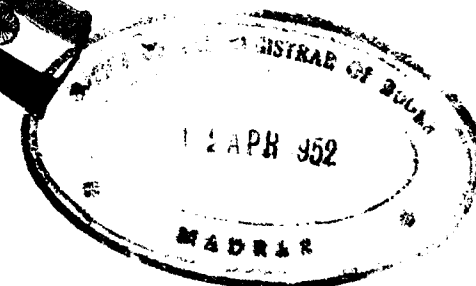
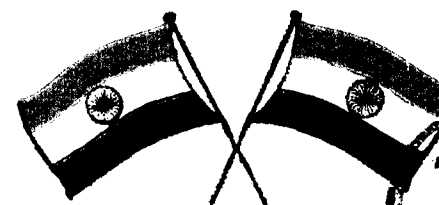


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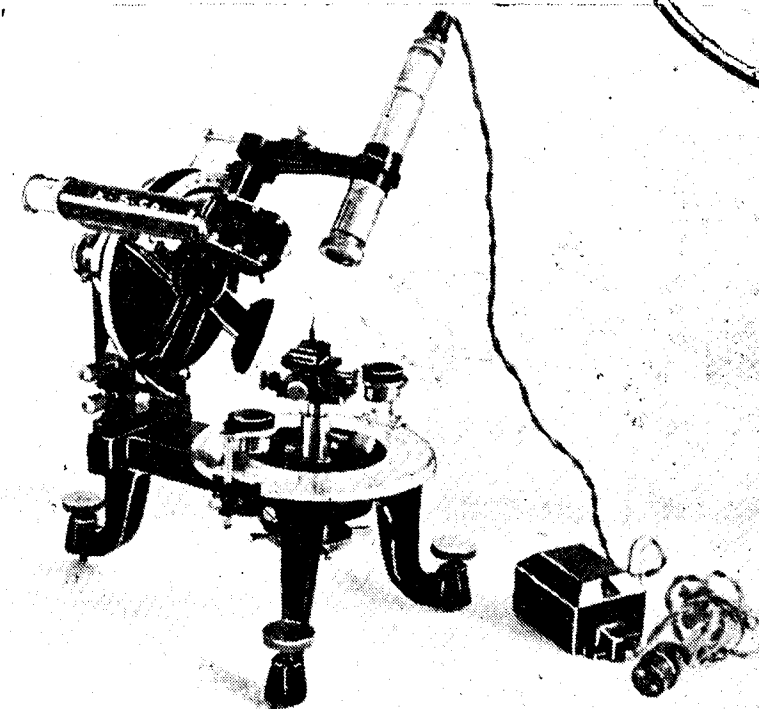
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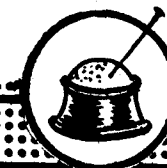
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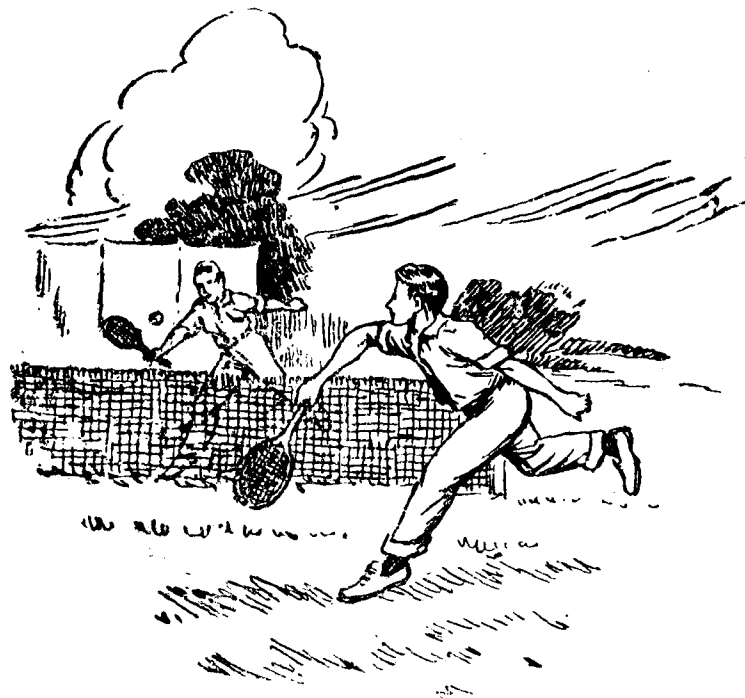
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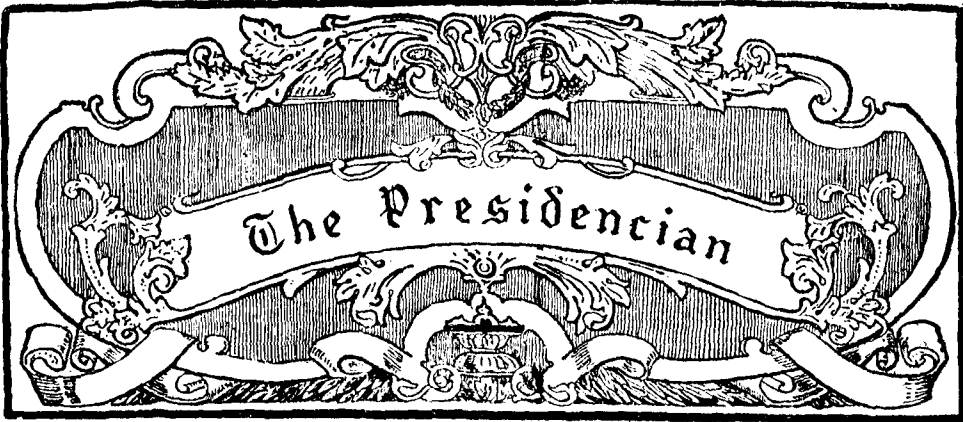


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From the Editor's Desk—

What is man's hope, good friend?

Is't not a beggar in the land of doubt?.....

Not quite, we venture to think, and if a beggar at all, it is one who is not turned away from the door peremptorily; for our hopes have indeed procured for us those "fresh fields and pastures new" that we babbled of in our last editorial. The development of Presidency College in every direction is going on apace, except in one respect, and in that we are sorely disappointed. Successive Principals have in the past laid great stress upon the lack of a suitable apartment to house our huge library and an Assembly Hall commensurate with the size and importance of our institution. The idea had come very near fruition this year, the plans having been originally approved; but we now hear that the construction has been deferred. It can only be that the gods (who in our tales are often attributed human jealousies) have worked against Presidency College in order to prevent us from acquiring the perfection which is *their* distinctive trait. Since there is no appeal from the gods to any human Government, we shall rest content with leaving the matter in the hands of "hope, the beggar" who may make the gods relent next year.

But if it is true that "enough is as good as a feast" in most human aspirations, we should be thankful to the Government that has approved and started work on our schemes for the extension of the Science and Arts Blocks. The rapid renovation of the old structure both outside and inside, the rebuilding of halls and the paving of corridors with glazed tiles, have all considerably improved the artistic appearance of the College.

Brick-and-mortar expansion, we realize, is not in itself something to feel proud of, and we should be foolish to gloat over it if we had not equally great achievements to speak of in the academic sphere and in the inner life of the institution. Affiliation has been sought in the Politics group for the B. A. Degree Examination and Commerce may be included among the B. A. Honours courses run by the College. The re-orientation of studies so as to comprehend research work has practically commenced with the appointment of Chief Professors. Yet, in fairness to our hoary

institution, it must be said that this reorientation may not mean a breaking away with the past. No one will chant "ring out the old, ring in the new" in an institution that has for generations been the haunt of scholars devoted to advanced studies. The new set-up, however, may be considered as having its own place in the growth of the institution, for, we may be called upon to realize that achievements far beyond the curricular studies are essential to make an educational institution an asset in the nation-building process. It is to be hoped that the teachers and the taught will alike co-operate in realizing these aspirations.

In other directions, too, the student world is called upon to show a readiness to shoulder responsibilities. Though there are pessimists, within the country and without, sneering at the way India has been managing her newly-won freedom, the students of Presidency College have shown remarkable awareness of the political conditions in the country requiring thoughtful and disciplined action. The Union, the Dramatic Society, and the Associations of the various departments have, within their limited spheres, exhibited exceptional powers of organization and team-work; and the spirit of service inspiring our youth has nowhere been better evidenced than in the maintenance of order on the College Day. No police *bundobast* was required this year as our N.C.C. Cadets took upon themselves all patrol duties and the accommodation of guests. Our smart young men who discharged their duties with the efficiency of trained soldiers deserve unstinted praise.

In the midst of so much that we feel proud of, one sad aspect calls for passing mention. Exigencies of service, we are told, may take away the life of the institution. Dr. P. P. Kallukaran who has been a noted figure in the College has been relieved of his duties here in order to take up the reins of administration in a sister institution in Tellicherry. Students and staff alike would miss him very much but he may be sure he carries with him our heartiest good wishes. Just as we are going to the Press a bird whispers into our ear that our beloved Principal Dr. Abdul Haq is likely to accept the Pro Vice-Chancellorship of the Aligarh University. While rejoicing in Dr. Haq's acquisition of a unique honour, we, in our selfishness, cannot but consider this as an unkind cut, and we *are* rather jealous of Aligarh. But the feeling that Dr. Haq will be

utilizing his powers in a larger sphere of activity conquers our selfish desires and makes us wish him a glorious future.

And now a word about ourselves. The fare we offer this year is much the same as what we gave last year—just in our tradition and no more; but it is to be hoped that in the unusual flux caused by the re-orientation of studies the *Presidencian* too may undergo some kind of metamorphosis. From the company of mere College Journals it may take a leap straight into the fellowship of scholarly compilations and even vie for a place in the International field. All that, however, is in the lap of time, but, for the present, these speculations apart, we must confess that we are not ashamed of what the *Presidencian* has been all these years. The Poet Browning who even now seems to peer at us through the blinds of our ancient windows consoles us with the eternal truth—

Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be,

and '*the best*' that is lodged in the caverns of the *future* shall not take away anything from our *present* deserts. If, in all these years, we have given our readers something *good enough*, we should be mightily pleased with our performance, and in any case, just now, we shall not, like Alnaschar, dream of the *ultimate best*.

Poetry and Drama

By T. S. Eliot—(A Review)*

Mr. T. S. Eliot's 'Poetry and Drama' is the Theodore Spencer Memorial Lecture given by the poet at Harvard in November 1950. Though but a short pamphlet of no more than thirtyfive pages, it appears to me one of the finest and most significant pieces of criticism that has come from the Nobel Laureate's pen, and it is of the greatest interest not only to students of poetry and drama but to the practitioners of the arts as well. The lecture falls into three parts - part 1 is a noble, sincere and restrained utterance, a perfect model of its kind, an affectionate tribute

*Broadcast from the A.I.R. Madras.

to the memory of the poet's friend, the late Theodore Spencer, Royston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory Harvard. Parts 2 and 3 which constitute the lecture proper have for their theme the use of poetry for dramatic purpose and the effect dramatic purpose may have upon poetry. This, indeed, has been one of the poet's perennial interests, for, "reviewing his own critical output for the last thirty years", he finds, "how constantly he has returned to the drama whether by examining the work of the contemporaries of Shakespeare, or by reflecting on the possibilities of the future". Mr. T. S. Eliot is the great stalwart in the revival in recent times in English of poetic drama, and his three verse dramas, "The Murder in the Cathedral" produced in 1935 and acted more than 800 times between 1935 and 1936, undoubtedly one of the most widely-appreciated works of the poet, "the Family Reunion" produced in 1939, and "the Cocktail Party" acted first in 1949 and repeated many times with tremendous success, are among the finest contribution yet made to poetic drama in English in this century.

What are the problems of poetic drama and how may this art form be restored to its proper place? These are the questions which Mr. Eliot tackles in the lecture. England could boast of a singularly vigorous dramatic output since the latter part of the 19th century, but the divorce of drama and poetry which came about after the time of Shakespeare and the late Elizabethans has continued and the influence of Congreve, Goldsmith and Sheridan in the earlier period, and of Shaw in the present day coupled with that of Ibsen and Chekov from Europe served only to strengthen the use of prose as the medium of dramatic expression. Mr. Eliot's endeavour has been to bring poetry once again back to the stage and his three verse plays are the result. Mr. Eliot argues that prose on the stage is really as artificial as verse, but that verse can and should be made as natural as prose appears to us to be as medium of dramatic expression. In his experiments Mr. Eliot has naturally again and again turned to the example of Shakespeare, and it is not the least interesting thing in the early part of his lecture that it contains some very fine and appreciative criticism of Shakespeare as an artist in poetic drama. The great opening scene of Hamlet is suggestively analyzed by Mr. Eliot and he demonstrates how these 22 lines are perfect dramatic poetry. "What we are aware of", in reading these lines, "is the frosty night, the officers keeping watch on

the battlements, and the foreboding of an ominous action". The whole scene is great poetry and it is dramatic; but there also "emerges from it a kind of musical design which reinforces and is one with the dramatic movement". Mr. Eliot by this examination of Shakespeare's mature work is convinced that verse here is not merely a formalization, or an added decoration, but that it intensifies drama". Elsewhere in the lecture he refers to Macbeth's words when he hears of the death of his queen:

Tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day-to-day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

and Othello's beautiful—

"Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them", and remarks, "we do not feel that Shakespeare has thought of lines which are beautiful poetry and wishes to fit them in somehow, or that he has for the moment come to the end of his dramatic inspiration and has turned to poetry to fill up with. * * * The lines spoken by Macbeth reveal the weariness of the weak man who had been forced by his wife to realise his own half-hearted desires and her ambitions, and who, with her death, is left without the motive to continue. The line of Othello expresses irony, dignity and fearlessness; and incidentally reminds us of the time of night in which the scene takes place. Only poetry could do this; but it is dramatic poetry: that is, it does not interrupt but intensifies the dramatic situation.

Mr. Eliot then proceeds to examine his own plays in a methodical business-like manner in the hope partly that his experiments and the lessons he has derived from them might be of interest to other dramatists who, he fervently hopes, may help to revive poetic drama in English. It is his conviction that "if poetic drama is to re-conquer its place, it must enter into overt competition with prose drama. People should come to

regard verse on the stage as natural as prose; they should be made to hear it from people dressed like ourselves, living in houses and apartments like ours, and using telephones and motor cars and radio sets". Mr. Eliot wants poetry on the stage "not to transport us to an artificial world-on the contrary, our own sordid daily world should be suddenly illuminated and transfigured by it".

Mr. Eliot's examination of his plays is fascinating criticism and it reveals how careful and conscientious an artist he is. "The Murder in the Cathedral", the earliest of the three plays, was successful, but from his own point of view as a dramatist it was a dead end, as it solved no problem, and hence, in the next play, "The Family Reunion", he selected a contemporary theme, suggested though by the Greek play of Aeschylus, and in it he strove to find a rhythm close to contemporary speech. In a severe, but not unjust, criticism of his own work in retrospect, he writes, "my sympathies have now come to be all with the mother, who seems to me, except for the chauffeur, the only complete human being in the play, and my hero now strikes me as an insufferable prig". In the third play, "the Cocktail Party", the choruses and theghosts, both of which gave trouble, are excluded and he laid down for himself "the ascetic rule to avoid poetry which could not stand the test of dramatic activity, with such success indeed, that it is perhaps an open question whether there is any poetry in the play at all". Mr. Eliot concludes by saying that his ideal of the perfection of verse drama is a design of human action and words, such as to present at once the two aspects of dramatic and of musical order which Shakespeare achieved in certain of his scenes, even in the early balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet". To achieve this without losing contact with the ordinary everyday world is, he opines, the proper aim of dramatic poetry.

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

Plant Life and Human Life

Opinions on the theory and practice of Education have been different in the different phases of human history and also in the different parts of the world. No particular trend in thought had the privilege of being regarded as fairly long-standing anywhere for any length of time. Consistent with these changing trends in the human understanding of the concept of Education, there have been several landmarks in the history of plant life as a developing science in Education. Particularly during the last three centuries there has been an incessant and accelerated struggle on the part of Biology in general and Botany in particular to gain a place in the curriculum of studies. The educationist-philosophers like Pestalozzi, Herbart and Froebel contributed the idea that Nature could be a teacher of a high order. It was regarded that the clean-slated mind of an infant is educated through Nature around. Knowledge of life and natural phenomena, it was said, was deposited on the growing human mind with the ladle of 'observation'. The leaders of education and critics of the past, however, were slow to realise what Nature was up to by way of developing the human intellect. The result was that the inclusion of plant and animal life as subjects in the curriculum was delayed for long. Perhaps it was in the first quarter of this century alone that the mind of the educationist-reformers was kindled with the idea that the study of the natural phenomena has far-reaching effects on human thought and action. Time was when no reference was made to the animate world in the class-room or outside while the physical phenomena and the inanimate life were much emphasised. After a long travail, however, the natural sciences established a justifiably permanent place in the educational curriculum co-ordinate with the humanities and the other science subjects.

One may briefly examine what claims have been made and what intrinsic values are propounded by plant life so as to be one of the recognised sciences in the modern educational system. Primarily it should be said to the credit of the subject that the aesthetic sense of life is given a full fillip through a critical understanding and appreciation of plant life. Interest once acquired is an unfailing source of pleasure and satisfaction. The infinite variety of colours and odours, the marvellous perfection of form and symmetry, the exquisite harmony between structure and function and the variety of landscapes-well adjusted to the subtle variations of the environs—cannot but make an appeal to an observing individual. Emotions of awe and wonder are aroused by a critical study of the complexity of structure of the different plant parts. The several facts relating to the growth and reproduction of the different groups of plants stir one's thought and imagination. It cannot be denied that plant life has a profound influence on the human mind and spirit. Aesthetic response to Nature has been proclaimed elaborately in all our literature. Modern poetry, in particular, connotes all shades of Nature's beauties. Appreciation of beauty is made keener when the emotional and the

intellectual aspects are brought into harmony and made to co-operate to give a fuller and truer idea of the objects. Where a maximum of attention is effectively exercised there is pleasure in proportion. The great variety of plant life arrests one's attention as well as the aesthetic sense. That continuous gratification of the aesthetic sense is one of the chief delights that any worthy science could provide. There is much hidden beauty in the plant-world which lenses alone could reveal. In fact one early Botanist became insane when he could not modulate his joy and elation on gaining some glimpses into the structural details of plants. Moreover, Nature understood properly results in fearless thought, as we notice in Meredith's poem of the physician and Nature-specialist, Melampus, on whom one day snakes crept up, licking him most affectionately while a bird piped: 'Ay, for he has no fears'.

According to Froebel, 'Life is a declaration and revelation of God'. Through the beauties of plants one can realise God and one can adore God. Plant study could mould one's outlook on life and the creator of Life. Plant study in the real sense could make a life bubble with divine joy and serene bliss. Genuine interest in the subtle realities of plant science could carve in one's mind that perfect form of 'peace' which this mundane world badly needs.

Besides shaping and sharpening the aesthetic and the emotional sides of human life, Botany could also enhance intellect, culture and learning. The subject in the hands of a skilful teacher develops in students the powers of observation, concentration, description, comparison and moreover imagination. All the above faculties of the mind are necessarily called into play during the process of understanding of the subject. Particularly imagination is necessary for the visualisation of all the plant processes and the internal details of structure. Creative imagination is the *sine-qua-non* of the guiding spirit of higher learning and research. Disciplined imagination is at the bottom of all discoveries. Educational aims and methods are sound in proportion as they recognise three sides of our Nature, knowing, feeling and doing corresponding to the three—head, heart and hand. Plant life obviously caters to these three sides of our Nature.

One noteworthy aspect of the study of plant life is the development of a thorough scientific attitude. The latter is a natural corollary of observation, comparison and reasoning to draw conclusions. A variety of plant specimens, isolated or in communities, in a natural setting or artificially assembled, promote through picturesque colours and patterns a keen sense of observation. It is a natural faculty of the mind that in the wake of observation are brought into play comparison, reflective thinking and reasoning to culminate in conclusions and scientific concepts. The study of form, external and internal, promotes observation while an experimental study of the vital plant processes like absorption of raw

materials, preparation of complex food-substances, their digestion and their simplification in relation to respiration and growth implies, apart from cultivating the power of logical thinking, scientific skills, manipulation and precision. The different phenomena of life are interpreted and incidentally their bearing on the world is revealed. Interpretation of causes and effects becomes a tame affair thus helping one to lead a life full of meaning and understanding. Common superstitions, unfounded beliefs and ignorant practices are necessarily corrected.

It is increasingly becoming clear that all the modern sciences are very closely-knit and Botany is one of them. Botany, specially considering its developments in the recent past, is a basic fabric of subjects like Agriculture, Horticulture, Forestry, Medicine, Bacteriology and Biochemistry. It has taken the form of a preparatory science for many other sciences. An understanding and a critical appreciation of the subjects mentioned above is to a great extent made possible by the fundamentals of plant study. The several new ideas obtained at present in this mother-science are having a very relevant bearing on food-production, enhancement of the day to day human physical comfort, let alone the development of the several remedial measures for the bodily melodies of the live organisms. Bodily resistance to disease, germ theory of disease, purification of water and laws of sanitation are perfectly understood. Botanical principles, processes and procedures relating to home-making are clearly driven home. Individual as well as communal hygiene are up-graded through a proper application of the botanical knowledge. In other words, the welfare of a society could be kept at an inordinately high level. A better society contributes to better citizens who could grasp the ideals of life. A saner view of life on the part of each individual is a necessary virtue of such a society.

Another intrinsic value that plant life signals to every being is in respect of its manifold avocational possibilities. One of the most pathetic objects in this world is the person who does not appreciate or use his leisure. Men and women who bemoan the dullness of their existence are truly to be pitied. However, even a gentle appeal received through a live science like Botany would thoroughly revitalise those individuals. Leisure will be put to proper utility through the several spare-hour delights associated with the subject. Through an out-door study of the subject, the spirit and the health of open air, the spark of colour and the vigour of existence are fully felt. The subtle pleasures and the utilities of gardening are obvious to one and all. Participation in garden competitions and flower-shows is a thrill unique by itself. Maintenance of Nature-calendars and Nature-albums and a continued effort made towards the compilation of a Herbarium are no doubt minor accomplishments but certainly provide major avenues for exquisite jubilation. Above all, a botanically inclined mind finds ready ways and means to find successful correlation with drawing, painting, poetry and music. The instincts of

'having' and 'doing'—two cardinal instincts concerned with the shaping of an ideal personality—are fully fostered and this is of great importance in educational procedures.

There is yet another beacon that comes to view in the appraisal of botanical science with reference to the various other sciences of our modern education. A general picture formed in one's mind regarding the great adaptability that plants show under trying circumstances sounds an ethical note. Not all plants have a life where independence is the keynote. Some are parasites and some saprophytes, some are symbionts and some epiphytes and still others are endophytes. There is an ardent struggle for existence. Just a reflective thought on these several life situations would tone one's behaviour to a marked degree. So to say, a moral could be gathered from the successful life that plants lead even under vicissitudes. Thereby one's mental frame gets disciplined. One's behaviour tends to be orderly. Life develops the flourish of pleasure and enters the realm of all-sided perfection. Should not everyone of us aim at such a life of pleasure, perfection, success and satisfaction?

C. B. Rao, M.Sc., Ph.D. (Lond.)

The Tyranny of Words

"Words, Words, Words"—Hamlet

I do not know whether the noble prince of Denmark, when he said this, was disgusted with the old bore Polonius who interrupted him or with the book he was reading. While appreciating the merits of Polonius, I take it to mean that the prince was disgusted at the words in the book which he was reading. Some of the interpreters might crease their brows at my 'cheeky' interpretation; but I can't help being arbitrary, as I am writing about a new tyranny.

The new tyranny we have to face is that of words. With the splitting of atom which is a milestone in our progress (not doom, for the big powers assure us), words in the post-war world have acquired a new significance, in that they mean anything or may be made to mean anything. It does not mean that this new tyranny is purely a post-war phenomenon, which our victors ignored, after putting down the Fascist tyranny. The germs of this were there even in the past; but they were latent. We may trace this to the days of our good friend Shakespeare who loaded his plays with puns and quibbles for the benefit of the students and professors!

This tyranny has been moulded into shape by every seeker of truth and knowledge, beginning with philosophers and dramatists, embracing professors, politicians and economists and ending with rationalists and scientists. This would not have been troublesome, had it been

between two languages, which we cannot help. What annoys one is that this is to be found in the same language. Take a few words from the English language which is the lingua franca of the world. In fact Mr. H. G. Wells held that with the spread of English, the curse of Babel had been lifted from the world. While respecting the view of this great thinker, I would like to say that Babel still has some influence over the language. For instance, let us think a little about the word "*pavement*". We, in India, use this word to mean "side-walk" whereas our American friends use it as a synonym for the word "road". So much so, when our American friend sees the board with the inscription: "Please walk on the pavement", he cannot but think that we have found out an effective solution for our population and food problems! Similar examples can be found in plenty in our conversations. One such word, or rather, expression is: "*I mean*". The rate at which this word is used shows that the person using this, means what he does not say or says what he does not mean! "Supposing, I say at first "two" and by way of correcting, I say, "I mean three". What does it mean? It simply means: "By two I mean three". Nothing is more tyrannical—not even the dictatorship of the Proletariat! Yet another familiar expression is: "Man being what he is". What is he? You should not ask such questions!

Present-day politics centres round words and words alone. On the international plane, words are of great importance. Take one of the U. N. Resolutions; it is a string of soft synonyms and antonyms, which, like the nine-point circle, please every delegate and thus solve or to be precise, postpone the problems. For example, the word "*aggression*" has one meaning in Kashmir and quite another in Korea; or possibly, it may have as many meanings as there are delegates to the U. N. O. If you insist on precision, please! remember, you are committing aggression! So also with amendments to resolutions, truce talks, disarmament talks and peace talks which are nothing but 'tall' talk. In these talks or wars of words, the simple truth that man should not be the enemy of man is lost. Coming to national politics, it is no better. Politicians and ministers argue that they cannot do certain things, "*under present circumstances*" and the people reply that such things ought to be done "*under present circumstances*". Let us drop this expression here, for, its meaning is not possible under the present circumstances! The Press also contributes its quota. For instance, correspondents write: "*circles close to the Prime Minister indicate*". There are ever so many circles like political circles, legal circles, economic circles, lobby circles etc., which only correspondents know. But there is a feature common to all these circles and it is the fact that all of them vicious circles!

We cannot, in this connection, afford to omit the so-called orators who delight in sound and fury, being unable to signify anything. Just think of a welcome-address containing the words: "royal, ceremonial

and hilarial welcome". The orator had to stop with the word hilarial, because, by now, he had succeeded in reminding the audience of other rhyming words like malarial and filarial which were not quite welcome! Also, we cannot minimise the importance of scientists and rationalists whose creed, as they profess, is "*scientific attitude*". This seems to be a good attitude and worth-cultivating, provided we understand it. But more often than not, we are unable to understand it because of the attitude of the scientist and the rationalist! In their presence, you cannot talk of human sentiments; nor can you read the kind of literature which does not suit them! If you protest, you will earn for yourself the name: "bourgeois or mystic fool". For example, consider the view of some who hold that Prof. Einstein is a bourgeois or a mystic with all his wonderful theories. Is the attitude "scientific"? Perhaps!

Let us turn to the branch of knowledge in which I am supposed to be specialising, namely Economics. This is said to be not only light-bearing but also fruit bearing and, if I may add, sometimes heat-bearing. In no other sphere is the tyranny so unrivalled as it is in this. Take for instance, the expression: "Other things being equal". We come across this in almost all economic laws and that law is defective which does not contain this. Unfortunately or fortunately other things are not equal and the economic laws are helpless, as helpless as the professors and students. You will have to use this if you want to show the examiner that you know Economics; Otherwise he will think that other things are not equal with you! Add to these the deft definitions of Mr. Keynes and reinforce them with curves, diagrams and graphs from Mr. Boulding. Now You will be justified in wondering whether you live in Cosmos or chaos. You cannot protest except at the risk of allowing the level of your IQ to be rendered in equations and curves. Now, the tyranny is complete and we have to wait for the Saviour, remembering Tollis, one of Huxley's characters, who said, "Do you like the human race? No, not much".

T. K. Velayudham, P.G. II (Economics).

Education for Rulers (Political Philosophy)—Toynbee*

Professor Toynbee is primarily a historian not a political thinker. His magnum opus "A study of History" of which the first three volumes were published in 1933 and the second set of three in 1939 has been translated into several languages. Its abridgements by D.C. Somervell has become quite a best seller. As a historian Toynbee is of the stature of Gibbon. In the history of political philosophy, it is difficult to place him. But in the pages of his great work, writing volumes VII, VIII and IX of which is his main pre-occupation now, we have ample evidence of

* AIR Broadcast on 26-10-1951.

his political outlook. He is anti-materialist to the marrow of his bones. A scholar of vast erudition, he sits on Olympian heights and considers the overwhelming majority of people of even the most advanced and progressive civilization just ordinary people, primitive humanity. Democracy, which is by far the most important social force in the modern world he says, "has been invoked from the depths by a tiny minority". He makes a distinction between this creative minority and the mass of humanity which despite a century and a half of democracy in his own country and in the western world generally remains culturally depressed and intellectually and morally stationary, if not also degraded. He says "This common predicament of two living societies may be regarded as a regular phenomenon in the life of all civilizations that are, or, at any time, have been in process of growth".

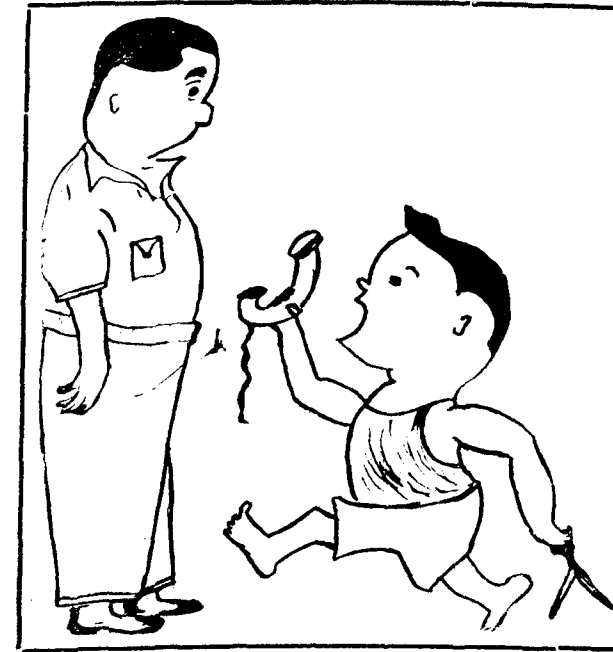
Democracy being Government of the people by themselves, within a democratic society there ought not to be such a juxtaposition of two societies, the minority alone moving forward and the rest lagging behind. It is of the essence of democracy that every citizen must have the right to participate in the Government of his community. Under modern conditions of representative democracy free exercise of this right by every individual does not, however, mean that he should have a share of Government at all levels. All that it implies is that the common man must possess the voting rights.

Voting by itself is a simple affair. But to cast one's vote in favour of the right person requires the capacity on the part of the citizen for intelligent judgment on the large issues involved in the election and on the relative ability of the contending parties or their candidates to help to solve them. To be able to do so he needs a certain minimum of knowledge, which it was believed could be acquired by education; by sending him to school for a minimum number of years. With universalisation of the citizen-class or conferment on the common man of the right to participate freely in the Government of his state there arose the problem of how best he could be equipped to fulfil his responsibilities. When the Reform Act of 1867 had enfranchised the masses of England and thereby made them masters, aristocratic Dr. Robert Lowe, surveying the situation said quite seriously, "now we must educate our masters." The sort of education for rulers that was attempted in his country and in other western communities was universal, compulsory, gratuitous instruction. In the United Kingdom they give them nine years teaching in free elementary schools, something more than mere literacy, although according to J.S. Mill a person was fully equipped to be an elector if he could read, write and perform a sum in the rule of three. Plato had insisted that much education was needed to make a good ruler. But his polity was not a Government of the people by all the people.

To Professor Toynbee the impact of Democracy on education has by no means been quite wholesome. In the pre-democratic age education

was the monopoly of the privileged few. Today, however, it is regarded in all progressive countries as the birthright of every child that is born in the community. Universal, compulsory, gratuitous public instruction is the aim of every state worth the name. Not till democracies undertook to educate the rulers was universal education ever attempted in this world. Great men in the past and also liberal opinion in the nineteenth century, says Toynbee, had imagined that with the fulfilment of universal education a new era of justice and enlightenment would be ushered in, an era of happiness and well-being for all mankind and that education was a panacea for all social ills. "Preach my dear sir," Jefferson wrote to his friend Wythe, "a crusade against ignorance, establish and improve the law for educating the common people. Let our countrymen know . . . that the tax which will be paid for this purpose is not more than the thousandth part of what will be paid to kings, priests and nobles, who will rise up among us if we leave the people in ignorance." John Adam endorsed his view and said "Liberty cannot be preserved without general knowledge among the people". What universal education aimed at was only inculcation of general knowledge.

Universal education in its actual working out, however, Toynbee says, has nowhere fulfilled its promises. Along the journey to the promised land there are quite a few road-blocks. One such has been the divorce of education from its traditional and cultural background when diluted to suit the masses. In recognising such a stumbling block on the road to the millennium Toynbee misses the purpose of democratic education. It is not to produce copies of an ancient pattern of which Professor Toynbee is himself the finest example, or to train a body of guardians qualified to rule but to enable the people to think relevantly and to prepare them for their political responsibilities. There is no question, here, of a depression of the level of culture, because what democracy attempts to create is a new culture resulting from the fusion of Toynbee's two societies within a community into a single whole, a milieu in which the distinction between the creative minority enjoying the loaves and the mass of primitive humanity looking up to them for the crumbs will have been obliterated. An "Eglite" will still be there but whereas before universal education was introduced they were exclusively drawn from the society of the privileged, they would now be recruited widely from the people as a whole. Democratic education will result in sufficient quantity of loaves and fishes to go round to everyone, for it would have tapped the unsuspected resources of the erst-while undeveloped majority and thus increased the sum-total of the productive capacity of the community. Therefore, Toynbee's fear that the elixir of democratic intellectual life will be a weak dilution compared with the pre-democratic traditional brew, or Somervell's, that "our mass produced intellectual pabulum lacks savour and vitamins" is totally unwarranted.



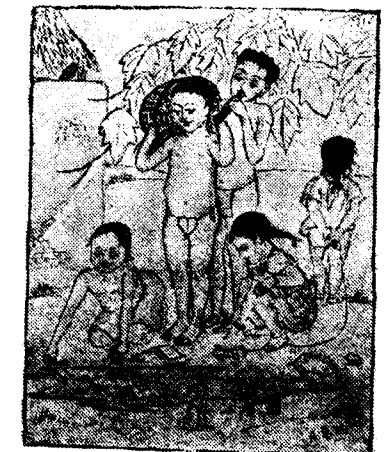
Daddy, a phone call came urgently; thinking, it will be difficult for you to come there, I brought it here daddy!



Aurora Welcoming Zephyr
Mona Anandavelu, IV B.Sc. (Zoology).



Approaching Storm
By Philip Joseph, IV B.Sc. (Geography).



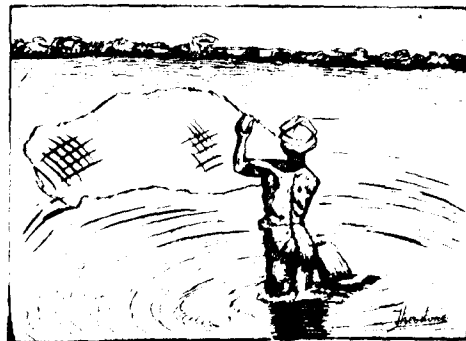
"The paper-boats"
By A. R. Mira Bai, IV B.Sc. (Botany).



Revision before Exams.
By A. R. Mira Bai, IV B.Sc. (Botany).



The Cabuliwala
By S. Jayalakshmi, III B.A., (Psychology).



Fisherman's day.
By Theodore (III B.Sc.)



Contemplation
By G. Kasthuri, III Hons. (Hist.)



The Ardent Swan his mate recovers
S. Jayalakshmi, III B.A., (Psychology).



In full throated ease
Mona Anandavelu, IV B.Sc. (Zoology).

Toynbee talks about a second stumbling block on the road to the millennium. It is that when the fruits of education are placed within the reach of everybody they are apt to be turned to account in a utilitarian spirit; education becomes a means to an end. Universal education from the point of view of democratic way of life undoubtedly has a utilitarian aspect. It makes life for the common man worthwhile, richer and fuller, and incidentally if he turns it to material use, it cannot be said that the purpose of education has been defeated. Education is not something that is to be cultivated for its own sake. It is an activity in the pursuit of which individuals become better citizens and so many nuclei of a new creative endeavour instead of being withering plants on a barren soil. Democracy wants knowledge to be turned to useful purpose in order to increase the well-being of the community. Its fruits are wasted if all but the cloistered student and the university professor are denied its use. Toynbee is raising bogies where they do not exist. His difficulty is that his mental clime is still that of the predemocratic age and therefore, he cannot see the common-ness between the common man and himself. Education is no doubt 'a pearl cast before the swine' which tramples it underfoot when only the socially privileged or the few who have inherited it as a right receive it. Again, it is a 'pearl of great price' to him who has "earned the right by an industrious cultivation of natural, intellectual gift". But when it is worn by the many it does not by any means lose its lustre; in fact it adds to the beauty and charm of the common man who before he wore it went about unnoticed or was kicked and pushed aside as though he were mere swine. And if while adding to the sum-total of material welfare education also brings cheer to the erstwhile dull and drab existence of the ordinary man does it become any the less noble?

The third stumbling block on the road to the millennium is no doubt real though not irremovable. Professor Toynbee says that "the bread of universal education is no sooner cast upon the waters than a shoal of sharks arises from the depths and devours the children's bread under the educator's very eyes." He has in mind the perils of the Yellow Press which was invented in his country just twenty years after Forster's Education Act of 1870, and of the Political Machine which while saving the elector from the worry of having to use his faculty of reason guides and rules him by the technical devices of propaganda that it can put out. The remedy for both the kinds of peril is just round the corner if democracy will choose to have it. What is required is a further extension of universal compulsory gratuitous public instruction beyond the elementary stage making education available up to the ability of every individual citizen. While half-educated men and women can be easily gulled it is a fact worth pointing out that you cannot make slaves of them or deceive them by the printed word if they are fully educated. And why blame Lord Northcliffe for having provided cheap intellectual

pabulum to millions of readers "who cannot concentrate or think for themselves" and who are without adequate leisure and enjoyment all because of long hours of work they have to fill in for mere existence? The situation created by the impact of democracy on education is not after all so hopeless as it appears at first sight. Professor Toynbee is not an utter pessimist. He discerns a silver lining in the cloud. In his own country agencies, like the Workers' Educational Association which offers adult education to adult men and women who have to earn their daily bread, the Ruskin College at Oxford where the working class can go into residence for a period of six months or even an year for study and the British Broadcasting Corporation, in Denmark the High Schools for Agricultural Labourers and in many countries extra-mural centres at universities, are doing excellent work in the matter of rescuing the common man from the dangerous waters between the "North-cliffian Scylla and the Hitlerian charybdis". And coming to think of it, who can measure political intelligence? It does not consist in mere literacy or book-learning; political rights freely and intelligently exercised will make every citizen fit to be a ruler and the object of democratic education must be to create conditions which will enable him to do it.

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

An In-human Conference

Suddenly I woke up. I heard some unusual noise like that of an invading army. I sprang out of my bed and strode towards the window over-looking the street. The piercing coldness of the weather sent a thrill through my body; the street was shrouded in mist—and amidst the stillness rose the distant inscrutable noise. I keyed up my senses and stood motionless. Lo! At the far end of the street, there were visible, numerous black flags advancing with alarming speed. I watched with bated breath the scene which was something spectral, something pandemonial.

To my surprise and awe, I soon began to hear shouts—"we want liberty", "Liberty is our goal", "Down with human beings" and such-like. Then the authors came to my view; and I found them to be..... dogs—dogs of different kinds: old and young, pretty and ugly, tall and short. Some appeared aged and worn-out, with drooping eyelids and heavy footsteps. Some others were of an ultra-modern type, with parts of their hair, tail and ears fashionably cut out. There were blood-hounds, high-bred spaniels, and also stray dogs. Thus they marched onwards with their black flags, shouting curses on humanity with all the dislike, all the vehemence they could command. I rubbed my eyes. But, alas? As sure as I was alive, the dogs were indeed marching somewhere. The huge crowd had gone past my house. I ran downstairs and began to

follow them. They marched on and on; I, too, marched on and on till we reached a secluded spot. In a moment, I took in the structure of the place. It was a rectangular spot with a platform at one end of it. I found that the place had been specially decorated and arranged for a meeting. The dogs quickly settled themselves on the carpet spread on the floor. I could easily make out that they were going to hold a conference. I hid myself safely behind a pillar and prepared myself to witness the proceedings. At first a very old dog was led to the chair by two others, for, he was not able to climb up the dais unhelped. Then an ordinary dog, seemingly the secretary, came forward, introduced the President to the audience, and thanked him, having taken pains to preside over their inexperienced proceedings. The president smiled with a modesty peculiar to old, experienced beings; and, the address began. I found that the speaker of the day was a smart, modern and dashing young fellow of a dog. Half of his ear had been cut off; his tail had been fashionably modelled; and his long hair had been artistically worked into patterns like the grass in the compound of a pretty bungalow. He began his address with a proud air—

"I hope all of you are perfect gentle-dogs. Everyone of you knows the extent of the cruelty that human beings show towards us. They suppress our liberty to an illegal extent, in spite of the fact that we are of great use to them. We guard them and their houses, we are at their beck and call. For all this help that we render at the expense of our comfort, you know well what they do in return. They tie us to poles; they strike us with stones; they even shoot us down if they want. All of us know that the mere mention of April will make us tremble. Regarding the sacredness of our name, the word 'DOG' is very near to something divine, being just the image of 'GOD'. This sacred word (the sacredness of which, these human monsters cannot understand)—this word, is spoiled and distorted by them, using it as a term of abuse. Till now, we have somehow borne these insults with silence; but, hereafter, we must seek liberty (here, the dog-speaker brought down his fist forcibly upon the table.) Is there not spirit in us? Is there not the sense of revenge in us? Fellow-dogs! I can assure you that there is no better way to avenge ourselves than to fall upon all the men that we come across, and make short work of them. 'Each one, bite one'—and we can gain success. So, my dear fellow-dogs! rise, go, tear the human monsters to pieces, and we are sure to attain success."

When the speech was over, a roar of applause rang through the place, with the shout, "Down with human monsters!". When they saw the president rising, they calmed down. The old dog-president slowly and calmly began his concluding speech:—

"We all have now heard the lecture of our learned speaker. We know well that we are ill-treated by men, in spite of our worth. But in

days of yore, we were given all the respect and love we are worthy of. In ancient times, we were known as *Gramasimha* (Village lion); and we were proud to bear that name. Again in Rigveda, a dog Sarama is lauded to the skies; it is said we are his descendants. In Mahabharata, Dharmaputra is said to take his beloved dog with him to Heaven. In puranas, we hear that when Lord Siva determined to destroy and performed *Dhakshayagna* he chose for his vehicle, a dog. Why did he not choose a cow, a lion or a monkey? Evidently, he preferred a dog to all these. These instances clearly show that till recent times, we were respected and adored. But to-day man dares to ill-treat and torture an animal whom his ancestors loved and adored. Such is the modern world. But we need not feel dejected; nor need we act like monsters as our revered speaker sensibly proposed. I cannot of course deny that he is a very intelligent and impressive speaker; but at the same time, I feel that he is overwhelmed with modern views and hence lacks the experience which we, old dogs can claim to have. Experience is a valuable teacher. I, for one, firmly believe that nothing substantial can be achieved by atrocious means. A calm, methodical, and harmless attack is the one which can bring forth admirable success. So, my friends! hereafter desist from doing any sort of help to these human pests; do not cringe at their feet and bear mutely their slappings. It is high time that you should open your eyes wide. What we lack is co-operation. Let us all gather into a crowd and run away to a distant forest, leaving these men to....."

Just then, a clash was heard nearby, the sound being heightened by the stillness. I quickly turned my head to behold a piece of bone evidently dropped by a vulture. Each head was turned mechanically in that direction. A young dog among the crowd, leapt up; and the next moment it was upon the bit of bone. Lo! A second dog was already on its feet; it bounded towards the first with a jealous bark. Soon there were heard, deep growlings against the two dogs who were already half-way through their food. Another moment, and the whole pack was dashing towards the bone amidst a hell of noise. The whole arena was filled with the dogs, howling and barking and biting. So this at last is their co-operation. Suddenly it occurred to me that it was dangerous to remain there. Shuddering at the thought that they might tear me to pieces, I traced my way quietly home-ward.

K. V. Bala Devi, IV (Hons.) Physics.

Social Security in the Seas

Life everywhere is hazardous and we may think nowhere more so than in the water. To eat and not to be eaten are life's greatest problems in the sea. Here, Nature has experimented apparently with more different types of body-build, various forms of organs for locomotion and numerous special devices for selfprotection.

In the remote past, the sea animals made the greatest adaptations to their watery environments, known to man. They rose to a sphere of success and prominence in the seas of the Mesozoic era which has never been excelled or even equalled. Life on land, for the reptiles, proved unsuccessful: so they turned to water where they developed bodily form, strength and agility that made them stand out as perfection in sea-worthiness.

One of these, the plesiosaur, seems to have everything for security in its environment. This animal did have reptile-like characters, for the shape of its head and its long neck were similar to those of a snake, and in the short, broad body with its short tail, it somewhat resembled a turtle. The fossil bones and shells found in and around the stomach cavity of the plesiosaur and the type of teeth it possessed, indicate that it ate small fish, shell animals and pterodactyls or flying reptiles. It made a most happy adjustment in order, no doubt not to be bothered about fish bones and shells, by developing an organ to grind them into digestible form. This gizzard-like organ, discovered in some of the fossil specimens, was filled with approximately half a bushel of stones from the size of a walnut to the proportions of a baseball.

The long neck of the plesiosaur enabled the animal to reach long distances for prey without moving its body, to dive to considerable depths for food and promptly to return to the surface for air. The short fail of the animal was used more for steering than for propulsion. The plesiosaurs though blessed with all these facilities for procuring food and for avoiding its enemies, were blotted out of the picture about seventy million years ago.

Vying with the plesiosaurs for perfect sea-worthiness were the ichthyosaurs. They were a match for the plesiosaurs in size, and although reptiles, the ichthyosaurs were more fish like in form. The ichthyosaur swam with a wriggling fish movement and developed a fish-like tail. With their perfect fish-like fitness for the sea, and their advanced viviparous habits, the ichthyosaurs must have continued to flourish; with apparent perfect social security they, however, became extinct for reasons unknown. Nature clothes herself in secrecy.

The mosasaur was the sea villain in reptilion clothes. It also came from the land to try life in the seas. With its great size, ferocious appetite, vicious teeth, the speed of a torpedo and superb ability, it achieved sea success and ruled supreme. The mosasaur appeared highly developed in the art of self-preservation and was even more streamlined than the plesiosaur and the ichthyosaur. But the species lived a fast life and a short one: it soon sank into extinction.

Remarkable, however, is the manner in which the lesser powers of the waters have developed some ingenious methods of self preservation.

These forms of sea life seem to be content to live happily rather than strive for supreme sea-worthiness and submarine power. Therefore, through their unusual ingenuity, they seem to have arrived at a state of greater peace and ease than some of their more famous brothers of the past.

The flying gurnard leaves the water and soars through the air unbelievable distances if pursued. Interesting is the fact that such a species, by trial and error and through thousands of generations, has developed this manner of avoiding its enemies. Because this fish can fly, swim, float and walk, one does not know whether to accuse Nature of favoritism or of experimentation.

The porcupine fish has acquired an effective mode of protection. It is covered with sharp spines that lie close to the body until the fish inflates itself with air or water. Being globular and bobbling in the water like a floating ball, the porcupine fish is not easily preyed upon and if caught, is swallowed with difficulty. The fearless sharks are known more often than other fish to swallow the porcupine fish, but many times to their grief and ultimate death. While imprisoned in the shark's stomach, the porcupine fish gives off a red secretion which is thought to render the digestive juices ineffective on the prisoner and give it a chance to chew or gnaw its way out,

Nature must have been in a whimsical mood when she decided to bestow some special honour on one species of the animal kingdom and adorn it in the likeness of a beautiful flower. In the sea kingdom the anemone plays an unimportant role, but its beauty makes up for its insignificance. For whatever purpose it evolved, its beautiful forms and colours, its self protection and camouflage ranks high in degree of water security.

The organs that appear as petals of the flower-like animal secrete poison with which the creature stuns small fishes, crabs, or sea-urchins when they venture near; these petal-arms then slowly draw the paralysed victim towards the center mouth.

So successful has the sea anemone become in self protection that certain crabs put them upon their backs or carry them in their claws, to ward off crabby dangers. This act on the part of the crab is also beneficial to the sea anemone, for, as slow as are the crustaceans, they move more speedily in comparison to the parasite. This gives the anemone greater chances for procuring food and, perhaps, a more varied diet. The hermit crabs know the anemone's ability and cheerfully exchange drayage for protection. The anemones have lived in the seas for many millions of years.

Lowly, but enjoying remarkable security, are the jellyfishes. They live, eat, grow, reproduce, navigate and yet have no brain, no lungs or

gills, no skeleton or kidneys, no heart or blood. In fact, they are mostly jelly, nerves and poison. Their greatest charm, however, is in their possession of something similar to phosphorus, which causes them to glow at night on the surface of the water. Trailing behind the jellyfish are numerous tentacles equipped with poison, for stunning little fishes and drawing them into the center to a crude mouth and gullet. In their simplicity, jellyfishes are sublimely unconscious of the fact that they have held their rank and place in the sea kingdom from the Cambrian period, about 500 million years ago.

This tentacle-method of protection is most effectively utilised by the Portuguese man-of-war. Apart from its array of tentacles this animal consists merely of an air-bladder body, tinted with Nature's most delicate colours.

Long before man harnessed electricity and made it serve him, fish were using it for protection and to attract or stun their prey. Of the fishes resorting to this method, an eel or eel-like fish inhabiting the rivers of Brazil seems most successful. It has the most powerful electric dynamo of all fishes.

Because of its similarity of form, this fish is referred to as an eel. Two rows of 'electric cells' extend the entire length of the body and are capable of producing 200 to 300 volts of electricity. While the electric eels seem to be the most powerful 'shockers' of all the fishes thus equipped, the same power is possessed to some extent by several other groups of fishes, particularly the fresh-water catfish of Africa, the star-gazer of the Gulf of Mexico and the torpedo of the warm oceans.

Geologists are inclined to believe that the age of the Earth is more than 3,000,000,000 years; that protoplasm has been struggling against enemies, overcoming its environment and seeking security for a mere 500,000,000 years. During that time, life has tried various body builds, different organs of propulsion and devices for protection, to develop a creature that may enjoy security in an eat-or-be-eaten environment. The mighty plesiosaurs, ichthyosaurs, and mosasaurs survived approximately fifty million years, while some of the lowly forms of life, with more ingenious forms, lived five hundred million years and more.

It is difficult to determine whether Nature expects of her sea creatures, sea worthiness and short life history, or the ingenious adaptation to environment of the more lowly creatures of the seas.

A. K. Kasthuri, M.A., M.Sc., M.S.E.P.M. M.M.G.I., F.G.M.S.

In Defence of Bus Travel

Of late one finds in the dailies and weeklies many letters to the editor, complaining of the great difficulties experienced by bus travellers in general and of shortcomings of the transport system. It is really a pity that not a single member of the public comes forward and puts forth in the press the several advantages a man can enjoy, if only he decides to travel by bus every day. Hence I have decided to review bus travel from that angle in this article.

I have in my hand a list of advantages of bus travel and I find that the list enumerates (to be modest) more than ninety-nine of them. As all these cannot be given in full detail in the space allotted I shall give a very small list of them below.

Gist of advantages 1 to 37.—Bus travel is conducive to health and strength. A man has to stand in queue at least for fifteen minutes before he can get into a bus. Very often where there is no queue he has to use his arms and his shoulders freely to force a way into a bus. These physical feats improve his strength and round off his muscles. More often than not he finds he has to stand as one among fifteen of the standing passengers. This is an added advantage. For, the exercise is continued inside the bus too. Here he has more work for his forearm and biceps. He simply hangs by the strap and tries to balance himself when the bus turns. The crowd passes against his sides and he freely perspires which is good in the long run for his health as it drives out all "bad waters" from his body and he emerges out with a strong and lithe torso. Incidentally, the jolts, lurches forward, backwards, sideways etc., tone up his liver and condition his abdomen so well that even habitually constipated persons feel great relief. The drivers of our transport system are adepts in applying breaks suddenly. As you fall on the person in front without warning, he in turn falls in front and so on. This tests one's presence of mind and makes him hardy. Because of these physical advantages it would be advisable for our young men in the "Army parachute corps" to undergo a term of bus travel in Madras to turn them out as hardy as they need be and make them fighting-fit before they are taken to regular combat service.

Advantage No. 44.—It often saves a man several unwanted bills. I know a friend who had a tumour in his left arm, and the doctor had fixed up an operation in two days when the tumour would be ripe. The Doctor had informed him that the bill would come to Rs. 25. As he was returning from the doctor, he got into a crowded bus. His mind was so fully occupied by ideas of securing a seat that he forgot about the tumour. By mere pressure it had ripened and burst. At home he applied a little iodine and he was all-right. Thus he saved for himself a sum of Rs. 25 as a result of bus travel.

Advantage No. 53.—This applies only to persons who find themselves stranded at Mount Road bus stops where no bus would stop between 5 P.M. and 8 P.M. You stand there for an hour and a half and decide to walk home, calling it your evening constitutional. I have known many a young man who would not otherwise take a walk in the evening resort to this method, improving his health in the long run.

