

SASTRIANA

No. 26

22-9-83



Edited and Published By :
S. R. VENKATARAMAN,
Servants of India Society, Madras - 14.

FOREWORD

This issue of SASTRIANA is noteworthy for the fifty-four letters of the Rt. Hon. V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI, addressed to Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar, Mahamahopadhyaya Prof. S. Kuppaswami Sastrigal, Raja Sir Annamalai Chettiar, Padmasri S. R. Balasubrahmania Aiyar and Mr Josiah Wedge wood, a British M. P. These letters are of absorbing interest to students of public affairs - politicians, historians, indologists, educationists, publicists and others.

Besides, these letters are bound to enliven, instruct, inform and inspire the reader. They are all exemplary specimens of epistolary art.

I thank Sri B. Natarajan for lending these letters in the possession of his family for publication and for extending his fullest co-operation and invaluable help in bringing out Sastriana No. 26.

This issue of Sastriana is particularly a unique one as it contains a short but complete account of the rich and highly purposeful life of Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyer as well as a speech (of 1944) of Rt. Hon. Sastriar on Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar which Shri B. Natarajan has been kind enough to furnish from his collection of Sastri materials.

Letters to
SIR P. S. SIVASWAMI AIYAR



SIR P. S. SIVASWAMI AIYAR

Servants of India Society,
Poona City,
4th July '12.

My dear Mr. Sivaswami Aiyar,

The apparently able and well informed Madras Correspondent of Capital writes :

"The Hon. Mr A. G. Cardew will, it is understood, take six months' leave in October, and on returning in April will relieve Sir Harold Stuart for a similar period, the latter returning as Second Member of Council."

How *Second* Member? One's mind speculates, but with no clear result. Will both Hammick and Atkinson have retired before October 1913?

Or does the writer forget that Sir Harold is now only *third* Member? If so, it is instructive as showing how in their forecasts, civilians (and their friends) reckon only the members of their own service.

You needn't trouble to acknowledge this letter. I merely draw your attention to a point which might have escaped you.

Yours sincerely,
V. S. Srinivasan

The Hon. Mr P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar
C.I.E. C.S.I.

Bombay House
Ootacamund.

Triplicane,

27 July '14.

Private

Dear friend,

Mr Hemingway has greatly aggravated the tension between B. & N. B. in his district. Ramalinga Chetti is a good fellow, but excessive petting has made him overbold, and he and his party think their turn is come for paying off old scores. At a meeting of the College Committee he seems to have said - both Nagoji Rao and Balakrishna Iyer told me - that as a student he had suffered from the partiality shown by Brahman teachers to Brahman pupils. Wherefore the Vice-Principal should be a non-Brahman! I do not know if boards have the legal right to pass such resolutions. Even if they had, H. E. & Government must take the matter up as a matter of policy and resolve to put it down. It is a wicked policy of which the bitter consequences will be felt for a long long time after we are all laid to rest.

I am going to surprise Tirukatupalli tomorrow morning.

Yours affectionately,

V. S. Srinivasan

To

The Hon'ble

Mr. P.S. Sivaswami Aiyar

Servants of India Society,
Poona City.
16 July 1918.

My dear friend,

I am glad you are preparing an elaborate opinion. It will clear up matters for people who can think.

I shall be here on the days you mention. But if I am away, the Secretary Mr. Patwardhan will look after you. Other member, Dr. Deva and Mr Vaze will be here too and at your service. Write or wire exact date of arrival to the Secretary, Servants of India Society, Poona City.

Affectionately yours,
V. S. Srinivasan

Mr H. N. Kunzru's address in Allahabad is 6, Bank Road and that of C. Y. Chintamani is 14A South Road. Perhaps the latter is more certain to be in the town than Kunzru, who is frequently going about. If you don't know the latter well enough, I will arrange. Anyone here can arrange for it all easily.

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer
Elk Hill View
Ootacamund.

V. S. Srinivasa Sastri

Servants of India Society
Royapetta, Madras
June 30, 1920.

Dear friend,

I have your letters and I am thankful for them. Certainly you are entitled to tell me unreservedly what you think of me and my doings. I will profit by them to the extent I can and feel always in your debt.

Your memorandum is printing at Addison's. But proofs will come on Monday next and I will look into them. I will write to you fully later.

I was under no illusion as to the results of Tinnevely Conference. I confess I feel a certain difficulty in understanding your obduracy. When the majority of our countrymen are rushing on a mad career like that of non-co-operation I cannot but feel it a duty to speak a word of caution if I can. Not that I ever hoped to turn them from the evil course. But I may assure you not only did I get a good hearing, but there were many to agree with me immediately and many more who would return home and then by degrees begin to agree.

I see, however, I stand with only a few others between the two organisations. My homage I could not transfer at one stroke and undivided from the Congress to the Liberal Federation. By attending the Congress and its conferences I was keeping up the struggle. But I am now realising that the great prestige of the I. N. C. and the monies at its disposal are strong temptations to the party,

in power to convert them to their own party uses, and the temptations have proved irresistible. I took the resolution on the Congress Party's programme as an order from the majority to depart. The only question now with me is whether I should consider this as final or seek another order from the Congress at Berhampore in August next, whose judgment will determine the issue as finally as the court of highest appeal. The case for us would then be complete.

I may go tomorrow to Nellore and return on the 3rd.

I found a lot of misconception of one sort or another against us all. It will need a good deal of propoganda to undo it all, and our propogandists are so few.

With kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,

V. S. Srinivasan.

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer, K. C. I. E.
Elk Hill View
Ootacamund.

Hotel Ansonia
Pietermaritzburg.
23 January 1928

Dear friend,

Your letter came only on the 15th instant. I cabled my opinion on Saturday last fearing the post would be too late.

I wonder why you hesitate at all about publishing those lectures. The Simon Commn. and other Commissions will make the volume their Bible. Go ahead, I pray you. The cost - yes - the cost won't break you. It is great service to the country and I know some who would pay great sums to get the opportunity !

For my lecture on the States at Ernakulam, the subject had been fixed and announced two or three weeks when the Palace requested me to be guest. They knew what they bargained for and I didn't think I should show over-nice scruples as to accepting the hospitality.

Affectionately yours,
V. S. Srinivasan

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer,
K.C.S.L, C.I.E.

Sudharma
Edward Elliots Road
Mylapore,
Madras.

Friends' Home
Churchgate Reclamation,
Bombay 1, (15 April 1942)

Dear friend,

I enclose a cutting from the T. of I. *in case you don't usually see the paper. The writer leans to the Congress persuasion and is not particularly acute. But he gathers up the threads fairly efficiently.

It is said here - gossip is wide and unscrupulous - that private messages of a most pressing nature poured in on the W. C. C. at the last stage and brought about the sudden change complained of by Cripps. The messages were based on Japanese threats of retributory action if Congress closed with the British offer. Having placated the enemy, some members are naturally anxious to cover their motive by extra - strong asseverations of a desire to defend the country against all aggression. To restore cordiality with the Mahatma, who had gone away displeased, would be a powerful wish too, pulling the same way. Nehru, who is regarded as all powerful next to Gandhi and international-minded above all Indians without even that exception, performs a very clever rope-dance when he calls for a parallel war effort without embarrassing the British authorities. Is this merely to distinguish himself from CR? He (CR) is apparently overwhelmed by the failure.

Yesterday a meeting of the Western India Liberal Association met at 6 to consider what next. I was invited to attend. Dalvi, at whose instance the meeting had been called, failed to make his mind clear and had

* The Times of India, Bombay.

no proposal to put forward. The talk was at random. Some blamed Congress, some traced the disaster to London. Cripps isn't the universal favourite he was a fortnight ago. That man is a tragic instance of integrity and ambition pushed into sudden prominence but crashing against long-accumulated and imperfectly understood difficulty. The fact is, the country has long lain under a negative political philosophy. A constructive programme has always been trumpeted, but it is not political and in most people's minds hardly has significance. To sulk in injured innocence and invoke pity as baulked and persecuted patriotism is the summit of Congress ambition. Whether they admit it or not, this policy postulates a strong and tolerant government, whose continuance may not be seriously challenged, and is in fact desired in the secret recesses of the heart. To assume the role of government and bear the immense responsibility of its functions is not its central teaching ; Gandhi's heart is not there and cannot be there. Occasionally he is obliged to countenance it, but does it with ill-grace and is supremely happy when the episode of positive work is ended and negativism resumes sway.

Yours affectionately,

V. S. Srinivasan.

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer, Avl.

K. C. S. I. C. I. E. LLID

Bangalore.

Friends' Home
Churchgate Reclamation ;
Bombay 1 : 16-4-42.

Dear friend,

This cutting is of deep interest as it shows an unusual parade of spiritual kinship with us, the result no doubt of the pressure of circumstance. Mark the inversion of the truth in the passage that I have underscored.

Jawaharlal's appeal, published to-day, rings true. Even his partiality for China and Russia doesn't completely reconcile him to Britain. CR and he now stand, directly confronting each other. Both are caught in the cobwebs of their own fancy. Britain has no arms for the rural warriors on the coast; if the warriors had arms what could they do with them? Madness, stark madness : they will surrender without a struggle. What know they of freedom to fight for it? Nehru's illusion is greater ; he sees hosts of rustics rushing to the battle and dying at his call. "Blood and tears" is a tell-tale pointer of the role he would fain play. I am unable to forget or forgive. Just imagine how much more these men might have done if they had stuck to their posts four years ago. Independence they might never have won; but they might have been in a far better position for negotiation.

Yours affly.

V. S. Srinivasan

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer,
K. C. S. I. C. I. E.
Bangalore.

Svagatam

Mylapore : 4-5-42

Dear friend,

Venkatarama Sastri goes tonight to his village and thence after a few days to Ooty. I shall go to Salem in two days - Bharata Nilayam, Sivaswamipuram.

It is the curse of palaces to be the home of scandal and intrigue.

That is the end of CR, I think. If he pushes on with his idea in Madras apart from Congress, he will go down in ignominy. If he winds up quickly, he may retain the glory of having dared and lost.

Nehru is not wiser but more fortunate. But his day too is past its noon.

Cripps has damaged others besides himself.

Men are returning to Madras. Still the city looks deserted.

Yours affectionately,

V. S. Srinivasan

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer.

Sivaswamipuram,
Salem : 20-5-42.

My dear Sivaswami Aiyar,

A fever kept me in bed till this morning and I should have written today even without your letter. So with thanks are mixed apologies both of which please accept.

Salem has received some rain but the weather hasn't improved perceptibly. It is still hot and moist. If once the clouds pour, we may expect relief. Loud promise and stingy payment seems to be the prevalent policy both above and below.

The morning's *Hindu* has an incredible item. The public of Karachi and the neighbourhood are bidden by the Mahatma to take their courage in both their hands and defend themselves with whatever they can muster. This is against the Hurs. But I suppose it will apply all round. Some time ago he advised women about to be ravished to use their nails and their teeth in self-defence. I asked whether it was *ahimsa* but have had no answer. Is it any good putting the question again? In an extremity no dharma but prakriti. To tell you that, you need no G, ghost or Gandhi.

CR's success surprises me. What is its precise value? I can't judge. To read his arguments one doesn't think much of them. Perhaps his personality gives them special

appeal. Still I feel like opposing him here on the 30th. and shan't be frightened by having to speak in Tamil. He is not more correct or dignified in speech than I am, and I can meet him with at least one parable against his three, Truly the old war horse spirit is all over me. The old man of the town Mr CV, whom I have met twice, is very keen that Rajaji should be opposed at the meeting. I did not show my agreement, for he would have fixed me down. Why does Bulusu accompany him? Strange companions; but not stranger than Mrs. Besant and I; and we got on very well together all through a four months' campaign in England in 1924.

