



D. V. GUNDAPPA

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INSTITUTE OF KANNADA STUDIES  
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## INTRODUCTION

Kannada, spoken by about 25 million people, is one of the major languages of India. It is the language of the state of Karnataka in South India. Karnataka has an area of about 1,92,000 square kms and a population of about 29 million. It has made a unique contribution to the wealth of Indian Culture through its significant achievements in literature, in fine arts and in religious and spiritual realms.

Kannada people have their unbroken literary heritage of more than one thousand years. This heritage is very rich in quality, variety and volume. From the point of view of antiquity Kannada is next only to Sanskrit and Tamil in India. The earliest specimen of the language belongs to the fifth century A.D. The first available work is *Kavirājamārga* (9th century A.D.) which deals with poetry and poetics. No doubt, a fairly rich literature was existing prior to this, although the works of this period have not survived. The tenth century A.D. was the golden period in the history of Kannada Literature. The twelfth century A.D. was the age of revolt. A new literary form called *Vacana* which is very typical of Kannada literature emerged during this period. As a result of it literary usage came closer to the spoken word. Saint poets, epic poets, scholar poets and mystics have subsequently enriched the tradition.

The modern period may be said to begin with the advent of English in the 19th century. Modern Kannada literature takes its colour and tone from the contemporary life. It has been acquiring new dimensions from ever-growing contact with the literatures of other regions of the country and the world at large. Kannada Literature with its glorious past and rich heritage has great achievements. The literary products of the last half a century assure us of a great future.

This series, 'Kannada Writers and their Work', is designed to provide the student of literature and general reader with a brief introduction to the major writers in Kannada Literature. It is proposed to cover almost all the important authors of ancient and medieval periods also, although a beginning is made with modern writers.

Each volume in the series narrates the story of the life and achievements of an outstanding author who has contributed signi-

ificantly to the growth and development of Kannada Literature. In addition to a biographical and historical account, the volume contains a brief critical assessment accompanied by a chronological list of events in the author's life and an exhaustive list of his works. I hope this series will be of immense value to all those who are interested in literature in general and Indian Literature in particular.

Curiously enough, it is our everyday experience in this country that even a student of literature of one linguistic region is totally unfamiliar with the names of great writers of other linguistic regions, in striking contrast to his knowledge of world literature. It is a matter for regret that not many serious attempts have been made to improve the situation. I am sure that the publication of this series, 'Kannada Writers and their Work', will fulfil a long felt need in this direction, at least as far as Kannada Literature is concerned.

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H. M. NAYAK

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H.M.N.

## PREFACE

Drs. D. V. Gundappa and Masti Venkatesha Iyengar are two of the elders now luckily still with us from among the three leaders of what we may definitely call the renaissance in modern Kannada Literature in old Mysore. B. M. Srikantia ('Śrī' for short), the other, is now gone. He passed away in his early sixties very much before the harvest of his and our expectation was gathered—and the fulfilment even of his ambition to see a united Karnataka State. He had a vision of it and worked for it ceaselessly. Like Panje Mangesha Rao, Govinda Pai and M. N. Kamath in South Kanara and Alur Venkata Rao in North Karnatak, these three here worked for the creation of a vitally new mood in Kannada letters. They had come under the influence of English Literature and the national revival movement and wanted to see a change in both the language and literary forms and desired very much to see that Kannada became a true and efficient vehicle of expression for every need in the secular and cultural aspects of life in Karnatak. Srikantia delivered two lectures in Dharwar (about 1912-13) on the Kannada Language and its problems. All through his life he was a teacher at the Maharaja's College, Mysore, and could enthuse large masses of men both in Kannada and English. He taught us English so as to inspire us with new ideals and modes of composition and put into us an urge for greeting creative expression. He knew Sanskrit, Tamil and Greek and believed that only those who knew the traditions and the manner of both the East and the West could take thought and culture forward in the coming years anywhere. That is how he inscribed his translation of a few poems from English (*İngliṣ Gītagaḷu*) to those of his pupils who believed in such progress. Personally he paid for not being trained in English—by having to wait longer for a senior professorship in our university. That was a time when it was below the dignity of an educated man to talk in one's own mother tongue. For a Professor of English it was worse. For he couldn't commend himself to preferments if he showed any propensity for work in the vernacular of the land. Englishmen were at the helm of affairs and administration and his had to be the same orientation. Only when Dr. Brajendranath Seal became the Vice-Chancellor of the Mysore University and he the Registrar, was it possible for him to work for the setting up of a

department for Kannada and the starting of Hons. and Post-graduate Courses in it. What impertinence was it for Kannada to ask for status equal to the Gods and the Masters. That is about what it was for English till 1907-8 at Cambridge.

If as a teacher in the classroom he laid the foundations of a spacious mode of study of poetry, drama, prose and criticism, it was given to him to talk to interested students privately, off and on, in the Registrar's office on basic matters connected with grammar, language, prosody and poetics comparatively and from a historical point of view. To pupils like to T. S. Venkannaiya and A. R. Krishna Sastry he had very much earlier taught grammar and history of language and literature etc. To the later generations his appeal was more direct. It was therefore possible for him to gather round him a band of young and grown-up men to take pride in the study of Kannada letters. His own substantive contribution was not up to much in bulk; but his influence was far reaching and seminal. The History of Kannada Prosody, that he added to the *Handbook of Kannada* in its second edition, is revelatory of such seminal purpose. He took a whole view of a book, set it in its time and background and form and made it yield the highest meaning the author was trying to communicate—a sort of effort rarely made in the study of classics during the old days. In the seminars he organised in the Central College, Bangalore, he extended this field and made it include the major classics of the world.

He gave in his *Aśvatthāman* and *Pārasikaru*, two distinct types of Greek Tragedy, *Pārasikaru* being the rendering of the *Persaē* by Aeschylus and *Aśvatthāman* an adaptation of *Ajax* by Sophocles bringing together the story of Ashvatthaman in the 'Gada' and 'Sauptika' Parvas of the *Mahābhārata*. The choruses in these works as well as those he independently wrote he gave us a pattern of taut, expressive poetic structure, and beautiful song new to Kannada and possibly to any Indian Literature till then. The work that he did as Vice-President of the Kannada Sahitya Parishat and as lecturer on many subjects all over the Kannada land made him a force and a presence in much that was foundational to broadcast creative work in the language and rounded the country to a sense of the larger values.

DVG and Masti both knew him well and the three worked together for Kannada. Masti was, perhaps, for a short while his pupil also. The ambitions of each were the same—to shape Kannada into a live instrument of expression and make it modern and progressive and

to make the Kannadiga an enlightened modern force. These two have now passed their eighty years in age and seen, according to our way of saying things, a thousand moons and more and several shades and grades of both in life's *chiaroscuro* (light and shade). Both in personal lives and in the life of the country, each has contributed work of great value expressing fine sensibility and imagination. Dr. Masti was a high grade Civil Servant. Much against derision from non-Kannada and sophisticated people, he devoted himself to writing in Kannada—poetry, novels, short stories, drama and criticism, enriched by his life and study of experience. His is almost a pure devotion to letters.

DVG had to divide his attention between literature and public life. His task was to educate the public of this state in matters connected with citizenship and from 1910 on he has used the press and the platform for this purpose. How he did it, what influences worked on him, and the nature of his contribution are briefly presented in the brochure that is now written for the Institute of Kannada Studies of the University of Mysore. If it presents even a bare-gross picture of his life and work, I shall feel satisfied. As a journalist, a writer of biography, poetry and drama and as organiser of movements and institutions, as a member of institutions and on committees and in councils his has been one purpose, freely, frankly, fearlessly and disinterestedly to express opinion which he has trained himself to form in the furtherance and achievement of a wholesome and strong civic life in the country. He has championed the cause of democracy and responsible government for the people of what used to be called the Indian States. He has been able to see what we are making of the democratic way of living. If he has been unhappy, neither the system nor his idealism is at fault. He seems to be deeply laid with the way life is shaping round about all thoughtful men. He is disturbed and is even distressed as well at the contemporary situation. But he knows too that a land that has had 5000 years of history and cultural tradition will pull up, correct its ways and build itself in to strength once again to be a factor for good in the new time as well. For faith and hope are yet there to sustain, at least as guides to conduct.

I thank the Director of the Institute of Kannada Studies for asking me to write these pages presenting an elder and his work to people who are not familiar with Kannada writers and writing. For over 50 years now, it has been my privilege to observe him from far and

near and to have had the opportunity to work with him closely for a few years. If the Director of the Institute and my readers feel that the coming pages will add up to a passable account of his life and work, I only feel more than fulfilled.

I only hope that Sri DVG will pass it for any value. I have written these pages in much anxiety and will be happy to feel that it presents him 'some what'. But for the continuous aid given to me by my young friend Mr. M. V. Venkatesha Murthy this could not have been taken down, typed or prepared for the press. I am deeply thankful to him.

*Bangalore*

10-11-1972

V. SITARAMIAH

D. V. GUNDAPPA

AMONG the writers who cultivated the Kannada language for better expressiveness of the modern spirit and aspirations and worked in more fields than one, Dr D. V. Gundappa (DVG) is one of the foremost. He is not a literary man only but many other excellent things; and all that is one unit of character and personality which we have to take note of when we consider his poetry, prose and criticism. What goes into his literary work has necessarily, therefore, to be known as background for and content of it. Beyond all that he has written he is an extraordinary man and deserves to be known and met as a person.

From about the end of the first decade of this century he has distinguished himself as a writer. Interested in public life, trying to clear it of weeds, dirt and pollution; educating the people in political, social and cultural matters, his has been a powerful voice and effort. It is not ordinarily given to one person to be Editor of a paper, to work as a member of the Local Municipal Council (in Bangalore City), a member of the old Mysore State Assembly and Legislative Council, the University Senate and Council, of many Commissions sitting to inquire into public affairs and to supply weighty Memoranda and expert advice in many fields of secular living. His one desire has been to make our people worthy citizens of a modern State. Citizenship is a concept which he has defined in a large way to include both the political aspect of the relationship between the Individual and the State and the training of the Individual to make himself the best educated and fully equipped person, responsibly, intelligently and independently to serve it. *Rāṣṭraka* is the term used by him, which will mean that this citizenship is not merely a local or a parochial one, but the whole of India. Duties and responsibilities ought to be owing as much in the narrower fields, i.e. in the affairs of the State to which a person belongs as to the implications of the wider obligations of being for an Indian in a contemporary environment. That is how he has shaped his life and chosen to be citizen without limiting his service to any one else, public or private, i.e. to a person, party or a body of the Government. In other words, he has remained an individual and independent. Once when the Dewan

Sir Mirza M. Ismail suggested to him a certain public benefice—this had happened in an earlier regime as well—and for his acceptance of some token of appreciation he declined it saying that it will rob him of being a free critic of the administration.



He comes of a respected family in Mulbagal, Kolar District. His grand-father was a Lawyer and Land-lord, Seshagiriah by name whose life and ways shaped his thoughts and gave him a particular cast of preference and developed in him a sensibility to the elements which should weigh with a human and humane person. The elder accepted the world with all its limitations and was full of a wisdom of life which was cheerful and constructive, open to information, but strongly inclined to analyse, assess and form for himself judgements on conduct. The atmosphere at home from the earliest days was, therefore, a liberal, inclusive one. Food, dress, manners, talk, personality, clash of temperaments and interest and contact with the widest variety of persons of every level of society made it a rich matrix of experience. Seshagiriah is clothed with an aura of romance and reverence whenever DVG thinks of him. His father, D. Venkataramaniah, was a School Master. We do not exactly know the date of DVG's birth. It is about 1888 or 1889, i.e. about 84-85 years ago. In matters personal he is reticent. Not many people knew till recently—when he began to publish his account of men and things at Mulbagal—how exactly he has grown up even as no one knows what he does to keep going. His life has been spent in the company of the richest and the most brilliant men of our time and some of the highest placed in private life and in the administration. But there are no marks of luxury in his own daily life; and, to the extent one knows he does not try to add to his income or property. His life has been simple and economical, proud and fiercely private and devoted to public affairs.

So far as general education goes, he went through the old Matriculation course and did not undergo education in Colleges. Quietly he has educated himself. Owing to friends who recognised his talents and valued his character and zeal he has been able to acquaint himself with almost everything needed for a man of culture and intellectual attainment. What ten universities together do not

give a young man, his assiduous industry, care and earnestness for self-development have given him. There are not many Classics famous in Literature, Politics, Economics, Journalism, Samskr̥t learning and Constitutional Law which he has not gone through or mastered in original or in translation. There is some rumour of his having done some work for a Hajee Ismail Sait firm in Bowringpet or Oorgaum before he came to Bangalore at 15 or 16 years of age.

About 1905-6 he came to Bangalore in search of a job and worked in small presses and for newspapers. Soon he impressed others with his carefulness, ability and trustworthiness and in writing on civic matters. One Srinivasa Iyengar, who was the Editor of a now defunct *Mysore Standard*, was impressed with him and became his mentor in Journalism. DVG has much reverence for this elder journalist. During those days, he says, he had to move between Bangalore and Madras. For the intellectuals and the literary men of Mylapore, Madras, he has great respect even as he has for the intellectuals at Poona of an earlier generation. 'Without fear or favour or self-interest' became the principle of his life, way, thought, speech and writing. He trained himself to make his life distinguished for efficiency and common sense quite early during the time of V. P. Madhava Rao and Ananda Rao, Dewans of Mysore, till 1911 and 1912, and made a mark as an independent student of public affairs and as a writer.

Journalism was the breath of his being and in no pejorative sense. Our time is not a time for classics or even for large treatises. Life has got to be lived on from hand to mouth yet lived well. And when the achievement or the promotion of it is made one's task or purpose it becomes totally geared to it. In its way, this is necessarily realistic and his time till almost the middle '20s wore the spirit of the Liberals in England who from many leaders in India derived inspiration. Morley, Gladstone, Mill—with Burke behind them—were inspirers of the Liberal way of life in England. Champions of liberty like Lincoln, Mazzini, Garibaldi inspired national idealism in India. These leaders became guides to his thought and feeling.

So, DVG developed his ideas of liberty in an environment which valued the tradition while sponsoring progress, enlightened and critical but constitutional. It set limits to authority on one side and to individual liberty on the other in public life and private behaviour. It is

tolerant and conservative in the best sense of the term; *laissez faire*, respecting individual freedom and property; and, in matters of progress considered, cautious and constructive; but builds on what the paradoxical Englishman calls the 'limits of the possible' and 'hasten slowly'; or, with conventions 'broadening from precedent to precedent'. Working for progress, studying every step forward, getting into it in full consciousness of verifiable benefit; never over-zealous, impatient or revolutionary. Till the end of the first great war such ideas were held as principles of conduct and the most fruitful methods of public life. It was a golden glory to be imbued with the ideals of Mill and Morley on which the best minds in India got educated then with the *Manchester Guardian* under C. P. Scott more or less, as exemplar for opinion and attitude.

By 1910, he had written his biography of Rangacharlu, the great Dewan of Mysore and during Sir M. Visvesvaraya's Dewanship (1912-7), DVG became a full and developed critic of public affairs. He started his first Bi-weekly English paper, *Karnāṭaka* (1913) which did yeoman service to public life in Mysore. Soon, he earned the respect of the Dewan. Many were the occasions, month after month, when the Dewan and DVG met. He was a discriminating critic and supported the Dewan in the constructive programmes Sir M. V. launched, but an unsparing critic of what seemed to him new-fangled, or utopian in M. V.'s administration. The resources of a poor State like Mysore with barely Rs. 3 crores annually as Revenue would, he thought, be unwisely spent in ways that could not bring in substantial, i.e. measurable benefit. The new ideas of the time for an expenditure policy of the Government launching and promoting development with a public debt programme in support of it did not commend itself to him. Yet his regard for the Dewan was great. This was retained to the last days of Sir M. V.'s life. Other Dewans like Sirdar Kantaraja Urs recognised his worth, though DVG felt that he was wasting time tilting at him. I remember how he rejected the continuance of a subsidy which the Sirdar's Government extended to his paper when it put forth the plea that one who received a Government grant-in-aid had better be a sparing critic of the administration; or, something like that. The relations between him and Sir Mirza Ismail were spacious with mutual regard. Not that they were always smooth. DVG's services in connection with the conduct of the University, the Political reforms and in administration etc. were many.

By this time, i.e. the later '20s and definitely the '30s, DVG had built up name and fame as writer and as an elder journalist. His views were respected by papers like *The Hindu*, *The Indian Social Reformer*, *The Servant of India* and elsewhere and the Memoranda he supplied in many causes, particularly on behalf of the Indian States in any scheme of constitutional reforms for India, consolidated the esteem in which he was held. His style of writing, which used to be fairly stiff and Victorian in the earlier days, became gradually a flexible medium of expression. His criticisms became concrete, less doctrinaire, unambiguous and instinct with a considerateness for other points of view while being firm on its own.



Equipping himself with the thought and progressive idealism and the humanistic approach to the problems which came through English as he was, he had not neglected the study of the cultural traditions of India. His knowledge of the *Vēdas*, the *Śāstras* and the *Purāṇas*, the works of the three *Matācāryas* and the founders of other systems became thorough. The foundations of the *Dhārmik* life have been exemplified in one or other *Smṛtikāras* and the study of Political Thought as exemplified in the *Mahābhārata* etc., became as much an element in his equipment. What inspired both was his studies in depth of the *Mahābhārata* and the *Rāmāyaṇa*.

It is an awesome equipment for any person and one who enters into an argument with him or questions an interpretation of his can get it full from him for the foundations of his thought and belief are well laid, considered and organised. His was a purposive study, self-made from base up not by syllabuses prescribed by others. He is almost a *Sarvabhakṣaka* sort of person and intellectually formidable; that explains the variety and weight of his learning. This learning was made human luckily by his love of literature—Sanskṛt, Kannada, English and Telugu. All that he cultivated for pleasure and in love. It made him intensely human and inclusive in taste and stance. His prodigious memory retains practically all that he has gone through, seen or read. Almost every point of view expressible on another side, or expressible at all, we find in his responses and reactions. The *Pūrva-pakṣa* technique in our dialectic recognises it as principle. His study of the *Brahmasūtra Bhāṣya* under the great scholar Hanagal Virupaksha Sastry,—who later became the pontiff of the Kūdli Muṭṭ—was a great

influence. Even there he kept his mind free and independent. But the impress and spirit of such pupilship made his thought perhaps more sculpturesque than plastic. More than the purely literary aspects of his being, his literary worth threatens to be overshadowed by his powerful intellect. Intellectual is thus the key word in his life, thought and work; a point of strength as one of limitation in his literary creations as well;—limitation in the sense that his mind has preferred substance and content to form and manner, the *what* to the *how*, the structural forms of verse and the advancement of tradition in thought as well as in modes of expression. He believes that the traditional patterns of writing are capable of expressing everything.



