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HAMPI

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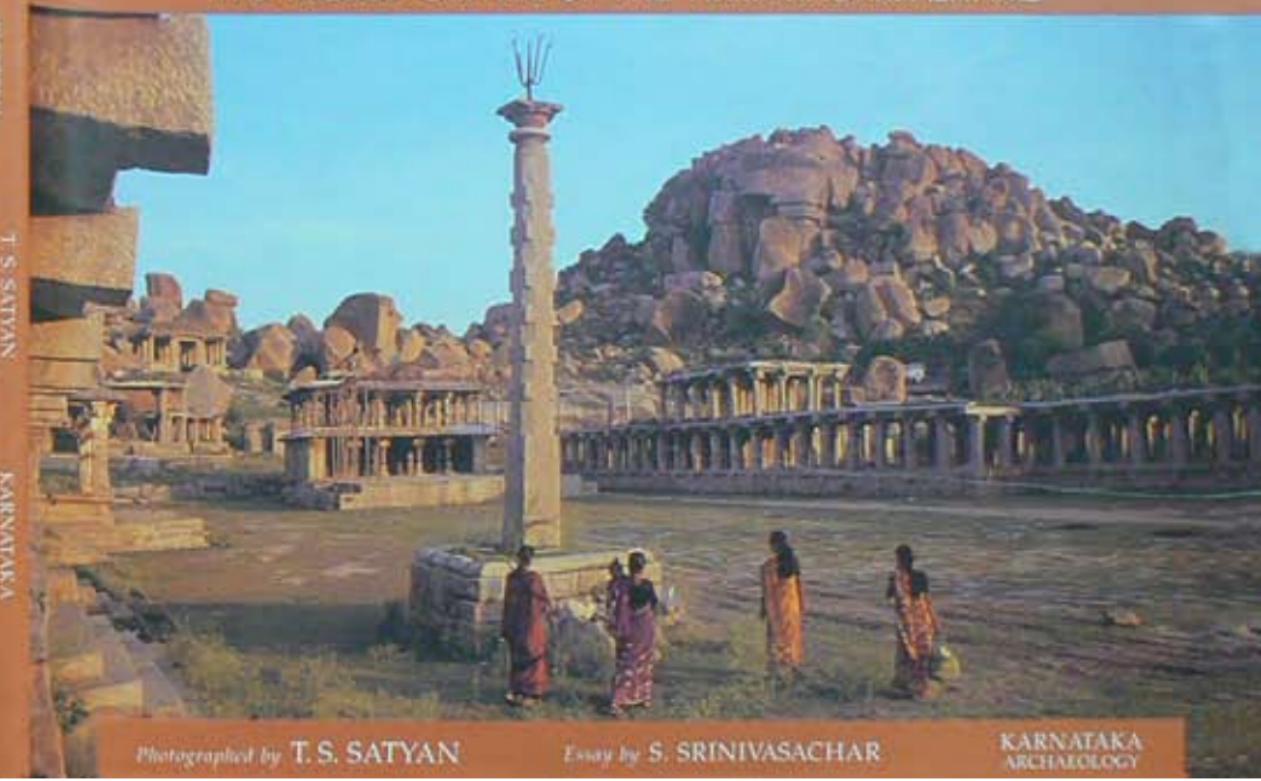
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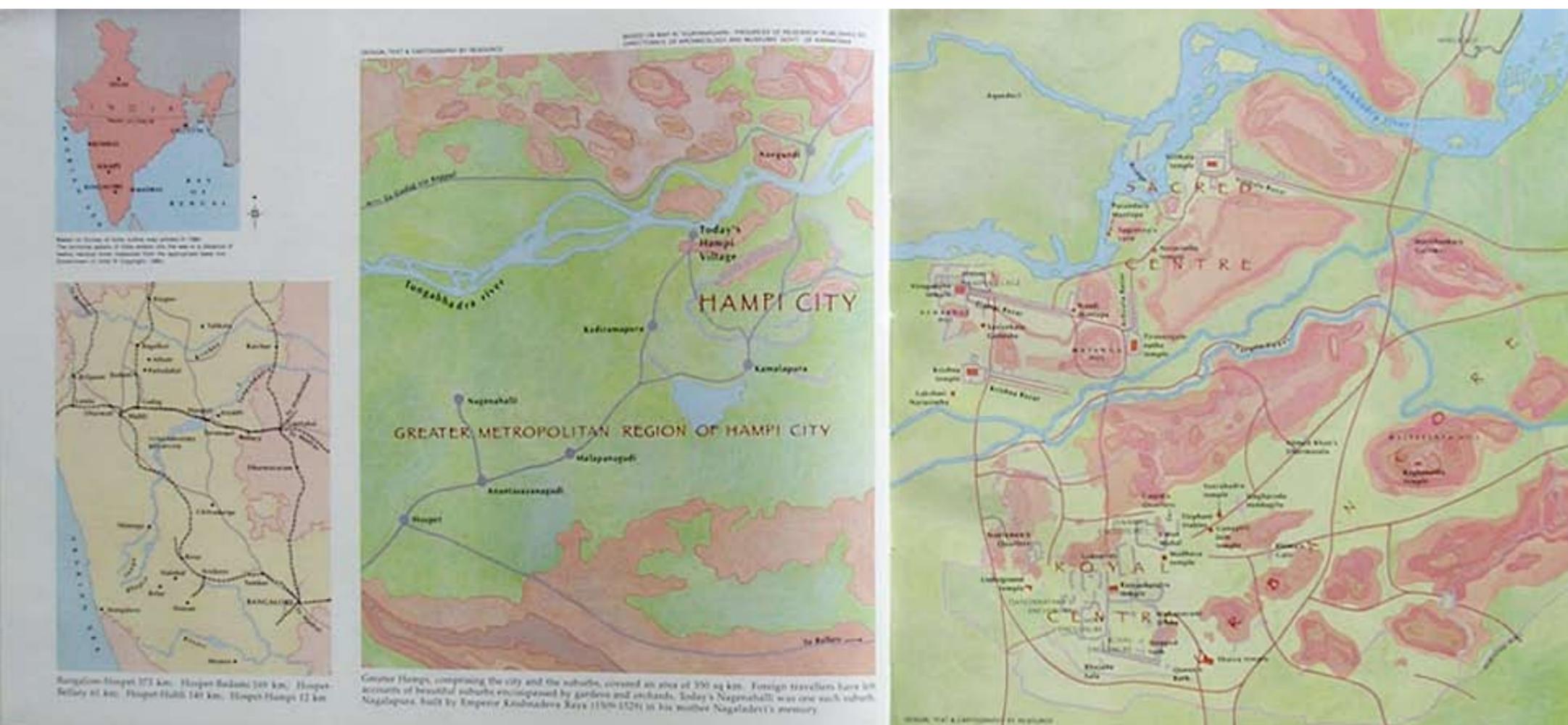
THE FABLED CAPITAL OF THE VIJAYANAGARA EMPIRE



