

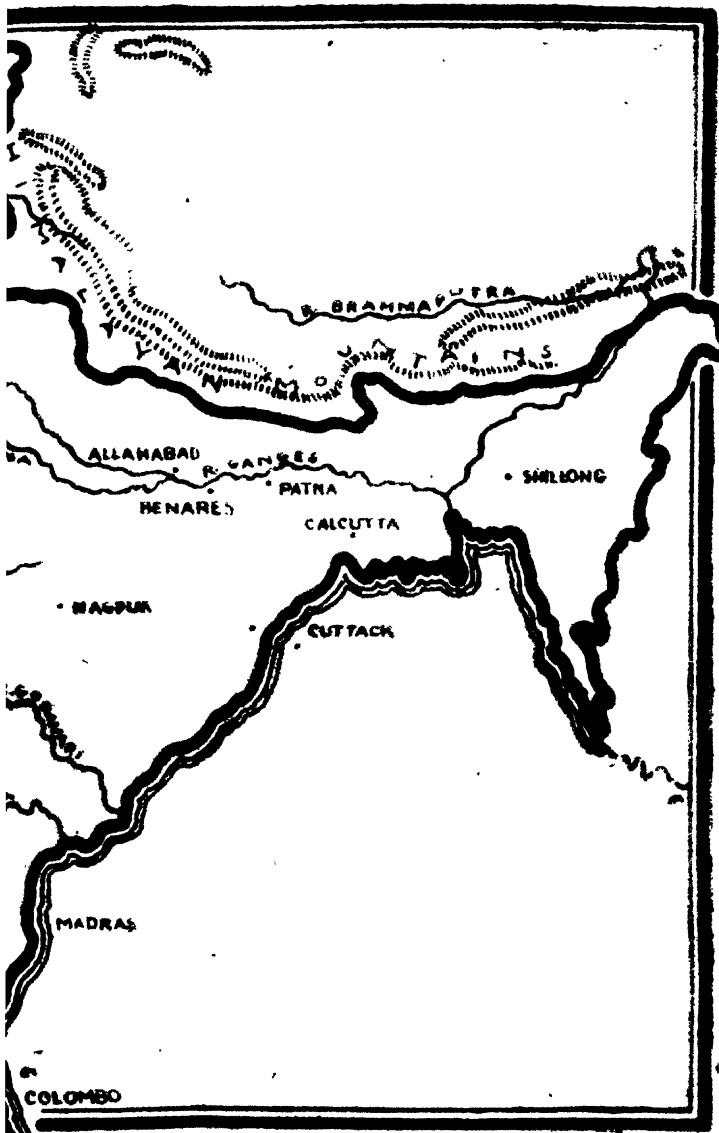
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THE INDIAN LITERATURES

TELUGU
LITERATURE
(ANDHRA LITERATURE)

By
P. T. Raju



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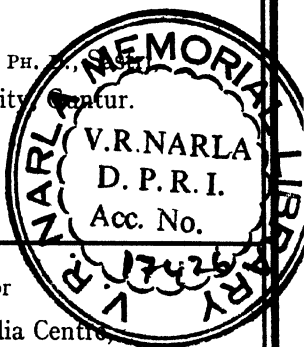
The P. E. N. All-India Centre

TELUGU LITERATURE

(Andhra Literature)

By

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of the Andhra University, Waltair.



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EDITOR'S FOREWORD

India is no exception in a world swayed by politics in an extraordinary measure. Her ruling passion is for freedom from foreign domination; in other countries politics revolves round other ideas and ideals, other hopes and aspirations. India has greater justification for being preoccupied with politics, for her servitude affects her indigenous culture on every plane. This has compelled even a mystic like Gandhiji to experiment with truth in the field of politics.

Mainly because of this preoccupation Indians have undervalued the literary unfoldment of the last few years in the different linguistic areas; if properly co-ordinated and helped, this would develop into a renaissance of the first order. Visions of literary creators enshrined in books of today are likely to become objective realities of tomorrow. Moreover, the mystical intimations of the poet, the psychological analyses of the novelist, the philosophical expositions of the essayist, the tendency portrayals and the character delineations of the dramatist—these are related to the very problems which engage the whole consciousness of the politician, the economist and the sociologist. India cannot afford to be neglectful of her literary movement of today.

India's many languages are not a curse, however much her enemies may call them so or her political and other reformers may wish for a *lingua franca*. Ideas

unite people and rule the world ; not words. Europe is not suffering because it has many languages, but because conflicting ideas and competing ideas have confused issues and have created chaos. Our many languages are channels of cultural enrichment. Many educated Indians are not familiar with the literary wealth of any Indian language other than their own. How many Bengalis know the beauties of Malayalam literature? How many Tamilians are familiar with the literary efforts of old and modern Assam? And so on. Again, India suffers grievously in the Occident, which is ignorant of the present-day literary achievements in the different Indian languages. No systematic attempt has been made to popularise the story of the Indian literatures or to present gems from their masterpieces to the general public in English translation. This is now being attempted by the Centre for India of the International P. E. N.

The plan of this series of books is a simple one. A volume is devoted to each of the main Indian languages. Each book is divided into three parts :—(1) The history of the literature dealt with ; (2) Modern developments ; and (3) An anthology. There will be about sixteen volumes in all, and they were to have been published in alphabetical order. Our effort to adhere to that arrangement occasioned too much delay, however, and so it has now been decided to publish the remaining MSS. in the order of their receipt by the Editorial Office. A list of these publications will be found elsewhere in this volume.

In editing each MS. I have kept to the translitera-

tion of words from the Sanskrit, Arabic and Indian languages selected by the author.

I must thank my colleagues of the P. E. N. Movement and several other friends who have helped with advice and valuable suggestions. And, of course, the P. E. N. All-India Centre and myself are greatly indebted to the friends who have undertaken to write the books which make up this series. Without their co-operation we could not have ventured on the project.

For me this is a labour of love. But time, energy and other contributions made bring their own recompense as all are offered on the altar of the Motherland, whose service of humanity will be greatly aided by the literary creations of her sons and daughters.

SOPHIA WADIA

INTRODUCTION

Dr. P. T. Raju, M.A., PH. D., Sastri, the author of this brochure on Telugu literature is a scholar and thinker of merit. The honour of being first in this field belongs to Messrs. Chenchiah and Bhujanga Rao, whose book on Telugu literature in the Heritage of India Series, with a Preface by me, was published quite a number of years ago. But there are points in Dr. Raju's book which distinguish it from the earlier publication and give it special value. Though he has called it "Telugu Literature," the book is wider in its scope and is indeed a treatise on the Andhra contribution to the culture of India. Needless to add, that Andhra contribution is wider than Telugu literature, because it includes the contributions of the great savants in Sanscrit and Pali and religious teachers of the stature of Nagarjuna, Kumarila Bhatta and Basava and poets like Hala. Dr. Raju touches on these and on the works in Sanscrit of Mallinatha, King Katayavema, Vidyanatha, Panditaraya Jagannatha and quite a number of other national heroes of philosophy and literature.

Eminent archæologists have held that the world-famous paintings of the Ajanta caves are the creation of Andhra artistic genius. The Amaravati and other sculptures are amongst the world's masterpieces.

The Andhras played an important part in the development of Kannada literature also. There are hardly

any other people in India who have played so various and illustrious a part in the political and in the cultural development of India; and Dr. Raju has presented this encyclopædic background in a few bold touches. If Hala and Bhavabhuti also are Andhras by birth, the magnificence of the Andhra record would appear to be among the most shining of any in this land of ancient but perennial culture.

A fascinating but perplexing problem is "Who were the original Andhras? Are they the same as the Telugus? Or are they to be regarded as a conquering race, who subjugated the Telugu country in addition to Magadha and other lands north and west of the Desa now called Andhra after them, but later on became confined to these lands and merged in the Telugus as the Normans were dissolved in the Anglo-Saxons?" Dr. Raju has dealt with this problem pertaining to the Andhra-Telugu relationship with much acumen and ability. It is difficult to believe that the Andhras mentioned in the *Aitereya Brahmana* are the same as the Telugus with whose literature this book is mainly concerned.

There are at least three hypotheses regarding the Andhra-Telugu relationship. According to one of them, the Andhras were a North Indian tribe referred to in the *Aitereya Brahmana* contemptuously as eaters of dog's flesh. Were these Andhras racially Aryan or non-Aryan? One hypothesis holds that they were Aryans by race who had become non-Aryan by deviating from their culture and adopting the ways of the non-Aryan tribes amongst whom they lived. The following questions arise—If they had been Aryans by race, they

would have lived amongst the non-Aryans as conquerors. Would they have had any motive then to adopt the culture of their subjects? Is there much historical probability in the idea that in those remote times, when tribes were small and closely knit, small clans would have broken off and mingled with folk obviously regarded as inferior? Is it not more probable for the inferior to adopt the culture of the superior, especially when the inferior are not equally or highly civilized? If the Andhras were racially Aryan, why were they bracketed with the Kiratas, Pulindas and other non-Aryan tribes? It seems to me that the probability is that the Andhras were a non-Aryan race who, starting low, gradually worked up the scale of Aryan culture until they finally became Aryanised.

What was the language of these Andhras of the *Aitereya Brahmana*? There seems to be no clear evidence or indication; but it is a fact that in later times Paisachi, a Prakritic language, was in use amongst the Andhras and indeed became the language of their Aryan affiliation. Race and language do not always go together. And from the fact that the Andhras spoke Paisachi at a later stage, one cannot infer an Aryan origin conclusively, though an Aryan adoption and assimilation are probable.

At a later, and what may be called, relatively speaking, a more historical stage, the Andhras were found to be in occupation of the Vindhya regions with Paisachi as their language, certainly their written language and probably their spoken. From this Vindhyan centre they seem to have radiated in three directions—towards the

in its scope the lands and islands east and south of Burma right up to the Philippines. The main portion of the population of the Philippine Islands is known as Tegalogs, a variation of either the name Telaga or of Telugu. A large number of Telugu words are current in the Filipino language. A Jesuit Father has compiled a dictionary of the Telugu and Sanscrit terms found in the language of the Filipinos. I had that book once in my possession ; but it is now not to be found in my library !

As regards the résumé of Telugu literature presented in this book, Dr. Raju's work, though naturally brief, is eminently accurate and comprehensive. His explanations and evaluations are of commanding significance.

Special praise must be given to the Anthology which he has appended as Part III and in which he has given interesting translations of some of the finest pieces in Telugu literature, ballads and folk-songs, which will convey to the foreign reader an impressive idea of the literary heritage of the Telugus and their genius.

I have no hesitation in pronouncing this book one of the most valuable ever produced on the subject of Telugu literature set against the background of general Andhra culture and history. The author deserves to be warmly congratulated on so masterly a publication.

Padma-Prabhasa,
Chittoor,
18th September, 1943.

C. R. REDDY

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

No correct estimation of any provincial literature is possible without taking into consideration the contribution which that province has made to Sanscrit literature also, which is really the background and source of modern Indian literatures. The only exception may be Urdu ; but I imagine that the entire Urdu literature is not exempt from Sanscrit influence. However, in the other languages the earliest poems must have been written by poets well-versed in Sanscrit. So far as Telugu literature is concerned, all its authors, especially in the beginning, were Sanscrit scholars. And we read of a heated discussion on poetics between Srinatha, a Telugu, and Dindima Bhat, a Sanscrit poet, in which the latter was defeated. Hence between the poetry of the provincial language and that of Sanscrit the only difference must be that of language but not of theme and spirit. And so far as it is influenced by Sanscrit, the poetry of the whole of India will look alike.

Still, there is poetry of a purely indigenous growth, particularly folk-songs, heroic ballads, cradle songs, songs of benediction and so forth. Their metres too are different. But their authors are not generally known and their dates cannot be fixed. The authors of the indigenous poems too adopted the Sanscrit poetic traditions, like comparing a beautiful face to the moon and the lotus and a woman's braid to a black cobra. But they have some usages of their own. For example,

a pretty face is compared by the Andhra poets to a parrot, which is rare in Sanscrit. It would be interesting if collections of these usages were made. These usages as well as the metres of indigenous poems have crept into the works of the classical poets also, who are mainly influenced by Sanscrit.

We may say that every province has three main lines of literary development—the purely Sanscrit, the purely local and indigenous and a combination of the two which may be called the classical poetry in the provincial language. Sometimes a few of the so-called classical poets may choose, like Gaurana, a purely indigenous metre but write in a grammatically and idiomatically correct literary language. And, as is now happening, a poet may use spoken and ungrammatical language but an old Sanscrit metre. Or, as was done by the Telugu classical poets themselves, Sanscrit and indigenous metres may be used together, just as they adopted both the Sanscrit and indigenous poetic usages. Thus many combinations are possible and are actually found. A comprehensive history of Telugu literature must take into account fully and in detail all the three lines of development and their further crossings.

The Andhra country has made a very valuable contribution to Sanscrit, a full account of which it is not possible to give here. The names of many Andhras are familiar to the world of Sanscrit scholars. **M**allinatha, the commentator on Kalidasa's poems, is known to all Sanscrit students. The best and the most popular commentator on Kalidasa's dramas is King Kataya

Vema. Singa Bhupala was a learned and powerful ruler, during whose time Srinatha and Potana flourished. He was so renowned a scholar that for the final test of learning every pandit of the time made it a point to visit his court and undergo his personal examination. He is the author of several Sanscrit works and his *Rasārṇavasudhākara* is a well-known work on Sanscrit drama. Vidyanatha's *Pratāparudriyam* and Jagannatha Pandita's *Rasagaṅgādhara* are famous treatises on Sanscrit poetics. The latter work has never been superseded. Bhavabhuti, who went to Kashmir from Vidarbha, is claimed here to be an Andhra, for Vidarbha which borders on Telingana was part of the Andhra. Krishnadeva Raya, in his introduction to *Āmuktamālyadā*, tells us that he is the author of half a dozen Sanscrit works. Gunadhya was a minister to a Satavahana emperor and the author of *Byhatkathā*. There are several less famous writers of whom Vamana Bhattabana, Sivalinga Bhupati, and Lolla Lakshmidhara may be mentioned. Hala's contribution to Prakrit is quite well known.]

In Sanscrit philosophy the Andhra can justly be proud of having produced some of the greatest men. To Buddhism the country has supplied Nagarjuna, Arya Deva and Dignaga. They may not have been born in the country between the Godavari and the Krishna; but that the Andhra was the place of their activities none can doubt, and who their parents were it is difficult to establish. Besides, the Andhras spread right from the Vindhya in the North to the Kaveri in the South. [The belief is strong that Kumarila, Vidya-

ranya, Sayana and Sayana-Madhava were Andhras. Annam Bhatta and Dharmaraja Adhvarindra are well known to all students of Indian philosophy. Nimbarka and Vallabha were famous *achāryas* who, strangely enough, could not get followers in their own country. Sripati's commentary on the *Brahma-Sūtras*, called *Sri-karabhāshya*, written from the Virasaiva point of view, has recently been published. The author hailed from the Guntur District. Chitsukha belonged to the Vizagapatam District. There are others also whom the Andhras claim as their own.]

Of the people who made contributions to other indigenous literatures Pampa and Ponna may be mentioned. Basava, the founder of Virasaivism, was an Andhra, but he could not obtain a following in this country. He and his religion made good contributions to Kannada literature. The *Lingāyats* of the Andhra are Brahmins who call themselves *Ārādhyabrāhmins*. Their philosophy is the same as that of Virasaivism. The Saivism of the *Ārādhyabrāhmins* possesses extensive literature in Telugu. The Ramanujiya Vaishnavas too have corresponding literature; but for them Tamil is the sacred language, which is undoubtedly a sign of the non-Aryan origin of the religion. Saivism too is non-Aryan in origin; but the *Ārādhyabrāhmins* of the Andhra do not so much revere the Dravidian Saiva Agamas.

The traditional Sanscrit education was conducted in two kinds of institutions called *Ghatikāsālas* and *Vidyāpīthas*. The kind of instruction given in both was the same. But the former were situated in capitals and were under the direct supervision of the king's

officials. The latter were established in *agrahārams* or villages granted to great scholars, living on the income of which they were to impart their learning to the students. Of course the students too were to be maintained by the pandits who received the grant. No soldier might enter those *agrahārams* and the king's officials had very little power over the *Vidyāpīthas*. Telugu scholars too were trained similarly.

As a general rule at the capitals of empires, probably because of their cosmopolitan nature, Sanscrit was patronised, while in the principalities of tributary princes and smaller kingdoms Telugu literature flourished. There are indeed exceptions. The Chalukya King Rajaraja Narendra was the patron of Nannaya, who began the translation of the *Mahābhārata*. But his successors did not seem even to care for its completion. Tikkana and Yerrapreggada lived at the courts of far less powerful kings. There is no instance of the Kakatiyas encouraging any great Telugu poet at their own court, though they had high respect for these poets, as proved by Ganapati Deva's lending an army to Tikkana. Of the Satavahanas, Hala, the Emperor, himself took interest in the indigenous language, which at that time may have been Prakrit. Rao Singana, also called Singa Bhupala, wrote several Sanscrit works, though he patronised many Telugu poets. There are many other Velama and Reddi Kings who ruled over small kingdoms at Kondavidu, Rachakonda, Bezwada (Vijayavatika), Nellore (Simhapuri) and Rajahmundry and encouraged mainly Telugu. The Satavahana Kings, in the remote past, were patrons of Buddhism and Sanscrit Buddhist

literature is indebted to the munificence of Dhanyakataka and Amaravati. The Ganga Kings of Kalinga were patrons of Sanscrit and not of Telugu. At Madura, Mysore, Puddukotta and Tanjore mainly Telugu literature flourished. Some Andhra Sanscrit poets like Lolla Lakshmidhara were patronised by the Gajapatis of Cuttack also.

In the present volume the whole of the Andhra literature is divided into two periods, the ancient and the modern, according to the instructions of the General Editor of the Series. But the ancient period is so wide that it itself contains nearly three distinct periods. The first is generally called the Puranic Period and the Age of Translation, the second the Prabandha Period or the Age of the Mahakavyas and the third the Sataka Period or the Age of the Satakas. In the modern period all types of literary activity are found and to divide the period according to literary types would be impossible: The types in which the modern Andhra literature has reached a fairly high level are the novel, the drama and the lyric or *bhāvakavitvam*.

Sometimes the literary periods are divided on the basis of the ruling religions. But the Telugu literary critic is in general opposed to such procedure. For religious poems intended to teach directly this or that religion do not have a high literary value. The teaching has to be done indirectly through some literary mode, in which case it is literature as literature that is of chief interest and the religious themes come to have only secondary importance. Further, in the Andhra, except for the Brahmanic revival which drove away

Buddhism and Jainism and strengthened itself to fight Islam, there are no strong and violent religious upheavals. Basava could not find followers in his own country for his militant Virasaivism. The Andhra Kings did not allow any serious conflict between Saivism and Vaishnavism and the cult of Harihara, in which the ideas of Vishnu and Siva were blended into a unity, was the most admired. Tikkana, for instance, dedicated his *Mahābhāratam* to the god Harihara Natha. The Andhras generally showed no religious fanaticism. Again, Telugu sectarian literature, though extensive, is not given a high place by the literati here. From the beginning the Andhra Kings did not generally patronise such poets. Their poems have always been a by-product, not occupying any high place in the main line of development. The *Āndhra Bhāgavatam*, though a Vaishnava work, was never treated as such by the Andhras; and it should be noted that Potana, its author, was a Saivite.

It cannot but be said that Western criticism has missed the literary value of the *Purāṇas*. While speaking of Indian poetry very rarely are they taken into account. But in the Andhra literature they occupy so high a place that no true understanding of our literature is possible without knowing their actual nature. R. W. Frazer writes:—

India has sent forth work stamped with all the peculiar impress of its own genius... which will ever demand a place in the very first ranks of the world's literature; but this place would never be claimed for the two great Herculean labours of Brahmanism—the construction of the two Indian so-called epics, the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*.¹

¹ *A Literary History of India*, p. 210.

There cannot be a more biased and wrong judgment than this. All Indian poets, even the Sanscrit, acknowledge Vyasa as the source of their inspiration. They regard Valmiki as the first poet, but treat Vyasa as a greater one. It might be that not one Vyasa but many wrote the *Mahābhārata* and the *Purāṇas*. Still the opinion current among the Sanscrit poets, that "anything in the three worlds is a crumb from Vyasa's dish" (*Vyāsocchishṭam jagattrayam*), that is, that there can be no really new theme for a poem not handled by Vyasa, shows in what esteem he is held as a poet. If Vyasa is a fictitious person the credit goes to the *Mahābhārata* and the *Purāṇas*.

One who is to undertake a significant history of Indian literature must give deep consideration to the philosophical principles underlying the growth of literary art as expounded by Indian rhetoricians. It may be that these rhetoricians are sometimes incorrect. Yet a total disregard of their views and a wholesale and unmodified application of the principles as expounded by Western theorists will lead to no other conclusion than that what our ancients regarded as the highest literature is nothing but a bundle of imperfections. Our ancients conceived of poetry as what induces one to do the right. Thus *Purāṇas* like the *Bhāgavata*, *Itihāsas* like the *Mahābhārata* and *Kāvya*s like the *Rāmāyana* were grand poetry that were meant to prejudice people in favour of the Vedic or *Bhārata dharma*. That is why the *Purāṇas* are regarded as an *upāṅga* or secondary accessory to the Vedas. For the same reason they are also called *Smṛtis* or, as René Guénon would

say, the traditional knowledge of the *Śruti*. When commenting on the *Brahmasūtras* almost all commentators quote from these *Purāṇas* and say, "Thus says the *Smṛti*." Treating the *Purāṇas* as great poems as well as an *upāṅga* of the Vedas shows that for our ancients too the task of both the poet and the philosopher was the same. Like grammar etc., the *Purāṇas* were not meant merely to help us in understanding the Vedas, but also to create a bias for leading the moral life implied by them.

Macdonell's statement, for instance, in *A History of Sanskrit Literature* is only a half-hearted admission of what is contended above. He writes:—

In turning from the Vedic to the Sanskrit period, we are confronted with a literature which is essentially different from that of the earlier age in matter, spirit, and form. Vedic literature is essentially religious; Sanskrit literature, abundantly developed in every other direction, is profane. But, doubtless as a result of the speculative tendencies of the Upanishads, a moralising spirit at the same time breathes through it as a whole. (p. 277.)

But really the two periods are not so distinct as the Western scholars suppose them to be. Some of the literature subsequent to the *Purāṇas* may be totally profane. But the *Purāṇas* as an *upāṅga* of the Vedas are religious also. Even the layman will not accept that the *Mahābhārata*, the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Bhāgavata* are profane works. They are read on holy and auspicious days and people are supposed to obtain special merit for reading and hearing them then. If the *Śruti* is revealed literature then *Smṛti* is traditional literature, both intended to impart the same knowledge. Western

critics here see difference while there is growth.

Another feeling among them is that the poetry part of these grand epics is different from the rest. Winternitz, for example, writes :—

The more the heroic songs grew in favour and the more popular they became the greater the anxiety of the Brahmins to take possession of this epic poetry also; and they had the art of compounding this poetry which was essentially and purely *secular* in origin, with their own *religious* poems and the whole stock-in-trade of their theological and priestly knowledge. Then it happens that legends of gods, *mythological narratives of brahmanical origin*, and to a great extent even *didactic sections referring to brahmanical philosophy and ethics and brahmanical law*, were received into the *Mahabharata*.²

And he treats the ascetics as a distinct class who also tried by similar means to popularise their own doctrines.

We shall not be able to establish that the *Mahābhārata*, for instance, has no interpolations. But we shall not admit that everything of the epic except the simple story is an interpolation. Did not the heroes of the *Mahābhārata* act according to some ethical ideal? Where did they get it except from the Vedas? Did the Brahmins of the Vedic Age belong to a different race and community from that of the Kshatriyas who are the heroes of the *Mahābhārata*, so that the former felt it a necessity to introduce surreptitiously their own ideas into the heroic songs about the latter? If there is a lengthy presentation of an ethical ideal, must it necessarily be an interpolation? Did not some of the Kshatriyas themselves become ascetics? If the poem contains anything about asceticism, must it be an

² *A History of Indian Literature*, pp. 318-19.

extraneous addition? Further, the *Mahābhārata* and the *Rāmāyaṇa* are not songs, though poems. It may be that their stories were at first sung by some bards, though we have no definite evidence for or against. It may be that the themes were later taken up by some poet and expanded in his own way. But if the expansion is made so as to suggest indirectly a particular ideal of life, the poem does not thereby become a collection of interpolations.

