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STUDIES IN GUJARATI LITERATURE

BY

J. E. SANJANA



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PREFACE.

It is exactly six years since I wrote down these five studies in Gujarati literature which I delivered at the Convocation Hall in March, 1942, as lectures under the Thakkar Vasanji Madhavji foundation. The lectures produced quite a little storm in the placid sea of Gujarati letters, and several leading Gujarati periodicals took the authorities to task for selecting so unconventional and irresponsible a man to lecture under the staid and sober auspices of the University. For traditional academic lectures must be of the strictly conventional jog-trot type, to be listened to by highly respectable but scanty and half sleeping audiences. And, as the *Bombay Samachar* said, the lectures had shocked the placid Gujaratis. The *Jannabhumi* blamed the authorities for selecting so dangerous a person to lecture, and warned the University to be more careful in future when selecting lecturers. The *Gujarati* and the *Vande Mataram* were also quite put out by the unconventional views of the lecturer, although they would not go so far as to subscribe to the general criticism that the University had grievously blundered in selecting a person unfit for the job. But the most interesting suggestion appeared in an inspired leading article in an insignificant Parsi weekly. It indignantly declared that the scandalous lectures must never be published as they were, and it strongly urged the University to appoint a sub-committee to examine the lectures before deciding to publish them. This sub-committee was to consist of half a dozen persons named by the paper, including two Parsis "and such other impartial Gujarati scholars."

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I have called this article 'inspired' with good cause; the leader writer himself informed me before it was published what its contents would be, what its genesis was, and how the brilliant suggestion for the even more brilliant sub-committee originated. And he has since then given me in writing the history of the pretty little intrigue. But I myself was highly amused by the suggestion and anxious that such a committee should be appointed to examine and judge my unfortunate lectures. I knew every one of the great scholars named very well; and I knew, scarcely any one better,

what their scholarship was, and what their qualifications were to sit in judgment on my lectures. I am almost certain that as all of them also knew me well, every one of them would have thought not twice but twenty times before entering upon the perilous inquiry. But I have patiently waited for all these years to be summoned before this exalted bench of grave and potent seigneurs to defend and answer for my heinous misdemeanours. Unfortunately the precious suggestion failed to eventuate, very much to my disappointment.

So much for the unfortunate attempt to create prejudice against my lectures. Now for the brighter side of the affair. First, the audience. And no lecturer can wish for a more intelligent or more appreciative audience than I had. From the first day to the last, it was a pleasure to face a highly educated and keenly interested concourse of mostly young men and women, critical but generously appreciative. I had established very friendly and even intimate relations with them from the start; and, during the unhappy *contretemps* which slightly marred the harmony for a time, they definitely sided with me. There were good-humoured questions which I answered with the same good humour; my honoured friend Balvantray Thakor took part in this interchange of views; and keen young people crowded round me after the end of each lecture to express their warm appreciation. I repeat, no lecturer could wish for a better audience. Later the type-scripts of the lectures were eagerly sought by a number of the most eminent men and women of letters in Gujarat, most of whom I did not know till then, but whom now I am proud to number among my warm friends and admirers. Quite a number of those who could not hear or read my lectures have of their own accord sought my acquaintance and expressed their warm approval and even admiration for my unconventional views. Many have also been anxiously inquiring when the lectures would be published.

This in brief is the unfortunate history of these lectures which are now seeing the light of day after lying in cold storage for full six years. I do not at all regret this delay; after putting them by for all these long years I have carefully gone through them once again, and I find that there is not a single sentence in them which I should like to take back, not one sentiment which I should like to disclaim or even modify. I have found it necessary to make only a few verbal changes here and there, and to add a few notes to illustrate or add further force to my arguments. Anyhow, the views expressed are my own, hammered out by myself; even if they be

mere crotchets, they are mine; and I am fully prepared to hold and maintain them against all comers. There is one other reason why I think it a blessing in disguise that the publication of these lectures has been delayed so unconscionably. The happenings of the last half dozen fateful years have amply justified those very views of mine which gave such deep offence six years ago; and I trust the Gujarati literary public is now in just the chastened mood which will enable it to appreciate the justice and pertinence of my impartial and unpalatable criticisms. For more than a quarter of a century now, our newly acquired 'nationalism' has put a premium on writings that ignore such unpalatable facts and flatter our 'Gujarat egotism' by shutting out such criticisms. But truths thus ignored or deliberately glossed over have a knack of avenging themselves. Thus the preposterous and meretricious prattle about the unconquerable and unassailable 'Ego of Gujarat' that has tickled the vanity of unthinking callow minds has made them unwilling to face and pursue objective truth for its own sake, and done incalculable damage to Gujarati scholarship. For true scholarship is nothing if it is not the single-minded pursuit of truth for its own sake, truth as it emerges from a dispassionate weighing and appraisal of actual evidential facts, not mere clever and even pettifogging manipulation of such facts for proving a preconceived thesis. For more than forty years now it has been my endeavour to gather pertinent facts and let them speak for themselves, and hence I have always relied upon ample documentation to enable any fair-minded reader to deduce the correct conclusion from the evidence thus presented. And in these scrupulously objective studies also it has been my chief endeavour to make not a single statement that is not supported by a mass of relevant citations. I know that I have given a good few rude shocks to our complacency and self-satisfaction, but I am confident that all just readers will at least see and admit the *bona fides* of the writer.

31st December, 1947.

J. E. SANJANA

INTRODUCTORY.

At the outset I must thank the University authorities for the honour they have done me in selecting me to deliver these lectures under the Thakkar Vassanji Madhavji Foundation. All my predecessors in this lectureship have been distinguished men of letters and scholars, all men who had achieved distinction as poets, novelists, essayists, philologists, or scholars, and who had several publications to their credit each. I am none of these things, and have not published a single book. In these circumstances I hesitated a good deal before accepting the lectureship, and had it not been for the persuasions of two good friends, I might have declined the honour, especially as being constitutionally averse to hard work, I disliked the idea of losing my leisured ease and doing the hard labour the lectureship would entail. As I am not a writer, I stand here, not as a representative of the select, specialised class of writers, but as a representative of the much wider miscellaneous class of readers, the men in the street in the republic of letters. I must, therefore, also congratulate the University upon this bold new departure and upon the courage they have shown in selecting a man who had nothing to his credit except a vague and doubtful reputation for scholarship of some sort. I must plead not guilty even to this qualified soft impeachment, just as I have publicly pleaded not guilty to it and to the much harder impeachment made in public by our distinguished poet Ardeshir Khabardar that I am a hollow humbug pretending and claiming to be a scholar. As all who know me know, I have always admitted the fact that I am not a scholar in as much as I lack the deep erudition and specialisation that is one element of scholarship. There is no subject that I have studied thoroughly; I doubt if I have read any author through. I am not a modest man, as I have said once before, but I know my limitations. All I can claim is a mind that prefers concrete facts to all woolly sentimentality or idealisation or vague theorising, and that is independent and open enough to refuse to be intimidated by big names or influenced by personal likes or dislikes; a determination to see the truth as it is, not as I would like to see it, and to speak it out without fear or favour; considerable intellectual curiosity; and, lastly,

a vast amount of multifarious and miscellaneous reading. As it was my hard lot for thirty long years to read or glance through hundreds of newspapers, magazines and other publications in half a dozen languages, published in this province, from year's end to year's end, I can even claim to have read more trash and nonsense than perhaps any one present here.

As I dislike all sloppy thinking, all pithless rant and rhetoric, and as I dislike mere speaking in the air, my endeavour will be to substantiate every statement that I shall make. For I have always kept as a motto before me the Sanskrit scholiast's sound dictum, नामूलं लिख्यते किंचित्; though I can not say with him, नानपेक्षितमुच्यते,—I am afraid it would be more correct for me to say अनपेक्षितमुच्यते. For I am going to say things that most people may not expect; I am going to traverse many popular and fashionable judgments and, in doing so, to give a good few shocks to the reading public and even to tread on a good few of the public's pet corns. But I may assure you that in doing so I have not at all been swayed by personal motives or likes or dislikes. It has been my endeavour to follow scrupulously Othello's sound advice, "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." If I praise or criticise, it is not because the writer I praise is my friend or the one I criticise is my enemy. I can really and truthfully say of everyone mentioned in these talks, न मे द्वेष्योऽस्ति न प्रियः. In fact, I have given high praise to men I have never seen, and criticised adversely many 'who are or have been my friends. Anyhow, if I have hit any one hard, it is open to him or his partisans to hit me harder in return; I will not mind. As I am not a poet or even a professional writer, I am not over-sensitive as all poets and most writers are. In fact as I have spent more than thirty five years in literary and other conflicts on paper I have by now become a pachyderm indifferent to criticism or abuse, as I told Khabardar when he threatened me with the slings and arrows of his invective and abuse. What more can any adverse critic say of me than what a Hindi newspaper said twelve years ago when a hundred papers and publicists were howling for my head on a charger? With infinite pity the paper wrote : अब संजानाको उसके कर्मपर छोड़ो; वह नरकमें जाके अपने कारतूतकी शिक्षा भुगत लेगा. Even so, those whom my criticisms hurt are free to relieve their feelings by hitting out or wishing me my deserts in the next world; or they are free to brush my views aside as the mere crotchets of a confirmed crank. For I know, none better, the risk I run of going wrong in judging a literature which in the first place is in a language that is, after all, not my mother tongue,—my real mother tongue

is that hopelessly debased and unlovely jargon called Parsi Gujarati,—and which, secondly, has a socio-religious background that is foreign to me. But I venture to think that most Hindu ideas are as familiar to me as if I were a Hindu; in fact, the very first books of legendary romance I read about fifty years ago were not about the heroes of the *Shāhnāma*; they were two Marathi books entitled *पांडवप्रताप* and *जैमिनि अश्वमेध*. About the same age, again, I was spouting Sanskrit verses my father had taught me to recite, wisely without telling me the meaning of a single word, such as :

इयं सुस्तनी मस्तकन्यस्तकुंभा
कुसुंभारुणं चारु वासो वसाना ।

Moreover, as I have been deeply interested for more than forty years in the religion and philosophy of the Hindus I may say without much exaggeration that perhaps I know more about the Hindu religion than about my own. I mention all these things not in a boasting spirit, but as part of my ragged credentials for undertaking this risky adventure of judging a literature not quite my own. For I fully realise the truth of the wise dictum of an Urdu poet who says :

Zabāndānān-i 'ālamkā kiyā hai imtihān barsoñ,

• Zabān-e ghair kyā āti nahīñ apnī zabāñ barsoñ.

There is one thing more I should like to point out. Politics has so obsessed our men of letters for the last twenty years and more that it will be found intruding here and there in my talks, although personally I do not think I fall within the ancient Greek's definition of man as a political animal. Finally, I have to beg you to give me a patient hearing even if I say things you may dislike. A University is just the place which should be free from the passions and intolerance of the market place and where an academical discussion of any matter should be given a calm and dispassionate hearing. On my part, I have tried as far as possible to refrain from judgments and to be content with accumulating facts and other peoples' opinions; as you will see, most of my scholarship consists in making a liberal use of scissors and paste and unloading my note-books.

Studies in Gujarati Literature.

LECTURE I

THE BACKGROUND OF MODERN GUJARATI LITERATURE.

The literature of any people is the outcome of that people's heredity, its political and cultural history, religious faith, beliefs, traditions, social institutions and to some extent its physical surroundings. One of my distinguished predecessors has related Gujarati literature not only to the geographical and physical conditions of Gujarat—its land and rivers and mountains and seas,—he has gone so far as to relate it to this globe, the solar system, the Milky Way and even the farthest nebulae visible to a hundred inch telescope. Another, less ambitious, though far more ambitious than myself, has related Gujarati literature to conditions, real or imaginary, prevailing in India three to five thousand — and perhaps more— years ago. In a vague and general manner, the Gujaratis of to-day are supposed by him to inherit, and Gujarati literature to inherit and represent, the 'Aryan Culture' of the Vedic Aryans who conquered Northern India and supplanted the Indus Valley civilisation in the dim past, an event roughly dated at about 2000 B. C.;—roughly but very conservatively, for there are Indian scholars who take back the history enshrined in the Vedas to 25,000 and even 250,000 and 500,000 years ago. One enterprising historian, Dr. Banerjea Sāstri,—representing the school which holds that the Vedic Aryans were indigenous to India and colonised the whole world, Asia, Europe, Africa, America, Australia, and even the submerged Lemuria, by sending out wave after wave of conquering bands of Indo-Aryans,—has actually established—at least to the satisfaction of himself and his school—the historical fact that Vedic Aryans waged a war in the dim past with Asuras, i. e., Assyrians, a rather longish war that lasted for the modest period of 32,000 years. ['History of Pre-Musalman India' by Rangacharya, Vol. I, p. 207]. We may leave such too enterprising historians aside and take it as a working hypothesis that the Vedic Aryans—or their ancestors—invaded India in the 2nd or 3rd millennium before Christ, overpowered and superseded the Indus Valley Civilisation,

or its successor, and laid the foundation of the later Sanskrit Hindu culture. As K. M. Munshi puts it, "the history of Gujarat records the interplay of...the individuality of the Gujaratis" and "the influence of the culture which, originating with the early Aryans, has maintained the homogeneity of Indian life and the continuity of its traditions for the last three thousand years." [Gujarati And Its Literature, p. VIII]. This Aryan culture seems to be an elastic and richly composite, even all-embracing, phenomenon; for it embraces in its wonderful ambit the war fury and blood-lust of Parashurama, the dread Bhargava, the carnage which the Aryans revelled in from the times of King Sudas and others like Rama and Krishna, down to the glorious days of Siddharaja, and it also embraces the pacifism of Buddha, Mahavira and Mohandas Gandhi; it reconciles the insatiable hunger and thirst of the ancient heroes who, according to Rajendralal Mitra and Chintaman Vinayak Vaidya, were voracious beef-eaters and champion beer and liquor swillers, with the austerities of innumerable ancient ascetic Rishis and numerous modern ascetics and record-breakers in the field of fasting unto death; and it synthesises in a right Hegelian manner the most diverse specimens of humanity from Maharshis and Munis who fasted and performed austerities for thousands of years, and spiritual but subtle-brained Mahatmas, ancient and modern, down to those humble specimens of Aryan culture, the monkey-leaders and other untouchable vagrants, who have of late added a romantic touch to the picturesque street life of Bombay. For, of course, these monkey-men and other millions upon millions of untouchables,—to speak nothing of hundreds of millions of Sudras,—are all the fruit of this noble Aryan Culture; if they are not, how are they there? For, as Munshi himself points out, "in 1901 there were no less than 315 castes in Gujarat which did not inter-dine or intermarry"; and this number does, I presume, include the castes of the monkey-men and their kind even though they are outcastes and have no caste at all. Anyhow this rich profusion of castes that do not marry among themselves, nor eat one with the other and all the rest, is also evidently a fruit of that Aryan Culture which has always enriched and is enriching and strengthening the 'Gujarat-consciousness', 'Gujarati Asmita', and has always made and is making Gujarat an inviolate, invincible and unassailable—દુર્જય, અજેય, and દુર્ધર્ષ—political, social and cultural entity. Munshi has a great hope that Gujarat is, or is shortly going to be, not only all this, but the leader and practical ruler of all India. He exclaims: એ [ગુજરાત] એક ને સ્વસ્થ રાજ્યતંત્ર કયારે પ્રાપ્ત કરશે? અને કયારે થશે એની માનવતા, દુર્ધર્ષ, સર્વાંગસુંદર ને ગગનવિહારી? [ગુજરાત એક સાંસ્કારિક વ્યક્તિ

etc., p. 96]. In keeping with this worthy ambition, Munshi has widened the boundaries of Gujarat so as to claim Bombay, which is really in Maharashtra, as not only an appanage of Gujarat but even as a centre of Aryan Culture, nay, as the cultural capital of Gujarat: "And Gujarata will continue to receive their (sic) inspiration from Bombay more steadily and effectively than at any time since the fall of Pātāṇa in A. C. 1297". [Gujarata and Its Literature, p. X]. The English, here, as in scores of places in this masterpiece, is very doubtful; for one would be led by this sentence to think that Bombay has been 'inspiring' Gujarat for more than six hundred years, though not so 'steadily and effectively' as it is doing now; but the purport is quite clear. Munshi has staked out similar claims on behalf of 'Gujarat-consciousness' and Gujarati domination in Karachi and every port or town in India where Gujaratis have established themselves firmly in trade and commerce. This worthy and legitimate ambition seems to be shared by many Gujarati men of letters. In a speech delivered at Karachi in November 1941, Gaurishankar Joshi, alias 'Dhumaketu', adumbrated such a Mahājan Raj and said : ગુજરાતીઓ જૂના કાળથી સમુદ્રના સ્વામી છે. આજે એમણે સમુદ્ર ઉપરનો કાયુ રાજકીય પરિસ્થિતિને લીધે ભણે ગુમાવ્યો છે, પણ સમુદ્રની એમની મૈત્રી ધણી જૂની છે : જે વખતે સૌ પોતાને ગુજરાતીઓ માનતા થશે તે વખતે હિંદુસ્તાનના એક ખુશાની આ ખોખા જેટલી નાની પ્રજા આખા બ્રિટિશ સામ્રાજ્યનું મોટું મહત્વનું અંગ છે, એમ દિલ્હી ને લંડન બંને કબુલ કરશે, અને એક મહાજન સત્તા તરીકે તેને માન આપશે.....ગુજરાત ભરનો એક મહાજન સંઘ સ્થાપવાનો વખત આવી ગયો છે.

[Gujarati, 30-11-41] Even Keshavlāl Kāmdār, otherwise an admirably clear-sighted writer with a true historical perspective, is carried away for once by this grandiose idea of 'national' aggrandisement of Gujarat and enthusiastically writes : આપણા ઉપર ત્રેવડી જવાબદારી આવી પડે છે. આપણી પોતાની સંસ્કૃતિનો નિર્ધાર કરવાની, હિંદની સંસ્કૃતિનો નિર્ધાર કરવાની, અને તે બંને સંસ્કૃતિઓનો એક મેળ સાધવાની. એ ઉપરાંત આપણી ચોથી જવાબદારી છે, આપણી, હિંદની અને હિંદુજર્ગર સંસ્કારિતા દુનિયાની સંસ્કૃતિની ભાગિએણુ બનવાની છે અને તે માટે આપણે જવાબદાર રહેવાના છીએ. [સ્વાધ્યાય, Vol I, p. 183]. Of course, Kāmdār is very modest when compared with more enthusiastic believers in 'Gujarat-Consciousness' or ગુજરાતની અસ્મિતા who expect this special consciousness and its distinctive Gujarati culture to subjugate the whole known world as Buddha's 'Dharma-Chakra' ('Wheel of the law') is fondly believed by scholars like Jāyaswāl to have once made 'righteous conquest' ('dharma-digvijaya') of the entire world from China to Peru and from pole to pole. ['Indian Antiquary', September 1933, pp. 167-170].

I cannot leave unrecorded here a tantalisingly elusive criticism of this 'Gujarat-Consciousness' and the great role Gujaratis have been playing in India in the last few years—to put the idea in the words of Munshi once again, "the emergence of Gujarat on the stage of world politics and literature", ['Gujarata and its Literature' p. VIII]. Balvantrāy Thākor took exception a few years ago to what Rāmnārāyan Pāthak had written in the *Prasthān* magazine about the 'Vande Mātaram' song and the tricolor flag. Yashvant Shukla came to the rescue of Pāthak and put in a plea in cryptic phraseology that has left me guessing what the real trend of the plea must be. Shukla argued that in such matters અતિશયોક્તિ should not be stigmatised as અસત્યોક્તિ; and giving instances he said: એમતો રા. મુનશી ગુજરાતી પ્રજા માટે મોટી મોટી વાતો કરે છે. તેઓ લખે છે કે: 'The Gujaratis have thrown off the fetters rivetted by political slavery, social isolation and religious bigotry. They have developed a sense of power, freedom and self-respect. They no longer suffer from inferiority complex'. આ બધું શું બધા ગુજરાતીઓ માટે ખરું છે? ને ખરું હોય તો ગુજરાતીઓ જગતની બધી પ્રજાઓમાં શ્રેષ્ઠ પ્રજા તરીકે પંકાવા નોંધ્યે. Shukla admitted that of course all this was not true; it was only a dream that might come true 'to-morrow'; still, he argued, it was not a નાશું જુડાણું, but only an enthusiastic, prophetic, overstatement, and he concluded: 'ભલે કાયાના કટકા થાય અમે લીધી પ્રતિજ્ઞા પાળશું' ગાનારા લાડીધારી પોલીસ દેખી પલાયનનો આશ્રય લે તેથી એમનો તેજું ગાવાનો હક નહીં છીનવી લેવાય. ['Lokavāṇī', 27-6-1937]. As I have said above, I am not quite sure yet whether this was written seriously in defence of Pāthak's and Munshi's exaggerations and therefore was only a curious piece of unconscious irony, or it was really and deliberately meant to be, as I am inclined to suspect, gravely ironical. But this is only by the way.

In scores of places Munshi tells us that Aryan culture, or rather, Aryan culture modified by 'Gujarat-Consciousness', is the fountain source of the history, religion, philosophy, culture, art, literature, and social and political life of the Gujaratis. Of Gujarat he declares on the very first page of 'Gujarata And Its Literature': "It is the land of Mahatma Gandhi as it was of Śrī Kṛṣṇa." Of the latter he says: "..... Kṛṣṇa, who came to be regarded as the supreme representative of Aryan culture and statesmanship." [Ibid, p.12]. Of the former he writes rapturously: "And in the comprehensive impulse which Mahatma Gandhi generated, in Satyāgraha, in the reassertion of Ahimsā and Satya as absolute values in life, Gujarat emerged as the embodiment, the voice, the spirit of triumphant Aryan Culture as expressed

through modern conditions." [Ibid, p. XV]. Now in Gujarati as in Marathi literature, Kṛishna is depicted, with a joyous zest an outsider frankly cannot understand, as the embodiment of unscrupulous political and other kinds of trickery, — witness the treacherous slaying of Jarāsandha, Duryodhana, Jayadratha. to mention only a few out of the scores of instances enthusiastically recounted in legendary stories. For instance, as Munshi himself says, Premanand has 'painted' Kṛishna 'as a base trickster', [Ibid, p. 189], as in fact, hundreds of Indian poets and writers have done admiringly, following the traditional legends. Nor is it necessary to stress the reputation of Kṛishna as an insatiable and unrivalled amorist, — which Munshi also mentions in numerous places. Kṛishna's, and especially his brother Balarāma's, drunken revels, again, are famous in the Mahābhārata and elsewhere, — even in the Bhāgavata, the Bible of the Vaiṣṇavas of Gujarat. To take the last named scripture first, we are told how Kṛishna, his wife Rukmiṇi and his brother Balarāma went as guests to the palace of Rukmi, the brother of Rukmiṇi, and there, જુગાર અને દારૂના વ્યસનવાળા બળદેવજી રુકમી સાથે જુગાર રમવા બેઠા તેમાં તે હારતા ગયા આથી આજી આજી તેમની ઠેકડી થવા લાગી તેથી ચિડાઈ જઈ, તેમણે દરવાજાની ભોગળ ઉપાડી રુકમીને મારી નાખ્યો, તથા હસનાર રાજાના દાંત પાડી નાખ્યા. [શ્રીમદ્ભાગવત-અંબાનુવાદ, — p. 398]. Again, when this ancient representative of Aryan Culture and Gujarat-consciousness went to Gokul and stayed there for two months, this is how he consoled the Gopis pining for the absent Kṛishna : તે અને મહિના તેમણે રાત્રીઓમાં ગોપીઓને સારી પેઠે કીડા કરાવી. બળરામને મદિરા તો જ્ઞાનજ્ઞે તેટલે તેમણે ત્યાં વૃક્ષોમાંથી મદિરા પ્રાપ્ત કરી અને પછી પોતાની [rather, શ્રીકૃષ્ણની, to be more accurate, as the translator admits in a footnote] સખીઓ સાથે તે મદિરા પીને, મદથી વિહ્વળ બની, તે સારી પેઠે આખા વનમાં ધૂમતા કર્યા. [Ibid, pp. 402-403]. If we go to the oldest source of the Kṛishna saga, the Mahābhārata, we find in the Udyoga Parvan the following startling pen picture by an eye-witness of the great Gujarati of those ancient days, cited, among others, by that eminent scholar and alumnus of this University, Pāndurang Vāman Kāne: उभौ मध्वासवक्षीबौ दृष्टौ मे केशवार्जुनौ 'I saw both Kṛishna and Arjuna, intoxicated with मधु (mhowra) liquor' [Kāne's धर्मशास्त्र विचार, p. 31]. In another very similar verse quoted by that eminent orientalist of a past generation, Rājendralal Mitra, (in his 'Indo-Aryans', VII, pp. 289-422), another eye-witness says in the Ādi-Parvan:

उभौ मध्वासवक्षीसौ उभौचंदनचर्चितौ ।

उभौ पर्यकरथिनौ दृष्टौ मे केशवार्जुनौ ॥

"I have seen Krishṇa and Arjuna, both besmeared with sandal paste, both lying in their chariot overpowered with madhu (mehwa) liquor." A mere 'Anārya' like me cannot fathom all the mysteries of Aryan Culture; but I cannot, even by the utmost stretch of my imagination, visualise the modern Gujarati Apostle of Aryan Culture and Gujarat-consciousness being found in this interesting condition with his beloved disciple and political heir lying drunk with cocktails — (though cocktail parties are not unknown in the highest nationalist circles) — in a modern chariot, whether horse-drawn or petrol-driven. And yet, according to Munshi, both the ancient Avatar and the modern Mahatma are ideals and apostles of the same Aryan culture and the identical Gujarat-consciousness that have been steadily and uniformly inspiring Gujarat for the last three thousand years at least.

Consider again the vast quantities of beef and other meats eaten, and the lakes of liquors drunk, by the ancient Aryan people whose cultural history lies embodied in the great epics, Rāmāyaṇa and Mahābhārata. To quote that excellent scholar and profound student of the epics, 'Bhāratachārya', as he was called, Chintāmaṇrāo Vaidya who writes, referring to a famous passage in the holy Bṛihadāranyaka-Upanishad, Chapter VI, Brāhmaṇa 4 : "The passage concludes with this sentence : 'He who desires to have a son unvanquished in the assembly of Pandits and the speaker of speech respected by all, who can explain all the Vedas and lives a long life, should eat rice cooked with flesh and clarified butter, whether the flesh be that of a bull or a ram"! In fact, as Vaidya aptly and rightly reminds us, the Upanishad recommends the favourite dish of the Iranians and modern Muslims, 'Pilāv'. I would only demur to the words "flesh of a bull or a ram", for the original words are, औक्षेण वा अधिमेण वा — 'of bulls or oxen'—not 'rams'. Vaidya proceeds: "This..... clearly shows that in the opinion of the Indo-Aryans of the beginning of the epic period a beef-eating people were believed to be a people vigorous not only in body but also in mind. We thus find that flesh was the usual and the most favourite food of the people, and that the flesh of bulls and rams (*quaere*, oxen?) was most prized for its imparting vigour to the brain".

It is extremely interesting to note that these wonderful qualities of flesh food in general emphasised by holy Rishis of the highest spiritual culture are corroborated by the highest Ayurvedic authorities, the Rishis Charaka

and Susruta. In the 'Charaka-Samhita' we find the following warm and even rapturous praises of meat and beef juice:

પ્રાણનઃ સર્વભૂતાનાં હૃયો માંસરસઃ પરમ્ ॥

સર્વરોગપ્રશમનં યથાસ્વં વિહિતં રસમ્ ।

વિદ્યાત્સ્વર્યં બલકરં વયોબુદ્ધીંદ્રિયાયુષાન્ ॥

[Sūtrasthāna, Chapter 27, verses 317 and 319]. "Meat juice is extremely agreeable and pleasing to all human beings Know that when properly administered it allays all diseases, strengthens the voice, and increases length of years, and invigorates the intellect, all the organs and life itself." And these glowing praises of all meats including beef are to be found repeated in all standard Sanskrit works on medicine, such as Vāgbhaṭa's અષ્ટાંગહૃદય, Mādhavanidāna etc. I cannot do better than append the weighty opinion of a wise and worthy successor of these ancient masters of medicine. Bapalal G. Vaidya, who has more real scholarship — scholarship in the sense of pursuit of objective truth for its own sake — than so many of our highly educated professors and scholars of repute, wrote in the 'Prasthān' magazine a few years ago હિંદુઓના મોટા ભાગ માંસનું નામ દેતાં ભડકે છે..... એકલા વનસ્પતિ આહાર ઉપર નભતી કોઈ પણ પ્રજા કદીએ મહાન થઇ નથી—થઈ શકે નહીં.આપણા ધારાળા, કોળી, દુબળા, ભીલ, ચોધરા, ઢેઠ, બંગી, આ બધાને કદીએ આપણે વિચાર કર્યો છે શું?.....ઉપદેશકો અત્યારે જ્યારે દારૂ અને માંસ કે ખીડી તમાકુના વ્યર્થ ઉપદેશ આપે છે ત્યારે મારું લોહી ગરમ થઈ જાય છે.....ગામડાના લોકને તે પીવા દો... શરીરવૃંદો નાન્યદ્માંસાદ્વિશિષ્યતે (ચરક) શરીરની પુષ્ટિ માટે માંસથી ચડિયાતો અન્ય ખાદ્ય પદાર્થ નથી.... [પ્રસ્થાન, માધ ૧૯૯૦, pp: 332-333]. No wonder the ancient representatives of Aryan culture devoured surprising quantities of all sorts of animals, birds, fishes and even lizards like the થો ,— and that often as a religious duty.

For, quoting Vyāsa's description of the Aśvamedha Sacrifice of Yudhiṣṭhira after the Great War,— પશુનાં વન્યતાં ચૈવ નાન્તં દદશિરે જનાઃ — 'people saw no end of the animals that were killed', — Vaidya writes : "In fact, the festivities at which thousands and lakhs of Brahmīns, Kshatriyas and others were feasted were of the most Bacchanalian kind and perhaps did not differ much from the feasts of the voracious beef-eating Germans, the brother Aryans of the west, whether in the number of animals that were killed or the flasks of wine that were drunk : સુરામૈરેય સાગરાઃ" — that is, oceans not only

of beers but of strong distilled liquors called 'Surā' and wines called 'maireya'. Vaidya also gives another striking instance from the Droṇa-Parvan of the heroic beef eating powers of the Indo-Aryans of the days of the Mahābhārata: "The great sacrificer Rantideva used to sacrifice so many oxen (quaere, cows?) that from the heap of their skins flowed a river which was consequently called Charmanvati or Chambal :

अलभन्त तदा गावः सहस्राण्येकविंशतिः ।

तत्रस्म सूदाः क्रोशन्ति सुमृष्टमणिकुण्डलाः ॥

सूपं भूयिष्ठमश्रीध्वं नःयमांसं यथा पुरा ।

And in a foot note Vaidya adds: "It is stated that one thousand (oxen or cows) were killed every day in Rantideva's house", ['Epic India', pp. 117-118].

It is not the Mahābhārata alone that reeks with the fumes of liquor and of the blood of slaughtered cows and oxen, sheep and goats, 'five-toed' animals (पञ्चनखाः) and birds; we have all these things in plenty in the traditionally older history of the Rāmāyaṇa. I shall content myself by quoting passages from Rājendralal Mitra's "Indo-Aryans", an exceptionally well-written and scholarly work published sixty years ago, which is now in danger of being forgotten. Mitra writes: "The Rāmāyaṇa frequently notices wine and drinking. In one place no less a personage than the great sage, Viśvāmitra, ... is said to have been entertained with 'maireya' and 'surā' by his host Vasishṭha. [Rāmāyaṇa, Carey's Edition, I p. 462]. Bharadvāja, another great sage, offered wine [rather, spirits] to Bharata and his soldiers when they spent a night under his hospitable roof. 'O ye drinkers of spirits', said the Sage, 'drink spirituous liquors; O ye hungry, fill yourselves with various kinds of juicy meats'. [Ibid, III, p. 297] Sita, the model of feminine grace and virtue, ... when crossing the Ganges on her way to the wilderness of the South, is said to have made a vow; ... she pledged herself to offer a plentiful supply of arrack. Addressing the river she said : 'Be merciful to me, O Goddess, and I shall, on my return home, worship thee with a thousand jars of arrack and dishes of well dressed flesh meat'.

सुराषट्सहस्रेण मांसभूतौदनेन च ।

यक्ष्ये त्वां प्रीयतां देवि पुरीं पुनरुपागता ॥

When crossing the Yamuna she said: 'Be thou auspicious, O Goddess; I am crossing thee. When my husband has accomplished his vow I shall worship thee with a thousand heads of cattle (quaere, cows?) and a hundred jars of arrack.'

स्वस्ति देवि त्वामि त्वां पारयेन्मे पतिव्रतम् ।
यक्ष्येत्वां गोसहस्रेण सुराघटशतेन च ॥

Nor were she and her liege lord themselves averse to the cheering cup. The following extract from the last book of the Rāmāyana shows that they were as much given to drinking as other people of their time. The passage runs: 'Embracing Sita with both his hands, ... Rāma made her drink pure Maireya wine, even as Indra makes Sachi partake of nectar. Servants quickly served flesh meats variously dressed,...and accomplished damsels, exhilarated with wine, danced and sang, for the entertainment of Rāma and Sita.'

सीतामादाय बाहुभ्यां मधुमैरेयकं शुचि ।
पाययामास काकुत्स्थः शचीमिन्द्रो यथामृतम् ॥ २१
मांसानि सुमृष्टानि...किंकरास्तूर्णमाहरन् ॥ २२
दक्षिणा रूपमत्यश्च स्त्रियः पानवशं गताः । २३
उपानृत्यन्त रामस्य सीताया हर्षवर्धनाः ।.....

[This description of Rāma coaxing Sita to drink wine, was perhaps in the mind of Kālidāsa when he made the God Śiva act with the same chivalry towards Pārvati in the 'Kumārasambhava':

मान्यभक्तिरथवा सखजिनः सेव्यतामिदमनंगदीपनम् ।
इत्युदारमभिधाय शंकरस्तामपाययत पानमंबिकाम् ॥

'पूज्य लक्षितभाववर्णां सप्तीजनो पलु कल्लु छे डे काम देवने उतेजन आपनाइ आ पीलु (भदिरा) पीयो' अ भ्रमाळु कडीने शंकरे पार्वतीने भदिरापान कराव्यु'. [नव प्रकाश, 20-10-40]. Rājendralal proceeds:] "Again, Bharata, returning from his ineffectual mission to bring back Rāma, thus mourns the lost glories of the capital: 'No longer the exhilarating (quaere, — intoxicating?) aroma of arrack, nor the enchanting scent of garlands, now wafts through the city.'

बारुणीमदगंधश्च माल्यगंधश्च.....।

.....न प्रयाति संमततः ॥ "

It would fill a large volume if all such passages about drinking abounding in Sanskrit literature, sacred and profane, which simply reeks with the fumes of liquors and wines and beers, were to be brought together, and all those again which refer to the eating of slaughtered cows, bulls, sheep, goats etc.etc. etc. I shall here quote only one verse from the Rāmāyaṇa in which the holy sage Vasishṭha instructs Rāma as to the five-toed animals that can be lawfully eaten by Brahmans as well as Kshatriyas :

पंच पंचनखा भक्ष्या ब्रह्मक्षत्रेण राघव ।
शल्यकः श्वाविधो गोधा शशः कूर्मश्च पंचमः ॥

This is exactly what the Baudhāyana Dharma Sūtra also enjoins: "Among five-toed animals, the porcupine, the hedgehog, the hare, the tortoise and the iguana may be eaten." [Sacred Books of the East, Vol. Xiv, p. 74]. It is interesting to note in passing that the iguana or big lizard called *ṭi* is eaten to-day only by the humble Vāghri and Dublā although in the Satya-Yuga and under real Rāma-Rājya this animal of the lizard class had the honour of being eaten by such exalted and holy personages as Vasishṭha and Vālmiki, Rāma and Sita.

This digression would have sufficed to give us a glimpse of real Aryan culture in the ancient golden age. How profoundly Dravidian or proto-Indic beliefs and practices have modified or rather superseded the early Aryan cult can be realised if we consider the history of the very basis of the Aryan religion, the highly ritualised and specialised practice of an interminable series of elaborate bloody sacrifices accompanied by copious ritual potations of Soma and Surā. The non-Aryan aversion to such bloodshed and hard drinking in the name of religion seems to have asserted itself about the 7th century before Christ, the Buddha's active opposition to this most important aspect of the Vedic Aryan religion being the starting point of this reaction, this fight against the sacrificial 'Karṇa-kāṇḍa' which is inculcated by the Gīta (III. 10-15), and which seems to have characterised the Vedic cult till the end of the Gupta period, round about 700 A. D. It is a significant fact that all the great protagonists of this reaction are the great South Indian Āchāryas, all Dravidians. During these ten centuries, the great Vedic gods Varuṇa, Indra, Agni and Soma become mere unimportant godlings in the all-accommodating Hindu pantheon, Śiva and Viṣṇu-Krishṇa emerge from their long eclipse, and temple worship, idol worship, linga worship, Krishṇa worship, cow worship, caste worship, become the differentia of the Hindu as

opposed to the Vedic Aryan religion. For, food and drink have an intimate connection with culture; as the ancient dictum has it, 'What a man eats, he becomes'. But as culture is still more deeply rooted in religious beliefs, it should be of still greater historical and cultural interest to examine the connection of animal food, especially beef and liquor, with religious and sacramental usage in ancient India. A little while ago when enthusiastic prohibitionists (many of them not quite teetotallers) were thundering against all use of liquor as a sin against God and religion, some publicists in responsible positions used in public speeches and writings to run down the sacramental use of wine as most irreligious and unspiritual. Their argument was that no religion could or ought to permit such sacramental use of wine and liquor. It was, in fact, the same old *petitio principii* of the ignorant fanatic who has convinced himself that meat eating or liquor drinking is bad and immoral, and thence goes on to argue that no religion worth the name can allow, and therefore does allow, these 'sins' to be committed, especially in the name of religion. Any fair minded person would be constrained to conclude that these persons were either dishonest in doing so if they knew that their own religion permitted and even enjoined such sacraments in plenty, or else they were shallow and presumptuous fools if they reviled other religions without knowing what their own religion had enjoined. Even Manilal Nabhubhai, a champion of orthodox Hinduism, admitted the connection between intoxicating spirits and Aryan spirituality: ધણા ખરા મહોટા યજ્ઞોમાં એક બેથી સો સો સુધી પશુ મારવાનો સંપ્રદાય પડેલો નજરે પડે છે.....વળી આ રક્ત સાવમાં આનંદ માનવા ઉપરાંત સોમપાનથી ને છેવટના વખતમાં તો સુરાપાનથી પણ આર્ચ લોકો મસ્ત થતા માનુષ પડે છે. [Manilal is certainly wrong in saying છેવટના વખતમાં; for several important sacrifices like the Vajapeya and the Sautrāmaṇi sacrifice which required distilled sura as the sacramental drink, were everyday affairs in the ancient Vedic and Brahmana periods] સર્વ પ્રાચીન ધર્મોમાં જ્યાં જ્યાં યજ્ઞભાવના જણાય છે, ત્યાં ત્યાં આવા મેધની વાત પણ સાથેજ જોવામાં આવે છે. યજ્ઞમાં જે અર્પણ બુદ્ધિ પ્રધાન છે, તે બુદ્ધિથીજ આવા મેધનો ખુલાસો થઈ શકે છે..... સોમહિપાન પણ એવાજ આશયવાળો છે. સોમ, અમૃત, દેવતાનોજ પીવાનો પદાર્થ, પીધાથી બ્રાહ્મણોનાં આંતર ચક્ષુ ખુલી જતાં, અને તેમને દેવતાઓ પ્રત્યક્ષ થઇ ફલ આપતા.....આજ પણ ફકીર, યોગી, ઇત્યાદિ મસ્ત રાત્રીઓમ. હરીશ, ગાંજે, લાંગ ઇત્યાદિ માદક, અને તેથી ઈદ્રિઓ તથા મનન કોઈ વિલક્ષણ પ્રત્યગ્દષ્ટિ કરાવવાને સમર્થ, પદાર્થોનું સેવન પ્રચલિતજ છે. [સિદ્ધાન્તસાર pp.43-44]. Narmada-shankar Devshankar Mehta goes deeper into the subject and referring to the

પંચ મકાર—મઘ, માંસ, મૈથુન etc,—of the Śaktas, writes with admirable candour : આ પાંચ દ્રવ્યો વૈદિક યજ્ઞકાંડમાં ગુંથાયલાં હતાં; માત્ર ધર્મના ઇતિહાસના જ્ઞાન વિનાના હિંદુઓ વૈદિકાની સ્તુતિ અને તાંત્રિકાની નિંદા કરે છે. વેદના પશુયજ્ઞમાં સોમરસનું ઉન્મત્ત થતા સુધીનું પાન હતું; તે યજ્ઞમાં અનેક પશુઓનો વધ થતો હતો અને માંસભક્ષણ પણ થતું હતું, અને પિતૃશ્રાદ્ધમાં ગોવધ પણ થતો હતો.....ટુંકામાં દેશકાલ પરત્વે આચારોનોજ મહિમા ગાનારા, અન્ય ધર્મ અને સંપ્રદાયનું ઉદ્ધાર મનથી અવલોકન કરી શકતા નથી. [શાકત સંપ્રદાય, pp. 65-36]. And he further makes this profoundly interesting and suggestive remark: મલ વેદથી માંડી હાલના ગુજરાતી સાહિત્ય પર્યંત જ્યાં જ્યાં શકિતવાદનું ચિંતન છે તે વિચારી જોતાં સહજ સમજાશે કે હિંદુ ધર્મના અનેક સંપ્રદાયો અને પંથો છતાં, તે સર્વમાં શકિતવાદ એટલો અધો આડો અવળો ગુંથાયલો છે કે હિંદુધર્મની પ્રાણુનાડી કહીએ તો શકિતના સ્વીકારમાં છે. [Ibid, p. 145]. A quite recent work on the 'Doctrine of Śakti' by Prabhāt Chandra Chakravarti, (Āshutosh Professor of Sanskrit, Calcutta University), admits the great antiquity of the Śākta cult and writes : "The worship of Śakti in an anthropomorphic form is found to be of great antiquity in India. It is originally associated with the cult of Śiva which prevailed in the land from prehistoric times.....Some opine that this cult is of non-Aryan origin. It is not unlikely that the Aryans had found this type of worship already in existence among the primitive tribes, and afterwards assimilated it in their own way. This sort of absorption or Aryanisation of ancient customs and modes of worship were not altogether impossible and unfrequent in the annals of India." ['Doctrine of Śakti In Indian Literature', p. 91]. I would venture to go further and say that the Vedas themselves are not documents of pure and uncontaminated Aryan culture; the very phonetics of the Ṛiks with their certainly un-Aryan heavy Dravidian cerebrals of the ṛ class including ૠ and ૡહ show that these ancient hymns are not in a pure Aryan, but possibly Dravidianised, dialect. In a book entitled 'Dravidian And' Aryan', P. Chidambaram Pillai assails those who regard the Aryan culture as the source of Indian civilisation and boldly asserts that the Brahmans of India were not Aryans but Dravidians, that they learnt Sanskrit, the language of the conquerors, and that while the Dravidians were thus Aryanised in language, the Aryans were Dravidianised in culture. Consequently, in the opinion of Pillai, modern Hinduism is purely Dravidian,—a sweeping generalisation no doubt, but certainly worth serious consideration in view of the discoveries made at Harappa and Mohenjo Dero. [Modern Review, May 1939]. But the sacrificial and sacramental

use of beef and liquor was most probably purely Aryan, and it will be pertinent to our inquiry to investigate this trait of Aryanism a little further. In the Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa we have a very interesting discussion as to whether the cows or bulls slaughtered for sacramental meat in the important Agnish-toma Sacrifice of the ancient Indo-Aryans should be eaten by the 'dikshita' or not. One doctrine forbade the eating of this sacrificial beef on a rather mystic ground, but the authority of the venerable Yājñavalkya is cited finally as evidently the best doctrine : तदु होवाच याज्ञवल्क्योऽश्वाम्येवाहमंसलं चेद् भवतीति.

"Nevertheless, Yājñavalkya said, 'I, for one, eat it, provided it is tender.'"

[S. B. E. XXVI, p. 10]. I venture to think that Eggeling's translation here is not quite correct as अंसलं is explained by Śaṅkara as मांसलं, i. e., fatty, 'beefy'; and the citation from Kātyāyana Śrauta Sūtra — अंसलयोः धेनवदुहयो. मांसस्य भोजनं कर्तव्यम्—तदुहोवाचेति श्रुतेः—indicates the same thing. The delightful grave humour of the decision of the holy sage Yājñavalkya—"I certainly eat the beef if it is fat and juicy"—is certainly an Aryan trait; I have long believed that the sense of humour is decidedly keener among those who eat meat and drink wine than among those who do not.

The Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa has also numerous explanatory comments on Vedic passages referring to Soma and Surā, the favourite drinks of these ancient Aryans and their Gods. In the struggle between the God Indra and the Asura Namuchi, the latter deprives Indra of his favourite liquor, and the comment thereon says: "By taking that surā liquor of his he seized upon his energy or vital power". [S. B. E., XLIV, p. 216]. A running commentary on the Vājasaneyi Samhitā, XIX, 5, says "..... 'for joy', to joy indeed the Soma juice contributes, and to joy also does the surā liquor; he thus secures both the joy of the soma and the joy of the surā." [Ibid, p. 227]. Again, commenting on Vāj. Sam. XIX, 32 :— "'May we enjoy ourselves'—the Soma juice, indeed, conduces to joy; and so does the surā liquor: both the joy of the Soma and the joy of the Surā he thus secures." [Ibid, pp. 231-232]. So too, on Vāj. Sam. XIX, 33 :— "'the strength of the soma juice together with the surā liquor', he thereby secures what strength there is in the Soma juice and in the surā liquor;—'by that exhilarating drink gladden thou the sacrificer',—by that exhilarating drink gladden thou the sacrificer." [Ibid, p. 233]. Thus the Aryans religiously believed that the fermented drink Soma and the distilled spirit Surā bring joy and gladness and strength.

They also believed religiously that these drinks purified him who drank them. The Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa says: "They purify him by means of surā liquor, for surā is purified; and even as the liquor, whilst being purified, is cleared of impure matter, so is that sacrificer thereby freed from all evil who, knowing this, performs the Sautrāmaṇi," [Ibid, p.236]. This Sautrāmaṇi sacrifice is specially a Surā sacrifice in which the spirit was distilled and consecrated and then ritually sacrificed and drunk; and it is worthy of note that it is specially declared that this sacrifice "the Sautrāmaṇi is a Brāhmaṇa sacrifice", as it permitted the Brāhmins, to whom Surā was otherwise forbidden, to drink it. [Ibid, p. 260]. It is very interesting to note again that our highest Ayurvedic medical authorities also confirm, and even surpass, these scriptural praises of liquor as a giver of 'joy and gladness and strength'. Referring to the sacramental and sacred use of liquor Charaka writes in praise of Surā :

सुरैः सुशसहितैर्या पुरा परिपूजिता ।

सौत्रामण्यां हूयते यः कर्मभिर्या प्रतिष्ठिता ॥.....

.....या देवानभूत्वा स्वप्नाभूत्वा पितृंश्चया ।

सौमो भूत्वा द्विजातीन्या युंक्ते श्रेयोभिरुत्तमैः ॥

"Liquor, that was worshipped by the Gods along with Indra, that is invoked in the Sautrāmaṇi sacrifice and that is then installed with proper rites. Liquor, that confers the highest spiritual benefits on the gods in the form of nectar, on the Manes (Pitris) in the form of libations, on the twice-born castes in the form of soma,....." And Charaka's praises of liquor from the purely scientific and medical point of view are no less fervent though shrewdly realistic. After admitting all the evil effects of liquor that can be urged by the most fanatical of modern prohibitionists, the wise old Rishi of Ayurveda writes :

सत्यमेते महादोषा मद्योक्ता न संशयः ।

अहितस्यातिमात्रस्य पीतस्य विधिवर्जितम् ॥

किंतु मद्यं स्वभावेन यथैवान्नं तथा स्मृतम् ।

अयुक्तियुक्तं रोगाय युक्तियुक्तं यथाभूतम् ॥

प्राणाः प्राणभूतामन्नं तदयुक्त्या निहत्यसूतम् ॥

विषं प्राणहरं तच्च युक्तियुक्तं रसायनम् ॥

रोचनं दीपनं हृद्यं स्वरवर्धप्रसादनम् ।

प्राणनं वृंहणं बल्यं भयशोकशमापहम् ॥

बहुदुःखकृतस्यास्य शोकेनोपहतस्य च ।

विश्रामो जीवलोकस्य मद्यं युक्त्या निषेवितम् ॥

"These great evils of liquor are undoubtedly true, if it be bad itself or if it is drunk in excess or drunk in a wrong manner. But in itself liquor is just like food which causes disease if eaten in a wrong manner, but is life-giving nectar if eaten in the proper manner. Food is the very life of living beings, and yet it destroys life if misused; poison destroys life, and yet it becomes a sovereign remedy if properly employed Liquor is a stomachic, a digestive, a cordial; it improves the voice and the complexion; it is a pick-me-up, a nourishment, a tonic; it removes fear, sorrow and fatigue; liquor drunk in the right manner is a solace of life in this world of many troubles and many sorrows."

Thus in a variety of Vedic sacrifices and rituals the eating of beef and drinking of fermented and distilled liquors was a sacred duty of ancient Indian Aryans. Even though the cow came to be regarded as a sacred animal, beef was eaten; in fact, as Kāne and other scholars have rightly pointed out, the cow was sacred food because the animal was sacred. As Kāne writes, after giving a list of ritual occasions on which a cow was to be slaughtered: याबाबतीत एवढें लक्षांत ठेवलें पाहिजे कीं वैदिक कालीं गाईला पाविष्य नव्हतें असें नाहीं. तसें पाविष्य होतें आणि म्हणून तिचें मांस पवित्र म्हणून खावें असाहि विधि वाजसनेय श्रुतींत आहे. And he goes on to cite Smṛiti texts such as Vasishṭha Dharma-Sūtra XIV, 30 and 45, in support of this argument and adds : 'धेनु व बैल हौं मेथ्य (पवित्र) असल्यामुळे खावी' असें आपस्तम्ब धर्मसूत्र (I. 5-14, 29) वाजसनेय श्रुतीचा आधार घेऊन सांगतें गौतमधर्मसूत्रांतहि (XVII, 27-28) असेंच म्हटलें आहे. In his Dharma-Sūtra, Āpastamba says : धेन्वनडुहोर्भक्ष्यम् (I. 17-30); also, मेथ्य आनडुहं इति वाजसनेयकम्; and Haradatta in his 'Ujjvala' explains : आनडुहं मांसं न केवलं भक्ष्यं ... मेथ्यमपीति वाजसनेयिनाः समामनन्ति

But if beef and cow-killing came to be forbidden later on under the influence of the Indus Valley or other indigenous culture, drink never has been forbidden by the Hindu scriptures; it is a pious fiction — or an impious fraud — to say that all alcoholic drinks are severely forbidden by the Hindu religion. It is only the Brahman who is forbidden to drink, and that too only the distilled liquor, surā. Of the three kinds of surā — paishṭhi, gaudī, mādavi — the Brahman must not drink any, while the others are forbidden only the paishṭhi kind. Of course, these rules are for the 'true' Aryans, i. e., the traivarnikas, — the Śūdra is at liberty to drink anything; as Haradatta's 'Ujjvala' clearly puts it, आर्याः त्रैवर्णिकाः and कृष्णो वर्णः शूद्रः. And even these bans were placed as late as the Smṛiti period. The interesting history of

strong drink in ancient India has been candidly and succinctly summarised in a scholarly article by Chintāman Ganesh Kāshikar, वाङ्मयपारंगत and M. A., of Poona, in these words: वेदकालीं व ब्राह्मणकालीं जरी सोमपान श्रेष्ठ व सुरापान हँ कचित् कनिष्ठ समजत असत तरी सुरापानाचा हि सार्वत्रिक प्रचार होता. उपनिषत्काला पासून जसजसे ब्राह्मण्यांचें वर्चस्व वाढत गेलें तसतसे ब्राह्मणांना सुरापान हळू हळू वर्ज्य होत गेलें. व सामान्यतः सूत्रकालापर्यंत केवळ यज्ञ प्रसंगीच ते सुरापान करूं लागले. स्मृतिकालीं सुरा ही त्यांना पूर्णपणें निषिद्ध मानली गेली. तथापि हा निर्वन्ध तितका कसोशीनें अमलांत येत नसावा असें चरक संहिते वरून म्हणावें लागतें. ब्राह्मणोत्तर वर्णांना सुरा कधींच वर्ज्य नव्हती सारांश, प्राचीन कालीं सार्वत्रिक मद्यबंदी कधींच नव्हती. [चित्रमयजगत्, October 1938,—p. 439]. In fact as Kāshikar points out, the Atharva Veda actually wishes as a blessing to the devout Aryan after death rivers of Surā and Madhu, along with pools of ghee, milk and curds, in the world of Yana. [A. V., IV, 34, 6.] Here 'madhu' is not to be taken to mean 'honey' but 'wine' (Avestic 'madho', Greek 'methu') as in so many Vedic and Sūtra passages. Thus the KāśīKa-Vritti on Pāṇini, IV-2,99, refers to the wine made of the famous grapes of कपिशी known as कपिशायनी in these words,—कपिशायनं मधु. [Social Life In Ancient India by Chakladar, p. 54]. For instance in every Dharma-Sūtra the Brahmachāri is forbidden the consumption of 'madhu' during his student days, and the word is as a rule taken to mean honey, but I strongly suspect it is wine that is meant, as there is no sense in forbidding honey. Similarly, it is said in the Baudhāyana Dharma Sūtra, "A widow shall avoid during a year (the use of) honey, meat, spirituous liquor and salt." Here, too, along with distilled spirits, fermented wine—and not honey—is evidently to be abstained from for the period of ritual mourning. But although surā may have been theoretically condemned, it seems to have preserved its charm down to most recent times, and, what is most remarkable, that, too, not among Brahmans only but also among Brahman women. Intoxicating liquors play quite an important part in the Arthaśāstra of Kauṭilya; a Chapter is specially devoted to the state regulation of the liquor traffic and liquor revenue, and we find that no license was necessary for preparing श्वेतशुरा, white liquor, for private religious ceremonies, and medicated liquors for medicinal purposes. [कौटिलीय अर्थशास्त्र, edited and translated by J. S. Karandikar and B. R. Hivargāonkar, Chap. 46, p. 63]. What is more remarkable, Kauṭilya's plan of an ideal capital has "an abode of the goddess Madira", along with the temples of other deities in the very centre of the city. [Kauṭilya's Arthasastra by Shamasastri, p. 54]. In the Kāma Sūtra of Vātsyāyana, attributed to the third-fourth century A. D., one of the

accomplishments and duties of the ideal wife is the expert knowledge of bottling, storing, using, buying and selling jars of Surā and Āsava, मुराकुम्भीनामासवकुम्भीनच स्थापनं तदुपयोगः कयर्विक्रयव्ययविवेक्षणम्, [K. S. IV, I, 35]:

In a Marathi article in the महाराष्ट्रसाहित्यपत्रिका this passage is cited as one of the accomplishments of an आदर्शभूतगृहिणी. [January, 1932, p. 310]. When this strong drink became taboo in the Smṛiti period, the Smṛitis had to threaten Brahman women specifically with special pains and penalties in this and the next world for drinking surā. As Manu puts it, "libations of water shall not be offered to women who drink spirituous liquor"; and, "drinking spirituous liquor" is one of the "six causes of the ruin of women." [S. B. E., XXV, pp. 181, 329, etc.,] As for fermented liquors like beer and wine Manu has no objection at all; for the wise old lawgiver has said in a famous verse नमांसमक्षणे दोषो न मयेनच मैथुने—"there is no sin in drinking intoxicants, or in eating meats, or in copulation". What he objected to was not मद्यपान but सुगपान, and that, too, only for Brahmans. It is an interesting sidelight on this ban on Surā, that in commenting on the terrible penalty for a Brahman who drinks surā, namely, that he must be made to drink as a penance for this sin the same liquor boiling hot, all the commentators, Medhātithi, Govindarāja, Kullūkabhaṭṭa and Raghavānanda (the latter two quoting the Bhaviṣhya Purāṇa) are unanimous that "the spirituous liquor here intended is the 'paishṭhiki' surā", that distilled from ground grain, thus implying that in case the culprit has drunk 'mādhvi' or 'gaudī' (i. e., in modern phraseology, mhowra or rum) he is to be let off with a much lighter penance. [Ibid, p. 449, footnote]. This implies that drinking of 'mādhvi' and 'gaudī' must have been pretty common among even Brahmans. Vasishṭha's Dharma Sutra says: "that woman of the Brāhmaṇa caste who drinks spirituous liquor, the gods will not admit (after death) to the same abode with her husband; losing all spiritual merit she wanders about in this world and is born again as a leech or a sow." [S. B. E., XIV, p. 112]. But in spite of these dreadful threats, the Brahman ladies seem to have persisted in their fondness for strong spirits, for in the third-fourth century we have seen how the ideal house-wife, आदर्श गृहिणी, is expected to be a connoisseur in Surā, and in the eighth century we find Kumārila Bhaṭṭa admitting the charge levelled at the followers of the Vedic religion by Buddhists etc: अहिच्छत्रमयुरानिवासिब्राह्मणीनां सुरापानम् [Tantra-vārtika I, 3, 3 cited by Raghunāth Śāstri Kokje in धर्मस्वरूप निर्णय, p. 118]. And an independent corroboration of this charge against the Brahman women of Ahichhatra

— perhaps ancestresses of the Nāgars, according to Narmadāshankar Mehta — અહિરજનની આત્મીઓ (કદાચ નાગર જાતિની હોય) — is to be found in the 'Gāhā-Sattasai', according to Durgāśankar Śāstri who writes: ગાહાસત્તસઇમાં અહિરજન સ્ત્રીઓ મદ્યપાન કરતી હોવાનો ઉલ્લેખ છે. [Journal of the Gujarat Research Society, October 1939, p. 182]. Perhaps one reason why high caste Aryan women contracted this persistent thirst for surā is that spirituous liquor played an important part in the marriage ritual of the ancient Aryans. In a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Gujarat Sāhitya Sabhā on 2-10-1934, at Premabhai Hall, Ahmedabad, on વેદ સમયની સામાજિક સ્થિતિ, Vedavāchaspati Shri Chandrakānta Śarmā (of Songadh Gurukul), was reported by the *Prajā Bandhu* to have declared: વિવાહના વાગ્દાન પ્રસંગે પણ મદ્યપાન થાય છે એવો ઉલ્લેખ શ્લોકોમાં છે. [*Prajā Bandhu*, 7-10-1934]. In his valuable study of 'Social And Religious Life In the Grihya Sūtras', V. M. Apte, [who by the way, confirms my view that 'madhu' in many Smṛiti passages means 'wine' and not honey (Op. Cit., p.120)], writes, describing the marriage-ceremony: "..... Then four or eight women, not widows, are entertained with vegetable, surā and other food and requested to perform a dance four times. This is called the Indrāṇi-Karma," [P. 33, also pp. 56 and 123]. Still more remarkable is the actual ritual and sacramental use of liquor in the marriage ceremony; for, as Apte informs us: "Similarly Gobhila tells us that the bride is besprinkled on her head with surā of the first quality, i. e., prepared from molasses." [Pp. 123-124]. But this is not all; liquor libations are actually offered to the souls of female ancestors in the Śrāddha ceremony known as ānvashṭakya. Apte writes: "Curiously enough in the Anvashṭakya rite (Āśvalāyana, II, 5, 5) we are told that the performer after offering lumps or pindas of boiled rice etc., to the fathers [pitṛis] should offer to their wives the same substances..... Pāraskara (III, 3,11) also lays down that he make pinda offerings to the female ancestors and pour for them strong liquor and water oblations..... Now nothing that is not eaten or drunk by the Fathers (Pitṛis) would be offered to them and the fact is there that surā seems to have been a wellknown intoxicating drink". [Ibid, pp. 123-124]. I think there is Śruti warrant for this practice of offering libations of spirituous liquor to the manes if not to the wives of the manes; for in the Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa we are distinctly told that "Surā falls to the share of the Fathers of him who drinks it." [S. B. E. XLIV, p. 234 and Index]. How this fondness of Brahman ladies for spirits has persisted down the centuries can be seen from the following excerpt dated 13-5-1776 from the 'Peshwa Daftar', Vol. 43: दुसरें वर्तमान नारायणपेठ मर्चें बोंडकी द्रविडीण ब्राह्मण म्हातारी राहात आहे. तिचे घरी दारूचे भरलेले सिसे वीस पंचवीस सांपडले, वरुंरें यांचे मास येसे सांपडलें. [P. 115]. In fact, the state of affairs in the matter

of drink before the advent of the British is thus justly and fairly described by a Marathi publicist with blunt candour: 'हिंदुस्थानांत दारूचें व्यसन केवळ इंग्रजांच्या धोरणामुळें फैलावलें, इंग्रजांचे राज्य सुरू होण्यापूर्वी आमचे लोक मयाला स्पर्श करीत नसत', असें म्हणणें हें शुद्ध थोतांड. इंग्रजां विरुद्ध लोकांत असंतोष उत्पन्न करण्याचें एक साधन म्हणून तें ठीक होतें; पण या परीकडे त्यांत सत्याचा अंश नव्हता. [*Prabhāt* (Poona), 25-9-37]. I wish Gujarati publicists and men of letters would learn to show more of this kind of refreshing candour and courage than they usually do.

Anyhow, there is more than ample evidence in ancient classical Indian literature to show that high caste women used to drink wines and liquors, especially highborn ladies. For in the Sanskrit classics it is actually represented as an additional charm of these charmers to have their pretty mouths smelling of wine — मधुगंधि. Strangely enough even the ancient Tamil classics, such as *Śilappadikāram*, said to be more than 1500 years old, mention this partiality for liquor of noble Tamilian dames also. Thus describing "wealthy maidens" of Madura, the capital of the Pāndyas, the poet writes: "Wealthy maidens... completely loyal to the King,..... drank sweet wine from pure golden goblets held by their maidservants and became inebriated." [*Śilappadikāram*], translated by V. K. R. Dikshitar, p. 204.] In the same classic, a Māra woman, 'possessed' by a goddess, utters this rather trite warning in her trance: "If you desire to live merrily drinking toddy, render your dues." [Ibid, p. 181]. However may Aryan women have contracted this fondness for strong drinks, it is certain that a close connection between goddesses and drink has always existed in India; for as a rule Devi worship is incomplete without an offering of liquor as 'naivedya'. Even Śiva worship was celebrated with liquor as sacramental offering. In his translation of the *Rājataranginī*, R. S. Pandit writes: "The Kashmiri Brahman is a lover of meat and fish, and in ancient times grape wine was in common use. The *Nīlamata Purāṇa* mentions the use of wine by Brahmans for ceremonial purposes" [P. 465]. In fact the whole of Northern India was so addicted to drink that even after drinking became a sin for Brahmans, an exception was made in favour of the North by canonical writers. In his *संस्कृतिसंगम*, D. K. Kelkar says: उत्तर हिंदुस्थानांत मयाचा प्रचार इतका जारी होता कीं मधवाचार्यांना असें प्रतिपादन करावें लागलें आहे कीं 'यस्मिन्देशे यदाचारः' या न्यायानें उत्तरेकडे मद्यपान हें पापच नव्हे. [Quoted in '*Sahyādri*', December 1941, p. 971]. But, for the worship of Devi liquor has always been in use in Gujarat and Maharashtra also. An interesting state letter, dated 1st April 1760, from the Peshwa's government, reveals that liquor was too plentifully supplied at the famous temple of Bhavāni at Tuljāpur, and therefore

orders that for the 'naivedya' alone arrangements should be made with a liquor distiller : તેથેં મદ્યાચા પ્રધાત ફાર તો ઉત્તમ નહીં. યાસ્તવ એક કલાલ ટેવૂન દેવાંસ નૈવેદ્ય ક્રિચત દેત જાવા [Peshwa Dafter Vol. 40, letter No. 130]. Exactly about a hundred years later, we find Bholānāth Sārābhāi making the same complaint about the temple of the Devi at Ambāji, as Rāmābhaī has noted in his review of Bholānāth's biography :..... ૧૮૫૬માં નોંધ કરી છે કે લોકો અંબાજીમાં જઈને ત્યાં મઘપાન વગેરે દુરાચાર કરે છે તે તે માતાને ગમે છે એમ કહે છે. [કવિતા અને સાહિત્ય, II, p. 19]. Narmadāshankar Mehta roundly asserts that many Brahman castes in Gujarat have Śiva and Parvati as their special deities and have been some sort of Śāktas; નાગર માવના કુલદેવ હાટકેશ્વર અને કુલદેવી અંબિકા ગણાય છે.....નાગરોનાં કેટલાંક નડીઆદ,અમદાવાદ વિગેરે સ્થાનનાં કુટુંબોમાં દશમહાવિદ્યા પંકજ કામ કામ વિદ્યાની પરંપરાગત ઉપાસનાઓ ચાલતી આવેલી હોય છે... .. અંબાજી [નારગા]માં નાગરોના પૂજનમાં પ્રથમ દહ અને નૈવેદ્ય ધરાવવામાં અગ્રત્વાગ સુપ્રસિધ્ધ છે તેવી રીતે રાયકવાળ આદ્યજ્ઞોમાં લક્ષ્મીના દેવી, શ્રીગાત્રમાં, શ્રીમળીમાં લક્ષ્મીદેવી વિગેરે જાતિદેવીઓનાં પૂજન અર્ચન ચાલ્યાં કરે છે. સાવળકુલિ પણ શાકત કતા એમ જણાય છે. [શાકત સંપ્રદાય, pp. 143-144]. In his curious publication entitled આગમ પ્રકાશ, Gopalrao Hari Doshmukh has given very cogent reasons for holding that much if not most of the 'sandhyā' ritual is Śākta in origin, and he asserts that Śankarāchārya himself was a Śākta. Anyhow his famous hymn આનન્દલહરી is regarded as an important document of Śakti worship. Thus wherever Śakti or Devi is worshipped, the 'naivedya' of liquor becomes a religious necessity. I have been recently informed by an educated Pāṭidār of good family that the 'naivedya' of liquor has always formed part of the ritual of Devi worship in his community, which, just like the Anāvīl caste, is of course known to be not quite fanatically averse to liquor.

But although the worship of Devi or Śakti is practically bound up with the sacramental use of liquor, it is believed to have nothing to do with any purely Aryan cult. It has been mentioned here only to show the very widely spread use of liquor in the Hindu religion for sacramental purposes, dating back most probably to pre-Vedic times, as we shall see later on. The immediate point is that the ancient Indo-Aryans were extraordinarily fond of meat eating and liquor drinking, were full of the joy of life, fond of an adventurous life of hunting and fighting, — full of what Munshi used to call જીવનનો ઉલ્લાસ in his unregenerate days, before he adopted his present ascetic ideal of life, before he developed his present devotion to ધૈર્ય and his સમોટ દ્રષ્ટિ that clearly sees that asceticism is the soul of religion, — ધૈર્યવિનાનો ધર્મ તે ધર્મજ નહીં, — and before he reverted firmly to orthodox

વર્ણત્રય ધર્મ— so firmly that he now holds with Yājñavalkya that capital punishment is the only punishment for the wretch who contracts a Pratiloma marriage — પ્રતિલોમ્યે વધઃ સ્મૃતઃ. Anyhow 'Gujarat-consciousness', as he calls it, has for centuries past certainly not shown any traces of these special traits of the ancient Aryan culture and character. For here, eating of flesh or drinking of liquor is regarded as a heinous sin, and even the dreadful crime of killing lice has led to historical consequences, witness the Yūkā-prāsāda. Hemchandra in his 'Yoga-śāstra' tells us in story after story how one King went to hell for two lakhs of years for hunting deer in a dream, how another suffered a similar dreadful fate for destroying the picture of an animal; and to-day Gujarati Jains are horrified when Hindu children eat Diwali sweets made of sugar in the shape of animals. What the real 'Gujarat-Consciousness' is to-day, and what the 'Aryan culture' of Gujarat means, will be clearly seen from the following few extracts from Gujarati sources. As late as August 1911, when the fate of the world hung in the balance, Surat was convulsed over the fate of little fishes purchased by a Jain humanitarian from fishermen with the object of releasing them in the Tāpi river. While this representative of Aryan culture and Gujarat-Consciousness was busy saving these લેવડી fishes from death, other representatives of the same culture bitinglly informed the public that the unfortunate saltwater લેવડી were not at all saved from destruction as they were let off in the sweet waters of the Tāpi, —and this controversy was fought out in handbills in one of which the sceptics wrote : આથી હમો નીચે સહી કરનારાઓ જાણવીએ છીએ કે તા. ૨૪-૮-૧૧ ના રોજ મિ. ગુલામચંદ ધરમચંદ તરફથી એવી મતલબનું હેન્ડબિલ પ્રગટ કરવામાં આવ્યું છે કે મિ. સોભાગચંદ નગીનચંદ લેવડાં છાંડવે છે તે લેવડાં ખારાં પાણીનાં હોવા છતાં તાપી નદીના પાણીમાં છૂટી શકે છે અને તે બાબતનો પ્રયોગ મિ. સોભાગચંદના ઘર આગળ યોગાનમાં ભાદરવા સુદી ૨ ના દિને સાંજના ખુલ્લો મંડયો છે, તે મુજબ લેવડાંઓને થાળીમાં મૂકવામાં આવ્યાં હતાં. અને તે લેવડાંનાં માલિક ધનજી નારણ તથા દેડા ધનજીને [ત્યાં] ખેસાડવામાં આવ્યા હતા. આ બબરથી અમો ત્યાં ગયા હતા અને પાણીમાં લેવડાં હતાં તે પાણી લાવી શીશીમાં ભરી હમારી રૂબરૂ સીલ કરવામાં આવ્યું છે, તથા મજદુર ધનજી નારણ તથા દેડા ધનજીને પૂછતાં તેમના તરફથી એમ જવાબ મળ્યો કે આ પાણી ખાઈ છે અને વધારે ખાઈ બનવાને મીઠું નાખવામાં આવ્યું છે અને જો પાણી ખાઈ ન હોય તો લેવડાં છૂટી શકે નહિ. થાળીઓમાં પાણી તદ્દન ઓછું જ હતું અને પાણી પણ વધારે પ્રમાણમાં અમને લેવા દેવામાં આવ્યું નથી. જેથી હમો મિ. ગુલામચંદ ધરમચંદને જાણવીએ છીએ કે આપે જાણવું છે કે તાપી નદીના પાણીમાં લેવડાં છૂટી શકે છે પણ તાપી નદીનું પાણી તદ્દન મીઠું (એટલે ખાર વગરનું) હોય છે તો આ બાબતનો ખુલાસો બાળ માટે કરશે જેથી અભયદાનનો લાભ મળશે એવી અમારી માન્યતા છે.....

[દાંડીઓ, ૨૪-૮-૧૯૧૧].

Another extract refers to a lengthy and heated debate in the Ahmedabad Municipality on the momentous problem of sanctioning the grant of Rs. 14,000/- for rat-killing:....મિ. મણિલાલ ચતુરભાઈએ જણાવ્યું કે...
 ...ગૃહ મીટિંગમાં મહાત્માજીનો અભિપ્રાય જણાવવામાં આવ્યો હતો. મેં તેમનાં યોરસદનાં ભાષણો અને ત્યાંના કમિટીનો હેવાલ પણ વાંચી જોયો છે. તેમાં જણાવ્યા મુજબ તેઓ ઉદરે ભારવાની તરફેણમાં હોજ નહીં...મિ. પીરાણાવાળા—મહાત્માજીએ વાઝરડો માર્યો એ વાત ખરી ? પ્રમુખ—અહીં એ વાત નથી મિ. ભગુભાઈએ જણાવ્યું કે આ સવાલથી માત્ર જૈન કોમની જ નહીં પણ આખી હિંદુ કોમની લાગણી દુભાય છે...
મિ. નડાવાળાએ એવી દરખાસ્ત કરી કે ઇશ્વરે વિધી અને સાપ જેવા જીવો શુદ્ધિપૂર્વકજ ખનાવ્યા છે, અને તેથી તે ભારવાની જરૂર નથી છેવટે મિ. મણિલાલના સુધારા તથા અસલ દરખાસ્ત વચ્ચે પોલથી મત લેવાતાં અનુક્રમે ૨૪ અને ૫ મત મળ્યાં હતાં, જ્યારે બે સભ્યો તટસ્થ રહેતાં મિ. મણિલાલનો સુધારો પસાર થયો હતો. [*Praja Bandhu*, 26-4-1936]. It is really surprising that although the વાઝરડો figured in this exciting debate, no one referred to the speech made only about a year previously at Vehra (Borsad) by the slayer of the historical bull calf in which he had declared that a real અહિંસાવાદી like himself would rather lay down his life than kill a plague rat. [*Times of India*, etc., last week of May 1935]. Anyhow 'it was a glorious victory' for the real Gujarati Aryan culture and 'Gujarātī Asmitā' that the rat-killing grant was rejected by such a big majority. A similar battle royal was fought in the Municipal corporation of the capital of Gujarat over the proposed destruction of stray dogs. But the height of Gujarati Aryan culture was reached by the શ્રી દયા-પ્રચારિણી મહાસભા of Ahmedabad when it raised an indignant protest against the heinous efforts of the local police to kill the crocodiles in the Kānkariya lake simply because the poor saurians had recently killed and eaten one or two rash and misguided humans who had invaded their privacy. The શ્રી દયા-પ્રચારિણી Mahāsabha's unanswerable argument against the proposed sacrilege was : જે માણસોને નજીકના માણસોથી ચેતવવામાં આવતા હોય છતાં યે ન માનતાં પાણીમાં જાય અને સપડાય તેમાં બધાએ મગરોનો શો દોષ દર્શાવે તે સમજાતું નથી. So the Mahasabha suggested that the muggers be transported safely to out of the way pieces of water; if, argued the Mahasabha, this be done, એક મનુષ્યના જનની ખાતર સંખ્યાબંધ મગરોનો સંહાર અટકશે અને દયાધર્મના કાર્યને ઉત્તેજન મળ્યું ગણાશે. [*Gujarātī Punch*, 11-11-1936]. I do not propose to give further instances of this noble trait of Ahimsā which according to Munshi is an important item of Aryan culture. I will only content myself with quoting from a statement by a prominent Muslim Congressman Maulana Abdul Hai, President of the District Muslim Mass Contact Committee, Gayā, about the

practical application of this item of Aryan Culture at the Haripura Congress in 1938. The Maulana wrote: "Rumour is afloat supported by some newspapers that meat, fishes and eggs were not allowed to be cooked or sold in Viṭṭalnagar or its vicinity in Haripurā during the Congress sessions this year and only vegetarian diets were allowed I am shocked to hear (this) If you do not allow meat, fishes or eggs, and force people to take vegetarian diet, is it fair, liberal and democratic?" [*Independent India*, 20-3-1938]. Commenting on this, the editor, M. N. Roy, wrote: "Our observation that all Congress functions bear the stamp of a Hindū religious ceremony was resented from many quarters. We were challenged to cite specific cases The above communication from a Muslim Congressman cites instances repulsive even to Muslims like himself." The *Madina* of Bijnor, a well-known Muslim Congress Paper, made the same complaint. [*Madina*, 5-3-1938]. Strangely enough the *Behar Herald* of Patna, a paper run by Bengalis, made a collateral complaint about Hindu religious ceremonial at the Tripura Congress. But most noteworthy of all is the contribution of Kishorlāl Mashruwālā to the symposium on the communal problem that appeared in the *Bombay Chronicle* about two years ago. Asked to suggest 'constructive suggestions for the immediate solution of the problem', Kishorlāl wrote: ... "Reforms are needed with the aim of creating a single homogeneous Indian society out of the several religious communities and social castes..... This means that there should be common laws of marriage, inheritance, etc., common customs regarding pure and impure food etc.," [*Bombay Chronicle*, 19-4-1940]. And this evidently is the Aryan culture that is going to be imposed on 'Akhand Hindustan'. We are not concerned here with the political implications of these interesting facts; we are only concerned with them as revealing the true cultural background of modern Gujarat and its intellectual activities. There is nothing Aryan in this anxiety about 'pure and impure food' and drink, just as there is nothing Aryan in the extreme aversion to fighting of any kind that has always been a cardinal principle, rather the cardinal principle of Gujarat-Consciousness, and is going to be made, God willing, the cardinal principle of 'India-Consciousness' and ultimately of 'world consciousness'. For, as Munshi has rapturously declared, the new World Teacher has "re-asserted" Ahimsā and Satya "as absolute values in life", and "in the re-assertion of Ahimsā and Satya as absolute values in life, Gujarat [has] emerged as the embodiment, the voice, the spirit of triumphant Aryan culture as expressed through modern conditions". [*Gujarāta And Its Literature* p.XV]. I submit that this making of Ahimsā an "absolute value in life" shows the triumph, not of Aryan, but of what I call 'Mahajan culture' which has flourished in Gujarat for some centuries now. (Munshi)

himself says that “Gujarat was politically one” only “in the latter half of the reign of Siddharāja and the earlier half of that of Kumārāpāla”, and again “in the reign of Sultan Bahadur Shah” and “for a short while under the Imperial Moguls”. As for the imaginary ‘political unity’ of Gujarat under these Muslim rulers, the less said the better: I shall only refer in passing to the grim condition of Hindu Gujarat from about 1250 A.D. to 1820 A. D. as depicted by a score of writers like Narmadashankar and others. So the fact remains that during the last 3,000 years, this so-called ‘political unity’ existed for about fifty years. Here is a skeleton time table of ‘Gujarat Consciousness’ in action, drawn up by Popatlāl Govindlāl Shāh from the time the decidedly non-Gujarati Yādavas came from Mathurā to Dvārka :

- ઇ. સ. પૂ. ૧૫૦૦—યાદવો મથુરાથીદ્વારકા આવ્યા.
 ,, ,, ૩૦૦—૧૦૦—ગ્રીક, એકિટ્રયન, પાર્થિયન, (સથિઅન, લેકો આવ્યા.
 ,, ,, ૨૦૦ થી ઇ. સ. ૫૦—સિથિઅન, દૂણુ, અર્ધસિથિઅન ક્ષત્રવો.
 ઇ સ. ૧૦૦—સાતકર્ણી રાજાઓ.
 ,, ૩૫૦—ગુપ્તવંશી રાજાઓ.
 ,, ૪૦૦-૬૦૦—ગુર્જરો.
 ,, ૬૦૦-૮૦૦—આરખોનાં પ્રથમ ટોળાં.
 ,, ૬૫૦-૮૫૦—ચાલુક્યો અને રાષ્ટ્રકૂટ રાજાઓ.
 ,, ૭૫૦-૮૫૦—જડેજા, યૌધેયો અને કાઠીઓનાં પ્રથમ ટોળાં.
 ,, ૧૦૦૦-૧૫૦૦—અધ્ધાન, તુર્ક, આફ્રિકન, ચીની, ઇરાની, મકરાણી
 ચાંચિયા અને બાકુતી લડાયેલા.
 ,, ૧૬૬૦-૧૭૬૦—મરાઠાઓ.

None of these hordes of invaders and rulers of Gujarat was indigenous, — Chālukyas, Rāshṭrakūṭas, Jāḍējās, all were outsiders; even the Gurjars or Gujars were certainly northerners, and probably, as Dr. Bhandarkar holds, a Hun tribe from Central Asia known as Khazars, Gajars, or Gujars. [શ્રી ફાઈન સ સમા મહોત્સવ મંથ pp. 192, 196, 197]. But the land of Gujarat seems to have inoculated all of them with the ‘absolute value’ Ahimsā. Duarte Barbosa, who was in Gujarat in about 1500 A. D., has left a description of the Mahājans of Gujarat in which he says: “They kept no arms, except small knives ornamented with gold and silver, and trusted to the Muslim rulers to defend them”. [‘History of Gujarat’ by M. S. Commissariat, p. 257]. Coming to our own times we find the Inspector General of Police saying in

his annual report for 1938 — which, by the bye, must have been passed by Munshi as he was in charge of the department then—: “As regards the Armed Branch, recruitment is satisfactory except in Gujarat where, as always, there has been a difficulty in obtaining suitable recruits. Formerly recruits from the Punjab and U. P. were obtained; that source has been stopped mainly on the ground of finance. We are now able to obtain for our Gujarat districts ex-army men, mainly Marathas.” [Quoted in the *Nāgarika* (daily), 20-1-1940]. Two or three years later we find the great nationalist paper of Rānpur writing in a bitterly sarcastic mood: ગુજરાત કોટન એક્સપોર્ટની ઘોળા દહાડાની લૂંટ અને મારફ્ટ એ ગોઝારા શુક્રવારે કોણે ચલાવી હતી જાણો છો? કોઈ વિરાટ ધાડિયું હત્લો લઈ આવેલું એમ કહ્યો છો?—ગાંધી થતા નહીં : આવનારા હતા ફક્ત ચૌદ : એક ફકીર અને તેર છોકરા બહાદુર અમલાવાદે ગયા શુક્રવારે થનારા હુલ્લડના ભયનો અદ્ભુત વીરતાથી ને કુનેહથી જવાબ વાળ્યો—બન્નરો, દુકાનો, મિલો, કલ ઝપટ બંધ રાખીને, ઘરમાં ધુસી જઈને..... જાંપાઓએ ઉપરાઉપરી બખેલી પડકાર માળાઓ તો ભારી ફળી અમદાવાદને ? [Phulchhab, 16-5-1941] While thus being ironical, the *Phulchhab* seems to have missed the irony of fate that it is the Rānpur journalism, of which it is a representative, that has made rhetorical terms like પડકાર and હાલ and ગર્જના so cheap as to make them contemptible bywords. Finally, only three or four months ago, Munshi made a speech at Lahore in connection with his ‘Akhand Hindustan’ campaign, commenting on which the *Eastern Times* of Lahore (dated 21-11-1941) wrote : “He says that the whole of India looked and looks to the Punjabis for its protection”, i.e., he just says about practically the whole of India what the Inspector General has said about Gujarat.

