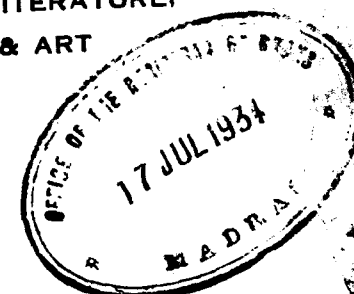


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to every action of theirs. Here is the genesis of those apparently religious restrictions that were imposed on the conduct of the Chakkyar Kuthu, for instance the function could be had only in temples, that the subject matter should always be Puranic and that the Chakkyars, who probably were selected from among a class of people held in esteem, confidence and love by the Aryans, were alone privileged to recite the story.

This function of summarising and interpreting in Malayalam the writings in Sanskrit gave rise to the need for the Chakkyars acquainting themselves with the Sanskrit language. They thus began to cultivate the knowledge of Sanskrit dramas and dramaturgy and employ their *Ithivrittha* (argument) for the Kuthu. But a bare narration of the *Ithivrittha* could hardly please any lay audience unless it was adapted to the local environments. So the Chakkyars very cleverly began to diversify their recitation with very many humorous side talks suitable to the context and thus sustain the interest of the spectators. To afford additional attraction, *Tala* and *Mela* were provided, a particular class of people called Nambiyars were engaged for drumming (technically *Mizhavu Kottuga*) and keeping time (*'ala*), and the Nambiyar women called Nangyars were employed to dress themselves as *Devasthris* (heavenly damsels) and dance along with the Chakkyars. The meaning of whatever was given out by the Chakkyar accompanied by his own *Abhinaya* was also explained to the audience by appropriate *Angya* (finger signs). Thus the Chakkyar Kuthu laid the first foundation for the Kathakali. The subsequent developments, one after the other, will be found approximating to the several features of the Kathakali.

These Chakkyars, the professional dramatists of Kerala, wanted to improve their art further and afford greater enjoyment to the spectators. So, leaving aside the beaten track of narrating the stories of the *Natakas* (Sanskrit drama), they pitched upon a new kind of literary work, Jayadeva's *Gita Govindam* and rendered the same in *Abhinaya*. Jayadeva having flourished in the 12th century, the adoption by the Chakkyars of this story must be some time later, though how much later cannot with precision be ascertained. As is well known, owing to the metre employed, this work is also called *Ashtapadi*. The poem lent itself to sweeter musical recitation and the subject matter being Lord Krishna's *Rasacreea* had also a greater devotional value. Added to this the *Sringara Rasa* (love) was also there. Keeping this poem as their basis, the Chakkyars began to sing and act accompanied by *Maddalam* and other musical instruments. This is called the *Ashtapadiyattam*. Now the progressive changes introduced into this *Ashtapadiyattam* may be noted. Instead of

adopting the plot of a *Nataka*, the subject of recitation became a poem belonging to the *Nritya* group. There arose greater scope for *Sringara Rasa*. New musical instruments like *Maddalam* began to be used. In other important respects no difference at all was to be found between the *Kuthu* and the *Ashtapadiyattam*.

The *Krishnattam* is only a natural successor of this *Ashtapadiyattam*. It was almost pure Sanskrit drama. It is believed that it was through the advice of the great devotee of Lord Krishna, Vilwamangalam Swamiyar, that Manavedan Raja, the Zamorin of Calicut, the founder of the *Krishnattam*, fixed up the dress of Krishna and settled other details. This *Krishnattam* troupe was trained by the Royal family and was kept as a permanent institution for several years and even to-day as a relic of that, in the counter-part of leases executed by tenants to this family, a provision is found for the payment of a small perquisite for *Krishnattam Kali*.

In *Krishnattam* some more departures from its immediate predecessors were made. The method of the actor himself reciting the story was given up. The story was to be recited by another with musical accompaniments from behind the actor and the latter was to simply exemplify the songs with *Angya* and *Abhinaya*. The limitation of the subject matter to the *Rasakrida* portion as in the *Ashtapadiyattam* was removed and the principle of selecting from a wider field as in the *Kuthu* was accepted. But, as a matter of fact, the *Krishnattam* confined itself with regard to its subject matter, to that part of Krishna's story relating to *Kamsavadha* (killing of Kamsa). In course of time, the restrictions that the staging should be only in temple precincts and that the actors should be Chakkyars alone, also dropped out. The date of the *Krishnattam* can only be broadly fixed as the 14th Century.

Kottarakkara Thampuram who lived somewhere between the 15th and 16th century (his date is still a matter of keen controversy) then composed the *Ramanattam*, due to some misunderstanding that arose between him and the Zamorin Raja of Calicut with regard to the sending of the *Krishnattam* troupe to Kottarakkara. Though in style and deportment, the *Krishnattam* was its basis, several new features were introduced. The story of the *Ramayana*, which has given it its name was adopted as the subject matter. More actors were required for this than were necessary for the *Krishnattam*. Instead of the costly *Kiritams* etc. (crown) which formed the head-dress of the actors in the *Krishnattam*, simpler equipments were prescribed. Different kinds of dress for different actors were decided upon. Free use of *Mani-pravalam* style (a melodious mixture of Sanskrit and Malayalam) in *Slokas* and Malayalam words in *Padas* were permitted. In

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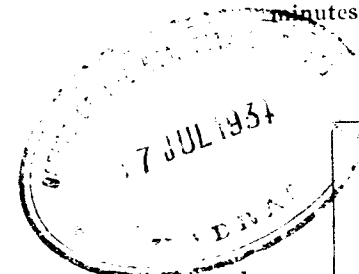
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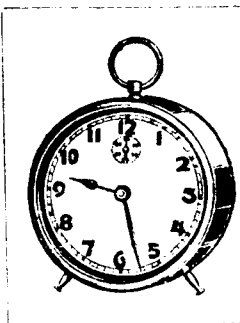
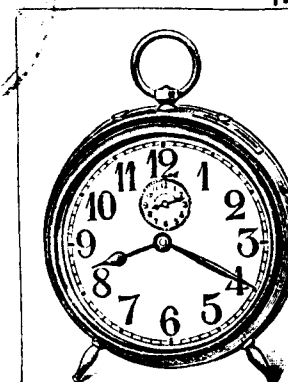
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Sabarmati Ashram.*

6. LAST WORDS



HE Great Breath of the Cosmos ebbs and flows in rhythmic motion—*manvantara*, *pralaya* and *manvantara* again. The rains give birth to countless plants which wither in the summer till the rains return. The seed gives rise to fruits which soon must die, so that the seeds may scatter life abroad and thus give birth to new.

The Sabarmati Ashram came to fruition in the Dandi March and in the years that followed. The seed had ripened, and the hour had come for it to scatter, bearing life to distant places, so that it might blossom, ripen, there. There was one Ashram; now, as Gandhiji in a message to his "children" said, wherever any one of Ashram folk may go, there is the Ashram, though we be unworthy of the name.

Sabarmati had already passed three stages of its life. The early years were mainly study, study of the poor and how to help them in spinning and in many other ways. Then came the time of family life, and the Ashram became a home, a school, a training-ground of candidates for service of the nation. Time passed, and in the crisis it existed but as a temporary shelter for active workers in that service,—apart from worldly aims, and wholly dedicated to the Cause. Now, last of all, the call had come to take *sannyasa*; its Founder sent his family on to the

* See January, February, March, April and May issues for the earlier parts of this series.

roads of life, to wander penniless, relying wholly on their God to furnish every need.

Many wonder why, if the Ashram was doing such good work, it has so madly, so quixotically, been thrown away by him who made it and held it as a trust for India. But to God one cannot offer but the very best one has, and it is just because it was his very dearest thing that Bapu had to give it up. Can wife, or even mother hold *sannyasi* from his search for God? As Gandhiji explained, it had to go, because he who holds anything back when seeking for the Freedom which is Truth, and God, can never find. And none can doubt the sincerity of Bapu's search.

So the Ashram that used to be at Sabarmati now is in every place where India's lovers may be found. As Gandhiji has often said, the Ashramite is he who loves and truly tries to follow the Ideal, however often he may fail to reach it. So myriads of Ashramites live here and there in India, unknown to him, and in their keeping is the Ashram which lived so long in Gujarat and in the hearts of India's starving masses. If they desire true Freedom and realise that *Swaraj* begins within the Self, establishing their Government first within the heart, they will surely some day find that all other things are added unto them.

There are those who angrily dismiss such thoughts as mere defeatism, propaganda to keep the people loyal to the Government that is. With a sneer they ask, "What has all of this religion, then, to do with politics? Let us not confuse things spiritual and worldly." That is a foreign thought, and worthy of the boycott. For Religion is that which links us all to one another, drawing us to the common Source and Goal, and Politics the art of courteous living together in Society. How can we separate them, prison them in watertight compartments?

Manu always taught that only righteousness can enjoy a throne and prosper; the Arabian Prophet often warned his hearers that God, the Power behind, would overthrow an evil ruler; and every other Creed has taught the same. Only in the modern West has there been this divorce. Let us rather wed our Politics to the Religion which makes man strong and pure, self-reliant and devoted to the Truth, even while we guard against sectarian narrowness that leads to ignorance and hate.

When Indian patriot leaders have won Self-rule within themselves, through their selfless devotion to the Cause of Truth, then indeed will true *Swarajya* come, and India will have as rulers only those who are one with that eternal Higher Self.

The Kathakali : Historical Background.

BY M. S. KRISHNA IYER, B. A., B. L.



THE Kathakali form of Abhinaya is not peculiar to Malabar. Some kind of dumb show or pantomime in which stories of a religious nature were staged existed at one time or other among peoples of many countries and of all religious persuasions. For example, in the early Tamil literature, we have references to such pantomime shows enacting the miraculous deeds of the Gods. What could have been the reasons for this kind of representation of ideas through signs instead of by conversation is a matter for pure conjecture. It was probably thought *intradig* for actors who played the role of superior beings to talk the language of men. Conversation might also have been supposed to lessen the uncondescending dignity of high personages and mar the all-round scenic effect. In a less civilised society the difficulty of training the actors to converse on the stage and the equal difficulty of the spectators to follow the conversation might also have been felt. Whatever that might be, out of these dumb shows gradually emerged the modern drama as in ancient Greece and England. In Kerala this gradual process stopped with the Kathakali. It did not lead on to the development of the Malayalam drama. The reason for this is to be found in the predominant influence of the Aryan language, Sanskrit, with which was merged the individuality of the dramatic art of Kerala. This Sanskritic influence is seen in Kathakali even in its earliest stages of evolution.

That the Kathakali of to-day gradually evolved out of the earlier forms of *Nritya* and *Natya* found in Kerala will be clear from an examination of the origin and growth of these arts. These earlier forms, in the order of their time of origin, were the *Chakkyar Kuthu*, the *Ashtapadiyattam*, the *Krishnattam*, and the *Ramanattam*. It is purely through Aryan influence that the first of these came to be founded.

From the times the Aryans settled down in Kerala they tried in several ways to impart to the indigenous population a knowledge of the Aryan Puranic lore. The institution of *Chakkyar Kuthu* was the result of one such attempt. The new-comers wanted to instil in the people of Kerala a spirit of reverence towards the Aryans and their culture. It is religion that appeals most to the human heart, and so a religious colouring was given

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to every action of theirs. Here is the genesis of those apparently religious restrictions that were imposed on the conduct of the Chakkyar Kuthu, for instance the function could be had only in temples, that the subject matter should always be Puranic and that the Chakkyars, who probably were selected from among a class of people held in esteem, confidence and love by the Aryans, were alone privileged to recite the story.

This function of summarising and interpreting in Malayalam the writings in Sanskrit gave rise to the need for the Chakkyars acquainting themselves with the Sanskrit language. They thus began to cultivate the knowledge of Sanskrit dramas and dramaturgy and employ their *Ithivriitha* (argument) for the Kuthu. But a bare narration of the *Ithivriitha* could hardly please any lay audience unless it was adapted to the local environments. So the Chakkyars very cleverly began to diversify their recitation with very many humorous side talks suitable to the context and thus sustain the interest of the spectators. To afford additional attraction, *Tala* and *Mela* were provided, a particular class of people called *Nambiyars* were engaged for drumming (technically *Mizhavu Kottuga*) and keeping time (*Tala*), and the *Nambyar* women called *Nangyars* were employed to dress themselves as *Devasthris* (heavenly damsels) and dance along with the Chakkyars. The meaning of whatever was given out by the Chakkyar accompanied by his own *Abhinaya* was also explained to the audience by appropriate *Angya* (finger signs). Thus the Chakkyar Kuthu laid the first foundation for the Kathakali. The subsequent developments, one after the other, will be found approximating to the several features of the Kathakali.

These Chakkyars, the professional dramatists of Kerala, wanted to improve their art further and afford greater enjoyment to the spectators. So, leaving aside the beaten track of narrating the stories of the *Natakas* (Sanskrit drama), they pitched upon a new kind of literary work, Jayadeva's *Gita Govindam* and rendered the same in *Abhinaya*. Jayadeva, having flourished in the 12th century, the adoption by the Chakkyars of this story must be some time later, though how much later cannot with precision be ascertained. As is well known, owing to the metre employed, this work is also called *Ashtapadi*. The poem lent itself to sweeter musical recitation and the subject matter being Lord Krishna's *Rasacreeda* had also a greater devotional value. Added to this the *Sringara Rasa* (love) was also there. Keeping this poem as their basis, the Chakkyars began to sing and act accompanied by *Maddalam* and other musical instruments. This is called the *Ashtapadiyattam*. Now the progressive changes introduced into this *Ashtapadiyattam* may be noted. Instead of

adopting the plot of a *Nataka*, the subject of recitation became a poem belonging to the *Nritya* group. There arose greater scope for *Sringara Rasa*. New musical instruments like *Maddalam* began to be used. In other important respects no difference at all was to be found between the Kuthu and the *Ashtapadiyattam*.

