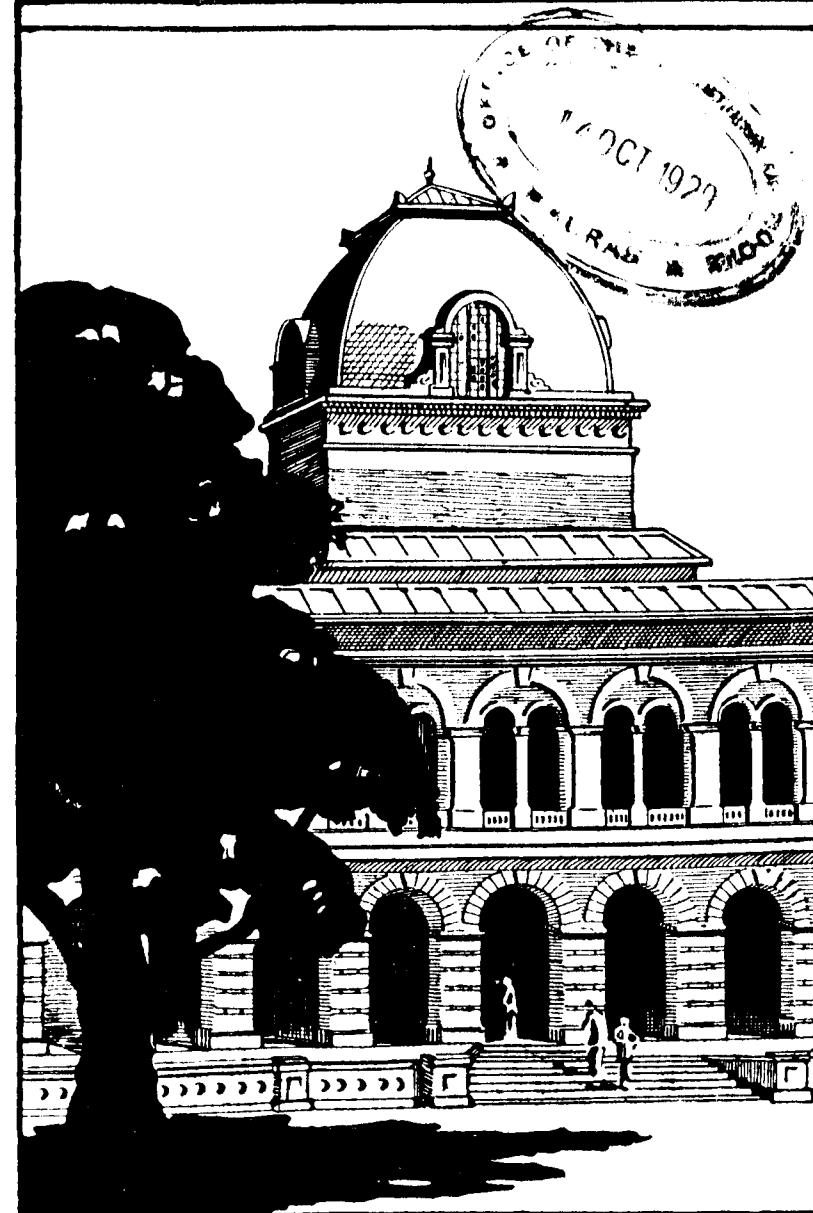


The PRESIDENCY COLLEGE



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OF THE REGISTRATION
14 OCT 1929
MADRAS

Vol. V

SEPTEMBER 1929

No. 1

Gupta Art

THE Gupta Empire was the golden age not only of Hindu political greatness but also of Hindu art. In the pre-Gupta period Indian art had largely been influenced by Hellenistic elements and features. In the Gupta period all the foreign features were completely absorbed, assimilated and transformed, so that the art became entirely national. There is in Gupta art nothing of that incongruous semi-foreignness which is conspicuous in Mauryan and post-Mauryan art. It is completely Indian in ideal, in theme and in expression. In the pre-Gupta art there is much of beauty, of charm; but there is no Indian soul behind a considerable part of it. But in Gupta art we find ourselves in the full Indian environment, feeling and taste. Indian natural scenery begins to be represented, Indian folklore and mythology manifest themselves for the first time. The ascendancy of Pauranic Hinduism is seen at every step. The numerous gods of Hinduism in their multifarious aspects, the rich and picturesque stories of Hindu

mythology are brought home to the minds of men and women by the skilful chisel of the sculptor, the delicate touch of the painter's brush and the technical knowledge of the Sthapati. The architect, the painter, the sculptor, the iconographist and the Sthapati co-operate to produce some of the finest and most delicate pieces of human aesthetic achievements. The buoyancy of Hindu life in this period expresses itself not only in architecture sculpture, painting, and metallurgy, but also in music, dancing, jewellery, and various other minor arts and crafts.

I propose in this and the succeeding articles to dwell briefly upon the achievements of the artists of this age in all these aspects of aesthetic activity. I shall first of all take the cave architecture of the period, then the structural works; and then pass on to sculpture, painting, music, dancing, jewellery and metallurgy.

Before entering into details, however, attention should be drawn to a few general facts which have to be remembered in connection with Gupta art. The first of these is the fact that Gupta art, in its multiple forms, is only the visible expression of the supremacy of the cult of Sakti; of the worship of the Buddha and the Bodhisattvas; of Vishnu, Siva, Kumara, Surya and other Pauranic deities in endless local variations. As Dr. Coomaraswamy says,* an identical quality comes to appear in arts of diverse sectarian applications. Everywhere there are certain outstanding and characteristic qualities, namely, 'self-possession', 'urbanity', 'exuberance' and 'formality'. These qualities express themselves in a manner "at once abstract and sensuous, reserved and passionate." They carry the lesson that "the forms and experiences of finite

life are revelations of the infinite", that "the five senses are the chief inlets of the soul" and "that philosophy and faith possess a common language" in art. Post-Gupta art is not wanting in exuberance, in formality, in sensuousness, in passion, and in the philosophy of spiritual feeling. But it has no self-possession. It abandons itself to over-ornamentation. It becomes a slave to excess of show. It is neither urbane nor reserved. It lacks that dignity and strength which arises from restraint. Gupta art has the great merit of an ideal combination of art and nature, of a true sense of proportion between design and declaration. It is free from those defects of over-elaboration with which the majority of western writers charge the artistic works of the later Pauranic age. It is at the same time sufficiently expressive of the rich life which is reflected in the works of Kalidasa and Bana. There is no undue resignation or unworldliness. There is a pleasure in healthy, brilliant or virtuous life. There is a pride in accomplishments evinced from the king downward. Painting, poetry and music become accomplishments of princes and princesses. Royal skill in music is represented even on coins. Royal taste in poetry is reflected in inscriptions and in literature. The Ajanta paintings show the general humanism of the age. They show that there was an exquisite, unsophisticated and abundant joy in life. They could have been done only by men who considerably mingled in life. Scenes from actual experience—preparing food, carrying water, buying and selling provisions, hunting, elephant fights, singing, dancing,—all imaginable kinds of human interest in life are depicted therein. There is not that over-spiritualism, that unalloyed theology, of which we are generally accustomed to hear from the critics of Indian art. The

* Introduction to Indian Art (1923), p. 59.

Ajanta themes are not gods or goddesses alone, but ordinary men and women, ordinary animals and scenes. The sentiment depicted in them is not the self-centred love of the devotee alone, but the feelings of joy and sorrow, affections and dislikes, common to humanity. That distance and lack of familiarity which is regarded as a general defect of the Indian spiritualistic art is certainly absent from the Gupta secular art.

Another feature of Gupta art is that it is "the flower of an established tradition, a polished and perfected medium, like the Sanskrit language, for the statement of thought and feeling."¹ A Danish expert² says, with reference to the perfect anatomy and the marvellous naturalness of the Ajanta figures, that such a mastery would be possible only with the existence of a perfect tradition, a definite school of technique. He grants that the individual artists of Ajanta must have been wonderful observers of nature and possessed wonderful powers of their own; but he points out that these would hardly have availed, unless there was the perfection gained from the instructions of a school. Similarly in regard to architecture, music, iconography, and every other art, definite traditions and schools sprang up during this period. There were scientific treatises of an elaborate type. In addition to the natural system of technical education provided by the caste, there were special training institutions, apparently, for the different arts. Gupta art, like Gupta literature, was the result of artificial polish, of established convention.

Still another feature of Gupta art is that it has both Buddhistic and Pauranic themes. The Guptas were

1. Coomaraswamy in *Introdn. Ind. Art.*, p. 63.

2. Alex Carl, See the section on *painting* for details about him.

orthodox Hindus, they were particularly, as Havell points out,³ the votaries of Vishnu. But still it was in their time that some of the most precious of the Buddhistic monuments, particularly the cave works, were chiselled out. Further, the colonists of the eastern seas and islands, on the one hand, and those of Central Asia and China, on the other, were primarily adherents of Bhaktaic Buddhism, as a result of which Buddhistic works of art continued to be produced in those lands even when Buddhism was supplanted by Pauranic Hinduism in the mother country.

So far as the geographical range of Gupta art is concerned, it should be borne in mind that there is absolutely no difference between Aryavarta, the Dakkan and the extreme South. Whatever might be the political differences between these three areas, they were one so far as the general features of culture were concerned. Thanks to the enormous influence possessed by the Guptas and the Vakatakas, and thanks to the close alliance, by blood or by policy, which existed between the rulers of the Dakkan and the rulers of the Kanarese and the Tamil areas—the Gangas, Kadambas and the Pallavas—the stream of Aryan culture passed on, with wonderful rapidity and with even additional strength and beauty, to the southernmost limit of the peninsula. The achievements of the Gupta artists were faithfully imitated and reproduced in

3. *Ancient and Mediaeval Architecture of India*, p. 132. Mr. Havell draws attention to the fact that "General Cunningham, Dr. Burgess and others have laboured assiduously to reconstitute from buildings, which from inscriptions can be dated about the 5th or 6th century, what they call a *Gupta style*, and cite instances to prove the popular archaeological thesis that whenever Indian art was great it was owing to contact with Europe." He points out how baseless this attitude is. He also points out that the Guptas were essentially votaries of Vishnu, that they made the holy mount of Vishnu the temple symbol in place of the glorified sthupa; that all later architecture came to be based on this; and that Cunningham and others failed to understand the true significance of the whole. The question is discussed in the section on the structural architecture of the period.

the Dakkan. Indeed, as we shall see later on, it is the Dakkan monuments that figure pre-eminently in the description of Gupta art ; for, thanks to the vandalism of the later invaders of India, most of the North Indian monuments were lost, and it is to the Dakkan that we have to turn for the best examples of the arts of the age. And from the Dakkan the arts, inspired by the Aryan ideals, passed on, by way of the Telugu-Tamil borderland, to the Tamil country. It took some time for Gupta art to naturalise itself in the Tamil lands. It was only in the time of Mahendravarman Chaityakari in the beginning of the 7th century that it found the fullest expression. But when once it domiciled itself, it came to have, in consequence of the contribution of the Dravidian taste and skill, additional beauty and charm. Alike in architecture, sculpture, iconography, music and painting, the art of the South could not have come into existence without that of the North.

Gupta art is not only Indian, in the full geographical sense of the term, but also international. Just as the Gupta period was the golden age of Hindu imperialism and spirituality, it was also the golden age of Hindu cultural expansion. From Central Asia to the end of Indonesia, from Japan to Ceylon, all the intervening lands and islands came to be influenced by the Indian colonists or traders. The cultural unity of Asia was thus promoted by the Gupta empire, and this unity was best utilised in the realm of art.

V. RANGACHARYA

(To be continued)

Two Years in Europe

THE very first thing that strikes a foreigner in Europe is the easy accessibility of the conveniences of life. Life is very well-regulated. The daily routine is carried on with the utmost punctuality. In the hotels or rooms in which you live, hot water is supplied punctually for washing and shaving purposes. Breakfast and other meals are served at fixed hours. Your bed is made by the landlady or the maid. The towels and soap necessary for you are provided. Great attention is paid to the maintenance of clean and sanitary surroundings. In London you cannot spit in trains, offices and tubes, unless you want to pay a fine of 40 shillings.

Another pleasant feature that I noticed was the courtesy of the people, especially in England. Nowhere is this politeness more marked than in London restaurants. 'Thank you', 'Please' and such expressions are so profusely used that it makes eating a pleasure. The waitresses in these restaurants are a very polite class.

