

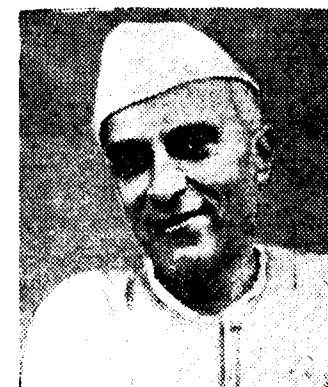
The Presidential

1950 - March

VOL - 9, NO - 1

DIGITIZED

JL
T45, 1, 211 M, N41
NSO.9.1
98350



" At any time it is desirable to encourage National Savings both from the point of the present and the future. In view of the economic situation that we are facing to-day this has become an urgent necessity and every individual should realise his duty to it. It is an easy way of serving a national purpose and at the same time serving oneself. But easy ways are sometimes ignored and forgotten. Hence it has become necessary to emphasize the vital importance of National Savings and I commend the small savings scheme to the public. This is not a matter on which there is or can be any difference of opinion and therefore, all of us should help in making this Scheme a great success."

—The Hon. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

— SAVE WHAT YOU CAN —

INVEST IN

National Savings Certificates.

— AVAILABLE AT ALL POST OFFICES —

For further particulars, apply to:

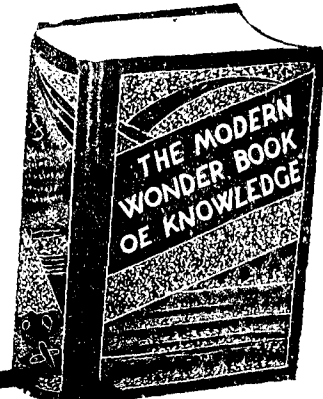
THE PROVINCIAL NATIONAL SAVINGS OFFICER

NUTSHELL

38-A, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS-6

THE MODERN WONDER BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

(LATEST 1949 EDITION)



- ★ A "Must" for Students, Parents & Teachers!
- ★ Learn everything about everything ranging from atomic energy to zoology!!
- ★ What it does not tell is not worth telling!!!
- ★ Ravishing Title-Page-Size 10" x 7"—Tough Binding—52 Books in one!!!!
- ★ A Gold mine of knowledge for Rs. 21/- postage extra.

Order from:

NEAREST BOOK-SELLER

Or Straight from:

M/s. K. L. KANNAPPA MUDALIAR

30, General Patters Road
MOUNT ROAD : : MADRAS-2
(7, CHITTARANJAN AVENUE, CALCUTTA)

For territorial agency, apply for terms

UNEQUALLED IN ITS CLASS

UBEROI

SPORTS SPECIALISTS

22, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS 2

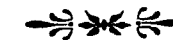
- ★ We have made SPORTS GOODS for 60 years—Millions of pieces in each Section, for use by INDIA'S most exacting players.
- ★ Whatever Material, methods or specifications were required in sports goods construction at any particular time, UBEROI products have always been tops in value and performance.
- ★ Backed by this record of successful performance our new post-war GAMES EQUIPMENT is really unequalled in its class.

India's Foremost Sports Goods Makers

MARINA CANTEEN

(OPPOSITE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE)

There is a little cafe' on the Marina,
Where every He is a Czar, and She a Czarina.
In this most exclusive spot,
You could get warm, but not hot.
If you want a snack, just hop-in!
If you want a swim, just drop-in!
So leave your troubles and hurry-na'
To the little Cafe' on the Mari-na.



This is our advice to lads and lasses—
You're welcome here, but don't cut classes;
For good food your mouth will water,
But your mafer, pater and alma mater
Expect you to get creditable passes.

BE IT A PORTRAIT or GROUP

DIAL 86144

OCTOGRAPH STUDIO

Proprs.: THE MADRAS PHOTO STORES,
186, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

—A Speciality.

FOR
ECONOMY
AND
SERVICE

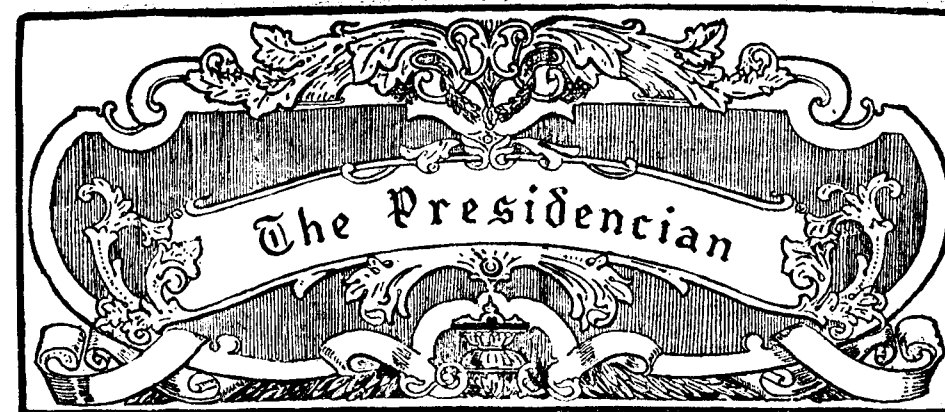
REMEMBER

CENTRAL SPORTS (PHONE
8153)

23, MOUNT ROAD

(Imperial Bank Lane)

MADRAS.



With the Editors' Compliments

S. RAMASWAMI, B.A. (Hons.)

Student Editors:

MONICA SEN,
PRAVIN KUMAR.

Vol. IX

March, 1950

No. 1

Contents

		PAGE
Ourselves	... <i>The Editors</i>	... i
Messages	...	... 1
In Memoriam : Dr. S. R. U. Savoor	... <i>K. S.</i>	... 3
Our March to Freedom	... <i>An Old Student</i>	... 5
Religion and Politics in Free India	... <i>T. B. Nair</i>	... 9
Idyll (A poem)	... <i>Malathi Kasthuri</i>	... 13
The Birth of a State (A poem)	... <i>T. V. R.</i>	... 14
To the special Officer-in-charge of Wells	... <i>T. V. R.</i>	... 14
Water (A poem)	... <i>Olga Williamson</i>	... 14
Shakespeare and Employment Regulations	... <i>T. V. Madhav</i>	... 15
Gandhi meets Darwin	... <i>P. K. Menon</i>	... 17
Masters	... <i>T. R. Raman</i>	... 19
Sonnet	... <i>Pravin Kumar</i>	... 25
Omar Khayyam	... <i>S. A. W. Bukhari</i>	... 25
The Half-holiday	... <i>Pravin Kumar</i>	... 30
Travancore & Vijayanagar	... <i>K. K. Pillai</i>	... 35
Matrimonial Advertisements	... <i>P. K. K. Menon</i>	... 40
Searce Currencies	... <i>T. V. Vasanta</i>	... 44
Radar	... <i>T. Krishnamurti</i>	... 46
Reminiscences of Hostel Life	... <i>S. R. Rao</i>	... 48
Existentialism	... <i>Monica Sen</i>	... 50
Me and the Beggar	... <i>S. Lalitha</i>	... 55
Random Reflections	... <i>A. K. Kasturi</i>	... 56
Wanted: A Boundary Commission	... <i>M. S. Prakasa Rao</i>	... 59
Social Satire	... <i>P. R. Krishnaswami</i>	... 65
Sportsman turned Spokesman	... <i>G. Krishnakutty</i>	... 69
On Pearls	... <i>G. Madan Mohan Rao</i>	... 74
Meet the Scientist	... <i>Sad-Nah-Om</i>	... 77
Mr. Murthi's Watch	... <i>"Tram"</i>	... 79
No Sugar, but still Sweet	... <i>V. Balu</i>	... 93
On Youth and Age	... <i>K. R. Menon</i>	... 95
Rescue and Reward	... <i>N. Harinarayana</i>	... 96
The Sub-Marine Wealth of India	... <i>A. C. Antony</i>	... 98
The Presidencian on the Marina	... <i>M. Shanmugam</i>	... 101
Solar Energy	... <i>R. Rathnaswamy</i>	... 104
From the Presidencian's Bookshelf	...	... 106
From our Secretaries	...	... 109
From our Captains	...	... 118
The Old Students' Association	...	... 122
Purushasya Dharmah (Sanskrit)	... <i>V. Lalitha</i>	... 1
Kal-ki-raat (Hindi)	... <i>K. K. Varma</i>	... 5
Stanzas (Hindi)	... <i>"Ratna"</i>	... 7
Nenje Vazhvay (Tamil)	... <i>G. Perumal</i>	... 8
Pengalin Urimey (Tamil)	... <i>T. Kalavathi</i>	... 8
Tukkamba (Telugu)	... <i>P. S. Chaudhury</i>	... 9
Tummada (Telugu)	... <i>Shivashankar Reddi</i>	... 12
College Beauty (Malayalam)	...	... 17
Sookthi (Kannada)	... <i>B. Nanjundaswami</i>	... 21
Stree-Vidyabhyasa (Kannada)	... <i>P. V. Rajkumar</i>	... 23

Ourselves

Yet another academic year has gone by and we greet our readers, students old and new and other well-wishers and friends with yet another number of *The Presidencian*. We trust the fare herein provided will afford both profit and pleasure, and the younger ones among our contributors the unique joy of seeing their work in print for the first time and other students a stimulus to literary effort in the years to come.

The College has had a year largely uneventful except that it was as usual rich in work in the class-room and in play outside it. The year was however enlivened by visits from distinguished men and women, some of them our own old students.

To mark the proclamation of the Indian Republic on 26th January 1950, we have ventured to include in this issue a brief survey of our national struggle for freedom. Presidency College has played its part, albeit rather quietly and unostentatiously in this gloriously peaceful and unique struggle. In common with the rest of our countrymen, we of this College send up our prayers to Almighty God that He may guard and keep this country and its freedom and that it may be given to us through His grace to play our part worthily and honourably, as ever before, in the years of trial still ahead, in the service of our beloved land.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we express our grateful thanks to His Excellency the Governor of Madras, to the Commander-in-Chief and to other distinguished men for the heartening and encouraging messages they have sent us in response to our request.

H. E. the Governor honoured the College with his presence on the occasion of the College Day on Feb. 9, 1950, when Her Highness the Maharani of Bhavnagar gave away the prizes. General Cariappa, one of our old boys gave the staff and students a stirring address the other day when he visited the college. His exhortation to our young students to live up to the great traditions of this college and to put the country first always, made a deep impression on staff and students alike.

Another distinguished visitor to the College was Sher-i-Kashmir Sheikh Abdulla. He gave us a most moving account of the struggle of

Kashmir to live up to the idea of secular democracy in honourable union with India, in the face of the communalist challenge from Pakistan.

In the midst of much that is encouraging and heartening we have also to chronicle events which are of another tenor. The passing away of Dr. S. R. U. Savor who was an old student of this college, later and for long a Professor in this college, and then its Principal and then the first permanent Indian Director of Public Instruction cast a deep gloom on us all. Dr. Savor was a worthy upholder of the great traditions of this College and the College will long cherish the memory of this great and good man.

We have striven throughout this year, amid much encouragement as well as many trials, to maintain the hoary traditions of this college. How far we have succeeded, it would not be seemly for us to say. But we venture to express our genuine pride in the achievement of the students of this College who have entered, after withstanding a pretty stiff competitive Examination the Indian Administrative Service. One of them was, we feel proud to mention, a woman, Miss Muthammal. Our record of academic achievement in other fields is also gratifying. And so is our sports record.

We would be failing in our duty if we did not acknowledge the gift by old students of Prof. Ananda Rao and the Old Students' Association, of portraits of Professors Ananda Rao, Seshu Aiyer, Savor and Tenneti Suryanarayana to the portrait gallery of the College. These portraits which were ceremonially unveiled by Sir S. V. Ramamurti in December 1949 will not only be a source of inspiration to the mathematicians of the college, but will also forge another link between the old and the new.

THE EDITORS.

Messages

From His Excellency the Governor of Madras

I count it a privilege to send a message of good wishes to the Presidency College. It is one of the premier educational institutions in this State. It can boast of a tradition and a standard equalled by hardly any others. I am sure in the dawn of our new India the College will continue to maintain its high traditions. Our country needs men and women of the highest calibre for without proper leadership all our plans for the development of our nation can come to nothing. It is to our colleges and schools and especially institutions like the Presidency College that we look for the future leaders of this country who would have the necessary character, discipline and initiative to carry out our dreams for the future and fulfil our promises. I am sure the Presidency College with its unbroken record of high endeavour will play a very worthy part in this task.

Jai Hind.

KRISHNA KUMARSINHJI BHAVSINHJI.

From General K. M. Cariappa

Free India, more than ever, wants her youth to grow up with the ideologies preached by MAHATMAJI, in order to help her maintain and keep the freedom won after years of struggle, for all time. I feel, as indeed most others do too, the youth of our country are the wealth of our Nation. It behoves every grown-up to ensure that our young men and young women are brought up on the right lines, imbued with the highest standard of moral integrity, honesty, truthfulness, loyalty, discipline, physical fitness, mental alertness, and self-sacrifice, to become good citizens of the land.

It will be criminal on the part of the youth of the country to ignore their responsibilities for the future and get carried away by desires to gain cheap popularity by being indisciplined and wasting valuable hours of their days of youth in going on strikes, hartals etc. etc. Every second, every minute and every day of the period up to the age of 18—20 should be devoted by every young man and woman to equip himself or herself with knowledge to become good citizens of the country, after leaving the School or College. Studies should NOT be interfered with or interrupted by indiscipline.

I hope all Presidencians will take what I have said here in the spirit I have expressed myself and will prepare themselves to serve our Motherland as good honest citizens to ensure that peace, plenty and prosperity prevail at all times.

K. M. CARIAPPA.

From the Honourable Mr. K. Madhava Menon

My message to the 'Presidencian' for its first number after the inauguration of the Republic is that it may truly reflect the great change in the country's status. The youth of the country will inherit from the achievement of those who toiled and fought for the country's independence. This achievement they must enlarge and enrich according to the aims of the Constitution. To the extent "The Presidencian" can create the proper spirit of adventure and service for the country, it will add to its value and appeal. I wish the Presidencian success in this direction.

K. MADHAVA MENON.

From Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

My recollections of the Presidency College extend over half-a-century and its traditions have continued unbroken. They consist specifically in the recognition of the educational advantages of the fullest freedom of thought and behaviour consistent with the doctrine, that privilege entails responsibility ("NOBLESSE OBLIGE")

In the era of Republican Self-expression that opens out before our country, these traditions and the rights and obligations flowing from them are of inestimable significance and I have little doubt that our College will play a notable part in the evolution of a new life.

C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.

From Sir C. V. Raman

I am writing to convey my heartiest greetings to all past and present "Presidencians" and in doing so, venture to express the hope that in the new era opened by the birth of the Indian Republic, our old College will have a prosperous career and achieve yet greater renown as the nursery of leaders of thought and action.

C. V. RAMAN.

From the Honourable Dr. John Matthai

I wish to send you my warm greetings and my best wishes for the continued prosperity of the old College. I spent five happy years as a member of the College staff, and still retain vivid memories of the spirit of fellowship and intellectual activity which distinguished the College in those days. I am glad to know that the old traditions and standards have been maintained, and that the College continues to make as valuable a contribution as ever to the cause of University education and good citizenship.

JOHN MATTHAI.

In Memoriam: Dr. S. R. U. Savor.

Dr. S. R. U. Savor, scholar, scientist, administrator and man of God, who passed away on 1st February 1950, was one of the most distinguished of our old students. His academic record at Presidency College, where he took the newly instituted degree of B. A. (Hons.) in Mathematics in company with his distinguished colleague Prof. K. Ananda Rao, was one of great distinction. Proceeding to Cambridge for further studies he passed the Mathematical Tripos and won the famous Smiths Prize. Later he went to London and took the D. Sc. of London besides passing the Bar examinations. Returning to India, he was appointed as Professor of Physics in Presidency College in the first instance and later transferred to the Department of Mathematics as Professor of Applied Mathematics. Concurrently with this post he also held the post of Director of the Meteorological Observatory in Madras. He rose rapidly to a position of eminence as a great teacher by his devotion to his subject and by his high sense of duty.

Dr. Savor was soon drawn away to the Administrative branch of the Education Department as Deputy Director of Public Instruction, Finance, a post he held for several years. His tenure of this office coincided with a period of great expansion in the field of higher education, which owed much to his zeal and his grasp of the details of the financial side of educational administration.

He became, in 1929, Principal of the Government College, Kumbakonam, which from its earliest days had the reputation of being the Cambridge of Southern India. Dr. Savor's love of knowledge and devotion to educational progress made his tenure a landmark in the history of that college.

From Kumbakonam, Dr. Savor went to Palghat as Principal of the Government Victoria College there. And this College, in its turn, under Dr. Savor's dynamic lead made great progress. There was quite a remarkable expansion both in the number of courses afforded and in the strength of the college. Besides, it was the only college in the Province which provided facilities for the study of Electrical engineering at the stage of the Intermediate itself. Dr. Savor's methods in pushing on with the plans of expansion of this college were sometimes unorthodox but it

was characteristic of the man that he cared for the substance of things and achieved it with a rare economy of expenditure to the state.

He became Principal of Presidency College early in 1945 and taking charge as Director of Public Instruction later in the year, held that office up to 1947. He was the first Indian to hold the office of Director of Public Instruction in India, as a permanent incumbent.

His tenure of this high office was marked by progress all round, and particularly in the field of higher education both general and technical. Dr. Savor retired from this office in 1947 and spent his retirement in more complete absorption in his first love, religion.

Dr. Savor was all his life a great *bhakta* and loved the company of seers and saints far more than that of politicians and officials. His earliest class-fellows and colleagues testify that the markedly mystical and other-worldly strain in his nature was one of the strongest elements in a strong and even stubborn character. His sense of values, which was the strongest part of him made him see through the pomp and circumstances and the brief authority that go with high office, and though some sought to exploit his simple human goodness for this or that trivial end of their own, he discharged his duty with a clear conscience and as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye. And in his religious loyalties, there was a marked absence of fanaticism, intolerance and pharisaism. He loved and honoured holiness wherever he found it and was not content, like many other devotees, to be rich one moment to be poor for ever.

Dr. Savor was a good student, a good teacher, a good administrator and above all a good man. When shall we see such another?

K. S.



THE LATE DR. S. R. U. SAVOOR, M.A. (Cantab), D.Sc. (London)
Director of Public Instruction, 1945-47

“Shôkathigô môdatê svargalôkê.”

“Travelling beyond this sphere of sorrow
he rejoices in Heaven”—Kathôpanishad.



Our March to Freedom.

The Indian National Congress at its Lahore Session in December 1929 under the presidentship of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru passed the famous resolution declaring that 'Swaraj' in article I of the Congress Constitution shall mean complete independence. It was in pursuance of this resolution that from January 26, 1930 we took the independence oath every year and declared that India must end British domination over India and achieve Purna Swaraj or complete independence. August 15, 1947 saw India attain independence in fact and on January 26, 1950 when she declared herself a sovereign Democratic Republic she became independent in fact as well as in form—although certain constitutional pandits may still maintain that having chosen to stay within the Commonwealth our swaraj is not complete.

It will not be true to say that the history of our freedom movement goes back to 1857, the year of the 'sepoy mutiny', or even to the year 1885 when the Indian National Congress was founded. Rebels there were, individuals as well as groups, fighting the foreigner, but the motive of rebellion was seldom that of national liberation. Independence or Purna Swaraj did not become the objective of our struggle until 1920 or, at any rate, till Mahatma Gandhi appeared on the Indian political scene. The Rebellion of 1857 failed because it simply was not a national rebellion. Large sections of people not only stood out of it but actively supported the cause of the East India Company. The Indian National Congress did not become the spearhead of our struggle for independence until 1920. As a body it did not for a number of years even advocate India's inherent right to independence which individuals within it like Lokamanya Tilak had asserted quite early. Tilak's famous statement "Freedom is my birth-right and I will have it" expressed in a nutshell the aspiration of Young India. One service, however, the Congress did before it entered on a regular struggle for freedom. It was that of organizing the available vocal sections of Indian opinion and providing them with a common platform for ventilating grievances. The need to canvass mass enthusiasm on a nationwide scale in support of any demand or any programme of action was first recognized by Tilak in Maharashtra and by B.C. Pal and Aravinda Ghosh in Bengal.

The Congress soon became the battle-ground between those who were extremists and those who were moderates in their attitude to political problems until finally at its Surat session the extremists led by Tilak broke away from the organization leaving the moderates under Sir Pherozeshah Mehta and Gokhale in control of it. The Congress however, could not remain a bastion of the moderates for all time. The country changed rapidly; radicalism gained ground with ever larger

and larger numbers of people taking an intelligent interest in politics. It was but natural that the Congress which was fast becoming a national organization and which could now reckon among its members also Muslims should reflect the radicalism in the land. The moderates were soon swamped out.

World War I gave a new turn to events in India. Mrs. Besant and Tilak started the Home Rule League as an auxiliary of the Congress and demanded that the Wilsonian principle of national self-determination should be applied to India. The Montford Reforms Scheme of 1919 introduced to allay the political discontent in the country failed, however, to satisfy the Congress which dismissed it as inadequate. Besides, the intentions of the Government were laid under deep suspicion by the passing of the Rowlatt Act. There was stupefaction throughout the country. Just then Mahatma Gandhi strode into the scene with his weapon of satyagraha. He called on the people to observe a hartal on April 6, 1919 as a protest against the Rowlatt Act.

The Government's reaction to the new turn of events was to embark on an orgy of repression. A silent crowd of peaceful citizens gathered at Jallianwala Bagh at Amritsar was fired on by General Dyer. One thousand two hundred of them were mowed down and more than thrice that number wounded. Rule by martial law followed in the Punjab. The Punjab atrocities together with Muslim dissatisfaction with Britain's role in the liquidation of the Caliphate found the two great communities of India united under the aegis of the Congress and at the Nagpur session of the Congress in 1920 it was resolved to adopt a policy of non-violent non-co-operation until the Punjab and Khilafat wrongs were righted and Swaraj achieved. The Congress itself was reorganized into a truly national institution with branches in every province, district, taluk and village.

The year 1920 marked a new era in the history of the freedom movement in India, an era characterized by the large-scale use of the new weapon of satyagraha or non-co-operation based on truth and non-violence, forged by Gandhiji. The gaols were soon filled to overflowing with political prisoners. The Congress which met at Ahmedabad in 1921 demanded that civil disobedience and a no-tax campaign should be started on a nation-wide scale to paralyze the Government. Gandhiji would, however, agree to their introduction only in a few selected places. The Chauri-Chaura incident in which 21 constables together with their Inspector were burnt to death showed that the people were not yet disciplined in non-violence sufficiently and Gandhiji in great dismay called off the campaign. The Government, however, became panicky and clapped the Mahatma into gaol.

The non-co-operation movement of 1921 had the result of awakening the people to a sense of their latent power. The years that followed, however, were practically barren. The struggle for freedom was not followed up. Hindu-Muslim unity steadily became a very tenuous affair. Indeed the Government or at any rate their agents fomented communal tension.

The appointment of the Simon Commission in 1927 to decide the next stage of constitutional advance in the country was the occasion of an outburst of national anger. The all-white commission was boycotted by all sections of the people. The Congress was not yet committed to Purna Swaraj. Dominion Status was all that the Nehru Committee asked for, but the utter impossibility of attaining it in any reasonable length of time as demonstrated by the unresponsive attitude of the Government made the Congress at its Lahore session in December 1929 adopt the famous Independence resolution. The goal was now defined unmistakably as Independence. Mahatma Gandhi was called upon to conduct another campaign of Civil disobedience with a view to achieving it. The Viceroy having turned down Gandhiji's Eleven Points, the campaign was inaugurated by Gandhiji's historic march to Dandi beach to break the salt law. He was arrested, but the movement itself went on unflaggingly. At several places beginning with Bardoli people refused to pay their taxes. Government became more brutal this time than in 1921 and hence the people suffered terribly. Police parties lathi-charged non-violent crowds through the length and breadth of the country. The lathi became the symbol of British Raj in India. In the end, realising the futility of repression and anxious to get the Congress to participate in a Round Table Conference on constitutional reform for India, Lord Irwin, the then Viceroy, released Gandhiji. Gandhiji on his part called off the campaign and went to London as the sole representative of the Congress at the R.T.C. When Lord Willingdon succeeded Lord Irwin there was a recrudescence of the old policy of repression and a systematic attempt was made to liquidate the Congress. Mahatma Gandhi on his return from London was again cast into prison. The campaign was renewed with vigour and continued despite great hardships. The British Raj, however, remained for the time being unshaken and the people began to show signs of exhaustion. Therefore mass civil disobedience was suspended, and replaced by individual civil disobedience. Even that had to be abandoned soon.

The British Parliament passed the Government of India Act of 1935 but the Congress, to begin with, was unwilling to work this scheme. But, later, it entered the legislatures and in seven provinces formed ministries. From 1937 till the outbreak of World War II they continued in office. But when India was led into the War without being consulted, Congress resigned. The third and final stage in the struggle was soon to

be enacted. On August 8, 1942 the Congress started another non-violent mass struggle under Mahatmaji's leadership to make the British "quit" India. Before the campaign began the leaders of the movement were cast into prison. The people, however, broke into open rebellion. Government met the challenge by unexampled terrorism. But the struggle for freedom went on unabated. In the meantime the War came to a close and Britain though victorious found that she had not sufficient man-power or material resources to keep India down. There was also the possibility of the Indian army getting infected by the spirit of Subhas Chandra Bose's Indian National Army. Prudence dictated a reorientation of Britain's policy towards the country. In June 1945 the Congress leaders were released and on August 15, 1947 Britain left India for good.

In the achievement of our freedom it is true that our subcontinent was split into two political entities. But let it be remembered that partition was effected by agreement and that August 15, 1947 saw the whole of what was 'India' under British rule become free.

India's road to freedom is strewn with the corpses of millions of known and unknown heroes who gave up their lives in the cause of their country's freedom; it is also haunted by the shades of those who advanced a fair distance, then lost courage, faltered and stopped or turned back. Gandhiji and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and the brave band of their followers within the Congress and the millions of their countrymen and women who trudged along behind them finally reached their goal on August 15, 1947. The road that they travelled was long and tortuous and often it seemed never to end, but when Gandhiji had forged his weapon of Non-Violence there was no doubt that with its unerring aid the goal would be reached. In this year of the establishment of the sovereign democratic republic of India the country's homage goes to the Mahatma himself, who, alas! is no more with us and to those young men and women who laid their lives at the altar of freedom in the nonviolent struggle that he inaugurated, to Babu Ganu the 'Kamati' boy run over by one of the trucks smuggling foreign cloth out of Bombay in 1930 because he would not remove himself from the road across which he had lain in order to prevent the motor wagon from proceeding, to Kanakalata of Assam, the little girl who marched along to Golapur police station in district Darrang at the head of a procession to hoist the national flag and was shot dead in 1942, to Vinod Kinariwala student of Inter Science at Gujerat College, Ahmedabad, to Ram chandra, twelve year old student of Gorakhpur and to many others riddled through with bullets for hoisting the national flag or crying 'Mahatmaji ki-jai' or "Congress Zindabad." Jai Hind!

An Old Student.

Religion and Politics in Free India.

If we look back on the tragic trek of millions of refugees across the frontier between Pakistan and India, of non-Muslims from Pakistan and of Muslims from East Punjab and Delhi, we must hang our heads in shame and confess that there is something fundamentally wrong in our attitude towards religion and its role in politics. Happily, however, at this moment we have no misapprehensions about the latter. India has been declared to be a secular state. The days are gone when the ruler used to determine the religion of his subjects. Erastianism or the doctrine of state supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs has been buried deep in the limbo of the past. The age-long problem of the relations of church and state is today sought to be solved in all modern states on the basis of the formula invented by Cavour in the last century which is that of 'chiesa libera in libero stato' (A free church in a free state). The idea behind the declaration in the Constitution of India that it is a secular state is the same. The political machinery of the present-day positive state does not stop with mere maintenance of order. But it does not decide which, if any, of the organized religious bodies within its territorial ambit is correct in its professed interpretation of the divine will. Every religion prescribes certain practices and modes of conduct as most pleasing to God. Of such religious beliefs and practices surely it is not the business of the state to ask whether they are true, but whether or not they are a menace to the peace of society. If they have proved to be a menace, they have, perforce, to be suppressed, but not otherwise.

Religion, being a private and personal matter, is best kept out of politics. It is of course not suggested that the state should be irreligious. All that is meant is that as between religions it should not take sides but remain neutral. The identification of the state with any religion is unusual today and if the world has learnt any lesson from the religious wars of Europe it is that religious conformity is neither necessary nor possible. Locke believed that the state as an exclusively secular instrument had no right to interfere with the religion of its citizens. To Bayle no truth is certain enough to warrant the withdrawal of toleration from views which oppose it. And Voltaire was firmly convinced that any attempt to base political unity upon universal agreement in religious matters would promote discord and internal strife. In fact in respect of the relation of the religious question to public affairs, if history has any lesson to teach it is that a government which permits only one religion will tend to become arbitrary, that if there are only two religions in a state the people of the state will cut one another's throats; but that under a multiplicity of religions they will live in amity and peace. The foremost reason why there should be a separation of the church and the state is that religion has no single or unique method of resolving differences or of securing an agreement. Religion is a quest for Truth. But religious

experience being subjective and incapable of being tested in the same manner as a scientific truth can be, there cannot be absolute agreement among seekers after religious truth. Each will maintain that his particular method of approach is the best and all of them might be equally honest.

Admittedly religion has played an enormous part in the development of nationalities and religion may be said to put its distinct stamp of culture on its followers. The Flemings who politically form part of the state of Belgium speak almost the same language as the Dutch of Holland but they are separated from them by the religion they profess. The Congress of Vienna had united them into a single state, but the intensity of their religious divergences was such that the Belgian revolution rent them asunder. The Croats and Serbs of South-Eastern Europe also speak the same language. But the Croats are Catholics and the Serbs Orthodox and hence their separation into two nationalities and their hostility to each other. Side by side with religion, in recent years particularly, there has been another potent factor in the creation of a sense of national solidarity. That factor is language. Between 1933 and 1940 under the Turkish repatriation policy the test for an immigrant was language rather than religion. According to a law that was adopted on 14th June 1934 Turkey admitted several thousand Turkish-speaking Christians. While it is still true to say of every nationality that it desires to have a religion of its own it must be recognised that signs are also not wanting indicating a shift of emphasis from religion so as to comprehend other factors as well. And the great lesson of history is that the creation of uni-national states is an utter impossibility, whether the nationality that is the basis of the state is founded on unity of religion or on unity of religion, language and other factors. Even if it were possible we should hesitate to attempt a uni-national state because it would undoubtedly foster and intensify exclusive nationalism. Further it is most degrading to consider a man as a mere appurtenance of the religious or linguistic group to which he belongs. He can certainly have higher loyalties and the higher his loyalties the better will he fulfil himself. In this connection it is worth recalling that when the Sultan Selim wanted to unify the empire by compulsory prescription of Islam as the religion and Arabic as the language for everybody, the clerical lawyers said that it was contrary to the law of the Prophet and the Sultan wisely desisted.

It is a thousand pities that while elsewhere in the world people have ceased to cut one another's throats in the name of religion, there should have been killing of erstwhile neighbours in Pakistan and India just because they happened to differ in the matter of the religions they professed. The religious groups concerned in the great killings of the Punjab and Delhi were the Hindus and the Sikhs on the one hand and the Muslims on the other. They had lived together for centuries nurtured by the same soil and had spoken the same language. From the point of

view of their ethnic origin they were indistinguishable from one another. They differed only in their systems of faith and worship. Each constituted a different bond of piety. If religion be just our idea of the relationship between the human self and some non-human entity (call it whatever you like, the sacred, the super-natural, the self-existent, the Absolute or simply God), if by religion we understand man's quest for the Eternal and the Real, it can have nothing whatsoever to do with politics, which is of this world and regulates our material existence. Actually however, what has happened in the recent history of our country is that politics has been seriously vitiated by religion. It is true that Free India has lifted its politics out of its religious trappings and yet one wonders whether religion which has divided people from their neighbours and in the name of which they have indulged in slaughter of their brethren is not in immediate need of a reformation.

Reformation in the sense of removal of defects or improvement of the existing institutions and practices or even a radical change for the better has been attempted in the past in the case of almost every living religion. Taking Islam and Hinduism as they were practised in our country by the masses for a considerable time before partition and for a few months after that event we must admit that they were both out of gear in their attitude towards each other and the latter also in the institutions which it had inherited. Neither Islam nor Sikhism stands in need of improvement in form or quality. Their trouble seems to be one of the psychology of their adherents. In them a change of attitude towards other religions is perhaps all that is needed. Hinduism would require institutional changes to bring about greater social cohesion within its ranks and also shedding of its recently acquired militancy. All alike will need a reorientation in their approach to politics.

Indeed what is required is not so much an improvement in the form or quality of the religions as an awareness of the fundamental principles of religion on the part of those who profess them, an emphasis upon the underlying unity manifest in all religions, not a syncretism between religions or even religious uniformity but the abolition of those social barriers as between religious groups and sub-groups which stand in the way of a social synthesis such as has been achieved for example in China, Ceylon, and Indonesia where under the new dispensation religion has been so effectively relegated to the sphere of individual and private interests that there are found in the same family members belonging to different religious faiths.

The Constitution of India makes the right to propagate one's religion a fundamental right but its exercise calls for extreme care lest in our eagerness to gather more and yet more converts to our religion we should be tempted to vilify other religions. Throughout history there has

been a deplorable tendency on the part of foreigners to decry the religion of the Hindus. But that religion is not to be judged solely by the idolatry and superstitions of its most uninstructed sections. Perhaps it is the one religion that takes into account all the three varieties of human temperament called by Dr. Sheldon the viscerotonic, the cerebrotonic and the somatotonic, requiring different methods in their realisation of the inexpressible ultimate. It has certain fundamental ideals which constitute the common property of all religions. No sane man would judge Christianity by what it was in Italy under the Borgias or Islam by the type of animism prevailing among Muslims in Morocco.

It has been aptly said that a plurality of religions is a natural concomitant of a plurality of states and of civilizations. And let us recognize that there is a firm basis of essential agreement among all the great religions of the world. All religions are but quests in search of a common spiritual goal. To those who object to a multiplicity of religions and claim that theirs is the only right religion it may be pointed out that the 'grandeur of the Infinite Being can be represented only in a partial degree by any one religion'. There is a sound kernel, as Dr. Kraemar has said, in the religions of every people all the world over. Every religion has shown some fragment of truth. Maybe, as the Scholastics believed, diversity of religion is part of God's scheme for the education of mankind. The different religions might supplement one another. 'Not all fruits grow on one tree.' Cannot the City of God be a city of many mansions?

Let us each of us practise our religion in the knowledge that all religions are at bottom one, the revelation of one God. The Buddha said that there was but one way of Enlightenment. Yet he also said that it might be followed in diverse fashions according to men's characters and capacities. Kabir sang, 'Hari is in the East, Allah is in the West. Look within your heart, for there you will find both, Allah the Bountiful and Ram'. Remember the Hindu saying, 'As the rains run in many streams to one ocean, so worship flows in many forms to one God'. The Sufis take a similar view. All religions and revelations, to them, are the rays of a single sun. Ramakrishna Paramahansa used to say, referring to the multiplicity of religions, cake tastes nice whichever way you eat it. Has not the Persian prophet the Bab said that all religion is the manifestation of the Holy Spirit uniting mankind in a brotherhood of peace and mutual service? To Jesus men are divine; they are the sons of God and in the kingdom of God, he says, they shall sit together, coming from the East and coming from the West.

If we admit that the goal of every religion is to draw nearer to God then, the nearer we draw to God, the nearer we must draw to one another too. Therefore let us not quarrel over our religions. Let us, each one of us Hindu or Muslim or Christian, try to know the good in our neighbour, learn to love and to respect him and his cherished beliefs. God can never be a national all or the patron of a favourite; God is the Universal Father,

the Infinite and Eternal source of all created things. The realisation that all religions are essentially one, that they are all but different ways leading to a single goal must make possible a peaceful union of peoples wherein each man will labour in the spirit of service and of his own will share his wealth with others.

Let us listen not to Luther who thundered, 'Damned be love into the abyss of Hell if it is maintained to the damage of the faith' but to Jesus who put love higher than anything else and said that we should forgive our erring brother seventy times seven. Has not the Prophet Muhammad in the second sura rejected all coercion in matters of faith and, in the fifth declared that God has given to every people a separate law and an open road to salvation and that all people should surpass one another in good works? Let us build for a world in which 'the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid and a little child shall lead them and they shall not hurt or destroy,' remembering what the Prophet has said, 'Anything that will bring a smile on the face of others is a good deed.' Let us live in the practice of a spirit of active toleration in our relations with our neighbours that are not of our faith for it pays dividends not a mere hundred or a thousand-fold, but a million-fold.

T. Balakrishna Nayar, M.A. (London)

Idyll

Far from the noisy din of Towns,
Steeped in sublime solitude.
The mountains rise to gentle heights:
The green verdure clothes in quiet caress
The rugged brow of the proud hills;
With loosen'd mantle, in emerald waves,
She kneels to the valley deep
Where flung in undulation lie
Her russet tresses.....
The quivering air is keen and chill,
Save the whispering pines, all is still.
The blue gums sway to the rippling breeze
And the silver-firs have shed their leaves.
To form the walking grounds for peace
From the country hills down to the valley,
Here and there are dotted red
Nestling roofs of solitary life,
Corals set amid the velvet green.....
Beyond the distant blue summits
The clouds are moored like battleships.
Peace has once more shown her hand;
And here the hedgerows closely knit

Look up to the azure canopy,
 For evening star-bejewelled to come
 And croon to sleep the tender vale.
 The swirling mists that down the mountains spill
 Arrayed in shimmering white samite,
 To dance to the tune of the moonlit night,
 Where nature unseen by mortal man,
 Holds court in wild and regal state.

Malathi Kasturi, (IV Hons. Econ.)

The Birth of a State

Says Rajaji in accents mild
 Fond parents by Nature's fate,
 For a sweet and smiling child,
 Nine long moons must wait.
 Others assuming the expert's role
 Warn the poor ones of our land
 To defer these joys by Birth-Control
 Or spinning Gandhi's celibate strand.
 Nature no doubt is less than kind
 To fix the joyous day so late.
 Still must the want of money bind
 Alike the birth of babe and State?
 And should the Andhras bear delays
 Till Finance finds the Means and Ways?

T. V. R. (Old Student.)

To the Special Officer in charge of Wells Who remarked that Truth lies at the bottom of a well.

Spoke loudly the Specialist guy
 "Truth it tells
 That sinking Wells
 Must More Food Grow.
 For Truth, you know
 Lies well below."
 Hear Echo sigh
 "Then Truth, indeed, does lie."

T. V. R. (Old Student.)

Water

Think on these things.....
 Whatsoever things are lovely...
 Water!
 Iced water cool on the tongue
 And in the throat;
 Refreshing touch of water on tired face and body
 Cleansing and blessing;

Water in a rock-basin, clear and still;
 Cascading down a hill-side,
 Sparkling in the sun,
 Rising in fine spray at the bottom of the fall—
 Flowing through the woodlands,
 Rushing over rocky places,
 Blue in the sea, deep and inscrutable—
 Surging in waves, forward to the land,
 Lashing at the rocky promontories and the cliffs
 Flowing into secluded hollows on the shore,
 Water!
 Springing round the feet, strongly caressing,
 Spraying on the face with a salt tang on the lips.
 Encircling the earth lovingly.
 Holding for ever the image of the stars
 Rushing through my body in the red living blood,
 Bearing me up in the river as I swim,
 This lovely thing
 Water!

Olga Williamson, (Old Student.)

Shakespeare as an Authority on Employment Regulations.

It is a pity that one great work of reference on matters relating to personnel is seldom made use of—I mean the Plays of Shakespeare. On a great many occasions Shakespeare has dealt not only with problems of high policy but also with details of staff administration.

Through Flavius (Julius Caesar, Act I, Scene I) he utters words of much needed advice:

*"Hence! home, you, idle creatures, get you home,
 Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
 Being mechanical, you ought not to walk,
 Upon a labouring day without the sign of your profession?"*

The great Poet was greatly interested in the classification of the artisan staff. For in the same Play, Marullus makes the query "*What trade art thou?*" quite a number of times.

Shakespeare was also responsible for the definition of the duties of different categories of staff. In "*Romeo and Juliet*" he defines colliers as those who carry coals, which one must regard as being highly descriptive. The Committee on Labour in railway collieries is certain to find Shakespeare a handy book of reference.

Macduff in the Play "*Macbeth*" asks the porter (Act II, Scene I)
"Was it so late friend ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?"

Here obviously he was adverting to the Hours of Employment Regulations.

He anticipated the Geneva Convention for, in "Hamlet" Marcellus asks Horatio, (Act I, Scene I),

*"Why such impress of Shipwrights, whose sore task,
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be towards that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day."*

"Macbeth" must be looked upon as a story illustrating the dangers of accelerated promotion (Act I, Scene 3).

*"New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use."*

If only, like king Lear, our elders said to themselves,

*" 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death."*

there will be fewer cases of extension of service beyond the age of superannuation.

Kent has given sage advice to appellate authorities. He says (King Lear, Act I, Scene 1):

*"Reserve thy doom,
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness."*

It is the complaint of Iago that proper seniority lists were not maintained in Venice. He says ("Othello", Act I, Scene 1)

*" 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation where each second
Stood heir to the first."*

In another Play "Troilus and Cressida" (Act I, Scene 3) Shakespeare lays similar stress on what he calls "degree":

*"The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Office, and custom, in all line of order,
Take but degree away, untune that string
And hark, what discord follows"*

One can easily multiply instances. But, I think enough has been said to prove our point.

T. V. Madhav, (Old Student.)

Gandhi meets Darwin.

Gandhi:—I was in my early teens when you left the world after giving it your monstrous theory which sought to abolish its Maker. Man has ever since groaned under the sin of swallowing it.

Darwin:—The Maker is a figment of ignorant imagination. Man and his fellow organisms just struggled and evolved. Struggle is nature's crucible in which she refined life from amoeba to man; and we don't know to what end.

Gandhi:—Even a hundred like you will not convince me that there is no Maker behind all the glory that pervades the world and the wheel of the universe that goes eternally round in implacable rhythm, everything having a right time and a right place. Could so exquisite a being as man come out of mere struggle, the ruthless operation of the law of the jungle in which might alone is right and the weak go to the wall? Don't you see Him in the divine adjustment of all things? The maker has not only made men and things but the sun and the seasons to sustain them. Is not His breath heaving in every organism, His beauty manifest in every, atom, His immanence in.....

Darwin:—In all the countless number of loathsome creatures preying on one another, and all the ugly vermin and horrid germs that torture and murder what you call His best creation? If He made man and provided him with sustenance and surrounded him with beauty, as you believe, then He also made all the fell pestilence to be his accursed lot and the detestable microbes to plague him to death, as you see.

Gandhi:—That is childish human logic. You cannot dispose of God and His doings in such a simple way. To the puny man's little mind it looks illogical that He should make the beautiful with one hand and the ugly with the other; that He should create man and breathe life into him and then also create pain and misery to be his perpetual lot. His law transcends human logic and the scientist's reason. If you comprehend that law the seeming inconsistencies in the world disappear like darkness at dawn. I see the world in that light and I have no difficulty in understanding His design.

Darwin:—It is easier for me to understand the natural law of struggle and progress without any author or design. No doubt, it is the law of the jungle. Does not your spiritual man prey on the lesser beings? Hasn't he got to swallow a lot of things living and dead to keep himself alive? Didn't even you, the apostle of non-violence, while in the world swallow at least twice a day the milk that was to have nourished some goatling and fruits which were to have grown and blossomed and come to fruition in their own way? Was it not the law of the jungle?

Gandhi :—No! Scientists take peculiarly frivolous views of things. It is all part of His divine law which man cannot disobey except when called upon by Him to do so. I have done so, many a time, at His will when ordained by Him to resist certain earthly evils with my life. I obeyed and abstained from nourishment to end the evil or end myself. Every time His will was done and the evil overcome before the divine spark in me left my mortal frame.

Darwin :—Almost every time the object you achieved by threatening self-immolation was anti-evolutionary. Often it was to save the unfit from natural extinction. It was retrograde for the future of man. Was not your purpose in the final analysis to perpetuate the unfit instead of allowing natural selection to take her well-tried and time-honoured course of weeding them out?

Gandhi :—It would have been immoral to cast them to the wolves. Those whom you call unfit were God's chosen men and women as much as any others. I called them Harijans. When I did that, I was but an instrument in His hands lifting them up and saving them from their betters.

Darwin :—Was it not a short-sighted step, a case of misplaced sympathy? The organic kingdom progressed from low unorganized beginnings to the present magnificent stature by elimination of the unfit. Had it not been so life would have been at a standstill at the level of amoeba and the world would have been choked with slimy shapeless protoplasm. Death is nature's great invention to provide for renewal without overcrowding. How else could life progress and become man?

Gandhi :—That sort of logic can justify any evil and condemn mercy to the needy as contrary to nature. Medical relief and social service will all be impediments to your so-called natural progress.

Darwin :—Yes! the doctor is the worst enemy of mankind though the best friend of the individual. Mankind can progress only by conserving the best and removing the worst. If the worst are to be preserved, as doctors try to do—they fail more often fortunately for mankind—then mankind is doomed.

Gandhi :—What you say astounds me! It is a sin against Him and His law.

Darwin :—I see a clear inconsistency in your attitude. Many a time you verged on sacrificing your good self for the sake of the down-trodden realizing that that would be for the larger good; but you fail to see the point of sacrificing the misfit of the contemporary generation for the good of posterity. To save them and be blind to the future of mankind is a sin against nature.

