

The Presidencian

1943 - December

VOL. 3. NO. 1

JL  
T45, P. 2117, N41  
N43-3.1  
98346

# THE PRESIDENCIAN

Editor:—V. K. AYAPPAN PILLAI, B.A. (OXON.)

Associate Editor:—C. R. VENKATACHALAM, M.A.

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

VOL. III

DECEMBER 1943

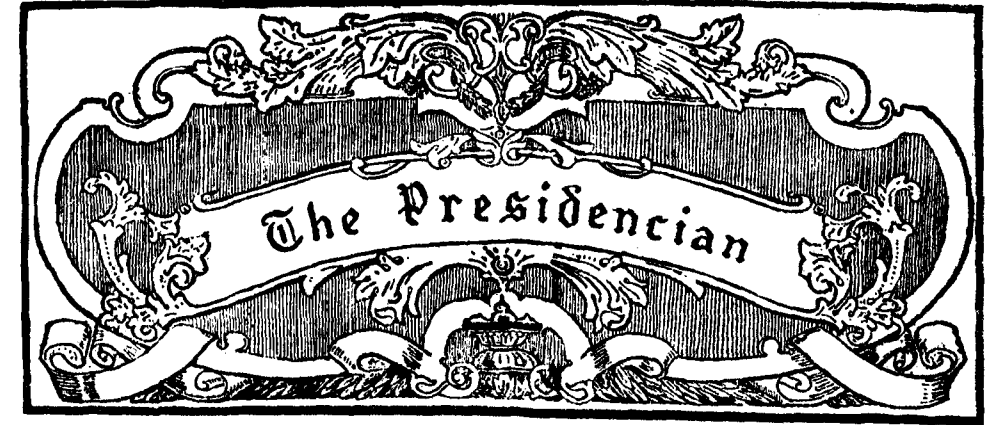
No. 1

## CONTENTS

|                                                                                                                                 | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| THE LATE PROF. KUPPUSWAMI SASTRI — P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer ...                                                                    | 1    |
| UNIVERSAL LITERATURE: PLATO'S REPUBLIC — A talk broadcast from Madras By V. K. Ayappan Pillai ...                               | 2    |
| THE TALES OF LAWRENCE — A paper read at a meeting of the English Association, Madras Branch By C. R. Venkatachalam ...          | 6    |
| RABINDRANATH TAGORE AND WHAT INDIA OWES TO HIM — Arbuthnot Prize Essay By Y. Janaki ...                                         | 26   |
| QUIET BEAUTY — A. Krishna Bai ...                                                                                               | 38   |
| "TO INDIA" — A. Ammuja Valli ...                                                                                                | 39   |
| THE UNITY OF INDIAN CULTURE — S. T. Thirumalachari ...                                                                          | 40   |
| WAR THOUGHTS — Ramu Menon ...                                                                                                   | 43   |
| SONNET ON THE FIRST AIR RAID IN MADRAS — Ramu Menon ...                                                                         | 44   |
| HOW TO PAY FOR THE WAR — By an Old Boy ...                                                                                      | 45   |
| THE PANGS OF MARRIAGE — Muthaier Ali ...                                                                                        | 53   |
| COMMON-SENSE — C. V. Subramanian ...                                                                                            | 59   |
| SHAKESPEARE CRITICISM IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY — Opening paragraphs of The Lord Elphinstone Prize Essay By N. S. Jaganathan ... | 63   |
| THE LATE DR. T. EKAMBARAM — Sir T. S. Venkataraman, D.Sc., C.I.E. ...                                                           | 71   |
| THE U. T. C. FROM CHRYSALIS TO IMAGO — B. Raghava Baliga ...                                                                    | 75   |
| COLLEGE NOTES ...                                                                                                               | 80   |
| SPORTS NOTES ...                                                                                                                | 90   |

3L  
TAS. 1, 2000, N41

N43.3.3



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### The late Prof. Kuppuswami Sastri

THE death of Mahamahopadhyaya Prof. S. Kuppuswami Sastri is an invaluable loss to the world of Sanskrit learning and scholarship. He was the foremost Sanskrit scholar of the present generation in Southern India, if not in the whole of India. In width and profundity of learning and range of scholarship, he had few equals. He was deeply learned not merely in what are known as the four Sastras, Nyaya, Vyākaraṇa, Mīmāṃsā and Vedānta, but also in Sahitya, (Kavya, Nāṭaka and Alankāra). The standard of his attainments in these subjects was not of the type ordinarily reached by the graduates of our University, but of the level attained by the ablest Pandits of the orthodox type. His passion for accuracy was remarkable. My friendship with him commenced in 1906 when he became the Principal of the Mylapore Sanskrit College, and I had the highest admiration and esteem not merely for his learning and scholarship, but for his spotless character and irreproachable life, and his great modesty. He had a great love for his pupils and rejoiced in their success in life, and was free from the slightest envy of other scholars. To some of his friends like myself, it

was a matter of regret that his literary output was not equal in volume to that of other scholars who could not boast of the same attainments. To start a school of research and produce scholars who could advance the cause of Sanskrit learning was sufficient to satisfy his ambition. It was with this object that he started the Sanskrit Academy and the Journal of Oriental Research. His death will be widely mourned not merely by all his friends, of whom I am privileged to count myself as one, but by all who are interested in the advancement of Sanskrit learning.

P. S. SIVASWAMY AIYER.

### Universal Literature : Plato's Republic\*

NOT long ago those of you who read your daily papers or listen in to the Radio must have been thrilled at the reports of the heroic, if unavailing, resistance which the small nation of Greece put up against the brutal aggression of Hitler, when he over-ran and subdued all the fair land of Hellas. The reports stirred our imaginations, not only because the spectacle of a nation nobly battling for its liberties is fascinating in itself and hopeful for humanity, but because we were gratified to perceive that the Greek peoples of our own time are worthy children of a nation which, in the fifth and fourth centuries before the Christian Era, raised civilization and culture to some of the highest peaks they have known, and made the whole world their debtors by their immortal contributions to literature, architecture and sculpture, to philosophy and the art of Government.

One of the master-minds produced by this marvellously endowed race, the Ancient Greeks, themselves kinsmen of the Aryan invaders of India, was Plato, and his Republic is by

\*A talk broadcast from Madras, to Sixth Form Students.

common consent his greatest work. Plato (*i.e.*, 'broad-shouldered') was only the philosopher's nickname and he lived a long life of nearly eighty years and died in 347 B. C. The Republic is the portrait of an ideal state or commonwealth, a creation of Plato's imagination with nothing in actual existence to correspond to it, written of course in Greek prose, and is accessible to us only in English translations of which there are several, for Plato has always attracted to himself some of the most eminent scholars and men of genius. Like almost all Plato's works the Republic is in the form of a dialogue, that is a conversation or discussion between a few friends, a literary form of which Plato is perhaps the creator and probably the greatest master. The principal person in Plato's dialogues, the character who conducts and develops the argument, is no other than the great Greek thinker and teacher of Plato, Socrates, one of the greatest men who ever lived, who devoted his whole long life to an unwearied pursuit of truth through discussion and conversation, and who, at the age of seventy, was condemned by an Athenian jury to die by drinking poison, on a charge of irreligion and of corrupting the young. Plato's works and his entire philosophical system are undoubtedly inspired by his devotion to the memory of Socrates, and one of the charms of the Platonic dialogues is that in them we are in the living presence of Socrates, the fearless thinker and the lover of truth and wisdom, who taught that vice is ignorance, and virtue is knowledge.

The Republic is a work which has an abiding place in world literature. In this work the philosopher who founded the Academy, the first philosophic School or University on record, gives us some of his wisest and profoundest thoughts and the influence of Plato and his Republic on subsequent thought and imaginative writing has been tremendous. The whole edifice of European thought, of European philosophy, it may be said, rests on Plato, and he is like the giant Atlas who in Greek mythology was supposed to support the entire heavens on his shoulders.

Appalled by the unjust and cruel dealings of the Government of Athens, and finding no salvation in any existing form of Government, Plato devised in his own imagination an ordered commonwealth, a planned society, in which everything is ordered according to his heart's desire, his conception of what is just and perfect. The mind is free to rove where it likes, to speculate as it pleases and the Republic is the result of a make-believe, a pretence, on the part of its author. As Plato was a profound thinker with a passionate zeal for human improvement and a great literary artist, virtually a poet, although he wrote in prose, the Republic continues to charm generations of men and women in the whole world.

Socrates, the narrator of the discussion, says that the dialogue took place in the house of a friend, a wise and gracious old man, Cephalus, on his way back to Athens from the harbour of Piraeus where he was attending a public festival attended with torch-light procession on horse-back. The discussion starts as an inquiry into the true meaning of justice which is defined by one of the speakers as speaking truth and paying your debts — a definition, easily shown, like several others which are attempted, to be untenable. Justice is found to be superior to injustice but the nature of justice itself has eluded analysis, and Socrates and his friends feel that they must see it working on a large scale and so construct an imaginary perfect state. "In the soul of man there are three parts, the intellect, the will and the appetites, and so in the Republic there are three classes; the guardians, who rule, and whose education and training become matters of the greatest importance, the citizen soldiers, who carry out the guardians' bidding and the ordinary folk who carry on farming, trade etc. The guardians are marked by wisdom, the citizens by valour, the industrialists by self-control and justice, which is found to mean that everyone performs his own function, is common to the whole nation."

The guardians who rule have to be carefully selected and educated and the Republic is thus a great treatise on education and one of the greatest ever written. Music and gymnastic come first — education in music will make the good man temperate and a lover of beauty. Music for the soul and gymnastic for the body — Plato says: "The beginning is the most important part of any work, especially in the case of a young and tender thing, for that is the time at which the character is being formed and the desired impression is more readily taken."

The guardians, who may be men or women, (and both sexes receive the same education) rule by philosophy — the love of wisdom — one of the many striking ideas of Plato. "Unless the philosophers become Kings in the Greek Cities or those now called Kings and potentates practise genuine and adequate philosophy, so that political power and philosophy are identified, there is no cessation of misery, for the cities, nor I fancy for the human race". The guardians and citizen soldiers should have nothing to do with the family and property for they tend to destroy the unity of the state; and Poetry and the arts like painting have to be excluded from the state as the representation by the poets of men under the stress of emotion is not edifying, but injurious to the proper development of the minds of the guardians.

One of the most celebrated passages in the work is the opening of Book VII — the Republic is divided into ten books — where in the image of the cave where human beings are kept in chains able only to see shadows, the author gives us an idea of our unenlightened nature. A fundamental notion of Plato is that the power and capacity of learning and knowledge exists in the soul of man already — no one can put a knowledge into the soul which was not there before. Knowledge which is acquired under compulsion obtains no hold on the mind and early education must be a sort of amusement.

Also it is a cardinal doctrine of Plato that the soul of man is immortal and imperishable.

The Republic is not easy reading. You do not expect it but it is a profoundly interesting work inviting and repaying careful and reverent study.

Sir R. W. Livingstone, an authority on Greek literature and thought recently said; "each age discovers some new attitude to life — how often Plato has been before it!.....In his philosopher king he anticipated Masaryk and Smuts. The early 20th century saw the emancipation of women; — Plato in a world where women had neither liberty nor education argued that they should have the same education and the same sphere of work as men. The modern attitude to education is that of Plato who saw in it the most powerful instrument at our disposal" for the betterment of mankind.

V. K. AYAPPAN PILLAI.

### The Tales of Lawrence\*

**I**T is sometimes thought that the great service rendered by Lawrence was to emphasize the importance of sex in life and to lift the ban imposed by current morality on treatment of sex both in prose and poetry. He is supposed to have cared for nothing but sensual gratification; and to have brought into literature nothing but the sex motive or theme as a pleasure-giving element. The unfortunate comparison often made between him and Byron goes to strengthen this impression. Lawrence was an exile from England as Byron had been; and when he passed away in 1930 we are assured the public was as much stunned by the shock of the news, felt as great a void at the event as the contemporaries of Byron when they heard of Byron's death.

\*A paper read at a meeting of the English Association, Madras Branch on March 19th, '43.

We know something of Byron's sexual morality; and the coupling of Lawrence's name with Byron's may easily lead to misapprehension as to his character and achievement.

As a novelist Lawrence belongs to that modern class of writers who venture to do nothing beyond stating their own personal problems — problems in which the world may or may not be interested. Hence while on the one hand his novels are indispensable documents for his biography, on the other hand for the proper appreciation of the novels a study of his life and his letters affords a most valuable help. As a matter of fact, there are in the novels scores of passages which seem to be so intimately personal and self-revealing, so altogether untouched by the hand of art, one has a feeling in reading these, of touching life in the raw. The great virtue of this kind of work may well be its absolute sincerity; but it cannot be gainsaid that a great defect almost always appears with it — lack of art or insufficient objectification. Lawrence was not blind to the peculiar merits and faults of his own work; in one of his letters he says: "I always say my motto is 'Art for my sake' if I want to write — and if I don't want to, I won't.....The difficulty is to find exactly the form one's passion — work is produced by passion with me — wants to take.....I am a great admirer of my own stuff when it is new, but after a while I am not so sure on it" — (and then follows a very suggestive image) "like the true maternal instinct that kicks off an offspring as soon as it can go on its own legs." When we turn to the novels for illustration, we find the "Sons and Lovers" is a great tragedy where the mother comes in the way of the son's finding true love; the "Aaron's Rod" is a quest of true friendship, of satisfactory union with a man for constructive activity after success in relations with a woman; the "Plumed Serpent" foreshadows the great qualities of a true leader in whom spiritual and instinctive elements are commingled. Each of these characteristic novels

is a difficult personal adventure, a voyage of not altogether successful discovery, a kind of autobiographical allegory in which the labour, fatigue and agony of an intensely personal quest are, only too painfully sometimes, communicated to the reader. To the writer himself the writing of each novel obviously helped to define the problem clearly and also to suggest perhaps a clue to the solution of it. And to revolutionary minds he seemed to focus and represent their own hopes and endeavour. Lawrence was quite aware of this function of his novels. He wrote "The vast importance of the novel properly handled, lies in its power to inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness, and also to lead our sympathy away in recoil from things gone dead." In spite of this, however, the reader may find it a relief to turn from the novels to the tales in which he allows himself, in my opinion, to be more of an artist.

The complete edition of the tales contains more than 1,150 pages of matter comprising forty six stories, and speaks to the enormous fertility of his genius. It must arouse wonder how in a short life of forty five years Lawrence was able to do so much work as he did, (besides the stories are the novels and the poems) and also lead a very full personal life of intense physical activity. And casting one's eyes most casually through the pages of the book, what variety in theme and treatment, with yet what a fine consistency of outlook! Here is a man who knows definitely what he wants to say; leaves us in no mystery about it; looks into the world with eyes that, with a strange clairvoyance or second sight, can note where the springs of rich vitality flow behind all superficial glitter or convention, and communicate to us the sense of the supreme value of these above all things which men usually prize. The instinct for life in him is infallible; it penetrates through all masks; the cleavages and sharp distinctions of society which so engross in themselves the attention of smaller men are but secondary

features of landscape in his world of living humanity; as a matter of fact, in opposition to the superior class in society he sets up in his new order of values a rich aristocracy of blood and flesh, instinct and darkness with affinities everywhere in a natural and cosmic universe. The message that Lawrence had to give to his generation was never more clearly voiced than in these tales; and as I have already suggested, the effect is so much greater because of the more artistic quality of this form of writing. Let me take you briefly through some of the more important of the tales to indicate their peculiar excellence.

The majority of them deal with the relationship between man and woman. The basis of experience on which Lawrence draws was mostly his own, and in a small measure and contrasted with his own, that of those who stood near to him — people like Middleton Murry. About his own experience there is little need to speak. The 'Miriam' episode — followed by the discovery of Frieda, the wife of the English University Professor who chose to leave her comfortable home and husband to become henceforth the sharer of all his life, to reveal to him pagan joys and give him his sense of immediate contact with the unknown — all this is fairly well known. Even the quarrels and fights, sometimes physical, with Frieda served as the variation of the love theme in his stories. And with regard to prudential and social considerations in the matter of union between man and woman, his advice to Murry is fit to be inscribed in gold; "When you say she needs little luxuries and you couldn't bear to deprive her of them, it means you don't respect either yourself or her sufficiently to do it. It does not matter if she misses her luxuries; she won't die of it. But you fool, you squander yourself and not for her but to provide her with petty luxuries she doesn't really want. You insult her. A woman dissatisfied must have luxuries. But a woman who loves a man would sleep on a board."

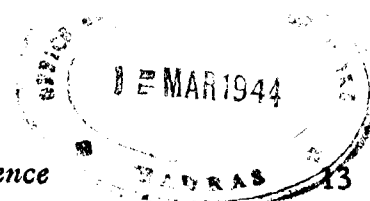
In the story entitled "Daughters of the Vicar" we have two companion pictures drawn for us — one, of the married life of the elder daughter with her stunted and sickly husband, a curate, a life of mere mechanical routine and duties and convention, and the other, of her younger sister who boldly resolves to marry beneath her caste, is banished from her home and yet obtains true happiness. In a number of other stories "The Shades of Spring," "Second Best," "The White Stocking" there is a second man in the offing, but the choice made by the girl or thrust on her by fate is the right choice and she will be happy. The way in which the warm life-stream may run down lower and lower till all flow ceases in death, not because of any fault in the characters, but on account of a detestable social order or organism, and the national spirit of aggression, is the theme of "England, my England" one of the best known of the short stories. "Samson and Dalilah" is the story of a reunion of husband and wife after a long interval of desertion by the husband and the situation is treated with a great deal of imagination and humour. Parenthetically I may remark that for a great writer — who reminds us of Hardy in certain respects — Lawrence is very deficient in humour.

