

# THE ZAMORIN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

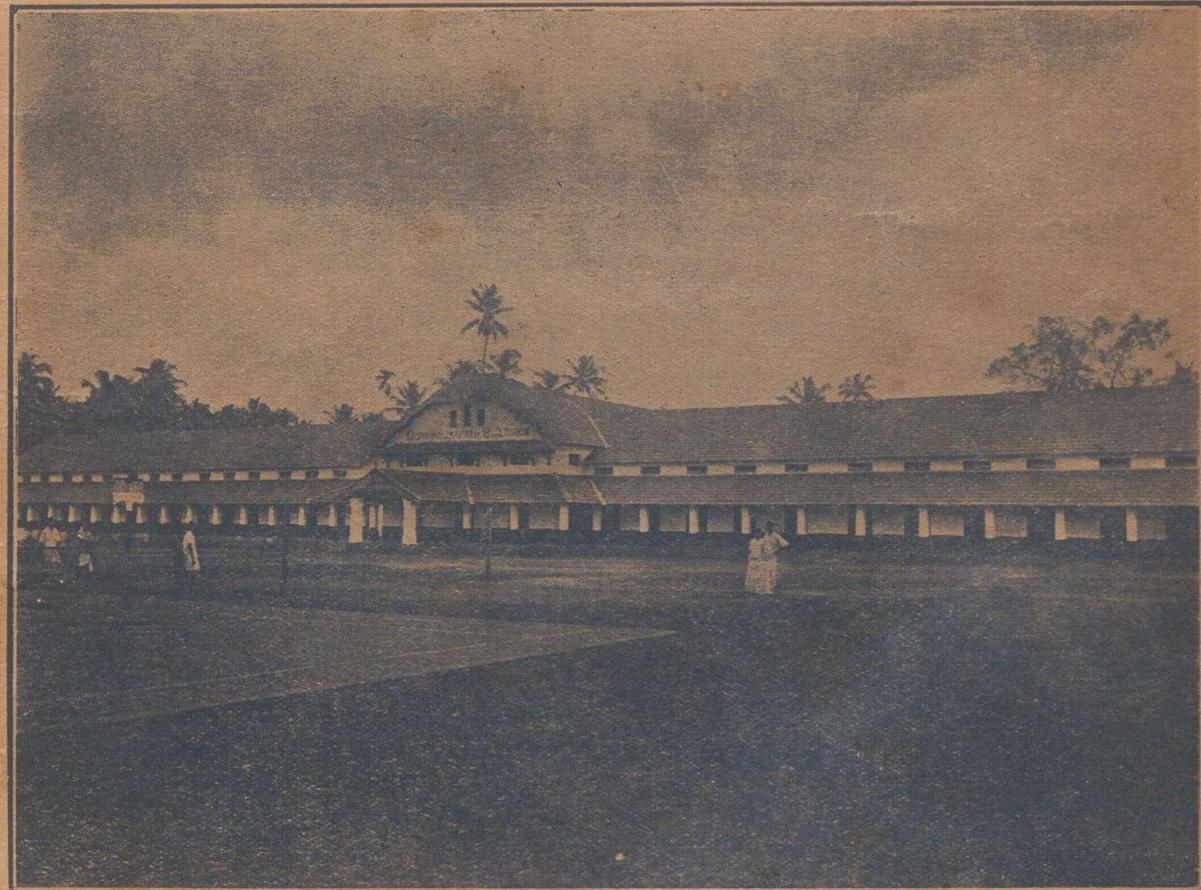
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VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER 1936.

No. 1.

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"Sacred is a gift from the young :  
Despise it not."

## **The Zamorin's College Magazine.**

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Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Erskine, with their host  
H. H. The Zamorin Rajah.

(By courtesy of *The Hindu*.)

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## H. H. The Zamorin Raja's Garden Party.

H. H. The Zamorin Rajah of Calicut had the honour of entertaining Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Erskine at a garden party in the Zamorin's College on the 7th November 1936. The premises of the College, on that day, presented a vision of dazzling splendour produced by the artistic and disciplined decorations, and enhanced by the presence of the distinguished gathering which the occasion had collected from all parts of the district. The weather, which at this part of the year is very uncertain and disconcerting, was on that day glorious. The lovely pavilion that had been specially constructed for sheltering the exalted guests of the evening from possible inclement weather was an object of wonder and admiration to all who beheld it. The colossal pandal that had also been put up out of respect for the vagaries of the weather was tastefully decorated. Mr. C. P. Raman Nair, who is on the staff of the college and whose talents in this line are well known, was in charge of the decorations, and for a whole week before the event he was waging a war without quarter with the monsoon. However, to the great joy of all concerned, on this occasion, the artist triumphed over nature. Even the shower of rain that fell at noon on that day and threatened to spoil the work of several weeks, was really of immense help in restoring freshness and fragrance to all the green stuff used in the decorations.

Their Excellencies spent about an hour and a half in the College and we have no doubt that they enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Among the amusements provided were various kinds of dances peculiar to Malabar. The party was a great success, and reminded many of those present of a similar event that had taken place at the College seventeen years ago, when His Excellency Lord Willingdon, who was at that time the Governor of Madras, and Lady Willingdon honoured the then Zamorin Rajah by their presence at the garden party given by His Highness.

K. S. K.

# Retrospect.

[We reproduce here a lecture delivered by Miss Subur K. Mugaseth M. A. (Oxon.), B. Litt., under the auspices of the College Senior Debating Society, on the 18th August 1936.—ED.]

I am afraid I must start on a warning note that my talk, not being on any particular topic is of a rambling nature. Trying to put down on paper some of the impressions I carried away with me, I came up against a particular difficulty; perhaps one can speak better of one's impressions about a country after a short rather than a long stay in it; for after a year or two a person gets accustomed to what struck her or him in the beginning as strange or novel, and one is rather apt to take things for granted. But one indelible impression I carried away with me from England is the Englishman's love of tradition; the average Englishman and Englishwoman follow certain ways of thinking and living, both in domestic and foreign happenings just because their fathers and their grandfathers before them had done so. This characteristic makes, on the one hand, for a certain stability, for which the Englishman is well-known; but on the other, it tends to that imperviousness to change, that inability to see another's point of view, of which there are many examples in England's history. Again, the Englishman lacks that critical spirit that is characteristic of the Frenchman. For instance, I have often been surprised when talking to friends there, about our own country, how unquestioningly they have accepted facts stated about India, just because they have been put forward by their countrymen for years. Their conservatism expresses itself in keeping up outworn customs and ceremonies, both in public and in private life, when the significance of these have long been forgotten. Anything new in politics, art or society, in the world of music or in the theatre, is approached very gingerly indeed. Thus London, one of the world's chief capitals, still suffers by its ugly nineteenth century houses, its narrow streets, when the Continental capitals have adopted the latest town-planning methods. To a great extent, this feature of English life has been due, in the past, to England's insular position. For centuries and even today, the French have had more in common with other Continental peoples, further away from them, than with their neighbours just across the Channel. The developments in science, and the aeroplane in particular, have, however, been chiefly responsible for the present-day trends in English life which are working against this conservatism and insularity. It is not without significance, that from the air high above the Channel, one can see both the chalk-cliffs of the south of England and the flat plains of the north of France, at the same time, whereas formerly, when crossing the Channel by steamer, France could not be seen till England had vanished in the distance behind. Again, in London more than in any other part of the country we see science bringing in the new beside the old. The latest scientific inventions are used to make life easier; homes are practically run by electricity—a great boon to the women. Traffic is controlled by means of automatic electric signs; fast-moving escalators take us down from street-level, many feet deep, with the minimum of human effort, to where the underground trains, whizzing past almost every minute, carry us to our destinations in double-quick speed. The net-work of telephone lines make distance seem of no account; and now television has come to bring the world to the Englishman's fire-side. But all these changes affect the

Londoner more specially than the man in the provinces or in the country. Life in the capitals of Europe is so very unlike life in the rest of the country ; it is not at all representative. The Londoner is usually the city type, with his bowler hat and his umbrella, who rushes to his office at eight and is back at six ; the man in the country in his slouched hat and homely clothes, has time for a leisurely chat. Nor can the citizens of London indulge in sport during the week, or enjoy a quiet walk in the evening, so that life in this great city, with its continual buzz of traffic, becomes a strain. Hence the exodus to the sea-side towns or to the country in the week-ends, when fast trains take eager crowds to enjoy the sunshine and the green fields in summer. At that time of year, the English country-side is indeed a beautiful sight ! The rich shades of green, the spreading trees, the lazy browsing sheep and well-fed cattle, make a more delightful picture than could be found in any other part of the world. But in winter one feels it is an entirely different country—the trees are quite bare, the green grass is dead and covered by white frost, and there is no living thing in sight for miles. Seeing the different seasons one understands why the weather is such a useful topic of conversation in English society. But in London the winter does not bring such a change, except in the parks. This is the season for the sights of which London has a great many—the British museum which is characteristically English, with its Reading Room stacked with books, arranged almost as they were in the last century ; the London museum, which contains in pictures, models, and archaeological remains, the whole history of London ; the Science Museum in Kensington, the National and Portrait Galleries, housing the originals of many famous master-pieces, are the most well-known among these. It is only of late that people have begun to realise the truly educative value of these museums ; formerly regarded as repositories of the nation's valuables, they are now crowded with visitors, eager to learn their country's history in pictures, portraits, characters and deeds, and appreciate the works of their great men of letters in manuscript. The proper organisation of museums, and the methods of attracting the public to them are well worth our studying. Particularly in a country as large as India where people of different provinces are not familiar with their neighbours' ways of living, well-arranged museums would go a great way in arousing that sense of interest and contact so necessary to us today.

If the Londoner spends his free afternoons in the museum, he seeks his evening's recreation in the theatre—a very essential part of London life, and a very delightful part of it too. In the summer, Shakespeare's plays are staged in the parks, "the Tempest", "A Midsummer Night's Dream", "Winter's Tale" could have no better setting than Regent's Park, with its beautiful green lawns. And in the winter, Shaw, Galsworthy, as well as the older and newer dramatists have their turn on the stage.

London's schools are the most progressive in the country; the children, sent to Elementary Schools from the age of four, leave for the Upper Schools about the age of ten. A great deal of attention is paid in these schools to developing the aesthetic sense of the students ; the walls of the class-rooms are decorated with pictures and flowers, and with the handiwork of the children ; music and dancing are a part of the regular curriculum, and in summer folk-dancing and rhythmic exercises outdoors give the youngsters the benefit of the sunshine and the open air.

London's University education similarly lays emphasis on the more modern subjects ; the London School of Economics, the School of Oriental Studies, the

various Engineering and Technical institutions, the Aeronautical School, supplement the academic and traditional type of education imparted in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. As the field of knowledge ever widens, the older nineteenth-century type of a liberal all-round education is being superseded by specialisation in particular branches. To this end, and to avoid overlapping, the Universities also work to a plan, which our Universities could usefully follow; thus, Oxford is the home of Literature and the Arts, Cambridge of Mathematics and the Sciences, London and Edinburgh of Medicine, Leeds of Education, and Birmingham, Sheffield and Manchester of the various branches of Engineering.

The Englishman plans his holiday as well as he plans his work. Except for the very poorest, life in England without the summer holiday is inconceivable. For weeks ahead the family plans for its trip, either to the country or to the sea-side, sometimes the old family-car, carefully put away for the rest of the year is brought out for the occasion and loaded with tents and holiday kit, besides its many occupants. Almost every beautiful spot in the country is well advertised, so that there is one to suit every pocket. Travelling is easy, for besides the criss-cross lines of railway, there are the well-known "Green-Line" coaches—huge, well-upholstered buses that run throughout the length and breadth of England—in the South to Devon and Cornwall, in the west to Wales and the Lake District, in the north to Scotland. To students of Shakespeare and the Lake poets—as all of you are—Stratford and the Lakes have, I am sure, the greatest attraction. Stratford-on-Avon, still an unspoilt little village by the river, is the resort of hundreds of tourists in the summer. There, throughout the season, from May to September, an excellent troupe of professional actors and actresses, sometimes helped by local talent, have for many years, staged the great dramatist's plays every evening in the week. The New Theatre, built in red brick, in place of the old wooden one recently burnt down by a disastrous fire, is the last word in modern architecture and in comfort and convenience. It is the largest in England, has a regular restaurant attached to it, and stands on the bank of the river, with well-laid-out gardens in front. Some distance away is Ann Hathaway's home, a tiny, picturesque, thatched cottage, with its old-fashioned furniture and its gardens kept almost as they were when Shakespeare courted Ann. The dramatist's own birth-place, the Grammar School he attended as a boy, the Church in which he lies buried are other places of pilgrimage for the Shakespeare-lover. And in a little garden beside the site of his own home, is displayed every flower mentioned in his play the original idea of an enthusiastic resident of Stratford.

But the Lake district rivals Stratford in natural scenery. Eleven gorgeous lakes like gems in the encircling purple-tinged mountains are one of England's beauty-spots. Wordsworth's own little home, kept today almost as it was a century ago, stands near the largest of these—Windermere. And for enthusiastic climbers, there is the ascent to Snowdon, the inspiration of so many beautiful passages in Wordsworth's poems. Travelling down south to Devon and Cornwall, we find very different scenery the typical English farmstead, no doubt familiar to all of you in your reading of English novels. The Englishman's enthusiasm for his pretty holiday resorts is indeed infectious—it reminded us Indians, that there are in our own country many more beautiful and inspiring spots, places of great historic interest, the remains of an ancient civilisation, waiting to be described to the outside world. And when we heard the guides speak with awe of castles two or three hundred years old, we thought of the temples of Madura and Trichinopoly and the Ajunta caves, hoary with age. The Englishman goes

further afield for his holidays. Scotland is the paradise of the sportsman and still further north, the Highlands and the Outer Hebrides are the delight of the photographer and the artist ; there nature shows herself—not fair and smiling as in the green country-side of the South but lovely and awe inspiring. Among the steep grey cliffs and the deep ravines only the sure-footed can find a living. Scotland is a poor country and the Scotchman has thus become hardy and shrewd, but his wonderful sense of humour—so conspicuous by its absence among his Southern neighbours makes him a very loveable character indeed.

England today strikes one as a prosperous country but one that is strangely blind to the difficulties ahead or the methods of solving them. Her standard of values struck me as particularly out of touch with life today. *e.g.* there is something curiously English about complimenting China by holding a huge exhibition of all the arts and crafts and cultural creations of that ancient and august civilisation, while allowing the country itself to be trampled over by the raiders and land-grabbers of Japan. There is in England a sense of satisfaction with what has been done and a disinclination to be up and doing. Across the Channel, on the other hand, there is a feeling of restlessness, a feeling that life cannot be taken in an easy-going fashion. France strikes one as a definitely poorer country—there is no one in French society that corresponds for example to the English country gentleman living a life of wealth and ease. Strangely enough perhaps the London to Paris trip by air brings out the differences in the two nations. Flying over England one sees long stretches of green, with here and there a clump of trees, well-wooded country on both sides of slow moving rivers, untouched by the axe or the plough ; once in France the contrast is striking. The country below looks like a chess-board of allotments, for it is divided into a multitude of strips, each with its own crop of grain, beet, hay or carrots, for the Frenchman is very industrious ; he prefers the more useful vegetable garden to pretty flower garden ; and unlike England where the farmer grows only wheat or barley or rye, and buys the rest of what he needs from the market, each French farmer tries to grow all he needs for his family and his live-stock. But as in England, so in France, the life of the capital is very different from that of the provinces. Paris is perhaps the most beautiful capital among the Western countries. It is a big but extremely well-laid-out city, with beautiful fountains, the river running through it, unlike the Thames, clear and deep spanned by seven great bridges. The best view of the capital is that from the top of the Eiffel Tower, a gigantic construction of steel girders that stands out among the towers of Paris. It is the city of historic recollections—in almost every street and square, bridge and place, events of a hundred years ago shaped the Frenchman's life today. Those who love art can find splendid treasures in the museums and galleries, specially Luxembourg and the Louvre. The Louvre is breathtaking in its size, it would need more than a week even to glance at its stupendous collection of masterpieces. In the Dome des Invalides rests the magnificent tower of Napoleon, the Captain of the men of Death ; and some distance away is the simpler but beautiful tomb of Louis Pasteur, the Captain of the men of Life. No other town can rival the wonderful collection of things in the shops of Paris—the delicate and costly lace made in various parts of the country, the finest muslins and cambrics, the brocades and velvets from Lyons, the cloths from Amiens, the clocks and jewellery from Paris itself. It is the town that sets the fashions of the world. In striking contrast to the Parisians are the French-man and the French-woman of the Provinces—industrious, simple in their ways of living, yet keenly interested in events not only of their own country

but other countries, they are very likeable people. Even if the visitor to France is handicapped by not knowing French, he feels more at home in France than in England—there is among the French a feeling of camaraderie (a French word for which there is no equivalent in English). Their system of education is well worth studying; the French child is taught to be self-determined, self-cultured and self-supporting. There is no corporal punishment in the schools for mistakes committed, but instead, an appeal to the child's sensitiveness. Vocational and academic courses are equally emphasised, and there are no class distinctions or religious distinctions in the schools. The number of French colonials living in France and the attitude of the French people to them are sufficient proof that the Frenchman is taught to look on his fellow men as brethren.

Very different however is the atmosphere in the neighbouring country across the Rhine. I visited South Germany shortly after the brutal clean-up of June 30th in 1934; in Berlin there was neither the *joie-de-vivre*, that joy in life which characterises the Frenchman, nor that more sedate but fairly easy and comfortable way of taking things that marked the Englishman; there was instead an atmosphere of suppression, of deep feelings, the furtive glance, the half-whispered word revealed the tension at which the Germans were then living. Of all the German towns Munich is the city for the learner, it contains some of the world's best museums, the science museum in particular is thrillingly interesting; there is the story of water-power traced right through the ages in huge working models, from the primitive water-wheel to the modern turbines. Similarly is illustrated the growth of speed in transport by land and sea. One of the objects proudly pointed out to us by the guide was the actual submarine used in the Great War which became so deadly a terror to the allies' shipping. This museum is a most fascinating place to wander in. Among Munich's other attractions are the two picture-galleries, the old Pinakothek containing pictures by artists to the end of the 18th century, and the new Pinakothek with the masterpieces of 19th century artists. South Germany is truly the home of German learning; Heidelberg is the seat of the oldest University in Germany, the University that for over five and a half centuries kept up a splendid tradition of learning, where the poorest student formed the largest element of the University. Before the Nazi rule it was one of the happiest cities in Germany, the student lived a far simpler life than in Oxford or Cambridge. Its professors were once drawn from among learned men of all countries, but today the walls of Heidelberg no longer echo to real student merriment, but to the *tramp tramp tramp* of hundreds of drilling feet and the cleverest among its scholars are in exile. There is a distinct difference between North and South Germany. The Prussian Northerner is more strenuous, less democratic, less easy-going and less tolerant of the ways of other people than his south German brother. And today it is the Prussian ideal of militancy that rules the German world. The schools in Germany today unlike those in France are part of the military machine; the naturally scientific bent of the German intellect is distorted and made to produce the astonishing Nazi racial theory. And the latest by way of educational scheme is the introduction of two Nazi sciences. Heavily subsidised by the Government they are entitled "Post-war Research" and "Research concerning Germany's Political leadership during the war". So far history has always been written of past events clearly viewed through the perspective of years. Today in Germany past history is being rewritten from the Nazi point of view and the present history of the Hitler movement is being written as though it had already been endorsed by the verdict of ages. It was a pity to see in Munich the great

opera-houses standing empty with doors closed for lack of musicians and artistes. Before the Nazi regime music and the theatre were regarded as part of education ; whereas in England only Londoners and the citizens of a few big towns had the chance of listening to good music, in Germany every little town had its municipal theatre with seats at very reasonable prices, most of which are now empty. Berlin the capital of the Reich is a comparatively new city ; it is not to Germany what London is to England or Paris to France. In Berlin today it is the rich industrial magnate that counts ; the engineering and ammunition factories work at full blast, while the opera-house stands empty. Formerly the old quiet German tradition was best studied in smaller towns like Weimar or Darmstadt or in one of the quieter university towns like Gottingen, Heidelberg or Jena-today these have nothing to contribute to the Nazi ideal of life ; they are dead and a feeling of heaviness, of something stifled, lies over all of them.

We were glad to leave the oppressive atmosphere of these towns and find freedom in the lovely little village of Oberammergau, nestling in the snow-clad Bavarian Alps—a unique spot in Europe. A tiny village of a few hundred souls, Oberammergau has a long unbroken history. Ever since its inhabitants, in the first quarter of the 14th century took the oath that if the plague, which was then ravaging the plains of Germany, did not attack them, they would enact the Passion of Christ once in every ten years, this custom has been steadily kept up. And during the long summer evenings, the villagers with genuine piety and rugged simplicity represent the Passion and death of Christ. It is not like a play on an ordinary stage,-but a religious ritual, which starts at eight in the morning, three times a week, and concludes at sunset. The part of Christ has for years been acted by members of the Lang family, and Anton Lang who took that part in the special Jubilee celebration of the Passion Play in 1934, has a face strikingly resembling that of Christ as portrayed in pictures of Him. All visitors to the village are put up for the night in the houses of the villagers themselves, as Oberammergau is free of hotels and lodging houses, and their only trade in the winter months is the making of those wooden clocks and toys which are characteristic products of the Black Forest and of Bavariaa. In summer the young men of the village cut very picturesque figures with their long flaxen hair—kept specially long for the Passion Play—and their velvet breeches. The visitor feels grateful that at least this little village has not fallen under the dictator's iron grip !

