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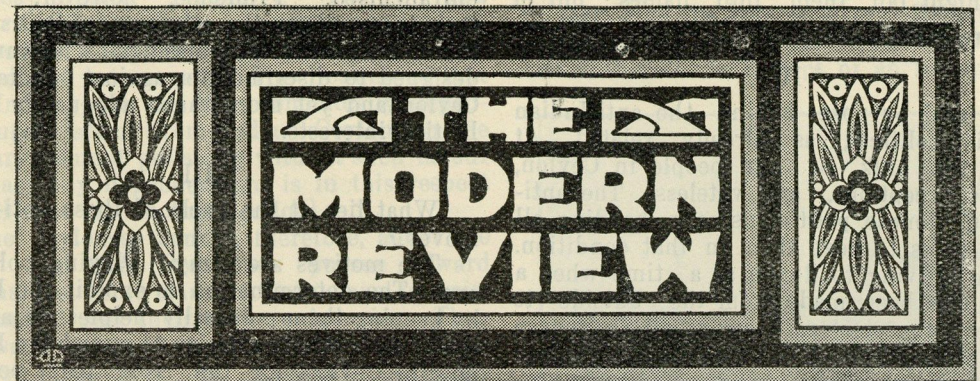
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LALA LAJPAT RAI



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ANTI-INDIAN MOVES IN CEYLON (*)

By ST. NIHAL SINGH

I
OUR people need to follow very closely the anti-Indian moves that are at present being made in Ceylon. They are being engineered—openly or otherwise—by some of the most prominent politicians in the Island. Included among them are some of the leaders of the Ceylon National Congress and other associations of a political or quasi-political character and Members of the Ceylon Legislative Council. In view of the powerful backing that the anti-Indian agitation is receiving from these influential persons, it would be the height of folly for stay-at-home Indians to ignore this hostile movement.

The object behind the agitation is quite obvious. It aims not so much to secure the restriction of immigration from India into Ceylon as to keep the bulk of Indians in the Island in a condition of political helplessness.

The cry "keep out the Indians" has, of course, been raised. A motion designed to secure that object is, indeed, shortly to be debated in the Ceylon Legislative Council.

Moves directed toward the exclusion of

Indians, or even the restriction of Indian immigration, are fictitious, because Ceylon is woefully underpopulated; and without importation of labour from India she could not carry on her economic activities even for a single day. In a country comprising 25,000 square miles there is a permanent population of only some 4,000,000 persons. Many of them are lackadaisical in disposition, and some of them actually semi-drones or drones. Indians build the roads and keep them in repair. Indians work the tea and, to a large extent, the rubber estates. Indians play an important part in loading and unloading goods and in the workshops. There are, to-day, some 900,000 of them in Ceylon. So invaluable are they that most of them have been *fetched* from India, as I shall relate in a subsequent portion of this article. The talk of shutting Indians out of Ceylon is, therefore, mere bunkum.

The Ceylonese who are crying themselves hoarse, shouting "keep out the Indians", are not, as a rule, regarded as responsible persons. Some of them are, on the contrary, the laughing-stock of their own people. They can do harm, therefore, only if they are permitted to inflame the passions of the mob, which is highly excitable by nature. Racial animosities—the legacy of conflicts in ancient and mediæval times—

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had never been politicians with armed soldiers behind them. Those Indians of yore over-leaped the strong walls of the Himalayas with all the wealth of their mighty spiritual realisations in response to the most human call of finding and founding cultural connections of abiding interest and value.

"I saw caves at many places in your country, and in these caves the great Chinese sages spent their days in meditation and spiritual exercise. There it seemed just as if the memories of my past lives came back to me—just as if these very sages and recluses were reborn in the spirit within me and urged me on to my mission as a poet-ambassador to your vast and ancient land. I shall ever remember the spontaneous and natural welcome accorded to me. Particularly about you, I recollect very well the day you first came to me. Your approach was so natural, so friendly. I wished then that the love received from you and your people might some day be shown to you when we should be able to welcome you in our midst. You are here now with us all. You are able to see for yourself the work I am doing in this Ashram, the life that is led by us all. On behalf of the whole Ashram I welcome you most cordially. In this Ashram where I live, I try to create things not simply as a poet in the poetic way. You saw me in your country as a poet only, which was only a part of my life, though quite an important and large portion. You will find me here more fully in and through my works. You will see how the poet is trying to realise his dreams in the shape of things created through effort and striving.

