

THE POEMS OF TA' YUMANAVAR


TRANSLATED FROM THE TAMIL
by
Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy

Edited and Published

By

L. Sri Raju Singam

1977



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THE
POEMS
OF
TA'YUMA'NAVAR

TRANSLATED FROM THE TAMIL,

By

MUTU COOMA'RA SWA'MY,
MUDELIAR,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, LINCOLN'S INN;
MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL, CEYLON.

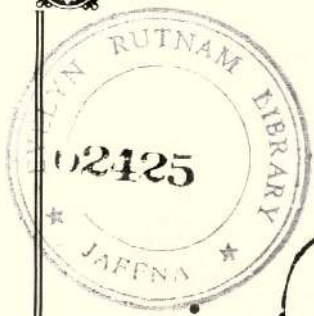
With best wishes to my friend James: T. R. Ratham

S. DURAI RAJA SINGAM
NO. 7 SEVEN
SECTION SEVEN-THREE
PETALING JAYA, MALAYSIA.
TELEPHONE 772425.

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தாயுமான சுவாமிந்ள்.

ASHIRVAD

from

Dr. Rama P. Coomaraswamy

May God bless this undertaking of Sri S. Durai Raja Singam to publish the Poems of Tayumanavar to his greater glory and our spiritual benefit.

May those who read these words remember Dr. Ananda Krishna Coomaraswamy, the late departed son of the editor, and ask that God's blessings be upon him.

August 20th, 1977.



Born: 26th July 1947
Vaddukodai, Sri Lanka.
Departed: 10th Dec. 1976, London

Dr. Ananda Krishna Coomaraswamy, B.V.Sc. & A.H.
Research Student, Veterinary Field Station, Department of Animal
Husbandry, 'Leahurst', Neston, Wirral, University of Liverpool.



SIR MUTU COOMARASWAMY

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DR. ANANDA KRISHNA COOMARASWAMY, B.V.Sc. & A.H.

The late Dr. Ananda Krishna Coomaraswamy, was born at Vaddukoddai, Sri Lanka on 26th July, 1947 and died when he was 29 years old at Whipps Cross Hospital, London, England on 10th December, 1976 after a motor accident on 22nd September, 1976.

He received his early education at the Sultan Abu Bakar School, Kuantan, Malaysia, and later passed his School Certificate in 1964 while at the Anglo-Chinese School, Klang. He completed his Higher School Certificate at the same school. He then proceeded to Mymensingh, East Pakistan (Bangladesh) to pursue a course in veterinary science. His Veterinary education was interrupted as a result of the Indo-Pakistan war and following the war, he went to India and joined the Bombay Veterinary College in 1971 and graduated with a first class degree in May, 1975. He returned to Malaysia and worked (volunteer) in the Veterinary Diagnostic Laboratory in Petaling Jaya for three months prior to his departure to the United Kingdom for a post-graduate course in October 1975.

In the United Kingdom he was, from October 1975 a research student in the Department of Animal Husbandry, University of Liverpool, Veterinary Field Station, Neston, Wirral, Cheshire. His progress during this period was such that he was awarded an Agricultural Research Council Research Assistantship from 1st October 1976 to enable him to continue his studies to doctorate level.

The untimely death of Dr. Ananda came as a great shock to his friends and family. His body was flown to Kuala Lumpur and cremated according to Hindu rites. He leaves behind his dear father S. Durai Raja Singam, mother Mrs. Parameswary Durai Raja Singam, two brothers, Gandhikijai Singam and Jawaharalal Jai Singam, and two sisters, D. Chandramani, D. Selvamani, nephews Rabindran, Chandra Mohan and nieces Vathani, Gauri, and Manohari and several relatives to bemoan the loss.

5
Mr James
T. Rutnam

EDITOR'S NOTE

These Poems of Táyumanavar, rendered into English by Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy were printed in 1873 but owing to his death were never released to the public. I am told that two copies of this edition exist. Thanks to the owner of one of these rare copies (~~he does not wish to be named~~) I am able to bring out an edition of 500 copies printed and published in this birth-centennial year of Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy's distinguished son, Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy.

On reading these translations, Sir Mutu's grandson, Dr. Rama P. Coomaraswamy made the following comment: I recently had the opportunity of reading his translations of the poet Tayumanavar. The translation is indeed so beautiful, and so obviously the production of one who believed with all his heart, in the ancient ways of India (and also at one time, the way of the West), that one cannot come away impressed.

Besides, Dr. Rama Coomaraswamy considered this publication a worthwhile project and has given this publication his ashirvad. I thank him for this blessing.

No change whatever has been made in this edition except for an addition of chronology of the life of Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy. My only regret is that I was not able to include Sir Mutu's manuscript notes which are still in private hands in a note book.

I have published these translations at my own cost to mark the first death anniversary (10th December, 1977) of my beloved son Dr. Ananda Krishna Coomaraswamy, who was named after Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy and blessed by him on his birth twenty-nine years ago. It gives me great satisfaction to release these translations of the poems of the most popular and sweetest singer of Saiva mystic raptures by Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy.

10th December, 1977
Petaling Jaya,
Malaysia.

S. Durai Raja Singam

TĀYUMANAVAR

S. Durai Raja Singam

In the short span of life allotted to him Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy read much and widely in English, Tamil and the Classics (Sanskrit, Pali, Latin and Greek) and left behind him imperishable thoughts, whether spoken or written. His speeches in the Legislative Council were to Ceylonese legislators or parliamentarians what speeches of Gladstone, Palmerston and Disraeli (to mention three of his most illustrious English contemporaries) were to British parliamentarians. His published contributions in English through translations of Hindu and Buddhist Religious and Dramatic literature, together with his unpublished manuscripts, bear unmistakeable signs of what the world would have gained had not this man's life been cut off so prematurely. The translations at one and the same time keep their fidelity to the original, and reveal the character of the man who rendered the classical works into English.

Coomaraswamy published in 1857 a synopsis of the Saiva Siddhanta, one of the main Hindu religious philosophies, in the **Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society**; this text was later reprinted as an appendix to **Arichandra**. On November 24, 1860, Coomaraswamy read a paper on **Hindu Philosophy** at a General Meeting of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. His first book appeared in 1863 — a translation of the Tamil play **Arichandra (The Martyr of Truth)**. In his Dedication of the play to Queen Victoria, Sir Mutu wrote that the "best title to govern men consists in.... submitting (oneself) to be governed by the dictates of Piety, Morality and stern and unswerving Truth". Two translations from the Pali were to appear eleven years later (in 1874) — **The Dathavansa or History of the Tooth-Relic of Gotama Buddha***, (dedicated to Lord Carnarvon, then Secretary of State for the Colonies and it should be mentioned that Sir Mutu was

* **Datha-vansa**: A Chronicle (vansa) of the Tooth (datha) Relic up to the time of its arrival in Ceylon, was written by Dhammakitti, the first of four scholars bearing this name and famous in Ceylon literature. Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy was the only person to have translated the poem into English, (Trubner, 1874).

the first person to translate this work), and the **Sutta Nipata, or Dialogues and Discourses of Gotama Buddha**** . The Dedication of the latter, to Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, is worth quoting, in full:

In appreciation of the great efforts made by you, and by other distinguished countrymen of yours, to counteract that love of Physical Force which apparently is even now a prominent feature of Western civilization, allow me to dedicate to you, whose friendship I have enjoyed for many years, this relic of the past, in which you will find embodied the teachings of an Eastern Sage, who was pre-eminently an Apostle of Peace.

In the same year his publishers, (Trubner and Co. of London), announced the forthcoming publication of Sir Mutu's translations from the Tamil of some Hindu philosophical poems (sung over 300 years ago) of the Vedanta-Siddhantic School, by Tayumanavar (1706-44).

** **Sutta-nipata**: Many of the poems are attributed to the Buddha. In others he is questioned by different people, to whom he responds — always in metre. I suppose Sir Mutu may have been the first translator into English. I do not know whether he translated it in full. V. Fausboll, who translated it in 1881, refers to Sir M's "translation of part of the book". There is much uncertainty as to how to translate the words *sutta-nipata*. *Sutta* can mean: String, thread, a narrative or dialogue concerning Dhamma; a (monastic) rule (as found in the *Patimokkha*). The word occurs in *Suttapitaka* (as different from *Vinaya* and *Abdhihamma-pitakas*); and is also one of the nine divisions into which the Teaching is classified. As past participle of *supati*, it means "asleep". *Nipata* means: falling down; descending; a particle (the grammatical term for adverbs, conjunctions and interjections); a section of a book. I would not like to translate the compound *sutta-nipata* myself. It could mean A Collection of Discourses, and it could mean Falling Down Asleep — or any other translation or combinations of the words *sutta* and *nipata*. Fausboll in a footnote, in his **Introduction** on p. XI, to his translation of *Sutta-nipata* (*Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. X, 1881) does say, "Sir M. Coomara Swamy's translation of part of the book has been a great help to me". I am indebted to Miss I. B. Horner for this information. Of Pali, Siri Mutu in his **Introduction to the Dathavansa** writes, "Pali otherwise called Magadi, was once the language of the tract of country to the north of the sacred city of Benares, now more or less defined by the limits of modern Bihar".

Tayumanavar* (born of Saiva Siddhanta faith) has been acclaimed as "the Prince among Tamil mystical poets" and also "the Psalm-singer of Hinduism". The name of Tayumanavar is a household word in Tamil Nadu and North Ceylon. As a religious and mystic poet breathing lofty conceptions he has few equals in any language. He was one of the great Saiva saints, a passionate seeker after God whose 587 hymns or psalms (songs that praise God) are sung all over Tamil Nadu, Ceylon, Malaysia and Singapore not only by Hindus but all who spied universalism. He also sought a reconciliation of the **Vedanta** and **Saiva Siddhanta** Systems of philosophy, something of a compromise between Advaita and Saivism. Sir Ponnambalam Arunachalam in his **Translations of Tayumanavar** first published as **akaval** in contributions to the **Siddhanta Deepika** of Madras (later published in book form in **Studies and Translations** writes, "Tayumanavar's verses imbued with high spiritual experience and of rare metrical beauty and melody, enjoy a wide popularity in Tamil-land, being on the lips of young and old". Sir Mutu was perhaps the first to render some of these hymns into English. They were printed but not published however — the text appears to have been printed but not the author's Introduction and Notes. So far as I know, two copies of the printed book still exist: one with Sir Mutu's autograph **Introduction and Notes** which were apparently ready for the press and partially printed. It runs to 54 pages with a two page brief like-sketch of the saint, and an Introduction. The translations of some of these hymns in scriptural language are in prose. It was printed by William Henry Herbert, (Government Printer N.D. CCCLXXX III). Sir Mutu wrote a brief Life of Tayumanavar, the Introduction and Notes. Thanks to a friend I was able to consult his copy of the translations and study them without either the author's Introduction and Notes.

This book was destined to become a rarity. It is divided into 17 chapters and contains 150 translations of hymns that sustain the religious and philosophical yearning of a Saivaite saint. These renderings

* He spurned a royal widow's offer of marriage and turned a saint. Tayumanavar is sometimes spelt Taimanavar by some authors.

capture some of the beauty of the original. The edition of the original text which Sir Mutu used is the Madras edition as stated by Sir Mutu. He has retained the original rhyme but not the line arrangements. They are a unique and noteworthy addition to the growing corpus of Coomaraswamy literature.

The hymns of Tayumanavar reflect the ineffable and inexpressible joy of a realised soul in communion with God. They translate into the language of men and cast into a mould of words the untranslatable and transcendental realms of the Eternal and Unchangeable Being. They are in themselves miracles of human expression and as miracles are beyond structure and form. They are therefore untranslatable. It has been said of verse that, that part of it which makes it poetry is beyond translation. However, there is a difference between clothing a chance passerby on the road without knowing anything about the nature of his being and dressing one's own child so as to bring out its many faceted but essential individuality. The difference between translating poetry which is the out-pouring of someone else's soul and giving expression in a new form to what one deeply feels oneself but is expressed infinitely better than one ever can, is similar. I feel that the relation between Tayumanavar and Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy to be that of the second kind. They were kindred souls; and therefore even when Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy renders Tayumanavar's hymns into English he is still really expressing Tayumanavar and in so doing is expressing the vibrations of his own soul.

The rhythmic prose of (Mutu) Coomaraswamy who was steeped in Hindu philosophy has a style all his own. These graceful and musical translations have over a hundred years been not read by the public. Here it is a case of translating from an Oriental language — a language which does not even belong to the Indo-European group of languages into English. For years these translations in printed form remained unremembered. Of equal intrinsic value are his manuscript notes to the text, which fortunately still exist as a fragmentary manuscript, scarcely decipherable and were not finalised for publication. Before these notes could be given to the Printers, Sir Mutu died. These notes undoubtedly

What is that beyond the reach of thought and words?

must be rich in content with the philosophic and religious ideas of which Sir Mutu was a real representative.

The book begins in Chapter 1 with 3 hymns (which Tayumanavar sang at Trichinopoly at a Congress of Religions) from **Para Siva Vanakham** which commence the entire collection as found in all editions of Tayumanavar's hymns. The opening hymn is:

• **PARA SIVA VANAKHAM**

What is that which, unconfined to this or that spot, but in splendour, fulness of joy, and grace, pervadeth all space?

What is that which, willing entire millions of worlds to rest in the space of its grace, exists as the life of life?

What is that which stands unaffected, whilst myriads of religions contending claim it to be "our god", "their god"?

What is that which, whilst this contention spread everywhere, exists as a spirit, all-powerful, happy, external? Again,

What is that which has for its abode the region, where neither light nor darkness is found?

That — That alone is agreeable to the mind. Let us, viewing all that we see as the display of the form of the unspeakable (Mañnam), make obeisance to It.*

* The following translation of the same verse of Taimanavar by Sir Ponnambalam Ramanathan is to be found in the Stratford Anthology of Favourite Quotations of Eminent Men and Women, compiled by Ronald Petrie, George G. Harrap, p. 176.

• **WORSHIP IN SPIRIT AND TRUTH**

What is That which of Grace is full, which is neither here nor there only, but is everywhere as the Fullness of Peace?

What is That which, willing myriads of worlds to float in the expanse of Its Grace, is the Life of all things living?

What is That which the mind cannot grasp and speech cannot define?

What is That which exists impartially, while countless Creeds in every land

Followed by:

The countries in which we were born are numberless; the names we bore are numberless; the relatives who surrounded us are numberless; the bodies we assumed owing to Vinais are numberless; the Vinais done by us are also numberless; our thoughts indeed are numberless; the applause and enjoyments obtained by us are numberless; the heavens and hells we have been to are numberless; the good gods are of many varieties; the prevailing religions are numberless; therefore, discarding these, and searching our God with the aid of the intelligent Chit, let us worship Him; the pure-formed One; the cloud which, emitting a rain of unthinkable joy, satiates the hearts and eyes of its followers, as if millions of rain clouds had poured down; the stay of the great Maunam, called by many names, described by many religions; the embodiment of ineffable degrees of spiritual happiness.

There is an interesting point about Sir Mutu translating these hymns for those who have found illumination and pleasure from Ananda Coomaraswamy's world famous interpretations of the Dance of Shiva. They showed that the father like the son, too was a worshipper of Nataraja, the Cosmic Dancer and captivated by his Dance as may be seen especially in Chapter VI **Karunakarak Kadavul**, his English rendering of Tayumanavar. Each of these hymns begins with the refrain:

Oh! God of mercy who performest the dance of illimitable happiness in the hall of inconceivable Intelligence.

These are considered beacon lights in the path to the feet of Shiva

claim it, each as its own?