In all this class of stories there are two which appear to me to stand out above the rest in point of significance — those entitled "The Fox," and "The Captain's Doll." In the first of these, two girls Banford and March try to manage a farm independently and everything seems to go wrong with them. The worst of their enemies is a fox who openly defies all their attempts to foil him. Comes along a young man, who offers to work for them and then things change. The fox is shot, the prospects look brighter; but Banford is jealous of their independence and learns to hate the young man, who now wishes to marry March and settle down. March is of two minds. She would willingly go with the

young man, but her loyalty binds her to her companion; and the tangle is not solved until by sheer power of will the young man is able to bring down the heavy bough of a tree, which he is asked to cut, on the head of Banford (who is, in her own opinion, and the opinion of everybody else, at a safe distance away), and kills her. March and the hero marry and in course of time emigrate to America. The moral of the story is not obtrusively thrust forward in the face of the reader, but is inherent in it, strongly convincing. In the other story "The Captain's Doll" the chief interest lies in the contrast between the relations of the captain with his first wife and his relations with the second, achieved like Lawrence's own relations with Frieda, not without a great deal of difficulty. The title is significant; the captain feels that in every one of his earlier connections with women where he undertook to love them, he was made a doll of even as the second wife had in her earlier unmarried intimacy made a doll of him; but now he realizes that in his union with a woman what he wants is to be obeyed and honoured and loved in the flesh and nothing more. Just as the Fox in the former story stands for the fox who had stolen everything in the farm, and also for the man who stole March from Banford whom he killed, so the doll here signifies the real doll made by the countess of the captain's striking and graceful figure and also for the puppet's part he had been content to play in life, until he learned to assert himself as a man, and got a wife on his own terms. The motive in each is to arrive at a clear definition of the function of woman in the world especially in her relationship with man; and the setting, the situation, the circumstances are natural and made to appear inevitable. The heroes in both stories will the extinction of the persons who stand in the way of their realization and happiness; in the one story, the companion of the heroine, in the second the first wife of the hero; and accordingly the *inevitable accident* occurs which sets each free to achieve his end. How finely

Lawrence is able to suggest the whole universe as co-operating towards achieving the particular human end! What a contrast to Hardy in whom the business of the whimsically perverse and cruel destiny that presides is apparently to thwart that end every time. Lawrence's hero is a master of destiny with magical and uncanny powers which yet are felt to be in harmony with the whole of nature, and hence when exerted bear with them a might invincible, secret, mysterious; while in contrast, what puny figures the selfrighteous heroes of Hardy are! And the secret of the difference lies in this: that the faith and integrity, based on clear communication with unseen springs of life, of the Lawrence hero issue in single-minded endeavour, whereas the hero in Hardy, growing into an artificial civilization has lost this integrity and this strength.

The longest of the short stories is one entitled "St. Mawr" dealing with the unsatisfactory outcome of a union made apparently under the best auspices. Rico and Lou are two young things who having sowed a few wild oats (not many) meet and are fascinated and marry. They belong to the best society and each has separate means. But they find that in married life one or the other is always ill; when one is strong the other is weak: they cannot achieve a harmony, and the relations soon became a kind of platonic friendship (one might at this point look up from one's reading with the thought that what they ought to have done was to have consulted Jean Strandgard and all would have been well). Lawrence however works out the situation on a psychological plane. The mother of Lou comes along and in a number of ways suggests that the gentle-minded chivalrous Rico is wanting in true aggressive 'maleness' of commanding character. Little by little the rift widens; and now appears the stallion 'St. Mawr' on the scene. This horse bought for the stud has refused to mate, is a dangerous animal who has accounted for one or two men already, and is for sale. Lou sees it, is fascinated by its true



'maleness', buys it "for her husband", finds in its company a peace that passes (the reader's) understanding, gets into a kind of dubious relation with the groom who looks after it (who too seems to have something of the horse's nature in him) and feels more and more contempt for her husband though not devoid of pity. In all this she has the active support and sympathy of her mother (who for unpleasantness of impression may be compared to some of the old women in Dickens). There is a conflict of will always between St. Mawr the horse and Rico the master culminating in the horse's violently throwing down his rider, who just manages to escape with life, but has to be diligently nursed through a critical period and a long convalescence. Before Rico completely recovers Lou and her mother finding the whole of England, especially civilized society barren of what they look for, set sail for America and buy a ranch there, and Lou settles down to a life without actual sexual companionship but yet in a way happy because she has her St. Mawr, St. Mawr's groom and the atmosphere of sturdy America all about her.

This story is perhaps the unpleasantest of all the stories of Lawrence, though at the same time the ability to take it in might be made the true test of the faithful. Here is the Lawrence doctrine pushed to its most absurd lengths and the monstrous paradox of an utterly nonhuman 'maleness' being set up as the most precious of all qualities, as the giver of life and happiness and true wisdom against the human qualities of kindness and pity, and gentleness and love. It may be all true, but there is no denying that as an artist Lawrence has deplorably failed. Our sympathies remain throughout with Rico — with his gentleness and genuine social qualities — and never for one moment with the monstrous crew of Lou's mother and horse and the grooms whom the author intends we shall accept at his scale of valuation. To still the ever-questioning intelligence; to induce passive acceptance of im-

pression as final judgment at the same time is the great function of art; or in the words of Lawrence himself 'to inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness.' Unfortunately, in *St. Mawr* the sympathies remain stagnant; not flowing into the new places; but trickling with a sickly mere habit of custom into the old channels once more though ever so tardily.

Lawrence's stories afford studies in comparison and contrast. As a complete contrast to *St. Mawr* in every way let me take one of the finest and most fascinating — the story entitled "*The Horse-dealer's Daughter*". A horse dealer, at one time very prosperous, dies leaving his sons and a daughter Mabel, to face large debts and bankruptcy; the three sons after ineffectual struggles find there is no way open to them but to let everything go, and each takes separate service in a distant place. What about their sister who is proud and now turned homeless? There is an elder married sister who offers to take her in if she would go; but Mabel cannot bring herself to the humiliation of going as a kind of unwelcome guest or servant, in her sister's house. So one evening after laying flowers on the tomb of her mother whom alone perhaps in the whole world she has loved dearly, the woman quietly walks into the deep muddy pond just before the gate of her house to drown herself. But a young doctor, a companion of the brothers, has observed her walking to the pond, and, not without difficulty, manages to fish out the body and restore it to life. The doctor never thought that he was being anything but merely professional, but when the girl, gradually awakening to consciousness, confronts him with the question, her eyes filling at the same time with tears, "you love me; otherwise why did you save me?" the doctor, though he did not yet love her, looking at her for a minute or two, and his mind filled with strange darkness, mystery, and also understanding at the same time is able to answer quite truthfully

'Yes, I love you' and to kiss her tenderly while their bodies are still reeking of mire and mud. It is a wonderfully moving story; and still more wonderful, as its author is Lawrence. Here is no sex, no maleness or femaleness; but a pure bit of human kindness, pity, charity, glorified into intense and transfiguring love. One rubs one's eyes and asks "Could the man who wrote *St. Mawr* have written this tale?" Here the motive is simple — simple as religion and quite as satisfying; and yet so full of profound suggestion, so pregnant with significance. The girl's action throughout is natural and instinctive: she doesn't clench her hands or bite her lips or go into paroxysms of fury; but one realizes that the life of psychic being has waned and at a certain point completely died in her, to be resurrected, given new life and strength again by the young doctor. The story in other words moves on two planes; and the spiritual is the more significant. One imagines the girl's warm, fresh, strong life while her mother was alive, the sudden weakening of it when her mother, who loved her, passed away; not quite extinct while yet her home remained, with her brothers, who must have loved her a little, a very little, though they seemed quite unfeeling; the shock of psychic death suddenly to realize the complete lovelessness of the world; the natural, almost inevitable, consequent plunge into the waters of death; the single spark of elemental pity that brings life into the dead, fanned into the full flame of life and love at the end. Our roots in life are in the affections of others; and when the latter are completely withdrawn or cease to exist, there must follow our own death both psychical and physical.

The man who could write such a profoundly spiritual tale could yet make it his conscious endeavour, both in life and art, to deny himself these strong auxiliary helps to significance, psychic suggestion and spiritual overtone, and pin himself down in most of his work in a rather barren exclusiveness

to flesh and sex and to the dark roots of life. Such is the paradox of Lawrence; and the wonder should be not that he with this self-denial failed a few times, but that he should have genuinely succeeded so often in giving artistic form to the mindless essence of intuition.

I may point out here in passing, that there are two tales entitled "Tickets, Please" and "The Primrose Path", to shew that, though Lawrence loudly professed his faith in the flesh he was far from being a Don Juan — was indeed rather conventional in many respects.

We come to the second division of stories — those dealing with the relations between man and man.

Here again I would choose two for special mention — one dealing with an antipathy, and the other of newfound intimacy. "The Prussian Officer" was one of the earliest stories written by Lawrence; and for vividness and force of impression would be hard to beat. The young orderly is a healthy young human animal and finds relief from the dead routine and drudgery of the soldier's life every day in the company of a peasant girl whom he loves, and who restores to him his strength and naturalness. The captain whom he serves is filled with a jealous hatred of this man's happiness, kicks him, deprives him of his leisure hours of intimacy and systematically makes it a hell for the poor orderly. In the course of military exercise, the captain and the orderly are left alone in a wood; and the long pent-up tension in the heart of the orderly is released with a spring, and he falls down the captain and kills him with his bare hands. But the shock of this experience is too much for him; afterwards he wanders about in a stupor, has sunstroke and dies. The relations between the captain and the servant, and the experience of the

latter down to the point of death are described with a vividness of psychological realism in this earliest piece of Lawrence, not surpassed in any of his later works.

The other story to which I would draw your attention is entitled "The Blind Man." We know how Lawrence in his friendship with men wanted something of a more intense quality than mere communication of thoughts and sentiment — something of flesh and blood, corresponding to the pagan joys of wedded life. His experiments in life had been unsuccessful. He found Middleton Murry too spiritual; a kind of primitive interfusion of blood which he suggested once filled his spiritual friend's mind with horror; and yet this friend was not above being a mental parasite of Lawrence. In his novels Lawrence honestly introduced the same problem. We remember how in one great novel two friends after intimate talk feeling that something yet is wanting, engage in a bout of half-naked wrestling to draw closer to each other, at the same time to realize the 'otherness' of the other. It is a theme difficult to treat artistically; and what he failed to do in the novel, Lawrence has done with complete artistic success in the short story I just now mentioned — a success altogether unique. The triumph of this story lies in the particular situation chosen, and so vividly and intensely rendered in all its significance by the artist. A man is badly wounded and loses both his eyes in Flanders during the war; he comes home and lives for a year in the utmost happiness of rich physical contact with his wife, a happiness unknown to them both before. The time for the wife's confinement approaches; and after consulting her husband she sends for her oldest friend — a man whom the husband had not liked before, to keep him company during the difficult period. This friend is shy and sensitive, shies at physical contact; he responds to the invitation, but with misgivings. The blind man too feels his world insecure; and in the evening he goes away to the cattle shed leaving his wife and her friend

talking together. When after a long time he does not come back the friend goes out into the open, and into the shed to look for him; then follows a strange meeting. Allow me to read the passage to you; I wish I could read the whole story. The conversation begins with diffident anxious enquiries on either side; 'then.....'

"I say" Maurice asked, secretly struggling "Is my face much disfigured? Do you mind telling me."

"There is the scar," said Bertie. "Yes, it is a disfigurement....."

There was a pause. "Sometimes I feel I am horrible" said Maurice in a low voice".....

"That is nonsense" Bertie said.

Maurice straightened himself. "There is no telling", he said. In an odd tone, he added: "I don't really know you, do I?"

"Probably not" said Bertie,

"Do you mind if I touch you?"

The lawyer shrank back instinctively. And yet, out of very philanthropy he said, in a small voice: "Not at all."

But he suffered as the blind man stretched out a strong naked hand to him. Maurice accidentally knocked off Bertie's hat. "I thought you were taller" he said, starting. Then he laid his hand on Bertie Reid's head, closing the dome of the skull in a soft, firm grasp, gathering it as it were; then shifting his grasp and softly closing again, with a fine, close pressure, till he had covered the skull and the face of the smaller man, tracing the brows, and touching the full, closed eyes, touching the small nose and the nostrils, the rough short



moustache, the mouth, the rather strong chin. The hand of the blind man grasped the shoulder, the arm, the hand of the other man. He seemed to take him in the 'soft, travelling grasp.

"You seem young" he said quietly, at last. The lawyer stood almost annihilated, unable to answer.

"Your head seems tender, as if you were young," Maurice repeated. "So do your hands. Touch my eyes, will you? — touch my scar."

Now Bertie quivered with revulsion. Yet he was under the power of the blind man, as if hypnotised. He lifted his hand and laid the fingers on the scar, on the scarred eyes. Maurice suddenly covered them with his own hand, pressed the fingers of the other man upon his disfigured eye sockets, trembling in every fibre, and rocking slightly, slowly, from side to side. He remained thus for a minute or more, while Bertie stood as if in a swoon, unconscious, imprisoned.

Then suddenly Maurice removed the hand of the other man from his brow and stood holding it in his own. "Oh, my God" he said. "We shall know each other now, shan't we? We shall know each other now".

Bertie could not answer.....He had an unreasonable fear, lest the other man should suddenly destroy him. Whereas Maurice was actually filled with hot, poignant love, the passion of friendship. Perhaps it was this very passion of friendship which Bertie shrank from most.....The new delicate fulfilment of mortal friendship had come as a revelation and surprise to him, something exquisite and unlooked for.....

Would you think after reading this scene, of a finer imagination at work in the artistic rendering of an idea? To me ever since I read the story it has remained Lawrence's greatest triumph as a sheer artist. I needn't labour the point before the

audience. Imagination seems to be too feeble a term to indicate the gift by which Lawrence realizes and makes us realize the blind man's world of mystery and awareness of things: how often one feels Lawrence must have longed for the blind man's instinct and truer knowledge in darkness, even as Milton craved for light and the sight of human faces; and in a particular mood Lawrence does get the gift — in a kind of temporary metempsychosis as it were, and we are richer a little for his transmitted experience. His feeling for closer contact with his brother man imperfectly or not at all realized in actual life is at last triumphantly realized without discord, or conflict in the truer plane of art.\*

But now let us turn to the third group of stories — those of mere description. Among all Lawrence's gifts this power of description is the one which has been acknowledged even by his most hostile critics. To what has been said already I have but little to add. One of his best stories relates how they brought the collier dead to his home after an accident at the colliery. His finest story in this kind is one entitled "The Sun," in which is described the gradual but marvellous change wrought by the warm sun of south Italy on the body and soul of a young woman of an industrial town in the north of England. Both in such complete stories of pure natural description, and in passages elsewhere dealing with nature, one peculiarity of Lawrence may be marked:—Nature has no meaning for Lawrence except in its effect on human beings. So in one of the longer stories when the heroine praises the mountains and the glaciers on the Alps the hero says, "I hate the mountains, their snow and affectations, their loftiness and uplift. Especially I hate people prancing on mountain tops and feeling exalted."

\* All the critics of Lawrence have passed by this story without the least notice. The blind spot in the critics' eye, when it is turned on Lawrence is a fairly large one. When one quietly ignores this story and many another one like it, it becomes easy for one to say (as Murry said) that Lawrence was no artist, but perhaps a prophet, a psychologist or worse.

Let them chew ice to fill their stomachs. I hate it all" — and again "The mountains are not bigger than me; not any bigger than you are bigger than me if you stand on a ladder. The mountains are less than me". That brings out in a nutshell his outlook on nature — which has no value to him except as derived from the human world.

We may now proceed to consider a fourth division of the tales — those dealing with religious rites and magic ritual and supernatural phenomena. The interest in these seems to be evinced fairly late on the evidence of the stories. The first in which something like a study of the mystery of ancient ritual is made is that entitled "The Woman Who Rode Away." Somewhere in Mexico lives a tribe of primitive Red Indians keeping still their mysterious old rites and practices. An English woman resides with her husband in a ranch close to a small mining town; her life is lonely, she has heard about the wild tribe and yearns to learn their mysteries, and at last, when the opportunity occurs, she rides away in the direction in which their ancient town is supposed to be, falls in with them, gets hypnotised as it were into accepting their view of the value of her own sacrifice, and after elaborate rites and ceremonies becomes a willing victim of their religious faith in human sacrifice. The old priest, and the whole tribe as a matter of fact, would achieve power by this act, and it is made clear to us that the victim does not rebel, but submits willingly though perhaps only under the influence of some invisible charm. Lawrence was called a monster and a bloodthirsty apostle of violence by the critics for having written this story, but a wiser criticism will pronounce it a masterly attempt at the sympathetic apprehension of modes of faith furthest removed from one's own.

The two most important of his ghost stories are "The Border Line" and "Glad Ghosts." In the former Alan, the first

husband of a woman, Katherine, has been killed in the war and she has married again a man of entirely different character. There had been a conflict of wills between her and her first husband. The story describes how her contentment in her second marriage gradually changes to dissatisfaction, how the ghost of her first husband appears to her as she visits the scenes of his last activity, wins her for his wife once again and how the second husband sickens and dies. At the very moment of his dying the ghost of Alan who is in the room draws her away, draws her to the other bed in the room "in the silent passion of a husband come back from a very long journey." When a woman has not yielded to man, to his mastery in the man's life, the story implies she will or must submit to his demand after his death.