Having glanced at England, France and Germany, we could perhaps conclude our trip fittingly by a peep at Geneva. Nature seems to have specially chosen this Swiss town as the centre of the Western political world. Tucked away in the Swiss Alps, situated on the grand lake of Geneva, famous for the translucency and the blueness of its waters, Geneva has been so far the city of refuge, to which the persecuted fled, when intolerance drove them away from their own homes. Its population today is only half Genevan, the other half being foreigners. It is perhaps the one city in Europe where the inhabitants do not turn round to stare at a foreigner of whatever colour he may be ! So far no other city has such a history of open-hearted hospitality. In Switzerland, we see man's ingenuity rivalling Nature's. By the great feats of modern engineering, most of Switzerland's railways connecting her with other countries run through wonderful tunnels, made in the masses of the Alps. The Simplon tunnel, the longest of these, is twelve and a quarter miles long. While in the country itself, they travel chiefly by the loop railways and the numberless mountain-lines that climb over passes and up steep inclines to heights often above the clouds. It is delightful to

get a peep into the life of the mountains-folk, to see them in charge of the herds of cows, with their tinkling bells, to watch them making cheeses in the little huts, and carrying down great stacks of these to the markets below. It is touching to notice how every little scrap of land is made the most of, and how the little scrap of land is made the most of, and how the little bits of hay are collected in a net and carried to the loft to be stored for winter. The swiss are a hardy, thrifty race, life in the intense cold has made them strong and brave, less vivacious than the French, far more social than the English, they are a people whose own national characteristics help to make them international in spirit. Theirs is a beautiful country—dazzling white mountains stand against the bluest of skies, dark forests contrast with bright green meadows down the hill sides and reach to the shores of wide lakes of ever changing colour, purple, blue and green, and into the lakes pour the foaming white rivers. To leave the pure air, the grand views and the solemn stillness of the white world of the Swiss Alps is to come down again to the plains where men in Europe today are feverishly preparing to solve the world's troubles by the most bestial method in human history—war. Millions are being rushed into this whirlpool against their will. Today we see Germany arming feverishly, battleships and arms are valued more than bread and butter in that country, democratic France, on the other hand, is making strenuous efforts to do away with private profits in the armaments trade and nationalise it, Italy thinks she has secured a victory by defying all international morality, Spain is in the throes of a civil war; England still clings to her traditional role in world affairs. Each nation thus clearly reveals characteristic qualities of her people in the plans each is respectively making to face the future, but no country can solve her problems individually. It seems to me that only by understanding each other through the League of Nations, which for the present seems discredited, and the faithful discharge of their duties by all the member states of such a League can the world's problems be solved without war and nation speak peace unto nation.

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## An Appreciation.

[His Highness the Zamorin Rajah was graciously pleased to recognize the services rendered by Mr. C. P. Raman Nair and Mr. M. Gopalan, in connection with the Garden Party given to H. E. The Governor of Madras, by presenting them with Medals and *Onaputa*. The pleasant function was held in the Guruvayurappan Hall at 3-30 P. M. on the 20th November. His Highness, on arrival, was received by the Principal and the Secretary to the Board of Management and was conducted to the dais, the Boy Scouts of the College providing a guard of honour. Rising amidst cheers, His Highness delivered the short speech given below. The Eulogistic terms in which His Highness spoke of the work done by the two members of the Staff, and the public recognition of the same, were greatly appreciated by all the students and the members of the Staff of the College who had assembled in the hall on the occasion. Ed.]

GENTLEMEN,

I have requested you to assemble here this afternoon to enable me to discharge what I consider a pleasant duty. Mr. C. P. Raman Nair, drawing master and Mr. M. Gopalan, assistant drill master of this college, have placed me under a deep debt by the fine decoration work they did in connection with the recent visit of His Excellency the Governor. Every one who had the opportunity of looking at the finished pavilion and pandal in the College will agree that Mr. Raman Nair's scheme was a splendid idea. For myself, I must admit, I was much struck by it; and I heard others too speak enthusiastically of the taste and discernment he displayed in his design. The original frame-work and thatching of the structures were somewhat unpromising. The decorators had in the first place to mask the skeleton of dried up bamboos and cocoanut leaves. I think this was done in a most skilful manner. Then came the actual work of decoration. Mr. Raman Nair's scheme was simple and effective. With some yards of cloth and coloured paper and a few pieces of card-board, he transformed common-place structures into things of beauty. I noticed with pleasure that without sacrificing artistic appeal he had contrived to strike the note of loyalty suitable to the occasion. I am all the more struck when I consider the economy of the means and the materials employed. In other hands the scheme might have been more expensive and perhaps much less effective.

I believe it has cost Mr. Raman Nair and Mr. Gopalan several days of very hard work in discouraging circumstances. You may remember particularly that the weather was extremely disconcerting and sometimes spoilt much good work already done. But notwithstanding all difficulties, they went on cheerfully and enthusiastically and finished well, in time. I understand Mr. Raman Nair and Mr. Gopalan have been doing this sort of work year after year in the College as well as outside. Mr. Raman Nair has also done some notable paintings for the college. A good deal of this, I hear, is unpaid work. The artist is always in demand on public occasions. I realise that in a great many cases it is not possible to make a money payment for such services. This is just as well, for the teacher who does gifted work of this kind for his School is a gentleman who volunteers a labour of love, and our appreciation must necessarily take other forms than that of a cheque. I have been wondering how I might show my gratefulness in this case, and I have finally decided to present these gentlemen with medals suitably inscribed. I know that this is by no means adequate to the services they have rendered, but I beg them to accept these small tokens of my regard, such as they are, and I hope that they will continue to place their great gifts at the service of the College as unreservedly as they have always done.

# The Charm of the Betel.

[By Bhas.]

IT is surprising how the silliest of words or the silliest of phenomena may at times lead to the gravest of results. It has happened many a time before, as when the falling apple led Newton to the Law of Gravitation, or when the bathtub spurred on Archimedes to his famous principle. It happened now when my friend Mr. Aiyaraval advised me with a grin, "Try Betel for a week, Sir, and it will 'stick' to you for ever."

For I have been wondering for long how this most distasteful Betel could have become so exceedingly popular. I can appreciate the popularity of the ale which gives to hen-pecked husbands their happiest hour of life. I can understand the utility of the snuff, which is the most effective armour against the smell and dust of our Municipal roads. But all this time, the charm of the Betel was playing with me like an elusive elf and, thanks to my friend, I have now caught it by its horns. And I have come to know that the charm of the Betel lies in its 'sticking.' A little reflection on this strange proposition brings in its wake some very sweet memories about the sticking qualities of the Betel.

Of course, by 'sweet memories' I do not imply the picture of the Betel as a lip-'stick', which is memory, sweet to all of us, and not particular to me. Joan Crawfords and Greta Garbos will certainly get crazy when they see the lips of our Betel-using sisters, it being taken for granted that the lips are closed to conceal the teeth. The betel procures all the theatrical effect and adds to it by its appearance of natural bloom. But as I have said, the 'memories' I have alluded to are altogether of a different type.

For one thing, it takes me back to my school days. Days of hard schooling they were, and the modern spirit of revolt or spirit of liberty had not then dawned. The teacher was always regarded with awe as the fountain of all knowledge and the divine seat of judgement. Ink-bottle-rollings from the tops of galleries, or bombardments with paper-balls, were pastimes indulged in only much later, when we became gentlemen-students of the College. Mischiefous we were, but they were only the silent mischiefs of cowards, terrified at the sight of the much-worn-out cane, but unable, still, to contain for long that innate thirst for mischief, so natural to boys.

Of all my teachers, the picture of 'Bahli', as we used to call him, looms out conspicuous. The picture of the protruding fibre of his 'catch-worthy' check coat, changed only on the Inspection-day, is fast fading out of memory. The clean-shaven head and the unshaven face, the eagle eye and the parrot's nose, which troubled us every night in our dreams, are also being gradually erased from the mind. But withal, those ruby lips issuing forth a perennial jet of fire-like stream, form even now a clear and striking picture. And I now realise that what made this picture 'stick' to the mind was nothing but the 'sticky' Betel.

We were much more afraid of Bahli's words than his cane. The torrent of words always flooded our face with a spray of crimson. It was no use hiding behind his back, for his was a highly efficient automatic revolving machine which would shoot in any direction. One day he was giving me a sermon on how to

keep note books beautiful, and at the end of it, I recollect with hilarity, the open face of my book looked so beautiful indeed, that my elder sister exclaimed what a pity they could never get blouse-pieces of that pattern in any of the shops. Yet, he was undoubtedly the teacher who has taught me best, and pondering over the special attributes which made him so, I find again the importance of the fact that the Betel 'sticks'. In fact, those beautiful crimson drops were drops of knowledge which, once they stick, stick for ever. How much do I repent now that I had not some more teachers of that mettle. The Reformists deplore that the standard of education is fast decreasing. 'Why'? Have they ever enquired? "Too complex", they say. No, it is too simple. Make it a rule that all teachers must use the Betel before they come to the class, and just see how the wonder works.

Equally sticky is the image of Pittu, the popular musician of our Kuppam village. I remember my first meeting with him. First of all, I experienced something like an earth-quake tremor and looking round saw some 'motionless cloud' majestically approaching me. And lo! the wonder of it, nearer and nearer it came and suddenly became invisible, or rather, the visible remains of the 'cloud' stretched beyond the narrow range of human vision. It was only when the cloud emanated a low thundering sound that I looked up and saw the broad red band of a rain-bow, with a streak of lightning interposed, and illuminating the dark landscape. It was some time before I came to myself and realised that it was only Pittu standing before me with his genial smile.

I admire fat people. I love them with all the tenderness I am capable of. I really envy them for their geniality and look of satisfaction. The fat man after his meal is, I should say, the symbol of contentment. But if the fat man has also just finished his betel-dose, I should simply fall head over heels in love with him. I used to gaze on our Pittu for hours at a stretch, with all the intent gaze of a lover. And it was once while I was thus gazing on, that I learned something more about the 'stick' of the Betel. He was teaching his pupil, and all on a sudden came to me the revelation why Pittu was acclaimed as the best music-teacher, and why he took only a very short time to instruct his pupils. His methods were, I found, novel and more direct. In general the 'Saptaswaras' and similar elements of music have got to travel in wave-form to the ears of the pupil, thence to the brain and back to his throat, emanating similar waves. This is rather circuitous. Pittu had found a short-cut. With his massive lungs he projected a real stream full of 'saptaswarams' and the like, which travelled straight through the open mouth of the pupil to his throat, and thus laid a fine deposit of music. Thus the music which Pittu taught was something concrete. It is matter which exists, and which can be seen, smelt or touched.

The scientists have carried out researches on various mediums like air, ether, and water. Let them also devote their attention to the problem of the Betel as a medium of instruction, for music and allied subjects. Pittu may be consulted on the matter for expert advice. Somehow I have got a presentiment that the research will yield wonderful results.

# LOVE.

**I**N these days, when one hears the word "love", one interprets the word in its narrowest sense ; that is to say, the first meaning that strikes people is what may be called sex-love. But let us take it in its broad sense.

The fundamental characteristic of love is that it binds the souls of two individuals for all time, notwithstanding the whims and caprice of the objects of love. Such a love is true love. That love which is affected by time and circumstances is not worth that name.

The first love that human beings experience is affection for those who are the source of their being. Instinctively the child loves its mother first, and its father next. In point of innocence this is the sublimest love. Though naturally a savage by temperament, the child cannot live without loving its mother. It cannot rest contented without even seeing her. As it grows older the child becomes more and more familiar with its father, and, by and by, when it is able to run about and play it begins to admire and love nature, which keeps the child intimately attached to itself by its beauty. The sense of play makes children love one another.

With passing years this love becomes more and more universal. The sphere of love expands in various directions and this expansion is the basis of affection, faithfulness, obedience, kindness and kindred virtues.

Even dutifulness has its origin in love. Love for our parents prevents us from disobeying them. Similarly love for friends compels us to act in a particular manner. So, naturally, a kind of rule arises in regard to our behaviour to the objects of our love and this rule is really dutifulness.

As has been said above, it is love that makes one kind, charitable, affectionate, and even, polite. Social customs spring out of love ; but they are somewhat dissipated offspring of love. Because social customs mostly are nothing but external display of familiarity.

As to the cause of love we can give no definite argument. There are some innate faculties in man, one of which, by chance and circumstance, takes the form of love. This is all what we can say. But as to the quality and greatness of love much can be said. It is due to love and love only that many of the various functions of mankind are carried out. It is the soul and beauty of life. The universe itself depends upon love, and it will be in vain that the Almighty has created nature, if love is absent.

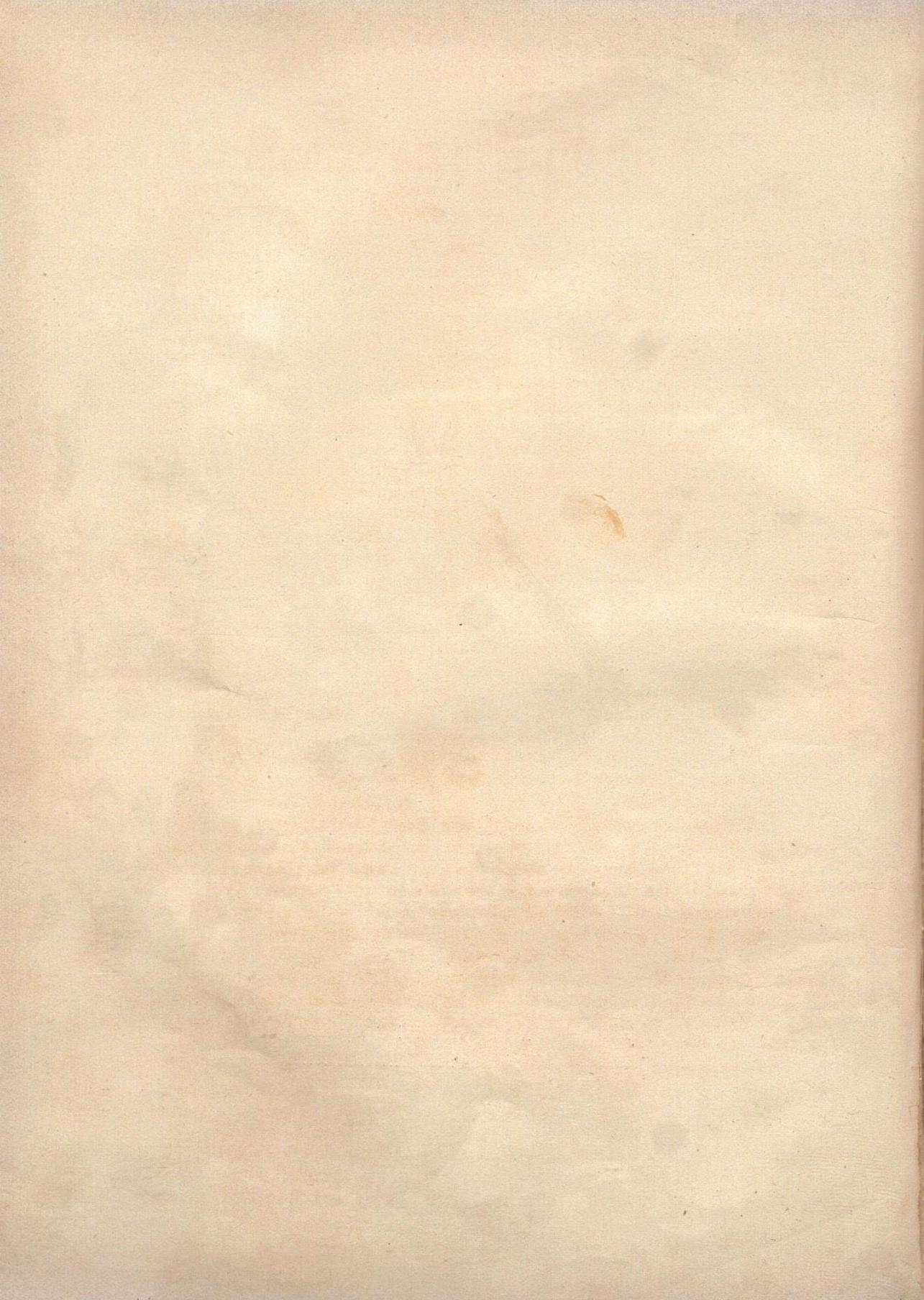
Patriotism and Philanthropy are the effects of love. But it would be tedious to explain each of them in detail here. It is sufficient to say that love is all-important to all living creatures, and for the progress of the world.

K. S. SUBRAMANIAN,  
(*Fifth Form.*)



'My daughter ! O my ducats ! O my daughter !  
Fled with a Christian ! ....

(By Joseph Pavamani.)



# Sublime Thoughts.

THE possibility of world peace has been a matter of contemplation in many spheres of human action. Experiments are still being carried on in the different political laboratories of many nations. But their attempts have so far proved futile. People are apt to consider that world peace is impossible. Yes, it will be impossible to those who have not analysed the present social and political structure of the world and discovered its defects.

"God made the country and man made the town", is a well-said proverb. But I have to make a slight alteration to this time-honoured well-established theory. Our world as it now stands is more the creation of man than of God, *i. e.* nature. Our society has not cared to study nature and her doings. Everything we see around us, and with which our life is so closely associated is artifical and is, as a matter of fact, a product of the crooked brain of some human agent. Our houses, theatres, parks, offices, educational institutions, our factories, work-houses, all owe their existence to the talents of man. We do not imitate the dumb creations of nature, animate and inanimate, in the matter of our worldly existence. How happily does a lion or an elephant spend its days in the wilderness in different parts of the world! How beautiful is a majestic mountain, and a roaring river. Nature, sublime as she is, is not confined to any of her individual possessions. Everything is universal. They enjoy international brotherhood.

But our life is restricted to the narrow limits of our possessions. The whole world is politically divided, in spite of its physical divisions. These are again divided and again and again until, in the end, we get small pieces of land as individual possessions, some large and others small. "Might is right" is the law governing this division and possession. This unequal possession of land individually and collectively has brought about collision between man and man, in the past and at the present time. This will continue unless the unjust division stops and people gain equal rights on land.

Again another point that retards world peace is the defect in the construction of our society. The principle of present social division is based on class, caste, and race. All the present-day social laws are based on this fallacious division. It is a violation of nature's law *i. e.* the uniformity of nature. It is a sin sinned by humanity in general. After all what are we? Nothing but part and parcel of Divine Nature. There is nothing peculiarly strange between man and man to classify him as a Muslim, or a Hindu, or a Christian. This superficial difference is only man-made, adding insult to injury. Friction between labour and capital, between one race and another, is all due to this unjust classification. To follow nature and study her doings is the only solution for human beings to get out of this mess.

We hear of so many forms of government at the present day. There is Democracy in Britain, Fascism in Italy, Nazism in Germany, Imperialism in Japan, Bolshevism in Russia. We have not exhausted the list. There are Communism, Socialism, and other forms of government also in other parts of the world. What do all these governments aim at? What will be the ultimate result of this? While some governments gain a momentary foot-hold in a particular country, another has its downfall in another country. Revolution makes and unmakes governments.

There is no country with a permanent government and perfect peace. What is wanted is the right form of Government and that for the whole world, *the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World*, as the poet envisaged it. There is always the possibility of war and strife between different nations as long as we hesitate to advance to this objective. Selfishness must die if peace is to live.

C. KRISHNANKUTTY MENON.

(First year class).

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# My Maiden Speech.

A voluntary request to be allowed to speak in the next debate was a sensational event in the whole history of our Debating Society, the usual practice being for the Secretary to go round and coax a number of his chums to make an effort. What prompted me to muster courage to make a debut on the platform was at first a puzzle even to me. But a careful analysis of my feelings has provided me with a clue. The elocution competitions and the prizes awarded for proficiency in public speaking must have had something to do in the matter.

The subject of the debate was Capitalism *versus* Socialism. I was not particularly in favour of either, in so far as my knowledge of both amounted to very little. However, I thought that the immense popularity of the latter in itself ought to be sufficient guarantee for its sterling worth. I was spared the trouble of getting myself entangled in this most intricate net-work of—*isms* by the timely help rendered to me by a Congress friend of mine in the shape of "a few points" on Socialism (covering only a few pages). Fortified with this formidable weapon I repaired to the scene of wordy warfare.

To enter the Lecture Hall is quite easy but to secure a seat is a different matter, for both the extremities of the benches would be occupied by persons who would tolerate none to secure the vacant seats between them. A few of the back seats being almost deserted, I deposited myself in one of them, and abandoned myself to tricks like bombarding my neighbours with paper-balls and pinning placards of "Fools" on the shirt collars of those in front of me. To enlighten the uninitiated I shall permit myself the liberty of explaining that these are only a few of the most innocent sources of amusement practised by us—University gentlemen.

Loud and long hand-clapping and desk-thumping announced the arrival of the President. He was none other than one of our own Lecturers, and it was not the first or even the second occasion on which he had graced our debates by presiding over them in the course of this year. But in my opinion he is cent per cent more deserving of this honour than many of the lawyers who seem to monopolise the privilege of presiding over meetings as an additional practice.

The evening's programme commenced with the President's opening speech, which he closed as soon as he had opened it, reserving whatever he had to say for his concluding speech; and we already knew that what he reserved was a polite apology for dispersing the meeting without troubling an audience, already impatient for their evening tea. I saw the first speaker speak. I say, I saw, because the vibrations of his lips were the only intimation that he was speaking. 'Louder pleases' and 'Beg your pardons' proving to be utterly ineffective in stirring to activity the cold bloodedness of the speaker, the audience gave themselves up to pleasanter pursuits. The next speaker was of an entirely different calibre. His speech was a very lively one, for his performance on the platform would have put to shame even master pugilists. He seemed to be engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with capitalism personified. Many of us anxiously watched for the moment when the platform would give way under his gymnastic performances. The President was in a state of constant terror of getting his spectacles knocked off, due to the fantastic activity of the speaker's hands.

I was enjoying this rare performance when a fresh batch of students arrived and by erecting an impregnable human barrier on the desk in front of me, effectually cut me off from the rest of the house. Of course, there is nothing in a debate to be seen, you may say, but we University gentlemen think differently. Also it is not at all pleasant to sit behind a human wall, blind to the lively proceedings on the platform in front of you. I was steadily swallowing my resentment at this outrageous behaviour when a 'snuff-storm' descended on me, the breeze blowing in my direction, reducing me to a state of suffocation. Then it was that the President called upon me to have my say.