Advantage No. 69.—The system of standing passengers in our buses has improved the sense of chivalry in our young men. I have seen very often half a dozen young men spring up from their seats, if any pretty young lady enters a bus, thus showing their growing sense of chivalry.

Advantage No. 83.—In tamil there is a proverb which means that a man who learns to wait with patience will rule the world. Whether we are fit to rule the world or not bus travel necessarily teaches us patience. You go to Rattan Bazaar to buy something or other in the evening. You want to return to your house in Adayar. Not a single bus would stop near Rattan Bazaar between 5 P.M. and 8 P.M. in the evening. You walk some distance and come to the next stop by 7-45 P.M. A bus comes and stops for the conductor to issue tickets to all the passengers. You have a nodding acquaintance with him. In the end even though the bus is overcrowded, he takes you in as a special case, even risking his job. You reach your house at 8-15 P.M. In all you have spent three hours and a half for a small purchase in the town. But still you take pride in the fact that you alone could return home so early and any other would have reached home only by 9-30 in the night. And all this is due to the fact that you have a nodding acquaintance with the conductor. Bus travel can thus teach us immense patience and instil in us a sense of pride about our transport system.

Advantage No. 97.—I have a friend who is now in the army. Before he joined the army, he used to be very proud of the fact that he was six feet two inches tall and always used to walk erect with pride in his heart. One day he got into a bus with a nonchalant air and he got a good knock on his head. From that day whenever he saw a bus, he used to feel humble and stoop forward. Bus travel can thus teach us humility.

Advantage No. 101.—Another friend of mine who had very delicate nerves and would not brook loud noises lives in Mylapore. He has to go to town for his work everyday. He very often travels by diesel bus. The noise and flutter of the bus have now made his nerves so strong that he nowadays talks aloud with everybody. Bus travel can thus strengthen one's nerves.

I know I have already overtapped my list and so I have no wish to continue further. But now I am sure you would have been convinced

of the several good points in favour of bus travel. If as a result of this article more and more take to bus travel thus increasing the already enjoyed benefits (overcrowding etc.) I am sure, I can say that I have been useful to the community at large.

D. K. Swaminathan, IV B.Sc. (Botany)

The Sooth-Sayer (ii).

It flows, it flows, it flows
 Into Eternity.
 Heedless, intoxicated
 With its own omnitude unimpaired,
 It flows,
 It flies.
 It does not see
 Objects so near to it
 Nor worlds thrust into the blue sky's socket;
 Its impressions eaten away
 By its coiling snaky hunger,
 It does not see
 And dies a reptile's death.
 Born and dead at the same moment,
 It frowns, it shakes,
 It sheds its golden laughter
 On some earth's lucky corner—
 It flows,
 It flies.
 It's blind, talks through dark silence,
 It flows,
 It flies——
 Time, the world's sooth-sayer.

S. Krishnamoorthi P.G. II (Telugu)

John Maynard Keynes

*The Life of John Maynard Keynes** is a good book about a great man and the greatness of the man has given the book whatever worth it has. But for the fact that it is a life of J. M. Keynes, Professor Harrod's book would have been merely a rather lengthy, dryly factual, "official" life. But happily, its author has realized his limitations, many and severe as they are, and treated Keynes not as an Economist or financier or logician but as what he essentially was—a uniquely, interesting person. Nearly one-thirds of the book deals with Keynes' life at Eton, at Cambridge and at London with the "clever young men of Bloomsbury". This part alone shall concern us here; for the Economics is best left in Prof. Harrod's able hands and in any case was not Keynes the man much greater than Keynes the Economist?

We have all the facts of Keynes' amazingly successful life. John Maynard Keynes was born on 5th June, 1883, the eldest son of John Neville Keynes who was for many years Professor of Political Economy in Cambridge, a friend and contemporary of Alfred Marshall and Henry Sidgevick. Maynard was schooled at Eton from where he won a scholarship, in 1902, to King's college, Cambridge. His subject for the tripos, like Marshall's was Mathematics.

The description of Keynes as a Cambridge undergraduate forms the best part of the book. These chapters tell us what an amount of pure, genuine, glorious enjoyment he derived from discussion and speculation. Or to put it technically how great a "kick" he got out of it all. It is this natural, healthy appetite of a good athlete with which Keynes threw himself into an argument or a train of thought that is most appealing in him. He was a member of all the more important undergraduate societies—the Walpole debating society, the Decemviri (consisting of only ten members), the Apdenine Society, the Baskerville club, the Panhesiasts to whom he read a paper on "Time", etc, etc. But the greatest of these was the Aposttes which he was invited to join by Lytton Strachey and Leonard Woolf. "It was founded in the eighteen-twenties by F. D. Maurice and his friends. Tennyson and Hallam were members together—William Harcourt and Clerk Maxwell had both belonged and, at a slightly earlier date, Maitland, Walter Raleigh, Mc Taggart, Alfred North Whitehead and G. Lowes Dickinson". The society was a secret one and the members met frequently with the "utmost intimacy". Whitehead speaks of these meetings as "the concentration of a pure platonic experience.". "The style of our lucubrations" says Dean Merivale, who has left behind a delightful account of it, "may be illustrated by a saying of one of our profound philosophers, Jack Kemble—'The world is one great thought and I am thinking it'".

The prevailing influence was G. E. Moore's *Principia Ethica*, which had lately appeared. Keynes speaks of it as the "greatest of its

*The Life of John Maynard Keynes by R. F. Harrod, MacMillan (1950).

kind". Now Moore held that what really mattered were states of mind, our own and other peoples, which had no temporal connections but were related to a total state of affairs. Also goodness, to him, was a something which was essentially undefinable and Moore's list of things that were good in and by themselves was as short as it was inadequate 'the enjoyment of beautiful objects' and 'the pleasures of human intercourse'. It was not surprising that Keynes and his circle, to whom the richest essence of their life at Cambridge was the 'pleasures of human intercourse', eagerly accepted Moore's ethics. Keynes himself has examined his reaction to Moore with great objectivity and honesty in his memoir on his early beliefs.

The unworldliness and the analytical precision and purity of Moore's doctrines had a great deal to do with their influence—Moore held (even as the logical positivists were to hold much later and perhaps, much less reasonably) that *the* problem in philosophical discussion was essentially a problem of language: the formulation of exact terminology and the asking of precise questions. In his preface to *Principia Ethica* More remarks that once we recognise the exact meaning of the two questions, I think it also becomes plain exactly what kind of reasons are relevant as arguments for or against any particular answer to them! Apart from other things, Moore's method was aesthetically very satisfying—a point Prof. Harrod has not even mentioned. You had your relations to yourself, other people and reality correctly formulated in all their subtle refinements and nice distinctions—with "if and but and perhaps and precisely what"—and this had all the joy and glory if also the limitations of a pure mathematical system. And as Keynes said, "The New Testament is a handbook for politicians compared with Moore's chapter on 'The Ideal'. I know no equal to it since Plato. And it is better than Plato because it is quite free from *fancy*. It conveys the beauty of the literalness of Moore's mind, the pure and passionate intensity of his vision, *un* fanciful and *un* dressed-up. Moore had a nightmare once in which he could not distinguish propositions from tables. But even when he was awake, he could not distinguish love and beauty and truth from the furniture. They took on the same definition of outline, the same stable, solid objective qualities and commonsense reality.".....

But mathematics demanded more work and it was little comfort to his father to be told by his tutor, Arthur Berry, that he thought he could honestly say that Maynard was devoting all his *spare* time to Mathematics. However Keynes worked harder in his last year at King's and was bracketed as twelfth wrangler in the Tripos.

In 1906, he got into the civil service and worked in the India office for the next two years. He gave his spare time to his *Treatise On Probability* which was to be the first book on the subject after Venn's classic in 1866. The *Treatise* eventually got him a fellowship at his old

college and still forms the basis of most discussions on the logical foundations of probability.

The next 'great period' though perhaps less formative in Keynes' life than his undergraduate days was none the less significant; it was the so-called Bloomsbury period. Prof. Harrod gives us a gripping sketch of the members of that bright and brilliant set who were to be Keynes' constant associates for more than a dozen years. It was now that he met and married Lydia Lopokova, the famous Russian Ballerina. The group included, at one time or other, Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, Clive Bell, Leonard Woolf, Roger Fry, E.M. Forster, David Garnett, Arthur Waley and Edward Sackville-West. Prof. Harrod rightly points out that it was really a world within a world that lived largely by ignoring outsiders and yet did not become a mutual admiration society or a coterie of intellectual snobs as has been so often suggested. But granting all that, it must be said that Prof. Harrod is uniformly prejudiced in his rather feeble attempt to place Bloomsbury in English thought and letters. The fact of the matter is that in his biographer's zeal he ends by becoming more loyal than the king himself.

Keynes' memoir examines the whole question with admirable candour and fairness and freedom from prejudice. Speaking of the Bloomsbury group Keynes says: "We had no respect for traditional wisdom or the restraints of custom. We lacked reverence, as Lawrence observed and as Ludwig (Wittgenstein) with justice also used to say—for everything and every one. It did not occur to us to respect the extraordinary accomplishment of our predecessors in the ordering of life (as it now seems to me to have been) or the elaborate frame work which they had devised to protect this order.....As cause and consequence of our general state of mind we completely misunderstood human nature, including our own. The rationality which we attributed to it led to a superficiality, not only of judgement, but also of feeling." Keynes again speaks of the "thinness and brittleness" of the set and acknowledges that there was more than a grain of truth in D. H. Lawrence's statement that they were "done for ever". However Prof. Harrod is entirely untroubled and dismisses summarily Keynes' own criticism as arising from a lack of sympathy. He evidently knows better.

But when all is said and undone Prof. Harrod's life is a good book about a great man—in spite of its all too obvious defects, its effusiveness, its uninspiring style, its 'moist light'—because in all its descriptions of Keynes as an economist, financier and logician, it does not ignore the personal qualities of Keynes, the charm and intelligence and versatility that made him not only one of the greatest Englishmen of his generation but also one of the most lovable. Keynes had so many interests and fulfilled them with such obvious enjoyment that it is a great delight even to read about them. He was a Cambridge don, a clear and powerful writer of

English prose, first chairman of the Arts council, collector of rare books, the owner of a valuable private collection of paintings, practical speculator and financier. He was an economist of genius because he was all this for as he has himself said in his essay on Marshall, "The good economist must be purposeful and disinterested in a simultaneous mood; as aloof and incorruptible as an artist, yet sometimes as near the earth as a politician". Again, unlike most experts, Keynes had a clear conception of the limitations of his subject. Economists were to him always *not* the trustees of civilization but only of the possibility of civilization. The real trustees of civilization were the artists and it was this conviction that made him do as much as he did for the Arts council as its first chairman. "This idealist and enthusiast was a wise man and a philosopher", it has been said, "No man in our time has put his leisure to a finer use or worked harder to enable others to enjoy and use their leisure well".

But above all and primarily J. M. Keynes was a very good and honest man. We can conclude no better than by quoting what the cowherd said to Prof. Harrod:

"But apart from all that" he said, "you know that he (Lord Keynes) was a *good* man; he'd sit on the edge of a stack and talk to me for a long time about things—very homely".

S. Guha IV Honours (Statistics)

An Inquiry into the vexatious problems of the "Hair."

We do not know who coined the expression hair-splitting to mean arguing about our subtleties of any question, perhaps more often than not just for its own sake. There are people who just take a delight in refuting you. You mention quite a harmless statement as the 'Sun rises in the east.' If you think you can get away with it you are mistaken. They would at once come out with the theory of relativity and prove that east is west and west is east and east and west are after all relative terms and so the Sun rises relatively east to you and so as you proceed east he moves still east-wards, until when you reach, say, Wake Islands the Sun is seen rising from America and since America is west to us it is proved that the Sun rises from the west. Q.E.D. Einstein's hair would have stood on end.

For such as these the only reply is the one afforded by the staunch Tory English man of letters, Dr. Johnson. After being perplexed and silenced by the polemical jugglery of Bishop Berkeley, the huge humiliated frame of the great doctor in righteous indignation, with the vehemence that only men of his stature could command bellowed, "I refute him thus!" and accompanied these words with a mighty kick on a huge stone

which struck a tree yards away and rebounded. Fortunately the bishop was not present when the doctor was venting his anger against such hair-splitting philosophical gymnastics to explain simple things. For those who have the brawn that the doctor possessed and hence could always be sure of converting the opponent's 'perpendicularity to horizontality' such a method as is mentioned may be recommended. But for people like me, puny in stature and punier in spirit there seems to be no way out. Especially if you happen to be a red or a shade or two this way or that, you better be careful even to mention such obviously simple facts as 'Negroes are being discriminated in the southern states of the U.S.' or 'that starvation and unemployment are rampant in our country' or even a historical fact as 'Lenin is one of the greatest men that ever lived in the tide of times', you have raised the hornet's nest, you have stirred a veritable bee-hive. Political and constitutional hair splitters would start rattling off at the rate that would put the machine gun to shame and start explaining right from the airy concept of sovereignty and traverse the meandering paths of the political jungle touching on the various theories on the evolution of state, party system and federalism, would land you on your head at the concept of 'one world'. Well, if at this stage you have not already given up the ghost and meekly ask what all this mighty typhoon had to do with the simple statements you made, you would get your block knocked off!

The same resourceful doctor has also prescribed another remedy to ward off the danger from these hair-splitting pests. This time it happens to be not a doctor of divinity, Berkeley but a devilishly more menacing affair—a woman, who challenged the burly fellow to a wordy duel as to why he wrote the meaning of a particular word in a particular way to which that human dictionary meekly replied, "ignorance madam, pure ignorance." Thus ignorance genuine or pretended sometimes is a shield against this threat though it might sometimes emerge out as a siene after the attack is over. Once some English country squire who was asked to preside over Keats' Anniversary opened and dissolved the meeting with the remarks—"Gentlemen, I have known barley, wheat and oats but I do not know what Keats are and don't want to know Keats either. I dissolve the meeting" and thus effectively sealed off an impending disaster of poetical hair splitting. His adamant refusal to know things was as becoming an Englishman as his ignorance. If after all these warnings anyone still wants to have an experience of hair-splitting, I recommend to him any book of economics, failing which to look out for persons who have an intellectual look about them which can be gauged by the thickness of the glasses they wear, the bulk of books they carry and the frequency with which they visit the departmental library.

A much abused philosopher used dialectics as a method, in other words hair-splitting was elevated to the position of a philosophical technique (please do not mistake him for Rousseau, though he too did a great deal of hair splitting). Ever since this philosopher penned his ideas they

sowed a bounteous crop of philosophical, political and economic hair for splitting. Year after year, country after country offered its counter arguments and 'debunked' this philosophy. But paradoxically with every 'debunking' it emerged out reinforced in theoretical strength and materialised in practical action. All these mushroom hair-splitters stood debunked in time before this master hair-splitter of the 19th Century. So adopt hair splitting as the very technique of your conversation and perfect it to the T and you will be as welcome as a corpse to a coroner in all places of high-brow learning.

When this expression was coined people thought that splitting the hair was about the most difficult task to perform. Little did they imagine that there is another more interesting art which calls for a greater dexterity in handling and adroitness in the use of many small implements—Hair dressing. The problem of course never at all in the case of men (or women) who have a dome-like head—the Dr. Mossodeq-variety. Nor does it arise to those of the fair sex who have a profuse growth and can twist it and twirl it into all sorts of contortions you find in the Ajanta caves, and still look none the worse for it. But as these are microscopic, I am afraid I am treading on very dangerous soil when I say this; but a scientist must pursue without fear in his unending quest for truth and, pardon my ego, I am a scientist of no mean order.

So the material for my scientific inquiry is the majority who possess a (scandalously) meagre growth on which they indefatigably work with the aid of oils and pomades, combs and brushes, pins and ribbons, buns and rings, last but not least, dyes and wigs. Man's contribution to this art is also of no mean quality. To dress the hair like the stormy ocean with small waves rising and falling gradually and ending into a mighty crescendo near the fore-head or to do it like the majestic calm waters of the lake of Galilee after Lord Jesus uttered the magic words of command, is a grand achievement of a masterly workmanship. Nor can we neglect the bearded beauties, the walrus-moustached Bismarcks, the fly-type moustached Charlies, the pencil-lined moustached Ronald Colmens. What amount of consternation the appearance of a grey hair causes to these great artists, quite justifiably because the grey hair displays a quality of defiance to the administration of the comb and try how ever you might displays itself in the open.

But the one that interests me most is the specimen that thinks that unkempt hair is a good omen in sport, thus mixing cynicism with optimism. Only just mention casually a simple remark, say, that Ramadhin should have bowled more oners in the Second Test, you are in for an hour's ordeal. With the assistance of a pinch of betel nut powder to facilitate smooth running, the hair-splitting operation would start off steam-rollering all opposition or signs of discontent, and brushing aside all attempts at diversion. Oh, what an adept hair-splitter this clumsy hair-dresser is!

Space and patience would not permit me to elaborate all my hair splitting regarding Hair Splitting and Hair dressing. Losing sight of fundamentals and arguing on issues of secondary and concomittant nature results in this sterile process of hair-splitting. Regarding sociological questions one thing is certain which from the ancient masters of philosophy like Plato till to this day cannot but be admitted—that the people are in the last analysis divided into two classes by a wide chasm of economic difference. It is also certain that unless this wide gulf is narrowed down, there can be no happiness and prosperity for the majority of the people. Without grappling this fundamental, to lay too much stress on rights and constitutions and legal techicalities is nothing but a futile attempt at hair dressing without the proper quality or quantity of hair. So, no hair-splitting, no artificial hair-dressing but a good luxurious and lustrous well groomed hair, oh Lord grant me as thou did to the mighty Samson! No federal constitution, no unitary constitution, no Marshalllean economics, no Keynesion but a Government which would assure economic equality and stem out starvation and want, oh Lord, grant this miserable world and IT IS HIGH TIME YOU DID IT!

K. Seshadri, P.G. II (Politics)

The Enchanted Isle.

(A record of the tour of the History and Politics Association to Ceylon in December 1951; written from excerpts from the diaries of the chroniclers).

Sweet indeed are the days of our youth when our hearts are young and gay and to the party of excursionists who visited Ceylon in December 1951, the memory of the enchanted isle, where we spent ten wonderful days combining pleasure with profit, will linger long.

15th December.—The great day has at long last arrived and we set out, perhaps with a little trepidation in the hearts of a few, for Ceylon. The first general impression that nearly all of us formed of the island from an aerial view, and subsequently during the drive from Kankasanturai airport to Parameswara College, was one of a rich, fertile country, in many respects very much like our own. In fact Jaffna looked like a bit of Malabar transplanted in Ceylon—this view of course specially endorsed by those who hail from the land of the setting sun. Later when we met some people in the college, we were struck by their warm friendliness, their almost over-whelming kindness, and this particular feature drew our attention again and again, throughout the tour.

16th and 17th December.—The morning of the 16th saw us in Colombo 'a garden city of colourful contrasts' the capital of the youngest Dominion in the Common-wealth of Nations. The Ceylon Tours provided us with an excellent motor-coach which took us sight-seeing around the

city. Among the interesting places we visited were Pettah, the busy shopping quarter, the Dehiwalla Zoo, Mt. Lavinia a favourite sea-side resort and a popular picnic spot where one of Colombo's best hotels is situated overlooking a beautiful palm-fringed beach. In the course of our drive through the city we also saw the Town Hall, the site of the Colombo Plan Exhibition, the Parliament Building, the Radio Station and the promenade known as the Galle Face.

Situated a few miles to the north is the famous Buddhist temple of Kelaniya which dates back to the beginnings of Ceylon's history, almost two thousand five hundred years ago. Tradition holds that this place was sanctified by a visit of the Buddha and the Paddy-heap shaped Dagoba is still believed to contain the couch on which He reclined. The murals however are new and so is the image of the seated Buddha. Many worshippers come here with their offerings of fragrant frangipani and other sweet-smelling flowers and kneel in obeisance before the image of the recumbent Buddha.

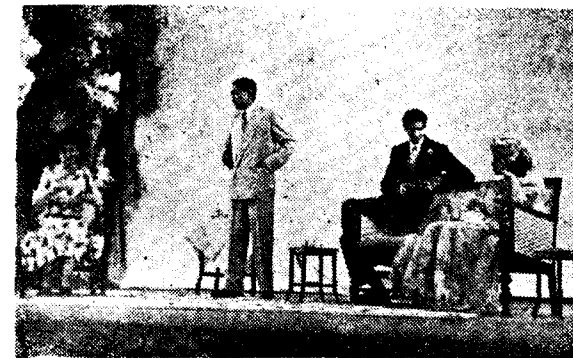
20th December.—The sacred city of Kandy, last capital and mountain stronghold of the Sinhalese, which ever now is considered to be the centre of culture in Ceylon is 72 miles from Colombo. The road from Colombo winds through beautiful countryside—green fields, palm groves, sleepy little villages and then with a perceptible change in the atmosphere as the air turns cool and invigorating, the road climbs up to the hill-capital of the last of the Sinhalese Kings.

The fame of this city centres mainly around the Dalada Maligawa—the Temple of the Tooth Relic. Legend holds that the powdered remains of the tooth which had been destroyed by the Portuguese flew back from Goa to Kandy and assumed their original form. Legend or no legend, this temple and the relic of Buddha attract innumerable Buddhist pilgrims from all over the world. The temple and the octagonal library on its right are enclosed by a moat and a stone wall; within the temple there are a number of images of Buddha of varying sizes. The relic is enclosed in the innermost of seven caskets filled one within the other and the Sanctuary in which it reposes is open to the public only in the evenings. Kandy is the scene of annual perahera or procession held during the exposition of the tooth when the relic is carried in state, with great pomp and splendour, by gaily caparisoned elephants through the city to the beat of drums while dancers in colourful costumes dance rhythmically.

22nd December.—Danbulla—the largest of the Rock Temples still in use in Ceylon was the next stop on our itinerary. Here on a massive rock rising over a thousand feet high, are five temples dating back to the 1st century B.C.

Within these five separate temples are several images and carvings; one which especially drew our attention was a 47-foot long figure of the

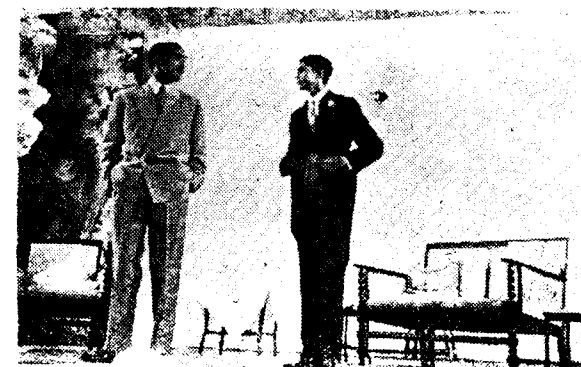
OUR DRAMATISTS



A Scene from "Importance of being Earnest."



A Scene from "Kundamala."



"Importance of being Earnest."

Photos : A. V. Rangan.

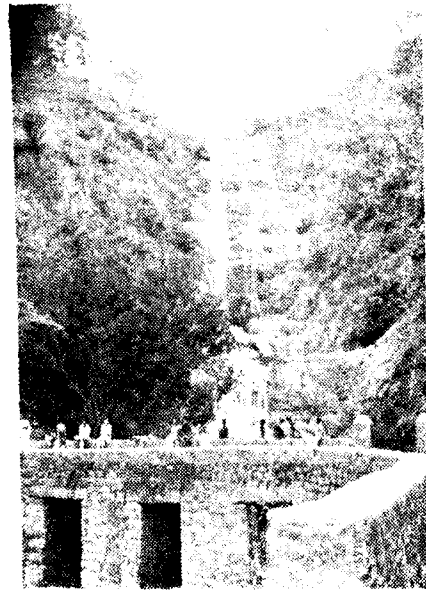


A Scene from "Pratima-Nataka."

Photos : A. Venkataraman.



Mahender Reddy and Miss Padma Narayanaswamy with the trophies they won in the All-India Inter-collegiate Debate in English at Delhi.



Silver cascade — a beauty spot of Kodaikanal.

Photo—C. B. Rao.



Field works at Ooty—
Botany Staff.

Photo—R. R. Ramaswamy.



IV & V Hons. Botany students at Kodaikanal.

Photo—V. Krishnamurthy.



Literateurs Holidaying.

Photo—N. Balasubramaniam.



Literateurs Holidaying.

Photo—L. Vrasptilal.



Geologists at work.

Photo—M. Subramanyam.

dying Buddha which had a wonderfully realistic appearance. In another of these cave temples which is also the largest, the artist has used his brush skilfully over the ceiling and the walls and the effect is of a ceiling-cloth.

Sigiriya was an unforgettable experience. Ten miles away from Danbulla we came to this impregnable fortress city; built on top of a sheer, unscaleable crag rising stark and abrupt out of the low plains Sigiriya is an extra-ordinary fortress, overwhelming in its fierce, rugged splendour, a feat of engineering in the 5th Century A. D. that still baffles the minds of modern Scientists. It has a strange history behind it, for the wicked King Kasyap after the cruel murder of his father, in order to escape the wrath of his people and his brother, chose this mighty rock to build himself an impregnable city, though finally he was defeated in battle and killed by his brother Moggallana.

The climb up to this fortress is an arduous one—flight of steps worn smooth by the tread of innumerable feet lead to a winding staircase which takes the interested visitor to what appears to have been an art gallery in a natural rock pocket. The frescoes here are very reminiscent of those at Ajanta and authorities on the subject are of the opinion that may have been executed by coakarporaneous or even perhaps the same artists. These portraits of twenty-one ladies are usually in pairs, perhaps a princess and her maid and seen to have been the work of a master hand for there is a delicacy of finish which is indeed admirable.

From this art gallery a little further on, one comes out into a flat stretch of open ground and from here, through a gate way fashioned like a huge line, begins a perilous ascent over the bare face of the rock which takes the climber up to the summit where the parri cide king had his city. There are just the ruins of the old palace and its foundations still to be seen, and the magnificent view coupled with a strong wind tingling the ears and giving one a wonderful sensation of being on top of the world.

22nd December.—Polannarawa flourished as the greatest medieval capital of Ceylon from the 11th to the 13th century. Parakrama Bahu, a mighty king and the first to rule a united Ceylon, whose name is still revered by the Sinhalese made this town his capital. His stature can still be seen—a grand old man, with an inscrutable expression holding an ancient manuscript in his hands.

The heart of this ancient city was a temple of the Tooth Relic. This Watadage is a round building with four entrances, beautifully carved, and a serene Buddha carved in granite facing each entrance. Nearby is the Flower Pavilion of King Nissanka—Malla, a unique structure, the roof of which was supported by stone pillars carved in floral designs and resembling creepers.

At Gal Vihare can be seen frescoes belonging to the 13th century, a later development of these at Sigiriya, more lively and beautiful, but alas, these are fast fading away. Nearby is a gigantic stone statue of a sleeping Buddha with Ananda standing sorrowfully near by, mourning over the death of the Master.

Among other interesting ruins were the audience Hall with roofless pillars specifying the particular minister who sat under it, a sunken Royal Bath built in three tiers and another bath in the shape of a lotus from which it derives its name of the Lotus Bath; the library of Chandravati, wise queen of Parabrama Bahu which was once a flourishing library used mostly by monks and the ruins of Parabrama Bahu's palace, all bearing mute testimony to the glories of a by-gone age.

23rd December.—Anuradhapura, the most famous of the ruined cities has a glorious tradition behind it, for historical evidence tells us it was the capital of the Sinhalese kings as far back as the (5th B. C. and occupied this unique position for 15 centuries). With the passage of time however, the surrounding jungles closed in, but now a modern city is rising around the ruins of the ancient one.

The first place the visitor is directed to is the famous Bo-tree—a right-hand sapling from the very same tree under which the Enlightened one meditated and finally attained eternal bliss. It was brought to Ceylon in the 3rd B. C. by Sanghanitta, daughter of Asoka, and planted in this great park, and innumerable pilgrims, Buddhist as well as others, wend their way to this hallowed spot, to bow in reverence before this tree of wisdom which is perhaps the oldest in the world.

There are ruins of several Buddhist temples in Anuradhapura where swarms of pilgrims still pay their homage to the Master. Among the number of ruined images there is one which is the best in Ceylon—perhaps even in the whole of the Buddhist world—depicting Buddha in the Dhyana Mudra. This image has a wonderful compassionate expression and has evoked the admiration of all who see it and has also been mentioned by Pandit Nehru in his *Discovery of India*.

Anuradhapura also abounds in dagobas (a solid hemispherical structure on a circular platform and surmounted by an umbrella on conical spire built in order to enshrine sacred Buddhist relics) and here can be seen the Jetavanarana Dagoba, dating from the 4th A.D. which is the biggest in the Buddhist world. The Ruanveliseya built by Datugemunu, the famous Hero King is another interesting structure though it has been restored and renovated from time to time.

The finest and best preserved moon-stone in Ceylon can also be seen at Anuradhapura. It is fenced off by a wooden railing and is a beautiful work of art and has four friezes of animals. A little to the South is the Isurumuni temple built near a pretty pond. On the rocks above the

pond has been carved a warrior or noble personage seated in the Maharaja Leela posture with a horse's head just visible over his left shoulder. On the other side is an exceedingly well-carved panel depicting the lovers. The sculptor has infused a life-like warmth into his work and has caught the air of triumph and dignity with which the warrior returns to his beloved, while she sits coy and demure.

Mihintale, six miles to the east of Anuradhapura is the sacred hill where Mahinda, son of the great Asoka, first alighted in 307 B.C. when he came to Ceylon to preach the gospel of Buddhism. On the way up to the summit of the hill are numerous hills for this was where a large monastic order once dwelt and one can still see their convocation hall, bathing ponds, rock cells and boat-shaped receptacles of stone used to store rice. A rocky pathway below the residence of the monks leads to Mahinda's bed—a smooth stone slab in a natural alcove formed by rocky crags. To the right can be seen the Kentaba chetiya Dagoba dating from the 2nd A.D.

At the foot of the hill is a beautiful little lake called the Kalundiya Pokuna—the lake of Black Waters—where trees bend their branches downwards almost as if holding converse with the waters. There is an air of quiet and peace and solemnity pervading the place and on the slopes of the hill dwell hermits in seclusion, away from the madding crowd and from the toils and turmoils of a troubled world.

All good things came to an end, and the ten days of our tour came to an end almost unbelievably soon; as the plane soared into the air from Jaffna on the morning of the 25th bearing us back to our own dear motherland, we carried with us memories of a warm-hearted, kind and friendly people for whose generosity and unbounded hospitality we can never thank them sufficiently, memories of beautiful cities, green hills, fertile fields, colourful gardens, sloping estates of tea and rubber plantations, blue lagoons, graceful waving fronds of tall and slender palms, lovely lakes shimmering in the quiet, soft morning light—memories of a breathtakingly and unforgettably beautiful country and as, perhaps with a little sadness, we watched her shores fading from our view, we vowed one day to return to the enchanted isle.

Neela Sattanathan IV Hons. (History).

Keeping Out of the Rut

1. *In a light vein.*—The hierarchy of the family of which I am a member comprises grand parents, grand uncles and aunts, parents, then myself with brothers and sisters on either side, cousins of various removes, with a few tits into the bargain. Generations in series. At one end, the elders seasoned by life's experiences, its ups and downs, its rewards and penalties; at the other end, little charming bits of humanity, happy in their ignorance, boisterous in their games and quarrels, welcome nuisances all the same, so charming, so innocent.

In between these I find myself, not yet stamped with the impress of life the elders have seen and lived, but past the era of the airy flightiness of the young ones.

In the language of political affiliations, the right, the centre and the left. The right is conservative, the stronghold of the traditions of the community, and particularly of the family, of which they are enormously proud, and rightly so. The more jealous of them are uncompromising about their preservation, and enjoin me to respect them and to follow them. Here is the rut they have ploughed for me, and I am expected to go the way it runs. My parents who occupy the borderland between the right wing and the centre have seen the sign of the times, and having developed a sense of realism, are less insistent and more accommodating. They watch from a distance over what the centre does—and as you see I am in it—and are giving hints, delicately worded and gently administered, with understanding nods now and then, which seem to say, “when we were young.....” And all is well, since I am not leaning to the left, not even to the left of centre, but occupy the median rank, statistically speaking. And have I not been impressed with the additional responsibility of being a model of prudence and propriety to the younger generation on the left? Rather a difficult job, but not too difficult for a person of my temperament and outlook.

2. *Left to myself.*—When old Polonius came upon Hamlet and asked him what he was at, the Prince replied, “Words, words, words.” If you ask me what my code of life is, I would reply, “Plan, plan, plan.” These are days of planning. Governments turn out plans by cartloads to build up their countries’ progress, doctors plan dietaries for the sick and the healthy, social economists plan budgets for the needy as well as for the well-to-do. But the little Ego in me resents such imposition; I plan for myself, broadbasing it to subserve every aspect of life, subdivided adjectively as physical and intellectual, aesthetic and moral. To guide me in this planning enterprise and achieve “according to plan,” the modern world supplies many agencies, readily available, at hand.

Almost all the members of the family are good readers and have built up a library. An uncle of mine, in a didactic mood, advocates my reading for “information, enjoyment, relaxation, inspiration,” and is never tired of quotations. One such is: The true aim of reading, the only creative aim, should be to increase the range and depth of one’s imagination and one’s human sympathy. I offer him my simplification: It is for enlarging and enriching life. I see you Smiling; you think I talk like a book. However, was it not Bernard Shaw who said: the more you read, the less you think? So I have my favourites, a limited number. As for the rest, my father has taught me the Art of Looking at the Backs of Books, and how to skip through them. And I keep a note book.

We have our morning news-paper. They say that the newspaper is the average man’s university. Mine is of some standing, and not much of it is *journalese* and waste-time. I don’t *just* read it, in the catch-as-catch-can manner. My newspaper formula is RSMC—Read, Skip, Mark, Clip. Its good prose gives me good words, my grammar (now taboo at school and college, as Grammar), and supplements my idioms (a ticklish commodity). My younger brother had a home-task, an essay on Newspapers, and asked me for “writing points” in the fashion of radio broadcasts round “talking points”; and I threaded out a list of what to look for—Government and politics, science and business, philosophy and religion, sociology and economics, education and health, arts and book-reviews, short skits, spots and....., when he cut in to say, “stop a bit, I shall bring paper and pencil,” and he never turned up! As for magazines and periodicals,—well, I live next door to a “Young People’s Reading Room,” enthusiastically run. I am its Secretary-cum-Treasurer, which means I am the Managing Committee.

Have I a radio at home? Yes, as good a one as one can desire to own. (And the Listener). It occupies one of the Principal Foci in our house. The Radio has been aptly called the greatest of modern miracles. It must be true, I say to myself: Does it not draw around it the whole circle of the family, including the ‘ancient’ members thereof? I am regarded as the most machine-minded of the house, and they have nicknamed me the *gadget*. I have my own private ‘lab’ and an aunt of mine happening to stumble into it in one of her visits, said it looked like a Moore-Market’s remote corner. It contains an infinite number of nameless, timeless, formless things. To it I go when I want to escape from an occasional tedium of tasks and duties. I once almost succeeded in “assembling” a sort of home-made radio, whose parts belonged to God-knows-how-many dismantled machines. When on occasions, our radio and I are left alone together, I manage to get from it “thought for my intellect, music for my soul, and mirth to ease my mind to top it all.”

Over the Radio I can only *hear* the mirth, but cannot see the shaking sides split unless held with the hands; I can hear the lucubrations of a happily married couple, but cannot see the tragedy in their faces when a third man intrudes to head them to a catastrophe, and ever so many other things of the sort. I have to listen and to imagine but cannot see and realise; for to see is to know. I have to seek the theatre to fill the gap. A good theatre, at the moment, is a rare commodity, but now and then I sense the dawn of a renaissance, which might restore it to its high pedestal.

What I cannot get in the theatre, I have perforce to seek in the movies, not those “displays of tasteless opulence and inane pettiness and sentimental melo-drama,” but those of merit and decency, which

invite you to "live with its people and live in their roles." Moreover, I can select them for the experiences that are not directly available, possible or desirable in real life, like wars and crowds and 'mass' appeals.

3. *Approval.*—My elders have been watching me as no one else has done. Covertly or overtly I get at their appraisal. I am happy to say that it is more of approval than of dissatisfaction. I sense their sympathy in good measure, if by sympathy is meant one's capacity to project oneself into another's personity, feeling *with* them and not *for* them.

Cardinal Newman says: "There is a beauty of person, there is a beauty of our moral being, which is natural virtue; and in like manner there is a beauty, there is a perfection of the intellect." And shall I add to it, the beauty of culture?

Culture no doubt is an intangible thing, indefinable in concrete terms. But it is always in our life-blood. "It is a sort of contagion which one *gets* by being exposed to it." With a carefully built-up cultural background, we can not only make a life, but make a life worth living.

Do I hear you say that in trying to keep out of one rut, I have made for myself another broader and deeper rut? Yes, No.

V. Vimala, III Hons. (Economics).

How long to Covelong? —the Litterateur's Holiday

We decided to go to Covelong this year. Mahabalipuram, Ennore and Poondi had lost their appeal, and a sail down the Buckingham Canal was an attractive novelty.

About thirty students made up the party and we were ready at 7 a.m. to set off in the College Bus for Lattice Bridge from where we would embark. But the Secretary had not arrived—we could have gone without him perhaps—but certainly not without the picnic-lunch which he was bringing from Mylapore. Members hurried off in search of the delinquent—some down the Marina, and others—a party of girls, I think—headed in the general direction of "Ananda Vilas," ostensibly to aid in the search, but really to fortify themselves in case he did not turn up. Meanwhile those who remained set up frantic calls for Sachidananda Sivam, but no such person turned up. At last, just when we were despairing of a picnic-less picnic Mr. Sivam casually strolled up alongside a laden rickshaw, all smiles and no concern. There was no time for recrimination and we hastily packed everything into the bus

and hurried in ourselves. It was so warm already, and we disliked being baked in the sun.

The bus picked up speed. Enterprising people started community songs simultaneously—they were so glad to be on their way, after being disappointed with repeated postponements of the picnic.

We picked up several other members enroute, including the lady-secretary who had more supplies to replenish our stock. Lattice Bridge was reached in good time, and we embarked without further delay.

With a favourable breeze aiding us we sailed along at a slow but steady rate. The ladies preferred the inside of the boat and sat down on carpets. The boys were on top and after ten minutes of sunshine decided that it was too hot outside. It would be certainly cooler downstairs and so we all stepped down. Oh yes, it was. And then came songs and requests for more. It was quite a long boat and we were seated along the sides. Games were started, the most popular being "Forfeits". After a preliminary competition, the losers had to pay forfeits and the real fun started when the time came for reclaiming them. A clique of girls dictated the penalty and the poor victim just had to do what he was told or else he or she would forfeit either an expensive watch, a gold bangle, or some one of a number of valuable articles.

One group started this game, while another was interested in the latest song-hits. A third was interested in looking on and enjoying the fun, while a few enterprising boys got on deck to see if they couldn't spot any larks.

10. A.M.—an hour and a half in the boat and *still not the faintest sign of our destination*. Meanwhile lime-juice and packets of sweets made a surprising but welcome appearance. The 'forfeits' game was still going strong amid laughter and squeals of delight. A general invitation to join in was heartily accepted. There was no preliminary competition this time. Articles were forcibly impounded; the same ingenious clique got together and we anxiously awaited our penalties. But it was such fun watching the victim. One was told to act like a drunkard abusing his wife. Shades of Prohibition! he did it so realistically that he scared us indeed. Another had to do a dance. A girl this time, and she managed it as best she could—the roof didn't permit standing up—and her performance was certainly amusing. Our North-Indian friend, Sarma, had great difficulty in getting an imaginary telephone conversation with his lady-love under way. He declared he'd had no experience and though he was amply coached on both sides he found he hadn't the heart to do it—the imaginary way! Monkey-faces from another gentleman which no ambitious monkey could be proud of. To kiss the wooden support of the boat and make love to it, was the task of another lady. The post certainly looked human after that. Yet

another lady had to mimic the 'Classics', while one ambitious old gentleman started making out his Will, bequeathing his property to all his relations. The 'relations' didn't half enjoy scrambling for their possessions— a nose, an ear, or perhaps a foot. It was now T. S. Eliot's I mean, our jovial Mr. Sivam's turn for paying his forfeit, and someone jokingly suggested he wade to the bank and back. Sivam, the spirit of hilarity, readily acquiesced and went over like a plummet. It came as a rude shock to the poor lad to find the canal was over waist-deep and he hurriedly scrambled aboard, nicely drenched. There was a suspicion of a giggle somewhere—perhaps at the thought that Sivam was paying retribution for his tardiness earlier in the day. Mr. Sivam preferred being upstairs after that.

And now it was a question of "breaking the ice" though perhaps it was necessary as there seemed to be no strangers amongst us. However each one gave a thirty-second account of his academical history, and had to answer a few inquisitive inquiries about his future designs, rather, interests.

Nearing 12 noon, and *we were only 15 miles away from Madras with Covelong perhaps another two hours ahead.* We decided to call a halt as we had to think of the return journey. We did so, as soon as a shady clump of trees was spotted and what with the songs, stories and the general fun we were quite ready for lunch.

Lunch was served immediately—the ladies acting as hostesses. It was indeed a feast. Vermicelli palov and kichadi for the non-veggies, and rice, rasam, curos and curries for the others, with payasam and fruit to follow.

After lunch we strolled down through an ancient village to the dak bungalow which boasted of easy-chairs and other modern comforts. The sea was about a mile off, but the main party was too tired to set out, more so because of the burning heat.

We rested for a while and talked of this and that. Father Dennis regaled us with a few humorous stories and we can never forget how In-stinct and Out didn't. Bashir tried out a new dance-act, while Messrs Narendar and Dutt tried to infuse a little life into the party while being perfectly relaxed themselves. A game of story-building was attempted and one bright gentleman started the ball rolling with "There was a cow-boy in Texas who was a barber". Going round the circle the story developed that the fellow thought of getting married and he decided he'd emulate King Solomon. Just when his harem was established another barber came along. This chap was just like the other and.....Here, the members decided they'd had enough of the Texan shavers and compelled the one to shoot the other and thus put an end to any complications.

It was now time to get back and while the tea-water was being prepared our camera-men set to work. Four reels of film were flicked off in as many minutes, and in a few more minutes we were ready to return.

The thought of return was not so appealing, but we decided to enjoy whatever time we still had. The sun was about to set, and the evening was quite pleasant. A card party assembled on deck, while Miss Sakeena, our petite crooner of songs, entertained the rest. Cups of tea were relayed from one end of the boat to the other and trays of cakes and puffs went the rounds too.

The boat barely crept along—the sail was useless without the breeze and it had to be towed. The sun had set ere now and a solitary lantern shed its cheerly light. However our spirits had not flagged and more games of "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Buzz" and "Ha, ha, ha," kept us going merrily.

By 7-30 p.m. Lattice Bridge was sighted and an hour later we were back at College tired but supremely happy, having keenly enjoyed every bit of the day's pleasant outing.

S. J. C. Baynes, P.G. II (English).

Not Original ?

An old Indian proverb says that women and property are never praised. It is not that they are never admired ; but they are deprecated when one cannot have access to them. The advent of civilization has added one more to the list—originality. This might have been the result of modern education. If I mean to write a story, I should have read all the stories on the face of the earth, or even beyond ; for, who knows whether story-writers from Mars may not drop on to earth in a rocket ? Even if I do, people are incredulous. The editor declares that I am "incapable of originality."

If I write a story, I have copied it from some book or say, some magazine. If I contribute a drawing, it lacks the original touch—and this remark too from one who has never seen a drawing in his life ! The editor takes all the trouble to hunt for me, just to ask "Is the painting original ?" I should like to say, "No" and see the effect.

The man who is really original is suspected of not being original. If he copies his text from somewhere, people fail to detect the plagiarism. If anybody ventures, "I think, I have seen it somewhere ; perhaps in 'the Strand.' I am sure it was written by P. G. Wodehouse"—he is at once silenced with the retort "Sir, P. G. Wodehouse is not a god. He is a

man; and our author too is a man. It is sheer coincidence. You cannot dispute the originality." In this respect, I remember the mischief we played once and the hearty laugh we had over it. We copied some lines from Keats, put down our name and sent them to a journal. What a fun we had when the whole thing came safely back with a letter from the editor that he is very sorry for not being able to publish such an immature composition!

The other day, I was telling an elderly gentleman "Ay, Sir, What a novelty and originality is this flying machine!" "Bah," he said with contempt, "The originality of the idea goes to the Indians. Don't you find in the epic Ramayana about the aerial car? Why should it not have been true?" I dared not answer him.

There are many people, I am sure, who believe that my present composition is not original—good-bye to them. They are the pillars of modern education shaped and polished by it, but useful only to stand as dumb pillars. There are some people who are self-conceited enough to think that none but they, are capable of originality. When I told one of my friends yesterday how I had written a story and disclosed to her its plot, she raised her eyebrows and said, "surely, you got it from some magazine." I despaired of convincing her of my rights as the original author of the plot.

If anybody thinks that he or she is original, it is mere self-deception; that too in these days, when originality is as good as dead. In school, we had a teacher whose classes I used to find very interesting. I used to wonder when the boys declared that he was a constant 'bore'. Later, I found that the root-cause of their dislike was his constant stress on originality. How can a teacher be other than irritating, when he would not allow the boys to copy their compositions from "The Golden guide for Non-detailed texts" by a 'Master of Arts.'

Some people are of opinion that the most original composition is recounting one's own experiences. May I ask, whether it is original in the sense that it is a novel idea sprung up in one's intelligent brain? No, I cannot hold it is original. In fact, no idea takes shape without taking the cue from something and that "something" claims the originality. In this respect, persons who revive the old Ananda Vikadan stories and drawings of other magazines are doing the work of re-construction, far easier than that of building anew. What satisfaction, what exultations must they feel when they are congratulated upon the complete originality of the execution!

K. V. Bala Devi, IV Hons. (Physics).

Islam's Contribution to the World

Few in the world to-day realise the magnitude of the meritorious service of the Arab Masters to the culture and civilisation of the world. Any true student of history can ascertain the adequacy of the facts by turning the pages of history which are replete with abundant and convincing information.

The Arabs gave an unprecedented and an almost unparalleled impulse in every direction to human industry and did all in their power to encourage and stimulate research in every branch of human enquiry and their marvellous and unexampled intellectual activities are epoch-making in the history of the world's culture. Education received their passionate attention. They established universities and scientific institutions, opened libraries and academies and colleges at Cairo, Fez, Toledo, Damascus, Samarkhand, Barcelona and Baghdad. Their schools and colleges at Seville and Cordova soon became centres of learning and education. The Quran, Galen, Dioscorides, Memistius, Aristotle, and Plato were not only studied but also interpreted, explained and were commented upon. Their schools and colleges produced great scholars, poets, artists, philosophers and physicians. The subjects that were studied were grammar, the traditions, travels, politics, geography, rhetoric, philosophy, dialectics, music, fiction, law, ethics, zoology, theology, the art of healing and botany. Referring to the literature of the Augustan age of the Arabs during the reign of Al Hakkam II, that impartial historian, Sedillot says 'the multifarious productions of genius, the precious inventions all of which attest a marvellous activity of intellect justify the opinion that the Arabs were our masters in everything'. Where the muslims were able to extend their sphere of influence, they carried with them their great civilisation and culture.

The Arabs were great mathematicians. The very word cipher without which the science of numbers would have been naught is derived from the Arabic word Ciphra which means zero. Geber introduced the use of Arabic figures and gave to the world the science named after him to wit, Algebra. Ibn Kanah applied Algebra to geometry and laid the foundation of analytical geometry, mechanics and astronomy. Abul wafa was a celebrated geometrician. Albaghdadi wrote a treatise on the use of trigonometry. Alhazen was a great mathematician as well as astronomer of the eleventh century. He improved the construction of the hydrometer, wrote on the theory of refraction of light, discovered the submergence of floating bodies and understood the atmospheric pressure. Several of his works have been translated into latin. The Arab mathematicians discovered the equation of the second degree, developed the theory of the quadratic equation and the binomial theorem. When Henry I was reigning in England, philosophy, geometry, algebra and logic were studied under Arab masters.

Astronomy was studied with great interest in the Muslim Universities of Seville, Cordova and Barcelona. There were several eminent astronomers like Banu Amjure, Mashaallah, Ibn Yunus and the poet-mathematician astronomer Omar Khayyam. These astronomers ascertained the size of the earth, the variation in the lunar latitude and the precision of the equinoxes. They also wrote on the photometry of the stars. The works of Ibn Yunus have been reproduced among the Greeks, Chinese and Moghuls. It was Arabs who erected the Giralda or the Tower of Seville, for the observation of the heavenly bodies. Abdur Rahim, another astronomer constructed a table of specific gravity. Alfonso X, King of Castille, had acquired his knowledge of astronomy from the Arabs.

Abu Musa Jabir (Geber of the christians) who discovered the ammoniacal salts is the true father of modern chemistry. The Arabs discovered the most fundamental bodies of chemistry such as Nitric Acid, Sulphuric Acid, Hydrochloric Acid and Alcohol.

In the field of medicine the debt of the world to the Muslims is incalculably great. They made remarkable progress in medicine and surgery. They knew the treatment of small pox and measles. The Arab physicians of Cordova at one time were held in such high esteem that even christian princes came from different countries to the court of western caliphs to be cured of diseases and receive medical advice. Avenzoar, Rhazes, Avicenna and Averroes were all great physicians. Their records contain description of inflammations and the diagnosis and cure of various diseases. Albucasis of Cordova was a great surgeon. While America has produced dentists, devised painless extraction of teeth and prepared germ-killing dentifrices, only in comparatively modern times the Muslims had their skilful dental surgeons long ago. Albucasis recognised pyorrhoea and knew the operations of filling the cavities of decayed teeth with gold-foils and arsenic at a time when European doctors believed in the efficacy of reciting certain charms to relieve human pain. The famous book of Avicenna known as 'Canon of Medicine' had been translated and was used as a text-book in the universities of Louvain and Montpellier and indeed all over Europe for five centuries.

There have been also thinkers and philosophers like Alkindi, Yakub Ibn Ishak, Abu Nasr Farabi and Averroes. Yakub Ibn Ishak was a universalist. Abu Nasr Farabi was a great thinker and he was called by the Arabs a second Aristotle. Averroes was also a great Arabian philosopher. His philosophical and theological works were edited and translated by J. Muller and they appeared in German in 1875. He interpreted Aristotle and wrote a compendium on physics called 'Kulliyat.' Ad-Damiri was famous in the muslim world for his history of the animals. The contributions of the Arab historians and travellers are unparalleled.

Some of the most prominent of them were Al-Beiruni, Ibn ul Athir and Masudi, the Herodotus of the Arabs.

The Arab geographers contributed a great deal to the geography of the world. When Europe was ascertaining the flatness of the earth, the Muslims taught geography in their schools from globes. Al-Idrisi the famous geographer was invited to the court of Roger II of Sicily, where he constructed a celestial globe of silver.

The Arabs devoted the best of their energy to agriculture and excelled their predecessors in this branch of science. The Arabs by their ingenuity and skill converted Spain into a beautiful place full of gardens, fields, vine-yards, orchards. Industries like shipbuildings, horticulture, glass, Iron, copper, brocade, culture of silk, textile fabrics, woollen carpets and Porcelain utensils flourished under them. Cordova was famous for its tapestry, Toledo for its gold work and sword blades which were prized all over the world for their temper. Murcia for woollen clothes, Granada and Seville for silk and gun-cotten and Yemen for its frankincense which was used for perfuming the temples of Babylon. Moors were experts in the art of tanning, curing, dyeing and embossing leather. The fame of Moroccan and Cordovan leather spread all over the world. The use of coffee was discovered by one holy personage Shaik Omar to whom too we owe a great debt. At one time export of Muslim industry consisted of gold, silver, sugar, pig and cast iron, rock crystal, oil, saffron, sulphur, antimony, ginger, rice, cotton and silk. It was the Arabs who discovered the Mariner's Compass and thus brought about a great transformation in the field of navigation. Extensive trade was carried on and trade relations were established with countries like Barbary, Egypt, Abyssinia, India, China, Damascus, Baghdad, and Madain. Montucla says 'the Arabs were the sole depositors of learning, and it is to their commerce that we owe the first rays of light which came to chase the darkness of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries.'

Islam has highly enriched the art and architecture of the world. Under the Arab Moor art reached its climax. The Arab Moors excelled their Christian neighbours both in sculpture and painting. Owing to the close resemblance of Muslim art to that of the christians, it has often been ignorantly urged that the Muslims are imitators. There is ample historical evidence to prove that Arabs were originators and not imitators. There are numerous architectural marvels of Muslims. The mosque of Cordova—the Al-Hambra, the Alcazar at Seville, the Taj and the Ez zahra are some of their magnificent and the most imposing edifices of the world. It was the genius of a great Arab architect that erected on the earth these wonders of the world at a time when the architectural skill of Europe was confined only to hewing uncouth images on stone. At a time when there was no public lamp in London, a man might walk, in Spain under the Moors, for ten miles by the light of the public lamps. At a time when in

Paris there were no good roads, the streets of Cordova were macadamised and lanes were strongly paved.

Charles T. Gorham gives a very gratifying account of the achievement of the Muslims in his book, 'Christianity and Civilisation.' He says, 'in the eighth century the Muslims conquered Spain and as if by magic a splendid civilisation sprang into being. While the Christians were fighting against one another for the glory of God, the Spanish Moors were writing treatises on the principles of trade and commerce. Their achievements in various fields of knowledge were beyond the imitation or even the comprehension of the rest of Europe for hundreds of years'. Referring to the remarkable intellectual activity of the Arabs between the eighth and the thirteenth century of the Christian era, Sarton, an unbiased Christian writer, expresses his admiration in the following words:—'The main task of mankind was accomplished by Muslims. The greatest philosopher Al-Farabi was a Muslim; the greatest mathematician, Abu Kamil was a Muslim; the greatest geographer and encyclopaedist, Al-Masudi was a Muslim; the greatest historian Al-Tabari, was still a Muslim.' The Arab savants by attaining great efficiency in different branches of knowledge indicated to the world that all knowledge was one and the source of all knowledge was also one. But how many to-day realise Europe's debt to Islam, how many to-day have the strength of character to agree with Draper in saying, "that Europe has continued to keep out of sight our scientific obligations to Musalmans?"