But it is in the "Glad Ghosts" that we have Lawrence's ideas about ghosts and the ghost-world most fully embodied. Ghosts are the emanations arising out of the unsatisfied bodily longings or desires of people passed away; a conscience of the flesh as it were, surviving mortality. I must confess I am rather fond of Lawrence's ghosts; there is little strangeness or mystery about them to me as a Hindu. The European ghost of tradition has often more than a Spanish grandee's sense of punctilious honour, especially in the matter of bloody vendetta; the ghost is a high-brow thinker, philosopher, or moralist, or sometimes approaches to the angelic in spiritual equipment. Lawrence's ghosts are all at the other end of the scale. If Lawrence had written "Hamlet," the ghost would have known better than to appear before the futile, studious prince, with his "To be or not to be." He would have haunted Hamlet's mother and made it impossible for her to be happy in the bed of the usurper, who would also have been made thus unhappy. He would not have cried for the blood of the usurper; there in twilight where he is, single acts of bloody violence do not count; but the way in which

Hamlet's mother had been denying to him the tenderness of flesh which he craved in life would not be forgotten; it is this which would give to him any existence after death. So when an efficient Fort-in-brass came along (but of course Lawrence would have named him, not Fort-in-brass, but Fort-in-flesh) the usurper or his queen would confide to him their trouble, and Fort-in-flesh, the spiritual doctor would prescribe a ritual, (I can well fancy some details of the ritual, but must for obvious reasons refrain from describing these here), by following which for a few weeks the ghost would be satisfied, be finally laid to rest. One decided advantage in Lawrence's scheme would be that in following it no more innocent lives would be lost bringing new ghosts into being to wander restless in shades of night till cockcrow, and to haunt poor innocent creatures who could well afford to do without them.

Certain sentences in the "Glad Ghosts" stand out in a kind of vivid illumination flashing meaning across the whole darkness. Says one of the three men characters addressing his wife, "We have almost become two spirits side by side. We are almost two ghosts to one another . . . O! but I want you to get back your body. I want my flesh and blood, and I want you to have yours. O! I feel like the Bible. Clothe me with flesh again, and wrap my bones with sinew, and let the fountain of blood cover me. My spirit is like a naked nerve on the air." Following this passage is the reflection of one of the other men who looks on, "It occurred to me that in this crucifixion business the crucified does not put himself alone on the Cross . . . O! Jesus, didn't you know that you couldn't be crucified alone? — that the two thieves crucified along with you were the two women, your wife and your mother! You called them two thieves. But what would they call you, who had their women's bodies on the cross?" etc.

This reference may lead us now to the last of the stories Lawrence wrote, his testament in a double sense, the story of Jesus re-risen in 'The Man who died'. This posthumous publication, as everybody knows, is the work which has aroused most animosity against him among the critics; and I grant it is difficult for a Christian critic to do justice to it as a work of art. God, we are told, created man in His image; it is the privilege of man to create the Son of God in his own. When all is said and done, the Jesus of the New Testament is the creation of the early apostles, and Lawrence took it upon himself as the apostle of the twentieth century to re-create Jesus nearer to his heart's desire.

There is no desire in Lawrence to belittle the spiritual greatness of the authentic Jesus: but for his completion and fulfilment Lawrence imagines that experience in the body, in the flesh is necessary, down even to the transmission of offspring; and since the life of Jesus down to the crucifixion is so well authenticated, the only way to give him human completeness was to give him a new life after death. The story is not without faults, the greatest fault being a kind of aggressive denial by the new Jesus of the old in odd passages, altogether unnecessary and spoiling the effect; but it has the highest merit of great art: it is the complete assertion of integral faith, though one must confess, on account of the human limitation of Lawrence, not quite unimpeded faith. But this is a thorny subject, into which perhaps it would not be prudent for one like me to venture too far.\*

Our brief survey of the stories classified under four heads, (a classification which has no claim to be exhaustive or mutually

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\* One is reminded of the familiar legend relating to Sankara's acquisition of the knowledge of sex. The legend tells us that he was taunted with the lack of it: to fill up the gap in his otherwise complete knowledge of life, it appears that he entered the body of a dead king and learnt its secrets.

exclusive) having come to an end, certain conclusions may be crudely stated.

The tales as a whole attain a much higher level of art than the novels.

The germ of each tale is neither plot into which characters are fitted nor character for whom a suitable plot is imagined — the two ways suggested by R. L. S. for the story writer. It is the vital idea, a life tissue of the artist which creates by its power both vivid situation and consistent character.

A few of these ideas are quite unique and yet are embodied with perfect art, with a power of imagination almost uncanny, like sheer clairvoyance.

The characters are not amorphous or incoherent, a succession of mere mental states as in many of the novels, but vivid and concrete human personalities.

Lawrence has definite ideas about the intrusion of the supernatural into the ordinary world — and in a number of tales suggests certain laws and conditions governing the emergence of the supernatural.

Lawrence is thoroughly honest and intrepid as an artist, and is master of a rare integrity of soul. He gives of himself liberally. To read Lawrence is to be endowed with new and keener senses, whether one accepts his values or not.

C. R. VENKATACHALAM

## Rabindranath Tagore and what India owes to him\*

ALL that was best in the culture of her glorious past, all the nameless yearnings and aspirations of the present, all the hope for the unknown future, India saw crystalised in one of her sons — and his name was Rabindranath Tagore. He must have been born under the constellations that poets sing of in the Thessalian vales, — Gandharvas must have showered white-petalled lotuses on his damask cradle — somebody must have cooed softly on the conch of Jagadeva — somebody must have played a soft lullaby on Krishna's flute — and thus was ushered into this world this matchless son of a matchless country! His versatile genius, his greatness as poet and author, the profundity of his philosophy, his enthusiasm as an educationist, and his lofty idealism as a nationalist and patriot have indisputably proved to the world to what heights Indian genius can rise, what loftiness it can both reach and maintain!

India's greatest debt to Tagore is that he has raised her prestige in the eyes of the world. When Tagore in 1911 won the coveted Nobel prize in literature — open to the literateurs of the whole world! — the world sat up and stared. An Indian, writing in an alien language, had wrested by the sheer force of his genius a prize coveted by the poets and authors of all the nations and that in a language which was first introduced and taught in India, as Macaulay says "to produce efficient clerks". It was no mere clerk, labouring at his desk who stirred the soul of humanity by the melody of his "Gitanjali"! To tune an alien language into a harp which vibrating under the master's touch, drew forth a song that is made immortal by its sheer beauty and melody — that was possible to Tagore and Tagore alone. He wrote English as an Englishman never imagined it could be written — with such purity and clarity as to satisfy the standards of even the most fastidious of English critics and

yet at the same time with a true touch of the East about it; the flow, the rhythm, the music about it was essentially Eastern — what was more, it was Indian!

In no part of the globe where English is written or spoken — and it is a language widely known — is Tagore unknown. And where he is known and respected, India is known and respected too. "A noble mother must have bred so noble a son," as Napoleon said of the English sailor lad.

Exquisite and melodious as was Tagore's style, he wrote not for the mere magic of the words, but because he had something to write about. His soul was that of a poet. He had a mission to fulfil, a message to deliver to the world and this message and mission was that of other poets — to uplift the world, to make men forget the sordid pains and aches of everyday life, to vouchsafe to them a fleeting vision that is the poet's alone, "the light that never was on land or sea, the poet's dream and consecration!"

India's debt to Tagore is the debt that any country owes to her greatest poet — what she owed to Kalidasa in ancient days, what England owes to Shakespeare, Germany to Goethe, Italy to Dante. Tagore has enriched Indian thought and culture, he has added immeasurably to the wealth of Indian literature. Through him India is able to make her rightful contribution to the cultural and literary legacy of the world, that legacy which belongs not only to one nation or one age, but to all ages and all nations, and yet giving those treasures to the world does not make them any the less India's own and particular possession too. It is like human love; you give, and yet all the time it enriches you, and makes of your heart a shrine.!

The ideas and ideals embodied in Tagore's books are peculiarly Indian. He wrote not of other lands and other ages but of the India he saw with his eyes. India looking at the

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\* Arbuthnot Prize Essay.

world with eyes, sad and wise, sad with the sorrows of an entire race, wise with the wisdom of ages. And yet he is not pessimistic, and eternal hope for the future springs up in his heart, and runs like a glimmering gold thread all through his works. "Gora" has found after all his mental experiences and pains that the human heart is greater than the narrow bonds of caste or creed, and he turns gratefully to the steadfast silent love of his Sucharita. In "Mashi and other stories" there is depicted the inevitable sadness that is human life. He was no morbid pessimist; he saw pain and disappointment, and he had to depict it. In the "Ship-wreck" love struggles out painfully through the clouds of human weakness. Though one woman immolates herself at the altar of love, what does life or death matter if there is love in the heart?

In the "Crescent Moon" is a wealth of imagery that amazes and delights the reader. That book alone would ensure immortality to the poet. The tenderness of his fancies, the exquisite beauty of the lines take one's breath away. From where could the poet have got all that wealth of ideas, so simple and yet, after he has put it there, so very obvious! "Is the baby's face any the worse for the ink-mark on it, which so irritates the mother; is the moon any the less bright because of the spots in her?" The poet is all on the side of the child — on the side of the simple wonder and tender love that is blossoming in its heart — rather than on the side of the wisdom and cynicism, the criticism and scepticism that life and mature years teach. In "Chitra" the poet teaches us the supreme lesson that beauty and love based on mere physical beauty are not enduring — it is the heart that matters, the real man or woman. Chitra with her borrowed beauty, her pathetic attempts to enchain the truant heart of Arjuna rises to her true height only when she realizes that love is worth it, — is enduring only when soul turns to soul.

*"Hearts may beat, and eyes be met,  
And the souls be strangers yet!"*

Finally it is really Chitra the warrior queen, whose right hand is the greatest defence her subjects have, that wins the warrior heart of Arjuna. In "Red Oleanders" is the mysticism that is Tagore's own. Tagore would not be so typically a poet of India, if he was not a mystic too. Finally in "Gitanjali" is the song that India sings to the Heavens, which surely because of its deep feeling and melodious harmony, is wafted to the feet of Heaven's Master!

We cannot leave Tagore's works without emphasising once more the tender, human touch that runs through all his works. He is no philosopher living with his head in the clouds, he is no poet that forgets the little things of the earth because he is now and then granted a glimpse of the Heaven, which is vouchsafed to poets alone.

*"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling  
Doth glance from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven"*

and he was richly endowed with the "love of loves!" These tender touches come out best in his short stories, the Cabulliwallah's quaint friendship with the little maiden, and then his disillusionment when he realizes that she is to be married, and can no longer speak to him, and the ache and pain at the thought of his own little girl far away among the rugged hills of Kabul, the silent agony of the dumb bride who is spurned by her husband, the unreciprocated passion that turns a woman into a yellow-robed sanyasin! He wrote of the Bengal he saw, he wrote of life as he saw it, with all its nameless aches and pangs, its fleeting joys, and deep happiness, its blank bleak days of hopeless sorrow, life with its tears and smiles, its shame, disgrace, its ecstasy and happiness!

It was Indian life that he portrayed to the world, it was India pulsating with a thousand hopes and yearnings and griefs and wrongs that he depicted, and it was for India that he won the sympathy of the world. For the first time he showed the

world that India was not only part of the "White man's burden", a part of the great British Commonwealth of nations, but a nation with a soul — and with a real poet to sing of the soul! — India with sons and daughters who thought and felt and lived, and who were able to make their contributions to the culture and civilization of the world.

Though India as a whole claims him as hers, and though his contributions are particularly her own, Bengal owes a special debt to him, because his original writings were all in Bengali — most of his books in English are but his own translations of his Bengali works and the saying is "Learn Bengali to read Tagore in the original." He has enriched Bengali literature and thought and culture, even as Shakespeare enriched English culture.

Tagore was one of the most fearless and most enthusiastic of Nationalists. His love for India was great and deep. If he has not played a greater part in the national movement, it is because as a poet and artist he felt that he could do more in those spheres than in the field of politics. Moreover the din and strife, the sweat and pain of battle must have been repugnant to that lofty soul, straying often to realms more than earthly. But he was heart and soul in the National Movement. His protest against the partition of Bengal was strong and loud. In 1921 he gave back the Knighthood that had been conferred on him — surely a protest that must have had its effect on all the cultured world. Again and again he has raised his voice against repression and violence — the violence "that loses the key wilfully and breaks open the lock with a great clumsy hammer!" The Key to India's loyalty and love was so easy, and it seemed to him to be wilfully lost, and then to call in the blacksmith with his aggressive brawn and muscle! His last contribution to the papers was a dignified, solemn protest to the authorities couched in language that breathed fire and yet was the essence of poetry.

If to-day India is nationally self-conscious, she owes it to her two great sons, Mahatma Gandhi and Mahakavi Tagore. They gave India a back-bone, they sounded the trumpet-call to awake her from her age-long stupor, her lethargy, and they gave her the right lead. The poet has died knowing that India will — must — surely progress to the goal he has set for her. He felt, and felt deeply, that if a nation is to attain her full development, attain her full moral and spiritual stature, she must have freedom. Slavery, as he writes, degrades not only the slave, but the captor as well. The slave is bound by his fetters, and the captor bound by the fetters of responsibility for the slave. Hence freedom is essential. He wrote of freedom, spoke of freedom, and dreamt of it. It was from him,

*"The Divine spark went forth,  
It has caught flame, the flame has spread"*

and he has said that England and India will understand and appreciate each other only when they stand as equals, face to face.

Cynics have levelled the gibe at him that he talked of nationalism, but did not follow it up by actions. But he did more, he poured the fruits of his soul's travail at the feet of His Mother India, and spread a flame that was more potent than the shouting of slogans and mass hysteria. If he kept away from the din and strife of politics, it is not because he felt less deeply than others, but because he had a higher mission to fulfil, a loftier message to broadcast. How many critics have deplored that Milton wasted twenty years of his life in writing polemical and controversial pamphlets "Otherwise we would have had a loftier 'Lycidas'!" He who messes with tar is bound to smudge his fingers. Moreover if Tagore had been right in the arena, his protests would not have had the same effect or the same weight as they did have.

No one can doubt or question his nationalism. It runs like a thread of living fire all through his writings. The national songs heard in every assembly, sung at every domestic shrine, hummed in every home, babbled by every baby, are Tagore's compositions. And in the closing lines of *Gitanjali* he defines what freedom is, freedom of soul, freedom of thought, freedom "to hold high the head" and he prays, — and all India joins him in the chorus, — "Into that Heaven of Freedom my father! let my country awake!" Freedom seemed to him even more necessary spiritually and morally, than politically.

If rebellion against authority, — against all that went to cramp the growth and stunt the height of his country — was rebellion, Tagore was essentially the poet of rebellion.

"Freedom! let thy banner torn but flying stream like a thunder-cloud against the wind!"

He was absolutely fearless. India's cause was his cause, and India's freedom as dear to him as his own. He could not live in a stifling atmosphere, how then could she, his Mother? India then in this sphere too owes him a great debt. He voiced her wrongs, he upheld her cause, he fought for her freedom. "Patriotism" says Lord Rosebury "is the self-respect of a nation." Tagore felt that too. He was speaking in the name of self-respect and national honour. He was no fire-brand in politics. His was the ripe judgment, the mature reason, the deliberate thought that years and experience give. A great human heart which knew to feel, the vision that had courage to face facts, and the head that knew to think and reason, these were his assets in politics.

Tagore's life was the synthesis of almost irreconcilable elements — the East and the West. He realised in his life the dream first dreamt by Alexander of Macedonia, and since then dreamt by others, the synthesis of the best in the East and West. Tagore was no narrow sectarian nationalist — who

thought that the boundaries of India contained all that was worth having and worth knowing. He knew that western civilization was rich, rich with all that Greece gave in the realms of learning, science and art; rich with all that Rome gave in the way of law and order and government, rich with the lofty ideals of Christianity, rich with all the chivalrous code grafted into it by medieval chivalry, and this richness Tagore assimilated. With the fastidious discrimination of an artist he discarded all that was shallow, shoddy, showy, frivolous or petty in Western civilization, and to this selected culture he combined all the great traditions of India, her spiritual legacy, her traditions of love, devotion, selfless service and the result of the synthesis was — Tagore as he was! a living embodiment, a concrete evidence that emperors and statesmen and philosophers have not dreamt an idle dream in hoping for the synthesis of the East and West.

Tagore had many friends abroad, in the continent as well as in America. He was a cosmopolitan. He was a citizen of the world, but not less an Indian because of it. He was a friend of Leo Tolstoy; Thompson and Quiller-Couch he counted among his best friends; Edwin Arnold was his disciple; Cousins is his pupil in philosophy. He travelled widely, and visited all the capitals of Europe, seeing that the lamp of civilisation in India was not less dim because there were other lights in other lands. It only made him appreciate his own home with a deeper, a more tender appreciation.

Tagore was India's un-official ambassador to the world. Everywhere he went, he was loved and respected. He made people who were little interested in India and Indian problems know that India was part of the world, and in ordering a new world order India must be allowed to play her own rightful part, and make her contributions to the "New Brave World" that statesmen were for ages building — on paper! He

carried to all parts of the world the legacy of Indian culture, he gave India's message to a warring world — the message of non-violence and love. Indians returned from abroad tell us that they found people of all nationalities — Frenchmen, Italians, Swiss etc., — flocking to their table in cafes and restaurants exclaiming "You come from India, the land of Tagore!" So that is what India is today, the land of Tagore or of Gandhi! Truly India's debt to Tagore is heavy, but he seeks no repayment; that he is loved and honoured is enough.

Apart from his contributions as poet, patriot, and nationalist, Tagore has contributed greatly to the realms of music and art. His songs have enriched Bengali literature. There has sprung up a special school of painting known as "The Tagore School of Painting" — exquisite in design, wonderful in colour and line and holding that quality that is characteristic of his poems — essentially Indian in setting, in tone, and colour. He has ever been a patron of art and learning. He has helped many struggling artists, remembering unlike others, how in the early days he himself coveted encouragement. In the greatness of his heart he has never spurned an aspirant to art or literature from his door.

Another heavy debt India owes to this noble and great son of hers, (the noblest, with the Mahatma) is in the field of education. He realized that education as at present instituted tends more to self-repression, than self-expression, that it kills all natural talents, that it produces a type of mediocre stereotyped set of students who know the contents of their text books and no more. Life, he felt, is more rich and varied than this; it ought to be many-sided; art and culture must have a place in it. Our universities turned out clerks by thousands, but we want men, with initiative, resourcefulness and with the cultural side developed. And that is possible only if the best of the East and West is incorporated in our education. There is no

use in copying western public schools and universities wholesale; Indian soil is not congenial to it; at the same time there is no use in trying to revive the old systems of Taxila and Nandala Universities. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Modern times have given new needs and new conditions. Why not profit by the best, no matter where it is found, and finally incorporate the best that India has to give — and India's best must needs be the world's best! — and give Indian boys and girls an education that will help them to develop their genius to their fullest, give them a knowledge of their own arts, and culture! And the poet turned educationist, and the result was Santiniketan in Bengal!