We may admit that the present recensions of the epics contain later accretions. An *itihāsa* is defined as a story of what once happened which is interwoven with advice about *dharma*, *artha*, *kāma* and *moksha*. (*Dharmārthakāma mokshaṇām upadeśasamanvitam pūrvavṛttakathāyuktam itihāsah prachakshyate.*) This definition must have allowed a number of later additions. But we do not think that because the *Mahābhārata* preaches a particular ideal of life, a particular type of morality, gives some views about the nature of heaven or reality and introduces stories within stories to illustrate its ideas, therefore all that it says about these things are spurious additions. It must have been meant to contain much of these. Otherwise, it would not have been called the fifth Veda or a *Smṛti*. Whatever it might have been as a folk-song, which we have little chance of knowing, the Sanscrit epic is a grand epic poem executed with a definite aim. It might have grown in bulk through the years; and such growth is not denied even in the case of Homer's poems. *Yet that its growth was not in accord with its original aims there is little evidence to show.* It was because the epic was

written with such high aim that the Andhra poets first thought of that work and made it so exquisite that people still view it with greatest admiration. And its influence on them is so great that even now none is regarded in this province as a great poet unless he writes a beautiful epic.

In the *Mahābhārata* the story is narrated by Suta to Saunaka and other *rshis*. Similarly every Telugu epic, whether it be *purānic*, historical or merely fictitious, is narrated by the poet to some king, noble or guru to whom he generally dedicates the work. By some poets the work is dedicated to a god but narrated to his patron. The practice shows that evidently the Andhra poets at first intended their poems mainly for the spread of *Bhāratadharma* by influencing their patron kings. And every king to whom a poem was dedicated was supposed to be like Parikshit. He and his nobles were particularly to be initiated into the *Bhāratadharma*. Later the custom may have been followed as a mere *Kavisampradāya* or poetic tradition. Kalidasa, for instance, never dedicates his poems to his patron and does not begin, "Hear, Your Majesty." But Peddana and other Andhra poets begin, "My Lord, listen." In the dedicatory verses we get useful information about the dynasties and exploits of kings and the genealogies of nobles and poets.

The Telugu alphabet has more letters than the Sanscrit; but I thought that it would be unnecessary in this little book to introduce new diacritical marks for the extra vowels and consonants. In a bigger work their omission should not be forgiven.

The word Andhra is being used indiscriminately, sometimes with the article "the" and sometimes without it, to denote the people, the country and the language. As regards Bengal, for instance, we have "Bengal" for the country, "Bengali" for the language, and "the Bengali" for the man. Indeed, the original word is Vanga, not Bengal; but somehow the latter has come into use and even in Bengali the word "Bangalades" frequently occurs. But "Andhra" has no such modifications. I discussed this point with some of my colleagues and we came to the following conclusion: "The Andhra" should mean the country and the man, and "Andhra" the language only. Accordingly the word is used in this book.

It is impossible to give in this brochure even a list of all the poets and their works, both ancient and modern, much less an idea of them. Of the ancient authors I have given only those who are generally regarded as outstanding. The Telugu literary output was so large that Tippu Sultan, it is said, ordered the use of the palmyra manuscripts in the libraries of the palaces that fell to him, as fuel for boiling gram for his horses. We do not know what rare gems were thereby destroyed. Telugu literature up to the beginning of the present century is said to be larger than even the Hindi. Even the available literature, however, is quite vast, though we may not find all authors equally interesting. Similarly modern poets and authors too are many. For want of space I have to omit the names of several and the works of more. A larger volume including all is a real need.

In the end I cannot adequately thank Sir C. R. Reddy for the Introduction which he has very kindly written to this book.

P. T. RAJU

*The Andhra University,
Guntur,
5th October, 1944.*

DEDICATED

to

MY FATHER

P. LAKSHMI NARASIMHAN

in

LOVE AND RESPECT

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OLD ANDHRA LITERATURE

(Up to about 1875)

Chapter I

THE BEGINNINGS

In no other country in the world was the poet more honoured than in the Andhra. Peddana mourns the death of his patron, the Emperor Krishnadeva Raya of Vizianagar, who as a mark of recognition put a gold anklet (*Kavigaṇḍapenderamu*) with his own hands round the poet's ankle and who on the road lifted him up to a seat in his houdah. Srinatha before him was bathed in gold in the Pearl Palace of Praudhadeva Raya. Tikkana got an army from the Emperor Ganapatideva of Warrangal for restoring the dominions of his king, Manumasiddhi, who had been deprived of them by a neighbouring ruler. Poetry was so much valued that verses were actually purchased. There is a tradition that Mohanangi, Krishnadeva's daughter, purchased a verse from a starving poet who was hawking it. It was a fashion with the kings to get works dedicated to them, while there were poets like Potana who were so pious that they thought it a sacrilege to dedicate their works to them and enjoy the luxuries of court life. As a result some kings tried to use force for obtaining dedication when temptations in land and money failed. Not to get a dedication reflected on their culture.

The Andhra kings from the earliest times seem to be patrons of indigenous literature. To mention a few : Hala wrote his *Śālivāhana Saptasati* in Prakrit. Rajaraja got the *Mahābhārata* translated into Telugu. King Nannichoda wrote *Kumārasambhavam*. And Krishnadeva Raya, the greatest of the Vizianagar emperors, wrote *Amuktamālyadā*. Yet, in spite of this proud tradition, no Telugu literature before Nannaya, *i. e.*, the eleventh century A. D., is now available. An Andhra grammar is said to have been written by a Kanva king, who must have ruled before the Satavahanas. It is therefore inconceivable that not a single Telugu work was written before Nannaya. Yuan Chuang who visited the Andhra country in the seventh century A. D. wrote that the language of the Andhras was different from that of the North though they were using the same script. Most scholars are agreed that the modern Telugu script is derived, through the Sanscrit, from the Brahmi. We have to accept therefore Yuan Chuang's assertion that the ancient Andhras were using the Nagari script. Now it is difficult to understand how a race which had a language and knew how to write did not produce a single work from the seventh to the eleventh century A. D.

Recently part of a work on prosody called *Janāśraya-chhandas* has been discovered. Its language is Sanscrit and its author is not known. But it is a work that deals with all the metres used in Telugu, including those not at all found in works on Sanscrit prosody. Evidently it is a work on Telugu prosody written in Sanscrit, as was the practice of the times. Janasraya, in whose name the work was written, was the title of a

king called Madhavavarman of the Vishnu Kundo Dynasty which ruled in the sixth century A. D. The work therefore shows that Telugu had poetry in the sixth century A. D. even before Yuan Chuang visited the Andhra. Buddhaghosha in his commentary on the Buddhist Pitakas refers to the Arthakathas of the Andhras. Yerrapreggada in his *Nṛsimhapurāṇam* praises Nannaya and Tikkana for their having explained the truth of Vyasa's work to the Andhras, who formerly were reading nonsense and "digging *gāthas*." The nonsense and *gāthas* may be some Buddhist and Jaina writings, which were contemptuously treated by the upholders of Brahmanism. And in some of the inscriptions of Gunakavijjaditya, who belongs to the ninth century A. D., we find Telugu verses. Thus there is now definite evidence to show that before Nannaya up to at least the sixth century A. D. Telugu verses were being written. But where are the works in which this versification was used?

Two hypotheses are current to explain their absence. Some maintain that Nannaya was the first man to write a Telugu grammar; for Nannichoda, a royal poet, says in his *Kumārasambhavam* that the Chalukyas inaugurated the *dēśi* or indigenous literature as distinct from the *mārgi* or Sanscrit literature. If this is true, there could not have been any Telugu literature before Nannaya. But some maintain that Nannichoda might be only voicing the tradition which may not be historically true. Besides, Satyasraya, the Chalukya king referred to as the inaugurator, is the title of Pulikesin II, who was a contemporary of Harsha and so must have lived towards the end of the sixth

century A. D. But it is unimaginable that the inaugurator could not have got a single work written in Telugu. Indigenous literature before the eleventh century is available in Tamil and even in Kannada, which is closely allied to Telugu. In fact, two of the greatest and earliest Kannada poets, Pampa and Ponna, were Andhras; and at that time there was very little difference between Telugu and Kannada. Even as late as the fourteenth century A. D. Srinatha said that he was a poet of *Karṇātabhāshā* (Kannada language), which means that he made no distinction between Telugu and Kannada. Hence, alongside the Kannada the Andhra literature also must have been flourishing. But the Andhras before the eleventh century were Buddhists and Jains. That the Satavahanas were great patrons of Buddhism is a well-established fact. Nagarjuna lived in their kingdom, and Dhanyakataka and Amaravati were great centres of Buddhistic learning. It is said that the *Prajñāpāramitas* were first known to the Andhra (Andhaka) Buddhists in Prakrit. Hala's *Saptasati*, which gives a most vivid and beautiful picture of country life of the time, was written in Prakrit. And among the founders of the Andhra language is mentioned the name of Ravana along with those of Brihaspati, Kanva, Pushpadanta and Adharvana. Perhaps this Ravana is the same as the Ravana of the *Laṅkāvatārasūtra*, who is represented as a saintly king, and who, during the Brahmanic revival, might have been identified with the wicked Ravana of the *Rāmāyana*. If the latter did not really belong to Ceylon but to some place in Central India as modern

criticism tries to make out, then the suggestion that the Ravana of the *Laṅkāvatārasūtra* may somehow be identical with the Ravana who is one of the founders of the Andhra language cannot be regarded as fantastic. Even if this suggestion is false, the mention of Ravana among the founders of Telugu is proof of the non-Vaidic influence, either Buddhist or Jaina or both, in shaping the language. For no King who followed Brahmanism would have liked to be called Ravana, who is represented as so many vices personified, in the *Rāmāyana*. There is a tradition that as late as in the thirteenth century A. D. Tikkana defeated a large number of Jainas at the court of Ganapatideva of Warrangal, who consequently expelled them from the kingdom, and that the Jainas swearing vengeance on the country later instigated Allauddin to invade Trilinga and gave him the necessary secrets. It is also said that the Jainas cursed the Andhras that they should not have any literature left by the Jainas, thinking that thereby the Andhras would be turned into uncultured barbarians. But probably the upholders of Brahmanism felt it a boon, as the disappearance of Jaina literature would make the propagation of their ideas the easier. The eleventh century marks the revival of Brahmanic literature in Tamil and Kannada as well as in Telugu. And the inference is that the Andhra country, where at that time the kings were the most powerful in the whole of the Deccan, the destruction of Buddhism and Jainism was so thorough that not a single work sponsored by them was allowed to survive. But there are no records of any blood being shed in the Andhra as in the Karnataka, where the

Virasaivas massacred the Jains. The destruction here, though thorough, seems to be of culture but not of life. Whichever hypothesis is true, no literature before Nannaya is so far available. Nannaya is believed by the pandits to be the first grammarian and systematiser of the Telugu language. He holds the view that Telugu is a *vikṛti* (modification) of Prakrit, a view which agrees with the belief that Hala wrote his *Saptaśati* in the spoken language of the time. But this is not accepted by Caldwell, who in his *Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian Languages* maintains that Telugu as a Dravidian language has nothing to do with Prakrit. His thesis is based mainly on a consideration of the syntactical and declensional peculiarities. But a recent scholar, Dr. C. Narayana Rao, has shown with a fair amount of success that these peculiarities are found in the North Indian languages also, which are not classed as Dravidian. And some of the conjugational forms like *ārambhiñche* of Telugu and *ārambh hoyeche* of Bengali, both meaning "has begun," are so alike, the former being a nasalised form of the latter, that we cannot but think that Caldwell's theory is at least one-sided. A true theory must include both. Had Caldwell known Prakrit, and compared both Sanscrit and Prakrit with Telugu, his view would have been considerably different.

Besides, the original Andhras were not the inhabitants of only the small stretch of land between the deltas of the Godavari and the Krishna as is generally supposed. Even now about three crores in number, they occupy the northern part of the Madras Presidency right from the south of Madras to Orissa, the Ceded Districts, the

eastern half of Hyderabad, and parts of the Central Provinces, Orissa and Mysore. Some have settled down in Tamilnad. Even now we find the Andhra Valley near Bombay, though the people living near-by are not called Andhras. Many coins of the Andhra Satavahana kings are found in the Bombay Presidency near Nasik and other places. These facts show that the Andhras at one time or another occupied almost the whole of the Deccan from the Vindhya to the Kaveri. Parts of the modern Berars were at one time included in Telengana or the land of the Telugus. It cannot be proved that the modern Telugu was spoken in those parts during the time of the early Satavahanas. It could not have existed in any part in the remote past. But it is not unreasonable to say that Prakrit and some of its forms were spoken by the ancient Andhras and that their dialects gradually changed and became the modern Telugu. The direction of this change might have been determined by the languages of the people who occupied the lowest strata of the society of the time. But the languages of these classes too must have been influenced, in their turn, by those of the higher classes. The Sabaras of the Vizagapatam District, for instance, even now speak a language which is more akin to Hindi than to Telugu. It can be shown that Telugu has syntactical and inflexional affinities with both the North Indian and South Indian languages. And curiously enough there are no non-Sanscritic words in Telugu for many objects, for example, God. It would be absurd to say that the ancient Andhras had no idea of God. They must have been using the Prakrit or Sanscrit word, which supports the view that the ancient Andhra

language was Prakrit or a form of it. Modern Telugu consists of nearly three-fourths Sanscrit. It includes all the Sanscrit letters besides a few of its own. It is the sweetest language in India and its words generally end in nasals and vowels. It uses fewer gutturals and aspirates. Its movement is smooth like the waves of the deep sea ; Hindi and Urdu sound, when compared with it, like breakers beating against rocks. Telugu sounds sweet ; Hindi and Urdu sound grand. It is so smooth that when we read a Telugu verse we are often unconsciously carried forward by its soft, rolling, gliding and nasal sounds and miss the meaning. It is called the Italian of the East, and even non-Telugu South Indians take pleasure in singing Telugu songs though they understand little of their meaning.

It seems therefore that the ancient grammarians and Caldwell must be more systematically reconciled ; and the task of reconciliation must be left to future scholarship. As regards the derivation of the words Andhra and Telugu, too, there are widely differing opinions. The Andhras are mentioned in the *Itereya Brāhmaṇa* of the Vedas, but it is not known what language they were speaking. The word is said to mean inhabitants of a dark country (just as Africa was called the Dark Continent, the land south of the Vindhya might have been called the Dark Country) or a dark people or people who do not fly from the battle-field or those who speak a language that removes the darkness of ignorance. The *purānas* give eloquent descriptions of Andhra kings. But in them also the language of the Andhras is not given. The words Tenugu and Telugu do not seem to be of so ancient an origin. *Tēne* in Telugu

means honey; and it is said that Tenugu is that language which is sweet like honey. *Tennu* means way; and it is thought that Tenugu is that country which is the way for the Aryans of the North proceeding to the South. But the most widely accepted view is that Telugu is a corrupt form of Trilinga or the country of the three *lingas* of Siva, namely, Srisaila, Kalesvara and Daksharama, and the *l* of Telugu is nasalised into the *n* of Tenugu. To the present author too this view seems to be more plausible; for it is more reasonable to derive Tenugu from Telugu than *vice versa*. The tendency in torrid zones is to nasalize a consonant or semi-vowel and not the opposite. And it is easy to derive Telugu from Trilinga. Even now some Andhras in the Maharashtra are called Telangs, and in the United Provinces all are called Trilingis and Tailangis. The Andhras must have been called and identified with Tailangis after they settled down in the land of the three *lingas*.

Chapter II

THE "MAHABHARATA" POETS AND NANNICHODA

The work that is generally accepted to be the first in Telugu is Nannaya's *Mahābhāratam* or that part of it which is written by him. And in no other language was the first book written with a higher aim than the *Mahābhāratam* in Telugu. By the poets of this country the *Bhāgavata* is treated as a *purāṇa*, the *Mahābhārata* as an *itihāsa* and the *Rāmāyaṇa* as a *kāvya*. A *kāvya* is poetry, an *itihāsa* is history and a *purāṇa* is history and mythology mixed. The characteristic of the last as described in Sanscrit poetics is that it contains accounts of creation, dissolution, dynasty, history of the dynasty and the ages of the Manus who are fourteen in number, the age of each being 4,320,000 years. We may say that a *purāṇa* is a history of the world as understood by our ancients. But the Andhra poets deliberately made no distinction between the three and treated all as *kāvyas* or groups of *kāvyas* in their Telugu writings. This agrees with the European classification of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata* as epics. Tikkana openly calls the *Mahābhārata* a group of *prabandhas* or *prabandamandali*, a *prabandha* being a

kāvya like Kalidasa's *Raghuvamśa*. This idea probably gave birth to such works in Telugu as Srinatha's *Haravilāsamu* which is also a group of stories but fewer in number. Works of the kind are called in Telugu *kathāprabandhas*. These contain a small number of practically independent stories somehow connected with the life of the same god or person. For instance, *Haravilāsamu* contains four stories concerning Siva, the story of Chirutondanambi, a devotee of Siva, the story of Siva's marriage with Gauri, the story of the *hālāhala* poison swallowed by Siva, and the story of the incident with Arjuna who was presented by Siva with the *pāśupata* weapon. Even if one or two stories are removed from the book the rest do not suffer. These works do not contain stories within stories or plots within plots but several different stories or plots. It is for a similar reason that Hegel could not see unity running through the plots of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata*. He writes:—

The unity of the particular parts is of an extremely unstable kind ; and layers upon layers of episodal matter, consisting of the tales of Gods, narratives of ascetic penances, and the powers they create, tediously long expositions of philosophical doctrines and systems, so entirely impair the collective unity that we are forced to regard many of them as later accretions.¹

Evidently he is judging the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata* from the standard supplied by the Greek epics. If we search for the so-called unities, we shall never find them in the Indian epics. Or, in Hegel's words, we shall find only the underlying unity of

¹ *The Philosophy of Fine Art*, Vol. IV, p. 175.

through injunction as the moral codes did. Nannaya, who began the work, says in his *Andhraśabdachintāmaṇi* that poetry is for the good of the world. Vidyanatha, the court poet of Prataparudra II of Warrangal, says in his *Pratāparudriyam* that the Vedas like kings make men carry out their injunctions by word of command; the *Purāṇas* like friends influence our actions through words of praise and blame; but a poem like a sweetheart gets its wishes done through love and charm. In this the ethical conception of poetry is evident. It was not as yet felt that poetry was mainly to please. The latter conception we come across in the *Rasagaṅgādhara* of Jagannatha, another Andhra who holds that poetry is an utterance that produces a peculiar pleasure, a conception which fits both the lyric and the epic. Jagannatha's was a time when the Andhras were not at the zenith of their glory, and his conception of poetry represents the mentality of a people who were driven to seek satisfaction in creations of imagination as their life in the concrete world was thwarted and checked. For Nannaya and Vidyanatha, however, poetry was not an utterance to soothe a disappointed heart in alien surroundings. The people, especially the Andhras of the time, had a strong epic sense. They had not yet lost the hope that their ideal of life as represented by the *Bhāratadharmā* (the Hindu view of life) was capable of realisation. They did not yet feel separation from the concrete national world with its conditions, modes of opinion, exploits and destiny. They still felt the surroundings plastic to their touch; there was as yet no division between their emotions and volitions.

The Telugu *Mahābhāratam* was written especially to

popularise the *Bhāratadharmā*. Rajaraja Narendra, the Chalukya King who ruled at Rajahmundry, at whose instance Nannaya began the work, lived at the time when Mahmud of Ghazni was plundering in Northern India. He felt the weakening and enervating effects of Buddhism and Jainism on the Hindus, who lacked the necessary energy of spirit to withstand the invader. He strongly felt the need for an attempt to teach a Hindu *dharma* which possessed the required vigour. And that *dharma* was best depicted in the *Mahābhārata*, the heroes of which belonged to the same race, namely, the lunar, to which Rajaraja himself belonged. The *purāṇas* of the Jainas, which seem to have been popular previously, had to be supplanted. This much seems to be implied by Yerrapreggada's introduction to his *Nṛsimhapurāṇam*.

Nannaya did not complete the *Mahābhārata*; he wrote only two and half *parvas* or parts. Tikkana did not complete the third but wrote the other fifteen. The third was completed after Tikkana, by Yerrapreggada. Nannaya lived in the eleventh, Tikkana in the thirteenth, and Yerrapreggada in the fourteenth century. Of the three Tikkana outshines the others as a personality. He was not only a poet but a politician. In his time one of the greatest bulwarks of Hinduism was the Andhra Empire of Warrangal, and Tikkana wanted to strengthen it by propagating the *Bhārata* culture among the Andhras. The *Mahābhārata* afforded him a vast field in which he could work out his ideal in fullest detail. His work is thus an artistic symbol of the times, the assertion of the *Bhāratadharmā* in the Telugu country. It is interesting to note that Tikkana lived

about forty years before Vidyananya, the moving spirit of the Vizianagar Empire in its inception, who realised the desire of Tikkana by founding an empire on a cultural basis.

The reason why the *Mahābhāratam* was first written and not the *Rāmāyaṇam* is that the life depicted in the latter belonged to a far remoter age and afforded no suitable example to follow in those times, whereas the *Mahābhāratam* with its constant conflict between good and evil and with the brilliant diplomacy of Sri Krishna offered numerous suitable examples. Almost all the battles of the *Rāmāyaṇa* are of pure might and magic, but in the *Mahābhārata* diplomacy and statesmanship play a great rôle. It not only served to destroy the Buddhist and Jaina influence on the masses but prepared them for the impending conflict with Islam by infusing vigour into their life and faith.

The Telugu *Mahābhāratam* is not an exact translation of the Sanscrit original. It was already said that moral and philosophical disquisitions are either summarised or omitted. Diffuse narrations are abridged. Sometimes new descriptions are introduced, and events are depicted in ways familiar to the Andhras.

The three poets, Nannaya, Tikkana and Yerrapreggada are called the *Kavitraya* or the poet-trio in the Andhra. The first is also called *Vāganuśasana* or the lawgiver of the language, the second *Kavibrahma* or the poet-creator and the third *Prabandhaparameśvara* or the lord of the *prabandha*. These three poets established a poetical tradition in Telugu as Valmiki and Kalidasa did in Sanscrit. For every usage their authority is the necessary support. Credit must be given them for the

boldness they showed in rendering, in face of the strong opposition of the *mārgi* or Sanscrit poets, the sacred Sanscrit works into the popular language. They gave the lie to the contention that the original ideas of Sanscrit could not be expressed in Telugu. Mischievous *mārgi* poets have been finding out silly mistakes in Telugu works, for Nannichoda, who belongs to the same age, calls them in his *Kumārasambhavam* by the name *Kukavis* or rogue-poets. And in their desire to show that the *Mahābhārata* could be written in Telugu, the three poets tried to make it more beautiful than the original. Their main interest was in language and the beauties of language. They more than realised their aims and laid the whole Andhra country under eternal gratitude.

It is not to deprive Vyasa of his due credit that it is said that the Telugu work is more beautiful than the original. The original work is superior so far as philosophical depth is concerned; but the Telugu stands higher as a *kāvya* or a *prabandha*. As has been said, Vyasa's work was turned into a *kāvya* in Telugu so that unphilosophical laity might take interest in it. Yet it is not an original work; it is an improvement upon the original.

Another poet of the time whose work, *Kumārasambhavam*, has been recently unearthed and who should be mentioned with the three is King Nannichoda, also called Tenkanaditya. By some he is placed in the beginning of the tenth century, in which case his work has to be regarded as the earliest of all available Telugu literature, and by others in the twelfth, that is, between Nannaya and Tikkana. His work is not a

translation of Kalidasa's *Kumārasambhava*, though Nannichoda draws his inspiration from him as well as from Udbhata and some other stories current in the Saivaite literature of the time. He dedicates his work to his religious *guru*, Mallikarjuna, whom he identifies with the Siva of his *Kumārasambhavam*. The work evinces great poetical talent. There are some who regard it as the best poetical work in Telugu. Really the credit of having written the first *prabandha* in our language should go to him. But unfortunately his language violates the rules of grammar established by Nannaya and accepted by the rest ; and he uses words which are either too archaic or do not belong to Telugu. It is possible his language is more ancient than Nannaya's.

These four poets wrote other works also. *Āndhraśabdachintāmaṇi*, *Lakṣhaṇasāramu*, *Indravijiamu*, *Chāmundīvilāsamu*, and *Rāghavābhyudayamu* are attributed to Nannaya. Tikkana wrote *Nirvachanōttararāmāyaṇam*, an all-verse poem about Rama after his coronation. He is said to have written *Viziasēnam* and *Kavivāgbandhanam* also, but these two are not available. Yerrapreggada composed *Harivamśam* and *Nṛsimhapurāṇam*. His *Rāmāyaṇam* has not been discovered so far. Nannichoda is reputed to be the author of *Kalāvilāsam*, which also is lost.

Two mathematical works of the eleventh century, *Gaṇitasārasaṅgrahamu* and *Prakīrṇagaṇitamu*, written by Pavuluri Mallana and Eluganti Peddana respectively, are now available. These two are the first scientific works in Telugu. Later several others were written on philosophy, astrology, medicine and mathematics.

But almost all of them are translations or adaptations of Sanscrit works. They contain no original ideas as in literature. It must be said that scientific literature in Telugu is very small when compared with poetry, the reason being that the former was not for the general reader and the specialist was expected to study the originals in Sanscrit.

