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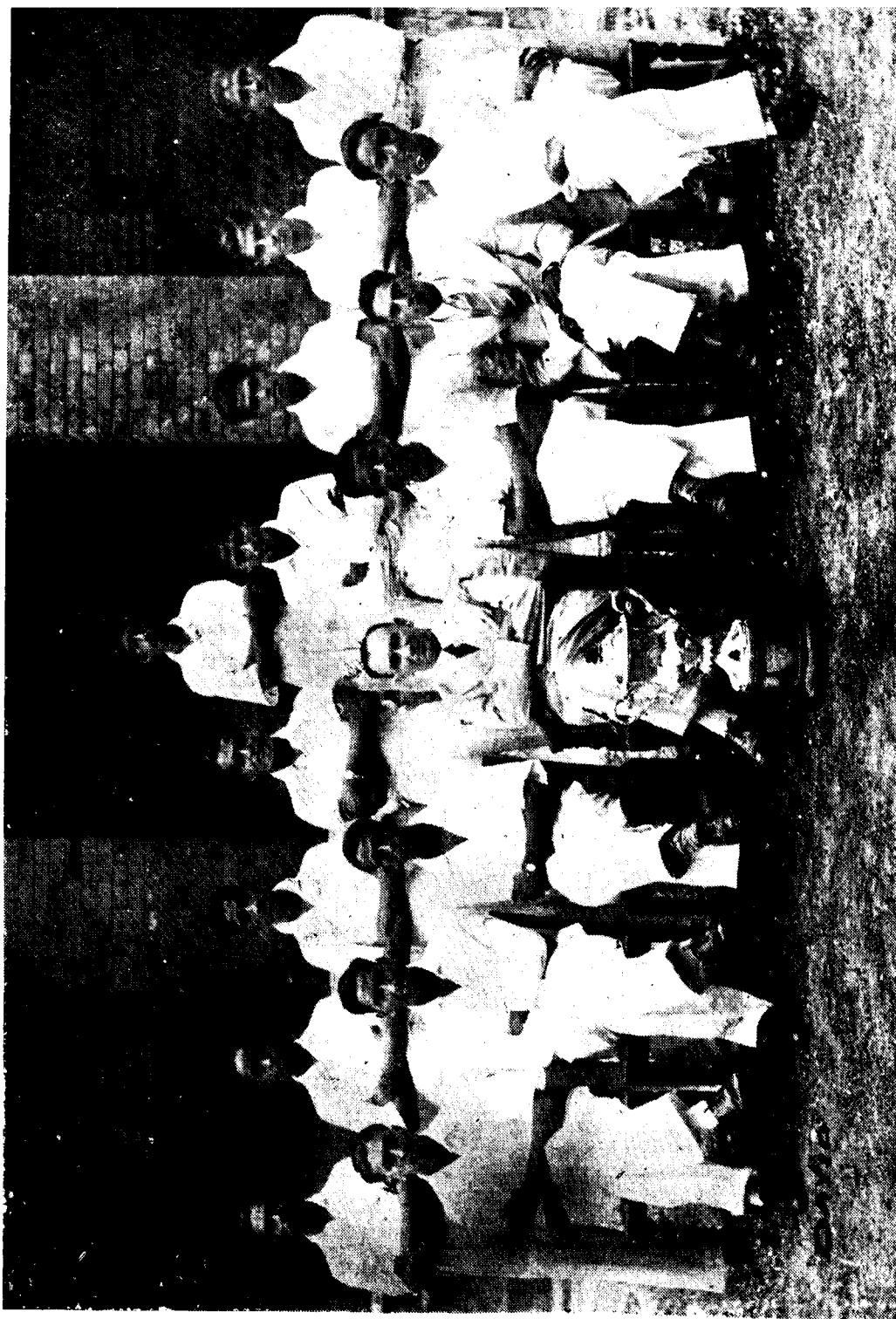
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Vol. XIV

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The Substance of Shakespearian Comedy *

I

It is not the object of this paper to attempt an analysis of the comic spirit in Shakespeare. I am concerned with Shakespearian Comedy as a particular form in drama. The comic spirit in Shakespeare is not restricted to the plays distinctively styled Comedies. It is found elsewhere, notably in the English Histories, and especially in the character of Falstaff, the crowning achievement of Shakespeare's comic genius. It is not absent even in the Tragedies, though it exists there with a difference and serves distinct purposes.

In the Comedies, moreover, the comic spirit is very far from pervading the whole to the exclusion of other things. With the main interest of Shakespearian Comedy, the comic spirit is scarcely at all concerned. Broadly speaking, the matter of Shakespearian Comedy is the matter of Romance; and while it is of the essence of

* A paper read to the South Indian Branch of the English Association, on the 22nd March 1912.

Romance to be comprehensive, while Romance admits the comic spirit within a corner of the field, the allotted area is strictly limited. Romance and the comic spirit cannot well live together on any terms of equality. The comic spirit all-pervasive in Don Quixote slew the Romances of chivalry; the comic spirit in Falstaff proved almost too much for a grave historic theme supported by a high epic seriousness. Falstaff, we may be certain, would have killed a Shakespearian Comedy. Inferior Falstaffs, such as Sir Toby Belch, Romantic Comedy may admit, but only on terms of strict subordination. Benedick and Beatrice, who are not subordinate characters, seem at first to belong to pure Comedy; but only for a while, till the romance of the play catches them up and they become transfigured, if not transformed. And so through all the characteristically Shakespearian Comedies, the comic spirit appears again and again, but always, as it were, on sufferance, ministering to the purposes of Romance, not using a Romantic theme to serve a purely comic end.

For Romance, with aims often only half-serious, persistently demands, amid all its play of fancy, improbability or frank absurdity, to be taken seriously; pure Comedy, with ends often wholly serious, lives in an atmosphere of transparent make-believe, to which serious treatment is antagonistic. If we cannot identify ourselves sympathetically with the romantic creation we lose the charm; if we take the comic creation seriously we miss the point. For the element which the comic spirit inhabits, if it be, as George Meredith assures us, a subtle something distinct from satire and mocking irony, is nevertheless of a quality not far removed and not readily distinguishable from these. To Romantic Comedy, on the other hand, so far as it is romantic, irony, satire, or anything approaching irony and satire, is alien. Something of satire may be present in Romantic Comedy, for Romance admits all manner of heterogeneous ingredients, but it is not permitted

to invade the main theme. When it does, as in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, the Romance evaporates, leaving an impression of something nondescript; something that fails to satisfy, that unpleasantly shocks or startles as by the presence of distinctly felt incongruity.

Probably it would be more accurate to speak of the plays we are considering not as comedies at all, but simply, with Meredith, as Romantic plays. For if a comedy be the manifestation in drama of the comic spirit, as Meredith conceives it, plays such as *As You Like It* and the *Merchant of Venice* are not Comedies at all, since in these compositions the comic spirit is only fitfully present, and is certainly not the source of their special charm. I suppose many besides myself, when reading for the first time Meredith's wonderfully subtle analysis of Comedy and the Comic spirit, have experienced a certain surprise, and perhaps a little disappointment, in discovering how small a part of the essay has direct reference, or is even capable of application to the Comedies of Shakespeare. True, Meredith places Shakespeare with Cervantes between Aristophanes and Moliere, "with much of the Aristophanic robustness, something of Moliere's delicacy;" true, he speaks of Shakespeare as "a well-spring of characters which are saturated with the comic spirit;" but he immediately qualifies the admission by adding that, though these characters belong to the world, "they are of the world enlarged to our embrace by imagination, and by great poetic imagination;" they are "creatures of the woods and wilds, not in walled towns, not grouped and toned to pursue a comic exhibition of the narrower world of society"—the narrow world, that is to say, which, according to Meredith, is the proper province of the comic spirit; in which alone the authority of the comic spirit is recognised and accepted. And the characters which Meredith selects in Shakespeare as "subjects of a special study in the poetically comic" are, with three exceptions to be named

immediately, none of them principal characters in the plays to which they belong. They are Jacques, 'the varied troop of clowns,' Malvolio, Sir Hugh Evans, Fluellen and Dogberry, the exceptions being Falstaff, Benedick and Beatrice. Falstaff, as we have noted, belongs to the Histories, not to the Comedies, for the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives* is, by the general verdict of criticism, other than the Falstaff of *Henry IV*; while the *Merry Wives* itself is not a characteristically Shakespearian Romantic Comedy, but rather a sort of Romantic farce written, according to credible tradition, to royal order. Benedick and Beatrice I have already classed as partly comic creations, but it is not by the spirit of Comedy but by the spirit of Romance that what is best and most individual in their nature is revealed. It is indeed from a situation of pure Comedy that Beatrice emerges a heroine of Romance, but the transformation is distinctly marked, were it only in the lyric intensity of the alternate rhymes,

What fire is in mine eares? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride adew
No glory liuēs behinde the backe of such.....

and so, through a second stanza to the self-revelation, the complete discarding of the comic disguise in the concluding couplet,

For others say thou dost deserue, and I
Beleeue it better than reportingly.

There is here no food for laughter however delicate; the intrusion of the comic spirit at this point would amount almost to a sacrilege.

With Benedick the transition from Comedy to Romance is no less clearly marked, though the lyric note is wanting. One observes it in his bearing during the Church scene, and even more in the quiet dignity with which a little later he confronts the flouts and gibes of Claudio and

the Prince—a scene which has always appeared to me a perfect example of unerring taste in dramatic dialogue. In this scene, it is true, the comic spirit chatters gaily along in the banter of Claudio and the Prince, but in the presence of Benedick, now a hero of Romance, redresser of wrong and champion of the unfortunate, the light laughter seems little better than the crackling of thorns under a pot, empty noise without warmth or glow.

II

So far we have scarcely advanced beyond the negative conclusion that the substance of Shakespearian Comedy, its matter and manner, is not the substance of pure Comedy of the classic type. In endeavouring to reach a positive standpoint, it will be best, no doubt, to keep chiefly in view the plays generally regarded as the most finished products of their kind, the four great Comedies of the so-called 'second period,' *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*; but a survey of the whole field would, I believe, furnish results tending strongly to confirm rather than conflicting with the results obtained from a study confined to the more limited area.

The comedies written in what is called the period of apprenticeship, when Shakespeare had not as yet completely 'found himself,' but was still experimenting, would show a gradual but steady approximation, in each line of enquiry, towards the finished type, both as regards matter and manner finally accepted as fit and appropriate, and as regards matter finally rejected as unfit. For example, in so early and in some respects so imperfectly characteristic a play as *The Comedy of Errors* we should observe the superimposition of a Romantic story and motive—features which in later plays are persistent—upon a theme borrowed from classic farce. In this and other plays of the same period we should note, not only the distinctively Romantic treatment of character, but in the matter of construction,

the association in a single play of several independent or interdependent plots and interests, and the combination of more or less clearly defined character-groups, conditions constant in the later comedies, and here noticeably present, though with a difference; the parts deftly arranged and proportioned, but with somewhat too obvious mechanism, somewhat too obtrusive symmetry; not as yet completely fused or organic; so that, even in a play so imperfect and, in a sense, crude as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, we could discern, though still in a stage of incomplete development, almost all the essential features which hereafter in duly proportioned combination we should recognise as the distinguishing characteristics—the substance—of mature Shakespearian Comedy.

Again, leaving on one side the four great comedies of the second period, if we turn our attention to a group of plays of uncertain date, but plainly neither early work nor the very latest, and in part beyond question falling within the 'tragic period,'—the plays by some called the 'tragi-comedies,' by others the 'problem-plays,' *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure* and *Troilus and Cressida*, we may at first sight reasonably doubt whether there is room and place for comedies such as these within a class of which *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It* can be named as typical examples. That these plays are exceptional must be readily admitted; that they are, moreover, regarded as wholes, and apart from great passages, great character-drawing and great situations, distinctly unsatisfactory should also, I think, be allowed. But they are exceptions that approve the rule; they fail to satisfy just because, or largely because, agreeing in general form and treatment with Romantic Comedy as Shakespeare normally conceived it, they admit discordant elements, which will not harmonise with the Romantic setting, which are at variance with the spirit of Romance. In all these the story selected is a story merely painful and distressing, and therefore both unfit for

tragic treatment and too sombre to allow of a Romantic colouring in Comedy, involving, moreover, a condition sufficient to disqualify in either form, in two of the plays the moral degradation of the Romantic hero, in the third the moral degradation of the Romantic heroine. In *Troilus and Cressida*, as I have already remarked, we have in addition the intrusion of the element of satire in the main Romantic theme. Whatever exactly be the determining factor in each case, to whatever cause we assign the presence of that factor, apart from the disturbing element, the matter and manner of the 'problem-plays' is the matter and manner of normal Romantic Comedy, and consequently the exceptional condition may legitimately be set aside as accidental.

The latest comedies, often distinctively styled the Romances, *Cymbeline*, *A Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* present, I confess, greater difficulty. Here we have not so much to reckon with a particular incongruity; we have rather to recognise a variation in type. It is impossible just now to treat the question in any detail. I content myself with merely offering a suggestion that a solution of the difficulty might be found in a blend of, or a compromise between, three conflicting views. The first is the view, associated with the name of Professor Dowden, that in the 'Romances' we have to recognise partly a survival of, partly a reaction from, the 'tragic period.' So much perhaps may be safely accepted; the further assumption of a definite and determining change in the poet's spiritual 'relation to the universe' seems to me entirely unnecessary. The second view is that put forward with very considerable force and cogency by Professor Thorndike, that Shakespeare, for reasons sufficient in themselves but not affecting the present enquiry, towards the end of his career deliberately turned his back on pure tragedy, and casting about for another form, no less deliberately adopted a type recently popularised by Beaumont and Fletcher.

The third view, that of Mr. E. H. C. Oliphant, is that in *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, as by general admission in *Pericles* and *Henry VIII*, we have to reckon with work which in large part is not Shakespeare's at all, but contributed by a lesser poet. Now, granting a certain element of truth, or at least a certain measure of probability, in each of these views, it will still be necessary to add, and the addition is sufficient for our purpose, that in introducing tragic or semi-tragic motive and character into plays destined to end happily, in adopting and modifying to this end a type of play invented by Beaumont and Fletcher, possibly accepting the collaboration of another poet, Shakespeare nevertheless, both in characterisation and in construction—for that the general structure of these plays is Shakespeare's and thoroughly Shakespearian I cannot question—reverted to, and applied in the old way, the methods which he habitually practised in the comedies of the 'second period' and which in great measure constitute their 'substance.'

III

At this point we may introduce a brief enquiry, not irrelevant to the subject of the paper, and serving at least to remove a possible misconception. When we postulate a 'substance' discoverable in all Shakespeare's comedies, do we thereby imply and affirm a corresponding *theory* of Comedy definitely held by the poet, in accordance with which his comedies were regularly composed? My answer to the question is in the negative. Though we affirm a substance, an accepted and consistently followed practice, involving the admission of a set of principles and preferences, the presumption of a consciously formulated and accepted theory is unnecessary—and so far as Shakespeare is concerned, is highly improbable. When Ben Jonson said that Shakespeare 'wanted art' he referred just to such conscious art as the presumption of a theory of art involves; the conscious art of which Jonson himself, in practice and

precept, was so prominent an exponent; the strict adherence to established and formulated rule, which however characteristic of Jonson, is about the last thing likely to be associated with the practice of Shakespeare.

No one has ever contended or could contend that Shakespeare constructed his plays in conformity with established rules approved by the critical judgment, as distinct from the artistic practice of his day. That the practice of the Romantic dramatist was in flat defiance of all the 'rules' is a commonplace. But an artist rejecting rules laid down by others or sanctioned by antiquity may formulate a code for himself which in his own practice he may recognise as binding. In other words he may be a conscious innovator. The alternative assumption is equally inadmissible in the case of Shakespeare. Innovator, in the ordinary sense, he assuredly was not. Indeed if innovation, the striking out of new and independent paths, the creation of novel art-forms, be the special note of original genius, there were many amongst Shakespeare's contemporaries—not to speak of later writers—whose claims to original genius could be far more easily established than his. When we regard Shakespeare as a great artist, when we speak of the 'substance' of his so great art, we have in mind merely or 'chiefly the intuitive taste, the instinctive judgment, displayed throughout in the choice, rejection and arrangement of matter which he found ready to his hand, which others were already working upon, and working upon along lines from which Shakespeare was at no pains to diverge.'

We may further say that with Shakespeare, when engaged upon a play, the production of a finished and regularly fashioned work of art was not the first consideration, was possibly at no time a very urgent consideration at all. His first concern, be it said with reverence,—I do not say his last or chief, far less his only concern—was simply to provide an entertainment; and towards the making of an entertainment he literally took what was

going; selecting, of course, and rejecting according to taste and inclination, but not, in all probability, in accordance with any preconceived theory of art. Shakespeare borrowed freely; laid this or that contemporary or predecessor under contribution, took as model this or that form which some other had rendered popular; experimenting in Historical Tragedy on the lines and largely in the spirit laid down and bequeathed by Marlowe; accepting the Tragedy of Revenge and Blood from Kyd, and incidentally making a *Hamlet* out of it; taking up Romantic Comedy where Greene had left it; and later, at the very end of his career, perhaps borrowing from his juniors Beaumont and Fletcher a type of play which they had made specially their own.

All this borrowing, imitating and adapting militates against the assumption that Shakespeare started with a definite theory of Dramatic art or ever arrived at such theory. It does not however affect, for example, Professor Bradley's finely critical analysis of the Substance of Shakespearian Tragedy, or render illegitimate the humbler undertaking of the present evening. For while it is certain that Shakespeare, in whatever he undertook, invariably set out upon a beaten track, and that consequently from one point, indeed from several points of view, no account of Shakespearian Tragedy or Comedy can be adequate which is not based upon an examination of the Elizabethan drama as a whole; on the other hand it is equally certain that the finished work of Shakespeare stands at an immeasurable distance from even the best work of his predecessors, contemporaries and successors; not only from the work of such a dramatist as Ben Jonson who, in his own undeniably great way, sought out and followed principles which were not those of Shakespeare; or from mixed types such as Dekker, Middleton and Heywood; but from the work of poets such as Greene, among the early Elizabethans, and Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford and Webster among the later, who with Shakespeare may be classed as dis-

tinctively Romantic writers. Any account of the Substance of Shakespearian Drama must assuredly reckon with much that Shakespeare simply took over from others; but it has to reckon a great deal more with what Shakespeare refused to take over, or merely took over in order to modify and transform. And this implies, not indeed a formulated theory of drama, but definitely held preferences in the technical, artistic, or ethical provinces; in other words, a substance, a consistent and coherent set of principles informing the whole work, and serving when taken in conjunction to distinguish it from that of others.

IV

Of the principles or preferences which, taken together, constitute the substance of Shakespearian Comedy, we must place in the forefront the all-determining and in a sense all-inclusive preference for the Romantic form. What is alien to Romance is alien to Shakespeare's genius, to what we feel to be distinctively Shakespearian. Let us admit all necessary qualifications. Romanticism and Classicism are in essentials merely diverging tendencies, a tendency on the one hand to exalt the element of imagination and inspiration in art, on the other to lay stress upon reason and formulated rule. Slightly altering the point of view, Classicism may be described as a protest against lawlessness and extravagant absurdity in art; Romanticism a counter-protest against rigid formula and lifeless pedantry. We must further admit that the great artist in either class, if he be really great, must include and reconcile in himself both tendencies; must include much that his class does not distinctly stand for, much that his class may be supposed to stand against. Still each class, apart from these distinctive tendencies, has its own preferences in matter, manner and general outlook, which preferences the greater artist shares with the less. And the preferences of Shakespeare are all Romantic; forms and subject-matter alien to

Romance, not suited to Romantic treatment, Shakespeare left untouched, though by his predecessors and contemporaries such things were freely exploited.

Shakespeare's universality of sympathy and appeal should not lead us to forget that as an artist he worked throughout in a narrowly restricted province. He confined himself both in Tragedy and Comedy to the Romantic story. Domestic Tragedy, of which the Elizabethan drama furnishes many examples, he eschewed altogether. His Comedy is invariably Romantic Comedy, not Comedy of intrigue or of manners, not Comedy satirical in treatment or with a pronouncedly didactic end. In true Romantic Comedy the story is the main thing, not merely a framework to be adorned and concealed by other things. Whatever else is there—and we may call the other things the more important, if we choose, as, in a sense, they are—rises inevitably out of the story, is subservient to it, to bring it to its tragic or prosperous close. Further, with Shakespeare the subject-matter of the story accords with the preference of Romance. It is just such a tale as the more dignified of Chaucer's pilgrims related to beguile the way from Southwark to Canterbury,—for it may be observed that Shakespeare, both in his acceptance of the Romantic theme, and in the means adopted to humanise it and give it a permanent and universal value, is a true descendant of Chaucer. The Romantic story has to do with situations and incidents which are strange and wonderful, unfamiliar and remote. This feature of unusualness and remoteness is an essential in Shakespearian drama; it is, we may say, part of the substance of Shakespearian Tragedy no less than of Shakespearian Comedy. The inherent improbability, not indeed in any striking manner of the incidents, but of the situation, in almost all Shakespeare's plays requires no laboured demonstration. It is gross, palpable and glaring, not less, but rather more so in the Tragedies than in the Comedies.