This brings me to the consideration of the nature, purpose and function of his literary work. In an introduction to a book of sketches of a few literary men, he says that he is a 'Devotee of Literature'. 'It is my belief that literature has the power to fill life with gladness and develop the prime strength of the human spirit and that this is a necessary part of one's equipment'. That is what makes him commend a course of literature to musicians, dancers and all artists as well, for it gives depth to feeling and builds the inner life of men and women. And this must have as much knowledge of history as a live openness to present condition. It adds to wisdom and fruitfulness and makes one a full person. That spirit has animated him all along: which means that literature to him is imperfect if it merely *is* and *seems*; it must say—as powerfully and firmly as it *can*—and *do*; this charges it with function; for otherwise it becomes merely a toy, a luxury, a phantasy or a running away from the tasks of life. It, of course, has its distinctive feature and manner;—its way of doing things. But that should subserve the primary function which is to be a healthful and strengthening influence in life, a source of joy and instruction, something to help understanding or steady one's learning; for it is a *humanity*. It must promote *the good life, the beautiful life*. Manner and manners go together; and, manners are not merely a formal affair but the expression of the goodliness of soul and the necessary requirement of fellowship and humanity. So that his view of literature believes in communication and if that be granted the writer who writes has the responsibility to make clear his stand and to say things in a way in which it can be understood and felt. It

should matter and speak to others things which it would like softly or powerfully—if persuasively—to convey in its kind, with words which waken, cleanse and ripen. He is not a votary of pure literature.<sup>1</sup> Such music or art promotes passivity, a luxury, outside the currents of life and withdraws men and women from the more active concerns of daily living.

In spite of the stress on the distinctiveness of *Dhvani* as the source of the enjoyment of literature he has been aware of other types of composition, which delight in saying things worth saying and he is sure as beautifully as possible according to the accepted canons of literary form and method and in the use of *Śabdālaṅkāras* and *Arthālaṅkāras* mentioned in our works on Rhetoric. He is well acquainted with the prosodic structure in Samskṛt, Kannaḍa and Telugu, and his knowledge of English poetry is extensive. The concept of Beauty which has played an important part in the history of literary appreciation—both in Europe and in India, finds in him an earnest votary which makes him think and write again and again on it, in literature, art and life. What is the nature and function of Beauty, *per se* and expressed in poetry, song and drama?—have been his questions like those of many of the earlier generations. In more than one book he deals with the problem of Beauty. But Beauty to him is also the *Beauty of Life* and all that it stands for. One of his works on Literary Criticism is called *Jivana Saundarya Mattu Sāhitya*. That title can be deemed the central theme of all his work. The reference to living is definite and ever present.

Today we are not bothered with the questions underlying Aesthetics and we exercise ourselves in presenting the travails and turmoils of life said to be meaningless or absurd. DVG belongs to an earlier generation. The Theory of Beauty and how Beauty has expressed itself in literature, dance, song and painting are subject-matter of many pieces of his composition. If as a patriot and citizen he has to

<sup>1</sup> On one occasion he said that in, e.g. a *Rāgālāpana*, the purest music with us, one is cast adrift on vague uncharted expansions of mood and sentiment, which however pleasurable it be or stimulating the depths or heights of appeal in it—though it may refine sensibilities—cannot give specific direction or speak clearly and intelligibly; but has no direct impact in meaning. Not that he is not aware of the greatness or the beauties or distinctiveness of communication in a *Rāga* but that it can hold men in paradises of pleasurable excitement, and there be lost!

concern himself with the 'Life Beautiful', he necessarily goes into the problem of the good life which brings him into Ethics, the roots of which and the justification for which are in a Theory of Life itself. That is practically how the *Gītā* is born and proceeds: out of question, doubt and heart-ache. In the outside environment, the beautiful and the good life have got to be lived in a particular situation or in a legal or social nexus. It has got to be directed and guided by morality. The foundation for any system of thought in such a view is what he expounds as the *Jivana Dharma Yōga*, an alternative title to his analysis and exposition of the *Bhagavadgītā*, which won the All India Sahitya Akademi Award in 1967. Technically he is a *Vēdāntin* of the *Advaita Sampradāya*, which he expounds both in his prose works and poetry. It is a fairly well-structured whole of doctrine which takes into consideration the bulk of what has been said about it these 1200-2000 years past. His knowledge of current affairs and problems enables him to interpret the *Gītā* in terms of contemporary life. His is a special theory of *Māyā*, which makes it stand for the entire process of living in time which has constituted the history of man accepting the *Puruṣārthas* as an inclusive view of life.

Philosophy today, they say, is becoming less and less absolute: 'One task that certainly remains to Philosophy is the making of maps of knowledge. . . A Philosopher's business is with questions and often with the differences between one kind of question and another—differences of method rather than of subject matter between one enquiry and another',—which knocks the bottom out of all its substantive and superior claims. But the Indian system of philosophical inquiry is grounded in and leads to religion. DVG is an *Āstika* without caring to declare if any particular school of religion is his special tract. The whole tradition of the land is subsumed: seen broad, human, rational and very much a principle of living but with its roots in or with reference to something beyond, i.e. transcendental.

Allide nammane

Bandevilli summane

(Our home is there. We came here simply). The *Aśvattha*, with its roots in Heaven is one of the favourite images for which he has partiality. All this gets into the substance of his thought whether

he writes verse or prose or drama, criticism or philosophical interpretation or on democracy or on principles of Government or evaluations of persons and attitudes. It is therefore a fairly inclusive view of men and nature of life that supplies orientation to his literary contribution. That is why the background is elaborated here.



I shall mention the names of a few of the more important works by him before I sum up the features of personality and character which make him significant as a writer and as influence for quite a period in the history of modern Kannada letters and make him an Institution.

## II

MUCH before 1923, when I definitely met him, he had published stray verse; and his *Vasanta Kusumāñjali* which consists of the appraisal in verse of many patriots distinguished for culture, service and achievement in modern India was about to be in. It was published by the Karnataka Sangha of the Central College, Bangalore. The next and the more important work of poetry was *Nivēdana*. It is perhaps the first most definitive expression of his mind and aspiration and contains all his seed-thought as it were.

*Nivēdana* deals with Nature, the works of man, his thought, ambitions and achievements, in connection with each of which there are poems. After speaking of the creation of this beautiful world of nature consisting of the sky, the hills, the oceans, the rivers and fields, the animals and birds, the sun and the moon and the stars etc., DVG mentions the sweet songs of the birds and the loves of friendship that God inspires men and women with. These are the gifts of some one who in his beneficence has made it possible to make life happy and rich. All this is his poetry, silent but eloquent and expressive of his grace and power. The author wonders why men see, feel and love this but not know him who made them. Isn't it he who endows the sun with light, the earth with firmness and strength, gives speed and energy to wind, the poet's words with emotion and sculpture,

painting and dance with life? This leads DVG to think that that poet is blessed who deems the creator his *Guru* and expresses himself in poetry with his help; and so, renders back a gift to the giver.

He is the best poet who knows how to express the beauty and wealth of all that discloses itself in the mind in a way that completely satisfies him. He is also the person who knows the art of writing it, suitably and fully. DVG speaks of his inability fully, and, so, satisfactorily to express himself; because of his need for a *Guru*. Only a little devotion gets articulated here. What makes him open his mouth is the love of his land: learned men may laugh at this effort of a mind to present to them the picture of the lofty hill as through a dusty and dark mirror. Does not a child speak often by signs? Do not the elders respond to them and their prattle with affection?

Then comes the dedication: that is almost the only expression of intimate personal feeling in the writings of DVG. Except once elsewhere, he has shied off from doing that; for, all his poetry is general and objective.

O Light that has shone in my home, O Wealth of my Life, here is a piece which I wrote to gladden you a little: How can I speak happily again and look on it with happiness and loftiness? Fate, whose hand does not melt hearing the cries of little children and at the sight of the tears shed by the elders,—does he respond to such barren poetry as this of mine? Will he whisper into your ears these words which are striving to deceive themselves with a hopeless hope? Well; howsoever that be, men on earth do ever think of something which they cannot see, offer a flower to it, believe they have offered worship and are happy. So do I, sorrowing, offer this in love to your memory. Memory, when it attains the beauty and the quality of your pure life shines like a diamond set in gold. It will then be beautiful like the sweet songs of birds and the fragrance of the woods.

Then comes the general purpose of the collection itself.

The wealth of God's creation, that of thought and feeling, full of soul, that of the story of the lives of good men; can one deem these as mere dreams? Will not a memory of the beauty of a mind in travail assuage and satisfy?

After speaking of the natural beauty of Coorg and the Jog Falls which speak of beauty and power, he speaks of K. R. Sagar and Shivasamudram, where the energy and skill of man have harnessed nature's powers for human use and benefit.

The figurines round the Belur temple and the contemplation of their beauty make the poet ask the question: What is the place and role of Beauty in the system of life, thought and realisation of the highest to which man aspires? Why do things of beauty divert the attention of men from thoughts good and godly and hold them prisoner to artistic form and lost looking at it? Numbers of people stay outside the temple, held contemplating these shapes, without going into the greater, the deeper and the more dedicated dance of, say, a *Nāṭya Sarasvatī* in the *Navaraṅga* and the concentration of other sculptural wealth inside the temple leading on to the sight of God,—in devotion to him. Does not art, if one may ask, deflect men from the larger and higher purpose? It cannot be an end in itself. It has certainly a place in the hierarchy of values. But the temple is the abode of God who in addition to beauty of form and lordship over it has various other aspects, purposes and functions as attributes to his character. Art in its kind is eternal; it is an individual way of fulfilment. But see! these *Madanikas* are in the outer fringes of God's abode. What is beautiful should draw a person in telling him how much greater, more elevated, more inclusive and more beneficent than any one aspect of creation is the Deity in the inner shrine. For God is the fullest embodiment of all that is aspired for and for all life that likes to fulfil itself as being. These figures are dancers and singers and but deck the outer walls. They entertain the world; but offer worship in their way to the Lord of creation and the cosmos; while he is looking on them as marginal or peripheral delights, granting them their role and place, but telling them and the world that there is something nobler and higher than mere beauty and art. Stanza 3 presents the problem thus:

If God be your lover how do you know that he who has not come to you in affection till now (the author is looking at them in the early '20s of this century) will come hereafter, he who is not among the numberless spectators assembled here during these hard days, will he become yours in love today? How can we consider as responsive to art and beauty one who does not

yield his heart to you tempted by the lustre of your face? Or, how could you consider one who does not stand struck at the sweet tinkle of your anklets as sensitive to beauty at all? Your dear one is perhaps formless; or, can it be that if he came to this place with the wealth and the grandeur of his form in display, the taking beauty and lustre of your form will fade and disappear (from the earth) and so chooses to look at you from behind a curtain as it were, feeling glad of the love you bear him.

Yours is the unheard melody, pleasanter far than the heard one; that is what lovers of beauty say. The sweet words that come out of your heart may enter our hearts. That is how many wise ones infer your mind and feel joy in your praise. The lustre of your beauty has not faded through these centuries and this being its secret, you are discovering to us a little of the sweetness of the supreme spirit which seems to be seen a little by a glisten now and then in the skill and dexterity of Fate (*vidhi*). Or, it moves in the minds of the men and in displays of surpassing picturesqueness raining drops of immortality on the plant of human life on earth. You make it easier for men to live on the earth with beauty which but sheds the light of the greatness of the creator. That is the service you are rendering to God.

This is how I deem your role here. It seems to me to show the zest to inculcate the mystery of the cosmic sculptor. What does it matter to you if people who have no goodwill and are perverse of character turn their minds away from you? O simple souled ones, let the drums and instruments that so subtly follow the tread of your soft feet reverberate and let the fragrance of the gentle winds flowing from these creepers give you shelter ever cherishing it. Your smile, love and cheer and the expressions of your face in meaning and affection for ever show up your heart. Your words are tender and soft; your look full of affectionate fondness. Time's wickedness does not make you harsh or hard; nor lessen your zest. May you go on feeding with goodliness of heart the ones whose hearts have dried up, so that these art-objects waken joy, sweetness and light.

It is here that Keats's line 'Beauty is Truth and Truth Beauty' is put in. Only Beauty is associated with the supreme Truth as it shows

here and the supreme Truth expresses itself in Beauty. They are an agency of culture and are guides to cultured living, agencies for purging men of what keeps them hard and unresponsive to others, desirous only of proclaiming love and the beneficence of love; and that way elevate the principles of loving conduct. The next 3 stanzas draw him away from this primary reference to attitudes to larger desires and consolations.

If these pieces of sculpture speak of Beauty and Art in the finer and the tenderer aspects of joy, cheer and grace, the description of Gommatēśwara is the exemplar of supreme austerity, sublime in self-possession—*Siddhi* of another kind. This is the other aspect of culture, standing for *Jinatva*—total self-conquest and sublimation. . . . Between is a praise of Bali who by yielding has conquered; a type of fulfilment of rare significance.

The last section of songs is an offering of one's own life, thought and acts to what one believes as the highest, of the desire to live a quiet, but fruitful life without desire either for recognition or reward, e.g. like a flower in the woods (Vanasuma). . . . One song deals with the relative roles of God and man; another asks why freedom was given to man when he denied it to bird and beast. There is a sad undertone asking if this freedom be a trick of God to fell man involving him into moral responsibilities by choice. The last poem is entitled the 'Song of the Wayfarers'. The wayfarers are *Parivrājaka*-like<sup>1</sup>—those who chance to camp at a place for one night only and pass on to the next halt, who will not like to be bothered with the tasks and the responsibilities, the quarrels and complaints, or be drawn into the sorrows and joys of the townsfolk amongst whom they have to halt the night. The last 3 stanzas are a vehicle of the attitude towards life on one side and a *confessio-fidei* on the other.

One more poem was added later in the second edition which is the only other personal poem written by him. (are mūkanāgihenu: I am half dumb). It perhaps is the expression of a mood of depression, rarely indulged in by our author but which is a lurking element in character and composition—will count for our assessment of the colour and value of his personality. The sadness and depression here show in innumerable forms in *Mañkutimmana Kagga*, where a whole

<sup>1</sup> I have more than a suspicion that DVG toyed with thoughts of *Sanyāsa* sometime.

attitude towards life is clothed with the beauty and glory of wisdom, where the normal definition of a sadder and a wiser man is relieved by a larger frisk of the spirit and a humour which redeems and transmutes the greater poem.



The *Antahpura Gite* came nearly 26 years after *Nivēdana*. It is a mixed dish containing various stanzas in classical Samskr̥t formṃ. There are songs connected with each item of sculpture in illustration so that musicians can sing Kannada songs like they do Tyagaraja's or the *Pada* compositions by Kshetrayya.

The Introductory section with an explanation for what seems to him a celebration in the Belur Temple says that Kēśava, the primum-mobile, is feeling delighted with this recital of dance though he is himself the power and the light of the entire universe and also the joy of all eyes and ears. These beautiful dancers are the lovers of Keshava, each distinguished for form and expression; the sweetness of their talk, the symbol of love and joy, the source of what makes for enjoyment, skill and song—engaged in a *Rāsālīla*. Five stanzas indicate their feature with terms like *Subhasadanike*, *Rasabhāṇanike*, *Smaraḡunānīke*, *Hitakathanike*, *Madhukāraṇīke*,—while they go under the name of *Madanikas*. A few songs are extremely melodious and the author has provided the frame-work of the *Rāga* and *Tāla* in which to sing them. The titles given to the figurines are also pretty. Item 29 is a small operetta, which deals with how Vishnu as Mōhini, destroyed the demon Bhasmāsura who has fallen for Mōhini, by a trick of teaching him how to dance. The book is gathered up with the title called *Saundarya Vijaya* (Beauty's Triumph). When the mind of man is engaged in tasting the beautiful and the sweet, the rest of the world is forgotten desiring nothing else. Beauty here is a total-absorption of the mind. This is a conference of Art; a feast of Beauty. All this dance and form, sculpture and architecture, skill and attainment are an offering to God, the Creator, as *Madhurabhāva* in Devotion. The author's mind here relates earth, life and God in terms aesthetic and artistic.

The solution offered in the Belur figures is taken up in stanzas of many forms which are rare in Kannada verse and with songs, some of which are of entrancing melody. One feature of DVG's song con-

struction is that he takes the models of composition and structure from the old patterns of the *Dāsas*, musicians like Tyagaraja and the writers of *Padas* and *Jāvalis*.

The scheme adopted in this Book takes in *Kandas* and *Vṛttas* of many kinds and meaning gathers up in the song. The song invariably illustrates a *Śṛṅgāra Bhāva* illustrated in the expressiveness of the posture of the stone figurines all of whom feel commissioned as it were as principle of their art to a pose and like rendering service—through dance—to the presiding deity inside. That they can't be facing the deity inside the temple but should be used to deck the external enclosure—as sculpture-cum-architecture—is a point which keeps alive the question about their role in integrating art, erotic ones at that,—in a worship of the divine. How much the contemplation of the beauty of these can be interpreted at all as worship and whether the two moods can speak to one so is a point that needs further consideration though philosophy and religion may try to reconcile and harmonise them. But the advance here (from Nivēdana) is that they are his harem (*Antaḥpuram*) taken up in their different ways preparing to please him. Yet Art does not seem to be always a consenting member in any systematisation.

The songs both here and in *Gīta Śāṅkuntala* are variations of the same pattern. The latter are married to a dramatic and to a more secular musical purpose. They express the modes of a human drama developing as Kalidasa conceives it; But behind all such is a metaphysical purpose which shapes the situation in DVG's thought. This becomes a framework of reference and can sometimes override and seek to impose itself on the human drama which, in all conscience, is tender and gracious and triumphant by its own inherent strength. It is a failing in metaphysicians that in everything they say or do they let a scheme of thought hag-ride the moods and needs of a simple human situation.

We may now take up almost the latest exposition of DVG's aesthetic doctrine in a very beautiful piece of composition called the *Śṛṅgāra Maṅgalam*. Keats's 'Ode on the Grecian Urn' plays more than a key role there and the terms, 'Truth and Beauty' become again elements of a Platonic order of sensing and fusion. The *Saccidānanda* concept in Indian Philosophy includes reality, mind and joy in a single synthesis; and, almost everything can get into this hold-all term.