CV gave a reminiscence which was noteworthy. When he presided over the Congress at Nagpur (?) Gandhi told him "But for my protection you would be torn to pieces here". I said I couldn't believe it. "Why not? That man's vanity is colossal. You don't know him "

People say he has finished 90 and is running his 91st. But he told me he was 89 - not yet a nonagenarian. "I don't know" he said twice "what God keeps me for". Both times I met him he wasn't able to place me quite. He mixed me up with my Sambandhi Seshu Aiyar. He didn't like to be told so. He knew he said, and tried to keep firm, but stumbled again. "I took your daughter once in my car, she asked to be taken and I complied". It can't be. When I was in Salem, it was 48 years ago, and she hadn't been born.". "How can it be? You better ask her!" Such certainly is only born of senility. I seem to have felt its onset once or twice. At his age Dadabhai and Wacha tottered and blinked far more. They seemed

miles away when you asked them anything. CV has a firm step, sees you to the door, looks straight into your eyes, takes your jokes and makes his own and laughs heartily. I saw Morley a year before his death. He was only 73, I think. His mind had given way, he picked himself up with difficulty, he came round again and again to the same point. In the dinner and talk that I was at, he asked me four or five times "What age was Gokhale at his death?" Sir K. G. Gupta was of the party. He reminded us of his having opposed separate electorates till the last moment. Morley and he seemed to agree that the Aga Khan was the villain of the piece. Was he not on the S of S's council then?

Affectionately yours,
V. S. Srinivasan.

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer,
K. C. S. I., C. I. E.,
Vani Vilas Mohalla
Mysore.

R. S. Puram,
Coimbatore
1 June 1942

Dear friend,

Tho' I write from Salem, I give the address which will be mine when you write next.

It was an enormous meeting that Rajaji had yesterday

and enormously successful. Not less than 20,000. A Police force of about 200 stood prominently on the grounds and they say their presence was sufficient to prevent disturbance. There was a feeble attempt in the beginning, but it died down at once. Bulusu declaimed republican ideas in Telugu for half-an-hour. He thought a crore of people out of our forty was a small price to pay for the independence which anyhow was coming in a few weeks. The British were finished for ever in India. Refusal of aid or countenance the Japs, the policy of scorching the earth would be adequate. No arms, no active fighting was necessary. Rajaji endorsed this sentiment. Both were sure the British could no longer hold India. Rajaji used at first to insist on our co-operating with the British for the purpose as being essential. Yesterday, he didn't make that point at all. Bulusu had called on me in the morning. He then told me he had converted CR to republicanism in India and was likewise the inspirer of the anti-Gandhi sentiment that political ideas were not a matter of sin or virtue but of pure policy and expediency. Perhaps the absence of the reference to the necessity of British collaboration was also his doing. He told me a purely national government was quite equal to the task of liquidating the Princes, redistributing the administrative units on a unilingual basis, and establishing a republic. Only - mark this, please - he expected the British to keep India intact and independent (!) while we were doing it. When Gandhi speaks of the "orderly" withdrawal of the British, does he mean so much? Not impossible.

My casual remarks in Tamil on the occasion of the Savarkar shashtiabdapurti are reported in the Hindu.

Nowadays people aren't afraid of the police. I believe there were a few disturbers of a more or less professional nature but they somehow funk'd. The whole show was a testimony to CRs great influence and popularity in Salem and his ability to hold the attention of a crowd. Few stories yesterday and no great subtlety. Bold sweeping strokes, urbane criticism, delicate handling of issues.

Affectionately yours,
V. S. Srinivasan.

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer Avargal
K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

Vani Vilas Mohalla
Mysore

R. S. Puram,
Coimbatore : 20-6-42.

Dear friend,

Forgive me, pray, for neglect of duty.

Coimbatore is cold and windy, too cold and windy for me. But Salem too must be so, less so no doubt. I can't however go there. For my daughter is coming away to this place with her children, for the sake of the better educational facilities.

Setalvad is again in the public eye. Though commonplace, even inane, his statements refresh one by their straightforward commonsense. In a mad world, accents of

sanity are rare. Their value is not intrinsic but heard against the surrendering babel, they comfort you with the thought that it is the same old world.

I must register in the book of your judgement that Setalvad was unusually kind and tender to me during the last visit. He has always repelled me before. This time he perhaps saw in me one of the few surviving marks of an older day, when with differences of an acute and deep-going nature, we recognized in one another co-denizens of the same comprehensive system of ideology called liberalism.

TRV was here for a day and a half last week. He went back last night to Madras. I may go there for a small function at Adyar on the 5th July and take the occasion to stay at Mylapore for a week. Rukmini Devi has persuaded me to be chief guest at one of her artistic shows.

Neither TRV nor I can understand G's orderly withdrawal of the British from India. One thing is clear. His patience is exhausted. He hoped that Britain would fall to his ahimsa whistle. Old age and the prospect of death in the dark cloud of failure seem to make him bitter and apt to curse. The bitterness and the ahimsa wear the cloak of "universal love". But though he protests there is no hate in his heart of any persons or races, he cannot forgive the Britisher, who being the most capable of luring peoples of policies of generosity and unselfishness, have firmly withstood his appeals and solicitations for two generations. He has, under Nehru's maladroit pressure, dug his toes in. One of his staggering projects is taking

shape, confabulations thicken the air of Wardha and apparently New Delhi has premonitions of coming catastrophe. In so far as anything can engage our interest outside the war and its effects on our fortunes, this new Gandhian movement is going to be our anxiety for a time. My calculation is that America, after a close up of the Mahatma, will tire of him more quickly than Britain and countenance the worst Churchillian harshness. Rajaji is apparently one of the consultants; but he is likely to stand out of the new all-or-nothing enterprise and may even take the field openly against it.

I do not think Cripps is a statesman of integrity. But his statements contain more sense and more sincerity than those on our side. After the burst up his first reaction was akin to chagrin; but his recovery has been quick and decisive. He won't betray petulance any more. He may even manifest friendship and genuine helpfulness. But his faith in Nehru is blasted; and of magnanimity and chivalry towards long-oppressed eastern races, you won't hear much again. Gandhi has lost him to India for ever. What an ambiguous sentence I have written! But you will get my meaning all right.

Yours affectionately,
V. S. Srinivasan

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer
Bombay House
Basavangudi
Bangalore City.

R. S. Puram,
Coimbatore : 24-6-42

Dear friend,

By bookpost you will get a small pamphlet from the pen of a spokesman of the pro-Jinnah Congress folk. It reads like one of those judgements, of which I have heard, which lead by good reasoning to a bad decree. When you have done with it, you may give it to my brother Ramaswami, whom you will meet in Lal Bagh, what is his address?

I can't think Gandhi means only to go to gaol. His plan is more drastic. I am tickled to read that British withdrawal in orderly fashion is fool-proof. Millions in India don't understand it. Does he mean that (1) India must be declared independent (2) the transitional Central Govt. wholly nationalised, should take over the defence of the country, & (3) the anti-Japanese measures of the present Govt. should be continued under the new auspices?

What do you think of this dialectic?

The British Govt. is now in being & responsible.

At Gandhi's instance it withdraws in orderly fashion
(mad supposition)

Anarchy follows.

Who will be responsible for the anarchy? The British Govt.

Yes, because it took Gandhi's advice.

Did you read Pattabhi Sitaramayya's sketch of Nehru in the Indian Express? Subtle piece of **मिन्दा** under a heavy cloud of **स्तुति**. Please borrow a copy, if you haven't read it. It is of date 22-6-1942.

Yours affectionately,
V. S. Srinivasan.

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer
K.C.S.I. C.I.E.

Bombay House
Basavangudi
Bangalore City

R. S. Puram,
Coimbatore
30 June 1942.

Dear friend,

My (1), (2) and (3) were not meant as alternative interpretations of Gandhi but as parts of one whole plan. His recent writings bear me out more or less.

I send a letter of K. Natarajans from Bandra. It shows how CR seems to be shifting his ground. I observed the same vacillation. It is not so much in his mind as in the bewildering atmosphere. I don't want the letter back.

My brother is in Second Cross Rd., Visvesvarapuram. I fear he is too weak to go to Lal Bagh. Kindly visit him one day and tell me how you find him. Please send your reply to Svagatam, Mylapore. I shall be there on Friday, 3rd July.

I know Jawaharlal. The father I knew better. Jawahar is a spoilt youth. Has natural ability, which his western education has brought into full play. Good looks and manly bearing are immense advantages. Gandhi has a romantic affection for him and believes him to be meant for a great destiny. Something like Mrs. Besant's feeling for J. Krishnamurti, but without the esoteric element. My private feeling is that, after Gandhi, he will collapse like a child's balloon. I am surprised you read more irony in Pattabhi's delineation of him than I do. I thought I was too prone to see sarcasm in praise.

Is Gandhi going to tamper with workmen and hinder war effort? Then Govt. will show him no consideration. He has had too much already.

affectionately,
V. S. Srinivasan

Kamakshi House,
Bandra, Bombay 20.
June 26 '42.

My dear Sastrigal,

Yours of the 23rd. Many thanks. The rains have begun in right earnest. We are having a steady downpour

for two days past. It is very fortunate as the lakes which supply Bombay and suburbs, had gone dry almost

Rajagopalachari has had two interviews with Jinnah in all about 7 hours. Nothing has leaked out of their talks. Jinnah is weakening because of Fazlul Huq's and Sikander Ayub Khan's diversions and he may agree to some sort of compromise. Let us wait and see. Rajagopalachari had since coaltar thrown at him by probably by a Mahasabha fanatic. The man was caught and manhandled but was let off. He was a Dakshin-a Mahratta. Dr. Moonge's leadership is not much to the advantage of any movement. The Mahasabha started with high ideals but has descended to the level of the Muslim League. Rajagopalachari is reported to have said at the Matunga meeting yesterday that he would rather have India divided than have it united under foreign rule. Probably, he wants to avoid seeming to work for the continuance of British rule, while actually his immediate object is to set up a "national Govt." to run the war under the British auspices.

Yours affectionately,
K. Natarajan.

R. S. Puram,
Coimbatore
31-8-42.

My dear Sivaswamy Aiyer,

The circular of instructions is known in these parts too. But I saw it for the first time in your letter. Many thanks.

Not much should surprise us in these days. Still I confess I never knew the extent to which simple-mindedness prevails even among our educated folk. A great many refuse to believe that Congress leaders have anything to do with the outrages ; and they add that, if only Government released Gandhi and Co. these would restore things to normal in a trice. Others, however, go so far as to say that Govt. is served right, that more such things should happen ; when did the British Govt. ever do political justice without being compelled ? At the present moment they are no better than Hitler, & the Japs would certainly not be worse. Property should be destroyed, communications cut off, and lives should be lost. That is the only way of bringing Linlithgow and others down on their knees. Gandhi is right, the liberals more than ever are blind to the needs of the country and trust to reason etc etc.

Personally I feel Govt. did not act one moment too soon. If they had waited for Gandhi to perform his journey to Delhi for a last attempt at peace (his long name for ultimatum), the plotters would have had time to put the last touches to their preparations and the trouble would not be so easily managed. Even now one hears of coming outbursts on a larger scale. Such fanatics ought never to get power ; if they did, woe to all !

Yours affectionately,
V. S. Srinivasan.

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer
K.C.S.I., C.I.E.
Bombay House
Basavangudi
Bangalore City

R. S. Puram,
Coimbatore
27-7-42

Dear friend,

So we are to hear of a great fast. It may prove to be the end of G. I know some eyes will be dry.

A man's good fortune is best known by his death ; not by its manner but by its time. If it had come to G before 1920, he would have been a greater man. His greatness would be less disputable, and - I add hesitantly - Indians would be in less incurable misery.

Yours affly.
V. S. Srinivasan

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer,
Bangalore City

R. S. Puram,
7th Sept. 1942

My dear Sivaswamy Aiyer,

R. S. Puram is now a full P. O. Please do not add 'Coimbatore', it will cause delay.

Thanks for those enclosures. Somehow I don't gc them. This soil doesn't breed such noxious things !

I shouldn't have thought we could bear the anxieties and the trials of the day. But life is tough and even when

worn out with age and toil, can stand a lot. More is in store and worse, unless we have the prudence to pop off betimes. It takes some luck to know your time and say good-bye.

Sometimes I fancy I am made differently from others. Are our ills curable? If so, shouldn't you and I know one or two remedies? By no effort of imagination can I bring myself to see these portents diminish or vanish; they may change.