Hamlet is a ghost story; the fable of Macbeth is steeped in witchcraft, and the plots of Othello and Lear, though they dispense with the supernatural, rise out of situations which defy likelihood. In the Comedies, improbable situations do not merely occur, they are of the essence of the story.

Improbability in the Comedies, however, is a *Romantic*, not a farcical, improbability; not improbability arising from comic exaggeration of character, namely, caricature; or from comic exaggeration of incident, that is to say, from unlikely coincidences or sequence of incidents, which by reason of their number or sequence produce a comic effect, though taken separately they may be neither improbable nor particularly comic. Something of this no doubt occurs in Shakespeare, but it belongs to his pure Comedy and is subordinate. Romantic improbability is of an altogether different nature. It is not comic at all; it is on the other hand generally picturesque.

Three of Shakespeare's comedies might be cited as exceptions to the general statement that Shakespeare prefers a Romantic to comic improbability. One of these, *The Taming of the Shrew*, is a recast of a pre-Shakespearian play. Another, *The Comedy of Errors*, I have already noticed as an adaptation of a classical farce, so adapted however, that the classic fable with its comic improbability becomes merely the culminating incident in a Romantic plot, based on a situation of Romantic improbability and leading to a Romantic resolution. The third, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, to be named as an exception under almost every head, is here a very significant exception. The main plot, at any rate the main interest, in the *Merry Wives* is farcical, and abounds in farcical improbabilities and surprises. But even in such conditions Shakespeare, incorrigible Romanticist as he is, cannot escape the Romantic spell. Not only is the sub-plot, the Anne Page story, thoroughly Romantic in feeling and treatment, but the play ends, the

entire fifth act is steeped in the atmosphere of Romance; not indeed genuine Romance, but exquisite make-believe. The scene is Windsor forest under the oak of Herne the phantom-hunter, and the stage is crowded with satyrs, hobgoblins and fairies.

Again, as the Romantic story arises from a situation essentially improbable, so is the setting of the story invariably unfamiliar and remote, remote as regards the time or place of the story, or in both respects. We may remark that the scene in every one of Shakespeare's tragedies and comedies—*The Merry Wives* again an exception—is laid either in some place at a distance from England, or if in England, in times which belong to a remote past. The only plays other than the English Histories and *The Merry Wives* in which any part of the action takes place on English soil, are *Lear*, *Macbeth* and *Cymbeline*. *Lear* and *Cymbeline* are legendary figures belonging to Roman or pre-Roman Britain: the tragedy of *Macbeth*, in which in four out of five acts the scene is laid in Scotland—in Shakespeare's time remote enough—belongs to the reign of Edward the Confessor.

The advantage of the Romantic preference for remoteness in time and place—Classic *Tragedy* has a similar preference—is obvious. Remoteness weakens or completely removes the impression of improbability; for of course Romance, though depending for its effect on the improbable, does not aim at conveying an impression of improbability, but rather seeks to invest the strange and wonderful with an air of likelihood. We can more readily give credence to a strange story if the events are represented as occurring in a distant and unknown country, or in an age long past, than if we were asked to accept them as happening the day before yesterday, at our own door, or in the next street.

The second point to be observed in relation to the story in Shakespearian Comedy is that it is a story not

only of high life, but of the highest in each particular case possible. Glance through the lists of *dramatis personæ* and you will find this preference only once disregarded, the solitary exception being, once more, *The Merry Wives*. In this matter the practice of Shakespeare is strangely contrasted, to the point of complete defiance, with the practice enjoined in the construction of Comedy by classic or neo-classic rule. "The characters in Comedy," says Scaliger (I quote Prof. Spingarn) "are chiefly old men, slaves, courtesans, all in humble stations or from small villages." And the other critics of the neo-classic school, Italian, French and English, enunciate rules to much the same effect. But Shakespeare was a child of Romance and cared little for neo-classic rule. It is of the essence of Romance, in this and other respects, that it takes account only incidentally of average values and of the affairs of humble or everyday life. We speak, no doubt, of Romances, as we speak of Tragedies in humble life, but we speak merely metaphorically, as if we said: In this charming or sad story there is matter which in changed conditions would be matter for Romance or Tragedy.

This preference for high life helps to distinguish Shakespearian Comedy not only from most of the Comedies which now hold the stage, but from a very large section, perhaps the major section, of the comedies of his own time. We need not put the question, sometimes urged, whether it would not have been better had Shakespeare in Comedy represented the life of his own time, his own country, his own class, which he presumably knew best. Such a question really amounts to asking whether it would not have been better for Shakespeare not to be a Romantic poet. As a Romantic poet, following faithfully the traditions of Romance, he could not choose otherwise than as he did. And Romance is justified in her choice. Other things being equal, or, to be more precise, given the requisite power in the Romantic poet to move naturally and freely in the

exalted environment, he makes from such heights his emotional appeal at very considerable advantage. As in the sphere of Tragedy 'the sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch' is 'past speaking of in a king,' so in the same manner the charm of Romantic Comedy is enhanced in proportion to the raised level of the surroundings. Certainly if the emotional appeal were made, in the one case, through the revolting or the horrible, in the other through the merely grotesque or ludicrous, a dignified environment would no doubt be a hindrance rather than a help; but the note of Romantic Tragedy is not the horrible; the note of Romantic Comedy is not the ridiculous.

The third point to be noticed in regard to the story of Romantic Comedy is that it is a love story treated seriously, moving through a number of checks and trying complications to a prosperous ending; a story of which the hero and heroine, with Shakespeare particularly the heroine, are not only highly placed, but in the main highly gifted, gracious and charming people; creatures whom the poet expects us not only cordially to like, but cordially to admire. If the Romantic hero and heroine do not appear to us to be particularly admirable it may be the poet's fault, on the other hand it may be our own. It was probably Hazlitt's fault, that Portia seemed to him a pedant, and Campbell's fault, that he regarded Beatrice as a 'tartar' and an 'odious woman.' To most of us, I expect, these splendid women will appeal as they appealed to Mrs. Jameson and Helen Faucit, and if they so appeal,—and not only they but figures less noble than they, Benedick, Orlando, Bassanio—the impression we receive is beyond question the impression that Shakespeare intended, that it was his business as Romantic poet to convey.

It is true that Romantic Comedy, alongside the admirable hero or heroine, admits in the subordinate or secondary plot heroes, if we may call them so, not so admirable; such as Proteus in the *Two Gentlemen*, Claudio

in *Much Ado*, Oliver in *As You Like It*, Lorenzo and Gratiano—particularly Gratiano—in the *Merchant of Venice*. The representation of imperfect human beings, for whom on the whole sympathy is aroused, lends verisimilitude to the idealised life of Romantic Comedy; but not only that; the imperfect characters serve partly as foils to the true Romantic heroes, and so far enhance the desired impression, without by any great excess of imperfection at the same time weakening at the close the sense of generous and tolerant satisfaction with life which it is the aim of Romantic Comedy to impart. For the peculiar delightfulness of Romantic Comedy, as we have it in Shakespeare, rises, I think, principally from the contemplation of objects of beauty and worth satisfying an ideal standard but nevertheless impressing us as being not far removed from everyday experience.

V

The story which forms the main plot of a Shakespearian Comedy is, we have seen, in its way a serious story, and the chief personages of the story are, on the whole, admirable creatures, capable in no small degree of inspiring both interest and sympathy. Still, when all is said, the single Romantic story in Comedy is no great matter; and neither action nor character in the single story is sufficiently engrossing to sustain interest at the proper tension through a five-act play. In this respect Romantic Comedy is sharply distinguished from Romantic Tragedy. In Shakespearian Tragedy—*Lear* being a remarkable exception—interest and action are single. There are no secondary or subordinate plots. The interest aroused by the tragic hero throws into the shade all other interests arising from character, the minor personages of the play being strictly subordinate to the tragic hero, and significant, for the most part, only in reference to him. To restore the balance in Comedy, Shakespeare has recourse to the secondary plot, or to several

such plots, not merely set alongside of the main plot, or loosely attached to it, but closely woven into it, so as to form with it a single texture. Through complexity of plot is secured a compensating variety, both variety of character-interest, and variety of delight afforded by the alternation of two or more Romantic themes, together with a greater or less admixture of pure Comedy not Romantic. This is an essential feature in Shakespearian Comedy. It was, of course, no innovation. The practice of diversifying and enlivening a dramatic entertainment by bringing together several plots, and by mixing Romantic with Comic matter, in a single play, Shakespeare took over from his immediate predecessors, who in their turn merely handed down an older tradition. What is distinctive in Shakespeare is that he first, nay he alone, perceived and realised the capabilities inherent in the inherited practice; he first, he alone, succeeded in fusing the heterogeneous elements into essential unity.

To attain unity of action and interest through the Romantic form is a great artistic achievement, and just because it is so difficult is of very rare accomplishment. It is perhaps well to remember when we institute comparisons, just enough in their way, between the nicely adjusted proportions of classical drama and the lawless exuberance of the Romantic, that success in the simpler form is to be had on much easier terms than in the more complex. To contend that Shakespeare was always completely successful, that all his Comedies exhibit perfect unity, would be uncritical. Nevertheless the degree of success attained is very remarkable, and in itself is quite sufficient to dispose of the notion—if any one still entertains it—that Shakespeare was a lawless genius who 'wanted art.'

How great was his achievement can be adequately realised only by a comparison of his work with the work of other Elizabethan writers of Romantic or semi-Romantic

drama. We may take a single instance. Shakespeare's obligation to Greene in Comedy has been frequently asserted, and by no one more emphatically than by Greene's most recent editor, the late Prof. Churton Collins. Well, take Greene's admittedly most successful play, *The Honorable History of Friar Bacon*. In this drama Greene gives us Romantic variety with a lavish hand. The play literally answers to Polonius's classification of the 'tragical-comical historical-pastoral,' for all these elements are mixed up in it. Variety we have with a vengeance. To speak of unity of any sort, either in the blending of plots or in other respects, would be absurd. The play, like all Romantic Comedies earlier than Shakespeare, I think I may say, like all Elizabethan Romantic Comedy outside Shakespeare, is little better than a number of slight, crudely conceived, separate plays loosely strung together in a single variety entertainment. Greene taught Shakespeare something no doubt, but the lesson he taught was one he never learnt, to all appearance never could have learnt himself.

When Shakespeare, speaking through Polonius, gently satirised the tragical-comical historical-pastoral order of play, he was thinking no doubt of just such Comedies as this of Greene's. Shakespeare himself followed Greene, but with a difference. Matter approaching Tragedy we find in Shakespeare's Comedies, notably in the *Merchant of Venice*, in *Cymbeline* and in the *Winter's Tale*. Such matter however only approaches Tragedy, shares certain qualities with Tragedy, but is still, as Dr. Bradley has shown with reference to the two later plays, perfectly distinct.

The *Merchant of Venice* Dr. Bradley criticises somewhat adversely. The play, he says, fails to satisfy because Shylock is a tragic character, who does not move, as the fitness of things requires, to a tragic end, but to a conclusion beneath tragic dignity, incongruous and not in keeping with the character. This criticism, which is merely

incidental, I venture to think, mistaken. Shakespeare, as it appears to me, has carefully avoided the error of taste and judgment imputed to him. Shylock, in spite of certain appearances to the contrary, is not a tragic figure; for just when he seems to reach tragic greatness, to stand forth as champion and avenger of an ancient and down-trodden race whom he, deeply wronged in person and family, not unworthily represents,—just at these moments Shakespeare introduces some little touch of character—something strikingly mean, petty, grotesque or contemptible, which brings down Shylock as tragic hero with a rush. These things are significant to one carefully studying the next; an actor can of course easily slur them over.

Again, contrary to the practice of Greene and other Elizabethans, Shakespeare never blends Romance with History, or with what to his contemporaries would have the impression of actual history. In the historical plays which are not also Tragedies, Shakespeare seeks variety of interest in an admixture of pure, not romantic, Comedy. The stately historic theme, falling short of high tragic seriousness, and therefore lacking the all-absorbing interest and universal significance of Tragedy, demands, not only dramatic relief, but, with the relief, something which will lend the action verisimilitude by bringing it, as it were, down to common life, and within the compass of ordinary experience. This element it finds in pure Comedy. For historic truth will not blend with the ideal truth of Romantic story. Historic fact injures Romantic illusion, and Romantic illusion weakens the impression of historic fact. Hence Shakespeare admits no History in Romantic Comedy and no Romantic story in History. A great poet of our own time has failed to perceive the validity of the artistic principle so clearly indicated in the practice of Shakespeare. The tragedy of *Becket* is not only a fine acting play; it is in many respects a very noble piece of work. Nevertheless it is not completely satisfactory, and

principally, I think for this reason, that beside the tragic history of Becket Tennyson has placed the purely romantic story of Rosamund, with the result that, as final impression, we experience a sense of feebleness and incongruity.

With the exception of history, pure tragedy and, as we said at the beginning, comic matter of a pronouncedly satiric or aggressively didactic type, Shakespearian Comedy admits almost every variety of interest, provided it be in strict subordination to the main Romantic motive and story; and not only every variety of motive, but every variety of blend, so that passing from one Shakespearian Comedy to another is like turning a kaleidoscope,—a like unity within the same compass, but with ever shifting variety of charm and delight.

In the *Merchant of Venice* we have no fewer than three Romantic stories, each distinct in motive and charm, with a touch of low Comedy and more than a touch of interest approaching Tragedy; in *Much Ado*, in addition to scenes of inimitable low Comedy, we have a large admixture of what is called light Comedy, at first moving parallel to the Romantic story, but later becoming absorbed in it; in *Twelfth Night*, interwoven with the double-single Romantic story we meet Comedy of a more boisterous nature, involving however a serious character-interest. In *As You Like It* and *Cymbeline* the pastoral-sylvan charm adds to and sets off other Romantic interests. In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*, Romance, true to ancient tradition, calls to its aid the fascination of the supernatural world, or such part of it as fits the lighter interest of Comedy; in the former play the elves and fairies of popular belief; in the second a more spiritual and delicate race born of the poet's imagination.

Further illustration would be superfluous. It is only needful to remark that whatever the exact quality or pro-

portion of the distinctive elements, the result is almost always an impression of unity, a unity not determined, we may readily believe, by obedience to formulated rule, but governed by an extraordinarily just and delicate æsthetic sense, instinctively seizing on the fine contrasts and differences which combined produce harmony, instinctively avoiding the harsh contrasts and differences which produce in conjunction discord.

The admirable skill shown by Shakespeare in the amalgamation of plot and sub-plot in Comedy has become one of the common-places of criticism. I have only to observe that this quality in dramatic construction, whereby the separate parts are so blended and fused that each part is absolutely necessary to the other parts and to the whole, that no part can be removed without injury to the others and to the whole, must be regarded as an essential in any account of the substance of Shakespearian Comedy. A single, but extreme example will suffice. At first sight the Dogberry and Verges interest in *Much Ado About Nothing* might well appear—as it actually appeared to so great a critic as Coleridge—to be introduced solely for purposes of comic relief. Yet so far is this from being true that later criticism has had no difficulty in demonstrating that the removal of these preternaturally stupid officials would produce as a necessary consequence a complete collapse of the whole structure of the play.

We have only time to note, as another essential and distinguishing condition in the construction of Shakespeare's comedies, the skill displayed in the evolution of the action, from the masterly exposition, happily contrived so as to arrest immediate attention and strike exactly the right note of emotional appeal,—through the ingenious complication, protracted by what has been called the 'principle of alternation' so as to provide the measure of variety and relief sufficient to sustain interest, up to the re-

solution and reconciliation of the intricate knots and cross purposes in the concluding act.

The constructive qualities just treated, the fusion of separate plots and interests in an organic whole, the regular and natural evolution of dramatic matter, constitute, it will be observed, *Unity of Action*; not indeed Unity such as critics of the neo-classic school would be prepared to accept, but essential unity all the same. And it is worth observing that while Shakespeare notoriously rejects all that is merely arbitrary and conventional in the Aristotelian, or so-called Aristotelian doctrine of the Unities, he was far from rejecting the Unities altogether. Whatever is essential in them; whatever is of real and permanent value, he accents and in practice illustrates, adapting it to the conditions of Romantic drama. Unity of action he satisfies as we have seen. Unity of place he certainly does not observe; but this particular unity is neither justified by reason nor sanctioned by the authority of Aristotle. It seems simply to have been imposed on Aristotle by the critics of the Renaissance.

The Unity of Time, rather recorded by Aristotle as a practice than enunciated as a rule, Shakespeare actually does observe in his own fashion, and as far as Romantic conditions will permit. The general underlying principle he accepts, though, it must be allowed, he somewhat violently forces the obstinate Romantic material to acknowledge, or at least appear to acknowledge the rule.

I have no intention of entering upon an elaborate study of the difficult question of dramatic time in Shakespeare, or of instituting an examination of the so-called 'double-time' theory. It is enough for my purpose to assert (I dogmatise reluctantly; not from choice; but of necessity) that Shakespeare's plays—tragedies no less than comedies,—are constructed, I believe deliberately constructed, so as to convey the impression of unbroken continuity of action, which necessarily implies continuity in

the treatment of time. Or, to approach the subject on the negative side, in a Shakespearian play the sequence of scene and scene and of act and act, is so adjusted that at no given point between one scene and another do we receive the impression of a break or suspension in the action at that particular point. And as the action cannot be suspended in the middle of a scene, the absence of impression of intervals between scene and scene amounts to an impression of continuity in the action, or in other words to Unity of Time.

Most assuredly, since the matter of the Romantic play is the protracted narrative and not the single episode or situation of classic drama, we receive during the course of the Romantic play impressions of an entirely different kind—which latter impressions if critically set beside the former involve irreconcilable inconsistency. Received however as impressions there is no conflict, as the inconsistency does not happen to be felt—and in drama, as Prof. Raleigh says somewhere, impression is everything. There are, I believe, in the whole range of the Shakespearian drama, only two plays in which continuity of action—Unity of Time, as I have described it—is not scrupulously observed. They are *Henry V* and *The Winter's Tale*; and it so happens that in each of these exceptions Shakespeare, speaking directly to the audience through a chorus, actually announces the rule which in the particular instance he finds it convenient to break.

VI

We have now briefly to consider the substance of Shakespearian Comedy in relation to character. To enlarge on Shakespeare's pre-eminence in this province of creative art would be an impertinence in which I have no intention to indulge. I wish merely to touch on, or rather to revert to, a few points important to the study of character in Shakespeare.

First, character in Shakespeare should not be regarded as a separate or separable quality, apart from those constructive qualities with which hitherto we have been mainly concerned. Character in Shakespeare is inseparable from the story and from the dramatic treatment of action in the story. Not only is character in Shakespearian Comedy developed and revealed by means of the Romantic story, it requires as a necessary condition of development the blending of two or more stories. Remove, for example, the slender sub-plot of Lorenzo and Jessica from the *Merchant of Venice*, and then estimate the effect of the omission on Shylock, regarded as a character possessing human verisimilitude and claiming, in a certain degree, human sympathy. This, I am aware, is very stale criticism. Or attempt to study Portia the heroine of the casket-story in the absence of the bond-story; or Benedick and Beatrice without the Claudio-Hero plot, and what becomes of the characters?

But the study of character in relation to story is not sufficient. One character must be regarded in relation to others, not merely on the obvious ground that character is manifested in action in and by which other persons are necessarily involved and affected; but because the impression we receive of a particular character is inevitably conditioned by the group of characters in which that character is placed; in other words, is the result of more or less conscious comparison and contrast. Once more, character, the crowning achievement of Shakespeare, has as basis and determining condition, extraordinary skill in the province of effective dramatic construction.

Again, character in Shakespeare is not independent of time-treatment, of the impression of continuity in the action. I can at present only throw this out as a suggestion, with two examples tending at least to confirm the suggestion. I ask first how it would fare with the character

of Shakespeare's Moor, regarded in relation to any standard of probability or consistency, were the tragedy of *Othello* reconstructed on a basis of historic rather than of dramatic time; that is to say if we dispensed with the impression of continuity. I leave the problem to be worked out by any one curious enough to attempt it, merely hazarding the conjecture that if the resulting character preserve any degree of consistency, he may resemble the barbarous Moor of Giraldo Cinthio, but will be singularly unlike the noble Moor of Shakespeare. Or, returning to Comedy, how will it fare with Bassanio, if, in defiance of the text, but avoiding an unfelt inconsistency in time-treatment, we suppose him to remain two months or so at Belmont before he 'comes to his election'? The answer in this case is very easy. We have merely to turn to Shakespeare's source, the Italian book *Il Pecorone*. In the Novella the hero who corresponds to Bassanio, amongst other failings which are not repeated in Shakespeare's hero, is guilty of unpardonable selfishness and ingratitude. After his marriage, we are told, "he continued some time in this happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo who had given the bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats." Nothing of this sort can be laid to Bassanio's charge; for Shakespeare, by a marked departure from his source, has contrived that Bassanio shall not forfeit his right to rank as hero of Romantic Comedy, but has only attained this end by rendering the action of the play continuous both before and after the fortunate choice is made.