It is my fervent hope that a time will come when the different nations of the world will realise their obligations to the Arab Muslims and pay tribute and homage to the masters and benefactors of humanity whose culture and civilisation illumined the whole of the world.

Md. Aminuddin, IV Hons. (Isl. Hist.)

Our Trip to Kodaikanal

Fifth of September '51 was a memorable day for the Botanists of Presidency College. In fact that day brings to our mind all the sweet memories of 'Kodi' in gradual succession. It was the day when we took our train to Kodaikanal, one of the most beautiful hill stations of South India. We are indeed fortunate to have visited that place and more than that to have stayed there for about a fortnight collecting many of the rare plants which we cannot dream of getting in Madras. It was an instructional tour. Many of us were reluctant to undergo the ordeals of the tour but after the tour we think that we would have missed a lot if we had not gone there. Of course, we had the usual difficulties in obtaining rice and other provisions in these days of scarcity; but for that the tour was quite interesting.

Kodi is at an elevation of about 7000 ft. and so situated as to receive a good amount of rainfall in the year. Hence naturally we can expect the forests to be luxuriant in growth and that is what the Botanists want. They take interest not in picnic or side-shows but in exploring the forests to find out Nature's Botanical creations. Thick belts of vegetation are the most striking features and they attract the attention of not only the Botanists but also the non-Botanists. The different kinds of vegetation found in Kodi are the shola vegetation, the slope vegetation, the grassland vegetation, the pine forest vegetation and the marsh vegetation.

The journey uphill was very pleasant indeed. One cannot miss the cultivation of plantains, coffee, cardamom and orange on the slopes while going up. Lantana with its different coloured inflorescence was boasting of its beauty and predominance over others. The peculiar falcate-shaped leaves of Eucalyptus from which, as all of you know, the Eucalyptus oil is extracted seemed as if welcoming the batch of Botanists who have honoured them and made them feel proud by their visit. No one can pass on without noticing this huge tree with its gigantic trunk, resembling a sky scraper. It is a pretty sight to see the hill tops at a distance covered by mist, glistening in the morning sunlight. No poet can reveal the beauty of Nature in Kodaikanal in its full glory.

Kodaikanal has the best Solar Physics Observatory in India and we were lucky enough to be shown round its different parts and its working. Some of the places like Pillar rocks, Fairy falls, Silver cascade, Shembaganur, Perumal Peak and the lake are worth visiting. On the other hand Tiger shola, Bear shola, Bombay shola, Pine forests, Moir point, Dolphins Nose are places most interesting for the Botanists. Many of the rare plants were in abundance, especially the orchids, and on the whole we were able to collect a good herbarium.

Kodi is a congenial place for many of the small, flowerless plants belonging to Bryophyta and Pteridophyta. We could collect Lycopodium, a Pteridophyte in such an abundance as to supply all the colleges in Madras Presidency. In fact, that was the first time I had ever seen Lycopodium in its luxuriant growth, some growing to a height which was beyond our expectation.

The sholas need special mention for the dense growth of the trees which does not allow even sunshine to penetrate through, and the rich humus soil are very characteristic of the sholas. I am not exaggerating if I say that we can walk in the sholas for days together without seeing a glimpse of a ray of light. The orchids with their inflorescence hanging from trunks of trees is a pretty sight indeed.

The pine forest is another place where we witnessed the vegetation in its natural aspect. The tall pine trees belonging to coniferales have a

majestic appearance sheltering many small shrubs and herbs underneath and many parasites, epiphytes and lichens on the trunks. In these forests we felt as if we were actually walking on soft carpets formed by the pine needles which have fallen on the ground.

Kodi is a place where Nature has depicted her skill in creating wonderful varieties of scenery. Silver cascade is one among them. I am sure, no one can ever forget the murmuring waters running down the rocks in torrents giving it a silvery appearance; hence the name is most appropriate. The "Fairy falls" also is a very beautiful spot. The characteristic 'pillar rocks' of Kodi reminded me of the rock pillars in some of the decayed temples in South India.

A place of diversion for everyone who visits Kodi in summer is the lake with a beauty of its own, which is inexplicable. The Y-shaped lake with *Nymphaea* (water lilies) in full blossom could be seen even from a great distance. I have never seen our Professor so elated and so enthusiastic as when he was collecting algae (a group of microscopic plants) from the lake. Sweet memories of my early childhood and a vivid picture of the natural scenery of my own village flash through my mind whenever I think of Kodi. A chance of going there should be considered as a golden opportunity by everyone and should never be missed.

Though I did not write much about Kodi from the botanical point of view, I shall be glad, indeed, if I have succeeded in giving a picture of Kodi in the readers' minds. Kodi is a place for the Botanists to live in throughout the year though it is usually referred to as a summer resort. It is a sanctuary of Nature's beauties and Creator's charms.

N. P., I. P. G. (Botany).

Morality, Religion and Science—a Biologist's view.

As in animals the primary impulses and emotions are the spring of all our actions, however base, however noble. All seek pleasure and avoid pain. Our desires and fears govern all our conscious actions. Nature has selected and ingrained in all animals including man those impulses and instincts which in their manifestation are self-preserving and race-preserving. These ends are largely ensured by making eating and mating pleasant enough to be repeated often enough. All the other impulses also are so organized that the actions arising out of them tend towards the same objects.

Man differs from the other animals in having a strong capacity for imagination and thought, aided by words and symbols. This capacity

intervenes between the causal impulses and the resulting actions refining and sublimating the latter by shifting them from the immediate and the lowly ends to distant and lofty ends. Thus thought and imagination organize the actions and attach the primary instincts to noble and ultimate ends. This process, what can be called spiritualization, is characteristically human and has arisen from imaginative thinking. This in its turn is the outcome of a large elaborate brain that man possesses. The primary impulses are a matter of glands. Modern biology shows as a close connection between impulses and glands. So in the final analysis the glands make a man and the brain makes him a gentleman.

The individual is also actuated by feelings like sympathy, pity, pride, hate and so on in his relation with others in the society. But these are feeble when compared with the self-centered individualistic impulses, and are in result often opposed to them. So to yield to the individualistic impulses is to clash with the society. A solution to this fundamental problem of the conflict between the individual and society looks easy and every world teacher and spiritual leader has given expression to it again and again. That is, everybody should have a set of guiding principles of conduct which leads to the maximum happiness and the minimum misery for all. This is only a simple general vague frame work of universal morality. The working of its details had led man to many grievous mistakes. But the major problem involved in making this moral code effective has been how to integrate it firmly and potently into the emotional life of man so that it always prevails as against the urge of selfish impulses. That is where religion comes in. According to Prof. Einstein, "to make clear the fundamental ends and values and to set them fast in the emotional life of the individual, seems precisely to be the most important function of religion in the social life of man".

Religion and Science are different but need not be irreconcilable. Science deals with facts, how they are related and how they influence one another. Religion is concerned with values, aspirations and ultimate goals. Even a perfect knowledge of what *is* is no guarantee that we know what *should be*. The former is the exclusive sphere of science and the latter of religion. It is thus obvious that instead of being antagonistic science and religion supplement each other. Man does not live by knowledge alone or by religion alone. "Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind". Religion gives the ends, science provides the means. The clash between the two is due to fundamental mistakes made by both the man of science and the man of religion. When the former asserts that one can arrive at values and ultimate ends through scientific reasoning and logic he is making a fatal mistake. In the same way when the man of religion claims that all truth is contained in the Bible or the (Geetha) he is making an equally fatal mistake.

From early times man has linked morality with religion. The primitive man in his limited knowledge attributed all that he loved and feared to a personal God of his own imagination, whom he considered as all knowing and all powerful capable of releasing the very powers which he feared or desired. The moral sense of the people gained power by having its moorings in religion with a god as its centre. This initial 'God of fear' was in due course replaced by the 'God of Providence,' one who protected, guided, rewarded and punished. This idea of an anthropomorphic God, so powerful to the immature man, became the very weakness of religion with the blossoming of human knowledge. For, when science developed and the conception of causality became common currency in the fabric of human thought the existence of a God who ordered everything and interfered with causality became impossible of acceptance. This undermined the religious sense and with it the linked morality. Thus what gave morality its power in the beginning became its weakness later. This has been painfully obvious in modern times.

Morality does not really need the prop of God. It will be to blaspheme human nature to hold that man can be made to behave only on threat of punishment and hope of reward after death. Buddha and Spinoza and in fact many of the atheists were better men than the God-fearing ones. According to J. B. S. Haldane, in Holland where people have to register their religion, about 7 per cent have no religion and official statistics show that the incidence of crime is less among them than among those with religion. The same is said to be true of school children in England as per statistics.

Moral behaviour of man, thus, needs no religious backing. But it is true that it can gain immense power by being linked to a universal religious sense. Such a religion is not the God-centred one, but one which is permeated by what Prof. Einstein calls the 'Cosmic religious sense'. This is what motivates all lofty human pursuits. It is in human life to strive to emancipate oneself from the cramping shackles of the immediate and the transient and find equilibrium and rest in the simple comprehensive picture one constructs out of what one sees and experiences. There are moments in the life of every body when one realizes that individual life is a sort of imprisonment, and feels the urge to experience the freedom of the totality of existence. This cosmic religious sense inspires the real scientist, the poet and the artist alike. All the subtle and refined pleasures and happiness that man is capable of comes through this. All the pioneering and great scientific discoveries have been the result of the ceaseless efforts of individuals motivated by the cosmic religious sense. How potent should have been the sense of rationality, orderliness and oneness of things in nature which Newton, Kepler and Darwin realized! and how powerful should have been their longing to experience a glimpse of the same, to have undergone the strains of long years of

strenuous striving to unravel the processes of nature! As has been said the earnest men of research, in whatever field, seem to be the most deeply religious men.

P. K. Menon.

The Election Business.

Civilization, according to my favourite author, is the limitless multiplication of unnecessary necessities. But the public elections in our modern democracies, I feel, have almost become a necessary part of our integrated social life. They, after all, break the monotony of life in the country, arouse one's curiosity and latent passion, create tension and strife, make or mar the demagogues and give, for months, enough food for talk in the lazy afternoons. They have a peculiar charm, too, all their own; they approach us imperceptibly and burst upon us with sudden monsoonish fury. The placid waters of life run on; a rumbling is faintly heard on the distant horizon; ominous clouds gather fast and blacken the sky; a chilly wind begins to blow over the bleak plain; suddenly lightning strikes, thunder roars above, fierce gales sweep and sway the mighty trees and the rains pour and pour after which an awful, cold silence grimly grips the night. The preparation of the electoral rolls, the delimitation of the constituencies, the distribution of the seats, the nomination of the candidates, all go unnoticed; suddenly the press strikes, the platform thunders, the helpless masses are swayed to and fro by paroxysms of political jingoism. Old frustrations are forgotten, new promises of the Millennium made. The ballot-box containing the lovely secrets of the unknown voter and the painful hopes of the known candidate weave forth their own romance. Even the innocent animals and birds and things around us are regimented into service and assume a transient significance as electoral symbols. In our inexperience and high excitement we become too inefficient to be able to distinguish between the two party symbols of a black crow and a pre-fabricated house and vote, after all, for a camel, apparently for a joy-ride. I see no reason, at all, why a gentleman's hat—the good old chimney-pot hat, I mean—should not have been chosen, as his symbol, by any discriminating candidate. It efficiently covers your baldness or other unavoidable but inconvenient deficiencies. You can, according to your taste, talk through your hat or play hat-trick as they do in the House of commons or hang your hat up or pass your hat round or even knock into a cocked hat; devoid of a crown, the hat ingeniously proclaims your strong republican sentiments too.

The trouble with our modern democracies is, I presume, that one is not able to represent himself but only his constituency. I do not, of course, forget the Independent candidate who stoutly represents himself in a hostile world and who, probably, is so independent that nobody can

depend on him. The ideal of a democracy is to bring out the creative inner personality of the individual and enable him, at his highest level of political consciousness, to represent and talk on behalf of himself rather than others. When you take credit for serving the country you are morally obliged to serve yourself as you are part of the country. With the application of science to practical politics in future democracy, it should be possible to bring, in batches arranged on a territorial basis, all adult men and women to a huge rostrum and enable them, for a few moments, to express and ventilate, review and criticize, question and answer themselves, all talking at once and none listening, and lift them up later by a concealed elevator and carefully deposit them on the public street out-side.

These elections find you making contradictory pursuits. You stand forth as a candidate now and sit in the legislature later; you fall at the feet of your neighbour and gradually rise in his estimate; you forge ahead of your rival but run after the votes; you wake up the people to a new sense of public duty and snore away the budget discussions in the house. Was it not the duke of D—who dreamed that he was addressing the House of Lords and woke up to find, to his dismay, that he was actually doing so?

The survival of democracy, to my mind, ultimately depends on one's capacity to talk and incapacity to listen. It is a dangerous symptom when the members of the opposition begin listening to the Government's arguments; they may be carried away by their cogency and prompted to join the party in power when totalitarianism emerges. In the interest of democracy one should refuse to listen or be convinced.

I was disturbed in these random reflections, at this stage, by successive peals of laughter of my gay friends at an adjoining table in a corner of our favourite club-room. The cheerless November evening already deepened into night and a piercing wind swept over the extensive club-lawns as a slight but incessant drizzle kept pattering on the window-panes. I drew my chair and joined the company.

"Talking of women," said Pichu, apparently beginning the second series of his talks on men, women and things, "Women talk a good deal. For example, when I was at——"

"We have heard that story before," remarked Ramu with an air of mischievous resignation, "talk of elections, if you can."

"Gentlemen and absentee ladies," said Subbu with a suggestive cough as he pompously stood up, "Mr. Pichu, our professional bore, may now regale us with a talk on elections. Gentlemen and absentee ladies, Mr. Pichu."

An under-current of anxious expectation was now evident. Pichu gazed vacantly at empty space for a while and under a sudden impulse called out "Waiter, hot coffee for every one!"

"From women to elections! From elections to coffee! Oh, what a fall, my countrymen!" said Ramu, not unpleasantly perplexed at the turn of events.

"Don't worry, give him time," I butted in, "he is trying to spin a new yarn. May be, we require coffee to gulp it down."

Pichu stared at me for a while, his pride wounded a bit. "Are my eyes red?" he asked me at last.

"No" I replied, "as white as dead fish."

"Ah, probably I am not angry, then," he remarked calmly.

I could not help pitying Pichu for it was a cruel joke to divert his attention from women to elections. He is one of the rare types of middle-aged bachelors who frisk about, carefree and buoyant, as if they were boys with frogs in their pockets. He had seen much of the world in different climes but the foolish world refused to see much of him; and our club became his evening refuge. A well-tailored guy with an air of Baron Munchausen about him, he felt at home in our company and his gay laughter, spicy stories, low jokes and naughty comments that might bring a blush even to a hard-boiled egg were really worth a cup of coffee daily at our expense. The mighty Pichu, thinking and talking endlessly of women would tremble in his shoes at the sight of one. Years ago, it would appear, he travelled, all alone in a first-class compartment of the Grand Trunk Express and as he sat marvelling at the genius of the driver who could direct the train, across vast time and space, unerringly to the Madras Central, a young girl too with a cherub in her arms joined him as a travelling companion. Well, she leaves the child in his arms and gets down a way-side station, apparently to meet a friend and never returns. And as he soothes and fondles the crying babe whom does Pichu see but his own class mates popping in their heads at the Station?. These chappies, called class-mates, you know, are adepts in peeping in and popping in at inconvenient moments when you least relish their presence. So you are a father, eh? asks one. Sorry, the man is away, explains Pichu. Which man is the father of the child? asks another. But is not the child the father of Man? the third one expresses a legitimate doubt. Well, Pichu wished he were dead and were never born at all. He suspected and dreaded the species thereafter.

The waiter's reappearance was now greeted with pronounced enthusiasm.

"A politician who is not curious is the most curious creature in the world," Pichu began, "but there is no reason why we should be so curious about these elections as if they are an innovation. Our fore fathers were democratic even in private life and permitted a young girl to elect her future partner out of a large gathering of aspiring candidates. When I met Linlithgow at a social gathering at Delhi I suggested to him the desirability of continuing the tradition that India might recapture her lost soul."

"Excuse me, you talked to Linlithgow?" asked Subbu, very much surprised.

"Er—May be, some body else. What is in a name? It would have been nice to create a bachelors' constituency, with maidens as voters and qualified bachelors as eligible candidates and the idea might be extended on a reciprocal basis. The cumulative voting system might have been most effective in giving representation to the deserting sections among bachelors and maids. But the Home department turned the proposal down on the flimsy ground that it indicated a deranged mind and was practically foolish."

"What a pity! But can't you participate in the elections now taking place?" I asked Pichu.

"No, I have decided on it, once and for all. At the last elections I was supporting the candidature of my friend K—. His rival was a middle-aged lady to whom nature had been generous. Even so I visited her, at her residence, and requested her to vote for my friend.

'I cannot,' she said, 'I am a candidate myself.'

'I agree with you,' I replied, 'in the belief that when a man agrees with a woman she may change her mind.'

Our conversation prolonged ineffectively for two hours, punctuated by sighs and smiles on her part. 'I want your effective vote, not a winsome smile.' I firmly asserted at last with the courage of a bachelor.

She now went in and after a few moments her father came out to greet me.

'Congratulations, my boy', he told me 'my girl has voted for you.'

'But the elections are yet to come off'.

'No matter.'

'I am not a candidate but only a canvasser and voter'.

'Never mind'.

'This looks like the candidate choosing the voter'.

'Quite so'.

"This was too much for me. I left the place the same night and came back to this dear old city."

"All glory to Pichu!" exclaimed Ramu, "he has skilfully managed to come back from the topic of elections to that of women and love affairs."

"Ah, that is in my blood," said Pichu triumphantly, "well, what is the time?"

"It is time to stop!" reminded the club-manager grimly from behind.

Taken aback, we all looked at him and he looked at us coldly and at his watch and then continued to look at us.

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

Condolences

Because she will not again
Wake
Now that she will not again
Rise to another
Embryo dawning of any glad, sad, or indifferent day—
Since she will not again
Know any
Specimen of a morning, afternoon, evening, night.

To her not actually introduced dear ones
Near ones, allow me to hand in
My credentials of compunction,
Let me mourn, but briefly, in black letters;
Lamenting let me sing
This dirge in a minor key, saddest between lines.

P. G. Ramachandran, IV Hons. (Econ.)

A Mental Experiment: (Digging down into the Unconscious.)

Mr. Reader, Mrs. Reader and Miss. Reader,

I want you to write a little *Original* story of about *fifty words*.

You will note the three words that I have italicized. I italicized the word "Original" so that you will understand the full significance of the requirement; and I similarly treated the last two words so that you will not be justifiably frightened at the task suggested.

Anyone who can speak an idea can write it; and in travelling through life, I have found that few people have been afflicted with any aversion to talking. In fact an opposite state of affairs seems to be the general rule.

Then, again, most people will know what is meant by the word "original"; nevertheless, I have good reasons for drawing special attention to that particular thought—symbol.

After all has been said and done, however, you may not find it altogether easy to write something original; for what I mean by that specification is to evolve some little story out of your mind, and without *consciously* borrowing a single idea from anything you can remember to have ever heard or read.

I want you to try your best to *create* a story.

It will not make any difference what your topic may be. You may treat of love or hate, fishermen or fairies, art or industrialism, of ethical aspirations or materialistic experiences; it will not affect the outcome of the experiment in the least. You may write of the here and the now, or take a jump back into the Middle Ages if you care to. Or you may retrace the intellectual foot-steps beyond the Garden of Eden period in the evolutionary history of mankind if you are able to make any such mental effort.

Literary merit need not be considered. Your sentences can be so jumpy that each and every one of them may look as if it were afraid of each and every other one; have a sort of mutual distrust of one another, so to speak.

You may write of some impossible being, doing some impossible act, under some impossible conditions; or you may write an idyll that should make the veriest "rough neck" a better soul for having read it.

There is only one condition in this mental experiment, and that is the one which I have indicated in the opening paragraph viz., *originality*.

Try to *create* something.

When you have finished this effort, I want you to be able to sit back and mentally murmur: "There is a little story that would never have existed if I hadn't created it."

If you cannot write sense, write nonsense; for that matter a non-sensical, or even positively absurd or grotesque grouping of ideas will be quite as useful for the purpose in view as any intellectually polished effort.

I have tried to give you every latitude in writing this little fifty-word story; and I would make the conditions even easier if I only knew how to do so.

When you have written this "original" story I will show you how you may quickly realize that you have *not created anything*. You will, yourself, be able to see that some unseen influence guided your fingers when you pencilled your ideas on paper, and will apprehend that a hidden force seemed to have moved between your mind and its conscious expressions. You will have a realization, in fact, that your conscious reasoning mind was operated upon by some other influence in the mental experiment in which you have indulged; this power is *your great unconscious mind*.

I want you to take your "original" story and split it up into its elemental parts. For example, if you have written of some imaginary being sailing some moonlit sea, playing a strange instrument and singing some weird song; while out of the mists a phantom audience listens, and a strange yet beautiful musical accompaniment seems to vibrate through the air; or if you have some other seeming jumble of ideas, write down the various elements. Make a sort of inventory of them, somewhat as follows:

Strange being—sailing—craft (inferred)—moonlit sea—strange musical instrument—song—singing—phantoms—audience—beautiful music—vibrations etc.

Now take these elements of your "original" story and use them, each and individually, as stimulus thoughts for developing free associations of ideas.

When you have done this you will find that you have not *created* anything. You will find that every idea in your "original" story has been evolved from some particular set of memories which your flow of free associations has revealed to you.

You will find that every contributing feature in that little literary "creation" of yours is based upon unconscious factors, and that when you wrote your story you were consequently controlled by unconscious influences. You will find that *your conscious mind* created nothing.

Take each element of your story in turn, hold it for a second in the consciousness, and then *let go*. Side-track your intellectual volitions

wholly and let the stimulus idea (the mental bait) liberate some other idea simply and solely by reason of the existence of some inherent sympathetic association between them. In an intellectual sense, *sit back* and simply watch the procession of ideas that passes across the horizon of consciousness. To resort to a colloquialism, don't *butt in* at all. As far as your reasoning, volitional consciousness is concerned, *keep out of it*. Let the unconscious mechanism work for once without any intellectual interference.

When you comply with these conditions you will not be very long in ascertaining whence the "Original" ideas in your story were derived.

If you feel like doing so you may write down jumbles of ideas in which fairies may be acting as street sweepers, stenographers serving as policemen, taxicabs being pulled by dog-teams across a Nevada desert, or any other absurdity. If you apply the free association method to any such mental vagaries, you will uncover the unconscious sources from which they sprouted. In fact if you care to do so, you can trace *any* conscious idea to its source in the unconscious by similar means.

I am hoping that, by this time, your mind will be prepared to absorb the following great psychological truth :

Every form of conscious conduct is motivated by definite and ascertainable unconscious processes.

It will be in your best interest to apprehend fully the great significance of that brief statement, for there is not a word in that which is open to qualification.

We think as we do, we feel as we do, and we act as we do, simply and solely by reason of definite and ascertainable influences that exist in our unconscious minds.

Our temperamental qualities are unconscious thoughts transposed into feeling tones; our conscious conduct reflects unconscious thoughts transformed into action; and if we expect to live as self-governing individuals it is necessary that we apprehend the potentials of that vast and powerful unconscious mind of ours, and become conversant with the principles whereby these potentials can be harnessed for the general good of the personality, and not be permitted to influence the general behaviour in a blind, unreasoning, mechanical manner.

S. Jayalakshmi III B.A. (Psychology).

' Asian Economy '

The rising of the Asian people from under the giant heels of imperialist oppression and the tardy burst of the dawn of independence upon them after the long night of superstition, ignorance and slavery, has released new forces and new energies which have revolutionized the scope and prospect of world order. The omnipotence and omniscience of the West has become a thing of the past. Asians are no longer hewers of wood and drawers of water for the western imperialist powers. Asia has ceased to be a mere geographical expression and has emerged as a new power to be reckoned with in contemporary international politics. The present political and economic centre of gravity is fast shifting on towards the orient from the occident. Two outstanding tendencies are quite discernible in Asia, the resurgence of nationalism all over the continent of Asia and susceptibility to revolutionary ideologies.

Asia has become a problem child of democracy and the future of democracy will be decided on the Asian soil. The grinding poverty of the masses in Asia and the under developed nature of her economy are disturbing factors, and herein lies the Khyber pass for the infiltration of communist doctrine which is fast spreading its tentacles over the Asian minds. Asia has secured only political emancipation and economic freedom is still far off on the distant horizon. And Freedom in the modern world means economic freedom no less than political. Hence the shift from problems political to problems economic in recent years, and the triumph of democracy is to be seen only in the economic front. This accounts for the extreme reluctance of the West to see the rest of East go the way of China, for such an occurrence will be a political menace to the free world.

At present the world is partitioned into two economic hemispheres. While the rich Midases are musing in their mansions on piles of gold in one half of the globe, the hungry and naked millions are wallowing in the quagmire of poverty, drudgery and misery in the other half. The world cannot continue in Abraham Lincoln's Phrase to be "half slave and half free", whether politically or economically. Under these circumstances all our talk of economic internationalism, one world and world peace is moonshine, for we have to realise in concrete terms that poverty anywhere is a threat to prosperity and peace every where. Hence the economic development of the backward countries of Asia has become the prime concern of the post war world, and such things as the Ecafe, the Truman's point four programme and the Colombo plan are manifestations of the attempts of the world to that end.

The economy of Asia is mainly under-developed. Measured by the yardstick of western economic standards, the Asian countries lag centuries behind economic progress achieved in the west. The Asian economy is characterised by a meagre per capita income and an abnormally low standard of living. The predominantly pastoral feature of her economy has inhibited progress of an all-round nature. The productive capacity of

her people is not commensurate with the alarming growth of population with the result greater part of Asia is haunted by the nightmare of the Malthusian ghost. There is a general lack of technical know-how among the people even in the basic occupation agriculture. The pest of "disguised labour" ravages the land in the form of unproductive labour and rural under employment. Then the recovery of Asia from the economic effects of war has been very slow and the changes wrought by the war on the pattern of world trade has threatened the fundamental stability of the region because of the grave damage it caused on the productive power of Asia, whose output of food and raw materials form an essential link in the chain of world trade. Thus has emerged the menace of "dollar gap," in most countries of Asia.

In short the problem of the advanced countries of the west is stability, that of Asia is economic development. There is no doubt that even a meagre increase in the woefully low standard of living of vast areas steeped in poverty will have far greater effect on the expansion of production and trade than a further increase in the already high standard of the developed and richer countries. The material development of the poorer nations should therefore, be high on the priority list of a world organisation. In such an economic transition, the more developed and powerful nations will have to adjust their economics and even undergo some sacrifice for the common good. International economic co-operation is the crying need of the hour. In any scheme of economic assistance to the under developed nations, external aid in the form of capital and technical know-how is indispensable. Colin Clark rightly opines that "flow of capital from West to East is essential to world equilibrium and stability." But the free flow of capital from countries where it is in abundant supply to countries where it is scarce depends on the restoration of an international economy based on multilateral trade and convertibility of currencies.

In the light of the above facts the various plans and programmes for the economic development of the backward countries of Asia can be examined. The Economic and Social Council of the U. N. has as its chief aim the economic development of under-developed areas of the world. The plan outlined under its aegis advocates international lending by the twin monetary institutions of the world—the International Monetary Fund and the Bank for Reconstruction and Development. A specialised agency called the Ecafe has been established for an original study of the economic needs of the backward nations of Asia and Far East. Though this agency has made a thorough and valuable inquiry into the economic conditions of the different countries of Asia and has advanced suggestions, adequate material aid is not forth coming because of the play of power politics.

America has put forward its "Truman's Point Four" programme of assistance to underdeveloped countries. It is really a noble gesture on

the part of America with its highly advanced economy and plentiful supply of capital to lend a helping hand in alleviating the distress of backward areas. But this programme of assistance does not seem to be very attractive to many countries because of the traditional fear regarding America that political strings might be attached to the economic aid. However, this apprehension is unwarranted in view of the recent 50 million dollar aid agreement between the United States and India, which is only an extension of point four plan and which is not only a matter of expediency but is motivated by the enlightened desire of America to fight hunger and poverty in this region. It is rather disquieting to note that America is not now in a position to spend as much on economic aid as she wished to do, since the rearmament programme now underway is eating up her surplus resources a long way.

Then there is the famous Colombo plan. This plan is a commonwealth sponsored one, including the development plans of India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, Borneo and Saravak. It is purely a regional plan involving a total outlay of Rs. 1840 crores of which India has a major share of about Rs. 1300 crores. Broadly, it is envisaged that in these countries agricultural development is the main issue to be attended to urgently. Non-commonwealth countries are also allowed to participate in the common venture, if they so choose. Then the plan has laid emphasis on domestic capital in preference to external financial assistance. Under the plan, a Technical Co-operation Council is established at Colombo to offer technical assistance to and train personnel from the South-East Asian countries. The Colombo plan is on the whole commendable, for it is the first of its kind among the commonwealth countries which emphasise the importance of economic development for the assurance of a real co-operative commonwealth.

Thus many blueprints for the development of the underdeveloped countries of Asia are under way, and the world has indeed taken a wise step in the right direction. But the success of these plans depends upon collaboration rather than on competition between the agencies undertaking the execution of the plans. There should be a well-administered and well-integrated organisation which would co-ordinate the various programmes undertaken separately by the regional and national agencies. Such a body must be international and the U. N. Social and Economic Council appears to be the only competent institution to undertake a correlated and comprehensive plan for the development of backward areas of Asia. It is really gratifying to note that the U. N. Social and Economic Council has taken a step in this direction and the United Nations Technical Assistance Administration (U. N. T. A. A.) has been established at Bangkok for co-ordinating the various technical assistance programmes comprising the whole of Asia.

P. V. Rajkumar, B.A., P.G. II (Econ.)

The College Student

(A Chemical Study)

Formula :— $\text{Co}_5 \text{Sr}_5$

Occurrence :—This compound occurs abundantly in nature everywhere especially in large towns. There are two classes of this compound known as the "male" and the "female" which are isomers of one another—i.e., their molecular formulae are the same but their structures are different.

Preparation :—This compound can be prepared by the polymerization of another compound known as "the school pupil". If crystals of the latter compound are taken in a flask and left to themselves for a time, they are found to transform into crystals of "the College Student". However, this is a very slow process and sometimes may take a number of years to be completed. No quicker process of preparation has yet been discovered.

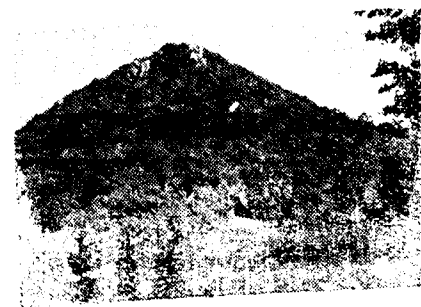
Properties :—This compound possesses a number of interesting properties which are unlike those of any other element or compound known. It is a heavy crystalline solid insoluble in water. It is a very active compound, especially out of doors, as it has an affinity for oxygen of the atmosphere. But, when it is kept indoors, and particularly when confronted by books, it is apt to become inert and inactive. It does not normally react with "Concentrated Study", but, at certain periods, which occur thrice a year and last for about a week, vigorous reaction takes place.

The activity of this compound increases if a number of crystals of this compound are placed together in groups and sometimes reaction takes place very rapidly with the production of nitrogen monoxide (laughing gas). In the presence of elderly human beings, however, reaction is less vigorous and often ceases altogether. When these human beings try to handle this compound, with the intention of making it react with substances for which it has no affinity, little sparks of fire burst forth from it, so that it is impossible to do anything with it.

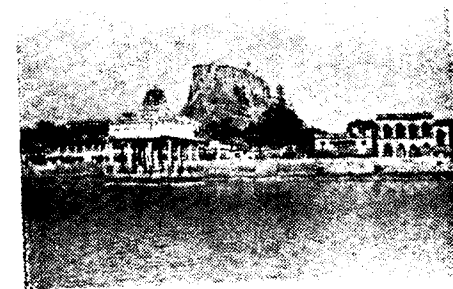
This compound is also found very often to emit loud explosions of extremely high pitch. In the case of "the female" the intensity of the sound is very large and the pitch irritating. At certain times "the male" emits spluttering noises which cause annoyance to "the female", in which case the latter bursts into flames.

As regards reaction with metals, "the female" has a great affinity for noble metals like gold and silver and reacts with them readily. When it is in contact with these metals it becomes lustrous and begins to shine. It also reacts with one of the allotropes of carbon—namely, diamond.

FROM OUR TOURISTS



The Kaludiya Pokuna at
Anuradhapura



Rock Fort Trichy.
Photos—M. Subramanyam.



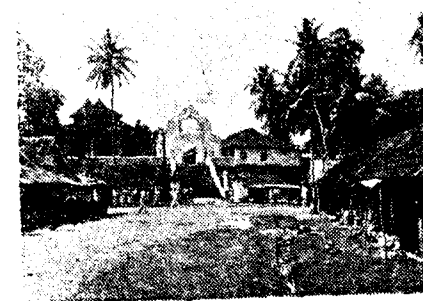
The Moonstone at Anuradhapura.



Sigiriya.



The Dhvarapalaka at
Polonnaruwa.



The temple Kelaniya Colombo.



The Dhyananudra Buddha
at Anuradhapura.

FROM OUR TOURISTS



Forest Trees—a close up.



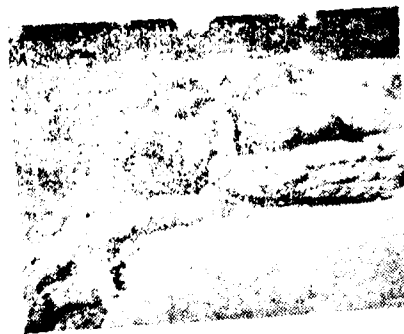
Corals 80 Million years old.
Photos—M. Subramanyam



ZOOLOGISTS



IN TRAVANCORE.



Pelecypod Horizon—Ariyalur.



Fossil Tree, Sattamr.
Photos—S. Viswanathan.



Thus the properties of this compound are so unique that a great deal of pleasure can be derived from their study.

Uses :—It is used in the mass production of "the future citizen". Sometimes the product turns out to be good, while at other times it does not. In these modern days, when learning is so much advanced, we are sure to find some method of manufacture by which all the products in the transformation of this compound into "the future citizen" will be perfect and of great use to the nation.

R. Bhama III B.A. (Hons). Maths.

Earthquake Prediction.

Do you expect an earthquake in Assam on August 15, 1952, sir? When will the next earthquake occur in Bihar, sir? Will my sister be safe in Simla this summer, sir? Such are the questions that are often put to the earthquake professor by both ladies and gentlemen. "You always tell us about the past earthquakes, but can you not foretell earthquakes, just as the meteorologist forecasts the weather, sir?"

It has been the earnest desire of the seismologists to discover some means which would enable them to foretell the imminence of an earthquake, but with their present state of knowledge the seismologists are not in a position to predict an earthquake with scientific certainty that it will occur at a precise time and place. Prediction to be of value must give the exact time and place of occurrence.

There were many perennial prophets and publicity seekers, who have given out so-called earthquake forecasts. Since thousands of earthquakes are occurring every day some-where or other in the world, the operation of ordinary laws of chance may lead to occasional success in so-called forecasts if time and place are left sufficiently vague.

It is recorded in history that earthquake predictions depending on various observed phenomena, such as the behaviour of animals, changes in the waters of wells and springs and the occurrence of underground rumblings have sometimes been successful.

The belief that animals could give warning of coming earthquake is a very old one. It used to be said that several of the natives of Caracas possessed oracular quadrupeds, such as dogs, cats, and jerboas, which anticipated impending dangers by their restlessness. Before the Caracas earthquake of 1812, a Spanish stallion broke out from its stable and escaped to the highlands, which was regarded as the result of the prescience of a coming calamity.

There is a wide belief in Japan that pheasants are sensitive to tremors which are imperceptible to human beings. Professor F. Omori

found that the birds were generally disturbed by movements caused by earthquakes but not by the vibrations which were due to traffic in the vicinity. On about half of the occasions professor Omeri could not feel the tremors which disturbed the birds but the seismic nature of movements was confirmed from the records of instruments. On seven of the occasions when the motion could be felt the pheasants crowed several seconds before it was perceptible.

Possibly the animals, either lying down or with their feet in direct contact with the ground, are affected by very small movements, which we do not feel and which outrun the larger oscillations.

Some geologists have observed that at the time of large earthquakes, lakes have been thrown into violent agitation or that there have been temporary changes in the level of the water. Some remarkable examples of these disturbances are to be found in the records of the great Lisbon earthquake. Similar disturbances in rivers were noted during the recent Assam earthquakes when the Brahmaputra overflowed its banks several times prior to the major shock. It has also been recorded that water in deep wells showed fluctuations in levels before and during earthquakes and similar changes were observed in springs. Varied examples of these changes are to be found in the observations of Californian earthquakes.

Besides these symptomatic changes, all widely felt earthquakes have been preceded by tremors, the nature of which has varied with the position of the observer and the locality in which he has been situated. Generally rumblings are very low and so near to the threshold of audition that it is heard by some observers and missed by others.

If these observed phenomena are reliable for earthquake prediction, they must never occur when no earthquake follows and should be observable before most if not all shocks. But this is not always the case. There were many earthquakes which showed no premonitory signs and therefore the records of these prognostications may be regarded as the survivals of accidental guesses. A few successful warnings have been remembered whilst countless failures have been forgotten.

The most rational suggestions which have been made for prediction of earthquakes are based upon observations of accumulating strain in rocks. Geologists believe that an earthquake will occur when the accumulating strain in the rocks reaches the rupturing value. Hence, if it were possible to tell when and how fast rock strain is building up toward this critical value one should be able to predict the earthquake. This cannot be done by direct observation because a rock under strain looks the same as one free from strain. Many scientists hoped, however, that such growth of strain might be detected by instrumental means.

Detailed structural studies of the rocks of the earth's crust were made by the United States Geological Survey and by the Universities.

Tiltmeters were installed on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley. But in all these years since the start of this comprehensive programme in 1921 under the able chairmanship of Doctor Arthur L. Day and the immediate direction of Mr. Harry O. Wood, no appreciable regional strain has been discovered. Still earthquakes have been occurring in large numbers in California and some of them like Santa Barbara (1925) Long Beach (1933) and Imperial Valley (1940) earthquakes were destructive. The information that has been gathered is, of course, very valuable but it has not succeeded in predicting earthquakes.

Then, has all the work of seismologists during the past several years been futile? Men of the highest talent and training have been observing and locating earthquakes in different parts of the world. Have they told us nothing about the time and place of occurrence of future earthquakes? Extensive study and careful mapping of the exact location of so many earthquakes has traced a pattern on our globe in which we read with confidence future earthquake probabilities.

After an intensive study, Mallet concluded that the earthquakes tend to be distributed along broad bands, which generally follow the directions of mountain ranges near the boundaries of continents and oceans. Montessus de Ballore showed that the earthquakes are clustered along two great belts of seismic activity. One around the Pacific and the other extending from the Alps to the Himalayas. He attributed this clustering of earthquakes to instability of the earth's crust along these belts, which are located in regions where the mountain ranges are associated with abnormal crumpling and distortion of the strata.

On the Asiatic side the belt around the Pacific extends from the Kurile Islands, through Japan and round the Southern coast of China to the East Indies and Polynesia. On the western side of the American Continent it follows the direction of the great mountain ranges of the Andes and the Rockies and passes south of Alaska to the Aleutian islands. The other main belt of seismic activity extends from central Europe across the eastern Mediterranean and South-eastern Asia to the Himalayas, and then sweeps southwards through Further India to the Sunda Islands and merges into the Pacific belt.

The demarcation of earthquakes on our globe enables us to expect earthquakes in some places and exclude others. For example we know it is much more probable that a destructive earthquake will occur in the neighbourhood of Assam, than in the vicinity of Madras. Why? Because the seismological map shows that Assam lies on one of the two great earthquake belts on which destructive earthquakes occur frequently, while Madras is located in a region where such earthquakes are unknown. In fact if we thumb through the pages of earthquake history we do not find a single instance in which a destructive earthquake centred at Madras. Strictly speaking, however, there is no place in the world

which a prudent seismologist would dare to call totally immune to earthquakes. The absence of earthquakes on any part of seismological map tells us at best that none has been recorded from that area in historical times. It says nothing about the geological past and its only bearing on the earthquakes of the future is the statistical probability it furnishes that they will be rare in that area.

At present the earthquake prediction, like the weather forecast is only able to point out vaguely the probable places of occurrence without reference to exact time. But, if the seismic observations are correlated with the symptomatic changes which occur before earthquakes, then, it may perhaps be possible to predict impending earthquakes with scientific precision and certainty.

To achieve this goal, the people should become earthquake conscious by directly observing the usual symptomatic changes that precede the earthquake and by acquiring a knowledge of earthquakes from the accounts and descriptions written by experts. Then the seismologists with the co-operation of the public may succeed in issuing from time to time earthquake bulletins which are of practical utility and scientific value.

N. Leelananda Rao, M.Sc.

Botanists at Dinner

[*Champakam, Pushpam, Tulasi and Pansy are botany students of the Presidency College. They are class-mates. As evident from their very names, these girls are much interested in Botany.*]

One fine Saturday evening, when the weather was very calm and cool, Champakam and Pushpam, Pansy and Tulasi sat on the ochre sands overlooking the grey sea. They talked and joked a lot. All of a sudden—

Tulasi :—I say, why don't all of you drop in at my place tomorrow for dinner?

Pushpam :—Why, anything particular?

Pansy :—Shall I guess the reason?

Champakam :—Well, before I guess why you have invited, let me thank you for the kind invitation.

Pushpam, Pansy :—Thanks! Thanks!

The golden rays of the sun sank into the horizon and a dim twilight set in. Shortly, darkness came over the sands. It was a newmoon day. So the youngsters feared the darkness and started home early.

[The next night at Tulasi's house, Rose Cottage—Rasberry Avenue. It was 8 O'clock.]

Tul :—Hullo! Cham, Pan, Push! Good evening. Come in. Mother, these are my chums.

Mother :—I am glad to meet you. It appears there's something common in all four of you.

Pansy :—Perhaps! the touch of Botany. (Laughter).

Mother :—Exactly so. It's quarter past eight. Come, we shall din.

Cham :—What's the menu like?

Mother :—Here's the menu card. Perhaps you like to.....

Pusp :—Read it aloud.

Cham :—Here it is—

Cabbage curry
Radish sambar
Lady's-finger gojju
Lemon pickle
Beans kootu
Sweet potato, potato chips
Brinjal-tomato stuff
Greens vadai
Beetroot halva
Gooseberry chutney
Banana fritters
Payasam
Masala rice.

[While eating]

Pansy :—I can't eat quietly like all of you. We speak Botany and eat Botany. In short, Botany is part and parcel of us. I am going to analyse the menu. Cabbage curry—cabbage belongs to *Cruci ferae*. Radish sambar—again *cruci ferae*. Lady's finger gojju of *malraceae*—Array! All belonging to *Thalami flora* under *Polypetalae* of *Dicots*.

Mother :—Pansy, you are a true botanist.

Tul :—Let me continue this game of analysis.

Lemon pickle—lemon of *Rutaceae*, beans kootu—a leguminous dish, chips of sweet potato and potato. I see a friendly mixture of *convolvulaceae* and *solanaceae*. I want some more of the stuff. Tomato and brinjal are ideal for being stuffed. They belong to *solanaceae*. Is n't it?

Push :—You got all cohorts and families of gamopetalons dicots. What a clear cut demarcation in the menu. We'll pry into it further. It's very interesting.

Mother :—I am like a fish out of water in your company. What's all this jargon about? I neither know this "ferae" nor that "laceae". I only know my family. Enjoy your eats girls.

[She goes out.]

Cham :—Greens vadaï of Amaranthaceae. Beetroot halva.

Oh! we're eating chenopodiaceae in the form of a sweet halva. Then gooseberry chutney of Euphorbiaceae, banana fritters of scitamineae. How to classify payasam?

Tul :—Don't you worry. I'll solve it for you.

Cham :—How? Milk is an animal product. Are you going to make an indirect link saying that the cow feeds on gramineae?

Tul :—Certainly not. Why do you make a detour when the short circuit is so clear. What is floating in the payasam?

Cham :—Semolina and saffron. Why?

Tul :—There you are. It is crocos satirus of xyri daceae. Semolina is a wheat product.

Pansy :—Three cheers for the masterbrains!

Tul :—To continue, masala rice—rice is of course a grass.

Push :—What a wonderful menu. Wait.....It includes dishes prepared from Thalami florae, Dis ci florae and caly ci florae of polypetalous dicots, then gamspetalous dicots, monochlamydeae and ultimately monocots. Isn't it a skeleton of Bentham & Hooker's classification of families of flowering plants?

Cham : *Pan* : *Tul* :—Very good. Exactly so. Professor the other day said that Bentham & Hooker's system starts with dicots and then proceeds to monocots.

(There was great elation at the discovery).

Tul :—Mother, we've digested and assimilated Bentham & Hooker's menu this night.

Mother :—You may get 100% marks in your paper but have you cleared the menu from your leaves?

Tul :—Not so soon mother, there're three other systems.

Cham : See, tomorrow we've a free hour. Each of us should contribute an item for the Engler Prantl's menu. Condiments, spices and oils would creep in some form or the other.

Push :—Will the Prof. scold us for playing games in the class?

Champ :—Certainly not. As long as we do something useful without idling, it's alright. In fact, he'd be too pleased to find us playing such games.

Tul :—Yes, quite so. Exams are fast approaching. Unless we've some mnemonics, it's not possible to have the outlines of the various systems of classification at our finger tips.

Pan :—Cheerio! we'll meet tomorrow in college. Think out an item in the mean while.

(Tulasi bids good night to her guests. The next noon at college)

Cham :—Shall we begin our favourite game?

Tul :—Yes. Come on. E & P' S system starts with monocots, monochlamydeae, archichlamydeae and sympetalae of dicots.

Push :—Rice with coconut scrapings.

Pansy :—Ginger pachadi.

Cham :—Both of you have dispensed with monocots. Now I suppose I must give an item for monochlamydeae. How about steamed spinach or basella? It contains a lot of iron.

Tul :—Not bad! The next shall be a cruciferous curry. I mean cauliflower. I like it very much.

Push :—Drumstick sambar.

Pansy :—Almond payasam, cauliflower, drumstick and almond- all belong to Archichlamydeae.

Cham :—I must now put my finger on sympetalae. Why not have some fresh salad made from mint and cucumber. Eating fresh vegetables will do you a lot of good.

Tul :—So you see, the system has been reduced to a simple menu.

Cham :—That's because we're not getting into the intricate details of the multiple cohorts and natural orders.

Pan :—That's impossible. Once you know the exact order of evolution, can't you arrive at the cohorts or series or orders.

Push :—Engler's menu though sounds simple and light is rather.....

Cham :—Bentham & Hooker's system follows de Candolle's line. Engler's system has numerous sub-orders. He regards Apetalae and Amentiferae as primitive forms and hence places them at the beginning of the arrangement. But Bessey regards Apopetalons as primitive. Engler gives more weight to Apopetalae versus sympetalae than to

hypogyny versus epigyny, in the establishment of his groups and lines of relationships. Bessey like-wise ranks sympetaly high but he regards epigyny as higher.

Pan :—Bentham & Hooker is any day preferred both by the examiner and the examinee.

Tul :—Long live B II system !!! three cheers. Hip-Hip-Hurrah !!

Push :—Well, we'll think of Hutchinson and Bessey sometime later. Bye-bye.

Cham : *Pansy* : *Tul* :—Bye-bye.

N. Shanthi, IV Botany (Hons).

Literary Style—Virginia Woolf

The twentieth century has seen the evolution of new techniques in various fields of literature. Perhaps, the most exciting have been in fiction, for in the hands of writers like James Joyce and Virginia Woolf, the novel has attempted to do things it had never done before. Yet, the objectives of these two writers were, paradoxically, at once more limited and more subtle than those aimed at by their predecessors from Defoe to Galsworthy.

Virginia Woolf's attempts in all her writings, was to capture reality; and as her style is so integral a part of what she set out to do, it is of great importance that we should know what she meant by reality.

In a lecture given in Cambridge in 1928, she answered this question in words that are well worth recalling. To her, reality "would seem to be something very erratic, very undependable—now to be in a dusty road, now in a scrap of newspaper in the street, now in a daffodil in the sun. It lights up a group in a room and stamps some casual saying. It overwhelms one walking home beneath the stars and makes the silent world more real than the world of speech—and then, there it is again, in an omnibus in the uproar of Piccadilly. Sometimes, too, it seems to dwell in shapes too far away for us to discern what their nature is. But whatever it touches, it fixes and makes permanent. *That* is what remains over when the skin of the day has been cast into the hedge; *that* is what is left of past time and of our loves and hates. Now the writer, as I think, has the chance to live more than other people in the presence of this reality. It is his business to find it and collect it and communicate it to the rest of us".

But as she herself found, in attempt after attempt, reality is most elusive; and it was only after years of experimenting with words and language, that she mastered a way of writing which would express all

A broadcast talk delivered from the Madras station of All-India Radio.

she wanted to say. Hence, her style can be studied and evaluated only by tracing its development chronologically.

Her very first novel, "The Voyage Out", published in 1915, conforms in structure and external pattern to nineteenth century traditions of fiction, but shows the author's search for a more delicate savouring of experience than the traditional novel allowed.

In her second novel, "Night and Day", Virginia Woolf clearly shows herself a rebel against accepted conventions of fiction writing. It is in this novel, that she shows that the traditional handling of the time-sequence is incidental to her way of writing; for in her endeavour to come closer to "life or spirit, truth or reality" than accepted conventions would permit, she turns her characters slowly *round and round*, as it were, instead of pushing them forward in a straight line. This novel also reveals her primary interest in those states of consciousness in which thought and emotion are inextricably mixed. Her language is more and more in tune with its content—suggestive, subtle, rather than precise.

Her volume of short sketches "Monday or Tuesday", written in 1919 and 1920, carries the development of her work a stage further. By this time she had decided that life was not "a series of gig-lamps symmetrically arranged but a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end". It is this luminous halo, that she wished to convey to her readers; and she found that it can be done "only by recording the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall, by tracing the pattern, however disconnected and incoherent in appearance which each sight or incident scores upon the consciousness".

It is not surprising, therefore, that in this volume of short stories—though the term is inadequate—we find all the qualities of Virginia Woolf's later style—the magical power of observation, the finest sensibility of the age, the loving command of language and rhythm. It is at this stage too, that her prose style enables her to utilise some of the resources of poetry, to create a view of life as the story moves. The opening sketch in this volume, called "A Haunted House", is an example of that fluid associative prose that she had chosen to make her own. It is aptly illustrated in a passage I would like to read to you:—

"But they had found it in the drawing room. Not that one could ever see them. The window panes reflected apples, reflected roses; all the leaves were green in the grass. If they moved in the drawing room, the apple only turned its yellow side. Yet, the moment after, if the door was opened, spread about the floor, hung upon the walls, pendant from the ceiling—what? My hands were empty. The shadow of a thrush crossed the

carpet; from the deepest wells of silence the wood pigeon drew its bubble of sound. "Safe, Safe, Safe", the pulse of the house beat softly. "The treasure buried; the room....." the pulse stopped short. Oh, was that the buried treasure? A moment later the light had faded. Out in the garden then? But the trees spun darkness for a wandering beam of sun. So fine, so rare, coolly sunk beneath the surface the beam I sought always burnt behind the glass. Earth was the glass; death was between us; coming to the woman first, hundreds of years ago, leaving the house, sealing all the windows; the rooms were darkened. He left it, left her, went North, went East, saw the stars turned in the Southern sky; sought the house, found it dropped beneath the Downs. "Safe, Safe, Safe", the pulse of the house beat gladly. "The Treasure yours".

One of the striking qualities of Virginia Woolf's prose style now begins to show itself—her selection of description and scenery. Whether it be a landscape or an interior, she always chooses what serves as commentary on, or instigator of, a state of mind. She also uses scenery to help break down barriers between thoughts and events, between incidents and emotions, speculations and memories, so that the "Semi-transparent envelope" may be presented more clearly. In every one of these sketches, it is the author's reverie that organises the images and the characters; and an intellectual play uses the images as starting points for meditation.

By 1922, Virginia Woolf had worked out a style that could embody in fiction her conception of the flux of experience. It was a flexible impressionistic, meditative style and in "Jacob's Room" which appeared in that year, she employed it for the first time in a full-length novel. Striking as it is, "Jacob's Room" remains a collection of fragments, all admirably done, yet not cohering into a whole.

In the two novels that followed, "To the Lighthouse" and "Mrs. Dalloway", Virginia Woolf imposed on her material a poetic and even a musical form. "To the Lighthouse" is highly symbolical, but the style gives it the intensity and beauty of a lyric poem.

It is however, in her novel "The Waves", published in 1937, that Virginia Woolf shows a complete mastery of her technique. There is nothing startling in it. Conversation is reported in the usual fashion and thought processes are indicated indirectly in the third person. Yet, "The Waves" does not mark a reversion to tradition, for Virginia Woolf had by now achieved a control over words, that enabled her, at this stage in her career, to convey her unique sensibility by sheer luminosity of language. She feels free, at last, to take even a simple chronological sequence and convey into it, all that subtle sense of significance, simply by the quality of writing. There is a plastic handling of language here, which is most

impressive. It is pure effortless prose; with its subtle rhythms and easy flow, it is writing at its most civilised, pregnant with consciousness, yet subtly so, giving nothing away except the sense of significance. There is no crude statement of implications, for these implications lie behind the images and the rhythms.