"We have invited the whole world to this Ashram; we want them here as honoured guests and it is my earnest desire that you will kindly carry this message of friendship to your country when you return from India."

Dr. Hsu was deeply impressed by the words of the poet and, after another song by the boys, made a suitable reply, which was charged not only with personal reminiscences and friendship, but with sincere appreciation of the ancient history of the two countries of India and China. It was clear to all that the young scholar and poet had carefully studied and understood the meaning of that history in its old settings as

well as in forms of modern thought. In him this age-long chain of relation symbolised one of the greatest facts in human history. He vividly pointed out how Indian messengers of friendship bore to distant China their great ideal and lived and spent their holy lives in meditation in the quiet recesses of the country where they preached the message learned in this land. Addressing Rabindranath Dr. Hsu said: "For long we did not hear that voice of India. It was Mr. Elmherst who gave us the news of your proposed visit to China. We anxiously looked forward to the day of your arrival. We have in our country a sacred peak where many recluses spent their days in spiritual exercise. One day very early in the morning I looked to the East from this mountain peak. Dark clouds were then hanging in the Eastern sky, but slowly the rays of light burst forth and the sun rose in his wonderful glory, having pierced asunder the thickly gathered darkness. I thought that morning that you would come exactly in this way—just like this you would appear in the darkening scene of China's national life. This thought of mine, so full of hope and joy, was expressed in one of my poems of that time.

"Then I remember your actual arrival. At the port, from a distance, I espied your straight, peaceful, sage appearance. I felt that the darkness had given way and the sun had risen above the horizon. We accepted you as one of our own. Personally I felt as if I had regained a dear relative of my own. I called you my grandfather and reciprocated fully the love of a grandfather which you showed to me. But I was not satisfied then with only having you in our own country for a short time. I longed for the day when I might be able to see you in your own country at your home amidst your works. In the past, pilgrims used to come to India to see the land of the great Buddha. From this country too religious preachers went to China carrying the message of Buddha. Our pilgrims brought their offering of loving faith in the days gone by. The new message of peace of the modern age was borne by you to our ancient country. I have likewise come as a pilgrim of the new age to place before you my humble offering of deep reverence. I am now making this offering in person to you and to all of this Ashram, so that you may kindly accept it from me. I shall always look

back with pride to my sojourn here and keep it ever fresh in my memory."

After the meeting many thronged round Dr. Hsu and made many curious enquiries

for a pretty long time. Great interest was evidently roused by his talk. He was also much pleased to find so many people interested in China and the Far Eastern problems.

THE SPIRIT OF WOMANHOOD IN ROERICH'S ART

BY FRANCES R. GRANT

"WOMAN above all is destined to bring into the world the joy of the near future."

With these words, in his "Joy of Art" Nicholas Roerich, one of the most towering artistic figures of our day, several years ago pronounced his apostolate of the spiritual destiny of woman.

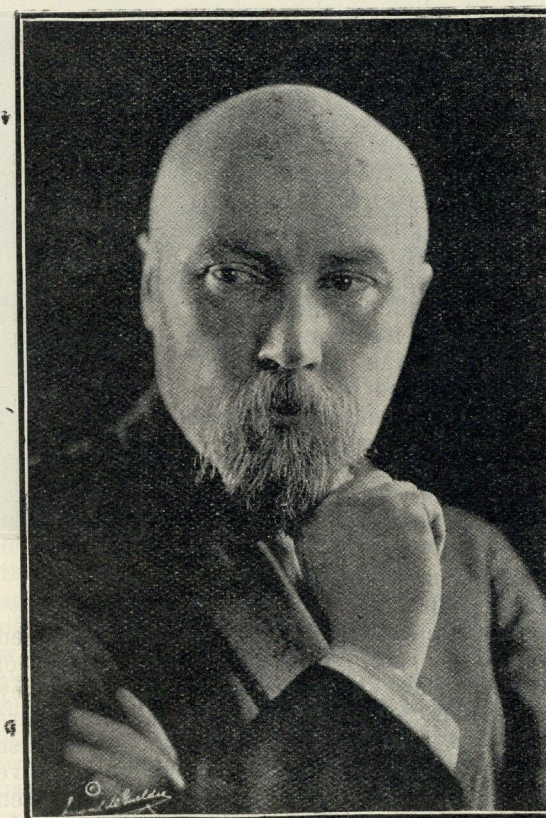
It was not even necessary for Roerich to translate this feeling and this doctrine into the medium of words. For he had done this long since in his painting: into his art he had transmitted this faith in womanhood, and had revealed his ardent and profound prevision of the place of woman in the coming evolutionary change.