The *Krishnattam* is only a natural successor of this *Ashtapadiyattam*. It was almost pure Sanskrit drama. It is believed that it was through the advice of the great devotee of Lord Krishna, *Vilwamangalam Swamiyar*, that *Manavedan Raja*, the Zamorin of Calicut, the founder of the *Krishnattam*, fixed up the dress of Krishna and settled other details. This *Krishnattam* troupe was trained by the Royal family and was kept as a permanent institution for several years and even to-day, as a relic of that, in the counter-part of leases executed by tenants to this family, a provision is found for the payment of a small perquisite for *Krishnattam Kali*.

In *Krishnattam* some more departures from its immediate predecessors were made. The method of the actor himself reciting the story was given up. The story was to be recited by another with musical accompaniments from behind the actor and the latter was to simply exemplify the songs with *Angya* and *Abhinaya*. The limitation of the subject matter to the *Rasakrida* portion as in the *Ashtapadiyattam* was removed and the principle of selecting from a wider field as in the Kuthu was accepted. But, as a matter of fact, the *Krishnattam* confined itself with regard to its subject matter, to that part of Krishna's story relating to *Kamsavadha* (killing of Kamsa). In course of time, the restrictions that the staging should be only in temple precincts and that the actors should be Chakkyars alone, also dropped out. The date of the *Krishnattam* can only be broadly fixed as the 14th Century.

Kottarakkara Thampuran who lived somewhere between the 15th and 16th century (his date is still a matter of keen controversy) then composed the *Ramanattam*, due it is said to some misunderstanding that arose between him and the Zamorin Raja of Calicut with regard to the sending of the *Krishnattam* troupe to Kottarakkara. Though in style and deportment, the *Krishnattam* was its basis, several new features were introduced. The story of the *Ramayana*, which has given it its name was adopted as the subject matter. More actors were required for this than were necessary for the *Krishnattam*. Instead of the costly *Kiritams* etc. (crown) which formed the head-dress of the actors in the *Krishnattam*, simpler equipments were prescribed. Different kinds of dress for different actors were decided upon. Free use of *Mani-pravalam* style (a melodious mixture of Sanskrit and Malayalam) in *Slokas* and Malayalam words in *Padas* were permitted. In

staging this *Ramanattam* some changes were first introduced by Kaplingat Nambudri. Several formalities began to be enforced. Instead of the crude head dress made of the bark of the arecanut tree worn by the early *Ramanattam* actors according to the indigenous Kerala style, it was settled that Kiritams should be worn, that the face of the actors should be painted and that the *Nritya* should be accompanied by the *Chenda* (drum) and *Maddalam*. In continuation of these reforms one Kalladikodan Nambudiri ruled that the musician behind should be accompanied by another called the *Sangidikaran* to repeat the songs and that the *Padas* should be interpreted by *Angya*, but once. Thus from the *Chakkyarkuthu* one change after another was introduced which in the final stages of the *Ramanattam* almost corresponded to the paraphernalia of the Kathakali that we see to-day.

With these changes in dress, deportment, action etc. in view, Kottayathu Thampuran wrote four *Attakathas* (the name given to the literary works, the texts of the present *Kathakali Abhinaya*). Later on, several *Attakathas* were written. But all these were modelled upon those of the Kottayathu Thampuran and as was done by the Thampuran, all Puranic stories were accepted as their themes by poets for composing *Attakathakal*. The Kathakali thus became the representation in the stage of any kind of story with certain well defined conventions.

Light From The East.

BY P. NARASIMHACHARI, M.A., L.T.



THAT the world is torn by conflicts is a self-evident proposition. Individual against individual, race against race, nation against nation, class against class,—everywhere one is pitted against the other, with consequent antagonisms, aversions and hatreds. The cult of individualism is rampant, exalting the individual and his interests to the neglect of the interests of humanity as a whole.

In the years of internment from 1914 to 1918 in an enemy-alien camp in England, Paul-Cohen Portheim, a German Jew, read widely and contemplated deeply on the malady of the world, and drank avidly from the fountain of the ancient eastern wisdom; and the fruits of his study and meditation he has given to the world in an epoch-making book, *The Message of Asia*.^{*} "Asia has always been and still is, imbued with the truth of Universalism," he says. "Europe, especially since the Renaissance, has developed on more and more strongly individualist lines... Behind the disputes of the day lies the real problem of our times, which is the issue of Asia versus Europe and the synthesis of the two." And Asia to him is not a mere geographical term but a spiritual one, calling to his mind the sacred writings of India and the great sages of China, as well as of their art.

What, according to Mr. Cohen-Portheim, is the Message of Asia? "That the sensible world is mere appearance, *maya*, is the fundamental notion that is repeated over and over again in countless Indian metaphysical writings. Appearance is deceptive, but behind it, obscured as if by a veil, lies truth... The truth remains hidden from us, according to the wisdom of the Indians, because the sensible world is dominated by antithesis." And "antithesis" is the key-word of the book. The author develops the thesis that it is reason or intelligence that sets up contrasts and gets caught therein; while feeling senses unity everywhere, as instinct in its initial stages and as intuition in its developed form. The resolution of these contrasts, or antithesis, into their fundamental unity, and the understanding of them as merely two different aspects of one truth, by the application of the search light of *Buddhi*, that is the purpose of the book. And the result obtained is a conception of synthesis which is not merely an intellectual proposition but a motivating force in life, introducing

^{*} The Message of Asia, by Paul Cohen-Portheim, translated from the German by Alan Harris, Duckworth, London. 8s. 6d. net.

harmony where there is discord, instilling love into human hearts where there is hatred.

The philosophy of synthesis is the theme of another great book, published recently, *A Study in Synthesis** by Dr. James H. Cousins. Evidently the best minds of the world are moving towards the establishment of this greath truth, the fundamental unity of the world. "They who see but One in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs the eternal truth—unto none else, unto none else," says one of the *Upa-nishads*. And the need for synthesis is great indeed, for it is the existence of "antitheses" in the life of nations that is responsible for the mess into which civilisation has got itself, particularly civilisation of the Western brand. According to the author of *The Message of Asia*, the proper corrective for the rationalistic and materialistic outlook of the Western world is to be found in the idealistic, contemplative outlook of the East.

One very familiar antithesis in the life of nations is expressed in the formula of Nationalism *versus* Internationalism, nationalism being responsible for the frequent wars which the world has witnessed. But the author resolves the conflict in an illuminating fashion. "In national life Individualism and Universalism are known as nationalism and internationalism. Both denote an effort to reach human unity. The only difference is that nationalism regards the nation as the highest unity, whereas internationalism subordinates the nation as a unit to a higher unity, that of all nations." He does not decry nationalism, but recognises the fact that "Nationalism is a nation's duty until it has reached maturity; when it has done that, it must recognise that this nation-state is not the last word, and set its face towards universalism."

Similarly in his chapters on "Zionism and its Opponents," "East and West", "Judaism and Christianity", "Aristocracy and Democracy", the author shows his determination not to be caught up in their apparent contradictions, but to penetrate to the heart of the matter and, lifting the veil obscuring the truth, see the one life and the one truth expressing itself for purposes of evolution in different forms, according to the need of the hour. Particularly his chapter on "East and West" is of great interest. What is East and what is West? the author asks, and, pursuing the query, says, "Where does one end and the other begin? The earth is round; the Far West (America) is immediately next to the Far East (Japan), not farthest from it, and this is not true in the geographical sense only. When we talk of opposite extremes

* *A Study in Synthesis* By James H. Cousins, D. Lit. Published by Messrs Ganesh & Co., Madras. Price Rs. 3.

we ought always to think of a circle, not of a straight line and the point in which it ends. Absolute individuality (i. e.) individualism which had included the whole world in itself, would thereby have become universalism, and universalism could not be universalism at all without individualism. It is the same with the antithesis of East and West; each is conditioned by the other, and if all its implications are followed out, West becomes East, East West."

It is in the third part of the book—"Antitheses in the Life of the Spirit", that the high idealism of the author manifests itself, an idealism showing the supremacy of the spiritual over the material, idealism born out of the conviction "that the physical world, whether it be the scientific world of atoms and electrons or the ordinary world of imperialism, big business and big battalions, is *Maya*, appearance, illusion; that it is the spirit which is the only ultimate reality."

The book ends on a note of rapturous mysticism. In the final chapter on "God and Man", the author attempts to resolve another of the many antitheses which confound man, and says, "From the earliest times to our own day, from the Vedas to Bergson, the attempt to establish the existence of a spiritual cause of life recurs again and again. Every nation and every age, and every great personality, has its conception of God, and they all resemble one another.....the further Man progresses, the higher and more abstract his conception of God becomes. From a physical it becomes the purely spiritual one. God becomes the universal spirit.....God is as great as the conception of him that Man, be he Goethe or an African negro, can rise to, as great as Man's knowledge of his own nature, for that is a divine symbol. The more the veils which hide the Man's own nature from him are lifted, the more he discovers the divine in himself, becomes God in fact."

Swami Vivekananda in Benares.

BY SRI MAHENDRANATH DUTTA

[This is the third of a new series of articles compiled by Swami Jagadiswarananda from the original Bengali of Sri Mahendranath Dutta, the brother of the Swami, and is translated for the first time specially for *The Scholar*. "Swami Vivekananda in London" was another series from the Bengali memoirs of Mr. Dutta which appeared in *The Scholar* recently.—Ed.]

III

THE Swami explained to his London audience that such a mental phenomena (thought reading) was not uncommon. Everybody can get that power through concentration. All minds are potentially omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent as they are the parts of one universal mind. It is the body that has severed the connection between the individual and the universal mind. So man in his conscious, normal plane of mind is ignorant of anything but when he raises his mind to a higher level where the body idea is obliterated, the idea of space also vanishes. For it is the body which gives to the mind the idea of distance. In that super conscious state sight, hearing, smell etc. are quite possible from a distance. By systematic practice of Raj Yoga everybody can attain those famous eight occult powers mentioned in the yoga shastras. Everyone has the birth right to all those super human faculties but we have not patience to practise any sadhana. The Swami himself was the master of all those yogic Bibhutis, but he never exhibited them anywhere. Only his near and dear ones knew them. Even as a boy when he used to do meditation, under the directions of Sri Ramakrishna he got the power of distant vision and once saw in meditation that Sri Ramakrishna was on his way to him. So he stopped going to Sri Ramakrishna as he was about to do so then. To the Swami, purity, unselfishness and love were the greatest forces on earth.

Kalidas Mitra was very much interested in painting and fine arts and spent most of his time in their culture. No sooner had he entered the Swami's room than his ideas as it were stimulated his mind and consequently, the Swami's countenance, voice and ideas all turned on the same subject. He would start talking on those subjects like an adept of Art. For a pretty long time he spoke on the philosophy and science of painting. Like an experienced professor of this subject, he talked so fluently on it without any hesitation or halting that Mr. Mitra was astounded. He went to such details of painting as etching, colouring, outlining

etc., that we were all astonished. No one could doubt from his talk that he was a connoisseur of painting.

In that connection, I heard from the Swami that the making of Hindu Gods and Goddesses either in paper, or wood or earth as given in our *shilpashastras*, are highly scientific and philosophical. The eyes, faces and other limbs vary from God to God and manifest different ideas. Hindu Art, the Swami said, has a highly philosophical basis, and can excel arts of other countries in every respect. The Buddhist world, which is so famous for its art productions, has borrowed the principles of Hindu Art. Hindu and Buddhist Art is pre-eminently idealistic and religious in contradiction to western art which is mainly realistic. Though we could not understand the Swami's pronouncements on Hindu Art due to our scantiness of knowledge, we read them very well afterwards in Mr. Havel's book on *Ideals of Indian Art*. During his world-wide travels, the Swami visited the famous museums and art galleries of the East and the West, and made comparative studies of art in various countries. So in his talk with Kalidas Babu he gave descriptions of the famous art creations of Italy and France, China and Japan, Arabia and Persia. Once the Swami was invited to a stage in France where paintings of famous artists decorated the walls. It was the best cinema and the famous art gallery of Paris Swami knew French well. So he could follow the drama. The Swami went to that drama in response to the request of a well-to-do host. The Swami after his Indo-American celebrity was well known in France also where he lectured in French as a representative of Hinduism in the Congress of History of Religions. After the drama was over, the manager and the artist of the cinema came to chat with the Swami and showed him different pictures. In one of these pictures the Swami pointed out the defects which had marred its beauty. The artist was surprised and admitted its draw backs. They were under the impression that the Swami being a religious teacher, was quite a layman in art. But his penetrative criticism of art with the manager clearly demonstrated that the Swami was a master of the philosophy of art. The Swami inherited this art insight from his master, who was an expert in making earthen idols of gods and goddesses in such a life like manner that the professional modellers could not equal him.