Gandhi :—I see the logic in your argument. But logic is not everything. It is cold and often cruel. Human affairs need the warm glow of the heart. Civilization rests more on things of the heart than on things of the head.

Darwin :—Civilization is clearly unnatural and anti-evolutionary. It is racial suicide. It is sacrificing the greater future for the sake of the lesser present. It is preserving the goats and ignoring the sheep. If the dinosaurs had a civilization to save them from extinction the world would have been still ruled by them and the mammals would have had to live in obscurity and fear, as they did for millions of years until nature found the dinosaurs too brainless for any future good and wiped them out. Where would your spiritual man have been then?

Gandhi :—Spiritual man is His last word. He would have come, dinosaur or no dinosaur. It is through man that He reveals his purpose.

Darwin :—Man need not be nature's last or best effort. Nature is not a played-out thing. I have faith in her resourcefulness.

Gandhi :—My faith is in God. I have always found that faith in Him makes life easier. Man's primary obligation is to his Maker, not to any fancied natural selection. You and I have no common ground to talk and agree on.

Darwin :—We agree.....to differ.

P. K. Menon, M.A., L.T.

Masters.

I drained the coffee, put down the cup and broke silence. "Looks like they have got your saboteur," I said. We, that is, Sharma and I were in the drawing room of his bungalow. Outside, the dusk was rapidly dissolving into night.

"What?" Sharma queried. It was evident that he had not been listening.

"The man who blew up one of the machines in your factory," I said. "The paper says he's been arrested." I waved the morning's paper which I was holding.

"Oh, that," Sharma replied. "Well, he's been released."

"But," I began.

"I withdrew the charge," Sharma explained, "told the police that it was an accident."

"And was it?" I persisted.

"No," Sharma replied. "He blew up the generator all right. But I talked to him in his cell last night, just after he'd been arrested. He explained why he blew up that generator, convinced me that he was not to blame after all. After that I had to withdraw the charge. I just couldn't keep him in prison."

"Hm!" was my only audible comment.

Sharma continued, "You see, he had to blow up that machine. That machine frightened him! Don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," I replied. "And for a supposedly efficient factory executive you are making very little sense."

"I'd better explain," said Sharma. "This man, what's his name..."

"Swami," I prompted, looking at the paper.

"Yes, Swami," he continued, "he came to work for us just about a month ago. I interviewed him myself. We interview all our workers before taking them. He seemed all right, good clean record, no politics, and he was not quite so formless as some of the others. Had some education too. I was satisfied and he was in. I assigned him to the main generator at the factory, a big ugly brute of a machine. I found his work good.

For a while nothing happened. I mean, nothing strange. The relations between the man and the machine seemed normal. Then strange things began to be noticed. Something distinctly queer was going on inside the generator shed. Even the workers passing that way began to notice this. Often they would find this man Swami standing before that machine as if in a trance. And the look on his face! It was not the normal sort of look that one bestows upon an inanimate mass of steel. It was a look of intense hatred and of terror. It had even a suggestion of the supernatural in it. That generator seemed to be affecting Swami in a very strange way."

Now I understand that look, that is, after my talk with the man last night. To Swami, that machine had a life of its own. It was a monster and it frightened him. He was sure that it wanted to destroy him, its master. Its high, shrill whine was a voice commanding him to approach it, nearer and nearer, till it could clutch him in its whirling arms and destroy him; not just rend his limbs apart, but destroy his very soul. The commanding voice of the machine had an insistence that would not be denied. As each day passed, its effect, its insistence only increased, its purpose became more set. It was an unevenly matched duel between the man and

the machine and, the latter was gaining, all the time. Once it almost had him. One day he approached the whirling parts of the machine as if hypnotised, as if to throw himself into it as an offering to its greed. Somebody entered the shed just then and the distraction saved Swami."

Sharma paused. I said, "Obviously neurotic. There seems to be very little doubt on the point." Sharma, I noticed, was rather strange himself this evening. He used too many big words and for a mechanical engineer, he talked of the soul too freely.

"No, not neurotic," said Sharma. "If anything too sane. This man saw things too clearly, felt too intensely. He seemed to perceive not just one reality as we do, but more than one state of reality, many strata of it. Perhaps he had a gift which enabled him to experience more of anything than we are capable of with our conventional five senses. Well, to get back to what happened. One day, after work, he collapsed. The strain had been too much. He was absent for a couple of days. At the end of that he came back to work. The rest seemed to have done him good. He was a changed man. He was no longer afraid of the machine. Some inward discipline seemed to have quenched the fear. But shortly afterwards he found that this change was only superficial. The machine had merely changed its tactics. It no longer frightened him, it now lured him. It no longer wanted to destroy him bodily. Instead, it wanted him to surrender his soul to it, for the service it rendered."

"Christopher Marlowe!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, if you like, Christopher Marlowe," said Sharma. "The machine did work for its master and this was the payment it wanted. Day by day, Swami was more and more enamoured of the machine he tended. Its whine became a melody, a siren's song. He was fascinated by the blue sheen of its steel armour, the intricacy of its insides, the precision of its limbs, the perfection of its rhythm, its power and seeming infallibility, in fact, by everything that an engineer admires in a machine.

After a while, even this changed. Swami seemed to have realised that without him the generator was powerless, that he was the master and the machine his slave. In a way, this was true. The machine no longer frightened him or even lured him. But it did something else. Swami began to feel in himself great, fundamental changes. His soul, if you will allow that word, seemed to be gradually hardening to the hardness of the machine. His moral standards changed to correspond to the deep changes in himself. No longer did he have the old, familiar reactions to everyday experiences. His new experiences were emotionless, dull, mechanical. The explanation was simple. He was becoming a machine himself. His thoughts, his actions, everything was becoming mechanical. Day after day this disintegrating process went on. The machine seemed

very near achieving its diabolical design, to make its master surrender his soul as ransom, to make him as much like itself as possible. The machine almost succeeded in doing this. Almost, but not quite."

Sharma lighted a fresh cigarette and continued. "Almost, but not quite," he repeated. "Some native toughness in the man made him resist. Perhaps it was religion, his faith in God, perhaps something else. Whatever it was, it made Swami realise the full horror just in time. Then he made the great decision. The machine had to be destroyed if it were not to destroy him. Swami didn't reason this out. His blood told him what to do. He felt the rightness of his decision in his solar plexus. His decision gave him a new courage, even cunning. He went about his plan methodically. In one of the sheds in the factory there is a large store of explosives. The shed is always locked. Somehow Swami managed to get hold of a slab of gun-cotton. Late one evening, after everybody had left he laid the charge under the machine, lighted the fuse and ran out to safety. Soon there was the expected explosion that blew the monster to pieces and even tore off the roof of the shed. That explosion was the sweetest sound he had heard. It was like a temple bell, clear and reassuring, that you wake up to in the morning after a horrible nightmare, a bell that assures you that God is at hand and good people are near by. The machine was destroyed. He was a free man."

"You see now why I had to withdraw the charge?" Sharma asked. "That man was right in everything he said. Perhaps he felt things a little too intensely. But he was right. The machines are destroying us. Look at it now. We have wandered a long way from civilization. It is our tragedy that we don't recognize this real evil, the only evil in the world, the machine. The Jewish Satan was merely a local bad boy. But this machine is the real Satan universal. And we have to destroy it."

"That won't do at all," I protested. "All this is too unreasonable, too, too neurotic. Besides, we can't afford to dispense with these monsters, as you call them."

"I am afraid we have to," Sharma replied. "It is a case of either us or the machine."

I could not help smiling. Sharma was so serious. I said, "You and I, we pride ourselves that we are men of reason. As rationalists we also have to be practical and not be carried away by half-crazed hallucinations. We have to be guided by reason."

Sharma said, "Perhaps I was what you call a rationalist. But not now, not after yesterday. Reason is so unstable, so unnatural and it is not infallible. But blood is. I want to feel things in my blood."

I asked, "Have you read Lawrence?"

"You mean the English Arab?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "I mean D. H. Lawrence, the writer. He fits in very well with your mood today. He put his faith in blood and the solar plexus, like you. He hated machines, like you. And he is said to have possessed extra-sensory perceptions, like your friend here. He described very vividly how a tree felt, what the flowers thought, what the gay young blades of grass were talking about. Of course, nobody could verify the accuracy of the descriptions. Seems a great pity, doesn't it that the world is full of poor normal people who can never know how trees feel?"

"He must have been a great man," said Sharma.

"He was," I assured him, "but because of other qualities, not because of his tantrums about machines. Besides, he was a very unhappy man. Personally, I prefer to be normal and happy, even if dull, and to take the world as it is, complete with machines."

"I am afraid you don't realise the horror," said Sharma. His voice was pensive, almost sad. "But there is no hiding the fact. We are in a mess and we have to start all over again, after first getting rid of the machines. The trouble with us is that we persist in employing Caliban to do our chores for us. And Caliban is so efficient. But why is he so efficient, what does he want? We never ask ourselves that. We never realise that Caliban is all the time scheming to destroy us and people the world with Calibans. And if we don't stop him, he will do it too. Or worse, he will change us all to Calibans. He won't remain much longer in terror of our dubious magic."

"You talk as if these machines were alive," I said, "as if they had minds and wills and schemes of their own."

"Of course they have," said Sharma. "But you know, it can be stopped, I mean the march of the machines. We still have a little time and a lot of explosives." Sharma's eyes gleamed. "Just one week, if all of us come to an agreement. Just seven days and we could blow every bit of machinery sky high. Nothing more complicated than a ploughshare to be spared. No partial mechanization. No appeasement. You can't be a little bit mechanized any more than a woman can be a little bit of a virgin. The destruction will be complete. Just one week. It will beat Armageddon even. I doubt if even God's will be quite so brief or such a complete success."

The apparent seriousness with which he outlined the plan made him look comic.

I said, "If you feel all that strongly about it, why don't you start with your own factory? Blow it up, I mean."

Without a hint of warning in his voice he said, "I did."

The coffee pot which I had picked up slid from my fingers and lay, shattered on the floor. The tepid coffee ran over the carpet, staining it a rich brown. I echoed tonelessly.

"You did what?"

"Blew up the factory," said Sharma calmly, "just about an hour ago. Oh, it was very simple. You know I was a Major in the Sappers during the war. Good experience. It helped me today. It was just like blowing up bridges in Burma. Very methodical, very effective. I waited till the factory closed for the day and all the workers had left. Then I and this man Swami got the explosives out of the shed, laid the charges under every bit of machinery in the factory and ran the fuses. I lighted the master-fuse myself, very solemnly, mind you. After all it was a great occasion, the beginning of the end, so to speak. Then we ran for our lives. It was very simple."

I had regained my composure. "I don't appreciate your joke, you know," I said.

"Jokes be damned" Sharma exploded. "I have never been more serious in my life. Just wait and see."

The sound of car tyres grinding to a stop on the gravel path outside distracted my attention, then the sound of doors opening and banging shut, and then the sound of approaching steps, heavy booted steps. The door opened to admit three police officers, one of them apparently an Inspector.

Sharma rose from his chair, proceeded to a corner of the room and picked up a small suitcase which I had not noticed before.

"I was expecting you," Sharma said to the Inspector. "As you see, I am ready. Shall we go now?"

The four men walked towards the door. At the door Sharma turned to me.

"You see now," he said. "I wanted to give myself up, but didn't fancy walking to the police station. You see, I blew up my car too!"

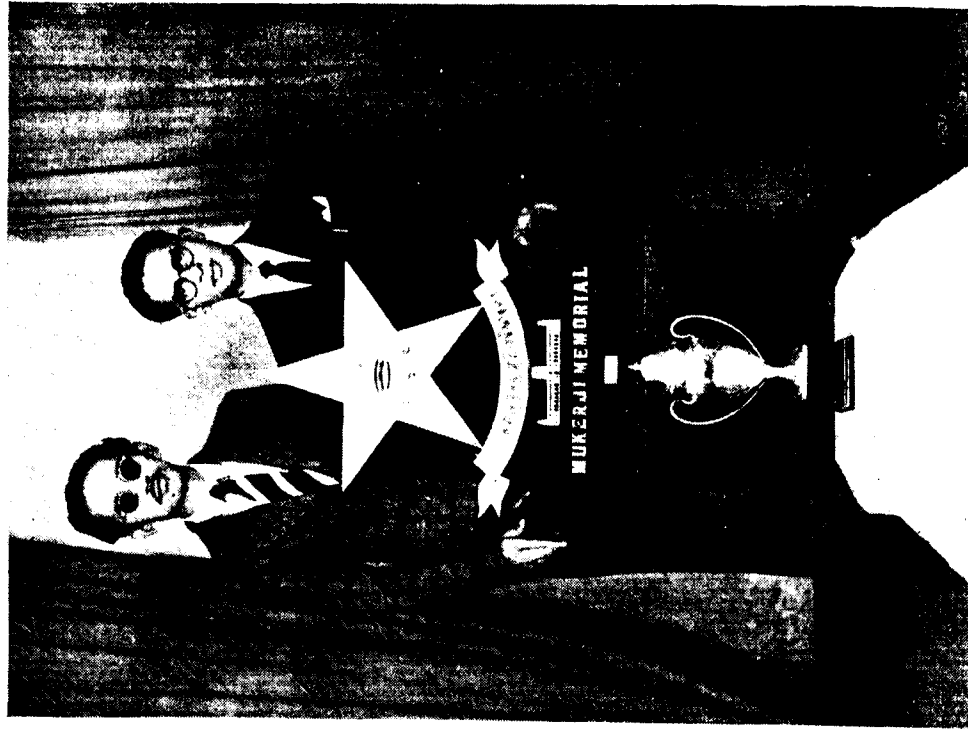
Raghavan Acharya Raman,
(P.G.I. Eng. Litt.)



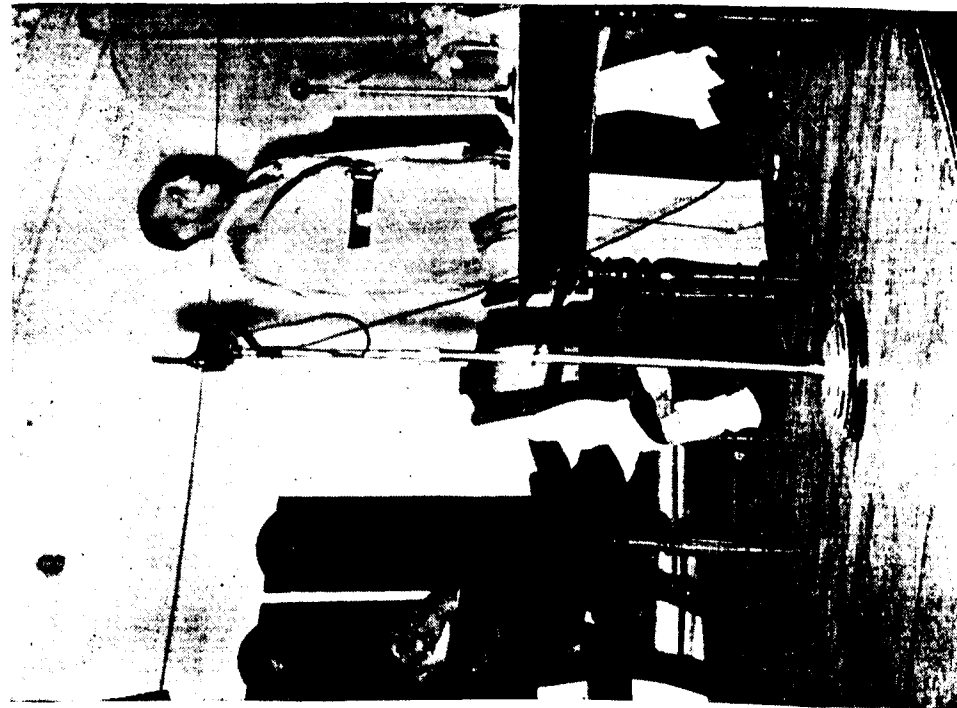
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR WITH THE PRINCIPAL
ON THE MARINA GROUNDS.



THE COLLEGE TENNIS CHAMPIONS:
MESSRS APPA RAO, RANGANATHAN AND SESHADRI



THE COLLEGE DEBATING TEAM (MR. T. JAYADEVAN AND
MR. T. K. KOCHUTHOMMEN) WITH THE TROPHIES WON



GENERAL K. M. CARIAPPA ADDRESSING THE COLLEGE UNION

Sonnet.

The stars are still the stars, the murmuring main
The same as I beheld when I began;
These are ageless, Time wrinkles only man:
'Tis my heart has been furrowed by his wain
And by his ruthless axles rent amain
Childhood, whose ashes now I vainly fan—
The only relics when my heart I scan,
And one besides—a dull nostalgic pain.
I'll not march with this headlong march of Life
And dumbly dissolve in Futurity;
I'll not walk on in ceaseless growth and see
My cast-off dead selves lying in the grime.
I'll clutch my stationary isle in Time
And guess the shapeless rest swirl by in strife.

Pravin Kumar, (III Hons., Zoology)

Omar Khayyam And His Modern Interpreter Fitzgerald.

The name, Omar Khayyam, has become almost a household word because of Edward Fitzgerald's inspired translation of *The Rubayyat*. It would indeed be difficult to name any single poem, long or short, written during the last hundred years which has captured the imagination of the world as Fitzgerald's fine rendering of Omar's Quatrains. It is interesting to reflect that though these unusual men were far apart from each other both in time and space—the poet hailing from eleventh century Iran, whilst his interpreter belonged to Victorian England—there was so much in common between them, of thought and feeling that the East and the West seem to meet 'in strange symphony of mood and feeling'. And as if further to cement the already very close bond between these two kindred souls, a certain coincidence, which is as uncommon as it is exhilarating, has added deeper pathos to their already marked affinity. The roses that waft their fragrance around the earthly remains of the poet of Iran, have had their seed-pods tenderly transported to England and finally planted on the tomb of Fitzgerald in his quiet Suffolk hamlet of Boulge. This "strange romance of hero-worship" has been enacted by two men, William Simpson and

Edward Clodd, the former a prolific artist of the Illustrated London News attached to the Afghan Boundary Commission in 1884 and the latter, a private English esquire of no mean tastes and attainments. This transplantation was aptly described by Grant Allen in these memorable words.

“Long with a double fragrance let it bloom
This Rose of Iran on the English Stock”.

Thus by a strange, and almost psychic combination of circumstances in literary history, have the names of Khayyam and Fitzgerald been indissolubly linked together for all time.

Omar Khayyam was born in the latter half of the eleventh century, at Naishapur, a Province of Persia, celebrated for its colleges and libraries. He was a contemporary of Nizamul-Mulk, the great vazir of the Saljuq monarchs—Alp Arsalan and Malik Shah. His poetic name, Khayyam, signifies a Tent-maker, a calling which he, presumably, pursued before he came under the patronage of the Saljuq Vazir. Poets, savants and even whole families in the Middle East derive their titles and sobriquets from their avocations, no honest calling being considered mean or degrading—and thus we have an Attar, a druggist—the pen name of the famous Sufi Poet, Fariduddin, an Assar, an oil presser, and a Saffar, a copper smith, Gazzal, a wool or cotton carder and so forth. This practice is very reminiscent of the names of some English families like Smiths, Archers, Millers and Fletchers, named, most probably, for identical reasons. The following verse from Khayyam may be taken as internal evidence in support of this suggestion *vis a vis* the Poet's Pen-name:

Khayyam, who stitched the tents of Science
Has fallen in Grief's furnace and been suddenly burned;
The shears of fate have cut the tent ropes of his life,
And the broker of Hope has sold him for a song.

Khayyam's early life is inextricably intertwined with the names of, Nizamul-Mulk and also of Hasan bin Subbah. These three celebrities had their first lessons under the great divine, Imam Muwaffaq, who enjoyed a vicarious reputation conferred on him by his students rising to eminence. While at school they are reported to have entered into a pact of mutual assistance, should fortune smile on any of them. Nizamul Mulk rose to very great authority and eminence under the Saljuq Sultans, and the other two, having heard of his fortune, came to him demanding fulfilment of their school-day vow. Hasan was granted a post in Government which he soon lost, having plunged himself into court intrigue. His predilections led him into “meadows green and pastures new” till he

became the Grand Master of the Secret Fraternity of the Assassins, a name which is either derived from that of their leader Hasan or from Hashish, a stupefying herb which they employed in the fulfilment of their dark designs. He became the Lord of the Mountain fastness of Almout—the véritable Syedna—Our Lord—the Sydna or Sydney of the Crusaders.

But Khayyam spoke in a humbler key. “Let me Live”, he told his illustrious classmate, “in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of Science”. He was granted a handsome pension and he set himself to acquiring knowledge of every kind and attained to very high eminence in Mathematics and Astronomy. His reputation in these exact sciences rose so high that the Saljuq Potentate Malik Shah appointed him Chairman of a Committee to reform the Calendar. The result was the Jalalian Calendar (called after Jalaluddin—one of the titles of the Sultan). This work Edward Gibbon eulogized as “—a computation of time which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style.” Khayyam also prepared astronomical tables called “zij-i-Malik Shahi.” His treatise on Algebra written in Arabic has been recently published and translated into the French language. The German Orientalist, Frederick Rozan, in his 1928 edition of the Rubayyat, incorporates an Arabic treatise of the Poet on Density. He also gives a Persian rendering of the same. These and several other works of the Poet, some of which have been lost, mark him out pre-eminently as a man of science. Poetry and philosophy were his hobbies.

But whatever his scientific attainments and his contributions to this branch of knowledge, Khayyam the poet and philosopher has completely eclipsed Khayyam the scientist, mathematician and astronomer. In Europe, as elsewhere, in the modern world, he is known for his verse particularly for his celebrated Rubayyat. Khayyam himself is critical and even sarcastic of his own scientific contributions:

Ah, but my computations, people say,
Have squared the year to human compass, eh?
If so, by striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead yesterday.

Again:

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
Arose, and on the Throne of Sahom sate,
And many knots unravel'd by the Road,
And not the knot of human death or fate.

And such a view was inevitable, for, despite his eminence in the realms of Science, the heart of this recluse was set on poetry and

philosophy. Mere pursuit of Science or formal theology would not satisfy the yearnings of his restless soul as is evidenced by the following quatrain:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
 About it and about: but evermore
 Came out by the same door as in I went!

The main appeal in Khayyam's poetry lies in its candid and uncompromising challenge to lifeless formalism:

Alike for those who for today prepare,
 And those that after a tomorrow stare,
 A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness Cries,
 'Fools! Your reward is neither Here nor There!'

His quatrains are "Unique in their quality of grief and doubt, unspoilt by bitterness":

Oh my beloved, fill the cup that clears
 Today of past regrets and future fears—
Tomorrow? Why, tomorrow I may be
 Myself with yesterday's Sev'n thousand years.

Khayyam is very sensitive to the ephemeral and fleeting nature of human life:

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
 Whose doorways are alternate night and day,
 How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
 Abode his hour or two, and went away.

Therefore, like Epicure, but certainly with greater pathos and less bitterness, he would suggest making the best of a 'sorry trade'. Mark the most quoted quatrain of the century:

Here with a loaf of bread beneath the Bough,
 A flask of wine, a book of verse—and Thou
 Beside me singing in the wilderness—
 And wilderness is Paradise enow!

But his audacity of thought and expression notwithstanding, Khayyam is not without his own hopes of man's high destiny and higher purpose in the obvious "sorry scheme of things entire". For he says in his Kuza-nama:

Then said another—'Surely not in vain
 My substance from the common earth was ta'en,
 That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
 Should stamp me back to common earth again.'

For he argues:

Another said—"Why, ne'er a peevish boy,
 Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
 Shall He that made the vessel in pure love
 And Fancy, in an after rage destroy!"

Despite his wine, he is not without his own hope of forgiveness:

—'Folks of a Surly Tapster tell,
 And daub his visage with the smoke of hell;
 They talk of some strict testing of us—Pish!
 He's a good Fellow, and 'twill all be well.'

Thus there are a good few among the learned to whom the wine of Khayyam and his other allusions and images have a spiritual significance. Dr. Frederick Rozan to whom reference has already been made, quotes Imam Shamsuddin, writing in *Nuzhatul Arwah*: "Oh.....And when he (Khayyam) offered his last prayer of the day he was heard murmuring in his prostrations 'Oh God, I have tried to know thee to the best of my powers; therefore forgive me'....and so saying he died". For, according to this school, what debauchee is there who can proclaim the prediction from house-tops as did Khayyam in the following verse:

"That ev'n my buried ashes such a snare
 Of perfume shall fling up into the air,
 As not a true believer passing by
 But shall be overtaken unaware".?

We have noticed in the preceding pages in what abundant measure this hope of the poet was realized. There is a traditional story that Khayyam was a sufi and even something of a saint.

Now to return to Fitzgerald. He was an unusual Victorian recluse fond of books and flowers, a veritable Gray of the Nineteenth century, writer of one immortal poem. It is idle to attempt apportioning the degree of indebtedness between Khayyam and his translator. Fitzgerald immortalized Khayyam and was, in his turn, immortalized by his soul-stirring thought and melody. Born of Irish parentage in 1809 he was a friend of the choicest spirits of the Age, Tennyson and Thackeray. The wistful scholarly recluse that he was, his soul was not satisfied with the translation of some Spanish works and casually coming across Khayyam in the Bodleian Library, felt instinctively attracted to him. Fitzgerald's soul had discovered its counterpart, by sheer accident. Like Gray he wrote and chiselled and though he takes bold liberties with the original Persian, he is, all the same, in perfect accord with Khayyam, "whose moods he rightly interprets and whose melodies he sweetly echoes". It would be unfair to call the English rendering of the quatrains of Omar Khayyam by Edward Fitzgerald a mere translation—it is an original masterpiece. It

is, to use Fitzgerald's own words "most ingeniously tessellated into a sort of Epicurean Eclogue in a Persian garden." So long as English literature lasts so long will Fitzgerald's inspired paraphrase of *The Rubayyat* of Khayyam link their two names indissolubly. The bond between these kindred souls is at once strange and psychic and almost challenges time.

S. A. W. Bukhari, M.A., L.T.

The Half-holiday.

I collided into Madan and Vasant near the Canteen (now extinct—R.I.P.)! I was playing truant from the English class and I wormed out the disclosure that they were honouring the Physics lecture in a similar way.

"How's life?" "I queried.

"Like an afternoon lecture," replied Madan listlessly, "or like coffee without sugar. And talking of coffee, how about a drop?" he enquired.

Quite a reasonable proposal. So we moved into the old Cant.

"Talking of gratitude....", began Madan, at a tangent.

"We are *not* talking of gratitude," put in Vasant crushingly.

"Talking of gratitude," went on Madan, blowing the steam off his coffee, "guess who is the person we students are most obliged to?"

"The peon who rings the bell?", I hazarded.

"At the end of a class, yes,—but at the beginning?", he countered.

"The beginning of one class is the end of another," Vasant rubbed his hands gleefully under the table. Madan tried to parry this master-stroke, but gave up the attempt for an attack on a different line.

"Don't you think," he said, "our fellows would be grateful if someone gave them a holiday—for instance, I?"

We Presidencians do not harbour the marble-hearted monster in our hearts. We usually give a rousing "Hip-hip" to anyone who grants us a holiday. But Madan declaring a holiday! Why, he was not even a minister!

"You are talking through your hat—at least, through where your hat ought to be," I amended hastily; for we Presidencians are a bit negligent in the matter of head-gear—I suppose it is because the Presidencian cranium so bulges with grey matter that all normal sizes

in hats are out of the question—but we make amends in the rest of our apparel.

"What are the odds that I *can* give you fellows a holiday—five rupees?" he challenged.

"Make it eight," said Vasant loftily, a believer in high stakes.

* * * *

Madan had never shone much as a speaker, either in the Union debates or elsewhere; so Vasant and I were genuinely stunned when we saw him haranguing a crowd in the Fyson Park.

"Friends," he was saying as we came up, "the liberties and prerogatives of the student community are in grave danger. Working days are encroaching more and more on the sacred preserve of holidays. Peace! Freedom!! Progress!!!"

(Rather a lame ending!—but that's the magic formula that candidates in Union elections splash across their pamphlets and get away with.)

A Voice "What more?"

"I mean," explained Madan, rather shaken, the first step towards our emancipation is to demand a holiday—at once!"

There is no one who looks more silly than an orator who fails to score with the mob, and nothing more fearful than a crowd which feels it has been duped. First epithets like "Fat-head" and "Pipe down" were hurled at Madan, then the usual eggs, oranges and plantains—all in an advanced state of putrefaction,—and, of all missiles, wet cement, fetched, I suppose, from some of the buildings under repair.....

I located Madan in the bath washing off the last traces of the egg-orange-plantain *pot-pourri* from his face.

"Look here," I said gently, "give it up, Don't take that wager seriously."

He looked up through the lather. "I'll do it yet," he snapped defiantly.

* * * *

A few days later I saw a crowd, a record crowd, round the notice-board. It took me fifteen minutes and some Jiu-Jitsu work to get within reading range. The notice ran:

"There will be no classes in the afternoon due to unforeseen circumstances."

"It was very gratifying news to the student—and professorial—world, but there was something fishy about the word "unforeseen." It was not like the authorities to be so mysterious. Word went round and before long the notice was withdrawn and a fresh one put up countermanding its predecessor.

"I could have sworn," Vasant said to me, "that I saw someone looking like Madan snooping about the notice-board a couple of hours back."

"Perhaps he was masked," I gibed—Madan was a Crime Club votary.

"Not exactly," he said thoughtfully, and then—"I have it! He had on a false moustache and dark glasses. I tell you what," he whispered dramatically in my ear, "why the vague wording? Why the withdrawal? Depend on it, it's a forged note and the forger," he paused theatrically, "Madan!"

It was only then that I recalled, with a start, the wager about the holiday.

* * * *

It was that dreary part of the year where holidays, especially half-holidays, were as few and far between as oases in the Sahara. As for the rain obliging us with a rain-holiday, showers in that season were absolutely unknown in meteorological annals, although the weather forecast, with its usual contrariness, continued to threaten "Widespread thunder-showers along the entire East Coast." Madan was a fellow who generally took the central staircase three stairs at a time. But with even Nature dead set against his carrying out the wager, and what with the dismaying array of one-digit marks he had earned in the terminal examination, he was now looking like a fellow who has forgotten to take his daily liver-pills. Notwithstanding, I was rather shocked to hear the news.

I was in the Library, listlessly flipping over a three-month-old periodical, when Vasant his handkerchief playing freely about his eyes sneaked in like a cur worsted in a fight.

"Haven't you heard?" he moaned, "Madan's dead."

"Dead?" I jumped up and began feeling about for my handkerchief.

"Yes. Drowned."

"Don't worry," I reassured him. "He couldn't have got drowned in the Buckingham Canal. Moreover, one would die of stench long before one got drowned."

"Fathead! It was not here. It was during the Botany tour to the Tirupur hills. They had finished browsing on the local flora and a dozen of them, including Madan, went for a swim in the local Mayavathi river, which is pretty deep at points, you know."

"When is the funeral?" I asked practical-mindedly.

"No funeral—they were able to find only his clothes."

When the first shock of grief had worn off, we went over to Madan's place. His dad was a crusty, curmudgeonly sort of man who looked upon Madan's cronies as imps actively engaged in guiding Madan's steps to perdition. He stared at us so unseeingly that we felt pretty much like coal in Newcastle, and hastily backed out. It is the malignity of Fate that there are sorrows which cannot be shared.....

* * * *

There were few at College who did not know Madan and none who had not heard of him; so that it could not be said that few could know when Madan ceased to be. And so the next day we had a half-holiday, out of respect for the deceased. That is where the partiality of Death, in spite of Shirley, becomes palpable. There are those who perish unhonoured and unsung and others who are mourned by a white-faced people and a black-bordered Press.....

"I say," said Vasant, "what sacrifice, what sacrifice, what martyrdom!"

"You mean?" I asked, scratching my head.

"I mean," went on Vasant like a detective giving his *denouement*, "Madan's death was not accidental. You remember the wager?"

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to say he..... in order to fulfil the wager?"

But Vasant was already plying the handkerchief furiously.

* * * *

The next day—after that half-holiday—we had a meeting of condolence in the Fyson Park.

It was then that it happened. It would take a more poignant pen to do it justice, but nevertheless.....

The Principal was half-way or so, through his speech—anyway we have no means of determining the extent of his progress, because he never completed it. He had just delivered the memorable sentence:—

"And in all our actions we must comfort ourselves with the thought that the departed one is watching us, that the dead will return to life some day."—

Just then the ghastly peals of what I can only describe as ghoulish laughter broke on our ears. It was all the more vivid because the Principal had broken off and was staring towards the rear of the gathering. It was Madan!

Still laughing that blood-curdling laugh, he rollicked up, clearing a lane, as if by magic, through the crowd, in which now fainting, even among the men-students, went on on a large scale. In a flash Vasant and I realised that Madan—I suppose it should be “Madan’s ghost”—was making towards us. He appeared to be entirely oblivious of everybody else.

“You two,” he guffawed, jabbing a finger at us, “out with the stake! I’ve won that wager, you know.”

Then the Principal was roused to utter those memorable words;

“Look here, come here—and look alive.”

“How can I? I’m dead,” replied Madan, obviously in answer to the third command, but proceeding to obey the first two. A mild but wide-spread snigger indicated that the gathering was recovering.

“You will kindly explain,” said the Principal freezingly.

Well, to cut a short story shorter, before Madan had done with explaining, he had succeeded in involving the two of us in the tangle, as the ones responsible for the unhappy wager. But, as the Principal observed, nobody had the right to sham death, even with the most philanthropic of motives; and finally he announced that expulsion was the only course.

For one of his mettle Madan took it rather badly. Within three days he was down with high fever and delirium.

“We fear that his sanity may be...er... deranged beyond repair,” we told the Principal.

“You think so?”

“But there is just a chance of saving him if we.....”

“Took him back, eh? All right—if you think so.”

We rushed to the hospital and tip-toed into Madan’s ward.

“How’s he?” we asked the nurse.

“Better,” she replied, “but sketching death’s heads on the coverlet.”

“You’ve been taken back,” we whispered to Madan.

“Oh, Death! Where is thy sting?”, he muttered, returning to his sketching.

We stood scratching our heads, ruminating over that piece about Death.

“You can come back when you’re discharged,” I ventured.

“Death keeps watch beside the portal!”

We gave it up at that.

* * * *

A month later he was cruising about the Powell statue.

“About that holiday affair....,” he began.

“I forgive all,” I said mildly, “forget it.”

“Thanks,” he retorted, “but there’s the money you owe me over that bet.”

I began to see light. “But you’re a ghost,” I protested, “I thought everything was free in the ‘undiscovered country’.”

“The cost of living has gone up there,” he said stolidly, “pay up!”

Pravin Kumar.
(III Hons., Zoology.)

Travancore and Vijayanagar.

Narrow patriotism has often been responsible for perversions of historical truth. Recently misdirected enthusiasm has prompted certain Travancore writers to claim that their country was never conquered, overrun or vanquished in battle by any external foe¹. Attempts have been made to show that none of the South Indian powers, neither the Pāndyas, the Cōlas, the Vijayanagar Emperors nor the Nāyaks of Madura ever succeeded in defeating the ruler of Travancore, or Vēṇāḍ, as it was then called². Here the sources of evidence regarding the results of the invasion of Vēṇāḍ by the Vijayanagar generals are examined.

(1) Prof K. V. Rangaswamy Aiyangar in his Foreword to Sundaram Pillay’s “Early Sovereigns of Travancore” (PXVII) rightly deplores this unfortunate tendency produced by ‘revived nationalism’.

(2) See the author’s paper “The early History of Nāncinad” in the Journal of the Madras University, 1950, regarding the Pāndya and Cōla invasions.

It was during the reign of the Vēṇāḍ king Bhūtalavira Udayamārtāṇḍa Varma (1516—1535 A. D.) that the first conflict with Vijayanagar arose. Regarding the results of this collision the generally accepted view is that the Vēṇāḍ ruler was worsted in battle and that he had to acknowledge the supremacy of Vijayanagar. Of late, however, Sadasyatilaka Sri T. K. Velu Pillay, the author of the revised State Manual of Travancore, has provoked a controversy, by challenging, the validity of the earlier view. It is essential, therefore, that a dispassionate inquiry is made into the available data bearing in mind that the sacred Muse of History should not be prostituted to subserve any irrelevant object.

The circumstances which led to the attack of 1532 A.D. occurred in the reign of the Emperor Kṛṣṇadēva Raya. The Pāṇḍyan king, who had already become a vassal of Vijayanagar was incessantly harassed by the aggressive Vēṇāḍ Raja. While the request for help from the Pāṇḍyan king was primarily responsible for the expedition, the immediate cause was the offence given to the Emperor by the Vēṇāḍ ruler harbouring a rebel-chief of Cōla Rājya. Before the expedition planned by him could be undertaken Kṛṣṇadēva Raya unfortunately died. However, soon after his death, his successor Acyuta Rāya gave effect to the scheme, himself leading the huge host. The party reached Srirangam, whence Acyuta Rāya despatched his brother-in-law Sālaka Timma to conquer the regions in the extreme south and punish the Tiruvaḍi, the Vēṇāḍ ruler. The Vēṇāḍ army encountered the invading host on the banks of the Tamraparṇi. Regarding the outcome of the battle, the 'Acyutarāyābhyudayam,' as well as the inscriptions of Acyuta, state that the Tiruvadi was defeated and that a pillar of victory was planted on the Tāmraparṇi river³. It is further mentioned that the vanquished Vēṇāḍ ruler not only surrendered the fugitive but made over to Timma valuable presents of elephants and horses. The Vijayanagar general accepted them on behalf of his sovereign, reinstated the Pāṇḍya on his ancestral throne, and thereafter, accompanied by the Tiruvaḍi, proceeded on pilgrimage to the famous shrine of Anantasayanam at the place now called Trivandrum. Thence Sālaka Timma, along with the Tiruvaḍi went to Rāmēśvaram and eventually to Srirangam, where he produced before the Emperor "the Cera king and other prisoners and submitted to him a report of his expedition". Acyuta commanded his minister to punish the Tiruvadi for having encroached upon the Pāṇḍyan dominion and authorised the Pandya sovereign to rule over his ancestral state.⁴

Mr. T. K. Velu Pillay, however, discredits the literary and epigraphic data as one-sided. He maintains that Raianātha Dindima's

(3) 'Acyutarāyābhyudayam', Canto VI, Verses 29-31 and A. R. E. for 1900, P 27.

(4) Dr. S. K. Aiyangar: "The Sources of Vijayanagar" (1919) p 160 and "Acyutarayabhyudayam" Canto VII

'Acyutarāyābhyudayam' is a laudatory composition and consequently unreliable and that the inscriptions which record the victory are found in Kanci and other places far away from Travancore⁵. That 'Acyutarāyābhyudayam' is a highly embellished poetic account may at once be conceded; but it does not follow that it aimed at a total suppression of the truth regarding the result of the conflict.⁶ Nor does it seem reasonable to dismiss the entire account about the gifts presented and the pilgrimage undertaken as pure fabrications. Moreover, the account furnished is corroborated by the epigraphic source, which can, by no means be discredited on the ground of its provenance.

If the 'Acyutarāyābhyudayam' aimed at white-washing a defeat or an indecisive issue the device adopted would have been different. For one thing, the reference to the pilgrimage to Trivandrum accompanied by the Tiruvaḍi would not have appeared. Surprisingly, Mr. T. K. Velu Pillay makes capital out of the absence of reference to Padmanābhapuram on the way to Trivandrum.⁷ It is obvious that this negative testimony cannot be pressed into service for discarding the entire account of the pilgrimage as a figment of the poets' imagination.

The most important objection to Mr. Pillay's view is found in the epigraphic data. His argument based on the provenance of the inscriptions is hardly sustainable. The Emperor was not present at the battle of Tamraparṇi and therefore the general could not have recorded his victory near about the place of the battle. Nor is the triumph of Vijayanagar over the Tiruvaḍi in 1532 disproved by the circumstance that so late as 1541 another Vēṇāḍ ruler instituted a *sandhi* in the temple of Pallikkal (in the Tinnevely District) and renamed the temple after himself.

On the other hand, the positive evidence furnished by epigraphs cannot by any means be brushed aside. The copper plate of the reign of

(5) T. K. Velu Pillay: "The Travancore State Manual," Vol II pp 166-7.

(6) No doubt Rainatha in the course of his description of the battle uses the word 'asthirajayapajayam' But the word should not be taken out of its context to yield a pre-judged conclusion. The relevant verses where this word occurs (Canto VI lines 19-20) may be translated as follows:

"There arose between them a battle, the like of which was not witnessed previously even by Nārada. In the battle, the soldiers of one's own side could not be discriminated from those of the enemy. It was a battle in which life did not count and in which victory and defeat alike was not consistently on one side".

Clearly the lines indicate that the poet aims only at emphasising the tense and well-contested nature of the battle. Particularly since he asserts categorically in the succeeding lines that the Tiruvadi having been defeated in battle, approached the general, and prostrating before him acknowledged defeat, how is it possible to imagine that the poet cast a doubt on the issue of the battle?

(7) T. K. Velu Pillay: The Travancore State Manual Vol II p 169.

(8) See the extract translated from 'Tarakabrahmarajyam' in Prof K. A. N. Sastry & Dr. Venkataramanayya "Further Sources of Vijayanagar History" Vol III, p 168.

Muttu Kṛṣṇappa corroborates the defeat of the Tiruvaḍi.⁹ The plate records a gift of the village of Puliyur-Kuricci in Tiruvaḍidēsam' by the son of Annan Basavanna Nāyaka who was an officer of Rājādhirāja Vittala Rāja. The plate is dated Saka 1459 and Kollam 713, thus yielding the corresponding date 1537 A.D. How could a gift of a village belonging to the enemy be made if the supremacy of Vijayanagar had not been recognized by the Tiruvaḍi? Again, an inscription at Elavanasūr of Saka 1453 (1532 A.D) includes among the birudas of Acyuta, the title of 'Tiruvaḍisaptangaharaṇa' ¹⁰ i.e. 'he who captured the seven emblems of Tiruvaḍi's loyalty'. In the face of these important pieces of testimony the triumph of Vijayanagar in the conflict of 1532, A.D. does not seem to be open to doubt.

Udayamārtāṇḍa died towards the end of 710 M.E. (1535 A. D). It was during the rule of one of his successors, Unnikērala Varma otherwise known as Venrumankonḍa Bhūtala Vira Kērala, that the second attack by Vijayanagar occurred. This time the scene of conflict was within the confines of Nāncināḍ, the southern-most region of Vēṇāḍ. The cause for the renewed attack is stated to have been the remissness on the part of the Tiruvaḍi in the payment of tribute and his repeated incursions into the Pāṇḍyan territory. Another object of this invasion was the recovery of the allegiance of the Paravas, who having been converted to Christianity by the Portuguese, were inclined to be loyal to them and hostile to the Vijayanagar power. This expedition was led by Rāmarāya Vittala, the Vijayanagar Viceroy at Madura, and his brother Cinna Timma. The invading host entered by the Aruvāymoil Pass and encountered the Vēṇāḍ forces at Kōṭṭar. We have the oft-repeated account of Xavier suddenly appearing, crucifix in hand, in front of the Vijayanagar army and striking terror into their hearts, as if by a miracle. Fr Heras has marshalled the testimony furnished by numerous missionaries and urges the credibility of the account.¹¹ The fact that Unnikērala ever afterwards held Xavier in high esteem and even wanted his countrymen to obey him indicates that Xavier had played a notable part in the settlement of the conflict. Very probably Xavier interceded on behalf of Unnikērala and succeeded in effecting a rapprochement.

Mr T. K. Velu Pillay, however, feels impelled to assert again that the Vijayanagar forces were vanquished for the second time. He states that the Vijayanagar army was ignominiously defeated at Kōṭṭar in 1544 A. D and that the invaders were driven away by the valour of the Travancore troops and the resolution of their king.¹² But, no tangible evidence has been adduced by him in support of that statement. On the

other hand, it is most surprising how he is able to maintain his position in spite of the two Sucīndram inscriptions which throw light on the matter. The first inscription dated 720 M.E (1545 A.D) records that Vittala built the Gōpura of the temple for Tiruvēnkaḍanātha and erected the Dvajastambha in front of the Perumāḷ shrine. The second epigraph of 722. M. E registers a gift of lands bestowed by Venrumankonḍa Bhūtala Vira Rāma Varma for offerings to Tiruvēnkaḍa Emperumān on the birthdays of Vittala for his exaltation. Mr Pillay hastens to explain that the endowment was made by the Vēṇāḍ ruler as his token of gratitude for Vittala's construction of the Gōpura. This seems more ingenious than convincing. For one thing, if Vittala and his army had been defeated and "driven away" as is claimed, certainly it is incongruous to find that he proceeded to Sucīndram and undertook the stupendous work of constructing the Gōpura. Besides, an endowment of the triumphant monarch in honour of the vanquished foe would reverse the natural order of expectation. The description of Vittala as 'Pāṇḍya-sthāpanācārya,' ¹³ as contrasted with the absence of a similar reference in relation to the Tiruvaḍi, is employed by Mr Pillay to urge that the Vēṇāḍ ruler's position was not in any way affected. But it must be repeated that it was as a champion of the Pāṇḍya against Tiruvaḍi's aggressions and for the reinstatement of the Pāṇḍya in his dominions that the Vijayanagar expeditions were primarily undertaken. Obviously therefore, the reference to Vittala as 'Pāṇḍyasthāpanācārya,' far from proving Mr Pillay's thesis casts doubt on it.