People in England are rather shy and reserved. They do not talk much to each other ordinarily, and they do not like to be talked to. A friend of mine from Bombay once asked a man seated opposite to him at a restaurant, 'Where do you come from?' to which came the answer 'From heaven.' He, of course, dared not ask further, 'Where are you going to?' Though the people are shy and reserved, once you get to know them, they are very friendly and accessible. Not only was I struck by the Englishman's reticence, but also by the considerate respect he shows to all men without distinction. The

people whom you meet with in trains, buses, tubes, shops and offices treat every one alike.

Three aspects of English life impressed me very much. Firstly, the love of the people for their king, shown during His Majesty's recent illness, was remarkable. The newspaper sellers would give you the latest news, when you went to them to buy a paper, with some emotion and feeling. Secondly, the Police system in England is an admirable institution. I believe the sight of a London policeman strikes a foreigner as something distinctly national and English. His calm and dignified bearing, his smile when you go to him for help, and his polite answers are some of his pleasant and well-known characteristics. Thirdly, I was also very much struck by the quiet way in which the General Elections were conducted. On the polling day I went out with my camera for snaps, but there were no exciting scenes. The only excitement that I noticed was when the results were announced by the *Daily Mail* people at Tufnell Park Tube Station.

The weather in England is well known for its unreliability. That is its great charm. November is very foggy in London. On some days it is so foggy that lights have to be used during day-time. For several days you never see the sun. December is cold and snowy. The worst months are January and February. The winters of 1927 and 1928 were very severe. There was a good deal of snowing in December 1927, and the weather at Christmas-time was a typical Christmasy weather. I was in Haselmere at the time, and it was a lovely sight to see the country-side covered with snow. But the worst feature about English climate is that it is damp. There is a slight drizzle practically from the middle of October to the end of February.

There are more than 1500 Indian students in Great Britain and Ireland. About 500 of them live in London. When a student first goes to London, unless he has friends, he seeks the hospitality of the Indian Hostels at 112, Gower Street, or 21, Cromwell Road. After a few weeks' stay, he goes into lodgings or "digs." There are colonies of Indian students all over London and their comfort depends very much upon the landladies. It is, by no means, easy to get good lodgings. But after struggling for about six months or so, it is not impossible to get fairly comfortable rooms. The charge is about £1 a week.

The University of London is very hospitable to Indian students. With the necessary minimum qualifications, if application is made early enough, a seat can be secured in one of the colleges. The colleges are the centres of a good deal of social life, and one has to join the clubs and societies to get the best out of the English University life. There are common rooms in colleges for students to stay during out-of-class hours. There are refectories where lunch and tea are supplied. Libraries have, usually, open shelves. The books are placed in their original places, by students, after use. Special Libraries are in charge of students, and books are issued only for the week-end.

One danger in the Universities, where Indian students form a considerable number, is they might club together and miss chances of meeting English people at parties and in their homes. Most Indian students go to England for getting degrees, but that should not stand in the way of their seeing English homes. The Indian Hostels in London and the Student Christian Movement Club at 32, Russel Square, arrange for parties and for friendly intercourse. Last Christmas, I was told that as many as 50 Indian

students went as guests to English families for a day or two.

No resident in London should fail to get acquainted with places of historical interest, picture galleries and museums. On Saturdays and Sundays, if weather permits, it is pleasant to go to the nearest public park. I was living near Hampstead Heath and I used to spend many a Saturday evening sitting on the grass and watching children playing cricket or flying kites. Among the places of amusement the first place I visited was the Zoo in Regent's Park. In my early days in London, when I was innocent of the topography of the city, I went to Regent's Park, and, coming across the first imposing building, I asked a passer by if it was the Zoo. He told me, with a smile, that it was the Bedford College for women. It did not strike me that there might be other buildings, besides the Zoo, in Regent's Park.

Theatres in London, though expensive, are well worth a visit. 'The old vic', the home of Shakespearian drama, is very popular and the rates are cheap. The West End theatres, where musical comedies are the rage, are more expensive. Just at present the 'Talkies' are very popular, and probably the *Broadway Melody* is the best.

No Indian student who goes to England should fail to visit the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and the Public Schools at Eton and Harrow. I visited Oxford and Cambridge several times, and everytime I came away with the impression that their praise has not been exaggerated. What strikes a casual visitor is not so much the learning that is imparted as the ideals for which they stand. Oxford and Cambridge are the pride of Britain and the envy of the world. The ancient buildings, the chapels and halls, and the hoary traditions

in which they are steeped attract our attention. There is a lot of friendly rivalry between them. People at Oxford tell you stories against Cambridge, and vice versa. Two months ago, when I was at Cambridge, I was told that Oxford had been successively losing in the Boat Race because they had admitted women to their degrees. I spent a day at Eton and I was much impressed by the kindness of the masters, and the cheerful and happy atmosphere in which the boys live.

Of the other universities that I visited I was impressed most by the university of Wales. There are four University Colleges at Bangor, Aberswyth, Swansea and Cardiff. The headquarters of the university is at the last. They have an independent life of their own, and the four University Colleges, by their co-operation, have made the University of Wales one of the best in Britain.

My visit to the continent in the summer of 1928 was undertaken, partly, for learning German. In Germany, I stayed mostly at Hiedelburg. I stayed at a family "Pension", run by a retired Captain of the German Army. Here were Americans--of whom I saw a good deal--Danes, Swedes, Englishmen and Scots, most of whom like me were struggling to learn the language. I was very much struck by the intellectual curiosity of the German people, and their material ambition. I went on the Rhine in an excursion boat to Worms with about 600 people. My broken German did not prevent them from asking me rather personal and embarrassing questions. It required a good deal of tact to avoid answering them or answer them without hurting their feelings.

In Switzerland I found the people happy and contented. The climate is pleasant and invigorating. At Lausanne, overlooking the lake Lemman, one can get board and lodging for 10 shillings a day. The sight of

the Alps is very inspiring. In my journey from Basle to Lausanne, the beautiful lakes, the mountainous valleys and the villages jammed in between lakes and mountains made me feel what a beautiful and happy country Switzerland is.

A visit to France, chiefly Paris, is very enjoyable. Paris, in some ways, is typically French. But in some respects it is an international centre, and you despair of seeing anything purely French. It is a great city and the traffic in many places is worse than at the Bank in London. I liked Versailles, Notre Dame Cathedral, and, of course, French food !

My visit to Belgium was brief. During my one day's stay at Brussels I lost my way, and I surmised from the low rate of taxi-fare I had to pay for a considerably long trip, that life must be very cheap in Belgium.

As I travelled to Marsailles from London in June, I was repassing the places I had visited last summer. When I left Marsailles on the 28th, there was a touch of sadness in my mind. I was sad to leave a land where my two years' stay was so happy and pleasant ; but I was glad I was coming home.

I. S. PETER

Blackville's Horse

(A Short Story)

IT was evening. The "Three Arms" was deserted, save for the old man. He had been waiting for some time, evidently expecting someone.

A stranger walked in. The old man did not know him. But that did not matter.

The stranger ordered his repast and sat down. The old man brightened up. "Seen you some where, sir," he remarked. "Did you not travel by the 7-50 train last year about this time from T—to R—?"

The introduction was meagre, but it was sufficient. For the stranger ordered some beer for the old man. He probably knew that the old one was a gramophone, to be wound up with a few glasses of small beer.

The conversation never flagged, though the stranger remained only on the defensive, while his new acquaintance went merrily on.

"Well, sir, have you ever come to this village before?"

"No, I am afraid", replied the stranger. "O sir, it is well that strangers don't come here often, for the air is not good for them. Poor Sir D—! It was really rather hard on him. Surely he did not deserve it. Heard of Sir D—, sir?"

Again an answer in the negative.

"That is really wonderful, sir, for his story was in every one's mouth at that time. It was last year, sir. It all happened this way.

"sir D— came to our village last year for the first time. He is an old widower of a very benevolent disposition. He had purchased the big mansion at the end

of the village, together with its large grounds. He was, as I said, very good-natured, and encouraged the villagers in everything they did. He was very much gone on horses, and he one day made an announcement. That was the ruin of him. He said he would award a hundred pounds to the owner of the strongest horse in the village, and he gave us a fortnight before he made the trial.

"Now many of us had horses, but most of them were poor things. Especially, one of our villagers had an animal which was often lent to the village-school-master, who, by means of it, taught his boys everything about the horse's skeleton. But it is the owner of the horse who is more remarkable. Sir, you must see him once before you leave this place. He is the blackest villain of our village, and hence we call him Blackville, when he is not within hearing. Only yesterday he threw a stone at a blind dog, and then went and kicked him because the stone did not hit him at the place he intended. Now his horse, as I said, was a skin-bag containing horse's bones. Soon after the announcement, we all met here one evening. We sometimes venture a joke at the expense of Blackville, though we are afraid of him and his grim jokes, which are very often translated into action. Now, that day, one of us remarked that Blackville had as good a chance of winning Sir D—'s prize as another, at which we all laughed. He got wild. "Well, sirs," he cried. "Do you bet?" We were all foolish, and so we fell into his trap. Each of us betted a quid against a bob of Blackville's that he would not win the prize, and the money was handed over to the landlord here.

"What Blackville then did, surely, had originality. He shut up his horse in a dingy room with only one aperture in the walls. He never took it out, but fed it daily on a few leaves of grass which he tied up in a small bundle

every morning and thrust through the opening. But at that time we never knew of these proceedings. Only we were full of anxiety, for we knew Blackville too well to imagine that he would remain idle and see us triumph. Afterwards we learnt that events took this turn.

"On the day appointed for the trial, Sir D— came to Blackville's house early in the morning, for his was the nearest. Blackville was busy trimming his garden with a long pair of shears in his hands, though he was never before observed to be so attentive to his garden.

'Hullo! What is this dingy hole here?' cried Sir D—

'It is my stable, sir,' said Blackville.

"Sir D—thereupon remarked that it was rather unhygienic to keep a horse in such a room, and that the S. P. C. A. people would take him to task if they got scent of it. Blackville answered he knew very well everything about his animal, and asked the knight to look through the hole. And in Sir D—looked.

"What now happened is beyond me to tell. One thing is certain—he will never hereafter look through a hole into an unlit room. This was apparently what took place. Sir D—had a long beard. (Mind you, sir, I do not blame the horse; God made it, and therefore let it pass for a horse). The poor emaciated thing mistook the flowing beard to be his daily nutriment and eagerly caught at it. I have never experienced the sensation, but surely it must have been rather unpleasant, for Sir D—tried to free himself by drawing back his head. The horse would never allow such a gross injustice done to it, poor thing, and it clung to the beard as a drowning man clutches at a straw. And then it was a regular tug-of-war between them. Sir D—'s head was like a pendulum bob, oscillating this way and that. Sometimes the horse was victorious, and sometimes Sir D—.* In the frenzy of the tussle, the

horse could not realize its mistake, for he had no time to feel what the beard tasted like. All this while Blackville was quietly standing by, astonished to all appearances and moaning, now and then,—“My horse! My poor horse!” When Sir D—began to feel that his opponent (the horse I mean) was carrying the joke too far, he shouted, “Cut off my beard”, though he found it very difficult to pronounce the labials.

‘But what do you say to my horse, sir? Is it not the strongest? Or do you want it to be stronger? Will you not award me your prize?’ cried Blackville.

‘Yes’, Sir D— hissed out.

‘On your honour?’

“Another hiss from Sir D—, and the thing was settled.

‘Thank God’, said Blackville, ‘He has rewarded me for my pains. I won’t detain you, sir, a moment longer than is necessary. I am sorry that you had to spend so much time here, sir, but the poor animal ought to have a fair chance of showing its prowess.’

“Then he proceeded to relieve Sir D—. The latter’s head was now inside, the horse being momentarily victorious, and Sir D— was leaning forwards. Blackville bided his time till Sir D— had the better of it. Presently the worthy knight pulled his head backwards with a violent effort, and stood leaning backwards, with the horse’s mouth just near the aperture. With lightning rapidity Blackville cut off the beard with his shears, which he had ready in his hand, and down fell Sir D—on his back, the sorriest plight in which a knight had ever been.

‘No harm done, sir?’, said Blackville.

‘No’, answered the other, rubbing his back very hard, and making his departure rather unceremoniously.