Another consideration affecting character in Shakespearian Comedy is this. It is through character and delineation of character that Shakespeare has given to the Romantic story and the Romantic method and treatment a permanent value in art. The Romantic story in Comedy, as we have seen, has small relation to life. It not only contains improbability, it is in its essence improbable and even childish. But in Shakespeare, though the story

remains in general childish enough, the characters as seen in action—which action, apart from the underlying situation is in itself not very improbable—are consistently true to life. So that if we sought a definition of character in Shakespearian Comedy in relation to story, we might say that Shakespearian Comedy was a representation of action by normal individuals placed in situations altogether abnormal, but not recognised by them as such. Normal individuals, I say: though perhaps I should add, slightly idealised for the sake of verisimilitude. Or if that seem a paradox, let us say, with the data of actual experience so far heightened and modified as to convey a faithful impression of actuality, and to preclude the false impression which prosaic realism inevitably conveys. I call Shakespeare's treatment the higher realism, and for the present leave it there.

Now in this association of realism in character with the Romantic story and the Romantic setting, Shakespeare has again entered upon the heritage of Chaucer, but he has far outdistanced Chaucer's achievement. In the *Canterbury Tales* we have realism of character in abundance. 'Here,' as Dryden puts it, 'is God's plenty.' We have also Romance in abundance, but the two elements are merely placed in juxtaposition; they are not fused. In the Prologue, the connecting links, and the comic tales we have character; in the Tales of the Knight, the Man of Law, the Clerk and the Squire we have Romance pure and simple; and so far these beautiful tales lack permanent value; they make a certain demand upon what Matthew Arnold calls a historic estimate. In Shakespeare, it is needless to assert, Romance and Realism are completely fused.

Lastly I have to touch on character in Shakespearian Comedy regarded from what is essentially an ethical standpoint. If Shakespearian Comedy is to be judged by an ethical standard at all—and in my humble view no art or artist can claim exemption from such trial—it must be in

relation to character rather than to story, for the sufficient reason that the story is not seriously put forward as an image of real life, whereas the characters are plainly intended to represent actual life, and to hold the mirror up to nature. The ethical question is therefore: Given verisimilitude, which no one denies, granting moreover, which few can doubt, that the types and individuals are represented with such power as to inspire in a high degree emotions of liking and admiration or the reverse, what sort of life is here represented; for what types and kinds of persons is sympathy and admiration sought and obtained? Questions with an ethical bearing more precise and definite than this are, I think, in reference to Romantic Comedy, for the most part irrelevant and inadmissible. This question I consider wholly reasonable and legitimate. I shall not attempt a formal answer. The question indeed answers itself. The men and women in Shakespeare's comedies are of varying degrees of moral worth and worthlessness, and from none, it may be truly said, is some measure of sympathy withheld; but the characters for whom most sympathy is demanded are, on the moral ground, essentially noble, evenly balanced and proportioned types. The confessed end of Shakespearian Comedy was neither to instruct nor improve, but simply to delight—as indeed, with a difference, was the end of Shakespearian Tragedy; and Shakespearian Comedy, so far as the pleasure it affords arises from the contemplation of character rather than from curiosity in the unravelling of the story, or from other sources, pleases, I think, chiefly because, through character shown in action, there is presented to us a picture in little of life, which satisfies in equally maintained proportion the æsthetic and the ethical sense; since the thing which appeals to us as gracious and beautiful on the æsthetic side has grace and beauty on the moral side as well. Shakespearian Comedy has thus so far a value in ethics in, that through the manifestation of grace and beauty

in character we are led to admire and sympathise rightly; and we do so easily, there being no conflict between ethical and æsthetic standards

Further, because on the Romantic side Shakespearian Comedy affords examples of this grace and beauty in lavish abundance, and because on the side of pure Comedy, the humour of Shakespeare in its attitude to life is wholly genial, tolerant and kindly—for in humour also Shakespeare derives from and surpasses Chaucer—the final impression, ethically considered, is a sane and robust optimism. Life is presented in the mirror of art in such form and colour as emotionally to exalt and exhilarate, and through this heightening of the feelings to produce a certain satisfaction, a peculiar delight.

I do not maintain that Shakespeare's is the only way in Comedy, or that life may not legitimately be represented in Comic Art under other aspects, so as to produce another impression; I merely contend that in Romantic Comedy Shakespeare's is the only right way; that Shakespeare by reason of his sure ethical instinct, his unerring sense of what is and what is not on the moral side worthy of sympathy and admiration, has succeeded in this way as no one before or after him has succeeded; that such success is the crowning perfection of Shakespearian Comedy to which, more than to any other cause, it owes its unique delightfulness and its abiding charm.*

MARK HUNTER.

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Culture.

THE word 'Culture', like many other words in the English language, comes to us from the Latin, through the French. I am not, of course, to speak to you to-night * on its original meaning of cultivation, tillage or husbandry, nor yet, I hope, am I expected to dilate on its more modern medical meaning of the artificial cultivation of microscopic bacteria. My task is to speak to you of its figurative sense, namely, the cultivation or training of the mind of man, his mental faculties, his tastes and his manners. When the development of a man's mind, his tastes, and his manners has reached a level which we may describe by the word 'refinement', that man has reached a state which we call 'cultured'.

In the attainment of this condition which I have called 'refinement', it is necessary that all the three mentioned faculties should together have reached that level. Intellectual brilliance, without a concomitant cultivation of tastes and manners is not culture. Intellectual superiority, mental cleverness, which makes a man what we call 'brainy', may be, and sometimes is, combined with vulgar tastes and boorish manners; and thus the person merely equipped with intellectual brilliance is sometimes most offensive. A cultured man is never offensive. At the same time, I do not think it is possible to cultivate our tastes and manners to a stage of refinement without the aid of a well-trained, well-disciplined and well-educated intellect. One without the others will not suffice. All three, mind, tastes and manners, are necessary, and to some extent mutually dependent. You cannot separate them when you are thinking of culture or refinement, though of course, different

* This Talk was broadcast from the Madras Station of the All India Radio on 11th January 1939.

methods of cultivation may be required to raise each of these three faculties to the level of refinement. They must side by side vibrate in tune and harmony as the parallel strings on a well-seasoned violin.

How then are these three faculties to be refined? By what fires are they to be purified until the pure deposit of culture remains?

"Culture", said Matthew Arnold, "is the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been said and known in the world". Yes, education is necessary, knowledge must be acquired in the usual hard schools of learning; but not a mere acquisition of facts and data, but an understanding and disinterested judgment upon the best that has been said and known in the world. Not carping, prejudiced and offensive criticism upon the best that others have done or said or given, but an informed and kindly judgment; a free play of the mind amongst the green pastures so carefully cultivated by the best of those who have gone before us. These may be found in the great classics, the sciences, the discoveries, the literature, the religions, the philosophies, the music, the paintings, the sculptures, and in many other compartments of that great treasure chest of knowledge, which is our inheritance.

In order to attain the refinement of a cultured mind, a man must have delved fairly thoroughly at least into some of these intellectual treasures; for culture is not compatible with ignorance. I am not concerned in this address to examine to what exact extent the culture of our minds is dependent upon education. I merely just say that the fact that it is very largely so dependent is a self-evident truth; otherwise the purpose of the ages would be of no effect. Education, of course, produces fruits of various sorts, but culture is its sweetest and its best.

As with a cultured man's mind, so with his tastes; they too will be of refinement. A man's tastes are his likings—

the things he likes, the things he appreciates. His upbringing, his education, his reading, his experience, his hobbies, and perhaps most of all, his friendships, will have made him like what is good and beautiful, and hate what is bad and ugly. And he will have acquired an instinctive perception of the difference between what is good and what is bad, and between what is beautiful and what is ugly. This, I think, is what is meant by cultured or refined tastes.

Many people, of course, have no perception of the difference between beauty and ugliness. In architecture, for instance, positive ugliness makes no impression upon some people. You have only to look at the houses they build, the churches they put up, and the way they furnish them or ornament them. In music, many have no discernment; in literature, no taste; in the arts generally, no knowledge, and hence no interest. But the refinement of taste is an essential in culture. Here again, there is no fixed hall-mark by which this level can be recognised. But evidence of it can be discerned—in the things with which a man surrounds himself; the books he reads; the furniture he uses; the music he likes; the friends he makes; and perhaps in his dress, for, if he has good taste, he won't over-do the colour scheme, or exaggerate the fashion.

Likewise, too, in manners, the cultured man will not over-do them, not be affected. The refinement of his manners will be natural, not forced or artificial. He will have charm and will naturally put others at their ease. He will not cause embarrassment. He will easily associate with anyone, and others will find no difficulty in associating with him. It is rather pathetic, I think, when behaviour is artificial, forced, or overdone. We may be pardoned a kindly smile at those who overdo it, perhaps in their anxiety always to the 'right thing', as we also indulge in such a smile in the case of that other amusing type of person who is always anxious to get to know the 'right

people'. A too obvious anxiety always to do the 'right thing', or to get to know the 'right people', may be the signs of a great yearning for culture, but they are not the signs of its presence. This kind of thing may lead to an unnatural exclusiveness; and exclusiveness is not culture, often it is a sign of the lack of it. No, a cultured man.

"Can talk with crowds and keep his virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch".

I see that in announcing this Talk, the Radio authorities have entitled it "Culture, is it a conspiracy?". I presume that is a bait which they wish me to bite. Well, I will nibble at it. What they mean is this. Is there a conspiracy amongst people who have undergone a certain type of education and training to claim for themselves a monopoly of culture? Does, for instance, education at a public school and a university ensure culture? Is culture the monopoly of those who have undergone such forms of education? Are those millions of men and women who have not been to a public school and a university thereby excluded from the ranks of the cultured? If there ever was such a conspiracy, and perhaps there was, it has long ago been broken up. That conspiracy, composed of vested interests, which sought to impose a certain hall-mark accepted and possessed by themselves, in order to keep power in their own hands, and strengthen the vested interests of their own small coterie, has so often been so cruelly exposed, that it is no longer a force to be reckoned with. It has been self-exposed over and over again, and seventy years ago Matthew Arnold exposed it in these words:—"The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin... is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance, or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious

man would call this culture, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all".

The late Lord Darling, one of the most famous of His Majesty's Judges, and certainly one of the most cultured men of his generation, used to boast that he had never been to a school or a university. The life of Lord Darling would be sufficient by itself to expose and break up the conspiracy of snobs, which used perhaps to claim for themselves a monopoly of culture. A mentality which can bring itself to make such a claim is itself providing evidence of its denial.

No. You cannot produce culture by any one process any more than you can produce a baby in a chemistry laboratory. Culture is not an external adornment, stamped with any stereotyped hall-mark, which you can, after undergoing a specified process automatically claim to possess, like a King's Counsel, on receiving his patent from the Lord Chancellor, automatically acquires the right to wear a silk gown. Culture is an internal possession, recognisable, as all goodness is, by its fruits. No man can say, 'Look at me; I have been through such and such a mill, and I am therefore cultured.' But you will be able to recognise a man of culture and refinement in various ways. I cannot exhaust the evidences of culture, for they are inexhaustible; but I may conclude this talk by indicating a few.

A cultured man will certainly be erudite, of deep and extensive reading, and of catholic tastes and interests. But he will be free from fanaticism, for his enthusiasms will be tempered by breadth of knowledge and vision. His well-trained and disciplined mind will be flexible like a sword of fine-tempered steel; the true kind of flexibility, which neither breaks under a strain, nor sacrifices to any expediency its faith and its principles, which are its power. An intellect so refined will feel an instinctive repulsion to the loose thinking and sentimentalism which, in much of the public

utterance and outlook of our time, replace hard fact, deep thought and sound reasoning.

He will possess the ability to like and appreciate good music, and what is good in other forms of Art and Beauty. He will not necessarily be high-brow in any of these things. He will just be instinctively attracted by what is nice, and repelled by what is not. His manners will be charming and graceful; never condescending, but just marked by propriety and fitness.

Such a man may well reach a high position in his life or in his profession; but he will do nothing common or mean in his search for distinction.

In such ways, amongst others, we can recognise where it is; for Culture is either there or it is not. It *can* be acquired, but it cannot be affected.

H. C. PAPWORTH.

The Heroic Couplet in English Poetry

"MUSIC and Poetry have ever been acknowledged sisters" said Henry Purcell, one of the greatest musicians of Dryden's or any other time. The Heroic couplet is merely rhymed blank verse, with all the variations, and the absence of "tick" and "click" which distinguishes the "blanks," and yet adding a sort of low guitarish accompaniment of music. It was precisely this music that won the couplet its prestige at the start.

There are only two types of heroic couplet,—the strict which has the lines end-stopped and the couplets separate, and the free which admits modulation and overflow. Both the varieties have their roots in the verse of Chaucer who was the first English poet to use this measure to any extent; and he may claim to have revealed its possibilities for English poetry in the same sense in which Marlowe revealed the possibilities of blank verse for the English drama. The *Legende of Good Women*, the framework of the *Canterbury Tales*, and many of the *Tales* themselves are written in this metre.

Chaucer's early handling of the verse was according to the model of the French decasyllable; but he realised that in order to prevent monotony, the position of the caesura should not be rigidly fixed, but that it should vary in accordance with the sense of the passage. The varieties of rhythm and expression it is possible to obtain by variations in the position of the pause and by such devices as level stress and the inversion of the first foot may be illustrated by the following passage:

Whan that Aprille || with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche || hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne || in swich licour,
Of which vertu || engendred is the flour;

Whan Zephirus eek || with his swete breeth
Inspired hath || in every holt and heeth

* * *

And palmers || for to seken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes ||, kowthe in sondry londes;

Chaucer's verse in full of buoyancy; its very art is easy, the wind is not freer. Flippancy or even happy smartness is ease to manage, and implies none of the highest qualities in a writer of verse; but lightness chiefly impresses the mind when the flights taken are long enough to give the idea of strength as well as that of elasticity. The power of taking a long sweep before coming to a pause, and of beginning again with a spring from the pausing point, is a well-known characteristic of the best poetry. It is a characteristic of which we have the last magnificent example in Milton.

After Chaucer the metrical sense and the grasp of the principle of foot rhythm were never fully recaptured in England for several generations. Lydgate and Occleve wrote bad shambling heroics, and missed the great poet's smoothness and melody. Suddenly with the beginning of the sixteenth century we pass into a period of the most lavish and amazing creative energy. The lean years, in which England could hardly produce a poet, are followed by a period of plenty; and not the least important of its aspects was the awakening of interest in new technical forms of verse. Blind Harry, the Scottish poet, holds an important place in the history of versification as having passed on through his "*Wallace*" the tradition of the heroic couplet. Another highland poet Gavin Douglas selected heroic verse for his translation of the "*Aeneid*" and displayed in such examples as the following, a skill which left little room for improvement at the hands of later poets. One sang—

The ship sails over the salt foam
Will bring the merchants and my leman home.

Another wrote :—

I will be blythe and light
Mine heart is bent upon so goodly wight.

Spenser employs the couplet with admirable flexibility and ease but rather a jog-trot motion in "Mother Hubbard's Tale". He uses overflow, but very little modulation:—

Among the rest a good old woman was
Hight Mother Hubbard who did far surpas
The rest in honest mirth, that seemed her well

Much more interesting is the measure of the May and September eclogues of the "Shepheard's Calendar."

But tract of time, and long prosperitie :
That nource of vice, this of insolencie.

These two lines show the very beginning of the association between the formal rhythmic structure of the heroic couplet written strictly as a pair of bisected lines, and those peculiarities of phrasing and sentiment which so distinguish the measure in its prime. This association received an impulse from outside the bounds of the continuous couplet. By the last quarter of the sixteenth century the five-foot line was established in the sonnet and in numerous stanzas which closed with a rhymed couplet. This pair of lines at the end of a group lent itself readily to epigrammatic turns of speech, to balance and antithesis, as it was used for clinching an argument or rounding off an image. A sonnet of Sidney's for example, closes thus :

Whose presence, absence, absence presence is :
Blest in my curse, and cursed in my bliss.

The stanzas of Fairfax's famous translation of Tasso provide innumerable examples of this kind of end-stopped

antithetical couplet, which carry more than a suggestion of future developments :

In fashions wayward, and in love unkind ;
For Cupid deigns not wound a currish mind.

In Drayton's hands the measure takes on a particularly precise form. There is the regular end stopping : the phrases are beginning to fall into balanced pairs corresponding with two sections of the line, which nearly always has a strong pause after the fourth, or, less often, after the fifth syllable. There is noticeable too, that padding of dissyllabic adjectives, which Saintsbury has remarked as being so frequent in Pope's couplet. Nearly every line contains some word which can be deleted so as to change the passage into fluent octosyllabics :

Upon this mount there stood a stately grove
Whose reaching arms to clip the welkin strove
Of tufted cedars, and the branching pine
Whose bushy tops themselves do so intervene.....

Donne who could be a smooth enough metrist when he liked, seems in the couplet of his satires to be not only perfectly irregular but purposely harsh and crabbed. He mingles all possible licenses in their most exaggerated form, pause even within the last foot, trochee everywhere :

O desperate coward, wilt thou seeme bold || and
To thy foes and his who made thee to stand
Sentinel in his world's garrison thus yeeld,
And for forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field ?

Chamberlayne is the chief exponent of the beauties, and still more of the dangers of the enjambed couplet. His formlessness is due to the use of indiscriminate pauses, and endless trailing sentences. He thinks no more of the end of a line than if he were writing prose, except that it is a place where he has to provide a rhyme:—

But ere the weak Euriolus (for he
This hapless stranger was) again could be

By strength supported, base Amorus who
 Could think no more than priceless thanks was due
 For all his dangerous pains, more beastly rude
 Than untamed Indians, basely did exclude
 That noble guest.

But Waller to whom Dryden always acknowledged his chief debt, was at work in the second half of the century, elaborating the strict stopped couplet. Smoothness of rhyme and terseness of language were indispensable conditions of poetry and Waller's verse answered to these conditions satisfactorily. By aiming at a pointed fluency of style and avoiding rough rhymes, he played a noticeable part in "lightening the contents of the couplet, and advancing it in the direction of true poetry. The simplicity which Waller achieved with difficulty was reached with comparative ease by Denham. But Cowley handled this measure less felicitously than he handled any other. His couplets are frankly enjambed, and he never gave himself up wholly to Wallerian smoothness though he could and did attain it towards the end of his life.

Waller, Denham and Cowley effected what is known as the reform in numbers: they effected a change in poetry from varied and rather loose measures to the tight neat heroic couplet. The demand to which this answered was put remarkably by Beaumont in a poem to the king concerning the "True Form of English Poetry":—

On halting feet the ragged poem goes
 With accents neither fitting verse nor prose.....
 The relish of the Muse consists in rhyme:
 One verse must meet another like a chime.
 Our Saxon shortness hath a peculiar grace
 In choice of words fit for the ending place,
 Which leave impression in the mind as well
 As closing sounds of some delightful bell...
 Pure phrase, fit epithets, a sober care
 Of metaphors, descriptions clear, yet rare.

The heroic couplet gave to English poetry a form of expression which was lucid, concise, and epigrammatic; a medium skilfully adapted to description, argument, or moral teaching, and a marvellous instrument for satire. So far this new manner was a distinct gain to literature; but it was a gain that brought a great loss with it, for, this new style became so supreme that, for a time, it almost altogether replaced the old. The serious limitations of Dryden and his followers, their deficient sense of beauty, their lack of spiritual vision, are reflected in their style, excellent for certain useful purposes, but totally inadequate for higher needs. When men replaced the rich and complex harmonies of Milton with the thinner melody and measured stroke of the couplet, they were like men who should cease to cultivate the rose, because the potato is a useful article.

The story of Dryden's conquest of English poetry is, for the most part, the story not of his material but his manner. He wrote altogether, over a period of exactly fifty years, some thirty thousand couplets. The stream of English verse thus flowing through him both sustained him and was sustained by him. His achievement was to make of it a strong yet light vehicle for miscellaneous loads, a medium for the poetry of statement. He learned to say anything in it that he liked, high or low, narrow or broad.

We have in his works such an exemplification of the possibilities of a particular form as exists nowhere else in Prosody, except in the blank verse of Shakespeare and Milton. In satire the couplet stings and swings with a lightness of motion as great as the depth and sureness of its blow; in argument it has the clearness as well as the weight of prose with an added cogency of rhythmical phrase. The antithetic habit dominates Dryden's verse, but nowhere is it more dominant and effective than in the following, with its smooth and deadly invective:

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand
 A man so various that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts and nothing long;
 But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking,
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy!

The regular succession of the stress is conspicuous in the above passage; the triplet is a frequent device which reduces monotony and gives more freedom of movement. There is little "running over" between the lines and none between the couplets; the balance and sentence-structure are worked out to perfection. Lastly, in Pope's words,
 Dryden taught to join

The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine.

The tendency to follow the French in attaching the highest importance to a perfection of literary form, increased after the death of Dryden, and lucidity, elegance, and propriety of expression became the poet's ideal. In accordance with this tendency, Pope gives the heroic verse a finer finish, although in his hands it loses something of its exuberant strength and fire. The virtue on which Pope prided himself was correctness, which is nothing more than the extremity of artistic selection of rhyme and metre (by making the very best possible use of words), the quality which is gained by incessant labour guided by quick feeling and always under the supervision of common sense.

It is the excessive use of antithesis and balance that, more than anything else, gives its character to Pope's verse.

In his poems we have the same artificial opposition as in the formal garden of the age:

His gardens next your admiration call,
 On every side you look, behold the wall!
 No pleasing intricacies intervene,
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
 Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other.

