. By nature, Suyodhana is very generous. Do you not remember, my lord, the day of the tournament of Archery, when he crowned Karna King of Anga?

Bheeshma : I have not forgotten that incident. It was a regal gesture on his part. The day is vivid in my memory. The crowd was mad with enthusiasm at seeing Arjuna's prowess in archery. Then, all on a sudden, as though my Lord the Sun had descended to the Earth, there entered the arena, this glowing youth with the divine Kavacha and Kundala.² The people became spell-bound. He walked like a panther, he looked as noble as a lion, and he challenged Arjuna in insolent terms. Suyodhana lifted up his head like a king cobra uncoiling himself. Arjuna was hurt: Bheema was angry: Yudhishtira was nervous. Why, so were you!

Drona : I was afraid that—

Bheeshma : I know; I know! All your best laid plans to make Arjuna the hero of the day threatened to go awry, and

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Arjuna stood fair to be but a foil to this new archer, a pupil of Bhagavan Bhargava himself, as he claimed to be.

Drona : Kripa saved the situation for me. He wanted to know the royal lineage to which the new-comer belonged. He said: "The Pandava, Arjuna, Son of Pritha, a Prince of the Kuru race will fight with you. Will you also announce who your father and mother are, and of what family you are an ornament? Princes do not fight with men of unknown lineage."

Bheeshma : Karna's face, then, drooped like a lotus at sunset and it was my Suyodhana who said: "Kings are of three kinds. There are kings because they come of good families; there are Kings because of their powers; there are kings because they are heroes. If Arjuna will not fight with one who is not a king, I will, this very instant, instal Karna as Lord of Anga." With these grand words, Suyodhana placed on Karna's head his own golden crown fretted with glittering gems, and placed on his shoulder his quiver full of arrows, and his jewelled sword he placed in Karna's right hand. I felt so proud of my dear Suyodhana, tears ran down my cheeks.

Karna, with his voice choked with unshed tears said: "What service can I do in return for this immense kindness of yours, my Lord?" The ever noble Duryodhana smiled and said: "Give me your mighty heart and its love. I ask for nothing more." "You have annexed it already," said Karna, and with his body and clothes drenched with the Coronation bath, Karna embraced Duryodhana.

Drona : Now it seems so long back. I thought that all the rivalry was at an end when that tournament came to an end. I was wrong. Why should Saubala have incited the young Prince to this—this unbelievably dastardly act? Dhritarashtra should have, and could have prevented it.

Bheeshma : My good friend, you are still a simple Brahmin though you do profess to be a Kshatriya! It was the old, blind King who sent the young Pandavas to Varanavata. I know of a certain talk between the father and son. Yudhishtira's becoming the heir-apparent made the

¹ The Law of Righteousness. ² Armour and ear-rings.

people love him more. They wanted him as their king. He had endeared himself to everyone by his sweet and noble nature. Of course this made Suyodhana greatly jealous: with Sakuni to startle him from his lethargy, with Bheema rousing his temper at the slightest cause, with the ever-increasing strife between Arjuna and his beloved Karna becoming more and more apparent, is it strange that the mind of that young impressionable child became poisoned slowly, but very surely? Sakuni incited him to a large extent no doubt. He went to his father one day when he was alone, and poured out his grievances to that blind and inefficient Dhritarashtra. Dhritarashtra, as you must have noticed, is a very complex character. He is very avaricious: at the same time, he is also afraid. Afraid in this sense—he wants to avoid, if possible, being known as the wrong doer. Duryodhana went on with his talk. He went on to say, "I am greatly afraid of this growing popularity of my hated cousins. I want you to exile them." His father would not at first listen. He said: "My son, you do not know what you are saying. The people and my ministers are fond of Pandu's son. They are very proud of him. If anything should happen to Yudhishtira, we will be destroyed." Suyodhana said: "Of course I know that. The loyalty of the people depends on the benefits they reap from their king. Send away the Pandavas and their mother for some time. While they are absent, I will woo the people with my good work. I am sure to endear myself to them. The exile can be effected by some gentle means. You are his uncle, and Yudhishtira has never disobeyed your commands. Make it appear as though you are his well-wisher and send them all to Varanavata."

