

Vol. III 106

THE SCHOLAR



AN INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

JANUARY 1928



CONGRESS TENT

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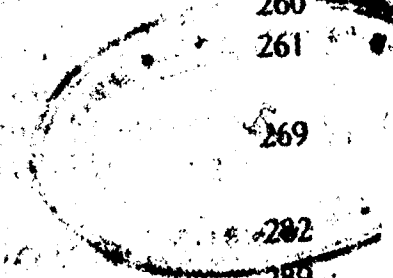
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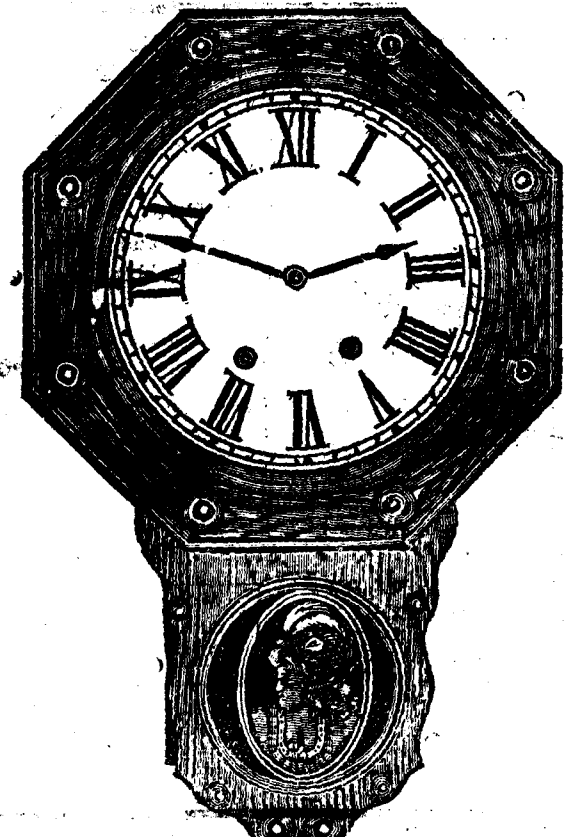
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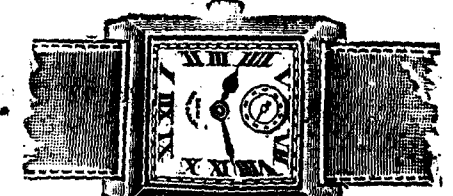
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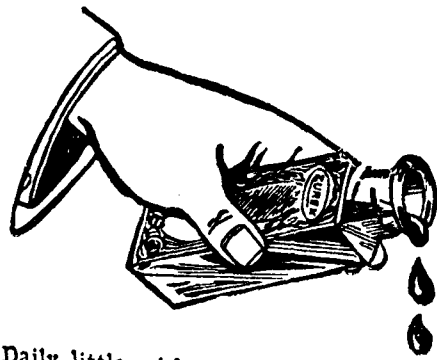
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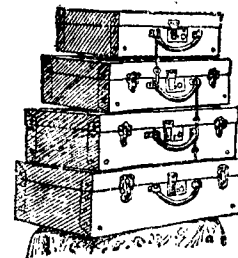
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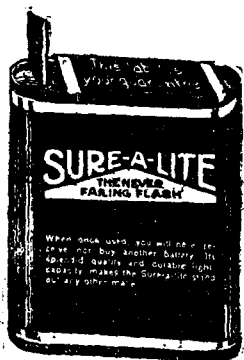
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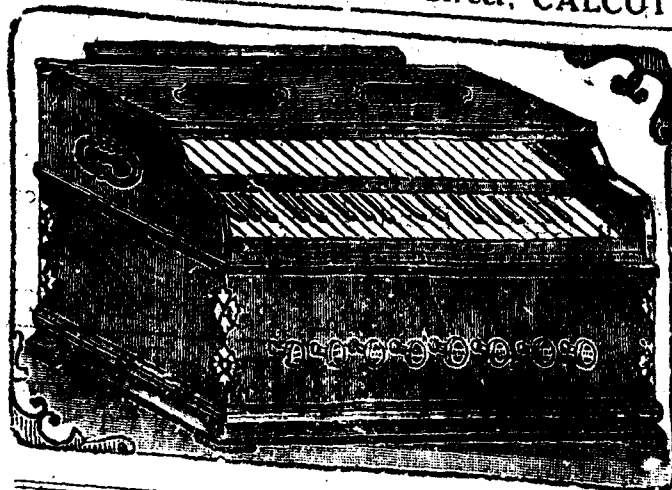
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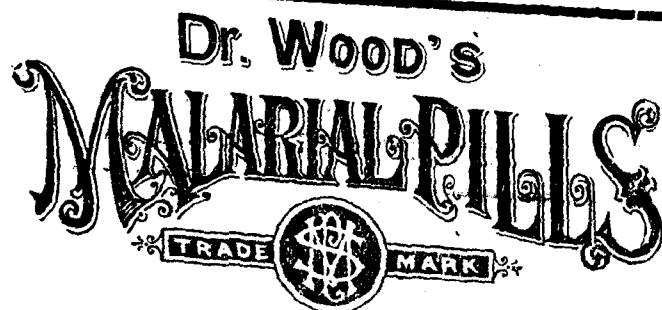
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I visited the lands of the Tiruppur Cambodia Cotton Planting and Khaddar Manufacturing Company, "Limited", Angeripalayam this day. I went round the extensive area of garden and dry lands. There is every indication that the land can be made to produce more by judicious manuring and by better methods of cultivation generally. The Cambodia Cotton on the field was quite a specimen of good strain. I would advise the company to sow seeds from the Agricultural Department, which will give them better yield and quantity; I am thankful to the Directors and Officers of the company for giving the officer of Government Agri. Dept. such kind reception.

(Sd). R. M. K. SUNDRAM,

Tiruppur, Asst. Director of Agriculture (to the Govt. of Madras),
26-5-00. C. D. A. (Glasgow), N. D. D. (Royal Society of England).

I was taken round the entire area of the garden and dry lands belonging to the Tiruppur Cambodia Cotton Planting and Khaddar Manufacturing Company, (Limited). I am glad to say that the nature of the soil and the continuity of the plots offer excellent promise for the future of the company. The idea of having extensive and suitable lands for cotton cultivation, and utilise the same material for the production of excellent Khaddar on a large scale in one and the same place must commend itself to every well-wisher of Indian Khadi Industry. I owe my sincere thanks to Mr. M. S. Rama Iyer, B. A., B. L., High Court Vakil who took me round the lands, and who as director of this concern has been taking keen interest in furthering the business.

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No. IV

SONS OF THE FLAME

BY

T. L. VASWANI



YOUNG men have their doubts. Honest doubts are stepping stones to the Temple of Truth. Young men have asked me:—"Why do you ask us to study our Ancient Scriptures? Do they not belong to a past that is dead?

Are we not happy with modern books of the Progressive West? May I answer the questions with a question.—"Have you ever asked why modern Indians are weak? They are under the influence of the artificial and the alien. They are imitative. Always strength comes to you from what is your own; for strength is of self-reliance born. Imitation is limitation. I appreciate the values of the great literature of the West; I have profound respect for all the scriptures of Humanity. But no study will give you as much strength as the study of your own. The ancient scriptures of India, the Vedas and the Upanishads, reflect an age in Indian life when India was truly great. She then, was vital, creative. We today are imitative. She, then was strong, for she was in touch with nature. With wonder-filled eyes did the Vaidic age look upon Nature and found her Divine, a "Garment of God". And they who would enter into the spirit of the Vedas must combine with the method of critical research a feeling of simple loving fellowship with nature.

To the Vaidic Aryan, natural objects were so many symbols of the Living Spirit of Nature. The Rishi was psychically a seer, spiritually a mystic, essentially a poet. To him the Sun was a great "Charioteer driving the horses". Water and wind, too, were among the symbols of the great spirit. Perhaps, the greatest symbol to his seeing consciousness was *Fire*! The discovery, indeed, of Fire marks the most significant step in the cultural advance of man. Prometheus was a great culture-hero; he was the "fire-giver" to Greece. Is it a mere coincidence that the word "Prometheus" recalls the Sanskrit word "pramantha",—the *arani*-spindle of the Aryan age? The recent excavations conducted in Mohen-jo-daro and Harrapa throw a new light upon pre-history and seem to give added strength to the view that the Summerian civilization was, perhaps, an offshoot of the Indian, and that India was the source of the earliest known civilisations of the East. The objects disclosed in these excavations include temples "massively built of burnt bricks"! Even in that pre-historic period men believed in blessings of Fire. And I confess, I have never witnessed the *Havan* ceremony without a feeling passing over me of mystic awe and reverence in the presence of the "seven-tongued" Fire! Sometimes I confess my eyes have been touched with tears and I have asked myself,—
 "When will India be reborn in beauty, reborn in strength,—the beauty and strength of that blessed Aryan age?" Gazing at the *Havan* flames, my thoughts have gone out to the Roman ritual of Vesta and the Fire-festival in Zoroastrian temples. And I have recalled the beautiful Chinese story of the sage who travelling beyond the sun and the moon came to a tree and from its branch produced a fire! Was it not the Tree of Wisdom? The Jews had a true instinct when they carried Fire with them in their march. And the Jewish see does well to represent Jehovah as speaking to Moses from the Fire. Water and Fire are to me mystic entities. I have loved to pour water on my head to bless it, but have trembled when water has touched my feet! It is to me a symbol of God, the Great Healer. And Fire to me is a symbol of the spirit that purges men of sin. I find it easy to enter into the feeling which moved the American poet, Walt Whitman, to express the Vaidic vision in the following beautiful "Hymn to Agni":—

*I praise thee, O Agni, Lord of hearth stone,
 Priest of sacrifice, Bringer of wealth,
 Great Herald of God!
 Agni, thou art worthy of praise,
 From the living as from the seers of old.
 Thou bringest here the Gods.
 Thou dost enfold the sacrifice on ev'ry side.
 Verily, it goeth upto the Gods.
 Herald, wise, far Herald,
 Wise, far-seeing, truthful, loud-praised God!
 O Agni, day after day we come,
 Bringing Thee adoration!*

The Rishi had rich reverence for Agni, the Spirit of Fire. "Make me radiant like Fire", he prayed. Agni is "the light of the Arya", says the Veda. And again.—"May Fire bring blessings to us!" Hence, too, the Vaidic injunction.—"Serve Agni together!" The ancient Aryan remembered this and so the Aryan home was sanctified every day by the mystic ceremony of "Homa". The Aryan family assembled every morn round the Fire and chanted the *mantra*—"Daily do we approach thee, O Agni (Spirit of Fire) with reverent adoration." How many in modern India realise the value of that beautiful ancient Fire-festival? How many think of "serving Agni together?" In an illuminated moment the Vaidic seer rose to a vision of "Fire" as produced from *Sat*. The Cosmic Fire of the countless worlds,—has it issued out of the action and interaction of the polarities of the One Divine Reality (*Sat*)? The Cosmic Fire, the life of all creatures, of all the solar systems,—is it not the fittest symbol of the Spirit, the Over-soul? Ask modern science! It will tell you the Universe is a blazing sea of Fire; and you and I, every one of us, is a spark in that boundless Fire-Sea.

Fire purifies. Fire, says the Veda, destroys the "*rakshasas*". The Greatest War will be man's war with the microbes of disease. What greater *rakshasas* are there than these microbes? Fire destroys them. Fire keeps the atmosphere clean. Fire is a symbol of the Spirit that purifies. "God is a consuming Fire", said the Jewish prophet. The "Fire" of the Spirit consumes only to purify, burns the mortal only to release the Immortal. The Aryans, we read, invoked Agni for strength, vigour, virility.

The Aryans made India a nation of the free. The Aryans were Sons of the Flame. Today their descendants are become sons of softness. *Bhoga* is their malady. Its four prominent forms today are (1) loss of Brahmacharya, (2) craving for comfort, (3) love of talk and (4) desire for name! Even our hymn-singing and prayer avail not; they ascend not to Heaven, for Agni does not bless them; they are born of weakness, not strength. The prayers of the weak are a flattery and God will have none of it. Agni says the Veda, is the bearer of hymns and prayers from every family to heaven. How many in modern India invoke Agni, the Spirit of the Flame, the Spirit of *Shakti* in their daily prayers and thoughts and aspirations and activities?