With the exception, perhaps, of the "Rape of the Lock," his poems have no solidarity or homogeneity. Rather may they be likened to polished fragments, cunningly fitted in to form a whole, and remarkable for workmanship rather than integral beauty. Every couplet is complete in itself and can, clearly and without danger to itself, be taken out of its setting; it is, as it were, an engraved idea. Hence the work of Pope is rich in aphorisms and apophthegms.

Of his work as a whole it may be said that he was a master of literary mosaic. There are few graces of style beyond crispness and lightness. There is nothing of the easy breadth and vigour of Dryden in his satirical verse; on the other hand, he imparted to it a gossamer-like delicacy of touch that more than compensated for the lack of strength. The following three extracts illustrate his exquisite skill in adopting the couplet to (a) mock heroic-style (b) moralizing and (c) satire.

(a) Behold, four kings, in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
 And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 The expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

(b) Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd:
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

- (c) Willing to wound, yet afraid to strike;
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
 A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading e'en foes, by flatterers besieg'd:
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
 Like Cato give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause.

Among the writers of the eighteenth century, Goldsmith brought to his handling of the couplet a note of individual pathos, so that, wherever real passion has to be expressed the glow of feeling is revealed in the rising tone and in rhythms in which we seem to overhear the vibrations of his own voice:

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven;
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

In the midst of much that echoes Pope, Cowper also has passages which show an instinct for manipulating pauses so as to keep the voice in suspense until the close of a period, and a feeling for the major rhythmic forms, built up of many lines and phrases. And the trochee after a pause has a note of novelty:

Ask not the boy, || who, || when | the breeze of morn
 First shakes the glittering drops from every thorn,
 Unfolds his flock, then under bank or bush
 Sits linking cherry-stones, or platting rush,
 How fair is freedom!

Crabbe, too, wrote much that is flat and humdrum, but he succeeded in adjusting the couplet to homely dialogue and vigorous speech as in "The Parish Register". And in descriptive passages his metre takes on a sudden and unexpected beauty and flexibility in a manner quite different from Cowper's:—

Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
 Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf;
 The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
 Roared with strong blasts, with mighty showers the
 floods.

All green was vanished, save of pine and yew,
 That still displayed their melancholy hue;
 Save the green holly with its berries red,
 And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.

The eighteenth century need detain us no longer. Indeed the couplet was the main and practically only metre of Addison and Johnson, but in their hands it had no other distinction than that of getting damned. It was an age of prose and its verse is often little or nothing but prose disguised in rhyme. One poet discussed the raising of sheep, the treatment of their diseases and the details of the manufacture of woollens: another, the art of preserving health; while another set forth the advantages of fresh air and exercise; and in this way the distinction between poetry and prose was too often lost. The couplet was for long the standard form for prize poems in the universities, and here is a poet in embryo:—

Inoculation, Heav'n-instructed maid,
 She woo'd from Turkey's shores to Britain's aid.

Against the theory and practice of this poetry, with its disregard of nature, its lack of spontaneity and passion, its stereotyped and conventional phraseology, its love of mechanical regularity and narrow notions of metrical perfection, the poets of the Romantic period rose in open revolt.

Theirs was the gospel of nature and freedom. Breaking away from long-accepted precedent and rule, they boldly asserted the right of each individual genius to depend upon his own inspiration, to see things entirely for himself, to utter his own thought and feeling after his own manner; while at the same time, and as a consequence of this principle of emancipation, they repudiated the formal regularity of the eighteenth-century verse and sought richer harmonies and more varied modes of expression. It is this gospel of nature and freedom that Keats sets forth in his "Sleep and Poetry". In that poem a reference to the great and glorious days of English poetry—the days of Shakespeare and Spenser—leads up to an unmeasured attack upon the "dismal-soul'd handicraftsmen",—poets in name only—of the so-called "classic" school; and this in turn introduces a passage in which the young enthusiast of the new day rejoices in the coming of that "fairer season" for the Muses in which he himself is privileged to live:

Is there so small a range
In the present strength of manhood, that the high
Imagination cannot freely fly
As she was wont of old, prepare her steeds,
Paw up against the light, and do strange deeds
Upon the clouds? Has she not shown us all?
From the clear space of ether, to the small
Breath of new buds unfolding?

Leigh Hunt in his story of Rimini had initiated this freer or romantic form of the couplet in which the sense is allowed to flow on uninterruptedly from one couplet to another until it is naturally completed, and in which the rhetorical pause, instead of coming punctually at the close of every second line, may occur anywhere. Keats's couplets are of this purely romantic type:

Enchantment
Grew drunken, and would have its head and bent.
Delicious symphonies, like airy flowers,

Budded, and swell'd, and, full-blown, shed full
showers

Of light, soft, unseen leaves of sounds divine.

Indeed, he carried the new freedom to an occasional excess of licence which Leigh Hunt found impossible to defend, and his verse is in consequence so loose sometimes as to be almost formless. But after the publication of "Endymion"—the first fine careless rapture of a youth in a hurry to "glean his teeming brain"—he studied Dryden's versification very carefully and with considerable advantage: and we find him, in *Lamia*, taking up the couplet again with greater restraint and a more sustained assurance of narrative technique:

From vale to vale, from wood to wood, he flew,
Breathing upon the flowers his passion new,
And wound with many a river to its head,
To find where this sweet nymph prepar'd her secret
bed:

In vain; the sweet nymph might nowhere be found,
And so he rested on the lonely ground.....

In the midst of the freedom and independence of Romanticism, Byron chose to be an imitator; his "English Bards" is purely eighteenth century in spirit. His own slap-dash methods of writing were not after Pope, it is true, and none knew this better than he did. But scarcely ever does he lack vitality:

As soon

Seek roses in December—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves, are sore.

Blank verse had by this time been firmly re-established on the throne of poetry, and the couplet held a subordinate though by no means obscure place among the metres. Tennyson chose blank verse for his most important

poems, and made very little use of the rhymed couplet, while Browning employed it in "Sordello" and some of the "Parleyings". When we remember what it was in the hands of Dryden and his followers, we at once see something of the unaccustomedness there was in "Sordello" for its first readers. The movement of Browning's lines is at once free and cumbrous, as of a panoplied giant, and sometimes, we find him using so concentrated and contorted a method that one is liable to be pulled up by the verse as he reads. We may account for the idiomatic difficulty in many ways, chiefly, by the fashion Browning adopted of breaking the line-rhythms. He did this through his use of colloquial idioms and by a very original and expressive mode of leaving out particles, or suggesting a change or a development of the idea under consideration by a gap and a sudden dropping of the thread.

In his brain

Noises grew, and a light that turned to glare,
 And greater glare, until the intense flare
 Engulfed him, shut the whole scene from his sense,
 And when he woke 'twas many a furlong thence,
 At home; the sun shining his ruddy wont;
 The customary birds'-chirp; but his front
 Was crowned—was crowned!

The heroic couplet has the chief place among the metres of Arnold's "Tristram and Iseult," and is used with an exceedingly fluent sweetness in the third section, "Iseult of Brittany". But Arnold's originality lies in his use of the metre for many of the hectic, broken utterances of the dying knight:

'Up, Tristram, up', men cry, 'thou moonstruck knight!
 What foul fiend rides thee? On into the fight!'

William Morris was almost the only major poet of his time who preferred rhyme to blank verse for long poems, and he wrote several of the books of "The Earthly

Paradise" in the heroic couplet. The salient note of his handling is a careful use of overflow and a complete freedom from the effect of artifice. "The Earthly Paradise", it has been said, "is fit reading for sleepy summer afternoons". It does not grip the imagination; no heights or depths of passion are sounded; yet we are carried along willing captives on the smooth, mellifluous cadence of verse.

Swinburne's use of the couplet has been highly praised. His passionate adoration of the sea always rouses him to flights, admirable but lacking restraint and condensation. Of him might be said irreverently as the child said aloud in church of the preacher: "Mummie, is that man allowed to go on talking as long as he likes?" Swinburne's popularity today is due mainly to the pictorial quality and rhythmic loveliness of his verse:

They watching till the day should wholly die
 Saw the fair sea sweep to the far grey sky,
 Saw the big sands sweep to the long grey sea,
 And night made one sweet mist of moor and lea
 And only far off shore the foam gave light,
 And life in them sank silent as the night.

Swinburne alone among writers of the free couplet made much and effective use of the tri-syllabic feet. The following lines have the merits as well as the defects of his:

And round him all the bright rough shuddering sea
 Kindled, as though the world were even as he,
 Heart strung with exultation of desire;
 And all the sea's life that moved him to aspire,
 As all the sea's life toward the sun: and still
 Delight within him waxed with a quickening will
 More smooth and strong and perfect as a flame
 That springs and spreads, till each gland and limb
 became

A note of rapture in the tune of life,
Live music mild and keen as sleep and strife.

Before we finish the history of the couplet with its two avatars, narrow and restricted with Pope, easy and delightful with Keats, it is a real pleasure to include in our list of treasures, a little fragment from Rupert Brooke who died in the Great War :

Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with
me

High secrets and in darkness knelt to see
The inevitable god-head of delight ?
Love is a flame ;—We have beacons the world's
might.

A city :—and we have built it, these and I.
An emperor :—We have taught the world to die.

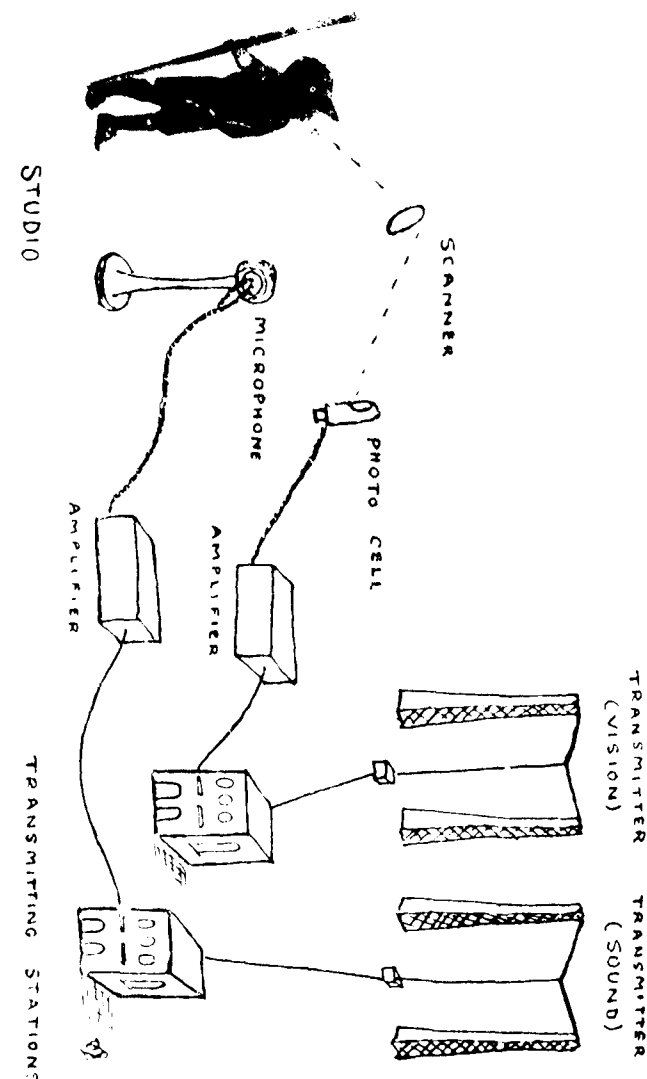
"The measure", said Goethe "flows as it were unconsciously from the mood of the poet. If he thought about it while writing the poems, he would go mad". As the shape of a glass vessel blown from a tube is dependent on the blower's breath, so the shape of a poem is dependent on a poet's mood. His joy, his passion, his melancholy, his pleasures and pains stamp themselves on it. If they do not, if the form gives no reflection of the mood, he is no poet but a versifier, a mason not an architect. A poet does not go to form for inspiration but to inspiration for form. We can all fit words to a given measure ; only the poets can find an appropriate measure to an idea. The chief reason for the failure of Johnson and company to handle the heroic couplet successfully lies in their trying to make the idea suit the form ; this results in the distortion not only of the matter but the measure. It is an obvious error to think of the forms of verse as if they were mere husks, able to exist as so much dry matter and not having any breath of poetic life in them, or as mere moulds

into which the molten stuff of poetry can be poured. On this point W.P. Ker advanced an illuminating doctrine when he said : "The form of Verse is not separable from the soul of poetry," and "Poetry is neither kernel nor husk but is all one".

K. SRINIVASAN,
III (Hons.) Eng.

TELEVISION AT A GLANCE No 1

TRANSMISSION



The A. B. C. of Television.

THE other day, an earnest reader of this magazine said to me, "You told us about bringing the beautiful princess to our homes and asking her to talk and sing. Can you tell us; now, about how to make the princess dance before us so that we might see her with our own eyes." Not only this reader but many others too are curious to know something about television; how when somebody sings at some place, we can not only hear his or her voice but can actually see him or her before us in our own home. The aim of this article is to explain in simple language what may be called the A.B.C. of television.

Let us review for a little while what we learnt about sound broadcasting last time. We found that in the studio an instrument called the microphone, converted the music into electric current variations, and the variations were super-imposed on the carrier wave of a particular wave-length, which each transmitting station sends out from its aerial. We saw what these carrier waves were, how they were nothing but disturbances in the medium of ether, produced by electrons vibrating to and fro, analogous to waves on the surface of water. These waves carrying the speech and music went all round the world and when they struck the aerial of a receiving station, they produced identical variations of current in the speaker connected to the receiver, with the result the speaker reproduced what was spoken or sung at the studio.

In vision broadcasting, that is, television, we have a similar procedure carried out. Before going into the details, we have to familiarize ourselves with a property called persistence of vision and a process called scanning. All our movies and television are possible because of a property possessed by our eyes known as persistence of vision.

When we see an object, an image of the object is formed inside our eyes. This image which falls on the retina (which is the sensitive part of the interior of the eye) is responsible for our sense of sight. When the object is removed, the image on the retina does not vanish at once but the impression lasts for about $1/16$ to $1/10$ of a second. This phenomenon is called persistence of vision and it can be illustrated by a simple experiment. If we take a stick which is glowing at one end, and rotate it round and round quickly, we do not see the glowing end changing from one point to another but we see a continuous circle of light. It is because the glowing end is moved so quickly that before its impression in the eye vanishes when it moves from one end to another, another impression is produced by the glowing end when it is in a different position. Before the impression of the end in the second position disappears, the image of the point from a different position is formed on the retina and this continues. So we get a continuous impression of the glowing point going round and round, if the time taken by the stick to move one round is less than $1/16$ of a second.

Now let us imagine a chess board with black and white squares hung up on the wall in a dark room and let us also imagine with the help of a torch of light we can direct a narrow beam of light on the board and the light is just sufficient to light up one square. If we move the spot of light slowly along the topmost row from left to right, we will first see a white square then a black square, then a white square and so on. Suppose the spot of light is moved as before but now very quickly. The whole of the first row will be illuminated and all its black and white squares will appear together, though for an instant. Then suppose we quickly bring the spot of light to the left, lower it a little and flash it across the second row. Now again we will be able to see the black and white squares of the second row completely together though only for an instant. Suppose this is

repeated with all the rows in the board. And suppose the spot of light is again taken up, flashed across the first row, then the second, and so on, till the last, and this process is repeated not less than sixteen times per second; then owing to persistence of vision, we will be able to see the whole of the chess board completely illuminated, though the light is only on one small area at any instant.

Coming to television, suppose our princess is sitting inside the studio and a narrow beam of light is projected on her face. Suppose this spot of light is moved quickly, say from right to left over the upper part of the head; then suppose it is moved quickly across again but that this second journey is a little below the first one, the edge of the second spot light journey just touching the edge of the first journey; then suppose a third journey is made across, again a little below the second, the edge of the third spot light journey just touching the second one, and so on. Finally imagine these journeys to take place so rapidly that the whole face is covered in $1/16$ of a second, and that the operation is kept going on at the rate of 16 complete "scans" over the face per second; then the whole face will be visible by our persistence of vision although the spot of light is only on one small area at any instant. The process just described is called scanning which in other words means splitting the picture into several bits, each bit having its own light value depending on what part of the picture it represents, bright if it is a part of the teeth, black if it is a portion of the centre of the eye ball, and so on.

Thus if we can split up the picture to be televised into several bits of different light values; and if we can convert these different bits of light values in terms of variations of electric current; if we can super-impose these variations on wireless carrier waves; if these waves are received by a distant station and the variation of currents is converted back into patches of light of different values; and if these patches can be built up in their exact positions, then

we will have a picture which resembles the one televised. This is exactly what is done in television.

Now we will visit a television studio and see how vision is broadcast. Suppose the person to be televised is seated on a chair. A spot of light is made to move quickly and in a regular manner over his face; in other words, the face is "scanned" by a spot of light in the manner just described. The light reflected from different parts of the face is made to fall on an appliance called the photo electric cell. The special feature about this cell is that it gives out electric current when light falls on it. The strength of the current produced by it depends on the amount of light falling on it. Now as the spot of light is scanning the face, the amount of reflected light falling on the cell depends on whether the spot illuminates the white of the eye when a large quantity of light will fall on the cell and hence the cell will give out a stronger current; or whether the spot illuminates the hair when the amount of light falling on the cell will be very small and hence the current given out by the cell will be feeble. Thus we find the photo electric cell giving fluctuating electric currents depending on the fluctuations of the light values of the different parts scanned. These fluctuating electric currents are now amplified, that is, magnified and then superimposed on the carrier waves which spread all through space from the transmitting aerial.

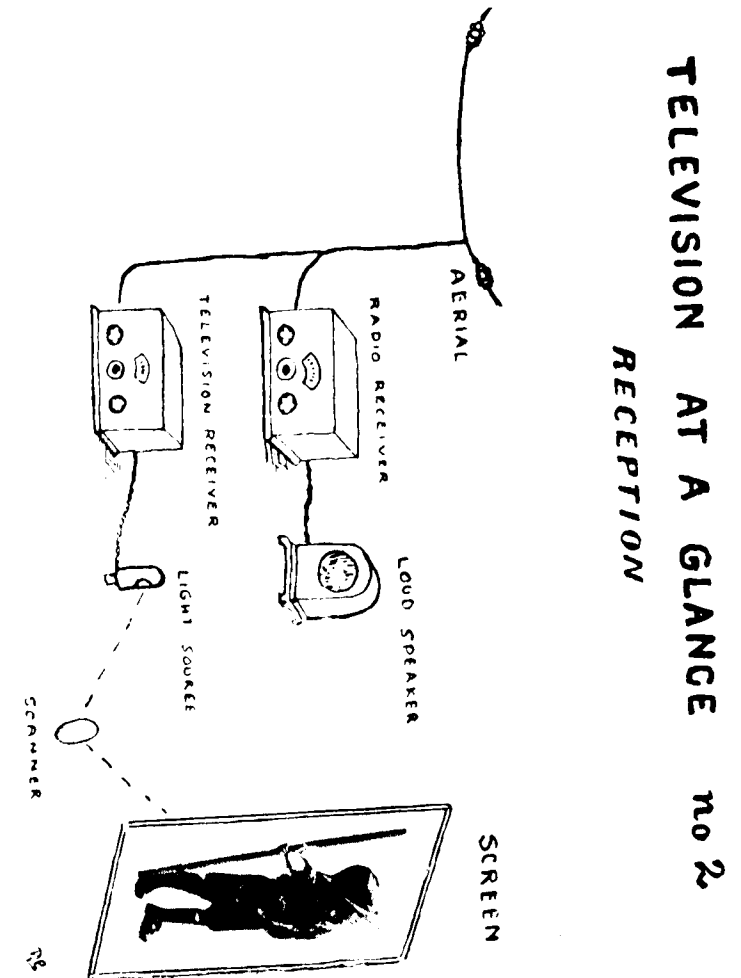
If we remember how sound is broadcast, we will see a similarity between the two kinds of broadcasting, sound and vision. In the former case, the carrier wave is modulated by, that is, made to carry fluctuations of electric current resulting from the microphone which converts varying sounds in terms of fluctuations of electric current. In the case of vision broadcasting, we convert varying light into variations of electric current by means of the photo electric cell. In both the cases, the variations of electric current

are super-imposed on the carrier waves coming out of the transmitting station.

At this stage we must know clearly the necessity for scanning. One may ask why we do not scan the sound before it is made to work the microphone. This is because the microphone is peculiar in that it is able to reproduce all the sound variations in terms of electrical fluctuations. But a photo electric cell is not able to do so. Suppose we present an illuminated face to the photo electric cell, it is not able to reproduce the individual lights and shades we find in the face. The effect that it produces is only an average effect. This may be made clear by an analogy. Suppose we are painting a scenery. We put various paints at various places, green to represent a tree, blue the sky, and so on. If such a picture is seen by a photo electric cell and we ask it to reproduce it in terms of electricity, the picture it gives does not represent the original picture, with the colours at different positions, but it gives a picture painted with a mixture of all the colours used. This is the reason why the cell is made to see only one part of the picture at a time.

Now let us come to the receiving end. As in receiving sound, we have the receiving aerial which is connected to the television receiver. This receiver is similar to the radio receiver which we examined last time with the only major difference that instead of the speaker, we have a neon lamp or a similar source of light and a scanning mechanism. Here the scanning apparatus is used for building up the broken picture.