A great poet whose works are particularly popular with the Virasaivas is Palkuriki Somanatha of the twelfth century. He seems to be a prolific writer not only in Telugu but also in Kannada and Sanscrit. Of his Telugu works *Paṇḍitārādhyacharitramu*, *Basava-purāṇam* and *Anubhavasāram* are important. His *Vṛshādhipatiśatakam* or the century of verses addressed to Basava is the first *śataka* available and is one of the most widely read.

A word has to be said here about *śataka* literature, which seems to be peculiar to Telugu. A *śataka* is a century of verses addressed to a god, a saint, a lover or the beloved. They do not form a continuous story or narrative; each verse stands by itself. They are lyrical outbursts. Some are written in moments of great excitement, devotion, anger, love, distress, danger, contempt and so forth. In Sanscrit too we find *śatakas* like those of Bhartrihari. But they do not contain a refrain as in Telugu. In Sanscrit there are not many; but in Telugu hundreds have been discovered; and some of them are of such great charm in both idea and sound that they are taught to lisping children and are memorised by both the literate and the illiterate. The devotional *śatakas* are repeated every morning and night by the pious.

Though Somanatha is the earliest known author of a *śataka*, even before him verses were composed carrying a refrain. Mallikarjuna, who is believed to be a contemporary and *guru* of Nannichoda, wrote *Śivatattvasāram*, in which all the verses end with the name of Siva or its synonyms. But *Śivatattvasāram* is not a century but several centuries. Nearly five hundred are now available, but it is believed there must be a thousand.

Chapter III

THE "RAMAYANA" POETS AND SRINATHA AND POTANA

Now should be mentioned the authors of the *Rāmāyaṇam*. This seems to have been written by Yerrapreggada also, but has not yet been discovered. The earliest writers of the available works are Ranganatha and the authors of *Bhāskararāmāyaṇam*, namely, Hulakki Bhaskara, his son Mallikarjunabhata, his friend Ayyalarya and his disciple Rudradeva. Ranganatha's *Rāmāyaṇam* is written in *dvipada* metre all through and can be recited as well as sung. Sir C. R. Reddy tells us that it is very popular in the Ceded Districts. It seems to have been really composed by Buddharaju, a tributary prince under Prataparudra II of Warrangal and dedicated to Ranganatha, who might have been his *guru*. Buddharaju's son completed this *Rāmāyaṇam* by adding *Uttararāmāyaṇam*.

Bhāskararāmāyaṇam is written after the *Mahābhāratam* in Champu, that is, a mixture of prose and verses of all metres. Here too the authors do not merely translate the Sanscrit original, but introduce descriptions and even incidents of their own. Not only Valmiki but also other writers on the story of Rama

seem to be sources of inspiration. Though the work does not equal the *Mahābhāratam* in vigour, it too is popular. Both the *Rāmāyaṇams* belong to the late thirteenth and the early fourteenth centuries. Bhaskara, who seems to have guided the others, dedicates his work to Sahinimara, who is regarded by some as a son of Buddharaju and by others as a Niyogi Brahmin who was a commander of horse under Prataparudra II.

A great poet of the time about whom wonderful stories are told is Vemulavada Bhimakavi. None of his works are extant, but quotations from them are given in some anthologies. Chenchiah and Bhujanga Rao write :—

Bhima Kavi flits across the stage like a strange shadow, the centre of myth and miracle, never materialising into a concrete figure of history.¹

There is much controversy about his date.

A name that is a favourite of the learned and the layman, the beggar and the prince, the lover and the pious, and the romanticist and the classicist, is that of Srinatha. Like him no other poet could have experienced the ups and downs of fortune. He ate with kings on gold plate, was actually bathed in gold by Praudhadeva Raya of Vizianagar, enjoyed life to the full, spent like a prince and died like the poor. The reason of his poverty seems to be the defeat of his patron Reddi kings by the Gajapatis of Cuttack, who had no love for the poet. His *chāṭus* or stray verses on miscellaneous subjects are so many and so popular that there is not a single educated youth of the country

¹ *Telugu Literature*, p. 59.

who does not know at least one of them. Srinatha is respected by the pandits for his translation of Sriharsha's *Naishadha*, and by the romanticist for his independent work *Kriḍābhirāmam*, which gives a nice picture of the urban society of Warrangal. His *Palnātivīracharītram*, which is a story of the heroes of Palnadu (now in Guntur District) is sung even by beggars. His *Hara-vilāsamu* is a *kathāprabandha* of four stories about Siva. It is an original work, though Srinatha seems to have borrowed some ideas from Kalidasa, Bharavi and some Kannada work. He is a great devotee of Siva and wrote *Bhīmakhandam*, *Kāsīkhandam*, and *Sivarātri-māhātmyam*. He says that he composed *Marutrā-charītram* while yet a boy and translated *Sālivāhana-saptasāti* in his teens. These two as well as his *Panḍitarādhya-charītram* are lost. Another work attributed to him is *Sṛṅgārādīpikā*, though its authorship is contested on behalf of Kumaragiri Reddi also.

Srinatha's *Kriḍābhirāmam* is called a *vidhinātakam* in Telugu. In it one person narrates his experiences of Warrangal to another who plays the part of only a hearer.

Palnātivīracharītram is the earliest available work commemorating national heroes. Works of the kind are called *vīragītams* or songs of heroes. Later several *gītams* were composed, for example, on Katamaraju of some place near Nellore, Khadgatikkana who was a general of Manumasiddhi, and Maharajah Ranga Rao of Bobbili, who fought with the French General Bussey in the eighteenth century.

Srinatha is one of the greatest poets of Telugu, versatile, bold and graceful. None else seems to have

used the *Sisa*-metre (called *śirshikā* in Sanscrit though no Sanscrit poet used it) with ease and advantage like him. Both as a personality and as a poet he is not surpassed. The ease and charm of his expression, the beauty of his imagery, the majesty of his style and the brilliance of his wit are familiar to every one of his readers. He defeated even the Sanscrit poet, Dindhima Bhat, in controversy. As Keats speaks contemptuously of philosophy, Srinatha administers a good rebuke to the logicians (*Tārkkikas*) of Rajahmundry with whom he might have entered into a discussion on poetics. He belongs to the later half of the fourteenth and the first half of the fifteenth century. There was practically no great royal court in the Andhra of the time in which he was not honoured.

A philosophical poet of the time who is known both to the young and the old alike is Vemana. He is known to people outside our country also and his verses have been translated into many European languages. The charm of simplicity both in language and idea is patent in his verses which come under the *śataka* class of poetry: He is placed by Vanguri Subbarao in the first quarter of the fifteenth century.

The next great poet of the time is Bamma Potana, the author of the *Bhāgavatam*. He is the brother-in-law of Srinatha, though much younger. The Telugu *Bhāgavatam* unlike the Telugu *Mahābhāratam* is much longer than the original and this length is due to the uncontrollable emotion of the poet, which made his imagination fly higher and the descriptions longer than in the original. It is more popular than the *Rāmāyaṇam* and the *Mahābhāratam*, and verses from it, particularly

those dealing with the liberation of Gajendra, the marriage of Rukmini and the story of Prahlada, are recited even by the illiterate. His language is so sweet that the verses dealing with the liberation of Gajendra are turned with little effort into song and sung in early dawn in *Ānanda-bhairavi Rāga* by old people in several houses. For devotional inspiration and emotional intensity he cannot be beaten; but when these became unrestrainable he overlooked now and then certain rules of grammar and rendered himself open to the criticism of the pandit who cared less for poetry than for grammar. Potana is the author of *Virabhadravijayam* also. In his youth he was a favourite at the court of Rao Singa, a great patron of letters, and composed *Bhōginīdanḍakam* on the king's concubine. But later when he wrote the *Bhāgavatam* he turned so pious that he even refused to dedicate it to Rao Singa who gladly asked for it, and who, as the tradition goes, persecuted him for non-compliance. But Potana felt it a sacrilege to dedicate so great a work to human beings and offered it to Rama. The verses he wrote in this connection are known to all.

As an example of his devotional intensity the following story is told. When Gajendra was caught by a crocodile and prayed to Vishnu in distress the latter heard him and, as represented by Potana, descended to the earth in a hurry without taking any weapon. Srinatha who read this account asked Potana whether Vishnu went to Gajendra only to weep with him. Potana did not answer then; but when once Srinatha was taking his food he hid the latter's son somewhere, threw a big stone into a well nearby and informed Srinatha that the

boy fell into it. Srinatha then ran to the well wringing his hands and began running round it without giving any thought as to what he should do. Potana then revealed the truth to him and told him that Vishnu loved his devotee Gajendra as strongly as Srinatha his son, and his anxiety for his devotee's life hurried him to the latter's place without any thought about arms.

The earliest independent love *dandaka* available in Telugu is the *Bhōginīdandakam* of Potana. A *dandaka* is a rhapsody which uses the same *gaṇa* or foot all through. Its movement is rapid like the flow of a mountain torrent, and when recited properly infuses awe, wonder and horror, sounds grand and majestic, and creates a thrill in the hearer and the reader. It is used generally for praising deities, particularly Hanuman, Narasimha, Siva and his consort Kali. Very rarely is it used in the case of *śṛṅgāra* or love. Several are available and many are popular. They are recited often for driving away ghosts. Much of their effect will be lost if they are translated.

Another poet who is counted among the great is Pillalamarri Pinavirabhadriah of the fifteenth century. His *Jaiminībhāratam* and *Śṛṅgāraśākuntalam* are now available. His *Avasāradarpanam*, *Nāradīyam*, *Māghamāhātmyam*, *Purushārthasudhāniāhi* and *Mānasōllāsasāram* are lost. As a scholar he is given a higher place than Srinatha.

There are several other works of this period a list of which will neither be possible to give in this book nor be interesting to the reader. They contain many *purāṇas*, works on Telugu poetics, *śatakas*, *kāvya*s and scientific works. But mention may be made of

Prataparudra I of Warrangal's *Nītisāra*, a treatise on politics written in both Sanscrit and Telugu, Atharvana's *Trilingaśabdānuśāsanam* (the author is supposed to be a Jaina), Bhadrabhupati's (Baddena's) *Su-matiśatakam* and *Nītisāramuktāvali*, Nachana Soma's *Uttaraharivamsam* (the poet lived in the court of Bukka Raya of Vizianagar), Bhairavi Kavi's *Ratnasāram* (a treatise on precious stones) and Manumanchi Bhatta's *Hayalakṣhaṇasāram* (a scientific work on horses).

The age up to the end of the fifteenth century A. D. is called the Period of Puranas and the Period of Translation. But it is not merely either. Nannichoda's *Kumārasambhavam*, Srinatha's *Haravilāsam* and *Kṛiḍā-bhirāmam*, the *śatakas* and the *dandakas* are not translations or *purāṇas*. However, the major part of the work of the period consists of translations of *Purāṇas* and a few other Sanscrit works. And that is as it should have been. For the available Telugu literature shows that it began for the spread and propagation of Brahmanic religion and culture among the masses, and it could not have begun except with epics like the *Mahābhārata* and the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Purāṇas*. These *Purāṇas* are more or less world-histories written to convey world-views; the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata* too present grand pictures of the same world-view. It is not for lack of originality but with a definite aim that the poets of the time undertook the renderings. It would have been strange had they done otherwise.

Chapter IV

THE " PRABANDHA " POETS

The period from the beginning of the sixteenth to the end of the nineteenth century is generally called the Prabandha Period in Telugu literature. As already pointed out, this nomenclature does not mean that there were no *prabandhas* before. Yet the ambition of every poet of this period in general was to write a *prabandha*, which came to be fully identified with the *mahākāvya* of Sanscrit poetics. That is, the *prabandha* should contain descriptions of cities, rivers, mountains, seasons, forests, lakes, sun, moon, wine, sex affairs, pinings, marriage, birth, morals and politics, travels, battles, gambling and kings. The attempt to follow this definition too closely rendered some of the works of this period very artificial. But still there are many which can stand comparison with works of a similar kind in Sanscrit. Ramarajabhushana's *Vasucharitram* had the honour of being translated into Sanscrit. The earlier poets of this period did not try to follow the above definition too closely, and their works bear a freshness, ease and naturalness that are absent in the later. They incorporated only those descriptions which enhanced the beauty of their poem. Still artificiality is not

completely absent.

The poet's aim of the time is best described in a verse in *Vasucharitram* in which Tirumala Raya, the brother of Ramaraju, the last of the Vizianagar rulers, telling the poet that stories which were complete inventions were artificial stones whereas *Purāṇic* stories were pure but unpolished ones, invited him to take an incident from a *Purāṇa* and develop out of it a *prabandha*, which would be both a pure and polished stone. From the time of Krishnadeva Raya the practice came into vogue of taking some *Purāṇic* event and expanding it into a complete *prabandha*. The *Purāṇic* connection gave the *prabandha* a religious background and touch while the expansion gave the poet freedom of description and plot-construction. But later, when the poet followed too closely the rules of Sanscrit poetics which were thoroughly systematised by that time, he was deprived of even this freedom as he had to make the descriptions, comparisons etc., according to rules which were once for all fixed. Then we find staleness, insipidity and absence of originality. Descriptions are repeated; idioms are copied; comparisons become far-fetched; and the poets vie with each other in hyperbole and word-construction.

One point we have to notice, however, that the people have still not lost the epic sense. It was thought that the poet who did not write an epic could not be classed with the first-rate. There were many poets who wrote *śatakas* which make a fine appeal to our lyric sense and which our modern taste would place higher than the epic. But those poets did not command much respect; and those of them who did, thought that their

claim to the name of poet could not be fully justified unless they wrote a *prabandha*. It was still felt that an individual could systematically construct a world according to his views and longings; it was not thought that if every individual did his bit, the world would construct itself. And the construction was to be based on *Bhāratadharma*; hence the need for a *Purānic* incident.

Of these *prabandha* poets the first place goes to Allasani Peddana, the author of *Svārochishamanu-sambhavam* or simply *Manucharitram*. He flourished at the court of Krishnadeva Raya of Vizianagar. The work is the development of an episode in *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāṇa* relating to the birth of Svarochishamanu, who is one of the fourteen Manus. A pious Brahmin youth Pravara goes to the Himalayas with the help of a charm given by a *siddha*. As he wanders on the snows the charm melts and he is rendered incapable of returning home. In that condition he comes across Varudhini, a beautiful *gandharva* damsel, who falls in love with him. But as a moralist he would have none of her and returns home with the help of the fire-god. Meanwhile, a *gandharva* youth who was in love with that maiden but was rejected, comes to know of Pravara and, assuming his form, succeeds in winning her love. To them is born Svarochisha, the father of Svarochishamanu. In interest the work resembles the *Kumārasambhava* of Kalidasa. Just as in this work the reader gets little pleasure in reading about Kumara, but only about Siva and Parvati, in the *Manucharitram* the Svarochishamanu is less interesting than Pravara and Varudhini. Peddana is remembered mainly for

creating these two characters. The work is dedicated to Krishnadeva Raya, who regarded Peddana as the greatest poet of the time. He is reputed to be the author of *Harikathāsāramu* also, which is not extant. Peddana's style is simple but dignified. As a favourite of the emperor he saw and experienced much. Consequently his poetry is highly appealing. For beauties of sentiment and imagery he is unequalled by any other poet of the time. The emperor's choice certainly fell on the right man when he conferred on him the title *Āndhrakavitāpitāmaha* or Grandfather of Telugu Poetry.

Nandi Timmana, the author of *Pārijātāpaharaṇam*, another court-poet of Krishnadeva Raya, is well known for the creation of the character of Satya or Satyabhama, one of the wives of Sri Krishna. Though the story is borrowed from *Harivamśa*, the familiarization of the character of Satya is due to Timmana. Some scholars are of the opinion that the creators of the character of Radha were Andhras; and it is significant that the creator of Satya too was an Andhra. But as the work is written in Telugu, the idea of Satya does not seem to have spread to the other parts of India. Radha is a selfless lover and does not suffer from jealousy. There is something of the sublime and divine in Rukmini; she moves before our imagination like a noble lady smiling at her husband's weaknesses and, fully conscious of her divinity, interested in the welfare of the world. But Satya is a jealous lover, anxious to have her husband all for herself, egotistic and unable to bear any sign of his loving another more than herself. The story goes that once Krishna offered a *pārijāta* flower brought from Indra's heaven to Rukmini and

the information was brought to Satya by Narada. Immediately began love's quarrel, and to please her Krishna had to fall at her feet and promise her that he would bring the *ṣārijāta* tree itself and plant it in her garden. This he did by fighting with Indra.

A story is current that a wife of Krishnadeva incurred his displeasure by sleeping with her feet towards his portrait. At her entreaty the poet wrote the poem in order to indirectly teach the emperor that in the *Purānas* gods even touched the feet of their beloved. There is another story. Krishnadeva questioned the possibility of Krishna falling at the feet of his wife and did not attach much value to the work. Then his wife dressed one of her maids in her own clothes and told him that she was her cousin and would attend on him. On some pretext she left the place only to hide near-by. Then the emperor made advances to the maid who cried according to previous arrangement that she would report the matter to the empress. Krishnadeva then fell at her feet and begged her to keep quiet, during which act the empress made her appearance and asked him whether Krishna's story could not be true. There is no evidence for the truth of either story.

However, the characterisation of Satya in the poem is one of the most beautiful and is the archetype of several *bhāgavatams* or village dramatisations of the story. Timmana's style is easy, sentiment delicate and imagery refined. The work occupies a high place in Telugu literature.

Dhurjati is another poet at Krishnadeva Raya's court, who wrote *Kālahastimāhātmyam* and *Kālahasti-*

śvaraśatakam. Modern taste would give a higher place to the latter than to the former. The style in both is simple and elegant. Dhurjati seems to be very pious : he dedicated his work not to his patron but to the god of Kalahasti. His grandson Kumara Dhurjati composed *Krishnadevarāyavijayam*, a chronicle of the conquests of Krishnadeva Raya.

Ayyalaraju Ramabhadriah lived at the same time. He is the author of *Sakalakathāsārasaṅgraham* containing several *purāṇic* stories and *Rāmābhyudayam*. The second work was written during Ramaraju's time.

Madiahgari Mallana, another court-poet of Krishna-deva, wrote *Rājaśekhharacharitramu*. He is not so well known and popular as the above.

Krishnadeva Raya is reputed to have had at his court eight great poets called *Ashtadiggajas*. Just as eight elephants are believed, in Hindu mythology, to support the world in eight directions, so these eight poets were supposed to be the support of the world of letters. These are Allasani Peddana, Nandi Timmana, Ayyalaraju Ramabhadriah, Dhurjati, Madiahgari Mallana, Pingali Surana, Ramarajabhushana and Tenali Rama Krishna. But history tells us that the last three did not live during the time of Krishnadeva. Popular imagination grouped together some of the great poets and placed them in the court of a great emperor.

But the emperor himself is no ordinary poet. His poem *Āmuktamālyadā* or *Vishṇuchittiyam* is ranked as one of the five *Mahākāvyas* in Telugu. In Sanscrit the five *mahākāvyas* are Kalidasa's *Raghuvamśa* and *Kumārasambhava*, Bharavi's *Kirātārjunīya*, Magha's *Śiśupālavadha* and Sriharsha's *Naishadha*. In Telugu

the five are Peddana's *Svārochishamanusambhavam*, Krishnadeva Raya's *Āmuktamālyadā*, Ramarajabhushana's *Vasucharitram*, Srinatha's *Śrīngāranaiśhadham* and Tenali Ramakrishna's *Pāṇḍuraṅgamāhātmyam*. Some mention, in place of the last, Surana's *Kalāpūrnodayam*, others his *Prabhāvatīpradyumnā*, and some others Chamakura Venkata Kavi's *Vijayavilāsam*. Just as in Sanscrit one cannot be a pandit unless one studies the five great epics, in Telugu too one cannot lay claim to that title without a study of the latter five. But as a matter of fact, every great Telugu pandit must have read all the ten, as without a good grounding in Sanscrit one cannot be a Telugu scholar.

The authorship of *Āmuktamālyadā* is sometimes attributed to Peddana as in this work a few introductory verses relating to the author's own conquests are incorporated from Peddana's. But even a superficial reader can observe that in every other respect the works widely differ from each other. Krishnadeva's style is involved and repelling, though dignified like Peddana's. He uses uncommon words. His descriptions, however, are natural and homely; the flow of his ideas is constant; and as an extraordinary man of the world he shows deep insight into human nature. For a charming description of customs, religious beliefs, the peaceful villages and serene temples his work is unsurpassed. On all these points Peddana's taste and observations differ. There are few now who dispute the authorship of *Āmuktamālyadā*.

Krishnadeva Raya tells us in his introduction that he was commanded by Andhravishnu, also called Andhranayaka, when he visited him during his invasion

of Kalinga, to compose the work. The god is reported to have said to him in a dream : " Hear what you should write on. Speak of the marriage with me in Srirangam of the girl who was giving the garland to decorate me. Formerly I was accepting with disgust the flower garland offered by a man. I am the lord of the Andhras, and you of Karnataka. Remove this want through the story of the acceptance of the garland enjoyed by my beloved. (And) why in Telugu (hear !). The country is Telugu and I am the Telugu lord. Telugu is the same. When all kings pay you their respects, have you not talked with them and found that of all the languages Telugu is the best ? "

The temple of Andhravishnu is in Srikakola near Bezwada, formerly called Viziavatika. Why the deity there is called Andhravishnu is not definitely known. We do not read of a Dravidavishnu or Ghurjaravishnu or any other Vishnu identified with a nation or nationality. Andhravishnu is also called Andhranayaka or the leader or lord of the Andhras. Even during the time of the Empire of Warrangal this Andhravishnu was being worshipped not only in Srikakola but also in Warrangal. Special temples seem to have been built for this Lord of the Andhras in all the cities of the Andhra, and his worship seems to have been encouraged in order to create and preserve in the minds of the Andhras a feeling of unity, which we may now call national feeling. And the present-day Bharatamata worship is not an absolutely new invention. In Srinatha's *Kriḍābhirāmam*, which describes some city scenes of Warrangal, we read not only of the worship of the Andhranayaka but also of the heroes of Palnadu.

This Andhranayaka too, it is believed, must have been an Andhra hero who saved the Andhras from the calamity of some foreign invasion. In evidence stanzas are quoted from *Brahmāṇḍapurāṇa* saying that a king called Andhravishnu saved the Andhras by killing a *rākshasa* called Nisumbha and fixed as the boundaries of his own kingdom Srisailam, Kalesvaram, Daksharamam and the mountain Mahendragiri (in modern Orissa). There is a tendency to identify this Andhravishnu with the first Satavahana emperor, Simuka or Srimuka. But this may be an injustice to him, as he killed Vikramaditya of Ujjain and ruled up to Malva. This Andhravishnu might be the emperor who was the first ruler of Trilinga or the land of three *lingas*,—which the mention of the first three boundaries suggests.

Krishnadeva Raya lived during the time of the Vaishnava revival, and he was himself a Vaishnava. *Āmuktamālyadā* means the giver of a worn garland. It is the name of a girl discovered by a pious celibate priest of a Vaishnava temple in Villuputtur in the South. This priest, Vishnuchitta, adopted her and employed her in preparing garlands for the deity. But the girl fell in love with the deity and used to wear the garlands before presenting them to him. Once Vishnuchitta discovered it and, thinking that a sacrilege was being committed, did not decorate the deity that day with the garland and fell into a disturbed sleep. The deity appeared in a dream, told him that the girl was in love with him and that he particularly liked the worn garland, and asked him to take her to Srirangam and marry her to him there. His command was obeyed. The work is based on some Tamil Vaishnava tradition.

Krishnadeva Raya tells us in his introduction that he is already the author of five Sanscrit works. They are *Madālasacharita*, *Satyāvadhūpriṇana*, *Sakalakathāsārasaṅgraha*, *Jñānachintāmaṇi*, and *Rasamañjari*. But unfortunately all are lost. He was called the Andhra Bhoja.

Of the five Telugu *Mahākāvyas*, *Vasucharitram* occupies, in difficulty of style, a place midway between *Manucharitram* and *Āmuktamālyadā*. Its author, Ramarajabhushana, was a great poet and is held in high esteem even now. The name, meaning the ornament of Ramaraja, suggests that it was a title conferred on the poet by the last ruler Ramaraja of Vizianagar. The original name of the poet is Bhattumurti. He is the author of *Harischandranalōpākhyānam*, a poem meaning both the stories of Harischandra and Nala, and *Narasabhūpāliyam*, written in imitation of Vidyanatha's *Pratāparudriyam*. But Ramarajabhushana is better known for his *Vasucharitram*. The poet compares very favourably in style, diction, command of language, imagery and suggestiveness with many Sanscrit poets. The plot of the poem is very simple. It is the marriage of a Prince Vasu with a Princess Girika, the daughter of the river Suktimati and the mountain Kolahala. The poem describes how the lovers met accidentally and were finally married. As was the practice of the times, the poem is the development of an episode borrowed from the *Mahābhārata*.

