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Presidency college

Magazine.

Sep. 1937

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Presidency College Magazine

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PUBLISHED TERMINALLY

Annual subscription for all except present students of the College Rs. 2-8-0
Price of single copy One Rupee.

Vol. XIII SEPTEMBER, 1937 No. 1

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Contributions to the Magazine from the Members of the Staff and the past and the present students of the College will always be gladly received.

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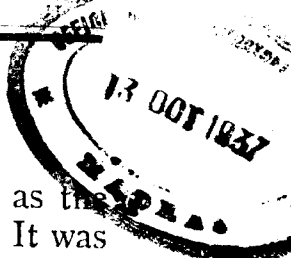
Vol. XIII

SEPTEMBER 1937

No. 1

Steps to Higher Life

MAN is by nature many-sided, and human life, as the poet put it, a dome of many-coloured glass. It was recognised from the beginning that human instincts are multifarious and react upon, as well as respond to, outside influences. Even in the Stone Age the artistic instinct of man showed itself in cave paintings and carvings on stone and rock. The herd instinct showed itself in social life, though often degenerating into communalism and parochialism. The sex instinct helped in drawing forth latent powers, and conserving the best fruits of work and handing them on to posterity, its noblest manifestation being the home and the family, the schooling ground of virtues, especially of those connected with service and sacrifice. Its high and holy purposes survive in noble masterpieces of art, literature and philosophy. In religion we have spiritual discipline leading to self-realisation. But the human being is not capable of clear analysis or isolation into cast-iron compartments. The several sides of being act and react on one another, help to develop a synthesis and point towards a syncretistic solution.



But the soul has energies of yet higher orders. It is so dynamic that it goes on constantly re-weaving fresh patterns out of threads and shreds. It is not satisfied with any new fabric, however glorious the embroidery. The perpetual and unsatiated yearning for the new is latent in its inner life. It proves all things, holds fast to some, and works them out into a ladder for scaling further heights. This ceaseless longing sometimes manifests itself in divine discontent. But it is not a sustained or unqualified dynamic. It revels in action and achievement, pauses for a while in retirement, and then recovers itself as it finds fresh fodder and new stimuli. The spark of divinity in man is neither wholly static nor dynamic, not marked by restful quietism or a ceaseless whirl. If language could describe it, the path of progress is in the direction of a spiral.

The striving of the soul must therefore progress, and is helped by an intelligent direction of its destiny. It cannot cease until all the aspects of being and their complexes and combinations are comprehended in a syncretistic whole. Rationalism demands the key which will unlock the whole. The whole is greater than the sum of the parts, as the principle of comprehension not only sees the parts in their places and proportions, but also recognises their relative values. This recognition is not inherent in any of the parts. It transcends them though it is in intimate relation to every one of them. But for it, the parts would jostle each other or topple down as a house of cards.

Nature teaches us our first lessons. It is safer to build on the rock of nature than on sands of superstition. We gather bliss from the dawn when the spirits of heaven dance and sing. We imbibe her rosy health, and inhale her pure air, rich in ozone. We observe the rising sun who follows in her wake and admire his unremitting toil and selfless service, above partiality and attachment,

illuminating whatever is dark and raising whatever is low. Worldly life helps to rub off angularities, to broaden sympathy and to effloresce into social service. It sometimes creates, by the very failure of its remorseless rigour, an inward urge and insight into a higher life. Science helps in analysing detail, and clarifies and conquers what is vaguely conceived in moments of empirical observation or intuitive hypothesis. Its recent marches have been in the direction of Life or Spirit. Its methods over-reach its bounds and lead from physics to metaphysics, from astronomy to cosmic rays, and from psychology of Behaviour to conundrums of the Beyond. Literature crystallises the experiences of mankind in a veritable Book of Life and reservoir of inspirations. If mythos have no spiritual meaning, all religion would become mere idolatry, and a cult of mysteries and miracles, a pious fraud of meaningless midges of memory. Art attracts by details, elegant and sumptuous, and points to the life that is in the whole, through visions of the high peaks and ridges of reality vouchsafed to super-sensitive minds in their happiest and best moments. It leads from the obvious to the obscurantist by the voice that pleases and the manner that soothes. Philosophy subjects ideas and institutions to the unsparing crucible of criticism, and tries to scan the whole with the mind and its processes of thought. It is true that thought alone creates and has its spiritual peaks, but the mind blurs the fresh tones of fact by its sentimental veilings. 'Philosophia' may in this sense be differentiated from 'sophie phile'. The latter would mean a fondness for wisdom. The former more properly means the wisdom of fondness or attachment. Psychology deals with the relation of the mind to the senses and cannot cognise a mind detached from the senses. Logic is concerned with the relation of words and forms with thought and expression. Ethics with sublime and subtle reasoning builds upon attachment to a theory of good and evil. Even

Metaphysics, though it takes us beyond the phenomena of appearance, bases its theories of reality upon its knowledge of these very appearances.

II

In the march of the soul, the foot-rule of the mind ceases to serve its purpose, for the finite, however much expanded and prolonged, can never measure infinity. The mind can only comprehend, or clutch at the Fact; it cannot afford consolation when the outlook is distressing, much less any hope of mutation into imperishable values. Humanity cannot rest in its quest until hope is fulfilled and joy liberalizes and liberates. The soul transcends ideas of sex, of time and space, of herds and systems, though it never loses touch with any of them. A delight in the ideal and transcendental succeeds to a revelling sense of association with the differentials which make up the integral. This spirit is found not only in the most advanced of all times, but in every human of every time. Certain moments of what seem like a melancholy mood appear in one's life: what Heine calls 'the divine home-sickness'. They lead him on to detach himself from the world of accepted values, and to link his inmost being to the 'bliss unspeakable' of the region of the highest unknown, which is not unknowable. As the foot-rule of the mind breaks in scaling this unknown, the sole kind of knowledge that remains is an absolute sense of realisation and identity. The value of prayer lies chiefly in its auto-suggestive properties, and Yogic practices make the life of the Spirit real even to those incapable of insight. It is a knowledge that is and feels itself, where the knower, the known and the processes of knowing become as one.

Humanity progresses from a comprehension of the finite to an apprehension of the infinite. When a man transcends the limits of thought and the barriers of verbiage, the vision of the infinite dawns on him. He sees Creation as a

whole, from suns, stars and nebulae to electrons, positrons and neutrons, in a delicious stretch of ever-green and a music that knows no end. He is steeped in *ananda* (joy), which is the same as *ananta* (endless). When the springs of joy well up from within, the will to live is intensified. Every wave of joy brings on its crest a fresh will to live and a vision of a higher and superior joy even by the Benthamite standard. So he goes on evolving through eternity, for there is no relief from work. The integral of these wills and joys is eternal life. Faith, hope and limitlessness are the marks of the soul in the enjoyment of this state of being. Hindu art has the concretisation of this state in the imagery of Nataraja who dances like life in ever new ripples of joy.

But even this apprehension of the infinite as ceaseless joy does not lead to rest and peace. When imprisoned in the idea of time—though it be limitless time, and the infinite spirit is in rhythmic function,—there is a lurking danger of the joy ceasing, whenever that cessation might come. Further, joy and its opposite are relative conceptions, the existence of the one implying and demanding that of the other in a ceaseless spiral of ebb and flow. This must continue until the joy that is infinite is brought into some relation to its opposite which is finite. Such a state where not only position and juxtaposition but the transcendent is realised is pointed to in the mightiest efforts at interiorisation made by the world's mystics in all ages. The ancient Vedantin indicated it by the word *Haaavu* and the Sūfi by the word *Haouia*. The latter realised like the Vedantin a position of unisience and felicity, transcending the various grades of being known to consciousness, where the soul is gifted with a double vision, one looking inward beyond the mind and the other looking outward in and through the mind. The mind serves in the one case as an eye, in the other case as a veil to be lifted. When Sri Krishna tells Arjuna that he could see His infinite form only by the Inner Eye

(*divya chakshus*) He refers to this position that was familiar to students of the Upanishads. Life in the work-a-day world has distractions which tend to level distinctions down. What profiteth it a man if he gain the whole world but lose his soul? A certain detachment is necessary to enable the soul by intense concentration to assume contact with the ultimate Reality. It is the experience of most religionists that by fasting and self-denial, by pressing into service the psychological, apart from the nutritive, value of food-stuffs and by travail of the mind in devotion, a certain internal luminosity is engendered, and the inner spirit is informed and quickened so as to realise the infinite. Supreme bliss may be defined as the gathering of these faint flashes of intuition into an eternal sunshine.

Restrictions in regard to food and drink save the body from responding to the siren voice of the Devil, and the soul from being bound in the silken meshes of Temptation. But the advanced soul in cloistered seclusion from its bonds tends to develop a certain misanthropy and remoteness from the realities of life. Further, there is the congenital desire to uplift our brethren who are less blessed than ourselves: hence the injunction to be in the world though not of it. But this contact with the world brings one into touch with the powers of evil. The great problem at this stage is how to deal with Evil.

III

In certain cases extirpation of evil, or what appears such at the time, would seem to be the best policy. When the Vedic religionist was performing sacrifices to his God, it became necessary to protect them from the defiling hands of disturbers. Hence the prayers to burn them up, or to drive them off to other places, of which hymns are so full. Worldly powers were sometimes invoked for this purpose, as by Visvāmitra in the incident mentioned in the *Rāmāyana*. It is interesting to note in this connection that Visvā-

mitra means 'Teacher' in the Buddhist *Jātaka* Texts. The teacher has to protect the growing mind from sinister influences and the temptations that stand in the way of progress. He, like the gardener, has to root the weeds out so that the plant may grow, and to nip the cancer in the bud when youth blossoms into adolescence.

In other circumstances the forces of Evil had not so much to be dreaded, and avoidance became the policy for the nonce. Hence the Vedic prayers that the enemies of the Religion were to leave the place of sacrifice but were at liberty to go anywhere else. A certain seclusion was necessary to cultivate a high standard of Ethics, and the earnest souls became forest-dwellers, fencing themselves off from the ignoble strife of the crowd with the devil. Such 'protection' was necessary to ripen infant virtues. The developed soul emerged into the work-a-day world, fit for self-abnegation and social service. The Hindu called him *Sanyāsin*, the Buddhist *Bodhisatva*, and the Jain *Arhat*.

But evil is not such from every standpoint and could be helpful, when properly utilised, even on the path of virtue. There could be no hobnobbing with the Devil, indeed, or compromise with the powers of evil. But a giant's strength is useful, even necessary, in the world of achievement, and is justified when not used to tyrannise over others. Every impulse when sublimated ceases to be a hindrance and becomes a help. Greed learns to hoard in heaven, and hatred to hate itself. Low sensuality and lust are transfigured into adoration of the Beautiful. New facilities appear and new faculties come into play. Every cloud has a silver lining to it, however much it may roar and thunder. It was in this way that Mithraism was transformed and absorbed by Christianity.

But such an alliance has its own dangers. One may convince oneself that one is in love with the many-sided Dr. Jekyll, but Mr. Hyde succeeds in peeping through

with the smile of beguiling temptation. In Mexico the war-god was gluttoned with the smoking hearts of slain captives. Priestly butchery and the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice serve as excuses for failure of personal effort. The hunter finds nothing wrong in crushing under his iron heel the rosy rapture of innocent game. In the Ego is his centre and circumference. He considers the scriptures suited to his purpose and finds the whole world resolvable into hunter and game, food and feeder. Not only does the statement in the Upanishad, but the entire knowledge of plant and animal world appear to him to justify his view. The earthworm that infests the soil prepares it for plant life, it is eaten by the rat, and that in turn by the dog or the crow. At every stage the creature becomes a food to progress when it has outlived its work, and so is eaten up by the next higher agency. The supremest of these agencies is man, but he too has to yield his body to ashes and dust, and become food in his turn to sprouting botanical life.

The doctrine of non-resistance is clearly inapplicable to life as it is. If a man beats you on the right cheek and you show him the left, it might be all right for you, but you are heaping coals of fire on his head and making his redemption difficult. A higher function in life is to reform him, and a slap on the cheek may perhaps be the best engine of correction. If a child thrusts its finger in burning coals, it is not sound policy to apply Spencer's doctrine of Natural Consequences. A staying nod or look or rough handling saves people from the edge of a precipice. Resistance is the only refuge when we are faced with organised sin as in a band of marauders, or with a nationalism practising evil under the shelter of the mass and bent on suppressing the right of other nations to hearth and home and life. Persistence in an unworkable doctrine enables the storm of unbelief to gather force until it bursts and overwhelms the orthodox belief. Dearer than a truth is the right of testing the truth.

IV

Hatred does not cease by hatred, nor even by love. Divine Wrath as Man-lion descended on Hiranyakasipu's irate egoism, but it flamed forth in all its fury and required a śarabha to subdue it. In Hindu symbology the term for passion or desire is *paśu* and Rudra as Paśupati has triumphed over it. Cupid is sporting passion regarded as flirting and frolicsome even as the fishes on his flag are in water. Lust is burnt down by the fury of Rudra's glance. But even in the ashes lives the wonted fire. A compassionate glance from the Daughter of the Snow cools the heart of Rudra and sublimates his passion into the love that brings worlds into being. Passion is not killed but is transformed from hate into love. For, the evil which we attempt to conquer adopts various forms and appears in various guises like the ten heads of Rāvaṇa. In cutting one of these heads we are simply adding force and vigour to another. We do not succeed in extirpating it so long as we are merely hunting the heads. We should apply the axe to the root to ensure final victory.

The genesis of evil is thus explained in the *Bhagavad Gita*: "As one ponders over sense objects, one gets attached to them unawares and by degrees. Attachment leads to desire for possession. Obstruction to the fulfilment of desire engenders anger and hatred, and desire ripens into passion. He who is obsessed with hatred loses a sense of proportion. His brain becomes unhinged and his balance disturbed. He forgets his purpose in life and falls from his station, speeding fast to his ruin." Whatever be the object of love or hate the dreaded effects are seen to follow, even if you preach or practise hatred of evil. It is no use merely checking the display of hatred while providing for it a sanctuary in the heart. Such a procedure the *Gita* styles as false discipline. Lopping off the heads of a sprouting plant merely strengthens the roots of life. How, then, to dry up

the springs of passions that may well up from within, when the live little senses are startling with delight? If you analyse the origins of hatred in the lucid intervals of sense, you find at the bottom of it the love of the opposite and an attachment to it.

Detachment is therefore the sovereign remedy. For, indulgence even to the point of satiety never frees one from the grip of vice. Vice is voracious and its strength increases with every exercise. Its common forms are lust, anger and greed, which corrupt the senses when they are attached to sense-objects. Withdraw each sense from the objects that pander to it, even as the tortoise withdraws its members into its shell, yet you find the longing for the sensation left behind in the mind. The longing (*rasa*) is removed only by steady thinking and steadfast adherence to the goal. This perception of duty (*svadharma*) is clarified by the view that whatever masters us takes away self-rule and must be regarded as a thorn in our side, so that the self (*sva*) may come by its own.

One should turn his search-light into the inmost recesses of being. He will find that conscience is not always a safe guide. One may be really guilty and yet suffer from no sense of uneasiness. A hardened criminal never sees daggers in the air as did Macbeth. He deceives himself into thinking that he is right. But his acts are tainted by a conscious desire or by an unconscious instinct for the functioning of the lower self or the personal man. As conscience flows from individuality, it is coloured by the impulses of the flesh, and often coloured out of all recognition. Nor could we accept even unselfish service, like that of Maitreya, as a safe and sure guide. For, there is an element of egoism latent in this conscious service and self-sacrifice. It might manifest itself as spiritual pride, or a thirst for fame, that 'last infirmity of noble minds'. Obsessed by the importance of one's work one is apt to forget that one is an agent in the hands of the Spirit.

The true guide to action is that of moving toward the Universal even in the humdrum acts of daily routine. A touch of Universality transforms petty things into hieroglyphs of illumination. The waters that bathe one symbolise the mystery of eternity. The food that nourishes has germs of everlasting life, and that way food and feeder become as one. The element of egoism which is at the root of all desire hovers about the soul at this stage as smoke about fire. But in the man of subdued desire the soul shines forth in all its brilliance, eclipsing the light of the senses and informing and illuminating them. He is a man of action indeed, of action which is entirely dictated by socio-cosmic considerations of the common good. He finds his call in life in accordance with his innate inclinations, heredity and environment. He performs his duties in his rank and station, and progresses by increasing power and selflessness, developing his highest and best and surrendering it to Service. There is no feeling of what Eckhart aptly terms the 'cruel bonds of Love' in a selfless love of all sentient creation. His action is not the off-spring of desire and he is not attached to the results of his work. It is an end in itself, not the means to an end. He does not believe that he is doing aught by or for himself, for the universal spirit fulfils its purpose by and through him. It is in this sense that the mystic need not worry about his acts. For a motiveless man sinning is out of the question. His love denies nothing, and is not conscious of its self-denial.

To a man in this station the doctrine of non-resistance does verily apply. He does his duty not because it is the way to glory but because it is due and must be done. Sri Rāma was unaffected by the parental command to proceed to the forest or by the call of duty to slay Rāvaṇa and assume the crown, at long last, of Ayodhya. Arjuna fought and killed, after imbibing the lessons of the *Gita*, but is guilty of no murder. He bore no ill-will to them he killed,

and was in fact overflowing with affection for them as they were his kith and kin. He did his duty as a Kshatriya, whose entire being vibrated in the direction of resistance, and who must therefore vanquish and destroy the powers of evil. The spirit of renunciation, of which Arjuna had made a mock display before Sri Krishna, had not really entered his soul, but had been a mood of the moment. A sudden change of heart might come to one as it did to Apostle Paul, but it must be the result not of objective influences, like the sight of kinsmen ranged in battle, but of an inner vision or a change in the soul's angle of vision. Patanjali lays down in his *Yoga Sūtras* that when anger, cruelty and hatred are entirely absent from the mind of man, wild beasts become mild as deer in his presence, and the lamb and the wolf lie down peacefully by his side. The perfection of virtue consists in freedom from all virtues. You have no need to show the left cheek to him who smites you on the right and heap coals of fire on his head. The magnetism of your silent virtue penetrates his stony heart and fills it with the milk of a strange kindness and un-earthly love.

S. V. VENKATASVARA.

Song of my Life

The birds are flown, but where are the flowers that I may smell ?

Music may fade and perfume die, but in that Divine gift of memory Thou hast bestowed, where is death ?

The faded will gain form and the dead will come to life, the past will be present.

The surging tears wither in the happy winds, and the perfume of joy is drowned in the bitter cup.

I can forget nothing ; but I dare not remember anything.

In this great whirlwind, to be tossed to the tune of bitter blasts and scented breaths, how long, how long, will these petals float ? Where will they fall ?

Hopes are sweet, when they are hopes.

Dawn breaks with fresh hopes but eve comes with bitter reality.

Hope nor remembrance do I need, past nor future ; but tell me where art Thou ?

P. SANKARAMURTHY,
III (Hons.) Zoology

The Spanish Civil War*

I

THE Spanish Civil War has involved the whole of Europe in an international crisis of the first magnitude and thus Spain has become an important factor in present-day world politics. From the time of the French Revolution Spain had been the most disturbed country. All these years witnessed Spain in a state of Civil War—sometimes latent and sometimes apparent—without, however, achieving her real ends.