Moreover, a Tirupati Dēvasthānam inscription records the grant of a village near Tamraparṇi by the Vēṇāḍ king for the performance of certain ceremonies as invocations for the prosperity of Vittala.¹⁴ Another inscription ¹⁵ states that Visvanātha obtained from Rāmarājarāyan the Tiruvaḍides'a as amarnayakam. It adds that Visvanātha's son Kṛṣṇappa Nāyaka granted seven villages in this Province to the god of Kṛṣṇapuram temple which he had newly built. These facts leave no room for doubt as to the subordinate position of Tiruvaḍi to Vijayanagar. Finally, it must be remembered that the epigraphic testimony is corroborated by the literary sources like the "Rāmarājyam" and "Yādavabhyudaya-vyakhya" which sing the glory of Vittala's victory over Tiruvaḍi ¹⁶.

On the whole, it is obvious that attempts to question the military triumph of Vijayanagar encounter serious obstacles.¹⁷ The truth of the matter appears to be that the Vēṇāḍ king concluded a peace with Vittala

(9) Madras Epigraphical Report of 1905-6 No. 6

(10) A. R. E. for 1937-8 p 105.

(11) Fr Heras : Aravidu Dynasty (1927) pp 144-7 notes,

(12) Gp. cit p 176,

(13) Travancore Archaeological Series, Vol I, p 54.

(14) Volume V, No 158.

(15) Nq 17 of the Madras Epigraphist's Collection for 1912 Ep. Ind. IX p 341

(16) Dr S. K. Aiyangar : " Sources of Vijayanagar History " (1919) pp 16-17

(17) R. Satyanatha Aiyar : " Nāyaks of Madura " Appendix p 324-Letter of John Nieuhoff

through the mediation of Xavier. The exact terms of the peace are not known. There is no means of determining whether or not annual payment of tribute was imposed as a condition. Perhaps it was, if we are to believe the grounds put forward by the Nāyaks of Madura for their invasion of the land.

In 1558 Vittala again attacked Travancore. Perhaps remissness in the payment of tribute was again the cause. However, this attempt ultimately proved an unfortunate disappointment for Vittala¹⁸. Details of this invasion are furnished by Fr Perez, the Portuguese missionary who was sent to Vittala by the Vēṇāḍ ruler to effect a settlement. Fr Perez had earlier presented to the troops a standard with the name of Jesus painted on it. The banner was carried by the Travancore army, and at the commencement of the battle, according to instructions, the soldiers invoked the name of Jesus in a chorus. It is stated that, on hearing the roaring voices, the bewildered Telugu army retreated pell-mell and was pursued by the Travancore forces. Evidently the battle ended in the defeat of Vittala and there is nothing to warrant a disbelief in the courage and confidence instilled into the army by the priest. Perhaps Vittala himself was killed in battle or in the turmoil that followed it; however, we do not hear of him any further. Naturally the defeat of Vittala redeemed the independence of Travancore from allegiance to Vijayanagar. But the respite from external incursions lasted only for a short time, because in the 17th century the Nāyaks of Madura attacked and plundered Nāncināḍ on several occasions and caused untold misery to the inhabitants.

K. K. Pillai, M.A., D. Phil (Oxon), D. Litt (Madras)

(18) Fr: Heras: "Aravīdu Dynasty" Vol I, p 162.

Matrimonial Advertisements.

Our newspaper advertisements, as a class, always compel my attention, scrutiny and respect. I am a confirmed believer, too, in their veracity. Why, my neighbour recently announced, in the obituary column of a daily, the sad demise of his wife who had been a shrew, terror and nightmare rolled into one and added at the end, "She was of a very pious and charitable disposition!" These advertisements, I tell you, really make of this life a joy for ever and lead you on unto the promised land. They speak of things you don't know you are missing, of passing shows and soothing smokes, of Himalayan herbs and of glands, of endless dancing and an untired feeling, and also of lotus-eyed maidens who

grew long hair in countries far away. And I truly admire, for his courage, the funny guy who declared unequivocally, "Let me be your father!"

But matrimonial advertisements, I should frankly confess, have always held forth a specific charm for me. My eager eyes almost devour them, as I relax over a cup of morning tea. You need not ask me, for a moment, whether I am married. I am not married! Some peculiar and beautiful mystery seems to envelop a matrimonial advertisement which I read under heavy emotional strain. Behind it I conjure up visions of an unknown pretty girl, beautiful, eager and hopeful, and the offer of her unseen hand to anybody strikes me with peculiar awe. That there are girls, in this ancient land, who have seen seventeen sweet summers not once but even twice makes me feel happy; when I learn further that Post Box Number 314 too has got a daughter of marriageable age I begin to wonder at the strange freaks of nature; but when I am told that these several girls were pining away, all these years, in sorrowful solitude, a peculiar sadness would creep over me and tears come to my eyes; that they would soon get married and live happily ever or even after would make me feel happy once again.

In ancient days, it is said, these girls used to go about in search of suitable partners in life. And a knight-errant would come, riding his horse over hill and dale, in time to rescue a smiling damsel who had successfully managed to get into distress. Our modern chaps are ungallant; without patrimony they never conceive of matrimony. And the girls too, well protected by their parents are content to pray that their aged mothers might soon be blessed with handsome sons-in-law. Their warm hopes and wishes, expressed through cold print, seldom melt a young man's heart.

Sometimes these advertisements make simple things complex and simple things, you know, become complex after you have really made them complex. My neighbour's daughter, unlike her departed mother, is a bit sophisticated and birds of love used to twitter about in the green foliage of her imagination. She responded to an advertisement of a gentleman and made herself ready, at a tryst, for an interview with him; she received the atomic shock of her life when a short round man was found rolling on to herself..... That was her own father!

The other day I read an advertisement in which the father had prudently offered a house along with his daughter's hand. A clever snare, but a practically welcome idea, the vacancy of a husband's post with good prospects! I pondered and wondered until heaviness sat over my eyelids and I lost myself in the realities of a dream.....

Dressed in my best, I found myself sitting in the waiting room of a private bungalow, ready for an impending interview. The call came. I was

ushered into an adjoining room where three individuals sat, having constituted themselves into a Commission. The features of the central figure, apparently the chairman, revealed the jolly potentialities of ale and a second chin developed after his birth. To his right sat a biped with the face of a bull-dog or angry bull and he appeared to hide behind his own belly. The third, of a different species, was a girl, as lovely and fat as a girl can be. None noticed my presence, so I cleared my throat, shuttled my Adam's apple up and down and proclaimed my arrival in a sepulchral voice.

"Won't you come in and sit down, please?" cooed the lovely fat girl. Evidently she was trying to be helpful to me and beaming at me in a kindly way, so I felt extremely shy.

"Oh, Thank you, What Ho!" I muttered, now more embarrassed than ever, but I soon rallied and began to beam at her vigorously, so she felt extremely shy.

"Fine weather! Fine! Fine! Isn't it?" I decided to carry on but now both of us felt extremely shy at the same time.

"Tut, tut! young man, always address the chairman," cried the chairman impatiently, "first take off your hat!"

Evidently my head must have been resting under the hat all the time, I mean the hat was resting on my head. I removed it and apologised and sat on the candidate's chair as beads of perspiration appeared on my forehead.

Warned by my friends already, I decided to lead the conversation without waiting for inconvenient questions to be put to me. I found the chairman looking at me over the tip of his nose and I thought it courteous on my part to look at him over the tip of my nose. Apparently to be friend him I asked him, "What is the condition of your grandmother's teeth?" He frowned, so I ventured on a question of more personal interest to him, "What is the condition of your own?" He now began to fret and fume as well. I felt miserable. The game was up. I lost my chance. I was simply perplexed. To put it in simpler language, I was exceedingly flabbergasted.

The Bull dog or angry Bull suddenly darted a question at me. "Have you loved any girl? If so, why? If not, why not?"

"At any time?" clarified the chairman, as I looked at him amused.

"Or at any place?" added the lovely fat girl helpfully, as I turned my nose in her direction.

I was getting into deep waters. I could only grin. Oh God, some psychiatrist would be watching my reactions, gestures and attitudes from behind some closed door through the key-hole and marking my Intelligence Quotient very low indeed.

"But has any girl ever loved me at any time or place?" I replied courteously but defiantly still.

"God bless her!" remarked the chairman, "Well who was the uncle of the seventh duchess of Darlingisle?"

"Excuse me, but do you know, Sir?"

"We need not. That is our advantage. Do you know the name of any mason engaged in building the Taj Mahal?"

"Don't worry about it, Sir. After- all, what is in a name?"

"Can you name twenty authors on Proportional representation in Tasmania?"

"Personally I am inclined to wish that there were no authors at all!"

"Well, we are convinced that you are thoroughly lacking in general information about past history or current politics," concluded the chairman as he scrutinised for the last time some of my testimonials and then he asked me, "Are these the ones you had given to others?"

"No, no!" the Bull-dog or angry Bull corrected him, "they are the ones that his professors had given him!"

"I see. Well, young man, may God help you! No human being can....." said the chairman as he motioned me out.

My face fell. My lips trembled. My shoulders dropped. But I decided to make a final appeal to feminine common-sense.

"Miss who ever-it-be, you are losing your life's chance. You must be mine! I would keep your house, cook your food and wait for you until late hours at night. I would also pray for your soul, though, left to myself, I would have very much desired to prey upon it."

"Oh, father dear, he is the man for me! The man for me! How winsome is his smile!" I heard her pleading on my behalf. The sound of tinkling bells sweetly assailed my ears.....

I woke up, only to find the angry milk-man demanding the payment of his bill.

P. K. K. Menon, M.A., M.Litt.

The problem of scarce currencies.

'Scarce currencies' is a new term in the economist's dictionary but the problem underlying it is as old as international trade itself. The expression scarce currency implies in somewhat prosaic but terse language a rather unfortunate state of affairs in a country's balance of payments. The currency of a country is said to become scarce when its exports visible and invisible are chronically and as a long-term tendency, greater than its imports. In other words, the country demands less of the foreign exchange of the rest of the world than the rest of the world demands from this country.

Lord Keynes shortly before he died prophesied that "the chances of the dollar becoming dangerously scarce in the course of the next five to ten years are not very great." It is one of the paradoxes of world's history that while the "Cassandra-like croakings" of this gloomy prophet of evil were fulfilled, the message of hope delivered by him in one of his moods of optimism was to be falsified.

Today the gravest of international problems is the scarcity of a few currencies, the most important of which is the dollar and the entire problem of scarce currencies consists in an extra-ordinary dollar shortage. There are certain countries that year after year export. There are others that are ever importing. Of the former, America is the best example.

What is the solution to this problem of scarce currencies? It is necessary to note that it is at once a currency as well as a trade problem. One of the merits of the gold standard—it is a relief to turn to that system in these days of 'mis'-managed money—was the impossibility of any currency being scarce. If we could not get dollars under the old system all that we had to do was to get gold. But as it is impossible to go back to the gold standard other solutions must be found.

Article 7 of the Agreement of the International Monetary Fund makes provision for dealing with scarce currencies. The fund is empowered to issue a report if it finds a general scarcity of a particular currency developing and may recommend steps to be taken to bring the scarcity to an end. It may also borrow or buy scarce currencies. Besides, it can ration the supply of currencies declared scarce.

The solution provided by the fund it is evident is at best a short-term one. The I.M.F. does not pretend to correct any fundamental disequilibrium in a country's economy.

There are two ways out of this situation. One is that of complete autarky. In this case there will be no problem of scarce currency because

there will be little or no foreign trade at all. As autarky is impossible now. No one can suggest it as a practicable solution for our foreign exchange difficulties.

Main reliance must therefore be placed on an over-all expansion of trade which is a complete negation of autarky. It is essential for America to evince a greater propensity to buy from foreign countries. A permanent solution consists in industrialisation of backward areas. It may not be very difficult to borrow from America and from the International Bank for financing development programmes. But it is equally the responsibility of borrowing countries to make use of these dollar resources for productive purposes. We aggravate rather than mitigate the dollar problem by improvident raising of external loans for financing enterprises of a speculative nature.

As far as India is concerned though the balance of payments figures largely in contemporary discussion one can safely venture to prophesy that in the long run it may be the Rupee that will be a scarce currency. It is worth reminding ourselves that before the war India as a rule enjoyed a high degree of favourable balance on her trade account. Indian politicians and economists of those times regarded this as an unhealthy feature in India's economy and referred to it as the "drain". During the war India had at embarrassingly favourable trade balance. It is only during the recent years that balance of payments has been thrown out of gear. These are mostly on account of temporary phases in our economic history.

There is ample room for optimism. Our foreign debts have been repatriated. The debts that we are contracting are largely of a productive nature. We have no more 'Home' charges to bear. With the increase in acreage on account of land reclamation and with better yield per acre by improved methods of production, India is certain to become at least self-sufficient in food. With greater industrialization the necessity for importing manufactured goods would also vanish.

It can thus be seen that as regards India the problem of scarce currency is only of temporary interest. The unbalance in our payments position is certain not to become a permanent feature in our economy.

T. V. Vasanta (V Hons. Econ.)

Radar.

Radar played a very important part in the last world war. During the "Battle of Britain" in 1940, it was the Radar technique that checked the German-bombers, and turned the tide of events. In a large measure the credit goes to the Radar-controlled anti-aircraft gunners and the Radar-guided fighter pilots. Those were "the few to whom so many owed so much".

The word Radar is a wartime coinage, and it stands for the device that is employed for "Radio Direction finding And Ranging". It is based on the property of radiowaves being reflected from material objects just like light or sound waves. In the case of waves we are familiar with the phenomenon of the echo, which is just a case of reflection of a short pulse of sound, like that of clapping, getting reflected from a distant object. The time interval between the production of sound by the observer, and the hearing of the echo depends upon the distance of the reflector from the source of sound. If this time-interval can be measured accurately the distance of the reflecting object from the source can be correctly calculated from the known velocity of sound in air. By careful listening, it will be possible also to judge the direction from which the echo is obtained. This method of ranging and direction-finding can be employed for stationary objects at short distances. But in the case of objects which are travelling at high speeds, or which are at great distances the above method will not be useful. That is why the radio waves which travel very fast came to be employed.

The history of Radar starts with the discovery of electric waves by the famous German Physicist Heinrich Hertz who, in the year 1878, demonstrated that electric waves move with the velocity of light, and that they have the property of being reflected, and refracted like light waves. In his experiments he reflected the electric waves by means of conducting metal sheets and measured their wavelengths also. For a long time these waves were not put to practical use, and it was Marconi who revived interest in these waves at the beginning of this century. In 1922 Marconi recognised the use of short electric waves for radio ranging and several devices were developed in America, France and Germany. But it was the British scientists that took the lead, and developed, under pressure of necessity, a Radar system for coastal defence. The first successful experimental station was set up in 1935, following a carefully worked plan given by the Scottish scientist Sir Robert Watson Watt who was then the head of the Radio Section of the National Physical Laboratory. Since that date there have been several improvements in the technique, and the modern Radar unit has nothing but the fundamental principle in common with the earliest devices.

The basic principle of the Radar system is to have a transmitter and a receiver located at a station having a common aerial or different aerials for transmission and reception. The transmitter is designed to send out intense pulses of short electric waves, the duration of each pulse being about a millionth of a second, with a repetition rate of about 500 per second. After each pulse the transmitter is quiescent for a comparatively long interval, during which the receiver is kept sensitive, and the echo, is the energy from the transmitted pulse which is reflected from material objects is picked up by the receiver. The nearest objects give the earliest echoes, and the time between the transmitted pulse and the reflected pulse gives a measure of the distance of the reflecting object which may be an aeroplane, a ship or a distant fort. Since the waves travel with a speed of about 186,000 miles per second or 328 yards in a millionth of a second, an object which is 328 yards away from the transmitter will give an echo pulse two millionths of a second after the transmitted pulse. Both the transmitted and the reflected pulses are displayed on a cathode ray tube screen as visible pips, and the extremely short intervals of time between the pulses are accurately determined by proper timing circuits. The direction of the reflecting object can be found in much the same way as by means of a search light. The transmitting and receiving aerials are rotated to scan the space all round, and when the aerials are facing an object the amount of energy in the echo will be at its highest and indicated by the brightness of the pip caused by it.

There are different types of Radar installations, each of which is designed for special purposes like long distance warning, gun laying, anti aircraft firing etc. For instance the Radar unit which our college has recently obtained from Military Disposals belongs to one of the earliest types, and it was employed in the early days of the last war as an anti aircraft firing device. This type has become obsolete and has therefore been released for educational purposes. A few details about this may be of interest.

In our unit there is an aerial system which sends out a narrow beam of electric waves of wavelength about five feet. There are four receiving aerials to pick up the reflected waves, and there is a sixth aerial which is used to send out short signals for interrogation so as to identify an aircraft as a friend or foe. The system of six aerials can be rotated about the vertical and horizontal axes and there are scales to read the bearing and elevation of the aerials. Inside the truck are housed the transmitters and receiver, and there are seats for three operators to man the controls. One of them will have to rotate the aerials to the proper elevation, and another will have to rotate the aerials to the correct bearing so that the intensity of the reflected pulse is maximum. When the system of aerials are thus set to point directly to a target, the third operator measures the range,

i.e. the distance of the target from the transmitter coupled to these operations inside the truck there are servo-mechanisms which transmit these signals automatically to the anti-aircraft guns, which follow faithfully the rotation of the aerials, and point to the target picked by the electric waves. The range of the gun is also set by the operations in the Radar set, and the firing is thereby rendered very accurate. The I.F.F. unit, i.e., the transmitter which is employed for "Identification of Friend or Foe" sends out a beam of electric waves on a specified frequency which is kept secret. All friendly aircraft carry with them sensitive receivers which respond to that frequency. On the receipt of the interrogation signal these receivers automatically switch on a transmitter in the aircraft which sends a code message. The absence of such a return signal from an aircraft indicates an enemy which is then fired on. The range of operation of this type of Radar unit is only about 20,000 yards, a distance which is quite inadequate for dealing with fast airplanes.

During the war years the technique of Radar had to keep pace with the needs of the day, and the longer waves of 5 feet length had to be abandoned. New devices giving waves of a few inches length, and having higher power had to be developed for operation at longer distances and for more accurate aiming. Due to the close collaboration of the British and American scientists the "magnetron" was evolved and a modern Radar unit that can be of immense use." In the words of Sir Stafford Cripps, the war-time President of the Radio Board "Radar has played a greater part in the war than the atom bomb, and holds far more potentialities of service to the human race than the splitting of the atom."

T. Krishnamurti, M.A., L.T.

My Reminiscences of Hostel Life.

A train of memories follows when one reflects over the student life in a hostel a quarter of a century back. Verily the hostel is a miniature world and it takes 'all sorts'. Of topographical changes a familiar pond is filled up for hygienic reasons. Yet, what memories are associated with it! During the small hours of the nights in the rainy season the inmates of the pond would raise their croakings to a crescendo! The amorous antics of these amphibious creatures would be watched with curiosity and interest by the young student of zoology in the mornings. Pairs are seen locked in close embrace floating on the water and the odd, unlucky males trying in vain to dislodge them; illustrating the eternal triangle of Love.

There is the hostel-doctor, a good old gentleman of an archaic type stepping out of his car with a closed coat and a turban, too small for

his head, precariously poised on the posterior part of his cranium! The stethoscope hangs round his neck more as an ornament than as a clinical instrument!

The hostel-barber deaf in both ears would nod his head to your many instructions but his hand would follow its own course and his scissors take its own toll. In his earnest endeavour to maintain the equality and symmetry of your fashionable Frenchcut moustache he reduces them to a point null and void!

There is the post-man entering with a sheaf of money-order forms. He is hailed and hustled by the members of the hostel. Volleys of room-numbers are fired at him but he remains cool as a cucumber answering the disappointed in the soothing words of a soothsayer "you will surely receive your M. O. tomorrow, Sir."

The polymorphic personalities of the student community are the most interesting. Mr. Feather-top with his finest perfumes, creams visible and vanishing, snows and powders, is the height of fashion. The Arch-Bore's volubility is unrivalled. He is the universal friend but he is never welcomed by any. There comes the born Bluffer, whose alchemy of green lies and white lies holds truth only as an irreducible minimum. The sly Slanderer is always on the look-out to spot something sensational, something scandalous.

The Epicurean's main interest is in the menu, for his motto, is 'Eat, drink, be merry and never worry'.

It has been the exclusive and enviable privilege of Mr. Don Juan to come in contact with the most charming girls! He unfolds this secret to you and ere long it transpires that half the hostel has become his confidants and his amorous adventures have been told and retold *ad libitum*. The love-sick Romeo is always waiting for a pink letter from his Juliet. She is such a priceless thing, such a sweet thing—such a lovely thing—innocent—immaculate—indescribable everything!

Here goes Mr. Pendennis who has convinced his parents that cigarettes are as indispensable for the student as his pen and pencil. Here comes Mr. Micawber always hoping for something to turn up, an M. O. today, an Insurance cover tomorrow and a cheque the day after. Nothing ever happens but he continues to cultivate his unalloyed optimism. Mr. Lewisham is at his table staring at his 'Schema' to graduate by a certain date, to compete for the Civil Service examination at a later date, come out successful on a definite date, propose to the Helen of his Heart immediately and drain the cup of happiness to the lees. But the most unexpected thing in the history of the hostel happens. The unsinkable

vessel has been torpedoed and sunk. Mr. Lewisham has fled and all his schemes are shattered to smithereens!

Sitting in a corner and spelling the words is the Shelley of the Hostel, composing couplets and quatrains on his 'virgin of the purest type, who left him aglow with agonising thoughts.' The lesser light, Mr. Malaprop to whom the college tower is the college 'tomb,' the Barber the Barbarian, makes himself the laughing stock.

How very cheerful and carefree one was in those days as a bachelor-student enjoying an unfettered freedom. By efflux of time and the tyranny of social custom he is enclosed in brackets with a woman ($M \times W$). This combination is not static but dynamic. The formula begins to expand along the temporal dimension in the manner of $(M \times W) + C_1 + C_2 + C_3 + C_4 + \dots C_n$. The formula is further complicated with economic equations!

S. R. Rao, M.A., L.T.

Existentialism—The Philosophy of Crisis.

There has been a collective movement of thought in Europe prominent since World War II which in its literary-philosophical form of expression is referred to as Existentialism. The exact nature of Existentialism defies definition but the inevitable impression given by the heterogeneous existentialist works is that it is a revolt against all systems—in one facet a revolt against a systematized, generalized, conceptual interpretation of life which, in being applicable in general, is no longer particular to the individual, whilst in another facet it is a revolt against the Hegelian political philosophy that the state is paramount and that the life and being of the individual citizen is rooted in the State. The purpose of man's life has so often been held to be for the maintenance of the state, the furtherance of the Church, the promotion of the community's good. To the Existentialist the purpose of man's life is *existence*. Life, the true, the richer life is not a means but an end. Naturally such a philosophy becomes intense when one loses faith in established values or political organisation and association, and seeks a way of escape for oneself; and Existentialism has gathered momentum with the growing reaction against the oppressive artificiality and inelasticity of modern society and against the Nazism and Fascism whose strangling grip had well-nigh extinguished the very life of Europe.

It is recognised that Existentialism originated in the torment of a single religious soul athirst for God—that of the young Dane, Soren Kierkegaard who a century ago in Copenhagen penned a series of remark-

able books, under such clearly fictitious names as Constantine Constantius, Nicholas Nicobene and others. These books presenting a powerful protest to Hegelian rationalism were all marked by a passionate intensity of feeling little to the taste of the staid Copenhagen society who no doubt felt that the son of a burgher of some social standing and a pillar of the Established Church should be better occupied. Yet posterity, with the vantage-point the passing of time has afforded it, has found in the frenzied notes of this young Danish writer evidence of an extremely interesting spiritual experience. Kierkegaard apparently was tormented, hag-ridden by a deep consciousness of guilt—a guilt necessarily bound to the fact of his own individual existence. But at the point when his despair seemed blackest the promises of salvation his own Christian faith offered appeared to him suddenly in a new radiant light. '.....from the despair he felt gushing out salvation, from impending death the vivifying touch of grace.' His was that acute exhilaration of a man who feels his soul is 'saved'. Thus it was that Kierkegaard was carried to an exaltation of sin and of individual existence with which it is inevitably related, as the necessary condition and preparation for salvation. His writings are a powerful vindication of all that is irrational and immediate—life, faith, personality, existence—as against the rational and reasoned which since they are of universal validity obliterate what is particular to the individual.

Had Kierkegaard's experience remained an isolated phenomenon it would never have stimulated a cumulative movement of thought, far less a universal interpretation of existence; but Kierkegaard's work was depersonalized by two philosophers of great genius in Germany, Heidegger and Jaspers. These took the essence of Kierkegaard's message, lifted it out of its religious context and toned down the highly personal accent instead creating a connective tissue of philosophic terms belonging to the traditional schools. Adapting it, typifying it, and even standardising it they made it possible to pass from a particular existence to Existence, from anxieties and despair to Anxiety and Despair—establishing a system of philosophy marked by a psychological approach having as its basis the phenomena of the mind, moods and its affective states. Indeed as some critics have said, what Kierkegaard had meant as a protest against a philosophic system in their hands became a system in itself.

Heidegger's most famous pupil is Jean Paul Sartre in France, who introduced a new phase in the movement. Just as Heidegger in Nazi Germany wrote in an atmosphere of economic and political distress so Sartre evolved his philosophy during the dark years of the German occupation in France.

Sartre is like Kierkegaard and unlike Heidegger and Jaspers in one important respect—he realises that an attempt to communicate directly what is innermost, what is highly personal, leads at once to the abstract,

rationalized, and that the danger of a philosophy of existence is that it runs the risk of turning men away from existence to thought. Sartre then has turned to the writing of plays and novels whose circumstances, whose characterization speak 'Existentialism' for themselves.

Sartre, like Bergson, Blondel, Marcel and others stressed the active over the static. Like Kierkegaard he is impatient of complacency and unquestioning acceptance of values by men, for which they themselves assume no responsibility, accepting them as if imposed from without or because someone else has established them. In sharp contrast to Kierkegaard, Sartre is an atheist—and his strong atheism is really a protest against an allegiance to an authority beyond what the individual himself can vouch for. His philosophy then is for those who feel themselves forlorn, disbelieving, anxious, who experience a moment of vertigo, for it is at such an impasse that one can be persuaded that existence is not bad, given, not ready made, but created by man himself. As Sartre himself puts it, the existentialist's first move is to make every man aware of what he is and to make him fully responsible for his existence. Sartre would go further too in saying that it is not enough however, just to be. Man must make himself continually in order to be real. 'Man is nothing but what he makes of himself, 'Man's destiny is within himself, 'Action is the only thing that enables a man to live'.

It would seem, hence, as if Existentialism had led straight to the jaws of atheism. Indeed after World War II one is appalled at the monstrous forms it has assumed. In the issue of *La France Libre*, December 1944, there appeared an article by Claude Magny on French literature produced during the days of the German occupation. He refers to existentialist works as all marked 'by an atheism which is sometimes aggressive as in George Bataille who frequently invokes his master Nietzsche with the arrogant and desolate cry of a man who is, as Sartre says, 'God's widower' but more often indifferent and apparently consoling itself very well for this death of God!'

Although Existentialism has in recent years been thus synonymous with atheism one must not forget the circumstances of its origin or the fact that before the war Existentialist philosophy was adapted and developed by such fervent Christian writers as Maritain, Gabriel Marcel, Chestov, Rousselot, who saw in existentialism the way to really think and live Christianity. Indeed whilst Kierkegaard, Heidegger and Sartre had spoken of the human condition in terms of anguish, death, care, and had stressed the limits of despair, the two Jesuits, Rousselot and Guthrie explained them as mere outward emanations of some vital movement of life within, necessary to its study but still secondary. In so doing they evolved a dynamic theory of love and energy in contrast to the Existentialism of atheism and nihilism.

The student of comparative philosophy will find that Existentialism, which is after all a search for self-knowledge, presents a rapprochement to Hindu philosophy, with the latter's emphasis on Existence, Consciousness, Bliss: Sat, Chit, Ananda of the Upanishads and Vedanta. There is however the important divergence that whereas the Existentialist's quest for self-knowledge, in Europe still in the main, takes the channel of intellectual effort, in India the quest lies in the realm of psychic experience.

It is interesting to find that a synthesis of these western and eastern philosophies has been effected in the philosophy of J. Krishnamurti. "Wherever we may live, each one of us is aware that there is in the world an ever-mounting confusion. This loss of orientation, this degeneration of values is not restricted to any particular class or nation. Many solutions have been offered for this confusion, solutions economic and political, social and religious. And yet no system can bring about peace.peace is not the realm of ideas. You can see for yourself that peace is not the product of a thought-process. Our thinking is conditioned and therefore limited. Limited thinking is invariably erroneous and always a source of conflict. To rely on systems, however technically perfect, is to avoid the responsibility of being directly concerned with peace..... The way of peace is simple. It is our way of truth and love. It starts with the individual himself." This may appear superficially to be egocentric and even selfish but on consideration one can realise that what each one is, the State, Society, the World, is too, and to bring about the vital change in the environment which is so essential today each one must begin by knowing and then transforming himself.

This quest for self-knowledge is to be man's incessant work; an alertness which is constant inquiry without greed for an end. It is a passive alertness too. All thought must be stilled, for thought is as the tumultuous waves which prevent the calm sea-bed from being clearly seen; but thought is not to be stilled by the abortive attempt of creating a blank in one's mind. No indeed, for Krishnamurti would want us instead to let our whole beings be filled by an acute sense of awareness of the external and internal worlds, so that the mind is only as a perfect mirror. With this stillness according to the testimony of India's sages and realised beings throughout the ages comes the highest wisdom, bliss and love. "Our minds and hearts must be simple, creatively empty and watchful. Then only can Love come into being. Love alone can bring peace to the world and then only the world will know the Bliss of the real."

Monica Sen, IV Hons. (Economics).

Me and the Beggar.

She stamped her foot in impatience. She and her friends had rushed out of college helter-skelter afraid they would miss the five-thirty bus by seconds. And here they had been waiting in the queue for nearly fifteen minutes and there was not even the ghost of a bus to be seen. She had lost nearly seven places in the queue by yielding her place to an old woman who said she was going to a dying daughter—may be that had been foolish—but she did not mind—But the beggars were really getting on her nerves. Usually she could take them in her stride but today she had an exceedingly hard day at college, and the urchins were even more persistent than usual. And then she saw the beggar. He was exceedingly tall and broad for a beggar she thought (she did not associate length and breadth with beggars—they were nearly always puny and stunted.) He did stoop very much and had a beard worthy of any beggar with any long standing—His hair was all tousled up. He had a black eye, and his torn clothes were extraordinarily dirty. He was tackling those ahead of her in the queue, and that too very successfully it seemed by the way they were responding to his appeals. He was whining out something about a dying father and about half a dozen hungry mouths to be fed (she wondered why the ailing wife had been omitted!). She saw the three girls ahead of her fumbling in their purses for something to give him. This was indeed the last straw. She could understand unsophisticated and rather shallow-headed people being taken in by this sort of thing. But that her friends should give in so weakly and that too after all they had heard about the inadvisability of such individual charity—‘well’ she thought viciously—‘Maybe it is because he seems to be young and looks so pleadingly at them’. ‘Let him try me for a change. I’ll give him.....’.

Now he was before her. In a whining voice he was beginning again his tale of woe. She noticed with grim satisfaction that his eyes did not seem the least bit tired and weary and she knew that you could tell people who were really down and out from their eyes. And when he spoke she noticed that his teeth were strong and fine though newly stained with betel. Well, she had been right all along. This was only an idle beggar who could work but would not.

She tried to produce a sympathetic expression on her face at the sight of which the number of the hungry mouths to be fed was hastily increased from half a dozen to nearly one dozen. And the beggar was actually stretching out his tin can in eager anticipation of her bounty. ‘You humbug—you are quite strong though you pretend to be weak. And I don’t believe a word of that story about the dying wife (or was it the father) and half a dozen brats. And even if you want help why don’t you apply to the poor-home

authorities instead of pestering pedestrians like this?’. Her words came in a rush and then she had to stop short for breath.

Normally she would not have launched into such a loud and lengthy harangue to a street beggar, but today she was more than usually exasperated and her nerves were a bit frayed too, for she had been starving from morning and her laboratory work had been more than usually strenuous. After she had ended she felt a wee bit ashamed of her own outburst but she only felt all the more angry with the beggar for it. She expected he would defend himself, or curse her for her stony-heartedness and pass on to the next victim. But she was rather nonplussed when he didn’t say anything at all but gave her rather a queer look and quietly passed on.

She found herself flushing, for that look had somehow upset her. But it was like balm to her heart when she saw that those behind her had taken her cue and she noted with grim satisfaction that not one of them would give him even a single pie.

Abus had come at last and they were all filing in. She found a seat in her turn and settled down with a sigh of relief. The conductor was coming her way and then it was that reaching for her purse she found it was missing. Her heart missed a beat. Ye Gods!—this really was the limit—for that purse contained a good portion of her worldly wealth till the next M.O. came and besides it had her library tickets, one or two letters and various other trifles in it. She frantically set about searching for it amongst her books and on the floor near her and she tried not to notice the curious stares of her fellow-passengers. The bus would be starting any moment now. The conductor was even then putting the whistle to his lips and in desperation she was about to ask him to stop when she saw a grimy hand thrust in by the window at her side, and with a gasp she saw her purse falling into her lap. She turned to see the tall beggar standing by the side of the bus and she felt that his eyes had a suspicious twinkle in them. She opened her mouth to speak, but the whistle was blown and the bus moved on with a screech and a groan. Afterwards she wondered what she had been about to say.

She was smiling wryly to herself. May be she had been a bit hard on the beggar and maybe there were beggars and beggars!

She opened her purse, for the conductor was before her. Then she gave a gasp and the interested passenger beside her, trying to have a good look at her sideways, saw her swallowing hard. She had opened her purse, and found—instead of her belongings—a dirty piece of rag stuffed into it. She hastily closed the purse lest any one else should see it too. But there was a hint of a tremor in her voice when she asked one of her friends to buy a ticket for her too.

Her mind was in a turmoil. She could not yet realise what her loss meant to her in terms of economic welfare (as her room-mate would have put it). What she was thinking was that the beggar had cheated her after all, and curiously enough it brought no comfort to think that she had condemned him from the first. And then slowly the funny side of the situation dawned on her, for she supposed she had been given tit for tat. And the man beside her saw her smiling to herself and wondered what was causing that attractive smile.

That night, alone in her room, she took out her purse and opened it. She had by now become more or less used to the thought of having lost all she had lost that day, and she was philosophically thinking that she would manage somehow. She pulled out the dirty piece of rag, but this time it brought something else with it. Inside was a dirty piece of paper, but neatly folded, and when she drew it out a single four anna-bit rolled into her lap. She curiously spread out the note thinking wryly to herself that she would have to disinfect her hands afterwards. With difficulty she made out the hastily scrawled message—

‘You would take the bread out of my mouth and so I have temporarily appropriated all your belongings except the four annas which are for your bus fare. They shall be returned to you at my own leisure.

Your humble servant of the.....’
—and below was given the name of a leading weekly noted for its extremely original articles from extremely original pens.

S. Lalitha (IV H. Econ.)

Random Reflections.

One day in December 1948, near Ariyalur, I came across a large number of shells, some covered with star-like designs deeply engraved on them. They were the casts of sea-urchins belonging to the Chalk Age—the Cretaceous System in the Mesozoic Era. Ninety million years ago, these very creatures were existing and swarmed over the place. Was it time made visible in the form of these shells and vertebrate bones that were to be found in addition? Standing in that lonely and lovely place at Ottakovil (near Ariyalur), I pressed my mind back through the bottomless abysses of time, beyond the dawn of mankind, back to the Cretaceous shore.

At that time, Australia and New Zealand, South Africa and South America, were connected with Peninsular India to form the great Southern

Continent, Gondwanaland. In the north, England and Norway were one with North America to form Angaraland. The primitive Mediterranean—the Sea of Tethys—separated these two continental masses.

Such was the general picture. Today, we think of the watery wastes of the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian sea; it is hard to think of them as ever land—still less of becoming dry land in the future, as may happen, when the enfossilled wrecks of ships will reveal a tale of violence and death. It is hard to think of a mountain peak or a valley as folded in the arms of the sea. Many portions of the earth have been extensively flooded and have then risen again only to be submerged once more. But this rate of rising and sinking, according to the records available from the rocks, is about one foot in ten thousand years and thus scarcely perceptible.

Between the end of the Jurassic and the beginning of the Cretaceous, a great amount of chalk was formed. The deposition of this material was such a striking episode that the whole period has been named the cretaceous period. The Chalk Age is given a span of about seventy million years and is said to have ended roughly ninety million years ago. We can call the Cretaceous Age “modern” if we can think realistically of Time: for the Earth had already been rolling for more than two thousand million years by then. We can call it modern in another sense also, because some of the trees and flora familiar today began to appear. Man was not to appear on the earth for another ninety million years but yet the scene would not be wholly unfamiliar to us even now. Ferns and reeds grew in marshy and swampy places; conifers and palms—so familiar now—had ancestors rooted at that time. “No man knows”, said Walter de la Mare, “through what wild centuries roves back the rose”. Flowering plants do reach back to the Cretaceous lands, while the ancestry of trees breaks the barriers of our conception. In such a place, we lose ambition and hardly claim identity, made languid by an air that joins us with the immeasurable wastes of the Mesozoic.

Some of the animals of that time—the crocodile, the snake and the turtle—are also familiar to us and have sent representatives down to our present day. But these animals did not rule the earth—they were not the lords of life. There were other creatures, more formidable, who have sent us no messengers. These were the Dinosaurs—the supreme beings of that time and of that world, though called by us ‘monsters’. They ruled throughout the Jurassic and lasted till the end of the Cretaceous. They have left behind their skeletons—fossils—by which we can tell what they looked like. Fossils of these are to be found about 2 miles NE of Ottakovil.

With the neck of a giraffe, the tail of a sea-serpent, the body of a kangaroo, the head of a horse and the brain of a cat, the Iguanodon

hopped on land and swam in the swamps. It was herbivorous and possessed multiple teeth. The amount of herbs eaten in those days is suggested by the equipment of another form, Trachodon, which had 2072 teeth. Another form was Atlantosaurus, nearly eighty feet long—a territory too extensive to be governed by a single brain. Since the controlling nerves from the head would have to traverse too many feet of neck before reaching the limbs or the tail, Atlantosaurus, as also some other Dinosaurs, evolved a second brain in a cavity within the hinder part of the body. This was the largest of the herbivorous types but the Brontosaurus or Thunder-Lizard was sixty feet long and weighed as much as 38 tons.

The Age of mammals had not yet arrived. In spite of the fact that the Dinosaurs used one brain at headquarters and another at hindquarters, they could not adapt themselves permanently to a changing world. From the Jurassic to the end of the Cretaceous, they were the highest beings, the boldest expression of energy organised in earthly envelopes. Then they vanished for ever. The soft garment of silence fell around their fate.

Standing on the small mound at Ottakovil, in the clear fresh air of the winter's eve, I gazed on the fossils in my hand, the books of stone, and sought to realise the actual existence of that monstrous age to which they joined me. The Dinosaurs did actually exist—they did trample across the world for about eighty million years; yet, when they passed out of existence, Man did not yet arrive. Not for a long time—not in the Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene or Pliocene—not till the end of the Pleistocene, did *Homo Sapiens* appear.

I tried to grasp this reality, this great *fact* of Time. Realisation of the immensity of geological time is relatively recent and is far from universal even today. The findings of Geology are too recent to be as yet incorporated in our consciousness. Still, no intelligent person can fail to realise the importance of a study of Geology to civilisation. In addition to it is the aesthetic influence of such a study; for Geology is a stimulant to the imagination. Imagination is the gateway to wisdom and an antidote to cleverness. Boredom and disillusionment, those ravaging diseases that kill both body and mind, can never approach one trained to appreciate one's environment. No very profound geological knowledge is required to transform a country walk from mere exercise of the legs into an adventure of the mind. Everywhere in this world is a happy hunting ground for a geologist.

A. K. Kasthuri, B.Sc. (Hons)

Wanted - A Boundary Commission.

Recently, that is to say, the day on which the Third Test commenced somewhere in India, if between the soup and the savoury, you happen to glance at your favourite newspaper, your eyes might have been arrested by a rather singular advertisement, to wit "Wanted-A Boundary Commission". Of course you could'n't have stopped to see what it was all about. Folk like me, however, who are less interested in runs, innings and things did a bit of probing into the 'Wanted' Column that evening. I confess I was really intrigued, and so, subjecting it to close scrutiny and reading between the lines I found that it was inserted in the name of the Secretary-General of the R. R. A. P. S. International Organization calling for applications from a few highly qualified somebodies to sit on a Boundary Commission.

From the from and tenor of the advertisement I gathered that whatever might be the problem that demanded a solution, the Secretary-General must have considered it pretty urgent. Indeed the fate of the world might be hanging by a thread; or perhaps a happy solution thereof might well postpone the impending Third World War by at least a quarter of a century.

Consequently, inside the hour I was sending a long and detailed cablegram requesting the Secretary-General to kindly tell me in a few words all about the circumstances necessitating his advertisement. He somehow got the impression that I was applying for a membership of this commission and seemed to be only too glad to offer me the chairmanship. Of course I had to politely refuse the honour, however flattering. And within a week thanks to his communiques, and footnotes and elucidations and clarifications, I obtained from him a tolerably clear picture of the problem facing his organization.

The thing seems to have germinated, as problems generally do, in a good intention. You and I and all similar well-meaning fellows of this 20th Century are intending to create One World and to establish the New Order; for we ardently believe that therein at long last everything will nicely be arranged in its proper pigeon hole, the right man put in the right job, each community given its exact place under the sun and every country kept within its scientific frontiers. All this requires, if you follow what I mean, a great deal of analysing, dividing and partitioning in the interests of a larger and more permanent unity, harmony and synthesis. And naturally to undertake this mighty work and see it through successfully we will be wanting a series of Boundary Commissions.

I share with many the fond belief that this sort of activity is the exclusive privilege of politicians. You may contend, quite rightly too,

that politics naturally involves divisions, commissions and reports, and in fact, if they are lacking, where is the sparkle and gusto of politics?

Still, I admit I had had a pleasant surprise when the Secretary-General conveyed to me the news that this reformist zeal for division, partition, etc. has overtaken the Domain of Art. We believed that at least within this charmed domain all men are born free and equal to starve and dream in common, enjoy an equitable distribution of their poverty and their visions and as a single fraternity live amidst ugliness and create beauty. Now, it appears, a Boundary commission is to preside over the destiny of this sequestered sport. That only shows, you never can tell.

From the official communiques and reports I gather that sometime during the early twenties of the 20th century a vigorous movement was started to dispel the illusion that Art is one and indivisible. The sponsors of the movement made such a noise that the R.R.A.P.S.I.O. had to sit up and take notice. It became increasingly clear that unless effective measures were adopted to satisfy their demand, cultural anarchy was to break out. Otherwise, they fear that Art does not live, nor does it die.

A careful perusal of the R.R.A.P.S. organisation's Bulletin 'C' will explain to you, I am sure, the various causes and circumstances precipitating this problem. In the beginning, as you will learn from it, some Westerners claimed to have discovered Egyptian Art, to have appreciated Chinese Art and to have interpreted Indian Art. Soon afterwards certain Easterners counterclaimed that they welcomed Greek Art, praised Italian Art and interested themselves in European Art in general. Later on a band of European scholars criticised that, to speak frankly, most of the oriental Art was glorified primitivism. To this a school of Asiatic Pundits retorted that all Art west of the Suez canal, truth to tell, represented nothing but gross materialism. Then a few occidentalists argued that all that was fine and noble in Indian Art was entirely due to the influence of Greece and Rome. At once a number of orientalists maintained that the spiritual values of Eastern Art are the despair of the Western Artists. Next there was vigorous research by both the parties to find out whether it was Greece or the Indo-Gangetic plain which was the original home and fountain-head of Art. And so on.....

Thus the controversy grew on what it fed, namely vague ideas and ambiguous terms, not to speak of mental confusion. This of course both the factions furiously refused to recognise as the simple reason for the alarming division in their ranks. When it was pointed out that Goethe held that there can be but one classification of Art, namely Good Art, and Bad Art, he was promptly condemned as a reactionary and was severely let alone.

We will find from the note of clarification of the Secretary-General, No. 35918-B of 1949 that during the said regrettable controversy which has been raging with unabated fury for the last five decades the expressions 'Western Art' and 'Eastern Art', 'Realistic Art' and 'Idealistic Art' were freely and often used. Finally it looks as though all the citizens of the Domain of Arts aligned themselves into definite, clear-cut groups, one group claiming Western Art and Realistic Art as theirs, and the other Eastern Art and Idealistic Art. And the Secretary-General has written to me, in reply to my proposal for a last minute effort to re-unite the two rival parties, that this was simply impossible.

Therefore, since our invaluable patrimony of Ancient Art as well as the laboriously built-up property of Modern Art have to be divided impartially;

Since a kind of hard and fast Siegfried line has to be drawn between the respective spheres of the two Rival Groups of East and West;

Since the so-called Idealistic Art and Realistic Art have to be defined in unmistakable terms, and so to speak, labelled, tinned and set apart permanently;

And Since, above all, we wish Art shall hereafter grow and develop on healthy lines by means of clear ideas and creative criticism;

The constituting of a Boundary Commission of experts has been deemed to be necessary by the R.R.A.P.S. organisation, in order to do the business of partition as expeditiously as possible.