Santiniketan is the schools and college established by Tagore, by his own individual endeavour principally, though others helped too. It was the materialising of his dream of ideal education. Heaven knows how many disappointments and disillusionments he met with, when he descended from the realm of thought and ideals and tried to found a new type of education. How he must have tried to grapple with the financial commitments of the scheme, with the everyday humdrum routine. This was not the work of a poet, but of an intensely practical man. "It is given to few to dream greatly and to achieve greatly," but this was granted to Tagore. His founding of Santiniketan took away the sting in his critics' cynical remark that Tagore was no man of action. He worked and slaved to realize this dream. And he gave to Indian education a new ideal, which other universities have tried to incorporate. It was much more practical than Gandhiji's Wardha Scheme of education, "earn while learning."

In Santiniketan the lower classes adopt the Montessori system. Little children are not forced to learn, they do as they like, and freedom to idle means that the little ones are keen on working — keen on learning! The classes are held

in the open air and the lessons are made interesting by pictures, flowers, and other practical aids. The natural bent of the little ones is watched, and they are helped to develop their natural talents and aptitudes. In the higher classes Indian art plays a great part, dancing, painting and music are taught, with special emphasis on Indian art. In the University classes the usual curriculum is modified with more emphasis on the mother tongue and Bengali, more emphasis on Indian art and culture. Tagore has founded an imperishable monument to hold and transmit Indian culture and Indian art. In the field of education few have had more courage, more vision, and enterprise than Tagore. In spite of sneers and sceptics he went on his own way, and founded a system of education that has won the admiration of the educationists of the world. Other universities have heard of Santiniketan, and have longed to work in the mango-groves and in the open air like this new university. If he had lived longer, what further dreams might he not have realized for this, his pet-child? But we hope other hands will carry on the torch of Indian art, learning and culture. As of Shakespeare we can say of him "What needs my Tagore for his honoured bones, the labour of an age in piled stones" — while Santiniketan stands amidst its mango-groves, eternal sentinel of a great man's hopes and dreams and aspirations.

Tagore has always emphasized India's cultural unity with China. He has pleaded for greater understanding among the Eastern races. We have so much in common, why do we not have a greater understanding with each other? Who knows what the future holds? Perhaps the great man's soul "dreaming on things to come" has seen in prophetic vision something that may come true yet.

Tagore was no economist, but time and again he has voiced his protest against this most unfair distribution of wealth

that prevails in society. He was always on the side of the oppressed against the oppressor, on the side of the under-dog, on the side of the poor against the rich, on the side of justice, humanity and love, against tyranny, oppression and cruelty. Tagore was no socialist, but he felt deeply that the present glaring inequalities of wealth must be modified, that the life of the poor must be made more lovely, more endurable, that its drabness, its uniform dullness must be relieved by some colour. And so he wanted a more equal distribution of wealth. Thus he left his mark on every sphere and aspect of life in India — cultural, social, economic, political.

Poet, philosopher, author, musician, artist, educationist Tagore stands out in Indian life, distinguished by his many-sided genius and versatility. As a poet he was unsurpassed by any other Indian for beauty of imagery, ideas and style; as a philosopher he stood for that lofty idealism that points the way heavenwards; as an author his stories have depicted life as no other has done; as artist and musician he has given a new stimulus in these spheres, part of the new Indian Renaissance which he has lit with his own hand; as an educationist he has done much for India and stands on the same level as Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya and Professor Karve; as a cosmopolitan he has brought about the beginnings of Indian unity with other nations, and, as a literateur he has won for India an assured place and position.

To the last he deplored the Hindu-Muslim disunity in India and tried to bring about a rapprochement between the two major communities. Who can say but his endeavour has brought the goal nearer realization than before?

Tagore has played a great part in paving the way for International Unity too. He has done his little; if others follow, can we not hope to see an era of peace and goodwill on earth?

Besides all these activities and accomplishments Tagore was great as a man. Those who have met him can never forget the benignity of his countenance, lit with a spark that had something divine in it, something of divine pity, and understanding and kindness. He wrote "I know that some day the sun will set on me, I shall never see it rise". Perhaps he must have seen it rise in a new world where there were no more aches or disappointments!

*"And as he went through Love through Hope,  
through Faith's transcendent dower,  
He must have felt greater than he knew!"*

and as long as there is an India with Indian people in it, Tagore's name will remain immortal, shrined not in stone but in the hearts of his countrymen and countrywomen, and India's debt to him will remain as great as ever. And she will be happier because of the debt.

Y. JANAKI.

## Quiet Beauty

Here embalmed in fragrance as I lie  
In the deep shadows of this mango grove,  
Steeped in quiet beauty, and ponder how  
Men slaughter men beneath an alien sky  
Where hideous guns to hideous guns reply,  
Then do I long for that yet distant day  
When human souls quite freed from toils of strife  
Will turn all wearily to Beauty, and say,  
"*This* is the reason, *this* the breath of Life."

A. KRISHNA BAI,  
III Hons. (English).

## "To India"

Awake! Awake! dear Motherland,  
For Freedom is now nearing thee!  
Arise! Arise! extend thy hand  
To welcome home sweet Liberty!

2

Prepare the land for Peace again!  
Prepare the land for Liberty!  
O, India! you'll not wait in vain,  
When war is ended, you are free.

3

Victorious you shall ever be!  
Your very shape, dear Motherland,  
Is a mighty V of Victory  
Carved out by Great Almighty's hand.

4

Let party strifes be cast away —  
They dim the flame of Liberty —  
Let caste and creed dissolve today  
To form the stream of Unity.

5

Dearest mother when you are free  
As in the glorious days of old,  
The cursed word of "Slavery"  
Shall on your land be never told.

6

The battleships may guard your shore,  
But battles never will harm your land;  
And heroes, as in days of yore,  
Will work your fame by God's command.

7

Bathed in Freedom's fragrant shower,  
You shall bloom on the ocean wide,  
Like a beautiful lotus flower  
Looking up to Heaven as guide!

A. AMMUJAVALLI,  
III B.A. Honours, (History)

## The Unity of Indian Culture

VISITORS to India from abroad — generally from America, England and the Continent of Europe — are almost all agreed in their opinion that there exists no such thing as the unity of India. This is no wonder, when we consider that the British Government, having been connected with India for so long, can itself still find no unity in India. If India is really disunited as foreigners seem to believe, then it is indeed a sad reflection on the British Government who have been in uncontrolled sway over this country for a hundred and fifty years and more. The least return that could have been expected of them for this long period of despotic rule is the creation of a united India. But they have given us no substantial results in this direction and it looks preposterous on their part to throw the blame for this on the Indian people who have had no say in the matter.

India had been disunited in the past and this was so only because of the vast area of the country and the lack of efficient means of transport and communication. It was in no measure due to the essential disunity of the people. Even in ancient days Asoka had brought under his rule almost the whole of India and the southernmost part of the country was left out, just because Asoka was sick of war.

It is indeed true that India does not possess any great measure of unity in its external aspects, but there runs through the whole country a deep internal unity far greater than all its external disunity. This unity is not one of language or customs and manners. It is not a religious unity in the narrow sense of the word. But it is a purely cultural unity — a unity which has assimilated all invaders including the Muslims, whose culture is said to be so different from that of the Hindus. This assimilation was not carried out by violent processes. It was due to the robust common-sense and wisdom of the prevailing culture

that such great assimilations could be carried out without the shedding of a drop of blood. If Buddhism did not take root in India, it was because Hinduism adopted all the good points that were to be found in that philosophy. Sankaracharya with his amazing powers of reasoning was mainly instrumental in preventing an open clash between Buddhism and Hinduism. Incidentally, as Pandit Nehru points out, we may note that the four great debates held by Sankaracharya took place in the four corners of India — Badrinath in the Himalayas, Puri on the east coast of India, Rameswaram in the south, near Cape Comorin, and Dwarka, overlooking the Arabian Sea. In the words of Pandit Nehru, "The appeal in ancient India was to logic and reason, not to force."

Indian culture has ever been tolerant to all foreign cultures. It could afford to be so because of its strength accumulated through many ages. Christianity came to India and was welcomed here, long before Europe knew anything about Christ. Zoroastrians came and found a warm welcome in the hospitable shores of India. Nor were the early Muslims denied the right to settle here and propagate their religion. This great quality in Indian culture is itself the cause for the superficial religious diversity that is found in India today. It was only when the Muslims came here as invaders and conquerors that anything like a clash arose between the two great religions of the land.

Even in the days of the Moghul emperors, this essential unity of India sought to express itself in outward symbols. Great rulers like Akbar made honest attempts to combine the two cultures and indeed largely succeeded. The resulting culture, though different from either of the cultures that went into its making, was still essentially Indian. A new language was forged from the languages of the rulers and the ruled, and this language was typical of the fusion of the two peoples. That this language was not merely an artificial attempt at external unity is shown by the fact that today more than one hundred and twenty

million men and women speak it and many more can understand it. The great differences in the modes of dressing and in the customs and manners were greatly reduced and even in that sphere which is most powerfully provoked by any attempts to change it or to interfere with some of its old practices, and which is, most unfortunately, responsible for many of the present-day troubles in our country — religion —, Guru Nanak, Kabir and other great men tried their hand at evolving a new unity. A product of such attempts at synthesis is the Sikh religion, which is now one of the "many diverse religions" which outsiders find in India. So we see that the very existence of a cultural unity in a nation like India is bound to produce certain superficial diversities, and to prop up these diversities as a proof of a lack of internal unity is sheer ignorance.

We hear a lot about the British having "given" political unity to India. This was possible because the coming of the British authority in India coincided with improvements in the means of transport and communication, and it was easy for them to unify the country with the help of roads and railways. It was in the interests of the British themselves to weld India into a single political unit. What the British did was to make India a single unit for the purposes of administration. They did not "give" political unity to India, for unity is not a thing to be given. The unity of India, cultural as we have seen it to be, existed long before the advent of the British.

A short time ago, however, the only unity outsiders could see in India was a unity of subjection. Just now, it is a unity of nationalism and when that nationalism achieves its purpose, recognized on all hands to be just, then the unity of Indian culture will be as apparent to everybody as its superficial disunity has been so far.

S. T. THIRUMALACHARI.

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## War Thoughts

Who shall chronicle the tears  
That are being shed,  
Relating all the hopes and fears  
That were of the dead?

When millions vanish 'fore their time  
Passing into the earth,  
P'rhaps feeling in this cruel clime  
Life's living hardly worth;

Who shall chronicle the tears  
That are being shed,  
Relating all the hopes and fears  
That were of the dead?

It is the mothers who have wept  
For man's brutality  
Can tell how in their bosoms crept  
Love's sweet eternity.

But do not speak of 'Home': that word  
Will sound just like a jest;  
The mother, like a frightened bird,  
Seeks not her empty nest.

She sees only the battlefield,  
The silent corpses there,  
The cheerful youths who prophesied  
A future bright and fair.....

There is a life beyond, they said,  
There is a life, somehow,  
Where gentleness with joy is wed  
But which is not for now.

*The Presidencian*

And thus they hoped and hoping died,  
 They died for you and me  
 That we might not be long denied  
 Access into the free.

Alas, sweet children who are dead,  
 Who died loveless, unsung,  
 Who sleep now on an earthen bed  
 Far scattered and far flung,

What thoughts what dreams your minds did fill  
 That were the last begotten?  
 What cuckoo's song calls in the still  
 To you, children, forgotten?

RAMU MENON,  
*III Hons. (English).*

**Sonnet on the First Air Raid in Madras**

Someone had said the evening would be fair,  
 And I had wandered out upon the shore  
 To watch the silver smile grow silver more  
 From star-encrusted skies. A scene so rare,  
 (For never night did breathe a sweeter air)  
 So splendid in its vision, held in store  
 A secret breath of danger at each door,  
 That slept awhile; until that sudden flare  
 Illumed the night, and breaking from the sky  
 Came hurtling down a death-ship's winged load.  
 Screams rent the silence, bullets from the high  
 Whipped dust from dust awaking each abode,  
 Swift seconds flew, until a pent-up sigh  
 Rose from the town; but Death had walked the road!

RAMU MENON.

**How to Pay for the War**

THE problem of accurate budgeting presents difficulties even during peace time. Financing a war is even more so, for peace time estimates of expenditure and income are upset and the scales in which national effort and sacrifice are measured are altered. Economic factors influence to some extent the conduct of the war and they largely determine the welfare of the post-war generation. An unsound policy of war finance will have its unpleasant reverberations in the post-war period. The disastrous aftermath of the last war was mainly the result of the unsound methods of finance pursued by the Allies. These were the methods that brought about the great inflation in Britain and on the Continent, slowing down industry and causing millions of workers to be thrown out of employment. The same faulty war-finance bred dangerous revolutionaries in Europe like the Fascists and the Nazis and paved the way for another war. The problem of war finance, according to Crowther therefore is "not that of winning the war, to which war finance can contribute little, but that of seeing that the war is won with the minimum of disturbance to the security of individuals".

**Some War Budgets & Methods of financing:—**

The present war is being fought on a gigantic scale both in the Eastern and in the Western Hemispheres. To finance it colossal sums are being expended. Great Britain is now spending at the rate of £ 12½ millions daily as announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Kingsley Wood, when he submitted the new vote of credit to the House of Commons in October 1942. This works up to nearly £ 5000 million a year. Australia has no less than £ 400,000,000 allocated as her defence expenditure. India under the Financial settlement of 1940 is to bear 1. a fixed annual sum representing the normal effective costs of the army in India under peace time conditions plus 2. an addition to allow in rise of prices plus 3.

the cost of such war measures as can be regarded as purely Indian liabilities by reason of their having been taken by India in her own interests plus 4. a lump sum of Rs. 1 crore towards the cost of maintaining India's external defence troops overseas. The war Budget of India during the year 1942--43 has been put down as 81.30 crores as against 3.86 crores in 1940--41. These huge figures have no import when they stand alone. They may best be visualised as a proportion of the national income. Britain's National Income today is placed at £ 7000 millions, her expenditure being nearly £ 5000 millions. This leaves only £ 2000 millions or 2/7 of the National Income for current consumption. Thus there is a restriction of the people. This curtailment of consumption is an unfortunate and unavoidable evil of war-finance but nevertheless, it is a necessary evil. It is necessary because a restriction of the consuming power of a state enables it to transfer resources for the prosecution of the war and diverts to the war effort the maximum output of materials that can possibly be spared. Hence according to Crowther "Restriction of the consumption of the people is the deliberate object of war finance."

There are three methods by which this can be done. They are, in essence, a method of deciding as to how the resources of the country are to be utilized and the application of any one of them will not help in financing the war, as expenditure is on such colossal scale that preference for any one will never succeed in securing the requisite amount of money however perfect that method might be. These three methods of war finance are Taxation, Borrowing and Inflation. We shall now proceed to examine each of these three methods in turn.

#### **Taxation :—**

Everyone agrees that taxation is a feasible method for raising money on a fairly large scale, although there is some difference of opinion as to who should be taxed, how, and by what amount. Mr. Crowther believes that for middle incomes between

£ 250 and £ 2000 the Income tax is the most efficient and effective. "Taxation imposed on the wage earner," he says, "should be, not in the shape of indirect taxes on various articles of consumption." Mr. Horsefield however contends that the wage earner should also be taxed and lays his trust in a simpler scheme of taxation. This consists of (1) extracting only such a balance of the taxpayer's income as exceeds his need and (2) augmenting incomes of those inadequately paid. The subsidising of those families that come under the lowest income groups is defective because it causes the Government to incur two sets of administrative expenses and, besides, the net gain is bound to be less. There are others who believe that it is the rich who should pay for the war. In this connection it will be well to remember that the Income Tax is a method of war finance taking into account the need to reduce inessential civilian consumption. Its aim is neither to rob the rich nor starve the poor. It must however be understood that the distribution of expenses between the rich and the poor should be reasonable. This cannot be done by raising all taxes on all people by an equal extent because a great number of the poorer classes would be reduced to beggary. Taxes on the poorer classes should not be increased in more than a modest proportion. The rich classes may be taxed in a more or less similar proportion. The greater part of the war costs which still remain may be collected from the richer classes by way of loans. Since interest on these loans will be paid in the post-war period out of general taxes, the real burden will be distributed between rich and poor in the proportion in which the objective burden of general taxes is distributed. Thus an Income tax should be so progressively graded that it takes a fair proportion of both the rich man's and poor man's income. The Income Tax has its merits in that it tends to discourage individuals from plunging into speculative financial ventures and enables the country's economic effort to be concentrated and directed completely along planned lines. It is therefore a sound method of war finance. Besides the Income tax, which is a "direct" tax, there are various

"indirect" taxes levied on either commodities, services or transactions. These taxes fall alike, both on the rich and the poor. They are "regressive" taxes in that they take a larger proportion of the poor man's income as compared to that of the rich man. Nevertheless these taxes are necessary because it is only through them that two-thirds of the population can be taxed. These taxes however should only be confined to a small number of commodities which are in great demand.

Apart from the measures discussed above there are two individual methods, the Excess Profits Tax and the Capital Levy. The Excess Profits Tax is levied in order to abstract any additional profits earned during the period of hostilities. Thus its aim is to do away with profiteering during the war. Hence it forms the most necessary part of the fiscal system in war conditions.

The Capital Levy appears to be on close inspection a kind of supplement to the Excess Profits Tax. This suggests a levy being raised at the end of the war from those whose capital wealth has increased during the war period. The defect in the tax lies in its assumption of an equal distribution of wealth, and the very fact that the wealth is present there shows that the policy of war finance followed by the Government has been faulty. The best thing however is to see that no war profits are made at all, and as Mr. Horsefield puts it, "The true remedy is therefore not to remove some portion of the obesity after the harm has been done, but to impose compulsory slimming for everybody from start." Hence the soundest method of war finance is the Income Tax which increases not merely proportionally but progressively as wealth increases so that it calls for an equal amount of sacrifice from all classes.