Tenali Ramakrishna, also called Ramalinga or simply Rama, is the author of *Pāṇḍuraṅgamāhātmyam* and flourished at the court of Venkatapati Raya, a Vizianagar king who, after its fall, changed his capital

to Chandragiri. He wrote *Lingapurāṇam* also. The poet's name is familiar to all the people of South India, not only the Andhras but also the Tamils, Kannadigas and Malayalis, as the author not of either of the above works but of innumerable pranks to which he subjected both the emperor and his Vaishnava *guru* Tatachari. What Virbal is to the people of North India, Tenali Rama is to the people of the South. It is interesting to note that Virbal is believed to have migrated to Delhi from some place near the Godavari.

Tenali Rama shows no signs of his fooling and mischievous life in his *Pāṇḍuraṅgamāhātmyam*. The style is simple, the ideas are chaste and the sentiments pure. The work gives a legend about the god Vishnu called Panduranga of Pandharpur in Maharashtra. A Brahmin named Nigamasarma led a vicious life, but died in that holy place. Both the servants of Yama and Vishnu wanted to take possession of the soul, the former claiming it on the ground that Nigamasarma led a life of dissipation and the latter for the reason that he died in Pandharpur. Finally the soul was carried away to the heaven of Vishnu.

A great poet whose name cannot be omitted is Pingali Surana. He flourished at the court of Krishnaraja of Nandyala (Krishna District), who was a contemporary of Sadasiva Raya, the son of Krishnadeva Raya. He is the author of three poems, *Rāghavapāṇḍavīyam*, a poem which means the stories of both Rama and the Pandavas, *Kalāpūrṇodayam* or the birth of Kalapurna, and *Prabhāvatīpradyumnam* or the story of Prabhavati and Pradyumna. As regards the first the poet's merit lies in using words which easily give the double mean-

ing. If we read the work with the story of Rama in mind, the meaning comes naturally to us. And equally naturally is obtained the meaning of the Pandavas if we read the poem with their story in view. *Kalāpūrnodayam* is a novel in verse written independently of any *purāna* or Sanscrit *kāvya*. Sir C. R. Reddy in his *Kavitvatattvavichāramu* is inclined to regard it as the best poem in Telugu. It is often compared to the *Comedy of Errors* of Shakespeare, of whom the poet is a contemporary. But the present writer feels that it would be unfair to Surana to do so; for *Kalāpūrnodayam* is a comedy of errors and so many other stories intermixed that the work presents a very complex but beautiful whole. It may be compared to Bana's *Kādambari*. But the latter contains very lengthy descriptions and a less complex plot. The temporal coincidence of Shakespeare and Surana and their comedies of errors are often wondered at. Shakespeare is the author not only of his *Comedy of Errors* but also of several other dramas. And some of them put together may show correspondence to the works of Surana. Surana's *Prabhāvatīpradyumnam* is sometimes compared to *Romeo and Juliet*. But these comparisons are not happy and are misleading. The fact is that Surana comes towards the close of the best part of the Prabandha Period, felt its shortcomings and wanted to strike an independent path for himself. Except for the names of Indra, Narada etc., *Kalāpūrnodayam* has no *purāṇic* connection. The story is completely new; but the poet, in order to satisfy the demands of poetics, introduced a few artificial descriptions towards the end. But on the whole the poem is very interesting, and is well worth

translating into English and the other Indian languages. It is impossible to say anything more about it within the limits prescribed for the present book.

Prabhāvatīpradyumnam is a story that ends with the marriage of Prabhavati, the daughter of a *Daiitya* king called Vajranabha and Pradyumna, a son of Sri Krishna. This is a story from *Harivamśa* skilfully expanded by the poet.

Of the other poets of the time Sankusala Nṛsimhākavi, the author of *Kavikarṇarasāyanam* deserves mention. Kumari Molla was a woman poet and her *Rāmāyanam* is read even by boys. Both of them lived during Krishnadeva's reign.

There seem to be other women poets and women interested in literature. We read that Krishnadeva's daughter, Mohanangi, composed *Marichiparinayam* and submitted it in the full court for judgment. But the work is not available. Muddupalani of the eighteenth, and Tarikonda Venkamma of the nineteenth century deserve mention. The first wrote *Rādrikāsvāntam* and the second *Bhāgavatam*, *Rājayōgasāram*, and *Venkatā-chalamāhātmyam*.

Addanki Gangadhara's *Tapātisamvaranam* and Ponnakanti Telaganarya's *Yayāticharitam* were dedicated to Ibrahim Mulk, a Nawab of Golconda (sixteenth century), a fact which shows that a few Mohammedan rulers began patronising Telugu literature. Another point of interest about the second work is that it is written in pure Telugu without using any Sanscrit word. By the ordinary Andhra pure Telugu cannot be easily understood. Later some other works appeared in pure Telugu. They have mainly a scholarly interest.

There are other types of works which are only exercises in versification and word construction. Maruganti Sringeracharya's *Dasaratharājanandanacharithram*, also called *Nirliptarāmāyaṇam*, is a work eschewing all labials. Word construction developed in this direction so far that some poets used only one letter. And metrical feats like *bandhakavitvam* and *garbhakavitvam* were performed by poets of the sixteenth century also. But this was carried to excess later. In *bandhakavitvam* verses are fitted into figures. For instance, if a verse is to be fitted into a circle with diagonals, at the centre a letter should be used which would be common for several feet. In *garbhakavitvam* one verse contains another of a different type. All these have no poetical value, and are mostly written during the close of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Chapter V

THE SATAKAS AND THE AGE OF DESPAIR

After the fall of the Vizianagar Empire the glory of the Andhras faded and their hopes were shattered. They lost their self-confidence. The poetic vigour continued till the middle of the seventeenth century, but later it slackened and its constructive power practically ceased. From about the end of the seventeenth up till now few important and interesting epics have been written. The Modern Period begins from about the third quarter of the nineteenth century. The time from the middle of the seventeenth to the Modern Period may be called the Age of Despair, and in support of the fitness of this name we may point to several *śatakas* like *Bhadrādrirāmaśatakamu*, *Āndhranāyakaśatakamu* and *Sinhādrinārasimhaśatakamu*, all of the last quarter of the seventeenth and the eighteenth century, written by the despairing authors and addressed to the respective deities rebuking them for their passiveness while the Mohammedans were destroying their temples, devastating the country, plundering towns and villages and violating women. For some time the images were removed from the temple of Bhadrachalam for fear of desecration, and the temple of Andhravishnu was

neglected. Only after the reconquest of these places by the kings of the modern Vizianagaram were the images carried back to Bhadrachalam. The worship of Andhravishnu was revived by Sri Ankinidu, a zamindar of Devarakonda, on whose estate the temple was situated, and who was so moved by the *śatakam* written by his court poet that he immediately repaired the temple and made arrangements for worship. It is said that, while the Mohammedans were about to destroy the temple at Simhachalam, a poet, Kurmanatha by name, was so moved that he composed the whole century standing before the deity on one leg and rebuking and appealing to him to defend himself and the Hindus. Tradition believes, and the *śatakam* states that by the time the sixty-seventh verse was completed a huge swarm of bees started from the temple and attacked the invaders, who fled. The Hindus then must have pursued and driven them out of their kingdom. The swarm, it is believed, disappeared into a hill near Vizagapatam, which is still called the Bees' Hill (Tummedala Metta). These three *śatakas* possess such poetic vigour and beauty and charm of both ideas and style that they deserve translation into all Indian languages. They cannot but be pleasing and interesting to all Indians.

During this period, however, the epic sense waned, and the several epics that were written are stale and insipid. But real poetry did not disappear; it found vent in the form of *śatakas*. Restricting the Prabandha Period to the seventeenth century, the period from the eighteenth to the third quarter of the nineteenth century should be designated the Period of Satakas.

For in V. Subbarao's *Śatakakāvūlācharitramu* we find up to the end of the seventeenth century only 35 *śataka* poets, but from the eighteenth up to the end of the nineteenth we find as many as 165. And it is possible the list is not exhaustive. We may say the constructive epic sense died and poetry now and then burst out as *śatakas*.

Among the seventeenth-century poets Chamakura Venkatakavi's name should be mentioned. He is the author of two *prabandhas*, *Vijayavilāsamu* and *Sāraṅga-dhara*. The first describes the adventures of Arjuna during his exile when he married Ulupi, a Naga princess, Chitrangada, the daughter of a Pandyan king, and Subhadra, the sister of Sri Krishna. The second gives the story of Sarangadhara, the son of a Malvan king, Rajamahendra, also called Rajaraja Narendra. The king had a concubine called Chitrangi, who fell in love with the prince. But the prince was of too pure a heart to requite her love. Chitrangi in vengeance brought a false charge of immoral attack against him to the king, who ordered in rage that the hands and feet of the prince should be cut off and that he should be left in a forest. But there he was rescued by a *siddha* called Matsyendranatha, who restored his hands and feet. The poem gives a beautiful portrayal of the purity and serenity of the prince and the mental conflict and suffering of the king.

Venkatakavi lived at the court of Raghunatha Raya of Tanjore. After the destruction of Vizianagar the deputies of Krishnadeva Raya became independent and at their courts Telugu literature continued to flourish, though not with the same grandeur. The chief

contributions come from Tanjore, Madura, Pudukotah and Mysore. From Madura the eighteenth century work *Tārāśaśāṅkavijayam* of Sesham Venkatapati is the most popular. Tara, the wife of Brihaspati, falls in love with his student Sasanka or Moon. (The moon is masculine according to Hindu mythology.) They spend a few happy days while the teacher is away on business. He returns, and discovers what has happened. Then a battle ensues between the teacher and the pupil and they are somehow reconciled by the gods. What a significant history of literature has to note is the way Tara marshals with success evidence to demonstrate to Sasanka, who was at first innocent, that no moral code has absolute validity. For, are there not instances in the *purāṇas* of great women who were regarded as chaste in spite of their loving, and living with men other than their husbands? Literature, however, does not show lack of faith in *Bhāratadharma*, but only in the absoluteness of moral laws. We may say that this work boldly points to a differentiation between morality and religion. Moral law has ceased for the poet to inspire religious awe. But previously, however immoral people might be, the poet's work was not to show any disrespect to the injunctions of the moral code. There are some other works like *Tārāśaśāṅkavijayam* belonging to this period.

It would be interesting to trace a line of development here. The *Purāṇas* were really the starting-point and the source of inspiration for Telugu Literature. At the very beginning they were not rendered as *purāṇas* but converted into *prabandhas* or groups of *prabandhas*, so that unphilosophical laity might imbibe the spirit of

Bhāratadharmā. Later some purists wanted to translate the *Purāṇas* as such; but their works did not achieve popularity. What the people of the country wanted was a *kāvya* with religious atmosphere. By the time of Krishnadeva Raya the feeling must have grown that if the plot had some basis in the *Purāṇas* it would be enough. But by the time of Surana the need was felt for severing even this connection. And later Sesham Venkatapati boldly questioned the absoluteness of the moral side of *Bhāratadharmā*.

The seventeenth century marks the beginning of prose *kāvya*s and Raghunatha Raya's *Vālmīkīcharitram* is the first important prose work. Prose was used even before but only occasionally. There is evidence for prose hymns even during the twelfth century. There is a fourteenth-century prose work called *Pratāpacharitram* of Ekamranatha, which gives the history of the Kakatiya dynasty. But none of these earlier works has literary value. In the eighteenth century Kandurti Venkatachalakavi wrote the *Bhāratam*, the *Bhāgavatam*, and the *Rāmāyaṇam* in prose. And during this period several other prose works made their appearance in the courts of Tanjore, Madura and Mysore.

Of the contributions from Puddukota Nudumpati Venkatanarayudu's *Āndhrabhāshāṇṇavam*, which is a sort of dictionary, may be mentioned.

Tanjore is remembered mainly for Tyagaraju, the greatest Hindu musician that India has so far produced, whose songs are sung by all musicians following the Karnatic style of music. In fact, the Karnatic style is the only Hindu style of music, whereas that inaugurated by Tansen in the North is a mixture of the Hindu and

the Muslim. Besides, Tyagaraju's songs written in popular everyday Telugu are of great poetic charm. He belongs to the eighteenth century. He was a great devotee of Rama to whom he addressed most of his songs, and shunned kings and their courts. His songs, though without much literary value, were composed according to the rules of scientific music and are printed in all South Indian characters. Even before him there were songs called *kīrtanams* in Telugu, for example, of Kancherla Gopanna, which also are sung according to *rāga* and *tāla* (tune and beat). But they are not meant for advanced music. The *Muvvagōpālapadams* of Kshetrappa who belonged to the seventeenth century and whose songs were meant mainly for *Bharatanātyam* are sung by advanced musicians also. His songs are in Telugu what *Gītagovinda* is in Sanscrit. Kshetrappa does not command the same respect as Tyagaraju whose devotion to Rama is pure and whose songs do not make an appeal to sex. Kshetrappa's patron was Viziaraghava Raya of Tanjore.

There are other kinds of songs like *jāvalis* or love songs, *tatvams* or songs for teaching philosophy and sectarian dogmas, *lālipātas* or cradle songs, *maṅgala-hāratis* or songs of benediction, and *mēlukolupus* or songs of awakening, sung at dawn. But none of these have literary value.

During this period the drama seems to have been enthusiastically taken up. Several dramas were written, but in colloquial language. The precursor of the drama in Telugu is *yakshagānam* or *jakkupāta* in pure Telugu out of which sprang *bhāgavatams*, *vīdhinātakams*, narrative songs, and *harikathās*. *Jakku* is a modified

form of *yaksha*. All these, except probably *harikathās*, were known even in the fourteenth century. The *harikathā* is what is called *abhang* in Marathi and *kālakshēpam* in Tamil. In it the narrator identifies himself with the different characters of the story and speaks. The narrative songs or *padams* do not differ much from the *harikathā* except that they are composed in the same metre throughout and are mostly sung by the illiterate. In the *bhāgavatams* different people play different rôles; there are crude stage and scenic arrangements and much music and dancing. *Bharatanātyam* is preserved among these *bhāgavatam* parties and the *dēvadāsis* in the Andhra. But unfortunately the art is dying since the advent of the modern drama. The *dēvadāsis* are taking to the screen; and the *bhāgavatams* are being ejected by third-rate imitations of the modern stage. Dying remnants of the *Bharatanātyam* are still to be found in Kuchipudi, Krishna District, where pious and orthodox Brahmins were cultivating the art and teaching it according to the ancient *gurukula* system. In the *vidhinātakam* one person narrates his experiences, which are necessarily of a very interesting type, to another who plays the part of a simple listener. The Sanscrit dramas were known to the Andhra poets; and it is a wonder they did not translate those dramas as dramas or compose their own dramas in imitation. But the general practice of the time was to turn even a Sanscrit drama into a Telugu *prabandha*. The first Sanscrit drama translated into Telugu is *Prabōdhachandrōdayam*. But the translators, Nandi Mallayya and Ghanta Singayya who lived at the court of Krishnadeva Raya's

father, rendered it into a *prabandha*. But we may imagine that Sanscrit dramas as such were played before learned audiences in royal courts.

There are several other works of this period, hundreds of which are known and to give an idea of which in this book is not possible. Nor would a mere list be interesting. Of the eighteenth-century poets Kuchimanchi Timmakavi too may be mentioned. He is the author of several works though none shows any originality. His brother, Jaggakavi, though not his equal, is remembered for his comic poem, *Chandrarēkhā-vilāpam*, in which he parodies the love of the hero and the heroine. From the second quarter of the seventeenth century, except for the works of Chamakura Venkatakavi and Sesham Venkatapati, good poetry is found only in the *śatakams* and the songs of Tyagaraju.

NEW ANDHRA LITERATURE

(From about 1875)

Chapter I

THE BEGINNINGS

If every new literary movement in the world is associated with some political, social or religious upheaval, then Rao Bahadur K. Viresalingam must be mentioned as the founder of modern Telugu literature. He was a man of varied activity and as a personality he easily outshone others of his time. It will not be an exaggeration to say that what Tikkana was to the beginnings of the ancient literature Viresalingam is to the beginnings of the modern. In fact he is called "Gadyatikkana" or the Tikkana of prose, a title which does not do full justice to his literary greatness. He did not possess high university degrees; but as was the practice of ancient scholars, he studied literature widely. Though trained in ancient lore according to orthodox methods, his impressionable mind easily saw the beauties of English literary modes and became eager to adopt them. Thus appeared the first novel in Telugu, called *Rājasekharacharitramu*, which the author wrote after Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. It is not a translation of the English work, though the theme was suggested by it. *Rājasekharacharitramu* was translated into English under the title "Fortune's Wheel" by Mr.

T. R. Hutchinson and General Macdonald added a Preface. It was very favourably reviewed by *The London Times*, September 30, 1887.

It was at that time that Raja Rammohan Roy's endeavours to uplift the women of India began to bear fruit ; and in Bengal the Brahma Samaj started its work in full swing. Though a great pandit brought up in the orthodox tradition, Viresalingam became a Brahma and set afoot a vigorous campaign for social reform. And in his life could be seen easily reflected the militant aggressiveness of Virasaivism, to which he originally belonged. In this connection there is not a subject on which he did not write. He preached remarriage of Hindu widows, advocated women's education, ridiculed superstitious beliefs and customs, wrote in favour of the spread of scientific knowledge, started journals to preach hygiene to housewives, and, to impart to them some knowledge of the world outside their homes, wrote on lives of great women, Indian States, the Congress and so forth. This type of literary activity was completely new. Had it not been for the unfortunate fact that Viresalingam did not occupy some high Government post, he would have been an All-India figure and his works would have already been translated into all the provincial languages. As a scholar and a man of true culture he rarely transgressed the limits of decency in his ridicule, unlike many other writers of the time. Even now his farces and comedies, apart from their propaganda value, will be found to be of high literary merit ; they are well worth translating into other languages.

The literary activities of Viresalingam extended

farther. His *Telugu Kavulu* is the first attempt at a history of Telugu literature, and he has given us the first autobiography. He attempted a number of short stories, wrote fables for children and conducted journals like *Vivekavardhani*. As a scholar he entered into literary controversy with Pandit Kokkonda Venkata Ratnam and Mahamahopadhyaya Vedam Venkataraya Sastri. Their triangular fight was a literary treat for the educated of the time. He translated several Sanscrit dramas into Telugu; and his translations are marked off from most of the others for the grace of their simplicity and absence of scholarly display. He wrote on grammar and poetics also.

This brief sketch of Viresalingam's activities conveys to the reader how many kinds of literary modes could have originated with him. He might not have left a school of poetry behind; but he supplied the spiritual motive force for many. And whatever he wrote, whether liked by the conservatives or not, appealed to all.

The interest which Christian Missions evinced in Telugu language and literature does not seem to have been great. Even the translations of the Bible into Telugu are done by such incompetent men, who were not educated in the language or who did not even belong to the Andhra, that the expression Biblical Telugu still means the ungrammatical, the unidiomatic and the nonsensical. Only of late have the missionaries come to realise their mistake.

There are not many Englishmen who have taken interest in Andhra literature, the reason being again the fact that the activity of the Christian Missions did not spread in these parts as farther South. None-

the-less, Mr. C. P. Brown and Colonel Mackenzie should be mentioned, though not particularly as authors but as patrons. The first wrote the *Stories of Tātāchāri* and a dictionary, and the second, *Kaiphīyats*. Neither was a missionary; both were government servants.

Another voluminous writer like Viresalingam is Pandit Chilakamarti Lakshmi Narasimham. He has written many dramas, essays, novels, short stories, and lives of great men and saints and even on pragmatics. His name is popular throughout the country for his dramas.

Of the poets who are carrying on the ancient tradition Satavadhanis Tirupati Sastri and Venkata Sastri are the greatest. They have cultivated the skill of attending to a hundred things at a time. For the poetic revival in the Andhra they are to a very large extent responsible. They are very prolific. Of their works their somewhat original work *Buddhacharitam*, their translations of *Bālarāmāyana* and *Devībhāgavatam* and their *Mahābhārata* dramas are the most interesting. They have hosts of disciples everywhere, and hundreds flock to hear their witty, learned and entertaining discourses.

Pandits Vavilikolanu Subbarao, Sripada Krishnamurti Sastri and Janamanchi Seshadri Sarma are great scholars and well-known for their translations from Sanscrit.

Chapter II

“ BHAVAKAVITVAM ”

A group of young men, almost all of them influenced by English poets like Keats and Shelley, began writing poems after them on Indian subjects. Their poems were new to Telugu literature and were not particularly well received by the conservative critics. These young men had a predecessor, Mr. Guruzada Apparao of Vizianagaram, who was not only the first to write such poems but also the inventor of a new metre called *Mutyālasaramulu* or rows of pearls, which was a modified indigenous metre of a folk-song. But Mr. Apparao did not write many poems, and so this group of poets became practically the first group of *bhāvākavis* and turned into a school by itself. The first to come into prominence among them was Mr. Rayaprolu Subbarao, who is now the Head of the Department of Telugu, Osmania University, Hyderabad. When his poems first appeared, they could not be placed under any of the recognised classes of poetry; and so Mr. G. Harisarvothama Rao invented the name *bhāvākavitvam* for them. Mr. Abburi Ramakrishna Rao, who is now a lecturer in the Andhra University, Guntur, and Mr. Basavaraju Apparao belonged to this group, which

began to publish poems in *Āndhragrāndhālayasarvasvamu*, a journal of the Andhra Library Association. At first their poems were received with disfavour and suspicion. Their subjects included not only the sublime but also the lowest in creation, which violated the recognised rules of poetics. But these young poets were not disheartened. They received support and encouragement from many great men with modern education. In spite of the ridicule of the orthodox pandits they did not desist from writing and their numbers swelled. Meanwhile Tagore obtained the Nobel Prize for an unorthodox poem, and the information of his recognition gave them new impetus and set the conservative reflecting.

Bhāvākavitvam may generally be translated as lyrical poetry. Some of it may be sung and the rest recited. It is more subjective, particular, free both in theme and metre, less long and more romantic than the ancient. By these *bhāvākavis* the poet has come to be differentiated from the pandit. The ancient classical poetry did contain lyrical pieces. Particularly, as it was said, the *śataka* literature is mainly lyrical. But it is not often that the theme of the orthodox poet was particular. The content of the poem had little that was the poet's own reaction. Themes were classified by the writers on poetics, and the poets wrote their poems accordingly. For them the rules of poetics were the actual source of inspiration. Though the ancient poems are numerous, if we omitted the names of persons and places, one work would be just like any other. And a poet who could impart any speciality to any of his characters must be considered especially fortunate. The very fact that the works of such poets have never lost popularity

shows that implicitly and tacitly people appreciated and valued originality and particularity. But on the whole it must be said that the ancient poets did not care much for contemporary life. Their thought was not set reflecting by the political events of their time; their emotions were not excited by incidents that happened before their eyes; their imagination was not stirred by social injustices; national feeling did not move them; and they did not care to sing their own joys and sorrows.

The controversy that developed between the *bhāvakaṅkavis* and the classical poets threw a flood of light on the nature of both. It is certainly a mistake to think that *bhāvakaṅkavitvam* differs from classical poetry by its adoption of new metres, disregard of certain grammatical rules and so forth. These differences are only non-essentials. Many of the new poets use old metres with grace. One point seems to be significant, namely, that the classical poets care for *rasa* or sentiment whereas the moderns care for *bhāva* or emotion. This appears naturally to follow from the shortness of the modern poem. In an epic all emotions find their place while one of them overwhelms the rest and settles down (*sthāyībhavati*) as the chief *rasa* of the poem. But in a short poem the poet may give expression to one or two emotions roused by some event or object. However, there is here a question both for the poet and the psychologist whether an emotion which does not contest with others for supremacy cannot settle down as a *rasa*. Further, in the mind of the poet an object or event may arouse two or three emotions, which may not fight for dominance. The controversy about *bhāvakaṅkavitvam*

gives form to many such problems, when attempts are made to relate it to the old types of poetry. Into a discussion of these problems we cannot of course enter here.

But unfortunately many of these *bhāvakavis* are not well read. They are not well posted with information about events happening in the world and the currents of thought that are swaying nations. Their outlook is not as wide as might be desired. Some of them are shallow and have very little to say though they say too much. And some who could have been better do not possess the necessary scope and opportunities for wide study and intellectual development. Hence their field of ideas and imagination is narrow and the topics on which they can write soon get exhausted. Besides, to write poems does not pay; and when poets write for their livelihood and not as a hobby or pastime, their economic condition is generally deplorable. Among them, however, there are some who have given us excellent pieces.

Of the group of three poets mentioned above the first two are very popular and have good opportunities for widening their intellectual horizons. Professor Subbarao is the author of many beautiful poems like *Tṛṇakaṅkaṇam* and *Svapṇakumāram* and has numerous admirers all through the country. Mr. Ramakrishna Rao is not so prolific, but in his poems *Mallikāmba*, *Ūhāgānam* and *Pūrvaprēma* as well as in his lyrical drama *Nadisundari* he creates like Keats in the minds of his readers a definite impression of his ideas. Again, like the poems of Keats Mr. Ramakrishna Rao's poems are rounded out in plan and the reader can get a clue

to the intentions of the poet. Mr. Apparao wrote a number of songs like Burns. The language of all the three is chaste and their poetic merit high. Mr. Ramakrishna Rao is also a guide of a number of younger poets, whom he supplies with ideas and latest developments in literary thought.