The present Civil War is between the Republican Government, that came into power through the general elections of February 1936 and the reactionaries. The Republican party consists of Socialists, Communists, Anarcho-Syndicalists and other participants in the Popular Front Government. The reactionaries, that fight against this established Government, are chiefly the army officers, the Feudal land-owners and the Catholic Church. It is difficult to understand why these reactionaries turned to be the Rebels, without a clear insight into the economic and political back-ground of the country.

Spain, set between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic is the third greatest State in Europe. Slightly smaller than France and larger than post-war Germany, her population is comparatively much smaller—only 24 million inhabitants, as against 40 millions in France and 67 millions in Germany. The sparse population is due to the backward Spanish economy and also to the nature of the country.

* This article was written in February; so the events of the last six months have not been mentioned; even now, the Civil War continues and its result hangs in the balance. But nothing has happened to contradict the views expressed here.—*Ed.*

It consists mainly of plateau lands and mountain ranges, which cut off the communication between one part of the country and another. Some of the highland areas suffer from a serious deficiency of rainfall. The most populated parts lie only along the coasts. Even these parts are shut off from one another by mountain ranges, which tend to isolate one region from another in sentiment as well as economic development. Further, the case of the agriculturists is made much worse by the land-owners. Of her 24 millions, more than 15 millions are agriculturists and about 3 millions are engaged in industries. Thus, agriculture forms the back-bone of Spanish society. And yet, the occupation, which is responsible for the lives of over 60 % of the population was woefully neglected. The Spanish peasantry was the victim of a semi-feudal land-owning aristocracy. The huge landed estates were rented to tenants, who rented them to sub-tenants and so on; so that, the real peasant sank into insignificance on account of these middle-men. The land-owners never took care to improve the productivity of the soil. Agricultural technique was still primitive. The cultivators too were somewhat idle. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Large tracts of land were preserved by the land-owners for the purposes of hunting and sport. The pressure of population on the little remaining land made the farmer a poor bargainer and he cared little for the occupation by which he was not considerably profited. Further, the lands were usually rented under short-term leases. These deprived the farmer of all incentive to improve the land. Thus there was a great deal of absenteeism on the part of the land-owners as well as on the part of the farmers. "The curse of Spain was of idle rich and idle poor." The result was the absolute poverty and the backwardness of the masses. The state authorities too, under Monarchy, never cared for the welfare of the masses. They often even

backed the actions of the land-owners. In contrast to the miserable conditions of the Spanish masses was the opulence of the land-lords and the clergy. The Bank of Spain was the private property of 16,000 land-owners and clergymen. The mines, the Railways and all other kinds of monopolistic organisations were in the hands of the land-owners. Thus, there existed a gulf of difference between the masses and the propertied classes of Spain under Monarchy.

Next, let us consider the condition of the Army under Monarchy. The Spanish army was a vestige of feudal times. The officers of the army were held in high esteem as the "Saviours of Spain." The army was considered to be the personification of the king himself. An offence against the army was, therefore, an offence against the King. The officers of the army were not bound by the ordinary laws of the land. Especially, in the days of Alfonso, the army was given extraordinary powers. The members of the army formed secret committees called 'Juntas' and intervened in political affairs. Any sort of criticism and comment upon the army constituted an offence which subjected any citizen to long terms of imprisonment. The conspiracies and assassinations that were worked out by the military people, under Monarchy were many. Not a single one among such murders was properly judged. The result was, the officers became most indifferent to the common people. The same indifference was continued long after the fall of Monarchy. We shall see later how the Republican Government tried to curb the power of the army and how that was one of the causes for the present revolt.

Hand in glove with the land-owners were the clericals. Decades of greed and corruption had left the clergy and the Church little enough of honour and public esteem. The illiteracy of Spain was largely due to the Church. Till 1930, it had practically the monopoly of educating the masses,

The statistics of 1930 show an illiteracy of 40% of the population in general and 70% of the population in rural areas. In the same year it was estimated that 45000 children of school-age received no sort of education at all. This shows clearly that the Church had completely neglected popular welfare. On the other hand its ethics and actions had been in line with other Feudal Lords. The Church had owned rail-roads, banks and mines as well as land and treasures.

The predominance of the feudal and Church influences in the Spanish economy retarded the industrial development of the country. The import duties on even essential raw materials were heavy. In most of the industrialized areas the industries gradually languished. The production of iron-ore for instance, in 1934, was only one-fifth of that in 1912. The number of unemployed workers increased day by day.

Thus, we see, Spain was backward in matters relating to agriculture, industry and education. This was due to the then system of Government—Monarchy. The people of Spain realised this fully in 1931 and revolted against King Alfonso. Alfonso had to flee from his country. The Republicans got power and Azana was made the Premier. But, a revolutionary process was going on in Spain since the flight of King Alfonso and the coming of the first Republican Government in 1936. "Three distinct periods may be noted,"* says Lawrence A. Fernsworth in his article on Spain :—

(1) "The "First Biennium"—The period of pure republicanism; of the adoption of the constitution; of the granting of autonomy to Catalonia; of curbing the excessive powers of the army and of the separation of the Church and the State. This period ended in the elections of November 1933, which turned out the Azana regime and gave power to the Right.

* "Back of the Spanish Rebellion"—"Foreign Affairs" of October, 1936.
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(2) "The "black biennium," the reactionary period which followed and which lasted until the elections of February, 1936. This was the period of waste, of corruption, of the undermining of the constitution, of the wrecking of Catalonian autonomy, of the glorification of the army, and of the replacing of the clergy on the pay-roll. Finally, it was the period of the Catalonian Revolution and of the wholesale and cruel repressions that followed.

(3) "The brief period after the recent elections which brought back power to the "pure" Republicans led by Azana, in agreement with the Socialists and Communists. This period saw the rehabilitation of the Constitution; the restoration of Catalonian autonomy; the liberation of social and political prisoners; the enactment of laws giving employment to workers; and the setting of the peasants upon the land in large numbers. It also saw the development of a fatal circle of violence and retaliations, and finally the loosing of civil War."

Let us now proceed to the Civil War.

II

First, how did the actual rebellion begin? On Sunday, 12 July, 1936, Lt. José del Castillo, a bitter opponent of fascism, was assassinated by a gang of fascists. It was the culmination of a long series of fascist provocations and murders. The murder of Castillo was answered that same night by the assassination of the rightist leader of Spain, Calvo Sotelo. The killing of Sotelo was followed by a most violent uproar from the monarchists and their allies, and they took a solemn oath that his death should be avenged. Four days after these events, the garrisons in Spanish Morocco rebelled under the leadership of Francisco Franco, who apparently aspires to a military dictatorship of the fascist type. The next day saw the uprising on the mainland. The foreign legion is a rigidly disciplined and well equipped force. A large part of the army, garrisoned

throughout Spain, as well as of the Civil Guards and "a varied assortment of reactionaries including royalists and remnants of the nobility, big landowners, cadets and of course clerical forces and those loyal to the Catholic Church joined the rebel forces." "These reactionaries, in all sincerity, sought to save the country from communism. The outcome of the blood bath can only be to speed its coming."

The revolt was well prepared with stores of ammunition and supplies. The plan of campaign was to squeeze Madrid between the Moroccan troops, under Franco, and the Northern army, under General Mola. Meanwhile risings in all important cities and regions were to cause the Government to crumble. A quick victory was apparently expected, which would not give the Left elements time to mobilise their forces.

But this plan of campaign went awry. The navy largely remained loyal to the Government and seized many ships of the rebels. Hence, the Moroccan troops could land in Spain only in small numbers. All the peasants and workers of Spain joined together to help the common cause—to save the country from the menace of fascism. Even the women and children took arms and ammunitions and proceeded to fight against the rebels. The result was the rebels' first attack over Madrid ended in a futile effort and success seemed certain for the Republican Government.

The decision hung principally on the equipment and supplies henceforth available to either side. At this juncture, the so-called democratic Great Powers of Europe adopted an absurd policy of Non-intervention, to localise the conflict. This resulted in the curtailment of help to the Government. On the other hand, the insurgents received secret help of artillery, aeroplanes and other war-materials from the fascist countries, Italy, Germany and Portugal. Still, the politicians and statesmen of the Great Powers

talked much of non-intervention. "The part played, in this respect, by the Great Powers will go down into history as the most treacherous act that can be perpetrated against a sister country." Even France and Russia lost their heads and began to look with wide-open eyes at the workings of the fascist dictators and contented themselves with talking much of "non-intervention."

The Government of Spain has issued a back to the wall appeal to the loyal subjects to present a grim struggle against the insurgents. Thousands of workers and peasants have rallied round the banner of the Government and have offered themselves to fight the enemy. But when the major professional army is with the rebels and when they are equipped with better arms and weapons of war, it is unlikely the Government will stand the attack for a long time. The workers and peasants of Spain have to fight single-handed with international fascism. But there is one province which can resist the insurgents even after the fall of Madrid and the rest of Spain. That is Catalonia, where the forces of workers and peasants are mainly concentrated. It is there the future of Spain will be decided.

But, as things are at present, the insurgents are unable to capture even Madrid. "One hundred thousand militia men hold the lines of Madrid grimly repeating Spain's equivalent of Verdun's famous slogan 'They shall not pass.'" For the last two weeks Madrid is being continually bombed by foreign bombers. Still the Government holds the capital. The victory seems to be more on the side of the Republican Government. For, recently, the proletariat of the whole of Europe have realised their responsibility. The Spanish Government are now being assisted by Soviet Russia and the French workers. It is significant that Cabellero, the Socialist prime minister of Spain, has openly declared that Soviet Russia is giving help. Russia realised

well enough that she could not be bound by the Non-intervention Pact to a greater extent than Italy, Germany and Portugal. Italy and Germany are still freely supplying the insurgents with arms but they are not likely to challenge the decision of Russia to support the Republican Government with arms.

Whither Spain? The eighteenth century clergy is trying to strangle the Republic. Feudalist fascism, supported by Italy and Germany is endeavouring to suppress liberty and mass awakening in Spain. The Republican Government, on the other hand, helped by all the commoners of Spain, is attempting to save the country from the menace of fascist dictatorship.

Out of the carnage and wreckage of this travail a new Spain has to emerge. The choice is between the brutalising and violent enslavement of fascism and the liberating, progressive development which a democratic victory can make possible.

"The truth is that Hitler and Mussolini have staked everything on the victory of the Spanish Fascists. They are looking for a Fascist Spain on the southern frontier of France. They are anticipating the concession of naval bases in the Balearic Isles and the Canaries, as a reward for their support to General Franco. The war in Spain is to them the first battle of a coming European war and they realise that the consequences of this battle may be decisive in the bigger conflict." Hence, the dictators should supply the insurgents with all they can, if the help they have given is not sufficient, and lead them to victory. If a few men with incendiary bombs cannot crush Spain, they will send many others with gas. Suppose, there is a victory for Franco, what will be the future of Spain? Firstly, it is certain, as Brailsford says, that "Spain will be crushed under a military despotism, that will enslave peasants and townsmen alike and fetter both thought and action." Spain will

then become a German colony, exploited both for economic and strategical ends. The Fascist victory in Spain will be wrought with dangerous consequences for France. France will then be surrounded on three frontiers by the Fascist powers. From Majorca and Ceuta, they will be able to cut her communications with Africa and so to close one of her chief sources of man-power. Hence, the burden of responsibility for France is great. "If the two dictators prove their powers in this way and demonstrate, at the same time, the cowardly incompetence of the Western Democracies, they will be supreme in Europe. Every little state in the Balkans and on the Baltic will rally to the victors." Thus everywhere, in Europe, will be found fascist exploitation.

But the victory for Franco, as we said, is only a supposition. The aid, which Soviet Russia is now giving to Spain, is accompanied by a remarkable revolt, in France, against the neutrality policy of the Front Populaire. During the last month, thousands of French workers have poured over the Spanish Frontier with arms. Their feeling of solidarity with the Spanish workers is so strong that nothing could stop them. Armaments are being carried over. Pilots are defying the Government by taking over their planes. It is not only the French workers but hundreds of workers of other nationalities, including refugees from Germany, Austria and Italy, are pouring into Spain. It is these events that changed the phase of the military situation at Madrid.

Thus Spain was drawn into the rapid stream of European politics by the fascist-monarchist uprising against the Republic in July 1936. Whatever happens now in Spain will have instantaneous repercussions in Europe and upon the entire world. "Having escaped participation in the world war, Spain bids fair to offer a pretext for the next. The Iberian Peninsula, so long slumbering as a potent world factor, is now amply making up for lost time." For

the situation is becoming, day by day, an international one. The end is far to seek. From the beginning, the struggle in Spain has been between the Spanish peasants and the workers on the one side, and International Fascism on the other. Such a struggle may sweep over the Spanish frontiers to other European countries. The foreign participation in Spain has made the civil war a miniature of a world war between Fascism and Communism.

"Spain has become a pivot on which the world may turn either its fascist or democratic side to the rising sun of the future".

Y. RAMAKRISHNA PRASAD,
IV Hons. (Econ.)

Sir S. Radhakrishnan

PHILOSOPHY has been compared to a blind man searching in a dark room for a black cat which is not there. And India has been associated with this kind of philosophy and spiritualism from such an immemorial time that we are today characterised as a race of philosophical worms—worms that do not bake bread. As Voltaire's saying goes, in answer to a stranger who was observing how tall his trees grew, that they had nothing else to do, we in India grow philosophers as they grow potatoes in Ireland. Such philosophers amount to nothing, since they are lost in misty mysticism, abstruse speculation, ununderstandable occultism, moth-eaten ancient tomes, endless controversy and too much lost in securing reserved seats in the non-geographical Heaven, that they have become philosophically indifferent to the problems of the work-a-day world around them.

Besides, our modern philosophers are cutting more and more sorry figures, as the different sciences are progressing by gigantic strides. Science with its innumerable marvels and technical inventions is trying to throw religion overboard. So people are finding the truth in what an Oxford professor is alleged to have said that one should know enough philosophy to find that one can do without it.

To be a philosopher is to be a bore, not to be one is to be a fool; to be a philosopher and not a bore like Diogenes, or to be a fool and yet to be in a way a philosopher like Touchstone is very difficult. It is rare to have a philosopher who is inspiring in talk, interesting in writing and sociable among men. But such a rare combination we find in Sir S. Radhakrishnan, our foremost Hindu philosopher who has stirred both East and West with a brilliant exposition of

Indian philosophy, culture and tradition besides the trend of modern systems of European thought. He is not purely a Hindu Philosopher with a contribution peculiarly Indian but one who is master of Western metaphysics beginning from the days of Socrates to Professor Whitehead's writings on religion and Bertrand Russel's rambles into sociology.

Much has been written of Radhakrishnan the thinker and writer but of Radhakrishnan the speaker and listener not enough, for his performances in this line are startling. "He is extremely fluent and his lectures, delivered entirely without notes, flow in a stream of perfectly turned sentences which would put most English speakers to shame." He is a human Niagara fall. The words thunder down the precipice with the velocity of a whirlwind; sometimes he is very eloquent and you feel dazed and overawed by the torrential flow of his rolling periods. He bursts forth like a sweeping hurricane. Yet he is no word-jumbler or idea-gambler. That is why the West understands him so well and no wonder it is that the gathering to hear him at Oxford exceeded that to see the 'Varsity boat race. In fine, he is a finished orator.

As a thinker and writer he has erected a monument for himself in his works. Out of the few Indians who have attained an acknowledged mastery of faultless English prose, he is one. Analytical lucidity and epigrammatic terseness are the chief characteristics of his writings. His writings reveal a mastery of the subject, originality in thought, lucidity in expression, wide scholarship and deep sincerity. One should read his works to have a correct idea of his intellectual refinement and philosophic wisdom.

The two volumes of his *Indian Philosophy* read like poetry and have been a classic on the subject. They transport us to a spiritual fairyland. It is the calm light of mild philosophy at whose touch charms do not fly. Yet it is a

crimson light of chemical philosophy dissecting and dissectable. He has also woven a rainbow, because he invokes to his aid religion, the elder sister of philosophy, the Indian religion wherein folly and fantasy, truth and absurdity mingle, and make poetry and practical wisdom. "The praise with which the critics greeted the appearance of these two volumes is the best testimony to the success with which he has carried out the task he has defined. I would recommend whoever is interested not merely in the past philosophy of India but in the contemporary philosophy of the West to read the concluding chapter of the second volume, for a summary at once incisive and profound of those strands in the thought of India which stretching from the remote past are incorporated after more than four thousand years in the living present. Looking back over the course he has traversed, the record of which has covered more than fifteen hundred pages, Radhakrishnan wonders whether there is any sense in which the development of Indian thought justifies the attribute 'progressive.'"

The quotation is from Professor C. E. M. Joad's *The Counter Attack from the East* which is a sympathetic exposition of Radhakrishnan's philosophy. This work is all the more noteworthy as the author (Joad) belongs to a different school of philosophic thought. That a Western realist and an avowed agnostic should undertake to write about an Eastern Idealist is in itself a noteworthy feature.

These two volumes may have superiors in sheer scholarship, but it is the only book which has made Indian philosophy a living subject to the general reader and, what is more, the only book which has attracted the general run of philosophers in Europe and America to Indian philosophy. It is, in short, a monumental work in so far as Radhakrishnan is viewed as a historian of philosophy.

But, it was in fact his earliest book *The Philosophy of Tagore* which proved him to be original and striking, for it was Radhakrishnan who disclosed the latent philosophy in the poems and writings of our poet. Tagore himself is said to have remarked that he himself did not know that he had a philosophy of his own. Indeed the world too did not, for it is well-known that Europe discovered Tagore before many of us did in India, and especially South India.

Another early book of his is *The Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy*. This is a highly original work involving much study and scholarship. This deals mainly with the philosophies of eminent men like James Ward, Bergson, and Bertrand Russell. Since Dr. Radhakrishnan is an Absolute Idealist, he disagrees with much of the modern philosophy of the West, because he believes that deviating from Absolute Idealism is deviating from truth and that such deviation is due to unacknowledged religious pre-suppositions. So he is particularly at issue with the Organic theory of Professor Whitehead which represents Reality after the model of a living-whole; the Holism of General Smuts which represents it as a creative process of Whole-making in time; the creative evolutionary hypothesis of Bergson; Professor Alexander's conception of it as a process of emergence from a matrix of Space-time; and the doctrine of the Italian Idealists that it is the activity of the creative spirit. But the view that is taken now by Dr. Radhakrishnan has changed from what this book makes us believe. His thought has undergone an evolution. Religion did not loom large then, rather it was looked upon as an unwelcome intruder in the pure field of philosophy. But now religion has drawn him closer with its allies of mysticism and intuition.

His volume *The Hindu View of Life* (Upton Trust Lectures), though not a complete picture of all that goes to-day under the label of Hinduism, contains some vital

elements of our religion. It is an attempt to outline some of the basic and central principles of Hinduism conveying a rough but rosy idea to the general reader; for, if what he describes in such a scholarly and lucid way really be Hinduism, there are many thousands of friends who belong to this religion though they may profess some other religion. But to many, this volume appears to be an apologia for Hinduism into which a modern Hindu can read as much heterodoxy as he likes.

Another book *Kalki or the Future of Civilisation* is short and brilliant (contributed to the Future Series of Kegan Paul) presenting a graphic contrast between civilisation as it is and civilisation as it ought to be. Here the author sets before us an ideal of civilisation wherein the mind and the spirit of man will have concurrent development, with the result that a harmonious blend will transcend the vast separation between them at present. If to-morrow there were to be a great crisis (a world war of the magnitude of Wellsian imagination) when economic institutions collapse and political consciousness vanishes, people who took shelter in religion will find it failing them. The only alternative for us then would be to rise to a nobler religious idealism wherein they will assert with their lives if necessary the truth of the conviction, "Under Heaven one family." This solution of the philosopher, wherein spiritual and intellectual developments keep abreast of each other, will bring solace to the suffering, energy to the weak and comfort to the poor.