#### **Borrowing and Inflation:—**

As mentioned before, taxation alone cannot finance the war. Government will have to fill up the deficit by borrowing. It may discharge its liabilities by drawing cheques on different

banks only after taking care to see that overdrafts have been arranged in advance. This is easily done because Government can supply ready cash and short dated securities. It can also print additional notes at its discretion and increase the number of Treasury Bills by selling some more at the weekly tendering. This increase in the Bank notes and Treasury Bills would enable the Bank to lend some more money on overdrafts to the Government. Borrowing of this type even though controlled will finally lead to an Inflationary National Income causing prices to soar up. Hence it is to be avoided if possible.

We are however concerned with genuine borrowing by which individuals reduce their ordinary expenditure by subscribing to war Loans. In this connection it is worth while mentioning Mr. J. M. Keynes Compulsory Savings Plan. Mr. Keynes proposes that taxation should be supplemented by a scheme of compulsory saving, by means of which a graduated percentage of everyone's income should be handed over to the Government. The accumulating sums should be credited to the lender in the form of a "blocked" savings account on which he may draw when the war is over. Mr. Crowther believes that this plan "incurs all the odium of compulsion (as well as raising difficult problems of equity in assessment) and yet leaves a swollen National Debt behind." The prime argument for this plan lies in the fact that it limits borrowing to the savings of the people and hence avoids inflationary borrowing.

Borrowing is a more popular method of war finance than taxation. It is a more palatable method than taxation because the disadvantages that accrue from it are not faced by the community at war but by the post-war generation. But there can be no option in the matter; for whatever amount may be realized by taxation, a vast balance remains still to be found by borrowing, overt manipulation of currency being ruled out. Having discussed the method of borrowing as a means of war-finance, we come to the last measure namely, inflation. We have already seen

that Government can print additional notes to supply ready cash to the banks. This process is known as inflation because while the amount of money in circulation increases and the price of everything goes up, the quantity of goods in circulation remains unaltered. There is an appearance of more wealth than ordinary although intrinsically the amount of real wealth is the same. It is inevitable that inflation should always be accompanied by a rise in prices. This is because there is more money than before trying to buy the same quantity of goods as before. Inflation may be a means of war finance in that it reduces the consumption of the public by increasing the prices of the things they buy, but it is a disastrous method with far-reaching and disturbing social consequences.

Inflation makes no distinction between the poor and the rich. Their consuming powers are both diminished by the same proportion and this will cause far greater sacrifice on the part of the poor than on the rich. People with fixed incomes will find their means diminishing while that of others rises. This uneven distribution of the burden is unfair. Besides this, there will be a complete change-over of wealth from the hands of the creditor to the hands of the debtor. The assets of the former being in money will have lost their value. The latter holds the real goods whose intrinsic value remains the same.

Inflation might balance the deficit in the budget towards the cost of the war and may be tantamount to indirect taxation, but it is an unsatisfactory method of paying for the war. It has to be avoided because, when prices are allowed to rise a situation is brought about which tends to get out of Government control. Accurate budgeting becomes an impossibility because the rise in prices has to be taken into account and this can neither be foretold nor pre-eminently judged. Every economist is agreed upon the evils of inflation. Here is what Mr. Horsefield has to say on the subject- "At its heat inflation presses the whole cost of the war on the smallest incomes and on those who can earn

no more. At its peak it produces Hitler. The middle classes which accepted the Nazi revolution were middle classes ruined by inflation."

It may not be possible to avoid inflation completely, because, as Mr. Keynes says, "It will just happen" without anyone's knowledge or compliance, but this method of war finance should and must be curtailed on account of its disastrous consequences.

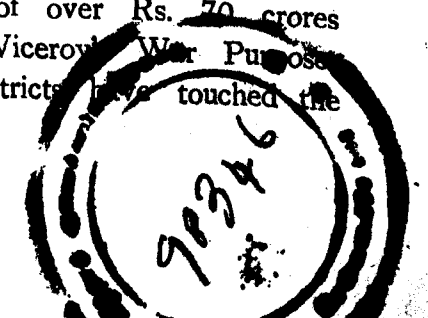
### **How India Meets her War Expenditure :—**

Having discussed the methods by which the war will have to be paid for it will be interesting to know how India meets her expenditure. India's War Budget, though dwarfed in comparison with that of England, is considerable when judged from its own financial standpoint. The War Budget of India today stands at 81.30 crores as against 3.86 crores in the year 1940-41. This increase has been met both by taxation and borrowing the introduction of certain measures have brought in a yield of increased taxation nearly Rs. 25.30 crores. These measures include

- 1 An Excess Profits Tax which was first 50% and which now stands at 66  $\frac{2}{3}$  %.
- 2 A surcharge on Income Tax which was increased from 25% to 33  $\frac{1}{3}$  %.
- 3 An increase in Railway fare and freight and
- 4 An increase in Sugar Excise Duty together with a miscellany of other minor taxes.

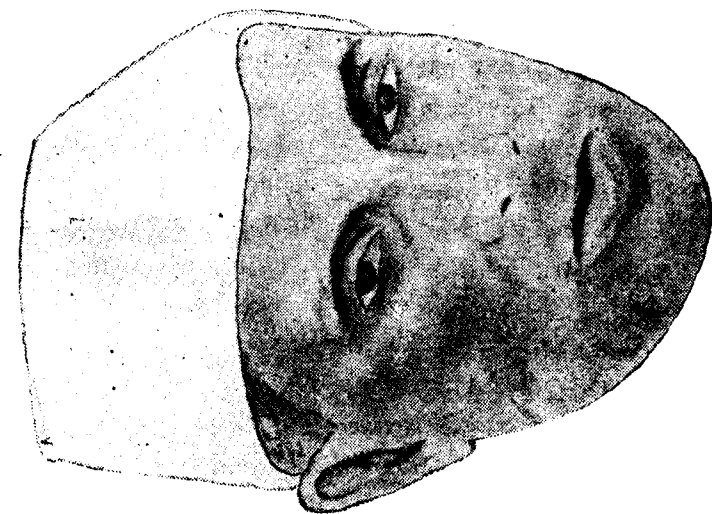
Borrowing has been restricted to the issuing of Defence Loans and this has brought in a sum of over Rs. 70 crores since the beginning of the war. The Viceroy's War Purposes Fund and the voluntary collections in districts have touched the savings of the community.

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India today is not only facing an enemy who is at her very door but also a grave financial problem. Her expenditure has increased by leaps and bounds and her yield through taxation is not commensurate with her requirements. A stage has been reached when a further increase in taxation might react on her war economy. India is lucky in one respect – she plays a vital part in Britain's war strategy on account of her pivotal position. Factories have been recently established to manufacture and supply war materials for the Allies. As a result of this, the country may be expected to possess a large amount of surplus funds which may be invested in Defence Bonds and utilized for financing the method of defence borrowing.

The future however is not quite rosy. There are signs of inflation with the phenomenon of the vicious spiral of increasing prices, cost of living and wages developing with dire consequences for the poorer classes. It is necessary that the Government should levy a heavier tax on profits and place a control on them so as to keep them low. A ceiling price should be placed on manufactured goods, whole sale or retail. Government on no account should increase the duties on essential commodities since this will be a more serious matter to a poor man than to a rich man. An increase in price makes but little difference to the amount consumed by the rich but it places the commodity out of the reach of the poor. Unfortunately in India the ratio of rich men to poor men is disproportionate and any increase in duty on a commodity would be a very clumsy method of bringing about economy. A policy of strict rationing would however be welcome, especially in respect of articles which form the staple food of the poor. There should also be a stabilization of wages, salaries and agricultural prices. India's war should be financed by the utilization of current capital and labour. Whatever saleable property we have should not be looked upon as an additional resource. The importation of luxurious and unnecessary articles that may be dispensed with should be discouraged and Foreign Exchange transactions completely controlled.



M. AMALRAJ who took a first class in his M.A., was probationary Superintendent, Civil Accounts, Bihar. He died very young in May 1943.

The war has developed into an exceptional and cataclysmic event. The task of restoring the shattered fabric of civilization over the graves of our friends will be left to our generation. Our task will be grave indeed, as every month of the war adds not only to its present cost but also to the future burden of reconstruction. But we shall not fail, for however heavy the cost of victory may be, "it will be light in comparison with the alternative — with the real cost of defeat."

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### The Pangs of Marriage

FROM time immemorial, marriage has been hailed as the grandest panacea for all the troubles and woes of adolescence, as something that has condensed into itself the beauty of flowers and stars. But the rather cynical attitude to marriage of the modern youth raises doubts. Of course, when I speak of the pangs of marriage, I am far from referring to the difficulties of dowry, of caste restrictions, of over-population or of bread and butter, the most prosaic and driest handmaid of one of the most romantic and charming things in the world. For, with all respect to the social worker, I believe these are not at all the real difficulties or problems of marriage, incidental as they are to a particular age or community. Granted that there is no dowry system; that you have perfect freedom to marry anybody in this dark and wide world irrespective of caste, class or any other distinction (except, of course, that of sex); that the dread of national over-population never acts as a brake upon your marrying urge; that the rifted rock of matrimony never leads you to the sordid hell of house-keeping and that every facility for marriage is set up; do you think marriage is the easiest bargain you can hit upon? No. The pangs of marriage have still got to be felt, and certain insuperable difficulties and problems faced.

The quintessential problem of matrimony is, it will be agreed, the blending of two personalities, the welding of two ways of life. Every individual is said to be a bundle of inconsistencies, and this may suggest a clue to the difficulty of the matrimonial problem. You have your own intellectual conflicts, emotional battles, and to these you have to add those of your spouse. Anyhow, the question mark of life, after marriage, gets larger, and the issues of life become more complex. In short, the essential problem of marriage is similar to the one that faces a captain who is in charge of a ship not so seaworthy as to grapple with dashing waves and furious blasts, yet has to work in co-operation with another captain in charge of an equally frail, if not frailer, vessel. But what about the army of men and women who have found happiness in marriage? The obvious explanation is that either the persons concerned had no personalities, or they allowed their personalities to be suppressed! Thus, if there are two persons on earth void of personality, the least difficult problem they can tackle together is marriage. One wonders whether the above explanation accounts for the proverbial eagerness of girls to marry and of mothers to get them married. However, of one thing I am sure; and that is that, as 'civilization' advances, poverty may decline or may not decline, but the matrimonial problem assumes an incredible magnitude. For civilization implies more evolved, more unique, and perhaps more complex personalities.

Difficult as the matrimonial problem is, its difficulty can be greatly reduced by making the right kind of choice. But the problem of choice is by no means simple. At the outset, the marrying youth, like the student of life, stands baffled at the vastness and variety of the material before him, and is practically lost in its amazing maze. The next task before him is to know the personality of the creature with whom he is to pass his whole life. Now, one of the ways of knowing the personality of a person is personal acquaintance. But personal acquaintance, especially of a short duration, is, to say the least, a perilous path to the knowledge of your life's companion. For it suffers from

a two-fold defect: certain persons, with the best will in the world cannot be what they really are in the company of others, especially those of the opposite sex; while certain others pretend to be what they really are not! Besides, personal acquaintance suffers from an air of formality and artificiality which prevents the emergence of truth. As to personal acquaintance of a longer duration, it is unnecessary to discuss its merits here, since a universal prescription of it is undesirable in the basic interests of matrimony. Marriage, after all, is the one thing unmechanical in our mechanical age, and it must preserve at all costs its novelty, freshness and romance. Imagine the odd situation, if a law were passed to the effect that only those two persons should marry who produce reliable evidence to prove that they have passed, say, four years in each other's company!

Another means of knowledge is intuition. You merely look into a face and your mind at once conjures up the image of a personality. But intuition has proved itself an unreliable guide on many an occasion, and you cannot afford to build your destiny on chance.

It is almost a platitude to say that a book is a revelation of its writer's personality; and it is in books that the institution of marriage will find the seeds of its personal perpetual growth and stability. It is not for nothing that Mr. and Mrs. Browning were an ideal pair, and that writers and artists usually contract enviable marriages. Till now, the motives of book-writing have been at best three: earning money, winning fame, and securing the satisfaction of the "art - instinct." But I shall not be surprised if a fourth one, that of marriage, is added to them in the not distant future, when the writing of at least two books — preferably those of essays and lyrics — will have become the *Sine qua non* of every marriage. But, at present, this valuable key to personality is barred, for, if the writing of books is made a condition precedent to one's marriage, most persons in the present world would die bachelors and old maids.

Thus it will be seen that, though it is easy to say that marriage is a matter of personal choice, the actual exercise of that prerogative is beset with thorns and traps. It is for this reason, perhaps, that our more practical brothers and sisters in India are content to throw the entire responsibility in question on the broad shoulders of their parents.

The state of affairs becomes more complicated when, to an already difficult process, the qualification of time is added. You cannot afford to make an eternal search for your wife. They say there is joy in the very act of seeking after God, and though of this kind of joy of seeking or expectation you may have your legitimate share, your whole heart and soul must be set upon the ultimate realisation of your object. Practical wisdom has sounded this note of warning, particularly to girls:

*"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying,  
And this same flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow will be dying."*

These are the difficulties you meet after you have decided, or are compelled to decide, to marry. But prior to, or side by side with the experience of these difficulties, one has got to overcome the subtler and more fundamental pangs of what may be called the 'hesitation stage,' when the foremost question with one is whether to marry or not to marry. There can be no logical escape for anybody from the period of matrimonial hesitation, the nature of marriage being what it is. For there is nothing more tantalising than marriage, nothing more precise in the 'equal poise' of advantages and disadvantages, of hopes and fears.

On the one hand, there is the 'calling shape' of marriage, beckoning you to the land of your dreams, offering you promise of eternal bliss. You feel that once for all you must put an end to your loneliness and friendlessness. Apart from the biological urge,

there is the greater spiritual urge to marriage, like an impassioned invitation to set sail for some lovely and impossible 'Elysian isle.'

"Where we shall become the same, we shall be one  
Spirit within two frames, oh wherefore two?  
Our breaths shall intermix, our bosoms bound,  
Our veins shall beat together.....  
One hope within two wills, one will beneath  
Two overshadowing minds, one life  
One death, one heaven, one hell,  
One immortality, and one annihilation."

On the other hand, there is a strong desire to retain your freedom. Before marriage, you are 'lord of yourself, uncumbered with a wife'. A bachelor has certain privileges which a married person can never hope to have. He knows that the 'good is yet to come, not past,' and on that account has more zest in life. He knows that he is still to strike a mighty note in the harmony of Life; and feels proud that the nation and humanity, if at all they care to survive, are in need of his existence and service. To every maiden he is 'enigma and a possibility,' as Bernard Shaw says: He can legitimately look at every girl with a certain scrutinizing gaze which is mere impertinence in the case of a married man... ..But marriage, as if out of jealousy, cripples the innocent joys and rights of bachelorhood. In fact, after a few years of married life, one feels as if one had no "raison d'être" to exist. Besides, marriage means the end of all your ambitions, the jealous fiend of matrimony devours every other dominant interest of burning love. It is not for nothing that many of the people who have rendered the best service to any noble cause are found to be bachelors. Instances of married people who are nevertheless credited with selfless sacrifice for a cause do not disprove the demoralising effects of marriage, but only bespeak their admirable integrity and firmness of purpose. But marriage is an end of your ambitions, not only in the sense that it affects your ambitions in the sphere of life; but in the more obvious sense that it affects your ambitions in other spheres of marriage itself! Yes; you

have ambitions in the sphere of marriage. You want to find out the royal road to marriage if it exists. You want to make, out of your zest for knowledge, certain experiments regarding the nature of things connected with marriage, and so on. Besides, in an age when marriage is still in fetters, your ambitions have a wider sphere and assume the form of ideals. But the precipitation of marriage shatters more or less all your noble ambitions.

The consummation of all these pangs will naturally take place on the occasion of marriage. It is curious to note that in all civilized societies, there is such a thing as the occasion of marriage, accompanied by more or less ceremony and celebration. In the first place, to the bachelor the very idea of celebrating a marriage is an anachronism and a humiliation. For, after all, marriage is more a defeat than anything else both for the bride and the bridegroom. And, what is more, the persons concerned try to make no secret of it. Why should a defeat be celebrated? One suspects that the idea of celebrating marriages is the invention of married brains who apparently rejoice over the advent of some more fools into their fallen kingdom. The suspicion is further confirmed by the incredible eagerness of the elders to get their youngsters married, an eagerness surpassing that of the latter themselves to marry.

It is on the occasion of marriage that one experiences the poignant feeling of separating oneself for ever from a dear friend, 'loved with love intense.' His heart full of sadness, the bachelor waves a final good-bye to his past life — gay and irresponsible. True, he may believe he is going to heaven, but do people not shed tears while believing that their dead relative has gone to heaven? To him, the marriage-bells represent not only the trumpet-call of future dreams and joys, but the death-knell of past hopes and privileges. He knows that he is being degraded from the state of 'a man with a future' to the state of 'a man with a past.' He is (unless he has no personality, in which case he is jubilant) in that "twilight state of mind, when joy and sorrow unite."

Some may suggest that I am all the while speaking of Hamlet without the prince. What about Love? But then, love raises many complicated problems, and it is an open question whether love has very much to do with marriage as such. Besides, as Stevenson has asked, how many of us are capable of really falling in love? The faculty of falling in love, like genius, is inborn and cannot be cultivated. Anyway, it is not for you and me to fall in love. However, if you seriously believe that you are one of the chosen few who are destined to fall in love, you needn't read this essay at all!