*Śṛṅgāra Maṅgaḷam* is arranged in 6 sections: (1) A Prefatory; (2) As embodied in the creation of the world: with the evidence of the *Maharṣis*; (3) The evolution of the world: the evidence of the *Maharṣis*; (4) The principle of Truth and Beauty: the evidence of Keats; (5) *Prēma Advaita*: Integral Love: evidence of Shakespeare in the Phoenix and the Turtle, and (6) The experience of the separated lover: the evidence of the 'Anonymous'—an unknown (*ajñāta*). There are two prose appendices: the first of which is a note on Truth and Beauty; the second, a note on the 'Grecian Urn'. Appendix I is easily one of the clearest and most lucid expositions of the subject, bearing on the principle and deals with the commemoration of Beauty which contains a handful of ashes. The relative principle of Death and Life is Truth and Beauty. It can be ranked with the 'Nāsadiya' hymn itself in the *R̥gvēda* in its concreteness and self-explanatory directness and simplicity. One feature of this section, as of one or two others, is that he prefaces the section with the extracts taken out of *Yajur Āraṇyaka*, *Taittirīya*, *Bṛhadāraṇyaka* and *Manusmṛti* etc. The doctrine is the ancient one of how the eternal primordial principle once got the idea to express itself; and, his desire—*Kāma*—Beauty—started with creating company for Itself/Himself, and how to enjoy his creation by making one part of him the feminine principle. The whole universe developed out of such desire—a *Līlā*. The unfoldment of creation which is in the third section explains the place and play of love and beauty as the basis of all *Samsāra* and how Beauty is not enemy to Truth or *Dharma*. *Sīsapadya* 13 speaks of the world without *Māra* is like to earthly existence without water; a weary, stretching sight of sand—each a separate particle: where no one is related to anybody else; with no relationship, no friendship.<sup>1</sup> When desire is born, love is born as its complement anger, fear, jealousy; and, with them tenderness (*Maruḷam*). In the heart—*hr̥drasas*—the first flavour is beauty: the root of the all-inclusive tree of *Samsāra* etc. *Kāma* is thus the oldest power in creation and the strongest.

Why Keats was attracted to the Urn containing the ashes and how he must have been intrigued by the piece of art that the Urn which carried in its heart-centre the ashes signifying death—of

<sup>1</sup> A line which says this has been done in the *Maṅkutimma* piece also but differently: "Without the cry of desire there is no cry of response". cf. "From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not, Could she call, there were never a rose to reply"—Swinburne.

those great or beloved ones who are commemorated. All round is the zest for life. It looks to him that life looks on from the garden to the crematory and from the crematory to the garden. It indicates to him that *Madana* and the God of Death reign over life from two sides. The speed of the foot comes from one; the distant frontier is presented by the other; they are inescapable. This doctrine agrees with the doctrine of our *Smṛtis*, says DVG. And it is again rendered in the first appendix in prose. This Truth is stated there as the expression coming out of the mouth of a work of Art for the benefit of those who wear their hearts out with care and those who have lost their zest for life. What is the secret—he asks—of these symbols? Are Beauty and Truth identical? Are they of the same value, equal to each other? Many stanzas illustrate the two principles and show the two at every level of existence, of value, of meaning and reach of fulfilment. They are complementary aspects of the same integral reality.

The *Vēdānta*, says the author, considers Truth and Beauty as not totally different and separate. They are part and parcel of the soul's energy. One real attitude of the soul is *Sat*, the Real; the other is *Cit*, which is the principle of wisdom or knowledge. That is why the supreme *Ātman* is spoken of as *Saccidānanda*. When mental power realises its existence what it sees is its Reality or Truth. When the same power realises the principle of *Ānanda*, it becomes Beauty. The Truth is: there is no place for any thought of mortality. What Keats saw in the philosophy of the beautiful pieces of carving on the Grecian Urn is acceptable to this view of the *Vēdānta*. The Truth of Truth is the supreme soul. The inner truth or body of the creator of the Universe is truth or reality. Its external form is beauty. This is the basic foundation of the life's *Dharma*. He who without forgetting truth worships beauty is blessed. The whole thesis derives from a few words in the *Yajurveda*, the *Taittirīya*; the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka* and *Manusmṛti* support it:

These speak of how the primal, formless, potent one, feeling alone felt like having some fun or *Līlā* and decided on creating the world and life. For a proper enjoyment or wearing off his tedium he created the other: *Prakṛti*, the feminine principle. And the play between the *Prakṛti* and *Puruṣa* created the principle of *Ānanda*; this means the principle of husband and wife as couple. This became the principle

of social living with love, understanding and harmony. A few subsections are entitled: 'What existed at first' express it, 'The first sound heard', 'The thought of the Primal *Puruṣa*', 'The flourish of *Rāsikya*', 'The culture of the couple'. This garland of flowers is *Śṛṅgāra*. 'All beauty is good'. That this secret in the wisdom of understanding and enjoyment leads to harmony and fulfilment is the basic message of *Śṛṅgāra Maṅgaḷam*.

When one looks at the Grecian Urn and contemplates it we find ashes as its content which is symbolic of Death. The carved and sculptured vase is art in bas-relief and painting. Many stanzas compare and contrast Truth and Beauty, particularly in Section IV, which like some other sections begins with a quotation from the *Taittirīya* and two or three *Kandas*. The second speaks of *Brahma* as Truth and the entire Cosmos in movement as Beauty. Balance is Truth and the play in movement and rollick of the waves of the sea is Beauty. *Satya* is not apparent; beauty exists and reveals itself through form and taste. Truth is silent mystery; beauty speaks through song and through innumerable types of expression. The Greeks did not seem to endure the thought that the play of love ends with Death. It is remarkable. Of this artefact the centre is death and all round is the zest and the loveliness of life. *Mṛtyu prasāda* inside; Love's flourish outside is the picture. Comparisons like these abound in the section. What is to be the fate of life if truth is without flavour? If the enjoyment of things of life, of mind and body be empty illusion? Are not flavour in rich food and power to sustain and nourish sweet; and, don't these exist together? In what strength? To say that beauty is false and the delights of physical life are to be eschewed is fruitless and improper. They cleanse life and help the perception of Truth. *Kāma* and Death rule the field of human life.

*Kāma* extends and enlarges; the God of Death sets the frontiers. A wise man treats with equal consideration both these spirits. Death and Beauty are the banks on either side of the river of life. Between these three points the river runs from side to side, while the moving world is two-sided. *Brahma*, the eternal entity is Truth; its expression is Beauty. The two together are one though two-faced. Another stanza puts it another way: is not Krishna the Truth? and the sorrow of separation from him of the people of Gokula Beauty? *Narasimha* is Truth and the loving heart

of Prahlada who has sought refuge in him is Beauty. The two are teachers of Truth: *Manmatha* and *Kāla*. One calls to joy and he who calls to *Dharma* is Time, the ender of things. They are equal to each other. *Śāstra* is Truth and the art of poetry which enshrines the Principles of the *Śāstra* as they show up in things is Beauty. Truth has no sex and makes no distinction between the female and the male. What stretches in form as man and woman and as mutuality between them is beauty. So too is the distinction between the *Rati* and *Citi*. *Madana* is the *Ācārya* who educates the heart; beauty forms his weaponry. He tempers human lives through a soft smile with just a flash of the eye even to achieve *Dharma*. *Madana's* call is for gladness. Death calls for *Dharma*. The two are equal. Many more are the illustrations which indicate the distinction between the two, Life and Death, the permanent and the transitory.

Truth, goodness and beauty are not different; they are the same substance three-faced. What can be deemed Truth is what is the most beneficent; beautifully shaped; and what endows with peace. What DVG calls *Prēmādvaita* derives evidence from Shakespeare's 'The Phoenix and the Turtle':

So they loved, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts, division none:  
Number there in love was slain.

For the two were considered the ideal couple, the phoenix being the lady bird, the turtle the husband.

The VI Section is the experience of separation. The opening stanza of Bhartrihari is one of the most heart-rending of stanzas in our literature.<sup>1</sup> Whatever ethical systems and philosophies may say or fear of death and its certainty may constrain the urge for life, the zest for it and pursuit of love and beauty are enduring factors in creation exhilarating and eternal. The sorrows of separation and want are as agonising as the ecstasies of pursuit and possession. Indeed the presence of the ashes in the earthen vase does not deter the romp, the song, the dance, the love making that are featuresome of all that

<sup>1</sup> 'The Seagull' and 'Uncle Vanya' of Chekhov illustrate a similar break of heart.

art and beauty carve all over the Urn. Love lives in the mind, in memory, and is the substance of all the longings in life. Why—it is often the life of life—the prowess of Vishnu himself. A quiet inside the heart and born of the supreme force inside. It is not created by an outsider; he makes an outsider your own.

You touch some joint somewhere; tap some door; bring together two lives; fasten them with the cords of love; make slaves one of another. New conduct and moralities you give them. Almost like a magician you make a fault a virtue. Those who have got into your traps lose control of themselves; to their eyes you cast enchanting pictures and powers. Make fragrant the sweat; the saliva nectar; leanness or emaciation a lovely creeper; ink bewitching dark; a distended mouth a smile. At your command or fiat any condition becomes beautiful. Men and women are struck blind in the eye. What is the use of *Sāstra* and theory not informed by experience and sensation? The foam in the mouth? What value is cloth which does not suit the shape and character of the body;—a burden. There is no sweetness without love. What else matters in life? The field where you are not present is the condition of an ox which drives endless rounds an oilpress. To all the enterprise of life zest only comes from you—the colour, the confidence and the flourish of the battles of all life's attraction.

So the poet goes on. The experience of the *Virahi* is easily the most fluent and poetically pleasurable passage.

The one unfairness of love is the inequality of its incidence on men and women. The beloved ones are not stricken equally and herein comes the complaint against *Manmatha* being the Five-arrowed one; the arrows are not shot evenly. The other enormity is that love's rollick is insolent and irresponsible and does not have or mind limits or frontiers. Therein is its menace and danger. One is made to forget the presence of prowess of the supreme principle and it flourishes like an intoxication. One's prayer to Love might be that it might not so inebriate as to make individuals forget the soul; not raise smoke and sparks of fire inside the man and if the beloved one is not favourable, not pain or fill with anguish! The shot of your arrow may help to bring calmness and peace without becoming killing death. This still is the difference between death and love. Death

strikes in a moment and takes one away. Love kills everyday, every moment of the hour. O Love, be a tempered presence and be in bounds; and, may the bounds be for the highest good. If only you who are the inspirer of life and its begetter could learn to help us to control and regulate, you who are born of the mind could calm down the passions by removing the excesses and distortions . . .!—he calls out. It is not by denying love or calling down imprecations on it that one can exorcise it; but by sublimating it or bringing it under a governance for human welfare that it can be subdued and made a beneficent principle.

The prose appendices show the clearest exposition of the entire principle which has been expounded in the body of the poem. Love and Death, Beauty and Truth are alter-aspects of the same principle. Is it not possibly the highest expression of this principle which makes the *Upaniṣadiḥ* seer say: 'Yasya chāyā amṛtam yasya mṛtyuḥ?' There it is *Brahma*; here an aspect of its *Līlā*. At the basis of all morality is a philosophy or a metaphysic; where there is *Sat*, existence or Reality, there is no place for the memory or commemoration of Death. This is how DVG says: 'There is a reconciliation of the meaning of Truth and Beauty which is enshrined in the poem of Keats when he sees the pictures of Beauty and love round the Urn that contains the ashes'. Altogether, the *Śṛṅgāra Maṅgaḷam* is a reconciliation of the claims of the Beauty and the obligations of the Moral Life.<sup>1</sup>



An interesting feature of the literary history of modern India is the translation into many languages the Rubais of Omar Khayyam—either directly from the original Persian, or, more usually, from Fitz-Gerald's English translation. The *Rubāiyāt* has been a very popular poem in Karnataka. One hears it has been that in many other parts of India. The late Govinda Pai and A. N. Krishna Rao have translated the Khayyam quatrains. Rao's translations are simpler, freer and perhaps more inclined to stress or underline the joyous and the pleasurable aspects of the message. Govinda Pai's translation keeps true to the structure and substance of the original in the rhyme-scheme where only 3 out of the 4 lines rhyme: a feature of the Rubai. He knew Persian and he derives the spirit of the original: whatever that

<sup>1</sup>This is further emphasized in a few sections of *Kṛṣṇa Parīkṣaṇam*.

be. For there are conflicting accounts of the real or heart-essence of the Khayyam doctrine itself; some calling it Pagan or Heathen; others, symbolism of some kind and still others as definite Sufism. Which is the true interpretation is still a subject for wrangling and disputation. And old Khayyam would say, 'let us leave it to the wise and learned to wrangle'! Even in English many translators from the original Persian disagree about the definite intent of the original. Actually the exact number of quatrains is itself a matter of controversy. DVG takes from Fitz-Gerald. He doesn't maintain the rhyme scheme either at the end or in the second letter of each line as is commonly done in Kannada Verse, but renders the stanza for meaning. Omar Khayyam must have been a very learned man,—a mathematician and astronomer, they say—and highly placed in life and a very earnest one. Possibly for all his toils and understanding and thought, he can have come to the conclusion that philosophy does not sanction a definite direction to Truth. His hedonistic or Epicurean thought on the surface so beautifully expressed has behind it a depth of feeling; for the heavens give no guidance to a greater human destiny. That the greatest in the world pass without return and we will be gathered up in time, 'Dead yesterday and Unborn tomorrow'. What reck we of tomorrow if today be sweet! Make it sweet and spend the time with woman, wine and song. The sky is but an inverted bowl and rolls as impotently as thou or I:

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears  
 TODAY of past Regrets and Future Fears:  
 TOMORROW!—Why, Tomorrow I may be  
 Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand years.

More revealing still; more redeeming the Khayyam heart is—

Ah Love! Could you and I with Fate conspire  
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
 Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
 Remould it nearer to the Heart's desire!

is the cry of many a thoughtful man throughout history. So,

A Book of verses underneath the Bough,  
 A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
 Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

The last two stanzas made Khayyam dear to people here, there and everywhere. He is not bothered with the evil that infests life; for, the moan is always that of a broken pot. The complaint is against the maker of the pots. He sets traps—does he not?—to mankind and fells men into the pit. The gin and the pitfall, the serpent and the rose, the temptation and the weakness of the heart are at once his creation: the offence is that of the Maker.<sup>1</sup> It is he that should ask the pardon of man and take. This doctrine has attracted many over India and Omar Khayyam has been translated into almost all the languages. Some *Cārvāka* doctrine as expounded in our earlier literature merely directs men to a life of pleasure and comfort denying the soul and the hereafter: Khayyam, however, presents the background of an intrinsically good and great life which desires to understand the meaning of life and the basis of the good being baulked and frustrated: seems left with no option but to compensate oneself with a life of cheer and pleasure here and now.

The *Bhakti* pathway of the *Dāsas*, in spite of the Love they reveal to God and the devotion for Him asks for total surrender which in one sense makes men perhaps effete and leaves them with a feeling that life is essentially not worth much; it is good so far; no further. When the substantiality of the world and the concerns of life cannot weigh and only God, at and in His mercy, can redeem, much of the argument for life here and now is weakened. Death ends life or rolls in endless cycles of birth and death till it is redeemed by God, with no freedom of choice for itself. Wife and children, wealth and power, success and failure do not matter—is a doctrine which cannot normally make for strength. DVG disapproves of this attitude also.

The moral life is a social life and has a total contexture. There is a meaning in it and ought to drive to positive fulfilment. A life of striving with self-realisation as its goal, backed and buttressed by the claims as much of the secular order as of the ethical and philosophical are what commend in service to him. Whether he writes on the lives of great men, expounds a system of thought or puts it into verse and drama, this is what seems to be the burden of his statement.



Rama and Krishna are two exemplars of conduct in India: yet their behaviour on occasions has been exposed to criticism and the modern

<sup>1</sup> Cp. *Tappu adārada*—(whose is the fault?) by Tirumalarya.

world like the past has asked a few questions, which DVG tries to answer.

*Śrī Rāma Parīkṣaṇam* is in 9 sections, the first and the last are preamble and epilogue, seven persons raise questions: Ahalyā, Tārā, Mandōdarī, Sītā, the people of the World, Lakṣmaṇa and Hanumān. The answer to Hanuman (in stanzas 31, 33, 41, 42) expresses more or less what is contained in one form in the *Gītā*, in another in the opening lines of the *Īśāvāsya*—on which incidentally DVG has given his exposition in a different book. Rama concludes (stanzas 46 and 47) what in a Hardy way a poem of the latter concerns itself with: 'The Absolute explains itself'. The burden of the human life is lessened with this understanding of life. Rama's behaviour as man is exposed to criticism really but the greater purpose that the author is serving asks to exonerate him. Valmiki seems to have in his story what of the eternal can be learnt in the transient. The story is narrated in a persuasive, palatable way. Yet the picturesqueness of it: *Nirapēkṣa Dīkṣā* of Bharata and Lakshmana, the self-surrender of Hanuman, the concentrated *Tapas* of Sita, the *audārya* and *Śaurya* of Rama are the standing monuments discovered to us. Here is Rama who rejected wealth and said: I desire only *Dharma*. This was Rama's will and choice. That one should give up *Ahaṁkāra* is the field in which all these heroes and heroines tried to rival one another in humility. They were flint and steel in what they deemed their *Dharma*. This seems to be the message of the poet. Valmiki's own compassion and humanity consist in granting refuge to Sita assuring her that she will be able to meet her husband there with her children.

Ahalya's is a pitiful condition where the weakness of three persons, Ahalya, Indra and Gautama are expounded as common feelings of the human flesh. In Ahalya as neglected, exposed to temptation, indulged in or exploited; in Gautama as that of one who in his woodenness and neglect of an affectionate partner in life exposes her to starvation of sex and/or comforts in life. Viśvāmitra, the understanding *Maharṣi*, expounds the principle of compassion. So much remorse, suffering and austerity should be enough to cleanse a sin and she should be forgiven and accepted. That Indra is brought in here is a feature. Vishvamitra himself prone to error and lapse, has been made the vehicle of the message. This is almost a lesson for Rama himself. He enjoins on all of them understanding. The neglect of the husband

is a seed; the desire of the wife is sprout; youth is fire; her mind is the wax; *Śakra* got a crooked thought that she is open to influence. That is what made Gautama's mind angry,—a raging burning fire. These three become the fish-hook and bait on the angle of *Brahma*, the fisherman. These were the dancing puppets played by *Prakṛti*—Nature. How could people of the world look on this play? Are they not aware of the prowess of *Smara*? Forgive and forget; time heals the wounds. All homes on earth are made of mud and stone. They fall into ruin more or less. The task of man is to raise into living structure a house so fallen. You are cleansed and purified now—that you have expiated for faults and failures. Do not remember the wrong done. The memory or recollection of a *Pātaḥa* is like the invocation of a ghost. Do not invoke it or fan the anger into flame remembering old hurts. If you can but forget, something like new skin will form; time will supply the healing bond, assuage and console. This is a great argument for all mankind. *Tārā* and *Mandōdari* and *Sita* ask the same question more or less: why he who forgave *Indra* did not forgive *Vāli*?; who showed compassion to *Ahalya* could not extend it in *Rumā*'s case; and, is it because you have had no sisters of your own?—which is a queer woman's question. *Mandodari*'s is once again the same as to why he could not understand the weakness and fall of *Ravana* for *Sita*. The arguments here are on grounds of personal and public morals. *Sita*'s question is a little more personal. She who loved and was loved in return so much and for no fault of hers should suffer exile: must a king be afraid of the pettiness of an uncultivated person? May the prejudice and complaint of an ignorant bounder be the foundation of a king's ordinance? Have kings no freedom to think larger in conduct? You showed generosity in the family life of *Gautama*. Such a spaciousness of attitude shrinks hard in the case of the unfortunate *Sita*. In answer a whole theory of Royal Conduct—which *Rama* desired to live by and live for—is expounded. *Sita* is told that she understands it in her heart and that in a king and queen's life a higher righteousness should ever rule personal conduct. Personal and private levels ought to yield place to the demands of Royal integrity and good name. Here *Sita* does not call to her Mother Earth to open up to receive her. While *Sita* was listening to these words the Earth opens out with a loud explosion and a cry is heard telling him—and through him, us—that the purpose of his *Avatāra* has been fulfilled by such *Nirlōbha Dharma*.