Amid such contending claims, what is That which endlessly is Knowledge, Love and Power?

What is That whose bourne is without day or night?

That indeed is soul-satisfying!

That let us worship, deeming all things visible as Phenomena in the expanse of the Silent Spirit.

and to understand in a fragment the Eternal Meaning of Shiva. Ananda Coomaraswamy himself drew inspiration from this saint, as well as to Manikavasakar's **Thiruvasakiyam** in writing his classic, **The Dance of Shiva**.

Who has not enjoyed the **viruthams** of Tayumanavar, who hailed from the Tamil country and upheld its tradition for scholarship? The saint-poet has left enough verses to show that he can retain his place not only as a poet of his order, but a philosopher who would explain the intricacies of philosophy even to the commonest man.

While enjoying the devotional and philosophic poetry of Tayumanavar, we can very well agree with a very well-learned scholar in Tamil, Rt. Rev. Robert Charles Caldwell, D.D., L.L.D., the well known Dravidian philologist, and author of **Comparative Grammar of Dravidian Language** (London, 1913). "When beautiful thoughts are couched in beautiful language, there is an additional beauty which springs from the amalgamation of the two. The thought appears lovelier because of the beautiful language; the language appears to be lovelier because of the pleasing thought. There is a reflection of bright beauty from one to the other and this reflection doubles the brilliance which emanates from both. Ardent thoughts are expressed in glowing language; the thoughts of a tropical sky; the words burn with all the fire of oriental imagery".

These translations have now come to light and require no commentary. Their merit is manifest in them. The **Notes to Arichandra** and those written for **Tayumanavar** can be regarded as a contribution to Hindu philosophy and give us a foretaste of what was to follow: the contribution of his son Kala-Yogi Ananda Coomaraswamy to the wisdom of the East and West.

THE HYMNS OF TAYUMANAVAR

Some of the finest lines in these translations, depicting symbology and imagery in these devotional poems are the following where the divine experience of Tayumanavar finds spontaneous expression. The Nadanta dance of Nataraja is visualised with flawless charm and match-

less poetry by both Saint and translator.

CHAPTER	NO. OF TRANSLATIONS	TITLES
I	3	Para Siva Vanakkam
II	10	Paripuaranandam
III	12	Porulvanakkam*
IV	11	Chinmayanda Guru
V	7	Mouna Guru Vanakkam
VI	9	Karunakarak Kadavul
VII	4	Siddha Ganam
VIII	8	Ananda Mana Param
IX	7	Sukha Vari
X	7	Enkuniraykinta Porul
XI	7	Sacchidananda Sivam
*XII	6	Tejomayanandam
XIII	3	Chit-Sukhodaya Vilasam
XIV	2	Panmala
XV	2	Kadun Karaiyum
XVI	2	Kallalin
XVII	50	Vairakya Catakam

Among the song offerings of Tayumanavar are ten songs GOD OF MERCY – KARUNAKARA – K – KADAVUL sung in praise of the God of Mercy who dances the dance of delight in the **Chit Sabha** transcending one's imagination. He sees Him as the Lord of all faiths.

Of these ten, Sir Mutu has translated nine. The dancing Lord is the God of gods before whom in supplicant palms stand Indra and his entourage, Brahma and others, the Vedic sages, innumerable **ganas**, the Sun, the Moon, Gandharvas, Kinnaras and many more. Though the songs in prayer are addressed to the Lord of Dance, they are in fact dedicated to the Lord Supreme by an innocent soul, yearning for His Grace. The Dance of the Lord as such is not elaborated.

**THE
POEMS
OF
TA'YUMA'NAVAR**

TRANSLATED FROM THE TAMIL,

By

MUTU COOMA'RA SWA'MY.

THE LIFE OF TA'YUMA'NAVAR

At Vedáranayam, a hamlet of south-eastern India, near Point Calimere famed for its great temple of Siva, there lived some 250 years ago a Tamil-Hindu, Kedaliyappa by name, Vellála by Caste, and Saivite by faith. Vijaya Raghunátha Chokalinga Rájá was then the chief of Trisurapuram, now known as Trichinopoly. Having heard of the eminent qualifications, and the profound knowledge of accounts possessed by Kediliyappa, then the manager of the temple at Vedaranyam, the king summoned him to his presence and, after examining into his fitness for the post, appointed him Chancellor of the State. Kediliyappa having consented to his only son being adopted by his brother, Chidambara who was without issue, felt the want of a child himself, and offered daily prayers, it is said, at the shrine of the god Táyumánavar that he might be blessed with offspring. A son was soon after born, and the gratified father called him by the name of that god in recognition of the favour which he believed was conferred on him by that deity. The child grew up, accomplished both in Sanskrit and Tamil literature. "Truth, piety, self-control, and all good qualities found an abode in him." Longing after the real, and disgusted at the false things of the world, Táyumánavar sought for a spiritual preceptor, and found him in Maunaticikan of the school of Tirumúla Nāyanár. Enlightened by his teachings, he weaned himself away from the attractions of the world, and devoted himself to a life of religious contemplation and penance. In the meanwhile his father died. Much against his will he yielded to the persuasions of the king and succeeded his father in the Chancellorship. Soon after the king also died. The queen dowager, influenced by the personal charms of Táyumánavar, sent for him and offered him the throne on condition of his espousing her. Táyumánavar, shocked at the proposal, fled the country at once, and betook himself to Ramánathapuram. (Ramnád) His relations at Vedaranyam hearing of this sought him, and after much difficulty induced him to take a wife. In due time a child was born, though the mother herself did not survive the event. And Táyumánavar, having thus fulfilled the wishes of his friends, abandoned the

life of a householder, and adopted the guise of an ascetic, with only a piece of rag to cover his nakedness. He wandered all southern India, singing psalms and offering prayers to the great Unknown in strains of Shen Tamil which went to the hearts of the people. Their object was to rescue deluded man from the evil ways which he was enveloped, and point out to him the salvation such as Táyumánavar believed in. He died soon after leaving. Arulayer as his disciple, who in his turn was succeeded by Kanaka Sabhapati Pulle, the son of Táyumánavar himself. His school yet represented by an existing institution in India called *Táyumánavar Madam*, where if possibly we do not find men as good and pure as Táyumánavar himself, we may yet be quite sure that his name, his doctrines, and his writings are held in the very highest veneration. Such is the short account gleaned from the preface to the Madras edition of his works. His poems are known all through southern India and Ceylon, and they may be heard recited by the young and old wherever the Dravidians are found. The Introduction and Notes will deal fully with the tenets professed and preached by him.

CHAPTER 1

PARA SIVA VANAKKAM

1

What is that which, unconfined to this or that spot, but in splendour, fulness of joy, and grace, pervadeth all space?

What is that which, willing entire millions of worlds to rest in the space of its grace, exists as the life of life?

What is that which is beyond the reach of thought and words?

What is that which stands unaffected, whilst myriads of religions contending claim it to be "our god," "their god"?

What is that which, whilst this contention spread everywhere, exists as a spirit, all-powerful, happy, eternal? Again,

What is that which has for its abode the region, where neither light nor darkness is found?

That — That alone is agreeable to the mind. Let us, viewing all that we see as the display of the form of the unspeakable (Maunam) , make obeisance to It.

2

The countries in which we were born are numberless; the names we bore are numberless; the relatives who surrounded us are numberless; the bodies we assumed owing to Vinais are numberless; the Vinais done by us are also numberless; our thoughts indeed are numberless; the applause and enjoyments obtained by us are numberless; the heavens and hells we have been to are numberless; the good gods are of many varieties; the prevailing religions are numberless; therefore, discarding these, and searching our God with the aid of the intelligent Chit,

let us worship Him; the pure-formed One; the cloud which, emitting a rain of unthinkable joy, satiates the hearts and eyes of its followers, as if millions of rain clouds had poured down; the stay of the great Maunam, called by many names, described by many religions; the embodiment of ineffable degrees of spiritual happiness.

3

Let us bow to the non-dual Object; the One in which the Word is resplendent; that which, its praise proclaimed by the inestimable Vedas, exists from eternity, as the Intelligence of Intelligences, in the form of bliss (A'nanda;) the First One, which has no beginning, is single, and of the shape of Tatva; the Space—state (Vyóma) which, foreign to the ways of religions has for its support none but itself, is stable, eminent, independent of all things, though all things are dependent on it, and tranquil; which is ever free from sin (mala), other than the world, (prapancha), unchangeable, beyond the reach of the senses, pure; shining near us, freed from births and sufferings; the divine Splendor which, unknown to minds, exists there irradiating them; even that eminent God, who is without a superior and dwelleth in the holy Spirit—Space.

CHAPTER II

PARIPU'RANA'NANDAM

1

I serve thee with empty words; but I have not unceasingly inured myself to any training by which the mind—wind could be arrested ; I demean myself as if I loved a life of penance and were fondly attached to it; yet the moment such thoughts are forgotten I fall asleep; on thinking again that this body will presently vanish, I would grieve with a throbbing heart; the distance between the ineffable happiness of Nishtha' and me, an ignorant simpleton, is indeed very great: knowing my devil-like qualities, do thou, O divine Tree, that yieldest fruits of grace to souls who stray not into the wilderness of sin (Paśam)! O the perfectly happy One, who fillest uninterruptedly the entire space that I see! indicate also to me a dog, the way of attaining the Nishtha of supreme happiness.

2

The bodies of beings that creep, walk, fly, and are fixed immoveably, are only the transmutations of the five deceptive elements; they perish in the manner in which they came into existence. The elements themselves, which have been developed the one from the other, will become extinct, the one resolved into the other. What remains is space, pure, unattached to anything, all-nothing, all-tranquil, the knowable of the Vedas and the Vedañtas, the Grace when springs inseparable and great splendor. Is it not that the fit time has arrived for me (to attain heaven), inasmuch as, thou, the perfectly happy One, who fillest uninterruptedly the entire space I see hast come to instruct

me that the eminence of those, who have secured this Grace, consists in non-birth, non-death, non-speech.

3

On reflection, we learn that even though we be gods like the Brahmas it lies not in our power to do anything; those who, renowned as Chandra for patience, are distinguished for their humility and love of silence, would on occasions when their anger is roused, all remembrance of those qualities lost, blurt forth helplessly and in long sighs; those who are reputed as unerring in speech will at times give strange utterance to things un-fit to be said; those who resolve not to give way to sleep during Sivarātri will yet fall asleep sitting, as if they were in the trance of the sleep of wisdom (Arithūil). O thou, the perfectly happy One, who fillest uninterruptedly the entire space I see! Are not, in truth, all actions, in this and the other worlds, thine, when we probe them to their source?

4

This world and the systems beyond it are but the transmutations of Maýa; this Maýa itself is in reality nothing, I know; when I further examine the faculty which discerns things, I learn that it is no other than the divine Grace which illumines all directions; I perceive as well that happiness consists only in the state of perfect Turiyam where "I" and "Mine" are extinguished. If I therefore, abandoning all that is seen (phenomena) as un-real, feel anxious to rest even a second, with eyes closed, with senses and actions suppressed, the wicked Karmas wage war with me. Ought I then, O thou, the perfectly happy One, who fillest uninterruptedly the entire space I see! espouse the belief of those who teach that the Karmas of yore are even God.

5

My actions are ever thine; as what is "Myself" exists not apart from thee, I am not distinct from thee; this is the belief where the Vedañta and the Siddhānta are at one. My longing, with a broken heart, for the attainment of this state is well known to thy divine mind. If I strive to get myself confirmed in it for a while, folly, my foe,

appearing to me in the guise of a friend, who has a regard for my welfare, lodges in the heart. My mind is full of concern lest Mala, Máya, and Karmas may return, and lest as of old births may yet pursue me. O thou, the perfectly happy One, who fillest uninterruptedly the entire space I see! Save me according the sword of faith, and the heroism of true knowledge which destroys Bandhas.

6

Some teach the First cause of things to be Maýa, into which the five elements are resolved; some describe it to be the place where the five senses and their organs come to an end; some say that it is the cessation of the faculties; some hold it to be the condition where the qualities (Guna's) are extinguished; some declare it to be the form of Nátha; others view it to be of the shape of Vindu; some announce it to be "Ourselves"; after diligent search some explain it to be form itself; others determine it to be Grace; some indicate it to be the state where all distinction of life is eradicated; some say it is no-form; others consider it to be the nothing which has neither a future nor a past; many other things are said of it. O thou, the perfectly happy One, who fillest uninterruptedly the entire space I see! such considerations will but cause the mind to quake like spilt quicksilver; but will they tend to making it ever attain the Nishthá of pre-eminent happiness?

7

Who was it that encased my reason in ignorance, as its abode, even like lightning embedded in a cloud? Who was it that inscribed on the head the decree that my reason should sink, incapable of detaching itself from what it once adhered to? Who was it that, preventing me from attaining the happy Nishthá of true knowledge, and inciting me to eat again and again, lulled me to sleep in the assurance that this leather bag for food will last for ever? Was it my desire that procured to me father, mother and like illusions of the world? Shall I blame myself? Shall I complain of others? Shall I grieve over the present times? or Shall I quarrel with the Vinais which Bandhas gave me? O thou, the perfectly happy One, who fillest uninterruptedly the entire space I see! I know not the truth (Paramártham.)

It is even thy grace that secured to me the state, where the mind existing as a witness, all things unattainable are given up, and all things attainable are accepted; the intelligence to discover that the ways of the Vedánta and the Siddhánta are alike; the discernment to see that this false body is transient; the love for thee which dissolves within me like water on hearing that heaven is the enjoyment by the soul of happiness natural to it. O thou, the perfectly happy One,* who fillest uninterruptedly the entire space I see! Should'st thou care, to save me, who have again and again appealed to thee, as my only resource, ordain that I may become unremittingly attached to the Maunam which is beyond the reach of the five elements.

Are not deep seas held in confinement without embankments? Was not destructive poison once converted into nectar? Was not the all-destroying fire found in the ocean? Are not myriads of worlds suspended unsinking in the empyrean? Was not Méru once bent as a bow? Did not the seven clouds move as directed by Indra? Did not a lifeless stone come to life, assuming the form of a lovely maid, when touched by the feet of Ráma? Are not various miracles performed in the world by virtue of pills and Mantrams? O thou, the perfectly happy One, who fillest uninterruptedly the entire space I see! Is it only difficult for thee to devise a means by which this base mind of mine could be closed.

There is no limit to one's desires; those who subjugate the whole earth and rule over it, wish yet to extend their sway over the sea; those who possess gold as much as that owned by Alakesa will wander in anxious search for the knowledge of alchymy; those who have lived long will perplex their minds seeking for medicines to render their frames immortal; on reflection, we find all things end in one's eating to allay hunger and in sleeping thereafter. What we have is enough. O thou, the perfectly happy One, who fillest uninterruptedly the entire

space I see! in order that I may not, roaring "I", "I" skip from one object of attachment to another, accord to me the holy condition where the mind ceases.

CHAPTER III

PORULVANAKKAM

1

I meditate on the great Space whence springs happiness, on the Spirit—One, which is eternal, sinless (Nirmala), bodiless, painless, all-complete, all-pervading, pure, afar, near, an intense flame of Turiyam, the stay on which all things hinge, and which, being happiness itself, is beyond the ken of thoughts or words.

2

I meditate on the great light of the Siddhanta, the thought of all thoughts, the life of all life, which, existing in all objects without distinction, causes a spring of inestimably pure and happy nectar flow for the good of its followers, which reveals itself to them as one devoid of all qualities and signs, and is a God in whom no evil is found.