The root meaning of the Sanskrit word 'chitra,' which means picture, is to manifest the Chit. Chitra=chit+the root trai. Chit means truth or God or the Beautiful, and trai means to manifest or to unfold the Chit. The goal of painting is to exhibit the Divine Beauty which is hidden behind every thing in this Universe. The philosophy of art is that the finite is the expression

of the infinite, the matter is the manifestation of the Spirit. Hence painting is a transcendental art and can lift the mind of the artist as well as the spectators to the realm of the Divine. The world of art necessarily has four dimensions. The Swami used to say that a spiritual soul gets a natural insight to all arts and sciences, and whenever he lifts his mind to the *Chidakasa* or the spiritual sky and focusses his mind on a subject he wants to know of all the thoughts relating to that subject come to his mind. The Swami was of opinion that by concentration man has access to all the good thoughts of the past as well as the present. He said once: Whatever I see or hear goes straight to the sub-conscious region of the mind and is stored there. This perception floats to the conscious surface on demand." On another occasion the Swami said:—"If I meditate on the brain of Sankara I become Sankara, if I meditate on the brain of Buddha, I become Buddha."

Another day Kalidas Mitra came to see the Swami. The Swami was then quite unwell and suffering from an attack of diabetes. He was with socks and sweater and was leaning against two pillows and was breathing with difficulty. Mitra bowed down to him and sat down. The Swami said to him: "My health is broken and I find difficulty in keeping the body fit for work." On being questioned by Mitra, regarding his illness, he said, "I do not know my ailments. My physician friends in America and Europe could never diagnose my case, far from curing or relieving them." Mitra again asked the Swami whether he was going to Japan. The Swami, in reply, said, "Yes. Okakura came to invite me on behalf of the Japanese Government to preside over the proposed Parliament of Religions there. Japan is a wonder land of the rising sun. The Japs are passionate lovers of art and are artists even in their everyday life. I visited Japan *en route* to America. The houses in Japanese villages are picturesque and are surrounded by flower gardens and fruit orchards. The cottages are made of wood and bamboos and are exceptionally neat and clean. The nation has made phenomenal progress in every walk of national life. Japan is the Britain of the East. If through the grace of God I go to Japan, I will take you with me. Japan has mastered the western sciences, keeping their national ideals intact. Though they are Buddhists in religion, modern Japan has very little religious bent. If Hindu Vedanta is taught to them they will appreciate it very much, for Mahayane Buddhism which they profess is philosophically the same as the Hindu Vedanta. Mutual understanding and exchange of ideals of these two great nations will contribute to their common welfare." When the Swami was talking of the meteoric rise of the Japanese nation, the sorrows and miseries of his own Motherland which we Indians are unable

to alleviate or redress, touched him to the quick. He forgot his own illness and bodily troubles and went on talking about the tragic downfall of this ancient nation. His face became colourless and pale, and over-whelmed with those thoughts, he said: "Modern India has nothing else to contribute to the welfare of the world at large except religion. So if we can broadcast our religious wealth to the four corners of the globe, we will receive other things in exchange from mankind." The Swami's mind was for the time being, imbued with the thoughts of Japan. He commented how Japan had risen to such a laudable height from a lowly, illiterate and semi barbarous condition solely by means of self-effort is a lesson to India.

In this connection he gave a vivid description of the French Revolution and the life-story of Napoleon. How Napoleon from an ordinary soldier rose to the pick of Imperial power by sheer dignity and diligence is a marvel of History. When he was talking of Napoleon, his facial expression altered, blood coursed through his veins, power returned to his muscles and nerves, as if the spirit of Napoleon entered his body. He infused life into the dead bones of historical facts which became lively to us. The battle of Gena or Austerlitz became real to us. He became so much excited in the description of Napoleon's military genius that he began to sing battle-songs in French and enthused us as Napoleon did his imperial guards, soldiers and generals. His bodily system became so much heated and spirited that it began to radiate valour and verility with which the atmosphere of the room was surcharged. We felt as if Swamiji was Napoleon and we were his lieutenants, such as Marshal, Ney, Soult, Victor, Marmon, Macdonald. Our nerves were electrified with boldness and bravery, strength and might and we perceived that omnipotence is hidden even in our souls. One of his spiritual brothers remarked at that time that such is the type of the inspired lecture of the Swami and he thundered from the platforms of Europe and America by which his audience were transported to the plane of his own thoughts. It is a wonder that Vivekananda, who was a Sannyasin and one who loved to plunge himself constantly into *Nirvikulpa Samadhi* could so deeply appreciate the life of the soldier or the commander. In fact, the ideal of his life was to conquer death, so much so that he could spit out his body any time. It is because in the battlefield the fear of death which is the greatest fear of man can be completely overcome, and life which is dearest to man becomes as insignificant as a toy, Swamijee admired the battle scene. He was of opinion that life itself is a great battle and unless man tramples underfoot all fear and weakness and even death, he cannot win victory.

The Swami liked so much *Lalita Vistara*, the Sanskrit life of Buddha that he used to give us readings from it very often in Benares. Moreover, Benares and Sarnath were very closely connected with the life of the Blessed One. He was never tired of repeating the famous lines of Sakyamuni the sadhaka which runs thus:— "Let my body be dried up on this seat of grass; let my bones, skin and flesh be destroyed in this very place, but I will never leave this seat unless I realise the Bodhi desired by me for so many Kalpas."

The Swami had infinite love for the lay and monk disciples of Sri Ramakrishna. Any misery or illness of any one of them used to pain him very much. In Benares he was turning the last few pages of the book of his life, and we witnessed all the dominant moods of his character in succession from beginning to end. When he found it impossible to recoup his health fully, he exclaimed one day in despair to Swami Shivananda: "My body won't last long. But I do not care for it, as Nivedita and my spiritual brothers will take up my unfinished work and carry it on till completion. I am sure, they will never swerve from their thorny path of duty till death. They are my only hope of life." This time his whole body seemed like an embodiment of love and his words used to pour forth blessings and bliss to all alike.

As the flower radiates its sweet fragrance out of inner fullness, the whole being of the Swami used to shower peace and blessedness to all around. He felt himself identified with the whole of man-kind, and his mind used to run the straight way always into the plain of cosmic consciousness. When love which is always Universal and Impersonal inundates the human soul he sees himself in others and others in himself. He became, as it were, an idol made of love and bliss. In Benares the world-conquerer Vivekananda was no more. In the last year of his life he became a child indifferent to everything and attached to nothing. The world of activity concerned him no more. Even his most beloved things drew no response from him. As the players leave the play ground after the play, so the Swami was preparing himself for the final journey to his Eternal Home. The Swami's love was so super-human that compared to it, love of the parents is almost nothing. Most of his disciples were attracted by his selfless heavenly love more than anything else. Vivekananda was a mad lover of humanity and whosoever had come into his personal touch has tasted what divine love is.

(Concluded.)

An Auditor's Log Book.

BY P. R. VENKATASUBRAHMANYAM, M.A.



AFTER a tiresome week spent in the monotonous routine we have an off day over the week end. We spent two such days in exploring the higher regions of the earth's crust—Yercaud—and the Blue Mountains. These are the hill stations in the Districts of Salem and the Nilgris. Both are planters' paradises, the latter of all-India fame. We were told that the former was not so chill, while all sorts of travellers' tales had been woven round the other. We were specially warned to be careful and to provide ourselves with plenty of warm-wear to protect the lungs, the extremities of the limbs etc. Being new, we listened with credulous ears and provided ourselves with all the costumes considered necessary to brave a cold winter at a height of 7,500 ft. above the sea level.

A motor took us to and from Yercaud, and to Nilgris we went up in one of the most picturesque mountain railways in the world and returned by a motor bus. The principles of road-construction up the ghats are these. The road ascends by the sides, going round and round, and from one mountain to the other by means of hair pin bends. There are two hair-pin bends in the Yercaud ghat road and 13 on the Nilgris road. The Blue Mountains Railway takes us up to Coonoor in an average gradient of 1.12.50. After Coonoor the riding is easy. As we go up and up, or rather pushed up by the tiny mountain engine, a vast panorama of hill and dale unfolds itself to the eye. You are now on the ledge of a precipice, and down below as far as the eye could see, there is a vast mass of green foliage rising tier upon tier. A whole mountain side is laid bare and the view from the bottom to the top from a place about the middle of the hills is simply delightful to the eye. The green of the mountain side is brought into prominence by the ledges of bare rocks that thrust themselves out from the green verdure of the hill side. Bare rocks with one or two struggling blades of vegetation are in striking contrast to the wealth of foliage down below. At Yercaud also it was the same, but the grandeur of the Blue Mountains stands unrivalled. There are four ranges between Mettupalayam and the Nilgris, and at times the landscape from Mettupalayam is seen in perspective: a narrow lane of green verdure emerging from the bottom of the hills on which you are securely hauled up at the rate of 10 miles an hour. Such glimpses are better appreciated than described. They offer a wealth of green verdure

for the eye to feast upon. Sometimes a more extensive view of the rear of the mountains is obtained more than the front. After passing Coonoor which is somewhat busy, we reach Ooty at noon.

After a sumptuous dinner, we are off to see the Government House and the Boroda Palace. The Baroda Palace is situated on Fern Hill. The way to Government House lies through green fences of cyprus and through the Pomological gardens. The Ooty House contains many pictures. Of great interest are those of the Governors of Madras, some painted by notable painters—one is by Ravivarma, and his art stood out in bold relief to many other specimens of the painters' art. In the dining hall the arms and mottoes of Governors are hung up exhibiting how each one struggled to maintain himself true to a certain ideal. "Dread God" was the motto of Sir Thomas Munro, and one of the latest to occupy the post had "Honesty is the best policy". I find one striving for the goodness of the people and the other the embodiment of the spirit of the times. We are off to the ball room, a spacious, and well lighted hall. The receiving room is a big and high roofed hall. A big mirror about 20 ft. by 10 ft. is placed just opposite the entrance. On the whole, the building did not strike one's imagination.

The Baroda Palace is a work of art. The big building is so well kept and decorated and one loves to linger over the grounds and the halls. The rooms are tastefully decorated with wall-papers, specially manufactured at Paris, and full of well appointed furniture. Each room has a different colour scheme, in harmony with the outside world. One glass-fronted verandah which faces the lawn is papered green and the result is a striking effect produced on the mind. Pictures and other valuable works of art adorn the walls. Costly and elegant Chinaware is kept in specially prepared cup-boards over the mantle piece. The Maharani has a whole suite of rooms to herself; a sitting room, a bed room, a bath, and a puja room, each with its distinct furniture and showing the elegance and taste of the high personages that live in it. It is said that His Highness has not seen the palace for the past fifteen years. Yet it looks as if he had left it only the other day.

We are off to the Pykara lake, travelling over 15 miles of road before we reached Pykara, running over a tableland studded with hillocks. The grass-grown tops of the hills are relieved by little clusters of fir and the blue gum trees. The road passes on through the beautiful avenues of these trees which raise their tall and shady heads over the road side. The motor now runs over the sides of the mountains amidst miniature valleys. The hills rising from the plains rise high and are awe-inspiring and the small

valleys containing grass occurring here are pleasant to look at. We reach Pykara in the night and are warned to be careful. We put on socks, sweaters and scarves and cover all but the face with wool. The night was no more chilly than the coldest December night in Madras. But the air was extremely cold and biting.

We were up early in the morning after a short stroll to the Pykara head works and *chotu hazari*, we were out again, prepared to descend a precipitous hill side 3500 ft. down supported by no other device than a rickety trolley let down a pair of rails by an electric winch. You may have an idea of the precipitous nature of the descent when it is said that we did the 3500 feet down covering only a distance of 3750 ft. Some times we sat on the trolleys, almost perpendicular-wise to the sides of the hill we were descending, nevertheless feeling safe at an eminence of 3500 ft. above the visible ground. When we began the descent, at about 10 A.M. we were still above the cloudland feeling like Indra riding his white clouds rising tier upon tier in endless variety. As we slowly made our acquaintance, step by step with the new strata below us, we pass a nasty bend, the "Tattenham Corner" appropriately enough called so. All along we see running parallel to the trolley line the penstock pipes through which water destined to generate 21000 horse power of electricity was conducted to a depth of 3500 ft. All nationals were represented at the construction of the power house and the layings in of the penstock pipes. At a point just above the terra firma, as terra firmas go here, i. e., above 4500 ft. above the sea level we come to a place called "Geneva Halt" in happy remembrance of days spent in comradeship of the many nationals that congregated to accomplish this huge project, which is destined to bring light and power to half the presidency. Just above 'Geneva Halt' we pass the hardest part of the journey, the steepest descent in the whole length of 3500 ft. The German Engineers who manufactured and laid the pipes have named it the "German Point". Just as we were descending we could see patches of country lying below us and the glimpses of the precipitous slopes of hills that rise on either side of us. The power house was not visible till we reached the last winch that kept us to the hill side.

And now the trolley halts on terra firma before a not too imposing building bearing on it the legend "The Madras Electricity Department, 1932" and a pair of huge doors. The Assistant Engineer of the power house, Mr. Somayajulu, takes charge of us and conducts us into the spotlessly clean power house. Just a few yards above the power house the water of the penstock pipes is led into a small tank from which it is drawn through three separate pipes intended to feed the three turbines—that will eventually generate 10,500 horse powers of electricity each.