The answer to the people of the world is presented about why he renounced Sita simply because the poisonous tongue of a miserable scandal-monger should have deprived them of the blessings of a queen and him of the company of a beloved wife. When the heart is pure and the mind clear and the experience of human life and powers of criticism are on, it would be just to forgive. Will not that be the best expression of *Dharma*? This saddens Rama, no doubt, who answers that Sita has fulfilled her life. She is the daughter of Mother Earth who was the very spirit of forbearance. What else is left for her to perform? I too have been rendered weak. The kingdom hereafter will be ruled by Kuśa and Lava. The order of precedence in a kingdom is the body of citizens. From them the *Rājya* arises. If they are wanting—king, minister, treasurer cannot grow; and, the people will not be raised in self-government. To promote this is kingship established by the *Ṛṣis*. Only through straightness of character, a spirit of participation, earnestness, clear understanding and the love of the people and by continually being taken up with what is right in kingly conduct can Rulership be redeemed; and ennoblement or loftiness of life and true fame can be achieved. This statement satisfies the old man who speaks as the representative of all the people of Ayodhya.

Lakṣmana's question—strange from him!—is of another kind. He asks his brother how Rama could punish Śambūka simply because he was a *Śūdra*. Is one not a man simply because he is a *Śūdra*?<sup>1</sup> Can he not naturally have the impulses to superior conduct to offer sacrifice? Is violence to be the reward for progressive action towards a higher level of being? Why must his way be wrong? This is a difficult social question and a brother like Lakshmana only can have the temerity to ask it. In answer to this question Rama describes to him the whole traditional concept of public order, social responsibility, relative duties in conduct etc. Here is the most conservative exposition of social ordering that the author gives us. Lakshmana seems to be

<sup>1</sup> A very interesting description of a *Śūdra* is given by an orthodox Brahmin of the old type in DVG's sketches of Venkataramana Bhatta: "One whose mind is petty is a *Śūdra*; not one of the four castes. Whatever be the caste, the chief point is having a large mind and quality. See how it is in our town. Tōṭada Pālyeda, Muniappa, Muniyappa of Someśvara Pālyā, Mārasetty, Sonnagowda of Sonnavāḍi—does any one treat their words indifferently? Do not all respect them? Kaste Hyder Saheb, Hāji Madar Saheb, Syed Pacha Miya are not they all held in high esteem? etc."

convinced. But the question abides. Even the argument that Shambuka aspired for merely the higher pleasures of the heaven need not be the argument; for the bulk of mankind even among the higher classes generally aspires only to such benefits. The highest *tapas* in sacrifice is but the endeavour of a few chosen spirits. . . . Sections 5, 6 and 7 are partly in verse and partly in prose of the old *Campu* style.

*Śrī Kṛṣṇa Parīkṣaṇam* is an inquiry into the significance of the life of Krishna. It desires to explain the nature of his conduct against the criticisms levelled against him from the earliest days. It rationalises his behaviour; and is not so much apologia as presenting him against the values of the time and his role as a full *Avatāra* of God. A historical role and a religious role have to be reconciled; and, poetry touches up both background and action. There is prose explanation and sections in verse, and a playlet; each of which deals with an aspect of his personality and function; like in *Śṛṅgāra Maṅgaḷam*, between are quotations from *Bhāgavata* and the *Upaniṣads* etc. Much, of course, depends on whether we give credence to those sources of authority. It is therefore a traditional explanation. If a person of Krishna's character and importance has to be accepted, explanations like these can be advanced. The planes on which valuation and judgement are expected today against traditional belief are there. Large numbers of people in India hold still to a belief in incarnation. The Hindu system accepts it as Religion. What DVG does is interesting even when doubters are amused by the arguments. The prose in the earlier part of the book is clear and crisp and gives an efficient exposition of the thought. It is analytical and there is no mincing of matters. Both in *Śṛṅgāra Maṅgaḷam* and here it is simple, direct, clear and precise—qualities needed in a time like ours and for subjects like these.

Rama and Krishna appear in two different ages; Rama in the *Trēta* when the practice of faith and strictness to traditional customs were operative. Rama is the embodiment of the *Kṣatriya Dharma* at its purest—whatever criticism may be offered against his stand and deeds will have to be judged in terms of an austerity which made the ruler sacrifice personal comfort and advantage in behalf of proper conduct. Krishna's problem was different. *Dvāpara* is a time of doubt.

In the two charges levelled against him: *Jāra* and *Cōra* in the boyish days and as not being particularly scrupulous in the methods

he used against his foes and in behalf of friends DVG elucidates his conduct by saying that the first part consists of poetic exaggerations of childhood. His stealing butter etc., was small prank which people loved rather than were angry with. Krishna was a miracle man and is deemed a *Pūrṇāvatāra* and is the leader of the *Bhakti* cult, where the *Madhura Bhāva* is a valid approach to God. Deemed a God, he was forced to satisfy the *Gōpīs* in the way they demanded of him. They needed him as lover despite the fact they had homes and spouses of their own. Often, we, in our time, do not accept the traditional conventions current in an earlier time. He lists (page 35) a number of points in explanation of his conduct: Krishna was not a philanderer or adulterer. He granted asylum and refuge to those who came to him; behaved more like a teacher and physician. The Gopis were not adulterous either or prostitutes. The only person in addition to their husbands, they were all in love with was Krishna only and that is because he was deemed an expression of God.<sup>1</sup> As a symbol of the deity he is presented in the course of a play in the latter part of the book as well as in the poetic section where the husbands never had a feeling the wives had left them or they were separated from them. This is because of his capacity to be present everywhere. He managed to appear as Krishna to the Gopis and as wives to their husbands during the *Rāsa*. 'Yugānurūpā bhagavadavatārā bhavanti' is one of the statements put in as explanation. That he was able to gratify the Gopis and free them from carnal desires is the greatness of Krishna. The caution is also given to mankind that because an *Avatāra* behaved in a particular way, men should not follow it as Model. *Na dēva caritam carēt*. Since sex is an intense desire and they desired heavenly felicity they too have to be saved. Only the selfless lords of the world can relieve them of the oppression and the urgencies of their nature. A stanza in the 'Udyōga Parva' of the *Mahābhārata* says:

Indriyānām anutsargō/Mṛtyunā nau viśiṣyatē  
Atyartham punarutsargō/Sadayēddaivatānapi.

'If the senses are stilled without expression, they become fatal. If permitted totally to express at will they destroy even the Gods'. He

<sup>1</sup> According to the Bhakti School, only Krishna is male, the rest of the world is female in love with him.

felt like a beloved relation to all the Gopis and taught them spirituality through Love and friendliness. Another stanza of the *Gītā* establishes this principle of conduct:

Yē yathā mām prapadyantē/Tāmstathaiva bhajāmyaham  
Mama vartmānuvartantē/Manuṣyāḥ pārtha sarvaśaḥ

'I adjust myself to everyone who comes to me desirous of becoming one with me. Wheresoever men wander about they walk in my path'. Of course, no principle of conduct can be stretched in the wrong directions or abused; and, that requires self restraint i.e., discipline.

*Raḁti* and *Bhakti* are the twins through a proper direction and integration of goal. They will gradually lead through *Virakti* and disinterestedness to *Mukti*. If we understand *Śṛṅgāra* merely as a charter of libidinousness, it is wrong. It is a means for culture. It has to be tamed and softened in effect. It chastens, refines whole fields of conduct. *Agni* to which it is compared cooks as it does purify. The various arts and the crafts like perfumery and floral ornaments are the instrumentalities.

A point stressed by DVG, like by a few others, is that the desire for pleasure and happiness need not be evil and vicious for at one breath we say 'Bhūtyai na pramaditavyam', i.e., one should not forget to earn the materials for happiness; at another we say '*Vairāgyamēva abhayam*'—only with *Vairāgya* can one be free from fear. These two attitudes have got to be reconciled and only godliness can conduct us through them. Even the *Chāndōgya* accepts the principle of coupling, between men and women: 'Yadāvai mithunau samāgacchata/Āpayatō vai tāvanyōnyasya kāmam'. When men and women come together they gain their desires in mutuality. This can gain fruition with an attitude like:

Sa ya āśām brahmētyupāstē āśayāsyā  
Sarvē kāmāḥ samṛdhyantyamōghāḥ asyāśiṣō bhavanti.

He who pursues desire considering it an expression of Brahma will have all his desires fulfilled. None of his desires will fail: the caution, again, is against abuse. In a word the whole attitude of Krishna in

the *Bhāgavata* is a balancing and reconciliation of the worldly and the unworldly, renunciation and enjoyment, enjoyment and liberation: '(Tēna) tyaktēna bhunijīthāh'—*Tyāga* and *Bhukti* are shown their place in a statement of such dignity.

What the author says in *Mañkutimmana Kagga*, in *Śṛṅgāra Maṅgaḷam* and in the later commentary on the *Bhagavadgītā*, he is trying to express here; for, his one desire is to see that the traditional concepts and the faith in the Epics and the greater myths which are popular and guides to conduct have to be properly understood and valued so that they may inform behaviour in today's life. Else they disrupt social values and unhinge minds. Conduct will be rudderless in the eddies and currents of contemporary living. It is not merely a rationalisation; but a sublimation. One of the stanzas in what he calls an *Avataranīkā*, preamble, speaks thus:

We do not know what each life desires as emotional satisfaction, as goal or object in life or path to pursue;

Who can teach the divine mystery like the enlightened Gōvinda?

Narayanakrishna impels different people differently for his is the responsibility of organising and establishing the *Dharma* of the Universe. To the Gopis he teaches prudence and wisdom with what pleases them; to those engaged in meditation through instruction in the principles of Truth. He only knows the mystery of meditation: what is emotionally satisfying as objective life or whatever is the path to be trodden by men and women according to the needs of each life. Each life has its particular nature and character: that is what constitutes the variety of creation. It needs to have its ailments diagnosed separately, and, he is the Doctor who prescribes the medicines and the treatment to make the patient whole. He is one but the play of his personality and function are diverse. But his mind and care are inclusive. At one and the same time he is of the Earth and unworldly. This principle conceives Krishna's *Līlā*—and fulfilment looks contradictory when judged in parts, but explains itself as an integrated system of Being and Function. Only he who can see it whole can comprehend it correctly. *Līlāvibhūti* is an operetta where between the Gopa and the Gopi episodes Nārada moves interviewing them, enlightening them. In a final dialogue Krishna clears doubts in the mind of Narada himself.

A question is asked by Narada: 'If carnal desire was not a part of creation no sin could arise. Should the creator have created the impulse to sin—Is that right?'<sup>1</sup>

Narada, the arch devotee and propagandist of the *Bhakti* cult asks this question in all humility and with a desire to know. The desire for sex gratification and companionship between man and woman is described as sometimes wilful and irresponsible. Helpless attractions and madresses rule the field. Stories which lips are ashamed to utter, ears ashamed to hear are at the root matrix of life and if this bond of love is a constituent factor in living how can there be freedom from them—is another question. And one of the answers given by Krishna is that the beauty of the mind and thought is far finer than the beauty of the body. Its flower is love. Beauty that does not lead to love is an eyesore to mankind; a feast not eaten by any. Its blessing is twofold; so are its profits; for true joy and happiness result in the ennoblement of the mind and are an element of the Infinite; to life a part of its wealth and fulfilment. This naturally leads Narada to ask the final question to explain to him the purpose of creation. Mutuality, understanding and realisation of the many in one without clash or conflict, without undue selfish passion, a disinterested attitude and a desire to see each individual desire as part of the *Krīḍā* or the play of God and accepting all the good and the bad that happens as part of the will of God and live a life of love, peace and understanding will have to be the task of men. Whether it be beautiful or rich, related or not to his purpose, one may not know. That is how one should relate himself to the Lord of the Universe, and that is the highest attainment of a man's life. Wisdom, beauty and *tapas* are the three threads which bind the threads of life. *Vāṇī*, *Ramā*, and *Gauri* are the deities who have to bless life to make life higher than that of a beast. Narada expresses his satisfaction that his doubts are cleared. And when he is satisfied the rest of mankind is asked to accept the explanation.

<sup>1</sup> This almost repeats a quatrain of Omar Khayyam :

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,  
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake :  
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness ask—and take !

Omar was an agnostic but Narada would not be guilty of the second half of the Rubai.

This book gathers together—as it were—all that he has been saying through the earlier expositions of Art and Love and Beauty at various levels. He tries to show how they constitute the different levels of being and behaviour, of understanding and realisation. The hierarchy speaks of the scales of values and the standards of evaluation. This naturally is what is establishable in his interpretation of the *Gītā*.



*Maṅkutimmana Kagga*<sup>1</sup> (The Rigmarole of Maṅkutimma) is the title of a memorable work. It has a thousand stanzas. Each is in four lines and ends with 'Maṅkutimma'—as signature,—the stupid or the dull witted one. An elderly person, a village school master has lived a long, useful life, quiet, loved and respected by all. He had a nephew called Sōmi who was the apple of his eye. In the last days of his life he became a recluse. A small room near the temple became his residence. When he realised he will not live much longer, he walked up to the nearby city where Somi was studying. The young boy resided in the college hostel—whereto he went, unnoticed first, discovered that the young fellow was growing up, happy and helpful. Satisfied with his condition, he returned to his village early the next morning.

A letter came, one month after, to Somi's father saying that that would be his last piece of writing; he had resigned his job as School master; was now at Tirupati. He had paid all debts owed to others; and, now desired to go to Kashi. Life has no dissatisfaction for him; and so, no one need feel sad at his condition or departure. He had looked up Somi who was happy, taken to study and was cheerful and strong. Now was the time for him to devote himself to the service of God and therefore, he was going on a pilgrimage. He wrote to say that there was a manuscript where he lived, tied up in a bundle. Let Somi take it and do what he likes with it. None of you need remember me much. Forget me. If any time your love for me wells up light a lamp in *Siva's* temple. May God bless you. He will guide you safe through life.

<sup>1</sup> It was recommended for and considered at the First Year's Jnānapīṭh prize at the final selection point.

Somi found this manuscript. He found in it these bits of verse, useful for good living and full of wisdom. This is the copy of a few chosen by Somi from the manuscript for publication.

The work is one of the most comforting utterances of a person who has tried to see life truly and whole. Though each is a bit of quatrain it is gathered under subheadings speaking of life, birth, death, fortune, sorrow and joy, the human condition and how best men can gather strength and cheer. Good living in peace and helpfulness can make each life not only self-sufficient in the strength of soul but be of use to others.

At the fourth stanza he raises a few questions, asking what is the meaning of life etc.

What is the meaning of life and the meaning of the world? How are human life and the world related? Does anything exist beyond sight; and, if it does, what is it? O Mañkutimma, is knowledge true?

Is God a dark mystery?—a total name for all that we cannot understand? Why is the story of the world so if there was a Guardian? What are death and life? O Mañkutimma.

God's creation is a riddle; what thought will unravel its mystery? If God that created the world is one why is the course of life like it is?—Mañkutimma.

Who is the Lord of living things,—one or many? Is it Fate, human effort, virtue or blind might? How can this disorganisation in the affairs of the world and men be explained? Is this distressful, uncertain situation life's destiny, Mañkutimma?

Is there a purpose in creation? Is the mind of the creator changeful? If he has affection for these lives, why are they in travail?—Mañkutimma?

These are basic questions asked and answered in simple verse each one of which explicates some aspect of life and thought and human fortune and offers direction and comfort. Questions on what men and women are beset with and suffer for; on art and philosophy in daily life and conduct, in moments of failure and frustration; relationships and need come in endlessly.

Timma, the wise man, seems to have analysed each situation and so helps us to understand the problems of life. With his wisdom

and insight into life he gives us words of advice to steady, cheer and guide us. So many are the subjects coming in for consideration. Wisdom, they say, is sad. One does not know why it can't or shouldn't be glad. Possibly without suffering and disappointment and learning to endure what comes from 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune', no depth of understanding can be gained. The groans of a person who goes through almost a hell in life and who strives to come out of it;—make him the better for the sorrow. And the joy of such self-conquest is described throughout the poem. Timma courses through many fields of thought, feeling and endeavour acquainted with innumerable types of situation, personality and character and tells us how to bear and forbear. There is much humour and jollity—that is what makes this accent and vision of life pleasant and rewarding reading. It has a sturdy stoicism; Timma is a believer in an ultimate good and in a Lord who presides over the Universe.

A few titles might indicate the nature of the composition: 'Life is the Supreme Wealth'; 'Brahma's Dance'; 'Flavours in a Dinner'; 'The Whole is composed' etc. Stanza 433 gives us a picture:

What is weeping and what is laughter  
 An opening out of the cupboard of the heart.  
 What does one see inside a stone that does not melt or sand  
 which does not blossom?  
 What expresses the inner world? What takes in the outer  
 world?  
 Is the path led by laughter and tears, Mañkutimma?

One should learn to live with and for all. Other titles are: 'Life, a Poem'; 'Art, a criticism of Brahma's creation'; 'the Poet and the citizen are alter aspects'; 'Ripeness is all'; 'The four kinds of *tapas*'; 'A desire which no sex limits'; 'Kindliness and forgiveness to a sinner'; 'Fortitude'.

Stanza 717 speaks of:

You have to carry the burden of your corpse,  
 Why cry out to brothers to come to aid;  
 Your body is the pyre, the troubles of the world are the funeral  
 fire,  
 Mud, the oblation,—Mañkutimma.

718 confirms it :

Did not Guru Jesus carry the burden of his Cross?  
 So do you too, carry the burden of your *Karma* on your own;  
 Sag not with tightened lips under the burden;  
 Carry it on your back and go forward, Mañkutimma.

722 is another insight :

His eye expands who has seen beauty and laughter  
 Got wet on seeing sorrow and pain;  
 His heart responds to the cry of the world and sends an echo.  
 The *Yōgi*'s heart is not stone—Mañkutimma.

740 and 741 give us a picture on the Art of Life :

Life is an art; how can that art be taught?  
 Even if hundred rules and skills are expounded  
 There can be no success without it;  
 Its details are inside you,—Mañkutimma.

The head carries a pot, the hand holds a sword  
 On an unsteady rope the juggler steps forward  
 His task is to move forward without falling right or left  
 This Art is the life's *Yōga*, Mañkutimma.