Dhritarashtra was still dubious. "The idea is sinful, but let it be. How will Bheeshma, Drona, Kripa and Vidura take the proposal of the exile?" Suyodhana, well-tutored by evil Sakuni, had anticipated the question. "Bheeshma is impartial: indeed, he is indifferent. Aswatthama is my friend. Drona cannot team up with the opposite party when his son is on my side. Kripa, naturally, must side with these two. Only Vidura is a

confirmed ally of the Pandavas. But what can one low-born man do? Send away Kunti and her five sons to Varanavata. The rest is in my hands." Dhritarashtra guessed the rest and did not ask. The evil plan succeeded and Yudhishtira obeyed his commands implicitly. Poor, ill-used princes. I knew of this talk only a few days back. Or else this would never have happened.

Drona: To call that house of fire by the name 'Siva'—it makes me shudder to think of the fate of the victims on that night when it was burnt down. When the Pandava princes were leaving our Hastinavati, some people went to Yudhishtira and tried to tell him that he was foolish in submitting to this sudden exile. The young prince was firm. His parting words were, "To honour and obey my elders is the one rule that I have always followed. My father has asked me to go there, to Varanavata. He shall not be disobeyed. I will go. Please bless us and let us go." Thinking of them takes me back so many years. Half-forgotten incidents come back to my mind and it seems to have happened yesterday. My heart bleeds when I think of my beloved pupil, Partha. He was the essential man of Action, 'Kriya.' You must have heard of the crocodile which tackled me one day when I was bathing in the Ganges.

Bheeshma: A typical incident to show off Arjuna to advantage!

Drona: You see through and through the actions of men. You suggest that I was partial to Partha. Perhaps. How could one help it? He was the only person who loved archery as an art in itself. He was such a willing pupil. I will explain to you what I mean. I once had a bird made. It was quite life-like. I had it placed on almost the topmost branch of a tree. I then called my pupils one by one and, showing the bird to them, asked them to shoot its head. Yudhishtira was one of the first to come. He had the bow and arrow in readiness. He was waiting for my word of command "Shoot". "What do you see?" I asked him. "Do you see the tree and the branch and the bird?" He replied "Yes". I said, "Then you are not going to hit the bird" and sent him away. The same thing happened in case of all the boys

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who were called. Then I called Arjuna, and put the same question. "I see the bird" he replied. After some time I put the same question. "I see the head of the bird" said Partha. I then said "Shoot" and the head rolled down. The other pupils were bewildered. How could they understand what I meant?

Bheeshma : Yes, I see what you mean. I remember you taught Arjuna the great "Brahmasiras Astra" after the episode of the crocodile.

Drona : Yes. It was after all these incidents that Partha paid me my Gurudakshina. You know he captured Drupada alive and brought him to me. The great Drupada gave a terrible resistance. But my Arjuna was too much for him. Yudhishtira remained with me and the other four proceeded towards Drupada's city. Nakula and Sahdeva were his 'Chakra-Rakshakas': they supported his wings, and as usual, Bheemasena went in advance. Arjuna fought his way through, jumped into the chariot of King Drupada. Overpowering him he carried him to his own chariot and returned to me with the royal booty.

Bheeshma : Dhrishtadyumna and Draupadi owe their existence to this incident.

Drona : Owe their existence to this incident? But how?

Bheeshma : After this event only two emotions found place in the heart of Drupada: admiration for Arjuna and his heroism; hatred for you. So he performed a sacrifice with the help of the great Purohita, Yaja and Upayaja. He wanted a son and a daughter. The son, to kill you, and the daughter he wanted to give to Arjuna. Out of the sacrificial fire there rose up the twins, the son was called Dhrishtadyumna and the daughter was called Krishna. She is dark and beautiful, you know.

Drona : I knew nothing of the purpose of the birth of the twins. I did know that Drupada had two children, nothing more.

Bheeshma : Drupada's grief knew no bounds when he heard that the Pandavas had been destroyed by fire. He wants to give his daughter to an archer who is at least half as skilful as Partha. He has, therefore, arranged an intricate 'Matsya Yantra'. He has made an announcement

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that the person who can tackle the Yantra with success, can claim lovely Krishna for bride. Our young princes are leaving for the Panchala Kingdom tomorrow. Would you care to go with them?

Drona : No, my lord, though I am interested in this 'Matsya yantra'.¹ Karna, perhaps, may be able to deal with it. No one else has the skill.

Bheeshma : I think so too. Let us wait and see. I am feeling strangely exhilarated. It is an unusual thing to happen to me. I was thinking that I had outgrown this emotional phase. But I find I have not. I feel as though some great event is waiting in the womb of time, and these troubled times are the painful fore-runners of it. Yet, with the end of the Pandavas, there is nothing left remarkable, to make living worthwhile.