The water is led into the turbines by means of needle valves which are capable of regulating the head of water at the turbine to make it work at the maximum of 600 revolutions per minute, the head is increased or decreased according as the load factor is heavy or light. The whole of the interior of the power house is clean and bears testimony to our traditional cleanliness. Only one turbine was working; the water at the time when I saw it was flowing into it at a velocity equal to a head of 2,500 feet and the wheel of the turbine was revolving at 600 revolutions per minute. From here a direct current of 50 volts is generated by an excitor which is converted by passing it through a generator into an alternating current of 11,000 volts at 55 cycles a second. The generator and the excitor are lubricated by means of oil which is being constantly cooled by being drawn out and injected continuously through a tank of water. There are three such turbines, two for every day work and the third as a stand by. We are then conducted to the open air convertors in which this current of 11,000 volts is stepped up into 66,000 volts. There are three such convertors for the three generators and the one that was working gave a humming sound. The pressure of the current is raised by means of induction coils which rotate at different speeds. The whole system is protected internally against an unusually heavy load interfering with the turbine by means of a governor which cuts off any load factor which is in excess of the capacity of the Generator, and externally from lightning effects by means of lightning conductors which absorb and transmit the shocks to the earth. We are then led up to the switch board, which shows at one glance what power is led to different stations and at how much pressure (i.e.) voltages. We saw a red line indicating power going at 11,000 volts to the Nilgris and other consumers nearby and another showing current being transmitted at 66,000 volts to distant Coimbatore and Erode. There is an indicator which shows that the current is passing at 50 cycles a second and that power and pressure are working in harmony.

Now we are on our return journey. The sky is now clear. We are able to see for miles ahead; on the distant horizon the Chamundi hills struggling to meet the eye and the Mysore road; as we ascend up and up very near the point of descent, the whole picture of the power house with the transmission lines, the hills rising above and valleys lying below us, the vast hill side and valley rising and falling before our eyes. The panorama which greets the eye is more imposing than the one at the Mettupalyam side. Imagine our hanging at a place about six thousand feet above sea level seeing a country falling three thousand five hundred feet in a precipitous descent and then stretching away at that level as far as the eye could see. It was a grand and thrilling sight.

Love-Flight.

BY K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

"Pessimism is the prerogative of youth. Clutching Aldous Huxley and Spengler in our frantic arms we leap before electric trains, plunge into muddy rivers, swallow potions, frequent gas-ovens, and blow out our brains."

(Misogyny over the Week-end).



SUICIDES have come into fashion. Not a single day passes without one. Our antiquarian friend Kameswaran was, with all the sarcasm he could command, complimenting the 20th century on self-destruction as one of its momentous inventions. He proceeded: "You never heard of these things in the bad old days as you call them. Imagine Shivaji or Napoleon Buonaparte taking poison in despair! My dear man, this is the exclusive accomplishment of your age. Would that some one called it the Age of Suicide!!!"

I opened my mouth to make some suitable retort. But the case for Kameswaran was not done. Muthu, our priceless Muthu, who fancied himself a priceless wag, was out to wag his ears before the assembly. "Sensationalism has like the Hanuman of our story jumped over the seas to India," he began. "What with the novel and the cinema, our young men are seething and frothing in an ebullition of emotionalism." With Muthu, the style is the man.

"I am not so sure, chaps," I said in reply to the debate, so to say.

"Sure of what?" purred Muthu.

"Anything, that is to say, everything. The present condition of this land is not easy to analyse or even comprehend. I do not pretend to have the solutions of all our riddles up my sleeves. But there is no denying the fact that self-destruction has been of late on the increase."

Unconsciously, I had drifted into my usual somnolent vein of story-telling. The company had no great pains to recognise in my manner the tail-end of a new yarn which might vanish unless promptly taken hold of. This they did. Whereupon the following story:

"I shall relate to you an experience which lately befell the hero of my previous stories, SRK (short for Sivaramakrishna Iyer). * Though not strictly pertaining to SRK's life, the story may come in relevant in that it might let in one or two gleams of

* See issues of October 1932, December-January and July 1933.

light into the character of Sivaramakrishna Iyer. Incidentally we shall survey the knotty question of adolescent despair tending to suicide."

SRK had left the ranks of the needy by this time and was on the bateable land between the rich idle and the working poor (I began). One of his latest exploits had been the manufacture and sale of some thousands of wonderful talismans, which you may be sure were gobbled up like hot confectionery. On the whole, therefore, SRK was now a man more borrowed from than borrowing.

One wet day in June found this rising Iyer sitting in the one cabin of a motor-boat plying between A—and K—, with as much dignified composure as he could maintain under the onslaught of incessant gusts of sprayey wind. He was the only passenger inside, or so he thought, till he saw the seeming bundle of clothes in the corner seat rise, shake itself, and resolve into the shape of a young man. A cluster of unusually long hair was tossed back and revealed a quite keen and pleasant visage enlivened by a pair of intelligent eyes. Just now, the intelligent eyes looked a bit dark and weary. Yet a couple of depressions on either cheek in line with the mouth indicated unmistakably a sense of humour.

"Filthy weather, this," commented the apparition in the conventional manner.

"Certainly," assented Sivaramakrishna Iyer. "Do you belong to this place?"

This was not an absurd question, even though they were at the precise instant in no place at all but on salt water. In the customary manner of the Indian, SRK had set the ball of conversation rolling. Anglicised though some of us are, the goodly portion of our compatriots have never heard of the custom of introduction. Even if they had, they would not have given two pins for it. SRK and the strange young man began exchanging confidences and on learning that the strange dishevelled youth was a Madrasi student, the question naturally arose of his appearance in Erocnavart.

"Oh that, that would take long in the telling, mister. Besides, it is a story too personal to be impersonally understood by you," was the strange attitude of this strange young man. Presumably he was itching to unburden his soul, and least of all to a Middle-aged middle-class man of 'middling' gentility, met in the middle of a journey in the middle of a boat. You will, therefore, be disappointed if you were looking out for a tragic exposition of his life by the hero, in a burst.

SRK was not too familiar with the insides of modern novels, except for the Tamil reading of his wife he had dipped into, and in any case was not too sophisticated to remain unintrigued by the above beginning. Above all, there was an hour more to tide through in the water and some amusement was indispensable. So he proceeded to humour this romantic youth.

"Not at all, my young friend. I have been young myself and know what it feels like. Though not in the green days of youth, I assure you I still remain, ripe as I am, in heart a youth. So if you feel my sympathy and services could do anything to alleviate your present gloom, I am at your disposal. If not, I sha'n't trouble you." With this dramatic gesture, SRK made as if to draw in his horns. The strange young man, however, had too long felt the horrors of creeping loneliness to scare away the little company that offered in the fat brahmin. He dared not trust himself alone with his morbid thoughts. So he prepared to make up to SRK.

"But I have nothing to hide, my friend," began he. "All the world may hear the story and be welcome to it. When all's said, it's not much of a tale, too. Still what there is of it, I shall gladly tell you."

"Go ahead, then" prompted SRK. "I am all ears."

"To begin then, I am or was till lately a science student at the Presidency College. My name is Parthasarathi and I ought to have passed my Chemistry Hons. this March. Well, I didn't." He paused as though to let this tragic fact sink in.

"So I see," commented Mr. Iyer, encouragingly. How he ever could have seen it is a riddle.

The strange young man continued. "That is not all. It is months now since I left Madras. My people have given me up for lost perhaps. I wrote to them I was going to the Himalayas. I offered no explanations but simply asked for my parents' blessings and a hundred rupees." Here he smiled. "I don't know about the first. But I decidedly never got the latter. So I had to shift as well as I could with the sixty rupees 'varsity exam. fees which I had the prudence to with-hold."

This side-track into his finances did not apparently interest SRK. "Why did you run away at all?" was his question.

The reply of the strange young man was strangely cryptic. "What surprises me, my honest friend, is that I did no more than run away. For a man who has gone through what I did, migration is no consolation at all. The shortest cut to peace lay for me via a little blue bottle with a red label."

This was uttered with such an air of studied carelessness that SRK for one moment doubted the soundness of the strange young man's cerebral apparatus. The stranger viewed his alarm with morbid satisfaction. "You think I am off my rocker," he accused the fat brahmin. "Well, you are not the first to suspect that. And you are not the first to be mistaken." Evidently this by no means reassured Mr. Iyer, who expected the wild youth to jump any moment into the water, on the strength, as it were, of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's dying observation upon the parity of the overland and ocean routes to the abode of divinity.

Parthasarathi interpreted SRK's glances with the unerring instinct of the lover or the lunatic or both.

"Keep your wool on, old chap," he commented flippantly. "I prefer to reach heaven in an unwaterlogged condition."

"To jog along with my story. For the last one year I loved and was beloved of Vimala."

"Ah, there you are," murmured Mr. Iyer. "Love was at the bottom of it." The grim pleasantry of the other stopped him. "No, no, my sweetheart killed herself and I gave up the world not for love, but for the lack of it. Vimala was in the English Hons. And two years my junior. She was awfully romantic and all that and wrote poetry for the Presidency College Mag." Here the dishevelled young man dived into the recesses of his suit-case and produced two creased cuttings much worn by constant handling. SRK had no more than a working knowledge of English. But the titles "Light" and "Langs" removed any doubts he could have had of the romantic or poetic aptitudes of the young lady.

The lover lunatic began to read out aloud:

That oval face, that hue divine,
That precious hair of thousand gleams,
That slender movement, all that make
The light of my eyes.

"Yes— yes—" interrupted SRK, in obvious haste. "I shall read the poems later on, Sir, get on with the story first."

The lake had been crossed and the boat had entered the shallow canal. Romantic diving could no longer bring any fatal results. Still, the sight of the poems seemed to excite the poor lad unduly. SRK wished considerably to spare him.

Parthasarathi was thus prevailed upon to put aside the love lyrics of his mistress. He again took up the broken thread of his narrative. "I was a Chemistry man and the fumes of all the unholy gases in existence had long extinguished any spark of Promethean fire I had in me. But somehow we got to know each

other. We fell into a deep mutual love. It was the most delicious sensation I ever knew, and swept me completely off my feet. I could forego eating and sleeping and lie all day in my room in a trance, thinking of Vimala and our love. I went about with her image ever before me. I talked not to my companions but always to Vimala. I ate with her and asleep, dreamt of her. My Chemistry notes were full of references to new substances like Vimalogen, Vimalic acid and Vimalates. Once a tutor actually caught me representing an unheard of element in symbols, Vi."

K— was now but three miles away. Coconut palms raised their crowns on either side of the canal. Small canoes were always in sight. Occasionally a house appeared by the water-side. The launch slackened speed perceptibly and Parthasarathi became more and more dreamy and halting. The boat's siren roused him with a start.

"For a time, all was well. I was loved in return. No one was happier than I. But one day during the Xmas vac. when I was staying on to prepare for my exam., I got a letter from Vimala who had gone home for the holidays. What do you think it said?"

SRK was sucked into the eddies of the story. Tensely, he suggested. "Was she ill, or did her parents betrothe her to some one else?"

"Nothing so melodramatic," was the unexpected reply. "She wrote that she had ceased to love me. Only she put it much more gently. But it amounted to that. She, poor girl, was sadder at the inconstancy of her love than I could be. The emotion we had both found and swore to be firm and undying, that tender passion had lost its hold and died. She was not sure that she loved any one else. She was nevertheless sure that she loved me no more. So ashamed, so disappointed she was with human nature, so filled and overwhelmed by the tragedy of it all, the uncertainty of the sincerest of our feelings, that she decided to live no longer. And upon this decision, like Ophelia, she chose a beautiful death. Her body was discovered two days later, "here the strange young man's voice broke a little. He steadied himself. "It floated, lightly swayed by the wind, in a lonely tank among a crowd a host of pink lotuses."

His self-control slipped away. He seemed not to know the nearness of the 'holla'ing boatmen on small craft. The ticket-collector came by. Parthasarathi never noticed him, SRK motioned him away. Intent with passion, the lover went on. "Can you wonder now at my leaving college, friends, parents— life itself?"

He stopped for a moment. "And she, the dear girl, sent a poem for me in the letter—the second one you saw printed! It was her swan song." Here he softly chanted a stanza:

To love and lose were well, I wot,
But love erewhile and love no more?
O trait'rous heart, know you the pangs
Of inconsistent love?

Swiftly he went on, as if weary and eager to finish the tale. "That was not the hardest blow. The worst was yet to be. For a month I went about as a man in a bad dream. Then suddenly in my heart of hearts I saw the fickleness of my own love for that noble soul. I was no longer sorry for her. I could unashamedly think of other girls I knew. A day came when I realised the truth. My guilt was equal to hers. I, too, had ceased to love my Vimala, and could find myself ready to turn to some other girl! O, the treachery of the human heart."

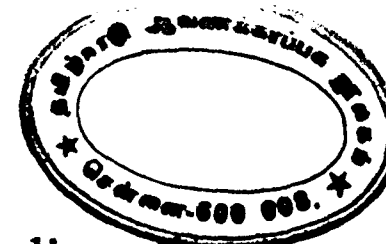
The strange young man never appeared so wild as now. Never was SRK more apprehensive of impending disaster. But the moment passed and the young man's frenzy slowly left him, as no doubt it had more than once come and gone. No sooner was the boat drawn to the landing-place, than Parthasarathi picked up his suit-case, jumped ashore, and disappeared.....

But SRK had not seen the last of the strange lover.

That night SRK walked along the central street of K—and turned down a side-road on his way to the house where he was halting. Perched upon the first electric lamp-post, in the full glare of the lamp, he saw Parthasarathi. One arm swung free. Out of a coat pocket a stopperless whisky bottle stuck out.

SRK stopped. "He, you mad man there, come down," he yelled. The mad lover looked down. His old flippancy reappeared. "Good-bye, old feller. Can't wait. Got an appointment to keep."

As this bizarre young man reached out for the 'power' wire, SRK found tongue to give the alarm.



Indiscretions.

III. MY COLLEGIAN.

BY K. S. SHIVARAMAKRISHNAN, B. A.