In her next and last novel, "Between the Acts" published in the Autumn of 1941, nearly six months after her death, her style reached the climax of its development. The book is a lyrical tragedy whose hero is England, and is the most purely symbolical of all Virginia Woolf's works. It is succinct, and yet it has an enormous range; it covers the history of England and yet at its core, is the agony of a present moment, a domestic flaw in the relations of Isa and her husband; the whole is bound together with a strength which its gentleness at all times disguises.

Its final sentences are a perfect example of this novelist's art, at those points where it touches greatness and where her simple, yet powerful, style expresses her curious tragic sense most clearly. At the end of the day, Isa and her husband, Giles, are left alone together.

"Left alone together for the first time that day, they were silent. Alone, enmity was bared; also love; Before they slept, they must fight; after they had fought, they would embrace. From that embrace another life might be born. But first they must fight, as the dog fights with the vixen, in the heart of darkness, in the fields of night.

Isa let her sewing drop. The great hooded chairs had become enormous. And Giles too. And Isa too against the window. The window was all sky without colour. The house had lost its shelter. It was night before roads were made, or houses. It was the night that dwellers in caves had watched from some high place among rocks. Then the curtain rose. They spoke".

In this novel, Virginia Woolf boldly uses lyrical and narrative style in immediate juxtaposition; if they do not contradict each other, it is because the language of the narrative itself is so finely organised, so poetically ordered, that it prepares us for these transitions from prose to a purely lyrical form.

From the beginning, Virginia Woolf had set out to distill life into an essence. If at all it can be so distilled, perhaps music, rather than literature, is the art that can do it. Prose, as Virginia Woolf herself maintained, is a "lumbering and lagging art" when compared with poetry and music, because both in poetry and music the artist is freed, by the nature of his medium, from the necessity of presenting reality piecemeal, one proposition at a time. A novelist becomes more effective in presenting reality in proportion as his medium approximates to that of the poet. Yet, pre-eminence is not to be ceded to poetry altogether, for prose is required to ensure

that the writer has one toe touching the world, ready to take off into whatever heights he pleases. Grounded firmly in prose, the novelist must lean as far towards poetry as is consistent with his maintaining contact with the earth. In this state of unstable equilibrium, he is best fitted to communicate a sense of reality; it is this state of unstable equilibrium, that Virginia Woolf attains at last, in her finest work, "Between the Acts", a work which is the very heart of her achievement, both in content and style.

Mrs. G. Parthasarathi, M.A., L.T. (Madras) M.A., B. Litt. (Oxford).

Of Nieces and Nephews.

I must say it is nice being an aunt—to be sure it is, when you've got just one sweet little niece who amuses herself in her own way, but it really is not such an attractive feather in your cap when you have nieces and nephews who just trot in into the Drawing Room and your friend has politely left a remainder in her drink—there goes that remainder down the throat of either the goose of a niece or the gander of a nephew—and then, of course, starts the tussle between them and there you are in an awful mess—meanwhile your friend politely turns over a "MEN ONLY".

Talking of nieces and nephews, it's curious the way their aunts and uncles christen them. My brother who has a way with names, once asked my niece which of the following names she liked best:—"Fami, Famu, Dumdi or Dumdu—That reminds me—a pen-pal once wrote to me saying, "Your first name is a girl's name and your second name is a boy's name, what are you—girl or boy?"—sounded pretty odd!

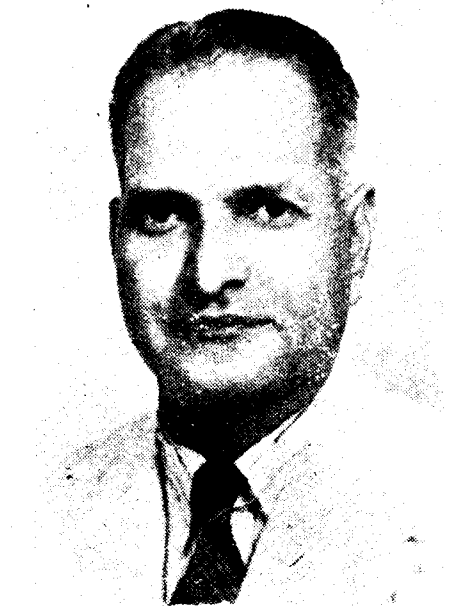
My niece chose her ideal name—Fami, so my brother said my nephew might be called Famu. Well there it is, the pair will remain as Fami and Famu forever.

Whoopee, whoopee, whoopee,—here's the nephew from school, rendering the latest hit from "Dastan" in, no doubt, an annoying way. He heads straight for the Magazine Table and turns on the Children's Page—remember, it's Friday evening and homework can be postponed to Monday morning.

You've just got to sit down and relax and there goes a ring. You rush to the telephone but hush, it's a next-door call. Relax again and this time your phone veritably rings. There is a rush from nowhere. Your host of nieces and nephews comes rattling down the stairs to answer the telephone. You grab the receiver but you are a second too late—that blasted niece of yours has tapped down the hook and you blink at the thick air around you. Meanwhile, there is another rattle—this time it's towards the Radio—it's the Wedding Samba and these kids have come to love it—don't know what nieces and nephews of today are like!



Sir B. N. Rao, an old boy of the college, addressing the union.



Dr. Krishnan, an old boy of the College, who has been appointed Director, Geological Survey of India.

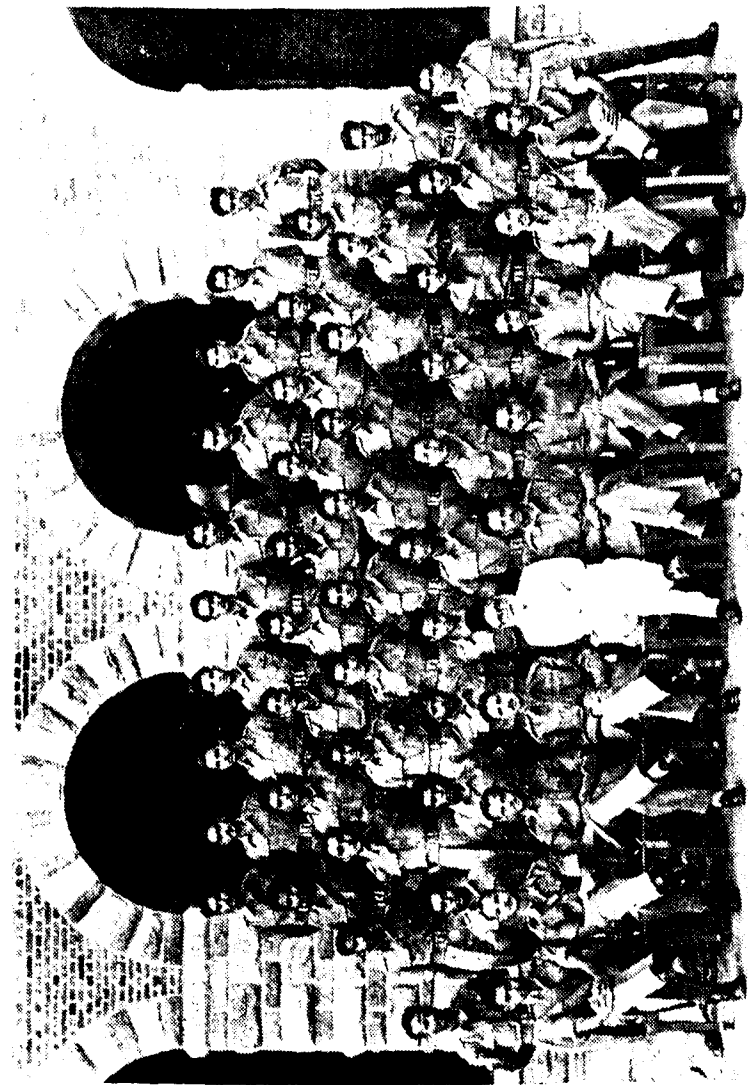


A Dance Pose of Miss Lalita Sivaraman.

N
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A Dance Pose of Miss Vasantha Lakshmi Kumari.



OUR SOLDIERS
1st Madras P.N. N.C.C. "C" Coy. (Presidency College)

And it's not as if they help you in any way. They don't even queue up for dressing. And it isn't as if you could tell my niece that two tight plaits will do for her—you hear howls and shrieks and a volley of threats and curses, while down the corridor, comes father with his cane—he's just returned from office to have some peace at home! You get into the car but you never can tell what the next generation is coming to—they want seats for themselves and you've got to sit on their laps—no matter how great a sizer you are. Fancy!

Fine background lullabies—know where to hear them?—all you've got to do is to stand outside our bedroom door; it won't matter even if you are a couple of miles away—and you'll hear crystal-clear notes and tones. The lullabies go on until after all the world, except the nieces and nephews in every house, has gone to sleep. Then there is a break. You wake up—it's 9-30, and boy o boy! there are no nieces or nephews around you—the early birds have gone downstairs long before you—a great feeling indeed.

Padma Narayanswami III (Hons). Econ.

Grievances of a Beggar

From morn to eve I beg and cry,
I knock at doors in vain;
They spurn me or pass me by,
Unmindful of my pain.
At the race-course, the punter throws
His hard-earned income free,
At the elections money flows
Like streams into the sea:
Why feel a beggar's alms a strain
Upon your purse and.....brain.
The worms and insects get their prey,
They eat, they live and grow;
The crows, kites and doves are gay
And beg not for their food.
Why are you rich, why am I poor?
Why are you great and me so small?
With all this discord I'm not sure
If one God made us all.
Hunger and want are my pals all day,
Much suffering do I see,
If God is perfect as people say,
Should we not angels be?

N. Shanthi, IV Hons. (Bot.).

Is love an ass?

I am sure you will rise in revolt against me, if I describe love as an ass; you may brand me as a hypocrite, as a frustrated lover, if not insane. Paradoxical it may seem, nevertheless it is true. If we carefully analyse love in a strict manner, shorn of all its embellishments, we find it is a pleasurable sensation which one derives only after an enormous trouble, and very often one finds that the love was not worth the trouble taken. It is the mental process which everybody calls love. Many sacrifices, often too great, are made in the course of mad adventure for love. The trouble is not so much the sacrifice, as the indelible mark it leaves on many other innocent and harmless lovers, who often choose the very blind path which others have chosen hitherto. If we dispassionately judge we find that many loves can be saved from silly sacrifices by telling them that love is nothing but a sentiment—a meaningless thing—well it is just an ass! The several actions that are performed in its name are silly and ridiculous if not very idiotic. The dictionary meaning of love is “affection of the mind caused by that which delights”—It is a fondness, strong and devoted attachment to one of the opposite sex etc. If we analyse all these attributes we will find not one of this could be attached to anything that is sensible.

Love as an affection of the mind is not an affection but an affliction. Every one knows that it is just a malady. One cannot really say with any certainty what causes would produce the affections—Love's. It varies with every person. There is no standard. Even crude, obtruse, perverse, sentimental, ideological impulses may produce these affections. Sometimes colourful, glittering and fair things may likewise produce a reaction in the mind. In these cases one does not take much time to realise that it is scarcely love—and ‘all that glitters is not gold’—Or take other instances like pity, tenderness, fondness, attachment—all of them may produce the affection of the mind, but if one had not the capacity to relieve the distress, he feels more wretched than the object itself.

Love, as understood in common parlance is largely the devotion to the opposite sex. It is in this sphere that love is the greatest ass that I can ever think of. Often times the love takes peculiar turns and shapes and follows very thorny paths. Every lover remains in a completely isolated atmosphere. He belongs to the “imaginary compact”—almost an insane person. He does things which no sane person would do if he bestowed any thought. He grows love-sick. He cannot sleep, eat or even think. He waits hours at every place where he thinks he could just get a glimpse of his beloved—nothing more. He dares all consequences which normally he would not even attempt to face, convention, decency and discretion to attain his object—an object which according to him is a moon itself. He is hare-brained and blind, for love to him is blind. If he regains his senses he would realise that he was blind, hopelessly blind—the object was nothing

more than a bundle of bones—a little flesh and a few bewitching looks which captivate him, blindfold him and draw him into the trap out of which he could scarcely escape. He is a fallen angel.

From the point of the woman too, the experience is somewhat similar. She finds that the man endowed with greater strength is able to seduce her by his prowess and ingenuity, and once she is seduced, he turns away from her. She blames the entire mankind as hard hearted rascals, if not devils. She readily sees a mole in another's eyes, and not a beam in her own. She thinks that the man was responsible for her utter ruin. Thus there is an eternal warfare between both the sexes to decide which of them is responsible for the downfall of the other. The battle swings this side and the other, and during comparatively lull periods, when they meet together they find that both were wrong, that both were complementary and both were responsible for the down-fall of either. Then a truce is signed. But the battle does not end there. It starts all over again when she finds that the man has started to like another. Here it is a battle royal and very often we find that the man is the vanquished, completely devastated and destroyed. The moon for which he had been fighting is no longer the moon, but the blazen scorching sun. She is really a tiger in sheep's skin. Her ideas of possessiveness, her excessive fondness, all cause a repulsion in him and he begins to hate her. He finds ultimately that love is not only an ass, but also a dreadful thing. It is said that the path of true love never runs smooth. I will add the lives of lovers are not at all convincing whether they were wiser at all?. Whether they were not mere asses. They end their noble lives in an ignoble manner by committing suicide. They are often frustrated in their love. The instances of Romeo and Juliet or Leila Majnu, are sufficient illustrations of the several hair breadth adventures which these lovers make. They meet under extraordinary circumstances, live and act under perpetual fear of life and death. These are beacons of hope to several others similarly placed. Real love, it is said consists in sacrifices but what sacrifices and for what love. Love is mostly of the sensuous or libido instincts, and the moment these instincts are satisfied there is nothing left as love.

If we take the love of parents, love of the brothers, teachers etc., we will find therein also several silly things being done. The most fondly loved child becomes the idiot of the family. He is often petted and spoilt. When he grows up he thinks the world is also foolish like his parents. But the world is not that. It does not see the fine points in the child which the parents discover. On the other hand it is critical of the child who has been spoilt by excessive fondness. The child to its utter dismay finds the world to be a very cruel place. It is of course wrong in assuming so. Even so the affections of brothers. The love of the teacher is perhaps the most maligned and criticised one. The teacher is often ridiculed for his misplaced affections and whenever the teacher finds out that his affections are really misplaced, he feels like committing harakirai.

Thus love is the root cause of all miseries, and meaningless things are done in its name and therefore it is a big ass. Well, reader, if you have not contacted this ass, it may be it is somebody's turn now to do meaningless things for you and you will soon get your turn. Adieu

K. V. Subba Rao, IV B.Sc. (Zoology).

Huxley: The Prophet

It is, or lately was, the fashion among the writers of essays and journalists paragraphs to poke fun at the Victorian Age. The fashion came into vogue before the war and is happily, going out or will soon go. Those of us who read the glory and magnificence of the Victorian age are able without dishonesty or hypocrisy to think gently of its failures and imperfections and to enjoy heartily the unending pageant of our memory. And we find ourselves up against a question which is evaded by the critics of the Age.

As I read the lives of the great Victorians, I perceived in them, as it were, a common endowment, the influence in later years of a standard of purpose, and ambition set in the early years. Among the young men, who started on the right road, the young men of science came to the front. It was a period in which fine arts were hindered by general admiration of prettiness, and by general distrust of anything excessive, or indecent or extravagant. But in the kingdom of sciences, where nothing is pretty, nothing improper, nothing artistic, the young men were free: for they were in their kingdom.

They put strict limit to their ambitions, desiring not to be rich or conspicuous, but to have enough to live on quietly in the service of science. They set themselves to learn German; they kept themselves from the usual aberrations of thought among young men; and they took Carlyle as their guide and their prophet. Not one, but many written lives testify to this upbringing and making the men of science who were the glory of the Victorian Era. But among these men Huxley stands out; there is more in him than the early influences and circumstances of his life. Huxley is one of the foremost of educators. A lot of this education had a message which none else could give. Especially they had the message of evolution. But Huxley's work for education went deeper than that: He worshipped the advance of education; and his influence abides in all the present ways of popular education.

Facts, based on personal knowledge and organised into a natural system were the basis of all Huxley's teaching; there was nothing "a priori," and his powerful imagination, trained to its proper sphere, proved a faithful servant, never betraying him, as happens too often with lesser minds, by a treacherous domination. This was eminently true of his

treatment of evolution. The fact of evolution was abundantly supplied with the evidence on which it rests. The theory of evolution is another matter, but contrary to what seems to have been the experience of some of his critics, it was not shirked but fully expounded and illustrated. The exposition concluded with the statement that "given" variation, heredity and selection, then the Darwinian explanation affords a good working hypothesis. But no attempt was made to account for what is after all is the most fundamental of these factors, (i.e.) variation. This still remains the crux.

Huxley stands out, among the men of his time, as one of the chief prophets. Like all prophets he had his share of resolute fighting for the truth. To him a man's principal duty was to hold and defend the truth and to let nothing in life come between him and it. We had in Huxley a perfect example of zeal in preaching: there never was a more faithful servant of the truth. It might be possible to contrast him with Ruskin, the other great prophet of the Victorian age: and there is nobody like them now. But they stand apart in the range of their interests.

Thus Huxley, a representative of his age is a grand personality. The beauty of his home life and of his character and the magnificence of his work, his teaching and his imaginative power over men can scarcely be put in print. He remains one of the leaders of the past century: but we shall live to see the new leaders of thought, but none with more power than was in him.

S. Vedantham P.G.I. (Physics).

Our Navy

Our Navy can be said to be both young and old. The Navy as we know it today is of comparatively recent origin; but a study of our history will show that India had sea-going ships in the ancient days. The empire of Sri Vijaya extended across the seas, to Malaya, Sumatra and Java. We also carried on trade, by means of ships, with Egypt and the Roman Empire.

But gradually our sea-power declined. The Portuguese, when they came to India had a much stronger Navy. Later on, with the arrival of the French and the British, a struggle for Naval supremacy between these three powers ensued and finally the British came out to be the most powerful. Thus began Western domination of India which continued till 1947, when we attained Independence.

When India became independent, it had a very small Navy consisting of few ships only. The work of expanding the Navy was immediately taken in hand and a cruiser, which is now called INS 'Delhi' and is the Flagship of the Indian Navy, was acquired from Britain. This was

followed by the purchase of some more ships all of which together, now form the Indian Naval Squadron. The I.N. Squadron now comprises, besides DELHI, three Destroyers—RAJPUT, RANJIT and RANA, Frigates—JUMNA, SUTLEJ, CAUVERY and KISTNA, and TIR, (boys' training ship). Besides there are numerous other ships e.g. Minesweepers, Landing Craft, Motor Launches, etc.

As it was necessary to train our own officers and men for our Navy, several new training establishments were established and those that were already in existence were expanded. The training establishments are I.N.S. VENDURUTHY at Cochin, INS CIRCARS at Vizagapatam, INS SHIVAJI at Lonavla, INS VALSURA at Jamnagar and some more centres in BOMBAY. In keeping with India's policy, a beginning was made with the indianisation of the Service and most of the senior officers of the Indian Navy are now Indians.

During the second World War, ships of the Indian Navy took part in many operations and achieved great success. One outstanding example was the sinking of two heavily armed Japanese vessels by INS 'Bengal' in September 1942. This feat is still remembered by the Indian Navy, in particular, and by the Indian people, in general, with pride. But even in the earlier days, under the East India Company, the achievements of the Indian Navy were well known to the outside world. For instance, the Bombay Dockyard was one of the finest in the world and the ships of teak constructed here were recognised as comparable to the best produced anywhere else.

Recently, the Indian Navy has taken upon itself a peace-time job in which it acts as India's ambassador of goodwill to foreign countries. Its ships have visited Iran, Iraq, Arabia, Malaya, Indonesia, Australia, New Zealand, East Africa and other neighbouring countries. Everywhere they have been received with hearty welcome and have been treated as messengers of India's growing Navy. On one of these visits—to Indonesia—the Prime Minister, Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, went aboard INS 'Delhi'. After his voyage, he said, referring to the officers and men of the Indian Navy, "I have found them not only efficient and courteous in their work but also smart and intelligent. If this is the back-bone of the Indian Navy, then all is well with it".

But the real role of any Navy, is the defence of the country's coastline and of its trade routes by sea. The Indian Navy is being developed on lines to fit it primarily for that role. It will necessarily, take some time to be fully equipped for its country's defence, and the Navy is making good progress in this direction.

You would, perhaps, want to know something about the life and the nature of work in the Navy. Work suited to all kinds of aptitudes is available in the Navy and though life is hard, it is interesting. In addition to

pay, free food, clothing, medical attendance and other allowances, are available with plenty of facilities for recreation and healthy games. The Navy is open to all irrespective of caste, creed or other distinctions and recruitment is based entirely on merit. In the Navy one learns a number of technical trades which can be useful later in civil life. But what is of the greatest interest to those who may join the Navy is that through it they are able to see the world. A ship is a little home by itself and by working on it, one forgets all other distinctions and remembers just that he is an Indian. Last, but not least, the Navy gives one the opportunity to serve one's country and to enhance its prestige and goodwill abroad.

Commander K. B. Godrej, I.N.

"The Triumph of Peace"

A PAGEANT

As produced in the Presidency College, Madras, on the occasion of the Celebration of the United Nation's Day on 24th October 1951.

SCRIPT BY

M. S. PRAKASA RAO,

Assistant Professor of Economics.

PRODUCTION BY

KARUNAKARA MENON,

Assistant Professor of History.

Lord Krishna, Lord Buddha, Lord Jesus, Confucius, King Asoka, Mahmud of Ghazni, Omar Khayyam, Christopher Columbus, Galileo, Florence Nightingale, Beethoven, Madame Curie, Abraham Lincoln, Anna Pavlova, Rabindranath Tagore, Mahatma Gandhi, President Truman, Comrade Stalin, Angel of Peace, Spirit of History, Cherubs.

(The curtain rises. The Spirit of History is discovered, seated towards the extreme left at a desk, with the Book of Life open before her. At the centre of the Stage, in the background on a high dais three Thrones are placed. Beneath them, from end to end of the Stage thirteen chairs are arranged in a semi circle.)

The Spirit of History:—Listen, the Voices of Eternity speak to us across time and space. Here is Lord Krishna.

(Lord Krishna enters and comes to the centre of the stage.)

Lord Krishna:—Whenever there is a decline of the Law, O Arjuna, and an out-break of Lawlessness, I incarnate myself. For the

protection of the Good, for the destruction of the wicked, and for the establishment of the Law I am born from age to age.

(He goes and sits on one of the Thrones.)

History :—Listen, here is Lord Buddha.

(Buddha enters and comes to the centre of the stage.)

Buddha :—Kill not for pity's sake — lest ye slay, the meanest thing upon its upward way. Such is the Law which moves to righteousness, which none at last can turn aside or stay. The heart of it is Love, and the end of it is peace and consummation sweet. Obey !

(He goes and takes another throne.)

History :—Listen, here is Lord Jesus.

(Jesus enters and comes to the centre of the stage.)

Lord Jesus :—Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they that have been persecuted, for righteousness's sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called sons of God.

(Jesus goes and sits on another throne.)

History :—Thus inspired and sustained by divine utterances, men and women with a mission in life, from the dim, distant past, undertake a ceaseless struggle for human perfection. Here is Confucius, the sage of China; he will explain the Tao, the Enlightened way of Living.

(Confucius enters and comes to the centre of the stage.)

Confucius :—Remember, my children, oppressive government is more fierce and is more feared than a tiger. It is my fervent hope that this beast of prey is driven from the habitations of good people. If any ruler would submit to me as his director for 12 months I should accomplish at-most a revolution; and in 3 years I should attain the realisation of my hope. In search of such a ruler did I wander right through this Land of the Dragon for well nigh seventy years; and 3000 disciples followed me in faith—To re-establish the ancient way of life with its dignity and decency— that was my appointed task. It appears as though I attempted the impossible. My children, unless that blessed state is revived, the men of our land cannot walk the thrice noble Tao, the Way of Life Gracious, of life Abundant :— Children, listen ; Good Government obtains when the ruler, is a ruler, the Minister a Minister ; when the father is a father, the son a son. Society is an ordinance of Heaven and is made up of five relationships—of ruler and subject, of husband and wife, of father and son, of elder brother and younger, and of friends. There is rule on one side and submission on the other, The rule should be in righte-

ousness and benevolence ; the submission in righteousness and sincerity—A word more to you, dear ones, ere I depart, a word about the Tao, the enlightend Way. What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others. What the Superior Man seeks is in himself ; what the small man seeks is in others. Learning manifested by thought is Labour lost, thought unassisted by learning is perilous. This is the Tao, and they that walk this way shall have the fruits of the earth and length of days.

(He goes and sits in the first of the thirteen chairs.)

History :—O Holy sage, your preaching and wandering were almost in vain ; for no Chinese prince accepted you as his master while you lived. Nevertheless, say not the struggle naught availeth. Your teaching had flowered into the Wisdom of China. Hence this ancient civilization endures to this day.

Krishna :—Whenever there is a decline of the Law, O Arjuna, and an outbreak of lawlessness, I incarnate myself. For the protection of the good, and the destruction of the wicked, and for the establishment of the Law I am born from age to age.

History :—Here is King Asoka, after the battle of Kalinga, stricken with remorse, proclaiming the Rule of the Law of piety.

(Asoka enters and comes to the centre of the stage.)

Asoka :—Anointed as King have I been these eight years, and am entitled the Gracious, the Beloved of the Gods. This day the Kalingas are conquered, and I see all around me the price paid for my victory. Never again shall this happen, never. Hundred and fifty thousand are carried away therefrom into slavery. Hundred thousand are wounded and many times the number are killed. Now that the Kalingas are secured, there is keen maintenance of the Law, action according to the Law, and teaching of the Law on my behalf—The conqueror of the Kalingas has but regret now. Even what is conquered is as good as unconquered and lost, if there is slaughter, death and banishment of the people. Such a slaughter is a thing to be grievously deplored and is considered seriously by me how best to be avoided in the years to come. Even he who has done injury appears to me fit to be forgiven ; he can be forgiven who submits even to day, prays and lives under my protection. This is to make people ashamed of their immoral conduct and save them from ruin, for I wish safety, self control and delightful career to all my people. The Victory of the Law, I think, is the sense of a victory. Achieved by teaching and following of the Law, this Victory is a thing of pleasure. For this purpose, this Edict has been proclaimed so that my children and grandchildren may not think that Victory in War is worthy of achievement. They may, while drawing the bow in triumph, prefer forgiveness and lightness of punishment, and think only of the Victory of the Law—Therefore

I do hereby decree that within my far-flowing dominions the Sword be sheathed, and the drum of war be silenced.

(He goes and takes the second chair in the row).

History :—O, Royal monk, your Rule of the Law of piety has but led to the decay of the first Empire of India. Even the law later on fled the Land. Nevertheless, say not the struggle nought availeth. You had been a model King who demonstrated how banishment of war need not be a mere precept but a policy that could be practised.

Buddha :—Kill not—for pity's sake,—and lest ye slay, the meanest thing upon its upward way. Such is the Law which moves to righteousness, which none at last can turn aside or stay. The heart of it is Love, and the end of it is peace and consummation sweet. Obey!

History :—Here is Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni. With all his treasures at his feet, at the War of death, he laments over his lot.

(Ghazni enters and comes to the centre of the stage).

Ghazni :—My hour hath struck. Alas, my life laps wearily on the icy shores of death. A darkness gathers round my eyes. I am sinking, sinking. This is my hoard, my fabled treasure, the prize of a thousand campaigns. Must I leave it all? The reward of a long and arduous life spent in the camp and on the saddle—I can't take it with me now. How hollow and empty sound my victories! O my Empire, watered by the Tigris and the Indus! My Capital, the Beloved of Asia,—who would take care of you hereafter? I have built up a reputation as the Breaker of Idols; whoever thought that my heart thus breaks?—Full for thirty years I had carried death and desolation far and wide; nor man nor nature would check the onward triumphant march of my legions. But O, of what avail? The sands of my life are running out. Nay, before my eyes fail and all is lost, let me have one last look at the legendary wealth of Ormuz and of Hindustan, heaped at my feet. Look, How it mocks at me that I must depart alone, all alone!—O God, what dread shapes are these that obscure my vision? Women shrieking, children crying, men groaning! Begone, torture me not with your loathsome attentions, your foul deeds. O, this dance of devils! Let me breathe a while.—Masud, my son, let this my death teach you the lesson that my life could not. Futile is all my earthly labour; in vain is all my armed might. Here is the very emptiness of human vanity. In vain—O Masud, hold me tight. My spirit ebbs away—My breath, O my breath! An Empire for a moment of life! No, No....

History :—O, mightiest monarch under the banner of Islam, You have been a sad example of the saying "The paths of Glory lead but to the Grave".—Nevertheless, say not the struggle naught availeth.—Men

have learnt from your career that peace hath its own victories no less than war—far more desirable, far more enduring.

(Ghazni goes and takes his seat).

Christ :—Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the peace makers for they shall be called Sons of God.

History :—Here is Omar Khayyam, the mystic Bard of Persia. He unravels the knot of Life and Death for the enlightenment of mankind.

(Khayyam enters and comes to the centre of the stage).

Omar Khayyam :—Think, in this battered Caravan Serai whose doorways are alternate Night and Day, How sultan after Sultan with his pomp abode his hour or two and went his way. They say the Lion and Lizard keep the courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep. And Bahram, the Great Hunter, the wild ass stamps over his head, and he lies fast asleep. O, come with old Khayyam, and leave the wise to talk; one thing is certain, that life flies; One thing is certain, and the rest is lies; The flower that once blows for ever dies. Myself when young did eagerly frequent Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument about it and about; but ever more came out by the same door as in I went. Up from the earth's centre through the Seventh Gate I rose, and on the throne of Saturn-sate and many knots unravelled by the Road, but not the knot of Human Death and Fate. The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on; nor all thy piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all thy tears wash out a word of it. It is all a chequer-board of Nights and Days where Destiny with Men for pieces plays; Hither and thither moves, mates and slays and one by one back in the Closet lays. One moment in annihilation's waste, one moment, of the well of life to taste—The stars are setting and the caravan starts for the Dawn of Nothing—O make haste!

History :—O bard of Iran, your wise words fall on evil ears, for men took a strange meaning from them; "Eat and drink and be merry for tomorrow ye die". Nevertheless, say not the struggle naught availeth. Your verses live on the lips of men, and their lives are fuller and richer by sharing in your mystic ecstasies.

(Khayyam goes and takes his seat).

Krishna :—Whenever there is a decline of the law, O Arjuna, and an outbreak of lawlessness, I incarnate myself. For the protection of the Good and the destruction of the wicked, and for the establishment of the Law I am born age to age.

History: Here is Christopher Columbus, discoveror of America. He addresses his crew on the eve of his last voyage, from Spain.

(Columbus enters and comes to the centre of the stage.)

Columbus:—Come, my friends, It is not too late to seek a newer world. Push off and put up the sails, for my purpose holds to sail beyond the sunset, and the baths of all the Western stars, till we touch the shores of India. There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail. There gloom the dark Broad seas. My mariners, souls that have toiled and wrought and thought with me; how dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rust unburnished, not to shine in use. Therefore do we venture on this our fourth voyage to the Indies, to the New World; May-be to plant on new soil the Imperial Flag of Spain, of their Serene Majesties. May-be to claim the dusky tribes over to the domain of Christendom;—or per-chance to claim your just reward from the fabled Gold of the East. I cannot rest from travel; I will drink life to the Lees; all times I have enjoyed greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those that loved me, and alone; on shore, and when wind and rain vexed the dim sea. I have become a name. Much have I seen and known. I am a part of all that I have met. Far and wide have I roamed with a hungry heart driven from my land of birth to an alien court. I dreamed and yearned at the court of Lisbon but met with polite rebuff as I unfolded my brave project to sail across the unknown seas. Shelter at last I found in Barcelona; encouragement, appreciation amidst the Dons and Grandees of Spain - And was honoured of them all - When, with God's will, the Indies were discovered. We are not now that strength which in old days moved earth and heaven, but heroic hearts; still we may not rest so long as there are seas uncharted and lands unknown. Therefore sail.

Spirit of history:—O brave traveller, the entire globe is charted and mapped: hereafter voyages must be into the inner realms of the spirit and then your type of adventure is of no avail. Nevertheless, say not that the struggle naught availeth. For you have infected the race with your indomitable spirit that never yields when men and women struggle in the cause of Righteousness.

(He goes and takes his seat in the semi circle.)

Lord Buddha:—Kill not for pity's sake; lest ye slay the meanest thing upon its upward way. Such is the Law which moves to righteousness which none at last can turn aside or stay. The heart of it is Love, and the end of it is peace and consummation sweet. Obey!

History:—Here is Galileo, the astronomer mathematician of Italy. He faces his trial before the court of Inquisition at Rome.

(Galileo comes and takes the central position.)

Galileo:—No, no, not for me the Holy dread of Inquisition. Have pity on my grey hairs and let the power of my eyes be precious to me, for an endless task awaits them to watch the heavens and record the mysteries of celestial movements. And the very sight of these Engines of torture, strikes me blind. Alas, I shall recant to save this poor flesh and these declining years from the gruesome test of Fire. Yes, yes, your Graces I admit freely my folly and my falsehood, in fact the foul heresy that the earth hath diurnal motion of rotation. Cursed be my tongue that spoke it; here do I bend my knee and recant.

It is writ in the Book of Books that this our Blessed Earth is fixed, immutable in the very centre and heart of the cosmic system. It must be true. Where else is truth except in the spoken word of the Holy Church? The philosophy of one age is the primer of the next. That which is held aloft as Truth today is thrown into the melting pot of speculation tomorrow. Therefore, my Lords, have mercy and let me be.—I am blessed; I am set free.

How sweet it is to live once again, perchance to get into my dim sequestered closet to work again. This gray spirit yearning in desire to follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bound of human thought. All experience is an arch where through Gleams that untravelled world whose margin Fades forever and for ever as I move. And I am a traveller in quest of the Absolute. I am made weak by time and fate, but strong in will, to strive, to seek, to find. I am old. But old age hath yet its honour and his toil. Death closes all: but some work of noble note May yet be done, ere the end. So let me be. But then such is the compelling power of truth, that departing, I must needs declare, with due difference to Copernicus and his philosophy "Epper si Mouve"—The Earth still turns round the sun.

History:—O Galileo, what a shocking proof your conduct at this trial gives us that the little good that might have been done and the little truth that might have been spoken are so easily suppressed when the powers of militant falsehood are arrayed against it! Nevertheless, say not the struggle naught availeth. You are a testimony of the compelling power of truth sooner or later triumphs.

(Galileo retires and takes his seat in the gallery.)

Lord Jesus:—Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called sons of God; Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

History:—Here is Florence Nightingale, the Lady of the Lamp from England. She exhorts her sisters that a mission awaits them to take up as their birthright.

(Florence Nightingale enters and comes to the centre.)

Nightingale:—If only men and women do not drift down the muddy current of routine! If only they have the will, ribbed and edged with steel, the will to do something good, something fine - that is our sore need - O Lord. So I prayed; and as though in answer to my prayer, my life has been made significant and full and rich by being given a purpose - "the purpose of helping those that cannot help themselves." My mind is absorbed with the idea of the sufferings of man, that the tale of his daily life is a tale of woe, and that the place wherein he lives is a vale of tears. I can hardly see anything else. Indeed all that the poets sing of the glories of the earthly paradise seem to be so unreal. All the luckless people I see round about me are but fighting a sad, losing battle against their ancient enemies of poverty, disease and hunger. I am privileged with a mission in life. I know that my destiny lay with the miserable, the stricken and the lowly. That is why I had to sacrifice a husband, a home, a family and the many pleasures that woman in general covets and envies. Was it unsuitable and unbecoming for a young English woman to devote herself to works of charity in hospitals and abroad as Catholic Sisters do? This was the mid-Victorian problem. The solution lay in my own conviction that there is nothing unladylike and unwomanish in serving the public. It is my earnest hope that in ages to come my sisters, as yet unborn, would come to the same decision for on that momentous decision will depend the survival of suffering humanity.

History:—O good and noble lady, the message of your exemplary career is too soon lost upon this indifferent world. Your sisters, instead of tending the wounded and nursing the sick, now enter the ranks of soldiery and brandish engines of destruction. Nevertheless, say not the struggle naught availeth. You have given the world a new organization that helps the fighter for a noble cause that he may not suffer in helpless agony on the field.

(Nightingale goes and takes her seat in the gallery).

Lord Krishna:—Whenever there is a decline of the Law, O Arjuna, and an outbreak of lawlessness I incarnate myself. For the protection of the good, for the destruction of the wicked, and for the establishment of the Law I am born from age to age.

History:—Here is Beethoven, the immortal musician of Germany. He makes it clear that his peculiar calling serves humanity.

(Beethoven comes and stands in the centre of the Stage).

Beethoven:—The Artist is the Grand Spectator at the pageant of Life. All that is, and all that he sees, is but raw material to be fashioned by him into his design of beauty. So with the musician. Be it the plaintive note of a nightingale, or the boom of guns, the wailing of a mother over her deed child, or the bubble of the mountain brook - in all these the

musician finds his melodies, his harmonies, his symphonies; such was my lot, too. And it was my most earnest endeavour to create such dulcet and harmonious music that even stars shoot madly down from their spheres to hear it. And this music of mine - let it be no singing in the wilderness; but rather let it like a mighty flood overflow across the narrow confines of my Fatherland to the ends of the inhabited Globe and lift up the hearts of men and fetch a smile from every sad and sombre face.—It looks as if I speak in my sonatas a language no one has spoken before; and treat of things no one has dreamt of before. Yet I find I am in reality speaking of matters long familiar as one's own mother tongue as though I have touched upon emotions one had lived in some former existence. How I fondly wish that my warm and deep ethical sentiment finds an echo in every heart in the world. What a comfort it would be to know that I have leavened and widened the sphere of men's emotions as much as philosophers and poets have done!—It has been my creed—perhaps of all fellow Artists too—to dispel our life's darkness and doubt, by linked melodies long drawn out.

History:—O, gifted Beethoven, fain, fain would we have your country produce music and music alone in which it excels; but alas, it prefers guns to butter; and the boom of her guns often drowns all music for years and years. Nevertheless, say not the struggle naught availeth. We learn from you that the grim exterior of a country may not obscure her tender heart, and that her celestial gift, if it is rescued from the nations lapses into brutality will mean so much for the good of humanity.

(Beethoven goes and takes his seat in the gallery).

Lord Buddha:—Kill not for pity's sake-lest ye slay the meanest thing upon its upward way. Such is the Law which moves to righteousness, which none at last can turn aside or stay. The heart of it is love, and the end of it peace and consummation sweet. Obey!

History:—Here is Anna Pavlova, from Russia, that star of European Ballet. She expounds the purpose of the Artist, after her famous dance of the "Egyptian Night" in Paris.

(Anna Pavlova comes and stands at the centre of the stage).

Pavlova:—Wherever, I cast my eyes I see the grim dance of Death. Women love and suffer; and men have vaulting ambition and fall; the air is filled with cries of despair or hymns of hate; talent is nipped in the bud by chill penury; and poverty clips the wings of romance. How to convert life in such a world into a Dance of Delight? That was my task; and to perform such a task within my Fatherland where the ceremonial splendour of the Czars is an utter mockery of the peasantry who somehow live only because they cannot die-it did seem well nigh impossible. But faith sustained me, faith in my mission, faith in Art. And which Art

can be more pliant, more potent in conveying the message of Beauty than Dancing? Is it not the most ancient, the most instinctive, the most universal of all arts—the Language of Gesture—that is as appealing as it is eloquent? Can there be a soul so dead as to stay unmoved by this music made visible—this rhythm of sweet movement? That is why I chose to be a dancer. The Artist is a citizen of the world, and hence have I travelled far and wide, and seen and known that people everywhere have hearts that beat alike; they swoop and soar with like wing. At London, at Paris, or at Washington, not to speak of my own Petrograd, people paid instinctive homage to Art and Beauty. Whether I danced as the Egyptain or as the Dying Swan, my message was never missed. May I therefore call upon the Statesman, conquerors and reformers to leave it to Artists to recreate this world into a Thing of Beauty, a place fit for heroes to live in?—Let me pray that a gifted band of dancers spread this message of Beauty, Tripping it as they go, on the light fantastic toe.

History:—O gifted Pavlova, true it is, every artist comes and goes trailing a cloud of Glory; but so vast and so deep is the sea of ugliness that one and all of them are overwhelmed. What is worse, they are degraded into instruments of propaganda of political dogma. Nevertheless, say not the struggle naught availeth. The universality of Art as exemplified by you makes the brotherhood of man less of a dream and more a reality to become a fact accomplished some day.

(Anna Pavlova retires and sits in the gallery).

Lord Jesus:—Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God. Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

History:—Here is Abraham Lincoln, sometime President of the United States. He speaks after the battle of Gettysburg to dedicate the national cemetery to the fallen heroes.

(Lincoln enters and stands at the centre of the Stage).

Lincoln:—Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that battle field as a final resting place for those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living or dead who struggled here have

consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining to be performed, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause to which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people by the people for the people shall not perish from the earth.

History:—O Great President, your high resolution has, by a strange irony of fate, become fatally amended such that it now reads "Government of the people, by the people, but not for the people but for the chosen few". However say not the struggle naught availeth. For the two freedoms you declared have now become amplified into four freedoms which have served as battle cries for the peoples of the world in their fight for liberation in the recent Tyrant's War.

(Lincoln goes and takes his seat in the gallery).

Lord Krishna:—Whenever there is a decline of the Law O Arjuna, and an outbreak of lawlessness, I incarnate myself. For the protection of the Good, for the destruction of the wicked and for the establishment of the Law I am born from age to age.

History:—This is Madame Curie, the distinguished Scientist of France. She addresses the Academy of Paris, after being awarded the Nobel Prize.

(Madame Curie enters and stands in the centre).

Madame Curie:—The scientist leads a dedicated life; dedicated, that is, to the service of mankind. He fulfils himself by labouring hard to get at one of the secrets of nature. My work, my 7000 and odd experiments have been blessed by the finding of Radium. That is my offering at the altar of humanity in the hope that it enriches knowledge and serves the good. But the question remains. May it not also serve the cause of evil? Nevertheless the risk must be taken. For I am one among those that think with Nobel that humanity gains more good than evil from the new discoveries. If conquests useful to humanity touch your heart; if you stand amazed before the wonders of Science, - its electric telegraphy, its anaesthesia, its Radium, if you are jealous of the part your country can claim in the further flowering of these wonders; Take an interest, I urge upon you and enter those holy dwellings commonly called laboratories. Ask that they may be multiplied and adorned. They are the temples of the Future, of wealth, of well-being. It is there humanity grows bigger,

stronger, better. There it learns to read in the Big Book of Nature its means of progress, its hopes of universal harmony; whereas its own works are too often those of barbarity, fanaticism and destruction. To the scientists, the few, the happy few, it is given the privilege and the glory, the toil and the trouble, to find, in scorn of consequence, in the teeth of opposition, an exquisite possibility in the common clay to help man in his upward way.

History:—O Good Lady, your fear has come only too true. Science seems to have succeeded in forging powers of annihilation and merrily armed man with them even when the Tiger in Man is untamed and unchained. Nevertheless, say not the struggle naught availeth. You have definitely taught the scientists that theirs should be a dedicated life. The galaxy of scientists who succeeded you obeyed this commandment as is evident from their meritorious services to humanity ever since.

(Curie retires and takes her seat in the gallery).

Lord Buddha:—Kill not for pity's sake - lest ye slay the meanest thing upon its upward way. Such is the Law which moves to righteousness which none at last can turn aside or stay. The heart of it is love, and the end of it is peace and consummation sweet. Obey!

History:—Here is Rabindranath Tagore, the poet prophet of India. He warns us against the dangers of narrow aggressive nationalism.

(Tagore enters and comes to the centre of the stage).

Tagore:—The last sun of the century sets amidst the blood red clouds of the West and the whirlwind of hatred. The naked passion of self-love of the Nations, in its drunken delirium of greed, is dancing to the clash of steel and the howling verses of vengeance. The crimson glow of light on the horizon is not the light of the dawn of thy peace, O my motherland! It is the glimmer of the funeral pyre burning to ashes the self-love of the Nation, dead under its own excess. Thy morning waits behind the patient dark of the East, meek and silent. Be not ashamed, my brothers, to stand before the proud and the powerful with your robe of simpleness. Let your crown be of humility, your freedom, the freedom of the soul. Build God's throne daily upon the ample bareness of your poverty. And know that what is huge is not great and pride is not everlasting.

Where the mind is without fear, and the head is held high; where knowledge is free; where words come out from the depth of truth; where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection; where the world has not been broken into fragments by narrow domestic walls; Into that heaven of freedom, My Father, Let my country awake.

History:—Vain, in vain, O poet! Tagore, your prophetic warning. It fell on heedless ears. Twice have the nations of the world already

fought and reduced themselves to material and spiritual ruin. Nevertheless, say not the struggle naught availeth. Your inspired poetry awakend India from her age long shumber. Your motherland is free and is fast striving for the uplift of sister nations.

(Tagore goes and takes his seat in the gallery).

Lord Jesus:—Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called sons of God; Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven; Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.

(Atom Bomb explodes. General Consternation. History is badly perturbed).

History.—This, alas, is the beginning of the ending. Or, may be there is still hope. Yes, there must be hope for here descends the Spirit of the Present - Mahatma Gandhi.

(Gandhi enters and stands in the centre)

Gandhi:—I believe that non-violence is infinitely superior to violence; forgiveness is more manly than punishment. The religion of non-violence is the Law of mankind as violence is the Law of the Brute. Non-violence in its dynamic condition means conscious suffering. It does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil doer, but it means putting of one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant. I believe that non-violence is infinitely superior to violence; and forgiveness is more manly than punishment.

History:—O Mahatma, you have shown us the way, - the way of non-violence - the path, the only way which leads to human salvation. But would Man walk this straight and narrow way? Soft: Here comes president Truman dismayed at the price he paid for victory in the Second World War.

(President Truman enters and stands to the extreme left of the stage).

Truman:—The World shall be safe for democracy. And all people shall have a Fair Deal. If these be the ends, if all is fair in love and war, Why then bar The use of the Atomb Bomb? That alone wins victory.

History:—This is extraordinary indeed; here comes comrade Stalin, disgusted at the modern lust for destruction.

(Stalin enters and stands at the extreme right of the stage).

Stalin:—Communism is and must be the true way of Life; and workers alone shall rule the world. The East is East and the West is West. And never the twain shall meet.

History:—This simply won't do; the world cannot be broken for good into two warring camps, waging either cold or hot war. Let us therefore invoke the Angel of Peace. Come, Peace, thou daughter of God's own great suffering. Come with thy treasure of contentment, the sword of fortitude, and meekness crowning thy forehead.

(Angel of peace enters, preceded by heavenly music, and the dance of a couple of Cherubs.)

Peace:—President Truman, and Comrade Stalin, Look to the past and learn about the men and women with a mission in life.

This is Confucius, the prophet of China.
 This is Asoka, the saintly King of India.
 This is Gazni, the futile conqueror of Central Asia.
 This is Khayyam, the mystic of Persia.
 This is Columbus, the explorer of Spain.
 This is Galileo, the astronomer of Italy.
 This is Florence Nightingale social worker of England.
 This is Beethoven, the Musician of Germany.
 This is Pavlova, the dancer of Russia.
 This is Lincoln, the Statesman of America.
 This is Madame Curie, the Scientist of France.
 This is Tagore, the poet of India.
 This is Gandhi, the Saint of India.
 They all have laboured and built up human civilization.

Have you anything to contribute so that that civilization might endure?

Truman:—I now discover
 Victory won by force is defeat of course.
 Therefore I decree War be an outlaw,
 From the Kingdom of Man.

Stalin:—I do now perceive
 East plus West
 Makes for the Best.
 Hence let the iron curtain be lifted and every dogma be
 dropped.

Peace:—Then, in that case, there is hope for humanity. You may as well shake hands.

(Truman and Stalin Shake hands).

Peace:—The spears and swords of violence—
 Through me Heaven decrees—
 Shall be beaten in ploughshares
 On the anvils of peace.

All:—A M E N.

Want to be an author?

Of course, you do. It is the easiest thing in the world. I will tell you what. Sometime ago an advertisement appeared in a Bombay daily. It said: "How to be a writer without using pen or ink? Send eight annas only for particulars." Many thousands spent their half rupees. Everyone received a post card, which said: "write with a pencil, you B.F." B. F. by the way is short for Big Fool. But of course the way I am going to tell you is neither so short nor so down right practical.

Once a man becomes an author he becomes the cynosure of all aspiring authors. He is pestered with questions as to how he wrote a particular novel, how he gets his inspiration. How does he dress when writing etc. But all through this time, the most predominant question in their minds is: "well, blow me! If that prize mutt can write a book, I am jolly well sure I can". So it is only right that these mutts should answer a few questions.

How long does it take to write a book? Well, that depends upon whether you are a henpecked husband or vice versa. If your wife can bawl out "you...! come to bed immediately. No one wants your yarns", you can never finish any book. If you are not married, well that's an advantage.

To know the stimulants that will give you inspiration, you can do best by following in the foot steps of the masters. Victor Hugo wrote best after a cold bath. So to become a Hugo, the only thing, you have to do is to take cold baths several times a day; of course you have to keep a vicks Inhaler to keep out the cold. Goethe confessed once, of tapping the metre of his verse with tremulous fingers on the shapely back of his fair mistress. So the best thing you can do, to sing like Goethe, is to take a wife, or at least a mistress. But please be on the watch for ladies who have not only shapely backs, but also broad backs. Then you can write out whole novels on their backs instead of merely tapping your verse.

Edgar Wallace used to write in an overheated study. To emulate him, you can sit on an oven so that ideas may rush through the meshes of your hard head. Your wife will only be too glad to bake you in the oven, if you refuse to buy a saree or a cutex for her.

Another Chinese writer used to consume several pots of very sweet tea; you can take only one precaution. Have an insulin injection every day, so that you may not become a diabetic. Bernard Shaw wrote on the upper deck of the London omnibus. Unfortunately that is not possible in Madras. You have to go to Bombay, or at least Trivandrum to ride in double decked buses. The ways of the great are various. You can follow any one of them or all of them.

A sweet Young Thing once put this question to a famous author—which is the best way to write? Pat came the reply: “My dear, as far as I know, it is from left to right”. Of course he is wrong. In Urdu, it is written from right to left, in Chinese from top to bottom and there are so many other ways too—just as a lady’s hair can be worn in so many ways—like a rag, like a tag, like a bob, and like a tail, you can, if you are an original man, write from corner to corner.

Another necessary equipment of a writer is a “Common place book”. The common place book should contain all uncommon things and quotations and phrases that a writer may come across. You must of course make an index of them, so that you can use it at a moment’s notice.

Besides keeping a common-place book, you will need to keep a book of newspaper cuttings. Then you will seldom be at sea for a striking way of illustrating any article you are writing. That of course depends largely upon your way of selecting your news cuttings. You should develop news-sense. Dama, a famous American news-editor says that if a dog bites a man, it is not news, but if a man bites a dog that is. As an illustration of this news-sense, there is the story of the little girl who asked her mother: “Mummy, how did Princess Elizabeth know she was going to have a baby?”. “She read it in the papers, dear”, replied her mother, “for weeks there has been no other news”.

Then is the bug bear of style. Fortunately now-a-days style does not count as much as it did say fifty years ago. Now all that matters is the story. Peter Cheney, who you will agree, is a master of his craft, in one of his thrillers begins his paragraph with the phrase, “Callaghan said.....”. More than four hundred paragraphs begin with the identical phrase, in that single book. Still he is a best-seller. So ‘story’ counts more than ‘style’ with the general public. But all these things do not go to advocate slipshod writing. If you can tell a good story as well as write good English, you are in clover; you may be classed among the immortals. Somerset Maugham is the pre-eminent example of a writer who can tell an engrossing story in mellifluous style. It has been said that Dickens is the writer you should study for character, Dumas for historical romance; O Henry, for the short story; and Somerset Maugham, for both story and style.

What-ever you do, by way of commission or omission, you must begin your story well and arrestingly. A thriller writer creates instant drama by such a beginning as; “A pistol shot rang out and the Heir Apparent fell dead”. One of the many immortal Sherlock Holmes’ stories begins like this: “To Sherlock Holmes she is always The woman. I have seldom heard him mention by any other name.”

The ending is equally important, if not more. If you want the reader to be haunted by your story for a long time, the ending should be arresting and impressive. The “Tale of Two cities” ends like this: “It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done: it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever Known”.

The “Count of Monte Cristo” ends like this: “Never forget, that until the day when God will deign to reveal his future to Man, all human wisdom is contained in the words: ‘Wait and hope’.

Another modern best seller ends with: “Then, of a sudden, all the stars went out. And Mailett never even knew that he was dying”

Your characters should be natural. Don’t make your Indian hero kiss his girl in public, or even in private because we don’t know what happens in private; other wise they are not private. If you can’t make your hero natural, then don’t write. Remember what Lincoln said once: “It is better to be silent and thought a fool, than to speak out and remove all doubt.” You are perhaps thinking that it is a pity I did not remember Lincoln’s words before I started this article. Now that you remind me, I will stop here.

But one last reminder for you too. If you don’t find anything in this article to help you to become an author, remember you are the mutt, not I.

R. M. Perumal, I. P. G. Economics.

A Phantasy of the Mind.

(One act play).