When you criticise or condemn the doings of the patriots, the young ones ask "But what do you suggest? Are we to look on helplessly? *Something* must be done. Good or bad doesn't matter. Even if we only hurt ourselves, let us be up and doing". Our sin is that we exercise our reason, when all we have to do is to trust the strongest feeling of the moment and let it run away with us. Reason! What has reason done for humanity? If the wringing of hands and shedding of tears and calling on God for help be achievements, take the entire credit for them. Nobody grudges it. To hesitate, to wait on time and its chances, to wail at the world's ways without doing a stroke of work—these are the marks of an Indian Liberal. That is why the modern woman itches to tar and feather him.

Affectionately Yours,
V. S. Srinivasan

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer,
K. C. S. I., C. L. E.

Lakshmi Vasam
24 Main Road
Basavangudi.

R. S. Puram
28-9-42.

Dear friend,

I read the book of war-stricken China without intermission save for necessary bodily wants. It took me 26 hours. The story is vivid and grips you fast.

Let me make a confession. I inherit a weakness. Tender and moving passages stir my lachrymal glands. The bosom swells the voice chokes and the eyes fill. The last scenes between the heroine and her lovers caused me to weep like my father whenever he read the Ramayana. I understand you are not above this weakness. It is not senility though age aggravates it. I have always noticed it in me.

I shouldn't have thought that a woman of so lurid a past could change sufficiently to draw your inmost sympathy. The author has revealed the possibility and I am profoundly grateful. I used to think Hardy over-bold to call his Tess a pure woman. We have our Ahalya. But Janni far outruns them. Life has grown vastly more complicated and values have altered, leaving our ethics bewildered and chaotic. Can we judge any more ?

Yours affectionately
V. S. Srinivasan

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer,
K. C. S. L., C. I. E.

Lakshmi Vasam
24 Main Road,
Basavangudi,
Bangalore City.

R. S. Puram
20th Sept. 1942

Dear friend,

I am writing to my brother in Madras for a copy of The Leaf in the Storm by VPP. Thank you for telling me of it.

Loyola College is to reopen on the 28th inst. but the students are organising a strike (indefinite) and the picketing will be on a big scale. Tambaram is also infected. Presidency seems pretty safe now, & Pachaiyappa's too, I am against whipping. But there are moments when I feel.....

Churchill and Amery are provoking. These misdeeds of ours give their policy abundant justification. They also sum up in sinister style whatever may be said against the Indian claim. Truth used against you is without merit.
உள்ளத்தைச் சொன்னால் கோபம் வரும்.

Joshi is fast going to perdition. The Sapru-Jayakar statement is marred by the disapproval of the arrest of Gandhi & Co. I applaud the G of I's promptness. If they had waited for the Mahatma's last minute parley, the sabotage would be on a much larger scale and the shootings too. Even nations don't wait nowadays for the ultimatum. They strike long before declaring war - the trick is to call it an incident.

Govt. too has lost all decency. How can they let loose Ambedkar? A tenth of what he says would have cost him

his job 15 years ago. He is aspiring to be a little Jinnah.

I hear in many places the police practise terrorism. Having seen somewhat of it in East Bengal in 1907 I can believe the reports.

Yours affectionately,
V. S. Srinivasan

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer K. C. S. I., C. I. E.,
Basavangudi
Bangalore.

R. S. Puram,
29-9-1942

Dear friend,

One of the attractions of Lin Yutang's works to us is the similarity even in essentials of Chinese life as portrayed in them to ours. You said this once to me. I remember endorsing the observation and adding that the similarity is even more marked in Pearl Buck's writings. Let me now remark, if I didn't do it on that occasion, that Japanese civilization exhibits striking parallelisms to ours, and that I used (about 1908) to derive acute intellectual pleasure from the books about that country and feed sumptuously on the hope that, if Japan could revive her greatness in half a century, India, her spiritual foster-mother, could do likewise. Our patriots of that day - how far it seems to-day! - adorned their appeals to the young with nine allusions to our island cousins to every one they made to England and Englishmen. How completely they

have now forfeited our homage is a marvel of psychology. The Chinese, then contemptible in our eyes if not objects of compassion, monopolise our love and admiration to-day. The people of America alone, for obvious reasons, have not performed this revolution of sympathy, having hated the Japanese and befriended their enemies from 1870 with equal fervour. Personally I have not succeeded yet in effecting this reversal of affection. Recent events are harrowing and enforce one lesson and one lesson only. But do an entire people of 90 millions change right about in a generation? The aggression and cruelty that we read of is all the doing of the military class, whose education in every land exalts aggression and cruelty, if practised against neighbours. Witness our Machiavelli, Kautilya. The heart of the people everywhere is sound, even in Britain and America, where universal education is producing homogeneity of thought and aspiration, but will take generations yet to consummate the task. Do not be deceived by the internal unanimity of the various belligerent nations. It is only apparent. The warmaking class now dominates, but by sheer force of governmental machinery, aided by a bastard spirit of nationalism. Alas, it will still dominate at the table of Peace! The new world will be better than the one we know but not yet good enough for the abode of शान्ति. To go back to where I started, I refuse still to curse the Mikado and his subjects though they threaten us as parts of a democratic polity which they wish to destroy. Have you been as keen as I to read the works of *What-is-his-name? (Curse my memory, I shall soon forget your name!). He taught English in a Japanese University and married a Japanese wife. A way-ward but invincible lover of romance, he

communicated to me his admiration for the simple art of ancient Nippon and the domestic virtues and affections and sacrifices with such marvellous kinship to our own. Only our modern ब्राह्मविवाह has lost its original purity and naturalness and its eugenic value. Shame on our caste-history in the immediate past !

Yours affectionately,
V. S. Srinivasan.

*Lafcadio Hearn. I have salvaged the name from oblivion's depth.

To
Sir P.S. Sivaswamy Aiyer
Lakshmi Vasam
24, Main Road
Basavangudi
Bangalore City

R. S. Puram,
31 Oct 1942

Dear friend,

I will go to the Rly. Stn. and pick up that book of the loin-cloth. Many thanks for telling me of it.

TRV and other friends seem to think of the present situation as a genuine liberation movement, of which the grandeur is not appreciated by us. I am having some correspondence with Venkataraman. As usual it is labour wasted. Each digs himself in, and the disputants may be

further apart at the end than at the beginning. If you and I, who are agreed in the main, discussed the issues fully, we should find differences wider than we now suspect. Never mind. Like you I turn away with relief from the cureless maladies of the day. But not to English books I read Sanskrit and feel childlike joy in getting at the meaning through the sonorous language. A strange fancy, it may well be called a phantasy, sometimes occurs to me. These old authors, for some unknown reason, wish to hide their ideas from the curious student and seem to challenge him to discover them behind the hide-and-seek diction ; after two or three readings, you get them and rejoice with glee that you've won the game.

Did you read *Paradise Lost* from start to finish ? You are one of a very select company then. Let me congratulate you. I am going to try the Everest-feat and be even with you.

Yours affectionately,
V. S. Srinivasan.

To
Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer Avargal
K.C.S.I, C.I.E.
24 Main Road
Basavangudi
Bangalore City.

R. S. Puram,
1-11-42

Dear friend,

I read the loincloth booklet last night. The title is more attractive than the stuff within. The writer hasn't the knowledge or the judgment to give a real estimate.

The quotations from others are valuable. There is nothing new in them. SC Bose scorns details and is too general to be convincing. But he has insight and perspective. Jamnadas Mehta is clever but malicious.

I feel somehow that, given that much space, I could do better. But I waver awfully. Shall I bless or shall I curse? But the duty of a final estimate isn't laid on me. Why bother?

One would like the Govt. papers of the periods of Lord Irwin and Lord Willingdon, and if possible, their private diaries. Smuts could throw revealing light on the preparatory period but he is given to fibbing and untrustworthy.

Yours affectionately

W. S. Srinivasan

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer,
K. C. S. I., C. I. E.

Lakshmi Vasam
24 Main Road,
Basavangudi,
Bangalore City.

Svagatam,
Mylapore
19-12-42.

Dear friend,

Venkatarama Sastri and I have issued a statement repudiating Sir B. P. Singh Roy. He had no business to commit the Liberal Party, tho' he has not taken its name.

Apparently, CR was able to persuade the Sapru Committee to offer a slightly modified "Pakistan" to Jinnah and his league. He is certainly a plausible speaker but I had no notion, till I read *Candidus* this morning in the *Times of India*, that Sapru would be so easily taken in. Unfortunately the Conference's proceedings are a secret. We were unable therefore to refer openly to them. We thought that repudiation, to carry weight, must be prompt. It is a pity we could not consult you.

Could you now endorse or support our statement? It would augment its value tenfold.

Affectionately yours,
V. S. Srinivasan

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer,
Basavangudi,
Bangalore

Mylapore
13 Oct 1943.

Dear friend,

We regret your externment, but in the circumstances must submit.

A new terror has come upon us. Time was when I thought I would flee from it. But now I am here I seem to have become brave overnight. The soldier's bravery is largely a convention - like the faithfulness of the young Hindu widow.

War & Peace is one of the great classics. I must return to it.

The Ramayana is my constant companion now. I study it with the commentaries of Bhatta and Govindaraja. Each has strongly marked peculiarities ; G often copies B but when he differs, is sectarian and irritating. B is abler and throws more light but is occasionally ingenious and even erratic. To my surprise he bends Valmiki to suit certain *puranas*, of which the Padma seems to be his favourite.

The occupation profoundly interests me.

Yours affectionately,
V. S. Srinivasan

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer,
K. C. S. L., C. I. E.

Diagonal Road,
Visvesvarapuram
Bangalore City.

Private

Svagam,
Mylapore
15 May 1944

Dear friend,

We are grateful for your sympathy.

Poor R, *went gladly to the hospital, having been assured that the operation was simple and would give him

relief. The medical people assert that the reaction was unexpected. It was. But some of us think it should have been apprehended and provided against. What good is it any more ?

The family so far are brave. That may be because relations and friends crowd about them and give them no time to realise how great the loss is.

I am sorry you have had an accident. I hope it is really as slight as you make it out.

Yours affectionately,
V. S. Srinivasan.

* The reference is to Sastriar's brother, Mr V S Ramaswami Sastri who passed away after an operation.

Svagam,
Mylapore,
12 June 1944

Dear friend,

Thanks for the interesting news. Yes, strange things happen. If we live many days yet, we shall see stranger things. Who said India isn't moving ? May not be as we wish, but surely it is moving.

Your memory deceives you. Mrs. B's sister it was that was widowed and remarried. The second marriage didn't turn out well.

We are all looking forward to your coming. It has been delayed by something or other.

Yours affectionately,

V. S. Srinivasan.

To

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer K. C.S. I., C. L. E.
Diagonal Road,
Visvesvarapuram
Bangalore City.

Servants of India Society,
Royapettah, Madras

Most dear friend,

You have bought me several times over. I haven't anything to give.. I am your man entirely.

Two draft letters of thanks I tore up last week as they didn't come up to the mark. I now see it is not possible, so let this go. Accept it, I pray you, in your generosity and affection. More may be less !

Let me be always
Yours in love & gratitude,
V. S. Srinivasan

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer
K. C. S. I., C. L. E.

Svagatam,
Mylapore
11 Nov 1940.

Dear friend,

I didn't presume to expect you would read my stuff with care. You've made me proud.

The printer's devil has done worse than you've seen. If the paper is still at hand, please turn to page 6, About two-thirds of the way down, the definite article is missing before 'unscrupulous wirepuller'. On page 7 "the totalitarian countries" (line 7) should read 'In totalitarian countries'.

My draft was altered by the AIR offices in one place so as to deprive the passage of all point. The bottom line of page 3 mentioned Jinnah by name as I wrote it. You can see at a glance what vividness of sense has been removed,

The title of the broadcast seemed inappropriate to me when the announcer introduced me. So I opened by the statement : "To be precise, I should add as the subtitle of my address : Higher Education and Citizenship."

In the special Dipavali number of the Tamil paper Ananda Vikatan there appears over the name of Dr. Raghavan a lampoon on G. A. Natesan. Has it been brought to your notice ?

What do you think of my letter to the press on the recent Govt. communique threatening student-strikers with pains and penalties? The Mail has written disapprovingly. I am hoping the Hindu tomorrow morning will defend me*. CR has condemned Govt. but overshot the mark.