Photographed by T. S. SATYAN

Essay by S. SRINIVASACHAR

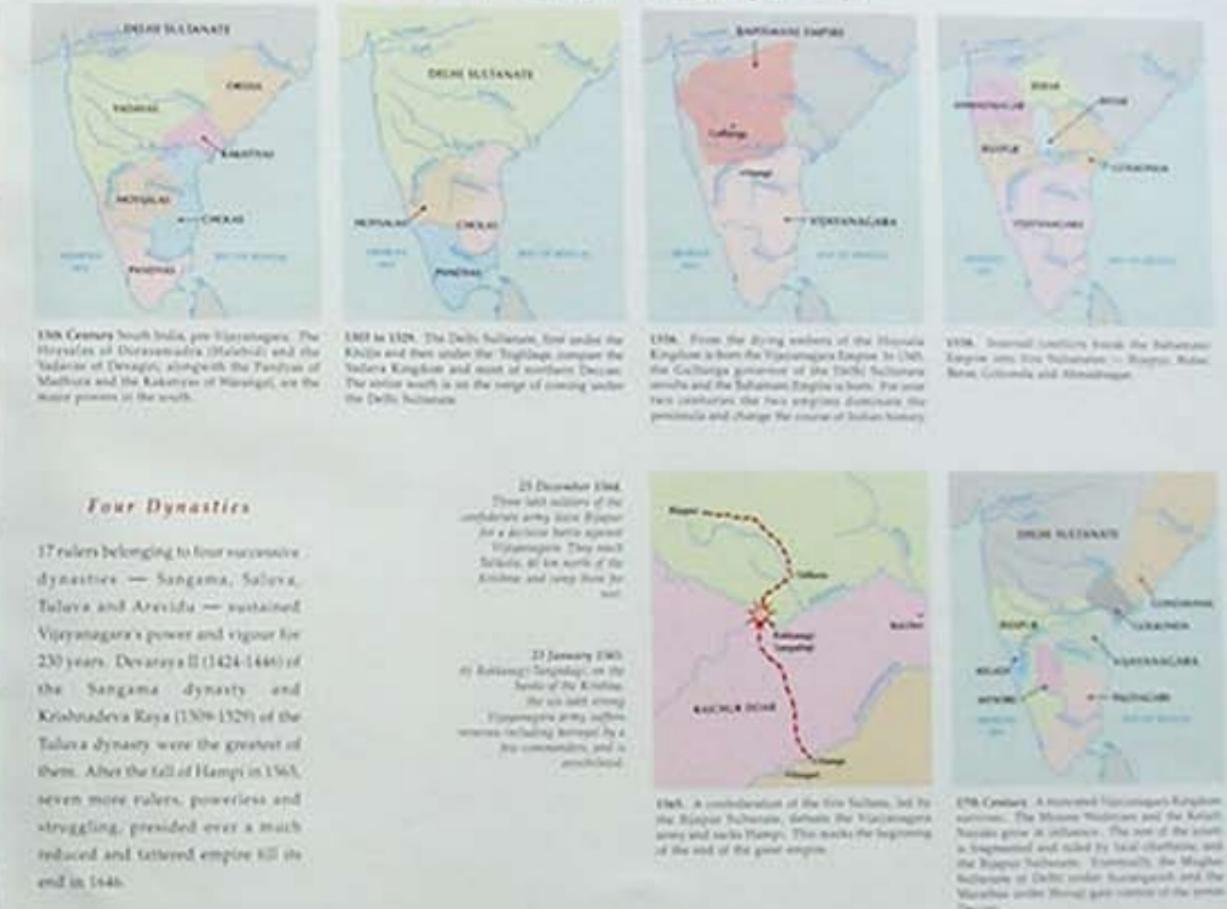
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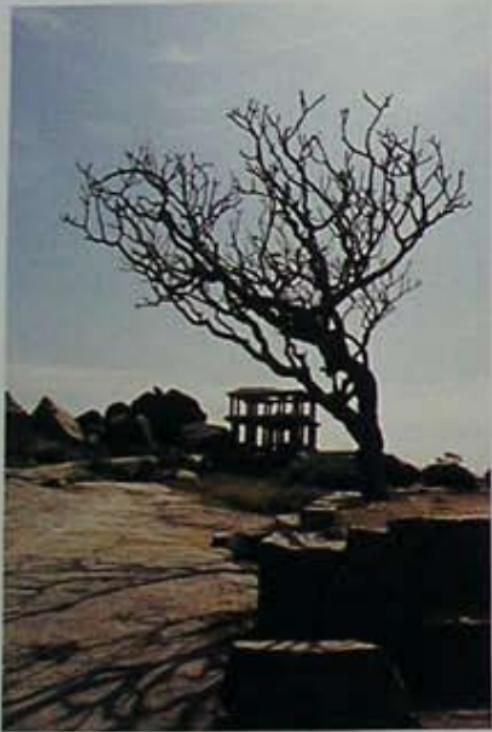


Bolan, Golkonda, and Bidar became the foundations of the highly refined Deccan art, architecture and culture during the reign of the Bahamani and the Bijapur Sultanates.



The Rise and Fall of the Vijayanagara Empire





Hampi, the Fabled Capital of the Vijayanagara Empire

by S. Srinivasachar

HAMPI is a city of ruins, a sprawling memorial to an era of tragedies and triumphs, to an age of unprecedented political fervour and a surging will for survival amidst threats to freedom and honour. Over six and a half centuries ago this rugged, boulder-strewn and most improbable of all places stirred in the womb of history to be born as the capital of a kingdom sworn to defend and to preserve the age-old dharma from the gravest ever peril it had faced. Its rocks and hills reveal and conceal episodes of valour and sacrifice which excite as well as sadden.

Today Hampi is an eerie landscape in which you see rocks piled upon rocks in fantastic alignments as though some strange beings from outer space sported here in reckless abandon. Amidst these rocks, history sprouted and blossomed through many interludes of war and peace. To these very rocks the city returned in one fatal moment of premeditated assault and revenge. The city's far-famed life was sundered abruptly in 1565 after a span of 230 years.