That is that. I can well imagine as wellfed, neat-looking a bunch of experts, as ever you will come across on a summer's evening, already gathered at a round table in a cosy cabinet at Geneva. I want you also to imagine if you have the time and the inclination to see how these wise sages, with wrinkled brows, blue pencils in hand, with a huge globe in front of them, are poised slightly wondering where to begin to draw the fateful line.

Frankly, I don't envy them their job. In fact, when the opportunity arises, I mean to give a fair warning to the patrons of art, connoisseurs of art and actual artists that may happen to sit on this commission that if they lightly underestimate the difficulties inherent in their task, they will sorely regret it later. I am also persuading some friends of mine to send them wireless messages saying "please be careful".

Meantime I have already despatched an *aide-memoire* to the Secretary-General pointing out certain difficulties, by way of samples, which the Commissioners will have to face.

I. On what basis would they decide Eastern Art and Western Art; is it to be the land of birth and domicile of the Artists or the style and technique they have adopted?

II. Do they consider for purposes of this partition only living and modern artists and their art productions; or will they include in their purview Artists of the past and the works of art produced in ancient and medieval periods?

I sincerely wish that in their own interests the Commissioners will do well to answer these queries in a straight and unambiguous manner, in the very foreward of their Report.

Well, let us expect the Boundray Commission will start functioning soon. However, busybodies like me cannot be expected to sit still and do nothing while something important is happening round about. The other day as I was reading out a memorandum that I have prepared on the subject to a Muslim friend of mine, he told me he was really worried how the commission will dispose of Granada, a city in Spain, and Alhambra, the Moorish palace in that city. On another occasion, when I casually mentioned this topic to a gentleman of our west coast, he became furious at the prospect of the late Raja Ravi Varma being categorised as a Western Artist since evidently all his paintings are true to principles of Western Art.

Thus you will find there is quite a number of pitfalls into which the good Commissioners may, if not warned betimes, walk. Why not we send to Geneva a delegation consisting of at least one representative from India? I do not mind leading this delegation, since any way I have got up a bulky memorandum to be presented there.

However, whether I go or not, I am more concerned with some one qualified for the job to bring at least the following points to the notice of the Commission:—

(a) Will they place Australia, which is situated in the Eastern hemisphere, and whose artists practise Western style and technique, in the East; or will they shove the continent into the West?

(b) Will they consider Greece as the westernmost point of the East; or as the easternmost point of the West?

(c) Where will they locate Maya Art of Central America and the Negroid Art of Central Africa, which are absolutely unique?

Honestly, you and I cannot off-hand answer these questions. Leave them to the Boundary commission. Doubtless there are formidable difficulties in the way. But a full knowledge of them should only

stimulate the commissioners to be determined more than ever in finding a solution. Let us hope, since our country is declared a Republic, this commission will commence its labours soon and produce an invaluable Report as well as partition the Globe to the entire satisfaction of the rival Groups of Art.

And so, purely with a view to serving the cause of Art, let me invite your attention to the advertisement I saw and you missed the other day, inserted by Signor Vishynski Krishna Rao Wiseman, Secretary-General, Revival and Rehabilitation of Architecture, Painting and Sculpture International Organization, Geneva.

M. S. Prakasa Rao, M.A., L.T.

Last Moments.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong!!.....three, four.....twelve; it is twelve. Yes, exactly three hours left. The time has come for him to part with this world. At the end of three hours—no, three seconds less (for time is fleeting)—he has to die. Is he afraid? No. Is he sad? No. Man *is* afraid of Death; he is *not*. Man tries in vain to prolong his life somehow or other; he welcomes Death with a sweet smile on his lips. Then, is he not a man? Yes, he is; no, he is not. He is, because he is what a man ought to be; he is not, because man is not what a man ought to be.....

'Murderer!' they called him; some despised him, some condemned; some pitied him—and a few, a very few, praised him; but he did not care, for, in his eyes, *now* 'they' did not exist..... The vast sea is there; in its presence, the handful of sand is insignificant; it practically doesn't exist. He *was* one among the sands but he was yet something superior; he knew to know; yes, he knew in which direction the wind blew; he placed himself there; the wind came, powerful and awful it was; yet he was glad—nay, he was blissful; and now he is near the sea; it is only a question of time and he is an integral part of the sea; he is not foolish to hear what the handful of sand has got to say about him.....

He committed murder not in a mad frenzy; he was deliberate. He fully knew what he was doing. He was fully convinced that he was quite justified in doing so. He put an end to the menace to Society—not for his personal gain; he had no option because he was a *man*. But Society is ungrateful; why should he care? Society condemned him, sentenced him to be hanged; but he did not flinch. He was confident

that society would one day realise its mistake; what even if it did not? He had done his duty as a man and one's duty is not to be dictated by any other: one should oneself realise it—and, by God, he had realised it.....Ding—Dong! Two hours more.....

He did not do it for any gain; but he did win everything. He did not want this gain but it came to him and embraced him. It was joy—pure and serene; satisfaction unlimited. This alone is proof definite and proof clear that what he had done was right.

Has he committed murder? No, he has not. But he has murdered the menace—something abstract whose influence on matter is terrible and disgraceful.....

And now, the one thing left for him is to die; but his is altogether a different outlook; for, he is, remember, a man—no, the man. In death and death alone, he finds life and what the others call life is to him Death. He is now happy and he feels a bit guilty in being so, for, it is the fruit of his act—and he did not want any. But he couldn't simply help it; it came to him unasked, with a tremendous force and he had to submit.....Ding-dong! Ding-dong!!.....one hour more.....

His father had wept; his mother had swooned. Yet he was happy. How and why? He himself did not know—it was something that he found difficult to explain. In the dazzling brightness that he saw encircling him, he found his father and mother as but tiny, infinitesimal specks. His heart was not hard; instead, he found it to be a vacuum; the brightness had swallowed it up. While the external world saw his father weeping, he found him smiling. Weeping is false; smiling is truth. The former is only a cover hiding the latter; but, alas! the people get disillusioned by the camouflage; it is Nature's trick. But he knew; Truth is that which is good; everything else is false.....

Tick, Tick, the door opened! There stood before him somebody,—no, something. He gazed and he smiled; he knew who was standing before him—it was God! He opened his mouth but did not utter anything. The interruptor frowned and said “come out to.....”; he stammered.....

He walked with firm steps. Was it something inside him moving or was it something external? He did not know; for, to him, there was no more any difference between interior and exterior. Everything was one—one, only one and that was Truth. Suddenly he heard a strain of enchanting music; he was thrilled. Forward! Forward!! His heart bumped with joy; his ears rang with music. He looked at his hands; they were no longer there! He looked at the ground; what!

he was walking in mid-air! His guide stopped; he also stopped. Some other faces emerged out of the darkness; they were sad but he saw that they were glad. For, there can be no sadness; it is false. *Truth* alone exists.

He stood before the sea a calm and majestic figure. He abruptly grew in size enormously; his head touched the skies. He began to laugh—an uproarious laugh..... The noose tightened and the sea embraced him and—he became the sea!.....

K. Mohandas, (III Honours, Physics)

Social Satire.

I am to speak tonight on social satire as a byway of literature. I hope however to persuade you to feel at the end of this talk that social satire though formally classified as a byway of literature pertains really to the highway of literature and becomes a cardinal principle of literary composition. Though I shall consider mainly the works of English literature for the elucidation of my theme, I must refer first to the Latin poets whose work forms the original spring from which the later English streams have taken their rise. Though satires so called were not produced in Greek, the comedies of Aristophanes which satirised prominent Athenian leaders like Cleon and Socrates, are among earliest illustrations of social satire.

English satire is divided into two broadly contrasted schools, the Horatian and the Juvenalian, the former representing a pleasant and polished manner of writing, and the latter a severe and uncompromising censure of social evils. It will be sufficient therefore to consider the work of the progenitors of these two schools. The observations made by Horace in the First Century before Christ about Roman society do not lose their value even today with reference to modern society. The son of a freedman, Horace received an education above his status, and at Rome he attracted the friendship of the great lord and literary patron, Maecenas. He contrasts in his writings the peace of his rural home with the bustle and inconvenience of the city of Rome. His being seen in public with Maecenas brings him embarrassing enquiries from others. Horace has described for all time what cynical friendship means. Two people may come into mutual contact for certain purposes for a time and who but a fool will take it too seriously? We have also the suggestion of the well known phenomenon of tuft-hunting which is so luridly sketched in the pages of the facile writing of Thackeray in the nineteenth century. Horace reflects on his own humble birth and refers to the convenience of it. Juvenal takes up the same theme in the following century for vehement

*Published by the courtesy of the All-India Radio.

comment. Thackeray has elaborated this theme also. People talk an immense amount of trouble to trace their genealogy upward through many generations, only to learn that the ancestor was a shepherd or an inglorious barber-surgeon of William the Conqueror's time. The advantage for Horace lay in his ridiculing the lighter foibles rather than condemning the serious vices of humanity. The man of one profession deems it a fashion to praise the conditions of another profession, though if taken at his word, he will refuse to change to that which he has praised. Horace has tried to set up a standard of true culture such as we know in modern days. He dwells on the absurdity of pursuing any single impulse to excess. The miser or hoarder is as great a fool as the spend-thrift. Every man has his eccentricity and it is foolish for any one to call another mad. Madness is but relative.

Horace has not failed to refer to the profounder aspects of moral conduct. One of his satires pleads for charity in judging our friends whose faults need to be passed over in gentle terms. When we begin to be critical and censorious life becomes unpleasant and even impossible.

Though he gives his name to a second school of satire sharply distinguished from that of Horace, Juvenal does not make such radically different reading as we may expect. His pictures of society are as attractive as those of Horace. Juvenal however passes from lighter foibles to the deeper vices of Roman society which accounts for severity of treatment. He details the indignities endured by the humble guest at the tables of the rich men and patrons. The most severe satire is directed against women. Indulgence in astrology, cruelty to slaves, devotion to cosmetics, pretension to learning and a passion for musicians and singers, are among the charges levelled against them. Wealth and luxury had corrupted morals. He bewails the habit of attaching importance to outward appearances, and neglecting the inner reform. A remarkable passage describes old age and mentions fresh bereavements and thick-coming griefs as the worst price paid by it. The highest ethical note is reached when the poet exhorts a friend of his who has been cheated, to adopt forgiveness towards the offender.

In passing from the ancient times to the middle ages we remember Dante's *Inferno*, the profoundest and most appalling satire on the society of his age. It is not indeed correct to think that Dante was actuated by personal antipathies in the creation of the inmates of the *Inferno*. To adopt his own words Truth appeals to him from her immutable throne. In England Chaucer and Langland of the fourteenth century adopted respectively the Horatian and Juvenalian styles, which proved convenient models for later English writers to choose according to their genius. Juvenal had already pictured the lawyer who, to keep up appearances, lived extravagantly above his means. Chaucer pictures the lawyer as ever looking more busy than he actually is. Chaucer has also his attacks

on women without appearing to be harsh. Chanticleer in "Nun's Priest's Tale" quotes the Latin sentence, "*mulierest hominis confusio*," and gravely translates it as meaning that woman is man's bliss. About the wife of Bath we read

She was a worthy woman all her life,
Husbands at church-door she had five,
Without other company in youth.

The contemporary Langland lashes in the manner of Juvenal the vices of the society of the time. He exposes the evil to contrast it with the good. It will be convenient to overlook the intervening centuries and pass to Dryden, Pope and their contemporaries. Dryden led the way in a variety of types and the others followed him. Swift was perhaps the most remarkable of all, with his unique creation, "*Gulliver's Travels*," in each story of which a ridiculous hypothesis is first stated and all the logical consequences of it are drawn in detail. Swift is often referred to as the unhappy and fierce satirist, but in actual life he was one of the most unselfish and worthy men of his age.

In Addison and Steele we come to a new development because they change from poetry to prose as the fitter medium of satiric portraiture. The immortal Sir Roger de Coverley is now created along with a host of other types elaborated at sufficient length to leave behind a vivid impression on the reader. The work of Steele and Addison also serves to point to the imminent growth of the novel which absorbs all the available genius in writers for satiric portraiture. To pick up the names of only a few of the great novelists, we know the dramatic method of Jane Austen who lets her characters reveal themselves in conversations without any comment from the author. The utter truth of presentation charms the reader, and yet serves to expose to ridicule the weaknesses of different types of human beings. Thackeray shows a satiric manner which betrays frequently the personal malice of the author. He indulges in a wearisome address to the reader, commenting on the qualities and behaviour of the characters. He fails to understand that there is only one legitimate means of carrying conviction to the reader, the utter truth of portraiture. An artist may himself create all the details necessary for his purpose, but the presentation of the details must bear the stamp of truth. The character of Barnes Newcome in the novel "*Newcomes*" for instance is an impossible combination of numerous bad qualities which the author has resolved to attribute to him. The portrait of Charles Honeyman in the same novel also fails because it betrays the author's malice in the creation. Trollope was a greater artist than Thackeray and his novels are full of enjoyable specimens of satiric portraiture. George Meredith represents a new understanding of the comic art in which the victim of comic satire claims the essential sympathy of the author. In Hardy we pass to a grim form of satire in which the human being is but a puppet in the hands of a blind and cruel Fate.

The nineteenth century novel had thus absorbed so well the art of social satire that there is no need to look further into a byway for its illustration. Yet reference may be made to two significant books of the last century, both novels in form but betraying too much of their special purpose to be recognised as great works. "*The New Republic*" by Mallock was published in 1877. It describes the conversations of a group of people holidaying at a country house, each of whom has a special view of society and puts forth his or her opinions in the company. The speeches of many prominent leaders of the time are parodied in the book. The second book is "*Erewhon*" by Samuel Butler who makes many sarcastic comments on society. He will visit with physical punishment all who fall ill and he will send criminals to hospitals. Some persons in the world are too straight and simple and they need to be taught some crookedness.

Coming to the present day, two names stare at us. T. S. Eliot who has been awarded the Nobel Prize has it for the point of his distinction that he has exposed in the *Waste Land* and other poems the drab and contemptible features of modern society, referred to by one critic as paralysis and decay. This exposure, the statement of a terrible truth has, another critic states, a kind of healing power. The second name is Aldous Huxley who in his *Apes and Essence* indulges in a savage satire on modern civilisation. According to him the present civilisation will be destroyed and the rule of savage devil-worshippers established in its place. Books will serve only as fuel in the future. Love and marriage will give place to animal mating directed by the will of the rulers. Bad as some developments in modern life may be, Huxley is hardly justified in the disgusting picture he conjures up for the future. His reactions to the ills of life cannot have the healing power attributed to Eliot's exposure of modern evils.

All literature is but a reflection and criticism of life and as long as life is full of imperfections the reflection of it in literature carries with it social satire. Poetry, drama, the novel and the essay are all functioning really in the cause of social satire. The imperfect attempts made in poetry and in prose with the professed aim of exposing social evils were once labelled as social satire to form a separate byway of literature. Such attempts are but a stage before complete assimilation in one of the sections of the Highway of literature. This stage is however a valuable asset in the interests of the growth of literature. England has a well-established humorous journal to keep alive the torch of social satire. It is a sad commentary on our social progress in this country that we have no counterpart to it here. A journal of this kind was launched in Madras in the early thirties of this century but it was allowed to die before it could achieve anything. Social Satire is an essential byway of literature in the sense that it must feed the satiric vein which becomes the very salt of creative composition. When we consider the tremendous achievements

in the past of the writings of Addison and Steele in the eighteenth century, or of the novels of Dickens directed against so many social evils of the nineteenth century, we must wish for a good body of wholesome satire to be maintained for the health and well-being of society. We hear constantly of nepotism and corruption in the public services and of the black market and extravagant premia extracted in renting houses. The legislature or complaints to authorities can do little to remedy the evils. It is only the perfect social satire that can awaken the conscience of the people to set right the balance of justice in society.

The pitfall in satiric writing is the narrowness, partisanship, and malice which it easily engenders in the writer. It also arises from the fundamental error of conceiving evil as having an independent existence by itself. The greater writers know that evil is but the failure of good. Writers like Langland had but a partial view of life, while Chaucer, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Tagore knew life as a whole and their observations carry instant conviction to the reader.

P. R. Krishnaswami, M.A., L.T.

Sportsman Turned Spokesman.

It was a gala day for the students of the.....College. Ramesh, slim and tall, was the hero of the day. The match was progressing vigorously, and the tension continued. The spectators waited patiently, and watched with bated breath. The match seemed to be a draw; but suddenly an uproar was heard, for Ramesh beat his opponent by a fine backhand flick of his magic wand.

Not far away from the spectators was standing a student, a new-comer to the college. He was elegant and tall, and his person was admirably moulded, although of slight figure. The violent fluctuations in the progress of the match little agitated him; but, he was very closely watching the magnificent performances of Ramesh.

That night, the captain (of the Third Infantry) returned very late after the party arranged in connection with the visit of the Commander-in-Chief. Ramesh, even though tired after his victorious efforts in the evening, was seen poring over his favourite books.

"Who won, my dear boy?" enquired the Captain, while undressing. The son came out from his room chuckling and his face gleaming with joy.

"We, father; three to one. I netted the first and the last." Replied the enthusiastic boy, with spasmodic ebullience.

"Well done, Ramesh! You will become a Dhyanchand and a big officer in the Army."

The next day he went to the college like a newly elected Prime Minister entering the Parliament House. Everyone whom he met on the way showered congratulations upon him. When he was sitting in the class, another student, quite a stranger to him, came and sat by his side. He congratulated him on his wonderful display in the field the previous day. Ramesh had a sidelong glance at him, but said nothing.

That evening, there was a meeting in the college and Ramesh also attended the function, albeit it was not his wont to do so. Ramesh never expected that Balchand also would be one of the speakers. However, he had formed a good impression of him when they met for the first time. Balchand went to the platform unagitated and showing no signs of nervousness or diffidence. He began calmly, and gradually he rose to unprecedented heights of eloquence and emotionalism. There was pin-drop silence in the big and crowded hall. Everybody was charmed with the marvellous eloquence of that boy. Ramesh, who wanted to go to the field after a few minutes, remained there, his eyes fixed at the young speaker, his heart beating violently and alarmed and astonished at everyone of his sentences. He was not able to understand the mysterious facts and ideas which the speaker brought forward. When Balchand finished his speech there was a strong and thunderous applause from the audience. Ramesh, simply jumped from his seat.

Ramesh did not go to the playground. He forgot everything about it and went home pondering over his words, which still thundered in his ears and boiled in his heart tumultuously. He began to contemplate over them. "When they are enjoying and making merry indulging in all sorts of luxuries, we, the young men and women, who think of the poor and the oppressed are destined to die and perish. In vain we chisel as best we can the mysterious block of which our life is made, the black vein of destiny reappears continually—yes, this is the argument they put forward when some live without working and others work without living. Friends, we want to live, we are determined to live and we are not ready to be shut up in the iron cage of destiny. We will fight up to the last drop of blood in our body to liberate our frail souls from the shackles of exploitation and misery." Ramesh remembered even the very sentences used by the speaker. He entered his house—still melancholy, gloomy and lost in thought.

His parents were waiting for him. Ramesh straightway put in "Father, today one of the boys in my class made a speech. Ah! what an excellent speech it was! But, father, I did not understand what he spoke." He explained the contents of the speech not infrequently repeating the very words of the speaker. The Military officer, when his son finished his oration, laughed and said: "Poor boy! You are too

susceptible and sensitive. Why are you carried away by these illusions? You do your work; why care for others? Let them die or perish. I, who began my life as an ordinary officer in the Army, rose to this position by my own toil. Those who propound all these rotten ideas cannot work, they cannot exert themselves, they refuse to toil and come forward with the mysterious theories of accumulation of wealth and prevalence of poverty. These wretched, idle creatures should be exterminated from society and then only we can live happily."

Ramesh did not say anything at all. That night he did not read anything. He compared the version of his father with that of his friend who said that our great men and leaders should be those who 'rose *with* the people' and not those who 'rose *from* the people' leaving the masses behind. He closed his eyes, and tried to sleep, but no sleep came. The figure of the speaker came before him—his gestures were clearly visible and his voice reverberated in his ears.

He rose up very late, only when his mother entered the apartment with bed coffee. Very early he went to the college. Balchand was seen at the gate; he was reading something and walking slowly. He did not want to intrude but still he dared to say: "Good Morning Mr. Balchand! You made a thunderous speech yesterday." Balchand smiled and said: "Oh! feelings of the heart find expression through words." They walked together. Ramesh had to ask him many questions but he did not know what to ask. Suddenly the bell rang, and they entered the class.

Some days passed. They became close friends and Ramesh's friends were astonished at this sudden and suspicious change-over. They used to discuss innumerable problems and Balchand used to give him all the books that his small but well-kept library contained. He now seldom went to the playground; even for home matches he failed to go. He was reading the books his friend gave him, sitting day and night. His mother did not understand why he was reading so much. He used to hide his books cleverly whenever his mother or father entered his study. The less jovial he became the more thoughtful he grew. He himself could not explain what had come upon him. He thought he was living in an imaginary world.

The Captain, though not very shrewd and vigilant in his official duties, did not fail to notice the metamorphosis in the nature of the boy. He asked him about this, sometimes even losing his temper and on other occasions advising him, reminding him of his future career. The poor boy used to listen to him giving no reply whatsoever; but he passed on the entire news to his friend the next evening. His father guessed that his son was enchanted by a villain, and to add fuel to fire, one day, when he was driving in his car, he saw his son in the company of Balchand. That night

Ramesh had to face an ordeal. His father used strong and violent words, and even threatened him, although his mother intervened. Ramesh kept silent.

* * * *

The crisis came when the captain directed his anger towards Balchand. He could not allow anybody to meddle with his son. He loved his son, his only son. Paternal concern was in the air he breathed. One day, when Ramesh returned late in the night, his father was seen waiting for him.

"Where were you all the while?" asked the military man in a roaring voice. Your pal, that thief, that ill-bred thing—was lecturing to you, was he not? He will see the consequence of his damned actions. I shall let him see who I am!" The boy controlled himself, but he could not tolerate the violent words used against his friend.

"Why, father! Why were you antagonistic towards that innocent man?" asked the boy, calm and collected.

"Innocent!" exclaimed the Captain, with boundless anger, "that stupid, rebellious and wretched creature!" He disappeared from the verandah.

Balchand was absent for a few days. His friend was much worried. He did not tell him anything about his programme. Every evening he waited for him at their usual meeting place, but all in vain Ramesh had no peace of mind and he lost his enthusiasm for and proficiency in work and study. He went to the class every day, expecting his friend.

In the meantime, his father was busily engaged in work. The telephone bell in his room was heard ringing at short intervals. Now and then officers in uniform came to his house, and they had private and confidential conversations. Suddenly, one day, after making some quick arrangements for a journey the captain left his house. Ramesh, who got some clue from these integrated incidents scented that something serious was likely to happen. The news in the daily papers began to attract his attention and he heard men always talking about one subject—about the incidents in the village some miles away. It was the topic of conversation whenever a group of people met.

It was one week since Balchand last attended the college. Ramesh, one day, was reading the daily paper as usual. Then, suddenly, his eyes were fixed upon one of the columns, and he was shocked to read the news. "Police interfered; they failed. Army opened fire; among the numerous men that died was a student." He was the victim of a multitude of emotions; unspeakable thoughts passed through his mind. He was able to visualize the fulfilment of his father's plans.

Two days passed; his father returned. Though tired and care-worn he looked cheerful. He called out to his son. The boy stayed in his room. "Oh Ramesh! What a success we had!" he exclaimed. The boy was reading a book, though his mind was wandering. The Captain continued: "I never wanted to do it myself. But the poor fellow jumped in front of the victim—their ring-leader. Yes, the wretched thing got what he deserved." Ramesh shot like an arrow from his room and stood in front of his father. He cried out: "What did I hear? Father, are you a man or are you a beast to snatch away the life of that budding youth?" His heart swelled, and tears rolled down his cheeks. He appeared like a drunken man and with a staggered look he said: "Yes, father! You did it. You have to do it, and you cannot but do it. You are the watchdog of the man-hunters and you have brought me up with the fruit of that exploitation and loot. Father, my dear father! no more do I want it". The father was looking up at the ceiling astonished beyond measure. Ramesh appeared to him like the machine-gun of the enemy. A light—at one time transporting, and terrible at another—grew up in the boy's mind. The dead body of the martyr appeared before him, soaked in clotted blood and covered with clothes which had the colour of the red flag. A smile seemed to brighten that mutilated and disfigured face. Ramesh grew wild and more fierce than he ever was. He stood before the military officer and declared: "Why not you, father, direct the same pistol towards me? You could have killed this unfortunate creature before you ended the life of that man who stood for Justice and Equality." The captain controlled his passions which seemed to run riot and he minced his words.

* * * *

Years rolled by, one after another. The captain and his wife were living all by themselves in a big bungalow with a few servants. The sun of their horizon had set, never to rise again; the flower in the garden had fallen down, and the stream had stopped its silver noise while running down the mountain. It was a long time since they had any information about Ramesh. The lady had grown old, or she looked older than her age. The captain, upon whom honours were showered by the authorities, spent his days in a routine way without any change or variety. Numerous white hairs were seen on his head; wrinkles appeared on his bright face.

One day he was listening to a phone message. Suddenly, his facial expression changed; he put away the receiver and drove to the central prison. His heart was beating violently; he was staggering when he was following the prison officer. He led him through narrow paths, where light was conspicuous by its absence. His anxiety grew at every instant. Suddenly the officer stopped before a particular room. In front of the captain, there in that cell, stood a figure grown taller but slimmer and much reduced, and having a thin beard which darkened his face. He

visualised the past; he recollected the incidents that had taken place in the past. The words that he heard years ago reverberated in his ears. His head began to reel. His soul, it seemed to him, was frightful, and his life seemed to him horrible. He cried out something vague; with trembling voice and uplifted hands he rushed against the impregnable iron bars.

G. Krishnnankutty, P.G.I. (Econ.)

On Pearls

Of all the beautiful things in the world, the pearl is the rarest and most beautiful. Nothing can exceed and nothing can equal it in Nature. A Scientist can sit in his Laboratory and fabricate a diamond with his electric crucible and some chemicals, but he cannot make a pearl. The word pearl in Greek and Latin is expressed by 'Margarita' signifying purity. The term 'Unio' is common in Rome meaning that the pearl is unique. The recognition of the value of pearls and their attraction as jewels dates back far beyond 300 B. C. In the Indian seas pearls were known many centuries before Christ. They were the proud possessions of the Princes of the East. In the 9th Century it was thought that all the things which grow naturally were of direct use in helping to keep the body of man sound and healthy. So pearls were used as sovereign cure for heart disease, ague and indigestion. According to Rajah Sourindro it 'ministers to a mind diseased' also.

There are numerous long-existing superstitions attached to the origin of Pearls, most of which have been rooted out by the rapid advance of Science. It was believed for a long time that pearls were due to rain-drops falling into the oyster shells. The poet Moore writes:—

"Precious the tear as that rain from the sky
Which turns into pearls as it falls on the sea."

For some time it was believed that the pearls were formed in the diseased shell-fish only and even today in some parts of Great Britain when a pearl is found they throw away the edible part and preserve the Pearl however valueless it may be.

Pearls are found in the soft bodies of aquatic animals called Molluscs or shell-fish as they are popularly called. The pearl-oyster of Japan is called *Margaritifera Martensi*. *M. Vulgaris* is found in Ceylon, Maldiv Islands and India. The pearls occur also in fresh-water Molluscs like *Anodonta* of the British Isles. In *Mytilus edulis*, the common edible oyster of the British sea-coast, Pearls frequently occur. In the

ear-sack *Haliotis* Pearls are known to occur. A strange discovery as to the occurrence of pearls was made by Mr. C. T. Chivers. While eating a crab purchased from a local fishmonger he came across a hard substance which on examination was found to be a pair of pearls of decent size, one round and the other oval in shape.

A typical Molluscan shell consists of an outermost layer, periostracum. The next layer is called pismatic layer, and the inner layer the nacre or mother of pearl. The nacre which is of brilliant white colour plays an important part in pearl-formation. The innermost layer which lies between the mantle and shell is called hypostracum. Pearls consisting of entirely hypostracum-like substance are to be found in large numbers in the muscles of these mussels. Anyhow the pearls fabricated by the nacre are of unique value. Either a sand grain or a free swimming microscopic larva enters the viscera of the pearl-oyster and the latter resents the intrusion. It tries to make the best of a bad situation through encysting the foreign particle or larva by producing the nacre concentrically layer after layer. The earlier layers are rough but later ones will be very smooth and polished, having rainbow tints with glorious opalescence charming the eye. Usually the nucleus of the pearl may be either a sand grain or a frustule of one of the minute siliceous vegetables known as diatoms, or a minute parasite or even one of the ova of the pearl-Oyster itself. Shipley gives fairly good evidences to show that the nucleus in fresh-water forms is the cercaria larva of liver fluke. But the most valuable pearls take their origin in a different fashion. When the Oyster spawns one of its ova may become sterile and will be supplied with blood etc. by the parent as to other ova. After a lapse of time it becomes an irritable constituent to the parent and so it produces around this infertile ovum concentric layers of mother of pearl. The pearl thus formed is said to have a glorious opalescence and hence is the most coveted.

Wonder and astonishment are words scarcely existent now. Science has rationally explained many wonders and so we are hardly astonished at anything now. Pearl-culture is an achievement of the present day which has been kept as a trade secret. Mr. K. Mikimoto the founder of Japan Oyster farms has carried out valuable and costly experiments to produce pearls, more or less approximating to the natural ones by artificial stimulation. He tried various methods to find out a proper nucleus for the necessary stimulation. First he drilled tiny holes into shells and inserted some objects into it; but this proved to be a failure. Then he introduced tiny pellets of mother of pearl between the mantle and the shell. But when he left these oysters after stimulation into sea beds these foreign objects were pushed out by the animal. This made him come to the conclusion that the oyster will retain the foreign substances only under compulsion. After long years of research, Mr. Mikimoto was able to succeed in his attempts. He wrapped up the

mother of pearl in a tiny bag composed of the mantle of another oyster and introducing it into the oyster under experimentation, found that it was retained.

In Ceylon every encouragement is being given for the Oysters to propagate. Small pieces of rock and stone are placed in the sea beds where the oyster larvae are found to be abundant. These Oyster spats will attach themselves to the rocks and then they will be transferred to the wire cages and reared and given the necessary environmental conditions. At the third year of the oyster, introduction of nucleus takes place. Today at Krusadi Islands these pearl culture experiments are being carried out but how far they have succeeded in their attempts is kept as a secret.

The pearl fishing in the oriental regions usually commences about the month of March. Most of the diving work in Japan is carried out by women who wear a special dress for the purpose. They can remain under water for two or three minutes at the most. An expert diver can bring to the surface about 60 oysters at a time in a minute from a depth of 10-15 fathoms. The oysters brought so will be allowed to rot for ten days and then the search for pearls begins. The occurrence of pearls in the oysters depends mostly on the luck of the investigator. All the pearls collected will be sorted according to the size, colour, shape and lustre.

A large number of enemies exist in nature to the pearl-oyster. It is quite necessary for the pearl culturer to take notice of all these and exterminate them. The ordinary boring sponge clathrina is a common menace to the oyster. The polychaete worms also are harmful to a large extent.

Some people are of the opinion that the pearls obtained by artificial stimulation are only imitations and not genuine. The Chemists long ago analysed and studied the chemical composition of the pearl of artificially stimulated oyster and found it to be homologous to the natural pearl. Even in the cultured pearls it is only the oyster that produces them and so no difference should be encountered. It is ridiculous to give an inferior place to the cultured pearls which are produced by secretions of concentric layers of nacre as in the case of the natural pearl.

The pearl Industry plays no small part in the economics of the world. The value of the pearl is proportionate to the fancy of the purchaser. The products derived from the pearl mussel shells find a very good place in the market and on this basis forms an important article of traffic to many parts of India, China and different countries of Europe. They are manufactured into beads, snuff-boxes, buttons and innumerable fancy articles. These Pearl-oysters are not considered as good for food, though they are eaten by some low-class people of the sea-coast.



DANCE-POSES OF MISS G. KAUSALYA, IV H. (Econ.)

"The Pearl is glorious; it has the look of the morning and the tint of the evening sky"—all due to the mother-of-pearl which is nothing but calcium carbonate in its chemical composition.

G. Madan Mohan Rao, B.Sc., (P.G. II Zool.)

Meet The Scientist

I am a scientist or such I believe I am. It has become almost a habit with me to put everything into facts and figures—every phenomenon that I observe; I simply can't help it. I tell you, nothing is immeasurable. For example, when I see a chap burning the midnight oil, I scientifically estimate, almost exactly, the number of bottles of Kerosene that would be saved if there were no examinations; also, I get a sensitive balance and weigh him up before and after his simultaneous cramming and dozing, and estimate the loss of energy (eh? you ask how? you fellers dunno that mass is energy)—and the number of bags of rice that would be produced if this energy were utilised for the 'Grow More Food' campaign..... And when I see the lecturer (of course, not of our college) opening and shutting his mouth and banging his fist on the innocent table—for I can only see (and not hear) because of the perfect discipline maintained by the students—I have a temptation to rush to the platform with my sensitive thermometer and measure the heat produced by the collision and the heat given out by the body in perspiring and estimate accurately the number of grams of water at ordinary temperature that can be raised to its boiling point (Artists! these are technical terms; you can't understand them. But, wait, there is something interesting for you too, subsequently)—and through that, the number of cups of coffee that can be prepared, if this wasteful loss were utilised for that purpose.

This is something that I should very much like to do but cannot hope to accomplish. But there are some which I have calculated recently, for, in the picturesque '*PRESIDENCY*', there are ample opportunities for such calculators as I am; these, I shall now narrate.

One word, before I proceed. I have accomplished the following—achievements which, as you yourself will admit, are unique and unparalleled in the history of science—with huge apparatuses unknown to man before, utilizing in some cases even atomic energy. My laboratory assistant told me secretly the other day that a description of the apparatus along with the procedure adopted, would very much come near a thesis, and, consequently I desist from any such attempt, because your chums would be the last University Board that I would like to submit my thesis to. So you will have to be content with the results of my experiments.



VANITY



THE ENCHANTRESS

By V. Ramamurthi, III B.Sc. (Zool.)

My first experiment was primarily due to my laboratory assistant. He found that his calibrated spirit-level (for he always carries one with him in his specially-made hat) showed that the floor just around the Powell statue was full one foot below the horizontal level of the plane. Soon I understood why; you want me to explain?....eh? No, I won't, because you know it just as well as I do. I got down to my work. And I found (of course, after laborious calculations and experimentations) that *half* the centripetal force that daily radiates from the gentlemen towards the 'blossoming flowers', from morning 9—42 to 10—1 and afternoon 1—27 to 1—56, calculated for ten days together, if applied to their books, would just be sufficient to get them a *first class* degree in *Mathematics* (the department nearest to Powell statue) of the *Madras* University. This is really news to you, isn't it? That's good—and follow my advice.

Another thing that I have discovered is incidentally a partial solution to our economic problem. I have already submitted the results of my investigation to the Government of India, and if they were to take action on the lines I have suggested (which will remain an official secret), I am confident that the problems arising out of devaluation will abruptly end. I took statistics of the toilets and cosmetics, pants and shirts, shoes and sarees, hats and handbags, ties and purses (purses of the latest type, which cannot hold more than the bus-fare from Triplicane to Kelly's) -visiting the Presidency College, 'each in its turn and each in its wake' (a bit poetic but it is quite necessary), and found them to constitute just above one-third of the total American imports to India.

Again, but for this College, the Madras Corporation would have been bankrupt. Going through its income reports, I have found out that 97.6% of its total income is due to Presidencians visiting the Marina Canteen; this would have been reduced, again, to .09% if there were only male students in this college.

It is a human tendency to change the narrow environment for a broader one; and our women-folk are human. And thus we see them getting dissatisfied with tackling the narrow household economic problems and getting themselves engaged in something broader. The present rate of proportional admission to the Economics courses in this college will, I have calculated, bring about a radical and dynamical change in the economic sphere of our country—within $3\frac{1}{2}$ years (and $16\frac{1}{2}$ days, to be exact), 77.1% of the Republic of India's economists will be women.

The number of students hanging round the Q.M.C. between 5—39 and 8—16 in the evenings (in a day) is just one-fourth of the standing army of the U.S.S.R. Tr ... trrr.... trr

And here, alas!, my dear patient (or what?) reader, I have to stop—or rather, I am forced to stop. For here comes in my friend and

snatches away this hard-compiled example of the glory of scientific achievement. He goes through it at a stretch and here is his verdict:— 'My dear friend, Darwin was unfortunate. He tried in vain, all his lifetime, to find the missing link between Chimpanzee and Man. But you are here, the solution to all his problems, sitting in a quiet corner in the grand V.S.H., The least (is it?....) expected place on Earth!'

Really, I am thoroughly disappointed. Yes, sir, I am far ahead of my times. I have narrated to you only an infinitesimal part of the wonderful discoveries that I have made (among which is Route No. 22—yes, I can actually see your eager and anxious faces before me)—but I have to stop. And before that, let me ask you one thing. Do you share my friend's opinion and thus become a reactionary, bourgeois traitor to the cause of science, to the cause of (a bit sentimental, etc?....) truth and justice, to the cause of the liberation of the world from the dark forces of Nature—or do you?..... You said it!

SAD—NAH—OM (III H. Physics).

Mr. Murthi's Watch

"That is exactly Rs. 90., after taking away the 20% discount," said the fat shopman.

Mr. Murthi looked at the watch, turned it around, put it to his ear, and then looked at it again. It looked all right, he thought.

"Hm," he commented to the shopman. The shopman once again began a reiteration of the watch's merits.

"Sturdy," he said, "not like they make them these days. Waterproof, shock-proof, dust-proof."

"Not run-proof, I hope," said Mr. Murthi and was immediately ashamed of his very poor joke.

"Ha, ha," bellowed the shopman in insincere laughter. "run-proof! That's good. Very good. Ha, ha, ha." He was very anxious to get rid of this watch which had been lying in that counter for nearly two years, and if in the process he had to laugh at the humourless jokes of this customer, he would not be deterred. The watch must go on, or rather, the watch must go away.

The shopman took the watch from Mr. Murthi and put it to his ear.

"Listen to that tick, tick, tick," he said. "Music, it is music." He was lost in the music of the fifteen jewels.

"I will take it," said Mr. Murthi.

The shopman abruptly deserted his music and busied himself with the task of preparing the bill and getting rid of the watch before the customer changed his mind. A few minutes later Mr. Murthi emerged from the shop, a new watch on his wrist, and in his pocket a trim rectangular piece of paper, green, highly engraved and with watermarks, like a cheque, on which the shopman had attested his readiness to repair, service or replace the watch if found defective, except in cases of breakage or damage. Mr. Murthi caught a bus and was soon home.

All that evening Mr. Murthi consulted his watch every other minute. He also told his wife the price he had paid for it and hinted that he had made a bargain. Mrs. Murthi said nothing.

Secretly Mr. Murthi was a little afraid of his wife. At the same time he also pitied her. Her pretensions, artistic, literary, medical were so pitifully amusing. Many years ago Mr. Murthi had brought into the house a volume of illustrations of the frescoes at Ajanta. Mrs. Murthi had studied these frescoes until she herself became a part of them. She became one of the strange maidens on those ancient walls. She copied the walk, the attitudes of those maidens. This she contrived to do by jutting backwards that portion of the anatomy termed with inelegant euphemism as 'the behind'. The result was unfortunate. Friends who had never heard of Ajanta asked Mrs. Murthi how long she had had that backache.

Mrs. Murthi's other passion in life was Dr. Pillai. This dapper man came to the Murthi home almost every week, talked to Mrs. Murthi about her ills and by the time he left thoroughly convinced her that she was a very sick woman. In consequence Mrs. Murthi swallowed numerous coloured tonics and always spoke in an invalid whisper, as if from an invisible but ever-present death-bed.

That night, after dinner, Mrs. Murthi came into the study where Mr. Murthi was immersed in his books.

"Will you be sitting up late?" she asked him.

"No, Chitra, just a few minutes," Mr. Murthi replied.

Mrs. Murthi left, very much the Ajanta fresco.

"Glands," muttered Mr. Murthi to himself as he turned the pages of the book in his hands. As professor of physiology in the university, glands were Mr. Murthi's business. They were also his temporary hobby.

Recently he had been conducting experiments on them, very interesting experiments. He thought of glands, then he thought of his wife, then he thought of glands and his wife. His wife knew nothing of glands, yet he managed to suffer from them. The thought made him drowsy. He yawned. The clock in the hall struck ten. Mr. Murthi immediately looked at his watch. Then his whole expression froze into one of incredulity.

The watch was behaving very queerly. It was going backwards. And not at the slow dignified speed that all watches go at. The hour hand was revolving with the speed of a fast and efficient electric motor. The minute hand was revolving much faster. Mr. Murthi stared at the watch in horrified fascination. The hour-hand kept its fantastic speed and direction. At the same time Mr. Murthi was aware of great, fundamental changes in himself. He was rapidly growing younger and smaller, younger and younger, smaller and smaller, until he was a little boy of twelve again. But the adult Mr. Murthi was also present, as a disembodied mind, hovering over the scene, a mere spectator.

The little boy was sitting cross legged on the floor of a room in an old house. In a chair in front was seated the boy's father. Murthi's father had just finished telling him a story and now was asking him questions.

"What is the name of the boy who told the truth?" asked the father.

This was easy. "George Washington," replied the boy.

"What is the moral of the story?" asked the father.

"What is moral?" asked the son.

The father looked helplessly around him. This was the trouble with trying to be a good parent, of trying to be one's children's companion. The brats asked such awkward questions. He tried to explain to his son what a moral was. Finally he said:

"Well, the moral of a story is the lesson. Now, what is the moral of this story I just told you?" The son forwarded guesses and the father rejected them until the right guess was made, like this:

That little boys shouldn't play with penknives—no, no—that little boys shouldn't cut down young larch trees—no, not exactly—that little boys should tell the truth—yes, yes, that was right.

The father felt that he had done enough parental duty for that day and went off to a friend's. Young Murthi was tremendously impressed by the story about that American boy. Well, he would show *them*. *Them* included his parents in particular and the world in general.

His father came back at eleven and immediately sat down for his morning meal. After that he went to the front room for his usual nap. The boy waited. He knew he had to wait till his mother finished her work and took her nap at twelve. At twelve his mother emerged from the kitchen, hot and angry, complained of the heat and the work, lay down on the hall floor and immediately was asleep.

He crept to the kitchen noiselessly. The shelf there was too high for him to see but he stretched his hand up and groped. Something heavy came down, but he caught it just in time, a heavy brass tray which, if it had fallen to the floor, would have woken up the whole neighbourhood. He put the tray back in place and groped. Then he found what he was looking for. He took it in his hand and looked at the penknife. He hid it in the folds of his clothes. Now for the next part.

He crept out of the house into the small garden at the back. There it was, the small croton plant which his father had bought from the nursery less than a fortnight ago. He approached the plant and knelt down beside it. He selected a point on the stem two inches off the ground and inserted the blade of the knife there. One, two, and then again a little pressure on the stem and the plant was in two parts, one, the infant stump in the ground and the other in his hand, with miniature leaves and branches. He kept the severed plant and the penknife in his hands behind him and went boldly into the house and to the room where his father was sleeping. The door was open and he halted on the threshold.

"Father," he called.

Then again, "Father".

"Yes?" asked the sleeping man.

"Father," said the boy, "I have come to tell the truth." The man sat up.

"What do you want?" he asked irritably.

"I cut the croton and I have now come to tell the truth," said the boy. He brought his hands from behind and held the severed plant and the knife for inspection. The father was thoroughly awake now.

"Why you,," he thundered, "I will tar your..... Come here."

The boy only backed away. The father sprang up from his bed towards the boy. The son dropped the croton and the knife and took to his heels. The father picked up the plant and ran after the boy. The noise awoke the mother and she came out to the verandah to watch the father chasing the son but never getting any nearer to the boy. Once,

twice, three times father and son raced round the house, father behind, son ahead. After the third time the father stopped, out of breath. Curse that boy! He ran too fast. The father was too breathless for words and had to content himself with shaking his fists in impotent rage at the boy in the distance.

"Ha, ha, ha," bellowed his wife, "you are too fat to chase that boy. Ha, ha, ha how funny you look!" This, this was too much. First the boy, and now the mother. The panting man turned his anger upon his wife. He had recovered his speech and he thundered, "You! Will you humiliate me in front of my son? Look what he has done." He thrust the croton towards his wife.

"Did he do that?" she exclaimed. "Then my son is a good son. Just what I wanted to do myself with that horrible plant, only I never get time working all day for you."

A full-dress quarrel had started and dubious compliments were passed from one to the other. The boy took this opportunity to slip into the house, race up to his brother's room and lock himself in there.

Mr. Murthi came back to the present with a start. He jerked his arm several times. What had happened? He looked at his watch. It was still ten o'clock, exactly that. The watch must have stopped. He put it to his ear. No, it was running. He raced up to the hall and looked at the clock there. The time there too was ten. He dashed back to the study, lifted the phone off the cradle and dialled the exchange. A bored, sleepy girl informed him that the time was ten o'clock, one zero, yes, yes, twenty two hundred hours, not at all, goodnight. Mr. Murthi replaced the phone, came back to his chair and flopped into it.

What had happened? Had he been dreaming of his boyhood? No, this had been too real. And dreams took time and this had taken no time at all. Perhaps he had gone back in time, travelled in some unknown dimension, like that bore Menon, the Physics professor prattled about. No, too, too fantastic. Mr. Murthi formed a number of other hypotheses but discarded all but the last of them.

It must have been the cocoanut oil in the cooking. He would sack that new Malayalee cook in the morning. But.....cooks were hard to get and the fellow was good. No, he would not sack him. But no more cocoanut oil. From that day forward not a drop of cocoanut oil would enter his house.