3

What is that object which, as great Space, the birth-place of the five elements, the condition in which the unspeakable and great Maunam is developed, as happiness beyond the ken of the mind, when disclosed by the favor of the preceptor of wisdom, devours up its followers, drawing them together in a cluster and diffusing itself in all things undistinguishably? Even on that I concentrate my thoughts.

4

I stand with hands clasped together in obeisance, with tear-drops trickling down in a ceaseless flow from my eyes, longing after the Soul of souls, of the present and the future; the kinsman of all to-whom

there is neither "I" nor "mine"; that which is eternally happy, incomprehensible, unsupported by anything extraneous; that which having its abode in Turiyam, flows as heart-gladdening honey, is as delicious as the three-fold fruits, and sweet as sugar or nectar.

5

Intent upon the divine grace my mind dissolving away, I meditate on the Splendor which is totally devoid of caste, family, birth, death, sin, deliverance, form, no-form, attribute, name, and which moves all things, existing inseparably in them and everywhere; the great and spotless Space; the entity enthroned in the Turiya-state; even on that Being in whom no evil is found.

6

I offer daily worship to the feet of the Preceptor of Maunam, who instructed me so that the world may appear as Indrajalam, a dream, a mirage; that I may through spiritual knowledge live ever depending on the imperishable God (Tatparam); that my heart may feel gladdened; and that a flood of happiness may eternally flow to me, resisting all obstructions.

7

What is the first of all objects known as objects? What is that which intelligent and perspicuous, satisfies like sweet honey, the wants of its followers? What is that which, filling the minds of those who have obtained its grace, so fully as to prevent their distinguishing what is within from what is without, irradiates them with the splendour which dispels all darkness? Even on that object I meditate.

8

What is that great object which, as the fountain-head of the eminent Vedas; as the all-complete, the incomprehensible of gods, sages, siddhas, and the like; as a being uncaused, subject to no delusion, permeating all things, like scent in the flower, oil in the sesamun seed, life in the body, exists for ever in the midst of Turiyam? That indeed

do I adore.

9

Oh God! who, appearing as an ocean of bliss to the eyes of followers who, to the gratification of their eyes of wisdom, witness the skies and other elements vanish in their minds into vacant space, preventest them through compassion from harbouring in their minds other thought than thee, and makest them thyself! I meditate on thy placid and overflowing grace. I raise my hands on head in obeisance to thee.

10

O thou who, as the Space in which the skies rest, unitest with the space of my mind, and becomest soothing nectar in the space of my reason! O thou who art a great Being! My heart melting through love for thee, my speech failing me, myself becoming ecstatic, my eyes overflowing with tears, my hands clasped in prayer, I store thy grace in heart.

11

Pining after the help-mate of my soul, the shining Splendor which is the first cause, which has neither a beginning nor end; which, like unto the mother who reared me, has become my righteous Teacher and enlisted me as its slave; which is certain, stainless, beyond the reach of thought and words, resplendent, free from sin (Nirmala) inaccessible to religions given to controversy, but easily understood by those who have attained Maunam; I make obeisance to It, with hands clasped in prayer and with eyes shedding tears.

•12

Sobbing through love, I seek after that Object, which, as the vowel A is inherent in all letters and is distinct from them, becomes this world together with all other things spoken of, and is yet distinct from them; is above all; difficult to be defined; is an intelligence unconnected with Samkalpa and Vikalpa, pure, and an incomparable asylum for souls.

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CHAPTER IV

CHINMAYA'NANDA GURU

1

Oh thou, who art the means of attaining the heaven of the Sidhanta! Oh Dhakshina Murti, whose presence illumines Siragiri! O Preceptor, who art of the form of spiritual happiness! Oh thou, who, adored and surrounded by Janaka and other sages, fit recipients of Moksha, didst by a single word explain to them the unspeakable doctrine; who, seated on a red lotus, at the foot of the Kallal-tree, didst indicate to them the Sorupānuputi! Wilt thou also extending thy soothing grace protect an evil being like me, who am not established in the virtuous course of worshipping thee, the hands strewing flowers, the hair in my body bristling through joy, the heart dissolving through love, tears flowing like a river, myself drowned in a sea of ecstasy, longing for that heaven that never satiates us, and crying out to thee in faltering tones, Oh Comforter! Oh the self-existent! Oh great God?

2

Oh thou who art the means of attaining the heaven of the Sidhanta! Oh Dhakshina Murti, whose presence illumines Siragiri! Oh Preceptor who art of the form of spiritual happiness! I am a sinner who cherishes the belief, that this body, which is like the crumbling bank (of a river), is durable; my desire for heaven (non-duality) is like the wish of a cripple to obtain the honey found on the branch of a tree beyond his reach. How can I secure the happiness where the consciousness of individuality becomes extinct? It is not right that I should yet abandon the observance of Chariya, Kriya, and Yoga. But this aside, when is it that thou would'st reveal thyself to devise means for my

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attaining that perfect object, which is beyond the ken of thoughts and words, and drinking deeply of the sea of Happiness which never produces satiety.

3

Oh thou who art the means of attaining the heaven of the Siddhanta! Oh Dhakshina Murti, whose presence illumines Siragiri! Oh Preceptor who art of the form of spiritual happiness! Oh thou, who of thy own accord presentest thyself before souls, as the wisdom-cure, for their instant recovery from the sorrow into which the snake-coils of grasping sin (Malam) fling them! Oh Meru of divine qualities that risest aloft, and in grandeur, on heavenly ground! In my mind, wherein abide jealousy, conceit, covetousness, hard-heartedness, there exist also many other evil qualities, such as the demon of desire. Were it therefore said that thou, the True one, hadst no right to be there, what other meaning should, on investigation, be assigned to thy title, the "all pervading"?

4

Oh thou who art the means of attaining the heaven of the Siddhanta! Oh Dhakshina Murti, whose presence illumines Siragiri! Oh Preceptor, who art of the form of spiritual happiness! Oh thou, who art invisible to those harbouring in their hearts what is untrue, but who existest, as an object, intelligent, perfect, indefinable, ever present, in the hearts of those, who, detached from false things, lead a life of Truth! Oh thou who art of the form of Pranava and the end of the divine Vedas! Thou hast created the five elements, objects, moveable and immoveable and of great varieties from them, our understandings, the sciences beginning with the Vedas, numberless religions like Saivism, the Mouna state which is beyond all religions, and where the Siddhanta and the Vedanta are at one. Hast thou not also called into creation the grace by which I could gain access to thee!

5

Oh thou who art the means of attaining the heaven of the Siddhanta! Oh Dhakshina Murti, whose presence illumines Siragiri! Oh Preceptor, who art of the form of happiness! All along the time when

I perceived not that this body, developed as it is from the changes of the five elements, is as unstable as the bubble in water, I have remained joyful in the conviction that eating, dressing, and enjoying constituted the right object of life. The moment thy grace, discovering itself, enlightened me happily, I know not how all such ideas have vanished. No other teaching is now acceptable to me. On the thought of birth or death occurring to me, terror suddenly overwhelms the mind; the eyes close not in sleep, day or night; the frame melts like wax exposed to fire. Why all this?

6

Oh thou who art the means of attaining the heaven of the Siddhanta! Oh Dhakshina Murti, whose presence illumines Siragiri! Oh Preceptor, who art of the form of happiness! Oh thou, who hast brought us to light, rescuing us from our enthrallment in the womb-cell of A'nava, where we remained like eyeless babes, in a state of unconsciousness; who hast given us the afflictions of the world as armlets to wear; who hast assigned to us suitable names; who, feeding us on nectar, and strengthening our bodies, hast called them Truth, though in reality they are false; who hast constituted our wanderings (in various births) through this great universe as our play; who, chastising us by sending Yama whenever we transgress the teaching of thy excellent Vedas, deliverest us again from sufferings, enjoining us to lull ourselves into sleep in the mansion of pre-eminent bliss where neither night nor day is known! Thou even art the mother of all souls.

7

Oh thou who art the means of attaining the heaven of the Siddhanta! Oh Dhakshina Murti, whose presence illumines Siragiri! Oh Preceptor, who art of the form of spiritual happiness! Oh thou who art found at the end of the Vedanta and the Siddhanta of great renown, and in the hearts of followers, who attaining non-duality (Adwaita) and enlisting me as their slave, have become thy devoted servants! O thou, who flourishes at the root of the Kallal-tree! Whilst, I seen by all, existed, even as brass tainted with dross, in this womb-developed, crucible-like body, thou hast, igniting the fire of wisdom, melting my

heart thoroughly, touching it at the fit time with the pill of heavenly grace, hast transformed me into gold of ten máttu. How can I describe thy kindness in thus accepting my worship?

8

Oh thou who art the means of attaining the heaven of the Sidhanta! Oh Dhakshina Murti, whose presence illumines Siragiri! Oh Preceptor, who art of the form of spiritual happiness! O thou Mauni, who hast taught me that the state where I remain unattached to anything, without union or separation, closing or opening, without attributes, fixed signs, sin (Malam), desire, the relations, as high, low, and middle, without Vindu and Nada, freed from the five elements, without any distinction between the knowing and the known, without suffering, without the difference of one and two, without speech, and thought, drinking deeply of the sea of perfect and everlasting happiness, and forgetting in a fit of ecstasy that I have even thee to seek is the fitting condition!

10

Oh thou who art the means of attaining the heaven of the Sidhanta! Oh Dhakshina Murti, whose presence illumines Siragiri! Oh Preceptor, who art of the form of spiritual happiness! It is thy Grace which, not deigning to provide me with an asylum in that perfection, which, as an intelligence having no beginning, middle or end, is pure, unchangeable and eternally happy, obscures my reason. It is again thy grace which, dispelling the ignorance, enlightens me. If this be so, what is the knowledge of this humble self? How can the fault of ignorance attach to me? Whence the Vinai? Wherefore births adapted to the Vinai? I have no wish of my own, whether it be in this world or in the world to come. Protect me henceforward, dispelling the perplexities of the mind with the enlightenment of thy faultless grace?

11

Oh thou who art the means of attaining the heaven of the Sidhanta! Oh Dhakshina Murti, whose presence illumines Siragiri! Oh Preceptor, who art of the form of spiritual happiness! Though a man

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is established in piety; though he has made the circuit of this earth of nine divisions; has bathed in seas and rivers; has practised austerities standing in the midst of fire, and foregoing food and drink; has passed his days in speechlessness, satisfying hunger and thirst with withered leaves, water and air; has dwelled in the caves of mountains; has purified his ten Nadis; has confined his breath of life and the Mulagni in the Chandra Mandala; has feasted on indescribable nectar, and has called to aid supernatural powers to render this wretched body last for ages, of what avail will all this be? Can heaven be attained except through jnana? •

CHAPTER V

MOUNA GURU VANAKKAM

1

O thou Preceptor of Mantras! Oh thou Preceptor of Yoga Tantra! O thou Preceptor of Mouna, who art descended from Mular! Placing me on a mound filled with thy grace, thou hast reared me like an elephant wild with wisdom, which destroying the pillar of egotism (to which it had been tied) crushes into atoms its fetters of desire; which growing frantic with the lust of non-duality (Adwaita), casts out the six religions like a river of froth from its trunk, and trumpets forth in anger at the ignorance caused by Pasam as if it were its own shadow; which, rolling into a ball the up-looking and out-spreading mind, devours it with much delight; which tearing to tatters Maya, as if it were a cloth that covered its face, and bathing in the flood of spiritual happiness, obeys only the hands that held the hook impressed with the seal of the Truth revealing wisdom.

2

Oh thou Preceptor of Mantras! Oh thou Preceptor of Yoga Tantra! Oh thou Preceptor of Mouna, who art descended from Mular! Oh thou Preceptor of wisdom who to (the knowledge of all living in different directions and the various systems of worlds, hast confirmed (the truth of) the six religions and the identity of the Vedanta with the Siddhanta! Tell me who was it that invested this Maya with authority? Has it no other place but my understanding (for the exercise of its rule)? Will the lotus of the sky and the water of the mirage be of use on an emergency? Maya obscures even the state of knowledge imparted by thee. Preventing me, who have sought a refuge in thee, from attaining

28

thy grace, and making this false world appear as one of reality it plays out the feat of Indrajalam in the mind. Tell me, when is it that thou wilt afford me the means of vanquishing it?

3

Oh thou Preceptor of Mantras! Oh thou Preceptor of Yoga Tantra! Oh thou Preceptor of Mouna, who art descended from Mular! Oh thou Preceptor of wisdom, who hast through love saved me, causing me to attain the state of Svanuputi where the Vedanta and the Siddhanta are at one, and hast thus prevented my espousing the creed of those Lokayuthar, who are possessed by the matchless demon of covetousness; who believe that this body, which is as fleeting as lightning, is immortal, that the enjoyment derived from women, whose eyes are streaked with paint, is real, that mansions towering with lofty stories constitute heaven; who assume many false disguises, abandon in vain patience, judgment, penance, alms-giving, and other virtues, and adore gold as an unperishable, ever flourishing object.

4

Oh thou Preceptor of Mantras! Oh thou Preceptor of Yoga Tantra! Oh thou Preceptor of Mouna! Oh thou who art descended from Mular! An untutored understanding; inquiry into worthless things; merciless looks; a mind where thoughts of murder, thefts, lust, drink, and, cruel, lying words are fondly cherished; such qualities indeed I possess; but not a single good one. I am only a man in semblance; but not even in dream have I the least idea as to what is fit for man to attain (Purushartham). To thee who seest all things nothing is unknown. Tell me, what is the means of salvation to me? The only refuge for those who cry out "darkness" "darkness" is Light. Even so thy grace is my only support. Thou art named "the all powerful." Vouch-safe to save me, though a deceitful creature.

5

Oh thou Preceptor of Mantras! Oh thou Preceptor of Yoga Tantra! Oh thou Preceptor of Mouna who art descended from Mular! I have bowed and prostrated myself, times beyond number before

thee, seated on a throne of gems, surrounded by millions who subsist on withered leaves and water; by countless millions, who, like the bird Chakôra, imbibing the silvery stream of nectar trickling down from the cerebrum, have become immortal; by millions who, freed from the clutches of the two Vinais, unconscious of the distinction between night and day, are established in the all-severing, speechless, happy, wisdom-full Nishtha; and by millions, who have acquired the miraculous powers afforded by Mani and Mantra. When is it that thou wilt summon me to appear before thee, so that worshipping thy two feet, strewing sweet-scented flowers over them, I may obtain a cessation to the cares of the mind.

6

Oh thou Preceptor of Mantra! O thou Preceptor of Yoga Tantra! O thou Preceptor of Mouna, who art descended from Mular! That great and cruel devil! egotism (Akamkaram) is mightier than even the wicked A'navam. It obscures the reason; prevents the preception of what is just; discourses bumptiously on all subjects broached; declares itself to be the equal of Siva, Vishnu, Brahma; stands unmoved like the pin of the axle-tree, and demanding "who is here my equal?" exercises, self-rule like Râvana, over the whole sphere of the mind. Can I, thy slave, resist it always, never giving way?

7

Oh Preceptor of Mantra! Oh Preceptor of Yoga Tantra! Oh Preceptor of Mouna, who art descended from Mular! I am endowed with a base mind which clings to different attachments, like a worm which creeps from object to object. Though thou hast dispensed thy grace to me, I remain yet in ignorance. My belief in duality betrays my limited understanding. Should any person say anything, the mind even as if it were my ears, rushes up instantly to proclaim it to me, and, filled with the intense fire of anger, and deprived of the faculty of discriminating between good and bad, I would roar out, like one who is both mad and drunk at the same time. How can I find the way to heaven? How can I attain the condition where happiness and unhappi-

ness are regarded with the same indifference. Yet I have placed implicit trust in the word which thou hast communicated to me even as in the mountain-target (which the arrow never fails to hit.)