CHARACTERS:

<i>Tony Martin</i>	...	... <i>A madman in the real aspect of the play, and a member of the Reserve Branch of the C.I.D. in the imaginary aspect.</i>
<i>Mike Finnigan</i>	...	... <i>An Inspector of the C.I.D. in the real aspect, and a crook in the imaginary aspect.</i>
<i>Jimmy</i>	...	... <i>A doctor from the London Mental Hospital in the real aspect, and in the imaginary aspect, is the younger brother of Tony Martin in his imaginary aspect.</i>
<i>The Chief</i>	...	... <i>Whose real name is Monagan and who is an official in the C.I.D. in the imaginary aspect only.</i>
<i>Dobson</i>	...	... <i>The assistant of the C.I.D. Inspector Mike Finnigan in the real aspect only.</i>

CURTAIN UP.

(Stage: A Police inspector's office. Inspector Mike Finnigan is seated at the desk busy with some papers.) (Enter Dobson.)

Dob. Excuse me sir,.....

M.F. (Still busy reading, waving Dobson away) You are excused. (Dobson starts walking out) Hey! where the devil are you off to?

Dob. I thought you asked me to go away sir.

M.F. What?!

Dob. You excused me sir. So I gathered that.....

M.F. That you could go away—eh? My dear Dobson, if I must explain, I will. Let me make it clear to you that my saying "You're excused" was a witty repartee. Oh, come on dash it all, you could enjoy the humour at least now.

Dob. Yes sir.

M.F. Smile, damn you, smile. (Dobson smiles in a silly manner) Thank you for your politeness Dobson. And now.....er.....coming back to the uninteresting topic we started to discuss, meaning you—what did you come in here to tell me?

Dob. Oh sorry sir, I nearly forgot about that.

M.F. Not at all Dobson, not at all. Don't mention it please, I beg of you. What do I get paid for in this police department, but to remind my assistant of things whenever he forgets them? (Dobson smiles.) Wipe that dirty smile away. (Dobson unsmiles.) and out with your business.

Dob. There's a fellow outside who wants to see you urgently.

M.F. Oh, a fellow? Indeed? You don't by any chance happen to know a few unimportant details about him, such as his name, business, etc., do you?

Dob. I do sir. Name of Tony Martin. Says he has most urgent and confidential business with you.

M.F. Allright. Fetch him in.

Dob. Yes sir. [Exit Dobson.] [Enter Dobson and Tony Martin.]

Dob. Mr. Tony Martin sir.

M.F. Good Morning Mr. Martin.

T.M. Good Morning? Don't be ridiculous. There's an awful bad fog outside, you know.

M.F. I didn't mean it literally. It was merely a form of greeting.

T.M. Believe me, your greeting grates in my ears. It gets on my nerves.

M.F. I'm sorry.

T.M. And so am I. But that's neither here nor there. May I sit down?

M.F. Oh, please do.

T.M. I intended to, in any case. (sits down) Now then, are you Inspector Finnigan? If you are, I've business with you. And if you are not, why not?

M.F. I am Inspector Finnigan.

T.M. Fine. That settles the problem. Look here Inspector, I want to talk to you, in private.

M.F. Right you are. Go ahead.

T.M. I said - in private. (Pointing to Dobson) So what about removing this?

M.F. Oh, he's my assistant you know - Dobson.

Dob. (To T. M.) Glad to meet you sir.

T.M. I am not. (To Inspector Finnigan) so what about it Inspector?

M.F. Oh, forget about him.

T.M. Believe me, I'm trying very hard to.

M.F. Just go ahead and say your piece. Dobson here is as dumb as a wall.

T.M. He does look dumb. But walls have ears. (insisting) I must have this removed.

M.F. All right. If you insist.

T.M. I most certainly do.

M.F. Dobson, stay outside for a while, will you?

Dob. (preparing to leave) Yes sir. And if you want somebody thrown out on his ears, you've only to call.

T.M. Most certainly. And now Mr. Dobson, you could gain some valuable experience you know, by throwing yourself out for the present. (calling out after the out-going Dobson) And remember, on your ears. [Exit Dobson.] Ah, the atmosphere clears quite perceptibly.

M.F. And now, Mr. Martin, what's it you wanted to tell me?

T.M. You see, I want a certain thing done, and I want your help for that.

M.F. Of course. What is it?

T.M. (*Looking around suspiciously*) No chance of our being overheard, I suppose?

M.F. (*Solemnly, wondering what the great secrecy is all for*) Not at all, don't worry about that, well, what do you want done?

T.M. I want to be hanged.

M.F. What?!

T.M. I said I want to be hanged.

M.F. Hanged?! But—but, but how?!

T.M. How? Why, by the neck and with a rope, of course. Or do you practise a unique method?

M.F. My dear sir, are you mad?

T.M. Mad! me! Don't be silly. But what about you?

M.F. I don't know! I'm afraid I am going mad!

T.M. Well. Now that you mention it, you do look just the type that goes mad.

M.F. (*Shouting exasperatedly*) Never mind my type. But what the devil do you want?

T.M. I told you - merely want to be hanged, that's all. And after death I'll go to heaven or hell, I suppose. Only thing is that if I go to heaven, I'll get thrown out pretty soon.

M.F. But—but of all things, to—to be hanged,.....!

T.M. Why not? Tastes differ, you know. Millions of people all over the world want something or the other done—some want to be married and some want to be divorced, some want to be praised and some want to be painted. And I merely want to be hanged. The trouble with you inspector, is that you don't appreciate originality.

M.F. But my dear sir.....

T.M. I am not your dear sir.

M.F. I'm sorry.

T.M. You should be.

M.F. But you can't be hanged. That's impossible.

T.M. Sir, I demand to be hanged. In fact, I insist upon being hanged. (*angrily*) why, I'm hanged if I'm not hanged.

M.F. But—but—but it isn't done. It just can't be done. You can't just walk around getting yourself hanged whenever you feel like it.

T.M. Look here Inspector, if you think I am asking you a favour you are mistaken. I've committed a murder and I want to be hanged. Come, that's fair enough, isn't it?

M.F. (*shocked*) B—b—b—but—but murder?!!

T.M. That's right. And now, for heaven's sake, please don't tell me that I can't go around committing murders—because I do, and I have! In fact now I don't know whether I want to be hanged because I've committed a murder, or whether I committed a murder because I wanted to be hanged. But the point is, I have committed a murder and so I'm entitled to be hanged.

M.F. Why, man alive! You don't mean to tell me that you've just killed some one in cold blood!

T.M. Well, to a certain extent, yes. But whether in cold blood or hot blood, I wouldn't know. I merely shot a man a few times in the stomach, and he obligingly folded up and died. (*Moving towards M. F.*) If that was in cold blood, I wouldn't mind trying the other kind, you know.

M.F. (*suddenly getting frightened*) Dobson! Hey Dobson!

Dob. (*From outside*) Yes sir?

M.F. Come in here immediately. Hurry up. [*Enter Dobson.*] [*pointing to T. M.*] This fel-fellow is.....

Dob. (*to T. M.*) I see. Up to the tricks, are you? (*approaching T. M. threateningly*) And now to throw you out on your ears,.....

M.F. No Dobson, no By God! be careful! Don't touch him!

Dob. What's wrong?

M.F. He-he's-infact-that is, Mr. Martin's hobby is murder!

Dob. So what? For all I care, his hobby might be..... (*suddenly understanding*) murder?!!

T.M. I beg your pardon Inspector, but I must insist upon correcting your statement. Murder is not my hobby, it's merely my business. My hobby in fact, is a dangerous one.

M.F. Wha-what's that?

T.M. Stamp-collecting. I find stamp-collecting much more hazardous to my safety than murdering.

Dob. (*Whispering to the Inspector*) Sir, what are we to do?

T.M. Why don't you ask me that?

Dob. (*frightened*) Sorry sir indeed, please. No offence meant, you know. (*with a sickly smile*) Just that I didn't want to tax you unnecessarily.

T.M. Well Inspector, I do know something about police procedure. And think that under the circumstances, you ought to take down my confession and get me to sign it. That's what's usually done, I believe. Am I right?

M.F. Of course, of course. You're always right Mr. Martin. Isn't that, so, Dobson?

Dob. Why, yes, to be sure-yes sir!

T.M. Well then, let's get down to business. Dobson, you'll sit down over there with pen and paper and faithfully take down all that I say. (*Dobson sits in chair, paper on knee, and pen poised.*) You Inspector, will continue to sit right where you are and keep listening. And I warn you now, *no interruptions*, please. In fact, I never could stand interruptions when I'm confessing to murders. Well, all settled Dobson?

Dob. Yes sir.

T.M. Good. And Inspector, you're all ears, I hope?

M.F. At your service, Mr. Martin.

T.M. Fine. Here we go. Could you let me have a cigarette? (*Inspector gives a cigarette.*) A light please. (*Dobson gives a match box.*)

CURTAIN DOWN.

T.M. (*Voice.*): Thank you for the match box Dobson. You see Inspector, I belong to the Reserve Branch of the C.I.D.-one of those which has no particular work assigned to it, but gets dragged into all the dirty work that the Yard has to get done. And that was me, an odd-job man of Scotland Yard. And it was the day the Chief wanted to see me. His real name's Monagan, you know, but he is popularly known as the Chief. I got a message to my room that the Chief was in a hurry to see me about something or the other, and I knew that I was in for another of those dirty jobs.

CURTAIN UP.

(*Stage: An Inspector's office. The Chief is seated at the desk busily writing. Enter Tony Martin.*)

T.M. Hello Chief!

Ch. 'Llo Tony! Come, seat yourself.

T.M. No Thank you, I'll stand.

Ch. Excuse me. I'll finish *this* and attend to you in a moment.

T.M. Take your own time. It's nice watching you do an honest spot of work, for a change.

Ch. We also work, you know. We fellows in the Counterfeit Currency Department don't draw pay on our personality or something.

T.M. That fact is most evident. (*Chief finishes writing.*) Well, what's the dirty work that you want me to do?

Ch. Tony, it's something serious, and something big-and, and.....

T.M. Something dirty?

Ch. Yes, I suppose so. There seems to be a local mint somewhere in the West End.

T.M. And I have to locate the owner of the Mint. Somewhere in the West End! What a clue! And what do I do? Stand in the middle of the West End and shout out aloud for the culprit?

Ch. Don't be cynical, please.

T.M. I'm not being cynical. I'm merely being sarcastic.

Ch. Then don't be sarcastic either. You see Tony, this time your work is not the usual kind. It's some what different. I don't want you to spot out the culprit. That we've done already.

T.M. Then what do I do? Strap him up in a dog van and deliver him post free at Scotland Yard?

Ch. I do wish you'd stop being cynic.....I mean sarcastic. we have definite information to the effect that one Mike Finnigan is at the bottom of the whole racket.

T.M. Then why don't you get him arrested?

Ch. Evidence, Tony, evidence. There's a jury to be satisfied, you know.

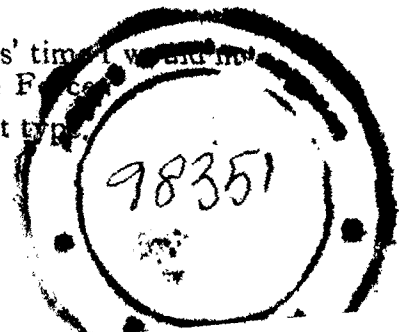
T.M. Don't tell me that you have tried to collect the evidence and failed? That's not at all like you Chief.

Ch. You see Tony, this racket has a colossal financial backing. I put two of my men on to this Mike Finnigan, and we have genuine information to the effect that they were brought off. Both have resigned from the police and are now living most comfortably.

T.M. And how d'you know that in a few months' time we shall not be living most comfortably too, after having chucked the Force?

Ch. I know you too well Tony. You're not that type.

T.M. Well, let's hope you are right.



Ch. I don't hope so, I'm sure of it. You cannot be bribed.

T.M. Not much chance of it in this case. You see I'm a fellow who objects most definitely to bribery—at least bribery with counterfeit notes. Well, let's have the idea. What do I do?

Ch. This Mike Finnigan is staying at the Sea View hotel, room 68. I've booked you 69-room 69 booked indefinitely for a Mr. Stephen and his younger brother Jimmy.

T.M. Why are you bringing Jimmy into this?

Ch. Oh, do take your brother along. I'm sure Jimmy'll appreciate the change. Moreover it'll give you an effective front you know. By the way, remember that you are a Mr. Stephen, and that you're a writer. And like all writers your books and plays don't sell, and you live by the help of a legacy left to you by a rich uncle. Your object is to study the night life of the West End and write a book on it. Tony! Collect enough evidence and pass it on to us. Well do the rest.

T.M. That's all Chief?

Ch. Yes Tony, and best of luck.

T.M. Thanks, I need it. Goodbye Chief! See you soon—I hope.
[Exit Tony Martin.]

CURTAIN DOWN.

T.M. (Voice): And the very next day found Jimmy and me settled down in room number 69 of the Sea View hotel, in the West End. My first job was to get into touch with my honoured neighbour, Mr. Mike Finnigan. I had to get friendly with him somehow and I was wondering how I was to play this when Finnigan himself walked into my parlour. The only difference was that I was the fly, and Finnigan the spider.

CURTAIN UP.

(Stage: Room 69 of the Sea View Hotel. Tony Martin and Jimmy are lounging around.)

T.M. Well Jimmy, and how d'you like the change?

Jim. Not bad, you know. I used to think the girls in my college were the best lookers. But these girls in the West End.....! (whistles appreciatively.)

T.M. Hey, you young rascal. Growing old young; are you? You talk about women as if you were born and bred in a divorce Court or something.

Jim. That's not it, Tony. It's just that I take an academic interest in God's creation of perfection.

T.M. Well, you'd better watch out. Your academic interest might turn out to be an epidemic.

Jim. By the way Tony, why don't you tell me what you're here for?

T.M. I told you Jimmy—just a spot of official business. Nothing serious, don't worry. Only a routine job. And do remember Jimmi, that I'm a novelist-cum dramatist right now, and that my name is Stephen, will you?

Jim. Of course. You've told me that umpteen times. I'm not likely to forget it. (knock on the door.)

T.M. Yes? Come in.

[Enter Mike Finnigan.]

M.F. I-I'm sorry, I do beg your pardon. I didn't mean to disturb you.

T.M. Oh, it's perfectly all right. Believe me, you aren't disturbing us in the least, Mr.—er.....,

M.F. Finnigan. Mike Finnigan is the name.

T.M. How do you do Mr. Mike Finnigan! (Shaking hands) I am Stephen. And this is my brother Jimmy.

M.F. (Shaking hands with Jimmy) How are you young fellow?

Jim. Glad to meet you sir.

M.F. I—er, do hope I'm not intruding.

T.M. Not at all, I assure you. In fact it's a most unexpected pleasure your coming in here like this.

M.F. Nice of you to say so. The fact is that I ran out of matches. So I just came in to borrow a light.

T.M. But of course. (gives Mike Finnigan a match box.)

M.F. Cigarette? (offers to Tony Martin and Jimmy)

T.M. (Takes one) Thanks. (lights it)

Jim. (refusing) I don't smoke, thank you sir.

T.M. Liar. Go ahead man, you are old enough for it.

Jim. You mean that.....

T.M. Sure Go ahead, have a cigarette. And stop blushing.

Jim. Thank you sir. (Takes one. Tony Martin gives a light. Jim takes a puff and starts coughing.)

T.M. Now, now, don't pretend this is your first cigarette.

M.F. Thank you very much Mr. Stephen. And now if you'll excuse me, I'll be off.

T.M. But Mr. Finnigan, you can't run away like this. You must have a drink before you leave. One for the road, you know.

M.F. One for the road? But I am just in the next room.

T.M. All right. One for the corridor then?

M.F. Well. I never could refuse a spot.

T.M. That's the spirit to have about spirits Mr. Finnigan.

M.F. Mike please.

T.M. All right, Mike. And call me Steve.

M.F. Right Steve.

T.M. Come on Jimmy, get that bottle and glasses out. Sit down Mike, make yourself at home. *(Jimmy gives a glass each to M. F. and T. M.)* To our friendship. *(drinks, and so does M. F.)* You are my neighbour, Room 68, aren't you?

M.F. That's right.

T.M. Been here long?

M.F. Not very. About four years.

T.M. I say, just the man I was looking for. That means you're rather familiar with the West End-aren't you?

M.F. Mm. So, so.

T.M. You could be of great help to me, you know. You see Mike, I'm a writer. I write novels usually. But when I'm really hard up for ideas, I write dramas.

M.F. Oh!

T.M. Please, don't be alarmed. I'm not one of those literary fellows who thrive on reading their own stuff aloud to others. On the other hand, I hate reading what I've written. Once I finish writing a book, I've nothing more to do with it. After that I read criticisms of it, and think of all the possible things that I could have meant but didn't. Actually, whenever I see any of my books in any shop, which is a rare occurrence, I buy it and secretly destroy it. After all, one must keep doing one's act of kindness, you know. But mind you, all this doesn't deter me from continuing to write more nonsense. Right now, I hope to write something about night in the West End. But, you see, I'm new to this place, and so I thought you could help me out there.

M.F. Of course Steve, glad to be.....er.....of help. Anything I can do is yours.

Jim. *(to Mike Finnigan)* Excuse me sir. *(to Tony Martin)* Could I go downstairs and have a game of billiards?

T.M. Of course, Jimmy. Run along now, if you want to.

Jim. *(to Mike Finnigan)* I hope you'll kindly excuse me sir. *(shaking hands with Mike Finnigan)* Good-bye till we meet again.

M.F. Good-bye. *(Exit Jimmy.)*

T.M. Well Mike, let's get this settled—shall we? How about making a begining tonight—eh? You could take me to one of the more popular night clubs around here. That suit you?

M.F. Don't you think this farce has gone on long enough, Mr. Martin?

T.M. Stephen's the name.

M.F. Oh yes, Stephen. And how do you spell stephen—C. I. D.? Come, come, Mr. Martin. You're an old timer in this game—you must know when to admit defeat. In fact Mr. Martin, we've been expecting you here.

T.M. Wonderful! And I usually live up to the expectations of my fans.

M.F. We know who you are, why you've come here, what your plans are, everything.

T.M. Well, it leaves us right where we started. As far as I am concerned, the fact that you know who I am doesn't make a difference. So what?

M.F. So nothing. Everything's perfectly straight and above board, now. You know who I am—and I know who you are. No more subterfuges, no more cheating. Right?

T.M. Right. What next?

M.F. You're correct. The next move is mine. But my move depends very much on your reaction.

T.M. But then, my reaction depends very much on your move. Let's have it. I'll try anything once.

M.F. You know Mr. Martin, I could be the fellow who gives 10,000 pounds to another fellow.

T.M. So?

M.F. And you could be the fellow who collects 10,000 pounds from the other fellow.

T.M. Condition?

M.F. Nothing. Just that you behave yourself and be a nice fellow during your stay here. You could even try to write that book on the night life in the West End, you know.

T.M. It would'nt work.

M.F. Make it 12,000 pounds.

T.M. I repeat my answer—wouldn't work.

M.F. All right. We'll make it a round fifteen thousand.

T.M. Get out of the room while the going is good. You see, tomorrow's a Sunday and your dentist might not be available.

M.F. Fifteen to seventeen make any difference?

T.M. It might in the number of dentists you'll need to attend upon you. And now, get out before I start getting you out.

M.F. All right, Mr. Martin. It's your funeral. You'd better watch out. This thing has by no means ended.

T.M. Of course it hasn't ended. When things end, I usually do the ending—my own way.

M.F. I think you're a fool.

T.M. Please—don't judge others by your esteemed standard. And now, if you'll clear out,.....

M.F. Well, good night Mr. Martin.

T.M. Good night! But believe me, things won't be good—not for long. (*Exit Mike Finnigan*).

CURTAIN DOWN.

T.M. (*Voice*) And my story continues inspector. Things moved fast after that. For a whole week, I worked like a dog. My life was hectic—it was all drinks, cigarettes, and no sleep. But then, it was worth it, you know. The end of the week, and I had enough evidence to get Mike Finnigan a twenty year sentence. And the next morning I stepped across to his room to have a showdown.

CURTAIN UP.

(*STAGE: Room 68 of the Seaview Hotel. Mike Finnigan is seen hanging around. Knock on the door.*)

M.F. Who's that? (*Enter Tony Martin.*)

T.M. Hullo Mike? May I—ah, come in?

M.F. You already have, haven't you—without my permission

T.M. I usually do.

M.F. Well? What the devil d'you want?

T.M. The devil himself—meaning you.

M.F. What d'you mean?

T.M. Merely that I have come to see you enjoying your last day of freedom.

M.F. What the hell are you hinting at?

T.M. Oh, come, come, what colossal ignorance. Can't you guess why I'm here, and in such a happy frame of mind, at that?

M.F. No.

T.M. All right, I'll educate you. All good things in life, and bad, come to an end, you know. And so has your career of crime. I've just completed collecting enough evidence Mike, to get you convicted for..... say, twenty years.

M.F. But my dear Tony.. ..

T.M. Mr. Martin to you.

M.F. All right, Mr. Martin, then. But don't you realize Mr. Martin that all your assiduous work has gone to waste?

T.M. Don't try to be funny.

M.F. Believe me, I'm not. It's high time I started educating you. You know Mr. Martin you've been unconsciously doing something that be effectively entitled, "Detective's Labour's Lost".

T.M. Oh, stop talking nonsense. Even you must know that it's impossible for you to bluff yourself out of the present situation. Why don't you give up like a good fellow? Come, take defeat with a smile.

M.F. You are on the wrong track Mr. Martin. I'm not insisting that the evidence you have collected is all nonsense. I do realize your capability as a detective. After all, I am not a fool.

T.M. You seem to be foolishly definite about that.

M.F. You have been collecting evidence against me during the past week.

T.M. Really?

M.F. Really! But I haven't let the grass grow under my feet either. During the same week I have been busy preparing a counter attack.

T.M. You are getting most interesting.

M.F. And I'll continue to get most interesting. I'm going to tell you to destroy the evidence that you've collected against me.

T.M. And what am I going to do?

M.F. You are going to destroy the evidence.

T.M. How much is it this time? Twenty thousand pounds?

M.F. I am not offering a penny, Mr. Martin. I know you wouldn't fall for that. The trouble with you is that you are painfully honest.

T.M. You mean, painful for you - eh!

M.F. But you are going to squash your case against me merely because I want you to.

T.M. No! And why should I squash it? Don't tell me that you are my bosom friend, and that I ought to help you out!! Or, are you going to cry on my shoulder and make me sentimental?

M.F. You are still barking up the wrong tree. You see Mr. Martin, if you convict me, there's somebody else who has to be jailed too. You wouldn't like that would you?

T.M. Why not?

M.F. Because that other fellow happens to be your younger brother Jimmy.

T.M. What?!

M.F. Evidently, honesty isn't a family virtue. For I've spent the last week most profitably in getting Jimmy involved in my, as you insist upon calling it, my dirty business. Either we sink or sail together. And what's it to be Mr. Martin, sink or sail?

T.M. *(catching M.F. by the collar)* Why, you - you.....!

M.F. Take your hands off me, I tell you! Take your hands away!

T.M. *(throwing M.F. away.)* I will! *(M.F. falls down)* Stand up you scum! *(Mike Finnigan gets up and stands covering. T. M. advances threateningly upon him.)* How did you get him into it? How did you double cross Jimmy into it?

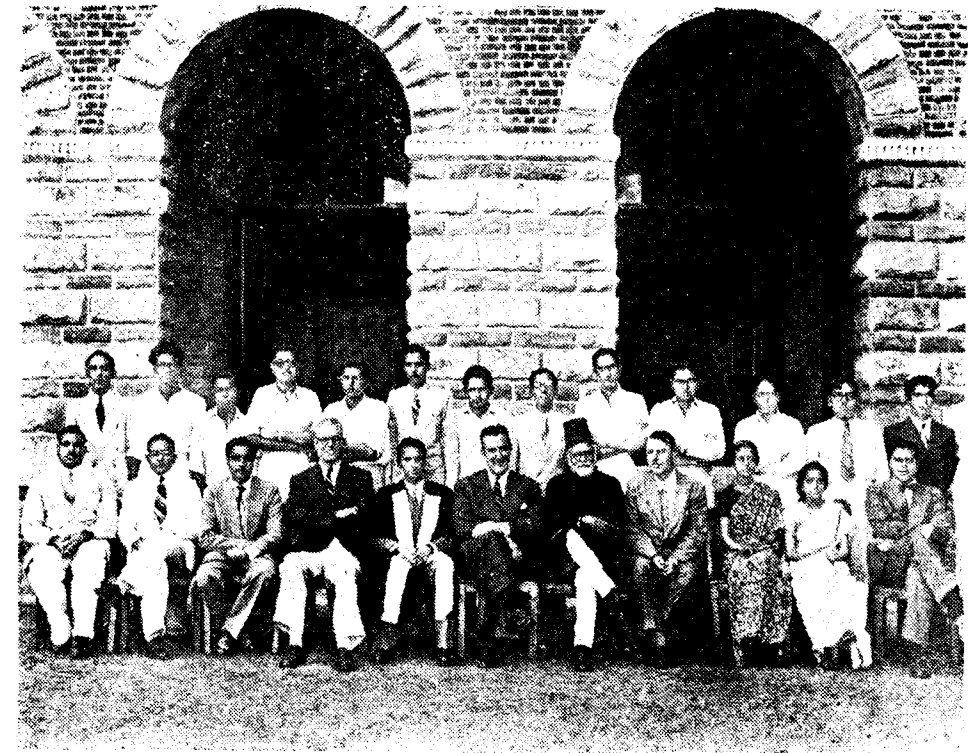
M.F. You would like to know. Wouldn't you?

T.M. I would, and I intend to! *(Again catching M.F. by the collar with both hands.)* Do you tell me, or do I beat it out of you?

M.F. Leave me. - And I'll tell you.

T.M. All right. *(releases M.F.)* Now out with it.

M.F. Your brother is after all, not the good angel you think him to be, Mr. Martin. He's a fellow who makes use of opportunities, believe me, - a fellow most willing to make some useful money, by fair means or foul.



The Principal, Union President and Secretaries of the various associations with Mr. Chester Bowles in the centre.



The Principal Welcoming Mr. Chester Bowles.



"Triumph of peace" a Pageant staged in the College on the U. N. O. day.



VOLLEY-BALL

T.M. You cheap crook. (*catching M.F. and shaking him up roughly*) you're lying! By heavens, you're lying! Tell me you're lying!

M.F. This doesn't help! Damn you, leave me, will you? (*shakes himself free of T. M.'s grasp.*) I told you and I tell you again, your brother's a crook!

T.M. It is not true. It's.....it can't be true!

M.F. Then why don't you ask your brother?

T.M. My God! It is true then! It is true! (*collapses into a chair and buries his head in his hands.*)

CURTAIN DOWN.

T.M. (VOICE): I thought I had tasted the cup of bitterness to the full, but worse was to follow. Jimmy killed himself. And he had thoughtfully left me a suicide note too! "My dear Tony", it ran "I overheard Finnigan and you talking in the room yesterday. Too late do I realize what I have done. But I'm trying to clear up the whole mess—by removing myself. After all, this is the only possible remedy. Isn't it? Please, for my sake, don't feel too sad. Goodbye! Yours for ever—Jimmy." I did not break down, I did not cry. I just felt numb and disinterested and tired of life. There remained only one thing more for me to do, to kill Finnigan. I felt no mad craving to kill him, merely a logical desire to do so. And I stepped across to the next room to perform the good act.

CURTAIN UP.

(STAGE: Room 68, of the Seaview Hotel. Mike Finnigan is seen standing and looking into a newspaper.) (Enter Tony Martin.)

M.F. (*turning around and seeing Tony Martin.*) Ah, Mr. Martin. Don't you know that you should knock before entering a gentleman's room?

T.M. Yes. But only a gentleman's room.

M.F. What's wrong with you? You look as if you've seen a ghost!

T.M. No! But I'm going to see one-yours!

M.F. (*frightened*) What's happened Mr. Martin?

T.M. Nothing to upset you. Merely that you have driven my brother Jimmy to suicide. (*catching M.F. by the throat.*) You! killed him! (*strikes M.F. on the face and M.F. falls down.*) Get up-you, and let me finish.

M.F. (*Half crouching on the ground*) No! No! Don't hit me! (*T.M. continues to advance; M.F. suddenly jumps up, moves away from T.M. turns round, pulling out a gun.*) Stop! Don't come near me! (*T.M. takes a step forward*) I promise you I'll shoot!

T.M. (*slowly advancing towards M.F. and talking all the time*) You don't have the guts to shoot a rabbit! You wouldn't dare to shoot me!

M.F. (*waving gun wildly*) By God! Don't come any further! (*T.M. takes another step.*) I'll shoot.

T.M. (*stops*) Why don't you stop threatening and start shooting? (*M.F. motions with the gun as if he'll shoot.*) Oh, no, you don't! (*starts moving again towards M.F.*) You know what they do to a murderer in this country? They hang him by the neck until he is dead. They dangle him at the end of a rope till he can't breathe any more and dies. You'll never in your life shoot a man! (*Stands right in front of M.F., and near him*) Come, give me that gun! (*T.M. slowly stretches out his hand to take the gun. M.F. wants to shoot but can't nerve himself to it. T.M. takes the gun away from M.F.'s limp fingers.*) And now Mike Finnigan, I'm going to kill you! kill you, slowly, cruelly,.....

M.F. (*Cowering with fear*) You wouldn't shoot me, You are a policeman and I'm unarmed-you can't shoot me!

T.M. I'm not a policeman. I resign right now. I'm now merely the big brother of a youngster who is dead-out for retribution!

(*T.M. deliberately shoots M.F., who screams with pain and clutches his left arm.*)

M.F. (*blabbering with fear and pain*) Stop! For God's sake, stop! I'll do anything you say! I'll give you anything you want!

T.M. I only want revenge! (*shoots Mike Finnigan two or three times and he drops dead.*)

CURTAIN DOWN.

T.M. (*Voice :*) Well inspector! And that was the murder I committed. But then, was it murder? I wouldn't be a murderer if I killed a snake or a viper. Then why should I be called a murderer for wiping away such another creature in human shape? The law might name me a murderer and society brand me a criminal - but, am I one?

CURTAIN UP.

(*STAGE : A Police Inspector's office, as in the beginning of the play. Dobson is seen writing. The Inspector is listening attentively. Tony Martin is found in an attitude of just having finished telling the story.*)

T.M. Well, that's my story Inspector. And I repeat my question am I a murderer or not? What is law but the concrete materialization of the foolish conventions of ignorant people? I might be legally guilty, but morally justified! The question is - in the eyes of God, am I guilty or not guilty?

M.F. As you yourself said, legally I'm afraid you are a murderer, Mr. Martin.

T.M. Ah, hang your law inspector.

M.F. I don't know.

T.M. And I don't care. Because I'm a fellow who doesn't believe in God - thank God! Come Dobson, let's have that. I'll sign it. But then, please add a note to the judge in charge of the case that personally I would prefer to be hanged! (*Dobson writes down and passes paper on to Tony Martin.*) May I have your pen for a moment? (*Dobson gives pen*) Thank you. (*T.M. signs the paper.*)

M.F. Dobson. Put Mr. Martin in cell number 14.

Dob. Yes sir.

T.M. (*Getting up*) Thanks for everything Inspector. See you again, I'm sure.

(*Exit Dobson and Tony Martin.*) (*Inspector is seated reading the confession.*) (*Enter Dobson.*)

Dob. Excuse me sir.....

(*still busy reading and waving Dobson away*) You are excused. (*Dobson starts walking out.*) Hey! where the devil are you off to?

Dob. You excused me sir. So I gathered that.....

M.F. That you could go away—eh? My dear Dobson, if I must explain, I will. Let me make it clear to you that my saying, "you're excused" was a witty repartee. And.....er....., coming back to the uninteresting topic we started to discuss—meaning you, what did you come in here to tell me?

Dob. There's a fellow outside who wants to see you urgently.

M.F. Oh, a fellow Indeed? You don't by any chance happen to know a few unimportant details about him such as his name, business, etc., do you?

Dob. I do sir. Name of Tony Martin. Says he has most urgent and confidential business with you.

M.F. All right. Fetch him in.

Dob. Yes sir. (*Exit Dobson.*) (*Enter Dobson and Tony Martin.*)

Dob. Mr. Tony Martin sir.

M.F. Good morning Mr. Martin.

T.M. Good—morning? Don't be ridiculous. There's an awful bad fog outside you know. May I sit down?

M.F. Oh please do.

T.M. I intended to, in any case. (*Sits down*). Inspector, I want to talk to you in private.

M.F. Right you are. Go ahead.

T.M. I said, in private. (*Pointing to Dobson*.) So what about removing this?

M.F. If you insist.

T.M. I most certainly do.

M.F. Dobson, stay outside for a while, will you?

Dob. Yes sir. (*Exit Dobson*.)

M.F. And now Mr. Martin, what's it you wanted to tell me?

T.M. You see, Inspector, I want to be hanged.

M.F. What?!!

T.M. I said, I want to be hanged.

M.F. My dear sir, are you mad? [*Enter Jimmy*.]

Jim. (*talking as he walks in*) I'm afraid he is.

M.F. You, Sir?

T.M. Hullo Jimmy?

Jim. Hullo Tony?

M.F. And who the devil *are* you sir?

Jim. I quite understand your temper. If you will kindly step over here for a moment, I'll endeavour to explain. (*Inspector gets up and goes across to Jimmy*.) Would you please look into these? (*gives him his credentials*.)

M.F. (*after reading*) So you are a doctor in the London Mental Hospital, are you?

Jim. Yes.

M.F. Well. (*shaking Jimmy's hand*) Glad to meet you doctor.

Jim. You see, Tony here is one of my patients, and a favourite with me too. He's absolutely harmless, you know, so I let him roam around loose at the hospital. He somehow managed to escape today and I eventually managed to trace him down here. So, could I take him away?

M.F. well, yes, I suppose so! yes!

Jim. Thank you very much and sorry for the trouble.

M.F. Not at all, doctor. Glad to be of help.

Jim. Tony. Come, let's go. My car's outside.

T.M. (*refusing to get up*.) But I want to be hanged, Jimmy.

Jim. Don't worry. I'll do it at the hospital man, come on.

T.M. (*jumping up*.) Is it a promise?

Jim. Of course. And now be a good fellow and wish the Inspector good-bye.

T.M. (*shaking hands with the Inspector*) Goodbye sir. And believe me I've thoroughly enjoyed meeting you. You know, you're the first man I've ever met who has managed to reach my level of intelligence Good-bye! [*Exit Tony Martin*.] (*Jimmy starts to go out too*.)

M.F. Just a moment doctor. What made the poor fellow go off his head?

Jim. You see inspector—he was an inspector in the C.I.D. And what with catching thieves and solving murders day in and day out, he went off his head. Any inspector would, you know inspector! Goodbye! well, (*Exit Jimmy*).

M.F. Poor fellow-to go mad because he was an inspector, of the C.I.D. inspector inspector! inspector?! Good Lord, so am I! (*Collapses into a chair with his head in his hands Shouts out in the same posture*.) Dobson! Hey, Dobson! (*Enter Dobson*)

Dob. Yes sir?

Ins. (*looking up*) Sit down there Dobson, get hold of a quarter sheet and take down my resignation. (*Dobson searches for paper, gets it, and slowly sits down in the chair unscrewing his pen cap. Inspector remains motionless, with his head in his hands*.)

CURTAIN DOWN.

K. S. Ramamoorthy, B.A., P.G. II (History).

This play won the first prize in the Inter-Collegiate Dramatic Competition conducted by the College of Engineering, Guindy. The Presidency College Dramatic Association put it on the boards with the following cast:

Tony Martin	...	...	K. S. Ramamoorthy
Mike Finnigan	...	...	P. G. Ramachandran
Jimmy	...	...	Samuel Prabhakaran
Dobson	...	...	S. Bashyam
The Chief	...	...	M. R. Sharma.

Mr. Ramamoorthy also won the 'Best Actor's Cup'.

This play also won the cup for the best item in the variety entertainment which was staged by the Engineering College Malayalee Association, at the Museum Theatre.

" Beauty that fades "

Are you not aware
That your beauty must die
With a heave and a sigh
As merciless Age touches you ?
Are you not aware
That your beauty must die
Your blossom face
Your radiant eyes
That spurt of raven hair
Like marching dawn
Must all retreat, go and perish
As the fragrance of a flower
That dies and leaves behind
But a shadow of its old smile.
Are you not aware
That you must shrink with Age
That your steps must totter
That your voice must falter
That your spine must bend
That you must shake and stagger
As merciless Age laughs at us all ?
Yet, now proud as a princess
Regal in your dresses
You sweep the world with your beauteous spell.
Again and again in costumes new
Shimmering like burnished gold
You look at the mirror
And see the face shining like silvery moon
Those eyes, twinkling like pearls on a blade of grass
That hair like snailing curls of snakes.
But you forget that Age steals by
Silently, sullenly, slowly and surely
And with each fatal foot step
Your swan song is sung
And Age oblivious of you
Seals your doom.
Will you then, years after
When you are but a shadow of your old self,
Will you then dare look into a mirror
And flash your beauty
Like dazzling diamond at the world ?
Will you then, dare look at a man and say :
I am lovely as the rose, radiant like the sun ?
Will you ?

R. M. Perumal I.P.G. Economics.

From the Presidencian's Book-shelf—

" The Song of Roland and other Studies " by V. K. Ayyappan Pillai—
(A Review)

The book contains a collection of fine critical essays on a variety of subjects. It breathes an air of deep scholarship and its interests are wide and varied. " The song of Roland " was first given as an Honorary Readership Lecture in the Madras university. It is a sympathetic study and conveys to the reader the beauty and spirit of the famous Old French epic. " Fables and Fabulists " first read as a paper to the English Association of Madras, contains a wealth of information on an interesting literary form, and the writer ranges with familiar ease over a wide field, revealing intimate knowledge of the literature of many countries. " The Oberammergau Passion Play " is an account of Prof. Pillai's impressions when he had the good fortune to see the play in 1922. The essay holds the interest by the attraction of its subject, as well as by the vivid and sensitive description. There is a short study of " Modern Literary Criticism," originally a broadcast talk, and some excellent views on education in " Personality and Education ", a presidential address delivered at an educational conference in Travancore.

The second part of the book contains a number of reviews which first appeared in the Literary Supplement of " The Hindu "—They are more than mere reviews, and acquaint the reader with several literary aspects.

The book should be of particular interest to the student of English Literature as it introduces to its readers a store of eminent criticism, and provides scholarly and sympathetic judgement on many literary subjects.

Olga Williamson (Old Student)

" The Working of State Enterprises In India " Published by the Employers' Association, 15, Park Street, Calcutta—(A Review)

The Employers' Association, Calcutta, has rendered a valuable service by its timely publication of this pamphlet on " In Working of State Enterprises in India ". Both for its fund of factual information and critical comments on the conduct of State enterprises in our country up to date, it is well worth a study to the Student of Public Utility Economics. Considering the imminent increase in Government share of the aggregate capital outlay in our country from Rs. 1000 to Rs. 2500 crores within the next 5 years, and remembering the condition that public enterprises, although motivated by welfare and service, will ultimately be justified by the net returns which they yield, the devising of ways and means of operating them with efficiency and without waste of resources becomes a matter of urgency. And in this context we wish that the authors of this pamphlet have made more positive and helpful suggestions than merely casting doubt on the wisdom of Mr. Gorwala's recommendation for the creation of policy Board of Six Men of the highest integrity, and generally demanding that Government owned undertaking should be treated on a par with joint stock companies in respect of costing and accounting in order to arrive at a correct assessment of this financial soundness.

M. S. Prakasa Rao.

Botany Association Bulletins—(A Review)

Two bulletins have been published this year by the Botany Association of Presidency College. Their get up is made particularly attractive by the water colour painting on the cover pages. Interspaced with the articles also are five pieces of

workman-ship depicting the use of water colours, ink, pencil and camera. In the second bulletin in particular there are two contributions in this direction by the Head of the Department, Dr. C. B. Rao: one in water colours and the other in pencil.

The first bulletin starts with an article by Dr. C. B. Rao on "Opportunities". Here is laid emphasis on how an individual at school or College has immense possibilities to improve the mind, body and emotion. This is followed by an article by Miss S. Padmini Devi of the staff wherein the origin of life is discussed. "Embryosac like pollen grains", "Some Indian Timbers", "Plants serving mankind", "colour and its importance to the Plant body" are other articles of good standard. Under the caption, "I remember", happy reminiscences of an instructional tour to Ooty last September have been nicely presented. "Botanists at Dinner" is another notable article presenting a vast collection of facts relating to Economic Botany.

In these bulletins, besides these several instructive articles by the staff and students, there have been good attempts at writing poetry too. "Cream rose and pollination" is one laudable piece.

For want of funds, we are told, the bulletins could not be printed. It is hoped that the next issues atleast will be in print so as to be available for a wider circulation.

Editors.

The Presidency College Zoology Magazine Vol. VII—(A Review)

This volume contains a series of interesting articles on several aspects of Zoology written by Presidencians, who, as mentioned in the editorial note, are engaged in scientific work of various sorts in this country and abroad.

The articles on 'Parasites and Predators', 'Coppods', 'Plankton' and 'Carp fry' are technical and based on the research work of the authors. They are of much value to workers in similar fields. Another article deals with pests in the vegetable garden and should interest not only the entomologists but also any housewife with a kitchen garden.

Articles on 'right and left problem', 'hormones' and 'luminescence' are successful attempts at presenting scientific matter in a popular form.

There are two articles on fossils giving valuable information about life that existed in the past geological ages.

The article on the unimaginably fantastic fishes in the strange under water world reads like 'Alice in wonderland'.

'Aromorphosis' points out the important mile stones in the march of vertebrate progress from simple unimpressive beginnings to the present complex spectacular condition.

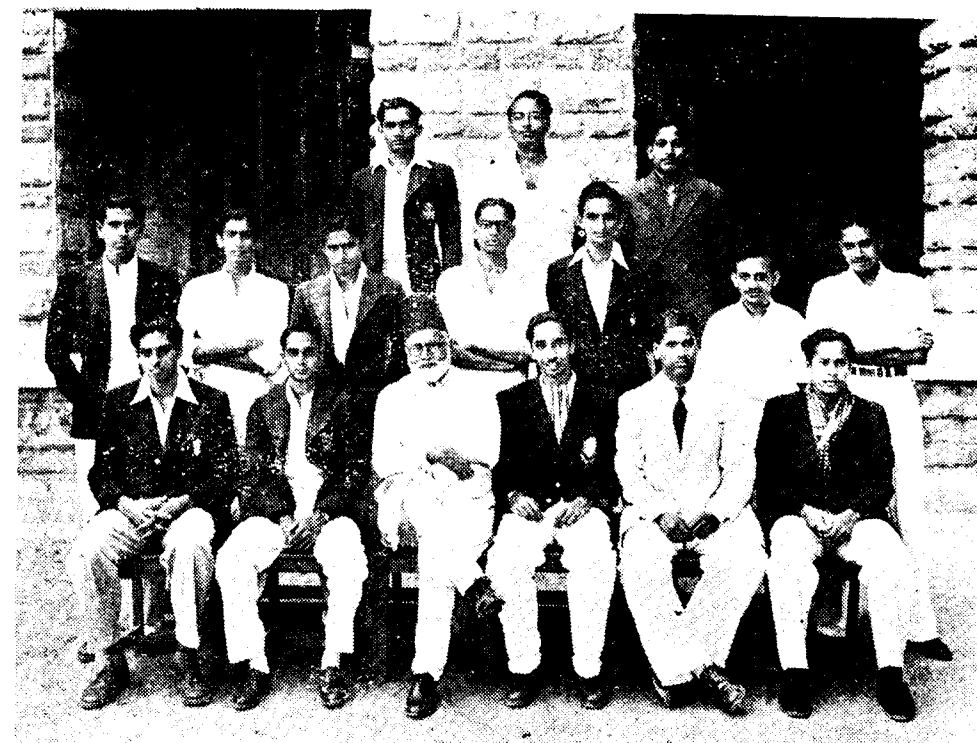
The account of Infra-human genesis of culture is as revealing as it is enlightening.

There are also readable accounts of the tour and the exhibition conducted by the zoological society of the college.

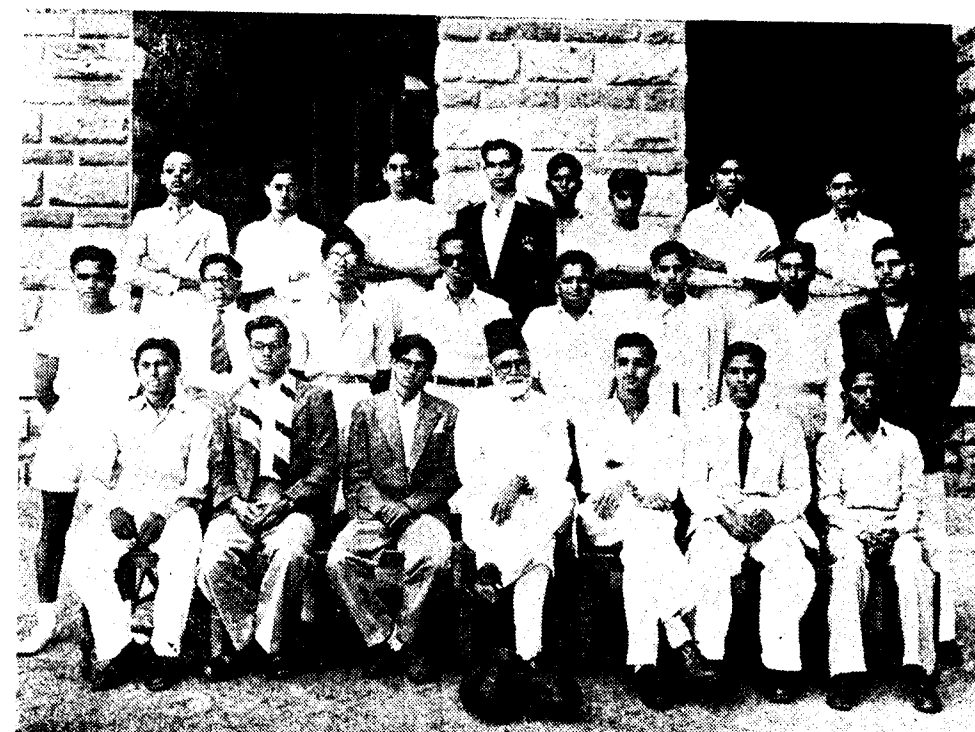
The volume is on the whole a valuable addition to publications of the type and the editor and the zoological society deserve sincere congratulations.

Editors.

OUR PLAYERS



CRICKET



BOXING

OUR PLAYERS



BASKET BALL



FOOT BALL

Covering College

A previous editor of the *Presidencian* felt that the first and most striking impression on entering college is the amazement bordering on awe, when one perceives this lofty edifice confronting "the laughing living water." While concurring with him, it is also relevant to point out that this appreciation of the masonry is not confined to anyone—it is well-nigh universal. In fact the *Mona Lisas* and *Holbeins* lend an air of academic scholarliness to this institution.

It then comes as a pleasant surprise to note that so much scope is allowed for extra-curricular activities that if you stray by mistake into the big English Lecture Hall, any evening, you are sure to land plump into a meeting.

Our union has been noted for its readiness and willingness to try innovations. To celebrate U.N. Day a pageant was staged and the students found themselves not only hearing gleanings from the great masters but also had the pleasure of seeing them in flesh and blood.....

Special mention must be made of the College Parliament, which for once proved to be the genuine 'ITI' probably because of the presence of Mr. B. Ramakrishna Raju, the then President, The Madras Legislative Council.....

The usual mock session of the U.N.O. was staged with great success and we may truly say that this feature has come to stay.

As was pointed out by someone last year in our college we witness the curious anomaly of an electorate in which representation is given to students who are going out while franchise is denied to students who are coming in. Evidently the Constitution-Makers of our College know better. Moreover the office-bearers of our Union have proved that even a limited electorate is capable of making good choices.

The History and Politics and Economics Associations arranged cultural tours to Ceylon. We are yet to perceive whether the enhancement of culture was mutual. There were of course the instructional tours of the Science Departments.

It is highly significant to note that we have not lost a single match for the past two seasons in cricket. The strong team of last year is stronger now with the addition of George Abraham. C. D. Gopinath, of course, continues to remain our pride and glory and proves again and again that, for him, no amount of incense is too much, no amount of praise too adequate.

We have won the Duncan again. Though it would not do to be over-confidently prophetic about the outcome of the other matches, namely the finals and the semi-finals of the Pennyquick Trophy, our past record and our present potentialities would seem to rule out the possibilities of a defeat.

From Sport to Histrionics, is a far-cry, but we could always say "glory to glory", "success to success". The Presidency College Dramatic Association was able to put on the boards—that piece of conversational fireworks—"The Importance of being Earnest" (By Oscar Wilde), without detriment to either the conversation or the fireworks. Anyway the performance definitely did disprove the confident expectations of the positively pessimistic and the armchair scepticism of the cynically amused.

The N. C. C. continues to do good work and one is sure that our cadets will constitute the backbone of India's army in times to come.

The inevitable final word about the Presidencian itself, of which it could be very truly said that no two opinions tally. While some consider themselves above it and ignore it, the braver send in a number of contributions with no other desire but to see their names and their hitherto unpublished and as someone added unpublishable articles in print. But in no sense is this to be considered an universalisation.

In fact the number and quality of contributions received would not bear our statement out. There is the usual plethora of photos and artpieces, shortstories and humorous articles, but the same could not be said of poetry. All the same one has the satisfaction of noting that no muse has been ignored.

Our Staff Correspondent.

From Our Secretaries :

THE COLLEGE UNION.

This year was a busy year for the Presidency College Union. The Union was inaugurated by Sir Dr. A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, Vice-Chancellor of the University on 27th July 1951.

A reception to the new graduates of the College was held on 24th August 1951. The autumn session of the Presidency College Parliament was held on 10th September 1951. Mr. P. V. Rajkumar was the speaker. Mr. Mahender Reddy, the Prime-Minister and Leader of the House made a statement on India's Foreign policy. Mr. Chidambaranathan, the leader of the Opposition initiated a general discussion.

The Union celebrated the United Nations Day on 24th October 1951. Mr. Lobo Prabhu, I.C.S., Secretary, Development Department, Government of Madras, addressed the students on the occasion and this was followed by the staging of the pageant, entitled the "Triumph of Peace". The Union arranged for a number of debates in the course of the year. On July 30th Freshers' Debate was held, the subject discussed being, "Co-education stands in the way of the full development of the personality and intellect of the individual student".

On August 3rd a general debate was held, the subject discussed being, "Gandhism is the only panacea for the ills of international politics".

On August 10th, the All-Ladies' Debate was held, the subject discussed being, "Men have tried and failed; women alone can achieve world peace".

On August 31st a selection debate for the parliament was held, the subject discussed being, "Dictatorship is the best form of Government for India at present".

On November 9th Inter-departmental debating contest was held and the different departments of the college participated in the contest. The subject discussed was "power of scientists has increased, is increasing and should be diminished". The team prize was annexed by the Chemistry Department team, consisting of Mr. Lakshminarayana Chadaga and Subramanian. Mr. Chidambaranathan of the Physics Department secured the first individual prize and Miss Sundara Issac of the Psychology Department secured the second individual prize.

On January 18th a General Debate was held, the subject discussed being "Communism and Capitalism cannot co-exist without an ultimate clash".

The Union was privileged to listen to a galaxy of distinguished celebrities and dignitaries. On November 15, 1951 Poet Harindranath Chatopadaya spoke on his experience in Soviet Russia. On December 13th, 1951 Mr. Chester Bowles, the

American Ambassador to India addressed the Union and pleaded for world peace. On January 17th 1952 the College Union presented an address of welcome to one of its illustrious old student, Sir B. N. Rau, the judge-designate of the International court of Justice. On January 22nd, 1952 an extra-ordinary meeting of the Presidency College Union was held to honour the four top-ranking Russian delegates to the Indian Science Congress, Professor Pissarcy of the Academy of Sciences, Moscow, Professor Bannin of the Academy of Sciences, Moscow, Professor Malyster of the Central Statistical Board, Moscow, and professor Ryabuskcin of the Institute of Statistics, Moscow. Sri Jai Prakash Narain, the socialist leader addressed the union on 25th Feb. '52 and talked on the role the students should play in national reconstruction.

The Presidency College Union presented the mock session of the U.N. General Assembly on 23rd January 1952. Mr. Robert M. Taylor, the American consul-general in Madras, Mr. Paul C. Sherbert, the public affairs Officer, United States Information Service and Dr. M. Abdul Haq the Principal were the distinguished observers. Mr. Ashok Mehta, the leader of the Indian delegation moved the resolution, "Since the U. N. O. has failed to achieve the object for which it was founded, it should be wound up in the shortest time in the interests of Humanity". Sir M. Zafrullah Khan, Leader of the Pakistan delegation opposed the resolution. After an interesting debate by the delegates from Britain, Persia, Egypt, Nepal, Communist China, America, Ethiopia and Soviet Russia, the resolution was narrowly defeated.

The Presidency College Union participated successfully in a number of All-India Inter Collegiate Debates. Our team, consisting of Mr. Mahender Reddy and Miss Padma Narayanaswami annexed the trophies at the Sree Ram College of Commerce, Delhi and at the Hindu College, Delhi. Miss Padma Narayanaswami was awarded the first individual prize at the College of Commerce, Delhi, third individual prize at the Hindu College and the third individual prize at the St. Stephen's College, Delhi.

Mr. Mahender Reddy was awarded the first individual prize at the Hindu College, Delhi.

Another team consisting of Mr. P. G. Ramachandran and Mr. Chidambaranathan annexed the trophy at the Maharaja's College, Mysore. Mr. P. G. Ramachandran was awarded the first individual Prizes at the Maharaja's College, Mysore, the first grade College, Mysore and at the Intermediate College, Bangalore.

