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The Presidencian

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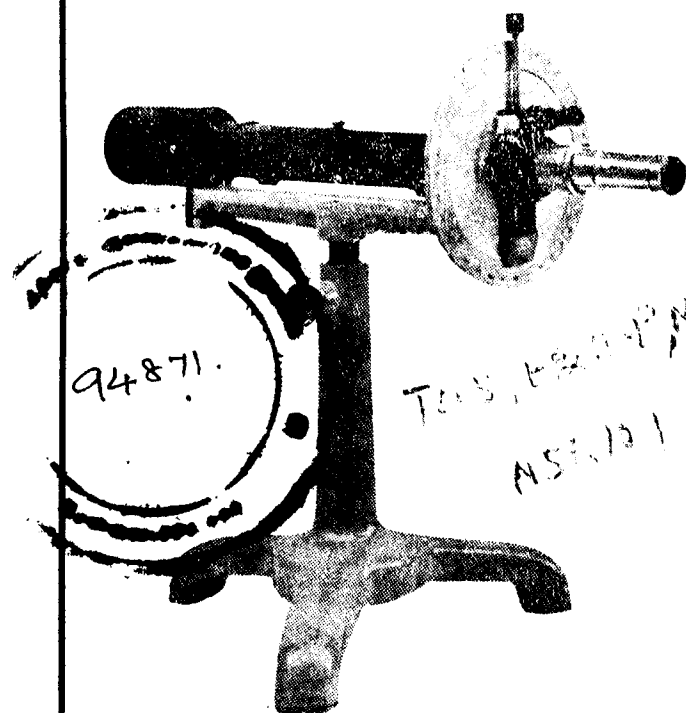
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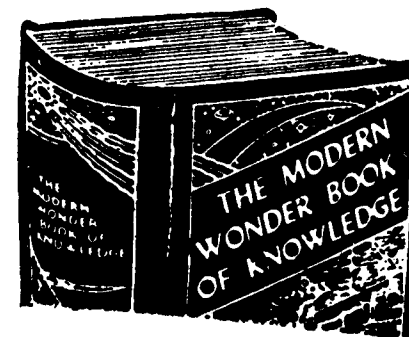
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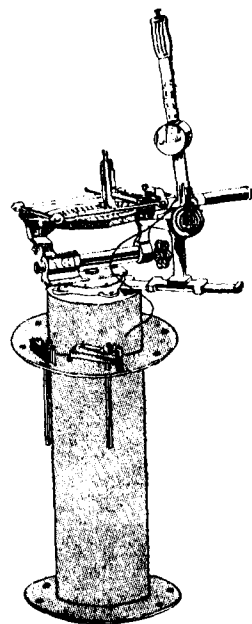


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March, 1951

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Editorial Babble—

..... The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on and bears afar
Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge.—

Of human life so sang the poet ; and of a College Journal we might say that it is much more of a bubble. If, therefore, we set afloat unabashedly *The Presidencian* of 1951, it is not because we are unconscious of this fatality but because we are persuaded to feel that if bubbles don't last they at least constitute a visible demonstration of the surge that begot them. The bubble is without, you may discover the surge beneath, if you are so minded.

* * * *

During the year, the College has had its achievements, great and small, in various spheres of activity, and they are all flashed elsewhere either with pardonable pride or with dignified modesty. The traditions of the institution have been ably maintained, and efforts have not been lacking in the world of sports or in competitive examinations or in internal academic pursuits to increase its prestige. The teachers and the taught have striven hard to ensure that equable training of brain and brawn which the Presidencian has always believed in.

* * * *

We look with immense joy and pride on the rapid expansion of academic interests in the college. Research studentships have been introduced into all departments and the Government has not only initiated new courses of study like Psychology and Geography but also laid the foundation of advanced study in Indian languages by instituting Honours Courses in Tamil and Telugu. We are told that, in spite of rigorous economies enforced everywhere, Honours classes in Kannada and Malayalam may begin functioning in the near future. This polyhistoric development is magnificent indeed, and Presidency College is fast becoming a miniature University. That's quite in the fitness of things, for, did not Sir H. C. Papworth, when he was Principal here, say on good authority that the University of Madras is itself a daughter of this hoary institution?

* * * *

But,—and it is an ineluctable 'but'—there is at least one person in the College who, while quite *jubilant* over this rapid expansion is not quite *comfortable* in his seat—I mean the Principal. Bearing the brunt of having to find and to equip nurseries somewhere or other for the "new-born babes" of Psychology and Geography, and compelled, on the other hand, to provide more expansive apartments for the growing families of most of the other "adult" departments, he has, during the past two years shown resourcefulness, good humour and equanimity beyond human expectations ; but we have serious doubts whether his resilience could bear any further strain, and we may well hope that his repeated demands for more 'concrete' results (as he himself humorously put it) will be soon met by the Government. Poor 'brick-and-mortar', unjustifiably slandered by idealists, has, at least in our present predicament, proved essential to our being.

..... We shall possibly play on a happier note next year—till then, dear Principal, good luck!

* * * *

Life is incomplete without its sombre hues, and an ancient institution like ours cannot but strike its elegiac note every year. The losses we lament this year are, Mr. R. Littlehailes who, for a long time, was Professor of Mathematics and Mr. H. S. Duncan who retired as Principal of the College. The death of G. B. S. too stirred a deep wave of regrets, but the shadow of death never sat on us more heavily than when we heard of the passing away of the lion-hearted Sardar Patel. The gloom that spread over the faces of the normally vivacious Presidencians was a sure index of how the loss was felt as an intimate one by everybody in the country. The older amongst us will recollect how the figure of Sardar Patel emerged as a stalwart in the non-violent battle of righteousness launched by Mahatma Gandhi; how in the fresh glow of intense nationalism the adventures of this new type of fighters were invested with the most picturesque poetic colours; and how the popular mind wandered to the heroes of ancient Indian legends for analogy, Sardar Patel being identified with Bhimasena—the man of iron. Since those times the nation has always thought of Sardarji as a tower of strength and till the other day had come to believe that death itself was powerless against him. This man too, eventually, had to obey the call of the Master but, fortunately for us, not before he had unified the nation. We humbly paid our homage to him at a condolence meeting, and Babu Rajendra Prasad will shortly unveil his portrait in the College. May the spirit of that great patriot be an eternal inspiration to generations of young men passing through the College in days to come!

* * * *

A final word with regard to ourselves, or rather with regard to the 'stuff' found herein. The budding artists and poets of the College have been given a sporting chance to reveal their dormant powers. We thank the A.I.R. for permission to use the articles on 'Shakespeare' and 'The Literature of Disillusion'. For the rest we shall leave it to the intelligent readers to form their own varied opinions. One or two characteristics may appear to be dominant in the contributions. The framework of many (including some in the lighter vein) is the world situation to-day: and we may infer that the minds of most people are now turned to the question "whither mankind?" Another characteristic—and this is one which may tempt readers to make wrong inferences—is the prevalence of the dream-state or sleep-state in quite a number of contributions, many of which had to be rejected for their really soporific potentialities! "Why this dream pose?" you may be tempted to ask. "Or is it a reality?".....Some may mischievously infer that the Presidencians are probably treated in their spacious halls to a soporific fare.....others may attribute it to the cool sea-breeze.....still others may say that the precarious world situation makes our

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students feel that College life itself is a fleeting dream.....Well, we beg to differ: we have reason to believe that it is a malady, may be only artistic, which is likely to offer scope for research in the newly-formed Department of Experimental Psychology.....and we humbly leave it to them to tell us next year!

The Editors.

The Man that was Sardar Patel

So much has been written about Sardar Patel that it is difficult to avoid saying what has already been said; and we are still too much under the spell of his personality, two months after his passing away, to be able even to guess how much of what was said about him is likely to stand the test of time. Nevertheless, it is worthwhile to make the attempt; it may even be important that we who lived in his world and shared the immediate impact of his words and actions should make it, while the impressions created by them are still vivid in our minds. Others coming after us may arrive at a calmer judgment, a more correct and dispassionate estimate of his role in history, but it will not have the breath of life, the validity of direct experience.

Clearly, some of the things said about Sardar Patel have been falsified in his own life-time. It was the fashion, not very long ago, to contrast his "rugged simplicity" with the wit and urbanity, the finesse and dialectical skill of his brother Vithalbhai Patel. Vallabhbhai himself helped to build-up this contrast. He was fond of describing himself as "a simple farmer" and with his characteristic dry humour was known to quote with approval John Gunther's description of him in "Inside Asia" that the only *culture* he knew was *agriculture*. Nothing of course, could be farther from the truth. He belonged to a 'patidar' or land-owning family, had passed his law examinations with high honours, had practised successfully at the bar for many years. Whether he had any actual experience of farming is not known; he was certainly not simple.

Indeed, there was singularly little in his life to support the legend of a Cincinnatus dragged from his plough, except perhaps his own preference for that role, and a certain bluntness of speech, an impatience with theories, an emphasis on the practical and tangible. But one does not have to be a farmer to possess these qualities; one might equally well be a Liberal statesman of the Victorian age in England whom, surprisingly, he resembled in the broad pattern of his career. Born of a good family, with strong County "connections," he was called to the Bar from the Inner Temple, had a brilliant career in the Criminal Courts, and entered politics in the fulness of years after serving a long apprenticeship in municipal administration. Joining the Opposition, he became the principal architect of the victory of his party in its long struggle against the Government and was well advanced in age when he came into power as Home Minister and Minister in charge of various other great Departments of State, in which office he displayed those great gifts of organisation, of brilliant improvisa-

tion, of adroit management of men, and of wise and timely moderation which had marked him out during the years he spent in the wilderness. Well might this be the obituary notice of some great Liberal in England after the Reform Bill, during the earlier stages of the Industrial Revolution. Few would discover at first sight that it was an equally complete summing up of Sardar Patel's career.

It would not, however, be a fair summing up, and may even be called a grotesque distortion of facts, but the distortion was due to the external circumstances of his time, to the different scale of values; it had comparatively little to do with the texture of his mind or the social environment in which he grew up. Sardar Patel happened to be born, not in Victorian England but in pre-Independent India where opposition meant, not the cut and thrust of Parliamentary debate or the excitement and uncertainties of the hustings, but long years of frustration and disappointment, and even of physical hardship and deprivation of liberty. Similarly, 'Government' did not mean the temporary predominance of a rival party, but the fixed and permanent domination of another race, imposed and maintained by force. These things powerfully influenced the external circumstances of Sardar Patel's career, but they did not go to the heart of the matter, to the growth of his political convictions or the development of his personality. He remained to the end deeply sensible of the importance of order, of the necessity of gradualness in human institutions. Like Burke, he had an awareness of history and showed in his dealings with the Princes the value which he attached to the continuity of political mechanisms, though he adapted them to new uses. In a word, he was anything but "a simple farmer".

There was perhaps more justification for another of the things said about him, that he had forthrightness rather than subtlety. He had the gift of going straight to the heart of any matter he had to deal with, without pausing to ponder over fine distinctions. He had no use at all for dialectical subtlety and in Parliamentary debates, almost invariably preferred the sledge-hammer to the rapier. The subtlety he had was of a different kind, what the Germans call *fingerspitzengefühl*, an intuition in his finger tips, which enabled him to size up a man or a situation instantly, and to give quick and clear decisions. That was one reason, perhaps the main reason, why he was so successful as an administrator and why he won so completely the confidence and loyalty of those who served him.

Another characteristic and another reason for his success as an administrator was his intense interest in persons, as individuals and not as cogs in a machine. He had an insatiable curiosity about them and a shrewd, though kindly appreciation of both their strong and weak points. If he once reposed confidence in anyone, he never wavered and was unwilling to withdraw it except for compelling reasons. As an opponent, he was often ruthless but never petty. As a departmental

chief, he always gave one a patient hearing, for he had the rare quality of being a good listener. He rarely asked questions, but when he did, dealt only with the essentials of a problem. His silences were sometimes more eloquent than his words and could signify unmistakably his approval or a frigid reproof or a mere suspension of judgment. He had an old-world courtesy and when, at the end of your interview, you put out your hand to take leave of him, he had a habit of clasping it in both his, in an affectionate gesture.

This picture of him is probably different from that which will go down in history; it shows him in one aspect out of several which may probably be more important. But it is necessary to know this aspect also in order to arrive at a full understanding of the man that was Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel.

Sri B. K. R. Kabad (New Delhi.)

Hindu Writers of Persian Poetry in Madras

During the eighteenth and early Nineteenth centuries, Persian language and literature flourished in Madras, and we have authentic information available about several Poets and Scholars who were the residents of the City. Several books on literary subjects and contemporary History, and several anthologies in Persian Poetry were written, though very few of them have been published. Among such scholars mention is made of several Hindu authors and poets who distinguished themselves in the Persian language in the earlier half of the eighteenth century. Raja Hukumat Ram was the Dewan to Nawab Muhammad Ali Walajah. He was a writer of great merit and his prose was very much appreciated and several collections of his letters and writings in prose exist in manuscripts. Raja Hukumat Ram's family consisted of several scholars in Persian, most eminent of whom was his grandson Rai Kashi Prasad who adopted 'Fidvi' as his pen-name in Persian poetry. He was a great scholar in Persian, Sanskrit and Hindi. His early education was probably completed in Benares. Later, he learned Persian under the great scholar of the day, Syed Shah Abdul Quader Mihrban, the ancestor of the Fakhri Family of Mylapore. Fidvi was a poet of no mean merit, and after the demise of his grand-father, Raja Hukumat Ram, Walajah conferred on him the title of Rai and gave him the post of Chief Secretary. He died at Madras in 1832. A very good selection of his Verses and Poems has been included in the anthology of the Persian Poets of Madras compiled by the last titular Nawab, Ghulam Ghouse Khan 'Azam, the founder of Madrasa-i-Azam at Madras. This book was published in the Nawab's press about one hundred years ago.

The second notable Hindu scholar and poet who finds mention in the same anthology is Raja Makkhan Lal, son of Rai Doulatram who was born in 1750 at Venkatagiri. His early education was completed in

Hyderabad and he distinguished himself in Persian Literature, Astrology, Mathematics and several other allied subjects. He was a very good calligraphist and it is said that Nawab Amir-ul-Umara, son of Muhammad Ali Walajah, took him into his service as a Munshi. His thirst for knowledge made him turn his attention to Arabic language and literature and he studied under great scholars of the day, like Moulana 'Abdul Ali Bahrul-ul-'ulum (Vidyasagar) and Moulvi Sharful Mulk. Owing to his scholarship and distinction in Persian poetry, the title of Raja Bahadur was conferred on him and he was one of those few who along with these titles received the palankeen to attend the Darbar. As a writer of Persian chronograms, he had established a position among the scholars of the day and it is surprising to note that when the Big Mosque was built in Triplicane the best chronogram in Persian verses was that of Raja Makkhan Lal. The Nawab Walajah was so pleased that he ordered his Persian Verses to be engraved on Black stone with inlaid marble and the stone was fixed up in the central niche of the mosque where the Imam or the leader of the prayer stands. Even to-day those verses stand there in the mosque, a monument to the greatness of his poetical powers. Several members of his family were distinguished scholars of the Persian language.

Recently when I was going through several old manuscripts in Persian I came across a very rare one which is a translation of the famous Sanskrit book 'The Tale of Parrot'. This book has been translated into the Persian language from the original Sanskrit by the great writer called Nakhshabi. The famous scholar and statesman Abul Fazl, the Prime Minister of Akbar, also translated it from the original Sanskrit in his inimitable Persian, but this translation is very rare and copies of this translation are not easily available. Raja Hukumat Ram's son, known as Saheb Rai, has preserved this manuscript. The colophon at the end of the book is very interesting: "*By the grace of Sri Parthasarathy Swami the book Tooti Nama written by Abul Fazl, the son of Shaik Mubaak was copied by the hand of the sinner, Saheb Rai, for the sake of my son, the delight of my eyes, Lalchand alias Raghunatha Rai.*" This shows the great interest that was evinced by Hindu scholars of the day in rare Persian manuscripts. Among these persons, the name of the first graduate of Presidency College, the Hon'ble Mr. C. V. Ranganatha Sastri, may be mentioned. He was a great scholar in Persian and took care to get several books in Arabic to be translated into Persian by Munshis employed under him for the purpose. Some books in Urdu also were compiled under his direction and all these manuscripts are to be found in the Government Oriental Manuscripts Library.

Students interested in Persian literature or in the study of the history of the city of Madras, would find very interesting details, if further research is undertaken in this direction.

M. Abdul Haq, M.A., D. Phil. (Oxon.)

Shakespeare: A Modernist Interpretation

School-masters, teachers of the plays of Shakespeare in schools, have, it would seem, a great deal to answer for. Two very sensitive minds who have recently written on Shakespeare, deplore that their appreciation of the dramatist was almost entirely ruined for them by the unimaginative and pedestrian methods of Shakespearean teaching in their early days. Mr. Ivor Brown complains that like most school-boys he had been sickened of Shakespeare by education. 'I was wearied almost to revolt by this examination business of commenting and annotating. By the age of 18 I was allergic to Shakespeare almost beyond hope of therapy'. Mr. Pearson, who, no doubt lured by "alliteration's artful aid", rather ungenerously links pedagogues and pederasts, in the present book opens his first auto-biographical chapter with this dramatic record of his disastrous experience.

"Like so many youths of my time I made the acquaintance of Shakespeare in a most disagreeable manner. At the age of 14 or thereabouts I was told to stand up in class and recite the speech in *Macbeth* which begins.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly

Having learnt it by heart I gabbled it off as fast as I could, safely reached the line 'And falls on the other', and fell back on my seat with a sigh of satisfaction and relief. But the master was neither satisfied nor relieved. 'Stand up, Pearson'. I stood up. 'I should be interested to know whether you have understood a line of what you have just uttered'. 'Not a word, Sir'. 'I thought so. Then your understanding is about to be quickened. You will write out that speech fifty times, and at the conclusion of the exercise you may have a dim idea of what it is about'.

'School-masters', comments Mr. Pearson 'are lucky people.' Their feeblest jokes arouse hearty laughter. This one went with a bang. I did not mind that, but I strongly objected to being kept away from cricket for two or three afternoons, and I registered a large blackmark against Shakespeare for turning out such incomprehensible stuff. Why couldn't the fellow write as clearly as Stanley Weyman or Conan Doyle? I silently vowed never to read his wretched plays unless forced to do so. But fortunately 'accident undid what magisterial folly had done'. He read *Hamlet* for want of another book, while holidaying in a country-house, and was thrilled by it. He started reading and seeing the plays acted and himself turned actor, joining Beerbohm Tree's company and he became Secretary to the British Empire Shakespeare Society. His experience of fellow-Shakespearians was not encouraging, but then he doubts if Shakespeare himself would have liked Shakespearians any more than Christ would have liked Christians. He started reading a large number of books

This is printed by the Courtesy of All-India Radio as also the article on "The Literature of Disillusion" following.

on Shakespeare most of which bored him. They had all been written by men whose experience of life had been confined to the class-room. Mr. Pearson is severely critical of all academic critics, Shakespeare was to them a subject for criticism, 'not one who had experienced and expressed every sensation of which mortal man is capable'. That sentence shows how Mr. Pearson is well-qualified from one point of view for the task he has undertaken, for Coleridge has declared that the Englishman who without reverence, a proud and affectionate reverence, can utter the name of Shakespeare stands disqualified for the office of critic. But, curiously, relief came to Mr. Pearson as to Mr. Browne through Frank Harris's *The Man Shakespeare*, for it 'effectually blew away the cobwebs of scholarship and substituted a human being for a waxwork'. To Pearson, Shakespeare has been the most stimulating and exalting influence in his life. 'However ill or unhappy I have been, the mere memory of Falstaff and company has been sufficient to heal me and cheer me up'. He tells of some remarkable experiences of his in which Shakespeare has come to his physical and spiritual rescue. 'For me', he writes, 'Shakespeare's works alone would have made life worth living, so I am writing something I love as much as my life.'

The biography that follows is in nine short chapters and is a very readable account of the life and times of the poet and often a suggestive and illuminating study of the poetry and characters of Shakespeare.

It is always a difficult question to decide how much of Shakespeare's nature and opinions are revealed in his writings. Mr. Pearson, like other recent critics and editors, feels he could see the man Shakespeare clearly reflected in his works. He believes Shakespeare in his early days actually took to law and his plays are proof of the fact that he had experience in an attorney's office. Mr. Pearson is not prepared to dismiss the story that Shakespeare's first office in the precincts of the theatre was to hold gentlemen's horses as unworthy of credence. 'A combination of deference and smartness', he thinks 'must have gained for him the attention of the wealthy and of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. Shakespeare must have struck people as ingenuous; they must have noted his natural civility, his candour, his openness—they must have felt he was an exceptionally nice man, gentle, obliging, kindly, unassuming, and also extremely witty, but without a trace of malice in his wit.'

Mr. Pearson does not think much of Shakespeare's sonnets as a whole. He finds them full of conceits, affectations, puns, antitheses, and the entire artillery of literary affectations, and he has no patience with those who take them seriously as expressions of the poet's personal feelings. For he writes, "It is perfectly clear to anyone but a Shakespeare commentator, that an artist does not fool about with words when expressing his true emotions." As Mr. Shaw says "Mr. Pearson is a genuine soaker in Shakespeare; he has him by heart, and he passes the plays and poems in review offering comments often witty and wise."

Mr. Pearson has some interesting judgments: the modern method of building up Shylock as a sympathetic character, initiated by H. Irving, is wholly out of tune with Shakespeare's conception; we shall never be able to appreciate the dramatist until we see his plays performed without intervals on the sort of stage for which he wrote them; Shakespeare has the power to make an Englishman conscious of his heritage, in poetry if not in possessions; most of the famous men of action in history were, like Hotspur, incurable windbags, swayed by childish passions, weakly stubborn and vainglorious; to leave the theatre of Shakespeare for, say, the world of Dickens is sometimes like leaving the real world for the theatre.

Very little authentic evidence has come down to us about Shakespeare as an actor. Mr. Pearson, however, assumes that Shakespeare must have acted in most of his plays and filled leading roles. Shakespeare must, he thinks, have loathed Queen Elizabeth, 'stingy, greedy, vain, cruel, tortuous, tyrannical and apparently a virgin', and he believes that Shakespeare's Julius Caesar is no other than Elizabeth, whose senility and vacillation are added to the portrait; Angelo in Measure for Measure is the full-length picture of a Puritan; in saying that Shakespeare did not write the soliloquy of the Porter, Coleridge merely disqualified himself as a critic; Shakespeare was extremely susceptible to the charm of pretty women who happened to be witty; Sir William Davenant must have been Shakespeare's natural son whose birth prompted him to create the bastard son in *King Lear*, 'the most passionate expression of the human spirit in poetry'. *Antony and Cleopatra* stands with *Macbeth* as one of those very rare works that entirely justify man's existence on earth. Following George Brandes and others, Mr. Pearson believes that Cleopatra is Shakespeare's portrait of his mistress, the dark lady of the sonnets; perhaps Octavia, of a holy, cold and still conversation, is Shakespeare's own wife; Pompey is Sir Walter Raleigh while Octavius is Robert Cecil. "Shakespeare's later works are so many attempts to make real all the perfect things in life that he had failed to find; purity, innocence, flawless love, charity, self-sacrifice, spirituality and ultimate happiness". Mr. Pearson concludes with the remark that "*Antony and Cleopatra*, *Twelfth Night* and *Macbeth* together with *Henry IV* and *King Lear* contain a richer humour, a more exquisite beauty, a deeper wisdom, a more intense passion, and a profounder understanding of human nature than we can find elsewhere in the world's literature".

The appendix of some of the favourite passages from Shakespeare's poetry constitutes an excellent anthology. Sober critical opinion will be hesitant to accept many of Mr. Pearson's surmises, but the book may, as the publishers claim, be said to give something of the essence of Shakespeare's personality and the quintessence of his poetry.

V. K. Ayappan Pillai, M. A. (Oxon).

Thought for a Moment

Our thoughts, even the thoughts of any one individual, could be as diverse as the plants or animals of this globe. The aim of the writer is to present one thought from a multitude. Perhaps a presentation of that thought in full is not necessary as from the keynote of the thought itself the full thought could be built up. It is a gift of the human mind indeed that from a small part of a thought, thoughts of huge dimensions could be built.

The thought on the face of it may appear trivial but the writer makes bold to feel that it is of far-reaching significance. The thought is about just a minor duty that each one of us in society owes to every one else. The duty does not involve performing a task, like weight-lifting; does not subject one to any monetary obligation. It is just a simple duty based on a simple attempt at self-analysis.

Our walks of life are varied. But in no walk of life is the life of a human being without relation to those of others. At every stage there is reaction and interaction; there is give and take; there is need to pay respect and be respected. Human life is based on several standards, many ideologies and a host of concepts whose foundations lie in self-discipline. There are indeed countless aspects of this discipline that one in society ought to mind. But one aspect of it may be thought of here just in one direction.

In the world known to us there is only one animal that is gifted with an articulate speech—the human being. Through this capacity really, we could easily gauge, what material and spiritual advances human beings have been able to achieve from the time human society came into existence. Through oral exchange of ideas a large part of the machinery of life is run. Through talk and speech, the world has been taking newer and newer shapes. One who believes in the concept of 'evolution' cannot help feeling that the 'things to come' will certainly be different.

Like many other animals, man exhibits the herd instinct. Many beings gather together in the name of a variety of activities. It is usual on such occasions to listen to one or more speeches, sometimes with the help of a microphone. Ideas are emphasized and new ideas are given exposition. Where the speech happens to be of permanent value, it is 'recorded'. Through the system of broadcasting we have now opportunities to listen to men and women of importance. The articulate speech of a human being is further associated with melodious notes to result in music. All speeches may not be liked but in general all types of music make an appeal both to the human ear and to the mind. Music of repute is sought after in many ways. The articulate speech of human beings thus is an aid in the working of the human community and further in the enhancement of the welfare of that community.

The same articulate speech however has a dark side also. As part of our life, day in and day out, we are obliged to hear many human voices. Some we listen to, out of our own need and wish; many others, however, are forced on us. Of those forced on us, some are tolerable and

many others are merely to be suffered. In academic spheres in particular, it is a routine that one speaks and many others hear. If on such occasions we happen to have the infliction of other and unnecessary voices, we are naturally annoyed. The need for self-analysis and self-discipline, being emphasized here, is therefore obvious in respect of one's voice. In an atmosphere, where one is being listened to by others, any unwarranted voice is absolutely out of taste. Any attempt to distract the attention of those listening is a breach of trust. A healthy disciplined mind respects the feelings of others and the needs of the occasion.

A passing survey of the occurrence in our daily lives regarding the displeasure caused by the unwanted voices of our fellow-beings would reveal shocking paucity of self-analysis and self-discipline on the part of the individuals concerned. Unless one examines every moment as to what purpose one's voice is put to and as to what consequence it has on others round about, one knowingly or unknowingly is certainly apt to annoy one's fellow-beings. All disciplined minds love to live and work in a silent atmosphere. Silence in any congregation or in any place where many gather for business or for entertainment speaks of the 'level' of the beings concerned. So to say, our voices have to be utilised in desirable channels—channels that contribute to progress, that promote happiness, that speak of order, decency and polish. It is needless to quote instances to illustrate how unwanted voices would be loathed by lovers of discipline in places that need and uphold discipline. Mention need hardly be made that of all places an academic sphere demands the greatest measure of this self-analysis and self-discipline on the part of everyone connected with it. Each one has a duty to weigh every moment whether one's voice is in place or out of place. A casual thought on each occasion readily gives the reading whether one's voice will please or displease others; is received or rejected; is recognized or condemned.

The maintenance of the cultural level of a nation is dependent on one and all. Sober thinking and a careful judgment of the ethics of life will lead to a disciplined mind, and a disciplined nation is only the making of several such minds. The prestige of a nation, an organisation or an institution is based no doubt on many fundamentals. Training oneself to use the articulate voice for appropriate purposes alone is just one of those fundamentals. To adhere to this fundamental is one's duty to his fellow-beings and to the nation at large.

The writer, no doubt, is conscious of the fact that the thought that has been conveyed may be brushed aside as one utterly undeserving of any further thought. But it is hoped that on second thought at least its deep-rooted importance may be thought of. Perhaps, by chance, if one is repeatedly reminded of this thought, it may become not only a thought for a moment but a thought for ever.

—C.B.R.

George Bernard Shaw

While William Archer was making the English public Ibsen-conscious in the eighties of the last century, in the '*Saturday Review*', a young witty, aggressive, iconoclastic Irishman was weekly pouring vials of his withering contempt on the old school of acting and play-writing. Finally he abandoned criticism and started writing plays himself and with the publication of his "*Unpleasant Plays*." England was confronted with a new, disturbing phenomenon—George Bernard Shaw.

English Drama had for a long time sunk into a torpor. The man who revolutionized drama on the continent was the Norwegian dramatist Henrik Ibsen and he revitalized English Drama too. His plays were introduced to English audiences by Grein in 1889. "There arose a cry of outraged propriety", wrote C. E. Montague, summing up the prevailing reaction, "as if a leading preacher had attempted to apply Christian teaching to present-day politics". Shaw became an enthusiastic convert to the Ibsen cult and defended it warmly in his little book "*The Quintessence of Ibsenism*".

Besides Ibsen, there were other influences on the early Shaw—Butler, Darwin and Mill. He heard Henry George and was tremendously impressed; and a wider philosophical background came to him from Marx. From that moment Shaw became the popular evangel with a theology hammered out in the company of the Webbs and Olivier and Wallas at the Fabian Society over the executive committee of which Shaw sat for twenty-seven years. Like Ben Jonson and Moliere and Aristophanes Shaw held up to his readers a mirror

"Where they could see the time's deformity
Anatomised in every nerve and sinew".

No other dramatist has had such a wide range of subject except perhaps Shakespeare. All institutions from marriage to the War Office claimed his attention and had their claims allowed. With tremendous gusto, sometimes with amusing but well-sustained wrong-headedness, he attacked flesh-eating and tobacco-smoking, vaccination and vivisection, the germ theory of disease, the Darwinian theory of evolution, the worship of the 'common man', doctors, clergymen, Liberals and Conservatives, the Englishman's foreign politics, his ideals of love and marriage—in short, all those shams, inhibitions, repressions, sentimentalities and insincerities which were associated with the Victorians. He found a good deal rotten, a good deal that was wrong and not known to be wrong, and he felt it his business to show it, nay, to set it in the noon-day sun on the hilltop and compel people to see it. His lifelong crusade was to castigate the world into right thinking, tearing the veil of illusion from the vision of the romance-fed, and forcibly feeding them on a strictly intellectual diet. He is plainly didactic; to him all art is propaganda; the theory of Art for Art's sake is so much unmitigated humbug. A good play, he said once, should be essentially identical with a church service, a combination of artistic ritual, profession of faith and sermon. Essentially religious-minded, Shaw regarded himself as a prophet, a modern one, awaiting a new revelation

which he chose to call the Life Force. No doubt his preoccupation with this concept tends oftentimes to make his characters unreal, they have the air of puppets manipulated by an able showman mouthing amazingly ingenious dialectics; but the charge is a little overdone, for Shaw has certainly left us a score of intensely vital characters like Doolittle, Lickcheese, Androcles, Dubedat, Shotover, William the Waiter and Brother Martin.

Shaw is one of those who have consciously evolved an integrated outlook on life; his religion, his politics, his science, his way of life all fit into a consistent and harmonious whole. His paradoxes and contradictions were only intellectual sleights-of-hand which he never failed to practise when he thought that he had a chance of bringing the trick off. What, then, is the purport of the Shavian attitude? At the bottom of it is his violent reaction against Shakespeare, particularly the Shakespeare of romantic love. Phantasms must go; there shall be no more love in the romantic sense. He can bear to see Mrs. Quickly pawning her plate for love of Falstaff, but not Anthony running away from the battle of Actium for love of Cleopatra. In other words, love should be treated in the comic spirit. Let realism have its demonstration, comedy its criticism and even bawdry its horselaugh at the expense of sexual infatuation, if it must; but to ask us to subject our souls to its ruinous glamour, to worship it, to deify it, and to persuade us at the end of the sorry business, by the transfiguring touch of rhetoric and stage pathos, that the world is well lost for a mere passion is a thing compared with which Falstaff's drinking and drabbing at Eastcheap is respectable and right-minded. Face squarely, Shaw urges in effect, the facts of sexual relationship as Hogarth or Swift or Strindberg would do and in his *Caesar and Cleopatra* he attempts to redress the Shakespearean balance by presenting the type of heroism he can understand best. But if Shakespeare's picture of Caesar is partial and exclusive, Shaw's is none the less so. His picture omits the dandyism of the patrician youth who gambled for popularity with an utter recklessness and paved his way to power by fomenting conspiracies, corrupting justice and outstripping his competitors in display. Shaw's Cleopatra, again, is not the Shakespearean Circe turning hogs into heroes; but then it must be said that romantic love is not to be argued out of existence so very lightly although it is only fair to agree with Shaw that love and lunacy are dangerously near allied.

The criticism that Shaw's work has no enduring appeal is applicable only to some of his plays dealing with patently social topics. In plays like '*Candida*', '*St. Joan*', and "*Back to Methuselah*" Shaw attempts something beyond the immediate and the purely topical. His "*Saint Joan*", in essence, is a powerful study of the immemorial problem of reconciling freedom with authority. William Archer made a tall claim when he contended that the age which began with Pinero would be judged by posterity to be greater than the Elizabethan age. Whether that claim be allowed or not, no one will deny that our age would have been infinitely poorer without its tall, dominating figure that cast a powerful spell upon

all contemporary minds. Humanity truly is set on its march by the free onward impulse communicated to it by the finest minds of every age and of every country. Yet in a sense they are of no age and of no country; they never die, and they live in that great Republic of Thought where Shaw has gone to meet his peers—the mighty dead.

— K. R. Narayanaswami, B.A. (Hons.)

My Moments Abroad

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust Descend."

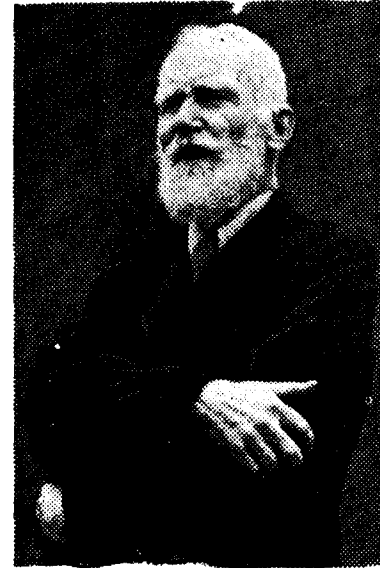
Absolutely correct, said I to myself, old Omar Khayyam is absolutely correct. Intent on making the most of the summer vacation, I thought I could choose London for a holiday. Oh yes, that is the sort of idea a fellow, who thinks he could show a good bit of his dough on the travelling expenses sheet, gets immediately after his degree examinations. Fortunately my Omar Khayyam sentiments were respected and I was allowed to go abroad.

So it was with a certain enthusiasm and eagerness that I boarded the Air-India Constellation plane on 27th June at Bombay. My joy knew no bounds when afloat in the air the pilot Capt. Saint, with justifiable pride about his profession, assured me that he was going to avoid those clouds. Poor Saint, little did I realize that the Plane which took me so safely to London would never complete its next trip! The friendly amiable Mr. Saint is buried deep in the snow of Mont Blanc. Yes, the plane by which I went was the "Malabar Princess."

Well, the 'Princess' touched Farouk Airport at midnight, and made for Geneva, the next morning. When she landed at the Heathrow air-port at 1.30 p.m. it was a homely London with a warmth of 61°F. that welcomed me. Golly, I thought, just yesterday I was huddled up in Madras, to-day I am in London! Surely I had none of the illusions of Dick Whittington, but the guy who said that science annihilated distance did mean it, for hitherto I have read so, heard so, even thought so, but now I have actually *seen* it.

The drive to my flat was extremely pleasant. My flat had one living room, one double room used as sleeping apartment and a lounge plus kitchen and bathroom. Food was not a problem, for dining out, there were plenty of restaurants like the Vega, the famous Veeraswamy's etc. In this connection I must express my admiration for the lightning speed with which the ration authorities seem to work in Great Britain. Our fellows stand no comparison to them.

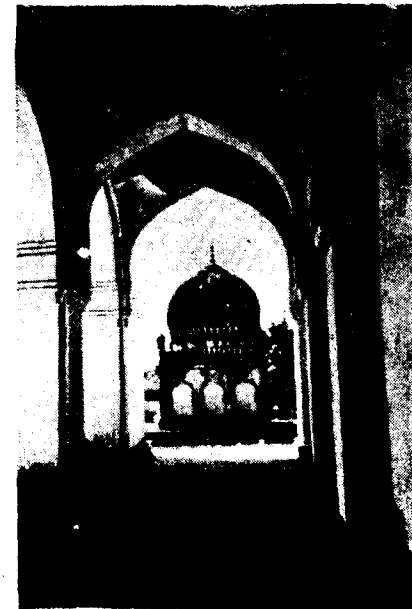
Out in the London streets I found myself engulfed in the soft embrace of English hospitality. It is a fact that the great metropolis is brimming with life, what with automatic traffic signals, double-deckers, electric trolleys, underground railways in which for two shillings you travel from one end of the city to another—not to speak of subways, which radiate from Piccadilly Circus to enable the great public to move fast. But it is also a



"G. B. S."
(By the Courtesy of 'The Hindu')



Hampi: MONOLITHIC NARASIMHA
Photo: Kamalaksha Shenoy



THE TOMB AT GOLCONDA
Photo: P. Ganapati



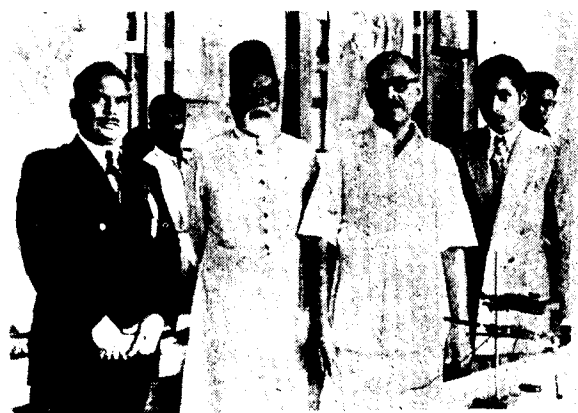
C. D. GOPINATH
Our Cricketer who has become an
All-India figure.
(By the Courtesy of 'Sport & Pastime')



OUR 'ECONOMICS' TOURISTS WITH PANDIT NEHRU AT DELHI



Zoology Exhibition: THE AUDIENCE

Prof. J. P. S. RAO, Dr. HAQ and The Hon.
Sri MADHAVA MENON

MAHABALIPURAM

Photo: Vidyasagar

COLLEGE DAY: The Hon. Sri BHAKTAVATSALAM
accompanied by Dr. HAQ and Prof. V. K. A. PILLAI

fact that you can never get lost in London, nay in England. The helpful attitude of the Englishmen, small courtesies shown towards customers in shops, the polite and dignified behaviour of the people, stealthily but surely, reassure the visitors.

My friend, Rev. Sorensen, M.P., whom I met during his visit to India with the Cabinet Delegation, was responsible for my visit to the English Parliament at Westminster. He was kind enough to introduce me to the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, and the Education Minister, Mr. Bottomley. The Prime Minister, with his unassuming modesty, was all kindness and smiles, while the latter proved as warm-hearted as his leader. The House at the time of my visit was discussing "civil defence". The Parliament Building is one of the largest Gothic structures in the world. It contains over 1,000 rooms and 100 staircases. The 316 feet high Clock Tower houses the 13½ ton Big Ben whose broadcast chimes are familiar throughout the world.

Like all visitors I saw the various marvels of London, but obeying an inner urge I rushed to a peaceful little place at Ayot St. Lawrence, called "Shaw's Corner", only to discover that the venerable celebrity was down in the hospital. His house-keeper Miss Patch was very courteous and took me round the place. I asked how Shaw was progressing. She said sadly, "Sir I hope he'll return home from the hospital and I will not allow him to get into mischief anymore". I assured her he would return and with a heavy heart retraced my steps.

Admiration and reverence for Shakespeare, which I share with all educated Indians, inevitably dragged me to Stratford-on-Avon. In this neat and quiet place on the northern extremity of the Cotswolds, one could see the house where Shakespeare was born, now the Shakespeare Museum and Library; and the cottage which belonged to his wife. The Holy Trinity Church contains his tomb. The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, in which each year the Shakespeare Festival takes place, is a modern building equipped with most up-to-date theatrical contrivances.

The land of Sir Walter Scott with its historic places situated close to the stretches of loch and mountain country has a particular appeal. Edinburgh, the capital, has many attractions; its architecture and thoroughfares are distinctive and it might be impossible to find a rival to Princess Street with its well-laid-out famous gardens. Among the numerous monuments, the most outstanding is that of Scott, a graceful gothic spire. On the eastern side of the city is the historic Palace of Holyrood closely associated with Mary Queen of Scots and Prince Charlie.

After nearly a fortnight's stay in England I left for France. Crossing a rough channel from Dover to Boulogne on a ferry service boat, a 170-mile drive on land brought me to Paris. Yes, Paris! There is magic in the very name, which conjures up the vision of a city of many aspects. A city of bright lights and elegance, the capital of pleasure and yet at the same time a treasure-house of art and history and intellectual achievement.

Paris is divided into two nearly equal parts by a long, straight thoroughfare, the Rue de Rivoli which runs up to the Arc de Triomphe. The actual heart of the city is the Place de L'Opera with the Avenue de L'Opera and the Rue de La Paix, famous for their jewellery shops and dress-making establishments. The Cathedral of Notre Dame in the Ile de la Cite is one of the finest monuments of gothic art in France. Montmartre is well known for its numerous cabarets and theatres; the places of amusement and the so-called "Cabarets and artistiques" are best seen at night. The Eiffel Tower 984 feet high is a worthy sight indeed.

The principal curiosities of Lyons are the Quays of almost unique proportions. The city should be seen from the ancient Roman Forum overlooking it and commanding a beautiful panorama. In the centre of the town is the Place Belle-Cour with an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. And so to the Riviera. Nice is an important winter resort along the Mediterranean coast where take place the Battle of Flowers and International regattas.

Popping off to Rome by the end of July was a strange relief, not only because it has a warm Mediterranean climate but on account of its essentially oriental touch. Rome, the "Eternal City", the seat of the Pope, the city of imposing aqueducts, marvellous churches, historical catacombs, beautiful villas, innumerable fountains and immense ruins is not only a capital but also a museum of art and natural beauties. In the square is the stately Statue of Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The Forum Romanum the ancient centre of political life; the gigantic Colosseum; the Scala di Spagna, a beautiful baroque staircase of 137 steps with flowers exquisitely arranged on them; the 435 feet high St. Peter's in the Vatican, probably the largest Cathedral in the world; all these are just magnificent.

Florence, "City of Flowers", lies on both banks of the river Arno. It is the centre of intellectual life in the country and perhaps the most attractive spot in the whole of Italy.

Europe's sporting place, Switzerland, the land of the high Alps, has wonderfully preserved medieval towers and numerous fountains that present a striking aspect. The Mecca of the Alps, Interlaken, stretches itself on a green carpet of extensive meadow, 1800 feet above sea-level. Its spring months are characterised by a bracing climate and beauty of scenery. Among the principal sports can be mentioned golfing, tennis, Lake bathing, rowing, boating, angling and riding. Zurich on the borders of a charming lake at the foot of the Alps, is the centre of industry and commerce in Switzerland, while it is also the home of art and of schools with a world-wide reputation.

So back in India by September, I found myself often reflecting upon those joyful moments. But I certainly think that there is nothing like coming back to sweet home. Mother India, whatever may be her defects, is a very good Mother. And in the warmth of her arms I am most secure and most happy.

S. Parthasarathy, B.A. Hons. (Old Boy.)

European Literature of Disillusion.

The period between the storming of the Bastille and the liquidation of the Third International saw the growth and decline of several movements in continental Europe each promising the Golden Age: Jacobinism, Fourierism, First and Second International, Anarchism, and Fascism. Into the current generated by these movements the first to plunge have been writers who in any society constitute the vanguard of the intelligentsia. The birth of each movement was accompanied by a spate of literature of what may be called jubilation and its failure by its opposite type, a literature of disillusion. The political complacency of the English and their belief in the inevitability of gradualness in matters of social and economic change rendered them almost immune from many of the upheavals that convulsed the continent and hence their meagre output of literature of disillusion as compared with that of continental Europe.

In the long list of Continental writers who have during their time welcomed new creeds and given themselves up wholeheartedly to the task of their justification and sometimes of their propagation and who in the end have made bold to recant their earlier views having been overwhelmed by disappointment, we have to include Dostoevsky, Andre Gide, Jean Paul Sartre, Arthur Koestler and Hermann Rauschning.

As a youth Dostoevsky harboured revolutionary social doctrines. He became a member of the socialist circle of Petrashevsky, attended its secret meetings and dreamt of the new apocalypse, "a shining world of social justice". He was arrested, sentenced to death, but reprieved at the last moment and sent to Siberia for four years. He returned from the "House of the Dead" an altogether changed man. He wrote his "Possessed" in 1871-72 and in 1873 became editor of the "Citizen", a conservative paper. The swing of the pendulum from nihilism and the extreme left to the right was now complete.

The "Possessed" is not only an admission of the author's disillusionment, it is also an anticipation of the future, a masterly diagnosis of the evils of our time. In order that their utopias may be realized Revolutionaries are compelled to set up a rebel power that can take the place of the old. But this rebel power, however, will end up by asking for a more abject obedience, a more humiliating submission on the part of its devotees than the one which they have unseated. Dostoevsky's apostasy was not the result of any individual frustration. Till the last he had not ceased to question the basis of the established order. The thought that efforts should be made to make things better for the millions is beautiful in itself, worth acting up to. But Dostoevsky recognised that much can go awry in a revolution between the thought and the act.

Revolution throws up such men as Pyotr Stepanovitch Verhovensky who are fascinated by power for its own sake, who will not desist from any form of wickedness in order to obtain it, and who will without any qualms of conscience destroy their fellow revolutionaries all the while preaching revolution. This is the reason why Dostoevsky and men of his mould have at the last moment withdrawn from the movement.

Another writer whose thoughts are marked by contradictions is Andre Gide, the French novelist, critic, essayist and dramatist. In the early thirties he began to show an admiration for Soviet Russia. But a trip through Russia sadly disillusioned him and he did not hesitate to criticise the Soviet regime in most uncompromising terms. It was Gide's devotion to truth that made him recant his earlier views. His ideal is that of Keats who says that it is better to be imprudent moveables than prudent fixtures.

A distinguished writer of the Left Arthur Koestler belongs to the conscious minority that dreamt of and worked for a unified, fraternal, socialist Europe. He is now a disillusioned person. He would not mind if his erstwhile Red friends should throw stones at him and call him names. He says, "If I have to choose between living under a political Commissar or a Blimp, I unhesitatingly choose Blimp; he will treat me as an annoying kind of oddity and push me about from sheer lack of imagination, but the imaginative commissar will politely shoot me because I disagree with him".

The clue to Koestler's disillusion is to be found not in his "Darkness at noon" but in his "Yogi and the Commissar". For the same reason that Dostoevsky stepped aside from the revolutionary movement Koestler parted company with communism—though he still retains his unflinching faith in Socialism. Having shared the life of the ordinary man under dictatorial regime of the Left as well as of the Right, he can understand the disintegration that the human substance undergoes when deprived of the basic liberties. His experience of the Revolutionaries was that having achieved power with the object of abolishing it they kept it for self-aggrandizement, having become rulers to wean the people from the habits of being ruled they strengthened their strangle-hold on them. And so he breaks with the Revolutionaries. Ivanov tells Rubashev that the principle that the end justifies the means is and remains the only rule of political ethics. Koestler thinks differently. He will not subscribe to the principle that a collective aim justifies all means. It is true that he does not want "history to be conducted according to the maxims of the Sunday School which means to leave everything as it is". But he is opposed to human lives being treated "according to the rules of arithmetic". He is aware of the fact that democracies may appease dictators but he also knows that it is impossible for democracies to change fronts in twenty-four hours or to tear up treaties before the ink is dry.

It is only in democracies that there is still the old regard for human rights. They are the oxygen without which life for the individual will be one of suffocation. Every page of "The Yogi and the Commissar" bears the mark of disillusion. Koestler says "Nothing is more sad than the death of an illusion". But in losing an illusion he has gained a deeper understanding of reality. It is that capitalist democracy may be a sham democracy, and capitalist state an instrument of the ruling class "but democratic institutions within the state, parliament, freedom of speech and assembly enable the working class to build up her organisation to concentrate and develop her powers". He finds the constitutional framework of British democracy admirably suited for a relatively smooth transition to socialism. He ends up with a plea "for a new revolutionary humanism which can combat the spread of pseudo-communism, for the creation of a new Fraternity in a new spiritual climate whose leaders are tied by a vow of poverty to share the life of the masses and debarred by the laws of the fraternity from attaining unchecked power".

Two other writers who have contributed to the class of literature of disillusion we have been considering are Jean Paul Sartre and Hermann Rauschning. Sartre's novel "La Nausee" and a volume of short stories, both written before World War II reveal his cynicism and despair, also his leaning towards communism. The attitude of the French communists, however, in the early stages of the war left him sadly disillusioned. "The most important part of National Communities to-day" Sartre says, "consists of peasants and workers" and Sartre asserts that it is their freedom from oppression that the writer should desire most urgently, but the difficulty is that they have a ready-made ideology which is that of communism and they will not listen to any except those who have joined their ranks". This would make the writer who attempts to do it a propagandist. The writer still belongs to the class that made the revolution of 1789, he echoes its principles, habeas corpus, freedom of thought and political freedom. But he knows that in the case of millions of people before they can understand the meaning of the liberal formula they need to be liberated on the economic and social plane. "Total freedom of mankind," Sartre says, "cannot be attained by writing poems or by all men one fine day embracing each other!" But the violence, the machiavellianism and the opportunism that communists practised made him painfully conscious of the problem of the relation of means to ends. He is in agreement with those from whom he has chosen to differ about the end to be attained, but his attachment to the principles of freedom is such that he cannot support indiscriminate use of means to achieve an end, however desirable that end may be. As a writer Sartre asserts the pre-eminence of moral values over machiavellianism. The demand for liberation of the oppressed must be made only on the basis of ethical values; but its fulfilment calls for action and action will result in violence. This is Sartre's dilemma. However, he

says that if we begin by realising that we live in a violent world and that there are many sorts of violence we can construct a theory of violence under which we may learn not to condemn violence in general, but to sanction in each case the minimum that is necessary.

The last of the writers we have chosen is Rauschning. He was attracted to National Socialist movement when it appeared to many to be a solution of Germany's ills. He became a member of the Nazi party and was appointed to the presidency of the Danzig Senate. But when he realised the evil inherent in the system and the villainous nature of the hierarchy he broke away from the movement and became its bitterest opponent. He fled the country and began to write with a view to explaining his apostasy and exposing the regime of Hitler. The theme of all his books, "Hitler Speaks", "The Beast from the Abyss" and "Hitler wants the World" is one of disillusion. He prophesied the destruction of Germany because Nazism was "against the nature of things". And the lesson that he arrives at is that "the world cannot be permanently ruled by terror, violence and enslavement", that "the will to power can no more create ethical qualities than crass materialism can suddenly develop into the flowers of nobility". This is also the lesson which Dostoevsky, Gide, Koestler and Sartre have in various and different ways reached.

T. Balakrishnan Nayar, M.A. (Lond.)

The Magician's Daughter.

All Madras was talking of Prof. Indra, the world-famous magician whose mastery of black-art led newspapers to describe him as "Prospero and Houdini rolled into one." Tickets for his shows disappeared—like magic. Hence, Presidencians felt not a little gratified when the magician consented to give a special performance at the College.....

It would be superfluous to recount here the numerous demonstrations of his skill with which Prof. Indra thrilled and delighted his audience that evening and we discreetly confine ourselves to that part of his performance which is pertinent to our story.

The magician, a rubicund, middle-aged man, was tugging at his beard—a growth probably approximating closely to a bird's conception of the perfect nest. His assistant's were setting the stage for the last act—the most thrilling item, the Professor assured us. A bewitching lady, whom he introduced to the audience as his daughter Rukmini, then walked on to the platform. She was to be decapitated—by means of a contrivance, which looking like a modernised version of the guillotine, called up

gruesome memories of the French Revolution; and she proceeded to prostrate herself beneath the blade. It was then that Vasu got up shouting excitedly: "Stop! Stop! I won't allow it!"

He was quickly overpowered by the bystanders, who were in no mind to forego the thrills of the Decapitating Act. As the wicked-looking blade slithered down, he swooned away.

The next day Vasu was to be seen loitering about the College. He buttonholed Madhav.

"What makes you laugh?" he enquired sternly, gripping him by the scruff of the neck.

"I swear I wasn't laughing," protested Madhav.

"By the way, what happened to the lady yesterday?"

"The show went on in spite of your..... But the glamorous Miss Rukmini got up apparently none the worse for having been beheaded. And her father later came round to where you were...er...lying stretched out and enquired anxiously after you."

"I see," said Vasu, wincing. "Have you seen Prabhu? No? That means I'll have to darken the door of the class-room."

Vasu's visits to the class-room, from their infrequency, generally caused as much stir among students as the return of Halley's comet does among astronomers. But today, owing to the immortality he had earned the previous evening, a positive buzz of excitement went round as he entered the class-room. He glanced round for Prabhu, his bosom-friend, but found that studious gentleman installed, with others of his feather, in one of the front benches—exclusive preserves of those indefatigable gentry who religiously lap up every word of a lecture. Vasu made a futile attempt to worm himself into their ranks, then resigned himself to occupying his favourite seat in one of the last benches, where he either played noughts and crosses with his cronies or stretched himself out, getting up only to answer the roll-call.

Today, however, he was seen studiously poring over something. It may be that Vasu's unwonted activity roused the suspicions of the lecturer; it may be that the very rarity of his presence was enough to disturb him; anyway, he took it into his head to pose him a question—about monopoly, I think.

Vasu looked up, blinking. The lecturer repeated his question, adding *sotto voce*: "No prompting, please."

Then Vasu glanced back at the desk and blurted forth the following:

"Let others rave of laissez-faire,
Or gabble about price-control;
But I my goddess will extol—
For, really, she's beyond compare.
Then sing her praises, bow-wow-wow,
Although dash-dash-now, now, now."

When the laughter subsided, a red-faced lecturer ordered Vasu to leave the hall "in the interests of discipline" and gave vent to his favourite platitude about the comparative utility of lecturing to empty benches and to "students like that."

Vasu's behaviour considerably mystified his class-mates; and discussing it, they stayed back during the recess, instead of making a bee-line for various eating-houses down Pycroft's Road. One school of thought was of the opinion that Vasu had taken up his studies in real earnest, the "goddess" of the doggerel referring to the goddess Saraswati. This theory was resolutely shouted down by Prabhu, who professed his willingness to stake his spectacles that Vasu would never progress beyond the fly-leaf of any book other than a novel. The majority, however, recounting Vasu's behaviour the previous evening, held that he was destined for a certain institution in Kilpauk for the mentally infirm.

For Prabhu was reserved the good fortune of solving the mystery. Sighting Vasu in the Marina Canteen, he hurried up eagerly, visions of a luxurious repast spread surging through his brain.

"I've been wanting badly to meet you," effused Vasu. "I want your advice."

"But first hadn't we better....." and Prabhu waved an eloquent hand at the menu.

"My God! If you only knew how the soul revolts at the thought of grub now—"

"Why, any illness? —the after-effects of your fainting-fit?"

"I mean.....it's not that. It's a matter of the heart."

"Oh, I know a heart specialist in George Town—come on."