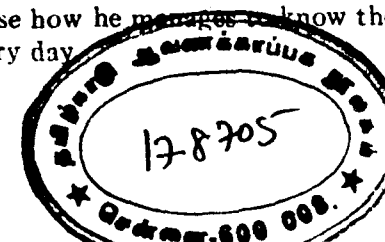


EVER, in my fairly long though undistinguished life, had I such a prolonged spasm of furious unreasoning anger at Fate on my being born a dozen years earlier than I ought to be. The sight of my younger brother enjoying with impunity the many unfair advantages on the score of his being a College Student drove me unrelenting into the arms of Eros. I had conceded to his numerous requests partly because I felt that the times demanded the concessions and partly as I was afraid of my cutting a foolish figure in the eyes of the "advanced" people, if I refused them.

I had tolerated his demand that he must crop his head, though it had been against all canons of traditions which we Sasthis held. Some consideration, I felt, was due to my brother for completing, if not very creditably, the Secondary School Leaving Certificate in his first attempt. But now what an army of invaders has come through that first thin gap!

My mind reels at the spectacle—familiar it has now become though—of the patent razors, the stropping leather, the shaving stick, the shampoo powder, the fancy combs, the costly gilt-edged mirror, and other paraphernalia for shaving arranged on the polished teak side table which had been the pride of my younger days. My brother had begun by shaving once a week, but has now however shown signs of hope, according to his friends, by shaving thrice a week. He has active thoughts of performing the grand ceremony daily. When he is so painstaking to obliterate the faint impression of the soft down struggling to appear on his upper lips, have I not to shave twice a day to keep at arm's length the bristling, hard, black hair that has not the forbearance to keep out till the next day?

And the number of shirts, coats, hats, pantaloons, the scores of thin, long coloured pieces of cloth—neck-ties they called them—the pairs of boots with Oxford, Derby, Black and tan and other varieties, the knick-knacks, the names of which my bewildered senses hardly retain, scattered all over the house, show the progress of my brother. What with picnics and tea-parties to be followed up later by unfailing attendance at the theatre or the cinema hall, I scarcely realise how he manages to know the books he has to take the class every day.



But now this was insufferable. The fellow had exceeded the limits. He had demoralised the entire household. There was my aged mother, scolding me in no gentle terms. That childless aunt of mine, a veritable mint of usefulness in other respects, hoped that I would rest content only when I had driven her darling out of the house. My pretty little niece, the apple of my eyes, was viewing me with unreasonable hostility. Two of my next door neighbours, middle-aged women with plenty of time hanging on their hands and ever inclined to air their tongues at anybody's expense, were adding their shrill voices to the confusion. All this because I had asked my brother, chancing to meet him that evening, to take home some vegetables which I had purchased at a fairly cheap price for the next day's dinner. How dare I humiliate him in the eyes of his collegiate friends with whom he was walking by troubling him with the common places of Life! Ill that such a brute as myself deserved to have an younger brother who was the talk of the place!! So ran the argument.

The spite that I felt against Fate at my not being fortunate to enjoy the amenities of a College education was bitter and for long. I would otherwise have imbued the mentality of my brother and learnt to understand him. I too would have cropped my head instead of keeping a tuft which flutters like a banner in the strong east wind. I too would have kept my face as dainty and sweet as any woman's cheek. I too, clad in gorgeous garments, would have paraded the streets with the 'lions' of the day and learnt to spend another's money with an easy mind. I too would have then realised that providing one's family with the common necessities of life is a task unfit for a Collegian, but which can be delegated to some other convenient brother or uncle.

The spasm passed. Somehow I felt assured that my misfortune was but an accident which the world with its ups and downs would either mend or end. Why be self-conscious?

The Bourgeois Element and the Religion of the Future.

BY R. RAMACHANDRAN, M. A.



It is interesting to analyse the real contribution of 'heredity' in the lives of our ancestors. Because among the forces that dominate man in his early days heredity, perhaps after the universal functioning of the human instincts, wields the greatest influence. The men of old set great store by it. And the circumstances in a young and simple world within narrow boundaries were peculiarly congenial to its sway. No wonder, therefore, that to us living in the modern day, when family as one of the major influences of a man's life has been relegated to the limbo, it should appear rather curious that the ancients laid so much stress on it. This alone explains why the men of old, before making an alliance did not attach so much importance to the personal acquirements, intellectual and otherwise, of the bride or the bridegroom as to the reputation of the family from which he or she came.

The value of heredity in olden days was something solid which brooked no ignoring. It stood our fore fathers in the office of an unconscious stabilising element in their daily life, akin to the relation of a foundation to a building. It was for all purposes to them, a sixth sense, hovering over the infant human soul as a godfather or guardian angel, but with this difference that it was potentially powerful to mould the plastic mind for good or evil.

But heredity in the modern day has become an extinct factor and in the new order that has usurped the old, the counter part of heredity is 'environment'. And the difference between the genius of the past centuries, the old world and its ideals and the modern spirit, will in a fair measure indicate the difference between heredity and environment. The social life of the past was narrow and circumscribed and the social unit was the family or at best the village; but to-day the social unit has phenomenally widened to embrace a whole country at a modest computation. Quite in harmony with such an order of things we find that the influences that unconsciously mould us to day, instead of being internal or restricted to the confines of a domestic household, are mostly from abroad and have precious little to do with family. It might at most be said that the place of the home and parents as fostering guardians is becoming negligible—a nullity. The public school, the university and a hundred other social and

political institutions abroad, claim the infant soul to mould it on their own ideals. The great danger of such a state of things is that, whereas of old, the sense of individuality and personality was, if anything, quickened and never impaired, in the modern day which is a day of mass production and patterns we find individuality mown down to give place to the type or the institution.

But both heredity and environment have more or less the same identical place in religion. They form one of the two ways in which Religion comes to dominate man. Birth in a family of great religious tradition and so within easy access of a great spiritual legacy, or living a life in *Satsangha*, either of these two, infuse in us the germs of a great spiritual existence. And so, in ancient days, when both of these facilities were happily available for the *Sadhaka*, the one by the heredity of a family with rich associations of spiritual culture and the other by healthy environments of rural surroundings and the godly inspiration radiating from sages who had a natural flair for the things of the spirit, religion brimmed over with vigour and freshness.

What we have said above is the normal manner in which one naturally looks to the growth of a healthy religious instinct in man, a method that savours of universal application. But there is also an abnormal method, applying only to the lives of a few, by which man may be thrown back on religion as the final shelter of ineffable peace and calm. In the case of not a few of the world's greatest we find a startling change to a new avenue of life, a reformation in a flood and with a heady current, taking definite shape with some casual trifle of an incident. But these exquisite incidents that almost as if by a spell of magic transfer life's current into a totally alien channel, do not befall every one without rhyme or reason. Rather it is safer to assert that these by themselves are of no great intrinsic value but that their uniqueness is only to those great souls whom they transform. Even incidents of comparatively greater magnitude leave the average humanity cold and little moved, those whom we call by the rather undefined and vague term 'The Public'. To them even great upheavals have only this abnormal interest of something that has received great publicity in the daily press and so qualified to vary the even tenor of this dull and placid existence. These form the great Middle class, or 'the superior stolid comfortable' as an author styles them. They delight to be addressed by the phrase 'the backbone of society', as they are secretly flattered that the phrase is their exclusive monopoly. They think they are the salt of the earth and at the slightest provocation or excuse give you to understand unblushingly that they do consider themselves

as such. They form the unenviable caste of those who have been vulgarly successful in the struggle for life. Their great virtue is numbers. Chief among their characteristics are their sincere worship of mammon and financial success and their intense self-consciousness as a class. 'Another marked characteristic is their gigantic temperamental dullness, unresponsiveness to external suggestion, a lack of humour--in short, a heavy and half honest stupidity, the ultimate product of gross prosperity and too much sleep'. Their lives are characterised by the utter destitution and absence of all the fine things of life that poets and artists have sung about or glorified, an absence of all that is exquisite or heroic in life. They are the Philistines, those inveterate foes of a sound culture, with their sad want of sweetness and light, over whom Arnold so relentlessly and effectively emptied his scorn and ire. They are the illustrious obscure (illustrious in the sense that they are formidable as they govern the purse strings of the world and run our daily life), the followers of Bacon and still more his doctrine of utility. They have not even the ghost of a claim to pretensions of culture, elegance or art, but yet, as they are free from the clutches of poverty and have far too much of spare time hanging about them, they needs must indulge in this dabbling in art, literature and every other sphere whose domains are legitimately beyond their comprehension; because, such dabbling fosters the smug self-satisfied sense of superiority that if anything marks them fundamentally. They form a great and a colourless type, a huge pattern harmonising with a world of machinised and mechanical mass production and overrun by huge commercial concerns. These will leave no footprints on the sands of time, fill no sacred urn with the fragrant and treasured ashes of a glorious existence. But they will pass away unwept, unhonoured and unsung constitutionally so equipped that they will almost be content to die if their death will cause a fleeting flutter, if they are assured of an obituary notice in a leading daily or two and a marble tablet over their grave. Life to such is an eternal process of barter and so their attitude towards it is that of the shrewd businessman whose only aim is to drive a good bargain.

It has been necessary to dwell on the leisured bourgeois so long, as they symbolise a certain prevalent attitude to life and religion that is the most demoralising factor at the present day. Life never yields its secrets (much less does religion for the matter of that) to these flotams on the inglorious expanse of life at its norm. It is the diver into the deep to whom the ooze yields up its mysteries and similarly it is only the spiritual aspirant whose intensity and single minded devotion to his ideal almost border upon madness who makes any headway in religion worth

mention. All art implies a certain abnormality, a certain non-conformity to the accepted standards of life. It savours of a strong impress of individuality and if anything errs on the side of revolutionary doctrines and world-shaking movements rather than on the side of the bourgeois element of a colourless and placid monotony of existence. And so no wonder that the middle class womb has never given rise to any front rank artist. True art and religion are a sealed book to them who like the Ereuhonians try to sit nicely on the fence and try to establish an amiable relationship between the things secular and the things of the spirit, irreconcilables though they be. They are of the earth, earthy, but in order to stifle the last qualms of a dormant divinity that still faintly struggles after the great things of life, they make commercial ventures into the field of religion too. It is they who figure prominently in subscription lists as it gives them the double benefit of an agreeable publicity that their advertising instinct hankers after besides giving them the comforting feeling that their souls too are not totally left to rot and fester, and that they are saved from the vague terrors of another world which their superstition-ridden souls conjure up for them at times. It is this attitude of theirs to religion that Milton has so brilliantly exposed in his *Areopagitica*, where he says that :

A wealthy man addicted to his pleasures and to his profits finds religion to be a traffic so entangled and of so many piddling accounts that of all mysteries he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. And so to some Divine of note and estimation he commits the whole managing of his religious affairs. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion with all locks and keys into his custody and indeed makes the very person of the man his religion; esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety.

It is this bourgeois attitude to religion that dries up the fountains of man's superior urge. All progress implies aspiration and aspiration in turn involves struggle and discontent with the existing order of things; whereas theirs is a smug and fatally self-satisfied nature, a state of stagnation that removes all possibility of progress.

And it is this bourgeois element in modern religion and all other attributes that attach to it, that are perhaps the worst obstacles in the way of a great religious upheaval in the near future. Religion has remained and must remain an affair of the individual soul. This is its unique virtue that though it be a commodity meant for the daily needs of the whole of humanity, its approach to each one is intensely personal. And the most grievous fault of our day has been this, that at the expense of this personal aspect of religion we have tried to identify it more and more with something akin to an international commercial

organisation. It is this canker that has so inwardly vitiated the growth of religion, though everything externally seems definitely to aid its progress. Civilisation has advanced, the human intellect has grown, to be a weapon of extra-ordinary delicacy and subtlety. Science has made astonishing leaps and laid bare the growing vastness of God's universe that threatens to outrun our utmost powers of comprehension. And though a lop-sided progress in rabid nationalism offers to plunge the whole world into war, we have grown more humane in our relations to one another as man to man.

But paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that in the very midst of this dearth of a healthy religious culture in the very core of this bourgeois element that is so rampant and with such baneful and demoralising effect, one glimpses the signs of a future religious upheaval. This bourgeois tendency has already seen its best days; and the conditions political and economic of a world that is now in the melting pot, offer to accelerate its decay and removal. People are becoming more and more alive to the necessity of enforcing some moral order in this world where every stray influence commands the homage of some sect or other, on the score of its novelty if not for anything else — a moral order that would adequately realise the sanctity of the human soul (be it of the very frailest) and stoutly stand up against all mundane forces that threaten to trample it down. It is such a recognition of this great and healthy principle of life that finds its sympathetic echo and manifestation in the thousand societies that exist all over the world for social welfare, uplift work, relief measures etc., for the ailing humanity.

The existence of such humanitarian societies at first seems an unmixed blessing, a happy augury of the casting off of our present demoralising slough, and the renaissance of a spiritual life in the near future. But such social institutions that have, as their ideal, the service of man, manifest a Janus face. At their normal they signify certain humane influences working for the relief of suffering humanity. These great societies that take their proportion on an international scale are dangerously similar in their machinery to the vast commercial organisations whose pernicious role in modern life we have been lamenting. The present day man thinks he has taken enough care of the soul when he has contributed his monetary mite to one of these humanitarian societies. *Jeeva Seva* or the service of humanity will avail nothing if it were not for the human soul behind it. No healthy religious reaction will ensue if we eschew this great principle of the personal factor in religion and come into contact only with these institutions with their commercial machinery, and not with the real human individuality behind them.