“The rest of the drama was acted quickly. Sir D—

made a nominal examination of the other horses. In the evening he came to the village green where we had assembled, and wound up the whole affair very soon. Though now we know everything, at the time we were surprised at two things. One was, how in the world Blackville won the prize. The other was, why Sir D— had clean shaven off his long-cherished beard on that particular day.”

V. GOPINATHAN

On Hypocrites

“**D**UPLICITY,” said my friend A—, “is the one essential and ever-present ingredient in all human nature.” Which cynical and devastating libel on the human race being hotly contested by me, the debate commenced.

You must understand our position before going further. My friend A— and I are inveterate philosophers. Somehow my views on things in general never seemed to fit in with his. The room we share in the Excelsior Hostel is generally always the field of action of a furious word-battle. If you should happen to arrive when we are both at home, you would hear something like this:—

“But can’t you see my point? How on earth can a man state the same truth in—”

“Now you take the case of the black wall that appears white—I mean the white wall that—”

“Now, don’t talk rot, I say! Besides you are interrupting. You can’t even stick to an argument.”

“Oh, righto, go on. But you can’t convince me that way”

“Now, dash it all, what was I saying? Oh, about two truths stated in the same words—no, I mean the same truth stated in two ways . . .” And so forth.

The end of the fracas is usually arrived at by someone rushing frantically in with a fountain pen and an Analytical Geometry clutched desperately in his appealing outstretched hands, and exasperatedly shouting: “Oh, shut up! How can a man work, with two jack-asses cackling rot in the next room?”

This had happened earlier in the night, of which I am writing. We had settled down to work after an inconclusive debate on the possibility of stating the same

truth in two different ways. Ten minutes of comparative silence had followed the indignant protest of our Mathematical neighbour, when A— again broke in with the perfectly absurd statement that all men are hypocrites.

“Now, A—,” I witheringly remarked, “you are either an ass or a—”

“Now wait a minute, old boy. You are always off on those sweeping and personal statements of yours without considering what grounds I have for saying things. Do you think I am a fool?”

“I am afraid to express my candid opinion,” I murmured, and ducked to avoid the book he launched at my head.

When the confusion that followed had at last subsided, he went on.

“How would society get on without hypocrisy? It is the woof and web, the supporting pillar of our life as we live it. Take the case of a man who strolls up to you and says, with a radiant smile:

‘Extremely sorry, my dear chap, that I could not return the five bob you lent me last week. I hope you did not need it?’

‘Oh, no,’ you reply. ‘I did not need it in the least. Don’t mention the subject. Return it when you please!’

“You feel inclined to smash his face, but you accept his cheerful, grinning expressions of deep sorrow.”

“Now, A—” I got in at last, “that is a case in point. You can’t slander the whole race, because it contains a shady character or two.”

“Well, take the case of two Hockey teams. They have been crashing at each other’s skins for the best part of an hour. The game ends. And they lustily cheer their opponents, with the black determination to get them next time rankling in their hearts.”

"But that is another case in point. You cannot generalise on it."

"But how are all scientific laws laid down? A number of cases in point are taken and then generalised upon."

"Now take the case of a chap who says 'Come and have a drink!' to a friend who has to catch a bus and be at Broadway in five minutes. Obviously he is a hypocrite."

"I tell you, old chap, no one can help being a hypocrite. Even the unashamed evil doer, with all his brazen conscience and indifference to public opinion, must pretend to be an honest man. The cat burglar walking home with a bag of stolen jewellery, must pretend, be he never so unashamed of his crime, that it is a bag of honest contents. The staid, sober-looking judge who convicts him, might have a private life that would read like the lurid career of the villain in an Edgar Wallace Novel, but can he shout it aloud from the house-tops? He must remain masked in sobriety—a hypocrite."

"And what can you say of the behaviour of such a laudable character as Goldsmith's *Man in Black*, striking a furious attitude of hard-heartedness with his right hand, while his left lightens his pocket of the last penny to relieve the men whom he loudly accuses of falsehood and vagrancy?"

I wondered when his list of "hypocrites" and hypocritical incidents would come to an end. He went on, and gave me three more. He displayed a seemingly inexhaustible fund of apt and telling illustrations. I had never thought him capable of such polemical agility. He used words and phrases one would expect to find only in a snappy, argumentative magazine article. And knowing him, as I do, to be both hard of understanding, and

halting in the expression of his few meagre ideas, I wondered for a moment if he had suddenly flourished into a budding Demosthenes.

At last he finished. Of course, I was not convinced by his sophistry, and did not hesitate to say so. He assumed an air of hopeless disgust at my pig-headedness, banged the magazine he had been reading down on the table, pages open at the spot where he had left off, and strolled out of the room, whistling.

A suspicion flashed across my mind. I reached for the magazine, and skimmed over what he had just been reading. It was a witty, crisp article entitled *On Hypocrites* in which the Hockey team, the burglar, the judge, and the *Man in Black*—all figured as large as life.

I wrote across the top of the page: "Some men are hypocrites, but you are the whitest of all whited sepulchres!"

He returned shortly after, and read it.

I have not enjoyed the pleasure of a debate with him since.

The Man Who Thinks in the Superlative

I HOLD that the best way of enjoying a conversation is not by taking part in it, but by listening to it. Speech is a manifestation of thought, and all manifestations absorb interest and distract the mind. To be a good spectator, one must be a spectator merely; to be a good listener one must be a listener merely.

It was the other day, when I was putting this theory of mine into practice, that the thought which forms the subject of this paper occurred to me. I had recently been reading a book of Mr. Chesterton's—*A Miscellany of Men*. An essay in the book about "The Man Who Thinks Backwards" had caught my fancy especially. And as my friends were talking, the conversation reminded me of Mr. Chesterton's essay; but I could not say why. As I lay in bed, thinking it over this morning, I found out the reason.

Mr. Chesterton classifies thinkers under two heads in his essay—the man who thinks forward, and the man who thinks backward. I realised, as I lay lazily in bed, that the conversation over-night had suggested two more possible heads—the thinker-in-a-circle, and the man who thinks in the superlative.

Let me explain by choosing an object and illustrating how one can think about it in these four different ways. The poker is as homely an object as it is unoriginal, and will serve my purpose excellently.

The thinker-forward, meditating on a poker, will think probably somewhat like this. "Here is a poker and it is bent. It is bent by stirring the fire and so it

exists because of the fire. The fire exists for man, and man exists, of course, for, and because of, God." This is the logical and sober way of thinking.

But the thinker-backward will not be satisfied with this. He will say generally, "Ha! here is a poker, and it is bent." He will then cudgel his brain and ask himself why it is bent. The answer comes to him—By stirring the fire. "What!" he exclaims indignantly. "Well, then, don't stir the fire and spoil a good poker." "But" you protest mildly, "it is necessary for the comfort of man." "Man?" he enquires in a dazed fashion. "Abolish man and save a good poker." This kind of topsy-turvydom, if less marked in actuality than above, is still very common.

These illustrations are given by Mr. Chesterton in his essay. I have discovered two more ways in which people (at least some I happen to know) think.

The thinker-in-a-circle, for example, will say to himself while speculating on the poker, "The poker exists for the fire, and the fire—" He will not go further than his poker and his fire, but will come back to the original thought. "The fire," he concludes brilliantly, "of course, exists to be poked." This cyclic thought, leading the thinker no further than where he originally was, I call thinking-in-a-circle.

Now, we come to the thinker-superlative. He will argue thus about the poker. "The poker?" says he enthusiastically "what that most noble instrument on this most blessed earth—earth—earth!" His voice trails off in an ecstasy of exaggeration.

This person is principally a non-thinker. For thinking is adding to one's thoughts. Our thinker-superlative does not add to his thoughts: he merely expands them. Not a sensible or useful expansion, mind you, but simply a stringing together of meaningless phrases and adjectives.

tives. All his views are exaggerated. To him a pen-knife is "that mighty weapon" and a potato "that artistically unfinished sphere." A day will never be fine to him, but "most topping," a book is never interesting simply, but "marvellous" or "wonderful." He never thinks of a thing, but thinks of it in superlative adjectives and in exaggerated phrases.

But one must not suppose this point of view of the thinker-superlative to be the outcome of an extraordinary imagination. It is only the outcome of exaggeration. For imagination is breadth of vision; it is the ability to take in all that relates to a subject in one comprehensive glance. On the other hand, the defect of thinking in the superlative is mainly due to narrowness of vision. So narrow are the thinker's mind and his judgement, that when he thinks of an object, it absorbs all his attention and dominates it to the exclusion of all other things. There is no place in his thoughts for more than one thing at a time. When he comes to speculate on the poker, he does so without any sense of proportion; for the poker when it comes into the horizon of his thought, completely fills it.

This sort of thinking in the superlative—I repeat the phrase for lack of a more expressive one—is often mistaken for enthusiasm. But it is no more enthusiasm than it is imagination. For enthusiasm is favourable comparison, and comparison implies a breadth of vision which is entirely absent in the thinker-superlative.

Now that I have explained what I mean by a thinker-superlative, let me come to the point. It is one of the boasts of modern education that it enlarges the mind and imparts liberality of judgment. If it fails to fulfil what is professedly its aim, it fails to justify its existence. Every indication of the absence of these

qualities in persons who are brought up under this system is proof positive that it has failed to justify its existence. Such a proof is afforded in abundance when a thinker-superlative voices his thoughts.

R. THIRUVENKATACHARI

Examination Complex

(A Short Story)

IYAH Kannu was a student of the P.....College. His father, a rich 'mirasdar,' presented him with a brand-new motor car for his birthday. Iyah learnt to drive it at the small cost of two indented mudguards.

One day his chum, Cyril Fiske, paid him a visit and Iyah gave him an exhibition of his skill. So sure was the eye and so steady the hand that guided the car, that Iyah would cut in between a tram and a bus with just the proverbial coat of paint to spare. The drive over, Cyril asked, "Got your driving-license, old chap?" and, on getting a negative answer, Cyril continued, "You must get one, I say. You drive so well that you are bound to pass the exam. easily."

"What, is there an exam?" said Iyah, and cold drops of perspiration stood on his forehead.

There are many types of complexes in this world and Iyah Kannu's was 'examination' complex. Our hero was well informed in all subjects, and in conversation, few of his friends could excel him. But, given an examination paper, he was lost. To enumerate even a few of his blunders would require whole volumes. He is once said to have written, "William the conqueror fell down while hunting in the New Forest, and was wounded in the Feudal System, as a result of which he died!" It was the secret wonder of his friends how he got through his S.S.L.C. at all. Therefore it is not surprising that at the dreaded mention of an examination he shivered.

But the law is adamant, and the Police are an un-

sympathetic lot. And one day Iyah Kannu had to take his car to the Police Head Quarters. The License Inspector got in, and Iyah managed to drive the car to the public road, while a trail of broken flower-pots and uprooted plants marked his progress through the police compound.

"Reverse," said the Inspector. Immediately the car flew backward at about 30 miles an hour, just missed a lamp post, got on to the kerb, and somehow stopped not half a foot away from a gentleman with sandy hair and a 'cow-catcher' type of moustaches. This gentleman, who happened to be a retired colonel, began cursing Iyah in some six languages, while his moustaches quivered as though in sympathy.

"Sorry, sir," said the Inspector to Iyah, "but you will have to get more practice. Hope you will call again in a week." Our hero regretfully saw the Inspector disappear round the corner and, O irony of Fate, he drove the car back home as efficiently as though he had been born at the wheel.

A week later Iyah took the car back again to the Head Quarters, and again the Inspector got in. All went well till the Inspector asked him to stop. In his hurry Iyah Kannu mistook the accelerator for the brake pedal and stepped on it, and the result was the exact opposite of what the Inspector desired. They roared along, and the outlook was gloomy indeed. The Inspector thought of his wife and children, and was glad he had insured his life. At last the car stopped. The Inspector jumped down and asked Iyah Kannu to call again in a fortnight, hoping to be in the midst of his holidays by then.

Iyah betook himself to his old friend, Cyril Fiske, and unburdened to him his heavy heart. They discussed various ways and means, and at last Cyril said, "Say, old man, why not take a drop of wine, before you go next

to the Inspector?" There dawned on the face of our hero a light of gratitude, and gripping the hand of his friend, he said that he would follow up the suggestion.