"How shall I put it? You know, Cupid.....the very first time I saw her.....can't forget her."

From this the astute Prabhu concluded that Vasu's malady was amatorial in nature. "If that's the trouble," he said with a knowing wink, "the sure-fire method of.....er.....winning the lady's favour is to cultivate the goodwill of the parent—say, throw him a party."

"No use," groaned Vasu. "He seems to relish nothing else except glass fragments, gramophone needles and nails—washed down with nitric acid."

"You're telling me!"

"Yes, it is none other than Prof. Indra—I mean, his daughter."

"So that explains why you fainted off and why you shouted that nonsense this morning!"

"The problem is, how shall I break it to the old man?" For Vasu's father, anxious to see that alien hands did not play ducks and drakes with the family wealth, had chosen Vasu's future spouse for him within a year of his coming into the world. But Prabhu offered nothing more helpful than sundry h'ms and haws and soon went away, casting one, longing, hungering look at the menu.

* * *

To Vasu's disappointment, Prof. Indra gave no performances the next day, which chanced to be a Sunday. Vasu, however, consoled himself by devoting the day to composing several metrical panegyrics on various portions of Miss Rukminis physiognomy, notably her eye-brows. A survey, however, of his literary efforts for the day did not make him feel very complacent about his powers of self-expression. Nor did it exactly cheer him to find that in none of Prof. Indra's subsequent shows did the object of his dreams figure. It was during his gloomiest moments that he received a letter.

"Dear Mr. Vasudev (it ran),

You have been in my thoughts ever since I came to know of you. I have now something important to discuss with you. Kindly call tomorrow at 10 a.m.

Yours, etc.,
Indra.

Although he grasped its significance at once, he read the note a dozen times. The next morning he made his toilet with more than his usual care. At 9-30 a.m. he gave a parting tug at his tie and got into his Plymouth.....

"My master is anxiously awaiting you," Prof. Indra's manservant told him. Vasu expressed his gratitude through the tactile medium, pressing a rupee coin silently into the man's palm.

"And may I.....er....." he coughed, enquire after the health of his daughter?"

The man stared stupidly, surveyed the ceiling and, for answer, gave vent to sundry inarticulate sounds. Discomfited, Vasu walked in.

The conjurer was seated before a crystal globe. "Sit down, he said, smiling. "You are the gentleman who.....er.....passed into a state of insensibility at one of my performances?"

Vasu blushed.

"Well," went on the wizard, "I have been thinking of that incident and feel that it could bring grist to my mill."

Vasu sat up.

"This incident, if properly publicised, could be a source of kudos as well as revenue to me. So if you are agreeable, I shall have the incident properly written up in my future advertisements. Now, what sum would you like to name?"

"If you have called me here to insult me....."

"Mind you, I am willing to consider any reasonable amount."

Vasu strode out, slamming the door.

* * *

Calling at the theatre where the wizard was staging his shows, Vasu learnt, to his mystification, that nobody had even heard of Miss Rukmini. Vasu spent days in vainly trying to unravel the mystery. Then he read a newspaper report that Prof. Indra was going abroad. He hurried to the shipping-office but ascertained that Prof. Indra had booked only one passage. On the day the ship was to sail he turned up at the Harbour.

The professor was leaning on the taffrail. Vasu took a bouquet out of its packing and handed it to him.

"For me?" enquired the conjurer.

"I mean.....for your.....er.....daughter," gulped Vasu.

"Daughter?" Prof. Indra scratched his head for a moment, then brightened up. "Why you know, I did away with her, killed her—not with the guillotine, though."

Vasu staggered back, aghast. Before he knew what he was doing he was stumbling down the gangway. A group of policemen were intent on a game of cards.

"Stop!" shouted Vasu. "This is no moment for play!"

One of the players gave him a brief, unbelieving glance. Vasu then went on to bring home to them "the urgency of the situation", that a

murderer was on board the ship, that if he were not arrested the gallows would be cheated. But the word "urgent", apparently through over-iteration, seemed to have lost all meaning for them; and it was with difficulty that Vasu managed to lug one of the constables on board. The professor looked round, startled.

"It is my duty", announced Vasu grimly, "to hand you over to the law."

"?????"

"I charge you with murder."

The magician frowned a moment, then his face convulsed as he broke into a prolonged peal of laughter. The bustle on board ceased awhile as people glanced round.

"Come on, constable", urged Vasu, do your duty. The ship sails in half an hour."

The constable toyed irresolutely with a pair of handcuffs.

"One minute," Prof. Indra managed to articulate between peals of laughter. Then, when he had recovered his breath—"I have no daughter. In fact, I never had the time to think of marriage."

"Then.....how on earth....."

"Rukmini is, or was, a mere figment of the imagination—no more a reality than the rabbits I produced out of my hat. I invented her just to lend colour to the show. A Prospero must have a Miranda!"

Pravin Kumar, IV Hons, (Zoology)

Fossils for Life.

In this day of rapid industrial change and advancement, of new trends and novel designs and of strange and futurist tendencies in design, it will be interesting to take notice of a large group of small plants that have been living for 30 million years or more in glass houses. These are the diatoms.

The diatoms were taking shape from the Miocene period about 35 million years ago, but the hand of destiny held back man's full use of them till the present day. The Neanderthal Man, in his foraging for wild game and fish doubtless touched them daily; they might even have formed the very cave where he lived, but he was not aware of them. Even today, scarcely one in a thousand knows of the existence of diatoms;

yet, were they to disappear suddenly, food tastes and diets would change radically, surroundings would undergo transformations and scores of industries would have to make drastic changes in their manufacturing processes.

Diatoms are plants or vegetable life that existed eons ago in large bodies of water. They are one of the few forms of animation known as life eternal. In the mining of these diatoms or diatomaceous earth, fossils of fish of various sizes and tusks and other parts of pre-historic marine animals have been uncovered proving that the deposits were buried under water for millions of years.

Historians record the first public knowledge of their existence as dating back to the early Roman days. It has been recorded that they were used by the Emperor Justinian in the bricks for building the dome of the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople in the year 532 A. D. Then, for centuries they went unnoticed.

Some twenty years ago, deposits of diatom earth were discovered along the Pacific coast of North America. After this discovery, the United States began to take an active part in the mining and developing of diatomaceous earth and today America leads all the world in its commercial use.

The diatoms also played a part in the recent world conflict. Carrying A-1 priorities, they were expedited via plane, ship, motor truck and railroad to points throughout the United States, Mexico, South America, Canada, England, New Zealand, Russia, India, Australia and China for processing into war materials. It has not yet been revealed how extensively Germany used its deposits of diatomaceous earth or 'Kieselguhr' as they call it.

Allied military experts were quick to apply the material advantageously in many ways. Giant bombers, streaking down runways on their offensive missions in the many theatres of war had their paths eased by a fine textured concrete in which diatoms are a part. Many of the components of the instrument panels in the planes have also a diatomaceous content. Camouflage paints, which must be free of all sheen, get their flattened, disguised qualities from an admixture of diatoms. The finely powdered earth goes into the linings of gasmasks, into insulation of battleships and other cruisers, into the mixtures for producing explosives and synthetic rubber and into the preparation of the miracle-drug penicillin.

Peace-time industries, however, had been utilising the material long before the Axis had its illusions of world domination and will still be using it long after world security is established.

Since the discovery of diatoms in the U. S. the demands of industry have grown and are growing steadily until nearly every manufacturer makes use of them in some manner; in purification of foods, liquids and pharmaceuticals; in refining edible and in-edible oils; in insulation; in abrasives; in admixtures for concrete, mortar, stucco and asphalt; as fillers for rubber, extenders in paints and varnishes; and in the making of paper pottery and scores of other products.

The producer has found it essential to become diatom conscious. When the consumer does likewise, everyone will realise that diatoms have taken their place alongside vitamins in our food as a necessity.

In their natural habitat, the diatom plant-life consisted of minute cases or shells covered by organic matter later eradicated by moving waters. Through motion, temperature, currents and depths of the water, nature effectively controls the character of diatoms in various parts of the world.

The world's largest salt-water diatomaceous deposits have been found in the Pacific. While there are only two general classes of diatom deposits—marine and fresh water, nature has left thousands of types, each distinct in appearance. Many of these types have been catalogued by Dr. Albert Mann of the Smithsonian Institution and by other scientific authorities.

The structure of diatoms when placed under the microscope has guided designs in jewellery—by helping to create many new and unique patterns. There are two diatomic forms, the coscinodiscus or disc-shaped and the spicular or needle-shaped. The latter is most extensively used in industry.

Before the war, orders for diatom earth came regularly to the U.S. from all parts of the world. When the Nipponese struck at Pearl Harbour, distributors and suppliers had little more than a normal reserve supply to take care of civilian demands. The military and lend-lease who had begun to make modest purchases stepped up their orders and holding highest priorities dipped deeply into the reserves. The industry made valiant efforts to keep up with the mounting demands, increased its mining crews and like many other processors, adopted a 24-hour work schedule. The civilian orders were at a peak too and soon the industry found itself working at a feverish pace to maintain its peacetime business and at the same time serve the war effort. Orders with low priority ratings dropped back to future delivery basis, but in the main, the war and home fronts were served without serious dislocations.

In addition to the uses previously listed, diatoms are also extensively employed in purifying chemicals, dry cleaning solvents, dyestuffs, glucose,

glycerine, petroleum products, vinegar, waxes and other similar products. Today, five years after the war, the U. S. Government and the military forces demand the 'earth'. You, too, must have it for diatoms play a very important and increasing role in your daily life.

A. K. Kasthuri B.Sc. (Hons.); M.S.E.P.M; F.G.M.S.

World-Peace.

Every age has its slogans, every generation its grand illusions, and the cry for world-peace is a shibboleth of every modern man. The air everywhere is thick with peace talks and peace appeals; war-mongers and peace-bearers meet periodically and pledge themselves to peace; the vast millions the world over are hankering and hungering after peace. Crown-ing all these stands the great United Nations Organisation, that citadel and bulwark of peace. Has the world at last given currency to the old promise that swords shall be beaten into plough-shares, that gun-powder shall be used to blow up mountains and that the nations shall not learn war anymore?

But this dream of peace and amity among nations through an international organisation has always been with man. It has been calculated that no less than 222 attempts have been made in the past to organise world-peace. Pierre du Boi's wish to unite Christendom under the French King in the 14th C., Sully's 'Grand Design', Kant's 'Perpetual peace' of 1795, the Congress of Paris of 1856, the formation of the 'League of Peace' by men like John Bright, J. S. Mill and Victor Hugo, the first disarmament conference of 1899 and the Hague Convention of 1907 were all sporadic attempts to secure world-peace. But they made little headway in a world vitiated by barriers—mental and physical—which separated man from man, tribe from tribe and nation from nation, and thus the idea of outlawing war and enthroning peace was nothing more than a pious aspiration and an unrealizable dream.

However, the first real and world-wide effort to secure world-peace was made with the founding of the 'League of Nations' soon after the first world war. The League pledged itself to preserve peace and to outlaw war and to seek a settlement of international disputes through arbitration or enquiry. The war-weary people heaved a sigh of relief and saw in the league a welcome star, scintillating with hope for the future. But the League of Nations proved to be nothing more than "a League of *Notions* and became a fifth wheel in the chariot of History, spinning ineffectively in the air." The so-called peace period between 1918 and 1939 was only a state of uneasy suspense between two world wars. It was no more than a preparatory period for the emergence of the Nazis and the Fascists to dictatorial power which led ultimately to the second world war.

The second world war raged on violently for five long years and ended with the crash of the atom bomb on Hiroshima. Flabbergasted with the vision of confusion and chaos, devastation and destruction and desperation and frustration which the mechanical warfare had dragged them into, humanity shrank back in sincere repentance. Everywhere the people thirsted for peace and it seemed as if the people had become wiser and were adamant in crystallising their long-cherished ideal into a lasting reality.

On that memorable day, Oct. 24, 1945 there emerged from an international conference in San Francisco the Charter of the U.N.O., which pledged the nations accepting it to maintain international peace and security and to that end, to take effective and collective measures for the prevention of threats to peace and for the suppression of acts of aggression. The Charter was to give every nation equal rights for development, and an equal say in world affairs, thereby establishing a new principle to replace the old balance of power idea. When the U.N.O. was formed it was hailed triumphantly as the nucleus of a world Federation. Five long years have rolled by since its dawn, and it has passed through many vicissitudes, and has magnificent achievements and formidable failures to its credit. Are we anyway nearer the cherished goal? Still world-peace and harmony seem to be a deluding mirage. Side by side with Stockholm peace appeal and Warsaw Peace Congress feverish preparations for war are being made in many parts of the world. Will the spark of Korean conflict whip itself off into a mighty flame of world war is the anxious question on every lip.

The great U.N.O. has landed in such a crisis. The defects of the old League of Nations still continue in the U.N.O. It has left national sovereignties intact and the Veto of the Big Five has become a veritable monkey-wrench in the organisation. The organisation is peopled with ivory-tower politicians who drown every vital issue in a sea of procedural motions. Under the nose of the U.N.O. have cropped up disruptive regional blocks of an ideological type. Rio-de-Janeiro Pact, Brussels Pact, the North Atlantic Pact and the Pan-American Union Pact—have all visibly split the world into two warring camps, America on the one side and Russia on the other side, each nursing its own pet ideology. Colonial imperialism has been replaced by ideological imperialism. Fear has gripped nations and has circumscribed their visions. Thus the war-time allies have become peace-time enemies and are waging what is known as 'cold war'. Is this the measure of peace we have achieved after such sincere and loud professions? Is there a fatality about that elusive mistress Peace which seems to recede far back as we near it?

People see in the distant horizon ominous signs of a third world war. But war in the atomic age means the complete annihilation of civilization itself. It is the prime time when peace-loving people, the

world over, whether in Peking or in San Francisco should rally under the banner of Peace and defend peace at all costs. But is the modern materialistic world equal to the task? As Professor Arnold Toynbee observes, the great need of the modern world is spiritual regeneration and moral re-armament, and looking back to the glorious rise and fall of twenty-one civilizations, the professor sees only one lesson, running through history, that is, nothing fails like worldly success. And is our civilization going to avoid what those civilizations could not? Is the modern man abler and more competent to choose wisely between the atom bomb and Gandhism?

P. V. Rajkumar B.A. P.G.I. (Econ.)

Plant Magic.

Do you long to meet the creator of life? Do you burn to know the core of existence and the quintessence of energy? Whether you are an atheist or a religious fanatic, a saint or a sinner, you can recognize this master-magician. It does not lie beyond the clouds, its abode is of the earth. It is not a sadhu in his saffron robe that discovered it, but a mere scientist named H. J. Dutrochet. Yet it is not confined to the four walls of a laboratory, or the roundness of a test-tube. If you yearn to see it, do not bend over microscopes or scan dusty volumes. Only look around you. Lo! it is there in the lordly palm-tree your eyes wander to; it is there in the humblest blade of grass you tread on for it is nothing more than that green leaf-pigment—Chlorophyll.

Chlorophyll, literally meaning "leaf-green", is very largely responsible for the viridescence of plantscapes. It is Nature's key chemical. Through its action, solar energy—source of all energy in the world—is trapped and infused into the organic matter it produces. All animals and man himself are incapable of utilizing this solar energy directly. More surprising is the fact that man—superior and advanced as he is—cannot even convert it into usable form for himself. He can only shelter and protect himself from this life-force, that every day, hurtles down at the rate of 215×10^{15} calories per second! Here, chlorophyll steps into the breach. It is the one link between the sun and life; the conduit of perpetual energy to all our frail organisms. But for chlorophyll, life would be at an end, because only that and no other chemical compound in the world, is invested with the remarkable property of utilizing the energy of the sun in bringing together two inorganic substances to form an organic substance which is the true sustenance of life. It is chlorophyll, verily nature's gift to existence, that grants life a tenure on this earth. Man is wholly and entirely dependent on this life-creator. The wealth and

diversity of our material life spring from the primal fact of chlorophyll's activity. Recently, researchers have claimed that with the help of ultra-violet rays and specially prepared nickel-oxide, Carbon-dioxide and water have been combined to form carbohydrate substances, without the action of either chlorophyll or living protoplasm. Whether future life can turn to mass-production of synthetic carbohydrates yet remains a matter of grave doubt. The cheapest, the surest, and the easiest way of preparing sustenance for life, is Nature's own process. The world shall move on, as it has moved till now, because chlorophyll unceasingly, unerringly, and slowly provides for it.

The activity of chlorophyll, termed Photo-synthesis, is the world's primal and most essential industry. It is the prerequisite for all life—the forerunner of the new, the sustainer of the old. One instant a gas and water—the next, chlorophyll has transformed it into living tissue, genitive and progenitive, the very flesh of man! Yet there is no roar of machines, no clanging of cymbals or ringing of bells to herald this miracle. Silence envelops the most remarkable industry in the world. For thirty-odd years, the best scientists have sought to unravel the chemical mystery of chlorophyll. At last, success is theirs where the composition of chlorophyll and its mode of action are concerned. $\text{Mg N}_4 \text{C}_{55} \text{H}_{72} \text{O}_5$!—what magic is concentrated into this combination of the elements! Its action is equally magical. Chlorophyll is mainly concentrated in the cells of the leaves and sometimes in the stems of plants. The arrangement of the leaves, in all normal plants, is such that the maximum amount of sunlight falls on each leaf. Every leaf has minute openings on its surface termed stomata. Air from the atmosphere enters the tissue of the leaf through these. Water absorbed by the roots from the soil, rises up in the plant and reaches the leaf. The raw materials are at hand. The transformation is about to begin, as the sun is shining brightly. One photon of sunlight strikes the chlorophyll, breaking up the tenacious molecule of water into hydrogen and oxygen. Similarly, carbon-dioxide from the air is torn apart into carbon and oxygen. The three elements—carbon, oxygen and hydrogen—are then combined at lightning speed into carbonic acid, which immediately turns into formic acid. Formic acid becomes formaldehyde and hydrogen-peroxide. The former turns into glucose, while the highly poisonous latter gas breaks up into harmless water and oxygen. Finally, the glucose loses a modicum of water, and turns into starch, which is the final pattern the finished product takes. Not only does this serve as building material for the plants themselves and as a source of energy in the building operations, but it also serves similar purposes for the herbivorous animals which feed on the plants. Many animals are seen to be carnivorous, having apparently no connection with plants, but these also ultimately obtain the products of chlorophyll activity, since they are present in the altered form of flesh in the bodies of their victims. Chlorophyll no doubt, has a very low efficiency, as the energy absorbed

by this substance, in the green parts of the plant, is only 10% of the energy radiating from the Sun, while the energy actually utilized during photosynthesis is 3.5%. Man-made machines deliver as much as 25% energy as that of the fuel they burn, but it must be remembered that the fuel they use up—coal, gas, oils and wood—had all the most humble of origins in plants, many geological eras ago. Chlorophyll, simple and tranquil, yet complex to a most perplexing degree, marches on so that the banner of life may be carried forth.

Blood, coursing through every vein in Man, is a close relation to chlorophyll. What a thrill must have been his, when the famous German chemist, Richard Willstätter, first discovered that chlorophyll is truly a cousin of the red haemoglobin of our blood. The one molecule of magnesium in the chlorophyll is replaced by one molecule of iron in the haemoglobin. Startling discovery that it was, it provided the footing necessary for further research on chlorophyll. During the last World War, doctors began experimenting with chlorophyll from green leaves (especially alfalfa), as a healer of wounds. It was found that chlorophyll sometimes closed stubborn wounds that had repulsed sulfas, penicillin and other medicines. Besides the odour issuing from wounds was found to disappear. This discovery was put to a strict test by Dr. Warner F. Bowers and his associates, at a U.S. Army general hospital, where the osteomyelitis and fracture wards were full of sickening odour emanating from gaping wounds. Within forty-eight hours of the application of the chlorophyll-ointment on the patients, all the nauseating smell had faded away. Even before this experiment, Dr. F. H. Westcott and Dr. J. A. Killian, while attempting to cure anaemia with chlorophyll, stumbled on the same great discovery, that chlorophyll overcomes bad odour. Vigorous tests with human "guinea-pigs", with the aid of an osmoscope, have now proved that chlorophyll when taken internally, completely prevents for long periods body-odour, bad breath due to halitosis, bronchiectasis, chronic liver disease, tobacco and alcoholic drinks. Chlorophyll is also now used in some of the air-refreshers for homes and public places.

Photo-synthesis is by no means the only plant-process, we owe our daily existence to. There is another, the products of which are vitally important to us today—the products of a process which commenced a billion years ago! It is Chemo-synthesis, the oxidation of chemical elements. Leptothrix, aboriginal microcosm of genitive matter and autotrophic bacteria that it is, lived then as it does today, by oxidising iron. In a water-laden world of over a billion years ago, in a world where the light of the sun did not reach it, Leptothrix had to assemble materials into life by Chemo-synthesis. It produced energy by oxidising iron, tapped atomic energy, and literally ate the metal! With the passage of time, the detritus of the organism began to amass, and under the terrific pressure of the water above, became iron-ore! What a humble beginning for the towering Iron-industry of today, synonymous with strength and power!

Similarly, Cladotrix found life-fodder in manganese and Beggiatoa in sulphur. Sulphur is a vital constituent of the nucleus of every cell in a living organism. Beggiatoa, primitive bacterial plant as it is, converts the sulphur of the soil into sulphuric acid. The limes of the soil interact with this acid, and compounds of calcium and sulphur are formed. The higher plants can absorb sulphur from the soil only in such compounded forms, and from these plants, man, the roof and crown of creation, takes his supply of sulphur and survives! Life is truly pivoted on such humble activity.

Finally, it is not possible to overlook one more product of this amazing Plant Kingdom. Coal, Black Diamond of our earth, more precious than all the White, is only another vegetable resource. It is the fossilization of the luxuriant fern and club-moss forests of the middle Ages of plant-history. Iron and Coal, two great products of the green kingdom, meet; and out of this union spring the monsters of our mechanical age. The sun is low on the western horizon, darkness enshrouds the world. A switch is depressed and light pervades the room. Gigantic generators use up thousands of tons of coal a day, to place this energy at our finger-tips. But this light, brilliant as it may be, is nothing new. It is the resurrection of actinic violence hurled at plants, two hundred million years ago!

The curtains of the future hang. Beyond is a void which Time has to fill. But when the curtains are drawn, it is certain that the Earth's Green Mantle will be there to provide for Life, as perhaps Psilophyton, one of the earliest known plants on this earth, provided for Adam.

R. Natarajan, III B.Sc., (Botany).

Wishing-bones.

There is tense excitement on the cricket field and in the stands almost giving way under the weight of mammoth crowds, as the bowler runs up and delivers the ball. Prem hooks it with great mastery and style and sends it all the way to the boundary. There is a tremendous ovation from the huge gathering as the two hundred of his individual score goes up on the score-board. Boys, big and small, scamper across the field with cameras, autograph books, slips of paper or anything else they can get hold of. Prem is mobbed by a hysterical throng of adoring fans. All the players cheer him for his third successive double-century scored in record time..... Just then there is the very unpleasant and jarring sound of the electric bell; and with a start Prem comes back to earth. "I hope you all have been paying attention; this is generally a favourite topic with examiners", concludes the lecturer, directing a significant look towards Prem.

There are many such Prems in everyday life. The idol of the day-dream may be anybody from a Don Bradman to a Don Juan, in the case of the more romantically inclined. Each one of us has some high ambition, some secret longing to achieve something some day—without this Life would lose most of its charm. The scholar's day-dream is limited to achieving distinctions and passing examinations with credit. Others stop at nothing short of the top rung of the ladder of stardom. To be the idol of millions, deluged with a stupendous fan mail and earning fabulous salaries, is their fond hope. The more adventurous type may dream of anything from big-game hunting in the wilds of an African jungle to the conquest of the unchallenged peak of Mount Everest. Yet again there are many who foolishly imagine themselves to be long-haired, absinthe-drinking, dreamy-eyed poets and artists. People who believe in the get-rich-quick method would like to have an unerring talent for spotting winners at the race-track or the uncanny knack of sending all-correct solutions of Commonsense Crossword puzzles. The exclusive and overwhelming love of a certain movie queen is the desire and dream of quite a few.

Every age has its own dreams. Children, adolescents and even men and women in respectable middle-age dream of to-morrows, weaving as the poet said "by night and day a magic web of colours". Every young boy hopes to be an engine-driver when he grows up and every little girl wishes to be a beautiful princess or an enchanting fairy who can transform the whole world into a magic garden with the touch of her silver wand.

Even politicians are not free from indulgence in pleasant and often foolish reveries, and when impoverished citizens are content to believe implicitly in politicians "who bake their promises of the future in a pastry-cook's oven"—there is trouble brewing! Poor Willkie wrote of the "One World," but has it not become a fantastic dream, especially in the present context of the international situation? Dreams of world-conquest have pursued men right from the time of Attila and Alexander. It is this very same ambitious day-dream that has become such a night-mare to the present-day world.

Some writers and poets, scientists and inventors, have been fortunate enough to see their cherished dreams, partly or wholly fulfilled. The only happiness that Zane Grey, the author, found in life was his day-dreams. His climb from poverty to the position of one of the most widely read authors on our planet was an uphill task. Even as a dentist, while his hands were busy grinding molars, his mind was far away in the west with cowboys. If a horse trotted over the cobble-stones under his window, he immediately thought of mail robbers and the pony express. Again, it was the fantastic dream of Rousseau's mind that paved the road

to freedom of an enslaved nation and blazed new trails for ethical enquiries that have not yet been followed to their ultimate destination.

Of course, day-dreaming should not become an obsession or make persons oblivious of the needs of the present. It would be very tragic indeed if all of us tended to put off living. We can certainly dream of some magical rose-garden over the horizon, but it should not prevent us from enjoying the roses that are blooming outside our windows to-day. As one writer aptly remarked,—“People should not wear their wishbones where their backbones ought to be”.

But to spend a few seconds a day allowing our thoughts to wander, will send us back to routine tasks with renewed strength, and help us to dispel the feeling of hopelessness and despair which occasionally hangs over us. To be able to give our imagination free play, and to withdraw sometimes to a fanciful world of images and illusions, is indeed a means of escape from the drab realities of Life. For has it not been truly said that the mind without imagination is what an observatory would be without a telescope!

Saroj Pattabhi, V Hons. (Econ).

Obituary: Homo sapiens.

No animal ever perished as foolishly as Homo sapiens, the self-styled wise-Men. Their cleverness outran their wisdom and they were hoist with their own petard. They had a chequered history. Adversity after adversity dogged them and their forbears, but every time they came out the better for it, except now. It is like them that their known history should have started with a calamity some three hundred odd million years ago when their ancestors, the fish, found themselves faced with desiccation of the pools and lagoons into which the Caledonian upheavals had cut up their aquatic home. They had to escape from pool to pool when they dried one after another. In thus scampering from pillar to post, their fins became limbs and they Amphibia. For pretty long they remained just fish out of water, unable to venture far into land having had to go back into water to breed. It took them some millions of years of fence-sitting between water and land to be able to breed on land and jump on the land side of the fence finally as reptiles. As though drunk with this achievement they bred like flies and crowded the virgin land with uncouth bizarre tyrannous dinosaurs and other giants which deployed and ravaged the earth for a hundred million years. Providence be thanked that they had more brawn than brains and could not manage to survive the radical climatic changes that overtook them seventy million years ago when the earth heaved again. They dramatically disappeared leaving the world to the mammals which had already sprung from the reptilian lions, and

had been crouching in the alleys and bylanes of life lest the reptilian Goliaths should swallow them like pills. They in their turn spread over the globe in numbers and variety. In the intense struggle caused by their own procreative prowess one group escaped up the trees to live in seclusion. Life in the branches and foliage put a premium on deftness of limbs, acuteness of vision and cuteness of brain which they acquired in adequate measure to flourish there.

When they were happy thus another calamity befell them about a million years ago. General drought made their sylvan home dwindle, and they had to climb down and live as best they could or perish. The faculties acquired while on trees stood them in good stead. They got permanently erect on their hind legs leaving the forelegs free to become manipulative hands. Having had to live by wits their wits sharpened and they became the wise Men, Homo sapiens. They first hunted, then domesticated plants and animals for use, congregated here and there and called bits of the earth's surface their own. They glorified them as Father-land and Mother-land and symbolized them in scraps of multi-coloured cloth, which they called Flags. Every now and then they showed the cloven hoof and fought, in the name of the freedom of the motherland and the sanctity of the flag. They fought with teeth and claws, then with stone and stick, later with tank and gun, and finally with atom and hydrogen bombs. The last one consumed them and their planet, and even threatened us in Mars. With a clever head to conceive and a deft hand to execute they wrought their own ruin and joined the scrap heap of Evolution, leaving Nature to try something better.

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

Topps takes a hand.

As usual, we four of us—Topps, Nutts, Rags, and I were seated at the canteen sipping the 11 O'clock coffee, that elixir of life. The talk turned on the fluctuations of fortune one experiences in one's life, and I, wishing to show how widely read I was, said "Fortune favours fools."

"You never said a more sensible thing," cried Topps, "it reminds me"

"Quite true, said Rags. "I have often maintained that one of these days Dame Fortune will switch one of her special smiles on Nutts—a smile which can eat a banana sideways."

"I was about to say," said Topps.

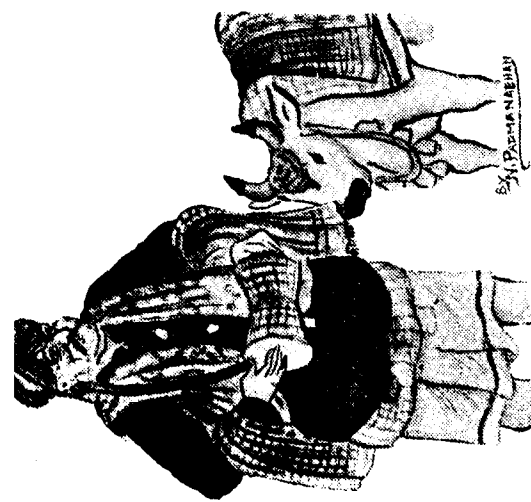
"If I am not superfluous or super-erogatory, in fact if I am not derogatory, or deprecatory," exclaimed Nutts, "I should opine that when brains are the subject under discussion, or intelligence the item on the



— RHYTHM —
— A. R. Miro Bai



"FOR THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY"
— A. R. Miro Bai



BEGGARY AS AN ART - (in a statutorily rationed area!)
— N. Padmanabhan.

Our Artists' Corner—



"SONS OF THE SEA"
— K. V. Bala Devi



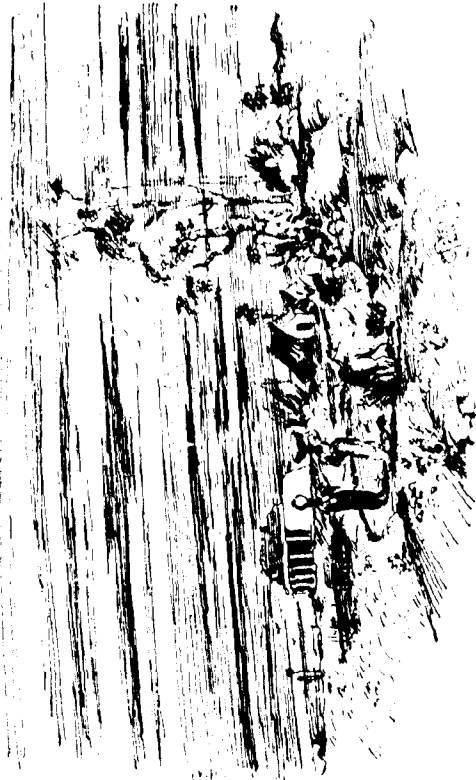
"THE COMPLETE ANGLER"—Not to be despised,
says Kalidasa
— K. V. Bala Devi



"THE PLOUGHMAN HOMEWARD PLODS HIS
WEARY WAY"—
— K. V. Bala Devi



A DANCE POSE OF MISS LALITA SIVARAMAN



"EVENING SHADOWS" — Philip Joseph



"THE PIPER PIPED HIS SONG SO GAY" —
—Khursheed Ara Begum

agenda, Rags should try to look out of the window. For those are things with which he has the slightest connection and of which he has the remotest knowledge."

"I say, beggars, silence!," cried Topps rapping the table (which sent some innocent-looking things seated at a neighbouring table to go out and see whether the sky was cloudy), "I was going to tell about my cousin Booby. This Booby was....."

I put on a resigned air, and tried my best to look like Newman's gentleman, who, I think, faces the inevitable, when, I believe, it is inevitable.

x x x

I wonder (said Topps), whether I have ever mentioned to you the time when my old man took his leave of earthly things, leaving me as they say master of my fate, and captain of my soul. And as is perfectly natural, and quite in keeping with the world, relatives of whom I never heard before, came in large flocks, at first to offer me their condolences and congratulations and then to wonder whether a loan (strictly returnable of course!) of a mere few hundreds would be too much of a drain on my purse. That was how Booby crossed my horizon and seeing that I was solitary and in dire need of pleasant company, he, out of the goodness of his heart, straightway decided to become my constant companion. Now a word about Booby—or to be precise, his head. One school of thought maintained that it contained some material, out of which it is not profitable to try to extract aluminium—i.e., it contained clay. The second group contended that this was nothing short of sheer impudence and gross injustice, for Booby's head contained nothing.

And now, one day, while I was trying to cut myself with a razor evidently touched by Booby, I heard him come up the stairs, and in a minute saw him fall with a thud on the easy chair. I looked round to see any floating wooden bits, but fortunately found none. Obviously he was cursing somebody, for I heard him mutter.

"The impudent intrusion of an impertinent imp!"

"Look here," I said. "What's up?"

"The flabbergasting fuddling of a flop-eyed fool!"

"I say!"

"The meddlesome muddling of a mud-headed muff!"

Action was imperative. I poured on him a cup of cold water and was glad to find the restorative soften him.

"My dear orang-outang," I said, "What is the trouble? Who is the villain? When did it happen?"

"I am in troubled waters, chap, I want you to give me"

My head began to reel, registering 1572 rpm.

"To give me solid, good and round advice."

The reeling stopped.

"May I request your highness to stop talking in governmental language. Unwind the wrapper. Open up the pack. Lay the cards on the table."

"My silly duckling, I'm in love."

I was shocked to the core, but there was no seismograph on hand to register the intensity. For till then I thought that the fellow had a craze for food only—and for money of course, to satisfy that craving. I never expected him to indulge in this pastime, which is the idleness of the busy and the business of the idle. Again to give credit to any sensible girl, unless she had her mind examined by a psycho-analyst, she wouldn't have fallen in love with this goat of all people. Probably this was a one-sided affair, I thought, but Booby put me in the wrong by reciting his story.

"Doubt thou the stars are fire; doubt that the sun doth move; doubt truth to be a liar; but never doubt I love," he began.

"You know, thug," he said, "in these hard days, when knighthood has been knocked out, politeness pickled, and chivalry chopped, I am one of the very few Sir Galahads, offering my seat in the bus to a member of the opposite sex, especially when I am going to get down at the next stop. On the particular day, which I am speaking of, Gussie—that's her name—boarded the bus in which I was going. She was rather in a pitiable plight. Both her arms were bent at right angles. Over these were placed a symmetrical array of note-books, books, and what-nots to a height of 1½ ft. and weighing only about 65 lbs. Any fool would have at once felt that 'thy need is greater than mine' and offered his seat. I did. I tried to see what books she was carrying—you never know when these things may come handy—lending my head in the process, and wishing for a giraffe's neck. I saw, to my great delight, that one of the books was 'Murder a Minute' by 'Maniac'. I visualized a long vista opening before me. For any half-witted idiot would have clearly recognized the fact that obviously her tastes lay in the field of murders. So I began.

"You seem to be a mysterious girl—I mean—you seem to be interested in mysteries."

"Yes." The tone was anything but cordial.

"I too, you know, have got a good collection of them. If you want I shall get them."

"No, thanks."

"No, no, no, no. Don't think it will be asking too much of me, or it will cause me any trouble. Far from it. In fact, if there is one thing which I like in the world, it is carrying mystery novels."

"My dear chap, that was how Romance started. You would have thought that what with the outrageous ogling of outlandish owls and the perturbing prying of pernicious pulpheads, who unfortunately travel in buses, romance wouldn't have flourished. But it did. What do you say to that?"

"I only say that Shakespeare must be got on the ouija board rapped on the head and asked to change his statement 'the course of true love never did run smooth'."

"My silly buffalo. The old boy is all right and you are all wrong. For there are two black characters, whom I was cursing when I entered the room, you know. One is Shank, Gussie's nth cousin of the nth generation and the other is Mr. Loosenuts, Gussie's father (her mother is luckily not in this world!). That is where you come into the picture."

"My holy head! What the devilled dickens do you mean?" I thundered.

"Nothing to worry about, my bunny rabbit. I just ask you to go to Mr. Loosenuts, introduce yourself, use your strategy and make the old bird fall for me. I wouldn't have asked you, if I am not afraid that Shank is slowly working up his way into the old fellow's confidence. Also, you know, it wouldn't be nice for a would-be-son-in-law to ask a would-be-father-in-law for the would-be-daughter's hand,—I mean—for the would-be bride's hand. So I expect you to be snappy and finish the business tomorrow morning. So, cheerio."

I was too much shocked to interrupt him, but was able to throw a faint 'I say' at the receding figure. But he was already on the steps.

"Don't say, I say," Mr. Loosenuts is crazy about crosswords. Touch him there and you will sail smoothly. So *au revoir*."

It took me a full hour and three cups of strong coffee to recover from the shock after Booby left. But after all, an adventurous spirit like mine could not remain subdued for long. So off to my ordeal like the youth who bore, mid snow and ice, a banner with the strange device, Excelsior!

Hence behold me in the morning seated in the living room of Mr. Loosenuts wearing a come-what-may-I-care-two-hoots expression, and waiting for that enlightened personage to make his appearance. I was alone in the room. So I fell into all the silly delusions which come to you when you are alone in a strange room. Pretty soon, I was in a land of my own creation believing myself to be Sherlock Holmes sent there to recover a stolen document of paramount importance. 'I say it's under the carpet,' I said to myself and straightway began to lift the carpet on the floor.

"You blighter there? Who are you, and what are you doing there? I give you five minutes before I phone up the police."

A voice reminiscent of a starving bulldog, which finds its buried bone missing, barked beside me.

But I excel at the most trying moments, as you would have frequently observed. So I switched one of my disarming smiles. But the 300 lb. of flesh was made of sterner stuff and so didn't melt. I found myself in a nasty corner. Then it came—the brain-wave.

I blurted out "Cross-words."

The big frame relaxed. Hostility turned into hospitality.

"Take your seat, my dear sir, Is it No. 479 or No. 480 in which I have secured the first prize. You know I was expecting....."

"I say, dash it, you are obviously....."

"Yes, yes, as you say, obviously some premonition. There I send an entry, and say to myself 'if there is one entry which is going to defeat the compiler, it's this,' and see, here you are!"

"Look here, dash it, I want to tell you....."

"You want me to tell you my system of working. My system is that I have no system! Ha, ha, ha,.....ha!"

"If you don't mind, dash it, I want to ask you....."

"Certainly I don't mind giving my photo for publication. See this album. Which do you want? This one was taken when I was six months old. This one when I was one year old. This one when I was one and a half years old. This one when I was two years....."

He was too busily engaged in appreciating the last one to talk, so that I blurted out some rapid remarks like a mugpot giving reply to a question, which he had memorized only too well.

"I say dash it, you are mistaking me for, I mean, dash it, a press reporter, dash it....."

Hostility replaced itself. Eyes which were a mixture of a gimlet and an X-ray glared at me. I prayed for another brain-wave.

"Don't be annoyed, dash it. I'm just a friend of Booby, dash it, dropping in here, dash it, to inform that ass, dash it, that he had knocked off the first prize, dash it....."

"Whhhhhaaaatttt? Do you mean to say that the good-for-nothing fool who hangs round here, who can't say whether it is 'bass' or 'lass' has borne off the prize? Impossible....."

"No, dash it, Booby is one of those wonderful chaps....."

"He isn't." A fellow clad in a peculiar dress which must have come from America, made this remark. I guessed it must be Shank. Before I could refute him, however, Mr. Loosenuts rose angrily.

"Shank," he said, "why don't you behave yourself? Why do you eavesdrop and butt in the middle? Must I tell you to read my book 'Etiquette' which I presented you?"

"My old crony. You're a nice feller. Think you that I had time to read your trashy abomination? Shouldn't be forced on an innocent public, your public menace."

There are few things that an author can bear with good humour. The slinging of mud at what one considers to be his masterpiece is certainly not one of them. Mr. Loosenuts stood quivering. Words failed him. I gave him *Chambers' 20th Century*.

Shank was still going strong.

"Just think of the old codger teaching me manners. Bosh! The old horse is evidently dopey. Oiled I should say, were it not for prohibition. Ha, ha, ha.....he's talking thro' his hat....."

Chambers is a heavy fellow. Add to him 120 mph. Then you won't be surprized that the next minute saw Shank rising from the ground and feeling a lemon which had suddenly grown on his head. I looked round, picked up *Oxford* and gave it to Mr. Loosenuts. But by that time he regained his composure.

"You blasted blighter, you cadaverous cur, you damned dope, Get out from my house."

Chambers had presumably pacified Shank, for he was all apology.

"I say, old boy, I never meant it, you jolly old buffer. Can't I have some fun with my would-be-father-in-law? To think I will pass nasty remarks about your disgusting—I mean your delightful creation. Shake hands with me, you old giraffe!"

"But the good books of Mr. Loosenuts were once for all closed, wrapped up, sealed, put in an iron safe, and locked. He simply let out a contemptuous sniff.

"Go on dreaming, you wretched walrus, that I will give you Gussie. If at all I give you anything, it is time to say your prayers. Hey there, get me my '38....."

Macdonald Bailey or Jessey Owens would have paled into nothingness before Shank who was turning the corner of the street, the next second. Mr. Loosenuts now turned on me.

"To think that I once held that hound in esteem!"

"Think of it!"

"To have suffered that cur under my roof for such a long time."

"Oh, what a suffering!"

"To be almost duped by his addresses—by that blinking buffalo—who is not a gentleman, who doesn't know etiquette and who asks what manners mean. He must be put into gaol."

"Yes, yes. He must be punished and asked to read at the point of the bayonet, your book 'Etiquette' and Newman's 'Idea of a gentleman.'"

I thought the time propitious to introduce Booby into the conversation.

"On the other hand, look at Booby," "I started, "the perfect gentleman. The embodiment of etiquette, the cream of courtesy, the personification of politeness, the incarnation of intelligence....."

"Bless my buttons!" cried Mr. Loosenuts, "here comes your friend Booby....."

"The crackpot of crosswords!" I ended.

To say that I was pleased to see Booby at this juncture would have been in Antony's vein calling Brutus & Co. 'honourable men.'

"My dear boy....." was what Mr. Loosenuts was saying.

"My dear boy, it seems I have been vastly mistaken about your latent talents. From your idiotic—I mean—your thoughtful expression and from your silly—I mean—your frank, fishlike face, I couldn't gather much. Come on, you first prize winner, help me to solve a particularly tough clue, which had made me spend three sleepless nights."

I sank back in my chair and sat in a reverie. From the morning, I have been toiling to spread a well-spun net for the old shark, and just as I am confident of landing it, in comes this blundering blackguard, Booby. And mark you, all this I have done, at a great personal risk. If Booby is going to pass this acid test of his intelligence, well.....well, I shall go and purchase a book, 'Your Stars—How They Determine Your Fortune.' if not, I wash my hands. If it is Booby's fault to get in the soup, I can't help it. No sir, I am backing out.

But I need not have been alarmed.....

The test began. Excitement seethed in the atmosphere. In the corner Fate was tossing a coin.

"My dear boy," Mr. Loosenuts was saying, "see, this is the one. The clue says 'A large Australian bird! It can't be Kangaroo, for it is a word of three letters. It starts with E and ends in U. What can be more confounding than this?'"

"By golly! I think I've hit it," cried Booby, "can it be Emu E.....M.....U, you know, emu?"

"My dear boy," Mr. Loosenuts cried trying to control his exuberant joy, "to think that such a simple, silly word trapped me! It's always like this. Great men always forget small things. You can knock me down with a feather. In fact, you can knock me down with a feather. As I said, you can knock me....."

I saw around to find whether any friend of the feathered fraternity would oblige, when Mr. Loosenuts was still continuing.

".....down with a feather. Dear Booby, you are the pick of the flock. You're the man, whom Gussie should get. Think of the cool thousands we will be knocking pretty soon with our collected brains!"

Mr. Loosenuts was now shaking my hands like a mastiff shaking a rat.

"To think," he bleated, "that but for you, I would have gone off my head about Shank. Just imagine....." My hand was again put in the lathe and I felt the bones crack. I made a mental note that I must go and have my hand X-rayed after getting out.

"I think, I shall get going," I said sheepishly and moving to the door, "I shouldn't poke my nose in the solemn conclave between the son-in-law and the father-in-law. So long! best of luck!"

That you know is the Saga of Booby, my cousin and I felt jubilant at the turn of events. As you know, what-is-it, in that what-do-you-call-that-book, 'A good heart rejoiceth in doing a good deed.'

C. V. Pichappa, B.Sc. (Hons.)

Foreign Capital And Indian Economic Development

The age of imperialist domination has passed away. Development of backward areas in the future is not bound up with the motive of economic exploitation. Realisation has finally come to the Western nations that if lasting peace and cooperation are to prevail among countries with conflicting ideologies international economic harmony alone will provide the solution. This radical change of attitude has been responsible for the granting of independence to hitherto exploited areas like India, Pakistan Ceylon etc.

The importance of foreign capital for the development of economically backward areas has been amply illustrated by the economic history of the world. Surplus funds of the "have" nations were utilised for the development of the productive powers of the "have-not" nations. India falls into the latter category. Vera Anstey has admirably summed up India's economic set-up "as being essentially medieval in organisation and outlook."

Freed from foreign rule, India takes her stand to-day among the free and independent nations of the world. But political freedom without economic progress would be meaningless. The attainment of independence has created an urge for economic freedom.

The question thus arises—How is economic prosperity to be achieved? Rapid industrialisation, which has been in progress in Western countries ever since the Industrial Revolution started its memorable course in the nineteenth century, seems to provide the only solution. India to-day is not materially and economically different from what she was a century ago. Her natural resources are relatively undeveloped. She has a vast labour supply which can be easily trained and she is by nature fitted to be one of the highly industrialised nations of the world. She has size, population and resources.

Unfortunately circumstances essentially political have hampered her progress and retarded the normal course of development. The autocratic foreign regime which had dominated India for centuries had as its main concern the restriction of India's industrial advance. India was to remain a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. A predominantly agricultural India was found to be a suitable source for their raw materials and food supplies and also provided an appropriate market for her manufactured goods. As R. C. Dutt aptly remarked "The invention of the power-loom sounded the death-knell of Indian industries." The advent of the railways dealt another fatal blow to indigenous industries because they enabled imports of foreign manufactures (cheap, durable and of excellent quality) and exports of raw materials relatively easy. Such has been the tragic fate of our native industries.

Nevertheless, British merchants and producers were not slow in realising the great possibilities of Indian industries especially of plantations. Thanks to the enterprising nature of these early English settlers in our country, jute, tea, indigo and rubber gradually assumed prominence and produced vast surpluses to be exported to foreign markets. Whatever might have been the abuses, it was primarily due to their guidance and control that our plantation industries were fostered which later on gave the fillip for indigenous enterprise to capture this fruitful field.

These British settlers brought their own capital. Labour came in plenty from neighbouring areas. Profits were indeed abnormal and at times fabulous. These were pocketed by the British entrepreneurs, no protest being raised by the Indians who were being ground under the yoke of foreign exploitation.

Such were the beginnings of foreign capitalistic enterprise in India. Industrial development on the whole was exceedingly slow owing to a variety of reasons, political, social and economic like illiteracy, lack of technical "know-how", absence of adequate methods of saving and investment.

With August 1947 there came a tremendous change. Independence or Swaraj claimed as the birth-right of all civilized peoples had been achieved. But the economic consequences of Partition were on the whole unfavourable to the Indian Union. Vast food-producing areas of Bengal and the Punjab, regarded as the granary of India, had been lost. The same was the case with raw jute and raw cotton. This had a very adverse influence on the country's industrial and agricultural development. The problem has thus become one of survival itself. Self-sufficiency in food and rapid industrialisation which can lead to a rise in the standard of life and to a higher per capita income, have become the cry of the hour.

Self-sufficiency in food by the end of 1951 or '52 which is the target of our government, can be attained only through large-scale farming and mechanisation, thus increasing production and lowering the cost. Mechanisation implies import of tractors and other agricultural machinery from abroad. The main source of supply for such machinery has been the U. S. but recent exchange complications and devaluation have increased the cost of such imports. India, regarded as a predominantly agricultural country has consistently been importing ever-increasing quantities of essential food-stuffs mostly from hard-currency areas. All these things have necessitated a greater volume of exports to pay for our growing imports. Unless some means of rapidly increasing our agricultural production to reduce our food imports, the dollar shortage problem is bound to be insoluble.

The same is the case with our industries. Our infant industries having enjoyed protection for a number of years have become extremely reluctant to shoulder the responsibility of expanding and maximising production. Unless industries are developed to the full in the near future, we are bound to lose the markets which we possess at present. As pointed out above, Pakistan is very advantageously placed in regard to industrial raw materials.

The question naturally arises—how are we to procure the means necessary for implementing developments schemes in industry and agriculture? The answer is, to get the maximum amount of capital resources. What is the present state of capital supply in the country? The saving habit is imperfectly developed. The middle classes generally and the peasants particularly convert their savings into ornaments and jewellery. The banking habit is imperfectly developed in the rural areas. Further, inflationary pressure has adversely affected the saving capacity of the fixed money-income groups. The Industrial Policy Statement of 1948 was rather confusing. The main purpose of the Government, it was avowed, was to promote rapid industrialization. In actual practice no pains were taken to convince the industrialists and the capitalists that they will get all the necessary encouragement in expanding business. The appointment of the Tax Evasion Enquiry Commission, the threat of nationalisation and the hunt after profiteers confirmed the industrialist in his fear that his capital was not safe, with the result that he either exported it or hoarded it in strong boxes. It was a period of extreme tension to the capitalists who refused to start fresh enterprises or expand old ones. Investment came to a stand-still.

One ray of hope was no doubt present in the budget speech of 1945. Dr. Mathai agreed to abolish capital Gains Tax and increase the depreciation allowance on machinery as a sort of stimulus to industrialists to come forward with replacements and renewals. Even this failed to evoke proper enthusiasm.

Turning to the section dealing with foreign capital in the Industrial Policy Statement of 1948, we find that the Government, determined to secure rapid development of Indian industries at all costs, stated the terms under which foreign capital may come into the country. The statement definitely acknowledged the importance of foreign capital in economic development and it indicated the conditions which might be accepted by such enterprising foreigners. In the first place, the warning was given that foreigners can expect no treatment more favourable than that accorded to Indian investors. At the same time an assurance was given that they would not be discriminated against or their interests prejudicially affected. In other words, both Indian and non-Indian investors are to be placed on a par without discrimination. Further, in

case of nationalisation within the specified time adequate compensation was to be granted to such foreigners.

Even this frank avowal of the necessity for foreign capital and the open declaration of the Government in inviting foreigners to invest in India, failed to stir them from their lethargy. Nevertheless it must be asserted that if indigenous capitalists are dissatisfied with existing economic conditions, how can we expect foreigners to make a bold plunge into risky ventures in foreign lands especially when the country in question happens to be in a state of transition?

Pandit Nehru's recent visit to America, however seems to have created a more favourable impression on Western minds about the prospects of investment in India. Omitting indigenous sources of capital, to which country and to what extent are we to turn for securing the desired capital? England, the pioneer of the Industrial Revolution, enjoyed undisputed mastery in the industrial sphere right up to the eve of World War I. Her capital it was that fed the undeveloped countries, and in the early days even the continent of America. Her capital resources found outlets throughout the world and particularly in India, but her spacious days rapidly came to an end with World War II. At present she occupies the position of a debtor country. And yet it is surprising that in recent years more capital has come to India from Britain than from America.

Turning to other directions, the World Bank for Reconstruction and Rehabilitation would appear to be a promising source for capital funds. One of its main objectives is to provide assistance for enabling backward areas to develop their full production capacity. Nevertheless, there is a serious limitation to borrowing from this source. The World Bank limits the amount that a member country can borrow in the course of a year. It is a tragic commentary on the behaviour of our people that while other countries have tightened up their belts and proceeded with their plans of recovery, we have squandered away part of our sterling balances and dollar earning on consumer goods.

The only major source which can assist us in this hour of crisis is the United States. President Truman in his memorable Point Four Programme enumerated as his chief objective the provision of necessary capital including technical assistance for the development of backward countries. The main objective of the U. S. may no doubt be to prevent India from falling a victim to the Red Menace by begging aid from Russia. Nevertheless the Point Four Programme presents an attractive picture to us Indians who are craving for a substantial amount of foreign capital.

It is a well-known axiom that for foreign investment in a country private enterprise is preferable to a state monopoly. But private foreign investors might not venture forth unless they are given assurances of security. Hence our prime Minister in the course of his recent visit to the U. S. pointed out the necessity for American investment in India. He assured the foreign industrialists that they will be treated on a footing of equality, and will be afforded full compensation in the event of nationalisation and full facilities for converting their profits into dollars.

The last mentioned provision is at present of great significance because if provision is not made for convertibility profits earned by foreigners in India would have to be spent here and this would certainly have no attraction to foreigners.

The general opinion of Indian economic experts in close touch with American public opinion appears to be favourable. American capitalists in the near future are bound to enter the field of Indian industrialisation and perhaps assume a predominant position as the owners of capital and the managers of industry.

Turning to the particular aspects of Indian agriculture, our main concern undoubtedly is self-sufficiency in food. Such an objective necessitates construction of gigantic irrigation projects like the Tungabhadra, Damodar Valley, Ramapadasagar etc. Before devaluation we were securing our capital goods and food-stuffs from America. The devaluation of the Rupee has raised the value of our dollar imports by nearly 35%, with the result that such imports have to be seriously restricted. Hence our projects will suffer seriously.

Turning to industrial development it must be said to the credit of the pioneers of Indian industries, that they have brought it to a decent state of maturity. These pioneers were the managing Agents who provided their own capital and conducted the business personally. Recently the Managing Agency System appears to have lost its former popularity and appeal. There has been a growing doubt about their usefulness and they are now looked upon as a set of profiteers. In the industrial sphere it is both monetary resources and technical "know-how" are required. Railways alone will require a fabulous amount of foreign Capital for buying locomotives and rolling stock. Already a small amount has been granted for this specific purpose by the World Bank. In the matter of technical training we are definitely deficient and by no stretch of imagination can we hope to secure the high technical efficiency and inventive ability which has become the enviable and much cherished treasure of the American industrial system. Not only America but England and even Continental countries like Germany always renowned for the scientific adaptability of their people may help us considerably

in this sphere. Technicians, foremen and efficient managers are eagerly demanded by Indian industries.

The place of foreign capital in developing the resources of India is very important. Agriculture and industry for the next few years are bound to depend on these foreign sources of capital for their rapid growth.

Nevertheless it must be our ultimate objective to explore as quickly as possible indigenous capital resources. For it is generally assumed that intrusion of capital from abroad gradually leads to foreign influence and finally to foreign domination and it will hit hard Indian savers and investors who ought to be our special concern. Hence foreign capital must be looked upon as a temporary stop-gap arrangement. Reliance must mainly be placed on indigenous capital and attempts must be made to encourage and develop savings of our people.