Occasionally he gives us the example of a Jutka Driver (600):

Life is a (Jutka) cart with Fate its Driver;  
 You are the horse; the passengers are as he directs  
 To wedding or to the cremation ground, go where you are  
 asked to.  
 If your feet sink, the earth is under you.

Another group deals with the secrets of life. 845 and 846 play with another question or two:

Why adventure with ruling over another life?  
 Is not your burden enough for you to bear—that you bother  
 about that of others?  
 It's beauty to all if the bud blossoms truly from the tree;  
 What is the security of the prison?—Mañkutimma.

What comes after death?—a corpse or a ghost?  
 A Heaven or rebirth?—who knows?  
 No one has returned or brought us report  
 How does it matter to world's life—Mañkutimma.

This may sound curious and lacking faith but is part of an inclusive wisdom that tells us how certain values get shaped. Another title says, nature and man have mutuality. There is caution in a title: 'Do not break the foundations':

O friend, you who break a clay pot and display a golden pot  
 Have you obtained a licence to a gold mine?  
 If you spill the water your body is used to,  
 Is it equal to the joy of drinking milk?

This is a very ancient world, of hoary antiquity (875-8):

This has grown up, sucking deep a million types of milk;  
 To change its nature is no easy task  
 Impatience is not its receipt.  
 Asking the Indus to get back to the Himalayas  
 Calling upon it more prettily to flow  
 The energies of men have—will that be your command?—flowed  
 to suit exigencies  
 —Life's movement is not blind.

There were wise men quite before us  
 Those who wished well of people; efficient in deed  
 Too much doctoring might induce new ailments;  
 Newness needs to be tempered.

Do not break the foundation saying you will correct it  
 You desire to loosen it; have you learnt how to build it again  
 To straighten a tree will it be right to pluck out the root?  
 Do not risk hurry correcting it.

This is Timma's basic doctrine and mode; and attitude. The cautions may irritate or seem naive but had better be borne in mind. In the largest sense of the term the author is conservative. Much that has been great in the world needs conservation; why rush and be

impatient? Other titles—'Cittaśuddhi' or 'Tēna Tyaktēna Bhunjithāh'  
—speak of largeness, cleanliness and purity of soul:

Laugh and make others laugh

That is the essence of life.

Do not blow smoke into laughing eyes,

Do not take up hard *tapas* deeming the world a burnt out  
waste.

Move like a child before its parents

Too much worry is impertinence, Maṅkutimma.

Let a thousand lives come to you, what is your loss?

Let *Karma* be a thousand; what trouble is it to you?

If *Brahma* stays firm in your heart what can *Māyā* do?

It is man's play with a beloved one, Maṅkutimma.

At almost the end when he is bidding farewell to all he seems convinced that the origin of life as well as the going out of life is a mystery; the life's scene is the phantom mirage in a desert. 'The Universe is the *Māyā* cast by *Brahma*. I shall be the same sinking into the ocean of the one who is the soul of the Universe and thus be able to understand that I am not different from it all. I shall dance in the play of the earth and the sky, forgetting myself'. That is the condition man has to earn.

To all now I bid farewell, relations, partners; those who have cheered me and enlivened me, those who have cleansed my mind, those who have taught me that the world is empty, lacking substance. I have had enough of life; say that you are wishing them Goodbye, Maṅkutimma.

Who will be your *Guru*? You are an orphan; spend the day pursuing the path of life and eating the crumbs thrown by others. Why seek the rank and the office of a *Guru* or a *Śiṣya*? You are your own *Guru*, Maṅkutimma.

Mankutimma is not without his principles of reconciliation and acceptance of a position which while not accepting total absorption in and loss of identity in the All is yet not without its own will to be delighted and to preserve the Joy of Life. If that be done the individual will be living the life of the highest in himself. Much in this may sound self-contradictory; but Mankutimma is a strange mixture

in essence. He has lived his life, attached and unattached, and has tried to attain to a position of wisdom, not totally incompatible with social living trying to be of it while being in it. In one sense disinterested; in another, sharing; yet withal considering that it is a balancing act—intellectually as well as really.

There is a stanza which speaks of the role of a low shrub or a dwarfish plant. It is not useful as rafter in the roof of a house; is not good for the arch-end of a dome; it does not bear sweet or luscious fruit nor sustain with grain or corn when it dries up; it yet can serve as fuel to burn; hard on man, do you say?

The section which continues this attitude seems to be the development of the attitude contained in the 'Song of the Wayfarers' in *Nivēdana*. That is the outline sketch of an attitude. Coming almost at the end of the *Mañkutimmana Kagga*, this has a background of experience of more diverse kinds and all that the author has been able to gather as experience and reflection during these 50 years. There is an undercurrent of sadness there which tinctures but does not however taint the mood. He therefore approves of the following attitude:

When will it be possible for you Mankutimma to take up your bowl, move from place to place, singing songs and forgetting the burdens; may your mind not shake by considerations of rise and fall. Get away from the house the day your mind gets barren, when your arms lose the strength to wash the dirt. Go far away from the world. Be not a burden to it. Disappear from sight. Go where men do not reside; to the burning ground; to where you don't seek love; or to where you are moved to tears. Let your mind dissolve; nor your lips twitch; and,—sleep. An elephant is said to foresee the time of its death and goes to a cave—far away in the woods and there in silence yields its breath. May your end similar be, Mankutimma. May it be like sleep. It should not be necessary for you to wait on for a gift of good from any hand; a burden on any shoulder. Let no soul get track of your movement to the spot where you are. May such be your prayer to end your life. (—not exactly an *Avadhūta*'s but like it and humane). It should be your ambition to pass out uttering the words of the *Vēdānta*, *Namaḥa* and *Anuvāḥa*; delighting in

the notes of *Kēdāragaula*, *Mañirāṅgu* and *Ārabhi*. May your release be amidst other beautiful *Rāgās* of our musical system.<sup>1</sup>

Timma realises the total hardships in tasting the flavours of life and the discriminations of the moral life. Howsoever reason and ethic are sensed when a life is not informed by insight nothing is gained. What can console without refinement and true perception? Understand what more suits your mind and culture. *Mata* is dictated by *Mati*. Things like pepper, ginger, jiraka and hippali are each suitable to particular ailments. So too is it for you. Pick up from among a hundred rules and maxims of conduct—what principle suits you. This everyone has to fashion for himself in clarity of thought and understanding. The true vision and dharma of life will be to strengthen one's understanding with reading and the experience of others. Even as Mankutimma has done in his rigmarole loving music and poetry. One pleasant verse speaks of a poetry which rejects the earth and cannot reach the sky as impertinent. He knows he is neither poet nor philosopher, but a wanderer who wants to discover for himself a principle to guide the soul within the limits of his reach and speak words which common folk can understand believing that the verse form is easier to remember.

The concluding section but one makes a prayer which is like his mind and idealism both of which are rational, approved by the most liberal sensibilities. There is a certain tentativeness because he knows that what he says here is not final truth. It does not mean, he says, that there is no more doubt in his sayings. Today's faith may not be valid tomorrow or for ever. He has the will and desire to correct a fault or deficiency when it shows up or is pointed out. This opinion is true and valid for today. And, he does not care if rules of grammar and prosody do not sustain his sayings. If the name Mankutimma itself be not acceptable for prestige, it can be Venka or Kanka or Shankaracharya. He will be satisfied if he be read.

What would you speak as blessing? Ask as fulfilment? Are you aware of the boon you will ask for? Something shows as right today: will it be right tomorrow? How can one describe what is eternal with what you are and have today? May God protect who understands everything. To the extent that Mankutimma is Mankutimma he is led to

<sup>1</sup> In the deciding committee of the Jnanapith Prize, a learned Judge asked if this was like Pope. Pope indeed!

this thought: There is no certainty or hope that *Īvara* grants what is asked for. There is no knowledge of what is good to pray or ask for. If you accept as His will whatever comes or happens may your heart be firm to accept it and may God grant that in his mercy.

This is not an agnostic's credo but a stoic's idealism with a difference. Two final stanzas speak of a total self-offering because that is the benediction that a life like Mankutimma's would like to have and wish for. May a mutuality that fully satisfies all the hungers and the desires flourish among men and the nations of the world by endowing all with tolerance and largeness of heart and may it be rooted in the memory of all that there is a Brahma; that He reigns over all. May that thought bring peace and security for the world. Surrender yourself to the mystery of life and its abiding truth—in endeavour; in the equability of life, in the deep peacefulness of the indwelling soul of man and in what for ever is the cosmic spirit.

This is the will and testament of a character which presents a picture of life, its tasks, its limitations, its sorrows and compensations, its hopes and aspirations; concerned about human destiny, eager to learn and understand what can be and to live without grouse, with what can be achieved; to strive without malice or passion for what it deems desirable; to enjoy with grace and playfulness of mind whatever can be gained; to accept whatever comes and yield as person and in faith to the beneficence of the Spirit which is the spirit of all; in trust and confidence that beyond and above there is something that in its time and wisdom can be the only Giver of Peace and Good and Joy. These farragoes are not a regular, sustained, closely argued philosophy or system of thought; but a gathering of thoughts and feeling, hope and prayer in a full awareness of what constitutes and environs human life as it has to be lived in time and place. The discipline and the attitude are born of understanding, chastened by the experiencing of a whole life;—which willingly surrenders itself to God who in His love and grace will bless it as He wills it. It is a stand;—an attitude.

### III

Two plays are his original contribution. One is *Tilōttama* which deals with the story of how it was possible to rid the world of vicious

demons called Sunda and Upasunda. Each was a great warrior and together they were invincible. A quarrel arose between the two brothers. Tilottama, a heavenly damsel, appears before them and creates in each of them a desire exclusively to possess her. The quarrel ends in the death of both. It is a *puranic* theme and has its moral on the secular plane and indirectly it has its reference to the political life of the country as well: the strongest body of people can be destroyed when they get disunited for any reason. As long as friendship, co-operation and goodliness of feeling prevail there is harmony and strength. The political and social situation in the country was indirectly warned with a play of this kind and this was written quite early.

The other play is *Vidyāraṇya Vijaya*. DVG has done a lot of historical research on Vidyaranya and his times (14th century). He and his brothers inspired study and edited the *Śruti* and *Smṛti* works at that time on which what is called the Hindu Religion today is based.<sup>1</sup> Sāyaṇa, Vidyaranya's brother, was responsible for the edition of and commentaries on many of the basic works and Mādhava (or Māyaṇa, the altername to Vidyaranya) is said to be Director who organised and put his imprimatur on the work. Madhava was later on to become the pontiff of the Sringeri Mutt deemed then the most representative religious institution looking after the culture, the tradition and the social life of at least one section of the Vedic Religion.

He inspired two young princes Harihara and Bukka to found a kingdom at Hampi, which later on became the Vijayanagara Kingdom (1336-1565).<sup>2</sup> Vidyaranya was a great figure—for learning and piety, and for worldly wisdom; and he organised resistance to the advance of the ruler-adventurers with their capital in Delhi. For some 300 years, political and cultural life in the North had become queered by

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<sup>1</sup> Though the phrase 'Ēṣa dharmah sanātanaḥ' is common early, *Hindu* is a secular name which came into use fairly late. The religion is called the Śrauta Smārta or the Vaidika. The term Sanātana Dharma also became popular later.

<sup>2</sup> A lot of controversy is current about the brothers and even about the Chief Founder and Inspirer of the kingdom. The relationship between the Chieftains at Warrangal and ascriptions of Harihara and Bukka as refugees or Agents of the Delhi Sultans are points which have bedevilled inquiry.

the invaders and there was much forcible conversion to Islam; fierce fanaticism and other types of social, economic and political oppression. When Mohamed Bin Tughlak wanted to extend his power to the South and establish a seat for it at Devagiri, the South took notice of it and tried to stand up against him and a Hindu kingdom came into existence through the efforts of leaders like Vidyaranya and other *Śaiva* Gurus of the *Kālāmuḡha* School. *Śrīvaiṣṇava* leaders of thought like Vedānta Deśika, Venkaṭanātha and Tātācārya and Madhva leaders like Akṣōbhyaṭīrtha—all of whom co-operated in the work of consolidation and cleansing the life of the country, strengthening people in their *dharmic* resolves.<sup>1</sup> Harihara and Bukka seem to be princes of Anegondi—a few miles from the main town of Hanṭi on the banks of the Tungabhadra. How Harihara (called also Hukka was able to gird up to lead the political forces and found a kingdom and how Vidyaranya and his brothers continued the work till it was established firmly in the time of the grandson, Harihara II, is the subject matter of the play.

It is not a play in the technical sense of the term as students of Dramaturgy define one. It is the story of a kingdom. All sections of the people get involved in it and neighbouring chiefs are induced to join a national effort to throw off an outsider with an alien culture so as to preserve the traditions of the people. This becomes a historical document as well. Madhava at the end of almost half the span of human life is sad at his ineffectiveness; in the solitude of his home. At the dead of night he is seen praying to Bhuvanēśvari to see that his life fulfils itself, with the use of his learning and energy in service to the cause. There is a vision of the Goddess of his worship in the form of an old woman—who shows up as his mother as well—who appeals to him in the name of the culture and traditions of the country to re-establish them in the affections and esteem of men. About the end of the scene the old woman is seen not merely as Bhuvaneshvari or his mother, but as Goddess Gāyatri herself who inspires him to his purpose. She calls him to the task and he promises to dedicate himself to serve her who is *Dēśalakṣmi*. Here are the concluding words:

Mother, Goddess, from today on my thought, words and deeds are dedicated to you. My reading and study, all my wealth—

<sup>1</sup> The regard and friendliness between them is very handsomely presented in the play.

such as it is—are tribute at your feet. Bhuvaneshvari, I understand your will. Are you not the mother of *Dharma* who cannot endure the flourish of *Kali*? You are the Goddess *Dēśalakṣmi* oppressed by barbarians. You cannot rest with the unvaliant nor bear with the *Anāryas*. You are agitated and distressed in such a situation. Mother mine, look kindly on me: grant me the power and the enterprise needed for your service. Show me the path to establish *Dharma* and to raise up the ancient culture of the land. What duty can be superior to your command? Let it be Sayana's to think for the small family of mine; may mine be the thought connected with the larger family;—the public. He is wise, earnest and gifted with refinement. Let him take up the responsibilities of our home; the world shall be my family.

He decides, as the sun was rising, to wake up his brother Sayana, describe to him the miracle that has happened and tell him of the hereafter. Vidyaranya thinks also of Harihara, who in spite of his being poor himself has been of help to the brothers. Vidyaranya decides to go to Kanchi first, where his elder and *Guru* is, consult him on the situation and the problem and receive his guidance. Until he sees the *Guru Vidyātīrtha* he does not want to decide on any definite line of action. 'Mother Śrīmatī, Bhuvanēśvari, Vēdamātā'—he calls out—'make my *Sattva* pure; grant me fortitude and firmness of will'.

This is the key, opening scene of the play. Harihara has to be trained later to understand the true nature of life and conduct and is told his duty as a *Kṣatriya*: the poor *Kṣatriya* who is at first diffident is steeled into resolution and in the course of the play he becomes equal to stand against the Muslim invaders from the North and start the kingdom. It will be his task, that of his brothers and other leaders of thought and religion to co-operate in the task of resisting the invaders and saving or recovering all the works about to be destroyed. After Harihara, Bukka becomes king;—one who was a great warrior who establishes the kingdom firmer and larger and raises it to glory.

During his time a situation arises when the local *Vaiṣṇavas* are accused of oppressing the Jains now that the *Vaiṣṇava* religion is regnant. A great inscription which speaks of how Bukka invites the leaders of both the communities, tells them that the kingdom

belongs to all people equally and not to the *Vaiṣṇavas* or the traditionalists alone. He reconciles the two communities and makes them agree to conditions and conduct, declares that he who breaks the concord will be punished. The rule runs through the next king Harihara. And when there is celebration which shows that the subjects of the land are contented, happy and prosperous Vidyaranya<sup>1</sup>—who has lived long enough to witness the joy and the glory retires from the scene.

This is more or less a political and a historical play speaking of literature and citizenship as part of the purposes of life in any community. What literature must do and be are not separate and autonomous forces but part of the good life that all should strive to work for and establish: poet, politician, scientist and technologist. It is this that makes an individual, and writer an integral element of the body politic. Each life is involved in it. DVG's life, thought, work and his attitude towards things and his expression in literature are modes of this feeling and conviction.

Like in other works, the author expresses his profound sense of man's obligation to understand and promote *Dharma*. This involves his acceptance of a Divine hand. Through many mouths this thought is processed and developed: in Vidyaranya's instructions to Harihara, in Sayana's conversation with Bukka and the expression of devotion and regard of the leaders of the *Vaiṣṇava* community. In addition to the prose passages are *Kanda*, *Vṛtta* and *Sīsapadya* metres. DVG is perhaps the only living modern writer who still uses these traditional structural metres. They have clarity and strength, terseness and finality that pertain to the form; rigorous in their demand for discipline. And, discipline is the essence of DVG's message and contribution.

In a later section when Harihara is sad and depressed at the passing away of his son and feels like renouncing the kingdom, Vidyaranya says that he should steady himself. The world has not done him much harm. How could one expect only the good things in life? It should be the task of each person to take things as they come—which is the principle of all *Dharma* and particularly as 'Sukhē duḥkhē samēkṛtvā lābhālābhau jayājayau' says it. If once a person tunes to this attitude he can be strong and firm. A person should

<sup>1</sup> *Jñāninā caritam śakyam samyak rājyādhikauśalam*—are his words.

wear out his life wiping the tears from the eyes of others himself not shedding them and move about spending his time as a traveller does over the long journey of life cheerfully.

Two points in his introduction to the play may be noted. One: the general question about the subject-matter itself. The play deals with the founding of a kingdom as resistance to the incursions of the Muslim power from the North. This happened 600 years ago. Writing on a subject like it will involve consideration of relationships between two communities in strife. Should such subjects be taken up at all in view of the current secular situation in the country? The introduction was written about 1941 while the play was first published some 20 years earlier. 30 more years have elapsed since then giving a keen edge to the problem in a different way. The author says that there are three ways of considering such a problem:

- i. Forgetting the events;
- ii. Giving a different, corrected or transformed version hiding the truth; and,
- iii. To speak the truth.

The first is impossible when large masses of men and historical memories are concerned. The second would be neither history nor truth; it will be a wilful distortion; and, not moral either. Intellectually too it is not honest. The third he commends: only he wants the parties to understand the situations as events in historical periods and study facts in a disinterested way. The attitudes of a people of a later time should not be deflected for religious or communal reasons. History should not be an excuse to rouse hateful passions. All parties had better practise tolerance, with understanding and largeness of vision. That is the only way in which permanent relationships in friendliness and goodwill can grow up between the various sections of the body politic in the interest of both. Surface solutions will not heal the wounds or root out vicious and dangerous memories. Rather a difficult proposition. Here one can only say 'Nānyaḥ panthāḥ vidyatē ayanāya'— no, no other way is open.