The worship of Shakti I plead for means reverence at once for Body and Reason and the *Atman*. It is regrettable that in India a wrong conception of the spiritual life has long prevailed; and many with beautiful emotions confound spirituality with repression, with inaction, with rejection of the physical and material. True spirituality is not rejection but conquest. Religion is not negation of the material but its sublimation. For the physical is a form of the spiritual and the body is a temple of *Atman*. Budha himself had a strong body, a Herculean frame, And it is interesting to note that Budha like Sri Rama, was a good archer. "The path of health," said Buddha, "is the path of holiness." This truth needs to be impressed to-day upon the minds and hearts of the nation's youth, India calls today for young men who would build up bodies, strong and pure. An urgent need of the nation is a Physical Renaissance.

A civilization which declines in respect of the body becomes decadent. It seems to me that the secret of Greek civilization was just this,—it was at once intellectual, aesthetic, and atheletic. Ancient Greece developed love of philosophy and games. Young Greeks were not only intellectual; they were also eager to build up strong bodies,—strong and beautiful. Poems were composed in honour of victors in the Olympic games.

The body is a temple of the Blessed One. Build up pure bodies and strong; and you will serve the nation.

Be sons of the Flame! I say to the youth of the nation. And out of you will a prophet of the Flame re-arise in India! And he will lead Her to Liberty.

LIFE IN A SOUTH INDIAN VILLAGE

BY

K. T. KRISHNASWAMI IYYANGAR, M. A.



OW varied is life in the village, weaving in the loom of Time many a wonderful pattern of light and shade, of 'good and ill together'! What sight is commoner in the village-street than that of pilgrims and beggars who go from house to house begging or earning their daily food with tabor or drum, *thamboor* or conch. These carry to the eager heart of the village the experience of their wide travels and the wisdom of their long pilgrimages. Their wisdom, nay, their soul itself lies coiled up in their instruments and the moment they take them in hand, their spirits leap up to blend themselves in their delightful melodies,

'Such strains as would have won the ear of Pluto! and weave songs of innocence and experience, of blessing and prayer. Their souls melt at the thought of Rama and his wanderings. Their hearts throb and dance at the remembrance of Krishna and his flute. They talk of Kasi and Rameswar, Badarinath and Kanyakumari, Dwaraka and Jagannath, Haridwar and Srirangam; of the Saraswathi and the Ganga, of the Jumna and the Cauvery. Thus the whole of India, the east and the west, the north and the south are drawn in a magic circle of song and devotion. Out of their songs, India rises imaged once more as godlike,—'the workmanship and temple of a god',—the greater India for which priest and warrior, trader and workman toiled as God's fellow-workers.

These wanderers of the earth sing of the transitoriness of life, the eternity of the human soul, the long series of births and the Kaivalya state. They also sing of the heroes and heroines of the past, of the singers and teachers, of Harischandra and Nanda, of Sambanda and Sundara. Of what and of whom do they not sing? They are like birds that carry fruits from distant lands and climes, and shake their seeds of virtue in the wind. Their songs whet the ambition of the old and the young, to start on *their* pilgrimage, *their* life-quest.

'Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their sway,
And have renewed the tributary lay,

Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,
And fanay greets them with a fond embrace!

There is besides the endless fun and excitement which the village draws from the ever-ending stream of travelling professionals, such as the asafoetida and datesellers, the Gudu-gudu and the Boom-boom man, the filthy Snake-charmers with stout long vipers, selling bits of anti-cobra roots and stones, the weird gipsy women with tattooed faces and arms selling needles and lucky fox-horn amulets, the Kambam-koothadi, with wonderworking skulls and bones, the tempting bead and coral sellers all with their whines and cries, with strange wares and trades and of very doubtful reputation and character.

Of all this vagrant train the pleasantest is the Boom-boom man with his fantastic bull. He is Time's fool, sent from Elfin-land into this world, to blow off the melancholy humours of men. His drum itself is peculiar of its kind, uttering sounds of mirth and fun.

Boom, boom, rap, rap!
Rap, rap, boom, boom!
Joy for the heart,
Joy for the mind,
Joy for the young!
Joy for the old!
Hear, hear, hearing hear!
Hearing come, hearing run
For ears to hear
Nothing like fun
In gladness done.
From Land-some-where we twain do come,
To Land-no-where we two do go
We come and go
We go and come,
As in a dream
In life's fleeting stream.
Hear, hear, etc.

But the cleverest rascal is the Gudu-gudu-man. He is the picture of a pleasant-faced villian. He can smile and smile and still be a villain. His dress and appearance are strange and uncouth and his life is compact of jars and simulations. With his *gudu-gudu* in hand he brings to the credulous village, bagfuls of good news. He well knows the mind of the village, and

his inventory of praises and predictions is framed to suit the changing and alternating moods of the silly rabble. By quibbling he gets an easy mastery over them and wins their ready affections. His past telling is simply a clever work of eliciting and elimination, and if even *one* saying of his be right all the others are bound to be right. 'It is all black magic', the old ones whisper. His spiced words easily carry the heart and mind of the village, and it is sheer accident or luck that his ambition is easily satisfied.

The sun has come right overhead and it is time for the midday puja in the homes and for the return of the boys from school. The puja is offered in the kitchen on one side of which resides the family deity the *Ummachi* of little children, who has kept the family fire pure and undefiled from generation to generation. The kitchen is a sacred place, and here no dirty or mischievous feet can tread and no harsh or blasphemous word can enter. The shrine is a miniature wooden temple with a sheaf of New Year corn plaited and hung at the top. It is a kind of Ark of the Covenant where the sacred relics of the tradition and religion of the family, such as the palm-leaved Ramayana and the wooden sandals of the family guru are treasured. The little shrine is the centre of domestic affection and piety. Daily at midday the family gathers on the floor—a silent waiting congregation, arms folded, mouths shut and eyes expectant to receive at the end of the puja and food-offerings, the *tulasi* and water offered to the idol. This *Ummachi*, as the old ones will say, is the invisible observer of every little detail in the home and silent listener to every conversation therein.

The hot afternoon hours pass wearily on till the setting sun summons the men to evening prayers at the tank and reminds the women of their worship in the temple. The sun now sits in the western sky as a bearded old rishi of the distant past wearing the golden halo of aged purity and innocence. His saffron benediction streams in response to the great chorus of praise and thanksgiving, from a million hands uplifted to the silent sky. Now more temple-goers or shouting idol-worshippers these, but those who try to see and worship god in the temple of the pure heart. Their God is Iswara-Narayana they lovingly call him. They summon the spirits of the earth and call on the whole humanity

join in the worship of the Lord of the universe. Their love gives the Lord a hundred names and in a hundred ways they enjoy Him. While the whole universe stands in awe and silence, these do their silent worship in the three-fold yoga of body, mind and spirit.

Now the Queen of the Heavens comes pacing-along in slow stately pomp of luxurious ease, waited upon by the bewitching powers of sleep. Imagination fondly rests on the twinkling lights that struggle through the silver shadows of the night. Glad signs, these of homefelt joys and pleasures.

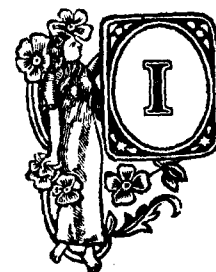
Who can describe the endless charm and romance of the moon-lit night in the village? If not the romantic tale of the grandmother, there is the courtyard of the home through which the charmed eye wanders off into the fairy world of awe and wonder. If not the visionary glimpse of far off realms, there is the *Katha* with all its old-world flavour and music. If not the *Katha*, there is the pompous temple festival with all its mirth and fun, its gaiety and worship. If not the festival there are the mimes and masks with their roaring and blithesome din, which terminate the temple-festival. But if none of these, there is sleep-village sleep, so sweet and so sound, when the inward spirit is lulled by some distant music that drifts in the cool moonlight wind and the eyes close to the last chimes of the temple bell.

"After a long winter of some centuries, we are today in one of the creative periods of Hinduism. We are beginning to look upon our ancient faith with fresh eyes. We feel that our society is in a condition of unstable equilibrium. There is much wood that is dead and diseased that has to be cleared away. Leaders of Hindu thought and practice are convinced that the times require, not a surrender of the basic principles of Hinduism, but a re-statement of them with special reference to the needs of a more complex and mobile social order. Such an attempt will only be the repetition of a process which has occurred a number of times in the history of Hinduism. Growth is slow when roots are deep. But those who light a little candle in the darkness will help to make the whole sky a flame."

—Prof. RADHAKRISHNAN.

SCIENCE AND ART

BY K. R. NATARAJAN. B. A.



It is commonly assumed that poetry and science are opposed to each other. Lord Macaulay, with his almost instinctive love for antithesis, once endeavoured to show that as civilisation progresses, poetry almost necessarily declines; and viewing science to be one of the most essential factors in the civilising process, the inference is that a poet with a knowledge of scientific facts labours under a serious disqualification.

But, on sober thought, Macaulay's statement will be found to be more wrong than right. Science and art are always complimentary to each other and cannot strictly be rivals. Science is producing systematic knowledge at first and last. Exact knowledge is the base-stone of all the arts and no man ever obtained true greatness in any of them who did not possess the firmest and surest grasp of the permanent facts which underlie them. Music the most fantastic and intangible of the arts, cannot move one foot, nor excite a single emotion without submitting to the severe discipline of numbers. Again a poem is not of much account unless it be animated by the scientific spirit of close and wide observation and of loving and ennobling accuracy. Thus one cannot be indifferent towards exact knowledge or science if one aspires to be an artist. It should be obvious to any one who has read the "Divine Commedia" that the greatest poet of the middle ages, was thoroughly conversant with all the science and precise knowledge of his time. Leonardo da Vinci who might have equals but had no superior in the realm of painting, was no more interested in artistic conceptions, than in what are called scientific problems; and at these he laboured ceaselessly, by day and night. Similarly, therefore, by nature and choice, art shows a sympathetic kinship with science. The scientific spirit, far from being opposed to the artistic spirit is complimentary to it, for the father of comparative criticism in England said "Genius is perfected by science". The greatest and noblest manifestations of both have occurred in one and the same epoch. Athens produced Euclid and Praxiteles, in the same time, the energetic old age of Michael Angelo overlapped the precious youth of Galileo; and Bacon lived in the time of Shakespeare. Again the modern locomotive, telephone and telegraph will not be more lasting than the poems of Byron, Keats and Tennyson or than the paintings of Turner and Watts.

The reasoning intellect is the corner stone alike of science and art. Only, while science requires reason as it is, art wants reason transfigured and set to a pattern by emotion.

FOUR POETS OF ROMANTIC MOVEMENT

BY V. SUNDARAM, B. A.



THE publication of Wordsworth's "Lyrical ballads" in 1798 heralded a great change that was coming over the literature of England. But this reaction against the ideals of the Augustan school of which Pope was the presiding genius, was only one aspect of a vast movement in every department of life and thought. Thus the French Revolution and the Romantic revolt assert the spirit of individuality—the one, in the sphere of politics and the other in that of literature. With the several characteristics of the result—its emotional fervour, its love for the picturesque in nature, and its insistence on inspiration as opposed to art as the test of real poetry, I have no space here to deal. I shall content myself with observing that as against the school of Reason, Good-sense and Formalism, there was set up a new school which insisted that poetry originates from genius, inspiration and emotion rather than from art and that Poetry is to be effective and suggestive rather than be perfect in form and complete in expression. Poetry according to the Romanticists spontaneously emanates from the soul much like perhaps light flowing from the stars and perfume from flowers. And in poetry one has to look to not how an idea is expressed, not even what idea is expressed but whether the idea is one which the poet cannot help expressing.

In the course of this article I shall make a comparative study of four poets of the Romantic movement with particular reference to their contribution to this movement of liberalisation in literature. To start with the "Keenest-eyed of poets"—Wordsworth's conception of Poetry as "the impassioned expression of our soul—the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge" gives us a valuable clue to the understanding of his poetry. He strikes the note of revolt even in this definition for poetry to him is an emotional expression of the soul not verse made according to prescribed rules. Besides the element of emotion, the second characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry is the element of philosophy—the linking up of the human soul with the operations of

nature around. According to Wordsworth "every poet is a teacher" and he himself "wished to be considered as a teacher or as nothing". To Wordsworth

"One impulse from the vernal wood
May teach more of— man
Of moral, evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

He was a lover of "meadows, woods and mountains".

Well pleased to recognise

In nature

The anchor of purest thoughts, the nurse

The guide, the guardian of heart and soul——

The Cuckoo is the "voice of mystery to him and the sights and sounds of nature remind him of the "sad music of humanity". The Skylark "the daring warbler" appeals to him because of its capacity to "mount to the last point of heaven and beyond".

As poetry is but emotional expression "incidents and situations of ordinary life.....or preferably humble or rustic lifeafford a better soil....." (I quote the poet's words) for poetic expression. Wordsworth felt that Poetry had become stale by divorcing itself from "living nature", and that elements of good poetry can be supplied only by poets coming in contact with beings not sophisticated by modern civilization. Thus Wordsworth sees in the child "the father of the man". The leech-gatherer holds out to him the ideals of "Resolution and independence." The wayside flower can "inspire thoughts too deep for tears." And the poor peasant has dignity, philosophy and moral courage which even Kings and poets lack.