But in the present causes that contribute to the unhappiness of the world, there is one safety outlet to the fear of these charity institutions getting demoralised at the onslaught of the bourgeois element. Humanity during the past few centuries, along with its phenomenal progress, has suffered a morbid twist of character that seems to have permanently dried up its capacities for indulging in a pure and healthy pleasure. Pleasure and enjoyment at their sweetest and best can only befall a mind with attributes of simplicity and innocence whereas the complexity of our lives is an ineradicable evil. The present world economic depression may to a sanguine optimist be only a passing phase. But it is something axiomatic in its naked truth that simplicity and contentment have absolutely fled the vicinity of man and the world of reality. The best one can hope for in that line seems to be a peace, if not the cold resignation born of despair. Revolutions of perhaps ten times the intensity of the French or the Russian ones, will cause no sweeping change in the present day for the better. What loom large before us now as drastic changes in the political or economic horizon are at best mere palliatives that smoothen outwardly an ulcer that they cannot heal at the core. And after all there is no guarantee that changes in the economic lot of man will leave him equally better off in contentedness and the things of the spirit. And under the influence of these forces the human mind must inevitably suffer a reaction and a strong reaction at that.

And it is in this gloomy outlook of the human soul that is painfully conscious of the limitations of its outward environments (which seemed unexhaustibly fruitful and perennially fresh to our ancestors, that one looks forward to a great religious upheaval. For, it cannot be that humanity will patiently allow itself to rot and fester away ingloriously. Nor can it do away with religion. Its very instinct of self-preservation and the spark of divinity in its soul (however dormant it now appears to be) will never allow it to do so. We have long been disillusioned of the Eldorado our ancestors hoped to find out—of gaining the whole world and an equal measure of happiness along with it; and we will not now placidly consent to lose our soul too in the bargain. In the absence of a happiness and peace of soul, denied to it under the modern conditions of the world, humanity will no doubt, after shaking itself free from its present lethargic excess, knock at the doors of Religion, to realise in it the peace-giving haven of its search.

The Wreck.

BY REIMA CRISNON.



still remember vividly the glow of spiritual softness that was on him and the halo of ethereal purity that shone round him. The scene of my first meeting with him was in itself striking. It was an autumn morning. The sky was heavily clouded, and there was a mild, but continuous shower. A chill wind was blowing. I was sitting on the front verandah of my house behind the iron bars watching the children in the opposite row floating paper-boats on the muddy stream flowing in the ditch. The street that would usually be crowded with the labourers going to their work, with the cowherds driving their cattle to pasture, with the milk maids and vegetable-vendors shouting loud to attract customers, and with old men and women returning after their morning bath was then practically deserted. Now and then a solitary human being passed along, only intensifying the emptiness of the road. I was in one of those moods of abstraction when without any conscious endeavour on our part the mind ruminates over a thousand details. I was thinking of the mystery of the substance called water, of the master-mind that conceived of this great universe in all its wealth of detail, of the mythological explanation of rain, of how there were seven great clouds on high which Indra beat and compelled to shed waters to the thirsty earth, of how thunder and lightning were the result of the commotion among the celestial clouds, and of a hundred other silly and sublime things. It was then that he crossed my vision for the first time. I saw him coming from the distant end of the road with a small bag thrown over his shoulder. He did not seem to feel uncomfortable at all to walk in the rains. He walked slowly, as if he was afraid of offending Mother Earth by a heavy, rapid, thoughtless tread on her bosom. He was all wet, and when he saw me sitting on the verandah he came to me with a smile and asked, "May I rest here for a while?"

"By all means, friend," I answered, "I will give you a pair of dry cloths, and you can stay here till the rain ceases. May I know who you are, and why you ventured out in the rains?"

"I am a wanderer on life's highway," he answered, "and the wander-lust is on me now. I wanted to spend some quiet time on yonder mountain having for my companions only the squirrel and the mountain-lizard, eating nature's roots and fruits, lying on the bare rocks, drinking at the springs, communing with the vastness and immensity all round. Occasionally these moods

came on me. Last summer the sea had a fascination for me, and with the aid of a country boat I dwelt on her heaving bosom for a week. This time my feet are itching for treading on new ground. Two days ago I came to that hill, but the rains came and drove me from there. I do not hate heaven's watery message to earth, but the few books I carried with me got spoilt, and as books are my first love I thought it wise to come away."

There was something weird about his countenance and about his manner of speech. There was in him a touch of the pensive and the sober; "his looks were commercing with the skies and his rapt soul was sitting in his eyes." He told me that his name was Nachiketas. Nachiketas! Everything about that strange visitor from the mysterious distance was wonderful. And he bore, the name of the ideal of Indian youth, the hero of the *Katha Upanishad*, the boy whose thirst for truth was so great that he cast off without any hesitation the offer of worldly supremacy and wrung out of Death himself the secrets of life. A strange name indeed, but how becoming! There was in this Nachiketas too that utter disregard for the mundane trivialities, that passion to catch and hold the bare simplicity of truth. All this I saw in an instant, because Nachiketas never gave me to understand wherefrom he came, or who his parents were or what he was exactly 'doing' in the world. On the other hand, in the short time he stayed with me, he spoke to me of the Indian sages of old, of the cultural affinity of the prophets of various nations, of the purpose behind Indian history, of the glory of Greece, of the charm of ancient Egypt and similar other matters. And when he left me, as suddenly as he broke on me, I said to myself "There goes one who is all soul and no grossness."

A few years after my first meeting with Nachiketas, I was privileged to be his mate in a College of Arts continuously for six terms. It was during that period of close association with him that I saw more of the uniqueness of his personality. Nachiketas was in a way the terror of all his hostel mates. He could never brook idleness, sloth, dirt and baseness of any kind. He always appeared to us to be far removed from the touch of the earth. There was flowing in his veins a rich idealism. Almost every morning he used to watch the majestic sunrise with such ardour that no one dared to approach him at that solemn moment. The early hours of the day were spent by him in devout meditation. He was such a chastening influence in the hostel that many of us who in the first flush of college freedom and of liberated youth had taken to the use of snuff or cigarettes voluntarily left off the bad practices compelled by a regard for him. With all this he

was no puritan, no cloister-confined monk. On moonlit nights he would drag us all out of our study into the open grassy lawns, and sing and cut jokes and chat so merrily that we felt we were in heaven. Despondency he never tolerated. He was verily a child of light. Often did we ask of him his ideas of his own future. "The future" he would say, "is but a continuation of the present. While you fellows will go out of college and marry and beget and wallow in the worldly mire, you will hear of Nachiketas sacrificing himself at the altar of his country's service. Nachiketas may one day surprise you by calling at your house in ochre-coloured clothes and shaven head with a begging bowl in hand. Or you may one day read in the papers of an Indian preaching Vedanta to the distant West, and never suspect that the distant preacher was once upon a time sporting with you on the green grass. Or news may reach you some day of a new forest university founded by a strange saint with a long beard and matted locks of hair come just then out of the Himalayan caves, and it may never occur to you that it was your own Nachiketas who was that saint. Any way Nachiketas is not going to pass away from the world like a dream; he is going to leave some marks behind him on the sands of time." Such were the aspirations of Nachiketas in those days.

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Years rolled on. Time, the All-destroyer was pulling down and building up. Twenty summers passed away. In that long period earth witnessed many cataclysms of nature; there were world wars and volcanic eruptions, floods and famines, plague and pestilence, dreadful hurricanes and sweeping sandstorms. Age was creeping over the generation to which I belonged. When on some professional business I went to Madanpur last spring a surprise was in store for me. I was walking along the bazaar of that crowded city when I saw someone coming before me with a torn coat on him whose pockets were filled with protruding brinjals, and a 'tiffin box' dangling from one hand and an umbrella held horizontally under another. His face seemed familiar to me. I stood still a moment and then cried out, "Aren't you Nachiketas?"

The man showed great surprise at the suddenness of my question and said, "Yes, I am, and aren't you my college mate, Kittu?"

I could not utter words for some time. Was this uncouth figure with an expressionless face and commonplace look the

Nachiketas whom we adored in our boyish days? Was this ghost-like being with sunken eyes and careworn features the same as the idol of our youth? I could not believe my eyes; but yet believe I had to, for he was standing there before me in gross flesh and blood, holding my hand with his own darkened, lifeless one. We went into a park that was near by, and as we sat in the soft turf there caressed by the evening breeze, the memory of the moonlit nights of twenty years ago came back to me with a poignant grief. And then he unfolded to me his sorry tale. And as in the case of many of us it was a tragedy of circumstance. After his return from the College of Arts, when he had planned to take a trip to Italy to gain greater mastery over painting in which even as a boy he showed remarkable skill, his father and the sole support of a large family died. That was the beginning of his troubles. Having lived in a world of imagination and fancy till then, the hard realities of the world into which he was thrown all on a sudden shocked him to a great degree. He had to take up work as a clerk in a bank, and he who once delighted in roaming and singing throughout the day had now to remain in a dark chamber for seven or eight hours at a stretch adding up interminable numbers!

"And then, Kittu," he said drawing nearer to me, "You may not believe me when I say I am married."

"Married!" I jumped up and shouted, "You who preached to us all that to marry and wallow in the realm of sex was unbecoming of any sane man, you who when asked how, if all men remained single, the annihilation of the race could be avoided, replied in ringing tones that is no concern of ours. That is God's business. Let man remain single and for once at least outwit God by refusing to help the operation of one of His laws. You who regarded the householder's life as very perdition,—you to have married! I would sooner have believed that the Himalayas were shaking or that the oceans had dried up in an instant."

"Yes, Kittu, I have married," came his reply, "and my children now number seven, excluding the four that died as infants; and one of the living is partially blind."

Words refused to come out of me. I sat still. Birds were circling in the sky, and from afar came the plain tide note as of some weeping child.

"I am a fallen angel," Nachiketas spoke breaking the silence, "but I can explain my fall easily. The Nachiketas of old of whom you expected so much, was not a budding hero, but merely an

ineffectual being beating his wings in the great void. The golden plumage you all thought I had was not really golden, but was merely tarnished with a yellow tinge. My orations were, not the expressions of a greatness in the making, but merely the effusions and ebullitions of a wayward mind. There are some persons with very weak nerves who are easily affected by impulses. Spiritual life will attract them in no time, but they will not have the power of will to pursue that course undaunted by impediments. A sermon will bring tears in their eyes; so profoundly moved will they be. But the very next hour they will become terrible victims to the deadliest of passions and lusts. Every passing impulse, be it good or bad, will possess them with a terrible mastery. Among youths there are many who promise to become great, but only a few have the ability to keep the flame of idealism burning through the period of trial that comes to every one. That great trial found me wanting when it came. It showed to me that if I was till then soaring in a higher atmosphere it was only because the winds were holding me up, and not because of the inherent strength and capacity of my wings. I was compelled to earn a livelihood, and you know that where earning one's bread becomes the main occupation of the day, ideals and aspirations are banished for ever. I long resisted the invasions of matrimonial offers, but in a weak moment I yielded, and even consented to take a dowry of a few thousands. It is the story of a rapid sliding down. I now have a large family to maintain, and so you see me now in this wreck of my old being. That is the story of my life; it would draw tears from stone and iron. Memories of the golden days of old haunt me now and then. And I still believe in the assurance of our scriptures that the thinker of good never comes to harm, that the fallen angel is an angel still and will at some distant day ascend again. It is my conviction that it is by far better to have dreamed golden dreams and never realised them than never to have dreamed at all; for the forms that met us in our dreams may at some unexpected corner meet us as realities. It is my faith that the aspirations my young soul had in such abundant measure are not dead yet, nay, will never die, but that they are being hatched to maturity in the very depths of my being, and that though a mass of littleness may now cover those nurslings of my soul, they are immortal and will emerge in shining colours in other climes and other times."

"Nachiketas," I said in a voice full of feeling, "the fire in you is undying. Ashes may cover it now and then, but it is there ready to burst into a glorious tongue of flame—when the opportune hour comes. That hour may come, not perhaps in

this body, but what does the body matter to the eternal soul? Cynics may call you a wreck, but you are a wreck that will one day be made whole again."

I then took leave of him, and as I journeyed homeward two truths expounded in the *Gita* constantly came home to me—of how among thousands of aspirants only a few realise the goal, and of how those that aspire and reach not do not like a rent cloud perish without support, but are given another opportunity and more congenial soil to continue their interrupted march towards the final goal of life; for in the economy of the universe there is no good thought, no healthy dream, but will have its fruition and fulfilment some day.

Education: Ideal and Practical.

BY DR. JAMES H. COUSINS.



BY ideal education I do not mean my own or any other person's ideas on what perfect education should be. I mean the customary notion of ideal education; that is, learning, leading to a professional appointment, and incidentally giving some quality that was called culture.

The effect of such education in India is the diversion of students from their environments, not by ability which is a legitimate way or rising in the social scale, but at the expense of father or father-in-law, which is a derivative way of becoming too big for one's original sandals, and achieving the eminence of talking on a platform with folded arms.

The chief flaw in this so-called ideal education is that it made culture not merely incidental but accidental; and that such culture is spurious in being derived from sources alien to their own cultural heritage, such as most of the English literature that is studied in the schools and colleges of India. Such culture consists largely of stale quotations from very dead poets, and knowledge of Milton's idea of Satan, which is about as near reality as is his idea of the nature and function of woman.