On that note of resolution Mr. Murthi went to bed.

Next morning Mr. Murthi was almost his old self again. The events of the night before still remained in his consciousness, but as something

devoid of sharp outlines of proper focus. It was in this state that he left his room in the Natural Sciences Block in the college to walk to the lecture-hall where he was to deliver a lecture to the senior class. Mr. Murthi did not like lecturing to any class, senior or junior. He never could get used to confronting, even once a week, a group of serious, pimply youths, and, in these days, nearly as many girls who all looked as if they had been eating something that disagreed with them. He would much rather be imprisoned in his laboratory with the familiar and friendly glands and specimens. But as the head of the department he had to make his appearance occasionally in the class-rooms.

Mr. Murthi briefly ran over his mind the things he had to say in that day's lecture. Hypophysis Cerebri and of course the anterior and posterior lobes. Cases of acromegaly. He shuddered at the thought. All those enlarged bones and that horrible slide of that woman. No, no slides today. The senior class would have to get along without visual education that day.

He entered the classroom. The whirring of the electric bell was still going on. He looked at his watch. At once he felt very ill. The watch was running backwards just as it had done the previous night, very fast. He felt himself growing younger until he was a young man of nineteen.

The young Murthi was dressed in a dhoti and black coat buttoned up to the neck. On his head was a small snuff-coloured cap. He was walking along the corridor that led up to the Zoology laboratory in the college. Near the entrance to the laboratory a group of students was collected. A little away from this group stood a girl, the only woman student in the department. Murthi joined the little knot near the laboratory. A bell marking the beginning of the class rang, not the nervous ring of an electric bell but the dignified dong! dong! of a bronze gong. The students filed into the laboratory. A very young and very brushed and polished demonstrator led them to their places, his eager demeanour making it look as if he were welcoming them to tea. He cleared his throat and addressed the mute and dispersed gathering.

They had now come to the most interesting part of their study of zoology, the actual cutting up, he meant, dissection of the specimens. They would see for themselves the actual organs which they had heard about in the theory classes.

The demonstrator stopped short. He had forgotten his prepared preamble. He called loudly to Rahim, the attender.

"Distribute the specimens," he instructed.

The attender came out of the little ante-room of the laboratory with a big glass jar filled to the brim with slimy, green frogs, chloroformed and dead. These he distributed to the students with an air of conscious dignity.

Murthi looked at his frog. It was green, slimy and very dead. He did not want to touch it. He looked at the student to his left. That student was not having any difficulty. He had caught hold of the frog and laid it on its back on the dissection board, its white mottled belly upwards. Now he was crucifying it with pins, the fat slimy legs stretched out and the pin through its snout keeping the skin of the frog's throat taut, like a singer's. Murthi looked at his own frog. It did look a little like a pious saint. He hurried through the crucifixion.

"A longitudinal slit, a little to one side" intoned the demonstrator at dictation speed, "pin the flaps of skin on either side. Now the muscular body wall the same way. Ah! now the viscera is exposed. Very interesting. All the organs in situ. Make a drawing. Very"

Miss Devanesan, the woman-student rose from her place hastily. Apparently she had found everything too interesting. She rushed to the sink in the corner and was sick. Relieved of her breakfast she rushed out of the laboratory, her face nearly as green as the 'very interesting' specimens.

"Interesting," completed the demonstrator.

Mr. Murthi came back to the present with a jerk, just as he had done the previous night. He looked at his watch. Twelve, and the electric bell was still whirring. He wiped his face and looked at the class. No, he could not face them now. The pituitary, the anterior and posterior lobes and acromegaly would have to be adjourned. He dismissed the class. He would take that lecture later on.

He remained in the empty classroom for a few minutes. He nodded his head once, as if he had just agreed with one of his own decisions. Then he walked out of the classroom briskly.

He would go and see his friend Prof. Raman, head of the department of philosophy. He might have some explanation about this strange phenomenon. Even otherwise it would do him good to talk over this queer affair with Raman.

He strode to the Humanities Block. He knocked at the door of his friend's room and entered. Raman was there, but Menon, the physics professor was there also. He did not like Menon. The fellow dabbled too much and was always in the forefront of the current fashion in physics. Recently Menon had read and completely misunderstood the new fashion

in physics, the Quantum theory and he now delivered lectures on the subject in various colleges. Still, it would do no harm if Menon heard of his case too.

"Sit down, sit down," said Prof. Raman.

"Well, Murthi," said Prof. Menon, "you seem to have torn yourself away from your endocrines and epithelia."

"Yes," muttered Mr. Murthi and sat down.

"I want to talk to you, Raman," said Mr. Murthi.

"I must be going," said Prof. Menon.

"No, please remain," said Mr. Murthi. "I should like you to hear it too."

"Go on," said Prof. Raman.

"Do you notice anything odd about this watch?" asked Mr. Murthi. He held the watch out to Prof. Raman for inspection.

"No," said Prof. Raman. "New?"

"Yes," Mr. Murthi answered.

"What is wrong with it?" Prof. Menon asked.

"It goes backwards," said Mr. Murthi. "I better explain." He told his two colleagues all that had happened that day and the previous night.

"And these experiences took no time at all?" asked Prof. Raman, "I mean no time from the present."

"No, none at all," replied Mr. Murthi.

"Murthi," said Prof. Menon, "just scientific curiosity, but do you have any secret vices?"

Mr. Murthi turned and glared at Prof. Menon. He said, "If you mean, do I drink, the answer is no. I am that interesting type known as the total abstainer."

"You are quite well, I hope," asked Prof. Menon.

"Look here, Menon," said Mr. Murthi, "if you are insinuating that I am a little unhinged, that I am seeing hallucinations, I resent those insinuations."

"Now, now," interrupted Prof. Raman, "we must be calm. Murthi," he said turning to him, "it is quite a coincidence, but only recently I have been reading about these phenomena. Now, who was the

author? Yes, I remember, some man called Dunne. Yes, that is right, Dunne. He has quite a few interesting ideas about Time. There is another chap too, a Russian. He too has something to say. Apparently the past still exists. You seem to be gifted in journeying to that past."

"I don't feel gifted," said Mr. Murthi with frankness.

"I will suggest something now, Murthi," said Prof. Raman. "Keep that watch and go on as before. If any new experiences occur, make accurate observations. I should like to study your experiences."

Prof. Menon interrupted, "Now Raman, with all due respect, I feel that you are quite unqualified for this subject. You are not a scientist. Murthi too is useless. These biologists are too engrossed in their glands and lymph to be entirely accurate. Now, it is different in the case of an exact science like mine. Being a physicist—"

"Bah! Physicist!" shouted Mr. Murthi. "You are nothing but a glorified mechanic."

"Mechanic!" repeated Prof. Menon horrified.

"Yes, mechanic," thundered Mr. Murthi and marched out of the room.

During the following weeks Mr. Murthi kept his watch on and at frequent intervals the watch behaved in its strange inscrutable way. After a time Mr. Murthi got used to these lapses into his past and even took some pleasure in these excursions. With their aid he remembered many pleasant things in his past that he had forgotten, and felt grateful. Once he remembered the address of a friend of his with whom he had not corresponded for many years. He wrote to the friend and the two of them picked up their friendship, where they had left it off many years before. Mr. Murthi also realised how simple and beautiful his wife had been when they were married and realised that it was he who had initiated and encouraged many of her sillinesses and pretensions. He realised that he had been giving too much time to his glands and too little to his wife and also that this should not be so. On two occasions he lived again the days on which his son and daughter were born.

Sometimes Mr. Murthi found his journeys in time useful also. He remembered to whom he had lent the books which he had supposed he had lost and once he remembered where many years before he had mislaid a box of old title deeds. When he looked for it in the place indicated, they were there, thus giving additional weight to this strange phenomenon with which he was pleasantly haunted.

At regular intervals Mr. Murthi saw his friend Prof. Raman and related to him the details of his experiences and that gentleman noted

down all the details in a large green book. It was at one of these meetings that a strange thing happened. Mr. Murthi and his friend were discussing his latest experiences.

"Murthi," said Prof. Raman, "these experiences of yours are getting more and more interesting. But one thing about them, they are all in the past. I wonder why you don't have similar journeys into the future."

"Can I help it?" asked Mr. Murthi.

"Of course you can't," said Prof. Raman. "But if you did have them they will prove invaluable to our study. On the basis of the accuracy of the experiences of the past we might quite safely assume the accuracy of the experiences in the future."

After a time Mr. Murthi said, "Well, Raman, I must be going. Getting rather late."

He looked at his watch and was immediately aware of a strange thing. The watch was going forward at the same speed it did on its journeys backwards on previous occasions. Mr. Murthi was also aware of changes in himself. He was growing old and weak. At least he found himself on a bed in his room at home, weak and dull in mind and all his impressions indistinct. His wife, also terribly aged, was sitting by him. His son and daughter, adults now, were also in the room and seemed to be quarrelling about something.

"What are they doing?" the old man on the bed asked irritably.

His wife came nearer to him. She said, "It is about the will."

"What will?" asked the old man.

"Your will," replied his wife. "They don't seem to be satisfied with the provisions."

The young man and the girl approached the bed. The man talked angrily and fast and the girl kept nodding in agreement.

"Why is that boy stuttering so?", the old man asked his wife. "What is he saying?"

His wife said, "He says that you must alter the will. It seems that the third we have kept for ourselves is too much for us. He does not also approve of the money you have set apart for donating to the Biological Research Fund."

"Why you damned pup?" shouted the old man, though the effort made him tired. He tried to sit up but found that he was too weak to do

so. His wife caught him gently by the shoulders and propped him up to a sitting posture.

"You mustn't shout," she admonished.

"I will take this to court," shouted the young man.

The old man was very angry.

"Now you two listen to me," he said. "Every damned pie that I have was got by my own effort and I intend to dispose of my property just as I choose. I think I have been very fair. I and your mother have looked after you and given you two the best care and education we could afford. Now I have given each of you a third of my possession. If you are not satisfied, then get out of here. You can task it to any court you like. They will uphold my will."

"Ah," said the son, "but I can prove that your mind has wandered in the past year and you made the will only four months ago."

"Get out of here", the old man shouted. The son and daughter left the room.

"Chitra," said the old man turning to his wife, "how long has this been going on? How long have I been like this?"

"Nine months," replied his wife. There were traces of tears in her eyes.

"You and I," said the old man, "we managed to be fairly happy, didn't we?"

"Yes," replied his wife.

He said, "When I set that house and money apart for the Fund, did you mind?"

"No," she replied. "I was so proud of you."

"I can't understand our children," he said. "Why are they against us? I am sure we always did the best for them."

His wife looked at him and said, "Really, I don't like either of my children. This thing today, it is not now. I have seen it before. It was all right before you retired. But after that it was different. We had to economise a little and they didn't like that. Those two, they are not loving children. They only liked us when we had plenty of money to give them. I don't want that kind of affection. I won't pay for my children's love." She broke down in tears.

"Chitra," said the old man, "we still have got each other, haven't we?"

"Yes," she agreed sobbing.

"Murthi! Murthi!" cried Prof. Raman, "what is the matter? You look very ill."

Mr. Murthi stared at his friend in confusion. Then he said not very coherently, "Raman, it happened."

"The future," continued Mr. Murthi. "I have just been there."

"Oh! Good!" said Prof. Raman. "Let us have the details."

"No, no," said Mr. Murthi hastily, "I would rather not." He rose.

"Where are you going?" asked Prof. Raman.

"Home," said Mr. Murthi, "straight home."

He did not, however, go straight home. For a long time he paced up and down the pavement of the deserted road by the college, arranging his thoughts, making decisions. The watch must go. Of that he was sure. He ought to have got rid of it long ago. Now it was imperative. He wanted to have the same sort of Time that others had. He did not want any special concessions from Time. Up to now, as long as the watch had confined its antics to the past it had been all right. But after today! No, he did not want to peep into the future. The future was exciting only because it was unknown. Life was worth living only because of the element of gamble in the time to come. He did not want the future revealed to him as a special favour, thereby the future's pleasures dulled, its pains magnified. Mr. Murthi realised why he had always hated astrologers.

It was true that his recent experiences had done him much good. He had come to appreciate life and its blessings better. He had recently become a better husband to his wife than he had been for many years. He had learned that outside his laboratory there still existed a world, exciting, pleasant and with a thousand surprises. All that had been to the good. Now the watch had served its purpose. It had to go.

He unstrapped the watch from his wrist and dropped it from waist level. It dashed against the hard pavement with a dull metallic crash. Then he thought of the money he had paid for it, of the fat shopman, of the little piece of green paper. Almost ruefully he picked up the watch. It did not appear to be damaged. He put it to his ear. It was still running. The shopman had been honest. It was shockproof. He strapped on the watch and walked to the bus stand.

"Nice watch you have got here, sir," said a voice near him.

Mr. Murthi turned to look at the owner of the voice and as he did he blinked his eyes several times. The owner of the voice was a young man, an Anglo-Indian, to judge from his complexion. But his dress! It was that which had made Mr. Murthi blink. The young man wore a pair of blue trousers, the blue of the sunlit sea. Around his neck was a silk scarf of red with spots of yellow. And his shirt! It was a vivid green, the green of the grass of unpastured meadows, the green of young leaves in a verdant copse, the green of grasshoppers. It made one suspect that the young man was making starch from the sunlight.

"Nice watch you have on," repeated the young man. He went on, "Don't make them like that these days. Know a lot about watches. Used to work in a watch shop. But not now. Got a steady job now."

"It is a nice watch," agreed Mr. Murthi.

"Right now I would give fifty for that watch," said the young man.

"You would?" asked Mr. Murthi eagerly. "Young man, the watch is yours. Did you say fifty?"

"Forty," said the young man.

"Yes, yes, of course," said Mr. Murthi. "Young man, have you any ideas of Time?"

"Of course I don't," said the young man. "Why should I be wanting a watch otherwise? I have absolutely no idea of time. Everyday Nancy, that is my wife, says to me, 'Lazarus, you ought to buy a watch. Then you won't be late for work any more and will be able to hold down a job.' But I say to her, 'Nancy, I can't buy a watch, not now. All the good watches cost too much and what is the use of buying a cheap watch that will go phut in two weeks. I ought to know, for haven't I worked in a watch-shop?' So you see."

"Young man, I understand," said Mr. Murthi. "This watch is yours for fifty, yes yes, I mean forty."

"Say," said the young man, "is there something wrong with that watch of yours?"

"No, no," said Mr. Murthi hastily, "absolutely nothing wrong." He thrust the watch to the young man's ear. "Listen," he said, "listen to that. Tick, tick, tick. Music, it is music."

"But why do you want to sell it?" the young man persisted.

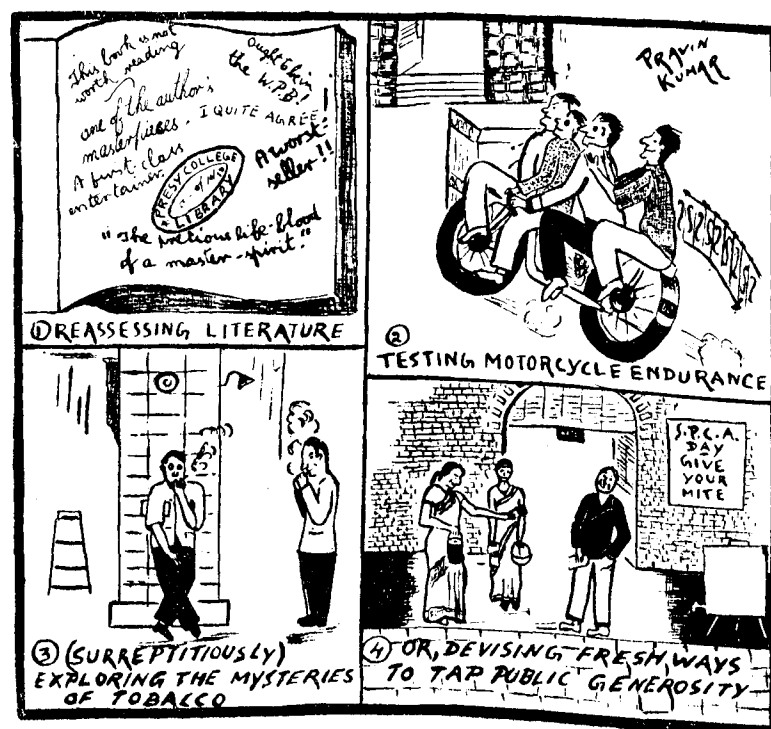
"I shall tell you the truth," said Mr. Murthi to the man in the chlorophyll shirt. Then he amazed himself by doing the most magnificent piece of lying he had ever done in his life. He said, "You see, I collect watches. They are my hobby. I have got so many of them, oh, hundreds of them. As it happens, I have two like this one. Ordered direct from Switzerland and they sent one extra. Now, I wouldn't dream of selling a watch like this ordinarily. As you said, they don't make watches like this any more. But when I come across someone like you who knows a good watch when he sees one, well, I relax my rules. Did you say fifty?"

"Forty," said the young man.

Mr. Murthi thrust the four crisp ten rupee notes into his wallet. The young man had already gone, the watch on his wrist. Well, good luck to him. Mr. Murthi felt tremendously confident and happy. Something heavy seemed to have slid off his back. He felt free and independent. To demonstrate this new feeling he strode confidently to a waiting bus and boarded it.

'Tram'.

Lively interest has been roused by Govt. proposals to make Presidency College a centre for research. It may, however, be asserted that Presidencians have always been imbued with the spirit of research. For instance, we are always—



"No Sugar, But Still Sweet"

Jaya Shree was a pretty, black-eyed, curly-haired, sweet little child with a smiling angelic face. She had just passed three summers after her birth, and was the pride and joy of her parents. Mr. Murti, Jaya Shree's father, was a senior officer in the Food Control Department. After graduating brilliantly at the Madras University with Literature and Economics as his special subjects, he entered service in the Food Secretariat, where he soon rose to a high position. He had acquired early in his career, a 'flair' for writing trenchant 'press-notes', to allay the fears of the panicky public. If there was the slightest whisper of a food crisis, or even shortage of a food commodity, Mr. Murti would immediately come out with a long and learned 'press-note' giving its origin, development, and the remedy for it. The acute sugar scarcity at Madras had prompted Murti to write a brilliant 'press-note.' He drafted the note on "Sugar Shortage, its causes and cure" after laboriously analysing all available statistics regarding production from sugar factories, average consumption, price-trends in sugar markets, and the effects of the recent currency devaluation. He reached the conclusion that if sugar-prices did not fall, the sugar industry was bound to crumble! He exhorted consumers to wait and see whether that prediction would come true or not. Before leaving his office that day, Murti read his note again, and it seemed to him as sweet as sugar. He readily believed it would prove sweet to the public as well, when they should expectantly read the 'press-note'. Feeling jubilant over a grand achievement, Murti left office and reached home. His blithe, and daintily-clad, dharmapatni Usha greeted him, on arrival, and handed him a cup of 'hot' coffee. Murti took up the cup and sipped the coffee. There was a snarling expression on his face, reflecting bitter taste. Usha noticed it, and at once explained that the "T.U.C.S." had stopped issuing sugar, and that she could get none anywhere else! Murti put down the bitter cup, and told 'Usha' smilingly about his masterly 'press-note' on the subject. All that learned discourse, however, did not in the least change the bitterness of the coffee when he took up the cup again, and drained the contents. Alas! how the tongue and taste do not relish brilliant press-notes, trenchantly-written, and promptly published!

Soon after, Murti and Usha diverted themselves in fondling Jaya Shree. They enjoyed the child's boisterous laughter. It cheered them to recover from bitterness.

At bed-time, Jaya Shree was in the habit of being lulled to sleep with a little sugar in her mouth. Jaya Shree's cradle was rocked alternately by Murti and Usha, but the absence of the sweet something in the mouth, made the child fret and cry. When Jaya Shree cried, there was no stopping it! The entire building was resounding with the full-throated shrill cries of the infantile disturber of the peace of the night. Usha felt greatly distressed, and so was Murti, but neither of them could give the 'sweet' in the mouth that the child cried for! Murti, and Usha would give anything now in exchange for a little lump of sugar!

In sheer desperation, Murti went to his old mother and told her the cause of little Jaya Shree's incessant howls. The old lady whispered something into Murti's ears. Off ran Murti to the compound, and returned quickly with a gooseberry (*Nellikai*) picked up from under the tree. He thrust the hard round '*nellikai*' into the tiny mouth of Jaya Shree who was crying her loudest. The child angrily bit off a slice and chewed it up between the teeth. Murti fetched a little water in a small spouted child's tumbler—(Jaya Shree's stainless steel "*Gindi*")—and put the end of the spout near Jaya Shree's lips. The child sucked up a little water and then suddenly stopped crying! The next moment the child was all smiles, and slowly fell asleep as usual! What a miracle it was! How nice! Usha did not believe her eyes, and asked Murti what magic he had learnt to make the crying child laugh suddenly. Murthy replied in a low voice "How wise my dear old mother is! Nibble the gooseberry, drink water, and feel sweet. Usha, do try it yourself here and now." So saying he passed on the '*nellikai*' to Usha. Usha chewed a bit of it, and when she followed that up with a sip of water, what lingering sweetness stayed in the mouth! "Wonderful!" she exclaimed, and turned towards Murti, who was busy writing another 'press-note' and meanwhile murmuring, with bated breath, "what a sovereign remedy this, for the present sugar shortage, '*nellikai*' plus H_2O ; gooseberry and a sip of water; what a great boon oh Lord, for producing sweetness without sugar!

Murti expected this brilliant 'press-note' of his to make a big sensation. He thought that he would undoubtedly get a promotion for having adumbrated such a valuable solution to the knotty sugar problem; and even believed that he could thereafter, well bask in the glory of universal admiration! Brave thoughts! But alas! for the grandiose dreams of Murti and the dirty tricks of the people, at large.

The next day, there was a public meeting to consider and decide ways and means of combating the sugar scarcity in the city. Murti who presided, (expecting to be applauded) very seriously, started talking about "*nellikai*" (gooseberry) as a substitute for sugar.

Presently there was a stir, in the audience. A few voices proclaimed him mad. A gooseberry, from nowhere, advanced towards Murti, at lightning speed and hit him on the nape of his neck. A second gooseberry followed and impinged on his nose. A third came pat on his forehead, while a fourth flew straight and struck his enormous belly. Then followed, a fifth, a sixth, a seventh, an eighth.....and a hundredth one, all in quick succession. Poor Murti who was nearly done to death by this hail-storm of gooseberries, regretted even having talked about them. His chagrin was indeed great because the very gooseberries he had advocated for 'producing' sweetness, caused only bitterness to him!

V. Balu, B.Sc. Hons.

On Youth and Age

"At fifteen, I was bent on learning. At thirty, I stood firm. At forty, I had no doubts. At fifty, I knew the decrees of heaven. At sixty, my ear was an obedient organ for reception of truth. At seventy, I could follow what my heart desired, without transgressing what was right."

CONFUCIUS.

Each age in individuals as well as history is a preparation for the next. Feudalism was the infancy of capitalism, capitalism is the father of socialism, and socialism, no doubt, the early youth of a genuine equalitarianism when "man to man the world o'er shall brothers be and a' that," when men shall give according to their ability and get according to their need. Our own infancy, if we have chosen our parents wisely and have had a good start, as Plato and his book insist, should lead to a truly formative childhood and adolescence from which we should pass into a stage of creative maturing.

We know the differences and the similarities between the extremes. But leaving out infancy and decrepitude, when is a man young or old? There is no generalized answer, says the Biologist. Moreover, the picture of differential maturity is extremely complicated by enormous individual variations for a clear analysis. Some men are old at twenty, others are young at seventy. Sanford Bennett, the greatest physical culturist, was more of an athlete at seventy than most men are at twenty-five. Bernard MacFadden, his successor to fame in America, is still the picture of masculine health, though he has long passed his seventieth birthday.

Each age, then, is a preparation for the next, and the dividing lines are hard to define. We are always maturing but never mature. For, maturity is a static concept and man is a dynamic creature, always growing, always changing. The individual life, like life in general, is made up of an evolutionary sequence of events. And we should regard it as such, rather than as a succession of well-defined periods, each with special values and disabilities, privileges and drawbacks. "The Seven Ages of Man is an arbitrary concept," says Mr. Cedric Dover, "born of a mistaken tendency to classify and label life as though it could be internally broken up into water-tight compartments like a filing cabinet." Such habits of thought are socially dangerous. They lead to wishful thinking and irrational yearnings. They allow us to blame or praise, to ascribe privileges and values, without relation to reality. They are responsible for the eternal discussion of the relative merits of youth and age, when we should all be pulling together for the shaping of a better world. They

provide fertile soil for political adventurers and incompetents, men who are hungry for power and quick results, and men who know within themselves the bitter taste of failure. Elderly mountebanks have climbed to power on the shoulders of young fools at many stages of history.

Hence it is important for young men and women to regard the apparent friends of youth with a critical eye. And that means we must not be "bent over-much on superficial things, pampering ourselves with meagre novelties." It means we must organize our energies, as Wordsworth decided to do at twenty-nine, towards the fuller philosophy of Man, Nature and Society. It means making our lives richer and deeper by digging down into the mine of experience without exhausting the mine. "We cannot live pleasantly", said Epicurus, "without living prudently, honourably and justly."

K. R. Menon, V Hons. (Econ.)

Rescue and Reward

As Chinnathambi wended his languid way thro' the crowded streets with an air of unconcernedness and supreme ease, he could not but chuckle at the mass of moving humanity which supported its mundane existence at an inordinate expense of energy. Surely there might be persons of his disposition of swaggering ease in that throng, but leaving them aside, the rest were the unceasing toilers of life.

But for professions like his, brains were not necessary. It was only pluck, lightning action and swift disappearance. Whether he had them in plenty or not, he did not care. But that these brainy people did not possess any of them was certain.

Only crowded thoroughfares were the best places for a display of his professional skill. And so he had come by that way, the most crowded part of the city.

In spite of himself, he was a philosopher and he really hated these crowded haunts of his. The jarring cries of the vendors most disharmonious and noisy, the ceaseless hooting of the cars, the tinkling of the cycle bells, the interminable sounds of moving and conversing humanity, the bustle, the buzz, were intolerable to him.

Just then he was passing a row of fruiterers' shops. He saw thrown about the refuse of the various kinds of fruit which people had devoured in their hasty ramblings when hunger or desire possessed them. He could not understand their meaning in throwing about the

peelings of the plantain fruit which are most slippery and treacherous if a foot is unwarily placed upon them. He really shuddered at the prospect of being slipped off his balance. God forbid it should happen!

One short middle-aged man was hurrying along, and pushed past him relentlessly. Chinnathambi cursed him for his indecent haste while his greedy, professional eyes perceived a purse hanging out of his bulging side pocket. The man was just ahead of him brushing past everyone in his hurry-scurry.

And then the thing happened. One of those treacherous peelings came under the man's foot, and did their wonted work. The man was tipped off his balance, and was swaying, trying to regain it, but if he failed, his head would come into contact with the sharp-edged pavement. It did not take Chinnathambi even the time taken to say this, to realize the danger, and almost instinctively, he ran and seized the man almost in the nick of time. The lapse of another second would have meant a split head for the man. The man's garment had a side pocket as I told you, where-from peeped out the small purse, and Chinnathambi had instinctively run and put his hands round the waist of the man to get a better hold of him. The man himself was dazed and rose up slowly as Chinnathambi consoled him, cursed the peelings and the persons accountable for it, and added to his importance as a rescuer with an account of the lightning run-and-rescue ending the narration with that being an unfortunate day for the man and how the episode would have been more tragic but for his timely intervention. The people gathered round nodded their approval gravely, and the man himself murmured words of thanks to him and proceeded with as much haste as before. Chinnathambi's face beamed at these words of thanks.

The man went ahead and stopped before some shops. He looked about the things, scrutinized some, asked for the price, and felt for the purse in his side pocket. And suddenly he felt dazed. The purse was gone! Perhaps he had dropped it on his fall. He rushed to the spot, made a minute examination, and some inquisitive passers-by also tried to help him, but they did not find it. Enquiry at the adjacent fruiterer's proved fruitless, and he went his way. Certainly such a big thing as a purse could not be insignificant on a road. Either someone should have picked it up or.....! And then it struck him. His rescuer who had his hands about his waist might have caused its disappearance. And he looked that sort of person. He himself did not like the looks of his rescuer, and had hurried away without feeling if all was right in his pockets. And even if his guess was true, he forgave the man. It was the price for protection.

Chinnathambi settled himself panting on a chair in a crowded hotel in a near-by street after some rapid walking. He ordered coffee, and

then inspected the contents of a purse he took from his pocket as if gauging his financial resources at that moment. Except for a half rupee coin, it was empty. "Pooh," he murmured discontentedly. A poor price for protection indeed!

N. Harinarayana, IV Hons. (Chem).

Find more Food: The Sub-marine wealth of India.

".....Fish as an item in food-production programme ought to receive much more attention and secure much more aid in the shape of money and manpower than has been extended to it so far".

Hon. Jairamdas Doulatram.

India, prosperous in the past, is now suffering from acute food shortage. Her population of over three hundred millions has to depend considerably upon foreign countries for food grains. During the pre-war days India was the main market for Burma's surplus rice. As this rice could be purchased at very low prices viz., at Rs. 6/8/- or Rs. 7/- per bag nobody cared for the productivity of land or water here. But the scale turned with the Second World-War. It brought us misery and famine as to the rest of the world. With the capture of Burma by the Japanese, import of Burma rice came to a stop and the rice-eating people were put to untold misery and hardship. Conditions have not improved much even after the war as political disturbances in Burma have been seriously affecting her food production and shipment. This has forced our motherland to turn her eye for help to surplus countries like Australia, America, Argentina and Siam. Crores of rupees—nearly half the revenue of the Government of India—that could otherwise be spent for nation-building schemes are now being spent on food items alone. It is no wonder then she remains half-starved, illiterate and disease-struck. India is really rich, but Indians are poor—terribly poor. The fault is ours. We are not utilizing properly our vast and immense resources.

"Grow-more-food" is the slogan of the day. The Governor-General of India, the Prime Minister and the Food Ministers both of the Central and Provincial Governments in their exhortation to the people have stressed the importance of harnessing every inch of cultivable land and growing more. It is well known that land alone cannot supply us with enough food, enough nutritious food. Water gives us fish, which is highly nutritious food, and water is more productive than land. As Dr. T. J. Job told us over the radio "If a farmer pays as much attention to his pond as to his land, acre for acre, the yield from the pond will readily be greater. By a comprehensive programme of aqua-cum-agri-culture we can extract the best out of this 'good earth' of ours".

The Government are becoming more and more concerned about this aspect. India's food Minister, the Hon'ble Jairamdas Doulatram's pronouncement made at the four-day conference held in September, 1948 at Delhi quoted above amply lends force to this.

Fish is an excellent food, rich in protein, fat and vitamins. The public very well know that fish oils such as cod-liver oil, shark-liver oil etc., are rich in vitamins and they are prescribed for deficiency diseases. Besides food, fish yield excellent manure for agriculture and also oil, glue, isinglass et cetera. Last but not least, it provides a good source of revenue to the Government.

India with her more than 3,200 miles of coastline and a total area of 11,50,00 square miles of sea between the shore and the 100-fathom line, will yield about four million tons of fish per year, calculating the produce at 100 cwts per sq. mile per annum. Besides the sea we have our inland water resources of fish in the interior. The fresh water sources at present, it is calculated, produce about one-third of the total production of fish in India while the rest is produced from the sea. India's annual catch is estimated at 640,000 tons. This present limited supply can meet only a very small percentage of the ever-increasing demands of the teeming millions of India. In addition to this catch the country is importing salted fish and fish products amounting to Rs. 36,00,00,00. It is interesting to note that while Japan produces 111 lbs. per head per year, Canada 109 lbs, Denmark 63 lbs, United Kingdom 49 lbs, France 20 lbs, and Soviet Union 18 lbs, India produces only about 3½ lbs. per head per annum. The figures of production given above explain why India spends crores of rupees on fish import alone. If we are to have an adequate supply of this nutritious food the present output must necessarily be increased about 10 times.

Why have we not enough fish to eat when we have potential fisheries? The reasons are not far to seek. The Governments in the Centre and in Provinces and States had, in the past, been paying little or no attention to this very important subject of fisheries. Fisheries began to receive some attention in India only from 1870 onwards. Mr. H. S. Thomas and Dr. Francis Day were the first in the field to make the Government of India fish-conscious. Until the Indian Fisheries Act of 1897 was passed there was nothing worth the name to safeguard and develop the Indian Fisheries. The Punjab Fisheries Act of 1914, the Madras Fisheries Act of 1939, the Bengal Tanks Improvement Act of 1939 and the C. P. Fisheries Act of 1947 are the amendments to the above Indian Fisheries Act in the respective Provinces. It must, however, be admitted that most of the regulations have remained un-implemented for want of proper executive personnel, and other facilities. In the new Constitution as fisheries within the territorial waters of India would

continue to be a provincial subject, it is up to the Provinces and Union of States to improve their fisheries by all possible means—by implementing the plans of fishery experts in the Centre and in the Provinces.

Till very recently it was the policy of the Governments to finance and support only those departments which brought great income to them with the least effort. But now they have come to realise the great part that fisheries (a long neglected subject) also play in feeding the famished millions of this sub-continent and also their great importance as a means of adding to the coffers of the State.

The present 'catchmore-eatmore' fish campaign of the Government of India spread over five years is for developing this sub-continent's vast resources of sea-water and fresh-water fish as an important item of food. Under the fishery development plan the Government of India are establishing (1) a Central Fisheries Research Institute with regional stations and sub-stations, (2) Cold Storage Plants and Pilot Fishing Stations to guide off-shore operations and (3) means of fish-transport to centres in the interior by refrigerator vans and motor trucks.

To provide the country with enough technical staff in the line the Government of India are giving training to selected candidates in inland and marine fishery work. Many of the Provinces and States are availing themselves of this opportunity and sending their candidates for the training with a view to manning their fishery development projects.

The term fisheries comprises fisheries of edible fish, pearls, chanks, shell-fishes, sponges, corals, whales, seals, turtles and sea-weeds. Many of these items have vast possibilities of development in this great country of ours. Besides yielding nutritious food, fisheries provide employment in fishing as well as in the connected industries of boat-building, netmaking fish-curing, fish-meal manufacture, oil and guano manufacture, pearl-collection, the conch industry and so on.

The fisheries of India can be classified under three headings: (i) the marine, (ii) the estuarine, including backwaters, and (iii) the inland. We have vast seas but we have touched only a narrow strip of five to ten miles within it. No progress at all is made in off-shore fishing. The small fragile crafts cannot take the fishermen far into the open sea. Their nets are also of antiquated fashion which have limited service in the open sea. Though some attempts are being made by the Governments of Bombay, Madras and the United States of Travancore and Cochin in this direction as yet we have been able to exploit only a fraction of the entire fishable areas. The launching of the off-shore fishing vessel of the West Coast Fisheries Ltd., off the Willingdon Island recently by India's Food Minister is indeed an happy augury and it can be hoped that the attempts of the United States of Travancore and

Cochin at offshore fishing will gather immediate momentum. The estuarine and backwater fisheries also need full and judicious exploitation. Our inland fisheries are no less important than our marine and estuarine fisheries. The innumerable rivers, reservoirs, jheels, tanks and ponds are highly potential and provide possibilities for rearing and conserving and exploiting fish on scientific lines. As for the population in the Provinces and States in the interior, it should be noted, the only immediate animal protein food is from these inland fisheries. But if due care and attention are not paid to inland fisheries they will become unproductive soon.

As a part of the "grow-more-food" campaign, "growmore-catchmore-eatmore fish" campaign should receive attention. In the words of Dr. Job, "Fishery pursuits would open up a large vista of food-production, employment, and economic prosperity". The Governments' aim of making India self sufficient in food before long would be successfully achieved only by pursuing a policy of *aqui-cum-agri-culture*. A self-sufficient India will thereby have enough food of the requisite type and she will be strong, great and prosperous once again as she was in the long past.

G. C. Antony, B.Sc.

The Presidencian on the Marina

I never fail to take a stroll along the Marina, for this is the easiest and surest way for a Presidencian to seek relief from the tedium of classroom lectures and text-books. The Marina is where we spend our leisure hours 'in maiden meditation fancy-free.....' We take a pride in the dour comment of students of other colleges that we are *different*. Yes, we are *different*: we have more of life, they have, possibly, more of books. Not that we love our books and our professors less, but that we love Nature more. How can the genuine Presidencian ignore, even when being lectured to, the irresistible call of the Sea and the Sky? Should not the true Presidencian yield languidly to the wooing caresses of the gentle breeze?—Else what *are* the *heavens* for?

We have always believed that the Marina really belongs to Presidency College; non-Presidencians are intruders there. It is on record that one Union President in the early forties appealed to the Principal that "Marina Work" should be included in the programme of lectures. We are told that the then Principal regretted his inability to comply with the request as no Professor was competent to handle the subject. I am sure our present Principal, who is the pink of courtesy and kindness.....I cut short here, for fear of being accused by my comrades of what is called 'crow-catching' in Indian slang.

JL
T45, J. 2. 40. 1141
1120-9.1

So let us go back to the Marina. Presidencians normally don't march along in single file. We go in knots; but we never talk shop. Even the first-rate 'mug' whose early training has made him a perfect 'recorder', a retailer of memorized passages, will not venture to hail his Marshall and Pigou, his Locke and Rousseau. Our Marina cabinets are broad-based: there is the connoisseur of pictures and entertainments with his decisive verdicts on actors and actresses; there is the philosopher who will keep himself merry holding opinion with Marcus Aurelius that "no man is happy who does not think himself so"; there is the budding politician who, in his opinionativeness and unsparing criticism of rivals, is a perfect specimen of the class; and above all there is the sentimental crank who frequently steals glances at the other sex and sighs his life out. Such cabinets are possible only for the Presidencians!

Our tryst is the Marina Canteen. Dr. Johnson, if he came back to this world, would definitely choose to be a Presidencian so that he may be the dictator of the Marina Club. We emerge therefrom in high glee and stroll, inevitably, Southwards. And as we move we watch the panorama of life. Hundreds of happy faces flit across our vision. There is the aristocrat in his limousine throwing patronising glances at every passer-by. The self-conscious dandy in his affected walk invites the whole world (and his wife too!) to melt with admiration for him. Then there are the dolls—the most dressy ones, I mean—who fail to understand that a person is charming only when she is not dress-conscious. The seats dotting the pavements have their occupants too. Lazy men stealing sly glances and poking fun at powdered beauties are never absent. There are the worried faces that screen themselves from the whole happy world while intent on discussing domestic matters; there are the superannuated men talking of heliotherapy, vitamins and tomatoes; there are.....well, there is God's plenty here on the Marina..... This is the Presidencian's treasure!

The caravan passes on.....and we are at the Q.M.C. beach. The expansive blue of the sky (even though touched with a little gold) and the bluish-green of the sea have now a rival claimant for adoration in the riot of colours enshrined in an immaculately white building on the opposite side. We suddenly lapse into silence and a medley of emotions surge up in our hearts. We are secretly envious of the happy lot of those inside. Poetic fancy chimes in: "Behold the lilies of the field; they toil not neither do they spin"—and our silent parade moves on mechanically.

Just then we are rudely disturbed by the hilarious greeting of Mr. X who seems to have stationed himself there pretty long. His garrulity is a little irritating for obvious reasons, and we readily agree to move with him to the Mobile Canteen just to be saved from his spate of words. Back from the canteen we are accosted by Mr. Y. who is always in the act of stroking his firm-set hair. A stare or a smile from any of us is enough to set him on a voyage of discovery, and he begins fumbling with his coat

and his tie to see what is wrong and looks suspiciously at his shoes and his socks. Sartorial perfection is his aim in life. With these two additions the Marina Cabinet is now complete and we just move along gleefully.

This is the Presidencian's progress along the Marina. Reader, do not be critical of our pursuits. It is good to admire the expanse of the watery sea; it is good to watch the tides on the sea of human faces; it is good to forget books for a time and to believe with the Presidencian that Education may start within the College but is completed only on the Marina.

M. Shunmugam, (IV Hons. Econ.)



RABINDRANATH TAGORE

By A. T. Janardhana Rau, III B.Sc. (Zool.)

In the hot summer months, we find the temperature in certain places of our province shooting up beyond 110° . We read in the newspapers about sun-strokes and heat-waves. If the sun can radiate heat even from a distance of 9,30,00,000 miles what will be the temperature of the sun's interior? What is it that is responsible for this tremendous amount of heat-energy? How is it maintained for many millions of years? Will this vast radiation be kept up for geological ages? These are intriguing questions for the scientist and the layman alike.

Many theories were put forward to explain the origin of the sun's heat. The earliest amongst them posited that the sun was made up of coal but it could not adequately explain the duration of the sun's power, and was also found to come into conflict with the belief of the Geologists that the sun is at least 4000 million years old.

The next theory with a somewhat more scientific trend, was propounded by the German physicist Helmholtz supported later by the British scientist Lord Kelvin. According to their 'contractive hypothesis' the sun is said to contract slowly and produce heat. This hypothesis too was rejected, as the period of the sun's life, on its findings, would be only 20 million years—a fraction of the time the sun has already been in existence!

According to a third theory, the impact of small bodies like meteors falling on the sun's surface generated heat by collisions. Calculations revealed that the sun had to double its mass every 30 million years, which is fantastic, and so this theory too was discarded.

The annihilation of matter has been shown to be a possible explanation of the energy supplied by the sun. Using Einstein's mass-energy equation a new theory was formulated, but while it could account for the output of heat it was shown that the concept of the annihilation of matter was not as sound an explanation as "short time scale."

The discovery of atomic transmutations led to another field of research. Scientists believed that atomic transmutations were going on on a large scale in the sun. The pressure in the interior of the sun is very great and in that state hydrogen nuclei exist as portions having no electronic cloud around them. They collide with each other with such frequency that atomic transmutations happen all the time. So it is generally accepted that the fuel of the sun must be its own hydrogen, and how it is used in producing energy we shall consider now.

Just before the recent war, a theory suggesting the type of nuclear transmutations going on at the sun's core was put forward by Prof. Bethe of Cornell University. From a consideration of the atomic reaction in the laboratory he enunciated a process called "Carbon-Nitrogen Cycle."

A lighter isotope of carbon and a hydrogen nucleus (proton) collide, resulting in the formation of a lighter isotope of nitrogen, and some energy in the form of gamma radiation is emitted. This lighter isotope of Nitrogen breaks down producing an isotope of carbon and a positron. This isotope of carbon collides with a proton and another isotope of

Nitrogen is formed and energy is liberated. This isotope of Nitrogen again collides with a proton and as it is transformed into an isotope of oxygen, emission of some energy occurs. A positron is ejected and a heavier isotope of Nitrogen is formed. This isotope of Nitrogen collides with a proton and results in the formation of Helium and a carbon isotope. This isotope of carbon is again used in the same series of reactions. The conversion of Hydrogen into Helium is the cause for the tremendous solar energy. By making the reasonable assumption that carbon atoms account for one or two percent of the mass of the stars Bethe has calculated the rate of power-production which his catalytic process would yield. When his calculations were compared with the measurements of the radiation from a number of stars, they were found to be in excellent agreement. Thus Bethe's ingenious chain of nuclear processes discovered in the laboratory explains the cause of solar and stellar energy.

This radiation has been responsible for maintaining life on this planet of ours. What will happen if the Hydrogen supply in the sun is exhausted? Hydrogen forms about 35% of the sun's mass and there is enough of carbon and Nitrogen for the catalytic action. As the hydrogen in the sun gets diminished there will be a rise in temperature. So radiation will increase with the formation of Helium. Therefore as the hydrogen content diminishes the temperature increases. At higher temperatures other nuclear reactions will be switched on. This increase in temperature is very small but in course of time it will become appreciable. At the same time we should know that it will take millions of years for the hydrogen content to diminish and affect the temperature. In the far-off future all the hydrogen content will have been used up and the sun will have developed the maximum temperature. Before this state is reached there would not be any life on earth—every thing would have experienced a heat-death. Man with his increasing knowledge of science may find some apparatus with which he could avoid this catastrophe. Then he will see the giant mass of the sun shrinking and this contraction will produce heat. But after millions of years the sun will be emitting a very meagre fraction of its present energy and all its planets and satellites will suffer for want of solar energy.

It is certain that the human family will not live to see the end of the sun. Even if man escapes death by heat-stroke and lives even after the sun's temperature has rendered our planet unfit for life he will find it difficult to live with a meagre fraction of the solar energy available. Unlike other species which failed to react to their surroundings and perished on account of maladjustment, man may try to survive. He has plenty of time to think of these eventualities, and if he can find a way of reacting suitably to the environment the poet will become a dreamer, who wrote—

"The weary world is mouldering to decay
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away."

(R. Rathnasamy IV B.Sc. Physics).

From the Presidencian's Book-shelf—

'The Dollar Crisis' by T. Balogh: (an appreciation)

Balogh's 'Dollar Crisis' like most books on Economics has its merits and its shortcomings. The author discusses elaborately the causes, consequences and remedies of the greatest of international monetary problems facing the world today.

In his opinion the dollar problem is neither novel nor transitory and may prove to be a recurrent phenomenon which cannot be overcome by orthodox methods. He remarks that the discrepancy between American economy and the rest of the world, the national self-sufficiency of the former buttressed by protection, the inability of the western European countries to rebuild their war-shattered economies without outside help, the pent-up demand and inflation in Britain and generally in this whole of the sterling area, the policy of decontrol adopted by the Labour Government in England, the Military and other external commitments of her Government and the worsening of her terms of trade since 1944 had all their parts to play in bringing about disequilibrium between the demand for, and the supply of, dollars.