*Miss K. C. Annapurna,
N. Nazir Ahmed.*

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

The activities of the first term comprised:—

(1) The inaugural address by Mr. Sree Sree, the Telugu Poet on the poetry of T. S. Elliot-Mr. A. E. Subramanian presided over the function.

(2) Mr. Press of the British Council gave a lecture on "Colloquial Poetry". Mr. Baliga was the president.

The activities of the second term were an improvement on the first.

(1) A boating trip to a small village fourteen miles from Madras. The picnic was quite a success.

(2) Mr. S. C. G. Bach of the British Council spoke on "The influence of the Classics on English Literature". Professor V. K. Ayyappan Pillai presided.

(3) A debate was held with the vice-President Mr. B. A. Usmani in the Chair. The subject was: "Only Literature affords us a proper study of mankind". The proposition was carried over by a large majority.

The activities of the third term are noteworthy:

(1) Miss M. Moore of Women's Christian College addressed the members of the Association on "some great wives in English fiction". Miss E. Williamson presided.

(2) Under the auspices of the English Honours Association an University extension lecture was given by Mr. S. C. G. Bach of the British Council. He spoke on "Homer". Professor V. K. Ayyappan Pillai presided.

(3) The annual inter-collegiate debate with the Christian College English Honours Association was held. The proposition "Poetry affords us all the pleasures of alcoholic liquor without its disadvantages" was won, the Christian College carrying away the laurels. Professor V. K. Ayyappan Pillai presided.

(4) Farewell Social to seniors: Professor V. K. Ayyappan Pillai delivered the Valedictory address.

*Miss Rita Hazel D'Silva,
M. Satchidanandasivam.*

HISTORY AND POLITICS ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Dr. P. Subbaroyan on 13th August 1951 when he spoke on 'India's Foreign Policy'. Professor T. B. Nayar presided on the occasion.

The members held, in the course of the year, a few interesting debates on some problems of current interest.

On 21st September 1951 Sri P. Ramaswamy Chetty, Special engineer, Madras Corporation, addressed the Association on 'Municipal Administration'. Dr. K. K. Pillai presided.

The Association arranged for an excursion to Gingi Fort and a special instructional tour to cover all places of interest in Ceylon under the able guidance of Professor T. B. Nayar.

The Junior members of the Association were 'At Home' to the Seniors on Sunday 24th February 1952. Sri O. Pulla Reddy, I.C.S. was the Chief Guest on the occasion.

The portrait of Sardar Vallabhai Patel, the gift of the Association to the College, was unveiled in February 1952 by Sri V. P. Menon who also delivered the Valedictory address of the Association.

ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION:

S. V. Gopala Krishna Reddy.

The inaugural address of the Economics Association was delivered by A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar on 20-8-1951. Subsequently instructive lectures were delivered under its auspices by Sri. V. V. Giri on "India and International Peace", and by C. R. Srinivasan on "Modern Banking in India". This year the high light of the Association's activity was a symposium on the draft Five Year Plan in which all members of the staff of the Economics Department took part. Encouraged by this the students organized their own debate on the same subject, on 9-11-1952, observed by Miss Saraswati Bhatji; another debate on the advisability of India remaining within the commonwealth, presided over by Sri G. Sethuraman, followed.

The Association continued its practice of conducting Educational Tours by taking out a party of 32 students and two members of the staff on a Tour of Ceylon and Far South of India during the Christmas Holiday. The Indian Mission in Colombo were "at home" to the party; besides, they had interviews with the Management of the Meenakshi mills, Madura, the Rajapramukh of Travancore-Cochin State and the Administrator of the Cochin State and the Administrator of the Cochin port. The Association wound up its activities with the Valedictory address delivered on 21-2-1952 by Sri B. Natarajan, Economic Adviser to the Government of Madras.

Balarama Sastry.

PHYSICS ASSOCIATION:

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered on 14-7-1951 by Dr. Gill of Aligarh University on "Cosmic Radiation".

The follow lectures were delivered by students:—

K. Venkatarangan, B. Sc., P. G. II. gave a lecture on "Birth of Modern Physics" and a lecture on "Radar" Demonstrating our college Radar Unit.

P. Sundaraja Rao, IV (Hons) gave three lectures on "Astro-Physics" dealing with "Astro-nomical Spectroscopy" and "Solar System".

Iswar Chandra Vidya Sagar, IV B.Sc. read a paper on "Infra-Red Photography".

Dr. Gopalakrishnamurthy, M.A., D. Sc. spoke about the universities in England, Holland, Germany and Italy.

There was an educational trip to Bangalore and Mysore and to places of interest such as Hindustan Aircraft, Indian Institute of Science, Porcelain Factory, Mysore Silk Factory, Chamundi Hills and Brindavan Gardens.

The Valedictory address of the Association was given on 16-9-1952 by Dr. Wallenschek, B. Sc. on "Electron-Microscopy".

*G. Ethirajalu,
J. V. Krishnamurthy.*

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY:

The Society began its activities for the year by assembling on the Fyson Park Lawns on the 22nd August at 4.30 P. M. to bid a painful farewell to Professor M. V. Sitaraman who was the Professor of Chemistry in the College from 1942 and the President of the Society for over nine years. Dr. B. B. Dey and Dr. M. Abdul Haq were among the celebrities who participated in the function and spoke highly of Professor Sitaraman's services to the Chemistry Department, in particular and the College in general. On the 24th August, the Society was "At home" to the new graduates in co-ordination with the College union.

The activities of the Society were inaugurated by Dr. Sree Kantan, D. Sc. of the Stanley Medical College on the 6th September who spoke on the indispensable usefulness of the analytical chemist to the modern industrial world.

Sri N. Venkatasubramanian and Sri V. Lakshminarayana Chadga, both of V honours represented the Department in the Inter-Departmental oratorical contest held under the auspices of the College Union and the team was adjudged the best.

On the 10th of November, 1951 Mr. Mathan Jacob, B.Sc. (Hons.) of the M.Sc. Class read a very instructive and interesting paper on "Resonance and its applications to Chemistry".

In January 1952, the members of the Society went on a two-day educational tour to Neilikuppam where they visited the Sugar Factory and the Alcohol distilleries.

On the 5th February, Dr. J. M. Tripod, M.D., of the 'Scientific Research Department Ciba Ltd.' addressed the members of the Society on "Some aspects of Chemical research", when he stressed the need for cooperation between the Chemist, Pharmacologist and the physician for the advancement of Chemotherapy. Many distinguished chemists of the city attended the meeting.

*K. Venkatasubramanian ,
Bhoopalan.*

THE GEOGRAPHY ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting of the association for the academic year 1951-52 was addressed by Mrs. Shaw. There were six ordinary meetings during this year.

The following persons delivered lectures :

1. Mrs. Shaw. 'Holland today' 10th August, 1951.
2. Mr. C. Jayadev, Anthropological Curator, Madras Museum, 'Racial Elements among the peoples of India with special reference to the aboriginals'—14th September 1951.
3. Dr. M. Abdul Haq, Principal. 'Recent Visit to Arabia'—1st November 1951.
4. Mr. A. K. Kasturi, Assistant Professor, Geology Department, 'Paleogeography' 28th November, 1951.
5. Mr. Haridev Sugriva. 'Fiji Islands', 8th January 1952.
6. Dr. T. S. Sadasivan, Professor of Botany, University of Madras, 'Soi-borne diseases of plants'. 28th January 1952.

Two film shows were arranged during this year, by the courtesy of the British Information Services and Burmah Shell (India) Ltd.

Excursions were an important part of our activities :

1. The 4th Hons. students visited Chingleput, Mahabalipuram and Tirukkalukundram.
2. The 4th Pass. students went to Vellore and Tirupati.
3. During the Christmas holidays a party of 3rd and 4th B.Sc. students went on a fortnight tour of South India, visiting Salem, the Mettur Dam, Hydro-electric works and fisheries, Yercaud, including the coffee and Orange estates and bauxite mines, the Agricultural College and cotton mills at Coimbatore, the Cement factory at Madukkarai, the Hydro-electric works under construction at Poringalkuthu, the port and the naval base at Cochin and also the Rayon Fertiliser, Standard Potteries factories at Alwaye and the Tata Oil Mills.

This term two batches of students have made a survey of certain aspects of Tiruttani town. Following the plan adopted last year, the association has awarded prizes to the students doing the best practical work in the 5th Hons. and in the 4th B.Sc. Pass.

The Prizes are awarded to :— (1) P. R. Sethumadhavan of 5th Honours and (2) Miss B. Ruckmini of 4th B.Sc. Pass.

G. Pattabiraman,

THE MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered on 25-7-51 by Dr. U. Sivaraman Nair of Travancore University. Dr. Nair spoke on "Testing of Hypotheses" one of the interesting subjects in Statistics. Dr. K. R. Nair of the Forest Research Institute, Dehra Dun, delivered a valuable lecture on "Experiment-ten Designs" on the following day. Mathematicians like Dr. V. S. Krishnan and Mr. S. Mahadevan, Secretary, Indian Mathematical Society also addressed the members of the Association.

We are happy to report that there were two meetings during the year at which Mr. N. Balasubramanyam (V Hons. Mathematics) and Miss K. Savitri (P.G.I. Maths.) read interesting papers.

The Valedictory Address was delivered by Mr. S. Venkateswaran, I.C.S. on 27-2-1952. On the occasion, the portrait of Mr. G. A. Sreenivasan, Retired Professor of Mathematics of the College presented by the students and staff was unveiled.

On 26-1-1952, the members of the Association had a one day trip to Poondi to visit the Hydro-Dynamical Research Station and halted at the Red Hills Lake on the way.

*E. Tarakaraman.
T. Anandan.*

THE BOTANY ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the above association was delivered on 13-8-1951, by Mr. K. N. Anantaraman, I.C.S., Director of Fisheries, Government of Madras, who spoke on "The Role of Biologists in the Development of the Country". Dr. C. B. Rao, the president of the Association was in the Chair.

On 24-8-1951, Mr. T. V. Subramaniam, Crop and Plant Protection Assistant, Government of Madras, addressed the members of the Association on "Economic Mycology". Mr. G. K. Ramachandran, Assistant Lecturer in Natural Science Government Arts College, Madras, gave an interesting talk on "Succulent Plants" on 4-9-1951. The lecture was illustrated by means of lantern slides.

"Plant Life—Past and Present" was the subject of a lecture given by Mr. K. R. Viswanathan, Final Honours student, on 7-11-1951. A very interesting lecture was delivered on 11-12-1951 by Mr. A. H. Sundararaman, Retired Professor of Botany, Ananda College, Colombo, who spoke on 'Vital Linkages and the Web of Life'.

On 25-1-1952, Mr. S. N. Ramaswamy, final Year P. G. student, gave a talk on 'Indian Vegetation'. A symposium on Plant Science was held on 29-1-1952, in which the students of the IV Honours Class participated. Dr. C. B. Rao, Professor of Botany, addressed the members of the Association when he spoke on 'Pastures and Fodders'.

During September and October 1951, botanical tours were made to Kodaikanal and to Nilgiri Hills.

The Valedictory address of the Association was delivered on 14-2-1952 by Mr. M. Kantiraj, Deputy Director of Agriculture, Madras.

*Miss N. Shanti.
D. K. Swaminathan.*

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the above Association was delivered by late Sri P. S. Viswanatha Iyer, I. C. S., on 13th August 1951. The activities of the Association reached its climax, as on 3rd November 1951, when a Sanskrit Drama 'Pratima Nataka' was staged at Rasika Ranjani Sabha under the immediate presence of Sri K. Chandra Mouli, Minister for Local Administration.

Miss R. Maya.
K. P. Rangaswamy.

THE ISLAMIC HISTORY AND CULTURE ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the Islamic History and Culture Association was delivered by the Hon'ble Justice Basheer Ahmed Sayeed on Wednesday 22nd August. The Principal presided.

Professor W. C. Smith of McGill University, Montreal, Canada addressed the members of the above Association on 22nd October. The Principal presided over the function.

A reception was given to Al-Haj Professor S. A. W. Bukhari Saheb and Al-Haj Mr. Anwar-u-Haq Saheb on 23rd October on their return from Pilgrimage to Mecca.

Md. Aminuddin.

THE GEOLOGY ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the Geology Association was delivered by Sri K. Rajagopalaswamy, Chief Geologist, Associated Cement Company, Ltd., Bombay, on "World's Mineral Resources". Another equally important address on "Mineral Resources of India" was delivered by Dr. M. S. Krishnan, Director, Geological Survey of India.

The Association arranged a farewell party to Sri A. Parthasarathy, B.Sc. (Hons.) Assistant Professor who has been deputed for higher studies in the United Kingdom.

Our warmest congratulations to (1) Dr. M. S. Krishnan, Ph. D. (London) a distinguished old student of the department on his appointment as the first Indian Director of the Geological Survey of India. (2) Sri R. S. Paramasivan, M.Sc. and Sri C. Perianayagam, M.A. for their appointment to the Indian Administrative Service.

A research paper on the Scapolite calc granulites of Pallavaram, an important and significant find in the region, has been contributed by Professor T. N. Muthuswami, M.A., F.A.Sc. to the Madras University Journal.

The Association congratulates Sri A. K. Kasthuri, M.A., and Sri T. S. Nagsundaram, M.A. for being awarded the M.Sc. Degree by Research. The subjects of their work were "Contributions to Geology and Stratigraphy of some Cretaceous areas in Trichinopoly District" and "The Crystalline Complex-Sivamaiai" respectively. Species of Rhyconella, Hemiaster and Pentacrinus so far unknown in the area have been discovered and described by Sri A. K. Kasthuri in his thesis.

Sri V. Ramachandran, B.Sc. Hons., now a research scholar in the department was selected for field training by the Government of India in the Geological Survey of India.

Instructional tours to Cuddapah, Trichinopoly, Salem and Trivandrum were undertaken. The Final honours Students continued their mapping in the area around Rayacheruvu, Anantapur District.

THE PSYCHOLOGY ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held on 13th August 1951, when Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan delivered the address. The Speaker traced the close relationship between Philosophy and Psychology. On 17th August 1951 the members were "At Home" to Sri B. A. Nandagopal who left for the United Kingdom on Government Scholarship and to Sri P. Rama Rao the new Assistant Professor to the department. On the same occasion a warm welcome was accorded to the new students of the department. On 21st August 1951 Dr. W. Adisheshiah spoke on the "Recent trends in Psychology". By the kind courtesy of the British Council the Film "Children on Trial"—a dramatization of the problem of child delinquency was screened on 6th September 1951. On 7th September 1951 Sri Narayana Menon, Chief Inspector of Certified Schools led a discussion on "Delinquency and its causes". On 14th September 1951 Miss A. P. Maniben read a paper on "The Scientific Interests among high school pupils" based on her investigation at different schools.

The Association organised the First Psychology Exhibition which was opened by the Hon'ble Sri B. Gopala Reddy on 16th November 1951. It was well appreciated and attended by the public on all the three days. By this exhibition, a sum of about Rs. 650. was realised for the scholarship fund of the association.

Sri Gopala Reddy on opening the exhibition said that it was a matter of extreme gratification that the three year old Psychology Department in the college has succeeded in organising such an interesting exhibition. He was sure that it would be an eye-opener to many who were not well acquainted with the activities of the department. "May your endeavours bear fruit and instill a new curiosity and inquisitiveness into the mysterious workings of the mind" he said.

On 21—2—1952 Mr. Hariideo Sugriva, a research student read a paper on "Education and choice".

The members had the unique opportunity of listening to Professor S. K. Bose, Head of the Applied Psychology Section, Calcutta University on 12th February 1951. He spoke on "Applied Psychology".

The valedictory address was delivered on 18th February 1952 by Mr. Dale Maurice Riepe, M. A., United States Full-bright Scholar in the Madras university. He spoke on "A Psychoanalytic Approach to Philosophy".

C. R. Paramesh.

THE KANNADA ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered on 29--8--1951 by Mr. M. Mariappa Bhat. Mr. Raghava Baliga was in the chair. The speaker advised the students to follow in the foot steps of great men. On 7—11—1952 a debate was held: the topic being "In the best interests of the country the congress should come to power". This was followed by two more debates for the selection of two members to compete in the Oratorical competition held under the auspices of the University and Dakshina Bharata Hind Prachara Sabha, Madras.

On 13—2—1952 an extra-ordinary meeting was held. Mr. C. K. Tirumalesh delivered an interesting lecture on "Kavi Ratna Ratna".

K. Krishnamurthy.

THE URDU ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the Urdu Association was delivered by Al Haj Afzal-ul-ulama Dr. M. Abdul Haq with Mahender Reddy, the Student-Chairman in the Chair on 31st October 1951. The speaker dealt on the progress and improvement of Urdu language and said how different words of various languages have found a place in it. On the same occasion a hearty reception was given to Al Haj S. A. W. Bukhari Sahib on his return from Haj Pilgrimage.

A playlet "Anarkali" was enacted on the Graduates Reception day. An ordinary meeting was addressed by Mr. Hyder Ali Khan on the "Unique features of Urdu Poetry" on 25th January 1952.

The Valedictory address was delivered by Dr. Yusuf Hassan of Jamie-Millia, Delhi.

Mr. Ismail Sheriff.

THE HINDI ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Pandit Sunder Ram, Sharma, M.A., M.O.L., M.E.D., under the presidentship of Professor Bukhari, M.A., B.T. on the 7th November, 1951. On 25th October 1951 two students of this Association participated in the Oratorical Competitions held at Madras in connection with the Indian Cultural Celebrations.

Jestmall Jain.

THE MALAYALI SAMAJ.

The activities of the Samaj were inaugurated by the Hon'ble Sri K. Madhava Menon on 13-8-1951. The samaj celebrated 'Onam' on 12-9-1951 with Mr. K. M. Unnithan, I. C. S. as the Chief guest. A tea party and a variety entertainment were the high lights of the day. The Samaj successfully staged a Variety Entertainment on 23-11-1951 consisting of a drama, 'Bhagnabhavanam', one Tableau, a Dance drama and also a shadow Play, "A Golden Dawn". Special mention must be made of the dance recitals of Kumari Padmini. The proceeds from the entertainment, which was widely appreciated, go to our scholarship fund.

Some of our students went on excursion to Mahabalipuram on 13-1-1952.

A meeting was held on 13-2-1952 to condole the death of Dr. Chelanat Achutha Menon. Professor Ayyappan Pillai presided.

Miss Kunhamma Chacko.

K. P. Ramachandran Nayar.

THE TAMIL HONOURS ASSOCIATION.

The chief aim of this association is to develop an aptitude for the critical study of literature among students. The year's activities were inaugurated on 18-9-1951 by Miss E. T. Rajeswari Ammaiyar with a lecture on "Kovalan in Silambu". Professor G. Govindarajan presided. The following meetings were held this year:

No.	Date.	President.	Speaker.	Subject.
1.	19-10-51	Mr. L. Murugan, M.A.	Mr. M.K. Thangavelu, M.A.	"Kannagiya Theemurai".
2.	24-10-51	Mr. V. Krishnaswamy, III Hons.	Mr. N. Krishnaswamy, V Hons.	"Korugiya Mottu"
3.	2-11-51	Mr. N. Kumaraswamy Raja, III Hons.	Miss R. Sampurnam, IV Hons.	"Bharathi Ilakiyam."
4.	8-11-51	Miss S. Kanaka Sundari, III Hons.	Miss T. S. Kamala, III Hons.	"Man Pidikka Chonna Mayil".
5.	19-11-51	Miss R. Sampurnam, IV Hons.	Mr. V. R. Mahalingam, III Hons.	"Theindha Kudumiyun Oyudha Ullanum".
6.	30-1-52	Mr. K. Palani Chettiyar, IV Hons.	Mr. V. Krishnaswamy, III Hons.	"Ilakkiya Vanil Nammil Silar".
7.	13-2-52	Miss T. S. Parvathi, III Hons.	Miss S. Kanakasundari, III Hons.	"Vada-malar".

Miss R. Sampurnam.

THE TELUGU ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the above Association was delivered by Sri Kota Sundararama Sarma, M.A., M.O.L., M.Ed., the then Lecturer in Telugu, Vivekananda College on 27th August 1951. On 19-9-1951, Nyaya Siromani Vedala Tiruvengalacharu spoke on "Poetics, with special reference to Modern Poetry".

Sri G. V. Krishna Rao, B.A., Research Scholar of the Madras University delivered a speech on "Aesthetic Experience", on 20-9-1951.

'Andhra Kavita Visarada' Tapi Dharma Rao spoke on 5-11-1951. The subject was "the place of Vijayavilasumu in Prabandha Literature". On 13-11-1951 'Kulapati' Adivi Bapiraju, B.A., B.L., spoke on "The beginnings and Development of the Telugu Novel".

Besides these, many subjects of literary and linguistic interest were discussed on different occasions. We sent two students to Tirupati to represent our College in the inter-collegiate debate conducted by the University. An essay-writing competition and an elocution contest were held, for the first time under the auspices of the Association during the year and prizes were awarded to the successful candidates.

The valedictory address was delivered on 19-2-1952 by Sri Tenneti Viswanathan, Leader of the Opposition, Madras Legislative Assembly.

P. S. Chowdary.

THE TAMIL PERAVAI.

Our Peravai was inaugurated by Dr. B. Natarajan, Economic Adviser to the Government of Madras on 3-9-1951. He delivered a lecture on "Anma". Mr. R. P. Sethu Pillay presided over the function and spoke about the greatness of Tamil. On 11-9-51 an oratorical competition was held on "Barathi Makkal Kavi" and "Barathiyuvam Paratchium". Mr. S. Sivaramasethu, IV B.Sc. and Miss S. Kanagasundari, III Honours won the first and second prizes. On 21-9-1951 we celebrated Barathi Day on a grand scale. Mr. R. Krishnamoorthy, Editor "Kalki" spoke about Barathi and distributed the prizes. We conducted debates on "Hindu Code Bill will prove good", "Private enterprises will not help to solve the economical problem of India" and on several social, political and economical problems of the day in the course of the year. S. Sivarama Sethu, S. Chidambaranathan, K. Palaniappa, V. Krishnaswamy, S. Lakshmanan, N. Krishnaswamy, Miss Sampurnam, Subramanyam, Mahalingam, Balasubramanian, K. Gandhi, Muthuswamy and others distinguished themselves at various debates and competitions held in the city during the year. On 13-11-1951 V. O. Chidambaram Pillay day was celebrated. Mr. M. P. Sivagnana Gramaniam spoke on the services of V. O. Chidambaram Pillay to the country and his great work in the literary field. He also spoke about the importance of celebrating his memorial day. On 25-1-1952 an extraordinary meeting was held with Professor G. Govindarajan in the Chair. Mr. Mariswamy, Editor "Kandipam" spoke on 'America and India'. He clearly pointed out the differences between the social and economic life of America and India. He also suggested some methods to raise the condition of India to that of America. We conducted Namasivaya Mudaliar Rolling Cup Competition for this year on 14-2-1952.

Messrs. Arumuga Mudaliar, Vanmeganathan and Muniappan were the judges. Guindy Engineering College won the cup. Mr. Mayappan of Engineering College and Kalyani of Queen Mary's College were awarded individual prizes. Miss R. Sampurnam won the first prize, in the essay competition conducted by Thyagaraja College, Madura and the second prize in the Debate conducted by Dakshana Baratha Hindi Prachar Saba.

Miss T. S. Kamala secured the first prize in the Tirukkural competition held under the auspices of our College. We congratulate them all.

S. Gopalaratnam.

"C" COMPANY 1st MADRAS Bn. N. C. C.

The strength of the college contingent remained as it was like last year and we had a good response from the students to make up the full strength. The recruits evinced a keen interest in the training as is evident from attendance on parade which was quite good through out the year.

We have had two training camps this year; one an N. C. O's Cadre at Saidapet Holiday Home and the other the Annual Camp at Avadi. On the Parents Day at Avadi camp cadets of our company put up a demonstration in "SECTION EMBUSSING and DEBUSSING" which won the appreciation of all, including the high ranking Military officials. We won the following prizes in this annual camp:

Tug of war	... 1st prize
Route march Competition	... 11nd prize
Foot Ball	... Runners up
Inter company championship- Wellington Shield	... Runners up.

One of our officers Lt. Nandagopal left for U. K. for further studies.

Lt. Ramadas and 15 cadets of this company took part in the Independence Day Parade on Island Ground on 15th August 1951. The same number of cadets took part in the Guard of Honour to his Excellency the Governor at the Senate House on the occasion of the Convocation of the Madras University. Ten cadets of this company took part in the Republic Day Parade. The N.C.C. unit was commanded by Capt. Raghavan of this company. Our company represented the 1st Madras Battalion in TUG of WAR in the N.C.C. Sports Rally held at the Corporation Stadium Grounds last week and brought credit to itself and to the Battalion by winning the trophy for TUG of WAR.

One of our cadets V. R. Swaminathan has been selected for the National Defence Academy. We had hundred percent results in the "B" and "C" certificate exams held in Feb. 1951. CQMS Janakiraman stood second in the Battalion.

P. R. Achar, C.S.M.

From Our Captains

WOMEN STUDENTS' SPORTS ACTIVITIES.

This year there has been an increase in the number of women students taking part in games and Athletics. We entered for all the games in the Inter-Collegiate Tournaments. In Tenikoit we won 8 matches out of ten. We had a tie with two other colleges for the 2nd place. In Netball we won 3 out of 6 matches. We have still 2 more matches to play. In Tennis we won the Inter-Collegiate Championship this year. A. Kannamma and Maragathavalli are our Women Tennis Stars. Our College Women Athletic Team entered the Inter-Collegiate Sports held on the 16th February.

TENNIS.

In the League Tournament we won 3 matches and lost 3. We could have won more matches if M. Suryanarayan our stalwart player had been able to take part in them. Four of our leading Tennis Players made the trip to Hyderabad with our hockey team and played many friendly matches with the Nizam College and Osmania University. They were able to create a good impression of our College standard.

Efforts are being made to improve the College standard in volleyball and basket ball. We hope to form good teams next year.

*V. R. Ramaswamy,
Captain.*

VOLLEY BALL.

Though we cannot boast of much this season, yet we have something to our credit. Compared to previous years, our team was better and with a little more practice we could have given a sterling account of ourselves in the league matches in which we lost four matches and won two. Of our new players, Dhandapani deserves special mention for his hard hitting.

We wish the team of next year the very best of luck.

A. K. Siddiq.

HOCKEY.

Our College Hockey Team has done quite well this year also. In the Inter-Collegiate League we won all the matches except the match against the Government Arts College. Our Hockey Captain Basheer Ahmed Usmani gave his team plenty of practice by arranging practice matches with other clubs in the City. Even in hockey the Madras Collegiate Athletic Association has not yet conducted the semi-final and final matches. We hope to win again the League Championship and retain the Maharaja of Mysore's Cup in the knock out tournament which we played on a slushy ground at the Loyala College. We were beaten unexpectedly by the Christian College by a solitary goal.

During the Michaelmas Holidays our Hockey Team went on a short tour to Hyderabad and played friendly matches against strong teams like the "Deccan Airways", "Deccan Blues", The Nizam Railway Recreation Club, The Hyderabad City Police etc. Our Players gained plenty of experience. Most outstanding and consistent performance in these matches was by P. S. Ramakrishna Reddy our College Goal Keeper.

Syed Ali Hussain the College Centre-Forward and P. S. Ramakrishna Reddy our Goal-keeper were selected this year for the Madras University Team.

Bashir Ahmed Usmani.

BOXING.

This sport has slumped in recent years. But this year's students proved that they were not afraid of hard knocks. Mr. F. Kapadia an old student and Boxing Captain of this College was good enough to come everyday and coach our boxers. We fielded a team of 8 in the Inter-Collegiate tournament. All our boxers fought cleanly and to the end. S. L. Smaller of IV Hons. became the runner-up in the light-heavy weight class, as he could not take part in the finals owing to a sprained ankle. He was selected for the Madras University Team in his weight. Others who found well were E. N. Venkatesan our Boxing Captain, Hussan Ali, Janardhan and Eric Michael.

The Inter-Collegiate Sports for men will be held in the 2nd week of February. Our College has decided to enter it.

E. N. Venkatesan.

FOOTBALL.

Regular Football practice started a bit late this year. This accounted for our failure in the league matches against strong sides like Pachaiyappa's, Law and Medical Colleges. We won against Arts College and Thyagaraja College. Our Team improved a great deal after many friendly matches with other clubs in the City. We are hoping for better success next year.

Smiles A. Owen.

CRICKET.

Our College possesses this year a cricket team the like of which it had not gathered at any time before in its long history. In C. D. Gopinath we have a Test Player of a high calibre. To the Provincial team we contributed this year three players

C. D. Gopinath, M. Suryanarayan and Vijaya Raghunath, better known as Chinna Dorai, while the Madras University selected from our College for its team no less than six players namely S. Viswanathan, C. D. Gopinath, M. Suryanarayanan, A. R. Sridhar, R. Chinna Dorai and George Abraham. C. D. Gopinath could not play for the combined Universities Team against the M.C.C. owing to a severe sprain in his left shoulder. It should be still fresh in your memory C. D. Gopinath came to the rescue of India in the 2nd Test Match at Bombay against the M. C. C. by scoring 50 not out in the 1st innings and 42 in the 2nd innings. He also played in the 3rd Test match at Calcutta and in the final test match at Madras. He scored a classic 35 of which there were 7 boundaries. You are also aware, how useful the Presidency College trio C. D. Gopinath, M. Suryanarayan and Chinna Dorai have been to the Madras State XI in their matches against other states in the Ranji Trophy Cricket Tournament. In the Inter-Collegiate league and knock-out Tournaments C. D. Gopinath, M. Suryanarayan and Chinna Dorai scored centuries this year. We won five league matches and drew two. We are waiting to play the semi-final and final matches. In the knock-out Tournament, we are to play the final match. We hope to win easily both the league finals and the knock-out finals. George Abraham, K. S. Ramamurthy, Chinna Dorai and Lakshmana Rao have done well in bowling. George Abraham a very good all rounder has been the saviour of the team at critical moments besides always being a good bat and the main wicket getter. His omission in the Madras State XI is rather surprising. Young S. Viswanathan has done his job very well as a Captain in keeping his team together.

S. Viswanathan.

ATHLETICS.

The College day and annual sports came off on the 31st of January. Mr. D. S. Reddi, Director of Public Instruction, presided. After the distribution of the various sports prizes by the Director, the function concluded with a pleasant evening party at the Fyson grounds.

The results were as follows :—

MEN'S EVENTS :—100 metres dash : S. Kadirvelu 1, M. Sathyanarayana 2; 200 metres dash : S. Kadirvelu 1, M. Sathyanarayanan 2; 400 metres dash : S. Kadirvelu 1, Bashir Ahmed Usmani 2; 800 metres race : G. Ramaswamy 1, I. Rathnakara Alva 2; 1600 metres race : G. Ramaswamy 1, Bashir Ahmed Usmani 2; 110 metres Hurdles : S. Kadirvelu 1, P. U. Nadappa 2; 200 metres Hurdles : S. Kadirvelu 1, R. Vijayaraghunath 2; 400 metres Hurdles : S. Kadirvelu 1, R. Vijayaraghunath 2; Long Jump : I. Rathnakara Alva 1, S. Kadirvelu 2; High Jump : S. Dandapani 1, I. Rathnakara Alva 2; Hop step and jump : I. Rathnakara Alva 1, Rajamanickam 2; Pole Vault : Smiles A. Owen 1, P. Abdulla 2; Shot put : P. C. Surendranath 1, George Abraham 2; Discus Throw : S. L. Smaller 1, P. Abdulla 2; Hammer Throw : S. L. Smaller 1, P. Obul Reddy 2; Javelin Throw : K. Kannan 1, Neelakantan 2; 1600 Fast cycling : C. G. Bhaskar 1, P. Abdulla 2.

WOMEN'S EVENTS :—Netball Throw : Rajarangamani 1, Sarala Devi 2; High Jump : Maragatham 1, Indira Menon 2; Long Jump : Maragatham 1, Fathima 2; Sack fight : Rasheeda 1, Sarojini 2; Staff race : Miss Saraswathi 1, E. Williamson 2; Three legged race : Shanta and Sita 1, Nirupan and Rita 2; 50 metres race : Maragatham 1, A. R. Fathima 2; Skipping race : Maragatham 1, A. R. Fathima 2; Balance race : Miss Lily Cyraç 1, Lalitha Peters 2; Departmental relay : Nat. Science 1, Politics 2; Ball Throw relay : Miss Cherian (Arts) 1; Miss K. S. Sita (Science) 2.

OLD STUDENTS RACE :—Old Students over 40 : Mr. Enoch 1, Sri T. N. Muthuswamy 2; Old Students under 40 : Dhan Singh 1, V. Sivanna 2; Staff race (men) : Sri Leelananda Rao 1, Sri Nagamani 2; Mixed Event : C. D. Gopinath and Shanti 1, Nirupan and Partner 2; Past vs. Present (4 x 100) : Present 1, Past 2.

CHAMPIONSHIP MEN :—S. Kadirvelu, V Hons. Geography.

CHAMPIONSHIP WOMEN :—Maragadhavalli.

Statham's Cup for the best Cricketer :—C. D. Gopinath II P. G. Econ.

COLLEGE TOURNAMENTS FOR MEN.

	TENNIS.	WINNERS.	RUNNERS-UP.
Open Singles	:	P. S. R. Reddy.	Achuthan Nair.
Open Doubles	:	V. R. Ramaswamy and P. Abdulla.	M. Suryanarayan and P. S. R. Reddy.
Second Court Singles	:	G. Ramaragava Reddy.	P. C. Surendranath.
3rd & 4th Court Singles	:	K. Kunhikannan Nambiar.	I. Rathnakara Alva.
3rd & 4th Court Doubles	:	P. Jayan & Gnanaolivu,	Govindaraja Shenoy and K. Padmanaba Gowd.
Handicap Singles	:	V. R. Ramaswamy.	P. S. R. Reddy.
Handicap Doubles	:	N. Nagendranath Reddy and Balakrishna Rao.	B. Vittal Rao and P. Jayan.
	BADMINTON.	WINNERS.	RUNNERS-UP.
Singles	:	N. Nagendranath Reddy.	P. S. Ramakrishna Reddy.
Doubles	:	P. S. R. Reddy and Narasimhan.	Jayaram and Sri Ramulu.
Mixed Doubles	:	Vatsala Varma and Viswanathan.	Miss Annie Cherian and Surendranathan.
Fives	:	N. Nagendranath Reddy. C. V. Subramanian. Sriramulu. Jayaram Naidu. Aleem.	Sadasiva Reddy. S. Viswanathan. Mohd. Issaac. Chandrasekhara Reddy. Venkatan.

MEN INTER-GROUP COMPETITIONS.

Hockey Winners—Division 'C' :—

History, Economics, Politics—Captain Nasir Ahmed.

Football Winners—Division 'D' :—

Geography & Natural Sciences—Captain Smiles, A. Owen.

Volleyball Winners—Division 'B' :—

Chemistry, Languages, Psychology & Islamic History—Captain Dandapani.

Basket-ball Winners—Division 'D' :—Captain I. Ratnakara Alva.

MEN INTER-GROUP ATHLETICS.

4 X 100 relay	Winners—	Division 'D' :—	Captain S. Kadirvelu.
4 X 200 "	"	"	" D. S. Ramanujam.
4 X 110 Hurdles	"	"	" Alagudeivamani.
4 X Long Jump	"	"	" I. Rathnakara Alva.

MADRAS UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATIONS.

Cricket :—(1) S. Viswanathan, (2) C. D. Gopinath, (3) R. Vijayaraghunath, (4) M. Suryanarayan, (5) A. R. Sridhar and (6) George Abraham.

Hockey :—(1) P. S. Ramakrishna Reddy and (2) Syed Ali Hussain.

Boxing :—S. L. Smaller.

WOMEN COLLEGE TOURNAMENTS.

	WINNERS.	RUNNERS-UP.
<i>Tennis I Court Singles</i> :	Kannamma Appa Rao.	V. Vatsalavarma.
<i>Tennis II Court Singles</i> :	Margathavalli.	Sarala Devi.
<i>Tennikoit Singles</i> :	Kamala Daniel.	Margathavalli.
<i>Tennikoit Doubles</i> :	Shanta Manickam and Prabhavathy	Sarala Devi and Kamala Daniel.
<i>Badminton Singles</i> :	V. Vatsalavarma.	Annie Cherian.
<i>Badminton Doubles</i> :	Kannamma Appa Rao and Mangalavalli.	Sarala Devi and G. Nirupan.
<i>Tennis Doubles</i> :	Kannamma Appa Rao and V. Vatsalavarma.	Annie Cherian and Sarala Devi.

WOMEN INTER-GROUP COMPETITIONS.

Netball Winners (Arts) :—Captain Lalitha.

Badminton Winners (Arts) :—Captain Kannamma Appa Rao.

The Old Students' Association.

List of Patron and Life Members enrolled during 1951.

Patron :

Sri S. Parthasarathy, Junior Proprietor, "The Hindu", "Sabarmathi", 115, Mowbray's Road, Theynampet, Madras.

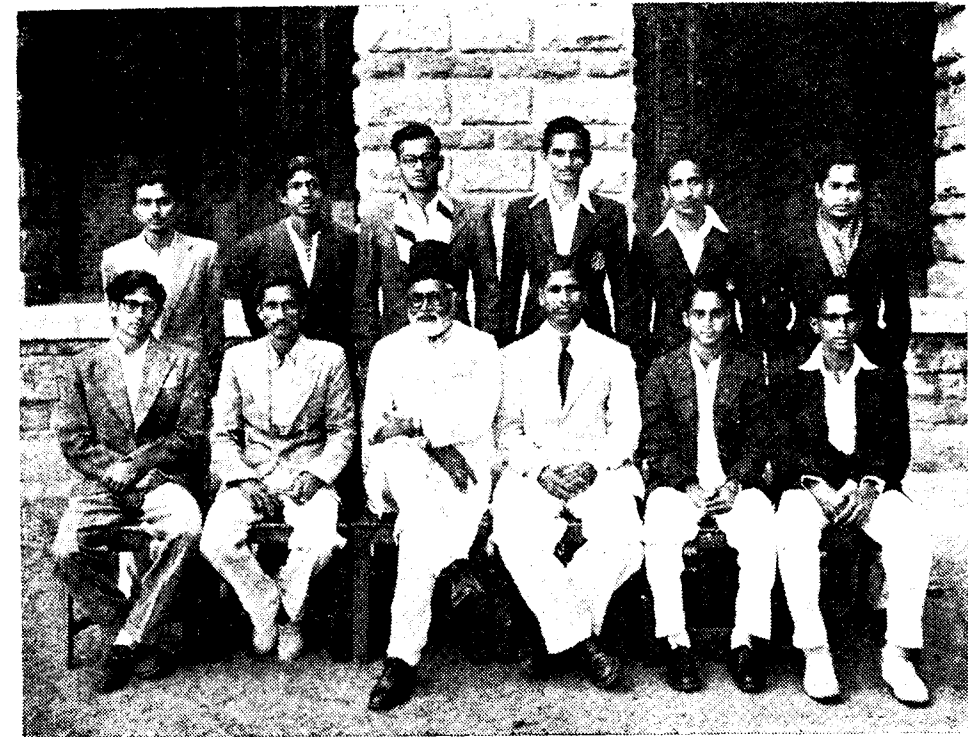
Life Members :

1. Sri A. U. Kandaswamy, "Mercury House", No. 24, Pantheon Road, Egmore, Madras-8. (Partner, Nelson & Co, Madras-7).
2. Sri S. B. P. B. K. Satyanarayana Rao, No. 2-54, Luz Church Road, Mylapore, Madras.
3. Sri N. Raghunathan, No. 30, Alamelumangapuram, Mylapore, Madras.
4. Sri H. S. Mehtha, Merchant, c/o Bapalal & Co, Rattan Bazaar, Madras.
5. Srimathi Shanthi Kamath, No. 199, Sir Habibullah Road, Thyagarayanagar, Madras.
6. Janab Oosman Mohammed, Merchant, No. 95, Godown Street, Madras.
7. Srimathi Maithreyi, V. V. Student, 'Vani Vilas', Badriah Garden Street, P. T., Madras.
8. Sri M. V. Sitharaman, (Retired Professor of Chemistry), No. 24, Deva-sigamani Mudali Street, Lakshmiapuram, Royapettah, Madras.

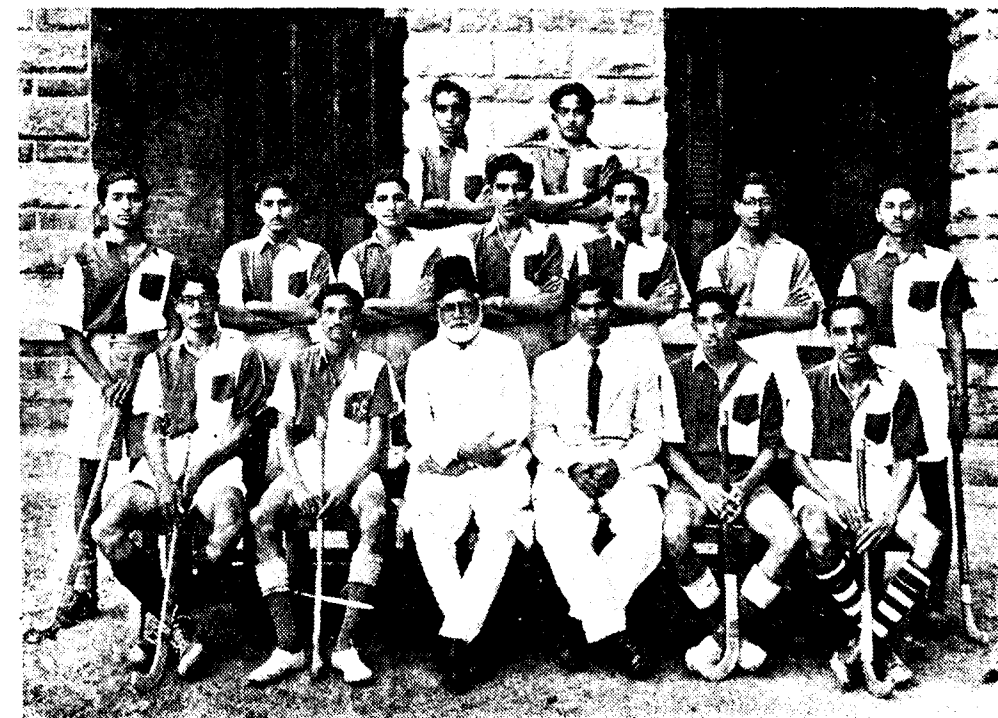
1952.

1. 2nd Lt. Sri P. R. Viswanath, Officer in the Army, No. 2, Karpagambal Nagar, Mylapore, Madras.
2. Srimathi Malathi Kasthuri, No. 23, Royapettah High Road, Madras.
3. Srimathi K. Semana, No. 43, Luz Church Road, Madras-4.

OUR PLAYERS

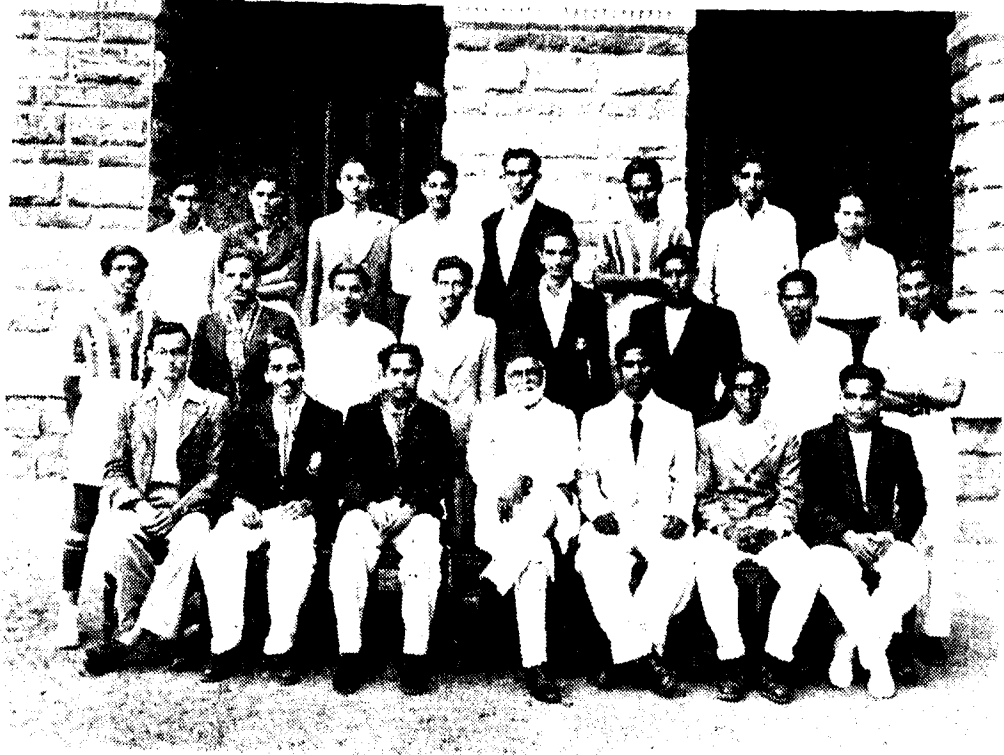


OUR CAPTAINS

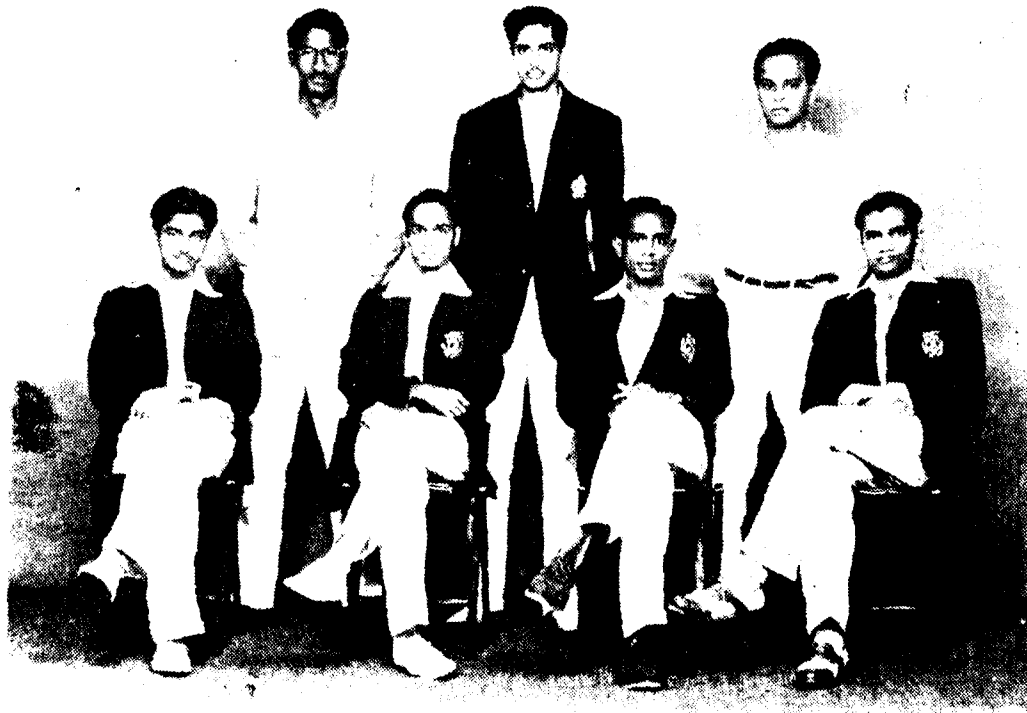


HOCKEY

OUR PLAYERS



ATHLETIC'S GROUP



INTER-COLLEGIATE TENNIS TEAM

Lakshmana's Character as Depicted in Valmiki's Ramayana.