Perhaps the most significant of all his books is 'An Idealist View of Life' (Hibbert lectures). Students of the philosophy of religion may be grateful to the trustees of the Hibbert Lectureship for affording Dr. Radhakrishnan an opportunity to develop his own constructive ideas. A detailed review of this magnificent work is out of place since it has to be technical. He has grandly propounded a

sort of religious idealism with a "singular unity of spirit and a vital faith for which the world is waiting --one which instead of dividing continents and sects within them is capable of uniting them in a single allegiance not to any material crown or empire, but to the Values which are the crown of life and the empire of the spirit." The opinions of two distinguished leaders of thought will reveal the worth of this work. Dr. Tagore said with reference to this work: "I consider the book to be one of the most original and significant contributions to modern thought. Personally I am deeply grateful to it for the benefit I have derived from the beauty and lucidity as well as the wide range of philosophical insight." Professor Joad called it 'one of the most profoundly moving religious books of our time.'

His 'East and West in Religion' (compilation of five lectures delivered at Oxford, London and Calcutta) surveys different aspects, attitudes, and approaches to the spiritual life characteristic of both East and West and serves as a help to the understanding of his Hibbert lectures. This book is interesting in view of the author's opinions and reflections on current issues and problems like Pacifism, Psychoanalysis, and Proselytisation. The last lecture in the book is a glowing tribute to Dr. Tagore and a succinct summary of the poet's contribution to the world's thought.

Two other books are 'The Philosophy of the Upanishads' and 'The Vedanta according to Sankara and Ramanuja'. These two early works of his are equally lucid and authoritative. Besides these major publications, he has contributed to Benn's affirmation series a booklet entitled 'The Religion We Need'. Recently Messrs. Natesan & Co. have compiled his essays and addresses in the shape of two handy volumes entitled 'The Heart of Hindustan' and 'Freedom and Culture'. These two tiny volumes reveal that Radhakrishnan is not only capable of

losing himself in the abstract region of pure philosophy making hair-splitting distinctions but can also come down to our mundane world to face the problems which demand solution in our times and suggest practical remedies.

To Dr. Radhakrishnan, 'Hinduism is not a sect but a fellowship which accepts the law of right and earnestly seeks for the truth. Hinduism is a process, not a result; a growing tradition, not a fixed revelation. It never shuts off by force wisdom from anywhere, for there are no distinctions of mine and thine in the Kingdom of the spirit.' Yet he is one of those who believe that all is not well with Hinduism. He does not unhesitatingly embrace all that is handed down to us as Hinduism, for to him it is also like a placid pool round which many obnoxious weeds have grown. Perhaps it is when he tries to pluck away these weeds, that he appears to some as a moral rebel, decrying traditions, violating creeds, making light of conventions and inveighing against accepted respectabilities.

Radhakrishnan's exposition of Hinduism cannot be taken at its face value by any one who knows Hinduism as practised. His pride in and filial affection for the master-minds of our country makes him give a glowing touch to our religion. Hence it is far removed from the Hinduism of the masses and the mutts as the Unitarianism of Martineau and Carpenter is from the creed of the Pope. Nothing can be clearer evidence of this than the fact that the greatest Hindus from the days of Raja Ram Mohun Roy to the days of Mahatma Gandhi have been exiles from the orthodox Hindu fold. In fact, Radhakrishnan's Hinduism is Hinduism as it was preached and intended to be, not the degenerated and disintegrated Hinduism that many practise to-day. But to the hectic West which is drifting into a state of agnosticism, his exposition of Hindu thought comes as a refreshing shower after a sultry summer. His Hinduism is all that is noblest, truest and

best in Hindu India. In a word, he lays stress on the broad tolerance and the strict discipline that Hinduism offers and enforces.

His contribution to philosophic thought is unique. His role of the liaison officer is also dramatic. While interpreting the West and the East to each other, he is playing the role of a cultural and spiritual ambassador. He believes on all grounds that religion is essential to human progress and even regards religion and humanity as inseparable parallels. When some say that religion is a bar to progress he ascribes it to the fact that the world is an intellectual giant and a spiritual pigmy. While the marvels of modern science try to throw overboard religion with all its fable, myth and legend, he holds that science is hostile to the dogmas of religion and not to its spirit. To him, the wisdom of the East is as necessary to the salvation of mankind as the science of the West is necessary for the comfort of humanity. Though Radhakrishnan has not propounded a new system of philosophy or established a religion of his own, he has contributed most to inter-religious understanding and international sympathy. His singular achievement is the pouring of the old wine of Hindu tradition and wisdom into the new bottles of a Western outlook and a Western tradition which is gradually growing up. And he has rightly realised that what we need to-day is not the creation of a new religion but a right understanding of the true principles that inspired all the great faiths. When all come to know that there is a common bond that binds them together, that whatever may be the names and forms of their religions, they are all adoring and approaching the same spirit, there will be no more war on earth, no more strife among nations, no more disharmony among religions, no more discord among cults and no more distrust among individuals. This is the core and cream of Radhakrishnan's

philosophy of religion. Universalism and love are the key-notes.

To-day the world is on the verge of a crisis and history bears witness to the fact that mankind has never learnt from history. When the nations enter into war, their excuse is that they do so to end war. This was the excuse that they gave, and recently Italy came up in the same line. And other Western nations are following suit. In these troubled times India's position is far from satisfactory. She is politically static, not dynamic; economically decadent, not developing; socially flagging, not flourishing. But intellectually and spiritually we are not standing still to stagnate, but we are stirring soundly to stand strong. And recently there has been an intellectual re-awakening in India — a re-awakening which Sir S. Radhakrishnan so nobly exemplifies.

S. CHANDRASEKHARAN,

V Hons. (Econ.)

Pramela

I WAS fifteen years old when I passed my S. S. L. C. Examination. Pramela was nine. Ever since I could remember, she and I had been playmates. We were neighbours, living in two adjacent bungalows in Mylapore. Our fathers were both Advocates earning handsome incomes. They were only very distant cousins, but they made up for the remoteness of their relationship by being the closest of friends.

One of my earliest recollections is of Pramela's birth. I was too young to understand what all the fuss was about, but I can distinctly remember my father telling me that I would soon have a playmate. I was all impatience till the tenth day when I was taken in and shown the wee baby girl.

From the first we were good friends, Pramela and I. But whether it was due to the fact that we had only each other to play with and so could not afford to quarrel for long, or to the meek submissiveness with which I gave in to all her tiny tantrums I cannot really say. The fact remains that we spent our days in the happiest of moods, laughing and playing all the time. Indeed, such an amicable pair were we that our parents were wont to tease us by saying that they were going to get us married.

When I was seven, I was sent to school and was admitted into the Fourth Class. I passed all my examinations regularly and at fifteen was placed eleventh in the Presidency in the School Final Examination.

It was at this time that the first big change in my life took place. My father was selected for the post of the Legal Adviser to the Gaekwar of Baroda. It was a splendid chance for him, carrying as it did a monthly salary of Rs. 3,000.

This was in May during my summer holidays, and after a long discussion it was decided that I should accompany my father and join a college at Baroda instead of remaining in Madras at Pramela's house and joining the Presidency College as I had originally intended doing.

I was wild with excitement, and to tell the truth gave little heed to Pramela's groushings about being left out of all the fun.

We settled down in Baroda about the latter half of June and I joined the Central College.

That summer, Pramela, her father and her mother, visited us at Baroda. I was very much pleased to see Pramela. Though I had not realised it consciously, I had missed her cheery companionship quite a lot. We had much to say to each other, innumerable questions to ask and answer.

I worried my mother so much that afternoon about what dishes Pramela liked and what she did not, that she cried out in exasperation, "My goodness! you are behaving as if you were already married to her." At which I blushed furiously and ran away to my room. But I do not think I was angry with mother. It was mere self-consciousness.

I did not see Pramela again for two years. My father's duties kept him tied down to Baroda, and we never went to Madras. Neither did Pramela and her people visit us.

I had joined an Engineering course after I passed my Intermediate and had completed the first year.

During the September holidays, my father and I came down to Madras for a week. Naturally we stayed at Pramela's house. Pramela was out when we arrived and came in just as we were sitting down to breakfast. She had grown considerably since I last saw her and promised to develop into a particularly beautiful woman.

I had not much time to notice all this; for, just as she entered, her father exclaimed jokingly to me, "There comes your bride." Everybody started laughing. I flushed with unreasoning anger. Where formerly I would have giggled timidly at Pramela, I hung down my head frowning. Somehow my attitude towards her seemed to have changed. I did not feel bold enough to talk freely with her. Pramela too seemed to have developed into a person quite different from what I knew her to be. Gone were the tom-boyish ways of our earlier friendship. Instead, her behaviour was quiet, to the point of shyness.

We left for Baroda rather earlier than we had intended. At leave-taking I avoided Pramela. Somehow I could not talk naturally to her. Though I liked to be in her company when others were about, it embarrassed me to have to speak to her alone.

From this visit onwards begins another period in my young life—a period filled with vague and boyish thoughts of love—thoughts in which Pramela figured prominently. I was constantly quipped by my sisters or cousins about my marriage with Pramela. Whereas formerly I merely tolerated these jokes, I came in time to actually like becoming the victim of these pleasantries.

A year passed in this way during which I saw Pramela only twice—once when she came to Baroda with her father and once at a marriage of my cousins at Vellore.

I passed my second year fairly well, though my father was not quite pleased with my rank. He kept urging me to devote myself more seriously to my work and try to do well in the final year.

It was at about this time that I heard my father mentioning casually at dinner that Pramela was going to be married soon and that her father was on the look-out for a suitable bridegroom. Turning to my mother he added, "You know, Gopu asked me whether I would not allow

Paddhu to marry her, but I told him, 'Not until he passes his final year.' He can't afford to indulge in such distractions just at present. Eh, Paddhu!"

I had not the courage to say anything for fear that he might take it amiss. I grinned sheepishly and stared at my leaf.

The news, however, disturbed me greatly. I realised that I had grown immensely fond of Pramela during the last year or two, and the thought that she was to be married to some stranger wounded me deeply. But what could I do? I was only nineteen and had a good three years to complete my studies. I could not very well go to my father and ask to be married immediately. He would either laugh at me or get very angry indeed.

Yet I was old enough to realise how this system of child marriage made it impossible for two young people, who had been playmates in their childhood, to marry. This hurry to get the girl married before she had grown up left the boy in the pitiable plight of being old enough to realise his affection for her, but too young, in his parents' eyes, to think of marriage as yet.

I chafed at the injustice of it. Why, I thought, this infernal hurry to get Pramela married? She was not yet fourteen. What a farce the whole affair was bound to be! She would be confronted by a number of young men, absolute strangers to her, might be made to sing to them perhaps, and would then be asked to choose between them—as if her choice meant anything but fixing on the one who frightened her the least.

If only I had been two years older, I would have considered myself justified in going to my father with a declaration of my love for Pramela, but as it was, I was silent. These arguments, these agonised questionings, I never voiced aloud. Perhaps I lacked the courage. I

cannot say. Perhaps my sense of obligation to my father for all that he had done for me weighed on my mind. Whatever the cause, I was silent, and preparations for Pramela's marriage went on apace. A young man of twenty-two, just appointed probationary Deputy Collector, was the chosen bridegroom. The marriage was fixed to take place in a month's time.

News of all the excitement kept pouring over to us at Baroda. We were all invited to attend the marriage. But a few days before we were to start for Madras, my father was laid up with fever. It was nothing serious, but it prevented us from attending the marriage. I felt greatly relieved, for I had been dreading the visit all along.

Things went on as before, except that I devoted myself more seriously to my studies. I was not a dullard, and, with the hard work I was putting in, I was fairly sure of getting a high rank in the final examination.

Time flew by and gradually thoughts of Pramela faded from my mind. It was not that I ceased to think of her with tenderness, whenever something recalled her to me, but it was simply due to the fact that the deepest of emotions are never proof against time and absence. Now that she was married, people ceased twitting me about her. Moreover as the final examination drew near, my studies claimed more and more of my attention.

I had worked hard and my reward was the second place in the college. My high rank secured me the post of Assistant Engineer on probation for one year's practical training at Coimbatore.

A few days after I had taken charge, I got a letter from my sister to say that Pramela and her husband were at that moment in Coimbatore. She sent me their address and asked me to call on them.

I hesitated at first, wondering how I would feel seeing her for the first time after her marriage. What bitter memories she might rouse in me!

In the end, however, I decided to see her. When I sent in my card, Pramela came down immediately. Her husband was not with her. She came forward to greet me with a charming look of self-consciousness. "Hullo Paddhu! And so at last you have come to see me, Eh? Why ever did you not come to my marriage? I know your father was ill, but *you* could have come."

I murmured something—I cannot remember what. I was surprised that she had not shown signs of embarrassment. Surely she could not have been blind to my affection for her. She was only a child then it is true, but yet she must have realised it. But then, here she was talking to me as naturally as if I were her elder brother. My vanity received a nasty jar.

Pramela did not seem to notice anything strained in the atmosphere. She was telling me all about her husband—how I was sure to like him and how we were all going to have such jolly times together, now that I was living so close by.

Just then I heard the sound of a car stopping at the front step. Pramela rose smiling, "Ah! there is my husband. Come on, Paddhu."

I followed her into the verandah and saw a fine looking man with a genial smile who advanced towards me with outstretched hand. "I am very very pleased," said he, "to make your acquaintance. Such an old friend of my wife's is always welcome."

I could do nothing but suffer his vigorous handshake and murmur something banal.

We had tea together and then sat down to bridge. I left quite late that evening, as Pramela insisted on my

staying to dinner. I had thoroughly enjoyed the visit in spite of myself.

As I leaned back in the car, I smiled at myself. So, that was the end of all my dreaming! Pramela was quite happy as she was and evidently very much in love with that fine husband of hers, and it was only my over-wrought imagination that had pictured her an unwilling bride. Oh, how foolish I had been! And yet, I thanked God that I had been saved from making an even greater fool of myself. Never again, I vowed, would I let my imagination get out of hand as it had done this time. It wasn't worth it. Only one's vanity suffered; that was all.

S. V. RAMANIAH,

V. (Hons.) Physics

My Bookshelf

EVERYBODY has something to boast of. I too have something. What is it? They are my books—and I am their proud possessor. There they are, ranged in serried-phalanx on the shelf. They hail from various places—England mostly—then Canada, U. S. A., France, Germany, Norway, Russia, Spain and, last but not least, India, our own land. Different people with different shades of thought are on parade; all their differences are merged into one single thought: to give a clean account of themselves to me—to me, their God, and this is their judgment day.

Now for it. Good old Chaucer is there peeping from behind his Canterbury Tales. I made his acquaintance while in Form IV and this much should be said to his credit that I still retain his friendship. From London town I must hop along to Stratford-on-Avon to meet another friend of mine who gave me many an hour's delight with 'many a gem of purest ray serene.' I have him with the text of Delius. Last month he used to meet me on Wednesdays but that did not suit him and now we meet on Thursdays. And who is this, elbowed out of the line? Oh my, this is an obscure fellow, very obscure, but not so for students of English literature: Thomas Dekker. I had to plod my way through his 'Gull's Hornbook,' 'The Belman of London' and 'Lanthorne and Candlelight,' (Dent's Temple Classics). He is a man of little mercy and has exposed the vices of London during his time graphically. Beside him stands another man with a big D written on his face. He is John Dryden. His Plays and Satires are delightful but he is a man of inconsistent judgment. He stands in the original Mermaid Series of Fisher and Unwin. He has company and that of no mean character.

My Bookshelf

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First let me have a look at him. Bah! he has a gloomy face. He is a satirist of mankind and that accounts for it. He has more than an ordinary share of bile. He gives preference to horses over men. He is Jonathan Swift. He has only a small place—that which he occupies in his 'Gulliver's Travels.' In high-school days he was read as a story-teller, but he is above that. He is profound and he must be looked at from a different angle. Oh, I see the 'Great Cham of Literature' fretting. He is angry with me as I did not attend to him earlier. Had he been alone, he would have kept quiet but he has a friend with him. Johnson and Boswell seem to me to be correlative terms. Shining in the gilt letters of a presentation copy, Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' reclines against 'The Rambler' and the dull story of 'Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.'

Who is this with big moustaches who has appropriated to himself the space of three different books? Stephen Leacock is a name to conjure with. It is very difficult to imagine two persons in one: a dry-as-dust political economist and a subtle humourist with his "particular brand." His 'Elements of Political Science' is sandwiched in between 'Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town' and 'Essays and Literary Studies' (both Bodley Head). Crossing the border-line I come across Mark Twain, a man of a different calibre, in his 'Jumping Frog,' 'Innocents Abroad,' 'Life on the Mississippi' and 'Tom Sawyer.' Here comes Henry James, a master of chaste prose, and the novelist of novelists as Spenser was the poets' poet. He is not very bulky but thin in Martin Secker's editions of 'Aspern Papers' and 'the Altar of the Dead'. Orison Swett Marden is conspicuous with his rosy spectacles but as chance would have it, he has to face gloom around him. His books on 'The Power of Personality,' and 'Peace, Power and Plenty' stand close to the pessimistic 'Last Poems'

of A. E. Housman and the Essays of the German Schopenhauer, "a devil's advocate" as Robert Lynd calls him.

Let me see what this side contains. There is that instructive book of Davenport Adams, 'Plain Living and High Thinking' (Pitman). Emile Zola's 'Doctor Pascal,' 'The Deadwoman's Wish' and 'The Attack on the Mill.' Samuel Laing's 'Human Origins' and Darwin's 'Origin of Species' and Autobiography face the window. Macaulay has broken his vow of celibacy and is prostrate before the queen of hearts, Cleopatra, in his Literary Essays and has thrown Rome at her feet in his 'Lays of Ancient Rome.'

Bernard Shaw's 'The Irrational Knot,' 'St. Joan' and 'The Black Girl in search of a God' are side by side with the Norwegian Ibsen's 'new morality' plays—'The Doll's House,' 'The League of Youth' and 'The Pillars of Society' (Walter Scott, London). Now what have I in this corner? Samuel Smiles' books on 'Duty,' 'Thrift,' 'Self-help,' 'Life and Labour,' 'Character' and 'Life of James Nasmyth, the Engineer.'

Nobody now seems to read Smiles. Tastes have changed. People have gone 'thrillers'-crazy. Good literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is hardly to be seen in the hands of students. It is a sign of depraved taste. It is the same case with the books of Jane Austen, Walter Scott, Marryat, Thackeray, Kingsley, Dickens, Irving, Trollope, etc. These and other books of a like nature are a heritage. One must go back to them for solidity—though they are derided as sham Victorian literature. Thomas Hughes's 'Tom Brown at School' and its sequel 'Tom Brown at Oxford,' Thomas Day's 'Sandford and Merton' and Dean Farrar's 'St. Winifred's' and 'Eric' are not in vogue now. But this is a digression.

