



Received from Devadas Gandhi in reply to
Poet's letter of condolence dated 4th February,
1948.

GANDHI-GITA

and

Passing of Mahatmaji—the Supermortal.

BY

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(ii)



Dedicated to Pandit Jawaharlal
Nehru, First Prime Minister of India
and Political Heir to Mahatmaji.

With Loving Regards.

Presented to.....

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Yours knowingly,

(iii)

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THE INTRODUCTION.

Every writer speaks out his mind through his own writings and it is the duty of the critic or reader to examine such mind through the spectacle of his pen-gifts. I was not a new author in the literary field when my mind turned towards the great sage of Sabarmati who has left a great message behind, through his own deeds and creeds. His, was a life for the nation for whom he lived and died as an apostle of non-violence and self-sacrifice. His figure looms large to-day in the

photosphere of the world for no superman before, had tried to experiment with life in applying moral axioms and themes to uplift a nation and send greetings for a world movement. Mahatmaji was a man of his own type and he was the creator of a righteous world for the people to live in. His life and exploits from beginning to end have been delineated in the form of verse, for he attained that perfection through self-immolation—above moral impurity—which flesh and blood is heir to. He has left behind an inspiration for the thoughtful—a legacy of peace and goodwill to the world. I have only followed his footprints on the sands of time through

a lurid magnifying glass in order to cater for the intellectuals of all countries. The name of Mahatmaji sounds like a watchword and a magic spell, for no Indian can live free from his utterances.

I have deliberately given the name of this book as Gandhi-Gita, for his life was like a song and full of revelations in the altar of national freedom and nation-building. I took my pen in February last and finished this book *within twenty hours in ten days* and this was due to his soul-influence. I place the book in the hands of my readers out of love and persuade every one of us to read a portion from day to day *for ten minutes* during Mahatmaji's

prayer-hour *at about 5 p.m.* so that my offerings may reach the great soul that never dies but can hear and see even beyond the range of our perception.

I can hardly afford to close my Note without offering heartfelt thanks to those who deserve. Firstly, to all members of the Institute known as *Biman-Panthi*—and to those who have associated themselves in bringing this book to light—I mean, those workers who have taken silent pains in composing and correcting the proof sheets and otherwise in making the book complete for the market—specially, I may mention the names of some friends who are judges or advocates of Calcutta

High Court—Mr. Justice C. C. Biswas, Mr. Justice P. Chakraborty, Mr. Nagen Dutt, Mr. Bimala Deb (Columbus), Mr. P. C. Chatterjee, Sudhin Mitter and Sushil Ghosh, Solicitor, and also my friends Sree Jna Basu, Sree Promode Ghosh and Mr. M. V. Gough-Govia who gave many a suggestion of much importance from the point of view of publication.

In conclusion, I am rather inclined to launch a request to those who are interested in *films and film-making* to take up this short episode from the chapters of Gandhian life and transform the main acts into a movie so that the mass may derive

instructions to emulate and assimilate by means of such vivid demonstrations.

With these words—I take leave, with humble regards,

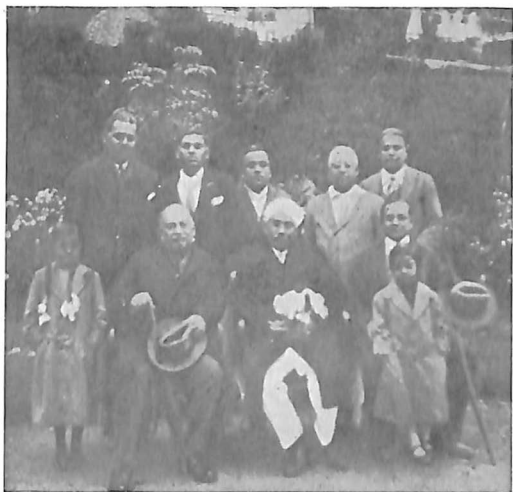
A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'B. B. Bose'. The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first letter 'B' being particularly large and stylized.

The Author.

2A & 2B, Scott Lane, Calcutta.

Dated 15th August, 1948.

Tel.: B.B. 879



Sree B. C. Bose snapped while sitting by Sir C. V. Raman and Sir M. N. Mookherjee (now deceased) in a happy social.

PREFACE.

Ring *up* the old
Ring in the new,
Make up the past
To be completely new;
Hold up the sky-blue ray
Mix it in sapphire gray,
Over depths of water
On shining bed that lay;
Churn the flowing sea
To fish gem of purest ray,
That through its shell
Blows peace, out of hell;

So Truth, Non-Violence
In atmosphere of peace,
Must reign supreme
When world goes extreme;
The ages oft change
On the eternal plane,
Truth would so recede
Both in acts and deed;
Since Adam was created
The world runs mutilated,
By so many misdeeds
As history will speak;
But Truth none can forego
Only the Age overshadows,
Its spirit remains
To be uttered by saints;

The *Iron Age* has dark hue
Vice runs rife in queue,
But Truth must prevail
As the ultimate goal;
The Preacher may be victim
His blood will bear the sting,
He will be my choice
Born of heavenly loins;
Thus spoke, *Divine Spirit**
The air his message carried,
The heavens shook and tremor ran
Down to the world's nerve;
The piper blew trumpet
To echo divine mandate,

* Brahma.

Thus a meeting to be held
By gods celestial,
Who carry fleshless body
In shadowed halo ethereal.

THE PREDESTINATION.

Thus a conference in state
Was held in Assembly Hall
Newly built; its gate
And dome reached far and tall,
And sentries would admit
On passport call; thus the
Grandeur and flash-livery
Was shiny and silvery,
Worthy of paradise—
Above blue arches, lies;
The gods on radar plane
Did attend in fullness of time,

The meeting was convened
Out of time to decide,
How Truth will abide
For Atom Age was coming,
To destroy universe rolling;
Since Jesus had his being—
A Martyr to die on cross,
Laid life down without budge
To free the world from dross;—
Justice and Truth to vindicate,
True to God's mandate.
Thus on exalted dais sat
The Chief of all the gods*—
Others did there squat
On highly embroidered mat;

* Indra.

G A N D H I - G I T A

Such was divine pleasure
Others did obey in
Implicit bid; then the bells rang
From celestial sphere in a bang;
The gods assemble in row
To hear how emergency arose,
To reincarnate a Soul
Out of depths of the blue,
With man's flesh and blood
To preach a gospel new
In the midst of war or quarrel;
The genial policy to be—
To appease war—most killing,
That will overtake the world
Twice in span of century quarter;
Thus the new rule to guide

So that peace may abide,
And creation be not at stake
God's message—some one must take;
The soul to be instinct in fire
Which Fear can't dare to stir,
To be caged in steel frame
Stronger than the jail bar;
Such was the inspiring talk
That passed without division;
The gods held unanimous
To send one Soul to be famous,
In the history of mankind
Whose life to be of sacrifice;
This was the purport of sitting
Proclaimed by drum beating,
Then dissolved the meeting.

THE STAGE OF BIRTH, 1869.

So as destined and resolved
In the Assembly of gods,
There was born the Light
Of modern world;—torn by
War and Pestilence and
Disruption as outcome
Of Intolerance; the sky
Was bright and at Purander
The babe saw the light—
As youngest son
Of Gandhis well known
As prime ministers of

Kathiawad State; the earth
Gave a stir and gods shed
Flowers at the blessed
Moment when the child gifted
Came out of prisoned womb
Of mother; and goddesses
Blew conchshells and tuned
On their tongue in that
Auspicious hour; the moon
And stars kept quiet for the
Time; so a great Soul
Was bodied in flesh and blood
To take the breath of man
To live and have a being;
There was glee in the family
For one who would control

The destiny of modern century
Was by celestial command
Made to enter world—
With mission to purge
Humanity of wrongs that surge
And corrupt the course of
Lives—social or politic;
Thus Gandhi took a birth
Full of human element out
Of human blood; his task
Was unknown, he grew up
And stood in full bloom
Before the world to unmask.

THE EDUCATION.