The Michaelmas holidays came on at this time, and our friends did not meet for a month. On his return, Cyril went to Iyah's house, and the latter eagerly took him to the garage. "Got your driving-license now, I see," said Cyril.

The doors were opened, and there were tiers on tiers of glittering bottles all filled with spirits. "W... What!" spluttered Cyril, hardly able to believe his eyes.

Iyah smiled knowingly and said, "I sold the car and have bought these, and I've not tasted water since the day you tipped me off about spirits."

C. R. R.

The Amateur Sportsman

Young Subramaniam, C. S. V.,
Of Presidency College,
A lusty sportsman planned to be,
Nor merely seek for knowledge.

"Play Hockey? Football? Cricket?" "Yes!"
And blithely would he say it,
And skill in every game profess,
Until he came to play it.

His first attempts at Hockey scared
The Captain, gave him fits :
Fell many a valiant lad who dared
His parabolic hits.

"Good Lord!" one howled, "For Heaven's sake!
"I wish you would not grin,
"When every time you hit, you take
"A piece out of my shin!"

In Footer everything is vim :
And so our hero's passes
Went hurtling in so true and trim,
They smashed the referee's glasses.

Undaunted, to the nets he strode
And said, "Well, this is fine!
"These pads and gloves—they must afford
"Protection. Here I'll shine!"

He blocked a couple with great care,
 Then thought, "I'll have a crack."
 He lashed out wildly in mid-air
 And got it in the back.

"These dangerous sports will never do,
 "Where accidents are rife :
 "I'll take to Tennis with a view
 "To safety and my life."

The lightning service made him blink,
 The balls around did fly.
 Before he had a chance to think
 He had one in his eye.

With book in hand you'll see him now
 Each evening on the beach,
 Pacing the sands with placid brow
 Far out of danger's reach.

"R. A. St. C."

The Lost Necklace

(Or Sherlock Holmes Diluted)

AFTER breakfast, I went to my friend Sitaram's house and was talking to him about his recent visit to the Kodai Hills. The clock in the room chimed ten. Hardly had the sound stopped when we heard the telephone bell ring.

My friend took the instrument in his hands and cried. "Hullo!.....yes, it is to him that you are speaking.....no, may I know to whom I am talking?.....In broad daylight, was it?.....Yes, I shall come presentlythank you."

Then placing the receiver on the table, he turned to me. "What is it, old chap?" I inquired.

"Do you know Mr. Gopalakrishna of the Saraswathi Bhavan?" he began, helping himself into his dress. "A necklace has been lost, not an hour ago, in his house. His car will be coming to take us there."

We heard presently the noise of a car coming up and stopping just in front of the house. We went down in a moment and entered it. The chauffeur, who held the door open for us, closed it and took his seat at the wheel.

A ten minutes' ride brought us to our destination, and we drove up to the house along a gravel road about twenty yards long in a garden of roses and jasmine whose perfume greeted our nostrils as we went along. The car came to a standstill and we got down.

Mr. Gopalakrishna himself was at the door to welcome us. We went into the drawing-room and sat down. After the formal greetings were over, Sitaram

said, "Well, sir, we must get to the business straight away. I should be glad to have a clear account of the mysterious disappearance of the pearl necklace."

Mr. Gopu replied, "Today, you know, is Friday, and my wife went to take her oil-bath, as usual. She took off the necklace that she was wearing and placed it on a stool in the verandah, opposite to the bath-room. Of course, she bathed with the doors closed. Half an hour later, she came back to take it and found it missing. She searched for the jewel everywhere but could not find it. Nobody had been in that portion of the house then, excepting herself and the cook. The cook is a person who can be quite trusted. She has been in my service for the past ten years, and I can bear testimony to her excellent character."

My friend said: "I hope you will have no objection to my having interviews with your wife and the cook. And I think it necessary for me to see the place where the lady placed the necklace, before going any further."

"You are welcome to do whatever you like. Will you please come with me?" So saying, he rose and led us to the dining room.

The dining room was a spacious hall, and it had two other doors on the opposite side. One of these opened into a verandah. The other led into the kitchen. Beyond the verandah was a courtyard, and, bordering on the courtyard was another verandah which led into the bath-room. The wall separating the courtyard and the garden was high and a ladder was left leaning against it. On the other side of it was the garden. Almost touching the wall and rising above it was seen a branch of a mango tree. One or two monkeys were visible among the foliage. The stool on which the necklace was left was still in the same

position, and besides the stool was a tray on the floor. It contained rice some of which was seen scattered on the brick flooring. My friend examined the place thoroughly. Then he desired to have interviews with the cook and the lady of the house.

Soon we were introduced to a young lady of about twenty-five wearing rimless spectacles and a fine Karachi silk sari.

She said, "Mr. Sitaram, I am glad to see you. I will answer any question that you may put to me."

"Madam, will you please tell us exactly what happened?"

"Before going to bathe, I took off the necklace and placed it here. It consisted of fifty-six beautifully shaped pearls. I returned after bath; it was only half an hour; and I found it missing. I left no possible place unsearched, but all was in vain."

"Where was the cook when you were bathing?"

"In the kitchen. She did not at all come out while I was in the bath-room."

"Will you please tell me how you know that she has not been here?"

"I believe her words, every word of it. It was she who told me."

"Had any one else been there?"

"No."

"Thank you. I want to ask the cook certain questions."

The cook then came and presented herself.

"Madam," asked Sitaram, "was the tray of rice there even before Mrs. Gopalakrishna went to bathe?"

"Yes, sir. It was. In helping the lady to search for the necklace I did not notice it, and I had no time to collect the scattered rice."

"When your mistress went to bathe, can you say whether the rice was scattered?"

"No," was the reply, and her mistress confirmed it.

"That will do. Thank you," said he. Then turning to Mr. Gopu he suggested, "Shall we go into the garden?"

We went into the garden, and my friend examined the ground, which was wet on account of a shower that morning. But nothing was to be seen there. My friend promised to communicate the results as early as he could, and we took leave of Mr. Gopu.

At the gate Sitaram asked the gatekeeper whether any visitor had called that morning. The answer was in the negative. Then we left the house.

The same evening my friend and I were out for a walk as early as five. The sun was still hot, as it was the middle of summer, and it was an hour and a half before sunset. Sitaram had taken with him a binocular and also a loaded pistol. I did not know why. His reply to my query was that I would know it by and by when things developed.

We walked towards the tank, two miles to the west of the town, at an ordinary pace. During the walk we were quite silent. We reached the tank, and my friend broke the silence.

"We shall sit on the bank itself so that we may have a clear view of the surroundings."

Without answering I sat down, and he followed suit. Near by, there was a grove which was the abode of monkeys that infested our town.

Some ten minutes passed in complete silence. Then Sitaram took his binocular and, using it, began to look in the direction of the grove. He did not take the instrument off his eyes for some time. I could see monkeys returning to their place of rest.

The sun was about to set. A cry from my friend! The next moment he was on his feet, and fired the pistol twice. Before I could recover from my surprise, Sitaram ran in the direction of the grove, and I mechanically followed him. He stopped in the grove, bent down and picked up the dead body of a poor monkey with two bullets in its head. What was my surprise when I saw a pearl necklace round its neck! A beautiful one, all the pearls quite spherical, of the same size, and perfectly white in colour! There were fifty-six of them indeed! I was dumb-founded.

We returned home with the necklace. The moment he was within the four walls of his room, my friend rang up Mr. Gopu and invited him for supper without informing him of the latest incident. The invitation was promptly accepted. In a quarter of an hour we were having Mr. Gopalakrishna in the room seated in a chair.

"Mr. Gopu," began Sitaram, "it is a queer case, this of yours."

"How do you mean? Have you solved the mystery?" enquired our guest.

"Yes. But the pity is the culprit did not know the real value of the necklace."

"What? Did not know the value of a pearl necklace?" exclaimed Mr. Gopalakrishna.

"No, sir, the thief did not."

"It is improbable. Sir, if you want to shield him for some reasons of your own, be frank and tell me so. You need not mention who he is."

"But the culprit has departed from this world, only an hour ago."

"How was it?"

My friend produced his pistol and Mr. Gopalakrishna found two of the bullets discharged.

"The two bullets have taken him away, sir" said Sitaram.

"Who was it?" was the eager question.

"Our ancestor."

"Ancestor! What do you mean? I don't get at you."

"Theory of evol..."

"Monkey?"

We both nodded ascent. Mr. Gopalakrishna was quite surprised. Sitaram then presented the necklace to him. At this moment we were called in for supper.

After supper we asked him the reason or reasons why he concluded that it was only a monkey that stole the necklace. My friend explained: "I observed the rice scattered on the floor, and it was only after the lady's going to bathe that it was scattered. There were clear signs in the rice in the tray that it had been scattered by a hand. Also there were a few grains of rice by the side of the ladder in the court yard. If anybody had come from the garden, the ladder should have been the easiest way. And the person should have come only from the garden. So, most probably, the thief had stolen the necklace and in the hurry scattered the rice. And the sight of the monkeys made me think of the probability of a monkey having come there, when the lady was bathing. It might have come with the purpose of eating the rice, and could have taken the jewel away without any idea as to what it should do with it. Of course, a man might have also come. But the garden showed clearly that nobody had been there. Moreover, to get into the garden by leaping over the wall would have aroused suspicion, for the roads on the southern and western sides of the garden are always busy. Nobody could have come from the east, for there are houses on that side. So, there was left only the gate. The gate-

man's answer confirmed my idea. The rest was easy. Monkeys always imitate men. And so I expected the thief to wear the jewel round his neck, and I was right."

S. R.

Mr. Pickwick finds a Worthy Biographer

[An extract from a new biography of Samuel Pickwick.]

“THE Pickwickian friends, after the sporting lagomachy of Mr. Pickwick with the cab-driver, became acquainted with a way-faring alien, Jingle by name, whose exiguous frame and attenuated limbs, draped in shabby-genteel taffetta coat and collars, cut a preposterous, though pleasant, figure. His queer and quaint mode of talk, consisting of a bizarre group of stenographic and syncopated words, insinuated slyly the levity of his disposition and the juvenility of his thought and temper.

With their newly gained *ami*, the Pickwickians winged their way, straight as a crow flies, to the dainty but dismal town of Rochester, the first halting-place of their perambulatory peregrination. Pickwick, who had a fine sense and subtlety for appreciation and admiration, and whose nasute scent never failed him in understanding at once the fads, fashions and fripperies that flourished in any particular spot, noted down in the hecatontome of his diary that the principal productions of Rochester seemed to be soldiers, sailors, Jews, chinks and shrimps.

Jingle met them at the inn the next morning, punctual as a chanticleer, as the harbinger of dawn heralds Phoebus's diurnal ride. Water and brandy, with other tasty and toothsome dishes, were peremptorily ordered and the simian rapidity with which the worthy commensals engorged the contents bore ample testimony to their rich and rapacious appetite. In the interview ensuing, the waiter apprised them of the fact that preparations were being made for a grand ball for the benefit of charity. Mr. Tracy Tupman, one of the immortal

quartette, who to the varied sapience and vast experience of years added the volatile and vapid enthusiasm and ardour of an adolescent youngster in that most interesting, yet not impeccable, crime—love, was on tenterhooks to visit the ball and view, with gloating luxury of imagination, the diverse types of beauteous belles—whether blonde, brunette or anything else. But the stoic apathy and composure of the philosophic Pickwick, the poetic raptures and ravishments of Snodgrass, who had an insatiate and inherent thirst for the pure and undefiled wells of the Heliconian mount, famed as the Muses' bower, and the clammy silence and *sang-froid* of Winkle were so many benumbing blasts that blighted at once his airy and Alnaschar dreams. The enchanted garden of the meretricious Alcina he was not destined to visit.

But with an obduracy of heart that would have graced Shylock, he *sub rosa* set about machinating and warming himself into the confidence of Jingle, who, all agog for puerile pursuits of passion and pleasantries, prepared his ground. With Jingle disguised in the blue coat of Winkle, he attended the ball and gaily disposed himself on the fugacious and fleeting Circean pleasures. Gentlemen of the upper ten thousand, fashionable gentry and the big guns of the place, in all their splendour, attired *en grand tenue*, thronged in the room. As the chapter of accidents would have it, Jingle with his artful *naivete* managed to dance the quadrille with Mrs. Budger, whose affections a certain Dr. Slammer had thought himself enjoying wholly. This spectacle gave the spleen to the doctor who himself had given the *adsum* to the roll call of the assembled; with a tigerish fury the doctor demanded an *amende honorable* from Jingle, but his *amour propre* would not deign to give it.