Very impatiently does Sancho await us. Don Quixote looks terribly upset on account of his fall from the shelf. Perhaps he is reminded of his fall from the fan of the windmill. He looks askance at another bearded gentleman. But Tolstoy seems to be in a brown study. His three volumes of 'War and Peace' in brown jackets are full of his philosophical sentiments and the story moves on a large canvas. Delightful Daniel Defoe in his 'Captain Singleton,' 'Crusoe' and 'Moll Flanders' has a tired look on his face. Crusoe has a thick jacket of the Bohn's edition, while Singleton and Moll are in the purple of the now defunct publishing house of Walter Scott. Bishop Trench lords over the field of 'English Past and Present'. He is in scholastic black (Routledge) but the worms unawed by his grave mien have picked holes in him. His 'Study of Words' (Kegan Paul) along with Professor Weekly's 'Words and Names' (Murray) have a well-groomed appearance.

Admirable Gibbon always deserved a niche in the hall of fame. Morley has edited his Autobiography (Routledge's Roxburgh edn.) and his 'Decline and Fall' occupies a good place - why he is first on the top shelf in his bulky double-columned edition of Ball and Anderson, 1840. As far as I know, it is the only one volume edition of Gibbon. Annie Besant's History of the French Revolution (from the point of the people), Khaja Khan's 'Wisdom of the Prophets' and Max Muller's Lectures on the 'Science of Languages' are overlooking the other volumes in front. Next we have Ingoldsby's legends in rhyme which are full of fun. This and the Poetical Works of Thomas Moore (of the Irish Melodies fame) are an acquisition in the Chandos Classics at their price of two-and-six. Three more Irish writers demand my attention. Maria Edgeworth's 'Absentee,' and Samuel Lover's 'Handy Andy' are books worth reading. Macmillans have brought them out in good editions with masterly black and white illustrations. Thomas Love Peacock

laughs at the world through his 'Headlong Hall', 'Nightmare Abbey' and 'Gryll Grange.' Oscar Wilde seems absorbed in painting a portrait in his 'Picture of Dorian Gray.'

Well, beside Wilde I see Kipling, Balzac, Theophile Gautier and several others grinning at me for not attending to them earlier. Let them grin: I am not afraid of their displeasure; for, this will do for a good day's work.

Md. MUTHIAHAR,
Class III (History)

The Monomaniac

WINK-wink-wink—everybody wants to wink, and everybody seems to wink. They are all mad after winking. This warden thinks he is a clever fellow and calls me mad. Those people looking in through the bars imagine they are mighty intelligent persons and tell each other that I am mad. But I know—they wink, and they are mad..... Can't these all keep their eyes straight and square—It's all a mania,—and it began with that blasphemous rascal, Mohun. He winked first, then Sarla winked, then Natesh, then Chetty, then everyone of my neighbours, and now, all wink. Oh God! it's heart-rending

But Mohun used to be quite a decent fellow at first—why, we were chums, pals, friends, everything, until Sarla came in. Of course, I had to marry Sarla. Could I help it, even for Mohun? Mohun demurred, but I didn't mind. He had no right to say anything in the matter. What if she had been betrothed to him, years ago? I had money and I got her. Money gets all. I knew that, and Mohun didn't know. He was an ass,—and a rogue. First he sulked. It was I who brought him round. After all he was a young fellow and amenable to reason...Ha, ha, ha, How I reasoned out with him!—There are so many incongruities in the world. You are too young to be my chum. But you are, all the same. This is an incongruity. She is too young to be my wife. But she is, because that is so. That incongruity too must be put up with—Ha, ha, he was convinced and sulked no more. He came to our house regularly as before. He even talked with Sarla—Yes, he was forced by me. I would have none of his Pharisaism in my house. Who was the master, he or me? —Me, of course. I ordered him to talk and he talked.

And oh! the damned fellow, then he began to wink. Those two, Sarla and he purposely placed me in between them and each winked, while I looked at the other. They even winked over me. The shy dogs thought I couldn't find it out. But I knew better. I looked into the mirror, and found them winking—and then every fellow began the wretched business. Natesh winked to the thayi, the thayi winked to Chetty, Chetty winked to whosoever met me, and all winked before me. They were all thinking I couldn't find it out, but thank God, I was cleverer than they imagined me to be.....Why, I could guess it, I could feel it in the air. Without looking back, I can say if a man behind me winks. Now these rascals, behind me, outside the cell, they wink. The warder winks to the gardener... And Hell, here the doctor and nurse come winking at each other. It is maddening.

You damned brutes—don't you know it's indecent? I will send you to Jehannum for it.....

So saying, he darts to the bars and frantically beats against them to force a way to the doctor outside.

K. VENKATA RAMA SARMA,

Eng. P. G. Class I year.

Auto-suggestion and Children

IN my last article, after tracing the particular and the general cases in the practice of auto-suggestion, I ended with the following words :—We must once again emphasize the great usefulness of the education of our imagination by the practice of auto-suggestion. For, it greatly modifies one's outlook on life and consequently influences behaviour as well as condition of health. We become pilots of our destiny. By we, I meant we the grown-ups. But what about the growing ones, the children? What about their destiny? Their destiny lies in our hands. We are their pilots. Therefore let us consider how the skilful application of auto-suggestion in the training of children will result in a generation of strong, healthy and robust manhood and womanhood, full of courage, enthusiasm, knowledge, wisdom and service.

We, grown-ups, must know the great role played by auto-suggestion in the education of children. Owing to our ignorance of applied psychology, we do many things which greatly hamper the natural growth of the mind and body of the child. Only when we have a good knowledge of auto-suggestion, its effects and consequences, can we hope to rear up our children in the best possible way, and train them to be good and patriotic citizens of the mother-land.

First we must know that the mind of the child is very fresh and innocent; and hence very susceptible to suggestion. And we know that suggestion when accepted by the mind becomes a potential force in the form of auto-suggestion which, in its turn, tries to translate itself into reaction on the body. To take a concrete example, let us take the case of a mother frightening her child into obedience on account of the fear of a goblin or a monster. Now the idea of a frightening creature, in the form of a ghost or

goblin is implanted in the mind of the child. For years together, the child cannot forget the goblin or the monster, and thus the mother has done the child a lot of harm.

A consequence of the bad training mentioned above is the development of fear in the mind of the child towards elders and strangers. The child trembles at the approach of new-comers. The tendency must be rooted out from the very beginning and the child must be taught the essential lessons of boldness and courage. Again, the child must be so brought up as to have an understanding that parents get angry only when he does wrong things and that if he does the right ones, his parents will be happy and will encourage him. Such a training will enable the child to have a supreme confidence in his elders as those who will correct him if he goes wrong and who will encourage him if he acts in the right way. This will eliminate the disastrous effects of the 'inferiority complex' even from the start.

The child mind is so plastic that once an idea or thought gets impressed on it, the inevitable reaction at once ensues. If the suggestion is good, right action and right development follow; if the suggestion is harmful, wrong action and lopsided development follow. Therefore it becomes all the more necessary that every word we utter, every action we do and every idea we offer to the child-mind should be carefully guarded lest they should prove harmful to it. The child is so active that he is all ears and all eyes to catch everything which he hears or sees. A child whose parents always speak kind words and do kind deeds invariably develops into a good and kind boy; so, instead of leaving the child to chance, it must be the duty of every knowing teacher and parent to deliberately create opportunities so as to give the child a good training in a favourable atmosphere.

Imitation plays an important part in the growth and development of the child. Unconsciously the child has a

tendency to imitate, to copy what others do. And imitation is the result of suggestion offered by another man's conduct. Therefore on the conduct and behaviour of the elders and teachers depend to a large extent the conduct and behaviour of the child. Here are a few of the most crucial things that M. Coué would have us remember to do and not to do in the presence of children :—

Always maintain an even temper.

Speak in a firm but gentle voice.

Avoid any suggestion of cruelty that would destroy confidence.

Never speak ill of any one.

Always answer their questions with kindness and intelligence.

Never tell them that they are lazy and naughty.

Always give them courage, even in the most discouraging circumstances.

Never instil fear of any of the conditions natural in life.

Awaken a love of study and work.

Teach them to be polite and amiable to everybody.

Develop self-confidence and decision by every means.

Teach them to think always that they are going to succeed.

Above all, give them a good example in all these things.

Thus we see what a weighty responsibility rests on elders and teachers; for it is they that decide whether the next generation is to be an active and happy set of well trained young men and women, or the opposite. In the interests of the future, it is the duty of every parent to train his children properly. The child of to-day is the citizen of to-morrow,

we know. But we do not seem to realise how much depends upon us, whether the child grows into a worthy citizen endowed with all desirable qualities or a sloppy, devil-frightened, failure-attracting, miserable creature, not even worth the name of man. Knowing therefore the place of suggestion in the training of the child, we can hope to train the child better and thus build a better world.

The young mind is always aglow with imagination, whether in the right and useful direction or in the wrong and wasteful direction. At the same time, we should remember that imagination is a divine faculty. It paves the way for future actions. It automatically produces in the mind suggestions which at once try to transform themselves into realities. If the child is always made to imagine great and noble things, it is sure in later years to develop into a great man with noble and manly traits.

Dr. Arundale has well pointed out that the education of the imagination "is a mode of divine anticipation, for, if it be rightly used, it gives us splendid courage by reflecting at least in some measure the certain glories of the future amidst the doubt and darkness of the present. The imagination discloses to us how splendid and God-like shall some day be our physical bodies, our desires, and feelings and emotions." This revelation of our splendid possibilities with the process of auto-suggestion actively at work will naturally result in the realisation of a heaven on earth. So powerful and potential is auto-suggestion.

Leaving generalities aside, let us now see how even our casual remarks and suggestions have far-reaching influence on the child. We must be careful about this kind of harm we may do to the child. There are some people who always point to the defects of the child, such as, that he has a flat nose or an ugly face and so on. The person who says this does not realise what it may mean to the child. If

the remark is about any remediable factor, it is well and good and quite welcome in the interest of the child. But if the remark is about something which cannot be remedied, the harm it causes is grievous indeed. The child keeps on brooding over the unkind remark and pines over it for long. He feels depressed. He is seldom to be seen among his friends. This continues as he grows and operates as a blight on his life. This has been the case with several of the failures in life. On the other hand, a good remark made casually has worked wonders in giving a new zest to one's life. The child hears somebody referring to it in eulogistic terms -- 'What a bright boy he is! He is sure to become a great man.' These words impress themselves on his mind. Every moment he is awake with this prophecy of his future. Even when he gets depressed, he remembers the remark that he would become a great man. And truly, in his time he becomes a great man. An idea or suggestion is such a tremendous force that it has the power to change the course of one's life. Everyone can find examples of this in one's own life. Therefore we must note that whatever we do or say has a great deal of influence on the child's future and so, we should keep a careful vigil over our conduct towards children. We must always be encouraging them. We must teach them that success and happiness are their birth-right. We must so train their mental outlook that they have a bubbling enthusiasm and courage even during the most unpleasant hours of life. We must tell them that health is normal. We must picture a bright and useful life before them. They must be taught that any pain or trouble is but of a transient nature.

Says an American writer :—"One reason why we have such poor health is because we have been saturated with the idea that pain, physical suffering and disease are a part of our life—necessary evils which cannot be avoided. We have had it so instilled into us that robust health is

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the exception and could not be expected to be the rule ; that we have come to accept this unfortunate condition of things as a sort of fate from which we cannot get away.

" The child hears so much sick talk.....that he grows up with the conviction that physical discords, aches, pains, all discomfort and suffering are a necessary part of his existence, that at any time, disease is liable to overtake him and thwart his career.

" Think what the opposite training would do for the child ; if he were taught that health is the ever-lasting fact and that disease is but the manifestation of the absence of harmony ! Think what it would mean for him to expect this during all his growing years, instead of building into his consciousness the opposite ! "

From all these we conclude that the development of the child is greatly influenced by suggestion, external as well as internal, and it is the duty of every parent and teacher to see that the right education based upon a better understanding of the mechanism of the working of the mind, is given to the child, so that it might result in the production of a generation of young men and young women 'endued with the highest physical, intellectual, and moral attributes.'*

D. PADMANABHAN, B. SC. (PHYSICS)

Realisation

Oft had I mused, when yet a dreamy youth,
On all the glorious things I meant to do
When I reached man's estate—on how I'd woo
And win some damsel fair, whose love would soothe
My every care away ; who would in truth,
So twine her soul round mine, that we could shew
To all the world how faithful and how true
Two loving hearts could be.—But how uncouth
Alas ! proved stern reality ; how dread !
How terrible ! As though a mocking fate
Had held a crooked mirror to my dreams,
And flashed distorted shadows in their stead
Upon my eyes.—I saw the gulf, too late,
'Twixt grim realisation and my dreams.

S. V. R.

* For further particulars on this interesting topic, our readers are referred to 'Couté and Children' by Gertrude Mayo. (Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London).

The Pacifist View

"It is no exaggeration but a sober fact," says Harold Laski, "that to-day over the major part of the world, those habits which, hardly twenty years ago, were part of the settled objectives of civilised ambition, are either deliberately suspended or regarded with indifference as the relic of an ancient past." This outrageous return to the age of barbarism has been hailed with great joy by most of the European States. If reason be allowed her legitimate empire, however, the only choice open to us is to be *unconditional, rationalistic, and constructive* pacifists. In the event of our straying from this attitude, we are sure to sink the cherished values of civilization into the mire.

The Hitlers and Mussolinis of Europe are out to create a definite cast of mind which is in favour of war. They profess outwardly, however, to be in favour of pacifism. So, before we vote for pacifism or war, we must know definitely what we want. Most of us are prepared to desire peace, but are afraid to pay the price for it. "The question," as Sir Norman Angell constantly puts it, "is not whether one is in favour of peace, but it is *how much* one is in favour of peace—what price one is willing to pay for it." Peace, like anything else, can be obtained by the payment of its legitimate price. What we most often do is to desire peace, but follow such policies as are contradictory to and incompatible with our desire for peace.

The prophets of war all over Europe to-day protest that war does *not* pay, but that they are compelled to go to war for other and more pressing reasons. They have put forward a farrago of arguments, in favour of war. All these, however, are the results of hasty decisions and are not the product of logical thought. Let us now examine a few of these arguments.

Signor Mussolini points out, in his book on the Political and Social Doctrine of Fascism, "that war alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and puts the stamp of nobility upon the people who have the courage to meet it. Fascism repudiates the doctrine of pacifism—born of a renunciation of the struggle—as an act of cowardice in the face of sacrifice." "It is a coward's part," he says, "to count the cost of the game when the game is great."

Hitlerite Germany considers pacifism a great offence against the State, punishable with imprisonment, loss of civil rights, and flogging. "For," as Hitler points out in the National Bible of Germany, 'Mein Kampf,' "lost territories are not recovered by passionate appeals to Almighty God or by the fluent tongues of polished parliamentarians but by armed power, a polished bullet and a bloody combat." Von Papen went so far as to say that Germany struck the word pacifism from its dictionary on the 30th of January, 1933.

Another plea in favour of war is contained in F. Yeats Brown's book, "Dogs of War." He describes the League of Nations as follows:—"Geneva is foreign to the ancient, widespread, half-secret hungers of the heart; it has no bread to offer but the stone of safety, no wine but water coloured with the dye of modern culture." War, they say, represents the deep and honourable craving for the supernatural.

Other arguments which purport to set forth the utility of war are given below. The war protagonists maintain that it is better to be killed quickly than to die of systematic starvation through the heart-break of continual unemployment. The safety of women and property, they also say, can only be shielded by war. Moreover they claim that war gives us a feeling of solidarity and fellowship which is not present in times of peace.

War seems to receive support from other curious sources. The great obscurantists of human thought and progress maintain that war is the inevitable result of original sin or karma, and will remain inevitable as long as human nature persists in being what it is. Further the multiplicity of solutions suggested by the pacifists make it very difficult for the ordinary man to judge to which policy he had best adhere. There are some also who say that wars are not the outcome of individual jealousies but are indulged in by governments in the determining of whose policies, the individual counts for little or nothing.

One other argument, set forward by economists, is that war pays and that the benefits of war afford prosperity and welfare to the victor nation. This argument, however, falls to the ground because the idea of additional territory is mistakenly interpreted as additional wealth for the existing population of the victor nation.

Besides all these arguments in favour of war, the Socialists and Communists, though ultimately for peace and equality for all, have their own special argument in favour of war at the present moment. H. N. Brailsford, the greatest communist representative of our times, in his thought-provoking book, "Property or Peace," points out that they (the communists) were all in favour of a "docile peace based on economic freedom and political justice. The only way to achieve this peace, however, was to war against property." Successful and ordered revolution was the communist's slogan. "The choice before you," says Brailsford, "is Property or Peace. If you choose the one, you cannot have the other."

All the arguments detailed above are in favour of war. The people who have advanced them, however, seem to have been blind to all that war has come to mean nowadays. Some idea of the horrors of modern scientific warfare can be gathered from a few quotations taken from prominent authors,

Major K. A. Bratt, an impartial Swedish war critic, in his book "The Next War," points out that supremacy in the air will decide the issue in the coming European War. A superior Air Force, with these three types of bombs—the explosive bombs, the incendiary bombs, and the gas—could paralyse a whole nation. Air Commodore Charlton, in a chapter entitled "Air Bombing of a Capital," says: "If London were attacked by air to-day, not a great percentage of the population will live to see another day; rail-roads, docks and market places will all be drenched with gas; high explosives will be used to destroy bridges, wharves and power stations; thermite bombs will be scattered over the city at large, causing very likely, a conflagration equal to the great fire of 1666 which completely destroyed the city."

A passionate plea against the ugliness of war is contained in the writings of Major Fuller. "Modern war," he says, "is no longer like ancient war; it no longer is a contest of men with men; it is a contest.....in which men seek to demoralise men by attacking each other's women and children;...it has but one idea—devastation, destruction and death. Its whole forces are negative; war today destroys all morality; all sense of justice—even all sense of decency....Modern methods of warfare, involving the use of bombs and poison gas, can no longer be called a return to the barbarism of primitive savagery; they have reached a stage of systematised barbarism achievable only after centuries of *civilised* thought."

And now to refute the arguments which favour a policy of such unadulterated wickedness. Modern dictators, who are the foremost advocates of war, believe only in cutting off heads, not in counting them. They seem to rely more on the bullet, than on the ballot box. They seem to want their citizens to think with their blood and not with their brains.

The arguments that we have to go to war to defend our women and property from the attack of others has long ago been proved false. It is only in war time that women and children are most exposed to danger. Again to maintain that war is inevitable, and that it is the foregone result of our original sin, is to say the least, foolish. It may apply to earthquakes. "Men do not make earthquakes and so they are not responsible for them." But army budgets do not get voted nor battleships and air forces get built by Nature or Fate. Men do the voting, the fighting and the building, and so it is wrong to shunt off the responsibility on Fate, and cry out that wars are inevitable.

It is quite as wrong to lay the blame on the Governments as it is to lay it on Fate. As Norman Angell puts it, "It is John Smith (and no one else) that is responsible for war. How can fifty millions be made to obey the four dozens and follow a wild course which is opposed to their best interests?"

War has to be treated as a pestilence, just as much as any other disease, and there is no need to be "lost" in the multiplicity of solutions suggested. Just as it is possible to get some good from the varied prescriptions of a number of doctors, so also let us learn a few sober truths about politics and society which will help us to keep away from the pestilence of war. As for the Communists and the Socialists, it is equally binding on them to vote for pacifism, if they are keen about their objectives. To say that we must abolish Property before we do any other thing is like saying "that nothing can be changed before everything is changed." Both Socialism and Communism must try to establish an order and evolve a cosmos out of the divergent elements of society. Karl Marx called violence the midwife of a new social order; facts, however, do not bear this out. Violence begets violence and it is therefore the perpetrator of the old order. Socialism, above all, needs peace

to come into being. Out of chaos and war, fascism will result and not socialism.