Drona : You might leave everything and look for peace in the great solitudes of the mountains. Ganga-mata, and Himavan will cool your fevered brows and give you peace.

Bheeshma : My friend, that is the thing that I ache for and that is the one thing that has been denied me. The burden that I am made to bear is far different from those of others. But that is beside the point. Let us go to the Court where the young Kurus are even now teasing Karna about the Swayamvara.

Drona : Yes. Let us.

¹ The fish-target.

'STUDIES AND SKETCHES' : A REVIEW

By Sir C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR

(We have great pleasure in publishing the following letter from Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer to Sri K. Chandrasekharan—*Editor*)

Delisle, Ootacamund,
Jan., 26, 1951.

My dear Chandrasekharan,

In the bright and bracing winter sunshine of the Nilgiri Hills and on the Republic Day, I completed the perusal of your 'Studies and Sketches'.

You have perceived and sought to express the two truths that are so often forgotten or ignored—namely that the longer one lives and studies life and literature, the more does it become clear that behind everything that is precious stands the personality of the individual (our ancients enunciated the truth by the statement that the monarch is the maker of his age). It is not the period or the moment that makes the man but the man who creates the age. Next, there is no question that in the words of that baffling genius Oscar Wilde, the two supreme arts are "Life and Literature—Life and the perfect expression of life". With Literature and on the same pedestal stand the arts—architecture, painting and above all music. Rightly did Pater exclaim, "All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music."

In what you have consistently and often half consciously uttered, you have felt that to realise our age and its workings, one must realise all the past ages which have contributed to its making.

And, above all, you have exemplified the maxim in which I firmly believe that even a so-called 'Critic' cannot be 'fair' in the normal meaning of that word. It is only regarding matters that do not interest a person that he gives what is called a "really unbiased opinion". Almost always such opinions are futile. It has been remarked that only an auctioneer can equally admire all schools of art.

¹ Published by S. Viswanathan, Central Art Press, 11, Menichol Road, Chetput, Madras. Price Re. 1-8-0)

'STUDIES AND SKETCHES' : A REVIEW

It is abundantly clear that in the appraisal of Rabindranath Tagore's Symbolism and suggestiveness, of Jawaharlal Nehru's reflectiveness and philosophy and the individuality and glamour of Dr. Rangachari, your portrayal is that of an admirer out and out. Fine though it be, I appreciate more the restrained and delicate handling of themes like Sir Sivaswami Iyer and Pandit Malaviya whose little mannerisms and petty foibles are hinted at without losing sight of their essential nobility and significance.

Your unflinching adherence to "the things that are more excellent" and condemnation of the spurious and meretricious elements of recent manifestations have been exhibited in the fine sketch of Rukmini Devi rightly called by you the "tireless sentinel" and of Balasarasvati, the last reminder of the great tradition of *Nritta* and *Abhinaya*.

But to me the two finest studies are those of Ananda Coomaraswamy and of the 'mystic and musician.' In the latter is contained a fine analysis of the Adi Kavi's synthesis of *Sahitya* and *Sangita* culminating in a breathlessly enthusiastic resume of Sri Tyagaraja's devotional artistry. The former essay vindicates Coomaraswamy's position as one of the earliest and most authentic champions and interpreters of our artistic heritage in the domains of sculpture, painting and music. His exposition of *sadrisya* quoted by you is an instance of the originality and validity of his views.

Before I conclude, I must pay a tribute to the remarkable combination of candour and appreciation that you have exhibited in the performance of a peculiarly difficult task—the task of dealing even in snatches with the personality and life-history of your father—so dynamic and tempestuous and yet so tender and essentially humble in outlook.

Pray accept my sincere congratulations and my best wishes and also my apologies for the belated fulfilment of my promise to review your book.

Yours sincerely,

C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR

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ENGLISH

Disobedience: by Alberto Moravia (Secker & Warburg, London) 7s. 7d.

My first knowledge of Signor Alberto Moravia, the Italian author, was through his novel, *Wheel of Fortune*, an English translation of which Messrs. Cassell published in January 1938, exactly thirteen years ago. In one's youth it was tremendously exciting to come across a wholesale shattering of the conventional ideas of mankind and its morals: Signor Moravia was thirty years old then and he provided the excitement to its fullest measure in his novel. In the course of a decade, *The Fancy Dress Party*, *Agostino*, *The Women of Rome*, have been his other productions in fiction; but the growing years do not seem to have sobered him to any sort of synthesis. His deep awareness of essential psychology propels him to revelations akin to volcanic eruptions, darkly, desperately pessimistic. He has been compared with Dostoevsky which, largely, is not incorrect.