Thus it was with streaming eyes and glowing nose that I presented myself on the platform. Every time I attempted to begin I was seized with a fit of coughing and sneezing, and the audience like-wise seemed to be all at once attacked by the same malady. "Respected President, University ladies and gentlemen," I began, when several 'once more pleases' interrupted me. I was rather ruffled at this super-enthusiastic reception of my well-intentioned address. On a previous occasion the audience had stoutly opposed a speaker who had the audacity to address them as "dear boys and girls" and a gentleman standing on tip-toe struggling hard to keep his head above the level of the desk-top had demanded an immediate withdrawal of that rash remark plus an apology for having made it.

The neat little introductory speech I had studied by heart had by this time evaporated from my head. As a last resource I pulled out the scroll containing "a few points on Socialism," from my pocket, unfurled it, cleared my throat, looked as defiantly as I could at the audience under those perverse circumstances and, being sure of my ground now, without hesitation started reading out:—

"Long long ago, when the world was young, there lived in the city of Bagdad".

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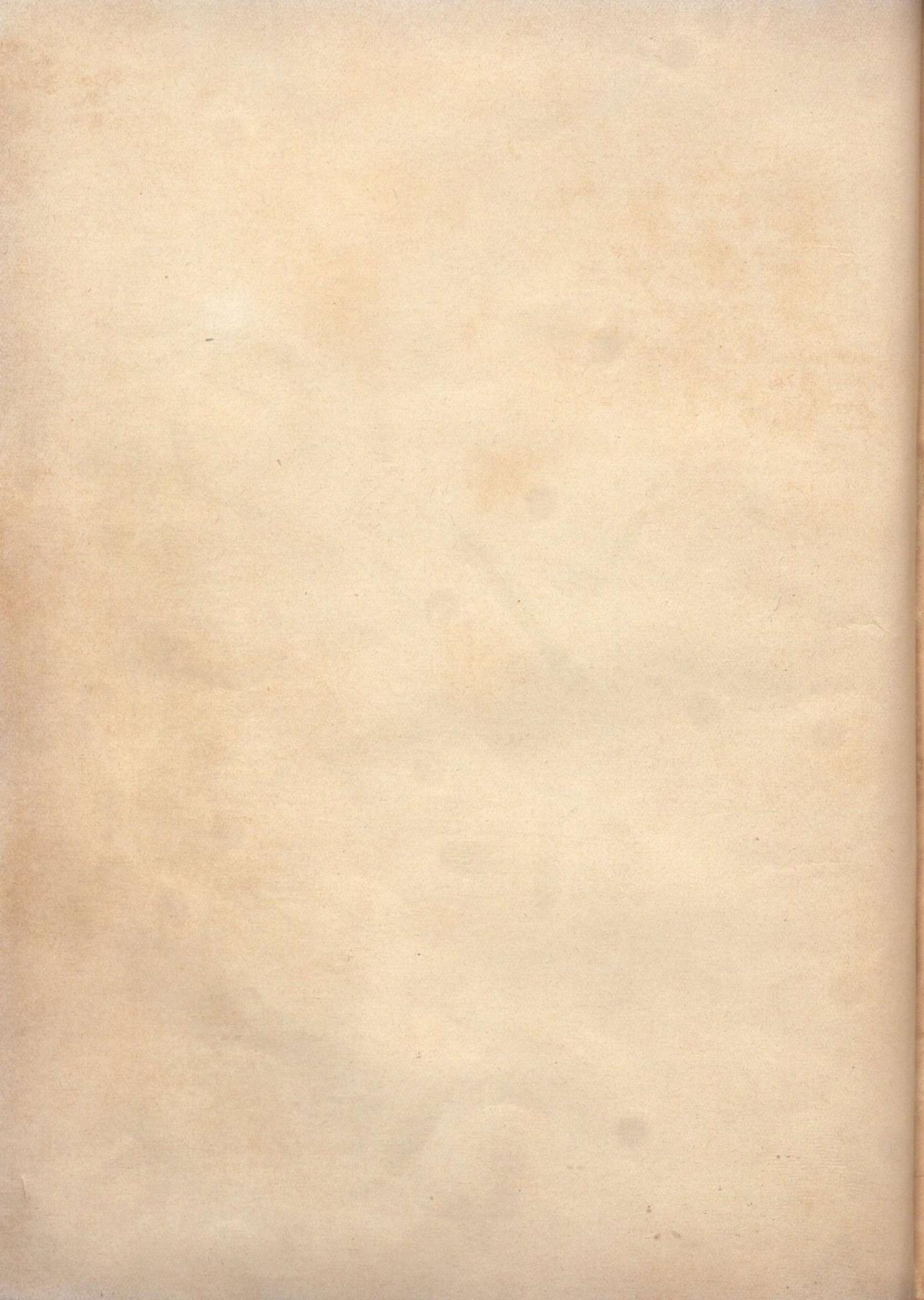
I have a faint recollection of shouts of *stop him! He is mad, stop, stop him!* following me, as I rushed out from the Lecture Hall and darted off to take refuge in the nearest tea-shop. When I had safely hid myself in the innermost room of that establishment, the first thing I did was to examine that fatal roll of papers, and to my great mortification I found that the handwriting on the first page was entirely different from that of the rest. I remembered to have left the roll of papers inside my desk during the whole of the fore-noon. When I pictured to myself some of my comrades chuckling to themselves in great glee at my expense nothing but cup after cup of hot tea and plate after plate of chops could keep down my rising rage against society in general and our Debating Society in particular.

VIJAY,  
(First year class)

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Marayanan  
Nambudripad



# Is not the Slaughter of Animals for food Cruel?

[We thank the President and the Secretary of the S. P. C. A., Calicut, for their kind permission to print this article in the College Magazine. This essay was written by the author for the annual essay competition held by the S. P. C. A. This year he was awarded the prize.—ED.]

THE most important of the moral qualities that distinguish a human being from a brute are tenderness, gentleness, sensibility, mercy, and compassion. A man of good morals will readily admit that beings inferior to himself, in the respective ranks of creation, are entitled to a strong claim upon his kind attention for their protection and prosperity. Animals are inferior to us and therefore it is the birthright of every animal to look upon man for his personal care of itself and its protection, and in his turn, it is the duty of every human being to look after the welfare of the poor animals. Is it by killing and eating them that the Lords of Creation should do their duty towards the poor dumb creatures? Is it fair to reward those who plead for mercy and protection at our hands with cruelty and torture? Animals come to us expecting care and protection and we strike them. How cruel and treacherous of man! And those who refuse to concede the claims of the helpless can hardly hope to receive justice or mercy for themselves.

"If there is one thing more than another", says Mrs. Annie Besant, "that stirs the heart of every right-feeling man or woman, it is the suffering of the helpless who cannot plead for themselves, the suffering of the child in the human, or the animal in the lower world".

This statement is true to the very word, nay, even to the very letter. Can there be anything more touching and appealing to a merciful and tender heart than the painful, pitiable cry of agony of the poor innocent animals, when they see death in the form of cold steel in the bloody hands of those to whose care they had submitted themselves for safety, staring at them full in the face? The poor lamb,—that embodiment of innocence and peace, frolics round the man, who, the very next moment, turns out to be its slaughterer. Little does it think those hands which fed it would smite it. Little does it know that the feeding was done not out of a feeling of tenderness, but out of the desire which has for its origin human selfishness to keep it fat till man finds it his pleasure to kill it and eat it. Till the last moment, the lamb believes itself safe in his hands; but when the sharp steel descends upon its throat it realizes how vain its hopes had been. It struggles for freedom, it cries pitifully, its round glassy eyes almost protrude out of their sockets for fear of being killed; but all to no avail. The slaughterer has no eyes to see all these. That savage desire in him to kill the poor creature and eat its flesh does not allow him to see all these. It turns him deaf and he hears not its pitiful pleading for mercy, but it sends the uplifted knife at the throat of the poor thing and the man gloats over the warm red blood, very much of the same composition as that which runs in his veins. How cruel, how treacherous of man to kill the poor innocent thing for his own momentary pleasure.

Hundreds of thousands of cattle are butchered every day in the big markets of the world for food. But not even a single soul of the flesh-eating population of the world stops to think to what extent those poor animals had been of use to him.

They till the soil for him, they carry loads for him, they supply him with foods tuffs like milk, butter and buttermilk. But in the end what reward do they get from man for all the services? Death and cruelty. In his savage desire to satiate his momentary pleasure man forgets all these services and slaughters them thousands at a time, and eats their flesh. Very grateful of him indeed! He justifies his actions by blindly believing that he has a right to kill them for food since it is he that fed them. How absurd. If we feed them they owe us their services but not their flesh and blood; we feed our children, we claim them to be ours but we are not brutal to them. Must we be so to animals? Man is in no way to take undue advantage of the defenceless condition of animals. Their very defenselessness should make him realize that they are committed to his most tender care.

"To kill animals for food is against the good laws of love." But a very large section of the population of the world today may rise against this sort of arguments and say "why, we cannot live without anything to eat. We must either eat vegetables or meat. The scientists of today have proved beyond doubt that plants are also animate." The reasoning is all right. But one ought to take great care in employing reason to investigate into moral laws, for in the field of morals reason alone is insufficient to distinguish between their right and their wrong." "The rules that form the basis of private morality" says Hazlitt in his criticism on the character of Burke, "are not founded in reason, that is in the abstract properties of those things which are the subjects of them, but in the nature of man and his capacity of being affected by certain things from habit, from imagination and sentiment as well as from reason. Man is no doubt a creature of reason but in him there are also qualities like imagination, compassion, passion, sensibility and feeling. In determining the validity of moral laws all those qualities are of immense help to him. The field of reason is very limited. A great many cases may arise when it is absurd to establish moral laws by employing reason alone, and on such occasions these qualities alone can distinguish the right from the wrong, the natural from the unnatural. We bitterly weep when one whom we love passes away. In this case our reason clearly says it is of no use to weep, weeping cannot restore the dead. Yet we weep. Why do we do that? Because it is natural, because it is irresistible, because we have passion in us, because we are beings of sensibility and feeling. We love our wives and children not because they are any the better than others, but because we have a sort of natural affection for them. By some unknown law which has its origin in imagination, in feeling, in passion, and in habit we are fondly attached to them. A man of reason will very wisely tell us that it is foolish and unreasonable to love our wives and children in as much as there are others who are better than the objects of our affection. But our love is not for those who are better. I have said so much only to illustrate that tender and refined qualities like imagination, feeling, sensibility and compassion are of use in the determination of moral laws, and it is upon this principle that I oppose those who find no objection in killing animals for food. Any action that leads to the entire suppression of the natural qualities of the human mind tends to harden the heart and make us callous. Callousness breeds cruelty. If feeling can be used to distinguish between the cruel and unkind without the least hesitation can I say that it is cruel to kill an animal. The pitiful cry of an animal, its timid look, the fear that glazes its eyes, the sight of blood and the agony of death, all these have an indescribable influence upon a heart of flesh and blood, so much so our heart rebels at the sight of slaughter and each time a man butchers an animal he has to fight

and subdue his own conscience. He has to fight and subdue all these tender qualities of the heart. He has to fight and subdue all the inner voice of his soul—Lo it is your own fellow-creatures that you kill.” But in cutting down a plant even the most sensitive mind is not the least perturbed by any scruple of unkindness.

In all religions the love of animals for man and of man for animals has found due place and fit consecration. In Hindu Mythology they have the Sacred Bull, The Sacred Buffalo, The Sacred Peacock etc., etc., In Christianity the lamb typifies the Redeemer. It is to safeguard animals that these means are employed by religion. Animals are our own kith and kin.

That the lion kills the stag, that the cat kills the mouse, for food is not an excuse for man to kill and eat animals. At any rate man is supposed to be higher than animals, and if he justifies himself by the plea that what he does the animals are also doing, what difference is there between man and the brute?

Man may think that whatever he inflicts upon the poor animals there is none to question him. “But”, says a great teacher, “The good law, in its majestic march breaks up slowly but surely all that is against love. Be not deceived: God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap.”

Not only does the vast animal suffering recoil on man to the full, but his own path to the highest is blocked: for the only true religion is love which cannot flow into his heart till cruelty ceases to exist.

“Master of wise and loving lore,  
Give us the open mind,  
To know religion means no more,  
No less than being kind.  
Give us the mind to know our kin,  
That dwell in flock and herd,  
The heart to fight man’s shameful sin,  
Against the beast and bird.

“All life is one in essence”. The day when the savage tendency in man to kill and eat his fellow-creatures is swept away by a feeling of brotherhood, of equality, of love and mutual help, that day will find the whole world encircled by a light of peace. That day will the whole atmosphere be filled with the warbling music of the Angel of Peace singing, “Peace be on earth among mankind”. On that day will the cloud of hate that drives to war melt away like morning mist and animals become, as they were meant to be man’s friend. Then will not those whose lips are stained with blood hinder the evolution of the world.

K. RAMACHANDRA MENON.

(Second Year Class).

# Habits.

**H**ABIT can be defined as thought in action. It is the visible expression of the mental working of an idea. Naturally it makes a lasting impression on the life of an individual.

It has been often said of writers that *style is the man*. For in expressing himself in words even on impersonal subjects, the writer is often forced to portray his own characteristics. So too with habits. They are an asset to an individual and vice versa.

Good habits like good writing win for the possessor friendship, sympathy, and company. So it is but just that one should be careful in one's habits, always putting one's thoughts in the path of virtue, so that good habits may be brought forth.

Two of the most important requirements for the origin, promotion and progress of good habits are the company of good books and good friends. In youth when the mind is both plastic and elastic, one should centre one's attention only on the fountain whose noble waters will give one vitality to lead and live a noble life.

“The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.”

If we disobey this golden maxim we shall have to go to our graves as Sir Walter Scott said “unhonoured, unwept and unsung.” One of the ideals, on which this huge edifice of education is built up, is to ennable the character and habits of the young aspirant.

It behoves, therefore, one and all of us to inculcate in our own persons, to saturate our own minds with all that is best, both past and living, so that in our daily habits, in our different walks of life, we may be models of virtue and leave to posterity a rare legacy to copy and to perpetuate the hoary traditions of our old civilization.

S. V. SHENOY.  
(First year class)

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## Number 13.

CLOSE to the road stood the gigantic wall. Surrounded by this was the tall building. Its quietude and vastness made it a terror to those living within. One of them appeared to be moving to and fro in one part of the building. As his hands and legs were manacled it was manifest that he was a prisoner and not an ordinary one, but a great criminal. Eager minds were anxiously watching the course of his trial which created a great sensation. But contrary to the expectations of the public the examination of the witnesses for the prosecution was not finished that day and the case was adjourned. There was not sufficient evidence for a conviction, and the police had tried their utmost to squeeze out the truth from the accused. The accused was taken back to his cell.

He was musing with half-closed eyes when, suddenly, the Jailer opened the cell door and thrust in another prisoner. Threatening the newcomer with the whip in his hand and thundering words, the Jailer marched out of the room and locked the door. The accused was first surprised, then grew slightly restless, and finally became filled with joy at the human companionship granted to him. Loneliness and uncertainty were preying upon his mind. He was very much pleased to have a companion to talk to and sympathise with.

The first prisoner, known among the Jail authorities as No. 13, (that being the number of his cell) and his new companion became firm friends, and they entered into an interesting conversation which almost seemed to be a conspiracy. No. 13 entirely exhausted all his adventures in robbery and confided to his friend all his crimes with full details, and they both even began to discuss plans of escape. The night was far advanced when the two prisoners thought of turning in. Soon they fell asleep. Early in the morning, when he woke up, No. 13 found himself alone. He thought that the authorities had dragged his companion to work in the Jail premises. He heartily thanked them silently for leaving him undisturbed in those cold morning hours. After a few hours No. 13 was taken again to the court under police guard. A large crowd was present as it was a sensational murder case which had caused a great stir among the people. The accused entered the dock, and when questioned, he denied all the charges brought against him. Then, suddenly, a police officer took his place in the witness box and when the prisoner looked at this witness he got the shock of his life. The new witness was the very same man to whom the poor wretch had confessed all his crimes the previous night. This officer was his previous night's fellow-prisoner and companion. The officer gave the court a full account of the crime of the accused. After this there was no attempt at defence. No. 13 was sentenced to be hanged.

E. P. KESAVAN KUTTY.  
(First Year Class.)

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# Success.

In an obscure corner of Mylapore, there stood the house of Ramachandran, a poor teacher in the local High School. Ramachandran had two children, Ramu and Sita. The head of the family was thinking of retiring from service, when to the great misfortune of the other members, he suddenly retired from the world!

The family consisting of the poor widow and her two children had to shift to TIRUR, as a measure of economy, since they had a house of their own there.

Ramu had passed his B. A. before his father's death and had joined the Post Graduate Course in the Presidency College.

Sita was a pretty girl of fourteen. Loyal and affectionate, she had been the favourite of her father. When the family moved to Tirur, she joined the local High School.

The death of Ramachandran was the fore-runner of many misfortunes that overtook the family. Ramu, to the surprise of all who knew him, failed in his examination. When the results were published at the Senate House, he saw his name supported by two thick red lines! Many of his friends had passed. His failure stung him to the quick. The thought of his poor mother struggling bravely to make both ends meet, brought hot tears to his eyes. Funds had to be found for the marriage of Sita, which must take place in the next marriage season. For the first time in his life, a sense of responsibility came to Ramu's mind, and he felt crushed.

Ramu resolved to devote all his time and all his energies to his studies, and try to wrest from the University the laurels it had cruelly denied him. He wrote his name in bold letters on a piece of paste board, underlined it with red ink and stood the pasteboard on his table in front of him as a constant reminder of what he had to do. It stood there like Fate and goaded him to work incessantly.

He began to work hard, very hard, sitting up often till four or five A. M. He had no other thought than his examination. What was his aim? It was not to obtain a mere pass, but a high First Class. He began to neglect his family. His letters to Tirur became rare. To all the letters of his mother and sister, his answers were brief and far between. The examination, and nothing but the examination, held his mind and soul.

He often worked for fifteen hours a day. He read book after book on 'Constitutional History', until he appeared to his friends, like the shadow of Hallam. His table had to support dozens of books on history and politics. He finished more than a third of the contents of the University Library in the departments of history, economics, and politics. His pockets were full of notes, outlines and extracts. His little room had the appearance of a secondhand book shop and manuscript museum.

Ramu had only ten weeks for the examination. He increased his hours of work to eighteen, sometimes twenty, a day. He grew pale and haggard looking. But he did not care for his body or anybody in the world. The 'fast approaching examination, excluded all other thoughts.

All this time things had been happening at TIRUR. Ramu's mother first felt injured at the indifference of her son. The sense of injury gave place to grief, and



Passer-by:—What are you doing ?

Man on the tree:—I am committing suicide.

Passer-by:—Then tie the rope round your neck.

Man on the tree:—I shall be strangled.

(By K. R. Ganapathi.)



finally to alarm, at Ramu's total neglect of his mother and sister. What with Ramu's education in Madras, and the home expenses at TIRUR, the widow was at her wit's end, to face the new situations. A new problem confronted the poor widow. Sita fell into a galloping consumption. And now her mother had to meet another item of expenditure also. Between Ramu's indifference, and Sita's illness, the poor mother felt overwhelmed. Misfortunes never come single. In the beginning of March, Sita died in the hospital, to which she had been removed. When Ramu was informed of the sad event, all the response it evoked was a post card with the single line :—

'Examination beginning on the 20th inst.'

The first anniversary of the death of Ramu's father fell on the 18th March, and Ramu's examination would commence on the 20th. To the letter asking Ramu to come home for the ceremony, he replied that he would arrange with a priest to have the ceremony performed at Madras. His mother was shocked at the callous indifference of her son. It was the 15th of March. Ramu was working hard—very hard. He had thoroughly mastered all his subjects. It gave him great joy to know that he had mastered the 'French Revolution', and that he could reproduce every sentence in Rosebery's 'Pitt'. His waste paper basket was full of letters from home !

Unable to bear the shame, humiliation, and grief, consequent upon her son's conduct, the poor widow fell into a rapid decline. There was no one to attend on her except one or two charitable neighbours, who came as often as they could. The great 'event of the examination' came and went. Ramu felt supreme satisfaction, because he had done remarkably well, and he remained another week in Madras waiting for the results to be announced.

On the ninth day after the examination the results were published, and to his great joy, Ramu's name stood at the top of those who were placed in the First Class. Ramu was over-whelmed with joy. He felt as a childless man feels when a son is born to him, late in life.

He came to his lodge, packed all his things 'for his homeward journey'. He engaged a taxi, and at 8 P. M. found himself in a third class compartment in the Malabar Express. The train reached Tirur the next day at 9-58 A. M.

He got down from the train, engaged a jutki, and in a few minutes he stood before his house. The door was ajar. He slowly opened it wide. It was almost dark inside. He rushed into the house saying, "mother, distinguished success this time and First in the First Class"! Was there any response ?

In a corner of the room, there was a wooden cot, and on it was stretched the body of a woman with a smile on her face !

T. J. JAMBUNATH.

(Second Year Class.)

## Witchcraft.

THE silvery white beams of the moon filtered through the thick foliage of the forest, and fell upon the face of a youth who was asleep on a bed of grass in a cave. Suddenly he awoke and looked around. He heard the sound of a man snoring at the farther end of the cave, where the moonlight did not penetrate. A look of despair and fear passed over his face. He felt for his rifle; but it was missing, and then he called aloud the name 'Kumar'.

"Are you a ghost or a man?" asked a feeble voice.

"A man," said Mukund, (that was the name of the youth).

"You are not Kumar, my companion"

"No, my noble sir, I have been here for the last! ten years as a result of some witch-craft," was the reply.

"Witch-craft!—You are a fool to believe in those nonsensical theories", said Mukund.

"You will be convinced soon, for you are now a victim to witch-craft yourself", replied the unknown voice.

Mukund tried to get up from the ground. He struggled and made every effort to resist an uncanny power which weighed him down.

"What", cried Mukund, "Am I so weak, or am I in a dream?"

"No", said the voice again, "the evil spells are now at work on you. Have you not heard that this part of the Ghats named Kallatikkotan, is haunted by wild men who are tremendous witch-doctors"?

"I have not", replied Mukund, who was now utterly exhausted by the vain efforts to get up. "Can there be such practical wizards in this world?"

"You shall see", said the voice.

Mukund lay prone on the grass and pondered over his ill fate. He did not know the voice that replied to his questions. When he asked the name of the person, he replied that he was bound by an oath never to reveal any personal history to anybody.