The second point deals with the literary form itself used here. The author knows it is not a usual play. He deals with a long period

of time, with many important men. A whole kingdom is presented as coming into existence, acquiring strength, stability and integrity. Hampi, Warrangal, Sriranga are not exactly one unit of space. The scenes involve work of different kinds. The central theme here is a historic process and is not connected with any one principal person. This diffusion in interest may be overlooked in judging the work he says. If it can't be accepted for literary integrity it may be treated as a pageant-piece consisting of a number of scenes and events; and, for 'mental performance'. He will not worry if it be deemed a Museum piece even. That apart the question is not unimportant in that works like Goethe's *Faust*, Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean* and *Peer Gynt* and more than these a work like *The Dynasts* by Hardy need a different classification. They require a different principle of understanding and judgement than what is asked to subject it to the narrow, specialised or the merely technical definitions and considerations. Anyway, DVG has unfolded a picture of men, events and situations working for the establishment of a larger system of things.

Of two other pieces of Drama one is a translation in Blank Verse of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. It is the shortest of the later tragedies and one most concentrated. Blank Verse is not DVG's favourite; but he has rendered this play into Kannada in it. It is a competent work. The language form used is mixed old and middle Kannada. It sounds quaint sometimes but the basic composition is worthy as rendering. In addition to a literary purpose, the ambition of a military chief and a nobleman to become king and the processes connected with getting into power through assassination and letting free the forces of evil which culminate in so much destruction and in the deaths of the principal conspirator—Macbeth and his Lady—themselves is in picture showing that evil kills and brings about its own destruction. This seems part of the same consideration for public morality that DVG has been developing more positively in prose and verse elsewhere.

The other play is lighter. It deals with the episode of Jack Cade in *Henry the Sixth* one of Shakespeare's historical plays. Every earnest and worthwhile writer is acutely conscious of the political scene in which he lives. It throws up petty leaders who cannot lay claim to any principle of public or private morals in trying to work out their advantage. Jack Cade presents one such unscrupulous, vicious demagogue type of person.

## IV

Two or three other types of composition may now be considered in brief. The first would be the biographies of C. Rangacharlu and Gopala Krishna Gokhale. Rangacharlu, the first great modern Dewan of Mysore, came from our sister province of Madras, organised the administration of Mysore efficiently and promoted social and economic welfare in this State. He was the first in India to grant the people of Mysore responsive if not responsible Government. The next biography is that of Gokhale, one who stood for selfless public service and the larger good of India; one who believed in conserving the traditions, building healthy conventions and 'progressing slowly', consolidating gain at each step in the achievement of self-government. He founded the Servants of India Society at Poona gathering a group of devoted men who would study problems and conduct in political, social and economic matters and build up a body of opinion without fear or favour based on a truthful study of all the aspects of a subject. Gokhale and Ranade are objects of veneration for DVG, even as the successor to Gokhale Sri Sastriar became later. He has himself started an Institute of Public Affairs at Bangalore which is doing illustrious work in the study of public and cultural affairs. Both the biographies are models in their kind and evoke their life and times. The prose in each is clear, tough and dignified and represents a style which deserves to be exemplar for such a task.

Smaller biographies or sketches of men in many walks of life are done in a *Gallery of Portraits from Memory* in five parts. Some of the greatest men of the old Mysore State these 70 years gone come out of them and present the type of life lived in this land. Some rare men, some low and unheard of ones are sketched for special qualities. A mild humour lights up character and personality. The sketches particularly of Mulbagal, his home town, are extraordinarily alive. Some of them are portraits, some done in profile while quite a few others are sketches. A trait or anecdote or a distinguishing phrase brings them off revealing character and personality. The Purohit Venkatarama Bhatta, Grandfather Cecanna, Siva Piccai Mudaliar, M. G. Varadachar, Dr. Gundanna with his confidant Nārada are memorable. Among those who figured largely on the public scene in the early years of this century many are in. The founders of the new movement who gathered round the Kannada Sahitya Parishat,

or the College Karnataka Sanghas, those who had ploughed the field for novel, poetry or translation have been rendered for quality. There are statesmen, administrators, merchants, poets, musicians, dancers, patriots—indeed men and women of diverse professions. They bring alive to us a scene now no longer current.

Another work *Vṛttapatrikēgaḷu* deals with the newspapers and the Press with which he has been most concerned from nearly 1906-7 onwards, though he says playfully that he strayed into it. By the time Sir M. Visvesvaraya became the Dewan of Mysore he was a recognised leader of public opinion and his articles expressed critical comment on policies and affairs with facts and figures to support them. The brochure on the Press looks at it from all sides of a journalist's life: from the assembling of news to presenting it; the writing of editorials, disposition of matters of advertisement, finance, administration and management and distribution. His ambition was to be an instrument purveying information, news and views, an interpreter and commentator as well as a critic of men, manners, policies and functions. Incidental to this life came the study of Law as it deals with the nature and limits of responsibility and liberty and, therefore, the principles of Government and administration; of freedom of speech and fair comment for that is the sheet-anchor of democratic citizenship. How the Press can stand for and safeguard civil rights became his concern. The book takes a full view of the subject and is the first balanced, substantive contribution to it in Kannada.

This naturally integrates itself into other books of his on the Principles of Government, Studies of Public Affairs and the one on Political Science. He is an Individualist of the School of Mill and Morley and the Liberal School of Politics. Tolerance and Compromise, eschewal of violent and active mass-movements as pressure forces do not commend themselves to him. The minds of some of these men who have passed their three-score and ten were formed into final shape before 1920 and they cannot approve the expressions or exercises of popular will of times after the First War. If the methods of constitutional democracy are slow they are steady and sure; they are educative and build up self-confidence and strength which cannot be resisted where as results achieved through mass action and leadership, in violence or coercion, do not promote character for sound and healthful development. People of his school stress more the

libertarian principle of political existence to which claims of social justice and equality come second. That the private individual should be given priority over Government action and men be trained to depend on themselves through enterprise and unfettered exercise of abilities, and organisation is the principle by which they like the community to be fostered.

This brings him to the position of a critic of Government, i.e., in opposition;—for, that becomes the duty of a citizen or his representative: to offer comments on policy, procedure and movements. DVG has kept his character and work open 'so much in the sunlight that he will not hold against them the paltry, winking tapers of excuses and promises'. One consequence of this has unfortunately been that all disgruntled people get access to such men and they get more of the marred side of things than the achievements. A lesser man than DVG can be definitely warped by the weight of such information by becoming so much a depository of the opposite sides of cases. That he has been healthful, a sport and constructive in his outlook and attitude, in his assessments and judgement and gives a hearing to and offers wholesome advice to every sort of person has made him a true *Rāṣṭraḥa*.

*The Principles of Government* is a booklet of some 145 pages in 15 sections. The bulk of the matter there was written before the early '20s to which the last three sections were added in 1954. One may comment upon 2 or 3 points only. The first is the statement that the Science of Politics is part of Ethics, which ought to be true and right; unfortunately it is not. DVG makes the point that in India from the beginning the Principles of Political Science (*Rājadharma*) are a part of the common principles of Ethics (*Dharmaśāstra*);—the terms used are *Nītiśāstra* or *Rājanīti*. These principles have been part of our *Smṛties*. They have been enunciated at the end of the *Mahābhārata* in the 'Anuśāsana Parva'. Politics deals with the daily life of the community and its regulation and safety are based on Positive Law; not Political Thought or Philosophy. What a Government does to preserve itself in power for securing safety, peace and prosperity for the community comes into consideration. The ethical aspect gets diffused in a democratic environment where more common people engage as representatives and politicians and exercise influence towards the securing of sectional and private interests—instead of one man,

hereditary or elected, being considered the head of the State—as king or president—and his being vested with the supreme authority over the kingdom. How the two sides of authority and liberty in public administration should be guided and get organised and established is described in the book.

In this connection he speaks of Law. The strength of a country or its weakness consists in the strength or weakness of the citizen. If the essence of a State is its democracy, the virtue of its citizenship is its basis and strength. The conscience of the subjects and the ruling powers is summed up in a term which the ancients called the *Rta*. *Rta* and *Satya* are the principles which ought to inform all conduct in the governors and the governed together. The author says that conduct consistent with *Rta* is *Punya* or merit; that which conflicts with it is *Pāpa* or sin.

He then considers the forms in which Law is embodied and how it is organised and functions. In legislation, the citizen or the subject will have to constitute his as the positive will. Every citizen has the responsibility to be efficient, fearless and able to understand and discharge the task of Government if and when called upon. Such a citizen is the true foundation or the backbone of a democratic system. The duties of a citizen are put into ten principles of conduct. He concludes the section by saying that when citizens are devoid of these features democracy becomes a mobocracy. The first enemy of a democratic system is indiscipline in the citizen and the frenzies of passion.

The last section speaks of the type of public servant. There will always be indifferent people. Many are interested in Public Welfare only in name. A third set would be earnest. Among them are mere (1) Patriot Slogan-grinders (*Deśadhvajis*), (2) Agitators or Radical persons (*Samkṣōbhapriya*), (3) Idealists (*Adarśapūrṇa*) and (4) those who consider the limits of the possible (*Sādhyacintakaru*). Naturally he is partial to the last variety who are the best guarantors of a wholesome, realistic and progressive system of being for a State.

Another section speaks of parties in public life. He speaks for a body of disinterested individuals who are independents. A citizen who does not desire a seat of authority can act like an impartial judge. Such a person will be an inestimable spectator, assessor or judge. The ideal citizen should be one who thinks that the work of the State is like work in and for his own home and must guide himself with

responsibility, intelligence, earnestness and disinterestedness. To train the citizenry into producing such citizenship has to be the purpose—even the privilege—of a democratic system. But what have we today?—is the question he asks. Duty is essentially an educative purpose. It values order, agreement and procedure: reconciliation of conflicting interests and considerations. When we complain that our State is in a bad condition it is a criticism of ourselves and that the worthiness of our citizens is poor.

*Samskṛti* or Culture is the title of another book, which considers among other things Truth, *Dharma* and Progress. The author considers terms like Mathew Arnold's 'Sweetness and Light', the definition of Cardinal Newman of a 'Gentleman' and Aristotle's 'Highminded Man'; Valmiki, Bhartrihari and the work of the poets like Bhavabhuti. He then studies the principles of the *Puruṣārtha* system in the Hindu tradition and says that the essence of an evaluation consists of the niceties and the nuances and in basic courtesies not in external conventions. Among the sources of *Samskṛti* are the principles of knowledge, of religion, the humanities, science, history of nations along with one's own and acquaintanceship with the lives of great men, the ability of persons to inquire into their own nature, impulses and idealisms and self-criticism. The relative importance of the individual and society and the common and the special, the national and the international are then inquired into. When philosophers—political and general—speak of the need for liberty, it is for the promotion of culture. If this special trait is hurt it will be suppression of character and personality and is a loss to the State.

Culture is in a sense a secular fulfilment. 'Who is a cultivated person?'—is definitely considered under five heads in another section. Its elements are: (1) Knowledge and understanding of one's own status and position (*Svasthānaparijñāna*); (2) Understanding the intention of others (*Parēṅgita parigrahaṇa*); (3) Regulation of Self-interest (*Svārthanīyamana*); (4) An Orientation towards harmony, balance and reconciliation (*Samanvaya Dr̥ṣṭi*); and (5) Goodliness and amiability (*Sarasatā*)—each one of which is then considered in the statement that negatively it is not learning or scholarship or mere good manners or efficiency or an ability to move peacefully with others positively which is *Samskāra*; it is a live spirit and grows up as naturally as a plant; not a commodity produced by a machine. It must grow like a flower

on a plant and must emanate from within and be not a thing pushed into the system from outside; is certainly not like decoration or jewellery, nor is it worn like clothes. It spreads all round happily and pleasantly like perfume and is not limited to any one part to the exclusion of the other. It cannot be attained in haste. It takes time in the development of a society naturally growing into fulfilment. It is like health and does not depend on propaganda or slogans. While being firm to the central core of its own character, it is open to every influence largely and is not afraid of taking in every beneficent thing found in each new happening and is fearless of the consequences of throwing out what is dead or diseased inside of what used to be a feature of the past. He concludes the essay with the picture of Rama as presented in some 20 ślōkas in 'Ayōdhyā Kāṇḍa' of *Ramāyaṇa*. (Ayōdhyā Kāṇḍa, Sarga I; ślōkas 10-30).

*Bāligondu Nambike* (A Faith for Living) is a pamphlet sponsored by the Adult Literacy Committee of the Mysore State. The author considers here all the aspects of life which a person grows up with and has got to meet as he develops and how conflicting influences and forces have to be faced or assimilated for a healthful development. The book opens with two songs of Kanakadasa; and one finds that it is not merely for food and clothing and for acquisition but for the realisation of what the *Īsopaniṣad* says: 'Īśāvāsyam idam sarvam yatkiñcya jagatyām jagat/Tēna tyaktēna bhunjīthaḥ māgrdhaḥ kasya svid dhanam'—that life has to be lived. The song of Kanakadasa which gives the heart-essence of the matter is 'Tanu ninnadu, Jivana ninnadu/Anudinadali baha sukha duḥkha ninnadayya' (Yours is the body, yours the life and so are the joys and sorrows that come day after day). There should be a purpose in life and the aim should be as high as the highest given to man. That shall be chosen and directed by oneself. Then is a consideration of what is Good. Other sections deal with how life is conditioned around us today and how forces confuse, divert, tempt and disturb individual living. Our contact with the Western system of material success and organisation can deflect us from the paths and the idealisms of our cultural past. Life is valuable and deserves to be lived well—a cheap *Vairāgya* is useless. Many subjects deal with our faith, our social system and our environment and the relative loyalties between one's family, township, state and humanity and how these things have got to be understood and reconciled reaching perhaps in the great utterance

'Bāndhavāḥ śiva (or viṣṇu) bhaktāśca/Svadēśo Bhuvanatrayam'. There is such a thing as *Dēśa Ṛṇa* along with the *Ṛṇas* mentioned by the ancients. When half-gods die the *Mahādēva* shows up; false beliefs are thrown out; a truer knowledge of what constitutes permanent benefit is acquired.

The amplitude and culture of life, the beauty of life are not merely a desire for present good. It is not a mood of hedonism or epicureanism, but the essence of the deepest and the highest truths of the *Vēdānta*. This can be summarised in (1) The Zest for life; (2) Manliness; (3) Friendship with the world; and, (4) Progress of Science and Goodliness. Valmiki has pictured to us Hanuman who illustrates in his life a selfless devotion to Rama, an exercise of masculine vigour, without wasting time or lazing about. His work was to be done and he did it in earnestness and with full love of life. In a word, at a time when men in India are confused between the claims of the old and the new, the *dhārmik* life and the achievements of Science, DVG desires us to take a full look at things, reconcile and balance the forces operating today. Only each has to know the limits of his capacity; use all the means available, he says, and develop the skill and the art of living. That must make us free and independent men, achieving peace, success and happiness in our own life and become proper citizens of India in a developing context; Science and Technology and the traditions of Indian Culture should combine to help such development. Without some positive basis, life can't be lived in comfort and no secure basis is possible for action.

## V

Perhaps the most thorough and systematic work in exposition and interpretation written by DVG is the work on the *Bhagavadgītā* which he calls the *Jīvana Dharma Yōga*. It comes to us as a series of lessons at the Study Circle in the GIPA and is perhaps the most inclusive expression of his thought and attitude on Indian Life and Culture. It draws from every source—Indian and Western—current and traditional—in doing that. It has 20 sections, with an Introductory section of some 50 pages and a concluding one of another 45 pages and sums up with appendices;—where he tries to reconcile the attitudes of the three stands on the *Vēdānta* of the three *Matācāryas*. Impulses and taste are of different types and since there is freedom in personal

taste and loyalty, a difference in approach and realisation is natural. In eight other appendices, his knowledge of current life and his own experience of men and things guide exposition. It is an educational course in itself at the hands of a person who has made himself and has been continually equipping himself, unceasingly thoughtful. He has presented a many-sided but full approach to the problems arising in each Section. A total view affirms life, gives it direction and points to the highest in being, thought and realisation. The practical examples he takes there derive from daily life. What is called a *Viśvamānava Dharma* is indicated in a special section.

The *Gītā* is not merely a *Mōkṣa Śāstra*, he says; it is a *Jivana Śāstra* also. Common people can benefit from it in the conduct of daily life. All who have regard for the good life and enthusiasm in carrying out duties involved in their position or who need courage in times of stress and crisis or clear light and direction when in doubt can trust to the *Gītā* for aid.

Truth is one; the philosophies of truth are a thousand. The author believes that reconciliation is possible between the several faiths like *Dvaita* and *Advaita*. The attention of the students must be drawn to the principles and messages acceptable to all. So was the meaning of the *Gītā* pursued. There is place for *Dharma* in the practice of life. So is there a place to enjoyment and wealth. Describing and defining the relative importance and pursuit of each of them, basic principles have to be understood clearly, distinctly and wisely. The *Gītā* believes that the transactions in life are to be conducted with a feeling that there is a God looking over things. When that is sensed and that becomes conduct, no transaction can hurt life. They redeem life and produce welfare. *Samyak Jivana*—Integral Living—is a way of worshipping God; the process of such integration is *Dharma*. *Mōkṣa* is the total fruition or fulfilment of *Dharma*. Thus, what became to the ancients a *Mōkṣa Śāstra* is for men of today a *Dharma Śāstra*. This is the descriptive general account of the work.

The author believes that there are different classes of men, the levels of whose living and conduct, understanding and objective are different, and, at each level, the *Gītā* can be understood. Without *Dharma*, there is no *Mōkṣa*. Indeed, one need not bother about *Mōkṣa* if the *Dharmik* life is understood and lived. The letter kills; the spirit saves is the principle to be held in all contexts.

The story of the *Mahābhārata* leading on to the battlefield and the doubts and uncertainties which disturb Arjuna are the necessary background for the understanding of the work. Arjuna was a *Kṣatriya*. The past history leads on to the war. The enemy was ranged in battle; he had to act in discharge of the duties and functions of a warrior on the battlefield. That his own relations and friends are on the other side was not at issue. His duty was clear. Knowledge connected with it and with its basis in philosophy and religion is supplied here.<sup>1</sup>

The *Gītā* delivers its message at two levels: (1) The level of the common person or of the daily relationships in conduct and life; and (2) that of a higher enquiry. It deals with the highest considerations. If Arjuna was common the desire will be that he should take up his duties on account of his status in life. He would be tempted by the thought of winning the kingdom, fame and the heaven. 'Patram puṣpam phalam tōyam' would then apply to him. If he was the other sort, he will have to get beyond the three *guṇas* and work for the welfare of the world believing that the highest duty pertains to the totality of the human spirit. The secular and the transcendental are both considerations for the *Gītā*. There are also two other elements in it; (1) The theory; (2) The means, i.e., the practice. What brings in knowledge and understanding is gained only through experience. That requires constant practice to become one with the objective one desires to achieve. Between two other elements the distinction is made: one, the nature of *Dharma*; the other, the *Tattva*. *Dharma* is simpler, acceptable to all and that about which there is general agreement among even the *Ācāryas*. *Dharma* is connected with a family, a community or a nation. The path of the *Gītā* is trodden with the way the nature of the Lord can be realised. *Yajña*, *dāna* and *tapas* are the means for getting our experience of Him. *Yajña* is the worship of the Lord; *Dāna* is service of the world; *Tapas* is self-discipline. All the three are the ways of redeeming one's self.