The question of the best policy for preventing war has been a fruitful ground for many a suggestion. Bertrand Russell severely criticises the different suggestions put forward by many a pacifist of our age. Certain Imperialistic nations like Britain think that the only object for which it is worth while to go to war is for the protection of the British Empire. The justification of war in the name of self-defence is open to grave objection. The small nations of the world have very little hope of existence if they are to follow the principle of 'isolationism.' The only way out of the difficulty for them is to form themselves into a collective defensive organisation.

The most widely favoured solution of our age for Peace is the *Principle of Collective Security* envisaged by the League. A penetrating analysis of the League is attempted by Russell. Let me state a few of his findings which prevent a rational mind from growing unduly enthusiastic or unnecessarily critical about the efficiency of the League. The principle of collective security as an instrument of Peace relies on certain other conditions which are not present in the League. (1) The League as created at Versailles has left the national sovereignties in tact and is provided with no machinery for compelling respect for the Covenant. (2) The treaty is a little too vindictive, *i.e.*, it has a strong anti-German bias. (3) The League has no provision for intervention in civil wars. (4) The gravest defect of the League is that it is not a Government. A Government has legislative, executive and judicial functions; it does not require unanimity, but can act by a majority. The League has no legislative body; neither the Council nor the Assembly can compel dissentient members to act according to its decisions, nor can treaties be revised without the consent of the signatories. The

League has no executive ; the only force at its disposal is that of the member states which is used or withheld as national governments decide, not as the League may demand. "A body which is to fulfil the purposes for which the League was founded must be a government in the full sense of the word, and so long as it is not a government, it will disappoint its supporters."

The three great failures of the League in regard to Germany, Japan and Italy are an eloquent commentary on the profound and penetrating observations made by Russell on the League. The principle of collective security is not too slender a policy on which to work out a scheme for permanent peace, but it can efficiently function only if there is to be "an international armed force under the orders of the international authority and sufficiently strong to be able to defeat easily any probable combination of rebel states."

What then is the solution for this problem? The idealists of our age who place "primary patriotism" first have suggested a few conditions that are likely to lead to permanent peace. They are as follows: (1) A world government or an international State well armed with power is the fundamental need of to-day. (2) The litigant states ought not to be individually armed. Hence the necessity for an International Police force. (3) Air warfare and ammunition should be the prerogative of the international state. (4) The international state should have exclusive ownership and control of the land and the raw materials of the world. (5) There should also be an absolute and unconditional disarmament of the states and individuals.

In order to establish the above mentioned conditions, however, humanity has to sacrifice a lot of its vulgar pleasures. Human nature, essentially by force of its habits, leads us to a blind alley, and it is our duty to find a way out. The current political dogmas which are calculated to raise

race prejudices into the objectives of civilisation can only be effaced by the right sort of education. The great educators of the world must try to place "the attractiveness of a life given to more interesting things than mere physical power," before the minds of the younger generation ; such a scheme of values will hold sway over men's minds and make them pacifists. The great need of our time is to "educate our pride. If we could learn to feel more desire to lead the world towards sanity and peace than to own vast territories, we might come to feel more satisfaction in being the first to disarm.....All that is needed is to substitute a civilised standard of values for the primitive lust for dominions."

The great Indian sage, Vyāsa, the author of the *Mahābhārata*, towards the conclusion of the famous Saga of the Kaurav's and the Pandavas, makes a pathetic appeal for *dharma* and affirms that a civilisation can stand firm only when it is based on *dharma*. "With uplifted hand, I shout out. Alas! none pays heed. From *dharma* one can attain *Artha* and *Kama*. Then how is it *dharma* is not resorted to?"

The purpose is Peace and the way to achieve it is to say, "*We will not fight.*"

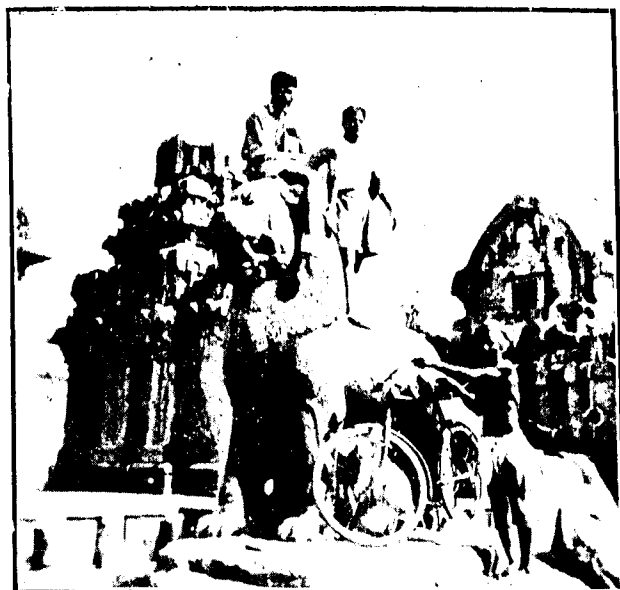
P. NAGARAJA RAO, M.A.
(Old Boy)

From the Marina to Mahabalipuram

ON the Marina sands, we have hatched several plans and made several resolutions, which like the incessant breakers of the sea, soon receded likewise and melted away into nothingness. All our castles still lie buried in the sands and only the other evening we made an attempt to unearth some of them in a retrospective mood; and before the bell of Queen Mary's College rang, reminding us that it was time to go home, we had come to a conclusion. We thought all at once that our castles should not be for ever built on the air or buried under the sands. Something must be done, we thought, to disprove the fact that Marina sands are the mere burying grounds of all our plans and projects. We hit upon a concrete plan—of a short excursion to Mahabalipuram. The thing must be undertaken immediately lest it should evaporate again. Our further discussion on this newly formed plan was interrupted by the bell and we had to fix the details hurriedly on our way home. We decided to take the trip early the next morning at 5 A. M. "On cycle—Number of persons—1, 2, 3, 4, 5—place of meeting—at my house—Good night."

My pals fell in at 5 A. M. sharp. Jumping on the two wheeler and vigorous pedalling were the acts of the next moment. On the road we experienced a mild thrill at the thought of our collective honesty in keeping our word.

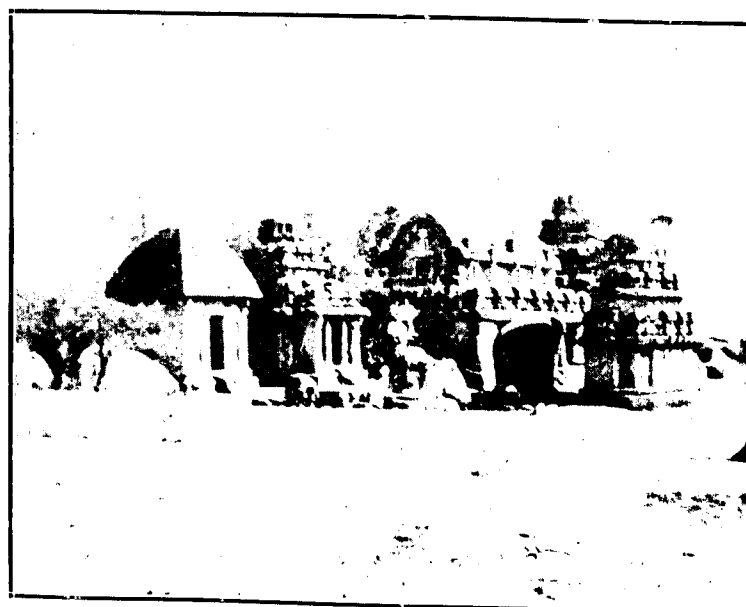
Our direction was towards Chingleput, which is thirty-five miles from Madras. The distance could be easily travelled in four hours and we did it in fact in less than that time. We covered an amazing distance during the first hour of our journey in the cool and fresh air of the morning. The second hour reminded us of the distance before us and the third hour led us to feel that we must outreach the sun at



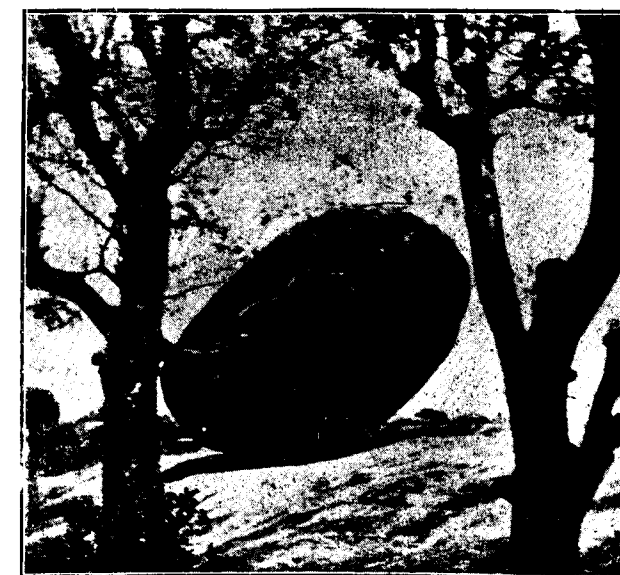
THE MONOLITHIC LION



BHIMA'S OVEN



PANDAVA RATHAS



KRISHNA'S BUTTER BALL

our back lest the great traveller should himself overtake us and spoil our game with sweat. In the middle of the fourth hour we reached Chingleput. It is a fairly big town but with nothing to interest a visitor. So we killed our time at Chingleput till 4 P. M. and then set out to Tirukkalikunram, which is at the ninth mile on the road from Chingleput. The place is a big village with the historic hillock at one end.

We stayed there for the night and early next morning started to Mahabalipuram along a road which was tolerably good and flanked on either side with full-grown trees. Emerald fields in wide expanse on both sides of the road offered a delightful sight. The twelve miles' distance was done with the minimum trouble and the maximum pleasure we could imagine.

The entrance to Mahabalipuram necessitated the crossing of the Buckingham Canal. There was no difficulty in it. The small ferries, that were ready, took the travellers to the other side, almost for nothing. We crossed the canal and headed towards the Pandava Rathas and stood amazed at their colossal grandeur. The Rathas are said to be the chariots used by the five Pandava brothers and left there, when they had to go on exile into the forests. The outskirts of Mahabalipuram are said to have been once dense jungles. The five Rathas are interspersed with magnificent monolithic figures of an elephant, a lion, and a bull which are of such height that to climb upon them is not an easy task.

Next we saw the two light-houses, the old and the new. The old light-house is surmounted on a rock formed like a heap, and by itself it is a piece of clever architecture, about twenty feet in height, cubicular in shape, a flight of stairs leading to its base from the bottom of the rock on which it stands. It is said that the old light-house supplied the beacon light to mariners,

The new one, bereft of any structural interest, is the cylindrical-shaped light house, the power for the light being generated on the spot.

Next we moved into the town proper and finished our '*khana*'—the charitable offer of the local temple.

We moved again to the shore temple. Legend ascribes to the place the distinction of owning seven temples or pagodas, of which six are said to have been devoured by the encroaching sea and the seventh is the surviving monument. The architecture of the temple is exquisite and the tapering tower is worked up with unrivalled artistic skill.

Next we made for a big rock, which is called 'Arjuna's Penance'. It is a huge rock lying on the ground, on which are inscribed some very interesting accounts of Arjuna's Penance.

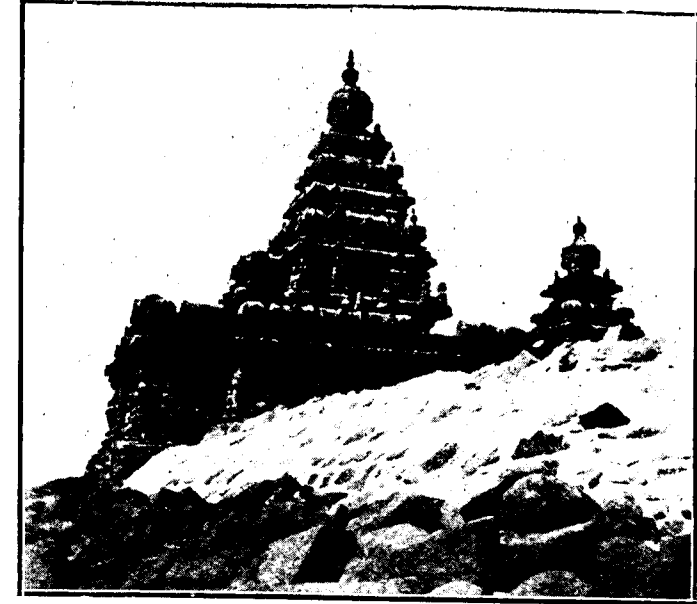
Then we proceeded to a Mantapam and saw interesting details. On one side of it we saw the bass relief figure of Lord Siva with His Consort carved out signifying 'Kailas' and on the other side, the figure of Lord Vishnu chiselled out beautifully, signifying 'Vaikuntam.'

We saw besides these, very interesting formations of rocks and their positions. A huge ball shaped one keeping its balance on a small point in a slope is really of geological interest. They call it Lord Krishna's butter ball. Another group of three lofty rocks form an oven-like structure and they call it Bhima's oven. A small water tank artificially constructed is said to have been Krishna's churning bowl.

Thus we saw everything of general interest to any visitor to Mahabalipuram and were profoundly impressed with them all. Our only regret was that we were not students of history so as to be able to probe into their inner details and study their antiquarian significance. We took some snaps of the most appealing settings, of which a few are reproduced here.

Leaving Mahabalipuram, we returned to Tirukkalkuram. Spending the night there, we set out the next morning on our return journey to Madras *via* Chingleput. We had a truly enjoyable holiday indeed!

V. RAGHAVAN,
IV B.Sc. (Pass) Zoology



SHORE TEMPLE, MAHABALIPURAM



OLD LIGHT HOUSE

Howlers

THE valuation of answer-papers has been called the curse of the school-master ; but the curse is not without its moments of respite. It is, of course, the cross that every examiner has to bear, but it has its own compensations and consolations. Strange as it may appear at first sight, it is not the intelligent papers that afford this solace. The answers in them are just what you expected and what pleasure could there be in the expected thing coming out unfailingly ? A number of well-informed papers valued one after another give rise to a sense of monotony and a feeling of langour which would be intolerable but for the flash of an occasional thought-provoking answer written by the so-called 'duffer'. It is here that you have to seek relief ; it is here that originality is sprung upon you as a surprise ; the unexpected answer stimulates thought. You wonder how the blunder could have arisen and enter into a study of the candidate's mind and trace the processes of its thought. The sameness and dullness of the other papers are forgotten and a smile curls on your lips cheering your wearied heart.

The man who is wise in his own conceit and who has not read or understood his books can give you this delight in the strange and the unexpected, whatever may be the subject on which he writes. But it is when he attempts to show off his wonderful mastery of the idiom of a foreign language that the smile often bursts into laughter. The master of English prose style may seek 'apt alliteration's artful aid' as in the following critical dictum on Swift :—

"The misanthrope and misogynist in Swift made him the master of a malevolent style, though it is the marvelous creation of a master-mind."

Alliteration is a will-o'-the-wisp which has allured even great authors into the bogs of verbosity, but is it not also the mark of the poet with an irrepressible feeling for the fascination of sounds? The following remark on Johnson may not convey much sense, but the fondness for fine phrases and sounds is unmistakable:—

"Johnson is a dictator and writes with a dictatorial dominancy of diction."

The study of the great English prose-writers often puts the student on his mettle and spurs him on to rivalry. Who does not recognise Macaulay's responsibility for the following sentences?—

"If Shakespeare was great among dramatists, if Burke was great among orators, if Gibbon was great among historians, if Milton was great among poets, Jane Austen was great among women-writers. It is no exaggeration at all."

How well the rhetorical ring of the famous sentence on Boswell is caught and echoed in these lines! Perhaps the reader exclaims, "O what a fall there is in the principal clause of the first sentence!" and sympathises with poor Miss Austen for her being given a great place only among women-writers. There is no fall in reality; the author of the critical utterance is a confirmed anti-feminist and does not believe in the possibility of the other sex ever rising to the supreme excellence in literature and the fine arts which is the monopoly of man. So he has given the highest praise that is in his gift to Jane Austen and she must remain satisfied with it. Sometimes the metaphors that rush from the mind in profusion, each struggling to win a place for itself in the same sentence, might become mixed, and reveal the poetic imagination which thinks only in concrete images; observe, for example, the following sentence:—

"With the appearance of 'Winter,' the Romantic stream in the Augustan period swings into motion."

Or the following:—

"The flow-tide of the Neo-classical school was at its zenith when Johnson began to write his *Lives of the Poets*".

In all such instances the desire to avoid the drab, the commonplace, the prosaic in style is so pronounced that due credit should be given to it by any examiner who has a feeling for style. Look at the following definition of a literary critic worthy to be placed side by side with Pater's:—

"Literary critics are those bright and beneficent members of the commonwealth of letters that smoothen, macadamize and render fit for passage many a rough and rugged road of literature."

More often than not, it is not the candidate's learning that is tested, but the examiner's, and unless his reading is wide enough, he will find it hard to account for the strange statements made in the papers. You wonder what made the student write as follows:—

"Bunyan attacked the church, the clergy, the priests, the Protestants and the Catholics; yet he was the devoted son of the church. Like Chaucer he was the founder of a Universal Church with 'Pilgrim's Progress' as its Bible."

Bunyan the devoted son of the church! Which church? The Anglican? If so, does the candidate attribute to Bunyan what he has read of Swift, the author of the *Tale of a Tub*? You are unconsciously led to a study of the writer's mind, forgetting for the moment the question on the paper and the marks that you should or should not give.

When you find Spenser mentioned as having composed *Prothalamion* "for the marriage of the Bridgewater offsprings", it is your learning that is really put to the test. The ladies, Elizabeth and Katherine Somerset, whose 'spousal verse' is *Prothalamion*, are naturally associated in the

writer's mind with the children of the Earl of Bridgewater for whose acting Milton wrote his *Comus*. What an amount of learning lies hidden behind these casual utterances! Consider, for example, the following :—

“Spenser the poet was an active member, along with Milton, of a newly formed Literary Association called ‘The Areopagus.’ The central motto of this new group was to plead for an atmosphere of freedom in justifying the ways of God to man.”

You wonder at first how Spenser who died in 1599 and Milton who was born in 1608 could both have been members “of a newly formed Literary Association.” But if you would pause and ponder, your feeling would be one of admiration for the width of abstruse and out-of-the-way learning that gave rise to the apparent absurdity. That Spenser, Gabriel Harvey and others formed a clique called the Areopagus to discuss literary topics and to explore the possibility of introducing the classical hexameter into English poetry may be known to some readers. It is well-known that Milton wrote *Paradise Lost* ‘to justify the ways of God to man’ and that, in his prose pamphlet called ‘the Areopagitica’ written in the form of a speech addressed to the British Parliament whom he likens to the Court of Areopagus in ancient Athens, he made a powerful exhortation for the freedom of the Press. It is therefore no wonder that a question on *The Areopagitica* should elicit the answer quoted above. Does it not throw light on the obscure processes of the sub-conscious mind where ideas are combined and modified in forms not always perceived by the conscious intelligence?

In the following remark you do not know which to admire more, the ingenuity with which literary genealogy is traced or the philosophical profundity of the language employed :—

“Spenser's soul was metamorphosed into the myriad-minded shape of Shakespeare, and Shakespeare's ultimately resolved and dissolved in the subjective personality of Milton. So there is an evolution of the English Muse in the involution of the poet in Chaucer.”