I am glad you write hopefully of your health. Keep it up, please.

Affectionately yours,
V. S. Srinivasan.

* The Hindu has come out strong.

Note: From original with us, it is not clear at this point of time, whether this letter was written to Sir P. S. S. or Mahamahopadhyaya S. Kuppuswami Sastri, Ganapati Agraharam. It is of great literary value and brings out Sastriar's sense of precision. B. N.

Svagam,
Mylapore,
17 April 1944.

Dear friend,

Your letter is not the less welcome for being a trifle late. You have the great art of patting a fellow on the back. Some do it so clumsily that even obvious sincerity scarcely redeems the result. The coffee analogy is happy. The beverage is best enjoyed in sips. Only the servant sometimes hangs round, and if you linger long, coughs or otherwise makes you uncomfortable. I haven't learned to ignore him.

My daughter and her daughter have enough knowledge to understand and even enjoy the letters.

I write with care and not too slowly. Jagadisan showed me the originals of several letters he has included in the book. I was surprised by their cleanness and freedom from scratches and interlineactions. A little time to think makes all the difference between writing and speaking. One hears it said of a man now and then that he can talk exactly as he writes. It means only the difference is not great.

Did you get the stuff I sent you about the Shaving of Shagpat? I borrowed a book from the University library and copied passages which I thought would enable you to fix the style. The one-sided paper I used didn't repel you, I trust. Economy all round is forced on one like me.

I never took to Meredith kindly. The Shaving, when I read it fifty years ago, was a task. If arithmetical analysis doesn't shock you, it was 20 percent surprise, 30 percent bedazzlement and 50 percent irritation.

You seem in old age to roam far afield in your reading. I have become very selective.

Yours affectionately,
V. S. Srinivasan

* It is not clear to me, at this point of time, whether this letter was written to Sir P. S. S. or Mahamahopadhyaya S. Kuppaswami Sastri, Ganapati Agraharam. My own guess is, it may be the former - judging by the original in our possession. B. N.

Servants of India Society,
Poona 4 (India)
15 Feb. 1944.

Dear friend,

When the remarks book came to the Puduchatram bungalow I said in sport Venkataraman and I should sign below CP without reading what he had written. So he wrote but desired me as senior to sign first. But I kept my word ; I don't know what I have said !

The celebration was in style. No hitch anywhere. The headmaster deserves the lion's share of the credit. Guruswami helped - loyally and enthusiastically.

I was happy to be there and do honour to one to whom honour was due. If you can be proud, you may be proud.

Yours affectionately Ever,
V. S. Srinivasan

To
Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer,
Bangalore City

The reference is to the Satabishekam Celebrations of Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyer on 5th, 6th and 7th Feb. 1944 at the High School at Tirukattupalli (Thanjavur District). Sri S. R. Balasubrahmanyam, as Headmaster, Secretary and Correspondent (in the years 1943 - 56) organised these

celebrations. The Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastriar, and Sri T. R. Venkatarama Sastriar participated in the celebrations. On the concluding day of the celebrations, the chief guest was Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar, Dewan of Travancore. Sri V. Guruswami Sastri, a former headmaster of Sir Sivaswami Ayyar High School, Tirukattupalli, associated himself most actively with the celebrations.

Bhaktivilas

Trivandrum

14th February 1944

My dear Sir Sivaswami Aiyar,

Let me thank you most sincerely for your letter of the 11th instant. The functions at Tirukattupalli, thanks to the efficiency and enthusiasm of Mr. Balasubramanian and his colleagues - went off very well, and as I wrote to Mr. Venkatarama Sastriar, the day that I spent there was one of the happiest in my recent experience.

With my best wishes and prayers for your long life,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar.

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar

K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

84. Diagonal Road,

Visvesvarapuram,

Bangalore City

Letters to
Mahamahopadhyaya Vidyavacaspati
Darsanakalanidhi Kulapati
SRI S. KUPPUSWAMI SASTRI



Prof. S. KUPPUSWAMI SASTRI

स्वागतम् ।

मैलापूर ।

29
may
1940

तथा स्तु ।

श्रीनिवासः ।

Prof. S. KUPPUSWAMI SASTRI

Sastriar's speech at the Loyola College, Madras in November 1943 on Mahamahopadhyaya S. Kuppuswami Sastri was published in Issue No. 9 (1971) of *Sastriana*.

In Issue No. 24 of 1981 - the birth Centenary Year of Prof. Sastri - we published some of Sastriar's letters to Professor S. Kuppuswami Sastri.

Some more letters of Sastriar to Prof. Kuppuswami Sastri, which could not be published earlier in the same issue, on considerations of space, find a place in this issue of *Sastriana*. They bear eloquent testimony to their mutual love and respect for which there can be few parallels. Witness the letters, for example, which Sastriar wrote when he feared that Prof. Kuppuswami Sastriar's end was nearing - the glow of true friendship, and the tenderness of the emotions that stirred Sastriar so deeply.

Professor S. Kuppuswami Sastri (born 15-12-1880-died 5-9-1943) hailed from Ganapati Agraharam, a fertile, flourishing village on the northern bank of the Kaveri (near Tiruvaiyaru) in Thanjavur District. He was first educated in the Sanskrit Patasala at Tiruvaiyaru where he learnt English as well. He took his M. A. Degree in Sanskrit from the Madras University in 1905, was appointed Principal of the Mylapore Sanskrit College (1906), Principal, Rajah's Sanskrit College, Tiruvaiyaru (1910). He became Professor of Sanskrit at the Presidency College, Madras in 1912 where he had a long spell. He was closely associated with the Journal of Oriental Research, Madras. In

1936, he accepted the offer from the Annamalai University of the Professorship of Sanskrit, at the invitation of its Vice-Chancellor, the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastriar and the Pro-Chancellor, Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar of Chettinad.

Professor Kuppuswami Sastri was a happy blend of Western learning and oriental learning and so brought to Sanskrit studies the combined wisdom of the West and the East. He was quick to locate talent and it is to his undying credit that a large number of top-ranking scholars in the field of Sanskrit studies blossomed forth under his fostering care. The Kuppuswami Sastri Research Institute in Mylapore, Madras is an enduring edifice which will proclaim his pre-eminent position in the sphere of Oriental learning.

Madras 4.
12-12-38

Confidential

My dear Sastrial,

I don't wish to alarm you, but you shd. know.

Three students, representatives of the Students' Organization here, came this afternoon to offer their mediation and know my side of the controversy. A "Strike committee" from A. Nagar have given them the version of the students.

- i. I should promise absolute immunity to the strikers and picketers.
- ii. I should cancel the punitive orders.
- iii. I should in future recognise the students as an integral part of the University and always consult them.
- iv. I should allow them to play their part in fulfilling the destiny of India (!)

I didn't read the paper containing these demands till after they had left. All I said to them was that I didn't want the intercession of outsiders, that my students might come to me, and I had nothing to say to these Madras representatives.

I was as badly excited as on the first day there & went through 20' of terrible pain.

Yours affly,
V. S. Srinivasan

Svagam,
Mylapore,
20-11-42.

My dear Kuppuswami Sastrial,

Don't bother to reply to my last letter. I have seen Ramachandra Dikshitar and learned a lot.

If a wrong notion enters a fool's head, it is hard to dislodge it. Well had it been if I had read the sloka with a pundit. Trusting my half-knowledge, I got more twists than one, and poor Dikshitar has had a job to put me right.

शुद्धः सुखमारोहः; etc etc.

In framing the context for the Sloka, I had imagined that the दूती's report to her mistress after her treachery was in reality वार्पस्नातुमितो गतास्मि. A perusal of Appayya's and Jagannatha's comments did not clear my mind of this cobweb. My letters to Ramaswami Sastri and to you did not disclose this error of mine. It has been behind all that. I thought on the subject and for long after Dikshitar enlightened me, I continued under its obsession and have only just cast it off.

Have I not done my best to forfeit all title to the name *Sahrdaya*?

Forgive and restore me to your love, if not to your esteem.

Yours affly,
V. S. Srinivasan

Svagam, Mylapore

16 April 1940

My dear Kuppuswami Sastrial,

How are you now ? Does the village promise to keep you well for the rest of your days ? Any good people in the neighbourhood, with whom you can talk about things that matter ? Assemble them, tho' it be by imperceived prospects of money or food ; the expense won't be much, compared with the advantage to your mind. I know you can't lose yourself in rituals as the old scholars did.

Looking forward to the 29th.

Yours affectionately,

V. S. Srinivasan.

R. S. Puram,

18 May 1940

Coimbatore

My dear Kuppuswami Sastrial,

It is lovely weather here. Rain almost daily. I was wise to run away from the agni - nakshatram days of Madras.

My grand daughter Ambulu may be wedded this season. The tentative date is the 9th June, and the proposed bridegroom is the youngest son of S. K. Yagnanarayana Iyer. Only the principal parties haven't met ; if the meeting is all right, the event comes off at Svagam.

Now, I am posing a query. Why not take my Ganapati-Agraharam week in the middle or towards the end of June? That will leave me free for Bangalore where I wish to go during July.

You are preparing a royal welcome for me, so says everybody that passes your way. Surely all that fuss is unnecessary. I can bear any amount of squeezing. The only thing I can't do without is a commode arrangement for sanitary purposes with the cleansing functionary always at call. Rather a nuisance but that is all.

I have discharged my cook and my chauffeur. So my dependence on others is complete. But I am learning and shall soon have mastered self-help. Please write. Any how don't worry.

Yours affectionately
V. S. Srinivasan.

Coimbatore,
24 May 1940.

My dear Kuppuswami Sastrial,

I am off on the 27th back to Madras. So if you reply, address the letter to Svatam, Mylapore.

Have I set you a serious problem? Don't bother. June has become filled up, and I shall go to your place only in July. Tell me when you feel like receiving me.

I forgot your mother. She is not used to any inhibition as to speech or expression of feeling. A *vratyā* like

me may shock her beyond endurance. If you can make a show of cutting me off and giving me a separate kitchen etc. she may tolerate me.

Yours affectionately,
V. S. Srinivasan.

Svagatam
5 Aug. 1940

My dear Sastrial,

Did you see in the *Hindu* that I have to stay here on the 25th and present a purse to SVV on his friends' behalf? He is an old friend, for whose gift of humorous writing I have a great fancy. The purse is expected to be near a thousand rupees in value.

Please write and have the fruit arrangement start 4 days later.

Do you read the paper carefully? K. S. Ramaswami Sastri is showing great zeal for military preparedness on youth's part - all for defensive and therefore righteous purposes though. He can't believe in an allegorical interpretation of the *Gita*; but his mind is सवे तोमुख

Affectionately yours
V. S. Srinivasan

Svagatam,
Mylapore
19-8-40

Dear friend,

I start on the 25th night Sunday by the Triv. Fast Pass. and arrive at Kumbakonam on the 26th morning Monday.

I take only a cup of ovaltine in the morning. But if coffee will be easier for Rao Sahib M R R to provide I shan't mind. No solid please.

Breakfast at 10, may be delayed, if necessary, by half an hour.

I am trying to get a servant to accompany but may not succeed.

Why do you trouble to come? It is too early an hour for you, and an altogether unnecessary journey.

S. Y. Krishnaswami told me he would come to your village on the 26th from Tanjore.

Trichy supply is of course easier. But ask your son not to be extravagant. He may send too much. You will be astonished how little I consume after a lot of fuss.

Affectionately yours,
V. S. Srinivasan.

Svagatam,
Mylapore
22-8-1940.

Dear friend,

I suppose you get some newspaper, or some in the village does. Else I should "lapse into illiteracy."

On the day of my arrival it will be rash to bathe in cold water. Please have some tepid water ready. I hope to join you afterwards in the river plunge.

You must do me a favour. While I am your अन्वेवासिन् you must give me a taste, just a taste of the mahabhashya and Jaimini's nyayamala PAS, our common friend, has gone crazy over Valivadham, his contention being that, tho' Vali didn't see Rama, Rama was standing just beside Sugriva all the time. To make out his case, he tortures certain slokas. He relies on some erratic commentaries like Siromani. Let us talk of this. He has some Grantha book.