Amidst these rocks and ruins many reminders of Hampi's past exist. Among them are its innumerable temples built of stone — small, very small, big and some, highly ornate. They built them like giants and finished them like jewellers. Massive towers still soar atop shrines which were prominent landmarks in the old capital. In most of them the gods have ceased to dwell. There the lamps burn no more and bells do not ring. Once they beckoned ardent worshippers. In their silence and solitude they now attract tourists.

Hampi belongs irrevocably to history. Though severely mauled and mutilated, it has continued to fascinate people even in its desolation. Besides the ruins, we are here, too, to eyewitness accounts of chroniclers of various times from distant lands like Ibn-Batuta, Barani, Nicolo Conti, Abdur Razak, Domingo Paes, Fernao Nuniz and others, who have left graphic word pictures of things seen and heard about the city, its strength and splendour; the courtly grandeur of kings and nobles; of palace intrigues and cold-blooded murders; of the incredible opulence of crowded bazaars overflowing with provisions and manufactures from near and far corners of India, Europe and China; of the impregnable walls, their closely guarded gateways and eagle-eyed watchtowers; of the waving gardens of coconut, areca and banana; of the emerald fields of paddy and sugarcane, all skillfully fed from canals, tanks or wells; and of a hundred other things about the people that the literature of the times reveals through songs and poems.