The light of the morning appeared, and Mukund was awakened from his stupor by the songs of birds. Again his endeavours to stand up were fruitless. Tears trickled down his cheeks, and the coldness of fear reached the very marrow of his bones. The bright crimson rays of the sun which reached the cave, showed him a lean man with a long beard and untidy clothes, which were all tattered.

"I am uneasy, my friend", groaned Mukund, "Did you undergo such ordeals here?"

"I have told you not to ask me such questions", replied the stranger, "I hope you will be able to walk when it is noon. But never can you go out of this forest. Such is the spell of the witch-doctors."

The stranger rose up and sauntered out of the cave, rubbing his eyes, and disappeared among the trees. Mukund thought that the long-bearded man was himself the wizard. He remained silent for a very long time without being able to stir out, and at last, he heard the rustling of dry leaves. The stranger was approaching with some fruits which he gave to Mukund. They sat face to face and breakfasted. The bearded man broke the silence, saying, "now we are two.

We must try to escape from this hill. I can never tell you my name or place from this devil's land. But take it from me that I am your friend, and a fellow-sufferer."

"If there is a way", said Mukund, with some hope, "and if you dare to escape, I shall follow and help you".

"You are imprisoned in this cave by the wild men. They can work wonders with the use of certain medicines and charms which they keep in strict secrecy". The stranger had hardly finished these words, when all on a sudden, Mukund was relieved of all the uncanny ties. He ran up and down with joy.

The stranger took Mukund to a place where there were a few huts. Black, hardy-looking people, who wore only a kind of bark torn from some trees, were sitting in a circle in front of the huts.

"Those are the witch-doctors", whispered the stranger. "They are now holding a council to decide your case".

Mukund was restless and in high spirits. He rushed forward, in spite of the objections and gestures made by the stranger. He wanted to crush those filthy men who were notorious for their evil doings. In his fury he plucked up, by the roots, a small plant which grew in front of the huts, to serve as a stick. The black wizards were taken aback. Some of them rushed against Mukund: but they fell down with yells of horror, when they were touched by the plant, which Mukund had with him. The stranger was surprised to see the victory of Mukund, and he ran to the spot with a stick in his hand. Encouraged by the confusion of the black men, the two companions began to belabour them severely. The whole population in the huts howled and screamed, and they shouted in an unknown tongue. Taking this golden opportunity Mukund and his friend took to their heels.

The sun was about to set when they gained the plains. Now for the first time they looked back, and the cloud-capped mountains, with the dense forests on their sides were seen at a distance, illuminated by the golden rays of the setting sun.

"Do not lose that magic plant", gasped the bearded man.

"That—that alone saved our lives".

"I have it here. Thank God", said Mukund. "It is a magic wand to defeat magicians with. Let us rest a while to gain our breath".

They sat beside a stream of crystal water, and quenched their thirst. Meanwhile Mukund asked his companion to tell him his story.

"We can walk slowly, and I shall narrate my history to you", replied the other, stroking his long beard. "I am a native of Kongad, and my name is Sukumar"—,

Mukund stared at him in wonder, and said in a faltering tone, "Ah my brother! can't you recognize Mukund your own brother?"

"My God!" said Sukumar embracing his brother with joy. "Is it you, my dear boy? How came it that I was rescued by my own brother"?

"I was hunting in those forests yesterday", said Mukund, "with some of my friends. I chased a bison and missed my companions. The sun set, and I remember that I slept on a tree. I don't know how I was brought to that mysterious cave."

"Those devils must have seen you and taken you to the cave. Now listen to my story. I followed a panther in those forests and like you lost my friends.

It was dark, and when I was lying on a rock I heard the faint sounds of shots from the east. I could not retrace my steps, and waited for sunrise. But tired by the day's work, I fell fast asleep, and in my sleep those wizards carried me to the very same cave. When I woke up I was alone, and had to undergo the very same ordeals which you suffered. But when I was relieved, I wandered in the forests until I reached the abode of the sorcerers.

In my curiosity, I wished to know who they were and, if possible, to seek their help, so I stepped in, and they caught me. They made me swear not to reveal my story to anybody I met thereafter, or attempt to escape from the forest. On those conditions they let me live in that cave. Once I tried to run away. But the wizards have power and they appeared before me, I did not know how, with threatening looks. I lived for ten years in that cave, on fruits and water. Never had I the courage to break my oath, for I feared those men and their awful spells. I was their slave and had to do many duties in their huts. Sometimes they asked me to sing, and they smiled and nodded when I sang, though I had little musical talents. To be brief, I was their slave. Though I had been acquainted with them for so long a period, I could not study their medicines or magic. They are brutes, untameable brutes. Now, by the grace of God, we have escaped, and we must soon hurry homewards. We need not fear those wizards as long as that magic plant, with its mysterious powers, is with us, and moreover, we are far away from their influence."

V. M. GOVINDAN KUTTY MENON.  
(Second year class).



Strains.

(By S. Anandan Menon.)



## The Lady of Velankanni.

VELANKANNI is a small and obscure fishing village, situated about six miles south of Negapatam. The road from Negapatam to Velankanni is very narrow and runs across fields, barren land, and small rivers. In many places on both sides of the road, there are mango trees and tamarind trees, which give shelter from the hot sun to many a weary traveller, who walks from Negapatam to Velankanni to worship at the shrine of the Lady. From a very long distance, one could see the spire of the church, rising majestically above the green foliage of cocoanut palms.

Tradition has handed down three separate incidents, at different periods of time, to account for the origin of the shrine at Velankanni. To give these three events in their chronological order one has to describe, in the first place, 'The Lady's Tank'. It is said that early in the 17th century, a Hindu lad while carrying some milk for his master at Negapatam, on a hot summer's day, rested for a while under a Banyan tree, which could be seen to this day near the tank in the village of Velankanni. Under the cool shade of the Banyan tree, the boy soon fell fast asleep. In his sleep he heard a very sweet voice whispering in his ear. He opened his eyes, and saw a Lady of superb beauty and sweetness, clad in dazzling white, with a child in her arms, a halo of light encircling the head of the child. The Lady requested the boy to give some milk to the child. Wondering how the Lady knew he carried any milk, his fear of detection by his master of the loss in quantity, if shared, overcome by the exceeding sweetness of the Lady and her child, the lad gave the child some milk, and immediately the apparition disappeared. But the boy was surprised to see the pot full of milk, undiminished in quantity, on reaching his master's house. When the boy reported the milk incident to his master, the master impelled by curiosity, went forthwith with the boy to the spot where the vision had been seen. Both were vouchsafed the same apparition of the Lady with the child. They fell on their knees and adored them, and the apparition again vanished. The Catholics who heard of the incident were of opinion, that the apparition was the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Child. This particular spot, to this day, goes by the name of "Our Lady's Tank."

The second incident took place in the same village of Velankanni. At the foot of a tree, on the high road, the lame son of a widow sold butter-milk to passers-by. One day he saw an apparition of a Lady with a child in her arms, both of supernatural beauty and grace. On the Lady's asking the boy to give some buttermilk to the child, the boy readily complied with the request. In return for his kindness the Lady looked up at her child and prayed for the cure of the boy's lameness. The boy was instantly freed from his misfortune. The Lady, thereupon, asked the boy to report her appearance to a particular Catholic in Negapatam. The boy, unaware of the cure of his lameness, regretted his inability to walk to Negapatam in order to convey her message. The Lady told him that by the favour of her Divine Child, he had been cured of his lameness. With infinite joy and gratitude the boy hastened to Negapatam. The previous night the same Catholic had seen a similar vision while asleep, and was puzzled as to its meaning. The boy delivered his message. The Catholic gentleman went to Velankanni and heard from the Hindus there, the story of a similar apparition near the tank, which spot, he saw, was held sacred by them. The Catholic gentleman and the Hindu lad knelt

and prayed at the spot. Then there was again the apparition of the Lady and her child, and the Lady told the Catholic to erect a Chapel in her name on that spot. According to his means, the Catholic put up a small Chapel with a thatched roof, and placed on the altar an image of the Lady with the infant in her arms. The news spread like wild fire, and the Chapel became a place of pilgrimage to Catholics and non-Catholics alike, and was known as the Chapel of our Lady of Health, from the miracle of the healing of the boy's lameness.

The third miraculous incident, more famous than the preceding two, is said to have taken place in the latter part of the 17th century. A Portuguese vessel carrying cargo from Macao in China, to Ceylon, was caught in a storm in the Bay of Bengal, and the crew lost all hope of saving themselves. In the last extremity the Portuguese crew prayed to the Lady of the Star of the Sea, and vowed that they would build a chapel in her honour, if they were saved from the disaster and landed safely. The storm subsided, the sea became calm, and they landed near the village of Velankanni on the 8th September. They rejoiced to hear of the existence of a Chapel close by. They went there to render their thanks-giving before the image of the Lady. While planning to build a Chapel in stone to fulfil their vow, the apparition of the Lady again appeared and showed the spot where the church should be built. There they built a small Chapel. While they were searching for an image of the Lady for the altar, they were surprised to find one morning the image in the thatched Chapel miraculously placed on the altar in the newly built Chapel, unaided by any human effort. Eager to show their devotion to the Lady, the Portuguese on their next voyage, brought ornamental China plates with beautiful designs of the Lord's life painted on them, and decorated the altar, which, to this day, remains intact. It is this church, that is now the object of pilgrimage to thousands and thousands of pious Christians.

On the 29th August, the flag is solemnly hoisted and the Feast of Our Lady is celebrated on the 8th of September annually, the date on which the crew of the Portuguese storm-tossed vessel safely landed on the sea-beach of Valankanni, two centuries back. The stream of pilgrims who visit the shrine throughout the year to invoke the Lady's help, and to render thanksgiving for favours received, swells into a broad river from the day the flag is hoisted, and the village is one sea of humanity on the Feast day. It is said that those who are unable to visit the place send their written petitions and votive offerings to the Parish Priest. Some even convey their petitions and offerings to the shrine by enclosing them in a bottle, or in a piece of bamboo, sealed up, and entrusting them to the sea. A few of them are preserved by the Priest.

S. NARAYANA SHENOY.  
(*First Year Class.*)



# Kalidasa's Style.

A simplicity of expression, a directness of ideas, and a graceful use of the most appropriate words, are the characteristics of Kalidasa's style. These are the features which make his style so pleasingly different from those of most of the later poets. Kalidasa knew that brevity is the soul of wit, and simplicity the keynote of excellence; and that this is sufficiently evident from his poems and plays, every one of his readers will admit. He is decidedly at his best in his epic narratives. It is there that his powers find full play, but the same gifts stand him in good stead in his dramatic compositions also.

The *Raghuvamsha* has been unanimously acclaimed as the masterpiece among his poems. His first efforts at poetic composition, have bequeathed to us the *Rithusamhara*, the *Meghasandesa*, and the *Kumarasambhava*. We can trace the gradual development of his powers in the four poems. Similarly, the same increasing command of language is perceptible in his plays, whose order of composition has been now generally accepted to be, *Malavikagnimitra*, *Vikramorvashiya*, and *Abhijnana-Sakuntala*.

In the *Meghasandesa*, we already find the gracefulness of his style fully developed. The directness of ideas, the freshness of his execution, and the vividness of his imagination are also there. But his simplicity of expression, and discreet economy in the use of words, are not yet fully evident. As a characteristic example we may quote the following stanza, where the poet describes the forlorn condition of a woman whose lover has been separated from her :

அனிக்குமா விரைவையென ஸநிஷ்வெண்கவாஞ்பா  
புவிழுல தகமிவ கலாமாதங்கூங விமாங்கோ  
நிதா ராதை கணாலவ மத ஸால்வி பூர்வைத்து  
தாமேவாங்குத்திரவமஹதிமஞ்சிப்பையனிஃ.

[Pining from anxiety, lying on her side on the lovely bed, like the tiny arc of the declining moon low down in the east, weeping away the nights, lengthened because of my absence, the nights which, with me, she had spent like seconds]

Again, read this description of the cow Nandini in the *Raghuvamsha* :

வலாகோட்டமாலூங் பலுவாஸ்திலூங்கலா  
விடுதி சேதங்கோ ஸனேயுவ தங்கோ நவா.

(Red and soft like a young sprout, with a curved white mark rising on her forehead, like the evening with the new moon)

The refined simplicity of his style, too, is here. Kalidasa has reached the height of his powers. We shall, at this stage, try to analyse the beauty of his style, taking the above stanza as an example. Kalidasa, as the Indian critics of old used to say, gives us more of impressions than ideas. We feel much more than is actually expressed in the poem. The true function of poetry is to make us feel what the poet felt, when writing it; and Kalidasa manages to do so by his subtle choice of words. There is the word 'உங்க' in the above stanza, which helps to describe the mark on the cow's fore-head. It at once suggests what is to come, the new moon, a tiny curve, setting low down in the west. Again, the word 'ங்கிலை' in the second foot suggests to us the vivid picture of a well-fed cow. Kalidasa does not stay to tell us that the cow was sleek and fat, but we feel it as strongly as if

he had centred his attention round that one fact. The words 'सूर्यो' and 'मौ' too, could have been written there by none but a master-poet like Kalidasa. The former suggests the red evening sky, and impresses the beauty of the simile on the reader's mind. And the word 'मौ' serves, not only to indicate that the moon is new, but to suggest the delightful freshness of a cow, returning home in the evening, after her feed in the fields. And to increase the effect of the lines, there are the two similes. Kalidasa has been the bye-word for apt and beautiful similes ever since he wrote his poems; and the whole wide world of Sanskrit literature will be searched in vain for similes more apt, beautiful, and condensed.

In his plays, Kalidasa's style is still more characteristic. His prose has all the beauty of his verse. His sentences, their shortness helping the impressiveness of the weighty ideas expressed, have become oft-quoted apothegms. We shall give below a few, selected, examples :

അന്തേക്ക് വല്ല വിക്രമാലാരം

(Freedom from pride is the ornament of valour.)

സർഖ് വല്ല കാതമാത്രീയം പര്യതി.

(Everybody finds what belongs to himself, beautiful, and charming.)

വിവാദിതം എന്നക്കമന്ത്രാപം ജനയതി.

(Something intended to be spoken, and left unsaid, creates sadness afterwards.)

Kalidasa has abode by the rules of grammar, laid down by Panini, very faithfully. This may perhaps be due to the vastness of his learning, and his scrupulousness in avoiding errors of all kinds. He must all the more be admired for this, when it is known, that he was steeped in the influence of the Ramayana. To maintain freedom from the many archaic and grammatically wrong uses of words found in the great epic, would have required very great alertness indeed; and the extent to which the poet was influenced by Valmiki, can easily be realised when it is considered that the best part of his masterpiece, the Raghuvamsha, deals with the story of Rama, that the allusions to the Ramayana in his works, are numerous and singularly effective, and that the theme of his best lyric, the Meghasandesa, was suggested by an episode in the Ramayana. Sometimes he even reproduces the ideas expressed in the Ramayana; to take one example, we have in the Ramayana, the following description of the houses burnt down by the devastating fire, which Hanuman spread in Lanka :

ഭേദാനീവ സിഖാനാമുഖാതു പണ്ഡസംക്ഷയേ.

(Like houses of the Siddhas, falling down to the earth from heaven, when they have enjoyed all fruits of their good deeds)

And in the Meghasandesa, Kalidasa makes use of the same simile to describe the stately city of Ujjain :

സപ്തിഭ്രതേ സചിത്തഹാലേ സപ്തിഭ്രാം ഗാം ഗതാനാം

ത്രേശേഃ പുണ്യഃ തുതമിവ ലിവഃ കാനിമതി വണ്ണമേകം

(Like a portion of heaven created by the remaining holiness of good men, come down to the earth, after enjoying the fruits of their good deeds in heaven)

It must be admitted that Kalidasa owed the simplicity of his style to Valmiki and Bhasa. But he refined their crude simplicity into elegance. What he owed to them was not more than what every English writer who has lived after the compilation of the authorized version, owes to the fine language of the Bible.

Indian critics have classified his style as 'வெங்கி', which is the most admired விதி (style) in Sanskrit poetry. It has been defined thus :

அன்புச்சு லோகமாதாலே ஸமரதாந்தாமிதா  
விபாகிஸ்பரஸைதாயோ வெங்கிரிதிரிசூதே.

(The Vaidarbhi style ought to be faultless, should possess every possible merit, and should be melodious as the sound of the Veena).

It is no mean tribute to the discrimination of the Sanskrit critics to say that every impartial critic of modern times sees eye to eye with them. The comparison of Kalidasa's style to grapes (காக்காபாக), because of the easiness of appreciating his poetry, and the sweetness of his style, has also been accepted as quite appropriate, even by the unfriendly critics of the great poet.

To appreciate the clearness of his style, we have to compare him with some of the later poets, whose aim was not to write poetry, but to show their ingenuity in the composition of verses, according to the rules of Poetics. Most of them use obscure words, and tediously long compounds, and are as diffuse as they can be. Sri Harsha, the author of the Naishadha, is a prominent example. We shall give below an example of Kalidasa's expression of his ideas, and the mode of expression of the same idea of one of these later poets, and conclude this survey.

The following stanza occurs in the Rahuvamsha, when the poet is describing the mingling of the waters of the Jumna and the Ganges :

குஷித் ரூப வாழுமூலி தமோலே;  
கொயைவிலிரென் கைவழித்தேவ  
வாழுமூலான்றி ! விளைதி சங்க  
தின்புவாமா யங்காதான்றே ரெய்;

(At one spot the flow of the white Ganges obstructed by the blue waters of the Jumna, is as beautiful as moonshine darkened by shadows.)

Note the significance of the simile. The flowing waters of the two rivers would naturally have suggested to the speaker the picture of moonlight, coming through the moving leaves of a tree, and intermingling with its shadow. And so we feel all this, though the poet has not told us anything about the moving leaves of a tree.

Magha makes use of the simile to describe the dark Krishna, standing before the sage Narada. We never think of the rays of the moon mingling with shadows, when we see a dark person, and a fair one together. The simile is artificial, but Kalidasa's conception of art is that it should be true to nature—

மூன்றாணே படலே ரோபிஷா  
ஞஷிதபிஷ : ஸாவலிதா விரேஜிரே  
வாத்பலாதான்றையோ சுரூபோ-  
ஸ்ரூபாரஷ்ட்ரீவ நகதமங்கவ:

(The sheen of the sage's body mingled with Krishna's dark colour, and shone like the rays of the moon, coming through the moving leaves of a tree at night)

The whole stanza looks like a stilted effort; there are words used superfluously in it; it is not Kalidasa's clear burst of bird-song.

# The Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

[The following speech was delivered by the late Mr. Eardley Norton, Barrister-at-law, about forty years ago, at a public meeting held in Madras, to Celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, of revered and beloved memory. The leading lawyer of his day, Mr. Norton was a finished orator, and a perfect master of the art of fluent, forceful, and polished expression. As the English Text Book for the coming S. S. L. C. and Matriculation Examinations contains some of the speeches in connection with the Silver Jubilee of the late King George V, I am led to hope that this speech of Mr. Norton will be read with interest, and perhaps got by heart, by the students who peruse this Magazine

—A. V. K. M.]

Previous speakers have already suggested the various forms of the proposed celebration. I will confine myself to stating some of those reasons which appear to me all-sufficient, for the celebration itself. No sovereign can earn, and no subject grant, a higher meed of gratitude and praise, than the tribute of loyalty and affection, spontaneously laid by self-respecting citizens upon the footsteps of a throne. Ours is no enforced contribution wrung from reluctant lips, the service flattery of toilers after personal gain; ours is no idolatrous adoration, based upon that Visionary faith, on which the poor man relies to tide him over the ebb of receding finite reason. For in our desire to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of a reign, unparalleled in length, and unmatched in the development and progress of every branch of human activity, we can, fortunately, rely upon the trusted evidence of our own senses. We have watched Her Majesty, a Queen in her unwedded girlhood, through the happy period of her married life, and in the gloaming of her Imperial widowhood, true to those great principles of constitutional rule, which, substituting for the personal wishes of the crown the responsibilities of Parliamentary control, have given Great Britain, with results which are hourly reacting on all her varied dependencies, the purest, freest, strongest Government of the world. The Georgian era is for ever laid to rest. Something of England's liberty is floating slowly out to us in India; and if hypersensitive criticism here and there detect hands over-eager to seize upon the political ark, or to wield a sceptre too heavy for their strength, Her Majesty would probably find room for toleration in the recollection, that the fullest impulses to political vigour in India are the direct outcome of Victorian teaching, plants almost purely of Victorian growth. We all admire—and some of us love—the sagacious political tenderness, which, in the midst of reminiscences steeped in horror, and so soon after the terrible outburst of 1857, was great enough and good enough to forget and to forgive, and to issue its seal of pardon, of mercy and of hope, in the splendid Indian Charter of 1858. We have seen huge Dominions gradually absorbed into British rule. Our frontiers ever expanding, North and East and West. Yet, if dissentient opinion has ventured on occasions, to question the expediency of annexation, it is no flattery to say that hostile animadversion has, in the end, been hushed by the truth, that the Queen's rule is just.

And statesmen at her council met  
When knew the season, when to take  
Occasion by the hand, and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

But while we are proud of the blended valour of Sikh and Pathan, of Mahomedan and Hindu, which in the hour of the Queen's extremity rolled back the human waves, at one time threatening our supremacy in India, which gave us freely of its best at Delhi and Lucknow, and which helped British courage to avenge the wanton massacre of Kabul; while our hearts can thrill to the story of the great March to Kandahar, and of the comradeship baptised by suffering, heroically endured, for the victory of an alien cause, we turn with at least equal thankfulness and pride to those other stories of triumphs, in the fields of peace, of the abolition of Suttee, and the suppression of the Thug, of law systematised out of chaos, of free speech, free press, free religion, of the poetical recognition of the solemn axiom that all men are equally fashioned at the same Divine Anvil—triumphs which are assuredly changing the very complexion and condition of social and political life in India. Nor are the people unmindful of that latest reform, which, well and wisely used in the expansion of our Legislative Councils, may prove hereafter the forerunner of gifts more splendid, and of a more intimate acquaintance with that freedom, which still sits enshrined upon the heights. These are some of the gifts of our island Queen, which have made this country :

A land where, girt with friends or foes,  
A man may speak the thing he will.