Have you a copy of Vikramorvasiyam ?

Affectionately yours
V. S. Srinivasan

Svagatam,
Mylapore
8-9-40.

My dear friend,

You will be relieved to hear I came home all right and found everybody all right too.

The sky grew dark as I left Tanjore and gave us some rain too. I trust Muthuswami Ayyer and Seshagiri reached Ganapati Agraharam safely.

What a magnificent host you made! I have been guest in a thousand places, but nowhere did I get the attention, the kindness and the tender respect I met with under your roof. My wonder is great that you communicated your own affection for me to your friends and servants, from whom I received such warmth of love and loving service. The thirteen days seem now like one and I feel I could have stayed longer.

I left you none too strong. Please take rest and recover soon.

With every wish to leave you absolutely free, I am afraid I occupied your attention altogether and filled up your time as well as your thoughts. In that way you must feel as if a load had been taken off. I don't intend this, you may be sure, in a formal sense.

The elevation of your company and conversation was like a tonic. If your health (& mine too for that matter) had been better, I could have learned some high matters from you. But one can't have all things, & I am, I flatter myself, a man of contentment. I know my limits well and I don't aspire beyond, nor envy the lucky ones.

With my loving regards, as ever,

Yours
V. S. Srinivasan

Svagatam,
Mylapore,
17 November 1940.

Dear friend,

I bow to your criticism. If I had said less, I would have said more. There is a paradox.

I hear my statement has fortified heads of institutions Presidency, Law, Pachaiyappa's, Rajahmundry have refused to give lists. Govt. are disconcerted.

At Loyola, Father Murphy declared he would expel one student and deprive about 10 others of fee-concessions. So far he hasn't done so. Some students tell me it may be no more than a threat.

The students of Madras demonstrated yesterday. I hear wild speeches were made. That's the worst of it.

The young lions are not tamable. Like trade unions which they imitate, they quickly fall into the hands of unscrupulous agitators. One or two fine fellows, the very cream of their year, turn back in disgust; the vast majority are borne down the current.

Yours affectionately,
V. S. Srinivasan

Svagatam,
Mylapore,
2/4/41

Dear friend,

Nadimuthu Pillai could not shake our general sense of grievous wrong. But we felt it necessary to be armed with the findings of personal inquiry after the emphatic contradiction he had made of some elements of the situation. Chintamani has reassured us tenfold, his trip was far from unnecessary.

More than Trivadi, Orattanad humiliates me. I feel the demon in me rise. It would be a shame were I to record what I said and wished. TRV was not much behind me, tho' he isn't master of Tanjore slang to the same extent as L. He even thinks, being more mobile than I am, of going there in person to ascertain facts, and blazon them forth on his own authority.

If the spirit animating our polity were of the pure British (pre. Congress) type, the petty tyranny of Trivadi would not have happened. I hear it is the Congress party that has done this ignoble deed. Perhaps it has played the part of the jackal - worse still.

Yes, I am going to speak on the 5th. Before the words come to the lips from the heart, they usually, in my case, become soft, urbane, - & weak. I wish that day no change would occur, but they would reflect exactly my indignation and burning wrath. No, no - that won't do.

I am not talking to Congress ministers who won't listen to reason but to Advisers of British upbringing from whom redress may be expected. In their case moderation has a decent chance.

Trusting you are well and will be for long long yet.

Affectionately yours
V. S. Srinivasan.

R. S. Puram,
Coimbatore
23 June 1941.

Dear and honoured friend,

It is not difficult to guess at whose instance your last letter was written. Still I know you won't say anything outside your knowledge or belief even in inducing me to a course of action. This I bear in mind in replying to your exceedingly kind and flattering letter.

Allow me to protest mildly against your quoting that most hallowed sloka किं तेन न कृतं पापम् etc. You know I have not suppressed or even controlled myself very rigidly in speech or writing. Of what I know and think I make a scrupulous selection and deliver it to the world. If I have said I am utterly innocent of Indian philosophy or literature, I have exaggerated. But the truth is, I don't know enough to enable me to produce on these subjects something that will command respect in the world of

Indian scholarship. Jagadisan means to include it in a selection meant to represent my best. Do you contend, knowing me as you do, I can produce such a thing? I simply cannot.

There is no transcript of what I said in South Africa. Summaries appeared in the press at the time. It is impossible to reconstruct the originals with that aid. If I reconstructed them, I should be unwilling to own them.

The Trivady muddle can be cleared only by means of a lawsuit. More than 75 percent chances there are of success. It would be a pity to give up the matter now.

Nearly everyday I think of writing to you asking for enlightenment on some point or other in the Ramayana. But laziness and reluctance to trouble you have been in the way. When I stumble on a point of first-rate importance I must worry you, second-rate things or remarks that may merely amuse or cause a moment's curiosity मर्यादा जीर्णतां यान्तु.

Do you know definitely what steps have been taken to restore Sansk. Hons. in Annamalainagar? Are you able to go to the river for your bath? I hear they have let water flow.

Coimbatore is quite agreeable. I have to wear a shirt in the day and draw a blanket over myself at night.

Yours always with love and respect
V. S. Srinivasan.

Coimbatore

8-7-1941

My dear friend,

A noble and very proper movement it is they have started in your honour, bless their hearts. To do you honour in style, a great deal of money is required. It won't come now. A puny result after a mighty endeavour - this has been the fate of memorials of late. My mind misgives sorely. Kumbakonam has the knack of flying kites and rockets. They come down with a flop. Poor Sundararama Aiyar still stands near the Town Hall with a half - pleading, half - accusatory glance at every educated passer-by, and we haven't raised a small hall where his uneasy spectre may rest. The Brahmana students of Trivady Sanskrit College are still on the streets, bowl instead of book in their hand. What chance has an appeal for money now in a district where at the best times giving was stingy and now owing to the dire poverty around, must be extremely attenuated? It is ungracious to blame friends that mean well and kindly but a little discretion, a little sense of time and occasion, and a little farseeing consideration for the prestige of great names, is a part - pardon my saying it - of the highest type of discipleship. Cheap credit to pupils, not the worthy commemoration of a guru, is the craze. Forgive a hasty wail.

Affly Yours

V. S. Srinivasan

Servants of India Society,
Poona 4 (India)
3-3-42.

Most dear friend,

I long to see your hand again. Write four lines to say you are well.

I am well enough to conduct an elocution class for local teachers. Their keenness is a revelation. I feared the wrong turn the war is taking would make them more than ever hate English. I was wrong. Always and everywhere a few men preserve their heads !

My loving regards to Muthuswami Aiyar.

I shall be here for another month.

Yours ever affly
V. S. Srinivasan

Servants of India Society,
Poona 4.
13-3-42.

Dear friend,

Your letter gave me satisfaction. It shows you are able to make a plan, prosecute it and enjoy its result. The malady that holds you down is still there. Well, you know if anyone does, how to endure it and still make something of life.

Don't lose locomotion faculty. Keep it up, though it may seem a trial. Combine with the change of place some interest or pleasure. Ask a friend to meet you or get a peasant to tell you of his worship and note his beliefs and expectations. Too much preoccupation with one's own ailments and cares is not good. Take yourself out of yourself. It is a tonic of great potency.

Also once in six months go out of the village and spend two or three days with Seshagiri and his children. Of course they visit you now and then. You too must have a change of scene, a break in the weary round of habits, not too great for your weak nerves or quick temper but just sufficient to jolt you and give exercise to the alert part of your mind. You know what I mean.

I was getting into a miserable rut, when Bombay's call came. I accepted it with some force of will. Poona has detained me, I've taken congenial work and I can't tell you how eager I am, as 5 O'clock comes round, to dress and go out to meet the teacher pupils. This old zest seems new!

If books tax you too much, please throw yourself into other people's affairs without getting involved. If your occupation must be objective, let it be wholly so.

Yours affly,
V. S. Srinivasan.

Write again please, & pardon.

Servants of India Society,

Poona 4

30 April 1942

Dear friend,

After 3½ months' absence I am returning home to-day. But where is home ? I may stay two days in Madras, it will be all alone. The family have migrated to Salem, & I may join them. My son, hard pressed in Coimbatore, has reserved accommodation for me but promises no great comforts.

I fancy you still read *the Hindu*. Anxiety for the country will be the one feeling with which you do so. There is no silver lining visible in the cloud, it is all one inky blot. The Ramayana, in fact Sanskrit literature generally, is potent to abstract my mind from the perplexities around us. You are translated, Arabian Nights fashion, to a region of romance, where all the values change and the world appears simple, young, almost lovable. The vocables and periods have a soothing and at the same time sonorous ring, which seems adequate to the soul, though on analysis the substance be trivial and even puerile.

Affly Yours

V. S. Srinivasan

Servants of India Society

Poona 4

1 August '43

Loved and honoured friend,

I trust with all my heart you will be able to read these lines. They are to assure you that in your struggle with illness you have the most heartfelt sympathy and good wishes of thousands of your students. Others who were not your students but wish they had been, and are to be found all over the country, also pray for your recovery.

My good fortune brought me into intimate association with you for a time, in the course of which I came to appreciate the immensity of your scholarship and the unequalled influence that you have exercised in South India over the direction and tenour of Sanskrit learning for over a generation. Great student, great teacher, great friend, your life has been an example and an inspiration.

Live yet for many years and shed light and lustre around you.

Your admirer and friend

V. S. Srinivasan

Servants of India Society
Poona 4
8 August 1943

Dearest and most respected friend,

What a joy I had this morning when, returning from Sangli, I caught sight of your handwriting on a cover ? So you could sit up and write, & you did it for me. I am proud as well as happy. The superscription was in the characteristic style, full & overflowing. Formerly I used to be amused to see how you wrote superfluous things, 'private & confidential' for example, with two parallel lines below, like a man suspicious of peering eyes and resolved to take no risks. Now, however, I was gratified, for it was proof that there was no change in your mind & its habits. The same Kuppuswami Sastrial as ever.

I must not forget my first duty, - to congratulate the old lady your mother, for if you are going to live till 90, she is sure to predecease you and receive what she must be praying for - the final fire at your hands. How near she came to lose the great chance ! Be a good son, whatever else you may be.

I've told you how I wasn't a good son to my mother. I missed a dozen chances of going to England lest I should miss the last duty to her. At last, when I took my courage in both my hands and did cross over, hoping that one who lived so long might live a little longer, she chose to pass away and leave me with an unsupportable burden on my heart. That grief you won't know. Lucky man !

How is the old lady to be reminded of me and then told that I send her my congratulations, heralded by dutiful namaskaras? May be someone is patient and resourceful enough for the task. When it has been done, tell me who the genius was and what stratagems, wiles and incantations he used.

I hope to see you once again and, if you are strong, bring you some simple and laughable doubts to resolve. People say you never learned how to suffer fools gladly. I can testify in my person you did, - not only gladly, but lovingly and tenderly.

Yours ever affectionately
V. S. Srinivasan

Servants of India Society,
Poona 4
8 August 1943.

My dear Seshagiri*,

Your letter came all right, but to Sangli, some distance from this place. Rao Sahib Rajagopala Aiyangar's letter, written the same day, had by some vagary of the post office reached me already in Poona. To-day I had the rare happiness of reading your father's letter and yours.

We are all blest, aren't we? But we must not be thrown off our guard in our joy. Don't run about here and there but remain within call. A dilated heart is a relentless enemy. He may steal inside at night like a thief, when the watchers are weary and asleep.

I propose to return in September and that month or the next make a pilgrimage to your place.

Let me hear now and then.

Affly Yours
V. S. Srinivasan

• Mr. G. K. Seshagiri, Son of Professor S. Kuppaswami Sastri.

Servants of India Society,
Poona 4
14 Aug 1943

Honoured and loved friend.

I did not need proof of your affection. Nor did I ask for it. But you have chosen to give it to me. It goes to my head and produces self-esteem beyond measure. Not good for me. Nor, I am afraid, for you. Seshagiri was right. Pray obey him and others who may restrain you from premature or excessive use of returning strength. Relations and friends will understand and make the fullest allowance for your silence. Certainly I may be trusted to do so.