Early next morning Dr. Payne, friend of Slammer,

with skilful and sleuthy inquiries pitched upon Winkle, whose dress Jingle wore the day previous, and called him to a duel with his friend at Fort Pitt. Winkle, compared with whom Bob Acres should be deemed a Caesar or a Charlemagne, thought the last day of judgment had come. But, unwilling to taint his honour, he accepted the honour with both hands, and, seconded by Snodgrass on whom he had imposed the strictest and sepulchral silence about the affair, met the party at the trysting place punctual to the minute. Preliminaries arranged and distance measured, Winkle closed his eyes in sheer affright to face the fiend of Death, while Snodgrass, who had promised to keep the secret hermetically closed, quivered in his boots. But, to the utter and unspeakable wonder of all, when Slammer appeared, he looked at Winkle and declared determinedly that he was not the man in question. An apology was offered, and the two friends retired thanking their natal stars.

Early next morning, while the Pickwickians were rollicking in mirth with Jingle, the doctor, along with his friends, Payne and Lieutenant Tappleton, made his appearance. No sooner did he descry the dismal figure of Jingle than he understood the author and father of the outrage, and when Winkle had lighted up the obscure points of the baffling mystery focussing round the *affaire de coeur*, his anger abated. He retired aiming this Parthian shot at the members of the Pickwick Club that they should be wary in selecting their comrades, and the choleric Payne gave expression to a few pungent and peppery words and a few remarks more biting than Zeno's, at which the phlegmatic Pickwick boiled up into a feverish frenzy of rage, deaf as the sea, hasty as fire, but his *misus* to flagellate the calumniator was frustrated by the *impedimenta* offered by his friends."

With Frogs

IT is three years since I entered the laboratory of the Zoology department in the P—College, as a student the J—I—class. On the first day of my practical Zoology, my class mates and I were all ushered into a spacious sea-side hall, with varnished tables and stools. We took our seats mutely, and soon afterwards the professor entered the laboratory.

In front of each student lay a small wooden board (the function of which I came to know later on), a tin tray and a few knives and scissors. I was rather uneasy at the sight of the knives and scissors! What dangerous operations we were going to perform I could not guess.

While thus I sat pondering over a thousand and one things concerning the knives and scissors, a man in a dhoti and a khaki shirt entered the laboratory, carrying what appeared to be a large pickle-jar. But, as it was certainly not the place for mango pickles or guava jellies, I dismissed all thoughts about the jar, and went back to the absorbing theme of knives and scissors. While occupied in this manner, I was suddenly taken aback by something falling plump right in front of me. The first sight of the object drove me a couple of feet away from the table. However I reluctantly returned, for fear of offending the laboratory deities, and was greatly relieved to find that after all it was a dead frog of uncommon size! I approached the specimen rather nervously and with a sickening abhorrence.

Then the sonorous voice of the professor was heard; and he was giving orders that we should 'carefully note

the external features of the frog supplied.' I looked at the frog (of course, from a safe distance) then at the professor, again at the frog, then at the demonstrator and back again at the frog. The dirty black colour, the long fantastic legs, the folded sinewy arms, the flat triangular head, the eyes bulging out of their sockets and the wide mouth grinning from side to side presented a ridiculous appearance that seemed to mimic the ghost in Dickens's "Story of the Goblins who stole a Sexton." This similarity struck a new terror into my heart. What would be my condition, if the frog's ghost should haunt me in my sleep?

With this ridiculous and rather unpleasant association of ideas, I looked back at the smiling face of the demonstrator. Guessing my trouble, he came to my aid. Coming near me, he straightway took the frog in his hands without the slightest hesitation, as if it were no more than a fresh banana. He then explained something to me, of which I have not got the least idea now, for even at that time what he said was very vague in my mind, since, all the time he was speaking to me earnestly, I was thinking how bold and skilful he should be to hold the frog in his hand so calmly.

After the example was set by him, I thought it was not right on my part to show any more signs of detestation towards the object before me. With the intention of doing as he did I cautiously approached the frog placed on the board. At that moment a puff of wind made my olfactory nerves experience to the fullest degree the real nature of the froggy odour! And the chloroform, with which the frog had been killed, added not a little to the effect. However, within those walls, where many a better man had handled nastier things, I dared not show any aversion to a frog.

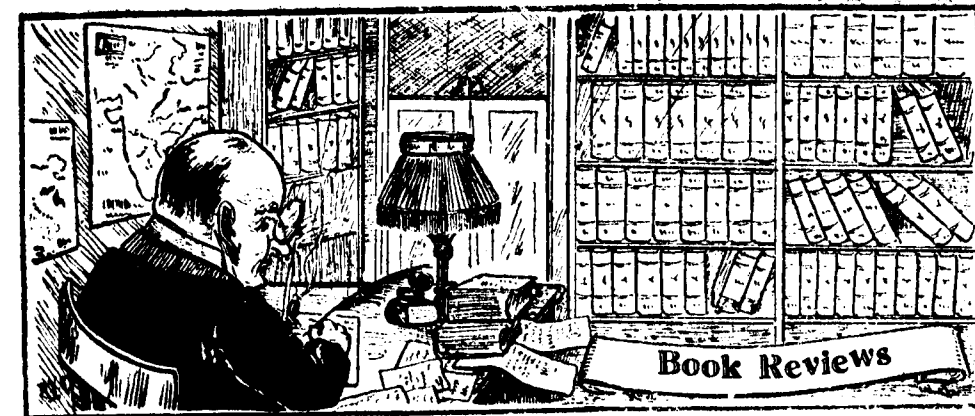
I forced myself to take it in my hands, and, as they called it, 'examine' it. I looked at it in front, it was ghastly; from behind, equally ghastly; from above, ghastly; from below, ghastly; from its sides, ghastly again. I was piqued and dazed. 'Look, look, look' was the professor's order. I stared and stared, and saw only the repulsive frog stretched in front of me, with stiffened and curiously contorted legs, like a corpse in the Madras mortuary. But 'look again, look again' the chorus rang. I looked more closely. Yes, I could see the prominent eyes and the broad mouth, not to mention the four legs. Within a minute I saw all that could be seen. But I was told that there was more to be seen. I gazed at my mute companion, and found two oval patches just behind the eyes. I learnt that these were the creature's ears. Looking again, I found the transparent movable lower eyelid, the almost immovable upper eyelid, and the nostrils placed on the snout. There was no tail. The feet were webbed like those of a duck, and I was informed that this was a 'functional adaptation.' When, finally, I took a piece of paper and pencil, and began to draw the specimen, several more things were revealed about the frog, which I had neither known nor thought about till then.

The College bell announced the end of the hour. My unique experience in the laboratory came to a close. I could not conceal how glad I was to get out of that horrible place. Reaching home, I was not a little annoyed when I discovered that no amount of soap or scent could remove the odour which haunted me like a shadow!

In the course of my first year, I had several occasions to meet with a good many frogs in the same precincts, and the once disgusting odour gradually became a pleasant perfume. Little by little I was completely cured of

my aversion to the harmless frog, and whenever I saw a frog hopping about in the open fields I would say within myself, 'There my laboratory friend comes along.' And now, after three years, I can proudly say that I am quite proof against Frog Fears!

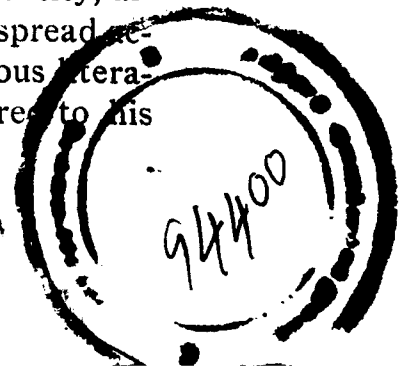
JAMES D. CHELLIAH



"A PRIMER OF HINDUISM"—By D. S. Sarma (Macmillan & Co.) Price Re. 1

THE thoughtful section of the public will welcome a new book by Mr. Sarma whose "Introduction to the Bhagavad Gita" was well received. The new "Primer" covers a wider ground than either of the two earlier works by the same author, and as such it cannot fail to evoke a considerable degree of interest among those who still feel any interest in things of the spirit.

Mr. Sarma concludes his "preface" with the observation that this new book ought not to present any difficulty to the average Hindu child, because its main ideas are those "with which every Hindu child is more or less familiar." This is certainly true, to a certain extent, of the Hindu child; but it is a problem for statistics to estimate the number of such "Hindu" children who have managed to survive the soulless and godless system of education which we have been forcing down their throats. I would remind the author that the "Hindu child" is getting to be more and more a hypothetical entity, although one hopes that, with the advent and wide-spread acceptance of elementary philosophical and religious literature, the modern child will be gradually restored to his



ancient inheritance. In the meantime, the student who is entering for the first time on a study of our sacred and philosophical literature needs to be warned that the book under review takes a great deal for granted. It presupposes in its readers a certain acquaintance with the central doctrines of Hindu religious philosophy in a preliminary way—a qualification without which it is impossible to appreciate the value of this book as a condensed synthesis of all that is essential and good in the teaching of our sacred literature. I do not know what considerations led the author to call his book by such an unostentatious title as 'A Primer.' If brevity of expression is the constitutive feature of a "primer," this book is certainly one; for in no other book on Hinduism has so much matter been compressed into so little space. There is no repetition, no digression, and little illustration. A perusal of the first chapter which enumerates the sources from which the author has drawn his materials will effectively disillusion any one who enters on its pages with the idea of finding in it a mere introduction to the bare outlines of Hinduism.

The author has attempted in this book to state all the main doctrines of our faith and our philosophy, not in the historic isolation of their genesis, but in their organic unity and logical interdependence. He has tried to show that Hinduism is not a mere code of ethics, nor an inventory of effete and superseded dogma, but a living and growing body of wisdom impersonal and eternal. The author's conception of individual human life and history as the evolution of the Spirit as the "progressive conquest of Atman over Anatman"—is in complete harmony with the synthetic view of Sankara who focusses in his life and works all that is best in Hindu philosophy and culture. This "objectification of

the spirit,"—to use a Hegelian phrase—this conquest of Atman over Anatman is analysed into three 'stages' or "ascents"—Karma, Bhakti, and Jnana. This insistence on the continuity of the whole process of liberation, beginning with "moral discipline," passing through "mental illumination" and ending with "spiritual vision," will not fail to satisfy even the most orthodox interpreter of Hindu scriptures. Indeed, the book faithfully follows the teaching of original Hindu scriptures, and, except in one or two respects, attempts no innovation. To admit this is not to say that the book shows no originality. The connected and systematic treatment of the manifold and often not easily reconcilable teachings of the different parts of our sacred literature is in itself a sufficient feat of originality. Ours is an old world; and perhaps our religion is the oldest living thing in it. It has engaged the attention and engrossed the interest of many generations of scholars; and to say anything altogether new is naturally impossible.

In a brief review like this it is not possible to state anything more than the bare outlines of the central doctrines touched upon by the book. I shall set forth the substance of the argument mainly in the words of the book itself:

"The authority of Hinduism is eternal Truth itself to which every man's spiritual experience can bear witness." "Truth revealed itself in this land through the minds of great Rishis. And this revelation is embodied in the Sruti." "Sruti is, of course, the primary authority. But we have a number of secondary authorities based on the Sruti—the Smritis, the Itihasas, the Puranas, the Agamas and the Darsanas." "The Veda is the main source. It is the fountain-head of all Indian culture. Its rituals and sacrifices lead to Karma

Mimamsa. Its upasanas lead to the bhakti-doctrine. Its philosophical speculations lead to Vedanta. Its metaphysical disquisitions lead to the logic of the Nyaya. Its accounts of creation lead to Samkhya. Its descriptions of religious ecstasy lead to Yoga. Its conception of the cosmic law of Rita leads to that of the moral law of Karma. And its kings and rishis are the starting points of our Itihasas and Puranas. We may even say that its occasional protests against sacrifices lead to Buddhism and Jainism. Thus all our secondary scriptures namely the Smritis, the Itihasas, the Puranas, the Agamas and the Darsanas only develop this or that aspect of the Veda."