Thus the child was nursed
In infancy under lap of
Mother dear;—the toy
Of parents' jealous arms;
The concern of family
Was to bring him up and
Give all the facility
To be the prop of dads;
With all keen felicity
Of kinsmen and neighbour,
The babe grew in demeanour
To attract the telling eye,

That centred and scented
Something unique to be—
The glory of the future world;
I will just keep restraint
Over his family circle—
The impetus of surrounding
That was largely growing;
The child is father of man,
So was there early indication
Of the influx of budding career,
That would be revealed
In course of years;
The parent had responsibility
To bring up the child,
And educate in modern style
With knowledge up to date; thus

At Rajkot, was he schooled,
Thence to Bhavnagar pooled,
To know all odds and ends
To train the mind; at an early age
With Kasturba married in state.
Then for higher education
Was he shifted to London
Where civilisation most modern
Had its unique home; the subject
He chose was Law—though
Justice was his main brand;
Full knowledge he thus gained
To supplement his own; to him
All knowledge was but
Memory; his own soul

Threw lustre on being as a whole;
Lastly, he was called to the Bar
As thoroughbred barrister
Full of promising career.

IN SOUTH AFRICA, 1893—1913 : THE PIVOT OF GANDHIAN EXPERIMENT.

So Mohandas grew big
As big could be; his mind and body
Were developed equally;
The youth brought vigour
He felt much stronger—
His soul was in huñger;
At Bombay Court, he felt a blush
To handle a small case; he took
Memorials to draft; and in a spite
He felt for foreigner—Rajkot
He left, in disgust for South Africa;

Law was a mere wash of paint
He practised there in restraint,
But his argument in logic
Helped him to work out magic;
He sought out his own field
To serve man in dynamic speed—
Over the South African site;
Where the Black and the White
For rights do often fight,
As settlers oft in plight
Under tyranny of might;
So he obtained a front
When the Boer War was launched,
The settlers he advised
To espouse British side;
His spirit brightly kindled

To nurse the hurt and wounded;
Ambulance Corps—he organised
With morale in finest pose;
He tended the sick and half-dead
In voluntary mind; it spurred
Real impulse to serve mankind
When in distress; he spared
No pains to do utmost
And offer heartfelt toast;
His soul did emit latent spark
Through the medium of such work;
He won the medal for war
In Despatches mentioned later.

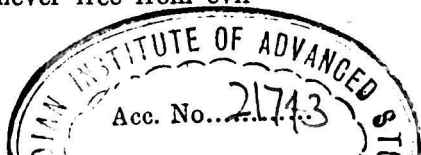
Six years after,
During Zulu War—he gave himself
Up, to suffer and work without stop;

The Stretcher Bearer Corps he made
So officials highly applauded;
Such was humanitarian rôle
That Mohandas played; his soul
Unfolded its soft glamour
As servant of toilers afar;
Therein; was sown the seed
How his new life would proceed,
He felt his soul's yearning
To mitigate any suffering—
The wrongs to undo
And bring out justice in all ado;
This was the active spirit
That budded out in fuller grit,
To tussle into politics
He found a natural leaning.

So was his practical life
Moulded on South African soil,
His spirit surpassed the body
And rose to larger height,
As the body ceased to grow,
The soul was indeterminate
In form, on solo flight to run evermore.

HUMAN FAILINGS.

Gandhi's life was full
Of shortcomings and many a time
Did he admit his own faults;
His nobleness was so great,
Never to be eclipsed by
Patches of clouds that dispersed
When disclosed; the panacea
Of human evils was expression;
That brought in him auto-expiation.
It was so diverse from fasting—
He adopted at later stage;
Man is never free from evil—



The dross is gold's devil;
So a man rises above it,
By confessions made daily
His own self to purify;
Here laid the motto of life—
He preached without shame
Or any resentment; he washed
His own soul clean
On liquefied fire of compunction;
This gave him inspiration
To carry on higher mission,
And to face all ordeal
In teeth of opposition;
Thus thefts, misrepresentation
Mistake, blunder or passion
Over him exerted but

Shallow influence; for he
Stirred not—and trod over
Trifles like small ants
Daily killed under man's feet;
Only Truth is to survive—
His ideals, no age can shelve;
Sravana and Harishchandra
And epiphany in the Gita,
Cleaned his soul of every
Dust—that melted either
On fire or waters of the eye;
It removed all misgivings
And gave a clean purging
To soar on higher region
Above filth of human den;
This much is worthy to mention
With indulgence for delineation.

TRUTH ON ANVIL.

History repeats itself
The fight for truth will
Never end; some Superman
At every age rises out of ashes
Of Jesus or King Arthur the Great;
To establish kingdom of God
On earth—on a loose pivot;
For centuries past,
Such greatness never born in dust,
That by weights of equity
Would measure truth on the scale

Of politics; and slowly infuse,
The very kernel of religion
Into forum of administration;
The ruler and the ruled
In one measure to be pooled,
And all tyranny must end
With imperialism—a natural death;
Such was the idea of Truth
That the soul of Gandhi burnt,
He made queer experiments
Under stranger Government;
To him—difference in colour or creed
Is no criterion of personality,
But the soul in potentiality
Was to achieve Peace and Unity;

So Gandhi put his soul to test
The magnitude became manifest,
As the ordeal drew near
The oppressed came close and dear.

SATYAGRAHA OR THE PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

For twenty years long
Gandhi was on abroad,
Since at Johannesburg.
Law he practised; his wife
Was by his side day and night
Watched her husband as proud expectant;
She gave up all orthodox habit,
And tuned herself up to fit
With Gandhi as true partner
In all movements without demur;
Then Gandhi brooded o'er mind

How to purge the White of dust
As colour bar did exist
In most superlative degree;
He invented a project
Political in its object,
To serve for great truth
Without diplomatic impediment;
He gave it a name—Satyagraha
To fight for truth without
Doing violence on person and submit
To torture, insult or assault,
The mischievous hand to correct
By inducing compunction sooner
Or as conscience revives later;
This was the gist of the move
Which armed in political glove

Made opponent to dislodge;
He made experiment with
Truth only—with religious
Weapon in political tussle;
Such was a new idea born
To prove by example the
Spirit inborn.

Thus Natal Congress
Founded in Dada's house; the Black Act
And Ordinance to set at naught
Gandhi took up the lead,
Explained to all who settled;
This marked the new epoch
As his soul could not brook
Any invidious licence made to cross
The border to Transvaal; as

Permit was issued—failing, bags
Searched or thrown away at
The hands of police; so after,
He started Satyagraha at
Johannesburg; there he laid
The seeds how such movement
To be conducted countrywide;
His experiments bore fruit.
Truth at last found victory
In its destined route.

VIRTUES OF FAST.

Gandhi believed in fast
The wrongs to expiate;
Twice he fasted at Phoenix
Settlement—wrongdoers to correct;
Through his own privation
He struck at conscience
For moral consciousness; to set up
A reaction spiritual
With faith, unshakable;
Many times he fasted in life—
The first in South Africa
He took, which lasted one week

And one meal course he had
For four months running;
The next, he repeated there
Identifying him with sin
Of another; herein we find
Gandhi's spirit in its unfolding.

BACK HOME, 1914

Gandhi returned on Indian soil
After agreement with Smuts,
"Sweet Home"—a sanctuary for toil,
His soul was in turmoil; for the
Great War broke out between
Germany and England and he
Organised Ambulance Corps
For four years long; his
Experience on foreign land
Gave him a firmer hand,
His success was glorified
The more he organised; his
Life was for service—he did

It without a moment's rest;
But World War came to end
With victory of England,
And Kaiser was banished;
The League* was started,
To make nations united;
Some joined—others failed
Who felt discontented.

Now Gandhi
Joined National Congress
In Calcutta; he bore new
Impulse of the time, for as
Leader or organiser he had
Skill none could excel;
The ideals of Congress were great,

* League of Nations.

And in sympathy with love
For the country—we are born;
Freedom—the nation's birthright.
Many leaders of the day
Came into contact with Gandhi,
And he fashioned the Congress
On his own model; the ideals
Were Independence and Unity—
Both too dear and worth any
Sacrifice by words or deed;
So Gandhi became patron great
Till he was made President;—
The whole country to guide
To its cherished goal.

Gandhi showed by
Example more than by precept;

He wanted reforms in every walk
Of life, to make the nation
Fit for Home-Rule; he preached
The economics of Charka, the
Uplift of Harijan, the removal
Of untouchability and above all—
Solidarity of all community
As conditions precedent,
To attain the goal
Of independence real. He
Infused into the Congress fold
The potent links badly wanted
For progress in way democratic;
The struggle for Freedom
Was thus made constitutional; and
In case of split, Gandhi made it
Up with magnetic charm of his own,

GANDHI'S CREED.