It is not possible to assert whether our expectations are going to be fulfilled in the immediate future. Political and economic issues in the modern world are so inextricably intertwined that changes in political affairs are bound to have their inevitable repercussions on economic policies of Governments. The U. S. terrified by the prospect that India on the verge of despair might rush for Russian economic aid might agree to participate actively in the economic development of our country. We stand as it were at the parting of the ways. Our future hangs in the balance. This much remains certain—without foreign capital and technical aid the prospects of Indian industrial and agricultural development are bound to be very slow and gloomy.

P. P. Kallukaran B.Sc. Hons. (Lond), Ph.D. (Lond.)

So I became a bachelor

(For adults only)

The evening of life has already begun to gather up its shadows. It may soon embark, at the full tide of death, on my voyage to the unknown. At present, the strange facts of the past indistinctly crowd into my memory as I begin to reveal to you how I came to jog along as a bachelor. These confessions of a bachelor, I assure you, are the confessions of a true bachelor and may surpass, in classic excellence, the confessions of Rousseau or at least those of the Opium-eater.

I have ever been of the opinion that an honest bachelor with a positive attitude to life does more good to society than a weary man with a sickly wife and hungry-looking children. Society would, after a few generations, be certainly happier and brighter than now if all the men

were bachelors and all the women, maids! A girl wedded to a handsome youth, may be happy of course if she does not choose to remain unhappy, but the husband of an ugly woman is ultimately compelled to become a philosopher. A bachelor, it is well said, looks at girls to see through them and having seen through them ceases to look at them with interest. According to a recent authority on men, women and marriages, he looks before he leaps and, having looked, does.....not leap! He is not as mean-minded as the married man of Chicago who stole at night his wife's artificial teeth and divorced her, the next day, on account of her deformity. Nor is he as religious-minded as the innocent guy who loved his neighbour as himself and then sincerely loved his neighbour's wife as his own. He is repelled by the federal idea of a division of powers in home administration between man and wife, the latter retaining residuary powers in her hands. He offends none but defends himself. He is young when old and not old when young.

To come to the story of my life. In 1893 I was a youth with potentialities as I am today. I led a simple life, kept a pure heart and worshipped all girls as my sisters. It was the merry month of May and the morning was fine as I stood, all alone, on the terrace of my flat in the city. The blue vast sky, the idle cloud and the bright sunshine filled my mind with wonder and joy and I realised, in a flash, that a bachelor, after all, is a tiny speck in this infinite universe.

Suddenly I felt a glance cast on me by a pair of feminine eyes. It is an instinct with us bachelors, to be conscious of the hidden presence of a girl when she begins to look at us. A strange restlessness crept over me and eagerly I searched for the pair of eyes and located them at last near the opening of a window in my neighbour's house. They had been fixed on a round or perhaps oval, pretty face.

My neighbour, Mr. Lal, had settled in that house just about that time. The pretty face belonged to his daughter who, if appearances are not deceptive, must have been vivacious, loquacious and mischievous. She ought to be a very old woman now but obviously I am referring to her girlhood, if you know what I mean.

She was tenderly looking at me. I continued to look at the sky as any determined bachelor would do at such times and fell into a reverie. On recovery I realised that my eyes were calmly looking at her eyes and as she smiled at me, I made up my smile too, for bachelors, as a class, are resourceful and never fail in a crisis. I thought she made some signals and in a competitive mood I made frantic signals myself. But she frowned and disappeared, to my shock. In the first ecstasy of love any bachelor would act as a fool. But is not love foolish and blind too?

Night came. Out of its dark stillness a pair of eyes continued to wink at me like twinkling stars. Waves of emotions surged up from

unfathomed depths and gently washed the shores of my heart. Urged by the magic spell of some mysterious moon-lit night a Prince Charming entered a marble palace that rose above the snowy heights in the land of eternal silence and woke up a Sleeping Beauty. I became the Colour, she the Fragrance of the same flower. Then she became a Sweet Song, I a tender Lute. If I were to be the Song, I wondered, would she mind being the Lute for a while? I rose up and wrote:

Lovely maid, with auburn hair,
How I wonder whence you are!
From Travancore? or Bengal?
Or from PEPSU, after all?

Other verses followed, in quick succession, in the same emotional strain, all touched with a strange pathos and almost prosaic naturalness. I transcribed them all on blue paper and having neatly folded the blue paper, enclosed the blue paper in a bright yellow cover, for sheer colour effect. But—her name? Might I send my message to Mrs. Lal? She could, after reading the first line, hand over, with feminine common-sense, the whole thing to her daughter as she was innocent of auburn hair herself. What a risk! What is thy name, O, fair one? Have thy fond parents, after all, called thy residential bungalow after thy name as fond parents ought to have? Eureka! Miss Purnima, "Purnima Gardens"!

The next day I anxiously watched the post-man deliver the cover to Mrs. Lal, an old lady to whom each passing year seems to have had kindly lent fourteen pounds of flesh for life. Good heavens! she opens it! The bungalow is named after her!

The first line startled her. The second one made her face swell. The third raised up her eye-brows. She heard impatient sighs, gnashed (or should I say chewed?) her toothless gums and in a sudden fit of anger tore the blue paper to pieces and carelessly threw them on the floor and laboriously lifted herself up from her seat and trampled on every bit of them with both her heavy feet. Then she became calm, resumed her seat and began to sew.

At that moment I decided that in future I should write my letters in prose.

So far, every thing went on well. But then, one night, I had a dream after which I voted for a bachelor's career. The inexplicable reaction of dreams on human conduct is stranger than truth indeed.

As the dream goes, I asked the girl, "what is thy name, pretty one?"

"Matta" she replied "—short for Mattavilasaprahasanadevi".

"The fault of your parents, definitely, rather than your misfortune!" said I, as I tapped my forehead in utter despair and added "what is your age?"

"Why, seventeen, of course!" she replied coyly. I feel strongly that a coy maiden looks more beautiful than a maiden who is not coy.

"Don't you think that you deserve me?" I queried again.

"But — why don't you negotiate with my mother?" She laughed callously and vanished.

Cruelty, thy name is woman! The brave knights of old had cut thistles and thorns and fought dragons and demons at the bidding of the fair. But none of them had ever been asked by a damsel to encounter single-handed a possible mother-in-law in her own den.

I crept cat-like into the room of the old lady and beamed at her.

"You look worried, mother dear" I said, coughing nervously "and there is no need to worry at all! Why, your daughter is more a poem than a song. A chip of the old block, as they say —"

"What? Did you say 'mother dear'?"

"Mother-in-law dear, as I should have said. But your ancient beauty looked temporarily frightful, and I really forgot to add that there is no difficulty in getting my consent to be your son-in-law."

She was now struggling to get up, and I decided on strategic withdrawal as the essential guarantee of my physical health. The memory of my dream at this stage is very dim, but I remember that the whole scene was being metamorphosed into that of a regular Judicial Court.

"Did you, or did you not, in October last or September, send me a message with or without the malicious intention of seducing a chaste old lady? If not, why not?" The old lady-advocate questioned me.

"Your question is so aptly worded and put to me that, for sheer beauty of it, I demand its repetition."

"Order, order!" barked the judge who was Mr. Lal himself.

At this stage the court rose for lunch in which the defendant heartily participated.

On the court re-assembling, the judge who had meanwhile put a black gown on, peered at me over the rim of his glasses and pronounced judgement forthwith.

"..... I find you guilty, under Section 314 of Indian Criminal Law Code, of having fallen in love with a young girl who, in this case, happens to be an unfortunate widow without encumbrances, and sentence you to undergo rigorous partnership with her for life...."

I was shocked. In utter despair I cried out "Marry? Now? Here? Widow? without informing my own parents?"

None listened. The dream itself was getting chaotic, its ordered regularity being broken up..... Mr. Lal closes the front door and advances towards me from the right, his shirt off, his dhoti tightened up for a duel. Mrs. Lal shuts the windows and with a menacing smile on her lips rolls towards me from the left. Matta in widow's garb tries to garland me, her eyes filled with tears.....I struggle.....I yell..... The din of musical instruments drowns my voice..... My head swirls.....My body reels.....I pant for breath.....My throat is choked.....My bones break.....My nerves shatter..... My blood freezes in the veins..... And from the top of a dangerous cliff I hurl myself into abysmal depths below where the terror of darkness reigns, hideous reptiles wriggling and writhing and hissing at me, shadowy skeletal forms wildly shrieking in agony all around me.... ..

After this nightmare experience I gave up my affair with this girl altogether. I became a bachelor. Ask not why. I am eighty-one at present but intend to continue as a bachelor and to fight for the establishment of liberty, equality and fraternity of bachelors in a prosperous Ram-Rajya. All the same, in moments of solitude, I heave a sigh, look at the sky and ask myself "What was her name, after all?"

(Note:—The characters in this Story, including the hero, are imaginary. The resemblance of any character to any living individual, if felt, may kindly be reported to the author for his own benefit and information).

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

The Secular State *

In the earliest societies known either to history or to anthropology, there was no distinction between civil and religious administration. In most of the primitive states, the king was also the priest to whom fell administrative as well as religious duties. In Mesopotamia, in the Nile Valley and in pre-historic India this was the prevalent system. Even in the city-states of Greece, this idea held sway. The administrative, military and religious leadership converged in the same man, the head of the state. In the Roman states also, neglect of the gods of the city or

* The Candeth Memorial Gold Medal Essay, 1948-49.

worship of other gods was a penal offence. It is worth while to remember that in those days, there was no problem of conflicting loyalties. The right of the state to look after the religious welfare of its subjects was unquestioned. This was possible, we have to remember, only because these states were very small. The people of the state exhibited a uniformity in ideas, customs and habits which would seem remarkable to us, as we are accustomed to states far larger in the area which they comprise as well as in the numbers of the people they rule. It is interesting to note that the Christians were the first to challenge this theocracy. They fought with all their might against the imposition of the civic gods on them and even welcomed martyrdom with a joy which made Marcus Aurelius entertain serious doubts about their sanity.

The next important development occurred centuries later, when the Holy Roman Empire was formed. The Pope was made the religious head of all Christendom and elected Emperor, the temporal head. This alliance between the two, however, was found to be a total failure, for the spheres of action of the two heads were not clearly marked. The Pope claimed that even as the spirit ruled the body, he could rule the Emperor. The latter, of course, quite justifiably, resented this intrusion. Petty quarrels and rivalries broke out which retarded political progress for centuries. But today, this abortive attempt to fit the temporal and divine authorities into the same scheme in a wide empire, is most interesting as a lesson of history.

The political ideas of a secular state which had been floating about Europe for centuries came together and coalesced and showed themselves to the world when Poland was sought to be partitioned in 1772. True, the ideas were old. Philip the Fair of France had, on hearing of the attempts of the Pope to bring him under the Papal authority, made the saturnine remark "There were kings in France before there were Christians in the world at all". From 1772 onwards, the growing spirit of nationalism had been combating the theocratic politics and preparing the way for secularism. The Napoleonic wars served to emphasize this nationalism, this sense of a separate entity in all the countries in Europe, whether they were victorious or vanquished. Thus, religion was recognised to be something apart from day-to-day administration.

But the secular state, as conceived of today, in its newest aspect, is a reaction against totalitarianism and oppression of the minorities. The history of civilization is the history of the growth of man's associative capacities. Today, we find the world to be, not groups of religions, but different nations. The reasons for this might be disputed. One of them, however, is the weakening of the hold which religion had on mankind. With this, it became increasingly necessary to substitute a positive ideal which could give a creative impulse. And this ideal was nationalism. Secularism in politics is the culminating ideal of all those

trends of political thought, one of the first products of which was nationalism in its crudest form. Even in such a conservative country as England, all the laws which had once been the instruments of a theocracy are today obsolete. The U.S.A. is a secular state, according to its constitution.

The secular state is defined as a state "which has nothing to do with religion" (Basic English Dictionary). But a mere formal definition of the word cannot express all the significance which has, somehow or other, come to be attached to it today. Two ideas of secularism in politics are found to be prevalent. Firstly, some hold that a secular state is one in which no discrimination is to be allowed on religious grounds. This, I hold, is a very imperfect view and goes only half-way. By this definition, the state may subsidise religions, if it does it with impartiality. This does not agree with the definition of the word *secular*, nor is it the idea which has come to be recognized as the ideal. A secular state has nothing to do with religion at all. It is merely a political association of the people of the country and hence, its sphere is strictly limited. Being an association of the people for strictly political purposes, it cannot, with any justification, go into any other spheres except those which influence it directly.

This view has brought on a lot of criticism. The questions aimed at the heart of this explanation come in volleys. "Has the government no interest in religious education?" "Are we going atheistic?" "Should we neglect religion?" To all these questions, my answer is "No". But to saddle political association with religious functions is ridiculous and dangerous. The people can certainly form other associations on a religious basis which can look after the religious side of human nature. A pluralist society has the best chance of survival as is amply borne out by the history of our own country. It may be interesting to note that Laski and Joad, the two eminent political thinkers of the day are both pluralists. There was a time when we fondly hoped that democracy could not degenerate as all other forms of government which we had tried were apt to. But today we are disillusioned. Democracy has no greater safeguards against degeneration either into weak lifelessness or into tyranny than any other form of government. And to add to all this, the horrible spectacle of totalitarianism waiting to engulf the whole world has startled the world into thought. People were not slow to turn to history and find that totalitarianism and tyranny found favourable soil in countries where society was under the control of a single authority.

The life of a nation, its creative capacity and vigour, depend, in the long run, upon the harmony of impulses of the individual. Only if individuals are allowed to be their best selves can the state be assured of continued existence. "Liberty is the opposite of over-government" (Seeley). Hence, we have to reduce the restriction which the state imposes upon its subjects to the very minimum. In the political context

of today, each country has to impose certain restrictions which, a few centuries back, would have been condemned as unwarranted. In the severe struggle for survival which is taking place between the nations today, organization to an unprecedented degree will be found necessary. Under such circumstances, we have to leave all other spheres to the individuals themselves, to be dealt with as they wish. Thus, non-interference of the state in religious affairs will make the state less prone to become an "ant-hill".

Still another consideration which makes secularism in national politics imperative is that of religious minorities in all countries. There is not a single country in the world which has not in it religious minorities. If the state is to be theocratic, a difference is at once established between the members of the majority-community and the minority-community. The state cannot depend upon the loyalty of the minority, which, naturally enough, would be smarting under the partiality of the state and the superiority-complex of the majority. This will have repercussions both inside and outside the state. Domestic tranquillity will be found impossible. The atmosphere would be charged with the tension of fear, suspicion and hatred. The minority community might ally itself with foreign countries in which that community is in a majority. Thus, internationally also, a theocratic state would make for disharmony and prejudice.

Some fear that a secular state would lead to a neglect of religion and ethics which give the moral impetus to the individuals. This is wholly wrong. The people will form religious associations to look after religious education hand in hand with ethics. This would make religion even a stronger force than it would be, if it were entrusted in the hands of the state. Equally baseless is the fear that in that case, the religious associations would come into conflict with the state. The two work on entirely different planes. There can be a conflict only if the two operate in the same field. If I have two doctors, there may be a rivalry between the two, each one wondering who would be called in at my next attack of gout. But, if I have a doctor and a lawyer, the two will never have any rivalry, for, the two people serve me in different fields. Each will look after his own duties (and may even conspire to kill me! this has no application to the analogy, please!) The foolish thing would be to make my lawyer serve as a doctor as well.

Thus, there need be no fears about the degeneration of individual character under a secular state. In fact, I think religion and ethics will have a better hold upon the people when they are administered by the religious heads and not by the state. This is very important, for only the moral character of the individuals can provide the motive-power for efficient national action.

These principles of true secularism have been best set out in the Weimar constitution of Germany. Here are some of the relevant clauses.

"Civil and political rights are neither dependant upon, nor restricted by, the practice of religious freedom."

"All inhabitants of the Reich enjoy full liberty of conscience and of faith."

"Freedom of association is guaranteed to religious groups"!

"There shall be no State Church."

What impresses anybody in this constitution is that religion has been made a personal thing, unconnected with the state.

But the greatest problem which faces the advocates of a secular state is that of education. It has been widely recognised that the state cannot leave the education of its future citizens to all the stray influences which may be brought to bear upon them. The state has, to some extent, to mould the character of the juveniles, in spite of Shaw's dictum that "the vilest abortionist is one who tries to mould a child's character". At the same time, some people might like their children to be given a religious education. How do we reconcile the two? Some people have found in this an insoluble problem. The mistake that such people make is in taking a moral education as synonymous with an education in theology. Moral and ethical principles based upon religion are not to be instilled into young minds by way of theological classes, but by example and imitation. Nobody can say that a strong ethical foundation cannot be laid in the first few years of a child's life by precept and practice in the family; in fact it is held to be the better way. The best theologians are not always the best men. As for those who want to make theologians of children, obviously the state cannot provide for them. The religious association to which the particular individual subscribes can provide facilities for this training. The education provided for by the state will be purely secular, dealing with the ordinary branches of knowledge and political ethics and morality.

Some may contend that whatever religious association may be formed, they will not be able to function with any creditable strength. I shall not dispute the issue, because it is irrelevant to the matter under consideration. If the religious associations are weak and incapable of standing upon their own legs, it would be a clear proof that religion has lost its hold upon the imagination of the people. If that is so, such associations become unnecessary. But if, on the other hand (and as I believe) the religious associations function vigorously, they would be able to cater to the religious needs of society. If members of society think religion to be an integral part of their lives, they will take pains to

strengthen it. If on the other hand, man is a purely "political animal" to whom religion has no appeal, let the religious institution die; it will not be a loss.

I must however say that the one condition which the state can lay upon these religious associations is that they should not cut across the laws of the secular state. It will always be a dispute how far exactly the sphere of the state will extend and how far the sphere of religion. But this "no man's land" will be very small in area and hence, any issues about these will not have wide repercussions. The Gobitis case of America has become famous. A sect of Christianity, known as "Jehovah's Witnesses" forbade the children to salute the national flag every morning in school, as required by the school-authorities. The basis of their argument was that it was idolatrous and hence unchristian. The case came up before the Supreme Court in 1940, when all those involved were punished. But in 1943 the same incident occurred in another locality, when a Federal Circuit Court revised the earlier decision of the Supreme Court and held that it was only foolish obstinacy to force the children to salute the flag, when they demurred on a religious basis. There can be no doubt that the latter decision was wiser, for it abstained from making a mountain of a molehill. It is interesting to note that "Jehovah's Witnesses" gave no more trouble. Such problems will always crop up and any decision can be made only on a consideration of each particular case.

Now I come to a brief discussion of the concept of a secular state as applied to India. Lest it should be objected that this is irrelevant, I hasten to add that India is now making a historic attempt to establish a secular state, the effects of which on political trends would be tremendous. It was the stock argument of the British Imperialists that India was by nature a country of fanaticism and religious intolerance, and that it was only the British bayonet that restrained the different sects from flying at each others' throats. To establish a secular state in India would be a practical refutation of that convenient lie.

There is a misunderstanding that the Hindu state has been by nature theocratic. This fallacy springs from the application of the word religion in the ordinary sense to Hinduism. Hinduism has not been a religion in the same sense as Christianity or Islam is a religion. In ancient India, there were pantheists and monotheists as well as agnostics in the Hindu fold. But nobody ever said they were not Hindus. Even today, there are in existence works on a philosophy of atheism, such as "Nirishwara Mimamsa" and "Nirishwara Samkhya". Hinduism is more a culture than a religion. It is more an organic system advancing towards truth than a set of incontrovertible laws fixed by a prophet or a superman. It differs from Christianity and Islam in this:

that it is most tolerant, is not dogmatic and never lays down a single article of faith common to all Hindus. It differs from Hebraism in that it is not racial. It is really national.

But unfortunately, the face of things changed with the Muslim conquest in about 1200 A.D. The invaders refused to call themselves Hindus and thus laid the foundations for a partial change in the conception of Hinduism. The idea has today assumed a more developed shape and hence, so many misunderstandings about India and her relation to secularism. India has, with slight exceptions, been in its essence, a secular state. I do not, of course, maintain that the idea of a secular state as we understand it today, was present in the minds of the Indian rulers. But the Government of the country, with remarkable exceptions, tended to secularism. Thus it is on the right soil that secularism, this plant of the dream-world is being reared up. It is heartening to see that the Draft constitution, just published, has made all provisions for secularism in national politics. But, even more important than the written law is the attitude of the people. However ingenious the constitution made to establish secularism, it can achieve little, if it is not backed by the spirit of the people. The "secular religions" of recent birth may help us somewhat in this, though of course, these "secular religions" are dangerous in their own way. But, India, from the very dawn of her history, has been characterised by her tolerance and her policy of "*live and let live*". And let us hope that this spirit will manifest itself in her history once more, in spite of the brief and unhappy interlude when religious intolerance was fomented among the people by the selfish imperialists.

N. P. Alexander, M.A., B.Sc.

Room-Mates

Among the many things that vanished during this war, ample accommodation is one. It looks as if we must, along with grow more food campaigns, conduct make - more - room campaigns as well. It is crowded, over-crowded everywhere, whether it be trains, trams, buses, cinema theatres, hotels or hostels.

In women's hostels single rooms have become a rarity. While this is a deprivation to the sensitive girl, it does on the other hand allow a thorough examination of the habits of one's fellow-being. For almost six years now I have shared rooms with colleagues and fellow students. Such long experience always enables one, in time, to classify one's room-mate, almost at a glance.

It takes no time, for example, to make out the careful dresser. She is usually a quiet, harmless girl, though at times she can irritate you.

Her heavily worked hour is early morning. Promptly at 6-15 she springs out of bed, walks straight to the mirror and stares into it for full two minutes by her wrist-watch, adjusts her sari (another two minutes!), seizes the comb, brushes her hair (two minutes more) and it is only after the hair-do she picks up her brush, paste, soap-dish and towel and marches to the wash-basin.

'Sorry if I have kept you' she says putting on a bewitchingly apologetic smile, as she emerges and sees you waiting, wearing a vexed and not-too-conciliatory countenance. You will have to nod your head and of course you alone know what it meant to you.

You can never see her with tousled hair or crushed sari. From the 'thilakam' on her forehead to the very draping of her sari, everything is done so carefully with very deft fingers. She is always dressed tip-top and reminds you of the doll on the mantel-piece.

The next specimen you are bound to meet is the easy-mov'nig friendly type. She has a hail-fellow-well-met countenance and you can recognise her at sight for she always wears the broadest and sunniest of smiles on her face. She makes easy friends and her deadliest weapon is she knows YOU WILL NOT MIND. She just takes your sari, wears it and asks you how she looks in it. You find yourself saying "Oh you look smashing!" Thank the Lord your blouses don't fit her. She snatches the magazine you are reading without asking for it and of course YOU WON'T MIND!—takes your fine pair of scissors and cuts paper, nails, anything with it, and she knows YOU WON'T MIND!—uses up your paste, oil and ink, is generous with your ovaltine and ever so many other things, for *she is perfectly sure you are such a darling that YOU WON'T MIND!*

With all this, you can easily put up with her; for she is not often with you, keeping her revels in every other room by turn for she is chummy with all.

The worst pest of all is the quiet type. She is for ever reading or musing and usually her favourite authors are not to your taste. Reading signifies merely she is ever there nailed to the chair. If she is not there, she must have just gone to the mess or to the next room to borrow a book and you know she will be back soon. These people not only read, read and get on your nerves, but also write, write and endlessly write. The quiet room-mate is usually a fond letter-writer; has perhaps numerous cousins and nieces. Now it is known that there is nothing more irritating to the average human being and especially women than seeing another writing letters, letters and letters. You go out and come into the room: you'll inevitably see her with the letter pad. As you sit opposite and count the number of envelopes and cards, your endurance slowly breaks

up and you go off to your friend's room for a change or run to the common hall, read the daily or play carroms and after an hour when you return you will still find her nowhere near finishing her work—Penelope's web, except that it is in bits and is paper!

One could write a volume on the shades of annoyance this quiet type can cause but I don't want to pain my readers with any disgustingly close analysis. You may add to these the eternal book-worms; they are no better and give you the same degree of head-ache as the others do and help snap your nerves immensely. I'd prefer to turn to some other curious specimens—as delicate as hot-house plants!

The fuss-pot though aggravating is bearable. She is fastidious about food and everything else. The first morning, after coffee, she will come to you, "Oh dear, you say you have been here in this hostel for two years; gracious me! I don't know how *you* people live. Pooh, this coffee, it is ditch water, I couldn't have more than a sip". Civility prompts you to say "Don't worry, you get used to it after a while".

At the mess she will find fault with every dish served, eat delicately with only three fingers and walk out trippingly on toes, holding the trailing sari in her left hand. It usually happens this type is blessed with a sweet voice and before you could cajole her to sing a song your throat will go dry.

The nervous type goes on a parrallel line, but at times she demands our sympathy. She lives in mortal fear of some catchy disease or the other. If anyone of the 'hostelites' is down with fever, she is sure it is typhoid and if some one else is having a swelling on the toes, she is sure the doctor who advised Cibazol is a fool and the person is undoubtedly heading in for Filaria. Some times one will start wondering if she ever sleeps in the night, for any odd hour you get up, 'what is the time now?' is a question you will have to answer invariably. She will start narrating you the number of queer noises she heard while she lay awake for the last two hours. Some inner voice is ever telling her that the house will be raided in the nearest future by an over-powering number of goondas and consequently she goes to bed each day wrapped in mortal terror, while her brave friend next-door who believes in her prophecy prepares for an emergency by being forearmed with her torch and match-box.

Half an hour later she'll shake you up and say "Oh my, a splitting headache, will you give me an aspirin tablet?"

You comply with the request, curse your evil stars for having tied you down with such a pest and go to sleep again.

Of the same ethnological group is the 'Restless-Sleeper' genus. You can't spot her by sight or conversation. Your first intimation is when

you are woken up at the dead of night by a hideous cry from the next bed. If she is a fresher she may wail and whimper and call out for Pa or Ma or at times pray for help, 'Help, Oh help Bina, I am drowning.' It just depends on their Psychology at the moment as to what is the kind of help they require!

These poor creatures are usually unaware of the fact that they disturb you every night and at times give you the creeps. You may carry on quite a lengthy conversation with them and they usually speak without tremor, and you need not be surprised if at times they call you a *cat* and a *cobra*. The poor innocent *lamb* she knows nothing of it the next morning. Last, but not least interesting is the girl who carries her home in her steel-trunk. She surveys the room and there is a look of displeasure in her eyes and you know something is abrewing. There is mild disapproval as she looks at your book-shelf, your table and your collection of curios in the corner all topsy-turvy.

When you come back in the evening all is changed, and there is a pleasant air about the place. Everything on the dressing table has been tidied. All the windows and doors are newly curtained. The combs, bottles, towels, all are placed back in their respective places, the books are neatly arranged on the shelf. The cots are pushed back and there is more space in the centre to move about freely; on the bed-side table is a small photo-frame which holds the photograph of her Pa, Ma or both at times, and in some special cases it may be the fiance or the hubby. You see little toys, a teddy bear, a swan and the like, which you expect to see in the Nursery rooms, on the table beside the photograph. After you have finished enjoying the new air you look round for your suit-case as you need a towel, but you find it has walked to one corner of the room and has comfortably settled itself under your cot.

She always has a good array of books and they are neatly kept in the carved book-shelf she brought from home. You may borrow a fine book, but by God, don't you dare throw it on the table; please place it back in the book case, if you mean to borrow another. This type proves a fond friend when she becomes one.

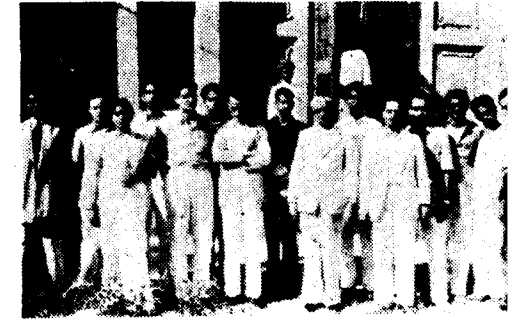
Space and time forbid my going through the entire catalogue of the various kinds of room-mates; pests and free entertainers, gossipmongers and sympathetic friends, all have their nuisance value. Many more specimens are retained in my collection for display at your request.

"Dama" IV H. (Zool.)

FROM OUR TOURISTS



MATHIS. TOURISTS ON THE KING'S THRONE (Hampi)
Photo: Kamalaksha Shenoy - (Maths)



ECONOMICS TOURISTS with Sri RADHAKAMAL MUKERJEE, (Lucknow)
Photo: Nazimuddin Ahmed - (Econ.)



CHAR MINAR (Hyderabad)
Photo: Kamalaksha Shenoy - (Maths)



GOL GHAR, PATNA
Photo: Nazimuddin Ahmed - (Econ.)



STONE CHARIOT (Hampi)
Photo: Kamalaksha Shenoy - (Maths)



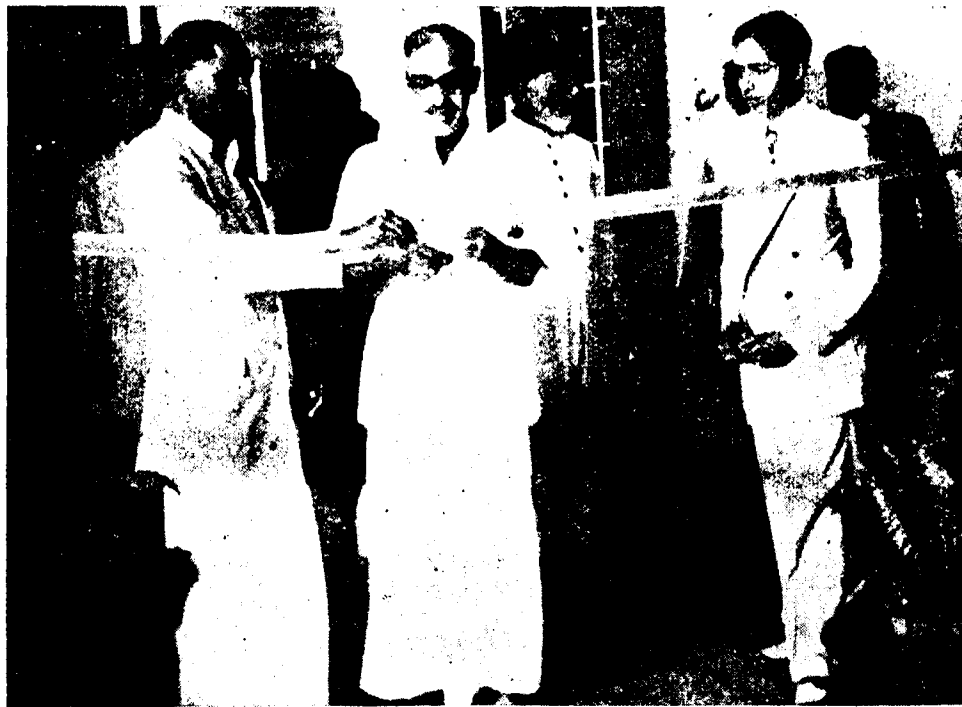
ASOKA'S RELICS-SARNATH (Benares)
Photo: Nazimuddin Ahmed - (Econ.)



"UDARA NIMITTAM BAHU KRITHA VESHAH"
N. Padmanabhan



KUTB MINAR
Photo: Nazimuddin Ahmed - (Econ.)



Opening of the Zoology Exhibition by the Honourable Sri. K. MADHAVA MENON



Union President and Secretaries of the Various Associations with Sri ARCHIBALD NYE in the centre.

The Undying Flame

There was more darkness than light in that room. The candle, on the verge of extinction was shedding a gloomy light, and the ominous shadows it cast on the walls heaved and waved in keeping with the tremulous movements of the flame. Bent over its light was the face of a youth lost in writing. He had kindly eyes and a well-shaped aquiline nose; but the deep furrows on his forehead, the dark circles round his eyes, and the prominent depressions in his cheeks bespoke a man of deep thought, of profound feeling, and of one who had tasted the bitter draught of the cup of life. This was Arun, the editor of the weekly journal "*The Torch*". What he was writing was an article entitled, "The new china, our neighbour and Friend". In it he pleaded for a better understanding of the resurrected China. India and China, he argued, bound in their ancient cultures and in their teeming poverty-stricken millions, should find it possible to cooperate in a number of spheres, with mutual benefit. Speaking of their present relations, he asked why when China was prepared to supply India with rice, in exchange for her jute-bags, India should be unable to accept the offer; why on the other hand, should India stand, with the beggar's bowl, at the door of the American bania, who in return for the grain he feeds his pigs with, asks for air-bases on the Indian soil? Beg of that country!—the country that burns up its coffee, that ploughs back into the soil its cotton, and empties ton-loads of powdered-milk into the bowels of the sea—why?—to stabilise prices and to foster its trade! All this, when millions of babes elsewhere shiver in cold, and cry for milk which the breasts of their famished mothers cannot supply!

Arun was one of those youths who had given up their studies in answer to the call-of-the-country and had joined the Freedom-struggle; but he was not one of those who, after the Victory, returned, to claim lands and offices as rewards for their labours. He saw around him far too many sufferers for want of food and raiment, and he did not want to swell their ranks by himself becoming a "political sufferer". There were some, his erstwhile friends, his comrades-in-arms in the Freedom-fight, who had now become officials of the Government and members of Parliament. And these people felt embarrassed when they came across Arun here and there. In public meetings they found him in the Press-desk, while they themselves 'graced' the dais. The reports he gave of these meetings were neither to their taste nor to their credit, but were eagerly read by a growing body of politically-alert citizens. "*The Torch*" stood now as the lone but fearless voice of the frustrated millions who felt that tyranny had aggravated. But to new rulers, who were extremely sensitive to criticism, and to the big newspaper-combines, who supported, and were in turn supported by, them, this meddling new-comer was a pebble in the shoe, a thorn in the flesh. Various were the ways that the enemies of "*The Torch*" devised to strangle it. Sekhar, Arun's one-

time class-mate and rival, carried his class-room rivalry into life; and as the then Press-Information Officer, he did all he could to trouble Arun. He stopped sending, for publication in "*The Torch*", all Government advertisements, which, incidentally, were a fruitful source of income to the young journal. He delayed issuing passes to Arun that he might miss attending and reporting important meetings. Further, he insisted on the editorials of "*The Torch*" being scrutinized and certified by his staff. Sometimes these were purposely delayed in his office so that their topicality might be lost. Powerful daily papers run by millionaires, who could hardly pronounce the names of their own papers, bought up all the available newsprint, and resold part of it, at black-market rates, only to such editors as agreed to toe their line. Needless to say "*The Torch*" was not one of the favoured. In spite of this storm "*The Torch*" managed to burn—but at a great cost. Arun bore the brunt of the battle. He over-worked, denied himself all pleasures, lived on buns and bananas—so that his poor assistants might not suffer for the risky stand he had taken in showing the clenched fist to the forces of reaction. He paid his workers higher salaries than even some big dailies paid theirs. Yet he knew what they got was not enough, faced with these rocketing prices. He knew that some of his poorer assistants did not have rice on the Gandhi Jayanthi. Perhaps it was good in a way that we could honour the architect of our freedom by a general fast! The workers of "*The Torch*" loved their boss and served him with devotion.

The leading daily-paper of the city was '*The Nation*'. It was an old and well-established journal. During the Freedom Struggle it had been the spear-head of the progressive movement. It commanded enormous power and prestige. But the defeat of the enemy and the achievement of Freedom acted as an anodyne to this great journal. The passionate lover, when the desired was won, turned the contented husband. Its voice that once shook the foundations of mighty foreign power, was now clamouring for spoils. Oh! How often should we witness the sad spectacle of Moses being denied entry to the Promised Land? Further, '*The Nation*' the doyen of the Press, the model of objective reporting, alas! had fallen from its high standards. It had stooped so low as to publish fake "despatches" in its columns, which were antagonistic in character to the New China. These "despatches" bore the Peking date-line, but the journalist who 'despatched' them was lounging in a Chinese restaurant in Calcutta! Arun could not stand the sight of the gullible public being openly hoodwinked thus. He called the bluff and exposed the hoax in his "*Torch*". It suited the editor of '*The Nation*' and the other Press-barons to be anti-China, nay anti-everything that even faintly savoured of Communism. Wealth, like poverty, knows no frontiers. The editor of '*The Nation*' in his fury against "*The Torch*" found a willing ally in Mr. Sekhar, the Press Information Officer. Between the two it was more than an ideological alliance; he had promised the young man the

hand of his only daughter, Rekha. The old man and the young put their heads together, and the result was that one day Arun found himself served with a Government order that for reasons of Public Safety, '*The Torch*' should cease publication. This was not wholly unexpected by Arun. The stand he had taken, he knew, would sooner or later land him in such a predicament. But he was prepared to fight it out to its bitter end. That meant law-courts and lawyers; and lawyers meant money. The reserve-funds of '*The Torch*' were too meagre to cope with this situation. The smaller courts, and even the High Court upheld the Government decision and now there was only one more thing to do: to appeal to the Supreme Court; and this Arun did, though he himself did not know how he was going to finance the project.

That day when the High Court decided against Arun, the editor of the '*The Nation*' was in high spirits. That evening, he brought his friend and ally, Mr. Sekhar, home to tea with him. Rekha Sleek and fresh presided over the table. "Rekha, my child", the old man began, "Mr. Sekhar is my right hand. I do not know how I can carry on my work without his generous help, nor do I know how I am going to repay him all his kindness." And he smiled genially at the young people. "No, not at all Sir, I do not deserve any thanks" mumbled Sekhar in a hurry, eyeing stealthily at the youthful Rekha, as she poured tea into the cups. His expression seemed to say to his host, "Well here is a fine way of repaying me my kindness, old man!". The father continued addressing his daughter "You must be glad to hear, my child, the High Court also has upheld the Governments' action of silencing that crank Arun's, ah what's it, ah '*The Torch*'. "*Firebrand* would have suited it better, Sir", prompted Sekhar and thought he was quite a wit. The apparent joy of the two found no echo in the heart of Rekha. On the other hand all her efforts to look neutral did not prevent her from betraying to her spectators that the news was anything but pleasant to her. At this, the two men looked at each other; and their eyes spoke the disappointment which their tongues would not utter. Sekhar excused himself in a hurry and left the place.

Rekha had known both Arun and Sekhar for some years. At College she had been junior to them by three years. The young men had been secretaries of different college societies. The impetuous and the idealistic Arun was more popular than the cautious and calculating Sekhar. Youth always prefers Shelleys to Tennysons. The boys had nicknamed Arun 'Punditji'. Rekha remembered so vividly the occasion when Arun came to her and asked her to sing the Prayer Song, when Pundit Nehru, just released from one of his periodical 'rests' addressed the College Union. Something then made her like Arun; and the affection that sprang up then had gathered warmth with the passage of years. When Freedom came, and Arun was released from imprisonment none was

happier than Rekha. When he started '*The Torch*' her loving regard for it was no less than Arun's own. Her political opinions were moulded by it; and she seemed to see eye to eye with him in every thought he expressed therein. See knew also that Arun had appealed to the Supreme Court against the verdict of the High Court; and Rekha, in her heart of hearts prayed fervently that the Court may permit the journal to continue.

* * * *

That night as Arun sat writing, he paused, looked at the sinking flame of the candle and wondered if his '*Torch*' too should share its fate. However, he got up in time and lighted a new candle; and just then there was a knock at the door. Arun opened the door to find Rekha, a picture of excitement. She stepped in, grasped his hand and choking with emotion said, "Congratulations, Mr. Arun. The Supreme Court has quashed the High Court order. Your paper lives," "Does it, I am glad, so very glad" He paused and said, "After all, the Judiciary trained by the British whom we hated, is our only defence today against the excesses of the power-mad Executive." "Regaining his sense of joy he continued," "You see I could not wait at Delhi to hear the verdict; I had to come away." In his excitement, Arun had pressed Rekha's hand too hard and was holding it, longer than necessary. Descending to normality, he let her hand go and offered her a seat. Rekha hurried to explain her presence there. "You see, I happened to be at my father's office a few minutes back, when this news came. I thought the news was too good to be delayed. So came myself." "That is indeed very good of you.....perhaps too good of you.....considering that this displeases your father." "Yes, I know it does. But I wish '*The Torch*' lives. I agree with most of its opinions," she replied. "Do you? That's grand news. I never knew I had a friend—a friend in the very heart of the opposite camp—if I may say so". He continued, "I thank you very much for your kindness. This den is graced by your presence." "Oh, are you a wild animal then?", she joked smiling archly. "Yes, or a thief if you like" he suggested. "Yes that is better. I shall tell you when I meet you next what your latest theft is. Good night". So saying she disappeared in a flash leaving the 'thief' wondering what his 'theft' could be. "Could it be her heart? Have I won her love along with life for my paper?" he went on asking himself. But he was not to live long in doubt. Very soon he found that he had guessed aright. It was another case of two birds and one shot.

Lapsus Calami.

The Story I had to Tell

(A dramatic version of the story as told by one Edward Wade)

E. W. (Voice): Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen. My name is Wade. Friends call me Edward, and you could call me Edward too I suppose, especially as I am going to tell you a story. I am not too good at telling stories—I mean literally, and I do hope that even if I don't, at least the story will make an impression upon you. You see, the whole thing started with my Friend Sir Henry consulting one Dr. Barlow, Dr. George Barlow, psychiatrist with a reputation, a paying clientele, and a young typist.

(CURTAIN UP)

G. B. (Phoning): But my dear Sir Henry, I tell you there is absolutely nothing to worry about. A couple of weeks' holiday at some sea-side resort, and you will once again be roaming around, as fit as a fiddle.....Hm. Yes, that is right. But I don't want to go into the technical symptoms and details—you wouldn't understand.....Oh!, forget about it. You can settle the fees when you come back from those holidays.....Right you are. Well Sir Henry, goodbye, and good luck! (Puts down the phone. Into int. Coms). Miss Thompson.

T: (Voice): Yes Sir?

G. B. Will you please ask Mr. Jackson to step in and see me for a moment.

T: Yes Sir.

G. B.: Thank you. (Puts off int. Coms)

(Enter B.J.)

B.J.: Good morning, Sir.

G.B.: 'Morning Bill.

B.J.: I believe you wanted to see me, Sir.

G. B.: Ah, yes, the reason why I called you in. Bill, you have made an ass of yourself again!

B. J.: I—I—I—beg your pardon, Sir?

G. B.: I said—Bill, you have made a—a, donkey of yourself again.

B. J.: I don't understand.

G. B.: I didn't expect your I.Q. to understand it.

B. J.: I—I, I am sorry Sir.....

G. B.: Sorry? You lose me a couple of thousands on the Cranston Case, and you say you are sorry? How very decent and nice of you to be sorry!

B. J.: But—But—I obeyed your your instructions implicitly Sir.

G. B.: Dammit all, that's just the trouble.

B. J.: Oh?

G. B.: Don't argue with me. You—You muddle-headed young puppy! Won't you ever understand that my instructions are a guide to you, not an order? What the devil's wrong with you? And stop shouting at the top of your voice—quiet, I said quiet.

B. J.: Yes, Sir!

G. B.: And don't stand there blinking before me! Get out of my sight!

B. J.: But Sir, I—I.....

G. B.: I said—Get out!

B. J.: Yes sir.

G. B.: Good! (*Exit B.J.*) Fools! silly young fools: (*reads a letter and is shocked*). Good God! What nonsense! What utter nonsense! (*Into int. coms.*) Miss Thompson, come in here immediately. (*Offs int. coms.*) Impossible! ridiculous! (*Enter Miss T.*) Miss Thompson, you are an imbecile!

T.: Oh! Sir.

G. B.: Don't 'Oh! Sir' me lady. Read this nonsense.

T.: (*Reads*) Anything wrong Sir?

G. B.: Ah! what intelligence! What an intellect! Anything wrong Sir, indeed! I dictated "Twenty pairs of shoes for *large* feet!" and you have typed out "Twenty pairs of shoes for *left* feet!" What do you think my patients are? One-legged monsters with tails hanging out of their coat-pockets?

T.: Oh! no sir.

G. B.: And how many times have I warned you that when I am dictating letters, you should'nt be dreaming about Bing Crosby.

T.: Oh! No Sir, its Clark Gable!

G. B.: (*Aside*) for all I care, it might be Charles Laughton.

T.: Oh! But sir,.....

G. B.: All right, all right, I know what you are going to say—Your typewriter dreams when you are typing letters. But you can take it from me, young woman, this is final. Next time you or the typewriter start dreaming, both will be thrown out of the door.

T.: Oh! Sir.

G. B.: And next time you roll your eyes up to heaven and wail 'Oh! something or the other Sir', I will chuck you out, remember that.

(*Exit G.B.*)

(*T. is arranging the table. Enter B.J.*)

B. J.: Hallo May! The boss gave you a dusting up?

T.: Oh yes!

B. J.: He seems to be a little peppery this morning. He gave me one too.

T.: You mean, as usual?

B. J.: He does have a nasty temper, doesn't he?

T.: Oh, but he is such a darling. He doesn't really mean half the things he says—Really he doesn't.

B. J.: By the way—, May, would you—I mean—That is——

T.: Yes?

B. J.: Would you—lunch with me to-day, May?

T.: (*Laughing*) Why, I thought you were going to propose!

B. J.: I—I—I—Don't understand!

T.: Oh Bill, I know how you feel about me.

B. J.: You do? You know that—that I—?

T.: Of course, you silly! Girls can smell a suitor a mile off.

B. J.: Oh! Ah!, May—do you smell the boss a mile off too?

T.: (*Laughing*) And now Billy boy's getting jealous.

B. J.: (*After a pause*) You know what I am wondering?

T.: Ahem?

B. J.: I am wondering what your lipstick tastes like.

T.: Hmm! Why don't you find out?

B. J.: (*Getting closer*) May! you really mean.....?

T.: Sure. Here you are. (*Gives him a lipstick*) Taste it at your leisure. [*Exit Miss T.*]

B. J.: Damnation! Confound all women! How I wish Adam had kept all his ribs intact! (*starting to sneeze*) I wish—Ah!, Ah!—I think—Ah! Achoo! (*Sneezes and puts his hand to his face and smears face with lipstick*) [*Enter Dr. B.*]

Dr.: Ah! so there you are Bill.....I was about to..... (*suddenly noticing the smear of lipstick on his face*) Is that LIPSTICK on your lips, Mr. Jackson?

B. J.: I—Ah!—Er—Why, yes, Sir.

Doctor: And does it belong to Miss Thompson?

B. J.: Yes, Sir.

Dr.: Ah! May I be permitted to ask what you have been doing with my secretary, Sir?

B. J.: Merely working with her, sir.

Dr.: Oh! working with her, were you? And from that smear of lipstick on your face, I should say you're a fast worker.

B. J.: You see, Sir. I—er——, asked her whether I could taste her lipstick.

Doctor: Naturally—like asking about the weather, eh?

B. J.: And she said I could.

Dr.: Quite lady-like too.

B. J.: So she gave this (*showing the lipstick*) and—I.....

Dr.: Tasted it eh? What an indirect way of doing things, Mr. Jackson. And in future, would you please try your individualistic methods of approach towards the fair sex outside office hours?

B. J.: Yes, Sir.

Dr.: Thank you for your kind co-operation. And now, you can go, Mr. Jackson, and continue your—Ahem—*work* with my Secretary.

[Exit B. J.]

(CURTAIN DOWN)

E. W.: (Voice): That is the picture the world had of Dr. George Barlow—Just an ordinary man with an easily irritable temper, yet kind and forgiving towards his employees. That's what my friend Sir Henry thought him to be too, until he came back from those holidays that the doctor had recommended.

(CURTAIN UP)

T.: (Voice) Sir Henry to see you, sir.

Dr.: Ah! Sir Henry. Send him in please, will you?

T.: (Voice) Yes, Sir. [Enter Sir H.]

Dr.: Ah! welcome back Sir Henry. From the blooming appearance you register, I gather the holidays have treated you rather well.

H.: To be sure (*shaking hands*) Doctor, to be sure. And thanks to your advice, I am a new man now. I feel ten years younger, and I am prepared to face anything. Believe me, I am deeply indebted to you for everything doctor (*pulling out the cheque-book*) and now, er....., as to the consultation fees, how much do I write?

Dr.: Ten thousand pounds.

H.: Ten thousand pounds? (*laughing*) You are joking, doctor.

Dr.: I am afraid not. And even if I am joking, let me assure you that the joke is on you. I said ten thousand and I mean *ten thousand*.

H.: Prep—preposterous! But—but ten thousand pounds as consultation fees.....?

Dr.: Ah!, but that's a point I must be more explicit about. This ten thousand is not so much for medical advice as for medical discretion. There is certain information I have gathered about you, Sir Henry, during your hypnosis analysis, which your bank directors might be most anxious to find out. And as you are most anxious that they shouldn't and as I would be most anxious that they shouldn't too, if the cheque is signed up—shall we....., settle this business amicably?

H.: I—I don't understand. I thought the consultation was strictly confidential.

Dr.: Oh! yes, so it is, so it is indeed. And it'll continue to remain confidential, If you sign up that cheque.

H.: But—but, your professional etiquette.....!

Dr.: (*Laughing*) Professional etiquette! And how far do you think that'll take me? At the most, I might be able to bequeath some silly amount to some children's hospital or the other when I die, that's all—but you see, I am a little more—ah!—, may I say unorthodox, than some other doctors, and I don't let a small thing like professional etiquette stand in my way.

H.: You.....dirty scoundrel! You double-crossing hound!

Dr.: Tch! Tch! such language! Save your breath, Sir Henry. Bad words just don't mean a thing in my life. And now, the cheque?..... (*Sir Henry writes out the cheque and the Dr. looks it over*). One, two, three, four, zeros. 'Hm, haven't forgotten your maths. And now, if you'll kindly excuse me—You know, I'm rather busy this morning—and—(*Dr. goes to shake hands: Henry strikes away the hand and walks out*) Hahaha! what temper! These rich fellows! What a temper! (*Into int. com.*) Miss Thompson—close up your work for the day. Tell Mr. Jackson to take the evening off. And you my dear, what about coming along with me to tea in another ten minutes?

T.: (Voice) Oh! I'd love to! It's most kind of you, sir.

Dr.: (*Fondling the cheque*) Well my dear, I can afford to be.

(CURTAIN DOWN)

E. W.: (Voice):—And that was the beginning of the end of my friend Sir Henry. Dr. Barlow squeezed him too hard, and three months after that interview with the Doctor, I opened the morning papers and read—'Tragic death at Banor House, Sir Henry commits suicide—etc.'. And a few days later I got a letter of his forwarded to me by his lawyers. From it I learnt everything worth learning about Dr. George Barlow. And I swore solemnly to revenge my friend's death. Such an opportunity came my way sooner than I expected. I somehow managed to get hold of certain incriminating evidence against him.

(CURTAIN UP)

(*Knock at the door*)

Dr.: Come in! [Enter T.] Yes, Miss Thompson?

T.: A Mr. Wade to see you, Sir.

Dr.: Wade.....! Wade.....? I don't remember any one by that name. You have any idea who it is?

T.: Oh no, Sir. His face isn't familiar at all. He is young, dressed well, and looks a gentleman.

Dr.: So that is your definition of a gentleman—Young, well-dressed—just like a woman. All right Miss Thompson, send him in.

T.: Yes, Sir. [Exit T.]

Dr.: Wade.....? ' Hmm, name sounds funny. (*pouring out a drink*) Well, here's to hoping he's another rich fellow with a guilty secret. (*Tosses off the drink*) [Enter W.]

W.: Ah my dear George! How very nice to see you again! (*Wade shakes hands*)

Dr.: I—I, I am sorry. But, hasn't there been a mistake? I'm afraid I don't know you.

W.: Oh, that's a minor point George. Believe me, we are going to become most intimate in a short while. With your permission (*pulls a chair and sits down*)

Dr.: But I don't understand, Mr. Wade.

W.: Wade! Don't be ridiculous! call me Edward, George.

Dr.: Look here Mr. Wade.....

W.: Edward.

Dr.: All right—Edward.

W.: That sounds much better.

Dr.: May I—ah—know the reason for this most friendly visit, Mr.—er—I mean Edward?

W.: Why, but, of course George, old boy—You see, I was introduced to you at a party by a very close mutual friend of ours—Sir Henry. Rather—, I should have said the late Sir Henry, poor fellow—

Dr.: I see. And what can I do for you?

W.: I also intend to start your line of business, and I rather thought you could give me a few tips on it. You are much more experienced you know, and perhaps you could put me in the way.

Dr.: Oh, of course—Glad to be of help, Edward. So you too are a psychiatrist, are you?

W.: No! What gave you that silly idea?

Dr.: Why I—I thought you wanted to—er—start my line of business.

W.: That's right. But I was also thinking of setting up a black-mail bureau. Nice, paying business—isn't it, George?

Dr.: What are you getting at?

W.: Ah, that vase (*going to the table and picking it up*) a lovely piece of art! And I know a lovelier story in connection with it. Oh no, none of your stuff and nonsense of how the Queen of Sheba drank poison out of this cup ages ago. The story I know is much more mundane, and pathetic. Sir Henry, a friend of mine, owned this once. He was ruthlessly black-mailed. At one stage he had no more money to pay his blackmailer with, and so he parted with this. You know doctor, you are a lucky man. This vase will easily fetch you a couple of thousand pounds. But I don't like the way you got it! (*Throws down the vase and breaks it. The Dr. jumps up from the chair, but W. pushes*

him back into it) Sit down doctor and let me finish the story. The late owner of the vase broke, the vase is broken, and before I am through with you, you will break!

Dr.: Crook! You dirty crook!

W.: Ha ha ha! What a joke, *you* calling *me* a crook!

Dr.: Why you—you—you dirty, double-dealing.....!

W.: Tch, Tch! Such language! save your breath, Dr. Barlow. Bad words don't mean a thing in my life!

Dr.: You're merely trying to frighten me. I know your type, you dirty scum!

W.: Naturally. You must know the type exceedingly well, after having lived with your own self all these years! But then doctor, I didn't come here to discuss types. Actually, I came here hoping that I could get you to sign a cheque for—say—a meagre 5000.

Dr.: Why should I?

W.: Oh, why not? We're old friends, aren't we? Isn't that enough?

Dr.: No!

W.: I appreciate frank speaking—even in types like you. Shall I tell you why you'll pay up?

Dr.: Ah, go to hell!

W.: Perhaps I have to, the next time I want to meet you. But leaving your change of address alone for the moment—you sign that cheque.....or else.....!

Dr.: Or else what? (*W. whispers something into Dr.'s ears*) You wouldn't dare!

W.: Wouldn't I dare! And I tell you, this is just the beginning.

Dr.: Damn you!

W.: With pleasure!

Dr.: You say you have the evidence?

W.: Ahem!

Dr.: How much for it?

W.: I see, doctor, so you want to pay up the whole thing in one single instalment? That'll be fine. The price for it'll be the 30,000 and odd you got out of Sir Henry.

Dr.: What has he got to do with this?

W.: We were friends.

Dr.: Friends?

W.: Hmm! But I don't expect you to understand things like that doctor, things like friendship, and love, and kindness! Sir Henry left his daughter penniless. She wants to open a dress-maker's store. and

with 30,000, I think she can open a couple of them. Make pay-day, day after to-morrow night—I'll be home at six O'clock. Exchange of the evidence for the money, direct exchange. Money in cash or cheque—delivered personally or by messenger. Any doubts?

Dr.: How do I know you wouldn't take the money and double-cross me?

W.: What sentiments thou dost harbour in thy breast, doctor. I give the word of a gentleman that the deal shall be carried through.

Dr.: Not good enough.

W.: You are a hopeless case. You don't even know the meaning of a gentleman's word, and naturally enough, I suppose—just as I don't know how to double-cross. I'm afraid our dictionaries are fundamentally different.

Dr.: I said, not good enough.

W.: My dear George. I give you my word!

Dr.: NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

W.: What a parrot you are, my dear fellow. But I'm afraid it HAS to be good enough. You seem to be forgetting for the moment that, under the present conditions, you are not black-mailing as usual, but are being blackmailed for a change. And therefore George, old man, you have to abide by whatever conditions I propose. You have no other choice.