MUTHAHER ALI,  
*Senior Inter.*

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## Common - Sense

THE Sunday Club to which my friend Mr. Henderson introduced me the other day is housed in a building of imposing appearance. The spacious vestibule covered with blue carpet, the small round table at its centre with a flower vase upon it, the closed glass windows at the sides which did not conceal the coloured hangings inside, the three pictures, one a portrait of Bacon hung between Mayflower and Waterloo — these breathed an air of true aristocracy. The imposition successful even on the passers-by created in me expectations soon belied when I was led to the big hall. There was in the centre a three-legged collapsible rectangular table (it might collapse at any moment) which reminded me of the one in my lumber-room supposed to have been used by my great grand-father in the kitchen and preserved by me on sentimental grounds. Scattered in the hall were five or six cane chairs bearing irreparable marks of old age, disregard for which would be met with corporal punishment. Some of these

chairs could boast of cushions on which the mice spent the more active part of the night and felt no longer hungry. There were bits of paper flying about in the hall. The table suffered the weight of a confused pile of magazines that had lost their front pages like those of the public library at the completion of circulation. And if the hall were well ventilated, nobody could miss the happy spiders running their joint-family on the ceiling. In this hall, it was my lot to spend that evening, and spend it well.....

There was a good company. No evening passed without the five friends seeking a common meeting place in that hall. And every time they met, they were entangled in heated oral fights. Their unity was in their diversity, their affinity consisted in fighting. They had the knack of introducing very controversial topics and they thrashed them out thoroughly. Of compromise, they knew nothing and no one was the victor, no one the vanquished. They began every subject well, argued it out better, but never reached a conclusion. Every one of them was anxious to convince the others, and so none of them were convinced. They simply debated for the sake of debate.....

And now to the distinguished members of the Club: Mr. Roberts who, after unsuccessful attempts at three successive Parliamentary elections, took to Philosophy and occupied the chair in that great subject in the University by virtue of a coincidence which occurred when his financial loss became the gain of an influential parliamentarian; Dr. Edward whose attitude in Chemistry had fixed him up in the business of mortar and pestle but whose ambition threw him up into the higher profession to which that business is a serving affiliation; Mr. Plucard who had taken to law but shone better outside the court than inside it, for the proverbial incapacity of the public to recognize merit; Mr. Sayee who enriched himself by marrying

a rich lady, directed his lazy hours to the study of palmistry, and took pride in having prophesied the events until they did not happen; Mr. Henderson and Mr. Thomas.

Mr. Roberts was serious by temperament and on that evening was particularly so, for he was skipping through the Daily. All on a sudden, his large eyes opened still larger, the pipe which had been for long fixed in the teeth was detached and kept aside and his whole frame was brought closer to the paper. A few seconds of this concentration from head to foot—and then a relaxation, and a relapse. The others noticed the change and looked at him in great concern and curiosity, when he broke out, "Mr. Thomas no more!". And then followed suddenly a cacophony of different voices composed of a "what?", a "who?", a "is it real?" and a "my God!". And after each curiosity had been satisfied by the head-line of the Daily, there followed a long leaden silence.

I, a stranger, now felt that I had chosen the wrong day. I was leaning towards Henderson to whisper when Mr. Roberts in a solemn low voice exclaimed "Men are mortal!". Mr. Sayee the creature of impulse too hastily supported R. "I am a convinced fatalist and death is inevitable". R was silent and was eloquently so, his countenance pointing out that S was supporting a something that he did not quite well understand and was obviously on the wrong track. Dr. Edward could not directly put the note of dissent but anxious to repair the incompleteness said: "Yes, at present. But we are in a progressive world". "We are concerned only with what actually is", came the curt words of Mr. Plucard, "and not with what would be. A world of uncertainty is intolerable".

"I have no mind for a debate", began R, "we are mortals in a limited, indeed, a very limited sense of the term. Death is the end of the body but not of the soul". The Doctor was provoked. "To me, sir, death is everything. It is the end

of life. It will be overcome only when science takes up the challenge". "This is not the first time I hear the boast", said S bluntly, "Nobody can trample upon his Fate". P, impatient and anxious to make the position clear, said; "There is no direct proof for the plea that there is life after death. I do not contest any of your statements. But there is no meaning in aimless wandering in indefinite and vague regions. For my part, I would confine my attention to life as we know it. My heart bleeds for Mr. Thomas". The others immediately associated themselves with P in his sympathy.

All the time Mr. Henderson was making signs to me in mute eloquence. He knew where the mistake lay, but he kept his countenance and laughed only in his sleeve. Between the noisy sentiments on death and the silent laughter on the noise, I was confused.

The querulous doctor abruptly put the unpalatable question, looking at R, "So, you find nothing for regret?", to which R retorted "I regret most. My associations are with the body, with this world. To miss for ever one who lived, moved and had his being among us — well, I can't think of it!" Mr. Henderson now could not but openly express himself — he laughed. Looking at him with a note of contempt and feeling the absence of his own good heart in the laughing friend, the doctor remarked, "Until we find the triumph of science, we suffer the death of our most intimate friends. I feel sorry all the more, for Mr. Thomas was too frequently violating my medical advice. If he had only stayed out in the nearest village sanatorium, he would have postponed the evil day" — Mr. Henderson laughed again. S jumped from the chair and cried "Who can help it? His day had been long before settled — his hand would speak clearly — in fact it did". Mr. H could not but laugh out again heartily. It was his habit to laugh on serious occasions and no serious man would ever notice him. He was still laughing when P began "I entirely agree with

Edward. Mr. Thomas was by habit, careless — careless regarding not only his health, but also his business. His sudden death must create legal complications. What little he might leave, would, I feel, bring in litigation." Mr. Henderson was dying with laughter.

R now resumed "I have no mind to speak. We have lost our good friend and it is our duty now to....." "What!" The most shocking surprise or the most shameful wrong? Both! R tried to express himself — the others standing like statues — Mr. Henderson laughing ceaselessly. Then came in the most important person of the day — much more dramatically than the Pied Piper who entered the corporation hall, and apologized, "I am afraid I am too late". The unusual seriousness in the assembly did not surprise him, and he remarked with great grief, "I also regret the loss of Mr. Thomas the banker". Mr. Henderson laughed again.

C. V. SUBRAMANIAN,  
V Hons. (Botany).

## Shakespeare Criticism in the Twentieth Century

(Opening paragraphs of *The Lord Elphinstone Prize Essay extracted*.)

WHEN Coleridge said in 1815, "Assuredly, that criticism of Shakespeare alone will be genial which is reverential", he was carrying coals to Newcastle. At no time has Shakespeare been treated with anything but the greatest respect. None was more enthusiastic than honest Ben. Dryden's description of Shakespeare as one 'who possessed the most comprehensive soul', may mean anything by its delightful vagueness. There is something altogether modern in the impulse which took Sir John Suckling in the 17th century to inspect whether the winding

of the Trent justified Hotspur's objection in Henry IV. We may be sure that Sir John would not have taken the trouble, had some one else written Henry IV. Daniel Webb's enthusiastic outburst in 1762, 'the most extraordinary genius that our country or perhaps any other, has produced', is typical of the 18th century (which, by the way, is the most maligned in this respect). The romantic attitude to Shakespeare is proverbial; and the mistakes of modern criticism are not likely to proceed from its being with Ben, 'on this side idolatry'. We are born idolaters of Shakespeare and our sin is far likelier to be superstition than indifference. Even William Archer made an exception of Shakespeare in his strictures on the old Drama, — incidentally for wrong reasons. And the most complete example of Shakespearean idolatry in recent times is Mr. J. M. Robertson, whose essential fallacy proceeds from his assumption that Shakespeare could make no mistakes. He will not believe in the Shakespeare of 'the workshop period'. He heaps upon himself endless contradictions by his dual role as disintegrator and idolater. He cannot bear the Joan of Arc scenes in Henry VI and so the ghost of George Peele must be evoked to take them over. His position is not very different from that of Coleridge who thought that the low soliloquy of the porter in Macbeth was not Shakespeare's, but one sentence in it was too good to be lost, and therefore Shakespeare must have been at hand to write it. Yes, Shakespeare is idolized and it is only as it should be. The greatest genius of the world deserves nothing less. So, when we are laughing at Coleridge when he speaks of Shakespeare in terms befitting God-head, we must pause for a moment to make sure that we are not laughing at ourselves. No sinister suggestion that Shakespeare is idolized because he is not understood, should interfere with our reverence for Shakespeare. That Shakespeare is not understood is true, in other senses than that of the authors of such paradoxes, and in those senses the sting of malice loses much of its venom. Shakespeare is not understood; a thing understood is a thing dismissed and done with. Things of Eternity are never understood. The

history of Shakespeare criticism is merely the history of Shakespearean idolatry, the emphasis being now on one thing, now on another.

Again, there is such a thing as the study of Shakespearean criticism, as different from the study of Shakespeare. This study of Shakespearean criticism is not only of relevance with reference to Shakespeare, but of more comprehensive and ultimate relevance with reference to the study of civilization. In other words, the history of the reputation of Shakespeare is the clue to what Middleton Murry calls, 'the history of the progress of the human soul from the Renaissance'. The appreciation of Shakespeare in any particular age is the standard by which the *Zeitgeist* can be judged. The reaction against the Cartesian standards of values and the swing to the other extreme is evidenced by the 'Romantic Shakespeare'. The period of the Romanticists in Germany and Russia — of Goethe and Pushkin — was 'The Hamlet Period'. In England, Bernard Shaw's services in pulling to pieces the glamour that fogged Shakespeare, is more than mere individual idiosyncrasy; it was the sign of the times which had no faith in certain values. Lastly the gradual acceptance of a conception of Shakespeare as an Elizabethan play-wright dependent upon the Globe for his bread, in this century, is a process in Shakespearean criticism, corresponding to the general acceptance of Historical Materialism in other branches of human enquiry. Even in the narrower sphere of Aesthetics, the history of Shakespeare criticism has proved the clue to the history of Aesthetics; Benedetto Croce maintains that 'the fame of Shakespeare became widespread concurrently with the liberation of Aesthetic theory from external norms and concepts'. In the still narrower field of 'pure literature', the value of the study of Shakespearean criticism is very great; and a study of at least the major critics of Shakespeare must be considered as part of the discipline of letters.

Even for a better understanding of Shakespeare, an intelligent study of Shakespeare criticism is indispensable. When a poet is as great as Shakespeare, so great, in fact, as to be beyond sympathetic comprehension, we cannot judge his greatness unaided. Each view of Shakespeare is imperfect, because each is a partial view. These partial Shakespeares, of whom we have had many in recent years, have been singularly satisfying to their authors and singularly fantastic to the authors of other partial Shakespeares. Yet, they are *all* valuable as making us conscious of the extent of the synthesis which is required. And the best study of the 'Total Shakespeare', is therefore ensured when we take an attitude represented by the word 'Gestalt' or 'Pattern'. It should be the whole pattern rather than individual critics that should interest us. That is to say, in the ideal pattern, Dr. Johnson and Coleridge are not mutually exclusive. The notion of "The Romantic and the Classical Camps" in Shakespeare criticism should evoke a smile at this time of day, and if we still persist in the partisanship, we are not learning by living. The Pattern provides as much for De Quincey as for Rymer, as much for Ben Jonson as for Hazlitt. We should map these critics, spatially rather than chronologically, assigning places for all *at once*. They should simultaneously rather than sequentially operate on our minds. The notion that Coleridge has supplanted Johnson, or that Elmer Stoll has superseded Coleridge is palpably absurd. Elmer Stoll has not superannuated Coleridge, any more than Shaw has made Shakespeare old-fashioned. Our progress in Shakespeare criticism, of which there is no doubt, is only such as has been made possible with the help of improved texts and the increase of other knowledge. As its highest, it is such as has been made possible by what Keats, with wonted intuition calls, 'The general and gregarious advance of intellect', which makes us better critics of 'Lycidas', than Dr. Johnson was. We are not any nearer the final understanding of Shakespeare than Dryden; and that is a sobering thought.

'To stay long with these writers so interesting, often so excellent, and yet so uncertain, and then to read through Milton is to experience what we have almost forgotten — the feeling of security'. So begins the chapter on Milton in Oliver Elton's 'The English Muse'. *Mutatis mutandis*, this remark applies to Shakespeare. We are safe with Shakespeare, as we are with none else. In the first place, nowhere in Shakespeare are we 'insecure' in any sense of the word. This sense of security proceeds from a sure knowledge that Shakespeare is with us wherever we are. In the terrible finale of "King Lear," or in the wild abandon of the Comedies, the spirit of Shakespeare is with us. Of more immediate relevance is the like sense of security that attends all that we write about Shakespeare. It is possible to hold all kinds of faith concerning Shakespeare — including the faith that his real name was Francis Bacon, — as it is possible to hold all kinds of faith concerning life. A sense of tenacious hold on the solid Shakespearean rock has inspired the stupidest things that have been said of Shakespeare. Every one feels that he can say anything about Shakespeare and get away with it. Mr. T. S. Eliot is not quite correct when he asserts, 'About any man so great as Shakespeare, it is probable that we shall never be right.' It is perhaps his way of saying that we shall never be wholly wrong; and *that* precisely because of his greatness. That is the truth about the rather too simplified statement of C. N. Menon's, 'a child's enjoyment of Shakespeare is as valid as Saintsbury's.' Shakespeare is great; and that is our security in writing about him. It is this assurance that inspires alike Sir Walter Raleigh's wonderful book, and P. G. Wodehouse's irreverent remark, 'From Deer-stealing to Plot-stealing was not a big step.' It is the inspiration of Baconians and 'disintegrators.' It is the ultimate extenuation of all that is written about Shakespeare. It is the apology of prize essays and — of Dr. Bradley.

This, then, is the truth about the paradox that all that has been written about Shakespeare is true. To put it differently, Shakespeare is the starting point of subjective experience. It is ordained that every critic who touches the fringe of Shakespeare's garment springs erect in his own shape. He sits down to write about a play of Shakespeare and in five minutes he is writing about himself. The Japanese boy who thought that Hamlet was a Japanese, has captured the quintessence of Shakespearian enjoyment. When, therefore, Mr. Walkley was gibing at what he called 'Professor Bradley's Hamlet', as if there could not be one, he was not employing the deadly stroke of irony he was imagining. The alarming paradox, on the other hand, is that, not only Professor Bradley's Hamlet, but as many Hamlets as there are readers of Shakespeare are valid. The function of Shakespeare criticism is to integrate this variety of Shakespearian 'experiences' or 'sensations' into a higher synthesis, in which the differences between Bradley's Hamlet and Walkley's Hamlet would dissolve. This is not a very difficult thing to do, because of the essential authenticity of each 'sensation'. Each intensely felt and passionately experienced 'sensation' of Shakespeare possesses the stamp of *subjective* validity, and in practice it will be found that the various 'sensations' admit of reconciliation.

We live in a 'Scientific Age' and our criticism cannot fail to show signs of it. As in other things, we strive to be exact about Shakespeare — if we can. But there can be no valid science of Shakespearean investigation, if by science we mean the detailed application of inviolable laws. Here, as elsewhere, Shakespeare is recalcitrant and there remains, when all is said and done, the instantly felt discrepancy between Shakespeare and the application of a strictly rigorous critical method. How much of rigour is there in the critical method which produced Bradley's quietly startling remark. 'Hamlet

alone, of all Shakespeare's characters could have written Shakespeare's plays'? Is not the very sanity of the critic suspect, who in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, concludes 'scientifically' that the only play that Shakespeare wrote all by himself was 'The Midsummer Night's Dream'? Nothing is more misleading than Moulton's graphic presentation of 'King Lear' as a federation of eight actions leading to the pronouncement that it is the 'most symmetrical and balanced of Shakespeare's plays'. Every fibre of one's being would cry aloud — that King Lear is a play of unbalanced emotional extremes, and yet 'Science' tells us that it is a balanced play.

Dr. Bradley believed, and we believe with him that Shakespeare had a dislike of people who acted on principles. It is very likely that he would have been very uncomfortable in the company of 'Scientific Bibliographers' and impatient of analysts like Moulton. Our efforts to make Shakespeare a scientific proposition are bound to fail. It is true that the very notion is baffling. It is an uneasy, even alarming, fact that Shakespeare should 'out-top all knowledge, derisive of our foiled searchings'. But it is so. The only explanation that can be offered of his genius is hardly scientific; Shakespeare is first and last 'a whole man spontaneously uttering himself through the imagination'. We guess, (and there is no proving it except perhaps 'on the pulses') that there was in him some incomparable faculty for self-submission to experience in all its forms. We also find that those who have in themselves a kindred capacity for self-submission to Shakespeare are among the greatest of his critics.

Neither Keats nor Milton has a place in any history of Shakespeare criticism. Nevertheless, they are perhaps among the greatest of his critics. They fulfil more exactly than most Shakespearean critics the rule laid down by Mr. Ralli that the right type of mind to criticise Shakespeare is that which is 'receptive before it is active'. Milton's heart, 'with deep

impression took the Delphic Lines' before it pronounced with magnificent humility that Shakespeare's 'easy numbers shamed his slow endeavouring art'. Keats was consumed in the fire of King Lear; to him the act of self-annihilation, the burning through the fire of experience, was inevitable. Only such supreme self-sacrifice would reveal the mystery of Shakespeare, as also the higher mystery of God. There comes a moment in our study of Shakespeare when we have to make a choice. We must either move away from Shakespeare in order to be ourselves, or risk death and take the plunge in the Shakespearean waters. We *must* risk our lives, or we must rest content with comfortable fictions about Shakespeare. If we choose to be as obstinate as Bottom was, in his refusal to surrender his personality to Pyramus, we can have only 'Lytton Strachey's Shakespeare' or some such legend, just as Bottom portrayed only Bottom and not Pyramus. If, for a moment, Bottom had imaginatively identified himself with Pyramus, he would have become a Romeo. But Bottom had other notions.