If, as a certain writer has said, George Meredith will ever be beloved of woman because he liberated her, then Roerich will be ever revered of woman because he summoned her to a ritual of spirit. Thus he has more than liberated her; he has extolled and exalted her. He has seen her as an advocate of the new spiritual destiny of humanity; and counted her as the ally of a deific force leading the world onwardly in its cosmic evolution.

To know Roerich's stirring evocation to woman, one needs but study the paintings which he has created, or look at the various acts of his career. Of the 3000 paintings completed by this seemingly never-ceasing creative inspiration, it would be impossible here to cite all works, but let us glance at some of the later works. These have fortunately been made permanently available to lovers of art through the foundation of the Roerich Museum in New York devoted to the art of the master and, incidentally, one of the few such museums in the entire history of art.

Perhaps one may first turn to his series

of panels "Dreams of Wisdom" to affirm this tribute which he pays to the mystic powers of women. These twelve panels were finished in London—and the Roerich Museum in



Nicholas Roerich

America has two, "Song of the Waterfall" and "Song of the Morning". In both of these, as in "The Language of the Birds" of the

same period, one at once ascertains Roerich's belief in woman as the ally, the confidante if one will, of nature. All of these works have within them something of the pristine clearness of the East, and the women seem akin to oriental women. The women seem like no one woman, but are the symbol of all women. One is reminded of the legends of Krishna and the Gopis—woman as the dedicated and joyous worshipper. In the "Song of the Waterfall," the woman stands at the foot of a waterfall and beneath her feet are a cluster of water-lilies from which she has plucked one in "Song of the Morning" she is caressing a gazelle, while in the "Language of the Birds" she seems to catch the whispers of the parrot at her shoulder. In these works, is the feeling of woman merging with nature; there is a one-ness and a harmony between them, an understanding which translates itself in the emotions of the woman and the tenderness of her gestures toward the things of nature.

Another painting completed about the same time as the series is "Daughters of Earth." Here Roerich has made incarnate those lines of Genesis which suggest the tremendous and heroic generative forebears of the earth and the spirit. This picture—called by critics the "Black Opal" because in colour and design it suggests the ever changing, elusive and radiant quality of the opal—seems of a world new-born, before it was sombered by the conceptions of too-human man. Before a rocky cave which looms up in crystal green splendour, sit the four Daughters of Earth. They quietly await, because they know that within them dwells all the future race; earth is their field of glory because they have chosen it, they willingly have sought this portion to be the mothers to men and to bear the brunt of human burdens in upward trend of life.

And the 'Sons of Heavens'—they who will father these sons of earth? At first one does not see them, but gradually within the flaming parapet of clouds, from out the agitated movement of the heavens suddenly

emerge the forms looking out and downwards; heroic radiant brothers of compassion. It is a painting universal—this cosmic union of the earth and heaven.

It is singular that America should have produced from Roerich's creation also "The Messenger." Here is the annunciation, re-lived. But this is an annunciation that will come to all women. The painting is of an interior. Purple figured hangings envelope the house as in a veil. A woman, softly, quietly, expectantly stands at a door which she has opened to the knock of the Messenger. And He is standing upon the threshold without. Behind him through the door lies the dawning landscape, white and flooded in silence. Life is not yet astir, and only his steps leading, one marks, far off into those realms whence he came. He is a



Dream of the Orient By Nicholas Roerich

distant traveller, and his message? Perhaps the annunciation to womanhood that dawn is rising and that her hour is come.