Wordsworth held also that the "proper language for poetry is the language of life". This conception of poetic language though it challenged the Eighteenth century traditional rhetoric and artifice, laid open Wordsworth's—own poetry to the charge of being prosaic.

If Wordsworth's contribution to the romantic movement was nature-worship, Shelley's contribution to the movement was Utopianism, a passionate longing for an ideal, a belief that the "world's great age is dawning anew". Shelley is truly the "fost-less bird of paradise beating its wings in the earthly cage in vain". He is the winged desire "aspiring, rising and singing"

"in profuse strains of unpremeditated art". If one word can sum up Shelley's life and work, it is Liberty. As a boy he revolted from the parental roof and sought liberty of thought, in college he quarrelled with the authorities for liberty of opinion, and in married life itself he revolted from social conventions. Added to this instinct of liberty there was the quality of imagination. And it is the perfect blending of these two elements that turns Shelley an 'utopian'. The consideration that Shelley's revolutionary ideals though not realised in his own lifetime, would in progress of time be realised by mankind makes Shelley a prophet also. I have not space here to enter into a critical examination of his poems—his 'Alastor' whose hero, like its author is in quest of ideal beauty, his "Hellas" which describes the struggle of the Greeks for freedom, his "Revolt of Islam" where the hero dies a martyr to the cause of liberty and his "Prometheus Unbound" where the author takes up an old story and recasts it so as to make it conform to his pet ideals of 'love and liberty.'

From Shelley to Keats—the epicurean of English poetry, it is but an easy transition. The poem "Adonais" of Shelley which bemoans the loss of Keats, makes us link the two poets together. To Wordsworth poetry was the expression of emotion, to Shelley it was the expression of imagination, but according to Keats poetry is the expression of beauty. In life as in literature the name of Keats must be associated with beauty. To him "Beauty is Truth and Truth is Beauty". This is all we know and what we need to know. Ah! what a contrast to Wordsworth. While Wordsworth wished to be considered as a teacher or as nothing, Keats emphatically condemned didacticism in poetry. "I hate" he wrote "poetry that has a palpable design upon us". Shelley correctly understood the nature of Keats' gifts when he said that the latter must have been a Grecian. Keats has the Hellenic love of beauty from colour and music. "I look upon fine phrases", he used to say "as a lover looks upon a maiden".

A word or two here about his poems would not be out of place. Keats' narrative poem "Endymion" which celebrates the love of a Shepherd boy for the moongoddess, was a failure though it has as Shelley said "some of the finest gleanings of poetry". His next poem "Hyperion" describes the war between the

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Olympians and the Titans and the consequent overthrow of Satan's dynasty

For it is eternal law

That first in beauty should be first in might.

His *Isabella* which is full of sensuous charm and beauty sets out the tragic result of the triumph of family prejudice over true love. His "*Lamia*" also is the story of a shepherd's love for a shepherdess. It may be noted that Keats' theme for poetic treatment is mostly love and I may in passing be permitted to mention that Keats' "rounded felicity of phrase" and diction is unsurpassed.

Only one poet remains to be considered—Byron the iconoclast in literature. If Shelley's life and work are characterised by a "feminine unworldliness" Byron's life and work are characterised by an element of "masculine revolt". Verily Byron is the literary Napoleon. He is the very embodiment of the destructive forces that were reacting on the literature of the times. Poetry to him is the expression of force and force only. He has no eye for the constructive side of life. He has no ideal worth mentioning. He is extremely individualistic and egotistic. He has nothing of the utopianism which is peculiarly Shelley's nor the artist's eye for nature which is peculiarly Keats'. Byron and his heroes are disillusioned. And all the writings of Byron—"Childe Harold", "Cain", "Manfred" and "Don Juan"—are characterised by a spirit and misanthropy. Considerations of space preclude me from introducing you to Byron's poems at great length and I have contented myself with stating the bare conclusions. I shall on a future occasion present to your view the wonderful design of Byron's poetic edifice.



CAN YOU DISCERN "WORDS?"

BY

V. R. M. CHETTIAR.



THE title is a challenge to many readers and writers—, a frank challenge indeed to pedantic hypocrisy! Nothing is more dangerous than a piteous ignorance of the value of words. True, words are too many, or too light or too heavy to slip into a sensitive balance. Words choke and throttle the dictionary to suffocation. Who can forget ever so many deaf words, dumb words, blind words, bald words, imbecile words, limping impotent words that slumber and snore and threaten to split the dictionary by sheer bulk and volume? What a thoughtless farrago—an unhappy hotchpotch!

Words are coins that inevitably claim currency. But coins are easier to discern than words. The face-value of coins is clear and printed. The metal seal is glaring. But words have no face-value, but only the heart-value which baffles all guesswork. Only a true artist, a born genius, feels the pulsing heart of words which at once respond to his touch submissively, melodiously, and with a sudden miracle of tenderness. Here is word-magic—, a lofty magic indeed too subtle to divine.

I know a schoolboy who is gathering words just like empty envelopes or effaced stamps, hoping to build a fortune upon the rude reckless rubbish. A schoolboy, trying to swindle a schoolmaster by a clamorous parade of empty phraseology thrown into a "competition essay", is certainly a marvellous boy! No wonder the boy wins and knocks off the prize! For both the schoolboy and the schoolmaster are victims of the "Vanity Fair". Both are after a loud gaudy glittering tinsel. One cannot help the other, but only hinder. Both, may I say, sail in the same boat, or much better, sink together into a muffled drum. Let them go.

To a literary amateur, the struggle is indeed very hard. He must pass through three stages. First he scatters words, innocently smashing his thoughts; it is a sad instance of more words than thoughts, more leaves than fruits, more mud than

resonance. In the second stage, words and thoughts compete, commingle and coalesce. No excess on either side—a sound balance. It is only in the third and ultimate stage that thoughts excel and eclipse words, or baffle and banish words. Thoughts are too rich, and words too poor to stand the mental charge. Occasionally when thoughts are simmering and insurgent, they suddenly redeem and exalt some dull dim words to the rank of immortals. Some words—the torn rags and relics of memory—return from the grave with the joy of resurrection. Some smothered words regain the lost radiance, and revive a bright face and a red heart again. The reverses also occur—, bright words suddenly buried under a dense blanket of oblivion.

Let us be more tangible by striking illustrations. We all remember Blake's famous lines:

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour
Will leap into one's memory."

Whoever is not aware that every particle of this passage has been once at least a mere dictionary simulacrum? Still who can but a genius lend it such a composite grace of symmetry under the spell of inspiration? Every word is a flaming fragment of melodious malady, a moment's monument, a grateful relic of emotional emergence. A layman scatters words, while a genius sprinkles thoughts.

Again recall to your memory Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven". The very title of the poem has a brave poetic and phonetic suggestion. It is so deep and full and fervent. The title is both mysterious and majestic and it is all the synthetic magic of words—, the total felicity of inspired grouping. The words "Hound" and "Heaven" so suddenly meet and mingle, for a genius is responsible for this magical compromise, a sacred marriage of thought and word in the heart and soul of musical symphony. The reader is at once impressed how it is all so easy with Thompson to imagine God as the "Hound of Heaven" who is at once a "tremendous lover" of the sporting sinner. Here we have the "psychology of the sinner in searchlight".

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Take for example Shakespeare's "Othello"—a cataclysmic, tragedy of the sublime tempest of emotions. Iago is an artist in crime, for he is an artist in words. He commands and controls and beguiles all—, that is just a matter of the witchery of words. He can "plume up his will in double knavery", and arrogantly hopes to entangle all in the thorny maze of words and swords. Again in "Macbeth", who can be blind to the miraculous effect of the line:

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,"
The most common word 'Tomorrow', delicately repeated three times consecutively, gains by sheer repetition the most uncommon and amazing effect. That is how a trifle, in the hands of a genius, becomes a tremendous trifle. That is the supersubtle alchemy of inspired art.

Who can ignore Wordsworth's claim to immortality? His words are immortal, his thoughts immortal, and the poet therefore! His poem on the golden daffodils retains and reveals the language of the heart. When he exclaims, "My heart dances with the daffodils", we see the marvel of inspiration in its intuitive emotional utterance. The word "dances" is a miraculous thing—the very jewel of the heart. Again read Wordsworth's "Tintern" right through, and enjoy its heart-stirring tranquillity. Who can forget the charming rosy ribbon of thought: "The sounding cataract haunts me like a passion"?

Keats is a consummate craftsman,—one who woos fine phrases as a lover, and chisels words to a happy finish of rounded felicity and perennial elegance. But Shelley is not a tinkering artisan. He sings, because he must. Words drop out and drop down into the honeycomb of fancy, humming melodiously and dreaming in fragrance, in season and out. When Shelly screams,

"Lift me as a waree, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!"

we are at once moved to tears. Again read Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis"—a shrill cry of agony from the depths of distress. When he says, "For us, there is only one season, the season of sorrow. It is always twilight in one's cell, as it is always twilight in one's heart," we see how every word is the quintessence of sacred tears, a frozen drop of blood, a screaming gesture of grief.

Now turn to Emerson who hilariously promises a golden gift of words. We may as well instance his "essay on love": "Every soul is a celestial Venus to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances. Love is our highest word and the synonym of God." It is a deep rhythmic prose, full of rich suggestions, iridescent with the sparkling thread of lyric gold.

In deciding the value of words, none can overlook the famous achievements of Dr. Johnson, the heroic lexicographer. His stupendous dictionary bristles with curious definitions of commonplace words. To him, a network is "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances with interstices between the intersections." It is a pompous zigzag, a sonorous serpentine winding, a polysyllabic bombast. Prof. Raleigh tries a parody, but to fail. Johnson retains the fault of his age, as well as the fault of his merit of Latin scholarship—a scholarship that implies a rhetorical parade of prudish pedantry. But Johnson the conversationist differs from Johnson the man of letters. Johnson's most intimate chat is teeming with a monosyllabic mastery and ease, characterised by a vigorous and virulent choice of sparkling and suggestive words of supreme felicity and vivacity.

It is time for us to wind up. With some, words are gambling cards; with others, words are copper dummies; while with a screaming genius, words are transparent tears, crimson drops of blood—, why swords, flaming swords, burning swords consuming the very scabbard in their brilliance. Words are neither dummies nor dumb-bells. They are vivid vital jewels that cohere and smile in a cosy setting. We prefer an album of thoughts to a museum of words.



SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS

BY

S. VENKATARAMAN, B. A.



I HAVE not been able to trace out the origin of the word "howler", which is the more unfortunate as it is not to be found even in a work like Sir James Murray's "New English Dictionary". An eminent professor of English whom I consulted, thinks that the word is so-called because it makes the teacher howl with rage and indirectly it also makes the poor schoolboy howl with pain!

More often than not, "howlers" proceed from ignorance, inattention, want of study and thoughtlessness on the part of the perpetrator. But one sometimes comes across mistakes showing a good deal of thought and ingenuity on the part of the pupil. At one of their examinations, the third form boys of a school were asked to show their familiarity with certain words and phrases by using them in sentences of their own. Two of the words were "adage" and "adjudge". His utter ignorance of the meanings of these words did not prevent a boy from writing a perfectly correct sentence: "Rama wrote 'adage' for 'adjudge'". The lad's ingenuity consists in selecting just those two words from five unfamiliar ones, which sound almost alike and using them for the construction of what turns out to be not only a sentence but also a "howler"!

Equally amusing is the story of a youngster who wondered how there could be a feminine gender of the word "monk" because his teacher had told him that monks don't marry!

One of the most amusing mistakes which I have ever seen made arose quite accidentally. The students of the Intermediate class in a certain college were asked to summarize the two Spectator papers on the instinct in animals. One of the students startled his tutor by saying at the very beginning of his second paragraph "cow lays eggs"! He of course wanted to write "crow", but the letter 'r' inadvertently dropped off.

In the recent B. A. examination of the Madras University one of the candidates is said to have written "Bacon's literary father is Montague, the famous French essayist". I know of a more

amusing blunder where Montaigne has been metamorphosed into "Mountain" by a student of the Senior B. A. Class in one of our colleges.