The productive unbalance between the U. S. and Europe was sought to be removed by means of the Marshall Aid. This plan after a year of remarkable promise has but shown little progress. The reasons for the failure of the plan are not far to seek, the most important being the prevailing feeling that the original impetus behind the European Recovery Programme has been weakened. Balogh discusses at some length how the primary object of the Western Union which, to start with, was economic reconstruction has gradually changed into a political and military alliance against Russia. He lists up the formidable difficulties in the way of bringing about a closer economic integration of Western European countries—countries which are in many respects competitive rather than complementary.

The Oxford economist rightly points out that the problem of dollar shortage is a dynamic one and a solution to it must be sought in the introduction of some equally dynamic counterbalancing factor into the Western Economic system. Devaluation does not appeal to the writer as a way out of the difficulty for it is nothing more 'than a questionable temporary relief for the unbalance in international payments'. Nor does mass immigration, for, while it has some possibilities in the case of poor countries it cannot solve the problem of highly industrial areas. He mentions various other proposals which are no doubt desirable from the economic point of view but difficult of achievement on account of political obstacles. Balogh had no hesitation in saying that the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank have failed miserably to fulfil the tasks for which they were created. He strongly pleads for intelligent and deliberate planning of Western Economic development. An ultimate solution of the crisis according to Balogh is to be found in expanding the

International Bank for Reconstruction and Development into an International Investment Fund and in the return to Roosevelt's programme for United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation administrations.

It is however surprising that the author nowhere deals with the crisis as it has affected the vast regions of the East. To him the dollar problem is a Western European problem. He has referred here and there to backward areas but with studied indifference. He fails to emphasise that American aid to backward regions may perhaps prove to be the best solution to the dollar crisis.

But for this defect his suggestions are more practical and helpful than those of many other writers on the subject. Some of his ideas are indeed bold and original, for instance, he would advise that America do make a free gift of a portion of her enormous surplus wealth to countries less favoured. Mr. Balogh, the analytical economist has thus provided a box of tools for the practical statesman to work with.

T. V.

'RAZOR'S EDGE' By Somerset Maugham (An appreciation)

Somerset Maugham is one of the most prolific writers of our century. His novels are psychological in their approach, and the etching of personalities is clear. He has a pleasant and intimate style but maintains the serious vein in his novels.

'*Razor's Edge*' is one of Maugham's three major novels. The story deals with the profound psychological changes wrought on a sensitive soul by the waste and cruelty of war. Laurence Darell, the hero, who runs away in order to enlist in the air force and help in the creation of a better world, returns a disillusioned and disappointed man. His experiences as an air-pilot bring home to him the futility of earthly existence. The story centres round the struggle of his soul to grasp the ultimate purpose of life. Thus, he leaves his home peace and comfort in order to seek the answer.

His childhood sweet-heart, Isobel Bradley, is *an exact epitome of* the modern American woman. She likes life and worldly comfort and cannot understand Larry's desire to 'loaf', for, she regards it as a necessity that 'a man must work' in order to lead a civilized life. If, to Larry, the symbol of all happiness was spiritual satisfaction, to Isobel, it was the security offered by a rich home and a solid husband. With such a fundamental difference between the two, they inevitably separate, Larry in pursuit of his question, and Isobel to her worldly life.

He wanders for a long while and finally reaches India. Here, he goes to the Ashram of a great saint in Travancore where by constant introspection and deep meditation, he learns the answer. He returns to Europe a happy and contented man, careless of the transient pleasures

of the world. Advaita Vedanta has answered Larry's question and he goes back to Europe in the full belief that he has found abiding solace for all his fellow-creatures.

His relations with Sophie illustrate the point. He is moved by the supreme urge—"to lay down his life for his friends." Sophie is first introduced into the story as a very happy young girl who has not yet been touched by the realities of life. She lives a secure and sheltered life till she meets Bob whom she marries. After a short period of happy married life, she loses both her son and her husband, Bob, in an accident. Tragedy drives her to utter moral degradation. It is at this time that Larry finds her and he wishes to reform her and give her a semblance of the security which she had lost, by marrying her, but Isobel, motivated by the twin ideas of concern for Larry and envy of Sophie is instrumental in leading Sophie back to depravity and death. Both these characters are developed as sharp contrasts: Isobel, who basks in the security of her rich home and husband and Sophie who has had all these pleasures but lost them too soon. Isobel cannot understand the magnitude of Sophie's grief and we can blame neither her short-sightedness nor Sophie's lapse, because of the radical difference in their environments.

The story has also the light touch, in the character of a social snob Elliott Templeton. He works his way up in society with great skill. He is a snob and lives a luxurious and extremely fastidious life. He has, however, a generous and kindly nature, for he helps Isobel and her husband during the period of their financial difficulties.

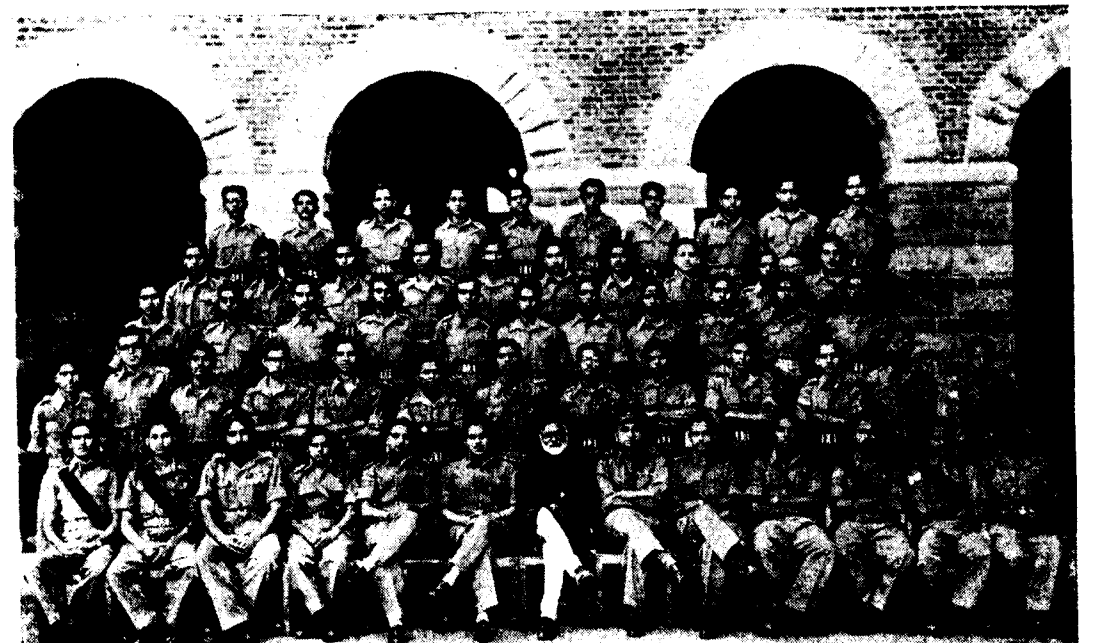
Maugham, seems to point out that the things of the spirit are more lasting than things of the flesh, though, in doing so he has launched himself on a philosophy which even according to himself, is far beyond and utterly strange to his intellectual capacity. He portrays four different aspects of human existence. He places before us the struggle and attainment of spiritual peace in Larry, the materialist aspect in Isobel, the worldly-wise and snobbish gentleman in Elliott and last but not the least the sensitive Sophie who gambled away her life because it had been unkind to her. Thus, Larry leads an indifferent existence, his one purpose in life being to lend a helping hand, and Isobel continues her worldly life ignorant of the violent end which awaited Sophie's life.

In all Maugham's novels there is one striking quality, namely the psychological approach in the analysis of character. His characters are 'stark', yet he is elusive and not easy to grasp. His profound insight into human character has always made his works notable but in this narrative there is something more than a fine picture of human life he has aimed at—a better understanding between the peoples and philosophies of the East and of the West.

Malathi Kasthuri, IV Hons. (Economics).



OFFICE-BEARERS OF THE COLLEGE UNION AND SOCIETIES WITH
DR. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA, CONGRESS PRESIDENT AND DR. ABDUL HAQ, PRINCIPAL





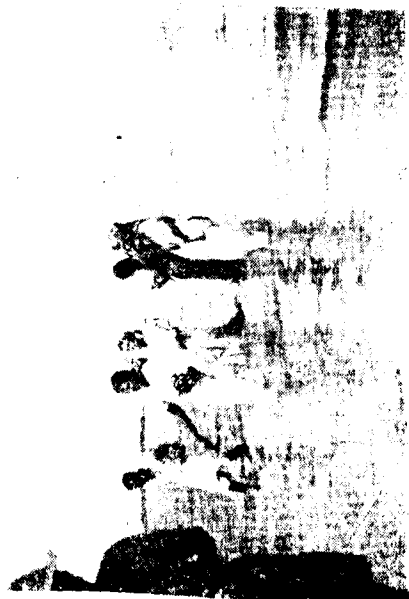
EXCURSION PARTY OF THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT AT
MAHARAJITHURAM



THE COLLEGE PARLIAMENT IN SESSION



EXCURSION PARTY OF THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT
AT TIRUKALIKUNDRAM



SOME MEMBERS OF THE ZOOLOGY DEPARTMENT
AT WORK DURING AN EXCURSION

From our Secretaries

THE COLLEGE UNION

The Presidency college Union was inaugurated by Mr. S. K. Chettur, I.C.S. in the first week of August '49. Membership of the union which had hitherto been optional has been made compulsory.

A reception to the students of this college who graduated this year was held on the 20th Aug. 1949. After tea, there was a meeting presided over by Mr. T. K. Kochuthommen, the Union President, who welcomed the graduates, followed by an address to the new graduates, by our revered Principal, Dr. Abdul Haq. With a variety entertainment by both men and women students of the college the function terminated.

The Autumn session of the Presidency College Parliament was held on 9th of September 1949. Mr. Kochuthommen was the Speaker and Mr. K. Gopalan (IV Hons. Chemistry) was the Prime Minister and Leader of the House. Mr. N. P. Alexander (P. G. II Litt) the leader of the opposition moved "that in the opinion of the House, India should cease to be a member of the United Nations Organisation." The resolution was defeated. The Union arranged more than six debates in the course of this academic year and a good number of students participated.

Dr. Peter Koinange, the African educationist, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramiah, the President of the Indian National Congress, Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, the High Commissioner for India in London and General K. M. Cariappa, C-in-C of India, were among the distinguished visitors who addressed the Union during the year.

At the Inter-Collegiate debate held at the Madras Christian College, Mr. M. Shanmugam (IV Hons. Econ.) was awarded the individual cup. Mr. K. Gopalan and Mr. N. Harinarayana (both of IV Hons. Chemistry) annexed the "Pachaiappa's College Principal's Trophy" at the Inter-collegiate debate in English held at Pachaiappa's College on 13th Feb. '50.

The union team Messrs Kochuthommen & Jayadevan won the championship trophy at the All-India Mukerji memorial debating contest held at St. Stephen's College New Delhi on the 29th Feb. '49. Mr. Kochuthommen won the first individual prize. The same team won the Runner-up Trophy at the All-India inter-collegiate debate held at the College of Commerce, Delhi. Mr. Kochuthommen was again awarded the individual prize.

The union participated in the inter-collegiate dramatic competition, held at the Engineering College, Guindy and Mr. V. Ramamoorthy (III B. Sc. zoology) won the individual cup.

There was a benefit dance performance by Miss. G. Kausalya (IV Hons. Econ) on 11th Jan. '50 under the distinguished patronage of the Hon. Sri P. S. Kumaraswamy Raja in aid of the College Union. The response from the public was very good and the dance was very well appreciated. A net balance of Rs. 1007/- realised through this performance was credited to the Union account.

We celebrated the Republic Day in a fitting manner. There was a flag hoisting on the 26th Jan. at 11 A.M. by the Hon. Minister Mr. M. Bhakthavatsalam. The principal, Dr. Abdul Haq and Mr. T. Chengalvarayan addressed the students on the occasion. There was a free film show "A thousand and one nights" on the 27th evening.

The Inter-Collegiate debate in English for the award of the "Duncan Memorial Cup" was held under the auspices of the Union on the 22nd Feb. '50. The Madras Medical College team consisting of Messrs. Surendranath and Gopalachari won the Duncan Cup. The first individual cup was awarded to Mr. George Isaac of the Madras Christian College and the second individual cup to Mr. S. V. Patrachari of the Law College.

We have great pleasure in announcing that the Presidency College team consisting of Messrs. K. Gopalan and N. Harinarayana (both of IV Hons. Chemistry) has annexed the "Dr. P. V. Cherian's Rolling Shield" at the inter-collegiate debate in English held at

Madras Medical Collage on 29th Feb. '50. Mr. K. Gopalan was also awarded the individual Cup. The subject of the dabate was "The female of the species is deadlier than the Male".

General Cariappa has sent the following message to the College Union :—

"I hope you all have taken to heart all that I told you in the talk in the spirit I addressed you. I repeat, the young men and women of our country have very heavy responsibilities on their shoulders. They have to equip themselves with knowledge and keep themselves physically, morally and mentally fit and not waste a single second on useless pursuits and acts of indiscipline, if they want to serve India well when they leave their colleges. I earnestly and most sincerely hope that the Presidency College will set an example to the rest of India in this matter. "No more strikes—No more hartals No more acts of indiscipline of any kind" should be the slogan of all students of the College. Remember, you are the future leaders of our country.

I wish you all the very best of luck".

H. H. the Maharani of Bhawnagar, delivered the Valedictory address of the College union on 10th March, 1950. She stressed the need for tolerance.

THE MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION

T. Sreenivasulu.

Five meetings have been held so far when Dr. K. Chandrasekaran, Rev. Fr. C. Racine, Mr. S. Purushotham Dr. C. N. Srinivasa Iyengar and Dr. S. R. Ranganathan addressed the Association.

A few members of the association went on an excursion to Ennore in November. The trip was very enjoyable.

Members of the association also helped the Reception Committee as well as the Exhibition held in connection with the Sixteenth Conference of the Indian Mathematical Society in the month of December 1949.

THE PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

R. S. Srinivasan.

The inaugural address of the association was delivered by Dr. M. A. Thankaraj M.A. Phd. Professor of Physics, Madras Christian College, Tambaram on 1-9-49. He spoke on "The Story of the Nucleus". The following meetings were also held during the year 1949-50.

1. On 6th September, Mr. M. V. Chauhan B.Sc., spoke on "Marvels of Electronics".

2. On 18th October, Prof. Chayappa M.A., L.T., delivered a lecture on "Science and the six systems of Indian Philosophy".

3. On 18th January, Mr. M. S. Ramachandran, Senior Technical officer, Civil Aviation Directorate spoke, on "The Principles of Aeronautical radio communication and Radio Aids to Air Navigation".

4. On 1st February, Mr. A. Sundara Babu gave a lecture on "Pulse Technique in Radar".

5. On 6th February Mr. M. V. Chauhan spoke on "You, Me and Electronics".

6. On 13th February Mr. S. Venkataraman gave a lecture on "Novel aspects of the pendulum".

An excursion was arranged to the following places on 12th November :— (1) Basin bridge power station. (2) Madras glass works. (3) Mysore vegetable oil products and (4) Ennore. A farewell party was given to Dr. S. Gopalakrishnamurthy M.A. D.sc. B.Ed., of the Physics, Botany and Zoology associations, free instructional sound film shows were arranged for every month by the kind courtesy of "The United States Information Services".

*R. Tirumalai,
R. Ratnaswami.*

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

On 2nd Sept. '49 Dr. P. S. Sarma, Director of the University Biochemistry Laboratory, gave the inaugural address, speaking on "The Anti-Vitamins." The papers read during the year were :—"The Atom Bomb" by Mr. C.V. Pichappa of V Hons. Chem. on 26th Oct. '49, "Transitional elements" by Mr. A. N. Narayanaswamy on Jan. 12th, "Enzymes for young chemists" by Mr. N.I. Patel of III B.Sc. (Chemistry) on Feb. 10th, and "The structure of proteins" by Mr. M. Matthan Jacob on Feb. 16th.

*K. Gopalan,
B. Akbar Basha.*

THE GEOLOGY ASSOCIATION

The Association had a good record of lectures for the year under report, from the officers of the Geological Survey of India as detailed below :

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1. Inaugural Address: Some aspects of Field Geology. | Sri N. K. N. Aiyangar, M.A., |
| 2. Limestones | ... Sri S. Narayanaswami, M.A., |
| 3. Sulphur Deposits of India | ... Sri S. Krishnaswami |
| 4. Some aspects of Engineering Geology | Dr. J. B. Auden Sc. D. (Cantab) |
| <i>President:</i> Sri A. R. Venkatachari, Chief Engineer, P.W.D. | |
| 5. Valedictory Address | ... Dr. M. S. Krishnan M.A., Ph.D. |

The Final year students had their Mapping Exercise round about Obulapuram, Rayalacheruvu. The unique feature of the training this year was that they camped in tents in the jungle. The Pass and Honours Students had their usual instructional tours in various batches. Sri A. K. Kasturi and the III year students were lucky to find a new fossil wood log about 15 feet long near Kulakkanattam. The Bombay tour secured for the museum an excellent collection of Zeolites.

Our popular Asst. Professor Sri K. Venugopal has left for England for higher studies and is at present working on Trace Elements in the Imperial College of Science, London.

The Association offers hearty congratulations to the following old students :— Dr. M.S. Krishnan on his appointment as Director of Geological Survey; Mr. B. Maitreya and Mr. S.P. Ambrose on their success in the I.A.S. and Provincial Service Examinations respectively; Mr. C. S. Kalyanasundaram on being drafted to the Imperial Bank; Mr. T. M. Mahadevan, Mr. K. Ranganathan, Mr. B. Ramachandran and Mr. K. Rajarajan on their appointment as Geologists; Mr. B. C. G. Shankar on being selected for the Indian Military Academy; Mr. T. S. Nagasundaram on being selected for Field Training by the Govt. of India; and Mr. R. S. Paramasivan on his qualifying for the M.Sc. Degree.

Mohammad Ahmad.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Baron U. R. Ehrenfels Ph.D. (Vienna) inaugurated the work of the Association for the year with an address on "Man as a Domestic Animal". The Association's record of work during the year includes the following talks :—

1. "Our Trip to Krusaidai", by Mr. T. Balakrishna, Mr. R. Gopalakrishnan and Miss P. B. Ganga Bai.
2. 'Michurinism' by Mr. K. Pampapathy Rao, M. A.
3. 'Migratory Fishes of India' by B. S. Vasu, B.Sc. (Hons).
4. 'Gems of the ocean' by the Deputy Director of Fisheries, Mr. D. D. Peter Devadoss, B.A.

5. "Courtship among Birds and Animals" by Mr. P. M. Nawaz Khan, (IV Hons).
6. "Interesting Aspects of Fishes" by Mr. B. Bonnell, M.A., Prof. of Zoology, Pachaiyappa's College.
7. "Ageing and Death in Man and other Animals" by Rao Sahib Dr. Govinda Reddy, M.D., Prof. of Pathology, Madras Medical College.

The usual instructional tours were also organized during the year. On August 22nd the IV Pass students led by Mr. John P. Sundara Rao and Mr. S. Ranga Rao, visited the Krusaidai islands, Pamban, Rameswaram, Dhanushkodi and Mandapam. The III Pass students led by Mr. K. C. Ramaswamy had a single-day instructional trip to Mahabalipuram. The IV and V (Hons.) students had their short tour to Porto Novo and their long tour to the West Coast, Calicut, Coorg, Bangalore and Mysore led by Prof. John P. Sundara Rao and Mr. P. K. Menon.

The Association's record also includes the free instructional sound film shows by the kind courtesy of "The United States Information Service". The important films were (1) In the Beginning; (2) Tuberculosis; (3) High over the Border; (4) Historic Death Valley; (5) Tree of Life; (6) Poultry—a billion dollar industry; (7) Guardians of the wild; (8) Hookworm; (9) Journey into Medicine; and (10) Under western skies.

The Association had its usual combined Cricket Match—'Seniors vs. Juniors', and 'Association Sports'.

*T. Balakrishnan,
Daphne Dias.*

THE BOTANY ASSOCIATION

The Association started its activities with a reception to the "Junior students" of the department by the "seniors" on the 11th August 1949. Dr. C. B. Rao presided.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Sir T. S. Venkataraman, Kt., C.I.E., D.Sc., on 17-9-49. He spoke on "Our problems and the Botanists' solution of them".

The Association gave its full support to the common graduates reception which was held on 20-8-49. Sri V. Balu, B.Sc. (Hons.) on behalf of the Botany graduates of 1949 replied to the toast.

On 30-8-49, a condolence meeting was held to express grief at the sad demise of Prof. M. S. Sabesan, a veteran educationist and an eminent botanist of South India.

On 2-9-49 a meeting was held when Mr. G. P. Krishna Pillai of the V (Hons.) spoke on "Lysenko and Genetics".

On 6th September the IV and V Hons. students went on an instructional tour to Kodaikanal and Munar which lasted till the 20th September 1949. The party was led by Sri K. R. Ramaswamy and Sri V. S. Seshadri.

The IV pass students had been to Ooty on an instructional tour from 25-9-49 to 3-10-49. Prof. T. N. Venkatanathachari and Sri K. S. Venkateswaran led the party.

On 28-10-49 there was a meeting when Mr. P. K. Thiruselvam, Mr. K. Palaniathan, Mr. Muthunaryan Reddy and Mr. Vittalnathan spoke on "Tour Reminiscences".

On 11-11-49 Mr. G. Venkataraman, M.A., M.Sc., L.T., Professor of Botany of the local Vivekananda College spoke on "Diatoms, the jewels of the plant kingdom".

On 25-11-49 Dr. T. Schwarbrick formerly of the Long Ashton Research Station of the University of Bristol who was on tour to various countries spoke on "Basic problems of Horticulture".

On 11-1-50 Mr. K. R. Viswanathan of the III Hons. class spoke on "Wonders of Microscopy".

On 12-1-50 Sri R. Kalyanasundaram, Sri T. S. Viswanathan and Sri R. Venkateswaran of the final Hons. class read papers on "The recurrence of rust disease in India", 'Plant Viruses', and "As I see it" respectively.

On 17-1-50 Mr. K. C. Naik, M.Sc. (Eng.), Deputy Director of Agriculture addressed the members of the Association on "The Role of Botany in fruit improvement".

On 19-1-50, Mr. V. Balu, B.Sc. (Hons.), spoke on "Whither Botanists".

On January 22nd the III B.Sc. and the III (Hons.) students went on an excursion to Vandalur led by Sri N. Venkatasubramaniam, Sri V. S. Seshadri, and Sri E. Govindarajan and on the 28th January again they visited Ennore, led by Dr. C. B. Rao, Sri Venkatasubramaniam and Sri V. S. Seshadri.

On the 4th, 5th and 6th February, the Botany department arranged a stall exhibiting several kinds of interesting specimens in the Teynampet Fruit and Flower Show organised by the Agri-Horticultural Society, Madras.

On 6th February Mr. V. K. Subramania Mudaliar, Deputy Director of Agriculture spoke on "Food and Agriculture".

On 13th February, Dr. Sadasivan, M.Sc., Ph.D., Director, Madras University Botany Laboratory addressed the members of the Association on "Soil Micro-Organisms and wilt of crop plants".

By the kind courtesy of the United States Information Service, monthly film shows were arranged.

The valedictory function was held on 16-2-50 when Sri R. M. Sundaram, I.C.S., Director of Agriculture, Government of Madras, delivered the address. Sir T. S. Venkataraman, Kt., C.I.E., D.Sc., Retired Sugarcane Specialist to the Government of India presided.

*G. Leelakrishnan,
K. P. Sarojini.*

THE GEOGRAPHY ASSOCIATION

The Geography Association was formed following the starting of the department of Geography and the institution of B.Sc., Pass and Honours courses in the subject.

The inaugural address was delivered by Prof. R. S. Mani of Vivekananda College on "Geography and Geo-politics".

The next meeting was held on 26th October, 1949 when Afzal-ul-Ulama, Dr. M. Abdul Haq, Principal, Presidency College, delivered a lecture on "The Geography of the Middle Ages".

At the next meeting on 6th February, 1950, Sri S. Ramaswami, M.A., L.T., Assistant Prof. of English of the Presidency College, delivered an interesting lecture on "Modern China".

During the course of the year the members of the Association visited Nungambakkam Observatory, Pallavaram hills and Tiruttani hills.

S. H. Gopal Rao.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION.

The Sanskrit Association activities for the year 1949-1950 were inaugurated by the Hon'ble Mr. K. Madhava Menon, Minister for Education, on 23-8-1949 when he observed that he would endeavour to restore the position of Sanskrit studies in the High schools to what it was before 1946 and advised the members to popularise the study of Sanskrit and remove the ignorant prejudice against Sanskrit that prevailed in some quarters. On 7-9-1949 the Association felicitated Mahamahopadhyaya Krishnamoorthy Sastrigal on

his appointment as Poet Laureate in Sanskrit. The Association also entertained at tea Professor Hadi Hassan, Dean of the Faculty of Arts in the Aligarh University who gave a remarkable rendering with gestures of his masterly translation of Kalidasa's Sakuntala. The climax of the year's activity came on 19-11-1949 with the staging of the rare Sanskrit drama, 'Tapasa Vatsaraja', under the distinguished presidency of His Excellency the Maharaja of Bhavanagar, Governor of Madras, who expressed his appreciation of the performance of this rare play which is available in original manuscript only in Berlin. Other lectures and addresses were also delivered by eminent scholars during the year.

S. Saroja.

TAMIL MANAVAR SANGHAM.

The association was inaugurated by Thiru. P. Periasamy 'Thooran,' Editor, Tamil Encyclopedia, on 12-9-49.

The following meetings were conducted by the association this academic year :—

1. "Religion is a bar to progress" was discussed by the students under the presidency of Mr. K. S. Mahadevan.

2. "Kattabhomman day" was celebrated on 19-10-49. Mrs. Neelavathi Rama Subramanyam spoke on Kattabhomman.

3. "What is culture?" was the subject under discussion by the students on 3-11-49.

4. "Surabi" gave an interesting lecture on 'Folk songs' on 7-11-49.

5. On 21-9-49 Thiru. S. Velayudam M.A., L.T., Vice-President of our association and Assistant Professor of Economics was given a farewell party when he left for London for higher studies.

6. Nagaichuvai Arasu Thiru. N. S. Krishnan was kind enough to give a free performance on 21-11-49.

7. On 23rd January "Tamilar Thirunal" was celebrated under the distinguished presidency of Thiru. De. B. Natarajan M.A., D.Lit. Economic Adviser, Govt. of Madras. Mr. T. Chengalvarayan and Mr. Rajarathnam spoke.

We sent our representatives to compete at various debating and other contests in the city. Miss Anandanayagi got the first prize at the Q.M.C., the Y.M.I.A., the Christian College, and many other centres. Miss Savithri distinguished herself in Music and Story writing competitions.

T. N. Anandanayagi.

THE HINDI ASSOCIATION.

New achievements have been added and past ones consolidated. Our free Hindi classes conducted by Messrs. N. I. Patel and K. K. Varma are still growing strong, with a fair sprinkling of distinguished names on the rolls, amongst them Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillay. Last year our activities culminated in a valedictory address by our Principal Dr. Haq. This year we have had two addresses to-date—one on 13-8-49 by Mr. S. R. Shastry of the Hindi Prachar Sabha and the other by Pandit Sudarshan, veteran Hindi writer. Also worthy of mention is that the Association is now a member of the Colleges' Hindi Unions' Federation, Madras.

N. I. Patel.

THE TELUGU ASSOCIATION.

1. The Inaugural address was delivered by Hon. Sri B. Gopal Reddy Minister for Finance, Government of Madras on 31-8-49 in which he gave a candid exposition of the fiscal position of the province. The function came to a close with a music concert by Messrs Nageswara Rao & party.

2. On 17th Aug, the Association recorded the sad demise of Sri Desabhata Konda Venkatappayya Pantulu and communicated its sense of sorrow to the bereaved family.

3. Students of the college were represented in various debates and competitions in Telugu conducted by the city colleges and institutions. Miss. C. T. Sarojini of IV B.A. (Econ) annexed the second prize in the Inter-Collegiate Musical Competition conducted by the Pachaiyappa's college.

4. Sri Prayaga Narasihna Sastri and Sri Rajini Kantha Rao of A.I.R. Madras entertained the members of the association on 12-1-50 with a melodious recital of Folk songs. The performance was well appreciated by the gathering.

5. An urgent meeting of the Association was called for on 16-2-50 and a condolence resolution was passed on sad demise of Sri Sathavadhanam Chellapille Venkata Sastri, Poet-Laureate in Telugu.

R. Sripathi.

THE MALAYALEE SAMAJ.

The Presidency College Malayalee Samaj was inaugurated in the third week of August, 1949 by Mahakavi Vallathol, the Poet Laureate of Kerala.

Our 'Onam' celebration was held on 5th September with Mrs. A. V. Kuttimalu Amma as the chief guest. After the tea party, the audience was treated by many humorous items.

As usual there was a grand variety entertainment under the auspices of the Samaj at the Museum Theatre on 28th January, 1950. A super-humorous play was enacted; two gorgeous tableaux were presented by the women students; a shadow play, depicting the last days of the Martyr King of Kerala Pazhazzi Raja and the dance of Miss Annapurna were greatly appreciated. The proceeds of the entertainment go to the scholarship fund which is being raised by the Malayalee Samaj.

T. S. Nambudiri.

THE KANNADA ASSOCIATION.

During the year, the Association was privileged to listen to a whole galaxy of brilliant scholars. On 17-8-49 Sri M. Govinda Pai, the Kannada Poet Laureate inaugurated the work of the association with a talk on "Ancient Kannada dramas". This was followed by a series of lectures—Sri M. Mariappa Bhat on "Sahithyarathnagalu" on 7-9-47. Vidwan U. Seetharamacharya on "Kalidasa's Sakunthala Natak" on 10-11-49, Sri S. Sundararaja Ayyangar of 'His travel experiences in North India. Sri Umapathi Ayya's Kavyagayana on 13-12-49. and Dr. B. Kuppaswamy on 'Some problems relating to letters in Kannada' on 19-1-50.

P. V. Rajkumar.

THE URDU ASSOCIATION.

On 29th August 1949, the Association's inaugural address was delivered by Mr. Lobo Prabhu, I.C.S., Education Secretary to the Government of Madras. He stressed the importance of the Urdu language in India and pointed out its need in the modern era.

Dr. M. Abdul Haq, M.A. (Oxon) delivered a speech on 24th January 1950 on "The Tendencies in Urdu Poetry". During the course of his talk, he traced the development of the Urdu language in India. He said that the language was flexible and could adjust itself according to the times.

Amarnath Saxena.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of this association was delivered by Dr. James H. Cousins on 17-8-49. He spoke on "The modern tendencies in Irish poetry. Prof. B. R. Baliga was in the chair. The members of the association went to Ennore on a picnic tour

on 2-11-'49. On the 17th of November, 1949, the annual debate with the Madras Christian College was held at Presidency. The proposition discussed was "All literature must be propaganda" and it was accepted.

THE HISTORY AND POLITICS ASSOCIATION.

S. M. Koulaiah.

24—8—'49: Inaugural address Sri T. Prakasam, Ex-Premier of Madras, on History as taught in Schools.

14—10—'49: Address by Sri O. Pulla Reddy I.C.S. on "Civil Services in Free India".

11—11—'49: Debate on 'Capitalism and communism cannot co-exist without ultimate clash'.

23—11—'49: Address by Mr. Harry Heap, Regional Officer of the British Information Services, on 'Local Government in Britain'.

15—11—'49: Address by Miss Janette Rankin, Ex-Congress Woman of U.S.A. on 'Women in politics in America'.

12—12—'49: Sardar K. M. Panikar, Indian Ambassador to China on 'The Rise and End of DeGama epoch'.

13—1—'50: Address by Dr. C. Sivasanker, of U.N. Secretariat, on 'Trusteeship Organization of U. N. O'.

31—1—'50: Address by Dr. A.V. Kunst, Deputy Director of Trusteeship Organization of U. N.

There were film shows of high instructional value by the Information Services of Great Britain and United States of America, which were well appreciated. Our thanks are due to them.

During the Christmas holidays, an instructional tour was arranged to the historic ruins of Hampi, and also to Badami and Bijapur. We thank our beloved Principal for having joined us and made the tour thoroughly enjoyable.

In the third term a benefit film show was arranged in aid of the Association's funds.

We thank all the members and others for the kind co-operation extended to us throughout the year.

THE ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION.

J. S. Patel.

The association was inaugurated towards the end of July (20-7-1949) by Dr. V. K. John, Bar-at-law, with an illuminating address on "The Common Man".

2. We held a debate in August 1949 on Indian Government's Industrial policy when a number of speakers participated.

3. Dr. Poduval of the University of Madras spoke to us on the problem of balance of payments, when he dwelt on the reasons for India's adverse balance of trade. (25-10-49).

4. Mr. T.T. Krishnamachari, M.L.A. (Central) Member, Drafting Committee of the Indian Constitution, gave us an extremely interesting talk in the financial provisions of the New Constitution—(November 1949).

5. Mr. Borron of the British Information Services gave us a brief but interesting lecture on the aftermath of devaluation. His lecture was followed by a film show. (10-1-1950).

6. Mr. Rosinger of America, who had come to India in connection with the Indo-American conference gave us an insight into what is happening in China at present. (17-1-'50).

7. Dr. Balakrishna, Professor of Economics, Universities of Madras, gave us a brilliant analysis of the various economic problems, confronting our country (23-1-'50).

8. Dr. Natarajan, Economic adviser to the Government of Madras spoke to us on Progressive Economics. (8-2-50).

9. Students studying agricultural Economics were taken on an instructional tour to the Coimbatore Agricultural College and Research Station, as well as the famous cattle breeding station at Palayakottai, (from 11th to 14th February 1950).

M. Shanmugam.

THE PSYCHOLOGY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

The Psychology Students' Association was formed this academic year.

A trip to Tirukazhikundram and Mahabalipuram was arranged on the 10th December 1939. It was an enjoyable and instructive whoieday programme.

On the 14th January 1950 a visit to Balamandir and Foundling Hospital in Thyagarayanagar, was arranged to study the activities of children of various age-levels with particular reference to their emotional reactions.

Dr. G. D. Boaz, M.A., D. Phil (Oxon) Reader in Psychology, University of Madras delivered a lecture on "Child Guidance Clinics in America" on the 24th January 1950.

On the 8th February 1950, a visit to the Mental Hospital at Kilpauk, was arranged to study the various types of mental disorders and the lines of treatment adopted.

K. Chalapathi Rao.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Dramatic Society was revived this year with Mr. Ayyappan Pillai as President. A variety entertainment in part under the direction of Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, was staged on November 18th at the Museum Theatre. The net proceeds of Rs. 2,222 were handed over to Mr. Dhairyam, Secretary of the Red Cross Society, for the Hospital-Home for Incurables.

In connection with the staging and organisation of the entertainment Mr. V. Gopal-krishnan, Miss Saroja Pattabi and Mr. R. N. Bhupati, deserve special praise.

Monica Sen.

THE N. C. C. "C" COMPANY.

Recruitment and training started with the reopening of the college. As there was a proposal to transfer part of our strength to Govt. Arts College, Anantapur at the beginning of the year we didn't recruit up to full strength. Subsequently the proposal was dropped. Some were given a discharge as they fell off a short time after enrolment. It is a pity that our students do not fully avail themselves of the opportunity and facilities offered by the institution for training.

We have had two training camps this year: one a N. C. O's cadre and the other the annual camp. Twenty-six of our cadets received training at the cadre camp with great advantage to themselves and the company.

War certificate examinations, a feature of the former U. O. T. C. are being revived in the N.C.C. Tests for "B" and "C" Certificates are to be held shortly in the city.

Our Company mounted a Guard of Honour on His Excellency the Maharaja of Bhavanagar, Governor of Madras, when he came to the college to preside over the Annual Sports Day celebrations.

Lieut. Doraiswamy 2 i/c of our company left us recently to join his new post in Dehra Dun.

From Our Captains

TENNIS.

Tennis has always been our forte and this year is no exception to the rule. Our records this year have surpassed all those achieved in previous years. Appa Rao was chosen the Captain of the Tennis Club. Our Tennis team consisted of Appa Rao, P. S. Seshadri, V. Ranganathan and the three new comers M. Suryanarayana, M. Ramachandra Rao and P. Abdulla. We have maintained an unbeaten record in the Inter-Collegiate league, the Law College, our nearest rivals, being trounced by three matches to nil. P. S. Seshadri who is ranked India's No. 7 retained the Stanley Cup beating Appa Rao for the second year in succession. We won the Erskine Cup this year through Appa Rao and Seshadri. Later in the year we annexed both the Inter-Collegiate knock-out Singles title through P. S. Seshadri and the Doubles through Ranganathan and Seshadri. Our achievements in Tennis did not stop with Collegiate successes. This year's Madras Provincial Tennis team consisted of Appa Rao (Captain) Seshadri and Ranganathan. Our players helped Madras to retain the E. J. John Memorial trophy by their brilliant success over Mysore in the final. It is unfortunate that our star players being senior students could not spare time to play for University matches at Travancore. Madras was unable to put up a team in the absence of star performers.

Due to the removal of Intermediate classes elsewhere our courts were not so crowded as in previous years. We have a very promising set of youngsters consisting of Ramachandra Rao, Abdulla, V. R. Ramaswamy and K. P. Umesh Rao who with some more experience should be able to retain the trophies which we have won this year. Our College tournaments were closely contested and all the juniors showed great enthusiasm.

Our ladies' court continues to be well patronized. Our ladies' team consisting of M. V. Kamala (captain), Susan Joseph and Sumana are strongly fancied to win the Inter-Collegiate title which is being played at the moment.

CRICKET.

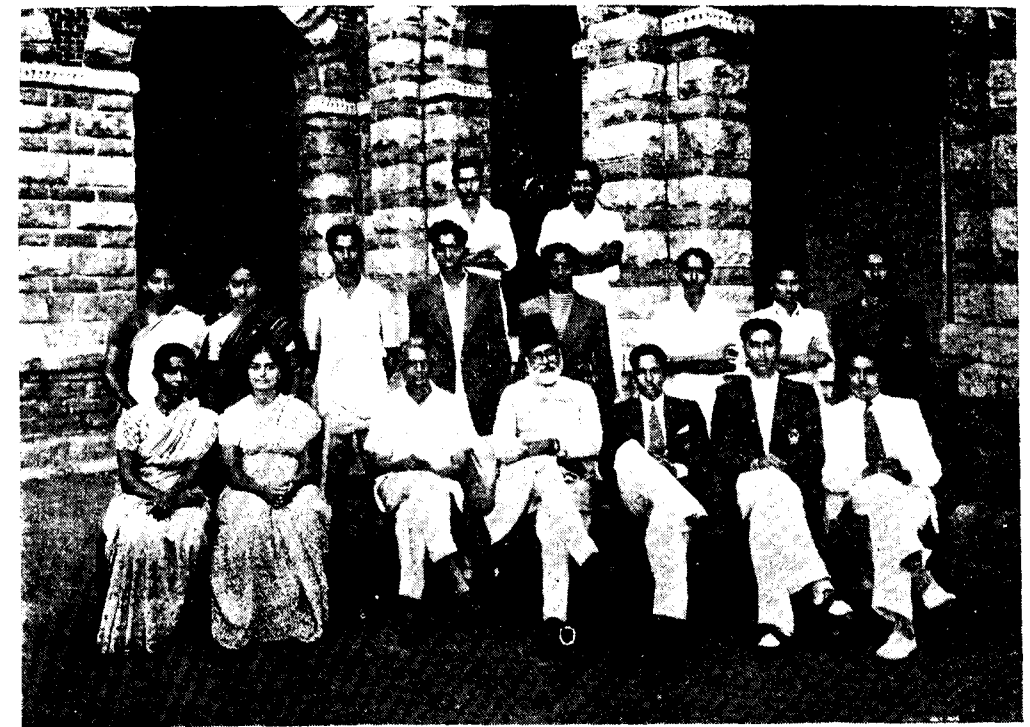
M. V. G. Appa Rao.

Reviewing the Cricket activities during the current year, it is not difficult to perceive that our College team put up a fairly good show both in the Inter-collegiate League and in the Duncan knock-out tournaments. In the Inter-collegiate League, out of the nine matches played we won 5, drew 2 and lost 2. We lost to Pachaiyappa's College and Madras Medicals and on both the occasions we were unfortunate not to have our full strength.

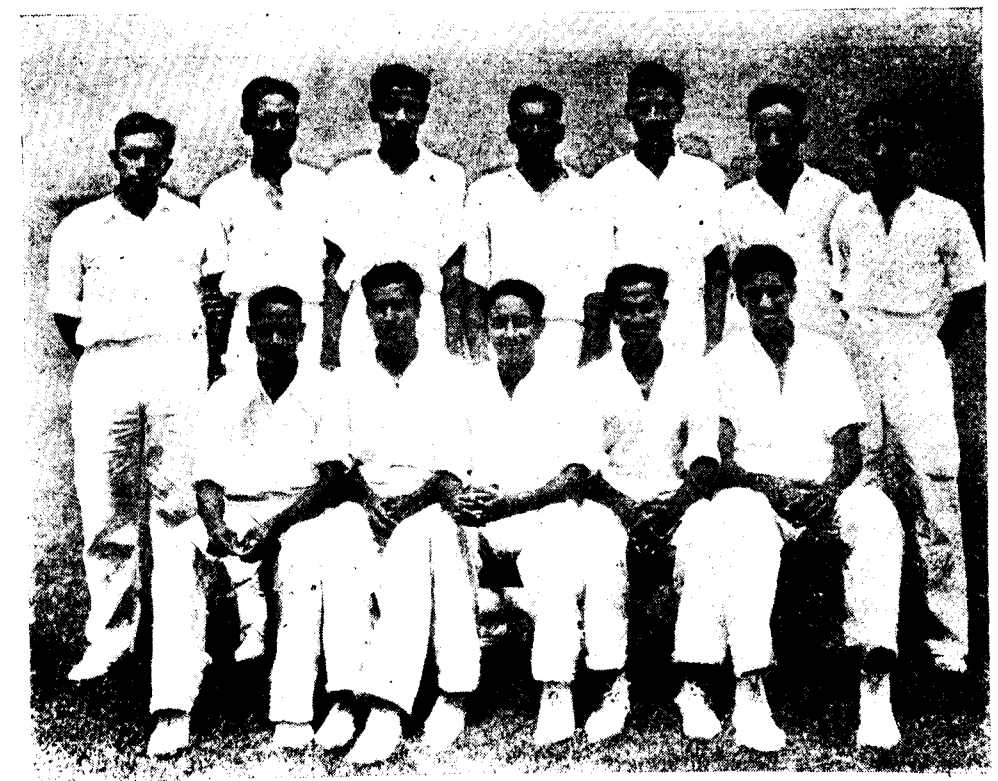
In the Duncan knock-out played during November—January, we beat the strong Christian College side by a large margin in the first round, and easily accounted for Law in the second, thus qualifying for the finals. Against Loyola College in the finals we look by a large margin of eight wickets. It may be said that the College which had better luck won the match. Incidentally it must be said that we have been extremely unfortunate and unlucky in losing the Duncan tournament in the finals consecutively for the past three years.

Our two outstanding batsmen of the year are A. R. Sridhar and M. Suryanarayan, both of whom failed to reach the century mark by a few runs in the Duncan tournament. The bowling honours of the year go to S. R. Jagannathan, our leg spinner, and the too fast bowlers George Keir and Lakshman Rao who did splendid work throughout. The College 2nd XI had also a busy year and they played many interesting matches under the captaincy of T. S. Lakshminarayan. Outstanding players of this team were G. Ramasawmi, T. K. Ramasubramani, K. Puresh Rao and Abdulla.

Four of our College players S. Ganesan, M. Suryanarayana, A. R. Sridhar and S. R. Jagannathan represented the Madras university in cricket. Further S. Ganesan, A. R. Sridhar and M. Suryanarayana were invited to play for the M. C. A. Junior team against Mysore. The College captain, S. Ganesan, had the privilege of taking part in the Ranji Trophy tournament for Madras against both Mysore and Hyderabad. We may



CAPTAINS' GROUP



CRICKET

By Courtesy of 'Sports & Pastime'

well say that the merit of a team is to be judged not merely by the trophies won but also by the distinction its individual members win for it in a larger sphere.

S. Ganesan.

FOOT-BALL.

This year we had a fairly successful season. We won seven matches out of thirteen and lost the rest. But for lack of practice we might have won more for this year we had midst us some very good players like M. P. T. K. Balakrishnan, a brilliant all-rounder and a superb centre half, and K. Balakrishnan our east year's captain on our defence side T. A. Karuppannan, though he played only in a limited number of matches was the chief scorer. Raghava Nambiar and Kadirvelu with more regular practice will make brilliant players.

K. Krishnarajan.

HOCKEY.

The cream of the College Hockey XI was drawn from the enthusiastic and young students from the Intermediate classes. It is no wonder then that with the absence of these enterprising youngsters from the College. Our Hockey team has shown signs of deterioration. Still we did our best and tried to keep up the reputation of the College. It must be said that N. Rajaram and D. Sathyanarayanan were selected to represent Madras University in the Inter University Hockey Tournament for the Jaffer Memorial Cup. Special mention must be made of the consistently good performance of C. V. Seshadri as on stalwart centre-half. In the League tournament out of the eleven matches we played we won five, drew one and lost the rest.