Lastly no retrospect, however hasty, of the Queen's reign but would be conspicuously imperfect and untrue, which did not make mention of that personal equation in Her Majesty's character, which, while it has impressed deep its influence, as a real factor, in politics, has lent especial grace and tenderness and beauty, to the outlines of a life otherwise great and noble.

Her court was pure ; her life serene :  
God gave her peace ; her land repos'd :  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as mother, wife, and queen.

To the Queen as woman—as wife, mother, widow—to the Queen in the closer aspect of her humanity, exquisitely loyal through so many years of lonely waiting, to the memory of her lost yet cherished Consort, all hearts, all creeds, all colours reverently beat. And surely, it is no idle prophecy to predict that, if ever occasion shall arise, to combine for the protection of this magnificent Empire against foreign aggression, the remembrance of Her Majesty's personal affection for her subjects will summon to her aid the chivalry of India, and Cross and Crescent mutually join hands to uphold, to continue, and to consolidate the great work of great Englishmen in the land, consecrated by the lifeblood, so freely given, by so many men, themselves simple, single, true. Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder. The history of this country teems with splendid instances of magnificent Gallantry, and if need press, our children may see repeated, the ardour of that native soldier, who racing the Highlanders through the encampment of Ayub Khan, laid sword upon a gun, with the proud exclamation, "Captured in the name of the Second Gurkhas".

If it be the proud prerogative of Royalty to confer the outward symbols of worldly honour, it is the proud privilege of contented and appreciative races, to illumine a Sovereign's sway, with the crowning plaudits of free and thoughtful peoples. In the homely, tender language of her soldiers' ceremonial, we all say with one heart, one voice, one soul,

"The Queen ! God bless her !".

# Teasing—An Art.

(A HUMOROUS SKIT.)

HAVING no taste for the Fine Arts—music, painting, &c. &c. I began to feel that grovelling sensation, now commonly termed *the inferiority complex*, to an uncomfortable extent, in moving among my friends, most of whom were—*Artists*. Then it was that I hit upon this novel *Art*. To my great amusement, I found myself endowed with such great talents for this, that I could pursue it to perfection.

"A Teaser, though innocuous, is one whom we find it difficult to submit to". These words I could coherently make out, from what my friends spoke in whispers among themselves, in the Library Room, when my back was turned. The effect was electrical. I found myself wonderfully in agreement with it. It was the veritable Music of the Spheres to my ears. It was a revelation.

In the study of this Art, I had my own little beginnings. At first it was on a harmless mother-in-law basis;—*harmless*, I wish to emphasise, as otherwise, you may try to remember the harmful mothers-in-law teasing the ultra-modern, and super-perfumed daughters-in-law. The latter is not Art. Teasing, pure and simple, is a dreadful thing. When the mother-in-law handles it, it is only *nearly* the same thing, but not quite.

It was something like this:—Miss T—and the whole bunch of us were in the Physics Laboratory, doing our practical work. Miss T—is that sort of the modern girl, who neither pins her faith in sharpening her wit in conversation, nor wishes to get her angles and corners rubbed off. She was, what one may call, an *Artist*—a lover of music; one who pursued the *Science* for its own sake. The shadow of her own little figure, which went in and out with her, set her brain working. She was experimenting on "*images*". "That is the wrong way!" cried I. I could see her wry face. "You are addling the whole thing!" shouted I. She stared at me. "You are bungling the business badly. You are tossing it in a blanket!" She moved a little and the *image* was on the screen. "Now, that is it," said I. She could only jump for joy. She thanked me, and I was encouraged. Honeyed apologies, hearty congratulations, and what not!! This led her only to another move. That was exactly what I wanted. "Cha—you have spoilt it all," and yet another move, only to bring on a volley of abuse and ridicule.

The Art of Teasing requires a thorough knowledge of the science of the mind. The human mind is a network of feelings and emotions, which it is difficult to analyse or classify, yet it is so charming a subject, when one realises that it is the proper key to disclose the meaning of human conduct. The Teaser is a true psychologist. He alone knows where the pinprick is to be given. To the wounded minds, he can give a dose of good cheer, and to the depressed, he can administer tonics—not to mention the sealed bottles of spiritual vitamins. The Teaser opens these phials only to augment the Teasing. "Ars longa, Vita brevis", .....I see not where to stop.

In spite of the dislike with which everybody regards it, Teasing has its own advantages. There is plenty of *what-do-you-call-it* in it, and in certain situations,



"At length, himself unsettling, he the pond  
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look  
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,  
As if he had been reading in a book : "

(The Leech-gatherer.)



when you administer a little dose of it, it acts as a powerful prick-me-up. Like Alladin you have only to rub the wonderful lamp. The *genie* appears before you, and the world is yours to command. That reminds me of how S—had her foreign travel. She had a brain-wave to round the world in an Aeroplane, rising with the sun. The wherewithal for the programmed tour lay beneath the pillow, laid flat on the four-poster, on which her granny used to lie. Her next thought was how to knock off those glittering precious stones and jewels. She reasoned it all out with that grand lady; but the pillow seemed to harden itself like an oyster-shell. That trick didn't serve. Then out she spoke, "Grandma, tell me the story of the man who took off the precious gem from the serpent's head". The old lady scented murder. Click—click——came out the jewels, but not without pangs of the heart. Her mind was coerced into doing it, by a deft employment of the Art of Teasing, from stage to stage, the description of which will only *tease* you! But spare your Grandmas at home, except in extreme cases.

Talking about grandmothers, I very well remember how my grandmother paid a visit to the Palni Hills. My grandmother so likes me, when I tell her, that *all other* girls of my age don't offer their morning prayers—moderns, ante-break-fast-tea drinking, and all that sort of stuff, if you know what I mean.

A pilgrimage to the Palni Hills means, only one meal a day, for forty days, and the vow of silence, when breaking the fast every day. My grandmother used to sit along with all the members of the family for the meal. A choice collection of fruits, oranges, grapes, apples, with milk at intervals; that's how the fast is to be broken. If the vow of silence is broken in the middle, you have to begin the observance all over again. The Lord of the Hills does not give His *Darsan* to those who violate His commandments. Thirty-eight days of fruit-eating and milk-drinking were over. Only two days remained for the *Darsan*.

My grandmother was as silent as.....itself, while she was emptying the contents of the plates—rather the plantain-leaf.

"If Temples are opened to all classes alike, where's the harm in allowing a Harijan to perform the pujas"? I asked my sister.

"Hum — — Hum!" came out a sound from the grand old lady, like the voice of Fate.

At once I changed my tune. "The Lord will desert the Temples surely!"

A nod of assent, and a half-smile from grannie.

"But, sister, if vow of silence, fasts, and counting of beads, are, the rungs of the ladder to Heaven....."

"Hai.....Umph"! from grandma.

"They serve purposes of their own," observed my sister.

"Poor grandmother, how she kept herself free from pollution all these days but.....but .....what is the use of it all, when the Harijans have all entered the Temples"? I persisted.

By this time the pin-pricks of Teasing suggestions had become so provoking to the old lady, that her pent-up fury burst forth in articulate sounds, and forgetting her self-imposed penance, in a fit of virtuous indignation, she cried out, "That's all in D—d Travancore; Palni is safe."

The next moment my poor grandmother was in an agony of despair. The vow of silence had been broken! Thirty-eight days safely passed!! And now!!! It had to begin all over again.

This is an example of Teasing by girls. The most venomous type is the Teasing practised by step-mothers. Woe to the boy or girl who has a step-mother. Her *affection* for her husband's children.....you know what it is.

These examples show how Teasing sometimes hurts one's feelings. My experiences, in varying circumstances, gave me an insight into the Art, and in course of time, mastery over it. Suffice it to say, I began to enjoy Teasing others. This is pardonable only when it affords opportunity for play of wit, and enjoyment of humour. When Teasing begins to hurt, the development of the Art must stop, as I propose to do now.

T. M. MALATHI KOVILAMMA.

(Second Year Class.)

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## COLLEGE CAUSERIE.

WE deeply regret that we were not able to bring out the first number of the College Magazine earlier in the year, the chief reason for the delay being the paucity of literary contributions from students, suitable for publication. For weeks, and sometimes for months, students have to be coaxed into sending in contributions, and when a respectable number of articles has been wooed out of them, the amount of editorial work needed to make many of them acceptable, is too great to be borne with equanimity, unless it is constantly remembered that it is all a labour of love. The great difficulty is to persuade young students, that it is not necessary to go out of their way, to search for matter for writing. They simply refuse to see that in the food they eat, in the clothes they wear, in the books they read, in the games they play, in the friends and acquaintances they associate with, and in their other daily experiences in the College and outside, there can be found enough matter for writing of any description—essay, biography, description, criticism &c. This does not mean that everyone can become a good writer easily. But, with a sympathetic heart, an observant eye, a mind kept open to receive all impressions, and a little imagination thrown in, it ought not to be difficult for a student to throw off a short story, an interesting anecdote, a biographical sketch, a critical, descriptive or reflective type of essay, or extravaganza, of a personal nature, which will be the right sort of contribution to a College Magazine. In regard to style, it is the deliberate straining after effect that ruins most juvenile compositions. Lack of earnestness always results in slovenly writing. "Have something to say, and say it in the best manner you can", is as good a prescription as any other; a knowledge of the elementary rules of English Grammar, and of common English Idioms being always presupposed.

No writer came into the world with all his faculties developed. Successful writing is a laborious process, at any rate in the beginning; and we think that the main purpose of a College Magazine is to encourage and develop this art in students, in the same way as the main object of a College Debating Society is to train students in the art of effective, polished, and disciplined speaking. Therefore, we earnestly appeal to our young contributors to persevere in their efforts, and even regard every rejection of an article as a direct encouragement to attain increasing efficiency.

However, we thank the young ladies and gentlemen who have contributed the pictures and articles published in this number. It was not possible to put in all the contributions received, but we hope to publish some of those not included in this issue, in our next number. We are particularly grateful to Miss Subur K. Mugaseth for kindly permitting us to print the speech she delivered to the members of the College Literary Society in August. Miss Mugaseth, after taking an Honours Degree in English Language and Literature, in the First Class, from the Madras Presidency College in 1932, proceeded to Oxford, where, at the end of two years, she took an Honours Degree in English Literature. A thesis on the Literary figures of the Eighteenth Century, which involved deep research into the literary style and quaint language of the time of Pope and his contemporaries, qualified her for the B. Litt., Degree. The three and a half years that she spent in England, have enabled her to absorb all that is best in the culture of the West, without shedding a particle of all that is best in the culture of the land of her birth. Her powers of observation

and sympathetic criticism are so well displayed in her address, that it would be superfluous to speak of them. We wish her a very happy and successful career.

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In the beginning of this year happened a calamity, which cast a gloom over the whole College, particularly on the administrative side. This was the death of Mr. U. Ramunni Menon, the Head Clerk of the College, who, after thirty-three years of faithful service passed away, suddenly, without warning, on the 19th of March, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. By his affable manners, cheerful disposition, and honest untiring work, he had made a friend of everyone in the College. Dignity of work was personified in him. May his Soul enjoy Eternal Peace.

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The increasing popularity of the College is evident from the additional divisions we were obliged to open in the beginning of the year. It was only at the end of last year that the Guruvayurappan Buildings were completed, at a cost of about forty thousand Rupees, and already we are cramped for space, and feel we could do with another building of the same size. The opening of a Manual-training Section for the High School, after years of delay, was a new feature of the current year. The additional classes that were opened, have brought on the Staff of the College, Messrs. K. C. Cheriyappa Kunhunni Rajah, B. A., P. C. Cheriyettan Rajah, B. A., P. K. Kutti Ettan Rajah, B. A., P. C. Kunhettan Rajah, P. C. Manavandan Rajah—all Old Boys of the College—and T. J. Anthony (Manual-training). Mr. C. Kochunni Rajah, Assistant Sanskrit Pandit, entered on four months' leave in October, and Mr. E. Achuthan Nambiar (Siromani) is acting for him.

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The number of girls in the College is increasing year after year, particularly in the lower classes. There are divisions in which boys are in the minority, and we wonder if they do feel quite happy in this sudden reversal of the situation. Twelve years ago there was not one girl student in the College. Today there are—one hundred and twenty. We are progressing! To enable the young girls to grow up like girls, a lady-teacher was appointed on the Staff in the beginning of this year, to be in special charge of the little ones. This, of course, is an event of outstanding importance, it being the first of its kind in the history of the College. But we heartily welcome Srimathi V. Narayani Kutti Kovilamma into our midst,

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The history of the College! That reminds us of something else. Next year the Diamond Jubilee of the College will be celebrated. Sixty years!! And how they look in retrospect! Starting its life in June 1877, as a small English School, known as the *Kerala Vida Sala*, for the education of the young members of H. H. the Zamorin's family, the College has, step by step, grown to its present strength, popularity and importance, "glowing with the impulse to go up and onward on its triumphant career". The history of the Zamorin's College is really the history of Malabar, for the last six decades, and early next year, the Old Boys of the College, who are now scattered all over the Province, and the Country, and even beyond, will be called upon to help us celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of their Alma Mater. That will also be the most auspicious occasion to raise the Institution to the status of a First Grade College, which, situated as we are now,

will be possible of achievement, only with the active co-operation and princely generosity of the noble descendants of the Illustrious Founder of the College, and of all our well-wishers everywhere. The response to the appeal we shall send out early next year, will, we hope, be swift and adequate.

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In conclusion, we take this opportunity to express our sincere gratitude to Mr. M. P. Sivadasa Menon, and Mr. T. V. Rayarappa Kurup, who have voluntarily divested themselves of the mantle of Editorship of the College Magazine, which has just entered on the ninth year of its life. Our readers will recollect with pleasure, the consummate ability with which they had conducted the Magazine, all these years. Mr. Sivadasa Menon, with his genius for style, and forceful expression, and racy humour, had set such a high standard of journalistic excellence as to make many aspiring contributors often despair of their articles being accepted. We wish them a period of well-merited rest from their arduous labours.

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# Our Physical Activities.

I am desired by the Editor of the College Magazine to write a brief account of the activities of the College Athletic Association. I take this opportunity to make a few general remarks about games at the College.

When the College reopened after the summer vacation nominations were invited from students, for election of Captains to represent the various games. The elections were, as usual, keenly contested and the following students were elected.

College. High School.

Football.	G. K. Balakrishnan Nair.	V. Radhakrishna Menon.
Hockey.	K. R. Parameswaran.	M. P. Balakrishna Menon.
VolleyBall.	T. G. Jambunathan.	P. K. Perumal.
Basket Ball.	S. Pundareekan.	L. A. Ramachandran.
Badminton.	C. Baskara Menon.	M. Muhamad.
Ring Tennis.	V. R. Narayana Iyer.	
Tennis	K. V. Venkiteswaran.	
Cricket.	P. K. Achuthan.	

There is little to be recorded regarding the athletic activities of the students on the playground, except that the various clubs are progressing very well under the leadership of the above-mentioned students, and the students are, as usual, taking a very keen interest in all games.

We entered for all the items in the West Coast Tournaments, and though we could not win any trophy, the joy is ours that we did our best. The College also competed for the Rugmini Memorial Cricket Tournament, at Palghat, and lost in the final round, to the Victoria College, Palghat. We competed for the V. S. N. Iyer Memorial Badminton Tournament, at Kottayi, and won the Shield. I take this opportunity to thank all our teams for the plucky fighty put up. It matters very little, whether we win or lose, for we are concerned more with training the students to play the game in the right spirit.

The College aims at providing games for all, and not keeping the number of boys actually taking part in games comparatively small, with a view to developing special skill. Games are compulsory for all students. While thanking the members of the Staff, who, considering that physical activities form a necessary accompaniment of College life, have helped the students in their play hours, I regret I have to note, that there is a general feeling that the work of organization, and supervision of athletic activities in the College, falls entirely within the legitimate duties of the Physical Director. The Physical Director, unless he be a Superman, cannot hope to cope with the work of successfully supervising all games, especially, when we take into account the large number of students that take part in them.

Play, of course, is instinctive, and will be participated in, whether there is supervision or not. *"But a good deal of undirected play is play gone wrong."* To direct the energies of youths into proper channels, there must be effective supervision. Therefore, I should think that every teacher should feel that guiding the activities of the boys, outside the College hours, on the playground, is as much his duty, as it is to teach in the classroom. All trouble would end, and most satisfactory results would be produced, if it be realised by all, that the playground is just an aid to and a continuation of the classroom.

T. SANKUNNI KURUP.  
*Physical Director.*

# The Zamorin's College Senior Debating Society.

THE work of this Society started with the annual election of office-bearers. A general meeting, presided over by Mr. K. S. Krishna Iyer, M. A., L. T., was held on 24th June, at which the following office-bearers for the year were elected.

*Secretary* :—M. Vasu Devan Nair (Second year class).

*Assistant Secretary* :—V. M. Govindan Kutti Menon (Second year class).

*Deputy Secretary* :—M. Narayanan Nambudiripad (First year class).

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

1. V. Damodara Menon (Second year class)
2. K. R. Parameswaran ( Do. )
3. G. K. Balakrishnan (First year class)
4. P. G. Balachandran ( Do. )

The inaugural address was delivered by Mahakavi Vallathol Narayana Menon. The great poet of Kerala spoke on *Sahityam* in Malayalam. The Principal was in the chair.

The first debate of the year was held on the 8th July on "Is the cruelty in the slaughter of animals justifiable." Mr. M. P. Sivadasa Menon, M. A., presided. The house voted in favour of the motion that cruelty, under any circumstance, is not justifiable.'

The Society held meetings on all Wednesdays, which happened to be working days. Debates were held on the following subjects:—

1. Is it ever right to tell a lie?
2. Is Temple Entry allowable to the Depressed Classes?
3. The Doctor or the Lawyer—who does more good to Society?
4. Whether Women deserved equality with Men?
5. Disease or Poverty—which is more distressful?
6. Is Dictatorship a suitable form of Government for India?
7. Does Civilization take us back to Nature?
8. Is it good to follow Customs blindly?

All these meetings were presided over by one or other of our Lecturers, to whom we are under a deep debt of gratitude for such special services.

Five extraordinary meetings were held in the course of the year. On the 28th July, Mr. V. R. Nayanar, of the Servants of India Society, delivered a lecture on the Red Cross movement, in Malayalam. On the 18th August, we had the good fortune to listen to Miss Subur K Mugaseth, M. A., (Oxon) B. Litt., who spoke of her impressions of England and her neighbours. Her speech is printed in this number of the Magazine. On the 30th September, Mr. E. S. Unni, B.A., B.L., addressed the house on "Do we (in Malabar) require a separate University?" At the next special meeting Swami Dharmanand, of the local Arya Samaj Mandir, spoke on "Students and Religion." Dr. J. C. Kumarappa, M. A., Ph. D., under the auspices of the Society, delivered a lecture on Village Reconstruction, on the 26th November.

We take this opportunity to thank all those ladies and gentlemen who have extended to us their co-operation and support. One item of news, which deserves special mention, is that, in many of the debates that were held, the lady students of the College freely participated and acquitted themselves with remarkable ability.

M. VASU DEVAN NAIR,  
*Secretary.*

## The Zamorin's College Co-operative Stores, Ltd.

This was registered as a Co-operative Society on the 19th March 1936. The idea of opening a College Store to supply students and teachers with all educational requirements, and to train them in principles of Co-operation, was in our minds for a long time. As we had no desire to be left behind in the race for modernisation, the store was opened on the day the College reopened after the summer vacation. The work done so far is very encouraging, and we hope to extend our activities in course of time. The affairs of the Society are managed by a Board of Directors consisting of :

A. V. K. Krishna Menon M. A., B. L., L. T.,	<i>President.</i>
K. S. Krishna Iyer M. A., L. T.,	<i>Vice President.</i>
V. Sankaran Nair B. A., L. T.	<i>Secretary.</i>
N. Venkatarama Ayyar B. A., L. T.	
P. Kunhiraman Nair B. A., L. T.	
P. Gopalan Nair B. A., L. T.	
P. K. Sreeveerarayyan Rajah B. A., L. T.	
C. P. Ukkul Nair.	
S. Suryanarayana Aiyar.	

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# REVIEWS.

*The Educational Review.* The August number contains a number of instructive articles, on educational topics. The Magazine opens with an article on 'Cause and Effect', contributed by Mr. R. M. Savoor. In his lucid and interesting article, Mr. Savoor points out the causes that account for the inefficiency of the present day Elementary Education. We are afraid that he lays too much stress on individualised instruction, forgetting for the moment, the practical difficulties in the way of introducing it in our Elementary Schools. Mr. Samuel, in his valuable article on 'Oral Reading In Education' convincingly exposes the evil effects, which result from giving undue importance to oral reading in our schools. He recognises its usefulness in teaching the child pronunciation and elocutionary skill, but adverts on the inestimable value of silent reading, as an aid to the efficient development of mental faculties. The Magazine also contains an article on the genesis and growth of the Madras University Library. Rao Sahib, S. R. Ranganathan writes on the unique and comparatively cheap opportunity for self-education, which the University Library, in its present habitation, affords to the students and graduates in the city and the mofussil.

*The St. Joseph's College Annual Record.*—Gives an interesting account of the work done during the year 1935—36. We are glad to note that after six years of steady decline, there was an increase of about a hundred in the strength of the College, which enabled the authorities to restore the cuts imposed, and the increments stopped. The authorities are fully alive to the indispensability of a well-equipped library, and in spite of the continued financial depression, have spent a sum of Rs. 3900 in purchasing new books. The Intermediate results are better than last year's, while the results of the other Public Examinations continue to maintain their high level. The various College Societies have turned out excellent work during the year. The Annual Record also contains an article on the lamented Father Bertram, which will be read with interest by his students, friends, and admirers, throughout the Presidency. A number, of illustrations add to the charm of the book. We hope all other sister institutions will emulate the St. Joseph's College, and bring out such 'Annual Records'.