In our secondary schools Indian history is the subject which gives an opening for really brilliant blunders. In his description of the Battle of Plassey, a boy once wrote "Amin Chund died alive". From this apparent contradiction, which the boy afterwards explained in his vernacular when questioned, the pupil wanted the examiner to understand that Amin Chund committed suicide! When questioned about the reforms of Lord William Bentinck, the same boy on another occasion said, "In olden days when husband died, they used to shoot husband and wife together etc"! Here the boy was only trying to translate what he was thinking in his vernacular; in his mothertongue, the two infinitives "to shoot" and "to set fire" were rendered by the same word, and hence the enigma. The boy who wrote "Alexander was born in 2000 B.C. He conquered the Aryans, Huns, Dutch, French and the English and in the end was buried in Westminster Abbey", knew as much about the history of his own motherland as, say, Mr. Pickwick knew of broadcasting. It is not at all surprising that the lad who wrote "Sivaji is the son of Hyder Ali", should be a half-caste Eurasian.

Geography has given rise to some amusing "howlers". The following is about the best that I have seen. "New York is the railway centre of South Africa". This is so foolish that one wonders if this can be really genuine, a doubt which also comes into one's mind in connection with a boy of the sixth form who, in his map of India at an examination, marked Calcutta somewhere in Tibet besides many other blunders of similar nature.

Elementary science has also produced some remarkable "howlers". To the question "What is Boyle's law"? a boy gave the laconic reply. "It is the law of boil". " N_2O is a laughing gas, but oxygen is not like that" was all that a student of chemistry in one of our high schools could say about nitrous oxide and oxygen. "One day Archimedes after his bath ran naked in the streets of Athens, crying 'I have found it, I have found it, the king's crown is not made of pure gold'. How he found this out is called Archimedes' principle" was the answer that a schoolboy wrote to the question "Explain Archimedes'

principle". "Gravity is at the centre of the earth. If there is no gravity we can all fly" said another boy when asked to define centre of gravity.

"Howlers" in mathematics are usually too esoteric to be of general interest. But there are some which everybody could enjoy. The definition of a tangent to a circle as "A straight line which grazes its circumference" is certainly happy. A quaint juvenile definition of a circle is, "that which is round like a ball, with a very big hole in the middle"!

As regards spelling, the less we say about it the better. The writing of the words "excess" and "though" as 'xs' and 'tho' has been adopted by many cultured people, and the method certainly seems to deserve the prize for simplicity. However, I should like the intelligent reader to guess what "ordiance" is intended to represent; it has baffled the attempts of many of my friends.



TO A LADY

Lady! what makes thee rise above thy kind?
 Not lovely grace, nor gait superb, nor beauty,
 Nor all that love-led heart doth prize so hearty-
 Though great thy charms and worth a Cupid's find-
 For gait and grace sink by and beauty fades.
 What makes thy glory then? Is it the head
 Or heart or the one in other sweetly fed
 As in a lotus white the rose-red shades?
 Nor one nor both; it is thy bridal vow,
 So truly made so nobly kept despite
 The hollow smiles and chilling frost and snow.
 Holy of holies! In thy radiant light
 Thou dwellest like a star, steadfast, serene,
 To wave to port the strayers gay and green.

C. N. S.

THE DOCTOR!

(A Short Story)

BY

BIDHU SEKHAR BASU



HERE was nothing about the evening to make it different from any other—that was, at first. The mail train to Madras was rattling on at a pleasant speed and the calm breeze came in gently through the open window of the second class compartment, wherein I was neatly perched, scented with the breath of growing foliage on either side of the road. I was a confirmed rheumatic and had comfortably placed my straining feet on the window sill, vainly striving to recollect the titles of numerous painbalms which had effected momentary cures. It was delightful too to watch the endlessly changing shapes of the red tinted clouds—purple mantles floating on the blue summer sky. A sense of laziness had come over me with the increase of gloom around

The train had stopped at some station and I believe it was eight o'clock in the evening. The door of my compartment opened slowly and a man stepped lightly to a seat near me quietly slamming the door after him. The stranger was small of stature and there was something repulsive and uncanny in his eyes.

Watching me keenly for a two minutes with his deep dark eyes, he broke the silence and with a hilarious gleam in his countenance remarked, "mister, going to Madras. Aren't you. Seem to have seen you before if I remember right at— well I don't mind where."

I wished for all the world I had never seen that fellow before and had absolutely no inclination to enter into a conversation with him. I tried to collect my fluttering thoughts. However there was something in his deportment which attracted me towards him against my will, and I was easily overcome with his jollity and openheartedness. An hour later I found myself engaged in a free talk with him often complaining about my illness. In spite of an unwonted evil presentiment which begar

to steal over me, I could not for the heart of me, restrain myself from talking freely to him. Probably within that short period he had gathered enough information about my precedents for he stopped me short suddenly and said,

"But you—you were saying you were suffering from rheumatism—where, in the leg?" Here he felt round my feet and pitched upon the spot where I was feeling the greatest pain. He squeezed my feet a little and I felt a great relief for a moment. I enquired whether he was a doctor.

"Doctor!" he remarked derisively, "I am not one of the good-for-nothing boobies fresh from the college who play with public life because they have the tail of a diploma—so called you see—about'em. But it is my favourite hobby—you are—I always like to effect wonderful cures—as you may deem it—by simple means best known to myself alone. I believe in natural cures". And he was going on with a harangue eulogising the efficacy and virtue of patent Indian Ayurvedic herbs.

Anxiously I enquired whether he would try my case too and if so how much the experiment would cost. A look of disdain flashed from his wincing eyes at the mention of expenses and I felt a secret adoration for this worthy philanthrope. He referred to the inconvenience of treating a patient from a moving train but soon seemed to hit up on a happy plan of procedure. He told me the treatment would last but a few hours and fervently prayed to me to have faith in his cure and not to mind any incident pain. I—I was only too glad and would not care for any torture even.

Well—the treatment commenced at about midnight. Under his directions I removed all my upper garments and lay abreast on the bench with my feet resting on the window frame but tied together firmly. He advised me to have my hands also bound together so that I might not make any movements during the treatment. I willingly consented to all this not without a feeling of secret joy at the near deliverance from a life long trouble.

He poured a whole jug of cold-ice cold water over my face and feet. My whole frame shuddered with the chill but I stirred not. He retired to a distance. Slowly, slowly with sure steps he came near me and bidding me open the mouth quickly thrust

a gog into it. I was helpless—my free hands and feet firmly tied, a gog in my mouth. I made convulsive efforts to rise but only hurt my neck and could not budge an inch.

Turning back with great difficulty, I perceived him take out the bunch of keys from my coat pocket. I strived in vain to shout. Consternation seized on me. Quietly he took out my keys and opened my portmanteau. He drew out my purse which had in it over two hundred rupees. I was mortified. I prayed to god in vain for help. He seemed to think for a moment and having counted the money calmly remarked, "Hundred rupee notes—not entered the numbers Eh! I hope. Let me see". He took out my pocket book and gleefully tore off the pages. He replaced the key in my coat.

The train had stopped at some wayside station. Lightly he got up and said, "You will be alright by morning—Well I take my leave. Hoped a better hunt today. Be comfortable—goodbye". My stricken eyes traced him till he vanished in the darkness.

I lay motionless—for I could not move—how long I do not remember. Soon I fell unconscious. Early morning, at Basin Bridge junction I found a little group of inquisitive porters peering at me in abject wonder. I was soon liberated from my bonds but I never spoke about my adventure and left them to frame their own opinions.

But to this day I remember the Doctor and his treatment. Doctor indeed!

POETRY

Poetry is a dream—drawn castle in the air. The poet builds his house on the rainbow, and dreams in his magic casement. His mood is often tip-toe. A blithe spirit, an unbodied joy, he sings on till thought's melody becomes too sweet for utterance, harmonising silence with a sound. He intimately listens to Nature's ejaculations, and imbibes her secrets. His eyes, resonant with the witchery of the sky, spin and weave a twilight magic and giddy romance. His song is a beaming laughter from the lips of a dream. The poet brightly guesses why the moon smiles, the sea laughs, the clouds frown, and the thunder fulminates. Poetry is neither wit nor witchcraft, but the witchcraft of wit. Poetry is "intoxication, fever, or rainbow dreams". A laughing child is a ravishing poet.

V. R. M. Chettiar.

A LULLABY

1.

Rest thee, my baby, the Sun is adown
Laid in the arms of the rocking warm sea;
Soft-winged Night is now speeding unknown
To perch on the hill and the labour-worn lea.

2

The Priestess of Heaven is up in the skies
Rending her veil of the evening shade,
And peeping thro' windows at glint of thine eyes
Bursts into laughter: a brilliant cascade.

3.

Sweet-scented south breeze is fanning thy face
And nestlings are chirping thy lullaby naive;
Tender Sleep steals now to warmly embrace
And nurse thee, thy wee limbs, with nectar of life.

4.

Swathed in thy mother's soft kisses of charms
And rocked by the ditties thy mother carols,
Far from the terrors of the world's fell alarms
Rest thee, my babe, in thy freshness of soul.

5.

No harm shall approach thee, nor dream ov'rtake thee;
No nocturnal imp see thee, my beatific wee;
And all thro' thy slumber in wonted sweet glee
Shall Gopala's naughtiness watch over thee.

P. M. HARIHARA AIYR.

Notes

The last week of December is always a period of extraordinary activity for India. The Christmas week is a week of rejoicing and pleasure for the Christian world. But to us

**The
National
Week.**

it represents a period of consolidated and concentrated thought and action on all vital questions which have a bearing on the future of the country. By far the most important of the conferences, in all about thirtytwo in number we believe, should be mentioned the Indian National Congress, the unofficial Parliament of India, the fact of whose venue being in Madras, was the occasion for the assembling of the various other conferences in the same city. So it happened that Madras became the centre of pilgrimage for not merely the majority of the educated people of the Presidency, but for the cream of our best and the wisest in all departments of our national activity.

Almost all the Conferences that were held in Madras should be considered perfectly successful, even nature, so

**The
Congress** wilful and perverse at other times, co-operating to render the stay of the guests pleasant and comfortable. In particular, the success of the Indian Na-

tional Congress was unique and out of the ordinary. Dr. Ansari no doubt formed an ideal president. His address was commendably short and outspoken and did not contain any tall talk. This apart, the achievements to its credit were, some of them historic. The Independence resolution that was passed without any serious opposition or difficulty, was an unexpected achievement, which took many by surprise and led some well-meaning patriots to fall into the mistake of thinking that the debates were conducted and decisions arrived at without due weight and deliberation being given to them. The reality was that the present Congress was *par excellence* a conference of young bloods and was made the success that it was on account of their participation in it. It is not for us to enter into the controversies that have arisen over the interpretation of the resolution. To us only the spirit matters. And with regard to that, we have the satisfaction to notice that even those who have dissented from it, are in agreement with the spirit of it.



Procession scene near Central Station.



Leaders Arriving in Procession to the Congress

The Independence resolution, as events have proved, has not met with approval from all quarters. But that cannot be said of the other achievement of the Congress, the resolution on Hindu-Muslim Unity, which opens, let us hope, a fresh chapter in the history of the relations of the two big communities of India. As Mrs. Sarojini who moved this resolution so aptly observed 'this resolution is the most vital, the most epoch making of all the resolutions passed in this historic and epoch-making congress, even more historic and vital than the Independence resolution, because this resolution, if you practise it, if you make it a thing perfect, will be the first step towards that independence that you have declared as your goal. The resolution is no doubt in the nature of a compromise and as all compromises are it is bound to be imperfect. In the opinion of Mrs. Naidu, it was not 'a Magna Charta of Liberty, not a Magna Charta of Unity, but a little, halting, transitional Magna Charta of Tolerance'. It is a matter for the greatest satisfaction that after a long period of negotiations, this resolution was passed without a single dissentient voice by the Madras Congress. That it should have been possible for even alleged communal leaders like the venerable Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya on the one hand and the outspoken and emotional Ali brothers on the other, not merely to co-operate in the passing of the resolution, but even to appreciate and compliment the part played by each other, is a significant event which augurs well for the translation of the same into actual practice. There is no doubt the immense earnestness of the President Dr. Ansari played no small part in the achievement of such a desirable unanimity. In the light of this, the other decisions of the Congress, even the comprehensive and dignified mandate to boy-cott the Simon Seven, pale into insignificance.

The All-India Youth Congress held in Madras during the Congress Season deserved to be a greater success than it really was. We had felt that it would be an unqualified success judging from the amount of propaganda done on behalf of the Congress and the appeal made to the Youths of Madras and elsewhere, on the beach and in the Press for well nigh two months before the Congress actually took place. Mr. T. Prakasam,

**All-India
Youth
Congress**



Sarojini Devi and Kamala Chattopadhyaya

the Chairman of the Reception Committee left no stone unturned to make it a success. Sadhu Vaswani and Prof. Ramamurthi made eloquent appeals to the Youths of the land to muster strong at the Congress and make it a tremendous success. But why was it that there was not sufficient and hearty response from the Young men and women of our place to such appeals? Why was it that sufficient enthusiasm was not evidenced in the proceedings of the Congress?