George Keir.

BOXING.

The punching bags, ropes and the Boxing equipment were set up early in September. The young Boxing enthusiasts and the older College men were toughened and shaped to participate in the Inter-Collegiate Boxing meet which was held during the second week of November at the Y. M. C. A. College Ring. Though there were as many as 13 well-trained boxers it was possible only to send the following 6 of them, Bertie Diamond (Captain) E. N. Venkatesan, T. Balakrishnan, M. K. Shanmugam, T. K. Ramasubramanian, and M. Krishnamurthi to represent the College in the Pin, Paper, Flag any Feather weight class. They fought gallantly and impressed very favourably in the preliminary rounds but as they had to meet better and more experienced boxers in the higher rounds, they were not able to win any trophies. Throughout the year there was systematic practice but our boxers would probably have acquitted themselves more creditably if they had been entrusted for some time to a regular boxing Coach. We bemoan the abolition of the Intermediate Classes as that has deprived us of some of our young hopefuls.

Bertie Diamond.

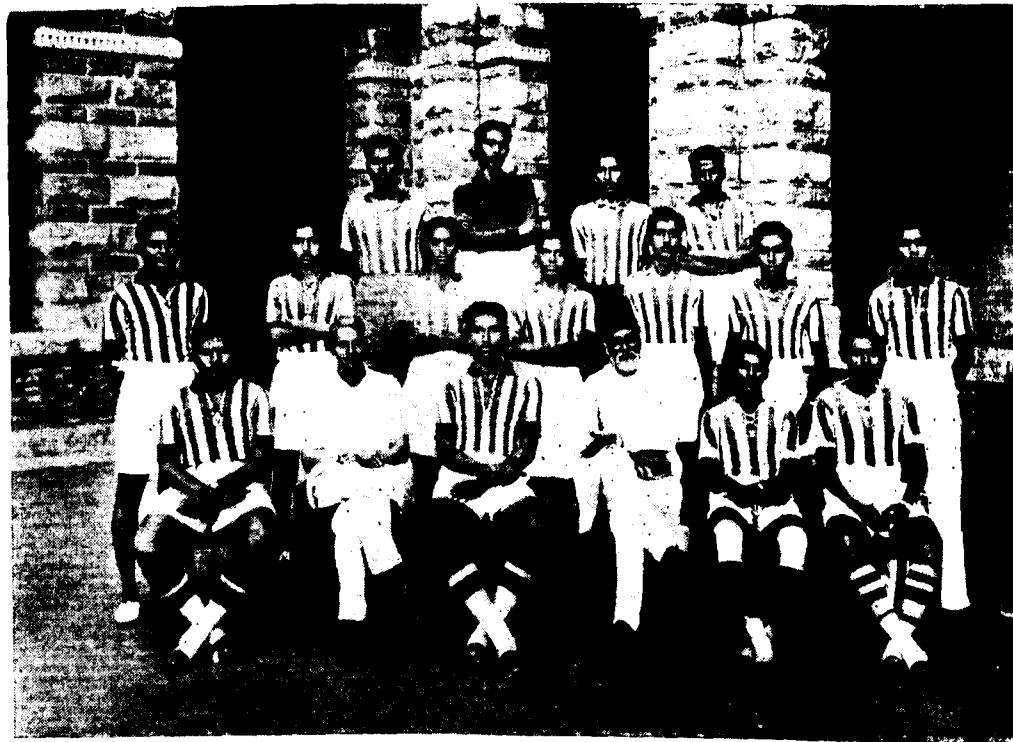
BOATING.

The College Boat-club, the only one of its kind in the city, has been as popular as ever. All the four boats were in constant use throughout the year. Picnics, moonlight trips and competitive rowing were regular features enthusiastically conducted by the members. A novel feature of this year's activities was the Annual Regatta conducted in grand style. In the 100 yards race, A. V. Balasubramanian stood first and N. P. Alexander second. A. V. Balasubramanian also the recipient of the first prize in the 230 yards race, while V. Joseph secured the runners-up cup. The club is proud of its contribution to the athletic activities and social life of the College, during the past year.

N. P. Alexander.

VOLLEY BALL.

Though we had good players we were not able to do much in the Inter-collegiate league matches because of the players not turning up for practice regularly. Our new



FOOTBALL



HOCKEY

players Kandaswamy, Dominic Abraham, Eswaran Nambudripad and Sreepathy deserve special mention because of their consistency in defence as well as offence. Sadhanandhamoorthy and Karuppannan have shown tremendous improvement in defence and the latter was brilliant at times. R. Rathnaswamy our last year's captain was in top form throughout the year and has been an invaluable all rounder.

BADMINTON.

V. P. Subbian.

There were many entries for the Badminton Tournaments in singles, doubles, mixed doubles and fives conducted during the year. This game which was mainly confined to women students in previous years was this year thrown open to the men students also. The matches that were played were all well-contested and showed a high standard of Badminton. In singles V. Ranganathan showed great promise at first but ultimately Md. Essac triumphed. Ranganathan made amends for this defeat, however, in the doubles. Partnering Viswanathan he found no opposition too strong to win the title. The mixed doubles was an interesting and novel item. Miss Kamala and Rajendragopal won the finals against Miss Mallika and Viswanathan, the fives tournament was won by Appa Rao's team consisting of Appa Rao, Ranganathan, Viswanathan, Ramachandra Rao and V. V. Subramanian.

BASKET BALL.

C. Rajendragopal.

We had a fairly successful season this year. As usual we took part in the Inter-Collegiate League Tournaments and won many matches. For the first time we entered the Y.M.C.A. Inter-Collegiate Knock-out tournament, but were faced with an unlucky elimination even in the first round. Among the informal engagements mention may be made of an interesting contest with the Travancore University Team, in which we made a heroic fight before emerging successful. Three of our players offered for selection to the University team, but were disappointed. Except Abubucker we had no player of outstanding merit.

We were enthusiastic, and energetic, were well organized too but unfortunately won no laurels. We have no regrets, as most of us tried to do our best.

ATHLETICS.

N. K. Balasundar.

The College Day and Annual Sports were held on 9th February 1950. His Excellency the Maharajah of Bhavanagar the Governor of Madras presided. There was a very large and distinguished gathering of guests and old students present at the function. There were as many as twenty interesting events including six for the women students, three for the Old boys and one for the Staff in the programme for the afternoon and all these were keenly contested.

His Excellency the Governor arrived punctually at 3-30 P.M. and was received by the Principal and the members of the reception committee.

The College contingent of the National Cadet Corps under the command of Lt. Raghavan mounted a guard of Honour on H.E. the Governor.

After the sports were concluded Dr. Abdul Haq welcomed the distinguished guests and Old students and in a brief speech covered the activities of the College during the year in athletics and games. He also mentioned some of the outstanding achievements of our students in competitive examinations and academic distinctions won by some.

We were very fortunate that General Cariappa was able to be present at our Sports and to address the gathering. In his eloquent speech he commended the increasing interest in Sports shown in educational institutions in the country.

Games, he said, are invaluable to instil discipline and for the building up of character and personality and are not mere occasions for witnessing gladiatorial contests. He exhorted all students to take part in the games programme of the College.

Her Highness the Maharani of Bhavanagar then gave away the prizes. After a vote of thanks the gathering broke up. The day's celebration concluded after Tea which was served to all the students and guests on the Fyson grounds.

The following are the results;—

100 Metres	...	1. S. Kadirvelu	2. George Keir
200 Metres	...	1. S. Kadirvelu	2. George Keir
400 Metres	...	1. Ramalinga Gupta	2. George Keir
800 Meters	...	1. Joslin Chrysostom	2. G. Ramaswamy
1600 Metres	...	1. G. Ramaswamy	2. C. E. Sripathi
110 Metres Hurdles	...	1. S. Kadirvelu	2. George Keir
200 Metres Hurdles	...	1. S. Kadirvelu	2. T. A. Karuppannan
High Jump	} ...	1. V. P. Subbian	2. S. Kadirvelu and T. A. Karuppannan
Long Jump	...	1. T. A. Karuppannan	2. S. Kadirvelu
Hop, Step & Jump	...	1. T. A. Karuppannan	2. S. Kadirvelu
Shot Put	...	1. K. Krishnarajan	2. V. Ranganathan
Discus	...	1. V. P. Subbian	2. K. Krishnarajan
Sack Race	...	1. R. Janardhan	2. S. Viswanthan
Sack Fight	...	1. V. Sivanna	2. V. Ranganathan
1600 Metres Cycle	...	1. T. Sundararama Aiya	2. K. Janakiraman
Musical Chair on Cycle	...	1. Srivatsa	2. K. Janakiraman
Staff Race	} ...	1. Prof. Leelananda Rao	2. Prof. V.K. Nambodripad
Old Students' Race under 40	...	3. Prof. Narayanaswami	
Old Students' Race over 40	...	1. S. Palanivelu	2. Jeevan Prabhudas
		3. Dhansingh	
		1. Prof. Venkatanathachari	2. Prof. Muthuswamy
		3. Prof. Ramaswami	
75 Metres Race for Women	...	1. Miss Maragathavalli	2. Miss Amthul Karim
50 Metres Skipping	" ...	1. " Maragathavalli	2. Miss Amthul Karim
Net Ball Throw Women	...	1. Miss Chellam	2. Miss M. V. Kamala
Lime & Spoon Race	...	1. " Kamala Daniel	2. " Damayanthi
Sack Race	...	1. " Kamala Daniel	2. " Damayanthi
Strike the Pot	...	1. " Damayanthi	
Musical Chair	...	1. " Lalitha	2. " Chellam
Mixed Event	} ...	1. " Nageswari & Kadirvelu	2. " Indra & K. P. Ramamurthi
Relay 4 x 50 (Inter-Dept.)	...	Mathematics won.	
Relay 4 x 200 (Men)	...	Past Students won.	
Papworth Prize: Best Athlete:—S. Kadirvelu with 18½ points.			
Championship: Women:—Miss Maragathavalli with 6 points.			
Statham Prize: Best Cricketer:—S. Ganesan.			

The Old Students' Association.

We earnestly request all outgoing students of the College to join the Association and maintain their connection with the *Alma Mater*. A distinguished Old Student, Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer has been for long the President of the Association, and amongst the members are hundreds of other distinguished men and women of the State. Presidencians going out of the College should deem it a privilege to be in such company.

The Association maintains a register of the names of all old students for a nominal fee of one rupee. Change of address if intimated to the Secretaries, will be entered without further fee.

The Association maintains a Students' Aid Fund, which requires the support of all old students. This fund enables us to come to the rescue of several students of the College who find themselves in financial straits.

We have also opened a Fund called the "Sir C. V. Raman Commemoration Fund" with a view to presenting an oil painting of this distinguished old student, and instituting a scholarship in his name in our College. Contributions to this fund also may be sent to the secretaries.

We hope the outgoing Presidencians will come forward with donations to these funds and also enlist themselves as members, without delay.

Prof. T. B. Nair, Presidency College, Madras.

*Sri G. Vasanta Pai, Advocate, Andhra Life Insurance Buildings,
337, Thambu Chetti St., G. T. Madras.*

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

Honorary Secretaries.

Patron Members.

Janab S. M. Syed Mohideen, B.A., Textile Merchant, 62, Angappa Naicken Street, G. T., Madras-1.
Mrs. Vatsala D. Manope, M.A., B.T., c/o D. W. Manope, Esq., Dhantoli, Nagpur C. P.

Life Members.

Sri G. Damodara Rao, Advocate, Thiruvangad, Tellicherry.
Sri C. Doraiswami, Advocate, c/o King and Partridge, Solicitors, High Court, Madras.
Sri G. Gopinath, Advocate, 378, Esplanade, Madras.
Sri D. Govinda Rao, Foreman, Ammonia Div. Fact, Ltd., Udyogamandal Post, via Alwaye.
Sri K. J. Guna Pai, Advocate, Chittoor Road, Ernakulam.
Sri V. K. Krishna Menon, High Commissioner for India, United Kingdom, London.
Sri R. Krishna Mallar, Research Chemist, Presidency College, Madras.
Sri A. R. Krishnaswami, Advocate, Saravana Bhavan. 67, Lloyds Road, Royapettah, Madras.
Sri N. J. Kamath, I.A.S., Sub-Collector, Hosur, Salem District.
Hon'ble Justice Sri S. Panchapakesa Sastri, 12-A, Warren Road, Bheemannaipet, Mylapore, Madras.
Sri G. B. Pai, Advocate, Sudharma, Ernakulam.
Sri S. Parthasarathi, Company Director, 30, Luz Church Road, Mylapore, Madras.
Hon'ble Justice Sri P. Rajagopalan, 6, Kalyani Mahal, Edward Elliotts Road, Mylapore, Madras.
Sri B. Ramachandra Pai, Assistant Professor, Presidency College, Madras.
Sri N. Sivaswami, Advocate, 15, Bazulullah Road, Thyagarayanagar, Madras.
Srinathi Sita Chari, Student, 132, Lloyds Road, Madras.
Sri D. Umanatha Rao, Indian Railway Accounts Service, Deputy Chief Accounts Officer, G. I. P. Railway, Bombay-1.
Sri R. Vittal Rao, Research student in Rural Economics, c/o Department of Research and Statistics, Reserve Bank of India, Bombay.
Sri H. S. Kamath, I.C.S., Secretariat, Nagpur.



BASKET - BALL



VOLLEY - BALL



BOXING



THE BOAT CLUB

पुरुषस्य धर्मः

1. मनोजगर्वापहरूपवान् रमा—
कटाक्षभृङ्गावलिपङ्कजाकरः ।
सरस्वतीप्रेमनिवासभूरभूत्
पुरा नृपः कोऽपि विशालनामकः ।
2. निसर्गनिर्व्याजमनोहरूपिणी
गुणोन्नता हेमलतेव वासिता
सती बभूवास्य वधूर्मृणालिनी
हितैषिणी भर्तुरुदारवंशजा ॥
3. निर्गलप्रेमनिविष्टचेतसो-
रनुत्तमानन्दवतोस्तयोश्चिरम् ।
बभूव कालेन रुजा निपीडिता
मृणालिनी नैव सुखं स्थिरं नृणाम् ॥
4. भिषग्वरैरासतमैर्नृपप्रियं
चिकीर्षुभिः साधु चिकित्सिताऽपि सा ।
जगाम नैव प्रकृतिं तपस्विनी
बिलम्ब्यते केन विधेः प्रगल्भता ॥
5. प्रतिक्षणं क्षीणदशानुवर्तिनीं
निजां तनुं मन्मथगर्वहारिणम् ।
युवानमारोग्ययुतं च बल्लभं
निरीक्ष्य चिन्तामकरोन्मनस्विनी ॥
6. सुखोपभोगक्षमकालवानयं
नृपोत्तमः साहमहार्थरोगिणी ।
यमोऽपि मां नेच्छति हन्त ! भूपतेः
सुखस्य जाता परिपन्थिनी त्वयम् ॥
7. यदि स्वयं भूपतिरन्यकामिनीं
विवाह्य काञ्चित् सुखितो भविष्यति ।
तदा मनो मे निभृतं भवेदसौ
मदेकभावो न तथा करिष्यति ॥

8. तथापि यत्नः क्रियते मयेति सा
निधाय बुद्धिं पतिसौख्यलालसा ।
कदाचिदागत्य निजं मनोरथं
निवेदयामास नृपाय सुन्दरी ॥
9. स चापि तामाह ममास्ति चेत्प्रिये
सुखार्हता पूर्वशुभौनिरामया ।
त्वमेव मे दास्यसि सौख्यमन्यथा
कथं द्वितीयाऽपि सुखप्रदायिनी ॥
10. इतीव भर्तुर्वचसाऽर्थसङ्किना
निरुत्तरीकृत्य निवर्तिताऽपि सा ।
न चैव लेमे शममाकुलाशया
पुनश्च चिन्तां विततान विह्वला ॥
11. ततः कदाचित् कमनीयरूपिणी-
मनन्यपूर्वा वनितां मृणालिनी ।
समानयत् कामपि वेशवंशजा-
मलंकृतां चापि चकार तां रहः ॥
12. प्रचोदिता भूरमणस्य कान्तया
विलासगेहं प्रति भर्तुरादरात् ।
जगाम सा राजगृहं सुराज्ञया
तपोवनं स्वर्वनितेव शङ्किता ॥
13. समाप्य कार्याणि यथोचितान्यसा
बुद्ध्या सन्ध्यां कृतभोजनादिकः ॥
नृपः स्वकेलीगृहमाप निर्जनं
नितान्तखिन्नः परिरक्षणानुवः ॥
14. विमिश्रकाञ्चीस्वभञ्जुनिःस्वनं
निशम्य राजा मणिनूपुरोत्थितम् ।
किमेतदागच्छति सा मृणालिनी ?
निरामया मद्गृहमित्युदैक्षत ॥
15. प्रकृष्टलावण्यमहाब्धिचन्द्रिका-
समानकान्तिं स्पृहणीययौवनम् ।
स्मरस्य कीर्तिध्वजपट्टिकोपमां
ददर्श कांचित् तरुणीं पुरोगताम् ॥

16. स्मिताञ्चिता ताम्रकपोलशोभिना
मुखेन लज्जावनतां कुशोदरीम् ।
निरीक्ष्य तां विस्मयमाप भूपतिः
परं न तत्याज निसर्गधीरताम् ॥
17. उवाच चैनां चलनीलया दशा
विलोकयन्तीं परितः सुमध्यमाम् ।
“शुभानने ! काऽसि ? किमर्थमागता
कुतस्त्वमस्मिन् समये मदन्तिकम् ॥
18. इतीव पृष्ट्वा नरनायकेन सा
पिकस्वरा मन्दमुवाच कामिनी ।
इयं भवत्पादनिषेवणार्थिनी
कुलेन वेद्या न तथा तु वृत्तिभिः ॥
19. अनन्यपूर्वाऽहमनर्धयौवनो
भवान् निशेयं विजने स्थितिश्च नौ ।
अतः परं किं कथनीयमित्यसा-
बुदीर्य बाला विरराम लज्जिता ॥
20. निशम्य तद्वारवधूसमीरितं
नितान्तकोपाकुलितोऽपि पार्थिवः ।
नियम्य भावं प्रहसन्निवोत्तरं
जगाद तन्वीं मधुरार्थया गिरा ॥
21. न शत्रुघाती न च दुष्करक्रियः
न चैकसन्धग्रहणप्रवीणधीः ।
न सार्वभौमो न च मन्मथाकृति-
जितेन्द्रियो यः पुरुषः स कथ्यते ॥
22. कलत्रवानेष कलाधरानने
मृणालिनी सा मयि दत्तजीविता ।
कथं मया दुविधिगर्वकशिता
प्रतार्यते मत्सुखदुःखभागिनी ” ॥
23. निवार्य मध्ये नृपमाह कामिनी
“प्रतारणं नाऽत्र कदापि युज्यते ।
यतस्तयैव त्वाय बद्धभावया
प्रचोदिताऽहं भवदन्तिकं गता ॥
24. सुखोपभोगक्षमकालतां च ते
निजामवस्थां च निरीक्षमाणया ।
विशुद्धवृत्ता भवते ऽहमर्पिता
नवैव पुण्यस्रगुमाविलासिने ” ॥

25. मृणालिनीप्रेरितकृत्यकारिणी
विबुद्धयतां वारधधू नरेश्वरः ।
क्षणादवज्ञां परिधूय तां प्रति
प्रसन्नचित्तः पुनरेवमब्रवीत् ॥
26. “यतोऽसि भद्रे ! मम जीवनाथया
प्रचोदिता मद्वृद्धमेवमागता ।
ततो न किञ्चित् त्वयि मेऽस्ति विप्रियं
मनोगतं संप्रति वारकन्यके ॥
27. यदात्मवंशाचरणस्य मत्प्रिया—
प्रियस्य चैव क्षममम्बुजेक्षणे ।
तदेव कृत्यं चरितं तथाऽपि सा
मृणालिनी मद्भवनाभिषेयताम् ॥
28. रुजार्थया यत् पतिसौख्यकारणात्
कृतं त्वया तद्यदि साधु मन्यसे ।
कुलाङ्गने ! भर्तृहितैकतत्परे !
प्रियस्य कृत्यं प्रति मेऽस्ति संशयः ॥
29. प्रियोपभोगक्षमयौवनोज्ज्वल—
द्रुपुःप्रकर्षां रसिकां प्रियां प्रति ।
प्रियेण रोगप्रविलुप्तशक्तिना
कथं नु ? कान्ते ! करणीयमुच्यताम् ॥
30. यथैव निन्द्या परपुंसि योषितां
मनःप्रवृत्तिः कमलायतेक्षणे ।
तथैव पुंसः परकामिनीस्पृहा
समानधर्मो किल दम्पती स्मृतौ ” ॥
31. धर्म्यं निशम्य वचनं नृपतेर्निवृत्य
सा वारयोषिदुपगम्य च राजपत्नीम् ।
तस्यै निवेद्य निखिलं तदुदन्तजातं
स्वीयं जगाम भवनं चलचारुनेत्रा ॥
32. श्रुत्वा भर्तुर्नियमपरतामात्मनश्चैव मौग्ध्यं
स्मृत्वा रक्षी मुदितहृदया लज्जिता चाऽपि जाता ।
गत्वा पत्युः सविधमसकृत् तं नमस्कृत्य साध्वी
क्षन्तव्येयं प्रियसहचरी मूढधीस्त्यरोदीत् ॥

“कल की रात”

मकरन्द पीकर मद्मत्त होने केलिये कलियोंके चारों ओर मधुप मँडराने लगे । मन्द समीरण लताओं को झुला रहा था । यह देखकर कमल-कलिकाएँ खिल-खिलाकर हँस रही थीं आदित्य अस्तगिरि की आड़ में छिपकर अपनी प्रीतम की खूब सूरती को निहारकर निहाल हो रहा था । सूरज के लाल किरण वृक्ष-लताओं से गुज़रकर भूदेवी केलिये स्वर्णाभूषण बन रहे थे । वृक्षों की डालियों पर बुल-बुल चहचहा रहे थे । कोयल उसकी तान में तान दे रही थी । मन्द पवन के सहारे फूलों का सौरभ चारों ओर फैल रहा था । पश्चिमदिशा की लालिमा मन्द पड़ रही थी ।

लीला अपने घर के पीछे के बगीचे में बैठकर पूरब से निकलते हुए चन्द्रमा की सुन्दरता का आस्वादन कर रही थी । सूरज के पृथ्वी को तिमिर में छोड़कर जाने से पहले ही चन्द्रमाने उसको चाँदनी में भिगोया । कमल का मुँह मुझा गया और कुमुदिनी विकसित होगयी । चारों ओर का दृश्य बहुत सुहावना हो गया । चन्द्रिका की घबलिमा में परिप्लावित होकर सारी वाटिका नन्दन बन की तरह सुशोभित होगयी । लीला चबूतरे से उठकर घर की ओर चली ।

उसका मन सबेरे की बातों में मगन था । उसका मन ज़िन्दगी में कभी इतना बेचैन नहीं हो गया था । उसका हृदय नये नये विचारों और विकारों से कलोल मारने लगा ।

सारी दुनियाँ सो रही है । निद्रादेवीने उस तिमिरमय रात्रि में निद्राशब्दता का राज फैलाया है । आसमान से तारों की बारात जा रही है । चन्द्रमा के डूबने से तारों की शोभा पूर्वाधिक बढ रही है ।

दो तारे टूटकर गिर पड़े । उन टूटे हुए तारों को देखने केलिये जगता रहेगा ? टूटे हुए तारों की हालत, टूटे हुए दिल ही जान सकते हैं ।

उस तिमंजले मकान की छत पर बैठकर लीला आसमान की ओर देख रही है । उन टूटे हुए तारों को ‘देखकर’ उसकी हृदयलता काँपने लगी । उसका दिल बेचन होगया ।

ऐसे कितने ही टूटे हुए तारों को दुनियाँ ने देखा होगा । कितने ही टूटे हुए दिलों की ज़िन्दगी से संसार का इतिहास भरा है । लीला के हृदय से एक ब्राह्म

निकल गयी! जवानी की मस्ती में पडकर कितने ही दिल दूट दूटकर बिखरे होंगे। दूटे हुए दिलों की आहों से ही यह वसन्त समीर चल रहा है। करुणा से ही ममता उपजती है और ममता ही समता का कारण है। इस से ही, आहों से पूर्ण समीर, बिना किसी मेद भाव के सब को अपनी समान गति से आश्वासन दे रहा है। यदि यह समीर सब को आश्वासन देता आरहा है तो क्या

रमेश की याद आते ही लीला का हृदय छटपटाने लगा। “मुझे तो अब क्या हो गया है? नहीं; अब तो, मैं यह सब नहीं सोचूंगी। वह रमेश को आश्वासन दे, या न दे, मुझे क्या?”

लेकिन मन की गति विचित्र है। जिस ओर हम उसे जाने न देते, उसी ओर वह चलता है। अपने मन से रमेश को निकाल देने की जितनी ही कोशिश की, उतना ही उसका रूप लीला के मन में जम गया।

पढ़ते पढ़ते जब ग्यारह बज गया, तब लीलाने चिराग बुझा दी और सोने के लिए बिस्तर पर लेट गयी। लेकिन नीन्द न आई न आई। हज़ार कोशिश करने पर भी निद्रा देवी उससे प्रसन्न न हुई। फिर उठकर पढ़ने का विचार आया। चिराग जलायी और फिर पढ़ने लगी।

मगर किताब की एक भी बात उसके मस्तिष्क में न घुसती थी। किताब का हर एक अक्षर वह देख सकती थी और एक एक शब्द पढ़ भी सकती थी। लेकिन एक वाक्य पूरा करके उसका अर्थ समझने में उसे बहुत देर लगती थी। इस प्रकार बहुत मेहनत करके दूसरा वाक्य पढ़ने लगती तो पहला वाक्य उसके मस्तिष्क से चला जाता है।

एक पेज “पूरा पढ़कर वह सोचने लगी। अब तक उसने क्या पढ़ी? लेकिन उसमें से एक भी बात अपने मन में नहीं ला सकी। आज सबेरे ही प्रोफ़ेसर साहबने इस विषय पर लेक्चर झाड़ दी थी। उस समय सब बातें उसकी समझ में भी आयी। उस “कलास” में रमेश सब से पीछे की बेंच पर बैठा था। वह तो अपने एक साथी के साथ बातचीत कर रहा था। प्रोफ़ेसर साहबने उससे एक प्रश्न पूछा। बातचीत में डूबने के कारण वह प्रश्न न समझ सका। फिर भी एक उत्तर दिया। प्रश्न का, उत्तर से कोई सम्बन्ध नहीं था। सब लड़के उसकी ओर देखकर हँसने लगे। प्रोफ़ेसर साहब भी मुस्कुराये।

“मैंने पीछे फिरकर देखा। वह बहुत झेंपा हुआ था। उसका सिर कुछ झुका हुआ था। ओठों में एक रुखी हँसी और नेत्रों में लज्जा। मुँह कुछ तमतमा गया था। कलम से “डेस्क” पर कुछ लिख रहा था। “क्या डेस्क” पर उत्तर लिख रहे हो?” मुस्कुराते हुए प्रोफ़ेसर साहबने पूछा। रमेशने खिसियाकर प्रोफ़ेसर साहब की ओर देखा। “बैठो, बैठो” कहते हुए प्रोफ़ेसर साहब फिर पढ़ाने लगे।”

सब बातें कुछ ही क्षणों में हो गयीं। बैठते हुए रमेशाने लीला की ओर देखा। झट लीलाने दूसरी ओर देखा। पास बैठी हुई एक सहेलीने अपने पैरों से लीला के पैर पर दबाया। झट लीला का मन पीला पड़ गया।

“मैं तो क्या क्या सोच रही हूँ?” लीला स्वयं ही धिक्कारने लगी। “क्या इस प्रकार ही मैं अपना पाठ याद करती हूँ? मुझे तो अब क्या हो गया है? मालूम होता है, रमेश ही दुनियाँ में सब कुछ है। उससे तो मेरा क्या सम्बन्ध है?” लेकिन दिल कह रहा था। “तेरे रोम रोम से उसका अपारस्नेह है। यदि कोई सम्बन्ध न हो तो उससे हमेशा बातचीत करने केलिये तेरा जी क्यों ललचाता है? उसकी मौजूदगी में तुझे क्यों एक अपार आनन्द की अनुभूति होती है? जब दोनों की आँखें आपस में मिल जाती हैं तब क्यों तेरे ओठों में एक हलकी मुस्कुराहट छा जाती है? दिमाग से पूछो, वह लाजवाब होगा।

लीलाने झट किताब मेज़पर पटक दी। चिराग बुझा दी और छत पर आयी। चाँदनी की सुषमा देखने लगी। कुछ देर केलिये मन शान्त हो गया। चन्द्रमाने अपनी यात्रा पूरी की तब तारे ही आसमान पर बच गये। अनन्त आकाश के अन्त के बारे में सोचते हुए लीला को अवश्य कुछ शान्ति मिली। वह सोचने लगी:—“आसमान एक पर्दा है नक्षत्र उसके छोटे छोटे छेद हैं। आसमान के ऊपर स्वर्ग है। इन छोटे छोटे छेदों से स्वर्ग की शोभा आ रही है। यही नक्षत्रों का प्रकाश है। तब चन्द्रमा हों, वह तो एक बड़ा छेद होगा।

लीला को यह साफ़ मालूम था कि वह जो कुछ सोच रही है वह सब मिथ्या-पूर्ण हैं। फिर भी रमेश की चिन्ता से मन को बचाने के लिए उसको ऐसे अर्थ रहित विचारों का ही आश्रय लेना पड़ा। लेकिन वह तो केवल जुगुनू की चमक थी। दूटे हुए तारों से वह चमक तिमिर में परिणत हो गयी और उसका हृदय पहले के समान फिर छटपटाने लगा।

सबेरे कालेज पहुँचने पर भी उसके चित्त की उदासी दूर नहीं होगयी। उसको ऐसा मालूम होता था कि “कल की रात” उसकी ज़िन्दगी में एक अजीब तब्दीली लायी है। लीलाने अपनी सहेली लैला से इसका बयान किया। वह लीला से ज्यादा, दुनियावी मामलों से परिचित थी। वह खिल खिलाकर हँस पड़ी। लीला झेंप गयी। लैलाने कहा “पगली कहीं की। लड़कियों की ज़िन्दगी में एक न एक दिन ऐसी एक रात ज़रूर होगी। तुरहारी “कल की रात” हमारे लिए नहीं नहीं है।

लीलाने ज़िन्दगी का एक नया सबक पढ़ लिया। “कल की रात” आज उसको मीठी याद दिलाती है। लेकिन अब तो, भविष्यके गर्भ में छिपी हुयी “कल की रात” की फ़िक्र उसको सताती है!

By K. K. VARMA,

III B. A. Economics.

“अभी तो रात बाकी है, अभी तो बात बाकी है”

(१)

सुहाग रात की यह मधुर बेला है।
सुख सुहाग का क्षण अलबेला है ॥
देखो तारक ईसते हैं नीलाम्बर में।
भोली सजनी तुम बैठी हो अम्बर में ॥

कब तक प्रतीक्षा की घड़ियाँ काटें।
कब तक इतनी लम्बी रात काटें।

(२)

तेरे अलंकारों की झंकार।
हिलाते हैं मेरे उर-तार ॥
प्रेम पुष्पों को करो स्वीकार।
मैं खड़ा हूँ तोरे द्वार ॥

कब तक खड़ा रहे यह पूजारी,
क्या तुम इतनी निष्ठुर हो नारी ?

(३)

मौन बैठी हो तुम बाला।
खड़ा हूँ लिये कर मैं प्याला ॥
अरुण-अधरो से लगा लो हाला।
शीघ्र करो हो रहा हूँ मतवाला ॥

लिये प्याला खड़ा रहे कब तक साकी।
मान जाओ अब रात नहीं बहुत बाकी।

(४)

चलता है मलयानिल।
उड़ता है झीना आंचल ॥
व्यतीत हो रहा है पल पल।
शीघ्र करो मन होता है चंचल ॥

कब तक मौन रहोगी प्रिय बाला ?
पूजारी लिये खड़ा है प्रेम-प्याला ॥

(५)

प्यास बुझा दो इन आँखों की।
रुसि करंदो इन कर्णों की ॥
शुभ्र चन्द्र देखने को हूँ विकल।
छिटकाओ शुभ्र ज्योत्सना निर्मल ॥

“वाह रे! तू तो बड़ा ही चंचल साकी है।
अभी तो रात बाकी है, अभी तो बात बाकी है।”
(रत्न)

நெஞ்சே! வாழ்வாய்

1. தத்துவம் பேசிப் பேசித் தயங்கியே கிடத்தல் வேண்டா புத்தகப் பொதிகள் தூக்கிப் பொய்களைப் பிதற்றல் வேண்டா உத்தமர் காந்தி போல உலகெலாம் உயர நீயும் நித்தமும் உழைத்தல் வேண்டும் நெறியிது அறிவாய் நெஞ்சே!
2. ஒன்றுதான் உலகப் போராம் இரண்டதே உள்ளப் போராம் என்றுதான் இவைகள் இல்லை எதற்குமே வருந்தல் வேண்டா பொன்றினும் காந்தி போலப் பொறுப்புடன் உழைத்து நீயும் நன்றுதான் வாழ்ந்து பின்னர் நமனுடன் நடப்பாய் நெஞ்சே!
3. கொல்கொழில் அகற்றி மேலோர் குறள்நெறி போற்றி அந்த எல்லையில் புகழ்ச்சிக் காந்தி இன்புறு மாறு நீயும் பல்கொழில் திறமை பெற்றுப் பகுத்துணும் வாழ்வு கற்று நல்லறம் உலகில் வாழ நான்கொறும் உழைப்பாய் நெஞ்சே!
4. பொறுமையே உருவாய் வந்து புகழெலாம் தாங்கிப் போன உரிமையைத் தந்த அண்ணல் உலகெலாம் ஒன்றி வாழ அருமையாய் வழிகள் கோளி அமைத்துளார் அவற்றைக் கற்றுப் பெருந்தகை நெஞ்சே! நீயும் பிறர்நலம் பேணி வாழ்வாய்.

திறப்பு: உள்ளப் போர்—நன்மை தீமை இவற்றிற்கிடையே உள்ளத்தில் நடக்கும் மாறப் போர்; நமன்—கூற்றுவன்; பொன்றல்—இறத்தல்.]

திரு. G. பெருமாள், B.O.L. (Hons.),

துணைத் தமிழ்ப் பேராசிரியர்.

பெண்களின் உரிமை

“பெண்ணிற் பெருந்தக்க யாவுள கற்பென்னும் திண்மையுண் டாகப் பெறின்.” — திருக்குறள்.

கடல் சூழ்ந்த இப்பூவுலகு எம்முறையில் நமக்குக் காட்சி அளிக்கிறது? ஆண் வடிவமாகவா? அல்லது பெண் வடிவமாகவா? “பெண்ணின் நல்லாளொடு பெருந்தகை இருந்தவாறு” போல, ஆணோடு பெண்ணுமாயல்லவா கலந்து காட்சி அளிக்கிறது? பெண்மையும், ஆண்மையும், ஒன்றுக் கொன்று தொடர் புடையவை என்பது, “ஆண்மையின் எச்சமே பெண்மை; பெண்மையின் எச்சமே ஆண்மை; இவை இரண்டின் சேர்க்கையே முழுமை” என மனித உண்மை தூற் புலவர் கூறுமாற்றானும், “ஒரா விற்கு இருகோடு பூத்தாலன்ன,” என்று நக்கீரர் நவீன்றிருக்குமாற்றானும், “பெண்ணிடை ஆணும் பிறந்து கிடந்ததே” என்று திருமலர் திருவாய் மலர்ந்திருக்கு மாற்றானும் நன்கு புலனாகும்.

அடக்கம், பொறுமை, தியாகம், இரக்கம், அழகு, ஒப்புரவு, தொண்டு முதலியன ஒருங்கே அமைந்த ஒன்றே பெண்மையாகும். “சொற்பால் அமுதிவன் யான் சுவை,” என்று கோவையார் கூறுவதினின்று, “கண்முடித்தனமாகப்

பெண்ணின் பண்புகள்

போகும் ஆண்மகனின் வாழ்க்கைக்கு ஒரு இன்பத்தைக் கொடுப்பவள் பெண்,” எனக் கவி தாகூர் கூறுவதினின் றும் பெண்மை என்பது இன்பமே எனத் தெள்ளிதின் புலனாகிறது. துண்ணிய பொருளை மிக விரைவில் உணரும் ஆற்றல் பெண்கட்கே மிகுதி. தாய்மை, இரக்கம் இவை இரண்டும் பெண்களின் பண்புகளில் தலையாயினவை,

குறுந்தொகையைக் கருத்துநிறிப் பார்க்கின், அகநானூற்றை ஆராய்ந்து பார்க்கின், புறநானூற்றைப் புழுந்து பார்க்கின், பண்டைக்காலத்துப் பெண்மணிகளின் வீரமும், கல்விச் செறிவும் இனிது விளங்கும். அக்காலத்துப் பெண்கள், தங்கட்கு விருப்பமான தலைவர்களைத் தாங்களே தேர்ந்தெடுத்துக் கொண்டதையும், தகப்பன் சொத்தில் தநயனுக்குக் கிடைத்ததில் கால்பாகத்தைப் பெண்கள் பெற்று வந்ததையும், கலப்பு மணஞ் செய்து கொள்ள அதுமதிகிரந்ததையும் வரலாற்றால் அறிய முடிகிறது. கணித சாத்திரத்தில் லீலாவதியும், வான சாத்திரத்தில் காணையும் அக்காலத்தில் சிறந்து விளங்கினர் என்பது மறுக்க முடியாத உண்மை.

பண்டைக் காலப் பெண்களின் நிலை.

“மண்ணை வேந்தர்க்குக் கண்ணென வகுத்த, நீதி நன்னூல் ஓதிய நாவின்,” என வரும் கொங்கு வேளிரர் அடிகளால், அக்காலத்துப் பெண்மக்கள், அரசியல், நீதிநூல், பொருளால் முதலியவைகளிற் பெரும் புலமை வாய்ந்தவர்களென்பது விளங்குகிறது. இதனால், பண்டைத் தமிழரின் நாகரிகத்தின் உயர்வை, நீட்டி அளக்கும் கோல் போன்றது, அக்காலத்துத் தமிழ் மகளிரின் நிலை என்பது தெரிகிறது.

மேல் நாடுகளில், பெண்கள் எல்லா துறைகளிலும் சரிநிகர் சமமானமாக வாழ்கின்றனர். இங்கிலாந்து தேசத்தில், பெண்கள் 16 வயதுவரையில் கட்டாயக் கல்வி கற்கின்றார்கள். பின் 16 வயதிலிருந்து 20 வயது வரையிலும் ஏதாவது தொழிற்சாலையிலோ, அல்லது காரியாலயங்களிலோ வேலை செய்து ஊதியம் பெறுகின்றனர். மேல் நாட்டுப் பெண்களுக்கு ஓட்டுரிமையும் உண்டு. நீதி மன்றங்களில் தவிர, மற்றெல்லா இடங்களிலும் அவர்கள் வேலை செய்கின்றனர். மேல் நாடுகளில் மட்டுமல்ல; சீழ் நாடாகிய ஜப்பான் தேயத்திலும் கூடப் பெண்கள் சம உரிமை பெற்று வாழ்கின்றார்களென்பது, அன்னவர்களுக்கென்றே தனி யாகப் பல கல்வாசிகள், குடும்ப நிர்வாகம் செய்தல், பால் பண்ணை நடத்தல், தால் தூற்றல், பட்டு நெசவு செய்தல் முதலியவைகளைக் கற்கின்றதினின்றும் தெரியவருகிறது. எந்தத் தேசம் அல்லது எந்தச் சமூகம் பெண்களைச் சரிநிகர் சமமானமாக மதிக்க மறந்ததோ அந்த தேசம் அல்லது அந்தச் சமூகம் ஒருக்காலும் உயர்ந்த நிலையை அடைந்ததில்லை; இனி, அடையப் போவதுமில்லை. இந்த உண்மையை மேனாட்டு அறிஞர்கள் உணர்ந்துள்ளார்கள். அதனால், அவர்கள் பெண்களுக்குச் சம உரிமை கொடுத்துள்ளார்கள். ஆகவே மேனாடுகள் பலதுறைகளிலும் செல்வாக்குப் பெற்று உயர்ந்து வருகின்றன.

உரிமை என்பது ஒருவர் கொடுப்பது மன்று; மற்றவர் வாங்குவது மன்று; மக்களாகவோ, மாக்களாகவோ, உலகிடைத் தோன்றிய அன்றே, அது அவைகளுக்கு அளிக்கப்பட்ட ஒரு பெறும் இயற்கை நன்கொடை ஆகும். ஆண்மையும், பெண்மையும் ஒன்றிற் கொண்டு இணைப்பிரியாதவை என்பதை “பெண்ணி உரிமை என்றால் என்ன? னுள் ஆணும், ஆணினுள் பெண்ணும் அண்ணுற வகுத்த அருட்பெருஞ் சோதி.” என்ற வடலூர் இராமலிங்க சுவாமிகளின் வாக்கினாலறிந்த நாம், ஆணுக்குள்ள உரிமையைப் பெண்ணும் அடைவதற்குக் கேடு சூழ்வது பெருந் குற்றம் அல்லவா?

நிலவளம், நீர்வளம் பொருந்திய இந்த நாட்டில், பல ஏக்கர் நிலங்கள் வீணில் தரிசாகக் கிடக்கின்றன. இவைகளை விஞ்ஞான முறைப்படி பயிரிட அரசியலார் உதவி புரியின், வேலையில்லாத பல மக்கட்குத் தக்க வேலை கிடைக்கும். இதனால், பெண்கள் சரி நிகர் சமமானமாக ஆண்களுடன் பல வேலைகளைச் செய்யும் நிலை ஏற்பட்டு, வேலையில்லாத திண்டாட்டமும் இல்லாமல் ஒழியும். பெண்கள் வேலைக்குச்

பெண்கட்குச் சம உரிமை அளித்தலால் கேடு நோர்.

செல்வதற்கு முன்பே சமையல் செய்து முடிக்கலாம். அன்றி, சமையற்காரி ஒருத்தியை நியமிக்கலாம். வேலை செய்வதால் பெறும் ஊதியத்தில் ஒரு பகுதியைச் சமையற் காரிக்குச் சம்பளமாகக் கொடுப்பதால் நஷ்டமொன்றும் ஏற்படாது. பெண்கள் காரியாலங்களில் வேலை செய்ய வந்து விட்டால் ஒழுக்கக்கேடு ஏற்படலாம் எனச் சிலர் கருதலாம். அவ்வாறு கருதுவது சரி அன்று. ஆண்கள் முறை தவறி நடந்தாலொழிய, பெண்களுக்கு ஒரு துன்பமும் நேரிடாது. இதுபற்றித்தான், “மானமுள்ள இந்தியா வில் ஒவ்வோர் ஆண்மகனும், மற்றப் பெண்மணிகளைத் தன்னுடைய சகோதரி போல் பாவித்தால், பெண் மக்களின் நல்லொழுக்கங்கள் காக்கப்படும்,” என்று மகாத்மா, அறிவுரை கூறிவுள்ளார்.

பயிர்களின் வளம் நிலத்தைப் பொறுத்து அமைவது போல, குழந்தைகளின் நலம் அவைகளின் தாய்மார்களைப் பொறுத்து அமைகிறது. எனவே, தாய்க்குக் கல்வி இன்றியமையாதது. ஆனால், பெண்களுக்குக் கட்டாயக் கல்வி பத்தாவது வகுப்பு வரையில் இருந்தால் போதும். அதற்குமேல் படிப்பில் அதிக உற்சாக முள்ளவர்களும், பணவசதி உடையவர்களும், நல்ல உடல்நிலை உள்ளவர்களும் கல்லூரியில் சேர்ந்து படித்தல் நலம். தாவரங்களைப் பற்றியும், தரணியாள்வோர்களைப் பற்றியும், தனிப்பெரும் கணிதத்தைப் பற்றியும் ஆராய்ச்சி செய்யும் பெண்கட்கு, குடும்ப நிர்வாகமும், குழந்தை வளர்ப்பும் தெரியாமலிருப்பது நன்றன்று. ஆக, நாட்டின் இயல்புக்கும் பெண் தன்மைக்கும் ஏற்ற வண்ணமே கல்வி அமையவேண்டும். பெண்கள் தங்களுடைய ஆற்றலுக்கும், உடல் வலிமைக்கும், திறமைக்கும் ஏற்றவாறு காரியாலயங்களில் வேலை பார்க்கலாம். அந்த நாளில் இருந்தவாறு போல, இந்த நாளிலும் பெண்கள் தங்களுடைய பெற்றோர் சொத்தில் ஆண்மக்களுக்குக் கொடுப்பதில் கால் பாகத்தைப் பெறலாம். கணவன் இறந்த பின்பு மறுமணஞ் செய்து கொள்ள இளம் பெண்களை அதுமதிக்கலாம். மனம் ஒன்றி விட்டால் கலப்பு மணத்திற்கும், மனம் முறிந்து விட்டால் மணமுறிவிற்கும் இடமளிக்கலாம். ஆனால், புதிதாகப் பெற்ற இவ்வுரிமைகளைப் பெண்கள் சிறந்த முறையில் பயன் படுத்துவது மிகவும் இன்றியமையாததாகும்.