Dr.: All right. Day after to-morrow evening, 6 O' clock.

W.: Good. Here's to success in my first business venture (*takes a drink*) And now old man, I must be trotting along. (*Going to shake hands*) Thank you for a wonderful evening, and all that.....!

Dr.: (*without moving*) Get out!

W.: (*Still trying to shake hands*) My dear fellow, I merely wanted to wish you good bye, and.....!

Dr.: (*Still refusing to shake hands*) I said, get out!

W.: All right! If *you* don't shake hands with me, I must say the pleasure's entirely *mine*. Well, so long! See you soon! [*Exit W.*]

(CURTAIN DOWN)

E.W.: (*Voice*): That was that, and I thought all's well that ends well. But that was by no means the end—not by a long chalk! Dr. Barlow was like a wounded tiger—and my apologies to the tiger incidentally—pursuing the policy that offence is the best defence. You know, he knew a good bit of hypnotism, and in his assistant, Bill Jakson, he found a weak mind that could be easily influenced. And out of these two facts, he evolved a plan to hit back at me.

(CURTAIN UP)

(*Dr. is seated, hair awry, tie loosened up, puffing furiously at a cigarette. Pours himself liberal drink and tosses it off in a gulp, and lights a fresh cigarette from the butt he has been smoking. He looks at the butt for a few moments, and then grinding it out savagely into the ashtray, has a few furious puffs of the newly lighted Cigarette.*)

Dr.: (*Jumping up suddenly*) By God! I've got it! I've got it!! (*Walking up and down*) I shouldn't hurry myself into something foolish! I must be calm! I must think! I must take it easy! (*Adjusts his tie*) That is right! Just the man I want! (*Pats his hair down looking into the hand mirror taken from the table drawer*) Poor Bill, he has to take a murder rap! (*replaces the mirror*) But then, I can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, (*Stubs out his cigarette*) and so be it! (*Into int. coms.*) Miss Thompson, send Mr. Jackson in, please—immediately. And I don't want to be disturbed until I tell you. (*Sits in chair and tries to look ordinarily busy. Enter B.J.*) Hallo Bill! I think I gave you a cheque to cash yesterday. You cashed it?

B. J.: Y—Yes sir. Anything wrong, sir?

Dr.: 'Hmm. No! Merely asked you. I think I rather signed in a hurry, and the bank was a little dubious about the signature. So I thought I better ask you before saying 'yes'. That's all, thank you.

B. J.: Yes, sir. (*B.J. starts walking out*)

Dr.: Say! Bill!

B. J.: (*Turning round*) Sir?

Dr.: What's wrong with you, boy? You look upset over something.

B. J.: N—No Sir. I—I am—I am all right sir!

Dr.: Let me see. Come over and sit down here Bill.

B. J.: No, Sir, I—I——

Dr.: I said, come over and sit down here.

B. J.: (*Obeying Dr's eyes*) Yes—Sir.

Dr.: (*bending over him*) Look at me, Bill! Look into my eyes! Look—into—my—eyes. Forget! Forget everything! You don't have a will of your own, understand?

B. J.: Yes.

Dr. Your will is mine! You shall obey me implicitly, obey all my orders. Will you not?

B. J.: I will.

Dr.: What do you see?

B. J.: Nothing.

Dr.: What are you thinking?

B. J.: Nothing.

Dr.: Listen to me. Are you listening.

B. J. : I am listening.

Dr. : There's a revolver in my drawer ! You will pocket it day after to-morrow night ! Day - after - to-morrow !

B. J. : Yes.

Dr. : At 5.45 you will catch a taxi to Mr. Wade's house. You will walk into his library at 6 O'clock—6—O'—clock ! And you will shoot the man sitting behind the desk—shoot him dead !

B. J. : Shoot—him—dead.

Dr. : You will pocket the revolver—, and go to Wade's house,—and shoot the man !

B. J. : Revolver—Wade's house—and shoot.

Dr. : You will obey my orders, but forget everything else ! You will forget — every — thing — else ! And now, wake up ! I said, wake up ! Your mind has control over you again—wake up ! (*Dr. starts massaging B. J.'s temples*)

B. J. : Oh ! Where the — ? I — I — I —

Dr. : Take it easy Bill. (*Continues the massaging*) Come on, relax, you suddenly felt faint, that's all.

B. J. : Oooh, I feel tired. I feel very tired.

Dr. : (*Still massaging*) Poor Bill ! My poor boy ! (*Into int. coms.*) Miss Thompson, Mr. Jackson is feeling none too well. Will you please fetch him a taxi and send him home ? Thank you.

B. J. : Thank you, sir.

Dr. : (*Helping Bill to the door*) Not at all Bill, not at all. Now you better get going. Have a good sleep. You'll be all right soon. (*Exit B. J.*) I am almost beginning to feel sorry for him. Fancy my getting sentimental at this age ! Well, the problem is neatly solved (*Shakes his own hands*) Good show, Dr. Barlow ! You are a genius !

(CURTAIN DOWN)

E. W. : (*Voice*) Man proposes, but God disposes ! We might plan our destiny, "but there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will !" The stage was set for the killing and I was to be the dead body. It was lucky I escaped, or else you folks would've missed a dash good story. Well, the day after tomorrow evening did come, and so did Dr. Barlow to my house that night at about 6 O'Clock.

(CURTAIN UP)

E. W. : Ah ! George, there you are. Hmm, punctuality don't seem to be one of your strong points. It's nearly 6, you know.

Dr. : (*Looking at his watch*) I am sorry. I was detained (*Suddenly jumping up from the chair*) Who is that ?

W. : I say, you seem to be a little jumpy to-night doctor. What's wrong ? Don't tell me your conscience is catching up with youer, if you *have* one !

Dr. : I—I—I just thought somebody was coming, that's all.

W. : May be, may be not. But why are you worried about somebody or the other coming ?

Dr. : Nothing—Nothing in particular. You know, ah—, about the money. I am getting it delivered here by messenger. And the evidence you possess ?

W. : It's safe, right here in this drawer. Here comes the money and there goes the evidence—simple ! (*Phone rings in the next room*) Excuse me doctor, the 'phone you know. (*Exit W.*)

(*Dr. gets up, and goes over to the desk, and hurriedly starts searching the drawer. Enter B. J., revolver in hand.*)

Dr. : Who the devil..... ? (*Looks up*) You ! Why are you here ? You are too early ! Do you hear me ? There's still 10 minutes more. (*clock strikes 6*) God ! My watch is slow ! (*B. J. slowly raises revolver*) stop ! Don't shoot ! Bill, don't shoot ! It's me ! Don't you know me ? I am Dr. Barlow ! For God's sake don't shoot me ! Don't shoo.....(*B. J. fires the revolver and Dr. falls down dead*).

(CURTAIN DOWN)

W. : (*Voice*) And that was the end of Dr. George Barlow. And I could think of no better epitaph for him than to quote from the Bible and say, "Lord, be merciful to this sinner." And that, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the story I had to tell. Well, it has been a great pleasure meeting you, and until we meet again, some time, some place, goodbye and good luck !

K. S. RAMAMURTHY, B.A., P.G.I., (History)

[*Editor's note* :—The play was presented at the Engineering College Annual Inter-Collegiate Competition at Guindy and won a prize for the P.C.D.C. which put it on boards with the following cast :—

Dr. GEORGE BARLOW	... K. S. Ramamurthy
EDWARD WADE	... P. G. Ramachandran
SIR HENRY	... A. Sankaran
BILL JACKSON	... Eric S. Michael
MISS MAY THOMPSON.....	Miss Daphne Dias

Mr. K. S. Ramamurthy was adjudged the best actor and was awarded a prize.]

Some Ancient Hindu Mathematicians.

The term "Mathematics" is of Greek origin and signifies "learning" or "science". Prof. Bocher says that mathematics is the science which draws necessary conclusions. Another definition is that Mathematics is the science of saving thought. It is clearly impossible to give a definition which is comprehensive and could be universally accepted. The definitions alluded to above direct attention to some of the main elements concerning mathematics. From its importance in training thought it should not be supposed that mathematics always held its proper position in systems of education. Even in early days Mathematics was regarded as a finishing subject instead of a fundamental subject to be used in other fields. In fact the study of mathematics was begun at Harvard, as late as 1726, (i.e.) ninety years after the founding of the institution.

It is instructive to study the status and position of mathematics and of mathematicians in these early times. Confining ourselves to India it is highly probable that the Hindu Mathematicians were influenced by the Greeks at an early period and by the Chinese at a later one; but they also produced a large volume of original work. This includes the invention of numeral, that developed into the Hindu—Arabic system and the "Zero" which made the "place-value" idea possible. It is probable that neither the numerals nor the zero was rated as of any great significance at the time when they were first introduced. The invention of the symbol for zero came some time after the idea of zero became quite common. Thus although the man who first devised a symbol for zero did great service to mathematics, the thinker who saw that the two might be combined in a place-value system, which would require only ten different characters, contributed more to the development of the number system. We do not know the names of these men, nor even with certainty, where they lived. There is still considerable uncertainty regarding the dates of the early Hindu Mathematicians, but we may broadly consider three periods:

- (i) The "*Sulva-Sutra*" period ending about 200 A.D.
- (ii) The Astronomical period, 400 to 600 A.D.
- and (iii) The Hindu Mathematical period proper, 600 to 1200 A.D.

The *Sulva-Sutras* contain several arithmetical results but proofs or demonstrations are not given. It appears that the later Indian Mathematicians ignored the mathematical contents of the *Sulva-Sutras*.

In the Astronomical Period there were three eminent mathematicians. These were the two Aryabhattachas and Varahamihira, the Astronomer. In all their works there is such a mixture of the brilliant and the commonplace as to make a judgement of their value depend largely upon the personal sympathies of the reader. Alberuni, the Arab Historian says of them, "I can only compare their mathematical and Astronomical literature.....to a mixture of pearl shells and sour dates, or of pearls

and dung, or of costly crystals and common pebbles." They were both scientists and necromancers, who could scarcely be expected to maintain consistently the rigorous methods of scientific deduction.

Of the two Aryabhattachas, the elder was born at Kusumapura, or Pataliputra, the present day Patna, on the banks of the River Sone just above its confluence with the Ganges. Aryabhatta evidently wrote there. His work was little known to Hindu Scholars, he having lived far from Ujjain, the ancient centre of mathematical studies. His work called *Aryabhattachiyam*, is a collection of Astronomical tables. The arithmetic carries numeration to terms as far as 10^9 , treats of plane and solid numbers and gives a rule for obtaining square roots. It gives a rule for summing up of an Arithmetic Series after the p^{th} term. The rest of his work shows a knowledge of the quadratic equation and of the indeterminate linear equation. He also gives a rule for finding Trigonometric Sines. His work is remarkable for containing one of the earliest attempts at a general solution of a linear indeterminate equation by the method of continued fractions.

In the period of Astronomy there are two Varahamihiras, belonging respectively to the periods round about 202 and 505 A.D. The latter is the celebrated one whose *Pancha Siddhantika* is widely known. This treats of Astrology and Astronomy—astronomy at an advanced stage. He taught widely about the sphericity of the Earth. His work was translated into several foreign languages.

The third period 600—1200 A.D. covers most of the important contributions to Hindu mathematics. Brahmagupta who lived about 628 A.D. was a noted mathematician. He worked at the great Indian mathematical centre Ujjain, a town in the state of Gwalior. He proved several important results in Algebra and employed Algebra for the first time in Astronomical calculations.

It may be noted that Aryabhatta had already considered the integral solutions of the indeterminate equation $ax + by = c$. But Brahmagupta actually gave the result as $x = \pm cq - bt$; $y = \pm cp + at$ where $t = 0$ or any integer and $\frac{p}{q}$ is the penultimate convergent of $\frac{a}{b}$.

He also considered the so called Pell Solution of the form $D^2u + 1 = t^2$, where D is a given non-square integer and $ut \neq 0$; (The solution was however first effected by Bhaskara of the 12th Century). In regard to the cyclic quadrilateral of Brahmagupta, he or the mathematicians from whom he obtained his material, had a definite end in view—the construction of a cyclic quadrilateral with rational elements.

In south India there was some development of mathematics as is seen from the works of Mahavira, the author of *Ganita Sara Sagara*,

who is said to have lived about 850 A.D. His work treats mainly of the names of operations, measures used, numeration, negative numbers and Zero. Eight operations with numbers are mentioned, addition and subtraction being omitted as being presupposed. One interesting feature is the law relating to Zero which is flatly stated thus "A number multiplied by zero is zero and that number remains unchanged when it is divided by, combined with or diminished by zero". The law given by Bhaskara for dividing by zero is not here recognised, division by zero being looked upon as of no effect. The law of multiplication by negative numbers is stated and the imaginary number is thus disposed of "As in the nature of things a negative (quantity) is not a square (quantity) it has therefore no square root". In his study on series, he includes some treatment of arithmetical and geometrical progression and of "Vyutkalita", which means the summation of a series neglecting a certain number of initial terms.

The most noteworthy feature in his treatment of fractions is that relating to invested divisor, namely "after making the denominator of the divisor its numerator (and vice-versa), the operation to be conducted then is as in the multiplication (of fractions)." It is curious this device was lost until it was rediscovered in Europe in the 16th century. He was the only Hindu scholar who made any serious attempt at treatment of the ellipse, but it was not accurate. All things considered, the work of Mahavira is perhaps the most noteworthy of the Hindu contributions to mathematics, with the possible exception of Bhaskara, who lived three centuries later.

Between 1,000 A.D. and the date of Bhaskara we come across Sridhara, commonly known as Sridharacharya. His best work is *Ganita-sara* otherwise known as "*Trisatika*", indicating its 300 couplets. The order of treatment closely resembles the one followed about a century later by Bhaskara in his "*Lilavati*". The latter writer was acquainted with Sridhara's work, as he himself testifies in *Bhija-Ganita*.

This Bhaskara is a writer who stands out prominently in the ancient Hindu mathematical world, he is commonly known as Bhaskara the learned or as Bhaskaracharya. He was a native of Bidar in the Deccan, but working at Ujjain.

Bhaskara wrote chiefly on Astronomy, Arithmetic, Mensuration, and Algebra. His most celebrated work is "*Lilavati*". This was translated into Persian by Fyzi in 1587 by direction of the Emperor Akbar, a great patron of letters. Fyzi states, though upon what authority we cannot say that Lilavati was the name of Bhaskara's daughter and that the astrologers predicted that she should never wed. Bhaskara, however, derived a lucky moment for her marriage and left an hour-cup floating in a vessel of water. This cup had a small hole in the bottom and was so arranged that the water would trickle in and sink it at the end of the hour. Lilavati, however, with a natural curiosity peeped in to see the water rising in the

cup, when a pearl dropped from her garments chanced to stop the inflow of water. So the hour passed without the sinking of the cup and Lilavati was fated never to marry. To console her Bhaskara wrote in her honour, saying "I will write a book of your name which shall remain to the latest times; for a good name is a second life and the ground-work of eternal existence."

In his *Bhija-Ganita* he discusses directed numbers. Where several unknown quantities are used, they are mentioned as colours, thus: "so much as black, blue, yellow or red". Surds are treated extensively as in many medieval works on Algebra, the difficulty of handling irrationals of all kinds being particularly great in the era of poor symbolism.

The method and solutions for the indeterminate equations are sufficient to give the Indian works an important place in the Mathematical World. The mathematical section of the *Paulisa-Siddanta* is perhaps of the greatest value and may be considered to contain the essence of Hindu Trigonometry.

Their systems of numerals, the zero, the rules for operation with zero, the study of progressions and work with quadratics, all of which were adopted by western mathematicians and later developed, were the chief contribution to the body of mathematical knowledge. Their work in simultaneous equations however seems to have been ignored. An important and significant feature of the work of these Hindu writers was the poetic quality of the exposition. This is seen in the introductions to their books. We are also captivated by the fanciful and imaginative details of their verbal problems. After we have gone through their work we join in the chorus of Hankel who says "It is beyond all praise; it is certainly the finest thing achieved in the theory of numbers before Lagrange".

N. Srinivasan P.G.I. (Mathematics).

In the Caverns of the Mind

The library was full.....men young and old, bearded and shaven, bald and cropped, were busy reading and writing. I was escorted (by.....I think it was an angel!) and introduced to the Librarian, who was seated round a table with a few of his assistants. But what was my surprise and amazement to find out that the Librarian was no other than William Shakespere—the greatest of poets and dramatists. After the formal introductions with the others (who were also quite famous and well-known in the literary sphere) the "Bard-of-Avon" bade me ask any questions I liked.

Awe and surprise, excitement and joy at being with these eminent persons made me speechless ; and " Ask and ye shall be answered " had to be repeated to me more than once by my escort.

But at last I managed to whisper—"What made India become a member of the Commonwealth?" Robert Burns, the British Islander that he was, came forward with this reply—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to min'?"

“ And that’s why I suppose Pandit Nehru is going abroad so often these days ? ”

“Partlyyes”, came the reply from Keats, and “partly..... I suppose, it’s because he wants to get away from the troubles and sorrows in India, at least for a time.....”

“Ever let the fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home”.

and with this he wound up his answer.

By now I was able to conquer my shyness and nervousness, and thus emboldened I ventured to ask, "And what do you think of the growing food shortage, particularly in India? I personally feel that America has more than enough to feed her people, but she is rather reluctant and hesitant about giving it to foreigners".

"I rather agree with you" said Coleridge. "It's no more than a matter of —— Water, water everywhere, Nor any drop to drink".

"But couldn't we improve the situation by growing more food in India itself with the aid of foreign capital instead of importing foodstuffs?"

But ere this question was out from my lips, Shakespeare was emphatically trying to convince me that this was no good. "Work unaided and by the sweat of thy brow——"

“ Neither a borrower nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry”.

“O God! that bread should be so dear;
And flesh and blood so cheap!”—ejaculated Thomas Hood.

“ You are correct ”, I said, “ Human life today is not worth a grain of sand. Just look at the number of massacres and deaths in Kashmir and Korea today.”

"Yes" spoke Swinburne, heaving a sigh. "The Kashmir situation is a most unfortunate one. It looks as though all nations today *shall be moulded not with dreams, but with blood and iron.*"

"And what of the Korean issue?" was my next question. "Is it not a conflict between the two ideologies Capitalism and Socialism; and which do you think will live to enjoy the final triumph?"

J. B. S. Haldane now spoke. "Capitalism must die," said he. "It did not arise because Capitalists stole the land of the workmen's tools, but because it was more efficient than Feudalism. It will perish because it is not merely less efficient than Socialism but actually self-destructive."

“But I would like to know as to whether the Kashmir and the Korean problems can be settled peacefully. The United Nations Organisation is there to help us.

"I think it can be done" was the reply I got from John Milton for "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war".

"But how?" was my next query. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of" spoke Tennyson. "And I am likely to agree with him" added Burns, for——

“ They never sought in vain
That sought the Lord aright ! ”

"But if the U.N.O. is destined to fail, what then?" I persisted.

"Ah! well".....said Ben Jonson "but yet its work and attempts to establish peace must in themselves be appreciated.

“ A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant and flower of light ”.

"Who would be blamed", I questioned "the Americans or the Russians if the deadly Atom Bomb were to be used on Korea?"

“ But who are the greater criminals, those who sell the instruments of death, or those who buy and use them ?” Robert E. Sherwood questioned me in turn. And right royal perplexed was I to answer this.

X X X X

"The whole world is facing a crisis and is in adversity today." I observed (the pessimist I was); but as though to dispel this gloomy thought of mine Shakespeare came forward and said—

“But sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

"Ah!" I said wistfully (and rising because my brain had refused to manufacture any more questions) "I hope the lesson we learn in these trying times will help us in building a more pleasant, a more peaceful and better future, so that we can look forward to that time eagerly and with hope." "But pray, listen to me ere you depart," besought the voice of a venerable old man who had till then maintained his silence.

"Trust no Future, however pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act—act in the living Present!
 Heart within and God overhead."

x

x

x

x

I was escorted back to the world of reality by my friend Prameela, patting me and exclaiming....."I say, let's get out of this library. It's time for the lecture. Sorry to disturb you, but I hope you've had a nice nap"..... And so I got up and with still dreamy eyes and unsteady steps climbed up the stairs to our class-room, E.C. 5.

K. C. Annapurna, IV Hons. (Economics).

A bore at large

The train, I came to know from my friend, leaves by 8-45 p.m. The time was already 8-30, when I entered the station. I came to know from the news papers that the name of MAYAVARAM will be officially known as MAYURAM and I made sure that I asked for a ticket at the counter to MAYURAM to keep up with the times, though, I reflected in my philosophic mood, the strides at which it was advancing, was too much for us to keep with it. The man before me asked for a ticket to MAYAVARAM, to my utter astonishment, and I could not help remarking to the man behind the counter how people are slow in picking up these modern things. The man seemed to be a bit puzzled and asked, "Did he drop that change?"

"Who dropped, which change?", I asked.

"You said something about picking"

"But I didn't mention 'drop'."

"Nor did you", he said, understanding the presence of a vicious circle.

I am a man who looks upon life as a boxing-ring where you fight bouts with various people. This man behind the counter, I thought, is the chief challenger. One doesn't like to be kidded by men behind the counters asking you whether you said something when actually you haven't even uttered a single syllable which may roughly correspond to the word. The attempted kidding was evident and I was quite prepared to face it. I began the round myself.

"At what time does the train reach MAYURAM?" I asked.

"That is to be asked at the first counter" he said non-chalantly.

"Why, don't you know yourself?" I asked attempting to pinch a point there, but it was no use.

"It's not our duty to inform train arrivals and departures even if we know it", he said.

"Damn your rules", I said, conceding the point. I am a man who doesn't quite relish conceding points to opponents. Many of my friends have given up arguing with me for I was always able to build arguments, sometimes with no palpable point whatever. They once got so much disgusted with me and my arguments that they labelled over me a paper bearing the single word "bore". But they are friends and who is this man beaming from behind the counter? Absolutely a stranger to me except that he took some money for which I got the legitimate ticket. Does it mean that I must bow my head to him also?

"I jolly well won't", I said to myself.

I began to work myself up by beginning with a friendly note.

"After one week's stay I am leaving the city", I said eagerly awaiting the bounder's reply. But the reply came like a boomerang.

"Glad to know that", he said, "Scourges of mankind ought to be leaving this Garden of Eden. It is high time." Another point to him, no doubt. I made a different approach. Instead of stating something, I began to question the fellow and thus corner him.

"I say, I will ask you some questions" I said.

"I wouldn't if I were you", he said, but I let it go.

"Do you know the Persians?", I asked.

"I wish I do", he replied.

"Wouldn't make much of a difference though. You will continue to be the same slithery low lying hound behind the counter even after knowing about the Persians".

"I wish you wouldn't stray from the main point, Sir", he said, growing a little polite, "I don't see any connection between the Persian and me. I suppose you are a historian and trying to advance a new theory stating that Dravidians and the Persians are from common ancestors. If so, let me tell you Sir, it won't come up well. I would rather advise you to give this manuscript of yours to a better ass than myself to swallow it up in these days of food scarcity. It will at least fill an honest belly".

But undaunted again I made a gallant rally. "What I wanted to tell you was about a certain culture in the Persians, that is, hospitality. They are supposed to be the most hospitable people in the world. If you had taken some hints from them, you would not have behaved in such a way as you have towards me."

"But we are not Persians, and on the other hand we are cent percent Indians", he said triumphantly placing his finger on the rub of the argument.

But my meagre knowledge of Indian History came to my rescue at the right moment though it had failed me many a time in the exam hall. 'Why, take for instance the Emperor Jehangir,' I pointed out, 'He gave full trade rights to the western traders whose presents also included one ha'penny worth whistle which was blown hours together by the Emperor himself in the courtyard. Why, he even made one of the traders his bottle companion. Now do you see the Indian's sense of hospitality?'

'But,' he said with a twitch of his irksome nose, 'Weren't those very same Westerners driven out of this land?'

Now, I thought, had my chance of clinching the issue come. I thought of Joe Louis when he fought a strong challenger. While being far down in points at last he got the precious chance of winning the bout by a knockout and how he won it. Now had my chance for the 'left punch' come. 'So long as fools like you continue to take active interest in politics, such inhospitable things will continue to happen,' I said with a Louis grin. Though I have a deep veneration for the Independence Day, I cannot let go such a capital chance for a 'left punch'. I was expecting a spiritually dead corpse before me in the counter.

'So, my dear friend,' I added with a parting smile, 'be generous with your hospitality and courtesy towards other men even if you receive from them only small whistles.' For a moment I thought that I was hearing the dead, but unforgotten Jehangir whistling gaily in the courtyard. But gradually the illusion left as the whistling stopped and I realised that the whistle came not from Jehangir's mouth, but from the guard's and now I could distinctly hear the 'Puff-Puff'. I made headway to the platform, but it was too late.

'You can catch the train at Tambaram if you keep up this rate of running, Sir,' suggested an optimistic Ticket Examiner.

'I say, at what time should the train leave? Your blooming clock shows only 8-40, and the train ought to leave only by 8-45. You can't push the trains five minutes earlier like that?' I said irritated.

But the complacently self-possessed fellow replied, 'For your information, Sir, the train ought to leave by 8-40 precisely according to our revised timings and it has left 30 seconds late to enable an elderly passenger to get in. Now-a-days the authorities are pretty tough with the guards if they get the trains late.'

'Blast your authorities and guards—and also your revised Timings, I added with an afterthought and began to walk back. This time I did not look at the counter, being too much weighed down with despondency. But there came a voice from the supposed-to-be spiritually dead corpse behind the counter, 'How slow people are in picking up these modern Timings!' The Subconscious Referee counted me out.

Nelson Devasundaram IV B.A. (Economics).

A Lament for Economics

"I weep for Adonais—he is dead"

—Shelley.

At its inception Economics was called the "pig philosophy". If only there were any one like the Raja Ashwapati of the good old days of Hindu mythology when *dharma* was walking on all fours or like King Solomon who could interpret the languages of the dumb animals, we would have been in a position to know how the animal concerned reacted to the adverse reference made to it. Perhaps it would have shivered in righteous indignation till its hair stood erect, squealed at its shrillest to record its violent protest against the impudence of these degenerate sons of Adam. Why on earth should they choose the pig of all the thousands and thousands of animals, or for the matter of that, why should any animal be made the scape-goat for the lack of integrity on the part of man to own the figment of his own fantastic imagination? Long ago the Norman conquerors called the Englishmen pigs as if pigs were so low. The unscrupulous carnivore called MAN not only swallows every part of its body from its three-inch-thick skin to the marrow of its scant bones with unmixed greed and avidity after resorting to methods of killing it that would make the fiercest panther skulk away in shame, but also has the insolence to attribute its name to the product of their own degeneracy. Thus reflecting the whole mass of living pork must have shook in its slushy abode and the insulted creature must have contemplated an all-out attack against humanity to settle its accounts.

But let us try to 'please the pigs' by admitting that just as its mention on the menu cards tickles the salivary glands of the hungry, the attribution of its name to this subject has tickled the curiosity of many young students. Books after books on this subject with their arguments and counter-arguments, criticisms and counter-criticisms (often offered for their own sake) and theories and laws are devoured ravenously. (These laws of Economics were so much in the air that a character in one of O. Henry's stories thinks that the law of Supply and Demand is a law passed by the legislature!)

Now whisper the old definition of Economics in this year of grace 1951! The sty would manifest no visible signs of disturbance. But the temples of Athene will betray their nearness to the Palace of Satan. Now Economics rides triumphantly on the comfortable back of a more sedate and less unwilling creature which is supreme indifference in flesh and blood and a testimonial to the divine creator's artistic sense. Sometimes this animal for no comprehensible reason would just freeze in its standing posture refusing to budge a fraction of an inch and give an exhibition of the strength of its vocal chords. Nothing else needs greater tact than to set this recalcitrant braying quadruped in motion. Just a carrot in front and a poke behind will achieve the purpose. The brute stops braying and starts on its work forward. Just so, says the science of Economics, man also needs an incentive and a goading—in short a carrot in front and a poke behind. "Bless thee Bottom, bless thee! Thou art translated!"

In the beginning God said "Let there be Adam Smith, Ricardo, Malthus and a host of Austrian economists." There were all of them. And God blessed them and said into them "Be fruitful, write books and propound theories". Then God said "Let me have a rest" and he had a rest. He saw that rest was no good. Then Lord God said "Let there be Marx" and there was Marx. Since then neither God nor man knew any rest. But the students of Economics and the professors of Economics alone were unperturbed by Marx who did not deserve to be mentioned in academic discussions! Marx said "Let there be revolutions" while all the other economists said "No." But there were revolutions. Still the students of Economics were unperturbed. Then God said "Let there be Keynes" and there was Keynes. Since then neither student nor professor had any rest.

Then Keynes created the theory of interest. He ordained that the total amount of money and the liquidity preferences of the people shall be equal absolutely. Then he put the rate of interest in between them. The famous Buridan's ass which was put in between two equally attractive and equidistant heaps of hay could not choose between them and thus starved to death. This poor ass which brayed in the yard of the Rector of Paris University, Jean Buridan in the 14th Century, was dragged into of this new Economics. What are these liquidity preferences? It is all psychology. If it varies from the total amount of money, rate of interest may fluctuate. If one of the heaps of hay varied from the other, Buridan's brute would have made its choice. Pleased with this asinine feat Keynes said with Alexander Pope "See mysteries to mathematics fly!" Lo! the books on economics were transformed overnight into treatises on geometry, algebra, trigonometry and calculus. A curve would explain every phenomenon. There is a strike in a particular industry and there is a curve to explain it. There is unemployment in the country, or there is a famine, there are curves that would solve them. Curves of all varieties,

were made use of, confusing and confounding every one. It was a fool who said "Curved is the line of Beauty."

The common man was getting lost in this asses' bridge of economics. The students were no better (ofcourse the professors were leading them!). Seeing that cosmos was again being transformed into chaos, Lord God who awoke from his divine slumber said "Now let there be an end to all this hair-splitting. I have ordained that all men shall be equal. So let it be. Let there be no exploitation of man by man. That is Economics, Ethics and Politics. Let there be sweetness and light." So there was sweetness and light. Thus ended Economics unwept, unhonoured and unsung.

K. Seshadri P.G.I. (Pol.)

Icecream and Potato-chips

He looked woebegone beyond words. Utter hopelessness smouldered in his eyes. His dark, bespectacled, usually chubby and cheerful countenance drooped disconsolately. Even the lenses of his glasses seemed elongated with sorrow.

He stared balefully at the waiter until the waiter looked around uneasily.

"Your order, Sir," he faltered. "Ah, Yes," he said. He turned to me.

"What will you have?"

"Oh, anything," I said. "An icecream, some potato chips."

He leapt to his feet, his face distorted with agony. He clutched at the table.

"No," he gasped, "No, please! anything but potato chips. Please, no potato chips."

"O.K.," I said, "I'm not particular. But what's wrong with potato chips?"

"I hate them," he said, "I detest them, I loathe them,"

"Allergy?" I asked. "Complex?"

"It's a long story. That's why I brought you here, to tell you."

"I'm all ears," I said. "Let's have it." I turned to the waiter and ordered two icecreams.

"Icecream," my friend said, dreamily, "that's what they call her. Do you remember the Mock Parliament, the roar of delight as she entered. I'm not the only fool she fascinates....."

"Who," I asked, patiently, "is 'she'?"

"Ah!" he said, "it's a long story. Perhaps I had better begin at the beginning."

"I would appreciate that," I told him.

"Do you remember the 5th of July?"

"Not particularly. Why?"

"It was the day the Principal interviewed the new students. A group of us, 'old guys,' were clustered around the Powell statue examining the new lady students with the eyes of connoisseurs."

He paused and looked wistfully out to sea.

"And then we saw her. A phantom of delight.....a black blouse and a white saree wreathed around her.....like gossamer. She looked like something from beyond this world."

"Cut out the descriptions," I interrupted. "Let's get on with the story."

"I couldn't describe her even if I wanted," he said. "All I see when I think of her is a vision of musk and roses, damask and cream. We nicknamed her *Ice-cream* on the spot. Sometimes we call her that as she passes, and she isn't offended.....She even smiles shyly. God! she's cute, that girl. I just can't get her out of my mind.....she haunts me, day and night, night and day....."

"This sort of thing is called *love*", I told him with a sarcastic smile.

"Ah!" he said, and I could have sworn there were tears in his eyes.

"Well," I asked, "what happened?"

"For the last six months I've tried to attract her attention. I gave up cutting classes, I cut down the pictures, I spent hours in the laboratories. I wanted to shine, you see, to win a silver medal or something..... It didn't work. It needs more than hard work to win medals."

"Does it?"

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "it needs brains.....And then the graduates' reception. I heard her say she was going to wear blue. Blue! against the peach of her complexion, with her eyes spluttering with laughter, those delicious little dimples like limpid pools....."

"And then....." I interrupted, remorselessly.

"I decided to turn out in my cricket blazer resplendent with the College coat-of-arms. Only a few of us possessed blazers. I thought it ought to attract her attention."

"And did it?"

"It did. She looked often in my direction. Then she would turn to that wicked little friend of hers and say something and then they would giggle foolishly. They were amused at my blazer. You see, I was the only guy in a blazer. All the other chaps were in lounge suits. I must have looked foolish.....But it was worth it—just to feel her eyes on me, to catch the sparkle of amusement in her eyes, to think that in some small measure I had contributed to her pleasure....."

"Greater love than this," I murmured, "No man has had, since Dante gazed on Beatrice."

"I wander about the corridors waiting to catch a glimpse of her, I loiter in the portico, I follow her to the canteen.....That's how I came to know she was very fond of potato-chips."

"Ah!" I said, "I begin to see the light."

"She *loves* potato-chips, she *dotes on* potato-chips, she *lives on* for potato-chips. She forces her friend to eat potato-chips. Personally I don't care much for potato-chips but for her sake I took to them with a vengeance. I began to consume them voraciously. I would sit at the next table and put down plate after plate of finger-chips, wafers..... you see. I hoped she would notice and recognize in me a kindred spirit, a soul-mate."

"The lover, the poet and the lunatic....." I murmured.

He smiled sadly. "This morning I followed her to the canteen. She was with that malicious little companion of hers, her evil genius."

"You don't seem to like her companion."

"I don't.....I'm jealous I suppose, they're always together, talking, giggling..... I sat at the next table. Loudly I ordered two plates of chips. The waiter went over to their table and they too ordered chips. And then for a few minutes it was heaven just to sit there and look at her, to hear the tinkle of her laughter and the pearls she cast before her friend.

"The waiter returned. He set two plates of chips before me. Then he went over to their table and looked at them apologetically.

"Sorry," he said, "we're run out of chips."

"No chips!" said my beloved aghast.

"The last two plates," the waiter explained, "I served the gentleman at the next table".

"And then it happened. She turned and glared at me. Bitterness and hatred, scorn and disgust and frustration were packed into that stare. Like a tigress balked of her prey. My very soul writhed with anguish. I staggered out of the canteen."

Tears were streaming down his cheeks. "I see no point", he said "in living any longer."

"But why didn't you jump up and offer your two plates? It was your *great chance*."

.....He looked at me sadly. "I couldn't," he said. "You see, to show my eagerness for chips I had by that time already devoured one plate and was half way through the second."

Rosemarie Coelho Hons. (Econ.)

But For A While Again . . .

Wakes, again, the old uneasy rapture,
And down the flowered ways the pipes are calling, calling;
My bird-heart frets at the emotion's sweet recapture,
But down to the heedless eyes and lips and hands is falling, falling.
Fire-wine divine, the old, old madness steals through all my veins,
Morn into valley, love into me is flowing, flowing;
It glows in the spring-touched garden of my being, and in its love's-
ghost-haunted lanes,
And to the light, and down the storied ways, my child-heart's steps
are turning, turning.

When dawn of her forsakes the world of me,
And in the night will only the stars of remembered things be seen,
To return adown the love-burnt ways there will not be light
enough for me.

And I know from other autumned, wintered, summers of the heart,
That from my feet I'll have to pluck the thorns of all the things
that might have been;

Stanch my wounds—but for now, for a while again, is the young-
time, bud-time of my heart.

P. G. Ramachandran III Hons. (Economics.)

Meteorological

A sabre-toothed north-wind rends the clouds
And palm-trees wave their arms in welcome gay,
While withered leaves are wheeling round in crowds—
The glass is falling, the weather-wise say.

Catamarans are slithering down immense,
Black, boisterous billows, hastening towards the shore,

While jagged lightning rips the sky-line dense—
Weather-prophets are gloomier than before.

The dim, bleary eye of day is going down
Midst purple cloud-banks, and Night's candelabra
Are quenched as soon as kindled, and Heaven's frown—
Heavens, it's raining and I've no umbrella!

Pravin Kumar, IV Hons., (Zoology)

Vanity Hath Its Fall

"It is five", shouted *He* up the stair,

"Coming", said *She*, of the clock unaware!

To herself said she, "Would this fall

Well over my figure so frail and so small?"

She draped a georgette over her figure so small

But decided it would't suit her at all!

"This Silk will take on the evening light:

Or perhaps this tissue the hues of the night!"

"It is half after five", shouted *He* up the stair,

"Coming", said *She*, of the clock unaware!

To herself said she, "Would this theatrical red

Give my lips the colour that has fled?"

"This rouge", said she, "had it only been milder

Would have gone so much better with Pond's face powder!"

"Now the last part of my Toilette is that little dot"

And so on her forehead was a bright red spot!

"It is six", shouted *He* up the stair,

"Coming", said *She*, of the clock unaware!

So at last down the stair came the tiresome Fairy,

To her husband waiting impatient and weary!

They wended their way to the Princess Park,

Where not a sound was heard, not even a bark.

The Fairy did to a green bench repair

While, following, came her husband in despair!

"The *green* of this bench and the *red* of my sari

By all degrees match, oh, so artistically!"—

Then all on a sudden the Fairy did faint

For a card on the bench read, "*Beware of wet paint!*"

In her swoon she heard the poor bench cry:

"You have filched my green toilet 'fore it was dry."

D. J. K. Cornelius, IV B.Sc. (Physics.)

Limericks

1. There was a fool among the boys
Who wished to talk in a loud voice ;
He said, " I can't help it,
I have to do my bit !
In the world I must make some noise."
2. A foolish chap who read Chemistry
Was also adept in Palmistry ;
He looked at his hand :
" My head contains sand !
How I got my degree is a myst'ry !"
3. A conceited chap, who just got his B.A.,
Thought he would get a high initial pay ;
He was sorely disappointed
When he first got appointed --
They paid him only two rupees a day !
4. A fellow who held a first class degree,
Thought it fine—but others wouldn't agree
He couldn't get a job,
' Cause he was n't a snob ;
He said, " Oh, for a long pedigree !"
5. A young lady who made a big fuss,
Used to come daily from Luz.
If she couldn't get a seat
She would begin to bleat,
That irate young lady in the bus.
6. A young man who squeaked like a mouse,
Would not join, when others did carouse ;
Asked why
He said " Hic,
I can't join, I've got a....spouse !"
7. A lady who looked like a lily,
Put in the food too much chilly
Her hubby got her a book,
" *How to Become a Cook* "
She just said " You're very silly !"

8. A fellow who cried " Democracy !"
And then " Down with aristocracy ! "
Ended a victim
To his better-half's whim
Subdued by her autocracy !

C. V. Pichappa B.Sc. (Hons.)

No Equality

When the world was young, God, man to save,
Told woman, " Thou art to *man* a slave".
And so it was for years her doom,
That *woman* was married to the home.
But as years go by things are apt to change,
As science did vary thro' the long eras' range
As times changed rapidly to our Atomic Age,
Women turned to the Offices from marriage !
Whilst queues of *men* without, get nothing,
Women get jobs just for the asking !
But barely is the year half spent,
The office has cause to sigh and repent !
For that woman, who stood for a job like a rock,
Has now gingerly turned to supreme Wed-lock !
Young women ! Consider that we, poor men,
Have to work all our life of three score and ten !
So next time you go to the Employment Exchange,
See that you do not their lists derange !
In fairness to us, keep the job that you choose,
And 'best luck' from us, though a job we may lose !
So ladies, when men get jobs there's no partiality,
For where jobs are concerned there's NO EQUALITY !

D. J. K. Sornelius, IV B.Sc. (Physics)

The Restless Earth

Few realise how restless the Earth is. All that is commonly known is that she is travelling round the Sun; that while doing so, she is revolving on her own axis, and that the routine event of day and night is due to her restless revolution. We are all aware that the various parts of the earth are successively brought before, and taken away from, the Sun, causing day-break and nightfall in those parts. But the restlessness of the Earth is something more complicated and mysterious. Its spin is not like that of a sleeping-top but like that of a wobbling top. The earth is not standing upright in its orbit; its axis is tilted $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ from the perpendicular. The rotational axis is not therefore pointing in the heavens towards the same star. The north celestial pole moves along a circular track. Shakespeare's saying, "As fixed as the northern star" is not quite true. The northern star of Purana days is not the one we see today.

In her bodily travel round the sun, her speed is terrific—about 18½ miles a second. She keeps up approximately a distance of 93 million miles from the sun; in the beginning of January she comes nearer the sun by 1½ million miles and in July gets away by 1½ million miles.

The earth's rotational axis tends to remain parallel with itself through-out its sojourn. This fact combined with a tilt of $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ is a blessing to the earth, as it brings about seasonal and climatic variations particularly in the temperate zone.

But the sun itself is travelling in space at a speed of 40,000 miles an hour, towards the constellation Hercules, carrying the earth and the other members of her family. As you are therefore reading, remember you are having a joy-ride of some ten thousand miles, bodily in space, leaving nothing behind.

The change in the direction of the earth's axis in the Heavens and the tendency of the axis to remain parallel with itself throughout its sojourn have been referred to. But observations indicate that the northern end of Greenland is sometimes near the north pole of rotation and, sometimes far from it. Hence there is an incessant motion of the polar axis on the earth's figure itself. The tip of the axis migrates around the arctic fields once in 428 days, bringing about slight seasonal variations. The path traced is irregular; the largest number of earthquakes occurs when the pole takes the sharpest curvature in her path. The maximum distance of this closed path is just over only sixty feet, a trifle when compared to the size of the earth, with an area of 196,940,700 square miles.

It should therefore be obvious that when the poles migrate, the equator and the latitudes would also shift. Even Delhi, the world centre of real peace has no bodily peace. It flits about over the surface of the

globe sometimes a little to north and so metimes a little to south; rather unbecoming a conservative centre of peace.

This polar migration is referred to natural causes like landslides, earthquakes, volcanoes, and shift of loads on the earth by rivers and glaciers. Man also contributes his share by the removal of millions of tons of ores from the bowels of the earth, by construction of huge reservoirs as the T.V.A., by the digging of canals like the Panama Canal and by atomic bombing, as in Hiroshima and Nevada. But there is no real danger to earth as a planet. These incidents are mere flea-bites to the earth which has a mass of 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

Members of a family living together act and react, one on the other. The law of gravitation states that every body in the Universe attracts every other body with a force which is proportional to the product of the masses and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them. The gravitational attraction of the sun and the moon on the earth generates tides. The ocean being fluid responds to the pull more easily than the solid earth. Assuming that the earth was completely enveloped by the ocean, the water-envelope will be fifteen miles deep. The waters will be pulled into a form resembling an orange. The piled up ends will be pointing towards and away from the moon. As the position of the moon changes, the piled-up waters will be shifting, keeping pace with the moon's position. An observer on the earth will therefore be seeing two waves, restlessly sweeping round and round the ocean. As the earth rotates on its axis once in twenty-four hours, at some one place there will be a maximum depth of water every twelve hours. The sun also will generate similar tides. What would be observed on the ocean will be a combined tide. At new moon and full moon the sun, moon and earth are in a line giving rise to exceptionally high and low tides.

The picture of a uniform depth of sea over a land mass is an ideal one. The depths of seas vary considerably. The land-masses project into the seas as peninsulas or islands. The seas occur also as bays and gulfs. Hence the tides travel restlessly along circuitous paths with different speeds and heights. In mid-oceans, at island stations, the difference between high and low tide is about two feet; but in interior gulfs and bays the tidal wave gets concentrated in restricted quarters; and the difference between high and low tides is as high as fifty feet.

The problem whether the pole in addition to its travel in the arctic fields has a migration, has also been studied. Dr. Heinrich Simroth of Leipzig University contends that there is such a migration. This migration says Simroth, has been so great ever since the birth of the earth, that the north pole and south pole have interchanged positions. The present migration of the north pole from the Greenland-Iceland region towards Behring straits offers reasonable explanation of the following:—

- (1) the eastern half of Florida is getting submerged while the western half is emerging;
- (2) the coral islands in the north pacific are emerging out of the seas while those in the south pacific are getting submerged.

Again, the rocks bear testimony to a perpetual internal restlessness of the earth, in some form or other, throughout geological time. Mountain-changes, like the Alps, the Himalayas, the Rockies and the Appalachians occur as elongated narrow belts and are chiefly constituted of a huge pile of sediments. The basins which gathered the material called 'geosynclines', were rather shallow throughout the time they figured on the earth. For, the floor of the basin went down and down, in keeping with the sediments that collected in it. Such sedimentary belts were acted by pressure deep down, and got folded, compressed and reduced in width.

The operational process can be easily pictured thus: spread on a table sheets of paper one on top of another. Rest your hands on either side of the pile; with the left-hand in position, press the paper with the right hand. The sheets are seen folded, like a corrugated sheet. The right-hand corresponds to the advancing continental mass, bringing about a tangential pressure on the geosynclinal sediments, represented by the papers. The shrunken folded papers represent one stage of mountain-building. The Alps, and the Rockies have thus shrunk by about 40 miles and the Himalayas by 120 miles.

The pressure exerted by the land masses is due to the sinking of the ocean adjacent to the growing mountain belt. The Pacific ocean, for instance has gone down by nearly two miles, since the late cretaceous age (i.e.) within the past fifty million years. To this feature the earth owes the Rockies, the Andes and the Alpino-Himalayan system.

Indeed, the Himalaya in the days of her inception, from the geosynclinal basin was barely a few hundred feet high. It had its evolution from the Tethys Sea which once connected the Mediterranean with the Pacific, as a result of powerful earth movements from the north, north-east and north-west. These movements also produced a sag or 'foredeep' besides heaving up the basin.

But the present height has been obtained by a slow process of upheaval extending during the last sixty million years. So slow is this process, that a river running north to south, has not been blocked by the upheaval across it. The river incised its path faster than the upheaval. This explains why the Himalayan rivers have their origin north of the mountain chain and pass through deep gorges and ravines.

The sag or 'foredeep' that was formed became the gathering ground of the detritus brought by the rivers. Later earth-movements caused folding and faulting of this collected material and the inception of

the Siwalik range; this range skirts the Himalayas for nearly 1,600 miles from the Brahmaputra to the Indus and even to the west of the Punjab. This is remarkable not only as being the most recently formed addition to the Himalayas but there is no such *recently formed* one, on the earth, of such magnitude; Jammu, Dehradun, Mussorie are in this range.

The folds of the belt often get inverted one over the other into 'S'-shaped forms. The limbs of the folds give way where they have been thinned by stretching. If the thrusts continue on the region, one broken limb of the fold may glide over the other for considerable distances. The crystalline rock belts of the northern zone of the Himalayas which are geologically older have been pushed forward to the south, riding over the younger rocks that formed in the Himalayan geosyncline. These structural features are common in the Alps and the Himalayas. It is no wonder therefore that the Himalayan region, which is a growing part of the Indian continent, is restlessly dancing to the accompaniment of earthquakes.

The fractures may extend deep down, so as to tap molten material that lies beneath the roots of mountains and cause volcanism. The heat and pressure of the intrusions, and earth-movements efface the features of the sedimentary rocks, and change them into metamorphic rocks.

The igneous material has afforded the metallic ores that we value so much in the modern world. About half the silver production and one fifth of the gold is obtained from the intrusive magmas associated with the latest young alpine orogeny by which is meant the movements that gave rise to the Rockies, the Andes, the Alps and the Himalayas. Our Ore market would have presented an entirely different picture were it not for the ores of the circumpacific belt.

The igneous intrusion also arches up the sedimentary belt and adds to height; but various evidences indicate a continuous uplift. From careful studies of the river Arun, which cuts the Himalayas between Everest and Kinchenjunga, Wager has estimated that there has been an elevation of 12,000 feet on account of the lightening of the crust by denudation. There are fossil bones of tropical animals like the rhinoceros at a height of 17,000 feet in Tibet, indicating at least an elevation of 10,000 feet in recent geological times. The lakes of Tso Morari, Yamdrug and Pangong in Tibet show terraces at least 200 feet above their present level. The cause of this uplift is traced to different parts of the earth's crust trying to reach a condition of equal pressure adjustment, known as isostatic equilibrium. Geophysical studies reveal that the rocks that make up mountains of upheaval have on the average lesser density than those on the plains; the latter have a lesser density than those that make up the ocean floor. Deeper down, the rocks are so plastic that they can creep slowly from regions of high pressure to regions of low pressure.

Further a column of rock 50 to 100 sq. miles cross-section on a mountain range, with a depth up to the zone of flowage, has the same weight as that of a similar column on a plain or on ocean floor. The picture one has to imagine is of three prisms of equal cross-section and weight, but of different density, floating in a liquid. The prisms will sink to the same depth; the one with the least density will emerge highest and the one with the highest density will emerge least. The third one will have a height above the liquid,—intermediate between the two others. This is what is known as Pratt's hypothesis. A mountain range, a coastal plain and an ocean basin are all therefore in isostatic balance. According to this view, Asia which has double the average height of Europe, will on the average be made up of lighter rocks than those under Europe.

When the mountain range is worn down the rivers carry the load to the basins. The isostatic equilibrium is disturbed. The loaded basin yields and slowly sinks. In the zone deeper down, where the rocks could creep, there is a transfer of material from the sinking trough towards the roots of the denuded mountain range. What is lost on the mountain top is gained at the mountain base, resulting in a slow upward movements of the range. When one scale-pan of a balance goes down the other rise up. This is just like that.

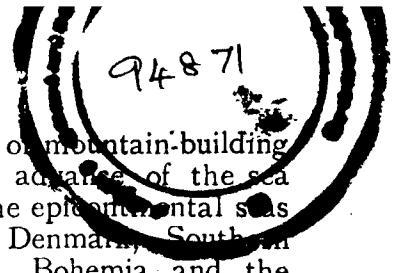
The loading of the Indo-Gangetic belt by the silt of the Himalayan rivers is the cause of the uplift of the foot-hills of the Himalayas extending from the Punjab to Assam.

Such mountain-building activity has been a characteristic feature in earth's life-history in three periods. The earliest is known as the Caledonian, the next the Hercynian and the latest the Alpine. The Caledonian system is recognised in Scandinavia, Scotland, Wales, Siberia, Africa, Australia and South America. The Hercynian mountains are the Appalachians, the Urals, the Tianshan and the Altai. In Hercynian times (i.e. about 250 million years ago), the Aravallis that crosses Rajasthan was by far the most magnificent range in India. It stretched from Deccan to the north beyond the present-day limits of the Himalayas (there was no Himalayas then) and to South India. It gathered snow in its lofty peaks, which united to form glaciers. It formed the water-shed between rivers running to the east and to the west. The last, the Alpine system, includes the Alps, the Himalayas, the Rockies and the Andes.

It should be quite obvious that the continents have attained their present-day stature by the addition of mountain-chains round primitive shields of the earth.

Today, mountains are in a state of active growth in the Pacific, south of Japan. Here the crust is thrown out of equilibrium faster than isostasy can restore it. Hence the Philippines, the Netherland East Indies are noted for many earthquakes and volcanoes. Mount Lamington, which erupted recently is in this zone of unrest.

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The earth has been restless not only because of mountain-building but also in other ways. There has been world-wide advance of the sea over the continents. An example is afforded by the epicontinental seas of the upper cretaceous. This sea swept over Denmark, Southern Sweden, Ardennes, the central plateau of France, Bohemia and the Balkans. Sahara, Irak, Iran, the Himalayan region, Burma, Japan, and Peninsular India were all affected in this world-wide transgression. There have been outbursts of volcanic activity; enormous masses of lava and ashes have been sometimes thrown out from the bowels of the earth. The Deccan trap of India is an example of a mighty fissure eruption. The lava was extruded quietly from fissures, and was piled in sheets one over the other and covered an area of half a million square miles.

The earth has witnessed glacial periods also. The last glaciation occurred in pleistocene times (i.e. about one million years ago). Two earlier ones occurred at intervals of 250 million years. During the glacial period, the mountain masses of snow act on the earth's segments and keep them under pressure; when the glaciers melt the segments are bodily lifted up in regaining equilibrium. In the last 50,000 years, the melting of the glaciers has brought about an unlift of 330 feet in Antarctica and 500 feet in Greenland.

Glacial periods imply robbing the ocean of vast quantities of water for the formation of these mountain masses of ice. The sea-level therefore drops considerably. In the pleistocene glaciation the sea-level dropped by 250 feet and during periods of very severe cold there was a further drop of 50 feet. Shore lines over the whole lengths of continents were shifted seaward. The English channel and the North sea were dry and forest-covered. The Rhine then continued its course in that land, and gained the drainage of the Thames.

The Black Sea was a fresh-water lake; in the interglacial period, a connection was established between the mediterranean and the Black Sea. Millions of fresh-water fishes died and underwent bacterial decomposition, giving rise to poisonous gases, which are still dissolved in the waters deep down—giving to the sea its title 'Black Sea'.

Asia and North America were often connected and disconnected in the glacial period. The Sunda Sea in the glacial period was a land surface; the rivers of Sumatra, Java and Borneo were continued into that land. The tin ores that were then collected by the rivers are today traced by miners in this drowned river system. Tasmania was connected with Australia; the depth of the sea between Victoria and Tasmania is only 200 feet in many places. India was connected with Ceylon through Palk Straits; if today the sea level falls by only 40 feet, this connection will be re-established.

This brief survey shows that the remarkable feature in the history of the earth is the ceaseless flow of changes. Nothing is constant in

geological time. Her orogenic epochs, marine transgressions and regressions, magmatic intrusions and glacial epochs are a group of phenomena seeking an explanation. To the man of science, attempts to wrest this fascinating secret have a charm of their own. One thing is certain; and that is: in this continuous change the earth is led on from one state of equilibrium to another.

T. N. Muthuswami, M.A., L.T.

The Paper Kite

The April sun was blazing. The labourers were taking their siesta by the wayside trees. The buzz of the bees and the occasional chatter of the coolie women broke the otherwise still atmosphere. Near the giant pipal tree that commanded a view of the open, a noisy tumult ensued where the half-naked children of the labourers were engaged in a game of skill, flying their kites. "Gopal, don't fly your kite so close to mine or I will tear yours to pieces in the twinkling of an eye." "Rama, do you think you can fly your kite as high as mine?" "Mine is a perfect beauty. I warrant you. How its long tail waves in the air!" As the kites rose steadily in the current of air that passed, the boys vied with each other in endeavouring to fly them higher.

But, as it happens in most cases, there was sorrow amidst this joy. A pair of large eyes were even then shedding tears of misery, a none-too clean hand hastily brushing them off. That tiny urchin, yonder, was trying to smile even as wretchedness tore at his heart. Ah, what fallacies we assume and what garbs we put on to hide our wounds! Ganesh was scarcely eight. Naturally, when he saw the other boys playing, his little heart ached to join their sport and his wistful eyes watched them at their game.