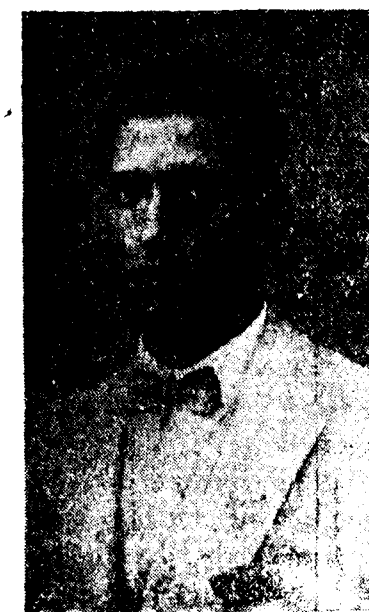
It was most unfortunate that the Non-Brahmin League of Youth should have felt called upon to appeal to the non-brahmins to boycott the Congress simply because there were more brahmins than non-brahmins in the Executive Committee of the Congress. It was a very wrong and mischievous lead that the League gave to its members. Youth never thinks in terms of community, colour or creed. It is to be very much regretted that organisations should be formed for youths on communal basis. We can understand a Bharat Yuvak Sangha but we cannot understand a Non-brahmin League of youth or a Brahmin League or any other League based on Communalism. Communalism has been the bane of our elders. It is for the youth of the land to undo the evils resulting from the work of our elders on communal lines. The heart of youth is sound. It loves. It understands. It is full of sympathy, good-will and mutual toleration. Youths should be left to themselves to do their work in ways that please them best. It is when the elders come forward and begin to organise youth not for the love of doing it but with a view to exploiting them for their own ends that difficulties arise. We have no doubts that it was only at the instance of those who are not real youths, that the central branch of the Non-brahmin Youth League at Madras decided upon the boycott of the Youth Congress. The decision was very unfortunate and what is more it led to some unhappy controversy in the Press. But this is not to say that this decision was in any way responsible for the partial failure of the Congress. We must seek the causes elsewhere. For one thing we feel that the organisers of the Congress were not quite well-advised in holding it simultaneously with the Indian National Congress in as much as all the Youths were more keen on

attending the National Congress than anything of their own. They are not to blame for it; for another the idea of delegates and delegate fee stood in the way of many young men joining the Congress. The Congress was in fact open to all young men and women whether they belonged to any organisation or no. These two causes, probably, prevented many more taking part in the proceedings of the Congress.

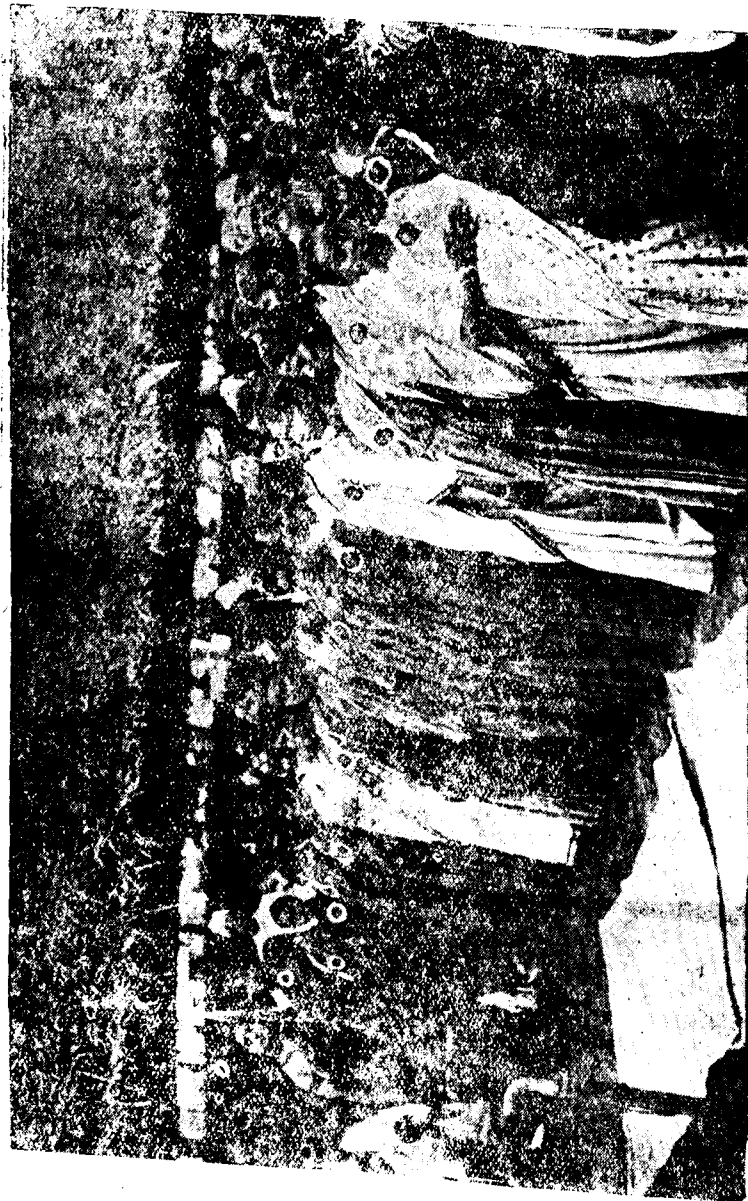
But if the Congress cannot be looked upon as a success from the point of the numbers that attended its sessions, from the point of work done and resolutions passed, the Congress did not leave much to be desired. The Congress commenced its work with the unfurling of the flag by that spirited youth from the North, Pandit Jahwarilal Nehru. The organisers were very fortunate in having secured Dr. Besant to formally open the Congress. Dr. Besant is nothing if not young



S. SATYAMURTHI.

V. C. RANGASWAMY.
Secretary, All-India Exhibition

and Dr. Arundale felicitously described her as '80 years young' on her last birthday. In opening the Congress she made a speech which was so inspiring, so invigorating. She made an eloquent plea for the revitalising of our village life. The addresses touched upon many problems concerning youth.



Lady Volunteers at the Congress



DR. MOONJEE.



T. PRAKASAM M. L. A.
(Chairman, Reception Committee)
ALL-INDIA YOUTH CONGRESS.

The Congress lasted about a week and during those days it engaged itself in various kinds of activity. Two days were naturally devoted to resolutions when several important resolutions were discussed and passed. The resolution on Swadeshi as Sadhu Vaswani observed in the Press some time ago could have been more strongly worded. Much attention was paid and naturally to games and sports under the guidance of Prof. Ramamurti. There was a convention of the Physical Experts which attracted great attention. Great interest also centred round the other activities of the Congress like the oratorical contest and the cosmopolitan dinner.

Before we close we must not forget to mention that the paucity of numbers in the Congress was more than made up by the inspiring presence of Sadhu T. L. Vaswani. He enlivened the proceedings of the Congress by his inspiring messages. He brought to the Congress and through the Congress to the youths all over India the message of *Love*, the message of *Shakti*. It is very good that he is touring in our Province explaining the ideals of the Bharat Yuvak Sangha of which he is the guiding spirit. It behoves us to take advantage of his presence in our midst and see to it that as many branches of the Sangha as possible are organised to spread the message of Love and Shakti. Let us in the South make our contribution to the new civilisation that is being founded based upon Brotherhood and Love.



CONGRESS PAVILLION



INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

Presidential Address at the all India Physical Culture Tournament held at Madras on 28—12—'27

BY PROF. RAMAMURTHY.

My Dear Sisters and Brothers,

It gives me very great pleasure to be present in your midst on this happy occasion. It was not without some hesitation that I accepted your invitation to address you, the youth of India, to-day. I felt I was not equal to the task imposed upon me and that better and worthier men than myself could have been chosen by you. But though I realised my inability, when the call came from the youth of India for service of the country, I could not but accept your invitation and I emphatically assert that even though I may be on my death-bed or my body burning on the funeral pyre my spirit will always be with you, the youth of India and will ever respond to the call of duty from my motherland. I sincerely thank you for the great honour you have done me and I can only say that in honouring me, you are only honouring our own Bharatamata.

The present age is in more respects than one an age of transition. Ideas are in the melting pot. The spirit of bold and searching criticism of long cherished beliefs, of well established institutions, of age long tradition, usage and what not is abroad. Science has advanced and is advancing by leaps and bounds. Railways, Steamers, Wireless Telegraph, Radio Telephone, Aeroplanes and other latest inventions of science have annihilated distance, made travel from continent to continent easy and intercommunication between people living as far apart as Europe, Asia, and America possible. In spite of unprecedented progress in science and undoubted material prosperity in evidence today there are signs of discontent and unrest even in the countries enjoying the largest measure of material prosperity and standing in the vanguard of civilisation. There must be something radically wrong in a civilisation built on material prosperity alone with heartless selfishness, merciless competition and pitiless industrial and commercial exploitation of backward communities and races. Let us now proceed to consider how the civilisation evolved in India by great sages and seers differs from the essentially materialistic civilisation of the West.

The ancient civilisation of India and her culture developed in the midst of the grandest natural scenery and natural surroundings, in the 'Forest Asrams', by the side of mighty rivers, beautiful and awe-inspiring mountains and mountain caves, the abode of great Rishis and *Sidha Purushas* and away from the bustle and din of towns and cities. Here the Vedic Rishis (giants in intellect, physical strength, spiritual power and Tejas born of Tapas) reared up a mighty Race of Aryan men and women whom we are proud to boast of as our ancestors today. The loftiest flights of imagination, the grandest achievements of human thought and the most glorious deeds of our great ancestors were possible only in such places where man communed with his 'Inner Self' freely and drew inspiration from living nature and 'Pranic Force' from the inexhaustible storehouse of Nature.

The country that has produced heroes like Bhishma Pitamaha, Drona, Balarama, Sri Rama, Sri Krishna, Arjuna, Abhimanyu, Bhima, Hanuman, Maharana Sir Pratap Singh, Sivaji Maharaj, Guru Govind, Ranjit Singh etc., poets like Valmiki, Kalidasa, Bhavabhuti, Kambar, Tiruvalluvar and in our own day Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Sarojini Devi etc. ideal rulers like Sri Rama, Emperor Asoka, Sri Harsha, Akbar, Krishna Deva Raya of Vijayanagar etc. statesmen like Chanakya, Sir M. Visvesvariah etc. philosophers and thinkers like Patanjali Gautama, Bhargava, Bharadwaja, Brigu Maharisi, Professor S. Radhakrishnan etc., saints like Tukaram, Tulásidas, Guru Nanak, Kabir, etc. Founders of World Religions like the Lord Buddha etc. religious reformers like Chaitanya, Gauranga, Vallabhacharya, Sanakara, Ramanuja, Madhava, prophets like Sri Rama Krishna Paramahansa. Swami Vivekananda etc. law givers like Manu, Parasuram etc. Scientists like Professor Bose, Dr. P. C Ray, Dr. C. V. Raman etc. mathematicians like Bhaskaracharya, S. Ramanujam, S. V. Ramamurthi I. C. S., historians like Dr. Bhandarkar, Professors Jadunath Sarkar, Radhakumud Mukerjee, Major Basu of Allahabad etc. lawyers like Sir Rash Behary Ghose, Sir V. Bhashyam Iyengar, Dr. Sir Subramania Iyer, physicians like Dhanwantari, Charaka, Susruta Mahamahopadhyaya Kaviraj Gananath Sen etc. educationists like Sir Asutosh Mukerjee, Dr. Brajendranath Seal etc.

captains of Industry like the Tatas, Sir R. N. Mukerjee of Bengal, etc. great men like Dadhabhai Naoroji, P. M. Mehta, B. G. Tilak, G. K. Gokhale, C. R. Das, Lajpat Rai, Pandits Madan Mohan Malaviya and Motilal Nehru, Arabindo Ghose, Mahatma Gandhi etc. ideal women like Sita, Savitri, Anasuya, Arundhati etc. is certainly a country to be proud of and worshipped. These great men and women have helped to keep alive the ancient glory and spiritual fervour of our mother land and have proved to the world beyond doubt that India, despite the croakings and forebodings of Westerners drunk with the intoxication of wealth and power, is not a decadent nation and that her people have still life enough to rise to the highest level of excellence and achievement in all departments of human activity.

The representatives of a civilisation which has survived the onslaught of centuries and the impact of tremendous forces may once again take upon themselves the role of leaders of humanity and yet save mankind from disastrous wars and wholesale destruction, from racial and tribal conflicts, class and sect hatred, and help to find a solution for some of the most momentous problems which are taxing the brains of the ablest statesmen and publicists of the modern world.