Disobedience is Signor Moravia's latest. It is a study of a school-boy, Luca by name, dealing with the critical period of his adolescence: his total loss of interest in his lessons, his sense of sickening ennui, his violent outbursts of rage, his repudiation of life not by thoughts of suicide but "by an intense contemplation of the idea of death." His first sexual awakening comes through contact with his cousin's young governess who dies suddenly, which throws him into black despair and eventually into a serious illness. A middle-aged nurse, owner of a tender understanding heart, who is engaged by his parents to attend on him, brings him back to health; his recovery, both physical and psychological, is complete when she finally initiates him into the passionate intimacies of sex. "He had the precise feeling that she was taking him by the hand and introducing him, a reverent novice, into a mysterious cave, dedicated to a religious rite. This, he thought, was the life he had formerly invoked, and little did it matter if it presented itself to him in the garb of autumn." Exact and exacting, convincing and conclusive, but Signor Moravia never states the norm; a fundamental coldness makes him impervious to the mellowness of sympathy, and this his study of an adolescent schoolboy fails to achieve the glow and magical throb of life.

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Neapolitan Gold: by Guiseppe Marotta (The Hogarth Press, London) 8s. 6d. net.

From Alberto Moravia to Guiseppe Marotta the change is from the abnormal to the normal, from the deliberate to the casual, from the chill miasmal vapours to a companionable warmth and light. *Neapolitan Gold* is dedicated to the Comic Spirit. Meredith would have hailed it with extreme delight. "It introduces"—the publisher's blurb runs—"a new humorist to English readers. Guiseppe Marotta, himself a Neapolitan by birth and upbringing, presents a portrait of his native city alive with colour and vivacity, the warmth, brio, and violence which endear the Italian temperament to the English heart." A tear behind the smile—that is what one finds in the twenty-two vignettes brought together here—delicate sketches of character, not as types but as individuals, the spice of variety—all human interest stories, miniatures illuminated with the author's special gifts of irony and paradox. To Signor Marotta a knife-slash on the loved one's face is merely "an endearing sort of madness, something like a red ink signature to a love-letter." A consummate artist whose melancholy is compounded of sweetness and light.

Cherry: The Story of My Little Friend: by Gabriel Chevallier (Secker & Warburg, London) 8s. 6d. net.

Among the novelists well known outside France Gabriel Chevallier is one and perhaps the most popular. In his fifties now M. Chevallier has been in turn a draftsman, a commercial traveller, and a journalist. He admits to "a certain penchant for beautiful women, good wines, automobiles, and independence." A magnificent story-teller, M. Chevallier's qualities are various: wry wit, Rabelaisian exuberance of humour, fecund invention, lyrical expressiveness. He is a master-hand in depicting bourgeois life as lived in the French provincial towns; readers of his novels—*Clochmerle*, *Sainte Colline*, *The Ruffe Inheritance*—and that delightful volume of four long-short stories *Mascarade*—need not be told about his technical virtuosity, his brilliant and perspicacious assessment of human nature in all its strength and weaknesses.

In *Cherry*, one sees a new Chevallier, a sentimental Chevallier and quite unabashed at that. His rhetorical splendours are held in complete abeyance here; this record of recollections of a little girl who was entrusted to his care by her parents is enchanting in its simplicity, its sense of delicious fun and joy. *Cherry* was an exacting child but M. Chevallier in his role as her second father could not help

succumbing to her infant wiles and charms. "To watch a child passing through the stages of human progression," M. Chevallier remarks, "to observe the gradual growth of feelings, to note the part they play and to what ends they are adapted, is to work along the lines of a biologist, one who studies in the animal kingdom the principles of the evolution of the species. M. Chevallier does the biologist's job with matchless skill and thoroughness, watching Cherry grow from childhood to youth, at which point he takes leave of her. It is an absorbing narrative which may be welcomed not only for its straightforwardness and lucidity but for its philosophy which caresses an angel's wings.

Saturday Night at the Greyhound: by John Hampson (Eyre & Spottiswoode, London) 6s.