It seems that the time has come when clarity in ideas and imagination has to be placed before the *bhāvakavis* as a great ideal of poetic art. We may well appreciate the vagueness of a mystic's ideas. But while it may be difficult to be a mystic like Tagore, it is easy to be "mystery" for want of real inspiration. A poet may imagine that a great idea is dawning upon his mind, but it may be empty sentimentality, mere effervescence. And one is tempted to doubt, after reading some of these *bhāvakavis*, whether Croce's theory that there can be no idea without expression is not after all true. Of course, these poets use a number of words; but how their imagination forms itself is difficult to understand. Pandit Akkiraju Umakantam in his *Netikālapu Kavityamu* (Poetry of Today) ably brings to light some of the defects of the *bhāvakavis*. But unfortunately he could see nothing good in them and so his work seems to be somewhat one-sided. The very fact that *bhāvakavitvam* has come to stay shows that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with it. After all, as Moulton says, "when a poet does not conform to the existing laws of poetry, he is extending the law."¹ Poetry which is not true poetry will be a passing phase and may be criticised as not conforming to law; but poetry which is abiding gives the law.

¹ *The Modern Study of Literature*, p. 300.

In fact *bhāvakavitvam* has made its appearance at the proper time and the proper place in the order of growth of Telugu poetry. Telugu poetry began its life with the *purāṇas*, for the *Mahābhārata* though strictly an *itihāsa* is called a *purāṇa* also and even the *Rāmāyaṇam* is called so by the laity. These *purāṇas* are grand epics and not simple epics; for their chief *rasa* is not any one particular *rasa* but all emerging out of *śānti* and merging in it. Later the poets produced simple epics of lesser scope with only one predominant *rasa*. These are the *mahākāvya*s or *prabandhas*. Then Telugu poetry passed through the stage of the *śatakas*, which are still narrower in scope, like the *khandakāvya*s. All of these are of course not lyrical. For every short poem need not be a lyric just as every long one need not be an epic. An epigram or a gnome is in essence an epic. Mallikarjuna's *Śivatatvasāramu* and many of the verses of Vemana and *Sumatiśatakam* are not lyrical. But an autobiography when written as a poem which gives the reactions of the poet's mind to the conventional and established world with which he puts up a lifelong fight in order to alter it, would be a nice lyric. In the epic the poet enters the objective world and becomes one with it in imagination. That is why the authors of the *Mahābhārata* and the *Rāmāyaṇa* say that they saw the world of their events as a totality like an *āmalaka* fruit in their palms. And their narrative is given in the tranquillity of their mind's fulness. But the lyric poet absorbs and assimilates the world. The focus of unity is his own mind, which loses its peace whenever the order of the established world is not in harmony with its deeper

aspirations and likings. That is why the lyric poem is generally an outburst and is consequently short and small. Convention deemed that the *śataka* should consist of one hundred and eight verses ; but even that is felt by the *bhāvakavi* to be too long. He wants a much shorter length, which again is to be determined not *a priori* but by the nature of his emotions. Their nature is to decide again what metre he is to use. In understanding this growth no hard-and-fast distinctions can be made or cut-and-dry rules framed. For instance, the *śatakas* are mainly lyrical, particularly so when they were written by authors who were in some distress. But sometimes even these authors give mere *purāṇic* descriptions in order to fill the prescribed length, and then the poems are uninteresting. And some of the *śatakas* which preach morals, philosophy and so forth, are not certainly lyrics. And so it would be wrong to call the *śataka* a lyric. But we may say that the lyric as an independent type of poetry was beginning to evolve through the *śataka*, and has taken full shape in the poems of the *bhāvakavis*. And probably even if the earliest *bhāvakavis* had not been influenced by the English poets, it would have evolved naturally.

Of the younger *bhāvakavis* Mr. Devulapalli Krishna Sastri is the most admired and imitated. His *Krishna-paksham* is the most popular. But in him some of the vices of *bhāvakavitvam* are not totally absent. Of late Mr. Srirangam Srinivasa Rao with his *Prabhava* has come to the forefront. It is not possible to give a list of all these poets and their works. They have some associations of which Sahitisamiti with Mr. Tallavajhula Sivasankara Sastri as the president and Kavitasmamiti

with Mr. Marepalli Ramachandra Sastri as the president may be mentioned. Of the poets Messrs. Adavi Bapiraju, K. V. Subbarao, S. Narayana Babu, N. Narasimha Sastri, P. Venkataratnam, G. Rukmininatha Sastri, and G. Venkatachalam are widely known. The last is a social rebel. Mr. Sivasankara Sastri's *Hridayēsvari* is read by many. Mr. Nanduri Subbarao's pastoral song *Venkiṭāṭalu* created a sensation when it was first published. In it beautiful and sublime ideas are expressed in the colloquial language of rustics. Some of these poets are socialists.

Mr. Duvvuri Rami Reddi needs special mention. Of all the *bhāvakavis* he is the most influenced by Tagore. He is the author of several poems, many of them published in *Kavi-Kōkilagranthāvali*. His pastoral poem *Krshīvaludu* (Cultivator) is the most popular and beautiful. His translation of Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat* under the title *Pānaśāla* is unsurpassed in charm by other attempts. His language is chaste and he has few of the vices of the *bhāvakavis*. He translated some of his poems into English and Dr. J. H. Cousins has a high opinion of them.

There are women poets also among the *bhāvakavis*, of whom Shrimatis T. Visvasundaramma, C. Bangaramma, Saudamini and B. Kanakamma are well known.

Chapter III

THE LIBERALS

There are a number of poets who have recognised the true value of *bhāvakavitvam* but do not particularly like to be called *bhāvakavis*. Like the poetry of decadence in Europe *bhāvakavitvam* as such, after a life of about two to three decades, is turning into surrealism, cubism, unanism, imagism, futurism, pessimism and what-not. The poets who profess to follow these 'isms are not master-minds; and for several reasons among which finance is an important one their experience and outlook are circumscribed. Further, what is wanted in such poets is not merely a second-hand acquaintance through books with the world of things about them but a peculiar sensitiveness and affectability, which are best expressed by the Sanscrit word *anubhava*. Or, as Hegel says, such a poet should be

rich in fancy and feeling, or imposing and profound in his views and reflections, and above all should be essentially independent, the possessor of a unique ideal world, from which the servility and caprice of a prosaic nature is excluded.¹

But this requirement is rarely satisfied. The word *bhāvakavitvam* has now come to mean a slight humorous

¹ *The Philosophy of Fine Art*, Vol. IV, p. 198.

disparagement. It means mellifluous and spontaneous verbosity, monotonous dwelling on one's own experiences, lengthy repetitions of words meaning sweetness, love and sublimity, tedious outpourings of fancied sorrows, reasonless fears and imagined dread, and the use of confused imagery and mixed metaphor. There are other defects which critics have brought to the notice of the public. It is high time that those who call themselves *bhāvakavis* gave full thought to what their critics say.

For this reason some poets who are alive to both the defects and merits of the *bhāvakavis* did not join that group. Of these the names to be first mentioned are those of Mr. Pingali Lakshmi Kantam, Head of the Department of Telugu, Andhra University, Guntur, and Mr. Katuri Venkatesvara Rao, who generally publish their poems jointly. Their *Tolakari* (First Shower) which is a collection of small poems on different subjects and *Saundarananda*, a small epic, are favourably received both by the conservative and the modern critics. Their language is simple and beautiful, thought clear and neat, and sentiment pleasing and dignified.

Pandit Visvanatha Satyanarayana is a very prolific writer of this type, and has a nice flow of ideas and language. He has attempted all literary forms, novels, dramas, essays, songs, and short and long poems. His language is chaste, and sometimes sonorous and high-flown. His patriotic verses and his songs called *Kinnarasānīpāṭalu* are very popular.

Another poet of this type is Mr. Joshua. He is a Christian and is one of the best contemporary poets. His language also is chaste. His poems contain no un-

necessary words and are pregnant with meaning. They are many, of which *Phirdausi* may be mentioned.

Mr. G. T. Somayaji, Lecturer in the Telugu Department, Andhra University, Guntur, has written a beautiful poem called *Rāmachandrūni Hampiyātra* after Byron's *Childe Harold*. In it the author has successfully incorporated a number of ideas and sentiments both from Western and Indian poets. Mr. K. Subbarao's poem on the same subject has been very highly reviewed by the press and is regarded as one of the most beautiful.

Among the modern poets the name of Maharajah Dr. Vikaramadeo Varma of Jeypore should not be omitted. He is a scholar of Sanscrit, Telugu and Oriya and has written poems in the three languages. As that of a patron and benefactor his name is unsurpassed in the Andhra country.

In poetry Sir C. R. Reddy is a mind capable of great achievements. His earliest attempt, *Musalammamaraṇam*, which he wrote as a university student, is very promising. For their lyrical charm his dedicatory verses in his *Arthaśāstramu* are highly praised. With all his culture, experience of the world and width of learning, had he continued his poetic work, Telugu would have been proud of a great poet as Bengali is of Tagore and Persian of Iqbal. However, even now he is a friend and patron of every young poet, and there is no *bhāvakavi* who has not received an encouraging word from him.

The present Yuvarajah Saheb of Pithapuram, Sri Rao Venkata Mahipati Gangadhara Ramarao, is of late coming into the limelight as a poet. Besides, he is a patron of poets, and Telugu literature naturally depends upon princes like him for its growth and enrichment.

Chapter IV

THE DRAMA

As regards drama, the Telugu poets, as it has been said, did not take to it for a long time. Even *Prabōdhachandrōdayam* was first translated into an epic. But, on the other hand, histrionic art was encouraged and widely cultivated. The *bhāgavatam* parties were nothing but dramatic societies. But their plays are not based on Sanscrit models and are purely indigenous. Hegel writes :—

In the drama, then, subjective emotion passes on likewise to the expression of action ; and, by so doing, renders necessary the manifestation to our senses of the play of gesture which concentrates the universality of language in a closer relation with the expression of personality, and by means of position, demeanour, gesticulation and other ways is individualised and completed. If, however, this aspect of deportment is carried forward by artistic means to a degree of expression, that it can dispense with speech, we have the art of pantomime, which resolves the rhythmical movement of poetry in a harmonious and picturesque motion of limbs, and in this, so to speak, plastic music of bodily position and movement gives animated life in the dance to the tranquil and cold figures of sculpture that it may essentially unite by such means music and the plastic art.¹

But the actors in the indigenous Andhra *bhāgavatams*

¹ *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, p. 105.

not only act and dance as in the *Kathakali* of Malabar, but also sing and converse. Dancing seems to have been excluded from drama even before Kalidasa. But in the indigenous Telugu drama it is retained. And this dramatic tradition is being carried on by the Kuchipudi *bhagavatars* even now. Their dramas are the most perfect blend of poetry, music, acting and dance, and their dance is technically called *Bharatanātyam*. Their acting (*abhinaya*) and dance are still superb and what is wanted to save their art from death and popularise it is some refinement of their music to suit modern taste. Some revivalists object to any modification and even insist upon playing those dramas in the glow of torches in preference to the light of gas and electricity. But they seem to be too puristic.

However, dramas after those of Sanscrit do not seem to be written till the Modern Period. After the advent of English education, many educated Andhras attended English theatres and wanted that similar dramas should be enacted in Telugu. Meanwhile Parsi theatrical companies from Dharwar toured the country and staged their plays in Hindi. Seeing them, Maharajah Sir Ananda Gajapati of Vizianagaram started the Sanscrit Dramatic Association at his place, which began to stage Sanscrit dramas, but after his death it became extinct. The Zamindar of Munagapaka started a dramatic company by which Hindi plays were enacted, but it ended in his financial ruin. By that time Sanscrit dramas began to be translated into Telugu and the first translation to see print was Kokkonda Venkata Ratnam's *Narakāsura Viziavyāyōgam*. Next Viresalingam's *Abhijñānaśākuntalam* and *Ratnāvali* appeared.

He also translated Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* and *Comedy of Errors*.

Then were started two dramatic societies, the Sarasavinodini Sabha of Bellary and the Sugunavilasini Sabha at Madras. In the latter not only Telugu dramas but also dramas in other South Indian languages were staged. The moving spirit of the former was Dharmavaram Krishnamachari, who was not only an actor but one of the foremost playwrights of the time. After these Sabhas several theatrical societies were started in big towns all over the country, of which the Chintamani Nataka Samajam of Messrs. Nagesvara Rao and Gunnesvara Rao at Rajahmundry and the Jaganmitra Nataka Samajam which flourished under the patronage of Maharajah Vikrama Deo Varma at Vizagapatam, may be mentioned. Some of them became professional touring parties, of which the "Surabhi" companies are the important ones. The members of these companies belonged to single families, and both men and women appeared on the stage. Almost every one of these societies had its own playwright, who used to compose dramas to suit the histrionic abilities of the available actors. Hence most of the dramas could not attain a high standard of perfection. Actors were not chosen to suit the characters of a play well conceived, but characters were delineated to suit the actors. Even then some of the plays reached a high standard and became very popular. They were written mainly after the Sanscrit models.

Of the earliest playwrights the names of Dharmavaram Krishnamachari and Kolachalam Srinivasa Rao stand out pre-eminent. Krishnamachari wrote nearly thirty

plays, of which some thirteen have been printed. His *Vishāda-Sāraṅgadhara*, *Chitrānāliyam*, *Prahlāda* and *Pādukāpattābhishekam* are the most famous. He is called "Andhranatakāpitāmaha" or the Grandfather of the Andhra Drama. Mr. Srinivasa Rao too wrote many dramas of which several are historical. But he is famous only for his *Vizianagararājya Patanam* (Fall of Vizianagar), which was the first historical drama written in Telugu. Mr. Chilakāmarti Lakshmi Narasimham too wrote several plays of which *Prasannayādavam* and *Gayopākhyānam* attained unequalled popularity. Of the other dramas which are well known, *Satyaharischandra* of Mr. Baljepalli Lakshmi Kantam, *Rasaputravijayam* of Ichchapurapu Yajna Narayana, *Pratāparudriyam* of Mahamahopadhyaya Vedam Venkataraya Sastri and *Veṅṅisamhāram* of Vaddadi Subbarayudu need mention. All these authors are great scholars. *Bilhanīyam* of Umar Ali Sha needs special mention as it is a Telugu drama written by a Muslim poet.

Kanyāsulkam of Guruzada Apparao is the first important social drama in Telugu. In it the practice of selling young girls in marriage to aged husbands is ridiculed and widow remarriage advocated. It had a sensational reception. Mr. Apparao will ever be remembered for the creation of the character Girisam, a social reformer of easy virtue. Plays on similar themes are Viresalingam's *Brāhmavivāham* and Kallakuri Narayana Rao's *Kanṭhābharanam*. Of late several plays with social themes have appeared which preach against the dowry system of marriage and the demand for educated and fashionable brides, in preference to illiterate ones who would make devoted wives.

Of recent historical dramas Unnava Lakshmi Narayana's *Nāyakurālu*, Duvvuri Rami Reddi's *Kumbharāṇā* and several plays dealing with the battle of Bobbili, in which the Rajahs fought heroically with the French General Bussey, are the most popular. Unfortunately, the actual details of the fall of the Satavahanas of Dhanyakatakam, of the Kakatiyas of Warrangal, and of the Reddi Kings is not known. The Ganga Kings who ruled Kalinga, the country between the Mahanadi and the Godavari, wrote their inscriptions in Telugu and Sanscrit—a fact which lends support to the view that they were Kannada people domiciled in the Andhra. But the details of their exploits, which would have offered good themes for dramas, are not well preserved. So, until historical research makes further progress, good dramas with themes from Andhra history cannot appear. But on Vizianagar there are a few good plays.

Mr. Abburi Ramakrishna Rao's *Nadisundari* is an excellent lyrical drama. Mr. Tallavajjhula Sivasankara Sastri has written a number of all-verse plays called *Geyanātikalu*. The Yuvarajah Saheb of Pithapuram also has written a number of such interesting dramas of which *Ālokamunundi Āvhānamu* may be mentioned.

There are not many metaphysical or philosophical plays. Besides the translation of the Sanscrit drama, *Prabōdhachandrōdayam* by Viresalingam, *Hamsavijayam* of Kanchanapalli Kanakamba, a lady-poet, needs mention. Religious dramas are many. The *Bhārata*, *Rāmāyaṇa* and *Bhāgavata* dramas too come under this class. Plays with deep philosophical meaning touching the innermost depths of our life, culture, outlook and

civilization are few or none.

Of late there have appeared several one-act plays which are mostly read and not staged, one of the unfortunate reasons being the popularity and cheapness of the cinema. There the indigenous dramatic modes are unable to develop. The Telugu cinema is a more or less second-rate imitation of the Hindi, and even the songs are nothing better. Here too wider outlook, deeper insight and imagination, better taste and fuller understanding of ancient dramatic modes are wanted. These films seem to be intended more for pandering to, than for educating the taste of the masses.

Some of the best one-act and other short plays are the farces, comedies etc., of Viresalingam and Chilakamarti Lakshmi Narasimham. They cover a variety of topics, the ignorance of women, learned but hypocritical discussions of pandits, foolish superstitions, social injustices to women, communalism and sectarianism, village factions, malpractices among certain services, the taking of census and so forth. Panuganti Lakshmi Narasimham is a leading comedy writer and is very entertaining. He first became famous through his *Sākshi* (Spectator) in which he gave a humorous description of a variety of things. All his comic dramas are popular. Mr. Bhamidipati Kamesvara Rao has of late come into prominence as a comedy writer. He and Mr. G. Venkatachalam too have written a number of one-act plays.

A very interesting account of the growth of the Andhra stage and of the different views held about histrionic art and the art of play-writing, is given in G. Sitarama Sastri's *Āndhranātakaraṅgamu*. Puranam

Suri Sastri's *Āndhranātaka Samskaraṇamu* and R. Anantakrishna Sarma's *Nātakōpanyāsamulu*. Some held that only women should take the part of women, some that there should be no songs and music, some that the drama should be written only in prose and not in verse also, like the Sanscrit dramas, and so forth. But many, like Pingali Lakshmi Kantam (See his Presidential Address to the Andhranataka Kalaparishat, 1937), maintain that men may play the rôles of women and that songs, music and verses, when used in their proper place, add to the dramatic effect. It must, however, be said that the number of verses in contemporary plays is much reduced, though songs and music remain as before. And everyone who can sing is not now regarded as a great actor.

For nearly eight years the Andhranataka Kalaparishat has been doing good work by giving opportunities to both dramatists and actors to meet and discuss. This academy has instituted prizes for the best actors as well as for the best drama of the year and is thus encouraging the histrionic art and that of the playwright. This academy meets once every year in some big town and is a provincial body. Attempts were made to start associations of that type in places like Masulipatam and Nellore, but these could not thrive long.

Chapter V

NOVELS, SHORT STORIES, ESSAYS

Novelists and novels are numerous. There are all types of novels. Many are translated from English and Bengali. As has been said, Viresalingam is the first novelist. Chilakamarti Lakshmi Narasimham wrote many. The novels of both have a standard and include both the historical and the social. Then a number appeared, of which many are good. The historical novels generally deal with the kingdoms of Vizianagar, Warrangal and Rajahmundry, the Reddi principalities and the Zamindari of Bobbili. Some novelists go beyond the Andhra and write about the Rajputs, the Marathas and the Moguls. In some of the earliest historical novels some mythological and supernatural element used to be mixed up. But of late the practice has been discontinued. Of the historical novels Bhogaraju Narayana Murti's *Astamayamu* and Chilukuri Virabhadra Rao's *Nāyakurāli Darṣamu* may be mentioned.

Of novels on social subjects Viresalingam's *Rāja-śekharacharitra*, Chilakamarti Lakshmi Narasimham's *Hemalatā* and *Karpūramañjari*, Ketavarapu Venkata Sāstri's *Lakshmīprasādamu* and *Rājyalakshmi*, and

Visvanatha Satyanarayana's *Cheliyalikatta* are well spoken of. All these authors are highly respected.

Detective novels are very many. But they have only an entertainment value. A few of them are realistic, but the rest are fictitious. Translations too are many. But all along the Eastern Ghats some of the hill chiefs turned into robber leaders; their exploits, heroism and ultimate capture could have formed very interesting topics for the novelist. But the realistic illusion is rare in the available novels and, where present, is not maintained all through.

The activities of the Indian National Congress both in the political and social spheres have provided themes for a number of novels, the most famous of which is Unnava Lakshmi Narayana's *Mālapalle* (The Hamlet of the Harijans). It was at first proscribed by the Government, but of late the ban has been lifted.

There are some associations which are encouraging the writing of good novels by giving prizes and publishing series. Of these K. V. Lakshmana Rao's Vijnanachandika Mandali (Madras) with its Vijnanachandika Series, Venkata Kavi's and Parvatisvara Kavi's Andhra-pracharini Nilayam (Pithapuram) with its Andhra-pracharini Series, the Sarasvatigrantha Series (Rajahmundry) of Addepalli Lakshmana Svami and the Veguchukkagrantha Series (Berhampur) of Tapi Dharma Rao are the most important.

The Telugu short story originated with Mr. Guruzada Apparao; but Mr. Gudipati Venkatachalam is the leading writer, if both quality and quantity are assessed. These two, along with Mr. Chinta Dikshitulu, occupy the front rank among Telugu short-story writers. Mr.

Venkatachalam is a rank realist and often violates the canons of decency; but Mr. Dikshitulu is an idealist and does not transgress the limits. There are a few others like Messrs. M. Narayana Sastri, S. Subrahmanya Sastri, and A. Bapiraju, in the field. Almost all of them are influenced by Western writers; but they handle quite skilfully subjects from Andhra life.

There are several essayists of whom Viresalingam and Chilakamarti Lakshmi Narasimham are the leaders. They wrote on many subjects, which have already been mentioned. Of late several others have come into prominence, of whom Jonnalagadda Satyanarayana is one. He has written on travels also. Panuganti Lakshmi Narasimham's essays are well known for their satire. Viresalingam and Rayasam Venkatasivudu wrote autobiographies. There are a few biographies. Viresalingam's *Telugu Kavulu* (Lives of Telugu Poets), Guruzada Srirama Murthi's *Kavijivitamulu* (Biographies of Poets). Vanguri Subbarao's and Veturi Prabhakara Sastri's works on Srinatha may be included in this class. Unfortunately it is very difficult to get authentic material on the lives of ancient poets. Viresalingam's *Abhāgyopākhyānam* and Tirupati Kavi and Venkata Kavi's *Gīratam* are interesting parodies. Rukmininatha Sastri's *Rachanalu* also comes under this class of literature.

A number of works have appeared on literary criticism. The work of Viresalingam, Venkataraya Sastri and Kokkonda Venkataratnam belongs to the old school. Sir C. R. Reddy's *Kavitvatattvavichāramu* inaugurates the new school, which is influenced by the Western theories of literary art. After him

Sāhityatattvavimarsana of Jonnalagedda Satyanarayana and *Samiksha* of Mutnuri Krishna Rao have been written. Akkiraju Umakantam's *Netikālapu Kavivam* is a very interesting, scholarly and useful, though somewhat one-sided, criticism of *bhāvakavitvam*. A lot of controversial literature appeared about the advisability of using the spoken language for literary purposes. Rao Saheb Gidugu Ramamurti, a great and highly respected scholar, advocated its use, while several equally great scholars like Vedam Venkataraya Sastri, Kokkonda Venkata Ratnam and Jayanti Ramayya Pantulu opposed him. Ramamurti had the modern Bengali literature as an example in support. Both parties have now several writers as followers.

Chapter VI

LITERARY HISTORIES AND SCIENTIFIC AND PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS

We do not have quite satisfactory histories of Telugu literature, which is due to the difficulty of collecting relevant material. Still, serious attempts have been made and a number of works have been published. Viresalingam with his *Telugu Kavulu* (Lives of Telugu Poets) heads the list. Guruzada Srirama Murti's *Kavijivitamulu* (Biographies of Poets) is an interesting though not a very reliable work. Vanguri Subbarao's *Āndhravāṅgmayacharitramu* (History of Andhra Literature) and *Śataka Kavula Charitramu* (History of the Sataka Poets), T. Achyuta Rau's *Āndhravāṅgmayacharitramu*, which he translates "History of Andhra Literature in the Vizianagar Empire," and Kavitva-vedi's *Āndhravāṅgmayacharitra-Saṅgrahamu* (A Brief History of Andhra Literature) are very useful books. Mr. G. V. Raghavarao brought out an excellent work, *Āndhragadyavāṅgmayacharitramu* (History of Telugu Prose). Chilukuri Narayana Rao's *Āndhrabhāshācharitramu* (History of the Telugu Language) is a standard work from the scholarly point of view. But a comprehensive and fully informative history of Telugu

literature which gives not only names and dates but also some idea of the works, and traces the literary development in a significant way is still a desideratum.