The central need of culture is not intellectual, but aesthetical. Feeling is much more important in education than mere knowledge, or the memorising and repetition of other people's ideas which take the place of mental initiative in education in India. This flaw vitiates the whole atmosphere and work of education by inducing mental strain and anxiety in preparation for examinations which has a minimum of relationship with intelligence and individual quality. A culture examination would encourage individual expression, and by the happy release of the students' own capacities and impulses would beneficently affect the whole of educational life.

Another flaw in so-called ideal education is that it is only remotely related to the life of the people in a narrow professional way. Professions are necessary, memory exercise is beneficial, a knowledge of English is useful and desirable. I am not speaking against any of these things as such. But my conviction from long experience in education in India, Ireland, Japan and America is that over-emphasis on non-productive education leads attention away from true educational activity, and in times of economic depression like the present leads also to highly educated misery of body and soul.

What is wrong with so-called ideal education is that it is not practical.

Practical education usually means training to earn a living, and is interpreted in terms of producing, making and distributing, which are the occupations of the vast majority of the people of all countries. In this matter the West is far advanced, whereas the East has only recently awakened to its necessity. Japan has taken her place among the technically educated nations. Iraq only a short time ago brought an educational specialist from Germany to advise the new Government. He has recommended both professional and technical schools "to serve the material welfare of the country and to educate the youth of the country to become capable citizens." In my own early life I educated myself in elementary science, business procedure, shorthand and journalism.

India is now taking notice of the necessity of orienting education towards the practical needs of the general body of the people. But the machinery of official organisation necessarily takes considerable time to work from necessity to its fulfilment. There is a vast field, open for unofficial education for the vocations of life other than the professional. The public mind must be aroused to the value of vocational training in specific directions, and employers must choose their helpers for general culture and special efficiency rather than for the possession of an ordinary diploma or degree.

But it would be as wrong to lay too much emphasis on so-called practical education as on so-called ideal education. The purely practical eye sees humanity as articulate animals, not as spiritual or intelligent or aesthetical beings. Tennyson put self-reverence first as a step to power. The Vedic seers put spiritual joy at the centre of life. Both meant the same thing, the realisation of the ultimate nature of humanity. What is wrong with practical education is that it is not ideal.

What is wrong with both ideal and practical education is that they limit themselves by an adjective. True education should be simultaneously ideal and practical. This does not mean putting a double adjectival limitation on them, but the cancelling of the defects of each by the influence of the other. A full education would provide for the development of all the capacities of every individual, boy and girl, youth and adult, and relate those developed capacities creatively to life. Towards this true education I myself work steadily through the limitations of present education. Mere criticism of educational inadequacy would lead nowhere. My personal effort is to assist in the normal but speedy evolution of education to a balanced impartation of knowledge, evocation of character and high quality, and application to life.

Our Present Knowledge of Gland Products.*

BY Y. V. S. IYER, L. T. C. (Hons).

II



URING the last thirty-five years, certain units of the packing industry have been increasing the preparation of extracts from the glands of cattle, hogs, and sheep. This extension of activities into a bye-product field somewhat remote from the main task of supplying meat-food products was a natural evolution. After medical research had determined that deficiencies in human glands could be remedied by controlled administration of gland extracts, the demand for them became so great that the only adequate source of supply was in the packing industry, where large numbers of animals were daily killed under sanitary conditions, and a sufficient amount of each glandular tissue could be preserved to insure preparation of pharmaceutical products on a commercial scale. With such factory methods, and under skilled chemical control, it was possible to insure standardisation and high quality.

At the present time, there are probably two hundred pharmaceutical products prepared in packing-house laboratories. However, this number includes some which are not strictly endocrinal in origin, i.e., pepsin, rennet, benzoinated lard, etc. The number of glands from which pharmaceuticals are made is about twenty-five, but the number of products prepared from these glands is in the neighbourhood of fifty. As an example of the volume of slaughter necessary to make the manufacture of glandular extract possible, the pituitary glands from twelve thousand young cattle are required to produce a single pound of desiccated posterior pituitary substance! The preparation of these pharmaceuticals requires laboratories provided with a variety of equipment, including automatic temperature-regulators and vacuum drying ovens. All glands are carefully selected and examined before treatment, and those showing any signs of atrophy or other factors of abnormality are discarded. Temperature, humidity, and other factors affecting drying and decomposition are carefully regulated in order to preserve completely the enzymes, hormones, or other active secretions of the glands. All pharmaceutical products which contain known enzymes and active principles are standardized to insure uniformity of dose

* For the first part of this article see our issue of April 1934.

and dependable results. The finished preparations are accurately tested by chemists trained in physiology and bacteriology.

The Chief Endocrine Gland—The Thyroid:—Of the glands used in pharmaceutical manufacture, one of the most important and interesting is the thyroid. This gland consists of two maroon-colored masses on either side of the windpipe and close to the larynx. These masses are bridged by a narrow isthmus of the same tissue. In human beings, the thyroid gland has always attracted much attention because its enlargements constitute the prominent deformity known as goiter. The internal secretion of the thyroid has a definite controlling effect upon the pulse rate and the blood pressure, the skin and its hairness, the moisture and amount of mucus, the growth and size of the bones, especially in the hands, feet, and skull, and finally upon the intelligence, through its effect on the convolutions of the brain. The significant fact about the chemical composition of the thyroid secretion is its relatively high percentage of iodine. Indeed, this secretion depends for its activity upon a sufficient supply of iodine being absorbed from the blood.

The thyroid gland is the controller of the speed of living. This speed of living is the rate at which the chemical reactions that constitute the process of life go on in the body. When the reactions accelerate, more oxygen and good material are used, more energy is liberated, the metabolic processes occur more rapidly, and the individual feels, thinks, and acts more quickly. The thyroid may be compared in this matter to the accelerator of an automobile.

Some human beings have such insufficient thyroid secretion that they are dwarfs of a peculiar type, known as cretins. In other cases, insufficient thyroid secretion brings on certain lymphatic swellings, known as myxoedema. On the contrary, too much thyroid secretion in the blood and tissue causes nervousness, insomnia, tachycardia, loss of weight, digestive disturbances, and kindred disorders. One of the recently discovered uses of thyroid extract is in the treatment of cataract in elderly people. Senile cataract is supposed to occur when there is a general breakdown of the body forces, and the administration of thyroid extract has a tonic effect on the general system. Present indications are that the improved vision resulting is only part of the general tonic effect, but it provides a new weapon of attack against this insidious form of blindness. Stunted thyroids not only lead to idiocy and dwarfishness, but apparently limit the secretion of milk in nursing mothers in such a way as to induce symptoms of thyroid deficiency in the offspring. Thyroid deficiency also shows the rate of growth.

The thyroid is perhaps the most variable organ in the body, and responds, by changes in size and functional activities, to the changes in both external and internal environment.

The Parathyroids:—Near the thyroids, in both animals and men, are four tiny glands known as the parathyroids. These are sometimes imbedded within the substance of the thyroid in the neck, and sometimes directly behind it, upon the windpipe. As a rule, these parathyroids are only about the size of a wheat grain. However, they are separate individual glands with a structure and function of their own, and have a definite influence upon the work of the body. For example, if they are removed an animal's excitability is increased from fivehundred to a thousand times. The chief function of the parathyroids is to regulate the amount of lime in the blood, and cells. In the making of bone and teeth, lime is a very important factor. The parathyroids affect the rate of coagulation of the blood, and especially, significant factor in wounds, and maintain the tone of the nerves. In human beings, the nervous overexcitability from loss of parathyroid secretion is called tetany. To maintain a normal steadiness of muscle and nerves, the parathyroid glands are essential.

Pituitary Gland:—At the base of the brain, there occurs a lump of tissue about the size of a pea, weighing only 0.6 gram, of a greyish yellow colour and insignificant in appearance, known as the pituitary gland. As a matter of fact, the pituitary is really two glands in one. Each part is distinct in origin, history, functions, and secretions. To distinguish them, they are referred to as the anterior lobe and the posterior lobe. From the posterior parts of the pituitary, an active substance has been discovered which is of great use in medical science. The internal secretion from the posterior lobe has many remarkable functions. It controls the tone of the tissues and the muscle fibres of the blood vessels. It also regulates the contractile organs of the body, such as the intestines, the bladder, and the uterus. The vital importance of the pituitary gland is indicated by its remarkably protected position, its extraordinary persistence, and its abundant blood supply. No other gland of internal secretion provides an adequate substitute for it.

Both the thyroid and the pituitary control growth, and also the differentiation, the mass, and intricacy of the tissues. But, they differ in the site of their control. The thyroid affects directly the inner and outer coverings of the body, the skin, the skin-glands, the hair, the mucous membranes, and the irritability, or the preparedness for response, of the nerves. The pituitary acts more upon the framework of the body, the skeleton, and the mechanical supports and movers. Bone and ligament, muscle

and tendon, seem to be within its immediate sway. The secretions of the pituitary gland diffuse directly into the fluid bathing the nervous system, supplying beneficent stimulants and aiding in elimination of waste. While the thyroid raises the energy level of the brain and the whole nervous system, as a bye-product of its general awakening effect upon all cells of the body, the pituitary probably stimulates the brain cells more directly, in a manner similar to mild doses of caffeine or cocaine.

The difference between the thyroid gland and the pituitary may be expressed in this way: while the thyroid increases energy evolution and so makes available a greater supply of crude energy by speeding up cellular processes, the pituitary assists in energy transformation, in energy expenditure and conversion, especially of the brain and the sexual system. In short, the thyroid facilitates energy production; the pituitary, its consumption. The pituitary appears, therefore, as the gland of continued effort. Hence, fatigability or general inability to maintain efforts are one of the prominent complaints when there is destruction or an insufficiency of pituitary substance.

The Adrenal or Suprarenal Glands:—There are two adrenal or suprarenal glands. Each one of them is shaped like a cocked hat, lying astride the kidneys, and is easily recognised by its yellowish fatty colour. In common with some other glands, the adrenals are relatively larger and more prominent in children and young people than in adults. Compared with their size, the amount of blood passing through them is very great. Each gland is composed of two parts, the cortex (literally the bark), or outer portion, and the medulla (literally the marrow), or inner portion. While they are not separated by any clean-cut line, as strands of tissue penetrate into the other, there is a great difference in their chemistry and function. The medulla contains numerous nerve cells belonging to the vegetative system, and its secretion is known as epinephrin.

The importance of adrenals in life processes is such that an extract from them, when injected into a vein, produces an unusual, although temporary, rise of blood pressure. It also withdraws the blood from the digestive and other internal systems and concentrates it in the brain and muscular tissues. Because this condition is essential in any emergency, strain or extraordinary physical effort, the adrenals are known as the glands of combat. This influence is remarkable when it is realised that the concentration of epinephrin in the blood is only about one part in twenty million, with about one hundred-thousand times this much stored in the gland itself. The amount of it in the blood varies with muscular exertion and profound emotion, such as

pain, fear and rage, which increase the drain upon the supply of this secretion. With its entry into the blood, there is a tremendous heightening of the tone of the nervous and muscular system. The adrenal's play an important part in the production of body heat. In modern life, they are called upon to function to a greater extent than in the past. While savages and barbarians had just as many emergencies and shocks to overcome as we have, the inhabitations arising from education and conditions of modern living, with improper food, sedentary indoor confinement, and the noise in greater cities, are undoubtedly making greater demands upon our adrenal glands. When these demands become too great in any particular case, there ensues an insufficiency of adrenal secretion, resulting in nervous breakdown—not an uncommon occurrence among great business men—and in some cases, melancholia and suicide.

The Pineal Gland:—The pineal gland is a cone-shaped bit of tissue hidden away at the base of the brain in a tiny case behind and above its larger neighbour, the pituitary. In part, the pineal gland is made up of nerve cells containing a pigment present in the retina of the eyes. This favours the argument of the ancients that the function of the pineal was as an eye. For a long time, it was thought that the pineal had no function for the modern man, but research has shown that it distinctly regulates childhood in growth. It has an indirect influence, hastening or retarding puberty and maturity, which is the result of an excess, or deficient, secretion. Pineal substance and many other standardised pharmaceuticals can only be made where there are perfect refrigerative facilities; for, some fifteen thousand of the glands are required to produce one pound of the drug.

The thymus:—The thymus is situated in the chest, on both sides of the windpipe, covering the upper portion of the heart. It is a greyish yellow mass which, when cut, presents the spongy structure of sweet breads (Pancreas). In function, the thymus dominates childhood by inhibiting the activity of the sex glands, rising and declining as children grow up. The size and condition of the thymus is an index of the state of nutrition of the body. For example, underfeeding for the period of a month will reduce the thymus to one third of its normal size. It can be looked on as a storage and reserve organ and where necessary, children who are given doses of thymus under medical care grow rapidly.

Book Reviews.

The Work Promethean. By James H. Cousins, D. Lit. Published by Ganesh & Co., Madras. Price Re. 1-8.

English literary criticism has never been very enthusiastic over Shelley. The orthodox Christian prejudice that brought about the expulsion of the young poet from the university has always been warping the vision of Shelley's critics. It found in him only a pagan and a rebel who advocated a quaint sort of pantheistic philosophy without much clarity of vision or evenness of expression. But in spite of all misconceptions and misinterpretations of his works, the genius of Shelley has been slowly working its way into the mind of England; and there has of late been a better understanding of the poet and his works.

Himself a sound poet and keen critic, Dr. Cousins, approaching Shelley with all his knowledge of oriental philosophy, has been able to discover new truths in the works of the great lyrist of England. We cannot say if it is not the Doctor's knowledge of oriental philosophy that helps him to follow Shelley so closely. In this handy volume however, Dr. Cousins expounds the poetry of Shelley, his spiritual conceptions, his theory of the arts and his philosophy of life from a new and enlightened point of view. It may be a startling interpretation of Shelley, but it appears to be correct, and above all beautiful and elevating.