As I have said before, we are not at all concerned with the political implications of these interesting sidelights on the ‘Gujarat-Consciousness’ and culture down the centuries about which Munshi has been prating *ad nauseam*, in English and in Gujarati. Nor are we concerned with the ethical or cultural value, or with the goodness or badness, of this culture and character. We are concerned only with one historical factual question: “Is this culture of Gujarat, this ‘asmita’ as Munshi quaintly calls it, the same as the Aryan Culture and the Aryan character as revealed in the Vedas, Brāhmaṇas, Upanishads and epics, —the culture and character of a beef-eating, liquor swilling, fighting, free loving, all-conquering race of white Aryans?” I do not think any open minded man will say, after dispassionately weighing all the evidence, that it is. It is not that Gujarat has no culture of its own, no ego of its own; it has, — and I venture to suggest, it is in the main the culture and character of pre-Vedic days, derived directly or indirectly from

the Śramaṇa and Vṛishala cultures of Magadha and the culture of Mohenjodero and of the Indus Valley. I have long held that there is good reason to admit the claim of the Śaivas and Śāktas that theirs is the oldest cult in India; and I am beginning to admit the claim of the Jains also that theirs is the oldest religion in India. For these, I now find, are the two strands of the Mohenjodero and the indigenous Magadha culture, as has been recently demonstrated by Devadatta Rāmakrishṇa Bhāṇḍārkar who has worthily maintained the great tradition of pure objective scholarship created by his illustrious father. I refer to his William Meyer Lectures on 'Some Aspects Of Ancient Indian Culture' delivered in 1938-39 at Madras and published in 1940. In these days of patriotically cooked history and deliberately partisan scholarship, it is a great relief to come across such a finished product of dispassionate objective scholarship, — scholarship in the best and the highest sense of the word. As long ago as 1888, Rāmakrishṇa Bhandarkar said in a lecture: "And here I feel myself in duty bound, even at the risk of displeasing some of you, to make a passing allusion to the most uncritical spirit that has come over us of praising ourselves and our ancestors indiscriminately." [Works, Vol. I. p. 392]. That uncritical spirit is running riot just now. But Devadatta has chosen to follow the less popular and more arduous trail of critical and unbiased scholarship so well and so brilliantly blazed by his great father, Rāmakrishṇa Bhāṇḍārkar. By bringing together a variety of Vedic and other texts, especially the little studied Atharva-Veda and the Panchavimśa Brāhmaṇa, and carefully collating them with the seals, figurines and other discoveries made at Mahenjodero etc., he has shown how the vast and intricate complex of 'Sanātana' Hinduism is mainly indigenous and pre-Vedic and how the Aryan conquerors failed to supplant the native culture and cultus and succeeded only in giving a mere veneer of Aryanism to them and making them Aryan merely in language and name. He traces the severe asceticism, austere Yogic practices and unobtrusive linga-worship of the more continent schools of Śaivism to the शमनीयमेदू and the free-living libertinism of Śāktas to the ऊर्ध्वमेदू aspects of the divinity त्रात्य mentioned in the त्रात्य hymn of the Atharva-Veda (Bk. XV) and the Panchavimśa-Brāhmaṇa and worshipped by the pre-Vedic Indians, and points out that these were the phallus or linga worshippers reviled by the invading Aryans as शिश्रदेवाः [p. 47]. And he shows how both again are found actually represented on the seals etc., found at Mohenjodero. He has shown how the ऊर्ध्वमेदू aspect of Śaivism is represented in Gujarat by the ऊर्ध्वमेदू god Lakulīśa or Lakūṭeśa — a significantly phallic name — of Kāvapaṇ near Baroda. He has traced another strand, again indigenous, in the complex of Hinduism, namely, the Vṛishala or Śūdra culture of Magadha which, he says, "has

played as important a part as the Aryan in the workaday Hinduism of to-day", [p. 54], and he traces the ideas of Karma, transmigration of souls, pessimism (निर्वेद), transitoriness of the world, *ahimsā*, śama, renunciation, — all Jain and Buddhist ideas, — to this Vṛishala culture. And, "all these ideas" he writes, "are never met with in the Veda and scarcely in the Upanishads. In later times they penetrated into the Brahman-ridden circles". [p. 54]. It naturally gives me much satisfaction that what I, as a somewhat cocksure young man, put forward thirtyfive years ago, as purely speculative explanations in the matter of Karma, transmigration, Yoga, linga worship, Śiva worship, Kṛishṇa worship, etc., in a longish paper, published later in a quarterly called, "Zartoshti", are all now confirmed, item by item, by a Brahman scholar of the profound learning and established repute of Devadatta Bhāṇḍārkar after an exhaustive first-hand study of old and new material.

But this is not all. Bhāṇḍārkar says that even modern Vaishṇavism represents one aspect of the Vṛishala or Śūdra culture. He writes: "The very fact that Gautama Buddha and Kṛishabhadeva are regarded as incarnations of Viṣṇu raises the presumption that what is now called Vaishṇavism was originally influenced by Vṛishala culture if it was not an actual product thereof. According to the Jain accounts Kṛishṇa was a cousin and pupil of the 22nd Tirthamkara Neminātha who pertained to the Harivamśa Any way his teacher Ghora Āṅgīrasa [according to the छान्दोग्य Upanishad, III. 176] seems to have belonged more to the Śramana than to the Brahman school of learning, as he was opposed to the performance of Vedic sacrifices." Bhāṇḍārkar adds that the Tirthamkaras taught अहिंसा, सत्य, अस्तेय and अपरिग्रह while according to Ghora, the dakṣiṇās bestowed upon priests were तपोदान अर्जिव, अहिंसा and सत्यवचन [छान्दोग्य Upanishad III. 17. 4], which again agrees with Gita XVI. 1, 2:— तप आर्जवम् अहिंसा — सत्यमक्रोधः त्यागः ॥ (p. 82). Next he draws attention to Rig-Veda VIII, 85, 13-15, "where we are informed that with 10,000 soldiers Kṛishṇa came to the अंशुमती or Jamna". Thereupon Indra ordered the Maruts to fight these legions, and then "Indra overpowered the अदेवी विशः 'the godless legions' [of Kṛishṇa] with Bṛihaspati to help him This much is clear that Kṛishṇa was some ruler who fought against Indra, that is of course, the followers of Indra, The phrase अदेवी विशः reminds us of अदेवा असुरा and अवता दस्यवः It clearly indicates that Kṛishṇa and his tribe did not follow the Vedic mode of worship..... Nay, the name आंगिरस itself stamps Kṛishṇa's culture as of an alien (i.e., non-vedic, non-Aryan) character The lore possessed and handled by these wizard priests [the Atharvans and the Āṅgīrasas] can

scarcely be designated Aryan. The culture associated with Kṛishṇa had thus better be described as Vṛishalic than Vedic. Well might Śankarāchārya run down the Bhāgavata system connected with Vāsudeva, on the ground that it was opposed to the Vedas. 'Revilement of the Vedas', says he, 'is noticeable in it, for instance in the passage : "Sāṃdīlya studied this Śāstra, not finding supreme bliss in the four Vedas." (चतुर्षु वेदेषु परंश्रेयोऽलब्ध्वा शांतिं इदं शास्त्रमधिगतवान्) [Śankara Bhāṣya on Vedānta Sūtras, II, 2, 45].' Bhandarkar further supports his argument by showing that even the Puranic story of गोवर्धनधारण in 'Harivamśa,' which is a fight against the Vedic God Indra, leads to the same conclusion that "Kṛishṇa was a follower of non-Vedic culture". [pp.82-83].

I would ask all interested in pure scholarship to read and keep before their eyes as a model of scholarship this little volume with its wide sweep, perfect mastery of strictly relevant details and, what is most admirable of all, its purely scientific and detached attitude that is so difficult to keep in such a matter of deep personal attachment and hereditary loyalties as one's own religion. The only questionable statement in the book I have found is one about Buddha that "like other Śramaṇa teachers" he forbade 'the slaughter of the animals in general and of cows in particular', and that when he protested against "Aśvamedha, Purushamedha, Vājapeya and such...rites", it amounted to a "protest against *himsā* in general." [p. 79]. The actual fact is that Buddha himself ate all sorts of meats including beef as can be shown on unimpeachable Buddhist evidence, and the Vinaya actually lays down carefully framed specific rules for the Buddhist monks as to the particular kinds of meat they can lawfully eat. The only thing Buddha protested against was the indiscriminate slaughter of animals for religious sacrifices, as Jayadeva clearly declares in his hymn to the ten Avatars :

निन्दसि यज्ञविधेरहं श्रुतिजातं

सद्यह्मदयदंशितपशुघातम् ।

केशव धृतबुद्धशरीरं जय जगदीश हरे ॥

As regards orthodox Vedic Brāhmanism itself, Bhāṇḍarkar points out that "in Chapter V of his Smṛiti, which deals with lawful and forbidden food Manu nowhere prohibits the use of beef"; and he is of opinion that cow-slaughter came to be regarded as a cardinal sin, महापातक, only about the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era. [Pp.77-78]. I am inclined to think with that excellent scholar Gopāldās Jivābhāi Patel, that even Jainism was not strictly vegetarian in the beginning. We know for instance that young Jain monks were exhorted in the oldest Jain texts to keep away from social gatherings and feasts lest they might also learn to drink the liquor and eat

the flesh commonly served at such feasts. [*Calcutta Review*, April 1933, pp. 85-87]. Even later Jainism certainly did not regard the cow as a sacred animal. In fact Hemachandra in his *Yoga-Sāstra* indulges in gibes at the Vedists for regarding the excrement-eating cow as a sacred animal. It is the mutual action and approximation of Jainism and Vaishnavism with its Krishna worship that has taught modern Jains to regard the cow as a sacred animal. And it is this blend of Vaishnavism and Jainism that is the real culture — as Bhāṇḍārkar would call it the Vṛishala Culture — of Gujarat with a strong dash of the नैचमेद्र and ऊर्वमेद्र Śaiva and Śakta cultures of the non-Vedic and pre-Vedic Mohenjodero people. Bhāṇḍārkar says that the एकत्रात्य of the Atharvaveda had “भव, शर्व, पशुपति, उग्र, रुद्र, महादेव and ईशान as his attendants as he moved in the various directions,” and concludes: “It is not unreasonable that the original Śiva sect was known as Vratya. It has several characteristic features which it shared with Śaivism of the later period. Thus एकत्रात्य is represented [in the Atharva Veda, Book XV] to have taken to himself a bow that was Indra’s bow (XV, 1, 6), to have been fond of the strong drink Surā (XV, 9, 2), to wear उष्णीष or turban, (XV, 2, 1-4) It is here sufficient to note that Śiva of the post-Vedic period was noted for a formidable bow, was fond of Surā..., and wore उष्णीष and was therefore called उष्णीषिन्... The earliest representations of this worship are found in the seals, terra otta figurines and so forth exhumed by Sir John Marshall from different sites in the Indus Valley and described in his classical work ‘Mohenjodaro and the Indus Civilisation’. The god shown in the seal illustrated in Plate XII, 7 is doubtless a prototype of the historic Śiva, because he is three-faced, seated in an attitude of Yoga and with ऊर्वमेद्र clearly exhibited.” [p. 41].

There is one other remarkable thing about the culture of Gujarat that I should like to add; it is the remarkably high place won by Vaiśyas in the four caste system prevailing in Gujarat. In early Vedic times the Rājanya was decidedly the leader of the fourfold society. This feature is strongly reflected in the Buddhist and Jain systems which are generally but wrongly credited with having done away with caste and untouchability; the only thing they did was to assure salvation to all castes, including even the Śudra. In fact, it is a cardinal point in the Buddha and Jina legend that the Buddha (or the Jina) *must* be born of princely Kshatriya parentage. In the Brāhmaṇa period, the Brahman had forged ahead, the Kshatriya taking second place, while the Vaiśya was degraded to the position of the Śudra — he is actually called a beast of burden for the Brahman and the Kshatriya. As Kāpe points out in his lectures on हिंदुधर्मशास्त्र, the Vaiśya is already inferior to Brahman and Kshatriya even as early as the Taittiriya-Samhitā (II, 5 10, 2)—:

पशुकामः खलु वैश्यो जायते, ... म्हणून तो पहिल्या दोन वर्णां पेक्षा कमी; and he had even to live segregated from the two higher castes, — as Kāpe puts it, त्यांना वरच्या वर्गाहून निराळे रहाण्याचा प्रसंग आला, quoting Taittiriya Brāhmaṇa I, 6, 5, तस्माद् ब्रह्मणश्च क्षत्राच्च विशोऽन्यतोऽपक्रमिणीः In the 'Artha-Śāstra' Kaṭilya locates the Vaiśyas in his ideal city in the Southern quarter with the sellers of cooked eatables, liquor, and meat, and prostitutes and musicians, — पक्वान्नसुरामांसपण्याः रूपाजीवाः..... वैश्याश्च दक्षिणां दिशामधिवसेयुः [Shamaśāstry, p. 54], As late as the Gīta the Vaiśya is classed with Śūdras and Antyajās (पापयोनयः) or, on another interpretation of the verse, classed with Śūdras as being 'of sinful birth' along with them :

..... येऽपि स्युः पापयोनयः ।

स्त्रियो वैश्यास्तथा शूद्राः

Even in Puranic times the Vaiśya seems to have been looked upon as no better than a Śūdra according to the dictum कलवाद्यन्तयोः स्थितिः, "in Kali Age only Brahmins and Śūdras remain". Gradually the Vaiśya again rose in the social scale till, in Gujarat at least, he has become the senior partner in the culture implied in the common phrase वालिया आत्मिण, the poor Kshatriya being nowhere. Narmadāśhankar has noticed this fact in the political, social and cultural history of Gujarat, for he writes : राजकार्येना विषयमां प्रथमना रञ्जितोमां आत्मिणुं यक्षिण अयस्य इतुं, पक्षी भाटोनुं, पक्षी वालियानुं, अम देणाय छे. [धर्मपियार, pp. 78-79]. Hence, I venture to think that the culture of Gujarat should be called वालिया-आत्मिण संस्कृति, or, better still, 'Mahājan Culture', and correlated, according to Bhāṇḍārkar, with the Vratya and Vṛishala (Śramaṇa) culture of pre-Vedic non-Aryan Indians, especially the latter in view of our taboos on food and drink and our exaggerated *Jiva Dayā* — "you shall not eat this, you shall not drink that, you shall not fight even to save your country, you shall not hunt, you shall not fish, you shall not kill even plague rates, mad dogs, man-eating muggers, nay, not so much as even a bug, a louse or a flea." This is the specific culture of all conquering Gujarat which is expected to supersede all other cultures all over India, and even all over the world.

But with all that, it can not be said that Gujarat was a holy land of perfect vegetarianism and stone dry teetotalism about a thousand years ago. An extremely interesting account of life in Gujarat in the 10th century is to be found in an extensive Gujarati résumé of a very long Jain work, published by Motichand Kāpadiā under the title of श्री सिद्धि, and it reveals

among other things that drink was then a common pleasure of the general public as of the ruling classes themselves; it is a complete refutation of the fiction that drink was unknown in Gujarat before the advent of the British. Kāpādīa thus summarises from the original a description of the people enjoying themselves on the advent of spring: વસંત કાલી રહ્યો છે, લોકો નગરની બહાર નીકળી પડ્યા છે, વૃક્ષધટાનીએ એસી દારૂ પીએ છે, અને મનમાં આવે તેમ વર્તે છે એ વસંત રાજનું આજુ પ્રકરણ અને ખાસ કરીને સુરાપાનની મંડળીઓ, સ્ત્રીઓ સાથેના વર્તણૂકો, સ્ત્રીઓની સ્વતંત્રતા અને આરે તરફ વર્તી રહેલો આનંદ વાંચતાં તે જમાનામાં લોકો ઉદ્ભાસ કેમ કરતા હશે તેનો ખ્યાલ આવે છે. [p. 184]. Kāpādīa also gives descriptions of liquor shops [pp. 185 and 210-11], and says, લોકોમાં મધ્યાન કરવાનો રિવાજ આ સમયમાં જણાય છે [p. 397]; and again, લોકોમાં ખાણ આનંદમાં નર્તન, વાદન અને સુરાપાન મુખ્ય લાગ જળવતાં હતાં [p. 423]. Equally noteworthy is the use of liquor as part of religious rites : દેવીના મંદિરમાં પુષ્કળ દારૂ પીવાય છે, નાયરંગ થાય છે, અને દેવી પોતે પણ દારૂ પીએ છે એ સર્વ હકીકત દશમી સદીની મનોદશા અને સમુદાયમાં લોકવર્તન બતાવે છે દારૂ અને પરદારાને લોકસમુદાયમાં એ સદીમાં શું સ્થાન હતું એનો આખો ચિતાર પ્ર(સ્તાવ) ૪ પ્ર(કરણ) ૨૩ પુરો પાડે છે. [p. 424-25]. Again : સંસારસુખનો ખ્યાલ આ પ્રમાણે જણાય છે :—અમે માંસ ખાઈએ છીએ, દારૂ પીએ છીએ,..... સુંદર સ્ત્રીઓ સાથે વિલાસ કરીએ છીએ (પ્ર. ૭ પ્ર. ૭). [p. 434]. Among interesting items about the manners and customs of the Gujaratis in those days may be mentioned the following : મહેામાં દારૂનો ડાગળો સરી સ્ત્રી પોતાની તરફ પ્રેમ બતાવનારાના મુખમાં તો પાછો કેલવે અને પ્રેમી તે પીગળ્ય*... [p. 459]; દારૂપીવાનો રિવાજ ધણી જણાય છે. દારૂપીવાની મંડળીઓ થાય, ત્યાં નાચના જલસા ચાલે દારૂ વધારે ચડાવવા માટે હિંદોલ રાગ ગાવામાં આવે,..... દારૂ પીતાં સ્ત્રીના અધરોણનું પાન કરવામાં આવે..... [p. 460]; while among the various honourable trades and industries in vogue are mentioned નાચકાનું ટોળું જમાવી... રૂપ વેચવાનો ધંધો કરવો, રસદાર તાડીના વ્યાપાર [p. 472], and again, વેશ્યાનું ટોળું રાખી તે દ્વારા ધન મેળવવાનો વેપાર પણ ચાલતો હતો દારૂનો....વેપાર .. પણ ચાલતો હતો. [p. 473]. But whatever joy of life was left to

* In the famous lament of King Aja in Kālidāsa's 'Raghuvamśa', that ancestor of Rāma reproaches his consort in these remarkable words :

મદિરાક્ષિ મદાનનાર્પિતં મધુ પીત્વા રસવત્કથંનુ મે ।

અનુવાસ્યસિ બાષ્પદૂષિતં પરલોકોપનતં જલાન્નલિપ્ત્મ્ ॥

"O thou with intoxicated eyes, having drunk the tasty wine squirted from my mouth, how canst thou drink now as an after-draught the libation of water tainted by my tears offered in the next world?" (viii. 68)

Gujarat seems to have been crushed out first by the zeal of Jain sectaries and next, and more completely, by the Muslim domination lasting for five hundred years. I have little doubt that it was the theoretical total prohibitionism of Islam that made Gujaratis more abstemious than they were even under Jain domination. In an article entitled ચૈદમી સદીમાં ગુજરાત, a Muslim writer says in the latest issue of the Forbes Gujarati Sabha quarterly: ચૈદમી સદીમાં લગભગ સંપૂર્ણ દારૂબંધી હતી અબુ સફા કેમરે શિયાળી જણાવે છે કે શરૂઆત વેચવાની તેમ ખીવાની સખત મનાઈ છે, દારૂ વેચનારાઓને ભારે સજા કરવામાં અને ખીનારાઓને સખત અપમાનિત કરવામાં આવે છે [શ્રી કા. ગુ. સભા ત્રિમાસિક, Jan. March, 1942, p. 560]. This is a description of Tughlaq rule, though I think it is an exaggerated account. For Māṇikyachandra, a Jain writer, writing in Samvat 1478 specifically mentions મદ્યહરી 'liquor market', among the ચઢિરાસી ચઢિહટાં, in his પૃથ્વીચંદ્ર ચરિત્ર—..... જેહ પાટણમાહી અનેક આશ્રમ વાપરછ, ચઢિરાસી ચઢિહટાં કલકલાટ કરેછ : કિસ્વા તે ચઢિહટાં ? સોની હટી ૧, નાણાવટ હટી ૨,.....ધીયા હટી ૮,.....દોસી ૧૩, નેસ્તી ૧૪, ગાંધી ૧૫,..... મદ્ય હટી ૪૪, વેસ્વા ૪૫,.....સૂખડિયા ૫૬, ત'બોલી ૮૨.....એવાં ચઢિરાસી ચઢિહટાં જાણવાં [પ્રાચીન ગચસંદર્ભ, p. 129]. Perhaps it was a faint backwash of these vestiges of જીવનનો ઉદ્ધાસ that persisted till quite recent times in one corner of Gujarat, and about which Rāmṇārāyan Pāthak writes with unusual sarcasm when reviewing Munshi's રોહડસ શ્રમ : વાગમાં આવતું જિહ્વસ્કી 'પીતું' કાકાજીનું પાત્ર, જેમના કુચમાંથી ધુટ્ટેલી આટલીઓ નીકળે છે તે, ટેકરાના મુનશીઓમાં આવતી એજ હકીકતનું સ્મરણ કરાવે છે અને કતિના અગુલ્ય તેની કલાકૃતિમાં કેવી રીતે ઉતરી આવે તેનું કૈાતુક હોય તેણે નોંધવા જેવો છે. [સાહિત્યવિમર્શ p. 346]. But, in spite of all these gallant efforts to keep up જીવનનો ઉદ્ધાસ. Mahājan culture, rigorously enforced by hidebound watertight castes, was the real grey, cheerless background — the social, religious, political, cultural, background — of Gujarati literature right upto the first quarter of the Nineteenth century. The result is patent to any one who has eyes to see and who will not deliberately shut his eyes to facts; and it has been again and again described and bewailed by the most responsible scholars and men of letters in Gujarat, from Narmadāshankar down to Ānandshankar Dhruva and others. Narmadāshankar had no illusions in the matter. He has harped on the evil plight of Hindu Gujarat under Muslim rule in a score of places in the most uncompromising terms. In his essay entitled ગુજરાતીઓની સ્થિતિ he writes: મુસલમાનોએ ગુજરાતમાં પ્રવેશ કર્યો, ત્યારથી ગુજરાતીઓ છેક હલકા પડી ગયા. And in the same essay he says without mincing matters : ગુજરાતમાં કોઈ પણ કાળે ગુજરાતીઓનું એક દેશી રાજ્યરૂપે ઐક્ય નહોતું; તેમ પ્રજા સમરૂતનું પણ પરસ્પર ઐક્ય નહોતું.....પરદેશી રાજના સ્થાનમાં સર્વ પ્રજાનું ઐક્ય.....નામનું ગુજરાતી લોકે કોઈ કાળે દેખાડ્યું નથી.

The influence of such conditions of life on life or literature has been clearly expressed by Ānandshankar when he writes: સાહિત્યના ઉદયમાં સૌથી મોટું કારણ જીવન છે. જીવન જેમ વિશાળ થાય, ઉંડું થાય, બદલતી અસર ત્વરાથી ગ્રહી શકે.....તેમ સાહિત્યનો, મહાન સાહિત્યનો સંભવ. [કાવ્યતત્ત્વવિચાર, p. 87]. And speaking about our old poets he has rightly said: ગુજરાતના કવિઓનો આત્મા બિલકુલ વિશાળ નથી એમનું વિશ્વઘણુંજ અદ્ભુત છે.....દૂંકામાં નવનવ ઉન્નમ્ય શાંતિની બુદ્ધિરૂપ પ્રતિભાના ગુજરાતી કવિનામાં ઘણી ખામી છે. આ ખામીનું કારણ શું?.....આનો ઉત્તર મને તો એ સમજાય છે કે આપણા આત્માના ઘણા ખરા ભાગમાંથી જીવનજ નતું રહ્યું હતું..... ગૃહ, રાજ્ય આદિ મનુષ્ય જાતિએ ઉપજાવેલી ભાવનાઓ અને સંસ્થાઓમાંથી એનો રસ ઉડી ગયો હતો. [જ્યન્તી આખ્યાનો, pp-292-93].....

It was undoubtedly the contact with the West that changed this depressing and depressed outlook and made the stagnant waters of life begin to stir again, as Narmadāshankar has frankly acknowledged. He writes in the essay above referred to: અંગ્રેજી રાજ્ય ઈ. સ. ૧૮૦૦-૧૮૧૮ માં થયા પછી ગુજરાતીઓની સ્થિતિમાં ફેરફાર થવા માંડ્યો. મુસલમાન ને મરેઠાના જીવનથી ત્રાસ પામી ખુબે ભરાઈ રહેલી, અને દુકાળ આગ વગેરે આસમાની આફતથી ગરીબ ને દુઃખી થઈ ગયેલા ગુજરાતીઓએ અંગ્રેજી રાજ્યથી મળેલી છૂત ને જોઈ ખુશમાંથી બહાર ડોકિયાં કરવા માંડ્યાં. That is exactly the point of time when what we call modern Gujarati literature began. With an equally sure insight Navalrām has seen clearly what English education has done for the modern, western spirit that is the distinctive feature of modern Gujarati literature. When Narmadāshankar recanted and went back to orthodoxy, Navalrām began a historical sketch of the movement for reform which unfortunately he never finished. But what he did write remains one of the finest and most thoughtful essays in Gujarati, admirable equally for its sanity and breadth of vision, clear thinking and vigorous yet fluent and lucid language. He writes :

ગુજરાતના તેમજ દક્ષિણી, અંગાળી, ને ભરતખંડના સઘળા ભાગના આધુનિક સુધારાનો આરંભ અંગ્રેજ કેળવણીની સાથે છે અંગ્રેજ કેળવણી એ આપણા સુધારાનો મૂળપાયો, સુધારાનું પરમબળ, ને સુધારાની જીવનશક્તિ છે.

He attributes to this education what he aptly calls અંદરનો, વિચારનો સુધારો,— the change in the mental outlook, in the very modes of thought, that distinguishes everything written after about 1840-50 from everything written before that. He rightly specifies these distinguishing marks as being જગતનું સામાન્ય જ્ઞાન, બુદ્ધિવાદ (rationalism), જનસામાન્યભાવ (the idea of equality

of all men), સ્વાતંત્ર્યભાવ (the idea of liberty), રાગવૃત્તિ (a more secular outlook as opposed to the old idea of renunciation), and ઉદ્યોગપ્રતીતિ (as opposed to fatalism). In measured words he emphatically writes : અમે કહી ગયા કે સ્વધારાની જીવનશક્તિ અંગ્રેજ કળવણી છે, અને અત્રે વિશેષ કહીએ છીએ કે આપણા પ્રાચીન યશસ્વી પણુ હાલ છેક નિર્ભાગી ભરતખંડને પુનર્જીવન આપનાર કોઇ શક્તિ ધર્મચરે સરજી હોય તો એજ છે. [નવલગ્રંથાવલિ (તારણ) pp. 456-475]. All dispassionate thinkers will admit the truth of all that Navalrām has said, and will brush aside as mere political claptrap such vilification of English education as is so cheaply in fashion nowadays. It is a falsehood to aver that the set purpose of those who inaugurated this English education was to deprive Sanskrit and Brahmins of their pre-eminence, or to attribute to them such ulterior motives as ભૂતકાળનું જ્ઞાન અને તે માટેનો ગર્વ એ બંનેને ભુલાવી દેવાં, સંસ્કારિકને રાષ્ટ્રિય (sic) અસ્મિતા કહી હતી નહીં અને છે નહીં એવો ચોક્કસ ખ્યાલ આપવો, etc, etc., As a matter of fact and history, it was Indian patriots like Rām Mohan Roy who forced the unwilling East India Company to give English education to Indians, who then were in a most pitiful condition in the matter of education and general information. What did the Gujaratis and other Indians know of their past history until the British and European pioneers of Sanskritic and archaeological studies and the Indians trained by them brought it out of the oblivion of twenty centuries? Who read the ancient scripts and made anything like a true history of ancient Hindu India at all possible? And who if not a humble Mint official at Calcutta named James Prinsep made it possible for even mere sciolists to prate and rhapsodise about the achievements of Samudragupta and other ancient heroes? And even to-day when it is the cheapest and surest way to popularity to gird and gibe at everything connected with Britain, all sane and thoughtful critics admit the fact that English education has played the most important part in building up all modern vernacular literatures in India including Gujarati and giving them the distinctive background that makes them 'modern' in every sense of the word. One of our more thoughtful younger writers, Mansukhlal Jhaveri, has rightly said recently:.....અને અંગ્રેજ રાજ્ય સ્થપાયું.....ત્યાર પછી, આપણે જાગીએ છીએ તેમ, જીવનનાં બંધિયાર થઇ ગયેલાં જળ સળગી ઉઠ્યાં.....સંસ્કૃત ભાષાનું પુનરુત્થાન થયું. જીવનમાં ભાવોનું વૈવિધ્ય વધ્યું.....અંગ્રેજ પ્રજાના આગમન પછી આ રીતે આપણા દેશનું પુનરુત્થાન થયું.....નવા આદર્શો અને નવી અભિગ્રાપણો, નવા પુરુષાર્થો અને નવી જીવનભાવનાની સૃષ્ટિ આપણી આંખ સામે ખરી થઇ...[પ્રસ્થાન, માધ ૧૯૯૬, pp. 267 and 269]. This is a perfectly accurate and just appreciation

of the facts and tendencies that have made our modern literature what it is, As I wrote in 1928, criticising the irresponsible statements and the cheap sneers at English education and English educated Indians indulged in by the late Masood Jung (*alias* Ross Masood) in his Convocation address at the Womens' University at Poona: "..... And is it a fact that the 'continuous use of the English language as the medium of instruction' has rendered the intelligentsia unable to 'express their loftiest ideas and most delicate sentiments in the language of their own people?' The comparison of the present day prose and poetry of any great vernacular of India with the prose and poetry of pre-English days is sufficient to prove that this amazing statement is a reckless perversion of the actual facts. Govardhanrām Tripathi and Gāndhi in Gujarat; Chiplunkar, Tilak and Agarkar in Maharashtra; Iqbāl and a score of others in the North; Rabindranath Tagore and a host of Bengalis in Bengal — these and other great writers all over India are the direct products of English education; whatever is valuable and fruitful in their writings is directly or indirectly the result of Western Culture." [*Times of India*, 23-6-1928]. Another reckless statement made by the Nawab averred: "[during the last sixty years] the most constructive work has been done not by the people who had received Western education, but by people, whether Hindus or Mahomedans, who had their characters developed by a system of education that was indigenous to our country". My reply to this preposterous claim is as true to-day as it was in 1928: "Instead of sixty years we can go back a hundred years and say that from Rajā Rām Mohun Roy down to Mahatma Gāndhi every one of the Indians who have achieved anything worth mentioning in any direction was or is the fruit, directly or indirectly, of Western education. Even such seeming exceptions as Nawab Masood Jung's renowned forbear, Sir Syed Ahmed—whom undoubtedly the Nawab had in mind—are no exceptions. Had it been otherwise, the grand old man of Aligarh would have lived and died a mere Maulvi, or at best a Maulana, and not earned the signal distinction of being reviled as a 'dahriya' (atheist), a 'naichari' (Nature worshipper), in short a westernised Kafir, by the genuine products of 'indigenous culture'." My criticism had an amusing sequel; it evoked a reply in *Young India* from the outraged Mahatma in which he pleaded in almost agonised tones with tortuous logic that if there was any good in his work it was "due entirely to the retention" by him "of eastern culture to the extent it has been possible". I shall refer here to only that portion of my rejoinder (it remained unanswered) which is pertinent to the subject in hand. I said then, and I say again, more emphatically

now after thirteen years of further observation: "It may also go against our 'nationalist' grain to admit the fact that the whole world is becoming intellectually westernised, one might say Hellenised, secularised. It may be a gain, or it may be a disaster for the world. But the stark fact is there, as plain, as sinister if you will, as a granite rock; you can not juggle it away by resorting to casuistry or by calling it any number of bad names." [*Times of India*, 13-7-1928]. It is a significant commentary on what the protagonist of Eastern against Western culture wrote then—and said quite recently at the Benares Hindu University bewailing the use of English by Indians—that since he has restarted his English and Gujarati papers, the 'Harijan' and the હરિજનપત્ર, in all the issues I have seen so far almost every signed article by him in the Gujarati newspaper is a translation of what he has written originally in the Satanic foreign language for the English paper. In the first seven issues there are 38 English articles and only 8 Gujarati ones.

It is no use canting and ranting about Aryan culture or prating about 'Gujarat-Consciousness' in face of undeniable, ineluctable facts. And the facts have been admitted by all our best writers. Speaking about our novel literature Ramanbhai has said : ગુજરાતી પ્રજના જીવનમાં અદ્ભુતતા ઝાઝી રહી નથીઆપણા સંસારજીવનમાં romantic અંશ ઓછા છે, લાગણીની તીવ્રતા થોડી છે, અને જીવનવ્યવહારની સાધારણતા વધારે છે. [કવિતા અને સાહિત્ય, III, p. 263]. Speaking about our poetry Ānandshankar Dhruva has said : જ્યાં સુધી આપણું સકળ જીવન અંદરથી ઉત્થાન નહિ પામે, અને એની પ્રવૃત્તિઓમાં વિવિધતા અને પ્રજ્વળતા નહિ આવે, ત્યાં સુધી વિશાળ અર્થમાં કવિતાનો સંભવ દૂર છે. [જયન્તી વ્યાખ્યાનો p. 293]. Going to the very root of the matter Ānandshankar writes elsewhere : જીવનના દોષ વિના અને વિપાદને વશ થયા વિના, આપણે કહી શકીએ કે જગતને ચકિત કરે કે મોહ પમાડે એવી ભગ્યના કે સુંદરતા હજી આપણા જીવનમાં આવી નથી. આપણા જીવનમાં વિશિષ્ટતા કે વિવિધતા નથી, જે છે તે ઘણું સામાન્ય-common-place—અને એક તેવું બીજું છે. [સાહિત્ય વિચાર, p. 30.] English education, contact with the outer world in general and close contact with western thought in particular have, no doubt, been influencing and fructifying our literature for a hundred years now; but how far have these extraneous influences moulded our inner being, our mentality, our beliefs, our customs, our social institutions? The 'Buddhi Prakash' of Ahmedabad wrote in 1860, that is, eightytwo years ago : ૧. સો વર્ષ પછી લોકો હશીને વાતો

કરશે કે ખાળનાં પાણી જવાની નીકને ઠેકાણે અને શેરીમાં રસ્તા વચ્ચે પત્રાળી માંડીને આપણા લોકો જમના હતા એવો નફરો ચાલ હતો. ૨. સાત વર્ષના અચાની બાળકને પરણાવતા હતા. ૩. ધરખાર વેચીને પણ નાતવરા કરવાનો ચાલ હતો. ૪. પુરૂષ એ ત્રણવાર પરણતા અને છોરી ન્હાની રાંડે તો પણ તેને આખી ઉમર રાંડાપો ગણવો પડતો હતો.....

૬. બુનની અને જાદૂની વાતો સાચી માનતા હતા. [યુધ્ધિ પ્રકાશ લેખ સંગ્રહ, p. 20]

Has the too sanguine prophecy come true, even to some extent, though eightytwo years out of the hundred have already passed? Eighty years afterwards, in 1940, Chandravadan Mehta writes in a bitter mood : આપણે તો છીએ ત્યાંના ત્યાં ! એ વરસની બાળકી સેંકડોની સંખ્યામાં વિધવા બની રહી છે ત્યાં પ્રગતિ કરી હોય તો એટલી કે જન્મ્યા અગાઉની જે વિધવા થતી હતી તેને હવે બચાવી શકીએ છીએ. એ રીતે બાળલગ્ન ચાલુ છે, મરણ પાછળ જમણ ચાલુ છે, ધરડાવરડાનાં લગ્ન ચાલુ છે, માથાપ કે વડીલોની મરણ પ્રમાણે ફરજિયાત લાકડે માંકડિયાં વળગણ ચાલુ છે.

[સાહિત્ય અને પ્રગતિ, p. 223]. As for the remaining first item, feasting *al fresco*, a Surat paper wrote in 1937 : હમણાં સુરતમાં હજારો લગ્ન અને સેંકડો ન્યાતવરા થાય છે, અને થતાં જાય છે. પણ અફસોસની વાત એ છે, કે રસ્તાઓ ઉપર અને ગાંઠા વિસ્તારોમાં જમણો આપવાની પ્રથામાં આજે વરસો થયાં કાંઈ પણ ફેરફાર થયો નથી શા માટે ઉચ્ચ પંક્તિના ભણેલા ગણેલા લોકો પણ બાળકુડી અને સંડાસોની દુર્ગંધ આવંતી હોય તેવી ગલીઓ મહોલ્લાઓ અને રસ્તાપર જમવાનું પસંદ કરતા હશે? [દાંડીઓ, 27-5-1937]. Another aspect of Gujarati Aryan culture and Gujarat consciousness is illustrated by several extracts on a rather painful topic, namely, the untimely death of cows overfed with sweetmeats on holidays : નીચલી યાદી પ્રગટ કરવાની એવંતેમાસ થઇ છે :—

ગાયોને મિષ્ટાન્ન આપતાં તે વધુ પ્રમાણમાં ખાઈ જતી હોવાથી મરણ થવાના અનેક દાખલા બન્યા છે, માટે ગૌપૂજકોને વિનાંત કરવાની કે સંક્રાંતિના રોજ તેઓ ગાયોને લાપશી ખવરાવવાને બદલે ઘાસજ ખવરાવશે. (સહી) ગૌરીશંકર ગિરધર જોષી, ઑર્ગનાઈઝર, મુંબઈ ગોત્રાસ ભિક્ષા સંસ્થા. [Bombay Samachar, 13-1-1938]. And this warning to the Gujarati public has to be published year after year. The fact is that with all our escapist efforts to shut our eyes to facts and idealise an imaginary past and to see in imagination that ideal as still moulding and inspiring our actual life, in sober moments of honest realistic introspection this intense dissatisfaction with the drab actualities breaks out

in unexpected quarters in an unexpected manner. Referring to this idealism in political matters, and relating it to actual socio-religious conditions, Rabindranath Tagore wrote more than thirty years ago: "A temporary enthusiasm sweeps over the country and we imagine that we are united; but the rents and holes in our body-social do their work secretly; we can not retain any noble idea long..... It is beyond the power of any man, it is opposed to the divine law of the universe, to establish the Swaraj of such a caste-ridden, isolated, internally torn sect over a vast continent like India". [Quoted in *Modern Review*, November, 1932, pp. 593-594]. In his obituary article on Tagore in the *New Statesman* Edward Thompson says that when he visited Tagore in India twenty months before his death, he found him grown "more and more left", so much so that he wished some power to come to India "that would not hesitate to bomb equally those symbolically contiguous shrines, the mosque and Jagannath temple at Puri". [*New Statesman*, 16-8-1941]. And Keshaylal Kamdar quotes with approval Jadunath Sarkar's weighty dictum: "For the future both Hinduism and Islam must die and be born again". [સ્વાધ્યાય, II, p. 7].

Coming nearer home, I give here the English translation of what the writer of ગુજરાતી લોકચર્ચા in the *Prasthān* magazine wrote in Gujarati a dozen years ago: "How are the English to blame for ruling over us when we ourselves are rotten? When I examine our past and present condition, I wonder how far the praises we sing of ourselves are true." But after this outburst the writer is suddenly frightened by the idea that if we put on paper all the shortcomings that make us what we are, "foreigners will make use of them", and therefore he sagely writes: "We must find out means to remove our faults without putting them on paper." [પ્રસ્થાન, કલ્પક ૧૯૮૨, p. 62]. I do not know if the writer has evolved the 'means' of removing our faults without exposing them. However, in spite of this ostrich-like policy, I do not think any thoughtful people are unaware of these glaring incongruities between our vaulting ambitions and the grim and grey realities of actual life that hold us in their iron grip. Everyone who thinks knows these actualities, everyone bewails in theory all these and other drawbacks, but few, very few, dare to go to the root of the deadly inertia that comes in the way of their removal, namely, our fossilised socio-religious institutions. On the contrary some of us want to revive old world reactionary Smritis, and make our bonds tighter. And everyone believes, or pretends to believe, that political freedom, if and when it comes, is going to achieve the miracle of removing these social evils in the twinkling of an eye like a super-magic wand. In the absence of this magic wand we are quite helpless against the tyranny of superstition, the tyranny of caste with its exquisite distinctions of પાંચા, દશા, વીશા, of ગોત્ર

and એકડો, and the fanaticism underlying છ ગામનો ગોળ, સત્તર ગામનો ગોળ, and સત્તાવીશ ગામનો ગોળ, and the deadly feud between Karamsad and Virsad, as a result of which a leader of the former furiously said on a historic occasion : કરમસદના ભંગીઓ પણ વીરસદની કન્યા નથી લેતા તે બહુર વાત છે. [*Gujarati Punch*, 24-5-1936]. How deeply this caste feeling is rooted in the subconscious ego of even emancipated Gujarati writers will be seen from a small but significant instance that has come to my notice. Criticising a short story which turns on the caste idea working underground in the mind of the author, Batubhai Umarvadia writes : એક જણ પરન્યાતના લગ્નની તરફેણ કરે છે, અને છતાં એક સુંદર, કેળવાયેલી.....હબમની છોકરીને પરણતો નથી, અને આખરે એક કણુળીની કન્યાને નાગરકન્યા માની પરણે છે. નીચી ગણુતી જ્ઞાતિઓ તરફ આપણા સ્વભાવમાં કેવો અણુગમો છુપાઈ રહ્યો છે તેહું સાડું ચિત્ર છે. [કીર્તિદાને કમળના પત્રો, p. 122] And yet Umarvadia himself shows exactly the same feeling of caste superiority and superciliousness when he writes quite casually while describing the disappointment or sense of frustration created by the character of Munja in Munshi's પૃથિવીવદ્દલ : જસો પાંચસો વીજળીના દીવાઓ અને દશબાર વાન્ડાંઓવાળો વરઘોડો આવવા માંડે ને પછીથી ઘાંચી ગોલાનો વરરાબ આવે એથી આપણે જેટલાં નિરાશ થઈ જઈએ તેવું આમાં થાય છે. [*Ibid*, p. 103]. As a thoughtful Marathi writer, Datto Vāman Potdar, has shrewdly observed, caste feeling is in our very blood : હિંદુસ્થાનાંત જાતિભાવના હી સર્વાંચ્યા રક્તાંત મિનલી આહે. આપણ જાતી સોડલ્યા કિંવા સોડલ્યા પાહિજેત અસે કોળી બુદ્ધિને કિતીહિ મ્હટલેં તરો પ્રત્યક્ષ જાતિભાવના મજિબાત વિસરલે અસે વચિતવ એવાયા વિષયીં નિર્બાધ-પળેં મ્હળતાંં યેઈલ. [અર્વાચીન મરાઠી સાહિત્ય, p. 349]. Even the burning Marxism of most of our fiery progressive writers and Leftists who air their theoretical views in 'progressive' literature is frozen up when the marriage season, લગ્ન ગાળો, arrives, and these theoretical atheists and communists have to face their castes. As Praphulla Chandra Rāi, the eminent Bengali chemist and social reformer, has bitterly complained, most of our young men, who willingly do a year in jail for a political slogan, have not the courage to marry out of their castes and subcastes.

Such being the rather depressing socio-religious background of our literature, it is not at all suprising that, in spite of all its verbal and vocal contempt for bourgeois narrowness, our modern imaginative literature is so cabined, cribbed, confined, or else so idealised as to have no

relationship with actual conditions of real life. For all imaginative literature must somehow be rooted in real life; or else it must indulge in mere nostalgic day-dreams of an imaginary past, an unreal present or a fantastic future. And as long as the deadening hold of custom and tradition is not loosened, as long as life is not rejuvenated from within — as Anandshankar puts it, અંદરથી ઉત્થાન નહિ પામે — so long our literature must remain narrow, limited, provincial and parochial. It is no service to ask our writers to go back to an imaginary Aryan culture of three thousand years ago; it is a positive disservice to Gujarat and its literature to ask them to cultivate so narrow an outlook as is implied by 'Gujarat Consciousness'. Literature inspired by so narrow a vision will appeal only to the self-centred ego of Gujarat; it will be mere token coinage that can have no currency outside the province. For all true and great literature rises above even nationality or race, transcends all geographical bounds; and it is the common humanity of all great literature that makes it current coin like sterling gold in all lands and all climes. What I mean will become clear if we take a concrete instance. It is natural and human to feel more poignantly the loss of younger persons and to feel baffled by the mystery of fate that strikes down a young life before its time. In the Sanskrit play 'Venisamhāra', the eldest Pāṇḍava, Yudhishthira is under the impression that his brother Bhīma has been slain, and the elder brother chides the younger for dying before him in these words while offering a water libation to his spirit : वत्स भीमसेन,

मया पीतं पीतं तदनु'भवताम्बास्तनयुगं
मदुच्छिष्टैर्द्रुतिं जनयसि रसैर्वत्सलतया ।
वितानेध्वप्येवं तव ममच सोमे विधिरभू -
न्निवापाम्भः पूर्वं पिबसि कथमेवं त्वमधुना ॥

"Dear Bhīma, I drank our mother's milk first, and you drank it after me; other drinks too you made it a point to drink lovingly after me; in sacrificial sessions, too, the same was the order between us in drinking the sacramental Soma juice. How is it that now you drink this water libation before me?" This moving stanza starts with a drink that is universal, and keeps up the same universal appeal in the second line; but in the third line comes the idea of sacrificial drinking of liquor, and in the fourth that of libations drunk by the spirits, and both these ideas are not universal but restricted to a particular culture, a particular system of belief; and hence it requires an effort of sympathetic imagination on the part of an outsider to enter fully into the spirit of these ideas and to realise and appreciate their full emotive value.

Thus in the mind of an outsider, a non-Hindu, a barrier is set up by peculiarly Hindu ideas that can give only to the Hindu mind the fullest poetical, emotional and even spiritual satisfaction. To the extent poetry sets up such barriers, its appeal is particular, limited and not universal. Now let us consider a similar lament, this time by an old poet for the loss of his young son. It is a bald statement of facts, without any attempt at fine writing or poetising, and yet it is a profoundly moving lament which is so direct in its simple humanity that its appeal is immediate and universal :

Marā bud naubat biraft ān javān,
 Zi dardash manam chun tan-e bīravān.
 Shitābam magar tā hamī yābamash,
 Chu yābam ba paighare bishtābamash;
 Ki naubat marā bud tu bīkāmi man,
 Chira rafti o burdī ārām-i man.....
Marā shast o panj o varā sī o haft,
 Na pūrsīdaz in pīr o tanhā biraft.

"It was my turn to go, but the young man went: and owing to grief for him I am like a body without soul. I will hasten after him to catch him up, and when I do, I will chide him thus: 'It was my turn; why did you go away without my leave and take away my ease?'...I was sixtyfive and he was thirtyseven, and yet he went away alone without asking this old man." The appeal here is simply human and universal: it is not a Persian speaking to Persians in an idiom peculiar to Persia; it is a man speaking of an elemental passion common to all men, in language of elemental simplicity that all human hearts can understand. It is not in being intensely Gujarati, or even Hindu or yet even Indian, that Gujarati literature can take its place by the side of what are known as world literatures. Such intensely provincial or sectarian literature will be at best mere token coinage that can have currency only in its own province. This world is getting narrower owing to the terrific speed at which life is moving, and cataclysmic happenings are shaking all nations and cultures into a common hotchpot. To talk of 'Gujaratni Asmita' at such a fateful period in the history of the world is to ask Gujarati writers to adopt a frog-in-the-well outlook and to doom themselves to eternal parochialism and pettiness, which means eternal oblivion. The more Gujarati literature is secularised, the more it is humanised, the more will it stand a chance of gaining that large utterance, transcending all bonds of race or creed or clime, which alone makes literary masterpieces golden coinage current and acceptable all the world over.

LECTURE II

NARMAD.

Of all famous writers in all lands it may be said that once their reputations are made, all later generations do not and cannot come to their works with open minds. We imbibe from childhood, mostly by hearsay, certain definite opinions about past great writers; and later, when we proceed to read their works, very few of us can read them with a really open mind without being influenced by these general and popular judgments that are in the air. It requires some sturdy independent thinking and some courage to withstand the current literary opinion, and to form an objective estimate of a fixed luminary in the literary firmament. To me Narmadashankar has been known by repute since early boyhood. Long before I had read a single line of Narmad or his twin luminary, Dalpatram, I had learnt to regard the former as the true poet and the latter as a mere mechanical versifier. Later I learnt in the same indirect way from what I read or heard about Narmad, that he was a great prose writer also, and that in fact he was the father of modern Gujarati prose, just as he was the father of really modern Gujarati poetry. And in recent years has come to me, in the same secondhand manner, the knowledge that great as Narmad was as poet and prose writer, he was greater still as the first social reformer and feminist and patriot of modern Gujarat. I must confess that till two years ago I had read nothing of Narmad's own writings except a quotation here and there and had been imbibing the general opinions about the man, poet and prose writer from the numerous references to him in newspapers and magazines. I distinctly remember my first attempt to read his poem on *Kabirvad* nearly 45 years ago, when I was at Bhavnagar. And I as distinctly remember that I gave up the attempt after painfully labouring through a few stanzas. Though my acquaintance with Gujarati and other literatures was then (as it is to a certain extent even now) very perfunctory, still the roughness of Narmad's versification repelled and dispirited me even then, fairly conscious as I was of the metrical perfection of Sanskrit verses and the less perfect but still smooth and well-knit versification of Marathi poets using Sanskrit metres. And even now I venture to think that Gujarati poets have not yet attained in their

employment of Sanskrit metres the rounded and even felicitous smoothness that the Marathi poets achieved more than a hundred and fifty years ago :

राजा साधु समागमें समजला संसार निःसारसा,

सेवी श्रीपतिच्या पदा अलिजसा अत्यादरें सारसा;—

or, सुसंगति सदा घडो सुजनवाक्य कार्णी पडो,

कलंक मतिचा झडो विषय सर्वथा नावडो;—

or, विसावा घे काहीं उडुनि लवलाही परतला

नृपाळाचे स्कंधीं बसुनि मणिबंधीं उतरला;—

— somehow such natural movement and even flow of verse and fusion of form and words is absent from most Gujarati verse written in these strictly quantitative metres. Anyhow, I could not persevere in my first adventure with Narmad, and till quite recently I had not the courage or the inclination to tackle his works in their entirety. But in spite of this disheartening experience, my opinion of Narmad as a poet — of course derived, as I have already said, at secondhand — remained unchanged. When, therefore I came to a thorough and determined study of Narmad only two years ago, I came to it with a mind already biased in his favour as a great writer and as the acknowledged father of Gujarati verse and prose in the new manner that has come in with British rule and has been profoundly influenced by Western culture in general and English literature in particular.

In his own days Narmad was hailed as not only a great literary figure, but as the great poet Gujarat had been waiting for; and by his activities as a social reformer and his resolve to live by the pen he was raised to the position of a martyr hero. Narmad himself was, to no small extent, instrumental in inaugurating this apotheosis. Govardhanram has shrewdly observed :

એક વખત એવો હતો કે નર્મદાશંકરની મોહુબાળ આખા મુંબઈ અને સુરત ઉપર પથરાઈ હતી, અને તે બાળમાંથી નવલરામ પણ બચ્યા ન હતા. [નવલચંદાવલિ, Vol. I. p. 75] And as that first great champion of the poet, Navalram, has himself said about his hero, લોકોમાં પોતાની કીર્તિ તાણ ને તાણ રાખવાની એને ઘણીજ ચીવટ અને આવડત હતી. [નવલ ચંદાવલિ (તારણ) p. 229.] Narmad's own estimate of his powers as writer and poet is anything but modest. In a highly amusing comparison of himself with the Gujarati poets Premanand, Dayaram and Shamal, in a tabulated form, he has taken Homer as the standard of comparison. In this comparison, he assigns 100 marks to Homer, 70 to himself, 60 to Premanand, 40 to Dayaram and 30 to Shamal. [ઉત્તર નર્મદ

ચરિત p. 14.] And Narmad seems to have succeeded for a long time in hypnotising the then literary world, including Navalram, the most considerable critic of those days, into taking him at his own valuation. In the last two decades Narmad's stock has risen even higher, not so much because of his eminence as a writer of prose or poetry, as because of his alleged extreme and fighting social and political views. As Keshavlal H. Kamdar has acutely observed in an essay written in 1934, i. e., one year after the poet's centenary was celebrated with immense enthusiasm and eclat : — હિંદુઓમાં પોતાની સંસ્કૃતિની પૂજા ઓછી થઈ નથી. ગુજરાતી રાષ્ટ્રવાદ તીવ્ર બન્યો છે. એ માટે તે પોતાને નર્મદનો ઉપકૃત ગણે છે. ગુજરાતીઓ નર્મદના વિચાર પરિવર્તનને ભુલી ગયા છે. નર્મદ શાળામાં, કૉલેજમાં, સભાઓમાં અને મંડળમાં યુદ્ધકવિ તરીકે ગવાય છે સુધારક તરીકે વંચાય છે, અને રાષ્ટ્રીય લેખક તરીકે બોલાય છે અને વિચારાય છે. [સ્વાધ્યાય, Vol. I, p. 249.] Naturally, the most rhetorical panegyric on the occasion of the centenary incense offering to the departed hero came from Kanaiyalal Munshi whose literary career and crude impulsive exaggerations and *vulgar faces* bear a strange resemblance to Narmad's. In his inflated dithyramb Munshi declaims : એણે નિર્માણ્યતાને પડકાર કર્યો, વીરધર્મનો વાવટો ઉડાવ્યો. સ્વતંત્રતાનો જય કર્યો અને કરાવ્યો..... બ્રિટીશ અમલને પારખ્યો, ને સ્વાતંત્ર્યદીક્ષાનાં મૂત્રો રચી ગયો. છેલ્લે આર્યત્વનાં મૌલિક મૂલ્યોની ઝાંખી કરી. [નર્મદ શતાબ્દી ગ્રંથ, p. 196.] Not content with these rather valid and rhetorical exaggerations, — and serenely unconscious of the fact that in this ઝાંખી of આર્યત્વનાં મૌલિક મૂલ્યો Narmad had deliberately and finally disowned પડકાર and વીરધર્મ and સ્વતંત્રતાનો જય, — Munshi rises to the height of his ranting outburst and calls Narmad a new Varāha Avatar, a new Boar Incarnation, of Vishnu — પ્રલયમાંથી નવસૃષ્ટિનો તારણહાર મહાવરાહ — who saved Gujarat at a critical juncture in its history, and created a new Gujarat : એણે પ્રલયજલમાં ડૂબકી મારી; નવગુજરાતને ઉપર આણ્યું (Ibid). I don't think sensible people, even in Gujarat, will take this crude rhetoric at its face value; I doubt if Munshi himself really believes this inflated twaddle when he takes his professional war paint off. In fact, his centenary brochure on Narmad, નર્મદઃઅર્વાચીનોમાં આદ્ય of which this ridiculous harangue forms the obstreperous *finale*, is full of oblique hits and shrewd criticisms aimed at Narmad as man, as lover, as poet, as reformer, as thinker, as politician; it is the only really *critical* estimate of Narmad in

Gujarati that I have seen, and it scrapes off much of the heavy paint sedulously splashed over the hero's figure by most Gujarati writers,— though unfortunately it is spoiled considerably by Munshi's fatal theatricality, affected staccato style and shocking Sanskritisms.

Even far less theatrical and far more restrained writers have succumbed to the centenary spirit. So eminently sane a writer as Anandshankar Dhruva — he is one of the very few Gujarati writers whom I salute as masters— wrote in 1933 in exaggerated terms of the well known song જયજય ગરવી ગુજરાત as an immortal poem to be ranked with the greatest patriotic poems of the whole world : જગતનાં સ્વદેશભક્તિનાં કાવ્યોમાં આ પદને પ્રથમ પંક્તિમાં સ્થાન મળવું જોઈએ—forgetting his own just criticism of only four years before pronounced *ex cathedra* as President of the ninth Gujarati Literary Conference : “જયજય ગરવી ગુજરાત ! દીપે અક્ષુબ્ધ પ્રભાત”, એ ઉત્થાનિકામાં આપણી માતૃભૂમિની ઉચ્ચ ઉદાર અને મનોહર સ્વરે જયઘોષણા, પણ તે પછી એ ઘોષણાના સ્વરને આકાશમાં ટકાવી રાખે એવી બલવતી પ્રતિભા નહિ; ગુજરાતનાં ઇતિહાસ અને ભૂગોલ.....જે કાંઈ ઉંચાં સ્મરણ કરાવી શકે તે કરાવીને, અન્તે ‘કોની કોની છે ગુજરાત’ એમ નિશાળીઆઓ એકે અવાજે ઉચ્ચારે એવું કથન.

[સાહિત્યવિચાર— Vol.I, p. 33.] No wonder younger writers have rhapsodised when writing of Narmad. Vishnuuprasad Trivedi ranks Narmad's fatuous and meretricious nature poems with those of Kalidās and Shakespeare,—in itself a very incongruous coupling of incommensurables, but not so incongruous as ranking or even comparing poor Narmad with either. As for Narmad's so called patriotic poems the same Professor-critic writes : થા પડ્યા હોય, લોહી નીકળતું હોય, ને લોહીમાં કલમ બોળીને નર્મદે દેશભક્તિનાં કાવ્યો લખ્યાં હોય એવું કોને નથી લાગતું? And he finally hails Narmad as તુંજ અમારો સેનાની, તુંજ ‘generalissimo’, of course, in the fields of સાહિત્ય, જીવન ને રાજ્યતંત્ર. [વિવેચના, p. 15.] Even that vigorous and independent young critic Vishwanath Bhatt, who has had the courage (in his વીરનર્મદ pp. 82-92) to deny the very title of poet to the hero and to denounce with perfect justice his vile amorous verse as the fruit of a diseased mentality, has in another command performance in connection with the centenary (called નર્મદનું મન્દિર—પદ વિભાગ) praised the same Narmad as a રસિક કવિ who wrote (save the mark) બોધપરાયણ and ચિંતનપ્રધાન love poems, poems of ભિન્ન પ્રીતિ—વિશુદ્ધ આદર્શ પ્રેમ. [નર્મદનું મન્દિર—પદવિભાગ—ગુણદર્શન,

pp.20, 22, 23]. Not content with this amazing summersault, the critic goes into raptures over Narmad's tragic grandeur as a martyr hero and asks rhetorically : કેાઈ ગ્રંથસ્થ મહાકાવ્ય કે ઉદાત્ત નાટક જેવોજ રસાસ્વાદ એનું આ ભવરણ યુદ્ધ નથી કરાવતું ? And the climax — or should it be called anticlimax? — is reached when we are gravely assured that નર્મકવિતાનો* આખો બૃહદ્ગ્રંથ ગુજરાતી ભાષામાં ચિરકાળ સુધી મહત્વનું સ્થાન ધરાવશે. [Ibid. pp. 41, 46]

Finally, that staid and balanced critic Ramnarayan Pathak, who is too cautious to indulge in overstatements of likes and dislikes, calls Narmad આપણા સાહિત્યનો એક સાચો વીર, and he too holds that the poet-reformer-patriot had to suffer much owing, among other things, to સામાન્ય માણસની જડ ઉપેક્ષા, i.e., the callous disregard of the general public which allowed him to suffer the pangs of poverty, and compelled him, for want of well-deserved help in ready cash, to show એક વીરને શોભે તેવાં ત્યાગ અને બહાદુરી [કવિ નર્મદનું ગદ્ય, p. 48.]

It will be seen that in spite of a few faint stirrings and whisperings of the still small voice that had ventured to call into question Narmad's claim to be placed on a special pedestal as martyr and hero and supreme patriot-poet, recent events coinciding with his centenary have conspired to give a further lease of life to these rather preposterous claims. It will be interesting in the first instance to see what some of Narmad's contemporaries thought of him when the first flush of excited admiration had abated. Navalram, who perhaps did most, after Narmad himself, to establish his position as poet and reformer and patriot, seems to have cooled considerably as his critical faculty and knowledge of the world and of the poet ripened. In 1867 Navalram could scarcely praise Narmad sufficiently as a poet of love and nature, and in many respects he placed his contemporary above Shamal and Premanand as a poet. After Narmad's death also, Navalram, evidently acting on the principle 'de mortuis nil nisi bonum' does praise the poet, but in more cautious terms, and gives him the doubtful and ambiguous appellation of સમયમૂર્તિ. Generally this is believed to mean 'most representative man of his age', even 'creator of his age', but it seems Navalram interpreted the word quite differently. The fact is that he had a private opinion of the

* I hesitate to believe that the unsigned introduction called ગુણદર્શન is by V. M. Bhatt, though in the preface signed by him as editor of the book he does not disown it but praises it as સમજાવપૂર્વક ગુણદર્શન. If it is by V. M. Bhatt, I despair of Gujarati criticism.

poet which diverged considerably from the opinion he expressed in public in 1867 and 1887. And even in his panegyric of 1887, Navalram explains સમય મૂર્તિ thus: ટુંકામાં આ જમાનાની, એટલે પાછલાં ત્રીશ પાંત્રીશ વર્ષમાં ગુર્જરમંડળના ચિન્મય આકાશમાં જે જે લીલાઓ થઈ છે તેની, ખરેખરી મૂર્તિ નર્મદાશંકર છેતેના કાવ્યમાં તે સમયનું સર્વાંગ ચિત્ર તેના વિવિધ રંગ, પ્રકાશને છાયા સહિત આવી જાય છે. [નવલ ગ્રંથાવલિ (તારણ), p. 250.]

The meaning becomes still more clear when we find that immediately before calling Narmad સમયમૂર્તિ, Navalram calls him a sensitive 'barometer', નાબુક પારદ યંત્ર. This implies that Narmad just caught or imitated the latest fashion of thought or sensibility that was in the air, not that he himself created or moulded these fashions. And this, by the bye, can be safely said of even the greatest poets of the world—they act as barometers or, rather, weather-vanes, of thought and sentiment, eagerly seize upon the latest fashion current and spend their powers in making them and themselves more popular. Hence the common accusation levelled against Shakespeare that he was not original, that he was not a seer or a prophet, that he had no 'message' and that he taught nothing. If we dispassionately wade through the wearisome mass of versification dumped in the huge tome called "Narma Kavita", and if we read his numerous prose writings, and especially his self-revelations in the posthumous publications entitled મારી હકીકત and ઉગર નર્મદ ચરિત, we cannot help admitting the truth of Navalram's acute diagnosis: Narmad is just a sensitive barometer that reflects the varying state of the social, political and literary atmosphere; he takes up the current fashion with the impulsive, crude and violent enthusiasm of an adolescent and makes the most of it according to his lights. And, as Navalram shrewdly observes, Narmad knew how to capture the public imagination and keep in the limelight: લોકોમાં પોતાની કીર્તિ તાજીને તાજી રાખવાની એને ઘણીજ ચીવટ અને આવડત હતી. [નવલ ગ્રંથાવલિ (તારણ) p. 219]. We are also reminded here of a rather curious confession of faith made by Narmad himself: વળી કહેવાય છે કે "રૂંડે નામ કે ભૂંડે નામ" (ને હું વધારું છઉં કે) "પણ નામ" મેળવવાની ઇચ્છા એ તો પુરૂષ સ્ત્રીને પોતાના ઉઘમમાં મોટું ઉત્તેજન આપે છે. [નર્મ ગદ્ય, p. 87]. But Navalram's private opinion of Narmad as preserved in some of his posthumously published writings is still more revealing. When hurt by the poet's unfavourable opinion about his own (Navalram's) comedy ભટનું લોપાણું, he frankly blurts out: કેવિ તમે હાસ્યરસનું શાસ્ત્ર સમજ્યા નથી, and bitinglly places Narmad among પતરાજી

કવિઓ (જે) પોતાની વાણીનો મિથ્યા અભિમાન રાખે છે. He even suspects the poet's good faith in advising him, Navalram, not to publish the comedy : તે વખતે કવિનો વિચાર તો એ પ્રગટ પણ ન કરવું એવો હતો. મને એ વિચાર કેવળ ભુલ ભરેલો અને દગ્ગા ફટકાનો લાગ્યો. [નવલગ્રંથાવલિ (તારણ) pp. 260, 263, 264].

Even more striking and more trustworthy because not inspired by hurt self-love are his private views on Narmad's language and public activities expressed in મનના વિચાર. He writes on 17th April 1878 : નર્મદાશંકરની ભાષામાં પ્રૌદી કે elegance ની ખોડ (evidently ખોટ is meant) દેખાતી હતી, તે વેળાની નર્મદાશંકરની પ્રસિધ્ધિ (popularity) નું કારણ એ દોષને લીધેજ ઉત્પન્ન થયેલી વિશદતા (perspicuity) હશે એમ લાગે છે. [Ibid, p. 279]. He further observes : નર્મદાશંકરે લખ્યું તે વેળા કરતાં દેશ conservatism માં કાંઈ પાછો ઓસરવા લાગ્યો છે. [This is evidently a crude Anglicism for 'lapsing into conservatism'] : તેનીજ અસર નર્મદાશંકરની હાલની ભાષા ઉપર [he means the more Sanskritised language of Narmad's articles on ધર્મવિચાર] થઈ છે. ત્યારે એ man of the mass જ છે. હાલ mass સુધારાવાળાઓની પાછળ પડ્યો છે, અને તેની જોડે નર્મદાશંકરે કયું છે. Developing this argument Navalram proceeds : ત્યારે શું નર્મદાશંકર અર્ધભણ્યા માણસની પંક્તિનેજ યોગ્ય છે? કેમકે એની style (વિચાર સહિત) તે વર્ગનેજ હાલ અનુસરતી આવે છે. Arguing back to Narmad's earlier popularity he writes : ત્યારે તો સિધ્ધ થાય છે કે નર્મદાશંકર જમાનાની લહેરમાં પાછળ પડ્યો. And calling himself an "independent thinker" he says : મારા મનની ભૂમિકા તે independent thinker નું લક્ષણ બતાવે છે. એ popular તો થાયજ નહિ. તે માટે તો નર્મદાશંકર જેવી જન બુદ્ધિ જોઈએ; પંક્તિ બુદ્ધિ જનપ્રિય થાયજ નહિ. [Ibid pp. 280, 281]. If we remember that Navalram not only knew Narmad very intimately but also had at one time the greatest admiration, bordering on hero worship, for all his activities, these deliberate and privately expressed later opinions must be considered with care and respect. And anyone who comes to the study of Narmad's writings with an open mind can not but admit that his verses as a rule and his prose writings occasionally are the outpourings of a crude half-educated (અર્ધભણ્યું) mind whose development seems to have been arrested in adolescence. The vast mass of his verse is mostly doggerel, rough and rude and repellant in execution, always commonplace and too often revolting in sentiment and expression.

His much lauded 'love' poetry consists of gross outpourings of undigested conventionalities borrowed from Sanskrit writers and made nauseating by the uncontrolled sexuality of an adolescent with a fatal fascination for all that is physically or mentally gross in the operations of the sex instinct. Admirers of Dalpatram were perfectly right when they declared Narmad's prurient and dirty 'love' poems unfit for reading out in company. I am not a puritan, and I am the last person to express horror of obscene writings; I would go further and admit the validity of obscenity redeemed by art, of even the grossest sensuality as a subject, provided it was saved by artistic execution from degenerating into a precocious and prurient school-boy's exercises in latrine literature. Rabelaisian humour, again, has its place, albeit sheepishly granted, in the mental pubulum of most fairly cultured minds. But Narmad's obscene antics in verse present the dull, humourless vapid grossness of the sexual psychopath; they are as grotesquely unashamed and unelevating as the irresponsible actions of a rutting simian. The only valid excuse that can be urged in defence of these pitiful exercises in cloacal doggerel is the fact rightly pointed out by V. Bhatt that most of these verses were written by Narmad either in *નેસ્સાનો નશો* or *નશાનો નેસ્સો*. Even granting that they had their origin, as so often confessed by the poet himself, in the intoxication of impulse or in the impulse of intoxication, the fact remains that Narmad printed and collected them in cold blood, and actually added vile footnotes of the grossest kind to make their unsavoury implications perfectly clear. This exhibitionism, as books on *psychopathia sexualis* call it, clearly reveals the essential drab vulgarity of the writer's mind and its utter lack of good taste and humour. It would be a wearisome and nauseating task to reproduce all his rankly offensive verses and still more revolting footnotes. I would not like even to give references to the numerous pages which teem with innumerable lapses and gaucheries of this kind. I shall content myself with quoting only one comparatively harmless couplet — a gem that had escaped me but has been obligingly rescued from oblivion by Munshi :

આંખનાકનાં ચીકણાં, પાણી જે ઉભરાય,

પ્રીતભીંત તેનીયકી, પુથ મજબૂત ચણાય.

The literatures of many lands are disfigured by gross and filthy writings by acknowledged masters. For sheer filth and utter disregard of common decency, I doubt if any poet ancient or modern can beat Swift. But Swift wrote his filth with a savage intent — to hurt and disgust and exasperate the romantic reader; he never even faintly imagined that his verses to Celia and other exercises in nauseating ribaldry were poetry; but poor humourless

Narmad fondly imagined his exercises in the same field to be good and even great love poetry. What is still more unfortunate, present day admirers of the poet — men of the highest education who are acquainted with the great literatures of England and ancient India — still go into raptures over these so-called love poems. This is a phenomenon not easy to understand. The most charitable explanation of this phenomenon I can suggest is that they have not read what they praise in such hyperbolic terms.

I shall cite only a few instances from 'Narma Kavita' to show the crudely undeveloped, uncultured and hopelessly humourless mind of Narmad; and some from his notes which actually underline and aggravate these weaknesses. His lovelorn heroine wails in the hot season :

ભયંકાર દીસે સુકાં ખેતરો તો,
ગધેડો હડીલો ભમે ભૂંકિ રેતો.

Not content with perpetrating this absurdity, the poet adds in a footnote insult to the injury he inflicts on the reader : કેઈ નથી હોતું તો પણ હડીલો ગધેડો ભુંકતો ને પછી ચરવાતું ન મળેથી રડતો ભમે છે.....પેલા મુરખ ગધેડાની પેઠે મારો જીવ, મન વિચારનાં સુકાં ખેતરોમાં આમ તેમ ભટકે છે. And he carefully adds in brackets the figure of speech enshrined in this noble couplet — (ઉપમા-દૃષ્ટાંત) [નર્મકવિતા p. 71.] Again the unfortunate but evidently thick skinned heroine cries out :

કડે ઘણા માકણ મચ્છરો જે
ના ના જણાયે નિજ દુઃખમાં તે.

And the poet explains : હુનાળામાં માકણ મચ્છરનું જોર હોય છે ને તે જે દુઃખ દે છે તે મને પોતાનાં દુઃખમાં જણાતું નથી. [p. 72].

Next the desperate heroine wants to die :

ઓ કેલેરા સૈયડો ઘાણ વાળો
પિત્રાઈ કા-કા મને કેમ નાલો ?

The annotation runs : હુનાળામાં કેલેરા અથવા અઘોકનો રોગ અને સૈયડનો રોગ એ બે રોગ વિશેષ હોય છે માટે તેને સંબોધન. સૈયડતો કાકા કહેવાય છેજ અને કેલેરાને પિત્રાઈ એટલે પિત્રાઈ ભાઈ કહ્યો છે. [p. 75.]

Narmad is very fond of this word અઘોક — we find it scattered all over the volume. And evidently even his love sickness makes him literally sick : ખ્યારી સંભારી થાઉં હેરાન, ઉલટી કરૂં કણ કણ — which he explains in a footnote ધુબરીથી ઓકું છ [p. 297.]

In a devout mood, he begins a song with the line હરિ તું મુકે મને, હું ન મુકું રે, and then, perhaps simply for the sake of the rhyme, proceeds to sing:

હું છું દીવાનો જોઈં ખેતમાં તુજ ;
ગદ્દાપેરે સંધે ભુંકું રે. [p. 238].

In the same devout mood he begins in praise of God દુખહર્તા સુખકર્તા etc., and writes :

આપદવસ્થા કાળે, રાત્રદિવસ હું શ્રમે ભરું લોટા,
પણ ભરું આખર લોટા, તારે પાડે સહૂજ તાબોટા.

And he explains શ્રમે ભરું લોટા as ધન એકહું કરું and the second લોટા as અધામણ ચાલે તે હાલતે પોહોચું [p. 219].

In another love poem beginning રીખાઈ રીખાઈ મરવું માહરે he says :

હિંમતને ઠેકાણે ખીક વસી રહી ;
જે રેવંચી રેચે પડતો આમ જો—

and explains in a foot-note : ખીક રૂપી રેવંચીના સીરાથી મને આમ પડેછ—હું છેકજ દલગીરીમાં ડુબી જઈંછ. [p. 295]. In a particularly vile love poem addressed to a rival trying to make love to the poet's beloved, the poet writes:

હજી સમજીને પીછો છોડ,
શોધ પછી નીતીની સ્હોડ,
નહિં તો અંતે થશે પસતાવો,
રેચ લાવી હજી તે કહાવો—

and

explains in a footnote —પસતાવારૂપી કહાવો રેચ આણી તારો જીવ લેશે [p. 302].

In a long poem on સ્વતંત્રતા—ખરી હિંમત he exhorts his co-religionists :

નિત્ય દેવને ભજો સદાય નીતિ આચરો,
હિંમતે ન હારિ ભાઈ, ઝટ નાતરાં કરો. [p. 51]

A poet who can gravely say in verse that his poem on કુદરતી દેખાવ is the result of his meditations while squatting under a babul tree (in a field in કાંકરા ખાડી at Surat) —

સ્હાંજ સાજમાં બાવળ નીચે
બેસીને જોતો તો ઉંચે —

for purposes of nature — દિશા જતાં મેં એમ લખાવું, — must be hopelessly devoid of what is known in literary aesthetics as ઐચિત્ય,—that exquisite sense of propriety and proportion without which no good poetry can be written,—and an utter lack of which means an utter lack of humour. Evidently even Narmad's vigorous horse-sense, which is often to the fore in his prose, forsook him as soon as he turned to poetry. He never could tell a story, long or short, in verse. His long story in verse entitled વજેસંગ અને ચાંદબા is dubbed by Manjula Majmudar એક સફળ પ્રયોગ. I fail to see why; I have never read anything more dreary and silly and even disgusting than this rambling and gross concoction. The writer's atrocious taste and hopelessly animal view of sex love make of his heroine, who is alleged to be a nobly born Muslim lady, a raging nymphomaniac. She falls in love with Vajesang and writes anonymous letters to him. She meets him in male disguise, and then reveals herself. An old retainer who is present leaves the scene and then, આમ કરી ખુદ્દોગયો, બાઝી પડિતે નાર; and when the astonished Vajesang disentangles himself, she explains matters in three lines and bluntly adds: 'પ્યારા આ ટાણે અહીં, રતીદાન દે યાર. The language and sentiments and actions of this noble ચાંદબા would make even a Chāndjān of the purlieus of Bhendibazar blush with envy if not shame. One can not say if Narmad always wrote poetry when under the influence of liquor. But he writes in a note on what he even glorifies as વેદાન્તનું પદ, નિશામાં જોડીને પછી લખેલી; and in this Vedantic poem itself he sings hilariously :

નર્મદ કવિ નિત ઊડતો રે, જરે નિશામાં ચૂર,
કહું અલિહારી નિશા તણી રે, બનું સાત્વિક ગુણનું પૂર.

I wonder if the poet's devotees who are mostly prohibitionists (at least in public) subscribe to this interesting doctrine that indulgence in spirits leads to the highest spirituality and Vedantic સાત્વિક ગુણ.

In a poem bearing the explanatory note જુદાઈમાં પ્યારીને લખેલી, the poet actually calls himself and his beloved for the time being ધાએલ ઘેટો ઘેટી. I have never read or heard that sheep are particularly romantic or amorous animals; in fact the term 'sheepish' is the last a sensible lover would like to have applied to himself. Anyhow, this poem begins વ્હાલી, તેં તો ધાએલ ખુબ કીધો. I suppose this talk of being wounded and even dying, though perhaps unknown to sheep, is very common with all love poets in all

lands; it is their common stock in trade all over the world. But Narmad seems to have had chronic bleeding of the heart for he was falling in love unto death (like so many heroes fasting unto death today) and getting out of it with amazing frequency (like the same heroes). Now this is not so uncommon a human weakness as strict moralists would like, or pretend to like, it to be. But Narmad seems to have regarded himself as a chartered libertine, entitled as a poet to make love to any woman that took his fancy, and then add insult to injury by writing a vile poem on her. He sees casually a woman on a balcony as he passes by in a Victoria, and he at once composes some outrageously foul verses about her and adds in cold blood in a note : આલતી ગાડીમાંથી એક ગૃહસ્થની સ્ત્રી બારીએ દીઠી-તેણે મને નીરખતો બેઠા બાજથી મ્હોડું અંદર લઈ લીધું તે ઉપરથી ઉપલી બેડી. [p. 306.]

But he never imagined that in commemorating all his numerous amours in obscene language and bespattering with filth the very women whom he professed to love he was doing anything wrong. In fact he never tires of describing these escapades as inspired by સુધડ સંસ્કારી પ્રીતિ—

નર્મદને નર્મદનારી

પૂરે પૂરાં સંસ્કારી

નીડર થઈ રમતાં બારી. [p.308.]

(He means the beloved for the time being, not his spouse.)

And he never had any doubt about these amours being the rightful perquisites of a divinely privileged (અંશી) champion of women like himself whom he believed, with many modern admirers of his, to be in the line of the high minded champions of damsels in distress and knights of medieval chivalry,

This idea of his so-called chivalry towards women is the most amazing of the perversions propagated by himself and his admirers, and it is high time this outrageous myth was finally exposed. The actual fact is that except being obsessed in early youth by the idea—which, I think, he derived from Maharashtra like his patriotism—that widow remarriage would bring about the salvation of the Hindu community, Narmad had absolutely no chivalrous ideas about womanhood. All his exploits as a chivalrous Knight and Champion of forlorn women are exhausted when we recount the facts that he had innumerable liaisons, kept one widow, Savitāgauri, as his mistress, and married in 1870 another, Narmadāgauri, as his third wife, and this too, when his second wife Dāhigauri was living. Having posed for about fifteen years as an ardent social reformer, and monogamy being a cardinal doctrine with such reformers, Narmad hesitated to marry Narmadāgauri while Dāhigauri

was alive. He could not, of course, kill off his living wife who came in the way of his earning fresh laurels as a practical reformer, and so, in order not to lose his reputation as a social reformer by having two lawful wives at a time he resolved to consign her to the living death of a discarded high caste Hindu wife. He urged her to live apart from him and he would generously make her an allowance of five or seven rupees per month. But she was not a modern bobbed hair specimen of emancipated Hindu womanhood; she refused to go out of the great reformer's house. Narmad tried his best to persuade her to live apart, but this noble woman, who had more character and loyalty in her little finger than the man had in his whole carcass, would not budge. If Narmad himself had not left a memorandum of this episode, in his own hand, and thus blackened his own reputation for ever it would have been difficult for an outsider like me to believe that a man claiming to be a cultured sensitive poet and a high-born and divinely gifted champion of weak womanhood, could be such a heartless egotist. I would not have blamed the man if he had added Narmadāgauri, and half a dozen others, to his harem as wives or mistresses, and I am sure poor Dāhigauri would have endured any rival as patiently and uncomplainingly as the first, Savitāgauri. But Narmadagauri clamoured for lawful marriage, and our pattern of chivalry had not the courage to say her nay. The upshot of this tragedy is best told in the words of the hero or the villain of the piece himself: આજે કહી દીધું હાહી ગૌરીને કે તારે ત્રણ વાતના વિચાર કરી

મુકવા :—૧ સ્વતંત્ર રહેવું, આપણા ઘરમાં નહીં. જુદાં ભાડાંના ઘરમાં કેટડીઓ રાખીને મુંબઈ, સુરત કે ઇચ્છા આવે ત્યાં, ને હાલમાં મારી સ્થિતિ સારી થાય ત્યાં સુધી હું મહીને ૫ કે ૭ રૂપીઆ મોકલ્યા કરીશ. ૨ કોઈના આશ્રયમાં જઈને રહેવું ને રૂ. ૫ કે ૭ મોકલ્યા કરીશ. ૩ મારાં ખુદ્યાં ખમવાં ને દુઃખ પામતાં પણ મારીજ સાથે રહેવું. Be it noted, by the way, that this generous offer

of five or seven rupees to the wife of his bosom came from a man whose contemporary and present-day admirers have enlarged on his lavish generosity, even when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb, to singers and dancing girls, and whose expenditure on tea and *pansopari* alone, as again admiringly recorded by his panegyrists, came to more than Rs. 30/- per month. Dāhigauri considered the alternatives for three days and on the fourth begged her lord and master's permission to try these alternatives for one year each. The poet's memorandum proceeds :

હા.—એકેક વર્ષની મુદત માંગું છું.

ન.—એમ હું ઇચ્છતો નથી.

In fact, he wanted her to be out of the way, once for all. But he asked :

ન.—ત્યારે પહેલી કેઈ લેવી છે ?

ડા.—ખુંદાં ખમવાની.