When the incoming waves strike the aerial, they set the electrons in the aerial oscillating. These oscillations are picked up by the receiver, the electrical variations are separated and passed on to the neon lamp. The neon lamp is peculiar in that the intensity of the light given out by it depends on the current flowing through it. Since the electrical current variations separated from the incoming waves are made to vary the glow of this lamp, the varia-



tions of the intensity of the light given out by the neon lamp vary exactly like the light fluctuations falling on the photo electric cell in the transmitting studio. Now the scanning mechanism here does just the reverse of what the scanning mechanism in the studio did. That is, it puts all the patches of light of different light values together side by side exactly in the same manner as the face in the studio was split up. The building up of the various bits of this picture is done so quickly, that owing to our persistence of vision, we are able to see a complete picture which exactly resembles the one televised at the studio.

We can televise not only a still picture, but moving persons, feature programmes, incidents, out-door games such as a foot-ball match, etc. With the help of a microphone the sound part of the programme is also broadcast, but on a carrier wave of a different wave length. Thus for a complete television programme, the television station sends out two carrier waves, one carrying the sound and the other, vision. In receiving the programme, the radio receiver reproduces the sound part and the television reproduces the light part. Thus we hear not only the music and the conversation of the princess but we also see her sitting before us or doing a waltz.

What we have been learning till now is the A. B. C. of television.

If we go into the technical details of scanning in the sending end as well as the receiving end, we come across several systems in vogue, each being the invention of a particular scientist or group of scientists. This shows how a lot of scientific research and discovery is necessary to achieve the modern wonder of wonders, television.

Speaking of different systems, we must know something about low definition and high definition, commonly used when discussing vision broadcasts. In England there

is a regular television service from Alexandra Palace, London. In the beginning the pictures broadcast were of a crude nature, analagous to newspaper-photographs, which do not show good definition. Hence these vision broadcasts were said to be of low definition or L. D. Now-a-days the programmes are broadcast on high definition or H. D. system, which gives a picture full of details, resembling photographs appearing on art paper found in costly text books.

After learning something about television, one is curious to know why we do not receive the television programmes broadcast from England and other Western countries, while we receive sound broadcast from foreign countries. This is not due to the fact that we do not possess television receivers, which are of course very costly and prohibitive, but that we cannot receive the programmes at all, because the ether waves which carry the television signals do not reach us. The waves generated from the most powerful television transmitting aerials are able to spread up to an area of about 25 miles radius only. The ether waves used for television do not have that "reach" which waves used for sound transmission have. The sound is transmitted on waves of wavelength 200 to 500 metres called medium waves, and also on short waves varying in wavelength from 10 to 100 metres. The short waves are peculiar in that they are able to travel round the world. This wave produced in America can be received by us in India. One may ask why television programmes are not broadcast on short or long waves which have a very wide "reach". The difficulty here is that owing to certain technical peculiarities which are beyond the scope of this article, if vision is broadcast on these waves, only one or two stations can be placed in the whole world and all the others will have to close down.

That is the reason why ultra short waves of wavelength, ranging from 3 to 10 metres are used. Unfortunately these waves can serve only an area of about 25 miles' radius. But more about the behaviour of these waves is not yet known; which gives us some hope that at least in some future date, world wide broadcast of vision may become a practical proposition.

If this is realised, the world will experience a thrill of joy and happiness. One need not worry when one has to part from his dear kith or kin. Just switch on your television receiver, you will have your man or woman talking to you face to face with you, though he or she may be far away. The Olympic games and sports need not be enjoyed by the lucky group present there alone, but by people all over the world. The grand opera at Bach where beautiful maidens exhibit their histrionic skill in dancing and singing need not be the monopoly of a few at that place but can be seen, appreciated and applauded by every body at his own home. These are a few of the many dreams which are partly realized to-day. But a fuller realization of them depends on farther progress and research in science.

D. PADMANABHAN, B. SC.

Questions to a Sailor

When ropes are taut, who pays the schoolmaster ?

When the boatswain pipes all hands, who furnishes the tobacco?

If it takes a ship an hour to lay to, how long will it take her to lay a dozen?

If your hatchway is closed, where are you going to get your chickens from?

How often does the Captain ride in his gig?

Does the Captain get his wine out of the port-hole ?

Did you ever spin the main top ?

Is the ship's Crew drawn by a screw driver ?

Is the yard-arm over three feet in length ?

" KANCHANAMALA."

Borrowed Smiles

" Simon de Montfort formed what was known as the Mad Parliament. It was something the same as it is at the present day."

"Ammonia is the food of Gods".

"Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock."

"Christians are only allowed one wife. This is called Monotony."

"A problem may be solved by merely human intelligence; but a Theorem (derived from 'Theos', 'God,' and 'res,' 'a thing') requires Divine assistance."

"The Isles of Greece were always quarrelling about the birth-place of Homer. Chaos has the best right to claim him."

"An angle is a triangle with only two sides."

"Lay Thoughts."

Faith Moves Mountains

A man born in the world must strive to leave traces on the sands of time and do something which the world will not easily let die. He must be successful in his undertakings. Success in life depends upon proper encouragement. Self-confidence or faith in oneself is a factor in the achievement of success. Only men who had faith in themselves made history. History does not make any mention of those who 'as unstable as water and unsteady as wind did not excel'.

It was self-confidence that made Alexander of Macedon cross the passes and conquer distant India. Once Napoleon wanted to cross the Alps and conquer Italy. It was persuasion on his part that made his soldiers catch the contagion of his confidence and bravely put up with the difficulties of crossing the snow-covered Alps. Did not Hannibal exhibit an undaunted spirit in his invasion of Rome? Only when people around him began to praise Hanuman did he grow confident of his latent strength and innate power and perform the stupendous feat of crossing the ocean.

Lord Birkenhead, who was the Secretary of State for India, was born of poor parents. He had a bright career in his college. He used to tell his friends and colleagues that he desired to become the Lord Chancellor of England. He hitched his wagon to the star and in the end he did become the Lord Chancellor of England.

Disraeli was born a Jew. When he was delivering his maiden speech in the House of Commons, not only did the house turn a deaf ear to his speech, for there was a great deal of racial prejudice then, but also actually stopped him from continuing anymore. Then Disraeli uttered these memorable words :—"A time will come when the whole of

Britain will hear me.' In spite of all obstacles, he saw the star of his destiny shining with undiminished lustre and effulgence. He had a will and therefore he found a way ; and the whole of Britain did hear him. His life reminds us of Tennyson's lines in 'In Memoriam':—

“ Who breaks his birth's invidious bar
And grapples with his evil star ;
Who makes his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees
And shape the whisper of the throne ”.

Man should always have some great ideals before him. Hope springs eternal from the human breast'. 'Pluck at a gown of gold, thou shalt get at least a sleeve of it ", says a Scotch proverb. George Herbert observes, 'Pitch thy projects high, and sink not in spirits low ; who aimeth at the sky, shoots higher than he that means a tree.' Unless we aim high we cannot achieve anything substantial. If we fall low in our own estimation, we cannot expect any one to have any regard for us. If we have faith in ourselves, even the most difficult things appear easy of achievement to us.

As Robert Browning says, aspiration and not achievement should be our measure in estimating the life-work of men. When there is no ideal before us, we can achieve nothing. But an ideal alone will not do. Back of it, there should be unremitting effort to achieve it. Without effort nothing can be achieved. Edison remarks, 'Genius is 90% perspiration and 10% inspiration.' In reality, man aims at some ideals and lives to fulfil them one by one. He does not live by bread alone. He lives to-day to achieve what he hoped for yesterday. At every stage he desires to find himself successful for 'hope deferred maketh the human heart sick'. Hope is like the sun which as we journey towards it casts the shadow of our burden behind,

Little boys must first be told stories of great men in all walks of life, so that they may pitch their goal high, and emulate those great men. It is self-confidence that creates in us that Byronic force, that Shelleyan fervour and that Napoleonic dash, which place in our hands the keys that open the doors of success. He is really a great man who aims high and slowly tries to achieve his ideal. He is sure to leave ineffaceable traces on the sands of time and on the minds of men.

A. BALASUBRAMANYAN,
Class I (Gr. I)

Where dwells Beauty?

I have ever searched for my love, 'BEAUTY:'
But here, I see only a mad whirlwind of glittering sparks all
in a hazy flutter. A mere hue of colour, a mere jingle of a
song, or an air of weakness—they call it 'beauty'. But
therein dwells not my beloved.

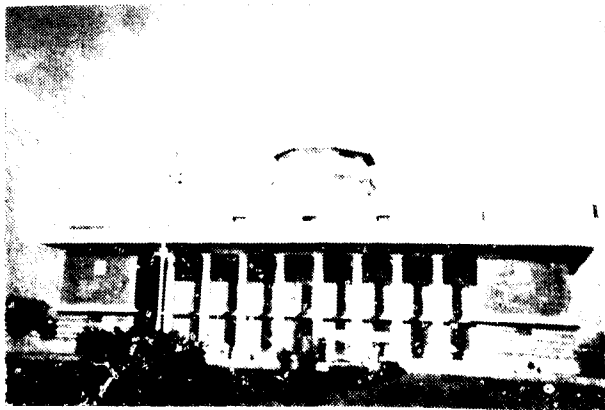
Far, far from this surge of maddened life, bubbles pur-
suing bubbles, where perfume fans idle rest, and swords
flash but on the weak, and uttered words do accumulate no
lore, I can see a shadow of my love, entombed in the
silence of faded times.

Yes, something, which fails to find my love here in
the glimmer of passing hours, calls me back, back to the by-
gone realms, calls me, to turn away from all this idle chat-
ter, and lazy murmur of to-day.

Shall I not go back then, back to her where she rests
on the bosom of Truth, with out-stretched arms of music to
embrace me, in an embrace of Thy gift, LIFE.

P. SANKARAMURTHY,

IV (Hons.)



University Examination Hall



Presidency College

The Tale of a Time Piece

THE other day, while carrying on a Himalayan search for my Parker Duofold which had been misplaced, I happened to rake my lumber room, 'an old curiosity shop'—in every sense of the word. Among other super-annuated things lying there in delightful confusion, I found something which was once called a time-piece and which now retained only a suspicion of the shape of one. It had a fine coating of iron oxide (pure or impure, I welcome the Chemist to decide) with the exception of a few shining spots, the only proof of its erstwhile splendour. Many a dexterous hand had tried to make it stand erect, but it would not. It had taken into its head to brave all efforts at changing its configuration of horizontality to one of perpendicularity (as Dr. Johnson might have liked to put it). But I was not to be nettled; for the patience of a curious and determined mind does not easily give out. Perhaps, I said, a few scientific heads put together might curb its obstinacy.

And so, my time-piece (so we shall call it though it neither looked nor functioned like one) found itself passing round the hands of a few friends of mine "scientifically disposed". Newton's Laws of Gravitation were of no avail; nor were Kepler's Laws; no better were the laws of Differential Calculus (I think I must have got mixed up with so many laws that they mentioned). Physics, Chemistry, Zoology, Geology,—oh, all the blessed ologies that pester poor students all over this God's good earth, couldn't supply a solution for this irking affair! Fie on these sciences! Perhaps, my scientific friends were too much engrossed in the higher branches of science to remember its elements! I came home in rather low spirits. I sank in an arm-chair and began to chew the cud of my

friends' discussions and deliberations. At the end of this brown study, I was no wiser. It is this way : some things they said were far above me, and the rest far below me ; so much so that nothing ever entered my head. Right in front of me was the heartless little thing, as if mocking at me. I must have looked an egregious noodle. Or else, there is no reason why my servant that came in with my evening tea, should break into a sympathizing smile at me.....

Eureka ! I had found it. How could my time-piece stand erect with only one rest when the other was absent ? I didn't care if in my exhilaration, I had spilt my tea all over my suit. The discovery was great and intoxicating, was it not ? I could see no reason why some enterprising insurance firm should not have insured my brain for a huge sum. Well, well, it is a bad world, after all. We can't have everything our own way.

And then,—for, the story is not yet fully told—how now about the key ? I tried to wind it ; but no. Age had made its joints rheumatic ; I thought a bit of massage with "Wintogeno" would help matters. But the stiff joints would not soften to the massage. I left it for a bad job and sent for a watch-repairer.

And now, our watch-repairer was a species by himself—a unique character, to the delineation of which, I doubt whether even Dickens's pen would have done justice. He was a venerable, sentimental old man who was a poet in thought, if not in rhymes.

The sight of my time-piece touched the deepest depths in him. He had conceived an almost parental affection towards the little thing. He had mended it with loving care, not once, nor twice, but seventeen times ; I could see him visibly affected, and a lump mounted to his throat. He remained still, gazing and gazing at his pet and then the lump melted into words :—"Where is thy pristine brilliance gone—a

brilliance beside which the brightest diamond faded, faded into nothingness ? Where is the music of thy alarum, which lulled to sleep the most alert of night-watchers ?" (not quite the right kind of time-piece in the hands of a student preparing for his exams, though). "Where are gone those smart ticks that would tempt any musician to break forth into song in time with it ?"—and so on, in the same strain. I, for one, could not bear the scene. I could quite sympathise with his sentiment. I felt half sorry why I sent for this horological doctor, when he himself, I am afraid, needed the most careful services of a mental doctor. The clock had upset him and made him hysterical. God and I alone know what difficulty I had in seeing him home safe. If at all this rickety thing could be set right by any one on earth, I concluded, it was not most certainly by my watch repairer.

The next evening saw me in the office of Messrs. — & Co., Clock Repairers. The man at the counter looked at the clock and then at me. "You don't mean to repair this—er,—this sort of a time-piece, do you ?" he said.

"Yes, I do mean" said I. I saw him gulp down a lump.

"Well I didn't mean to—er,—no,—I mean,—damn it,—would you take your seat ?" stammered the fellow.

"Righto" I said, "will you kindly give me an exact estimate of the amount required to make it look again like a time-piece and work like one ?" He seemed to be rather a quick fellow and here was his estimate :—

	Rs.	As.	Ps.
To supply a hair spring ...	3	8	0
To flatten the dial and restore its circular shape ...	15	12	0
To supply hands ...	1	6	0
etc., etc., ...	...	...	...
C/o	Total	29	12 0

B/F	Total ...	29	12	0
Labour charges	...	25	0	0
Grand Total ...		54	12	0

I thought it was rather too much.

"Well, what is the cost of a new Time piece of the same make, size, and shape?" I enquired.

"Twelve-eight" replied he, very casually.

"It's rather funny, thank you," I said and slipped out of the shop. I thought a suppressed scream of laughter followed me to the door.

By now the whole affair began to assume some shape. It was clear that this clock was past service and that it was now a—, I mean, not anything at all, but a horological curio. And therefore, I preserve it. Who knows, some opulent antiquary may exchange it for a handsome sum of money? Not a very ludicrous idea, I believe.

BALDEV DAS,
IV (Hons) Math.

A Star

A sparkling jewel you are;
A darting fire you are;
An amazing duel you fight,
Your helmet glowing bright.

A mighty friend you are;
A sprightly peer you are;
You give your little light
Through all the dark night.

You are a creature
Of a benign nature;
Never mind how little you are
Think only how kind you are.

Of your size a bit shy
You always glitter in the sky,
Favouring us very much
With many a distant touch.

T. R. RAJAGOPALAN
III B.Sc. (Math.)

So This is Camp!

THE eagerly awaited day dawned brightly on which the U.T.C. men of our College set off for their 15 days' camp at Pallavaram. It is a day of mixed feelings for most recruits, whose first experience of camp life it is. Before camp, a few of the seniors overawe the already frightened recruits with greatly exaggerated tales of their hardships and sufferings in camp, while a few others go to the other extreme, and describe it as an enchanting interval from the tedium of College routine. The recruit therefore has a wide range on which to base his conception of camp life and his idea of it is usually very rosy and therefore necessarily subject to disillusionment when put to the test of reality.

Hark! What a sound is that which wakes the slumbering men from their none too cosy beds. That is "Reveille" which announces a new day in camp. This bugle call is immediately followed by a Non-Commissioned Officer asking you in no gentle tone to be "up and doing." This procedure has a stimulating effect on the vocal cords of several of our musically minded brethren who accordingly burst forth into song and thereby contribute in no mean measure to waking us up thoroughly to a lovely, fresh December world.

In about half an hour after "Reveille" all the men are ready in their Physical Training dress for drawing rifles from the armoury. Then comes the unpleasant task of arranging one's kit in order. This duty is a sequence of funny events, literally a "comedy of errors." Men struggling with beddings which refuse to fold up neatly, or struggling with one another for the possession of misplaced articles. Men in a jumble of ill assorted clothes with half shaven beards trying to search for their boots in the

dim morning light. These are indeed sights for the Gods and it would be quite appropriate to modify the time honoured adage to "See kit arrangement in camp and die."

Soon, however, the kit is all arranged; woe betide the poor unfortunate who has not done so! Next comes Chota Hazri at 6 A.M. The less said about this important function the better for every-body concerned. It is impossible to do justice to such large scale operations in words, and therefore it had better be left to the vivid imagination of the readers. There is however little leisure for the future soldier to dally over such trifles as Chota Hazri. Off he is marched for Physical Training where under the vigilant eyes of the Adjutant and the other instructors the men undergo half an hour's training to put them into ship-shape condition for Sports Day.

After P.T. there is an interval of about 20 minutes, in which time the men have to get dressed for parade. How the men manage to get dressed in 20 minutes is a problem even for a booking clerk in a railway station, who is perhaps the only person on earth upon whom nothing comes as a surprise. The battalion is on parade till 9-30 A.M. when they are marched back for food and an hour's rest. At 10 A.M. comes lunch which like the Chota defies description from an ordinary pen; suffice it to say that much exercise is afforded to the teeth in the process of consuming the tough viands. Then comes an hour's rest, during which however, most men are too tired even to talk to one another sensibly. Usually a Tata's mail plane pilot flies over our heads to his destination and thereby becomes the unconscious source of amusement to a host of soldiers in the making.

11-30 A.M. We are back again on parade with the hot sun blazing away and the shrill sharp commands of the Staff Sergeant flying at us like shots from the distance. This is torture enough and one looks longingly forward to the "after parade" seista,

12-30 p.m. We are back in our lines and crawl gratefully under the shelter of the tents. At 1 p.m. light tiffin is served and then we are free, free to wander where we will, free as the air but only the air within bounds. At 5-30 p.m. there is a bugle call after which we are allowed to go out anywhere, but we must be back by 9-30 p.m. Four hours of unchecked freedom from the thralldom of rifle, drill and Instructors. It is a veritable Eden on earth to the hard worked recruit. At 6-30 p.m. there is supper and punctually at 10-30 p.m. the lights are extinguished and no one is allowed to be out of his tent except those on duty.

Thus "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing" onwards we go through the 15 days' camp and the end of the fortnight finds us slightly tanned but greatly improved physically and socially. A good deal of "hail fellow well met" spirit is developed in camp and we grow to regard each other as members of one great unit—The 5th Battalion Madras University Training Corps—rather than as members of different Colleges. But in spite of all the advantages of camp life, I would end up in Ruskin's words:—"I don't suppose I shall do it again for months and months and months—" which is true, for I cannot do it again until a whole year has elapsed!

CADET. K.C. MADAPPA,
III B. Sc. (Chemistry.)

My Friend Raju

I

RAJAGOPALAN joined our school in the Fourth Form. The pet name by which his parents and relatives used to call him was Raju. Hence, after getting acquainted with him, I too began to call him Raju.

We were neighbours, and being now class-mates also, became companions. Thus arose a friendship that was to exert a very profound and salutary influence over me.

Factors like congeniality of interests which go to make some of the most lasting of friendships were absent in our case. He was short, and I was tall; he was lean, whereas I was muscular and athletic; he was very intelligent, I was dull. But somehow we attracted each other, and each found in the other what he needed. Raju wanted some-one powerful enough to defend him from the taunts and jeers of his classmates, while I wanted somebody who would explain to me patiently the class lessons I did not understand. I was the most backward boy in my class. But from the Fourth Form onwards, that is, after getting Raju as my friend, I began to be invariably the second in the class and school examinations, the first being Raju himself.

One day Venu said to Kesu, "I say, Kesu, what a pity our Rajagopal is not a girl!" and significant smiles parting their lips, they looked strangely at Raju and me.

II

Raju was more shy and bashful towards strangers than a girl, more sensitive than the "touch-me-not" flower. He looked on himself as a 'bore,' and was afraid of freely moving and conversing with his fellow-students. This reserve of his was naturally mistaken for pride by his classmates who began to regard him as a vain, sullen, uninteresting idiot. Sensitive as Raju was, this neglect of

his class-mates caused him bitter pain and humiliation. Poor Raju! He did not realise the profound significance of the lines :—

“Laugh, and all the world laughs with you;
Cry, and you alone cry.”

One evening, when we were alone, I asked Raju why it was that he did not participate in any out-door game. He was silent, and so I repeated my question. Looking at me in his strange sorrowful way, he gasped out : “Because... because of—heart-disease!”

It made me start. Overwhelmed with tenderness and affection, I folded him in my arms and patted his back, as if he were my own younger brother.....

III

In the village in which we lived, there were many young men who studied in Colleges, and these found great pleasure in representing higher education to Raju as a herculean task, and thus frightening him.

Vanaraj who was a law-student said to him : “My dear Raju, with your limited conversational powers, it would be suicidal to take law. Therefore, when the time comes, my advice to you is: ‘don’t take up law.’ A lawyer should be a great orator, must be able to prove that black is white and white is black, and should dazzle the hearer by his verbosity. Are you capable of doing all that?” Raju stood as if rooted to the spot, and cried, “Oh! Oh!!”