So had Dr. Johnson. Why is Coleridge the greatest critic of Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson only the next great? — surely, not because Johnson was intellectually less endowed than Coleridge. On many things in Shakespeare, as on the duty of an editor of Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson has said the last word. There is in all Romantic criticism nothing like the clinching of an issue and the finality of a pronouncement in Dr. Johnson's 'Time is, of all modes of existence, the most *obsequious* to the imagination.' The sturdy common sense of the remark should have silenced the chatter of ingenious Time-scheme contrivers, had it been heeded. As Mr. T. S. Eliot points out, 'one would willingly resign an Abbey burial for the greater honour of a tribute like the first paragraph of Johnson's preface, from a man of the greatness of the author.' But, why was it that such a great man could not endure the scene of Desdemona's

murder? Why was it that he found Cordelia's death unbearable? Precisely because he refused to surrender himself to Shakespeare. Dr. Johnson was a great man, — a greater man than most of us, — but, he was — (like most of us) — afraid of death. He would not risk what Coleridge enthusiastically risked and what Keats, in his own quiet way, with something of sheer moral effort, risked when he sat down to read "King Lear" once again. Our response to Shakespeare should be an act of dynamic self-surrender and readiness for imaginative identification. The *maximum* enjoyment of a work of art is assured only when both the artist and the reader are selfless enough to dissolve their empirical personalities in the common cause of the work or art.

This is the point of view we should take in considering the rather 'realistically' inclined Shakespeare criticism of this century.....

N. S. JAGANNATHAN.

## The Late Dr. T. Ekambaram

By Sir T. S. Venkataraman D.Sc., C.I.E.

### Family Education.—

The late DOCTOR TODLA EKAMBARAM comes of a respectable family of Andhra Brahmins who must have migrated to the South a few generations back. His parents lived at Kandampakam near Villupuram and all his brothers occupied or are occupying important posts under Government. He received his High School education at various places and entered the Presidency College at Madras for his collegiate course. He took his M.A. degree in 1913 and the Ph.D. degree at Cambridge in 1922. He was the recipient of the Palniandi medal in Botany of the Madras University and, at Cambridge, he left a good record

for his resourcefulness in attacking Plant physiology problems under Prof. Blackman. He went to Cambridge after considerable experience both in the study and teaching of Indian Botany and this enabled him to take full advantage of his Cambridge visit.

#### **Official Career.—**

His official career lay entirely in the Educational Department, partly in the Teachers' College at Saidapet and mostly in the Presidency College at Madras. It was in the latter place that he developed to the full his rare gift of training advance students in Research work. He was Chairman of the Board of studies in Botany for many Universities for a number of years, President of the Botanical section of the Indian Science Congress held at Nagpur, served on various sub-committees of the Imperial Council of Agricultural Research and trained the students deputed by the Indian Central Cotton Committee and Imperial Agriculture Council.

#### **Botanizing in the Country Side.—**

Plants in their natural habitats—in forests and on mountain-tops—had a great fascination for the Professor and the writer recalls with mixed feelings the pedestrian excursions in the Tinneveli Forests in the Professor's company in their early botanizing days. The Professor long treasured a herbarium specimen of *Drosera* collected right under and behind the Kalyantheertham falls near Papanasam. Later, he greatly enjoyed his tours with the students and the students will long remember his parental care and his great solicitude for the comfort, enjoyment and instruction of his charge. His thought-provoking discussions on such occasions often used to stray beyond the plant kingdom and cover all life-phenomena including the human species when the Professor would freely quote from the great Upanishads to enforce his arguments. It was this touch with living plants in their own habitats that later developed in the Professor his marked predilection to Plant Physiology.

#### **Training of Researchers.—**

Perhaps the most remarkable trait in the Professor was his method of training for research work. His was not a spoon-feeding system wherein the results are temporary even when brilliant. He allowed his students to go their own way and make mistakes but his efficient guidance was always available as occasions arose. He taught without appearing to teach and guided the students in their work without the latter feeling or suspecting his guiding reins. It was a case of absolute comradeship between Professor and student and for the moment, the problem before the student became common to both. It is this rather rare quality that has enabled his students to find a welcome place in many institutions in the country, particularly in the Agricultural Department.

#### **His Ideals.—**

Impatient of all insincerity and 'make-believe' the Professor developed certain ideals in early life and these he strenuously strove to follow. In research he tried to take all data to their logical conclusions, however inconvenient to pet theories they might happen to be. He would never allow any paper to be published till he was satisfied that the findings had been fully tested and included and the language revised carefully and repeatedly to get at the truest and most suitable expression. His patience in this matter was marvellous and certain of the students did feel disappointed at the inevitable delay resulting in consequence. He possessed in a marked measure love of his science (Botany) for its own sake and he did his best to infuse this spirit into the students who cared to come close to him. To such of his students as chose him as their Mentor & Guide his advice and his private purse were available even in domestic matters.

**The Man —**

When on the sad day of 12th September 1943 the Professor's friends gathered round him on the eve of his shuffling off this 'mortal coil' in a calm and detached spirit the one impression that universally prevailed was that the Doctor "was every inch a gentleman". With the Professor straight and open dealing was second nature rather than a virtue to be aimed at. The charities he distributed each month — and these included fees to poor students and allowances to destitute relations and distressed families — were all made without another's knowledge and without his feeling any virtuousness about it. To the Professor these constituted but the routine obligations of his life and position. Not uncommonly, the recipients received their periodic doles impersonally and in consequence of standing instructions with the bankers. He was a very considerate and loving husband, and, as his wife (a model of gentleness and kindness) predeceased him he spent a lone life during the last three years of his earthly existence. His innate kindness and goodness were known only to the very few who moved closest with him as these qualities of his were covered up with a crust which the casual friend could not see through or pierce.

**The Aftermath.—**

Our Professor retired from service in September 1941 and he enjoyed his well-earned pension hardly a couple of years. In his death his close and intimate friends have lost for ever, a genuine guide and companion, his students a paternal, loving and irreplaceable Professor, the poor and the distressed an unfailing helper and the institutions he cherished, a source of timely and periodical help. During the last two years of his life the Professor ran a semi-commercial organization known as the "BIOLOGICAL SUPPLY HOUSE" whose main object is to supply biological students in India with Indian material and

microscopic and other preparations made in our own country. While aiming at the highest technique and best results the Professor was anxious that the supplies should be cheap enough to be within the reach of the poorest institution in the country. Wide dissemination of correct knowledge was one of the Professor's main aims in life. This is now run by two of his research students who are determined to make it a resounding success by all possible human endeavours. Its preparations have recently been appreciated by foreign laboratories. May it flourish as a perpetual monument — and a most suitable one — to the Professor's ideals and may the spirit of research which the late Professor loved and cherished continue to inspire all Researchers in our land. May his Soul rest in Peace!

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**The U. T. C. — From Chrysalis to Imago**

WITH the reorganization of U. T. Cs all over India we have entered upon a new phase in the militarization of the country. The last great war and the present war have proved that the days of frontal attacks and clashes of regular formations in battle are over, and that war has now become a very intricate "art and craft". Mere physical prowess and muscular strength are no more the sole criteria for the recruiting officer, and where brain and stamina are not in question even a two-dimensional crew such as Falstaff gathered may be impressed to-day without any reflections being cast on their qualifications. We might very well say that war to-day is a game in which neither superiority of numbers nor mere physique counts: it is a very deep game at outwitting — an activity of man in the flesh no doubt, but one in which intellect is to-day considered as the essential vitalizing factor. It is therefore in the fitness of things that in the training of

our youth the U. T. C. has been called upon to assume a more important role than it has had till now.

The new orientation given to military training in the U. T. C., we surmise, must be the inevitable consequence of the not too early realization by the highest military authorities in India that these quasi-military units must be either mended or ended. Members of the U. T. C. used very much to resent the sneer of the "regulars" and the lay people that we constituted only a "D. P."\* regiment. However unpleasant such an accusation may be, one cannot deny that there was some truth in it when the training that was imparted to University cadets was just a small portion of what is set down in the manuals for a peace establishment. Most of our efforts were concentrated on perfection in drill movements, and so little was practical fieldcraft thought of that one wonders whether the cadets went out of the corps with any the least notion of what war really means. The recent introduction of the "A" and "B" war Certificate examinations should be considered the first step in the popularization of the military profession as a career fit for University students.

The syllabuses of these examinations are very comprehensive, and they are so much on a par with the programme of training for cadet-officers in Military Colleges that no U. T. C. cadet could remain a "D. P." hereafter even if he would. As the uninitiated College student is not likely to appreciate fully the details of the course I shall give a general idea of what it comprehends. Drill as such now forms only a microscopic bit of the course, and fieldcraft has become the vital centre round which every item of training should revolve. Whereas formerly, the rifle was the only weapon which a U. T. C. cadet used to handle, now it is essential for him to get acquainted

\* "D. P." in military parlance is the term applied to disused weapons which are used for "Drill Purposes" only.

with the mechanism and working of almost all Infantry weapons including those that have come into vogue in the course of the present war: the Light Machine Gun (L. M. G.), the Thompson Sub-machine Gun (popularly known as the Tommy Gun), the Anti-tank Rifle, the Grenade, the 2" Mortar, the 3" Mortar — all these are handled by our trainees to-day. Again, in the matter of 'Fieldcraft' some theoretical knowledge was all that a cadet imbibed formerly, but now he is required to show a capacity to apply practically the principles he has learnt either on a sand model or a cloth model or in the actual country. All ancillary subjects too, a knowledge of which is essential for good military leadership are taught: Map-reading, Hygiene, Signalling and Field Engineering which were once mere words to U. T. C. cadets are now inescapable facts. The full significance of these changes can be understood only by those who have been in the U. T. C. for some time — to others it may be represented as something like an evolution from chrysalis to imago.

Our University which has always sponsored ungrudgingly new avenues of mental and physical training has in the present instance followed up the initiative of the military authorities with swift and immediate action. Every academic body of the University has viewed favourably and enthusiastically the introduction of military science into the scholastic fold, and the executive authorities of the University have in pursuance of the general academic feeling not only undertaken to give the U. T. C. every facility for a speedy development but also helped to make the initial stages easy by encouraging intending candidates for the war certificate examinations with the offer of immediate concessions in the normal curriculum of studies. Besides the University authorities have made it clear that though only concessions have been offered just now, eventually military science is bound to evolve into an independent University faculty. It is being proved by the course of the present war

that brain is the deciding factor even in a trial of strength by arms, and if the future of the military craft depends upon a training of the mind and on a capacity for invention, it is only natural to deduce that the most responsible positions must be manned with youth initiated into the profession within the portals of the University.

As an ardent Presidencian I must say a word on the role of our College in the development of the Madras U. T. C. If as Ex-principal Papworth used to say the Madras University is the daughter of the Presidency College we might very well say also that our contingent is one of the elders of the Madras U. T. C. family. We should feel proud of having done our bit in the Corps from the day of its inception. With the expansion of the U. T. C. we feel called upon to play a progressively important part. The fact that knowledge of the most varied type is now essential in war services ought to encourage the students of an institution like ours, where instruction is offered in practically every subject in University curricula, to avail themselves of the Military training now offered under the aegis of the University. Students should first disabuse their minds of the idea that the U. T. C. is for those who have "bulk without spirit," or for those who have "sinews but no brains." It cannot be too much emphasized that the Military profession to-day is most in need of brains, that if we should see an end of Hitlerism the fully educated and mentally disciplined University men ought to be prepared to take the lead on our side, and that the young men in the Colleges should peep just a little out of the shells of isolated scholarship to implement the efforts of the Military and University authorities with an adequate response. Keen inventive brains and character are both essentially University commodities: these let us offer to the Military world through the U. T. C.

It would not be out of place here to appeal to all University students and to Presidencians especially to avail themselves of the opportunities that this new profession offers to the intellectuals.

Our College just now has a full company strength of nearly 160 members, of whom a good number are appearing for the War Certificate examinations. The Principal of the College is offering us every facility for increasing the efficiency of our Company, and the "Old Boys" are equally enthusiastic. In response to an appeal made by us last year for gifts of trophies for inter-platoon and inter-section competitions we received no less than six silver shields, the Principal Dr. Dey himself taking the lead by making the first offer. Other donors are Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer, The Hon. Mr. Justice K. P. Lakshmana Rao, Kumara-raja Sir M. A. Muthiah Chettiar, Prof. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai, Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai and Prof. K. Swaminathan. If we wish to justify ourselves as co-Presidencians in the eyes of these donors, we should be able to crowd the U. T. C. with our best men and show to them that we fully deserve their generosity and encouragement.

B. RAGHAVA BALIGA.





## COLLEGE NOTES

### *Changes in the Staff:*

Mr. H. C. Papworth, permanent Principal of the College extended his leave and retired after a long and meritorious service of nine years as Principal, on 16th December 1943.

Sri M. Ekambaranatha Ayyar Additional Professor of Zoology and Sri G. P. Krishnamurthi Professor of Physics retired from service and their places have been taken by Messrs. M. Varada Ayyar and S. B. Bondade.

Dr. I. S. Peter, Junior Professor of English was transferred to Rajahmundry and his place has been taken by Sri N. Ramani.

Sri T. N. Venkatanathachari the newly appointed Professor of Botany joined duty on the forenoon of 20th December 1943.

Sri K. Kanakasabhapathy Pillai, Assistant Professor of History went on leave to enable him to accept a Fellowship of the University of Madras and his place has been taken by Mr. V. T. Titus.

### *Presidency College hostel for women:—*

By the opening of a hostel at Narayana Castle, Edward Elliot's Road in October 1943 for the Women Students of this College, a long-felt want has been fulfilled.

### *Presidency College Dramatic Club:—*

Under the auspices of the P. C. D. C. a dramatic entertainment was got up on 5—11—43 in the Sundareswarar Hall, Mylapore in aid of the Papworth Scholarship Fund.

The most striking feature of the performance was that a large number of old students of our College participated in it as actors. The principal actor was Sri V. C. Gopalaratnam, M.A., B.L., Advocate who acted as the Sub-Assistant Magistrate of Sultanpet. Other distinguished

students like Rao Bahadur M. Sambandam Mudaliar, B.A., B.L., acted other leading parts.

This was followed up by a Variety Entertainment the next day 11—43. "Talk for food" a farce written by Mr. Abdulla, M.A., B.L., and "The Nazi in Africa" were the principal items in a heavy programme that was gone through successfully.

A substantial amount was collected towards the Scholarship Fund.

V. NARAYANASWAMI,

2—12—43.

## UNION SOCIETY REPORT

The outstanding feature of the year was the revival of the Union Society as it was functioning before the changes that were introduced in the year 1941. Sri R. Natarajan, Secretary, Science Society 1942—43 was elected President of the Union Society for the first term of the current year. Sri Alagappan (IV Pol. Hons) was elected Secretary.

The Union Society cabinet is composed of the following Members:—

*President:—*Sri A. Alagappan

*Secretary:—*Sri S. Sankaran

### *Ex-Officio Members:*

Mr. Ghulam Ghouse

Sri B. S. Krishnamurthy

„ R. Natarajan

„ V. K. Mallinath Menon

„ K. V. Pranatharthiharan (English)

„ K. Shyam Bhat (Sanskrit)

„ P. K. Dheenadhayalu (History)

„ P. B. Krishnaswamy (Economics)

„ M. Natarajan (Mathematics)

„ K. Arumugam (Botany)

„ Kochunni (Zoology)

„ M. Parthasarathy (Geology)

„ G. Swaminathan (Physics)

„ Lakshmi Narayanan (Chemistry)

„ Srimathi Saraswathi Bai (women's representative)

Rev. A. J. Boyd M.A., Principal of the Madras Xian College Tambaram inaugurated the work of the Union on 10-8-'43. The Student President presided on the occasion.

On 17-8-'43 Sri C. Rajagopalachariar the ex-premier of our province addressed a large gathering of students on "Present Possibilities".

Then on 20-8-'43 a lively debate was held when a resolution was moved that in the opinion of the house "Private property must be abolished". The resolution was carried. Dr. B. B. Dey acted as the observer.

The practice of holding a common reception to the graduates inaugurated during the period of bifurcated societies was continued with a slight change. On 27-8-'43 a general gathering of the College was held to welcome the new graduates after the departmental functions at 6-30 P.M. in the College hall. A welcome innovation made on the occasion was the public distribution of the several proficiency prizes and medals to the respective winners. The Society is profoundly grateful to Mrs. Dey for distributing the prizes. The Secretary offered felicitations to the graduates. It was eloquently responded to by Sri P. R. Subramaniam B.A., (Hons.), Sri B. R. L. Iyengar B.A., Sri M. Md. Ismail B.A., (Hons.) and Sri R. Parthasarathy B.A., (Hons.).

On 7-9-'43 Sri P. T. Krishnamachary M.L.A. (Central) delivered a thought-provoking lecture on "Where are we?"

S. Sankaran III B. Sc. (Physics) was unanimously elected the Secretary for the second term of the year. Sri A. Alagappan became the President for the same term.

On 20-10-'43 The Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastriar P.C. addressed a crowded hall on "Next Things".

On Tuesday the 9th November the members of the Union had an interesting debate on the necessity for the abolition of examinations. The Union voted down examinations.

Sri P. K. Shanmugam Chetty delivered a remarkable address on "Some aspects of war finance" on 2-12-1943.

Two remarkable features of the activities of the Union during the period under review were the introduction of the Inter-Collegiate debate for "Presidency College Union Society Cup" and the inauguration of the Study Club. Dr. A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, the Vice-chancellor of the University delivered the inaugural address of the Study Club on 17-11-'43.

The Inter-Collegiate debate was held in the College hall on 24-11-'43. The Madras Xian College, Tambaram won the Presidency College Union

Society Cup. Cups for individual proficiency were awarded to Sri N. Jagadisan of the Madras Xian College and to Sri R. Thirumalai of Presidency College. Miss Indira Hensman of the Madras Xian College knocked off the cup for the best lady speaker. The Union Society is grateful to Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza, Mrs. Mona Hensman and Sri V. R. Ramachandra Dikshithar who acted as judges on the occasion.