Issue Number Sixteen in the Eyre & Spottiswoode Century Library which is "designed to do for the best English fiction of the twentieth century what Everyman has done for the classics as a whole." *Saturday Night at the Greyhound* achieved a first-class reputation when it was first published in England by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at their famous Hogarth Press during the Spring of 1931. It is the tale of a pub among the bleak Derbyshire Hills, unfolding an intense drama of life: the pub is kept by Fred and his wife Ivy; Fred drinks too much and is unfaithful to the loving and devoted Ivy, but there is Tom, Ivy's brother who is loyal to her and helps her out of her troubles. The brother-and-sister relationship is wonderfully told; it is the one streak of light, warm and golden, that relieves the greyness of the story. Mr. Hampson betrays character by swift strokes of phrasing; his style is simple, supple, vigorous; he is in the direct tradition of Daniel Defoe. He is the author of several other novels—*Strip Jack Naked*, *Family Curse*, *O Providence*, *Care of The Grand*.

The present edition of *Saturday Night at the Greyhound* carries a brilliant introduction by William Plomer. It is about the best appraisal of Mr Hampson's merits as a writer. "The general flavour of his work," says Mr. Plomer, "is what may be called very English—because of its subject-matter, its sobriety and directness and its discovery of deep and unsentimental tenderness: it is also very personal, not because of any intrusiveness on the part of the author, but because nobody has written about the same themes in the same way." Mr. Hampson is also master of the art-form of the short story; some of these have India for their backcloth.

— MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Passion and Philosophy : Selected Sonnets: by Radhakrishnamurty, Challa. Price Rs. 3.

This slim volume of twenty four sonnets is already the fourth book of poems brought out by the young Andhra poet in English, the first being *Thorns and Flowers* in 1948, the second *Poems in Europe* in 1949, and the third *Buds of Red Blood* in 1950. The steady endeavour and fertility of imagination indicated by the regular output are alike commendable in the atmosphere of studied neglect, if not active hostility, which unfortunately prevails in the country at present, especially in Andhra, towards the cultivation of any high standard of attainment in English, or at any rate, towards any attempt at literary work in the so-called 'foreign language'.

The wind blows where it lists and the muse flows along the course it chooses for itself and for a considerable proportion of our English-educated population the real medium of expression, whether natural or not, whether we like it or not, is and will be, for some time to come, the English language. A forced attempt to divert all utterance into the mother-tongue will result in obvious artificiality and insincerity or a drying up of the inspiration altogether.

But as Dr. K. Srinivasa Iyyengar justly observes, 'Indo-Anglian poetry, to be justified at all, must give us something which neither English poetry nor any of our own regional literatures can give. It must learn to effect a true marriage of Indian processes of poetic experience with English formulae of verse expression.' The true test of the validity of the use of a particular language for poetic composition is the sincerity of the utterance and the experience at the basis of the utterance. The sincerity of this rising poet in his *Passion* as well as his *Philosophy* is unquestionable and the facility with which he handles the 'foreign' language and its rhythm and metre, remarkable. We wish the young author, Mr. Radhakrishnamurty, many years of fruitful endeavour in the *pastures of the Muse*.

The Nature of Creative Art: by K. S. Venkataramani (With a foreword by Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar.) Svetaranya Ashrama, Kaveripoompattinam P. O., Tanjore District, S. India Price Re. 1.

Poet, Essayist, Short-story writer, Novelist in English, who earned for himself the title of 'Tagore of South India' by his versatile talent and rare achievement in several fields of the literary art and the encomiums of even the most fastidious of English critics for his graceful and correct style; caught in the tide of the National Movement and turned an earnest constructive worker actively interested

TRIVENI

in rural reconstruction, education, and social uplift; keen and vigorous thinker, brooding upon life, its nature and its problems, and seeking a solution for himself, of all the ills of his country and of humanity, his art always reflecting his views, ideals and personality only too clearly; the 'river in floods' that is Venkataramani finds atlast its sea and is tranquilized, in the aesthetic philosophy he builds up in this small book-let on the Nature of Creative Art, in which he sets forth the nature and mutual relationship of Life, Art criticism and their significance and goal.

And he finds, as he says in his preface, that his wide acquaintance with the creative and critical literature in English, his own experience of creative work of rare quality and considerable quantity, his long and earnest brooding upon the nature of Life, Art and Language—all brought him round to an aesthetic philosophy the central idea of which had been clearly formulated in a single verse by an illustrious countryman of his, the 'poet-philosopher-statesman' Neelakantha Dikshitar, centuries ago. 'The river has found the sea' in more than one sense Mr. Venkataramani has truly succeeded perhaps in capturing the spirit of our ancients.