Now Gandhi expressed his creed
Too good for political field;
Never before did any exponent
Put it to practical test; he
Fought for freedom with weapon
Newly forged against mighty
British power; he felt no fear
And far more—his faith was
Invincible; he put Non-Violence
On high pedestal—and yoked
Hartal and Passive Resistance
Of which he made example on field

Of trial before; he preached
The same doctrine till it suited
For mass adoption and his success
Lay there; he hated violence
As out of element—divorced
From moral stamina; thus he
Enlisted many followers to
Side with him to be heroes
Or martyrs for the cause of
Country dear; he made appeal
And response was great; those
Who signed the creed were many
In number; they took the vows
Like Knights of Round Table of
King Arthur the Great; this
Was signal triumph—Gandhi had

To wage war for freedom—he
Called it “ holy war ” with
Holy weapon writ large
“ Take me ” or “ Cast me away.”

BATTLE FOR FREEDOM, 1916.

Gandhi founded Asram at Ahmedabad
And then at Wardha and Sabarmati
On his own ideals; but at Champaran
There was a great commotion; the Kisans
Made revolt against oppression
By mighty indigo merchants
Whose tyranny knew no bounds;
So Sukla their leader went
To Lucknow, to meet Gandhi
As he heard of him as redeemer
In hours of trial; Gandhi's
Victory in South Africa

Was Rajkumar's great hope;
So Gandhi was called to Bihar
To launch passive resistance;
The peasants joined in number
For his method was innocent
And novel; and Gandhi took front
While others followed; at first
The commissioner refused visit,
So Gandhi felt no alternative;
He was served with warrant
To quit, which he firmly refused;
Hence the battle ensued; he defied
Law and like Casabianca stood
But to Court was dragged;—to meet
Trial for disobedience
Of quit—order on the dock.

Gandhi admitted guilt
But he denied Britisher's right
To stop him to visit place
To place to enquire of grievance
Of the peasants poor; at last
The charge was withdrawn on
Government motion; the first
Victory so brilliantly won.
A red letter day dawns over
A chapter new with all his
Peasant followers. Rajendra Prasad,
The Bihar leader, joined in
Many disputes agrarian and
Followed Gandhi's suit; this
Showed success of Non-violence—
Gandhi's patent design.

THE HARTAL MOVEMENT, 1919.

Now torture
And tyranny had no end
In any country enslaved;
So Gandhi took up arms,
To fight against a sea
Of troubles; led campaigns
To take bottoms away from
Imperialistic recrudescence;
His method was novel—he
Forged plan to outwit
The power of Government—
Armed with British bayonet.

Work was battle and victory
Was peace—this was the slogan
Gandhi preached; he felt
Penitence and committed
Blunder when his method
Was not well suited
To public front; he recoiled
And oft cried out halt.
“Thus far and no further.”—
The move must suit all and
When unsuited—he purged
For self or all with remedy
He prescribed for odd.

Now Rowlatt Committee
Published report and recommended
Measures to startle

The most sensible mind; its import
Unreasonable and unconscionable
Set up revolt in every heart
Patriotic; so Sanker Lall
And Chokhani made appeal,
For Gandhi to find relief
Against imperialistic Government;
So at Ahmedabad, conference called
Patel, Naidu and Horniman
With many others attended;
After deep deliberation
A Committee formed to undo
The Gordian knot—if provisions
Be actually carried to action :
The Bill in the Assembly
Was discussed hotly and ably

Did Sastriji put the case
Against legislation; the Viceroy
Heard and Gandhi was visitor;
Ayengar and Rajaji later
Were consulted by Viceroy but
All was premeditated to turn
The Bill into law; so Gandhi
Lost all sleep at night, to
Call for Hartal countrywide,
For first time in its history.
It is a holy war to purify
Self, stay hand, fast and pray.
The sixth April fixed at Bombay
Was observed as Hartal Day;
Delhi declared it on June
The thirtieth; Sradhanand and Ajmal

The accredited leaders—so fixed;
Hindus and Moslems jointly
Responded to the call; but
The police charged and fired
In many places indiscriminate;
But Swamiji at Jumma Musjid spoke
In favour of Hartal at large.
Then Gandhi left for Delhi
After hartal ended in Bombay,
But detained by police on the way;
And thence to Surat redirected.
There were huge riots at Ahmedabad
And Amritsar—and Gandhi
Was held responsible
By O'Dyer—the Governor;
Then Hunter Committee sat

The Jallianwallabag to investigate;
Gandhi, Motilall, Sradhanand
And Malavya all decided
To non-co-operate; and form
A parallel committee to
Report on the true state,—
Which none could since repudiate.
Thus Gandhi made it a rule
The potency of Satyagraha to prove;
It must be well explained
And people must be prepared
To swallow it in good grace;
So Gandhi admitted blunder
Without exposition—then he
Declined to move further.

THE NON-CO-OPERATION MOVEMENT, 1919-1921.

There was great agitation
And discontent as a result of
Rowlatt Commission; it brought
Countrywide unrest, which
Found expression in unmistakable
Ways; Gandhi planned a device
To counteract the course
Of unlawful steps taken
By British imperial power
After first world war won;
He passed breathless hour

To stem all evil and tyranny
Of mountainous injustice; the
Moslems looked perplex at
Turkey's division; so Gandhi
Started Non-Co-operation
Against the instrument of
Oppression; it bore no scent
Of malice at the least for
The British lost all claim
For responsive co-operation
From our countrymen; his,
Was the astounding stand—
Gandhi took up the lead
With obstinacy unprecedented.

The Khilafat was
Also held and leaders of

Both communities joined
With zeal, never-before expressed;
Jinnah, Rajaji, Goffur, Dr. Khan,
Azad, Pant, Kasturba, Chittaranjan
All came to the same fold; so
It was resolved to boycott
All institutions British-made,—
The school, college and court,
All without any exception.
This was the golden period
Of Congress that stood well
To test its strength with
Powerful British Government
In open battle without violence;
The keynote of Gandhian creed
Was held in bold relief and

Gandhi swerved not to lead
The nation to its destiny
Ultimate; the Calcutta and
Nagpur Congress took up
The note and prepared the
Country for Non-Co-operation
Move; to shun title, Court
And Assembly Hall and all
Other like institutions;
Such was the pivot round which
The future of India turned;
So also at Karachi, Muhammad Ali
Over Khilafat presided,
And took vow to non-co-operate;
This created a great revolution
Throughout the country and

The British adopted repression
To counteract the tide that
Prevailed; there were widespread
Arrests, detention or internment
Without trial; the period
Grew turbulent and thirty
Thousand patriots embraced jail.
And Gandhi took lead at Ahmedabad
Conference; so when the Prince
Visited India under hotbed
Of unrest—there was bloodshed
At Chauri Chaura—so Gandhi wept
And withdrew the movement
For violence so manifest;
Then was Gandhi sentenced
Six years on rigorous terms.

The Viceroy rounded up many
Who fell victims of repression;
He called the movement as
“Fools’ Paradise”—and his
Successors entertained the same
For some period; but it
Shook the very foundation
Of British administration
With bloodless onslaught unique
In the history of India;
It contained in its nutshell
The future destiny of the whole
Indian nation; it implied
The doctrine of soul-force over
Brute power over the world;—
The experiment never tried or wedded

To bloodless crusade; it led
To national consciousness at
The cost of small bloodshed; it
Towered high in national history;—
In sanctity or potentiality
Unequaled in applicability.

PRESIDENT GANDHI, 1924.

Then Gandhi came out of jail
Victorious; his, was a mission
To free the country from
Shackles of foreign domination;
He believed not in tyranny
And formulated a magic solvent
To crush British power; all
Communities joined in great
Acclamation under his umbrella;
For Unity he worked hard,
And for Kohat disturbance
He fasted twenty-one days long;

To bring about Unity was
Part of his great design;
Thus Gandhi rose above,
In true colours of his spirit
Clothed in white samite
Mystic, wonderful; his clarion call
Found widespread response; he
Was the hero—saint like Messiah
To emancipate India.