CHAPTER VI

KARUNA'KARAK KADAVUL

1

Oh God of mercy, who performest the dance of illimitable happiness, in the hall of inconceivable Intelligence! Oh three-eyed Preceptor, who art seated under the shelter of the A'la tree, in order that followers, who have obtained the rare and incomprehensible deliverance (Nivirti), might, their doubts cleared, attain the blissful, non-dual, certain, self-evident, true, Swarupa experience. Shall I ever think of thee as one, devoid of the three qualities, sufferings, births, attachments; inaccessible to the senses, alone, formless; freed from relations, immoveable, indescribable, independent, eternal, released from sins, supreme, above the universe, all-pervading as space, the ever-happy Lord of wisdom, Sambhu, Siva, Sankara, Sarveshwara.

2

Oh God of mercy who performest the dance of illimitable happiness in the hall of inconceivable Intelligence! Oh spiritual relation, who never desertest the followers, who, duly established in the ways of grace, sing and chant sweet melodies (in thy praise); who, becoming pre-eminently fitted for heaven, prostrate themselves before thee, with hearts dissolving, the hands clasped in prayer, a stream of tears flowing from their eyes! On hearing the single word preached by thee, as a Mouni, the ninety-six Tatvas, consisting of the elements, the outer-organs, Vakku, Sróththa, Sapta, Mana, Kalai, Suddha, and those connected with them, as well as all other things have resolved themselves into empty space, and an ocean of bliss has discovered itself. Ah! how can I describe it?

32

Oh God of mercy, who performest the dance of illimitable happiness in the hall of inconceivable Intelligence! The Rig and the other Vedas are thundering forth in words, announcing to us, that all are thy slaves; all things belong to thee, all actions are thine; that thou pervadest everywhere; that this is thy nature. Such is also the teaching of those, who though they never speak, yet broke silence for our sake. This is alike the Doctrine inculcated by our good Preceptor. Therefore, instead of knowing well that thy nature could not be otherwise, and, attaining bliss, by being established in such knowledge, I have brought myself to this wretched plight. Yet that even this is thy will thou hast made manifest to me, who am stricken with the poverty of possessing no learning. Tell me, which is the road to heaven?

Oh God of mercy, who performest the dance of illimitable happiness in the hall of inconceivable Intelligence! Is my tenet indeed that of those deluded men, who declare the noon-day sun to be black? When thou did'st as a Mouni utter with certainty a word, by which all that is seen, though unchanged in their fixed nature appeared to me as empty space, not confirming myself in this belief, wherefore have I, like children who, building little houses of clay, feign to eat the rice (of sand) and belch, ignorant as to how to place in bondage the mind that has sprung into existence in the middle, so that all distinction between "I" and "you" may cease, pined away in the false assurance that the learning and skill lately acquired by me are imperishable?

Oh God of mercy who performest the dance of illimitable happiness in the hall of inconceivable Intelligence! Oh thou Preceptor who art named Nilakantha! Oh thou Preceptor of wisdom who art of the form of Vishnu! Oh thou Preceptor who art of the form of the four-headed Brahma, the author of Vedas! O thou who dischargest the duties of a Preceptor in all religions! Oh thou who as Preceptor enlightenest in love those followers who have implored thee not to aban-

don them. It is true that thou! dwelling in the hearts of those whose tongues never swerve from Truth, instructest them in all that is true, as true. This is undoubted. Should'st thou also dwelling in the heart of me, a great liar, to whom no truth whatever is known, cause me to declare that lies, which are lies, are not lies, what can I, a feeble creature, do?

6

Oh God of mercy who performest the dance of illimitable happiness in the hall of inconceivable Intelligence! Oh space! Oh element which begins with space! Oh Natha! Oh Vedas! Oh thou who art the resolution of the Vedas! Oh thou who art the greatest of all things heard! Oh thou who art the seed sown in the soil of hearing! Oh thou who art the sprig of such seed! Oh thou who art my eyes, my thoughts, my calculations, my letters! Oh thou who art of the form of the Heavenly Mounam! I shall not pray to thee, as one possessed of any special form. Should I, assigning a shape, attempt to worship thee as such, I discover that thou existest even in the very flowers which I have to collect for the purpose. My mind will not therefore gather these refreshing blossoms. Again when I think of clasping my hands together in adoration to thee, I feel also bashful, for thou art also within me. As thus my prayer can be but half a prayer, is it right that I should pray at all?

7

Oh God of mercy, who performest the dance of illimitable happiness in the hall of inconceivable Intelligence! Oh abundance of distilled nectar! Oh clear honey! Oh sugar! Oh liquid composed of all sweet qualities! Oh happiness which never produces surfeit! Oh thou, kind friend, who by degrees, enterest the mind of this thief, with the view to ultimate union with me! I have sacrificed this frolicking-kid, my mind, not to those evil spirits who are the cause of sin, but to thee who art a God, full of patience and Turiyam; the love which I, thy follower, bear towards thee is the water for thy ablution the soul which dwells within me is the meal-offering; my life-breath the incense; my understanding the lamps. I dedicate this to thee in everlasting worship, un-

restricted to any time. Extend thy grace to me!

8

O God of mercy who performest the dance of illimitable happiness in the hall of inconceivable Intelligence! Thou art indeed accessible to the love, overflowing like a sea breaking over its bounds, of followers, who, with frames unnerved, bones dissolved, tears surging from the eyes as from a spring, attracted towards thee as the needle towards the magnet, longing again and again to be united with thee, with minds convulsed by fear at times, singing songs and dancing dances anon, leaping about in ecstasy, with faces bright as the moon, beaming with smiles glittering as the moonlight, standing erect in triumph, spreading out their flower-like hands, closing them again in obeisance to thee, extol and address thee "Live long! Live long! Oh Space! Oh shower of bliss that raineth from thence! Oh inundation of showers!" But to me, who am endowed with a heart of stone, thou wilt certainly not be accessible.

9

Oh God of mercy who performest the dance of illimitable happiness in the hall of inconceivable Intelligence! Oh Simpul, who comest to destroy the Vinai that rushes on me like a lion which grapples the elephant in a death struggle! Oh Sun who risest to dispel the darkness caused by my cares! Oh ship of grace that floatest in the sphere of the skies, in order that I, a wicked one, rescued from the sea of desire, may gain land! The fully wise, knowing that our lot in the future depends on what we do here, will always help others, will never fail to speak kindly, will not tell lies, will be merciful, will not kill. Oh thou, who existest as a witness in the minds of those who have resolved to do good and to avoid evil, accord all happiness, both now and in the future.

CHAPTER VII

SIDDHA GANAM

1

Oh Siddha-Assemblies that have attained the eminent condition, where the Vedanta and the Siddanta are at one! Note, of all the numerous births, that of man is rare, rare. Should this birth fail me, I know not what other birth will overtake me or what may happen. It is fit that I should, whilst existing in this wide world, betake myself to the firmament of thy grace, dwell in union with the cloud, (Brahma), which rains the rain of bliss, and divest myself of all consciousness. I feel anxious, that the body, my abode, may not perish before I achieve this, the nectar of the Chandra Mandala should unceasingly flow through the grace of mother, Gauri-Kundali.

2

Oh Siddha-Assemblies, that have attained the eminent condition where the Vedanta and the Siddanta are at one! Oh monarch endowed with all gentle qualities, to shelter whom the dark clouds constitute themselves into an umbrella, and, who, planting the Yoga Danda on the eight mountains and the golden Meru and displaying the banner of victory, art established in the Truth-shining land of Ashtanga Yoga! How can I describe, how can I describe the ways of this false world? Should it be asked, how our time is here spent, it consists in wandering in search of food for this perishable body and in sleeping after eating? This is fruitless and can lead to no good. It is patent even to the blind. I know not when is it, deprecating such a life, I shall forsake it?

Oh Sidda-Assemblies, that have attained the condition where the Vedanta and the Siddanta are at one! Is there to be met with amongst the men or women of the world, a fool like myself? Arresting for even a second the mind which, twirling like a windmill, runs hither and thither, I have not sought after the grace of God, Nor indeed have I thought of striving, with speech suppressed, eyes closed, the rushing breath confined, to waft the flame of the Mula Agni so that it might reach the Chandra Mandala. Having abandoned in vain all that I had learnt and listened to till now, I have become only a man of this false world. I am a creature baser than a dog. That I may not any further be tossed about in vain, it is essential that thou should'st appear before me like a mountain-target.

Oh Sidda-Assemblies, that have attained the condition where the Vedanta and the Siddanta are at one! The uneducated are good, indeed good. What shall I say of the acts of myself, who though educated, am yet ignorant? How shall I speak of my understanding? Should those who are great teach that Kaivalyajnana is pre-eminent, I would assert that Karma is of yet higher importance. Should any however contend that Karma is such, I would then declare that the jnana is superior. Should any person skilled in Sanskrit encounter me, I would altercation with him in Tamil, as one highly skilled in it. Should I however meet with those learned in Tamil, I would babble some words in Sanskrit. Will such learning, which serves but to deceive, give us heaven?

CHAPTER VIII

A'NANDA MA'NA PARAM

1

Oh Param, who, filling without a vacuum this system of worlds and those beyond it, art perfectly happy! How many evil qualities are removed by merely ceasing to destroy life? In me, who am not possessed of even this one good quality, what fear, partiality, cruelty, pride, deep-rooted ignorance, obtuseness of mind in not perceiving what is for my good, indifference to the grace, by which souls reach heaven, energy in doing all that is worthless, vacillation of mind, hankering after a body fleeting as the Indra Jala, and how many other things besides, hast thou decided should find a place? True, I am thy slave. But am I the slave of these also?

2

Oh Param, who filling without a vacuum this system of world, and those beyond it, art perfectly happy! Can any but those who are established in thy grace, comprehend Thee, who art alike the gyrating mind that sometimes sees things clearly, and at other times gets involved in confusion; the spirit in union with whom the mind flourishes; the Siva-spirit which embraces all other spirits; who art rare, permanent, objects of various sorts, the organs of sense by which they are perceived, the five senses, the five elements, the exterior and the interior of all, distant, near, going, coming, obscure, luminous, good, evil, to-day, to-morrows ever, one, many, all, and other than these?

Oh Param, who filling without a vacuum this system of worlds and those beyond it, art perfectly happy! All indeed know to engage themselves in the dialectics of controversy; to get perplexed, their minds roaming the entire universe in search of a livelihood; to assume various disguises; to mumble one thing outwardly, whilst thinking of another at heart; to preach like me false doctrines as true, displaying them forth like articles exposed for sale in a market; to draw in their breath like an incensed panther, and to suppress it so that their eyes get reddened; and, impregnated with Tamasa, to roar out, each, that his own religion alone is true. But who is it that knows thee who, assuming different forms in each, sportest through all the six religions?

Oh Param, who filling without a vacuum this system of worlds and those beyond it, art perfectly happy! The wise have indeed sought the grace, which is the goal of the Vedas, appeasing their hunger with fruits ripe or unripe, with leaves, fresh or withered, and water; seated for ages with eyes unopened; immoveable as the granite; dwelling in fire; sinking in water; standing erect till each bone of the body became visible; exposed to the sun whilst birds built nests in the hair of their heads; suppressing their breath, subduing their minds; observing silence; retired to the forest; subsisting on nectar produced by the Mulagni rising to the Chandra Mandala. Is it fit only that I, thy follower, should hanker after this world?

Oh Param, who filling without a vacuum this system of worlds and those beyond it, art perfectly happy! Oh thou who existest in the form of Turiyam, as space in the subtle space incomprehensible to all! It is ever thy duty to dispense the salvation for which I pray by associating me with the crowds of thy followers, who rooting out the thicket of black A'nava, destroy it; searching for the stone called Ahankara, split it into pieces; clearing the ground called "mind", level

it again and again sowing therein the seed of the Maunam unconnected with the elements, irrigate it with the water of affection; and watching vigilantly, till the cultivation is ripe, against the depredations of the bird, Mahámáya, eat of the fruits reaped there.

6

Oh Param, who filling without a vacuum this system of worlds and those beyond it, art perfectly happy! Oh thou merciful one, who never leavest the hearts of those who worship thee calling out; "Oh Father! Oh pure one! Oh true one! Oh thou who, helpst us as the soul of our souls! Oh incomparable one that flourishest in Turiyam! Oh thou who art beyond even Turiyam! Oh great one, who art found at the resolution of the Vedas!" Should'st thou think of abandoning me because I am a liar, a mean creature, a destroyer of life, a low being who, though well acquainted with thy grace, is yet not firmly established in it, an unlearned man, a cruel fellow, a seeker after worthless objects in the belief that they did one good, a passionate being, a drunkard, an insignificant person, a sinner, tell me what other resource have I? Shall I not be distressed and ruined?

7

Oh Param, who filling without a vacuum this system of worlds and those beyond it, art perfectly happy! My mind has not been yet brought under control, even though I read much and listen extensively to what is preached by others. The pride which says "I" "I," has not abated even to the extent of a sesamum seed. Vanity, in all things, has taken up its abode in me. I know not what pity or almsgiving is ever since the day of my birth. Not even in dream have I done virtuous actions, penance, or fasting. I tell but lies. I would not speak the truth, even though it be required for medicinal purposes. Yes; I will preach in order that others may listen; but simpleton as I am, I will not hold my tongue and obtain thy grace. Tell me, hast thou ever met with, or heard of, such wicked beings like me in this world?

8

Oh Param, who filling without a vacuum this system of worlds

and those beyond it, art perfectly happy! On that day when thou having in the guise of a Mouni announced that 'I was a low being who had no action of my own' accepted in gift from me, my life, body, possessions, claiming them as thine, false times and places, the desire for false objects, the belief that perishable bodies are imperishable, the attachment to false relations, all these became false. As what is termed "I." is the lie of lies, there is to me no such thing as ignorance resembling the darkness of night; there is no way by which the two Vinais can reach me; there is no mind; no relations of the mind; there is neither birth nor death, no such things as that time, this time. Do not all these then become superflous?

CHAPTER IX

SUKHA VA'RI

1

Oh god, who art pre-eminent, pure, void of all qualities! Oh great splendor! Oh sea of happiness! Even a stone melts at times. My heart of adamant does not. Is the four-headed Brahma, the god who has the right to call into creation the hard heartedness, that is destitute of all mercy? Does the proverb "The right water-course is even that which the mighty one constructs," ever fail? It is thy business to make me live, even as if thou wert a cloud that raineth a rain of bliss. Though a child is mischievous, should its mother abandon it? Have I other refuge than thee. If what I now state be not true, I shall become a degraded man, unentitled to thy grace. Ah! there is no comfort in making an ado with words. Grant that I may rest tranquil and speechless.

2

Oh god, who art pre-eminent, pure, void of all qualities! Oh great splendor! Oh sea of happiness! To the followers who swoon away through love for thee, their bones dissolving, their hair bristling, their bodies unnerved, their minds melting like wax exposed to fire, their eyes, tender with affection, shedding tears copiously like a rain-cloud, thou would'st instantly appear as the nectar-medicine (Amrita-Sanjivi), and rain a shower of bliss. But on whose account indeed hast thou enlisted me, who has no love for thee, as thy slave? The disgust for this vile body where abound foul flesh, hair, skin, muscles, and bones is indeed well founded. In the belief that it is real, shall my mind

fruitlessly hanker after it? Shall I yet wander in grief? No, Not even in dream do I care for the ways of the world.