The evening spread its golden glory over the cluster of shoddy hovels. At the entrance of one, the most dilapidated of all, stood a man bowed by adversity. He was the once-prosperous weaver, Murthi. It used to be the pride of the community to say that Murthi supplied all their clothes. But, the advent of the mill, established by an influential member of the town, Murugesu Mudaliar, slumped Murthi's trade. He could not compete with the automatic machine. Day in and day out, in season and out of season, it worked ceaselessly, but he was human and his hands, ever and anon, fell at his sides and his weary frame bent double under the strain. Unable to produce clothes at the mill-price he was forced to weave coarser cloth that cost less. The once-famed quality

of his cloth suffered a reverse. Naturally, people were not willing to offer a higher price for a coarser cloth. The result was unemployment for Murthi. He was too old to turn to new openings. Weaving was his life-force. Deprived of it he became wan and spiritless.

The tiny lamp in the hovel had been lit when Ganesh came home. Running to his father, he coaxingly begged, "Can't I have the red kite to-morrow, father? Will you buy it for me?" Comfortingly Murthi replied, "Of course, my son, I will get it for you to-morrow." To-morrow! What a magic word it is! Hope, joy, relief—all these it inspires! To the suffering the morrow is the expectation of a better life. It is the mirage of the tired traveller. The more it is sought, the further it recedes. In that one word is encompassed the essence of humanity, the elemental nature of man.

Ganesh was long asleep when his father took out the bundle that held the only relics of his former life. Almost with a caressing touch he opened it. It contained a vivid green saree which he had specially woven for his wife. Recollections flooded into his mind at the sight. His young loving wife, the happy life, his sanguine hopes—all lost, blighted for ever! had preserved the saree as an heirloom, but, now, before the pressing claims of hunger, an heirloom became a means of satisfying the primary want. And so the saree went to adorn the pawn-broker's daughter while a handful of glittering coins found their way into Murthi's lean hands.

With the first faint streaks of dawn, he slipped out, making his way to the bazaar, his heart torn between sorrow and joy. Sorrow at the loss of the previous relic, joy at the ability to buy the essentials of life. As he passed by musing, his eye lighted upon a red kite adorning the shop-window. Remembering the earnest request of his son, the coins clinking in his hand, he stepped in and bought the kite.

"Ganesh, my son, see what I have brought for you!" cried Murthi eagerly. Ganesh came bounding in. "The kite! The red kite! My kite!" shouted he, prancing with joy. Ere his father could utter a syllable, he snatched it off and ran swiftly out to show it to his friends.

"Gopal, Rama, come here! Look at my red kite, my new kite!" cried Ganesh, proudly displaying his huge red kite to the envious admiration of his playmates. Soon amidst the appreciative murmurs of the boys' the kite rose majestically in the air. Ganesh could not contain himself. "How well it flies! No other kite can beat mine, I assure you" bragged he. In a spirit of bravado he let his kite stray close to a green one that had been viciously chasing all the kites that appeared in its vicinity. A whiff of air blew and oh, what was it? The green kite had started to chase the red one. Nearer and nearer it came, now circling around now cutting through, trying to twine itself round the red kite's string. In

Ganesh's unskilled hands the string trembled. Beads of sweat broke out on his brow as he vainly attempted to steady his kite and pull it off from its adversary's reach. With one mighty swerve, the green kite coiled itself around the red kite's string. Clutching the string with both his hands, Ganesh gave one mighty pull. Twang! The string broke unable to stand the double strain of pulling in opposite directions. Down fell Ganesh flat on his back. Choking with grief, yet with a faint glimmer of hope he gazed up. All his pent-up feelings gushed out in a heart-rending sob as the red kite floated on in the calm breeze, receding farther and farther, a crimson speck against a clear crystal-blue sky.

S. Sathyabhama, III B.A. Hons. (Econ.)

Formation of Linguistic States—

Opinion Study in Presidency College

In November 1950 an attempt was made to study the opinion of the students of Presidency College regarding the formation of linguistic states. The students of the Psychology Department were first requested in the class-room to fill up the questionnaire and then each student was requested to meet ten students and get the questionnaire filled. In this manner the opinion of 217 students of the College was ascertained.

Out of 217 students 67 reported that they were in favour of the formation of linguistic states, 146 were against and the remaining four said that they had no option to offer in the matter or were not interested in it. Table 1 shows the main responses of the whole group. Table 2 gives the detailed results classified according to the linguistic groups.

TABLE I.

Showing the Main Responses of the Whole Group.

	Number.	Percentage.
'YES'	67	30.8
'NO'	146	67.4
Not Interested	4	1.8
Total	217	100.0

TABLE II.

Showing the Opinion according to Linguistic Groups.

	Telugu.	Tamil.	Malayalam.	Kannada.	Urdu.	Other Lang.
Total	63	67	40	16	21	10
Yes	28	20	8	6	5	0
No.	35	45	31	10	15	10
Not Interested	0	2	1	0	1	0
Never	29	35	32	7	11	6
Immediately	12	2	2	0	1	0
As soon as Possible	3	3	2	2	3	0
Shortly	1	0	2	0	0	0
After Stability	14	12	8	4	3	1
1—5 years	2	5	0	0	0	0
After 10 years	2	6	2	3	1	1
No Opinion	0	2	1	0	0	0
Wait and See	0	0	0	0	1	0

To facilitate statistical treatment the 'yes' answers were classified into 'yes, immediate' and 'yes, later' and the 'no' responses into 'no, never' and 'no, later'. Table 3 gives these results.

TABLE III.

Showing the Classification of 'YES' & 'NO' Answer.

Opinion.	Number	Percentage.
Yes, Immediately	31	14.2
Yes, Later	36	16.6
No Never	110	50.8
No Later	36	16.6
Not Interested	4	1.8
Total	217	100.0

§ Thus we find that only 14.2% desire the immediate formation of the linguistic states; the rest either do not want them to be formed or want them to be formed later on, after the political and economic conditions of the country get stabilized. The majority of those who say 'No' speak with conviction and assert that the linguistic states should not be formed at all. Only one fourth of the 'No' group assert that the division may be undertaken later on (36 out of 146).

To determine the reliability of the difference between the 'yes' and 'No' answers the standard error of the difference between the two proportions was found according to the following small sample formula.

$$O_{DP} = \sqrt{pq \left(\frac{1}{N_1} + \frac{1}{N_2} \right)}$$

Omitting the four cases who did not give their opinion we find that 67 cases gave 'yes' with a proportion of 0.318 and 146 cases gave 'no' with a proportion of 0.682, the difference being 0.364 with a standard error of .0691 giving a critical ratio of 5.27. So the difference is a highly reliable difference. The opinion of the group as a whole is definitely against the formation of linguistic states.

Let us now study the trend of opinion according to the mother tongue of the students. Table 4 gives the number, proportion, difference, and the reliability of difference according to the language.

TABLE IV.

Differences between YES & NO Opinions according to Language.

Language	Number.		Proportion		Difference.	Reliability.
	YES	NO	YES	NO		
Telugu	28	35	.445	.555	.110	Not significant.
Tamil	20	45	.297	.703	.406	Significant.
Malayalam	8	32	.200	.800	.600	Significant.
Kannada	6	10	.375	.625	.250	Significant.
Urdu	5	15	.238	.762	.524	Significant.
Total	67	146	.318	.682	.364	Significant.

We find that as far as the Telugu students are concerned, though the proportion of those who say 'No' is .555 which is greater than those who say 'yes' the O_D is 0.126 and so the difference is not a reliable difference. But as far as other language groups are concerned we find that they are not in favour of division into linguistic states. Out of the 17 who favour the immediate formation of the linguistic states 12 are Telugus, 2 Tamils, 2 Malayalis and 1 Urdu. This also shows that the Telugu group is more keen about this problem than the other groups.

Table 5 gives the difference in opinion between men and women. It is clear that the women are more strong in their opinion against linguistic states than men. The 'yes' proportion for men is .371 and only .166 for women and the 'no' proportion is .616 for men and .801 for women.

TABLE V.

Showing the differences in opinion between the Sexes.

Opinion.	Men.	Percent- age.	Women.	Percent- age.	Total.	per. cent.
YES Immediate	24	15.9	7	10.6	31	14.2
YES Later	32	21.2	4	6.0	36	16.6
NO Never	67	44.4	43	65.0	110	50.8
No Later	26	17.2	10	15.1	36	16.6
NOT Interested	2	1.3	2	3.3	4	1.8
Total	151	100.0	66	100.0	217	100.0

Conclusion:—On the whole we find that the opinion of the students of Presidency College, Madras, is against the formation of linguistic provinces. Women and Malayalis are strongly against it. Though the majority of Telugu students are against it the opinion is not definite since the standard error is high. Only 17 out of 217 or .078 are in favour of the formation of linguistic states immediately and of these 17, 12 belong to the Telugu group.

B. Kuppusawmy, M.A., D.Litt.

Round the Zoology Exhibition

It became a popular movement in the Shavian sense; men and women, young and old, rushed in. It was the Zoology Exhibition. I was caught in the stream too. I slipped in 6 annas through a missing pane and a gentleman who had combined in him corpulence and politeness in direct proportions handed me a ticket. Up the stair-case, I was ushered into the vivarium. The very first exhibit that caught my eye made me tame and law-abiding. It was a cobra proud of its hood and not hiding it either.

An old lady whom I met
Bought a Cobra for a pet;
She died, because she never knew,
The simple little rules, and few,
The cobra is living yet.

So I passed the snakes happily, only to encounter a crocodile. I remembered Job and sang to myself,

Upon earth there is not his like,
That is made without fear;
His stony scales are his pride,
Round about his teeth is terror.

There was terror in my heart too. I passed on. Now something good, the gold fish in all its golden grace ; but it reminded me of how a pet cat had once found its watery grave in a tub of gold fish—

All that glitters is not gold.

A tortoise was the next one and next to that the snails. They seemed to tell the visitors

“Will you walk a little now?
Slow and steady learn a lot.”

Centipedes and scorpions are my pet aversions and I was happy to see them caged in jars.

Next was the parasitology section where the 30 ft. tapeworm made me God-fearing and I prayed like the mystic of Basra :

“O God, if I have loved thee through fear of Hell,
Send me to Hell and the tape-worm to Heaven ;
O God, if I have loved thee through hope of Heaven,
Send me not to Heaven, but send the tapeworm there ;
But if I loved Thee for Thine own sake,
Send me to Heaven, and keep the tapeworm to Thyself.”

Prayerfully thus, I passed on to the animal and human monstrosities ; the two-headed and the no-headed, the eight-legged and the no-legged, the one-eyed and what not ; all of which according to the ‘parrotical’ explanations of the volunteers in charge are Nature’s slips. Why do the normal ones gaze and gape at them ? It is more wondrous that Nature doesn’t slip more often. G. K. Chesterton has said, when a man falls off the scaffoldings he gets importance in news, though it is more important that she should not fall.

Now I reached the section labelled Evolution. A lovely tiny tree attracted me ; its twigs ended in all forms of imaginable animals. A lady in blue tried to enlighten me on the blood relationships of the animals. Then as though giving up the futile attempt waved me off to the prehistoric animals ;

The mighty dinosaurs,
Of pre-historic lore ;
I gazed upon that bizarre beast,

Defunct these fifty million years at least.

Next was a Vertebrate tree and I was shown where I stood on it. I felt proud to be seen at the top but the neighbours filled me with shame. As though that was not enough, a bulky bloke offered to introduce me to my cousin. I was made to sit and look at my image on a glass. In a second the image faded away into an image of the neighbours already referred to.

A monkey, red-faced, in a cage,
Put all my soul in a rage.

The next room was not so insulting. There a search-light was flashed back into the individual’s beginning and the path traversed was lit into a panorama. Here again Nature sometimes plays pranks and love’s labours bring compound interest, in the shape of twins, trips, quads and quins. I asked myself, what if quins or the desired number, at one stroke, became the rule ? Let the parents answer.

Drifting into the next section I found a hotch-potch and pot-pourri, disembowelled creatures, spooky skeletons beckoning to you, models which seemed efficient devices to distort ideas of things, and a sea-garden which leaves one at sea. At one table I was assured that the cobra was not Mrs. Ratsnake, nor did the toad “ugly and venomous still wear a precious jewel in its head.” I was intrigued by a squirrel under water with the label ‘Raman effect.’ I looked round and blinked and squinted to catch the effect. A volunteer put me wise. It was Sri Rama effect, the three strokes on the back. I skipped the next section as too technical for decent men. The next one was ‘what you are and what you will be.’ The cousin affair was fresh in my mind but I dared. I was led into a dark booth where I could see my image in a box. In a moment the image became transformed into a grinning skull. ‘Peep into the deep’ awaited me next. Peep I did, but there was nothing to suggest anything deep there except the deep depression left in one by the skull with the eternal smile.

Going down a narrow staircase I reached the section which was all birds and fish, butterflies and moths.

The owl that calls upon the night,
Speaking the unbeliever’s fright.
The Lark that sings the Summer song,
And the heron with the Slander’s tongue.

Among the fishes were the flying fish and the climbing perch. After that I was introduced to the social insects whose ways proved to me what Shakespeare has said :

They have king and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer’s velvet buds.

Coming on to the ubiquitous house-fly I could hear it say,

I carry the germs
Into the households of man,
To help rid the world

Of these wicked persons,
I am a vessel of righteousness,
Scattering seeds of justice
And serving the noblest of uses.

A section full of mechanical and electrical contraptions to demonstrate and prove what is otherwise obvious, brought me within a reasonable range of the destination, and merrily turning round I gazed at the 80 feet whale skeleton sprawling in the quadrangle ruminating on his spacious days of old,

When swam in him swallowed dolphins without fear,
And felt no sides, as if his vast stomach
Were some inland sea, and ever as he went
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To join our seas with seas above firmament.

And so my voyage ended like Hiawatha's in the maw of the whale!

"Pick' em."

The Centre of Hope

Uncertainties of the present set one thinking about the future. What will it be like? Will it be better or worse?—these two questions have loomed large before every thinking man. Thus there have been thinkers and thinkers from Samuel Butler down to Aldous Huxley, the incurable pessimist, who in his despair, runs to the other extreme of seeing a great scientist in chains! But none of them, while presenting pictures of their worlds to come have cared to think seriously about the human being, who has been, for ages past, the centre of hope and activity, the motive-force of history. These thinkers assumed the human being to be static, which he is not, and proceeded to picture the growing society, according to their prejudices and predilections. This is definitely not the correct approach and we can only think of their efforts as something like acting Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark.

Man, since the dawn of history, has been shaping the course of events, out of necessity and for his own survival, though, to some extent, he has been a victim of circumstances. His story is a dynamic one, one of struggles with the niggardly environment which has always tried to overpower him with its mysteries. There have been moments of victory when he resolved one of its mysteries and to that extent controlled it, and of crushing defeat, which he accepted, only to resume the fight with renewed strength. Thus history has been a colourful and exciting drama of this hero, with clouds of gloom and dejection occasionally passing over him. But in all this we find two important features and they are: Man's

progress and the unfolding of his mind, his better self. We cannot doubt his progress, for we never come across a single incident when man, refusing to go ahead, reverted to the stage of Darwin's Ape. Nor can we question the validity of the evolution of his mind, his personality and his individual self. He is not what he has been in the past and he rejects the ideas and views which he once held to be dear. He could in a huff persuade himself to persecute a Galileo once; but he has acclaimed a Newton and an Einstein. He could nail a Jesus when his mind was clouded but he has patiently listened to a Darwin. Thus he is becoming better and better. When this is the great truth, what a travesty it is to present to our generations, in the name of thinking, an incongruous picture of an unchanging Man in a changing society!

Man changes, as he has been doing all these ages, because, for him, to change is to survive and to progress. He knows that he has to face annihilation if he does not change and fit himself to the environment he is living in. To guide him in this process, he has the vast store of experience and knowledge of his ancestors, on which he can freely draw. When I say that Man changes, I do not mean that the change is from shirts to bush-coats and from there to some other coat which I cannot foresee. What I contemplate is an essential change—a flux of the heart, of the mind. This development is easy for him because his ancestors have provided him with all the fruits of their labour and left in them a secret potentiality. He need not start from the scratch. Science has served him by conquering time and space. He is well on the way to a closer and more sympathetic understanding of his fellowmen however remote from him geographically. He is alive to the needs of his brethren and he cannot sit tight in a snug corner and be indifferent when one of his fellowmen is tortured or segregated for no better reason than a God-given complexion! He sends up his voice of protest against all atavistic trends though it remain unheeded for the moment. Nor can he sit in his cosy study, reading D.H. Lawrence or Shelley, while one half of his race goes about ill-fed and ill-clad. He has realised that there cannot be peace in a hungry World. So, the Man of the future will develop a sense of universality, annihilating once for all the race-consciousness of a Hitler and the myth of the White man's burden, and bringing the whole human family into closer ties of sympathy and understanding.

This is not all. The Man of the future will be an independent thinker. He will refuse to fall an easy prey to the megaphone methods. He will not accept as genuine, the false facts that are given to him and thus he will refuse to be dragged into the vortex of war. For, living in an Atomic age, he will remember Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the sad procession of maimed limbs and distorted faces of innocent humanity. He will not think in an 'organized' way. Here, the word 'organized' should not be taken to mean the canalising of thought in a set direction or the employment of thought police. On the other hand it means what

Bertrand Russell calls "scientific truthfulness", it means that the desire to see things in the right perspective will be dominant in the Man of the future. He will observe facts and draw inferences in an impersonal way, without allowing his biases to colour his views and beliefs. Thus the corroding venom of distrust and suspicion will be removed and the Man of the future will have clarity, conviction and courage to speak on great issues. He will be the best judge and his verdict will be final. But here, some might question the possibility of independent thinking and might cite the example of some totalitarian states where the authorities are said to control not only men's actions but their thinking too. If this is so, we may be sure that a dictator or a group of dictators, however strong, cannot imprison the thinking of humanity as a whole and for all time. For, men may be crushed, their actions may be arrested but not their ideas, not their spirit. Man will stand up unafraid and will say with Milton's Satan, "what though the field be lost, all is not lost, the unconquerable willetc."—only this sentiment without anything else Satanic!

This is not yet another Utopia. It is only a question of time before Man can, once again, defend his title that he is still the crown of creation. In spite of the turmoil and hatred that surround us, there are definite signs pointing to this. These signs have manifested themselves, whether in the shape of the thirteen-nation appeal or in the shape of Dr. Wu's request to Sir B. N. Rau asking him not to give up his efforts or in the form of Attlee's disagreement with Truman. All delegates to the international assembly, though they level charges against one another, confess, or rather they are compelled to confess, that they are for peace. This is because they fear the verdict of history and they know that they are facing, not the delegates in the debate-hall, but humanity outside. Thus there are the first stirrings, and may be the child will learn to kick sooner than we expect.

T. K. Velayudham, P. G. I. (Economics.)

Do I wake or sleep

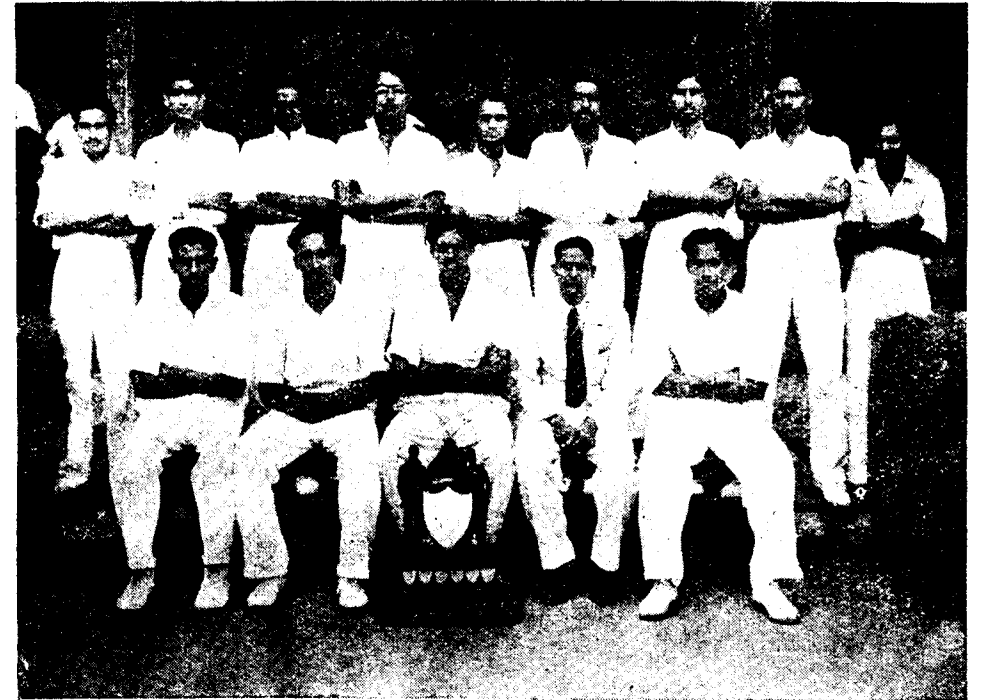
"Hey You".

"What Ho?", I asked.

"What are you loitering about here for?", asked the man in the closed coat. "Come on. Out with the recommendation letter".

"I don't bring recommendation letters for exhibition purposes?"

"All right man, you are asked to show it only to the man concerned," he said unabashed.

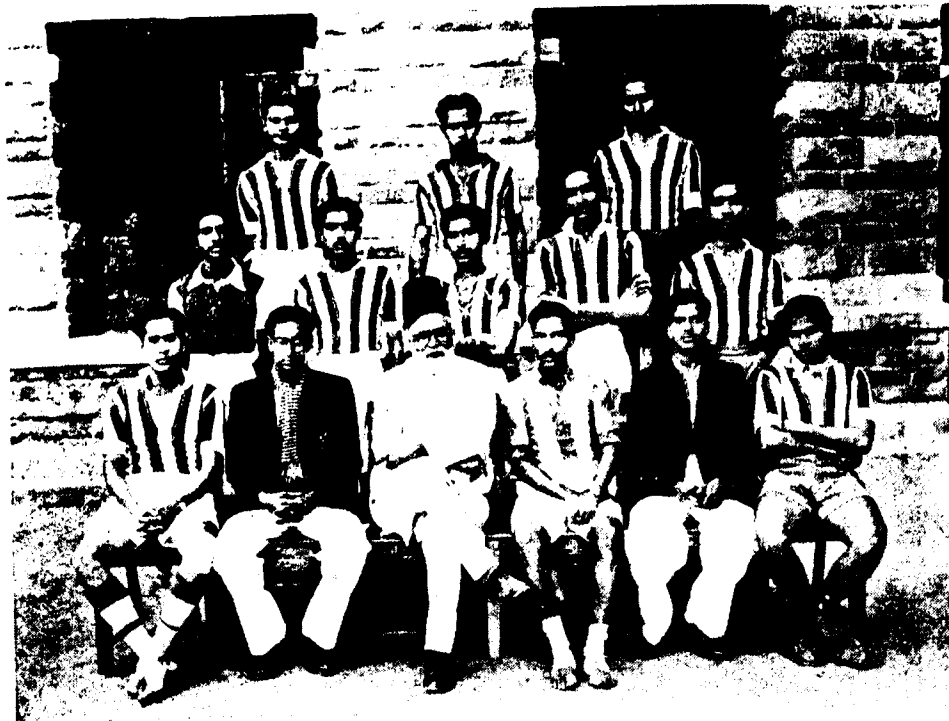


CRICKET
The Pennycuik Trophy in front
(By kind courtesy of 'Sport & Pastime')



HOCKEY
The Maharajah of Mysore Cup in front
(By kind courtesy of 'Sport & Pastime')

OUR PLAYERS



FOOTBALL



TENNIS

"Am I talking to the Principal? If so, Sir. I...."

"No, No. You are not talking to the Principal, but to the keyman to the meeting of the Principal. I am his personal attendant," said the old man by way of introduction. "You want a seat in what?"

"A Post-Graduate seat in Economics," I said, rather taken aback by the question.

"Oh, then keep the middleman in as good a spirit as possible," he said, expanding his burly figure and lighting an aristocratic cigar, as if he were the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.

"Is the Principal in?"

"What is your qualification?"

"For what?" I asked.

"For your application for P.G."

"Come, Come, old man, let us not have a preliminary interview here", I said patting his shoulders.

"I am hungry", said the old hog.

"Millions are hungry, old man. It is only with each other's co-operation we could quench our hunger", I consoled him.

"What do you mean?"

"Eh....." (A whisper inaudible to you, dear reader!)

"Ho! We will see about it after the interview", said I understandingly.

"It is my practice to get it straight before the interview as the mind of the candidate is apt to be disturbed after it", persisted the hound.

The bell rang and he slowly ushered me into the room of Fate, at the same time extending his hand for the hunger-quenching metal. But to evade his grasp was with me the work of a minute and I entered the Principal's presence disturbed by the old man's curses behind.

"What is your qualification?" asked the Principal.

"A third class degree in B.A. and a love for doing Post-Graduate," went the stout reply, as stout as the circumstances permitted.

"Then there is no hope for you, my young friend," said the Principal with traditional gloom, "I won't give you false hopes." He rang the bell and the attender entered the room to my great alarm. But he only grinned at me and I retaliated with the showing of my fist. Seeing my clenched fist he grew a deep purple again and he left the room without any word. But only now I remembered that the incident had an august spectator in front of me!

"Excuse me, Sir," I apologised, "I didn't mean to"

"That is quite all right, young man. If I remember correctly you were asking for a Post-Graduate seat in Economics. You shall have it," said the generous Principal. "I was just waiting all these years to see a

candidate who would not be a slave to this wretched attender of mine. At last I have found that man in you."

"Thank you very much, Sir," I said, delighted. Somebody patted me on the back, and expecting to find the attender behind me, I put my hand in my pocket for a rupee. There was a titter that seemed to indicate spectators behind. I sat erect from a couching posture. Rubbing my eyes I could see, in a sort of mist, the kindly face of someone near.

"Sorry, Sir," I said, standing up, "but that pot-bellied watch-dog, that ton of flesh, at the door would not let me in, and I rushed before the Principal, who was kind enough.....". To the accompaniment of loud peals of laughter shaking the hall, I sank back into my seat.

"Come, friend, we were asking you, 'What are the recent measures adopted to relieve rural indebtedness?'".

I had no answer to offer, and.....

Nelson Devasundaram, IV, B.A.

The Oxford Pattern of Education

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have developed certain splendid educational features. Their pattern of training students has been imitated by several institutions of the world, but with varying degrees of success. It is not held that an apish imitation of the system should be attempted everywhere. What is admirable in their methods may be absorbed and attuned to the conditions of each country. The basic requirement is an understanding of the system itself with an open mind. Here an attempt is made to indicate some of the prominent features of the Oxford pattern of education.

It is well known that in Oxford the thirty two Colleges, excluding the 'non-collegiate' organizations, are all residential institutions. A College is pre-eminently a hostel; it does not provide all the lectures for its students. Though each College is a complete autonomous body governed by its own statutes and byelaws, it is the University that undertakes the responsibility of arranging the lectures¹. After consulting its various Departments, the University organizes a scheme of lectures for each Term and publishes it well in advance of the commencement of the Term. Any member of the University is entitled to attend these lectures. Tutors attached to the Colleges may call upon their wards to attend those relevant to their subjects of study.

A remarkable feature is that attendance at the lectures is not compulsory; it is largely left to the discretion of students. In practice, however, quite a large number turns up for the various lectures. The absence of compulsion, far from encouraging truancy, seems to promote a sense of responsibility among the undergraduates.

(1) The earlier practice of each College providing lectures separately was given up about 1850, for it proved unfair to the students of the inefficient Colleges.

This is further evident from the earnestness shown by students in following the lectures. That listlessness, not uncommon in our Colleges here, is conspicuous by its absence. It is striking that while the lecture is in progress, not even a whisper passes among the listeners. Perfect discipline prevails. Indeed, the English students, like the entire body of English citizens, form a marvellously disciplined group.

An important reason why the lectures at Oxford are not dreaded as inflictions is because they are not, for the most part, mere reproductions of secondary information found in common-place books. Prior to the commencement of the lectures the books of reference are indicated; and in the course of the exposition too, relevant works on the subject are touched upon, but only in the nature of comments or criticisms. The really admirable feature is that the famous professors expound their own views on the various themes. Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Chichele Professor of Social and Political Theory, for example, in his lectures on Political Theory or on The Theory of Local Government, never failed to expatiate on his own original theories. The same feature was conspicuous in the lectures of Sir Reginald Coupland, Beit Professor of History of the British Empire, and of Mr. Keith Feiling, Chichele Professor of Modern History. Moreover, the lectures were interspersed with flashes of wit and lively anecdotes.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the lectures in Oxford are intended but to draw the attention of students to the distinctive or interesting aspects of the subject. They are not professed to be comprehensive, much less "to cover the portion for the examination." In truth, it is the nightmare of examination and the desire to equip the pupils for that ordeal which militate against the realisation of the true end of education in our country. Assuredly, by means of the sixteen lectures which Professor Cole delivered, it was not expected that the entire range of Political Theory would be covered. Nor did Sir R. Coupland aim at traversing the whole history of "Nationalism in the British Isles and the Dominions" through his twelve classes. The lectures consist, essentially, of flashes, often original and brilliant in character, and of discussions of controversial issues in the process of stressing the peaks of the subject. They are intended primarily to provoke further reading and thought on the part of students.

A natural corollary to the above-mentioned type of lectures is the famous system of Seminars. A characteristic feature of the Oxford pattern is that the general scheme of lectures is supplemented and reinforced by Seminar Classes held by the Professors. The topics chosen for discussion in the Seminars have a direct bearing on the lectures previously delivered. For example, Prof. Cole held six Seminars on "Utilitarianism", "Fabian Socialism" etc. following his lectures on "The Political Thinkers of the 19th century". Similarly Dr. Davies had four Seminars on "The Afghan Wars" and "Russophobia" in the wake of his lectures on "The Foreign Policy of the Government of India in the 19th century."

The number of students for the Seminars is usually restricted to a maximum limit of twenty; the Professor exercises his discrimination in the choice so as to secure a high level of discussion and to provide representation of different groups interested in the subject. Mr. K.C. Wheare, Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration, for instance, selected for his Seminars on "Comparative Local Government," three students from England, two from Scotland, one from Wales, two from Canada, three from the U.S.A., one from Australia, one from Jamaica and another from India. In addition, he permitted two officers of the Oxford City Council to participate in the Seminars. Two Tutors who had specialised on 'Local Government Organisation' were also requested to cooperate with the group.

On the opening day the Professor outlines the scope of the discussions and the books of reference, and fixes upon particular members to take up one or the other sub-division of the subject. In each of the classes the person who is assigned the topic reads out his carefully prepared matter, which is expected to be brief and to the point. Normally the reader is allowed half an hour. While he reads, any member, including the Professor, asks him questions in order to clarify doubtful points. The reading over, there follows a discussion, often lively and penetrative, but always informal.

It is remarkable that the presiding professor does not put on an air of superiority. There is a frank exchange of views. At times the Professor handsomely confesses his ignorance of a particular point. Every member attending the Seminar is expected to come equipped for the discussion of the announced topic. Honest differences of opinion are encouraged. However, no indecent or unseemly reflection on individuals, groups or races is tolerated. Should the discussion at any time turn on any irrelevant issue, ticklish problems or commonplace ideas, the Professor pulls up, and that too, is done unobtrusively and elegantly. At the same time, cantankerousness, arrogance or snobbishness, as and when displayed in the talks, is firmly but tactfully reprimanded. At the end of the discussion the Professor sums up the issues discussed, offers his own opinions and comments on or reproves, as the case may be, their preparation for the class. This, too, is done elegantly and in good taste. Thus the Seminars afford training not only in the arts of gathering material, of thinking, listening and speaking but also in behaving courteously.

No description of the Oxford pattern of work will be complete without a reference to the celebrated Tutorial System. That is the cornerstone of the Oxford educational structure. Though tutors vary in their age, erudition and fame, almost every one is remarkably sincere and eager to provide the necessary guidance and advice. But, here again, the essence of the system lies in that the tutors do not take upon themselves those duties which the students themselves should do. The motto is that self-help is the best help. Nothing is more alien to the Oxford method than spoon-feeding on the one hand or slave-driving on the other.

The Tutors bring to bear abundant sympathy and understanding in their dealings with their wards. They are sound judges of the capacity, shortcomings, special tastes and other personal details concerning the students entrusted to their care. At the first few interviews the Tutor ascertains how far advanced the student is, and accordingly decides the scheme of work and the essays to be prepared by him. Soon a real understanding and an intimate relationship emerge between the Tutor and the ward. It has been humorously remarked that the Tutor conveys his instruction to his students 'by smoking at him.' This suggests at once the intimacy of the 'Tutorial' and the meditative character of his criticisms.

In respect of both the research worker and the undergraduate, undoubtedly, the 'essay' plays a dominant role. Subjects for the essays are prescribed, books of reference suggested and lines of approach indicated at the 'Tutorials.' The Tutor, after having read the essay previously, discusses it at the 'Tutorial' and offers his comments and suggestions for improvement. Insistence is always laid on the student's own independent production of the essay.

The importance of the essay work done in Oxford can hardly be exaggerated. Essay writing calls for wide reading, independent thought, critical judgment, as well as cogent and clear expression. Little wonder, Oxford has become the nursery of outstanding penmen and leaders of thought.

Besides, the scope of intimate contact with a seasoned expert in the subject is bound to have a wholesome influence on the students. Particularly in the case of those doing research, the Supervisor, who plays the role of the Tutor, is, in most instances, a person who is working at some special branch of the subject for himself and often has a distinct reputation. Interviews with these scholars, who continue to be intellectually alive, leave lasting impressions. "The happiest memories of Oxfordmen are probably those half-hours or hours in their tutors' room when their individual faults were exposed by the large scholarship and their individual eccentricities corrected by the uninspiring but good-natured chaff of a kindly mentor."

The undergraduate has to meet more than one Tutor in connexion with his subjects of study². It must be remembered that a continued indifference on the part of the ward is reported to the Head of the College. On the last day of the Term every undergraduate appears before the Head of the College and the tutors give a verbal report on his work for the Term; the Head sums up with words of encouragement or admonition.

Nor is the care of the Tutor and of the College confined to the studies of the pupils. The 'educational tutor' usually serves as the

(2) It is idle to maintain that all Tutors are of the ideal type. Variations in outlook, equipment and temperament are bound to influence the discharge of their Tutorial responsibilities.

'moral tutor' also. Tutors regard it as part of their duty to keep a general watch on the life and conduct of their wards and to drop a timely hint if there were a danger of things going wrong. Not infrequently, the affectionate advice produces the intended effect.

With the devoted Tutors and learned professors, the tradition-laden Colleges and the infinite number of intellectual Societies, the Oxford atmosphere is surcharged with erudition and scholarship. The abundant library facilities form an excellent compliment to the entire set-up. The world famous Bodleian, with its recently equipped adjunct of the New Bodleian, the specialised libraries of the Rhodes House, the Indian Institute; the Radcliffe Camera and the Taylor Institution, not to speak of those attached to the various Colleges, are all easily accessible³. Moreover, bookshops and publishing concerns like the famous Blackwell's, Parker's and the University Press are all located in the vicinity of Colleges and they exhibit on their windows the latest publications. Certainly it is difficult for even an indifferent student to remain impervious to this vast array of inviting facilities for acquiring knowledge and for imbibing the taste and methods for acquiring knowledge.

I can conclude no better than by quoting Sir Richard Livingstone, the Vice-Chancellor of the Oxford University in 1947. "The god worshipped in the shrine of the University is neither utility, nor success, nor social progress, nor even goodness, but truth. Its concern is knowledge, the vision of reality; the condition of its existence is complete freedom to see things as they are; its ideal is the ideal of Socrates 'to follow the argument where it leads' and its prayer the prayer of the dying Goethe, 'More light'; or even that of Ajax in the mist, 'Light, though I perish in the light'."

K. K. Pillay, M.A., L.T., D.Phil (Oxon), D.Litt. (Madras)

Here were Fond Climates

*"So light we were, so right we were, so fair faith
shone"*
—Rupert Brooke.

The American Friends' Service Committee, internationally known Quaker social service concern, in co-operation with its Units in India and Pakistan, organised, from the 15th to the 30th of October, 1950, a Seminar for Inter-cultural and Inter-religious understanding. With the exception of one in Japan, it was the first to be held in Asia. The venue originally selected was Dacca, East Pakistan, but owing to unavoidable circumstances, it was changed to the Rasulia Friends' Rural Centre, Madhya

(3) The general libraries are not lending libraries, a feature in marked contrast with conditions in Madras. Besides, most of the libraries are kept open till 10 p.m.

Pradesh. This is a co-operative farm of 40 acres which, started during a period of famine and drought, has for ten years been doing magnificent work in Hoshangabad District. It has been run since its inception by Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Groom, members of the English Friends' Service Association, and chief organisers of the seminar on behalf of the sister American body.

A seminar means, literally, a 'seed-bed'. In all essentials, this seminar conformed to the pattern of such former nurseries of ideas and practice of harmonious living together and friendly adjustment, tried mainly (more than 100 of them) in the United States. The 40 odd delegates, students and such others doing constructive social work in the country chosen, represented as many others as possible—in this case, Afghanistan, America, Britain, Burma, China, Indonesia, Norway, Pakistan, Switzerland and Wales. The experience—I attended this seminar by personal invitation—was illuminating.

* * * *

Hoshangabad, the stop after Itarsi on the Grand Trunk line, is the station for the Rasulia Friend's Rural Centre. And if you reach there (alone, and for the first time) at seven of a mid-October evening, with the hills dim, and the stars burning, and the mist rising in the dark fields on either side of the high-banked avenue from the station, the half-mile to the place is straight out of Grimm, a little weird, but very beautiful. There was no time to form any other impression, however, before the horse (its name, said the tonga-man, who seemed to know all about the 'meeting', was Rumpy) swung the vehicle through the gate of the centre, and up the long curved drive—quite embarrassingly of its own volition, incidentally, though I had taken the reins with the man's permission. And then there was Mr. Groom's very warm welcome ("Are you alone"—"Yes—she.....couldn't come"—and you winced mentally—the only regret) a freezing cold bath in a mat-enclosed space open to the sky, and hot dinner. This was served on the gas-lit verandah of the Grooms' house, because we were as yet only a small group; with everyone evidently determined to be very friendly, and in consequence slightly uncomfortable. Some of us helped wash up. We talked a little, then, but soon broke up, very full and deliciously tired. I took a lantern, and walked with a new friend to our dormitory, of which we were as yet the only occupants of the ten it had beds for; and very glad we were to get into our own, for it was extremely chilly. And almost before I'd turned down the wick, and wondered what sort of people would fill the empty beds, and noticed the vista outside the wide sliding door that ran the breadth of the room on my left, and the clouded and starred mysterious twin rectangles of night in the window facing me, with an angle of roof and the branching of a tree, and thought that Rasulia was a very lovely place and in a vague sort of way, mentally thanked everyone and everything concerned for having been able to come, I fell asleep, putting off the sorting of all

impressions till the next morning. Everything had happened in too much of a rush.

The seminar proper began only the day after the next. The first day, the 15th, was spent in getting to know each other, if only by sight. We were welcomed by Mr. Groom and told what we were supposed to be doing; given the four subjects we were to discuss, and the plan of discussions; told about the way the camp was to be run, and to what extent by ourselves; and the daily programme; and, finally, asked to remember that this was meant to be an experiment in international co-operation in microcosm, and in individual adjustment. It was amazing, the ease which the informality and simplicity of the whole thing induced in the mind, the way all of oneself relaxed as one sat on the floor and listened; the unaccountable happiness that grew in one. From that time, I think we were all glad that we had come. A Recreation Committee and a Community Service Committee were set up from among ourselves to help run the camp; and we had been given the list of the eight Resource Leaders, people specially qualified to speak on one or more of the subjects tabled for discussions at our first General Assembly.

Our life during the seminar was a very full one. The day began with the rising bell at six. From 6.30 to 7 was the first period of silent group meditation; from 7 to 7.20 in the evening was the second. These were completely un compulsory and completely without any particular religious bias. There could not have been more than three or four of us who attended all these sessions; I personally confess to having stayed away more often than I went. But they were unexpectedly good to be at, if you were in the mood; and it is a sober fact that, once or twice, I wanted it in a very real sense. And if you didn't do much in the way of meditation, at least the clear morning light that flooded in was good; and there was a surprising sense of peace in that room with the brown coir mat covering the floor, and the small blue-grey-and-mauve squares of rug scattered around to sit on, and the few low square stools and chairs for those who preferred them; and the greystone vase in the centre, patterned faintly near the mouth in blue and purple lines, in which someone you were to grow to like very much was to arrange a sheaf of tall heather tipped with tiny purple buds; and the unassuming framed texts on two walls; "Love is very patient, very kind; Love knows no jealousy, makes no parade, gives itself no airs.....always eager to believe the best.....always patient, always kind;" and opposite: "Teach us to fight and not to fear the wounds..... Teach us to serve." And through the windows you could see on your left the line of the road's avenuing trees turning away very far; and all round otherwise, Rasulia's fields of tall green *jvaar*, stretching strongly away in slow rise and fall, and the brown of ploughed fields; and the horizon was low, soft, blue hills. And the evening's vague dark, with the indistinct

faces, and the moonlight and the stars magical with wind outside, was a something that stayed your restlessness, calmed you like a great hand.

Breakfast, lunch, tea, and dinner—7.15 to 8, 12.15 to 1, 4.15 to 4.30, and 8 to 8.45—were served by ourselves, the plates being washed up afterwards by ourselves. These duties were done in rotation, in small groups—the lists were posted every two or three days, as were all notices, outside the dining hall. This was a large, shady *pandal* matted down the sides just enough to keep out the sun's direct rays and no more; and we ate looking out on three sides, here also, away across green fields to the encircling hills. During the rest of the day, with the long tables cleared, it became a sort of lounge. You wrote your letters there; or read; or talked shop; and those who knew how to type, banged away at the typewriter kept on a special (if rickety) table on one side; reports were prepared there, discussions continued informally, or started; most plans made.

Our study programme, under the directing guidance of the Resource Leaders, was novel and stimulating. We were divided into four Commissions with, in each, two Resource Leaders, one of whom was appointed Commission Leader. There were two study periods in a day, from 10 to 12 in the mornings, and 2.45 to 4.15 in the afternoons. The Resource Leader, or Leaders, specially qualified to do so, presented, in one piece or spaced parts, a synopsis of study for each subject in General Assembly, and explained briefly what they meant, and what direction they thought the discussions should take, and clarified anything necessary. The rest of the day's study time was divided into one general session, and one of Commissions sitting separately. The Commission Leaders presented a report of each day's discussion to the whole group, every one or two sessions, and answered questions on these reports; as of course did the pace-setters, the synopsis writers. At the end of the period of study allotted to a subject, all the daily reports of Commissions were made into four separate Commission joint reports. An elected Co-ordination Committee then correlated these four into one brief Joint Report. On each subject, therefore, we got a synopsis by a specially qualified leader or leaders, and a Joint Report that mentioned no names, and which represented the absolute essence or cream of the whole group's thinking. All who had brought books on the subjects of study kept them in the front room of the main guest-house, and thus there was formed a sort of library, from which all of us could borrow volumes for short periods. All seminar members had copies of the synopsis and their four respective Joint Reports, as also a copy of the addresses of all those who came; a copy of a message, signed by all of us, to the American Organisers in appreciation, and a pamphlet of the American Friends' service Committee explaining the seminar movement.

The first week's two subjects were "Human Nature and its Relation to Individual and National Conflict", Gurdial Mallick, ex-Professor

of English in Santiniketan, presenting a simple and very general synopsis; and "Cultural and Religious Differences as Sources of Conflict", John Plott, bearded, khadder-clad, roaming American doing philosophy on a Birla scholarship at the Benares Hindu University, giving us an exhaustive if at first sight formidably academic, synopsis in two parts. It had been agreed that Resource Leaders were not strictly tied down to their own Commissions, and this was, of course, of great utility in the case of the presenters of the skeleton studies. John Plott spent a large part of his time during this subject explaining his synopsis piecemeal to the baffled Commissions. It was only after two days that we began to appreciate how finely worked out the thing was.

Our evenings were left to ourselves, unless, of course, there was an outing or definite programme arranged, and we met together for our Fellowship Hour before bed. We went out one evening to the Adamgarh Rocks nearby, (which have some old rock-paintings on them: birds and fishes and troops of mounted men and infantry with shields and knives, all done in the skeleton fashion but with an unexpected sense of rhythm, movement, perspective, and proportion. The villagers came and gave us a performance of folk-dances one night; and we went to their village (*Rasulia*) the next night to see the women do a series of marriage songs and dances. We went by special invitation from the town authorities to see the Ramlila or Dasara celebrations on their maidan, all fireworks and ballyhoo. We went on a moonlight picnic on the river also; and by way of presenting the United Nations on the spot, so to speak, attended, again by special invitation, the U. N. Day function in the town. The most memorable excursion, however, was a trip to the Buddhist ruin on the hill of Sanchi, 79 miles and six hours away by passenger train.

During the second week, our study of the two subjects tabled, viz., "Outcome of Conflict and the Problem of Refugees", and "The Idea of a World Community," differed in some ways from the plan we had adopted for the first week's discussion. For one thing, there were no longer any Commission Leaders, only Recording Chairmen elected by each Commission to take note of its proceedings, that they might be read out to the group at General Assembly. Again, during this period, people who had come away from urgent and important tasks had to leave. Gurdial Mallick's departure left the first real gap: the benign old man had made a friend of everyone. ".....the only real treasure which I consider precious, that of friendship, has been *considerably* enriched by my coming here." Thus he at his last dinner with us, the gaslight mellow on his bald head, and gleaming on his spectacles and fine white beard, his small hands making simple gestures. And not a few eyes were wet. After him went others, and one group was so sadly depleted by the middle of the week, that we had only two Commissions for the last subject. The Commissions were also reshuffled completely.

The synopsis for the first subject in the second week was a short one presented by Horace Alexander, famed Quaker Pacifist, Dr. Nripen Bose, a Bengali who has been working in the sphere of rehabilitation for 15 years, and Pierre Oppliger, a Swiss director of the Faridabad Refugee Colony that has now over 2,000 neat homes erected by its inmates near Delhi. He is also a member of the Service Civil Internationale. Asha Devi, the well-known refugee worker from Wardha, who has been setting up and working in refugee camps in and around Delhi for the past two or three years, came for a few days, mainly to give us firsthand information about the problem. She had one interesting suggestion which she earnestly advocated—every university student, she said, should give up a year to the relief of 'displaced persons' ('refugees', she said, was a term with a stigma and not to be used); and the Government should make it a rule that such a qualification should be essential to entering Government service.

The last discussions on this subject were held on the biggest outing of the second week. We went out, about eight miles, to the confluence of the Rivers Narmada and Tawa, spent a whole day lazing and talking and bathing and sleeping there, and held General Assembly (if a not very serious one; and the morning session had been emphatically and unanimously vetoed) and came back only by night, most of us walking the whole way back, a few of us in the dark.

The last synopsis, that on "The Idea of a World Community", was presented by Edward McInerny, a strange and irrepressible Welshman with a tremendous sense of humour. He had thrown up his I.C.S. police job in Noakhali after meeting Gandhiji, and has since been doing rehabilitation work of sorts in Borisaaal. He had procured a globe to add point to his introductory talk, and this had a broken bakelite base. He introduced the topic by holding the thing up and saying "As you see, the basis of world unity is broken....." His synopsis, based on the metaphorical image of the World as a ship and all its people its crew, was in two parts.

It is impossible, naturally, to incorporate the several synopses and their respective Joint Reports in such an article. But it may be put down that the latter contained few, if any, specific recommendations. Their main object was the definition and clarification of the mental attitudes which the group thought essential to the solution of the problems under consideration; attitudes which it felt it possessed in part, and which all should attempt to possess in full. To quote from the message we sent to America: "We have considered a wide range of subjects.....[and] we have seen that underlying the solutions of the problems that we have faced is the need for a new faith in God and Man which will result in deeper relationships, better understanding, and a willingness to listen to and learn from one another." That really sums up what we felt about the four subjects. I think the fact that to none of us who attended the seminar is

that any longer merely a pious sentiment is proof of the validity of the experiment, the touchstone of the intrinsic value of the experience.

The main thing, perhaps, had been living together—"We have learnt much from our living together.....". The charades, with a mock Court, (the word was 'Courtship') which we held in one of our last Fellowship Hours, was visible and fine manifestation of our attitude to each other and to the group. Mrs. Groom was accused of 'wearing her hair in the manner of a Greek goddess, and having thus proved herself a reactionary, is hereby sentenced to stand in one corner of the room in the attitude of a Greek goddess till the Court adjourns'—(which, of course, she did not do)—in spite of her Counsel's plea that all she had been guilty of was 'keeping her hair well groomed'. One or two who had left were tried *in absentia*—Ko Ko Gyi, a Burmese rector, for 'making animal noises' (during a pantomime hunt he had enacted the night before he left) but acquitted on the grounds that 'having revealed himself as the missing link, he has performed a valuable service to humanity.' And so on and so forth, with Judge McInerny with spectacles on the end of his nose giving no heed to either Counsel for the Defence, brilliant A. K. Thambi (till very recently a leading Communist) or Counsel for the Prosecution, pompous Mohiudeen Zuberi, Aligarh University research scholar, but delivering judgement entirely according to his quixotic and for once unbridled sense of fair play.

Coming to reflect on it all, I confess with C. E. M. Joad, who attended one such seminar, and whose account of it was read out to us, that 'I do not know *why* the Quakers do it.' There was certainly no Quaker propaganda—in fact, Horace Alexander and Mr. Groom, in spite of many requests and half promises, managed to avoid saying anything about their faith. "They tend to lean over backward" about it all, as someone said. Or perhaps, for once, the obvious was the true, and all they wanted to do was to have us learn the fun of living together amicably, to give us that—in our present world—that rather unique experience.

"We all came out of our own nights, and joined hands shyly in the.....morning.

"..... All of a sudden our dimmest thoughts were all there, in the open, so tangible and solid, no one knew which thought had been his; they were all OURS, to select, to cherish, or to dispel.

"We all came out of our own night and joined hands shyly.

"And now that we have to part, night will never be as dark again." These words, some of those in which a student who attended an Oregon seminar described the experience, I think we who attended this Rasulia one would all gratefully endorse.

The last Fellowship Hour was naturally a somewhat sad affair for the few of us who remained. We discussed crazy, lazy plans, and sites for future seminars—Darjeeling, a big houseboat cruising through the Sunderbaans, Bangalore, Mussoorie. The main difficulties, of course were times that would find people, especially students, free for a month or so, both in the North and the South; and places that were central. We had already set up a Continuation Committee to organise further, seminars in the North, each one to have as links, some who had already attended one or more; and it was decided to hold two a year in the future one in the South, and one in the North or in Pakistan. Kodaikanal, in April 1951, and Dacca, E.P., in October 1951, however, are the only two definitely scheduled. And though, of course, it would not be possible in future to pay the delegates their train fares (as in this case) all those invited would be given food and accommodation.

We went early to bed that last night. And the person you had grown to like very much straightened things out, and left the squares of rugs and the stools and chairs arranged as if for General Assembly. And the night was very cold as we came out on to the steps and shut the doors behind us. It was the end of the seminar, it was all over. And overhead the stars burnt as always timelessly.

"31st: Departure by convenient trains"—so said the cyclostyled circular we had all received before coming. It turned out to be by buses too: two batches going towards Calcutta, we saw off in the morning by the Itarsi bus, their connection being from there. And there was not even time to say, 'goodbye' and 'thank you' to those you wanted to. Mantera of Indonesia (a Santiniketan student) and myself had our last breakfast with McInerny and the Grooms, and for the first time, Mrs. Groom acceded to our playful 'Both' in answer to her question "Oranges *or* banana?" or whatever it was after the meal, and told us there were "no restrictions today." We went round taking snaps after this, climbing the roof of the main guesthouse and catching our breath at the view out across to the south, across the fields; and opening the Assembly Hall and playing the gramophone—the Blue Danube waltz, the Finlandia Overture, and an exquisite Manipuri dance-tune; and talked things over, and felt forlorn, and tried not to. Our lunch, this last meal as the first, we had on the Grooms' verandah.

Mantera was going by an earlier train, but we went to the station by the same tonga. Mr. Groom saw McInerny off by the next Itarsi bus; and came along with his son to the station, where we saw Mantera off on his way to Ajanta-Ellora. The last few minutes waiting for my train was as if I was watching the last grains of sand run out with increasing speed in an hour-glass; it was strange, being the very last to leave. Not literally, though—some of my stuff which I left behind on the platform was the very last to leave.

* * * *

"We are filled with gratitude for this opportunity..." (quoting again from our message to America) There seem so many people to be grateful for, and the things they were and the things they did; and other things besides; so many new and unforgettable pages to leaf through in the book of my mind. It is difficult to know how exactly one is to be grateful for it all. For Edward McInerny, fine-voiced, sloop-shouldered, bespectacled, short-bearded irrepressible old soul in a khaki bush-coat over his belly and non-descript shorts and—you saw when he took his shoes off—blue socks with the most workmanlike darns on the toes; Edward, who in a huge bloodred apron round his middle, pointed his recitals of Hillaire Belloc's comic poems with knives and forks and plates and spoon while washing up (we had some of the most cultured dish-washing parties ever); who sang Gregorian chants unforgettably, and who once sang them for me in the dining pandal till one midnight, the gaslight afire in his beard, and his spectacles glinting:—"Memento Domine David et omnis menseutadinis augeus"—"Remember, O Lord, David and all his meekness"; who remembered so much of Hopkins' poetry. For Henry Selz, stoop-shouldered lovable American Jew, with his fine forehead and scimitar-nose, whose mind was like a clear and individual stream; who was mad about Auden (we kept reading him out to each other); who believed the only safe way to carry pencils was to stick them behind one's ears, and who travelled that way; who went around in a T shirt and uncreased fawn pants that didn't quite reach his ankles; who was in a bother till he bought a pair of shoes to replace his old, disgraceful ones, and left them in a bush to take on his return when we went for a walk; who knew snatches of the craziest songs; who so often stopped me falling into exaggerated mental postures and attitudes, or tried to. For Gouri Bose, with her intriguing black headdress that took a few days to get used to; who allowed herself so often to be most refreshingly crazy; who was woman all through, and let you see the fine steel within the velvet sheath only very rarely; who had kept a pet bat and wanted a pet owl after seeing the two in the chimney of the main guest-house which she insisted nodded to her in the mornings in recognition; who could be awfully, sweetly, maddening; Gouri who arranged tall purple heather in a grey stone vase. For the Grooms, about whom it is so difficult to say anything adequate: Mr. Groom who was like a rock, and his wife who was unspeakably kind. For Gurdial Mallick, whose regard for and faith in me is one of those things I am most amazed and proud of; to grow old like whom would be a blessing. For Anish Ghatak who sang beautifully in Bengali; for Damodar Reddy, who on the last day taught me the Bengali for "How do you do" and "Seeing you I am very glad", that I might say them to someone I knew (and if I never did get round to it, that is hardly his fault). And for everything and every person else, in greater or lesser degree, this is my incense burnt.

"You must let me come back again", I told the Grooms as I bade them good-bye, and I meant it. In another October, or in some cold month

of another year, as in this unexpected and lovely fortnight of the October of my nineteenth year, I will go back to Rasulia for a few days, along the avenue from the station; and look out again from under the wide arch of the banyan, away, far, far away across the tall green fields to the kindly hills, with the avenue turning away to the left in the distance; and walk through the same fields in all the changing, and enchanting periods of cold days; and to the Adamgarh rocks, and across again to those other rocks and down that other avenue farther away. And I will go again one evening by the way through the fields on the right I found alone, through one short green tunnel, and over bare ploughed fields and along a winding sunk path, and come of a sudden to that most quiet stretch of the river between lines of rocks round which the water boils, on the right hand near the grey bastions under the bridge's strong brown diagonals that one way follows, one way slants against, the Vindhya's bowing to the place of sunrise, on the left hand, where the river curves away. And all the ways will be loud with memories. And the answering echoes that will wake in me may not be too melancholy, for this time, perhaps, there will be with me, to tell of these things too, the person who could not, or would not come the first—the only regret—and I thus again not alone.