From this Raju learned a lesson. He was too weak to run. Therefore the best way to avoid hearing anything unwholesome was simply to close his ears with his hands.

And so, when Shanker, who was an Economics student and the Secretary of his College Union addressed him :—
“Raju, don’t take Economics as your optional subject. The ponderous problems of Currency and Exchange, of

Supply and Demand, of Production and Distribution...” Raju did not wait to see whether such problems were numbered or were infinite, but put his fingers to his ear-holes.

Narain was a student of Mathematics. He came to Raju with his serious countenance rendered doubly solemn by his thoughts, and raising his right-hand forefinger in the warning manner of a pedagogue, he would say, syllable by syllable :—“If you take Ma-the-ma-tics, Ra-ju, the various methods of in-te-gra-tion and dif-fe-ren-tia-tion, the prin-ci-ples un-der-ly-ing the con-cep-tion of the Rie-mann and Le-bes-gue In-te-grals,.....” Raju waited to hear no more.

In the evening, as the shadows would gather round us, and Nature would begin to adorn the azure dome of heaven with her glittering globes above us, Raju and I would sit in a meadow near our village, he singing, I listening. He would sing in his rich melodious voice the highly mystical poems of Dr. Rabindranath or the beautiful devotional *Kirthanas* of Thyagaraja and remind me of the skylark soaring to dizzy heights and pouring its soul in music; and I, thrilled to my heart’s core with his ecstatic music, would momentarily soar to the sublime heights of the Absolute, the Universal, the Eternal, the Infinite.....

IV

Raju was gifted with a very vivid imagination and a keen memory. He remembered whatever he read, and was able to picture in his imagination everything regardless of time and space. He had read widely, and was a great lover of English poetry. He admired the metrical melody of Shelley’s “Cloud,” the haunting melody of Edgar Allan Poe’s “Annabel Lee,” the rolling and roaring melody of Southey’s “Waterfall at Lodore,” the sublime melody of Milton, the rhythmic melody of Tennyson.....

The traditional and Biblical picture of Christ nailed to the cross, and praying, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," moved Raju very much. He pictured in his mind's eye the figure of Ramana Maharshi "with fair though somewhat sun-browned complexion and unshaven head and face...sitting like a Roman philosopher's statue, serene and motionless, with a steady gaze, directed at nothing in particular," or the fair, frail, delicate form of Sri Aurobindo sitting in his Ashram, lost in meditation, or engaged in writing, and these left a great impression on him.

At other times, Raju thought of Handel as a child of five, playing at night on the piano when his parents were under the impression that their son had gone to bed, or of Beethoven, deaf and consequently unconscious of the overwhelming storm of applause from his audience, singing at an opera.

The thoughts of great artists and philosophers would make him cheerful, but the next moment would find him pensive. "Newton was able to make working models of watches and windmills even as a boy, and Handel could play on the piano when he was only a child. But what have I done? What can I do?" he would ask himself. But this mood also would change, giving place to a more hopeful one when he would ponder over such passages as the following from Stevenson:— "*Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much.* Surely that may be one's epitaph, of which one need not be ashamed;" and this would bring Raju consolation and hope.

V

Raju and myself appeared for the Matriculation Examination, and in the summer vacation that followed,—Oh, how my hand trembles as I pen these words!—my Raju breathed his last. Two doctors had been called, of whom one was of opinion that Raju's death was due to cerebral haemorrhage, while the other traced it to the failure of his heart.

Whatever the cause the fact that my friend was gone was there. The rustling of the wind among the foliage, the murmur of the wavelets of the sea, the sound of *Nagaswaram* coming from afar wafted by the breeze, the heart-rending supplications of the beggar outside my gate—everything seemed to echo the desolate cry of my heart: "My Raju is gone, my Raju is gone!"

* * *

"The Ocean has her ebbings; so also has grief," says Campbell.

Nearly four years have passed since Raju's demise. I do not think of him so frequently as before; but his memory is still fragrant and it is one of the most beneficial influences in my life.

M. N. RAMAKRISHNAN.

IV. Hons. (Math.)

No Wedding Bells for Chander !

HE entered my sanctum with a careless abandon, took the vacant chair before me and started looking at the ceiling with a *nil admirari* glance, now heaving an audible sigh and then working himself into a frenzy of anger. He was in a seedy mood, Chander certainly was. You know the sort of mood, when you do not care a bent farthing whether the next day is your marriage or funeral, when you have the cigarette in your hand but do not feel a bit tempted to take a "puff". He seemed to have lost all his bubbling enthusiasm, as the bridegroom about to be married said, when the best-man asked him why he looked worried. And if his appearance could not have melted you like snow, I would have eaten my ten-rupee hat !

But 'yours sincerely' sat before him tight in the chair and bolt upright at that. For, habitual acquaintance with him has made me 'shock-proof' to all his quaint sayings and doings.

"It does argue your colossal want of feelings, my chap, this look of yours. Don't you see that I am in a mess now? And if you think that your stupid smile is going to do me any good, you are sadly mistaken. As well go and teach your grand-mother to suck eggs!", he said gathering momentum at every turn of his fiery blast.

"Cool down, boy. You are in hot water, eh? And it would appear you want me to give you counsel of perfection. Gosh! That's easily done. But....."

"Fiddlesticks, I call it!", he interrupted, "what do you think you are? Your intention of pouring oil on troubled waters is well meant. But frankly I care as much for your services as Shaw cares for non-vegetarian food. Don't forget to remind yourself of how you tried to play the Nosey Parker to get me out of a mess last year, only to draw a clean blank."

You could have knocked me down with a feather before one said 'Jack Robinson'. I could not recall with pleasure the incident that he was alluding to, though it was he, more than anybody else, who was responsible for the complete miscarriage of the scheme. While it was one more feather in the cap in Chander's career of dis-illusioned romances, I could look at it only as a stupendous failure of my endeavour to soothe a heart-broken Romeo. I could not believe that Chander had such an acute memory, though his was always known to play truant when he had to foot the bills from the grocer, the tailor and the tobacconist.

"This is what it comes to, when you boil it down. Believe me, old top, I have seen the prettiest girl on earth. And hers is a face that would launch a thousand ships, if you know what I mean. And I am plumbing for the girl right now. Gracious me! More than love being merely one-sided, it is on a fifty-fifty basis. A case of mutual love at first sight, that is what it is. It would appear that she has taken to me like duck to water. It is my life's biggest moment. And to know that you are struck by the Grand Passion and that you are well on the road to romance, it all makes me give myself a pat on the back! She is a girl of sweet seventeen, boy, sweet seventeen.....and if this is not luck.....! But, look here, what was I saying? Yes, that we have fallen for each other head over ears. But then there's a fly in the ointment."

"A fly in the ointment! Pretty good, that one is," said I anxious to prevent the conversation from drifting into a monologue.

"And the fly comes in the shape of the girl's father. He seems to possess a piece of knowledge which the girl happily does not seem to. In short, the old fellow seems to have had an inkling into my past history and he is sure I am a perfect Don Juan. Keep him out of my path I must. And it is just there that my grey cells hopelessly let me down and where

"And where I come in." I said. "You want me to suggest a plan by which we can make her old daddy mind his bally business and.....".

"That's where you are *not* coming in. Summon your valet right now. He is the fellow for the business and if he is not jolly well going to give me a helping hand, I wonder who would."

He had hardly finished speaking when in came Jim—my valet, cook and man on the spot, all rolled into one—of whom it can be said, if small things can be compared with great, that he has "the most knowledge in ready cash."

"Jim!"

"I knew that you were about to call me, Sir!"

"Right you are! Now, Jim. Do you recognize my friend at the table?"

"I saw him enter our drawing room, Sir, like a man about to commit suicide".

"Ah, really! And look here, you are going to lift him out of the doldrums. Here is the supreme need for the assistance of man of a your calibre. You are going to give him a topping scheme."

"I always endeavour to give satisfaction, Sir!", said Jim with a sparkling gleam in his eyes. It was like Jim. Nice chap, Jim.

Chander thought it of paramount importance to intervene now and acquaint Jim with all the details, lest I should rub it the wrong way. It was simply told, Chander said, and all that Jim had to do was to exercise his thinking-apparatus, say *hey presto*, and come out with his plan.

"You can count upon my support. I shall worm out details as regards the stumbling-block you are worried about, and see to it that everything goes"

"Swimmingly well, eh?", I asked.

"That's the phrase I was struggling for, Sir. Whatever my strong points, English is not one of them," he said and rushed to the exit gracefully.

Next morning Chander entered my room looking very tired and practically famished. It had been a restless night for him, he told me, and mental worries were weighing him down. Had Jim any plan up his sleeve?

Jim had. He always endeavoured to give satisfaction.

"It appears that, you are brooding much too much. Sir, Breakfast is ready," he said.

"Breakfast can well afford to wait, Jim. What about Chander?"

"We are well on the way to success, Sir. I exerted myself a bit, and have been able to glean some really valuable information which would serve as the starting-point for our work."

"You amaze me, Jim! But really how were you able to set about the task at such short notice?"

"Excuse my impertinence, Sir. I would like to be reticent on that point," said Jim with a long bow.

"Ah, I see! And what precisely were you able to know about this old fogey? Is he a hard nut to crack?"

"As far as my information goes, he can easily be brought round, Sir. Our problem reduces itself to this, how to make him see eye to eye with us. You want to know how it would be possible for us to make him give us a smile and Chander his daughter. It would appear that the old man is abominably short of temper and shorter of sense. But he has a weakness for Economics and that is our only ray of hope."

"But that does not carry us far, Jim, does it? To be frank, Chander and myself....."

"Wait a minute. The old man has a weakness for Economics and that is the only silver lining to the cloud.

Now Chander has to exhibit his knowledge of Economics before him, discuss problems therein and on the whole leave a very favourable impression on him. Simple, is it not?"

"But I cannot exhibit my knowledge for the excellent reason I have none to exhibit. And if he should initiate a discussion in Economics, I would rather leave him than leave a good impression," gasped Chander.

"A superficial knowledge of Economics should be easy to acquire, Sir, for a man of your ability. There are some really admirable books on Economics for the general reader and you must have a peep into them. Considering the reward, Sir, the trouble is worth while," said Jim by way of putting Chander at ease.

Chander could see that Jim was right. If he must read, he would. And considering the reward awaiting him.....

A fortnight later Chander was lost in a sea of books on Economics, the Kales and the Marshalls, the Taussigs and the Thomases. From behind the file of books he peered at me, a radiant smile dancing on his face. That evening was going to be the most eventful period of his life and I could well understand if he seemed to leap into life.

Whoever invented sleep deserved to be raised a monument over him, I said to myself, and returned to bed when.....

Rat...tat.....tat.....! It was Chander knocking at the door. The unmistakable knock for admission at an unearthly hour!

"The bird has flown away and that is all that there is to it," he said with no intention of suppressing his agony.

"But this is impossible! You don't mean to say that you have drawn a clean blank?"

"It all came upon me like a bolt from the blue. Imagine my entering her father's study as if about to shake hands with a brilliant gladiator in the arena of Economics and finding...well....."

"You keep me in suspense, Chander. Come along, did anything untoward happen?"

"Happen, indeed. And finding that Economics was his pet aversion..."

"His pet aversion? But Jim couldn't have been wrong. It is so unlike him to get the wrong scent. Something is wrong some where..."

"Jim or no Jim, all that matters nothing to me. The only girl on earth for me I can't get. Is that not enough to drive me to despair? And to think how very unsuccessfully I tried to interest him in that darned Economics until he cried hoarse for help! It all makes me go mad as a hatter," he said frantically and was gone in a wink.

"It is excellent Coffee, Sir, to-day and the breakfast, the last word in delicacy."

It was Jim, more sprightly and more buoyant than ever. Jim was right and it was quite a tasty breakfast. He appeared to congratulate himself and to look at him in his very best dress was a sight, indeed.

"What's this, Jim? You appear so elegantly trim and all that?" I asked.

"My life's biggest moment is to arrive presently, Sir."

"But Jim!"

"Yes, Sir. And we begin (this with a twinkle in his eyes) honey-mooning from to-day. Which means you are granting me a fortnight's holiday."

"But you can't leave so suddenly. You can't spring surprises on me like this," I said with visible joy.

"I know that you can stand these little surprises of mine, Sir. And you must give me a long holiday. Considering that I have pitched upon *the* girl for me..."

"And who is the lucky girl?"

"You would be surprised, Sir. It's the girl Chander had been wanting to marry....."

"Impossible! You don't mean it, do you? This..... this is incredible," I faltered.

"I mean just what I say, Sir, and say just what I mean. She had proposed to me just the day previous to Chander beginning to imagine that she was in love with him."

"But Chander was assuring me that she was completely in love with him. And that's why he was all for her!"

The trouble began there! My betrothed tells me that she hates the sight of him. She was taken aback when he began making advances to her. She acquainted me with the details well in advance of the day Chander made a clean breast of his love-affair to us. And the damsel in distress wanted me to run to her rescue, Sir."

"Really?" was all I could manage to say.

"Truth, Sir! And that is why.....that is why....."

"And that is why you directed Chander along the path to failure, eh?"

"Your supposition is right. That's why I began telling you that her father was interested in Economics..."

"Don't you think you have been unfair to Chander?", I asked him trying to take the cudgels for Chander.

"Unfair, No!"

"But you have been....."

"I always endeavour to give satisfaction, Sir," said Jim.

A. PARTHASARATHI,
III Hons, (Econ).

Whence? and Whither?

(An Essay in Free Verse)

I am sad;
Yon sinks the sun in his blazing bed,
Cool blows the breeze; the air is balmed;
There bleats a lamb; there plays a child;
The world looks lovely;— and yet I am sad.
Cares and worries weigh me down;
But there reigns a calm everywhere;
A calm in that auburn blaze,
A calm in that bracing breeze,
A calm in that lambkin's bleat,
A calm in that child's happy smile
A calm in my heart.

Why am I sad,
When there carols on high
The lark, the joy of Spring?
Why am I sad,
When there declares in ceaseless hum
The sea, the immutability of things?
The flesh is here, but the spirit it roams,
On wings of thought through realms of fancy,
To scan the set destiny of Man.
Verily, through dark prospects,
Over unsuspected pits,
Across formidable hills,
Through thick-wooded dales,
Strewn with cruel thorns,
Is the path of the mortal laid.
But, whither lies the goal,
Nor the wise, nor the pious say.
Whither, Man.
Why all this unrest and fret?

Wherefore all your trumpet marches,
And all your plangent wars?
You have marched through ages,
For ages you will march—
But whither?

The sun for ever will rise and for ever set;
The sea will for ever heave and for ever roar;
But that child there—
Will he for ever laugh and for ever play?
Will that beaming smile on his now happy face
stay?

Alas it won't. He must age, and he must die.
But look; another, a second, a third,—a score—
Of waiting beings leap to the breach,
All to laugh their time, and die the death.
So do things move;
And so have things moved,
And so will things move,
Unchangeable and Unchanging,
Till.....till when?

But then,
In the song of the lark, in the roar of the sea,
In the 'whizz' of the southern wind,
In the bleat of the lamb, in the laugh of the child,
In the hum of the summer bee,
The bearded seers catch the voice of Master Time,
Urging on, the lazy, lingering multitude;
"Make way, fools,
Make way, some more wait behind,
Move on, and make way,
Don't you hear the gong?"
But the crushed pilgrims stoop and mumble,
(What else can they do?)
And in whispering-humbleness ask of their Master
"But whither shall we go, whither?"
Time frowns; but softens to pity,

And in kindly tones speaks to the herds;
"Whence, Whither, When, Why—
These are queries, futile put and futile answered;
Pray not therefore, my men,"—
And then his face sets, and he thunders,
"Things are—take them, for good or ill;
Question not and murmur not.
Do good, for that makes *all* happy;
Be good, for that makes *you* happy,
And die—There ends your part."
The sun is set,
But a shattered light remains,
To remind Man of the glory that was;
The bleat has stopped, and the lamb
Perhaps is drunk with the calm;
The air is still;
The child is gone home,
To dream of fairies and purple nymphs,
And the world is dark;—
And I am sadder still.

B. KRISHNAMOORTHY,
IV Hons. (Math.)

Are we Civilized?

CIVILIZATION has been variously described by various people. Some view it as mere material prosperity, others as high spiritual advancement. What reason demands is of a 'mingled tissue'. Science and Philosophy, wealth and wisdom, power and morality appear so antagonistic that where the one is found, the other is absent. It is from the union of these apparently opposing forces that civilization springs.

Emerson explained civilization as a certain degree of progress from the rude state in which man is found. He did not attempt a definition, but merely said that "it implies the evolution of a highly organized man, brought to supreme delicacy of sentiment in practical power, religion, liberty, ... and taste." Navigation, which gives man a singular power and "clears his head of much nonsense of his wigwam"; agriculture which restores peace and harmony to the land; the post-office with its educating energy and the railway as an easy means of communication; the steamship and the aeroplane with their manifold benefits to mankind; "the diffusion of knowledge by the cheap press, bringing the University to the poor man's door in the news-boy's basket"—all these, and several more, are symptoms of progress, but not certainly of true civilization. For civilization depends upon morality. "There can be no high civility without a deep morality."

Civilization, as Tagore says, is not mere progress in wealth, knowledge and power, but a philosophy of life representing a certain creative ideal which we call 'Dharma,' the Ideal that gives us power and joy to fulfil our obligations. It should 'be the expression of man's Dharma in his corporate life.' We should fling away greed and envy and "work rather for those interests which the

gods honour and promote—justice, love, freedom, knowledge. If we can thus ride in Olympian chariots, we can harness also the powers of darkness, and force them to serve against their will the ends of wisdom and virtue." That is of course a splendid ideal. Only practice is more difficult than theory! There ought to be an endless striving after perfection to achieve the ideal!

The East and the West embody the speculative and practical intelligence of humanity. Their ideals rarely meet. For the birth of true civilization, they ought to unite. For, just as in the evolution of the human race the two sexes have been necessary, so also in the harmonious blending of the ideals of the East and the West lies the prospect of the New Civilization to be.

The West has to learn from the East the ideals of self-discipline, self-control and the subordination of the individual to the larger self, all based on the truths of the Immanence of God and the Solidarity of Mankind; while the East has to learn from the West the ideals of practical usefulness, the lifting up of the degraded, the education of the ignorant, and the application of great principles to the regulation of conduct in daily life; so that if you blend the ideals, Asia will again stand on a level with Europe, and both shall be rivals in mutual service to humanity by the evolution of a perfect civilization.

In the West, before the French Revolution, the feudal ideal of society existed. But afterwards appeared the ideal on which the social order of modern Europe is based, the theory of the inherent rights of man. The central note of this theory is that "Man is born free, but is in bondage everywhere. Every one is entitled to Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." It was supposed that every man had, inherently, certain rights to freedom, and should therefore be free to develop all his capacities, and to exercise them for his own benefit, as well as the benefit of Society. Their idea of social con-

tract was this. Men had to give up some of their 'inherent rights' to enjoy the remainder unmolested. The protection of life and property was to be placed under the aegis of the law, in the hands of the community, and if only the law failed him, in the last resort, every man should defend himself with his mailed hand. "Every man, to gain comfort and safety surrenders his own protection of the rights to the judge and the policeman, who take the place of the club and the sword." But his rights are there, behind the law. And thus a man, it is said, in the English law may strike down a burglar who breaks into his house, and even if the blow should prove fatal, he is guiltless, for he has a 'right' to defend his property.

Is this theory a good foundation for society? It may appear a logical basis at first sight. But, is the inherent right of a human being to freedom, a fundamental and unchallengeable truth on which society can safely be built up? "Man is born free." "All Men are equal." "But both these statements," Mrs. Annie Besant said, "are legal fictions and both are false. Man is not born free; he is born absolutely dependent. The new-born baby cannot be left to enjoy its inherent rights of liberty and equality; he would die. He needs protection, food, shelter, and his cry for help is a protest against the fiction of the inherent liberty of man. Nor is it true that men are born equal. A genius and an idiot—are they equal? The child that is born without legs, is he equal to the two-legged babe? Is the child that is born with consumption, scrofula or any hereditary disease, equal to the robust and vigorous infant? Inequality is everywhere in nature, in the old and the young, the strong and the weak, the healthy and the sickly, the clever and the stupid, the highly gifted and the poorly endowed." However, at the core of these 'false statements' resides an eternal truth little noticed even by those who make them. Inherently, in his innermost nature, man is eternally free, because man is divine. Also,

there is one sense in which all men are equal, in the sense that all children are equal in the family. Family equality is the only equality that does exist. None talks about human equality on board a ship, where many human lives are at stake and the captain's word is law. We cannot claim control of the rudder; its course can be laid down only by the captain and not by his 'equals.' If we persist in vindicating our rights there, we drown hundreds. And if we practise the same equality on the ship of State, the danger is more terrible; we drown millions.