It would require a knowledge of metaphysical terminology far beyond the usual equipment of the ordinary examiner in English to appreciate the fine discriminations contained in the words ‘resolved’ and ‘dissolved’ and afterwards of “the evolution” and the “involution” of the poet in Chaucer.

Occasionally the candidate opens before you new vistas of thought and conjecture worthy of a Sir Thomas Browne. When you read, for example, the following introductory sentence in an answer to a question on the drama :—

“The mimetic instinct in man is as old as his origin. We can almost hazard a guess and assert that Adam and Eve had their own plays.”

You cannot help asking yourself what plays our first ancestors could have had, who were the spectators, whether the plays required no more than two actors, whether, if they required more, the angels came in for the cast or the animals which then could speak in the language of men, and so on, and so forth.

What could have been the subject of these earliest of dramatic performances? The movements of heavenly beings in and round about Eden, or the playful gambols of the animals in their garden? Neither problem plays connected with social evils, nor romantic plays dealing with love and marriage could have been thought of by

“Adam the goodliest of men since born his sons,
and the fairest of her daughters, Eve.”

The effect of valuing answer-papers on the mind, or, to be more accurate, on the intellect of the examiner has been considered so far. The moral effect on him if he has himself taught the students whose papers he values would require a separate essay. Nothing is more chastening to the vanity and the self-conceit of the teacher, if he has any, than a patient perusal of the answers of his students. He would then realise the magnitude of the task he has undertaken and his own shortcomings for its proper accomplishment in a manner that is most convincing.

M. R. R.



THE NEW NATURAL SCIENCE BLOCK
(With Geological Specimens in the Foreground)

Sir J. J. Thomson and his Auto-biography

ONE of the most fascinating of the plentiful crop of auto-biographies which the last publishing season in England yielded is the *Recollections and Reflections* of Sir J. J. Thomson, O. M., D. Sc., F. R. S., sometime President of the Royal Society and Master, since 1918, of the largest college in the University of Cambridge, Trinity College. Sir Thomson's book is the record of scientific work carried out in the course of an exceptionally full and happy life, and an account of the many eminent personalities with whom, either as teachers, colleagues and pupils, or as friends, he had occasion to come in contact. Primarily of interest to students of the growth and development of Physical Sciences during the last hundred years, the book is full of interest to the non-scientific reader as well.

Sir Thomson, born in 1856, has been in residence in the University of Cambridge for over sixty years; but it was only during 1936 that he was prevailed upon to put down in the present form his reminiscences which are full of that mellow wisdom which one has a right to expect from him. "When I was a boy," he writes, "there were no bicycles, no motor cars, no aeroplanes, no electric light, no telephones, no wireless, no gramophones, no electric engineering, no X-ray photographs, no cinemas and no germs, at least none recognised by the doctors." Here is a compendious and illuminating comment on the marvels which science has achieved in the course of no more than a generation! Sir Thomson had his education at Owen's College, Manchester, which soon after developed into the University of Manchester, and at Cambridge University.

Contrasting the methods of teaching of the last century and those in favour now, he comments: "I think that nowadays not enough advantage is taken of the ease with which boys can learn things by heart, indeed some people seem to regard memory almost as something which ought to be apologised for." Among the brilliant staff of professors at Owen's College were Stanley Jevons, the logician, Adolphus Ward, the historian and literary critic, and future Vice-Chancellor of Manchester, and Bryce, later Ambassador at Washington and the celebrated author of the *American Commonwealth*. Among his eminent professors at Cambridge, where he joined Trinity College, were Dr. Routh and Sir George Stokes, whose lectures on Light were unequalled "for clearness of exposition, beauty and aptness of the experiments."

One of the burning questions which agitated the University of Cambridge during the early days of Sir Thomson's residence, and of which he gives a brief but vivid account, was the status of women students at Cambridge. It is well known that in this matter Cambridge exhibited far more conservatism, nay obscurantism, than the sister University of Oxford. The two colleges for women at Cambridge, then as now, were Newnham and Girton. But the women had not been allowed to take the examinations of the University and qualify themselves for the degrees conferred by it. The proposal that they should be allowed the concession of being admitted to the various Honours examinations of the University, and that their results should be published in the class lists issued by the examiners, although they would still be not entitled to a degree, aroused the keenest discussion and opposition. "The undergraduates took it up with great gusto; they paraded the streets, carrying banners inscribed with various sentiments, all, or nearly all, against the proposal. Figures supposed to represent women undergraduates in cap and

gown were suspended across the streets. The proposal to allow women to take the Tripos papers and have their names published in the official list was carried by 398 to 366 in the University Senate. The Undergraduates thoroughly enjoyed the fight; they could not vote, but everything they could do to defeat the proposal they did, and celebrated the result with a stupendous rag." This was the 'historic' rag of 1897.

Several pages of Sir Thomson's reminiscences are naturally devoted to an account of the famous Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge and the work which, as Professor of Experimental Physics and Director of the Laboratory, Sir Thomson did there, and he records with pride that "a large number of students who worked at the Cavendish Laboratory while I was Professor were elected to Professorships in Physics in this and other countries."

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that entitled "Some Trinity Men," in which is found an account of the distinguished South Indian Mathematician, which would no doubt be read with interest.

Srinivasa Ramanujan

Few, if any, Fellows of Trinity can have had a more romantic career than Ramanujan. His parents were Brahmins, living in the Madras Presidency and in poor circumstances. When he was seven years old he went to the [Town] High School at Kumbhakonam and remained there until he was sixteen. He showed quite remarkable mathematical ability, and in his last year, after he had access to *Carr's Synopsis of Pure Mathematics*, which contains a list of mathematical formulae without any proofs, he revelled in finding the proofs for himself. He matriculated at the University of Madras and studied at the Government College at Kumbhakonam, gaining a scholarship awarded for proficiency in Mathematics and English. His Univer-

sity career was a failure. He spent all his time on Mathematics, even that in the lecture room when he was supposed to be listening to lectures on other subjects. Naturally he failed to pass in an examination which included these subjects. Another attempt resulted in another failure. He kept, however, working at mathematics and entering the results he obtained in his note-books. In 1909 he got married, and it was necessary for him to obtain some post to provide a livelihood. Owing to his failure to get a degree this was difficult, but he finally obtained a subordinate post, with a salary of Rs. 30 a month, in the Madras Port Trust Office. Though the salary was so small, it was, as things turned out, the turning-point in his career, for the manager of the Company was a mathematician and took a great interest in Ramanujan. On the advice of his friends Ramanujan wrote to Mr. G. H. Hardy, Mathematical Lecturer and Fellow of Trinity College, giving a list of a number of theorems he had discovered. Some of these were not new, a few were not true, but there were some so important that Mr. Hardy was convinced that Ramanujan had mathematical abilities of the highest order, and he started enquiries to see if steps could not be taken to enable him to come to Cambridge. Ramanujan was asked if he would go to England, but since he would lose caste by doing so, he said no. Another Fellow of Trinity, Mr. (now Sir) Gilbert Walker, who was the head of the Indian Meteorological Office, happened to visit Madras and was shown some of Ramanujan's work. He wrote to the University of Madras suggesting that steps should be taken to enable Ramanujan to devote the whole of his time to mathematics. In consequence of this the University, with the consent of the Government, gave Ramanujan a special scholarship of 75 rupees a month. Soon after this another Fellow of Trinity appeared on the scene, in Mr. Neville, who was invited to give a course of lectures on Mathematics

at Madras University. When Mr. Neville got to Madras he set to work to persuade Ramanujan to alter his decision about coming to England. He found that he himself was not unwilling to do so—the difficulty was with his mother, who would not give her consent, and he would not come without it. One morning, however, she said she had a dream in which she saw her son in a big hall in the midst of a group of Europeans, and that the goddess Namigiri had commanded her not to stand in his way. After this, all was easy. The University of Madras granted him a scholarship of £ 250 a year for two years, tenable in England, and Ramanujan, having arranged that his mother should receive 60 rupees per month out of this, sailed for England in March 1914, reached Cambridge in April, was admitted to Trinity College, and given an exhibition of £ 60 per annum to supplement his scholarship from Madras. * * * Ramanujan published a number of important papers which led to his election to the Royal Society in the spring of 1918, when he was barely thirty. He was the first Indian to be elected and he was elected the first time his name was in the list of candidates, which is somewhat unusual. In the same year he was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity College, which entitled him to an income of about £ 250 for six years unconditionally. * * * His health broke down early in 1917 and he died in India in April 1930. * * *

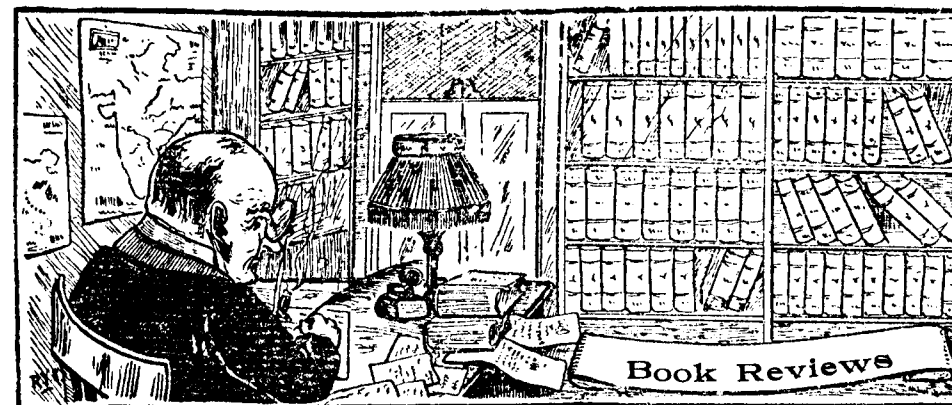
A. E. Housman, the poet of the Shropshire Lad, who died only last year, was also a Trinity man and there is a singularly delightful account of him also in the book. "Housman liked good food and good wine and was a connoisseur in both. All the wine—at the dinners which Housman gave his friends—was good, and there was pretty sure to be of some special interest or rarity. He recognised too the virtues of beer. Has it ever been exalted to such a height of dignity as in

Malt does more than Milton can
To justify the ways of God to man—?

This may, however, be not considered an edifying theme in these days of prohibition. But Sir Thomson has something to say about Housman as a poet too. "His poems were not made up by a sad machanic exercise, but 'there would flow into my mind, with sudden and unaccountable emotion sometimes a line or two of verse, sometimes a whole stanza at once, accompanied, not preceded, by a vague notion of the poem which they were destined to form part of. In the Leslie Stephen Lecture, the Name and Nature of Poetry, Housman quoted passages from Shakespeare as examples of supreme poetry, but I have heard him say that it gave him no pleasure to read a play of Shakespeare's from beginning to end, for though some parts were magnificent, there were others so slovenly that the effect of the whole was disagreeable."

I have here extracted, or referred to, passages which would appeal to the reader whose interests are not mainly scientific. As noted already the book should be of absorbing interest to the student of Physics and Mathematics.

V. K. A. PILLAI



SAKUNTALA : By Kalidasa. Prepared for the English stage by Kedari Nath Das Gupta in a new version written by Laurence Binyon with an Introductory Essay by Rabindranath Tagore. Price: Rs. 2/- Macmillan & Co.

THE book is a reprint of the edition published in 1920 and is an abridgment and adaptation of Kalidasa's play to meet the requirements of the English Stage. Though Mr. Binyon has done fair justice to the beauty and the elegance of the original in Sanskrit, it cannot be said that he has always succeeded in overcoming the almost insuperable difficulties incidental to the translation of a work of art representing the life and manners of a bygone age.

In Act I, for instance, Sakuntala wonders within herself that, on beholding the stranger, she has become subject to emotions inconsistent with the life of hermits that have taken religious vows. Mr. Binyon's rendering of this 'aside' on page 18 "What am I guilty of? it was not so within the hermitage," is not true to the original and is flat also in expression. Kanva's address to 'the trees of the holy grove' on the occasion of Sakuntala's departure is justly considered to be one of the finest slokas that Kalidasa ever wrote. His supreme excellence as a master of melody and of what Arnold calls liquidity of diction and fluidity of

movement is nowhere better displayed than in those verses. To one who has felt the spell of the original, Mr. Binyon's version, it has to be confessed, sounds harsh and unmusical, especially in the part italicised below :—

" Hearken, you neighbour trees of the holy grove,
She who would never seek to quench her thirst
Before she has refreshed your *thirsty roots*,
Who, though *she loved adornments never plucked*
One flower of yours because of love for you,
Whose time of joy was your *young burst of bloom*
She, even she, Sakuntala departs."

Mr. Binyon's translation of Kanva's reflections at the thought of the approaching departure of Sakuntala is much better.

It has to be acknowledged, however, in fairness to Mr. Binyon, that such short-comings are very few, and that, in a large number of instances, his success has been remarkable. I should like to cite a few of them, if for no other reason than as amends for what might appear as carping criticism in what has been said above. Sakuntala's love for the flowers in the garden is beautifully expressed.

" This duty is my delight. These are my sisters,
My silent leafy sisters. They speak not,
And yet I vow they feel me near to them."

The whole of Mathavya's speech on pages 28 to 30 defies improvement. So also the king's wonder at the incomparable beauty of the heroine has been exquisitely rendered (*vide* page 34).

" Did God create some picture of perfection
And then breathe into it his breath of life?
Or did the mind choose each rare element
Of beauty and compound them in one form,
Sakuntala, the unsurpassable?"

Priyamvada's words to the love-sick Sakuntala suggesting a letter to the king do not suffer in the least in the process of translation :—

" Here is a lotus-leaf, feel, it is smooth
As the deep down upon a parrot's breast."

The king's 'aside' which follows it is in no way beneath the original :—

" I would not rob my vision by one blink
Of what it feeds on, as she writes absorbed
With one eye-brow lifted, and her cheek
Thrilling, as her heart pours into her hand."

Priyamvada's description of the wrathful Durvasa shows vividness and vigour.

" See, he goes
Shaken with passion, as if none could turn him
From his red wrath that's like an eating fire."

A little further, the song of Hamsapadika addressed to the bee on page 89 deserves the warmest praise for the daintiness and grace of its rendering. The king's description of what he saw in his aerial descent is a faithful and felicitous version :—

" Rushing through air what wondrous things I saw!
How from the mountains the earth shelves away
As the great peaks emerged, and wrapt no more
In indistinguishable foliage, trees
Towered up and showed the stature of their stems.
The rivers that were narrowed into threads
Of shining silver, broadened their green banks."

Sakuntala's final words of dignified reproach to her lover immediately after his repudiation are a marvel of poetic translation and one is tempted almost to say that Mr. Binyon has surpassed the original :—

" Ignoble ! By your own corrupted heart
You read the hearts of others. Treacherous
Beyond all tales of treachery, you robe
Yourself in righteousness, but you are false
As a well hidden with flowers, a deep, dark well
The unhappy stumble in, a pit of darkness."

Monier Williams's translation of Sakuntala, though fuller and more faithful than Mr. Binyon's adaptation,

offends, on occasions, owing to a partiality for 'poetic diction' and 'end-stopt lines.' The book under review is free from these faults and should be in the hands of every Indian who cannot read *Sakuntala* in Sanskrit, and even those who can do so would do well to read this version and see how their favourite looks when dressed in the idiom of a foreign language.

Dr. Tagore's introduction to the play has many illuminating remarks. He points out with exquisite penetration the development in the character of the heroine as the play proceeds and describes it in words that are admirable, when he says, "Sakuntala contains the history of a development—the development of a flower into fruit, of earth into heaven, of matter into spirit." In the first three acts of the play (as it is in the original Sanskrit) we see the sensuous side of her beauty, her flower-like innocence and purity. In the fifth act she displays the proud and dignified indignation of a matron when she feels that she has been insulted by her lover and in the last act at the time of her reunion, there is a divine serenity and silent forgiveness of her husband which years of penance in the holy hermitage of Maricha have disciplined her to. Dr. Tagore's interpretation of Sakuntala's situation in the palace after her repudiation is also the creative criticism of a poetic mind. The desolation of her spirit is revealed in a few well chosen sentences:—"Like a deer stricken by a trusted hand, this daughter of the forest looks on in blank surprise, terror and anguish. O, the deep silence and loneliness that surround her! She whose tender heart has made the whole world of the hermitage her folk to-day stands absolutely alone. She fills this vast vacuity with her mighty sorrow." With the deep insight born of a loving study of the play, Dr. Tagore also explains why Kalidasa avoids sending her back to Kanva's hermitage.

In spite of all these admirable passages, I am constrained to say that his reading of the play as a whole is not

true to Kalidasa's representation of the character of the hero and the heroine. A great work of art has, of course, many levels of significance, in accordance with the insight and genius of the critic; but no interpretation can be considered just that is not consistent with the evidence and, the entire evidence, offered by the text. Dr. Tagore looks upon Dushyanta as a fickle lover whose sins are burnt away in the fire of grief and remorse before he is rendered fit to be the worthy partner in life of Sakuntala. The love of the hero and the heroine, as depicted in the first three acts of the play is, according to Dr. Tagore, an evil disease of which the dramatist has just given us a glimpse and then dropped the veil. His reading of the play leads him to say that Dushyanta 'renounces the role of a rake' as a result of deep grief. All this sounds plausible and ingenious; but is it true to the impression left in our minds by the play? Has the dramatist represented Dushyanta as a sinner and a rake? Do we feel that the love at first sight of the hero and the heroine is a disease as portrayed by the author? The answer must be a decided 'No.' Dr. Tagore relies on Hamsapadika's song to the bee in the beginning of the fifth act for his view of Dushyanta's character. No one denies that Dushyanta has a harem even like the Jewish kings and patriarchs who were men after God's own heart. We may also admit that the life of the harem is against constancy to any one woman for any length of time. But codes of morals vary with time and place. Dushyanta's ethical code, and we may go further and say, the ethical code of ancient Hindu monarchs in general, permitted of the zenana, but it made Dushyanta shrink from one whom he thought to be the wedded wife of another as from a hooded serpent. He is spoken of throughout the play as a *Rajarishi*, a royal sage, just, beneficent, and self-controlled, who has never transgressed his limits, (*Anullanghitamaryāda*). Before he thinks of wedding Sakuntala, he ascertains all about her parentage and

antecedents in order to make sure that, in desiring union with her, he may not fall into sin. He is certain also that she loves him. Had he been the rake that Dr. Tagore finds him to be, he would have jumped at the opportunity of adding the beautiful stranger to the harem when she is proffered to him as his wife by the hermits. His attendants wonder at the restraint shown by the king at the sight of Sakuntala's enchanting beauty, when Goutami removes the veil from her face for his recognition. He considers it improper to gaze at another man's wife (*Anirvarnaniyam parakalat-ram*). It is not fickleness and levity that drive him to his apparently cruel rejection of Sakuntala, but the effect of Durvasa's curse and Sakuntala's inability to produce the ring to help his recognition. The modern reader accustomed to realism of events in novels and plays, is apt to ignore, as Dr. Tagore does, the episode of Durvasa as incredible. *Sakuntala* is not a realistic play; it is pure romance, and romance does not scorn the improbable in incident, so long as there is truth of character. Romance requires from the reader a poetic faith, a temporary suspension of disbelief. It is clear from the play that the king, far from being a rake, is afraid of the deadly sin of living with another man's wife (*Parasthri sparsapamsulah*). The divine sage Maricha, who has no reason to be prejudiced in Dushyanta's favour, explains to Sakuntala how Durvasa's curse has been the cause of her terrible sufferings. Dr. Tagore's wrong interpretation of Dushyanta's character and, consequently, of the meaning of the play arises from the application of the moral standards of a modern monogamist to the life of an ancient Hindu king. It is of a piece with what Dr. Laud would have said of a wedded couple of to-day who have signed their names in a Registrar's office instead of the Register of the Parish Church.