ન.—એ તુને ભારે પડશે. હું ઈચ્છું છું કે પ્રથમ ખીજી કોઈ લેને છેલ્લી તે લેજે.

ડા.—ખીજી કોઈ લેવાને હાલ મને અનુકુળતા નથી.

I suspect Satanic cunning in Narmad's recommendation of trying ખુંદાં ખમવાં last. After suggesting one or two things Narmad agreed.

ન.—ખહુ સારું.

ડા.—હું મારા મન સાથે કોઈ વેરાગ રાખવા ઈચ્છું તો તેના ઉપર મારી સત્તા ખરી કે નહીં ?

ન.—વેરાગનો પ્રકાર જાણી લીધે કહેવાય, ને જ્યારે ખુંદાં ખમવાની કબુલાત છે તો તારે કોઈ પણ વાતે તારી પોતાની સત્તા રાખવાની ઈચ્છા કરવીએ વળી શું ?

ડા.—મારાં મનથી હું કોઈ પણ પ્રકારના નિયમથી રહેવા માગું તો હું નથી ધારતી કે તેમાં તમને અડચણ જેવું હોય.

ન.—તું જે નિયમ પાળવાને ઈચ્છે તે કહી જણાવવાને તુને રજા છે, પણ અમલમાં આણવાને તો મારી પ્રસન્નતા ને આજ્ઞા હોય તોજ તારાથી તે નિયમ પળાય.....હજી તારે ખુંદાં ખમવાનું નાકબુલ કરવું હોય તો સુખે તેમ કર.....હજી વિચાર કરખીજે વર્ષે સ્વતંત્રતા લેઈ પછી પાછી ખુંદાં ખમવા પર આવે તે તો હું નજ અંગિકાર કરું, કેમકે ત્યારે તું અતિનષ્ટા હોય.

It is difficult to speak in restrained terms of this heartless cad and bully who is not only anxious to drive the unfortunate woman out of her own house for no fault of hers, but is blackguard enough to add insult to injury and accuse her beforehand of becoming a hopelessly fallen woman, અતિનષ્ટા. in case she is guilty of such *dèse majestè* as leaving his house after having first decided to bear everything patiently. And it is equally difficult to speak in restrained terms of the infinite patience, tragic resignation and almost unbelievable nobility of soul displayed by this adorable and divine woman

whom he was treating as something worse than dirt beneath his feet but whose shoestrings he was unfit to touch. This was her reply:

ડ.—સ્વતાંત્ર રહીને પણ શું હું તમને દૂષણ લગાડવાની છું, ને દૂષણ જેવું તમે ન જુઓ તો ફરી રાખવામાં શો વાંધો ?

ન.—એ વાતમાં હવે તો હું ઉદાર નહીં થાઉં. પહેલી કેઈ સ્થિતિ તે કહી દે.

ડા.—થવાનું હશે તે થશે, પણ મેં તો જે પહેલું કબુલ કીધું છે તેજ કબુલ છે.

Next day Narmad put Dahigauri through a sort of curious catechism about religious and ethical beliefs and finally asked :

ન.—અમારા સબંધમાં તમારું શું કર્તવ્ય છે તે કહો.

ડા.—તમારી ઇચ્છા પ્રમાણે.....તમારી આજ્ઞા પ્રમાણે ચાલવું એ મારી ફરજ છે. કેટલીક રીતની ઘટતી છુટ આપવી એ તમારી ફરજ છે.

Even this is too much for the tyrant lord and master, and he snaps at her : મારી ફરજ વિષે મેં તને પૂછ્યું નહોતું. તે મારે સમજવાનું છે.

And the painful catechism ends with Narmad laying down a lofty principle, for Dahigavri to act upon, not himself:

ન.—અર્થ રનેહ કે ધર્મ એ ત્રણેમાં એકજ સામાન્ય નીતિ આવે છે કે, જે વિશેષ પોતાના ભોગ આપે તે ઉત્તમ, એ તમે માનો છો કે નહીં ?

And that perfect specimen of eternally submissive Hindu womanhood answers: હા, એમજ. Perhaps the most profoundly moving piece of literature left behind by Narmad, the one by which he ought to live in the domain of pure literature, creative literature, if everything else written by him is forgotten, is this dialogue with his wife Dāhigavri. Though written in cold blood, it is tense with painful and even tragic interest. For he has unknowingly created in it a noble woman fit to figure in Greek tragedy. And the wonder of it is that the man seems to have penned it with smug self-satisfaction, utterly blind to the fact that he was thereby blackening his own face as a man for ever. I dare say this episode is quite in keeping with the Hindu ideal of womanhood—the wonderful door-mat ideal which has made the home life of innumerable men, however humble and even humiliating their contacts with the outer world might be, an *imperium in imperio* where the mere man is absolute master and ruler whose word is law to his womenfolk. It is a deeply soul-satisfying ideal, certainly for the man, perhaps also for the woman whom a wise providence has endowed with a passion for Masochistic self-effacement. In his final testament entitled

ધર્મવિચાર, which embodies the maturest and most deliberate opinions of Narmad on matters social, religious and political, he frankly approves of this grand ideal : સ્ત્રી પુરૂષની યોગ્યતા સમાન એ વિચાર માત્ર ખ્રિસ્તી લોકનો છે ; વિચારશીલ આર્યપુરૂષ તો નિઃશંક છે તે વિષે, અને સમાન યોગ્યતાનો દાવો કરનારી કોઈપણ સ્ત્રી નિકળે તો તે આર્ય સ્ત્રી નહીં, એ અમારો મત છે. Again, he does not mince matters when he comes to describe the virtues of a truly આર્ય woman : (સ્ત્રીના મુખ્ય સદ્ગુણ).....રૌષવાણું મુખ પતિને દેખાડવું નહીં, ને પતિ દોષવાળો હોય તો પણ અધીન રહેવું, ઇત્યાદિ.

I do not know what makes so careful a writer as Rāmnaṛāyan Pathak aver in his study of Narmad's prose : સ્ત્રી પુરૂષની સમાનતાની તેની શ્રદ્ધા ભંડી હતી ; and again, બન્નેની [*i. e.* સ્ત્રી પુરૂષની] સમાનતા એ તેની આધારભૂત ભૂમિકા છે. [કવિ નર્મદનું ગદ્ય, p. 19.] All this Narmad may have professed when under the temporary influence of the western education (or half education) that he got in his boyhood; but that was a mere veneer which completely disappeared when his heredity and his innermost convictions atavistically asserted themselves. In fact Narmad himself finally and definitely repudiated and even ridiculed the notion of 'chivalry'—with its motto પ્રેમ શૌર્ય, coined and adopted by himself—for which he is admired so much today. He wrote in ધર્મવિચાર :— આર્ય સ્ત્રીનો સર્વોપરિ યશ તે તેના સતીપણામાં—પતિવ્રતમાં—..... હતો, તેણે સર્વસ્વ પતિને અર્પણ કીધું હતું પણ વળી સુધારો યુરોપના પ્રેમ શૌર્ય દાખી તેની ભક્તિ કરાવવા નીકળ્યો છે ! પણ વળી આર્ય સ્ત્રીએ પ્રેમની ઉત્તમ નીતિએ પોતાના સઘળા હક સ્વામીને આપી દીધા છે તેનું કેમ ? [Pp. 130-131] And Narmad by nature was a self-centred egotist who wanted all around him to bend to his will, and to worship him as he worshipped himself. He was a born Narcissist. It would have been a miracle if a man with such a nature and such a heredity could really have believed in the equality of woman with man, or even in the possibility of her having an independent entity. A mind so utterly incapable of finer feelings, a heart so hopelessly insensitive to the self-effacing nobility of this wonderful woman — she lived and drudged devotedly in this strange *menage a quatre* and tenderly brought up the son borne to her lord and master by her new rival,—a mind and a heart, I repeat, so hopelessly devoid of finer sensibilities, can never be capable of real poetry, much less of real love poetry. As I have said, it would not have mattered so much either to us or

to his poetry if the man had married half a dozen wives or kept half a dozen mistresses or had fifty love-affairs. His unpardonable crime lay in his atrocious cruelty to this woman who so utterly sank her personality in his, and his utter insensibility which resulted from his inordinately swollen, diseased and dirty ego. And the whole body of his wearisome verse is disfigured by his nauseating vanity, utter lack of sense of proportion and the consequent equally utter lack of a sense of humour. It is a remarkable fact that Narmadashankar wrote poetry only for about eleven years, from about 1854 to 1865, i. e., from his 22nd to his 34th year. If he really had been a poet, if real poetic sensibility and true inspiration had driven him to write poetry, it is certain that he would not, he could not, have completely deserted and abjured the muse when he was yet in the prime of life and at the very height of his matured powers. I doubt if there are even forty odd memorable lines in the ponderous tome of four hundred odd pages in which he published his rankly undisciplined, unmusical and uncouth outpourings in verse.

It has been urged with some justification that in the case of a poet we must not ask what he was, we should only concern ourselves with what he has said,—that we are concerned with his work, not with his private life. But even if we subscribe to this doctrine and agree to consider Narmad only as a poet of love, we have a right to investigate the sources of his inspiration and his reaction to them and to judge of his capabilities as such a poet from his actual dealings with women. And we have a still greater right to ask for his credentials if he is presented to us, as Narmad is, as something much more than mere poet, as a sort of Knight-errant and champion of weak womanhood, as a martyr and hero, a great reformer and patriot, and finally as a great and noble personality.

We shall now turn to Narmad's resolve in early life to devote himself to the service of his pen, and the maudlin description of it given by himself: નિશાળના કામમાં દિલ ન લાગ્યાથી મેં મારા આપને પૂછ્યા વનાજ નવેમ્બરની ૨૩ મી એ [in 1858] સ્કુલની નોકરી છોડી દીધી. મેં ઘેર આવી કલમના સામું જોઈ આંખમાં તેને ઝળઝળીયાં સાથે અરજ કરી કે 'હવે હું તારે ખોળે છઈ.' [નર્મદનું મન્દિર-ગદ્યવિભાગ, p. 306.] All his admirers have lavished much eloquence on this melodramatic gesture of their hero, and the incident has been served up again and again as a desperately heroic and almost superhuman act which proved Narmad's passionate love of independence. Thus we read in the introduction to નર્મદનું મન્દિર-પદ્યવિભાગ (p. 27.): એનું આખું જીવન એક રીતે આ સ્વતંત્રતા દેવીની આરાધના જેવુંજ હતું. ઉદાહરણ તરીકે જીવનમાં એણે જેપહેલું

પગલું મહત્વનું લીધું, પેલું નોકરી છોડીને ‘કલમને ખોળે માથું મુકવાનું,’ તેમાં ઊંડે ઊંડેથી એની સ્વાતંત્ર્યવાસનાજ કામ કરી રહી હતી. And just as Narmad harped in prose and verse on this act all his life as something heroic and called himself ટેકી વીર about a hundred times for his determination not to take up service again, his panegyrists have harped *ad nauseam* on his ટેકે and his ટેકી વીરતા and shed innumerable tears of maudlin appreciation over the ‘martyrdom’ voluntarily accepted by their hero. Munshi is perhaps the only one who waxes mildly sarcastic about કલમને ખોળે માથું મુકવું. The actual facts are that Narmad gave up in 1858 his low paid job of school teacher on Rs. 35/- per month. It is doubtful if, with his undisciplined, jealous and quarrelsome temper and his inordinate vanity, he would have stuck long to any job. But after giving up regular work, he did take up well-paid tuitions. In a long introductory note appended to one of his much praised poems he himself writes: હું બરે વાલકેશ્વરથી અંગ્રેજોને શિખવીને રાતરે ૧૧-૧૨ વાગતે ઘેર આવતો[નર્મ કવિતા, p. 116].

He made a fair amount out of his books which were very highly priced. And he accepted, and even impudently and shamelessly expected, large sums as gifts from rich friends and acquaintances. To the knowledge of Navalram and other authorities on his life, he received at least twelve thousand, and according to Ramnarayan Pathak’s computation about eighteen thousand, rupees in hard cash from his patron Karsandas Madhavdas alone. There are references in Narmad’s own writings to numerous other gifts of sums ranging between one hundred and two thousand. An amusing if not amazing attempt has been made to show that in the matter of dedicating his works he cared only for the worth of the dedicatee, not for the money consideration underlying his dedication. For instance, Karsandas who had given him at least about Rs. 12,000/- in the shape of gifts, was ruined in the share gamble of 1865. At that time Narmad was calculating upon this patron of his — his ‘Bhoja’ as Navalram calls him — to pay more than the printing expenses of his huge quarto tome of poems known as “Narmakavita”, and in return the publication was to be dedicated to the patron. The failure of Karsandas came as a severe blow to Narmad. Navalram’s own account shows how he found Narmad in an unusually depressed mood when he went to see him, owing to the failure of his patron. Navalram writes :

મેં કવિને પૂછ્યું કે તમે કરસનદાસ સાથે અર્પણ કરવાને બંધાઈ ચૂક્યા છો ? એટલે કહ્યું કે બંધાઈ ચૂક્યા જેટલે દરબજે તો વાત થઈ નથી ; અને તેમ તેણે પણ હું છપાઈ અર્ચ આપીશ એમ કાંઈ કહ્યું નથી ; પણ હું ગ્રંથ અર્પણ કરીશ અને એ ખરચ કરતાં

પણ વધારે આપશે એમ અમારા એક મેક્કના મનમાં તે સમયની વાતચીત પરથી લાગેલું ખરુંજ. Then Navalram tells us how Narmad insisted that even though he could not get anything more from Karsandas he (Narmad) would keep his side of the bargain and dedicate the book to his broken patron, how the dedication was drafted and how it was sent to the press.

I am inclined to suspect that this account of the dedication of Narmakavitā to Karsandas given by Navalram is not quite accurate, and that either he did not know all the facts or was biased by his hero-worship and saw the episode through the rose-tinted glasses of partisanship. The actual facts are that the book bears the date January 1866 on the title page, and the poems in the main body of the book range, as declared in a preliminary note, from 21st September 1855 to 31st August 1865. The poems under the caption શેરની ચડતી પડતી, including the poem ધીરધર ધીરધર which, says Navalram with unconscious satire, was sent to Karsandas but composed more to console the poet himself for his disappointment— (ધીરધર ધીરધરનું પદ..... લખવાનો ઉદ્દેશ કરસનદાસ કરતાં પોતાના જીવને ધીરજ આપવાનો હતો.)— are printed right at the end, even after Narmad's treatises on prosody and rhetoric, and shown as a પૂરવણી in the table of contents, and bear the note દસમી અક્ટોબરે પ્રારંભ ને પંદરમીએ સમાપ્ત. The only logical conclusion is that they were composed after the entire body of the poems was in type in final page form. Now the dedication to Karsandas is dated 3rd October 1863, i. e., two years before Karsandas's failure. Evidently Navalram is wrong when he definitely says that the dedication was drafted and sent to the press after the failure of Karsandas and after the discussion between the poet and himself about its dedication. The date of dedication 1863 is not at all likely to be a misprint for 1865. And the contents of the dedication, which is in verse, clearly and indisputably show that at the time it was written the fortunes of Karsandas were actually on the increase. The poem begins કુળચંદન મહેન અને, દીપક કીર્તિ પ્રકાશ, (which by the bye, is not easy to construe or explain)

સુપુત્ર માધવદાસના, ધન ધન કરસનદાસ.
શૂર વણજ વ્યાપારમાં, શૂર દાન સહવાસ,
શૂર દેશ ઉત્કર્ષમાં, ધન ધન કરસનદાસ.

After two more laudatory verses comes the fifth:

વધ્યો જાય શ્રીમંત પણ, શ્રીમદનો નહિં ભાસ;
નમ્ર દિસે તરૂંવર પઠે, ધન ધન કરસનદાસ.

This is not certainly a verse that can be addressed with any decency by the most fulsome flatterer to a broken man; and the last verse clinches the matter further:

ધાન્ય ધનં પશુ પુત્રને, શત્સંવત્સરવાસ ;

(Narmad's Sanskrit was throughout shaky and he here converts શત into શત unnecessarily)

શ્રી પાંચે વળગી રહો, ધન ધન કરસનદાસ.

This prayer also would be a mockery if made about a man who was already stony broke. The clear conclusion is that the bargain had been concluded long before the patron's disastrous failure and, perhaps, even the consideration too received and spent, in his usual lavish manner, by the client. Or, if it was not received, the poet could not decently break his part of the bargain in view of the thousands he had otherwise got from Karsandas. Hence the utter and unusual distress of Narmad who had evidently counted on Karsandas's bounty for something over and above the printing expenses; to quote his own words as reported by Navalram: હું અર્થ અર્પણ કરીશ ને એ ખરચ કરતાં પણ વધારે આપશે એમ અમારા એકમેકના મનમાં તે સમયની વાતચીત પરથી લાગેલું ખરૂંજ.

The praises bestowed on Narmad for dedicating the book to Karsandas in spite of the latter's failure have, therefore, doubtful warrant. After recounting these happenings Navalram concludes rather rashly : આ રીતે કવિનાં બધાંજ અંધાર્પણો જોશે તો તે અર્થ બુદ્ધિથી નહિ પણ રસવૃત્તિએજ થયેલાં માલુમ પડશે અને નર્મકેશ સમગ્ર ગુર્જર જનતાનેજ અર્પણ કર્યો છે. આ જોતાં અંધાર્પણથી તો દ્રવ્ય પ્રાપ્તિ કવિએ ઇચ્છેલીજ નહિ. [નવલ અંધારવલિ (તારણ) pp. 223-224.]

Evidently when Navalram wrote this in 1887 after his hero's death, he was not aware of the correspondence which Narmad had carried on in 1868-69 in connection with the dedication—for a consideration, of course,—of the dictionary, and which is published in ઉત્તર નર્મદ ચરિત at pages 25 to 34. It will be seen from this extremely interesting correspondence how he was angling for a patron-dedicatee in several directions and how he landed the fattest in the shape of Chhaganlal Santokram Desai, a wealthy Nagar of Bhavnagar. We can also see clearly how Narmad kept up the pose of almost insolent indifference, while thus fishing for monetary help, how he raised his price from time to time from દહોડ બે હજાર to બે અઢી હજાર and then to ચાર પાંચ હજાર, and how subtly he flattered Chhaganlal Santokram while keeping up a show of independence. On 14th

October 1869, he wrote to Chhaganlal that he intended publishing one thousand copies of the Dictionary to be sold at Rs. 20/-per copy, and that the estimate of printing and other charges tendered by the Surat Irish Mission Press was Rs. 6,000/-. He also writes: ડાયરેક્ટર પાસે પંદર હજારની મદદ (૫૦૦ નકલ ૩૦ ને ભાવે આપવાની શરતે) માગી હતી. [ઉત્તર નર્મદ ચરિત, p. 33.]

I have no doubt at all that if he had succeeded in putting through this deal with the Director of Public Instruction, the dictionary would certainly have been dedicated to Peile, the Director; for he himself admits in a letter dated 2-9-68 to Gopalji Surbhai about another deal which he was thinking of negotiating with Curtis: મારો વિચાર મિ. કર્ટિસને મળવાનો છે ને એને આમ કહેવું છે કે મારી મોટી કવિતાની સોએક પ્રત સ્કુલ લાઇબ્રેરીને માટે રાખવી ને થોડીક નકલ કેશની પુરા થયે લેવી કરવી ને તેના બદલામાં કેશ અર્પણ કરીશ. પણ જ્યાં સુધી હિંદુ મળે ત્યાં સુધી અંગ્રેજને અર્પણ ન થાય તેવું ઇચ્છું છું. [p. 28].

The last sentence is evidently intended to keep up his reputation for સ્વદેશભિમાન. But even then it shows rank હિંદુતાભિમાન, not સ્વદેશભિમાન —rank communalism, not patriotism. On 24-10-1869 he writes to his patron:

ચાર પાંચ હજારનો વિષય મને ભારે પડે તેમ નથી, ને કેશ છપાએથી તેટલો તુર્ત આવી શકશે એવી મને ખાતરી પણ છે, તો પણ કેટલાંએક કારણ જે પ્રતાવનામાં લખવામાં આવશે તેથી અને મોટાં પુસ્તક સાથે કોઈ મોટાનું નામ જોડાય ને તે તેવા જ પ્રકારનો જોઈએ એવી મારી ઇચ્છા, તેથી હું કોઈ તેવાને શોધતો હતો. ઇશ્વરે-ચ્છાથી આપ સાનુકુળ થાઓ છો ને નંગને કુદનથી શોભાવો છો તો મારો આત્મા પ્રસન્ન થવોજ જોઈએ—વિશેષ આ રીતે કે [here speaks the great nationalist patriot] નાગર અધિકારી, નાગરનો આશ્રય ને નાગરનું છાપખાનું. That the

arrangement broke down, and the નંગ lost the શોભા of કુદન, i. e., the lexicon was *not* dedicated to the Nagar patron, was *not* due to any patriotic anxiety on Narmad's part, as we are now asked to believe, to dedicate it to the people of Gujarat; the real reason was that soon after the printing began at Bhavnagar, something offensive to the Bhavnagar Darbar appeared in Narmad's scandalous sheet ડાંડિયો, and the Darbar promptly stopped its printing. But evidently Chhaganlal continued to be Narmad's patron, for he is believed to be the anonymous donor of Rs. 2,000/-when the ever indigent poet was in very straitened circumstances. The same correspondence further reveals, as we have seen, that Narmad had actually been manoeuvring to dedicate the dictionary to others including high European officials like Peile and Curtis,—provided, of course, that they helped him hand-

somely,—and at the same time writing : પણ જહાં સુધી હિંદુ મળે ત્યાં સુધી અંગ્રેજને અર્પણ ન થાય તેવું ઇચ્છું છું. I dare say Narmad's admirers will acclaim this as another proof of the hero's 'patriotism'. Well, it may be; but there is something very underhand about it. Anyhow his general principle in such matters is made quite clear by some sentences in his extremely amusing letter of 2nd September 1868 to Gopalji Surbhai who had asked him what he proposed to do to perpetuate the memories of the three classes of patrons of varying importance he expected to help him. Narmad writes: એ વાક્ય વાંચી મને હસવું આવ્યું છે તો પણ દુનિયાદારી જોતાં ને તમે વચમાં છો માટે લખું છઉં કે—છપાયલા કોશ નિમિત્તના ખર્ચમાં એક ગૃહસ્થે રૂ. ૬૫૦ ની એકે ૨૦૦૦ ની ને બીજા માત્ર દશબાર શ્રીમંત ગૃહસ્થોએ ધરાક દાખલ થણી પ્રત લઈ નજદીક તેરસોની રકમની મદદ કરી છે. [This evidently for the parts of the 'Kosha' already published] માટે એનાં નામ પ્રસ્તાવનામાં ઉપકાર સાથે લખવાનો છઉં..... હજાર આગળથી ને હજાર ચોપડી તૈયાર થયેથી બક્ષીસ જ આપે તો મારી ઇચ્છા એવી ખરી કે તેને કોશ અર્પણ કરવો. વળી એક મારા ગુજરાતી શ્રીમંત સ્નેહીને, ને તેને નહીં તો એક મોટા વિદ્વાન પારસી મિત્ર જેણે મને ૨૦૦ ધરાક પોતાની જાતમેહનતે કરી આપેલાં તેને અર્પણ કરવાનો હતો.

But he is cheerfully prepared to throw all these expectant candidates for pretty cheap immortality overboard, for the good of the public, for he writes: તો પણ જલદીથી કોશ પ્રગટ થવાથી આપણા લોકને ઘણો લાભ છે (કે બીજા ઉભા થાય) એમ જાણી જો કોઈ આ વખતમાં રૂપિયા બે હજારની મદદ કરે તેને અર્પણ.....કરવાનુંધારું છઉં. And yet, with all this haggling and bargaining and price raising, he has the impudence to blame these rich boors for making him haggle: શ્રીમંત લોકને ખૂજ હોય નહીં, નામને માટે મદદ કરે ને તે વળી આપાચીપથી, એ શો ગજબ Narmad evidently believed that money had been given to rich boors in order that they should maintain in comfort a great poet and genius like him. In a curious footnote to a poem on page 153 of 'Narma Kavita' he writes: પ્રીતિદુઃખથી હું એકાંત શોધતો હતો ૧૮૬૩ની આખેરીમાં બેકોના શેરની ઘેલાઈ ચાલવા લાગી તેમાં જેઓ મ્હારા પોતીકા કહેવડાવતા તેઓજ મ્હારે વિષે બેદરકાર રહેવા લાગ્યા—તેથી હું ઘણો ચિડાતો કે દુનિયામાં શું કોઈ કોઈનું નથીજ? [And this though poor Karsandas had bought and sold for Narmad and given him the profit amounting to about Rs. 5,000/- as noted by Ramnarayan Pathak, p. 50] ને એ રીતે

પ્રીતિદુઃખમાં વધારે થતો ને મહારી નાણાં સંબંધી હાલત પણ નખળી હતી, એવી સ્થિતિમાં એ સઘળી કવિતા રચાઈ..... મને ઘણા મિત્રે કહ્યું કે તમે તમારા શ્રીમંત સ્નેહીઓને કહો કે રણાવે—માગ્યા વનાં મા પણ ના પિરસે. મેં કહ્યું કે સ્નેહી હશે તો તે મહારા કેહેવાની વાટજ નહિં જોય,.....Now Narmad has been warmly praised for keeping away from and warning people against the share gamble. But here he clearly wants his rich friends who are making easy money in this gamble to give him some of it, and bitterly resents their obtuseness in that they do not share their good fortune with him. Of course, it is beneath his dignity to ask for this share in the loot, but he would obligingly pocket it if humbly passed on to him by the stupid rich as his lawful due. And, if we carefully sift the evidence we find that the so-called warnings came a day after the fare, i. e., after the crash came. In a number of poems he whines about his poverty, his ટેકે in not taking up service and his heroism in thus shirking honest work on the expectation of living on the free bounty of the rich. He says in an admired poem વસુવણ મુજથકો ન થોભાયરે,— and even asks impudently કેમ રાજ મુકી નોકરી કરું ? [નર્મદ મન્દિર-પ. વિ. p. 79.] I fail to see any ground for the rapturous eulogies showered on Narmad for thus choosing the not very honourable life of a sponge and cadger. Munshi is not severe enough when he rather mildly writes: કેટલાય મહીપતરામો ને નવતરામ કમાયા તેનાથી વધારે પૈસો બક્ષિશો, ભણામણી ને પુસ્તકોની આવકો દ્વારા સ્તીકારતો; ફકકડ કપડાંમાં, ઉડાઉ ટેવોમાં, ને હાથીના જેવા ખર્ચોમાં પૈસા વિસર્જન કરતો. [ન.અ.આ. p. 48.] We must not also forget that when his father died, Narmad came into property worth in all Rs. 8,500/-, as admitted by himself in his autobiography [ન.મ.ગ. p. 293]. Thus at a conservative estimate he must have received in the shape of legacy and gifts alone—over and above what he earned by his own exertions or from the sale of his books—about Rs. 30,000/-, a sum equivalent to nearly a lakh of rupees in these degenerate days. But Munshi misses the main point, namely, Narmad's impudent claim, as a sort of divine birthright, that he ought to be maintained in all his luxuries and lavish expenditure by richer men, and that too unasked and as a sacred duty incumbent on these worthless rich. He has the impudence to call this perverted idea of ટેકી વીરતા a સદ્ગુણ :—સાચા ટેકી વીરને દુઃખ પડે છે, સુખ થવું જોઈએ તે થતું નથી, તારે દુનિયામાં એ સદ્ગુણ લેવાની કાળજી કેણી રાખશે ? [નર્મ કવિતા, p. 296, foot note]. If this is ટેકે and a virtue and heroic martyrdom, then undoubtedly there can be no argument. Of course, Narmad puts this claim in a less impudent form

when he says: દલગીરં છઉં કે અથો લખવાને લોકની તરફથી મદદ ભેંઈએ તે મળતી નથી. [નર્મદનું મન્દિર, પદ્યવિભાગ, p. 206.] But the cadger's spirit underlying both claims is the same.

Rāmnārāyan Pāthak has given in brief a very cautious estimate of the large sums received as gifts from Karsandās, and if the estimate is correct, from this patron alone Narmad must have received more than Rs. 20,000/- in one shape or another. [કવિ નર્મદનું ગદ્ય, pp. 50-51 (appendix 2)]. But even he has left out such items, noted in મારી હુકોક્ત and ઉત્તર નર્મદ ચરિત, as Rs. 2,000/- given anonymously by his Bhavanagar patron, Rs. 500 and Rs. 200/- given by two Parsi admirers, to speak nothing of numerous smaller gifts and of the money gifts the poet got from sundry people by forcing on them the બક્ષિશ, as the poet cynically called it, of copies of his various works. It seems that he was also writing command verses, very probably for good consideration received or expected. On one poem at p. 274 we have the note એક પારસી શ્રીમંતની ફરમાસ ઉપરથી. Ramnarayan Pathak also gives examples of Narmad's lavish expenditure, such as Rs. 200 spent in one evening on a musical party given by him and Rs. 500 on another. When we consider that this was in the sixties and seventies of the last century when a rupee meant more than three rupees to-day, we are amazed at Narmad's atrociously ungrateful complaints that a ટેકી વીર like him was being neglected by the vulgar rich or the stupid general public which, according to a detailed list given by the poet himself in his નર્મદ કવિતા, must have bought his books and brochures with an avidity that would make most Gujarati writers of to-day green with envy. But I am even more amazed that Narmad's admirers to-day still continue to go into maudlin raptures over their hero's alleged martyrdom at the hands of the public, rich and poor alike. Rāmnārāyan, with his usual good sense, exonerates the poet's public; and yet he writes: નર્મદની હેરાનગતી માટે આપણને લાગણી થાય, આદરભાવ થાય, લોકોએ મદદ કરી હોત તો સાચું એમ થાય [Ibid p. 51]. This is beyond me; I cannot understand why we should feel any લાગણી, let alone આદર, for an impudent and insolent cadger, shirker and reckless waster of other people's money. Even less can I understand why we should be expected to see in this extremely shabby and unseemly side of the hero's character the ભવ્ય કંઠેશ્વરી of કોઈ પરમ ઉદાત્ત કંઠેશ્વર કથાનો વીરનાયક [નર્મદનું મન્દિર-પદ્યવિભાગ- Introduction, pp. 28 & 29], or characterise his determination to live lavishly at other people's expense as ટેકી વીરતા and call it જીવનનું અદ્ભુત યુદ્ધ. [Ibid, p. 41.]

In his dealings with his friends and contemporaries some of the darker aspects of his vain, suspicious, envious and quarrelsome nature become unpleasantly evident. He wrote two nasty and insolent letters to Nandshankar Tuljashankar because he failed to win a prize for which he had competed with an essay and because Nandshankar was one of the judges on the occasion [નર્મદનું મન્દિર-ગદ્યવિભાગ pp. 319-327]. About his relations with his colleague, Karsandas Mulji, in his fight against orthodoxy, Munshi writes: પોતે પયગંબર હતો છતાં કરસનદાસને સુધારકોનું પ્રતિનિધિત્વ મળતું જોઈ તેનાં હૈયામાં કડવાશ પેડી.....આત્મમહત્તામાં મસ્ત નર્મદની નોંધોમાંથી સ્પષ્ટ ધ્વનિ નીકળે છે કે કરસનદાસ આ યશ ખોટો લઈ ગયો. [નર્મદ: અર્વાચીનોમાં આદ્ય, pp. 70-71.] A younger contemporary of Narmad, and a highly respected member of his community, Chhabilāram Dikshit, is also reported by Nandanāth Dikshit to have expressed his opinion about Narmad the man in this significant phrase: ‘કુંગરા દુરથી રળિયામણુ’. [નર્મદ શતાબ્દી ગ્રંથ, p. 174.] But Narmad's relations with Dalpatrām, whom he hated and maligned as his more popular rival, clearly show the utter little-mindedness of the man. From the first he seems to have disliked and envied the undoubted popularity of his senior contemporary. As early as 1858 he refers to Dalpatrām as a rival in a note on his own poem called સાહસ દેસાઈ, a worthless imitation of a fifth rate poem by that third class poet Southey. [નર્મદકવિતા, p. 19.] In a note to another long poem entitled વૈધવ્યચિત્ર, a gross and revolting composition first published in 1859, he says he was impelled to write it in order to establish his superiority over Dalpatrām— માહારે નવી નવી કવિતા કરી સરસાઈ રાખવી જોઈએ. [Ibid, p. 26]. And there are dozens of such references to Dalpatrām, mostly slighting and often foully abusive, in his poems, notes, and prose writings. Thus on p. 231 of ‘Narma Kavita’ we find a foot-note: સુધારાવાળો, સ્વામીનારાયણના પંથનો એમ કહેવડાવે એટલે લોકો તેની અનીતિ વિશે શક લાવે નહીં—, where Dalpat of course is aimed at. Once or twice he even calls Dalpat પેલો આંધળો, pretending to repeat other people's words. In his poem to another worthless long poem entitled રૂદન રસિક he refers to previous Gujarati poets and writes :

શકિતશાસ્ત્ર અનુભવ મળે, કવિપદ ધારણ થાય,
શૂન્ય વિચારી ચોર તે, દલપત પ્રાસે બહાય ;

and in a footnote he explains the second libellous line to mean જેનામાં કવિતા રૂપ નવો વિચાર નહિ તેવો (દલપત) તેના તેજ અક્ષર ફરી ફરી લખી એમાં ચતુરાઈ છે એમ બતાવી લોકને ફ્રાસલાવે છે કે મને મોટો કવિ કોહો. [નર્મ કવિતા, p. 208].

But if any one has any doubts as regards Narmad's sentiments towards Dalpatram they should be completely removed by reading pages 60 to 67 of his own autobiographical મારી હુકીકત. There he makes very mean and malicious insinuations and statements about Dalpatram, evidently inspired by jealousy and envy of a successful and senior rival. They are all the more revolting as, by his own showing, outwardly he behaved towards Dalpatram with hypocritical courtesy and showed whenever they met profound respect for him. The younger man reaches the lowest depth of malignant and vindictive vulgarity in a footnote on Dalpatram's public reading of his own poem બ્રહ્મવાસ્થળી. There he writes: જેવી રીતે નદીને એવારે ભંગીભટ સામળભટની ચોપડીઓ વાંચે છે તેવી રીતે (પણ છેક તેવું નહીં) એણે દોહરા ચોપાઈ વાંચ્યાં હતાં. Again, when he learnt that the Buddhivardhak Sabha intended to found scholarships in Dalpat's honour and put up his statue, he burst out in his discomfiture and envious fury: તે વાત મારે કાને પડી તારે હું મનમાં ખિન્ન થયો કે લોક કેવા ગાંડા છે કે આટલું માન કવિને જીવતાં આપે છે.

The whole chapter leaves a very nasty taste behind and reflects anything but credit on the petty-minded poetaster and egotist. In the continuation called ઉત્તર નર્મદ ચરિત, again, there are slighting and abusive references to Dalpatram on pages 4 and 12-13. In the miserable rag called ડાંડિયો which Narmad ran for some time, he took full advantage of anonymity and wrote: કવિ દલપતરામ ડાહ્યાભાઈના સ્વભાવ અને એની કવિતાની વિરૂદ્ધ ઘણી ઘણી વાતો ચાલી રહી છે, માટે ગુજરાતના કવેસરજી, હોશિયાર રહેજો, ડાંડિયાના ડાંડ ઝાંઝી લેવાને ઢાલ તૈયાર રાખજો. Gloating over Dalpatram's disastrous dabbling in the share bazar he wrote: પેલો ગરખીભટ ભટાઈ કરી કરીને અને ભીખ માંગી માંગીને ધાક્યો, ત્યારે હવે સટ્ટાના સટ્ટાનો માર્થ નીતિબીતિની વાંતા લાવવી એક કોરે મુકી એકદમ લખેસરી થવાના સનેપાતમાં હવાતિયાં મારે છે. ને જો કે ભીખી ભરડીનેદ પણ સાડું એકડું કયું છે તો પણ પોતાનો દલ્લો વધારવાને રાતરે ખુબ રખડે છે..... સાતડે સાત તો ધઈ ચુંકાજ છે..... Elsewhere, referring to Dalpatram's amusing practice of composing verses extempore, Narmad sneered in his characteristically vulgar manner: ભુંડણુ ઝટઝટ ઘણાં જણે છે અને હાથણી

ઘણીવારે એક જણે છે; માટે ઘણું પ્રસંગે ચમત્કૃતિ વનાની શીઘ્રકવિતા કીધી તો શું? આપણા દલપતરામે મંગળદાસની છોકરીઓની સ્કુલમાં શીઘ્ર કવિતું કેવું માન મેળવ્યું હતું?!!! કે —

સામે બેઠા છે ગોકળદાસ, વળી ભગવાનદાસ તે પાસ;
કોની પાઘડી તો શેર પાંચ, જેની લાંબી ઘણી છે ચાંચ.

વાહવા! એતું નામ તે શીઘ્ર કવિતા. This couplet has been often quoted by superior persons who want to sneer at Dalpat as a poet. But they forget that extempore verse-making has always been a game—Dalpatrām even gave whole lectures in verse;—and they overlook the sly humour of even this doggerel. In Narmad's serious and deliberately composed verse there are hundreds of still more vapid and dull lines of wooden doggerel unrelieved by the faintest gleam of humour. He was dense enough to believe that he was writing highly tragic poetry when he made his heroine's father moan in metre before fainting: અંઅં હાય અંઅંઅંઅં હાય રે and હહહહહહહહ હંહંહંહં અ અ,— and humourless enough to add the fatuous footnote: દીવો વડો થાય છે તેની અગાઉ બે ત્રણ મોટા ચળકારા કરે છે તેવી રીતનાં મોટાં ડુસકાં ભરીને અવાચક થઈ રહ્યો. He rancorously attacked Dalpatrām, and Hope along with him, because the former was commissioned by the Education Department to write all the poems for the Hope Reading Series and also to compile the big book of selections from old Gujarati poets called કાવ્યદોહન. He lashed himself into a fury of petty spite and reviled Dalpatram in these words: કાવ્યદોહનમાં આપેલા નમુના, કાવ્યદોહન નામ આપનાર અને કાવ્યદોહન કરનારની કાવ્ય વિવેચન શક્તિના નમુના હોય તારે તો જુની ગુજરાતી કવિતાનો દોષ નહિં પણ દોષ આપણા પોતાની મેળે કહેવડાવતા અથવા મૂંઝાઓએ માનેલા અથવા ગરીબને વધારવા આર કેટલાક અંત્રેજેએ તતુરી કુંકેલી તેથી કહેવાતા ગુજરાતના કવીશ્વર દલપતરામજી અહ્યાભાર્થજીનો, અને થોડો ઘણો સરકારનો, જે બે ત્રણ અંત્રેજેની ભલામણ ઉપરથી પુરતી તપાસ કર્યા વિના રૂપીઆ આપી મિ. હોપની ચોપડીને સાફ નવી કવિતા કરાવી અને કાવ્યદોહન કરાવ્યું, અને વળી એક નવું કરાવે છે.....નામદાર કવેસર દલપતરામના કાવવા વિષે, કાવ્યદોહન વિષે, મિ. હોપની સાત ચોપડી વિષે, વગેરે વગેરે વિષયો પ્રસંગે પ્રસંગે નીકળશે. [નર્મદ શતાબ્દી અંત-નર્મદની પ્રસાદી-ગદ્ય, p. 66].

In short, every reference to Dalpatram I have found in Narmad is inspired by a spirit of mean and malignant envy. The only exception is when he says in connection with the prevalent superstitious belief in ghosts:

કવીશ્વર દલપતરામના ભૂતનિબંધે હુબરોની ખાતરી કરી છે અને હુબરોને એ જુઠાં વેમમાં પડી ગભરાતા બચાવ્યા છે. [જુનું નર્મ ગદ્ય, p. 284.] But as this is from an unsigned article in the સંકીર્ણ I am inclined to believe that it is not by Narmad.

I would not have dilated on this unpleasant trait of Narmad's character if numerous attempts had not been made by present day writers, either through ignorance or disingenuous partisanship, to gloss over and even flatly deny Narmad's vindictive and determined animosity against his popular rival. For instance, one of our younger poets writes: દલપતના દિલમાં કદીક નર્મદ આમેં ઊંચું મન થયું હશે, પણ નર્મદતો દલપત તરફ અહોભાવ, માનભાવ અને સદ્ભાવથી જોતો આવ્યો છે.... કદાચ થોડો તેનો દ્રેષ દલપતમાં જન્મ્યો હશે. પણ નર્મદે શુદ્ધ અંતઃકરણથી દલપતની મૈત્રી ઝંખેલી છે. [ગુજરાત સાહિત્ય સભા કાર્યવહી- (૧૯૩૬-૪૦) p. 21]. I dare say Sundaram has sufficient grounds for this amazing assertion; but I have failed to find them in the works of either Narmad or Dalpatram. Until these grounds are presented I am inclined to attribute this perversion of known and easily ascertainable facts to utter ignorance of them coupled with the insidious influence of unreflective and almost hysterical hero-worship that has obsessed the minds of even intellectual Gujaratis in the last twenty five years or so. I submit that it is the prime duty of those who claim to be the leaders of thought and culture, especially the younger writers who must mould the minds of coming generations, to rise above these temporary passions and obsessions, to leave them to clever and unscrupulous climbers and careerists, and to make but one passion the sole obsession of their lives, the passion for truth, for objective truth,—for truth as it is, and not as we would wish it to be. For surely, those who care for matters of the spirit,—(and all who are possessed by the writing itch must at least profess to care for such matters),—those particularly who are or claim to be the flower of our intellectual aristocracy, the teachers and poets, must put truth, and a fearless, two-eyed pursuit of truth, above everything else. Our heroes may be great, our country is certainly greater, but greatest of all is Truth.

We have considered Narmadashankar so far as poet and man. It remains to consider him in the two most important roles which, according to his modern admirers, he played in public life, firstly as social reformer and secondly as patriotic writer on Indian politics and the first harbinger of patriotism in Gujarat. As we have already seen, most extravagant praises have been lavished on Narmad as a great pioneer and mighty warrior in both these fields. Vishnuprasad Trivedi has given a grave warning to all venturesome critics of Narmadashankar : પંથ ભક્તોની જેમ પ્રેમાનન્દ ભક્તો, દયારામ ભક્તો, ગોવર્ધન, નાનાલાલ અને ગાંધીના ભક્તોની અસહિષ્ણુતા અસાધ્ય રોગની પેઠે ઘર કરી બેસી આપણા સંસ્કારી જીવનને મર્યાદિત બનાવતી બધ છે.

[નર્મદ શતાબ્દી ઐંથ, p. 228]. But as I have been fighting this અસાધ્યરોગ for nearly twenty years now, and have not yet succumbed, I proceed on my venture with an undisturbed mind. At the outset I must point out, as observed by Navalram, that Narmad had no original creative genius but was a sensitive weathervane that followed the various changes in the winds blowing from various directions in the world around him. Narmad himself has given us a glimpse of the ideas current and the influences active at the time he was passing through the critical period of his hobbadehoyhood. In his important essay ગુજરાતીઓની સ્થિતિ he writes in a footnote (on p. 64 of નર્મ ગદ્ય) : સને ૧૮૫૧ ની પહેલાં જીવંતોમાં જે કાંઈ જાણુવા જેવી બિનાઓ બની છે તે આ પ્રમાણે—સને ૧૮૪૩-૪૪ મા સૂરતમાં મહેતાજી દુર્ગારામ મંછારામ, માસ્તર દાદુળા પાંડુરંગ [who was a Dakshini], માસ્તર દલપતરામ ભગુલાઈ વગેરેએ માનવધર્મ સભા સ્થાપી હતી. એ સભાનો ઉદ્દેશ સભાનાં નામ ઉપરથી જણાય છે—ઋતિભેદ તોડવો, પુનર્વિવાહ ચલાવવો, મૂર્તિ ન પૂજવી, ઇત્યાદિ વિષયોપર વિચાર થતા ને ભાષણો અપાતાં.....એ સભા એ વર્ષ ચાલી હતી.

Very young as he was then, these influences may have imperceptibly entered his subconscious before he came to the wider life and freer atmosphere of Bombay. But I have a suspicion that he received his inspiration in the fields of social and political reform from Maharashtra including the very word સ્વદેશાભિમાન which all his panygerists from Navalram downwards have declared to be his own coinage. It seems he had close contacts with Marathi speaking people from early boyhood. Under ધર્મતંત્ર he notes : ૧૮૬૬ [i. e., 1843 A. D. when he was ten] લગી વેદાધ્યયન.....મારા પિતાના મિત્ર બાબાજી પાસે ભણ્યો, એ બાબાજી તે શ્રીપદના પિતા. [ઉત્તર નર્મદ ચરિત, p. 113].

Thus one of his earliest teachers was a Maharashtrian 'Vaidika', evidently the father of Shripad Babaji Thakur who ultimately passed out into the I.C.S. Between 1855 and 1858-59, Narmad was at Poona for some time ; as he notes under the same caption : હરદાસનું કામ કરવાની વૃત્તિ થયેલી ને એને માટે સંસ્કૃત અભ્યાસ સારુ પુને ગયેલો. [Ibid]. Evidently he was at Poona in October 1858, for in a footnote on p. 14 of 'Narma Kavita' he tells us that he composed certain poems when મારે પુને જવાની તાકીદ હતી, and that these poems were published by his father : મારી ગેરહાજરીમાં મારા બાપે ૧૮૫૮ અક્ટોબરમાં છપાવી. In a foot-note (p. 5 of નર્મ કવિતા) he tells us that in July 1856, એક ચોપડી વેચનારની દુકાને દક્ષણી વામન પંડિતનું કરેલું મરેડી "ગોપીગીત" મારા જોવામાં આવ્યું હતું; and that he purchased it and mechanically imitated the Marathi poet's metre, which was unknown to himself, for a poem of his own. He evidently did not know then the original જયતિ તેડધુના જન્મના વ્રજ which he says he translated later, in 1860. [નર્મ કવિતા p. 56. f. n.]. I do not know why it is commonly believed and averred that Narmad invented this metre, which is at least as old as the famous Puranic passage. But that is by the way. The point is that in 1856 he knew sufficient Marathi to read the poems of a rather difficult poet like Vāman Pandit. I am inclined to suspect that some of his earliest verses in Sanskrit metres were also written under Vāman's inspiration. The strict and even punning rhymes, for instance, in આત્મબોધ, a disgustingly obscene poem written on 17th September 1853 to celebrate his own 25th birthday, were unknown in Gujarati poetry at that time. Thus in the very first verse in the Śikharipi metre, he rings changes on the letters નવસરે for his four rhymes : નવ સરે, ન વસ રે, નવસ રે, and again નવ સરે but with a different meaning. This is exactly the way in which Marathi poets, and especially Vāman and Moropant, play with their rhyme letters. The word નવસ again (in the sense of વ્રત) is noteworthy. I think it is not natural to Gujarat ; it is a Marathi word. And I have found quite a remarkable number of Marathi words scattered over Narmad's works : ખૂણ (sign), જાગે જાગ (for જગે જગે), નકાર ઘંટા (peculiarly idiomatic Marathi for refusal, 'nay'), અસે (so be it), તાસ (hour), ચકાર (a single word), ચિદાખત (armour), બાધકળ [in the sense of વાહિયાત], [I don't know why the જોડણી કેશ goes to Sanskrit for the derivation of this word; in this sense it is purely Marathi]; સ્વયંવર સોળો (M. સોહજ); શપત (for શપથ); ધંડા લોહીના (ઠંડા), ગોંધળ, (the crude musical entertainment called ગોંધલ and ગોંધલી

its executant are peculiarly Maharashtrian institutions); थंडगार; शहाणुपणु ;
 'कोथव'दो कोथ नि'दो (a distinct borrowing from the saint poet of Maharashtra);
 'रुकुट' (in the sense of 'miscellaneous'). These are some instances of the
 purely Marathi words and expressions which are scattered throughout
 Narmad's works. I have been told that the Nagars of Surat do use certain
 Marathi words which other Gujarati Hindus do not. But words like नगोनाग
 and गोंधण, and the idiomatic expressions रुकुट, पाण्डण, अकार, नकार धंटा and
 कोथव'दो कोथनि'दो seem to me to be too peculiar to Maharashtra to be current
 even among Surat Nagars.

As for his views on social and political reforms, again, it may be noted
 that one of the main items of social reform, widow remarriage, was very early
 preached in Maharashtra. In a quite recent article on Vishnu Shastri Pandit
 (popularly known as Vishnubāva Brahmachāri), Professor G. B. Sardār
 writes : महाराष्ट्रांत पुनर्विवाहाच्या प्रश्नाला इ. स. १८४० पासूनच चालना मिळाली होती.
 इ. स. १८४२ साली बेळगांव येथे दोन ब्राह्मण बालविधवांचे पुनर्विवाह झाल्याचे वृत्त 'प्रभाकर'
 पत्रांत प्रसिद्ध झाले होते. याच सुमारास मुंबईस 'परमहंस भंडळी' या नांवाची गुप्त संस्था स्थापन
 झाली होती. तिच्या उद्देश पत्रिकेतहि "विधवांच्या पुनर्विवाहा विषयी संमति असावी" असे प्रमुख
 कलम होते. इ. स. १८५६ त विधवाविवाहाचा कायदा झाला. त्यामुळे ह्या सुधारणेच्या मार्गातील
 मोठी धोंड दूर झाली. [महाराष्ट्र साहित्य पत्रिका, October 1941, p. 85]. We know that
 Narmad joined this परमहंस भंडळी as a very young man and no doubt learnt
 his freethinking, his passion for नितरि, and also the habit of drinking, in this
 holy company of Paramahamsas. As early as 1848-1850, that scion of the
 Peshwa regime, Gopalrao Hari Deshmukh,—he was the son of a petty Brahmin
 Sardar under Bajirao II—a remarkable personality of whom Narasimharao
 Divatia has left an interesting sketch in his reminiscences,—had given
 public expression, in a series of extraordinarily outspoken and pungent
 letters, in the *Prabhākar* of Bombay, to every one of the advanced social and
 political views expressed by Narmad several years later. They made quite
 a sensation in those days, and republished in book form only two years ago,
 are decidedly worth reading and readable even to-day. Although Gopalrao's
 education was even more imperfect than Narmad's, he had a wonderfully
 objective vision and always tried to see things in the steady white light of
 reason. He strongly advocated the cause of woman, asserted her equality
 with man and whole-heartedly pleaded for widow marriage. He was dead
 against the caste system and reserved all his considerable powers of invective
 for his own Brahmin caste. No wonder when the wave of revulsion came
 later, the mouthpiece of Poona orthodoxy, Vishnu Krishna Chiplunkar,

devoted almost a volume in the shape of monthly instalments in his famous निबंधमाला to paying Gopalrao back in his own coin and denouncing him as a purblind traitor to his country and religion. For, the head and front of Gopalrao's offending was his terrific onslaught on Brahminism and a disconcertingly frank admission of the good points in British rule and Western culture. And he was not a blind admirer of these foreign and therefore satanic things. He pleaded for the gradual grant of more and more powers to Indians, culminating in an autonomous Indian Parliament. He protested strongly against all discrimination between Indians and whites. He urged Indians to buy only Swadeshi goods as far as possible and to refuse to sell raw materials to foreigners. He affirmed that India was being impoverished because the British would not make India their home as the Turks and Moghuls had done. He was sure that Indians would be far happier under an Indian than under the foreign officialdom,—provided the former shed all their traditional tendency to dishonesty, corruption and graft, and provided they inbibed the spirit of public service and all other fine qualities of the latter. In fact this man with his wonderfully lucid intellect and almost cynically passionless mind had no illusions. He stoutly declared, all the same, that the British connection was a providential dispensation, in as much as God intended that under British rule and guidance the Hindu nation should learn the right way of self-rule, and that the British should, on their part, do their appointed task of educating their wards as quickly as possible : and the limit he put for this devoutly to be wished and divinely appointed consummation was two hundred years (of which nearly half have already passed). It will be seen that there is scarcely one idea in the social and political reform repertory of Narmad that was not anticipated by Gopalrao ; and all these ideas the dour Maharashtrian expressed in his cool, deliberate, cogitative manner, without the rant and rhetoric and confused impulsiveness of Narmad.

In June 1849 Gopalrao wrote :

..... जाति अभिमान नसावा,...स्वदेशाची प्रीति व त्याचें कल्याण विशेषें करून मनांत वागवावें [p. 213]. In his letter headed, हिंदुस्थानाच्या पराधीनतेची कारणे dated 28th January 1849, he says that the Hindus lost their patriotism (देशाभिमान) because they lost their learning (विद्या). Thus Gopalrao Deshmukh uses the word देशाभिमान along with the idea of स्वदेशप्रीति six or seven years before Narmad is believed to have introduced it into the Gujarati language. But I think even Gopalrao Deshmukh was not the first to use the word 'Deshabhiman' or 'Swadeshabhiman'. Candy's English-Marathi dictionary gives as Marathi equivalents for 'Patriotism' स्वदेशाभिमान, स्वदेशभाषि,

वदेशप्रीति, स्वदेशासक्ति and स्वदेशानुराग; and the first edition of the dictionary appeared in 1847. I have not tried to trace the word thus first introduced by European educationists and lexicographers; but I should not be surprised if it occurs in some one or other of the Marathi school text books prepared in the thirties and forties by the pioneer educationists of Maharashtra like Bāl Shāstri Jāmbhekar and others who were also Molesworth's and Candy's colleagues in compiling the two great lexicons.

In another letter he says, as Narmad said later, that now that a free press exists people should frankly criticise evil customs and speak out frankly what they have to say about Government and officials [p. 365]. Narmad says in more places than one that when he was about 25 he thought of taking up the profession of 'Haridas'. Deshmukh writes in his letter dated 22nd April 1849 : चांगव्या गोष्टी छापखान्यातून निघाव्या असेंच नाही. हरदासांनी ही काढाव्या व त्यांस लोक एकत्र करण्याची फार शक्ति आहे. त्यांनी असे उपयोगी विषय लोकांस शिकविले तर सर्व आख्यानांहून ही आख्याने चांगली होतील. All these are remarkable coincidences, if nothing more; but the fact remains that Deshmukh's writings which created a sensation in Bombay and Poona when they first appeared preceded Narmad's earliest expression of similar views by five or more years. Gopalrao had all the dourness and almost cynical contempt for the limelight which characterise the stronger characters among Maharashtrians. His terrific onslaughts on his own Brahmin caste and his daring and far-sighted excursions in the fields of social and political reform are far more original and striking than the milder but infinitely more advertised essays of Narmad in the same field. And for these Gopalrao earned, instead of public fame and warm eulogies earned by Narmad from loyal friends like Navalrām, the determined opposition of his castemen and unscrupulous opprobrium and invective from champions of orthodoxy like Vishṇu Krishna Chiplunkar. Whatever that may be, I think that with all their faults and exaggerations the Hundred Letters are certainly worth careful perusal and pondering over even to-day. Their fearless clear-eyed introspection and keen apprehension and appreciation of fundamentals are valuable even to-day, full ninety years and more after they were published.

Another peculiarity of these epistles is that whenever Gopalrao speaks of the country and its people, of political and social reform, or of Swaraj, he talks consistently of Hindus throughout; non-Hindus are entirely outside his purview. In the new edition of these letters which appeared in 1940, the editor has made a very unconvincing and amusing attempt to gloss over this sectarianism or communalism : 'हिंदु' 'हिंदु' म्हणून ते म्हणत असले तरी आजच्या शब्द योजनेत त्याचा अर्थ 'हिंदी' असाच होतो हे सूझांना सांगणे नलगे. [p. 328.]

This is mere special pleading which no સૂત્ર can swallow. And, most remarkable to note, this is exactly the outlook of Narmad too. He never once has all Indians in his mind when discoursing on social and political reforms and aspirations; the non-Hindus simply do not exist for him. In the famous essay on સ્વદેશાભિમાન (1856), from beginning to end સ્વદેશ means હિંદુદેશ. He harps on the greatness and prosperity of the country under Hindu Rajas [ન. મ. ગ. વિ. p. 9]; on the glories of હિંદુધર્મ, હિંદુભાષા, હિંદુજ્ઞાન (p. 10); he cries out to God : હે પ્રભુ ! અમે હિંદુઓ દ્વારાર્થ ગયાં છીએ તેની તરફ જો (p. 17); and he expectantly looks forward to the time when હિંદુનું નામ ઊંચું આવશે (p. 11). He attributes the downfall of હિંદુ and the દેશ to the repeated invasions of Muslims : જેમ માર ખાવાથી ચામડું બહેર મારી જાય તેમ મુસલમાનના વારંવારના આવ્યાથી લોકો બહેર મારી ગયેલા છે, (p. 8). And he praises the British regime in unmeasured terms for giving the Hindus freedom of speech and opinion and an opportunity to retrieve past glory : ધન્ય છે હાલની સરકારને જે રૈયતને સ્વતંત્રતા વધારે આપતી જાય છે ! ને ત્યારે તમે ઊંઘમાંથી કેમ નથી ઊઠતા ? મુસલમાની રાજ્યમાં તો ચુંકે ચાં પથ્થુ ખોલાતું નહિ. In memorable words he writes : અંગ્રેજ લોકો ક્ષાનસમાન દીવા છે. એ દીવા તમને રોશની આપે છે. Evidently he did not believe in the fourfold ruination of India by the Santanic British, which is a cardinal doctrine of presentday politics. The same narrow and communal political outlook is apparent in a still more ligoted form in the essay on ગુજરાતીઓની સ્થિતિ (1869). It is throughout an appeal to ગુજરાતની અસ્મિતા, to assert itself. I certainly agree with Vishwanath Bhatt when he says : ગુજરાતની અસ્મિતાનો આદ્ય પ્રવર્તક નર્મદ હોતો, [ન. મ. પ. p. 33] It harps again on the damage done by Muslim aggressors, જુદા લોહીના, જુદી ભાષાના, જુદા ધર્મના અને વધારે જોરાવર મુસલમાનો—as he calls them (p. 19)—and bitterly regrets the indifference of the nonmartial castes when the Muslims conquered Gujarat : રે હિંદુનું રાજ જશે ને યવનનું થશે ને એથી હિંદુ ધર્મની ને સ્વદેશી રાજ્યથી મળતા યુગની હાનિ થશે એ વિચારથી ઉરકેરાઈને પથ્થુ તેઓએ (બ્રાહ્મણ વૈશ્યે) શસ્ત્રો લેઈ કરણુ ઘેલાને સહાયતા કરી નહિ ! [p. 19.] In the same essay he explains સ્વદેશાભિમાન in terms which should leave no doubt as to the exact connotation of the word as understood by him :

ત્રીજો જોસ્સો દેશાભિમાનનો—એટલે એકેક જણના દેશ પ્રત્યે અભિમાનનું સ્નેહાકર્ષણ એક રૂપ થઈ રહેવું તે સંબંધી છે.....તેજ દેશ, તેજ હવાપાણી, તેજ ભાષા, તેજ ધર્મ, ને તેજ રીતભાતમાં ઉછરેલા જે જન તેઓનું સુખ ઘણું કરીને સરખું જ હોય છે (p. 28). A few pages further he writes: સમય અનુકુળ છે..... હવે તો સઘળી પાસથી હિંદુ પ્રજાનું એક થવા માંડ્યું છે. રાજ્ય અનુકુળ છે. છાપખાનાં સહાય છે..... [નર્મગદ્ય p. 72]. Again he writes in 1859, referring to his allegory of વિદ્યારાણી with her two प्रधानs, ધર્મ and રાજસત્તા :હવે હિંદુ રાજસત્તા પ્રધાનનું થોડા વર્ષમાં દર્શન થાય તેવું બિલકુલ લાગતું નથી. [ન.મ.ગ. p 103]. In another allegory of his occurring in an essay written in 1864 he writes: હિંદુ રૂપી વહાણ સેંકડો વરસ થયાં દુર્દશાના દરિયામાં તોફાન ખાધ ખાઈને ખોખું થઈ રહ્યું છે અંગ્રેજી રાજ્ય જેના (sic) યોગરૂપી હેઠાઈત્રથી કંઈ દીશા માલુમ થવા લાગી છે, પણ હવે ખત્રાસીઓ એકસંપે કામ કરતા નથી. [p. 126]. In another writing dating from 1870 he defines દેશજનતા or દેશપણું and again says that common nationality consists in તેજ દેશનાં તેજ હવા પાણી, તેજ ભાષા, તેજ ધર્મનીતિ, તેજ રીતભાત; and he clinches the matter further in a footnote thus: દેશ, ભાષા, ધર્મને રાજ્ય એ દેશ જનતાની દેહનાં મુખ્ય અંગ છે [pp. 130, 131]. He urges that the main Hindu vernaculars should adopt the Devanagari characters, and adds: તેમ હિંદી ભાષા જે દેશમાં સર્વત્ર સમજાય તેવી છે તે થોડી ઘણી સહુએ બોલી લખી જાણવું જોઈએ. [p. 137.] And he keeps harping on આપણી હિંદુની દેશજનતા, આપણી (સર્વ હિંદુની) ચાલેલી વૃત્તિ, and then lays down the bed-rock principles of દેશજનતા, i. e., nationality: દેશજનતા ગઈ—આપણી ભાષા, આપણું હિંદુપણું, આપણું હિંદુ લોકો ગયું—એટલે પછી આપણે જ નહીં. [p. 140]. At the end of this passionate plea for the consolidation and regeneration of the Hindu nation, Hindu religion, Hindu social customs—he even forgets his reformist zeal and blurts out: મૂર્તિપૂજા એ આપણો સહુનો ધર્મ છે, [p. 134]—he suddenly remembers the non-Hindu encumbrances that happen to mar the pretty picture of a combined nation, and is constrained to find room for them somehow, and take notice of them. This he does in an amusingly half-hearted and lame though scarcely ambiguous manner: હિંદુસ્થાનમાં બહોળી વસતી હિંદુની છે ને હિંદુનીજ દેશજનતા હજી રહે છે, [which means that the

real nation consists of the Hindu element alone] માટે આટલી વાર મેં હિંદુ-ઓનેજ સંભળાવ્યું. હવે હું દેશના સર્વ જાતના વતનીને કહું છઉં. પારસી ને મુસલમાન હિંદુસ્તાની ભૂમિને શરણે છે. હિંદુસ્તાનની ભૂમિ તેમનું ભરણ પાપણ કરે છે — એઓ હિંદુઓના ભાઈઓ છે — એઓએ પણ હિંદુની સાથે દેશના કલ્યાણને અર્થે પરિશ્રમ કરવામાં ખંતથી સામેલ થવું જોઈએ. [pp. 140, 141] What is more, in all these essays he frankly admits that British rule and English education alone have made this new renaissance of the Hindu nation possible : ભલે અંગ્રેજનું રાજ્ય છે કે સર્વ પ્રજામાં દેશ-ભિમાનનો જોરસો ઉત્પન્ન થવા માંડ્યો છે, ને દેશીજનના સામાન્ય સુખને અર્થે ઐક્ય થવા માંડ્યું છે [p. 50]. In another outburst of gratitude he exclaims with perfect justice : ઓ દેશીઓ ! આ શાં તમારાં નૂર ! પરદેશીઓએ તમારે માટે શું શું કીધું છે ? તેઓ વડે આપણે અસલની વાત બાણવા માંડી છેવિલ્યમ જેન્સ, કોલબ્રૂક, વિલચન આદિ લઈ મોટા અંગ્રેજોએ શરીર, બુદ્ધિ અને પૈસાથી રાત્ર દિવસ ઘસાઈને, સંસ્કૃત અભ્યાસ કરી,..... અમૂલ્ય ગ્રંથો બનાવ્યા છે. And referring to Tod's 'Rajasthan' and A. K. Forbes's રાસમાળા he adds : જે કામ આપણે આપણુંજ બિલકુલ, તે સર્વ અંગ્રેજો અસલ રૂપે બતાવે છે [p. 197.] Elsewhere in a similar outburst he exclaims : જુઓ ભાઈઓ, અંગ્રેજ રાજ્યથી નવા વિચાર દાખલ થયેથી, રેડ્યેથી, સંગતિ લાભ (means association) વધ્યેથી, ને છાપખાનાથી, વાર્તાપ્રસાર (newspapers) થયેથી આપણી સ્થિતિ કેટલી બધી થોડા વર્ષમાં ફરી છે ! [p. 441] Here too it is only in the last paragraph that he remembers the non-Hindu element [p. 445].

It should be noted that these are Narmad's considered views, expressed in ordinary workaday prose, not in verse spouted in જોરસાનો નશો or નશાનો જોરસો. However, if we carefully examine even his so-called patriotic and fire-eating verse the conclusions we derive are almost the same, the only difference being that in verse he likes to roar a lot like a lion and then ends as a rule on the disappointingly tame note of fighting social evils. He has himself made this quite clear : વિનાશૌર્ય નહિં તુટે, જાતિનાં બંધન મ્હોટાં; વિના શૌર્ય નહિં ઘટે, પુખ્તના ઠાંઠો ખોટા. And his friend Navalram clearly saw this fact : સુધારાવાળામાં લોક વિચારની સામા ખુલ્લી રીતે પડવાની હિંમત નથી, એ હિંમત આણવી એ વીરરસનાં પદોનો હેતુ હતો [ન. ગં. p. 232] In fact, warlike phraseology had become part of his stock poetical armoury in writing on any subject. For instance, he talks of સ્વતંત્રતા and ખરી હિંમત and declaims :

હિમ્મતે ન હારિ ભાઈ ઝટ નાંતરાં કરે. [ન. ક., p. 51]. 'He waxes warlike, talks of swords and spears, and after exhausting all his war-whoops, exhorts his readers to destroy the imaginary bogey called વહેમ જવન—which is the name he gives to those social and religious superstitions and evil customs that in his opinion kept the Hindu nation from growing to its full stature. And the word જવન or યવન is also significant of his intensely Hindu and anti-Muslim mentality. This is a delicate subject in these days of inflamed communal feelings but we can not shirk it if we want to arrive at the real truth about Narmad's real opinions. The scores of historical references to Muslim rule scattered throughout his works in prose and verse consist mostly of adverse references to or descriptions of tyranny, bloodshed, rapine and iconoclastic fanaticism. The whole of his longest and on the whole least uninteresting piece in verse, હિંદુએની પડતી, is nothing but a glorification of past Hindu greatness, real or imaginary, historical or legendary. In it he dwells on every great fight put up by the Hindus against Muslims. He is no less uncomplimentary to the Marathas and especially the Maratha regime in Gujarat; but in his zeal as a Hindu he forgets and forgives the hated Shivaji's raids in Gujarat and his sacks of Surat and writes:

ધન શિવાજી શૂર, ગમે તેવો પણ હિંદુ;

જન ગમેતે કેડ, તોય હું તો ના નિંદ. [ન. ક., p. 421.]

And in a footnote on p. 417 he frankly says about the 1857 mutiny : એ વેળા તો હિંદુએના હાડવેરી જે મુસલમાન તે બને સાથે મળી ગયા હતા.

There is a dreary and raggedly prosy poem called વીર સિંહ, which is said by the editor of નર્મદનું મન્દિર, પદ્ય વિ. to be an allegorised description of the gradual absorption of India by the East India Company [p. 210]. One count of complaint in this poem is : પરદેશી મુસલ્લા નીચ, ફ્રાન્સમાં અને, કચેરી-માંય રાખ્યા પાસ. [ન.મ.પ. p. 118.] Strange enough he employs this

pejorative form of 'Musalman' in his prose writings also. In describing an interesting experience at Bhavnagar at the house of a Muslim singing woman he writes : એક મુસલ્લો તરેહવાર રાગની ફરમાસ કરતો—પેલી ચ્હીડતી પણ ગાતી.

એક વખત એ મુસલ્લો બોલ્યો કે કેરબો કર [મારી હ., p. 58]. I do not think it is necessary to enlarge more on the violently bigoted, sectarian and communal mentality of Narmad so far as his so-called "Nationalism" is concerned. But his long epopee on the fall of the Hindus, after all its heroics, ends its Part II in the usual bathos, —in an exhortation to Hindus to

fight against **વહેમ જવન** [pp. 422-23], although it keeps up the fire-eating bluster about ચળકતાં શસ્ત્રો, તોપ ભડાકા, લોહિની નદિયો etc.; for the upshot of all these bloodcurdling heroics is :

વહેમ યવનની સાથ, સુધારાદિત્ય લડે છે ;
ભર્ત ખંડમાં બુદ્ધ, કહું ચોમેર મચે છે.

In Part III again, after displaying much martial fury he asks Hindus to unite, gives the politically suggestive analogy of the big black snake being overpowered even by ants when united in a mass attack but quite tamely proceeds to explain it away :

હિંદુ તનુજથી તેમ, સંપમાં જો રેહવાયે,
સાપ પડે રિપુ વહેમ, કાળ કંટક મરિ નાચે.

And again he ends in bathos with female education : સમજી સ્ત્રીથી બાળ સુધડ રીતે બિઝરશે ; and, અનિર્બંધનો તુડે, પરસ્પર જમવું થાશે ; and when that happens :

નતિમેદ દળિ જશે, પંથ પાખંડી ઘટશે ;
એક ધર્મના સર્વ, હિંદુઓ તારે બનશે.

The envoi is even more significant in view of the modern reputation of Narmad as an anti-British rebel poet, and is worth quoting at length :

કમાવવા આવિયા, અંગરેજો અહિંયાં જો,
હાથ કરે છે રાજ, આપણાં તે નીરાંતે.
હિતુ આપણા તેહ, ખાંનથો શિખવે છે તે ;
ક્યારે થઇએ સર્વ સમજતા છુટશું છે તે !
નથી આપણે યોગ્ય, રાજ કરવે હમણા રે ;
સુખે કરે તે રાજ, આપિ હક પ્રગ્ન તાણા રે'.....
મંગલાંડથી છુટી, અહીં નિત રાજ ચક્રવર્તી ;
રાણિ વંશને તેયિ, આપણી સંપત વધશે.
મોગલાઈની પડે, અંગરેજો અહિં રહેશે.
એ આશા મજ દૂજો, આશ છે સદ ઉદ્દેશે'.....

And this long composition in very elementary doggerel with a few fairly eloquent passages is dated Surat, December 1866.

As for his other highly admired patriotic poems, I would ask those who read their own quite modern ideas into them to study the notes appended to most of them by the poet himself. The poet's fiery patriotism is roused in one because મને ઇનકમ ટાકસ સંબંધી સરચારજ થયો હતો તે ઉપરથી.

And it should be noted again that ફરિ જોયનિયું આપે shows that the *patria*, સ્વદેશ, was for the poet હિંદુ દેશ—for he prays to God that He may હિંદુ દેશને થાપે; and the poet reminds the Almighty હિંદુ દેશ માનીતો તારો;—which reminds us of Iqbal's complaints to Allah why He is letting down his own fervent worshippers who were his favourites once.

There is little doubt that Narmad was a bigoted communalist, and I suspect he was, as in so many other matters, an earlier edition of modern Hindu Mahasabha leaders and their subtler Avatars, the 'Akhand Hindustan' leaders. For instance, consider his strong advocacy of highly Sanskritised Hindi as the 'ન્યાયનંદ ભાષા'. He writes in 1888 :.....મારું મન નથી ઉરદુ કરવાનું નથી પણ હિંદી કાયમ રાખવાનું છેહિંદુસ્તાનની ન્યાયનંદ ભાષા સંસ્કૃત હતી, પણ હવે જેમાં વિશેષ સંસ્કૃતને થોડા ઊરદુ શરસી શબ્દો આવે લેવી, આગરા, કાશી વગેરેમાં હિંદુઓ જે ભાષા બોલે છે તે હિંદી હોવી જોઈએ.....કહેશો કે શુદ્ધ હિંદીમાં મુસલમાનને ગમ નહીં પડે, પણ એટલું તો ખરું છે કે તેઓ સમજી તો શકશેજ; ને અગર તેઓને અનકુળ ન પડી તો પણ શું? હિંદુસ્તાનમાં હિંદુની સંખ્યા મુસલમાન કરતાં આગળી વધારે છે, માટે આપણે આપણી નાશનંદ ભાષા હિંદીજ રાખવી.....ઓગણીસ કરોડની વસ્તીમાં માત્ર ત્રણ કરોડ ઉર્દુ બોલનાર છે. [ઉત્તર નર્મદ ચરિત, p. 42.]

This is exactly what many professing nationalists feel to-day, if they do not say so. I for one believe that Narmad's plain speaking is very much to be preferred to the underhand tactics of some dishonest leaders of political opinion to-day who really mean Sanskritised Hindi but insist on calling it Hindustani to hoodwink the champions of Urdu.

One other romantic legend about Narmad that has been made current by overzealous modern admirers is that he was in full sympathy with the protagonists of the Mutiny of 1857 and that he was the first to call the Mutiny a War of National Independence [વીર નર્મદ, p. 114]. Some capital is made out of the fact that in હિંદુઓની પડતી Narmad praises the Peshwa Nana Sahab, Tatya Tope and the Rani of Jhansi. But this he does on the same principle on which he would not blame Shivaji, ગમે એવો પણ હિંદુ; and he actually says of Rani Lakshmibai, તુંથિ છે જસ હિંદુને. (III. 20). As a writer

has specifically raised the question recently in a reputable magazine like *Prasthān*, it is worth while probing this myth deeper. Nagindās Pārekḥ quotes at length in the issue for Chaitra 1996 (pp. 476 ff.), an article on the Mutiny in the *Buddhivardhak Grantha*, Vol. 3, No. 1, for January 1858, a magazine that was actually edited by Narmad for some time. The original article says among other things : એ બલવાથી હિંદુ પ્રગતને સ્વતંત્ર કરવાને ખંડખોર સીપાઇઓ પણ દાવો કરતા નથી. તેઓએ આરંભમાં હિંદુ લોકોના કટા દુશ્મનોને રાજ્ય સોંપ્યું જેઓએ સેંકડો વસ્સ સુધી હિંદુસ્તાનને ખરાબ કીધું, અને હિંદુઓને દુઃખ દીધું, જેઓએ આપણા વડાઓને કાંઈ છુટ અથવા રાજદ્વારી હક આપ્યા નથી તેઓને એ હરામખોરોએ દિલ્લીની ગાદી ઉપર બેસાડ્યા.....હિંદુ ધર્મના હાડવેરી જે મુસલમાનો જેઓ નજદીક નવસો વરસ થયાં હિંદુ ધર્મને ખુરાડતા અત્યંત મહેનત કરે છે, જેઓએ આપણાં હજારો દેહેરાં વટાવ્યાં તથા ભાંગી તેઓની જગાએ મસીદો બાંધી, લાખો બ્રાહ્મણોને તથા ખ્રીજ હિંદુઓને પોતાના ધર્મને હકને લખને વળગી રહ્યાના કારણથી મારી નાંખ્યા, જેઓએ હિંદુઓની હજારો મુરતી ભાંગીઓ, એવા જે આપણા ધર્મના વેર! તેઓને બલવાખોરોએ રાજ અધિકાર સોંપ્યો.....આપણા માફા ભાગ્યે જો એ બલવાખોરો ફતે પામે (જે કે કોઈ કાસે પણ બનનાર નથી) તો આપણા ગરીબ દેશની હાલત શી થશે હિંદુ અને મુસલમાનોની લડાઈ નોત ચાલે; આખો દેશ નાહના અગણીત રાજોમાં વેંડવાઈ ગય; એ નાહના રાજ એક ખ્રીજ જોડે હમેશ લડે, આખો દેશ ઉજડ અને વેરાન થાય,અને અપાર ખરાબી થાય. પણ એટલુંજ બસ નથી, કાબુલ કંધાઃ તથા ઇરાનના લોકો અને તાતાર લોકો હિંદુસ્તાન છુટવા અને જીતવા આવશે.....ઇશ્વર કૃપાથી એવું બનનાર નથી, ઇંગ્રેજ સરકાર એવી જબરી છે કે પોતાના સઘળા વેરીઓને જર કરી શકે. ઇંગ્રેજ સરકાર બળવાન છે તો પણ આપણે આપણી ફરજ બજાવવી જોઈએ અમે ખરા દિલથી અને ખાત્રીથી કહીએ છ આપણા લોકો હજી પોતાના દેશનું રાજ પોતે ચલાવી શકે એમ નથી; અને અંગ્રેજ સરકારના જેવી ખ્રીજ સારી સરકાર આપણને મળનાર નથી એ સિવાયે આ વખતે આસરો આપ્યાથી આપણા લોકને વજન અને આખર મળશે.....અમે ટુંકામાં કહીએ છીએ કે આ વેળા આપણે તમાસગીરતી માફક શાંત બેસી જોયા કરીશું તો આપણે થાણું નુકસાન થશે..... પૈસાદારોએ પોતાની કાશળી છોડવી, અને મધ્યમ સ્થિતિના લોકો પણ પોતાની હાંશ અને શક્તિ પ્રમાણે આવી મદદમાં સામેલ રહેવું કારણ કે જો બલવાખોરો આવ્યા હોત તો એમાંનું થોડુંજ આપણી પાસે રહેત.....ગરીબોએ, સીપાઇઓએ, રાજ અને હાકારોએ, લડાઈમાં જવા અરજ કરવી જોઈએઅમારી સુચના પ્રમાણે અમારા દેશીઓ કરે કે નહીં, તો પણ અમને જે લખવાની ફરજ જણાઈતે લખ્યું છે. જેઓ આપણા લોકમાં આગેવાનપણું ધરાવે છે, જેઓ વિચારવંત અને શક્તિવાળા છે, તેઓને આ વાત ધ્યાનમાં લેવાને અને એ વિષે વિચાર કરવાને સોંપીએ છીએ.

Commenting on this article, Nagindas Parekh writes : આ 'બુદ્ધિવર્ધક' માસિક મુખ્યત્વે 'બુદ્ધિવર્ધક' સહા તરફથી પ્રગટ થતું હતું. કવિ નર્મદાશંકર એ સમાના અંતે માસિકના સંચાલકોમાં મુખ્ય હતા. આ ૧૮૫૮ની ફાઇલમાં પણ નર્મદના અનેક લેખો છે. પણ આ લેખ એનો હોય એવું લાગતું નથી. આ લેખ નવાનો છે. આ લેખ વાંચીએ છીએ ત્યારે જાણે આપણે કોઈ સરકારી જાહેરનામું વાંચતા હોઈએ એવું લાગે છે. હિંદુ મુસલમાનોને લડાવી મારવાની યુક્તિ, હિંદુએ સ્વરાજ્ય ચલાવતા માટે તદ્દન નાલાયક છે એવી દૃઢ માન્યતા, વગેરે બધીજ વસ્તુઓ એમાં મોજૂદ છે. વળી ભાષા પણ અંગ્રેજી રચના વાળી છે—ખાસ કરીને પાછલા ભાગમાં તે ભાષાંતરિયા થઈ ગયેલી છે. એ ઉપરથી મને તો એવો પણ વહેમ ગયો કે કોઈ કે અંગ્રેજીમાં લખી આપ્યું હશે અને તેનો તરજુમો કરીને આ જાણ્યો હશે. Nagindas may be right and perhaps Narmad had nothing to do with the article. But there is nothing in it that can be definitely pointed out as being opposed or contrary to Narmad's known opinions. We have already seen that there is not a single idea in the article that can not be found in Narmad's known writings: even the expression હાડવેરી we have already seen used in a note on હિંદુઓની પડતી, in connection with this very subject of the Mutiny. What is more, Narmad wrote a whole series of poems about two dozen in all, on the Mutiny, from October 1857 to July 1859 and they are given in 'Narmada Kavita' at pp. 325 to 329. They clearly show his views about the mutineers and their activities, and it will be worth while investigating these views instead of passing tendentious and therefore unscholarly judgments offhand. The first poem ધર્મ પ્રાર્થના-ખંડસંબંધી bears the note :

એ પ્રાર્થના ઇસવીસન ૧૮૫૭ ની ૪ થી અક્ટોબરે
મામાદેવી મધ્યે વાંચવામાં આવી હતી.

The third poem in this first series prays to God :

સુખકર સજ અવીચળ કર તું, સ્થિરતા સુમતિ દઇ સારી ૩
દુષ્ટ અમર્યાદ બંડખોરોની જહેલી ઉતારી ખુમારી ;
જયજયકાર અંગ્રેજ ધનનો, નાદ ભણવ જઈએ વારી ૪

In the next poem in Dohras he writes :

અંગ્રેજ જ્યાં રાજ છે, મૂલમ ના દેખાય ;
ઉધમ ઠામોડામ બહુ, ધરણી ધમ ધમ થાય. ૧
અનેક ધનવંતા ગરીબ, સમન્યાયે તોળાય ;
વરને બકરી બે જણાં, પાસ પાસ જોવાય. ૨

In another poem he again prays :

અહા દયાળુ રાજને, સંકટ આ શી પેર ;
સંકટ મોટું ગણિતે, હરિ વળ વહારે વહેલ. ૧

And in another he says in Ovi metre (evidently borrowed from Marathi prosody) :

તેમ રાગ પ્રગ્ન પાળક, નથી એ સરખો અવર. ૧
રાગ મોટો નીતિમાન, કાઈ નહીં એના સમાન ;
માટે ઇશ દેઇ કાન, જયજય કર સવ દા. ૨

Again,

રાજ્ય રહે રાણીનું, સદૈવ કહે આળને તરણ વૃધ્ધ ;
વર માગે છે એવો, પ્રારથના હરિ તણી કરી સિધ્ધ.

And,

સલુક સંપને સ્થીરતા ભલી,
લુણ હરામિત હુલ્લે પળી,૨

.....૩ દગલ્યાળને શાસનો કરી,
વિજય દે તું અંગ્રેજને ફરી. ૪
નરમ પ્રાર્થના દીલમાં ધરી,
જલદિ આવિને સાલ્ય થા હરી ;
ગજ્ય ચોદિશે આ જ રાજની,
જય જયો જયંકારની ધ્વની.