The highest message of the *Gītā* is the respect for Life; Life is a *Līlā* of the Spirit of *Brahma*. It should not be petty or negligible.

<sup>1</sup> One other point involved in a question and answer on these subjects involves the caution: that wrong or irrelevant questions should not be raised. 'Māsti prākṣiḥ'; was not that the direction given by Yājñavalkya to Gārgi? The same caution applies in every context.

It is an opportunity to earn *Śrēyas*; and, it becomes a great duty and so deserves all our affection and service. In whatever station we are, we ought to enter into such service and affection like it was a pious duty guided by the desire to live by the highest light and valuation.

All through DVG introduces his own Kannada, summaries of each of the 18 chapters in *Kanda* metre, which together will render in full the *Bhagavadgītā*. Before every section, these are in the form of *Sūcanās*, i.e., key or epitome stanzas and further prefaced with a summary, *Sārāṃśa*, in prose. Duties have to be rendered however one is rewarded. The result depends on the will of the Lord.

The concluding argument is that all other duties get proper value in trusting to the Lord, i.e., in subjecting one's will and the fulfilment of one's desire as offered to the Lord. For, then, it will be the responsibility of the Lord to save the person and the deed.

The doctrine of *Bhakti* and the doctrine of subjecting one's will to the will of the Lord and offering the good and the bad consequences to Him without any further desire or profit for oneself becomes the message of the *Gītā*. *Ātmasamarpaṇa* on the one side and *sārvātmya* on the other side are the directions to life. A concluding section tries to consider in the light of the principles of the *Gītā* the problems of today, which are contemporary grounded as that is in (1) The loosening of the caste system—*Cāturvarṇya vyavasthā* and its *Śaithilya*; (2) The complexities of relationship owing to different occupations and the professions; (3) The place and duties of women and, (4) Rationalism and the spirit that questions.<sup>1</sup>

In this connection, he quotes Milton against a 'Cloistered Virtue', which speaks of loyalty to principle as being higher than tradition and custom. One must face the problems of life and not run away from them with a fugitive attitude: a virtue unexercised and negative is parasitic; sterile.

In a few paragraphs he contrasts the Western and the Indian attitudes in life and habits and says that the different cultures are complementary to one another so that what Science grants us in the form of the enterprise of experimental ways, i.e., the courage of enquiry into the nature of truth and the zest for life which induces a man to beautify and enrich life every way and the *Dharmik* ideal

<sup>1</sup> One should add separately the money calculus as against human values.

which has been considered supreme establishing the relative importance of the *Puruṣārthas*. A table summarises the differences between the three schools of the *Vēdānta*: 'The greatest principles of reconciliation are in the acceptance of 10 important items by all the three: (1) God; (2) Life; (3) Nature; (4) The 3 *guṇas*; (5) The *Anādi* concept; (6) *Karma*; (7) *Punarjanma*; (8) *Mōkṣa*; (9) *Sādhana*; (10) *Vēda-prāmāṇya*'. 'In the passion and the heat of difference the foundational agreement need not be forgotten'—he says: a sobering thought really.

'Which among these three is right?'—he asks. All the three are right equally—he says. And the three are compared to Milk and Butter and Ghee—all the yield of a Cow and each palatable or acceptable or beneficent, according to need or taste and condition of a person. A few details speak of *Bhakti*, *Karma* and *Jñāna* and the happiness of *Mōkṣa*. The question is also considered 'Is religion a dope?' The nature of Time and the singability of *Gītā* are other chapters. The final section tries to reconcile *Bhagavadgītā* and *Rāmaḥathā*.

Practically the whole field of thought, life, ethics, philosophy and religion in inter-relation is considered in this book in a way which is aware of the problems of modern life and the questions raised about the relationship between here and now and the goals of human conduct. This seems almost the culmination of a thought process and was rightly recognised fit for an All India Sahitya Akademi Award in 1967. Not that the prize mattered; nor that the getting of such award is desirable or not; but it is recognition of a work that enshrined thought, study, earnestness and the spirit of inquiry that went into the interpretation and understanding of a great work deemed a classic in India these more than 2000 years.

## VI

*Sāhitya Śakti* is an essay containing 12 pieces of writing, of which 10 are articles or addresses; two others are contributed, gathering the scattered strands of exposition to make the book a whole. DVG has done much to liberalise thought and modernise outlook, clarify points at issue, deepen vision, generally to guide on the literary scene. Whether he speaks to poets or scholars, expounds the nature of the creative or critical impulse he gives full weight to tradition. He is

fully aware of the cast and impact of the contemporary modes and forces. He stresses the new<sup>1</sup> view-point to the older traditional-minded men and the wealth of tradition talking to the young and the experimenters. It is refreshing to hear a classical voice like his, telling us that forms in literature are as much a flow and process as the course of human life and when too much is made of grammar, rhetoric, prosody and rules, literary and artistic work suffers in freshness. A more vital approach is necessary to release the springs of imagination and creativity.

The first essay is about the need of a literary culture as preparation for a statesman and a political worker, i.e., to the best citizen:

Who sighs for beauty is a Poet;  
Who strives for it is a Statesman.

The implied preference is clear; the two aspects and functions express the same impulse. This is worked out beautifully.

'Kāvyaōpāsana' is the last essay and is a note on Poetics. It condenses the best thought in our tradition and tries to bring into a co-ordinated view the poet, the poem and the critic. A book dealing with the power of literature—or literature as power—is rightly engaged in assessing the relative importance of imagination, word, meaning, metre, figures of speech, style, taste and propriety, *Rasa* and *Dhvani* and the similar other factors which enter into creation, enjoyment and criticism. Much jungle is cut and the many beauty spots sighted. The nature of *Rasa* and *Dhvani* is elucidated.

To analyse or expound these is not easy and one sees that wealth of analogy, metaphor and simile can confuse. The creative function is described fully on a particular page. What is seeking embodiment is not only an impulse, a spirit or experience; it is a process and it is here that the heart of the matter resides. A genuine poem is however born like Athene in full panoply (or like Karṇa with ear-rings and armour). Skill, size, theme, technical excellence are shown their place.

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<sup>1</sup> Though the limiting process does not stretch it beyond certainly the 60s; Even this is dubbed the establishment today.

The author loves Kannada and wants it to be the main means of regenerating the Kannada people. The whole book is a valuable contribution to literary appreciation. A book that nearly ends with 'what matters what else is living in one whose heart is dead' is a rich and welcome addition to criticism.



*Jivana Saundarya Mattu Sāhitya*: The earlier work on which *Sāhitya Śakti* makes a few additional points gathers a few addresses dating from 1920 onwards. As mentioned earlier, the nature of the Life Beautiful, the achievement of it, the elements that have got to go into it and how much and how literature can contribute to it—are the central exploration in this collection of essays. This again speaks of the substantive role and function of literature in forming and promoting *good life* and the *beautiful life*, the central theme of all his work. The *What* more than the *How* (*Ēnu* as against *Hēge*); but in the course of these essays there is valuable comment on the *How* also.

The first talk is on the problems in literature and was delivered as a Presidential address by DVG in 1932 in Coorg. He considers here the need for building up Kannada in and for a modern time. Though our literature is not equal to either Samskr̥t or English he declares that Samskr̥t will have hereafter to aid its development by supplying it with vocabulary and traditional information which have shaped the culture of the country, indicating clearly and healthfully allusion and reference, but hereafter Samskr̥t itself has got to live through Kannada; even as English should help by supplying to it new information, modalities and comparative standards, in critical and creative work. Two principles should guide in taking from both or other languages, for purism is not a virtue and need not hinder development and enrichment. But the guiding considerations are necessity, propriety and what is assimilable. We need help from everywhere; yet that should not domineer over us but help to build our strength. He institutes a comparison between the fields of Science and Literature and shows how though their interests and ways are different they are both seeking truth. One by objective analysis and experimentation; the other delving into the inside of one's own heart. Both need imagination and

freedom. It is a *tapas* in both and needs to be fearless. Their views of life need be friendly. The sanctions to science are verifiable data; to the poet it is the *Rasa*.

The study of the *Kāvya* and yielding to its influence is a culture of the soul, for the poet is expected to sing the beauty of life. He who hears the words of the poet will have his heart melting in him. At this point, the derivation of *Saundarya* from 'und'—what makes wet—'Yā pṛthivīm payasō undanti'—what soaks the mind and makes it *Sa-rasa*—is put in. One other word is explained also simply and beautifully: *Sahr̥daya* is just indicated as one who has a heart (*Sa-hṛdaya*) and not merely *Samāna hṛdaya*. He proceeds to say that it is not the beautiful things in nature and in the human heart and love and sweetness that constitute beauty. Kindness, ferocity, all passion, the awesome, the laughable are all in. Questions are asked whether it is intellect or heart that ought to matter in poetry and the answer is: both are necessary. The Goddess of *Kavya* is fully decked with glammers and attractiveness. Inside is thought, depth of consciousness and self-control, vision. Its vehicle is words and the words in rhythm link it to Music. He personally prefers *ōjas* in the sense that Mammata speaks of it—'Cittasya vistāra rūpa dīptatva janakam'. He recommends to the young writers a practice of old structural metres for that gives a discipline in achieving compactness and concreteness in expression.<sup>1</sup> Poetry is a *Rasakriyā*, what makes gold of mud. Ordinarily words and meanings of words limit each other. They enrich each other using them creatively; for to present experience is the poet's work. Efficient usage fulfils both word and meaning and its power is carried to the highest idealism. The grammarian, the semasiologist, the *Mīmāṃsaka* meet happily in that heaven. But this tells us also that *Sarasvati* is not so simple as to respond with love to an offering without *tapas*. What is simply made may as simply be lost. How freedom is necessary and is the poet's right is stressed; and, he is for the total rejection of all blinkers. Other things which the Kannada people need and may warn themselves against are also included.

*Sāhitya Mattu Vijñāna* (Literature and Science) was a talk in the Karnataka Sangha. He instances in this essay the saying of Heine

<sup>1</sup> In 1972, a lost cause, a desperate cry!

that along with the wreath, which his admirers will, they might place a sword on his tomb. This presents the dual aspect of the function of poetry. It is in this talk that three systems of attitude are presented: (1) That of our *Cārvākas* and Omar Khayyam; (2) That of the *Dāsas* in Karnataka and those who stress the supremacy of Fate and the need for total surrender and, (3) The active spiritedness of those who challenge and are venturesome (Scientists and Technologists). Here the last words of the Demogorgon in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* is quoted. The male way in which the inquirer in modern science speaks and goes about has its value today for people in India who have been sunk in fatalism, superstition and passivity. DVG thinks quite a quantity of the third is needed to strengthen us; for the world is not merely a 'vale of tears' but 'a vale of soul-making' as Keats said or Shelley's 'the hope till hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates'. That is how we have to gird up to the tasks of living if we have to be efficient men and women. Much that is making us stagnant will have to be leavened like Milk with a drop of sour curd; else no *Navanīta*—fresh butter—is formed. Our minds should discover the different inquiries, passions, enthusiasms and purposes when doubt and uncertainty assail us. Against them *Pracīnakarmavāda*, *Daivatantravāda*, *Kalimahimāvāda*, *Adrṣṭavāda*, *Pūrvācāravāda*, *Pāścātyakhaṇḍanavāda* should not be obstacles. Minds and hearts should be fearless and independent. Only then will the necessary heat be kindled. That heat will produce the *Kāvya*. (The author plays lightly upon the word *Kāvu* = heat in Kannada—as the genesis of *Kāvya*!). Only in moments of conflict and doubt a *Gītā* can be born and awaken us to a sense of duty: only then will the door of wisdom open. Whatsoever the skill or the imagination of a writer, what raises a poem to greatness is the spaciousness of the enshrined experience. The claims of the ancient and modern have got to be reconciled;—which really should not be difficult to do.

There is no reason to think that Indians alone are the chosen children of God and spiritual and that the West is all demonic or *āsūric*;—which is absurd. Western Science is a counterpart of the *Ātmajñāna* of India or part of the same culture of the whole world; which is part of the same civilisation, which extends and enriches the *Sattva* of the human world. We come at the end of the essay to the statement that the body is not evil; for, without it there is no

life at all and if one has to improve life, one has to improve the body. The *R̥sis* of the Vedic period did not ask us to dry up and make the body a corpse. They did not call the Here full of sadness only. The two, the welfare of life here and now and the attainment of supreme *Mōkṣa* hang together: they must be harmonised, if a full life is to be lived. Warmth will then come to it; a dynamism comes to it; so do vitality and light. The task of the poet is not to cry out to people with do's and dont's. There are fine and subtle impulses and propensities hidden in the caverns of our heart and sleeping, subtle desires, great ambitions. Poetry should arouse them; cleanse the hearts inside and raise them to loftiness of emotion and thought and thus lead to the heights of achievement. Strength, Joy and Culture can be acquired only that way. Only then can literature be truly called a creative force. The world can be an illusion only at the heights of *Brahmajñāna*, not at the levels at which we have to live. He affirms the truthfulness of nature, the body, the limbs, the birds, the things, the glammers, behaviour, from the point of view of life. And all thought, even at the highest, even *Dharma* and *Nīti*—work in their midst to cleanse, refine, strengthen, beautify and ripen. He concludes the essay with saying that the doctrine of gratification of Omar, Purandara's *Virakti* (disinterest) and the defiance and ebullition of vigour Promethean are to be included in one integration. What wealth is ready must be enjoyed with affection. One should try to gain earnestly what one has not and if that cannot be had, strive as if there is no loss; and, with a smile on the face. In a word, our life might be made fresh every day: that's the urgency of Nature. Every day is a new birth; if that be not we perish. Science and Literature should be cultivated together and help us to face the problems of existence better; fill us ever with new wonder; give us greater pride; daily meet the challenge and daily overcome it.

Two other essays are 'Literature and Life of the People' and the 'Nature of Language and its Character', each of which tells us what quality they both give the writer, what inspiration, instrumentality and function. Each is full of wisdom. The essence of each section is given under different epitome-phrases as title at each page. It would be an education and a thought-provoking thing merely to con them on the right hand pages in this book of 230 and odd pages. Each page here is a numbered thought, provocation or enlightenment to it.

The last section is called 'Saundarya Samhite'. In 35 paragraphs, a wisdom rarely given to the modern Kannada man in any other book is presented: simply, clearly, elucidating the nature of life, beauty and art. It is pure gold. I wish at least a hundred pages of this book carefully printed, wherein the 35 pages of this section ('Saundarya Samhite') are an organic part—are distributed freely among all who love language and literature truly and would like to wish for the Beauty of Life.



On one side Literature, on the other Political and Journalistic life have built DVG's mind and shaped his ambitions in public work. The leading intellectuals in those days outside the literary group and the university were advocates and men in the Representative Assembly and of the Legislative Council and members of the Civil Service. To any one who has moved with him for sometime the range of his acquaintances seems astonishing: from the smallest sweeper to the Councillor and Dewan and the distinguished visitors to Bangalore stretches the range. His study of Samskr̥t and the discipleship he put in with Sri Virupaksha Sastry gave him a grounding in philosophy and its method. A wisdom of life oversees all things else and therefore his literature becomes vehicle of it. His prose and verse and criticism bear the weight and character of this personality. Much the largest part of all this is naturally the prose of life given to understanding, reason, judgement, to criticism and morality in a large sense of the term and has therefore been the item in expression in his literary work which makes it look expository, intellectual and didactic. A person like him shies off from the 'undisciplined squads of emotion', exhibitions of feeling, rank and personal self-expression where a self may be absent. The range of his sensibility, compassion and tolerance of life combined with a playfulness, gaiety and humourousness of behaviour and the loud guffaws of laughter in the enjoyment of the lighter and more playful sides of life are unexpressed in his poetry.

His contribution to literature has been less purely literary and fine than it could have been. Knowing as he does the literary and cultural traditions and in and through English those of many lands; being conversant with the literature of ancient India from the time of the *Vēdas* on, not to speak of the more purely literary forms of prose and verse

and drama in Samskr̥t, brought up and nurtured in a half Telugu environment—on Potana and the *Rāmāyaṇa* works in Telugu;—and knowing at least all the major works in Kannada Literature; loving art and music; being acquainted with the largest varieties of men of different degrees of intellect, culture and character and able to rub shoulders with not only the second best but with every type of person and with a zest for life which is extraordinary and love of human-kind—his contribution should have been infinitely richer than it now is. All this he has been able to achieve without himself being a rich man. The writing, however is rich, aristocratic, authoritative in tone and temper without himself leading such a life. Not on one occasion have I been able to hear him speak about his own life or to moan, groan or whine which he has always despised. It is such a person that in one aspect of his being has expressed himself in Literature. So much else is left out in the literary contribution.

## VII

DVG took to Journalism and that has been primarily in English though in the earlier days he edited and contributed to Kannada papers also. The days in which he worked as a journalist needed speaking and writing in English. There was prestige and recognition only if a man wrote and spoke in English. However valuable and honest, however thoughtful and valid was the criticism made in Kannada men in power did not notice it or mind it. They took notice of English writing and comment because that was expected to get beyond the eyes and ears of local people and travel outside the country. For then the good name of the Government would show up or suffer if the comment was made in English. That is why the bravest and the best men in the land cultivated the English language and presented their thought to gain notice of the educated men at home and abroad and to make the comment effective. From the beginning DVG wrote thoughtfully and effectively. His language was a bit rhetorical and prestigious at first, in the style of those days when oratory was the order of the day and speeches like those of Surendranath Banerji, Annie Beasant and others moved large masses of men. In *Karnataka*, in the *Indian Review of Reviews* and later during recent times in his *Public Affairs* (GIPA), DVG has presented views on all that concerns public life freely and forcefully. His language has gained depth,

simplicity, terseness and impact. If some of the good things he has written about as Notes or in extenso be brought together it will be considerable both in quantity and value. The views are informed by knowledge and insight and the drive of the point of view of a person who has thought well from many points of view and constructively according to his lights. The lights in the case of DVG were there from study, contact with some of the finest men of the time, discussions and conversations and by his own clear, forceful way of speaking. A few tracts on the Indian States, Public Affairs and on Science and Religion which he contributed to a Journal of Science and his occasional contributions to *The Hindu*, *The Servants of India* etc., and the Memoranda he wrote on many subjects of political and cultural interest present the subjects comprehensively. Though he never talks either in English or in Kannada to move the feelings of people, fast or too fluently, he can always be depended upon to present a case, make his criticism and therefore throw light upon the problem, a situation or a line of action to be pursued. This is part of his public life and is fully his business for which he trained himself all through the days.