In this connection Pandit Malladi Suryanarayana Sastri's *Samscrtavāṅgmayacharitramu* (History of Sanscrit Literature) needs mention. It is a very informative and interesting work written by a Telugu scholar belonging to the ancient tradition. Pandit Vajjhula Chinasitarama Sastri's work on some points of Telugu grammar is of very great academical interest. Mr. Veturi Prabhakara Sastri has made an interesting collection of *chātus* or stray verses on miscellaneous subjects in his *Chātupadyaratnāvali* (A Garland of Stray Verses). Attempts are being made to collect *maṅgalaḥāratulu* or songs of benediction, *yakshagānams*, which are indigenous precursors of drama, folk-songs, dance songs and so forth. Some good work has already been done in this field by Vanguri Subbarao, Nandiraju Chalapati Rao and others.

An excellent beginning was made by Sir C. R. Reddy through his *Arthaśāstramu* (Economics) in writing books of a scientific nature. As history, geography, science and mathematics are now taught in Telugu up to the Matriculation examination, a number of text-books on these subjects have appeared. Recently, for students who undergo training in education, a few small books on educational psychology have been written. After the advent of the Congress a small number of works on political theory, nature of self-government, and forms of government in Europe, America, China and Japan have also been published. But most of these, meant only for the general education of the people, are not of a high

standard. Atmakuri Govindachari's *Indian Economics* and Professor Venkatarangiah's *Economics*, however, deserve mention.

Of the works on science K. Kondayya's *Viśvarūpam* (The Nature of the Physical World) is the most important. G. V. Raghavarao's *Everyday Science* and Gullapalli Narayana Murti's *Radio* are prize works. Important attempts are being made by the staff of the Andhra University to discover and coin indigenous technical terms in arts and science subjects. Until these attempts are co-ordinated and systematised, works of lasting importance cannot be written on these subjects. In this connection co-operation of the workers of all the provinces may be necessary.

So far as Indian philosophy is concerned, there have been several works, both ancient and modern. All *purāṇas* contain philosophical discussions. Many of the *śatakas* are philosophical poetry or poetic philosophy. It has been said that Tikkana omitted the *Bhagavadgīta* altogether from his *Mahābhāratam*. Tupakula Ananta Bhupala translated it into simple and beautiful prose in the eighteenth century. The philosophical work which has been very popular with the Andhras is *Sītārāmāñ-janeyā Samvādamu* (eighteenth century) which is an interesting mixture of metaphysics, psychology and *hathayoga*. Of the recent works K. Gopalakrishnamma's *Āndhramīmāṃsā Nyāyamuktāvali* may be mentioned. On the whole it must be said that in the Andhra there is not so much interest in philosophical writings as in pure *kāvya* literature. There are, indeed, a number of books on contemporary saints and philosophers like Ramakrishna, Vivekananda, Ramatirtha, Aurobindo

Ghosh and Dayananda. Of these Shri Raja M. Bhujanga Rao's translation of parts of *The New Testament* into Telugu verse and Chilukuru Narayana Rao's translation of the *Koran* should be mentioned. Of course, there are some translations of the Vedas and the Upanishads also. Probably the want of real depth in modern Telugu poetry in general is due to lack of interest in philosophical literature.

Chapter VII

ACADEMICAL ORGANS, LEXICOGRAPHY, JOURNALISM

There are a number of learned societies with their series and periodicals, which have done great service to the cause of Andhra literature. The first and foremost among them is the Vijnanachandrika Mandali. It was started by Komarraju V. Lakshmana Rao, whose name is remembered by all educated Andhras with pride and enthusiasm. This society published a number of standard works on various subjects. Sir C. R. Reddy's *Arthaśāstramu* and Chilukuri Virabhadra Rao's *Āndh-rula Charitra*, both of which were the first works of their kind, belong to this Series. But unfortunately after Lakshmana Rao's death the society became extinct for want of funds, and the noble projects begun by him could not progress beyond the stage at which he left them.

The Andhrasahitya Parishat was started by Jayanti Ramayya Pantulu under the patronage of the Maharajah of Pithapuram, Dr. Rao Venkata Mahipati Suryarao. It has its own journal called *Parishatpatrikā*. It has printed and published many valuable ancient works. Its headquarters are at Coconada.

The Navyasahitya Parishat of Guntur of which Sir C. R. Reddy is a patron, is doing similar service for modern literature. Its journal is *Pratibhā*, edited by Telikicharla Venkata Ratnam. It has published the complete works of Gidugu Ramamurti and is publishing the poems of many a modern poet.

There have been smaller bodies of a similar nature. But they have not been able to continue their work long. The Andhra is not an industrial country and is very poor. And without rich patrons literary activities cannot flourish in the present conditions.

Again finance is standing in the way of bringing out lexicons and encyclopædias. B. Sitaramacharyalu's *Śabdaratnākaram* is a good dictionary. C. P. Brown and C. A. Galletti have brought out small English-Telugu dictionaries. K. Nagesvara Rao published a bibliography of Telugu literature, called *Āndhra-vāṅgmayasūchakamu*. The Andhrasahitya Parishat has been working at a voluminous dictionary called *Sūryarāyāndhranighantuvu*, financed by the Maharaja of Pithapuram. Shri Raja K. Prasadarao of Devidi has published a small encyclopædia called *Āndhra-vijñānāmu*. Long ago, when the Madras University made a grant for the preparation of a Tamil Encyclopædia and did not make a similar grant for a Telugu Encyclopædia, K. Nagesvara Rao wanted to undertake it and was able to issue two volumes. Much depends on finance, which it is so very difficult to obtain in this country, and on Government support and the co-operation of scholars.

Of the dailies, weeklies and journals the following may be mentioned. The *Āndhrapatrikā* is both a daily

and a weekly. It was started by K. Nagesvara Rao and is the most widely circulated Telugu newspaper.

The *Krishnāpatrikā* is a very popular weekly edited by Mutnuri Krishna Rao. The *Āndhra Prabhā* is a daily issued by the publisher of *The Indian Express*, Mr. Ramnath Goenka. The *Anandavāṇi*, the *Vihari* and the *Trilinga* are weeklies edited by Kalidas, Narahari and Venkatesvara Sastri respectively. The last is Anglo-Telugu and represents the views of the Sanatanists.

The *Bhārati*, the most popular Telugu monthly, was started by K. Nagesvara Rao. The *Prabuddhāndhra* of Sripada Krishnamurti Sastri, which has now ceased publication, maintained a high standard. The *Gṛhalakshmi* of Dr. Kesari is meant only for women. There are some other weeklies and monthlies of an entertainment value, containing wit and humour, short stories and so forth. Their names need not be mentioned.

There are some good journals which are no longer functioning but which were of a very high standard. The *Manjuvāṇi* and the *Sarasvati* were publishing unpublished works and were conservative in views. The *Kala* was started with the highly ambitious programme of correlation of art and literature, but could not continue long. The *Śāradā* was slightly liberal in its views and was also publishing unpublished works. The *Pratibhā* and the *Parishatpatrikā* have already been referred to. The *Telugu* of Gidugu Ramamurti ran for some time during the days of the controversy about the use of literary and spoken languages.

ANTHOLOGY

ANCIENT POETRY

URMILA'S SLEEP

(A folk-song generally sung by women)

(During his exile of fourteen years Lakshmana left his wife Urmila and followed Rama and Sita into the forests. All these years Urmila lay in a long and continuous sleep. The following is the scene of her reunion with her husband.)

Lakshmana entered the bedroom and on the soft bed saw
The parrot-voiced lady. Her thigh he touched and
her sari

Arranged. Cool pastes he applied and ornaments
rearranged.

Sitting on her bed he fondly began to speak : " Tender
Girl !

Your beautiful face the moon desires to worship.
Nectar rains

Down from the sweet corner of your smiling lips that
easily

Dispense with betel leaf and nuts. Move with that
sweet sound

Your feet which are like small lotuses." But in sleep

Herself the lady forgot. Half-awake she trembled and said:

“ Who are you, Sir ? For so great a mischief have you come ! Through lanes

And by-lanes searching, have you come to do me wrong ? You have,

When nobody is here, approached me privately ?
Arrested

Will you be, if my father, King Janaka, hears of this.
In danger

Will your life be, if my sister and her lord know this.
On earth

He will not let you live, if my sister's brother-in-law¹ is informed.

Alas ! What am I to do ? Ill fame has fallen on this noble line.

Is it not for desiring another's wife that Indra's body Became corrupt, Ravana died with his kith and kin, and Kichaka

Lost his life ? You know about these sins and yet have you come

For sinning ! Sisters and mothers like me have you none ? ”

Lakshmana heard her. Sad he felt, and said: “ Rama's brother

Am I. Who else is Rama in this creation ? Am I not Janaka's son-in-law ? Who else is Janaka on earth ?

Urmila are you called on earth. Your name belies you.
From Rama

Separated, Janaki² was kidnapped. Ravana have we

¹ That is, her own husband.

² Sita.

Destroyed and returned home with that goddess of the earth.

Accept me, moon-faced Lady ! Willingly shall I receive
The bad name. Am I not Sita's brother-in-law ? Lady !
Be kind and awake. Friend of my life ! From the
moment

I left you, food and sleep have I not known. If you
do not

Wake up, O Friend ! I cannot endure life." And,
drawing his sword,

"I shall cut myself !" he cried. Urmila shuddered and
rose.

She realised that he was the lord of her life, felt relieved
And fell at his lotus-feet. He raised her from his feet
with his hands,

Pressed her to his bosom and wiped her tears. She
said : " My father,

King Janaka, trusted you and gave me as wife.
Deceived he was

In thinking that you were a man of honour. Men have
their minds

Somewhere and women disappoint." Lakshmana heard
and understood

The thoughts of his wife who, weeping in her heart,
was unable to speak.

He caressed her and said : " O Girl ! why are you
sorrowful ? My life

Without you these fourteen years I bore somehow.
O Lady !

Food and sleep I knew not. In our past life we must
have

Innocent wives and husbands separated. And the fruits

Of our actions we should enjoy some time or other.”
 This state of the couple Kausalya saw and brought
 Champaka oil.

(Date unknown)

THE FLIGHT OF THE GODS FROM
 DAKSHA'S SACRIFICE

The gods and demons of the earth then saw
 The lords of the Ganas, huge and terrible.
 They lost heart. Some fought and were defeated ;
 Some were surrounded and cried ; some wept in fear.
 And, afraid of falling into the hands
 Of the dreadful lords of the Ganas,
 The gods concealed their faces from their men
 And began to escape. At that time
 Brahma ran to mount his swan and fell
 In fear trembling. But, as if carrying a lotus-stalk
 The bird by its beak caught him and fled.
 Between the feet and neck of his Garuda¹
 Vishnu escaped creeping. And as he fled
 Across the sky his sweat appeared
 Like drops from a rainbow oozing.
 As the Ganas uttered their war-cries
 To his white elephant Indra ran ;
 And with his thousand eyes like a peacock appeared
 By hunters chased to the White Mount escaping.
 Yama like a coward fell across
 His buffalo, while the Ganas hooted.
 He forgot the saddle and the stirrup
 In a hurry of fear.

¹ Eagle.

Like a weaver Varuna fled.
 Though the lord of vast seas,
 His tongue was parched as if to show
 When fortune leaves nothing remains.
 With the hooting Ganas behind,
 To mount his man Kubera forgot.
 He placed him on his own shoulders instead
 And fled in consternation.

(From NANNICHODA'S *Kumārasambhavam*, II, 201-8)
 (12th Century A. D.)

KICHAKA'S ADVANCES

“ O delicate Maid ! Why glance you not at me,
 The lustrous beauty of your white eyes displaying ?
 Why does not your sweet smile double the beauty of
 your face ?
 Lotus-eyed One ! Why speak you not Love's word,
 The rays of your pearly teeth accompanying ?
 Lotus-faced Lady ! Why do you not hint
 Playfully the love of your heart ? ”
 Thus speaking, the rogue, Kichaka, makes eyes,
 Approaches and longs to hear her sweet words,
 And take her hand in his own his passion to convey.
 And in great excitement, to know her mind unable,
 Says he : “ O Lady of beautiful teeth ! Afraid am I
 to look
 Full at your beautiful form lest from an evil eye you
 suffer.
 Darling ! The word from my mind sprouting is caught
 in your beauty,
 And reaches not the tip of my tongue.

Lady! Look at this hand that in doubt shakes
 Through longing to hold yours.
 Woman! In all ways I think but cannot decide
 What your mind is. Dear One! If you your love no
 longer show
 Killed shall I be by Cupid. And then can you have me
 by any means? "

(From TIKKANA'S *Mahābhāratam*, "Virātaparvam,"
 II, 45-7)
 (13th Century A. D.)

DAWN IN HEAVEN

The male cuckoos ate the tender leaves of the Parijata
 creeper
 And wanted more. The heavenly elephant with its
 gold bell ringing
 From its neck on its morning duties started. The dark
 short tresses
 Of the Apsara maids stirred the breeze on the waves of
 the Mandakini.
 High rose the sound of the Vedic chant in the hermit-
 ages of the seven Rishis.
 For its little calf in affection the Kamadhenu¹ began to
 bellow.
 And the dawn in heaven the conch-shell sounded in
 Indra's clock.
 Then Manjughosha² lifted the covering bed curtain and
 got down

¹ Kamadhenu is the cow of Heaven.

² Manjughosha, Rambha, Pramlocha, Harini and Menaka are courtesans of Heaven.

From her ivory cot. Rambha, her beautiful anklets
 sounding,
 Her sandals of golden toes put on, and arranging her
 tresses with one hand,
 Released the latch from her glassy door. Drowsy and
 indifferent
 Pramlocha into her long mirror looked. Harini clad
 herself
 In her lotus-bordered sari. And Menaka wore her
 jacket over her breasts.
 And the cock crowed in the homes of the Apsara
 maidens.
 The gods of Amaravati downwards looked in the early
 morn and saw
 The sun to salute him, when in the middle world with
 his dazzling rays
 He appeared like a bunch of *guruvin*da beads
 In the red hand of the damsel of the East.
 The beauty of the lady of daylight awoke. And the
 tender
 And divine hands of the great Rishis were laid on their
 foreheads.
 In the delicate sunlight the young Chakravaka pair by
 Indra fostered
 Stretched out their necks. On the golden lotuses of the
 divine river
 Hummed and swarmed the bees. And in the dancing
 halls
 Of the Vidyadharis the bands of music began to sound.

(FROM SRINATHA'S *Haravilāsamu*, VII, 135-139)

(14th Century A. D.)

MOONRISE IN BENARES

With his tender and fresh rays up to the spaces of the
 heavens
 The moon in a comprehensive sweep the darkness
 pushed,
 As Varaha¹ with a single tusk heroically lifted
 The whole of the earth.
 The nectarous moon rising half his² orb
 In the evening red appeared beautiful,
 Like the Bimba-like lip of the damsel of the East,
 Turned red by the colour of betel leaf and nut.
 When fully risen he shone as if
 He had played on hills of red earth
 And turned pale red, and black also
 By the Kalakuta³ sticking.
 Lo ! Is it the gold peak of the Eastern Mountain ?
 No ! it is the grand Panaghatta.⁴
 It is not the full orb of the moon but the Sivalinga of
 Kashmir.
 No, it is not the lustre of the glow of moonrise ;
 It is the fresh saffron paste.
 No, no, it is not the shine of the group of black spots ;
 It is the lily flower used in worship.
 Such ideas did the rising moon occasion.
 The seven seas swelled and the Chandrakanta stones
 Trickled. Like a pearl-umbrella rose the moon
 And flooded the world with his light.
 Gradually leaving the redness of the rise

¹ The incarnation of Vishnu as a boar.

² The moon is masculine in Indian literature.

³ A black poison.

⁴ The dais or platform on which Siva is installed.

The full moon to the eye a festivity became,
 With the lustre of the diamond-like teeth
 Of the wives of the Kings of the South,
 Set in glistening red within the mouth.
 Then higher over Benares ascended the moon
 The high road of the heavens along.
 On the sacred dais of Siva he poured
 His nectarous rain of light.
 Passing he saw his reflexion
 In Visalakshi's¹ glassy cheeks.
 On the sandy banks of the holy river
 The Chakravaka maids to suffering he put.
 Dhunti Vighnesa² he greeted by patting
 On his hard and spacious neck.
 He added beauty to the teeth of Kalabhairava³
 And showered his light in a forest of bliss.

(From SRINATHA'S *Bhimakhandam*, II, 39-44)

REKHAMBA'S ADVICE TO HER DAUGHTER MANCHALA

(A Heroic Song)

Dear Manchala! Hear gladly.
 On the tree of life there are two fruits, beautiful and
 tasteful:
 Rippling enjoyment the first and fame the second.
 One tastes the first and goes,
 Another tastes the second and dies.
 The difference is wide between the two.

¹ A goddess in Benares.

² An elephant-headed god in Benares.

³ A god in the form of a dog.

The juice that issues from the first,
 Momentary is it and vanishes for ever.
 But that which comes forth from the second
 Is eternal. As long as the directions exist,
 Till the sun dies and the moon,
 The stars, the earth and the ocean vanish,
 Does it last. Those who taste the juice of both
 And enjoy happiness are rare in the world.
 Mortals common obtain the first
 And content can be with it.
 But for those who are of heroic descent
 The first fruit is not of worth.
 Their heroism glowing in their hearts,
 For the second fruit they strive.
 Dear girl! A hero is your lord,
 Enthusiastic he is, longing for renown.
 Give up attachment to enjoyments,
 Balachandra's noble mind understand,
 And try to foster the creeper of his fame.
 Dear girl! Stop him not!"
 Then obediently Manchala
 To her mother did obeisance,
 Approached her lord and reverently stood.

* * *

The lotus-eyed girl blessed him smiling :
 " Beautiful like Cupid and brave in battle,
 Burning like the sun, O Abode of Mercy !
 Soon will you be strong like the son of Vinata,
 Heroic will you be like the son of the Wind.
 You will shine with the brightness of the Sun.
 Avenge Alaraju with your men.
 For the splendour of your great heroism

Blessed will you be by Chennakesava and Srigrilinga.
 And you will prosper. Victory over your enemies
 You will obtain. This weapon will bring you success.
 In this Kaliyuga will you be worshipped as great."
 Thus did Manchala bless her husband.
 And he accepted the sword she gave him.

(From SRINATHA'S *Palnātivīracharitramu*)

THE BLISS OF DEVOTION

Will ever the bee that floats on Mandara honey
 To the Dhattura plant go ?
 Will ever the flamingo that is rocked on the Mandakini
 ripples
 To the rivers of the earth fly ?
 Will ever the cuckoo that feasts on the tendrils of the
 mango
 The Kutaja tree approach ?
 Will ever the Chakravaka that flashes in the full moon
 For the thick snows make ?
 How can the mind intoxicated
 With the nectar of thoughts divine
 To something else ever take ?
 Virtuous King, why a thousand words ?

(From POTANA'S *Bhāgavatam*, VII, 150)

(14th Century A. D.)

THE RESCUE OF GAJENDRA

There in that Vaikuntha, in that corner of the city,
 near that palace,
 On that couch of Chandrakanta stones near the lake in
 the Mandara garden,

While in dalliance with Lakshmi, Vishnu, the Protector
of the afflicted,
Heard the distressed lord of the elephants cry : " Mercy !
Mercy ! " and in haste rose,
Eager to save the elephant's life. He told not Lakshmi
and did not take
The conch-shell and the discus, did not call his
attendants to get ready
His King of the birds, did not comb his ornamented
tresses and did not
Even let go the sari's end, lifted in love's play from the
breasts of Lakshmi.

* * *

Then followed Lakshmi, and after her the servants and
the lord of the birds,
And by his side, the great bow, Kamandaki, conch-shell
and discus,
Then Narada and the commander of the armies.
In short, the whole Vaikuntha followed him, all, young
and old.
Lakshmi, from the lotus of whose face were oozing drops
of honey
And were gladdening the bees, was led along by the end
of her sari
Twisted round the hand of Vishnu. To herself she said :
" He says not where he goes ! Has he heard the wail
of women unprotected ?
Have wicked rogues the Vedas stolen ? Have the
Rakshasa hordes
The city of gods invaded ? Or have vicious people
challenged
His devotees the Lord of the worlds to show ? "

With her ear-ornaments rippling, her braid dancing on
 her shoulders,
 Her sari removed from her breast, her beauty shining
 through her body,
 The scented paste falling from her forehead, her waist
 bent under the weight of her breasts,
 With haste she walks to enquire, but desists lest he
 should not answer.
 Now she steps forward, her knotted tresses ruffling, and
 now tired she lags behind.
 As she walked in the footsteps of her husband she
 looked like a lightning flash after a cloud,
 When she pushed back the short hairs from her forehead
 Bees swarmed on the lotus of her face.
 When the bees were prevented, down came the parrots
 To peck at her Bimba-like lips.
 When these were driven away, the big fishes of the
 Mandakini
 Rushed to swallow her fish-like eyes.
 As that river was crossed, the lightning creepers of the
 sky
 Formed a row to rub with her lightning-like body.
 When these were avoided, the Chakravaka birds
 Challenged her breasts that looked like their kith and
 kin.

* * *

At that time in the protection of the elephant-lord
 absorbed,
 The salutations of gods unacknowledging,
 With the speed of mind, on and on Vishnu journeyed,
 And at a distance saw the lake.

* * *

The ocean of pity, Vishnu, to kill the crocodile
 Hurlled his discus, the protector of the gods, whose
 movements
 Are unchecked in all the worlds.
 The earth shook with convulsions.
 Sparks flying from the discus flew high
 And overpowered Sukra in the heavens.
 Like the sun who would come playfully to embrace
 The new-blown lotuses, gurgling the discus entered the
 waters,
 Stirred them and turned them into a muddy pool.
 It rushed at the wicked crocodile with the speed of
 mind.
 Terrible! It severed its head, and drove life out
 From its body, huge like the Himalayas,
 A terror to the elephant herds, the abode of lust and
 cruelty,
 The drinker of the elephant's blood with infinite
 sanguinity,
 Whose thirst was quenched and who was yearning for
 victory.

(From POTANA'S *Bhāgavatam*, VIII, 94-104¹)

VEMANA'S VERSES

Asses! You make balls of rice,
 Think of your forefathers and to the crows offer.
 But how can a crow that eats dung be an ancestor?
 Hear, O Vema! The Delighter of the World!

¹ This description of the rescue of Gajendra is Potana's own and is not found in the Sanscrit original.

People hear the lizard's note
 And are glad that their attempts would succeed.
 The trials that fail they attribute to their fate!
 Hear, O Vema! The Delighter of the World!

The Brahmins meet and recite nonsense,
 And the wife and husband in marriage unite.
 If they choose an auspicious occasion why becomes she
 a widow?
 Hear, O Vema! The Delighter of the World!

The Turk that to Tirupati goes
 Will not become a Vaishnava devotee.
 The prostitute that visits Benares
 Chaste will not be rendered.
 Can ever a dog become a lion
 If it in the Godavari bathes?
 Hear, O Vema! The Delighter of the World!

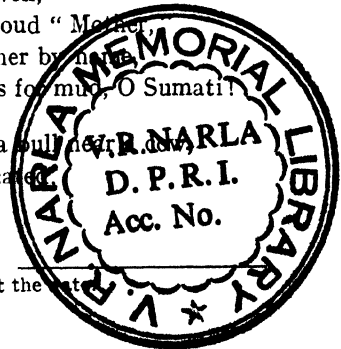
(15th Century A. D. ?¹)

SUMATI'S VERSES

The mouth that does not read well,
 And asks not for food calling aloud "Mother,
 And calls not the younger brother by name,
 Is a pit in which the potter digs for mud, O Sumati!

To a horse drinking water and a bull near a well,
 To an elephant with rut intoxicated,
 To a low fellow uneducated,
 Never go, O Sumati!

¹ There is much controversy about the date.



Education is that which gives,
 And heroism what the battle enters.
 Skill is what is appreciated,
 And harm what ends in calumny.
 This is true on earth, O Sumati !

(15th Century A.D. ¹)

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

With wonder the lotuses of her eyes opened and the
 light
 Flooding her pupils rained down full-blown lotuses.
 Her projecting breasts thrilled, the desires of her heart
 swelled,
 When she saw that Brahmin, handsome like Nalakubara.
 Having seen him she rose up, with the knot of her
 tresses and her young waist
 Slightly wavering. She approached the trunk of a small
 betel tree,
 And flooded the milky ocean of his path with ripples
 of the light of her eyes.
 The fear that first arose made her unsteady. Her joy
 increased,
 And desires began to leap. Her admiration quickened
 the movement of her eyelids.
 Her great passion increased her wonder. Coquettishly
 the tender girl,
 Her beaming eyes streaming moonlight, at the Brahmin
 looked.

(From PEDDANA'S *Manucharitram*, II, 28-30)
 (16th Century A.D.)

¹ There is much controversy about the date and the person.

VILLUPUTTUR

(A Village Scene)

Around the village wells the Dravidian women, before
they bathe,
Rub turmeric on shining stones and wash it down.
The yellow water flows over the swans sleeping below.
Up they wake with shining wings of yellow feathers and
fly about,
The illusion producing that they from the Mandakini
come.