After the Mutiny was over, Narmad wrote a number of poems praising God for granting victory to the British and saving the Indians from the wicked rebels whom he calls અસુર. The poet's note says : એ સ્તવન મામાદેવીમાં વાંચવા સાં રા. રા. જગન્નાથ શંકરશેકની વિનંતિ ઉપરથી ખતાવવામાં આવ્યું હતું તે તા. ૨૮મી જુલાઈ ૧૮૫૬ ને દિને ત્રણ વાગે મામાદેવીમાં દવે કાલશંકર પુરુષોત્તમે વાંચ્યું હતું. The સ્તવન begins :

અસુર ત્રાસથી તું મુકાવવા.
નિનતિ સાંભળી રંક પાળવા ;
જલાદિ આસરો રાણિને દિધા,
પછિ સુરંચતે સંપને પિધા.
..જય કયો ડોકો ઇંદિશો તણો,
નલિ વળાયરે પાડ તે ધણો ;
ગજવિ હાક તે રાણિની ખરી,
ફરિયિ ચોદિશે ધન્ય રે હરી. ૭

In another poem he writes in a ferocious mood : •

.....અ'ડ કં મદમાતા, તાતા જેના સ્વભાવ તો ભારી ;
મારિ કર્યા ચક્રચુરા, હમે અનાથો થયા જ આભારી. ૩

And,

.....થકવિ હરાવિ નમાડી, અ'ડકરને છુંદ્યા દુરાચારી. ૫
બુણ હરામી અ'ડો, ક્રોધાથી જે થયા ખરે ખર તે ;
સંહાર્યા હરિ દુષ્ટો ક્રોધી હમ પર દયા ખરેખર તે . ૬

The climax is reached when the poet calls the rebels many bad names and pours contempt and wrath on their unfortunate heads :

હરે હે હરે હે હરેરે,
સહુ લોક કહેતા અનાથો ખરે રે ;
પ્રભુ કેમ થાશે હવે રે અરે રે.
હમે શણું છેપે તુને રે હરે રે. ૧
સુણી પ્રાર્થના દાઝતે જાણિને રે,
ઝિતાડી દયાળુ રૂડી રાણિને રે,.....૨
હિરણ્યાક્ષ શંખાસુરો કંસ માર્યા,
હરામી મધુ કૈટભોને પહાડ્યા;
વળી ચંડચુંડો અને કુલકર્ણ,
શિશુપાળ ચાણુર જે નીચવર્ણ.

I am afraid these નીચવર્ણ rebels must be the non-Hindu colleagues of Nana-saheb, Tatya Tope and the Rani of Jhansi who were, of course, Brahmins. There follows another સ્તવન which was publicly recited, first at the house of Dr. Bhau Daji and secondly again at the Mama Devi temple. It is on the same lines as those above, calls the rebels દુષ્ટ and અરિ and proceeds :

થાતી દેશ ખરાબી, તેથી તે' હરિ ઉગારિ રે લીધા;
ઈંગ્લિશ જય હોવાથી, સ્થિરતા નદિજળ હમે રૂડાં પીધાં. ૬

And the poet fervently prays in his own name to God :

રાણી રાજ્ય કરો બહુ, પસરો અક્ષય કીર્તિ ;
રાયરંકની નિત વધો, સુખદ પરસ્પર પ્રીતિ—

—which is bad, even villainous, rhyme, but very good sense—

દ્વિવેદિ નર્મદશંકરે, કયું સ્તવન આ ઠાર;
શ્રોતા સૌ જન બ્રહ્મનો, બોલો જ્યજ્યકાર ૪

And again he waxes furiously abusive about the rebels whom he reviles in unmeasured terms while imagining a War Council of the Gods against the અસુરે rebels:

દૈત્ય પૂર્વે હતા તે ફરિ, અવતર્યા શું આંહિં રે
કર્મ ખુનિનાં નવણ્યાં ન, મળે જોડો કાંહિ રે ૧૨
દુષ્ટ પાપી દૈત્ય સહુથી, કોણ લે ભગારી રે;
હામ ભીડે ઇંદ્રાબ, એકલો શું વિચારિ રે ૧૩
બ્રહ્મ વિનવ્યો પ્રભ દેવે, ઇંદ્રને ધા સારિ રે;
દયાસિંધુ સુણિ તું આવ્યો, બહેલ બહારે ધાઈ રે ૧૪
બંડખોર તણો કયો ક્ષય, પકડિ લૂટી બાંહિ રે,
રંકનું તેં કયું રક્ષણ, પાડ મહોટો આંહિ રે ૧૫

One very interesting fact about Narmad's reaction to the Mutiny of 1857 has not so far been mentioned by any one of the numerous writers on his life and works. On p. 7 of his poetical works occurs a poetical appeal to a 'Vanik' 'Sheth' to put his hand in his purse and help generously, and a foot note explains : રંડાયલી અથ્રેજ બૈરીઓને માટે રિલીફ ફંડને સારૂ (૧૮૫૭ માં). Even if there were no other proofs, this alone should constitute a decisive proof showing conclusively on which side his sympathies lay in those troublous times. Equally interesting and instructive is Narmad's paean of praise entitled દેશમેં આનંદ ભયો, જેજે વિક્ટોરિયા and dated 1st November 1858:

ધન્ય જન્મ વિક્ટોરિયા, ધન્ય ઘડી પળવાર,
ધન્ય અઢાર ઉગણીસ મે, તારિખ વિસને ચાર ૧....
આજકાલ પૃથ્વી વિશે, ઇંગલીશનું રાજ,
વિજય વિજય સહુ દેશમાં, નહિં નબળાનું કાજ....
ધન્ય દેશને ધન્ય જન. ધન્ય રાણિની દેહ,
ધન્ય રાણિના ગુણને, અચળ રાજ શુભ રેહ. ૨૧

And, after all this, if anyone still has any doubt about the article in the 'Buddhivardhak', here is Narmad speaking authentically on its behalf :

બુદ્ધિવર્ધક સર્વને, વિનતિ કરે આ ઠાર,
રાણીશ્રીનો આ સમે, બોલો જયજયકાર—

and as a loyal subject closing with the loyal prayer: ઈશ્વર રાણીનું રક્ષણ કરે ! [નર્મદ કવિતા, p. 338.] I really fail to understand how Narmad's attitude towards the Mutiny or towards British rule in general in India differs at all from that of poor Dalpatram who is bitterly and constantly but most foolishly reviled by our modern patriotic men of letters and hack journalists for the great crime of writing હરબા હરબે તું હિંદુસ્તાન. The બકરી and વાઘ and વરૂ and so forth and so on are all there in Narmad; if anything, his verses are more violently loyal than those of Dalpat, though certainly far less fluent and musical. Narmad has also written loyalist verses on the death of the Prince Consort, and on the wedding of the Prince of Wales, in 1862 and 1863 respectively. It is also worth noting here that his loyalist verses are not the outcome of some sudden impulse; they are deliberately composed and range over at least seven years. I think I have made it quite clear by quoting Narmad's own views in prose and verse that his poems, which it is the fashion to cry up as patriotic and particularly anti-British, are most of them rankly communal, and, in a few cases, outbursts of personal pique roused by petty incidents. A large number, again, are only about petty social reforms although they employ inflated war-like phraseology. In the main he remained, to the end of his life, as loyal a subject of the Queen as Dalpatram. If anything, his loyalty is more demonstrative and theatrical than Dalpat's, what with his murderously violent sentiments about the mutineers and his fervent shout "God save the Queen !"

It remains to ascertain his real and finally fixed opinions on religious, social and political matters. For these we must study his later writings collected in the book entitled ધર્મવિચાર, and his memoranda dating from about 1875 published in ઉત્તર નર્મદચરિત. These writings of his last few years of life constitute his final and solemn testament,—the fruit of his ripe and deliberate thinking, gathered when he had fully matured in age and experience. In religious and social matters they simply wipe out the reformist veneer he had acquired from his education, from his perfunctory acquaintance with English literature and cultural history, from his contacts with broadminded English and Indian teachers in early life and from the influences which then prevailed in the intellectual atmosphere of Gujarat and Maharashtra and which his assimilative, imitative and impressionable nature imbibed uncritically and almost unconsciously. With all his boasted modernism as rebel and reformer, at bottom he remained what he was by birth and heredity and nature,—a believing and superstitious Vaidik, an orthodox and bigoted Hindu who never forgot that he was a Brahmin. It was impulsive imitation and thoughtless enthusiasm for views then fashionable that made him believe, no doubt honestly, for some years that he was a

great social and religious reformer destined to regenerate Hindu society. And perhaps his inordinate vanity and love of limelight and popularity,—his admitted principle was the good old adage *येन केन प्रकारेण प्रसिद्धः पुरुषो भवेत्* or, as he puts it *इडे नाम के लूडे नाम, पणु नाम*,—induced him to go to extremes in the reformer's role. I have little doubt that his real nature is revealed and his real opinions are to be found in this *धर्मविचार*, this final testament and recantation of his which all but a few of his admirers find it difficult to swallow. Here he openly advocates ideas for which most Hindus, however reformed they may believe themselves to be, have a responsive chord hidden somewhere deep down in their hearts: idolatry, caste, untouchability, spiritual and cultural superiority of Brahmins over all other Hindus, of Hindus over all non-Hindus and of man over woman; early marriage of girls, enforced widowhood, and husband worship for wives, culminating in the *Sati* ideal for which almost all Hindus again have an open or covert fondness and admiration. Even in his recantation, Narmad was undoubtedly influenced and impelled by the wave of reaction against Western ideas and against the tendency to modernisation, that set in in the seventies with the advent of the Arya Samaj and was powerfully helped by well-meaning or designing Westerners like Havell, Blavatsky and Olcott. It is difficult to estimate the harm done to the Indian mind by such persons in confirming it in its eternal conservatism.

But I do not think it right to blame Narmad for holding views held by his forbears for a hundred generations. If anything I admire his courage in thus recanting and testifying to what he honestly and devoutly believed. What I cannot admire is the pitiful wobbling of those modern admirers of his who fall between two stools,—who have not the courage to avow these opinions and who yet want to claim Narmad as their leader and their 'generalissimo', simply because he loudly professed, through some twenty years of his life, to be a social and religious reformer, and because he casually expressed now and then, in an effervescent mood and mostly in gushing but crude verse, patriotic or rather anti-British views. As I have said before, Narmad most probably imbibed these pseudo-revolutionary ideas like his temporary obsession about *नातरी* from his contacts with Maharashtra; while the views expressed in *धर्मविचार* are credibly and really his own profound convictions, innate and deeply felt, firmly and finally held. The man who had scoffed at the superstitions of his co-religionists and fiercely denounced them came to such resolves in his later years: *हुजमत—रवि, सोम, मंगल, शुक्र, न उरवी. बुध के शुक्र उराववी; वणी तिथि परतवे आठे, तेरस, चौदश, पूनेम, अभासे नही. [उत्तर न. च.]*

I need not quote any more excerpts to show that after about 1874 when he was 41 the 'reform' fever completely left him and he died perfectly satisfied with beliefs he had inherited as just one of the vast crowd of idolatrous *Yoga-cum-mant*-ridden superstitious Hindus. It will be more to the point in view of his presentday apotheosis as a political rebel to examine his considered and final opinions on Indian politics. He does want હિંદુ રાજ but not by the means advocated by the social reformers and by himself once. He writes in ધર્મવિચાર (p. 8) : લાંબે કાળે પણ આ દેશમાં હિંદુઓનું સ્વરાજ્ય થાય એ હેતુ હિંદુ સુધારાનો હોવા બેઠ્યો.....તેસ વર્ષનો અનુભવ કહે છે કે સુધારાનું દેશાભિમાન તે સ્વદેશી ધર્મનીતિ-રીતિ વિષે દેશી સમસ્તનું બહુ કાળનું જે ઉત્તમ પ્રકારનું અભિમાન તેને નિંદી નિર્મૂળ કરવાને મથન કરે છે.

He goes on to give, I think quite correctly, the traditional ideas of Hindus in general on political activities. Narmad's view is supported by a dictum of Rabindranath Tagore, quoted with strong disapproval by Keshavlāl Kāmdār: "It is time that we should get at the bedrock of facts and realise that the mentality of India is non-political". [સ્વાધ્યાય Vol. II, p. 146.] Narmad also writes:

હિંદુ પ્રજા નિવૃત્તિ ધર્મનો મોટો વિચાર રાખનારી તે નવા દેશાભિમાનને ઝીલતી નથી.....મોટી પ્રવૃત્તિએ મોટાં પાપ થાય, રાજ્ય પ્રાપ્ત કરવાની ખટપટમાં ને પછી ઐશ્વર્યના મદમાં બહુપાપ. 'રાજને અંતે નરક' એમ પણ કહેવાય છે.

(Ibid). [The complete adage is 'તપેરાજ્ય, અને રાજ્યેનરક' — a beautiful achievement of the mathematical physicist's dream, perpetual motion]. If the Hindus, then, must give up these wrong unspiritual methods of attaining Swaraj, how is it to come ? Narmad answers: પ્રભુનિર્મિત

સમયે સત્રી પ્રાણદાન કરશે, બ્રાહ્મણ અનુષ્ઠાન ફલદાન કરશે, ને વૈશ્ય સમૃદ્ધિદાન કરશે સ્વધર્મરક્ષણને અર્થે, ને એમ સર્વેને પુણ્ય બળે જયલાલ થશે.

(p. 39). Of course, Śudras etc., i. e., about four-fifths of the Hindu community do not count, to speak nothing of the Muslims. As Keshavlāl Kāmdār rightly observes with reference to ધર્મવિચાર in a sarcastic vein: માત્ર સનાતની હિંદુઓ હિંદીઓમાં સમાઈ ગયા, અને શૂદ્રો, ખ્રિસ્તીઓ, જૈનો, મુસ્લિમો, બધા હિંદમાંથી અલોપ થઈ ગયા. [સ્વાધ્યાય, I. p. 256.]

For, Narmad argues: બીડમાં કેઈ બ્રાહ્મણબુદ્ધિનો હોય, ને બ્રાહ્મણમાં થોડા બીડ બુદ્ધિના હોય, તો પણ પારલોક તથા આ લૌકિક વ્યવસ્થામાં બ્રાહ્મણ ઉંચો

ને ભીલ નીચો એજ ખરું છે. બ્રાહ્મણ કોળી સર્વે મનુષ્યરૂપે સંસારી યોગ્યતા ને માટે સરખા હક ધરાવે છે એ વિચાર ખોટો છે. (P. 59)

Not only does Narmad firmly believe in the caste principle, he goes further and avers: હમણા સેંકડો જ્ઞાતિ છે....., તો પણ બ્રાહ્મણ માત્રની એક, અને એઓને પૂજ્ય માનનારા બીજા લોક સમસ્તની એક એમ બે મુખ્ય જ્ઞાતિ ગણાય,

(p. 149). I am inclined to believe that this interesting dichotomy also was perhaps taught to Narmad by Maharashtrians, who have firmly held the Puranic dictum कलावाच्यन्तयोः स्थितिः, that is, in the Kaliyuga there are no Vais̥yas or Kshatriyas,—those who are non-Brahmins are all Śūdras.

Narmad emphasises this doctrine in હિંદુઓની પડતી where he says : વૈશ્ય થયા નિર્વંશ, હશે કે સંકર ન્યાતો, ; and adds in a foot note : વાણિયા અને બીજા કેટલાક વૈશ્ય છે એમ મનાવે છે પણ અસલ એ વૈશ્ય કહેવાતા તેના વંશના નથી પણ શુદ્રજ છે. [નર્મકવિતા, pp. 168-69] Narmad has no

delusions left about દેશાભિમાન, just the discovery which he is supposed to have made and for which we moderns adore him. He says : દેશાભિમાનનો વિચાર આર્યમંડળમાં ન હોવો જોઈએ તે કાળવશાત્ મોહવશાત્ થયો ને હવે પાછો કાળવશાત્ વિવેકવશાત્ જાય છે ને જશે. (ધર્મવિચાર, p. 75.)

અર્થાત્ દેશાભિમાન આર્યને યોગ્ય નથી, (p. 76.) આર્યજને દેશાભિમાનનો વિચાર કાઢીજ નાખવો ને તેને બદલે સ્વધર્મ રક્ષણના વિચાર ફઠ કરવા. મુસલમાનને દેશાભિમાનનો વિચાર છેજ નહી પણ સ્વધર્મ રક્ષણનોજ છે. (p. 77.)

Moreover, Narmad frankly admits : આર્ય પ્રજાનો મોટો ભાગ રણુથી છેટે રહેનારો છે, ને તેની લડનારી જાતિઓના જન કોઈ દેશી રાજ્યની ફાજમાં છે, કોઈ ખેતી કરે છે, ને કોઈ બીજા ધંધા કરે છે, મમત મોટાઈના વાદમાં ને સુધારાના બરાડામાં પ્રજાનું શૌર્યદર્શન છે. (p. 127). Finally, Narmad flatly

refuses to subscribe to the democratic fad—and, to tell the truth, I myself have always been puzzled as to how democracy can be squared with even four watertight castes, let alone their present number in four figures,—for he writes : આર્ય પ્રજામાં થોડાક વડીલ જનનો વિચાર તેજ પ્રજાનો વિચાર એ નીતિ પરંપરાથી છે, ગ્રામ—ધર્મ—રાજ્ય—જ્ઞાતિ—ગૃહ વ્યવસ્થામાં એ નીતિ, અને મતપ્રદાને નકકી થયલા અમુક પ્રતિનિધિઓનો બહુ મતે જે વિચાર તેજ પ્રજાનો વિચાર એ નીતિ એ બે એક નથી ને એકમેકમાં ભળે તેવી નથી, એકમાં મર્યાદા ને બીજામાં સમાનતા એ બીજ છે, બંનેને માટે તેના પાળનારા જૂદી

જૂદી પ્રકૃતિના લોક છે, પહેલી તે એશિયાખંડના સઘળાં લોકમાં જુના કાળથી મનાતી આવી છે, ને બીજી તે યુરોપ અમેરિકાના લોકોની છે. (p. 99.)

It must be admitted that this is honest, straightforward, logical thinking, and it is this fearless, intellectual honesty of Narmad, whether as a violent reformer, or now as an orthodox conservative, that saves him from being what he would otherwise have been—a negligible third rate scribbler of fairly vigorous prose. He does not juggle with words and his conscience, as so many eminent publicists do to-day who want to run an uptodate democratic machine in the spirit of the “Aryan Culture” of three thousand years ago or the “Arabian Culture” of thirteen hundred years ago. But Narmad goes further in his keen logical analysis and hits the nail on the head in a startlingly prophetic manner: અંગ્રેજી રાજ્ય થયા પછી મતપ્રદાને કારભારી નીમવાની ને વિશેષાનુમતે નિર્ણય કરવાની નીતિને અનુસરી દેશીઓ..... ધર્મખાતાં, દ્રુશીખાતાં, વિદ્યાખાતાં ચલાવે છે, તે યથાસ્થિત નથી ચાલતાં, ને તે તો વળી અભ્યાસથી સારાં ચાલે, અને રાજકીય પ્રકરણમાં સરકાર જે નીતિ દાખલ કરે છે તે પણ અભ્યાસે રૂડી થાય.....પણ બ્રિટિશ સત્તા પ્રબળ રહે ત્યાં સુધીજ. (p. 99, f. n. ૬). Then what is to be done in these rather depressing circumstances? Narmad can only advise patience and reliance on Karma: એવી સ્થિતિમાં પણ આર્યપ્રભ જાણે છે કે પરાધીનપણું એ હીણું ભાગ્ય છે, પણ વળી ચીઢાતી નથી, તે કહે છે કે જ્યાં સુધી તેનું પુણ્ય છે ત્યાં સુધી તે રહેશે, અર્થાત સત્તાની સામે થવા તે ઉદમી નથી, ઉલટું ઇચ્છે છે કે રાજ્ય બહુકાળ રહે! (ધર્મ ને જન માલ પર ધાડ પડતી નથી.) પણ ત્રણ વાનાં આપો : (૧) ન્યાય ચોખ્ખો, થોડે ખરચે વેહલો મળે, ને ધારા વારે વારે બદલાય નહીં [exactly what Dalpatram had asked for in the fifties]; (૨) કરભાર ઓછો કરો—દેવસ્થાન, બ્રાહ્મણ સાધુની જમીન ઉપરથી કર કાઢો,.....(૩) (નોકરી તો કરીએ છીએ, હથિયારના ધારાથી દાસપણુનો હઠામ લીધો છે, હવે મિથ્યા છે માનપદ તો પણ) યોગ્ય જનની ને રાંડની સંભાળ લો તો સાડું (p. 95.)

It will be seen that Narmad in his most serious and most thoughtful writing is not that anti-British rebel which our presentday wishful thinking makes him out to be. Again and again he harps on this topic of the beneficent aspect of British rule, and I doubt if the much maligned loyalist Dalpatram has hit the nail on the head so squarely and so often. For instance, at the very outset of his high and serious argument he writes: તો પૂરછા

નીકળે છે કે અંગરેજો (ફ્રંક વિરાજતી ચક્રવર્તી રાણીશ્રીની સરકાર) જેટલું જેવું સુખ દેશી પરધર્મી લોકને સઘળી બતને સરખી રીતે આપે છે તેવું છસં સત્યાસી વર્ષના કાળમાં કોઈ હિંદુ કે મુસલમાન રાજ્યે આપ્યું છે? ના, રાજ્ય સાડું છે.

(P. 10). Not content with this frank eulogy he immediately adds, what in poor Dalpatram is regarded as an unpardonable political offence : આપણે આપણું હિંદુપણું રાખવું છે માટેજ ઈશ્વરે આપણને અંગ્રેજી રાજ્યને અધીન કીધા છે.

(P. 10). In another just and clear sighted passage he writes with fine historical perspective : બ્રિટિશ ખાલસાની પ્રજા અંગ્રેજી કેળવણી ને ન્યુસ પેપરથી બાણ મેળવતાં રાજ્ય વહેવારમાં સમજ વધારતી બધ છે. પૂર્વનાં આર્ય રાજ્યમાં રાજધર્મ એ શબ્દ સર્વત્ર સંભળાતો. રજપૂત રાજ્યમાં ગાદીપતિ તે આપણ એ શબ્દે ઓળખાતો ને ઓળખાય છે, અને આ રાજ્યમાં પ્રજાના હક એ શબ્દ અને “ સરકાર આપતી નથી ” એ ધ્વનિ સંભળાય છે.....સરકારે આપેલી છૂટની મેહેરે પ્રજા હકની માંગણી કરે છે. (P. 84.)

And three pages later he says the same thing in a footnote, though in a complaining mood: “આર્યદર્શન” માં લખ્યું છે કે અંગ્રેજી રાજ્યે લોકોને પોતાનાં દુઃખ જાણવતાં શીખાડ્યું, અંગ્રેજી રાજ્યે લોકની વૃત્તિ બદલાવી ને ઇચ્છા અતિશે વધરાવી, એઓની પરંપરાની નિવૃત્તિમાંથી ખસેડી પ્રવૃત્તિના મોહપાશમાં નાખ્યા.....

(P. 87-f. n. ૬) The change in mood is perhaps due to the passing of time, and ripening of views. Thus he has a sort of grievance against the British for lifting the Hindu mind out of ancient ruts and trying to put it on a new track. Again and again Narvad rightly declares that these western notions of freedom, democracy and homogeneous nationality are foreign to the Hindu genius and its working down the centuries of past history. He writes : આર્ય લોકોના ઇતિહાસમાં પહેલોજ કાળ છે કે જેમાં આ દેશના લોક સંસાર પ્રવૃત્તિમાં રાચનારા થયા છે, ને સ્વાધીન રાષ્ટ્રરાજ્યનાં સુખનો લાવો તો હજી તેઓને લેવો બાકી છે, ત્યારે આપણને ભાસે છે કે ધર્મ કરતાં દેશનો વિચાર હવેથી પ્રધાન બનશે. વળી જ્યારે જોઈએ કે હજારો વર્ષ થયાં આ દેશમાં નિવૃત્તિ ધર્મજ (ઈશ્વર ને સમય) નિત્ય તથા પ્રધાન અને પ્રવૃત્તિ ધર્મ (રાજ્ય ને પુરુષ-યત્ન) અનિત્ય તથા ગોણું મનાયા છે, તો માત્ર રાજકીય સુખને અર્થે સઘળા લોક ખુદ્દિ રૂચિ યુક્તિ હંમેશને માટે રાખે તેવું સંભવતું નથી. હાલમાં દેશભકિત

સ્વાધીનતાના વિચાર પ્રકટ થયા છે, તે વિષે લઘાયક નસિ બેદરકાર છે.....
રાષ્ટ્રરાજ્યમાં મોટી ઉચ્ચ પાથલ થઈ નવી કોઈ વ્યવસ્થા થશે એટલું હાલ ધારી
શકાય છે, પણ ત્યાર પછી અંગ્રેજી રાજ્ય પ્રગતને હિતકારી થઈ રહેશે, કે તે
ભાંગશે તૂટશે, રૂશિયન કે કોઈ બીજું પરદેશી રાજ્ય થશે, કે દેશીનું થશે,
મુસલમાન કે હિંદુનું થશે, એકનું થશે કે ઘણું થશે, તે વિષે હાલ શી કલ્પના ?

(Pp 192-93). This, be it noted, was written in 1876 A. D. and shows remarkable perspicacity and foresight; for full sixty-five years afterwards we are exactly faced with these problems,—and the present war has added a startling and grim touch of reality to Narmad's speculations. He adumbrates the present grave situation, and the Akhand Hindustan and Pakistan movements, with uncanny prescience. And the passage further makes it clear that all his temporary democratic aspirations and his permanent and stable political convictions did not embrace and could not visualise a common Indian nationality. He was, even when he ardently professed the democratic creed, keenly desirous of 'Hindu Raj'. And when that western veneer disappeared, and his Hindu heredity asserted itself for good, he was naturally more so. Again his estimate of the possible developments in the political activities of the country as a whole are surprisingly and convincingly, if rather distressingly, accurate. For he writes: પ્રગતના મુખ્યારોની સલાઓ થાય ને સરકાર પાસે હક ન્યાય સુખ માગે એવું, પરદેશી પરધર્મી સત્તાને અધીન એવી, હિંદુસ્થાન જેવા મોટા દેશની, અનેક જાત ધર્મવાળી, ને રાજ્યપ્રકારમાં ચિત્ત ન રાખનારી એવી, વળી સેંકડો વર્ષ થયાં પરત્ર એટલે ઉંચી બુદ્ધિ નીતિએ હીણ એવી પ્રગતમાં થવાને આશા શી કરવી ?

The syntax is rather confused by Narmad's later habit of rhetorical and rather affected inversion; but the meaning is quite clear. However that may be, with strangely prophetic pessimism he concludes : અરે, લોકના અચેત્સરે પોતાનું ઐક્ય કરી શકતા નથી, તો બીજા કોની વાત કરવી ? (Pp. 200-201).

In view of all these incontrovertible proofs of Narmad's real social and political views, and his consistently held and frankly and repeatedly expressed faith in the providential nature of the British connection, I venture to think it is altogether a wrong and wishful perversion of facts to make Narmad out as a great political rebel and forerunner of presentday anti-British slogans and activities, or to aver that his real sympathies were with the Mutineers in 1857. In fact, as he notes himself in his downright manner : કંપની સરકારની કારકીર્દીમાં એની પોતાની પ્રગત દીવાની ફેજહારી ઇનસાફથી ને નિશાળોની સ્થાપનાથી રાજી હતી....., ને પણ ના બલવાથી

સરકારને આપતિ તથા દેશમાં અસ્વસ્થતા જોઈ શકાયમા હતી. [ધર્મ વિચાર, p. 81]. And it is a significant though minor detail that he notes in his autobiography : મને ગોકળદાસ તેજપાળ વિદ્યાલયમાં રૂ. ૩૫ નો પગાર થયો હતો પણ એ ખાનગી ખાતાં કરતાં સરકારી સ્કૂલમાં રહેવું વધારે માન ભરેલું અને તેમાં આગળ વધાય એવું છે એમ સમજી મેં સને ૧૮૫૮ ની ૨૬ મી જાન્યુઆરી એ [exactly the month and year of the બુદ્ધિવર્ધક issue in question] એલફ્રિનસ્ટન ઇન્સ્ટીટ્યુશન સ્કૂલમાં આસિસ્ટન્ટ માસ્ટરની જગાને સાડા મિ. રૂમથને અરજી કરી. [ન. મ. ગ., p. 305]. If Narmad had really been in hearty sympathy with the Mutineers as against the British, as we are asked to believe he was, would he have actually given up private service and shown eagerness and anxiety to join the service of the Satanic Sarkar as being highly honourable, ભારે માન ભરેલું ? It may be very patriotic to draw such unwarrantable conclusions about our hero, and to read into his mind and writings our own views and prejudices of to-day, but to do so is certainly no service to truth, or to scholarship either; nor is it just or truthful or honest to keep ridiculing and reviling poor Dalpatram for holding exactly those very political views which we have proved Narmad to have held in a more obstreperous and more violent form. How this political bias can warp the judgment of even very careful and scholarly writers is best illustrated by the special pleading Rāmanārāyan Pāthak has resorted to in order to show that what Narmad wrote in his recantation was due to weakened intellectual powers : એક પ્રકારના પરાણવથી અને અંગત મૂંઝવણથી નર્મદની બુદ્ધિ નિર્બળ થઈ ગઈ હતી. [કવિ નર્મદનું ગદ્ય, p. 47.] And yet he is constrained to admit the truth of the downright assertion of Narmad's closest friend throughout his life, Navalram, who says : ' છેવટની ઘડી સુધી નર્મદાશંકરની બુદ્ધિ હતી તેવીને તેવીજ તેજદાર ને સ્વસ્થ રહી હતી. ' [Ibid, p. 47.] I would go further and say that in his later writings his intellectual powers seem to be at their keenest and most vigorous, especially as his mind was purged of its earlier જોરો and નશો, of his crude enthusiasms and passions and love of limelight that had clouded his powers of thought and discrimination. And it is amusing to note, that while condemning Narmad's attitude of mind in his recantation, Rāmanārāyan Pāthak has also to throw a sop to the forces of orthodoxy : એનો અર્થ નર્મદની માન્યતા તત્વતઃ ખોટી હતી, કે સનાતન ધર્મનું દૃષ્ટિબિંદુજ ખોટું છે એવો થતો નથી.

(P. 48). This desperate attempt to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare is also visible in Rāmnārāyan Pathak's wobbling attempt to find utter condemnation of British rule in Narmad's ધર્મવિચાર by glossing over the fundamentals of Narmad's final opinions on social and political reform. A juster and more unbiased estimate of Narmad's recantation is to be found in the considered opinion of a thoughtful writer of the past generation, Uttamlāl K. Trivedi. He has said about what he calls 'ધર્મવિચાર' રૂપી વસિયતનામું:—
તેણે જે લખ્યું છે તે ખરી સ્વદેશભક્તિથી, ખરા બંધુભાવથી, ખરા પ્રેમ અને શૌર્યથી લખેલું છે. [જયંતી વ્યાખ્યાનો, p. 173]. I have singled out Rāmnārāyan for criticism, not because I have any quarrel with him, but because I respect him as an eminently sane and cautious writer and critic. As for other rhetorical and flamboyant panegyrists of Narmad, we can just ignore them.

It remains now to attempt a brief general estimate of Narmad as a man of letters, as a writer of poetry and prose. As I have made it clear, to my mind he is simply negligible as a poet. I repeat that in the 400 odd pages of his huge quarto volume of verse, it is certain that there are not 400 memorable lines of real poetry, perhaps not even 40. As a prose writer his work is very unequal, and his earlier prose is utterly undistinguished, full of colloquialisms, vulgarisms and Parsi solecisms, i.e., orthography, contractions, expressions and words that are peculiar to the debased jargon called Parsi Gujarati. Some of these may have been current a century ago among Hindus also, especially in Surat and Bombay; 'Bhātheli' Gujarati is even to-day curiously reminiscent of Parsi perversions. But I am inclined to think that Narmad derived such words as ચટ્લી (for ચઢલી) and સખી* (unknown to શિષ્ટ Gujarati to-day which employs છબિ instead) from Parsis among whom he had some of his closest friends and associates. In fact, it has been admitted that among those who patronised Narmad's early poetry the Parsis actually predominated. As he says in his memoranda about the year 1859, પારસીઓ તો ગાંડાજ થઈ રહ્યા. [ન. મ. ગ., p. 313].

*As regards સખી and છબિ, I am inclined to believe that the latter is a makeshift substitute invented when the conscious trend towards Sanskritisation set in, and certainly less tenable philologically than સખી. In fact સખી is not, as believed by Hindu writers, a Parsi perversion of છબિ; it is an Arabic word, سَمْيَ , likeness', 'resemblance'. And the meaning attached to છબિ by those who brought it into fashion, that of 'picture' or 'likeness', is unknown to Sanskrit or Hindi, where it means either 'colour' or 'lustre' or 'beauty': e.g., अथकोऽयमिद्रमणिमेवकच्छविः where it means 'colour'; and बनी छवि आपकी, &c., where it means 'beauty' or 'lustre'. Dalpat uses it in the correct sense in મહી નદિ છે છબિવંત ડટામાં (I. 114)

And Navalram attributes the fall in Narmad's income from books in 1853-64 to the curious fact that his Parsi public was offended by something he had written and ceased to buy his books. Navalram does not give any specific reason for this non violent non-co-operation, but I suspect Narmad touched the proverbial vanity of Parsis on the raw by ridiculing their effervescent martial ardour in enlisting in the volunteer corps then started (વાલીનટીર કુર as he quaintly calls it in a footnote.) And I should not be surprised if it was Parsis again who taught him the સર્વગુણી and spiritual exercise of drinking. But to come back to his prose, Narmad's powers of adaptability and imitation are interestingly brought out in a letter written to a close Parsi friend and colleague, Nanubhai Ranina. He writes : 'ખ્યારા નાનાભાઈ, બનાવો બને છે. ખૂબી ને ખોડ કુદરતમાં નથીજ, દુનિયાદારીમાં છે. આફરીન છે કુદરતને કે મોટો ફિલસૂફ ને મોટો તપેશરી પોતાની ઉંચી અક્ષતથી અને મન મારવાના મહાવરાથી ગમે તેટલો દાબ રાખે, & c., & c., [ન. મ. ગ. p. 342].

Now he never uses ખ્યારા when writing to Hindu friends; he always writes પ્રિય. To speak nothing of such words as કુદરત, ફિલસૂફ, મહાવરો, અક્ષત etc., it is worth noticing that he uses the word આફરીન here in the correct Farsi sense, as an exclamation or a noun, not in the wrong way in which Hindu writers use it, as an adjective, as, e. g., in કુદરતપર આફરીન થવું. I have noticed two other peculiarities in Narmad's language which are special Parsi solecisms, at least at present. For instance, Narmad invariably retains the અનુસ્વાર, even in the singular number, in the case of neuter nouns, as e. g. મારાં મનમાં, which is taboo in standard Gujarati but invariably used by Parsis. Narmad may or may not have been influenced in his early writings by his Parsi contacts, but I have cited his letter to Ranina to show an important trait in his character, his natural tendency to assimilation and imitativeness. Many of his activities arose out of this quality of his. Even the determination to write poetry that would definitely break away from the old manner was not, I believe, the outcome of any inward irresistible poetical urge; it was not that his nature impelled him to burst into song. He saw English poetry being admired by Indians around him, most probably Parsis with execrable poetic tastes, and his English teachers possibly prosed in their lectures about its beauties. And Dalpatram was winning fame and a little money. Well, he too would write poetry, and that of the more fashionable, more up-to-date kind. It is also quite likely that he had ceased to care for the old style of verse owing to the English influence; as most of us, including many who even pretend to go into raptures over Premanand and Akho, also have. But, as I have said, the impulse to write

poetry did not come to Narmad from the inmost recesses of his heart, just as the inflated, flaming and foaming leading articles in the more bombastic papers now-a-days do not arise out of any terrific convictions which, as Milton put it, "it is death to hide", and which would burn up the inside of the inspired writers if they did not pump them up : as the Persian poet has it with the unbeatable hyperbole of the Persians :

Marā dardist andar dil, agar gūyam zabān sūzad :

Vagar dam darkasham, tarsam ki maghze ustukhān sūzad.

"I have a pain in my heart which, if I speak out, will burn and blister my tongue; and yet if I hold my breath I fear that the very marrow in my bones will begin to boil." But jesting apart, the point I want to stress is that just as Narmad's poetry is conscious hackwork, much of what he wrote in prose is journalism, not literature. I am glad to note that in this judgment I have the support of Rāmnārāyan Pāthak. And to a certain extent this was inevitable since he wrote for bread and butter after he tearfully 'put his head in his pen's lap'. But he was by nature a good fighter, and, what is more, enjoyed fighting; and, when in the true Berserk mood, he forgot his preacher's or teacher's robes and laid about him so excitingly as to gratify any ringside fan. Unfortunately his best and most vigorous fighting essays are disfigured by his utter lack of taste, that is, by crude vulgarisms and by his insistence on calling a spade not only a spade but a 'damned' spade and putting into print words which decent people do not use at least in public. Thus perhaps his finest and most vigorous piece of writing is contained in the essay on the curious and apparently quite uninteresting subject રોવા ફૂટવાની ઘેલાઈ વિષે. But in spite of the apparent absurdity of the subject Narmad is at his best in it. The language is vigorous and vernacular; it is enjoyable hard hitting in dead earnest by a keen observer and merciless critic of the curious and time-honoured custom of public and professional mourning. Some of his most fluent and most mordant prose is in this piece which, unfortunately, has been omitted from the centenary publication of selections, extending over 560 pages, from Narmad's prose writings. Perhaps the editor's squeamish gorge rose at the racy vernacular and the choice Billingsgate contained in it. The tiresome and scrappy summaries of world history dumped under the heading રોજગર seem to have taken up much of Narmad's time and energy. They are amateurish essays based on forgotten manuals of history current in schools in his boyhood. As for the writings collected in the volume entitled જૂનું નર્મગદ્ય, they need not detain us long. There is little deserving the name of literature in its 500 odd pages. The prose is formless and crude. There is in it rude vigour of a sort; but much of the

writing is rough, vulgar, low and even obscene; e.g., the long essays entitled વ્યભિચાર નિષેધક નિબંધ, ગુરૂ અને સ્ત્રી and ગુરૂની સત્તા વિષે. The dialogues લિખારીદાસની ગરીબાઈ and તુળા વૈધવ્યચિત્ર are schoolboyish and tiresome, and the latter is also filthy in numerous places. But the fifty selections from ડાંડિયો are mostly inane, vulgar and worthless, and prove that Narmad had little sense of decency. Navalram justly condemned the sheet when he wrote to Madhuvachram Balvachram about the magazine *Vidyā Vilās* :

વિદ્યાવિલાસની સતેજ ઉજ્જવળતા ઉપર ડાંડિયા જેવી લેશમાત્ર પણ કાળાશને અંશ પડવા દેવો નહીં. [નવલગ્રંથાવલિ, Vol.I, p. 40]. It is difficult to understand how such a rag could have gained the meretricious reputation which has kept the name of the publication alive to these days and made it almost proverbial; or why these excerpts, or at any rate most of them, should have been rescued from oblivion.

There remains little to speak of his other prose works, except the self revelations in મારી હુકીકત, ઉત્તર નર્મદ ચરિત and ધર્મવિચાર. Their psychological interest outweighs their literary value; evidently they are, especially the first two, memoranda jotted down mostly for his own spiritual benefit rather than deliberate compositions meant for publication. Of course, ધર્મવિચાર was first published in the shape of newspaper articles, and thus *was* meant for the public. But considering its brooding manner like that of a monologue in so many places the writer seems to be just talking to himself. I am inclined to believe that he was intent more on justifying his *volte face* to himself than to the public. It is not necessary to touch upon its important contents as we have already dealt with them at some length. The one characteristic I would like to note here is the growing Sanskritisation of Narmad's style round about 1870. It is interesting to note that even some Perso-Arabic words that he had used in their natural shape formerly are amusingly perverted into imaginary Sanskrit words. He repeatedly uses પ્રસન્ન and even પ્રસંદ when he means પસંદ; and આશકે he changes into આસકેત. Any way the growing Sanskritisation in his later writings is palpable, and perhaps it was, as usual with Narmad, an unconscious imitation of the style introduced by the earlier champions of Sanskritisation like Manasukhrām Tripathi and to a less degree even his own friend Navalrām. But long before the fashion came into use, Narmad had seen as the result of keen observation or remarkably acute insight that in modern times the progress of Sanskrit vernaculars would not be towards the Prakrits but towards the parent language itself. Of course, his actual words do not enunciate the sweeping doctrine I have read in them, but he has vaguely

seen the coming Sanskritisation as early as 1858 when he writes : હમણાંની રીતભાત જોતાં જણાય છે કે ઉગતી પ્રજા કેટલાક અપભ્રંશ નહીં વાપરે. પણ શુદ્ધ સંસ્કૃત વાપરશે: 'આશરો' નહીં પણ 'આશ્રય' [ન. મ. ગ., p. 201.] The instance chosen has also falsified his dictum; આશરો has not been driven out by આશ્રય. And, of course, in the idiomatic use of આશરે in the sense of 'about', 'આશ્રયે' is impossible, just as 'પરમાણુ' and not પ્રમાણુ will always be the word for 'shoe measure' as rightly noted by Anandshankar; just as કાર્ય can never do for કરજ. But the present fearful Sanskritisation of modern Gujarati, Hindi and Bengali prose and especially verse is proof of the accuracy of Narmad's cautious and halting awareness more than eighty years ago of this trend towards classicalism.

As a prose writer, then, Narmad is not the supreme master he is made out by some of his admirers to be. His claim to pre-eminence among writers of Gujarati prose does not rest on his actual achievement as a stylist, as an artist who is consciously master of his medium and who writes with power and precision because he deliberately exercises restraint and control which alone can give artistic proportion and poise to any piece of writing. He was too impulsive, too much of a believer in giving vent to his જોસો to ever become a conscious artist. His quaint definition of lyric poetry, ગીત કવિતા as he calls it, is worth considering in this connection: એ કવિતામાં મનનો ઉભરો બહાર પડતો હોય છે. એમાં પદ્ધતિ, સંબંધ, વાદ કંઈ જોવામાં આવતું નથી. જેમ કવિને જોસો આવે, તેમ તે બહાર નીકળી પડે છે, ને ગમે ત્યાંથી ગમે ત્યાં ઉતરી પડે છે. [નર્મગદ્ય, p. 39]. Of course, this delightfully inconsequential method would, if applied to prose, result in a mere whirl of words, in what Mrs. Malaprop called "a nice derangement of epitaphs". But it shows Narmad's constitutional aversion to conscious control and artistry, to the discipline of sweating and pruning and filing without which great art can not be achieved even by supreme geniuses. Hence the roughness and ruggedness and inequality and unevenness of all Narmad's work in verse, and in prose too. His claim to an honourable niche in the mansion of Gujarati prose rests on his pre-eminence as a pioneer,—in fact, if we are to take on trust his own and Navalram's estimate,—as the pioneer of Gujarati prose. He writes in 1867: ૧૮૨૭ થી ગુજરાતી ભાષા સુધરવા માંડી છે, ને એ સુધરેલી ભાષામાં હું પહેલો જ છું. [ઉત્તર નર્મદચરિત, p. 105]. Nine years earlier he wrote : ગદ્યમાં લખેલું આપણી ભાષામાં કંઈ નથી. ગદ્યમાં કાગળો લખાતા ને દરબારમાં કામ ચાલતાં,

પણ કેવી રીતનાં હતાં ને' છે તે સહુને માલમ છે, ને એ કંઈ ભાષાવિદ્યા ન કહેવાય. ભાષાવિદ્યાને જન્મ આપ્યાનું પ્રથમ માન જેરવીસને છે; ને સને ૧૮૨૮ના વરસને ગુજરાતી ભાષાવિદ્યાનો શક કહેવો જોઈએ, કે જે વરસથી ગદ્યમાં લખવાનું શરૂ થયું. [જૂનું નર્મગદ્ય p. ૩૪૭]. A few years later when writing anonymously in the disreputable sheet ડાંડિયો he maliciously attacked Jervis and Taylor and Hope, all of whom had laboured through long years for the development of the Gujarati language. But that, as we have already seen, was because he was disappointed in his hopes of having a share in the work of preparing the Hope Reading Series, and further enraged by seeing his hated rival Dalpatram commissioned to write all the poems scattered through the series. To return to our argument, Narmad has the honour of being the pioneer, the first great writer of Gujarati prose. I must add that I take even this estimate of Narmad's position on trust; for I confess I have not investigated the prose written in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century. But beyond this I am not prepared to go. Even his friend and contemporary, Navalram, was decidedly a better writer of straight-forward, fluent and fairly adequate prose. And owing to his natural urbanity and better education he is certainly less uneven than Narmad and entirely free from the latter's innate vulgarity.

If I have taken pains to paint Narmad as he actually was—as poet and man and writer—and if in doing so I have severely criticised his ways and actions and writings, it is not because I have any animus against him. In fact his real political views, his honest reading of the mass Hindu mind as it has reacted to western impacts and especially to the democratic doctrine, only confirm my estimate of these matters. What I want to assail is not the man himself or his memory, it is the huge inflated simulacrum of him that his emotional and unthinking worshippers have set up on a dizzy pedestal. It is the indiscriminating and unscholarly partisanship and blind hero-worship of fanatical devotees that I want to protest against. As I have already said, I can say of Narmad as of any writer mentioned by me, ન મે દ્વેષ્યોઽસ્તિ ન પ્રિયઃ

It only remains for me to say a few words about the work done recently to rescue Narmad from the oblivion into which he had fallen since about 1880, when he began to be admired but ceased to be read by the reading public. We have had centenary celebrations and several special publications. Munshi's brochure, rather critical in spirit but badly written, I have already referred to. More substantial are the publications sponsored by Vishwanath Bhatt and others, —નર્મદનું મન્દિર in two volumes, વીરનર્મદ, and નર્મદ શતાબ્દી અંક. It was a wise decision to issue in an attractive form the best work of

Narmad. It is a real service to older authors in these days of hurried scrappy reading to comb their works and present the best in them to a public that has neither the leisure nor the inclination to tackle them in their entirety. But I submit that such work should be done with scrupulous scholarly care. I am not sure that this has been done in the present instance. No carefully investigated and accurately documented and dated biography of Narmad is available, so far as I know; rhapsodies there are, more than we need. Again I am not sure that Narmad's works have been reproduced with jealous care about religiously preserving their original orthography. To take only a very small instance, I do not think it right to change નહીં, which Narmad certainly used until at least 1870, to the modern affectation નહિ. Another more important deviation from Narmad's orthography is connected with his practice in his verse of actually lengthening or shortening a vowel, against the correct spelling, when the exigencies of metre require it. All his modern editors reverse this practice and adopt the present one of keeping the correct spellings intact and leaving it to the reader to change the quantities by the ear to suit the metre. I would certainly retain Narmad's practice in spite of the offence given to the eye by the incorrect spellings, especially as I suspect he learnt it from the Marathi poets who have always resorted to phonetic spelling in poetry. I am also constrained to say that the નર્મદ શતાબ્દી ગ્રંથ, which was sponsored by four reputed men of letters, suffers from rather slipshod editing. Perhaps the extremely poor quality of the poetical selections can not be helped as there is little in Narmad's poetry that is really worth rescuing. But still I cannot think that on any principle such nonsense as the following should figure in what professes to be a 'Golden Treasury': છું રંક હું નર્મદ શંકર, હીણો કિંકર, મતિબહુ શંકર (I think સંકર would be the more correct reading), આવે તંમર, ફરે હું ધંમર, પડુંજ દમભર (p. 14). Or verses which talk of drinking પ્રેમશૌર્યનો કૂહાવો and હરિ ભજનની કાશી (pp. 44 and 69). Or such inane truisms and Tupperisms as આમદાની ખર્ચ લખવે જન સાવધ રેહુ છે, and પતે કળયો ધરમેળે કાળ પાસે ના જતા; and એક કામ પુરં થયેથી, હાથ ખીજે ઘાલવો, બેનિ વાતોમાં તિબ્બએ, ઝટ વિચાર ન આલવો; or such doggerel as: શેરો લાગતા ઊંકાણાં લૂગડાં બે, લાગે હાલમાં તે આકરાં ગોદડાં બે. And I cannot understand why such patent misreadings should be retained: હોળીન મેં ચંતનિ ચોટલી રે, લાવું નકાંઓ ઘડિ અંતરની રે [નર્મદનું મન્દિર-પ.વિ-પ. ૩૩]

which is bad metre and no rhyme at all, for quite evidently the lines must read હોળીનમેં ચોટલિ અંતની રે, લાવું નકાં ઓ ઘડિ અંતની રે. Even the three page (નવેદન in નર્મદશતાબ્દી ગ્રંથ, though it is signed by four well-known men of letters is rather distressing to read as a sample of Gujarati prose. And at p. 332 one of these editors of selections from Narmad's works raises the tragi-comic wail about the word કડખેદ used by the poet: આ વિચિત્ર શબ્દનો અર્થ મને કોઈ શીખવશે? Surely an editor of Narmad's works should not need to be told to refer to p. 26 of નર્મદગદ્ય where the poet himself explains the word: રજપૂતના સેનની આગળ કડખા યોદનારા હોય છે ને જોયોને કડખેદ કહે છે....; and કડખા again is explained on p. 28 રજપૂતોના સેનમાં સિંધુ રાગમાં ગવાતા.....કડખા, i. e., the inspiring dohras &c. sung by bards who led the soldiers into battle. A more serious blunder lies in the dating of the painful but very important dialogue between Narmad and Dāhigauri; it is twice, once at the beginning and again at the end, dated 1880-81 (pp. 344 and 350). The very fact that Jayshankar, the son of Dāhigauri's rival in the poet's affections, was born in 1870 shows that the editors are wrong by eleven years.

LECTURE III

DALPATRAM

If I came to the study of Narmadashankar with a mind biased in his favour, I approached Dalpatram with a decided prejudice against him as a facile and rather prosy rhymers. In fact I had to force myself to go through the two formidable looking ugly volumes of his poetical works, with a feeling akin to the one described by Vishnuprasad Trivedi when he says: કવિ દલપતરામને પહેલેથી છેવટ સુધી કર્તવ્યશુદ્ધિથી વાંચવાની-તેમની કવિતા સારી છતાં—હિંમત નથી ચાલતી [વિવેચના, p.30],—the only difference being that I did not then subscribe to the parenthetical clause તેમની કવિતા સારી છતાં. And I do not know why the critic himself has dragged it in, for only two pages earlier he writes: દલપતરામ વિદ્વાન ખરા પણ નીલાવી લેવા જેવા, અને એક જાતના કવિ પણ ખરા.....poet of a sort; દલપતરામ કવિ, કારણ કે 'રચ્યા છે રૂડા જંદ દલપતરામે'. રૂડા એટલે ભૂલવગરના, માત્રામેળવાળા, ઝડઝમકાદિશુભિલૂપિત. [Ibid, p. 28]. And this seems to be the general reaction of the present generation to Dalpat's poetry; a sort of half tolerant, half contemptuous relegation of the poet to the category of nondescript undistinguished verse writers, poets by courtesy, "poets of a sort"; he is patronisingly dismissed as just a decent versifier who wrote fairly good verse for school-going children, and also some fairly interesting miscellaneous verse, સભારંજની verse,—and that is all. This patronising attitude was there in Navalram's mind also when, as early as 1887, contrasting Narmad's poetry with Dalpat's he wrote: દલપતરામની કવિતા શાંતશુદ્ધિની, વ્યવહારમાં કુશળ, ચતુરાઈભરી અને સભારંજની છે. And he emphasises the difference between the two by calling Dalpat's poetry દર્દથી મુક્ત and Narmad's દર્દથી ઉછળતી. [નવલગ્રંથાવલિ (તારણ) p. 247]. Later generations of critics have fixed upon સભારંજની as the most convenient catchword for describing Dalpat's muse, and it has now become a commonplace of Gujarati criticism. Nobody seems to remember that Navalram himself wrote only a year later, in 1888, about Dalpatram: કવિની કવિતા સાદી છતાં રસિક, ગંભીર છતાં મોહક, રસિક છતાં સુનીતિવાળી, અને નવરસ પ્રધાન હોવાથી કવિ નર્મદાશંકર કરતાં તેમણે વિશેષ લોકપ્રિયતા મેળવી છે. [Ibid, p. 257]. Nor does anyone recall Manilal Nabhubhai's judgment on the occasion of Dalpat's death: તેમના જેવી સર્વમાન્ય કાવ્યશક્તિ, સર્વત્ર માર્ગ કરવાની આર્દ્રતા, પ્રત્યેક પ્રસંગે પ્રસરતી કાવ્યપ્રતિભાની તત્પરતા, હવે કોઈનામાં નથી; ગુજરાતી ભાષાનો હવે કોઈ એવો એકાન્ત ઉપાસક નથી. [Quoted in ગુજરાતનું પાટનગર અમદાવાદ, p. 780]. But everyone remembers the catchphrase સભારંજની, and the dictum that there is no દર્દ in Dalpat's verse. And these

two indictments have hardened into accepted current literary criticisms which have damned the poet with faint, very faint praise, and given rise to much superior and supercilious criticism of the achievement of Dalpatram in the field of letters. The dice have been further loaded heavily against him by the political obsession that has taken hold of the Gujarati mind during the last twenty years and more, and much ridicule and contempt has been poured on his devoted head by innumerable critics and criticasters for his crime of loyalty to and praise of the British connection, the head and front of his offending being the poem હરખ હવે તું હિંદુસ્તાન. But even a critic like Balvantrāy Thākōr, who is quite free from this political bias, has written in most disparaging terms of Dalpatram's poetry, about its "low, earth-walking nature" (નીચું ભૂચર સ્વરૂપ), its borrowings from Sanskrit, Vraj, Hindi and old Gujarati poets, and its failure to assimilate even these borrowings and to recast them successfully in the Gujarathi poetic mould. [વિરિક, pp. 119-120]. No wonder a prancing politician and versatile sciolist like Munshi writes with a dictatorial air of finality: મુદ્રણકલા આવી તે પહેલાં મનાતું કે જે પદ્યમાં લખાય તે કવિતા ને જે કવિતા કરે તે કવિ, એટલે દલપતરામ કવિ છે. નહિ તો એને શિક્ષકવૃત્તિ સહજ છે. એ 'ખટમલ' ને વાડામાંથી પાડું એક'ની ખાત્ર કવિતા લખી શકે છે. દોહરાને ચોપાઈમાં નીતિબોધ આપી શકે છે. [નર્મદ : અવાચીનોમાં આવ, p. 16]. Such being the general opinion in Gujarat about Dalpatram's poetry, I took up the two unattractive volumes of 'Dalpat Kāvya' with a half-hearted interest, and began reading them as a matter of duty, as an uninteresting, self-imposed task. I found much in them to confirm the general opinion, much of mere versification, — undistinguished, pedestrian and prosy versification, — much unpoetical material treated in a matter of fact prosy manner, unpoetical occasional verses and panegyrics, play on words, acrostics and trick versification, — in fact, quite an amount of prose and prosy matter expressed in very commonplace though very smooth verse. His serious description of a lake cannot be beaten even by the famous parody of Wordsworthian infantilism in the *Rejected Addresses* :

ધેરાવો તટ ઘાટનો, હીક ખન્યો છે હાક;
કુટ જણતાં પૂરા થયા પંદરસે ને સાક.

Not content with this, the poet proceeds :

લાંબી પહોળી કૂટ તણ, ઉંચી નવ કુટ એમ;
જળદેવીની દેરી છે, તે પણ શોભે તેમ.
લાંબાં સાડી ઓગણીસ, પહોળાં તે કુટ ખાર;
ઉંચાં પંદર કૂટ છે, અવર દેવ અગાર.

[દક્ષપત્તશાસ્ત્ર, I. p. 282.] This passion for exact measurements and prosy descriptions of uninteresting facts is to be found plentifully in Narmad also. In describing Kabir-Vaḍ he writes :

તણાયા છે ભાગો, ઘણી વખત ને એ વડતણા,
તથાપી એ થાએ કુટ વસ ગુણ્યા સો પરિઘમાં.

Again, in describing his pilgrimage to Tryambak Narmad writes :

ઉંચી ઘણી પાયરિ સાતશેં ને
માઠી ત્રિલેથી ચિઠણી હતી તે.

And,

એની પડોસે લઘુ કુંડ એ છે,
ઉંઝાણમાં જાતિ બરાબર છે.

But with all these drawbacks and weaknesses, with all this mere padding in verse form, I found in Dalpat, to my delighted surprise, much again that was amusing, interesting and instructive; much wit and verbal and intellectual agility; much wisdom — and even worldly wisdom — made memorable by being enshrined in apt and memorable words; many delightful stories told in smooth natural verse and in the natural and racy vernacular of the soil and the people; much epigrammatic and elegiac verse of the highest order, full of lofty moralising, often touched with genuine emotion and couched in superb language unsurpassed in the Gujarati literature for point and polish and precision, for tense epigrammatic vigour, sculpturesque firmness and severity of outline and classic economy of words. And throughout his best work runs like sunlight in a deep forest, the lovable personality of the man, sunny and cheerful, human and humane, modest and full of natural piety, but also endowed with a rich vein of irrepressible genuine humour that breaks out unexpectedly even in his most serious and pious verses. His wideawake objective vision again is unique in Gujarati poetry; his stories amuse and interest because his men and women are living creatures. Even his animals have a delightful individuality of their own, and he is a genuine fabulist like the author of the *Panchatantra*. It is difficult to understand the oblivion in which his works have fallen in the last fifty years. But perhaps part of the explanation lies in the very narrow definition of the word 'poetry' that came into fashion here in the late Victorian era, under the influence of Matthew Arnold with his insistence on high seriousness and the 'grand style', and with his cryptic definition of poetry as being a 'criticism of life', thus overemphasising the reflective and philosophical aspects of poetry. Even more narrowing has been the influence of later literary fashions which seek for the highest kind of poetry — the very essence of poetry, in what is called 'pure' poetry, in intensely

emotional and evocative snatches of lyricism. These influences have thus overemphasised the subjective and introspective element at the cost of the objective, the more creative, element in poetry. The novel and the short story have absorbed all the creative powers of modern writers, with the result that the writing of drama and story in verse has entirely gone out of fashion; so much so that many of us cannot even imagine that stories in verse can be called poetry. But I venture to think that in* the house of poetry there should be, and there are, many mansions. If we glance back at our own theory of poetry as exemplified in the extant corpus of Sanskrit poesy, we find included under the category all manners and kinds of verse from the purely emotional to the purely intellectual, and even the merely skilful and dextrous. And the fact that so much of such verse with a purely intellectual and even verbal appeal has lived for centuries, that verses like

न याचे गजालि न वा वाजिराजिं
नवित्तेषु वित्तं मदीयं कदाचित् ।
इयं सुस्तनी मस्तकन्यस्तकुंभा
लवंगी कुरंगीदगंगीकरोतु ॥

and wisecracks like भोगे रोगभयं etc., or यस्यास्ति वित्तं etc., are read and enjoyed even to this day, is sufficient proof that the intellectual world at large has always been inclined to so enlarge the domain of poetry as to include in it a wide variety of verse ranging from grave to gay, and from light to severe. Any definition of poetry that leaves out practically all of Chaucer and Pope and Dryden, and the most characteristic work of Sa'di,—to speak nothing of lighter kinds of verse — is surely most woefully narrow and needs to be considerably widened. And under any reasonable definition of the terms 'poet' and 'poetry', the name of Dalpatram must take a high and honourable place in the ranks of Gujarati poets. As an objective poet, and as moralist, fabulist and humorist, he stands in the class of Sa'di and Chaucer and the author of *Panchatantra*. As master of his medium, in the kinds of poetry he attempted and within the limits of his compass, he is unique; for whereas the best of his predecessors wrote slack, limp, halting and shapeless verse,—verse that is, as a rule, almost unreadable,—Dalpatram at a bound brought Gujarati versification to the highest pitch of

*I had said in my article on 'Haiku' in *Aryan Path* (in 1933), "In the house of poetry there are many mansions." I did not know then, or even in 1941, when I wrote this that Leigh Hunt had said, more than a hundred years ago, "In the house of poetry are many mansions". I saw this quoted twice by Sir John Squire in his 'Flowers of Speech.'

perfection possible within his ambit. He may be called the Dryden of Gujarati verse in this respect. And I doubt if any of his greatest successors who have undoubtedly enlarged the bounds of the Gujarati poetic idiom show the same assured mastery of medium and form, and certainly none has beaten him on his own ground.

But, as we have already noted, the main reason why Dalpatram has lost his popularity is political bias, exactly as it is political bias again that has converted Narmad in the public mind into not only a great poet but also a great hero. Even such critics as are favourably inclined towards Dalpatram have been constrained to make rather painful though amusing attempts to stress and exaggerate his criticism of the British Raj, and to find ingenious excuses for his whole-hearted praises of it. Thus Narhari Parikh, in the course of some tortuous special pleading, intended to show that Dalpatram's praise of British rule was not absolute but only relative, writes :
 વાતમાં તે વાતમાં [કાવ્ય] સાહેબે પૂછ્યું કે દલપતરામ, આ બ્રિટિશ સરકારનું રાજ્ય તમારા રામ, યુધિષ્ઠિર અને વિક્રમના રાજ્ય કરતાં ચઢે નહિ? કવિએ વિનયપૂર્વક પણ દઢતાથી જવાબ દીધો, ના સાહેબ, તેમના કરતાં ચઢ્યાતું ન મળ્યાવ.....લોકો તોફાને ચઢે તો.....પુત્રવત્ પ્રજાજનો પર ગોળીચાર કરી તેમને મારીજ નાખવા એ તો અમારા જૂના રાજાઓ કેદી માન્ય કરેજ નહિ.....'ઝેર ગયાં' વાળી કવિતામાં અંગ્રેજના રાજ્યને નાદિરશાહ તથા મરાઠાઓની લૂંટફાંટના રાજ્ય કરતાં સાફ કહ્યું છે. પ્રાચીન રાજ્યો સાથે અથવા મોગલ રાજ્ય સાથે પણ અંગ્રેજના રાજ્યની સરખામણી એ કાવ્યમાં નથી, અને અંગ્રેજ રાજ્યનાં એ કાવ્યમાં અમર્યાદ વખાણુ છે તે તો અંગ્રેજ લોકોએ દેશમાં તે વખતે ફેલાવેલા વિચારો અને કેળવણીનું પરિણામ છે. [જયંતી વ્યાખ્યાનો, p. 143]. As Narhari Parikh wrote this before popular Governments sworn to strict non-violence came into power in several provinces of India, he could not be expected to know that in 27 months of popular rule in these Provinces these non-violent Governments would resort to military force* 47 times and would unhesitatingly shoot down પુત્રવત્ પ્રજા. But surely he had the two volumes of 'Dalpat Kavya' before him. This conversation between Forbes and Dalpat is not recorded in કાવ્યસંવિલાસ or

* " Mr. Ogilvie, Defence Secretary, stated in the Assembly in reply to Sir Raza Ali, that between July 1937 and July 1938, troops were called out at the request of Provincial Governments on eight occasions in U. P. and on one occasion in Bihar, while troops stood to on nine occasions in U. P., once in C. P. and twice in Bombay. During the period July 1938 to July 1939, troops were called out ten times in U. P. and once in Bombay, while troops stood to twelve times in U. P., twice in Bihar and once in C. P."

elsewhere in these volumes. On the contrary, on the very first page of Volume II, we find a poem entitled રાજ્ય પ્રશંસા which not only praises the British Raj very warmly in general terms, but says specifically :

વિસર્પાં વિક્રમ ભોજ નૃપ, વિસર્પું રઘુકુલ રાજ;
થયું નથી થાશે નહીં, એવું રાજ્ય છે આજ.

On the third page, in the next poem, a very interesting petition in verse presented to the Governor of Bombay, Mountstuart Elphinstone, in 1855, when he visited Ahmedabad, — a poem, be it noted, which fearlessly exposes the ill-treatment of the poorer classes and protests against the zulum they have to suffer at the hands of the officials, — Dalpat once more makes one of the characters say in no uncertain manner :

થયું નથી થાશે નહીં, આવું રાજ કોઈ કાળ;
રામરાજ કરતાં ભલો, આ પ્રગટ્યો ભૂપાળ.

[II, p. 3].

I refuse to believe that Dalpatram was so insincere and double-tongued a man as to declare twice in emphatic resonant verse what he did not believe in, or that he had not the courage to say in verse what he is alleged to have fearlessly said to a high British official like Forbes. And we have already seen that even Narmad, whose patriotism has never been suspected as poor Dalpat's has been, has emphatically said :દર વિરાજતી ચક્રવર્તી રાણીશ્રીની સરકાર જેટલું જેવું સુખ દેશી પરધર્મી લોકને સધળી જાતને સરખી રીતે આપે છે તેવું જસેં સત્યાગ્રી વર્ષના કાળમાં કોઈ હિંદુ કે મુસલમાન રાજ્યે આપ્યું છે? ના; રાજ્ય સાફ છે.

[ધર્મવિચાર, p. 10]. The fact is that we are so obsessed with our present political ideas and passions and crotchets that even men who are supposed to be scholars forget history and scholarship and fondly read current upto date ideas into the writings of men who lived and wrote about a hundred years ago. They even imagine things that did not exist, as when Narhari Parikh says that the high praises of British rule found in Dalpat's poem are the outcome of the ideas sedulously spread by the English in those days, —અંગ્રેજ લોકોએ તે વખતે દેશમાં ફેલાવેલા વિચારો અને કેળવણીનું પરિણામ. It is unfortunate that the fatal national defect of an utter lack of the historical sense is further aggravated by violent political prejudice and the consequent will *not* to see the historical truth. Otherwise, it should not be difficult to see the truth clearly spoken out by Dalpat and Narmad and all who had clear memories of what the condition of Gujarat and the Gujaratis was in the benign Rām Rāj that prevailed before the advent of the Satanic British. Dalpat has said it, Narmad has said it, Maganlal Vakhatchand the

historian of Ahmedabad has said it, and the later historians of that city and Broach have said it, for all who care to read, that before the advent of the British no rich citizen of the capital of Gujarat dared to put on decent clothes for fear of being reported to the Peshwa's Suba. Our presentday fire-eating patriots have forgotten the ghastly conditions prevailing in Gujarat for a hundred years and more before the British finally took it over in 1818. They have forgotten that when, after an occupation of only seven years, the British handed back Broach and Dabhoi to Swadeshi rule,—in 1783 after the Convention of Wadgam,—there were public prayers by Hindus and non-Hindus alike that the British may continue to hold these places, and religious vows were taken to induce the Deity to so ordain that the Satanic British might continue to rule the people. Was this too a result of અગ્રેજ લોકોએ ફેલાવેલા વિચારો અને કેળવણી? The Nagarsheths of Ahmedabad and other big cities in Gujarat and all over India, including the Jagat Seth of Calcutta, were the bankers who gave almost unlimited credit to the Company Government and also carried their confidential post and despatches. સુતના નામર ગૃહસ્થ શ્રીકૃષ્ણ અભુતન નાથજીએ એમને [i. e. અગ્રેજોને] બત્રીસ લાખ રૂપીઆ ધીર્યા હતા, અને કવિ નર્મદ લખે છે તેમ રૂપીઆનાં ગાડાં ને ગાડાં હારખંધ ભરી વિદાય કરવામાં આવ્યાં હતાં — તહિ એ માટે કોઇ બાંહેધરી કે તહિ વ્યાજ

[Quoted from સ્વામીજી by the *Gujarati* dated 30-11-41.] Was all this ruin due to અગ્રેજ લોકોએ તે વખતે દેશમાં ફેલાવેલા વિચારો અને કેળવણી? Why should we be so blinded by our present prejudices as not to see the simple historical truth that the advent of the British, in Gujarat especially, meant deliverance from the ghastly nightmare of a century of Maratha Rām-raj, from a living hell of misery and misrule and rapine and torture? Referring to Dalpatram's conversion to the Swaminarayan sect, Sundaram writes :

શિક્ષાત્રીનું શિક્ષણ પણ દલપતની રાજભક્તિનું મોટું પ્રમાણ કારણ છે.....હિંદુપર બ્રિટિશ અમલ એ ધર્મી સંકેત છે એ માન્યતાનો પ્રચાર કરવામાં આ સ પ્રદાય ફટલો જવાબદાર છે તે પણ સંશોધવા જેવી વસ્તુ છે. [ગૂજરાત સાહિત્ય સભા કાર્યવહી (૧૯૩૯-૪૦), p. 40]. I must confess that I myself have not the honour to be in the confidence of either God or the Devil, and therefore cannot say with certainty whether for bringing the British here we have to thank the former or the latter. But Sahajanand, who was admittedly a man of God, had certainly good reason for believing that it was a wise providence that was responsible for the advent of the British. In 1798 A. D., the notorious Kishanrao Bhimrao alias Aba Shelukar was sent to Ahmedabad as Suba (Governor) by the Peshwa. The historian of Ahmedabad city says ;

શહેરમાં ઘોળે દિવસે ચોરીઓ પશુ થતી. એ વખતે સરસુઆ ચોરીમાંથી ચોથ લેના હોવાથી ચોરને રોકનાર કોઈ નહોતું. [ગુજરાતનું પાટનગર અમદાવાદ, p. 162]. Again, કોઈથી સાઈં ધર રસ્તાપર બધાનું નહિ.....સાઈં ધર હોય તો સુખો પૈસા કઢાવતો, [Ibid]. Again, explaining the proverb આર કેળાં ને તેર લાગા, the historian refers to the harassment caused by innumerable octroi and other duties in Ahmedabad and says that a woman sent from her village to the city 12 pumpkins tied in a sheet, and દરવાજેથી બગર સુધીમાં આર જણના લાગામાં આર કેળાં ગયાં અને તેરમે લાગો રહ્યો તેને પેટે ચાદર પશુ ગઇ. [Ibid, p. 166, 167]. And, as said above,...કોઈથી સાઈં કપડું પહેરાતું નહિ. અને ભલકો મારે તો સુખાના ચાડીઆ સરકારમાં ખમર આપે અને એ માણસ ઉપર પૈસા કઢાવવા માટે બુલમ થાયએની છાતી ઉપર પથ્થર મૂકે અને રિખાવે. વેપારીઓ માલના નાણાંની ઉપરાણી જાહેરમાં કરી શકતા નહિ.....જો [ઉત્તરાણીની] ચોપડી દેખાઈ જાય તો સુખા એ ઉપરથી આસામીની પૂંજ બાણી લેતા અને દડતા. [And yet Narmad could, under the new regime, freely write a furious poem just because surcharge on income-tax was demanded from him!] સારાં કપડાં તો પહેરાયજ નહિ એટલે ગાડી ઘોડા તો રખાયજ ક્યાંથી? [Ibid, p. 161]. And the historian quotes from a contemporary ballad on the activities of the Suba and his gallant corps of *Chaddias*:

હાલતાં દંડે ચાલતાં દંડે દંડે સારા દીન;

છાતી ઉપર પથ્થર મૂકી પૈસા લેતા છીન

[p.158]. It was in the heroic regime of this Ābā Shelukar that Sahajanand had personal comparative experience of indigenous and foreign rulers. He was imprisoned by the Suba, and escaped torture only because the superstitious Maharashtrian was afraid of the holy man's supposititious supernatural powers. That humble but true scholar Hiralal Parekh writes in his history of the Gujarat Vernacular Society about the founder of the Swaminarayan sect: એ મહાન પુરૂષનો પ્રભાવ તે સમયે (Circa 1800 A. D.) પ્રબળર પુષ્કળ પડ્યો હતો. અમદાવાદના સુખા શેલુકરે એમની કનડગત કરવામાં કચાશ કરી ન હોતી. તેમ બિશપ હેબર અને મુબઇના તે કાળના ગવર્નર સર જૉન માલકમે એમની ખાસ મુલાકાત લઈ એમનું સન્માન કર્યું હતું તે હકીકત પણ ઓછી ગૌરવભરી નથી. [શુ વ. સો. નો ઇતિહાસ, Vol I, p.6]. Is it surprising or unnatural if after these experiences Sahajanand Swami enjoined on his followers loyalty to the British? And is it unnatural or surprising if those who were near enough in time to have experienced or to remember the dreadful plight of Gujarat until it was taken over by the British,—is it at all strange if Sahajanand, and,

Dalpatram, and Narmadashankar, and Navalram, and Nandshankar, and Govardhanram and a hundred other thoughtful men of high character and talents have honestly and fervently believed that the advent of the British was a divine dispensation? Was it not Narmad who said, ઈશ્વરે આપણને અત્રે રાજ્યને અધીન કીધાં છે? How far God has actually a hand in the shaping of mundane history, and how far the Devil can interfere effectively with divine dispensation, none, I repeat, can say except those who are in the confidence of either supramundane power. Being a rather unspiritual person, I cannot say whether God has brought the British here, or the Devil. But surely those who claim spiritual grace and illumination and a special share of truthfulness, ought at any rate to have sufficient faith in the Deity to believe that after the six hundred years of dismal history deplored by Narmad their Deity had at least a temporary victory over the Devil. But leaving aside both God and the Devil and their inscrutable intentions, the verdict of mundane history is clear, and it is thus given by a good Gujarati himself : અત્રે રાજ્ય ઇ. સ. ૧૮૦૦-૧૮૧૮ માં થયા પછી ગૂજરાતીઓની સ્થિતિમાં ફેરફાર થવા લાગ્યો. મુસલમાન ને મરેઠાના જુલમથી તાસ પામી ખૂણે ભરાઈ રહેલા અને દુકાળ આગ વગેરે આસમાની આફતથી ગરીબ ને દુઃખી થઈ ગયેલા ગૂજરાતીઓએ અત્રે રાજ્યથી મળેલી છૂટને જોઈ ખૂણામાંથી બહાર ડોક્યાં કરવા માંડ્યાં. [નર્મગદ્ય, p. 64.]. These are not the words of Dalpat the loyalist; these are the words of Narmad the patriot, the 'Great Boar Incarnation', our 'Generalissimo'. I hope our writers and speakers will show more sense of history and proportion and think a little before sapping poor Dalpat's reputation with thoughtless aspersions and supercilious sneers.

How this political prejudice has dogged Dalpatram even in the matter of his character will become evident from one more quotation. Comparing him with Narmad, Rāmnārāyan Pāthak says: બંનેએ આત્મભોગ આપ્યો છે, પણ નર્મદેનો આત્મભોગ ચઢે. એનો ત્યાગ ખરો હતો. દલપતગમે ત્યાગ કયો સરકારી નોકરીનો, પણ પરિણામે માલદાર થયા. નર્મદે એજ રીતે ત્યાગ કયો પણ તેનાથી એ પૈસાદાર નજ થયો; નર્મદે દેવાદારજ ગુજરી ગયો. આપણી તે માટે સલામુજ્જતિ છે. દલપતે તો ખાનગી નોકરી લીધી તે ફળી..... નર્મદેનો ત્યાગ દુઃખમાં પરિણમ્યો, માટે આજે આપણે તેની સરાવના કરીએ છીએ. [ગૂજરાત સાહિત્ય સભા કાર્યવહી (૧૯૩૬-૪૦), p. 40].

I do not quite see the logic of this argument. If by frugal living Dalpat amassed a small fortune, and if by riotous living and indulgence in luxury and libertinism Narmad squandered the thousands left by his father, the thousands given in the shape of bounty by rich patrons, the thousands he earned by selling his books and by other means—his income was at

one time large enough to be liable to incometax and surcharge — how, in the name of all that is fair, does the latter prove to be superior to the former on any count ? And the unkindest cut of all is that Rāmnārāyan does not even mention the fact that Dalpat was broken in the share gamble of 1865 and deliberately gave up all his property and every pie of his savings to his creditors, against the sound wordly advice of friends who wanted him to transfer his house etc., to his relatives and thus baulk the rascally creditors, a course adopted by innumerable honourable persons in those times, and to-day too. Even an honourable settlement rankled, and according to Narhari Parikh, he bitterly felt it as a humiliation that he could not pay off every pie he owed. [જ્યતી વ્યાખ્યાની, pp. 134-136]. If Rāmnārāyan Pāthak bases his judgment on the mere sentimental ground of Narmad's 'heroic' refusal to do honest work for a living combined with his indebtedness and the consequent hardships he had to endure, then surely every scapegrace who also refuses to do honest work for his living and who runs through a fortune, incurs heavy debts and runs away to Goa or hangs himself in consequence, will be entitled to our સહાનુભૂતિ and સરહત for his 'heroic' ત્યાગ and આત્મભોગ.

I have dwelt at some length on the prejudices that have helped to make Dalpatram unpopular because I believe that this unfortunate atmosphere of sneering suspicion, detraction and depreciation is keeping his really first rate achievement as a poet of remarkable genius from the Gujarati reading public. I believe that if the dross and tinsel in his poetical works is weeded out, and the pure gold and silver extracted with judgment and care, there will remain two to three hundred pages of literature and poetry of a high order, capable of giving perennial delight. For perpetual delight is the chief thing we get from his verse and prose ; not delight that vanishes at a second reading. His personality is so stamped on his best writings as to give them individual distinction; and his deceptively simple style at its best has a charm that will not let even some of his trifles die. For after all it is the amber of form and style that confers immortality on the words of the poets; it is the manner that counts in poetry, not so much the matter. Even the verses he wrote for the Hope Series of School Books have a charm of their own; and after these books were recast and Dalpat's verses replaced by others, there has been, we are credibly informed, a demand for this children's poetry republished in book form. Some critics have spoken with contempt about these poems; but perhaps they do not realise what a delicate and difficult task it is to compose verses really suitable for juveniles. Narmad was furious because he got no share in this work. But the dreadful 'Children's' verses which he himself wrote and which he has collected in his volume of verse are sufficient to show the wisdom of Hope and his

advisers in commissioning Dalpatram alone to do the work. For instance, in a poem written specially for Parsi girls Narmad makes the little unfortunates say to God Almighty :

દીનદયાળુ દયા કર હું પર
પાપ બહુ કરવે છડિં તત્પર,
લાલચમાં લલચાઇ ખરેખર
ઠોકર માર ખમી ખપું છું ખર.

A poet who can make a little girl call herself a reprobate and a miserable donkey who is being kicked and cudgelled for her sins, is certainly unfit to write verses for children. Much fun has been poked at વાડામાંથી પાડું એક by superior persons; but what would they have a tiny tot of four or five read? Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality? Or ઠોકર માર ખમી ખપું છું ખર? Anyway, many people rightly doubt if any one in Gujarat has so far written better verse for juveniles than Dalpatram with his simple natural piety, his sane humanity, his quips and cranks and jollity, his inimitable knack of story telling in verse, his command of simple and lucid language, and his understanding of the child mind.

It is his wide humanity and universality, his power of entering into the minds and skins of others, that is Dalpat's greatest and surest warrant for immortality. As we read his two volumes of verse interspersed with prose, we meet in them a number of people in various stages of life,—princes and peasants, courtiers and clowns, queens and horny-handed, strong smelling peasant women; and we see them all in the round, as real men and women of flesh and blood,—not the flat two dimensional bloodless abstractions that endlessly gibber lofty platitudes like unsubstantial ghosts in the much admired so-called dramas of his son, Nanalal. For Dalpat has twenty times more of the true dramatic vision than Nanalal, or, for the matter of that, than any Gujarati poet or even prose writer of the last one hundred and fifty years. I deliberately choose a grimly realistic creation from the lowest and humblest end of his remarkably wide picture gallery, a virago of the peasant world who is sitting on a machan to scare away feathered and other marauders:

કશી લીધેલો કાઝડો, છૂટો છેડો છેક;
પોંચ્યો પગની પાનિએ, વરવો વસ્ત્ર વિવેક.
લટકે લીરા લૂગડે, અંગે અધમણ મેલ;
ચોરી ચઢતાં ચોટલે, ધયુઈ હરો ધૂપેલ.
કમર કશી શણગટ કરી, લટકે લટ લે લાડ;
હુડા હુડા હોહો કરી, તાણી પાડે ત્રાડ.
ગોફણમાં ગોળા ધરી, ફેંકે ફરતી દીશ;.....

In the same long poem *વિજય ક્ષમા* we have an amusing passage describing in a graphic manner the good points of Kanbis and their weaknesses too :

આપો મુખમાં ઇશ્વરે, ઉંદું શબ્દજ એક;
હજાર ગુણ છે હાથમાં, અંતર દયા અનેક;
હોય કણબિ જો હરખમાં, જ્યાં કહિયે સાં જાય;
હડપર આવ્યો હોય તો, ઉંદું નો ન ઉપાય.

This is of course one of the traditional popular judgments about particular castes which are so current among us, and only repeats more fluently what *Sāmal Bhat* has said in

કણબી પાછળ કરોડ, કણબી કોઈ પાછળ નહીં;
મૂળમાં મોટી ખોડ, કે ઉંદુંનું ઓસડ નહીં.

And the poet goes on to tell with gusto and broad humour the story of two simple Kanbi brothers and their Patel father who turn by turn go to the Sultan and unconsciously give offence by their boorish behaviour and manner of talking. They are all imprisoned by the irate Sultan, and next a step-brother of the Patel goes to the Sultan to intercede in their behalf urging his relationship :

છે મારે સાંકડી સગાઈ, અમે બંને આંગળિયા ભાઈ.

Thereupon,

રાજ થઇને પૂછે રાય, કેને આંગળિયા કહેવાય,
દેતોતો ઉત્તર દીવાન, હું કહું કહિ બોલ્યો હેવાન;
પાછ્યાનો મરિ જાય પિતાય, પાછ્યાની મા નાત્રે જાય;
પ્રસવે પુત્ર સુવાવડ ખાઈ, એ પાછ્યા આંગળિયા ભાઈ.