He gained many honours though he did not wish for any. The University of Mysore, however, conferred on him a D.Litt. (*Honoris causa*) in 1961. But the esteem in which he is held in the Kannada country and the Government of the land, in Madras and Poona, and among all men who have cultivated their minds in behalf of public life and conduct has been uniformly regardful. As President of the Kannada Sahitya Sammelana in 1932, he made a valuable speech and his association with all the important literary men in the days of the Renaissance in Kannada gave him a role and a place as leader and inspirer. For a long time he was member of the Executive Committee of the Parishat and in 1933, he was elected Vice-President of the institution at Hubli: which he was between 1934 and 1937. He reorganised that institution and built for it prestige and a new name; making it a force and voice and a centre for the propagation of modern knowledge and ideas among the people. Till that time the Parishat was carrying on as an island citadel of literary virtues sanctioned by the traditions of the past. But when he became the Chief Executive—the Presidentship was Honorary—he brought together many persons who were participants in the new movement among writers and workers in Karnataka. The Spring Literary Festivals, the *Gamaḷa* Classes,

the lecture courses he instituted for the benefit of primary and middle school teachers from all over the state, the talks and discussions on current subjects as they developed, the exhibitions of Kannada books during those days were really new and consolidated what little influence an institution like that could exercise. He was tireless as Chief of the Parishat. Eg., he would be among the first to arrive for work and last to leave, i.e., after the volunteers departed to their homes.



An incident or two will illustrate the quality of his presence and ways. Almost on the first day when he began work he gathered the honorary workers and told them two things: (a) The Parishat is like a Public House. We have no favour or prejudices of our own; all who choose to set foot in should be welcome. Each worker should forget his personal dislike and prejudices and must extend courtesy to every type of person, for the Parishat represents all: The palace and the Government, political workers and common men, men and women, the traditionalists and the modernists, local people and the outside ones; (b) The honorary workers must work harder, longer and more unreservedly than the Asst. Secretary, clerks etc., who were deemed the paid servants of the institution. No special privilege or prerogative or courtesy should be expected or demanded for being honorary. His was a very dispassionate way of managing a meeting—large or small. No special rights were extended to the tallest man when the rules of the meeting and the graces and conventions of a public meeting or debate were to be observed. Even when the tall man was an object of veneration for him and when the man who held the floor was jibing and unfair, he was on his legs being given his chance to speak.

One extreme case came up once on a controversial point of policy. There was heated discussion at a General Body Meeting in far off Jamkhandi. That was his last year of Vice-Presidentship. The voting was equal. He could have two votes—one as a member and one, as Chairman of the Meeting and could tilt the voting in favour of the Parishat. He did not do that. 'This is a very important piece of policy', he said. 'The Parishat wants to know whether the General Body approves its stand or not clearly. The Executive should

not be made to win with a casting vote by the President. I adjourn the meeting for ten minutes. I appeal to the members to declare definitely for or against the line of action the Parishat has pursued'. When the meeting reassembled he prefaced the second voting phase with a few words by way of the history of the case, the policy pursued by the Parishat and the points made against it. The General Body may give its definite ruling in support or against; and, then put the matter to vote. A 80 per cent majority was forthcoming;—he did not vote. This is just mentioned to indicate the sort of virtue that he desires in the conduct of public affairs.

What makes him loved above all is his human quality. He is accessible to all generally and is full of good humour; helpful in every public cause and situation. With his knowledge of men and things he can understand and size up any person or situation; offer helpful and sympathetic advice and, as Mankutimma says, 'Help to wipe a tear himself not shedding any'. He who comes grieving or grouching goes back comforted, strengthened and with good cheer; if he be genuine. The company he keeps is open to all who choose to be with him though he has his prejudices. The latter are as strange and strong as the former. A young or old person who approaches him gets the same treatment. Any outsider who meets him is sure of a hearing and courteous treatment. It does not take the stranger time to see that he is with a person much bigger than his repute and, in addition, a warm-hearted human being. There is laughter in the company and talk can throw up all sorts of words and phrases not usual in polite conversation. An innocent young man at the first blush may get the shock of his life to hear the language where no holds are barred; yet no malice is meant at any time and against any provided the person who speaks it is an honest, good man; and, DVG knows that and his antecedents and ancestors to the umpteenth degree. His memory is prodigious. When the name of a man is mentioned, he places him in his genealogical tree, with say, the maternal or paternal uncle of his nephew's brother-in-law, who perhaps went to jail or away from home or is doing a roaring business in some part of India; or, a grand uncle who was Peshkar in such and such a state. When he is put to it, he can describe the wart on the bridge of his nose, the colour of his skin, the coat he wore on such and such a day or the moustaches that frisk when he is talking, or the end of which he chews and he can himself mimic somebody's walk or talk;—absolutely informally among friends and groups who

gather round him and wait upon his words. Quotations and observations come out in any language—Telugu, Tamil, Urdu, Kannada, English, Samskrit; from Vedic or classical sources or from the mouth of a beggar whom he met once near the corner of the Victoria Hospital Gate opening to the Market or from some one who was a buffoon in an assembly or council; the *Taittirīya* or Bhartrihari or Neelakantha or a Burke, Fox or Plutarch, an Andhra Srinatha, the Telugu Vemana or the Kannada Sarvajna, or the words of Kumara Vyasa or the absolutely impious and foul-throated man he has met some time in life. The meet is always what somebody would call a *Janārdana Kacēri*. Others could add merriment and welcome. There is even an impression that he likes people who have small talk or talk scandal and loves to hear lewd and libidinous stories about all sorts of persons. He would then add one or two anecdotes on the same or a similar topic.

He is<sup>1</sup> a hearty eater and eminently companionable. He is one of those who has eaten the largest number and the widest variety of dinners, in the houses of the big and the small and knows exactly what flavour is caused by what sort of cooking or dressing; what sauce goes ill or well with some out of the way dish. He is a welcome and an esteemed, privileged guest among all his friends. He has had to ruin his digestion and to suffer for it. He gladly used to suffer it all; ate to please himself or others and came back home for medicine, a digestive or worse. Company, cheer, jokes and raillery feature the scene where he is and many are the occasions when he will be giving his discourse on some sort of picnic or party. Graver or superior things need grave moments or place. But orderliness, punctuality are directly expected and enforced. He is happy to see proprieties and decorum prevail, when he arranges a thing formally or when such a thing was called for elsewhere. When he met a person like Sir M. V., Sir Mirza, M. N. Krishna Rao or N. Madhava Rao the cast of things was totally different. It was of another kind when a Virupaksha Sastry or a Vaidyanatha Sastry was welcomed or present or the venerabilities of Madras like P. S. Sivaswamy Iyer, T. R. Venkatarama Sastry or Rt. Hon. V. S. Sastriar were in. The *Śāstra*, the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata*, the Samskrit, the political discussions of an All India or a provincial character or an *adhyātma* subtlety or of the League

<sup>1</sup> Now sadly I should say, 'used to be.' He is 85. And doctor's orders.

of Nations took hold of it. In the company of Kannada men it was different as between him and the more serious and elderly groups and among the usual friends and others. A whole morning could be taken up with considering the pros and cons of each equivalent of Morley's 'Compromise' in Kannada or Samskrit. So it was in the Dictionary Committees of which he was member.

An article was written once about 1929 by V. Bhaskaran, Correspondent of *Swarajya*—with one or two local aides on him in the Kannada Literary scene as the Kannada Dr. Johnson and his Circle. There was no end of *tamāṣā* when that was read. For over a fortnight Johnson and his Circle was the subject on which the talk went on in the group and all the Johnson eccentricity, the scorching humour and the common sense of Johnson, and Johnsonese were drawn upon. One or two people felt hurt at their being designated this or that but there was much mirth and jollity with DVG in the company. He was not a respecter of persons when he was roused. And he does not suffer fools gladly. Even they are in the gala shows. Yet when a serious situation of talk or discussion is brought in, a totally different atmosphere and attitude settles on the scene. There will then be no time for frivolity—until he or one equal to him similarly minded—discharges a joke to release tension and puts in a more humorous tone all round.

He is strong willed and definite in his opinions. He can give an argument soberly or barbed and loaded and meet the arguments on the other side; write a full article exhaustive-seeming and when somebody crossed his mind, provide two more arguments or broadsides in defence. It is a machine that works without ruth or bowels and grinds to advantage. But in matters where affection or sorrow matter he can be tender to a fault. He is ashamed to show that weakness; and, where most his love or affection is involved, he hides it by trying to speak hard. That is his protection against his own weakness. Those whom he most loves, alas, have the hardest treatment to bear; but they can't withhold their love and regard for him. Inside of him he is himself eager to find an opportunity to compensate for a wrong done or make them forget what has happened. His is thus a difficult and complicated nature. When work is involved he grinds others as thoroughly as he grinds himself and since he is working along as hard as the least of them, the worker cannot groan. The work demands it and will have to be done—whatever the human cost.

If he is very particular for a form or decorum in an assembly hall or meeting he can be as free the other way when he is bored or his mood gets disengaged. He can show in a hundred ways that he is not amused. Once in the latter '20s, when a great musician of South India was giving a recital, he took pen and paper and made serious scrolls on it and passed it on to two of us sitting with him. I was astonished at the number of words of disapprobation a journalist can have in his armoury: '*Śaṅkarābharāṇa*—my foot! He calls this nonsense the great *Rāga*.' From 'numskull' through 'ninny', to 'blunderbus',—the list of words and phrases, descriptions and exclamations filled a whole fool-scap page. It is difficult to contain oneself seeing or reading such things in a serious gathering when a famous musician is singing. Or, when to relieve his own sense of boredom he will write a Telugu stanza of which his quiver is always full, which can make any man explode reading it irrespective of the seriousness or gravity of an assembly or meeting. There are very few occasions when he will shut up and not say or do any thing at all except when a very good friend is talking to which he is opposed in sensibility, attitude and judgement. He will not care to hurt him and lose a friend. Then he does not say a word, suffers it, and the person who comes out with him that evening will have a full hour of release and fireworks—delightful, cathartic and a privilege; but in spite of all the pleasantry and the freedom that he extends, no one will misbehave. If he did the next time the person will know that he had behaved disgracefully; and god knows how he will have done it!

*The Gallery of Portraits from Memory* that he has published in five parts present an aspect of this life and personality—deep in his heart of affection enshrining loyalties for the noblest principles of conduct and attainment. There is his eye to traits and quality which win his heart and which he will care to value as merit in the smallest of men and in the commonest society; always dwelling on those beauties and strengths of conduct, failings and slips which make life on earth what it is, man as man, loveable and deserving attention. A whole culture and way of living is presented in his Mulbagal gallery of men and women where one with practically no money income or finding himself rich with an earning of Rs. 15 a year could live a happy and beneficent life. Eg. A person gathered bits of donation every day in the year and spent the whole of it once and for all on a particular day—like Harsha, they say, did at Prayag in the days—feasting a

thousand people. If anything is left over from the collection the next day he called upon somebody to take it away from him; grudging his wife giving say a bit of jaggery to her own grandchildren. Was it not gathered for public distribution? When she said that his grandchildren also were like others' children, he decided to have no more to do with that wife and refused to eat at her hands the rest of his life. The portrait of his *Purōhit* is an epic; on the four corners of the capital of the pillar supporting the roof of his house was his iron-safe in one corner, his store of *Yajñōpavīta*, third of *Kuśa* grass etc.

Yet none of these was poor enough to beg. They had their pride and character. They were content if they could live as they had trained themselves to live, complaining at no misfortune or failure, living the same steady way they and their forbears deemed worthy. A *Vaiśya* or a *Patēl*, a *Sāstry* or a *Hariḱathā* man, a *Naṭuva* woman or a Mahamed Davood, a *Harijan* who came as simply and as naturally as anybody else to Venkatarama Bhat, the Vasistha of the village,—to detail his sorrows and tasks made the whole one-breathing-unit of the human society. If presenting this is not literature, memorable and intimate, the more sophisticated, artificial or technical kinds of excellence which pass under that name had better swank about, and no grudge. But this heart-stuff is of basic quality which stands for triumphant life, and it is resurrected for delectation in the broad, male way characteristic of DVG. Work like this presents life in the large, improves its tone, helps and sustains, offering samples of a rich and varied pattern which while being independent and individual somehow and everyhow makes it one organic, live whole. Grandfather Cecanna, Venkatarama Bhatta, a Venkannaiya, a Venkatanaranappa, Siva Picce Mudaliar, a M. G. Varadachar, a Dr. Gundanna—are full portraits and altogether present for us a gallery to recreate nearly 70 years in the history of our time of Mulbagal and old Mysore which is quite a type phenomenon. For I remember many such in my village. How many are its stories and its gallery of good men—wise, great or other—and glorious presentation of the type of life which now no longer survives. Without types like them, we would not know what made life easy, happy, sane, strong, and wise, contented and helpful and made it a true community. Poverty did not matter; tradition was not a bondage; a wisdom of life and charity and real human affection ruled between the high and the low; sectarian considerations and hostilities, if and when they showed up, were tamed into con-

tributing to general good. And in the poorest man pride and generosity and largeness of attitude prevailed, making Life Beautiful.

Yes: this Life Beautiful is ever his quest and all his life has been devoted to speaking about it. A person who has seen that life is certainly hurt and sad at the excesses and extravagances, the violence and the ebullitions of temper and opportunism that fill life's scene today—in the office, market place, in individuals and groups of men, in private life and public bodies. He who preached democracy and popular Government and rule by majority, responsibility and elections seems today hurt deep in his soul.

If nothing else had been written by him, but *Maṅkūtimmana Kagga* on one side and his Gallery of Portraits from Mulbagal and Bangalore the memory of his personality as a man and friend, as elder and reserve source of comfort among people who know him will establish him as a man and Man of Letters.

It is said that when the *Ādipurūṣa* created the world, He was the beginning; he pervaded his creation and he stood above it: 'Atyatiṣṭaddaśāṅgulam'. DVG as person includes all that he has written and rises above it towering supremely among the things he has lived through during these four score years and more.

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## D. V. GUNDAPPA

- 1888-9 (?) Born, Mulbagal, Kolar District  
Education: High School, at Mysore and Kolar
- 1905-6 Came to Bangalore
- 1913-20 *Karnataka*, English Bi-weekly
- 1921-22 *Indian Review of Reviews*, Monthly
- 1923-24 *Karṇāṭaka Janajīvana Mattu Arthasādhaka Patrike*
- 1925-27 *Karnataka*, English Monthly
- 1926-40 Member, Mysore Legislative Council
- From 1949 *Public Affairs*, (G.I.P.A.) Monthly
- 1912 Member, Municipal Council
- 1927-43 Member, Mysore University Senate
- 1928 President, Mysore State Journalists' First Conference
- 1929 Secretary to Sir M. Visvesvaraya (South Indian States Peoples' Conference)
- 1932 President, 18th Kannada Sahitya Sammelana, Mercara
- 1932-4 President, Mysore State Journalists' Association
- 1933-9 Member, Mysore University Council
- 1933-7 Vice-President, Karnataka Sahitya Parishat
- 1933-46 Member, Editorial Committee, Mysore University English-Kannada Dictionary
- 1944 President, Karnataka Sangha Silver Jubilee Celebration
- 1945- Founder Secretary, Gokhale Institute of Public Affairs
- 1961 Doctorate from Mysore University
- 1967 Sahitya Akademi Award for *Śrīmad Bhagavadgītā Tātparya*

## WORKS BY D. V. GUNDAPPA\*

### Poetry

- Vasanta-kusumāñjali* (1922)  
*Nivēdana* (1924)  
*Umarana Osage* (1930)  
*Mañkutimmana Kaggā* (1943)  
*Srī Rāma Parikṣaṇam* (1945)  
*Antahpura Gīte* (1950)  
*Gīta Śākuntala* (1960)  
*Śṛṅgāra Maṅgaḷam* (1970)  
*Śrī Kṛṣṇa Parikṣaṇam* (1971)

### Biography

- Divān Raṅgācārḷu* (1911)  
*Gopālakṛṣṇa Gōkhale* (1915)  
*Ṣṅāpaka Citraśāle* (Gallery of Portraits from Memory)  
Part I (1969)  
Part II (1970)  
Part III (1970)  
Part IV (1971)  
Part V (1972)

### Exegesis

- Īśōpaniṣattu* (1953)  
*Puruṣasūkta* (1953)

### Drama

- Kanakāluka* (1911)  
*Vidyāranya Vijaya* (c. 1917)  
*Tilōttame* (1921)  
*Macbeth* (1936)  
*Jack Cade* (1959)

### Essays and Lectures

- Vidyāranyaru Mattu Avara Kāla* (1922)  
*Vidyāranyara Samakālīnaru* (1922)

\* **Note:** The list does not include D. V. G.'s numerous writings in the *Karnataka* and other journals edited by him and topical or occasional articles written by him for newspapers and periodicals in English and Kannada.

*Jivana saundarya Mattu Sāhitya* (1932)  
*Sāhitya Śakti* (1950)  
*Bāligondu Nambike* (1950)  
*Samskṛti* (1953)  
*Śrīmad Bhagavadgītā Tātparya* (1966)

### Political

*Vṛtta Patrike* (1928)  
*Rājyaśāstra* (1951)  
*Rājyāṅga Tattvagālu* (1954)  
*Rājakīya Prasāṅgagālu: Part I* (1958)  
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### In English

*The Problems of Indian Native States* (Open Letters to H. H. the Maharaja of Bikaner) (1917)  
*The Native States in the Empire* (Memorial to Rt. Hon. E. S. Montagu) (1918)  
*The Indian Native States and the Montagu-Chelmsford Report* (1918)  
*The Government of India and the Indian States* (Draft Scheme of Federation) (1926)  
*The Indian States Committee: A Note on its Terms of Reference and their Implications* (Presented to the Butler Committee) (1928)  
*The States and their People in the Indian Constitution* (1931)  
*All About Mysore* (Handbook) (1931)  
*Note (of Dissent) appended to the Report of the Committee on Constitutional Reforms in Mysore* (1939)  
*The Case of the People of the Indian States* (Memorandum to Sir Stafford Cripps) (1942)  
*All-India Union* [Memorandum to the (Sapru) Conciliation Committee] (1945)  
*Simla and After* (1945)  
*All-India Federal Union* (Sequel to *All-India Union*) (1946)  
*The Cabinet Delegation and After* (1946)  
*The Constituent Assembly and the States* (1946)  
*The Indian Independence Act 1947* (1947)  
*The Indian States and the Linguistic Problem* (Contributed to the *Indian Yearbook of International Affairs*) (1954)  
*Gokhale for Today: Liberalism Restated* (1958)