श्रीमद्वाल्मीकिरामायणे नायकस्य भगवतः श्रीरामचन्द्रस्य अनन्तरं लक्ष्मण एव प्रधानं प्रशंसास्पदमिति सकलजनानामभिज्ञोऽभिप्रायः । कथेर्वाल्मीकेरपि अभिप्राय एवंविध एवेति सुव्यक्तं प्रतिभाति । लक्ष्मणः 'एवंगुणोपेतः' 'एतादृशकर्मकारी' इति वर्णिते तस्य प्राधान्यं न कदाचित्समग्रतया ज्ञायेत इति कृत्वा, रामस्य बहिःश्वरः प्राणोऽयमित्युक्तः कविना—

'सर्वप्रियकरस्तस्य रामस्यापि शरीरतः । लक्ष्मणो लक्ष्मिसंपन्नः बहिः प्राण इवापरः ॥'

सौमित्रेः एतादृशस्योत्कर्षस्य तस्य अनलभ्यगुणगणा एव कारणम् । तथा हि—

'गुणेषु यत्नः पुरुषेणकार्यः न किञ्चिदप्राप्यतमं गुणानाम् ।

गुणप्रकर्षादुडुपेन शंभोरलङ्घ्यमुलङ्घितमुत्तमाङ्गम् ॥'

'गुणैर्गौरवमायाति न महत्यापि संपदा । पूर्णेन्दुर्न तथा बन्धः निष्कलङ्को यथा कृशः ॥'

इति सुभाषितं सर्वेषां श्रुतिपथमारूढमेव । ननु "वाण्येका समलङ्करोति पुरुषं" "विद्वान् सर्वत्र पूज्यते" इति खलु सूक्तयो दृश्यन्ते; कथं गुणानामुत्कर्षसंपादकत्वमिति चेदुच्यते । यत्र हि केवला विद्या सा गुणानामसंनिधाने न शोभते— "विद्या हृद्यापि सावधा विना विनयसंपदम्" । केवला हि गुणाः विद्याया असंनिधानेऽपि शोभन्ते ।— "यदि सन्ति गुणाः पुंसां विकसन्त्येव ते स्वयम् ।" गुणवति पुरुषे विद्याप्यस्ति चेत्तस्य गौरवस्य उपचयं करोति । तस्मादन्वयव्यतिरेकाभ्यां केवला विद्या 'न पूजास्थानं' किन्तु गुणा एवेति सम्यक् प्रतिभासते । एवं पुरुषस्य गौरवहेतौ विद्या केवलमुपसर्जनीभूता ॥

लक्ष्मणो हि सर्वेषां पुरुषसाधारणगुणानामाकरः । किं च वेदाध्ययनधनुर्वेदादिसकलशास्त्राणामादर्शः । एवं स्थिते तस्य महत्त्वं प्रति वक्तव्यं किमु ? "केवलोऽपि सुभगो नवाम्बुदः किं पुनस्त्रिदशचापलाञ्छितः" । अस्य लोकोत्तरसौन्दर्यातिशयः सर्वजनचित्तरञ्जकाङ्गविन्यासादयश्च कविना तत्र तत्र विस्तरेण वर्णिताः । अयं हि पद्मपत्रायतलोचनः तरुणः वागी प्रियदर्शनः रूपासंपन्नः सुकुमारः श्रीमान् महाबलः देवराजप्रतिमः धृत्तबाहुः हस्तिहस्तोपमभुजः वृषस्कन्धः विशालवक्षः परिणद्धकन्धरः सिंहगतिः । न कोऽपि दृश्यते रामायणे योऽस्य रूपादिभिरवशीकृतः । अत्र गौतमकलत्रमरुत्सुतयोस्तावद्वचांसि प्रमाणीक्रियन्ते—

"इमौ कुमारौ भद्रं ते देवतुल्यपराक्रमौ । गजसिंहगती वीरौ शार्दूलवृषभोपमौ ॥

पद्मपत्रविशालक्षौ खड्गतूणीधनुर्वरौ । अधिनाविव रूपेण समुपस्थितयौवनौ ॥

यदृच्छयेव गां प्राप्तौ देवलोकादिवागतौ । भूषयन्ताविमं देशं चन्द्रसूर्याविबाम्बरम् ॥

"श्रीमन्तौ रूपसंपन्नौ वृषभश्रेष्ठविक्रमौ । हस्तिहस्तोपमभुजौ धृतिमन्तौ नरर्षभौ ॥

विशालवक्षसौ रूपौ मानुषौ देवरूपिणौ । आयताश्च सुवृत्ताश्च बाहवः परिधोपमाः ॥"

ननु "शरीरं क्षणविध्वंसि कल्पान्तस्थायिनो गुणाः" इति किल महतां प्रवादः । गुणैरेव मनुष्यः उन्नतं पदं प्राप्नोति इत्यप्युक्तपूर्वम् । एवं सति किमर्थं नश्वरशरीरवर्णनं महता यत्नेन क्रियते ? गुणा एव पुरुषोन्नतिहेतुरित्यत्र नास्त्येव विवादः । किन्तु दृढशरीरं विना धर्मस्याननुष्ठेयत्वात् शरीरस्य

धर्मकार्याचरणसाधनत्वाच्च अवस्थाविन्यासादिवर्णिने न काप्यमङ्गलः । एतच्च कालिदासेनापि संयक्
प्रतिपादितम्—“शरीरमायं मनु धर्मसाधनम्”---इति । किंच “आकारसदृशप्रज्ञः प्रज्ञया सदृशागमः ।
आगमैः सदृशागम आरम्भसदृशोऽयः ।” इति तेनैव शरीरस्य प्रज्ञादीनां च सम्बन्धः प्रकटीकृतः ॥

लक्ष्मणाश्रयेषु बहुषु धर्मेषु अनन्यसाधारणः तस्य भ्रातृभेद एवाग्रगण्यः । भ्रातर्यं राज्य-
लक्ष्मीं ऐहिकाभुषिमकसौख्यं सकलमपि त्यक्तुमुद्यतः । “न देवलोकाक्रमणं नामरत्वमहं वृणे ।
पेश्वर्यं वापि लोकानां कामये न त्वया विना ॥” वनं गत्वा दासवद्रामस्य परिचर्याचरणेऽनुरक्तः ।

“अग्रनस्ते गमिष्यामि पन्थानमनुदर्शयन् । आहरिष्यामि ते नित्यं मूलानि च फलानि च ।
अहं सर्वं करिष्यामि जाग्रतः स्वपनश्च ते ॥”

राजा दशरथेन रामे वनवासायाज्ञे अत्यन्त भ्रातृप्रेमप्रयुक्तेन महता कोपेनाविष्टः पितरमपि कैकेयीमपि
अन्यान्पि रामामिषेचनविघ्नकारिणः हन्तुमुद्यतः ।

हनिष्ये पितरं वृद्धं कैकेयासक्तमानसम् । अनुष्ठाविमौ बाहू राम कर्म करिष्यतः ॥
अमिषेचनविघ्नस्य कर्तृणां ते निवारणे । न शोभार्थाविमौ बाहू न धनुर्मणाय मे ॥

भूमौ रामस्य तृणतल्पशयनमसद्वानः वाप्यं विकिरति, गुहमपि वाप्यं मोचयति ।

“न हि रामास्त्रियतरो ममास्ति भुवि कश्चन । कथं दाशरथौ भूमौ शयाने सह सीतया ॥
शक्या निद्रा मया लब्धुं जीवितं वा मुखानि वा । योन देवायुरैः सर्वैः शक्यः प्रदसितुं युधि ॥
तं पश्य सुखसंविष्टं तृणेषु सह सीतया ।”

इन्द्रजित्प्रयुक्तनागाशयङ्गं रामनालोऽयं दुःखविदीर्घद्वयः अभूत् ।

“स तत्र लक्ष्मणो दृष्ट्वा निराशो जीवितेऽभवत् ।”

तदा नष्टसंज्ञं लक्ष्मणं विचोक्त्वा रामोऽपि जीवितुं नोत्सहते ।

“किं नु मे सीतया कार्यं किं कार्यं जीवितेन वा ।

शक्या सीतासमा नारी मर्त्यलोके विचिन्वता । न लक्ष्मणस्यो भ्राता सचिवः सांपरायिकः ॥”

अत्र तयोः परस्परगाढप्रेमातिशयो व्यज्यते । रामस्य कृष्णतपि पराक्रमसौ जानाति । न
केवलं धनुष्यदशरथीः किन्तु विष्णुतुल्यपराक्रम इत्यपि च । सीतामपि देवतांमनुजे ह्यसौ । तथा
परुषमधिशिनोऽपि नोतरं वक्तुमिच्छति ॥

“इत्युक्तः परुषं वाक्यं सीतया रोमहर्षणम् । अग्रही लक्ष्मणः सीतां प्राञ्जलिर्विजितेन्द्रियः ॥

उतरं नोत्सहे वक्तुं देवतां भवती मम ।”

चक्षुषापि परदारान्न पश्यति । पूर्वं सीतया क्षितानि सुग्रीवमर्षितानि द्रष्टुमाभरणानि रामेणाहूते
एवं ब्रवीति---

“नाहं जानामि केयूरं नाहं जानामि कुण्डले । नृपुरेत्वभिजानामि नित्यं पादाभिवन्दनात् ॥”

अस्य स्वपितृविषयेऽनुला प्रीतिरचञ्चला भक्तिश्च । हनुमत्सुग्रीवयोः पुरतः स्वपितरं वर्णयत्येवम्----

“राजा दशरथो नाम द्युतिमान्धर्मवत्सलः । चातुर्वर्ण्यं स्वधर्मेण नित्यमेवाभ्यपालयत् ॥

न द्वेष्टा विद्यते तस्य न च स द्वेष्टि कंचन । स च सर्वेषु भूतेषु पितामह इवापरः ॥

अग्निप्रोनादिभिर्धैरिष्टवानासदक्षिणैः ।”

न च पूर्वं पितरि महान्क्रोधः अधुना भक्तिरिति पूर्वापरविरोध इति वाच्यम् । शास्त्रसंमतमधिकारिणं
रामं निरस्थानधिकारिणि भरते राज्यनिवेशनेन पितुः शास्त्रोलङ्घनात्तस्मिन् कोप इति सुधीमिराकलयीयम् ।

अस्य सूक्ष्मदर्शित्वं विमृश्यकरित्वं च मायामृगग्रहणोद्युक्तस्य भ्रातुर्निवारणे संप्रकाशेते ।

“तमेवैनमहं मन्ये मारीचं राक्षसं मृगम् । अनेन निहता राम राजानः कामरूपिणा ॥

मृगो ह्येवंविधो रत्नविचित्रो नास्ति राघव । जगत्यां जगतीनाथ मायैष हि न संशयः ॥”

कदाचित्परपरिहसनेन मनांसि विनोदयति । शूर्पणखामेवमुपहसति---

“ततः शूर्पणखीं स्मित्वा लक्ष्मणो युक्तमब्रवीत् । कथं दासस्य मे दासी भार्या भवितुमर्हसि ।

सोऽहमर्थेण परवान्भ्रात्रा कमलवर्णिनि ॥

समृद्धार्थस्य सिद्धार्था मुदिता वरवर्णिनि । आर्यस्य त्वं विशालाक्षि भार्या भव यवीयसी ॥”

काननसंचारे आश्रमनिर्माणे चातीव समर्थः । अस्य पर्णशालनिर्माणकौशलं अवेक्ष्य रामः विस्मित-
स्सत्त्वेनमेवं प्रशंस-
“प्रीतोऽस्मि ते महत्कर्म त्वया कृतमिदं प्रभो । प्रदेयो यन्निमित्तं ते परिष्वङ्गो मया कृतः ॥

भावज्ञेन कृतज्ञेन धर्मज्ञेन च लक्ष्मण । त्वया पुत्रेण धर्मात्मा न संवृत्तः पिता मम ॥”

परेङ्गितज्ञानकुशलः । सत्त्वानामपि भावज्ञः । अयमेव मृगाणां दक्षिणाभिमुख्यमवधार्य सीतया तत्रैव
गन्तव्यमिति भ्रात्रे निवेद्य तस्यामेव दिशि सीतामार्गणे मतिमकार्षीत् । उक्तं च---“अनुक्तमप्यूहति
पण्डितो जनः परेङ्गितज्ञानफला हि बुद्धयः”---इति । स्त्रीस्वभावमप्यसौ जानाति । सीतायाः परुष-
वचनेन कोपावेशमापन्न एवमवोचत्---

“स्वभावस्त्वेष नारीणामेवं लोकेषु दृश्यते । विमुक्तधर्माश्चपलास्तीक्ष्णा भेदकराः स्त्रियः ॥

धिकत्वामद्य प्रणश्य त्वं यन्मामेवं विशङ्कसे । स्त्रीत्वाद्दुष्टस्वभावेन गुरुवाक्ये व्यवस्थितम् ॥”

रामस्याज्ञां शिरसि करोति । नात्र कदाप्युदासीनः । अत एव अस्मिन् रामस्य महती विश्वसनीयता ।
अस्य विश्वासयोग्यत्वं भरतस्य विश्वसनीयतया तुल्यमारोप्यते कालिदासेन ।

“अद्धा श्रियं पालितसंगराय प्रत्यर्पयिष्यत्यनघां स साधुः ।

हत्वा निवृत्ताय मृगे खरादीन्संरक्षितां त्वामिव लक्ष्मणो मे ॥”

कचिदप्यसौ भ्रातुरादेशं न लभयति नावमन्यते वा । तथा च कालिदासः---“प्रत्यग्रहीदग्रजशासनं
तदाज्ञा गुरुणां ह्यविचारणीया”---इति । जानक्या प्रथमं प्रार्थितोऽपि नायं विजने वने तामेकाकिनीं
त्यक्त्वा गन्तुमैच्छत् । पश्चात्तस्या अविरलनिर्वन्धादेव रामसकाशं प्रस्थातुमुपाक्रमत । ननु नायमनवगत-
लोकस्वभावः शिशुः । सकलजन्तूनां स्वभावज्ञ इत्यपि चोक्तम् । किंच “अप्रमत्तेन ते भाव्यमाश्रमस्थेन
सीतया” इति रामेण बालवन्मुहुर्मुहुः सम्यगनुबोधित एव । रामः सर्वैरप्यवध्य इति च तेन विदितम् ।
एवं च तेन भ्रात्राज्ञोलङ्घनमेव कृतम् । निर्वन्धान्निर्गत इति छलेन तद्दोषाच्छादनकौशलप्रदर्शनं
किमर्थमिति चेत् । अत्रोच्यते---राक्षसस्य भर्तुरिव आर्तिस्वरं श्रुत्वा संक्षुभितमानसा सा सौमित्रिणा
पुनः पुनः समाश्रसितापि तं निष्ठुरं विनिन्दैवमुवाच च---“समक्षं तव सौमित्रे प्राणांस्त्यक्ष्ये न

संशयः । यदि स रामसमीपं नागमिष्यत रीतापि प्राणानत्यक्ष्यत पुनर्निवृत्तस्य रामस्य वा दशा
वर्षिष्ठ्यमविष्यत रावणो वा ज्येष्ठं न प्रत्यर्पिष्यत ज्येष्ठं सुधियः पत्रं प्रमाणम् । मृत्युचुखात्तां
परित्राणमेव येन निर्गतम् । नृप्यश्चात्मवर्तिनं माध्वमन्यत । परं तु आकृष्टचित्तेनैव भ्रातरमुपसर्प ।

ततोऽविदुरे रामेण रम्यायाय स लक्ष्मणः । विषण्णः सुविषण्णेन दुःखितो दुःखभागिना ॥
रामेण निर्गदितोऽपि रीतायां दोषं नारोपितवात् ।

यदा यदा रामः मैथिलीविहर्षादितः दुःखार्तः शोकाभिभूतः मूर्च्छासमाक्रान्तश्च भवति तदा
तदायं धैर्यद्विभूतिरस्मादगमिष्यति श्रोतव्यं समाश्वासयति । तथा हि---

“ योऽयं निमुञ्चार्थं धृतिं भजस्व सोऽहं तां चास्तु विमार्गणेऽस्याः ।

उत्साहवन्तो हि नरा न लोके सीदन्ति कर्मस्वतिदुष्करेषु ॥ ”

तथैव पम्पातीरि गिरिनदीजलपुष्पोद्यानाद्युद्दीपनविभावादिसमुज्ज्वलितमन्मथावेगेन विरहतापं सोढुमशक्नु-
वति ज्येष्ठे धैर्यं सम्प्राप्यति ।

“ संस्तुता राम भद्रं ते मा शुचः पुरुषोत्तम । स्मृत्वा वियोगजं दुःखं त्यज स्नेहं प्रिये जने ॥

अतिस्नेहपरिष्वङ्गाद्वर्तिरात्रापि दहते । ”

क्रोधसंमूढचित्तत्वेऽपि मधुरैरुपदेशैर्भ्रातरं स्वास्थ्यमानयति । सीतायाः मार्गोपरब्धौ लिङ्गाभावेन त्रीलोक-
कानपि दग्धुं प्रवृत्तं ज्येष्ठं धर्मैर्वचनैर्निवारयति ।

“ न क्रोधवशमापन्नः प्रकृतिं हातुमर्हसि । चन्द्रे लक्ष्मीः प्रभा सूर्ये गतिर्वायौ सुवि क्षमा ॥

एतच्च नियतं सर्वं त्वयि चानुत्तमं यशः । नैकस्य तु कृते लोकान्विनाशयितुमर्हसि ॥

यदि तु रुमिदं प्राप्तं कतुमशक्यं न सहिष्यसे । प्रकृतश्चरुत्पत्तश्च इतरः कः सहिष्यते ॥

यौ धर्मौ जगतां नेत्रौ यत्र सर्वं प्रतिष्ठितम् । आदित्यचन्द्रौ ग्रहणमभ्युपेतौ महाबलौ ॥

त्वद्विधा बुद्धिसंपत्ता महात्मनो नरर्पभाः । आप्तसु न प्रकम्पन्ते वायुवेगैरिवाचलाः ॥

त्वमेव हि महाराज मामेवं बहुशोऽन्वशाः । अनुशिष्याद्धि को नु त्वामपि साक्षाद्वृहस्पतिः ॥

शोकेनामिप्रसुप्तं ते ज्ञानं सम्बोधयाम्यहम् ॥

अत्र चरममर्धत्रयं सम्यग्विमर्शितव्यम् । “ कोऽनुशिष्यात् ” “ सम्बोधयामि ” इत्यनेन भ्रातृव्यसनेऽपि
भ्रात्रधीनत्वं स्वाभाविकं विनीतत्वमित्यादिधर्मसहस्रं ध्वन्यते । तत्र ‘ बोधयामि ’ इति पदस्य
व्यञ्जकत्वमपरिच्छेद्यम् । शुभाशुभनिमित्तपर्यालोचनेऽपि तीक्ष्णबुद्धिः । अयोमुखीविरूपणानन्तरं
भाविकबन्धनिरोधं सूचयन्निमित्तजातमवधार्य भ्रात्रे न्यवेदयत् ।

“ स्पन्दते मे दृढं बाहुरुद्विगमिव मे मनः । प्रायशश्चाप्यनिष्ठानि निमित्तान्युपलक्ष्ये ॥

एष वञ्चुलको नाम पक्षी परमदारुणः । आवयोर्विजयं युद्धे शंसन्निव विनर्दति ॥ ”

सीतान्वेषणे रामादप्यस्यैव सहस्र आग्रहः । कवन्धेनाकृष्यमाणः, सीतागवेषणे व्यग्रमानसस्सन्नेवं
विललाप---

“ मां हि भूतबलिं दत्त्वा पलायस्व यथासुखम् । अधिगन्तासि वैदेहीं अचिरेणेति मे मतिः ॥ ”

रामकार्ये बद्धश्रद्धः स्वस्य महाकुलीनतामपि अपरिगणय्य वानरं सुग्रीवमेवं प्रार्थयते---

“ सर्वलोकस्य धर्मात्मा शरण्यः शरणं प्रभुः । गुरुर्मे राघवः सोऽयं सुग्रीवं शरणं गतः ॥

शोकाभिभूते रामे तु शोकार्ते शरणं गते । कर्तुमर्हति सुग्रीवः प्रसादं हरियूथपः ॥ ”

सीतान्वेषणे मन्दप्रयत्नं सुग्रीवं वीक्ष्य अमन्दरोषाविष्टः किष्किन्धां दिधक्षन्निव तमतर्जयत् ।

“ सीताया मार्गणे यत्नः कर्तव्यः कृतमिच्छता । न च संकुचितः पन्थाः येन बाली हतो गतः ॥ ”

अप्रतिमपराक्रमशाल्यं श्रेष्ठोऽस्त्रविदां सूर्यन्यो धनुष्मतां विशारदो युद्धकर्मणि । अस्य प्रतापातिशयः
रामेणैवं प्रशस्यते---

“ विससर्जैकवेगेन पञ्चबाणशतानि यः । इष्वस्त्रेष्वधिकस्तस्मात्कार्त्तवीर्याच्च लक्ष्मणः ।

अस्त्रैरस्त्राणि यो हन्याच्छक्रस्यापि महात्मनः ॥ ”

शत्रून्पि विस्मापयत्यस्य पराक्रमः । रावणोऽप्यस्य अस्त्रप्रयोगकौशलेन स्तम्भितः ।

“ नैव शक्रोऽपि समरे स्थितपूर्वः कदाचन । शृणु मे वीरसंक्षोभं श्लाघनीयोऽसि मे रिपुः ॥

अद्यत्वयाहं सौमित्रे बालेनापि पराक्रमे । तोषितो गन्तुमिच्छामि त्वामनुज्ञाप्य राघवम् ।

सत्वधैर्यबलोत्साहैस्तोषितोऽहं रणे त्वया ॥ ”

तथा च कालिदासः---“ पदं हि सर्वत्र गुणैर्निधीयते ” ॥

युद्धेऽपि बद्धकौतूहलः । धनुरादाय रामे सहसा रावणमभिधावति स्वयमेव रावणेन योद्धुं
गमिष्यामीति तं प्रार्थितवान्---“ विधमिष्याम्यहं नीचमनुजानीहि मां प्रभो ” । तस्य शौर्यं कर्मण्येव
प्रतिष्ठितं ; न पुनर्वाचि । “ नीचो वदति न कुरुते वदति न सज्जनः करोत्येव ” । वाचा आत्मश्लाघनं
कुर्वाणं रावाणि परुषं निन्दति---

“ वाग्वलं त्यज दुर्वुद्धे क्रूरकर्मासि राक्षस । अथ कस्माद्ब्रह्मस्येतत्संपादय सुकर्मणा ।

अकृत्वा कथसे कर्म किमर्थमिह राक्षस ॥ ”

सर्वैरप्यवध्यं मेघनादं हत्वापि नासौ गर्वभारभङ्गुरो भवति । रणभूमेः प्रतिनिवर्तमानः हीपरि-
वृतः संकुचितसर्वावयवः सोदरमभिगच्छति । “ अनुत्सेकः खलु विक्रमालंकारः ” ।

“ स तं शिरस्युपाधाय लक्ष्मणं लक्ष्मिवर्धनम् । लज्जमानं बलात्स्नेहादङ्कमारोप्य वीर्यवान् ” ॥

यत्र यत्र रामस्य पराक्रमः प्रतिपाद्येत तत्र तत्र “ लक्ष्मणाग्रजः ” “ लक्ष्मणपूर्वजन्मा ” इत्यादिशब्दान्
प्रयुङ्क्ते कविः । एतेन लक्ष्मणस्य पराक्रमस्य लोकोत्तरत्वं ध्वन्यते । युद्धे आत्मप्राणव्ययेनापि शरणा-
गतात्रक्षति । रावणप्रहितां शक्तिं स्वभुजान्तरेण संरुद्ध्य विभीषणं परित्रायते ।

अस्य शौर्यं हि निलीनमिवाभाति । रावणकुम्भवर्णशत्रुजिदादिभिरधिक्षिप्त एवास्य पराक्रमः
समुल्लसति । तदैव गीर्वाणगणा अपि पुष्पवृष्टिं मुमुक्षुः । तथा च कालिदासः---

“ ज्वलति चलितेन्धनो हि वह्निर्विप्रकृतः पन्नगः फणं कुरुते ।

प्रायः स्वं महिमानं क्षोभात्प्रतिपद्यते जन्तुः ॥ ”

न चायं शूर इत्युक्ते, शुष्कहृदय इति मन्तव्यम् । दयाद्रुतचित्तोऽयम् ; चन्द्रोपलादेव शिशिरमुदकं
प्रवहति । रामशासनात् प्रजावर्ती सीतां पुनरपि वने हातुमक्षमः मुक्तकण्ठं विललाप ।

“ शिरसा बन्ध धरणीं व्याहर्तुं न शशाक ह । प्रदक्षिणं च तां कृत्वा रुदन्नेव महास्वनः ॥ ”

कारिदामेनापि सुष्ठु वर्णितास्य दुःखादिमा स्मितिः ।

“अथ व्यवस्थापितवाक्यार्थेतिर्योमिधिरन्तर्गन्वाप्यकण्ठः ।

औत्पातिकं मेघ इवाश्मर्षं मर्हापतेः शम्भुमुज्ज्वार ॥”

अस्य धियः गाम्भीर्यं न कस्यापि परिमाणपदवीं अवतरति । मन्थाचलो हि स्थूलस्य तोयनिधेरेव गम्भीरतां सातुं शक्तः । अतिमृदुमाया अस्य तुल्यः गाम्भीर्यपरिमाणे स्थूलोऽयं कथं प्रभवेत् ? । कदाचित् बृहस्पतिर्वा शब्दनुयात । “बृहत्या बृहस्पतिममः सत्त्वा रामानुजस्तदा” इति कविनोक्तत्वात् । अस्य मेघाया अगाधत्वं वक्ष्यमाणं पश्यवण्डमेव प्रकाशयति । तथा हि---

“लक्षणां हि महत्त्वस्य प्रतिज्ञापरिपालनम्” । “पौरुषेण तु यो युक्तः स तु शूर इति स्मृतः” ।

इत्थं च लक्ष्मणः लोकोत्तरगौन्दर्यं प्रियदर्शनत्वं शौर्यमुदग्रपौरुषं दृष्टभागित्वमिन्द्रसमानवीर्यत्वं मेधावित्व-ममित्रजेतृत्वं सूक्ष्मदर्शनत्वं विद्वत्त्वं भूतानुकम्पित्वमित्यादिनाशुणगणानां निवासभूमिः । किंच तस्मिन् शौर्यं दयाद्रचित्तत्वं, आयतलोचनत्वं सूक्ष्मदर्शित्वं, भ्रात्राज्ञानिर्वाहः भ्रात्राज्ञातिक्रमः, पितृधिकारः पितृपूजनं, सीतायां देवताबुद्धित्वं तस्याः परित्यागः इत्यादिपरस्परविरुद्धधर्माणां सामानाधिकरण्यं लक्ष्यते । ते च परस्परविलक्षणा इव केवलमवभासन्ते । वस्तुतः तेषां विरोधः विमर्शनकाले दूरीभवति । एवं च,

“प्रतीपभूपैरिव किं ततो मिया विरुद्धधर्मैरपि भेत्तुनोज्झिता ।

अमित्रजिन्मित्रजिद्रोजसा स यद्विचारदृक् चारदृगप्यवर्तत ॥”

इति नलं प्रति श्रीहर्षस्योक्तिः सौमित्रिविषयेऽपि युज्यतेतराम् ॥

॥ शुभं भूयात् ॥

जलनिधि की ओर

पावन पूर्णिमा थी । संध्या की गोधूली में पक्षी नीडों की ओर जा रहे थे । कलनादिनी सरिता द्रुत गति से जीवन की असारता प्रदर्शित करती पथ पर अग्रसर हो रही थी । नदी तट पर पड़ी ढोंगी के पास एक युवक ध्यानस्थ बैठा था । उसका ध्यान नदी के प्रवाह में था । मृदुल हवा का झोंका आया और हँस पड़ा फूल । ऊषा के स्पर्श से अरुण चौंक पड़ा । फिर कर देखा तो पाया अपनी प्रेमिका को ।

वह कह रही थी “कुमार !”

अरुण----“ऊषा ! देखो इस सरिता की ओर । इसके साथ स्वच्छन्द गति से विहार करते चंद्रको तो देखो ।”

ऊषा----“जरा आकाश की ओर तो देखो । ये काले भीमकाय बादल चंद्रको ग्रसने के लिये लपक रहे हैं । ये समाज के टिमटिमाते दीपक चंद्र की चारु राका का उपहास कर रहे हैं । कहाँ तो यह समाज और कहाँ अरुण निस्सहाय । तुम राजकुमार हो, देश के प्रकाश हो और राज्य की शान हो । जाओ, लौट जाओ यहाँ से ।”

“क्या कह रही हो ऊषा ! लौट जाऊँ मैं । नहीं, नहीं यह मेरे से न होगा ।”

“पर महाराणा और राज्य के लिये तो

“पिताजी मुझे राज्य का प्रलोभन देते हैं । सुंदर राजकुमारी और धन के लिये ललचाते हैं । क्या मैं धन-कीट हूँ ? धन मुझे सच्चा सुख दे सकेगा क्या ? राजकुमारियों से शादी कर मेरा जीवन सुखमय हो सकेगा ? शादी शरीर का सौदा नहीं, पर दो दिलों का मिलन है । मिलन की गाँठ प्रेम से सुदृढ़ रहेगी ॥

“राजकुमार

अरुण----(कहता ही गया) प्याला मुँह तक आ चुका । घूँट भर लिये । कहो, फिर क्यों न निगलूँ । दिवाला निकलने के बाद आई हुई इस महंगी दिवाली को क्यों न मनाऊँ ?”

“पर समाज

“समाज, समाज के इन स्तम्भों की रग को जानता हूँ । जानता हूँ वे स्वार्थ के पुतले हैं । पर्दे की ओर मैं रंगरेलियाँ मनाते हूँ । उनके लाडले कुलदीपक, व्यभिचार के प्रोत्साही, खुले बाजार वैश्यागमन करते हैं । कहाँ गया उनका न्याय, वे तो उल्लू सीधा करना जानते हैं ।”

“अरुण ! मैं तुम्हें सब कुछ अन्तः करण से अर्पण कर चुकी हूँ । मेरी नाव के पतवार ! मेरे तो सर्वस्व तुम्हीं हो ।”

अरुण युवराज था । अमेर का भावी राजा था । अपने पिता का इकलौता बेटा था । पर राजा का जीवन भी जीवन है भला । कितने होते हैं बंधन । राजपुत्र, राजमहल का कैदी । स्वतंत्रता थी पर वह भी सीमित । अरुण प्रासाद में बैठा था । आज कुछ उदास सा, चिन्तित सा नजर आता था । कल्पना के सहारे अपने भावी जीवन का चित्र खींच रहा था । मित्र चंद्र कुमार के आगमन पर उठ खड़ा हुआ । दोनों बैठ कर बातें करने लगे ।

चंद्र----“कुमार ! सारे नगर में यह बात फैल गई है कि तुम ऊषा नामकी युवती के साथ शादी करना चाहते हो । क्यों, यह बात सच है ? बता ओ तो सही ऊषा कौन है कुमार !”

राजकुमार (लज्जित हुआ फिर भी हृदय कड़ा कर उत्तेजित हो बोला) “अमेर की राजरानी और मेरी वाग्दत्ता ।”

“यह क्या कह रहे हो कुमार ! उस भिखारिन से शादी कर क्यों अपने पवित्र जीवन को कलंकित कर रहे हो ? छोड़ो इस विचार को । पिताजी नाराज होंगे । आज ही मैंने देखा था उन्हें । कुछ क्रोधित से नजर आ रहे थे । लाल लाल आँखें देख कर तो मैं भयभीत हो गया था । इस लिये कुमार ! मेरा कहना मान जाओ । नहीं तो पछताओगे ।”

“मैंने जो निश्चय किया है वह हिमाचल की भाँति अचल है । मैं अपना निश्चय बदलने में असमर्थ हूँ । मुझे जाने दो । मैं अपने निश्चित मार्ग से तिल भर भी हट नहीं सकता । क्यों न मुझे राज्य त्यागना पड़े । पर-पर मैं मार्ग से न हटूँगा । यहीं मेरा अंतिम निश्चय है चंद्र ।”

चंद्र ने सोचा अधिक कहना व्यर्थ है। निराश होकर पैतरा बदलते हुए पूछा “अच्छा कुमार यह तो बताओ कि ऊपा में तुम्हारा किस प्रकार परिचय हुआ?”

“एक दिन मैं बाग के पास घटल रहा था। मैंने एक सजल नयना को उदास सा देखा जी भर आया। मेरे से रहा नहीं गया।

“तुम कौन हो बाले!”

“मैं मेरा परिचय में ही हूँ।”

“कहाँ रहती हो? तुम्हारे माता, पिता और बंधु कहाँ हैं?”

“मेरी कुटिया का प्रांगण पृथ्वी है और नभ है उसका छप्पर। मेरे माता पिता तो शिशुकाल में ही

“में, तुम रोती हो।”

“तो इस असार संसार में मुख कहाँ है?”

“क्या दुख हैं तुम्हें।”

“ये पेट की ज्वाला, अक्षत-विक्षत वसन, असहाय जीवन किसे न विक्षुब्ध करेगा। मन में होली जल रही है और तुम दिवाली का हाल पूछ रहे हो।”

“इस प्रकार मुझे उसका परिचय हुआ।”

ऊपा ‘कुमार! ये समाज के अधगण्य नेता, हम दोनों का मिलन फूटी आँखों न देखेंगे। तुम रहे राजकुमार और मैं रही भिखारिन। तुम मेरे लिये अतुल धन-राशि को, राज्य-मुख को क्यों त्यागोगे? मधुर कल्पनाओं और मधुर आशाओं को एक दीन हीन अवला के लिये क्यों त्यागोगे? आओ, लौट जाओ कुमार।”

“मेरे से ऐसा न होगा ऊपा। प्रेम का बंधन इतना कच्चा नहीं होता। मुझे राज्य की चाह नहीं, धन की चाह नहीं, चाह है केवल प्रेम की। राज्य का मुख, प्रेम के सम्मुख निप्टेज है। प्रेम की सरिता को समाज का बंधन रोक नहीं सकता।”

“पर कुमार

“अब अधिक न कहलाओ ऊपा! मैंने भली भाँति विचार कर लिया है।”

“अच्छा तो मैं जाती हूँ कुमार! क्यों तुम आओगे।”

“कहाँ?”

“विश्व से सुंदर---उस अनंत जलनिधि की ओर जहाँ कठोरता नहीं, मृदुता है। प्रेम का साम्राज्य है। समाज के कठोर बंधन नहीं, निर्दयी रीति रिवाजों का तांडव नृत्य नहीं, पंचों का निरंकुश शासन नहीं, परंतु जहाँ पर कोमलता और मृदुता झरा करती है। वहीं मैं जा रही हूँ कुमार!

“चलो तो हम दोनों वहीं चलें।”

दोनों नाव में बैठ गये। व्योम मंडल से तारागण टुकुर टुकुर कर झाँकने लगे सुधाकर ने मुस्करा दिया।

— समाप्त —

JESTMALL JAIN,
(IV. B.A., Economics)

“உனக்கு”

உன்னை எப்படி அழைப்பதென்று தெரியவில்லை. நீ யாரென்றே எனக்குத் தெரியாது. உன்னுடைய மனம் எனக்குத் தெரியும். அஃது என்னுடைய மனத்தைப் போன்றது. போன்றது என்ற கூறினேன்? தவறு. என் மனம் எப்படி இருக்க வேண்டும் என்று நான் விரும்புகிறேனோ அப்படிப்பட்டது. நல்ல பண்பட்ட மனம்; நல்லதையே விரும்பும் மனம்; விரும்பியதை விரும்பியவாறே முடிக்கவல்ல ஆற்றல் சான்ற மனம்; அருள் நிறைந்த மனம். உன்னுடைய உள்ளமும் எனக்குத் தெரியும். அது கடுஞள்ளம், துவரையுள்ளம் அல்ல; தாயுள்ளம்; பரந்த உள்ளம்.

உனக்கு ஏன் இதை எழுதுகிறேன் தெரியுமா? என் மனத்துக்குள்ளே ஓர் எரிமலை குழம்பிக் கொண்டிருக்கின்றது. அது அனலைக் கக்கும்போது, என் மனத்திலே உள்ள வேண்டாத பண்புகள் யாவும் உருகி ஒடிவிடும். இஃது உறுதி. என்னுடைய—ஏன்—மனித இனத்தில் மிகப் பெரும்பாலோருடைய மனம்—மனத்தின் ஒரு பகுதி—வெளிப்பூச்சைக்கண்டு மயங்குகிறது; நாளது சின்மையை ஓராது, காலத்தைக் கொலை புரிய உடன்படுகின்றது; இரக்கமென்பது துனியும் அற்ற கருங்கல்லாக இருக்கிறது. ஆனால் நள்ளிரவில் தனிமையிலே, சிந்தனையிலே ஆழும் போது என்னுடைய மனத்தின் செம்மையான மற்றொரு பகுதி வெகுண்டெழுகிறது. இந்தப் பகுதிதான் இப்போது எரிமலை போலக் குழம்பிக் கொண்டிருக்கிறது. உலகத்தில் ஒரு பெரும் புரட்சியை அஃது உண்டாக்கப் போகிறது. அரசியல் புரட்சியல்ல, பொருளாதாரப் புரட்சியல்ல, தொழிற் புரட்சியல்ல, இரத்தப் புரட்சியல்ல, தொழிலாளர் புரட்சியல்ல, மாதர் புரட்சியுமல்ல, ஆனால் மனப் புரட்சி. மக்கட் சமுதாயத்தின் மனங்களை, மனித மனங்களாகச் செய்யப்போகின்ற புரட்சி. இந்தப் புரட்சியை என்னுடைய மனத்தின் ஆற்றல் செய்யப்போகின்றது. இதை நான் உறுதியாக நம்புகிறேன். இன்று இல்லாவிட்டாலும், நாளை இல்லாவிட்டாலும், என்றோ ஒரு நாள் செய்தே தீரப்போகிறது. எனவே, மனித மனம் படைத்த உன்னை என்னோடு செயலாற்ற வேண்டுகின்றேன். தடை சொல்லாது வா! வந்து முதலில் என் மனத்தைப் பண்படுத்திப் பின்பு மனித சமுதாயத்தைச் சீர்திருத்த என்னோடு செயலாற்ற வா!.

அன்றொரு நாள்! அந்த நாளை என் ஆயுள் உள்ளளவும் மறக்க முடியாது. அதை நினைக்குந் தொறும் நினைக்குந் தொறும் என் மனம் இழிவுக் குழியின் ஆழத்தில் குப்புறவிழுந்து நிமிர மறுக்கின்றது. சித்திரை மாதத்து வெயில். நடுப்பகல் பன்னிரண்டு மணிக்கு நான் கடற்கரைச் சாலையில் பஸ்ஸுக்காகக் கால் கடுக்கத் தலை வெடிக்கக் காத்திருத்தேன். சாலையிலே மரண அமைதி. அப்போது வந்தாள் அந்த அவள். அவளை என்னவென்று சொல்ல? வறுமையின் பிரதிகிதி.....? இல்லை..... போதாது.....அவள்.....அவள் எலும்புந் தோலுமான உருவம். அதோடு நிறை மாதக் கர்ப்பினி. கையிலே ஒரு வயித இருக்கலாம், ஒரு எலும்புக்கூடு; அதாவது, நாகரிகம் அடைந்த மனிதனது மொழியிலே, குழந்தை. வந்தவள் நிழலோடு சென்றிருக்கக் கூடாதா? என்னிடம் வந்து நின்றாள். பேசக்கூட அவளுக்குச்

சத்தியில்லை. நான் கையிலேயிருந்த பையைத் திறந்தேன். ஒரு பகுதியிலே கற்றையாக நோட்டுக்கள்; ஏதாவது கொடுக்கலாமென்றுதான் பையைத் திறந்தேன். ஆனால் கைநிறையக் கொட்டிய நாணயங்களில், காலணை இல்லை, அரையணை இல்லை.....என்ன கெட்ட காலம்! ஓரணுக்கூட இல்லை. இரண்டணை.....ஒரே பிச்சைக்காரிக்கு..... அதுவும் உடனிலே குறை எதும் இல்லாத ஒருத்திக்கு.....கொடுக்க எனக்கு விருப்பமில்லை. சோற்றைக்கண்ட பசியானவரின் முகத்தைவிட அதிகமாகவே மலர்ந்த அவனது முகம், திறந்தபையை நான் சுமமாகவே முடியதும் வாடிற்றே,.....அதை நான் என் ஆயுளுக்கும் மறக்க முடியாது. அப்போது என்னை அவன் பார்த்த பார்வை.....ஐயோ! நினைக்கவும் முடியவில்லை. பல நிமிடங்கள் பயனற்ற கெஞ்சலிலே செலவாயிற்று, அவளுக்கு, அந்த நோட்டுலில் நண்பனொருவரின் நாற்பதினாயிரம் பெறுமான புத்தப்படிது வண்டி நின்று என்னை ஏற்றிக்கொண்டது. அந்த நண்பன் எனக்குத்தந்த செய்தி.....! நான் இரண்டணை போட்டிருந்த ‘லாட்டரி’யிலே எனக்கு இரண்டாம் பரிசு!—இருதாறு ரூபாய்! அந்தப் பெருமகிழ்ச்சி, ‘ஐஸ்கிரீம்’ விற்பனைக் கொண்டிருந்தவனுக்கு இரண்டு ரூபாய் விற்பனையாக முடிந்தது. வறுமையே உருவெடுத்த அந்த மூன்று உயிர்களுக்காக இரண்டணை கொடுக்க மறுத்த என் மனம், செல்வத்தில் திளைக்கும் நண்பர் மூவருக்காக இரண்டு ரூபாய் செலவிடச் சிறிதும் தயங்காமல் ஒப்புக்கொண்டது. கட்ட நடுப்பக்கில் பணிக் குளிர்ச்சியான ஐஸ்கிரீம் தின்றபோது, என் வாய் குளிர்ந்தது; வயிறு குளிர்ந்தது; அதைவிட, அவர்கள் அனைவரும் மகிழ்ந்த போது, என் உள்ளம் எப்படிக் குளிர்ந்தது தெரியுமா?

இதையும் உனக்குச் சொல்லவே வேண்டும். நேற்று மலர் நிரப்பிய கூடையுடன் அண்மையிலே மலைநீருக்கும் முருகன் கோயிலுக்குச் சென்றேன். மலையடிவாரத்திலே, ஒரு கிழவன். ‘அங்கமெலாம் குறைந்தமுகித் தொழு நோய் பற்றி’ மனிதப்பிண்டமாகக் கிடந்தான். அவனருகே ஒரு கந்தை; அதிலே காலணை மூன்று அரையணை ஒன்று. அவனைக் கண்டும் காணாததுபோல் மேலே நட என்று என்னை உத்தரவிட்டது என் மனம். மலர்தூவி, பழமும் பட்சணமுமாகத் திருவமுதுகள் காட்டி, நெடுநேரம் ஆண்டவனை வணங்கி, மிகுந்த மன அமைதியுடன் திரும்பிவரவும் முடிந்தது, என்னால். ஆனால், வரும்போது, அந்தோ! அவன் இறந்து சில மணி நேரம் ஆகியிருந்தது. அவனுடைய பிணத்தின் அருகே கிடந்த துணியின் மேல், என்ன வந்தை! ரூபாய்களும் நோட்டுக்களும் குவிந்து கிடந்தன. அவனுடைய சுமக்கடன்களைச் செய்வதற்காக அந்தப்பணம்! இந்த வேலையை முன்னின்று செய்பவன் என்னை நெருங்கும் முன்னரே என் கைகள் தாமாக இயங்கின. இரண்டு ரூபாய் நோட்டொன்றைத் தூக்கிக் கொடுத்துவிட்டுத் தலைநிமிர்ந்து நடந்து வந்தேன் நான். உயிருள்ள ஒருவனுக்கு இரண்டு தம்பிபுகள் கொடுக்கவும் இணங்காத என் மனம், இறந்துபோன, உயிரற்ற, அந்தச் சடலத்திற்கு, அதே மனிதனுடைய பிணத்திற்கு இரண்டு ரூபாய்களை வெகு அலட்சியமாக கொடுத்தது. என்ன பஞ்சை மனம்!

இது ஒன்றுதானா என் மனத்தில் உள்ள குறை? இன்னும் எத்தனை எத்தனையோ? இவைகளை வெளிப்படையாக ஒப்புக் கொள்ளுகிறேனே என்று எண்ணுகிறாயா? ஒப்புக்கொண்டே யாதல் வேண்டும். ஒப்புக்கொண்டால்தான் என் மனம் விரைவிலே பண்படும். நான் மட்டுமல்ல, மனித சமுதாயத்திலே ஒவ்வொருவனும், ஒவ்வொருத்தியும், தன் மனத்தின் குற்றங் குறைகளை ஒப்புக்கொள்ள வேண்டும். குறையை உணர்ந்தால்தானே அதை நீக்க முடியும்?

இந்த '52 ஜனவரி முதல் நாள், வருஷத்துக்கு ஒரு நாள் அல்ல; வாழ்விலே ஒரு நாள். இன்று மட்டுமல்ல, நேற்று மட்டுமல்ல, நாளை மட்டுமல்ல; நான் பிறந்த தினிருந்து இறக்கும் வரை ஒவ்வொரு நாளுமே என் வாழ்விலே ஒரு நாள் தான். சென்ற எந்த நாளும் திரும்பிவராது. எனவே, நான் இன்றே விலங்கு மனம் நீங்கி, மனித மனம் பெற்று, வாழத்தொடங்க வேண்டும். ஒவ்வொரு நாளும் என் வாழ்விலே ஒரு நாள் ஆகலால் ஒவ்வொரு நாளும் நான் ஏதாவது செயலாற்ற வேண்டும். அதற்குத்தான் உன்னைத் தேடுகிறேன். நீ யார், எங்கிருக்கிறாய் என்றெல்லாம் எனக்குத் தெரியாது. இந்திய நாட்டிலே, அடிமையாக வாழ்ந்த குடியிலே பிறந்து, உரிமை பெற்று, இன்று இந்த விடுதியிலே இதே உறங்குகிறார்களே பலர், இவர்களில் ஒருவனாக இருக்கலாம், நீ. அல்லது அதுதான் காதங்களுக்கப்பால் உள்ள ஆங்கில நாட்டிலே, ஆண்டு வந்த வம்சத்திலே பிறந்து, இன்றும் அருமையாக வாழ்பவனாகவும் இருக்கலாம். உஷ்ண மண்டலத்திலே, காங்கோ பிரதேசத்தக் காடுகளில் வாழும் நீக்ரோவாக இருக்கலாம்; பனியிலே பிறந்து, பனியிலே வளர்ந்து பனியிலே வாழும் துருவ மனிதனாகவும் இருக்கலாம். விஞ்ஞான தூற்றாண்டான இந்த இருபதாம் நூற்றாண்டிலே அறிவு, திரு, ஆற்றல் என்ற மூன்றிற்கும் இருப்பிடமாய் விளங்கும் அமெரிக்காவில் இருக்கலாம்; இதயமற்ற பேய்கள் இரும்புத் திரைக்குள் வாழும் இடிகாடென்று ஒரு சாராரும், ‘பாட்டாளி மக்களின் பண்புடைய தோழர் வாழும் பொன்னாடு’ என்று மற்றொரு சாராரும் விளக்கம் தரும் ருஷிய நாட்டிலும் இருக்கலாம். நீ யாராயிருந்தாலும் சரி; எங்கிருந்தாலும் சரி; ஒருவனாக இருந்தாலும் சரி; ஒருத்தியாக இருந்தாலும் சரி; நீ வா; வந்து பண்பட விரும்பும் என் மனத்தைப் பண்படுத்து. நாம் இருவரும், நம்மைப் போன்ற மனம் படைத்தோருமாகச் சேர்ந்து, மக்கட் சமுதாயத்தின் மனத்தை மனித மனமாக ஆக்கலாம். உன்னை எனக்குத் தெரியாது; ஆனால் உன் மனத்தைத் தெரியும்; உன் உள்ளத்தைத் தெரியும்; உன் மனம் பண்பட்ட மனம்; உன் உள்ளம் தாயுள்ளம்.

இப்படிக்கு

மனிதன் மனிதனாக வாழ்வதைக்காண ஆசைப்படும், “நான்”.

இரா. சம்பூர்ணம், IV B.A. Hons., (Tamil).

கவிதை மலராதோ ?

காலையிலே சுதிரெழுந்து சிங்கும் போதும்
கடலையிலே ஒளிப்பிழம்பு மிதக்கும் போதும்
ஒலையிலே தென்றலொலி எழுப்பும் போதும்
ஓடைபரிலே நீருருண்டு ஓடும் போதும்
சோலையிலே குயில்காதல் பாடும் போதும்
துளிர்மேனிப் பெண்கள்கடை பரிலும் போதும்
மாலையிலே செவ்வானம் விரியும் போதும்
மலராதோ, கவிதைமலர் மணங் கமழ்ந்தே ?

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வெண்மதியம் தண்ணிலவு பொழியும் போதும்
விண்ணிருந்து முகில்மாரி சொரியும் போதும்
அண்மையிலே கண்ணொளியால் இன்ப மூட்டி
அன்புமனை யாள்பணிகள் புரியும் போதும்
வெண்ணொளிகேர் பற்களிலே நகைவ ளர்த்து
விழியெதிரில் சிறுகுழந்தை வந்த போதும்
பண்ணமையா மழலைஅது பயிலும் போதும்
பண்ணினிமை தோய்கவிதை மலர்ந்தி டாதோ ?

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இருபாலார் நெஞ்சத்தும் ஒருநே ரத்தில்
இயற்கையிலே எழும்காதல் மலரும் போதும்
உருகாத நெஞ்சத்தின் உறுகி கொன்று
ஒருநிகழ்ச்சி உள்ளத்தை உருக்கும் போதும்
ஒருவாழ்வின் உண்மைநெறி அனைத்தும் கண்டு
உலகிற்கே அவையுரைக்க விழைந்த போதும்
கருவாலும் உருவாலும் இயற்கை யாகிக்
கன்னல்மொழி தோய்கவிதை மலர்ந்தி டாதோ ?

இரா. மகாலிங்கம், III B.A. (Hons.) Tam

பாட்டும் பொருளும்

பகல் மணி பன்னிரண்டு ; வாசீசனின் பெற்றோர்களும் தங்கையும் உணவருந்தி
சிவிட்டது. பிறகு வாசீசன் வந்து இலையின் முன்பு உட்கார்ந்தான். மீனாட்சி தன்
ரவனுக்கு உணவு பரிமாறினாள். அன்று குறிப்பறிந்து, அவனுக்கு மிகவும்
புத்திருந்த புனிக்குழம்பும் தயார் செய்திருந்தாள். அத்தானுக்கு அறுசுவை
ன்றியும் பரிமாறி உவகை அடைந்து கொண்டிருந்தாள். ஒரு வாய் உணவைச்
சுவத்துப் பார்த்தவுடன் வாசீசன் தன் அருமை மனைவியைப் பார்த்து “மீனா! நீ
வும் கெட்டிக்காரி. எதையும் குறிப்பறிந்து செய்கிறாய். இந்தக் குழம்பு மிகவும்
ருமை!” என்று சொல்லிக்கொண்டே இருக்கும்போது அவளது பட்டுப்புடவையின்
ந்தாணையைக் கவனிக்க நேரிட்டது. முந்தாளையெல்லாம் ஒரே தயிர்! “இதென்ன ?
டவையெல்லாம் தயிராக இருக்கிறதே! சரியாகக்கூட உடுத்திக் கொண்டில்லையே ”
ன்று கேட்டான். அத்தானின் பாராட்டுக்கும் அன்புக் கேள்விக்கும் பதில் ஓர்
டக்கமான புன்சிரிப்பு! அந்த முத்துநிற முல்லைப்பற்கள் அவன் உள்ளத்தைக்
கள்ளைகொண்டு விட்டன.

வாசீசன் உணவருந்தி எழுந்த பின்னர், மீனாட்சி தானும் சாப்பிட்டுவிட்டு,
'ட்டு வேலைகளையெல்லாம் முடித்துக்கொண்டு, வெற்றிலைத் தட்டுடன் வேறு
டையில் தன் அத்தான் பக்கத்தில் ஊஞ்சல்பலகை மீது வந்து உட்கார்ந்தாள்.
வள் காந்தள் மெல் விரல்கள் வெற்றிலையைப் பாங்காக மடித்துத்தர, மகிழ்ச்சி
டன் அவற்றை வாங்கிக்கொண்டான். ஏதோ பேச வாயெடுத்த வாசீசன் அடுத்த
முறையில் தன் அம்மாவும் அத்தையும் பேசுவதைக் கவனித்தான், பேச்சு தங்களைப்
ற்றியது.

“உம்.....என்னமோ அம்மா விசாலம்! இந்த வயதான காலத்திலே நம்
முந்தைகள் இப்படி அன்பாக இருப்பதைக்காணக் கொடுத்து வைத்தோமே என்று
னைக்கும்போது மனம் மட்டில்லாத மகிழ்ச்சி அடைகிறது.”

“எனக்கு மட்டும் என்ன அண்ணி? குழந்தைகள் ஒன்றோடு ஒன்று
ற்றுமையாக வாழ்வதைப் பார்க்க முடிகிறதே!. இதைவிட வயதான கிழங்களான
மக்கு வேறு என்ன இருக்கிறது இந்த உலகத்திலே?”

“அதிருக்கட்டும். இன்றைக்கு ஒன்று நடந்தது. நானும் பார்த்துக்கொண்டு
ளானிருந்தேன். வாசீசன் வந்துவிடும் வேளையாகி விட்டதே என மருமகள் பம்பரம்
பால அடுக்களையில் வேலைகளைச் செய்தாள். அடுப்பிலே வாணலைப் போட்டாள்.
ளன் காய்கறிகளை அரிந்து கொடுத்துக் கொண்டிருந்தேன். அவள் வாணலிலே
தாளிப்புக்கு வெங்காயம், கடுகு, உளுத்தம் பருப்பு எல்லாம் எடுத்துப் போட்டாள்.
ட்டனே நம் பசும் பாலிலேயே பிரைக்கற்றின கட்டித்தயிரை பிசைந்துகொண்டிருந்
தாள். அதற்குள் கடுகு பொரிய ஆரம்பித்துவிட்டது. கையைக்கூடக் கழுவ
வில்லை. அவன் எடுத்துத்தந்தானே! பொங்கல் அன்று—அந்தப் பட்டுப் புடவையை
உடுத்திக் கொண்டிருந்தாள். அப்படியே கையை அதில் துடைத்துக்கொண்டு

இவ்வளவையும் சேட்டதும் வரச்சினுக்குத் தன் மனைவி மீது ஆசையும் அன்பும் கரை பொங்கிப் பொழிய ஆரம்பித்துவிட்டது. உடனே “நண்ணே! உன்னைப்போன்ற அன்புருவமான மனைவி எனக்குத் கிடைத்திருக்கும்போது இந்த ‘மண்ணில் நல்ல வண்ணம் வாழ்வேன்’ என்ற நம்பிக்கை வலுக்கிறது. என் சுவப் பயனாகத்தான் நீ என் துணையாகக் கிடைத்தாய்.....” என்று பரராட்டிக் கொண்டே போகும்போது, அந்த ஆண்டு, பள்ளியிறுதி வகுப்பிலே பயின்று கொண்டிருந்த அவன் தங்கை பூங்கோதை புத்தகமும் கையுமாக அங்கே வந்தாள். வரச்சன் தங்கையருகில் வந்து பரிவுடன் அவன் தலைமயிரைக் கோதுவிட்டுக்கொண்டே “என்னம்மா வேண்டும்?” என்று கேட்டான். பூங்கோதையும் “அண்ணா இந்தக் குறந்தோகைப் பாட்டு எங்களுக்குப் பாடமாக வந்திருக்கிறது. பொருளும் விளக்கமும் வேண்டும். சொல்லிக் தருவிர்களா?” என்றான் உரிமையோடு.

“எதோ! பங்கலாம். இப்படித் தா புத்தகத்தை” என்று கெட்டுக்கொண்டே புத்தகத்தை வாங்கிப் பாட்டைப் பார்த்தான் வாசீசன்.

“முளியாயிர்ப் பிசைந்த காந்தண் மெல்லிரல்
கழுவுறு கலிங்கம் கழாஅ துறஇந்
குவளை உண்கண் குய்ப்புகை கமழத்
தான் துழந்தட்ட தீம்புளிப் பாகர்
இனிதெனக் கணவன் உண்டலின்
துண்ணிதின் மகிழ்தன் றொண்ணுதல் முகனே”.

பாட்டைப் படித்ததும் வாசிச்சனின் உதடுகளில் ஒரு புன்னகை நேர்ந்தது.

“பூக்கோதை! இந்தப்பாட்டிற்கு என்னவிட உன் அண்ணி நன்றாக விளக்கமும் பொருளும் சொல்லுவாள்—அவளிடம் கேட்டுக்கொள்”, என்று சொல்லிப் புத்தகத்தைத் தங்கையிடமே தந்து விட்டான் வாகீசன். அவன் மெல்லத்தன் காதல் மனைவியைத் திரும்பிப் பார்த்தான். அவளும் பார்த்தாள். அந்தப் பார்வையில் பொருள் புதைந்து கிடந்தது!

ச. திருநாவுக்கரசு, IV B.Sc. (Zoology).

మారాన గిరిసాను తోరణాలంకృంతిన్ తెలికాంతి పలుచనై నిలదినలచి
చటుల దావాగ్నిధూమాటవీచ్ఛపుల సంశోభనా కృతులేచు సుడులుచుట్టి
అంటియంటక తామరాకున బిందునై నిండుగా వనవీధి నిగిసడచి
ఒక్క-చో నూరకనొకటియై పోవుచు సంతయుతాముగా నావహిల్లి

ప్రాతరాయాత సితమేఘ పర్వతాంత ♦ రాధికారిక దర్పరేఖానువర్తి
హృదయమోహన భావనాకృత్త్యమాణ ♦ లలిత సంచారములునల్ల మలలనడచె.

బహుళోగనిష్ఠతపఃఫలిత పలితకేసుడు నడచుయోగి ప్రభుండు
విద్యాసమారంభ వేళను వెడలిరా చింకిజతులచాల శిష్యగణము
పరిహృతా స్వచ్ఛముల్ స్వచ్ఛభాస్వచ్ఛపుల్, ఎచటికి యాత్రార్థమేగువారు
గిరినాను పరిసరస్ఫురిత రేఖామూర్తి అచ్చరయెడలోని పిచ్చికోర్కె

ఒకరికొకరేచు సితమేఘు శకలములవి ♦ పద్మలత్రును హృదయ సంభవదుదార
భావనార్త్రము హృద్గత భావలోక ♦ గతిని వెన్కకు దోసియేగాధలకునా !

అప్పుడో కాంతావి యదమ నావధూతము నవ ధౌతవస్త్రముబోలె
జీవన యోమసంచలనరేఖాదీప్తి శకలిత స్వప్నతుషారమువలె
ఊర్ధ్వోర్ధ్వగతి మహాభ్యుదయమ్ము గోరిప్రస్థానించు పురుషమేధస్సువోలె
క్షుద్రవాంఛావధి టోణీతలము వాసి వెలుగు తపస్విజీవితమువోలె

ఒకట స్వర్గము నారకముక-చోట † ఒకట సత్యము, సాక్షి కముక-చోట
అగతాగత దర్శనోద్యోగశీల † కనిపించును మేఘసంతానమెడల.