In the early morn the village police on their rounds see
The ducks sleeping with their heads beneath their wings
Along the irrigation canals ; and mistaking them for the
clothes
Washed and lumped and forgotten by the Brahmins
Who come there their morning ablutions to perform, and
wishing
To their owners to restore them, they get down, when
The birds rise up and fly ; at which sight the village
women
That keep watch over their crops laugh in amusement.

The shining Rajana crop its superiority displays,
And interspersed with cranes seems wondrously to
laugh
At the flower gardens proudly ;
In which are planted in rows jasmine creepers and
dates,
And where bloom bunches of flowers
Of Mangoes, Champakas, Gannerus and Bales.

Ripe are the rice crops. With the weight of their ears
They bend. When shaken by the breeze from the
adjacent forests,
Their prickles rub on the lilies that grow thick below.
And when the water in the fields is let out,
The plants appear to have put forth their roots at the
top,
And bending quench their thirst in the sun by drinking
the honey of the flowers.

Ripe is the jack-fruit at the foot of the tree. It bursts
and takes on dirt.
The juice oozes out from it. The buzzing bees swarm
over it to drink its honey.
Oh, the fruit is as huge as a big rock and looks like a
mad elephant
In spring, whose temples burst and are full of dust, and
which,
Drunk with wine, keeps its strong chains incessantly
noisy.

In that village huge and fragrant bunches of ripe fruit
adorn
Rows of plaintain groves. Their fruits have burst and
they scratch the ground.
Like big garlands of thickly set Champaka flowers the
bunches look ;
And their black tips like the bees that faint from the
strong Champaka scent.

There in that town the betel trees drop their dried
leaves on the sugar-canes

And constantly shatter their pearls¹ down into the
 oven where boils the juice,
 And where into powder the pearls are turned, as if
 reminded
 By the betel creeper embracing their necks that the
 powder
 Is the only medicine to enhance the colour of their union.

There among mango groves could be seen sacred tanks
 ancient
 By flowers thickly covered as if we could walk on them,
 from which
 Emanates the smell of camphor, moss, weeds and lilies.
 In them
 Small fish with each other fight ; and to eat them the
 ducks
 Their curved necks thrust into the water with bubbling
 sound.

In the evenings sound the drums in Vishnu's temple.
 Like their echoes through the Buruga trees rise in the
 bowers of pleasure gardens.
 The cries and flutter of the wings of white birds
 That from the tanks fly back to their nests.

(From KRISHNADEVA RAYA'S *Āmuktamālyadā*, I, 64-72)
 (16th Century A. D.)

¹ This refers to the ancient belief that pearls are found in
 sugar-canes.

THE COCK'S CROW

From the hill-tops and roofs of hamlets the cocks
 With their bent necks crowed a threefold note ;
 As if to proclaim : " Hear, O Men ! The knowledge of
 my cry

Everywhere is the cause of the cessation
 Of lovers' activities, and of the beginning
 Of the threefold activity of Dharma, Artha and Moksha,
 Enjoined by the sacred Veda."

(From PEDDANA'S *Manucharitram* III, 55.)

The copper-crested birds crowed in three notes as if
 Proudly to proclaim to the world : " Hear ye my voice !
 Of great importance is it, informing you of the three
 times

When the Rishis in the three worlds worship.
 Do not forget that one day the sage of the time to remind
 No less a god than Indra imitated me,
 And fell a victim to his curse."

(From RAMARAJABHUSHANA'S *Vasucharitram*, IV, 126)
 (16th Century A.D.)

A BEAUTIFUL NOSE

" The bee that enjoys the scents of so many flowers,
 Why does it not myself approach ? "

So thinking the Champaka blossom
 To the forest retired and penance did.

The form of a woman's nose it then took on,
 In which resides the beauty of the world's flowers,
 While the bees as the pair of her eyes
 Rested on both its sides.

(From RAMARAJABHUSHANA'S *Vasucharitram*, II, 47)

THE STARS

Like hailstones in clusters showered
 By the enveloping clouds of darkness welded,
 Like marble bullets which the moon blows, to part,
 Through the pipes of his rays, the Chakravakas,
 Like heaps of moonlight the Apsaras collect
 On the sands of the heavenly river everywhere,
 Like holes in the plate of the heavens through which
 The silver wires of bright moonlight are drawn,
 Like the Akshatas¹ of benediction Rati² sprinkles
 Over her lord starting for the invasion of the world,
 Like drops of perspiration on the sky's body
 Heated by the bright sunlight, the stars appeared.

(From NANDI TIMMANA'S *Pārijātāpaharaṇam*, II, 37)

(16th Century A. D.)

THE BHILLA MAIDS

Upon high watch-towers the Bhilla maids stand,
 And with loud cries drive the birds wonderfully with
 their slings.
 The yellow leaves around their waists their nakedness
 betray,
 And the beauty of their arm-pits spreads on to their
 young breasts.

From the crops the maids scare flocks of birds away
 With sweet cries which the lusty male cuckoo mistakes
 For the notes of its own species and emulates ;

¹ Rice coloured with turmeric.

² Wife of Cupid.

And the Bhilla men that hunt around are pierced to the
heart
By the arrows of Cupid and draw near.

* * *

They roam about with their heroes, with spikes, arrows
and bows
Of close-knotted and strong bamboo, with drawn bow-
strings of bark.
Round the knot of their hair, hard and dishevelled,
The peacock's feathers they tie, and put a red mark
glistening with scent
On their forehead, and cover with deckings of ripe leaves
Their breasts that give no place even to Kuruvinda
beads,
And fix the peacock's tail tightly
To the twined girdle around the waist.

(From DHURJATI'S *Kālahastimāhātmyam*, III, 10-15)

(16th Century A. D.)

THE SUNSET

All the day from the far-off east along the way of the
heavens
Travelled the sun to the West and felt fatigued.
As if perspiring and wishing to bathe
Down into the western waters he dipped.

The evening glow of pure red
And the darkness that alighted on the sea
Looked like red and blue stones embedded
On the sun that appeared like Varuna's head.

Then darkness spread and enveloped the earth
 Like black clouds and dark pigment of the eyes,
 Like waters and the lustre of blue stones,
 And like a heap of black grain, step by step.

(From MOLLA's *Rāmāyana*, I, 6-9)
 (16th Century A. D.)

SUGATRI AND SALINA

In the Sarada monastery of Kashmir there lived a priest.
 His daughter was Sugatri and her husband Salina
 Was adopted as a member of the house. On the first
 day of their union,
 Heavily decorated, into the room the bride was sent,
 While outside watched her friends to see how she was
 received.
 Her ornaments repelled him and he withdrew,
 The girl waited and returned.

* * *

She was at a loss and thought : " If I do anything,
 He will be estranged and left shall I be. Enough if my
 bridal knot
 Unimpaired continues. " No motives she attributed to
 him and continued to wear
 Her ornaments as usual, believing that thereby
 His life would be prolonged and prosperity increased.
 Respectfully her mother she begged not to be vexed
 with him.
 Prevented was the old lady from using harsh words ;
 but at last called
 Her daughter and said : " At least tell him he should

Go to the flower garden and tend. ”
 With respect she called him and on the duty sent.

* * *

In chaste consecration of her life to her husband
 Sugatri wanted her husband to help.
 Fatigued must he be with the work in the garden
 Because of her mother's words.
 There she walks to aid him,
 But returns bashful.

* * *

Flash after flash the lightning shot,
 Peal after peal rolled the thunder,
 And the bolts fell crashing.
 Down poured the clouds in all directions
 Thick jets of water.

* * *

In the house anxious stood Sugatri
 From the time the clouds spread,
 And stray drops into thick showers developed,
 Lest her husband be woefully drenched.

* * *

To her household deity Sarada she prayed
 And could not stay at home.
 Without her mother informing
 She stole out and found him safe.

* * *

Her bashfulness vanished. And through devotion to her
 husband
 That from within swelled
 She ignored her mother's words.
 Decorating herself, all charming,
 To the garden she went where her husband worked.

Though dissuaded by him, her ornaments in a corner
 placing,
She tied her sari round her waist,
And began to work.
She dug and dug with a spade where needed.
Her stout breasts leaped.
Here and there she walked and her quick hips shook
 with weight.
Specks of dirt were spattered on her glossy cheeks
When she directed the water through the channels of
 the beds.
Her waist like a creeper shook as, from place to place,
She carried weights.
Her young body with drops of sweat
A new polish acquired.
Foremost to work she charmed her husband.
When briskly she was working,
Her tight breasts and knot of hair shaking,
Watched was she by her husband and in him love dawned.
He could bear it no longer and said :
“ Mad Girl ! However prevented, you do not desist.
How remote is your life from the garden labour ! ”
With the end of his cloth he wiped
From her forehead sweaty drops,
But they came again as if
Through the mischievous power of Cupid,
And down her shining cheeks streamed.
He saw them and could not endure it.
Saying: “ You have to this labour taken and are
 fatigued, ”
He pressed her head to his breast.

*

*

*

Thus received Sugatri the favour of her husband and
home returned.

That night was she decorated all the more in joy by her
friends,

And entered the bedchamber of her lord.

* * *

But he opened not his eyes at the dazzling ornaments

And scented pastes, and looked aside.

Unmoved, he did not stir.

Anxious the girl became and thought :

“What has happened in the house to displease my
lord ? ”

* * *

Then as before to the flower garden she went

And joyfully undertook the tasks.

His favour she received and then realised

That charms natural and not ornaments to him appealed.

(From PINGALI SURANA'S *Kalāpūrṇodayam*, IV, 60-123)

(16th Century A. D.)

INDU SATAKAM

Moon! Are you not coming in these full-moon nights

From the flocks of Nanda's sheep?

How goes Burdaranya? Are the cattle flourishing?

Are Nanda and his wife doing well?

With the cowherd boys and girls happy,

Are Krishna and Halayudha playing?

Moon! Are you not coming in these full-moon nights

From the flocks of Nanda's sheep?

Have you looked at Krishna tending

The cattle, by many girls attended,

In his sweet voice singing,
 And slow smiles extending,
 In his Cupid's form charming,
 And with youth blooming ?

Moon ! Are you not coming in these full-moon nights
 From the flocks of Nanda's sheep ?
 Does ever Krishna think of me
 In pity, knowing my state ?
 Does he ever wish my longing to satisfy ?
 What a joy I derive when in Nanda's lands I see
 His charming games of childhood !

Moon ! Are you not coming in these full-moon nights
 From the flocks of Nanda's sheep ?
 In the pasture grounds Yasoda sees Krishna,
 Looks fondly at his beautiful face,
 And says : " He is the ocean of our merits " ;
 She passes him to Nanda. How he caresses !
 Have you seen with both your eyes ?

Moon ! Are you not coming in these full-moon nights,
 From the flocks of Nanda's sheep ?
 Tell the darling of the cowherd Nanda
 My words as I speak.
 " My thought, learning, self and life
 Do I surrender to you.
 Save me, meet me without fail,
 My heart to satisfy. "

(PUSULURI SOMARAJU)

(17th Century A. D.)

SONGS OF TYAGARAJU

Great are you by marrying our Janaki.
 O greatest King of kings! O lotus-eyed One!
 Your fame as Ravana's foe you owe to her.
 To the forest she went and, with Fire remaining,
 Her false form she gave the Demon to carry.
 At the foot of the Asoka tree, by his words enraged,
 With a look she would have killed him but for your glory.
 O Protector of Tyagaraju! Your greatness you owe
 to her.

Is it not for bliss that they surround you?
 O Giver of fortune, Ocean of mercy, Self of Chit,
 And Chintamani of the dependents!
 In your beauty Sita finds happiness,
 And Lakshmana in the signs of your eyes.
 In the grace of your face Bharata finds joy,
 And Satrughna in the halo of your wisdom.
 O Tyagaraju's Boon-giver!
 Is it not for bliss that they surround you?

O Mind! worship the glorious deities of the Svaras¹
 seven
 That reside in the naval, heart, throat and tongue
 And nose and other organs; in the Rik, the Sama and
 the other Vedas,
 In the heart of Gayatri and the minds of gods and
 Brahmins
 And in Tyagaraju.
 O Mind! Worship the glorious deities of the Svaras
 seven.

¹ Musical notes.

O Mind! Is there virtue in music without devotion
divine ?

Adored was it by Bringa and Matanga,
Natesa, Hanuman, Agastya and Narada.

Even for Tyagaraju, who the just from the unjust
discerns,

And knows that the worlds are by nature Maya,
And to be won are the six deadly enemies.

Is there virtue in music without devotion divine ?

(18th Century A. D.)

ANDHRA NAYAKA SATAKAMU

Was it not with the idea that you were not there
That in wrath the Danava King struck the pillar in the
hall with his palm ?

Was it not with the idea that you were not there
That at the womb of Uttara Asvatthama his arrow
aimed ?

Was it not with the idea that you were not there
That the Kuru King to the abode of the Pandavas
Durvasa sent ?

Was it not with the idea that you were not there
That Dussasana in the full council Draupadi's garment
removed ?

Though absent, were you not present everywhere ?
Strange it is that you cannot be here.

O Lord of varied and wondrous powers! O merciful
One!

O Life of the afflicted! O Andhra Lord of Srikakula!

When will your temple illumined be with the big lamps
your devotees offer ?

When will your home the sweet fragrance emit of
Agaru¹ and Sambrani ?²

When will your temple the sweet sounds and tones
enjoy of dances and songs ?

When will your beautiful body shine with worship and
decorations ?

Now you appear poor like a miser.

Did such a thing ever before happen ?

O Lord of varied and wondrous powers ! O merciful
One !

O Life of the afflicted ! O Andhra Lord of Srikakula !

In that Repalle when the cowherd damsels wanted to
beat you

In house after house did you not hide ?

In that Rasa play when surrounded and caught by girls,
Did you not try to escape ?

When at you the sixteen thousand princesses stared,
Did your mind not rave ?

In love's quarrel scolded by your eight wives

Did you not for affection beg ?

Even before women were you perplexed !

Can you stand before your royal enemies ?

O Lord of varied and wondrous powers ! O merciful
One !

O Life of the afflicted ! O Andhra Lord of Srikakula !

(KASULA PURUSHOTTAMA KAVI)

(18th Century A. D.)

¹ Scent.

² Incense.

SIMHADRI NARASIMHA SATAKAMU

For a merry dance this is not the bank of the Yamuna
but a battle-field.

To beat and drive, these are not herds of cattle but
cavalry.

To grasp and see, these are not the breasts of cowherd
girls but cannon balls.

The old Arjuna trees these are not that broke at your
touch, but soldiers.

You cannot fight with the Yavana¹ armies!

This is like you who by cruel Jarasandha were routed.

Won't you be laughed at?

O Terror of the enemy! Narasimha of Simhadri!

Prahlada you did not save except after the torture by
Kasipa.

Panchali you did not protect except after the Kuru
King by the hair dragged her.

You did not rescue the elephant lord except after his
agonies from the crocodile.

You did not help the Pandavas except after their
sufferings.

Your devotees you do not defend except after miseries.

Caressed is the baby after it is made to weep.

O Terror of the enemy! Narasimha of Simhadri!

What greatness was there in crushing Bali

After he granted the three feet of land you begged for?

Concealed you killed Vali to please Sugriva:

That alone is suited to you.

¹ Muslim.

That was your valour when you fled
Of Kalayavana afraid to Muchikunda.
In the flight to Dvaraka lies your heroism
By Jarasandha defeated in battle.
To speak truth is to invite wrath.
Are you a hero? Defeat the Yavana hordes cruel,
And preserve the creation of the Andhras.
O Terror of the enemy! Narasimha of Simhadri!

The divine prowess that protected the gods
By killing Hiranyaksha and others,
Your heroism that defended the hermits
By destroying Ravana and his kin,
The way you save the meek in the world
By slaying cruel men like Sisupala,
Your mercy that rules the earth
By annihilating the wicked like Kamsa,
We hear of but never have seen.
We now see the power that subdues
The Yavanas and saves the people.
O Terror of the Enemy! Narasimha of Simhadri!

You viewed us, merciful, and to protect us,
O lotus-eyed One! You have sent
Huge terrible bees from within the hill
To meet the Persian armies
Like dark clouds in a cataclysm
They overwhelm the sky and attack,
And drink streams of blood that flow from the
enemy.
Lumps of flesh fall from his body
As they tear him with their sharp steel stings.

They surround each and kill him ! O Wonder !
O Terror of the Enemy ! Narasimha of Simhadri !

(GOGULPATI KURMANATHA)
(18th Century A. D.)

KUKKUTESVARA SATAKAMU

Great in the world it is not to get upon a throne ;
Proudly the tree-top can the monkey climb.
To put on ornaments is not a blessing ;
Gorgeously decorated is the beggar's bull.
Real fame is not to hoard treasures ;
The dog protects several of them.
It is not a pleasure to oppress people ;
All living creatures Yama plagues.
These are not the marks of royalty,
But heroism, generosity and manliness.
O Praised of the world ! Inhabitant of Pithapura !
O Kukkutesa, glorious as a crore of moons !

(KUCHIMANCHI TIMMAKAVI)
(18th Century A. D.)

KALUVAYI SATAKAMU

The skill in speech of a woman whose lover is away
Is like that of a parrot speaking in a ruined house.
The beauty of a woman from her husband separated
Is like that of a night without the full moon.
The hauteur of a woman by her lord abandoned
Is like that of a peacock's dance in some wild tract.
And the youth of a woman rejected by her husband
Is like that of flowers that blossom on some high hill.

My life has become miserable like this.
Why has Brahma created me thus to suffer ?
O Friend ! To the young Krishna of Kaluvayi go.
O Lotus-eyed Lady ! Return with him, quickly.

(DABBIRU NARASIMHA KAVI)

(19th Century A. D.)

MODERN POETRY

MOHINI

When at the beauty of Prakriti we look,
And of the power of Purusha think,
How diverse appears the nature of love !
As mother, wife and daughter
Prakriti offers happiness.
As son, husband and father
Purusha enjoys happiness.
When Prakriti and Purusha are one
In the bliss undifferentiated of the Brahman,
Merging, emerging and re-emerging,
They long for crores of births.
One with experince is the witness.

(From M. PARVATISVARA SASTRI'S *Pālavelli*)

THE CLOUD

Unable to know Nature's truth
I wander with a roving mind
Along the ways of the world, worried.
But why, O Cloud, like me do you wander ?
Ignorant of your greatness, might and destiny,
Under an illusion are you.
Innumerable are the powers
That rest in you.

Do you not with powerful ease amazing,
 Full shining darkness displaying,
 Conceal sometimes the dazzling sun
 Worshipped of the three worlds ?
 Indeed are you with supreme light endowed.
 But, ignorant of your greatness, might and destiny,
 Under an illusion are you.

Sometimes dense and with fearful strength,
 Releasing tempestuous waves of cataclysmic winds,
 Like a dreadful cannon you roar.
 Is not the grandeur of this ceaseless downpour
 Your greatness and your destiny ?
 Indeed are you with supreme light endowed.
 Sometimes playfully you shine
 In sprouting shades of evening glow.
 You dance in the streets of the heavens
 In glorious colours and glee.
 Is not this joy enthusiastic
 Your wealth and your destiny ?
 Then still, O Cloud, why do you wander ?

(SRIRANGAM SRINIVASA RAO)

AWAKENING

When in the city of Amaravati the Buddhists their
 university established,
 And in Warrangal military colleges for the heroic cult
 were run,
 When festive pavilions for the Muse in Vizianagar were
 raised,
 And near Potnur the Andhra Empire built her pillar of
 victory,

To what a heroism and ambition did our forefathers,
happy and sublime,
Consecrate themselves! Sprinkle the Akshatas on the
Andhra land,

And, O Andhras, bless her with that enthusiasm.

The Telugu language which was a glory and taught the
Tamil race her songs,

The Telugu sword that flashed unendurable by her enemy
hordes,

The Telugu beauty which her neighbours the standards
of beauty taught,

The Telugu land whose rivers the green earth with crops
endow,

I remind you, that they might the streets of your mind
with feeling flood,

They are not dead. Dead is not the Andhra history.

Oh, you who can feel! Tear your hearts and read it
there.

When the Andhra boats meet, spring and dance on the
Krishna's waves,

When in every home the Andhra genius rubs with
the light of Telugu letters,

When the Andhra skill in the world of fine arts contests,
And the Andhra valour strides forward under the colours
in battle array,

Then will the Andhra sons and daughters see, and with
joy and pride

Shake their heads and obtain peace. Till that day no
rest can we have.

Is this the time for quiet and making no vows ?

(RAYAPROLU SUBBARAO)

THE THUNDERBOLT

As in world-destruction,
With sound shattering the sky,
O Thunderbolt, do not roar.
Stop and hear my request.
My golden idol,
The giver of my happiness,
On the hard ground in the graveyard
Sleeps unconscious.
O Thunderbolt! Display not
Your great prowess there.
My dear daughter will shudder and rise
And weep bitterly loud.
I rave with a burning heart ;
I am the father.
Please do not be vexed
With a poor father's request.

(BASAVARAJU APPARAO)

THE POET BEGS FOR PATRONAGE

Mother! With a full meal are we never blessed
Though the songs of the rising sun we sing.
We notice not those ways of motherly patronage
In spite of our delicate sounds on Vina's strings.
Where are the charms of the flowers that fall
Separated from their stems? Mother! Give us alms!

Bathing in the sweet waters of the Krishna,
With thrills water in hands holding
Awaiting are the brother poets,
Reciting new songs beautiful.

Delay not. Your motherly affection bestow
On your wandering sons, who have to go.
Mother! Give us alms!

(ABBURI RAMAKRISHNA RAO)

THE FARMER'S WIFE

Quickly bathe, Farmer, to eat your rice and butter-milk
Speaking sweet words to the poor lady who is coming
With her pot of food. The hot dust in the path has
blistered

Her feet. From her face is streaming sweat.
Lady! For the blisters on your feet chafe not at your
husband.

Cultivation for running the family is possible
If both of you labour. Can ever a cart reach
Its destination if in opposite directions its horses pull?
Woman! Do not be sad if the yield is to your pains
not proportionate.

Till the scorching sun goes down, swing in clusters of
banyan roots.

Then take the path home. Your child might have got
up

From sleep and for milk been weeping. Sweet Baby!
While along the path walking, from the tank nearby
A few lotuses pluck and take them home. The child
Will look at the beautiful flowers in wonder and play,
While you do your work in the kitchen before your
husband returns.

Having sucked honey from flowers, charming to the ears
The swarms of bees are singing sweet songs and tunes.
Why mix you not your voice with their pleasant hum,

And with your heart swelling even a village song sing?
 Rich daughters wear ornaments of varicoloured stones,
 and saris

Of lace-borders. Seeing them, hanker not after those
 deceitful trinkets.

Your juicy love is a gem invaluable. Let it shine in the
 lotus of your heart.

Your husband may see you wearing thousands of costly
 ornaments.

Still he will not love you if for a moment your smiles
 sweet,

Which rain from your blooming face, do not appear.

Ornaments can never equal love in honourable woman.

(From DUVVURI RAMI REDDI'S *Kṛshīvaludu*)

MYSELF

The world of the Gandharvas was first my home,

The land of beautiful songs of delicious nectar.

A song of separation am I. High in a flight I flew

Along the ways of the moonlight of sleep,

Grazing the tragic tones of some lute.

I am the streak of pain of the heart's passion

Of some woman from her lover separated.

During her painful hunger I fell

From her tender finger's shaky tip

Into this infinite world.

That was the first time I ran

In all directions for reasons unknown.

From that time I wander

Along the roads of love of the Apsara maids,

In the beautiful throats of the Kinnaris,

In the embraces of the Sravana clouds,

Among the brilliant rows of stars,
 And on the broad wings of the winds,
 Day and night without sleep and rest.
 This is a mad search, meaningless,
 Endless and restless.
 Thus I roam in this playful exile
 Across the space of the directions
 Like a sigh, a dumb tear and a deep desire.
 (DEVULAPALLI KRISHNA SASTRI)

GOD'S CHARIOT

O Lord! With divine speed does your Chariot run.
 Crushed is my body under its wheels
 That with clots of blood are blotted.
 Your Chariot shines with sublime light,
 But stopped not at the uneven jerk,
 Even looked not back at my sudden cry.
 Tomorrow will your cleaner wash
 My blood from the wheels.
 There among the marks of blood of so many men
 O God! how discerned can be mine?

(VISVANATHA SATYANARAYANA)

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

The Language of flowers is to Enki known :
 Enki knows the mind of the garden flowers.
 Says Enki : " The flower plants stand
 The watery ways along
 Your songs to hear. "

The language of flowers is to Enki known :
 Enki knows the mind of the garden flowers.

Says Enki : " Touch the flower plant ;
 It is a virtue.
 This flirting girl
 Puts on an ornamental petal. "

The language of flowers is to Enki known :
 Enki knows the mind of the garden flowers.

Says Enki : " As if with masts hoisted
 When the bee like a ship flies,
 The flowers bend along its path
 With their hands folded. "

The language of flowers is to Enki known :
 Enki knows the mind of the garden flowers.