Again, in his recent series of 'Himalayan paintings sent back but lately from Asia, and perhaps the summit of his art thus far, there are several paintings which embody this gospel of woman's ascendancy. One of these works, Roerich has entitled "She who leads" in "His Country Series."

This work is painted in sight of the Himalayas—the Everest rising up majestically through its veil of clouds. Dawn is over the earth and mountains, heavens and



"The walk of Kuan Yin" By Nicholas Roerich

floating seas of mist are roseate in the glow of the first sun-light, the ritual of nature. Before the curtain of this moving pageantry, setting for the play of men, two figures stand out in relief. A light-robed woman—she who stands for all woman-kind—poises lightly upon the crest of a precipice. Her radiant beauty recalls Kuan Yen that beloved deity of the East, goddess of Mercy. Cautiously making his way over the impending glacier, a man, a pilgrim, feels his trails upon the narrow ledge, touching the garment of Her, as if in want of help. The woman reclines towards him, in a gesture combining at once benignity and tenderness, it is the helping gesture of the attendant guide.

In beauty of colour, of design, the painting again is evidence of the creative mastery of Roerich, as artist. In its philosophy, it bears witness to Roerich's all-containment as personality, as philosopher. If one may translate his work into their suggested word, may one not say that Roerich sees here

woman as the constant helper of the evolutionary forces of life?

Another of these Himalayan paintings, which in its new way, hails victory to woman, is his "Serpent." A sea is here, leaping upward waves on waves which meet the surging sky as in a great rhythmic agitation of the world. From out the depths of the sea emerges the mother of mysteries with her attending daughters. The forms evoke the memory of the world. Behind them spread over the sky is the wisdom dragon of the East. Here is a merging world, where elements and men link in a harmonious symphony. Is this Lakshmi or is it Aphrodite who emerges, wisdom-wise? It may be either, it may be both, for they are one; and East and West become no longer divisible, they are linked through the power of womanhood.

In the same series is his "Remember." Again we see Everest no longer roseate, but blue—the blue of full morning, sunlit. The plateaux give way to gorges, which rise



"The Serpent" ("Banners of the East" Series) By Nicholas Roerich

again into the higher terrestrial summit. And in the foreground is a rider setting out upon his white horse, mission bound. He has paused and looked back toward the starting point. There, two women stand bidding him god-speed, perchance, but in their glance he spells the remembering challenge to victory.

Again in "Star of the Mother of the World"—Roerich indicates his belief in the leading star of womanhood. Here is deep green night upon the desert, full-starred. Over the picture lies the silence of an approaching revelation. Upon the trails, across those sandy dunes ride four in a cameled caravan. The night of the Magi repeats itself, as it will ever repeat itself—but now it is the Star of the Mother which beckons the pilgrims on their way. Shall that Star of the Mother—for so the East calls Venus which is now hastening earth-wards, be the lodestar beckoning onward to a new night of joyous tiding?

As a final, as the most convincing word, one may say, which Roerich imparts upon the belief in womankind—must be mentioned the two paintings "Mother of Tourfan" and

"Mother of the World." The former is the Mother and child from perhaps the earliest conception known, found in the frescoes of Tourfan. In this conception of the Holy Mother sprung on the soil of the East, one may go back centuries, even eons; here is the Holy Mother as early man of all nationalities conceived her—all-beneficent, all-giving.

Of Roerich's "Mother of the World" one may say as had been said of Roerich's paintings before—its beauty can hardly be transmuted into words. Here is the Mother of all living men; here is the mother of a world's spirit.—In a world-beyond world, canopied by heaven and the stars, sits she whose image has been worshipped as Isis, as Ishtar and come down the ages, the Holy Mother of all religions. Roerich has enveloped the entire painting in a blue as of the Eastern night. Infinite eternity are in the depths of this creation; boundlessness of earth is here. This figure of Benevolence broods over the cosmos, ever-compassioned, ever-watchful—mother of all the Sons of men.