Dalpat's men and women are never out of character; he has quite a genius for such comedy and such realistic mimicry, and the latter trait finds highly amusing expression in the casually told story of બોખડો મૂળચંદ in *વેનચરિત*.

Lisping Mulchand had been strictly warned by his people to keep his mouth tightly shut and not to speak on any account during the wedding ceremony, so that the bride's people may not find out his defect. But the unlucky bridegroom saw the *mandap* catching fire and in his anxiety blurted out the fact. In an explanatory note the poet tells us how he did it; દીવાની જાળ માંડવાને લાગતી જોઇને તે બોલ્યો કે 'આ માંડવો બધ જશે તો વચને વઉ બેય બધ જશે; વઉ કહેશે કે મૂચચંદ બોલ્યો!' Very likely it is an old chestnut, but the realistic manner of telling it is Dalpat's own. We hear a good deal nowadays about *વસ્તવવાદ* and realism in poetry, and our younger poets are vying with one another in selecting for their realistic poems

such subjects as ચૂસાયલો ગોટલો, ફાટેલી ચંપલ and even જનરની માખી. But in spite of their deliberately bizarre subjects, I doubt if they can beat or even approach Dalpatram in effortless natural realism, — not the sham literary realism borrowed from France and Russia.

Even in the more serious epigrammatic vein which, too, he can exploit with equal ease and mastery, we find plenty of shrewd observation of human nature, quaint but apt illustrations taken from homely matters of everyday experience — often lit up with a gleam of his sly humour — and the saving and preserving grace of a simple yet compact and nervous style. Referring to epigrams contained in old Gujarati and Kathiawadi સોરઠી s and દહી s, Rāmnārāyan Pāthak writes: આ ભાષાનું બળ, રસની ધનતા, પ્રસાદ, સઘ: પ્રકાશ, એકદમ યાદ રહી જાય એવો આકાર, ઉચ્ચાર, સહોદારિતા, મસ્તી, શબ્દ-લાઘવ, હજી આપણી ભાષાએ સાધવાં બાકી રહ્યાં છે. [Quoted by Hira Mehta in આપણું વિવેચન સાહિત્ય, p. 258]. I, too, thought so once. Some fifteen years ago I said in a paper on the importance of Sanskrit for the Gujarati language that in Gujarati there was no epigrammatic literature in which Sanskrit is so rich. But I had not read Dalpatram then and did not know that a master-hand had left us a rich heritage of well-turned, interesting, memorable and even great epigrams, and thus set his successors a splendid example. It may be noted in passing that the old Duhas and Sorthas were often not independent epigrams but formed the high lights of stories of love or heroism which were told in prose by professional raconteurs, the verses serving as pegs on which to hang the stories and marking the emotional peaks in the stories which were not written down. Hence the emotion of these memorised verses was often dramatic, being incidental to plot or character or action, not subjective or lyrical. It would be easy to fill pages with such verses from Dalpatram, but we can only glance at a few in our hurried survey. To take some at a lower level of worldly wisdom:

નાગા બાવાથી જે થાય, સંસારીથી કદિ ન કરાય;
બાવાને શેનું બદનામ, શક્તિ વિચારી કરોએ કામ.

Again,

નદીનાળું તો તૂંપડાથી નંરાય, કહો સિંધુ તેથી તર્યો કમ જાય;
શિશુરોગને સોયનો કામ થાય, નહીં ઉંટના રોગનો એ ઉપાય.

[II. 42]

About newspapers he says in a rather too flattering epigram:

જેમ ભર્યાં ધરમાં નહીં, દિવા વિના દેખાય;
વતમાનપત્રો વિના, જગ ચરચા ન જણાય.

In a remarkably terse epigram he deftly weaves in a proverbial saying :

મરતાં સુધી મટે નહીં, પડી ટેવ પ્રખ્યાત;
ફાટે પણ શીટે નહીં, પડી પટોળે ભાત.

More striking and at a higher level are:

જેમ તેમ મન વાળવું, જ્યાં નહિં જડે ઉપાય;
જમટે માર્યો આપ તે, વેર કદી ન વળાય.

Or,

વધે પલકમાં વાદળી, લાગે પ્રથમ લગાર;
તેમ પરાક્રમિ પુરૂષને, વધતાં શેતી વાર.

More humorous but no less striking are:

સોય વડે કદિ શીવિએ, ખળમુખ બંધ ન થાય;
હા ના સાટે દર ધડી, હું હું હું ઉચરાય.

And,

સંગતથી સુધરે કદી, જાતિ સ્વભાવ ન જાય;
નાગર સંન્યાસી થયો, પણ ખટપટ ચિત્ત ચ્હાય.

Or again,

વસ્તુ પગલ ધાસતાં, કોણ દિસે દિલગીર;
ધોખલુનાં બાજોતિયાં, તે રાણીનાં ચીર.

On a much loftier plane of sombre and brooding moralising are some of Dalpat's most characteristic epigrams, and these are epigrams in the higher, the elegiac, the Greek sense of the word, not in the restricted English sense of a terse and well turned witty saying. It is true that such poetry does not as a rule appeal to the young and the romantic. But to all thoughtful minds its appeal is always there, and grows with passing years. In Dalpat at his best we find many of the characteristics of Bhartrihari — seriousness, keen observation of human weaknesses, gleams of a disillusioned and almost cynical insight into men and things, and a grave brooding melancholy reflected in the lofty and often severe diction. To take a few illustrations:—

જાય નદી જળપૂર પણ, જળાકર રહિ જાય;
જાય જીવાની જનતણી, દુર્લક્ષણ દેખાય.

On the Miltonic theme, 'the last infirmity of noble mind', Dalpat writes :

પ્રભુની ચ્હાય પ્રસન્નતા, કરે તેજ શુભ કામ;
કાં કીર્તિભૂખ્યો કરે, નિશ્ચય રહેવા નામ.

And he brings to mind Sa'di and other moralists with these vigorous and memorable verses:

જળાય પાપ ન જગતનું, તારું પાપ પ્રભળી;

ખીજને પછિ બોધ કર, તું તારું સંભાળ—

And,

પ્રથમ પેખ ધરને પછી, જો આકાશ પતાળ;

પાર ન આવે પર તણો, તું તારું સંભાળ—

—which is very near

Tu kāre zaminrā niku sākhti

Ki bā āsmān nīz pardākhti.

Finally, reminiscent of some of the finest epigrams in Sanskrit are the sombre verses on the old but never aging topic, *vanitas vanitatum*:

રહ્યા ન રાણા રાજ્યા, સુરનર મુની સમેત;

તું તો તરણા તુલ્ય છે, ચેત ચેત નર ચેત.

રજકણ તારાં રખડશે, જેમ રખડતી રેત;

પછિ નરતન પામીશ ક્યાં, ચેત ચેત નર ચેત.

In one great couplet he sums up the eternal mystery of man's coming hither and his going hence:

સજનો આ સંસાર છે, સાગર વડા સમાન;

કાંઠા તેના બે કહું, જન્મસ્થાન રમશાન.

One more epigram though not in so lofty a vein, has haunted my memory ever since I read it, because its truth was strikingly and literally brought home to me by a strange coincidence. On 12th August 1940 there was a house collapse at Kalbadevi at 11 A. M. I read on the morning of the 13th the moving details of the catastrophe which had caused the tragic death of a young Marwadi woman when she was actually serving to her husband his morning meal. In the afternoon, on the same day, I read this epigram in Dalpatram:

ભાણે ભરિયાં ભોજનો, જમ્યા વિના રહિ જાય;

આશા અંતરમાં રહે, ધણિનું ધાયું થાય.

It is a fashion nowadays to look down upon such verse as not truly poetical or, if grudgingly admitted to the category, it is considered to be poetry of a very inferior kind. It may be so; but there is little doubt that some of the most memorable, and best remembered, poetry in the world's great literatures is poetry of this kind. If such lofty moralising by Bhartrihari and Sa'di, Firdausi and Shakespeare—to name only a few

who have written such verse — is poetry, then Dalpat's verse of the same kind should not be denied the name of poetry. Balvantrāy Thakor who is inclined to deny the name of poet to Dalpat has yet included even witty epigrams under the general term 'lyric', and calls them ઊર્મિમુક્તાક. Among the illustrations he gives, there are two epigrams by himself about which he writes :

આવ ! જા ! પડ ! ઊભોથા ! ખેલ ! ચૂપ રહે, અદયા !
 આશા ગુલામ અર્થાર્થી ઉપરી એમ ખેલતા.
 આ.....લોક ઊર્મિમુક્તાક કેમ ન ગણાય ? અને આ આર્થી
 હસમુખ કહે કરચળિને 'આઈ આજ હું-સહે જરા હસને !'
 કરચળિ કહે 'હું ?' ત્યાંતો વાગી ગઇજ ખુણ—
 લાગી ગઇ એક લેચનને !.....
 ['લિરિક', pp. 117-118.]

I will not venture to criticise these 'lyrical epigrams' as Thakor calls them — not even the metre of the wonderful આર્થી; I will only ask readers to judge between these specimens of ખેચર sky-ranging poesy and those I have cited from ભૂચર earth-crawling Dalpat. Of one thing I am as certain as one can be in such matters: Dalpat's lofty epigrams and even his second class ones are still readable and memorable, three quarters of a century after they were written; Thakor's, I am afraid, will not live, for the simple and sufficient reason that they are still-born.

Before we pass on to other aspects of Dalpat's poetry, I should like to give two more epigrams, that have a flavour and a grim humour of their own. For in one of them the poet is laughing at himself for his plight for which he is not personally responsible, in the other he is kicking himself for having been a fool and thus brought the plight on his head. It is well-known that his was not a peaceful household; it is enough to say that he had three wives, — and most of us know by experience that even one is a handful. So he sings in a desperate humour :

હરના ધરમાં હરધડી, ચતુ' હશે તોફાન;
 સંપ ન દેખી શકરે, કિધું હશે વિષપાન.

(II, p. 48).

Again, referring to his folly in trying to get rich quick in the share bazar, he writes in a wistful self-castigating humour :

ગયા શિકારે શેરને, શિકારના કરનાર;
 ત્યાં સામે શેરે ક્યો, શિકારીનોજ શિકાર.

(I, p. 629).

It would be superfluous to emphasise the masterly phrasing of both these gems, the *curiosa felicitas* hidden under a deceptive simplicity and the deliciously apt paronomasia in the second epigram. Judged by any standards these are perfect epigrams; and the self-criticism implicit in them, especially in the latter, raises Dalpat to the highest rank of humorists. For real humour does not lie in laughing at others or writing parodies of other people's poems; it lies in laughing at one's own follies and foibles. Narmad in his place would have shed (at least on paper) innumerable maudlin tears over his misfortune, and stormed the heavens with his protests against it, and incidentally invited the world to admire his ટેકી વીરતા in facing it. But Dalpat with his self-criticism was made of really more heroic stuff as witness his superbly stoical rule of life :

આ દુનિયામાં આપણું, નર્થા સરીકત કોઇ,
વેદ પડી તે વેદવી, કાં હરખી કાં રોઇ.

And grander still,

જાની કે અજાની જન, સુ મદુખ રહિત ન કોઇ;
જાની ભોગવે ધૈર્યથી, મૂખે ભોગવે રોઇ.

Dalpatram had, besides this stern but good humoured and humorous stoicism, a fund of real natural piety. In contrast to Narmad's bigoted and superstitious sectarianism, he, though comparatively a man of no education, had a surprisingly broad and tolerant religious outlook, and some of his noblest verses are instinct with a profound sense of the ultimate unity of all mankind as children of the same Father. He sums up the essence of this universal humanitarian religion in one terse couplet :

જપ તપ તીરથ વ્રત નિયમ, સૌ સાધારણુ ધર્મ;
પરોપકાર કરો સદા, એજ ધર્મનો મર્મ.

Again and again he emphatically declares that whatever the varying outward forms and formularies which the various religions may teach, the essential object of all men is to quench their spiritual thirst :

ફાવે તે સ્થાને જઈ, ભજવા શ્રીભગવાન;
નદિએ કે વાવે કુવે, જઈ કરવું જળીપાન.

In a striking variety of ways he tries to bring home to wrangling sectarians the folly and futility of fighting about an ultimate mystery that none of them can solve :

મૂઝુ કોઈ છે કલ્પના એવિ કીધી;
નથી વસ્તુ તે દષ્ટિએ દેખિ લીધી;
લડે આંધળા દાખલો એજ આણો,
તમે મિત્ર મારા વૃથા વાદ તાણો.

And,

નથી સ્વર્ગ કે નર્ક જૂદાં સહૂનાં,
નથી આપણાં વિશ્વ જૂદાં બહૂનાં;
જુદા કયાં જશે એક ગોળો ચુંથાણો,
તમે મિત્ર મારા વૃથા વાદ તાણો.

Even in such high moralising his puckish humour sometimes breaks out in a delightfully quaint manner :

ભેદ જાણ્યા વિના દેખાદેખી જે ભજન કરે,
તેથી તો પરમપદ પામે નહીં કોઈ એ;
સમજ્યા વિનાનો શુક રટે જેમ રામનામ,
આમ કરવાથી તો વખત ખાલી ખોઈએ;
જેમ એક જ્ઞાન રોતું દેખી બીજા જ્ઞાન રૂએ,
રૂદયમાં જાણે નહીં જે આ કેને રોઈએ.....

About the children of the same God who abuse each other's idea of godhead, he says in a strikingly realistic manner :

કહે દલપતરામ જેમ સગાં ભાઈ શિશુ
એક બીજાની માને તે ગાળો દે છે ગરવી.

Again,

કોઈ કહે સાકાર ને કોઈ કહે નિરાકાર,
સાકાર નિરાકારનો નિશ્ચય શાથી થશે;
પાટિયાંની પેટી તેને તોળવાળું તાળું મારી,
પૂછે આમાં શું છે તે તો હરી જાણે શું હશે;
જોયા વિના જે કહે તે જોશિયોના જોશ જેવું,
કહો તે ખચિત કેમ કથતાં કથું જશે;
અકળિત કળા એની કહે દલપતરામ,
કળી ન શકાય તે ઉપાય કાઢાથી કરો.

And he sums up the whole matter in one more memorable epigram :

નામ લખેલું દેવનું, નિરખી અવશ્યમેવ;
ન ભણેલો લીટા કહે, કહે ભણેલો દેવ.

The earnestness and sincerity of Dalpat's best verse and its undoubted emotional appeal are likely to escape the impatient attention of those who have come to expect in poetry an exalted atmosphere subtly induced by an exalted and deliberately poetised idiom distinct from the language of prose. For of all Gujarati poets, Dalpat keeps nearest to the language and also the

syntax of ordinary prose, sometimes even of the spoken language. It is this apparently artless ease and simplicity and crystal-clear lucidity of his diction that deceives shallow or hasty readers into believing that Dalpat is shallow and commonplace. Those who can find poetry only in a consciously poetic diction and who hold that the common things of the world are not fit subjects for poetry, brush aside such elemental simplicity as trite and commonplace. But poetry, like life itself, is ultimately made up of common things affecting that common creature, man. Anyhow, it is because of this artless simplicity, I believe, that from the days of Navalram downwards Dalpat's poetry is supposed to be lacking in દર્દ . This interesting term of literary aesthetics has been taken over from Urdu poetical and critical cant; 'dard' and 'soz-o-gudāz' are supposed to be the prime essentials of the Ghazal, especially when descanting on its main topic, love. The poet is, of course, always in love, and the pangs of love he feels or pretends to feel, are the 'dard', and the furiously burning fire of love causes the 'soz-o-gudāz'—the burning and melting of liver and heart and bone marrow; calling the heart a 'kabāb' (not made of minced but spit-roasted meat) is a commonplace of Persian love poetry. Gujarati has taken over the cant word 'dard', but not 'soz-o-gudāz',—perhaps because being a strictly vegetarian language, the idea of roast meat proved more revolting than attractive. Anyhow, 'dard' has come to mean that vague nostalgic and rather maudlin feeling which beautiful sounds and sights of nature—including, of course, women—raise in sensitive minds. In short, the charge against Dalpat is that there can be no emotion in his poetry as it is simple and didactic, ethical and moralising. Even admitting for argument's sake that his poetry contains little else, there is no reason why such poetry should necessarily be devoid of all emotion. There is emotion in the very earnestness and conviction with which Dalpat lays stress on conduct and morals;—this uneducated Brahmin from the backwoods of Wadhwan who perhaps never heard in his life the name of Matthew Arnold was in full agreement with Arnold that conduct is three parts of religion. And there is still deeper emotion in the earnestness and conviction with which he dwells on matters of deeper import such as the swift flight of inexorable time and the littleness and impermanence of man surrounded as he is during his brief sojourn here by intractable, intangible, mysterious forces controlled by "a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will", or, as he himself puts it more simply and more epigrammatically:

પ્રાણી કરે પ્રયત્ન પણ, બને અદૃષ્ટ બનાવ.

No sensitive reader can say that there is no emotion in such verses as

અજ્ઞાનના પટ ઓથે કૃત્ય કરતાર રહ્યો,
કોઈ ન કળી શકે કે કેવી એની કાયા છે;
ક્યાંથી આવ્યાં, ક્યાં ગયાં, ને દૃષ્ટિએ દેખાયાં તે શું ?—
મોટા મોટા મતિમંત દેખીને મુઝાયા છે;
કહે દલપત જેવી જાદુતણા કાનસની
છબીએની છાયા એવી ઇશ્વરની માયા છે;

or, in another Manhar beginning

કાયાની શી માયા કાયા વાદળીના છાયા જેવી;

or in scores of poems, stanzas and couplets of the same quality. Indeed, there are unsuspected depths in Dalpatram's apparently placid and translucent stream of poesy. To take one instance, he begins in a conventional manner what appears at the first blush to be one of the innumerable moralising commonplaces so common in most Indian vernaculars,—and that, again, in an unpromising jogtrot metre :

રાય ગયા બહુ રાંક ગયા, ને રહ્યા થકિ કોઇ નથી રહેવાનો.

In the second and particularly in the third line—

સર્વ ંહોપઅહો અહનાથ, વિનાશ સમે નકિ નાશ થવાનો—

he raises the theme to a superb level, and then ends the quiet fourth line with five simple but haunting words:

કોણુ હિસાબ કવી દલપત, હુયાત દિસે પણ રંગ હવાનો.

Over and above these and many other such pieces, Dalpat has written several poems in the true elegiac strain surcharged with deep and noble emotion. ગય છે જગત આદ્યુરે, એ શ્રવ જોને is a fine elegy on the eternally absorbing topic, "sic transit gloria", the impermanence and evanescence of man in all his might and glory; and તશ મંદિરો માળિયાં ગોખ મેદી is another such poem on the twin subject, death, that has exercised the mind of man perhaps ever since man became self-conscious. But the finest of them all is the noble elegy on the flight of time entitled કાળની વેગ વિષે. It is a remarkable poem full of humour and pathos and philosophic calm and resignation; and in spite of its formal refrain—અરે કાળ ઊતાવજો વેગ વારો — and its vernacular simplicity it is suffused with the deepest emotion. The poet 'looks before and after', and in a retrospective mood views with singular detachment and with a critical though humorous eye the successive

stages of his life. He recalls the pleasures and pains of thoughtless childhood with graphic power and inimitable humour:

ખરી ખાંતથી આલમાં ખેલતો હું,
તડીને દડીને પગે ઠેલતો હું;
નથી વીસર્યાં તે સમેના નિચારો—

and,

નિશાળે જઈ શીખતો સોલ આંક,
પિટે ખૂબ પડ્યો પડે કોઈ વાંક;
દુખે છે મને તો હજૂ તેલમારો—

and again,

પછી માતતાતે ક્યું લગ્ન મારૂં,
અરે એ સમે તો મને લાગ્યું સારૂં;
નહીં જાણ્યું મેં આ સમો છે જનારો.....

Thus laughing wistfully at the memory of his past joys and griefs he comes down to his old age and its infirmities and the grim shadow of death that has taken away his wife, and ends on this deep note of serene calm and detachment, resignation to God's will and firm hope in His mercy :

છતે આજ છે પાંચ જે પુત્ર મારા,
અમે વીતશું તેમ તે વીતનારા;
હશે જે ગુણી તો થશે કાર્તિકારો,
અરે કાળ ગિતાવળો વેગ તારો.
નથી મેં પ્રભુની પુરી ભક્તિ કીધી,
નથી કામ સારાં કરી કાર્તિ લીધી;
તથાપી મને તારશે તારનારો,
અરે કાળ ગિતાવળો વેગ તારો.

And he winds up, at a still loftier pitch of philosophic calm, with a grand *envoi* :

આગળથી અધરો દોસે, ચડવો કુંગર જેમ;
ચડ્યા પછી છોટો દોસે, ગિમર કુંગર એમ.
આદિઅંત વિણ ખેય છે, કાલ અને આકાશ;
તથા નિયંતા તેહનો, ધન્ય છે અવિનાશ.
તૃણા તલમાત્રે નથી, પણ એ અધુરાં કામ;
પ્રભુ ભક્તિ પરમાર્થ તે, દાખે દલપતરામ.
આ અવનીનો ફરિ ફરી, થાય જન્મ ને નાશ;
તો જનનો જશ જગતમાં, વસશે ક્યાં સ્થિર વાસ.

Thus even 'the last infirmity of noble mind', the desire for fame, has passed, for, he concludes like another Prospero that ultimately fame too must perish as this great globe itself shall perish. The poet has reached the tragic calm that rises above mere optimism or pessimism; he has achieved that rare vision of detachment which enables him to see his sons and belongings, his joys and sorrows, and even himself, as mere phantasmal phenomena like passing pictures on a screen. Undoubtedly a great and noble poem by a great poet with a noble mind. With its wonderfully wide sweep that ranges with ease from the humorous experiences of a hardy carefree urchin, to the lofty brooding reflections of a clear-eyed aged Seer waiting for the final call, and from thence to the ultimate mysteries of Time and Space and Eternity, it is a masterpiece of objective vision, classical in its severe simplicity, serene poise and perfect mastery of profound but controlled emotion. I am inclined to think that no lyrical or elegiac poem written in Gujarati in the last one hundred and fifty years can rank with this threnody; perhaps there is nothing in the whole range of Gujarati poetical literature to match it. It has captured a rare mood of spiritual exaltation, a rare spiritual vision as from a Pisgah sight, and fixed and immortalised this mood and this vision in words of rare charm, simplicity and nobility. This combination of grandeur with utter simplicity, bald and severely unadorned, is reminiscent of Firdausi whose superb mastery of this grandly simple manner has been the despair of the greatest Persian poets who have tried to imitate him during the last one thousand years.

There are several poems in modern Gujarati that range from the Sun and the Moon to the constellations and even to the farthest nebulae visible and invisible to the naked eye of man; in fact, as Thakor would have it, many of our younger poets move about with their heads constantly in the clouds and among the stars, and their ^{૫૨૨} muse sweeps through the immensities of space with the assurance of a two hundred inch astronomical telescope. But most of these poems, if not all of them, leave the reader cold because they fail to communicate any emotion except the vague one which the idea of vague vastness produces in any sensitive mind and which alone seems to originate and motivate them. They read like fine but tepid intellectual exercises in high flown rhetoric which has been deliberately worked up in high flown language and which is not the outcome of real and deeply felt, deeply experienced emotion. High sounding and much admired as these poems are, I venture to think that none of these exercises in the sublime can come up to this unpretentious poem by Dalpat that deals with simple, elemental experiences and emotions in language of elemental simplicity. Even supposing that this poem is not an original piece of writing, and that Dalpat got the germ of it—or even the whole of it—from

some foreign source, he cannot be denied the credit that is undoubtedly due to any poet who transmutes borrowed matter in the crucible of his mind, refashions it in his own authentic idiom, and stamps it with his own unmistakable identity. But I do not think Dalpat has borrowed the theme of this poem, or the details, or the manner of working them out. My knowledge of English poetry is very limited, but I venture to think there is no English poem which could have suggested to Dalpat,—at second-hand, of course,—the theme and development of this poem. As for those who accuse him of having borrowed his best from Sanskrit, Braj and Hindi, it is incumbent on them to point out the source of it in any of these three languages. But it is too intimately personal, too sincere in its emotion, too modern in fact, to be a translation or imitation or echo of anything in these formal and comparatively frigid poetic idioms. Finally we come to his formally elegiac verses in *શર્પિસ વિરહ* a series of poems, written on the premature death of his patron and friend, Alexander Kinloch Forbes. Dalpatram knew no modern models for such an elegy, and much of the verse in it is conventional, formal and stiff. But it contains several stanzas of deep and genuine emotion even when couched in the conventional manner:

સંખ્યા સમે વસુધાને વ્યોમ તણા સાંધાવિશે
અવલોક્યો રતો આભ ચઢીને અગાશિયે,—

is a splendid beginning but the rest of the stanza is not equal to it in spite of the bold pathetic fallacy that, because of Kinloch's death,

ભૂમિએ ભગવો ભેખ ઓઢ્યો છે ઉદાશિયે.

Another stanza is also undoubtedly charged with true emotion in spite of its being couched in rather artificial diction:

વિચારી વિચારીને વિસારી દેયે વાત પણ,
વિસરતી નથી શું વિસારતાં વિસારીએ;
હરવાનું હામ મયું માટે કોઈ હામે મન,
હરતું નથી કીએ ઠેકાણું હરી હારીએ;
દોસ્તદાર ફારખસ વિના ફલપત કહે,
કાગળનું કહું કેના આગળ ઉચારીએ.

Another stanza embodies what may be called a conceit, and yet it is moving in its wistful simplicity. He recalls the fact that when touring with Forbes

in the districts, the latter, used to move ahead to the next camp and arrange for his (the poet's) comforts before Dalpat himself arrived there. And he asks:

પરલોક પ'થે પણ પ્રથમથી પોતે ગયો,
એ પણ ગયો હશે શું એવું અભિજાખતો ?
કહો દલપતરામ શોધીને સારો મુકામ,
રાખજો સંભારીને રખે વિસારી નાખતો.

This is reminiscent of Tennyson's "Does my old friend remember me?" about Hallam. And Dalpat like Tennyson seems to have brooded on the problem of death, and he asks what and where must Forbes be after his departure from here. In a conventionally artificial and rhetorical stanza the last couplet is tinged with this haunting uncertainty :

કેવે રૂપ થયો ને ક્યાં ગયો તેની ગમ નથી,
એથી ઓ કિન્હાક મિત્ર મનમાં મુઠાઉં છું.

Two other Manhars are remarkable for their grave and resonant music and reflect the brooding melancholy of the poet. They certainly do not read like mere formal exercises in official elegy writing. With the advent of the rainy season, the poet sorrowfully feels his loss:

ગાજે છે ગગનધટા, ઝાજે છે વીજળી ઝટા,
આજે છે હેલી, એતો ખિરાજે છે સુરોતમાં;
ભાગે છે ભાળીને મન, માગે છે મેળાપી મિત્ર,
જાગે છે વિરહ, હૈયે લાગે છે અહિંતમાં.....

And just before the rains the poet says in a fine address to the Sabarmati, again saved from mere conventionality by real imagination and emotion:

શુભ સતી સાબ્રમતી શ્રીમી કેમ ધારી ગતિ, .
વિરતિની મતિ કેમ રાખી મારી ચીરી તેં;
કેમ થયું કૃશઅંગ, ક્યાં ગયા તારા તરંગ,
સંગ હતા દાદુરતે, દૂર કર્યા શી રીતે;
બંને પાત્રુ ઓઢેલાં રૂચિર લીલાં ચીર હતાં,
ચિત્તપાં શી ચિંતા ચઢી ચીર નાખ્યાં ચીરી તેં;
ઉદારી દીસે છે આમ. દાખે દલપતરામ,
ફારબસ ગયો તેથી લોધી શું ફકારી તે ?

But the most sincere and most convincing verses in the whole long composition are the twelve couplets beginning :

વાલા તારાં વેણુ, સ્વપ્નામાં પણ સાંભરે,
નેહ ભરેલાં નેણુ, ફરી ન દીકાં ફારખસ,—

and ending with the wistful hope of somehow somewhere meeting his dead friend:

નેણુ વરસે નીર, સ્નેહી જ્યારે સાંભરે;
વેલો આવી વીર, ફરીને મળાને ફારખસ.

Their very simplicity carries conviction and the unaffected deep emotion pervading them cannot be missed or mistaken by even the most unsparing and unsympathetic critic of Dalpat.

One reason why this series of elegiac poems on Forbes called ફાર્ખસ વિરહ has suffered undeserved neglect is that their very subject matter — a deep abiding friendship based on mutual respect and real affectionate regard between a high British official and a humble Brahmin poet — appears at the first blush to be almost unbelievable and ununderstandable to most Indian readers. Dalpat himself has as it were shrewdly anticipated this sceptical doubt, for he writes :

અતડા રહી અમઝ કરે અન્ય અંગરેજો,
તુઝ ગણી તેઝો તણી તજ રીત તેજ તેં ;
ભાઇ તુદય સર્વશું સગાઈ તેં સવાઇ સાહી,
અરે ભાઇ અતિશે નવાઈ કરી એજ તેં.

And Forbes must undoubtedly have been a rare spirit, and he must have had real regard and affection for Dalpatram ; and Dalpatram found a kindred spirit in this canny but kindly Scotsman born of a gentle family and every inch a gentleman, undoubtedly full of shrewd and pawky Scots humour which, along with his genuine love for the history and literature of Gujarat, must have been the firm links that bound these two rare men in this rare and memorable friendship. When Forbes was on leave in Europe, and when Dalpat also had gone to his post under Government giving up the Assistant Secretaryship of the Gujarat Vernacular Society, Curtis, who succeeded Forbes as president of the Society, found that the Institution would go to the dogs if Dalpat did not come back to it. He requested the poet to do so, but Dalpat firmly refused as he hoped to be far better off in

Government service. Curtis wrote to Forbes asking him to induce Dalpatram to go back to the Society ; and such was the influence Forbes had with Dalpat that one letter from him was enough to make the poet throw up his Government job for good and devote all his energies to the service of the Society.

It was a strange but noble friendship, based on mutual respect and regard and affection, reflecting honour on both these fine spirits. Dalpat himself tells us that Forbes was so intimate with his household that the children used to call him 'Saheb Kaka' :

મિત્ર હવે મુજ આળકડાં કહીશે જમ કાણુને સાહેબ કાકા.

(I p. 117)

When Dalpat lost everything in the share mania of 1865, he went straight to Forbes who was then a Judge of the Bombay High Court. In such a situation it is the practice and privilege of friends to lecture the unfortunate victim for his folly or rashness in getting into a mess, instead of cheering him up and helping him out of the mess. But Forbes just cheered his friend up and straightway started a fund for his relief, himself heading the list with Rs. 1,000. He also induced several rich Gujaratis of Bombay to contribute, and in this manner he set Dalpat on his feet. Unfortunately Forbes died shortly after this friendly service at the early age of 45, and thus this remarkable friendship started in 1848 came to a premature end in 1866, and Gujarat also lost a true friend and lover of its history, language and literature. As Narmad has gratefully acknowledged, Forbes was the first modern historian of Gujarat with his famous book *Rāsmālā*, and he was the founder of several literary institutions at Ahmedabad and Surat including the now famous Gujarat Vernacular Society. There is nothing but truth in what Pitambardas Derasari has said about Forbes: આપણા દેશનો ઉદય બ્રિટિશ લોકોને હાથેજ નિર્માણ થયો છે. તેમજ ગુજરાતી સાહિત્યના ઉદયનાં બીજ પણ એક અંગ્રેજને હાથેજ રોપાયાં છે. પરગતી, પરધર્મી અને પરદેશી છતાં પણ એ મહાન નર ગુજરાત અને ગુજરાતીને ખરેખરી દાઝથી [ચહાતો], કોઈ પણ દેશભક્ત ગુજરાતી કરતાં એણું ચહાતો નહીં. [સાહીત્ય, p. 23.]

But perhaps his greatest service to Gujarat was to discover and cherish the genius of his humble Shrimali Brahmin literary assistant from Wadhwan, Dalpatram Dahyabhai. Forbes must have been a canny farsighted Scot, shrewd and level-headed, and endowed with a keen sense of humour, as one would expect from his intimate friendship with Dalpat and from some anecdotes about the two that have been recorded. Their very first meeting furnished a little comedy of errors. Forbes wanted to know the lowest salary Dalpat would accept, and after some calculation and thinking Dalpat

said Rs. 125. Forbes was taken aback and said he was not in a position to pay so much. Dalpat asked him what he would like to pay. Forbes hesitated to give out the figure as the disparity was hopelessly large. But Dalpat pressed him to mention his figure and Forbes apologetically said he could afford only Rs. 15 per month. Dalpatram jumped at the offer as he had meant Rs. 125 per annum, not per month as Forbes had understood.

Forbes knew Gujarat and the Gujaratis very intimately. How well he understood the Gujarati mind is illustrated by another amusing anecdote, in connection with a boys' school run by the Gujarat Vernacular Society from 1850 to 1854. Hiralal Parekh writes in his interesting history of the Society:.....આ શાળાના વહિવટ અંગે કવિ દલપતરામે એક દાખલો નોંધ્યો છે તે જેમ રમુજ તેમ વિચારણીય હોઈ અને આખો છે : સોસાઈટીના સેક્રેટરીનું કામ સિવર્ડ સાહેબને સોંપ્યું. તે સાહેબે સોસાઈટીની તરફથી એક નિશાળ સ્થાપી. એક સમે તેના નોકર ઢંડે પોતાના છોકરાને નિશાળમાં મુકવાનું કહ્યું. ત્યારે સાહેબે ચીડી આપીને નિશાળે મોકલ્યો. મહેતાજી કણ્ણશંકરે સેક્રેટરી સાહેબ પાસે જઈને ના પાડી. સાહેબે ખૂબ ઘુસો કરીને કહ્યું કે તમારાથી કાંઈ સુધારો થઈ શકવાનો નથી, અને હું તમને યરતરફ કરીને કોઈ મુસલમાન કે પારસીને તે જગા આપીશ. પછી તે વાત મહેતાજીએ જઈને ફરિયાસ સાહેબ આગળ કરી. તે સાંભળીને સાહેબ ખૂબ હસ્યા, તે એમ બાણીને કે આ દેશની ચાલચલગતમાં સીવર્ડ સાહેબ વાકેફ નથી. પછી ચીડી લખી કે આ દેશમાં એવું બનવાને ૨૦૦ વર્ષની મુદત બેઠેલો. હાલમાં એવું બની શકવાનું નથી. પછી સેક્રેટરીનો ઘુસો ઉતર્યો. [ગુજરાત વર્નાક્યુલર સો. નો ઇતિહાસ, p. 29]. One cannot but admire the shrewd insight and foresight of the man. Ninety years out of the two hundred predicted by him have passed, and, if not in Ahmedabad, in villages all around it (as has been shown by the cases of Pamol etc.,) untouchability is to-day almost where it was in 1850 A. D. It may, perhaps, disappear entirely in the next one hundred and ten years still remaining of the period foretold by Forbes; or it may not.

Another story shows how well the strangely assorted pair of friends knew each other and entered into the spirit of a ludicrous situation and saw the humour of it. It was known that Forbes was a keen collector of old Gujarati manuscripts etc., and numerous people used to bring their possessions to him in the hope of getting exorbitant and even preposterous prices. Once when he was touring in the districts, an old bard, Hirji Bhat, presented an old book to him and said: એકવાર ગાયકવાડને અમારા વૃદ્ધે એક જીતું સરસ પુસ્તક દેખાડ્યું હતું તેથી ખુશ થઈ એક ગામ બક્ષીસ આપ્યું છે. તો અંગરેજ તો મહોટો રાજા છે, માટે અમને એથી કંઈ વધારે આશા છે. Forbes laughed and turning

to Dalpatram asked him to tell Hirji the story from the Hanuman play. And Dalpat told the story thus: એક સમયે નાટકમાં હનુમાનનો વેશ આવ્યો, તેને એક માણસે કહ્યું કે 'ઓ હનુમાન આપજી ! તમે મને ખાચરી મેળવી આપો તો હું તમને તેલ સિંદૂર ચડાવું'. હનુમાને ઉત્તર આપ્યું કે — 'તને પરણાવવા મારી પાસે સ્ત્રી હોય તો હુંજ કુંવારો રહું ?' And Forbes aptly drew the moral of the apologue: 'ભાઈ, તમને ગામ આપવાની મારી શકિત હોત તો હુંજ આ ચાકરી શા વાસ્તે કરત ?' [Cited by Hiralal Parekh, ગુ. વ. સો. નો ઇતિહાસ, — I. p. 55].

This characteristic anecdote naturally brings us to a consideration of Dalpatram as fabulist, story-teller and especially as humorist. It would be impossible to recount here all his innumerable long and short stories, as a rule told with an interest and a verve all his own, his perennial interest in all sorts of animals, his countless humorous poems and verses, and humorous quips and cranks. As I have said before, his irrepressible pucklike humour breaks out in a startling manner in the most unexpected places. To take only one instance, — an otherwise harmless and conventional and even humdrum panegyric on Dadabhai Naoroji written so late as in 1893. In all the 48 lines only one held my attention and made me think a little and then laugh. In the midst of conventional praises the poet sings:

છે પારશી પણ, આરશી સમ સત્યવાદી છે સદા.

Why પણ? And the interesting proverbial saying flashed on my mind: પારશીની આરશી, ફરી જતાં વાર શી ? His impish humour drove the old poet even in such a conventional and formal performance to indulge in a sly dig. That is the trouble with all these really big humourists; you have to be always on the alert for fear of missing a delicious bit in the midst of even such inane conventionalities. Here is an amusing story within another, and all in short eight lines, stories and wit and point :

એક શહેરનો રાય કહે સુણો કવિરાય,
ધણા તમે જેવા અહીં કવિ ઘેર ઘેર છે ;
તમારા મુલકમાં તો કવિયોનો ટોટો હશે,
અહીં તો આ સમયમાં કવિ ટકે શેર છે ;
કહે કવિ સુણો રાય, સર્વ કવિ ટકે શેર,
એવું આ સભામાં હોય એ તો કાળો કેર છે ;
ખાત્રી ભાણ હતાં એક શહેરમાં ટકે શેર,
આજ નાણ્યું એવું ખીણું આપનું શહેર છે.

The reference is, of course, to the famous story made familiar to several generations of Gujaratis by Dalpatram, પુરી એક અધેરિને ગંડુ રાગ, ટકે શેર બાજી ટકે શેર બાજી, which again is a story embedded in a long poem gravely entitled રાજવિદ્યાબ્યાસ, a most misleading caption for a miscellany in verse full of delightful stories of absurd Princes and their slim Karbhari, all told with great gusto and humour. Vidyārām, an enlightened Brahmin schoolmaster of a town in a small State makes up his mind to attack ignorance at the source, to spread education in the family of the illiterate Darbar himself. So he goes to the Karbhari and puts before him his reform proposal for the education of the young princes. The Karbhari is simply astounded:

કહે પ્રધાન સુણો મધારાજ, એવી વાત ન કરશે આજ ;
ભૂપતિસુત ભણવું આચરે, વણિક તનુજ શું વત્તાં કરે ?

For, of course, the Divan Dhanpal is himself a Vanik, and he enters an indignantly eloquent and powerful plea against the sacrilegious proposal which is likely to shake the *sanātana* foundation of Society in that little principality :

જેતાં પેઢી સાત ગઈ, ન ભણ્યા કાંઈ દગ્ગૂર ;
કામ કરું અટકયું નહીં, જાણો તમે જરૂર.

What immediately follows, however, is the crowning argument for not introducing the curse and plague of education in the ruling family :

રાણી એક ભણેલિ છે, તે પણ લે છે પ્રાણ ;
હિસાબ પૂછે હર ઘડી, તીખું લાગે આજી.

But the Divan goes on adding argument to argument:

ભણવાથી ભૂપતિ બને, એ સત્ય હોય ઉપાય ;
મહેતાજી છે જે સહ, તે સહ મહિપતિ થાય.

[I should not be surprised, by the way, if here is a slanting quirk, aimed at Mahipatram Rupram Nilkanth who was supposed in his time to be all-powerful in the Education Department so far as Gujarat was concerned.] Among numerous other arguments urged by this born advocate, we shall notice only two more:

સુણો અસલના શેઠિયા, ન ભણ્યા કદી નિશાળ ;
ગરજ ભણ્યાની નહિં રહે, જેનાં ભાગ્ય વિશાળ.—

and,

જેને મહેરબાન થયા રામ, તેને ભણતરનું શું કામ ?
સહુ ધનવંતનું ઘર પૂછે, નહિ પૂછે ભણેલો શું છે.

It is in this connection that the Divan tells the story contained in the oft-quoted :

રાંડી રાંડનો તનુજ કહે થઇ રાજ રાજ,
માજ હું ગયો નજીક શેઠજીની માડીના.

I refer to it only to point out that Navalram who admits that there is humour in it seems to have entirely missed the point when he criticises it as being "out of character" and says with deadly literalness: કેઇ ગરીબને શ્રીમંત કહે કે 'ગધેડીના, પેલા કૂતરાને વાડીમાંથી હાંકે તો' તો તે હરખાતો હરખાતો માને કહેવા જાય નહીં, અથવા યુવાશયી કદી તેજ શબ્દો કાઢીની આગળ વાપરે નહીં. Not content with this unimaginative criticism of humorous exaggeration, Navalram proceeds: તોપણ ખુશામતિયાની મજાક કીધી છે તે ખરી અને પ્રસાદિક શક્તિ ખતાવે છે. The jocular exaggeration is not at all ખુશામતિયાની મજાક; it is a tragi-comic stressing of the readiness of the extremely humble and lowly to be overjoyed even if barely noticed by the great; it is a humour of the deeper kind that is very near pathos, and its pathetic aspect is well illustrated by Wordsworth's wellknown lines in 'Simon Lee':

Alas, the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning.

Here is a little masterpiece of similar humorous exaggeration, a thumbnail sketch of a virago thrown off with the ease of a master of caricature:

કુભાગ્ન કંથને મનાવા માટે કહે કેણ,
હું તો તુંથી હારી હવે માટે મારી માગું છું;
માણસો મળી મને કહે છે કંથને મનાવ્ય,
માટે હું મનાવા આવી બ્રાંત તારી ભાંગું છું;
તેં તો વાળ્યો આડો આંક, ટાંક મારો વાંક નથી,
રાંક બની બધી રીસ રૂઢવની ત્યાગું છું;
રોચા તારી રીસ મૂક્ય, કર્ય તારું મોઢું કાળું,
પીટ્યા હું તને પચાસ વાર પગે લાગું છું.

Another and a more light-hearted, more Falstaffian exaggeration is the Manhar on a Khavās in કામરૂસ વિલાસ. It occurs in a delightful conversation between the Khavās and Lālo Barot who has passed a dreadful night at the inhospitable house of the former, rendered further unendurable by an army of bugs that has kept the unlucky bard awake throughout the night. The Khavās protests: ખાટલામાં માકણ હશે તેમાં મારો વાંક શેનો? Lālo says: હું તારો

વાંક કાઢતો નથી, એ તો વિધાતાનો વાંક,—and then empties the vials of his wrath on the luckless Khavās in language of concentrated vigour and exaggerated pungent humour:

તારો વાંક નહીં તેમાં વાંક તો વિધાતા તણો,
પથુ કરતાં પુરૂષ ધડીએ તે ધડીએ ;
પછી વાંક પ્રસૂતાનો પાથું નહીં પોતે વિખ,
તેમાં શાનો તારો વાંક જપીએ બલડીએ :
જાણીતી સુયાણી નહીં સુયાણી અજાણી હશે,
ઓળ્યો નહીં તને ઉત્ત્સા પાણીને ખડકીએ ;
શીતળાએ સાન્ને શીત કીધો દલપત કહે,
લડવી થટે લગઈ જે તે સાથે લડીએ.

Of course, this kind of robust and rollicking humour of exaggeration, — and even humour of any except the most approved and respectable kind, — is not looked upon with favour by the grave and potent seigneurs of Gujarati poetry and criticism; but my appeal is not to these staid and sad stargazing votaries of the muse; my appeal is to the general reading public that enjoys a good hearty laugh, and to the young of all ages from seven to seventy-seven who have, and have not lost, the capacity for laughter. And, perhaps, one reason why Dalpat is looked at askance by our poets and serious critics is his disconcerting and unpoetical habit of laughing in poetry.

With all that, however, some episodes and poems in the long poem વેનચરિત્ર have become fairly popular, and are often referred to by our critics, — such as the woes of the bachelor who is pining for a wife but can get none in his caste, whom he threatens to renounce in consequence :

નાત કન્યા મને નથી દેતી રે,
માટે નાતને મેલીસ વહેતી રે.

He protests to the high heavens :

અરે પ્રભુ તેં અમણિત નારી, અવની પર ઉપજવી ;
પણ મુજ અરથે એકજ ઘડતાં, આજસ તુજને આવી.

And he bitterly complains :

દેડ ચમાર ગમાર ઘણા પણ, પરણેલા ધરનારી ;
એ કરતાં પણ અભાગિયો હું, નહિં મારે ઘેર નારી.

It would be a delightful but almost endless task if we were to glance at every one of Dalpat's innumerable humorous poems, stories etc. But there is one aspect of his humour which I regard as so important as to call for special

mention. I mean his poems and verses about animals and also those put in the mouths of animals. Some of these are already well known, like the one about ઊંટનાં અંદર વાંકાં. But that one is more in the style of Aesop, not in that of the author of the *Panchatantra*; it has too pointed a moral to it, and less of the irresponsible gaiety and fun of the best fabulists. Even some of Dalpat's most striking similes show his fabulist's bent. In the famous wail of the henpecked husband of a termagant, ભાઈઓ જેની ભારજી છૂંડી રે, Dalpat writes :

જેમ બિલાડી ઉંદરને જીએ એમ, નાથ સામાં કરિ નેણુ ;
પગ ચક્રિ પ્રગટે માથાં લગી એવાં, વાંકાં કાટે, વેણુ.

In a rich medley of epigrams on 'રવભાવ,' — his teeming poet's mind could see illustrations of human traits in a surprising variety of natural and imaginary phenomena,— he brings in, in only fourteen couplets, dogs, whales, tortoises, elephants and camels, to speak nothing of છે ચોરો યૂરોપમાં બહુતર ધણું બહુલ. Of these all the elephant and the camel are the most interesting :

આપ આપને ફાવતી, કહે કાઢવા ખામિ ;
પીવું નહિં જળ ગજ કહે, જળચરને શિર નામિ.
કહે ઊંટ કદિ આપણે, કયું ન નખળું કાજ ;
નીચે મુખ નહિં ચાસવું, એમ કરો સૌ આજ.

Anyone who has watched that fascinating animal, the camel, with its arrogant little head always in the air, its imperious and contemptuous eyes looking as it were over the heads of all creatures, must admit the truth of this observation. But the best verses on the camel in the two volumes of Dalpat are perhaps those in which a simple peasant on his *machan* tries to frighten away a marauding camel from his field by beating on a metal plate :.....

એવે સમે ઊંટ આવી ખેતરમાં ખાવા લાગ્યો,
ભોજો ભાભો થાળી ઠોકી તેને ખીવરાવે છે ;
ત્યારે બોલ્યો ઊંટ મારે માથે તો ત્રંખાળું ગાજે,
હાલો થાળી ઠોકે તે લેખામાં કોણુ લાવે છે.

This superbly arrogant camel is fit to be the companion of that immortal musical ass in the *Panchatantra* with his fatal passion for loud full-throated singing just when out on a marauding campaign in a field of cucumbers. In the matter of sheer drollery and humorous extravaganza, again, there is nothing even in Dalpat to surpass the imaginative magnificence of the words put in the mouth of an ancient and decrepit mare. It is a story in that rich miscellany of verse and prose, *શર્પસ વિલાસ*, and it is about a bard, Khengār

Gadhvi of Muli. A Kathiawadi Darbar being pleased with Khengār's poems orders his Karbhari to give him a good mare from the Darbar stables. Then the historian of this imaginary event proceeds :

કારભારીએ કંજુસાઈથી ઘરડી ઘેડી મંગાવી આપી હતી. પછી ખેંગાર કવિએ ઘેડી પાસે જઈને તેના મેં આગળ કાન ધર્યો, એટલે ઠાકારે કહ્યું કે કમ છે, ગદવી ?

ખેંગાર—ઘેડી મારા કાનમાં કાંઈ વાત કહે છે.

ઠાકાર—શી વાત કહે છે ?

ગદવી—

ઘેડી કહે છે જે મને ઘણા ઘણા જીવ થયા,
કૌરવ ને પાંડવ તો કાલે થઈ ગયા છે ;
રાવણ ને રામના સંગ્રામમાં હું સાથે હતી,
રઘુરાજ મારી આંખ આગળજ થયા છે ;
સાગર વલોવ્યો તે તો સાંભરે છે સર્વ મને,
દેવ તથા દૈત તો નજરે તરી રહ્યા છે ;
જોડાવીને લાવ ગાડી, ખેશી અંતે જણાં જાયે,
પ્રતિદિન પાળજે જે દિલ્લમાંલિ દયા છે.

પછી ઠાકાર કારભારી ઉપર અહુ ગુસ્સે થયો અને પોતાને ચઢવાની ભારે ઘેડી હતી તે ગદવીને બક્ષીશ આપી.

If this myriad-minded man with such a surprisingly wide range of subjects and moods, this great moralist, fabulist and humorist, this writer of great epigrams and greater elegies, this creator of breathing, living and interesting men and women, children and animals, this broad-minded humanist with a humbly devout mind and sunny and cheerful soul ready with humorous stoicism to receive the kicks of chance and circumstance with smiling lips, is not to be given the name of poet,—is only a poet by courtesy, only a poet 'of a sort',—then the great moralists and creative artists of India and Persia and England like Bhartrihari and Sa'di and Chaucer and Dryden (to name only a few) are not poets. But Dalpatram is not only a poet, he is a poet of the highest, the objective and creative class. Vishnuprasad Trivedi quotes this perfectly just opinion of Goethe about the self-regarding and non-self-regarding varieties of poets, the subjective and objective: "As long as he (the poet) merely expresses his small stock of subjective emotions, he is not yet worthy the name, but as he succeeds in assimilating and expressing the world outside him, he is a poet". [જિવેચના, p. 172]. Elsewhere Goethe has said even more emphatically: "Poetry of the highest type manifests itself as altogether objective; when once it withdraws itself from the external world

to become subjective, it begins to degenerate". It is surprising that when writing on Dalpatram, the author of *વિવેચન* has lost sight of this dictum of one of the sanest thinkers whose own great genius was more truly lyrical than dramatic. If this criterion is applied to our Gujarati poets of the last one hundred and fifty years, how many can be placed above or even by the side of Dalpat? Not one. Many have surpassed him in pure lyricism, some have plumbed deeper the finer and subtler lyric emotions, some have discovered new possibilities in the language and carried it into regions untried by him. But none has shown such creative vigour, such a clear objective vision, and, if Matthew Arnold's criterion is valid, such a true tragic vision, too. For according to Arnold, the true aim of tragedy is to produce "a sentiment of sublime acquiescence in the course of fate, and in the dispensations of human life",—and, I would venture to add, to make the soul through self-mastery rise superior to an adverse fate. And we have found such acquiescence and such self-mastery in Dalpat at his best and highest. None, again, has such a wide range of subjects and interests, such powers of observation, assimilation and recreation, and such classic mastery of form. The language of so many of his finest verses is the ordinary language of prose, of even conversation, with the syntax and prose order scarcely disturbed. In this respect Dalpatram is surprisingly modern and he has anticipated the present-day trend in English poetry to adopt the language and even the rhythm of common speech. This simplicity of diction and syntax has deceived most critics into disregarding and disparaging Dalpat's language. It cannot be too often emphasised that Dalpat's apparently simple style is as deceptive as his own blunt Socratic face was. One of the most amusing passages in Navalram's writings is an English memorandum, recorded at Ahmedabad in 1870-71, of the first impression made on him by Dalpatram. In it he writes: "He seems to be a man devoid of lively imagination or deep reflection. He ... betrays no mark of a sound education His intelligence is rather below the common level Some electric shocks would do him good". [નવલખંધારણ (ત્રીજી) Introd, p. 25]. What would not one give to have Dalpatram's opinion of this supercilious young man overweeningly conscious of his own ગુજરાતી and English education! Anyhow, the unwary reader is likely to make about Dalpat's poetic diction the same mistake that Navalram made about the simple looking poet. But I think it deserves careful study, and even imitation, especially by our aspiring younger poets who are writing poetry that often has to be annotated by the poet himself and that even Sanskrit knowing people cannot fully understand without the constant help of a dictionary. Moreover, it is a mistake to think that Dalpat throughout employs language at a uniformly low level. Even in his simplest

poetry we find lines that are startlingly modern in phrasing and even spirit. We have already noticed the fine beginning of a Manhar in ક્ષર્ણસ વિરહ :

સંધ્યા સમે વસુધાને વ્યોમતણા સાંધા વિશે,
અવલોકયો રાતો આભ ચઢીને અગાશીએ;

here a presentday writer, say Khabardar, would at the most change સાંધા to સંધિ. Again, these beautiful lines :

પવનની લહેરથી પદ્મપત્ર જેમ લળે,
હૈયું જનતાણું તેમ કવિતા હિંચાળે છે—

read actually as if they were from કલિકા. He can throw off at will a fine specimen of the formal intellectual Sanskrit epigram, as in this well turned striking conceit :

જે ઓસના બિંદુ અનેક પત્રે,
પડ્યા હતા તે ન જણાય અત્રે;
પ્રખ્યાત છે ભાસ્કર હંસ પાતે,
મેત્રી ગણી ભક્ષ કરી ગયો તે.

He can also beat the big heroic drum with the best of them. For instance :

ઉઠી ગર્જના મેઘની ત્યાં નિશંકા,
દિધા જાણિએ નોખતે ધાવ ડંકા ;

and

થયા આભમાં કાટકાના કડાકા,
દિસે જાણિએ તોપના તે ધડાકા ;

and better still,

મહામત્ત ઘોડે ચડ્યા જોધબંકા,
બડી નોખતે ત્યાં દિધા ધાવડંકા ;
ધરા ધમધમે શબ્દ સૃષ્ટી ન માયો,
ઉડી ધૂળ આકાશમાં સૂર્ય છાયો.

His mastery of longer Sanskrit metres is remarkable, and it is made still more remarkable by the ease with which he can preserve almost intact the order and syntax of prose and yet achieve fine poetry. Here is a splendid specimen of the longest Sanskrit metre attempted by Gujarati writers, the 'Sragdharā' :

લાખોની લાંચ દેતાં જરથકિ જન જે બોલ જૂઠો ન બોલ્યા,
સ્વાર્થે કે સંકટે તે સુખદુખ સહિને સત્યતાથી ન ડોલ્યા ;
સાતે સિંધૂ તરીને પછિ અપજશની ખાડમાં કીર્તિ ખોવા,
મિત્રોના પક્ષ માટે અસદ ઉચરિયા 'કુંજરોવા નરોવા'.

I should like to know which other Gujarati poet, ancient or modern, can show such masterly perfection of metre and rhyme, such easy flow of language perfectly adapted to the sense, such simplicity combined with lofty dignity. One is tempted to apply the superb hyperbole of Bhavabhūti to Dalpatram :

યં બ્રહ્માણમિયં દેવી વાગ્વચ્ચેવાનુવર્તતે ;

the Goddess of Gujarati Speech really seems to be at the beck and call of this Shrimali Brahmin. For, when our modern poets employ such long and strictly quantitative Sanskrit metres for their અર્થધન thought-packed poems, the thought proves so intractable that it violently disturbs the order of words necessitating a diligent search for subject and object and verb, plays havoc with long and short quantities and makes the rhymes ragged and uncouth. Even then the thought has often to be straightened out with the help of notes and commentaries. It is the fashion to dismiss Dalpat's verse as being merely સભારંજની and therefore quite cheap. If this little masterpiece is સભારંજની verse, and if it is really so cheap and easy to write such verse, in the name of all that is sacred let us have as much of it as possible.

As I firmly believe that Dalpatram has been and is under a cloud on account of his views on politics, it is necessary to find out what exactly they were. In the very beginning of Volume I of 'Dalpat-Kāvya', we have this interesting confession of faith :

આર્થ ભૂમિ તણું હિત અંતરમાં ઇચ્છું સદા,
આર્થ ભૂમિ તણું મારાં અસ્થિ અને ચર્મ છે;

and,

સ્વદેશમાં સંપ વધે, કુસંપ કંકાસ ઘટે,
એજ મારા મન વિશે મોટો એક મર્મ છે.

A little later on he says in another fine Manhar,

કલ્પના કૈલાસે શૈલ ઉપર આસન કરી,
અવની આકાશ પાસ કેડે દૃષ્ટિ કરું છું;
દીસે જે દેખાવ તેનો ભાવ ભલી ભાતે ભણું,
ઈશ્વરની લીલા તણો આ ગ્રંથ આદરું છું;
કહે દલપતરામ, કરું સાડું બાણી કામ,
જેવી મારી મતિ એવી કવિતા હું કરું છું.

This is not mere formal humility; he means what he says, viz., that he has written his poetry according to his lights and that he writes what his conscience has approved of. It is unhistorical, unscholarly and unfair to see the Gujarat of the first half of the nineteenth century through the politically coloured glasses of this age. It is as absurd to expect the Civil Disobedience doctrine and the presentday bitter anti-British spirit in Narmad and Dalpat as to expect Marxism in Shakespeare, and strict monogamy or *brahma-charya* in Kalidasa. To do so is to do injustice to these writers, and to inflict intellectual, psychical and spiritual harm on ourselves and the coming generations. If we carefully sift the evidence, that is, the actual words of these two contemporaries themselves, we find a remarkable agreement between them, especially in the matter of their political views. In the અંગ્રેજી રાજ્ય પ્રકરણ which begins the second volume of દલપત કાવ્ય, and which extends over 21 large pages, we find Dalpat praising and blaming the good and bad points of the then government. Just as he frankly says that no previous regime can come up to it, he condemns with equal frankness the evils he sees in it. And it is worth noting that for placing the grievances of the humble ryots before the Governor the poet avails himself actually of the ceremonial occasion of Mountstuart Elphinstone's visit to Ahmedabad in 1855. As usual Dalpat makes quite an interesting story of the inquiries made by the imaginary hero, a Brahmin named પરોપકાર, whose belief that the English rule is faultless is rudely shaken by the bitter complaints of the poorer classes among whom he makes inquiries on the occasion of the Governor's visit. As usual, Dalpat's humour is always lurking round the corner, and pounces on the window-dressing that has been incidental to such occasions for centuries and perhaps milleniums. As soon as it is known that the Governor is to come to Ahmedabad from Surat :

બેયું અમદાવાદ ભણિ, આગ્યાની કરિ આશ;
તુરતજ તેની દૃષ્ટિએ, રવિસમ થયો પ્રકાશ.
કચરા કાદવ ઉડિ ગયાં, ગયા ટેકરા ખાડ;
ગઇ રસ્તાની ગંદકી, ગયાં હરકતી ઝાડ.

The hero goes among the shopkeepers and tradesmen—with the profusion of detail common to many great poets with a keen observant eye and a true dramatic vision, Dalpat mentions more than a dozen of these—and on inquiry they seem to be quite content with their lot. It is these people who say :

થયું નથી થાશે નહીં આવું રાજ કોઇ કાળ.

But when he extends the scope of his inquiry, he finds Thakor Julamsing chewing the cud of gloomy reflection, and finds out on questioning the Thakor that he is chafing and fretting because owing to English rule his own subjects have ceased to fear him :

જુલમ સિંહ મુખ ઓચરે, જુઓ તમે મહારાજ ;
ગઈ અમલની આબરૂ, થયે વિલાયતિ :જ.
માગે છે મુજ આગળે, એક વાણિયો દામ ;
અહિં અરજી એણે કરી, હું આપ્યો એ કામ.
સમલે દોર્યો સિંહને, દાદુર અહિંને સાથ ;
બકરે હાથી બાંધિયો, જુઓ આજનો ન્યાય.

The hero tries to argue with the indignant Thakor and tries to turn the tables on him by saying :

એ તો આજના રાજનાં, કીધાં તમે વખાણ.

With much satisfaction he adds that what the Thakor has said has confirmed his good opinion about the rule :

હવે મને નિશ્ચય થયો, સુખી પ્રજા છે સર્વ ;

and સાચો સતયુગ વરતિયો. But immediately his dream of an actual સતયુગ is shattered by the wail of a woman going along the highway crying :

જુલમ જુલમ રે જુલમ અપાર, કરે જુલમ કંપનિ સરકાર ;
ગરિબતણા દુઃખનો પોકાર, પરમેશ્વર ન સુણે આ વાર.

She is the wife of a poor cartman whose cart has been seized in 'veth', and who himself has been roughly handled by the peons. Here follows an actual dramatic scene in prose, as realistic as any dramatist could make it. The hero goes to the Collector's office, under the delusion that that official would listen to his complaint and immediately set the matter right. But as he is not allowed even to enter into the presence of that tin god by his entourage, the hero waits patiently till office is over, and tries to catch the Collector as he comes out. With unusual asperity he writes : તે વખતે પરોપકારીએ જઈને સાહેબને સલામ કરી એટલે સાહેબે આડું જોયું, પણ સામું જોયું નહીં; અને દારૂ અથવા અમલનો કેફ ચડ્યો હોય એવું દીકું તેથી તે વખતે પરોપકારીની બોલવાની હિંમત ચાલી નહી.

And with almost savage satire quite unusual in Dalpatram he writes about the petty officials and peons surrounding the Collector : સાહેબ તો વાઘ જેવો લાગ્યો, અને તેની પાસેના માણસ તો શિયાળ, દીપડાં, નાહર, રીંછ જેવાં લાગ્યાં, પણ તેમાં કોઈ માણસ દીકું નહીં. Is this the language of a facile optimist oblivious to facts, or a blind loyalist or a political sycophant ? This contempt for such underbred white officers is pungently expressed in કાર્ખસ વિલાસ also : વિલાયતના દરજી, મોચી, માળી વગેરે વિદ્યા ભણીને મોટો દરજ્જો લઈને આ દેશમાં આવે છે, પણ સરદારી વંશનો હોય તેનો સ્વભાવ તથા રીતભાત જુદીજ તરેહની હોય છે. The chap-fallen hero who has failed to redress the grievances of the poor admits : આ રાજ્યમાં જુલમ નથી એમ હું જાણતો હતો, પણ જુલમ છે ખરો. Thereupon a cartman retorts : અરે હજી તો ક્યાં તમે જુલમ દીઠો છે ? સરકારનો જુલમ જોવો હોય તો સવારમાં કાળુપુરા દરવાજા ખદાર જોવા જાઓ.

The hero does so, and to his sad disillusionment sees, in connection with troops on the march, the piteous plight of the humble ryots who have to give forced labour and the village petty officials who have to arrange for the labour and for commandeered carts and provisions. There follows another dramatic scene in which the unfortunate scavenger who is the greatest sufferer bitterly curses the Sarkar : કંપની સરકારનું નખોદ જાણે, જે એકે દહાડે હાસ કરીને બેસવા દેતો નથી. In a later speech he adds : પૈસાવાળાનો સરકાર છે. ગરીબનો નથી. He again says : આગળનાં લશ્કર આવતાં તે હરકોઈ માણસને વેઠે પકડતાં હતાં; અને આ રાજમાં ખીજ લોકોને માથેથી હરકત ગે, એટલે બધીએ હરકત અમારે ગરીબને માથે પડી છે. મારે અમારે તો આગલાં રાજ સારાં હતાં. The hero goes to an Indian Civil officer attached to the troops, hoping for redress. He says to the officer : ભાઈ સાહેબ, આ ગરીબ લોકો ઉપર મહા જુલમ છે, મારે તમને કાંઈ દયા આવતી નથી? And he gets this staggering reply : એ લોકો ઉપર પરમેશ્વરનો કોપ છે ત્યારે આપણે એના ઉપર દયા લાવીએ તો પરમેશ્વરના શત્રુ થઈએ કે નહીં ? Exactly the argument based on Karma that we hear even to-day urged by innumerable outspoken Sanātānists and privately believed in by any number of highly educated patriots who have not the courage or the honesty to proclaim it openly. So Dalpatram boldly takes up the brief of the God-forsaken poor and lowly sufferers, goes to the meeting held in honour of the Governor, reads out

this profoundly interesting medley of prose and verse, and in winding up the strange, vividly dramatic and even moving discourse says :

આવ્યા અમદાવાદમાં, એલફિન્સ્ટન આપ ;
એ અવસર ભાષણ કરી, સકળ કહ્યો સંતાપ. /

Another matter that he tried to bring to Elphinstone's notice was the multiplicity of laws and Acts, and their unintelligible language :

જેમ સ્માર્ત ધર્મ તાણી સ્મૃતિઓ અનેક થઈ,
નિર્ણય ન અસમજાય સ્માર્ત અંપ્રદાયનો ;
દાયદામાં શબ્દ પણ એવાતો કઠણ છે કે,
મોટા મોટા વકીલો ન બતાવી શકે માયનો.

These complaints, it may be noticed in passing, were later raised several times by Narmad also; and Narmad's talk of દેશીનાં દુઃખ, — e. g., — દેખી દેશીનાં દુઃખ, નર્મદદિલ દાઝે છે, — has also been anticipated by Dalpat who says to Elphinstone :

દેશીનાં દુઃખ ટાળવા, કહું છું કરી પ્રણામ ;
તે ધરજો સૌ ધ્યાનમાં, દાખે દલપતરામ.

Dalpatram's sympathy with the humble and the lowly again finds expression in an unexpected manner, and again on an occasion of welcoming the Governor who laid the foundation stone of the public library at Ahmedabad. The poet writes :

છાટા જન શ્રમ કરી કારજ સુધારે પણ,
તે ક્યાંનો સુજસ તો મોટા જન માણશે ;
કડિયો કારીગરી કરીને કરશે મકાન,
એનું નામ કહો પછી કોણ યાદ આણશે ;
પાથો નાખ્યો ગવર્નરે વાત તે પ્રસિદ્ધ થશે,
જગતની રીત એવી બાણનાર બાણશે.

It may be noted in passing that this trait in Dalpat is absolutely wanting in Narmad whose 'nation', દેશજનતા, does not extend beyond the 'traivarnikas', the people of the three upper castes of Hindus. In a poem sent to another Governor, Sir George Clarke, through Hope, Dalpat tells the Governor :

વિક્રમસમ જે વાર, પ્રજાપ્રેમ પામો તમે ;
સુખથી શ્રીસરકાર, લાયક ગણિ લખશું અમે.

In કાશ્મીર વિલાસ, in answer to Forbes who has asked : દેશમાંથી હવે રાજ્યનું અધેર મટ્યું કે નહીં, he makes a bard from Kathiawad, Deshal Gadhvi, say :

લાંચિયાનું ગયું રાજ્ય, તોય નથી લાંચ ગઈ,
જીલમી રાજ ગયા ને જીલમ જાહેર છે;
નીરખનું નામ લઈ દામ નથી દેતા ખૂરા,
ભૂટારા પીંઢારા જતાં ભૂટ ઠેર ઠેર છે;
કહે દલપત દીનનાથ તેં આ દેશમાંથી,
આંધળો અમલ કાઢ્યો તથાપિ અધેર છે.

But Dalpat's patriotism is as sane as it is outspoken. In his poems on સ્વદેશ વાતસલ્ય, he says at the outset :

સુધારો કરો સ્વદેશી સ્વદેશાભિમાન ધરો.

But with his usual good sense he distinguished between true and false patriotism. His note on the word સ્વદેશાભિમાન is significant : આ ઠેકાણે અભિમાનનો અર્થ મગરૂરી કરવો નહીં પણ ટેક જાણવો.

In the matter of one other public nuisance which has come in with the British regime Dalpat and Narmad seem again to hold similar views, — views which are shared by many competent authorities even today.

Narmad writes : અંગ્રેજ કેળવણીના ઉચા પંકાતા ધંધા વક્રીલાત ને ડાકતરી તે બે આજકાલ તો દેશીઓમાં અતિશયતાવાળા છે કે 'શ્રી મુક પછી વાત'. [ધર્મવિચાર p. 88].

✻ Dalpat writes with his usual urbane humour :

રોગ કરે ભોગ ત્યારે વૈદને વિશેષ લાભ,
દેશભંગ થતાં બેસે કોણી તો કમાઈને;
માનવીઓ મરે ત્યારે ભલો લાભ ભંગીઓને,
અને અવતરે ત્યારે દામ મળે દાઈને;
દાખે દલપતરામ, લરે લોક ઠામ ઠામ,
ભલો લાભ તે સમે મળે વક્રીલ ભાઈને.

Finally, to complete the close parallelism in the matter of outlook and opinions between these two rivals, just as in the case of Narmada-shankar, in Dalpatram's purview also there seems to be no room for non-Hindus. For him too, as for Narmad, હિંદુસ્તાન means હિંદુતણો દેશ, and મુલક હિંદુનો and હિંદુ દેશ. [હુત્તરખાનની ચર્ચા]. In the same long poem,

હિંદુસ્તાન પર હુન્નરખાનની ચઢાઈ (dated 1861), occur verses and ideas that seem to have inspired Narmad's હિંદુઓની પડતી written five years later :

દ્વિદિવ પ્રથિરાજને મ્લેચ્છના મુલકથી,
ધોમ બગ્યો હતો ધંધ જેવો ;

and

કયાં ગયા હિંદુ મહારાજ પાટણ પતિ,
જે લડ્યા ખૂબ પરભાસ લૂટયે ;

and again,

હિંદુ વટલાવતાં જવનબાળ કાવતાં,
આવતા સદ્ય શીવાજી વહારે.

As Narmad's heroics end tamely in social reform, Dalpat's end in stopping the drain of Hindu wealth to foreign lands :

કોણ હિંદુ ધણી રાખી ચિંતા ધણી,
બતું પરદેશ ધન બંધ કરશે.

For, owing to this drain,

હુનર હુનર ફોજ પ્રેરી પરદેશી લોકે,
લીધો હિંદુ દેશ લૂટી.....

and,

લૂટ મુલક હિંદુનો લીધો, દશે દિશામાં ડોકો લીધો ;

with the result that

વિકળ સકળ હિંદૂ હવે, સુજે ન એકે દીશ.

Even the Buddhivardhak Sabha, on which he wrote a poem in 1859, he frankly calls a 'Hindu Sabha' :

હિંદુસભાની હામ, પરમ પ્રભુ કરજે પુરી.

But, as I have said before, this purely Hindu outlook has been and is a constant and important, though often not consciously realised factor in the mental outfit of all Gujarati writers, from Dalpat and Narmad down to Govardhanram and Gandbi, Mashruwala and Munshi. We are all communalists at heart. As that excellent critic with a truly historical and objective outlook, Keshavlal Kamdar, rightly observes : 'સરસ્વતી ચંદ્ર' વાંચતી વખતે આપણને એમજ લાગે છે કે હિંદુસ્તાનમાં માત્ર હિંદુઓ વસતા હશે, and ગોવર્ધનરામે મુસ્લિમ

સંસ્કૃતિને અને મુસ્લિમોને આખા ગ્રંથમાં ક્યાંય ચર્ચ્યાં નથી. [સ્વાધ્યાય, I, pp. 16 and 102]. It is only a glib paper formula that we repeat parrot-wise on the platform and in the press, namely that "we are Indians first and everything else afterwards". As Kamdar says with admirable courage and perfect justice: આપણે માની બેઠા છીએ કે આપણે હિંદી છીએ--વસ્તુતઃ આપણે તેમ નથી. [સ્વાધ્યાય, II, p. 212]

It is no use blaming any person or individual for this state of things. It is a historical heritage of this unlucky land. One illustration from Dalpat's poems will show in a striking manner how insidiously and subconsciously potent this heritage of communalism must be to make even so broadminded, so tolerant and so cosmopolitan a man quite unconscious, quite oblivious that he was writing anything out of the way, anything deserving a second thought, when he said in describing the crowds frequenting Apollo Bunder :

હિંદૂ તથા યવન લોક ઘણા મળ્યા છે,
તે આમતેમ વિચરે, હરખે ભર્યા છે;
જાણે સમુદ્ર મથતાં અભિ નીકળ્યું છે,
દેવાસુરોનું જુથ પાન પિવા મળ્યું છે.

To Dalpat, as to Narmad, the 'Yavanas' are 'Asuras' while the Hindus are 'Devas'. This was just a matter of course, just a long current mode of thought and speech, going back to Bhushan and Rāmdās and even Chand Bardāi; and perhaps Dalpat never gave a thought to the implications of what he was saying.

On the whole, however, Dalpat was certainly not so narrow and so self-conscious a sectarian and communalist as Narmad was. With all his tall talk of destroying caste, Narmad never could forget his own caste. A score of times he says in his writings with great pride and self satisfaction, નાગર છઉં, ઉંચ બ્રાહ્મણ કુળનો છઉં, and so forth and so on. In મારી હકીકત he writes : કુલ જુજરાતી લોકોની નાતોમાં નાગરની નાત, કુળ, રૂપ, આચાર, વિદ્યા, પદવી, ચતુરાઈમાં સહુથી શ્રેષ્ઠ મનાઈ છે ને મનાય છે. (P. 10). And I should not be surprised if when he said નાગરની નાત he meant only the Vāḍnagara Nagars and excluded Viśnagara, Prashnora, Sāthodara, Chitroda and Krishnora Nagars. Dalpat on the other hand is quite unconscious of his Brahminism or caste. I have found him refer to his caste only once, and that too with

charming modesty. In some noble verses he emphatically asserts the equality of all races and communities, and the identity of their God, whatever different names they might give Him :

ધશ્વર સૌનો એક છે, ઠરી રહ્યો સૌ ઠામ ;
કોઈરામને કોઈ તો, લેશે અલ્લા નામ.

In another poem on the same subject he writes :

ભજો કૃષ્ણ કે ખ્રિસ્તને સ્નેહ સાથે,
નકી બાણું જૂદો નથી પાર્શનાથે.

Elsewhere he says :

એકજ પ્રભુ છે જે જગત ઉપજતવનાર,
ભાષાઓ અનેકમાં અનેક એનાં નામ છે.

The same idea he expresses by another analogy :

જુદી જુદી લિપિઓ અનેક છે આ જગતમાં,
અક્ષર અનેકના અનેકધા આકાર છે ;
જેણે જેવો માન્યો તેવો ખરો કોઈ ખોટો નહીં,
આકાર અનેક પણ એકજ ઉચ્ચાર છે ;
કહે દલપતરામ લડી મરે લોક આમ,
ખોટો નહિં કોઈ એ તો ખાલી તકરાર છે.

In the highly comic story of ટંટાખેર મિયાં in સંપલક્ષ્મી સંવાદ, written as early as 1851, — (the exaggerated humour of this story is again missed by Navalram,) — Dalpat, in his peculiar manner, suddenly gives a grave turn to the story and ends on this lofty note of universal tolerance and peace and amity ;

કહૂં મૂલ કૂસંપતું શૂણ કાને,
જુદાવાદ તાણી જુદા ધર્મ માને ;
રહે દેશમાં એ થકી સંપ રૂઠ્યો,
તજો તેજ માટે વૃથા વાદ જૂઠો ;
રૂઠેમાં રૂથે તે તમે ધર્મ પાળો,
તજી દેષ ટંટા બધા તુર્ત ટાળો—

— sentiments that ring painfully true and appear strangely apt and important today, full ninety years after they were expressed. And his gravely sonorous and soulful prayer અશરણુ શરણુ અનંત ends on this noble note of universal benevolence : વહિ દીન વાણિ દલપત કહે જય જય જગ જાળા હર.

Although so catholic in his broad and all-embracing religious outlook, Dalpat fought the superstitions of his own people with untiring zeal. This fact was acknowledged by Narmad, — if it was Narmad who wrote the anonymous article in ડાંડિયો giving credit to Dalpatram for removing to a large extent the popular superstitions about ghosts by means of his ભૂત નિબંધ. His freedom from superstition and religious conventions is curiously illustrated by his rather profanely humorous way of introducing certain Hindu deities in a ludicrous connection. In describing the hot season his humour cannot forget the bugs, just as Narmad could not forget them in his hopelessly humourless way, and he writes :

ભાનૂ શશાંકે ઝડ જે નભમાં ઠર્યા છે,
બાણે જમીન પર માકણથી ઠર્યા છે;
જે નીરમધ્ય રણછોડજી બેટ બેઠા,
જે જૈન દેવ જઈ પર્વત માંડિ પેઠા;
શંભૂ વરુયા કંઈક તો જઈ ભોંયરામાં,
ધારેલિ ધારિતિ અતિ માકણની ધરામાં.

He also seems to have developed an utter disbelief in and contempt for astrology and astrologers. In the Sanskrit motto adopted by him for his દૈવજ્ઞદર્પણ નિબંધ, as given by Derasari (p. 234), the astrologer is put on a level with the ગણિકા — ગણકાગણકૌ સમાનશીલૈ — and both are further reviled as વિધિના વિત્તહરૌ વિનિર્મિતૌ. He repeatedly speaks contemptuously of astrologers, and in a very interesting poem he dwells on the moral and physical weaknesses and defects of the planets themselves according to Hindu mythology, and pointedly concludes :

.....એમ નવે દુખિયા થયા; ઝડ નડવાધિજ દુઃખ ધાય તો, ઝડને
ઝડો નડયા કયા ?

When we consider the humble origin of the man, and his early upbringing as a very poor Brahmin's son in backward Kathiawad in the third decade of the 19th century, his strictly old fashioned education for the vocation of orthodox priesthood and his complete seclusion from all modernising influences till he came to Ahmedabad in 1848, the extraordinarily modern outlook of Dalpat and the complete break with the old poetry that almost all his work shows, constitute, to put it mildly, a literary problem of psychological interest worth careful investigation. His acquaintance with the English language and literature never went beyond the English primer

he picked up in a deserted military camp. Besides his own language, he knew only Sanskrit to some extent and Hindi well enough to be able to write good verse in it. But the influence of Hindi only taught him to write artificial poetry of the 'riti' treatises and literary acrostics and similar other kinds of versification depending on linguistic and intellectual acrobatics. This must have given him the remarkable power and control over his language and metre which stood him in such good stead throughout his literary career. For, compared with Braj poetry with its point and precision and even brilliance, Gujarati versification was in a hopelessly primitive state till Dalpat took it in hand and at a stroke gave Gujarati an adequate poetic medium. Calling Gujarati the "Swadeshi" language, Dalpat himself says :

હિંદીને મરાઠી હાલ, પામી છે પ્રતાપપ્રોઢે ;
સ્વદેશી શિથિલ રહી, તે દેખી શિથિલ છું.

Narmad also has admitted this slackness of the Gujarati poetical idiom in the old poets, and he elsewhere quotes the doggerel couplet comparing Hindi, Marathi, Rajasthani and Gujarati, much to the discredit of the last named :

અબે તબેકા એક રૂપૈયા, અહે કહે આણા બાર,
ઇકડુન તિકડુન આણે આઠ, ને શું સુંચાર ;

[The more correct version, as I have known it for about fifty years, is even more disparaging :

અબે તબે કે સોલા આને, અહે કહે કે બાર ;
ઇકડુન તિકડુન આઠ આને, શું શાં પેસે ચાર.]

In these circumstances, we must conclude that Dalpat gained his modern outlook and modern manner from the new atmosphere he breathed, the new milieu that came with the new regime and imperceptibly pervaded the world around him, — one more interesting illustration of the profound dictum, રાજા કાલસ્ય કારણમ્. As Dalpat himself has acutely observed : ચાલતા સૈકા પહેલાં જે જન્મેલા અને ચાલતા 'સૈકામાં' જે જન્મેલા તેઓના વિચારમાં ઘણા ફેરફાર જોવામાં આવે છે.

[Quoted by V. Bhatt in સાહિત્ય સમીક્ષા, p. 119]. For, of all modern Gujarati writers, Dalpatram is the least derivative, the most native to the soil. All the others are influenced by western education, western literary standards, western ideas, — and all these only half digested, only giving a more or less disintegrating veneer of 'modernism'. Contrast with this core-deep integrity the utter unreality and unconvincing sham that characterised every poem of

Narmad. There is just a chance that after 1848 — and his best poetry dates after 1848 — the constant companionship of Forbes may have influenced the mind and bent of Dalpat. But that in no way detracts from the greatness and originality of his own genius. It is the fashion to dub him the last writer of the old school of poetry, and even to degrade him further as a mere imitator of Sāmal Bhat,—just as it is the fashion to call Narmad the first among the moderns. Both judgments are patently wrong and prejudiced, —as I hope I have already shown, if not quite proved to demonstration. In fact, what Narmad himself said (of course, in public, and therefore most probably with a mental reservation) is nearer the truth than the opinion prevalent at present. He writes : વાલકેશ્વરમાં દલપતરામ ભાઈને ઉઝણી આપવામાં આવી હતી ને પછવાડેથી સહુએ તેઓનાં વખાણમાં ભાષણો કર્યાં હતાં— તેમાં મેં પણ કીધું હતું કે ‘સુધારાના વિષયમાં કવિતા કરવાનું પહેલું માન દલપતરામ ભાઈને છે. એઓ અસલી ઢગની કવિતા કરનારાઓમાં છેલ્લા અને નવી ઢગની કવિતા કરનારાઓમાં પહેલા છે.’ [નર્મદનું મંદિર, ગદ્ય વિભાગ, p. 317.]