In the East, on the other hand, the doctrine on which society is founded is not that of Rights but of Duties. Everyman owes a duty to the society into which he is born, and on the way he discharges that duty depends his value as a citizen. The soundness of this doctrine is amply proved by the facts of life. The child is born helpless, but his parents owe him a duty. Even they, the parents, had been once infants who received nurture from their elders; and now that they are elders they should repay that debt which they contracted in their infancy. "So, at the outset of life, every man contracts debts, and the repayments of these, in his maturity, form his duties. The whole of society is an incurring and a paying of debts. In the days of our weakness and ignorance, we incur debts to the stronger and wiser; in the days of our strength and wisdom we repay these debts to the weak and the ignorant. Society is an interwoven mass of obligations in which we are all enmeshed. Every relation between human beings carries with it obligations, and the sum-total of these obligations is a man's duty." This is the social theory which is founded on the facts of nature which it is impossible to deny. Thus it is in every family, and thus it should be in every society.

The ideal of the family should be the ideal of the future, so that the weak as well as the strong, the poor as well as the rich can live together harmoniously.

Modern Indian Society, though founded on the principle of Duty, has ceased to observe it. Justice demands that the higher the social position, the heavier should be the duty to the State. But the higher social classes commonly claim honours, respects and privileges but forget their responsibilities and duties. "The elders claim every thing and give little, and demand veneration where venerability is not manifested. According to the old ideal, the more power, the more responsibility; the more the privilege, the harder the work. Let the elders set the example of nobility and the youngsters will take up the proper attitude." Let them imbibe from the West the spirit of science, the idea that the part must be subordinated to the whole, the individual to the Community, and that 'the common good shall be the constraining law'.

There are two other principal Eastern ideals which humanity cannot afford to lose; that wisdom is man's highest good, and that soul force should replace brute-force in the governance of nations. The former is the old Indian ideal of high thinking and plain living, which is now making its way in the West, where it seems much needed. For we see in the West wealth becoming more and more the standard of social consideration with the result that society is growing more and more vulgar. As Mrs. Besant said, "The old adage 'Manners make the man' is replaced by 'A man's value is in his banker's balance'". The old, dignified manners of the English gentleman are no longer 'in fashion'. "The delicate dainty pride of noble womanhood is giving way to the aggressiveness which descends into the arena to fight with men for power and bread, and motherhood is disdained in favour of independent spinsterhood". It is, of course, a welcome feature that these excesses, of late, are slowly giving way to the more stately and serene ideals of the East. In the East, ere the West overran it, the social standard was learning. In bygone days, the Brahmins

were poor, and all their wealth lay but in their wisdom. It is no wonder that the Brahmins are no longer respected as before. "For, if the teacher comes down from his seat to mingle in the brawls of the law-courts and market-places to fight for wealth, then he loses the respect that was his in earlier days." Let us not therefore give up the ancient ideals; for, if we do so, we shall be stifling the spiritual nature of man. Let us guard the ideal of simple and noble living, and give it to the West in the hour of need. The ideal of soul-force again, as opposed to brute-force, has been given to us by our great National Hero, Gandhiji, the man that has "spiritualized politics and transmuted it into applied religion." It is up to us to develop that ideal and demonstrate to the world that bloodshed can be prevented, international justice administered, and world-peace maintained by the adaptation of absolute non-violence as the national creed.

We in turn, have much to learn from the West. We should cultivate their alertness and their keen observation--qualities which have helped them in their conquest of external nature. We should no longer be driven by blind faith and old superstition but by the force of Reason and Judgment. "We must recognise humbly the partial and defective character of our isolated traditions," and evolve a universal religion where all communities shall stand together in common devotion to the Everlasting and the Infinite.

The East and the West are both needed as parents of the humanity of the future, and wise are those who study, understand and blend both to form the ideal of the future. It is only out of the harmonious blending of the ideals of both that true civilization springs and the more perfect man is formed. Only then can Peace and Harmony abide in the Universe. Only then can international fellowship be established among the warring camps of rival nations

that threaten the countenance of Justice and Freedom.
Only then can we call ourselves Civilized.

That is a splendid ideal, a glorious possibility; but let
such a possibility be the parent of duty, not of pride.

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN,
IV Hons. (Math.)

Reviews of Periodicals

THE NEW BOOK DIGEST. Published by the New
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ENTERPRISING Publishers and Booksellers are now-a-days issuing monthly bulletins, giving a brief account of their latest publications with a view to attract more and more sales. These bulletins are more than mere catalogues; for we get to know the out-line of every book in a review, written by a competent authority, usually ranging from 100 to 200 words. The New Book Digest—the January number of which is before us—is an excellent example of such a bulletin. Besides these brief Book-reviews, it contains special articles from eminent contemporary writers, notes on famous authors—and their works, with illustrations too in some instances—news from the world of literature, comments on matters of literary interest and an open forum where the Editor answers his readers' questions. We have also an interesting talk on 'Matters of Moment' and advance information about forthcoming books. A special section is devoted to Indian publications and books of Indian interest. The 'Indian Bookman' gathers together in one place all the recent works by Indian authors and on Indian subjects. Similarly, we have other sections like 'Sagas of the sea', 'Books of the Day' and 'Men and Women we ought to know.'

It is thus a commendable attempt to increase the bookmindedness of the people and to bring the eminent authors of the day in closer contact with the reading public.

N. R. K.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

Ed. P. A. Narayana Iyer Vol. I, No 2. Feb. 1939.

The second number of the Chronicle maintains the high level that we noticed in the first issue. It opens with a message from the Principal who says:— 'The advanced work both in teaching and research which has in recent years been undertaken by the Professors and students of the Chemistry department amply justifies this venture and is an augury of its usefulness and success.'

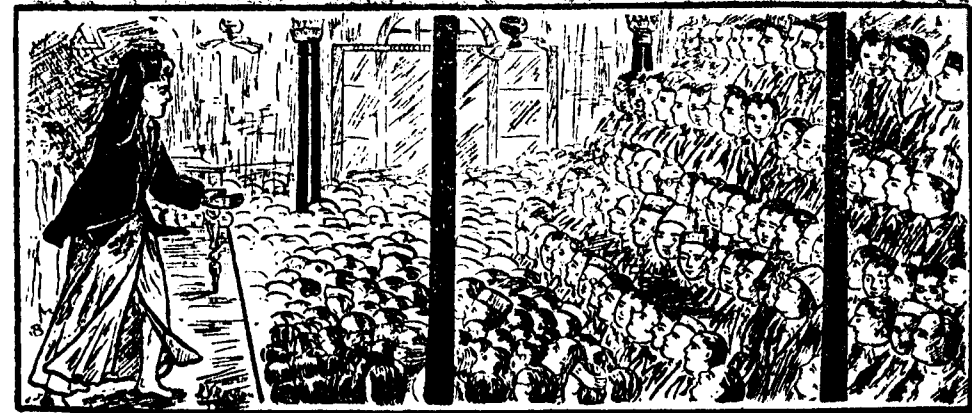
Then we have a detailed account of the Excursion undertaken by the chemistry students to various places of scientific and industrial interest—such as the Sulphuric acid works at Ranipet, the mines in the Kolar Gold Fields, the Imperial Dairy Institute, Bangalore, the Sugar Factory at Mandya, the Bhadravati Iron works, and the Hydro-Electric works at Sivasamudram. There are also excellent photographs taken of some of these places which add to the value of the article.

Among other items of interest, mention may be made of the papers on solid Carbon di Oxide, Hydrogen ions, the new Alchemy, Induced Radio-activity, Poison gas and the industrial future of India.

The Life of Sir William Perkin, (the discoverer of aniline dyes), whose Centenary was recently celebrated is appropriately given at the end.

On the whole, this number is so good that we look forward to the pleasure of reading the subsequent issues.

N. R. K.



COLLEGE NOTES.

Sri S.V. Venkateswara Iyer, Professor of Indian History, retired from service, with effect from 29-1-1939. His place has now been taken by Sri A.V. Venkatarama Iyer.

THE SOCIAL SERVICE GROUP.

At a largely attended meeting of the College Staff, with the Principal in the chair, it was resolved to constitute a Social Service Group with a view to perform social service in all possible ways and more especially the following:—(1) Hospital visiting; (2) Lectures and demonstrations of an educational and non-political character; and (3) Improvement of slums and villages by steady, organized Social work in chosen localities.

Membership shall be open only to members, past and present, of Presidency college. Present members of the staff of the College shall be members of the Group on payment of a monthly subscription. Present students will be admitted as members of the Group on their promising in writing to contribute a specified quota of service, viz, one hour of work every week during term. Past members of the College may be admitted as members of the Group on such terms as the President may decide.

The Principal, who is the *ex-officio* President of the Group, has nominated Dr. S.G. Manavala Ramanujam as the Chairman and Sri K. Swaminathan and Sri V. Venkataraman as members of the Executive Committee.

Students who wish to join the Group should get into touch with any one of the members of the Committee.

* * * *

HISTORY AND ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION
The meeting of the History and Economics Association, 1939, Presidency College, Madras.



Prof. V. Venkataraman : Prof. J. Franco, (*Vice-President*) : Mrs. Kallukaran : Hon'ble C. J. Varkey, (*Education Minister*) :
Dewan Bahadur S. F. Ranganathan, (*Vice-Chancellor*) : Mrs. Franco : Dr. Kallukaran, (*President*) :
Prof. A. V. Venkataraman : Prof. V. Narayanaswami : Mr. Ramanathan : Prof. K. Panikkar.

K. Srinivasan III (Hons) Eng. has been awarded the *Sir Mark Hunter Memorial* Prize for his Essay on 'The Heroic couplet in English Poetry, — which is printed elsewhere in this number.

We regret to record the premature death of A. Srinivasa Ratnam, as the result of an aeroplane crash near Meenambakam. He graduated from this College in 1934 & was a Life member of our Old Students' Association.

We hereby convey our sincere condolences to the members of the bereaved family. 'Whom the Gods love die young.'

Mr. K.N.P. Nair, Assistant Master at the Municipal High School, Ootacamund, and a former student of Presidency College, has been appointed Assistant Master in the Doon-School, Dehra Duhn. Mr. Nair took the B.A. Degree in 1925.

THE UNION SOCIETY.

The Election for the Secretary-ship was conducted early in the term. There was great enthusiasm, and keen competition displayed. The candidates were Mr. T. V. Gopalan, and P. Sankaramurthy. Mr. P. Sankaramurthy was returned by a comfortable majority, and Mr. N. Gopalakrishnan became the President.

There was an Inter-Collegiate Staff Debate, in which Mr. S. Govindarajulu moved that "It is better to be educated and unemployed than be merely unemployed." Capt. A. Hameed led the opposition. Dr. A. Appadorai, Mr. O.F.E. Zacharias, Miss E. George and Mr. P. P. S. Sastry took part in the debate, which was a grand success. Mr. H.C. Papworth was in the Chair, and he thought it fit not to put the proposition to the vote. The Society very sincerely thanks all those who, by their kind co-operation, made the function a success.

The Union wishes all its members glorious success in the ensuing University examinations.

THE JUNIOR UNION

On the 13th February there was a debate on the subject of imparting equal rights to Women. E. R. Desikan moved the proposition. B. Sivaram Sastri opposed it. The proposition was defeated in the end. P. Sankaramurthy presided on the occasion.

ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION.

Prof. T.C.S. Menon, M.A. (cantab) of the Maharaja's College, Ernakulam delivered a lecture on— "The Tale of Two Cities—Oxford & Cambridge." He spoke in detail about the life of an 'undergraduate' from the time he joins either of these Universities till the day on which he secures his Degree, and also about the places of literary interest in Colleges like St. John's & the Trinity, so intimately associated with some of the most glorious names in English Literature.

The lecture was 'illustrated' and rendered all the more interesting by the large number of beautiful and instructive pictures which were "projected".

Our thanks are due to the Professors of Zoology and Botany who kindly let us use their Epidiascope and Lecture Hall for the purpose of the day's lecture.

We had another meeting under the Presidentship of Prof. B.R. Baliga, M.A. L.T. when Mr. C. Bhaskara Menon (P.G. II Lit.) read a paper on "Grey Hairs in Literature & Life."

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION.

At an ordinary meeting held on Friday, 9th December '38 with Sri. A.A. Ramanathan M.A. in the chair, Sri. B.M. Parthasarathy, V Hons. read an interesting paper on 'Jagannatha, his art and achievements.'

The next meeting was on Friday, 16th Dec. '38, with Sri O. P. Rangaswami Aiyangar M.A., L.T. in the chair, when V. R. Ganesan, II class, read a paper on 'Kalidasa's poetry.' The president spoke, encouraging the attempts on the part of the Intermediate students to come up to the platform and distinguish themselves.

At a recent general body meeting of the Association the following resolutions were passed:—

Resolved to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of the Honours Branch of the Sanskrit Association suitably, by instituting a scheme of Life-membership. Any one who pays a lump-contribution of not less than Rs. 10/- may be elected a Life member of the Association.

It was also resolved to publish a Souvenir, in commemoration of the Silver Jubilee, containing the names, addresses, etc. of all the Honours graduates in Sanskrit who have passed out of the College since 1914.

It was also resolved to celebrate the Silver Jubilee in March 1939,

THE TELUGU DRAMA.

Under the auspices of the Andhra Association, the P.C. D.C. enacted Mr. K. Narayana Rao's *Madhuseva* on Wednesday the 25th Jan. The Hon. Mr. B. Copala Reddi Minister for Local Administration presided on the occasion.

Prof. P.P.S. Sastri welcomed him in a short speech and Mr. Copala Reddi said that he was highly pleased with the show put up by the College Students. It was a Drama showing the evils of drink and so it was particularly appropriate to be staged at a time when the Ministers were making every effort to introduce Prohibition in various parts of the Presidency.

The full cast of the characters is as follows :—

<i>Raghunatha Rao</i>	... Y. S. Raja Rao.
<i>Viswasa Rao</i>	... S. P. Sarathi.
<i>Sarma</i>	... T. V. Gopalan B.A.
<i>Nirmala</i>	... Muralidharan.
<i>Kasturi</i>	... G. Satyanarayana B.A.
<i>Chinnayya</i>	... P. Subbaramayya.
<i>Rangadu</i>	... P. Venkateswarulu.
<i>Venkatesam</i>	... T. S. Ajit Kumar.
<i>Kasim Sahib</i>	... R. Devinayaka Reddy.
<i>Magistrate</i>	... B. Appala Naidu B.Sc. (Hons.)
<i>Prosecutor</i>	... P. Venkateswarulu.
<i>Pantulu</i>	... Narayana Reddy.
<i>Naidu</i>	... R. Suryanarayana.

TAMIL ASSOCIATION

On 15—11—38, Sri Halasyam Iyer B. A. B. L., M. L. A. delivered a lecture on "Causes of Indian Poverty". He dwelt upon the various causes, political, economic and social, that contributed towards the present condition of our land. Vidwan R. Visvanatha Iyer presided.

On 18—1—39, Prof. P. A. Narayana Iyer delivered an interesting lecture on 'The way of Happiness.' Prof. A. Ramanatha Pillai presided. The lecturer quoted at length from Sanskrit texts and said that the true way to happiness is to have a balanced mind and heart. The president showed how modern science agreed with early philosophical treatises in showing the right path to Happiness.

On 3—2—39, Mr. Panchanatham spoke on 'The present position of Europe', under the presidency of Mr. Gangatharaganapathi B.A.

The anniversary of the Sangam, came off on 10 2 39. After a group photo, Mr. Gulam Mohideen welcomed the guests of the evening and read Maha Mahopadhyaya Dr. V. Swaminatha Iyer's message wishing the function all success. Sri S. Ramanathan M.A., B.L., M.L.A. Minister for Public Information, presided on the occasion. The annual report was read by the secretary and approved. Thereupon Sri R. P. Sethu Pillai, Senior Lecturer in Tamil, University of Madras, delivered an inspiring lecture on "Names and places". In the course of his speech he bemoaned the various corruptions that have spoiled the beautiful names and places in the Tamil country and instanced such changes as Mayavaram from Mailaduthurai, and Tranquebar from Tarangampadi. The President in his concluding remarks said that the call for change should come from the people. Then the Government will be willing to do whatever help they can. Md. Ismail proposed the usual vote of thanks.

Both at the beginning and at the end of the function Messrs. Srinivasan and Desikan entertained the audience with melodious music.

MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION

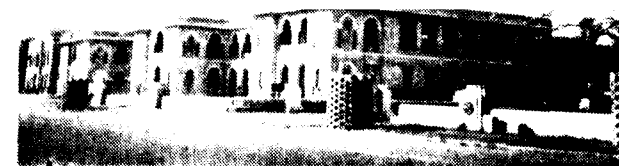
Dr. R. Vaidyanathaswami, M.A., D. Sc. Reader in Mathematics in the University of Madras delivered a lecture on 'The Nature of Mathematics', on 30th January. He touched upon various fundamental concepts of Mathematics such as the Group concept, the Field of Rationality, Function, Ideal, etc, and examined the development of the number from 'classes or aggregates' to 'real numbers'. He stressed the need for abstraction, formalism, deductivity and logic in the study of Mathematics, and refused to accept the statements made by men like Russell and Hilbert that Mathematics was nothing but a play with meaningless symbols, for, he contended, that a multiplicity of meanings could not be interpreted as the absence of any meaning.

The lecture was very instructive, and lasted two hours; Prof: K. Ananda Rao presided, and there was a good attendance.

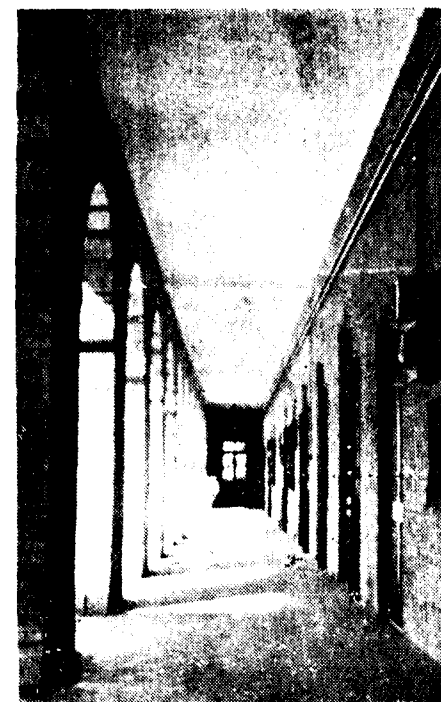
Sir Vepa Ramesam gave a lecture on "Feuerbach's Theorem" on the 28rd February.

THE BOTANY ASSOCIATION

Just at the close of the 2nd term, Dr. Sankaran M A; Ph. D. gave an interesting talk about Plant Respiration. Sri. R. V. Narayanaswami



Natural Science Block



Natural Science Block
THE CORRIDOR.

Iyer M.A.L.T. occupied the chair. With the help of lantern slides, the lecturer showed the ways and means of measuring respiration.

An interesting lecture was given by Mr. B. S. Nirody on 'Some Applied Aspects of Botany'. Sri. T. V. Narasingha Rao, M.A.L.T., presided. During the course of his lecture the lecturer showed how plants can beautify a place even if it is a 'Death Valley.'

The Valedictory Address was given on Thursday the 21st February by Capt. G. Srinivasamurthy, Principal of the Indian Medical School, Madras.

GEOLOGY ASSOCIATION

The members of the association went on an educational tour to places of Geological interest in the Mysore State accompanied by the Assistant Professor and Demonstrator. The programme included among other things a visit to the celebrated Jog Falls, the Mysore Iron and Steel Works at Bhadravathi, Chromite Mines and Magnesite quarries near Sinduhalli, the Hydro-electric Power station at Sivasamudram, and the Gold Fields at Kolar.

Mr. V. Subramaniam, B. Sc. (Hons.) gave a lecture on 24-1-39 on "Gem Stones" with Mr. P. G. Dowie, M.A.L.T., in the chair, during which he gave a clear and exhaustive account of the mineral products used for ornamental wear.

THE HISTORY AND ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

The Third term began with a debate of the IV (Hons) students on "India should not be a party to any future European War". Habibullah was the mover and P. R. Srinivasan the opposer. Three members spoke on each side. Mr. K. Panicker, Ass^t. Prof. of History, was the Observer.

Rao Bahadur C. S. Srinivasachari, Prof. of History, Annamalai University, gave a lecture on "Pachyappa's Life and other attempts at higher education." Mr. Ramachandra Dikshitar, of the History Dept. of the Madras University, presided.

There was a debate on 27th January of the III (Hons) students on "Nationalism is a worn out creed" moved by A. N. Rangaswami and opposed by K. Srinivasan, with three members on each side. Aga Shahi presided.

On February 3rd, Mr. S. Satyamurti, M.L.A., (Central) spoke on "India's Industrial Future". Mr. P. S. Loganathan, University Reader, presided.

On Februrry 7th, Mr. K. J. Cleetus, Agent of the Tata Iron and Steel Co., (Madras) spoke on "India's Industrial Handicaps." The Hon'ble Bulusu Sambamurthi, Speaker, presided.

An ordinary debate was held on 14th Feb. by the III (Pass) on "Higher education is degenerating India's nationhood" moved by S. J. Shah and opposed by T. R. Subramaniam, with three members on each side. Mr. V. Narayanasawmy, Asst. Prof. of Economics presided.

On 17th February the Valedictory address and break-up social was held with Dewan Bahadur S. E. Ranganadhan in the chair. Dr. P. Kallukaran, the President, welcomed the guests and presented the annual report in his inimitable way. Mr. Panchanatham, Secretary, proposed a vote of thanks.