*Government Victoria College Magazine* (Vol. III. No. 1) is a well-got-up Volume. The place of honour is rightly given to a learned article by Mr. Rangacharya, M. A. on Learning and Literature, under the Mughal Emperors'. We eagerly look forward for the other instalments of this article. We are glad to see that the students of the College are taking an active interest in the Magazine. The articles contributed by them are, on the whole, well-written. We specially commend to our readers Mr. Rajagopal's 'Making Yourself', and Mr. Achutha Menon's 'Ceremonious Introduction'. We don't mean to discourage Miss. E. Emelia, when we say that she requires more training. In his interesting article on 'G. K. C.' Mr. Sreeman Bhathar has successfully attempted to show the versatility of that great genius. The thoughtful editorial notes deal with a variety of subjects.

Another good feature of this Magazine is that it contains articles in Malayam, Sanskrit and Tamil. The first instalment of Mr. Pallath Raman's article on 'Sir. C. V. Raman' deals only with the birth and childhood of that celebrated Scientist, but affords to give us a foretaste of the instalments to come.

*The Old College Magazine*.—The August issue has a number of interesting articles. Mr. P. V. Nair, in his notes, deals with a large variety of subjects. A College Don, in his 'Note on Kipling', rightly points out that the India which Kipling discovered for the English, was not the real India, but the India of the surface. Miss Azariah deserves praise for her excellent essay on Colours. The opening article in the Malayalam section is a learned and well-written criticism of 'Unni-neelisandasam', by Pandit, E. V. Raman Nambudiri. The volume closes with a Tamil poem.

*St. Berchman's College Magazine, Changanacherry*.—The September issue of this Magazine is a well-got-up volume containing a large number of well-written and interesting articles on a large variety of subjects, and also three illustrations, of which P. P. Lukos's sketch of 'The Ever-lasting Man, and The Super-Man' merits high praise. In his learned and illuminating article on the League of Nations Mr. L. M. Pylee, M. A., B. L., recalls the high expectations with which the League was ushered into being, and enumerates the more important of its achievements and failures during the fifteen years of its existence. To-day the League is weak, humiliated, and discredited. We are at one with Mr. Pylee, when he says that without yielding to despair, the nations should rally round that Institution which alone can save them from the impending catastrophe. We are unable to agree with him when he says that its failure is due to the defect in its present constitution, by which its decisions are arrived at, by members of the various Governments. You may replace the present minister-members by non-official members with larger International outlook. We don't think that it would mend matters much. It will only tend to make the League weaker and more discredited, and its decisions, even less respected than they are at present. What is wanted is a long and strong arm, with which it could reach and punish those who dare to disobey it from motives of selfish nationalism. Besides three short stories, the English section also contains an article on Chesterton, and another on Alfred Nobel, the famous scientist who first invented dynamite, smoke-less powder, and poison gases, and then repented of his inventions. The students' contributions attain a high standard.

The Malayalam Section contains two poems, one being a rendering in verse of Solomon's famous judgement, in the dispute between two mothers laying claim to the same child. 'Malayala Drama' from the pen of Mr. E. V. Krishna Pillai is easily the best article in this section. We regret we cannot agree with everything he says. After an able and witty exposition of the defects of the present day indigenous drama, he calls upon the educated to improve it in such a way, that it becomes an effective means of social reform. But social reform is not the only end and aim of Art. Kathakali may not be of much use for this purpose; the play may be too long for the busy world of today, and for proper appreciation and enjoyment, it may be necessary to sit close to the actors. The remedy is to make a choice selection of scenes and to restrict the audience. But we don't think that it deserves to be brushed aside into the limbo of oblivion, and we congratulate Mr. Vallathol and his associates, on the valiant effort they are making for reviving this wonderful and glorious Art of Kerala.

*The Pudukotah College Magazine*. With the August issue the Magazine enters on the third year of its useful existence. The literary out-put in the current number is varied and interesting. The Magazine is divided into four sections. The first section consists of Editorial Notes, and contributions by

members of the Staff and others interested in the Institution. In his article entitled 'Some English Literary Clubs', Father D'Souza points out that at this stage of Indian evolution, the development of club life is beneficial in many respects. The English section contains four articles written by students. The vernacular section is made up of five articles, of which four are from the pens of students. The miscellaneous section gives an account of the activities of the various Societies and Associations attached to the college. The students' contributions are, on the whole, written well. In his article on 'Choosing the Special Subject', A. Viswanatha Rao well describes, in the dialogue form, the innocent ignorance that baffles the young pupil who reaches the V Form, when called upon to take up a special subject for the School-Final course. We also commend G. K. Mangalam's article on the Hindu view of Life. We hope that the students will harken to the Principal's advice, and try to make the Magazine in every sense their Magazine by writing its best articles, drawing its best caricatures, and being its best reporters on sports, and other college events.

പ്രഖ്യാപകേരളം :—(21-ാംവാലു, 11-ാംവക്കം) ഇതിലെ മിക്ക വിഷയങ്ങളം ശ്രീമാന്ത്രിക്കും പ്രവേശനംസ്വാമികളും ഉപദേശങ്ങളും അംഗിപ്രായങ്ങളുംകൂടിപ്പുണ്ട്, തരിയായബോധകേളുന്നിക്കു ഉണ്ടാക്കിക്കണ്ടക്കൊണ്ടും ശരേതാടക്കുടി എഴുതിയവയാണ്. പാഠാധിപതിയും സ്വാമികളും അഭിപ്രായങ്ങളുംഉപദേശങ്ങളും എഴുതുവേച്ചുനൽതിൽ ഇന്നത്തെലുക്കത്തിനു പ്രത്യേകം അറിയേണ്ടിരിക്കേണ്ടവയെ തിരഞ്ഞെടുക്കുന്നതു ചെവിതുമായിരിക്കും. മതസമന്പയത്തെയും, സമൂഡായാരിൽ മഹിളാംകൂട്ടുകൾ സ്ഥാനത്തെയും, യാചക ഭാവത്തിനും നികുത്തുതയെയും പററിയുള്ള വിവേകാനന്ദസ്വാമികളുടെ അഭിപ്രായങ്ങൾ ഇതിലേക്കു ദേശാന്തരങ്ങളാണ്. ശ്രീതയിലെ തത്പര്യം എന്നിക ജീവിതത്തിൽ പ്രാണാഗതിക്കാളുണ്ടാണോ കണ്ണിക്കാണോ “ക്രിക്കറ്റയുലത്തിനും” ഉപശ്രാസകത്താം യതിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളത്. എന്നാൽ ഇതിലെ പ്രതിപാദനരിതിയും അഭാഗതിയും മുഴുളുന്നതു നിരവേറുവാൻ ഫോജിച്ചവാണോ എന്ന രക്കിക്കേണ്ടിയിരിക്കും. ഇതിൽ രണ്ട് പദ്ധതികൾ ഉള്ളവയിൽ കട്ടമത്തിനും “ശ്രീരാമകൃഷ്ണഗിത”യിലെ വിഷയം സാരമേറിയതാണുള്ളം ഭാഷ ലളിതമായി കാണാനതിൽ ക്രൈസ്തവം വളരെ സംഭാഷിക്കും.

മുസ്ലിം ക്ഷേമിങ്ങ് സ്കൂൾ മാസിക :—മേ ഡാറി മുസ്ലിംക്ഷേമിങ്ങ് സ്കൂളിൽ നിന്ന് ചുരുപ്പുടന്ന മുഖ്യമാസികത്തിനും ആലൂപക്കം ത്രജിപുർം സപീകരിച്ചുനോക്കാണ്ടുന്നു. മണ്ണവാരി ക്ഷേമിങ്ങ് സ്കൂളോട് കൂട്ടിച്ചേരുന്ന് മുഖ്യമായ സ്ഥാപിതമായ മുസ്ലിം ക്ഷേമിങ്ങ് പ്രസ്തുത ക്ഷേമിങ്ങ് സ്കൂളിനു നവമായ രീതി അന്തസ്സും പ്രാഭവവും പ്രഭാനും ചെയ്തിട്ടുണ്ട്. ക്ഷേമാസികത്തിനും പ്രസിദ്ധീകരണം ആ അന്തസ്സും പ്രാഭവത്തിനും എററവും അന്നദ്യോജ്യമാണെന്നു

മാത്രമല്ല അവരെ പുംബാധികം വല്ലിപ്പിക്കുടി ചെയ്യുന്നുണ്ട്. പ്രാമാഖ്യിക അംഗം അഭിവുദ്ധിയെ ഉള്ളേതില്ല നടത്തുന്ന മാറ്റായ വൈദികമായ കേരളത്തിൽ ഇല്ല. വില്ലാഭ്രാസ വിഷയത്തിൽ കേരളത്തിലെ മറ്റൊരു പല സമുദായങ്ങളുടെയും പിന്നണിയിൽ നില്ക്കുന്ന മല്ലിമീഡിൽ ഇന്ത്യ കാർഷികത്തിൽ മറുള്ളവർക്ക് മന്ത്രഭർത്താക്കളായി തീന്തിൽ തേങ്ങാടം അവരെ അഭിനിക്ഷിക്കുന്നു. ഇതിലെ ഉപന്യാസവിഷയങ്ങൾ പല തരക്കാക്കി, അച്ചിക്കെതക്കുവയ്യാണ്. മിസ്റ്റർ ടി. കെ. നിന്റെ ബി. എ; എൽ. ടി. “പ്രാമാഖ്യിക വില്ലാഭ്രയങ്ങളും, ഭൂമിശാസ്ത്രപഠനവും” എന്ന തലക്കെട്ടിൽ എഴുതിയ ഉപന്യാസം പ്രാമാഖ്യിക അഭ്രാപക്കാർ പഠനം ചെയ്ത് പ്രാഥ്യാഗിക പദ്ധതിയിൽ കൊണ്ടുവരുവാൻ ശ്രമിക്കുമെന്നു തേങ്ങാടം. ആര്യിക്കുന്നു. “സാമാന്യ അറിവു, 1 മുതൽ 4 വരെ തരങ്ങളിലേക്കുള്ള ഒരു പാഠ പദ്ധതി” എന്ന ഉപന്യാസവും പ്രാമാഖ്യിക അഭ്രാപക്കാക്കു പ്രയോജനകരമായ താണും. മല്ലിം ഷൈല്പ്പുരം ഉർമ്മാടനം ചെയ്തു അവസ്ഥയിൽ വില്ലാഭ്രാസ ഡയറക്ടർ ചെയ്ത പ്രസംഗതിഞ്ഞു പരിഭ്രാംഘണം, മല്ലിം ഷൈല്പ്പുളിഞ്ഞു സ്ഥാപനത്തെയും ഭാവിയേയും പററിയുള്ള ഒരു ഉപന്യാസവും ഉള്ളിടിനും പറമെ മാപ്പിളിമാരുടെ ഇടയിൽ പ്രാമാഖ്യിക വില്ലാഭ്രാസം അഭിവുദ്ധിപ്പെട്ട വരാതിരിക്കുന്ന തിന്നുള്ള പ്രതിബന്ധങ്ങൾ മാറ്റായ ഉപന്യാസത്തിൽ വിത്തമാക്കപ്പെട്ടിരിക്കുന്നു. ഇതിനും പറമെ രണ്ട് ചെറിയപല്ലങ്ങളും ഇംഗ്ലീഷിൽ രണ്ട് ഉപന്യാസങ്ങളും ഉണ്ട്.

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# Our Competition Page.

We offer our congratulations to the eleven students who sent in correct solutions of the 'Missing Letters' problem, which appeared in the last issue of the Magazine. The first solution examined by me was that of K. Sitaraman, who is, therefore, entitled to the prize.

The names of the other competitors are :— 1. C. V. Rajam 2. V. P. Raman  
3. V. P. Krishnan 4. T. Raman Menon 5. T. Peethambaran Nedungadi  
6. M. C. Bhaskaran Unni Nair 7. M. Kunhunni Menon 8. A. V. Ramadas  
9. P. K. Achuthan and 10. M. Mohammed.

The words with the missing letters are 1. EARL 2. RIND 3. RIP 4. NAIL or HAIR 5. MELON or LEMON 6. KNAB.

## A Ferry-Boat Problem.

A menagerie manager was travelling with a wolf, a goat, and a basket of cabbages. He had to cross a ferry, but the boat was so small that he could take in it only one of them, at a time. For obvious reasons, he could not leave the wolf alone with the goat, or the goat alone with the cabbages. The problem is to show how he effected the passage.

The sender of the first correct solution examined by me, will be awarded a prize. *Solutions in which there are grammatical or spelling mistakes will be rejected as incorrect*, even though such solutions may be otherwise correct. I hope there will be many competitors, as the problem is quite a familiar one. The solutions must reach the Principal, in covers marked 'Ferry-Boat Problem', before the 31st January. As usual, the competition is open only to the present students of the college, who buy copies of this issue of the Magazine.

A. V. KUTTIKRISHNA MENON.

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## EXCHANGES.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following Magazines, with thanks.

1	The Scholar, Palghat.	20	The Madras Christian College Magazine
2	The Light of the East, Ranchi.	21	The American College Magazine, Madura.
3	Queen Mary's College Magazine, Madras.	22	The Hindu Theological High school Magazine, Madras.
4	Andhra Christian College Magazine.	23	The Theosophical College Magazine, Madanapalle.
5	Government Brennen College Magazine, Tellicherry.	24	Magazine of the University Students Union, Vizianagaram
6	The Magazine, St. Thomas' College, Trichur.	25	Pachayappa's College, Magazine Madras.
7	The Indian Educator, Madura.	26	The Elphinstonian, Bombay.
8	Kumbhakonam College Magazine.	27	The Kishori Raman High School Magazine, Muttra.
9	Barrovian, Isle of Man.	28	St. Berchmans' College Magazine, Changanacherry.
10	Indian Ladies' Magazine.	29	The Old College Magazine, Trivan- drum.
11	The Ravi, Lahore.	30	Our Home Magazine, Madras.
12	The Goverment College Miscellany, Mangalore.	31	The Madras Law College Magazine.
13	The St. Joseph's College Magazine, Trichinopoly.	32	The Maharaja's College Magazine, Ernakulam.
14	The National College Magazine, do.	33	Loyola College Magazine, Madras
15	The Puducotta College Magazine.	34	Muslim Training School Magazine, Malappuram.
16	The Malabar Christian College Maga- zine, Calicut.	35	The Teachers' Magazine, Cochin.
17	The South Indian Teacher, Madras.	36	പ്രബുല്ലക്കേരളം.
18	The Vedanta Kesari, Madras.	37	മഹിള.
19	Government Victoria College Magazine, Palghat.		

## അന്നശോചനം.

കാര്യസ്ഥാവിധാം കന്നലക്ഷ്മീനട  
 വാരിര സർക്കാരാമണിരത്തിൽ  
 ഉദ്രാഗന്ധതമമാനവഹിച്ചുനം  
 വിദ്രാതിച്ചിടിന വള്ളിലൻ  
 ഉള്ളംട്ട് രാമണിമേനവനേവക്ക്-  
 അള്ളംട്ടെമഞ്ചാഞ്ചുമാൻ മാനുൻ  
 കല്പാനാൽബത്രണാഞ്ചിനാഞ്ചിയ  
 കല്പാത്മാവാഞ്ചാർക്ക് മരവേള്ളുക്ക്  
 പേരാള്ട് ചാഞ്ചാതി-നയനരതാനോതിധാത  
 പോരാ-നല്ലാലംവമായിതനം!  
 അപ്പുമാനാഞ്ചെളുക്കെവിട്ട് കയ്യും! തോ-  
 നപ്പുറമഞ്ചേന ചൊല്ലീകേണ്ട്!  
 കിംസാരമല്ലവിന്നപ്പുകുിലെന്തിനോ?  
 സംസാരവുന്നുമാറ്റു ചെമെ.  
 താത്പതാനഞ്ചും സർപ്പമാൻതാ-  
 നാത്പസിച്ചിടകയല്ലീ? ധന്യൻ.  
 എന്നാവുമെന്നാപ്പോലുള്ളിച്ചാഞ്ചുന്നുകൾ-  
 കൈനാളിമപ്പുണ്ണപ്പുച്ചുണ്ട്.  
 ചാരഗ്രണാഞ്ചെളേയോക്കുന്നനോത്തു  
 തോങ്കയില്ലിനിമുംജുപ്പും.  
 മംഗലശിലമേ! മരജ്ഞസംജന്മേ!  
 തംഗരുണാഞ്ചേളേ! നിഞ്ചംരാക്കുപ്പും  
 ക്രിവിത്രാനിക്കേള്ളേ കമാമാലയം  
 ചുരിച്ച ഭരഞ്ചുവബാധയാലെ.  
 ഏകനിമേധത്താൽ ബന്ധുമനമേട്ടു  
 ആകവേ വെന്തിതാ! വെള്ളിറായി!  
 നിഞ്ചുള്ള മാലംവഹിനാഞ്ചെളും  
 തണ്ണെളുപ്പോലവേ ചന്നുഞ്ചേളേ!

കവിമണി കെ. സി. കട്ടപ്പനവും.

## ପାଲିବାକ୍ୟ.

A decorative horizontal border element featuring a repeating pattern of stylized floral or scrollwork motifs, rendered in a dark brown or black ink on a light background.

గෙෂතම්බුඩ්ස් කාඩරතු, බඟත්තු ගෙර කාඩරතු මධ්‍යජාතියි  
සායාගෙ ජැංසය ඉපයොගිත්තියෙන ගොඩ මාගයි ගො ප්‍රංශ ගොඩයා  
යියෙන. මූල ගොඩ සංස්ක්‍රිතයින් අංශවා බෙබඳික ගොඩයින ප්‍රංශතමා  
යියෙන. ජැංසයභායත්තියෙන ගොඩයායියෙනු කොඩ් මූල ගොඩය ගෙෂත  
මධ්‍යජාතියෙන් තෙක්ර මතප්‍රචාරත්තියෙන් ඉපයොගිත්තු. සංස්ක්‍රිතත්තිලාභයා  
බහුජැංසයරිස්ස මතවොයා ඉංජාවාන් ඩිස්මම්මාගොන් ඩිවාරිත්තු බුඩ්  
පෙවන තෙක්ර ගාන්ත්‍රිභාෂයියි මතතප්‍රසාදෙ ප්‍රචාරමාකි. බඟත්තු ගොඩ  
පෙරෙභාෂය රාජුරාතිලෙ ඩුවහාරභාෂයාකියෙතියාත් ක්‍රමෙන ගොඩක්  
තුව්‍යා, ප්‍රචාරවුම්භායිත්තකි. රාජුකාත්ත්සාලිලෙපුවා මාගයිය ඉප  
යොගිත්තු ත්‍රැකි. ගුදුරුකුතුකුත්ත්, කොක්කුත්ත්, සයෙරෙංසුත්ත්, ඩිඹුවා  
සුත්ත්, ගුපුවා මාගයියිලාකි. බඟත්තු ගෙඟමුනාය ආරෝක්ක්  
තෙක්ර ගිලුවත්තෙසුන්සාලිලෙපුවා මූල ගොඩයායාන් ඉපයොගිත්තික්කුත්.  
මූල ගොඩය ගුදුතියියෙනු ප්‍රාධ්‍යාලිපිතිලාභයියෙන. ආරෝක්ක් ගෙඟ  
වාස්‍යාලිලුත්ත් ගොඩ පෙරෙලෙංවොලෙ ගැපුවාපුවා ඩුත්‍රාසුපුටිරික්කෙනාතායි  
කාගොවා. ගුදුනාත් බුඩ්මතකාර මූල ගොඩයියි උග්‍රමසාදෙ ගිම්මික්කෙවාන්  
ත්‍රැකියෙළුවා මූල මාගයිය ගැපුවා සංස්ක්‍රිත් සෙ සංහිතුභාෂයාකි.  
බෙඟත්තු ගුදුතික්කෙංඛුවා, ප්‍රාධ්‍යාලිපිතිලාභයියෙන. මුශ්‍රීල ගුදුතිවාය්  
කාගොනාත්. මූල මාගයියෙනාන් “පාලි” ගුණ පරිජාත්. ඩිල  
යුගාපුර් ගොඩාප්‍රසිතකාර මූලින — Polished Magadhi — ගුණ පර  
යුගා. මාගයි සංස්ක්‍රිතත්තියෙන අරු ප්‍රයාග ප්‍රංශසාදුත්තියි ගොනාගොනා  
නමකිවායා. ගැනීමෙන් සාහිතුභාෂයාන් රාජි.

മാന്യി എന്ന പ്രാതിര ഭാഷയെ സംസ്കരിച്ചതാണ് പാലി എന്ന പല ഭാഷാഭാണിത്തമായം പറയുന്നണം. എന്നാൽ പാലിഭാഷ ബുദ്ധമതക്കായിട്ടു ഗമനിക്കാനെത്തിന്തുക ഭാഷയായിരുന്നതല്ലാതെ ഒരു കാലത്തിലും വരുത്തി അഥവാ സംഭാഷണത്തിനുപയോഗിച്ചിരുന്ന ഭാഷയായിരുന്നില്ല പ്രാതിരാജുടെ മാതൃകകൾ (സംഭാഷണത്തിനുപയോഗിച്ചിരുന്ന ഭാഷയുടെ ഉദാഹരണങ്ങൾ) സംസ്കരിച്ചുതന്നിനം നമ്മുകൾ കാണുന്ന കഴിയുന്നതാണ്. മലയാളഭാഷയിൽ മനിപ്രവാളം സാഹിത്യഭാഷയായപോലെയാണ് പാലി ബുദ്ധമതക്കായിട്ടു

സാഹിത്യം പാലിയും, 'ത്രം മാരാഡി'യും പത്രായാലും ബുദ്ധാക്കന്ന് സംസ്കാരം ഹിന്ദുക്കളുടെ ഭാഷയും, പാലി ബൈഖലമാരുടെ ഭാഷയുമാക്കന്ന്. സംസ്കാരത്തിന്റെ ഉച്ചാരണം മാക്കന്ന് പാലി. സംസ്കാരത്തിലും ബുദ്ധാക്കന്ന് ഹിന്ദാനും പാലിയിലുള്ള വാക്കുകൾ. സംസ്കാരത്തിലെ ഭരണക്കാരങ്ങളിൽ (ഭരണിയ ക്രിയാകാരങ്ങളിൽ) എടു പാലിയിൽ നടപ്പാണ്. എന്നാൽ പാലിഭാഷ സംസ്കാരസംബന്ധിക്കുന്ന തീരുമാനം ഉപയോഗിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. പാലിഭാഷയിൽ വിസർജ്ജന തീരുമാന യോഗിക്കാറില്ല. വിസർജ്ജനങ്ങളെ ക്രമയും രാക്കാരാനത്തോക്കിത്തിക്കും. പജുമ ബുദ്ധത്തിലുള്ള വിസർജ്ജനരെ വിട്ടുകളുകയും ചെയ്യും.