Over the Congress

He presided and took the reins
In his own hand, to guide
The country to political goal;
This was the turning point
Of the fate of dumb souls
Of three-forty millions.

THE BORDOLI EXPERIMENT, 1928.

On the east of Surat
Lay the Bordoli tract;
There the main population
Are peasants for agriculture;
The trouble arose with owner
Who exacted rent higher and higher
Till it loaded like straw
Last on camel's back; the
Sufferings were such as to call
For external aid—so intolerable
Was the weight of rent; no
Protest was adequate to curb

The rude exploiter; notice after
Notice served to increase
The quota of rent; so there
Was agitation led by Patel himself;
Gandhi gave fuel to the fire
And the fire burnt; when notice
Served for forfeiture by Sirkar,
Gandhi advised clear
To respect self and not to murmur;
So cattle sold, land auctioned
And men arrested as result
Of oppression launched; then
Sacrifice became too great
But still so common; this
Was the fate of non-violent
Submission—the Government

Had to bend on its knees
And enquire into all the pleas;
So triumph for tenant
Was declared; who could foresee
The magic charm of the doctrine
Put to acid test under
The engine of torture? So
Non-violence held its own
On rigid application.

THE CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE : A HEROIC EXPLOIT, 1930-1931.

The Lahore Conference adopted
Where Jawaharlal presided,
The resolution of Independence
Complete; the patriots
Emboldened by courage
And conviction of basic demand;
There was no fear for jail
Or death, after Jallianwallabag
Massacre; the country sought
For vengeance without
Sword, weapon or spear; for

Non-violence passed the ordeal
And gained atomic potency
Against hot bureaucracy;
This led to another chapter—
The defiance of “lawless law”
And Gandhi stood to face it
With a dauntless heart.
He formulated eleven points
For Viceroy to observe at length;
But no response was obtained; so
He led the campaign to break
Salt law in a magic trek; with
Faith in God and Truth to back
With 18 Satyagrahis—he
Marched on to Dandi in full grace
Two hundred miles off—on

G A N D H I - G I T A

The sea beach to prepare salt
For the lot of millions poor; such
Was colossal achievement
Which has gone down to history
For benefit of posterity;
Gandhi was unnerved—so many more
Followed his footsteps to
Reach the desired goal; the
Whole world watched the move
And God blessed Gandhi's soul;
He described it as pilgrimage
To Amarnath or Badrinath
On twelfth March—nineteen thirty.

On banks of Sabarmati
The dusts of Gandhi lie;
From village to village
Did he walk with bare foot,

The Saint of Sabarmati—
With stick as his only support;
The people flocked and
Some by illness overcome;
He did not stir but strained
On and on till goal attained;
Kasturba joined in all heart
The Movement on her husband's part.

THE ERA OF REPRESSION.

The Government moved to fire
At Gandhi's drastic defiance
So openly made against law;
There was strong repression
And arrests made without
Discrimination, at large;
Gandhi too violent in spirit
Held any violence in contempt;
So Gandhi, Jawaharlall, Patel,
Malavya, Goffur and Motilall
All arrested at Nagpur or Bombay;

Gandhi described as "Goondaraj"

The regime of the British; so

He faced the ordeal of fire

That threatened all leaders

To be scorched and lynched,

Without any trial or

Appeasement whatsoever;

This was the last round of revolver

Shot at Gandhi's altar.

Then Sapru and Jayaker

Went to England to confer

With British Government

To withdraw the repressive law,

That tarnished the name

Of England; the discussion

Bore the fruit desired;
It ended in a pact
Gandhi-Irwin—and relaxed salt law
And other measures defiant.

THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE.

So Gandhi and other leaders called
To attend Conference in England—
For second time held under
The above style so named;
And transfer of Power
Was discussed therein;
Still there was Repression
In full swing; so Gandhi
Sought interview with Viceroy
But was refused and there
Was arrest of Gandhi and Patel;
This was the grim sequel

Gandhi faced without turmoil;
So another chapter in the
History of repression
Was to be enacted; the British
Made illegal—All Kisan Sava,
Congress and National School;
The Round Table Talk in fiasco
Ended and a grim tragedy
The country faced; the tribulation
Reached highest culmination
When the Award was made.

THE PENULTIMATE STRUGGLE.

Then came a great agitation
As the foundation of Congress
Was shaky; the country felt dismal tide,
Sweeping over its life so injured;
All patriots were put
Behind the prison bar; the
Whole of India felt strangulated
Under the engine of torture;
The workers and servers flooded
To hug the prison and agitation
Grew countrywide to violate

Law—for boycott—and further
Followed no-tax campaign.

When Award was out
Gandhi fasted as a protest
Till his life was to be out; hence
The outcome was Poona Pact;
He fasted again, so was
Released and the movement
At his instance dropped.

THE ANTI-TOUCHABILITY TOUR.

Gandhi made a wide tour
Through provinces of Bihar
And Madras; he took up
Untouchability as a blot
On social structure; it
Was an evil rampant in provinces
Throughout India; he considered
It a sin to treat the depressed
As below the human rank and
Keep them off from entry
To temple and relegate them

As outcasts; this deterred
Political progress, as Harijans
Can't have social rights; he
Made protest against invidious
Wrongs and raised heavy funds
To relieve the fallen so-called;
This was a Herculean task.
But Gandhi in earnest, sought
To give status to Harijans;
He used to spin in Bhangi colony
And do the works of sweeping
In his own Asram at Sabarmati;
No work was too low for him,
He gave a touch of dignity to
What he did and what he
Handled; he wanted

Radical reform—so he devoted
His whole life and energy
And he preached social equality,
For all and sundry whole;
This was made a great lever
Round which would revolve
The political world; he
Worked a miracle in this way
By living example like Messiah
To pave the way for
Political equality and freedom.
He made no distinction
As “caste” implied—a long-standing
Scandal in social texture;
He preached socialism—
Which alone can raise all,

To aspire for political
Rights; otherwise, all struggle
Would be a cry for the moon
And end in trouble; he hit
At the right corner and made
The angle round in shape,
To turn on even ground
To fulfil his dream. This
Was the clean spirit of Gandhi
Who made no pretension
And regarded Man as highest
Of all truth and creation;
“ Hold your heads up ” was
His motto for salvation
Social or political. This
Was the soul of Gandhi

In its real manifestation.
His work with Harijans is as
Memorable as his works in
Political fields of two
Continents so great.

GANDHI'S DREAM.

Then Gandhi retired from
Active politics; he dreamt
A dream as biggest idealist;
He rose higher than nation
As an Indian and rushed
For emancipation of
His own country in a mad flight;
The Charka—he loved at heart
As emblem of freedom and peace;
He took to spinning with
Harijans and made so wide a tour
To remove ban of untouchability

Which was a scandal and sore
Over the soul of India; he
Loved Jesus, Tolstoy and Ruskin,
The teachings of Bible, Koran
Or Gita melted his heart and
He burnt for open salvation
On fields, social and economic;
This was the turning point
Of his devotion to make
The country democratic—
Free from want or fear.
Thus Gandhi dreamt in turmoil
Like Buddha under Bodhi shade,
And the vision flashed in aid
To rehabilitate India
Like Ram's kingdom of Ayodhya

In days of yore; as
True disciple of Ramachandra
He organised prayer meetings,
To found the dominion
Of Truth and Equality;
The high or low will act in sympathy
And react without sense of communality
To establish the temple of Harmony
On universal basis of Brotherhood.

This was the last
Dream of Gandhi, who devoted
His life for the cause and
The way he showed by example
More than a Preacher ever did
By mere preaching sermon;
So a religious ascetic—

Gandhi wanted a kingdom
Like Jesus or King Arthur
With his knights of the
Round Table; ideal apostle
Of non-violent postulate,
And uncrowned king of
Universal Peace and Unity.
For peace permanent, he stressed
As in-godly human element; he wanted
Nations to disarm in good
Courage of mind; for then
Would Peace reign supreme
For ever and for ever.

THE RAJKOT FAST, 1939.