P. G. Ramachandran, III Hons. (Econ.)

This and That

Determined to write something for the Presidencian, I began to set pen to paper but no sooner had I done that than I began to blink, and I blinked, as I usually do in the class-room when the lecturer asks me a question. Let the question be ever so simple, invariably the wrong answer comes when I open my lips. That is the most trying circumstance in my life. Assuming a Solomon-like air and making hypocritical contortions of my body, I look at the ceiling or fiddle with my buttons, as if my whole genius were concentrated there. My poor neighbours usually help me by a whisper which I cannot hear, or a nod which I cannot understand; at times they will form words by opening their lips, like Joe Gargery in the presence of his wife, which words I cannot get at; but when their turn comes, I have the satisfaction of seeing them stand like sacrificial goats. By this time the much-disliked Mr. Cashewnut the faithful will give out the correct answer, to our utter mortification and anger.

But last year both a lecturer and I blinked. I was a candidate for a practical examination in Physics and was required to find the specific gravity of cork. You know it requires two or three weighings in and out of water. I went to the balance and to my surprise I found the pointer always read zero whether I placed a pound or a cwt. The balance was obstinate like the little pony in the "Old Curiosity Shop" which, the more you whipped it, the more it shied and refused to budge. My instructions were that I should weigh, correct to a centigram, and that I should stand up in my seat and should raise my hand whenever I required the help of

the examiner. I stood up in my seat; but as the examiner did not come, and stood like the famous mountain that refused to come to Muhammad, I Muhammad-like approached his place. He was looking at a blank paper and he flew into a rage at my misconduct in disturbing his calm meditation over the milky expanse. But as I took his rebuke meekly, he was willing to hear my complaint about the balance. He came to my place and began to mend the balance. For two whole hours, he was seen mending the balance and the time set for the experiment was nearing its close. At last he looked like having set it right and turned the handle with a triumphant air about him. Suddenly both the pan-hangers came down from their knife-edges producing a big noise. He closed the matter wisely making the remark—"If your institution cannot provide you with better instruments, it is not my fault." What with a balance that would not weigh, a cork which would not reveal its properties and an examiner that would not sympathise but would stare you out like Magwitch the convict, do you expect that I could have done anything but wept? But I did just the contrary; I laughed and roared with laughter, like....like.....let me say Dr. Johnson—I know not where.

But the great wonder of that examination was, I got through; my success was a mystery to me till I met a friend of mine—one who was often unable to distinguish between the words "Grease" and "Crease" and always used the latter (probably because he was very fond of Cricket) to refer to the oily matter on glass vessels—who told me he had secured a *first class*. A sceptic will say, "What is there in a First Class?" Perhaps, as Falstaff said of his soldiers they can fill a pit like any other man, a cynic will exclaim that any graduate can fill a chair and can drive a quill. But my dear cynic, whenever you or your friends marry, don't you ask about the complexion of the bride? Are you not satisfied when the answer is "Fair"? But the idea that the black girl may be a dusky beauty, a veritable Cleopatra—does it arise in your mind? It does not. Classes are like complexions and are judged as such. Though complexion is skin-deep that depth suffices for us. Pardon me for this wanton digression for I cannot run in a straight line.

A friend of mine who believed that way criticised me the other day for just getting through the examination without much credit either to myself or to those who taught me and accounted the misfortune to be entirely due to my having chosen this college, of all colleges, to study in. Though I have the greatest regard for this particular friend's opinions in many other matters, I think he was sadly mistaken in construing my not too creditable a performance as being due to my joining this college. Nobody can deny the positive advantage of reading in a college which would assure you more or less a high academic success at the end of the course but at what price? Probably it would involve knowledge being too rigorously imparted "in little packets of learning enclosed in water tight compartments called lessons".

For myself, were I to join a college once again, I would certainly prefer Presidency to any other. Even the Chemistry laboratories, which in other colleges are merely places where H_2S creates hell and SO_2 stinks, become here havens of refuge where freedom's fragrance fills the air. Moreover I am a firm believer in the maxim "Variety is the spice of life". As such I could not but be attracted by the system of "ever-changing lecturers" prevalent here. Many of my friends do not understand the 'beauty' of this system.

It gives you poise, peace, and a desire to follow Goethe: haste not, rest not. The long and short of the matter is, you begin where you have begun and stop where you have stopped; the lecturers like Tony Lumpkin will drive you round and round the pond and land you at the starting place with a novel sensation that you have travelled infinitely. I know you could not have understood what I am saying just now; probably you are blinking as I did when I started writing. I will make the point clear, by citing an example. In the Intermediate class, the lecturer for the first term left us after teaching twenty-nine theorems. A second gentleman came and he began at the nineteenth and when he advanced as far as the twenty-fifth, an order came like a bolt from the blue and he was transferred. A third gentleman came and he began at the twenty-first and stopped at the twenty-ninth for the annual examination. Now you see we were driven from the twenty-ninth to the nineteenth and brought back. Every college has its own faults: if my ear is a little deaf, you may have a blind spot and a third may have a stutter in his talk. One should not pick holes in one's own pocket lest one should prove that veritable C.I.D. policeman who accused a barber of criminal and communist conspiracy and searched his shop—do you know what came out of it? If you don't know, you better find out.

K. Gopalan V Hons. (Chemistry)

Men Who Live

The morning dawns. Slowly but methodically, the sun rises. His rays flood the tree-tops, where birds turn them into music; they, too, methodically begin their search for food..... There, in the nice little pond, the lotus blossoms beautifully yet methodically.

A Wordsworth sees beauty in this—he feels enchanted, and forgets himself amidst these surroundings; he finds his God in the rising sun, in the chirruping birds, in the blossoming flowers.

But I stare at the sun and my thoughts switch back to the day when the sun started its course across the horizon. For billions of years since then he has kept up his methodical, unvarying routine. Mighty as he is, he has surrendered to what is presumably a mightier force which keeps him methodical and mechanical.

And the birds. They are born, are nurtured till their wings grow and then they go out into the wide world aided by their wings and songs; and when at last they live out their life, they die and perish—of course, after propagating a new batch of their species.

And so on, the flowers and the animals—the same methodical and mechanical life....

And Man..... From the very moment that he comes out of his mother's womb vehemently protesting against his imposed birth, to that inevitable hour when he dies with a hundred desires unfulfilled—he is governed, or rather he meekly submits himself to be governed, by circumstances and surroundings. And the circumstances and surroundings always tend to make him methodical and mechanical—just as the trees, the birds and the beasts. “Is this the *Man* whom you call the crown of creation?” I ask, almost in despair.

Man is born, he eats, he sleeps and he dies, just as the beasts and birds do. He doesn't *live*; he only drifts in this gale of monotony. And when, in the full tide of time his last moments draw near, he looks back and finds nothing gained and nothing lost—but everything wasted.

That being who stands up against this monotony, who labours to break the shackles of this mechanical life, he alone *lives*. Millions are born and millions tread the face of this Earth, but he alone shines forth as a man who makes his life dynamic, who overcomes the imposition of circumstances and surroundings, who proves by his very existence that *Man* is intended to be something superior to the flowers, the birds and the beasts.

Such are men who selflessly devote all their time and energy to a great and sacred cause, the will to *live* and resist *method*. They may wear the most ragged dress; they may not get half the sleep that we all get. But life for them is dynamic and ever new, enchanting and thrilling; and their minds overflow with satisfaction—the very satisfaction that we all lack—the consciousness of allowing the tide of energy to reach unexplored domains of thought and feeling.

Salutations to you, O! men who live!

“Sad.Nah.Om.”

Of Tours

Among the sources of expense that college education is replete with, which in a scrupulously well-organized modern institution are numerous enough to make the parsimonious parent tear his hair, are the instructional tours conducted by the Natural Science departments. These annual affairs leave the parental purse the poorer by eighty rupees or so, and

worse luck, are compulsory; and those who would shirk them by flourishing the inevitable medical certificate may be required by the rules to pay up half the amount all the same! “Serves him right for falling ill when he should be up and doing!”, says a faint voice.

The main places of interest to naturalists are Ooty, Cape Comorin, Yercaud, Visakhapatnam etc. As for Krusadai, a tiny, sandy islet off the Rameswaram island, fringed with miniature coral reefs, it is classical: it is the Mecca of the student of Zoology; and thither he must bend his footsteps if he would get acquainted with his subject first-hand. The most favourable time for study is low tide, when the receding water leaves exposed a stretch of shore, that to the seeing eye, aided of course with a better seeing lens, teems with practically all forms of life. Sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers, star-fishes, octopuses, sponges, corals—all these are abundant. But, for corals, Rameswaram is nonpareil; rowing over the shallow water about a mile from the shore, one may see the beautiful underwater gardens that they form.

In fact, Krusadai presents such an extensive array of invertebrate fauna that the Long Tour which is usually spent there looks too short for the purposes of study. It is followed by the Short Tour, a whirlwind affair of four or five days' duration, which may be directed at any other of the above-mentioned places. The duration of these excursions is, however, largely dependent on the powers-that-be of rationing—on the quantity of the rations doled out.

Students, unlike their parents, look forward to these tours as a welcome departure from routine. But, apart from their entertainment value, they are invaluable to students as a yardstick for gauging the accuracy (or inaccuracy!) of knowledge gleaned in the class-room.

Pravin Kumar, IV Hons. (Zoology)

Ahimsa in Islam

Ahimsa is a Sanskrit term, meaning avoidance of any evil or injury to others. It has in practice been associated with the virtues of forgiveness, kindness and tolerance. In the history of human thought *ahimsa* has been preached by many prophets and religious teachers like Buddah, Christ, Moses, Confucius, Muhammad, Zoroaster and Gandhi. Directly or indirectly its essence has formed the vital principle of many religions.

Ahimsa is one of the salient features of Islam. It is not always known that prophet Muhammad laid great stress upon *ahimsa*. If we turn to his life, we shall find glorious examples of his kindness, forgiveness and tolerance. The condition of Arabia on the eve of the introduction of Islam was very bad, economically, politically, socially and morally. The Arabs of the sixth century had fallen into the very abyss of immorality and

spiritual degradation, so much so that infanticide and polygamy were openly practised without any stigma being attached to the acts. Social standards were so lax that profligacy and drink, gambling and cheating could flourish without any hindrance. Feuds and riots shot up for no palpable reasons among the tribes who inhabited Arabia. Such was the state of affairs when prophet Muhammad was born. He was the posthumous child of Abdullah. Muhammad lost his mother also when he was only six years old and he was thus deprived of all parental care and affection very early in his life. His grand father who took charge of him also died when the prophet was only nine years old, confiding him to the care of Abu Talib. Notwithstanding the loss of all tender early associations, Prophet Muhammad cultivated a sweet and gentle disposition and became painfully sensitive to human sufferings. What is singular is that he remained uninfluenced by any of the vicious tendencies then rampant among the Arabs. When he was twenty-five years old he was married to a lady called Khadijah. From early youth Muhammad was given to meditation and often used to retire to the cave of Hira. One night as he lay meditating God sent His first revelation to him through Gabriel. Thenceforth his life was devoted to the task of raising the Arabs from their degradation and calling them to the service of God.

When Prophet Muhammad first began to preach his new faith, the Arabs hooted him and teased him and when he showed an unbending spirit, they began to persecute him and his followers. They used to tie the hands and feet of his followers and drag them on the burning sands of the desert but they remained firm and did not even retaliate. One of the first instances of tolerance is found in Prophet Muhammad's calm forgiveness of the sinner who submerged him under the entrails of a camel. While Prophet Muhammad used to offer his prayers in his house, the unbelievers used to throw dirt and filth upon him. The Prophet withstood all these difficulties with marvellous forbearance and used to say simply "O, ye brothers, what sort of neighbourliness is this?" When Prophet Muhammad found it very difficult to win over the Meccans to Islam he started with one of his faithful followers to a place called Taif, in the hope that at least there his message would be welcomed. On the contrary, the tribe which lived in the vicinity of Taif adopted a defiant attitude. They began to mock at him, pelted him with stones and did not desist until they had driven him six miles out of the city. Blood began to flow profusely from his wounds and he swooned, and when he regained consciousness he prayed to God, "O Lord, forgive them, for they do not know what they do", even as Christ had done before him.

One night some of the leaders of the Quraish (which was the ruling tribe of Arabia) plotted to murder him. Prophet Muhammad, who had come to know of this plan, escaped to Madina accompanied by his bosom friend Abu Bakr. There he created order out of chaos, unity out of dis-

sensions, strength out of weakness and indeed life out of death. The arrival of the Prophet was not welcome to two parties, the Jews and the "disaffected". In spite of all these drawbacks the Prophet established a brotherhood and made a treaty of obligation with the Jews. But the Jews were always plotting against him and his followers and they were the minds behind Arab intransigents. Prophet Muhammad had consequently to fight a few defensive wars in most of which he was victorious owing to the steady support and unflagging zeal of the followers he had gained. In the battles where Prophet Muhammad experienced reverses, his followers were put to the most excruciating hardships and tortures, but Muhammad bore them all with patience and equanimity. Even in the day of success he showed no vengeful spirit. When he attempted a return to Mecca, he met with stout opposition and Quraish did not even honour the treaty that Muhammad had made with them. Returning to Madina, the Prophet decided on making an all-out effort to occupy the Holy City. He marched against Mecca and it is on record that the conquest was done without bloodshed. And what was the revenge the Prophet lived to take? Abu Sufyan, the leader of Quraish and the inveterate enemy of the Prophet and Islam was pardoned despite an enmity of two decades. The Prophet also sent word through Abu Sufyan to the people of Mecca that all those men, women and children who took refuge in their houses or in the sanctuary of Kaba will not be molested. Even Habbar, one of the Quraish who was responsible for the death of Zainab, the Prophet's beloved daughter, was pardoned. This was the revenge which the Prophet lived to take! What more examples could one give to prove that *Ahimsa* is the corner-stone of Islam? It was because of his forgiveness, kindness and tolerance that Prophet Muhammad succeeded in uniting and civilising the ferocious and warlike tribes of Arabia into a powerful nation. Thomas Carlyle says, "the sands of Arabia proved gun-powder and the spark was the message of the prophet, and the whole world blazed heavenwards from Granada in Spain to Peking in China". During the reign of Abu Bakr, the first orthodox Caliph and the successor of the Prophet, an expedition was sent under an able general Osama to capture Jordan and Belcaa with the following instructions "Avoid treachery and deceit. Thou shalt mutilate none; neither shalt thou kill child nor aged men, nor women. Injure not the date palm, neither burn it with fire, nor cut down any tree whereon is food for man or beast. Slay not the flocks, or herds or camels except for needful sustenance, and the monks with the shaven heads who spend their lives in monasteries". What is this but *AHIMSA*?

The *Ahimsa* preached by the Prophet is recorded in the *Holy Quran*. To the heathen Arab, friendship and hostility were as a loan which he sought to repay with interest and he prided on returning evil for evil. To such men the Prophet said "recompense evil with that which is better". The following speech delivered by Jaffar on behalf of the Muslims in the

Court of Abyssinia bears ample testimony to the *Ahimsa* in Islam:—"O King, we were plunged in the darkness of ignorance worshipping idols; the strong among us devoured the weak, severed the ties of kinship and maltreated our neighbours, until God sent us an apostle from among ourselves. He bade us to be faithful in speech, faithful to our promises, compassionate and kind to our parents and neighbours and to desist from crime and bloodshed. He forbade doing any evil, telling a lie, robbing the orphan or slandering women. He enjoined upon us almsgiving and fasting".

The following lines taken from the *Quran* show the spirit of forgiveness and kindness emphasized in Islam: "Reward him who has injured you, pardon him who has wronged you, and love him who hates you, then God will be generous in squaring accounts with you and will graciously place you in heaven". Forcible conversion should be considered as prohibited in the precepts of the *Quran*. "Let there be no compulsion in religion" (*Quran*). The very existence of a large number of Christians and men of other faiths in countries that have been for centuries under Muslim rule bears abiding testimony to the toleration they have enjoyed. The Prophet forbade the waging of war against other peace-loving non-Muslims. He enjoined upon Muslims to abstain from carnage and pillage. If history does show us some instances of carnage or total destruction of life and property they should not be attributed to the Islamic religion as such or to the Prophet, but to the individuals then in power but not fully conscious of Islamic doctrine. And black sheep there will be in all religions. I need only quote the example of Ferdinand and Isabella and their treatment of Muslims in Spain; and all their deeds were perpetrated in the name of the "Prince of Peace", Jesus Christ!

Regarding the relationship of Muslims with non-Muslims the *Quran* says "God does not forbid your respecting and having relationship with other peace-loving Non-Muslims, who have not made war against you on account of your religion". Regarding the treatment of slaves and prisoners, Prophet Muhammad enjoined upon the Muslims to give them the same food as they took and the same clothes as they wore. No difference should be made between the master and the slave. In the *Quran* there is every suggestion of the equality of men and women. "Men shall have the benefits of what they earn and women shall have the benefits of what they earn" (*Quran*). Islam conferred on women the right of divorce. Women can go to the mosque and join their husbands in field-work.

It is pretty plain, therefore, that *Ahimsa* is a prominent feature of Islam and that one of the most salient aspects of Prophet Muhammad's character is his forgiveness and kindness. A true Muslim should follow in the footsteps of the Prophet and observe the tolerant spirit of Islam instead of emulating the cruel and haughty kings who have occasionally tarnished its fair name.

Md. Aminuddin, III Hons. (Islamic History).

The Infallible Judge

Through the hushed spaces of the hall the voice of the Supervisor sounded harshly. He was reading out the rules of the competition to the twenty-three young girls assembled there, each of them seated at a desk with a set of paint-box, paper, brushes and bowls. They listened attentively, wrinkling up their foreheads in painful concentration, now and then fidgeting with the brushes and paper.

"...And the subject is Sunflowers" wound up the Supervisor as he folded the paper from which he had been reading. "Time allowed, one hour" he droned out again after a pause.

Hesitation and doubt sat on the brows of the competitors. Some were unable to select the right shade of yellow for their sunflowers, while others could not imagine a bunch of sunflowers at all. Now and then, smitten with spurts of energy, they made a few reckless strokes and again lapsed into listlessness. A few worked with self confidence and industry, their heads bent low, their fingers working fast.

The half-time gong sent a wave of alarm along the row of faces and the fingers seemed to be working more deftly. However assiduously they worked, a painful sense of disappointment could still be read in the eyes of most of the young painters. Before they knew it the gong struck its ominous note for closure and the harsh voice of the Supervisor rang through the hall once again "Time's up." Giving hurried finishing touches they surrendered their paintings.

Outside, on the verandah, they discussed their sunflowers. Most of them were pessimistic and one could hear their sharp shrill comments for over half an hour before they melted away.

The same evening the three judges sat in judgment over the paintings. They were outside in the garden at an informal tea. They viewed the array of paintings from above the rim of their teacups. Bright yellows called for attention; gaudy orange yellows frowned heavily upon them; pale yellows weakly winked at them. Here and there a choice shade of yellow could be discerned and promptly won approval. While the judges were thus occupied in a preliminary survey, a group of birds, presumably attracted by the bright colours, flitted across. Not a few bees and butterflies clustered and buzzed around the busy judges.

"Really, these obnoxious things—what a nuisance!"—exclaimed an oldish one among the judges.

"How lovingly they come to embrace us!" said another good-humouredly.

But the most sedate of the three sharply butted in with "Let's to the job, gentlemen. Choice does not seem quite so easy."

They set to work. Seventeen of the paintings were easily dismissed. All kinds of sunflowers were claiming their attention—big and small ones, sunflowers in pots and vases, sunflowers wilting, sunflowers erect, sunflowers drooping or sunflowers boldly facing skyward. Among the six left, one

one, four were eliminated as revealing technical flaws. At last two paintings alone remained. They appeared equally good and it looked as if the judges would have to adjourn till the morrow.

"This looks more natural, whatever the technique", said one vehemently.

"Oh no, the other is distinctly better" chimed in another. The third one shook his head as if opining like Sir Roger that 'much can be said on both sides.'

All the three were pretty exhausted and they sat pensively, looking at the two pictures. Suddenly breaking the silence of their cogitation, a big black bee whizzed past them to where the paintings stood. As it dipped and darted and circled round the delusive sunflowers, all the three judges suddenly sprang to their feet with a glow of wonder in their faces.

"Eureka!" shouted one of them.

"That settles it" said the two others; and they shook hands all round as they still fixed their eyes admiringly on the bee that had assiduously settled down on one of the paintings. The judges humbly bowed to the decision of a creature that had *known* sunflowers better than those who had merely *seen* them.

Leela Rao, III Hons. (Pol.)



TAILOR: Sorry, Sir, I have only a sixty-inch tape!.....

(N. Padmanabhan)



TEACHER: Scamp! at your age Sir T. Muthuswami Iyer was very clever.

NAUGHTY BOY: Yes, Sir—but—at your age he was a Judge!

(N. Padmanabhan)

From the Presidencian's Book-shelf—

'The Cocktail Party' by T. S. Eliot—(A Review)

The theme of T. S. Eliot's latest play centres round three characters who, starting with an intense awareness of isolation, achieve in the end a partial awareness of fulfilment. The suffering of each is the product of a personal predicament and Eliot describes, with comprehension and clarity, the peculiar means by which each escapes his or her sense of solitude.

The play opens with a cocktail party given by Edward Chamberlayne to his friends Julia, Celia, Alex and Peter. His wife, Lavinia, has deserted him on the afternoon of the party and after everybody else has left, he discloses it to the unidentified guest (later identified as Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly, a Harley Street mental specialist). Sir Henry gives an exact and brilliant analysis of the relations that existed between Edward and his wife, and promises to bring her back on condition that he asks no questions of where she has been. Now Edward, who has all along been in love with Celia, suddenly finds that his feeling towards her is no longer able to satisfy him and is at best a purely negative emotion. Celia realizes equally well that their relationship is at an end. Peter too is in love with Celia without her knowledge or encouragement; he finds that a common interest in the life of the intellect, which he shares with her, gives him a rare vision of peace and completeness but Celia being unresponsive, he is forced to return to his "private self". The complication is complete when later we learn that Lavinia dissatisfied with Edward is in love with Peter without, of course, his knowing it.

Mean-while Lavinia returns to Edward and confirms his conviction that she is "the consistent critic, the patient misunderstander." Now Julia and Alex (who throughout remain in the background) make Reilly interview Edward, Lavinia and Celia separately and point out to them their proper vocations. Reilly makes Edward and Lavinia realize that they both suffer from the same isolation: "A man who finds himself incapable of loving and a woman who finds that no man can love her". Both of them begin afresh and try to live out a happy married life. Celia's case is different and more difficult. She is offered the alternative between an inertly good life in a world of 'lunacy, violence, stupidity and greed' and the way, terrifying and undefinable, that leads towards the possession of what she has sought for in the wrong place. Celia chooses the latter and in the end we learn that as a nurse she has died a martyr in an obscure little tropical village. Thus while Edward accepts himself and is content to make the best of a bad job, Celia tries to transcend her crippling self and in that attempt perishes. The play ends as it begins with a cocktail party given by the Chamberlaynes. Peter is now working for Hollywood and Alex is a diplomat.

Eliot—perhaps on account of the early influence of Bradley—presents a singularly unappealing picture of subjective experience. According to him everyone is always alone and all intercourse, beyond conversation, is necessarily impossible. "Hell is oneself", says Edward in one place, "Hell is alone, the other figures in it merely projections. There is nothing to escape from and nothing to escape to. One is always alone." This point of view, though expressed in some of the finest lines he has ever written, is hardly acceptable; life is not so barren nor relationships so completely chimerical as Eliot would have us believe. At this point it is noteworthy—as Spender points out—that another profoundly influential English writer, D. H. Lawrence has gone beyond Eliot by his affirmations of the richness and importance of human relations.

Yet *The Cocktail Party* is one of the best illustrations we have had so far of its author's ability to communicate what he has to say most effectively. Apart from its intrinsic worth, its insight and beauty and the fine balance it strikes between poetry and narration, it reveals the great promises of the verse-drama. Together with Christopher Fry but from a distinctly different stand-point, Eliot has re-animated a literary form which

in England has been practically dead ever since the seventeenth century. Everyone interested in poetry, drama, individual psychology or in Eliot is sure to enjoy reading *The Cocktail Party*.

S. Guba, III Hons (Statistics)

The God that Failed Publishers: Hamish Hamilton, London.—(A Review)

It would be interesting to see whether and what any true-blue Red could put up in defence against this significant book's six-part debunking of his All-in-All, beyond the inevitable blind and categorical dialecticism of the Party's by-definition infallibility, and the consequent invalidity of any criticism. For seldom, if ever, has there been a more convincing debunking, a more damaging indictment, of this newest of politico-economic philosophies that has taken the place, for so many, of the religion that our time so conspicuously lacks.

The debunking and indictment, however, is as effective as it is, precisely because to debunk and to indict is not, in the case of any of the six world-famous intellectuals, (Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone, Richard Wright, Andre Gide, Louis Fischer and Stephen Spender), the purpose of his contribution. There are no frills to their disclosures, no striving after effect of any sort, no appeals against, even; the few appeals that appear are for the finer aspects of Communist faith. In fine, there is no pamphleteering. With the greatest brevity consistent with adequate analysis of the pendulum swing of their minds towards and away from the new God, and also, of course, in a greater or lesser degree as the case may be, with their individual characters, the facts are put before us. The reader is mutely, so to speak, shown the desolate moratorium of regrets that each one's consciousness has become.

But to comfort oneself with the conclusion that Communism, as a God, has feet of clay that will eventually be apparent to its votaries, and sit back smugly, would be to get the purpose of the book completely wrong, to take wrongly to heart the lesson of the tragedy of these six minds. For to point that out is only the less important half of the book's message. Beyond the debunking and indictment of Communism that it is in effect, it is a warning against, and a debunking and indictment by way and reason of this warning of, those inimical features of the opposing system of Capitalism which drove these six apostates in a double sense first to the new altar. The only thing in Capitalism, and its fortunately almost inevitable consequence of democracy, worth keeping, is the abstract but most important freedom of being able to lead a life after disillusionment so severe as there six have undergone. Until this abstract freedom is made as vital to people as the material needs emphasised by Communism, the latter's appeal will remain. For in theory and ideology, if not in practice and methodology, Communism is unmistakably humane and noble. And what is more dangerous, the part that religion plays, its function in mental make-up as a safety-valve for the primal need of men for something to lean on and dedicate themselves to, that is organically vital and alive, is a part that almost nothing plays in present-day capitalistic tenets and countries. The very religions of the West have descended basely to Earth; the repellent connotation ascribed to the word 'bourgeois' is too often disturbingly valid. Communism, by contrast, if only because of the terrible demands it makes on its followers, (all cults and most religions are to a not inconsiderable extent masochistic) has proved terribly able to delude thinkers, if only in the short run; that it can fill the modern mind's spiritual vacuum permanently.

To the eye of the novitiate, repelled by the black spots in Capitalism, the clouds of illusion that cover the new God's feet of clay, are clouds of glory that he will take a long time to pierce. For, the God has the mind of Marx, which, if it argues from false premises, does that arguing inimitably; and once your mental barriers are down, it is inevitable that you should tend to indefinitely maintain your balance on the tight rope

above the chasm of reality by the diabolical device of dialectical materialism. And the delusion that the God's heart is that same most humane of hearts it had in its infancy, is one that it is easy to suffer from. It is precisely because this book seems capable of convincing any unbiassed mind that the last is an illusion, and that unlike other baptisms in such fires, the embracing of Communism, except in the case of the very choicest spirits, breaks down instead of chastening the very stuff of the soul, that it is necessary for every person of impressionable maturity to make its acquaintance.

P. G. Ramachandran, III Hons. (Econ.)

Covering College

What strikes one most (or ought to, at any rate) on first entering Presidency is its architecture. The solid, dead stone confronting the living, laughing water, the lofty clock and the long, silent corridors, when no one has yet come to college, with the reproductions from Rembrandt and Goya, Velasquez and Holbein, create an atmosphere of quiet scholarship and academic dignity. It was therefore as heartening as it was surprising, and as enjoyable as it was both, to find that the undergrad here was even more active than anywhere else and life in this very old institution could be gay, flippant and very eventful. This was especially true of the academic year 1950—51 already well on its way to becoming a memory—a sweet memory I should have said.

The more statistically minded would be interested to know that during last year the 21 college societies held between them 108 meetings in which about 147 speakers participated. Numerous entertainments were put up and the parties given were I don't know how many.

The College Union—though initially less energetic than one would have wished—managed to maintain a high degree of achievement. Several innovations—like the rather long though highly entertaining mock U. N. O.—were tried and found to be successful to one degree or the other. Among the regular items there were the debates (few and far between, in spite of the constitution) and the annual parliament which displayed the more elemental side of some of us. As a previous editor of *The Presidencian* said, if only some people would take the parliament more seriously and others themselves less seriously it would be a valuable educative enterprise.

Let us then be hopeful.

The Physics and Zoology exhibitions were held again this year and drew large crowds. The respective associations have been congratulated by everybody on their success in organizing such highly educative shows. Then there were the tours—the usual instructional ones of the Science Departments and the cultural ones of the Arts Departments. The Mathematics, History and Economics Associations planned extensively and went outside the Province, the latter ranging wide over the North.

The History and Politics Association put up a mock impeachment of Truman and Stalin towards the end of the year. We might as well quote what a city editor had to say about it. "There was", he wrote, "so much of wit, wisdom, humour and profound insight into the causes of trouble and ill-will in the world, packed into this two-hour pantomime, that one felt it would have greatly advanced the cause of peace if the leading statesmen of the nations at loggerheads had been present there to profit by the show." We would like to be less sure about all that and more non-committal but there could be no doubt that it was very ably planned, produced and enacted.

There have been reforms again in the Union constitution. The office-bearers are to be elected in January instead of in July, leading to the curious anomaly that those who are going out of college are entitled to vote while those who are coming in are not. But that, perhaps, is the only way of securing a mature electorate capable of selecting the least unsuitable committee and for the junior students, this year, the experience of going through two elections was, believe me, perfectly delightful.

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In Cricket, we constitute one of the best teams we have had for years. C.D. Gopinath deserves special mention for the great honour and glory he has brought for us—he is, as the Americans would say, one of our “real swells”. Though it wasn’t surprising that we won the Pennycuik Trophy the best thing that happened to us in the Inter-Collegiate field was, of course, re-winning the Duncan. Readers will recall that we lost the Duncan cup in 1944 after *nineteen* continuous years of possession. It was therefore all the more heartening—one was reminded of the prodigal’s return—to get it back and we are sure, and reasonably so, that it will remain with us. Speaking of the Duncan it is a sad disappointment that none of our rhymesters have come forward this time with lines in commemoration of Duncan Cup Regained. Do you remember the immortal poem on its loss—Morte de Duncan or the Passing of the Grail, it was called—which *The Presidencian* published in 1945?

* * * *

The College Dramatic Club has been doing good work since its revival last year. We had a lot of talent on the histrionic side, with playwrights and actor-producers and what not amongst us, and it was a pity that the P. C. D. C. couldn’t put up more performances than it actually did. As the secretaries have observed in their report, they require not merely co-operation but real enthusiasm if only from a sincere few. Next year at least, it is to be hoped, we would be able to put on the boards a full length classic.

* * * *

The N. C. C. has been doing a lot of quiet, fruitful work. One of our old under-officers, Mr. A. Sudbakharan, needs to be mentioned separately for getting the Sword of Honour at the final passing-out parade for being the best among the Air-force trainees.

* * * *

Now coming to a final word about *The Presidencian* itself. It is a delicate subject and about the only one in college on which there is such a variance of opinion. Some seem to think that anything is good enough for it and hope to get all their unpublished (and mostly unpublishable) productions printed. Most others regard it as one of the inevitables, like Old Powell, to be accepted and quietly ignored. But I am surely being unfair, for this year has brought us a very encouraging response of well over a hundred contributions—of all sorts from doggerel to one on “The later development of E. E. Cummings”. The photographs of course we got in plenty—to publish them all would require a special number in itself!—and the only things we would like to have more next time is poetry (of the right sort). A new and welcome feature this year was the peculiarly large number of art pieces we received. So next time remember us, get us advertisements, give us your suggestions and criticism and of course don’t forget to send us contributions—of any sort, for on them do we depend ultimately.

Our Staff Correspondent.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editors wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. G. Vasanta Pai, Miss Daisy Devasahayam, K. Padmanabha Rao (III Hons. Econ.), V. Satchidanandamurthi IV (Hons.) Miss R. M. Coelho (IV Hons. Econ.) and Miss Elias Begum Shah (IV B. A.) for their help in canvassing advertisements.

From our Secretaries:

THE COLLEGE UNION.

The Union’s activities were inaugurated by Professor M. Ruthnaswamy with an address on “Democracy”. A reception was accorded to the new graduates on 19th August, 1950. The Union collected contributions from the students for the Assam Relief Fund, and for the Ex-Army men, S.P.C.A., and Tuberculosis relief funds. Members took keen and unflagging interest in the fortnightly debates. The Union also celebrated the U. N. Day, Pandit Nehru’s birthday, the Independence Day and the Republic Day.

Prominent among those who addressed the Union were Acharya J. B. Kripalani, Sir Archibald Nye, the Hon. Sri Hare Krishna Mahtab and Mr. B. Shiva Rao. The Union held a mock session of the Indian Parliament with A. P. Venkateswaran as the Leader of the House and Prime-Minister, G. T. Rajan as Leader of the Opposition and K. Mohandas as Speaker. By far the greatest achievement of the year was the highly successful Mock Session of the United Nations General Assembly held by the Union. Mr. Locker, Mr. Chartrand and Dr. Haq were the chief observers. We would be failing in our duty if we do not thank Mr. K. R. Narayanaswamy of the English Department who wrote the script and planned the show.

We are proud to record that K. Mohandas won the first prize in the All-India Debate conducted by the Hindu College, Delhi and A. P. Venkateswaram won the second prize at the College of Commerce, Delhi. K. Gopalan won the second prize at the Inter-Collegiate Debate conducted by the Madras Christian College, Tambaram. Miss K. C. Annapurna was awarded the individual cup for women in the Inter-Collegiate debate conducted by the Loyola College. The Union was ably represented at the first convention of the National Union of Students held at Bombay by I. T. Rai, K. Gopalan, T. Thiruvathavoorar, Bhashyam, Joseph, R. V. Mohan Rao and Seetharaman. We have great pleasure in recording that K. Gopalan was elected as the Joint Secretary of the National Union of Students.

We heartily thank the Dramatic Club for the gift of a Public Address System. We take this opportunity to thank Dr. C. B. Rao and Professor T. B. Nair for their guidance and wise counsel and all the members of the standing committee for their cooperation.

*I. Thyampanna Rai.
K. Sumana.*

THE MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION.

Dr. S. S. Pillai inaugurated the activities of the Association on the 31st July 1950. The Association organized a demonstration by Sri Sanjeeva Raya, a blind and illiterate mathematical prodigy. Condolence resolutions on the tragic death of Dr. Pillai and on the demise of Mr. R. Littlehailes were passed at Association meetings. On 20-11-1950, N. Balasubramanyam (IV Hons.) read a paper on ‘A special double sequence.’ The originality and individuality shown by this student were greatly appreciated.

Dr. C. R. Rao, Mr. T. N. Mathew, Dr. Kibble and Dr. Vijayaraghavan addressed the members at special meetings.

On 12-7-1950 an excursion to Mahabalipuram was organized. During the Paja holidays members went on a tour to Hyderabad and Hampi accompanied by Dr. Patnaik.

*K. N. Sundaramurthy.
K. P. Gnanasambandan.*

THE PHYSICS ASSOCIATION.

The activities of the Association were inaugurated by Professor Filipowsky with an address on ‘Documentation in Physics and related sciences’. The highlight of our activities was the grand Physics Exhibition in October, 1950. The exhibition was opened by His Excellency the Governor of Madras who evinced keen interest in the exhibits and

was highly appreciative of the exhibition. The magnificent success of the exhibition was due largely to the untiring efforts of the staff and the students.

Venkatarangan gave a series of lectures on Photography, Ramamurthy on recording and reproduction of sound and Srinivasulu on the history of comic rays. On 9-1-1951 Professor Mailvaganam addressed the members on the 'Penetrating showers of cosmic rays'. The Association arranged for showing the film 'Atomic Physics'. The valedictory address and break-up social were organized on the 21st and 25th of February 1951. Dr. H. P. Waran delivered the valedictory address.

The members visited the Perambur Workshop and the Poondy Irrigation and Research Station.

C. Srinivasagopalan.
C. R. Jagannathan.

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

Dr. A. N. Ratnagiriswaran inaugurated the Society's activities on 9-8-1950. The papers read during the year were:—Mathan Jacob (V. Hons.) on Penicillin. K. T. Rajan (IV B. Sc.) on Radium and V. N. Jambunathan (IV B. Sc.) on D.D.T. On 10-1-1951 the Society had the high honour of receiving Professor and Mrs. Fieser. Professor Fieser gave an interesting lantern lecture on 'Synthesis of cartisone'. In January 1951 the members of the Society led by Mr. C. V. Ramadas went on a tour of the Industrial centres in Bangalore and Mysore.

N. Venkatasubramaniam.
C. Rajendra Gopal.

THE GEOLOGY ASSOCIATION.

The Association can boast of a good record of lectures for the year under report, having been addressed at special meetings by Mr. V. Subramaniam, Mr. Asget Berthelson and Dr. L. A. N. Iyer.

Instructional tours to Mysore State, Salem, Cuddapah and Tiruchirapalli were conducted. The final Honours students continued their mapping exercise round about Rayalcheruvu.

The overseas delegates who attended the centenary celebrations of the Geological Survey of India visited our department and were entertained to tea. A small exhibition was also got up on the occasion. The delegates paid compliments to the high standard of work carried on in the department. Each of the delegates was presented with a copy of "The Jog—a beauty spot in India".

The Association offers hearty congratulations to Dr. M. S. Krishnan, an old student and member of the Geology staff on his appointment as the first Indian Director of the Geological Survey of India. The Association sent a message to the Geological Survey of India on the occasion of the centenary celebrations.

H. Narayana Hande.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dr. Anantanarayana Iyer inaugurated the activities of the Society on 20-6-1950 with an address on "The Science of Life and the Science of living". Every Tuesday, lectures were delivered by eminent Zoologists. Among those who lectured were Professor Bonnel, Professor (Miss) Joshua, Mr. Jayadev and Mrs. Harris.

The usual instructional tours were organized. Led by Professor Sundara Rao, Professor Enoch, Mr. P. K. Menon and Mr. Verghese, students toured Krusadai, Pamban, Rameswaram, Dhanushkodi Mandapam and the Nilgiris, and visited the Pasteur Institute and the Entomology department at Coimbatore.

The Zoology exhibition was opened by the Hon. Mr. K. Madhava Menon on 25-1-1951. It was visited by a large number of people and was on the whole, a mar-

vellous success. Visitors were immensely pleased and testified to the instructional value of the exhibition. The Hon. K. Madhava Menon spoke of it as "a very instructive and well-arranged exhibition". The Chief Minister and four other Ministers said: "An excellent exhibition. It is an education in itself". Mr. C. G. Dixon and Mr. Russell Frederick Wulff considered it as "most instructive and interesting". Sri S. K. Chettur, I.C.S. remarked "Excellent in every way. Beautifully arranged". Sri K. N. Anantaraman, I.C.S. said: "The exhibits have been arranged in an excellent manner. All those connected with the exhibition deserve the gratitude of the Public for conveying in such an interesting way a lot of useful knowledge". Even a visitor from overseas Mr. M. G. Norfolk said "A truly impressive exhibition to an English visitor from London".

Several free instructional films were shown in February. Departmental sports were held on 21-2-1951. The valedictory meeting was presided over by Mr. K. N. Anantaraman, I.C.S. Professor Thirunaranan spoke on 'The Fauna of Kolleru Lake'.

A. V. Balasubramaniam.

THE BOTANY ASSOCIATION.

The activities for the year were inaugurated by Mr. U. Narasinga Rao with an address on "Methods of approach to the improvement of fruits of the South Indian Hill Stations".

A warm send-off was given to Mr. V. S. Seshadri, Assistant Professor by the IV Pass students on his leaving the College to Pachmari as an educational officer under the Ministry of Defence.

An educational tour to Tenmalai and Krusadai islands was led by Dr. C. B. Rao and Mr. S. Rajan, and another to Yercaud was led by Prof. N. Venkatasubramanian and Mr. V. Krishnamurthy. There were also Botanical excursions to Vandalur and Ennore. On 26-10-1950, Mr. A. Radhakrishnan addressed the members on 'Vegetable cultivation and its importance'. Regular film shows were held by the department through the kind courtesy of the U.S.I.S.

By far the best achievement of the year was the publication of the weekly "Association Bulletin" by the members. The success of this venture is largely due to Miss Yasoda Devi, Miss Padmini Devi, Sivaprakasam, Ramachandra Rao and U. C. Srinivasan.

In a friendly cricket match with the Chemistry Association, we were victorious. On 6-2-1951 Dr. C. B. Rao gave a talk on 'Ocean Plankton'. On 15-2-1951, Dr. T. S. Sadasivam and Dr. C. V. Subramaniam addressed the members on 'Some soil-borne diseases in plants'.

U. C. Srinivasan.

THE GEOGRAPHY ASSOCIATION.

The work of the Association was inaugurated by the Hon. Mr. M. Bhaktavatsalam on 10-7-1950. On 6-10-1950, Dr. T. R. Govindachari spoke on 'University Educational System in U. S. A.' Dr. S. N. Sen and Dr. U. R. Ehrenfels addressed the members on 'Cyclones in Bay of Bengal' and 'The Geographical factors in the distribution of culture' respectively. On 17-11-1950, Mr. J. A. Borron lectured on "The Geography of Scotland". This was followed by a Lecture by Professor Bukhari on 'Contribution of Saracens to Geography'. On 16-2-1951, Mr. K. P. Ramakrishnan spoke on the 'Interesting features of the wind in Madras'.

In the course of the year, members visited Pallavaram hills, Tiruttani, Meenambakkam observatory and Chingleput.

B. Rama Kishen Lal.

THE PSYCHOLOGY ASSOCIATION.

Professor S. P. Adinarayana delivered the inaugural address on 2-7-1950. A reception to the junior students was given by the senior students on 24-7-1950. At

ordinary meetings Messrs. Madhavan Pillai, Veeraraghavan, Paramesh and Narayana Murthy read papers. On 12-10-1950, Dr. G. D. Boaz addressed the members. On 10-11-1950 Mr. Ranga Rao spoke on the 'Social Life of insects'. On 9-1-1951 we had the unique opportunity of having Dr. Gardiner Murphy to address the members on 'UNESCO Social Tension Projects', on 1-2-1951 Mr. C. T. Phillip spoke on 'Mechanical Aptitude'.

There was an instructional tour to Mysore and Bangalore from 17th October to 23rd October led by Mr. Sumitran.

Instructional films were shown by kind courtesy of the U.S.I.S. on 1-9-1950 and 2-2-1951.

Sundara Isaacs.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION.

The activities of the Association were inaugurated by Smt. Rukmani Devi on August 17th, 1950. Smt. Rukmani Devi dwelt on the importance of Sanskrit literature in the cultural advancement of the country and emphasized that art was the essence of culture and true culture was the essence of art. On 1-9-1950, Professor D. S. Sarma read an illuminating paper on 'Aspects of Literary Criticism in Sanskrit and English'.

The Association successfully staged 'Sakuntala' on 2-11-1950, in the immediate presence of Dr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, in aid of the scholarship fund. The drama was widely appreciated.

*T. V. Savithri.
K. P. Rangaswami.*

TAMIL MANAVAR SANGHAM.

On 30-8-1950, Dr. M. Varada Rajan inaugurated the activities of the Sangham with a lecture on 'Literature and Life'. On 6-10-1950 a condolence meeting on the death of Marai Malai Adigal was held. On 16-10-1950, an oratorical competition on 'Bharathiyarin Tamil Thondu' was held. Muthuswamy and Kuppuswamy won the first and second prizes. Several debates on social and political problems of the day were held in the course of the year.

On 16-11-1950, the Sangam celebrated Bharathi day on a grand scale. Mr. M. P. Sivagnanagramanar spoke on 'Makkal Kavi Bharathi' and distributed the prizes. We conducted the Madras University Inter-Collegiate Tamil Debate on 20-1-1951. 'Sri Pandit Namasivaya Mudaliar Rolling Cup' competition for this academic year was held on 7-2-1951. Messrs. M. M. Ismail, A. S. Gnanasambandam and Miss Rajamani Ammaiyar were the judges. The Law College won the cup. Damayanthi, Savithri, Sulochana, Rajalakshmi, Rajam, Purushothaman, Muthuswamy and others distinguished themselves at various debates and competitions held in the city during the year.

K. Palaniappa.

THE HINDI ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address was delivered by K. Sabbanvala under the presidentship of Pt. S. Chaturvedi on 25th August 1950. Free Hindi classes for beginners were inaugurated by Dr. P. B. Patnaik on 25-11-1950. These classes proved very helpful to all who were eager to learn the national language.

Jestmall D. Jain.

THE TELUGU ASSOCIATION.

The activities of the Association were inaugurated by Sri S. V. Ramamurthi, I.C.S. (Retd.) on 10-8-1950. Kavi Samrat Sri Viswanatha Satya Narayana gave a scholarly address on "The Nature and function of Poetry" on 5-12-1950. There were several debates at ordinary meetings.

The Portrait of late Mahamahopadhyaya Kokkonda Venkataratnam Pantulu, once Telugu Pandit in this College was unveiled by Dr. Chilukuri Narayana Rao on 12-1-1951. Sri Nidadavolu Venkata Rao of the Madras University was the principal speaker. The Portrait was presented to the College by Sri Vavilla Venkateswara Sastrulu.

On 12-2-1951 Sri S. Govindarajulu, Principal, Law College opened the 'Kaudukuri Veerasalingam Memorial Library', to commemorate the services of Sri Veerasalingam Pantulu not only to Presidency College as the Telugu Pandit during the years 1897 to 1904, but also to Modern Telugu Literature. In the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest D. Parthasarathi won a prize and Miss S. S. Lakshmi, annexed the "Nammalwar Naidu Rolling Cup" in the Inter-Collegiate Music Competition. P. Sesha-giri Rao and Srinivasa Rao won prizes in other music competitions.

Some of our students went on an excursion to Mahabalipuram.

The Valedictory address of the Association was delivered by Dr. Gidugu Seethapathi on 17-2-1951.

THE MALAYALEE SAMAJ.

The Samaj was inaugurated on 16-7-1950 by Dr. C. Achutha Menon. The Samaj celebrated Onam on 26-7-1950 with the Hon. Mr. K. Madhava Menon and Smt. Kuttiammalu Amma as the Chief guests. A tea party and a variety entertainment were the high lights of the day. The Samaj put on the boards a variety entertainment on 24-11-1950 consisting of a humorous drama 'Atom Bomb', two tableaux and a pantomime. Special mention must be made of the dance recital of Smt. K. R. Lakshmi. Justice P. Govinda Menon presided on the occasion. The proceeds from the entertainment go to the scholarship fund which is being raised by the Samaj.

A. V. Easwaran Namboothiri.

THE KANNADA ASSOCIATION.

The year's activities were inaugurated by Sri N. S. Kille. This was followed by two more lectures by Mr. Mariappa Bhat and Mr. Govinda Rao. D. Basappa of our association won the first prize in the Inter-Collegiate Kannada Debate organized by the University. We heartily congratulate him.

U. Lakshminarayan Rao.

THE URDU ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the above Association was delivered on 23-8-1950 by Maulana Mohd. Abdul Qayum Sahib, Dean of the Faculty of Theology. Mr. Abdul Hamid Khan, M.L.A. was in the Chair. The speaker traced the early history of the Urdu language. He laid particular emphasis upon the fact that the language tended to cement the relations between the Hindus and Muslims. Professor Syed Abdul Wahab Sahib Bukhari welcomed the guests.

Dr. M. Abdul Haq, M.A. (Oxon) delivered the valedictory address on 8-2-1951. He spoke about the evolution of the Urdu language and suggested methods for its improvement in the future.

Mir Yousuff Ali.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. P. S. Viswanatha Iyer, I.C.S. on 22-8-1950 on 'Music in speech'. He advised the members to listen to the B.B.C. in particular to learn the patterns of the English Language. The members went to Poondi on a picnic on 28-8-1950. Under the joint auspices of the English and Sanskrit Associations, Professor. D. S. Sarma delivered an address on 'Literary Criticism in Sanskrit and English'. On 3-11-1950 a memorial meeting was held to express our deep grief at the demise of George Bernard Shaw. Professor Ayyappan Pillai presided.

The annual debate with the Madras Christian College was held at Tambaram on 8-1-1951. "The Tragedy of the 20th Century is the neglect of the Humanities" was the proposition discussed. It was lost.

Bashir Ahmed Usmani.

THE HISTORY AND POLITICS ASSOCIATION.

On 18-8-1950, the inaugural address was delivered by Mr. S. R. Chartrand on the Korean War. It was followed by a film show. During the year Mr. Gordon P. Hagburg, Rev. Fr. J. D'Souza, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar and Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyaya addressed the members. Members went on an excursion to Conjeevaram and Mahabalipuram on 15-10-1950. There were several debates in the course of the year, on most political problems of the day. On 13-11-1950 a benefit film show was organized in aid of the Association funds. On 11-12-1950 the U.S.I.S. gave a film show on some aspects of American Government. A mock trial of Truman and Stalin was staged on 24-1-1950. Mrs. Ammu Swaminathan and Mr. Khasa Subba Rau were the observers.

The annual educational tour was conducted from 20-12-1950 to 30-12-1950. The party visited many places of historical interest in Hyderabad and Bombay. A portrait of Sardar Patel has been got ready to be presented to the College and will be unveiled by Babu Rajendra Prasad during his forthcoming visit to the City.

Our thanks are due to the Managing Editor of the Hindu for enabling batches of students to study the functioning of the press. We are indebted to the members who contributed towards Sardar Patel's portrait and to Mr. S. Parthasarathy, a former member, for having donated Rs. 50/- for the Association's Funds.

A. Krishnankutty Nair.

THE ISLAMIC HISTORY AND CULTURE ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural function was held on 27-11-1950 when a reception was given to Dr. M. Abdul Haq in honour of his return from the holy pilgrimage to Mecca. The Prophet's day was celebrated on 19-12-1950 when Mr. S. M. Fossil spoke on the life and message of the Prophet.

N. Nazir Ahmed.

THE ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION.

The Hon. Mr. B. Gopal Reddi delivered the inaugural address on the 'Finances of the Madras Government' on 4-8-1950. Many debates were held in the course of the year, in which economic problems of India and the world were discussed. Mr. J. A. Borron, Sir S. V. Ramamurthy, Dr. K. Vasudeva Rao, the Hon. Mr. M. Tirumal Rao, Dr. R. N. Poduval, Mr. R. Suryanarayana Rao, and Dr. B. V. Narayanaswami Naidu addressed the Association on different occasions on subjects of vital importance to the present day. The valedictory address was delivered by the Hon. H. Sitarama Reddi on 15-2-1951. It was followed by the annual social and an interesting programme of variety entertainment.

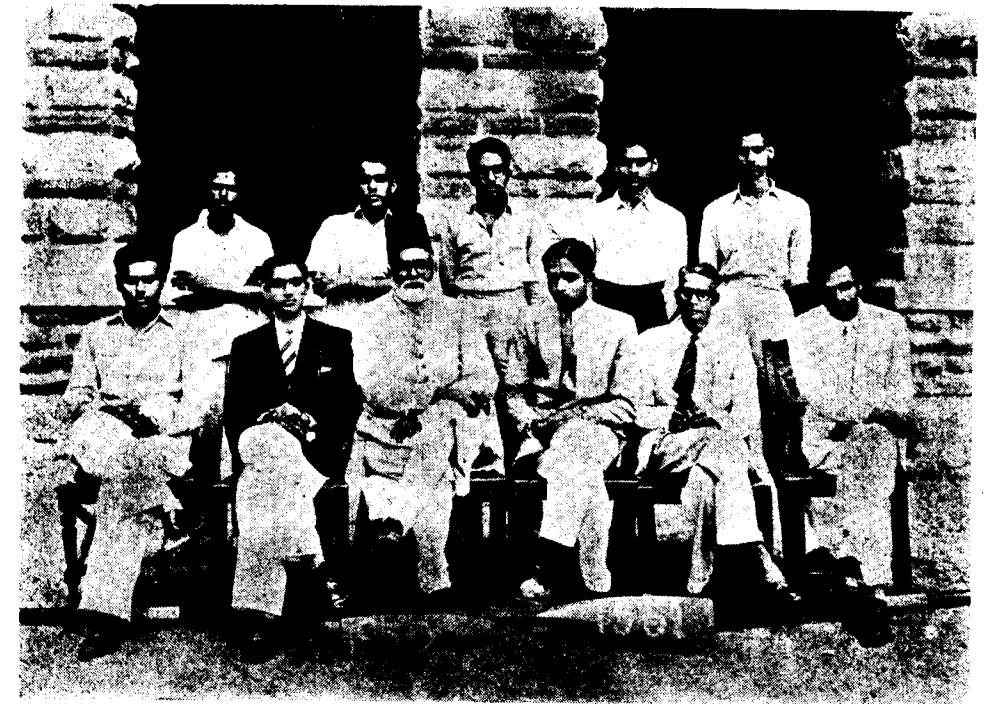
The Association conducted a North India educational tour from 15th September to 4th October, 1950. The tour party, consisting of 30 students, was led by Mr. M. S. Prakasa Rao, Assistant Professor of Economics. They visited places of importance like Vishakapatnam, Calcutta, Jamshedpur, Birlapur, Benares, Agra, Delhi and Wardha and had interviews with a number of leading personalities including the Prime-Minister to whom they handed over Rs. 116/- as their contribution towards Assam Earthquake Relief.