Hampi has, in a sense, survived death and desolation. The anachronism will strike you in all its contrast between what it is reported to have been in its halcyon days and what it has been since it was rendered desolate. But common both to its palmy days of grandeur and the macabre picture of desolation, the spectacular setting of rocks, hills and valleys has remained the

same. Long before Hampi became the metropolis of a kingdom, nature had sculpted its contours to make it fit for a citadel. Geology, myths and history have woven a colourful tapestry around Hampi that far from being forgotten, it reincarnates itself in our minds with surprising clarity.

The rocks of Hampi are not all naked or silent. Endearing myths, folk-legends, deeds of valour and impeccable skills of craftsmen have draped them in attractive garbs. Scribes and sculptors have etched their message on these hard surfaces to remind us of the faith and munificence, the valour and sacrifices of people who would have otherwise remained consumed in the silence of time. Here and there they have recorded also about royal expeditions, temple constructions, rest-houses and other public works, of learned men who were honoured with gifts of land, of taxes levied and taxes exempted. These brief intimations of life, fervour and piety are conveyed in unadorned lan-



An配石, from Kamapura to a large boulder



Interior in Queen's Bath,
built in Indo-Saracenic style.

cannot miss noticing a squarish building built in the Indo-Saracenic style. It is called the Queen's Bath, an unpretentious structure when viewed from the outside. Inside is a small tank meant for bathing and swimming used presumably by ladies of the harem. Around the tank runs an arched corridor with projecting balconies overlooking the pool. The stucco work inside, done in Islamic style, is particularly noteworthy.

In recent years, a good part of the urban sector consisting of the royal enclosure and the Noblemen's Quarters have been exposed by archaeologists. The road

system within the capital converged on the palace complex, guarded by gateways and watchtowers. Inspite of almost constant hostilities with neighbouring Muslim kingdoms to the north, Vijayanagara was prosperous. The agricultural prosperity of the countryside, the courtly splendour of its kings, the extensive trade that was being carried on through its numerous ports and its colourful fairs and festivals elicited the admiration of foreign travellers. Scholarly interest in Hampi was kindled as long ago as the thirties of the 19th century largely because of the unusual setting of its ruins in a spectacular landscape, and continues to interest researchers in India and abroad. The UNESCO has recognised Hampi's ruins as a part of the World's Heritage — a recognition which recalls the words of Abdur Razak in 1443: "I saw that it was a city of enormous magnitude and population. The city of Vijayanagara has no equal in the world."



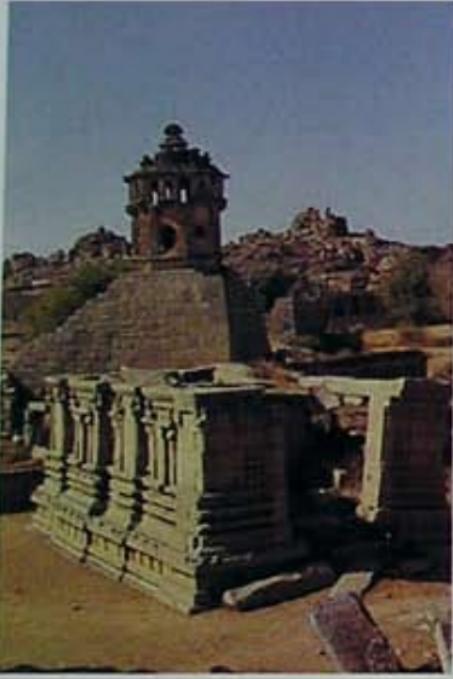
The Royal Seal of Vijayanagara

THE FALL OF HAMPI

January 1565

"Never perhaps in the history of the world has such havoc been wrought, and wrought suddenly, on so splendid a city, teeming with a wealthy and industrious population in the full plenitude of prosperity one day, and on the next seized, pillaged, and reduced to ruins, amid scenes of savage massacre and horrors beggaring description."

— R. Sewell, quoting a 16th century traveller in his *A Forgotten Empire* (1900), on the looting and destruction of Hampi by robbers and the victorious Bijapur army



A small dilapidated temple, called the Madhava temple with the octagonal watchtower in the background.



High enclosure walls of the royal centre. Note the cross-tiers of the tapering wall in which blocks of stone are dexterously laid without any cementing material.



On the way to Hampi from Kamalapura is this squatish building with a water tank in the centre. It is called the Queen's Bath, an apprehensive structure when viewed from outside. Inside, protecting balustrades in Indo-Saracenic style overtop the tank, probably used by the ladies of the harem for bathing and swimming.