I am not sure about the first half of the dictum, but I fully agree with the second half. I would ask those who call Dalpat an old fashioned poet to quote from his predecessors poems based on personal observation and describing and criticising contemporary society with a keenly fresh outlook, —the modern, western outlook, — which underlies so much of Dalpat's even old-fashioned-looking poetry (poetry worth the name — not his acrostics and other linguistic acrobatics and openly derivative verse). I would particularly ask them to produce a single poem from any of his predecessors of that class of Dalpat's poems which show his mastery of the true lyric, the subjective lyric. Many may have written on the transience of worldly existence and the swiftness and all-devouring power of time, but I doubt if any has turned his gaze inward in doing so and correlated and fused his personal experiences and subjective emotions with his universal and therefore purely objective reflections and objectively realised and transferred emotions, as Dalpat has done with such conspicuous success. If the older poets have recorded reflections and emotions realised from the outside, he has, over and above doing so, drawn upon his own private experiences and griefs and joys and thus coloured and suffused these reflections and emotions with the warm radiance and glow of his own soul, his ego. And that is the chief distinction between the old poetry and the poetry written after the advent of the British; our modern poets have turned their gaze inwards, they are more and more conscious of their egos, their own emotions and reactions to what is observed and even recorded, while the old poets were surprisingly oblivious of their ego and personality, they were not introspective at all.

But Dalpatram is saved from the weaknesses attendant on such modern poetry which finds its inspiration in the poet's own psyche, — the brooding, self-centred, self-pitying modern poetry, often vague and whining and maudlin,—by his eminently sane, all-observing, objective and creative genius, his ever present sense of humour and keen eye for the comic and even the ridiculous, his exuberant spirit of irresponsible fun and gaiety, and his profound interest in common things and common men and women, and even common animals. His consequent rich variety is remarkable, and he can range with ease from low comedy and boisterous humour to lofty and even tragic emotion; from irresponsible gaiety to sombre brooding thought; from light but skilfully turned and memorable trifles and wise-cracks to magnificent stanzas in the classical vein and superb elegiac poems and terse elegiac epigrams of stoical resignation; from amazing artifices like the *સમુદ્ર પ્રબંધ to elemental yet noble simplicity of language that has a strange moving power; from little caricatures, comic thumbnail sketches and complete stories in four or eight lines, to the elaborate profusion of long poems like વેન ચરિત્ર. And, as we have seen repeatedly, there are unsuspected depths in his apparently limpid and gently flowing stream of simple poetry. And almost everything that he has written reveals his charmingly modest and genial personality and his unfailing good humour. Of absurd and ridiculous boasting like Narmad's કુડીન ને ટેકી છું [નર્મકવિતા, p. 435], there is not a trace in Dalpatram. He disarms criticism with his frank avowal :

જેવી મારી મતિ એવી કવિતા હું કરું છું ;

and yet, conscious of his rich variety, he rightly says :

જેને જેવો ભાવ તેને તેવી કવિતા છે આમાં,
 બેશીને બુચો આ બડા બાગના બહારને ;
 ગમે ત્યાં ગમત કરો ન ગમે તે નીંદશો મા,
 રાખજો તે જગા જવા બીજા રમનારને.

For, indeed, there are many parterres in his 'great flowergarden', to please a wide variety of tastes. And if the finest of his flowers were culled, the best motto for the selection would undoubtedly be Dalpat's own graceful play on the name of his caste :

પત્ર પુષ્પવાળી આ શ્રીમાળી તણી છાય છે.

* A most extraordinary achievement in artificial versification. In eight Ghanākshari stanzas, ten couplets in six other metres can be read by taking certain letters in a certain order; and, what is still more remarkable, all these couplets as well as the original eight stanzas make good sense and are metrically impeccable.

Not a tenth has been done for Dalpatram of what has been done for Narmad. No representative selection from his works has ever been published. No good definitive edition of his works is available. His prose articles in the 'Buddhiprakāśh' have not been made available to the reading public, though from specimens quoted here and there they seem to be worth salvaging. Even his poetical works are being issued in unlovely, unscholarly and slipshod reprints. The latest, fifth, edition of the first volume is a fat dumpy octavo of 775 pages, while the latest, fourth, edition of the second volume is a quarto volume of 365 pages; and not only are both full of misprints and lines metrically defective owing to some words being left out, even verses and passages are left out, and the original spellings are being gradually and unintelligently modernised. Thus the form deliberately given by Dalpat to his verse is being defaced most unwarrantably and much to the detriment of the harmony intended by the poet between form and sound. To cite only one instance, the 4th edition has

હસીખુશી થઈ હેતથી, આખ્યું વાયક એહ [I, p. 204]; —

and this has been unnecessarily altered in the 5th edition to read

હસીખુશી થઈ હેતથી, આખ્યું વાક્ય એહ [I, p. 542],

thus marring not only the metre but also the sense, as વાયક has here the meaning of 'word' in the sense of 'pledge'. All further reprints must follow the original editions as far as possible.

If I have spoken in superlatives of Dalpatram as man and poet, it is because I honestly believe that he deserves them, and also because I deeply feel the injustice Gujarat, to its own detriment, has been doing to this prince among Gujarat's poets who has been dethroned for no real fault of his. Princes of this world can be dethroned for good; many lose their thrones never to gain them again. But you cannot dethrone for ever a real prince among poets; he is bound to come into his own, sooner or later. For time is always on his side, and he can wait, almost indefinitely. Dalpat, too, will surely come into his own; if not to-day, twenty years hence, — if not then, fifty years hence. For any list of the best six Gujarati poets of the last six hundred years must include his name, which again must stand very high in the list.

LECTURE IV
MODERN GUJARATI POETRY.

It is with considerable diffidence that I enter upon a discussion of modern Gujarati poetry. Even for one to the manner born, judging and appreciation of poetry is a delicate and difficult matter. For one thing, it is not every one who can appreciate and enjoy poetry independently of current and accepted criticisms. What A. E. Housman has said on the subject does not seem to be at all an exaggeration: "Do I possess the organ by which poetry is perceived? The majority of civilised mankind notoriously and indisputably do not". [Quoted by Edmund Blunden, "The Mind's Eye", p. 229]. This blunt assertion sounds startling, but on a little thought it will be seen to approximate to actual experience and observed facts. Just as every one has not an ear for music, nor an eye or hand for art, every one does not possess the "organ" for poetry as Housman calls it. But this incapacity is not so generally admitted as that in respect of music or art. The reason is that while music and art are studied only by a few, poetry forms part of our general education and every literate person is made familiar with a fair amount of it and with the ready made criticisms of it. The very fact that in spite of this general initiation of the literate public in verse reading, poetry is read so very little as compared with prose, is sufficient proof of Housman's statement. The trend of modern thought and education towards scientific subjects must also have helped to make the mind more critical and less emotional and therefore less susceptible to poetry and its more imaginative and emotional appeal. As F. R. Leavis repeatedly complains, "the ordinary cultivated reader is ceasing to read poetry at all," and, owing perhaps to his education and the growing complexities and worries of actual life, he is even "ceasing to be able to read poetry". ['Modern English Poetry', pp. 211, 213.] And, I am afraid, the radio is likely to make "the ordinary cultivated reader" much less of a reader of anything than he has been so far. Things of the spirit are gradually losing their hold on educated minds. As Leavis observes: "The finer values are ceasing to be a matter of even conventional concern for any except the minority capable of the highest level so that poetry in the future, if there is poetry, seems likely to matter even less to the world". [P. 213].

As if to help and expedite this anti-poetic and depoetising modern tendency, the poets themselves are doing their best to make their poetry unreadable by a variety of means. They make it deliberately harsh and cacophonous, and both in subject and treatment mean and prosy; and they make it often so difficult and cryptic as to be unintelligible to most readers. Sometimes the poet goes so far as to write what is called 'private' poetry, that is, poetry which he alone can fully understand in as much as he writes about purely private experiences or alludes to recondite matters beyond the knowledge of the best informed reader. To make matters worse, grammar and syntax are strained to breaking point, and straightening them out becomes a painful intellectual effort. There seems to be fair ground for the pessimistic view that owing to modern conditions of life all poetry is coming to an end; either all the avenues of poetic expression have been exhausted, or the very mind of man is becoming so scientific and matter of fact that it must outgrow the poetic attitude and give up the poetic point of view, just as with the advent of scientific thought so many of the old picturesque beliefs and superstitions had to be given up.

In such circumstances, it is rather venturesome of me to speak on the modern poetry in Gujarati, a language which is really not my mother tongue. Naturally, therefore, I do not feel quite at home when reading its poetic idiom which is and ought to be a more delicate and more intimate expression of the Gujarati mind than its prose can be. No literature can escape its cultural heritage; much less a literature like ours that has not yet outgrown its medieval trammels of thought and belief, and that is still too sectarian to rank with the more or less secularised literatures of the West. It requires a considerable effort of the imagination to enter into the spirit of a culture not one's own. It is like "tuning-in" to a new and unaccustomed wave length. To give only two instances, the worship of Krishna and all it implies, and the worship of a 'Mātā', a Mother-Goddess, and all its implications, have for centuries supplied, and supply to-day too, some of the most potent emotive ideas and symbols to the Gujarati poets. Face to face with these utterly foreign concepts, which are further alienated by the idea of idolatry implicit in them, the non-Hindu mind can scarcely bring itself by the utmost effort of imagination and good will to that minimum degree of sympathy which is essential for any appreciation of literature. A large part of poetry in any language is thus dependent for its effect on certain accepted beliefs and conventions, either religious or social or literary. Any reader who cannot accept these beliefs and conventions, at least temporarily, by deliberately suspending his own conflicting beliefs and conventions, is unfitted to that extent to enter into the spirit of an alien language or an unfamiliar idiom. I am thus fully conscious of my limitations, and I must

at the outset make it quite clear that whatever I may say on the subject can only reflect my personal reactions, my personal likes and dislikes, and need not be taken as more than mere points of view, mere crotchets if you like. My endeavour will be to be as objective as possible, and to reduce my impressions to a common denominator by trying to look for the common humanity lying beneath conventions and fashions.

Many years ago, I used to be worried by the fact that I could not bring myself to read old Gujarati poetry; I suspected myself of being wanting in the equipment and the critical faculty needed for its proper enjoyment. In 1915 when I was at Mangrol I tried to read the plays attributed to Premānand, but I could not go through any of them. I began to wonder why so many distinguished men of letters were wrangling furiously about these worthless plays. But in order to resolve my doubts I put them before a distinguished man of letters whom I happened to meet there. I felt reassured when he agreed with my estimate of the plays and frankly said that most old Gujarati poetry was unreadable; but, he added, જાહેરમાં એમ કહી શકાતું નથી. Since then I have found almost a consensus of opinion among Gujarati men of letters upholding this view. Narmadashankar had no illusions about old Gujarati poetry. He writes: ગુજરાતી કવિતામાં વિદ્યા, વિચાર અને વ્યંજના તો મળેજ નહીં.....ગુજરાતી કવિતા સાધારણ લોકને માટે છે. And he adds: કિયો વિદ્વાન, કિયો વિદ્યાર્થી પોતાના વિનોદને માટે અથવા પોતાની શિક્ષા માટે— કવિચાતુરી શીખવાને માટે ગુજરાતી કવિતા વાંચે છે — કેઈજ નહીં. [જૂનું નર્મગદ્ય, p. 466]. Manishankar Bhatt was even more outspoken.

In an English letter written in 1891 he frankly says that there is very little of good poetry in Gujarati and that even Premānand was more a versifier than a poet. [Quoted by Rāmārāyan Pāthak in his introduction to પૂર્વાભાષ્ય, p. 44]. Ānandshankar Dhruva admits that almost all old Gujarati verse writers deserve to be called 'Bhagats', not poets. [જયંતી વ્યાખ્યાનો, p. 292]. Coming to quite recent criticism, we find Yashvant Shukla saying with refreshing candour : જૂના કવિઓ નર્યા બાલિશ લાગે છે, જાણે કવિતાનો કક્કો ધૂટતા હોયને એમ લાગે છે. And he frankly admits that these old poets have only a historical value, not any literary value. [શ્રીકાર્ખસ ગુ. સભા મહોત્સવ ગ્રંથ, pp. 351-352]. Balvantrāy Thakor rails at educated Gujaratis who neglect old Gujarati poetry as being not worth reading, but only two pages later admits : જૂની કવિતાઓ વિશે હજી અતિશયોક્તિઓજ આલે છે. [લિરિક, pp. 7 and 9].

It is the fashion to call Narmadashankar the first modern poet of Gujarat, but Narmad himself has rightly declared that this distinction belongs to Dalpatram : એઓ.....નવી ઢબની કવિતા કરનારાઓમાં પહેલા છે. [નર્મદનું મંદિર, ગદ્યવિભાગ, p. 317]. Not only did Dalpatram revolutionise the outward shape of Gujarati poetry by substituting strict metrical forms for the unshapely, slipshod and nerveless versification of the older poets, he modernised the contents and subject matter also; and this inspite of his utter ignorance of the English language and literature. As he acutely observes, the change was due to the change in the whole atmosphere of the country: ચાલતા સૈકા પહેલાં જે જન્મેલા અને ચાલતા સૈકામાં જે જન્મેલા તેઓના વિચારમાં ઘણો ફેરફાર જોવામાં આવે છે. [Quoted by Vishvanath Bhatt in સાહિત્ય-સમીક્ષા, p. 119]. Thus modern Gujarati poetry owes its new orientation, its new outlook, its new matter and manner to western influences that almost imperceptibly flowed in with the very advent of the British rule in Gujarat. One would think that there should be little ground for disputing this fact, but many Gujarati men of letters do dispute it. In his lectures under this foundation, Narasimharao Divatia warmly defended the modern Gujarati poets against the charge of "imitation" of western models, and he attributed "resemblances of thought and sentiment" between the modern Gujarati and English literatures "not to imitation" but to "the kinship that existed between the cultures which lay behind the two literatures", a kinship which "already existed since the days of the early Aryans". I will content myself by repeating what I said more than ten years ago in an article criticising these views: "If it is really so, if there is a remarkable resemblance between the attitude to nature of, for instance, the modern poet N. B. Divatia and that of the Lake Poets, just because some time about the Ice Age his and their ancestors were first cousins,—how is it that the same attitude is non-existent in the old poetry of Gujarat? Why is there such a complete break betweenold poetry and the poetry of the last fifty years, not only in the matter of subject and vocabulary but in the very outlook on man and nature? How is it that the poetic vision and approach of the best modern verse utterly fail to derive from the poetic tradition of the previous.....centuries? Take the most typical and most interesting lyrics of Narasimharao, or Nanalal, or B. K. Thakor, or A. F. Khabardar : compared with the poetry of 'giants' of old [as Narasimharao had called Narsi Mehta and Premānand] we seem here to be in an entirely different poetic atmosphere, an atmosphere that is quite familiar to those who know English poetry. Mr. Divatia himself admits that 'some of the modern works are purely imitative'. As a matter of fact, some of them are something more than that,—they are full of pure

plagiarism. A leading poet of Gujarat has recently pleaded that the plagiarisms pointed out in his works by unkind critics are merely unconscious echoes from his wide reading in English poetry. Whether this be a complete answer to the indictment or not, it is quite true and noteworthy that the younger generation of Gujarati men of letters is so saturated with modern and even up-to-date English poetry and prose that such unconscious—and also conscious but legitimate—echoes are as inevitable as the exposures of the less legitimate ones. And this younger generation is in a ferment of dissatisfaction with and revolt against its political, social, religious and cultural condition. This revolt, this spiritual 'sturm und drang', is certainly not due to what the ancestors of the Gujaratis felt in the Ice Age in common with the contemporary ancestors of the Blundens and Lawrences and Sitwells. In fact, Mr. Divatia has himself given us the right solution of the problem in his dictum that a literature is 'the direct product of the age in which it is created'. And surely the present age in India is the age of abounding western, and particularly English, influence in every branch of human activity. The very prose that is written today in most Indian vernaculars—in Gujarati, in Marathi, in Hindi, in Urdu—was unknown a hundred years ago and is a direct outcome of English influence. The restless dissatisfaction with old standards, old measures and old forms of poetry; the eager though hopeless search for an equivalent of the English blank verse; the essays in *vers libre* and 'prose poems'; the endless experimenting with the sonnet form; the keen debates over 'subjective' and 'objective', 'romantic' and 'classical'; the extraordinary zest for subjective—even ego-centric—lyricism; the cultivation of the novel, the literary essay and literary criticism;—what are all these literary strivings and activities of modern Gujaratif not the direct fruits of the overwhelming influence of English literature? What are they if not imitative? And why should we be afraid of imitation if thereby we gain a wider outlook on life and come closer to it and to the main current of world thought in a daily narrowing world? If the Gujarati and Marathi literatures are to serve their purpose and rank with other great literatures of the world, they will do so by the endless striving and experimenting of writers whose eyes are set on the living future of the world at large,—not on the lifeless traditions of a glorious but dead past". [Times of India 4-2-1930.]

Narasimharao was more willing to admit the influence of Sanskrit classics on modern Gujarati poetry than that of English poetry. And yet his own poetry is full of echoes of western thought and English poetry: his રમરણ સંહિતા, for instance, is from beginning to end, in conception and execution, inspired by English influences as the commentary by Ānandshankar clearly shows.

If an emancipated and non-political mind like Narasimharao's found it difficult to acknowledge the profound debt owed by the muse of modern Gujarat in general and his own in particular to western ideas and English poetry, no wonder if younger men directly influenced by the political ideas propagated sedulously in the last quarter of a century should find it even more irksome to do so. For instance, Rāmnārāyan Pāthak writes: શ્રી નરસિંહરાવની ભવ્યતા, કાન્તની ગહનતા, પ્રો. ઠાકોરના વિચારમિનારાની ઉન્નતિ, એ સર્વ કયાંથી આવે છે? આપણા વર્તમાન સાહિત્યના ઉત્તમ ગુણો જોશો તો તે પ્રાચીન સાહિત્યમાંથીજ અને ભવ્ય વિચારણામાંથીજ પોષાતા જણાશે; and he goes on to attribute the best in Rabindranath Tagore to the Upanishads, the Bāul and Kalidasa. [અર્વાચીન કાવ્ય સાહિત્યનાં વહેણો, p. 196].

If Tagore has tickled the jaded palates of Europe and America, it is no doubt by refurbishing up the old and hackneyed ideas from the Upanishads, Bāul songs and Kabir. But this is just the part of his work that should prove in the ultimate analysis to be the least important for Bengali—and Indian—literature as a whole; and even in the west the fashion seems to have passed and Tagore is finding his level after the adventitious propaganda it received at the hands of Yeats and other mystically minded admirers. Similarly whatever is of living and germinal value to Gujarati literature as such in the works of Narasimharao, Kānta and Thakor is certainly not inspired by our ancient literature and thought; in fact, if it were so derived, what would distinguish their poetry from that of the older poets? It is the new orientation,—the dissatisfaction and break with the past heritage of social, religious and cultural ideas, and also of art forms and moods,—that constitutes the real differentia of the new school of Gujarati poetry. And the ultra-new school is a further and more glaring departure from the old order of things. The lip or half-hearted sympathy of the older among modern poets with Sanskrit literature, conventions and notions was due to their inability to break away completely from the past; their loyalties in matters of the spirit were divided, especially as between 1875 and 1900 came the wave of anti-western reaction sponsored by the Arya Samaj, Theosophy, etc., and helped further by the political discontent focussed in the Congress movement. But Rāmnārāyan himself has in a variety of indirect ways admitted the influence of western ideas. He has rightly distinguished between the thought, the intellection (ચિંતન) of modern poets and that of the older ones, adding: આપણાં ચિંતનોની નીચે [Is this an Anglicism?]. માની લીધેલું કેઇ અંતિમ સત્ય હોતું નથી. [P. 124]. This goes to the root of the matter, For our old poets, as for the older Sanskrit ones, the universe was definitely

ordered and fixed, a closed system; there were no doubts, no uncertainties. This certainty the moderns have lost, or are fast losing, thanks to the influence of the agnostic questioning spirit of the West. This difference in intellection lies also at the root of the difference between the classical and romantic in literature and art. In a paper written fifteen years ago I pointed out this distinction and applied it to a famous verse in Kālidāsa :

रम्याणि वीक्ष्य मधुरांश्च निश्म्य शब्दान् &c.

Here the mysterious and therefore purely romantic feeling of nostalgic melancholy induced in sensitive minds by beautiful sights and sounds in nature is stated, only to be definitely explained away by the belief in transmigration, a belief held by the poet with almost scientific certainty. That is why in spite of the romantic beginning the complete verse is classical in its entire poetic appeal. Contrast with this the hazy uncertainty of Tennyson when he deals with the same psychological phenomenon :

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,

Tears from the depth of some divine despair,

Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes

In looking on the happy autumn fields,

What is almost a logical sequence, cause and effect, to Kālidāsa is a mystery that causes 'divine despair' to Tennyson. A recent writer has clearly brought out this difference between the ancient and modern ways of thought in Europe. "*Piers Plowman*, like the *Divine Comedy*, is not the expression of an isolated individual, but of a man whose individuality speaks within a determined social, philosophical and religious context. The dominating facts of Shakespeare's age were the destruction of this context, and the discovery of the autonomous self which we associate with the Renaissance,.....[Dante and Shakespeare] divide the modern world into two parts : the medieval part, dominated by the synthesis of faith and reason, and the strictly modern part, in which the enormous possibilities of the new discovery of the individual have been explored at the expense of that synthesis". ["Approach To Shakespeare" by D. A. Traversi, pp. 21-22]. The classic calm due to such a 'synthesis of faith and reason' has been rightly noticed in Kālidāsa by Pathak when he says : કલિદાસના કાવ્યોમાં એક પ્રકારનું સ્વાસ્થ્ય અનુભવાય છે તેનાં અનેક કારણોમાં એક તેનો રૂઢિ માટેનો આદર પણ છે એમ હું માનું છું.

[સાહિત્ય વિમર્શ, p. 53]. This સ્વાસ્થ્ય is mainly due to the poet's unquestioning acceptance of this classical synthesis, his complete conformity with and acquiescence in a well defined religious and social philosophy, and the consequent poise in his assured and restrained handling of subjects.

The romantic analysis and intellectual uncertainty of the moderns as opposed to the classical synthesis and consequent certainty of the older poets has been admitted by Rāmnārāyan himself when he writes : આધુનિક કાવ્યનું એક લક્ષણ એ કે તેમાં અસ્પષ્ટ મધુર વ્યંજન હોય છે.....એમ કહી શકાય કે એ રોમાન્ટિક કાવ્યનું લક્ષણ છે. તેમાં મધુરતા હોય છે એ સ્વીકારું છું, પણ તે સાથે મૂળે સંસ્કૃત આલંકારિકાનોજ મત સાચો લાગે છે કે કાવ્યના વાચ્યાર્થ કરતાં વ્યંજ્યાર્થ પ્રધાન હોય ત્યારે એ વ્યંજ્યાર્થ અસ્કુટ રાખવો એ દોષ છે. [P. 91]. This is one more proof of my contention, hotly contested by several Gujarati critics, that romanticism is foreign to the genius of Sanskrit poetry. However અસ્કુટ or indistinct it may be, the વ્યંજ્યાર્થ, the suggested meaning, in all Sanskrit poetry is—and, as Rāmnārāyan rightly insists, must be—quite clearly defined ; not vague, hazy, iridescent as in romantic poetry which, strictly speaking, has no વ્યંજ્યાર્થ in the sense of the term in Sanskrit poetics. The oft-quoted verse :

अर्थो गिरामपिहितः पिहितश्चाकिंचिद्
रम्यत्वमेति मरहट्वम् कुचामः

is not to be interpreted to mean the haze and uncertainty of meaning found in western romantic poetry; it only means the clearly indicated suggestiveness, વ્યંજન, insisted upon by the Sanskrit 'ālamkārikas', as Rāmnārāyan says.

It is Pāthak again who admits while commenting on a poem by Kānta : સામાન્ય રીતે કહી શકાય કે આ બધા ભાવો પહેલાં કદી આપણા કાવ્યમાં પ્રગટ નહિ થયેલા એવાજ છે. પશ્ચિમના સાહિત્યના પરિચયથીજ કવિને આવા ભાવો વ્યક્ત કરવાની પ્રેરણા થઈ છે. [પૂર્વાભાષ-ઉપોદ્ધાત, P. 66]. He rightly says the same thing about our political ideas also :દેશભિમાન, દેશભક્તિ, દેશ-દાઝ, વગેરે શબ્દો નવા થયા છે તેજ બતાવે છે કે આ ભાવના આપણા સમાજમાં અને આપણા કાવ્યમાં નવી આવેલી છે. [P. 141]. But the west has not given us new modes of thought, feeling and sensation alone, it has influenced our aesthetic and moral judgments also. To take only one instance, as Rāmnārāyan again observes : દામ્પત્ય ભાવનામાંથી બહુપત્નીત્વ નીકળી ગયું... ..અત્યારના આપણા રસિકજીવનમાં બહુપત્નીત્વને સ્થાન નથી. [Pp. 131-132].

That is exactly why the love story of Dushyanta has begun to sound hollow and ring untrue in our ears as we know that several women in his harem

are pining for the hero while he is so engrossed in his new love as even to forget and mix up their names (गोत्रेषु स्खलितः) ! Hence, too, the futility of the numerous desperate but amusing attempts to find some teaching, some 'message', in the works of Kālidāsa.

In fact every characteristic of our modern literature which distinguishes it from the old is derived from western contacts. The younger generation of writers scarcely makes any mystery of this inevitable development. The more up-to-date among them are Marxists,—at least in theory, for in actual life most of our radicals and revolutionaries are conformists and tamely submit to custom and caste rule. The interesting symposium entitled *સાહિત્ય અને પ્રગતિ* frankly reveals the sources from which 'progressive' ideas are derived, Eliot, Auden, Ernst Toller, Macneice, David Daiches, Leo Hubermann, C. Day Lewis, Andre Malraux, Maxim Gorki, Nicholas Berdyaev, etc. (Pp. 168, 189). It is a mere detail that, as usual, our men of letters adopt western literary fashions almost when they get out of date in the quick changing west. But the point is that our intellectual activities are, as quite naturally they must be, more and more influenced by western ideas and literary fashions. The very theory of poetry that is at present holding the field in Gujarat is also derived from the west. In the first quarter of this century, the reaction in England against the cult of beauty and against the doctrine of art for art's sake culminated in the utter neglect of and contempt for beauty of form and sound—reviled as mere 'incantation'—and the true poet's business was believed to consist in preserving his 'integrity' by disdaining these adventitious aids and putting on paper his spiritual reaction to and experience of actual life in words as close to life itself as possible. This revolt against art as such has led the poet to take himself too seriously and to make rather extravagant claims for his poetry. As John Sparrow has pointed out, according to I. A. Richards, the arch-theorist of modern English poetry, "a contemporary poet is not a mere artist, but potentially the saviour of the modern world". [*Sense And Poetry*, p. XIX]. As Rāmnārayan puts it : *વર્તમાન કાલમાં ધર્મનેતા કે પયગમ્બરનું સ્થાન કવિ લે છે.* [અ. કા. સા. વહેણ, p. 202]. The modern poet is thus expected to be a thinker, a teacher, a sage, even a prophet with a message; and that is what many of our modern poets here also have begun to hold. Hence the insistence on changing the matter and manner of poetry, and adapting it to present needs of present-day life—to this unsentimental machine age, to the conflict between capital and labour, even to current day to day political and social activities and struggles. In a way this is a reversion to the Platonic idea of poetry. According to Plato, the ordinary

poet, the poetic artist who provided aesthetic pleasure only, was an undesirable person who was to be excluded from the ideal republic. Plato challenged even the revered Homer and asked if his poetry could help to run a state, or at least improve the morals of private persons; for he wanted the true poet to be a teacher, a sage, a divinely inspired prophet delivering a message for the guidance of mankind. Discussing the changes of meaning in the word 'enthusiasm', and its origin 'entheos' meaning 'god-inspired', Oliver Elton remarks: "Plato and the Greeks had used *entheos* of the divinely-frenzied poet or prophet, the passive channel of some message not his own which came down from heaven to the world." ['Essays And Addresses,' pp. 197-198]. This idea of the poet as a message-bringer has dominated the literary world in India for some time now under the lead of Tagore, and the first thing most modern Indian critics ask about a poet is, "Has he any message?" This has led to much amusing special pleading whenever this crucial question is asked about any great poet,—especially one who is a conscious artist, to the finger-tips, like Kālidāsa. All the prosing of Tagore can not convincingly bring out the supposititious 'message' of the 'Śākuntala'; and a Marathi critic has torn all this specious special pleading to tatters by a close and searching analysis of the ancient poet's idea of womanhood. [कालिदासीय स्त्रीसमाज by K.L. Ogale, मनोरंजन, Feb. March, 1933]. Some interesting attempts have been made on our side, too, to find the "message" of Kālidāsa. Ānandshankar Dhruva converts even the lover's lie put in Dushyanta's mouth—

परिहासविजल्पितं सखे

परमार्थेन न गृह्यतां वचः—

into a clue to the 'message' of the play. For, this untruth, says he, શાકુન્તલ નાટકના અંતરમાં જે tragedy યાને કડ્ડણુરસ ઘટના રહેલી છે એનું એક સહાયક કારણ અને છે. આ ઉપરાંત વળી એક યોધ કાલિદાસે એના એક આશ્રમવાસી ઉચ્ચ બ્રહ્મચારી પાત્રના મુખમાં મૂક્યો છે,એ યોધ એ છે કે— અતઃ પરંપરા કર્તવ્યં વિશેષાત્ સંગતં રહઃ — એકાંતમાં મળવું તો ખૂબ જોઈ વિચારીને મળવું.

[કાવ્યતત્ત્વવિચાર, p. 53]. Thus we are to conclude that Kālidāsa wrote his masterpiece in order to teach men in love not to tell fibs, and women in love to think twice before trusting unknown persons. Rāmanrāyaṇ Pathak, again, finds yet another 'message' in the play: ગાન્ધર્વવિવાહનું અનિષ્ઠ લોકને બતાવવું એવો સ્પષ્ટ વિચાર કાલિદાસને શાકુન્તલ લખતાં હશે.....[સાહિત્યવિમર્શ, p. 33].

In fact if we are determined to find a 'message' in a work of art, any will do as well as any other. This arduous but futile hunt for elusive teachings and

messages is itself a sufficient indication that no great poet—no poet worth the name—writes poems or plays with the object of conveying messages and teachings. Indeed, Ānandshankar himself enunciates the right doctrine when he writes : આ સર્વે છતાં, શાક્રુન્તલને સર્વ નાટકોમાં જે અચર્યાન મળે છે તે પૂર્વોક્ત ન્હાના મ્હોટા ઓધના કારણથી નહી, પણ એના પદપદમાં પંક્તિ પંક્તિમાં, એના પ્રત્યેક અવયવમાં જે સૌંદર્ય અને સાંદર્યની વિવિધતા ભરી છે તે કારણથી..... એનો કાંઈ પણ ઉપદેશ હોય તો, સૌંદર્યનો અનુભવ અને એ અનુભવમાંજ જીવનને ઉચ્ચ કરવાની જે અદ્ભુત શક્તિ રહેલી છે એનું દિગ્દર્શન એજ એનો ઉપદેશ છે. [કાવ્યતત્ત્વવિચાર Pp. 53-54]. That hits the nail on the head: the success of a work of art as a work of art is its most valid justification; all messages and teachings and philosophies may go hang

How this ethical obsession can vitiate the thought of even the most clearheaded and lucid thinkers among us is best illustrated by the three classes into which Ānandshankar Dhruva divides all literature, તત્કાલીન, ચિરંતન and સનાતન. The first is, according to him, ephemeral, photographic literature like that of Wells etc.; in the second class he puts Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dickens etc; and of the third he says, વ્યાસ, વાલ્મીકિનાં મહાભારત અને રામાયણ આ ત્રીજી-ઉચ્ચતમ કોટિનાં ગ્રંથો છે. [Ibid, pp.126-127]. This strange classification is the result of Ānandshankar's overemphasis on the moral, ethical and religious element in literature. The weakness of his position is glaringly shown when this overemphasis leads him to place, though with doubt and hesitation, 'Paradise Lost', 'Faust' and even some poems of Browning in the third and highest class, thus ranking Milton, and Goethe and Browning above Shakespeare—a poet of whom he himself says elsewhere: Shakespeare ના આત્માએ સર્વવ્યાપક—મનુષ્યમાત્રમાં અને વિશ્વમાત્રમાં વ્યાપક અને ત્રણે કાળમાં વ્યાપક—એવાં સત્યોનું દર્શન કર્યું હતું અને એ દર્શનનો લાભ આપણને એનાં નાટકોમાં મળે છે. [કાવ્યતત્ત્વવિચાર, pp. 126-127 and 290].

It is surprising that such deep students and advocates of our ancient Indian culture should be so fascinated by this heresy of converting an artist into a teacher or preacher as to throw overboard the sound teaching of our ancient writers on poetics, the Ālankārikas. Professor A. B. Gajendragadkar has in a series of articles conveniently brought together the opinions on this subject of all the noteworthy Sanskrit theorists,—such as Bhāmaha,

Vāmana, Rudraṇa, Bhoja, Mammata, Vāgbhaṭa, Viśvanatna, and many others concluded that the main purpose of poetry according to all these writers is pleasure, not teaching or preaching or philosophising, and that the trend of opinion in Sanskrit poetics is very much akin to the western theory of 'art for art's sake'. [Article 3 in *मनोरंजन* for December 1936, p.22]. This is what Aristotle also has said in effect. As a recent book puts it tersely : "Aristotle.....says.....finally, that the test of poetry is whether or not it gives us pleasure." ['Invitation to Learning', p.217]. And yet, in the last few years we have had a surfeit of crude prosing about the philosophic and prophetic role of the poet, by Indian writers ignorant of the sound doctrine taught by Aristotle and our ancient writers on poetics. One of them has written an amusingly pretentious book to prove the inferiority of Shakespeare to Kālidāsa on this very ground, namely, that while Kālidāsa has a "message" for mankind groping in the dark, poor Shakespeare has none; and another has written a book on six modern Indian poets bringing out the "message" of each one of them,—and that without reading the poets themselves but by impudently and ignorantly plagiarising from books on the poets and making a sorry hash of the matter thus plagiarised. And both as impudently and ignorantly assert that the eastern standards laid down by our old writers on poetics demand such "messages" and philosophies from poets ! This modern heresy and charlatanry has, I am afraid, been unconsciously encouraged by some poets like Tennyson and others who have tried to look like patriarchs and sages and adopted flowing whiskers and robes as the emblems of the Poet-Prophet with a 'message' for erring humanity. I do not think we should be intimidated by big names or picturesque robes and flowing locks and beards into swallowing as gospel truth a theory that breaks down at the first attempt to apply it to the greatest works in all the known literatures of the world. What does the Rāmāyana teach? What is the moral of the Iliad? That a man should not run away with his neighbour's wife, for if he does the husband will come and chop his head off? What does *King Lear* teach? That a man should not distribute his property among his children as long as he is alive? Coming to Kālidāsa himself, what does his *Meghadūta* teach? The only teaching of this highly artificial and overpraised poem seems to be ज्ञातास्वादो विवृतजघनां को बिहातुं समर्थः. In fact, if we do not go to a preacher or a philosopher for poetry, why should we go to a poet for preaching or philosophy? It is not the poet's business to teach or preach or deliver divine 'messages'; his business is to write poetry, to sing, to create beauty. If incidentally this beauty is truth, as Keats put it, if it does somehow exalt and ennoble the reader's soul, that is another matter. But the primary concern of poetry is not with morality or philosophy or religion; its primary concern is with beauty that enraptures

and thrills the soul. As rightly declared by Mammāta, it is this सयः परनिर्वृति an immediate and intense thrill, almost an enraptured trance, suffusing the soul with deep psychical or spiritual satisfaction — that is the chief concern of poetry. A true poem is a thing of beauty, and therefore a joy for ever. The primary appeal of poetry is not to the intellect, it is to the emotions. Even T.S. Eliot, whose practice and influence as poet has helped most to make modern English poetry a matter of the intellect rather than emotions, is sound in his theory when he says that "poetry is not a substitute for philosophy or theology or religion", and that the function of poetry "is not intellectual but emotional". ['Points of View', p. 39]. To quote Macneice again : ".....Yeats and Rilke (and herein they are distinguished from Eliot) insist, for all their recognition of misery and bewilderment, that the mainspring of Art, and even of Life, is joy". ['The Poetry of W. B. Yeats' (1941).] And to quote Eliot himself in a lucid mood, he has said of W.P. Ker: "He was a great scholar who was also a great humanist, who was always aware that the end of scholarship is understanding, and that the end of understanding poetry is enjoyment, and that this enjoyment is gusto disciplined by taste." [W.P. Ker Memorial Lecture (24-2-1942), p. 3.].

The poet is thus primarily an artist, and if he has any extravagant extraneous ideas about his importance as a teacher and prophet his art is bound to suffer. The ugliness of so much of modern English verse is due to this perverse doctrine that leads poets to disregard and even despise the very medium in which they have to work as artists — language and words. Degas, the famous French painter, took it into his head to write sonnets. After some futile attempts he complained to the equally famous symbolist poet Mallarmé that though he was full of excellent ideas his sonnet would not come out right. "Ce n'est pas avec les *idées* qu'on fait les sonnets, Degas, c'est avec les *mots*." "My dear Degas", said Mallarmé, "poetry is not written with *ideas*; it is written with *words*." Our modern poets also are so engrossed with ideas that they forget this sound dictum of Mallarmé. There could be no better illustration of this obfuscating obsession than the contention that the best poetry should be translatable in as much as the best poetry is concerned with ideas and not with mere words. No one who has a fair knowledge of more languages than one and has a fairly good ear for their poetical literatures will subscribe to this test of poetry. To cite only one glaring instance, almost all the poetry of Hāfiz will simply evaporate in any translation. Not only has each language its own individuality, based on its heredity, history and cultural traditions, it has a distinct enunciation and tonality of its own. The doggerel verse અમે તમે કે સોદા આને is not so irrational as we would like to believe it to be, for I think it has its root in this æsthetic valuation of languages on the basis of sound. Most words, again, in

a cultivated language have an individuality of their own. We had a little while ago a bitter controversy between two of our poets over the interpretation of the words અમીના કુલ. I would ask Thakor to translate the word કુલ in this connection adequately into so rich a language as English, either in the literal sense of the word as insisted on by Khabardar, or in its figurative sense as interpreted by himself. If we consider the numerous extraneous and incidental evocations of કુલ and કલશ, depending on their association with a variety of actual or metaphorical uses — at coronation, marriage and other auspicious ceremonies, and for comparison with the massive front of the elephant etc., — and then if we turn to the English equivalent ‘pot’, with its mean sound and sense (we are at once reminded of ‘pots and pans’ and even meaner associations), — we can get some idea of the basic difficulties the translation test theory of poetry has to face in practice. Conversely, if we take the common Urdu word ‘janāzā’ (which is rendered in English by the word ‘bier’) and try to translate it into Gujarati or Hindi, we are up against the same difficulty; there is a whole series of ideas and associations evoked by the word ‘janāzā’ which are certainly not evoked by the Gujarati કાંડી or નનામી or the Hindi અર્થી; the religious, social and emotional implications of the word ‘janāzā’, the mournful ceremonial pomp and procession associated with it, are all absent from the Gujarati and Hindi words. All culture words with a tradition have complex meanings; just as there is no simple note in nature but every note is a complex of the simple ground note and several overtones or harmonics, so a culture word also is rich with such overtones, associations, nuances. And again there is the individuality due to the sound of each word and the lilt of the metrical line. As T. S. Eliot rightly points out, there is such a thing as “auditory imagination”. He writes : “What I call the Auditory imagination is the feeling for syllable and rhythm, penetrating far below the conscious level of thought and feeling,”. [‘Points of View’, p.55]. I would go further and assert that this feeling for the sound value of words and for rhythm is an important constituent of what Housman calls the “organ by which poetry is perceived”. It is very interesting to note by the way that Eliot’s ‘auditory imagination’ comes very near the doctrine of our ancient theorists about which Rāmānāyaṇa writes : કાવ્યમાં અર્થને માટે ગમે તેટલો આગ્રહ રાખીએ છતાં, અર્થ ન સમજાય તેને પણ કાવ્યનો પાઠ મધુર લાગે એ કાવ્યગુણ છે :

येऽपि शब्दविदो नैव नैव चार्थविवक्षणाः ।

तेषांमपि सतां पाठः सुष्ठु कर्णरसायनम् ॥

[અ.કા.સા. વહેણે। p. 61].

If we bear in mind these characteristics and idiosyncrasies of languages and words, we despair of ever adequately translating lines in which the individuality and sound of words are at least as important as the sense, —such, for instance, as

Absent thee from felicity awhile,
or,
In the far backward and abysm of time,
or,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
or,
..... O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. —

Let those who believe in the translation theory put it to the test of translating these and thousands of such lines to be found in Shakespeare and Milton alone. Even elementary words may prove refractory when subjected to the discipline of translation. This was borne in upon me very early in life when I first read the Marathi translation of *Hamlet* by a reputed scholar of Marathi and English like Principal Agarkar of Fergusson College. There can not be simpler words in the English language than these half dozen, *— ‘To be or not to be’. And yet the Marathi version had almost a comic sound, almost the effect of burlesque : मरावं कीं जगावं. Everything in a Shakespearean tragedy may perhaps be conveyed in a translation, — its drama, its action, its characterisation, its tragic emotion, even its poetic ideas; but it is certain that most of its poetry will evaporate, for it lies in the words — colourful organisms, each one with an aura of its own — living palpitating words that have to be replaced in translation mostly by makeshift counters. Those who believe that good poetry must be translatable should note what Edward Thompson, the intimate friend and populariser of Tagore in the West has recently said about the poet’s own English versions of his Bengali poems. In an obituary article on Tagore he writes : “The question of Tagore’s place is tied up also with his translation methods, that ‘falsifying of my own coinage’ of which he wrote to me, his cutting away of what he thought hard to get

*“... ‘To be or not to be’... That in itself, surely, is about the most powerful and pithy phrase in all drama; in six short words what a width and depth of vision is opened out!”. H. Granville - Barker, ‘On Dramatic Method’ (1931), p. 91].

Hamaā Mehta’s Gujarati rendering અણ? મર? is equally drab and uninspired.

across to Western readers". [*New Statesman* of 16-8-1941, p. 157]. This 'falsification of coinage', — this 'cutting away' of intractable words, phrases, ideas — is inevitable in the translation of any kind of poetry, — good, bad or indifferent. A really good translation of poetry can only be a miracle, the exception that proves the rule; it really amounts to creating a new poem on the subject in another language. Fitzgerald, for instance, has written an independent poem—in some respects better than the original—in his translation of Khayyām's *Rubāiyāt*; in fact, it is scarcely a translation, — it is a beautiful English poem based on ideas and phrases and symbols taken from the Persian poet. I cannot resist the temptation of giving here another master-piece of translation, only two lines long, by another master of English verse, Edmund Spenser, that I have come across, I forget where. The original Italian runs:

Così trapassa al trapassar d'un giorno
Della vita mortale il fiore e il verde.

This Spenser has rendered thus :

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower.

I do not know Italian at all, though almost all the words in the original are quite recognisable; but I should not be surprised if those competent to judge were to say that Spenser has somehow — perhaps by adding the 'bud' to the 'leaf and flower' of the original (may be, only to make up ten syllables), and perhaps by unconsciously echoing Biblical cadences — heightened the emotion and raised the power of the original. Anyhow, I repeat that these miracles and exceptions only prove the rule that poetry is untranslatable. As Thakor is the champion of this translation test of poetry, it will not be unfair to cite two of his own translations of not very poetical snatches of English poetry couched in very ordinary words :

"O World
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!"

is translated

અલેટય સૃષ્ટિ ! ભેટતા તુને !

And, "O God within my breast" is translated હૃદયમસ્થ પ્રાભવિષ્ણુ. I do not think it is necessary to enlarge on these translations, or on the formation પ્રાભવિષ્ણુ. I will only submit that they completely refute the theory championed by Thakor.

Theories have never given rise to masterpieces in arts and letters. masterpieces have been the sources of all theorising. When our medieval artists and poets began to create works of art according to theories they ceased to be creative artists and became manufacturers of stereotyped, schematic art and poetry according to rules of thumb. Before his *volte face* in the direction of orthodoxy, Munshi scathingly and rightly described in the following words our medieval literature and art that flourished and luxuriated after the creative and progressive impulse had been killed by theory-ridden artists and poets: આપણા દેશમાં પ્રણાલિકાવાદે કલાના ક્ષેત્રમાં એવી નિશ્ચેતનતા આણી મૂકી છે કે હજારો વર્ષો સુધી એક જ પ્રકારના આદર્શથી બધી કૃતિઓ ઘડાઈ છે.....સદીઓ સુધી શુદ્ધ પ્રણાલિકાના ભોગ થઈ રહેલા શિલ્પીઓએ કલાવિહીન અને કૃત્રિમ પ્રતિમાથી આપણાં મંદિરો ભરી દીધાં છે. And again: આખા સંસ્કૃત સાહિત્યમાં પ્રણાલિકાવાદે વૈવિધ્યનો નાશ કર્યો છે. [શુભરાત એક સાંસ્કારિક વ્યક્તિ etc., pp. 52-53]. How this theory-ridden practice in its turn further vitiated the theory of poetry is well illustrated by such critical dictums as અમરકકવેરેકઃ શ્લોકઃ પ્રબન્ધશતાયતે. This should warn our modern poets against writing poetry in accordance with any particular theory of poetry, especially one that encroaches on their integrity and individuality as artists. It is from this point of view that the creeds professed by several modern men of letters in the symposium સાહિત્ય અને પ્રગતિ and elsewhere assume a special interest for our subject. Many of them are patently and depressingly imitative of the Marxist fashion in vogue in the west. They make extravagant claims for men of letters as leaders of social and political movements of emancipation from the *bête noire* of all Marxists, 'Capitalism', and from 'bourgeois culture'. As if literature — pure literature written by artists in prose and verse — has ever led any movement in the world. It is a pretentious claim that poets are or have been teachers and leaders of thought; if poets worth the name have at all cared for such movements they have like sensitive weathervanes only followed and not led them. But the true artist is never a propagandist; and that is exactly what Marxist writers on literature want our poets and all men of letters to be, — mere 'proletarian', 'class-conscious' propagandists against the bogey of 'capitalism'. It would be interesting to investigate how far the Marxist roaring of our young lions regulates their relations with their castes, especially when they marry. As Praphulla Chandra Ray bitterly complained a few years ago, our young revolutionaries will do a year in jail for a political

slogan but will not dare to marry out of their castes. But this inconsistency is an inevitable result of our peculiar social structure; these Marxists in theory can not escape from the iron grip of this socio-religious environment. All our writers belong to the 'bourgeois' class, the ઉચ્ચશ્રીઆત as opposed to the શ્રમજીવી; they are, again, mostly 'traivarpikas'—or, rather, of the વાણીઆત પ્રાદેશી caste aristocracy. It is not only that they know no real શ્રમ, physical labour; their very mental outfit incapacitates them from entering into the real inner life of the શ્રમજીવી who belong to a distinct lower species, to a watertight socio-religious stratum far below theirs. Even in class-ridden England an actual labourer can rise to be a Lord, but here a Śūdra can never become a Kshatriya or a Brahmin. These our Marxists, however, are frank propagandists, and scarcely think of poetry when they talk of 'literature'. Of more immediate interest to us are the thoughtful confessions of faith made by two of our younger poets, Umāshankar Joshi and Manassukhlal Jhaveri, in two other compilations. The former seems still to be rather uncertain in his literary creed. In his essay in સાહિત્ય અને પ્રગતિ he seems to be for the propagandist school out and out. He bitterly complains about some Gujarati men of letters : વીસ વીસ વરસ નગરોના ને ગામોના સરિયામ રસ્તાઓ ઉપર નવોલ્ખિત જનસમાજના ચેતનપ્રવાહના રેલા જેવાં સરઘસો પસાર થઈ ગયાં છતાં જેનું રૂવાડું સરખું ફરકયું નથી એવા સાહિત્યકારો પણ આ દેશમાં હતા ! [P. 224]. As usual the best comment on all such theoretical dicta on the poet's true vocation is to refer back to the practice of the greatest poets known to us. Does Kālidāsa, who is supposed to have flourished under some great and heroic king, either Samudragupta or the legendary Vikrama, refer to any of the great political or military achievements of his patron in any of his known works? Has Shakespeare commemorated in verse or prose the most note-worthy incident in English history during his lifetime, the defeat of the Spanish Armada? Rāmnārāyan Pāthak also raises the same wail; referring to the political upheaval the country has been passing through he asks :

ઘણા કહે છે કે આટલાં બધાં આંદોલનો આવ્યાં પણ તેમાં કાવ્યો કેમ થયાં નથી ? And he himself gives the consoling answer : પણ હજી અધીરા થઈએ એટલો બધો સમય થઈ ગયો નથી.....આ વિચાર લાગણીનાં આંદોલનો આપણી પ્રભ ઉપર વ્યર્થ ગયાં નથી. [અ. કા. સા. વહેણો, pp. 202-203]. This I am afraid is a

vain hope which literary history almost all over the world gives no ground for entertaining. The years of Shakespeare's boyhood, youth, maturity and old age were perhaps the most fateful in the political history of England during at least two centuries, the sixteenth and the seventeenth. And yet so far as Shakespeare's voluminous works are concerned he might as well *not* have lived in those stirring times. This seems to be the disconcerting practice of most great poets and artists, — they seem to go their own way unaffected by happenings which sweep their contemporary fellow beings off their feet. Great deeds and great men do not seem to have helped to produce great poets, just as great poets do not produce great men and great deeds. I understand that H. G. Wells does not so much as mention Shakespeare in his History of the World; however humiliating this may be to poets in general, the fact remains that the greatest poets do not count in the political history of the world, — just as the greatest men and events in history do not count so far as literary history is concerned. Perhaps millions of verses in a score of vernaculars have been written all over India on political and historical subjects in the last quarter of a century since the Balkan War set the fountain of Urdu political poesy flowing. How many of these will live when these political fits and fevers have receded into the past? Scarcely any except perhaps the pungent political satires and lampoons — in which recent Urdu literature is particularly rich — inspired by the humours of political humbug and chicane. In fact Joshi himself has, when in the right poetic mood, given an adequate answer to his own querulous inquiry. In the sonnet કહો છો કે — he answers the critic who says he is tired of the poet's songs of flowers and waters and love ;

કહો છો કે થાક્યા કવન સુણિ કૂંણાં કુસુમનાં,.....
કહો છો કે રાખો પ્રણયરુહનોની ભ્રમકથા.....
હવે છોટો ગાણું જલધિસરિતા નિર્ઝર તણાં !
પરંતુ બ્યોમે તો ઉડુગણુ અવિશ્રાંત અબકે,
કુટે પત્રો, પુષ્પો અવિરત ખિલે નિર્ઝર ઝરે ;
ખુટી ના ચુગ્મોની પ્રણયગુજગોષ્ઠી હજીય તે.
અમે ઘેલા છો ને! પ્રથમ દુનિયા ઘેલિ પલટો ;
પછી શાણું ગાણું નવલ લવશું શાણપણનાં.

An old answer to an old objection, no doubt; but quite valid.

In another essay entitled અધતન કવિતા Joshi has given expression to more balanced views. He sees the harm propagandist ideas in poetry can do; he sees the falsity of the socio-political idealisation of the village at the cost of the city— ગામડાનું બધું જ સારું, શહેરનું જેટલું તેટલું બધું ખરાબ— which came into vogue especially in Gujarat with the new orientation in politics. He rightly reiterates his protest against the new fangled fashion of writing ultra-modern poetry by lugging in મળૂર, શ્રમમાહુત્તમ્ય, નરનારી સમતા etc., and thus merely replacing the old conventions of ચંદ્ર, તારા, કમલ, મદિરાક્ષી by these new but equally unreal ones. In a more interesting disquisition on 'emotive symbols' (ભાવપ્રતીકો) he makes some acute remarks on the inadequacy of outworn old symbols or new borrowed ones unsuited to and unassimilable by the genius of the Gujarati people and language. He cites as an instance of the former class the traditional ગોપ ગોપી idea. Referring to a couplet in Nanalal's 'પુનર્લગ્ન', he writes :

ઉત્તુંગ શૃંગ સખિ જો, પ્રભુ ગોપનાથ
 ઊભાં પદે ઘડીકે આપણુ ગોપગોપી

આજનો કવિ આજના યુગલનું વર્ણન કરતાં 'ગોપ ગોપી'નું ભાવપ્રતીક, ભલે એ ગમે તેટલું રસવાહક હોય તો પણ, ઉપયોગમાં લઈ શકશે નહિ. [ગૂજરાત સાહિત્ય સભા કાર્યવહી (૧૯૩૬-૪૦) p. 185.]

Further on he says about another correlated symbol: રાધા કૃષ્ણના રટણથી હવે આપણે કંટાળી ગયા છીએ. As for ગોપ ગોપી I am inclined to suspect that the poet has not brought them in for any emotive purpose; it is perhaps only the assonance with ગોપનાથ that drags them in as by a sort of natural, physical attraction. But putting this consideration aside we may ask: Is this really true of the Gujarati mind to-day? Are Gujaratis in general, even educated ones, really tired of these old-world ideas and ideals? If so, why is there a regular and continuous spate in Gujarat of 'Garba' and 'Rās' poems of which these ideas and ideals are the ultimate roots? Is Vaishnavism really on the wane in Gujarat? These are some of the interesting speculations and doubts suggested by Joshi's dictums. These doubts are further strengthened when we consider his own criticism of borrowed and unassimilated symbols. He refers to Narasimharao's devotional ideas

derived from the Prārthanā Samāj and writes :..... નરસિંહરાવ નવીન પ્રાર્થનાસમાજ દળની ભક્તિના 'તાત મહાન' 'મહાન પિતા' એવાં શુષ્ક બનાવટી પ્રતીકોથી હૃદયના ખુલ્લું અવાજભર્યું ભજનન આપી શકે તો એમાં નવાઈ પણ શી? This criticism of Narasimharao is just; there is undoubtedly something artificial about not only his 'તાત મહાન' etc., but about most of his poetry which with all its fine points somehow does not ring true, does not sound like genuine Gujarati. But Joshi seems to contradict himself when he tries to clench his argument by contrasting the genuineness of the આરતી, the yearning devotion, of Tagore expressed through emotive symbols taken over from Chaitanya, Vidyāpati, Jayadeva, Kabir etc. [P. 187]. If Joshi admits the genuine moving power of these symbols, how can he say that modern Gujaratis are all tired of Vaishnavite symbols like Gopa and Gopi, Rādhā and Krishna? For Gopa and Gopi, Rādhā and Krishna are the very life and soul of the poetry of at least Chaitanya, Vidyāpati and Jayadeva. And Joshi himself even pleads for these old symbols when he qualifies his condemnation of the Rādhā-Krishna symbol and writes : એનો અર્થ એ નથી થતો કે સારા કવિએ પણ એ પ્રતીક 'રાધા' અને કૃષ્ણથી વ્યંજિત થતા ભાવને બીજા અધૂરા લથડતા શબ્દોદ્ધારાજ વ્યક્ત કરવાનો આગ્રહ રાખવો.....આત્માની આસક્તિ, આર્તિ, અને રતિ વ્યક્ત કરવા માટે આપણા કવિઓના હાથમાં આ એક ઉત્તમોત્તમ પ્રતીક આવી ગયું છે.

But only two pages later the poet-critic again remembers his modernity and therefore cautions the reader : આ ચર્ચાથી કોઈ એમ ન માને કે 'રાધા કૃષ્ણનું' પ્રતીક અદ્યતનોએ પ્રાચીનોની પેઠે પાછું પ્રચારમાં લઈ લેવું જોઈએ. Thus Joshi seems to be vacillating between two worlds—the world of sectarian tradition and that of secularised modernity. This divided mind, these divided loyalties, such emotional and spiritual diarchy and uncertainty, must hamper the genius of any poet and affect the integrity of his poetry ; just as the unassimilated substitution of western and Christian symbols by Narasimharao who had really and totally outgrown the old Vaishnavite ones also affected the integrity and inevitability of his poetry. But poets never have been pioneers in such matters, and Gujarati poets will not get out of the ancient ruts until the world around them, Gujarat itself, makes up its mind to leave these ruts and does so. If a mere outsider may be allowed to risk an opinion on the subject, I would submit that Rāmanārāyan Pāthak does

not reflect the view of the vast majority of Gujaratis when he avers that અવતાર દૃષ્ટિ આપણા કવિઓમાંથી નીકળી ગઈ. As a matter of fact, the political movement of the last twenty years has in effect been based on, has flourished on, this અવતાર દૃષ્ટિ, and a new Avatar has been added to the numerous old ones. A very popular poet of the movement has sung in no uncertain terms the advent of this Avatar :

વીર ઉડી આજ લડી લો ત્યારે, જુદાની સામે જુદા,
ધરે ધરે વીરગાંધી જગાવો, બારણે બારણે જુદા.

And quite recently the paper edited by the same poet has given general currency to the idea (while professing to deprecate it) that the illness dogging the members of a certain ruling family in Kathiawad is the result of displeasing the new Avatar સંતને દૂભવ્યા તેનું જ આ પરિણામ છે. Centuries and milleniums old religious and spiritual convictions and beliefs cannot be said to have vanished because a few poets and men of letters have ceased, or believe that they have ceased, to believe them. With the instances of Narmadashankar and Munshi before us, we should not be surprised if even the protestant reformers themselves recant and turn into champions of these very beliefs.

We nowadays hear a good deal, again, about 'realism' (વાસ્તવપ્રિયતા) as an essential quality of upto-date, અદ્યતન, poetry. This realism has, of course, come to us from the west ; as Joshi puts it, તેનું શુદ્ધ સ્વરૂપ સિદ્ધ થયું તે તો પરદેશી સાહિત્યના સંપર્ક અને રશિયાના સમાજવાદની ક્રિસ્ટીના પરિચયને બળે. [‘અદ્યતનકવિતા’, p. 180].

I am inclined to believe that the drab and ugly realism of much modern western literature and art is one result of a much wider and more comprehensive malaise. The restless European mind that likes ever to be on the move has come to believe that the classical and romantic standards of beauty in European art and poetry have held their sway too long, that they have served their purpose and that European art and poetry have exhausted all the possibilities of development according to these standards. This sense of exhaustion and frustration and the craving of the jaded palate for novelty are at the bottom of the European craze for the outlandish and the ugly in art, music and poetry that has been gradually spreading in the west for more than half a century now. Any artist in any of these fields could, by sticking

to old standards, only achieve beauty and harmony of a familiar, too familiar, kind. Therefore the duty of the true new artist was to go back to primitive and infantile drawing—some of the most admired specimens of modern art can be matched by almost any child of six left with a pencil and a piece of paper in order to keep it from mischief,—to adopt the unmusical rhythms and cacophony of primitive and savage music, and to affect a deliberate disregard of form and sound and sense in poetry. One reason of Tagore's phenomenal success in the West was the craze for novelty; his poetry was hailed as something mysteriously new coming straight from the mystical and glamorous East; and now that the novelty is no longer there, and fashion has veered from the mystical to the crude and ugly, Tagore is certainly not regarded with that admiration and awe that were lavished on him about twentyfive years ago. The quite recent and masterly one volume abridgment of the Cambridge History of English Literature says in a chapter on Anglo-Indian literature that it is difficult to find in any of Tagore's "numerous volumes anything richer in thought and expression than the pages of the Bible afford to the receptive reader". [Cited in 'Life And Letters Today' for September 1941, p. 238.]

This cult of the crude and ugly that has come in with Marxist and Leftist literature is further aggravated and exaggerated by the incursion of the Freudian insanity. John Sparrow has thus briefly and incisively summed up the achievement of this new 'realism' in the realm of English poetry: "Modern poetry, we are told, is unflinchingly realistic; it describes in detail, and at times with a perverted relish, objects, emotions, situations that are degraded and revolting—as if it were not the familiar practice of poets from Catullus to Crabbe to eschew beauty and conventional decency in their choice of subject and language; again, it is claimed for contemporary writers that they have discovered that there are no peculiarly 'poetic' or 'literary' subjects—a discovery in which the Lake poets anticipated them by more than a century; and when in their revolt against mere emotionalism modern poets use verse to express subtle and complicated trains of thought, they are only reviving a practice that was worked to its extreme three hundred years ago by poets of the school called metaphysical. In poetry which finds little room for images of beauty, which eschews a poetic vocabulary, and refuses to dismiss any word as unpoetic, which will not allow that any field of experience is especially suited to literary description, or that any lies outside a writer's sphere, in poetry which is 'intellectual' and often obscure—in such poetry there is nothing new." ['Sense And Poetry', p. 5].

In India, too, there is not much that is new in this new poetry; I doubt if any modern can beat the grim and even savage realism of Bhartrihari in कृशः काणः खंजः etc., or कृमिकुलचितं लालाङ्गिन्नं etc., or स्तनौ मांसग्रन्थी etc. Coming to more recent times, it is doubtful if any ultra-modern will have the courage to emulate Narmadashankar in his outrageously outspoken verses of physical love, or his revolting descriptions of sheer physical filth as in his poem entitled એક વખત આગબોટમાં થયેલી હેરાનગતી. [નમકવિતા p. 341].

I have found Manassukhlal Jhaveri's essay entitled અર્વાચીન કવિતા (in શ્રી કાર્પસ ગુ. સભા મહોત્સવ ગ્રંથ) more elusive, but more interesting and instructive than Joshi's critical manifesto. Perhaps he attaches more importance than it deserves to the influence of current political fashions on modern poetry. If an artist is so profoundly affected by contemporary politics as to allow his art to be dominated by political considerations, the less artist he. Politics and patriotism have rarely been the strong points of the true artist; he is too much of a cosmopolitan, too much of a humanist to be confined to a purely national point of view. In a recent review of a book on Conrad, the famous English novelist who was born a Pole, the reviewer rightly observes: "It would never do to exaggerate Conrad's Polishness, since an artist, more than anyone, is a man before being Polish, English, French or anything else—man". ["Times Literary Supplement" of 2.8. 41, p. 372]. The most blatantly patriotic play of Shakespeare, "Henry V", is a failure as drama, and Mark van Doren regards its direct patriotic appeal to the gallery as a sure sign that the author was conscious of the lack of dramatic interest in his subject: "The third sign is a direct and puerile appeal to the patriotism of the audience,..... Unable to achieve a dramatic unity out of the material before him, Shakespeare must grow lyrical about the unity of England, politics must substitute for poetry." ["Shakespeare", p. 174.] I will quote here as a warning for our younger poets, some apt words from an article in an Indian Quarterly by an Indian writer, V. M. Inamdar, who says: "'Why is it,' asks Hugh Walpole, 'that there is not a single poet since T. S. Eliot who commands the attention of all the English-speaking people who are interested in literature?...' And he answers the question with an accusation against moderns that they have grown politically-minded and nothing else..... Though it may be admitted that the poet cannot cut himself off from contemporary life, it is equally true that he ceases to be a poet so far as he merely engrosses himself in transient affairs. Escapism is dubbed as undesirable only by those who forget that all poetry is a sort of escape, and that great poetry is always composed in 'Ivory Towers' far from

the herd. (E. M. Forster)... T. S. Eliot's 'Waste Land' has already 'dated' like the earlier plays of Shaw....." [*Triveni*, January-June, 1941 p. 106]. Patriotism and politics have never been the strong points of great poets the world over, and politics at best is so corrupting and corroding an influence that the farther poets and other artists keep from it the better for their art. As time passes Jhaveri and other modern poets will see, indeed, they are already beginning to see, the harm this political obsession must do to their poetry.

Nor is it easy to agree with Jhaveri when he predicates સુબોધ મિતાક્ષરતા as a distinguishing characteristic of this poetry: આજનું કવન સાદું, ઝાઝા અલંકાર રહિત બન્યું છે. આજનો કવિ શબ્દાલુતાનો અને જટિલ અલંકાર સામગ્રીનો ત્યાગ કરીને પોતાનું કવન સુબોધ મિતાક્ષરતામાં ઠાલવી દેવાનો પ્રયત્ન કરે છે. [ibid, p. 229]. The modern poet may have chosen quite realistic subjects and discarded અલંકાર સામગ્રી, but his unadorned verse is certainly not more easily understandable—સુબોધ—than that of his predecessors. The growing practice of appending notes and commentaries to verse publications shows that the poets themselves are not sure that the average reader will be able to understand them without these aids. Umashankar Joshi who was inclined to discount complaints about the unintelligibility of modern poetry has quite recently admitted the impeachment as valid: આ સંપ્રદાનું ટિપ્પણો લખતાં મારે કેટલીક વાર અન્વય આપવાનો પ્રસંગ આવ્યો છે એ જોતાં એવી એવી જરૂરીયાત બધાજ સંપ્રદામાં વત્તેઓછે અંશે હશે એમ કહ્યું છું. [In પ્રવેશક to પ્રતીક્ષા by Ramnik Aralvala,—quoted in *Prajābandhu* of 21-12-1941]. But a writer in શિક્ષણ અને સાહિત્ય (for June 1941) is even more outspoken and more specific in trenchantly exposing this weakness of modern poetry:.....નવા કવિઓ ગરીબોની દયા ખાવાની 'નવી વસ્તુ'ની બાબત સિવાય બીજી કોઈ રીતે સફળ નીવડી શક્યા નથી.....નવા કવિની કવિતામાં કાંઈ સાફ હોય છે તો પણ તે એટલું બધું અણછતું હોય છે કે મૂળ કાવ્યની લીટીઓ કરતાં ત્રણ કે ચાર ગણી લીટીઓ ભરીને લખાણ કરવામાં આવે ત્યારેજ તેના ભાવનું કે ખૂબીનું 'વિસ્ફોટન' કે 'ઉદ્ઘાટન' થાય છે ! જેમકે શ્રી બળવંતરાયની ૧૪ લીટીની એક કવિતા માટે ૩૯ લીટીનું ઝીણા ટાઇપનું લખાણ, કે સુન્દરમ્ની ૪૭ લીટીની કવિતા માટે ૬૧ લીટીની છેક ઝીણા ઈસોઠસ ભરેલા અક્ષરની પ્રસ્તાવના; કે ઉમાશંકરની ૬ આખી લીટી

માટે ૩૧ દીટીની તેવીજ ઠસોઠસ ભરેલી પ્રસ્તાવના, અને એ પ્રસ્તાવના એવી કે જે કૉલેજની કક્ષાના વિદ્યાર્થીને વાંચવા ગમે કે કેમ તે શંકા છે. [Quoted in *Gujarati* of 15-6-1941]. In view of all this one wonders if Manassukhlal Jhaveri is being only mildly sarcastic when he says that modern poetry is સુખોદ. For in the latter part of his essay he is delightfully though mildly sarcastic about some affectations of modern poets. Referring to two poems declaiming against the tyranny of capitalism, one by Meghāṇī and the other by Joshi, and describing the vague sentimentality underlying the universal equality—fraternity—peace ideal of these poets, Jhaveri writes: વિશ્વમાનવી બનવા જેવો કે માનવમાત્રની સમાનતા જેવો બીજો કયો વિચાર હોય ? એટલે સારા, નરસા, પ્રતિષ્ઠિત, ઉગતા, બધા એજ વિચારનું આલેખન કરવા મથતા હોય ; આનું પરિણામ એકવિધતા નહોતો તો બીજું શું?.....અહીં તો મેઘાણી ‘કેમ ગમે?’ લખે, કે સુન્દરમ્ ‘ત્રણ પાડોશી’ લખે ને વખણાય. એટલે નાના મોટા કવિઓ એજ માર્ગે થસે.....અહીં તો બધા કવિઓ જેમ નાનાલાલની રસ ઉષા ઉઘડી ત્યારે રસતાળી પાડીને રસગીતો ગાવા મંડી પડ્યા હતા, જેમ રાષ્ટ્રમેક્ષનો યજ્ઞ શરૂ થતાં કેસરિયાં કરીને કાવ્ય દેહે [I particularly like this subacid irony] અંપલાવી પડ્યા હતા, તેમ અત્યારે વિશ્વના અને વિરાટના સ્વપ્નેના શિલ્પનો યુગ આવતાં સ્વપ્નશિલ્પીઓ બની ગયા છે. કડવી તો પણ આ હકીકત છે. આજનો કવિ.....વિશ્વબંધુત્વની ને વિશ્વપ્રભુત્વની ઠાવકી વાતો આડે પોતાના નાનકડા જીવનને.....લગભગ વીસરીજ ગયો છે. That is exactly the difficulty; we cannot feel sure of the sincerity of these extravagantly fine sentiments, this tall talk of reforming the whole world and giving it a new faith, which cannot be squared with the extremely limited and hopelessly hidebound lives of these prophet-poets who, in the words of Jhaveri, seem to feel, and want us to believe, that they are the divinely appointed makers of the glorious future: હું વિરાટનું બલિપુષ્પ, હું વિશ્વમાનવી, હું ચૈવનનો ને કર્મનો વિદ્યાતા. And Jhaveri gently, perhaps too gently, reminds these ambitious enthusiasts that the business of a poet is not to teach or preach or philosophise, but to write poetry whose prime object is to give pleasure કાવ્યનું મુખ્ય પ્રયોજન નિરતિશય આનંદ આપવાનું છે. Quite so; even Rāmnārāyan Pathak's dictum, which Jhaveri quotes with evident approval, that a man who learns to appreciate poetry learns to know the world better and that poetry makes him cultured, should not be allowed to qualify this sound doctrine;—જગતને સમજવાની તેની શક્તિ વધેલી છે. કાવ્યથી તે સંસ્કારી થયો છે, even this last claim is not quite valid.

The subconscious may be affected by the કલ્પાનન્દ, and thus derive some 'lesson', but on the whole the apprehension of a poem is just a psychical or spiritual experience and no more — (and that experience, again, not within the reach of all or even many) — and the moral or cultural effect of it, if any, may be compared with સ્મશાન વૈરાગ્ય. Extension of personality is certainly there, — the goal of all true culture. But with all that the prime and immediate object of poetry is creation of beauty, and through it of આનન્દ — joy — whether it be joy that can be felt by the receptive few or "joy in widest commonalty spread".

Of the poetry of any people it may be said that it cannot be greater than what the life and language of that people will allow it to be; it is almost a truism to say that every literature must be subject to these limitations. For even the most delicate flower of poetry must, if it is to live, ultimately be rooted somehow in real life, the most ethereal product of the imagination must somehow be affiliated ultimately to real thought and belief and faith. Naturally, therefore, the greatness and richness, impressiveness and nobility of poetry must depend on how far the complex corporate life of the society to which the poet belongs shares in these qualities and allows scope for them. Many of our critics have weighed our poetry in this balance, and found it wanting; none perhaps has more clearly voiced this feeling of dissatisfaction than Ānandshankar Dhruva. He says :.....જેઓએ સંસ્કૃત સાહિત્ય તથા

પાશ્ચાત્ય સાહિત્યનું પરિશીલન કરેલું છે, તેમને ગુજરાતના કવિઓમાં આ [આત્માની અવિશાળતા] એક મોટી ખામી બહુ સ્પષ્ટ રીતે લાગે છે. ગુજરાતના કવિઓનો આત્મા બિલકુલ વિશાળ નથી, એમનું વિશ્વ ઘણું જ અદ્ય છે.

Although he has said this directly in connection with old Gujarati poets, he concludes with evident regard to present conditions:જ્યાં સુધી આપણું સકળ જીવન અંદરથી ઉત્થાન નહિ પામે, અને એની પ્રવૃત્તિઓમાં વિવિધતા અને પ્રબળતા નહિ આવે, ત્યાં સુધી વિશાળ અર્થમાં કવિતાનો સંભવ દૂર છે.

[જ્યંતી વ્યાખ્યાનો, pp. 292-293]. Ramanbhai Mahipatram, perhaps the most courageously clear-eyed writer Gujarat has produced in the last one hundred years, has also dwelt on the narrow and hidebound life of Gujarat. I do not think the reasons for this state of affairs at all require to be diligently searched for; they lie on the surface. Rāmnārāyan Pāthak refers to the tendency among Hindus to create watertight compartments and the extremely narrow outlook (ઘણી સંકુચિત દૃષ્ટિ) that lies hidden (છુપાયેલી) in it and writes: તે દૃષ્ટિ એક રીતે જોતાં આપણા આખા જીવનમાં વ્યાપ્ત છે.

Then he describes the Brahmin-Bania grooves of mentality prevalent in Gujarat, and adds: આમ થવાથી આખા જીવનના કકડા થઈ ગયા છે. જીવનને એક રૂપે જોવાનો કેઈ પ્રયત્ન કરતું નથી, અને એનો ચેપ હવે સાહિત્યને લાગ્યો છે.

Developing this argument he writes: માણસને પોતાના સ્વાર્થની પર લઈ જઈ કેઈ ઉજ્જવળ ધ્યેયથી તેના સમસ્ત જીવનને ચેતનવન્તું.....કરી મૂકે એવું કશુંજ [આપણું] સાહિત્ય આપી શકતું નથી. He further adds: આપણું સાહિત્ય....લોકને દોરવાને અને લોકમાં નવું ચેતન પ્રેરવાને સમર્થ નીવડ્યું નથી.

And this he says is the case in spite of the eagerness of the people to give up old ruts and widen their horizons: લોકમાનસ જૂની ગરેડો છોડી વિશાલ પ્રજાકીય જીવનમાં પ્રવેશ કરવા તત્પર છે. So he complains rather bitterly: વર્તમાન સાહિત્ય તેને દોરી શકતું નથી, તેને બલકે ચેતન અર્પી શકતું નથી. વર્તમાન સાહિત્ય દામ્પ્ત્ય પ્રેમ ઉપર લખી પોતાનું કામ પર્યાપ્ત થતું માને છે.

[સાહિત્ય વિમર્શ, pp. 56 to 61]. I am inclined to think that this argument is based on an invalid assumption, namely, that life can be created by literature. It is not literature that creates life; it is the other way about. Great literature is created by a people that lives on a great level of activity in the social, political and cultural fields. Great literature, ennobling, liberating literature — can arise only among a spiritually and socially free and emancipated people, emancipated particularly from fissiparous socio-religious taboos of caste and subcaste, of ગોળી and એકડો, of touchability and untouchability, of food and drink. When Rāmnārāyan says that the people are eager to leave the old ruts and enter વિશાલ પ્રજાકીય જીવન, he refers to the newly awakened political ambitions of the people. But are these ambitions commensurate with the socio-religious ideas and beliefs of the people? It is a significant fact that the political leaders who have had the greatest influence with the masses in the last half a century and more have been reactionaries in the fields of social and religious reform; while professing radical and even revolutionary western views in politics, they have shown an utter distrust and dislike of western social institutions and been champions of almost hidebound conservatism that regards our old socio-religious institutions as sacrosanct and sees 'sin' and 'merit' even in ordinary operations of eating and drinking. They want democratic institutions, and majority rule by means of ballot-boxes, but they want to retain the eternal inequalities and taboos of caste and creed and food and drink. The present protagonist of this વિશાલ પ્રજાકીય જીવન and inventor of the term 'Harijan', who pro-

fesses to be so anxious to remove untouchability, is even more anxious to retain the hereditary four-caste system, deliberately oblivious of the fact that it is this system that creates untouchable castes, that there can be no 'out-caste' unless there is 'caste'. Kishorlal Mashruvala holds that for the unification of Hindus and Muslims "there should be common customs regarding what is pure and impure food etc.,"—which can only mean that as a condition precedent to any such unity the devout Swaminarayan pacifist wants all non-Hindus and all flesh eating Hindus to turn strict vegetarians. [*Bombay Chronicle*, 19-4-1940]. To take only one more instance, Munshi not only wants Brahmin-worship to be restored, he would even ordain by law the slaying of a man who would dare to marry a woman of a higher caste; he warmly upholds the Smṛiti Law પ્રાતિભોજ્યે વધઃ સ્મૃતઃ [ગુજરાત એક સાંસ્કારિક અકિત etc., pp. 218-219]. And all these uptodate law-givers again tie up વિશાલ પ્રજાકીય જીવન with cow-worship. Just as political institutions must be correlated to and have their roots in social institutions, literature also must be correlated to, as it springs out of, social roots. It is no use complaining that the literature of Gujarat cannot go beyond દામ્પત્ય પ્રેમ as Rāmārāyan does: પ્રજા અત્યારે નવી લોકભાવના, આ દેશની સર્વ જનતા એક છે એવી ભાવના સિદ્ધ કરવા માગે છે,.....એક મહાન પ્રયત્નથી પોતાની દીનતા ખંખેરી નાંખવા માગે છે, ત્યારે સાહિત્ય તેને દામ્પત્યની વાર્તાઓ સિવાય બીજું કંઈ આપી શકતું નથી. I am sure Pāthak will see the fallacy underlying this further assumption આ દેશની સર્વ જનતા એક છે— if putting aside political bias and wishful thinking he will apply the test of taboos to the જનતા of Gujarat only, to speak nothing of the whole country. Let alone દેશની સર્વ જનતા, do even the Hindus of Gujarat really feel that they are one people? If they do, why have we a hundred caste conferences and a hundred caste magazines in Gujarat alone? Why is a triple graduate of our University like Prahlād Divanji anxious to retain the separate individuality of his sub-caste of only fifteen thousand souls, and why does he feel and express satisfaction that caste conferences have in the last 25 or 30 years helped to strengthen this separate individuality of castes and even sub-castes like his own? Why does he lay down as a self-evident axiom that the brainless બુદ્ધિહીન Śudras are by nature nearer the brute creation—પશુ—and therefore unfit for આર્ય સંસ્કાર? [રશ્મિકલાપ, I, pp. 345, 366]. Why does Gandhi want the son of a cobbler or Dhed or sweeper to remain eternally in his watertight caste and profession? Why does he want and

expect this મહાન શોધ, this unique social polity, to be adopted and strictly followed not only by the Hindus but the whole world as being a universal સર્વવ્યાપક principle? [વર્ણવ્યવસ્થા, p. 13, quoted in અર્વાચીન ગુજરાતનું રેખા દર્શન I, p.128-129]. Why have the high caste teachers in the Ahmedabad Premchand Raichand Training College, numbering 130, refused in a body, and that in 1941, full fifty years and more after this મહાન પ્રયત્ન began, to sit down to dinner in a line with non-Hindu and depressed class teachers? A real urge for emancipation can have its roots only in full social and religious equality and emancipation from such medieval, irrational and inhuman taboos masquerading under the name of 'Aryan Culture'. But our politically extremist reformer is as a rule socially a reactionary and religiously a fanatic with his eyes fixed on the past imaginary golden age, either of Aryanism or Islam. In such circumstances the circumscribed social polity of Gujaratis naturally revolves round caste and caste functions like લગ્ન ગાળો, નાતવરા and વરઘોડા, and it is further circumscribed and narrowed down by sub-caste and ગોળા and એકડો. It is eightyfive years since Narmad denounced વરા, કુલેકાં, વરઘોડા and સરથસ, and more than sixty years since Navalram inveighed against the infantile passion for and the futile extravagance of these interesting institutions. Is there any the least change visible in these important social functions after the lapse of two or three generations? And is not all this inevitable in the circumstances? Consider the main ground on which the high caste primary teachers have protested against the proposal to make them dine with untouchables etc., It is thus put by Pranlal Kirparam Desai, himself no doubt a nationalist: અમે જે મુસ્લિમો, ખ્રિસ્તીઓ તથા હરિજનો સાથે એક પંગતે, એક હારમાં સાથે સાથે બેસી જમીએ તો.....અમારા, અમારાં દીકરા દીકરીઓના, તથા અમારાં ભાઈ બહેનોના થયેલા વિવાહ તુટી જાય અને અમને જ્ઞાતિ બહાર મૂકે. [*Gujarati*, 14-12-1941, p.1468]. In the present circumstances this really is a matter of grave concern to the teachers. Marriage is not only the personal or family affair of a Gujarati; it is a solemn public function affecting his whole narrow world—his caste or sub-caste. So long as these social limitations persist, no wider horizons are at all possible. When not influenced by his political bias, Rāmnārāyan himself has unwittingly brought out this relation between social conditions and literature. Shrewdly and justly criticising Munshi's 'Cloak and Sword' romances he observes : તેમની ઐતિહાસિક વાર્તાઓમાં

વ્યક્તિની બહાદુરી અને તે પણ તડાફઠ મારામારી કરવાની બહાદુરી છે, તે ગુજરાતના કેાઈ પણ કાલના જીવનનું કેટલે અંશે સાચું કે સમન્વય યોગ્ય પ્રદર્શન છે તે પ્રશ્ન છે. [સાહિત્યવિમર્શ, p. 60]. The same question will be raised by the future historian and critic of presentday Gujarati poetry, especially the pretentious and grandiose poetry, that has sprung out of the present political agitation and Marxist ideas crudely borrowed from the West: Is it truly representative of the actual life of the people? And if it is not, can it be great poetry? People who preach lofty sermons of brotherhood to the whole world but dare not marry out of even their sub caste, and dare not dine with lower castes, may be the representatives of a distinctive and exclusive culture miscalled 'Aryan', but it is doubtful if they can claim to live a વિશાલ પ્રગતીય જીવન or can ever produce great literature. As Ānandshankar puts it with his usual critical sanity: સાહિત્યના ઉદયમાં સૌથી મોટું કારણ જીવન છે : જીવન જેમ વિશાળ થાય, ઊંડું થાય, બહારની અસર ત્વરાથી પ્રતી શકે.....તેમ સાહિત્યનો, મહાન સાહિત્યનો સંભવ. [કાવ્યતત્ત્વવિચાર, p. 87].