3

Oh god, who art pre-eminent, pure, void of all qualities! I have sung repeatedly, designating thee as rare gold, gem, my love, my cherished understanding, the flood of happiness which springeth from that understanding. I have danced. I have cried out longing for thee. I have wept, I have roared. I have fainted, the hair of my body standing on end, my two hands clasped in prayer, my two eyes shedding tears like a shower from the skies, my consciousness destroyed. Though I am a thief, endowed with a heart hard as iron, have I ever stood apart from thee? When thou wert, from even then, have I not been thy slave? Though I am possessed of no knowledge, and am an object insignificant as a straw, is it fair that thou should'st cast me away? Unite me to thy followers.

4

Oh god, who art pre-eminent, pure, void of all qualities! The conflicting religions will not teach, the one like the other. The great, who abandoning all, observe silence, will not speak owing to their Nirvikalpam. The teaching of the three-eyed God who instructeth us, consists only of manual signs. Who is it then that will enlighten me in words so that births and deaths may cease and heavenly bliss never desert me. The Yogis assert that their observances are peculiar to themselves. When I therefore rest alone, in order that by myself I may become extinct within myself, should'st thou send the deceptive mind (Mana Maya) to spy me out, how can I be saved?

5

Oh god who art pre-eminent, pure, void of all qualities! Is it in the zenith of the universe? Is it in the system of worlds beyond it? Is it in the centre of the region of the sun? Is it in the midst of fire? Is it in the middle of the nectar-endowed moons? Is it in the condition of Murti worshipped by thy followers with affection of heart and offerings of flowers? Is it in the eight corners of the earth? Is it beyond those

limits? Is it in space? Is it in the lustrous condition of Vindu and Nada? Is it in the Vedanta and the Siddhanta? Is it in the various objects seen by us? Is it in the vacuum invisible to us. Is it in times, present, past, future? Is it in other states? Or is it with the followers, whose sensual organs and faculties of perception have become extinct that thou residest. Reveal this secret to me, thy slave.

6

Oh god, who art pre-eminent, pure, void of all qualities? I am pestered in mind, not knowing when I shall be entitled to thy grace. What shall I say? What knowledge, which is free from doubt, have I hitherto acquired? Must my heart throb again and again dissolving like wax thrown on a torch? Does heavenly bliss consist in unendurable afflictions and the deprivation of reason? Thou knowest my heart. Dost thou find any but thee, the god of wisdom, dwelling therein? This body is not everlasting. Can a broken ship, sail again in the wave-abounding ocean? Is it right that thou, who hast commanded me as thine, should'st yet let me sink in grief, as if not aware of it?

7

Oh god who art pre-eminent, pure, void of all qualities! Is it right that I should dissolve like wax thrown on a blazing fire, on the silly mind abusing me saying "Have not I, the mind, and my friend, the breath of life, existed always in this body, even like yourself, the soul? Of yore some one separated you, as a spirit distinct from us, the body. From the day that you heard of this till now, you have, unjustly oppressing us, lorded it over us. What fortresses indeed have you gained before us"? Though I say in due course ten thousand things yet thou betrayest no compassion. Tell me can I attain bliss hereafter?

CHAPTER X

• ENKUNIRAYKINTA PORUL

1

Oh thou, who pervadest all space both now and hereafter, as the soul of souls! If the teaching of the received books, that nothing moves but through him, is duly understood, how can there be such a thing as wisdom? How ignorance? Who are wise? Who unwise? Who are established in Mouna (silence)? Who those that babble like me, as if the whole body was a mouth? Whence can the Maya of mind come? Whence hard heartedness? Whence compassion? Why should the world be created? Where are the gods? Where the varieties of elements? Where truth, falsehood, amity, enmity, good, evil, patience, impatience? Who are small? Who great? Who relations? Who enemies? Could aught happen but through thee?

2

Oh thou who pervadest all space, both now and hereafter, as the soul of souls! Some religions cry out to thee "Mother" "Mother"! Others address thee "Father" "Father"! Some creeds, knowing nothing but roaring out like devils, recite vainly one thing after another. Others describe thee as the ineffable light, space, the enduring Nada and such like, the incomparable monad, the three tenses. How wonderful! How wonderful! Thou art these and yet distinct from them. Is it easy for those like me to narrate this?

3

Oh thou who pervadest all space, both now and hereafter, as the soul of souls! The Vedas, A'gamas, Puranas, Itikasas, and all other sciences inculcate fully the tenet of non-duality. It is the inexplicable

duality that leads to the knowledge of non-duality. This is consonant with reason, experience, tradition, and is admitted by the dualists and non-dualists. Hence I have had now enough of Charika and Kiriya. As I become even that the image of which I conceive in my mind, should I treat thee as myself I shall also attain the state of non-duality. Oh Father, who, to confer thy favour, appearest before me in any form in which I think of thee! Hast thou an aversion to me?

4

Oh thou who pervadest all space, both now and hereafter, as the soul of souls! As a child, that can not be appeased by words alone, is rocked again and again in a cradle, and is also pinched at times in its thighs, so even the mind Maya attaches, me to some Sankaṭpa, then detaches me from it; enters the seven islands of the wicked Vasana, and dances there twirling its head; roams like a woman not under the control of her husband, shews itself harder than iron or stone; makes a great display of all that is not seen, but heard, as even seen; then narrows it all into the dimensions of an atom, and acts out all kinds of false parts and Jala. How can I, a frail creature, subdue it?

5

Oh thou, who pervadest all space, both now and hereafter, as the soul of souls! Though a million of crows flock together can they withstand a single stone hurled at them? Though myriads of sins (Karmas) have been committed in previous births, are they able to hurt those who have thirsted after the grace, which overflows with mercy. It is manifest, that I have no longing whatsoever for thy grace. The Vinais, gathering round in crowds, torture me. I have not acquired success in Yoga, so that I might ward off my sufferings. Between Sahaja Nistha, and my mind, the distance indeed is vast. On what day is it that I shall co-exist, with thee, undivided from thee? Will this lot befall me in these days?

6

O thou, who pervadest all space, now and hereafter, as the soul

of souls! Should I, a single individual, exist in thy grace, with all thoughts concentrated on thee, with all sufferings removed, will this world not tolerate it? Will the curious productions of Maya cease? Or is it that there is no room for me? Will the followers, who are devoted to thee, object to this? Will the gods, who have created this world and exercise rule over us, say that it is not right? Will thy state of complete perfection be diminished? Will the elements, like devils, proclaim hostility? Is it that the fit time has not come? Or may it be that the two irrational Vināis of yore contend with thee in opposition? What in truth is the cause? Explain it.

7

O thou, who pervadest all space, now and hereafter, as the soul of souls! Thy followers have practiced Yogam, clad in the bark of trees; eating of paddy grown on hills and woods; appeasing their hunger with withered leaves wafted into the mouth by the wind; exposed to scorching sun and drenching rain; rousing the Mula Agni to the cerebrum; immersed in water; indifferent about their bodies, as if these belonged not to them; and fond of spiritual happiness. But I, a sinner, feasting with the six flavours on all that I like; arraying myself in all kinds of clothes I desire; residing in terraced-houses and upper stories; and freed from all exertion whatever; have passed nights and days together in the enjoyment of women. Tell me, can I be saved?

CHAPTER XI

SACCHIDANANDA SIVAM

1

Oh Siva, who art true, spiritual, happy, all-pervading, indivisible, and omnipotent! When shall I attain the state of a spirit, abandoning unhesitatingly this inanimate object, the body, a hut where the five elements are confined, even as if the different directions of the heavens were compressed into the dimensions of a measure (ulakkan); a walking house with nine windows; a little chariot of bones and flesh, drawn by the rope of white muscles, on the festival of the god of lust; a striking bellows whence ooze white, red, liquids, tears, urine and ulcerous matter; a case in which the birth-causing medicine is locked up; a cremation ground on which the tree of desire, though lopped off again and again, grows in luxuriance, a lie which, though appearing to be permanent yet vanishes at the end.

2

Oh Siva, who art true, spiritual, happy, all-pervading, indivisible, and omnipotent! My mind languishes with doubt, as to whether I shall hereafter obtain thy grace. Ah! There is no certainty, that those who live to-day will live tomorrow. Shall I, believing in vain that this body is myself, become the slave of Yamā, who will presently visit me? Is it right that all that I have hitherto learnt and listened to, running hither and thither, should become profitless? I have indeed decided to remain alone, with eyes closed, with speech suppressed, eating of fruits ripe or unripe, and dried leaves, whenever hunger oppressed me. This, my intention, is not unknown to thee.

Oh Siva, who art true, spiritual, happy, all-pervading, indivisible and omnipotent! Of what avail is it to be entranced in dalliance with damsel, whose teeth are white as pearls, kissing them again and again, whilst the tones of the three-fold Tamil resounded, on moonstone-terraces, towering to the regions of the moon, erected over halls and towers, at the gates of which paced furious elephants, resembling dark masses of clouds? Of what avail is it to be established in Yoga, suppressing the breath, living in the caves of mountains and in forests where the tracks of tigers, lions, and bears, armed with nails, abound? Know that only those who, restraining their speech, have attained the state of Mouna, as certainly as the Nelli fruit come into one's hand, will be saved. Is not this the assurance of Janaka and others?

Oh Siva, who art true, spiritual, happy, all-pervading, indivisible and omnipotent! Will any pelt stones at trees that have no fruits? Thou art our God; we thy slaves. It is thy grace which ordained to us the bondage of births as a consequence of the bondage of Karmas. The way of the world is to praise thee when we have eaten to satisfaction and to abuse thee when we are afflicted with pain. This aside, the teaching of the Vedas is that those who adore thee will be ever rewarded. It is not becoming that I should babble any more? If such be the two tenets, which of them is the best? Thou possessest the merciful quality of forgiving the faults of thy followers, as the mother forgives those of her child. Grant also that my perplexities may be removed.

Oh Siva, who art true, spiritual, happy, all-pervading, indivisible, and omnipotent! Oh thou who awardest heaven to those who are virtuous! If there be more births to me, cause the Mula Agni to reach the Chandra Mandala so that this body, subsisting on the nectar which flows thence, may not perish; and give over this devil of me in charge of mother Kundali Cakti that she may rear me as a child destined never to be born again. If however I am to have no more births hereafter, it is

fitting that I should attain heaven even in this birth, by being assigned over to Arul Cakti that I might be extinguished even as the camphor by the flame. If there be any obstruction to this, I, a helpless and lonely creature shall not be able to endure it.

6

Oh thou, who art true, spiritual, happy, all-pervading, indivisible, and omnipotent! Should I ask Brahma "why did you create me"? He answered "I created you in accordance with your Vināis." Should I enquire of the Vināis, they are unable to speak. Let them alone. As all this arises from the mind, were the mind examined, I find, there remaineth but consciousness. Should this consciousness be searched I see it exists but through thee. This is not untrue; all the Vedas teach thou art the consciousness. As thou art consciousness itself, as well as its substratum so thou art also he who causest me to dance in this world, he who witnesseth the dance, and he who dances; also the grace which saves me, and the being who rewards me for the dance with gifts of Mounam. Thou art indeed my father, mother, relations. Thou art in truth all.

7

Oh Siva, who art true, spiritual, happy, all-pervading, indivisible, omnipotent! Whether I live under the shade of groves teeming with festoons of sweet-smelling flowers; whether I collect or drink cool and sweet water; whether I bathe in such water; whether I am refreshed by sandal-scented breezes which waft through the courtyard like unto maids pacing there; whether I rejoice at the light, resembling day, emanating from the white and circular moon; whether I take meals with the six flavours, so delicious as to be deemed a new species of nectar produced from the sea; whether I enjoy myself, perfumed with scents or chewing betel; whether I sleep; — ordain that I may never forget thee. Save me, a helpless creature.



50

CHAPTER XII

TEJOMAYA' NANDAM

1

Oh God, who dwellest in my mind as the True one, in the form of an inscrutable spirit of resplendent happiness! Ordain that the inaccessible shores of heaven may be reached by me, who, drowned in the sea of births; caught in the jaws of the alligator called "I"; tossed about by the waves of the two Vinais; struck again and again by the cyclone-like love for women whose breasts resemble bubbles of water, whose lips are coral-hued; dragged on violently by the wild-current of desire which presses on majestically like a godly river; abandoning my ship, "reason"; deprived of judgment; am lamenting with tears in the fear that the pirates, Yama and his retinue, will anon make their appearance.

2

Oh God, who dwellest in my mind as the True one, in the form of an inscrutable spirit of resplendent happiness! Father, mother, relatives, wife, children, all these, are like the crowd that assembles and disperses in a market place; this cannot be gain-said. Even the life of one possessed of splendid halls, palaces, terraces, and four-fold armies is but Indrajalam. This foul receptacle of a body where worms abound, and deception, jealousy, covetousness find their abode, is a fruitless dream. Why is it that I do not, knowing these to be ever the same, floated in the flood of the grace, which existeth alone there where neither night nor day is known, what is termed "I" being extinguished, dispel the doubts of the mind, in place of allowing myself to be whirled about in vain?

51

Oh God, who dwellest in my mind as the True one, in the form of an inscrutable spirit of resplendent happiness! Have I attained illimitable happiness, my mind drooping, like a top that had ceased to whirl, its force spent; the darkness of ignorance instantly dispelled; viewing myself as space void of darkness and light; and existing in union with the tranquil space which is replete within me? Have I discovered the path to heaven by practising diligently Charya and Kriya? How is it that I have not arrived at eminence in Yoga storing up the great wealth of breath that fills up the Six Vidus, but have become a fool given to the cares of family, and frittered away my resources, acquiring nothing in return?

Oh God, who dwellest in my mind as the True one, in the form of an inscrutable spirit of resplendent happiness! What avails all that is taught by all to me? Is it possible to deceive my understanding? The space of my mind clinging only to the great space of Param which exists as the womb of millions of systems of worlds found in sets, and inseparably from them, and severing itself from everything else, does not secure to me the pre-eminently happy Moksha. It does not let its hold of me though I push it away. But even if thou succeedest in driving it away, I will not leave thee. There is no cause for obstruction; thou art my master, I thy slave; it is thy duty to settle this dispute.

Oh God who dwellest in my mind as the True one, in the form of an inscrutable in spirit of resplendent happiness! It is possible to tame the horse and the wild elephant; to render harmless the bear and the tiger; to ride on the back of a lion; to grasp a snake in hand or to make it dance; to transmute the five metals into gold with heated quicksilver, and to live in luxury on wealth thus obtained; to move in the world unseen by others; to command the services of the gods; to remain ever young; to enter other frames; to walk on water; to sit on fire; to acquire unrivalled miraculous powers; but to sit still for even a second, with the mind subdued, is indeed difficult.

Oh God who dwellest in my mind as the True one, in the form of an inscrutable spirit of resplendent happiness! The world teaches that there is none who can be deemed to know nothing or to know everything. What recompense can I, who have assumed the title of one who knows nothing, having become the lowest of the low and degraded by an untutored mind, offer thee for thy divine favor? I am thy servant. Oh Yama, who hast a frightful body, dark complexion, sunken eyes, teeth curved like the crescent! Thou shalt not frighten me with the buffalo on which thou ridest. Thy coin has no currency here. Oh great Wealth, who givest me the courage to speak thus! I adore thee.