P. Subbarayudu.

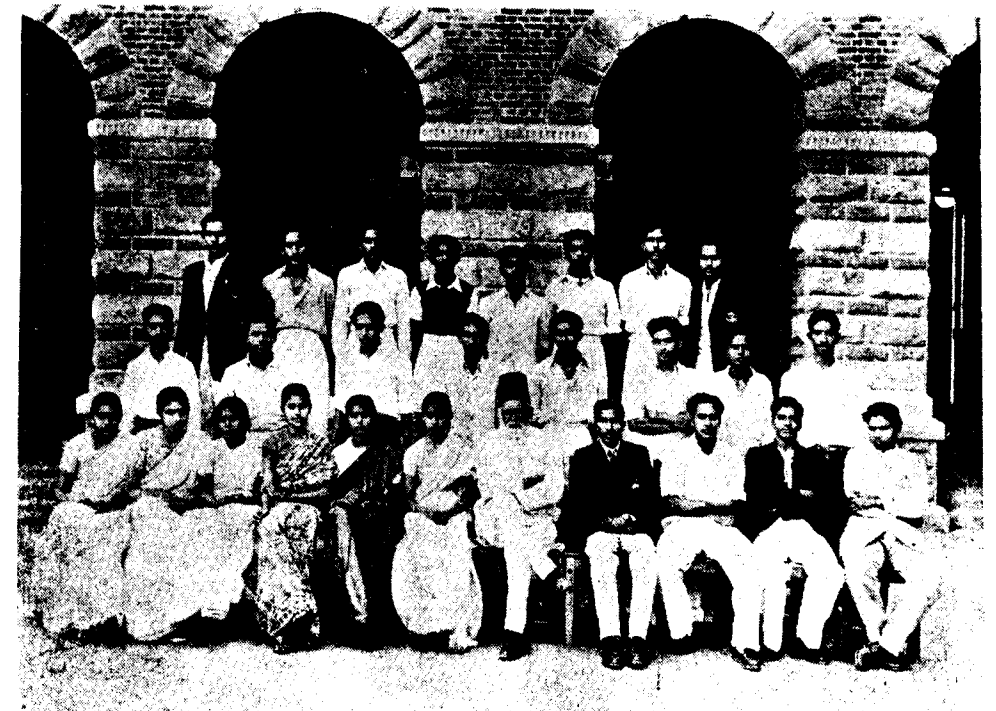
A. V. Easwaran Namboothri.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

As the Secretaries were appointed rather late in the year they were not able to do any work in the first term. In the second, we entered for the Engineering College Annual Inter-Collegiate Dramatic Competition and won a special prize for 'The story I had to Tell'



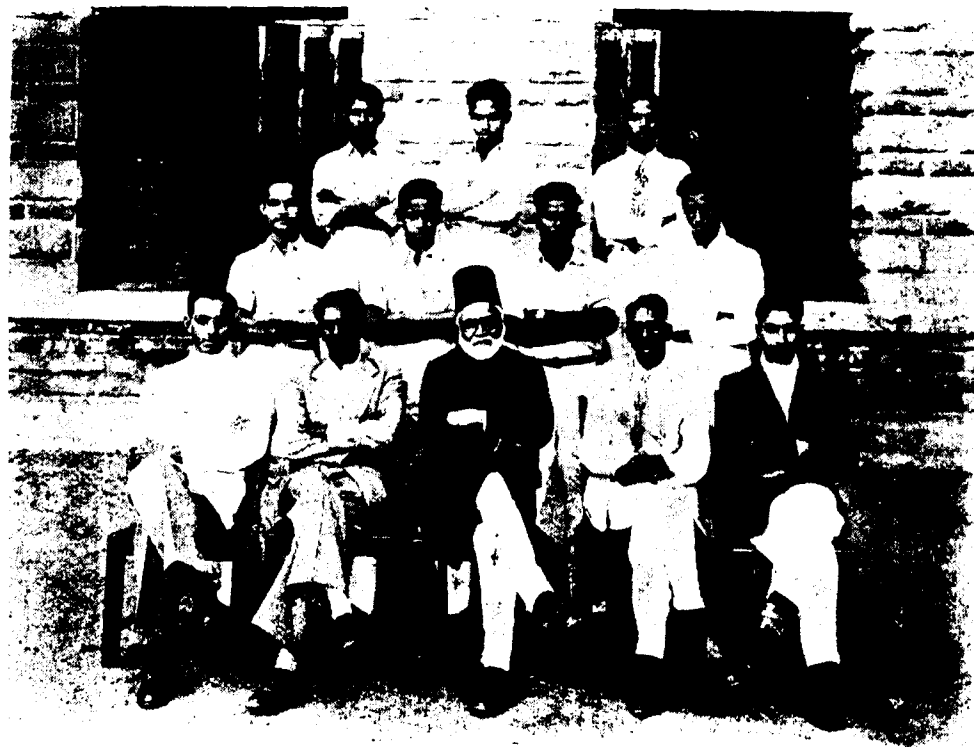
THE BOAT CLUB



MEN & WOMEN ATHLETES OF THE COLLEGE



— OUR SOLDIERS —
1st Madras Bn. N.C.C.—"C" Coy. (Presidency College.)



BOXING

an English play written and produced by K. S. Ramamurthy (popularly known as Tubby). He was ably assisted by Miss Daphne Diaz, A. Sankaran, Eric Michael and P. G. Ramachandran. Tubby also got the first prize for the best individual actor.

In the third term we put up a grand variety entertainment (of nearly 10 items) and handed over the net proceeds of nearly Rs. 800/- to the Union for buying a Public Address System of their own. Our special thanks are due to Tubby for co-ordinating the entire programme and for directing four separate items on his own, and to Professor Ayappan Pillai for his consistent help and encouragement. We must also express our gratitude to Miss Monica Sen for the example of good work she set last year. We have had great co-operation this time but we need, if only from a sincere few, real enthusiasm.

A. Sankaran.
Sarah K. Cornelius.

"C" COMPANY, 1st MADRAS BN. N.C.C.

The strength of the College contingent was reduced to one platoon this year and as we had a good response from the students we had no difficulty in recruiting to the full strength. The recruits evinced a keen interest in the training as is evident from attendance on parade which was quite good throughout the year.

We have had two training camps this year; one an N.C.O's cadre at Pallavaram and the other the Annual Camp at Arkonam. On the Parent's Day at Pallavaram Camp cadets of our company put up a demonstration in drill which won the approbation of all, including high ranking military officials.

During this year our Officer Commanding Lieut. K. Raghavan, was promoted to the rank of Captain and our hearty congratulations to him. Lieut. B. A. Nandagopal joined us on transfer from Government Arts College.

Four of our best N.C.O's., Sgt. Warrior, Cpl. Rajaram, Cpl. Neelakantan and L/cpl. Bashyam were selected to participate in the Parade in connection with the Republic Day Celebrations at Delhi. Lt. Nandagopal and 25 cadets of this company participated in the Republic Day Parade held on the Island Grounds, Madras.

We are proud to announce that one of our ex-Under-Officers U/O. Sudhakaran has won the Sword-of-Honour at the Passing out Parade of the Air Force Officer trainees held recently.

We had cent percent results in both the 'B' and 'C' certificates in the tests held in October 1950. Mention may be made here of our Under Officer G. C. Krishnamurthy who stood first in the Battalion in the 'C' Certificate.

K. Pattabiraman, C. S. M.

From Our Captains

TENNIS

The year started off rather badly because of the absence of our old college and provincial stars, Seshadri and Appa Rao, though Suryanarayanan and Ramachandra Rao tried not unsuccessfully to fill the gap. The latter was selected to the University team.

We beat the visiting team from Travancore and stood a high record in the Inter-Collegiate league. We won all the matches we played except the one against Law. Mention must here be made of Ramaswamy, Abdulla and P. S. R. Reddy who showed great promise as members of the college team. The mixed doubles was a great success, Miss M. V. Kamala, Miss Sumana and Miss Malathi being the most prominent among the entrants. The tournaments also brought into focus a number of youngsters like Vitchu, Vittal, Umesh and Paddah. Ramachandra Rao won the singles Championship beating Suryanarayanan; the junior Champion is Viswanathan; the open doubles was

won by Suryanarayanan and P. S. R. Reddy and the handicap singles by Abdulla. Both Tlotzensky, the ex-polish Davis cup winner and Noor Mohammed the A.I.L.T.A. coach who visited our courts were all praise for our general standard.

C. Ramachandra Rao.

CRICKET

Presidency can rarely have had a finer season. Regaining the Pennycuik Trophy after thirteen years and winning the Duncan, we have not lost a single match in the process. Five of our players—Viswanathan, Chinnadurai, Gopinath, Suryanarayanan and Sridhar—were chosen for the combined colleges league team. The last four have also played for the province. And—the greatest cause for pride—Gopinath became the first Presidencian to win an India cap; he has proved that he deserved it.

Gopinath's and Suryanarayanan's repeated centuries were the season's batting glory of the team. Among the leather—slingers, Lakshman Rao completed his 100 wickets. His 6 for 26 against the Mysore occasionals was a magnificent piece of bowling. K. S. Ramamurthy, Chinnadurai, Sridhar, Gopinath and G. Ramaswamy (who distinguished himself as an in-fielder) were the other bowlers who made their mark this year.

M. Suryanarayanan.

FOOT BALL

Out of the five matches we played in the Inter-collegiate Foot-ball Tournament, we won 3 and lost 2. We lost to Christian in the knock-out as some of our players were injured. On the whole the team-work was quite good. Mention should be made of Raghavan Nambiar, Karupannan, Balakrishnan, Joshi and Kadirvelu. I thank all the players for their consistent co-operation.

S. Kadirvelu.

HOCKEY

The Hockey Team has had a fine record this year. We won for the first time the Mysore Maharaja's challenge cup. In the Inter-collegiate League we beat Polytechnic, Pachiappa's, Vivekananda, Arts and lost to Madras Medicals. In the semi-finals we beat Engineering holders of the cup by 2 to 1 and in the finals, Loyola by one goal to nil. In the Stokes Shield knock-out tournament we beat Arts in the quarter-finals, Engineering in the semi-finals and lost to Loyola in the finals.

Ali Hussein was the Constant goal-getter of the team. Nazir Ahmed, Basheer Ahmed, Rajagopal and Rajaram have contributed a lot to our success. Ramanujam, Thomas Rajendran and Madhappa deserve mention. The team went on a short tour to Bangalore during the christmas holidays, and had a splendid time outside the city.

Chelliah E. Peter.

BOXING

Boxing was as popular as ever and many novices were coached regularly. Talent was not lacking and six were sent up to the Inter-collegiate Boxing Tournament. Johnny Abraham (Feather) who was in lightning form was unlucky not to have won. C.M. Ganeshamurthy (Paper), a vicious left-hander and Eric Michael (Pin) a promising youngster did brilliantly to come up to the semi-finals. Special praise is due to Sudarsan Rao (pin) for being selected for the University Team. Our vice-captain was unfortunately indisposed this year. We highly appreciate the ready response of the novices.

M. K. Shanmugam.

BOATING

The College Boat club was as popular and active as ever. Picnics and competitive rowing were regular features. All the newly repaired boats were put to constant use throughout the year.

In the December holidays the members went on an excursion to Ennore through the canal. Rajamannar and Venugopala Reddy distinguished themselves. In the annual

regatta, Rajamannar and Chinnadorai came first and second. In Pairs Venugopal Reddy and Balasubramaniam, Rajamannar and Sivasubramaniam came first and second.

A. V. Balasubramaniam.

VOLLEY BALL

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 players Siddiq, Matthew and Rangamani deserve special mention for their consistency in defence as well as in offence. Siddiq has shown great improvement in offence. Karupannan did his best this year also.

A. V. Easwaran Namboothiri.

BADMINTON

Of the very few ladies who participated in the mixed doubles, Miss Vatsala Varma needs special mention for her high standard in the game. She ably partnered S. Viswanathan and won against Miss Shanta and Alagadevamani in the finals. Nagendranath Reddy won against Mohammed Isiah in singles. Shafii Ahmed and Basappa won Rajendragopal and C. V. Subramaniam in doubles finals. Sadasiva Reddy and partners defeated Rajendragopal and partners in the fives tournaments.

C. Rajendragopal.

BASKET BALL

We played a number of practice matches and won a majority of them with wide margins. We played a friendly match with the Osmania U'sity team; the match was won by them not without a keen contest. Balasundar and H. I. K. Ghorri played a good game throughout. I am sure that with more practice we could have fared better.

K. P. A. Abu Backer.

ATHLETICS

The college day and annual sports came off on the 14th of February. Welcoming the chief guest, the Hon. Mr. M. Bhaktavatsalam, the principal referred to the building of the new stadium from out of our own resources. After the distribution of the various sports prizes by the Hon. Minister, the function concluded with a pleasant evening party at the Fyson Grounds.

The results were as follows:—

MEN'S EVENTS: 100 Metres: S. Kadirvelu 1, Chinnadorai 2; 200 Metres: Kadirvelu 1, Chinnadorai 2; 400 Metres: Kadirvelu 1, Chinnadorai 2; 800 Metres: J. Christostom 1, G. Ramaswamy 2; 1600 Metres: B. A. Usmani 1, G. Ramaswamy 2; 110 Metres Hurdles: Kadirvelu 1, Chinnadorai 2; 200 Metres Hurdles: Kadirvelu 1, Chinnadorai 2; Hop, Step & Jump: Kadirvelu 1, Chinnadorai 2; High Jump: Kadirvelu 1, C. Pavithran 2; Long Jump: Kadirvelu 1, K. Ramalinga Gupta 2; Shot Put: Dominic Abraham 1, P.C. Surendranath 2; Discus Throw: A.K. Siddique 1, P.C. Surendranath 2; Sack Race: V. Sivanna 1, K. Janakiraman 2; Sack Fight: K. Janakiraman 1, V. Sivanna 2; 1600 Fast Cycle: V. Sivanna 1, T. Rajamannar 2; Musical Chair on Cycles: Venugopala Reddi 1, T. Sundararamiah 2; Old Students over 40: Prof. Enoch 1, Mr. Seshachari 2; Old Students under 40: Jeevan Prabhudass 1, George Keir 2; Staff Race: Leelananda Rao 1, K. V. Nambudripad 2; Past Vs Present: Present won; Mixed Race: Rosemarie Coelho and S. Kadirvelu 1, P. S. Prema and S. H. Gopala Rao 2.

WOMEN'S EVENTS: 50 Metres: Leela Rao 1, K. Janaki 2; 50 Metres Skipping: Leela Rao 1, Khurshid 2; Net Ball Throw: Rajarangamani 1, Leela Rao 2; Lime and poon: Damayanthi 1, Khurshid 2; Sack Race: Leela Rao 1, Thulasi 2; Sack Fight: Rajarangamani 1, Chella 2; Musical Chairs: Laxmi 1, Thulasi 2; Cycle Race: Sulochana, Komala Chenchiah 2; Inter-Departmental Relay: Mathematics 1, History and Politics 2.

Papworth Prize: Best Athlete—S. Kadirvelu

Statham Prize: Best Cricketer—C. D. Gopinath.

In swimming, V. Sivanna and S. L. Smaller, were selected to represent the University. The athletic captain, John Chrysostom, reports that Pavithran and R. Gupta distinguished themselves in divisional sports. Miss Leela Rao won the championship among women.

The Old Students' Association

We earnestly request all out-going students of the College to join the Association. The subscription for ordinary membership is low enough to be within the means of all, and to the more advantageously placed a patronship or life-membership should prove attractive.

We are not asking too much of them when we wish that they should follow up the fine sentiments they express at break-up socials at College with just a little loosening of their purse-strings in order to forge a permanent link with their *Alma Mater*. We wish them good luck in life, and in return let them turn to us, pay down their subscription for any kind of membership they can afford, and thus acquire the *finest fellowship* they can aspire to.

We request other ordinary members to renew their membership or to become life-members.

Prof. T. B. Nair, Presidency College, Madras.

Sri G. Vasanta Pai, Advocate, Andhra Life Insurance Buildings, Thambu Chetti St., Madras—1.

Honorary Secretaries.

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS, 1950-51.

Patrons:

Sri R. S. Ramasubba Ayyar, Managing Director, 129, Lloyd's Road, Madras.

Sri S. Parthasarathy, "Sabarmati", 115, Mowbray's Road, Teynampet, Madras.

Life Members:

Sri R. Ramachandra Rao, Labour Liaison Officer, I.L.T.D. Co. Ltd., Anantpally (East Godavari Dt.)

Sri M. V. Narasimha Rao, 49, Edward Elliot's Road, Mylapore, Madras.

Sri R. Santhanam, Advocate, "Ranga Vihar", Lakshmipuram, Madras—14.

Sri V. K. N. Menon, Vice-Chancellor, Travancore University, Trivandrum.

Sri Sirdar Mirza, Mercantile Assistant, c/o The Imperial Tobacco Co. of India, Ltd., Madras.

Sri S. Gopal, M.A., "Girija", Edward Elliot's Road, Mylapore, Madras.

Sri A. M. Kandaswami, "Mercury House", 24, Pantheon Road, Egmore, Madras.

— OUR PLAYERS —



OUR CAPTAINS



VOLLEY BALL



BADMINTON



BASKET BALL

भिषक्सहायिनी

‘एकं द्वे त्रीणि’ इत्यगणयन्स घण्टानादम् । तदा ‘पोस्ट’ इति शब्दमप्यभ्युजोत्, द्रुततरमभिजगाम स द्वारम् । अदृष्टपूर्वहस्ताक्षरं लेखमादाय, तमुदन्तमपठत् ।

वाद्यमानायां पञ्चमघण्टायां सम्यगात्मानमलङ्कृत्य स्वकीयं तैलप्रवहणमारुह्य तदेव मन्दिरमाजगाम स मनोहरः । यथावत्सम्मानितः स आसनमध्यतिष्ठक्येन वयौवृद्धेन सम्पन्नेन शेषशायिना सह ।

“हेमलते ! आनय तावन्मृदुमधुरं पानीयम्” इत्यवादीतस्याः पिता शेषशायी । सर्वा-वयवसुन्दरीं अष्टादशवर्षदेशीयां सुमनोहरां, स्वहस्ततले विनिहितमधुरपानीयां तां हेमलतां निरीक्ष्य, अपहृतात्मा मनोहरः तस्याः पितुः “पीयतां पानीय”मिति वाचा असकृत्प्रतिबोधितः कथं कथमपि पीतवान् । परस्परवर्लोकनोत्फुल्लमानसौ तौ विवाहाय “तथाऽस्तु” इति प्रत्युत्तरं दत्तवन्ताविव स्थितौ । ततः पितुराज्ञया गायन्त्यास्तस्याः वीणाध्वनिमनोहरं स्वरं श्रुत्वा प्रमोदिनिर्भरः सः “नानिद्रे काले आवेदयिष्याम्यात्मनः प्रमोदवार्ता” इत्यभिधाप्य प्रतस्थे गृहाभिमुखः । मार्गे व्यचिन्तयत् ‘तामितः पूर्वं कतमस्मिन्देहे दृष्टवानह’मिति ॥

अनिजयेन नीतानि त्रीण्यहानि । तां हेमलतां परिजेतुं पितुराज्ञां लब्ध्वा प्रमोदवार्तां प्रेषयितुमुद्यतस्य तस्य हस्ते कश्चिदङ्गो लेखः न्यधापि लेखवाहकेन । सत्वरं तं पठित्वा आनन्दो-द्रिक्तमानसः मुहुर्न किं कर्तव्यतामूढस्तस्थौ ॥ स्वदूरगमनं निमिसीकृत्य निजसुहृदः परेषुः आत्मना सह सम्भोजनाय आमन्त्रयामास । हेमलतायै च प्रेषितवान् सादरमाह्वानम् ।

सम्भुज्जते च सर्वे परेषुः । गतेषु सुहृदसु हेमलतां निनाप मनोहरः विपणिम् ; स्वना-माङ्कितामूर्मिकां निदधौ तस्याः पाणौ, तां तस्याः अगारं नीत्वा ‘असमाप्ते षष्ठे मासे त्वां पाणौ ग्रहीष्यामिति प्रतिज्ञाय, स स्वमन्दिरं निवृत्तः ॥

हेमलता तावत् यदा त्रिचतुर्वर्षदेशीया कलभाषिणी तदा उत्सवसमये जनसम्मर्द-शात् भ्रष्टपितृका एकाकिनी स्थिता । तेनैव पथागच्छन् शेषशायी अनाथां रुदतीं तां स्वगोहं नीतवान् । हेमलतायाः पितरौ तां सुचिरमन्विष्य तस्याः वार्तामप्यनधिगत्य निराशौ विह्वलान्तरङ्गौ स्वदेशं गतौ ॥ सर्वधनः शेषशायी पुत्रभागेन न्यूनः यदृच्छयोपलब्धां तां हेमलतां यथायथं संवर्धयति अतिचतुरां नाट्यकलाकोविदां अधिगतयौवनां युक्तरूपाय वराय दातुमिच्छन्, विद्या-विनयसंपन्नं पितुरेकरनयं मनोहरं तं प्रति प्रेषयामास लेखम् । अयमेव प्रस्तुतपूर्वो लेखः ॥

स मनोहरः अधिगतविद्यः महोन्नतायां परीक्षायां विजयमासाद्य राज्याधिकारिभिः विदेशकार्यनिर्वहणोचितायाः कलायाः परिशीलनाय आदिष्टः । तस्यैव हेतोः सुहृदः हेमलतां च सम्भोजनेन सम्भार ॥

विदेशमगमदध्येतुं मनोहरः। अतिचक्राम मासत्रयम्। अध्ययनव्यग्रः सः न सुदृङ्गयः
नापि हेमलतायै लेखं प्रेषयितुं शशाकः। हेमलता कृच्छ्रेण निनाय युगायमानानि दिनानि। कम-
प्युदन्तमश्रुतवतीं तां तन्वीं प्रोवाच पिता “मनोहरं प्रति आशां मुञ्च” इति। सा तु तस्मिन्नेव
लग्नमनाः पित्रा अन्यस्य वरस्य वरणायादिष्टा तथा कर्तुं नैच्छत्। विजने मनोहरवृत्तान्तं
विचिन्तयन्ती उत्कण्ठिता वीणां वादयन्ती मुहुर्मुहुः मूर्च्छनां विस्मरन्ती च, नयतिस्म कालम्।
मनसः विनोदनाय नाट्यकलां पुष्पती सर्वजनपनोरञ्जना अभूत् ॥

एवं गते काले पूर्णे अष्टमे मासे मनोहरः समाप्तविद्यः राज्यकार्यधुरीणः प्रविनिवृत्तः।
आसीनस्य मातृप्वसेयी नवयौवना निर्मला नाम। तस्मिन्नेव नगरे सा पित्रा सह आगत्य
निवसति स्म ॥ अधीतविद्या सा लोकोपकाराय आत्मीयं शरीरमर्पयितुकामा वैद्यशालायां
भिषक्सहायिनी अभूत्। स्वभ्रातरं मनोहरं प्रत्यागतं श्रुत्वा तं द्रष्टुमुपजगाम ॥

उषःप्रभृति सन्ध्यापर्यन्तं अतितैक्ष्ण्येन स्वकिरणान् सर्वत्र प्रसार्य अतिश्रान्तः
गभस्तिमान्निजमयूखान् कूर्मःस्वाङ्गानीव आत्मनि प्रत्याजहार ॥ मनोहरश्च स्वस्रा निर्मलया सह
नाट्याभिनयं द्रष्टुं तैलप्रवहणमारुह नाट्यशालां गन्तुम्। आसाञ्चके च पुरस्तादासीनं हेम-
लता च प्राविशान्नाट्यरङ्गम्। सा अतिचतुरा स्वाङ्गविलामैः सम्मिलितान् सर्वान् प्रेक्षकान्
दिवशान्कुर्वाणैव गीतगोविन्दगीतिकां मृदुमधुरस्वना गायन्ती अभिनिनाय।

“कथितसमयेऽपि हरिहह न ययौ वनम्।
मम विफलमिदमलरूपमपि यौवनम् ॥
मामहह विधुरयति मधुरमधुयामिनी।
कापि हरिमनुभवति कृतसुकृतकामिनी ॥” इति ॥

पुरस्तादासीनं मनोहरं सहृदवलोचय तस्य पार्श्वे स्थितां निर्मलां अन्यथा संभाव्य सञ्ज्ञानमत्सरा
निष्कलीभूतमनोरथा प्रकटीचकार स्वात्मभावमभिनयेन ॥ तथाऽपि सुन्दरतरेणाभिनयेन सर्व-
मनोरञ्जिनी अभूत्। नृत्तावसाने सर्वैः संस्तुता सा तस्याः परिषदः परितोषिकं जग्राह ॥

मनोहरः स्वस्रासह स्वगृहामिमुखः प्रतस्थे तैलप्रवहणे। वक्रं पन्थानमतिक्रामतस्तस्य
पश्चादागच्छतः तैलप्रवहणस्य संघट्टनेन वेतसि दुःसहावेदना समुपजाता। सहसैवाऽऽसनाद्व-
रुद्ध अपश्यत्तामेव नटिकां मोहमुपगताम्। निर्मला भूमौ पतितं नटिकायाः घनकोशं गृहीत्वा,
तां प्रवहणे आरोप्य वैद्यशालां जगाम आत्रा सह ॥ भिषजः सखी सा मुहूर्तमप्यग्रमत्ता नटिकायाः
पुनरुज्जीवनैषिणी तामुपलब्धचेतनामकरोत्। पुनः पुरः सन्निहितौ तावैव विलोकयन्ती हेमलता
पूर्वविलोकनमन्युना संधुक्षितहृदया भूयोऽपि मोहमुपाजगाम। तां भिषजो हस्ते समर्प्य,
मनोहरः पुनरागमनकाक्षिणीं स्वसारं नीत्वा गोहे विखुज्य नटिकायाः हेमलतायाः पितरमुपगम्य
न्यवेदय-तस्याः अवस्थाम्। सहसैवोत्थितः स पिता तमनुससार वैद्यशालाम्, प्रबुद्धायां च
हेमलतायां पितुर्वर्शनोद्दीपितशोका मनोहरमभिधीक्ष्य सञ्ज्ञातरोषा तं द्रष्टुमपि न शशाक। ततः

पित्रा प्रबोदिता आत्मनः कृतज्ञातामावेदयत्तस्मै। मनोहरः शेषशायिनं प्रणम्य गृहोन्मुखोऽभवत्।
जगाम च उद्योगवशादन्धं देशम् ॥

मनोहरस्य मातृप्वसेयी दिने दिने अतिमधुरया गिरा हेमलतां तोषयितुकामा आगम्य
लेखमुखेन तस्याः कुशलवार्तामन्विष्यतः स्वभ्रातुरुदन्तं निवेदयति स्म। आत्मनः सौशील्यमुत्सृज्य
अस्यया हृतज्ञतामपि न दातुं शशाक हेमलता। आत्मनोऽवस्थां प्रेक्ष्य निर्घृणहृदयस्य मनोहरस्य
प्रवृत्तिमेव स्मारं स्मारं स्वयं कृद्धयति स्म। किं बहुना। दृढनिश्चयाऽभूत्सा स्वप्राणान् दातुम्।
एवं स्थिते एकस्मिन्नहनि मनोहरादागतं लेखं पठन्त्यां भिषक् सहायिन्यां हेमलतायै कोऽपि
सेवकः द्रुतमागत्य ताममुक्तं स्थानं सहसैवागन्तव्यमित्युक्त्वा प्रतिनिवृत्तः। प्रतिष्ठमाना सा तं
लेखं तत्रैव निधाय पुनरागच्छामीत्युक्त्वा गता। तत्क्षणमेव तत्पत्रं हेमलता पपाठ, पठित्वा
भृशं निशब्दाः पत्रे ‘मम प्रियसोदी’ति लिखितं दृष्ट्वा। निर्मला पुनरागत्य तं लेखं गृहीत्वा,
हेमलतायाः विकसितवदनं वीक्ष्य लब्धानन्दा जगाम स्वगेहम्।

मनोहरः स्वसुः सकाशात् दिने दिने स्वास्थ्यमुपगच्छन्तीं हेमलतां विदित्वा निवेदया-
मासाऽऽत्मनः पुनरागमनं हेमलतायाः पित्रे। तस्मिन्नवसरे तां परिणेष्यामीति च तस्मिन्पत्रे
लिखितवान्। शेषशायी अनिर्वचनीयेनाऽऽत्मानन्देन भरितः न किमपि कर्तुं पारयागास मुहूर्तम्।
ततः वैद्यशालां गत्वा हेमलतायै अदर्शयन्मनोहरस्य लेखम्। प्रकाशं विशदीभूतान्तरात्माऽपि
सा रोदितुमारभत आत्मनः पङ्क्तां वीक्ष्य चिन्तयामास च, “यदि स मां पङ्क्तुं जानीयात्, तर्हि न
मां उद्बध्यति” इति। निर्मला तामुपसृत्य “इतस्तुनीये दिवसे मनोहरः निवर्तिष्यते” इत्य-
वोचत्। अभयनन्दश्च ताम्। मनोहराज्जुगोप च स्नेहविवशा सा तस्याः पङ्क्तताम् ॥

मनोहरः प्रत्यागत्य ज्ञात्वाऽपि तां पङ्क्तं स्वप्रतिज्ञामनुपालयन् महतामोदेन तां पाणौ
जग्राह ॥

तौ दम्पती सर्वान् वयोवृद्धान् प्रणमन्तुः। मनोहरस्य पितृप्वसा तां हेमलतां चिरं निर्वर्ण्य,
आत्मनः सुतायाः अतिवास्ये गृहीतां प्रतिकृतिमानीय, हेमलतां प्रतिकृतिमपि मुहुर्मुहुर्निरीक्ष्य
आत्मीयां तनयां ज्ञातवती। शेषशायी निवेदयाञ्चके हेमलताधिगमवृत्तान्तम् ॥

जननसमय एव निम्नितो विवाहः दैवयोगाद्य फलमदर्शयत्। दम्पत्योराशिषः प्राचर्षन्
समन्तात् ॥

A. R. PANDURANGA RAO,
II P. G. Sanskrit.

कंकाल: एक अध्ययन

‘प्रसाद’जी कवि, नाटककार तथा कहानीकार ही नहीं, उपन्यासकार भी थे। उन्होंने साहित्य के किसी भी अंग को भूलता नहीं छोड़ा। बहुत समय तक प्रसादजी अपने नाटकों में या तो गत वैभव के सुनहरे चित्र चित्रित करते रहे या साहित्य देवता को काव्य-कुसुमों की मन-मोहिनी मात्माएँ समर्पित करते रहे। उनका कवि हृदय इस युग की उपेक्षा कर किसी स्वर्णिम संसार की सृष्टि करता रहा। फिर उनका ध्यान अपने सामने विरवरे संसार की ओर आकर्षित हुआ। वे इस कुरूप वर्तमान को न भूल सके, फल स्वरूप उन्होंने “कंकाल” और “तितली” में उसके नग्न सत्य का और भयंकर कुरूपता का चित्र खींचा। समाज के मिथ्या आडंबरों और व्यर्थ के ढकोसलों को देख, प्रसादजी मौन न रह सके। उन्होंने आज के समाज की जो अवस्था देखी, डूबडूब चित्र खींच डाला उस में जरा भी उलट फेर नहीं किया। यही उनका यथार्थवाद है। उनका यथार्थवाद सभ्यता की सीमा को उलंघन नहीं कर गया। कथानक—‘प्रसाद’जी ने कई नाटक तथा तीन उपन्यास लिखे हैं। वे हैं—‘कंकाल तितली’ और ‘इरावती’। इनका अंतिम उपन्यास ‘इरावती’ पूर्ण न हो सका। ये घटनाप्रधान उपन्यास हैं। ‘कंकाल’ उनका प्रथम उपन्यास है। इस में देव निरंजन तथा किशोरी की कथा है। ये दोनों कथाएँ एक दूसरे से मिला दी गई हैं। इनके भीतर तीन उपकथाएँ घंटी और विजय की, बाधम और लातीका की। तथा गाला और गूजर की है जो क्रमशः मुख्य कथाओं से मिला दी गई है। पात्र—देव निरंजन हमारे सामने एक युवक तपस्वी के रूप में आता है। किशोरी की सुंदरता पर मुग्ध हो, वह अपनी राह से फिसल जाता है। किशोरी भी संतान की लालसा से वह पंथ ग्रहण करती है, जिसे समाज पतन कहता है। मंगल देव समाज हिन करना चाहता है पर समाज उसमें बाधा उपस्थित करता है। श्रीचंद्र जैसे कई व्यवसायी हमारे समाज में मिलेंगे, जिनका एक माभ उद्देश्य धन एकत्रित करना है।

याथम हसाई है। जिनका ध्येय ईसाई धर्म का प्रचार करना है। ‘कंकाल’ के सभी पात्र वास्तविक जगत् के स्त्री पुरुष हैं।

‘घंटी’ बाल विधवा है। यह जानने के पहले ही कि पति क्या चीज है, वह विधवा हो जाती है। यदि एक बार उसको गृहिणी बनने का शुभ अवसर दिये जा सके तो वह मतवाली ब्रजवाला कैसी सुंदर गृहस्थी का विस्तार करती “विजय” घंटी की ओर आकर्षित होता है पर समाज प्रेमियों को मिलने नहीं देता। ‘प्रसाद’जी का ‘कंकाल’ हमारे हिन्दू समाज का यथार्थ चित्र है। स्त्रियों के प्रति व्यवहार, मंदिरों और मठों को अवस्था पूजा-पाठ का ढोंग इन सब बातों को लेकर ही इस उपन्यास की रचना की गई है।

अंत में ‘प्रसाद’ जी ने ‘भारतसंघ’ नाम की संस्था द्वारा समाज को पतन से रोकने का उपाय बतलाया है। इनके पात्रों में प्रेमचंदजी के पात्रों की अपेक्षा स्वाभाविकता कम तथा कार्पनिकता अधिक है।

संवाद—‘प्रसाद’जी के ऐतिहासिक नाटकों की भाषा क्लिष्ट है। परंतु उपन्यासों में भाषा की क्लिष्टता जाती रही। उनके पात्रों की भाषा ओजपूर्ण स्वाभाविक और सरल है।

एक बात अवश्य खटकती है कि ‘कंकाल’ में विशेषतः ‘प्रसाद’जी के सब पात्र दार्शनिक हैं। यदि इस भाग को छोड़ दिया जाय तो संवाद साधारण जनता के अधिक अनुकूल हो जाय। कर्मभूमि, रंगभूमि वगैरे विशालकाय उपन्यासों में ऐसा लगता है कि कुछ अंश व्यर्थ ही कलेवर वृद्धि के लिये लिखा गया है। ‘प्रसाद’जी में यह बात नहीं। वे उतना ही कहते हैं, जितना कहना चाहिये। कथानक का उत्थान, विकास तथा समाप्ति सभी बहुत ही क्रमिक तथा कलात्मक है। ‘कंकाल’ में कहीं कहीं कृष्ण शरणजी के द्वारा धर्मविषयक लम्बे लम्बे उपदेशों के कारण कहानी की गाँत में शिथिलता आ गई है। परंतु ऐसे स्थल कम हैं।

‘प्रसाद’जी कवि थे, उनका कवि हृदय यहाँ भी प्रकृति का मोहन छोड़ सका। यही कारण है कि जगह पर प्राकृतिक दृश्यों के मनमोहन चित्र मिलते हैं। जरा देखिये :—

निस्तब्धता, रजनी के मधुर कोड में जाग रही थी। निरीध के नक्षत्र गंगा के मुकुर में अपना प्रतिबिम्ब देख रहे थे। शीत पवन का झोंका सबको आलिंगन करता हुआ विरक्त के समान भाग रहा था।

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रजनी के बालों से विरवरे हुए मोती बटोरने के लिये प्राची के आंगन में ऊषा आई। प्रभात की फीकी चांदनी में बचे हुए एक दो नक्षत्र आने को दक्षिण पवन के झोंकों में विलीन कर देना चाहते थे। कुंद के फूल थाले के श्यामल अंचल पर कसीदा बनाने लगे थे। गंगा के मुक्त वक्षस्थल पर से घूमती हुई, मंदिरों के खुलने की, घंटों की प्रति ध्वनि प्रभात की शांत निस्तब्धता में एक संगीत की झंकार उत्पन्न कर रही थी। विचारधारा :—

अधिकांश ‘प्रसाद’जी के सिद्धांत तथा विचार गोस्वामीजी के द्वारा व्यक्त होते हैं। राजनीति में वे भगवान कृष्ण की व्यवस्था के अनुगामी हैं। ‘प्रसाद’जी भारतीय संस्कृति के उपासक थे। और उसी संस्कृति को फिर से लाना चाहते थे। वे प्राचीन विवाह प्रथा को समाज के लिये हिन कर समझने हैं। विवाह के लिये दो हृदयों का आदान प्रदान ही पर्याप्त है। उसके लिये वेदी पर बैठ कर मंत्रोच्चारण करने की कोई आवश्यकता नहीं। प्राचीन भारतीय संस्कृति की रक्षा, वैवाहिक जीवन का सुधार तथा नारीजाती का उद्धार उनका मुख्य ध्येय है। उपसंहार :—

उनके दोनों उपन्यास नारी जाति की मूक पूकार हैं। आज हिन्दू नारियों की जो दुर्दशा हो रही है, उनका यथार्थ चित्र ‘तितली’ और ‘कंकाल’ में हैं। उन्होंने समाज का ध्वज नारियों की दुखद परिस्थितियों की ओर आकर्षित करने की भरसक चेष्टा की है। कहना होगा उनके दोनों उपन्यास हिन्दी साहित्य के दो अमूल्य रत्न हैं।

— समाप्त —

JESTMALL, D. JAIN,
B. A. III Economics.

நினக்குரிய செயலோ சொல்?

1. எத்தனையோ நின்பெருமை இருபதாம் நூற்றாண்டே!
அத்தனையும் அழிந்தோழிய அணுவேடியைப் படைத்துவிட்டாய்!
இத்தனைநாள் இயற்கையன்னை இனிதுழைத்துப் பெற்றசெல்வம்
அத்தனையும் அழித்துவிடல் அழகாமோ அறிவியலே!
2. அறிவியலும் அன்பியலும் அனைவருக்கும் வாழ்வளிக்கும்
நெறிவகுக்கும் எனநினைத்து நிலமகளோ மகிழ்ந்திருந்தாள்.
நெறியழிய வெறிமலிய நிலைமகளோ நிலைகுலைந்து
வறுமையுறப் பெருமையற வதைத்துவிட்டாய் அறிவியலே!
3. அறிவியலே! நின்மகலாம் அணுவியலால் வாழ்வியலே
ஆக்கமுறும்; அறிகிலையோ? அணுவேடியால் அழிதொழில் நீ
நெறிமயங்கிச் செயத்துணிந்தால் நிலவுலகே அழிவுறுமே!
நிலவுலகை அழித்தொழித்தல் நினக்குரிய செயலோசொல்?
அறிவுமலை வள்ளுவரும் அருட்கடலாம் காந்தியரும்
அனைத்துலகம் செழித்தோங்க வகுத்தநெறி நீ நிற்பின்
அறவியலே நிலைத்தோங்கும்; ஆன்றோர்கள் நினைப்புகழ்வர்:
ஆகையினால், அறநெறி நீ கடைப்பிடிப்பாய் வாழ்த்துகின்றேன்.
4. அழிவுவினை ஆற்றவல்ல அலைகடல்தன் வரைநின்றே
ஆக்குதொழில் செய்துதவல் அறிகிலையோ அறிவியலே!
ஒழிவின்றி உலகையெலாம் ஒருநொடியில் ஒழிக்கவல்ல
ஒளிக்கற்றைக் கதிரவனும் வளிச்செல்வ வல்லவனும்
இழிவுதரும் பழித்தொழிலை இதுவரையில் இழைத்திலரே!
இவ்வியல்பை அறிந்திருந்தும் எவனோ நீ இடர்செய்தல்?
விழியிருந்தும் வழியறியாத் தன்னலப்பேய் விலங்கொழித்து
விளங்குபுகழ் பெறும்வகையில் விரைந்துழைப்பாய் வாழ்த்துகின்றேன்

குறிப்பு :—ஒளிக்கற்றைக் கதிரவன்—சூரியன். வளிச்செல்வவல்லவன்—காற்று.
எவனோ—ஏனோ.

G. பெருமாள், M.A.,
துணைத்தமிழ்ப் பேராசிரியர்.

கண்ணும் பெண்ணும்

கண்களின் கருமணிகளுக்குள் காண்பவை பாவைகள். இப்பாவைகளை வெளிச் செல்லுமாறு ஆணையிடுகிறான் ஒருவன். அவைகள் போய்விட்டன என்றால் கண்கள் போய் விட்டன என்பதுதானே பொருள்? பாவம், இது கூடத் தெரியவில்லை அவனுக்கு. அங்கு வேறு யாரையோ குடியேற்ற விரும்புகிறான் அவன். யாரை என்கிறீர்களா?.....



அந்தி மயங்கும் நேரத்திலே, அருமையான ஒரு சோலையிலே, அவன் ஓர் அழகிய கட்டிளங் குமரியைக் கண்டு விட்டான். அவ்வாணங்கும் அவ்வாணங்களை நோக்கி நின்றான். இருவர் கண்களும் சந்தித்தன. உள்ளங்கள் இடம் மாறிப்புகுந்தன. பின்னர்க் கேட்கவேண்டுமா? காளை கன்னியின் கண் வீச்சுக்கு அடிமையாகிவிட்டான். அந்த மங்கை நல்லாளைக் குடியேற்றவே இடம் தேடினான். இடநெருக்கடி ஏற்பட்டுள்ள காலத்தில் அவனுக்கு எப்படி இடம் கிடைக்கும்? சுற்றி அலைந்தான். இடம் கிடைத்தால்தானே! பாவம் சோர்ந்து விட்டான். இறுதியாக ஒரு முடிவுக்கு வந்தான். அந்த முடிவின் பயன்தான் அவனுடைய கண்களுக்குப் பெரும் தீங்காய் முடிந்தது. காதலியை அவனுடைய கண்களிலேயே கொண்டு வந்து வைத்துக் கொள்ள வேண்டுமாம்! அப்படி இருக்கிறது அவனுடைய ஆசை! எனவேதான் கண்களின் கருமணிகளில் இருக்கும் பாவைகளை வெளியே போகச் சொல்லி விட்டு, அந்த இடத்தில் காதலியைக் குடியேற்றக் கருதினான். குருடனாகி விடுவோமே என்பதையும் மறந்து விட்டான். அவ்வளவு காதல் வேகம் அவனுக்கு!

கண்கள் ஒருவன் பெற்றிருக்கும் உறுப்புக்கள் எல்லாவற்றினும் மிக இன்றியமையாதன. அதனாலன்றோ தாய் தன் குழைந்தையை அருமையாகக் 'கண்ணே' என்று அழைக்கிறாள். காதலன் தன் காதலியைக் 'கண்ணே' என்று அழைக்கிறான். ஆனால், அக்காதலன் தன் காதலியைக் கண்ணிற்கு மேலாக, கண்ணிற்கு அணிகலமாக வன்றோ கருதி விடுகிறான். இவ்வாறு கருதியதோடு நிற்கவில்லையே அவன். கண்களின் கருமணிகளுக்கு உயிர்நாடி எனப்படும் பாவைகளை வெளியேற்றிவிட்டு அந்த உன்னதமான இடத்தில் அந்தக் குவளைமலர்க்கண்ணானைக் கொண்டுவந்து வைத்துக் கொள்ள விரும்புகிறானே! வேறு எந்தக் காதலனாவது அத்தகைய ஓர் அரிய இடத்தைக் காதலிக்கு அளிக்க முன்வந்தது உண்டா? என்னே வியப்பு! காதலியை நாவினில் வைத்து மகிழும் நான்முகனைப்பற்றிக் கேள்விப்பட்டிருக்கிறோம்! காதலியை மார்பினில் வைத்து இன்புறும் திருமலைப் பற்றிக் கூறக் கேட்டிருக்கிறோம்! தன் உடலிலேயே ஒரு பாகியதைத் தன் காதலிக்குத் தந்து 'பெண்ணொரு கூறாக' அமைந்த முக்கண்ணனைப் பற்றியும் படித்திருக்கிறோம்! ஆனால், காதலியைக் கண்களிலே குடியேற்றி மகிழ விரும்பும் காதலனைப்பற்றி இப்பொழுதுதான் அறிகிறோம். இது மிக்க வியப்பைத் தரத் தக்க செய்தி மட்டுமன்று; அவனுடைய அறிவைப்பற்றி ஐயப்படக்கூடிய அளவுக்கு நம்மை அழைத்துச் செல்லும் செய்கியாகவும் உள்ளது.

காதலிக்காகத் தன் கண்களையும் இழக்கத் துணிந்து, அம் முடிவுக்கு வரக் அக் காதலனை ஆளாக்கிய அவனது உள்ளக்கிடக்கைதான் என்ன? காதலியைத் தன் கண்களை விட மேலானவளாக மதிக்கிறான். அவளது பிரிவை அவனால் ஆற்ற முடியாது என எண்ணுகிறான். அவளை ஒரு கணம் காண விட்டாலும் அவன் உயிர் உடலில் நிலைத்து என்பதை உணர்கிறான். கண்ணின் கருமணியைக் கண்ணிமைகள் காப்பது போல்

அவளைப் பாதுகாப்பது அவனது கடமை என்பதை உணர்கிறான். அவளைத் தன் னுடனேயே வைத்துக் கொள்ள வேண்டுமெனத் துணிந்து அவளுக்குரிய இடம் அவ னுடைய கண்களே என்னும் முடிவுக்கு வருகிறான். எனவேதான் கருமணியிற் காணும் பாவைகளை வெளியேறுமாறு பணிவோடு கட்டளையிடுகிறான்.

மேலே தீட்டப்பட்டக் கருத்துக்களை யெல்லாம் ஒரு சேரத் திரட்டி இரண்டே வரிகள் கொண்ட ஒரே குறட்பாவில் காதலன் கூறுவதாகச் சித்தரித்துள்ளார் வையகம் போற்றும் வள்ளுவனார். அச் சொல்லோவியம் இதோ!

“கருமணியிற் பாவாய் நீபோதாய் யாம்வீழும்
திருதுதற்கு இல்லை இடம்”

எத்துணை இன்பம் பயப்பதாக அமைந்துள்ளது இக்குறள்! எண்ணக் குவியல்! வண்ணச்சித்திரம்! கற்பனைக் களஞ்சியம்! காதற்கருவூலம்! காவியத்தின் ஒவியம்! என்றெல்லாம் கூறத் தோன்றுகிறதல்லவா? இக்குறளின் நயத்தை ஆராய ஆராய உண்டாகும் இன்பம் மணற் கேணியைத் தோண்டத் தோண்டச் சூரக்கும் நீரைப் போன்றல்லவா அதிகரிக்கிறது. அத்துணை நயமிக்க கருத்துக்களை எத்துணைச் சுவை கொழிக்க அமைந்துள்ளார்.

இனி, கண்களிலுள்ள பாவைகளை வெளிச் செல்லுமாறு செய்வதோ, அங்குத் தன் காதலியைக் குடியேற்றி மகிழ்வதோ இயற்கைக்கு முரணான, கருத்துக் கொவ்வாத செயல்களாம். இருப்பினும், உண்மைக்காதலின் உயர்ந்த எல்லையைப் படம் பிடித்துக் காட்டுவதற்கே வள்ளுவர் அவ்வாறு தீட்டியுள்ளார். இவ்வுண்மை அவரது கருத்துக்களை ஆழ்ந்து நோக்குவார்க்கு தெள்ளிதின் புலனும்.

அப் பூங்கொடியாள்மேல் அவன் கொண்டுள்ள காதல்தான் எத்துணைச் சிறப்புடையது. அவன் காதலுக்காக அவன் தன்னையே அவளிடம் ஒப்படைத்து விடுகிறானே! பகைவருங் கண்டு நடுங்கும்படியான அவனது தோள் வலிமை அவன் கண்ணம்பு பட்டு கலங்குகிறதே! அவனது ஐம்புலன்களும் அந்த மங்கைநல்லாள் வயமாகி விடுகின்றனவே! அவன் காரணமாக வளர்ந்த நோய்க்கு அவளையன்றி வேறு மருந்து ஏது? அம் மதிமுகத்தாளுக்கும் அவனுக்கும் உள்ள தொடர்புதான் என்ன சொற்களால் சித்தரித்துக் காட்டக் கூடியதா? அவர்களின் நட்பு உயிருக்கும் உடலுக்கும் உள்ள தொடர்பையன்றே ஒத்துள்ளது! மலர் போன்ற கண்களை உடைய அவள் அவனைக் கூடும் போது, அவனது உயிருக்கு வாழ்வு போன்றவளாகிறாள். பிரிந்த விடத்து உயிருக்குச் சாவு போன்றவளாகிறாள். இத்தன்மை உடைய அம்மெல்லியலை அவன் பிரிதல் எவ்வாறு? அவன் தன்னைப் பிரிந்திருக்கும் பொழுது பிரிந்தமைக்காக அஞ்சுகிறான்; சேர்ந்திருக்கும் பொழுதோ பிரிய நேரிடுமே என்று அஞ்சுகிறான். இவ்வாறு அவன் எப்பொழுதும் அஞ்சிய நெஞ்சினனாக, அல்லற் படுபவனாக, ஆற்றா மனத்தினனாக இருக்க வேண்டியவனாகிறான். பிரிவு இருக்கும் வரை பிரிவச்சமும் இருக்கும் என்பதை உணர்கிறான். இத்தன்மையதாகிய தொடர்பை உடைய அவன் காதலியைப் பிரிய நேர்ந்தவிடத்து உயிர் வாழ்தல் எவ்வாறு? எனவேதான் அத்தளிர்மேனியானே அவன் பிரிய முடியாத ஒரு பிணைப்பை உண்டாக்க முற்படுகிறான். அத்தொடர்பை உண்டாக்கக் காதலின் சிகரத்தை அடைந்து விடுகிறான். காதலின் கடலைக் கடந்து விடுகிறான். உலகில் காணும் பொருளெல்லாம் அவ்வழி கியின் தோற்றமாகவே திகழக் காண்கிறான். பிற பொருள்களைக் கண்டு அறியும் சக்தியை இழந்து விடுகிறான். அவளே அவனாய், அவளே அவளாய் வேறுபாடு இன்றி ஒன்றாகி விடக்கூடிய ஒப்பற்ற நிலைக்குச் சென்று விடுகிறான். காண்பனவெல்லாம் அவன் உருவமாகவே இருத்தலினால் கண்ணின், கருமணியினுள் இருக்கும் பாவை

யினால் பயன் என்ன? அக்காதலியின் உருவத்தைப் பிரதிபலிக்கும் கண்ணின் பாவையைவிடத் தான் காதலிக்கும் பாவையே அவனது கண்களில் இருத்தல் சிறப்பன் றே? எனவேதான் கண்களின் கருமணிகளுக்குள் காணும் பாவைகளை வெளிச் செல்லுமாறு ஆணையிடுகிறான்.

கு. பழநியப்பா, III B.A. (Hons.)

மறைந்தாயோ மறைத்தமிழே

மறை மலையே!

‘சுவாமி வேதாசல மாக’ இருந்த தாங்கள் ‘மறைமலையடிகளாக’ மாறின அன்றே நாங்கள் மகிழ்ந்தோம். இளங்கோ வடிகளுக்குப் பிறகு எத்தனையோ ‘அடிகள்’ தோன்றினும், அவர்கள் ஆண்டவனது அருளைப் பாடுவதிலேயே ஆர்வங்காட்டினார்களேயன்றி, அவனியிலுள்ளோரைப்பற்றி எண்ணியும் பார்க்கவில்லையே என்று நாங்கள் எண்ணிக் கொண்டிருந்த நேரத்தில், ஆராய்ச்சியறிவோடு ஒரு அடிகள் தோன்றினார் என்பது கேட்டு மகிழ்ந்தோம். நாகையிலே பிறந்து, சைவத்தை ஆராய்ந்து, தமிழ்மைப் போற்றிய தாங்கள் கிறித்தவக் கல்லூரியிலே ஆசிரியராக இருந்தது கண்டு ஆச்சரியப்பட்டோம். ‘எனது ஆர்வம் வகுப்பறையிலே அடங்குவதாக இல்லை’ என்று அறிவித்துத் தமிழ் நாட்டிலே தமிழ்ப்பணி செய்ய முற்பட்டபோது, தங்களைக் கார்காலத்து மேக மெனக் கருதிக் கைகூப்பி வரவேற்றோம். பிறகு, ஒருவரோடும் சேராது தனியாக இருந்தே பணியாற்றப் போகிறீர்கள் என்பதறிந்து ஓரளவுக்கு வருத்தப்பட்டோம். இவ்வாறு தங்களது உருவம் எங்களுக்குப் பற்பல நேரத்தில், பற்பல உணர்ச்சிகளைத் தந்தாலும், தாங்கள் தமிழன்னைக்குச் சூட்டிய மலர்கள் ஆராய்ச்சி மலர்களாக இருப்பது கண்டு ஆனந்தப்பட்டோம். ‘முல்லைப்பாட்டு ஆராய்ச்சியுரை’யும், ‘பட்டினப்பாலை ஆராய்ச்சியுரை’யும், முல்லையும், பாலையும் இருக்கும் வரை இருக்குமென இலக்கிய அறிஞர்கள் பாராட்டக் கேட்டோம். ‘தொலைவிணர்தல்’, ‘பொருந்தும் உணவும் பொருந்தா உணவும்’ போன்ற வாழ்க்கை நூல்கள், வாழ்வை வளம்படுத்தக் கூடியவை என்று மேனாட்டு வாழ்க்கைநூலறிஞர்களும் போற்றக் கண்டோம். ‘சிவஞான போத ஆராய்ச்சி’, ‘சைவசித்தாந்த ஞான போதம்’, ‘தமிழ்மதம்’ ஆகிய மத ஆராய்ச்சி நூல்கள் மட்டற்ற சிறப்பு வாய்ந்தவை என்று, ஆராய்ச்சியாளர்கள் புகழ்ப் பார்த்தோம். ‘மாணிக்கவாசர் காலம்’ ஆராய்ச்சிக்கே ஒரு வழிகாட்டி என்று வரலாற்று அறிஞர்கள் வாழ்த்தக் கேட்டோம். ‘குழுதவல்லி’, ‘நாகநாட்டரசி’, ‘கோகிலாம்பாள் கடிதங்கள்’, போன்றவைகள் தமிழிலக நவீனங்களுக்கே நல்ல வழிகாட்டிகளாக இருக்கக் கண்டோம். ‘நாறாண்டு வாழ்வது எப்படி’ என்ற நூலெழுதிய தாங்கள் நிச்சயமாக நாறாண்டு வாழ்வீர்கள் என்று நாங்கள் நம்பிக் கொண்டிருந்த நேரத்தில், ‘எங்கள் மொழிக்குப் பங்கம் வரின் பச்சை இரத்தம் பரிமாறிடுவோம்’ என்று நீங்கள் முழக்கமிட்டக்கால், ‘இவர் இளங்காளையே’ என்று எண்ணி நாங்கள் வீறு கொண்டொழிந்த நேரத்தில், மறைந்து விட்டீர்கள். மறைமலையடிகளே! ஏன் மறைந்தீர்கள்? ஏன் எங்களை நட்டாற்றில் விட்டு விட்டுப் போனீர்கள்! போர்க்களம் உச்ச நிலையிலே இருக்கையில் தன் குதிரையை நம்பி களத்திலிறங்கிய வீரனைக் குதிரை திடீரென்று கீழே தள்ளிவிட்டு ஓடுவதைப் போல, தமிழ் நாடு புரட்சி வாயிலிலே நிற்கும் நேரத்தில், எங்களைத் தட்டி யெழுப்பிவிட்டுத் திடீரென்று எங்கு மறைந்தீர்கள்?

అధికణే! నీங்கள் బేబులకు కుదరా! వந்து எங்களுக்கு வழிகாட்டுங்கள்; ఇன்றేల్ నాங்கள் விடமாட்டేదாம். உணர் வற்றுக்கிடந்த எங்களுக்கு ஏன் உணர் ஓட்டினீர்கள்? உணர்ச்சி பெற்ற நேரத்திலே ஏன் எங்களை உதறிவிட்டுப் போனீர்கள்? திரும்பி வாருங்கள்! ஸ்ரீ தன்மாவத் தமிழகத்தை நியமி விட்டுத்தான் தாங்கள் போக வேண்டும்.

தமிழகமே!

அறிஞன் எவனையுமே போற்றமறவாத தமிழகமே! புரட்சியையே கண்டிராத தமிழகமே! போ! நீ போய் அவரை அழைத்து வா! எத்தனையோ கவிஞர்கள் எதை எதையோ தூது விட்டிருக்கிறார்கள்! நான் உன்னைத் தூது விடுகிறேன்; நீ போய் அவரை அழைத்துவா. அவரை அழைத்துவா முடியாவிட்டாலும் அவருடைய அறிவுத்திறத்தையாவது அழைத்து வா. இன்று வாழ்ந்த மறைமலை மறைந்து விட்டது. ஆனால் மறையாத மலையாக அவரது தூல்கள் இருக்கின்றன; மேலும் அவர் வாங்கிச் சேர்த்த தூல்களையெல்லாம் அழகாக அடுக்கி வைத்திருக்கிறார். அவற்றை வாங்கி வா. அவற்றை அடிப்படையாகக் கொண்டு உனக்கு ஒரு மாபெரும் தூல் நிலையம் தேடிக்கொள். தமிழகமே! உனக்கென்று ஒரு சிறந்த தூல் நிலையமேது! போய் இனியாவது அதைச் செய்.