The other limitation on the poetry in any language is the inherent capacity of that language,—its vocabulary, its cultural development, its flexibility, its phonology, its tonal structure, its verbal music, its metrical possibilities. Here we are on debatable and rather delicate ground. This much at any rate will be granted that every language is not capable of producing great poetry; the history of hundreds of languages in the world, and of a score of aboriginal languages in India through thousands of years of contact with Indo-Aryan civilisation, is sufficient proof of this proposition. The difficulty and doubt arises when we come to the consideration of our more cultivated vernaculars that derive from or have been enriched by the Sanskrit language, literature and culture; and the admittedly difficult task of judging poetry in foreign idioms is further complicated by the personal equation,—personal idiosyncrasies and limitations such as natural love for and loyalty to one's own language, its culture, its verbal music,—which last may even disable the ear as well as the tongue from catching the tonal music of alien languages. As a rule one's own language sounds sweetest to every one; at least that is what every one says as a rule,—except when the language of an adopted culture sounds, either in reality or in imagination, sweeter or grander or nobler than one's own. I am not sure, but I think any number of Hindi and Bengali speaking Pandits must be regarding Sanskrit as a more euphonious language than their own, although as a matter of fact most of

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 them pronounce Sanskrit in a shocking manner. How a highly cherished and long tradition can work on the imagination in this matter is best exemplified by the two hopelessly divergent pronunciations of Latin current in Europe for centuries past. I do not know Latin but the profound difference between the English and Continental pronunciations of the language is a wellknown fact, and a witty article contributed two or three years ago by A. P. Herbert to the *New Statesman* clearly brought out this startling and fundamental difference by giving the phonetic equivalents in both styles of two lines of Latin poetry:

Jam.lucis;orto sidere
 Deum precemur supplices

pronounced in England જામ્ લ્યૂસિસ્ ઓર્ટો સીદેરિ
 ડીઅમ્ પ્રિસીમર્ સપ્લિક્સીઝ્

becomes in the continental pronunciation :

Yahm lukis orto seedairy
 Dayoom prekaymoor sooplikaze.

યામ્ લૂકિસ્ ઓર્ટો સીદેરિ
 દેઝમ્ પ્રિકેમૂર્ સૂપ્લિકેઝ્

Now both schools profess to derive full aesthetic satisfaction from the verbal music of the best Latin poetry, while each would quite naturally denounce the pronunciation of the other as barbarous ! The matter is further complicated by the prevailing accent in English which makes all Englishmen pronounce Latin as an accented and not as a quantitative language as it originally was. All these difficulties do not arise when we compare any living and current language with another, but still any such comparison must be a matter of individual sensibility and personal preferences. It would be therefore risky to dogmatise or generalise on a matter so complicated and so subjective as to be beyond any demonstration or objective proof. With all that I venture to believe that Gujarati is a poorer language for poetry than, for instance, Urdu. It is not easy to convey the difference as it is more felt than intellectually apprehended, more sensed than rationalised. But I believe that Urdu has a largeness of utterance, an inherent grace and nobility that is lacking in Gujarati. The difference is, of course, very much exaggerated by the doggerel verse અબે તબેકે સોલા આને..... શુશાં પૈસે ચાર but it is there. Perhaps this difference is further aggravated in the domain

of poetry by the fundamental difference between the Sanskrit vernaculars and Urdu in the matter of vocalisation of the slurred vowel अ—the अस्वरित श्रुति as it is called by our theorists—which is silent in ordinary speech when it occurs in the final syllable of any word and sometimes also in a syllable in the body of a word. *E. G.* in the Hindi lines cited by Grierson in illustration of this rule—

किती न गोकुल कुलवधू काहि न किहि सिख दीन
कौने त्यजी न कुल गली है मुरलीसुर लीन —

the words गोकुल, कुल, सिख, दीन, मुरली, and सुर, though pronounced like गोकुल्, कुल्, सिख्, दीन्, मुर्ली and सुर्, in speech, must be fully vocalised and the slurred or quiescent vowel in each fully pronounced in verse. This full vocalisation deprives Gujarati along with other Sanskrit vernaculars of practically all the consonants in verse that otherwise, *i. e.*, in speech, would be pronounced without the vowel, and thus makes the language softer and less vigorous in verse than it actually is. The difference between Urdu and Hindi or Gujarati verse in the matter of sound is thus comparable to that between English and a fully vocalised language, with words almost always ending in vowels, like Italian. In Sanskrit this vowel monotony is avoided by the frequent word endings in 'anusvāra' and 'visarga', consonantal endings in certain cases like the ablative etc., in numerous verbal forms, and so forth. This tendency of Sanskrit vernaculars to full vocalisation in verse affects even the prosody of borrowed forms like the Ghazal, so that our poets and porsodists are constrained to claim the privilege of breaking the strict quantitative rules of Urdu-Persian prosody and substituting mātrā equivalences instead. Anyhow, to me at least it seems that Gujarati poetry has at the outset to face certain drawbacks and handicaps inherent in the language and its traditional,—perhaps natural and morphological,—prosodial usage.

Coming to the practice of our poets themselves, it is an admitted fact that for centuries they were content with slipshod approximations to the pattern of verse, makeshift equivalences, and uncouth laxness in the matter of metre and rhyme. Dalpatram, Narmadashankar and many others have seen this weakness of old Gujarati poetry, but even among the moderns I doubt if any poet except Dalpatram and one or two others like Kānta has taken conscious pains to give point and precision and polish to Gujarati verse and to strive for perfection in metre and rhyme and for preserving the natural quantities of words. It is ungracious to say so, but I think the heritage of old poetry has somehow affected the ear of literary Gujarat, and

irregularities that would not be tolerated, say in Urdu or Marathi, are not at all found irksome in Gujarati poetry. Unconscionable lengthening and shortening of vowels for the sake of metre, and ragged rhymes or uncouth apologies for rhymes, do not seem to offend the ears of either our poets or their readers. Some liberty with the quantities is allowed within certain limits in other vernaculars also, but it is not taken haphazard or at will, it is governed by certain generally accepted rules and principles. For instance, the vowels 'i' and 'u' are freely shortened or lengthened when at the end of a word; but rarely, perhaps never, in other positions. And in Marathi all 'tatsama' words, that is, words, retaining their original Sanskrit form, are as a rule strictly used with correct quantities. Perhaps these early associations make the liberties taken by Gujarati poets almost unbearable to me, though very good critics and poets seem to accept them without demur, to be even unconscious of them. For instance, the word પ્રીતિ, a trochee, is used by scholars and poets like Manilal Nabhubhai, Nanalal etc., as પ્રિતી, i. e., as an iamb: Manilal in his ઉત્તરરામ ચરિત has પ્રિતી ભીની વૃત્તી, પ્રિતી ચોખી શુદ્ધ, પ્રિતી ધારે તે શુ, પ્રિતી એવી ઊંડી; worse still, પ્રીતિગીત becomes, *metri causa*, પ્રિતીગિત; ગિરિમયૂર becomes ગિરીમયુર; in one line પ્રીતિ and વીર have to be read પ્રિતી and વિર—પ્રિતી ધારે તે શુ, વિકચ વિર બાહૂ ઉછળતો; in another પુનિત becomes પુનિત, a very common mistake with most Gujarati poets, and ચરિત becomes ચરીત : એવાં ન જે પુનિત તાત ચરીત બાણે. In two places (pp. 64 and 86) Manilal actually writes પુનિત (with a dash on the short નિ) to indicate that though the correct spelling is with short નિ, the metre requires it to be lengthened—and this practice is still followed by many of our poets. Rāmanārāyan Pāthak (in સાહિત્યવિમર્શ) quotes as beautiful these lines by Nanalal:

ને શોભિ રહે નિર્મલ નેનની લિલા,
એવી ઉગે ચંદ્રકલા ધિરે ધિરે.

But to a sensitive ear it might seem that લિલા and also ધિરે ધિરે (which destroys the natural onomatopoea of ધીરે ધીરે) completely mar whatever beauty there may be in the lines. Similarly, in અ. કા. સા. નાં વહેણે Pāthak sees nothing wrong in કૂલચંદ્ર for કુલચંદ્ર (especially bad as કૂલ has a distinct meaning), or in પાદામ્બૂજે or in રસરૂપે or in પ્રિતી પંથ. This means that we are so used to such false quantities that they do not offend the ears of even good scholars, critics and poets. Otherwise, an experienced writer of

fairly musical verse like Khabardar—who moreover claims to be the only scientific expert in prosody in Gujarat to-day—would not defend lines as prosodially perfect which distort and shorten the strong long quantity of the second syllable in અધાર and બ્રહ્માંડ, or take pride in inventing and writing the lawless monstrosity he calls મહાછંદ; nor would the three shorts of પ્રકૃતિ have to be scanned as two longs and one short and read like પ્રકૃત્વૃતિ in a Vasantatilakā by Indulal Gandhi પ્રેકૃતિતત્ત્વ પ્રગટે; nor again would the words ઉમાશિખર ચરણથી have to be so read as to destroy the quantities of ઉમા and શિખર and to break up the words by an awkward caesura into ઉમાશી and ખરચરણથી,—નમાવી ઉમાશી—ખરચરણથી શેષ જગવી—an underserved outrage on the venerable reptilian on whom this earth and Vishnu rest. Even Keshavlal Dhruva, a profound student of prosody and acclaimed as an adept in the difficult art of poetic translation, uses, in one and the same line of his sprawling and flabby translation of one of the noblest stanzas in Bhavabhūti — अद्वैतं सुख दुःखयो; etc.,—the word *अव्यु* with as many as four different quantitative values :

આભવ્યું વિરલૂંજ ધન્યજિવ્યું આ, ઇષ્ટે જિવ્યું ભવ્યું આ—

that is, as a spondee, as two shorts, as an iamb and as a trochee !

Umashankar Joshi, who admits the importance of ઉચ્ચારમાધુર્ય could easily have avoided the awkward caesura in his sonnet in the Hariṇī metre, અમિત ઉદ્ધી -શાંમેદાને જતો બદતોજ હું,—by a slight effort, by substituting something like અમિત જલશાં મેદાનોમાં etc., which would remove this awkwardness and avoid the wrong quantity, long ધી. These may seem small things and my remarks may appear like carping criticism; but I think that an artist must take his art seriously, and especially one who says that he attaches importance to ઉચ્ચારમાધુર્ય should attend even to such minutiae and spare no pains to achieve the wished for માધુર્ય. If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well.

Passing from practice to theory, I am constrained to observe that many of our best poets and critics are not as sound as we would expect them to be. Poets need not be expert prosodists; one of the most musical of English poets, Swinburne, was ignorant of prosody. But ours being a quantitative language some knowledge of prosody becomes essential in poets, especially those who theorise on the subject. I shall not say anything here about the disastrous prosodial theorising of Ardeshir Khabardar as I have

fully dealt with it in a number of articles in *Kaumudī*, *Mānasī* and the *Gujarati*. I will only refer to his strange assertion that the English sonnet is a ગેયકાવ્ય, and that the English iamb has four mātrās; and this though he claims to have studied the prosodies of almost all European languages and to be able to write Gujarati or English poetry at will;—as he is reported to have said in a lecture, he has only to turn either tap, and either kind of poetry begins to flow as easily as hot and cold water from taps in a bathroom સ્નાન ગૃહમાં જેમ ઊના ટાઢા પાણીની ચકલીઓ જોડા જોડ આવેલી હોય તેમાંથી એક ઉઘાડો કે તરત ઊના પાણીની ધાર થાય ને બાજુની ઉઘાડો કે તરત ટાઢા પાણીની ધાર થાય.

[Vishwanath Bhatt's lecture at the Gujarat Vernacular Society, *Prajabandhu* 19.10.1941, p. 14]. Another poet, Umāshankar Joshi, writes an elaborate essay on the sonnet, and in it tells us that the trochee is a trisyllabic foot — ત્રણ શ્રુતિના ગણવાળો ટ્રોકી. Vijayraya Vaidya tells us in his study of the *Rig-Veda* that the Vedic metres Jagatī and Trishṭubh and the classical metres *Indravajrā*, *Upendravajrā* and *Vaiśastha* are માત્રામેળ છંદો. Munshi, in his history of Gujarati literature, in rather quaint English, informs us that Nanalal's 'new, rhythmic prose' is 'rhymeless and without an iambus'. What Munshi means by 'iambus' here, I am not quite sure; I suspect, he himself is not. No wonder he also calls the rhymed *Manhars* in Khabardar's કલિકા blank verse.

All this is rather distressing; and it makes one still more despondent to see that even veterans like Thākor and Rāmṇārāyṇ are at times unsound in their prosodial theorising. In his commentary on a poem in આપણી કાવ્ય સમૃદ્ધિ Thākor writes: વરાહ કે ખીલત્સ કે નૃસિંહ કે લય છે, એ ખંડમાં વહત્સ લય એ અકારાન્ત વર્ણુઓને ચીપીને (એટલે દત નહીં) પણ પૂરી એક માત્રાનો સમય લઇને) બોલવા પડે છે....આપણી ગુજરાતી ઉચ્ચારણુ ઢબમાં ઉછરેલાઓને આવી પંક્તિ કણુકટુ લાગેજ....હિન્દી અને ગુજરાતી વચ્ચેના મોટા ભેદમાંનો એક આ ઉચ્ચારણુ રૂઢિનો ભેદ છે. I cannot dogmatise on the subject, but so far as I know there is no such ભેદ between Hindi and Gujarati in the matter of the final અકારાન્ત શ્રુતિ; in both it is practically slurred in prose, especially in speech, and fully sounded in verse, as we have seen Grierson saying in the *Indian Antiquary* in 1932,—and as I have been saying for the last fifteen years. In this particular line of the *Manhar* metre, all the syllables objected to (except the ય in લય) are odd in number; and as the *Manhar* has a trochaic rhythm the stress falls on the odd syllables, first, third, fifth etc. Hence they are to be pronounced, if the trochaic rhythm is to be brought out, not only પૂરી એક માત્રાનો સમય

લંબને but even longer. As for the વ in વરાહ and લં in લય I fail to see how they can at all be pronounced દત્ત or in less than one mātrā. The very fact that Thakor includes them along with the other more or less અસ્વરિત શ્રુતિs supports my contention that the rhythm of Manhar is trochaic. In Hindi also such syllables when occurring in odd places sound equally કર્ણકટુ pronounced with the necessary stress, e.g., in હિંદુનકી ચોટી રોટી રાખી હૈ સિપાહિનકી, the two ન 's have to be unduly stressed, — or else treated as short by inversion of the trochaic rhythm, shifting the stress to the next long syllable કી. My point will be made clearer if we transpose the છે to the first place in the line and read છે વરાહ કે બીભત્સ કે રસિંહ કે લય;— the same વ and હ and રસ and હ will now sound quite al. right though given the full one mātrā of a short, and not at all કર્ણકટુ,— for the simple reason that they now take the even places, second, fourth etc., and thus fit in perfectly with the trochaic rhythm. But the last થ becomes undoubtedly કર્ણકટુ—because it is now in the place of the first, that is, the long syllable in a trochee, while actually it is more or less an અસ્વરિત શ્રુતિ. Again, commenting on these lines of કલાપી,—રોઝિન કાં એ રાહમાં બાકી રહીને એકલો ? આશકોના રાહની જે રાહદારી આપની,—Thakor writes: રાહદારી વટેમાર્ગુ. આ શબ્દમાં કવિની શરતચૂક થઈ હોય કે નકલ ઉતારનારની ભૂલ પણ હોય—અહીં જોઇએ “રાહબરી”, ભોમિયાપણું. To speak nothing of the mixture of metres in the two lines, the couplet is nonsensical enough without this note making it more so; for રાહદારી cannot mean, and is surely not used in the sense of, વટેમાર્ગુ—the feminine આપની shows that if રાહદારી has any meaning here it is used in the sense of 'road-tax' which the poet pays in the shape of tears. But what is more remarkable, and prosodially quite indefensible, is that Thakor should think it permissible to substitute રાહબરી (long, short, short, long) for રાહદારી (long, short, long, long)—unless, of course, he reads રાહબરી as રાહબરી. To take one more instance; in his commentary on another poem, Lalit's દિલના અબોલ બોલ, Thakor writes : કહીનું પહેલું દિલ સાખી છે. બીજા દિલો પણ પિંગલ દૃષ્ટિએ ૧૩+૧૧ની પંક્તિનાં છે. I do not know what exactly Thakor understands by Sākhī; but if he means the Marathi Sāki, I do not think દિલના અબોલ બોલ ઝીલતાં બતાવો કોઈ is one; and surely પ્રણય અને પ્રિયજન પ્રભુ દિલ વસનારાં દેવ etc., are simply dohrās.

While on the subject of prosodial theory, I should like to point out the wrong views generally prevailing in Gujarat in the matter of two metres that have been freely used by modern poets, though just now they are not much in fashion, — I mean the Giti and the Dīṇḍī. As for the Giti, such atrocious liberties have been taken with the metre in the past, and are being taken even to-day, that I have despaired of seeing it used correctly in Gujarati. In a controversy I had with the late Maganbhai Chaturbhai Patel twentyfive years ago, I pointed out the chaos prevailing in the Gitis written by Gujarati poets as they are mostly written according to the oversimplified rule which specifies nothing but the total number of mātrās in each of the four quarters, — 12, 18, 12, 18. For instance, even a Sanskrit scholar like Manilal Nabhubhai could perpetrate such horrors as the second quarter in હુદયદીન દુઃખાગ્નિ, સળગનાર છે આજ ચંડ ભડકે [even the first quarter here is not quite correct prosodially], or in યમુનાતીરે વસતા, તપતપતા અતિ ઉગ્ર પુણ્ય ઋષિઓ. And nearly half a century later we find that indefatigable writer of interesting ghazals (mostly unscannable), પતીલ, writing a Giti with almost the same rhythm in the even quarter: પણ પંડિત દેહ જોવે, ચિત્રવિદે ફલકે લિધો ઉતારી. [પ્રસ્થાન, ચૈત્ર ૧૯૯૬, p. 433]. It may be pointed out that while Manilal's તપ તપતા અતિ ઉગ્ર પુણ્ય ઋષિઓ has the rhythm and the scansion of Pushpitāgrā except for the two shorts in the last word ઋષિઓ, the Giti of 'Patil' has exactly the same rhythm and scansion except for the long first syllable. And these are not exceptions; in fact, most Gitis I have seen in Gujarati poetry are utterly lawless. Even a prosodist like Keshavlal Dhruva wrote technically faulty Gitis in his translations of Sanskrit plays, which he quietly corrected in later editions. That such irregularities and even atrocities should pass unnoticed by our poets and critics and professors of Gujarati, shows that there is something wrong with our ears.

As for the Dīṇḍī, Keshavlal's definition of this Marathi metre, based evidently on the practice of Gujarati poets, runs as follows: દિડીના ચરણમાં દા'લ સંધિની પાંચ આવૃત્તિ પછી બે ગુરુ સિદ્ધ થાય છે. એમાંનો ઉપાન્ત્ય ગુરુ ખુત છે. Narasimharao also wrote 'Dīṇḍīs of this measure, and in 1916 I had some correspondence with him on the subject, in which I pointed out how this measure failed to reproduce the Marathi metre correctly; for in Marathi the second foot never can end at the sixth

mātrā, it must end at the seventh, e. g.,: (1) निषधराजा नळ (2) चौगुणीने जरि (3) महासेनाचा (4) नळा ऐसा जरि etc., are some Dindī openings which show that the variant गल्ल गल्ल गल्ल or दल्ल दल्ल दल्ल cannot cover any of them. In fact the true Dindī is a far more complicated metre than the simple and monotonous one covered by Keshavlal's formula, — and even Marathi prosodists have been wrangling about its exact definition upto quite recently. It has a distinct and far more varying rhythm as compared with the monotonous Gujarati variant; with uneven breaks at the third, fifth, seventh, ninth, twelfth and fifteenth mātrās, the real Dindī should scan

दल्ल	दल्ल	दल्ल	दल्ल	दल्ल	दल्ल	गल्ल	गल्ल
लल्ल				लल्ल	लल्ल		

And in actual recital, the last two gurus take up — so at least it seems to me — not five but nearly six matras.

One other borrowed kind of verse cultivated with doubtful success by Gujarati poets is the Ghazal. Of course, Ghazals can be in a variety of metres, but in Gujarati the general favourite has been the metre made known outside Persia by the famous Ghazal of Hāfiz “Agar ān Turk-i Shīrāzi badast ārad dil-e mārā”, and actually imitated by Walter Leaf in his interesting translations of some Ghazals of Hāfiz in metres supposed to reproduce the original ones, an attempt that has failed so signally as to be a warning to those who hope to reconcile accent and quantity. Manilal Nabhubhai, Govardhanram, Bālāshankar Kanthārja, Derāsari and a host of others have tried their hands at this particular metre, but somehow none has written it with anything like perfection. If a Marathi poet like Mādhav Trimbak Patwardhan could write very good Marathi verses in a wide variety of Ghazal metres without deviating by a hair's breadth from the strict rules of scansion and rhyming, it is difficult to understand why it should not be possible to do so in Gujarati, and why Khabardar should claim special concessions in the shape of mātrā equivalences in place of strict quantity. And पत्ती, though lawless on the whole, has shown that excellent Ghazals strictly adhering to rules can be written in Gujarati too. But as a rule, Gujarati Ghazals are poor stuff, not only prosodially but also in the matter of contents. I confess I cannot admire most of the highly admired Gujarati Ghazals, and some even appear to me to have a comic effect never, of course,

intended by the writers.' For instance, these lines quoted by Rāmnārāyan Pathak with evident admiration as illustrative of the *મસ્તી* or *abandon* of *મસ્તી* poets:

ગુલો મેં બાગનાં તોડી દિધાં સૌ ધૂળમાં ચોળી,
બિછાનું ખારનું કીધું, ઉપર લોટી રહ્યો તે હું —

brings to mind the picture of an ecstatic donkey playing havoc with garden flowers and rolling in dust and brier bushes. This *મસ્તી* is as a rule very crude and humourless and often expressed in a grotesquely obstreperous manner. For instance,

હમે મગરૂર મસ્તાના ! બિયાબાંમાં રઝળનારા,
ખરા મહાબૂબ સિંહો ન્યાં ! હમારા રાહ છે ન્યારા !

What exactly the poet meant, or understood, by *ખરા મહાબૂબ સિંહો ન્યાં* it is difficult to say; for the only thing these words can mean is "where the real beloved ones are lions", which appears perilously like nonsense. This may be due to the common weakness of our *મસ્તી* poets — and also non-*'must'* ones who take to Ghazal writing — for Persian words and phrases which they do not fully understand. Again, when the poet sings in his ecstasy:

લાવે છે ખેત નદિયો ન્યાં, ગઝલ દરખત રહ્યાં ગાતાં
હમે ત્યાં નાચતા નાગા, હમારા રાહ છે ન્યારા !

one feels inclined to laugh at rather than admire this crude exhibition of pothouse 'ecstasy'. I am inclined to think that barring a dozen or so of Ghazals by Kalāpi and Nanālal and one or two others, all the other hundreds and thousands of Gujarati Ghazals may safely be consigned to a well deserved oblivion. One of the finest Ghazals in Gujarati I have read is now ascribed to Kalāpi though it was not originally included in his works, કલાપીનો કેકારવ or its પુરવણી. I stumbled across it in a curious rambling book on Swami Rāmatīrtha twentyfive or thirty years ago, and took a copy of it. Years afterwards I sent it to Vijayrāy Vaidya who published it in the *Kaumudī* (આષાઢ ૧૯૮૨ p. 25); and it quietly took its place later on in a new edition of કલાપીનો કેકારવ — without any note or comment about the source from which it was derived.

I should like to touch here on an interesting point about metres raised by Ramanbhai Mahipatram and believed in as almost axiomatic by our poets and theorists, namely, the aesthetic fitness or unfitness of a metre for a particular sentiment. Ramanbhai writes: વૃત્તની પસંદગી કવિની ખુશી પર નથી પણ કવિતાની ખુશી પર છે.....રાગધ્વનિ કાવ્ય એકજ વૃત્તમાં હોય છે, રસ પ્રવાહની ગતિ બદલાતી હોય ત્યારેજ તેમાં બીજું વૃત્ત દાખલ થાય છે, એ પરથી પણ એજ જણાય છે કે ભાવનાની વિવિધતા પ્રમાણે, અને તેના વધતા ઓછા બદ પ્રમાણે વૃત્તમાં ફેરફાર થાય છે, અને કાવ્યમાં એક આખો સંયુક્ત ભાવ હોય ત્યારે તેને એકજ વૃત્ત અનુરૂપ થાય છે.

[કવિતા અને સાહિત્ય, I, pp. 76-77]. It may be conceded at the outset that some metres can not be used for all purposes; perhaps it would be impossible to write vigorous or martial verses in a metre like લલિત. But this limitation is not true of all metres. Shakespeare's — and Tennyson's — blank verse serves for a wide variety of poetic styles and moods — dramatic, heroic, descriptive, meditative, epigrammatical, even lyrical; so does Firdausi's one strict metre throughout his long epic serve for as wide a variety of moods and styles. Even the practice of masters in the Sanskrit Mahākāvya and dramas, relied upon by Ramanbhai, does not fully support his theory. For instance, the pathetic threnody of Aja in the Raghuvamśa on the death of his consort is in the same metre in which the second canto of the Kirātārjunīya discourses on stern matters of high policy. If we turn to Sanskrit drama the Hariṇī which is said to be a soft metre fit for soft sentiments and lyrical or pathetic emotion as in जगति जयिनरतेतेभावा नवेन्दुकलादयः etc., or in न खलु भवतां स्थानं देव्या गृहेऽभिमतं ततः etc., is also employed, and I think with resounding success, to express the war-like fury of Aśvatthāman against the murderers of his father:

કૃતમનુમતં દૃષ્ટં વા યૈરિદં ગુરુપાતકં
મનુજપશુભિર્નિર્મર્યાદૈર્ભવદ્ભિરુદાયુધૈઃ ।
નરકરિપુણા સાર્થં તેષાં સર્મામકિરીટિના —
મયમહમસૃઙ્ મેદોમાંસૈઃ કરોમિ દિશાં બલિમ્ ॥

The part played here by a profusion of harsh r sounds—there are as many as fifteen in these four lines — in stiffening and invigorating the metre is quite palpable. Such examples should warn us against taking aesthetic theories too literally or as self-evident and universally true axioms. The safer rule is to regard genius as a law unto itself; for any such theory which may hold true in ninety-nine cases may be triumphantly upset by a poet of genius in the hundredth.

I will venture to wind up these desultory notes on metrics with a few words on the metre now so much in fashion with writers of અર્થઘન ('thought-packed') verse, I mean Prithvī. There is a delusion that this metre is અગેય. On inquiry I find that it is thus said to be unsingable because it cannot be fitted into any known musical time scheme (તીલ). I cannot dogmatise as I am not sufficiently acquainted with the mysteries of તીલ. But singing or chanting of a metrical poem can be done independently of a fixed time scheme. Again, lengthening of shorts and shortening of longs at will is a recognised privilege of music, — a privilege claimed by our modern prosodists for verse also. So I fail to see why the Prithvī line of 24 mātrās should be less singable than the Shikharī line with 25 mātrās, or the Sragdharā line with 33 mātrās. Conversely, I do not see any reason why any other metre — say, શાર્દૂલવિક્રીડિત or સ્વધરા — must necessarily be sung and not merely recited. Anyhow, the Prithvī line is supposed somehow to come nearest to the free flowing iambic blank verse in English which is not and cannot be sung, and to be free from the monotony which is supposed to inhere in such metres as શાર્દૂલવિક્રીડિત and સ્વધરા. Rāmnārāyan Pāthak goes further and claims that actually the Prithvī is even less monotonous than the blank verse. He writes: અગેય જલ્લક વર્સની પંક્તિના કરતાં તે મને પૃથ્વીની પંક્તિ વધારે વિવિધતાવાળી લાગે છે. જલ્લક વર્સની પંક્તિ એકજ એ સ્વરી લઘુ-ગુરના બીજનાં પાંચ આવર્તનોથી થાય છે. એટલે એકનું એક નાનું બીજ હબરો વાર દડ્યા કરવાથી એકવિધતા કંટાળો આપે, પણ પૃથ્વીની પંક્તિ એવા કોઈ પણ બીજના આવર્તનોથી થઈ નથી. મરાઠી ભાષામાં મોરોપંતે એકસો એકવીસ શ્લોકોની કેકાવલી પૃથ્વીમાં લખેલ છે તે કંટાળો નથી આપતી. [અ. કા. સા. ના વહેણે, p. 72].

For one thing, there is recurrence of units (બીજનું આવર્તન) in Prithvī also; its line definitely divides into three units of eight mātrās each, two of them exactly similar in quantity and the third varying only by the substitution of one long for two shorts. For another, if the 'Kekāvalī' is not monotonous — granting for the sake of argument only that it is not — the reason is that each one of the 121 Prithvis in it is complete, — almost a short poem by itself. But the main fallacy underlying Rāmnārāyan's interesting dictum is the usual mistake of not taking into account the profound and radical phonetic difference between a strongly accented and utterly unquantitative language like English and a strictly quantitative and unaccented language like Gujarati or Sanskrit. This confusion is unfortunately aggravated by the

terms 'long' and 'short', 'iamb' and 'trochee', which have been taken over in English prosody from the strictly quantitative prosody of the Greeks. We can have a fair idea of this fundamental phonetic difference between accented and quantitative verse if we compare the nearest possible metres under the two systems, those based on the anapaestic foot and the સંગીત. We have in English such regular anapaestic lines :

From the winds of the North and the South ...
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night ...
 Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim?
 Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir ...
 What a drop! She's not little, no minion like me,
 Could I keep them one half minute fixed, she would fail ...

If we compare these stray lines from Swinburne and Browning with the beautiful quatrain by Tulsidas in strict anapaestic or સંગીત rhythm —

પુરતે નિકસી રઘુવીરવધૂ ધીર ધીર દિયે મગમે ઢગ દ્રે
 જલકી ભરિ માલકની જલકી પટુ સૂચિ ગયો મધુરાધર વૈ ।
 ફિર પૂછતિ હે ચલનોડવ કિતો પિય પર્નકુટી કરિહૌ કિત વંદે
 તિયકી લચિ આતુરતા પિયકી અંચિયાં અતિ ચારુ ચલી જલ ચંદ્રે ॥

the first thing that strikes the ear is the variety and freedom of the English lines and the cast iron monotony of the Hindi quatrain. And the reason for this difference is quite clear; — in the English lines the metre is anapaestic by courtesy, — distinct longs like 'round', 'why', 'like', 'could' etc., do duty for shorts; while in the Hindi the quantitative nature of the language will not allow such liberties to be taken. And the accented nature of the English language allows further and more marked variations as accent helps a long syllable to take the place of two shorts without marring the general rhythm of the metre. For instance

'To the pulse's magnificent come and go'— where 'and go', strictly speaking an iamb or spondee, can easily take the place of an anapaest. And actually, in English poetry in this rhythm there are far many more such lines with imperfect than with perfect anapaests. It will be seen now how the monotony of five iambs would prove intolerably deadly if English were a strictly quantitative language like Gujarati. Even if the ablest Gujarati poet writes strict iambic pentametres in Gujarati with the measure લગ્ન લગ્ન લગ્ન લગ્ન, they will prove infinitely more monotonous than the strictest possible lines of the same measure in Dryden or Pope or Crabbe.

Even if no variation from the norm is introduced, strict monotony is obviated in English by the highly accented nature of the language in which accent is so predominant as even to override and destroy quantity, — so much so, that, as E. A. Sonnenschein shrewdly observes, “English ears are insensible to distinctions of quantity”. [‘What Is Rhythm?’, p. 98]. Quantitatively the two syllables in the word ‘maintain’ are exactly alike, ‘main’ and ‘tain’; and yet because of the accent on the second syllable the word is regarded as an iamb, whereas from the strictly quantitative point of view it is (or ought to be if English were a quantitative language) a spondee. In the word ‘insulting’, the syllable ‘sul’ is certainly shorter than ‘ting’, and yet ‘sulting’ is a trochee, not an iamb. The contrast between the iron mould of quantity and the natural freedom of accent will become glaringly patent if we concoct as suggested above Gujarati verses in the iambic pentametre (i.e., the પ્રમાણિકૃત metre with one iamb added) and compare them with the strictest possible specimens of English iambic pentametres; the phonetic effect will be entirely different,—if for no other reason, for this, that while in Gujarati a long is always and unmistakably a long and a short always and equally unmistakably a short, in English the same monosyllable very often does equally well metrically either as an accented or as an unaccented—that is, in the Greek, i.e., quantitative, technical phraseology, as a ‘long’ or ‘short’—syllable. For example, in the line, ‘When I have fears that I may cease to be’, all the words except ‘to’, can be used as ‘long’ or ‘short’ for metrical purposes; even in this line ‘When I’ can be read as an iamb or a trochee, and either scansion can be defended without special pleading. The same is the case in Tennyson’s “Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean”; here either the first ‘tears’ must be read as ‘short’ or making the first foot a trochee the first syllable of ‘idle’ must suffer the same fate. In fact accent and quantity are incommensurables; quantity is fixed for all time, while accent is variable. The syllable ‘pit’ is quantitatively certainly shorter than ‘fall’ with its longer vowel; but the word ‘pitfall’ is a trochee, because the accent being on the first syllable, ‘pit’ becomes in terms of quantity ‘long’, and *pari passu* ‘fall’ becomes ‘short’. You cannot make the cast-iron mould of the Prithvī more flexible or less monotonous by the means employed by our poets,—of omitting rhymes, carrying the sense over from line to line and stanza to stanza or, in fact, giving up the stanza structure altogether and writing on paragraphically and indefinitely. You can read the finest English poetry in iambic pentametres as prose; you cannot do so with a Gujarati poem in the Prithvī metre because it carries its sign manual and hall-mark indelibly and eternally ingrained in its very structure in the shape of unmistakable quantities. Take for instance the following passage: “A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift — a love in desolation masked; — a power girt round with weakness;

it can scarce uplift the weight of the superincumbent hour; it is a dying lamp, a falling shower, a breaking billow; even whilst we speak, is it not broken? On the withering flower the killing sun smiles brightly; on a cheek, the life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break". In spite of the heightened poetic tone of the language, and such unusual words as 'pard-like' and 'superincumbent', and some inversions not usual in prose, it reads like prose if written out and read like prose; and yet it is not prose but one of the most poetical stanzas in Shelley's 'Adonais', which again is not in blank verse, but has a strongly marked rhyme scheme. Now if we take any Gujarati *Prithvi* which is not even rhymed but only adheres to the metrical scheme, and write it out like prose, it will certainly not read like prose, try how we might, but will reveal its unmistakable metrical structure, unless we deliberately distort quantities in order to hide its shape. In view of what I have said so far about accent and quantity, I do not think it is necessary for me to dilate on the so-called "accented blank verse" which Ardeshir Khabardar claims to have invented and written in Gujarati; I will only say that he is merely ploughing the sands, for writing "accented blank verse" in Gujarati will be possible only when our scientists, like those in Laputa, succeed in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers.

The talk about changing the content and manner of poetry, abandoning the stock subjects of poetry, and adapting poetry to present needs of presentday life—to this unsentimental machine age—seems to be fallacious. With the passing of time language and idiom may change, modes of expression may change, modes of thought and ideation may change, interests may change; but the main passional facts of life—birth and death, joy and sorrow, love and hate, ambition and resignation, success and failure, attraction and repulsion of beauty and ugliness—will and must remain constant if human nature is to remain human. The very fact that poetry written in the past thirty centuries has continued to interest and entrance thoughtful minds in succeeding ages down to the present is unimpeachable testimony to this constancy and continuity of human nature in this constantly changing world and in the midst of constantly varying modes of religious, social and economic thought and changing fashions of expression. The natural revulsion against regimentation of human minds whether by Fascism or Nazism or Marxism is not only a political reaction; it is the unconscious revolt of this constant human nature that has always been striving for free expression against deadening moulds of imposed ways of thinking, against "the standardisation, mass-production and levelling down" of human minds and culture bewailed by Leavis. ['New Bearings in English Poetry', p. 213]. And the emotional will always beat the intellectual in poetry. W. B. Yeats writes in one of his letters to Lady Dorothy Wellesley: "Most of the 'moderns'-Auden,

Spender etc.,—seem thin beside the more sensuous work of ‘romantics’.” [‘Letters On Poetry’, p. 81]. And even in the older ‘romantics’ of the Victorian era Yeats objected to the mixing up of politics or science or religion with poetry. “I saw”,—he wrote in ‘Autobiographies’,—“.....Swinburne,,Browning.....and Tennyson....., had filled their work with what I called ‘impurities’, curiosities about politics, about science, about history, about religion; and that we must create once more the pure work.” [Cited in ‘Sense And Poetry’, p. 4]. Not that thought as such must be banished from poetry; but, as R. C. Trevelyan remarks, “thought is not poetic unless it be kindled into emotion”. [‘Thamyris: Is There A Future for Poetry?’—p. 26]. Poetry may be even philosophical, provided it is sufficiently kindled with emotion. As Oliver Elton says: “Where the reasoning is rooted in personal experience, and is so coloured and presented, it is more likely to be poetry than when it comes as bare impersonal argument.”

But ultimately poetry is the art of using words so as to appeal to the emotions. “‘The only true test of poetry’, says Roy Campbell in a slashing essay against Modern Poetry, ‘lies not in the expression of new ideas, nor in its originality, nor in its love of rural scenery,but in whether or not the poet can *use words*.....the success of a poem depends almost entirely on its execution,.....,’” [‘The New Review’ for October 1941, p.291]. As usual this only repeats what the commonsense and sanity of our ancient writers on the theory of poetry dictated hundreds of years ago:

त एव पदविन्यासास्ता एवार्थविभूतयः ।

तदापि नव्यं भवति काव्यं ग्रन्थनकांशलात् ॥

Artistry in words, ग्रन्थनकांशल, is the main business of the poet; he should not be sparing in their use or in making experiments with them. He need not be afraid of letting himself go, or intimidated by superior critics who frown on rhetoric as something inferior and harmful to good poetry. Rhetoric is bad in prose, not in poetry. And yet, rhetoric, the heightened language of emotion, is feared by the modern poet and is shunned like the plague. But a vast amount of very good poetry in so many languages is nothing but fine rhetoric; some of the finest passages in Shakespeare and Milton are, in the ultimate analysis, glowing impassioned rhetoric. “Whatever may be the destinies of English poetry,” writes R. C. Trevelyan, “I do not think it is likely to achieve anything very remarkable until we have grown out of a doctrine or prejudice that is widely prevalent just now, that is to say our dislike and suspicion of rhetoric.” [‘Thamyris’, p. 74]. For to be afraid of rhetoric is to be afraid of language and words, to mistrust language and words, the very medium and material the poet has to work with as an artist.

No poet can afford to do so and to disregard or despise the very material he has to work in, language and words; "Shakespeare and the Paradise Lost every day become greater wonders to me. *I look upon fine phrases like a lover*".

Keats—in letter to Bailey dated 15th August, 1819.

['*Keats's Shakespeare*', by Caroline Spurgeon, p. VII.]

So far as I remember I have not read this (quoted or otherwise) before today. I am sure it was not even an unconscious reminiscence when I said in 1942—Lect. on Mod. Guj. Poetry—"he must woo language like a lover", with passionate devotion, and be constantly on his guard against offending its sensitive organism by the use of words in a wrong manner. Even if I were a poet it would be an impertinence on my part to come forward to teach poets how to use words; for not even a great poet could teach this mystery. But any sensitive ear can detect the wrong use of words, especially on the mechanical side of the constitution of words. The very first question that rises in the mind on reading most modern verse in Gujarati is, "Is this Gujarati?" From Narmad and Narasimharao downwards even the arrangement of words, the construction of the sentence, the syntax, in modern Gujarati verse is mostly un-Gujarati,—stiff and laboured and formless, and makes one wonder if our poets think in Gujarati or only express in laboured artificial and unvernacular Gujarati what they think in some other language. Again, while the endeavour of the new poetry in West has been to bring the poetical idiom as near as possible to ordinary prose and even to speech, Gujarati poetry revels in Sanskritisation that goes beyond mere use of Sanskrit words and uses long Sanskrit compounds and takes over bodily even grammatical formations such as declensional forms of nouns etc. Meghani protested against this over-Sanskritisation a little while ago and cited a number of out of the way Sanskrit words, recondite formations, case terminations borrowed straight from Sanskrit, etc., and several atrocious hybrid formations,—as for example, *પ્રસ્પદતીથે* (meaning *અંતરરૂપી ધબકતા તીર્થમાં*), *અચ્યમ્ય મોજ* (where *મોજ* is equal to *મોજી*), *હૈમ* (meaning both 'golden' and 'snowy'), *શાંતિ ક્ષીર નિઘૌ* (the Sanskrit locative of *નિધિ*), *સુદા* (the Sanskrit instrumental); and such ugly hybrid formations as *ચૂડીશેષ*, *થાન-ચુમ્મ*, *નિન્નત્મ દૂધ* etc., etc. No doubt it is the privilege of genius to create neologisms, but the right to admit or discard such neologisms as current coin rests ultimately with posterity. Even the wonderfully fecund and triumphant genius of Shakespeare has failed to make a vast number of his neologisms and coinages current in the English language. On the whole, I think, Manilal Nabhubhai was, for once, enunciating sounder doctrine

than Ramanbhai Mahipatram when he wrote: નવી ભાષા બનાવવી એ કાવ્ય રચનાનું કામ નથી. ભાષાના તે તે સમયના પરિપાક કરતાં શબ્દપ્રયોગ પરત્વે તે કાવ્યની ભાષા હંમેશાં કાર્થક પાછળજ રહે છે.....કારણ કે શબ્દની વ્યંજના શક્તિદ્વારાજ કાવ્યનો વ્યાપાર ચાલે છે, એટલે નિશ્ચિત વાચ્યાર્થવાળા શબ્દોદ્વારાજ કવિ પોતાની રચના કરી શકે અને પોતાના હૃદયને વાચકના હૃદયમાં ઉતારી શકે.

[Quoted in કવિતા અને સાહિત્ય, II, p. 253]. But from the point of view of poetry even more important than the meaning of the word used is its sound which produces its aesthetic effect. For instance Pāthak rightly insists on સ્વરવ્યંજન માધુર્ય and giving an interesting illustration from Thakor's ભાણકાર writes: અર્થના આગ્રહી પ્રો. ઠાકોરે પોતાના કાવ્યોમાં એ [સ્વરવ્યંજન માધુર્ય] આણેલ છે. એ સર્વપરિચિત દાખલો:—ને બીડેલાં કમલમહિં બન્ધાઈ સૌન્દર્યઘેલો રેલે લોટે અલિખટપદે વાય આ વાયુ તેવો,.....આખી પંક્તિ કેઈ અહભુત કર્ણુરસાયન નિષ્પન્ન કરે છે. If these lines do produce this aesthetic effect, this કર્ણુરસાયન, by their sound, the poet has done his work well, though we know that 'the bee imprisoned in the lotus' is only a stock convention taken over from Sanskrit, and even though a fastidious critic might also doubt the aptness of the whole simile or of the epithet સૌન્દર્યઘેલો as the અલિ does not go to the કમલ to admire its beauty. Any number of lines in English poetry can be cited in which the meaning does not count for much, and may even be not very clear, though they have won the suffrage of generations of enraptured readers because of this aesthetic appeal of beautiful words skilfully arranged, because of the sound and rhythm that constitute this કર્ણુરસાયન—this aesthetic satisfaction to the ear, and specially to the inner ear, the 'auditory imagination' postulated by Eliot.

It is because of this કર્ણુરસાયન again that the exquisite little poem વત્સલનાં નયનો fully deserves the praise bestowed on it by Thakor: 'વત્સલનાં નયનો' જેવી નાનુક સુન્દર કવિતા બીજી ભાગ્યે હશે. [આપણી કવિતાસમૃદ્ધિ, pp. 158-29],—and it is a triumphant illustration of the point I have tried to labour above that in poetry it is not the matter that counts so much as the manner. For consider the poem justly praised by Thakor: તિમિરાશયના ગહને પડતાં સપનાં વિધુરાં નજરે ચડતાં સહુતે પણ કેમ શકાય સખે સહિ વત્સલનાં નયનો રડતાં. નહિ તે કંઈ દોષભર્યાં નયનો; પણ નિર્મલને—હસરોવર સારસ યુગ્મસમાં પરિપૂર્ણ દયારસ, એ જખમી દિલનાં શયનો.

It is a remarkable achievement in sheer verbal melody, even though it suffers from two grave defects: it has a 'private' meaning which it is impossible for any reader to find out even after a hundred readings and which can be seen only when Thakor reveals the poet's private history and the agonised feelings which inspired the poem; and, secondly, the syntax and wording are defective and mar the lucidity which is the first requisite of a perfect lyric. For instance, તિમિરાશય means 'reservoir of darkness', and તિમિરાશયનું ગહન is puzzling to the Gujarati reader — (Thakor's explanation, અતિગહન તિમિરાશય, is only an apology for one,) — unless the reader knows that it is an Anglicism or a Sanskritism meaning "the depth of the reservoir of darkness". "વિધુરંસપનાં" is taken by Thakor to mean "dreams of being 'widowed'", which is too farfetched and somehow jars on and does not fit in with the atmosphere of the piece; I would take it to mean "troubled dreams", — once more a pretty uncommon Anglicism. Again, વસદે, though happily blending in sound with the consonants in the line, is not a happy word as it is really an adjective used as a noun here; and, as Thakor admits, it is an understatement as the meaning intended is 'loving wife'; moreover, it has primarily the sense of protective love which is not indicated by the context, — 'motherly love' is not intended. દેષભય, again, is used in the unknown sense of દેષદેતી; it seems to be an Anglicism as it is used as an equivalent of the English word 'reproachful'. And, finally, પરિપૂર્ણ દયારસ has to be construed as દયારસથી પરિપૂર્ણ — an unwarranted and violent distortion of the compound દયારસ પરિપૂર્ણ. These almost insuperable difficulties in understanding the poem are due to private meaning and defects of vocabulary and syntax, and should be clearly distinguished from the hazy indistinctness of the meaning and want of clearly defined outline in such poems as Manishankar's own સાગર અને શરી or Nanalal's પધારે પંખિડાં in which the meaning is in a sort of indeterminate flux owing to the hazy dreamlike uncertainty of the romantic sensibility. This haziness is exactly the અસ્પષ્ટ મધુર વ્યંજન for which Pāthak condemns such modern romantic lyrics, — rightly from the strictly classical standpoint of Sanskrit poetics, but not from that of poetry as such.

It is thus the prime duty of the poet to be an artist, to sing and make this કર્ણુરસાયન, to create beauty primarily for the ear and the inner audition, and then for the emotional part of the mind and last of all for the intellect. To those who have been taught to regard the poet as a teacher

and a prophet, as almost a sacred person, this relegation of him to the category of artists may seem a degradation. Poets as a rule have also taken themselves very seriously as a superior class of human beings, and left behind many exaggerated estimates of their calling. But after all poetry is not a prime necessity like bread without which man cannot live; as our ancient realists have said

वुसुक्षितैर्व्याकरणं न भुज्यते
पिपासितैः काव्यरसो न पीयते ।

And the greatest poetical genius the world has known did not believe that it is a great thing, or everything, to be a great poet. As Mark van Doren writes in connection with the 'Midsummer Night's Dream': "The end of comedy is self-parody, and its wisdom is self-understanding. Never again will he [Shakespeare] work without a full comprehension of the thing he is working at; of the probability that other and contrary things are of equal importance; of the certainty that his being a poet is not the only thing to be, or the best possible thing, " [Shakespeare', pp. 82-83]. And yet the world has taken to its heart this cynic who had no illusions left and had seen through almost everything including his own supreme achievement as an artist, who wrote — and wrote with careless haste — frankly for money, and who had no 'message' to deliver, no philosophy and no lesson to teach; and all the superior criticism or practice of message-ridden propagandists and preachers like Shaw and Ibsen and Tolstoy has failed to slacken his hold on those who care for literature and poetry. On the contrary, these Shaws and Ibsens and Tolstoys, who were believed to have outmoded and demolished Shakespeare, are already 'dating', while the half-educated player and playwright from Stratford goes serenely on scarcely touched by their superior criticisms. A writer has recently stated the case rightly as between Shakespeare and Tolstoy : "Tolstoy's main contention is that Shakespeare is a trivial, shallow writer, with no coherent philosophy, no thoughts or ideas worth bothering about, no interest in social or religious problems, no grasp of character or probability, and, in so far as he could be said to have a definable attitude at all, with a cynical, immoral worldly outlook on life Briefly he accuses him of being a hasty, slovenly writer, a man of doubtful morals, and, above all, of not being a *thinker* What Tolstoy says is true on the whole. Shakespeare is not a thinker Only, what has Tolstoy achieved? Shakespeare is demolished, and yet he somehow remains standing. So far from his being forgotten as the result of Tolstoy's attack, it is the attack itself that has been forgotten Tolstoy can not explain away his popularity, ... he can only explain it as a sort of worldwide conspiracy to prevent the truth. Or it is a sort of collec-

tive hallucination — a hypnosis, he calls it — by which every one ... is taken in ... Evidently a poet is more than a thinker and a teacher, though he has to be that as well". [*Listener*, 5th June 1941, pp. 809-10]. I venture to demur to that lame last clause — "though he has to be that as well" — which lames the case for poetry otherwise put so well by the writer. What did poor immoral Shakespeare — who is no thinker according to Tolstoy etc., and whom William Cobbett rightly calls "the punning and smutty Shakespeare" — teach? Nothing, as admitted by the writer himself. And yet, as the Shaws and Tolstoys have seen to their despair, the world will not let him die. Why? Because Shakespeare knew far better than his critics what he was about; he knew very well — as Kalidāsa also did — that his sole business was to be an artist, to create beauty that would enrapture a fit audience and take them out of themselves and enlarge their personalities in many tense moments of creation, and in the tensest of them even bring about that 'catharsis', that purging of emotions, which makes great poetry a true cleanser and purifier of the mind. Prose is a necessity of life and the medium of expression for all including the greatest teachers and preachers, while poetry is only the creation of artists, only a refinement, a gracious luxury. And yet for that very reason great poetry, because it is great art, lives for ages on the lips and tongues of men, and sings itself into their hearts, and becomes for the rightly attuned spirits "a blessed consolation in distress", — not by teaching or preaching, but by making us realise and visualise an ideal world of beauty—spiritual, psychical, intellectual beauty—hidden behind the grim and stark realities of the actual world. In all great poetry, there is no message or teaching but (as I have said once before,) there is, ultimately, a spiritual nostalgia, a reaching out for some eternal truth hidden behind the merely actual, and a realisation of the human spirit's tragic loneliness as it voyages through the strange and stormy sea of phenomenal experience — "the salt, unplumbed, estranging sea" that divides us all, each from each, and each from all the rest. Of those who give us such poetry we can say in all thankfulness :

Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
 The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.

LECTURE V
MODERN GUJARATI PROSE

Poetry is perhaps a luxury, but prose is a necessary of life. If the former is primarily the vehicle of feeling and emotion, the latter is that of reason and argument. Representing the extreme school of "pure poetry", Theophile Gautier has said : " Radiant, resplendent words, rhythm and melody—these are poetry. Poetry proves nothing and tells nothing." [Quoted by Max Eastman, 'The Literary Mind', p 153]. Similarly, Coleridge too has declared that poetry has "for its immediate object pleasure, not truth." [Ibid, p.172]. These are extreme views, but they rightly emphasise the fundamental difference between poetry and prose. Such extreme views can and do lead to aberrations like those of the symbolists as illustrated by the interesting fact noted by Max Eastman that a famous sonnet by Mallarmé, beginning—

'Le vierge, le vivace et le bel aujourd'hui,' has been interpreted in four totally different ways by four competent French critics. ['Sense And Poetry', p.106]. And yet the sonnet continues and may continue to be regarded as a beautiful poem. Its uncertain and evidently unattainable meaning does not prevent it from being regarded as a valid piece of poetry. In many ages and many climes, extreme difficulty of meaning has even been regarded as a merit of poetry. In India, we have had the theory of नारिकेलपाक according to which it should be as difficult to get at the sense of a poem as at the kernel of a coconut protected by its hard shell and its voluminous and tough outer covering. Dayaram seems to have believed in this theory if he really wrote the dohra attributed to him by Derasari,

दुर्ग काव्य कुष्मांड कुच उख कठोर त्यों सार.

All classical Arabic poetry is said to be so abstruse and recondite that none can understand it without the help of elaborate commentaries. It is said about an Arabian poet — the blind poet Abul 'Alā al-Ma'arri, I think — that when some of his admirers went to him and asked him to explain one

of his poems, the poet pondered over it a little and then said: "When I wrote this poem, the meaning was known to three persons, — myself, a friend of mine, and God". "And now?" asked the inquirers. "Now", said the poet, "my friend is dead, I have forgotten the meaning, and perhaps God Almighty also does not know it." Whether this story be true or only *ben trovato*, it is certain that a modern American poet, Conrad Aiken, has confessed about his own metaphysical legend of *John Delh*, — "my meaning was, and has largely remained, obscure to me". ["The Literary Mind", p.251]. And yet such unintelligible or half-intelligible poems — such, for instance, as Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan'—continue to be read if their vague emotionalism or even their mere sound can give enjoyment and rapture. Such extreme uncertainty of meaning may be tolerable in poetry, upto a certain limit it may even add to the charm of a poem, but in prose any the least uncertainty or haziness of meaning must be regarded as a damning defect. For the main business of prose is not to enrapture or enchant, its business is to 'tell' something, to state facts and arguments, to enlighten and instruct. In fact *what* a poet *says* does not matter so much as *how* he says it. In prose on the other hand, the emphasis is not so much on the manner as on the matter. Hence in prose the prime guiding principle is reason and logic, and its chief aim should be lucidity and precision. As the main business of prose is to state facts and draw conclusions from them, all imaginative and impassioned prose rings more or less false,— especially when it crosses the limit and encroaches on the domain of poetry in the bastard shape of poetic prose or prosopoeia. A certain amount of latitude has of course to be allowed to imaginative prose writings; but as the vast mass of prose has to deal with all subjects from the logical and rational point of view and to marshal facts and arguments, and as really great imaginative prose is far rarer than great poetry, we may at the outset exclude such unusual prose from consideration and keep our inquiry restricted to good, straightforward, adequate prose, lucid without being flabby or platitudinous, and eloquent without being verbose or sentimental.

This restriction must seem surprising to most educated people who think that it is no great matter to write plain, straightforward and adequate prose; as a rule we believe that we can write such prose at least in our own language. But unfortunately it is not so easy a matter as it is believed to be. One of the greatest prose writers of the nineteenth century, Matthew Arnold, wrote to his friend Clough after finishing his famous preface to the 1853 edition of his poems: "How difficult it is to write prose!" Strange as

it may seem, that appears to be the experience of so many poets who, like Matthew Arnold, try their hand at prose. Thus we find Narmadashankar writing five years after Arnold : આજકાલ ગદ્યમાં લખવું અઘરું છે તેવું મારા અને રાગ કવિતામાં લખવું અઘરું નથી. [નર્મદનું મન્દિર, ગદ્યવિભાગ p. 200].

In the development of literary forms in any nation, prose comes much later than verse ; in India, in Greece and in all countries that have developed a literature worth the name, verse has always preceded prose, and the latter has grown up rather painfully after numerous blundering efforts. Even in modern advanced societies, an average man of education and culture can write decent verse more easily than really good prose; this is not so paradoxical as it sounds, and Narmadashankar seems to have been of the same view when he wrote : કવિતા કરવામાં ઘણી છૂટ છે, પણ ગદ્યમાં ઘણી વાતનાં બંધન છે. વ્યાકરણ અને રચના એ બેના કાયદાની પૂરી માહિતગારી જરૂરની છે.....

[નર્મદનું મન્દિર, ગદ્યવિભાગ, p. 200]. Not only has a poet when writing prose to look to his વ્યાકરણ ને રચના—grammar and syntax—he has to fight the poetical tendency to emotional and figurative, and therefore often vague and inconsequential, writing. Anyhow, in the Indian vernaculars verse has been written for hundreds of years past, but prose began to be cultivated only about a hundred years ago. In fact vernacular prose is directly and indirectly the creation of British rule and English education. It is the modern spirit that has created our modern prose. About Marathi prose N. C. Kelkar writes : “Conscious literary prose was born in Maharashtra in the early years of the nineteenth century”; and he even goes so far as to say that “the modern Marathi literature dates back only to about 1870”. And yet in Maharashtra, compared with other Provinces, prose was in use much earlier and that, too, for the important purpose of state despatches and other political documents. But the best of these despatches are so lax in construction and syntax, and so uncertain in vocabulary and phrasing, that they cannot be said to constitute what we would to-day call adequate prose ; and much less can they be said to be in literary prose. Dinesh Chandra Sen, the historian of Bengali literature, has also frankly admitted that modern Bengali prose owes its existence to English influence ; and what he writes about Bengali is true of most Indian vernaculars : “Whatever remnants of prose we may be able to unearth from old records and manuscripts in order to vindicate the glory of our past literature, it must, for the sake of truth, be admitted that they were too insignificant to deserve prominent mention in

a history of literature. Disconnected from the story of later development of prose, that has grown up like a rich harvest during the British rule, they would scarcely deserve more than a passing notice". ['History of Bengali Literature', p.845]. As for modern Hindi and Urdu, it is well known that it was owing to Gilchrist's activities that prose began to be written in both languages round about the year 1800 A. D. Modern Gujarati prose started even later. As Narmadashankar has admitted, Gujarati prose began to be written about the year 1828 under the inspiration of Jervis, though the first grammar of the language seems to have been compiled as early as 1808 by Drummond, and a "Gujarati-English Vocabulary" was published by Ardeshir in 1822. [Kāravān for September, 1940, p.19]. One reason why prose was formerly neglected was that the vernaculars had practically no status as languages of learning, though they had gained some as languages of poetical composition. All thoughtful or controversial writing was mostly confined to the Sanskrit language; and in Sanskrit itself almost everything was written in verse,—treatises on philosophy and law and medicine, on mathematics and astronomy and other sciences, were not written in prose but as a rule in verse. Literary prose in Sanskrit was considered to fall under 'Kāvya' (poetry), and even of this kind of bastard prose there is not much in Sanskrit beyond the writings of Bāṇa and Daṇḍin. There is a considerable amount of fairly efficient scholastic prose, but it is mainly restricted to philosophic disputation and scholia on canonical works of philosophy, or consists of matter of fact explanatory annotations of poetical classics or works on poetics etc. The utter lack of historical literature and almost of the historical sense in ancient India has much to do with this poverty in the field of prose; for in other lands literary prose has generally originated in histories or chronicles. It is a distinction of the Hellenic spirit—the realistic, inquiring, critical, objective spirit—that the historical attitude and method of the Greeks and the Romans, of historians like Herodotus and Thucydides, Livy and Tacitus, have been the fountain-source of modern historical research in Europe and are even to-day not out of date; and, what is more to the point, these historians were the creators of the great prose tradition in ancient Greece and Rome. The eminence of Hellenism in the fields of historical and scientific inquiry was clearly perceived by Narmadashankar who writes : ગ્રીક લોકો હિંદુઓની પેઠે પ્રાચીનથી છે; તેઓની અસલની રીતભાત આપણી જોડે મળતી આવે છે. પરંતુ તેઓમાં શોધકબુદ્ધિ તથા પૃચ્છક બુદ્ધિ વધારે હતી. [જૂનું નર્મગદ્ય, p. 283]. Recently, Keshavlal Kamdar has

put this comparison even more pointedly : જ્યારે પુરાતન ગ્રીકોએ અને રોમનો-એ પોતાના અંતર્ગત કુદ્રમાં કુદ્ર કલેશોનાં પણ ઘણીજ સમર્થ ભાષામાં અને શૈલીમાં નિરૂપણ કર્યાં છે, ત્યારે આપણે ઘણે ભાગે નાનાં બાળકોની માફક વેદો, સ્મૃતિઓ અને પુરાણોનો જિહ્વા પાઠ કરીનેજ બેસી રહ્યા છીએ; and later on he frankly adds : આપણી ઐતિહાસિક ભાવનામાં ઘણી ન્યૂનતાઓ છે તે નિર્વિવાદ છે. [સ્વાધ્યાય, II, p. 205 and 206]. Along with a keen historical sense the Greeks — and after them the Romans — had a passion for politics, theoretical and practical, which also has been clearly wanting in India. Again we find Narmadashankar clearly stating this contrast : આપણે..... આ સંસારના સુખ કરતાં મુવા પછીના સુખને માટે બહુ કાળજી રાખતા અને રાજ્યસુખે નિસ્પૃહ રહેતા, એજ કારણથી આપણી હીણી સ્થિતિ થઇ પડી છે. માટે સર્વપ્રકારનાં પ્રવૃત્તિ સુખમાં મોટું સ્થાયી ને સર્વતુલ્ય મૂળ જે રાજ્યસંખંધી સુખ તે વિષે દરેક જણે પ્રગટરૂપે વિચાર કરવો અવશ્ય છે; and, quoting this passage, again Kamdar rightly comments on it : આ વિચાર શ્રીક વિચાર છે. [સ્વાધ્યાય, I, pp. 240-1]. As Rabindranath Tagore has bluntly put it : “ It is time that we should get at the bedrock of facts and realise that the mentality of India is non-political.” Kamdar expresses strong disapproval of this dictum, evidently oblivious of the fact that this ‘non-political mentality’ is only a concomitant or result of the ‘non-historical mentality’ which he fully admits. The preoccupation of the Greeks and Romans with politics and current history gave rise to the institution of oratory ; and professional oratory, and composition of set literary speeches for delivery in legislative assemblies or law courts or the market-place, must have had considerable influence in shaping prose and making it direct, idiomatic and lively. All these public, cultural and literary activities which made for the early development of an adequate prose in Greece and Rome have been practically unknown in India upto the British period, and this lacuna has in all probability had a good deal to do with the poverty of Sanskrit and the Sanskrit vernaculars in the field of prose as compared with their undoubted richness in the field of poetry. This persistent lack of the historical sense and historical perspective works in various subtle and devious ways even among those trained in modern historical studies and research work.

Of late there has been a movement afoot to rewrite the whole history of India with a set purpose, from a so-called 'nationalist' point of view. I myself have known a man of ripe years, ripe scholarship and long teaching and preaching experience, and otherwise a man of culture, high moral character and high aspirations, who seriously held that a nation's history may even be falsified deliberately if such falsification could have the immediate effect of unifying the nation and making it stronger in its struggle for freedom. What makes this doctrine even more startling than it is in itself is the fact that this venerable elder and philosopher was a devout and professed believer in the doctrine of absolute truth and non-violence. This deplorable corroding influence of a political obsession, aggravated by our fatal lack of the sense of history, has spread all over the country even among university circles and professional historians, as witness the following words of a teacher of history, Dr. Nandalal Chatterji, Lecturer in Lucknow University : "The nationalist leaders are nowvoicing their demand for a new presentation of Indian history to suit the altered circumstances at the present day. The suggestion that facts which might arouse communal animosities and jealousies should be eschewed is a very dangerous one.....Those who ask for mere suppression of ugly facts forget that the very suppression may suggest a totally false impression Who is going to be the final arbiter in the matter of suppression or altering the facts of history ? And should there at all be such a Fascist organisation [as an All India Board of Historians] for the task of *manufacturing* history ? It is a matter for deepest concern that neither the nationalists nor the communalists ask for merely a new emphasis on hitherto neglected aspects of history, but want the actual suppression, alteration or perversion of facts in the interests of the so-called national or communal unity. It is against such an illogical demand that all honest devotees of the historical science should raise their voice of protest. Do our national leaders seriously desire that historians should manufacture history to suit the needs of inter-communal peace? The problem [of communalism] would not be solved even if the whole Indian history were completely re-written". [*Hindustan Review*, September-October, 1938, pp.180-185].

I am inclined to believe that the recantation of Narmadashankar who deliberately went back on everything he had imbibed from western contacts and for which he had found support in his fairly wide though crude historical studies, was a reversion from the Hellenic spirit of curiosity and inquiry and criticism, extolled by himself in youth, to the Indian spirit of

quietism and acceptance of the inevitable, a reversion that was at least in part due to his innate and inherited lack of the historical sense. It is with some hesitation that I refer here to a question of quasi-literary interest that has been agitating the minds of so many Gujarati men of letters upto quite recent times, as the question at issue is really a matter of mere faith while it is being given the shape of a purely factual problem of literary history. I refer to the controversy still going on over the miraculous incidents supposed to have happened in Narsi Mehta's life and embodied in his poetical works. Men of letters who are also men of high education seriously contend that these miracles are not to be explained away as mere poetical allegories or imaginings or as subjective visions, but are actual, historical facts,—as true and objective historically as the fact that Narsi Mehta lived at Junagadh and wrote poetry. I venture to think that it is the old un-historical spirit that is asserting itself in this interesting controversy, and I should not at all be surprised if the protagonist of the critical and unbelieving scholars who scout the miracle theory, K. M. Munshi himself, ultimately resiles from his critical unbelieving attitude and develops a devout and even demonstrative belief in the miraculous incidents in the life of the old poet. For, his recantation of critical and unorthodox views expressed by himself so stridently under the influence of the Satanic West has already begun, and the brave critical roars heard in પ્રજાવિકાસ and જીવનનો ઉદ્દોશ have turned into less than the proverbial cooing of doves during the course of his political metamorphosis. In સુવર્ણ યુગનાં રર્જન we find the valiant iconoclast and heterodox critic turned into a violent and even blood-thirsty champion and apologist of orthodoxy, Brahminism, caste, idolatrous practices, etc., pining for the golden age of Samudragupta and Yajnavalkya—at present non-existent but somehow to be realised in the near future—when Brahmins would dominate the world again, woman would go back to the natural protection of the naturally superior man, and caste would be so strictly observed that the unnatural monster guilty of the heinous crime of 'Pratiloma' marriage would have his head chopped off by law. I do not know if Munshi really believes in this new credo, and has really outlived and outgrown like Narmad the crude and chrysalis stage of rampant reformism in which he fiercely mocked at ancient ideas and ideals of art and literature and morals, and when Aspasia of all persons was almost his ideal of womanhood. But if he really does, his interesting case furnishes one more instance of the sad lack of the historical sense that makes so many

of our intellectuals unwilling to learn, almost incapable of learning, from past history and experience. And perhaps that unhistorical, uncritical attitude of mind is one reason why Munshi writes such pretentious and shoddy prose. For the main requisites of good prose are sanity of vision and logical coherence and cogency of thought, qualities that always go with a sane historical perspective. Honest and courageous facing of past and present facts and clear conscientious thinking needs must lead to lucidity and sincerity in writing,—not cheap emotions that can be pumped up at will by harping on an imaginary golden age in the dim past with the object of tickling the fancy of the unthinking, impressionable mob. There is all the more need for a sane historical perspective and honest thinking just now when authoritarianism is so rampant and when the public mind has practically relegated all thinking to a few dictators and is itself content to take up and repeat the slogans emanating from them. What Dr. Inge has said of the West is still more applicable to present-day India: "At present most of us live in an emotional fog, the prey of slogans and catchwords. Disguised emotionalism, masquerading as thought, dominates politics, sociology and religion". In India, not only politics and sociology but even prose literature is too much being dominated by emotionalism, disguised and undisguised; and what is of graver import is the fact that this fog of emotionalism is distorting the vision of even those who should act as bulwarks of sanity and reason against the passions and prejudices of such genuine or calculated emotionalism,—I mean, the teachers and guides of our youths.

Consider the slogan that we, including so many of our prominent men of letters, have been annually shouting for the last several years on a fixed date: "The British Government in India.....has ruined India economically, politically, culturally and spiritually." If this interesting slogan is considered dispassionately, if all the pros and cons are conscientiously weighed, any mind that is not utterly blinded by prejudice must see that of the four impressive counts of the indictment the first two are half truths and the other two are lies pure and simple. Even that eminent Bengali patriot, Ramanand Chatterji, has, in spite of his deep anti-British animus, protested against the last two counts as false. The very fact that our Munshis and Meghanis behave on the remaining 364 days of the year as if they had never taken or even known any such pledge, that even after nearly a quarter of a century of continuous and intensive anti-British propaganda through thousands of gramophones in the press and on the platform and by all possible other means, fair as well as foul, millions upon millions

of Indians have continued to tolerate and even co-operate with this all-ruining, all-devouring British Bogey, and what is more, about two million have actually come forward to lay down their lives to save this Bogey from destruction instead of taking this heaven (or hell) sent opportunity of destroying it—and it certainly would deserve to be destroyed mercilessly if the counts of the indictment were really and fully true,—these very patent facts, I submit, are enough to prove that the slogan is a fiction and at best an unmeaning gesture that may have a distant relation with non-violence but has certainly nothing to do with Truth. If a writer fervently and blatantly takes the pledge and shouts the slogan and then goes straight to his briefs and to the law courts, denounced by himself in violently rhetorical and flamboyant prose as sinks of iniquity and dens of licensed robbers, his historical sense and his integrity become at once suspect and both these weaknesses must make even his most eloquent and most laboured prose hollow, insincere and contemptible, especially as culturally (if not spiritually) all his writings, bad or good, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the English education and English literary and cultural influence that he has done his utmost to malign.

It is to be regretted that with the exception of the rather crude essay by Narmdashankar at history writing in his compilation called રાજ્યરંગ there has been no serious attempt in the last one hundred years by any Gujarati to woo the muse of history. There are several translations of historical books written originally in English and other languages,—in many cases translations of translations of tendentious books of doubtful historical value. But no Gujarati man of letters has taken up history writing as his life work, like the late V. K. Rajvade and G. S. Sardesai in Maharashtra. If nothing else, devotion to history should prove an excellent discipline bringing much needed sanity and sobriety, regard for facts and respect for truth, into Gujarati prose which is at present, as contrasted with, say, Marathi prose, in a chaotic state,—without any fixed idiom, settled vocabulary, or general work-a-day style of competent prose writing. It is this lack of the historical sense and historical perspective that leads to extravagances of matter and manner, to distortion and misreading of history, to unbalanced historical and literary criticism, to ridiculous ranting and rhapsodising, and to the perversion of literary taste which makes the reading public regard such ranting and rhapsodising as good and even great literature. Emotionalism and the consequent tendency to exaggeration and inflation, rant and rhapsody, are more in evidence in Gujarat than in Maharashtra. These weaknesses

vitiate our thought and scholarship, and along with them our taste in prose style. In Maharashtra, the inversions and syntactical contortions, and similar other affectations and mannerisms in the prose of Nanalal, and the wearisome staccato ranting and rhapsodising of the meretricious declamatory style affected by Munshi, would be received with a chorus of jeering laughter and ribald parodies, and their atrocious Sanskritisms would be pilloried in scores of journals. Here they are actually regarded as great prose writers, and there is a chance that their inane and vicious styles of writing may even be taken as models by unthinking aspirants to literary fame.

The poverty of Gujarati literature in historical works, or even good critical essays on historical subjects, is so utter that it is a relief and a real pleasure to come across such a work as *સ્વાધ્યાય* (in two volumes) by Keshavlal Kamdar. What is most admirable about him is his openness of mind, his freedom from racial, cultural or political bias, his strict regard for historical — objective — truth, and his constant endeavour to see the truth as it is, not as he would wish to see it through the tinted glasses of prejudice or predilection. Although as good a nationalist as any, he is entirely free from that bane of extreme and exaggerated nationalism, deliberate cooking of history and historical evidence in order to whitewash or glorify shady corners in the past or to create an imaginary golden age, or rather several such ages, in the past to be contrasted with the present iron era. His fearless candour in traversing several popular beliefs and fashionable shibboleths is doubly welcome now when independent thinking is so much at a discount and when it is considered as a crime if any one ventures to call into question the popular idols of the market-place and the theatre. Kamdar has shown the courage to point out the narrow communalism pervading Gujarati literature from Narmadashankar downwards. It is even more courageous of him to admit the fact that India has never been one nation : આપણા દેશને ઇતિહાસ, આપણું સંસ્કારિત્વ, રાષ્ટ્રીય નહીં પણ આંતરરાષ્ટ્રીય, નાનાવિધ, હમેશાં રહ્યાં છે અને રહેશે. આપણા પૂર્વજોએ આપણા દેશને ભારતરાષ્ટ્ર નહીં પણ ભારતવર્ષ, આર્યાવર્ત, એ નામે આપ્યાં છે, અને તે નામે આપણા સંસ્કારિત્વનાં ખાસ સૂચક છે. [સ્વાધ્યાય, I, p. 222]. And applying this test to present conditions he writes : હજી સિંખોને મુસ્લિમોનો ભરોસો નથી, મુસ્લિમોને સિંખો અને હિંદુઓનો ભરોસો નથી, અને રાજાઓને હિંદી મુસદ્દીઓનો ભરોસો

નથી. એકરાષ્ટ્રવાદ હજી આપણી ભૂમીમાં કિશોર વયમાં કહી શકાય. [II, p. 246]. Kamdar deals out even-handed justice with admirable impartiality. Of the disastrous Khilafat agitation and its prime supporter he rightly says : હિંદુસ્તાનને મહાત્માઓનું, સ્વામીઓનું અને મૌલાના મૌલવીઓનું જે રાજ્ય જોઈતું નહોતું તે તેમણે થોડા વખત માટે આપ્યું અને તેનાં કોહિલાં અને કડવાં ફળો હજી આપણે આપ્યા કરીએ છીએ. [II, p. 163]. About another political stunt he writes: ખાદીની પ્રવૃત્તિમાં પણ અજ્ઞાન સમાયલું છે. [II, p. 164]. Referring to the activities of those publicists who have been playing to the gallery for various and obvious reasons he says with quiet contempt : રાષ્ટ્રનાં ખોટાં બળુગાં કૂંકનારાં લખાણો રાષ્ટ્રીય કહેવાય નહીં. This reminds me of some caustic and strangely prophetic remarks made by Navalram as long ago as 1875 : દેશાભિમાનના પડદામાં રહીને ઠગ લોકો પોતાના સ્વાર્થ સાધે છે, અને અધિકારના લોભી અધિકાર હસ્તગત કરી લે છે.....હુનિયાના ઘણાખરા માણસો પોતાના દેશની ખોટી તારીફ કરવામાં, અને બીજા દેશની નિંદા કરવામાંજ દેશપ્રીતિ આવી રહેલી હોય, એમ સમજતા દેખાય છે.....આપણામાં તો વિશેષે કરીને દેશાભિમાન શબ્દે એ ખોટા અભિમાનમાં ઘણો વધારો કર્યો છે.....જાણી જોઈને સારી વસ્તુને નહારી કહેવી એના જેવી બીજી મૂર્ખાઈ નથી...આ સમયે ખામીઓને છુપાવી મોઢેથી બડાઈ મારવી એના જેવું દેશદ્રોહનું બીજું કાંઈ કામ નથી. [નવલત્રયાવલિ (તારણ), p. 421.]. But poor Navalram was a mere school master who did not know the 'election' value of such અભિમાન, even though assumed if not real. With the impartiality of a true historian, Kamdar does not hesitate to give even the Devil his due : આપણા દેશી કારભારીઓ બહુધા એકજ બાબતનો વિચાર કરી ગયા છે, તે એ કે રાજ્યતંત્રમાં પોતાના માણસોને ગોઠવવાનો. બ્રિટિશ અમલદારો આ નાતજાતની પક્ષપાતી દૃષ્ટિથી હરહમેશ વિમુખ રહ્યા છે એમ કહીએ તો ખોટું નથી. [II, p. 341]. With equally admirable fairness Kamdar writes : પરતંત્ર અને પોતાની તાબેદાર પ્રજાની બહારે ધાનારા રાજ્ય કરતી પ્રજામાં ઘણા ઓછા શખસો હોય છે. ઈંગ્લંડમાં તેવા શખસોની સંખ્યા બીજા દેશો કરતાં હમેશાં વધારે રહી છે. [II, p. 247]. Finally, he rightly scouts Rabindranath Tagore's cant about Indian culture being 'spiritual' as opposed to Europe's 'material' culture,—cant that is as common

to-day as it was more than fifty years ago in the days of Manilal Nabhubhai,—and writes, again with subacid contempt : યુરોપની સંસ્કૃતિનો એવો તુચ્છકાર વિદ્યાર્થીઓની સભાને ખુશ કરવા ઇચ્છતા વક્તાને, સ્વરાજ્ય મેળવવા સમાજને પ્રોત્સાહન કરનારને કે લોકોનાં મત મેળવવા ઇચ્છનાર ઉમેદવારને શોભે, પણ વિચારકને, અભ્યાસીને અને આંતરરાષ્ટ્રીય કીર્તિ મેળવનાર હિંદના પ્રતિનિધિને ન શોભે. [II. p. 145].

I have dwelt at some length on Kamdar's historical essays because the sanity and judgment of so much in his two volumes, and especially the independence and courage he has shown in swimming against the current of popular and fashionable opinion and criticising popular idols, is not common in Gujarat and is badly needed in our writers. It is refreshing to come across at least one writer who has the courage to call a spade a spade, and who tries to read history objectively and to see facts as they are and not as we would like to see them. These two volumes are worth a wagon-load of imaginative ranting twaddle about imaginary heroes of an imaginary "Aryan Culture" and about that other egregious fiction rather foolishly named ગુજરાતની અસ્મિતા.

Akin to the historical spirit is the spirit of true scholarship. Mere erudition is not scholarship, and many learned men who have mere learning can not be called scholars. In "A History of Classical Scholarship", J. E. Sandys writes: "Nearly half a century ago (i. e., about the middle of the 19th century) this contrast was clearly drawn by two eminent contemporaries at Oxford and Cambridge. 'I maintain', says Donaldson, 'that not all learned men are accomplished scholars, though any accomplished scholar may, if he chooses to devote the time to the necessary studies, become a learned man.' 'It is not a knowledge', writes Mark Pattison, 'but a discipline that is required; not science, but the scientific habit; not erudition, but scholarship' ". [Vol. I, p. 2]. I have always held that the spirit of true scholarship, which is the spirit of strictly objective truth-seeking irrespective of consequences, is far more important than mere erudition or book learning. Manilal Nabhubhai was perhaps a far more learned man—at least in Sanskrit—than Ramanbhai Mahipatram; and yet I would put the latter far above the former as a true scholar because of his 'strict devotion to the true spirit of scholarship which seeks truth, objective truth, even though it may be unpleasant, and sternly puts aside all temptation to gloss it over or

pervert it by special pleading. Manilal Nabhubhai has always a thesis to prove; he is out to do so, not to investigate facts in order to arrive at the truth, for he has already made up his mind as to what the truth is. Another such contrasted pair was that of the learned but unscholarly Keshavlal Dhruva and the less learned but far more scholarly Narasimharao Divatia, and Anandashankar has rightly brought out this contrast in his own quiet and suavely ironical manner. Criticising Keshavlal's speculative scholarship he writes : નામૂલં લિખ્યતે કિંચિત્ એ પ્રતિજ્ઞાથી પ્રમાણુસિદ્ધ વસ્તુજ કહેવી એ રા. નરસિંહરાવની વિદ્વત્તાનો પ્રકાર છે; વાચમથોડનુધાવતિ એવી શ્રદ્ધાથી પોતાની કલ્પના પ્રષ્ટ કરવી એ રા. કેશવલાલની રીતિ છે. [સાહિત્યવિચાર, p. 444; also, કાવ્યતત્ત્વવિચાર, pp. 255-6]. I wish Anandashankar had given us many more such frankly critical *dicta*.

Not only are our scholars and writers content to take over uncritically the grandiose imaginings of Bengali megalomaniacs in the field of ancient Indian history, they also lack the infinite curiosity and inquisitiveness that takes nothing on trust and which should go with true scholarship. It is surprising to see how this uncritical Pauranic mentality with a fascination for vast figures has persisted in India down the ages. Nine hundred years ago Alberuni noticed this habit of "inventing huge numbers" and added in his quiet satirical manner: "and numbers are patient, standing as you place them". ['Alberuni's India', Vol. I, p. 361]. Coming to the sixteenth century we find the same Pauranic tendency in a 'Bakhair' (i. e., chronicle) entitled "Rāma Rāja Charitre", a Kanarese chronicle of the fatal battle of Rākshas-tangdi, ordinarily known in history as Talicotta. In his "Social Life in the Vijayanagar Empire", B. A. Saletore writes: "The anonymous author of the *Bakhair* gives a detailed account of the Hindu forces on the battlefield of Rakshas-Tangdi:

Horses	6, 548, 321
Camels	1, 874, 429
Gunpowder Casks	98, 776, 413
Bulls	9, 876, 543, 210,000".