CHAPTER XIII

CHIT-SUKHODAYA VILASAM •

1

Oh Param, who art difficult of comprehension! Oh space where springs happiness, stainless and spiritual! I practise not austerities, suppressing the evil action of those wild men, the five senses, with the tenacity of a monkey, dwelling in forests, sojourning in the vicinity of mountains, subsisting on withered leaves and the like, enduring the sufferings caused by exposure to dew and sun. Nor have I longed for the good ways of Charya, Kriya, Yoga, in succession. I am a deluded man who treats as an object of vast importance that senseless folly found in the intelligence and skill which enables one to accomplish the duties of a charioteer in all courses of actions founded on lies. Ordain that I may be associated with the followers, who have obtained thy excellent and divine grace.

2

Oh Param who art difficult of comprehension! Oh space where springs happiness stainless and spiritual. How can I describe any more that excellent grace of thine which, in addition to instructing me, as a preceptor ever dwelling in the undertaking, that wealth even as extensive as the wave-abounding sea is but sorrow; that I should follow none in quest of anything; should not say "no" to those who seek anything; and endowing me with the fortune of leading an upright life so that all may respect me; saving me from the ailments of body and establishing me in Niyama and Nishtha, came also into this world, as the teacher of Mouna. In thy divine mind is there not the thought that I am only thy slave, an insignificant and wretched being.

Oh Brahma who art difficult of comprehension! Oh space where springs happiness, stainless and spiritual! Shall I ever dwell in heaven, in the company of thy followers, my heart melting in the belief that the congeries of all souls in the world are even my soul; speaking ever kindly; abandoning all that is called "mine;" moving, like the wild elephant, freed from care; honoring the feet of thy followers as if they were thy feet; viewing all that is visible as Akhanda; clasping my hands in prayer; strewing flowers; shedding pearl-like tears; faltering in speech; singing and dancing; tender-hearted; immovable as an image, and assuming the form of thy divine love.

CHAPTER XIV

PANMA'LA'

1

I have found all this life to be a delusion. Yet instead of searching for ore beyond it, I have allowed myself to be drifted here into a degraded condition. What hallucination! Should there be any obstruction in searching for it here, there would be also an obstruction to attaining heaven hereafter. Is this my lot due to the power of the fates? Or to thy divine dance? Or is it my fault? Oh thou who hast the power to create, maintain, and destroy all things. Explain this to me. I can no further endure these sufferings.

2

Oh thou, who flourishest in all this varied universe, as spiritual happiness, honey, milk, fruit, liquid extracted from sugar cane. Why didst thou assign to me the pride which calls itself "I" — "I"? Why didst thou, planting me in the middle of good and bad actions, burden me with this stinking body? Why didst thou calling me life, encase me with it?

CHAPTER XV

KA'DUN KARAIYUM

1

Is there yet any use in running after the mind-monkey that courses rapidly through desert and shore? In order to acquire the grace of Him who is merciful, who as one, many, the souls of souls, dances in them all, this even is the right time. Flock in crowds, Oh men of the world!

2

You have observed the crows eat in company with their relatives. The food of indivisible and pre-eminent happiness is overflowing and in one complete form. Ah! Men of the world, flock in crowds; that we might relish it before these bodies of ours have dropped off.

CHAPTER XVI

KALLALIN

1

Oh Param, thou hast decreed that full of cares, and bearing on the burden of the five elements I should run after that devil-possessed monkey, the evil mind. Ah! thy greatness indeed is faultless.

2

Oh Father! How is it that I have come to be born and to be tossed about here in this manner? There is no such thing as my action. I am a base creature. How could there be such a thing as Vinai done by me before and Vinai coming after me?

CHAPTER XVII

VAIRA'KYA CATAKAM

1

Oh mind! Greeting, Go not. Tarry a while and answer this question. Is not this body (of ours) the result of meritorious deeds done in our past existence? Ah! further, will it exist for ever? If you are aware (of the answer), worship, while the body lasts, the two feet of Siva, and wipe off the seven births which beset us.

2

You make no effort to attain heaven, by following and serving, as his slave, Sivapp prakasan, who bestows on us his feet (of grace) without closely scrutinizing into our fitness (for that favour) Ah! hear me. Oh mind! You are toiling in vain, caught in the mire of wife, children and the like. On the morrow, when Yama's messenger and his letter arrive, will they be of any service to you? Speak.

3

To proceed overwhelmed by the anxiety that to your wife and children there is no other help but yourself, you have forgotten the feet of Hara. Should death carry you away, will you return to this earth to look after them? On reflection, O childish mind (you will discover) it is only Siva, and not a fellow-soul, that could aid a soul.

4

You have not learnt that, in truth, our real friends are the feet of Siva who, through affection for us, pursues us (whither soever we go) and that our real enemy is ignorance which, torturing our minds, lands us in ruin. Oh mind! who are unmatched in contemptible ways, you have also been the cause of my ruin, as you have betrayed anger.

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towards some and love towards others, treating some of those souls, whose relation towards you (in this world), depends after all on the acts done by you in your previous births, as enemies and others as your friends.

5

You have not learnt that perishable riches cannot be happiness that they are (the cause of) manifold sufferings, and that true happiness consists only in forsaking them. Oh mind! say whether the Saints of yore, who abandoned those things, were not as profoundly wise as you imagine yourself to be. Let us release ourselves from the affections of sense, treat the grace of Siva as our real riches, and endeavour to acquire the same. This, in verity, is inestimable wealth.

6

Thought you, Oh mind! that the life of those (kings), who, surrounded by armies, rule the earth, is happy? Should the Jnana of Siva fall to your lot, both heaven and earth will adore you. Look, you have not learnt the saying of the wise, that those who have experienced this (superior) lot will even repent of the days spent by them in vain before.

7

"This land is mine," "This house is mine." Thus viewing this earth, O silly mind! you are becoming, yourself earthy. You have indeed no shame. When this body itself is not our real abode, how then could we claim as ours the earth, where the body is found. The permanent asylum of all souls are the feet of Him, who wears the serpent-ornaments. Know this.

8

You will not see this. You are fond of applause in the world. Should you enter another body, will the praise attaching to your present existence reach that also? If not, will you yourself be conscious of it? If so, tell me, what were our names, and who were we in our previous births? Such is also the case with any disgrace that should befall us now. On reflection, you will perceive that the attainment of

incomparable heaven is (true) praise and the being subject to births and deaths is real disgrace.

9

You think of performing penance, in order that men may consider you great. Siva, who lives always in you, is he who allots births and heaven to you. What benefit accrues to you by others knowing of your good deeds? Accomplish Oh mind! arduous penance, the resplendent and beautiful feet of Siva alone being your witnesses. Then will Siva elevate you, so that the world might worship you. Know this.

10

You will find, on reflection, Oh mind! that even you know for certainty that there is not the less happiness attaching to the six kinds of births, beginning from that of men. You have learnt also from books that even the Gods suffer, from wars (waged by the Asuras,) and from other evils. There is therefore no other foundation for real happiness but the attainment of the incomparable feet of Siva.

11

Oh mind! No; you are certainly of no use to me. You have not cared to meditate constantly and duly on the pain and evil flowing from births and deaths or on the sufferings caused by eating, disease and other causes. You have no fear of the seven-fold births. You have not sought to know the like with tears and prayers, what is (the road to) heaven, by praying and worshipping the feet of the followers of Siva.

12

You have not reached Ampalattan, who gladdens the hearts of the good who think of him with prayer and adoration. You prate yet, as if you have done this and that, you appear like those who have given themselves to penance, yet you covet another's wife. Away! Away! Oh mind! What have you done by sticking here? Be dead! Let ruin befall you!

13

Oh mind! though you have learnt mechanically many a science

61

and reflected on them; though you have preached virtue to others, yet you yourself are not removed from the ways of the world, even to an atom's extent. Far superior to you is the donkey which carries loads of Kunkuma powder for the use of others, as it has neither the nature of man nor his guile of heart.

14

While the four Vedas teach but one and the same condition (of Salvation, you have fallen into the frightful abyss of the six religions connected with the six Avattais. O base mind! It seems, that even now you are cultivating relationship with Vidhi! which makes it his business to provide you with bodies as well as with Death which destroys them.

17

If it be true that this body disappears quicker than lightning, worship instantly the feet of God. Your desire, Oh mind, to achieve all things but this, is even like the thought of those, who believing the mirage caused by Sun's rays, to be the water of the tank, attempt in obstinacy to cultivate paddy and other grain. Abandon therefore these (follies).

18

O mind, who now appear well disposed! Know this as truth. Think of nothing connected with even a second of the future. It is difficult to say that this body will last till then. Think not also of what you did during even a second of the past. This is fruitless. Nor again, what avails it to ponder over the good and evil of the present, as God doles them out to you according to your past acts of merit and demerit.

19

It is the merit and demerit of your past births, that cling to you, produces happiness and unhappiness. As dancers perched on high poles amuse the spectators with their speech and the like, — though their minds are really intent on their hold of the poles; as a woman really in love with another (mechanically) obeys yet the wishes of her

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husband; — even so, though you are caught by the five senses, yield not to them, (but) attaining the state of non-desire, abandon it neither by day nor by night. (Then) heaven will be of easy attainment to you.

20

Extinguish, O mind! your desire, as you know these are the seedlings whence spring births in succession. If the ocean of desires is dried up, its waves-thoughts will also disappear. (And), when (thus) all thought perishes, then shall we, undoubtedly, worship the feet of our Father, the all-complete Somasekhara.

21

Should the state (of no-thought) be even in the least degree shaken by even such thoughts as these:— “I did well in worshipping God with Archchana”; “I did ill in having neglected it.” — You will be offending God; but should you remain unshaken by thoughts (of any kind), know, O mind, that this is what pleases most the feet of God.

22

Think you, O mind! the attainment of the good and true Jhana Nishtai is difficult, and that (the practising of) Dayana and the like, which must be done unceasingly, is easy. Are you indeed of the nature of children? Stay. Explain this wonder to me, that you should experience the state of do-nothing arduous, and find roaming and toiling easy.

23

Your desire, O mind, is to wander about. My great wish however is to avoid this and to stand still. Do you, imagining if not right to be tranquil here, run hither and thither in the belief that thereby you will discover the great Heaven. (But) God is not a visible object. Know the only means of attaining Him is to be in a state free from all thoughts whatever.

24

Should you, O mind! (exist) like a waveless ocean, all perceptions

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perceived by your five senses ceasing; all ideas derived therefrom extinguished; the ignorance that obscures (your view) removed; what grievance could we have? Then will the attaining of Heaven be as certain to you as the Nelli fruit found in our own hands; all our old fears will cease (to afflict us); even Gurupadam (the highest state of perfection) will be within our reach.

25

When the four Vedas teach that the wave Parai causes the froth, I'swaram, the bubble, World, and the spray, Souls, appear and disappear in the Sea, Parabrahmam, which is difficult of description; O mind! which of these shall we cling to, and which shall we abandon. Considering all to be of Brahmam's form, cease to think of them as distinct from each other or from Brahmam.

26

Oh mind, henceforth place yourself, beyond (the reach of) all ideas; if this is not possible, exist-entertaining only the all-absorbing idea (that all is Brahmam); if this is not possible, remain in the thought that the whole world is the form of God; if this also is not possible, reflect on one of those forms (Avatars) in which he has, in fulness of grace, presented himself (as our Preceptor), for the sake of curing our sins, and saving us.

27

We shall indeed be Saved, Oh mind! Speak not at all; if this is not possible, speak truth (alone); even what is said truthfully will be a lie, if no fruit is derived therefrom; even if it were fruitful, should you say "I did it" — "Others did it." it will be (equally) a lie. Even when such distinctions are dropped, know that it is but a lie to describe anything as distinct from Him who is difficult of access.

28

Oh mind! duly reflecting, make your body remain unshaken in Samadhi, even like the flame in a picture; if this is difficult, engage yourself in the great services of our Preceptor, Siva. Should you be

64

obliged to do other things (also), owing to the merits or demerits which follow you from previous births, do illimitable good to all Souls, cultivate not the enjoyment of this stinking and dirty carcase of yours.

29

O mind! why do you grieve daily, being pursued by the ignorance which makes you exclaim "I-I", and not perceiving beyond a doubt that all our actions are even the five actions of Siva, and that we ourselves are of his form. Though I proclaim to you this truth, as certain as the Nelly fruit in our hands, that we are not the five Kosams, you fail to see it.

30

When in fact the understanding of souls in his Muggraha Kritya, their ignorance is his Tiropavakkritya, the cessation of the bodies (assumed by them) is his Sankarakritya, their happiness and unhappiness is his Tithikritya, the cause of their being born in bodies is his Srittikritya, you, O mind! blaming the arrow and not the archer, exclaiming "I did it" — "they did it," and depressed at some times and elated at other times, have forgotten Sambhu, God.

31

A'navam is the cause of ignorance. Maya understanding. The great say that supreme heaven, where neither day nor night exists, is the abandoning of them both; they can be got rid off through Parapati and Jnana; Pati is the destroying of personal action (egoistic), and Jnana the destroying of the "I".

32

Oh mind! we have no actions of our own. We are sunk in the sea of births, owing to our ignorance. (But) "What is this ignorance" the mind asked. (Reason answered.) "You have questioned well. Know it to be the thought that "I did good and bad." If you can but sweep off this delusion, where is the equal to you?"

65

Unless the incomparable, wisdom-formed, all-pervading Siva, who fully weighs our merits and demerits ordains it, no harm can accrue to us here. O mind! if he brings it about, who can prevent it? Do not the trees which are full of branches (and) take no thought of preserving their bodies, continue to exist yet as such. Grieve not therefore. Give up your thoughts of looking after your body. Fate will let none escape.

While those who have attained heaven are elated with eternal happiness, Oh mind! must I, continue yet undetached from births and deaths and make obeisance to them, even though I have you as my friend? Well, do not say, "What am I to do for this? Shall I die?" If you cannot do more, do this at least; cause your affection for this body, which is full of filth, cease. Should you do this, Umapati will grant you heaven.

Imagining that Maya, which comes to us, given by Siva, to make us attain heaven, is yourself and your actions, why do you. Oh mind! pester yourself with desires and fears (about your body)? Who is he that protects it when we are in Sulutti. Believing that even He will protect it, in Svappana and Sakkra in accordance with previous merit, give up your love for this body.

O mind! you are wholly engrossed. Whatever happens daily, happiness or unhappiness. In experiencing the fruits of what Vinai is it that will you acquire a love for the feet of Him who has Mount Meru for his bow? It is necessary that even during the existence of this body, which developed in a womb, born in the world, disappears like a bubble in water, you should bestow your sincere love on the resplendent feet of Siva.

Even like the tortoise, which (on occasions of danger) draws in

its five limbs (otherwise) spread out, you have not, O mind! drawn in your five senses, so that they may not pass into objects associated with evil, nor, have you, believing that the feet of Soma Sekhara, who has Siva for his consort, is your only refuge, prayed, wept and recited his name with your lips. You have indeed spent your days in vain.

38

You have not sought the stainless and golden grace of Sivaprakasan, who approaching us, even as our father, mother, accords us, his feet (of mercy). What indeed are your intentions here? I know not. Even after hearing that our bodies are but Maya, you long for the pleasure derived from intercourse with women. You must, O mind! be bad — hopelessly bad. I am aware of nothing I can do for this.

39

You have studied many other sciences (than the Saiva-Samaya). Oh mind! they all however teach, that to those, who have not obtained the grace of God, there is no other means of release from foul and cruel births, your fondness for intercourse with women, instead of obtaining speedily the grace of the God who has for his covering an elephant's skin, is (certainly) wrong. It is not right.

40

Adoring Sankara, who is the meaning of the four Vedas, you have not thrilled with pleasure in your body; trembling in love for him you have not danced (with joy); you have not caught promptly access to the Hall where he dances; you have not ceased to go after women. Alas! alas! Oh mind! When you leave this body for what sufferings are you indeed destined?