Your confidence is amazing. It infects me, who am notorious for lack of it. I have recently been speaking with zest as well as vigour, and mean to speak several times yet & on high topics before turning Madras-ward. Almost before I realized what I was doing, I uttered a good word about Gandhiji, and Sir Chimanlal Setalvad has rapped me over the knuckles for it. I am put on my defence & shan't run away. Petty party spirit annoys me.

Love & loving thoughts go to you always,

Yours affly
V. S. Srinivasan

**Letter to
Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar of Chettinad**

13 March 1940

Dear friend,

Please find a letter enclosed which I addressed yesterday to the Private Secretary to the Governor. The opinion of the Syndicate was that my proper course is to resign to the Chancellor, who is the appointing authority.

As at present arranged, I leave on the 20th instant and do not return. Grief dominates my heart as I say my farewells. Believe me, it will be long before I forget these associations and am reconciled to the private life of the home. If I may single out one of the several causes that make the change sad, it is the loss of opportunities of teaching that I have enjoyed. They have been to me sources of unalloyed satisfaction and happiness. You can have but a faint idea of the blessedness of the reward that has fallen to me as from heaven in the grateful appreciation of the scholars.

It would be strange if disappointment and failure did not dog my footsteps during my five years' stay here.

□ □ □ □

I confess I have learned here how slow men are to forget evil, to admit improvement in others and contribute willingly to the sweetening of the surrounding atmosphere.

□ □ □ □

Even a cursory review of the past throws into relief the strike among students and its unhappy incidents. You were kept informed of its progress and culmination and many turns in its closing stages came under your personal observation. One thought stands out clear amid the general gloom. Your confidence in me never wavered. No tales could weaken or disturb it. That is 'bliss beyond compare', and I cannot thank you half enough. Now time has softened the original asperity and events are seen in perspective, I am glad to feel in my heart that I acted in every stage with deliberation, under advice and without malice or desire of vengeance. Mercy and forgiveness were always enthroned in my heart and while officials and non-officials alike aggravated the situation by ill-conceived and mischievous interference, I did not deprive of the benefits of our education more than two delinquents. In fact the readmission of fifty participants in disorder has exposed the University to risks which are felt every now and then, but have been kept within bounds by the vigilance, tact and goodwill of the staff, both tutorial and ministerial. I should fail in duty if I did not bring to your notice the unstinted loyalty and co-operation of my colleagues in all ranks.

The general approbation with which parents and students greeted our handling of an ugly situation was manifested in the large access of our numbers during the year, thus falsifying the fears entertained by the staff and by myself. Our strength is now under a thousand by only fifty. Idealists may exalt quality above quantity and speak airily about the higher as contrasted with the lower aims of

education. I believe, however, in the present condition of our University, enrolment is a good test of our efficiency and popularity, and no arbitrary limit of number like one thousand should be placed on the growth of the institution. Pressure may be brought on the Syndicate to impose some limit, but I trust it will be resisted.

I am not cataloguing the events of my regime. Believe me I have no public to please, no official to flatter. After the approval of my conscience I care for nothing so much as for your good-will. The tender institution that you put into my hands trustfully I am restoring to you after five years. I venture to claim that, though it has had a severe trial, it is now in a sounder and more prosperous condition than when I took it over. If you allow this claim, I ask for no higher recompense

Let me add a prayer, Our official relation terminates now, but not our personal. I shall continue, during the rest of my days, to cherish your friendship and the many acts of affection and kindness and generosity which it has prompted. May no untoward chance of invention of jealousy poison the spring of your brotherliness! On the contrary, may it be purer and fuller than ever!

Affectionately, Yours
V. S. Srinivasan

Letter to
Sri S. R. Balasubrahmanyam

Rama Mandir
Viceroy Road,
Mysore,
2-10-40.

My dear B,

Yes, Mysore is a beautiful city. I don't tire of the sights. But I am no longer strong and eager.

This morning I went to the Durbar and saw the show from the gallery, not mingling with the crowd. Very spacious and colourful scenes but not enough life and not enough variety.

I saw a heart specialist here - a German Jew of great repute. Asks me to be careful and not to speak any more in public or to an audience. Pills etc. Nothing new. I have learned a lot by sad experience.

Shall return to Race View Bangalore in 3 or 4 days.

Affly Yours
V. S. Srinivasan

Sri S. R. Balasubrahmanya Aiyar, M. A. LT
48 North CarStreet, Chidambaram

**Correspondence with
Josiah C. Wedgwood**

903, Howard House
Dolphin Square S. W. I.
14-10-1938.

Dear Srinivasa Sastri,

I take it that we are not so much extinct volcanoes as somewhat rusty old records. We may still make each other the usual compliments and attempt to exploit each other's past interests and affections. To come to the muttuns, I want your help.

With a colleague (A. P. Herbert) I am bringing out an anthology of Freedom and Democracy in prose and verse, $\frac{1}{2}$ English, $\frac{1}{2}$ American, obviously for propaganda and education and to counter Hitlerism and restore the ideas under which you and I were brought up.

It is to get into all schools and colleges as an English Primer ; and culture must be represented by the best names as well as by the suitable extracts. Living persons had better be applied to supply their own idea of what was their own best 200-300 words.

So I shall extract speech extracts from you, Gandhi, Baldwin, Churchill, Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, Lloyd George and welcome you to the Valhalla in company with Milton, Bright, Lincoln, Burke and Macaulay. I do not want this flatulent nationalism of modern youth.

Yours, with compliments and affection,
Josiah C. Wedgewood.

Annamalai University
Annamalainagar
13 Nov 1938

My dear Wedgwood,

You would give me a place among the immortals. But I do not belong to the company and fear to avail myself of your introduction. Some friends, however, by whose judgment I set greater store than by my own, have persuaded me that an invitation from such a friend as you must be responded to. And so here goes.

The extract exceeds your limit. I hope you won't mind. But your decision is final, and I shall submit cheerfully.

It is not composed for the occasion, but put together, with certain omissions from an address which I delivered last year to the graduates of this University. Two copies of this address go to you with this letter, and if you have time to read it, you will get an idea of the setting.

Does the Devanagari repel you? You need not print it unless you wish to. I have put in, in case some readers should desire to see what the original Sanskrit would look like.

The time is very much out of joint. One almost trembles to open the morning's paper. You and I are nearly making our exit from the stage. But we cannot help looking back with anxiety on what we leave behind. The last phrase suggests a certain feeling of responsibility : could we disown it ? We fain would. Lovers as we still are of truth, let us bow our heads in submission.

With love, as ever,
Yours with kindest regards,
V. S. Srinivasan.

Moddershall Oaks
Stone,
Staffs.
3-12-38.

My dear Srinivasa Sastri,

Your delightful letter of Nov. 13 has come - all just like you - but alas the extract from your speech has not come yet. Please, please, ask one of your young men to recopy and despatch.

We may be old, but at least we have kept faith in a bad world, and when we go down to the House of Kings some one - if only our own conscience - will say 'well done' thou good and faithful servant. You and I have not been

selfish either nationally or domestically. You and I will remain to the end intolerant of cruelty, injustice, and cowardice.

While three men hold together the kingdoms are less by three.

Yours ever
Josiah C. Wedgwood.

I have received it. The whole speech is splendid and exactly what I wanted for the book and for myself. I am sorry, but I have now made different extracts and more gaps - but no alterations of the whole. I will send you my version next week. Thank you very much indeed. You are an inspiration and shall pass it on immortally. I am sending the 2nd copy to Attlee* who will read it.

Yours ever
Josiah C. Wedgwood,

* C. R. Attlee (later Earl Attlee), the Leader of the British Labour Party and later the Prime Minister of Great Britain, in whose tenure India became free from the British rule in 1947.

EXTRACTS

"It is established beyond question that parliamentary government postulates the existence of well-organized and coherent parties. The conditions of their proper functioning must be secured beyond all hazard. Politicians who wish to do their bit for the community must submit to a certain amount of control and restriction of the free exercise of their judgement. This being promised, I am concerned here to dwell at some length on the other side of the picture.

One can understand the nation demanding the entire surrender of the citizen, his prospect, his freedom and his life. Can a party push its claims against its members so far? Perhaps the claim is not made in set formulae or stated nakedly in any treatise on public institutions, but in actual practice, the tendency of party executives is to aggrandize themselves and make continual inroads on the freedom of action and of speech of their members. In the hurry of life we do not remember that by merely joining a party we give up a considerable slice of liberty. A political party, in the search for means of extending its power and prestige, is most omnivorous. It soon acquires a body of crystallized views upon all subjects under the sun, and a member may be called upon at any time to support them by advocacy and by vote. The theoretical distinction between fundamentals and details, between principles and their particular applications, is apt to be lost sight of; and in the fervour of propaganda and the excitement of combat the word of the party leader must be obeyed, and the

tyranny of military discipline tends to be established. The opposition, whose business ought to be to expose the flaws of Government measures, but, when that task is done, to examine the measures on their merits and support them where they are worthy of support, opposes for the sake of the opposition and gets into the habit of seeing nothing right in the operations of Government and never saying a good word of their adversaries.

It is impossible to be a bondsman in politics and a free-man in other departments of life. The truest freedom is the freedom of the mind, and thought can flourish and produce its full effect only when it can find an outlet in speech and action. T. H. Huxley was once asked why he did not care to enter the House of Commons; his answer was that he had dedicated his life to the discovery and elucidation of truth and not to its obscuration, and therefore he avoided the pursuit of politics. I do not think that Huxley over-stated his case. Party politics, which forbids independent judgement and compels one to speak and vote at another's bidding is systematized violence to truth. Knowing how commonly one is misunderstood, let me at this point repeat my faith in democracy. However bad a legislative chamber may be, as Cavour said, it can never be so bad as the antechamber of an autocrat, or one may add, of a modern dictator. But does it follow that I should join in the apotheosis of party and kneel down before a caucus which regards its slogans and shouts hosannas at every paltry success as though the hosts of heaven had routed the hordes of hell?

I advise you not to look upon members of other parties as enemies to be avoided, denounced and injured, but as fellow-travellers choosing different routes to reach the same

goal, viz. the common good. I advise you above all, to cherish your personal freedom as a birth - right and guard it jealously except in a limited sphere, so that in your public activities you may be true to yourselves. The ideal to be aimed at is the one enunciated in our ancient saying :

मन्त्र्येकं वचस्येक कर्म्मण्येकं महात्मनाम्.

“One and the same in thought, word and act” For, the empire of Truth has no limits and knows no relaxations.”



Sir P. S. SIVASWAMI AIYAR, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

Sir Pazhamarneri Sundaram Aiyar Sivaswami Aiyar was born on February 7, 1864 at his mother's village, Marur, on the northern bank of the Kaveri - situated between Tirukattupalli and Tiruvaiyaru in the Thanjavur district of Tamil Nadu. He derives his ancestry from a leading Brahacharanam Brahmana family of Pazhamarneri, on the southern bank of the Kaveri, just a mile west of Tirukattupalli amidst a cluster of Brahacharanam villages. Having matriculated in 1878, he had a brilliant academic career under distinguished educationists - T. Gopala Rao of the Government College, Kumbakonam and E. Thompson of the Presidency College. He passed his B. A. Examination in 1882, ranking second in the Madras Presidency and First in Sanskrit, winning the Godavari Narayan Prize and the Oppert Medal for proficiency in Sanskrit and the Gordon Prize for distinction in History. In 1884, young Sivaswami passed the B. L. Examination, heading the list of successful candidates.

Enrolled as a Vakil of the Madras High Court in 1885, Sivaswami Aiyar continued his active practice at the bar for nearly a quarter of a century and was greatly respected for his solid legal knowledge, his sterling abilities and character, his fidelity, the integrity of his professional conduct and his vast erudition and the purity of his personal and public life. In recognition of his legal acumen, he was appointed in 1893 as Assistant Professor in the Madras Law College - a position which he held till 1899. Between 1893 and 1907 he was closely associated with the Madras Law Journal as its Joint Editor.

His appointment as Examiner in Sanskrit at the Madras University in 1887-88 and for the B.L. Degree in 1898-99 was preparatory to the enlistment of his interest and talents in the affairs of the Madras University. In 1898, Sivaswami Aiyar was elected a Fellow of the Madras University and in 1904 was elected to the Madras Legislative Council by the Madras University - a clear reward for his labours in the cause of the University. He was re-elected - unopposed - to the Madras Legislative Council in 1906.