You may well ask what were the factors that rendered such marvellous achievements of our ancestors possible? The answer is, their magnificent system of physical culture, their all-round development of mind, body and soul, the natural and simple life they led and the high ideal of 'Plain living and High thinking' by which they were actuated, their strict observance of Brahmacharya until they entered the 'Grihasta Asrama' and their moderation even in the married state. We have neglected our *Swadharma*, *Swakarma* and *Swavidya* and are fighting like 'Kilkenny Cats' for communal representation, shamelessly hunting for jobs while the rich natural resources of India remain undeveloped and nation building and constructive work yet remain to be done.

The present system of education is largely responsible for our present ills, our poverty, our want of courage, and stamina, our lack of initiative and enterprise and the position of weakness and helplessness in which we find ourselves to-day. It was designed only to create a race of clerks, of dwarfs, of

pygmies and mere automatons. It has bred the slave mentality. It can never produce men and women of action or heroes. The system has to be revolutionised.

If we happen to travel in foreign countries the first question that is put to us is not whether we are Indians but whether we are British Indians, French Indians, Portuguese Indians and Dutch Indians. Do we not feel ashamed to be called British Indians, etc., and to be perpetually reminded of our slavery? And yet we cry for Swaraj as children cry for the moon. We will never get Swaraj unless we deserve it and work for it.

My dear brothers and sisters, on account of our blindly adopting Western manners and customs and following their ideals of life and conduct without considering whether they are suitable for us, copying only their vices but not their virtues, we are only making ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of the world. What little of national feeling and self-respect we had is fast dying out owing to our open exhibition of communal bitterness and religious bigotry and our inter-communal fights make the position still worse.

I implore one and all of you to think that you are Indians first and whatever you may choose afterwards. You should learn to love the 320 and odd millions of Bharatavarsha as your own brethren and sisters and as so many 'Devatas'. I have lost my faith in our elders. Our dignity and self-respect as a nation lie in our keeping and depend upon you, the younger and future generation of India. You should ever be thinking of your Himalayas, your sacred rivers, your sages, your glorious ancestors and work together to keep your country's reputation unsullied. Think of what you were in the past and what you are now and try to make India a great nation once again.

I have travelled extensively all over India, Europe and the Far East, tried all the systems of physical culture now in vogue all over the world and come to the conclusion that the Indian system of "Physical Culture"—which develops mind, body and soul and enables us to realise the oneness of our 'Individual self' with 'Paramatman or the Universal self'—is the best. Games like football, cricket, badminton, pingpong, etc., cannot be recommended seriously for growing young men as they do not bring about all round development of the individual but are mere diversions to while away time.

Concentration is the first essential of a scientific system of physical culture. Breath regulation or control of *Prana* (Pranayam) which includes *Rechakam*, *Purakam* and *Kumbhakam* are other important factors which go to the building up of a strong, symmetrical, graceful body, a powerful, regulated will and lead ultimately to self-realisation and Mukti or Liberation. Our 'Sandhya' or 'Daily Prayer' (the significance of which has been understood only by a few of us and which the English educated among us are almost giving up) is a preliminary step in the wonderful scheme of the Rishis for the internal cleansing of the body, purification of the mind, development of long power and the attainment of moksha.

It is only when man gets self-illumination, when he sees the same 'Lord' in all living beings that the feelings of the 'I' and 'Mine' and the 'sense of separateness' vanish. Real love or Bhakti to God and to all created beings is born only when man attains the state of real knowledge. Learn, therefore, my dear brothers and sisters to love God, your parents, your brethren and sisters, your relations, your countrymen and humanity at large with an unselfish love and by love carry the mass of real workers with you and try to raise your country to her former position.

Under the auspices of the "Order of Young India" (Bharat Yuvak Sangha) I am preparing a text book of physical culture with copious illustrations. The Sangha is also going to start an All India college of Physical Culture and organise provincial, district, taluk and village institutions for training our students according to the ancient ideals. I want 2,000 earnest workers for each province who are prepared to tour all over their respective provinces and after undergoing training to each of the villagers. It is enough if I can get 6 lakhs of real workers for the whole of India. I want real children of Bharatavarsha to go about the country, like the Brahmacharis of olden times, preaching to the people and dedicating their lives to the physical, moral and social improvement of our countrymen. My object is not to make mere speeches but to organise the nation for concerted action. I am talking with you heart to heart.

Do not think too much of pampering this physical body of yours. It is like the water bubble which appears and disappears in no time. This body of ours has been given to us only to be of some use, to render some service to our fellowmen. It becomes our duty, therefore, as long as we are alive to do some real, permanent work for our motherland and to leave the world a little better than we found it. If you love your country then you love your king because the country belongs to the king. Enlist yourselves as members of the Bharat Yuvak Sangha. The sangha will also start and publish a newspaper giving clear instructions to you as to what you should do in matters affecting the welfare of your country.

We all know that the underlying cause of all disease is indigestion, which, if neglected, leads to a host of other diseases such as sleeplessness, lassitude, derangement of the bodily system etc. ultimately developing into such chronic and dangerous diseases as indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, consumption, phthisis, diabetes etc. That is why our young men and women die very early and the average duration of human life in India nowadays is 23 as compared with 125 in the past. In advanced countries where the observance of the laws of health and open air exercise are the rule rather than the exception the average duration is much higher. When the body is in a low state of health the mind cannot function properly and the power of resistance to disease becomes less and less and life itself becomes a curse rather than a blessing. Without taking physical exercise every day it is not possible to keep up our health and our digestive powers unimpaired. We should therefore give up our sedentary habits and spend at least two hours a day in the open air taking some exercise suited to our constitution so that the body and mind may be ever ready for instantaneous action.

The ancient scientists of India out of sheer compassion towards humanity have laid down certain laws of health and conduct in the shastras, and certain rules to be followed by the strict observance of which man can live happily for over a hundred years. They have divided the year into six *Ritus* or seasons and prescribed the course of exercises and the diet to be taken during each season. A study of 'Ashtanga Yoga' and other

ancient works on science and medicine and yoga will reveal even to the modern educated Indian that our ancients did not neglect any science which had anything to do with human welfare. They have given common exercises to be followed by each and every individual in India such as Suryanamaskaram etc. By Suryanamaskaram you can develop not only the physical outer frame but also the lungs and at the same time the mind and you can concentrate your mind and engage in devout meditation upon God. This is the development of Trikarana Suddhi. With this Trikarana Suddhi (Kaya, Mana, Vacha) you are giving exercises to the body, mind and soul (Sthula, Sukshma and Karana Shariras).

Our degeneration is chiefly due to our non observance of our shastraic injunctions and of the four asrams of Life so lucidly described in our shastras and duly followed by our ancestors. They are:—

I *Brahmacharya*: the period of cultivation and training of mind and body, conservation of the vital seed or indriya and preparation for the future struggle of life (the whole of our lifetime).

II *Grihasta*: the period of undertaking the duties of a householder and the bringing up of a family and working for worldly, material advancement.

III *Vanaprastu*: the period of exercising and gaining control over the mind and the senses and preparation for the next asrama.

IV *Sanyasa*: The period of renunciation of all desires and becoming one with Brahman or Paramatman by self realisation.

These asrams lead man by successive stages from the life full of vitality and abounding enthusiasm in youth to the life of complete renunciation of desires in old age and ensure to every man who observes them sufficient happiness, contentment, mental peace and freedom from worry so sadly wanting today. They also inculcate the spirit of selfsacrifice and adjustment to changing environment.

I will be failing in my duty if I do not point out here the evils of early marriage and the unrestrained sexual life indulged in by our people. It is indeed a tragedy that our girls are becoming mothers too early in life. Sufficient time and scope are not allowed for the proper development of their body and mind. Consequently, they bring forth children as weak as *lizard bachyas*. Now, young men, it is your duty to see that this evil is rooted out if you really wish to grow up as a nation. Let every

young man solemnly declare that he will not marry before he is 24 and every girl likewise take a vow that she will not marry before she is 16. That will be proper foundation on which you can build your national edifice.

When I turn my attention to the sort of sexual life which our people are leading, I shrink back with horror. At the very outset, I crave your indulgence for a bit of plain speaking. Even beasts observe some principles by sheer instinct. They have their mating seasons. But man nowadays is worse than the brute creation in this respect. The wholesome restraints laid down in the shastras are obeyed more in their breach than in their observance. If you care for yourself, your mind, body and soul and if you are interested in the welfare of your progeny—I am sure you are—your unstinted attention is to be bestowed to the principles of sexual life which our forefathers adopted and which they have enunciated in their medical treatises for the guidance of future generations. It is this self-restraint and self-control which has beautified the lives of our ancestors and I request one and all of you to sing with the poet that

“Self reverence, self knowledge, self control, these three alone lead to sovereign power” and to emulate this ideal to the best of your ability.

Now I shall attempt to give you an idea of my system of “Physical Culture” which has been evolved out of personal experience of thirty years. As has already been remarked, I have found that the system handed down by our Sages and Rishis is best suited to us as they give substantial benefit.

It is not possible to give you a detailed idea of the scheme which I have in view within the scope of this address and so, my attempt here will only be to give you a rough idea. I am preparing a Text Book on Physical Culture and the details will be seen there. My scheme of Physical Exercises may be grouped as follows:—

(1) Compulsory Exercises under which may be included class (a) Health giving exercises (b) Muscular Exercises.

(2) Optional Exercises such as swimming, Fencing, Wrestling (Khaburdu), Padmavyuha and certain other Indian games. Compulsory Exercises aim primarily at giving full play to every part of the body and tend to the full and proper development

of its various organs. They also ensure a good physique to help the student to fight his battles in every day life triumphantly. Compulsory exercises also have the effect of systematising the mind (the main idea underlying Group I), ensuring easy victory over one's antagonists in every day life and producing national heroes for special service in times of trouble to the country and the Empire as a whole. The compulsory group of exercises does not require long practice while its effects continue life long.

Health Exercises, muscular development and strength giving exercises, self-defence art exercises and games and gymnastics will also be prescribed later on in the Text-Book.

Optional Exercises will serve as recreation to relieve the monotony of one's daily work. They also act as the very spice of life, at the same time helping us to keep the undiminished and continued vigour of our lives till late in old age.

Further we can avoid the well recognised defect in our present system of education which tends only to mould our students into uniform intellectual grooves irrespective of the bent of their mind by allowing them freely to choose the exercises and games of their own liking so that they may pursue with undiminished vigour and enthusiasm throughout their lives.

The optional group of exercises consists of football, hockey, tennis, polo, boxing, gymnastics etc. For these exercises provision must be made for adequate grounds and one or more expert instructors as the circumstances require. Instruction is necessary only in the beginning. Regular attendance is the one essential factor to attain success in these exercises and produce the desired results. Most of our young men after leaving school have to seek some profession or other which will absorb their time and energies for the rest of their lives. Every day after leaving office or finishing their daily round of professional duties, they can get recreation through any one of the optional exercises mentioned above. There are also compulsory and optional exercises suited for girls.

Many seem to labour under the misapprehension that our ancients were quite ignorant of the modern methods of exercises. I shall show you how these things are only an adaptation of our national games and exercises which are still found in many part of India. I can also tell you as a piece of information that much of the military art of Europe was copied from our Mahabharata and afterwards modified to suit local exigencies:

1. Dumbbells are an adaptation from our Indian Sangidi (a stone with a rod in the middle).
2. Grip Dumbbells from our Sautola
3. Developer or Chest Expander from our Leezim (which is played by the Mahrattas even today on marriage occasions unsystematically forgetting the principles there of and is less costly but more effective than the foreign developer).
4. Hockey from our Hookud which our cowboys generally play at.
5. Cricket from Gilli Danda or Legina
6. Tennis from our Gainti Chowpana
7. Billiards from our Antu Gouly (common game among our children even today)
8. Foot-ball from our Kabaddi or Balchapala
9. Boxing from our Mushti Yuddha which is played even now in Baroda with iron gloves at the time of Dasara and marriages.
10. Jin Jitsu of Japan from Bak Kushti with a Paishkubz or dagger in the hand. The Japanese do not use this weapon.
11. Greco-Roman wrestling from our Balikhel; they do not allow to catch below the waist; our people play this in Chittagong and Assam. This was our dagger fighting of Yore.
12. Catch as Catchcan from our Mulu Yuddha, Indian wrestling (in which Lord Krishna killed Kamsa, Chanura, Manura pailwans).

The aforesaid exercises and games serve the purposes of entertainment or pastime. They do not bring about solid and lasting physical improvement.