This point—the continuity and unity of Hindu Philosophy and Religion—is throughout insisted upon by the author. And as the natural result of such an outlook, Mr. Sarma defines Hinduism as a "League of Religions" rather than as a religion, because "in its comprehensive and tolerant fold we find all types of religion from the highest to the lowest". This does not mean that Hinduism is a heap of unequal matter—partly animistic, partly polytheistic, partly theistic, and partly monistic. It means that the whole of our sacred literature is leavened by the same spirit, is permeated by the same insight into our various and varying spiritual needs, and actuated by the single aim of making man "a perfect spirit like God."

The different moksha margas are not, therefore, as the author rightly observes, to be looked upon as *rival* modes of liberation, not even as merely complementary methods in the sense of supplementing one another simultaneously. Rather, they are aspects or "moments" of a single, spiritual process whose separateness is the result only of abstraction. The first stage of

spiritual progress is characterised by man's complete identification of his whole spiritual being with his community—the point of view which Mr. Bradley calls that of "my station and its duties." Even this is a real "ascent" from our "natural" condition, because it is the highest water mark of purely ethical achievement. But we cannot all be "saved" *en masse*. Our redemption, when it comes, comes to each one of us separately according to the 'adhikara,' of each, according to the measure of light vouchsafed to each.

Dharma is essentially a social achievement, but if we stop with Dharma we cannot be saved. We must rise to a higher 'level' and continue on the soul's pilgrimage, alone and often amidst danger and darkness. In the words of the book, "The first ascent is in society. But when the summit is reached and the second ascent begins, the voice of humanity dies away in the rear." In this stage of our journey Bhakti is our guide. 'Upasana' is the expression of this spiritual attitude, and we should not decline any help that we can get from anyone or anything—not even the worship of God through idols.

And this brings us in its turn to the final stage. Worship is riddled with an internal discrepancy; for "it must be admitted that all worship is at bottom idol worship. Every form with which we invest the Formless is an idol." Therefore, religion in order to fulfil its intrinsic mission has to transcend itself—transcend its bare symbolism—and lose itself in something higher. This "third ascent," the author observes, is not for all in the course of a single life. It is the highest flight of the spirit and is not to be attempted until we are "qualified" Man should not "leave his post of duty *unless* he feels a higher call." The "third ascent" is the final synthesis of spiritual

attainment. Jnana is "both knowledge of, and life in, God.

This part of the book--the final chapter--is naturally the most difficult owing to the intrinsic difficulty of the subject matter with which it deals. It brings to a focus the whole teaching of Hindu philosophy and religion. It co-ordinates Karma and Bhakti, subordinates both to Jnana, and explains in simple language the meaning of Moksha in its positive aspect. The author rightly represents the Advaitism of Sankara as the culmination of the process of philosophic speculation contained in the Upanishads. The whole book really rests on the assumption--if it is nothing more than an assumption--that the entire body of Hindu philosophical and religious literature is a unity.

The author supplements his third "ascent" by a brief exposition of the essential doctrines of Ramanuja and Madhva, and shows how their systems differ from that of Sankara. And finally he enumerates the essentials of Hinduism common to all schools and sects.

In spite of its essential orthodoxy, the book is permeated by a spirit of reform which we have come to associate with "Modernism"--whether in philosophy, religion, or science. The author carries the implications of the inherent spirit of liberalism and comprehensiveness of Vedanta a step further when he speaks of Buddha as an "Avatar," and of Avatars as not being confined to India, and when he says that Hinduism "makes converts." It is indeed true that there is no religion on earth more tolerant of differences than Hinduism, more keenly alive to the fundamental unity and spiritual kinship of the whole human race; and the logical outcome of the central doctrines of Hinduism must be to admit the possibility of Avatars, *whenever and*

wherever the embodied presence of God among men is rendered necessary by the decay of Dharma. But, historically speaking, it seems not quite correct to say that, except in moments of exceptional spiritual insight, our religious authorities--the Smritis in particular--allowed any room for a liberalism of the kind which, our author rightly contends, is at once the logical pre-supposition and the spiritual function of the main tendency of our sacred literature.

The author's exposition of the meaning of Dharma, the doctrine of Karma in its two fold aspects of necessity and moral freedom, and the three classical theories of creation, deserve very special mention as being singularly lucid. I should not have thought it possible to explain such matters of moment and intricacy to an interlocutor who--heir as she is to the spiritual heritage of her country--must be subject to the limitations of the juvenile mind. And yet, when one reads through this part of the book, one feels that these intrinsically difficult problems are handled in a manner and conveyed in a language altogether within the comprehension of any average girl that is at all curious to know the meaning of her spiritual traditions.

This brings me to a point which I wish to emphasize. I would urge every man or woman who is really interested in the upbringing of the rising generation to place this little volume in the hands of the young ones--not necessarily in its English garb, but in a good translation. Since our vernaculars are rich in philosophic terms there ought to be no serious difficulty in translating this "compendium" of Hindu Philosophy and Religion into the different vernaculars. Such a proceeding will undoubtedly further the real aim of education.

I shall now bring to a close this brief review of a

book which I wish everyone should know at first hand, and not through the medium of a press notice which, however just and elaborate, is not meant to serve as a substitute. But, before I do so, I wish to say how very much the elaborate and thoughtful Appendix enhances the value of this little book, although it is not essential to the argument. Indeed, the Appendix furnishes sufficient material for another book if the author could be persuaded to write it.

I. N. MENON



College Notes

IN a Government College like ours we generally have a number of transfers among the members of the staff at the beginning of every academic year. This year the number is rather large.

First and foremost, from the point of view of this magazine, is the transfer of Mr. S. E. Ranganathan, its first Editor. He was first appointed Principal, Kumbakonam College, and subsequently made the Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University. We most heartily congratulate Mr. Ranganathan on his new appointment. We feel that a better choice could not have been made. A man of wide experience in academic matters, of acute intellect, boundless patience, remarkable sanity, and natural goodness of heart, Mr. Ranganathan is exactly the kind of person required to guide the steps of an infant University.

It is unnecessary for us to dwell on the many-sided activities of Mr. Ranganathan during his long connection with the Presidency College. They are too well known. The present Editor had occasion, at the end of the last term, to say what he felt on the subject and add his feeble voice to the general chorus of praise. He would now therefore take this opportunity to appeal to

all the members of the staff, senior and junior, and to all the students of the college, past and present, to co-operate with him and help him, so that his term of office might not become too great a failure. He would appeal to the present students especially and request them to send regular contributions and, in doing so, to follow strictly the instructions printed elsewhere. For this magazine is not a learned magazine, but mainly a students' magazine which affords them opportunities to express their thoughts and feelings, and provides a training ground, as it were, for future politicians, authors, journalists and penny-aliners. Moreover it is intended to be a connecting link between the past and the present students. Many of the past students of our college have distinguished themselves in various walks of life. And any information about them or their achievements should be of the greatest interest to the present students, and would therefore be welcomed and gladly published in this magazine. There are a number of our old students overseas. If they could send us regular contributions regarding themselves or their friends in European or American Universities, they would be doing a real service to their old Alma Mater. A special appeal to this effect is being sent to our old students who are at present in foreign Universities and whose addresses are available. We hope that they will readily respond to it.

To return to the other changes in the staff. In the English Department the place of Mr. Ranganathan has been taken by Mr. Aiyappan Pillai. Mr. V. Venugopala Aiyangar has been transferred to Coimbatore, and his place has been taken by Mr. M. Sreemanbothar. Mr. I. S. Peter has returned from leave and consequently Mr. Kedari Rao has been transferred to Kumbakonam. In the Department of Mathematics Dr. S. R. U. Savoor has been appointed Principal, Kumbakonam College, and his place

has been taken by Mr. T. Suryanarayana. In the Department of Chemistry Mr. W. E. Smith went on leave and Mr. M. Damodara Kini has been appointed Additional Professor. In the Department of Zoology Mr. R. Gopala Aiyar, and in the Department of Sanskrit Mr. P. P. S. Sastri have been appointed Additional Professors. And, lastly, in the Philosophy Department, Mr. A. Chakravarti has been appointed Principal, Rajahmundry College and Mr. I. Narayana Menon has taken his place. Messrs. Nagaraja Sarma and S. Rama Ayar have been transferred to Mangalore and Palghat respectively, and Messrs. T. V. Seshagiri Rao Naidu and P. Sankaranarayanan have been appointed in their places.

The Presidency College Hostel

Our hostel reopened this year on the 1st July. There was a fall in the admissions. There are now only forty members, instead of fifty or fifty-four we used to have. Of course, the more the merrier; but the less the better cheer.

The hostel activities began with the resumption of the Gita classes on Sunday mornings. These classes form a unique feature of our Hostel, and we are sure they will be a valuable asset to all of us in later-life. In this connection we have to record that our Superintendent held a special religious class on the 12th August—the day on which his new Primer of Hinduism was published. He distributed copies of the book to all of us, explained the significance of the three ascents described therein and exhorted us to read it carefully since it contained in a nut-shell all the principles of Hinduism. He said that hereafter there could be no excuse for Hindu students remaining ignorant of their own religion.

The inaugural address of the Literary Society of our hostel was delivered by Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar. Among other things, he emphasised in eloquent but simple language, the value of learning Hindi—the lingua franca of Northern India. The members of the Hostel immediately responded to his appeal and joined the Hindi class in large numbers. We are now having regular classes twice a week, and the attendance is good. He also spoke at length on the evils of smoking and other bad habits among students. But we do not think that this appeal of his has met with such a ready response as his appeal to learn Hindi.

On Friday the 16th August we were at home to the new graduates and the function was short and sweet. Speeches were made on behalf of the present students by T. R. Parthasarathy and G. Srinivasa Reddy, and the graduate guests responded in suitable terms. After a few words of advice from our Superintendent the gathering dispersed.

The Union Society

A few innovations introduced this year into the constitution and working of the College Union may perhaps interest the reader. There are now two coveted posts thrown open to election among the students—the Presidentship and the Secretaryship of the society. As a consequence, far more than the usual enthusiasm prevailed at election time, and after a tough fight D. Venkatarama Reddi was elected president, and S. P. Sri Ram secretary, for the term. Elections will hereafter be conducted terminally. In the first term no “*fresher*” can vote at the polls. The committee of the Union shall henceforth consist of representatives from each of the various societies existing

in the College, and these representatives shall also be elected terminally. Dramatic activities cease to be the concern of the Union, it being proposed to found a separate Dramatic Society.

The inaugural address was delivered on Monday 12th August, by Mrs. Malathi Patwardhan. It is unique in the annals of the Union that a lady should have been invited to deliver the address. In a humorous and striking fashion she spoke at length on the aims and aspirations of youth, making special reference to the evils consequent upon early marriage. She appealed to the young men of India to give their sisters equal rights and privileges and, what is more, "to pick and choose" their partners in life themselves.

Mr. D. Venkatarama Reddi, who presided, made an attempt to supplement the speaker's views, and assured her that the youth of India would, in due time, give women as much freedom as was necessary. With a vote of thanks by Mr. S. P. Sri Ram, the meeting came to a close.

The Physics Association

The following are the office-bearers for the current year :—

President: Dr. H. Parameswaran M.A. Ph.D. &C.

Vice-Presidents: Mr. V. Appa Rao M.A. L.T.