Gandhi believed in fast
As self-purging and competent
To react on consciousness
Of others to secure goodwill
To do the right and mend
The wrong created out of
Misunderstanding; he tried
The same in Sabarmati, when
Some inmates committed wrong;
He purged it by fast and
Imbided others' wrong on
His own spirit to cleanse

The same miraculously; the
Wrongdoer felt the mistake
To retrace the footsteps;
This was also the case
When dissension grew
Between Rajkot and its people;
Then Gandhi maintained fast
To correct angle of vision
And bring the ruler on knees
To understand the wrong
Committed by one on the others;
So Gandhi's fast brought sense
And kindled it to compensate;
Such was his magic power
Of rigorous fastmaking.

THE SOLO FAST.

When Gandhi withdrew
Countrywide disobedience,
He took a personal vow
For individual fasting;
Then the agitation boiled
And Gandhi was sentenced
For a year to go to prison;
There he wanted to serve Harijan cause
But was stopped; he then
Took to twenty-one days' fast
After which, was released;
Then an open Congress called

To recall the movement
For civil disobedience—now defunct;
Gandhi gave up ordinary diet
And took fruit juice and milk of goat
With vegetables to keep warm his body
Like a living being.

THE AUGUST RESOLUTION : AS LAST PHASE OF INDIA'S STRUGGLE.

There was the Great World War
Ever waged in the history
Of the world; the League of
Nations were losing hold
Over the Axis power; Hitler
Like Napoleon wanted to rule
Over Europe and absorb all
Power like a dictator; the
Savage rule of might over right
Had recrudescence all over

Europe and repercussions
From the west to the east; Science
Became devil's weapon, to crush
Humanity and scorch earth to
The depths of chaos; the
Intoxication of power scraped
The universe to pieces; tanks,
Cars, mines, radar planes became
The favoured armament in Devil's
Hands; So Hitler gained
Much power during first phase of
The Great War but later on
The combined forces of Allies
Crushed his maddened ambition till
He disappeared from the scene
In mystic manner; on the other

Venue of the Far East—America
Invented Atom Bomb that
Fell in a crash on Hiroshima
And Nagasaki; this disabled
The eastern arms of the Axis
And the whole enemy camp was
Brought to subjugation; this
Was the mightiest triumph
Of Allies and the League
Then crumbled into death—decay;

 During the period
Just mentioned—there was
Want and Pestilence raging
All over the world at large and
India was no exception; the Indians
Fought against Fascist power

With loyalty towards the British;
But the India Defence Act came
Into existence, for strict vigilance
Was to be maintained in turbulent
Quarters; the Indian National
Congress sat at Bombay and passed
The "QUIT INDIA" resolution—
The most memorable event in
The freedom—struggle of India;
This enraged the British power
Who took imperialistic measure
To curb the insurgent tide;
Cripps was sent from England
To pacify Indian leaders
And bring them within terms;
But Congress refused to entertain

His formula; this was a turning
Point for countrywide
Revolt—from patriot to
A single living soul of
The continent as a whole;
Gandhi who led the battle
In South Africa—few decades
Ago, was taken as prisoner
For single-handed battle with
Great British power, which
Seemed on its last legs at the time;
Gandhi took up dictatorship
Of India to lead it to its
Cherished goal; he was a
“Servant” and not a captain
As he called him and sought

Interview with the Viceroy,
Who, the courtesy refused;
Then there were arrests in
Lots; Midnapur, Balia and Satara
Initiated parallel government;
The British impudence could
Not shake the spirit of Gandhi
For he roared like lion
In a cage; when all agitation
Was sought to be crushed by
Agents of Violence—the cannons,
Bullets and bayonets boomed large;
The gaunt spectre of Repression
Made appearance everywhere,
And the whole country was
Merged in the throes of chaos.

Many youths lost life
And sent to gallows; they
Shed lifeblood to pacify wrath
Of the British that raised
Tempest over hot sea of trouble;
On the top of all, false
Propaganda took a black
Mask of horror; Gandhi's soul
Was disturbed and he fasted
Twenty-one days long to invoke
Justice of Heaven on the
British mind; but the British
Did not budge an inch from
Dealing crushing blow—being
Emboldened by victory
In the Great World War; then

The curtain hung down over it
And Gandhi was released from
Prison bar; so God saved his
Precious life for service
To humanity at large.

SERMONS AND GANDHISM.

Gandhi was a missionary—
A spiritualist of high order;
He left the bounds of Congress
To serve humanity at large;
His war was a war without
Lethal armaments of modern
Scientific age; his war was
A war of the spirit over
The flesh; his sermons
And eleven points of vow
Put him above common leader
In social or political

Sphere; he invented new gospel
Of Truth to fight with vices;
He drew his soul-force to
Curb the brute in man or nation;
He was an idealist of superb
Calibre; he preached Freedom
For all nations by agitation
Manned by cult of Non-violence;
This was his Mein Kampf against
Tyranny of Power; he wanted
Vices to subdue by show of love;
He prepared and pledged
His life and soul to teach
Before the world—the efficacy
Of Peace born of Non-violence;
Which alone can be a bond

Indelible to establish
Universal Brotherhood;—
The cherished dream of
Popes and Archbishops;
His life was a living monument
Of what he did to achieve
Such pious end; "Follow
Me and not my deeds" was
His crying slogan; so
To pass life like Gandhi
Would be his best worship;
His sermons contain atomic
Potency to convert the world
Into one homogeneous whole;
Such was the purport of
His spent life in a vicious

World, in an Iron Age.
Force—he deprecated
By all means and heart; he
Piously attracted conversion
By filtering a message of
Love; in case of failure
He blamed himself and none
Else; he wanted to see all equal
Just like the eye of God; he
Wished the rich to participate
With the poor out of love
And sacrifice; he wanted
Villages to improve and cottage
Industries to thrive side by side
With scientific output; he

Wanted a compromise of the two
Without hurting one or the other;
This was the root-motto of
Gandhian Religion.

WHIRL OF WORLD POLITICS.

The politics of the world
Suffered radical change; the Old
Order gone—the new one dawned;
The lessons of war weighed
On victors themselves
Who were groaning under
Heavy debts and losses in war;
The dictatorship was gone
With the reign of Hitler and
Mussolini and fall of Tokyo;
The nations of the world had
Consciousness altogether new;

G A N D H I - G I T A

The struggle for freedom was
A necessity to develop national life;
All nations were deep-breathing
For a life of self-determination.
India was battling for freedom
Through the Aegis of the Congress;
Where the leaders and patriots
Joined under a common banner;
It was Gandhi who wanted
To achieve freedom through
His cult of Non-violence, when
Other nations were cutting each
Other's throat in search of
Power politics; Violence—their
Armament to win or snatch
The glory of Power; the

Wind turned over India
When Netaji Subhas—an ardent disciple
Of Gandhiji—a true patriot and
Illustrious son of Bengal
Gave up the main Congress camp
To initiate his own Bloc—he
So called it “Forward”; he, at last
Disappeared “mystic, wonderful”
From very well-guarded place;
However, he roamed about
Continent to continent and escaped
Through frontier on to
The realm of Hitler’s Germany; he
Learnt military tactics
And leadership from Hitler
And to Japan he sailed to help

The Axis against the Allied
Corps; he organised Azad Hind
Government and with the aid
Of Indian soldiers imprisoned—
Called I.N.A., invaded India
From Burma-Assam front. He
Receded, however for want of arms and
Supplies—back to Burma, sometime
After Rangoon fell and his death
Like his disappearance—is, still
More a mystery, to Indians alike.

With victory of Allies,
America became the first Power
And Russia, as it was designing
About Atom Energy, admitted as
Biggest European Power. England

To a subsequent seat relegated;
And consequently followed
The change to Labour Government.
Other circumstances made England
Impossible to rule over India
With show of Imperialism—
Then England sent a Mission
To decide India's fate
In the future nearest.

THE CABINET MISSION, 1946.

The Mission

That came from England
After the earlier Delegation—
Were formed of members of
Cabinet sent by Attlee, the Premier;
They came into close touch
With leaders and people—
They wanted to sound on
The very spot to get
A response as to what kind of
Independence suited India;
This was the crux of how

To transfer sovereign power;
The members worked hard for
Months, to get clues and views
For their own enlightenment;
And gave their report
As relayed by radio;
The kernel of recommendations
Was division of India into
Three groups with needed
Central control; the
Congress and the League
Were divided in opinion
For acceptance of long and short
Terms, which was improved
Interpreted and then
Brushed aside; Wavell

Was recalled, after he formed
Interim Government with
Leaders of parties minor and
Major; Jinnah wanted partition
And separate Dominion on
Basis of two-nation theory;
The whole structure fell
Like house of cards and the
Viceregal mantle fell on
Lord Mountbatten to
Expedite transfer of power
From British hands.