Instead of introducing the aforesaid national exercises and games into our schools and colleges a book of instruction in physical culture prepared by Mr. Norouha, Director of physical culture with the Government of Madras and one Mr. Buck containing such sham, and useless exercises as 1st Form Exercise, Hanuman Baski etc. has been prescribed for the guidance of our poor Gymnastic Instructors. These exercises are performed even today by the dancing girls of Tanjore. They do not give any real muscular development or any exercise to the digestive organs and abdominal muscles. These exercises are good for nothing. When books containing such exercises prescribed as curricula in our schools and displaying a lamentable ignorance of Indian constitution and climate etc reach America and other foreign countries they laugh at us thinking that we are a set of fools and jumping monkeys wasting enormous sums of public money on foreign directors of physical culture who know nothing of India. By following such exercises we spoil the health of our children and also the reputation of our heroic Bharta varshian young men.

In our schools we generally employ different professors to teach different subjects. But for gymnastics and other physical exercises only one teacher is employed. These poor gymnastic instructors simply to eke out a bare livelihood learn all the sham exercises and teach them to our young men.

Before the introduction of Noerouha and Buck's exercises they were teaching some exercises in the Saidapet Teacher's Training School, which were better than the present exercises. Now they are bringing in American and other foreign professors to teach sham exercises and make our children cowardly skeletons.

The present day onesided system of Education which lays greater stress on mental development and intellectual training is defective in its conception and working. With its heavy course of intellectual studies it does not give sufficient scope for the development of the physical side of our boys and girls. Proper provision has not been made in our schools and colleges for the physical training of our students. The position of the gymnastic instructor is not at all encouraging and our students owing to the excessive mental worry and nervous strain caused by their heavy curricula of studies (which they are to go through every day) find little or no inclination to attend their drill classes. Many of our educational situations have no play grounds worth the name and are situated in crowded parts of towns and cities where even pure air is not available. The longer we allow this system to continue the deeper we go into degradation.

My dear brothers and sisters, my idea is as already stated to start an All India Physical Culture College with branches all over the country. I want earnest workers for the cause in every nook and corner of Bhartavarsha who like the Brahmacharies of old will hold aloft the banner of physical culture, which implies not only the development of our Sthoola Sareera, but also that of Sukshma Sarira and the control of our Indriyas for self-control is the bed rock of our ancient system of physical culture and without the strong will power and concentration necessary it is not possible to achieve anything substantial.

Last but not least I am giving you here a course of daily routine work to be followed by all of you. As soon as you get up from your bed in the morning without seeing anybody go direct to your mother, prostrate yourself at her feet touching her feet with folded hands. Then go direct to your father and do the same thing. If they are not present imagine they are before you and offer your daily namaskarams. Then do one pradakshina

for the universal brotherhood and all the Bhartavarshian brothers and sisters thinking that they belong to your family without distinction of caste and creed. Then another pradakshina for all living creatures and Nature and another pradakshina to the universal soul Ishwara thinking that Ishwara is everywhere *sarvantaryami*, *sarvabahiryami* and *sarvavyapak* and that there is no place in *Anda*, *Pinda*, *Brahmanda* where He is not present. Then do one sashtanga prostration or namaskar to Bharata Mata. She is the Mata of Universe. All this must be done as soon as you get up from your bed and as soon as you see the first light in the evening. Unfortunate people like myself, who have no parents living, must imagine their parents as standing before them in sukshma sarira and do the same. Then do the exercises that will be prescribed by the Bharata Yuvaka Sangha in the Text Book. Then take some rest. Then take your bath in cold water (if possible) and do sooryanamaskarams beginning with 11 and increasing by two every week up to 108 at a time. Then when you attain your normal condition take Almond syrupwade as follows:-

Take 10 almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ tola coriander seeds, $\frac{1}{4}$ tola sombu, 2 cardamoms, 5 seeds of blackpepper 3 cubebs, $\frac{1}{8}$ tola grose buds $\frac{1}{2}$ tola of Kesni and one tola of கர்ப்புத்த and பூசனி and பருங்க inner seeds after removing the outer covering oskin. Grind all well with some water, strain in a clean piece of cloth, put some atleast one tablespoonful of sugar and drink it with some milk added to the mixture after boiling well. Increase at the rate of 5 almonds every week and when you come to 25 almonds take double the quantity of the other ingredients for being mixed with the almonds.

If you cannot afford to take the aforesaid drink take some wheat fry it well till it assumes a red colour and gives an agreeable smell, powder it and mix in the proportion of one cup of water for one tablespoonful of wheat powder, boil it hot, mix some milk and ghee, put some sugar and drink it. If you cannot get milk and ghee take mixture with sugar alone and drink it. It will give you strength as it contains protein. In the evening times learn some self-defence art (which will be given in my book) and outdoor games. Be sober in your habits. Arrange for weekly meetings in your place (wherever you may be) and

lecture on physical culture. Organised physical culture Associations and Clubs where you are, collect funds, have one treasurer, do every thing systematically and methodically and show some work throughout the year. Be kind to all, even to your so called inferiors. Treat nobody with contempt. Be gentle in speech. Be truthful, honest, brave and pure in thought, word and deed. Love all and hate none.

Young friends, I have placed before you what I feel on the problem and now it is your duty to take actively to it. Mere paper resolutions are nothing. In India we are not wanting in intelligence and capacity. But we are lacking in self-discipline. We have so many to talk and very few to act. We are already sick of speeches. We are in need of silent workers for the cause with patience and perseverance without caring for the lime light of glory. We talk of swaraj and is not the problem of self government closely connected with the problem of defence? And how are we going to defend our country without military training? Just consider how many of us are physically fit to undergo military training and how many have the power mental and moral to undergo the trials and difficulties of a military life? Without sufficient strength it will only be a burden which we cannot bear. So your first attempt should be to build up your body and through that your mind and soul. Agitate ceaselessly in the press, on the platform and in the legislative councils for the circulation of physical culture as a compulsory subject in our educational curriculum. I take this opportunity of thanking my friends Krishnakumar Varma, Sadhu Vasvani and others who organised this meeting for their sincerity of purpose and their true patriotism.

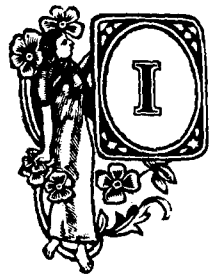
Let us pray to the great Lord of us all, Ishwara to give us strength and nerve us with courage and determination to achieve our freedom, which is our birthright.

"You are not weak,
Ye are of the Eternal God,
Awake! Arise! and your divinity declare,
Through the deed for which your history waits,
—The deed of sacrifice.



THE POETRY OF JOHN MASEFIELD

BY V. SARANATHA IYENGAR, M. A.



I HAVE chosen to speak to you to-night on the poetry of a distinguished English poet, who, in an authentic though not perhaps in a great way, has sounded England from her lowest note to the top of her compass, for there is much music, excellent voice in the instrument and he has made it speak. He is one of the national poets of England and to us who are just finding our manhood in the conflict of our time and country, his subject matter is peculiarly interesting, for he has spoken, in a full-throated though not always harmonious strain, of the might of England and her beauty, of the life of Spring, of the passion of the Sea, of the beauty of the World, and sometimes—to use an expression of the old Testament—even of the beauties of Holiness from the womb of the morning.

First as to Beauty

"And soon men looked upon a glittering earth,
Intensely sparkling like a World new-born,
Only to look was spiritual birth,
So bright the rain-drops ran along the thorn.
So bright they were, that one could almost pass
Beyond their twinkling to the source, and know
The glory pushing in the blade of grass,
The hidden soul which makes the flowers grow.
That soul was there apparent, not revealed,
Unearthly meanings covered every tree,
That wet grass grew in an immortal field,
Those waters fed some never-wrinkled sea."

Report of a lecture—for he suggests that in the lineage of beautiful things in history, there comes in its time, also this:

"Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the channel in the mad March days
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays."

In these lines we have one aspect of the beauty of natural things seen with the intellectual eye—the intellectual taken up by and held in the Imaginative being—of the poet and Masefield

THE POETRY OF JOHN MASEFIELD

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broods on "the principle of beauty in all things" not indeed like Keats, for he works in part like Kipling — × × × — and in part like Francis Thompson.

"Here in the self is all that man can know
of beauty, all the wonder, all the power,
All the unearthly colour, all the glow,
Here in the self which withers like a flower.

Here in the flesh, within the flesh, behind,
Swift in the blood and throbbing on the bone.
Beauty herself, the Universal mind,
Eternal April wandering alone;
The God, holy Ghost, the atoning Lord,
Here in the flesh, the never yet explored."

Notice this mood passing into a quintessential beauty in

"O lovely lily clean,
O lily springing green,
O lily lustrous white,
Dear lily of delight,
Spring in my heart again
That I may flower to men."

Of such things as these which are common also in the other modern poets, I think it is that Galsworthy speaks in one of the Forsyte Saga Novels. "Their poetry was not that of Milton and Byron and Tennyson; of Raphael and Titian; Mozart and Beethoven.

It was, as it were, behind a veil; their poetry hit no one in the face, but slipped its fingers under the ribs and turned and twisted and melted up the heart."

The sonnet which has one of the passages I have taken, gives perhaps the esoteric idea of 'Beauty'; but the level human voice in all its strength is also there in Masefield in the fine poem with the title *Beauty*.

"I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills,
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old times of Spain;
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.
I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,
And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships;

But the loveliest things of beauty God has ever showed to me,
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve
of her lips."

Next to Beauty, Masefield sings of man's skill, man's wisdom and delight—the same in Reynard the Fox as in the creature, Man, who is so noble in reason, so admirable in form and moving, in apprehension like a God. Notice the clean healthy pride of race and bounding strength of Reynard the Fox as he ran before the hunt.

"Like a rocket shot to a ship ashore
The lean red bolt of his body tore,
Like a ripple of wind running swift on grass;
Like a shadow on wheat when a cloud blows past,
Like a turn at the buoy in a cutter sailing
When the bright green gleam lips white at the railing,
Like the April snake whipping back to sheath,
Like the gannets' hurtle on fish beneath,
Like a kestrel chasing, like a sickle reaping,
Like all things swooping, like all things sweeping,
Like a hound for stay, like a stag for swift,
With his shadow beside like spinning drift."

So Right Royal, that horse of power; thrills, going flame-like and sends his meaning through the reins to his master "we are one, for this gallop; we both understand". It is the same with a ship, the Wanderer, when she has conquered the sea, and

"Come as of old a queen, untouched by Time,
Resting the beauty that no seas could tire,
Sparkling, as though the midnights' rain were rime,
Like a man's thought transfigured into fire."

The same thought is Philip the King's when he says of the Armada "you saw my hearts' blood, child," and also the Damber's—common clay, upward-climbing, achieving heroism—who got manhood at the testing-place.

It was his warrant that he had not failed—
That the most hard part in his difficult climb
Had not been past attainment; it was sealed,
Safe footing showed above the slippery slime.
(a thing most difficult to Edgar Allan Poe and others.)
"He had emerged out of the iron time,
And knew that he could compass his lifes' scheme,
He had the power sufficient to his dream."

And there is a philosophy which comes as a strength out of so much sweetness in the younger poets—the strength that comes from the slaying spiritual encounter with the lightnings of this world and of the Beyond—of youth endowed with something feminine and intense—which however takes on a manly air in

Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span,
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man "

This ideal of manly strength is apt to become with writers like Henty and Kipling, merely good-humoured and a little brutal, but Masefield is saved at least in his poetry if not in his novels by his sensitive patriotism and his tenderness. In the beautiful elegy, *August 1914*, he tells of them who died (uncouthly, most) in foreign lands

"For some idea but dimly understood
Of an English city never built by hands
Which love of England prompted and made good."

And there is an influence from the Earth, from those dead hearts, so passionate once, so deep, so truly kind,

"From long dead-men to whom this quiet scene
Came among the blinding tears with the last breath
The dying soldier's vision of his queen."

Here is the healing spirit of that chivalry which flows out of the young who have laid down their lives in war, and out of "all the unspoken worship of those lives"—the strength that comes out of the sweetness of youth and of youth when slain:

Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardner has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass—

Masefield has this gift of tenderness, the tenderness in love of such as the following:—

"Born for nought else, for nothing but for this,
To watch the soft blood throbbing in her throat,
To think how comely sweet her body is,

and filial tenderness in those unmatched lines to his mother.

"In the dark womb where I began
My mother's life made me a man,
Through all the months of human birth
Her beauty fed my common earth,
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir,
But through the death of some of her."

He who wrote these, and the great sad story, the *Daffodil Fields* is kinsman to the poet who wrote *Summer Dawn* with the lines

"Pray but one prayer for me twixt thy closed lips,
Think but one thought of me up in the stars",

and those stories full of beauty making beautiful old rhyme in praise of ladies dead and lovely knights—I mean William Morris.