A. ALAGAPPAN,  
President.

S. SANKARAN,  
Secretary.  
10-12-'43.

#### ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

At a business meeting held on Tuesday, 13th July, 1943 the following office-bearers were elected:

President:—Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai

Vice-President:—Mr. B. S. Krishnamurthy

Secretary:—Mr. K. V. Pranatharthiharan

Committee Members:—Mr. P. Narayana Rao

Miss L. Thomas

Miss Beatrice Hay

The year began with a grand Tea on Tuesday, 3rd August, 1943 when the members on the staff of the English Department were our guests of honour. Miss Shanti Prabhu, Miss Beatrice Hay, Mr. Raman Menon and Mr. S. Subrahmanyam entertained us with music, both vocal and instrumental.

The Inaugural Address was delivered by Prof. R. Krishnamurthy of Pachaiappa's College on Thursday, 5th August. The subject was "Poetry and Life". Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai was in the chair.

On 10th August Mr. B. S. Krishnaamurthy read a paper on "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is not great as Literature." Prof. C. P. Kesava Tharagan presided. Messrs. Rahman, Ramamurthy, Subrahmanyam and Ravivarman and Rev. K. T. Philip spoke later some supporting, and the rest opposing, Mr. B. S. Krishnamurthy.

On Tuesday, 17th August, Sri. "S. V. V." spoke on "What is Literature?" Rao Bahadur P. Sambanda Mudaliar presided.

The *Graduates' Reception* was held on Friday, 27th August, 1943. After tea, Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai welcomed the new graduates and congratulated them on their well-merited success. Mr. C. A. Paul proposed the toast to the graduates and Miss Lalitha Hensman responded to the toast, on behalf of the Graduates. After games and music, the pleasant function came to a close.

There was a debate on Tuesday, 2nd November, 1943 when Mr. C. A. Paul moved the resolution that "Despite the malicious traits attributed to Dr. Faustus, he is a noble character." Mr. V. Ramamurthy opposed the resolution. Mr. P. Narayana Rao (P.G.I.) presided. Prof. K. Swaminathan also spoke at the end, stating that the real problem connected with Dr. Faustus is the textual problem.

An intercollegiate debate was held on Tuesday 16th November, 1943 between our Association and the Madras Christian College English Honours Association. Mr. C. A. Paul moved the resolution that "in the opinion of the house Literature is an escape from Life." Miss Anna Matthew (Christian College) led the opposition. The following participated in the debate.

| For.                    |              | Against.                       |
|-------------------------|--------------|--------------------------------|
| Mr. B. G. R. Krishnamma | (Christian)  | Rev. K. T. Philip (Presidency) |
| „ Jagadisan             | ( „ )        | Mr. Yusuf (Christian)          |
| „ Ravi Varma            | (Presidency) | „ Deacon Abraham ( „ )         |

Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai was in the chair. The motion when put to vote was lost.

\* \* \* \*

K. V. PRANATHARTHIHARAN,  
Secretary.

#### SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

The office bearers for the year 1943-'44 were elected at the general body meeting of the Association held on Tuesday the 17th August 1943.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Mr. Justice C. N. Kuppuswami Ayyar on Wednesday the 25th August 1943. Prof. P. P. S. Sastri presided. The speaker briefly sketched the history and

development of Sanskrit literature from the earliest times to the present day. He gave a critical appreciation of some of the most important works quoting freely from them. He concluded with a reference to the high cultural value of Sanskrit literature. The president in his concluding remarks surveyed the views of the speaker and stressed on the importance of the critical and comparative study of literature.

As a special meeting of the Association held on Tuesday the 7th September 1943, with Prof. P. P. S. Sastri in the chair a resolution of condolence was passed at the demise of Mahamahopadhyaya S. Kuppuswami Sastriar who for over 21 years was the Professor of Sanskrit in this College.

On Thursday the 11th November 1943 Mr. N. Ramachandran M.A., gave an interesting talk on 'Kalidasa and His Poetry.' He critically examined the different definitions of poetry given by Sanskrit and English rhetoricians and proved with apt illustrations the excellence of Kalidasa's poetry.

Mr. O. P. Rangaswami Ayyangar M.A., L.T., who presided summed up the views of the speaker and referred to the realistic nature of Kalidasa's poetry. He said that Kalidasa is noted for his inborn passion for colour, sweetness and harmony. With a vote of thanks by the Secretary the meeting came to a close.

At a business meeting of the Association held on Thursday the 2nd December 1943 it was decided to stage a Sanskrit drama during the last week of January 1944.

SHAMA BHAT, K.  
T. M. MAHADEVAN,  
Secretaries.

#### HISTORY, ECONOMICS & POLITICS ASSOCIATION

The following office bearers were elected on the 21st of July '43.

*President*:—Dr. Kallukaran B.A., Hons. B.Sc. Hons. (London) Ph.D.

*Vice-President*:—Prof. J. Franco M.A., L.T.,

*Secretaries*:—P. K. Dheenadhyal  
P. B. Krishnaswamy

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered on August 12th '43 by Prof. Neelakanta Sastri M.A., L.T., with Dr. Kallukaran in the chair. Prof. Sastri gave an interesting lecture on the political and cultural ideals of India.

On the 25th of August '43 a debate was organised, with Prof. V. Narayanaswami as the observer and Mr. M. K. Roy as the President. Mr. Gajapathiraj moved the proposition that "Inequalities of income promote economic development of a country."

The members of the Association were At Home to new graduates. There were many more meetings during the two terms of the year —

On October 25th, lecture by Dr. E. Asirvadham on "What Russia can Teach us". President. Prof. K. Panikkar.

On November 2nd, lecture by Mr. V. K. Narasimhan on some aspects of India's war economy. Prof. V. Narayanaswami presided.

On November 16th, debate between the women students that "Women should not enter Politics". Prof. V. Narayanaswami Observer.

On November 17th, lecture by Dr. M. S. Krishnan Supt. of the Geological survey of India on "Iron and Coal Industry in India". Prof. Velayutham presided.

Altogether the work of the Association for the two terms has been satisfactory. But one important drawback is that students do not help us by coming to speak on the platform as often as would be desirable. We hope to have two more meetings before the end of this term.

P. K. DHEENADHYAL,  
P. B. KRISHNASWAMI,  
Secretaries.

#### PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

On 19-7-1943, a meeting was held under the presidency of Sri S. B. Bondade, Professor of Physics, for the election of the office-bearers for the academic year 1943-44. The following were unanimously elected.

*President*:—Sri S. B. Bondade, B.A., LL.B., B. Sc. (Hons). London.

*Vice-Presidents*:—Dr. S. Kalyanaraman, M.A., L.T., B.Sc. (Madras).

Sri V. N. Viswanatha Iyer, M.A., L.T.,

Sri T. Krishnamoorthy, M.A., L.T.,

*Editor*:—Sri T. N. Seshadri, M.A., L.T.,

*Secretaries*:—P. A. Sreenivasan.

Sri S. Ramachandra Rao.

*Treasurer*:—Sri A. M. Tholamani Devar.

Dr. S. V. Anantha Krishnan of Christian College, delivered the inaugural address of the Association on 20th August 1943. The subject of the lecture was "The Nature of Chemical Change". Sri S. B. Bondade, was in the chair.

The President and members of the Association were at home to the physics graduates of the year on 27th August 1943. After tea, there was a meeting in the New Physics Lecture Room under the presidency of Sri. S. B. Bondade, Professor of Physics. The function was thoroughly enjoyable.

The Physics Department took part in the War-Services Exhibition, which was a grand attraction in September 1943. Great enthusiasm was shown by the past and present students of the College. The exhibits included various objects of scientific and popular interest. The most attractive thing was the "Pick a Flower" which gave every visitor something to remember us by. In the dark room High Frequency discharge phenomena, Fighting globules and a few other optical experiments provided a very good entertainment. A discharge sign with the caption 'V for Victory' was also placed in the dark room. Huge Soap bubbles were now and again floated out of the stall and they sailed right away, some bursting and deluging the visitors with spray.

The following were the lectures delivered in the ordinary meetings of the Association.

| DATE     | SUBJECT                       | LECTURER                          | PRESIDENT             |
|----------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 16-9-43  | "March Towards Absolute Zero" | Parthasarathy<br>(V. Hons)        | Dr. S. Kalyanaraman   |
| 19-10-43 | "Microphones"                 | G. Swaminathan<br>(V. Hons)       | Sri T. N. Seshadri    |
| 3-11-43  | "Emptiness of this world"     | Sri T. N. Seshadri<br>M.A., L.T., | Sri T. Krishnamoorthy |
| 10-11-43 | "Modern Alchemy"              | T. C. Thyagarajan<br>(V. Hons)    | Sri V. Narasimhan     |
| 10-12-43 | "Wave Theory of Matter"       | R. Natarajan<br>(V. Hons)         | Sri V. Narasimhan     |

Rev. Father Racine delivered the first two lectures on "Quantum Mechanics" in our College, one on 13th November 1943 and the other on 20th November. The lectures were very instructive. Sri S. B. Bondade, Professor of Physics was the president on both the occasions.

P. A. SREENIVASAN,  
Secretary.

## BOTANY ASSOCIATION

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Sir T. S. Venkataraman, K.T., C.I.E., D.Sc., on 30th July '43. Dr. Dey, D.Sc., F.I.C. our Principal presided.

The members were "at Home" to the new graduates on 30th August. After tea, there was a variety entertainment, followed by toasts and speeches.

At an extraordinary meeting held on 16th September a condolence resolution touching the demise of Dr. T. Ekambaram, the former Professor of Botany, was passed. A minute's silence in memory of the late Professor was observed, all standing.

On 27th November Prof. M. S. Sabhesan, M.A., of Madras Christian College, Tambaram, delivered a very interesting lecture on "Vascular plants — past and present". The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides.

LEELA MENON,  
N. SRINIVASAN,  
Secretaries.

## GEOLOGY ASSOCIATION

Office Bearers :—

President :—Sri T. N. Muthuswami, M.A., L.T.,  
& Treasurer, Professor of Geology.  
Vice-Presidents :—Sri V. Janakiraman, B.Sc. (Hons.) L.T., Dip. Geo.  
Asst. Professor.  
Mr. B. Abdul Karim, B.Sc. (Hon.)  
Asst. Professor.

Secretary :—Sri K. Balu IV Hons.

Union Representative :—Sri Parthasarathi V Hons.

Lectures :—

Inaugural Address by Dr. M. S. Krishnan of the Geological Survey of India on "The Role of Minerals in the War".

| Subject.                                                            | Lecturer.                                                    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| Four lectures — "Palaeobotany".                                     | Dr. Jacob of G. S. I.                                        |
| Five lectures — "Methods of Mining".                                | Mr. R. N. P. Arogyasami of G.S.I.                            |
| Lantern lecture                                                     |                                                              |
| "Evolution of the Elephant",                                        | Mr. N. K. N. Iyengar of G.S.I.,                              |
| Lecture on "Laterites"                                              | by S. A. A. Ramaiah, V Hons.<br>Dr. M. S. Krishnan presided. |
| Lecture. "Pitfalls in the Study of<br>the Archaean-Dharwar Complex" | Mr. B. Rama Rao<br>Director, G. S. of Mysore.                |

A public lecture on "The State in relation to the Mineral Industries". by Sri B. Rama Rao, M.A., D.I.C., F.G.S., F.N.I., Director of the Geological Survey of Mysore, when Sri S. V. Ramamurthi, I.C.S., C.I.E., Advisor, Government of Madras, presided. There was an interesting discussion at the end, when Dr. B. B. Dey, Dr. M. S. Krishnan, Dr. Gopal Rao, Mr. G. Kuriyan, and Mr. Abbas Khaleeli, Director of Industries, participated.

## THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

Our first term's activities began with the inaugural address by Dr. T. R. Seshadri of the Andhra University on "The Chemist and a problem of Human Defence", with Dr. Dey in the chair. In his own characteristic way, he made the lecture very entertaining; several interesting experiments were performed on the occasion.

Among other activities of the first term, mention may be made of the annual 'At Home' to the Graduates of the year. The function proved a great success.

Some of the members of our society exhibited interesting and instructive experiments in the 'War Service Exhibition' which came off in September last.

Among our activities of the second term, mention may be made of two instructive papers on "Influence of light on chemical reactions" read by S. P. Sundaram VI P. G. and on "Plant Pigments" by S. Kunjidhapadam V Hons.

Our thanks are due to the Vice-President, Mr. M. V. Sitaraman for his lively interest and continuous encouragement.

K. SARANGAN,  
K. SRINIVASAN,  
Secretaries.

## TAMIL MANAVAR SANGHAM

Two meetings were held during the second term.

Sri "Va. Ra" delivered a lecture on 'The Present Education'. He stressed the need of technical education besides university education. Dr. Subbaroyan, ex-Minister gave a talk on 'Reconstruction'. He emphasised that India should have a parliament in the New Order of the World. He pointed out the essential part that would be played by the voters as soon as the war came to an end and India got her freedom. Prof. Swaminathan who presided over the function explained the functions of a true parliament. Sri Viswanathiar proposed a vote of thanks.

M. MUZHARUDDIN,  
Secretary.



We are fortunate to have another year of uninterrupted sports and games. In spite of war, which has so severely upset the economic equilibrium — as a result of which the price of play materials has soared up by over several hundred percents, we have been able to keep our heads above water and give all facilities to the students to practise and play all possible tournaments. This year we had more than our usual share in games as two more tournaments have been started — the Pachaiappas College has instituted a cup for cricket while the Medicals have launched a foot-ball tournament for the May and Baker shield.

The inter-collegiate tournaments conducted by the M. C. A. A. are in full swing and we have done fairly well all round. The inter-collegiate tournaments organized by our College in Cricket, Hockey, Foot-ball and Tennis singles and doubles were conducted with a great measure of success. We have concluded all the tournaments except Foot-ball in which the Medical and Loyola have to play their final match.

We retained the Duncan Memorial Cricket Cup for the 19th year in succession. The Muhammadan won the Panagal Cup Hockey Tournament, the Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Ayyar Cup for Tennis singles was won by the Engineering College represented by Sreedharan, while the doubles Cup was again won by the Loyola College represented by Y. V. Lakshman Rao, and D'Souza. We were runners-up in both the Hockey and the Tennis Doubles Tournaments.

College Cricket has been very enjoyable, and exciting. Under V. T. Krishnamurthi the cricketers are knit together as one man and in spite of being a weak team, they are able to put up strong team-work and thus gave a good account of themselves in all the matches. It was this spirit and team-work that bore them through the Duncan Memorial Tournament,

ultimately giving them the much coveted success in their final match against the Pachaiappas. V. Seshagiri Rao, K. Krishnaswami, and Janakiraman were included in the first twenty of the Madras University Cricket team. The College team has also come up to the final of the Pachaiappas Tournament which will be played on the 13th, 14th, and 15th January.

The Hockey season has been equally interesting. Many Inter-Collegiate and practice matches were played. Of the 9 Inter-Collegiate matches in which we took part we won four and lost the rest but not without fighting till the last second. Sickness among our men during the rain and floods was responsible for a few of our defeats when we could not put up our full compliment.

The College team has good players and a bit more of understanding between them would certainly improve the results. In Victor Simon Haneef Pasha, Rajender Asirvadan and Umesh Rao the College captain, we have four stalwart players and the first three were included in the first twenty of the University team. The College team playing strenuous Hockey came up to the final of the Panagal Cup Tournament after beating the Medical "B" and the Loyola College. In their final against Muhamadan College they drew once and were unlucky to lose the replay by a solitary goal.

In Foot-ball we have been striving to strengthen the team, with partial success. We have so far played 9 Inter-Collegiate matches and in these we won three in a convincing way. Most of the matches lost were by a very bare margin of only one or two goals as the following results show.

|                     |     |     |     |
|---------------------|-----|-----|-----|
| Vs. Stanley Medical | ... | ... | 0-1 |
| Veterinary          | ... | ... | 2-0 |
| Teachers ...        | ... | ... | 3-0 |
| Pachaiappas         | ... | ... | 0-2 |
| Loyola ...          | ... | ... | 0-1 |
| Law ...             | ... | ... | 5-0 |
| Meston Training     | ... | ... | 0-1 |
| Technology          | ... | ... | 0-5 |

We have still to play against Medical, Engineering and Muhammadan Colleges. Giri Raj, the College Captain, Paramasivan, Shunappa Raja and Krishnan our goalie have done creditable work for the team.

While most Colleges have closed down tennis, we are in a happy situation and have been able to run three courts for men and one for

the women students. The standard of tennis in our College has risen up and credit is due to V. R. Raju and C. G. Paul the captain and secretary for managing the courts efficiently and economically.

We had the good fortune to have many notable players visit our courts and play and pass on their experience to the young and rising students of the College. On the 28th September we had an exhibition tennis match held on our courts in aid of the Famine Relief Fund. L. Shafi, the former British Davis Cup player treated the crowd to excellent Tennis. N. Krishnaswami, the Indian representative also gave a fine exhibition of stroke play and court craft. Beside these our thanks are due to Messrs. Indulkar the Western India Champion, and R. J. W. Moses, the South Indian Champion, for having responded to our invitation to play on our courts.

The Inter-Collegiate and the College open tournaments were played on our courts. In the Sir C. P. Cup matches, out of the four semi-finalists two were from our College viz., C. G. Paul and V. R. Raju. In the Doubles tournament our pair V. R. Raju and A. V. L. Narayansami (Baba) who came up to the final fully extended their opponents from Loyola. After winning the first two sets, they failed to bring home a few of their match points. This was their undoing and the luck smiled on their more enterprising opponents who ultimately won.

The College tournaments are on and many matches have been played. V. R. Raju and M. V. G. Appa Rao who are in the final will fight very keenly to win the championship; in the earlier rounds, G. Kasturi and P. S. Seshadri showed great promise. Baba and Velu are two new-comers to College from whom we may expect much in Tennis.

It was our dream to start a Boat Club for the College for over a decade and the dream has come near realisation now. Our efforts to get a site for the Boat Club on the bank of Cooum have almost materialised and we are already in possession of our first Boat which has been named "Presidencian"; we have placed orders for another boat and a punt and they are expected to arrive early in January.

We are greatly obliged to the personal interest and enthusiasm of our Principal, Dr. B. B. Dey who has made it possible to start the Boat Club.

P. R. SUBRAMANYAN.

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