41

Your wandering here, fond of women who have long and scented hair, instead of meditating on Him who of yore taught the four Sages, under the shade of the Alatree, the rare path to heaven, is highly wrong. Oh mind! I have told you of this; it is (no longer) my fault.

67

Having noticed what, is it that you have centred your desires on the beauty of women? When jewels and garments are removed from them, do you find in them anything but a bare cover for filth and vermin; Your love for them is a delusion. O mind! seek, the feet of Siva. We shall (then) be able to reach the ocean of a higher type of happiness.

What is the gain to you by intercourse with women? From the wasting of one's strength, the virtue of your penance gets dwarfed. Yet is this all that you suffer from? Harm accrues also to the body to which you are (so much) attached. We are indeed of the form of Spirit. Not knowing this, you are believing your happiness to consist in the itching of this outer-body. O mind! worship, henceforth Siva, and we shall attain spiritual happiness.

You are fond of meals mixed with sugar, clarified butter and the like. On Kúḷ and Kanji being obtained and eaten also your hunger ceases, and after digestion they become excrement equally (with any other kind of food). Why is it then, O mind! you will not be at rest, but forgetting God rove in search of sweet aliments.

If the male organ and the tongue will manifest their passion even on the bare thought respectively of women and sweet food, like the Mango, the Plantain and the Jackfruit, there is no other enemy like them to you for causing manifold sufferings. If aware of this, you will avoid both these (desires), there will be no obstruction to our attaining the shadow of the feet of Siva.

Should any disease overtake your body, the various objects of enjoyment like the women you have been wishing to possess, will be forsaken by you as useless; on your soul departing then, your relatives will rub on your (body) the holy ashes, and recite Siva's name as

acts conducive to its welfare. If this be so, make, Oh mind! to your dying day, the holy ashes, your friend, abandoning other objects of desire.

47

Adoring those ashes, rub them on your body; wear the Rudraksha; recite in your mind the five letters; bow and make obeisance to the three forms beginning with the Preceptor; if you do this, you will remove births and deaths. Oh mind! The feet which flitted in dance in Kanaka Hall will also appear to us as the Inner Light of the Inner Light. Let us worship them and be saved.

48

Making a garland of the flowers of praise due to Him and decorating with it his shoulders adorned by the Konrai, so that it might reach his feet, assured that the feet worshipped by Vishnu are also your refuge, worship them. Then shall we be saved. Instead of acting thus, do not, O mind! waste the days of your life in crying out like a black crow.

49

O mind! our enemy, births, will soon cease. Recite the songs in which the great Jnanis of old praised Siva. To Him they are as sweet as the prattle of young women is to lascivious (lovers). Neglect not this as formal talk; take it to be serious. This indeed is the wish of those who have longed to obtain the grace of Him, who consumed Mara by his look.

50

Oh mind! listen fondly to this. Even to the extent of the point of a blade of grass, place not your affection on those who are not followers of Siva, though they should give you gold (in quantities) as large as that of a mountain. If you will in this world, as the follower of the followers of Siva, follow and serve them, you will be an excellent person. Believe my word; if you do not, you must be a wicked one.

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Colombo

CHRONOLOGY

- 1834 — Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy was born on 23rd January, son of A. Coomaraswamy Mudaliyar (Member of the Legislative Council of Ceylon), who was nominated "Member for Tamil interests" as from May 1833. His mother was Visalakshi, daughter of Vairavanthar. In the 1930s she walked bare-foot the whole way from Ceylon to Katargama and back in fulfilment of a vow for the recovery from illness of her child, the future Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy.
- 1835 — In May, A. Coomaraswamy was appointed to represent the Tamils in the Legislative Council. On 5th June, Mutu's sister Sellachi was born. (She was to marry Ponnambalam Mudaliyar, who was born in 1814).
- 1836 — A. Coomaraswamy died on May 14; Sir Robert Horton, Governor of Ceylon, (1831—1837) in his address to the Council on 7th November, referring to his death said, "The conduct and capacity of this gentleman are too well known and appreciated by those whom I now address to render it necessary for me to offer any observations upon that subject." His work in the Legislative Council was appreciated by his unofficial colleagues as well as by the official members with whom he often disagreed.
- 1850 — Mutu Coomaraswamy was a member of the party which toured South Indian temples between January and May, 1850. The party included Ponnambalam Mudaliyar (his brother-in-law), Mrs. Ponnambalam (his sister), P. Coomaraswamy (his sister's son, then one year old), Mrs. Ponnambalam's mother, and also his own mother. The party was received with much distinction in all the places they visited owing to Ponnambalam Mudaliyar's position as Mudaliyar of the Governor's Gate (the highest honour, next to the Maha Mudaliyarship, which the Governor could confer on a Ceylonese).

1851 — Educated at the Colombo Academy or Queen's College (now Royal College), Mutu Coomaraswamy won the Turnour Prize awarded by the Government of Ceylon to the best student in Greek, Latin and English classics, and his name was inscribed in the Roll of Honour of the College as the best all-round scholar of the year.

A garden party and dinner was given at Mutu Coomaraswamy's house in Colombo on 8th October to Lord Stanley, the eldest son of the Earl of Derby (Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1841–1845), Mutu Coomaraswamy (then 18 years old) replied to the toast given by the Governor to the "Prosperity of the Tamil Community". The Governor was evidently pleased with his first public performance for shortly afterwards he appointed him as a "writer" (cadet) in the Civil Service and he was attached to the Colombo Kaccheri.

1854 — In an article on the **Administration of the Vanni** in Vol. 1 of the **Monthly Literary Register** (page 29), there appears a list of "Police Magistrates" acting as Assistant Agents of the Vanni. The name of Mutu Coomaraswamy appears in it for the period of 16th November to 30th November, 1854. Dissatisfied, however, with his prospects of usefulness, he resigned his connection with the Civil Service and entered the bar as an Advocate of the Supreme Court in 1856.

1856 — Called to the bar as an Advocate of the Supreme Court, Ceylon.

1857 — As a young Advocate, before he was 24, he read before the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Colombo, "A Synopsis of the Saiva Siddhanta". An extract of this was published in the **Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society**, Colombo Ceylon (No. 10 of 1856–58).

1860 — On November 24th, Mutu Coomaraswamy read a paper on "Hindu Philosophy" at a General Meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, Ceylon Branch, Colombo, with the Rev. B. Boake, Vice-President, in the chair.

- 1861 — In June, he was appointed, in his 27th year, member of the Legislative Council "to represent Tamil interests". He took his seat as Member on 18th July.
- 1862 — First visit to England.
In May Coomaraswamy left Ceylon for Europe and spent three years in travelling throughout the continent; he was received with distinction in various European capitals. Admitted as a member at Lincoln's Inn on 10th July.
- 1863 — First Hindu and the first non-Christian Asiatic to be admitted to the English Bar, on 26th January.
First published work **Arichandra** (The Martyr of Truth), a Tamil drama translated into English and dedicated to Queen Victoria, (London: Smith, Elder and Co.).
- 1865 — In the middle of this year he returned to Ceylon and resumed his Legislative duties till the commencement of 1867. His return to Ceylon coincided with an unprecedented constitutional agitation carried on by the Reform League.
- 1867 — This year marked the beginning of his travelling in India. It was rumoured that his elevation to the Indian Bench was not unlikely, and his visit to India gave some probability to the rumour. His attention had been chiefly directed to the pursuit of knowledge and, in particular, to the study of Oriental lore, as a member of several learned societies both in India and England.
Enrolled an Advocate of the High Court of Madras (May 8).
- 1868 — Member of the Colombo Municipal Council from March 1868 to February 1873.
- 1874 — Revisited England. In this year Coomaraswamy was knighted. The **London Gazette**, of August 11th, states that on August 6th knighthoods were conferred by the Queen at Osborne House on Mutu Coomaraswamy and two others, one an alderman of the City of London and the other a Sheriff of the City. In the **Times** of August 12th appears the heading "A New

Indian Knight'', under which there is a short note about Sir Mutu, similar to the entry in Debrett's Baronetage and Knightage.

In this year also, two of his books were published in London: **Dathvansa**, or history of the tooth-relic of Gotama Buddha, the Pali Text with its translation into English, and notes, was published by Smith, Elder and Co., and the **Sutta Nipata**, or Dialogues and Discourses of Gotama Buddha, translated from the Pali, with an introduction and notes, was published by Trubner and Co. A third book, **Táyumanavar**, or Hindu philosophical poems of the Vedantic-Siddhantic school, was announced but never published.

Sir Mutu continued to move in society and form or continue friendships with contemporary English leaders of thought and action. Among these were Lord Palmerston, Benjamin Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield), Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Sir W. C. Trevelyan (to whom he dedicated his book **Sutta Nipata**) and Sir Charles Justin McCarthy of the Colonial Office, who was Colonial Secretary of Ceylon (1851) and Governor of Ceylon (1860–1865).

- 1875 — Married Elizabeth Clay Beeby, daughter of Mr. William John Beeby of Kent. According to a copy of the Marriage Certificate obtained from Somerset House, London, the marriage was solemnized at St. Pancras Registry Office on March 18, 1875. At the time of the marriage Elizabeth Beeby was 23. Sir Mutu, then aged 40, was described on the certificate as Member of the Legislative Council.
Returns to Ceylon.
- 1877 — Ananda Kentish Coomaraswamy was born at "Rheinland", Kollupitya, Colombo, Ceylon, on August 22nd.
- 1879 — Sir Mutu was elected a member of the Reform and the Cobden Club. Death of Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy in Colombo on Sunday, 4th May, the day he was expected to sail for England, aged 46. At the age of two, Ananda Coomaraswamy went to

England with his mother, Lady Coomaraswamy in the April of the previous year.

Some Dates

A. Coomaraswamy Mudaliar	1784 – 1836
Visalakshi Coomaraswamy	1820 – 1897
Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy	1834 – 1879
Lady Coomaraswamy	1851 – 1939
Ananda Kentish Coomaraswamy	1877 – *1947
Rama Ponnambalam Coomaraswamy	1929 –
Mudaliar Ponnambalam	1814 – 1887
Ponnambalam Coomaraswamy	1849 – 1905
Sir Ponnambalam Ramanathan	1851 – 1930
Sir Ponnambalam Arunachalam	1853 – 1924

A Note. More than a hundred years ago, Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy's translation was printed in 1873. I give below a list of the earliest works on Táyumanavar with their dates of publication in order to establish the fact that his book of English translations was one the very earliest if not the first.

1. (Tiru-padat-tirattu. Saiva devotional lyrics. Tamil text. Edited by S. Virasami Nayudu.) pp. 8, 302, (10). Madras, 1891.
2. (Tayumana-svamigal-padal. A selection of the Saiva devotional poems of Tayumanavar. Edited by T. Sambandha Mudaliyar. Tamil text). pp. (2), 4, 596, 13. 4. (Madras,) 1891.
3. A few hymns of Manikka Vachaka and Tayumanavar. (i.e. Hymns 22, 4 and 20 from the Tiru-vachakam and 'A revel in bliss' of Tayumanavar.) Translated by P. Arunachalam and G. U. Pope (Siddhanta Deepika Series, No. 1) pp. 46. C. N. Press: Madras, 1897.
4. Studies and translations from the Tamil. (i.e. from the poems of Mudi-nak-rayar, Manikka-vachakar, and Tayumanavar.) pp. (4), 62, ARUNACHALAM, P. Siddhanta Deepika Office: Madras, 1898.
5. Gurumarapin vanakkam. A poem by Tayumanavar. (Translated from the Tamil with notes by A. C. Clayton.) (From the Madras Christian College Magazine of April 1899.) pp. 5. Madras, 1899.
6. Sivan seyala. (A poem, translated from the Tamil with notes by A. C. Clayton.) (From the Madras Christian College Magazine of December, 1899) pp. 5. (Madras) 1899.
7. (Tayumana-svamigal-padal. A selection of the Saiva devotional poems of Tayumanavar, with a commentary compiled by various pandits. Edited by Partha-sarathi Nayudu. Tamil text.) pp. xii, 4, 568. (Madras,) 1908.

8. (Tiru-padat-tirattu. Edited with a prose interpretation and paraphrase, styled Mēy-kanda-vrutti by Puvai Kalyana-sundara Mudaliyar. Tamil text.) pp. ii, xiii, 730, xii. 1 pl. (Madras,) 1909.
9. From the Psalms of Tayumana Swami-Prabuddha Bharata, Vol. XVIII June and December 1913, Vol. XIX, September, October and November 1914, Vol. XX July 1915 — A. K. (Dr. T. Isaac Tambyal seems to think as mentioned in his **Psalms of a Saiva Saint**, that A. K. could be Ananda Coomaraswamy but it is definitely **not** so) — S.D.R.S.
10. Psalms of a Saiva Saint, being selections from the writings of Tayumanaswamy translated (from Tamil) into English with introduction and notes, by T. Isaac Tambyah, pp. xxxiii, ccviii, 264, Luzac, London, 1925.
11. Die Hymen des Tayumanavar, Texte Zur Gottesmystik des Hindusimus, Gutersloh, — Arno Lehmann, 1935. Dr. Arno Lehmann mentions in **Tamil Culture**, No. 3, p. 219 that Dr. Karl Graul (1814 — 1864), a German theologian wrote about Tayumanavar and translated small portions of the hymns into German. Date not known.
12. Selections from Tayumanavar in Studies and Translations from the Tamil (Philosophical and Religious) — Sir Ponnambalam Arunachalam. Colombo Apothecaries, Colombo, 1937, pp. 181 — 237.
13. Translations from Tayumanavar, Donald Kanagaratnam, **Tamil Culture**, Vol. III. No. 1, January 1954, pp. 46.
14. A Poem by Thayumanavar — **The Tamil** Vol. I, No. 4, 1955, Voegeli Arya and William Hayes.
15. The Poetry of Tayumanavar, Ceylon Daily News, Colombo, 11th September 1956, p. 6. Donald Kanagaratnam
16. (Tayumana cuvamikal. A biography in Tamil of the poet-saint Tayumanavar. 2nd edition; first issued in 1930.) SUBRAHMANYA PILLAI (K.), Advocate, of Tinnevely pp. (2), 208,

(The S. India Saiva Siddhanta Works Publ. Soc.: Tinnevely, 1955)

17. (Tiru-padat-tirattu. Saiva devotional lyrics. Tamil text) pp. viii, 170, 1958.
18. A translation of a verse of Taimanavar by Sir Ponnambalam Ramanathan is to be found in the **Stratford Anthology of Favourite Quotations of Eminent Men and Women**, compiled by Ronald Petrie, (Goerge G. Harrap, p. 176) and is reproduced in **Tamil Culture** Vol. VII, No. 1, January 1958.
19. Tayumanavar. (A short account of the life and works of Tayumanavar.) Tanikachala Mudaliyar. Date not known.

Notes

Pulle — the spelling of this word on page 12 Pillai before British rule in Sri Lanka

10 — an error in the text on page 26 (Chapter IV). It should be 9.

Taimanvar — Spelling of Sir Ponnambalam Ramanatihan on page 77

The text used for printing is a photostat copy of the original. In a few cases some of the letters are not clear.

It has been said that Táyumanavar was born at Varani, Jaffna and, belonged to a family of Saiva Kurukkals. Three hundred years ago there was a free flow of people between Jaffna and Vedaranuyam. But many biographers have said that he was born at Vedaraniyam and died at Ramnad in 1742. Pandit V. J. Sambandan, a former Editor of the **Inthusalthanam** and Tamil Pandit of Jaffna Hindu College stated in an article in **Sri Lanka** (December 1960) that Táyumanavar was born in Jaffna.