Sivaswami Aiyar was appointed Advocate General of Madras in October 1907 and was confirmed in that appointment in January 1908. His work in connection with the Madras Estates Land Act and Charitable and Religious Endowments won for him due recognition from the Government of the day in the shape of CIE - an Honour bestowed on him in 1908. He remained Advocate General till February 1912 when he was made a member of His Excellency the Governor's Executive Council, Madras on the demise of his close friend, Mr. V. Krishnaswami Aiyar. His outstanding work as Executive Councillor was rewarded with the conferment of KCSI on him in 1915.

In November 1907, Sivaswami Aiyar took over the management of the High School at Tirukattupalli, near his native village, Pazhamarneri, in Thanjavur District. His contributions in the shape of a Girl's High School in Mylapore (Madras) of which he took over the management in 1931 and of the High School at Tirukattupalli near his village are notable landmarks in the history of education

in South India and bear enduring testimony to his unobtrusive and unostentatious benefactions in the cause of learning.

After he laid down office as Member of the Governor's Executive Council in 1915, Sivaswami Aiyar devoted his time, energies and his earthly resources entirely to public work - worthy causes, particularly education. He was a great Liberal in his political persuasion and presided over the session of the Indian National Liberal Federation at Calcutta in December 1919.

In 1916, Sir Sivaswami Aiyar was appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University - an office which he held till 1918. During his association with the Madras University - as a member of the Senate, the Syndicate and later as the Vice-Chancellor - he was instrumental in establishing the Oriental Titles Degree and in planning out a scheme in the working of the Pachaiyappa's College. His strong advocacy of the cause of the mother-tongue as the best medium of instruction in higher education - even after he ceased to be the Vice - Chancellor - won for him wide appreciation, contrary to the doubts entertained in some quarters over their suitability for communicating modern scientific ideas.

In April 1918, Sir Sivaswami Aiyar accepted the Vice-Chancellorship of the Benaras Hindu University and after a year, resigned from that position in April 1919.

In 1920, Sir Sivaswami Aiyar was elected to the Indian Legislative Assembly and in May 1921, he was appointed a member of the Military Requirements Committee which

was presided over by the Commander-in-Chief Lord Rawlinson. No wonder, with his passion for details and precision, Sir Sivaswami Aiyar acquired an unusual wealth of knowledge of Indian Defence problems and came to be acknowledged in all counsels as an expert on Defence matters and was listened to with great respect during Assembly debates and public discussions on questions concerning Defence.

In 1922, he went to the League of Nations at Geneva as a delegate of the Government of India and toured Europe and America. In May 1931, he was appointed a member of the Indian Military College Committee - an assignment for which he was eminently fitted.

His convocation addresses at Mysore in 1923, at Benaras in 1919, at Madras in 1914 and at Lucknow in 1933 reflect his deep and abiding interest in the educational problems of the age. His, 'V. Krishnaswamy Aiyar Lectures' under the auspices of the Madras University on "Indian Constitutional Problems" delivered in 1927, his Kamala Lectures at Calcutta in 1934 are distinctive contributions to modern thought.

In 1939, Lady Sivaswami Aiyar (Kalyani Ammal) passed away. Soon after Sir Sivaswami Aiyar sold away his house "Sudharma" in Mylapore and donated the sale proceeds to Lady Sivaswami Aiyar High School in Mylapore, Madras. He spent his last years in a rented building nearby in Sullivan Garden Road (what is now belatedly renamed Sir P. S. Sivaswami Road!) and on 5th November 1946, "was laid to rest" - to recall a phrase which Sastriar had used in 1914.

Incidentally, Sir Sivaswami Aiyar invariably used 'e' instead of 'a' in spelling the 'Aiyar' in his name, particularly while subscribing himself in his letters and notes. Sastriar respected this preference and in his correspondence after 1914, always spelt it 'Aiyer' although, as for the main part of the name, it was occasionally Sivaswami and alternately Sivaswamy. The High School at Tirukattupalli carried the mast "Sir Sivaswami Ayyar High School". This sidelight, however, is purely of academic interest to-day.

Sastriar's friendship and regard for Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar, his character, his profound learning and record of public service were of a range far beyond the common. Sir Sivaswami Aiyar leaned a great deal on Sastriar's judgement and advice on educational problems and the management of his institutions. In one of his letters published in this Number, Sastriar refers to his "surprise" visit to the Tirukattupalli High School on what was an inquiry into its working. Years later, writing in 1944 in the Satabhishekam volume on the occasion of Sir P.S. Sivaswami Aiyar's 81st birth day, Sastriar recalled "His conscience is so exacting. He once sent me on an errand of investigation to Tirukattupalli, and when I reported decisively against the teacher concerned, went over the whole ground again and again before taking the irrevocable step." The School has the motto :

यतो धर्मः ततो जयः ।

(Where there is Dharma, there is victory)

It could not have been more appropriate. We reproduce here the speech Sastriar delivered at the High School at Tirukattupalli on 6th February 1944 while inaugu-

rating the Satabhishekam (81st birthday) celebrations of Sir Sivaswami Aiyar. The speech was published at the time in the Satabhishekam Volume ; but as it has run out of print and the speech has a powerful appeal even in the altered conditions of today, it can bear reproduction in the pages of 'Sastriana' so that its message can reach a much wider audience,

SASTRIAR
ON
SIR P. S. SIVASWAMI AIYAR

(6th February 1944)

Mr. SASTRI'S SPEECH

Headmaster, friends, ladies and gentlemen ; I should say at first I have great pleasure in inaugurating these celebrations and in declaring the exhibition open. My friend, Balasubramania Aiyer, has given a very striking instance of the saying that 'Kindness can be cruel'. The way he has spoken of me this morning covers me with confusion. While I thank him heartily I cannot but express the wish he had said much less.

Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar, whose satabhishekam we are celebrating today and tomorrow, is so well-known in this locality that it would not be necessary to go, in any detail, over his life and life-work.

My remarks will mostly consist of my own reflections and the way in which the contemplation of his great career affects me and thousands of others who have had the honour to know him personally.

Sir Sivaswami Aiyar is one of the outstanding personalities of our time. His name is known all over the country, and, I am fairly certain, in great parts of the English political world as well. His services, unostentatious as they have been, have attracted a good deal of notice of Sir Claude Auchinleck, who could have known him only in very recent times and who has borne witness, as borne true witness, to the way in which Sir Sivaswami Aiyar has, during a great many years, served this country. Naturally, the present Commander-in-Chief emphasises the services done by Sir Sivaswami Aiyar to the Government and the public. I quite agree with him that Sir Sivaswami Aiyar's

services to the Government and the public are not a small part of his work. Ladies and gentlemen, let me say, without reservation of any kind, that to serve the government of our country according to our lights is not a small thing; it is not a thing which anybody should blush to own, and I therefore should make no apology whatsoever when I endorse Sir Claude's testimony. I have been long of opinion that to serve the government of our day is to serve our country. Sir Sivaswami Aiyar held office for some years as Advocate-General and then as Member of the Executive Council of the Government of Madras. He has associated himself with many Commissions and Enquiries, and in that capacity too, has given great assistance to the work of the government.

It is usual in a country like India, where the government is held to be the unrighteous holder of rights and privileges of authority, and only a very grudging transferer of these items of secular power, it is only natural that in a country like India, there should be a feeling of hostility between the government and the leaders of the people; and that hostility should occasionally manifest itself in public meetings particularly in disapprobation of the very name of government. That, however, is not the very essence of the matter. A man who serves government may serve it for the sake of the people; and there being a great number of channels through which a man may make himself useful in his time, there being a great number of channels, it is left to the temperament of the individual to choose the particular manner in which his regard for the people's welfare shows itself. I have held that it is only—just hear me please carefully; for what I say may lend itself

to much misconception and I am anxious to avoid misconception when I am speaking in vindication of a life which has been subject to a great deal of misconception and misrepresentation—Ladies and gentlemen, it is an elementary truth of public policy, that it is only where a government is strongly entrenched and where it observes at least the rudimental forms of democracy, it is only in such an atmosphere that non-official public life can also function efficiently. If a government is not able to hold authority with the consent, or at least with the acquiescence of the people, if public life, generally speaking, is disturbed and unharmonious, if there are, as if were, a great number of currents of thought and activity which conflict with those of government and disorganise public life, unofficial servants of the public will find it a very inauspicious environment indeed in which to do their allotted work. In a chaotic country nothing can function properly. The very fact—let me state it as clearly as I can—the very fact that unofficial public life, that institutions only recognised indirectly by government, work at top level, that all—old and young—are permeated by enlightened patriotism, that all great public servants find an atmosphere of general sympathy and welcome to do their work, all this being the silent result of government's ordered functioning—those escape our notice; just as the sun and the moon escape our notice often. This is an essential condition of our work. Where there is no peaceful life in the country, a favourable atmosphere for unofficial work, too, would not be. To neglect government therefore; to hold it up to public contempt and to be ready to hiss and hoot when the name of government or any of its prominent officials

is mentioned at a public meeting, is to ignore the very foundation of what we call 'ordered public life and public activity'. That Sir Sivaswami Aiyar spent a part of his energy in serving that government is, it seems to me, an important part of his contribution to the times. I make, therefore, no reservation in presenting it to you as one of the main items that we should honour and cherish in his public career. I have only to add under this head that I am the more confident of this testimony that I bear, because his service to the government, such as it was, was rendered in the true spirit of service to the public and not merely as a mark of servility to the powers-that-be in his day. Of that fact we are discovering more and more signs. There are people, who, after him, filled his office and filled cognate offices, read his minutes, who are able to understand, in the true spirit, the nature of his services as a Member of the Executive Council and as Advocate-General. They tell us every day, on reading the minutes that he has left, that he studied public questions from the proper angle, that he wrote and spoke and fought in the Executive Council for the benefit of the people in the true spirit of a public servant.

But Sir Sivaswami Aiyar's career may be best studied as that of a representative of our own culture and not merely as a representative of the new culture of the West. Of this, indeed, he is a shining and brilliant example, one that I might present to the young here with all my heart as an example that they may well follow. The learning of the West was indeed at his fingers' ends. He was a keen student of English literature. He knew the elements of all the sciences and he was a man who may be said to be truly

cultured—understanding the word ‘culture’ in its widest as well as in its best sense. No branch of knowledge was outside his range. To hear him converse on subjects like gardening, and even on the pedigree of horses, would be interesting. Hardly there is a thing on which he would not be able to have conversation without expert knowledge in that particular line. You would think that he lived all his life in learning; and you would not be far wrong. He learned, he studied hard, he garnered wisdom, high and low, and he was never so happy as when he was conveying this great knowledge of his to those about him. I could wish myself that I went oftener to him and took inspiration. And if there are here any like Mr. Venkatarama Sastriar, who had the good fortune to sit continuously at his feet, you may well believe that they carry away some of the greatest and most profound influences of our times.