With some reluctance I cite as a modern instance of this Pauranic tendency the most recent fruit of Gujarati scholarship entitled ઋગ્વેદ કાલની જીવન અને સંસ્કૃતિ. The author gives details of events that are supposed to have happened more than twenty thousand years ago, and he can even date

them so accurately as to give such exact years of happenings as 23,072 B. C. He talks as confidently of the condition of the Aryans of Sapta-Sindhu five hundred thousand years ago and that of the Dasyus two million years ago, as a Western historian might about the condition of the Franks and the Gauls in 100 A. D. He tells us that Indians colonised Europe, Africa and America—to speak nothing of Asia—250,000 years ago; that the Indians of 20 to 25 thousand years ago were advanced enough to give lessons to the most advanced nations of to-day; that Azarbaijan (quaintly written અઝરે બીજન) means ‘આર્થ બીજમ્’, and was colonised by જરત્તવૃદ્ધ in about 20,000 B. C.; that Emperor Priyavrata ruled in 2,900 B.C. over all the continents of the world known at present including Australia and also over the now submerged continent of Lemuria. We are told how the Aryans used to beat off and pursue the Dasyu raiders not merely upto the northern boundaries of India but right upto the Caspian and the Caucasus; and how the noble heroine Ilā followed a deer on horseback and in doing so actually crossed the Himalayas and reached the borders of presentday Mongolia—and that too evidently in the course of a few hours. The author informs us that a King in ancient India when anointed by his Purohita always promised to forfeit his kingdom, his life and his progeny in case he should do any harm to the holy Brahmin; and he gravely adds that if any insolent King resisted such forfeiture, તે તપોનિધિ પુરોહિત તેને શાપ દઇ બાળીને ભસ્મ કરતો હશે એમ કહી શકાય છે. [Pp. 14, 22, 27, 28, 58, 84, 85, 146, etc.]. Not only could the Purohita reduce a recalcitrant King to ashes by uttering a curse, he could when duly briefed and feed save the King when in a terrible fix, as did Vasishṭha when he saved the army of Sudās [—throughout written સુદાસ— the spellings of Sanskrit words and names are peculiar in this book, e. g. સ્થૂન for સ્થૂણ, બૃષય for બૃસય, મુદ્ગલાનિ for મુદ્ગલાની, ઘાવા (in ઘાવા-પૃથિવ્યૌ taken as a basic word), etc.] by ordering the rivers to hold up their waters and allow the trapped army a safe and dry crossing— નદીઓએ..... સમગ્ર સેના સામે કાંઠે ઉતરી જઇ શકે તેવો જમીન માર્ગ, પોતાનાં જળને એટલીવાર સંકેલી લઇને કરી આપ્યો. [P. 138]. And yet the author claims that he has written only a matter of fact history and followed the policy of sternly excluding all miraculous happenings—અતિમાનુષ બનાવોને વર્જવાની લેખન-નીતિ. [P. 114]. The book which is from cover to cover a modern and

uptodate Purāṇa, a romantic saga of imaginary Āryanism and an apotheosis of the Brahmin as the crowning glory of Aryan culture, is in the fitness of things dedicated to K. M. Munshi, the champion rampant of Aryanism in spite of his startlingly Semitic name. I will only refer in passing to the exciting philological equations in the book; but two of them deserve special mention, viz., નરસિંહ—નસરિંહ—નહરિહ—નહરિન—નહરેઇન [P. 6.]; and, મિસરનો દેવ ‘રા’ છે,.....(બીજો મત એમ છે કે ‘રાવણ’ કે ‘રાક્ષસ’નું ટુંકું રૂપ ‘રા’ થયું અને મિસર ગયું. [P. 61.] Unfortunately this kind of oversimplified philology is not at all uncommon in India to-day. It is really disheartening to come across such a book by a reputed writer published in the year 1941, and offered, not as a romantic imaginative saga in verse, but as the ripe fruit of critical and historical scholarship in sober prose. Even more distressing is the cheap and flippant but unconsciously self-revealing fling at modern education: સામગ્રી ભેગી કરવા માંડી ત્યાં સુધી મને એટલી ખબર નહિ કે હિંદુસ્તાનમાં વેદયુગને વહેલો ગણવો કે બૌદ્ધ યુગને? આપણી હાલની કેળવણીએ મને કેળવી કેળવીને કેવું માવાદાર કંદ બનાવેલ, તેનો આ પુરાવો. [P. 230]. If this phenomenal ignorance was really there, I am afraid it was not the fault of modern education; it was the fault of that frame of mind which has no curiosity for anything outside the beaten groove, which cannot see where history ends and myth and legend begin, and which Ramanbhai bewailed more than forty years ago when he wrote: હાલ ઇતિહાસ તરફ રૂચિ ખાતર ઇતિહાસ રચવાનું કામ માથે લેવાની વૃત્તિજ જણાતી નથી. ઐતિહાસિક રીતિનું મહત્ત્વ આ દેશમાં હજી પુરું સમજવામાં આવ્યું નથી. સુધારો કરવાને બદલે પાછા હઠવાને વિમાર્ગે ગયેલા દેશાભિમાનવાળી જે વૃત્તિ આ દેશના કેળવણી પામેલા વર્ગમાં હાલ દુર્ભાગ્યે પ્રવર્તિત છે તે ઐતિહાસિક વૃત્તિને પ્રતિકૂલ છે. [કવિતા અને સાહિત્ય, III, p. 207]. Even as late as 1926 he wrote: એમ જણાય છે કે ઇતિહાસ લખવાનો શોખ ગુજરાતી લેખકોમાં હજી જન્મ્યો નથી. ઐતિહાસિક વૃત્તિ ઉત્તમ થાય એવું ઇતિહાસવાચન ગુજરાતી પ્રજામાં ફેલાવો પામ્યું નથી.....કોઈ પ્રકારના આલસ્યથી આપણે અનૈતિહાસિકતામાં બંધાઈ રહ્યા છીએ. જે પ્રજાત્વની ભાવના દેશમાં સ્કુરાયમાન થઈ રહી છે તે પણ ઐતિહાસિક વૃત્તિને ઉત્તેજિત કરતી નથી. [Ibid, p. 71-72]

This is unfortunately too true. As we have already seen, this પ્રવૃત્તિની ભાવના is actually impelling even our teachers and professors of history to falsify history deliberately and our men of letters to indulge in romantic phantasies and palm them off on unsuspecting young readers as sober historical facts. Even so staid and thoughtful a writer as Manilal Nabhubhai suffered from this weakness, and perhaps his considerable powers as a prose writer could not find their fullest and highest expression because he wasted them mostly in apologetics and pressed them religiously into the service of a bigoted but half-westernised orthodoxy,—half-westernised first because of his University education and secondly because of his uncritical acceptance of the flattering sophistries and childish fictions and fairy tales with which the Theosophists captured the minds of educated Indians—particularly Hindus and Parsis—in the eighties and nineties of the last century. Anandashankar Dhruva has more than once praised highly the prose style of Manilal. In one place he writes : એમણે ગુજરાતી ગદ્યમાં અસાધારણ બળ, ગૌરવ, અર્થગાંભીર્ય અને રચનાની ખુબી દાખલ કરી છે. [જયન્તી વ્યાખ્યાનો, p. 181]. Elsewhere he says with even greater emphasis: એમના પહેલાંના ગદ્ય સાહિત્યમાં નર્મદાશંકર અને નવલરામની ભાષામાં કેટલીક ખુબી હતી, પણ અદ્ભુત બળ, વીર્ય, અને અભિમાનભરી મણિલાલની ગદ્ય શૈલી ગુજરાતી ભાષામાં એકલીજ વિરાજે છે. [સાહિત્યવિચાર, pp. 37-38]. It is with much hesitation that I venture to join issue on this point with so competent a critic and master of prose as Anandashankar. But a study of Manilal's chief works has confirmed my early impression that Manilal's prose style does not deserve such high praise. His સિદ્ધાન્તસાર contains efficient prose from the philosophical—Vedantic—point of view; even eloquent in places, and very abstruse in others, but necessarily so. I do not see any original or independent thinking in this work or in his voluminous writings collected in સુદર્શન ગદ્યાવલિ; he always takes his cue from Vedantic classics, and perhaps never goes much beyond their ideas, arguments, analogies, illustrations etc.; and sometimes he takes it from his new masters, the Theosophists. But putting aside the subject matter and thoughts, when we come to the manner, the style, we are baffled by his lack of lucidity, his inequalities, his crudenesses and laxities of phrasing and syntax, and, what is most remarkable in a profound student and professor of Sanskrit, by his vague vocabulary and positively bad Sanskritisms. Even allowing for the misprints so lavishly

spread over the nine hundred odd large pages of સુદર્શન ગદ્યાવાંદે, I have found scores of cases of wrong spellings, wrong genders and wrong uses of Sanskrit words and phrases, such as, આસ્તા, આસ્તાવાળા, આસ્તાનુસાર and અનાસ્તા, વાગ્યાનુરી, લક્ષ (for લક્ષ્ય), ગૃહીતા, મૂલનાસ્તિ કુતો શાખા, પ્રતિગૃહમાં (in every, house), પ્રતિવસ્તુ (every thing), યુવકીઓ, દેશનો રાજ્યતંત્ર, પ્રેમની ઉભા, શંક પ્રતિ શંકે કર્યાત્, સ્વતસ્ત્વ, પોતાને પંડિતમન્ય ઠરાવી (for પંડિત), જેઓ કંઈક વિદ્વદ્વર્ગમાં ખપે છે, અભ્યાસનીય, અનુપદે (at every step), તત્ત્વગૃહણ, રસગૃહણ, અર્થગૃહણ, પ્રતિસલાસદ પાસેથી, પ્રતિવિદ્વાન્..... પોતાનાં લખાણ રજુ કરે, પ્રતિસૂર્યોદયે, વાચકોની કર્તવ્યતા, હૃદયનો દ્રાવ, ઉદ્ભેદક (કાવ્ય), મહાદુર્ઘટ હાનિ, પારિભાષિક (meaning પરિભાષા) તેની ઇચ્છા પ્રમાણે ફરી શકે નહિ, ચિત્ અર્થાત્ જ્ઞાનનો ઘન-વર્ષાદ (given as the corrected meaning of ચિદ્ધન), સપ્રમાણ રીતે નિપુણ, એકાગ્રહબુદ્ધિ, અતિવિદ્વર, etc., etc. Seventeen years ago a writer in the ગુજરાત magazine cited as instances of પ્રેમાવ, શકિત, સમૃદ્ધિવાળી સચોટ અને પ્રૌઢ શૈલી a passage from Manilal's prose containing the following sentences: દલપતશાહીના વિસ્તારમાંથી કરી ભવ્યતા કે સસારતાનો જન્મ થયો નથી. ગુજરાત વના ક્યુલર સોસાઇટી સંશયાત્મક ઉપયોગિતાવાળાં ભાષાંતરો અને નિર્ણય અનુકરણ કરવામાંજ પોતાનાં સમૃદ્ધિ અને સાધનોને અત્યાર સુધી ગુમાવતી રહી છે. કેળવણી ખાતાંની પવિત્ર ઠરાવેલી સીમાની અંદર એક પણ અપૂર્વ લેખ નીવડ્યો નથી. ગુજરાતી સાહિત્યે આ પચાસ વર્ષમાં જે કંઈ વૃદ્ધિ કરી છે, જે કાંઈ નવું સાહિત્ય અને કાવ્યખળ ઉપજવ્યું છે, તે સોસાઇટી અને શાસનાના આશ્રય વિનાનાં સ્થાનોમાં રખડી રજળી, ભીખ માગીને ઉપજવેલું છે.....જગત જે નાના મોટા પ્રકારોથી ખરી વાતને ખોટી ઠરાવી શકે છે, તેવા ધોરણથી કાવ્ય અને સાહિત્યના વિષયનો આ બે વ્યક્તિ વચ્ચે ન્યાય થયો તેથી જે દિગ્ગમીરી થાય તે કરતાં પણ એવા ન્યાયથી ગુર્જર સાહિત્યને જે અપાર હાનિ થઇ છે તે માટે અનેક ગણી દિગ્ગમીરી થઇ છે. As I pointed out then, સંશયાત્મક ઉપયોગિતા and પવિત્ર ઠરાવેલી સીમા are crude Anglicisms for 'doubtful utility' and 'sacred precincts'; and so is I think, વૃદ્ધિ કરી છે for 'has made progress'; the clause જે નાના મોટા પ્રકારો again, remains in the air as the expectation raised by જે is not fulfilled; રખડી રજળીને remains without any subject, as writers and not સાહિત્ય should be the subject; the clause જે નાના મોટા પ્રકારો similarly remains in

the air, and તેવા ધોરણથી usurps their place. These and similar other weaknesses are not uncommon in Manilal's prose. In scores of sentences his inapt use of inappropriate words or his nerveless and sprawling syntax unnecessarily confuses the sense and clouds the expression of ideas that are not at all complex or abstruse, and sometimes he indulges in mere bombast to make a commonplace idea look profound. It is impossible to give and analyse them all here, but I will content myself by quoting a few :

1. આવા યોગ્ય પુરુષને અનુમોદન મળવાથી ગુજરાતને સામાન્યતઃ ધણી લાભની વાત છે. [This is in connection with a proposed fund for preserving the memory of Narmadashankar.]
2. નવીન રચના કરવાનું કામ સુલભ નથી.
3. જે તત્કાળ સર્વને રૂચિ કરાવી પ્રવર્તાવવાના વિષયો છે તેમાં સંખ્યા એ સારો રોચક નિયમ છે.
4. ભાંગી પડવા તૈયાર થયેલી વાતને જ્યારે અનુદૂલ મદદ કરનાર કાઈ મળે છે ત્યારે તેનો નાશ થતાં વાર લાગતી નથી.
5. શુદ્ધિને વિસ્તાર છે, ઉંડાઈ નથી; હૃદયને ઉંડાઈ છે, વિસ્તાર નથી. [Sounds smartly epigrammatic, but has scarcely any meaning when analysed.]
6. અને તે સંબંધના વિકલ્પોમાં એવા આશયનું લખાણ પણ કરે છે કે જેમાંથી વખતે એવો ભાસ પેદા થાય કે અમે તે વાત હોઈએ જે ઇન્દ્રિય ઇન્દ્રિયનો વ્યાપાર યથાર્થ કરે એમાંજ જીવનની કૃતકૃત્યતા છે.
7. પાશ્ચાત્ય સંસર્ગોના ખલમાં [Anglicism for 'on the strength of'] પોતાને સર્વ કરતાં પંડિતમન્ય દરાવી પોતાનો જુદોજ માર્ગ કરી બેઠા છે.
8. વળી એ [પ્રાચીન આસ્તાવાળાની] પ્રતારણા એટલી બધી ફૂર કે ઉગ્ર પણ હોતી નથી કેમકે તેમને હૃદય બળ વિનાના, દબનિશ્ચય વિનાના, પણ પુનર્જન્માદિ દંડના ભયની કાંઈક કલ્પના પણ હોય છે.
9. પરદેશી રાજ્યકર્તા અને આ દેશી પ્રજા તે વચ્ચે મેળ થવામાં મુખ્ય આધકજ્ય એ પરછંદાનુવર્તિત્વ શીખવનાર વ્યક્તિપ્રધાન રાજ્યનિર્મિતિનું ધોરણ છે તે છે.

10. જે પતંગવત લેખલીલા આપણી દૃષ્ટિમર્યાદામાં પ્રતિસૂર્યોદયે ઉદય પામી એ અધિકૃતજ્ઞસ્વીના નૈમિત્તિક અસ્ત સમયે નિતાન્ત નાશ પામે છે તે એનુંજ [નિયમોના અનાદરનુંજ] પરિણામ છે. [Sheer bombast].
11. ‘કલાન્ત કર્વિ’—આ નામનું નાનું ખંડકાવ્ય અમને ઘણા વખતથી મળેલું છે, પરંતુ તે ઉપર અમે આજ સુધી કાંઈ નથી બોલ્યા તે તેનો અનાદર કરીને નહિ પણ એ કાવ્ય જેવો વિષય અમારા આ કાવ્યના રચનારે અમારા ઉપર ‘વિજ્ઞાનવિલાસ’ તથા ‘ગુજરાતશાલા પત્રમાં’ આવેલી ટીકાના જવાબમાં જે લખાણ કયું છે તે મોકલતાં એમ વિનંતિ કરેલી કે તમારે તમારો અભિપ્રાય જરૂર જણાવવો, તથા તે પછી પણ વારંવાર એ વાત અમને સૂચવેલી તેથી આજ કાંઈક લખવાની ઇચ્છા ધારી છે.
12. આર્યાવર્તનું ભૂત અને ભવિષ્ય દિલ્લીના કાંગરાપર બેસીને વિલોકતાં કાગર [કાળસાગર?] ને કીનારે વર્તમાનના ઉગ્ર ઝંપાપાતથી કલ્પના નિમગ્ન મૂર્તિ ભાગ્ય ઉપર હાથ દેતી, નિશ્વાસ નાંખતી, જાગી ઉઠે છે, ને એના એજ વર્તમાનને અનંત ભાવિ રૂપે નિરખે છે.

At his best, Manilal writes a fairly efficient, adequate and sometimes eloquent prose. But too often his prose is turbid or stiff or halting. A large amount of what has been collected in that uncritically and miserably edited collection of articles, reviews etc., called *સુદર્શનગદ્યાવલિ*, is in the nature of journalism, though of course it is journalism at a level much higher than usual and mostly dealing with subjects scarcely touched by popular journals. Much again is sheer special pleading which needs must place a writer at a disadvantage, as he has to make the worse appear the better reason; witness Manilal's hopeless endeavours to get out of the dilemma created by himself by fixing the marriageable age for Hindu girls at sixteen in his *નારીપ્રતિષ્ઠા* and then trying to wriggle out of it in order to fight against the Age of Consent Bill and to keep the age fixed at ten. But putting all these drawbacks aside, and allowing for the difficulty of the subject, when he expatiated—as he did untiringly—on the concepts of Vedanta, there is a general lack of clear-cut precision and lucidity in his language. It is for the same reason that so much of his prose lacks in directness of appeal, vigour and speed. He was not master of his medium as Narmad often, and Navalram much oftner, was; and he certainly never attained in his prose

the extraordinary verve and vigour and rushing speed that Govardhanram sometimes showed when he put aside that maudlin sentimentalist, his Sarasvatichandra, and entered into the skins of the more worldly and matter of fact friends of the hero. Even in the exposition of abstruse philosophical ideas, Anandashankar has certainly surpassed Manilal in the matter of steady control over the language and success in achieving the utmost clarity and precision possible under the difficult circumstances,—rare qualities which make it a pleasure to read some of the most abstruse prose so far written in Gujarati, even though the reader may often be left guessing about the exact meaning of the disquisition. For there is no turbidity or woolliness of style in any of Anandashankar's writings; if there is difficulty in understanding him, it is because the ideation is abstruse, not because the language is inappropriate or the syntax faulty, as is so often the case with Manilal who constantly seems to be struggling painfully with a refractory medium over which he has no mastery.

But for sheer and continuous mastery over the medium, for precision and lucidity of language, for cool, courageous thinking, and for an objective and 'two-eyed' vision, I do not think any Gujarati writer, dead or living, can surpass Ramanbhai Mahipatram. He may not have the robustious rude vigour of Narmad, the urbane and intimate fluency of Navalram, or the rush and speed of Govardhanram at his raciest. But at his best he has the most satisfying prose style of them all; every word seems to be right and in its right place, and not one seems to be too many. I attribute this lucidity and felicity of diction to the admirable poise and sanity of his keenly and courageously logical mind. In his serious writings he necessarily kept his strong sense of humour in check, but the fine sense of proportion which always goes with true humour is fully in evidence in almost everything he wrote. Unfortunately the reputation that he won as a humorist by his famous extravaganza ભદ્રભદ્ર has kept the reading world from his serious writings which appeared mostly in the not very wellknown magazine જ્ઞાનસુધા. Another reason for this neglect was perhaps the unpopularity of the independent and liberal views on social, religious and political matters held and fearlessly propagated by him. In spite of his high opinion of Govardhanram as a writer and his admiration for સરસ્વતીચંદ્ર he could write with strict impartiality about the famous book after pointing out its several defects: વળી એ ગ્રંથમાં માત્ર હિંદુસ્તાનના લોકોને 'આર્ય' પ્રજાનું નામ આપી હાલના હિંદુ સંસારની કેટલીક ખામીઓને આર્યતાના ભૂષણરૂપ કહી છે તેથી કંઈક હાનિ

થાય છે. પોતાની જે ખામીઓ સુધારવા તરફ ચિત્ત વળવું જોઈએ તે ખામીઓ માટે ભ્રમિત અભિમાનની વૃત્તિ આવા નિરૂપણથી પુષ્ટ થવાનો સંભવ રહે છે. [કવિતા અને સાહિત્ય, III, p.208.] This just criticism notwithstanding, Ramanbhai's generous tribute to Govardhanram on the latter's death, contributed to the special Govardhanram issue of the વરુન્ત magazine, is a noble piece of prose, classic in its admirably controlled emotion and just appraisal and praise quietly expressed in gravely sonorous but limpid and choicely phrased sentences that flow smoothly yet strongly from beginning to end. It is one of the finest and most satisfying pieces of prose writing in Gujarati and fully deserves the praise bestowed on it by Vishvanath Bhatt in his introduction to the compilation called નિયંત્રકમાલ.

It was inevitable that so broad-minded, enlightened and scrupulously logical a thinker should see through the special pleading of the reactionary champion of orthodoxy, Manilal Nabhubhai, and some of Ramanbhai's finest and most characteristic prose is to be found in his controversial essays on the subject of social and religious reform. In an earlier review of સરસ્વતી-ચંદ્ર he writes with quiet sarcasm:આ અનુમાનથી રા. મણિલાલના સ્વદેશાભિમાનમાં ખત્રેલ પહેંચિ છે, કેમકે સત્યનું ગમે તે થાય પણ આપણા દેશનું તે સઘળું ઉત્તમ એ સિદ્ધ કરવું એ સ્વદેશાભિમાનનો એક માત્ર હેતુ છે.....તળી, સ્વદેશનું તે અધું સાઈજ એકધું સિદ્ધ કરવામાં સ્વદેશાભિમાનનું કર્તવ્ય સમાપ્ત થતું નથી. પાશ્ચાત્ય ગમે તેવું યોગ્ય હોય પણ તે નહાઈ છે એમ સિદ્ધ કરવું જોઈએ તે માટે રા.મણિલાલ કહે છે કે... [કવિતા અને સાહિત્ય, II, p.317]. These gravely ironical words written a little over fifty years ago have not at all lost any of their point or cogency and are perfectly applicable to the present-day successors of Manilal. Among Ramanbhai's writings contained in the compilation entitled ધર્મ અને સમાજ, only his essay on મોક્ષવિચાર is unusually loosely written. It is controversial and yet brings in matters unknown to the modern reader who has not the other side before him. Hence it is not easy to follow its argument fully, and in places the writing also is not lucid. For instance, one sentence runs : આ ભ્રમતમક અંધ ખેસાડવાના, તત્ત્વજ્ઞાનને અનિષ્ટ, પ્રયત્ન (syncretism) માં લોકોની અપ્રીતિની બીરુતા ને વિર્માગવાની સ્વદેશાભિમાન, અનુદારતા વગેરે ભાવ પુષ્ટ કરે છે. The meaning of this crabbed sentence is : "in this attempt at syncretism, at illusory reconciliation (of irreconcilables) which is opposed to true philosophy, the fear of unpopularity is further helped by sentiments of misguided patriotism, narrow-mindedness etc." Evidently the writer

thought in English and wrote in Gujarati. But this is an exceptional lapse in Ramanbhai. The essay on ડર્મ અને પુર્નજન્મ is an acute and closely reasoned critique of the theory of transmigration, mercilessly exposing the logical weaknesses and large assumptions underlying the theory ; while his essay entitled સનાતન ધર્મ is a masterpiece of prose and provides most interesting and enjoyable reading although devoted to dialectics. In it the writer shows complete mastery of language and maintains a uniform lucidity of exposition. It is an admirable example of what controversial writing should be,—dispassionate and coolly critical. While scrupulously courteous to the violently biased opponent — Manilal — it quietly points out his lack of argument and consequent lack of straightforward reasoning, loss of temper and lack of courtesy ; and thus it refutes and confounds him without going one inch beyond the limits of strictest courtesy and completely turns the tables on him both by its logic and its urbanity. It is a pity these serious writings of Ramanbhai are not better known. One reason is that they have been published in book form in an unattractive and uncritical manner ; another is that they give forceful expression to unpopular and unfashionable views ; the third is, as I have already said, that few among the general reading public know him as anything more than the humorist who wrote ભદ્રભદ્ર. Personally I think this book to be quite unsatisfactory as an artistic whole ; in fact, it is a series of sketches carelessly strung together with no connected story to speak of. It reads like a haphazard hotchpot of adventures and episodes — several inspired by Dickens and a few by 'Don Quixote' — of which many again are uninteresting and even heavy reading. There are longueurs in the book and too much of aimless horseplay and vapid buffoonery. Perhaps much of the point and satire is lost as the personalities pilloried and facts hinted at are to-day unknown to all readers except a few surviving contemporaries of the writer. But the first few chapters are delightful and two have become humorous classics, while many of the speeches put in the mouths of the hero himself and Vallabhram and Prasannamanashankar deliciously caricature the views of educated and uneducated champions of orthodoxy. If carefully edited (the present edition is hopelessly corrupt), and skilfully abbreviated and annotated by somebody who could explain the local and contemporary allusions, it should become what is so rare in Gujarati, a humorous classic, as so much of its irony and sarcasm is of permanent interest and fully applicable even today to the champions of deleterious social customs, and to the mental reserves and weaknesses, and literary affectations, still rampant in Gujarat and Gujarati society.

If Ramanbhai was great as a master of prose he was perhaps greater as a courageous thinker who had a steady devotion to truth for its own sake, and who followed it unhesitatingly wherever his clear vision saw it, regardless of consequences. His literary judgment may at times be at fault, but there never can be any doubt about his open mind, his strict regard for truth and his strict intellectual integrity. Even those who cannot stomach his far-sighted social, religious and political views will be constrained to admit these fine qualities of his pre-eminently sane mind which possessed in an eminent degree that 'sweetness and light' which Matthew Arnold desired in real culture. His more popular antagonist, Manilal, had neither an open mind nor perfect intellectual integrity, as in the nature of the case he could not have, tied down as he was to the task of justifying institutions, customs, beliefs and practices blindly revered through untold generations as sacrosanct and as being even beyond all criticism. Hence in his writings we again and again come across what we never find in Ramanbhai, "pedantic enumerations and distinctions forced on facts rather than extracted from the analysis of them." [Masson Oursel etc., 'Ancient India', p. 95, cited by P. K. Acharya in 'Elements of Hindu Culture', pp. 118-19]. Thus in interpreting the famous Smṛiti verse *नष्टे मृते प्रव्रजिते क्लीबे च पतिते पतौ*, relied upon by advocates of widow-remarriage, he adopted and defended the reading proposed by champions of orthodoxy, *अपतौ* instead of *पतौ*. Ramanbhai was entirely free from these weaknesses and he courageously maintained his integrity though he had to struggle against the spirit of orthodoxy that was resurgent in the eighties and nineties, immensely fortified as it was by unexpected help from some Westerners. The Theosophical movement was in full vigour and neo-Hinduism was becoming strident, bolstered up as it was by Theosophists, Anglo-American Neo-Vedantists of the Vivekananda school like Sister Nivedita, and enthusiastic writers and propagandists like Havell, Woodroffe, Mrs. Besant and others. Undeterred by these odds Ramanbhai kept up his unpopular fight for what he believed to be the truth. And he wrote lucidly because he thought lucidly and coolly and wrote without excitement or flurry. His object was not to prove a thesis by hook or by crook ; his object was to ascertain the truth, of course according to his ability and lights, but just as he saw it, not as he wished to see it. In many ways he reminds one of the great humanists like Erasmus who ushered in the renaissance in Europe in the 15th and 16th centuries, and I do not think it is any exaggeration to say that though Gujarat may have produced more erudite scholars and greater writers than Ramanbhai in the last one hundred years and more,

none of them can be said to have a saner, more far-seeing or more cultured mind than his, and none combined in so eminent a degree perfect integrity and ruthless logic with an unfailing suavity and urbanity of manner. He was a nobleman of nature, and it is a joy to read his noble prose at its best.

I have little to say about Govardhanram who is believed by many to be the greatest writer of prose in Gujarati, and about whom so much has been written by others. He is a very unequal writer, and, in spite of his encyclopaedic erudition, he cannot be said to have a truly scholarly mind or any sense of proportion. His celebrated magnum opus is a hopeless medley of story and speculations, religion and philosophy, history and sociology, economics and politics. His style is extremely unequal; he can be almost ludicrously artificial as in the absurdly praised description of the Darbar and dance in the first volume; almost inanely infantile in the equally absurdly praised prattle of the મધુમદ્ધિ scenes; nauseatingly sentimental as in the endless tearful scenes in which the central figures are the poor-blooded heroine and the egregious hero who spouts verse and weeps and faints at the slightest provocation to his hysterical nerves; windy and prolix in hundreds of arid uninteresting pages of endless prosing in the preposterous third and fourth volumes; and yet, in hundreds of other pages throughout the four volumes, and in a good many especially in the fourth, his style shows extraordinary verve and vigour, point and precision, and, what is rare in Gujarati prose, breathless and exciting speed. If his touch is not always sure, if he has not the courage of Ramanbhai's remorselessly logical mind and therefore falls between two stools, he has in his prose what no other writer has,—an extraordinary variety of manners and styles, all more or less interesting in their own way. It would be a real service to Gujarati literature if the incongruous elements in his encyclopaedic masterpiece were sifted and the story carefully disentangled from the impedimenta and published separately, and the remainder carefully sifted and the matter deserving to be permanently saved published in the shape of essays or discourses. Some such process is necessary if Govardhanram is to emerge from the undeserved neglect into which he has fallen since he reached the acme of his fame about a quarter of a century ago. This is an age of selections and abridgements and only serious students and scholars can have the patience to wade through this enormous and floundering medley.

Narasimharao Divatia is admired by many both as poet and as prose writer. I confess that his poetry does not appeal to me, and I think that in prose he generally fails to establish direct contact with the reader. With all his extraordinary care in the use of words and his endeavour to convey his meaning exactly to the reader, there is something academical, something even laboured and artificial, in his diction. In spite of his constant endeavour to be humorous or sarcastic and even jocular, he somehow fails to establish intimate relations with the reader. Perhaps his scrupulous habit of leaving out nothing and leaving nothing to the imagination or knowledge of the reader and his consequent over-elaboration of detail and phrase contributed a good deal to this feeling of dissatisfaction and disappointment which his prose leaves on the mind of even a sympathetic reader. Narsimharao always had the reputation of being a dour controversialist and a 'fighting writer'—Maganbhai Patel in his controversy with me called him *ઝડપી પ્રિય નરસિંહરાવ*—but even a man wickedly fond of literary scraps like me cannot wholeheartedly enjoy any of the castigations he inflicted on so many of his victims. Here, too, it was his overelaboration and over-caution that marred the effect,—and also perhaps his unwillingness to let himself go and hit hard—a common weakness with our over-gentlemanly Gujarati men of letters. In fact the teacher and professor in him was always in the ascendant, and I for one regard him as a greater scholar than writer. I fully agree with Vishvanath Bhatt's admirably just and acute estimate of Narasimharao's prose as being too scholastic and his style as being *વિલક્ષણ, કટુ, ગંભીર અને કૃત્રિમ*. [Introduction to *નિબંધમાલા*, p. 27]. But I can not agree when Bhatt compares Narasimharao with Ramanbhai and writes: *રમણભાઈની શૈલીમાં એક મોટો દોષ છે ખરો, અને તે નરસિંહરાવના જેવું દીર્ઘ સૂત્રીપણું. એમના ગદ્યનું પોત ઘટ્ટ નથી*. [Ibid, p. 29]. In fact, Bhatt has confounded Ramanbhai's fulness and thoroughness in the matter of developing his thesis with the overelaboration of style and the consequent overfulness and inelasticity of sentences that retard the progress of Narasimharao's prose. For Bhatt himself admits an *અનિવાર્ય અને ઊર્ધ્વ સંબંધ* in the sentences of Ramanbhai's prose which he also praises for *શબ્દપ્રભુત્વ, પ્રવાહ and વેગ*. If these qualities of mastery over words, inevitable and spontaneous connection between sentence and sentence, fluency and speed are conspicuous in Ramanbhai's prose, how can it be said that his prose is lacking in firm texture—એમના ગદ્યનું પોત ઘટ્ટ નથી ?

I would not have especially mentioned K. M. Munshi as a prose writer had it not been for the glowing, almost staggering, estimate of him as perhaps the greatest Gujarati writer of prose, contributed to his own 'Gujarata And Its Literature' by Iraj Taraporevala who writes: "Munshi, as a prose writer, is among those of the first rank in the language; to the minds of some he has no equal among the modern writers of Gujarati prose." [P. 342]. I do not know if competent Gujarati critics—not the general reading public that hails as a supreme genius every new popular writer till another luminary dawns on their horizon and draws to himself their fickle worship, but the discerning and competent few who can judge for themselves—really believe Munshi to be supreme and unequalled among Gujarati writers of prose, or even a front rank writer of prose. I personally have not the least doubt that to say that "he has no equal among the modern writers of Gujarati" is simply preposterous. A man who can scarcely write a paragraph without rant or rhapsody or rhetoric, or without being guilty of a solecism or a bad spelling or a bad Sanskritism or a wrong use of words, and without showing some lapse of taste that sets the critical reader's teeth on edge, can certainly not be called a great prose writer, let alone one who "has no equal among the modern writers of Gujarati prose". To speak nothing of others, even Lilavati Munshi is a far better writer of prose, and has undoubtedly a better and surer sense of style, than Kanaiyalal Munshi. Take his most admired piece of prose writing, શિશુ અને સખી, which, according to the usually staid Taraporevala for once grown lyrical, has "welled forth from his inmost being quite spontaneously in an increasing stream of rhythmic prose of beauty and power". As in so many of Munshi's rhetorical writings, everything in it sounds faked, hollow and theatrical—his loves, his spiritual or love ecstasies, his politics, his disgust of the law courts and legislative bodies (to which he incontinently rushed soon after indulging in these heroics), his crude theatricalities about famous places visited by him in Europe—everything is ridiculously exaggerated and unconvincing, and rings false. In India, he sees snakes keeping time to the trills and roulades of Sadhus, and giant crocodiles with wide gaping jaws making sweet eyes at village beauties—સાધુઓના તાનને ડોલતા સર્પો તાલ આપે છે, ને મોં ફાડી તીરે પડેલા મકરરાજને માઠી નજરે પનિહારીનાં આમ્ય લટકાં જોઇ હરખે છે. I don't know about the snakes, but the crocodiles certainly showed less આમ્ય taste in their amorous glances than Munshi does in the unfortunate book. When in Europe, he sings પ્રભાતિયાં in Naples; he reverently asks questions of the stone image of

the She-Wolf of Rome—**વડચ્યોની વીરમાતાની પ્રતિમાને શેમનોની.....અગતાનાં** રહસ્યો પુછ્યાં; he devoutly places the sacred dust of the Bastille on his head—**આસ્ટીલની પવિત્ર રજ માથે ચઢાવી**; at the Joan of Arc Memorial he prays for inspiration with folded hands—**જોન આર્કના સ્મરણ મંદિરે હાથ જોડી પ્રેરણા પાચી**. All these things would be simply idiotic if done actually; if merely imagined, they are silly and puerile theatrical fictions. And all these insincerities are aggravated by the insufferably inflated, affected, meretricious, strident bombast, rendered still more ridiculous by the hopelessly bad spelling and grammar of Sanskrit words and names, and wrong ignorant use of Sanskrit and vernacular words. In the three words **અદ્ભૂતરંગી પાર્શ્વ કૌથી પરિવૃત્ત**, he makes three shockingly bad mistakes. Short as the book is, it is a task to read to the end this cheap and trashy and insincere attempt at autobiography and self-revelation. In fact the writer is not revealing his real self at all; he is only acting and attitudinising with stage paint and trappings put on, while the gorgeously multicoloured lime light is kept steadily beating on his histrionic antics. Every page of this book, every second page of almost everything he has written, is vitiated by this artificiality and by effervescing schoolboy enthusiasms, and lacks the genuine ring of sincerity. Even for sound literary history I would unhesitatingly follow the sober and plodding works of Krishnalal Jhaveri than the flashy and pretentious but very badly written 'Gujarata and Its Literature'—a book which Munshi claims as his own, but which Vishvanath Bhatt and others flatly deny is all his.

In an altogether different class stands Lilavati Munshi as a prose writer, and especially as writer of biographical sketches and autobiography. I would willingly give fifty rubbishy outpourings of Narcissist exhibitionism like **શિશુ અને સપ્તી** for Lilavati's autobiography, if and when it is completed in the vein in which its first few chapters (which I had the privilege to see in manuscript) were written. As a writer she has far more sense of language and far more integrity than her too facilely versatile husband. With the true instinct of the artist she has avoided the crude and callow sensationalism and the ridiculously inflated staccato style affected by Munshi in so many of his most praised writings. It is a great pity if under the baneful influence of her husband she has ceased to be a genuine writer and turned a mere politician. The painfully self-educated woman writes incomparably better prose, and with far better taste, than the man who is supposed to be highly educated and is absurdly eager to show off his 'culture' and knowledge of English and continental and Sanskrit philosophy and

literature, and fond of reeling off names famous (and otherwise) in history and literature and art, in science and philosophy and religion—he does not wince to include Marie Corelli among the immortals—like a clever and pert schoolboy eager to show off his freshly acquired information. He wrote better, sometimes quite well, in his early romances written under the direct inspiration of Dumas—according to Vijayray Vaidya, Vishvanath Bhatt and others, directly plagiarised from Dumas;—but early success seems to have aggravated the initial vices of style, and his over-confidence in his powers has made him extremely careless and slipshod in the use of even ordinary language. Of his last romance જ્ય સૈમનાથ, he says in his preface: હુમાની છાપ કુંકે અંશે સરી ગઈ છે. This is perhaps the reason why the book is so uninteresting, so lifeless and wooden. Unhistorical and inaccurate in detail, (he calls the invader મહામદ, મહમદ, મહમૂદ, મહમુદ, but rarely મહમદ),—it is a dull story so mechanically constructed that the mechanism creaks. It is full of schoolboyish exaggeration, affectation, stagey effects, theatrical situations, exasperating mannerisms and extremely slipshod language, full of wrong spellings, bad Sanskritisms, crude Anglicisms, and bad syntax. The steady decline in Munshi's powers as a writer after his early successes culminates in જ્ય સૈમનાથ.

Among living writers, B. K. Thakor has a great reputation as a writer of ધનિષ્ઠ યક્ષિત્ત પ્રોસે, and as a model for prose writers: as Ramnarayan Pathak puts it: આપણા થોડા સારા યક્ષિત્ત ધાનેષ ગદ્યશૈલીના પેખકામાં પ્રો. કંકારનું અનન્ય સ્થાન છે, અને ગુજરાતી ગદ્ય.....માં કામ કરનારને પણ તેમના ગદ્યની તાલીમની એટલીજ જરૂર છે. [કાવ્યની શક્તિ etc., p. 347]. In her interesting survey આપણું વિવેચનસાહિત્ય, Hira Mehta also writes, while admitting his over-elaboration : છતાં તેમની શૈલી અર્થઘન અને સંકુલ છે. આવાં અનેક વાક્યો, અનેક વિશેષણો વગેરેના આઘ્યા આવતા સાબનમાબનથી વીંટળાયેલી, રાજદરબારમાં સોહે તેવી ભારે, સઘનગંભીર અને ડોહતી કરિણી જેવી તેમની શૈલી છે. [P.221]. I don't know if the lady critic is being slyly ironical in using the doubtful word સંકુલ and in comparing Thakor's style with a ડોહતી કરિણી. But to my mind a closer parallel would have been the Ghaut engine which painfully crawls up a steep gradient and makes infinitely more sound and smoke than speed. And I would certainly not tell young writers, as Ramnarayan has done, to imitate Thakor's prose style. Perhaps the example of Vijayray Vaidya, who seems to have taken Thakor for his model, ought to be

a standing warning to those who are tempted to imitate Thakor. For all the defects in Narasimharao's style will be found exaggerated manifold in Thakor's prose. It may be a very full style, a very cautious style, a very logical and even legal style, but it is not a style that it is any pleasure to read. It reminds me of the awful English style beloved of our pettifoggers with their "houses and buildings and messuages and tenements"; and construing Thakor's prose is pretty often like construing a legal document drafted by a Solicitor lavishly and overscrupulously generous about words, if not about other things. Vishwanath Bhatt is not at all too severe when he says Thakor's prose is શબ્દાળી and lacking in સુરેખતા, and when he cautiously writes: એમનું ગદ્ય અકલિષ્ટ છે એવો દાવો કરી શકાય એમ નથી. પ્રહલુધારણા-પટ્ટ વાંચકને પણ એમનું ગદ્ય એક કરતાં વધુ વાર વાંચવું પડે એવા ખંડા એમના ગદ્યમાં વિરલ નથી. [સાહિત્યસમીક્ષા, pp. 261-262]. In his essay entitled વિરિક, which seems to be fundamentally vitiated by the false premise that poetry is essentially ethical, Thakor writes : માણસનો પરમસ્વાર્થ માણસાર્થ કેળવવા બીજવવાનાજ હોઈ શકે એ ન્તે સાચું, તો કવિતા પામે સમુત્કાન્ત સહાયકતા માંગવામાં આપણે તેને મામૂલી ઉપયોગો માટેની કલા કરીગરીઓ કરતાં અપ્રેમય બિંચી લઇને ધાર્મિક જીવન અને નીતિમય જીવનની નિષ્કામેજીવલ કલાઓની પૂજ્ય હારમાં બેસાડિયે બિંચે.....

It is true that we can get at the sense of the sentence somehow, but is it good prose? To speak nothing of the fallacy in using the word કલા in two senses, one literal the other metaphorical, even the syntax is defective as એ ન્તે સાચું is used in the unusual and un-Gujarati sense of "if we admit",— or else the verb does not fit in with the conditional clause; સહાયકતા is a doubtful Sanskritism; the adverbial use of અપ્રેમય is wrong; બિંચી લઇને is a doubtful idiom; and નિષ્કામેજીવલ is another doubtful Sanskritism, if it is intended to mean "ઉજીવલ because it is નિષ્કામ". Here is another passage from the same essay : વળી વિરિકમાં અમુક વિષયો જોઇએ, અમુક પ્રકારના વિષય હોય તોજ કાવ્ય વિરિક ગણાય, એ ધર્મ મુકાબલે સ્થૂલ, એટલે ક્રમે ક્રમે વિશેષ ભાર, કર્તાનું દષ્ટિબિંદુ એ સૂક્ષ્મધર્મ ઉપર આવતો ગયો. અને તોપણ, ધર્મ જેમ સૂક્ષ્મ તેમ તેની અમુક દાખલામાં પ્રધાનતા વિશે મતભેદને અવકાશ વધારે, એટલે વિષયવિશિષ્ટતાનો ધર્મ, સ્થૂલતાને લીધેજ વધારે અસંદિગ્ધ હોવાથી, અથચ વિરિક તરીકે સ્વીકારાય ગયેલી શિષ્ટ અને જૂની અને પ્રસિદ્ધ કૃતિઓમાંથી કેટલીકમાં પછીના કાલને મુખ્ય વિશિષ્ટતા કાવ્ય વિષયનીજ લાગે છે એવા ઐતિહાસિક કારણથી, એ બીજા ધર્મ પણ વિરિક કાવ્યગતિ વિશેષના આપણા વ્યાપક સમીક્ષણમાં ગોળ ગણી શકાય એવો નથી. There is nothing abstruse, nothing difficult, in the idea .

expressed in these sentences; there is nothing technical in it; in fact, it is a commonplace idea about certain facts of literary history. But the sentences require to be read several times before their commonplace meaning becomes clear to the average reader. Disputing Narasimharao's translation of an English sentence, Thakor retorts: આ પોતે ગુજરાતી લખ્યું છે કે સંસ્કૃત ? I am inclined to ask a similar question about so much that Thakor has written: "Is it Gujarati?"

Gujarati prose has gone far since it began to be used just about a century ago for serious literary and other purposes. For it was only after 1850 that prose worth the name began to be written in Gujarati, and when we consider the almost primitive prose, which scarcely deserved the name, that was written before that date, the sudden maturing and flowering it showed, along with the vernacular prose in so many provinces of India, is a wonderful phenomenon and a remarkable tribute to the marvellous fructifying effect of English education. With his usual critical sanity and insight, Ramanbhai put his finger on the source when he attributed the growth of the critical spirit in modern India to English education. Referring to ઈંગ્રેજ વિદ્યાનો સંસર્ગ અને તેથી ઉત્પન્ન થયેલી સદસદ્વિવેચનની શુદ્ધિ, he writes : આ શુદ્ધિને પાશ્ચાત્ય વિદ્યાનો મોહ કહી મિથ્યા દેશાભિમાનથી ભ્રમિત થયેલા પુરુષો નિન્દે છે. તેમને ખબર નથી કે સદસદ્-વિવેચનની શક્તિ (critical faculty) પાશ્ચાત્ય સંસર્ગથી આપણામાં જન્મી ચક્ર છે એ ખેદ કરવા જેવું નથી, પણ આપણામાં તે પહેલાં થયેલા વખતથી નહોતી અને હાલ પણ બહુ ઓછી છે તે ખેદનો વિષય છે. [કવિતા અને સાહિત્ય, II, p. 20]. Although written fifty years ago, these words have not lost their value and they require to be constantly and steadily kept in view to-day when persons in high places come forward to thunder, I am afraid rather foolishly, against English education and Western influences. Without the critical faculty emphasised by Ramanbhai there can be no good prose capable of dealing with all possible subjects. As he rightly insisted : ભવ્યમાં ભવ્ય અને સુંદરમાં સુંદર કર્પનાઓ પ્રકટ થઈ શકે, ઉચ્ચમાં ઉચ્ચ અને ગહનમાં ગહન વિચારો પ્રકટ થઈ શકે,.... સાહિત્ય, ઇતિહાસ, તત્ત્વજ્ઞાન, નીતિમીમાંસા, સૃષ્ટિવિજ્ઞાન, અર્થશાસ્ત્ર, રાજ્યશાસનશાસ્ત્ર, ગણિતશાસ્ત્ર, ભાષાશાસ્ત્ર, ન્યાયશાસ્ત્ર, ધર્મશાસ્ત્ર, ઇત્યાદિ અનેક વિષયોના ઊંડામાં ઊંડા વિચારો પ્રકટ થઈ શકે, એવું ગુજરાતી ભાષાનું સામર્થ્ય અંધાવું નેહએ. [કવિતા અને સાહિત્ય III, pp 131-132]. In spite of the remarkable progress made by Gujarati prose between 1850 and 1900, have we gone further in the last forty years and more ? Have we developed a prose capable of meeting the various demands enumerated by Ramanbhai? To speak nothing of such technical subjects as the mathematical and natural sciences, has our prose developed sufficient capacity for dealing with the remaining subjects mentioned by him?

Even for such purely literary subjects as history or essay writing or criticism, have we evolved a competent standardised idiom ? I am inclined to agree with Ramanbhai when he writes :જેવી સુદૃઢ, સુધટિત તથા મધુર શૈલીવાળું ગદ્ય સામર્થ્યવાન થાય તેમ છે તેવું ગદ્ય ગુજરાતી ભાષામાં હજી બંધાયું નથી. [Ibid, p. 71].

And everyone must also agree with what he rightly says elsewhere : ગુજરાતી ભાષાના સાહિત્યમાં વિચારનું દારિદ્ર શૈલીનું દારિદ્ર ઉત્પન્ન કરે છે [Ibid, p.249].

The first requisite our aspirants to literary fame as prose writers should always keep in mind is to eschew emotionalism as a deadly poison, or at any rate to keep it in severe subordination to thought and reason. Naturally, therefore, they will do well to suppress or keep in check the natural tendency of early youth to emotionalism and the consequent fatal habit of verse writing. As it is, we have perhaps too many songsters so many of whom work up their emotions to the point of hysterics; why must even a gushingly emotional writer of advanced years go out of his way to develop this poetic idiocy so late in life and write such stuff as a prothalamium with the refrain આવી હો, આવી હો, દેયા કેરી દાર જો ! and that too repeated eight times ? This is the age of reason and prose, and we must learn to write sensibly and reasonably rather than try our untried wings in unnecessary flights of poetic fancy. From this point of view, Thakor's advice to young writers is of particular interest : જ્ઞાન ચેતનરક્ત વધારો, સાફ ગદ્ય લખવાના મહાવરો પાડો, ભાષા-શક્તિ મેળવો અને ખીલવો,.....એમ કરતાં કરતાં પ્રેરણા જાગશે અને યોગ્ય વિષય જરૂરે અને ખીલવી શકશો, તો તદ્દમે પણ કવિ થશો, કેમ નહીં ? [ગદ્યનવનીત, p. 239].

I can not understand why Thakor wants to encourage young aspirants first to become good prose writers and then to turn to poetry. I would rather reverse the process and tell young writers to practise strict verse writing in order to work off the measly fever of emotionalism and as a good exercise for gaining some control over words, and then give it up before it forms and grows into an unfortunate and dangerous habit like drug-addiction. Here again I would endorse Ramanbhai's shrewd advice to literary aspirants : 'ખીજી કવિ થાય અને અમે ન થઈએ ?' એ ઇચ્છા સ્વાભાવિક છે, અને દ્રાઈને કવિ થતાં અટકાવી શકાતું નથી;.....પણ ગુજરાતી ભાષામાં ન્હાનાં છુટક કાવ્યો લખવાનું હાલનું વલણ કાંઈક ટૂંકિમ છે, કાંઈક નક્લી છે, એમ મને લાગે છે, અને એ પધરચના કરનારનો પ્રયાસ ખીજી દિશામાં વાળવાથી ગુજરાતી સાહિત્યને લાભ થવાનો સંભવ છે એમ હું માનું છું. [કવિતા અને સાહિત્ય, III, p.293]. I would go further and say that even making a very indifferent pair of sandals is certainly preferable to, and more beneficial to mankind than, making an indifferent poem in these days of prose. For as Thakor himself admits : આ આપણો અર્વાચીન સાહિત્યયુગ'

પદ કરતાં બેશક પોતાની ગદ્ય કૃતિઓએ ચડિયાતો છે. [સાહિત્ય અને પ્રગતિ, p. 277]; and he himself admits in despair that he has now given up the hope, which he had upto 1920, of seeing a great epic poem appearing in his lifetime. [આપણી કવિતાસમૃદ્ધિ-પ્રવેશક, p. 33]. I would venture to suggest that he should give up verse writing himself and induce other writers of verse, especially અર્થધન verse, to do so and take to prose writing, particularly as so many of them are doing in crabbed, unintelligible and unlovely verse what they can surely do better in straightforward, intelligible prose. Anyone who compares Thakor's rather hazy and cryptic sonnet called અચલશ્રદ્ધા with his own prose commentary on it must see the undoubted superiority of his prose here which, for once, is exceptionally lucid and even eloquent [Quoted by Pathak and Parekh in કાવ્યપરિચય, II, p. 154]. And if a thing can be better done in prose, it is certainly wrong to do it in verse.

Before I close this rambling discourse, I should like to refer to some aspects of our modern prose. More than twentyfive years ago, Mahadev Desai showed me some pages of his translation of Morley's 'On Compromise' and asked my opinion about the version. I told him to show it to an educated Gujarati who knew his own language and Sanskrit well but did not know any English, and added that if such a judge found no fault with the language and could intelligently understand the trend of each sentence and follow the sequence of thought without difficulty, then the translation should be adjudged to be a good and successful rendering and to have achieved its object. I find now that Navalram, writing nearly sixty years ago, said almost the same thing with a significant difference : અમારે એ દૃઢ મત છે કે દરેક લખનારે પોતાના વાંચનાર અંગ્રેજી કે સંસ્કૃત ભણેલા નથી એમ ઉદ્દેશીને લખવું જોઈએ. [નવલગ્રંથાવલિ (તારણ) p. 166]. Now that Sanskritisation has inevitably made considerable progress, the emphasis naturally falls on the Anglicisation alone of word, phrase, idiom and turn of thought which it is so difficult to avoid when translating anything from the English language. For, a Gujarati translation, — or for the matter of that anything written in the language, — must be, first and foremost, Gujarati, — Gujarati not only in words, but also in syntax, in idiom, in turn of phrase, in everything. "Is this Gujarati?" is the first question that comes to mind when I see so much of modern prose by well known men of letters admired by the reading public and even by our critics. So much of our prose is intelligible only because we know English, and know it well ; the mode of thought, the turn of expression, even the book idioms, are taken over from English and reproduced undigested in crude Gujarati. This does

not mean that we should object to all Anglicisation and Anglicisms. In the circumstances, a certain amount of Anglicisation is inevitable; the wise old adage राजा कालस्य कारणम् supplies the one sufficient reason for this new orientation of our language and idiom. When Persophil Muslims ruled India, almost every Sanskrit vernacular was influenced by Persian, in vocabulary, in forms of address, in usages, in idioms. Almost every revenue term in Gujarat and Maharashtra is Persian in origin; and in spite of alleged attempts made by Shivaji and his Brahmin advisers to replace the Mlechchha vocabulary by an indigenous one, — they are said to have compiled a special राजव्यहार कोश with that object,—the influence of Delhi proved so irresistible that a special dictionary of Persian and Arabic words in actual use in Marathi or employed in old documents had to be compiled some years ago. Even to-day when Chiefs of Southern Maratha States send out state letters called 'Kharitas' on ceremonial occasions, each letter begins and ends with sonorous terms of address, complimentary phrases etc., in fine and courtly though corrupt Persian. A letter written to Elphinstone in 1822 begins : साहेब महारबाज करम फर्माय दोस्तां.....अज दिल येखलास साधवराव अनंत.....बादज सलाम आंकि येथील खैरायत जाणून आपली शादमानी हमेशा कलमी करीत असावी. दर्री विला..... and it ends : हर हमेशा खत रवाना करून महारबाजगीची तरकी करीत असावे.....जियादा काय लिहिणे. प्यार महोबत कीजे. हे किताबत. [साधनपरिचय by D. V. Apte and Oturkar, p. 320]. A Chief's letter to the Governor about 90 years later begins : गुलषने नवेद बहारे दौलत व कामरानीए गुले हम्मत व इज्जत गिरामी कद्र.....हिज एक्सलेन्सी.....बादिले इखलास.....राव बादिले षोक व तवासिलात आंके दर्री अय्याम आं साहेबां कारणे मकरसंक्रमण निमित्त शर्करायुक्ततीळ पाठविण्यांत येत आहेत.....Another written in 1922, full one hundred years after the one written to Elphinstone quoted above, is an invitation to a high Government official to the wedding of a minor Raja from the Rani Regent, and is another magnificent tribute to the wonderful hold Delhi must have gained on the imagination of Maharashtra. It begins: आजम अकरम...साहेब...दाम महबत हू—रफाजत व आली मर्तबत हशामत व मआली मंजिलत अजदिल इखलास राणी...सलाम बादज सलाम...दर्री अय्याम बरखुर्दार नूरचम राजे... यांची शादी...अजी सबब लग्नोत्साहाचे समारंभास आं वालाशानांचें आमदन होऊन शादीची मजलस रोषन केली पाहिजे...शहर सन इसरे सलासीन सालस मया व अलफ, रवाना १० शाबान... Compared with this overwhelming Persianisation of Marathi, Gujarati or, for the matter of that, any vernacular, has not at all been Anglicised from the point of view of vocabulary. The Anglicisation of modern vernaculars

is subtler ; it is not our words that are Anglicised, it is our ideas, our modes of thought, our turns of phrase and expression, our idioms, our forms of address that have imperceptibly become Anglicised. To mention only a few. કેમ છે, સન્નારીઓ અને ગૃહસ્થો, આપનો આજ્ઞાકિત, are all Anglicisms; when even a purist like Ramnarayan Pataak writes દરેક દાખલો પોતાના ગુણદોશ ઉપર જોવો જોઈએ, or આપણા ચિન્તનોની નીચે.....કોઈ અંતિમ સત્ય હોતું નથી, or આપણા જીવનમાં હજી દરિયાએ પ્રવેશ કર્યો નથી, or શાશ્વત ત્રિકોણ આપણા વાર્તાસાહિત્યમાં વણી જગા રોકે છે, or એવો આની નીચે પ્રદ નથીજ, or આ ગુણની સપાટી, he unconsciously employs Anglicisms; and so does Khabardar when he writes માનવી, તું અનંતવતું આળ છે; when Munshi writes (એની નજરમાં) પરિચયની ઉખા નહોતી, he employs a more unhappy Anglicism; or when he writes તમે જઈ રોકો છો he takes over one from Hindi-Urdu, made current by Gandhi. But, I repeat, such Anglicisms of thought, phrase, idiom, word are under the circumstances inevitable and it is no use bewailing them or trying to keep them out ; the only thing to do is to avoid such extremes as Munshi's શરીર અતિઓ ધીમે-ધીમે એ વિજયીવીરના જત્ર નીચે સેવા લેવા લાગી, or Thakor's અદેખી શેઠાણી in the idiomatic English sense of 'jealous mistress', applied to Manubhai Mehta's state service રાજપ્રકરણી અને વહિવટી સેવા which prevented him from serving literature. Such crudities and literal translations can be easily avoided if a little care is taken, a little discretion is used, a little sense of proportion is cultivated. How crudely literal our men of letters can be will become amusingly evident from the following masterpiece of translation which might be taken at the first blush for a deliberate caricature of the art of mistranslation : જો કોઈ હયાત શ્વેત દહાડી લાંબા દિવસો અદ્વવાને સ્વર્ગની પ્રાર્થના કરે તો મને લાગે છે કે તેનો યોગ્ય અદલો હદાપલભ્યા દશ તથક્કા થશે,—which is supposed to say in Gujarati what the following English verses say so plainly :

If any greybeard lives that prays
To heaven to send him length of days,
Methinks his just reward should be
Ten decades of senility.

And this translation appeared in a leading literary magazine like the 'Vasant' edited by a wideawake scholar and writer like Anandashankar Dhruva. Nearly sixty years ago Navalram wrote in an acute criticism of H. H. Dhruva's એક ચિત્ર દર્શન and of other writings in Sanskritised

Gujarati, which, he said, even Sanskrit scholars unacquainted with English would not understand : તેનાં કારણ અમારી નજરે એ આવે છે, એક તો એ કે શબ્દ તો સંસ્કૃત પણ વાક્યની ગૂંથણી કેવળ અંગ્રેજી દબને અનુસરતી કરવામાં આવી હોય છે; અને બીજું, જે સંસ્કૃત શબ્દો વાપરેલા હોય છે તે તે ભાષાના રૂઢ શબ્દો નહિ પણ અંગ્રેજી ભોલનું ભાષાંતર કરવાને અર્થે બહુધા નવાજ કદપી કાઢેલા હોય છે.....અમે અમારા પોતાના અનુભવ ઉપરથી જાણીએ છીએ કે અંગ્રેજી ભણેલાને પ્રથમ પ્રયાસે શુદ્ધ તથા સરળ ગુજરાતી લખવું એ મહામુશ્કેલ કામ છે.....કેમકે અંગ્રેજી જ્ઞાન અમુક સ્થિતિએ પહોંચ્યા પછી વિચાર પ્રથમ અંગ્રેજીમાં જ સૂઝે છે અને પછીથી વ્યભાષામાં તેનો તરજીમો કરવા જેવું જ ગ્રંથ રચનારનું કામ થઈ પડે છે. [નવલગ્રંથાવલિ (તારણ), p. 162].

These weaknesses of Gujarati prose written by our University men have not disappeared in the nearly sixty years that have passed since Navalram made this complaint. How is it that in the prose of Marathi writers of exactly the same class these weaknesses are so rarely to be seen, if, indeed, at all ? One and perhaps the main reason is, that the general level of Sanskrit learning has always been higher in Maharashtra than in Gujarat, and the Sanskritisation of literary Marathi began much earlier and has reached a higher level than in Gujarat. No Marathi writer of any repute would write માધે મેધે ગતં વયમ્, સમત્વં યોગમુચ્યતે like Nanalal ; or આસ્તા and અનાસ્તા, શઠં પ્રતિ શઠં કુર્ચાત્ and ચિત્ અર્થાત્ જાનતો થન—વર્ષાદ like Manilal Nabhubhai ; or ધ્યાયતો વિષયાનુસિ સંગસ્તેષુપજાયતે like Maga. bhai Chaturbhai Patel ; or concoct scores of such monstrosities as નીતિ નિર્લિપ્તિક, ભાગ્યવદ્ધર્મ, વૈયાકરણિય (for grammarian), આતિનંતિક, હે જાતવેદો, (evidently taking the word transliterated 'jātavedas' in English to be a plural of જાતવેદ), મુમુક્ષોઓ etc., like Munshi ; or અપરંપાર (to mean 'non-traditional') અશ્વાર, અશ્વારી etc., like Vijayray Vaidya. About fifteen years ago champions of the vernaculars in our University made a dead set against Sanskrit and wanted to oust it as a dead useless language from the University curricula. What I wrote at that time protesting against the move is equally applicable to-day and the following passage is quite pertinent to my present argument: "There is not one writer of pure Gujarati of any note to-day who can do without Sanskrit, or who would not be benefited by a good working knowledge of that language." [*Times of India*, 2-7-1926]. In fact the Sanskrit vernaculars must absorb more and more of Sanskrit words till the saturation point is reached and each vernacular can stand as independently of Sanskrit

as English now can of Latin. This will be nothing new. For it seems that as early as the 13th and 14th centuries Gujarati as written by Jains was Sanskritised to a remarkable degree. In the selections from old Gujarati prose ranging between Samvat 1330 and 1500, entitled પ્રાચીન ગુજરાતી ગદ્યસંદર્ભ, this phenomenon becomes quite evident on page after page of such Gujarati as the following : કિસિઉ તે સીલ ? રૂપ્ય પિંડ પાંદુર, અહ્ભુત પ્રભાડ'ગર, રકેતાપલસુક્રમાલ તાલ, તાલૂ લાગી આરક્તગિહ્વા જિસિઉં દુર્ગ અશેક પ્રવાલ ; નિસ્તીર્ણકશર સટાશોભિત સ્કંધ, વજ્રસાર શરીરબંધ; પ્રવર પીવર પ્રંદાઇ, કમલદલરકેતાઇ; તીલ્લુદાવાવિડંબિતવદન, પરાકમતબુડિં સદન;.....અકલ અગંગિત, સપલ અપરાગિત; અળીલ, એવંવિધ દીલઉં સીલ; કાલ એતલઇ પ્રતાપિ ઉદ્યાતપાલકિ રાગિંદ્ર વીનવિઉં દેવ! આજી પુષ્પાવતંસકિ ઉદ્યાનિ બહુ શિષ્ય પરિગ્રુતુ ચતુર્ગાની સુરાસુર નરેશ્વર નમસ્કૃતુ શ્રી ગુણુંધર નામિ સુગુરુ સમોસરિકિ બ્રહ્મ.' જિમ મેધતબુડિ ગર્જિતુ સાંભલી કરી મયુર નાચન નિમ તેલનઉ વચન સાંભલિ કરી રાઉ દરવિઉ, દરિતરકંધ સમારટુ પુત્રમિત્રાદ પરિવાર પરિગ્રુત મહાંત ઋદ્ધિસમુદય કરી ગુરુપાદ વાંદિયા રાઉ પુલનઉ. [Pp. 150 and 3].

But this does not mean that Gujarati and other vernaculars should be flooded with Sanskrit words and the languages made to appear like unnatural and artificial dialects. This tendency to Sanskritisation, and employment of Sanskrit words in unwarranted senses seems to have reached preposterous limits in Bengali and Hindi. There is a pious fiction abroad that even the peasants of Bengal sing Tagore's Bengali songs. I do not know Bengali, but I have examined several of Tagore's popular songs and seen in the 'Mānasi' [Vol. II, No. 1, વસંત પંચમી, ૧૯૯૨] a line for line translation of his long poem 'Bhāshā o Chhanda'. All the songs I have seen are so fearfully Sanskritised that the Bengali peasants who are said to sing them must be સાહિત્યભૂષણ's of Nuddea or at least the Kāshi Vidyāpitha. Fifteen years ago one of Tagore's popular songs went the round of the press in most provinces, and I then read the Hindi, Marathi and Gujarati translations of it in the press. Three of the lines ran in the original: પતન અમ્યુદયબંધુર પંથા યુગયુગ ધાવિત યાત્રી હે ચિરસારથિ તવ રથ ચક્રે મુઝારિત પથ દિનરાત્રી દારુણ વિપ્લવ માણે, તવ શંખઃશ્વનિ બાજે, સંકટદુઃખ ત્રાતા. Here 25 out of the 27 words are Sanskrit and all the three versions, Hindi, Marathi and Gujarati, retained all the Sanskrit words and even the phraseology, making only one or two changes in the third line. In the long poem of 110 lines 'Bhāshā o Chhanda', there are more than 400 Sanskrit words, many of them compounds of two and even more words, and all these 400 odd words the Gujarati translation

takes over 'bodily with just a change here and there of termination or of a letter which the Bengali pronunciation has corrupted. The first two lines run :

जे दिन हिमाद्रिशृंगे नामिआसे आसन्न आषाढ
महानद ब्रह्मपुत्र अकस्मात् दुर्दम दुर्वार ,

and the Gujarati version is :

જે દિન હિમાદ્રિશૃંગે અવતરે આસન્ આષાઢ
મહાનદ બ્રહ્મપુત્ર અકસ્માત દુર્દમ્ય દુર્વારે ;

the Bengali line

સ્વচ্ছ શીર્ણ ક્ષિપ્રગતિ સ્રોતસ્વતી તમસાર તীরে ,

becomes in Gujarati :

સ્વચ્છ શીર્ણ ક્ષિપ્રગતિ સ્રોતસ્વતી તમસાને તીરે ;

and the couplet

भावेर स्वाधीन लोके पक्षवान अश्वराज सम
उदाम सुंदर गतिसे आश्वासे भासे चित्र मम ,

becomes

ભાવના સ્વાધીન લોકે પક્ષવાન અશ્વરાજ સમ
ઉદામ સુંદર ગતિ તે આશ્વાસે ભાસે ચિત્ર મમ ,

and so the original and the translation run neck to neck from beginning to end. I do not know Bengali, but I know a little Sanskrit, and I know Gujarati fairly well ; but I confess the translation has remained almost as unintelligible to me as the Bengali original. Should Sanskritisation of the vernaculars progress in this reckless fashion and at this speed, it would not take long to achieve the ambitious goal of many ardent Arya Samajists who expect pure Sanskrit to become the *lingua franca* of rejuvenated and regenerated India. The deliberate move to oust every word of Perso-Arabic origin from Marathi, which has made such progress that the word तारीख (date) has been replaced by दिनांक in many newspapers, bodes no good to the language. It is the duty of our writers to resist such temptations to adopt the easy path of least resistance and laziness and allow their own language to be thereby unrecognisably corrupted, and it is the duty of our critics to fight against such aberrations, and fight with all their might, and without fear or favour, lest unthinking young writers might be tempted to earn a doubtful reputation for profundity and learning by abusing the privilege of drawing upon Sanskrit for absolutely necessary words. But our men of letters are oversensitive to criticism of any kind and want nothing but praise in the press ; even impersonal criticism of a writer's work or literary theories is construed and loudly and indignantly denounced as an act of personal animosity,

Ramnarayan Pathak shrewdly attributes this oversensitiveness to a national weakness : જેની ટીકા થતી હશે તે લેખક જેટલે અંશે કુડું પણ સાચું સાંભળવાને તૈયાર હશે તેટલે અંશેજ આ ગુણ વિવેચકમાં હશે. અને આ બાબતમાં આપણી ગમે તેટલી ડંકાસ કે અભિમાન હોય, પણ મને લાગે છે કે ખરું કહેવાતું સાંભળી લેવાના ગુણમાં આપણી પ્રજાએ જોઈએ તેવી પ્રગતિ કરી નથી. [અર્વાચીન કાવ્યસાહિત્યનાં વહેણો, pp.193-194].

It is a pity if this be true. But I fail to see why a critic should not speak out unpalatable truths simply because writers resent all criticism. It is only natural that they should ; no one, be he writer or not, likes to be publicly criticised or set right. My own impression is that our critics are more to blame for this state of affairs ; most of them seem to follow religiously our old dictum of worldly wisdom, *सत्यं ब्रूयात् प्रियं ब्रूयात् न ब्रूयात्सत्यमाप्रियम्*, and to think it quite ungentlemanly to dwell on faults and criticise them strongly, while some follow the principle, fashionable in England for some time now, that a criticism should be an interpretation rather than an appraisal of a book. This principle has made modern English criticism also the negligible quantity it is. Writing in 'Time And Tide' on 'obsequious' reviewers, Sean O'casey said a few years ago : "English criticism has long lost its virility and is fast losing its courage". The same seems to be the case with Gujarati criticism also. Narmadashankar never minced matters, Navalram was on the whole a fairly outspoken critic, and Narasimharao could also be 'as harsh as truth'. Among the moderns only Vishvanath Bhatt occasionally criticises with considerable 'courage' and also 'virility', for he does not mince matters and writes with dash and vigour, and on occasion hits hard and straight. We badly need a band of such critics jealously vigilant and keenly particular about preserving the purity and eloquence of the language, whatever those who resent such criticism and decry it as merely verbal and meticulous, may say. Pouring contempt on such critics Munshi writes : ટીકાકાર, વૈયાકરણીય, પુંકુને છપામણી જોનાર એ બધાનું સ્થાન છે—નીશાળમાં, છાપખાનામાં ગમે ત્યાં;—પણ વિવેચનના ક્ષેત્રમાં નહીં. [ગુજરાત એક સાંસ્કારિક વ્યક્તિ etc., p.110]. As for નીશાળમાં, the trouble is that in our schools and colleges this work is not well done. Had his school teachers done their work well, both with tongue and cane, Munshi would not have written વૈયાકરણીય as he has done on this page ; or નીતિનિર્લક્ષ્યતિક as on p. 145 ; or ઉજ્જવિણી several times as on pp.222-224 ; or attributed Montesquien's 'Spirit of Laws' to Montaigne as on p.107; or called Mihirakula મિહિરાકુલ as on pp. 234-235 ; or mentioned 'Meghaduta' and Shelley's 'Epipsychidion' in the same breath as on p. 227.

Along with the perversion and wrong use of Sanskrit words may be mentioned the inappropriate or inapposite, inapt or inept use of words, and unnecessary or eccentric coinages and purisms. In verse, sometimes the rush of emotion and consequent whirl of words may permit such coinages or liberties, such unusual uses or misuses of words to pass muster; with the passing of time such innovations and doubtful coinages and ineptitudes of a poet of supreme genius may even become hallowed possessions of a language, though never imitated by succeeding ages. Shakespeare, for instance, was the first to use the now obsolete word 'relume', and has used the words 'circumstance', 'counterfeit' and 'syllable', in senses in which the words are not used now, and yet the intensely emotional and memorable passages in which they are used have passed and merged into the very texture of English poetic thought and sensibility:

I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume;

Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war;

Look here, upon this picture and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;

and,

To the last syllable of recorded time.

In smaller poets the use of cant words or favourite epithets may also pass unnoticed, though occasionally an unsparing critic may expose their ineptitude or unsuitability. Putting his finger on Narasimharao's weak point in this respect, Manilal Nabhubhai said in one of his most acute literary criticisms, that on હૃદયવીણા: આખા આ કાવ્ય પ્રવાહનું તત્ત્વ એક શબ્દમાંજ છે એમ કહીએ તો ચાલે. 'દિવ્ય' એ શબ્દમાં કાંઈ મહોટું કાવ્યત્વ અને વ્યંજકત્વ આપણા આ કવિને લાગ્યું છે, અને 'કિનારા', 'સત્ત્વ', 'સુંદરી', 'તારા', 'વાસ' ગમે તેને 'દિવ્ય' એ ત્રિશેષણુ લાગવાથી થયું ગૂઢ વ્યંજકત્વ આવી જતું હોય એમ તેઓ માને છે. Ramanbhai's defence of Narasimharao on this point is no defence at all; in fact it gives away his client's case when Ramanbhai writes: એ શબ્દના ઉપયોગમાં જે દોષ છે તે અમને એટલોજ જણાય છે કે કાવ્યોમાં એ શબ્દનો એ અર્થ ધણે પ્રસંગે પ્રસ્તુત ભાવથી ફક્ત થવા દઈ દિવ્ય શબ્દ ધણો ઓછો વાપરવો જોઈતો હતો. Munshi has the same exasperating habit of riding to death such high sounding but inane epithets as દુર્ધૃષ and ઉગ્ર and અગ્નૈય and દુર્ગમ in narrative prose, and he applies them impartially to man or fortress, to word or gesture, to blow or smile, to anything on earth or in heaven. In prose such cant words and wrong uses and liberties are utterly out of place as

clarity and precision, not preciosity and bizarre or evocative haziness, are the prime requisites in good prose. For instance, અપરંપાર might perhaps have passed in verse as a daring innovation to mean 'non-traditional'; in a sober footnote in prose it is unpardonable. Among eccentric coinages may be mentioned such words as નવીકરણ for 'recreation' in the sense of 'pastime', and such other arbitrary coinages as પાપારિમતી, બદ્ધરંગ, etc., put into circulation by Thakor. A common source of ineptitude is the wrong use or perversion of Persian words. For instance, it is wrong to use રોમા-સની બેદ્દ to mean 'the extreme limit of romance'; and to change હસ્તી 'existence', into semi-Sanskritised હસ્તિ, as Keshavlal does to give it a Sanskrit sound, or into અસ્તિ as Thakor does in order to fully Sanskritise it, is unwarrantable. And where Thakor got અરજુસૂત from, it is difficult even to guess. This brings us to the unnecessary and wrong purification of Persian or other foreign words long incorporated in the language in a modified or corrupt form. Every living language has a right to borrow such words and digest them in a modified form best suited to its genius. In Arabic there is a regular name for this process and when 'chirāgh' is changed into 'sirāj', or 'pāigān' into 'bāijān' (as in Adar or Azar-bāijān, Jul-bāijān etc.), or 'Gilāni' into 'Jilāni', the process is called making the words 'mu'arrab'. In Gujarati, it is an absurd affectation to restore the original pronunciation of such common words as કુબર, સખર, કતલ, બખર, જર, and write them કુબ, સખ, કતલ, બાખર, ઝર (or ઝરૌ);—we may as well restore તપાસ and મજૂર to their correct forms તપ્કલુસ and મઝૂર, and the mysterious જડમેસુલાખ to ઝર્મે શલાક. It is also wrong to form abominable hybrids like કુબકાવ્ય (for 'elegy'). There is another, subtler impropriety in using foreign words in inappropriate connections. For instance, the word રસૂલ has acquired a special and strictly sectarian meaning in Urdu and Persian, and it is wrong to use it for 'apostles' in the Christian sense as Mahadev Desai does in સત્યાગ્રહની મર્યાદા; I would certainly prefer the missionary Gujarati word પ્રેષિત; and it is still more wrong to use કુરઆની, (which has not only a specialised meaning but is already in use in Gujarati in that sense) as an equivalent for the highly technical and complicated Christian ceremonial 'mass'; just as it is wrong, though not to such a degree, to use the word આત્મીય, sanctified by traditional Hindu usage, to mean 'dogma', a word which has acquired a subtle but distinct pejorative sense in English. But perhaps the limit of incongruity and ineptitude is reached when Keshavlal Dhruva, in his tentative and extremely

disappointing translations from the Uttara-Rāma-charita uses the Arabic words तैय्य, तैय्य—with their overwhelmingly Islamic and Quranic associations—as equivalent to शान्तं शान्तम्, and actually puts them in the mouth of Rāma.

But mere choice of right words cannot alone give us good prose. The words have to be built up into sentences, and sentences into paragraphs, and here we enter upon the architectonic aspect of prose writing as an art. I am afraid too many of our writers are content if they can make their sense understood somehow and do not take pains to file and prune and rewrite in order to make their sentences flow as smoothly as possible; and very few care for the cadences, the sound effects, the vowel music of their sentences. It is a great pity that Sanskrit prose developed only in the direction of profusion of words and clauses, play on words with double meanings and piling up of similes or antitheses. If it had been cultivated like Greek and Latin prose for direct narratives, historical works, reflective writing, oratory etc., it might have developed into a marvellous instrument of extraordinary elasticity, power and beauty, with noble cadences and grand sound effects. More than forty years ago I had to read for my degree examination two chapters of Śankara's great scholium on the Vedānta aphorisms. I confess I studied the appointed portion very perfunctorily and I remember nothing of what I read,—not one argument, not one topic discussed has stuck to my memory; and yet just half a dozen words have haunted it for all these years because of their magnificent cadence and grand verbal and vowel music. Dwelling on the unreality of phenomenal experience as compared with the one noumenal reality, Śankara says that in this phenomenal world transmigrating souls are lying as it were in the profound sleep of illusion—as he puts it in unforgettable words: मोहमयीं महानिद्रां यस्यां शेरते संसारिणो जीवाः; If only the masters of Sanskrit prose had explored the possibilities of the noble language in the direction of such grand cadences and diapacons, what a mighty instrument of sonorous tonal music would they have made of it! I do not think Gujarati can achieve such great effects, but still it should be the endeavour of every Gujarati artist in prose to try the possibilities of the language. To resort to the easily acquired trick of inversion will not do, for inversion can never be naturalised in Gujarati although it was perfectly natural to the fully inflected Sanskrit. My point is that our prose writers should not hold with Moliere's famous character that whatever they say or write is prose, and therefore good prose. They should take prose writing as a serious art and spare no pains to acquire and perfect its technique. As the trite but nonetheless wise saying goes, if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well.

But the technique of the art of prose writing—the right choice of words, building up of sentences and paragraphs, and evocation of cadences—cannot alone suffice to make prose great or memorable. There is one thing quite independent of technique which I believe is absolutely necessary for making our prose and also our poetry really alive, and direct and immediate in their appeal to our attention and our sympathies, and the absence of which may make the most consummate art nugatory. I mean sincerity and integrity, without which both prose and poetry—especially prose, as in poetry some feigning may be permissible—must ring hollow and sound unconvincing. If a writer only feigns what he has not realised or what he does not really believe, his expression of it needs must lack that convincing air of integrity which perfect honesty and earnestness give to even simple straightforward writing. One of the most impressive books I have read was a short autobiography written by Bhai Paramānand in Hindi. I began reading it as a task, with not much sympathy, intellectual, political or spiritual, with the subject of the record; and yet the narrative won my attention at the outset and held it to the end. It was like a quiet and even underpitched monologue, a simple straightforward account of sufferings and doings described as by a dispassionate stranger, without bitterness, without exaggeration, without emphasis; and yet this plain, unadorned and quiet narrative gripped and moved me more profoundly than anything I have read in Gujarati. For throughout the narrative the man's utter sincerity of soul shone out like a pure white flame without heat, and however one might disagree with or disapprove of his views or interpretations of facts and history one could never be in doubt about the integrity of the man and the truth and earnestness of his narrative. As a rule it is not a pleasure to read modern Hindi prose; and I almost agree with what a Gujarati writer, Meghani I believe, has said recently about it: દીર્ઘસૂત્રીપણું એ હિંદી ગદ્ય-પદ્યનો મેં દોઢેલો અવગુણ છે. મને એ લાખાની રચનામાં પ્રભાદ, એદીપણું, મંદતાનો અનુભવ થયો છે.

[*Janmabhumi*, 27-4-1940.]. But the very intensity of Bhai Paramānand's feelings and convictions seems to have burnt out these faults of his medium along with his own petty likes and dislikes, loves and hates. With some reluctance I mention here as a glaring contrast the case of a distinguished Gujarati novelist who is of course a nationalist and staunch believer in the gospel of truth if not non-violence. In a novel published in 1939 he castigates with fine sarcasm the calculating and hollow orthodoxy of a character in the following words:મહાસભાને ગાળો દેવા સ્થપાયલા એક સનાતની પત્રના આર્થિક અમૃતઝરારૂપ ગણાતા સુખનંદન કેટલાંક વેશ્યુવ મંદિરોના ચાલક અને ધર્મચાર્યોના સલાહકાર હતા, આવી સલાહોમાંથી લેમણે કેટલાક માળા હાથ કરી લીધા હતા,

અને તેના ઉત્પન્નમાંથી સુખી જીવગી ગુજરાત આ ધર્મી ગૃહસ્થ અત્યંતજ્ઞેદારની પ્રવૃત્તિ વિરુદ્ધ, મંદિરોમાં અત્યંતજ્ઞેના પ્રવેશ વિરુદ્ધ,અને એવી મહાસભાની જુદી જુદી પ્રવૃત્તિઓ વિરુદ્ધ જળરદસ્ત પ્રચારતું કામ કરતા હતા. The same novelist who in 1939 so severely trounced this orthodox humbug for his profitable orthodoxy combined with worldly dishonesty, and poured indirect contempt on વૈષ્ણવ ધર્માચાર્યો also, is reported to have said in June 1941 in a speech made under the chairmanship of a વૈષ્ણવ ધર્માચાર્ય at Dabhoi: હું વૈષ્ણવ છું... આપશ્રીએ [વલ્લભાચાર્યો] ભારતવર્ષમાં સ્થળે સ્થળે ધર્મપ્રચાર અર્થે પર્યાટન કરી બેઠકો સ્થાપી, મુસ્લિમ કામમાંથી વૈષ્ણવ થયા છે. અત્યંતજ્ઞે પણ વૈષ્ણવ થયા છે. આમ કહીને હું અત્યંતજ્ઞેને ભેગા બેસાડી દેા એમ કહેવા માંગતો નથી...ધર્માચાર્યની સત્તા રાજસત્તા કરતાં પણ વધુ છે. ગુજરાત ને હિંદ તરફથી મારી ધર્માચાર્યેને વિનંતિ છે કે આપ હિંદનો ઉદ્ધાર કરો.....મારા પૂજ્ય ધર્મગુરુ અહીં પિરાજમાન છે.... [નવપ્રકાશ, 30-11-1941]. I do not think it is necessary to point out (to use a mild word) the disparity between the feigned flaming reformism and nationalism of the novelist and the veiled but real bigoted orthodoxy and abject submission to convention of the man. I would any day prefer the vulgar and wrongheaded but honest and consistent orthodoxy of a writer like Nagindas Sanghvi to the mellifluous but insincere reformism and nationalism of the highly educated and urbane novelist; for the former with all his crudenesses has preserved the integrity of his soul, the latter with all his urbanity and culture has bartered it away for cheap popularity.

Whether in imaginative or in narrative literature, in poetry and fiction or in history and biography, or even in bare records of facts and happenings, intense sincerity and integrity of vision may raise the simplest and most unadorned language to the most moving eloquence. The poignant last page of Hardy's 'Woodlanders', the quiet close of 'Wuthering Heights', or better still, the simple last pages of the tragic diary of the arctic explorer Robert Falcon Scott, written when face to face with death,—for certain death was a matter of days and hours and he wrote till his hand failed,—these and many other passages in English prose are in simple unadorned language, and yet they are great prose because of the imaginative or actual truth and integrity of the writers. For, all literature, whether imaginative or otherwise, that is lacking in truth and integrity is as the mere tinkling of cymbals, however finely and artfully it might be written. All writing if it is to be of any permanent value must be an evocation and projection of the spirit; and if the spirit be not true to itself and its vision, if the writer lose his soul, what use is it if he gain the world ?

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