To those who have seen this in the Roerich Museum, it is a revelation how this



"Remember"—("His Country" Series) By Nicholas Roerich

painting summons the deepest spirit of women. Many stand long and silently before it: many even weep before its vista, held by its suggestion of the silences which intone their symphony to the ear and the spirit of the one who hearkens.

And, so, Roerich—as perhaps the outstanding figure in the artistic and cultural world of today—pronounces unequivocally his belief in the life of womankind, and in her mission. He reiterates in his work that dedicated belief of the East—which beholds the rising star of the Mother of the World approaching the world and enveloping it in her embrace of benevolence.

In the history of culture, Roerich is an unique figure—and his championship of womanhood comes from a voice which has long led the educational cohorts of a score of countries. There is in his art a ceaseless flood of activity. A surging of creative power which endlessly seems to inspire and to invoke, a feeling of a coming apotheosis of spirit.

"When we speak of brotherhood, of love

of harmony", says Roerich, "we are not repeating absurd, unbefitting, old-fashioned words, but words pertaining to the immediate practice of life. A miracle is being performed in the midst of life, in the midst of action, amidst intense harmony. The visions of night are being transformed not into fables but into the phenomena of happy communication with the paths of the Blessed.

"The window open into the darkness will bring us the voices of the night, but the call of love will bring the answer of the Beloved, A new world is coming."

Several years ago when Roerich exhibited his works in London, the critics of England and of Scandinavia entitled him the prophetic painter, because in his pre-war paintings, completed when the world still basked in a silence of satisfaction, Roerich saw conflagration ahead, doom was over the grey world.

But now Roerich perceives a miracle. He is not frightened by the agitation of life, by the unrest, by the chaos—he sees victory. His call is loud and clear—on to the coming



"Milaraspa"—One who Harkned ("Banners of the East" Series) By Nicholas Roerich

of a new day, a day when the new sun will rise over an earth refreshed and full of awaiting!

This essential beauty Roerich sees in the woman of India. As he recently said, "Many things may be changed in India but I would greatly regret the disappearance of one thing—the delicate Sari, full of its tender shells, and which seems to glide along as a sacred cloud. From palace to village, I recall this flowing veil and the woman bearing her water. Is it not from this source that shall come the new rejuvenation of India?"*

And passing through India, Roerich ever beholds the Hindu women in the light of her potent influence: he writes:

On the banks of the Ganges, a woman quickly telling her rhythms, perform her morning pranayama on the shore. In the evening she may again be there sending down upon the stream of the sacred river a garland of torches as prayers for her children. So that these fire-flies of a woman's soul, prayer-inspired, flit for long upon the dark surface of the waters."

Or again:

"On the fields are standing, in circles the figures of white ceramic horses. For what are these resplendent mounts? Upon them, the spirits of women are said to go galloping through the night. Backs which are doubled during day in the house-

hold tasks, during the night are made erect in flight. Shall one say it is a goat's leap to the gathering of witches. No. It is the flight of the Valkyries—the virgins of the air pursuing a beautiful and wondrous future.".....

"Each day of woman's hand moulds the sand at the entrance of the house into a special design. This is the symbol that within the house all is well. There is neither sickness, death or discord. If there is no happiness in the house then the hand of the woman become stilled. A seeming shield of beauty is placed by the hand of the woman upon the benevolent hour of the house. And little girls in school are being taught a variety of designs for the signs of happiness. An inexplicable beauty lives in this custom of India."

Roerich's universe of which Andreiev wrote that it was the "realm where the eternal word of God and man came forth speaking eternal love and eternal wisdom"—Roerich's world is ever illumined by the Star of the Mother—the star of the East. For him the time is soon coming when the morning stars shall sing together the harmonies of their celestial song.

It is a world of which Mary Siegrist well wrote—

"—There are those who say
They too have touched those shores and seen
What they have seen and heard
What they have heard—
And all alike are dumb who try to tell of them,
And these shores travellers say are phantom ways
While those front high upon reality."

* Quotations are from "Himalaya", Monograph on Roerich's art; Pub., 1926, Brentano's, New York.