The same bias partly vitiates Dr. Tagore's references to the heroine, although his admiration for her saves him from being so hard as in Dushyanta's case. The critic is

of opinion that, in the first three acts, Sakuntala undergoes "the gross earthiness of a fall", though he says in the same breath that, in spite of her fall, her innate chastity remains unimpaired. In another passage he says, "Dust did settle on Sakuntala," and adds immediately after, "she stood forth pure in spite of mud." The reader has again to ask himself whether, while studying the first three acts, he is conscious of a 'fall' and whether Kalidasa has represented Sakuntala as 'mud stained.' So far as one can judge, it looks as if Dr. Tagore condemns the union of the hero and the heroine by, what are called again and again, the rites of Gandharva marriage. To him this was no marriage and hence presumably his employment of words like 'fall' and 'mud.' The physical rapture of love in the first two acts is, in Dr. Tagore's view, a 'disease.' It makes Sakuntala neglect afterwards what is due to guests. But this is surely a judgment of the play with the moral bias of modern times. Sakuntala does not immediately surrender to the tumult of physical passion. It is true she loves at first sight, but she does not forget what is due to her self-respect. She is keenly aware of the need for self-control and says to the king who approaches her: "Remember the rules of propriety, O, descendant of Puru. Though I love you, I have no power to dispose of myself." It is only after repeated assurances that the Gandharva form of marriage is lawful among kings and that many royal sages of former times were wedded according to those rites that she gives her consent. That this was a recognised rite is obvious, so far as the play is concerned, from Kanva's reaction to it when he becomes aware of Sakuntala's marriage. He applauds the union saying, "I give thee joy, my child; we have had an auspicious omen. The priest who offered the oblation dropped it into the very centre of the sacred fire though thick smoke obstructed his vision." There is not a single word of reproach. He recognises her as the lawful, wedded wife of Dushyanta and gives his blessing to her as

such. When Dushyanta awakes from his forgetfulness at the sight of the ring, he looks upon her as his lawful wife (*Dharmapatni*). Satyavrata and Matali also give her that title, no further rites being required. The sage Maricha, while explaining the cause of Sakuntala's sufferings, addresses her as Dushyanta's wedded wife (*Sahadharma-charini*). Where then comes 'the fall' or 'the mud,' unless it be owing to an unfair importation of modern notions into old world romance?

I am sorry that this review has extended to such an inordinate length. My excuse is that it would have been the height of insolence and presumption on my part merely to assert that such an honoured poet and critic as Dr. Tagore was wrong without giving reasons for my opinion.

One little suggestion to the publishers and I shall have done. The word *tapasya* occurs four times in Dr. Tagore's introduction and is in every case mis-spelt as *tapaysa*. As it is printed in italics, the misprint is apt to be glaring. It is hoped that, in future editions, the mistake will be corrected.

M. R. RAJAGOPALAN

THE COBRAS OF DERMASHIEVI—By S. K. Chettur, I. C. S. (Higginbothams).

Mr. Chettur is one of our most distinguished Old Boys and it is with special pride and pleasure that we welcome the appearance of another collection of his excellent short stories.

Mr. Chettur's command of English is perfect and his narratives never suffer from slowness of movement or lack of point. As a literary craftsman, Mr. Chettur holds a very high place among Indian writers of English.

All the stories are worth reading for their inherent interest. A few are thrilling and a few (in the best sense)

shocking. Many of them have the additional merit of humour, or philosophy, or an exquisite construction.

Objection may well be taken to the naughtiness of the Preface calling attention to the naughtiness of some of the stories; but whether this defiant pointer is an apology or an advertisement or a calculatedly ineffective warning, we shall leave it to the reader to decide.

We agree with Mr. Hilton Brown (who reviews the book in *Punch*) that a writer of such promise should be more ambitious in his choice of subjects. Mr. Chettur should no longer be satisfied with a clever treatment of the superficialities of our social and official life. He should now turn to the real India of the homes and the countryside; for Mr. Chettur's powers are fully equal to the highest demands that may be made upon them.

K. S.

"ATHAWAR HOUSE" By K. Nagarajan. Higginbothams, Madras and Bangalore.

"Athawar House" may be considered a modern novel of manners. Mr. Nagarajan manages to produce more or less successfully a faithful picture of the lives and fortunes of a typical Hindu family in South India. The period is one of transition and so, we note with keen interest how differently and characteristically the various persons respond to the unexpected buffetings of a capricious fate. Though the characters are South Indian, there are many features which are of interest to India as a whole.

The story is interesting. The brothers, Gopinath, Vaman and Raghunath with their half-brother Sukaram, change their residence from the village Syamalpur to Kedaram, the nearest town. Gopinath, the senior member of the family, purchases a house in the town and this house is christened "Athawar House." What with the expenses on account of the purchase of the house, the marriage of some

of the daughters of the house, and all that, the finances of the family become unsound and the Athawars fall into the clutches of an unscrupulous money-lender. Meanwhile Sukaram becomes enamoured of the dancing girl Lalita who exhibits wonderful constancy and affection towards him. This affair brings its trail of troubles by way of threats from Sukaram's father-in-law, who is a retired judge. To get absolution from all their sins, Aunt Tholasi, Vaman and his wife go on a pilgrimage to Benares where they are swindled by Swami Kadirvelu, who extracts big sums from Vaman. Later on he tries to blackmail Vaman but is saved by Anantakrishna Iyer, a family-friend and everything ends well except for Sukaram. Sukaram dies of a disease and Lalita is made to disappear from the story in a dramatic fashion. With the main story is dove-tailed that of Anantakrishna Iyer and Venkatramani who becomes an I.C.S. Officer. To crown everything, the Athawars redeem their properties and Venkatramani marries Sonia, Raghunath's daughter, in spite of orthodox opposition.

There is no lack of characterisation in the novel. Outstanding among these are "Aunt Tholasi," "Vaman-janardhan" and "Gopinath." Aunt Tholasi is a benevolent genius presiding over the fortunes of the others. She serves something like the chorus in a Greek tragedy. Gopinath and Vaman are in opposition, the former a staunch optimist and the latter a constitutional pessimist. Gopinath brings cheerfulness and faith in life into the story while Vaman is something of an *advocatus diaboli*. Lalita, the idealised dancing girl, is a somewhat etherealised character and it is in her creation that the author shows his poetic and imaginative qualities. When she is present the author becomes most enthusiastic. He treats her with unusual sympathy. The introduction of Swami Kadirvelu with the incident complications in Benares, the clash of ideals between the new and the old in Anantakrishna Iyer, and Venkatramani, the upheaval in the country as a result

of the Non-cooperation movement launched forth by the Indian National Congress—all these add to the charm, value and readability of the book.

The style is as a rule good though not unsophisticated. Anyway Mr. Nagarajan never gives the impression that he is writing in a foreign language with effort. And that is perhaps the best that can be said about anybody's style. In every way the book, which is dedicated to Mr. Hitton Brown, is eminently readable and deserves a wide popularity.

V. P. D.

SHAKESPEARE CRITICISM, 1919—1935. SELECTED WITH AN INTRODUCTION—By Anne Bradby. The World's Classics. Oxford University Press.

Miss Bradby and the Oxford Press have done a great service to students of Shakespeare and of Shakespeare Criticism by adding to the well-known World's Classics Series this admirable volume of copyright essays by modern writers on various aspects of the art and poetry of Shakespeare. It is a companion volume to the "Shakespeare Criticism" edited by Dr. Nichol Smith and it may safely be predicted that it is likely to rival it in popularity. The book contains "essays by critics and scholars of all schools of opinion and methods of criticism," and provides a convenient survey of the change in and result of the modern critical approach to Shakespeare. "It therefore throws light," as the publishers justly claim, "not only on Shakespeare Criticism but on modern methods of thought."

As Miss Bradby explains in her suggestive introduction difficulties of copyright compelled her to exclude not only Bradley but also Raleigh from her volume. This is a pity but it may be hoped room would be found for an anthology of essays on Shakespeare in the same series

which would be representative of the best that has been written on Shakespeare between Carlyle's eulogy in the *Heroes*, with which Dr. Smith closed his volume, and the year 1919, which is the starting point of the present book. Among the writers included here are J. M. Robertson with whose appreciation of *Hamlet* the book opens, Caroline Spurgeon whose lecture on *Leading Motives in the Imagery of Shakespeare's Tragedies* is given entire, Dr. W. W. Greg, an authority on the problems relating to the text of Shakespeare, who is represented here by his admirable Academy Lecture on *Principles of Emendation in Shakespeare*, and Granville Barker who shows how *King Lear* is not merely a great dramatic poem but an excellent acting play. The new realistic approach to Shakespeare is represented by extracts from the work of the American critic, E. E. Stoll. Altogether as many as fifteen writers are represented all of whom, with the exception of J. M. Robertson, are happily still alive. Here is a rich and representative anthology which no student can afford to miss.

V. K. A. PILLAI.



COLLEGE NOTES

Changes in the Staff :—

Mr. H. C. Papworth, Principal and Professor of English, went on leave for four months and fifteen days from 2-7-1937 in continuation of the summer vacation and in his place Prof. K. Ananda Rao who returned from leave on 23-3-1937 has been appointed to act as Principal.

Mr. V. K. Aiyappan Pillai has been appointed to act as Professor of English and Mr. K. Swaminathan as Ag. Additional Professor of English.

Mr. C. N. Ganapathi Ayyar took the place of Additional Professor to assist the Principal on 2-7-37.

Prof. J. Franco has been appointed to officiate as Inspector of European Schools, Madras, and his place has not yet been filled up.

Mr. C. V. Narayana Ayyar, Assistant Professor of History, was transferred to the Government Victoria College, Palghat, and in his place Mr. Kochunni Panikker has been appointed.

A temporary post of Assistant Professor of Economics has been sanctioned by the Government for a period of two years from 2-7-37 and in this post Mr. R. Authinathan has been appointed.

Mr. G. A. Sreenivasan, Assistant Professor of Mathematics, has been appointed to officiate as Lecturer in Mathematics in the College of Engineering, Guindy, in the M. E. S. and in his place Mr. S. Isaac has been appointed.

Mr. L. R. Ramachandra Ayyar, Assistant Professor of Sanskrit, has been appointed to officiate as Superintendent of Sanskrit Schools, Madras, in the M. E. S. and he has been succeeded by Mr. S. R. Doraiswami Sastri.

Mr. A. Umakantam, Telugu Pandit, has retired from service on invalid pension with effect from 6-7-37 and his place has been taken up by Mr. K. Venkatacharyulu.

Rao Bahadur S. K. Padmanabha Sastri, Sanskrit Pandit, went on leave for one month and ten days from 16-8-37 preparatory to retirement. Mr. V. Krishna-

machari of the Government Oriental Manuscripts Library, Madras, has been appointed to succeed him.

* * *

We offer our hearty congratulations to Prof. K. Ananda Rao on his having received the title of 'Rao Bahadur' in the Birth-day Honours list, and on his having been awarded a Coronation Medal recently.

We are glad to note that a Coronation Medal has been awarded to Dr. B. B. Dey also.

* * *

We regret to record the death of Mr. J. C. Chinnappa who was for a long time Assistant Professor of English and Philosophy. The College was closed in his memory for half a day.

THE UNION SOCIETY

The activities of the Union Society began with the election of Mr. G. Balachandra Pai as the Secretary, Mr. S. V. Ramaniah having become President.

On the 26th of July, Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri delivered the inaugural address of the Society by giving a very eloquent lecture on the "Future of Democracy." Mr. Ramaniah was in the chair.

The next meeting of note was an old boys' debate on "Modern Education" conducted on the 5th of August. Prominent among the speakers were Miss Vilasini Devi Shenoi, Mr. Sarvothama Rao, Mr. B. V. Subrahmanian and Mr. P. S. Nataraja Sarma. Our thanks are also due to Mr. V. Narayanaswamy, Mr. U. Hamabha and Mr. C. K. Sitaraman who participated in the debate.

Another important function of the term was the address delivered by the Hon. Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar, Premier of Madras. The meeting was very largely attended.

A mock trial was held on the 16th August. In spite of Mr. Ramaniah's stout defence of the scientists, the Judges differed from him approving "the depth but not the tumult of the soul." The scientists were punished and sent to—? We know not where.

PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

At the general body meeting of the Association held on the 14th July, the following were elected office-bearers for the year 1937-38 :—

President : Dr. H. Parameswaran,
M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc., F.I.P.

Secretaries : Miss Anna Mani.

Mr. Abdul Rahim.

Editor of the Association Magazine : Mr. Ganapathi Subramanyam,
M.A., L.T

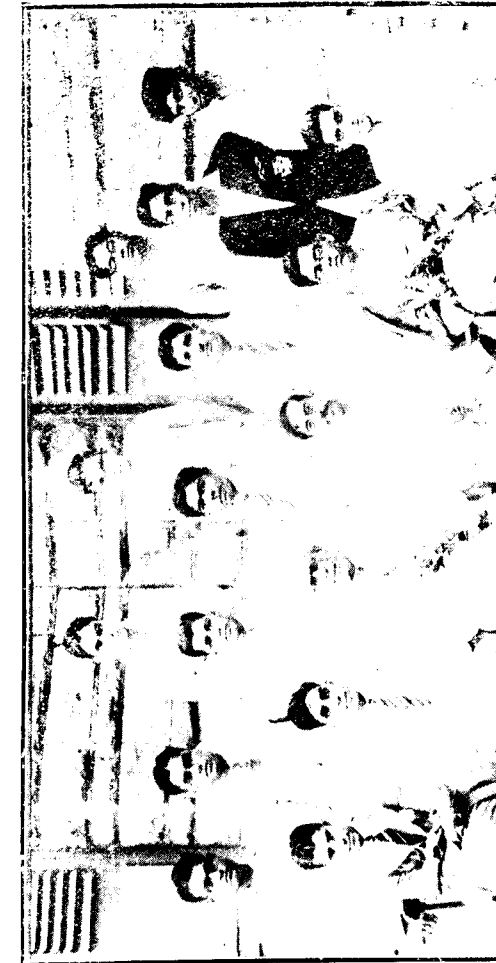


Photo taken on the occasion of the Inaugural Address to the Union Society by
MR. T. R. VENKATARAMA SASTRI



Photo taken on the occasion of the Entertainment given by the Sanskrit Association to Mr. L. R. Ramachandra Iyer on his promotion as Superintendent of Sanskrit Schools

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered on the 29th July by the Rev. Platten, Professor of Physics, Christian College, on "Light—Visible and Invisible," with Dr. H. Parameswaran in the chair.

The weekly lectures arranged have been successfully given and very well attended by even outsiders. On the 18th August a debate on "Discovery in Science is Accidental" was held. After a warm discussion on both sides, the proposition was lost by a majority.

On 14th August many of the members of the Association visited the Barnard Institute of Radiology. Mr. P. S. Subramania Iyer and Dr. S. Kalyanaraman accompanied the party.

The Association was 'At Home' to the Graduates of the year on the 31st July 1937. After tea and music, Mr. Abdul Rahim proposed the toast to the New Graduates. The toast was ably responded to by Messrs. Ramachandran, Balasubramanyam, Ramamurthy, Sampath, Padmanabhan and Sudhama Rao. The President gave the New Graduates a few words of advice. With a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary the meeting came to a close.

SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

The following are the office-bearers for the year 1937-38 :—

President: Prof. P. P. S. Sastri, M A. (Madras), B A. (Oxon.)

Vice-Presidents: (1) M.R.Ry. L. R. Ramachandra Iyer, Avl., M.A., L.T.
 (2) M.R.Ry. Dr. A. Sankaran, Avl., M.A., Ph.D.
 (3) M.R.Ry. T. S. Balasubramanian, Avl., M.A., L.T.
 (4) M.R.Ry. O. P. Rangaswami, Avl., M.A., L.T.
 (5) Pandit Krishnamachariar, Avl.

Secretaries: K. Subramanian (V Hons.)

B. M. Parthasarathy (IV Hons.)

Representative to the Union Society: S. Subrahmanyam (V Hons.)

Representative to the Dramatic Club: R. V. Suryanarayana Sarma
 (V Hons.)

The inaugural address was delivered by Dr. C. Kunhan Raja, Reader in Sanskrit in the University of Madras. Prof. P. P. S. Sastri occupied the chair.

The Lecturer began by saying that he was rather surprised at the action of the Secretaries in approaching him to deliver the address when other Sanskrit Associations were more tactful and business-like in inviting men like the Hon. C. Rajagopalachariar, their Prime Minister, to address them. He said that thereby

the Association would become famous and its reputation would be greatly enhanced. That was a good form of much-needed advertisement for the association. He made it clear that they could expect nothing of the kind from having invited him.

Proceeding, Dr. Raja said that of late people had begun to realise the importance of Sanskrit and only the other day the Congress Prime Minister of Madras had taken up the cudgels on behalf of Sanskrit in his speech at the Loyola College. But in his opinion it was mere lip service. There were more vigorous and profitable ways of the propagation of the divine tongue. Dr. Raja deplored that the Sanskrit Association was not as active as could be desired. When he was himself a student of the Sanskrit Hons. Classes, they used to make the Association the most active of the college student-bodies. The meetings that they had were such that the Big English Lecture Hall was always filled to capacity. People were so enthusiastic and painstaking in those days. He exhorted the members to take more active interest and advised them to equip themselves fully and firmly for their task ahead. The Sanskritists had a message to give India and the world. The college being the training ground of Sanskritists, their Association was a most responsible body. It was their duty to supply the land with patriotic workers who would restore Sanskrit to her rightful place.

Continuing, the learned doctor spoke about the Mimamsa system of Indian Philosophy and discussed several interesting problems at great length. By the way, he had to say some harsh words about the Advaitic Philosophy of Śāṅkara. He said they were dealing with a real world with real living objects in it and not with an illusory one as the great Śaivite Saint had preached. The doctor concluded his address thanking the Secretaries for having invited him and wished the Association all success.

Prof. Sastri in his concluding remarks cleared the doubts of the doctor regarding Śāṅkara's philosophy. The world is really *māyā*; only very few could see that. Those that had attained that high level of self-denial and renunciation could readily perceive it. If they were not in a position to see that the world was *māyā*, it only proved that they had not advanced much. The blame lay more at their door. Let them not point their cold and critical finger at Śāṅkara and denounce his life-long labours. It was given only to a select few to realise that mundane affairs were illusory and not real; and blessed indeed were such.

Mr. C. R. Sankaran, M. A., Diploma in French and German, delivered a lecture on "The Scientific Status of Linguistics." He said that language, the fundamental of human activities, is simple. The observance and recording of forms of speech paved the way for that kind of grouping and presentation going

by the name of science. The idea of phoneme is a fiction, for the purpose of describing the phonological relation among elements of language; Sanskrit Grammar taught Europeans to see the structure of words. Slowly the linguist adopted the scientific method. This enabled the advancement of linguistics ahead of the other humanities. The phonemic principle and the mapping of dialect differences were the acquisitions of later linguists. Absolute predicability in science demands exact measurement; errors in measurement are inevitable. Hence the 'mean' is resorted to as a measure of approximation. So long as physical sciences still labour under the handicap of subjective factors, linguists cannot produce results free from the subjective taint. Absolute predicability also requires mechanistic conception.