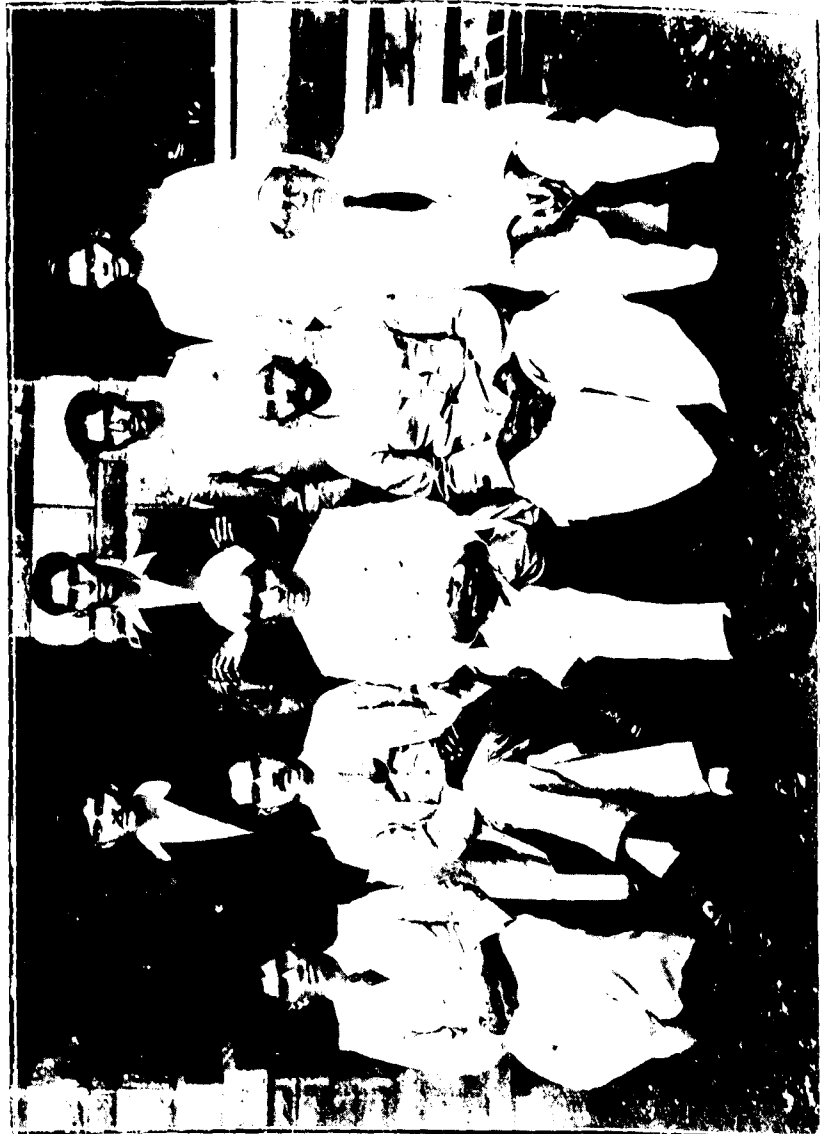
„ G. P. Krishnamurti : M.A. L.T.

Secretaries: „ W. J. John (IV. Hons.)

„ A. T. Sundaravaradan (IV Class.)

Treasurer: „ T. K. Rajagopalan (IV Class.)

We began our activities very early this year. The office bearers were elected hardly a week after the re-opening of the College. The inaugural address came off the very next week and it was followed by the lectures of Messrs. S. Chandrasekhar and C. A. Ramakrishnan. We



The Physics Association, Presidency College, Madras

hope to have some more lectures this term. The association prizes are certainly encouraging to its members.

The inaugural address of the association was delivered by Sir C.V. Raman D.Sc. F.R.S. of the Calcutta University, a distinguished alumnus of the College. The hall was packed to the full on the occasion with students and professors. Prof. Raman gave an interesting lecture on "the structure of organic crystals" illustrated with lantern slides of X-ray photographs. Amorphous rubber, he said, suddenly becomes crystalline when stretched to about three times its length. Then he passed on to the researches of Mr. Krishnamurti, another old student of our College, and of Mr. Bagavantham, both working in Calcutta. It is gratifying to note that Indians are leading in this field.

The week after the inaugural address, Mr. S. Chandrasekhar of V Hons. spoke on "The Termi-Dirac statistics and allied problems". It was the outcome of his own researches in this branch of study.

Two weeks later Mr. C. A. Ramakrishna of V. Hons. gave a popular lecture, illustrated by lantern slides on "Infra-red spectroscopy." A summary of the lecture appears elsewhere in this issue of the magazine.

The Chemical Society

The following are the office-bearers for the year:—

President : M.R.Ry. M. Damodara Kini Avl.,

M. A. L. T.

Vice-Presidents : „ L. Mudlagiri Nayak, M.A.L.T.

„ M.V. Sitaraman Avl., M.A.L.T.

Secretaries : Mr. O. G. Eapen,

„ C. R. Ekambaram.

Treasurer : „ C. S. Venkatesan,



The Chemical Society, Presidency College, Madras

The inaugural address of the society was delivered on 30th July '29 by Mr. R. D. Anstead, M. A., C. I. E., Director of Agriculture, with Dr. B.B. Dey in the chair. The meeting was largely attended by both students and members of the staff. The subject chosen was "Chemistry and Agriculture." In the course of his remarks the speaker pointed out how important a part chemistry was playing in the development of Agriculture throughout the world, and said that modern Agriculture might be looked upon very largely as a chemical problem. In conclusion the lecturer recommended bio-chemistry as being not only a fascinating study, but one likely to be extremely useful and which, in future years, they would probably find indispensable to Agriculture. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks.

The Mathematical Association

The following have been elected office-bearers :—

President :

Mr. K. Ananda Rao, M. A. (Hon), B. A., (Cantab).

Vice Presidents :

Mr. T. Suryanaraya, B.A. (Cantab), D. Sc (London.)

Mr. N. Raghunatha Aiyangar, M. A., L. T.

„ G. A. Srinivasan, M. A., L. T.

Secretaries :

N. Venkateswara Rao.

J. Ramachandra Rao.

The inaugural address of the above Association was delivered by Mr. S. V. Ramamurti, I. C. S., on the 1st of August 1929, the subject of the address being "The trend of Mathematical Research." In the course of his highly instructive address, the learned lecturer clearly explained the relation between consciousness and many of

the sciences. With a few remarks from Mr. Ananda Rao, who presided on the occasion, and a vote of thanks from the Secretary, the meeting terminated.

The "At Home" to the new graduates, which came off on Friday 16th August, was a thoroughly successful and enjoyable function. It may be interesting to note that it is the first function of its kind in the annals of the Association. After tea, the guests were treated to a very interesting variety entertainment. Mr. R. Natarajan sang some Tamil songs, and was followed by Mr. C. Sarangapani, who gave a humorous "lecture" upon a lecture. Mr. N. Venkateswara Rao then entertained the audience by singing the popular song "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" to seven different tunes, which was very much appreciated. Mr. L. C. Richard concluded the entertainment with a charming English song.

After the president's introductory remarks, Mr. N. Venkateswara Rao, the Secretary, welcomed the graduates on behalf of the staff and the members. Mr. R. Kodandaraman B.A. (Hons) replied on behalf of the graduates. The president, Mr. K. Ananda Rao, expressed his regret at parting with his old students, and wished them every success in life. The enjoyable function came to a close with a vote of thanks proposed by the Joint Secretary and with three hearty cheers to the new graduates.

The Historical Association

As usual the first business of the Association was to elect the office-bearers for the current year. Mr. S. Chakravarthi and Mr. S. D. Viswanathan were duly elected as Joint Secretaries. Mr. J. Franco is ex-officio President, and Messrs. T. K. Duraiswami Aiyar and V. Rangacharya are ex-officio vice-presidents.

The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. H. H. Peterson on "Mid-Europe before and after the war" with Mr. J. Franco in the chair. The lecture was well attended. The lecturer presented before us a vivid picture of Mid-Europe before and after the war, and said that the aftermath of the war was to divide Mid-Europe into a number of small kingdoms. These kingdoms are now faced, he added, with two great problems—the agrarian and the minorities problems. He could not say how they were going to cut the gordian knot. He also paid a glowing tribute to the recent progress of Germany. Industry is the key to success, and Germany was leaving no stone unturned to improve her social and economic conditions.

The president said that, even as India had her own problems to solve, the European countries had theirs. India must observe with interest how solutions could be found to all these seemingly insurmountable problems.

The speaker and the President were then garlanded and with the usual vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

The reception to the new graduates of the year was conducted with great *clat* on Saturday, the 17th August. It was a matter of great regret that Mr. Candeth could not attend the pleasant function. Almost all the graduates and the lady students graced the occasion with their presence.

After a group photo the guests adjourned to tea. The variety entertainment was a grand success this year. Mr. T. V. Ramanujam's vocal music was simply excellent. 'Sabapathi,' a farce, was enacted to the great enjoyment of the audience.

Mr. S. Chakravarthi welcomed the graduates on behalf of the association, while Mr. Franco and Mr. T. K. Duraiswami Iyer gave them wholesome bits of advice,

Mr. T. V. Ramanujam, Mr. Patro and others replied on behalf of the graduates. The pleasant function came to a close late in the evening with the usual vote of thanks, and cheers to the new graduates and Mr. Franco, the President.

The Philosophical Association

At a meeting of the above association the following were elected office-bearers for the year 1929-30.

President : Mr. I. Narayana Menon, M.A.

Vice-President : Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Rao Naidu, M. A.

Secretaries : 1. K. Sreenivasachari

2. A. Janardan.

The inaugural address of the association was delivered by Mr. S. S. Suryanarayana Sastri M.A, B.Sc., Bar-at-law, Reader, Madras University on the 7th August 1929 at 4-15 p.m., on "Students of philosophy". Mr. I. Narayana Menon, M.A. Presided.

"Not one of us to-day can claim to be students of philosophy, for we are not equipped with the essential qualities that go to make a genuine student of philosophy," said the learned lecturer. Three qualifications are necessary before one can take up the study of philosophy in right earnest,—(1) Suppression of personal desires and ends, (2) faith in the object of study (3) a desire for unity with the Absolute. Granted these three requisites, wisdom is the outcome, and once we realise wisdom, the lower kinds of desires and passions leave us, the senses cannot distract us and the external world cannot attract us. So that in the ultimate quest for wisdom one has to discipline one's senses and must be the ruler of one's baser self. The Upanishadic seers with much philosophic insight laid stress on the adequate preparation for a study of philosophy. Mr.

Sastri concluded his edifying address by pointing out that, since "these rules of the game" are not followed now-a-days, there is a decline in the study of philosophy.

With a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. K. Sreenivasachari, the secretary, the meeting terminated.

The Sanskrit Association

The following were elected office-bearers for the year :—

President : Prof. Kuppuswamy Sastriar, M. A.

Secretaries : Dr. A. Sankaran

Mr. D. Ramalinga Reddi.

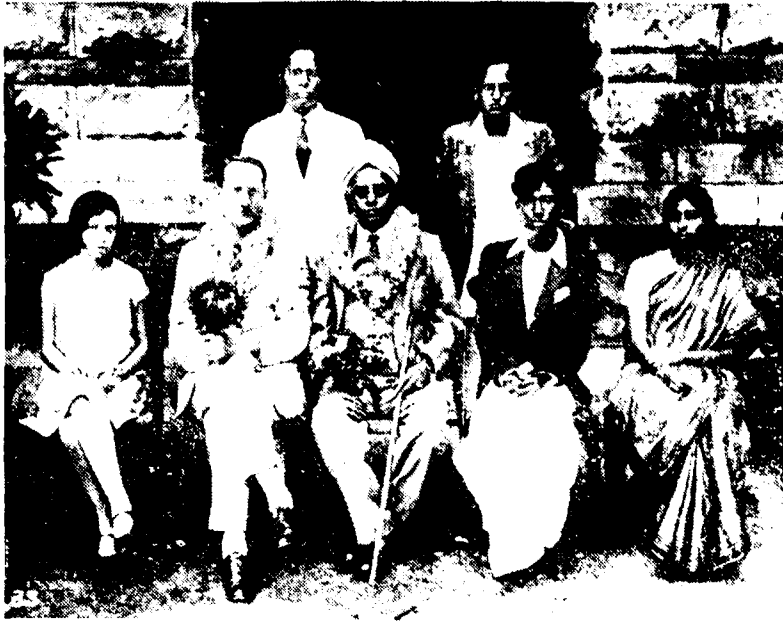
The inaugural address was delivered on the 22nd August by Mr. V. Rangachariar M. A., Professor of Indian History in the College. Speaking on "South India's contribution to Sanskrit culture and literature," the lecturer emphasised the substantial debt that this literature owes to the scholars, artists, poets and commentators of Southern India.

Prof. Kuppuswamy Sastriar presided on the occasion.

The English Honours Association

The Association was founded on 29th July 1929. The objects of the Association are (1) to promote social intercourse among the students of the English Honours classes, and (2) to promote the study of English Literature and Language by means of lectures, essays and debates. Only students of the English Honours Classes, and the English staff of the college are eligible for the membership of the Association. The subscription for each member is Rs. 2 per annum, payable in July.

The following have been elected office-bearers for the year 1929--30, at a meeting of the Association held on 7th August '29 :—



The English Honours Association, Presidency College, Madras.

Ex-officio President : Mr. W. C. Douglas, Professor of English.

Vice-President : Mr. P. S. Sundaram. (V. Hons.)

Secretary : Mr. M. Venkata Varadiah. (IV. Hons.)