ଉତ୍ତାପନରଙ୍ଗିଙ୍କିଂ	ପ୍ରକାଶ	ପ୍ରକାଶ
ପେନ୍ଡିକ୍	ପେନ୍ଡିକ୍	ପେନ୍ଡିକ୍
କ୍ଲାଇପାଂ	କ୍ଲାଇପାଂ	କ୍ଲାଇପାଂ

സംസ്കാരത്തിലെ സ്വന്നാലെ സ്വന്നാസ്വനി പാലിയിലും പ്രാത്യത്തിലും ഇപ്പു ഒരു സ്വന്നത്തിനു പരമായി വരുന്ന മരുഭൂയിൽ സ്വന്നം ആത്മ സ്വന്നാജീവിതം നിലനിൽക്കുന്നതു തമ്മിൽ യോജിച്ചു സന്നിയായിരത്തിങ്ക പതിവിലും. ഇതാണ് പാലി റേഖയിലെ സാധാരണ നിയമം. ഗ്രാജേളിലും, പല്ലാജേളിലും സന്നി ചേത്തി യോജിപ്പിച്ചുള്ളതുക പതിവിലും. ഇരു ലേവത്തിൽ മേൽ ഉല്ലാശിച്ചു കാണിക്കുന്ന ഗ്രാജേളാജേ സുക്ഷിച്ചു നോക്കിക. പല്ലാജേരാജേ സംസ്കാരവും തങ്കൾ മിക്കതും ഉപയോഗിച്ചിരുന്നു.

ഇനി ഈ ഭാഷയെസംബന്ധിച്ച വല്ലതും പറയുന്നതിനും മുമ്പായി ആ ഭാഷയുടെ സ്വപ്നാവത്തെയും, അതിനും സംസ്കരിച്ചും, മറ്റൊരുക്കളുമായി കൂട്ടുകൂട്ടി സംബന്ധിച്ചു കാണിപ്പാൻ ചില ഉള്ളാഹരണങ്ങൾ ഇവിടെ ഉണ്ടിക്കൊം.

ଶ୍ରୀମ ରାଧାକୃତୀ ଅମ୍ବା—ପାଲି

1. യേ സുഖ്യ ബലത്മ സ്യ  
ഭിതാ മോരിയ വംസജാ  
ചാവയിത്പാ നര വാസം  
കഫ്യിം സുതമ്മിം തമിം
2. തേസാമജതമോ നാഡി  
വാപിഗ്രാമേ കട്ടംബികേരം  
ഡാറ്റേസനാധ്യയ അരുനി  
ദാം നാടേരോ ചതാ സ്വതേരു

## സംസ്കാര ചരിത്ര

1. യേഹുദീസു വിവാത്മസ്യ  
ഭീതാ മെരള്ളുകളോടെ ഭവാഃ  
പലായ്യ മനജാ വാസം  
ചക്രക്ഷേ തതു തതു ഹി.
2. തേഹിാമന്ത്രത്തോ നാഡി  
വാചിഗ്രാമേ കുടംബിക്കഃ  
ധാത്രിസനാഹപ്രയ ആസീൽ  
ഭാംഗാമന്ത്ര തത്സുതഃ

3. പണ്ഡിതമാരുമണ്ണോ നാമ  
ഭോഗവാ വേദപാഠഗോ  
ക്ഷേവിഗാസ്തിം ദിസാഭാഗേ  
വസ്തിപണ്ഡിതമാരകേ

4. കമാരേ തത്തു ഗതപാടം  
പസ്തി പണ്ഡിതമാരുമാം  
തപം പണ്ഡികാ ഭോഗ താത  
ഇതി ചുള്ളിയ വുംകതോ.

(ഈ ഭാഗം മഹാവംശം എന്ന സിംഹാശിപിലെ ഇതിഹാസഗ്രന്ഥത്തിൽ നിന്നെന്നുള്ളത്താക്കണ.)

അതേ ഗ്രന്ഥത്തിൽനിന്നു ഉല്ലരിക്കുന്നത്.

1. ആദിത്യവംസകമല്ലകര  
ഭാക്തരേന്ന  
രാജിനമോവിമണിരജിത  
സാസനേന  
വക്രിന്നരേന വയമാത്ര  
ജ്യോമണ്ഡല്യം  
സംവസ്തിതാപിത്രപദം  
യിരതേന യേന
2. സത്യന്തരേവ വിവിധേ  
സമയന്തരേവ  
ഭാസന്തരേവ സകലേ  
പിടകത്രയേവ  
ആചേരഭാവമുപയോഗം  
ജോമ പീതിം  
ദീപം സജീവത്ര പരക്കെ  
ബാഹ്യരാജാ
3. രാജാ പാക്കന്തിളജോ യസ്തീ  
യോ സേരിഹലിജോ ബാഹ്യ  
പുഞ്ജതേജോ  
പോസസിം സാധു  
ന്രണ്ണഹി സിലി  
ആ വാലഭാവാസുതപേരം  
യുക്തരാ

3. പണ്ഡിതമാരുമണ്ണോ നാമ  
ഭോഗവാൻ വേദപാഠഗഃ  
ക്ഷേവിനസ്തം ദിസാഭാഗഃ \*  
വസ്തിപണ്ഡിതമാരകേ

4. കമാരസ്ത ഗതപാടാ-  
ഭാക്ഷിൽ പണ്ഡിതമാരുമാം  
തപം പണ്ഡികാഭയസ്താത  
ഇതി പുജ്ഞപാപി വ്യാത്രിക്കാ

1. ആദിത്രവംശകമല്ലകര  
ഭാസ്തരേന്ന  
രാജേപ്രമൗഖിമണിരജിത  
ശാസനേന  
ലങ്കേപരേന വയമാത്രജ  
പ്രേമണ്ഡല്യം  
സംവല്പിതാ പിത്രപദാധി  
ഗതേന യേന
2. രാജുംതരേ ച വിവിധേ  
സമയാന്തരേ ച  
ഭ്രാഹ്മാന്തരേ ച സകലേ പിടക  
റുദ്രേ ച  
ആചാര്യംഭാവമുപഗ്രഹം മുദം  
ജോമേം \*  
ദീർഘം സ ജീവത്ര പരാക്രമ  
ബാഹ്യരാജാ \*  
3. രാജാപരാക്രാന്തിളജോയശസ്തി  
യഃസിംഹംളപ്രേരാ ബാഹ്യ-  
പുഞ്ജതേജാഃ  
പുപ്രോഷി ? മാം സാധു മുണ്ണെന  
ശ്വസാഖ-  
മാബാലഭാവാത്സുതപ്രേര  
യുക്തരാ

\* ഭിംബാഗഃ ഏന്നായിരിക്കും ഡോ. Editor.

\* ഭജാമ : പീതിം E.

\* ബാഹ്യരാജാ E.

හෙනි අභේකකේ ගෙ ගිවාතාසනතිශේර ගෙ ඉඩහරණ මුවි  
සේ ඉඩරික්කා. අතිලෙ ප්‍රෝච්‍රයෙදු ගොක්කාමස්සා.

(මාගයි)

වෙවාගම පියෙළ පියඹස්සී  
රාජාවුමාමය:— ප්‍රාභ්‍රසවා-  
සාඩිසිරෙත මයා මුදං අත  
රාතාපිතම සතුරත විජිතෙ  
මයුරතා (?) පරාජූකේව  
ප්‍රාභ්‍රසිකේව පාවුපුව  
වෙළු වාසේසු අරුණසායාගම ගි  
ඇළ එළතායෙව අරමායමුනාය  
යම්මාසාසස් තිය යමාභ්‍රසාතාය  
ඩි කමාය, මාතරි පිතරිචු  
සුෂ්‍රාමිතතාසංස්කුතතෙත්තිගම  
වුෂාමලා සමඟාගම සායුජාගම  
ප්‍රාණාගම සායු අරුණාරංස්‍යා  
ඇප්‍රායතා, අප්‍රායෝතා, සා  
යුපරිගාපියෙත අත්තා  
පායුති ගණනායම මෙතු  
මෙතා යුණුන්තෙ ඩ.

(සංස්කිතම)

වෙවාගම ප්‍රියස ප්‍රියඹාසී \*  
රාජා එළවමාය, ප්‍රාභ්‍රසවස්සාලි  
ඩිකේත මයාමුදං අත්තාපිතම  
සතුෂ්‍ර විජිතෙ ගමයුකතා (?) ඩ  
රාජූකේ ඩ ප්‍රාභ්‍රසිකේ ඩ ඩ  
වෙළු පාවුපු වස්සාපු අර  
රාතාසායාගම ගිත්තාතු එළෙ (?)  
එළව අරමාය ආසේසු යම්මා  
රාජූගාය අරුණුපිව කම්මෙ.  
මාතරි, පිතරි ඩ ග්‍රැනුජා මිත  
සංස්කිතජාතීගම, මුෂාමණාගු  
මණාගම සායුජාගම, ප්‍රාණා  
ගම ස්පෑය්‍රාගාරංස්ලා/පාවුයතා,  
අප්‍රායෝතා සායුපරිජා  
පියුකේත අත්තාපියිජුති  
ගණායමයම මෙතුතො ඩ  
සැනතයු.

\* නේ E.

From Philology of Indo-Aryan languages.

(තුනකම)

කොශේවාට් තුෂ්ස්න්ගායර්.

# ‘കവിതയും, ഭൂമയും’

സൗത്രക്കമായ വാക്യമാണെല്ലാ കാവ്യം. ഈ തത്പരന്മാസരിച്ചു നോക്കിയാൽ, പദങ്ങൾ മാത്രമല്ല, പില പ്രത്യേകഗഭ്യവാക്യങ്ങളും കാവ്യങ്ങളാണെന്ന് നമ്മകൾ ബോധ്യപ്പെട്ടു. ഒരു ഭാഷയിലേയും, ഒരു റാജ്യത്തിലേയും സാഹിത്യത്തിൽ കവിതകളും സ്ഥാനം പ്രമാണാണെന്ന് നിർണ്ണിവാദമാണ്. കവിതയ്ക്കു മറോതു സാഹിത്യത്തെക്കാളും മനസ്സുടെ എദ്യങ്ങളിലേക്ക് ചുഴിത്തു ചെല്ലുന്നതിനുള്ള രാണിയും; മനസ്സും വഞ്ഞാർധവാദാക്കിത്തിക്കുവാനുള്ള രക്കികവിതയ്ക്കും. “മനസ്സുരു ഭാവംബുധിയിൽനിന്നു കരേറുന്ന ഒരു മനോഹരഗായകനാണ് കവി” എന്നാണ് കവിയെപ്പറ്റി ഒരു മഹാന്നർ അഭിപ്രായം.

നാം കവിതയെ ക്രുഖ്യാശമായി പരിശോധിച്ചു നോക്കുന്നതായാൽ അതിനാം, ഭാവത്തിനാം തന്മിൽ ഒരു വലിയ ബന്ധമുള്ളതായിക്കാണാവുന്നതാണ്. ഒരേതക്കാലിലും ഒരു കവിതയെ പരിശോധിക്കുമ്പോൾ തങ്കവിയുടെ ജീവിതത്തെ പൂരിയും ചിത്രിച്ചു നോക്കേണ്ടത് അവന്റും ആവശ്യമാണ്. കാരണം, കവിയുടെ ജീവിതത്തിന്നർ ഒരു പ്രതിഫലനമായിരിക്കും കവിത.

നാം സ്നാമതായി നമ്മാട ആഭികവിയായ വാദ്ധീകരിയപ്പറ്റി ചിന്തിച്ചുനോക്കുക. തന്നെ ആനുമതതിനുടുത്തുള്ള ഒരു വന്നത്തിൽവെച്ചു സരസസ്ത്രം ചെയ്തുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന രണ്ട് കെട്ട കെട്ടുപുസ്തകികളിൽ കൂടി ഒന്നും പേരും അവന്റെ വിശ്വാസത്തിൽ ഒരു പുസ്തകം കാണാവാൻ സംഗതിയായി. ആ പുസ്തകി, യമരുത്തിയുടെ ആശ്വര്യയെ വഹിക്കുന്ന ആ ക്രമവേറം നിണ്ണം വാൻ ഭ്രമിയിൽ കീടനാ പിടയുന്നതും, അതിന്റെ ഇണ അതിനുടുത്തായി ഭാവിച്ചു തല കനിച്ചു നിണ്ണുന്നതും ആയ ആ കാഴ്ച ആ യോഗിവയ്ക്കുന്നു—അതു കരണാംശാലിയുടെ—എദ്ദേഹത്തെ വല്ലാതെ പേരെന്നപ്പെട്ടു. ഉടനെതന്നെ അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്നർ താഴ്വലിദയത്തിൽനിന്നു കവിതാവാഹിനി,

മാനിഷാദ പ്രതിജ്ഞാം തപമഗമദ്ദാശപതിസ്തുമാഃ

യതു ക്രൂണവമിപ്രാനാദേകമവധിഃ കാമമോഹിതം.

എന്ന പദ്യത്തിൽ പ്രവർഖിച്ചു. ഇതുതു ആല്പരത്തെ പദ്യകവിത. ആല്പരത്തെ പദ്യകവിതയുടെ ഉത്തരവം ഭാവപ്പെട്ടിന്നുമായ എദ്യത്തിൽനിന്നാണ്! അമവാ, ഭാവത്തിന്നർ സന്നാനമായിരുന്നു ആല്പരത്തെ പദ്യകവിത! ആഭികവിയെ ലോകപ്രസിദ്ധവും, പരിപാവനവുമായ ‘വാല്മീകി രാമായണം’ എഴുതവാൻ പ്രേരിപ്പിച്ചതുമല്ലെന്നതെ ഭാവനാംഭവമായിരുന്നു.



St. Francis preaching to the birds.



എത്ര കവിയുടെ കാവ്യത്തെ പരിശോധിച്ചുനോക്കിയാലും അവയുടെ ഉത്തരവാത്തിലോ, അമ്പവാ അവയിൽ തന്നേയുമോ ഭിവത്തിന്റെ ഒരു സങ്കലനമാണെന്നു മനസ്സിലാക്കാവുന്നതാണ്. എത്ര മഹത്തുന്നമാണെങ്കം വുമയുടെ ഒരു ചെറിയ കുട്ടകെട്ടുകളിലുമാണെന്നു പറയാം. കുതക്കേണ്ടതിൽ, വീംനാശയ താതുക്കളുടെയും, അവയുടെ അന്തമരാ സൈന്യങ്ങളുടെയും നടവിൽവെച്ചുണ്ടാണ് ഭഗവാൻ അഞ്ചുനാം 'ഗീത' ഒരു ഉപദേശിച്ചത്. —അതു—ഡേനകമായ പരിസ്ഥിതികളുടെ മല്ലേവെച്ചുണ്ടോ ഇന്ത്യാക്കന്നപ്പും, ലോകത്തിന്നാക്കത്തെന്ന താന്ത്രികയെ പ്രഭാനംചെയ്യാൻ താണിയുള്ള 'ഗീത' യുടെ ഉത്തരവം!

തന്റെ ഏറ്റവും പ്രിയപ്പെട്ട ഭാരതത്തുമെങ്കിൽനിന്നും നിജ്ഞാസിതനായി, ഒട്ടരെ അക്കലെ കിടക്കുന്ന വമ്മയിലെ ഒരു കാരാറുഹത്തിൽ കിടന്ന് തീപുമായനഭവിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന അവസ്ഥയിലാണ് ‘ലോകമാന്ത്രിക്കാലഗംഗാധരതിലക’ എന്ന തന്റെ ലോകപ്രസിദ്ധമായ ‘ഗീതാധരസ്യ’-ത്രയ നിർമ്മിച്ചത്! അതേവിധം നേരം ദിവമന്ദിരവിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന കാലാംഭളിലാണ്, ‘ആർട്ടിക് ഹോ’ (Arctic Home) ത്രഞ്ചിയ മറന്നേക്കും അമുല്യഗ്രന്ഥങ്ങളേയും അദ്ദേഹം ലോകത്തിനു പ്രഭാനും ചെയ്തത്.

ഭാരതോർജ്ജിയുടെ യശസ്സും ഭരണയി പരിലസ്മിക്കേണ വസ്തുമഹാകവി രവിഗ്രാമപാഠഗാരിനെപ്പറ്റി നാം അല്ലെമാന്നാലോചിച്ചുനോക്കി. ബാല്യകാലത്തിൽ തന്റെ ഗ്രഹത്തിൽ തുടരു തുടരെയുണ്ടായ അന്താരാദ മാനനങ്ങൾ കേവലം ഒരു ബാലനായ രവിഗ്രാമ ഭിംബാബ്ദിയിൽ ആയിരുള്ളു; അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കളക്കരഹിതമായ പിണ്ഡവും ദയത്തിൽ ആ ഭിംബസംഭവങ്ങൾ അതിനീരി പ്രമാണ ഒരു മുണ്ടാരത്തു ഉണ്ടാക്കിത്തീർന്നു. [“അതിയായ ഭിംബവര്ത്തിന്റെ അവസാനം ആനന്ദമാണ്”] എന്ന തത്പരത ഇംഗ്ലീഷ് അവസരത്തിൽ വിസ്തൃതിക്കാൽ പാട്ടുള്ളിപ്പിലൂ] ആ ദേശരസംഭവങ്ങൾ. അദ്ദേഹത്തെ ലെഞ്ചിക്കുവുവഹാരങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും വേർപ്പെടുത്തി; അവ അദ്ദേഹത്തെ കവിതാവിഷയത്തിലേക്ക് വഴിക്കാണും. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കവിതാവാഹിനി ഇന്ത്യയിലെന്നല്ല, ലോകമെങ്ങും പ്രവർത്തിച്ചുതുട്ടുണ്ടി. ‘നോബർ’ സമ്മാനം ലഭിച്ചതോടുകൂടി അദ്ദേഹം ‘ലോകമഹാകവി’യുമായി. മഹാകവി ടാഗോറിനെ, ലോകപ്രസിദ്ധനാബാൻ സഹായിച്ചു സംഗതികളിൽ നാം, അദ്ദേഹത്തെ ലെഞ്ചിക്കുവുവഹാരങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും വേർപ്പെടുത്തിയ അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ബാല്യകാലത്തിലെ അനുഭവം ദേശരസംഭവമായിരിക്കും.

கத்திக்காலிக்கொள்கிண்ண விதயில் நினைக்காலி, தீ புவேன அன வெப்புக்காலான் ஸுக்மாரமூகவி, கவிக்குப்பதியாய காலிலோனக்குடி

വള്ളിപ്പിച്ച് തല കനിപ്പിച്ച് ‘അത്രവിലാസ്’ മഹാകാവ്യത്തെ നിംഖിച്ചുത്! തന്റെ പ്രേമ സമ്പദത്തിൽനിന്നും അക്കദാര്യപ്പെട്ടിട്ടും, കൊട്ടാരത്തിലെ സുവഞ്ചേരു മുപ്പേക്കിച്ചു രഹ്യദാന്തത്തിൽ പത്രിവിരഹത്താൽ സന്താപംവീഽദയനായി കാലയാ പന്നം ചെയ്തുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നോനും ‘കേരളകൂളിഭാസംഗന്ന അപരാഭിയാനമു ഇള്ളകേരളവമ്മ വലിയകോക്കിത്തനുരാൻ സുപ്രസിദ്ധമായ ‘മയുസസേശ’ത്തെ കൈ രളിക്കു പ്രഭാനം ചെയ്യുത്. രചനാഭംഗികൊണ്ടം, വസ്ത്രനാവെതിപ്പുംകൊണ്ടം, അത്രയഥാഭ്രല്ലുംകൊണ്ടം ‘മയുസസേശ’ത്തെ കവിച്ചുവെക്കുവാനോ, അതിനോടു കിടപിടിക്കുവാനോ താണിയിള്ള ഗമ്പങ്ങൾ മലയാളഭാഷയിൽ അധികമില്ല പത്രിവിരഹത്താൽ സന്താപമായ വീഽദയത്തിന്റെ അടിത്തട്ടിൽനിന്നാണും മയുര സംഭവത്തിലെ ദാരോ പല്ലശാളിം പൊട്ടിപ്പുറപ്പെട്ടിട്ടുണ്ട്!