(From NANDURI SUBBARAO'S *Enki Pātalū*)

IF THE BOAT BREAKS

So long this anxious thought has my mind haunted
 That this boat will break. But now
 My joy swells at the idea that you will help,
 Swimming the vast ocean without leaving the wreck.

So long this anxious thought has my mind haunted
 That this boat will break. But now my heart leaps
 At the thought that within the ocean
 You will build a diamond chariot with the wreck.

So long this anxious thought has my mind haunted
 That this boat will break. But now my mind is calm
 With the thought that you will the wreckage gather
 And honour it as the fuel for your funeral pyre.

(NAYANI)

THE GLOW OF FRIENDSHIP

The glow of our long friendship
That knows no difference,
Is it the shower of moonlight ?
Is it the full-blown jasmines ?
Our youthful love is aged in our mind.
In our friendship close
Is it a group of lightnings ?
Or some light inexhaustible ?
Days coursed like moments
Along shortest routes.
Is it the lustre of eyes ?
Or the merit of our best days ?
Is it the essence
Of the love of all our life ?
Is it the delicate shine
Of white moonlight,
The symbol of love sublime ?

(T. VISVASUNDARAMMA)

PHIRDAUSI TO MAHMUD OF GHAZNI

(The story of Phirdausi is well known. Mahmud invited the poet to immortalise his conquests in a poem and promised to pay one gold *dīnār* for every verse. The poet laboured for thirty years and produced the *Shānāmā* of sixty thousand verses. But the Sultan paid only a silver coin for each verse, which the poet refused

to accept and, as Mr. Joshua represents him, wrote the following letter.)

O Sultan Mahmud! I relied on the deceitful lights of
 lightning,
 And built a palace of hope. A barren void has it
 become,
 Has stolen my all and crashed into Hell. In a world
 overwhelmed
 By sorrow am I left, a product of unavailing pains.
 The heart of Sultans, that resolutely feeds the sword
 with men,
 Is hard like a stone. The sin of sprinkling the nectar
 of my Muse on them
 Is weighing me down. True, my own fault it is. And
 the gold
 Is burnt in its fire. How can it ever reach me? Now is left
 Only for songs of misery the black in my pen. Un-
 fortunate am I.
 My youth has sunk with its strength. The demon of
 old age possesses my body.
 The reward of thirty years' service is now tears to
 despair dedicated.
 For every verse I wrote by one drop has my blood
 decreased.
 It was vain labour. Can ever a king of high descent
 be false
 Like this? Would he not to the Muse his debt repay?
 Sultan Mahmud! Your true nature I knew not and
 have been deceived.
 In the name of Allah you promised in gold to pay. And
 now

You pay in silver and cheat. Will ever Allah be happy
If by you worshipped? O King Mahmud! In all the
worlds

He is a man and great who speaks the truth.

A palace for your fame have I built happily to live,
And blessed it with posterity and long life. With
empty hands

Shall I go into darkness. The sun on my happiness has
set.

At the black gate of dreadful misery shall I dance. I
sprinkled

The Attar of jasmine and anointed for eternity a
slave.

Has any from artificial lace gold extracted, O cruel
Muslim King,

In this world? Fiery coals of everlasting misery have
I poured

On my head. In the graveyards of Muslim kings shall
I now rest.

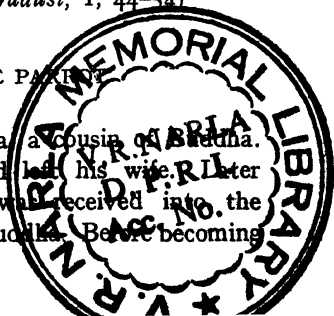
Tired is my mind with this labour of thirty years.
My Muse that can rain

The full-moon light endlessly has now into a liar's hands
fallen.

(From G. JOSHUA'S *Phirdausi*, I, 44-54)

SUNDARI TO THE PAKISTANI

(Sundari is the wife of Nanda, a cousin of Buddha.
Nanda became a Sanyasin and left his wife. Later
Sundari became a nun and was received into the
monastery of her husband by Buddha. Before becoming



a nun, one day she remembers the happy days of her love and addresses her pet parrot thus.)

Fond Parrot! Is it not foolish to stop for sport in the
garden tank of our house,

The Mandakini of love that, submerging the three
worlds, rises?

Placed on the flow'ry throne of his sweet and infinite
love I tried to judge,

And grant boons like a goddess whenever begged. The
sweet lady

Of his heart was I made. O Friend! Dethroned have
I been.

Over the limitless kingdom of the world he now reigns.

Not knowing the depth of my lover's mind I took it

To be only knee-deep, and my heart swelled. Maharshi
Gotama discovered the mines

At his heart's bottom and presented pure diamonds to
the people of the world.

That auspicious light which shone in the dark caves of
my heart

Illumines the world today, and with its pure lustre of
love floods it.

The world's merits have fructified: it is receiving now
the services of my lord.

But do I object? Let my poor self too get a part and
be not outcast.

Do I not deserve to turn into flowery carpets the paths
my beloved treads?

Can I not be water and flowers for his worship of the
world?

In his loving service of the distressed can I not be the
fan to cool
His perspiration of fatigue? Should I not put life into
the wonderful ideas
He paints on the monastery's walls? If he that life a
boon regards,
Is this life for me proper? He has left for the forest
And made my home a wild? Can I not his forest into
a temple turn?

(From PINGALI LAKSHMI KANTAM and KATURI
VENKATESVARA RAO's *Saundarananda*)

THE BELOVED'S OMNIPRESENCE

You beckon with the hands of the wreaths of waves
And call me aloud from the sea.
You hide behind the ripe moonlight fully spread
And smile at me from the sky.
Through the drifts of breezes, sweet, cool and gentle,
Your desires do you whisper.
Through the tears of dew of honeyed flowers
You look at me from the earth.
You manifest through the crackling fire
Your anger when I do some wrong.
The form of all the elements you are in essence ;
Though no more on earth, you are with me for ever.

(From SIR C. R. REDDY's "Dedication" in his
Arthaśāstramu)

DRAMA

THE FOOLISH BRIDEGROOM

(Sarasvati and Madhurika in male attire. Enters Jayarama Sing.)

Sing—"Ha, Ha! We are not ignorant that you are men come for an interview with us. Now what is the prayer you want to submit?"

Madhurika—(To herself) "For an interview with you!—That is false. Men!—That too is false."
(Aloud), "Sir why did you let go the young deer that fell into your hands?"

Sing—"When we saw the tails of those deer the knotted braid of our new bride flashed before our mind. We therefore ordered that no harm should be done to them. This is the worldly reason."

Madhurika—"That is very good. What a taste for beauty! You are the great poet who will start the new poetic usage of comparing a lady's heavy tresses to a deer's tail. You are speaking of the worldly reason. What can that other-worldly reason be?"

Sing—"Is it not enjoined that we should not kill the animal that adorns the knotted hair of our holy Vasishtha?"

Madhurika—"But do not the Puranas say that that animal is to be found in Siva's hand?"

Sing—"Indeed, in the North Indian recensions it is so. But in the Kritayuga Sankaracharya proved that it was an interpolation."

Madhurika—"Ha, Ha! Your critical scholarship has lighted up every subject."

Sing—"In the sixty-four arts and sciences established by our ancients our knowledge is as perfect as the language of legal documents. Only a true judge can know; but such a one is not to be found anywhere today, probably because those old kings are no more. Cock-fighting by itself is a science as vast as the ocean. One who does not know it does not deserve to be a king. Stealing is a great art. One who is not perfect in it is not fit to be a minister. After all even begging is an art. One who is ignorant of it is not worthy of being a Brahmin."

* * *

Sarasvati—"Boy! Why do you trouble His Highness by talking about all sorts of things? Take leave of His Highness. We shall depart. We have important business. Why waste our time?"

Madhurika—"Sir, please excuse me. Now we go. (Aside) I shall make him fall at your feet. Please wait a minute."

Sarasvati—(Aside) "I do not care."

Sing—"Well, Sir, why is he so angry?"

Madhurika—"You ask me calmly why he is angry! For what you have said he would have caught

you by the hair, shaken you and dashed you to the ground. For my sake he must have kept quiet."

Sing—"Why? Have we said anything offensive? You see, we never pick quarrels. Not because we are not brave. How can we not be brave when we eat one goat a day? Courage lies in the strength of teeth. Take it from us, he who cannot scrape with his teeth as with an iron scraper the fat from pork must have his courage dead. From teeth to tonsils is the region of effort, below which there is liberation effortless. Anyway, now tell me why your friend is angry. More important than that,—how can he be appeased? We should scratch immediately we feel itching, but not delay enquiring into causes."

Madhurika—"As you are his great enemy he will not be satisfied until he punishes you."

Sing—"Why so far? Flight is also a sign of valour. This is recognized by philosophers. So shall we respectfully retreat?"

Madhurika—"If you stir, he will cut you to pieces."

Sing—"If it comes to that, we shall fall at his feet. We make no distinction between dignity and indignity. And we care less for name and descent. Fighting is for lower animals, not for men."

(From PANUGANTI LAKSHMI NARASIMHAM'S
Sarasvati)

PRATAPARUDRA AND VIDYANATHA

(Scene 3. On the Deck)

Vidyanatha—(To himself) “Here all are Muslims. There is nothing noteworthy. What can there be inside the boat?” (Shivering and dripping water over the whole deck) “Fever! Fever! Oh dear! It is as if the pestle had fallen on the finger with a boil. Cold! Cold! Cold! Hu, Hu, Hu, Hoo!”

The Second Muslim Soldier—“Pandit, don’t drip water here. Get inside. Sit there comfortably. You will not feel cold there. This is the Godavari.”

Vidyanatha—(Gets up) “Where? Hu, Hu, Hu!” (Descends and comes up again) “My God! All is one dark corner!”

Boatman—“Sir, the darkness will not last for more than a moment.”

(Scene 4. Inside the boat)

Vidyanatha—“If so, all right.” (Gets down and looks round. Takes ashes and rubs them thick over his body for preventing cold. Wipes off water from a book of palmyra leaves and arranges its leaves)

Prataparudra—(Sees Vidyanatha and says to himself) “What! This Brahmin is shining like the Fire-god. From his arrival I conclude that Minister Janardana is trying to

prevent the Muslims from crossing the Godavari and destroy them here alone. My ministers are not at fault. This is only fate, which can be countered only by Yugandhara." (Thoughtfully) "Through him will the ministers learn of me."

Vidyanatha—(Opens the book and chants)

“ ‘ Now through Virarudra Deva’s charities
Exhausted soon will be the gold moun-
tain ;

Numbered are its days. ’ So thinking
Rejoices the Chakravaki.”

Prataparudra—“ Oh! What a beautiful verse! What is that book, respected Sastri? ”

Vidyanatha—“ Is there a ghost in this boat? ” (Looks around searching) “ What is this light in the corner? ” (Sees the King) “ What! Is this boat pregnant? Sir, you too are here to bear me company! ”

Prataparudra—“ What is that book? ”

Vidyanatha—(To himself) “ Who is this gentleman? He is tearing the darkness like the rising sun. All right.” (Aloud) “ Sir, this book? This is a work on poetics. I have composed it on Emperor Prataparudra.”

Prataparudra—“ Why have you composed it on him? ”

Vidyanatha—“ If any reward is given, I wish to celebrate the marriage of my daughter.”

Prataparudra—“ Have you received any reward? ”

Vidyanatha—“ Reward! Even an audience has been a big zero.”

Prataparudra—“ Why? ”

Vidyanatha—"The King is not in the capital. I waited for a month. He has not returned."

Prataparudra—"What has happened to him?"

Vidyanatha—"I do not know what has happened to him. Some say that he went hunting, some that he made a pilgrimage to Benares and some that they do not know. Each says something different. I got impatient and for want of royal patronage I started back home."

Prataparudra—"Then why do you not dedicate it to somebody else and obtain a reward?"

Vidyanatha—"Sir, am I so lucky? Everywhere I glorified his name only."

Prataparudra—(To himself) "Alas! How painful to hear such words!" (Aloud) "Respected Sir, will you please read one or two verses? I shall listen and be happy."

Vidyanatha—"Very well. What else do I want than an appreciative listener?"

'From a distance the enemies hear drums
that beat

The setting out of Prataparudra's armies
on their march,

Their sounds spreading over the world.
And the fever of fear

They catch, to the mountains flee and
thick forests enter.

Thorns catch them by the hair. And
mistaking the trees

For their enemies, they beg, "Mercy!
Save us, leave us."'"

Prataparudra—"Oh! How beautiful! Is it nectar or poetry?"

Vidyanatha—"Hear this:—

'The Andhra Emperor his mighty hand
raises and with his sword
The crowns of his foes sends flying, at the
sight of which
The sun flees mistaking them for Rahu ;
and then, as if
His protecting hand lifting, the Emperor
sends up
Enveloping dust. In the battle fury he
breaks the heads
Of drunken elephants, from which are
thrown up heaps of pearls,
Which like shining stars in the sky surround
The moon-like faces of the damsels of the
heavens.'"

Prataparudra—"You are in truth Vidyanatha, the lord of learning. There is nothing to give you. My hands are not free even to salute. In the pocket of my coat there is my seal finger ring. Take it—there is nothing a poet cannot understand—and use it."

Vidyanatha—(Takes it and reads the name, "Maharaja Prataparudra," and with surprise):—

"You have my name uttered, and I
Yours have seen. Again on your finger
Shall I place this—may the Goddess of
Virtue
Protect you!—on the throne of War-
rangal!"

Prataparudra—(To himself) “ Oh ! His name is
 Vidyanatha ! A great poet indeed. His
 vow may be that of Chanukya. God has
 given me some support. ”

Vidyanatha—“ Now I go. ”

Prataparudra—“ Salutations. ”

(From VEDAM VENKATARAYA SASTRI'S

Pratāparudrīyam, Act III)

PROSE

ON FRIENDS

No member of the human race can be happy without at least a few friends. Even the naked forest-dwellers living like animals cannot be happy without friends, however small their number, suited to their mode of living. There are three advantages derivable from friendship.

1. One can talk over one's joys and sorrows with friends. If we relate to our companions the story of our miseries half our sorrow is gone and our heart becomes light. When we give our friends the news of our joys, our joys are doubled and we get infinite happiness.

2. We can obtain good advice regarding our affairs. However excellent our advice may be regarding others' matters, in our own affairs we cannot use our intelligence so well. As we are unable to discern the good from the bad when our own self is involved, we have to depend upon the good counsel of others who wish us well.

3. In times of need we can obtain help. When physically or financially we are in a bad state we need

pecuniary assistance. None will give us such help except those who are interested in seeing that we are happy. Even when we are rich we undoubtedly need man's assistance. Hence in order to enjoy the above benefits every man is in need of friends.

Since our joys and our troubles increase or decrease according as we have good or evil friends, we should always make friends with good people and enjoy the benefits. Our conduct may be good. But if we have evil friends the world will regard us also as bad. So in all ways we should try to give up the company of bad men. Those who are friends should help each other in their activities and wish the welfare of each other till death. That friendship the bond of which can be broken at the slightest provocation is not true. Hence we should not trust all as friends, but watch them long. If they are found to be good we should conduct ourselves towards them with an open heart. Some men with a motive appear friends, remain faithful till their work is done, and afterwards leave us. Generally the friends of the rich are almost all of this type. But when the rich become poor none of such friends makes his appearance. Therefore he who is a friend through affection and expects nothing in return is a true friend, but others are not. They are selfish rogues who pretend to be friends. Those who are gentlemen expect help from their friends after the friendship is established, but do not cultivate friendship in order to get such help.

Generally boys who are naturally without experience trust everybody as a friend and reveal their secrets to any. By regarding as a bosom friend every wicked

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rogue who approaches them pretending friendship, they bring upon themselves not only troubles but also sometimes danger to their lives. We should therefore have an eye on pretenders and act very carefully.

Young men and boys often obtain friends of a different type. During the time of their friendship they act as friends for life, render financial and other help to one another, and in quarrels with others fight with them as a body. Friendship among such people is struck during debauchery or gambling. So long as this relationship lasts they speak of their secrets and render help to one another and remain the fastest friends. If accidentally the bond that united them is broken, they tread upon their friendship and from that day become deadly enemies, expose each other's secrets and do harm to each other. Only friendship acquired in performing good acts lasts long and is a giver of happiness; but that acquired while performing evil deeds can never be a lasting and happy one. The guardians of the young should know this and prevent them from making friends with bad people.

Friends are not made in a day or two. Hence we should not commit the mistake of thinking that they are made at first sight or by short acquaintance. True friendship sprouts slowly, takes root and grows its branches and strengthens its roots in the mind, but never like a magician's tree spreads its branches and bears fruit all of a sudden. We should keep these truths in our mind, never open it to others, and behave skilfully. But then we should not appear distrustful. We should treat all with love and kindness, but until we are able

to know their innermost heart, should not open ours and should conduct ourselves as suits the occasion.

(K. VIRESALINGAM)

A GLORIOUS PAST

Then Rama Raju spoke thus : “ Jagannatha Dasu ! From the time I saw Warrangal I have been beside myself. Of the ancient splendour of the city I heard from my elders, but have never seen it with my own eyes. When I reflect over the glory of the city of those days and its present wretchedness, dejection fills my mind. What a splendour did that city experience ! Not to speak of that city. Are not all these paths those that were trodden by the great armies of Ganapati Deva and Prataparudra Deva ! Some of the trees on the sides of this road must have actually seen the invasions of Prataparudra Deva. If all the leaves of these trees were tongues, and if, like the human, God had endowed them with the power of speech, could they not have described the might of the Kakatiya Empire more beautifully, more skillfully than historians and Adisesha with his two thousand tongues ? Many of the trees found here must have sheltered under their cool shade and tended the soldiers of Warrangal who were wounded in battle and fatigued by the journey. These parts must have echoed the boom of the war drums of the Kakatiya Kingdom, which were a terror to its enemies. The war elephants of Prataparudra Deva, like thousands of moving mountains, with auspicious bells tinkling from their necks and gold-tipped houdahs on their broad backs, going with a slow and steady pace, as if the goddess of

the Kakatiya Empire put on thousands of huge forms and was taking a pleasure-walk, must have made all these adjacent forests echo their loud roars, and the Adishesha and the eight elephants of the directions supporting the earth bend their necks.

(FROM CHILAKAMARTI LAKSHMI NARASIMHAM'S *Krishnaveni*, VII)

RAJYALAKSHMI'S REFUSAL

While some felt sorry that the attempts for the marriage of Rajyalakshmi with the son of her paternal aunt failed, others were glad. About this the person who was the most sorry was Peri Sastri's mother, Narasamma. Unwilling to break off with a close relation, though they complained that they could not pay so heavy a dowry, she wanted to settle the match even by giving a part of her own money. But at the very start she was disappointed. She told her devoted son in several ways, chided him and scolded herself. She demonstrated the advantage of entering into an alliance with close relations. She explained the disadvantages of not keeping one's children within the bounds of discipline. But nothing was of avail. Even if he had sold his all, it would not have been enough for the dowry. Himself to refuse assent to the marriage he deemed improper. He was in fact glad that Rajyalakshmi herself, without throwing the burden of responsibility on his shoulders, refused it. Though Mangamma was sorry that they were missing an alliance with a family of equal status, she was angry with the bridegroom's parents who demanded so high a dowry, and was not

without relief now that the marriage proposals had failed. All the rest were pleased with what Raju had done; for if the house had been emptied for a single marriage, the family would have had to starve.

(From KETAVARAPU VENKATA SASTRI'S *Rājyalakshmi* .)

COCK-FIGHT BETWEEN MACHERLA AND GURIJALA
CHIEFS

Then both the kings agreed that Nayakuralu on the side of Nalagama Raju and Brahma Nayadu on the side of Pedamali Deva Raju should be the representatives. Nayakuralu rose up and looking at Pratapa Reddi, said : " Sir, Mr. Reddi, where is our Kakidega (a kind of black cock) ? Leave it first into the arena. " Pratapa Reddi got that Dega cock ready and pushed it forward to fight.

Brahma Nayadu saw it and, observing, " How is it ? It is blacker than the crow ! What ? Have they coloured it ? " ordered, " Kanna, let loose our Vinjaberasa (a kind of cock) as its rival. "

Kanna did accordingly and the two cocks began to fight. And while Balachandra, who was watching the fight with interest was remarking : " Kannama Dasu, that is not a Kakidega, it seems to be a magical Dega, " the Kakidega aimed a kick at the Vinjaberasa. Immediately the latter began to run. Seeing it Balachandra became despondent. All belonging to the side of Gurijala began to laugh with pride. Then Brahma Nayadu, humiliated, said : " Kanna, what a bad omen ! We hoped that our cock would maintain the proud

name of Macherla. The coward! What ignominy has it brought us!"

Then Kannama Dasu caught the Vinjaberasa which was fleeing, combed its sides with his fingers, shook its head and infused courage, and flung it again against the Kakidega. Up sprang the Kakidega and gave the other another blow with its legs. With it the latter was unable to move its head and, while all the men of Gurijala were laughing hilariously, it turned tail and crying, "Ko, Kro, Ko," began to run. At that time a bard got up and began to sing:—

"The houses of Palnadu have no beams.
The Brahmins of Kondavidu have no moustaches.
And the cocks of Macherla have no courage."
Tan Dana Tana¹

Hearing this Balachandra cried in rage: "Who is that fellow? Probably a man of Gurijala. Why are you puffed up so soon? If you wait a little you will see whether the cocks of Macherla have courage or not."

(From CHILUKURI VIRABHADRA RAO'S *Nāyakurāli Darṣamu*, Vol. II)

¹ "Tan Dana Tana" is meaningless rhyme.

SUGGESTED READING LIST

[Below we print a list of books and articles which the reader may be interested to consult.]

The Novel in Telugu Literature. By Prof. V. N. BHUSHAN. (*The Calcutta Review*, February 1939) (Reprinted in pamphlet form by the University of Calcutta).

Telugu Literature. By P. CHENCHIAH and RAJA M. BHUJANGA RAO BAHADUR, with a Preface by Sir C. R. REDDY. (The Heritage of India Series, Oxford University Press, Paper Re 1/4; Cloth Rs. 2/-).

The Mirror of Gesture, being the Abhinaya Darpana of Nandikeswara. Translated into English by A. K. COOMARASWAMY and D. GOPALAKRISHNAYYA, with Introduction and Illustrations. 2nd edition. (E. Weyhe, New York. 21s.) (A work on Indian dancing and acting).

“Andhra Literature in the Vijayanagara Empire.” (*Journal of Andhra Historical Research Society*, 1936-37).

“Thyagaraja, the Minstrel Saint.” By R. B. PINGLAY. (*The Indian P. E. N.*, September 1938).

“The Telugus and the Epic.” By P. T. RAJU. (*The Indian P. E. N.*, October 1937).

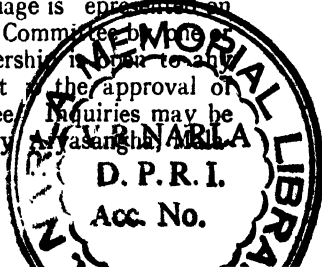
- ✕ *The Songs of Tyagaraja*. Translated into English by Dr. C. NARAYANA RAO. (The Heritage of Andhra Series. Published by Dr. Narayana Rao, "Atreya-sram," Anantapur, Madras Presidency).
- "The Short Story in Telugu." By SRIRANGAM SRINIVASA RAO. (*Triveni*, August-September 1939).
- A Historical Sketch of Telugu Literature*. By T. RAJAGOPALA RAO.
- ✕ *Life of Pingali Suranarya*. (An Original and Unique Andhra Poet of the Sixteenth Century A. D.). By TEKUMALLA ACHYUTA RAU. (Author, 9, New Street, Mylapore, Madras. Rs. 2/-).
- "History of Telugu Poetry." By D. SAMBAMURTY. (*The Indian P. E. N.*, August 1939).
- "Trends in Modern Telugu Poetry." By J. SIVASANKAR SASTRI. (*Triveni*, April 1938).
- ✕ *A Hand Book of Telugu Literature*. By K. SITARAMAIA, M. A., Nizam College, Hyderabad (Dn.), with a Foreword by Sir S. RADHAKRISHAN. (Publication No. 6, Hyderabad Telugu Academy, Hyderabad (Dn.). Re. 1/8).
- Sali Vahana Gadhah* (Glimpses of Rural Life in Ancient India). English free rendering of 64 verses in the Second Century Anthology of Hala. By T. SIVASANKARAN. (Author, Penukonda, S. India. As. 4).
- "Leaders and Landmarks of Telugu Literature." (Published serially in *Triveni* (Madras), from April 1939).

THE P. E. N. ASSOCIATION

The International P. E. N. Club was founded in London in October 1921 by Mrs. Dawson Scott, with John Galsworthy as its first President who, on his death, was succeeded by Mr. H. G. Wells, and he in turn by M. Jules Romains. In 1940 a Presidential Board of five was elected: Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Hermon Ould, Dr. Hu Shih, M. Denis Saurat, and Mr. Thornton Wilder.

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- 16 URDU — Rai Bahadur R. B. Saksena,
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* Already published.

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