He who expects to find here literary criticism of the common kind may be disappointed; for Dr. Cousins is not a literary anatomist and does not approach his subject with the scissors and scalpel. The critic examines the beliefs and theories of Shelley as contained in various works of his and expounds them in a clear and cogent manner with numerous quotations in support of his argument. Some misconceptions of the poet's philosophy are also examined and proved to be unfounded or perverse. The book marks an epoch in the critical estimate of Shelley and also outlines a new manner of literary criticism. Dr. Cousins has in this book stolen a march on literary criticism. We hope the book will find a permanent place in the shelf of every scholar and critic.

P. M. H.

Mind. By Mahendra Nath Dutt. Published by Pyari Mohon Mukherji B. L., 3 Gour Mohon Mukherji Street, Calcutta.

The author is the brother of the Great Swami Vivekananda. He is a great scholar and art critic. In this dissertation the author examines the mind, its structure, and functions from the point of view of Eastern and Western psychologists. He gives us a clear exposition of mind and its functions. The portions that speak of the finer nervous system and the higher mentation are very illuminating. We hope the book will attract the attention of western psychologists and direct them more correctly in the field of experimental psychology.

The Way To Live. By Sri Yogendra, Published by the Yoga Institute, Bombay. Re. 1.

This is one of a series of six volumes containing instructions on what may be called the first principles of life. The book under consideration

deals with some of the physical aspects of life. Personal hygiene and its importance are dealt with from a scholarly point of view. The author who is acquainted with the science of Yoga of the East as well as with the Western science of life and medicine gives us short but valuable lessons on the subject. The most important part of the book is the practical instruction contained in it. Even a man in the street can easily acquire a fair knowledge of personal hygiene and follow it up in life. We hope it will be of great use to the busy man of to-day who wants things practical and shortly put.

1. **Vivekachudamani** (with Text and Translation). 2. **Yoga Sara Samgraha** of Vijnana Bhikshu and Gheranda Samhita. 3. **Uttara Gita.** Published by the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.

One of the great services the Theosophical Society has been doing to India and the world is to bring out admirable translations of the best works on Hindu Religion and Philosophy. We have now the translations of some important works.

Vivekachudamani is one of the monumental works of Shri Sankara, which deserves the attention of the philosophical world. Being in difficult Sanskrit it was inaccessible to many. The present translation by an eminent scholar Mohini M. Chatterji is highly welcome and commendable. The translator has tried to preserve as much of the charms of the original as possible without being unfaithful to the meanings of the text. The publication contains the text and translation.

Yoga Sara Samgraha of Vijnana Bhikshu and Gheranda Samhita. These two are great treatises on Yoga next only to Patanjali's *Yoga Sutra*. The first contains an exposition of human psychology, as well as the science of Yoga while the latter is mainly a treatise on *Hatha Yoga*. But these are very well translated and made intelligible even to ordinary minds.

Uttara Gita. This small book is the after math to the battle of Kurukshetra, and is complementary to the *Bhagavat Gita*. After the war Arjuna seeks the advice of Sri Krishna on the method of attaining the Highest Realisation, and the latter's answer is *Uttara Gita*. The small text so full of pithy and epigrammatic sayings and recondite philosophy and Yoga, is translated in a clear and lucid style. All these volumes should be very welcome to the public.

P. M. H.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth. By M. K. Gandhi, Published by the Navajivan Karyalaya, Ahmedabad.

We welcome with pleasure the republication of Mahatmaji's autobiography *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*. The volume was out of print for the past three or four years and, though greatly in demand, it could not evidently be brought out earlier by its publishers owing to the political turmoils from which they also had to suffer. The Autobiography was originally published in Gujarathi in the *Navajivan*, but was later on translated into English by Sreejut Mahadev Desai and carefully revised by the author himself. That Mahatmaji has written his autobiography in a different spirit than that which ordinarily pervades the autobiographies of other great men, is evident from the title of the book itself. He writes in the Introduction: "... it is not my purpose to attempt a real autobiography. I simply want to tell the story of my numerous experiments with truth, and as my life consists of nothing but those experiments, it is true that the

story will take the shape of an autobiography. ... for me, truth is the sovereign principle, which includes numerous other principles. This truth is not only truthfulness in word, but truthfulness in thought also, and not only the relative truth of our conception but the Absolute Truth, the Eternal Principle, that is God ... I worship God as Truth only." As we go through chapter after chapter of the Autobiography, we feel that we are also carried along by the force of a great soul, "striving and pining," to use Mahatma's own words, "to achieve these thirty years' self-realisation."

The story is divided into three parts, the first dealing with the early life of the Mahatma till he returned from England after being 'called to the bar'; the second with his career as a barrister in India as well as S. Africa and with the early S. African Satyagraha till Mahatma landed for the second time in that Continent, and the third part with the well-known and heroic struggles with the infuriated whites of S. Africa in 1897, the story of the vow of Brahmacharya taken by the saint in 1906, his part in the Indian National Congress of 1901 as 'clerk and bearer,' and his personal acquaintance with the great national leaders like the Lokamanya and Gokhale, till he set sail to S. Africa for the third time to face Mr. Chamberlain. But the abiding interest of the story is to be found, not in the Mahatma's experiments in the political field, but in his numerous and inspiring experiments in the spiritual and moral fields. From his early childhood his passion for truth and self-purification, in spite of the numerous lapses with which he deals with such frankness and sincerity, not to be found in the autobiography of any other great personality in the world, alone equipped him with the tremendous soul force before which even the mighty British bureaucracy had to quail.

It is not possible to summarise in a few lines the inspiring conclusions which have been arrived at by Mahatma out of his numerous deep experiments with Truth; only repeated study of the autobiography will enable one to realise, at least to a small extent, the spiritual attainment reached by the saint, which has really won for him the title of 'Mahatma,' and profit ourselves accordingly.

The printing and get up of the volume are exceptionally good and adds considerably to the pleasure of perusal.

E. S. K.

PERIODICAL

Vinodasaraswathi (വിനോദസaraswathi). A Monthly Magazine. Published from Alatur. Subscription Rs. 2.

This new Malayalam contemporary edited by the well known poet and novelist, Mr. P. R. Narayana Aiyar, is a welcome addition to the world of periodicals in Malabar. The first number in our hands shows good promise. It contains instructive as well as entertaining articles and short stories from the pen of able writers. Current topics and valuable and interesting information culled from various sources are also given a place in the Magazine. The annual subscription of Rs. 2 is quite moderate. We hope the monthly will find favour with scholars and the public.

Dr. S. Rangachari.

BY A. VENTATESWARA IYER, B.A., B.L.



R. Rangachari is dead, gone for ever to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." It is an irreparable national loss. Those who have come in contact with that personality will be inconsolable. They will miss for ever the tall robust Roman figure with the bald head, rolling in the Rolls Royce with hurricane speed here, there, and everywhere, to succour afflicted humanity. He lived every moment of his life intensely and he worked himself literally to death for the cause of his suffering brethren.

In his frame there throbbed a great and generous heart and in his brain there was the quintessence of human wisdom. None returned from his closet without becoming a new man full of the zest of life. A Napoleon of energy with a sphinx-like composure, a gait in his walk and deportment; a Mahatma with a bantering tongue towards those intimate with him, irradiating everything with his nobleness and highmindedness; a scientist with a razor-like commonsense, with a scintillating mysterious light in his eyes that would fain unravel the why and wherefore of life; the key-stone in the arch of medical profession; a veritable angel whose touch has cured the most obstinate of diseases, with a brain that worked *pari passu* with the speed of his Rolls; the aviator who flew the length and breadth of South India for the succour of humanity; thus Dr. Rangachari has been a Karma-Yogin in the strictest sense.

Born on 28th April 1882, he joined the Medical Department in 1905 and was in charge of various hospitals in the Presidency. He was District Medical and Sanitary Officer, Tanjore, from 1911—1915 and of Ganjam in 1916. Then he became Civil Assistant Surgeon, Maternity Hospital, Madras, in 1919 and Surgeon, General Hospital, Madras. After 1926 he retired from Govt. Service and started his famous "Nursing Home" which used to be crowded to the full. He was a Public Institution and he was fully alive to the implicit trust and confidence reposed in him by the Public. He specialized in the Human Constitution and not any part thereof.

"Service was the guiding principle of his life. He exemplified the doctrine that one man's asset was the asset of all, by tendering his services by day as well as by night, sometimes even

* We regret that this article was crowded out of our previous issue for want of space. [Ed.]

without any remuneration at the poor man's door in his hour of distress. His magnetic and vibrant personality acted as an elixir, which brought back to life many a moribund case. His home was in the hearts of the suffering people; and his name will be in the Pantheon of the History of Medicine.

Inscrutable are the ways of God. Only the other day during last December I was with him and now he is no more. Tender reminiscences of my friendship with him come upon me. Did he not tell me in answer to my question, that there was no such thing as "luck," in life, and life's rewards are for those who whole-heartedly dedicate themselves to the cause of humanity?

His life's ambition was to found a "Private Hospital" manned by experts for the relief of afflicted humanity. But he passed away without realizing that. They have started a Memorial Fund in Madras to perpetuate the great Doctor's memory. I would suggest that the memorial should take the form of a General Hospital named after the great man, with a full size statue of his in the front.

Alas, the king of Medicine and Surgery is gone for ever! Is it too much to say "Here was a Man; take him for all in all; and never shall we see his like again"? Who dies if he were alive? Who lives since he is dead?

Oh God, did you snatch him away, because he dislocated too much the scheme of Life and Death, which you had ordained, or have you summoned him for treating any obstinate case in Heaven, which has defied all celestial remedies?

Felicitations to Mr. Bidhu Sekhar Basu



R. Bidhu Sekhar Basu is one of our occasional contributors and is the son of Kaviraj Vasu Menon, one of the life members of our journal. What is more he hails from Elapulli the village to which the editors of *The Scholar* and the proprietors of The Scholar Press belong. The *Scholar* has, therefore, peculiar pleasure in congratulating Mr. Bidhu Sekhar Basu on his success in the recent I. C. S. Exam held in India.

We are also happy to publish the following account of an At Home held in honour of Mr. Basu. The function was organised by an influential Committee of hosts consisting of Messrs. K. P. Narayana Menon, (Kenath Achan) E. Sankaran Unni (advocate) Mele Veetil Velukutty Menon, Manikath K. Krishna Menon, V. Ponnann Pillai, V. Krishnaswami Pillai, Vadasseri Madhava Menon, K. V. Pankunni Nair, M. Theyyunni Nair and E. N. Subrahmanyam M.A., B.L., (Associate Editor). It was held on June 9 in Appavu Pillai Board High School, Elapulli and was attended by nearly 200 guests. After a group photo and refreshments, which were served on a large scale, a meeting was held with Sir M. Krishnan Nair in the chair. The President, Mr. Unnikanda Panikkar, and Mr. E. N. Subrahmanyam spoke in appreciative terms of Mr. Basu and wished him success in his career. The following are extracts from the speech of Mr. Subrahmanyam, our Associate Editor.

Mr. President, Mr. Basu and gentlemen,

On behalf of the committee of hosts I have been asked to offer felicitations to Mr. Basu. I have been requested to speak in the vernacular. I am ashamed to say I am unable to do so. But there is a vernacular which is better and higher than all vernaculars and that is the vernacular of love. In the language of love, therefore, I shall address my few remarks tonight.

To me who has been a teacher for some years now, nothing is more pleasing than to offer congratulations to one who has passed an Examination. But on this occasion my pleasure is particularly enhanced because I am felicitating one who has passed not any ordinary Examination but the highest Examination obtaining in the country. Every ambitious young man aspires to pass the Indian Civil Service examination, because the Indian Civil Service is looked upon as a Heaven born Service and the I. C. S. man is

considered to be a super-man. It was Mr. Lloyd George, you will remember, who spoke of the I. C. S. as the steel-frame of India and Lord Morley said on one occasion that the I. C. S. man can do anything; he can man a navy, command an army, govern a state and grow even a potato. Our friend Mr. Basu can not only do all these things but even cure a patient, for I guess that among the successful I. C. S. candidates all these years, he is the only one who is also qualified in medicine.

If I remember right it was in the year 1922 that the practice of holding simultaneous examinations in England and India for the Indian Civil Service was begun and since that time I knew a host of my friends who have come out successful in the Examination and who are occupying high positions now, but I can say without fear or favour that either in point of talent or in point of leadership, Mr. Basu will not be second to any of them. I have known Mr. Basu as an youngster reading in this High School and even then I had discovered traits of greatness in him.

I do not deny that the success of Mr. Basu is in a large measure due to his own intrinsic merit, but I should think that even in a larger measure it is due to the training given at home by his father. I have watched with interest and admiration the way in which Mr. Vasu Menon trains his children at home and on this occasion it is my pleasure not only to congratulate Mr. Basu on his success but also his father on the successful fruition of his efforts.

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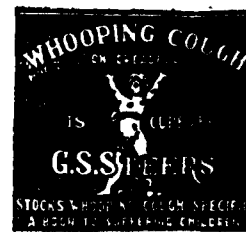
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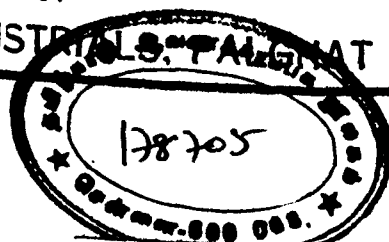
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