He next dealt with the theory of indeterminism and its parallel the postulate of 'the invariability of phonetic law' and said that the 'phonemes change' (sound changes have no exception) is a tested hypothesis. Oertel's view was that the 'phonetic law' stands more on its 'relative universality' than on 'a casual explanation.' Indetermination is to Eddington as useful as determinism for predictions in language.

Then he dealt with the question of assumptions in detail. A corollary—the basic convention of linguistics—is that utterances are acoustico-articulatory events accompanying social situations and correlated to them. He then dwelt on how attempts are being made to bring linguistics more into line with the exact sciences and quoted copiously from standard linguists. In scientific linguistics, the conclusions never extend beyond probability. Relative meagreness of data and tentativeness of conclusions should serve to prevent hasty generalisations. He sounded a note of warning in the matter of spurious works in Dravidian linguistics, carried on by people who have not taken care to be disciplined by the scientific methods of Indo-European linguists, evolved after years of stumbling and hard labour. He denounced such imperfect scholars in such responsible fields. He quoted L. Bloomfield in his denunciation and asked the audience to remember the lines of the poet,

'Abdhir langhitah Vānarabhaṭaiḥ Kimtvasya gambhīratām

Āpātālanimagnapīvaratanuḥ jñāti manthacalah."

A resolution recording the deep sense of sorrow of the members of the Association in the death of Mrs. S. Kupuswamy Sastrigal was passed at the meeting.

THE TAMIL MANAVAR SANGAM

The following are the office-bearers for the year 1937-'38:—

President : Vidyasagara Vidyavachaspati Prof. P. P. S. Sastri, Avl.,
M.A. (Madras), B.A. (Oxon.)

Vice-Presidents : Prof. K. Swaminathan, M.A. (Madras), B.A. (Oxon.)

„ S. V. Venkateswara, M.A., L.T.
„ N. R. Kedari Rao, M.A., L.T.
„ R. Viswanatha Iyer, B.A., Vidwan.

Secretaries : Mr. C. A. C. Rm. Arunachalam Chettiar.
„ M. Meyyappan.

Representatives : Miss Shunmugasundaram.

Mr. Palaniswamy.
„ K. Govindan.
„ Rm. Ramanathan.
„ Panchanatham.

The Inaugural Address of the Sangam was delivered by Mr. V. Narayana Iyer, Vice-President of the Madras University Lexicon Committee, on 21st July. Mr. R. Viswanatha Iyer presided. The subject was “தமிழின் தனிச்சிறப்பு.”

The lecturer in his speech mentioned that Tamil is the only language capable of expressing one's mind as it is.

The other meetings that took place are as follows:—

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Lecturer.</i>	<i>President.</i>
6-8-'37.	“ Bharathi as a Tamil Poet & Nationalist ”	Mr. Raya Chockalingam, Editor, “ Ooliam ”	Prof. P. P. S. Sastri.
11-8-'37.	“ Rural Reconstruction ”	Mr. V. S. Balasubramaniam	Prof. N. R. Kedari Rao, M.A., L.T.
18-8-'37.	“ Tamil as spoken now ”	Mr. K. Bhashyam, B.A., B.L., Advocate, Madras	Mr. P. S. Nelayappar, Editor, “ Lokopakar ”.

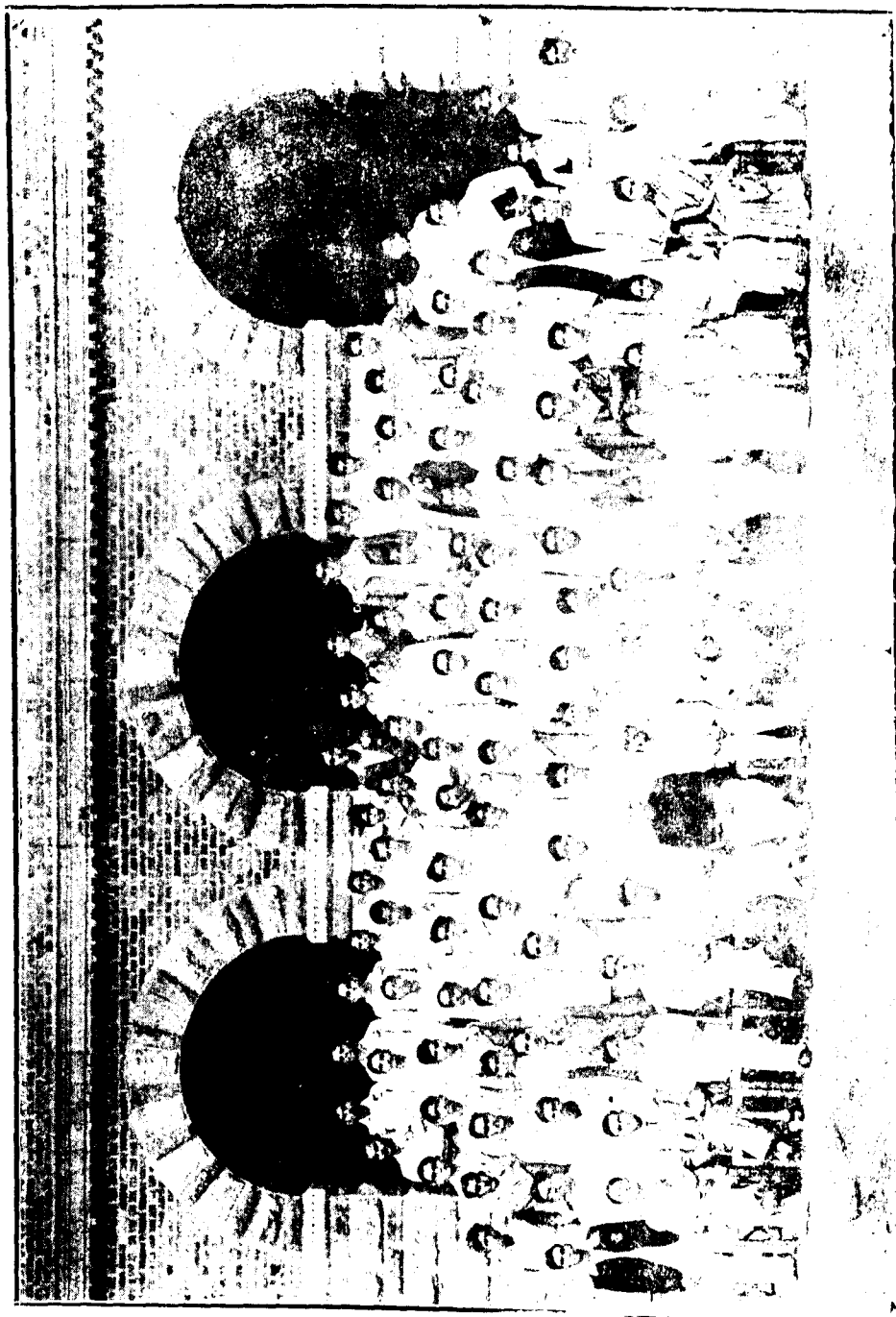


Photo taken on the occasion of the Inaugural Address to the Andhra Association by the Hon. Mr. Bulusu SAMBAMURTHI, Speaker, Madras Legislative Assembly

College Notes

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Date.	Subject.	Lecturer.	President.
25-8-'37.	" Debate : —Introduction of Hindi in the middle school classes is harmful to the South Indian languages." Resolution was defeated by a majority	Mover :—Panchanatham Opposer :—Mr. Ganga-dara Ganapathy	M. R. Ry. Vidwan R. Viswanatha Iyer, Avl.
7-9-'37.	" Kamban's Art".	Mr. T. C. Srinivasa Iyengar, B.A., B.L., M.L.C., Vice-President, Madura Tamil Sangam.	M. R. Ry. Mahamahopadhyaya Dr V. Swaminatha Iyer, Avl.

THE ANDHRA ASSOCIATION

The following are the office-bearers for the year 1937-38 :—

President : Prof. T. Suryanarayana, B.A. (Cantab).

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

Pandit Vidwan Sahityasiromani K. Venkatacharlu.

Secretaries : Mr. C. V. Krishnaiah.

Mr. P. Venkateswarlu.

Representatives from the various departments :

- (1) K. Gangadhara Rao.
- (2) S. Obul Reddy.
- (3) Mr. V. Gopalakrishnamoorthy.
- (4) Mr. P. Srinivasa Rao.
- (5) Miss S. V. Saraswathy.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by the Hon. Mr. Bulusu Sambamoorthy, the Speaker of the Madras Legislative Assembly, on the 18th of August. Prof. T. Suryanarayana presided.

After a group photo, the meeting commenced with the singing of "Vandemataram." The proceedings were in Telugu.

The Chairman said that they were all fortunate that Mr. Sambamoorthy, in spite of his multifarious activities as Speaker of the Assembly, had consented to deliver the address. It showed his abiding interest in Telugu. The President then requested the Hon. Speaker to deliver his address.

The Hon. Mr. Sambamoorthy expressed thanks for the honour done to him. He began with a few remarks about the value of prayer. He

reminded them that everyone in England, man, woman or child, could sing the National Anthem well, and earnestly wished that every Indian would similarly learn to sing the "Vandemataram."

Proceeding, the speaker said that most of the students went through the University courses with the ultimate aim of earning a livelihood. No doubt every man should try to get material comfort, but service to the country must come first and foremost. He advised the students to lead a simple life. He exhorted them not to be selfish but to think of the larger interests of the nation and of the people living around them. They should realise that the ancient civilisation of India is still to be found in the villages. They should co-ordinate it with modern science and culture and thus help the country's progress.

Lastly, he emphasised the need for every student to acquire mastery over his or her mother tongue. At the same time it is essential that India should have a common language. That common language can only be Hindi.

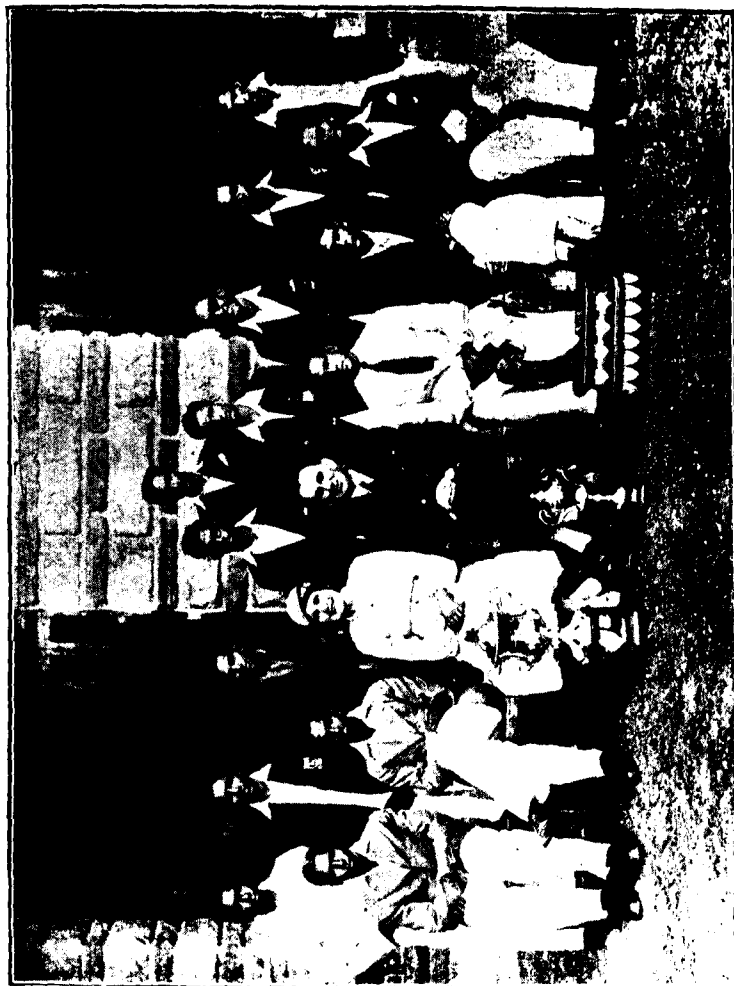
Mr. C. V. Krishnaiah, Secretary of the Association, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the lecturer. Then the gathering broke up.

THE SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE

The examinations and the numerous 'tests' made everyone of us a hen on a hot girdle. Hence during the last term our Section was dormant, or to be more correct, had a period of rest. It has not yet been pruned to activity. But even in this condition we are glad to note that there are a few workers who are doing their bit amidst the restlessness.

We hope that many students, both old and new, will take greater interest in the work and help the less fortunate comrades of our land.

May the Almighty help us in our cause !



PRESIDENCY COLLEGE CRICKET TEAM 1936-37
with Mr. and Mrs. PAPWORTH in the middle



The following have been nominated as Captains of the various clubs for the year 1937-38:—

Cricket. B. S. Thiagarajan
Hockey. A. R. Mohajir
Tennis. V. Narasimha Rao
Secretary. G. Sethuraman
Boxing. R. M. Mahadevan
Secretary. G. Chelliah
Football. Y. Shoukat Ali

Cricket.

Even though we miss a good number of players from last year's XI, we possess a well balanced team. The inclusion of P. V. Varadan is an asset. We probably had last year the best XI in the annals of the College with the possible exception of the team of the year 1932. We won all the four major tournaments open to colleges in South India and finished the season with but one defeat, at the hands of the Zahira College, Ceylon, when we played against them with a depleted side. The result of our match against the Madras Medical College this year augurs well for the present season.

Last year, P. V. Ramanathan, B. S. Thiagarajan and R. Dorairaj played for the Madras University in the Inter-University Tournament. 'Thiagu' has the additional honour of playing for the All Madras XI. Ramanathan's captaincy was positively brilliant and in the Principal's own words, we should take this opportunity "to express our debt of gratitude to him for the interest displayed by him throughout the year." Thiagarajan is the Captain for this year and we wish him all success. The figures for the year of these two players speak for themselves. In matches played for the college alone, Thiagarajan has made 817 runs, with an average of 54.5, and has taken 31 wickets at 5.6 runs apiece. Ramanathan has taken 90 wickets at 7.1 runs apiece. We miss very

much Balasundaram, Rangarajan, Dorairaj, and Swarna. Jayaram and Rammohan are those who are left from the old squad. The tournaments won by the college are:—(1) The Inter-Collegiate League for the Penniquick Trophy; (2) The Duncan Cup, conducted by our own college; (3) The Inter-Divisional Cricket Tournament conducted by the Madras University; and (4) The Annamalai University Cricket Tournament.

We have played a few practice matches this season with a view to selecting the regular eleven.

The results are:—

Presidency College, 164 (Jayaram 55 not out, Ganapathi 23), beat the old boys, 124 (P. V. Varadan 4 for 41), by 40 runs.

Presidency College, 152 for 5 and declared (Thiagu 75, Varadan 28), lost to the Eccentrics, 166 (Varadan 5 for 36), by 14 runs.

Presidency College, 178 (Thiagu 32, Jayaram 30, Varadan 49 not out), lost to the old boys, 203 (Varadan 5 for 71), by 25 runs.

We played our first Inter-Collegiate League Match against the Medical College, on their grounds and won a great victory. Winning the toss, we elected to field on a wet wicket and dismissed them for 38 runs. The Mahadevans bowled unchanged and shared the wickets equally. P. S. Narayanaswami brought off three catches and Rammohan two in the slips. C. C. Ganapathi and Narayanaswami who opened the innings for the College played steadily.

Presidency College made 59 for two (Ganapathi 18, T. P. Subramanian 18 not out) and beat the Medical College, 38 (R. M. Mahadevan 5 for 14, D. Mahadevan 5 for 16), by 21 runs.

The fielding was good, but a lot of hard practice will have to be put in to reach last year's standard.

We are grateful to Mr. H. C. Papworth for the interest with which he watched our progress from success to success.

We offer our heartfelt thanks to Prof. C. K. K. Pillai who, it should be said, has made us what we are. His encouragement and efficient coaching moulded the team. He and Mr. P. R. Subramanian have been mainly responsible for the possession by our College of a splendid turf wicket. Improvements are being carried out year by year, and it won't be long before we have a ground in tip top condition, of which any Club in India can be proud.

A tour to Colombo is contemplated and we wish the team all success.

Hockey.

We have been trying to build up our team for the present year. Three matches in the Inter-Collegiate League (all on our grounds) have been played and all have been won comfortably.

The constitution of the team is as follows for the present:—

Goal: C. C. Ganapathi.

Backs: P. K. Jayaram and Manickam.

Halves: M. Swaminathan, P. V. Varadan, and Ismail.

Forwards: S. Krishnamachari, Narayanaswami, C. K. Sitaraman, A. R. Mohajir and A. K. Madavan.

Reserves: P. Vinayakamurthi, Venkoba Rao and Chidambaram.

We first played the Vets and beat them by three goals to nil. C. K. Sitaraman scored in the first half with a nice angle shot. On resumption Chidambaram scored off a melee and the tally was completed by Jayaram scoring off a short corner.

In the second match we defeated the Teachers by two goals to nothing. C. K. Sitaraman and Madavan were the scorers. Both the goals were scored at the end of the second half. Varadan played well at centre half.

In the third match we defeated very easily the Muhammadan College by five goals to nil. We scored three quick goals within ten minutes of start (Mohajir 2, Madavan 1.) After the interval, Sitaraman converted a pass from Madavan and Mohajir rounded off the score with a nice scoop.

These three victories are encouraging and hard practice ought to give us a good place in the League championship table. We wish the team better luck than last year in the Michaelmas tour.

Tennis.

There are six courts and 85 members in the College Club. We had a tolerably good season last year, and we hope we shall do better this year.

In our Captain, V. Narasimha Rao we have a promising youngster. Last year he was among the four selected to represent the Madras University. We hope that he will definitely play for the University this year. There is an additional office-bearer for this year in the shape of a Secretary, G. Sethuram. The division of labour would tend to minimise the work of each; both are in the final year class.

We hope to do very well this year under the able guidance of our President, Mr. T. Suryanarayana, and the kind help of Mr. P. R. Subramanian, our Physical Director.

Football.

A. N. Jayaram, Kurien, Gabriel and Kulesekar who did yeoman service last year have left the College and we wish them all success. Gnanadikkam, Lakshmanan and Satyendranath are the new inclusions this year.

Y. Shoukat Ali has been made the Captain this year and in his hands the football team is bound to make good progress. He is enthusiastic and has already won the co-operation of all his team mates. This year's team comprises of the following :—Y. Shoukat Ali, (Captain) A. N. Lakshman, P. V. Subbiah, Shahabuddin, Viswanatha Rao, Satyendranath, Rashid, D. Lakshman, D. Ramachandran, Jaffar, Gnanadikkam, Thammaya Doss, B. M. Parthasarathi, and Arunachalam.

The results of the matches played so far are not very encouraging, as we have lost all the matches. Yet there is great room for improvement and the members of the team will give a better performance as they gain more experience.

We played the Y. M. R. C. twice, Y. M. A. and T. R. C. in practice matches and the Y. M. C. A. College of Physical Education and the Teachers' College in the Inter-Collegiate League Tournament. We lost to the Y. M. C. A. by five goals to nil. Playing in their grounds we felt pretty new and the heavy Y. M. C. A. side found no difficulty in cutting through our defence. The match against the Teachers' College was more interesting. We lost the match again but by only a small margin of two goals to one. In the remaining Inter-Collegiate Matches we expect to do better.