దట్టమై యొకచోట దర్శనీయముగా నొకవైపు నాకసమ్మొరిగినట్లు
గాఢప్రభిన్న హృద్గఢన సమ్మోదముల్ చిద్రువలై యొకచోట చేదరినట్లు
ఎన్నియో కోదుల సన్నమృత్యువులొడు బ్రతుకగా శోన్యానబరచినట్లు
దారిద్ర్యదుఃఖబాధా నికృష్టహాకండు తాల్పు శకలపరిధానమట్లు

లోకయోగవైపు నాత్మకల్లోల మొక్క - వైపు నిల్చిన నిరుపేద బ్రతుకువోల
ఖండ ఖండములగుచు నాకాశేంద్రి - వికల మయిపోయె సితమేఘ శకలములును.

సాంస్కృతికము. ౨.

నా అపూర్వ రచన:-

అప్పుడు గంట 7-30 ప్రాత కాల సూర్యకిరణాలు కిటికీ ఊచల మధ్యనుండి గదిలోనికి ప్రసరిస్తున్నై. మా room లో చాల గొడవగొడవగా ఉన్నది. ఈ గొడవవల్ల నా నిద్రకు భంగము కలిగి లేచివ నాకు మా room లో అందరు అంత హడావిడిగా ఉండటానికి కారణము తెలియలేదు. కొందఱు తెల్లకాగితాలను ముద్దుకొని, దీగ్లాలోచనలో మునిగున్నారు. మతికొందఱు కథానికలా? వ్యాసాలా? అని చర్చిస్తున్నారు. లేవీలేవక మునుపే ఈ కథానిక లేయిటో? వ్యాస లేమిటో? నాకు చాల చిరాకువేసి, అసలు దీనికంతటికి కారణము తెలియ గోర సోదరీమణులారా! నేటి మన చర్చనీ యాశం బయ్యది? అని అడిగాను. అప్పటి వారి ప్రసంగములనుబట్టి మావారంతా College Magazine కు యేదో ఒక article ఇవ్వదలచి, ఆ మహోద్యమముకై ఆ భగీరథ ప్రయత్నమే ఆ గొడవకు కారణమని గ్రహించాను. అప్పటికి నేను పూర్తిగా నిద్రావస్థనుండి జాగ్రదావస్థకు రాగలిగాను. మావాళ్లంతా వ్రాస్తుంటే, నేను మాత్రము బడుదాయిలాగు చేతులు ముడుచుకొని కూర్చుంటామా? అది మా Fools Paradise కే (అదిమా room పేరులెండి) నామారా! కనుక. నేనేకూడా యేదో వ్రాయాలనుకున్నాను. అందు కవిత్వమంటే యేమిటో కొద్దో, గొప్పో తెలిసిన మనం వ్రాయకపోతే, ఇంకవరు వ్రాస్తారన్న భీమాతో త్వరత్వరగా కాలకృత్యాలను దీర్చుకొంటానికి బయలుదేరాను. స్నానానికిని వెళ్లితే, అక్కడ సమయానికి ఒక్క bath-room కూడ కా ఫీలేదు. పోనీ తరువాతనైనా ఒక Chance దొరుకుతదేమోనను కొంటే ఒకరి తరువాత ఒకరున్నారేగాని, ఆ after 9 లో మనకు స్థలముదొరికేలా కనుపించలేదు. ఇకప్పటికి ఆ స్నాన ప్రయత్నమును విరమించుకొని త్వరగా నా వ్యాసరచనకు వలసిన కాగితాలను, కలమును సరితేసుకొని, వాగ్దేవిని ప్రసన్నురాలగునటుల ప్రార్థించి అసలు వ్రాయటానికి విషయాన్ని వెదక నారంభించాను. కథానికలు వ్యాసాలు ప్రాత విషయాలే! వానిని చదివి చదివి పాఠకులు విసుపుచున్నారనుక తగిన విషయానికై గాలిస్తుంటే, ఇంతలోకి భోజనమునకు గంటై. ఏపాటు దప్పినా సాపాటు తప్పదుకదా! పోనీలే ఇక్కడ ఆలోచించేదేదో అక్కడే ఆలోచిద్దా మనుకొని భోజనానికి వెళ్లాను. భోజనాలదగ్గర సాహిత్య సమాలోచన మేమిటంటారేమో? మా వాళ్లు ఏదైనా చదివేరూ అంటే అది భోజనాలదగ్గరనే, అప్పుడే అవసరమవసరంగ పుస్తకాల పేజీలన్నీ ఒక్కసారి తిరగ వేస్తారు. ఈ సంగతి మీకు క్రొత్తగాబోలు లెండి. దానికేమిటి. అక్కడ కూర్చున్ననాకు ఒక్క ఆలోచనా తట్టలేదు. ఒక ప్రక్కనుండి 'నాయక్! నాయక్! అంటే, ఇంకొకవైపునుండి 'అయ్యో పప్పుడు' అంటే మరో మూలనుండి 'నాయక్ మోక్' అన్నమాట భోజనశాలంతా చెలరేగు

కుంటే, ఇంకనా ఆలోచనకు తావెక్కడిది? త్వరగా భోజనము ముగించుకొని room లో వచ్చిపడ్డాను. అప్పుడే నా స్థిమితంగా కూర్చోని వ్రాద్దామన్న ఉహతో ఇంతలోనే గడిగారం 9 గం || కొట్టింది. అయినా first hour నాకు free యే గనుక నా వ్రాతకేమి అడ్డుండదను కుండేలోకే 'Shunter Hold-on, అన్న అరపులతో మా hostel అంతాగింగురు మన్నది. (మా hostel కు, College కి 5 మైళ్లు దూరము లెండి. అందుకని మాకు ప్రత్యేకము ఒక bus. ఒక్కొక్కరే room లలోనుండి పుస్తకాలను క్రిందా మీదా పడవేసుకుంటూ bus దగ్గరకు పరుగుత్తుతుంటే, ఆ తమాషా చూస్తూ నేను నా వ్రాతపనినే మరచిపోయాను. ఆ ప్రపంచమునుండి ఈ ప్రపంచములోకి వచ్చేటప్పటికి నా అపూర్వరచన గుర్తుకు వచ్చింది. ఇంక దాని విషయమై యోచన చేశాను. సాంఘిక కథానికలను వ్రాయటమా? మానటమా? అన్న సందేహము కలిగింది. కానీ సాంఘిక కథానికలందు ప్రేమతత్వము తప్ప తదితరము గోచరింపదు. ఆ కథ సుఖాంతమో! దుఃఖాంతమో! ఏదైనా ప్రేమ వీజము మాత్రమక్కడ ఉండితీరాలి. నాయీకా నాయకుల ప్రేమలందు అపూర్వత ఏలాగు సిద్ధిస్తుంది? అయినా యీ ప్రబంధాలలోని ప్రేమలతో వెర్రెత్తున్న పాఠకులకు తిరిగి అదే విషయాన్ని అందించటం సబబుగాలేదు. అందుచేత సాంఘిక కథానిక వ్రాయబూనిన నా ప్రయత్నము విఫలమైనది, ఈ కథానికను ప్రారంభించిన కాగితాన్ని చింపి waste-paper basket కు దాఖలాచేసి, లేని ఉత్సాహాన్ని తెచ్చుకొని చారిత్రాత్మకమగు విషయాల నొకసారి పరికించాను. బాల్యమునుండి మనకును, చరిత్రకు సుదూరము. అటువంటప్పుడు అందులో అపూర్వత ఏలా సృష్టించడం? కాబట్టి అదికూడా వ్యర్థమే అయింది. వ్యాసాలను ఎంత ముచ్చటగా రచించినా, పాఠక లోకాన్నంతా ఆకర్షించవు. కనుక వ్యాసాలును మద్రచనకు పనికిరాలేదు. పోనీ దేశమందిప్పటి ప్రాసంగిక విషయాలను పురస్కరించుకొని వ్రాద్దామా అనుకుంటే, వానిని గూర్చి దేశనాయకుల ఉపన్యాసాలను వినివిని జనుల చేవులు కాయలు కాచినవాయెను. ఇట్లా మొదలు పెట్టిన ఒక్కొక్క కాగితాన్ని చింపివేయటంతో నా paper-basket నిండినదేగాని, నా అపూర్వ సృష్టికి తగిన విషయమొక్కటి దొరకలేదు. ఈ వివిధాలోచనతో నాతల వేడక్కటమే గాకుండా, College కి కూడ time అవడము వలన, అప్పటికి అక్కడొక ful-stop పెట్టి, తరువాత వ్రాయవచ్చునులే అని college కి వెళ్లాను. తీరా అక్కడకు వెళ్లాక ఆరోజు 10 గం || లోపుగ magazine కు ఇచ్చే అన్ని articles ఇవ్వాలని, అదే చివరరోజున్న విషయము తెలిసింది. అప్పుడిక చేసేదిలేక కూలబడ్డాను. ఆంధ్రరాష్ట్రంలాగా నా నూతన సృష్టికూడ ఇక నెప్పటికీ జరుగదేమో అన్న నిరాశాంధకారాన్ని వచ్చే సంచికలోనైనా వ్రాయ వచ్చున్న ఆశల వెలుగులు పారదోలాయి. కానీ, ఎప్పటికైనా వాగ్దేవి కటాక్షముతో ఈ అపూర్వరచన చేయక మాననులెండి.

“ల—క”

“ఇది కాకపోతే ఇంకొకటి”

సమయమును కాకపోయినా సరసుడైన స్నేహితుడు. మా యిద్దరి మధ్య పరిచయం కలిగి పెంపొందిన వైనమంతా వ్రాస్తే దానికదే ఒక కథ. ఆయనను గూర్చి ప్రస్తుతాని కి-తంతు విశేషంగా మనవి చేయలేను. ప్రతివ్యక్తి జీవితం కూడ ఒక్కొక్క మహాకావ్యానికి కథావస్తువు కాదగినన్ని అనుభవాలతో, విశేషాలతో కూడి ఉంటుంది. అటువంటి సుదీనమే వ్రాసిపెట్టి ఉంటే, ఎప్పుడో ఒకప్పుడు ఆయనను గూర్చిన విశేషాలన్నీ సవిస్తరంగా అందచేస్తారు. నాకు తెలిసినంత కాన్సిబట్టి ఆయన వివిధరంగాలలోను మంచి అనుభవా కలిగిన వాడనటానికి ఏ మాత్రం సందేహంలేదు.

ఇద్దరము కలిసి వీచికి బయలుదేరాము. బస్ స్టాపుకు పది అడుగుల దూరంలో ఉండగ బస్ వచ్చింది. “ఒక్క-అడుగు చప్పున వేసిరా, అడుకోవచ్చు.” అన్నాను. “ఇది కాకపోతే ఇంకొకటి” అనితాపీగా నిలబడ్డాను. ఇక్కడ ఒక చిన్న విశేషం. ఈ వాక్యాన్ని దాదాపు ప్రతి సన్నివేశంలోనూ ఆయన ప్రయోగిస్తుంటారు. ఉన్న చనువునుబట్టి మెల్లగా అంటించాను “ఏంసామీ! ఈ మాట ఎక్కడ వచ్చారు?”

“ఎక్కడంటావా?” ఒక ఊహముసలి ఒక మందహాసం విసిరి మొదలు పెట్టారు. “నా చిన్నతనంలో ఒక తమాషాజరిగింది. పదిహేనేళ్లు గట్టిగా నిండక ముందే మాబంధువర్గంలో ఒక అమ్మాయిని చూచి ప్రేమించ మొదలు పెట్టాను, ఈ మధ్యనే ఎవరో ఒక ఆయన వ్రాసినట్లు యథాశక్తి విరహం అనుభవించాను కూడ. అసలు తమాషా ఏమిటంటే ఆ భావాన్ని నాలోనే పెంచి లయింపచేశాను. వెనకటికి LAMB ఎవరినో ఇట్లాగే ప్రేమించాడుకదూ! అట్లాగే ఆధ్యాసతో చదువు వెనకబట్టి తప్పునుకూడా. చనువంటే విరక్తి పుట్టిపోయింది. అటువంటి రోజుల్లో ఒక పల్లె నుకాణంలో విన్నానీమాట. బాగా మనస్సుకు పట్టింది ఇంకా నీకు చెప్పితిన్న-నామనస్సులో ఉండే ఊహలకు, వాస్తవిక ప్రపంచానికి మధ్య ఒక పెద్ద చెప్పితిన్న-నామనస్సులో ఉండే ఊహలకు, వాస్తవిక ప్రపంచానికి మధ్య ఒక పెద్ద అభూతంఉంది. బ్రతికే బ్రతుకు బ్రతుకుకూనే ఏద్యేవాళ్లలో నేను ఒకణ్ణి. ప్రతి రంగంలో ప్రతిదీనం పరాజయాలు, తిరోగమనాలు నా బ్రతుకులో. నావంటి వాళ్లకు నిత్యజీవితంలో ఇటువంటిదే ఏదో సూత్రం అవలంబనంలేకపోతే నెగ్గగలమా? ఇది కాకపోతే ఇంకొకటి. ఇవ్వాలి కాకపోతే ఇంకొకనాడు. అనుకుంటే ఒకత్తప్పి, మనశ్శాంతి. అంటూనవ్వారు. ఆనవులో నిస్పృహ, నైరాశ్యం గోచరించినాయి, “ఇది కాకపోతే ఇంకొకటి” అని అప్రయత్నంగా నేనూ అన్నాను. ఈసారి ఆయన నవ్వులో తృప్తి ప్రతిభవించింది.

ముదిగొండ వీరభద్రశాస్త్రి
III. HONS తెలుగు

వజ్రయగ్న సాహిత్యం

డి. ఎల్. ఎల్. ఎల్. ఎల్.

“బోధనాత్మకతలో లాభంకంటే మరేమీ ఉంది.” అని ఆయన ఒకప్పుడు అంటే, అది ఆయన జీవితం యొక్క ముఖ్య లక్షణం. అది ఆయన జీవితం యొక్క ముఖ్య లక్షణం. అది ఆయన జీవితం యొక్క ముఖ్య లక్షణం.

అందుకే ఆయన జీవితం యొక్క ముఖ్య లక్షణం. అది ఆయన జీవితం యొక్క ముఖ్య లక్షణం. అది ఆయన జీవితం యొక్క ముఖ్య లక్షణం.

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ഉത്തമസ്വഭാവവും, സാമാന്യവൃത്തുക്കൾ ഒരു പ്രതിഫലനമെന്നതിൽക്കവിയാണ്. പുരോഗമനസ്വഭാവവൃത്തുക്കൾ ഒരു പ്രതിഫലനമല്ലെന്ന് അദ്ദേഹം തീർച്ചപ്പെടുത്തിയിട്ടുണ്ട്. അദ്ദേഹം തന്റെ നേടിയ വിശ്വമഹാകവികളെപ്പോലെ ഈ ഒരു തത്വത്തെ പാലിക്കാൻ ശ്രദ്ധാർഹിയുള്ളവരായിരുന്നു. ദേശാഭിമാനം യുവാക്കളെപ്പോലെ ഉൾപ്പെടുത്തിയിരുന്ന കവിയാണ്, പോപ്പിന്റെ എറാൻ മുഴികളായ പരമാർത്ഥതയും, ദേശാഭിമാനത്തിന്റെ പ്രതിരോധബുദ്ധിയെന്ന സോപാനപഥികൾ ഉയർന്നു വന്നപ്പോൾ തുടങ്ങിയ കവിയാണ്, ജീവിച്ചു ചെങ്കുപ്പിയുടെ സാഹിത്യസൃഷ്ടികളിൽ ദേശാഭിമാനം, സാമാന്യകവികളായ രാജാജനങ്ങളെ മറികടന്നു എന്ന് രണ്ടു വസ്തുതകൾ പ്രധാനഘടകങ്ങളായി പ്രകാശിക്കുന്നു. സാമാന്യകവികളായിരുന്നതിനാൽ വ്യക്തമായ ബുദ്ധിമാന്ദ്യമുള്ള ഒരു കവിയാണ് ചെങ്കുപ്പിയർ വരച്ചുകാണിക്കാൻ ശ്രമിക്കുന്നത്. അതുപോലെതന്നെ, റഷ്യൻ വിപ്ലവകാരിയായ ഗോൽ, അന്നത്തെ ഏറ്റവും പുരോഗമനവാദമായ തൊഴിലാളിവർഗ്ഗത്തിന്റെ സമരകവികളായിരുന്നു പ്രമോദം നേടിയത്.

മലയാളസാഹിത്യത്തിലുമുണ്ട് ഇതിനു വേണ്ടത്ര ഉദാഹരണങ്ങൾ. മഹാകവി കണ്ണന്റെ കമയെടുത്തു വോക്കുക. രാജവാഴ്ചയുടെ അലംഭാവനകളാണ് ജീവിച്ചു കണ്ണൻ, രാജാക്കന്മാർക്ക് “ജന്മജന്മ” പാടുന്നതിനു പകരം അവരുടെ കൊള്ളയടിക്കലുകളെ പൂർണ്ണമായിട്ടുകൊണ്ട് ചെയ്തത്. കൂടാതെ ഒരു ചിലി സാമ്രാജ്യങ്ങളെ കൈയ്യിൽപെട്ടു വീഴ്ത്തുന്നതിനായി സാഹിത്യത്തെ ജനതാമധ്യത്തിലേക്കിറക്കി, ക്ലാസ്സുകളെക്കുറിച്ചും അദ്ദേഹംതന്നെയാണ്. അതുകൊണ്ടാണ് ആധുനികവ്യവസ്ഥയിലെ ആദ്യത്തെ മഹാകവിയെന്ന ശാശ്വതബഹുമതി അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റേതായി തീർന്നത്.

ആശാനും വള്ളത്തോളും ഈ തത്വജ്ഞയിൽ ശ്രദ്ധാലുക്കളായിരുന്നു. സാമ്രാജ്യതന്ത്രത്തിനും, സാമ്രാജ്യതന്ത്രത്തിനുമെതിരായി പോരാടി മുന്നേറിയതിനായി ബുദ്ധിമാന്ദ്യത്തെ പ്രതിവിധിയായ് ചെയ്തതാണ് അവരുടെ നേട്ടം. സാമ്രാജ്യതന്ത്രത്തിന്റെ കൂട്ടപ്പിറപ്പായ അന്ധവിശ്വാസങ്ങളും, അതിക്കേൾക്കലുകളും, അസ്സാധ്യതകളും, “അലംഭാവം”ന്റെ മറികടന്നു പോകുവാൻ കഴിയാത്ത ആശാനെ ആക്കിയാണ് വിപ്ലവത്തിന്റെ കഴിവുകൾ ദേശീയസമരത്തിനു കൈയെടുത്തുപകർത്തിച്ചു വെച്ചതായിട്ടാണ് നാം എങ്ങനെ പ്രശംസിക്കാതിരിക്കും.

എന്നാൽ ഇപ്പോഴത്തെ സാഹിത്യനായകന്മാരുടെ അനന്തിരവനാർ അവർ പറഞ്ഞതിനെ അപ്പടി ഏറ്റവും പാടുകയാണോ വേണ്ടത്? അല്ല, അല്ല. മറിച്ച്, അവരെല്ലാം ചെയ്ത പോലെ ചുറ്റുപാടും കണ്ണോടിച്ചു പുരോഗമനയാഥാർത്ഥ്യങ്ങളിൽനിന്ന് പ്രചോദനം നേടാൻ പരിശ്രമിക്കുകതന്നെ വേണം. അങ്ങിനെയാണ് അവരുടെ പാരമ്പര്യം ഇന്നു പുലർത്തേണ്ടത്.

എന്താണ് ഇന്നു നാം കാണുന്ന യാഥാർത്ഥ്യങ്ങൾ? സാമ്രാജ്യതന്ത്രസാമ്രാജ്യതന്ത്രങ്ങളെക്കുറിച്ചുള്ള ഒരു ജനതയെക്കുറിച്ചുള്ളതാണ്. ഈ മൂന്നുവർഷത്തിനിടയിൽ അനേകന്മാരായി മതവും മതവും നിലകൊള്ളുന്നു. ഉണ്ണാനില്ല, ഉടുക്കാനില്ല, കിടക്കാനില്ല, പണിയെടുക്കുന്നവർക്ക്; സ്നേഹവും പ്രേമവുമെല്ലാം കേവലം പണത്തിന്റെ അടിസ്ഥാനത്തിൽ എന്ന നിലയാലും താണുപോയിരിക്കുന്നു നമ്മുടെ സാംസ്കാരികജീവിതം. എന്നാൽ ഇതിന്റെ നടുവിൽ ഒരു പുതിയ ലോകം പണിയിക്കപ്പെടുന്നുണ്ട്. എല്ലാവർക്കും കേവലം വാഗ്ദാനം ചെയ്യുന്ന ഒരു പുതിയ ലോകം. ഇന്നാട്ടിലെ തൊഴിലാളിയുടേയും കൃഷിക്കാരന്റേയും ഇടത്തരക്കാരന്റേയും, ആ ലോകത്തിനു വേണ്ടിയുള്ള ഐതിഹ്യസാഹിത്യസമരമാണ് ഇന്നത്തെ യുഗത്തിന്റെ സവിശേഷത.

ജനീതത്തിനും മുതലാളിത്തത്തിനും, മതത്തിനും മതമില്ലാത്തതായി ഉൾപ്പെടുത്തുന്ന ബഹുജനാഭിമാനം, എവിടേയും. ഇന്നത്തെ കാലഘട്ടത്തിന്റെ ഈ പ്രത്യേകതകളെ പ്രതിനിധീകരിക്കാൻ കലാസൃഷ്ടി, എങ്ങനെ ഉന്നതങ്ങളാവും? അതാണ് പറഞ്ഞത്, ഇന്നത്തെ “ചെങ്കുപ്പിയരം” “കാളിദാസന” മൊക്കെ ഇന്നത്തെ ലോകത്തിൽ ജീവിക്കുന്നവരാകണമെന്ന്.

തകഴി, ഡി. എം. പൊററക്കാട്ട് തുടങ്ങിയ മലയാളത്തിലെ പ്രശസ്തരായ എഴുത്തുകാർ വെച്ചുതന്ന സാഹിത്യത്തിന്റെ പ്രതിനിധികളാണ്— അവർ വരച്ചുകാണിക്കുന്ന സമരധീരരായ തൊഴിലാളികൾകൾമാണ് ജയിക്കാൻ പോകുന്നത്— ജയിക്കേണ്ടതും അവർതന്നെയാണ്. സാഹിത്യകാരൻ എന്നല്ല, മറ്റൊരാൾ കലാകാരനായതെന്ന, മൗലികമായ കണ്ഠവും ആ സമരത്തിന്റെ നല്ല ഒരു നാമകേവലവേണ്ടിയുള്ള ആ ധീരസമരത്തിന്റെ, പുരോഗതിക്കും വിജയത്തിനും വേണ്ടി, അവരവരുടെ കഴിവെന്നൊത്തവണ്ണം യത്നിക്കുക മാത്രമാണ്. സാമ്രാജ്യതന്ത്രത്തിന്റെ നടുക്കുള്ള ഒരു നാമകേവലവേണ്ടിയുള്ള ആ ധീരസമരത്തിന്റെ, പുരോഗതിക്കും വിജയത്തിനും വേണ്ടി, അവരവരുടെ കഴിവെന്നൊത്തവണ്ണം യത്നിക്കുക മാത്രമാണ്. സാമ്രാജ്യതന്ത്രത്തിന്റെ നടുക്കുള്ള ഒരു നാമകേവലവേണ്ടിയുള്ള ആ ധീരസമരത്തിന്റെ, പുരോഗതിക്കും വിജയത്തിനും വേണ്ടി, അവരവരുടെ കഴിവെന്നൊത്തവണ്ണം യത്നിക്കുക മാത്രമാണ്. സാമ്രാജ്യതന്ത്രത്തിന്റെ നടുക്കുള്ള ഒരു നാമകേവലവേണ്ടിയുള്ള ആ ധീരസമരത്തിന്റെ, പുരോഗതിക്കും വിജയത്തിനും വേണ്ടി, അവരവരുടെ കഴിവെന്നൊത്തവണ്ണം യത്നിക്കുക മാത്രമാണ്.

ഒരു സാഹിത്യകൃതിയുടെ കേവലം നേട്ടവുമെല്ലാം കണക്കാക്കേണ്ടത് ഈ പുരോഗമനപരമായ ഭാവത്തിന്, എത്രമേൽ ആകർഷകമായ രൂപം കൊടുക്കുവാൻ അതിനു കഴിഞ്ഞിട്ടുണ്ടെന്നു ആലോചിച്ചിട്ടുവേണം—ഭാവം പുരോഗമനപരമല്ലെങ്കിൽ സാഹിത്യം ഉന്നതമാവുകയില്ല. അതുപോലെതന്നെ രൂപം ആകർഷകമല്ലെങ്കിൽ അത് ഒരു സാഹിത്യസൃഷ്ടിതന്നെയാകില്ല.

അങ്ങിനെ, വെച്ചു, അല്ലെങ്കിൽ പുരോഗതി സാഹിത്യത്തിലും, തടുക്കാൻ വെച്ചാൽ ഒരു നിയമമാണ്. ഇതിനെ എതിർക്കുന്നത്, ചന്ദ്രോദയത്തെ ശ്വാവ് കരച്ചെങ്കിലും അതുപോലെയാണ്.

സിദ്ധമന്ത്രം

പി. കെ. കെ. മേനോൻ

ആയവയെല്ലാവർക്കുമൊന്നിടത്തും കുന്നൻ-
കായകൊണ്ടൊരു മുളകുഷ്കമേ പതിവുള്ളൂ —
ഏറിയ കാലം കൊതിച്ചിരുന്നുതാനൊരു തേങ്ങാ-
ക്കറി,യത്തറവാട്ടിൽ പെണ്ണങ്ങൾ പാകംചെയ്തു!

തെക്കിനിത്തലുത്തിക,ലപ്പെരുവയറിനു
പിന്നിലായിരിക്കുന്നു പൂർപ്പായിൽ ഗുഹാഗാമൻ.
മുട്ടിറങ്ങിപ്പോയതൊരു തോളുടുത്തവശനായ്
പാടത്തുനിന്നും കേറിവന്നതാണിടനേരം.

കാത്തിരിയെന്നു മുമ്പിൽപ്പൂർച്ച; അതുവന്നുമാശി-
നോക്കിനില്ക്കുന്ന കുട്ടൻ ചുറ്റും കിട്ടാൻ പോയി.....
ഇലയിൽ കറിയരീന്ദ്രാപന്താ വീണ്ടു; കഞ്ഞി-
ക്കാ, വകം വീറാപ്പുണ്ടാണെഴിച്ചു തേങ്ങാക്കുട്ടൻ.
കാരണോടെ കല്ലിൽ തീർപ്പാറി; ചുറ്റും ചുരു-
മാരിനിന്നൊരൊറ്റം വീറൊക്കെക്കൊണ്ടി —

“തെന്തൊന്നിനെക്കൊണ്ടു യാതൊരു ചോദ്യത്തിനും
ചോദ്യമില്ലാത്തത്? തോന്നിയാസങ്ങൾ കാണിക്കുന്നോ?
ചാണി-ചുരുക്കുകൾ—രണ്ടു കാണിപ്പാത്താർ—
കണ്ടോച്ചിൻ, കഴുത്തു തൊൻ കണ്ടിക്കുമോമ്മിപ്പോച്ചിൻ!
കൊന്നിനെക്കൊണ്ടിൻതൂങ്ങിയൊന്നിനും തരില്ലിനി,
പാഞ്ഞിപ്പോലാക്കിത്തരാം സ്വന്തം നോക്കിക്കൊച്ചിൻ!
കൊണ്ടുണ്ടെന്നതൊന്നു കാണണം, തല—
തെന്തൊന്നും കിട്ടിയിനി കിട്ടില്ല, — കഴുകുക!”

ഇടിവാട്ടിപ്പോട്ടും കാരണങ്ങൾ കയർന്നുപോയ
നടുക്കു വടക്കിനി; മിഴിച്ചു മരുമക്കൾ;
ഇലകളിലകില; ചക്കകൾ ശബ്ദിച്ചില,
അമ്പലവാങ്ങില; സ്തംഭിച്ചു സൂര്യൻപോലും.

“ആരെടി, കഞ്ഞിക്കൊന്നോ—” കയറുന്ന വൃദ്ധൻ വീണ്ടും,
“ആരൊട്ടു തേങ്ങാക്കളെ? നാറാലേ നിങ്ങൾക്കൊക്കും?”
സാമന്തമേരും ജാനനോതിനാരും, “ശബ്ദമാത്രം,
അയാൾ പറഞ്ഞിട്ടാണിട്ടതു കേൾക്കു തേങ്ങ....”

അയാൾ! പ്രസിദ്ധമാർപ്പിദ്ധമന്ത്രം പെട്ടെ-
ന്നമ്മഹാകലിബാല നിശ്ശേഷം ശമിച്ചിപ്പു;
അല്ലെങ്കൊന്നാലോചിച്ചും, അച്ഛനോടെത്തപ്പുണ്ടും,
പല്ലിച്ചു വീണ്ടും വൃദ്ധൻ, “സംഗതിയൊന്നാലും
അപ്പുലായിരിക്കുന്നു പച്ചകി: കറേക്കുകി-
ക്കൊണ്ടുവാ; മോരും ചിട്ടാപ്പുകൊണ്ടുംകിടി—”

നన్న കണ്ണിന ബിഴ്കു ബിഗദലി പറലി!

ബിഴ്കിയും പറലാഗ ബിഴ്കിയു കോർലാഗ
മാധിയസു കാംബിരോമാധിയലി കാമു
ബിഴ്കിയും കഴിമായു അഷാഢ പറലായു
അസോ ഫലിപ്പമയം പറലിമാമു കാമു

നാഗോലി മുമ്പവനക നാഗോലി സിംതു
തേരളിരി സിന്ദേമു മേഴിമാരു കേലരു
നാഗോലി സിന്ദേമു നാഗോലി സിന്ദേമു
മേഴിമാരു മേഴിമാരു കേലരു

മുറകു കുട്ടിയു മറ്റു നാലുനെയു സത്യരമി
നഗുവനര കാണിയെ സസുമാമു പറലി
കട്ടലിന സസുമാമു സത്യലിന സസുമാമു
കണ്ടു കാണിയെ സിന്ദേമു സിന്ദേമു

ബിഗദലി സിന്ദേമു സിന്ദേമു പറലിയലി കോലിയു
സിന്ദേമു തേരളി മാരി സിന്ദേമു മുറകു
ബിഗദലി സിന്ദേമു പറലിയലി കാമു
അപ്പു പറലിയലി സിന്ദേമു തേരളി

രൂലു കോലു കേഴി ‘രേലു രേലി’ സത്യരമി
ബിഗദലി പറലിയലി പറലിയലി സിന്ദേമു
അപ്പു പറലിയലി ‘രേലു’ അപ്പു പറലിയലി കേഴി
പറലിയലി കേഴിവകു സിന്ദേമു കാമു

കട്ടലിയും കവിധുതിരേ സത്യ സിന്ദേമു പറലിയലി
കട്ടലി സിന്ദേമു പറലിയലി കേഴി
ബിഗദലി സിന്ദേമു മേഴിമാരു പറലിയലി
പറലിയലി സിന്ദേമു പറലിയലി സിന്ദേമു

കേഴിവകു സിന്ദേമു സിന്ദേമു സിന്ദേമു
കേഴിവകു സിന്ദേമു സിന്ദേമു സിന്ദേമു
കേഴിവകു സിന്ദേമു സിന്ദേമു സിന്ദേമു
കേഴിവകു സിന്ദേമു സിന്ദേമു സിന്ദേമു

ಅಪ್ಪ ಬಂದರೆ ನಗುವೆ ನಕ್ಕು ಮಾತಾಡಿಸುವೆ
ತಪ್ಪಿರೆ ನಾನೆಂದು ಹೇಳುವಳು ಹುಡುಗಿ
ನೀವಿಲ್ಲಿದ್ದೆ ತರಲು ಗರಿಹುಟ್ಟಿ ಹಾರುವುದು
ಮಗಳ ಮನವೆಂಬುದನು ಮರಿತಿಹಿರೆ ಹೋಗಿ

ಹೋದ ಮಂಗಳವಾರ ನಾದಿಸಿಯ ಮನೆಗೆ ನಾ
ಹೋದಾಗ ಹುಣ್ಣಿಮೆಗೆ ಹುಡುಗಿಯನು ಕೂಡಿ
ಹಬ್ಬದೂಟಕೆ ಬಂದ ಬಂಧುಗಳು ಬಳಗಗಳು
ಹೆಂಗಳೆಯರೆಲ್ಲರೂ ಮಂಗಳೆಯ ನೋಡಿ

ನಿಮ್ಮ ಕಣ್ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಹಣೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಕೈಕಾಲುಗಳು
ನಿಮ್ಮದೇ ಅಚ್ಚೆಂದು ಹೇಳಿದರು ಎಲ್ಲ
ಹೆಣ್ಣೆಂಬ ಭೇದವಿದು ಹೊರತಾಗಿ ಬೇರಿಲ್ಲ
ಬಣ್ಣ ಗಾರಿಕೆಯ ನುಡಿಯಲ್ಲವಿದು ನಲ್ಲ

ನಿಮ್ಮಣ್ಣುಗಿಯನು ನೋಡಿ ನೆಮ್ಮದಿಯಾಗಿರುತಿಹೆನು
ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮೊಗ ಕಾಣುವೆನು ಕೆನ್ನ ತುಟಿಗಳಲಿ
ಹಾರ ಕಂಕಣ ಬೇಡ ನೀರೆ ಕುಪ್ಪಸ ಬೇಡ
ನನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣಿನ ಬೆಳಕು ಬೇಗದಲಿ ಬರಲಿ

M. R. Shastri,
Professor of Kannada

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ-ಜೀವನ ರಾಜಕೀಯ

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಮಾನವನ ಬಾಳಿನಷ್ಟೇ ಅನಂತವೂ, ವಿಶಾಲವೂ ಆದುದು. ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಮೊಟ್ಟ ಮೊದಲನೇ ಸಾರಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ ಮೃಗೀಯ ಮಾನವನ ಕರಾಳ ಜೀವನವೂ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬಿತವಾಗಿದೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ. ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ತಿಲಾಯುಗದ ಅರೆಬೆತ್ತಲೆ ಮಾನವಪಶುವಿನಿಂದ ಹಿಡಿದು ಕಣ್ ಕೋರೈಸುವಂತ ವಿಮಾನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾರಾಡುವ ಆರ್ವಾಚೀನ ಯಂತ್ರಯುಗದವರೆಗೂ ಮಾನವ ಜನಾಂಗವು ಪಟ್ಟ ಅಳಲಿನ, ಸಂಕಷ್ಟಗಳ ಪಡಿನೆಳಲನ್ನು ನಾವು ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಬಹುದು. ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಜೀವನದ ಪ್ರತಿ ಬಿಂಬವೇನು? ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಅಲ್ಲ, ಅದು ಜೀವನದ ವಿಮರ್ಶೆಯೂ ಹೌದು. ಅನಾಗರಿಕ ಮನುಷ್ಯನನ್ನು ಸುಸಂಸ್ಕೃತನನ್ನಾಗಿಯೂ, ಸುಸಂಸ್ಕೃತ ಮಾನವನನ್ನು ದೇವನನ್ನಾಗಿಯೂ ಮಾಡುವ ಬೃಹತ್ ಶಕ್ತಿಯೂ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಗರ್ಭದಲ್ಲಿ ಹುದುಗಿದೆ.

ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯು ಸುಸಂಸ್ಕೃತನಾಗುವುದು ಸುಲಭ. ಆದರೆ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠತರ್ಗತ ಜನಾಂಗದ ಆತ್ಮವು ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿವಾಗುವುದು ಬಹು ಕಠಿಣ. ಪ್ರಾಚೀನತಮ ಕಾಡು ಜನಜಂಗುಳಿಯು ತನ್ನ ಹಿಂಸಾ ಪ್ರವೃತ್ತಿಯನ್ನು

ಬದಿಗೊತ್ತಿ, 'Tooth for tooth' (ಸೇಡಿಗೆ ಸೇಡು) ಎಂಬ ತತ್ವಕ್ಕೆ ಶರಣುಹೊಡೆದು ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತನೆಯ ಶತಕದ ಪ್ರಚಲಿತ ಮಟ್ಟಕ್ಕಾದರೂ ಬರಬೇಕಾದರೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ಶತ ಶತಮಾನಗಳು ಉರುಳಿರುವುವೆಂಬುದೇ ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಕ್ಷಿ. ಆದಿ ಜನಾಂಗದ ಅಂಥತೆಯನ್ನು ಹೋಗಲಾಡಿಸಲು ವಿಶ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಎಂತಹ ಘೋರ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನ ನಡೆದಿರಬೇಡ! ಹಿಂಸಾ ಪ್ರವೃತ್ತಿದ್ವೈತಕವಾದ "ರಕ್ತಮಾಂಸ ಪೂಜೆಯಿಂದ ಅವರನ್ನು ಕುಂಕುಮ ಕುಸುಮ ಪೂಜೆಗೆ ತಿದ್ದಬೇಕಾದರೆ" ಎಂತಹ ಬೃಹತ್ ಸಾಧನೆಯು ಜರುಗಿರಬೇಡ!

'ಉಗ್ರಭೈರವರೂ, ರುದ್ರಶೂಲಿಯರೂ, ಶಿವಶಂಕರರಾಗಿ, ಚಂಡಿ ಚಾಮುಂಡಿಯರು, ದುರ್ಗಿ ಕಾಳಿಯರು ಶಿವಮಂಗಳೆಯರಾಗಿ' ಪರಿಣಮಿಸುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಬೇಕಾದರೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ಜನ ಬುದ್ಧ, ಏಸು, ಗಾಂಧಿ, ಸಾಕ್ರಟೀಸರಂತಹ ಮಹಾತ್ಮರು ತಮ್ಮ ಗುಂಡಿಗೆಯ ಬಿಸಿರಕ್ತವನ್ನು ಧಾರಾಪೂರವಾಗಿ ಹಂಸಿರಬೇಡ! ಈ ಎಲ್ಲದರ ಐತಿಹ್ಯವು ವಿಶ್ವ 'ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ' ಸಂಪುಟದಲ್ಲಿ ರಕ್ತ ಮಸಿಯಿಂದ ಲಿಖಿಸಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿದೆ. ಶ್ರೀಮಾನ್ ಗೋಕಾಕರು ಹೇಳಿದಂತೆ 'ಒಂದೊಂದು ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು, ಒಂದೊಂದು ಜನಾಂಗವು ಬಂಧಿಯಲ್ಲೆಯೂ ಹೃದ್ದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಕಾಲಾಂತರದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊಂದಿದ ಪ್ರಗತಿಯ ಇತಿಹಾಸ'.

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ನೊಂದ ಎದೆಗೆ ತಂಪನ್ನು ಎರಚುತ್ತಿದೆ, ಬೆಂದ ಒಡಲಿಗೆ ಅಮೃತ ಸೇಚನೆಯನ್ನುಂಟು ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಕಷ್ಟಮಯ ಬಾಳಿನಲ್ಲಿ ತೊಳಲಿ ತನ್ನ ಮರೆಹೊಕ್ಕ ಮನುಜರನ್ನು ಹಲವಾರು ನಿಮಿಷಗಳ ವರೆಗಾದರೂ ಆನಂದದ ರಸಾಂಬುಧಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೇಲುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಬಾಳಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಬರಬಹುದಾದ ಸಾಸಿರಾರು ಕಂಟಕಗಳನ್ನು ಎಂಟರ್ಡ್ ಯಿಂದ ಎದುರಿಸಿ ಸರಾಗವಾಗಿ ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ನಿರ್ವಹಿಸುವ ಬೃಹಚ್ಛೇತನವನ್ನು ಪ್ರಸಾದಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಜೀವನದ ಯಥಾವತ್ತಾದ ಚಿತ್ರ ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲ, ಅದು ಜೀವನದ ವಿಮರ್ಶೆಯೂ ಹೌದು. ಕೇವಲ ಬಿಂಬಗ್ರಹಣಯಂತ್ರದಂತೆ ಮಾನವನ ದೈನಂದಿನ ಕಠೋರಬಾಳಿನ ಪಡಿಯಚ್ಚನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಒದಗಿಸಿ ಕೊಟ್ಟರೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ತನ್ನ ಧರ್ಮವನ್ನು ಸಾಧಿಸಿದಂತಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಎಷ್ಟು ಅನಂತವೂ, ಅದರ ಧರ್ಮವೂ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಅಮರ. ವಾಸ್ತವಿಕ ಜಗತ್ತಿನೊಳಗಿನ ಕುಂದುಕೊರತೆಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಗಳ ಸ್ಫೂತಿ ಪಟಲದಿಂದ ಹಲವಾರು ಕ್ಷಣಗಳ ವರೆಗಾದರೂ ಮರೆಸಿ, ಅವರ ನರನಾಡಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಮೋ ನವ ಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ತುಂಬಬೇಕಾದರೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಕೇವಲ ಜೀವನದ ಚಿತ್ರವಾದರೆ ಹೇಗೆ ಸಾಧ್ಯ? ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿನ ಮಾನವನ ಬಾಳು, ಪರಿಪೂರ್ಣವಾದುದಲ್ಲ; ಅದು ಅನಾದಿ ಕಾಲದಿಂದ ವ್ಯಕ್ತದಿಂದ ಅಪ್ಯಕ್ತದೆಡೆಗೆ ಸಾಗಿದೆ, ಅಪರಿಪೂರ್ಣತ್ವದಿಂದ ಪೂರ್ಣತ್ವದೆಡೆಗೆ ನಡೆದಿದೆ.

ಧನ್ಯೋಹಂ ಧನ್ಯೋಹಂ ಕರ್ತವ್ಯಂ ಮೇನವಿದ್ಯತೆ ಕಿಂಚಿತ್ |

ಧನ್ಯೋಹಂ ಧನ್ಯೋಹಂ ಪ್ರಾಪ್ತವ್ಯಂ ಸರ್ವಮದ್ಯ ಸಂಪನ್ನಂ |

"ಮಾಡಬೇಕಾದುದೆಲ್ಲವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿ ಧನ್ಯನಾದೆ, ಹೊಂದಬೇಕಾದುದೆಲ್ಲವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿ ಧನ್ಯ ನಾದೆ" ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವ ಕೆಚ್ಚಿದೆ ಸರ್ವಸಾಧಾರಣವಾಗಿ ಜಗತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾರಿಗೂ ಇರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಒಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಈ ಜಗತ್ತು ನ್ಯಾನಾತಿರೇಕದಿಂದ ತುಂಬಿದ ಒಂದು ನಿಗೂಢ ಕಾಸಾರ. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಇಂತಹ ನ್ಯಾನಾತಿರೇಕ ದಿಂದ ಭೂಯಿಷ್ಟವಾದ ಕಠೋರ ಚಿತ್ರಣವನ್ನೇ ತನ್ನ ನರಸಿ ಬಂದ ಬೆಂದ ಹೃದಯಗಳಿಗೆ ನೀಡಿದರೆ ಅವರ ಗತಿಯೇನು? ನೊಂದಲೇ ನಿರಾಶೆಹೊಂದಿದವರನ್ನು ಮತ್ತಷ್ಟು ಬಳಲಿಸಿ ಜೀವಚ್ಛವಗಳನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿದ ಮಹಾ ಪಾಪಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಹೊಣೆಯಾಗಬೇಕಾದೀತು! ಶ್ರೀ ಮಿರ್ಜಿ ಅಣ್ಣರಾಯರು ತಮ್ಮ "ಲೇಖನ ಕಲೆ" ಯಲ್ಲಿ ಉಲ್ಲೇಖಿಸಿದ ಪ್ರಕಾರ, "ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಕಲೆಯು ಪ್ರತ್ಯಕ್ಷದ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬವಾಗಿರದೆ ಮನೋಹರವಾದ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯೂ ಆಗಿದೆ. ಕಲೆ ಮತ್ತು ಪ್ರತ್ಯಕ್ಷಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅಂತರವೇ ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಲಾನಿರ್ಮಿತಿಯ

ಅವ್ಯಕ್ತೆ ಏನು ? ” ನಮ್ಮ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ನಮಗಿರುವಂತೆ ಅಡಗಿರುವ ಸತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಸಾಹಿತಿಗಳು ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗಿ ಹಿಡಿದಿತ್ತಿ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಕಲ್ಪನೆಯ ಮಿರುಗನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಜನತೆಯ ಮುಂದಿಡುವನು “ ಅಂತಲೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯ ಕೇವಲ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬವಾಗಿರದೆ, ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹುದುಗಿದ ಸತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಲ್ಪನೆಯ ಮಾಯಾಲಾಂಛನ ಬೆಳಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿಡಿದು ತೋರಿಸುವ ಛಾಯಾ ಚಿತ್ರವಾಗಿದೆ. ”

ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಯುಗದಿಂದಲೂ, ಇಂದಿನ ವರೆಗೆ ಪುಣ್ಯ ಗಂಗಾವಾಸಿಯಂತೆ ಪ್ರವಹಿಸಿ ವಿರಾಡ್ಯ ವನನ್ನು ಕಳೆದ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಯಾರಾದರೂ ಸಮೀಕ್ಷಿಸಿದ್ದೇ ಆದರೆ, ಪ್ರಸಂಚದ ವಾತಾವರಣವು ಮಾರ್ಪಟ್ಟಂತಿಲ್ಲಾ ಅದಕ್ಕನುಗುಣವಾಗಿ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ರೂಪವೂ ಸಹ ಮಾರ್ಪಡುತ್ತಾ ನಡೆದಿರುವ ಸತ್ಯ ಸಂಗತಿಯು ದೃಗ್ಗೋಚರವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಫ್ರಾನ್ಸಿನ Louis XIV ಪ್ರಭುವಿನ ಕಾಲಕ್ಕೆ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣವಾದ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ದಾಟಿಯೇ ಒಂದು ವಿಧವಾದರೆ, Louis XVI ನ ಅಲ್ಪಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಧಳ್ಪುರಿಯಂಥ ಹಬ್ಬದ ವಿಪ್ಲವ ಕಾಲದ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಧೋರಣಿಯೇ ಬೇರೆ. ರುಸೋ, ವಾಲ್ಟೇರ್ ಮುಂತಾದ ಕವಿಪುಂಗವರ ಹೃದ್ವಾಣಿಯಿಂದಾಗದೆ ಪುಣ್ಯಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ನಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಗುಡುಗಿನಂತೆ ಗುಡುಗಿ, ಸಿಡಿಲಿನಂತೆ ಗರ್ಜಿಸಿ ಎಂತಹ ಹೇಡಿಯನ್ನು ಸಹ ಕ್ರಾಂತಿ ಏರಿಸನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಲು ಸಮರ್ಥವಾಯಿತು.

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಕ್ಕೂ, ರಾಜಕೀಯಕ್ಕೂ ಬಿಡಿಸಲಾರದ ಸಿಕಟ ಸಂಬಂಧವುಂಟು. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರಸಂಚದ ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಧುರೀಣರ ಚರಿತ್ರೆಯೇ ನಿರ್ದರ್ಶನ. ಇಂಗ್ಲೆಂಡಿನ ಗ್ಲಾಡ್ಸ್ಟನ್ ಮಾನವ ಸೇವೆಯ ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿ ಪಡೆದು ರೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್, ಹೋಮರ್ ಮೊದಲಾದ ಕವಿಗಳಿಂದ ಎಬ್ರಹಂ ಲಿಂಕನ್ ಮಹಾಶಯನು ನೀಗ್ರೋ ಜವರ ಜೀವನೋದ್ಧಾರ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮಕ್ಕೆ ಬೇಕಾದ ಅಂತಃಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಬೈಬಲ್ ಮತ್ತು ಹಲವಾರು ರೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್‌ನ ನಾಟಕಗಳಿಂದ ಪಡೆದನು. ಅದೇ ರೀತಿಯಾಗಿ ಗಾಂಧೀಜಿಯವರು ಆಳರಸ ರೊಡನೆ ಅಹಿಂಸಾಮಯ ಯುದ್ಧವನ್ನು ಹೂಡಲು ಬೇಕಾದ ಬೃಹತ್ ಚೇತನವನ್ನು ಗೀತೆಯಿಂದ ಪಡೆದರು. ಇಂತಹ ದೃಷ್ಟಾಂತಗಳನ್ನು ಎಷ್ಟು ಬೇಕಾದರೂ ಎತ್ತಿ ತೋರಿಸಬಹುದು. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಒಂದರಿಂದ ದೂರವಾದರೆ ಅದು “ ಬರಿಯ ಗೊಣಗಾಟ ಪೇಚಾಟಗಳಾಗಿ ಬಡವಾದೀತು ” ಪ್ರಸಂಚದ ಪ್ರಗತಿಶೀಲ ಕವಿಗಳ ಕೃತಿಗಳ ಬಹುಭಾಗಗಳೆಲ್ಲವೂ, ರಾಜಕೀಯ ವೃತ್ತಾಂತದಿಂದ ಭೂಯಿಷ್ಯ ವಾಗಿಲ್ಲವೆ? ವರ್ಡ್ಸ್‌ವರ್ತ್, ಮಿಲ್ಟನ್, ಶೆಲ್ಲಿ ಇವರ ಕಾವ್ಯಗಳ ವಸ್ತು ಪ್ರಜಾರಾಜ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸಂಬಂಧಿಸಿದುದಾಗಿದೆ, ಬಕ್, ಮೆಕಾಲ್, ಮುಂತಾದವರ ಉಜ್ವಲ ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಭಾಷಣಗಳ ಗುಚ್ಛವು ಆಂಗ್ಲ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಮಣಿಮುಕುಟದಂತಿವೆ. ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಏಕೆ? ಆಂಗ್ಲ ಕವಿಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿಯಂತಿರುವ ಶಿಲ್ಲಿಯು, Poets are the legislatures of the world ಎಂದೇ ಘೋಷಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಅವರ ಮೇಲೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ರಾಜಕಾರಣವು ಓತಪ್ರೋತವಾಗಿ ಹರಿಯುತ್ತಲೇ ಇದೆ ಎಂಬುದು ನಿರ್ವಿವಾದವಲ್ಲವೇ?

By
K. B. Hanumantha Raya,
iii B.A. (Hon.) (Kannada.)

ہمنوں کو تعلیم کی ترغیب دیں اور ان کی حالت سدھارنے کی کوشش کریں۔ یہاں اعلیٰ تعلیم پر اعتراض مقصود نہیں ہے۔ تعلیم حاصل کیجئے اور ضرور کیجئے کیونکہ بغیر تعلیم کے زندگی ناکمل رہتی ہے۔ اس بابے میں بھی اکبر نے کیا خوب کہا ہے۔

تم شوق سے کالج میں پڑھو، پارک میں بھولو

جائزہ غباروں میں اڑو، چرخ پہ جھولو

لیکن یہ سخن بندہ عاجز کار ہے یا د

اشد کو اور اپنی حقیقت کو نہ بھولو

امید کہ کالج میں پڑھنے والی بہنیں اس پر غور کریں گی اور تعلیم کا صحیح مقصد حاصل کرنے کی کوشاں رہیں گی تاکہ کالج کی لڑکیوں کے ساتھ عموماً جو اوصاف منسوب کئے جاتے ہیں وہ دور ہو جائیں اور دوسرے جاہل لوگ بھی تعلیم کی خوبیوں سے متاثر ہو کر اپنی لڑکیوں کو اعلیٰ تعلیم دلوائیں اور انھیں قوم کی ترقی میں حصہ لینے کا موقع دیں۔

والدین کے لئے بھی یہ ضروری ہے کہ وہ تعلیم سے بڑھکر اپنے بچوں کی تربیت پر توجہ کریں کیونکہ تربیت اولاد والدین کا ہی فرض ہے اور اسکول یا کالج میں اس پر زیادہ توجہ نہیں دی جاتی۔ اس لئے اگر والدین کو یہ خواہش ہو کہ ان کی لڑکیاں پڑھ لکھ کر قوم کو فائدہ پہنچائیں تو پہلے ان کی اچھی تربیت کریں۔ بچپن ہی میں مذہب سے اچھی طرح واقف کرئیں اور اخلاقیات کا ایسا سبق دیں کہ آئندہ چل کر دنیا کی برائیوں سے اپنا دامن آلودہ نہ ہونے دیں۔ اور اپنے علم سے دوسروں کو فائدہ پہنچا کر قوم کو ترقی کی شاہراہ پر گامزن کر دیں۔

‘خیر اندیش‘

غرض ایسی ہی بہت سی بحثیں ہوتی ہیں اور معزز ممبران کا نفرنس، ایسی شکایتوں ہی کو اس کا نفرنس کا مقصدِ عظیم سمجھتی ہیں۔ لیکن اس کا نفرنس میں یہ تو کبھی غور نہیں کیا جاتا کہ آخر ان آجکل کی لڑکیوں، اور خصوصاً "کالج کی لڑکیوں" میں یہ عیب کیوں پائے جاتے ہیں اور ان کا علاج کیا ہے۔ کبھی یہ نہیں سوچا جاتا کہ ان کی ذمہ داری خود ان پر بھی عائد کی جاسکتی ہے کہ انہوں نے لڑکیوں کو تربیت دی تو ایسی کہ وہ مذہب سے بیگانہ نہیں تو کم از کم ایک حد تک ناواقف تو ضرور ہوتی ہیں۔ اپنے مذہب کی ناواقفیت اور اُس کی خوبیوں سے بیگانہ ہوتے ہوئے وہ دن بدن مغربی تہذیب کی جھوٹی چمک پر فریفتہ ہو جاتی ہیں۔ اپنے رُخ سے مصونیت کے نور کو مٹا کر ایسے غارِ سُرخ سے چمکانا چاہتی ہیں۔ چراغِ خانہ بننے کی بجائے "شمعِ محفل" بننے کی کوششیں رہتی ہیں۔ اور اُن کی مائیں یہ سمجھ کر کہ ہماری لڑکیاں تو کالج میں پڑھ رہی

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