இதுகாறும் கூறியவற்றால், பெண்களும் தங்கள் திறமைக்கும், உடல் உரத்திற்கும் ஏற்றவாறு பற்பல தொழில்களில் ஈடுபடலாம் என்பதும், வீட்டுக்குள்ளே பெண்ணைப் பூட்டி வைப்போ மென்ற விந்தை மனிதர் தற் போது தலைகவிழ்ந்தார் என்பதும் வெள்ளிடை மலையாகத் தெரிகின்றன. உலகத்தில் மக்கள் தலைசிறந்து நிற்கற்கு அச்சாணி பெண்; இருசு ஆண்; இவைகளைக் கொண்ட வாழ்க்கையெனும் வண்டியே காலச்சக்கரங்கள் சுழல, நன்னெறியில் நன்கு ஓடும்.

உலக முன்னேற்றத்திற்குப் பெண்கள் முன்னேற்றமே அடிப்படை ஆகும். பெண்களை முன்னேற்றி, ஆண்களும் முன்னேறுவதே உலக முன்னேற்றம் ஆகும். இந்த உண்மையை உணர்ந்து எல்லோரும் ஒன்று பட்டு உயருவோமாக.

ஈ. கிருட்டினமூர்த்தி, IV B.A. (Hons) Maths.

எது செல்வம்?

பண்டைக்காலத்துச் சங்கப் புலவர்களால் பல நூல்கள் இயற்றப்பட்டன. அவை மக்களுக்குப் பலவகையிலும் பயனளித்து வருவது ஒருதலை. இவற்றுள் திருக் குறள் என்பதும் ஒன்று. இஃது எச்சமயத்திற்கும், எக்காலத்திற்கும், எந்நாட்டினற்கும், எம்மரபினற்கும் நலமளிக்கக் கூடிய நூல் என்பதை எல்லா அறிஞர்களும் ஏற்றுக்

తుక్క : త్రిమ్మరును వైపు కరుణా దృక్కులను బఱపి, కృష్ణదేవరాయల (చీతి పూర్వకముగఁ జూచి అర్చి) క్షమార్థనా నేను ? క్షమాశక్తిగలవాఁడా మత్తుతి ?

శ్రీ కృ : [కత్తిదించి] ఎట్లు ?

తిమ్మ : స్త్రీకి భర్త వియోగమే తగిన శిక్ష - (ఉద్వేగమున తుక్క వెనుకకుఁ దగ్గును).

శ్రీ కృ : అవును (తుక్కదేవివైపు తిరిగి) నేటినుండి నాకు నీ ముఖముఁ జూపరాదు. నీకంతఃపుర బహిష్కారము విధించడమైనది. అప్పాజీ నిన్ను మృత్యుముఖమునుండి దప్పించినాడు, ఆయనను తలచుకొనుచు నీ వెటకేనియుఁబొమ్ము (త్రిమ్మరునుతో) కాళాతీతమైనది. పోయి విశమింతము రండు. [శ్రీ రాయలు, తిమ్మరును నిష్క్రమింతురు.]

తుక్క : [అనిమేషయై నిలుచుండి] జీవిత ప్రవాహము మానవునకు లొంగదు. సుఖము నాశించినను, దుఃఖము నాశించినను మిగులునది దుఃఖమే ! మత్తుతి నన్ను జీవింపజేసిన సుఖమునకుఁ దూరముఁ గావించినాడు. మరణము సుఖతమము. (అలోచించుచు) నాకిప్పుడు గత్యంతరమేమి ? అటు పితకు నిటు పతికిఁ దప్పితిని. ఆత్మహత్య నేరము నిను మడింపజేయును. నేనిటనుండుటయుఁగాదు. భర్తను పూర్తిగ వదులుటయుఁగాదు. నీతి పతులను కాలమే గూర్చవలయును. (అంతఃపురము విడిచి వివ్యాసగరపు బహిర్దేశమువైపు పోవును.)

కంభము

[శ్రీ కృష్ణదేవరాయలు, తిమ్మరును మాటువేషములనుండురు. ఇద్దఱును వాహ్యశి కై గుఱ్ఱముల పైఁ బోవుచుండురు].

తిమ్మ : [తనలో] అహ ! తుక్కదేవి గుణసాశీల్య మేమని పొగడవచ్చును. భర్తచే విసర్జింపఁబడియు భర్త కీర్తికి దోహదము నిచ్చిన యీ పతిప్రత కెట్టికష్టముగలిగినది. తన దీనచరిత్ర యంతయు నాకు రహస్యముగ నెఱఁగించినది. తన తండ్రియైన గజపతి దౌష్ట్యమున కిమి నిమిత్తమాత్రమైనది. ఈ సాశీల్యవతిచే నిర్మింపఁబడిన యీ తటాకమును రాయలకుం జూచి యీతని నామే కడకు గొన్నెయి యామే నేలుకొనఁ జేయుట మద్విధి.

శ్రీ కృ : అప్పాజీ ! తమరేదో యాలోచించుచున్నట్లున్నారు ? చూచితరా, యీతటాక మహాన్న త్యము ? ఎవరు త్రవ్వించియుండురో గదా !

తిమ్మ : నేనును దానినే యాలోచించుచున్నాను. [తటాకము దగ్గఱగ కొంతదూరము పోయిన తర్వాత] అటు చూడుడు. వీడియో శిలాఫలకమున్నది. అది యీ తటాకద్భవమునకుఁ గారణమైన మహానుభావుని నామాక్షరముల ఫలకముగాఁబోలు. [నమిపించి ఫలకముం జదివి] వత్సా ! అశ్చర్యము ! ఇది నీచే నిర్మింపఁబడినదా ! నాకుఁ దెలియనైన లేదే ! !

శ్రీ కృ : [ఫలకమును నమిపించి మితిమీరిన యాశ్చర్యమున]. ఇట మన్నిర్మిత తటాకమని వ్రాయఁబడి యున్నదే ! ఇందేదియో విశేషమున్నది. గ్రామమున కరిగి తన్నిర్మాణకర్త యెవ్వరో తెలిసికొందము రండు.

[ఇద్దఱును గ్రామముఁ జేరి—యట నొక గ్రామస్థునితో].

తిమ్మ : ఆయ్యా ! ఈ తటాకముఁ ద్రవ్వించిన వారెవ్వరు ?

గ్రామస్థుఁడు : ఈ తటాక నిర్మాతయే మీకుఁదెలియదా ? బహుశా మీరీ సీమవారైయుండనేపరు. అదిగో ఆపర్వకు టీరముననుండు దేవతామూర్తియే తత్తటాక నిర్మాణకారిణి.

శ్రీ కృ : ఇది యింకను అద్భుతము. పర్వకు టీరముననుండు నొక స్త్రీ యా మహా తటాకమును నిర్మింపఁ జేసియుండునా ? అసంభవమును, అవిశ్వసనీయమున్ను.

తిమ్మ : ఏ పుట్టలో నే పాముండునే ? పోయి కన్గొనినఁగాని వాస్తవము బైట పడదు. పద, పాదము.

[ఇద్దఱును గ్రామస్థునిచేఁ జూపఁబడిన కుటీరమును నమిపించి అశ్వావరోహణము గావించి కుటీరముఁ బ్రవేశింతురు. అక్కఱిర వానినియు వారు వచ్చుటఁ దెలిసికొని వారివైపునడచును. అమె మధ్య వయస్క. సంస్కార విహీనమైన జుట్టు, అభరణాద్యలంకరణలకుఁ బేదపడిన తనువు. శ్రీ కృష్ణ దేవరాయ లామెను దేఱి పాఠఁజూచును. అమెయు నట్లే.]

శ్రీ కృ : [అనుమానాశ్చర్యములతో]. తుక్కయా !

తుక్క : ప్రభూ ! తమ దానిని, నిర్దోషిని, క్షంతవ్యము. [అతని పాదములపైఁబడి యేడ్చును. కన్నీటితో నాతని పాదముల సభిషేకించును.]

తిమ్మ, అవును. తుక్కాదేవిగారే. మీ వియోగమున నిర్దోషియైన యీ దేవిగారెంత ఖేదపడినారో.

శ్రీ కృ : నిర్దోషియా ! మత్స్యాణహరణ.

తిమ్మ : ఆగు వత్సా ! కోపమున కిదిసమయముగాదు. అమె నిర్దోషియే. తప్పంతయు నామె తండ్రి గజపతిది.

అమ్మాయి ! నీ చరిత్ర సంగ్రహముగ ప్రభువుతో నివేదించుము. రాయలూ ! నిర్మల చిత్తుడవు కమ్ము.

తుక్క : [మోకరించియే, రాయలతో], ప్రభూ ! దోషిగ మీ యెదుట నేమియు నేను చెప్పలేకున్నాను. స్త్రీలు సహజముగ మూర్ఖులు, తెలియని వారు. మూర్ఖత్వము నేరముగఁ బరిగణింపఁబడిన, వ్రతిస్థి దండనార్తయేయగును. అప్పాజీ బుద్ధివిశేషమున మాతండ్రి రాజ్యభృష్టుడై కానల పాలయ్యెను. మీ రాతని మరల గడ్డెన్నెక్కించితిరి. అవమాన మాతని హృదయమును దహించి నది. మిమ్ముఁబొరిగిని తనసంతాపముఁదీర్చుకొనఁదలచి బిడ్డనైన నన్ను సాధనముగఁ చేసినాడు. కటక నగరముననే యావని గావలసినది కాని మీరు శోభనమునకు విజయనగరమునకే రమ్మనినారు. మా తండ్రి చెప్పవలసిన వన్నియుఁ జెప్పిపంపినారు. హృదయము నిమి తముఁ దప్పినది. కింకర్తవ్యతా విమూఢుడై తుదకు నామాంగల్యమునకే ముప్పుఁదెచ్చి కొనఁ దలపడి తగిన ఫలమనుభవించితిని. మీచే నిరాకరింపఁబడి యారాత్రియే విజయనగర మును వదలితిని. భర్తకు దూరముఁజేసిన తండ్రి నాకు విరోధిగఁ గన్పడెను. తండ్రి దగ్గఱకు పోక స్వయముగఁ బ్రతికి నానిర్దోషిత్వము తమకుఁ దెలియఁజేయవలెనను సంకల్పమున న్నాత్మహత్యనుండి దప్పింప నీ గ్రామమునఁజేరి జీవించుచుండ, తండ్రిగారైన గజపతి యీ సంగతినితెలిసి నన్నటకుఁ గొనిపోవుటకై కొంఠఱ భటులనంప నే రానిని చెప్పితిని. కాని మా తండ్రి కన్న మరులుచేతఁ గాబోలు మిక్కుటమగు ధనమునాకుఁ బంపు చుండెను. నేనును వచ్చిన భటులతో నాజన్మ రహస్యము నెవరికిని దెలుపవలదని శాసించి యాధనముతో తమ పేరిట యీ తటాకమును నిర్మించి జీవనముఁగడుపుచు మీ రాకకెదురు చూచుచుంటిని.

తిమ్మ : తల్లీ ! ఈ తటాక నిర్మాణమున సనేక ప్రజలకు నన్న ప్రదానముఁజేసి యన్నపూర్ణ వైనావు.

[శ్రీ కృష్ణదేవరాయలు వింటున్నాడు. మనస్సు కరిగినది. కన్నీటి బిందువులు చెక్కిల్లేపై జాఱ మొదలిడినవి. ముగ్ధుడై మూగతనముఁ బొందిన వానివలెనున్నాడు.]

తుక్క : నేటికైనను నా నిర్దోషిత్వాన్ని బైటఁబెట్టగలిగినాను. మీరు నన్ను క్షమించినఁజాలును. మీ రానాఁడు కత్తితోఁజేయ సంకల్పించిన పనిని నే నీనాఁడు సంతోషమున స్వహస్తములతోఁ జేసికొనుటకు సంసిద్ధురాలనై యున్నాను.

తిమ్మ, వత్సా ! నిర్దోషియు, పశ్చాత్తాప తప్తయునగు నీమెఁ బరిగ్రహించుము. వైరిరాజుల దోషముల మన్నింప నమకట్టెడి నీవు నిర్దోషియైన స్వకాంతను మన్నించి పరిగ్రహించుటకు నాలసించెద వేల.

శ్రీ కృ : [కడకు కంఠము పెల్లిగిం]. తుక్కా ! నారాణి.

[ఇంక మాటలు రావు తుక్కను లేవనెత్తును. ముఖముపై దృష్టినిల్పును. ఆ ముఖము స్నిగ్ధమై, యమాయకమై. కన్నీటిమయమై, ప్రకాశవంతమై కనఁబడును. అమెను దూరముగ నుంచన శక్తుఁడు. అమెను తన హృదయమునకు హత్తుకొనును.]

రచన : రా. శివశంకర రెడ్డి. 3 వ వియస్. సి.

ప్రాధువోయెను అళిరాజ పోవుచుంటి
జయము గాంచుత నీగతి జగతిలోన
మఱువ బొకుము నన్ను నే తరుణమందు
ర కిగను మిదె నాదు నీరాజనములు.

ప్రసూనార్పణము,
"వంచక".

(9)

അങ്ങ് കാക്കനാണോ, നമ്മുടെ കലാലയജീവിതം? രാവയെ അറിയാത്തവരായോ. അവളുടെ പേരു പറയുമ്പോൾ പുഞ്ചിരിച്ചുവാങ്ങവരെ അനുണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ല. എത്രയെത്ര യുവഹൃദയങ്ങൾ എന്റെ സ്മരണയിൽ കിടന്നിരുന്നില്ല! എന്റെ മോടിപ്പിടിയിൽ മഴിമറന്നു! എന്നോട് ഒന്ന് സംസാരിക്കുവാൻ എത്രയെത്ര ചെറുപ്പക്കാർ പണിപ്പെട്ടിരുന്നു! രാവിലെ ഞാൻ കറുത്തുപോയ വേഷം എന്റെ കാനിസ് ചുറ്റും എത്ര സന്ദർശനങ്ങൾ കൾക്കുറയ്ക്കും ചോദിച്ചു! എന്നെ സ്വീകരിക്കുവാൻ പറ്റിയില്ല! അങ്ങയുടെ ഗംഭീരമായ മുഖം ഞാൻ ഇന്നും നല്ല പോലെ കാണും. എന്നെ ആരാധിക്കുവാനും എന്നോട് കൊഞ്ചിക്കുകയുവാനും വരാതിരുന്ന ചുരുക്കം മിഥിലർ അങ്ങനെയായിരുന്നല്ലോ മുൻപൻ. സന്ദർശനമില്ലാത്ത ശാന്തഗംഭീരനായ അങ്ങയോട് എനിക്ക് വളരെ വെറുപ്പായിരുന്നു. കാബറുപുതുവാൻപോലും എന്നെ പ്രീണനം ചെയ്യാൻ അവസരം കാത്തു നില്ക്കുമ്പോൾ, ഒരൊരാളും വെറുപ്പും കാണിച്ച് ഗെയിം നടിച്ച് അങ്ങനെ ഒഴിഞ്ഞുമാറി നില്ക്കുക. അത് ഞാൻ എങ്ങനെ സഹിക്കും! കൂട്ടത്തിൽവെച്ചല്ലാതെ

കററക്കുമാത്രം കാണുമ്പോൾ അത് എന്തെന്ന് സഹായപൂർവ്വം നോക്കുന്നുണ്ടെന്ന് ഞാൻ മനസ്സിലാക്കി. എനിക്ക് ആ സഹായപൂർവ്വം തീരെ പിടിച്ചില്ല;— ആ നോട്ടത്തെ ഞാൻ അത്ഭുതപ്പെട്ടവെപ്പോടെ എതിർത്തു. ഞാൻ സന്തോഷം അങ്ങയുടെ ഉദ്ദേശ്യത്തിനും മുമ്പെ വെട്ടിച്ചു കളഞ്ഞു.

ആ ഒരു ദിവസം—നാം പരമശുഭങ്ങളെപ്പോലെ സംസാരിച്ച ആ ദിവസം— ഞാൻ ഇതാ പ്രത്യക്ഷത്തിൽ കാണുന്നു. നമ്മുടെ ക്ലാസിൽ വേഷത്തിലും നടപ്പിലും ധാരാളമായ നടനപ്രഭാവം കരണം ഞാനുമായി സല്ലാപത്തിലായിപ്പോയി ഞാൻ മണിനാദം പോലെ പൊട്ടിച്ചിരിച്ചു. അതിനശേഷം അത് എന്തോട് വളരെ പഴയതായി, എന്റെ പൊട്ടിച്ചിരിക്കലേയും പ്രഭാവകരമായുള്ള അനാശാസ്യമായ വേർപെടലും അപരമായി, സംസാരിച്ചു. അഹങ്കാരത്തിന്റെ തീരത്തുള്ളിൽ എന്തെന്തെന്നും മറന്ന ഞാൻ അങ്ങനെ മറയ്ക്കു വീഴ്ചകളുടെ മുമ്പിൽ വെച്ച് ചിത്തപാതയെ. യൗവനത്തിന്റെ മോരത്തിലൂടെ അങ്ങനെ ഞാനധീഷ്ഠിപ്പിച്ചതിന് അന്ന് പശ്ചാത്തപിക്കുവാനും പെട്ടില്ല. അവിടെ ആ വാക്കുകൾ നല്ലപോലെ ഞാൻ കാണുന്നു.

“മിസ് രാധ, നിങ്ങളുടെ മനസ്സ് സംസാരിക്കുന്നു. പഠിപ്പം സൗന്ദര്യവും മറ്റാരുടെ മാനദണ്ഡങ്ങളാണ്. സൗന്ദര്യം ക്ഷണിക്കാണെന്നും മറ്റാരുടെ സർവ്വഭാവത്തിന്റെ മുന്നോടിയുമാണ്.”

പ്രഭാകരന്റെ ആധ്വാനത്തിലും ധാരാളത്തിലും ഭ്രമിച്ച ഞാൻ ഒരു കളിപ്പാവയെപ്പോലെ കൂത്താടി. എനിക്ക് വേണ്ടിയാണെന്നും ജീവിക്കുന്നതെന്നും,— ഞാൻ അയാളുടെ ദേവതയാണെന്നും,— എന്നെ കൂടാതെ ലോകം തന്നെയും അയാൾക്ക് നകരമാണെന്ന്, അയാൾ എന്നെ തെറ്റിദ്ധരിപ്പിച്ചു. എന്റെ സൗന്ദര്യത്തിലായി ഞാൻ വ്യാമോഹിച്ചു.

വിദ്യാർത്ഥിപ്പാലത്തിന് മുഴുവൻതന്നെയും ലജ്ജാപരമായ അനന്തരസംഭവം അവിടന്നും മറന്നിരിക്കാറില്ല. പ്രഭാകരനെ ഞാൻ എന്തിന് ഓടിക്കൊണ്ടു? എന്റെ വിധിയേയും ഞാൻ പഴിക്കുന്നില്ല. അവനവൻ ചെയ്യുന്ന ആലോചനാരഹിതമായ പ്രവൃത്തിക്ക് എന്തിന് വിധിയെ കുറപ്പെടുത്തണം? എന്റെ കമ്പുകാതം ലോകദൃഷ്ടിയിൽ പതിഞ്ഞു കാണത്തക്കവണ്ണം ഞാൻ നഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടു. ഞാൻ വനദേവതയാണെന്ന് പറഞ്ഞവർ—എന്നിൽനിന്നും ഒഴിഞ്ഞുനിൽക്കി. പരീക്ഷയ്ക്ക് പഠിക്കുവാനോ, ക്ലാസുകളിൽ പതിവായി പോകുന്നതിനോ, എനിക്ക് സാധിച്ചില്ല. എന്റെ ശരീരത്തിൽ പിന്നീടുവന്ന മാറ്റങ്ങൾ എനിക്ക് മറയ്ക്കുവാൻതന്നെ കഴിഞ്ഞില്ല. ഒരു മാതാവുകാർ തുടങ്ങുന്ന ലക്ഷണങ്ങൾ!!!

മധ്യ, അവിടന്ന് എന്നെ കരുണാപൂർവ്വം നോക്കുന്നുണ്ടായിരുന്നെന്ന് ഞാൻ അറിഞ്ഞു. ഒരു സാധാരണത്തിൽ ചിന്താധീനയായി ഞാൻ കാഴ്ചയിന്റെ വരാന്തയിൽ നിൽക്കുമ്പോൾ, അത്ഭുതം ധീരതയിൽ എന്നെ സമീപിച്ചു. എന്തോ ചിലത് അത്ഭുതമായി സംസാരിക്കണമെന്ന് പറഞ്ഞ് എന്നെ കൂട്ടിക്കൊണ്ടുപോയി. എന്തോട് എന്തെല്ലാം ഗുണഭോഷിച്ചു, യാചിച്ചു, അപേക്ഷിച്ചു, എന്റെ ഇരുട്ടത്തോളം വാസ്തവധാരണം എനിക്ക് കാട്ടിത്തന്നു. സൂക്ഷ്മ അപരാധങ്ങളും അവിടന്ന് തന്നെ ഏറ്റകൊള്ളാമെന്നും, കൂട്ടിക്കൂട്ടിയ അമ്പലങ്ങളെക്കുറിച്ച് വ്യാകുലപ്പെടാതെ പഠിത്തം തുടരണമെന്നും ലോകദൃഷ്ടിയിൽ താൻതന്നെ കുറക്കുന്നതായി കൊള്ളാമെന്നും അത്ഭുതം പറഞ്ഞു. യോനിധിയായ അവിടുത്തെ മഹാമനസ്സിൽ ഞാൻ അത്ഭുതപ്പെട്ടു. എന്നാൽ അധീഷ്ഠിതനായ ഒരു യുവാവ് എനിക്ക് വേണ്ടി—ലോകത്തിലാകത്തന്നെ തയ്യാറാവാത്ത ഒരു മ

ഹാത്യാഗത്തിന് ഒരുവെട്ടുക! ഞാൻ ഒന്നും പറഞ്ഞില്ല. എനിക്ക് നാവു് ആടിയില്ല! ഒന്നും പറയാതെ അങ്ങയുടെ മുമ്പിൽനിന്നും ഞാൻ മാറിപ്പോയെ.

നാഥ, അന്ന് രാത്രിയിൽ ഗാഢമായി ഞാൻ ചിന്തിച്ചു. അങ്ങയ്ക്ക് എന്തോട് തോന്നിയ കരുണാമയ്യനായ പാവന പ്രണയത്തിന്റെ ഭാരം ഈരടിയും ഭാരം സൂചി മനയായി എന്റെ കരളിൽ തറഞ്ഞുകയറി. കളങ്കപങ്കിളമായ എന്റെ ചരിത്രം ഭാവിയീവിതപാതാവാതിൽ ഒരു വിലങ്ങുതടിയായി ചീടുന്നുവെന്ന് ഞാനറിഞ്ഞു. നിശ്ചയമായ ഞാൻ അവിടുത്തെ സുശോഭനഭാവത്തിൽ കരിമ്പരിത്തേക്കു തെന്ന് നിശ്ചയിച്ചു.

പിറ്റേന്നാൾ അങ്ങയുടെ മുഖത്തുനിന്നുവന്നു ഞാൻ ധൈര്യപ്പെട്ടില്ല. പക്ഷെ അവിടുത്തെ കണ്ണുകൾ ബാഷ്പാവിധമാണെന്ന് ഞാൻ കണ്ടു. പ്രഭാകരൻ എന്നിൽനിന്ന് വളരെ അകന്നു. ഭാരോഭാവം കസേരയിൽനിന്ന് തേങ്ങു് നടക്കുന്ന ഭ്രമത്തിന് ഒരു പുഷ്പത്തിൽത്തന്നെ പ്രത്യേകതയില്ലല്ലോ. ഒടുവിൽ ഞാനറച്ചു. എനിക്ക് ഒരുതരത്തിലും മുന്നോട്ട് പോകുവാൻ സിദ്ധിയില്ലെന്ന് ഞാൻ മനസ്സിലാക്കി. ഞാൻ കാഴ്ചക്ക് വീട്ടു; നാടുവിട്ടു. ഭൂമിയിൽനിന്നുതന്നെ അപ്രത്യക്ഷയാവാൻ ഉദേശ്യമായ ശിശുവിനെപ്പറ്റിയുള്ള ചിന്ത എന്നെ അനുഭവിച്ചില്ല. ഞാൻ വിദേശങ്ങളിൽ പലയിടത്തും അലഞ്ഞു. ഞാൻ പ്രസവിച്ചു. എന്റെ ശിശു ലാളുവില്ലാത്ത അനാഥമന്ദിരത്തിൽ വളർന്നുവരികയാണ്. മി മധ്യ ക്ഷമിക്കണം—പരമാർത്ഥത്തിന്റെ നഗ്നവശം ഞാൻ കാണിക്കുകയാണ്, എന്റെ ശരീരം എത്രയോ കാമക്കൊമരങ്ങളുടെ മാംസഭാരം പശാന്നിക്ക് വിധേയമായി! വാഷങ്ങളായി കഴിഞ്ഞു.

എന്നെ ഈ മഹാരോഗം ബാധിച്ചു. ദുസ്സന്തയുടെ ഉത്തമലക്ഷ്യമായി ഞാൻ അതിനെ രോഗചികിത്സയ്ക്ക് പണയപ്പെട്ടു. എന്റെ ശരീരത്തിന്റെ വില ഇടിക്കുന്നു. ഒന്നാലും എന്നെ കൂടി വിട്ടിട്ടു; കല്ലെറിഞ്ഞു; ഗവണ്മണ്ടിന്റെ ബലിഷ്ഠമസ്സങ്ങൾ എന്നെ ജയിച്ചുപിന്നീട് ഈ കഷ്ടരോഗാശുപത്രിയിലുമാക്കി. ഞാൻ അങ്ങനെ കഴികയാണ്. നിത്യവും ഞാൻ ഇഞ്ചിഞ്ചായി മരിക്കുകയാണ്. അതിനാൽ മരണം എനിക്ക് പുത്തരിയല്ല. ഞാൻ അങ്ങയുടെ ജീവിതാഭിപ്രായത്തിൽ അത്യാസക്തയായിരുന്നു. ഉപരംപറഞ്ഞിനായുള്ള അങ്ങയുടെ പരാദശഗമനവും പ്രശസ്തചിന്തയും അതിനുശേഷമുള്ള ദേശസേവനവും ജയിൽ ജീവിതവും ഞാൻ പത്രമുഖനായി അറിഞ്ഞു. ഭാരതമാതാവിന്റെ അഭിമാനത്തോടു കൂടി അങ്ങനെ എല്ലാവരും വാനോളം പുകഴ്ത്തിയപ്പോൾ, ഞാൻ അളവറ ആനന്ദമനുഭവിച്ചു. സ്വതന്ത്രഭാരതത്തിന്റെ ഭരണകൂടം അങ്ങയുടെ സേവനമാവശ്യപ്പെട്ടു. അങ്ങയ്ക്ക് ഇപ്പോൾ ലഭിച്ചിരിക്കുന്ന പരമപദവി അങ്ങയ്ക്ക് ഇനിയും കൈവരാനിരിക്കുന്ന നേട്ടങ്ങളെ, സൂചിപ്പിക്കുകയാണ്.

മധ്യ, ഞാൻ അങ്ങയെപ്പറ്റി—ദേവതയിൽ ദേവനായ എന്റെ മധുവിനെപ്പറ്റി—സ്മരിച്ചു ആനന്ദപാശങ്ങളോടെ ഒരു നിമിഷംപോലുമില്ല—അങ്ങയുടെ പത്നീപദത്തിനർഹമായ വിലാസിനിയൊപ്പാലെ ഭാഗ്യവതി ഇന്ന് ഈ ലോകത്തുനിന്നു വിനയശീലയും ആദർശപതിയുമായ വിലാസിനി. നമ്മുടെ സഹപാഠി—ക്ക് എന്റെ അന്തിമശിഷ്യകൾ!!

ദേവ, അങ്ങയ്ക്ക് എന്തോട് എന്തു് മനോഭാവമാണിപ്പോളുള്ളതെന്ന് എനിക്കറിഞ്ഞുകൂടാ. അതിന്റെ അനുകൂല പ്രതികൂലവശങ്ങളെപ്പറ്റി ഞാൻ ചിന്തിക്കുന്നില്ല. എനിക്ക് അങ്ങയെ ഒന്ന് കാണണമെന്ന് ആഗ്രഹമുണ്ടെങ്കിലും അതിന് ഈ ജീവിതത്തിൽ എനിക്ക് സാധിക്കുകയില്ലെന്നറിയാം. ദേവനായി ഒരുപകരം ചെയ്യുക! അനാഥമന്ദിരത്തിൽ വളർന്നവനെ എന്റെ

കൊച്ചു മധുവിനെ (മറപ്പ് തരണം അങ്ങയുടെ പേരാണ് ഞാനവനിട്ടിരിക്കുന്നത്) അവിടത്തെ രക്ഷാഹസ്തങ്ങളിലേക്ക് ഞാനിതാ അർപ്പിക്കുന്നു. പ്രഭാകരൻ ഇപ്പോൾ ഒരു ഡാക്ടറാണെന്നു കേട്ടു. ഒരു പക്ഷെ അയാൾ അങ്ങയുടെ സ്നേഹിതനായിരിക്കാം. എന്തോ കൊച്ചു മധുവിനെപ്പറ്റി ആ നീലാനന്ദന് പരയുകപോലും ചെയ്യേണ്ടേ.

മധു, ഞാൻ എന്തിനധികം എഴുതി അങ്ങയെ മുഷിപ്പിക്കണം? അങ്ങയുടെ വിലയേറിയ സമയം നശിപ്പിക്കണം? മാരകമായ ഈ മഹാരോഗത്തിന്റെ പിടിയിൽ പെട്ട് ഇഞ്ചിഞ്ചായി നശിക്കുന്ന-യാതനകൊണ്ട് തളർന്ന എന്റെ ജീവിതം ഞാൻ അവസാനിപ്പിക്കുവാൻ ഉറച്ചു. ആ തന്മഹത്വ ഭീരുത്വത്തിന്റെ ലക്ഷണമാണെന്നു പറയുന്നത് അബലമാണ്. അത് ഒരു ദീവ്യംഗുഹമാത്രം. ഈ എഴുത്ത് കിട്ടി അങ്ങ് വായിച്ചു കഴിയുന്നതിനുവേണ്ടി ഞാൻ ഈ ലോകത്തോടു യാത്ര പറഞ്ഞിരിക്കാം. ക്ഷമിക്കണം, എന്റെ പ്രവൃത്തി അവിവേകമാണെങ്കിൽ!

മധു, മധുസൂദനാ, എന്റെ പ്രിയപ്പെട്ട മധു, ഞാൻ പേരുവിളിച്ചെങ്കിലും തൃപ്തയാവട്ടെ!

അങ്ങയ്ക്ക് ശുഭാശംസകൾ! നമസ്കാരം.

രാധ.

വിലാസിനി വന്നു മുഖത്ത് വെള്ളം തളിച്ച് എന്നെ ബോധവാാനാക്കിയപ്പോഴാണ് ഞാൻ തോന്നാണെന്നും ഒരേഴുത്ത് വായിച്ചാണ് പ്രജ്ഞയറ്റതെന്നും അറിഞ്ഞത്. ഞാൻ നിശ്ചിന്തയായിട്ടും ആ കണ്ണു അവൾ വായിക്കുന്നില്ലെന്ന് വിലാസിനി പറഞ്ഞു.

പകുപ്പുവകാശം കാമികന്.

സൂക്തം.

അരിതവര പഴിവാതിനേവ |

തേരദേ പാമര ജനകംജര |

പരകുപുതു സരയാഗി മിഥിവത പുരുഷനിമരദിനേ ||

തുമുനി തരദിത തമമുദിനേ ||

ജരയവുതു സരയാഗി കാരുത |

മരുത കണ്ണുനീർ കാരുത തേരദിനേ പേരുതു ||

അരിയമരനവയേഴിനേ ||

നേരവനേതു നയമനേ ||

നേര വനേതേ ബുദ്ധനേനേനേനേനേനേ ||

കിരയമനേതേ സരദിനേ ||

കിരദേ പാഴിയനേനേനേനേ ||

തേരദിനേ പാഗാരവനേ നേരദിനേ ||

അഴുത വാരുതേ മനേനേനേ ||

തേരദിനേനേനേനേനേനേ ||

തേരദിനേനേനേനേനേനേനേ ||

നേരദിനേനേനേനേനേ ||

തേരദിനേനേനേനേനേ ||

തേരദിനേനേനേനേനേനേ ||

തേരദിനേനേനേനേനേ ||

തേരദിനേനേനേനേനേ ||

തേരദിനേനേനേനേനേനേ ||

തേരദിനേനേനേനേനേ ||

തേരദിനേനേനേനേനേ ||

തേരദിനേനേനേനേനേനേ ||

ಏಕು ಕಾಲದ ವರೆಗೆ ದೇಹದೊ |
 ಏಷ್ಯವೆನಿಸುವ ಹರಣವಿರುವುದೊ |
 ಅಷ್ಟುಕಾಲಂಬರುವು ಸುಗುಣಿಯು ಪರರನುಪಚರಿಸಂ ||
 ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯೊಳು ಮಾನಿಸರು ತರುವನು |
 ನಷ್ಟಗೊಳವನ್ನೆವರಮವು ಸಂ |
 ತುಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದಲೆ ನೆಳಲು ಹಣ್ಣುಗಳನ್ನು ನೀಡುವುವು ||

ಒಡೆಯನಭ್ಯುದಯದಲಿ ಧನವಂ |
 ಪಡೆಯುವಕ್ಕರೆಯಿಂದ ಹಲವರು |
 ಬಿಡದೆ ಸೇವಿಸುವನನಾತನ ಹೀನದಸೆಯೊಳಗಂ
 ಬಿಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲವು ಧನಿಕನಾಗುವ |
 ನೊಡನೆ ಯೆನುತಂತಿರಿಯವಂ ಸ |
 ತೊಡೆಯುವಾತನ ಕಜ್ಜವನು ನಡೆಯಿಸರು ನೇರಿದರು ||

ಕರಿಗಳೆನಿತನೊ ಪೂರ್ವದವರಾ |
 ಗಿರಿಯು ಮವರೆಯ್ತುತೆ ತಮ್ಮನು |
 ಮರೆವುಗ ಲ್ಕಾ ದರಿಸದಿಹೇನರವನರಿತವರು ||
 ಮೊರೆಯನಾಲಿಸಿ ಕರೆಯನೊಂದಿದ |
 ಹರೆಯನತಿ ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂ ಬಾಂ |
 ದೊರೆಯನಾಧನು ತನ್ನ ಮುಡಿಯೊಳಗಿರಿಸಿ ಕೊಂಡನಲೇ ||

ಗುಣಗಳೆನಿತೆನಿತಿರಲುಮವುಗಳ |
 ನಿಣಕಿ ನೋಡದೆ ಯಲ್ಪ ದೋಷದ |
 ಗಣನೆಯಿಂದಲೆ ದೊಷಿಯೆನಿತೋ ಮುದವನೊಂದುವನು ||
 ಉಣುವುದಕ್ಕಿ ನಿವಣ್ಣೆನಿತೋ |
 ದಣಿಯದೆಯ ದೊರೆಯಲ್ಕು ಪೇಕ್ಷಿಸಿ |
 ತಣುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೆ ಕಾಗೆ ಬೇವನ್ನರಸಿ ತಿನ್ನುತಲಿ ||

ಗುರುಪದಕ್ಕರಗದಿದ ಮೌಳಿಯು |
 ಪರಂಗಿಯದ ಪಾಣಿಯುಗಳವು |
 ಮೆರೆವ ವಾಣಿಯನೊರೆಯದಿಹ ನಾಲಿಗೆಯು ಬಳಕ ||
 ನೆರೆ ಪರಾಕ್ರಮವನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸ |
 ದಿರುವ ತೋಳ್ಳಳು ಹರಿಯ ಚರಿತೆಯ |
 ನರಿಯದಿರುತಿಹ ಕೊಡಕೆಗಳು ನಿಷ್ಫಲವು ಮನುಜರಿಗೆ ||

ಧೈರ್ಯ ಶಾರ್ವ ಸುಬುದ್ಧಿ ಯಿರದನ |
 ಕಾರ್ಯವನುರಾಗಂಗಳೇತಕೆ |
 ಧೈರ್ಯ ಶಾರ್ವ ಸುಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿದನುರಾಗಮಿರದಿರೆಯೇ ||
 ಧೈರ್ಯ ಸುಧಿ ಭಕ್ತಾದಿ ಗುಣಮು |
 ಧೈರ್ಯನೊಡೆಯಂಗಾಪ್ತನುಳಿದರು |
 ಭಾರ್ಯ ಮುಂತಾದವರ ತೆರವೈ ಕಷ್ಟಸುಖಗಳೊಳು ||

ಬಿ. ನಂಜುಂಡಸ್ವಾಮಿ.

ಸ್ತ್ರೀ ವಿ ದ್ಯಾ ಭ್ಯಾ ಸ.

ಇಂದಿನ ಭಾರತ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಪ್ರಾಮುಖ್ಯವಾದ ವಿಚಾರವೇನೆಂದರೆ ಸ್ತ್ರೀವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸ. ಸ್ತ್ರೀವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿಂದೂದೇಶವು ಬಹಳ ಹಿಂದುಳಿದಿದೆ. ಹಿಂದೂದೇಶದಿಂದ ಪರಕೀಯ ರಾಜ್ಯಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಳುಹಿಸಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿರುವ ರಾಯಭಾರಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಜಯಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿ ಪಂಡಿಟ್, ಕೇಂದ್ರಸರ್ಕಾರದ ಮಂತ್ರಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ರಾಜಕುಮಾರಿ ಅಮ್ಮತಕರ್, ಇರುವರೆಂದೂ, ಪ್ರಾಂತ್ಯದ ಗಾರ್ನ್‌ರಾಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸರೋಜಿನಿಯಾಡು ಇದ್ದರೆಂದೂ, ನಾವು, ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಶದ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರು ಬಹಳ ಮುಂದುವರಿದಿರುವರೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸಿಕೊಂಡೆ. ಹೀಗೆ ವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತೆಯ ರಾಗಿದ್ದು ಸರ್ಕಾರದ ಘನಪದವಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಹೆಂಗಸರ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆಯು ಅತಿ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ. ಗಾಂಧಿಜಿಯವರು ಹೇಳಿದಂತೆ ಈ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆಯು ಸಮುದ್ರದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಒಂದು ನೀರಿನ ಹನಿಯೆಹಾಗೆ—a drop on the ocean. ನಮ್ಮ ನಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತರ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆಯೇ ಕಡಮೆ. ಅದರಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ವಿದ್ಯಾವತಿಯರಾದ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಕಡಮೆ.

ಇಂದಿನ ಮಕ್ಕಳು ಮುಂದಿನ ಜನಾಂಗವೆಂಬುದನ್ನೂ ಮತ್ತು ಮಕ್ಕಳ ಫೋಷಣೆಯ ಜವಾಬ್ದಾರಿ ಬಹುಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರನ್ನೇ ಅವಲಂಬಿಸಿರುವುದೆಂಬುದನ್ನೂ ಅರಿತರೆ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸದ ಪ್ರಾಮುಖ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆಗಳು ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಗೊತ್ತಾಗುತ್ತವೆ. ಧರ್ಮ, ನೀತಿ, ಕಲೆ, ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ ಇವೇ ಮುಂತಾದ ಮಹತ್ವದ ವಿಚಾರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತೆಯರೇ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ಗುರಿಯಾಗಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ವೀರ ಅಭಿಯನ್ಯು, ಛತ್ರಪತಿ ಶಿವಾಜಿ ಇವರೇ ಮೊದಲಾದ ವಿಭೂತಿಗಳ ತಾಯಂದಿರ ಮಹಿಮೆಯಂತಹುದು. ಮಾತೆಯರಾಗಿ ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲದೆ ಪತ್ನಿಯರಾಗಿ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರು ಜನ್ಮಾಂಗಧ ಉದ್ಧಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣರಾಗಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ದ್ರಾಪದಿ ಮತ್ತು ಕಸ್ತೂರೀಬಾಯಿ ಇವರೇ ಮೊದಲಾದವರು ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಕ್ಷಿಯಾಗಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಈ ಕಾರಣಗಳಿಂದ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರು ವಿದ್ಯಾವತಿಯರೂ ಸುಸಂಸ್ಕೃತರೂ ಆಗಿರಬೇಕಾದುದು ಜನಾಂಗದ ಮುನ್ನಡೆಯ, ದೇಶದ ಹಿತಸಾಧನೆಯ ಮತ್ತು ಗ್ರಾಮಗಳ ಪುನರ್ರಚನೆಯ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ಅವಶ್ಯಕವಾಗಿದೆ. ಪುರುಷನು ಎಷ್ಟೇ ವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತನೂ, ಸುಸಂಸ್ಕೃತನೂ ಆಗಿ

ದ್ವಾಗ್ಯಾ, ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪತ್ನಿಯಾಗಲಿ ತಾಯಿಯಾಗಲಿ ಅವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವನು ಯಾವ ವಿಚಾರ ದಲ್ಲಾಗಲಿ ತಿದ್ದು ಪಾಡುಗಳನ್ನು ಅಥವಾ ಮಾರ್ಪಾಡುಗಳನ್ನು ಕೈಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಸಮರ್ಥನಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಈ ವಿಚಾರವೆಲ್ಲಿ ಡಾ. ಭರತನ್ ಕುನಾಸಪ್ಪನವರು ಹೇಳಿರುವ ಮಾತುಗಳು ಗಮನಾರ್ಹವಾದುವುಗಳಾಗಿವೆ

"He may want to eat unpolished rice, as being more nutritive than polished rice, to invite his muslim or christian friends to his house for a meal, to educate his girls, to abolish purdah and not to observe caste. But he can do none of these things till his mother and wife are converted." - "ಪಾಲಿಷ್ ಮಾಡದ ಅಕ್ಕಿಯು ಪಾಲಿಷ್ ಮಾಡಿದ ಅಕ್ಕಿಗಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಪುಷ್ಟಿಕರವೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ಅರಿತು ಅದನ್ನು ತಿನ್ನಬೇಕೆಂದಾಗಲಿ, ಮುಸಲ್ಮಾನ ಅಥವಾ ಕ್ರೈಶ್ಚಿಯನ್ ಧರ್ಮದ ತನ್ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರನ್ನು ತನ್ನ ಮನೆಗೆ ಭೋಜನಕ್ಕೆ ಆಹ್ವಾನಿಸ ಬೇಕೆಂದಾಗಲಿ ತನ್ನ ಹೆಣ್ಣುಮಕ್ಕಳನ್ನು ವಿದ್ಯಾವತಿಯರನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಬೇಕೆಂದಾಗಲಿ, ಜಾತಿಗಳ ತಾರತಮ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಬಿಡಬೇಕೆಂದಾಗಲಿ ಪುರುಷನು ಅಪಿಕ್ರಿಸ್ತ ಬಹುದು ಆದರೆ ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿ ಮತ್ತು ಹೆಂಡತಿಯರು ಈ ವಿಚಾರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಪರಿವರ್ತನೆ ಗೊಳ್ಳುವವರೆಗೆ ಅವನು ಈ ಯಾವ ವಿಚಾರಗಳನ್ನೂ ಕಾರ್ಯರೂಪಕ್ಕೆ ತರಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗಲಾರದು."

ಒಂದು ಸಮಾಜದ ತೇರ್ಗಡೆಗೆ ಆಸಮಾಜದ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರೇ ಅಡಿಗಲ್ಲಾಗುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯೂ ಗುಣವೂ ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯ ಗರ್ಭದಲ್ಲಿರು ವಾಗಲೇ ಅಂಕುರಿಸುವುದೆಂತಲೂ, ಈ ಗುಣಗಳ ಸ್ವರೂಪವು ಬಹುತರ ತಾಯಿಯ ಗುಣಗಳನ್ನೇ ಅನುಸರಿಸುತ್ತದೆಂತಲೂ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಜ್ಞರು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಅದುದರಿಂದ ಹೆಂಗು ಸರಿಗೆ ವಿದ್ಯೆಕಲಿಸಿ ಜ್ಞಾನಾಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿ ಮಾಡಿದರೆ ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತರಾದ ಜನರು ಹುಟ್ಟುವುದು ಹೆಚ್ಚುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ವಿಚಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಹತ್ವದ ಅನುಭವೋಕ್ತಿ ಯೊಂದುಂಟು "If you educate a man, you educate an individual. But if you educate a woman, you educate the whole family". "ಒಬ್ಬ ಪುರುಷನನ್ನು ನೀವು ವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತನನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿದರೆ, ಒಬ್ಬ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರವೇ ವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತನನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿದಂತಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಒಬ್ಬ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯನ್ನು ವಿದ್ಯಾವತಿಯನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿದರೆ ಕುಟುಂಬದವರನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತರನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿದಂತಾಗುತ್ತದೆ" ಈ ಕಾರಣಗಳಿಂದ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸವು ಪುರುಷರ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸಕ್ಕಿಂತಲೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಮಹತ್ವದ್ದಾಗಿದೆ. ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರು ಜನಾಂಗದ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯ ನಿಜವಾದ ಧರ್ಮದರ್ಶಿಗಳಾಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಆದುದರಿಂದ ದೇಶಭಕ್ತರು ತಮ್ಮ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಮತ್ತು ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸದ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಕೇಂದ್ರೀಕರಣ ಮಾಡುವುದು ಅಗತ್ಯವೆಂದು ಹೇಳಬೇಕಾಗಿದೆ.

ಪಿ. ವಿ. ರಾಜ್ ಕುಮಾರ್.

IV. B. A. (E con.)



5L
T45, t. 21m, N41
NSP-9-1