GANDHI-JINNAH TALKS.

It was a red letter day
In the annals of India
When the two leaders met
To discuss India's future, as
The British were ready to quit;
Other big leaders like Nehru
Had similar talks with Jinnah—
The accredited leader of Moslems
Minor; but Gandhi made position
Clear; He wanted to make
An Indian nation on his ideals,
Backed by Congress and free from

Communal preponderance; he argued
That nowhere is religion
Any basis of self-government;
He appealed to Jinnah in
Most friendly terms and even
Offered to make him the first
President of Indian Republic;
But the proposal fell flat on
Jinnah, whose ideal was different;—
As he was dreaming of a
Pan-Islamic State with
The mid-east Moslem States; so
Jinnah became adamant and negotiations
Failed to hold water any more;
Thus after consultations
With the Premier and leaders in

The presence of our Viceroy, it
Was finally settled once for all
To switch the fate of India
On a different plane.

THE UNAVOIDABLE.

Much to the credit of
Our new Viceroy—the destiny
Of India became sealed;
Either side conceded
That India was to be divided
Due to force of circumstance
Without alternative to amend;
This was an edict of destiny
Which none could prophesy;
So *the inevitable* happened
Without remedy being left behind;
The leaders without reserve

Accepted partition of
Mother India; the policy
Might be erring and admit of
Some phantom of appeasement;—
That may be taken for granted
At the crucial hour, as the
British gave assurance
To quit and hand over charge
To best of our tried leaders; the
Resolution of 1942 being
Translated into action—the Congress
Felt a sort of auto-satisfaction
Which made allowance for error
Of Judgment at transitional hour;
Thus for good or for evil
India's map was to be changed

For all times, on the basis
Of an Award for partition
As between brother and brother
Of the same soil; the Congress
Cannot be above blunder but it
Took this in sportive spirit; hoping
To reunite, after the British
Have abandoned our Dominions.

THE CHAOS OF TRANSITION.

The Indian Independence Bill
Was hurried in Parliament
Through chief exertion of
Premier Attlee with full draft
And it was passed into law; India
Divided into two dominions and
Interim Cabinet to be divided
Into two parts for each
Dominion; also, Bengal and
Punjab to be partitioned
By Award into four Provinces
Under two dominions; this was the

Effect of splitting up India
As a whole into two portions.

But the Moslem leaders
Who were at the helm of Government
Preached the doctrine of
“ Direct Action ” which was at
The opposite pole of the
Rule of Non-violence; hence
The cult of violence made
Appearance in Provinces
That were going to be bisected;
The communal riots broke out—
There were carnage, pestilence,
Looting, burning, desecration,
Abduction and conversion; the
Situation grew intolerable and

Cities became veritable
Hell; life and property
Were at considerable stake;
Calcutta and Noakhali were
Targets of violence in
Course of a few months—the
Situation made beyond control;
“Goondaraj” prevailed with
The dance of Devils.
This was the hour for height
Of communal frenzy; people
Abandoned their homesteads
Out of fright; many lost
Life and property both;
There was none to relieve.
Even the Interim centre refused

To entertain claims of province
For due protection; the
Commission deputed to enquire,
Made no final disclosure and
All ended in fiasco later.

THE NOAKHALI TOUR, 1947.

Then Gandhi resolved to make
Extensive tour—village to
Village; Government of Bengal
Welcomed him and gave him
Facilities to proceed on foot
Day to day; it looked like
Pilgrimage, for the whole
World fastened its eyes
On the saint-reformer—
Who took intensive tour
For many months together;
Calcutta echoed on Noakhali

And it re-echoed in Bihar;
Like Saviour—Gandhi visited
Place to place—held prayer
Meetings and there was huge
Gathering of both men and women;
All communities looked as one—
They tried to forget their
Sinful acts or purged the same
On the fire of Gandhiji's
Magnetic spell.

Gandhiji trodded on
The fields of genocide; heard
Tales from widows and the bereaved;
He saw bloodstained walls
And many desecrated temples,
Contacted persons under Moslem

Protections; not a single eye
Felt dry on hearing
Shuddering cry; Gandhiji
Made notes and heard all
That he could hear; Sucheta
Was there thrice and she told
Gandhi all what had happened;
This was the first fruit
Of Independence which had so
Pungent a taste to yield;
Gandhi looked perturbed
And advised to rehabilitate—
But the bereaved felt heavy and
Callous to such appeasement;
So Gandhi created wonder
The whole world did bewilder,

His marches step by step
The distressed to console
Looked like heavenly mission
Worthy of historic mention;
It was Gandhi's *peace tour*
Recorded at such crucial hour;
He acted as great redeemer
The distressed to succour;
As an angel of peace
Gandhi brought armistice;
For Moslems and Hindus at once
Cried out to unite or live together;
He brought unity in forgetfulness
And taught the whole world
To emulate the same.

THE CALCUTTA FAST.

On transfer of power
And Partition of India, the leaders
Took seat to govern Dominions;
Nehru regime came into existence
On Independence Day—right at
Moment auspicious with blessings
Of Gandhiji; the ministers sworn
To allegiance, office and secrecy;
Gandhi's dream partly fulfilled
But his soul clamoured for Unity—
He devoted rest of his life to it;
The riots again broke out

From place to place as a result
Of Direct Action, that bore evil fruit
In retaliation and frenzied assault
Without regard for man to man;
This was the worst outburst of
Communalism—the effect of
Partition; Gandhi was worsted
For the situation was beyond
Any control; in Calcutta, there
Was recrudescence from time to
Time and other Provinces followed
Suit; the united nation theory
Of Bapuji seemed to be on the
Melting pot; so Gandhi made
A crusade for Unity against communal
Frenzy or egotism; there were

Appeals for peace by Gandhi and
Jinnah and leaflets dropped
From air to pacify the
Maddening crowd; "Tooth for tooth"
Was the hoarse cry to a civil war.

At such critical hour
Gandhi again took his tour
On peace mission without demur;
He wanted to face culprits
And teach them love and sympathy;
He came to the centre of animosity
And lived in the suburbs of Calcutta
Where thousands came and went
To have Darshan on the Saint;
He was encircled and enamoured
By the rich and poor alike.

He was a man for all; the sense
Of humanity and divinity in him
Touched the chord of life and
He could make strangers bedfriends,
The tiger to sleep with lambs
By virtue of magic personality.
He was a superman in the midst of men
And women; he was a messenger of
Love and Unity; he taught the beast
To die and stimulated man's
Instinct to live and let live
In amity; such was the great soul
That animated his frail body; he
Brooked not quarrel or riot.
He fasted to purify himself
In the midst of impure sights.

He so fasted to purge others'
Soul, as he believed in All-Soul
Unity; such was the message
Of Gandhi's greatness.

He fasted in Calcutta
To stop all man-killing act
Till death; everyone
Appreciated his Faith in God
And agreed to stop the riot;
This was his signal triumph
Over evil forces rampant in
Men; then he broke his fast.

THE LAST DAYS.

Gandhi went to Delhi—
The new capital of our Dominion;
Hallowed by memories of
Hastinapur—the ancient
Capital of Pandavas; our
National flag was wavering
In the winds at every door
And Government House; the
Message of Independence
Was writ large on every face
Of the new nation; the
Congress reached its goal

And Gandhi's struggle for
Freedom crowned with success
In his own life;—this was
A singular feat of great moment.
But the fight of spirit
With the flesh was not yet
Over; there were riots in
Kashmir and the Punjab—Sikhs, Moslems,
Hindus cut each other's throat
In senseless fury; "Blood" was
The battle-cry; so Gandhi
Returned to Delhi and stayed
At Birla House and prayed
Every evening before
Audience to allay
The wrath of man to man;

He went to Musjid, to temple
And read scripts from
Koran, Gita or Bible;
His sole task was to
Weld up unity in
Two factions of India's
Community;—the Hindus
And Moslems as uterine brothers.

THE MAN OF FAITH.