Hon'ble C. J. Varkey, Minister for Education, delivered the address on "Monarchy in History" in which he paid his homage to the Muse of History and traced the evolution of monarchy. In an original and interesting way he built up his case round what he called his cross-word puzzle—Madras.

SANSKRIT ELOCUTION

Speeches in Sanskrit were made on 'The need for a study of Sanskrit', 'The Poetry of Kalidasa' and 'The Poetry of Harsha' in the Sanskrit Elocution competition. Besides all the Honours Students, a few from the Intermediate classes also competed. Ten minutes were allowed for every speaker: and the speeches made were on a fairly high level.

The best speech was by Miss K. R. Padma Bai, V. Hons. who was awarded the Prize.



CRICKET:

INTER-UNIVERSITY TOURNAMENT

We are glad to mention that two of our players, P.V. Varadan and M. Swaminathan represented the Madras University in the Rohinton Baria tournament against the Mysore University. M. Swaminathan distinguished himself even in his first appearance by scoring a brilliant century in the first innings.

DUNCAN MEMORIAL TOURNAMENT

This term we played the Duncan Memorial tournament conducted by our College. In the whole of this tournament, M.V. Bobji, our best bat was unable to take part, as he was out of the station. In the semifinals we met the Loyola College. The match showed our superiority over the opponents in every department of the game. In the first innings we ran up a huge total of 263 runs. P. V. Varadan scored a useful 122 (not out). Thanks to K. Venkatesan, who came last, P.V. Varadan was able to complete his individual century. This was only a repetition of his old feat. Coming to the game, the Loyola at the close of the first day's play scored 123 runs for the loss of 4 wickets.

The next morning there was a batting debacle, since R. Srinivasan, our star bowler, was deadly with the leather capturing 6 wickets for 23 runs. Then came our second innings. As usual we piled up 224 runs. This time the fourth wicket partnership between Varadan and 'Jappu' raised 106 runs. Again P.V. Varadan did well in batting, scoring 68 runs. D. Mahadevan played a dashing innings for his 28 runs which included 6 fours. 'Jappu' and Swaminathan scored 44 and 28 runs respectively. In the second venture the Loyola fared no better. They were skittled for 149 runs. Venkatesan and D. Mahadevan shared the bowling honours.

Next came the finals. Our opponents this time were the Engineers. Our captain had the same good luck with the turn of the coin. We elected to bat first and ran up a huge total of 212 runs. Most of our batsmen did well. M. Swaminathan played well for his 56 runs. P.V. Varadan again scored a useful 51 runs. R.M. Mahadevan who was hitherto an absentee played lustily for his 48 runs. For the Engineers, Haridoss bowled exceedingly well capturing 5 good wickets. In their turn they collapsed against the fast attack of R.M. Mahadevan for only 72 runs. In the second innings, our players did not strike good form as in the previous occasions. We were all out for 148 runs. P.V. Varadan and M. Swaminathan played well, scoring 36 and 25 runs respectively. C. K. Haridoss who was not favoured by Dame Fortune played a sparkling innings for his 24 runs. Haridoss, once again proved to be the best bowler for the Engineers. The Engineers in their second venture did no better. They were skittled for 103 runs. R. Srinivasan bowled exceedingly well capturing 7 wickets for 15 runs in 9 overs, of which 2 were maidens. We thus retained the cup for the 15th time in succession. Concluding, we would like to mention R. Srinivasan who was consistent with the leather and also M. Swaminathan, P.V. Varadan and C.C. Ganapathy who were consistent with the bat.

The scores.

Semifinal: Presidency beat Loyola by 204 runs.

Presidency 263. (P. V. Varadan 122 not out, N. Srinivasan 40 Gopinathan 26) and 224 (P.V. Varadan 68, D. Mahadevan 28, C.C. Ganapathy 44, M. Swaminathan 28).

Loyola 134. (R. Srinivasan 6 for 23, Gopinathan 3 for 21) and 149. (Venkatesan 2 for 10).

Final: Presidency beat Engineering by 185 runs.

Presidency 212. (M. Swaminathan 56, P.V. Varadan 51, R. M. Mahadevan 48) and 148 (P. V. Varadan 36, M. Swaminathan 25 C.K. Haridoss 24).

Engineering 72 (R.M. Mahadevan 5 for 20, R. Srinivasan 4 for 36) and 103 runs. (R. Srinivasan 7 for 15, P.V. Varadan 2 for 27).

Colours were awarded to the following:—

C.C. Ganapathy, D. Mahadevan,

K. Venkatesan & N. Srinivasan.

The following verses (by B. Sivaram Sastri) were written in honour of our victory:—

THE DUNCAN CUP.

1. Cricket is a game of chance,
Full of life and gay romance;
But I say 'tis not the case
When others our college face.
2. Fourteen tourneys being play'd
I saw: Not one our fame betray'd
Each time we meet another College,
We beat them sure—'Tis common knowledge.
3. To you the young, and you the old
I say again, what's ever told
I've seen our College always bat;
Either on turf or on a mat.
4. With Scores that show tremendous skill;
Scored with ease, than with a will
Our Varadan goes with baby Sam
And beats the ball all cool and calm.
5. S'vas does open with new leather:
To him a batsman is a feather.
We have our Ram, Our College's pride;
An inspiration to any side.
6. With book or bat or even ball
He'll send you west: just know you'll fall;
With Mr. Papworth watching there
We play our parts, and well we fare.
7. With Jupp, and Bob and sturdy Dev,
Why should we ever think to save?
And with Toy Gopinath to face:
We send in pleasure, pride and grace.

The DUNCAN CUP is all for Us
'Tis yours and mine: why make a fuss?
Our DUNCAN CUP is always Ours:
Long Last our cricketing powers!

Hockey.**Inter group Tournaments:—**

The finals in the inter group hockey—Juniors as well as Seniors—were well contested. In the Juniors' final, 2nd group of Class I and II and the 1st group of Class II met. The teams were equally strong. The former had the support of Venkata Rao who led them. He played at the pivot but rarely kept up his position. Lacking the wind and stamina which his rival P.V. Varadan had on the other side, he failed in his attempts to play both in the attacking and defensive lines. D. Bhasker scored the second goal for the 1st group as a result of a fine solo effort.

Natural science—having defeated Chemistry by 2 goals—0, and Mathematic by 5-0 in the 1st and 2nd rounds respectively—met Physics in the finals. Manikam lead the physicists, and had a very strong side. The Natural science team apart from lacking the services of Jothi Raj and Shaukat Ali to whom the first two victories were largely due, had to play one short throughout. But for the brilliant goal keeping of Chandran, Natural science would have lost the game. Hafeez played very well for the winners and scored the first goal. Soon after, Physics equalised through Jogi, Shankar Rao and Ismail added the 2nd and 3rd goal for the winners.

The only match we played outside the College this term was against Technology, in the first round of the Stoke shield tournament. Though we played pretty well after a long lapse, we could not in any way avoid a defeat. The exchanges were even for a major part of the first half. But a short time before the half time whistle went off, Janakiram beat Sathi with a nice scoop and we were one goal down. In the second half again towards the end, another goal was scored off a short corner. P.V. Varadan, P.V. Murthi, and Manickam played well for us.

And so, we have finished our job. And our sticks are bound together and thrown in a dark corner of the room, never to be taken again perhaps for a long time hence. Perhaps they lie there with a sigh of relief and an inward satisfaction, for having done their jobs as well as we did our own, and who knows, may be talking in their own mysterious tongue, about the happy time they spent with us. We too have been as closely bound together by a common knot of comradeship, as these inanimate objects are bound with a strong string.

Foot-ball

The College Foot Ball XI entered for the Wilson Cup Tournament. We were drawn against the Engineering College, the league champions.

They are a 'rough and tough' lot and we entered the field with some misgivings but our boys played the game of their lives and forced them to a well-earned draw.

The replay was a greater fight. Full-time found us once again with shared honours with the redoubtable champions. So we played extra time. Shaukat thrilled the huge crowd with a great shot but lo! it rebounded into the far left of the field, and thus a great chance was lost. Tahirullah was in great form on both the days and contributed in no small measure to the success of the team. Nageswara Rao, Mohana Velu and P. V. Murthy also worked hard; so for the second time we came home with honours equal.

For the third time we measured our strength with the Engineers. We took the field without the captain. The Engineering forwards worked with great understanding and we were down by two goals. But, for the greater part of the second half the Engineering defence had an unenviable time. Soon full time arrived and we made a fighting exit from the arena. Though the better team won on the merits of the day's game, they had to go all out for the win.

We have now the Jabbar memorial tourney alone to play. The following made up the team, and represented the college on various occasions:

Y. Shaukat Ali: a good footballer: played back in most of the matches but he will be a better outside-right and will be a power with his fine drops and lobs; must improve staying power.

Tahirullah: hails from Andhra; a good goalie; with better anticipation and judgment, must go a long way: plays for one of the premier clubs of the city, The Moti Juvenile Club: must be judicious in his castings and must improve in gathering ground balls: a tower of strength to the team if he is in form,

Nageswara Rao: one of the pillars of the team: a tireless worker useful in any position but always shines in a crisis: he will be of the utmost use to the team as an advance back; adopts the right tactics to suit the occasion and is always dependable.

Mohanavelu: has been the consistent scorer of the side: has splendid foot work and with better support, must make a name for himself; must be quick to part with the ball at the right moment: one of the hopes for the future.

V. K. Subramanian : a hard worker ; plays centre half ; has as his model Sen & Noor Mahomed ; must improve his shots ; for, the centre half is the life of the eleven.

Balasundaram : a good forward but must leave off 'pattern-weaving' methods and must part with the ball in time.

D. Laxmanan : commonly known as baby ; a very useful left half with good long range shots.

Sankaranarayanan : a good player who has enthusiasm for the game but he must stick up to a position and concentrate.

Arumugam : has been a tireless worker in the right half position as also **Talat Baig**, of whom more must be heard. He has great things in store if he will take to the game seriously.

Aga Shahi : played in most of the matches and rendered yeoman service in the games he played, especially in the Hyderabad tour. A player in boots, he must be of great use to the college XI.

Rashid did good service to college football when he played in some matches, early in the season.

Balakrishnan & Chandrasekharan deputised ably in the games they played and would have been of great utility to the team, had they come forward earlier.

Satyendranath played well in the only match he played as also **Gangadharan**.

Parthasarathy regularly played either as left in or outside left and was always useful. His academic interest in the game, as the captain put it, was inexhaustible and he always tried to serve the team in more capacities than one.

In conclusion the thanks of the entire team go out to Prof. C. K. Krishnaswamy Pillai and Sri. P. R. Subramanyam for the great help they always rendered the team.

So Aurevoir ! comrades !

Volley Ball

In the Bertram Memorial Tournament conducted by the Loyola College, our College team fared badly and got beaten in the first round.

In a friendly match with the Central College, Bangalore, in spite of the brilliance of the visiting team we were able to put up a strong resistance.

In the recent Intercollegiate Tournament, the College team acquitted itself creditably. The opposition put up by the Y. M. C. A. College of Physical Education and the Madras Christian College appeared feeble when our hitters struck form. In the first round against Y.M.C.A. College, after conceding the first game at 8-15, we annexed the other two at 15-9 and 15-6. Murali Krishna Das was the outstanding player on the occasion. Against the Christian College, we won in two straight games the scores being 15-13 & 15-11. Tahrulla played extremely well. However our progress was checked in the finals against the Engineering. After a Marathon struggle, we lost to the Engineers. It was one all, we losing the first game at 6-15 and winning the second at 15-12. In the final game we were leading 13-10. But unluckily we lost at 15-13. Special mention should be made of Nanjappa who rose well to the occasion smashing wherever he could find an opportunity. Murali did not strike his usual form. It was an exciting match with a thrilling finish. We had ample compensation for our defeat in the pleasure that we derived from playing the game. The College Team was represented by G. Vasantha Pai (Captain) Md. Tahrulla, K. Nanjappa, Murali Krishna Das, Md. Darvish and Krishna Marar.

Tennis

Mr. Belliappa was succeeded by Mr. Chalapathi Rao as captain and Mr. V. M. Madhavan Nair was appointed secretary.

The only notable event in the III Term was the College Tennis Tournament in which Messrs. Belliappa, Sethuraman and Ananthanarayanan distinguished themselves.

We are proud to record that 'Bobjee'—a member of our First court — played remarkably well in Northern India, beating the Davis Cup player J. M. Mehta in the All-India Tennis Tournament at Bombay. We congratulate him on his success.

College colours (for Tennis) were awarded to the following on the College Day —Chalapathi Rao, Bobjee, Gajapathi, Belliappa, Ramananda Rao, Anantanarayanan and Madhavan Nair.

The College sent Bhasker Daniel and Krishnamurthi to compete the Junior Tennis championship conducted by the S.I.A.A. Ltd. in both singles and doubles and Bhasker Daniel has won this year.

THE ANNUAL SPORTS.

The annual sports of the College were conducted, on Jan. 20, on the Marina grounds. There was a large gathering of students and the public. Sir P.S. Sivaswami Aiyar, Sir K.V. Reddi, Dewan Bahadur S.E. Runganathan, the Vice-Chancellor, and the Principals of the Engineering College, Government Muhammadan College, Loyola College and Pachaiyappa's College were also present. Mr. Justice K. P. Lakshmana Rao, who presided, gave away the prizes. On arrival, the guests were received by Mr. H.C. Papworth, the Principal, and Mrs. Papworth.

The loud speaker apparatus, made by the Physics Department of the College, broadcast music during the afternoon.

There were about twenty events on the card, but the entries for these were not as large as in the previous years. The two events set apart for lady students, however, were well represented. D. Mahadevan again won the individual championship, being successful in eight events. K. Venkatesan, G. Bhaskar Daniel and A.B. Scott figured prominently in the day's sports.

PRINCIPAL'S ADDRESS

Sports over, Mr. H.C. Papworth requested Mr. K.P. Lakshmana Rao to give away the prizes. He said that as far as he knew that evening's sports meeting was the 99th function of a social character they had had in the Presidency College. Next year at that time, they would be celebrating the centenary of the College. (Cheers.) He hoped it would be his privilege then to take stock of the activities of the College during the past one hundred years. At present he was engaged in compiling facts about those who had guided the affairs of the College during its century of existence—men who had distinguished themselves in the realm of learning and sports, as well as those who had attained high position in public life. Under all these three categories, the name of the Chairman of the evening would figure. It was, therefore, exceedingly fitting and proper that Mr. Justice Lakshmana Rao should have been able to preside over the last sports meeting of the first century of the existence of their College.

Reviewing the sports activities of the College during the past year, Mr. Papworth said that only on the previous day, the College annexed the Duncan Memorial Cup (Cricket) for the 14th year in succession. He then referred to the achievements of the College in other branches of



Women Students' Race—RELAY



Mrs Papworth and the Guests at Tea.

team games and mentioned the names of such students as distinguished themselves in them.

Continuing, the Principal said that "in athletics, as distinguished from games, I do not think we have done at all well. I suppose all Colleges have their ups and downs and, as far as athletics are concerned, we seem, for the time being, to be on the down side. The standard is not as good as it was a few years ago. As I said, we are now 99 years old and, perhaps, we are showing signs of senility. (Laughter.) I hope that with the birth of the new century, youth will reappear". (Renewed laughter.)

Before concluding, Mr. Papworth thanked all those who had organised the athletic activities during the year and those who had helped in the conduct of the day's sports and the various tournaments. But the brunt of all the labour naturally devolved on one man, their *Physical Director*, and their thanks were due to him for the good work he had done and for the cheerful way he had done it. He also hoped with *Mr. P.R. Subramanian* that, before the Centenary celebrations, they would be able to put up a permanent grandstand in the Marina grounds to enable the students and the public to watch sports and other competitions from shelter and in comfort.

CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS

The Chairman then gave away the prizes. He congratulated the successful competitors on their achievement and exhorted the losers to try again. For the benefit of the latter, he wished to say that the important thing in sports was to keep on trying. In these days of keen competition, one could not come to the forefront unless one gave of his best. His advice to the losers was that they should do their best, leaving the result and the verdict to the judges. Only that way, he pointed out, would they succeed in life.

Mr. C.R. Pattabhiraman called for three cheers to the Chairman, the Principal, and "the College," which were heartily responded to.

RESULTS OF THE OPEN TOURNAMENTS.

1. *Duncan Memorial Cricket tournament.*
 Won by the Presidency College (15th year)
 Runner. Engineering College.
2. "*Professors' cup*" *Football Tournament.*
 Won by the Government School of Technology (2nd year)
 Runner. Law College.

3. *Raja of Panagal's Cup* for the Hockey Tournament.
Won by Loyola College
Runner. School of Technology.
4. *Sir C.P. Ramaswami Ayer's Cup* for Tennis singles Tournament
Won by the Engineering College (Moses)
Runner up. Presidency College (M.V. Bobjee)
5. *Raja Sir Annamalai Chettiar's Cup* for Tennis doubles Tournament.
Won by the Law College. V. Narasimha Rao & Narasimha Pantulu.
Runner up. Loyola College. Williams and Rami Reddy

COLLEGE TENNIS TOURNAMENTS.

6. *Level Singles.* Winner: C.M. Belliappa
Runner up:--S.P. Sarathy.
7. *Level Doubles.* Winner: --C.M. Belliappa and G. Sethuraman.
Runner up:--Madhavan Nair and M. Swaminathan.
8. *Handicap Singles:--*
Winner: --S. Ananthanarayan.
Runner up: --Ramananda Rao
9. *Handicap Doubles:--*
Winners: --Ananthanarayan and G. Sethuraman.
Runners up: --Chalapathi Rao and M. Swaminathan

INTER GROUP TOURNAMENTS:

Seniors.

Hockey. Nat. Science (Captain). Ad. Ismail
Foot-ball. Physics (Captain). V.C. Sathyendranath
Volley Ball. History (Captain). G. Vasantha Pal.

Athletics:--

Long Jump. History.
4 x 110 Metres. Hurdles: History.
4 x 100 Metres. Nat. Science.
4 x 200 Metres. History.
Bourne Trophy for Champion Group Seniors.
History (Captain). K. Venkatesan

Juniors.

Hockey. Class II Group i (Captain). P.V. Varadan.
Foot ball. Class II Group ii (Captain). D. Lakshmanan.
Volley Ball. Class II Group i (Captain). K. T. Raja Rao.

Athletics:--

Long Jump. Class II Group ii.
4 x 110 Metres Hurdles. Class II Group i
4 x 100 Metres. Class II Group i
4 x 200 Metres. Class II Group ii

Jaganathan Trophy for the Champion Group Juniors.
Class II Group i (Captain). V. Sankaranarayan.



D. MAHADEVAN at
Discus Throw.

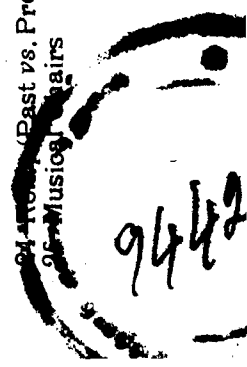


D. MAHADEVAN
Putting the Shot

Sports Notes

EVENTS	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	TIME AND DISTANCE
1 100 Metres	...	Mohambaram,	Y. Shaukat Ali.	11 1/5 sec.
2 200 "	...	Y. Shaukat Ali.	L. Krishnan.	24 1/5 sec.
3 400 "	...	Md. Tahoorullah	—	
4 800 "	...	D. Lakshmanan,	K.R. Venkoba Rao.	
5 1500 "	...	D. Lakshmanan,	A.B. Scott.	
6 Hop. Step. and Jump	...	D. Mahadevan.	L. Krishnan.	17 ft. 11 1/2 in.
7 Long Jump	...	A.B. Scott.	A.B. Scott.	
8 High Jump	...	Bhasker Daniel.	G. Bhasker Daniel.	
9 Pole Vault	...	D. Mahadevan.	C. Sethuraman.	18. 5 sec.
10 110 Metres High Hurdles.	...	A.B. Scott.	L. Krishnan,	32. 8 1/2 sec.
11 200 Metres Low Hurdles.	...	A.B. Scott.	V. Sankaranarayan.	100 metres. }
12 Shot put	...	K. Venkatesan.	G. Bhasker Deniel.	37 ft. }
13 Throwing the Cricket Ball.	...	K. Venkatesan.	V. Sankaranarayan.	100 ft. 4 1/2 in.
14 Discus Throw	...	D. Mahadevan.	Sripathy.	
15 Sack Race	...	K. Venkatesan.	K. Venkatesan.	
16 Sack Fight	...	Copalakrishnan.	Parthasarathy.	
17 Liliputians Race	...	Narasimha Rao.	—	
18 Bicycle Race (1500 Metres)	...	Karuppana chetty.	T. Rathnaswami	3 min. 2 sec.
19 1500 Metres, open to all Colleges	...	Md. Masthan (Teacher's College.)	(X'ian College.)	4. 38 2/5.
20 Women Students Race	...	Miss. Santha & Partner.	Miss. Maclean & Partner.	
21 Old Students (under 40)	...	Sreenivasa chetty.	Neelakantan.	
22 Women Students Relay	...	Science.	—	
23 Old Students (over 40)	...	P.P.S. Sastry.	N.R. Kedari Rao.	V. Venkatarama Iyer.

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94-100 (Past vs. Present) ... Present.
95-Musical Chairs ... Rashid.

Individual Champion-ship.—D. Mahadevan.—(Points 30)

Past Students.
A.B. Scott.

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