Treasurer : Mr. M. Balakrishna Menon (IV. Hons.)

Class Representatives :

Miss Martensz (V Hons.)

Miss Paul (IV Hons.)

Mr. Lawrence (III Hons.)

The Andhra Bhashabhi Vardhani Samajam

The Annual meeting for the election of office-bearers of the Samajam was held on Wednesday, the 7th of August '29. Mr. A. Umakanta Vidyasekhara presided on the occasion.

The following were elected :

Ex-officio President : Mr. Umakanta Vidyasekhara.

Vice-President : Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Rao Naidu, Asst. Prof. of Philosophy.

Secretaries : Messrs. G. Veera Reddi and M. Venkata Varadiah.



The Andhrabhashabhivardhani Samajam, Presidency College, Madras



AS a general preamble to these sketchy records of our activities on the field of sport, it would be interesting to mention the several innovations—all changes for the good—that have been introduced in the method of conducting games in the College. It was felt that, in former years, a very small proportion of the students took part in games, only those who were good enough for the first or second elevens getting regular practice. The juniors were more or less out of the picture. To induce students to play games more regularly and in greater numbers, several of the Demonstrators of the college were put in charge of junior activities, the Captains and Secretaries being chiefly responsible for the running of tournaments and the conducting of outside matches. Captains and Secretaries are to be elected every term instead of annually, and while in office, they are primarily responsible for all money spent, and for the efficient running of their department of sport. As a result of these changes we are gratified to note the existence of three cricket practice pitches, a special field for Junior Hockey and Football players, several new Volley-ball and Badminton courts and a new game called Tenniquit. There is not a student of the College who cannot now be catered for with games suiting either his pocket or his physique. In connection

with these favourable changes, we cannot fail to record our gratitude for the immense amount of time and energy lavished on the Athletic side of College life by our Principal, Mr. Fyson, and our Sports Secretary, Mr. C. K. Krishnaswamy Pillay.

Hockey

Besides the regular practice matches for Juniors and Seniors, our Hockey 1st Eleven played four matches against outsiders this term.

Against the Christian College our forwards worked remarkably well though their finishing was poor. As a consequence, though they broke through on several occasions they failed to score till half time was nearly up. Just before the half, Venkatasubban and Biddappa did a pretty piece of short passing, which resulted in the ball finding the net off Biddappa's stick. It was noticed that our forwards were inclined to mix. They would perhaps be more successful if they kept the game more open. In the defence, G. Parthasarathy worked hard, as he invariably does, while C. D. and Raghavan too did their bit. Our opponents were much more dangerous in the second half of the game and invaded our territory twice successfully just before the close. A hot shot from Soares beat our goalie and a break away by Broughton shortly after brought the score to 2-1 against us.

Our match with the Loyola College produced better Hockey. Our forwards were less selfish and played with greater understanding. Their vigorous incursions into the enemy's territory resulted in two goals being scored, one by Venkatasubban and the other by Mahadevan, who is, by the way, a new acquisition to the team. In the second half our opponents rallied, and our goalie was beaten by a well placed shot by Percera. The game thus ended in a win for us by 2-1.

The Lawyers whom we next encountered, and among whom we found quite a number of old Presidites, seemed to have turned out to do their old Alma Mater glory, by letting us win to the tune of six or seven love. It was a most unequal match. It is to the credit of our forwards that, though many opportunities for individual play occurred, their passing was well timed and effective. Their finishing was decidedly good.

With a team whose ranks were depleted, we took the field next against the Medical College. Venkatasubban, our indispensable centre forward, was ill, and Raghavan, a valuable half-back, could not play. We were defeated 3-1, though the score is no indication of the general run of play. Our attacks in the first half were consistent and aggressive, but owing to the absence of a centre forward, proved fruitless. The defence too seemed to break down under the strain of playing with ten men, though "G. P." and C. D. Parthasarathy made gallant attempts to keep them out.

As we write, the glad news arrives that the Inter-collegiate Hockey Tournament is to be conducted this year on the knock-out system. It is a move that we consistently advocated as making for brighter Hockey. We sincerely hope it has come to stay.

Cricket

Of the various branches of sport in the College, cricket as usual is 'Nulli Secundus'. This year there has been an unusual number of players taking part in this game, so that our enthusiastic Principal and our energetic Sports Secretary arranged to have three different pitches for practice. It is needless to say that with constant practice and good team work we shall be able to hold our own in the Inter-Collegiate and Duncan Memorial tournaments, as in previous years.



The Presidency College Cricket Team
MADRAS (1928-29)

Now coming to our matches proper, we played two sides games early in the term, each side being represented by 16 of our gallant cricketers on both occasions. As the standard of play was good as a whole, there is scarcely any need here to mention individual performances.

We commenced our season with a match against the "Royapettah Students' Club." In the absence of our captain S. R. Nayak, our secretary C. R. Venkatasubban, skippered the team, and had the luck to win the toss. Batting first, we put up 150 runs for the loss of 6 wickets and declared our innings closed. Venkatasubban was unbeaten with 42 runs to his credit, while Vijiarangam and C. D. Parthasarathy scored 42 and 38 runs in quick succession. Our opponents, in their turn, gathered as many as 70 runs for the loss of 5 wickets before time intervened. T. M. Doraiswami, one of our regulars who played for the visitors, made a plucky 40 runs.

Our second eleven had the opportunity of playing the second eleven of the "Mylapore Recreation Club," and beat them by 22 runs. Entering first we made 103 runs towards which M. A. Rajagopalan, one of our rising players, contributed a solid 38 runs, while Devarajan and Loganathan hit up 14 and 13 runs respectively. Our opponents replied with 81 runs in all, Rajagopalan doing most of the havoc with the ball, for he captured 5 wickets included in which was a "hat-trick," while Saravanam bagged 3 wickets.

Our next match with the "Medical college" was rather disappointing, in as much as we were beaten by a narrow margin of 21 runs. Though it is not proper to offer "excuses" for our defeat, we should at the same time like to mention that our having lost the toss, as well as the absence of our three strongest men, handicapped us considerably against the first really strong team we

have met this season. We hope, however, to turn the tables against them when it comes to the return match. Entering first they piled up 143 runs in all, assisted in some measure by our slack fielding. N. V. Rangaswami, one of our rising recruits, captured 6 wickets for 48 runs, while our slow trundler "G. P." took 2 wickets at a cost of 64 runs, not to mention C. D. Parthasarathy's speed stuff which secured a solitary victim for 16 runs. Our men in their turn put up only 119 runs in all, so that we were beaten by 21 runs. T. M. Doraiswami (our little man behind the stumps) contributed a flawless 38, while Raghavan, Rajaram, and G. Parthasarathy hit up 19, 17, and 15 runs in turn. A remarkable feature of all the matches was the untiring zeal of our principal Mr. P. F. Fyson, who, with Mrs. Fyson, attended them, and spurred us on with encouragement and advice.

The next match against a strong "Combined eleven," which comprised most of our good old students, is worth mentioning. We beat them by 13 runs after a hard struggle. Entering first we made 129 runs in all, thanks to C. D. Parthasarathy's plucky 41, Rajaram's 18, Doraiswami's 15 and G. Parthasarathy's 13. Our opponents, in their turn, could make only 116 runs in all. Once again G. Parthasarathi was deadly with the ball capturing 6 wickets for 36 runs, while M. A. Rajagopalan who missed his "hat-trick" unluckily got 2 wickets. C. D. Parthasarathi claimed the other victim.

We next played the "Law College" whom we almost beat. Our captain, C. R. Venkatasubban, winning the toss elected to bat first, and when our men had made 166 runs for the loss of 6 wickets, declared the innings closed—Venkatasubban contributing a faultless 62 runs, while G. Parthasarathi, Rajaram, and C. D. Parthasarathy, came next in order with 54, 20, and 10 runs. The "Law

yers" in their turn hit up 94 runs for the loss of 8 wickets, when time intervened, and left the match undecided. Our mighty trundler "G. P." secured 6 wickets, conceding 50 runs, while N. V. Rangaswami, and C. D. Parthasarathy got a victim each.

We are making strenuous efforts to arrange a tour to Ceylon during the Michaelmas holidays, and with the help of our ever-enthusiastic Sports Secretary, and Principal, it is scarcely presumptuous to hope that our long cherished hope will be realised.

The Magazine Competition Prizes

The following prizes are offered by the Editor:—

- (1) Rs. 15 for the best short story.
- (2) Rs. 15 for the best essay (in the lighter vein).

Conditions:—

- (1) The articles have to be submitted on or before the 1st November 1929.
- (2) They should not exceed twelve pages of ordinary hand-writing.
- (3) They should be accompanied by a declaration that the writers have not been helped by anybody.
- (4) The Editor reserves to himself the right of disposing of the articles in whatever way he likes.
- (5) This competition is open only to the present students of the Presidency College.

D. S. SARMA,
Editor,
The P. C. Magazine.

Sri Gargi Memorial Competition Prizes

THE following prizes will be awarded on the results of a written examination in the basic principles of Hinduism which will be held about the middle of November next. The examination will be open to all undergraduate students of the Presidency College.

<i>Senior Prizes</i> (For B.A. Students)	{	First Prize—Rs. 25.
		Second Prize— „ 20.
		Third Prize— „ 15.
		Fourth Prize— „ 10.
<i>Junior Prizes</i> (For Intermediate Students)	{	First Prize—Rs. 15.
		Second Prize— „ 10.

Questions will be confined to Mr. D. S. Sarma's "A Primer of Hinduism"—the whole book for the Senior Examination, and the first three chapters for the Junior Examination. All those who get 40% of the marks will be considered to have passed the examination, and will be granted certificates to that effect. Intending competitors will have to give their names to the undersigned in the last week of October. Results will be announced after the Christmas Holidays, and the prizes will be distributed on the Presidency College Hostel Day.

D. S. SARMA,
Superintendent,
Presidency College Hostel.

AN APPEAL

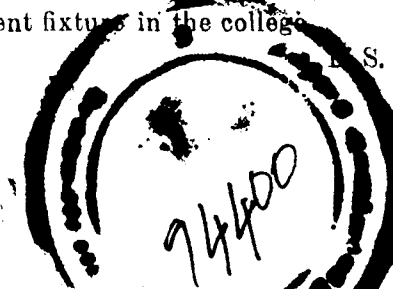
In offering these prizes (from my own pocket) I wish to make a personal appeal to all the students of the Presidency College, especially those who are Hindus. I hold that it is in the religious mood that we

find ourselves at the highest level of our being. It is religion that gives a unity to all our activities, and teaches each of them its proper place. Our physical life, our mental life and our moral life can function in a healthy manner only when they function as parts of a whole, namely, our spiritual life. Therefore for a complete and healthy life we require not only physical and mental training, but also moral and spiritual training. A student's education is very incomplete indeed, so long as he is ignorant even of the basic principles of his religion.

In this respect, I am afraid, Hindu students are generally in a worse state than Christian or Mohammedan students. No Christian or Mohammedan child is ever so ignorant of his religion as the average Hindu child is of his. It is a very deplorable state of things. We have very few institutions that teach Hinduism to our boys and girls in a way in which it will be acceptable to all classes and sects, and in a manner in which it will really influence their lives. Those that have made the attempt often complain that there is no suitable text-book which gives within a short compass all the essential teachings of Hinduism. It is to supply this want that I have taken some pains to write the Primer, of which a review is published elsewhere in this magazine. All my friends who have read this book assure me that it will serve its purpose fairly well. They tell me that the subject cannot be further compressed, nor the language made simpler. Perhaps they mean only a compliment. But their assurance has emboldened me to think of this competition, and offer these prizes. And, if it is not too presumptuous on my part, I would request at least all the Hindu students of our college to take part in this competition. Of course, all cannot get prizes; but every one can get a certificate. If the students of the Presidency College lead in this matter, others are bound to follow. And we shall soon have a generation that will be truly worthy of the oldest and the most comprehensive of religions.

I hope no one will be so cynical as to say that I am doing all this to push the sales of my book. If there are any such, let me tell them that if Messrs. Macmillan & Co. make a profit out of this small book, whatever money I shall get will go only towards making this competition and these prizes a permanent fixture in the college.

S. S.



THE CONTRAST



Printed by S. Ganesan, at the Current Thought Press, Triplicane, Madras and
Published by the Editor, "The Presidency College Magazine", Madras.

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