There is irony also in this strong-hearted poet—witness the end of *Reynard the Fox*—the gift which comes from knowing of life that

"It has no eyes to see,
It has no ears;
It is a red hour's war
Followed by tears,
It is an hour of time,
An hour of road,
Flesh is its goad;
Yet in the sorrowing lands,
Women and men take hands." (The sudden leaping in of
tenderness here!)

Here is more or less the question which Hardy puts and answers in his great way, in the semichorus at the end of *The Dynasts*.

(He speaks of the puissant, fateful thing that Life is,—always as it.)

"Nay;—shall not its blindness break?
Yea must not its heart awake,
Promptly tending
To its mending

In a genial growing purpose and for loving-kindness sake."

But the poet of *Reynard the Fox* and *Right Royal*, the *Salt-Water Ballads* and the *Widow in the Bye-street* is in the direct

succession of Defoe, Smollet, Marryat, Stevenson, though like Stevenson himself, he has a touch of John Bunyan in his spiritual make up; witness that fine thing the *Everlasting Mercy*. Further, speaking of style alone, the greatest of these realistic poems, *Reynard the Fox*, shows that vision of actual things which is yet a master-light of all this kind of seeing. Take such sketches of youth and age in the country as these which the poem is full of,

"He was a genius, simply bred,
And quite unconscious of his power,
He was the very red rose flower
Of all that coloured country side."

"A fierce, hot, hard, old, stupid squire,
With all his liver made of fire,
Small brain, great courage, mulish will."
"She had a wit for mockery

And sung mild, pretty, senseless songs
Of sunsets, Heavn' and lover's wrongs,
Sweet to the squire where he had dined
A rose-bud need not have a mind

A lily is not sweet from learning"
"Jane looked like a dark-lantern burning,
Outwardly dark, unkempt, uncouth,
But minded like the living truth."

Notice again his refinement in describing a thoroughly bad woman, Anna, in the *Widow in the Bye street*

"There was a woman out at Plaister's End,
Light of her body, fifty to the pound,
A copper coin for any man to spend,
Lovely to look on when the wits were drowned."

Sometimes he mentions some one most staid, some bishop without speck, some city-lord, some widow-soothing priest, but he is at heart with the elemental things.

"Oh London Town's a fine town, and London sights are rare,
And London ale is right ale, and brisks the London air,
And busily goes the world there, but crafty grows the mind,
And London Town of all towns I'm glad to leave behind.

The same thing is earnest and beautiful in the following

"I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and star to steer her by,

And the wheels kick and the wind's song and the white sails
shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking"

"A grey dawn breaking," yes, Masfield is no enslaved realist, he wouldn't be so fine a poet, if he were one. He sings the glory of the lighted mind and the glory of the lighted soul

"O wet red swathe of earth laid bare,
O truth. O strength, O gleaming share
O patient eyes that watch the goal
O ploughman of the Sinners soul
O Jesus....."

(How like Francis Thompson this)

And this is the cry that resounds from "the old road, and the old, old quest of the cut-throat sons of Cain". This is the ever old discovery in the art of life—the music of the *Master* in *King Cole*—who taking up his flute breathes out a piping of this life of ours,

"The pride that makes us and the pride that mars,
The beauty and the truth that are our stars,
And man the marvellous thing

.....and death the wise,
His peace, that puts a hand upon his eyes."

And the end of it is all strength, all freedom. The Kings go by with jewelled crowns; the merchants reckon up their gold; the priests are singing in their stalls;

"O Beauty, let me know again
The green earth cold, the April rain, the quiet waters figuring sky.

The one star risen.
So shall I pass into the feast
Not touched by king, merchant or priest;
Know the red spirit of the beast,
Be the green grain;
Escape from prison."



ANNUAL COMPETITION RESULTS.

We are publishing below the results of the several competitions announced in our Annual number.

I. Anagrams

We received in all about 56 solutions for the Anagram Competition of which seven were found to be incorrect. The correct solution is *Gratuity, Miscellanea, Counterfeit, Megalomania, Discomfiture, Ultramundane, Paterfamilias, Septuagenarian.*

The first prize is awarded to

G. Ramachandran c/o Mr. S. Gopala Iyer,
Kunnamkulam.

The consolation prizes are awarded to

M. C. Nathan, Presidency College Hostel, Madras.
and

Mr. M. K. c/o C. V. Natesa Iyer, Badagara.

II. Cross-Word Competition.

It seems that our Annual cross-word puzzle was a real brain teaser and that probably accounts for the small number of entries. Only 44 persons competed in all and almost all the solutions were found to be incorrect, the mistakes in some cases going as high as ten or twelve. We have neither time nor space to muse on the several solutions that have been sent, but must content ourselves with a few observations. 31 Across (world famous Conjuror and Magician) prevented many sending in their solutions. One of the competitors pathetically remarks "I have been racking my poor brain for the last seven days to find out the name of this magician, but his very magic seemed to thwart my attempts. I have consulted all possible dictionaries, reference books and even encyclopedias, but in vain". 23 Across was a still bigger stumbling block and no dictionary could prove itself useful. The clue given was "what makes us pious". All kinds of solutions have been suggested: God, Sin, Woe, Pat etc. but many failed to perceive that the letters p i o + u s will make the word pious. There were also other clues for which alternative solutions were possible. The correct solution is given below:—

Across:— 1 Cicero 5. Shower 9. Vas 10. Norway 12. Ushers 13. Pet 15. Ems 16. Meet 18. Supra 20. Surd 21. Sea 23. Bar 24. Sol 26. Ebb 28. Oat 30. KUT 31. Houdini 32. Pio 33. Ton 34. ELM 37. Per 38. Are 40. Set 43. Elia 44. Brave 46. Tune 47. Aim 48. Eat 50. Ardent 52. Rounds 53. Gin 54. Throng 55. Kalyan

Down:— 1. Cinema 2. Cortes 3. Reap 4. Lad 6. Hiss
7. Woeful 8. Reside 11. Yes 12. UMA 14. Tub 15. Err 17. TEE
19. Pandora 20. Sot 22. Abhor 24. Sails 25. Nut 27. Bon 28. One
29. Nix 33. Tea 35. Met 36. Besant 37. Pindar 38. Arm 39. Eve
41. Tunney 42. Nelson 44. Bit 45. Ear 47. Anon 49. Toda
51. Win

Out of 44 solutions received, only seven are found to be correct. The prize-winners are

M. V. Chellam, Matunga, Bombay (6 divisions)

T. E. Ananthakrishna Iyer, Thondiculam Village, Palghat (1 division)

Of these Mr. Chellam has sent as many as twelve solutions of which six are correct and Mr. T. E. Ananthakrishna Iyer has sent three solutions of which only one is correct. We congratulate the prize-winners on their success.

Annotation Competition

We regret very much to note that this competition has not evoked as much interest as it was expected to do. Only two solutions have been received and both are invalid, as the required stamps have not been enclosed. The answers also are found to be very vague in some cases and incorrect in others. The prize for this competition is therefore not awarded.

Popular Ballot

Though we have received about 50 solutions for the Popular Ballot Competition, about 23 are declared invalid, either because no stamps were enclosed or more than half a dozen books were mentioned as the most popular. One candidate very humorously remarks that all the books are very popular and it is therefore humanly impossible to make any selection. He has therefore retired from the contest leaving the competition for 'the Gods.' About ten candidates have given the names of about a dozen books while some have given the names of only two or three. The half a dozen books which have secured the largest number of votes are given below in order of merit.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. The Vicar of Wake-field. | 4. Pickwick Papers. |
| 2. The Count of Monte Cristo | 5. Arabian Nights. |
| 3. Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. | 6. Ivanhoe. |

The prize is awarded to

Mr. S. Krishna Sastry, Royapettah, Madras.

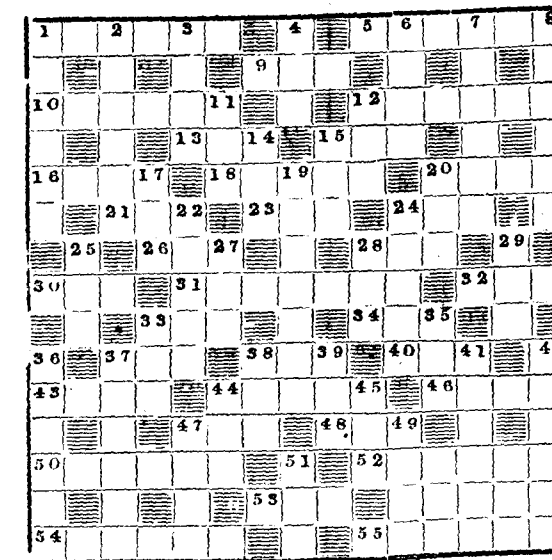
Two Consolation prizes to **V. V. Vasudeva Menon**,
Z. C. Hostel, Calicut and

M. Padmanabhan, Teacher, High School, Trichur.

CROSSWORD COMPETITION

January Puzzle

BY R. NARAYANASWAMY



Name

Address

RULES

1. A prize of Rs. 5 will be awarded to the sender of the first correct solution of the above opened on 16th February 1928.

2. Any number of alternate solutions may be sent but every such solution must be copied on diagram cut out of *The Scholar*.

3. The decision of the Cross-word Editor must be accepted as final and no correspondence re the competition can be entertained.

4. The names of the prize winners & others who send the correct solution, together with the correct solution will be published in our next issue.

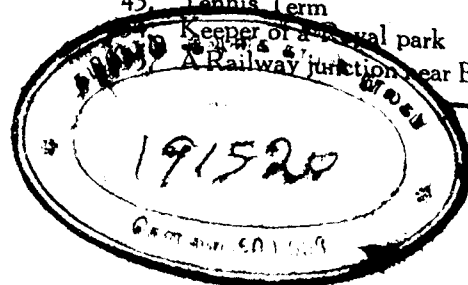
CLUES

Across

1. Greek Poet
5. Choice
7. A Female character in Kenilworth
10. A forge-hammer worked by boot
12. Interpreter of dreams.
13. Title prefixed to R. Catholic dignitaries.
15. A witch.
16. Hindu widow who immolates herself on her husband's pyre.
18. A kind of sand piper.
20. Compound suffix.
21. Sacred plant of ancient Persians and Parsees
23. A white highly malleable metal
24. Frosty.
26. Squeeze sharply
28. A small insect
30. Short sleep
31. Firm elastic tissue
32. Projection of pelvis and part of thigh-bone
33. Expressing surprise
34. Epi (actual)
37. Stroke
38. An auxiliary verb
40. An infusion of the leaves in boiling water
43. An opening passage of mines
44. A Combat
46. Rare Precious stone
47. To wound with edged instrument
48. Affirmative
50. Petitioner
52. Lack of moisture
53. Tennis Term
54. Keeper of a Royal park
55. A Railway junction near Bombay

Down

1. Husband or wife
2. Projecting part of wall
3. Careful attention
4. Child of the Devil
6. Sudden sharp mental pain
7. Extreme mental imbecility
8. A simpleton
11. Decay
12. An English tree
14. Encountered
15. A bi-ped
17. The electro negative component
19. Swedish Parliament
20. Deed
22. Power to enforce one's will
24. Absurd
25. Showing physical and political features
27. Colloquial abbreviation of professional
28. A beverage
29. Transgress
33. Food for horses.
35. Denoting occupation
39. Roman emperor
37. Small cog-wheel engaging with larger one
38. Fall in with.
39. Timid.
41. The art or practice of fore-boding
42. Sign used to join two words together
44. Fine hair of certain animals.
45. Turn over and spread out to dry
52. Lack of moisture.
47. A solid figure with circular base
49. The superficial contents of any figure
51. Drunkard



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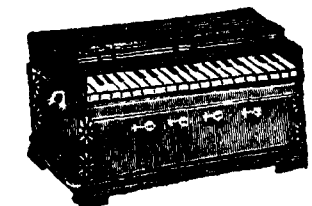
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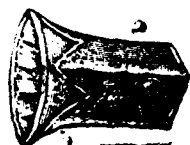
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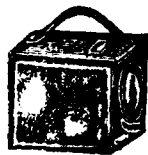
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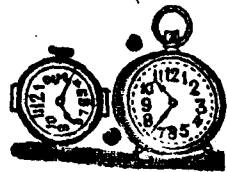
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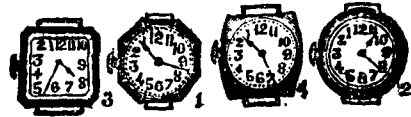
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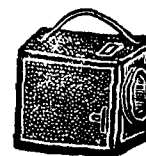
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