LT 77

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SIR MUTU COOMARASWAMY.

By *S. Durai Raja Singam* (printed by and obtainable from the author for Malaysian \$15.00 . Hard Cover Malaysian \$20.00).

With interminable slowness the cortege threaded its way through the Ceylonese dawn, the team of horses — drawing a pagoda-shaped catafalque festooned with banners — periodically having to halt while fresh stretches of white cotton cloth were unrolled before their path. In the wake filed a stream of people — many holding flags aloft — including high government officials and European and Asian notables. The three-mile carpeted procession from a Colombo residence took two hours to the Hindu cremation ground, where once arrived, it made three circuits around a pyre composed of cartloads of precious sandalwood, upon which the coffin was then placed, and the pyre ignited with ghee to the accompaniment of pipe and tom-tom. And thus on the fifth of May, 1879, were the last earthly honours performed on behalf of Ceylon's foremost Tamil citizen of the day, Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy, a Saivite Hindu from Jaffna, who not only was an eminent authority on the Saiva Siddhanta and skilled translator into English of Tamil Hindu and Pali Buddhist texts, but who through an extraordinary destiny was to become the first Hindu to be admitted to the English bar, at Lincoln's Inn — a man intimate with Lord Palmerston, Benjamin Disraeli, Richard Monckton Milnes, and Benjamin Jowett, and ordained to be knighted by Queen Victoria. It was at the height of this career that he was cut off — by Bright's disease — at the age of forty-five, four years after his marriage to Elizabeth Clay Beeby of an old English family in Kent, and less than two years after the birth of his celebrated son Ananda Coomaraswamy (it had also been his fate to lose his own father before turning three). Both wife and child were in England at the time he died — the very day he was expected to sail again for that country.

Sir Mutu was descended from an aristocratic family whose name derives from Skanda Kumara, being the appellation given to Kartikeya — the God of War — at the deity's shrine in Katargama, Ceylon (now

called Sri Lanka). Although ranking between the Brahmin and kshatriya castes, the family like many Dravidians comes under the heading panchama, "fifth", which comprehends various ethnic groups outside of the four major caste divisions, and the Coomaraswamys are in reality high-caste Vellalas — originally an agricultural class of Tamils become land-owners. Sir Mutu, of course, technically lost caste status on leaving Indian soil.

But he felt a calling to win the West to a better appreciation of Oriental values than colonialism bothered to offer. And thus, after a brilliant career as a student in Tamil, Sinhalese, Pali, Latin, Greek, and English (he apparently knew German and French as well) — followed by an outstanding term as an advocate of the Supreme Court and later as a member of the Legislative Council, all the while pursuing his metaphysical, religious, philosophical, classical, and political studies — he departed on his first trip to Europe at the age of twenty-eight.

"In appearance" writes his biographer, "Mutu Coomaraswamy was a man 'of distinguished mien'. His costume, a long coat of a plain light colour, more often white, extending from the neck down to the knees, with a gold-laced turban on his head of curly hair, made him look very much like a fabled prince of an Eastern land. He wore a gold chain round his neck with a pendant decorated by a star in brilliants. His thick flowing beard reaching almost his chest, his characteristic pose with his left hand resting on the table and his right hand outstretched whenever he emphasized a point in the topic of discussion, his perfect command of the English language, the intonation and modulation of his musical voice presented altogether a vivid personality." Given his qualities, it was inevitable that he would be lionized by London society — somewhat in the way that his son was to be pursued during his early years in Boston. One can picture him seated at Lord Houghton's table, with perhaps Tennyson or Herbert Spencer or Swinburne present, and diverting the guests with Eastern observations on Western customs and manners, sometimes punctuating his discourse with spontaneous outbursts of song— English or Tamil, folk or religious.

Upon returning to his homeland, Sir Mutu plunged into legislative

activity promoting the interests of the Ceylonese Hindu, Buddhist, and Islamic communities. It was in appreciation of his services to reconcile conflicting interests in Ceylon and at the same time further a better relationship with the West, as also in recognition of his Oriental scholarship, that the title Knight Bachelor was conferred upon Mutu Coomaraswamy during his second visit to England, in 1874.

Sri Singam has presented us with a biographical collectanea, including not only photographic documents, cuttings from journals, extracts of speeches, and anecdotal memoirs, but most important of all, a study with excerpts and analysis of Sir Mutu's literary output. A particular feature in this biography is the appearance for the first time of a whole chapter from the printed but unpublished translation of the mystical hymns by the great eighteenth century Tamil saint Tayumanavar, who belonged to the Vedantic Siddhantic school. His published translations comprise the Tamil play *Arichandra*, based on an episode from the *Mahabharata*; the *Dathavansa*, or History of the Tooth-Relic of Gotama Buddha, translated for the first time from the Pali; and the *Sutta Nipata*, or Dialogues and Discourses of Gotama Buddha — also from the Pali. Here is a sample verse taken from the *Nava Sutta*, where the Buddha defends his disciple Sariputta's veneration of the brahmin Assaji whose teachings led Sariputta to Buddhism:

From whomsoever a man learns the Law, he should worship him, even as the gods worship Indra. The learned man, being thus honoured, his mind pleased with (the disciple), makes the Law more manifest.

Mutu Coomaraswamy as a member of the Royal Asiatic Society presented a synopsis of the Saiva Siddhanta, and shortly before his death he had begun a book on the comparative civilizations of the East and the West — a legacy that would fall on the shoulders of his son to fulfill in a way surpassing anything the father could presumably have imagined.

It is his grandson, Rama Coomaraswamy, who has the last word in a Preface he wrote for this book: "Mr. Durai Raja Singam... has presented a picture of a man at home in two cultures — not just superficially at home, but deeply so... So few people have been able to

bridge the abyss between modernism and the traditional ways of thinking, and so many end up in the confusion of this very abyss, that it is indeed a pleasure to read of someone who was truly educated in both cultures."

WHITALL N. PERRY

Studies in Comparative Religion, Bedford, England, Spring 1976 pp. 110 – 111.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SIR MUTU COOMARASWAMY

by

S. DURAI RAJA SINGAM

Petaling Jaya, Malaysia.

Pp. 22 (Prelims) + 125 (Text) + 24 (Portraits & Plates) = 171.

Price Malaysian \$15/- June, 1973

Hard Cover — Malaysian \$20/-.

This biography of Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy, father of Ananda Kentish Coomaraswamy is dedicated to the grand children of Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, while the Preface is by Rama Ponnambalam Coomaraswamy, son of Ananda Coomaraswamy. Prof. Ludowyk of the University of Ceylon has introduced the book with apt commendations.

The acknowledgement section runs to seven pages and tells us of the meticulous care with which the author has accomplished this fine piece of monograph, the first biography on Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy. The author's zeal and devotion in preparing and publishing this book are well revealed when he says towards the end of his acknowledgements:

'The book has long been under preparation and I am happy that it has been placed in the hands of the public. I have sought no publisher, but have printed a limited edition of 300 copies for distribution among my friends and libraries. I reckon the reward of writing this book not in financial terms, but in the personal satisfaction it has given me.'

The body of the work is divided into four parts: the first on the Life of Sir Mutu, second on his eternal task namely his literary achievements, third on his public services as a legislator and the fourth on reference particulars such as his publications, poems and bibliography, etc.

Part one speaks of the Tamil ancestry of the family of Cooma-

raswamy in the village of Manipay, five miles from Jaffna. Arumugam Pillai Coomaraswamy Mudaliyar was the father of Sir Mutu. His deep study and mastery in English, Tamil, Sinhalese, Pali, Latin and Greek Classics earned him the name in his college as an all round scholar and the much coveted Turnour Prize, which was to be won consecutively for the next four generations of his family, was awarded to him. He was also educated in Philosophy by Rev. Dr. MacVicar in Ceylon. Since he was blessed with affluence he was not much interested in the forensic profession and entered into public services with the result he was made a member of the Ceylon Legislative Council and as such he had earned a very good name.

Visit to Europe

To become an accomplished gentleman of the European view and with a definite 'purpose of guiding the western people to light through their modern ills of materialism' (p. 52). Sir Coomaraswamy left Ceylon in 1862 for Europe. Section four speaks of his fruitful stay there for three years making friends and well wishers and delivering lectures on Hinduism, Vedantin Philosophy, etc. It is during this visit that he became friends with Palmerston, Benjamin Disraeli, John Russell, Alfred Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, A. C. Swinburne, etc., to mention the very important ones. It is during this visit in 1863 that he was called to the English Bar at Lincoln's Inn, thus 'the first non-Christian Hindu English Barrister' (p. 15). In the same year i.e. 1863 he translated the Tamil drama *Arichandra* into English, dedicated it to Her Royal Highness Queen Victoria and presented her with a copy of it. He was invited to become member of many famous clubs of London in those days and especially of the Reform Club (p. 15).

Legislator

In the words of J. R. Weinman (p. 16) 'Sir Mutu's forte was politics for which he was well equipped,' keeping himself well abreast of political and social questions. His liking for western modernism and the fact of having his best friends among English men, who had honoured him in many ways did not inhibit him from fighting against the Colonial Rule in Ceylon wherever there was native grievance and

foreign injustice (p. 25). From his entry into the Council till his death in 1879 he was the acclaimed leader of the opposition in the Council. The biographer has documented his council debates elaborately to show Sir Mutu's undaunted spirit of justice and Parliamentary personality (pp. 17 to 20).

He was instrumental in having the Mahawansa translated into English as well as inaugurating the Archaeological Survey of Ceylon. And he was also responsible for the establishment of a Museum in Ceylon and for the introduction of Science into the schools of Ceylon, years before such step was taken even in India (p. 23). The famous but lonely fight of his in the motion of Disestablishment ordinance is a standing monument of Sir Coomaraswamy's role as a legislator of Ceylon.

Knighthood

It is during his second visit to the United Kingdom that Mutu Coomaraswamy had two momentous events in England. He was knighted on the 6th August 1874 at Osborne by Her Royal Highness Queen Victoria, the greatest honour in England. Sir Mutu was thus the first Tamilian to receive this honour. The interesting factor in this respect is that he was awarded Knighthood without reference to the Ceylon Government as usual and in this case the Ceylon government would not have recommended him for his highly critical view of the administration.

The second memorable event was his marriage in 1875 with Elizabeth Clay Beeby, a well-informed English lady of great beauty.

Kala yogi Ananda Coomaraswamy was born to them in 1877. While Lady Coomaraswamy and her son were in England, Sir Mutu was to join them afterwards but as misfortune would have it, he died on 4th May 1879 the day on which he should have sailed to England. Thus a very promising tree of Indian culture with European sustenance was hewn down in the very prime of its age, for Sir Mutu was only 46 at his death.

The second part deals with his writings and publications. From the

fact that the biographer has termed this second part as the 'Eternal Task' one can gather the importance of his literary services to humanity.

His literary works include two Pali works in Translation.

1. *Suttanipata*: Dialogues and Discourses of Lord Gotama Buddha. Sir Mutu translated this, for the first time, from Pali with Introduction and notes and this was published by Trubner & Co. London, in 1874.

2. *Dathavansa* History of the Tooth relic of Gotama Buddha. It is also translated into English from Pali with notes by Sir Mutu; published by Trubner & Co. London, in 1874. This is the only translation so far done into English.

3. *Hymns of Tayumanavar*: This work of translation, divided into 17 chapters contains 152 hymns in English prose. Though printed, it was not published. It seems Sir Mutu had also written a short 'biography of St. *Tayumanavar* along with an Introduction and notes. Only two copies of the book are available and this biographer was able to consult one of them with a friend of his (p. 60). About the translations and the translator, the biographer says: 'I feel that....*Tayumanavar* and Mutu Coomaraswamy were kindred souls; and therefore even when Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy renders *Tayumanavar*'s hymns into English he is still really expressing *Tayumanavar* and so doing is expressing the vibrations of his own soul.' (p. 60).

It is really to our loss that these translations do not seem to have come to the notice of his illustrious son, Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. This happens to be thus the earliest known translation of St. *Tayumanavar*'s songs.

4. *Saiva Siddhanta*: In 1857 Sir Coomaraswamy published a 'Synopsis of the Saiva Siddhanta' in the Ceylon wing of Royal Asiatic Society. Long before could Dr. G. U. Pope relay the message of Saiva Philosophy to the Western mind, it is Sir Coomaraswamy who had through his Synopsis explained to the European scholars the important aspects of Saiva Siddhanta. The three eternal uncreated things of the Universe namely *Pati* (பதி) *Pacu* (பசு) *Pacam* (பாசம்) have been dogmatically and doctrinally explained by Sir Coomaraswamy. The

same was also read as a paper to an Athenæum audience in London and finally added to and published in his *Arichandra* (pp. 70–71).

5. *Arichandra*: A Tamil Play by name *Arichandra* usually ascribed to a scholar Renga Pillay attracted the attention of Sir Coomaraswamy by its philosophy and poetry. He translated this dramatic piece in 1863 dedicated it to Queen Victoria and presented a copy to her. The play and its translation have been very well commended by *Saturday Review* January 23, 1864 London. Oral history tells that the play was acted before Queen Victoria who enjoyed the play very much (p. 82). Thus Sir Mutu's contribution of spreading Indian and especially Tamilian literature in European countries is really laudable, besides his own deep love and conviction of their truth and usefulness.

Part three reproduces the speeches of Sir Mutu delivered in the Ceylon Legislative Council debates; and the Christmas debates for 1866–1868 between Sir Mutu and the official members. It is here that we could witness with pleasure and pride the beauty of his rhetorical speeches and the rhythmic songs of his own composition delivered extempore.

Part four contains five appendices. The first is a glossed description of the family name Coomaraswamy; the second a list of his publications, the third a ballad-like song on Sir Mutu, namely, 'A Lay of Lanka', the fourth Mutu's chronology and the fifth is excerpts from press bemoaning his demise. Towards the end is appended a list of works, papers, etc., referred to by the biographer in connection with its preparation.

This volume is an album of Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy's life as well. There are 24 plates of portraits and excerpts. Very rare portraits of Sir Mutu, Lady Coomaraswamy, Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, their ancestral abode, the title pages of his works, etc., enhance the usefulness of the volume.

It would have been, in the opinion of the present reviewer, better placed and more relevant, if the biographer had put the section on 'Legislator' in Part One (p. 16) as section Six instead of Five, since Sir

Mutu's service as Legislator start in 1865, the year of his return from Europe (See p. 24, II. 43-44) Section Six 'Return to Ceylon' shall consequently precede the section on 'Legislator' and become section Five.

To sum up, this is a very interesting work of Cultural Odyssey a very detailed and well-knitted biography of Sir Mutu Coomaraswamy. The biographer deserves happy approbation for his conscientious care and devotion with which he has accomplished this scholarly work. One can await with equal interest the publication of his announced volumes on *Kalayogi* Ananda K. Coomaraswamy in the near future.

A. A. MANAVALAN

Journal of Tamil Studies, International Institute of Tamil Studies, Madras. June 1976, pp. 96-99.

HISTORY OF INDIAN AND INDONESIAN ART, Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. Unabridged republication of great classic, ranging from early Buddhist material on up to 19th-century folk art: statutory, architecture, painting, metal work, textile, etc. Especially strong in cultural, religious, philosophical backgrounds to art material. 400 photographs. viii 423 pp. 6 $\frac{5}{8}$ × 9 $\frac{3}{4}$.

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One of the text drawings of Coomaraswamy in *Mediaeval Sinhalese Art*.

Courtesy: Rama P. Coomaraswamy



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