Well, of Sanskrit, of the wisdom embodied in that language, of our ancient literature, scriptural as well as lay, Sir Sivaswami Aiyar has a deep knowledge. He loves nothing even today so much as the company of our revered pundits of old. Talking to them he feels that he is in a congenial atmosphere and living the life that we all cherish, of the old forests and of the villages on the river banks. Wisdom of the old, such as is stored away, and not, alas, always brought to the advantage of the modern society, that wisdom he continually tapped as an ever-living fountain. How I wish, how I wish that the knowledge of the East and the West, as it is found in him, were also found in the young men of our generation! The young men of our generation seem to me to be in a somewhat pitiable condition. I do not mean to be harsh to them, nor to say

anything uncomplimentary ; but I am merely noting the fact that they are undecided between two homages to be paid by their intellect and do not know where their true interests lie. They are reared up in our colleges and schools ; but deep down in their hearts there is implanted, from very unhealthy sources, a feeling of hatred for the West, a feeling of contempt for the West, whether they are of the white or of the brown complexion. The dislike of the English language and of English literature—which perhaps is truly felt but very often, I believe, is pretended for the sake of popularity—the dislike of the influences of the West that one notices now in general society, is one of the most unwholesome symptoms of the system of education which does not know where it goes. But is this all—is that all the story—is this contempt for the West, this feeling of rooted antipathy—is that balanced by a corresponding love of our culture, by a devotion to our literature ? Is this corrected and put on the proper footing by a true allegiance to our own masters of literature ? Ladies and gentlemen, those who teach in our schools and those who are familiar with our curricula, will know that we have not that consolation. Sanskrit is not studied in our schools and colleges in the proper spirit. Our young men who scorn the light coming from the West are no welcomers of the light coming from the East. Upon that too, they turn back with derision. If you believe me, the number of young people in our schools and colleges—Tirukattupali may be an exception, and Mr. Balasubramania Aiyar will excuse me if my remarks refer to places outside his jurisdiction,—I am afraid the truth is that the young grow up without a proper equip-

ment in our ancient story. They do not know the fables, the mythology and the puranas in which we were reared. It would not be a strange spectacle if you are talking on subjects connected with Ramayana and Mahabharata in our modern schools and see the faces of the young unlit by the glow of joy or expectation. They frown, they knit their brows. They ask 'why are we treated to this absurd story? Is there nothing of modern utility, of chemistry or physics, of Shelley or Keats?' Why is this? The very names of Rama and Sita have a strange sound in their ears. I am afraid our modern text books do not contain very much of these ancient mythological stories which have laid the foundations, broad and deep, of our own culture and which have moulded our fundamental thoughts and ideals and which keep us, old as we are and admirers of the West, at the same time also worshippers at the feet of our sages and of our ancient sayings. Our young men, therefore, seem to me to be bereft of the practical wisdom of the West, and, alas, at the same time of the edifying wisdom of the East. When, therefore, some of them speak with contempt of Englishmen and what the Englishman teaches us today. I say to myself, 'I would tolerate this sentiment, if I saw it coupled with a real veneration of the East.' But in you, young men, this feeling of hostility is universal. Dislike of all education, of all culture is, perhaps, the keynote of your mental life. I am not impressed at all by this seeming antipathy to the West because I know it is not balanced on the other side by a corresponding devotion to the things of the East.

Let us remember Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar at the end of this branch of my talk today. He combines in himself, in a marvellous manner, the wisdom coming from the East

and from the West and I should commend to the young people nothing better than an imitation of the way in which he is a son of the modern times as well as an inheritor of our profound culture of the East. Sir Sivaswami Aiyar illustrates one of the great maxims of the characterisation of our heroes in the East. If you study our books, one quality is often mentioned at the head of individual virtue. Who is a good man, who is a venerable man, who is the man whose life is worth studying, whose example is worth imitating, who is the man to be remembered? Of the many virtues of our ideal characters the one that appeals to me very highly is this.—An ingrained habit to seek the approbation of good men in society and to avoid their censure is what you should aim at in your life. What you should remember worth achieving are these two qualities—they are only the twin aspects of the same quality—the approbation of the good, the avoidance of their censure. If you study Sir Sivaswami Aiyar's life, ladies and gentlemen, you will find in him this twin quality always manifesting itself in prominence. There are some who, I know, go about with a defiance of public opinion, who say, 'What do I care, what the ignorant neighbourhood say? I am wise in my own conceit. I draw my inference from my own inner self. If my conscience says 'all right' it must be right.' Gentlemen, it is all right on paper. It is all right when you hear it. But it does not work out in life. Our conscience, though it is a familiar sound to the ear, is an extremely elusive thing to catch. Our conscience is not always well-trained. It is not properly educated. Its decrees, its pronouncements, good or bad, its approval and dis-approval, are not, except perhaps in one out of ten thousand cases, worth mentioning. An

ordinary man is on unsafe ground and is liable to fall and be miserable if he trusts what he calls his conscience. I have not known many, ladies and gentlemen, in my long life—and much of that life has been spent in introspection—I have not known many people doing wrong and then suffering pangs inflicted by conscience. If a man does wrong deliberately, he knows also how to send his conscience to a long sleep. Conscience is not the monitor that it should be in most of us. Therefore, to us a more objective test must be applied. We shall be sure of ourselves only with good men, men whom we call सन्त, (Santah). There are not many anywhere; but the good opinion of these few people in our neighbourhood is worth having at all costs and their ill opinion must be avoided as poison to the soul. Well, if a man so conducts himself that the good men say 'yes' to what he says and bless him, if a man has the good fortune to obtain that testimony, then you may be sure that he has lived his life well and honourably. I should say that with the greatest confidence of Sir Sivaswami Aiyar.

Now I have got to say one very important thing and I wish particularly the young ones to my left to listen to me carefully—if they can understand what I am saying, I hope they can—I have now said that the judgment, favourable or unfavourable, of the good persons in society is the truest reward of carefully conducted education. How can we be sure that we get it? The newspapers convey the opinion of the public, but alas, not always the opinion of the most cultivated public or of the best exponent of the culture of the times. The newspapers promulgate what is commonly said in the bazaar. But it is not in any sense the

quintessence of wisdom. Therefore, if a man is merely popular, you cannot be sure that he is so on just grounds. Popularity is attained in a number of ways, not all of them on the highest ground of honour. It is easy to win applause in a public meeting. It is easy to win praise from the newspapers. It is also easy, alas, to get the love of the young by deceitful means, by methods that honourable men should scorn to adopt. Of this spurious popularity I am not speaking at the moment. I am speaking of the good opinion of those who take popularity in the course of their work, as it were, but do not seek it as the primary object in life. If a person courts popularity, does things in order to be called a clever man or an able man or even a patriotic man, if a man does and says things just for the purpose of getting this temporary notoriety, I do not put him among the models for the young. But if a man, doing the right according to the best light, and pursuing a career of true love for the country and patriotism, wins popularity incidentally, indirectly and unconsciously, it is a good asset in life. For, when you have to say and do good things for the benefit of the public, it is well that you command their assent and general approbation. A popular man carries farther than an unpopular man; and in these days of widening democracy, he is by no means a prudent man who wilfully and, as a matter of policy, despises popularity. I do not like anyone to despise popularity. But, on the other hand, I do not like a person to think that popularity is the *summum bonum* of his life, whether his life is spent among official or non-official ranks. Take popularity by all means. It comes as a subsidiary game. But do not put it forward, before your mind's eye, as a thing to labour for above all other things.

“*Vidya Dana*”

That then is the life Sir Sivaswami Aiyar has lived. He has cared for the approbation and esteem of the good men and of the discerning judges, if I may use that word of society. He has unfortunately so metimes been unpopular. But that is not of great moment when we consider the things of the soul above the things of the body. In what way was he unpopular? For instance, ladies and gentlemen, you who have lived here will be astonished at the folly of judgment to which he was often subjected, when I say that he was thought unduly careful with regard to his worldly possessions, that he paid too much regard for his money. But you who come here for this celebration will acquit him of this sin. To this school he has been giving large sums of money. Besides, believing that the school which is only just able to live day to day cannot function efficiently, he has endowed it liberally. There are only a few schools in the presidency which are well endowed. The Tirukattupalli School is best endowed. You have no business therefore to lend an ear to the charge of his excessive love for money. There is no one who, today, will not be willing to say most heartily that he was a very liberal giver, a munificent giver, a most enlightened giver; for he gives not to obsolete objects of charity, but to foundations of institutions which will live as great vehicles of public service for generations long, long after him. He has given to *Vidya*, and what better object is there to give for than the spread of knowledge, of useful knowledge, of true and practical knowledge, of the true knowledge of that which saves your inner self? The insinuations and censures he had from the ignorant public

he will live down. But he will be remembered as a great benefactor, a benefactor for spreading knowledge among his countrymen. As you know, *Vidya Dana* is reckoned as the greatest of *danas*. Put away that criticism as an idle scandal against a great and discerning man.

Let me pass on to another criticism that has been made against him. Do not think that I am trying to spend your time to dispel fables against him. For, while I am doing so in words, in real spirit I am only communicating to the young the positive sources of my admiration for him and the great example that his life should be to the young ones. If he had not chosen, in order to inspire him, examples of moderation in politics, he ought to have been among the active spirits who disorganise society today and who revel in the dissemination of doctrines of general destruction. Instead, he appreciates stability in society. He lives to uphold the names of Ranade and Gokhale. Maybe, if that be censurable, he deserves censure at your hands. I wish to examine the matter from the point of view of truth. I wish to examine this question, honestly, from the heart as it were.

What is patriotism? If a man who listened to the voice of his conscience, well-trained and highly cultivated as it is, if a man, having received the best education of his day, deliberately chooses, out of the many schools of politics that there are in the country, that one which suits him most, which appeals to him best, which is likely to make his life most useful to the public, is he to be censured merely because he wishes to be useful to the public, is he to be censured merely because he wishes to func-

tion at his best for the welfare of his countrymen? Just notice this fact. There are about and around us all sorts of ideas held up as the foundations of political thought; not all are sound, not all are really conducive to the welfare of the future; above all, even assuming, what is contrary to facts, that they were all equally good and equally capable of being used for the service of the country you must not deter a man from following the path which he chooses. If a man does that patriotic work for which he is most fitted, you must honour him and enshrine him among the patriots of the day and not put him down merely because that particular line of patriotic work does not appeal to your nature. You are not the only one to erect the standard for all mankind. If I say this, it is because, in my own mission, I belong to Sir Sivaswami Aiyar's school. I am proud to belong to it. It is because in my heart there is a strong feeling that this country, situated in extremely difficult and complicated conditions, can be served only by the congruence of the different schools of thought. One school of thought extinguishing the rest, is not service to the country. On the other hand I would stigmatise it as the greatest disservice. We want patriots not of one colour, not of one slavish type, one monotonous way of work, but of various kinds, yielding their hearts' homage to many kinds and many branches of public work, to be able to draw out the best from them.

Moderation, liberalism, may be out of date; it may not be numerically strong, but it is truly unwise and wholly incorrect to say that moderation is wrong or unpatriotic or is doing disservice to the country. That feeling which is implanted in young men, it seems to me, is one of the most

injurious and poisonous that a teacher could put into the minds of young men entrusted to his care. Extremism in politics is not the last word or even the first word. It may be popular, but it does not sound the truth. There is nothing bigger than truth, nothing bigger and more comprehensive than to say that this phenomenon is imprisoned in this pellet of extremist policy. That, it seems to me, is the very depth of unwisdom. Extremism in politics must be corrected at all turns by other schools of politics, and enabled to do the best service to society. If I were an extremist, as I am not, I would welcome a moderate as a brother in politics. This is a fundamental rule that patriotism is a good attribute to our nature. It invigorates you, makes you active for the public good. And all this, in one name or another, popular or unpopular, well-known or indifferently known, having wide vogue in the newspapers or neglected by newspapers, all people who love their country and who do patriotic service must, in the last resort, regard themselves as co-operative workers for the public. Maybe, we work in the different parts, but we plough and sow and reap in the same field. We are co-workers and co-labourers in the same level. To despise one because he is not in my part of the field, shows merely mean and improper education. We are all one. Therefore, those who have, in the past, often applied uncomplimentary epithets to Sir Sivaswami Aiyar and his policy, it seems to me, have put on extremely blind spectacles. They have to see things in a broad light.

I have, therefore, no hesitation whatever, ladies and gentlemen, in presenting Sir Sivaswami Aiyar to you as a type of noble and exemplary patriot. Well, then, it seems

to me, if I have presented to you Sir Sivaswami Aiyar as a man of the widest and deepest culture, as one who has cultivated a delicate and an extremely sensitive conscience and is in the habit of constantly obeying its dictates and as a man who has acquired wealth only in order to distribute it by the most fruitful channel to his countrymen, if I present him, furthermore, as a man imbued with a high level of patriotism, as a man who, even in serving government, has served his country, if I have presented him in these various capacities, and in the various lines, I think I have done him some justice, though it may be a very small measure of justice ; for he is a great character, who may be studied with advantage from many points of view. I cannot detain you much longer. We are today celebrating the 81st birthday of one of our greatest countrymen, of one who, coming from this locality, has given his service to a much wider sphere, one whom we should honour and cherish, while he is alive, and, when he is called away, whose memory we should keep green for many, many years to come.