Gandhi had strong faith
Like Jesus of Nazareth;—
He was prepared to lay
Life down at the altar of Unity;
He wanted to join split hearts
Together, so that people
May live in amity as parts
Of one nation before the world;
This was his living mission
Remained to be achieved at last;
He was hopeful and never blamed
Any one for fault; he hated

The sin but not the sinner and took
On himself the blame to purge
By fast or die in the attempt;
Few could dare or dream to touch
His sacred body to injure and
Every one took dust of his feet
On the prayerground and felt
Sanctified by the act.

One day—the fated day
Gandhi went to prayerground
As usual on January thirtieth;
This year—the fated year, in the
Annals of the nation; he was
Going to the altar through
Crowds so widely visible;
One culprit—A Devil—incarnate

Of Violence, threw bullets
At his frail body, pretending
To take the dust; it pierced
Him as distance was short and
Close between, Gandhi fell down
In a swoon and removed to
The Birla House; Alas ! the news
Spread like wild fire—Gandhi
Was no more—he left frail body
Shouting “ Ram, Ram ” without minding
What was done by Nathu Ram
Godsey—the murderer of Aged
Body, who committed sacrilege;
The soul fled with a
Boomerang—the space from
Himalayas to the Cape

Shuddered in gloom and remorse;
This was the last day of Mahatma
Who broke from mortals—leaving
His mission of Unity unfinished;
It was the tyranny of Violence
Over cult of non-violence in this
Mortal world but Gandhi reached
The portal of the immortals.
The Man of Faith is never a victim
But a victor lying-in-state,
Like Abraham Lincoln the Great;
Or Hazrat Ali doomed by Fate.

THE FATHER OF THE NATION.

Gandhi was the soul of unity,
Of truth and fraternity; the
Whole nation mourned his sad
Departure; India wept in her
Own bosom—it received wound
So despicable; the radio
Was flooded with message
Broadcast from pole to pole;
Everyone grew sad—even worst enemy
If any—grew mad; the tragic end
Was like a thunderbolt

That penetrated like bleaching cold;
The mourning period of State
Was thirteen days; the funeral pyre
Spread on Rajghat was a scene
Of mourning by all men and women
In the midst of military procession;
The salute from sky and
Offering of garlands were
Numerous and spontaneous;
The homage to the dead was
An honour shown by Mother India
For loss of her saintly child
At the hand of Violence rude;
He is still worshipped as
“Father of the whole nation”—
The greatest son of the world.

The greatest reformer ever born
To uplift humanity; his, was a
Mission, he lived and died for
The same; the body decays but
The spirit lives for ever; Ah
Ram ! Ah Mahatma ! Ah India !

THE EPILOGUE.

Passing of Mahatmaji—the Supermortal.

There is an end of eventful career
On titanic canvas spread; the people
Mourn his loss in grim
Death-shadowed gloom;
The Rajghat bears his
Last remains that mingled
With elements—entombed
In fire; and holy waters carried
His ashes on Rama's raft—
Thereafter from place to place

In all ceremonial grace;
The grandeur of funeral,
The Ash-immersion by " Duck "
At Tribeni, were unique
In solemn character
In the midst of Ram's prayer;
The Bible, Koran and Vedas
Were cited in united chorus
To carry his unbodied soul
To the gates of heaven, in a
Shower of flowers; where
Gods waited in radar chariot
To carry him to paradise—
The limbo to immortalise,
And draw hymns of people

In adoration and praise;
The kingdom of heaven
He tried to build on earth's haven,
And to establish Peace
Through cordons of Unity
That fled at convent
In Lake Success; he felt
Remorse at disunity and took
Upon himself the sin
By fast to expiate;
Thus more than Jesus or King
Arthur—he succeeded in making
The earth—a place of Brotherhood
For the Universe; he was firm
In conviction and faith unflinching;

He never waived but subdued
The doubt that flashed
On his mind; he conquered by Faith
Doubt or death at the same breath;
So he rises above the mortals.
The task—if left unfinished
Will be a burden to us—
The mortals; this is the gist
Of a glaring career; may Peace
And Unity reign over earth
And war for ever perish
With his mortal ash; so
My tale ends in memory of
The immortal great—the
World ever produced in an
Atomic Age—to buy up Peace

On his own lifeblood; this, the
Substance of my epic, writ
Large on humanity's mind
Over times rolling without end.

APPENDIX A

Some Appreciations

Some Foreign Appreciations

(i) From Nobel Committee and Nobel
Library of the Swedish Academy.

Stockholm, 20th February, 1946.

*I beg to acknowledge with best thanks
the receipt of the publication named below,
which you have been so good as to present
to the Nobel Library.*

Yours truly,

(Sd.) Leonard Dol,
Secy. and Librarian.

Bose, B. Ch., "Thought-Ray", Calcutta,
1941.

(ii) From Madame Pao (*Peru*).

Dear Mr. Bose,

I am deeply touched to be one of the recipients of your (*First*) book of poetry "Thought-Ray." At this time when savagery takes the place of decency, *your poetry is as a call* from the Great Beyond.

Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

(Sd.) Edelta Townsend M. Pao.

(iii) From Poet Laureate (England).

Burcote Brook Abingdon.

Dear Sir,

I thank you for your kind letter of Christmas Day and for your thought in sending me your book of poems. *Let me wish both writer and book all happy fortune.*

With my thanks.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

(Sd.) John Masefield.

(iv) From H.R.H. Duke of Gloucester
(*Australia*).

Dear Sir,

I am directed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester to acknowledge your letter dated 22nd June and your book "Thought-Ray" and to thank you for them.

Yours truly,
(Sd.) Lurt Christie,
Private Secretary.

(v) From Consulate-General (Netherlands).
lands).

Dear Mr. Bose,

. . . . I thank you for your kind gesture in sending me *this literature and I admire your command over the English language.* I read the poetry with *much* interest.

Yours sincerely,
(Sd.) C. E. Van Aken.

(vi) From Pearl Buck, Nobel Laureate
Via Air Mail.

(America).

R.D. 3

Perkashie, Pennsylvania.

Dear Mr. Bose,

Thank you for sending me your various publications. I have read *them with interest, etc., etc.*

Yours very sincerely,

(Sd.) Pearl S. Buck.

(vii) From Madame Chiang Kai-Shek
(China).

Headquarters of the Generalissimo,
China.

Dear Mr. Bose,

Thank you for your letter of the 27th April which Madame Chiang Kai-Shek has received. She is extremely busy and has directed me to send you a reply.

etc., etc.

And at this time, if Madame should find the leisure (she is busy from morn till night with all important matters connecting the welfare of the country) to read your book, her opinion will be promptly sent to you.

Yours sincerely,
(Sd.) Pearl L. Chen,
Private Secretary.

(viii) From Bodleian Library (Oxford).

Dear Sir,

I beg you to accept my sincere thanks for the work named herein, which you have presented to the Library of the University.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

(Sd.) H. H. E. Garter,

Librarian.

“Thought-Ray” by yourself.

(ix) From De Valera

(Eire).

Baile Athacliath, Dublin

30ú Bealtaine 1946.

Dear Sir,

I am directed by the Taoiseach to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th ultimo and to thank you for the copy of your book of poems you were good enough to send him.

Yours faithfully,

(Sd.) Seamus Mac. Ugo,

for Private Secretary.

(x) From Consulate.

(Sweden).

Dear Sir,

. . . . I extend to you my sincere thanks for the second copy of your book which will be a great pleasure for me to read.

Yours sincerely,
(Sd.) C. Lundquist,
Consulate-General for Sweden.

(xi) An Enquiry for Publicity (*New
York*).

We ask you to fill out the enclosed blank and return it to us in order that we may list your new book in the Cumulative Book Index. This is a monthly record of all the new books in the English language and goes to bookstores and libraries throughout the world. Our listing in the Cumulative Book Index means a wider circulation for the book and costs you nothing.

(Sd.) H. W. Wilson Company,
New York.

Some Appreciations in India.

(i) From the Editor—Hindu—Madras
(India).

Mr. Bose is a Calcutta advocate round whom has gathered a *coterie of hero-worshippers* whose object seems to be in the words of Mr. Justice Biswas to establish on the excellent authority provided by their hero that "true poetry is neither rhyme nor reason."

The poems of Mr. Bose are numerous and packed with good intentions and they all bristle with facts and figures.

(ii) From the Editor—Bengal and Assam
Journal of Lawyers (India).