மரணமே!

அறிஞர்கள் அத்தனை பேரையும் உண்டும், இரத்த வெறி கொண்டலையும் மரணமே! இருபதாம் நூற்றாண்டிலே, பல மாணிக்கங்களை வாரி விழுங்கிய மரணமே! எங்கள் அடிகள் ஆராய்ச்சியறிவோடு விளங்கினார் என்பதற்காகவோ, அவரை எழுபத்தந்தாவது வயதிலேயே விழுங்கிவிட்டாய்! ஏன் விழுங்கினாய்? அந்த ‘மறையாத மலை’ யைக் கொண்டு மாட மாளிகைகளும், மணி மகுடங்களும் கட்டலாம் என்று நாங்கள் மகிழ்ந்திருந்த வேளையிலே, ‘இமயமும் பொதியமும்’ இந்த எங்கள் மலைக்கு ஈடாகுமா?’ என்று நாங்கள் தலைநிமிர்ந்து கேட்கும் வேளையிலே, எங்கள் மலையை நீ விழுங்கிவிட்டாய். 1950ம் ஆண்டு செப்டம்பர் 14ம் தேதி, பல்லவ புரத்தில் மலை இருந்த இடத்திலே, 15ம் தேதி மடுவை ஏற்படுத்திவிட்டாய். ஏன் எங்கள் மலையை விழுங்கினாய்? எங்கள் மலையை விழுங்கியதற்காக உன்னை அழித்தே விடுவேன்! ஆனால், நீ செய்யவேண்டிய வேலை இன்னும் சற்று இருக்கிறது. மரணமே! வா! பயப்படாதே! வந்து எங்கள் தமிழ் நாட்டின் மூடப்பழக்க வழக்கங்களுக்கு முடிவுதா! எங்கள் நாட்டின் அறியாமையை விழுங்கிவிடு!.....

ந. கிருஷ்ணசாமி. IV B.A., (Hons.)

అ పో హ

రచన:- టి. ఆర్. మోహన్ బాబు

కళాశాలలో చేరిన సంవత్సరానికంత మధుమూరికి, తనసహాధ్యయన రూపలేఖ పరిచయం కలిగింది. రూపలేఖ నిజంగా పేరుకుతగ్గట్టు అసమాన్య సౌందర్యవతినే చెప్పాలి. అంతేకాదు, విశాల హృదయంగల యువతి. కళాశాలలోని విద్యార్థులంతా ఆమె సౌందర్యానికి, లావణ్యతకు, చురుకుతనానికి, విశేషాశక్తికి తబ్బిబ్బులై ఆమెనేలాగన్నా పరిచయం చేసుకోవాలని తహతహలాడేవారు. ఆమె తమతో ఒక్క మాటంటే ఆహంతం యెగిరిపోయి, యే ఇంద్రలోకంలోనో విహరించేలా భావించేవారు. కాని యెవరికొని ఆమె పరిచయభాగ్యం కలగలేదు. మధుమూరి మాత్రం ఆమె పరిచయానికిని తంటాలు పడకపోయినా, అప్రయత్నంగానే ఆమె పరిచయమవటం తట నిందింది.

ఆమె ఉదయం రూపలేఖ, క్లాసుకు పోవడానికి వేళమించిందని భయపడుతూ కళాశాల ఆవరణంచేరి త్వరత్వరగా అడుగులేస్తూ ఒక్కమలుపు తిరిగేటప్పటికీ, మధుమూరి వెపునుండి శరవేగంతో వచ్చి రూపలేఖను డిస్టాన్సుడు. ఇద్దరు అలా ఒకరినొకరు డిస్టాన్సుతంలో చెకోవెపు పడిపోయారు. కాని యెవరికొని డెబ్బు తగలేదు. మధుమూరి రూపలేఖ వెపు మానూ లేచి పళ్ళుచులుపుకొని, క్రిందపడ్డ పుస్తకాల నెటుకొని నిలబడ్డాడు. రూపలేఖ మధుమూరిని మింగేనేలామానూ, లేచి చీరసర్దుకొంది. తరవాత ఆమెపడ్డ దెవర్నా చూసారేమో అని నలువెపులా చూచి అక్కడెవరూలేరని తెలుసుకొని, మళ్ళీమధును ఉరిమిచూచింది. పాపం మధు కిక్కిరుచుకుంటే, చిందరవందరగా పడియున్న ఆమె పుస్తకాలనెత్తి ఆమెకిచ్చి, క్రిందచూపులు చూస్తూ తన్ను తమించుచుంటూ అడుక్కున్నాడు.

నిజానికి, తప్ప యిద్దరిలో యెవరిది కానప్పటికీ, తప్పంతా మధుమూరిదే అని రూపలేఖ అతన్ని నోటికి వచ్చినట్టెలా తిట్టింది. గర్వంతలకెక్కి తన్నలా ఆవమాన పరిచాడని అబచింది.

ఆమె నవమాన పరచాలన్న ఉద్దేశం తనకంతమాత్రం లేదని చెప్పాలనుకున్నాడుగాని, పైకి చెప్పలేక బిత్తరబోయిచూడ నారంభించాడుమధు. అలాంటప్పుడు ఆ చోటును చప్పున విడచి తిన్నగా క్లాసులోకి పోయివుంటే బాగుండిపోయేదిగాని, అతనికటుపోవడానికి కాళ్ళాడలేదు.

రెండుమూడు నిమిషాలు నిశ్శబ్దంగా గడిచింది. ఇంక లాభంలేదని, మధు అంతవరకు క్రిందకు వంచుకున్న తలను ఉన్నటులుండి పైకెత్తి అలోవిధంగా రూపలేఖ కనులోకిచూచి, మఱి అక్కడ నిలవక తిన్నగా క్లాసుకెగిరిపోయాడు. రూపలేఖ అతని చిత్రప్రవర్తనకు విస్తుపోయి యేంచేయడానికి తోచక, రెండు మూడు నిమిషాలపైలించిపోయి, తరువాత తనక్లాసు చేరుకుంది.

క్లాసులోకెగిరి తనచోట కూర్చున్న తరువాత మధువెపు చూడాలని ప్రయత్నించింది గాని అతన ముఖాన్ని తిన్నగా చూడలేకపోయింది. ఆలోచంతా అతని చిత్రప్రవర్తనను, అతనియెడ తాను వహించిన కారిత్యాన్ని తలచుకొంటూ ఉండిపోయింది. ఆసంఘటననుగూర్చి తలయను, తలయను, ఆమెనునను పరిపరి విధాలైన ఆలోచనలతో నిండిపోయింది. తుదకు మధుపై జాలికలిగి తన్నుతాను నిందించుకొని లోలోపల తనకారిత్యానికంతో పశ్చాత్తాపపడింది, అప్పుడే ఆమెకు మధు మంచితనం బోధపడ్డది. ఇంకెవడైనా అలా తిట్టుతీసుకొని ఒక్కమాటైనా అనకుండా నూనంపహించేవాడుకాడు.

ఆ లోజునుండి రూపలేఖకు మధుపై ఒక విధమైన పూజ్యభావమేర్పడ్డది. రానురాను అది ప్రేమగా మారింది. ఒక ప్రక్క నుర్రాళ్ళంతా రూపలేఖ స్నేహంతో దేనికన్నా తెగించిటానికి తయారుగా ఉన్నా, ఆమె వాళ్ళను త్రోసిపుచ్చి మధు పరిచయ భాగ్యంతోనం తపించిపోయింది. మధు ఆమె కెదురయ్యేటప్పుడంత అతనితో మనసిచ్చి మాట్లాడాలని యెంతో ప్రయత్నించేది. కాని మధు రెండుమూడు మాటలతో, ఆమెను తప్పించుకు తిరిగేవాడు.

కళాశాల వార్షికోత్సవాలు జరుపుటకన్ని యేర్పాటులు చేయపడ్డవి. కళాశాలకు చేరినట్లున్న బయలునందు అందరు సహావేషమయ్యారు. ఆ ఉత్సవాల్లో పాల్గొనడానికి ఆకళాశాల అధ్యాపకులు, విద్యార్థులు, విద్యార్థినులేకాక, ఇతరకళాశాలల విద్యార్థులు విద్యార్థినులూ వచ్చారు.

విద్యార్థులలో పలువురు పలువిషయాలపై ఉపన్యాసాలిచ్చారు. అందులో మధుకూడ పాల్గొన్నాడు. అతడొక రసవత్తరమైన ఉపన్యాసమిచ్చాడు.

అందు ఈమధ్యనీ స్త్రీల విద్యావిధానముగూర్చి ముచ్చటించుతూ, తల్లితండ్రులును పోషకులును స్త్రీలను ఉన్నతవిద్య సభ్యసంపాదకులనీ, ప్రభుత్వం యీ విషయంలో వాళ్ల కంటో తోడ్పడాలని నొక్కి-
చెప్పాడు.

పురుషులు స్త్రీలను పాలించేవిధానాన్ని ఖండించి చూపాడుతూ, స్త్రీలు పురుషులు కంటమాత్రం తీసి పోయినానుకొనవలసి, స్త్రీలు కేవలం ఆబలలుకొనవలసి, పురుషుల కంటవంటి హక్కులున్నాయో స్త్రీలకు అటువంటి హక్కులుండాలని, ఇకమీదట పురుషులు స్త్రీలను సమానులుగా చూడడం నేర్చుకోవాలని నాదించాడు. పూర్వపుణ్యం చేసుకొన్నందున పురుషుడుగాను, పాపం చేసుకున్నందువలన స్త్రీగాను జన్మించిన వారైతే, ప్రకారంచేయడంగాని; స్త్రీపాపంచేసి పుట్టడంవల్ల కష్టాలనుభవించడానికే పుట్టినదని, పురుషుడు పుట్టడంవల్ల ముఖించడానికే పుట్టినది యంచడం పొగపాటని చెప్పి వాళ్లకి నిరశిస్తూ, స్త్రీపాపం పురుషునిలా ముఖించడం సమానుని నొక్కిచెప్పాడు. శుద్ధ పురుషులు, స్త్రీలు కేవలం బానిసలని, తాముచేసేదంతా ముఖించడం చేసేపడుబిడ్డలనుకే నే యంత్రాలనితలవక వారిని సమానగౌరవంతో చూడడానికప్పుడు నేర్చుకొంటామో, అప్పుడే వాళ్లు దేశాభ్యుదయానికి తోడ్పడినవాళ్లేతామని, అప్పుడే భారతదేశం నిజంగా స్వతంత్ర భారత దేశమనిపించుకుంటుందని అందరిననుకులందు ప్రతిఫలించేలా చేసాడు.

మధు ఈపద్యసంపాదన కోరికలంత మెచ్చుకొన్నాడు. చాలమంది విద్యార్థులూ, విద్యార్థినిలూ అతనితో కనస్పర్శగావించుకొని అతన్నంతో అభినందించారు. అతడు వారి అభినందనలను చిరునవ్వుతో అందుకొన్నాడు.

ఇదంతా ఆదనని రూపలేఖ ముందుకొచ్చి అతని కరములందుకొంటూ దీక్షగా అరచి కళ్లలోకి చూసింది. అతడు ఆమెకళ్లలోకి చూచాడు. ఆక్షణంలో యిద్దరి కన్నీటిలోను ఒకవిధమైన విద్యుత్తత ప్రవహించి నట్లయింది. కనస్పర్శగావించు తూనే అతన్నంతో పొగడి మాట్లాడిందిరూపలేఖ. మధు మందహాసంచేస్తూ ఆమెలో ఒకటిరెండు మాటలు మాట్లాడేటప్పటికీ, ఆమెకు స్వర్ణసీమలో విహరించేలా తోచింది.

ఆ దినంనుండి మధు ఆమెయందు చదువులో మెలగుతూవచ్చాడు. ఇద్దరికిని స్నేహమధికమైంది. రూపలేఖ అతన్ని గాడంగా ప్రేమించ నారంభించింది. మధుకూడ రూపలేఖ సౌందర్యానికి ముగ్ధుడయ్యాడు. రూపలేఖే తనకు భార్యగా మదియంటే యెంతో బాగుండేదని ఒక్కొక్కప్పుడు తలచేవాడు.

రూపలేఖ మధును మనసారా ప్రేమించినందున తననాత మధు వివాహితుడని తెలుసుకొన్నప్పుడు ఆమెకు కొంత నిరాశకలిగింది. ఈ విషయం తనతోటితోనే తెలిసి ఆమెహృదయాన్ని కలచివంచుకెంతో చింతించి, చెప్పకనేయంటే బాగుండేదనుకున్నాడుమధు.

మధుమూర్తి హైస్కూల్లో చదివేటప్పుడే అతనికి వివాహమైంది. వయోరూప గుణసంపన్నులైన చంద్రమ్మ అతనికి భార్యగా మదిరింది. ఆమె సహజమందరి, చదువునున్న వాడు చేసే మేకపెట్టగాని, నవనాగరికుల లంకరించుకొను విధానంగాని ఆమెకు తెలియదు. ఎందుకంటే ఆమె పల్లెటూర్లో పుట్టి పల్లెటూర్లోనే పెరిగింది. చంద్రమ్మ కలవారియంట పడుచేనా గర్భిణిగాదు. ఇంట్లోనున్న సేవకులనెన్నో చిన్నచూపుతో చూడేదిగాదు. అందుచేతనే ఆమె అందరిచేత సుచిదనిపించుకోడమటంచి, సేవకులను ఆరాధ్య దేవతగా కనబడేది.

చంద్రమ్మ అందరిలో యితరులనిపించుకున్నా, మధుమూర్తి కామెలో యేగో లోపంకనుపించేది. ఆమెకు విద్యాసంస్కారంలేదనికాదు. ఎందుకంటే ఆమె యింగ్లీషు వాళ్ల నాన్నదగ్గర తెలుగు చదవనా ప్రాయసు నేర్చుకున్నదే. పెద్దపెద్ద ప్రబంధాలను తిరిగేయగలదు. కాని ఆమెకు ఇంగ్లీషు చదువులు గావు కావున్న ఆమెను చదువుగాని మొద్దులా అనుకున్నాడు మధుమూర్తి. చిన్నప్పటినుండి ఆంగ్ల విద్య సభ్యసించుతూ, ఆంగ్ల సంస్కారం, శాఖాపాలు పూర్తిగా అలవడ్డంచేత, తనభార్యకూడ ఆంగ్లవిద్య సభ్యసించి యుంటే బాగుండేదనుకునేవాడు.

కాని అలా ఆంగ్లవిద్య నేర్వకపోడానికామె యితమాత్రం నిందార్హాలుకాదని తెలుసుకోలేక పోయాడు. ఎంత ధినులేనా చాంధసుల పంటుంబులోంచి వచ్చిందామె. అయినా ఆమెకుమాత్రం చిన్న తనంలో, తోటి బాలికలతోచేరి ఆంగ్లవిద్య సభ్యసించాలనే ఆభిలాష ఉండేది. కాని ఆమె యిటు విడచిపెట్టిపోయి నలుగురిలో తిరుగుతూ, ఆ పాడుచదువులు చదవటానికి వాళ్ల నాన్న ఒప్పకోలేదు. స్త్రీలు ఆ చదువులు తెలుగపెట్టే, యిటు వంటచేయడానికి చేతగాక, అటు భర్తకు అణగి సక్రమంగా సంసారం గడపను పసలేక పనికిమాలిన వాళ్లేతారని అతడు నమ్మేవాడు.

మాటలు సందర్భంలో మధు తనయింటివిషయాల్లేవో ముచ్చటించేటప్పటికీ, రూపలేఖ అతనిభార్యను చూడాలని, వాళ్లింటి స్థితిగతులెలాగున్నాయో తెలుసుకోవాలని ఆభిలషించి, ఒకసారి అతనితో తనను తీసికెళ్లివంది. ఆమెను తనతో తీసికెళ్లిడం యిష్టంలేకపోయినా, సరేనని తలచుకొన్నాడు మధు.

తెలుగులో మధుమూర్తి స్వగ్రామానికి బయలుదేరాడు. రూపలేఖ అతన్ని వెంటబడించింది. రూపలేఖ అతని యింట్లో అడుగెట్టేటప్పటికీ, అతని తల్లితండ్రులు ఆమెను ఒక విధంగా అనుకున్నా. వాళ్లు నవనాగరికులు కాబట్టి తమవారే, అతనితో చదువుకునేదని తెలిసి, ఆమెకు స్వాగతమిచ్చారు.

చంద్రమ్మమాత్రం భర్తనొకవిధంగా అనుమానించింది. కాని రూపలేఖ తన్ను 'సోదరి,' అని సంబోధించి, తనయందెంతో నాన్నల్యం కనబరచేటప్పటికీ, ఆమె అనుమానం మంచువీడినలాగ వీడిపోయింది. భోజనాలైన రకనాత యేగో సంభాషణపై రూపలేఖ పెరటవైపున్న తోటలో ఒంటరిగానున్న మధునుచూచి, 'మధూ మీరవిడ యేదన్న చదువుకొన్నదేనా?' అని ప్రశ్నించింది.

కాని మధు కేంచెప్పడానికి తోచక తల నడంగా తిప్పాడు.

'తెలుగైనా ప్రాయసు చదవను నేర్చుకొందా?' అని మల్లీఅడిగింది.

'ఆఁ, కొంతవఱకు—' అని ముక సరిగా జవాబిచ్చాడు మధు.

'ఐతే చదవటానికిని పుట్టినిల్లువదలి బయటికి పోలేదన్నమాట?'

'వాళ్ల నాన్న వట్టి చాంధసుడు కాబట్టి ఆమెకు అందరిలా ఇంగ్లీషు చదువులు చదివించలేదు. అందుకే అలా మొద్దులా తయారైంది.'

'అక్కడేనీవు పాఠబడుతున్నావు?' ఇంగ్లీషు చదువులు చదివినంతనే బుద్ధిమంతులుగా మారతారనేది వట్టిది. ప్రతివ్యక్తికిగాని విద్యాసంస్కార ముండాలిగాని, తెలుగైతేనేమి ఇంగ్లీషుతేనేమి?'

'ఎంతన్నా ఇంగ్లీషు చదువులు చదువుకొన్నవారి తెలివితేటలు మఱవరికీ రావనినా ఉద్దేశం.'

'నీవలాగ అంటావుగాని, ఆవిడగుణం, ప్రవర్తన, చురుకుదనం, నేనీరన్నాళ్లుగా గమనిస్తున్నాను.

నాకేమాత్రం ఆవిడయందు లోపంకనుపించడంలేదు. ఇంకాఆమెకు మాలాగ విధవిధాలుగా అలంకరించుకొని కృతి మాకృతిలో కనబడడంచేతకాదంటే ఒప్పకోవచ్చు. అదైనా ఆమె కనవసరమనే అంటాను.'

'ఎందుచేత?'

'ఆమె సహజ సౌందర్యకాబట్టి.'

'నీడ్చినట్లుంది. నేను కోరినలా గలంకరించుకొంటే నాకెంతో తృప్తిగా ఉంటుందిగాని, నేనిలా నవనాగరికుడనై యుండటం, ఆమె కేవలం పల్లెటూరుగొడ్డులాగుండడం, నేనెంతమాత్రం సహించుకున్నాను.'

'అంటే ఆమె నాలా అలంకరించుకోవా లంటావు.'

'ముహూటికి.'

'ఐతే, నీవు ఆమె నలా అలంకరించుకోమని చెప్పిచ్చుగా?'

'హూఁ, చెప్పితే విశే ఘటంకాదు.'

'అసలు కృతిమాలంకారమే ఆమెకు నచ్చదుకాబోలు.'

'నీమో ఎంతో చెప్పిచూచాను. వివరేదు. 'నాకెందుకండీ అలంకరణ అంటుంది, నేను విసుగెత్తి ఆమెను నిర్బంధించడం మానుకోన్నాను.'

'ఆమెను నిర్బంధించడం దేనికి? ఇంకా బ్రతిమాలుకోవాలిగాని.'

'హూఁ, ఆడాళ్లను బ్రతిమాలుకొంటే తలపైకెక్కుతారు.'

'అలాగైతే నీయుద్దేశమేమి? స్త్రీలను హింసించే నా మగాళ్లు తమదారికి తెచ్చుకోవాలనేనా?' అని తీక్షణంగా మధువైపుచూస్తూ ప్రశ్నించింది రూపలేఖ.

'మఱి భర్తచెప్పింది చేయలేని భార్యయెందుకూ?'

'యుకాయుక్త వివక్షణలేకయేది చేయమంటే అది చేసేదానికి స్త్రీలేమి మగళ్లకు బానిసలను కున్నావా?' అని ఆమె అడిగేటప్పటికీ, ఒకవిధంగా... 'అనేసి నాలుక కఱచుకొన్నాడు.

మధు అసలుగుణం యీవిధంగా పైటపడింది.

అంతే రూపలేఖకు వట్లుతెలిసి కోపమొచ్చేసింది.

ಭವನ ರೂಪ, ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಕೆಲಸ ಅಸ್ಪೃಶ್ಯ ಮುಗಿಯಿತನ್ನು ಬಹುದು. ಇನ್ನುಳಿದ ಜನಾಭಾರಿ ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾಗವಹಿಸುವ ಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಅವನು ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಅರಿಯುವ ಮಟ್ಟದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದು ದ್ದರೆ ಅಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಕೂಗುವರು. ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿಯೇ ಸಜೀವ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಹುಟ್ಟಿ ಬೇಕಾದರೆ ಪೂರ್ಣ ಬಾಳ ಬದುಕಿದ ಜನರ ಅನುಭವ ಬೇಕು.

ಲೇಖಕ-ಬರಹ ನೋಟಕ ಮಾತ್ರ. ಅವನು ಪ್ರತಿಜೀವ ನಿರ್ಮಾಪಕ ನೆಂದರೆ ತಪ್ಪಾದೀತು. ಅವನು ತಾನು ಕಂಡದ್ದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದ್ದನ್ನು ಹೃದಯಂಗಮವಾಗಿ ಚಿತ್ರಿಸುವುದೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ. ಆದರೆ ಆಚಿತ್ರ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗುವಂತಿರ ಬೇಕು, ಆಚಿತ್ರ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಮಾರ್ಪಡಿಸುವಂತಿರಬೇಕು. ಆಚಿತ್ರ ದಿವ್ಯವಾಗಿರಬೇಕು ಭವ್ಯವಾಗಿರಬೇಕು.

ಸಾಂದರ್ಭಿಕ ರಬ್ಬ ಬಹುಸುಂದರ. ಅರ್ಥಾಭೇದ್ಯ, ಆ ಅಭೇದ್ಯವನ್ನು ಭೇದಿಸುವ ಚೈತನ್ಯ ಸಾಹಿತಿ ಗಿರಬೇಕು. ಅದಿಲ್ಲ ದಿದ್ದರೆ ಅವನು ಸಾಹಿತಿಯಾಗಲಾರ. ಅವನ ಕೃತಿ ಸುಂದರ ಸತ್ಯ ಕೃತಿ ಯಾಗಲಾರದು.

ಎಲ್ಲಕಾಲದ ಎಲ್ಲಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವೂ ಪ್ರಗತಿಯೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಪ್ರಗತಿ ಯೆಂಬುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಆಯಾಯ ಕಾಲಕ್ಕೆ ಅಗಿನ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಪ್ರಗತಿ ಕವಿ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸ ಪ್ರಗತಿ ಅವಕಾಶಕ್ಕೆ, ಅಂತೆಯೇ ಪೇಶ್ವಾ ಮರಾಠೆ, ವರ್ಮನ್ ಮತ್ತೆ ಈಗ ಅವರು ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಇಂದು ಪ್ರಗತಿ, ನಿನ್ನೆ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ. ಎಲ್ಲ ಪ್ರಗತಿಯೂ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನದ ಗರ್ಭದಲ್ಲಿ ಐಕ್ಯವಾಗುವುದು. ಐಕ್ಯವಾದಂತೆ ಪ್ರಗತಿ ಹುಟ್ಟುತ್ತಲೇ ಇರುವುದು, ಇದು ಸ್ವಾಭಾವಿಕ ಇದು ಸತ್ಯ.

ಪ್ರತಿ ದಿನವೂ ಹೊಸ ಭೋಜನ ಹೊಸ ಸ್ನಾನವೇಕೆ. ಅಂತೆಯೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವೂ ಕೂಡ. ದಿನದಿನಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊಸ ಹೊಸ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಹುಟ್ಟುತ್ತಿರಬೇಕು. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಪ್ರಶಾಂತ ಗಂಭೀರ ಪ್ರವಾಹ, ಅದು ನಿಂತರೆ ಕೊಳೆಯು ತ್ತದೆ. ಓಡಿದರೆ ಎಡವುತ್ತದೆ.

ಸಾಹಿತಿಯ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವುದೂ ಅಸ್ಥಿರವಲ್ಲ. ಅದು ಗುಣಮಾತ್ರ ಅಯಾಯಗುಣಕ್ಕೆ ತಕ್ಕ ಸ್ಥಾನ ಸಾಹಿತಿ ಕೊಡಬಲ್ಲ. ಅದೇ ಸಾಹಿತಿಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಹೆಚ್ಚಳಿಕೆ ಇತರರು ಅಲ್ಲಿನ ಕಳಂಕವನ್ನು ಹುಡುಕಿ ಅದನ್ನು ಅಲ್ಲಗಳೆಯುವುದು ಶೀಲವಲ್ಲ. ಅಷ್ಟೆ.

ಸಾಹಿತಿಯು ಪುಟ್ಟ ನಿರ್ಮಾಪಕ, ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಕರ್ತ ಆದರೆ ಅವನು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸಿದ ವಸ್ತುವಿಗೆ ಜೀವಕೊಡಲಾರ, ಇಷ್ಟವೃತ್ತಾಪ ಅವನಿಗೂ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಕರ್ತನಿಗೂ.

ಕನ್ನಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಖನೋಡಿದರೆ ಕಾಣುವುದು ಭಾಯೆಮಾತ್ರ, ಜೀವನವಲ್ಲ. ಆ ಭಾಯೆಯನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿ ಬಿಂಬಿಸುವುದು ಮಾತ್ರ ಸಾಹಿತಿಗೆ ಸಾಧ್ಯ. ಕನ್ನಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿನ ಪ್ರತಿ ಬಿಂಬದ ರೂಪ ಹಾವ ಭಾವಗಳ ಅವಲಂಬನ ಬಿಂಬದಮೇಲೆ. ಬಿಂಬನುಡಿದಂತೆ ನುಡಿಯುವುದು ಪ್ರತಿ ಬಿಂಬದ ಲಕ್ಷಣ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ವ್ಯತಿರಕ್ತ ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾದರೆ ಅಸತ್ಯವಾಗುವುದು. ಬಿಂಬ ಸುಂದರ ವಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬ ಸುಂದರ; ಬಿಂಬ ಸತ್ಯವಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ ಪ್ರತಿ ಬಿಂಬ ಸತ್ಯ, ಬಾಳು ಭವ್ಯವಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ ಪ್ರತಿರೂಪ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಭವ್ಯ; ಅದು ಸತ್ಯವಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ ಪ್ರತಿರೂಪ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಸತ್ಯ ಕುರೂಪಿಯ ಬಿಂಬ ಸುಂದರ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬವನ್ನು ಕೊಡುವುದು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ. ಹಾಗೆ ಆದರೆ ಕನ್ನಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಲ್ಪವನಿರಬೇಕು. ಸಾಹಿತಿಯೂ ಅಂತೆಯೇ ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಅವನನ್ನು ದೂರುವುದು ಹೀನ. ಜನ ಸುಂದರ ಜೀವನ ವನ್ನು ಬಾಳಬೇಕು. ಹಾಗಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ತಪ್ಪು ಅವರದು. ಸಾಹಿತಿ ಜನದ ಕೂಸು. ಅವನು ತಪ್ಪು ಮಾಡುವುದು ಸ್ವಾಭಾವಿಕವೇ ಆದರೆ ಆ ತಪ್ಪು ಬಾಳನ್ನು ಭವ್ಯಮಾಡುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಹಾಯಕ ವಾಗುವುದು. ಇದೇ ನಿಜಸಾಹಿತಿ ಯಕರ್ತವ್ಯ. ಗಾಣಾ ಗಾಣಗಳ ಅನಿಲ್ಲದೆ. ಭಯದ ಬೆದರಿಕೆಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಕರ್ತವ್ಯ ಮಾಡುವ ಸಾಹಿತಿ ನಮಗಿಂ ದುಬೇಕು ಅವನು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸಿದ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವೇಕೆ ಅದು ಸತ್ಯಸುಂದರ ಸಮ್ಮೇಳನ ವಾಗಿರುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಅನುಮಾನವಿಲ್ಲ ಇನ್ನೂ ಅನುಮಾನ ಪಟ್ಟರೆ, ಅದು ನಮ್ಮ ತಪ್ಪು. ಸಾಹಿತಿಯ ತಪ್ಪಲ್ಲ. ಸತ್ಯಂ-ಶಿವಂ-ಸುಂದರಂ.

ಬಿ. ಬಸಪ್ಪ.

ಕ ಬ್ಬಿಗ ನಿ ಗೆ

ಪೃಥ್ವಿಯೊಳ ಪುಣ್ಯವಂತನೆ ನೀನು, ಕಬ್ಬಿಗನೆ !

ತುಮುಲ ದೊಳ ಶಾಂತಿಯಂ, ಕ್ಷಾಮದೊಳ ಮದ್ಧಿಯಂ,
ನರಕದೊಳ ಸಗ್ಗವಂ, ಅವಗಂ ಕಾಂಬೆಯಾ ?

ಕ್ಷುತ್ರಿವಾಸೆ ಗಳಿಂದೆ ಕ್ಷತವಾದ ಜೀವಿಗಳ
ನಿಸ್ತೇ ಜನಯನ ವಾರಿಯ ಕಾಣುತಿದೆ ಜಗವು;

ಕಾಮಿನಿಯ ಕಣ್ಣಿನೊಳ ಕಮಲವಂ ಕಾಂಬೆಯಾ ?

ಭೀಕರದ ನರಯಜ್ಞದಿಂ ಹರಿವ ರಕ್ತದೊಳ
ಕುಳಿಯಿದೆ. ಕಂಗಲಿಸಿಹುದು ಜನದ ಹಿಡಿತುತ್ತು ;

ಬೆಳಗು ಬೈಗುಗಳರುಣರಾಗವಂ ಕಾಂಬೆಯಾ ?

ಸಾವುನೋವಿನ ರೋಗರುಜಿನಗಳ ಕೊಳೆಕೆಸರು,

ಎಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ ಹರಿಯತಿದೆ, ದಾರಿದ್ರ್ಯ ಕುಣಿಯುತಿದೆ ;

ಧಾರಿಣಿಯ ದೇಹವಂ ರಮಣೀಯ ಸಾರಭ್ಯ

ಸುಮಗುಚ್ಛದಿಂ ಮುಚ್ಚಿ ಚೆಲುವ ನೀಂಕಾಂಬೆಯಾ ?

ಕಾಂಬುದೇವನವೈಕವಿ ಕ್ಷುತ್ರಿಮದ ಕಣ್ಣಿನಿಂ.

ಎಮ್. ಆರ್. ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಿ ಎಮ್ ಎ. ಬಿ. ಟಿ.

ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಕವಿ ಗೋವಿಂದಪ್ಪ ಮಂಜೇಶ್ವರ

ಕರ್ಣಾಟಕ ಕ್ಯಾಬ್ಬರೇ ಗೋವಿಂದಪ್ಪ. ಇವರ ಹುಟ್ಟೂರು ಮಂಜೇಶ್ವರ. ಆದರೆ, ಶ್ರೀಪೈಗಳು ಮಂಜೇಶ್ವರದ ಸೊತ್ತಲ್ಲ, ಅಖಿಳ ಕರ್ಣಾಟಕದ ಬದುಕು. ಕಾರಂತರಿಂದಾಗಿ, ಪುತ್ತೂರು, ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರನೆರಮನೆ ಯಾಯಿತು. ಗೋವಿಂದಪ್ಪಗಳಿಂದಾಗಿ, ಮಂಜೇಶ್ವರ, ಕನ್ನಡನಾಡಿ ನಲ್ಲಿ ಅಮರವಾಯಿತು.

ಇಂದು ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಕವಿ ಎಂದು ಗೌರವಿಸಲ್ಪಡುವ ಶ್ರೀಪೈಗಳ ಅದ್ವಿತೀಯ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವದ ಹಿಂದೆ, ಹಲವಾರು ವರ್ಷಗಳಸಾಧನೆ, ಹೋರಾಟಗಳ ಚರಿತ್ರೆ ಅಡಗಿದೆ. ಅದುಕೇವಲ, ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಅಧ್ಯಯನವಲ್ಲ, ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಸಹನೆಗೆ, ಎಟುಕದ ತಪಸ್ಸು. ಲೋಕದ ಹಲವಾರು ಭಾಷೆಗಳ ಪರಿಚಯವುಳ್ಳ, ಶ್ರೀಪೈಗಳು, ತಿರುವಿಹಾ ಕದ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಅಪರೂಪ. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ರಂಗಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ಸಂಶೋಧನೆನಡೆಸಿದಕೀರ್ತಿ ಅವರದಾಗಿದೆ.

ಅಸ್ಮತಿ ಮನೆನಿಸಿಯೂ. ಸಾಹಿತಿಗೋವಿಂದಪ್ಪ, ಮಾನವತೆ ಯಿಂದದೂರವಲ್ಲ. ಕವಿ ಎಂದರೆ ಎನೋ ಭಾವನಾಮೂರ್ತಿ, ಮಾನಸಸ್ಥಾಪನೆ ಎಂದು ಚಿತ್ರಕಾಣುವಜನರಿಗೆ, ಗೋವಿಂದಪ್ಪಗಳಸರಳತೆ, ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯ ವುಂಟುಮಾಡದಿರದು. ಮಕ್ಕಳ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಂತೆ, ನಿರ್ಮಲ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಪೈಗಳವರದ್ದು. ವೇಷಭೂಷಣವಲ್ಲೂ, ಆಸರಳತೆ ಎದ್ದು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಶುದ್ಧಪಾಠಿ ಧಾರಿ 60 ರಗಡಿಹುಟ್ಟಿ, ಕೂದಲು, ಬೆಳ್ಳಗಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ ಶ್ರೀಪೈಗಳು ಆರೋ

ಇ. ತ್ಯಾ. ೦ ಸಣ್ಣ ರೈ IV. B.A.

اس مضمون کے لئے علاوہ دوسری کتابوں کے ان کتابوں سے بھی مدد لی گئی ہے۔

طیب قدیم اور جدید از حکیم محمد اسماعیل
 اخبار اللاندس مولفہ یس۔ بی۔ اسکاٹ
 سنسارٹ ہسٹری آف دی ورلڈ از جی۔ جی۔ دلس

ان پر گیا ایک کسٹری مولفہ اے۔ جے۔ ہالیمارڈ
دی ایلیوشن آف ڈاؤرن ٹین مڈلن مولفہ۔ سر ولیم آرتھر
تھمن عرب مولفہ ڈاکٹر گستاؤلی بان

پدر و پسر احاطہ اندرون مسجد والا عباسی مدرسہ

یورپی انکم۔ مرکب رکھو رائیڈ اور دوسرے کلورائیڈ و سلفیٹ تیار کرنے کے طریقے بیان کیا ہے۔ اے، جے بالیارد
 تھا ہے کہ کیڈ کاربونیٹ جو رنگ سازی میں بہت بڑے پیمانے پر استعمال ہوتا ہے تیار کرنے کے لئے بیسوں طریقے استعمال
 کئے جاتے ہیں مگر جو طریقہ جیورجیہ صدیوں پہلے بیان کیا ہے وہ اس وقت بھی نہایت کارآمد اور سب سے بہترین ہے۔ مگر
 ج کل جیورجیہ کے اس بیان کردہ طریقہ کو (DUTCH PROCESS) یا ڈچ کا طریقہ کہتے ہیں۔ اس طرح ہر طالب علم
 سمجھنے لگتا ہے کہ ضرور اس طریقے کا موجد بالینڈ کا کوئی سا نندان ہوگا اس طرح وہ مخالف میں رہتا ہے یورپین کھیتے والوں
 انیس چالیسویں کا نتیجہ ہے کہ عوام حقیقت سے ناواقف اور سخت مخالف میں ہیں۔ جیورجیہ نے نہ صرف مختلف معدنیات
 ران کے مرکبات پر مفصل بیان دیا ہے۔ بلکہ اس نے یہ بھی بتایا کہ مختلف دھاتوں کا تعلق کن کن ستاروں سے ہے۔
 جیورجیہ کے بیان کے مطابق لوہے کا تعلق مرغ سے ٹن کا تعلق مشتری سے تانبہ کا زہر سے چاندی کا قمر سے اور حسیٹ کا زحل
 سے ہے عربوں نے (AGUA RIGIA) یعنی وہ مرکب جس میں سونا بھی حل ہو سکے تیار کیا تھا۔ وہ عرق کشی یعنی

(DISTILLATION) سے بھی طرح واقف تھے۔ جیورجیہ نے علاوہ اور بہت سے اہم مسلمان کیمسٹس بھی گزرے ہیں جن
 قابل ذکر یہ ہیں ابو الحسن علی الاندلسی جنہوں نے ایک طویل نظم "سونے کے ذرے" لکھی ہے جس کی اکثر کاپیاں ابھی تک
 ذن کے عجائب گھر میں موجود ہیں شاہد ابن سینا کو دیکھ کر شاعر مشرق علامہ اقبال رحمۃ اللہ علیہ کی زبان سے بے ساختہ
 اشعار نکلے۔ مگر وہ علم کے موتی کتاب میں اپنے آبائی جو دیکھیں ان کو یورپ میں تو دل ہوتا ہے سیارا
 سٹائن ارفارس کے نام سے بھی مشہور ہے۔ اس نے شمس میں وفات پائی عبدالقاسم محمد ابن احمد افراتی نے تیرہویں صدی
 ایک نہایت اہم کتاب "المختص" یعنی سونے کی پیدائش کے منطق حاصل کی ہوئی معلومات رقم کی ہے۔ اس میں کیمیاوی تھیوری کا مفصل بیان اور
 مکے متعلق خود مصنف کے کئے ہوئے اپنے مشاہدات درج ہیں۔ ابو جرح محمد ابن زکریا الرازی جنہوں نے ۱۰۳۵ء میں وفات پائی بہت قابل عملی ماہر
 یا (PRACTICAL CHEMIST) تھے۔ یورپ میں یہ ریزس (RHAZES) کے نام سے یاد کئے جاتے ہیں۔ ابن علی الجہانی بھی ایک شہور
 ی ماہر کیمیا ہیں۔ جن کی وفات ۱۳۶۱ء میں واقع ہوئی۔

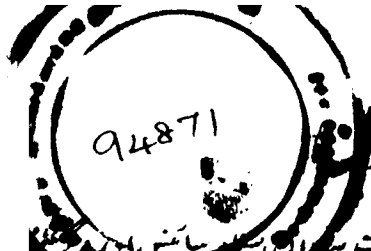
مندرجہ بالا دیکھوں اور یورپین مصنفین کے مسلم حقیقتوں سے یہ ثابت ہوتا ہے کہ سامنس اور خصوصاً علم کیمیا کی ترقی میں مسلمان
 لتنا عظیم الشان حصہ ہے۔ مگر تعجب اس بات کا ہے کہ عصر حاضر کے کالجوں میں جو کیمیا کی کتب داخل نصاب ہیں ان میں کسی عربی سامنس
 کا ذکر تو کیا نام تک بھی نہیں۔ اور معلوم ایسا ہوتا ہے کہ اہل یورپ اور پیر و ان عیسوی ہی نے جن کے نام بار بار کیمسٹری میں آتے ہیں اپنی کوششوں
 یہ معلومات حاصل کی ہیں اور عربوں کا ان علوم سے بالکل تعلق نہیں حالانکہ حقیقت اس کے بالکل برعکس ہے۔

عصر گزشتہ کے مسلمان اور علم طب: علم طب میں تھوڑی مدت کے اندر عصر گزشتہ کے مسلمانوں نے جو حیرت انگیز ترقی کی اس پر
 خود یورپین مورخ انگلشت بلنداں ہیں۔ اس فن کے سب سے پہلے ماہر اہل یونان تھے جن
 مقلد اور جالینوس قابل ذکر ہیں۔ جو ہی اسلامی پھر پراگستان عرب سے نکل کر مصر، شام، عراق، ایران، واندلس میں لہرانے
 تو مسلمانوں کو بھی اس یونانی طب کا علم ہر اوج عربی میں منتقل کی گئی اس دور میں عربوں نے طب میں جو ترقی کی اس پر تبصرہ کرتے ہوئے
 یک (LECLERS) لکھتا ہے کہ دنیا نے صرف ایک وقت وہ عجیب تماشا دیکھا جو نویں صدی میں عربوں کا پیش کردہ تھا۔ وہ خاندہ
 افون اور بلند جو صلیبیوں سے نصف دنیا کے ملک بننے کے بعد علوم کی طرف متوجہ ہو گئے۔ یونان نے ہزار سال کی محنت و مشقت کے بعد علم طب
 مل کیا۔ لیکن عربوں نے ایک صدی میں اس علم میں عظیم الشان ترقی کر کے سب کچھ حاصل کر لیا، "طبیوں میں ذکر یا رازی ایک شہرہ طیب
 جنہوں نے دد مشہور کتاب میں برائے عظم اور المنصور قلیبر کیوں المنصور کا ذکر سرور لیم اسلر نے بھی کیا ہے۔ شیخ بوعلی سینا نو دینا کے طبیوں کی
 صرف میں شمار ہوتے ہیں۔ اور جو یورپ میں (AVICENNA) کے نام سے یاد کئے جاتے ہیں۔ اپنی کتاب قانون کو سپر دالم کیا۔ اس
 شہور و معروف کتاب نے دنیا کے طب میں ایک تھک مچا دیا۔ یہ کتاب دنیا کی اہم ترین طبی کتابوں میں سے ہے۔ یہی کتاب قانون
 سن میں مترک ہوئے ابھی ساٹھ سال کا عرصہ بھی نہیں گزرا اس کا ترجمہ دنیا کی مختلف زبانوں میں ہوا ہے۔ بوعلی سینا ماہر طب ہونے کے
 ایک فلاسفر اور ادیب بھی تھے۔ یورپین ڈاکٹر اور مورخ اس حقیقت کے معترف ہیں کہ اس زمانے میں مسلمانوں کے بتائے ہوئے شفاخانے اور ان

کا انتظام نہایت عمدہ اور لائق تھی ان ہسپتالوں کے متعلق مطالعہ سے ظاہر ہوتا ہے کہ وہ بیسویں صدی کے ہسپتالوں سے زیادہ
 آرام دہ تھے۔ مریضوں کی دلچسپی کے لئے ہسپتالوں میں پھولوں کے باغ، موسیقی اور قصہ خوان ہوتے تھے۔ ہر مریض کے لئے جاکر
 تھے اور عمارت کا علاج معیت اور نہایت عمدہ پیشانی سے کیا جاتا تھا۔ عورتوں کے لئے علیحدہ کمرے ہوتے تھے جن کا علاج لیڈی ڈاکٹر س کیا کرتی
 تھیں۔ چنانچہ اسکاٹ لکھتا ہے کہ رسم پردہ اور حفاظت حرم کو مد نظر رکھتے ہوئے امراض نسوان کا علاج خود عورتیں ہی کیا کرتی تھیں
 یہ عورتیں فن جراحی میں بھی ماہر ہوتی تھیں۔ یہی مصنف آگے چل کر لکھتا ہے کہ ہر اس مریض کو جو قمارہ کے شفاخانوں سے خارج ہوتا تھا
 پانچ اشرفیاں دی جاتی تھیں، تاکہ وہ ذریعہ معاش کی فکر نہ کرے بغیر طاقت آنے تک یہ رقم استعمال کرے۔ شفاخانوں کے ساتھ طبی کالج
 بھی ہوا کرتے تھے۔ طالب علم شفاخانوں کے بیماروں کا خود معائنہ کرتے تھے۔ تاکہ وہ صرف دوسروں کی نصیحت کردہ کتابوں پر ہی لکھا
 نہ کریں بلکہ خود بھی تجربہ حاصل کریں۔ بغداد، قاہرہ، طلیطلہ اور قرطبہ میں بہت عالیشان کالج تھے۔

اسکاٹ کا بیان ہے کہ گیارہویں صدی میں چھ ہزار سے زیادہ طالب علم صرف بغداد کے مدرس طیبہ میں پڑھتے تھے،
 ڈاکٹر گستاوی بان اپنی کتاب تمدن عرب میں صاف لفظوں میں اس حقیقت کا اقرار کرتا ہے کہ "نویں صدی میں جب مسلمانوں
 کا تمدن سر زمین اندلس میں نہایت ترقی پر تھا تو اس وقت یورپی دھشتی اور جاہل تھا۔ اہل یورپ اس تہالت پر کجا رنے کے
 فکر کرتے تھے۔" یہی مورخ اور جگہ لکھتا ہے کہ علوم صلیبی جنگوں سے جیسا کہ کہا جاتا ہے نہیں بلکہ اندلس اور جزیرہ صقلیہ کے ذریعہ
 یورپ میں پھیلے مشہور آفاق طب ذکر یا رازی سے درخواست کی گئی کہ وہ بغداد میں ایک شفاخانہ کی تعمیر کے لئے کوئی بہترین صحت
 بخش جگہ کا انتخاب کریں۔ جس طریقہ پر انہوں نے جگہ کا انتخاب کیا اس پر موجودہ ڈاکٹر بھی اس زمانہ میں ان کی قابلیت کی داد دیئے بغیر نہیں
 رہ سکتے۔ انہوں نے گوشت کے ٹکڑے شہر کے تمام حصوں میں لٹا دیئے۔ اور جس مقام پر گوشت دیر سے سڑا اس کو شفاخانے کے لئے منتخب
 کیا۔ اس عمل سے ظاہر ہے کہ جس جگہ گوشت دیر سے سڑا وہاں ضرور سار جراثیم کی کمی ہے اور ماحول صحت بخش ہے۔ دور حاضر میں یہ تصور
 کیا جاتا ہے کہ اہل یورپ کی جدت ہرازی نے جراحی کو (Surgery) کو جنم دیا۔ مگر یہ تصور حقیقت سے بہت دور ہے دنیا کا پہلا
 کامل جراح ایک عرب مسلمان قرطبہ کا باشندہ ابو القاسم بن عباس تھا۔ اس کی وفات ۱۱۰۰ء میں واقع ہوئی۔ ابو القاسم نے ان گنت
 آلات جراحی ایجاد کئے اور ان کے استعمال کا طریقہ بھی بیان کیا۔ فرانسیسی مورخ گستاوی بان تسلیم کرتا ہے کہ ابو القاسم متانہ سے
 پتھری لگانے کا آپریشن کیا کرتا تھا۔ ابن کھیری توٹی ہوئی ہڈیوں کو جو ٹوٹنے کا ایک لاشانی ماہر تھا۔ محمد بن نامک کی کتاب امراض شہر
 چھ موصیوں اور محمد الیتیمی کی کتاب رسولی (مردود) کے متعلق چار موصیوں پر مشتمل ہے۔ ادیب ابن سعید الخطیب نے امراض
 نسوانی اور فن قابلہ (Mental Science) پر بڑے بڑے رسائل لکھے ہیں۔ عربوں ہی نے ہر کتاب میں آلات و اعضا کی تصویر دینا
 اہل یورپ کو سکھایا۔ ایچ، جی، ویلیس اپنی تصنیف "دی شارٹ ہسٹری آف دی ورلڈ میں سر جارج سین کی تعریف کرتے ہوئے
 لکھتا ہے کہ وہ عملی سامنس کا باپ یعنی (FATHER OF THE EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCES) تھا۔ مگر دوسرے مصنف
 و امبرٹ بریغالٹ کا بیان بھی ملاحظہ ہو وہ لکھتا ہے کہ سر راجہ بکین یا اس کے کسی ہم نام دوسرے شخص کو یہ حق نہیں پہنچتا کہ وہ تجربہ کے
 طریقہ کو ایجاد کرنے والا قرار دیا جائے۔ راجہ بکین کی اس سے زیادہ کوئی حیثیت نہیں کہ وہ اسلامی علوم کو یورپ تک پہنچانے کا ایک ذریعہ
 تھا۔ وہ سمجھتا اس بات پر زور دیتا تھا کہ معاصرین کے لئے علم حاصل کرنے کا سب سے بہترین ذریعہ یونان اور عربی علوم کا مطالعہ ہے
 یہ بحث کہ تجربہ کے طریقہ کا کون کون موجد تھا۔ ایسی ہی جلیبی کہ عربوں کی ہر ایجاد کا موجد اس شخص کو قرار دیا جاتا ہے جس کے ذریعہ پہلی
 مرتبہ یورپ اس ایجاد سے روشناس ہوا۔

را برٹ بریغالٹ کی اس صاف گوئی سے ظاہر ہے کہ ویلیس اور اسی قسم کے دوسرے مورخوں اور مصنفین کے دعوے کہاں تک صحیح
 اور سچی رہتی ہیں عربوں نے جسم کے کسی حصہ کو بے حس کرنے کی دوا (جراح کل یورپ کی ایجاد کہا جاتا ہے) بھی معلوم کی تھی اس
 کو ڈاکٹر گستاوی بان تسلیم کرتے ہیں اور اسکاٹ لکھتا ہے کہ "تجذیر یعنی کسی عضو کو بے حس کرنے سے جو فوائد حاصل ہوتے ہیں وہ بھی
 ان اعلیٰ دماغ لوگوں سے پہلے نہ تھے۔ کسی محمد دوا کو خوش دے کر اس طرح استعمال کرتے تھے کہ ماکوف اور بے حس ہوا کرتا
 اور دوران جراحی میں مریض کچھ محسوس نہ کرنا تھا۔" عربی خواتین اپنے ہاتھ بچوں کے ہاتھوں پر چپک کاٹیلے لٹانے سے لگتی تھیں مسلمانوں کی



اہل عرب اور علوم و فنون

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(از نظر الدین احمد جونیئر بی اے)

جس وقت یورپ جہالت کے تنگ و تاریک لہجوں میں زندگی بسر کر رہا تھا۔ اس وقت میں اہل عرب سائنس اور فہم کی شاہراہ پر سرعت سے ترقی کر رہے تھے اور اندلس (SPAIN) ان علوم کا مرکز تھا۔ آج کل عوام اس غلط فہمی میں مبتلا ہیں کہ اہل یورپ ہی تمام علوم کا سرچشمہ تھے اور وہی موجد تھے اور انہیں کی کشادہ دلی کا نتیجہ تھا کہ اہل مشرق اور دیگر قوم ان کی ایجادات اور تجربات سے مستفید ہوئے۔ افسوس کا مقام ہے کہ اکثر تعلیم یافتہ مسلمان بھی اس غلط فہمی سے مستثنیٰ نہیں ہیں۔ اس کی عین وجہ یہ ہے کہ سائنس، تاریخ و علم پر مباحی وغیرہ کی جو کتابیں ہمارے اسکولوں اور کالجوں کے مضامین میں شامل ہیں وہ اکثر دیہی شہزادوں اور دیہی مصلحتوں کی تصنیف کردہ ہیں جو مقصود ہونے کے علاوہ تمام ایجادات و تجربات کا سہرا اپنی ہی قوم کے سر رکھنے کی ناپاک کوشش کرتے ہیں۔ اس کوشش میں اہل یورپ اپنی امید سے زیادہ کامیاب ہوئے ہیں۔ آج مسلمان سمجھتا ہے کہ ابتدا ہی سے اہل یورپ اعلیٰ دماغ اور روشن خیال واقع ہوئے ہیں۔ اور صرف انہیں کو خدا کے ایک خاص قوت دماغ اور بلند عقل عطا فرمایا ہے۔ جس کی وجہ سے وہ ہمیشہ اہل مشرق کے استاد رہے ہیں۔ وہ اپنی جہالت پر بھائے کف افسوس لیتے اور روئے کے اہل یورپ کی تمام ایجادوں کے (جیسا کہ اہل یورپ نے ذہن نشین کیا ہے) خفا خواں ہیں اور اس پر عیش عش کرتے ہیں۔

مستند اور صحیح تاریخ کے مطالعہ سے یورپین اقوام کے اس ناپاک ارادہ کا بھانڈا پھوٹ جاتا ہے۔ جوں جوں ہم بر حقیقت داخ ہوتی جاتی ہے۔ اسی طرح اہل یورپ کے یہ ڈھونگ اور دعوے بنیادی طور پر غلط اور اور صریحاً جھوٹ کا ایک مجسمہ نظر آتے ہیں۔ اب ہم علی الاعلان کہہ سکتے ہیں کہ مسلمان اہل یورپ کے استاد تھے۔ ہمارے اس دعوے کا زندہ ثبوت موجود ہے۔

اس حقیقت سے کسی کو انکار نہیں ہو سکتا کہ جدید علم کیمیا (MODERN CHEMISTRY) کی سنگ بنیاد عرب مسلمانوں نے رکھی۔ اور انہیں کی آغوش میں یہ پورا سرزمین اندلس میں نشوونما پاتا رہا۔ لفظ کسٹری اس بات کا ثبوت ہے جو عربی لفظ الکیمیا سے بنا ہے۔ اگرچہ قدیم اہل یونان کو بھی کیمیا کا کچھ نہ کچھ علم تھا مگر وہ مشاہد یعنی تجربہ (EXPERIMENT) کے آرٹ سے بالکل ناواقف تھے۔ مسلمان ہی دنیا کے سب سے پہلے عملی کیمیاگر (EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTS) تھے اور یہ امر مسلم ہے خود ایک انگریز سائنس دان اے۔ جے ہالمیڈن لکھتا ہے کہ ”اگر مشہور میں بمقام تارسس چارلس مارشل انڈیسی مسلمانوں کو شکست نہ دیتا تو آج کسٹری کا درجہ بہت ہی بلند ہوتا اور وہ انتہائی درجہ کی ترقی پر ہوتی“ کسٹری میں سیسوں الفاظ جو اہل سے شروع ہوئے ہیں۔ مثلاً الکحل (ALCOHOL) الملبک (ALEMBIC) ایوڈل (ALLUDLE) الکی (ALCHEMY)

الکلی (ALKALI) وغیرہ اس امر کی شہادت دیتے ہیں کہ یہ علم عربوں کی سرپرستی میں اپنے عین عالم شباب کو پہنچا۔ جیسرا بن الیمان بہت بڑا مسلمان ماہر کیمیا گرا ہے یہ آنکھوں مدی میں پیدا ہوا مشہور فاق سائنسدان عربی النسل تھا اور یورپ میں اب بھی (GEBER) کے نام سے مشہور ہے۔ اس ماہر نے تقریباً پانچویں صدی کی شے مع مشاہدوں کے کچھ نگراب ان میں سے صرف تھوڑے دنیا کو معلوم ہیں۔ یہی وہ شخص تھا جس نے سب سے پہلے نیٹرک تیزاب (NITRIC ACID) تیار کیا۔ علاوہ اس کے دوسرے تیزاب بھی اس نے تیار کئے اپنی تصانیف میں اس نے تیزاب تیار کرنے کے طریقے اور معدنیات پر اس کے اثرات بیان کئے ہیں۔ جدید کسٹری کے بہت سے مرکبات کو معلوم کرنے کے بعد ان کے تیار کرنے کے طریقے بھی اس نے قلمبند کئے ہیں۔ مثال کے طور پر اس نے سولفرک