For the Indian students of English literature and literary criticism and aesthetic philosophy in English, and even for the English and European students of literature and aesthetic philosophy, this small booklet is bound to prove a great book of profound significance. They will find in it an attempt at the construction of a philosophy of the literary art by an Indian with an Indian outlook and background but on the basis of western criticism and with frequent references to, and original interpretations and examination of the adequacy of, several well-known dicta of great critics like Coleridge, Flaubert, Arnold, Pater, Raleigh, Murry etc.

The main thesis is, in the words of Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar whose brilliant foreword is another great attraction in the book "the need for *Swa-anubhava* by which the creative artist expresses a decisive emotion and embodies his conception of reality and of his search which is a search after the abiding relations of life. Creative art is a kind of Yoga Sadhana, by which alone the instinctive longings of man's mind and soul can be translated into significance. This Yoga can eliminate the barriers and limitations of existence and can enable one to see unity in diversity.

The only complaint which one can make is against the extreme brevity of the treatment. Such a powerful interpretation and criti-

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cism of important critical canons such original explanation and reconciliation is all packed into twenty-six pages without being developed in detail and fullness into a regular and rounded thesis.

Even as it is the book is invaluable for every student of the philosophy of literary art.

HINDI

Homari Adim Jatiya (Our Primitive Tribes): Bhagavandas Kela and Akhil Vinay, M. R. A. S.—Published by Bharatva Granthamala, Varanasi, Prayag. Pp. 356. Rs. 3-8-0.

This book is a valuable addition to the opinion of National Integrity taking root in a practical way in the present times, viz., for the attainment of Indian Independence. Very few books have been written on the lines on which the book under review has been done about the twentyfive millions of our Primitive tribes scattered all over India, mostly in mountains and forests.

The book is divided into five sections with four appendices. The first section gives a general outline of these Primitive tribes in ten chapters and treats of the following points:—(1) the population of the various tribes according to the 1941 census; (2) the reasons for choosing the name of Adimjati (Primitive tribe) in preference to other names of Adi Basi, Vana Vasi, etc., denying them for the political or other stigma which they suggest; (3) the primitive civilisation as the root of the present one; (4) the importance of the languages of these tribes and their literatures chiefly comprising of song and tale; (5) the dance systems of the several tribes; (6) their religious notions and festivals; (7) systems of marriage; (8) a historical sketch of the part played by these tribes in the freedom-movement of India from the times of Maha Rana Pratap.

The second section gives in some detail information about the various tribes, viz., Santhals, Gonds, Bhils, Nagas, Koyas, Todas, Bihari, Bengalee, Assamese and Orissa Tribes, Southern, Western and Northern tribes, etc.

The third section mentions about the two angles of vision namely that of a pure anthropologist and that of creating awakening in the tribes and bringing them up to the level of Indian citizenship to which by constitution, India is pledged. Several useful and practical hints have been given for the uplift of these tribes with special reference to the financial, educational, and health conditions of these tribes.

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The fourth section deals with "reformation" with reference to the Special Provisions in our Constitution and the lines along which the several State Governments are moving for implementing the Constitutional provisions.

The fifth section gives in detail a historical sketch of the ameliorative measures of various associations and bodies. It does not fail to make mention of the services rendered by the Christian Missions for the reformation of these tribes and describes at length the services of the various associations and unions of workers, no less than a score in number, in addition to the philanthropic activities of religious bodies such as the Ramakrishna Mission. Next a brief account of each of the chief workers in the field is given of whom late) Thakkar Bapa tops the list deservedly and to whom the book has been rightly dedicated.

The four appendices give the following information: (1) samples of folk-songs; (2) results of anthropological and other scientific analysis made on these tribes; (3) population and statistical lists; and (4) bibliography.

The book is written in good Hindi. Illustrations of some workers have been given. As so much useful knowledge is given in this book, we recommend that the book may be translated into several regional languages for the benefit of the non Hindi-speaking people.

The authors, as they say, feel highly encouraged and rewarded if the book inspires mainly the spirit of ameliorative and secondarily any interest in anthropological and sociological studies. Sri Viyogi Hari, a veteran worker and Hindi scholar has written a thought-provoking introduction.

— K. SUNDARA RAMA SARM



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