A reading of this book fills one with wonder at the versatility of the *genius* of the Poet and one is tempted to exclaim with Goldsmith how a *small head* could contain all that the poet knows.

Here the reader has a choice of subjects as wide as can be thought of and they are all treated in an original way which is the Author's own.

(iii) Sir Monmothanath Mukherji, Law-
member (India).

When angry shells are bursting upon the world and war with its usual foul impartiality murdering good and evil alike, there has dawned upon the peaceful firmament of Bengal a Poet whose name and fame will ever endure for the *spontaneity, originality, imaginativeness, fervour, and volubility* of his productions. That poet is my friend Mr. Biman Chandra Bose, etc., etc.

Appreciations.

(iv) From Bell Publications (Bombay).

Calcutta, 10th July, 1945.

Dear Sir,

(After first para)

We would point out, however, that our refusal (*to publish books and dramas*) should in no way reflect on our appreciation of the *originality and brilliance of your works*. We feel that such works should have the careful handling of well-established publishers of classical literature.

We wish you all success.

Yours very truly,
For Bell Publications,
Denis L. Kerr.

Some Appreciations

G. P. O., Calcutta,
22nd October, 1941.

(v) From Presidency Postmaster
(Calcutta).

My dear Mr. Bose,

I must hasten to thank you for the complimentary copy of your *most valuable contribution to literature* under the title of "Thought-Ray." It arrived while I was in office and I have not had the opportunity up to the moment of writing of reading all the *good things* contained therein, but a hasty snatching at a couplet

here and there was indeed like *a breath of fresh air from a garden*. I am sure, there are many more moments of pleasure for me within the bindings of your *unique contribution*.

Thanking you once again,

Yours sincerely,

W. H. Byrnes.

Santi Niketan,

Bolpur, India,

4th May, 1941.

Founder-President
Robindra Nath Tagore.

(vi) From Dr. Robindra Nath Tagore
Nobel Prizeman.

Dear Sir,

Robindra Nath Tagore desires to convey to you *his grateful thanks* for the Poem you have composed on the occasion of his 80th Birthday celebration. He regrets that owing to his illness he cannot write himself.

If you like, you can publish the poem in any (English) journal of your choice.

(Sd.) Anil Chanda,
Secretary to Dr. Tagore.

To

B. C. Bose, M.Sc., M.A., B.L.
2A & 2B, Scott Lane, Calcutta.

Appreciations acknowledged :—

(A) From H.E. The Governor of West Bengal, dated 21st August, 1947.

(B) H.H. the Maharaja of Surguja (C.P.), dated 20th February, 1947.

(C) From Lord Pethick Lawrence, dated 7th May, 1946.

(D) From Viscountess Wavell, dated 23rd February, 1944.

(E) From Mrs. Mais Casey, Calcutta Government House, dated 22nd July, 1944.

(F) Address by some Small Cause Court Bar Members, Calcutta; also from Alipur Bar.

(G) From Librarian, Harvard College, dated 17th May, 1943.

*(H) From some Ladies—addresses in verse (*in English, Bengali and Oriya*).

(I) From Mr. Justice C. C. Biswas, Calcutta High Court.

(J) From Mr. Atul Gupta, Chairman, Biman-Panthi, Calcutta High Court.

(K) From Sri Tara Sanker Banerji, Novelist, West Bengal.

(L) From Wilcox and Foilett Co., New York, U.S.A.

(M) From the Bar Library Club, Calcutta.

(N) From Librarian, Bangabasi College, Calcutta.

(O) From the Incorporated Law Society, Calcutta.

(P) From Advocate Sri Gopal Chandra Dass, President-Founder, Biman-Panthi, Calcutta, dated 13th March, 1941.

(Q) From Sri P. N. Banerjee, Vice-Chancellor, Calcutta University.

(R) From Dr. K. P. Sanyal, Salbone, Rangpur, East Pakistan.

(S) From Dr. Amiya Bhattacharyi, Joynagar, West Bengal.

(T) From Librarian, Ram Mohan Library, Calcutta.

(U) From Taki Public Library, 24 Perganas, West Bengal.

(V) From Dr. Abanindra Nath Tagore, Bolpur, India.

(W) From Kumari Anjali Deb, Cossipur, Calcutta.

(X) From Sri Sarat Chandra Roy Chowdhury, Janipura, Nadia, East Bengal.

(Y) From Vagirathi Sangha, Babughat, Calcutta.

(Z) From Editor, Rupamancha, and Editor, Protyaha.

* (a) From Editor, Kyestha Patrika.

(b) From Asrukana Devi, dated 2nd December, 1941.

* (c) From Editor, Calcutta Weekly Notes, dated 10th November, 1941 and 20th March, 1944.

(d) From Editor, Federated India, dated 15th November, 1941.

(e) From Editor, Amrita Bazar Patrika, dated 28th December, 1941.

(f) From Editor, Modern Review.

(g) From H.H. the Maharaja of Nepal, dated 28th November, 1941.

(h) From Prof. Jiten Chakraverty, Bangabasi College.

(i) From Prof. Deven Roy, Bethune College.

(j) From Keeper of Printed Books, British Museum.

(k) From Royal Danish Consul.

(l) From American Consulate-General.

(m) From Imperial Librarian, Calcutta.

(n) From High Commissioner of India, London.

(o) From Mr. Justice Ameer Ali, Calcutta.

(p) From Sree Manindra Sarbadhikary.

(q) From Justice Dr. R. B. Pal, Tokyo, and from Ex-Justice Dr. D. N. Mittel, Patna Bar.

(r) Address by Ballygunge Branch, Biman-Panthi, dated 12th September, 1943.

(s) Address by Ladies' Section, Ballygunge Branch, Biman-Panthi, dated 23rd January, 1944.

(t) From Editor, Jugantor.

(u) From Sri N. N. Banerjee, Secretary, Biman-Panthi, Baghbazar Branch.

(v) From Editor, Bangasree, dated 24th November, 1943.

(w) From Editor, Udbodhan.

(x) From Editor, Topoban.

(y) From Lord Mountbatten, dated 13th March, 1948.

(z) From Lady Hydari, Government House, Shillong, dated 2nd December, 1947.

* Specially worth reading.



APPENDIX B

1941-48

BOOKS ALREADY PUBLISHED

	Price
Thought-Ray (Select Volume) .. (With a Foreword by Mr. Justice C. C. Biswas)	Rs. 3-0
Vab Rekha (<i>in Bengali</i>) ..	Re. 1-8
Gandhi-Gita ..	Rs. 2-8

BOOKS NOT YET PUBLISHED.

Lyrics :—

Thought-Ray (<i>in eighteen</i> volumes). V-series ..	2,000 lyrics
Khandagiti (<i>in Bengali</i>) ..	100 lyrics

(170)

Lyrics of the Heavens

(The Biggest)	..	3,000 lines
The Poetic Roll of 1946	..	375 lyrics
The Poetic Roll of 1947	..	275 lyrics
The Poetic Roll of 1948—(incomplete).		

Epics :—

Russo-German War

(The Biggest)	..	About 40,000 lines
Fall of Singapur	..	About 100 lines
Battle of Rangoon	About	330 lines
Battle of Arakans,		
1943	..	About 622 lines
Battle of Tunisia,		
1943	..	About 370 lines

Battle of Sicily,			
1943	..	About	286 lines
The Pacific War,			
1945	..	About	5,090 lines

Dramas :—

Irony of Fate (in five Acts).

Vagaries of Mars—a constitutional drama in which 39 nations take part in the economic equilibrium of War and Peace (The Biggest).

Wealth and Wisdom—a classical drama showing a conflict.

Peace and Panic (in five Acts).

Delight and Depression (in five Acts).

Fact and Faith (in five Acts).

Passion and Preference (in five Acts).
Zeal and Jealousy (in five Acts).
Hope and Hobby (in five Acts).
Luck and Pluck (in five Acts).
Fun and Frolic (in five Acts).
Sense and Nonsense (in five Acts).
Supply and Mal-Supply (in five Acts).
Romance of Surrender (in five Acts).
Who is She ? (in five Acts).
Love and Lust (in five Acts).
Black and White (incomplete).
Mystery of Creation (incomplete).
Hindu-Moslem Unity (incomplete).
The Astrological Drama or The Destiny
of Man (complete in 1946).