ENAMELLING IN ANCIENT INDIA

By KEDARNATH CHATTERJI

"ENAMELLING is the master art-craft of the world, and enamels of Jaipur in Rajputana rank before all others, and are of matchless perfection."

So wrote G. C. M. Birdwood (later, Sir George Birdwood) in 1880. Today, although like a whole host of other Indian art-crafts, it is almost extinct, enamelling can yet rank with the very first in a world competition.

There can be no doubt about the fact that this art attained a very high standard of perfection in this country and that, until very recently, the methods of technique followed was very much Indian in nature. Latterly western methods and materials have been introduced and, as is usual in this country, the master craftsmen not being taught to improve on their time-honoured methods in the light of modern science, the new-comers are wiping out the established houses. The traditional art and skill of the Indian enameller is thus perishing for ever, the cheap and shoddy exterminating the costly but the exquisite. This is not the place to describe this particular Indian art-craft in detail. Those interested may be referred to the following:—

Jeypore Enamels—By Lieut. Col. S. S. Jacob, R. E. and Surgeon-Major T. H. Hendley.—W. Griggs, London, 1886.

The Industrial Arts of India—G. C. M. Birdwood.

The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon. Ananda Coomaraswamy. T. N. Foulis. London. And the various articles on jewellery and enamel that appeared from time to time in the *Journal of Indian Art*.

It is proposed in this article to go into the history of this art with regard to the question as to how long it has been known in India.

Hendley considers that it was probably introduced by the "Turanians" (Scythians) and gives the basis of his deduction as follows—

"Labarte in his *Hand-book of the Arts of the Middle Ages*, endeavours to prove that the art of

**The Industrial Arts of India*. By G. C. M. Birdwood, C. S. I., M. D. (Edin.) The above quotation is the opening paragraph of the article on enamels.

enamelling, originated in Phœnicia, and thence found its way into Persia where it was known in the reign of Chosroes (A. D. 531 to 579). The Greeks and Indians in their turn, he thinks, acquired the art from the Persians. He, however, mentions that Mons. Panthier in his *Histoire de la Chine* quotes a document, in which it is stated that a merchant of Youechi, or Scythia, introduced into China, in the reign of Thaiwouli (A. D. 422 to 451) the art of making glass of different colours.

"We may therefore, justly conclude that enamelling, which is only a branch of the art of vitrification, was known at an early period, if it did not originate, in Scythia, the home of the Turanians. In the Boulak Museum, at Cairo, some of the jewels of the Queen Aahhotep (wife of Aahmes I, of the 18th dynasty) who lived about B. C. 1700, are ornamented with blue glass and a species of cloisonne enamel. These facts seem to indicate a Turanian origin of the art, and there are many points connected with its practice in India which would appear to confirm the theory. It is remarkable that the best enamellers in Europe have been the Etruscan Florentines, and in modern India the Sikhs, both, it is thought, of Turanian descent."—T. H. Hendley in the *Journal of Indian Art*, No. 2 (1883) article on "Enamel-Minakari".

Birdwood is of the same opinion, although he does not give any reasons beyond the following:—

"It is probably a Turanian art. It was introduced into China, according to the Chinese, by the Yeuechi, and was carried as early, if not earlier, into India.—G. C. M. Birdwood in *The Industrial Arts of India*, New Edition (1880). Page 167, article on "Enamels".

Coomaraswamy is content with saying:—

"Enamelling is essentially a Northern Indian art, and in origin probably not Indian at all". Ananda Coomaraswamy in *The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon*, 1913, p. 159.

Baden-Powel in *Punjab Manufactures* gives it as his opinion that the art came from Kabul to the Punjab.

Apart from the above, so far as I know, no opinion has been given on the ancient history of this art in India.

So far as is known today Rajah Man Singh's staff of state is the oldest piece of enamel in India, of which the history is known, dating back to the time of the Emperor Akbar. (Hendley, *Jeypore Enamels*.)

But it is stated that Rajah Man Singh brought his artisans from Lahore. (Hendley, *Ibid*). Therefore it is probable that the art