മഹാകവി കമാരനാഡാനെ, കവിയെന്ന നിലയിൽ വിവ്യാതനാക്കിത്തെ തത അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ‘വീണ ചുവം’ ദയത്തമോദാഹരണമാണും. [‘വീണ ചുവ്’ രഹ്യദാന്തത്തിയാണെന്ന മുഴ അവസ്ഥയിൽ സ്നേഹിയമാണും.] കമാരനാ ഡാനും ആ ‘വീണ ചുവ്’ ദയ വെറും ചുവായിക്കുന്നില്ല. ‘അധികതുംബപദത്തി തു ദയ രാജത്തി കണക്കു പത്തിച്ചിരുന്നു’ ആ ചുവിന്റെ വീഴ്ച അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കരണാമസ്തണ്ഡും, അനന്തരാഗചൂരിതവുമായ വീഽദയത്തെ പൊട്ടിത്തകത്തുകളുണ്ടും. അപ്രകാരം സന്താപമായ വീഽദയത്തിൽനിന്നാണും ‘വീണ ചുവി’ന്റെ ആവിഭാവം. ആശാന്റെ ‘പ്രഭോദന’വും മരറായഡാഹരണമാണും. തന്റെ ദയ പ്രധാന മുഖ ചും, സാഹിത്യ സഖാവുമാക്കിയെന്ന പ്രാധ്യാസും രാജരാജവമ്മ കോയിത്തനുരം നേരു അക്കാലദേഹവിഭ്രാഗം ആ കവിമന്മജരനിൽ എന്നെന്നില്ലാത്ത ദയ പീഡയെ ഉള്ളവാക്കി. ആ അപരിഹാംമായ നജ്ഞത്താൽ സ്ത്രീജീമനസ്സുനായ ആ ഡാന്റെ ഭിവചുണ്ണിക്കുള്ളായ ആശയങ്ങളുണ്ടാണും ‘പ്രഭോദന’ നമ്മകു വെള്ളിവാക്കി തുയെന്നത്. മഹാകവി വഴിതേരാളിന്റെ ‘ബധിരവിലാപം’ മരറായഡാഹരണമാണും. ‘പ്രണയികളുടെ നമ്മസംഭാഷണങ്ങളിം, സഖാക്കളായ കവികളുടെ കവി താപുരായണവും, വിധിവെപചരിത്രത്താൽ കേരകക്കുവാൻ തക്കനാവാതെ കഴിഞ്ഞുണ്ട്’ മഹാകവിയുടെ വുസന്നം എത്ര വലിയതാക്കിക്കയില്ല? ‘ബധിരവിലാപം’ കേവലം അദ്ദേഹത്തണ്ണു ചെറു പല്ലശാഖ മാത്രമങ്ങളിൽ ദയ ചെറുനമ്പമാണെകിലും, ആതു വഞ്ചിച്ച തീന്നാൽ, ദയ മഹാകാവും വഞ്ചിച്ചതിന്നാലുണ്ടാവും നാളുപോലെയുള്ളതു ദയ പത്രിതിയാണും ‘നമ്മളിൽ ഉണ്ടാവുന്നത്’. ‘ബധിരവിലാപം’ മഹാകവിയുടെ സ്ത്രീജുണ്ണമായ ചിന്തകളുടെ സകലനമാണും.

കണ്ണകളുടെ തക്കതി കേവലം ക്ഷുഖിച്ച്, അമവാ, കേവലം അസ്യനായി തനിക്ക് എറബും പ്രീയപ്പെട്ട അക്കത്തിയുടെ രമണീയതയെക്കണ്ണാസ്പദിക്കുവാൻ

നിവുത്തിയില്ലാതെ കണ്ണിത്തെപ്പുകു് അന്യകാരമയവും, ഭാവപ്പെട്ടിവുമായ ജീവിത യാത്രയുടെ അന്ത്യാലക്കരിലംബം ആംഗലമഹാകവി 'മിൽട്ടൻ' ആംഗലസാഹിത്യ ത്രിലെ രഹമല്ലൂരതാമായ 'പ്രഡലീസാന്റു'ത്തെ ചെചിച്ചതു്. ആംഗലകവികളുടെയിടയിൽ ഒരു ഉൽക്കുഴ്ചിസ്ഥാനത്തെ അർമ്മിക്കുന്ന വില്യം കൂപ്പറ (William Couper) ജീവിതം ഭാവപ്പെട്ടിപ്പുമായ സ്നായിക്കുന്നു. അദ്ദേഹത്തിനു തന്റെ ജീവിതത്തിൽ മുന്നു നാലു പ്രാവസ്യം ബുദ്ധിമുദ്രകളിനു വരുംവരണാക്കേണ്ടി വന്നിട്ടുണ്ടു്. “എന്നി ക്കു് ക്രിക്കറ്റുടെ ഉണ്ടായിക്കൊണ്ടിരുന്ന ബുദ്ധിമുദ്രമാണു് എന്നു ഒരു കവിയാക്കി തത്തിന്ത്തു്,” എന്നു് അദ്ദേഹംതന്നെ രഹിതതു് പ്രസ്താവിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ടു്.

കവിതയും, വ്യമയും തമ്മിൽ ഒരു വലിയ ബന്ധമുണ്ടെന്ന നാം മനസ്സിലാക്കിക്കൊണ്ടു. ഒരു കവിതയേയും കുലക്കുളമ്പയി പരിശോധിക്കുകയുണ്ടെന്നുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ ഇം തത്പരം നമ്മരംക്കു കുട്ടതൽ വ്യക്തമാക്കുന്നതാണ്. “നമ്മുടെ ശ്രദ്ധിമയും മായ ഗാനങ്ങൾ ഭിവസംഭവങ്ങളെ വർന്നിക്കുന്നവയാണോ”നും ഒപ്പുണ്ടിയും രഹിടത്ത് അല്ലെങ്കിലും കുണ്ട്.

### ൩. വെലായുധൻ, (സീനിയർ വില്യാത്മി)

## ആരംഭത്തിൽ.

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എം. വാസുദേവൻ നായർ സീനിയർ വില്പാർഡി.

(മഞ്ഞരി)

മഞ്ഞിതമുവരേതാട്ട മരവുന്ന  
കല്ലതേ സുവമല്ലയോതേ.  
സുഖാപ്പുജപ്പനാരിമാർത്തനരട  
ചന്തമേരീടുന്ന ദണ്ഡാലം  
കണ്ണിട്ടമൊട്ടം നിനക്കില്ല ലജ്ജയും  
കുളം! ചരിച്ചുകൂട്ടു ചാഞ്ചാട്ട നീ.  
മാനപ്പമാനസം സംടിതസന്ത്രാഷ-  
മാനമാക്കുന്ന സുഗന്ധിസുനം.  
മാലതി! മാമകമാനസം ശ്രോം-  
മാക്കിച്ചുമക്കുന്ന നിത്യവും നീ.  
മഞ്ഞരമേ, തവ സുഖാപ്പുജ്ഞങ്ങ-  
ളന്തിക്കേതക്ക വിളിച്ചീടുന്നു.  
കോമളാതിതൻ ശ്രോണകപ്പോലമോ  
ലാലസിച്ചീടും പനിനീരേ നീ?  
ആരുമുദേശരത്തേക്കാരോരോ ചംജുവു-  
മാനം കൈകുള്ളുന്ന കാരാറിൽവരമു.  
സഹഭ്യം വിരി ഹസിച്ച ചുള്ളക  
സന്ത്രാഷം ശാന്തപത്മല്ല പാരിൽ!

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# രഹാവിശ്വാസ

വൈക്കുമെന്നതി ബുദ്ധാശ്വമുക്കൻ  
 വൈക്കുനിന്നതിൽ വാൺിച്ചൻ.  
 കണ്ണലമിട്ടുനേന്തനാമാകാര-  
 മണ്ണലംതന്നിൽക്കിടപ്പുഹരി.  
 ആളിതുവയ്ക്കാർ താംവചക്രങ്ങളും;  
 സൗഖ്യാമിനിയായ നാന്തകവും;  
 സന്ധ്യയാക്കേണ്ട പത്രവും; രാത്രി-  
 ലന്നകാരമല്ലോ കൈശമോഭകി.  
 കൈസ്തുഭേദന്തങ്ങന്നാം; ലക്ഷ്മിയോ  
 നിസ്തുഭദ്രാഭയുഷ്മസ്തുമദ്ധ്യം.  
 നിത്യപ്രകാശത്തെയങ്കും പരത്തുന്ന  
 സത്യപരാശക്തി താർക്ക്ഷ്യന്മല്ലോ.  
 ആതപമായോരു പീതാംഖരം പിന്നന  
 ഭ്രതജീവിക്കുമിനി മുറിയാദാരം.  
\*Milky way  
\*Rain bow  
 കൂറിയാരോകം ത്രീവസമിന്മുഖം  
 വാങ്ങവിപ്പാകം വന്നമുലയും  
 മും വിഡാമല്ലോമലങ്കാരമുജേളിം  
 ഭേദനാം വിശ്വവൈ കൈകുപ്പുനേൻ.

കോങ്ങാട്ട മുള്ളൻ നായർ.

# മാരുഭാഷ പോഷണാർമ്മലെ?

മാരുഭാഷാപ്രണയികളും ക്ഷോഭിപ്പിക്കരതകവെള്ളം ചിലർ “സപ്രാഭ പോഷണാർമ്മലോ” എന്ന തലക്കെട്ടിൽ ചിലത്തെല്ലാം പ്രതിവാദിച്ചു്, “അങ്ങനെന്നും, മുള്ളിഷ്മാതാമ നല്ല ഭാഷയുള്ളു്” എന്ന സ്ഥാപിച്ചു വരുന്നുണ്ട്. “മാരുഭാഷ പോഷണാർമ്മലോ” എന്ന ചോദിക്ഷണ്ഡാഡ തന്നെ മരുപ്പും ഭാഷകളും പരിപൂർണ്ണാവസ്ഥയെ പ്രാപിച്ചിട്ടില്ലെന്നും, അവകരം പോഷണാർമ്മലുണ്ണാണെന്നും, മാതൃഭാഷ നേരെ മരിച്ചു ചരിപ്പകപമായ നിഖയിൽ എത്തിക്കഴിഞ്ഞിരിക്കുന്നവെന്നും പ്രതുക്കുമായിത്തിരുന്നു. ഒരു ഭാഷ പോഷണാർമ്മലെല്ലുക്കിൽ അതു ഒരു ഒരു തിരുപ്പന്തിരം രണ്ട് പക്ഷമില്ല. അതിനാൽ മാരുഭാഷയായ മലയാളം പോഷിപ്പിക്കേണ്ടതില്ലെന്ന ഏഴേപ്പാം പരയുന്നവോ അനു മുതൽക്ക് അതിനു മരുപ്പും ഭാഷകളുക്കാളും ഒന്നന്തും ലഭിച്ചു കഴിത്തുവെന്നും വുക്കതമാകുന്നുണ്ട്. പിന്നെ മലുവണ്ട ചോദ്യത്തിനു “പോഷണാർമ്മലു്” എന്നത്തിനും പരയുന്നതുന്നായമായിട്ടുള്ളതാണെന്നും തോന്നുന്നില്ല.

ഒണ്ണംമത് മലയാളഭാഷ നന്നാല്ലെന്ന പരയുന്നവക്കുള്ള രഹിക്കുപം, അത് റാജ്യിയഭാഷയാക്കി വെച്ചിട്ടില്ലെന്നുള്ളതുണ്ടാണ്. ഒരു ഭാഷ റാജ്യഭാഷയല്ല സ്വന്തു കരിത്തിനു അതിനെ തിരസ്സിരിക്കുവാൻ പാടുള്ളതാണോ? റാജ്യിയഭാഷയാക്കി സ്ഥാപിക്കാതെ ഭാഷയുടെ കരിമാണോ? വിദേശരിയർ റാജ്യം ഭരിക്കുവോടു അവയുടെ ഇഷ്ടപ്രകാരമാണെല്ലോ ഭരണം നടത്തുക. അതിനാൽ അവർക്ക് ഇംഗ്ലീഷ്യഭാഷ റാജ്യഭാഷയാക്കി സ്ഥാപിക്കേണ്ടതുമെന്നും തോന്നിയിട്ടുണ്ടാവാം. കൊച്ചി, തിരുവിതാംകൂർ മതലായ ദേശങ്ങളിൽ മലയാളം റാജ്യഭാഷയാക്കി സ്ഥാപിക്കാതെ ഇംഗ്ലീഷ്യപരമത്വം ശ്രമിക്കുന്നത് അവയുടെ അനുകരണങ്ങൾം കൊണ്ടായിരിക്കും.

നമ്മുടെ ചുമ്പികൾ സപ്രാഭയിൽ മതിയാംവെള്ളം വാക്കുളിപ്പുരൈ കഴിഞ്ഞി തമ്മിൽത്തമ്മിൽ ആത്യന്തികരാ പരഞ്ഞതിനിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കാതെയാണോ? കഴിച്ചുകൂട്ടിയതെന്നും തോന്നും വിശ്വസിക്കുന്നില്ല. മലയാളഭാഷയിൽ സംസ്കാരത്തിൽ നിന്നും, തമിഴിൽ നിന്നും ഉള്ള തസ്മാദുള്ളം തത്ത്വങ്ങളും ഉണ്ടായിരിക്കും. ലോകമെങ്ങും പരന്നു, നിരവധി ജനങ്ങളുടെ പ്രശംസകമുഖ്യമായി പാല രാജ്യങ്ങളിലും പ്രതിപാദിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതും, ഇന്ത്യയിലും മരുന്നേകും ദേശങ്ങളിലും റാജ്യിയഭാഷയായി സ്ഥാപിക്കരിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതുമായ ഇംഗ്ലീഷിൽ പ്രഞ്ച, ഗ്രീക്ക്, ലാററിൽ, മതലായവയിൽ നിന്നും എടുത്തിട്ടുള്ള വാക്കുകൾക്കും കണക്കില്ല. അതിനാൽ ഇംഗ്ലീഷ് ഒരു സപ്തരംഭാഷയല്ലെന്നുള്ളതു തിരുത്താനും. അതിനുംപുറമും, മലയാള ഭാഷയിൽ

வேள்கு வாக்கைல்லாத அதுவரையும் கூட மதியாவுள்ளிலூன்னித்து அல்ல வி ப்ராமாக்கையென்றியார்கள். “தூங்காம்”யிற் எதுவை எல்ல அவச்சாரணைத்து. அதுதான் “பசு” மலதால்திற் நினைவுமிகு முக்கியிப்பித்திகள். ஹா கரே ஸங்கதிதவா மலதால்தாஷ்டிற் நூல்மேலை வாக்கைப் பூர்வநிதிகளை ஸா க்கும் வகைச்சுன்னைப்போ.

മലയാളത്തിൽ വേണ്ടതു വാക്കുകളില്ലെന്നും, അതിനാൽ അധികം വാക്കുകളുടെ ഇംഗ്ലീഷുഭാഷയാണ് ഉപയോഗക്കുമെന്നും പറയുന്നവരോട് ഒന്ന് ചോദിച്ചുകൊള്ളുന്നത്. ഭാഷകളുടെ സാമ്പത്തികമിഡിയാണെന്നും തിച്ചുപുട്ടതിൽ ഇംഗ്ലീഷിൽ എപ്പോ വികാരങ്ങൾക്കും വസ്തുകൾക്കും തക്കതായ വാക്കുകളുണ്ടാ? ഇല്ലെന്ന പറയാതെ നിംബുവർമ്മിപ്പ്. ഇപ്പുകാരം രാരോ ഇന്ത്യം ക്രാക്കശമായി പരിശോധിക്കുന്നതായാൽ മലയാളത്തിൽ തുച്ഛിയാംവണ്ണം വാക്കുകളില്ലെന്ന കാരിം നീക്കേണ്ടിവരുന്നതാണ്.

ହିଂହ୍ଲୀଷୁଭାଷ୍ୟିର ମାତମ୍ବ ରାମ୍ପୁଷ୍ଟାତ୍ତ୍ଵ. ସଂସ୍କରତତିର ପେଣା  
ଣିକକାଳଂ ମୁତରକଟିବାନ ହେଲୁଁ, ରିତ୍ୟ, କଲ୍ପଂ, ନିରକତଂ, ବ୍ୟାକରଣଂ  
ଆସାନିଯମ ଏବାନୀ ରାମ୍ପୁଷ୍ଟାତ୍ତ୍ଵ ଉଣିଛି. ହିଂହ୍ଲୀଷ୍ୟିର ପ୍ରତିପାଦିତ୍ୱିକ୍ରତ୍ତିରେ  
କଂର ପତିନେତ୍ର ନନ୍ଦାକିରଣଙ୍କ ଶିର୍ଷାଣଭାଷ୍ୟିର ପ୍ରତିପାଦିତ୍ୱିକ୍ରତ୍ତିର  
ନ ଅତ୍ୟାନ୍ତିକରଣ ଅବାଧୀନ ବନ୍ଦାଣଙ୍କ. ସଂସ୍କରତମାଯି ଏତରେଇ ଅନ୍ତପ୍ରତ୍ୱତ୍ତ  
ନନ୍ଦାକିରଣ ଭାଷ୍ୟିର ସଂସ୍କରତରାମ୍ପୁଷ୍ଟାତ୍ତ୍ଵ ତତ୍ତ୍ଵ ଚେତ୍ୟବାନ ସୁସାଧୁମାଣଙ୍କ.  
ହେପ୍ତାର ପଲ ରାମ୍ପୁଷ୍ଟାତ୍ତ୍ଵ. ସଂସ୍କରତତିରିଗିନିମ ମଲଯାହାତିଲେକୁ ତତ୍ତ୍ଵ  
ଚେତ୍ୟିକ୍ରମଣଙ୍କ. ଅକ୍ଷାମାନାମାରିକେ, ମଲଯାହାତିଲେକୁ ହିଂହ୍ଲୀଷ୍ୟିରିଗିନିମ ଏବା  
ନିରାମାଣଙ୍କ ତର୍ହତତମକର ଚେତ୍ୟାନନ୍ଦାତା? ଅମଦିବା ତତ୍ତ୍ଵମକର ହିଂହ୍ଲୀଷ୍ୟିର ନିମ  
ପେଣାମେକାର ଅତା ମଲଯାହାତିଲେକୁ କ୍ଷମାପ୍ରସାଦୁରୁଷମାଣଙ୍କ.

മലയാളത്തിൽ മോശമായ പുസ്തകങ്ങൾ ഉള്ളിൽ ഭാഷയുടെ കരമാണോ? വല്ല അല്ലവില്പാന്നമാം അതശയഗ്രഹിയെ ഭാഷാഗ്രഹിയെ ഇപ്പോൾ ചില കൂടി കൂടി രഹിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതുകൊണ്ടു ഒരു ഭാഷ ചീതയായുകയെരു പോഷണംമല്ലാത്ത ധാര്യക്കയോ ചെയ്യാമെന്ന തോന്നന്നില്ല.

മലയാളഭാഷ നന്നാലും തന്നെയിരിക്കുമെങ്കിൽ, എന്നാലും അതിനെ തിരിക്കുവാനുത്തരമാണോ? അതിനെ പോഷിപ്പിച്ച് തന്നെതാവസ്ഥയിൽ എത്തിക്കേണ്ടത് കേരളീയരുടെ ചുമതലയാലും. ഇംഗ്ലീഷിലും ആലും എത്തേരോ ചുമതലയാണുവസ്ഥയിലായിരുന്നു. തന്നെന്നരും ഇംഗ്ലീഷുകാരുടെ അനുഭാവപരിഗമം കൊണ്ടാലും ഇങ്ങനെ ലോകമാന്യമാക്കിം പറഞ്ഞ വിജയപതാകനുടയെന്തു്?

നിരത്മകമായ വാദങ്ങൾ കൊണ്ടുവരാതെ സ്പാഷ്യർ പ്രോഫീസ്‌‌ലുക്ക് വുന്നുണ്ട് എന്ന ദേശീകരണം തുടർന്ന്.

## ഒരു പ്രാത്മക .

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1. സൈപരമെന്നിലണ്ണയാത പാക്ഷവാ-  
നാരഫോ എന്തു! നിന്നൊന്നോതുവോൻ  
നീരഭാദ്രവന്തു കാലടി-  
താരജസ്യമിവനേകണം സുവം.
2. ഏപ്രതവസ്തുവിലഹന ചേരുപ്പാർ-  
ക്കൈതവത്കിന മുതിന്ന് എത്തടം  
ഹാ! തവം മലികമലം മരച്ചു ഫേ  
വാതനാമ! ഗതിയെത്തു മേഖിൽ മേ.
3. കാതരാക്ഷികളിലുത്തു സൈജ്വം  
ചേതസാ ബത കൈന്നിട്ടം വിഡ്യം  
വിതശക്മവിവേശനന്നർ എൽ-  
പ്പാതയിൽച്ചത്രരേംഡിഡേനമേ.
4. മുംതന്നവനമണ്ണത്രു ശോകരിതന്ന-  
മുംചയ്യുള്ളവി വാണിര വേണാവിൽ-  
സുംഡാധാമണ്ണച്ചിരിരൈപ്പാരൻ  
നന്ദനനന്നന്നയന്ന കാണും താൻ
5. വൈവിധ്യാനിജ മനസ്സു തീത്താരീ  
ക്രൂരിത്കിലശ്വന്നവക്കഫോ  
പാരിലെത്തുഗതി മായതേശനാം  
പാരിജാതമരമാനന്നഴിച്ചിനി
6. മല്ലവും ധനവുമീതപരഞ്ഞര കാൽ-  
പ്പലവപ്പിയവമില്ല തുജ്ജിയും  
നല്ലതാനംമിവനില്ല ഭന്നവി-  
വല്ലഭൻ മരി മിഴിയ്ക്കു ഫോ മിഴി.
7. പാവക്കൻവനാമംച്ചിട്ടം വിഡ്യം  
പാവമാം ഹരിന്നപോതമന്നപോൾ  
ഹാ! വള്ളൻ ഗ്രഹഭാരചിന്തയാം  
തീവള്ളഞ്ഞടക്ക കരിച്ചിട്ടനം മേ.

8. പീലി ഗോപി വനമാല കുളം  
താലി കിഞ്ചിണി ചിലന്തു മോതിരം  
ചേലിലിവകയണിത്തു കാണണം  
മേലിലന്നമനിലാലയേശന.
9. ഗോപിതൊട്ട തിരനെന്നറി; രാധയാം-  
ഗോപി തൊട്ട കരഞ്ഞേയ; സക്കം  
ഗോപിതൊട്ട മനം; ഏവ മത്രയോ  
ഗോപിതൊട്ട തിരുഗോപനാത്രയം!
10. മല്ലമെഞ്ചകര മരച്ചുനിന്നിട്ടും  
ചല്ലവരത്താടക്കിരായ തന്റചൊടി.  
വല്ലവീമണികൾ നോക്കിനിൽക്കവേ  
മല്ലവെരി മരളിയ്ക്കു നല്ലിനാൻ!
11. അതുമിഞ്ചുതുണ്ടായില്ല; പക്ഷേവാ-  
ന്തുമില്ല, കലവും ധനാദിയും  
പോങ്ങേ! വിഷമമെന്നു ജീവിതം  
മാങ്ങേതേ! ഭഗവൻ!! നമോസ്തുതേ.
12. സാരസാക്ഷിനരട ചാരപാലത്രു-  
രാറിത്തു സതതം സൂരിയ്ക്കു മേം.  
സാരമില്ലവന ഹമ്മാമായ സം-  
സാരസാഗരതരംഗമദ്ദനം.

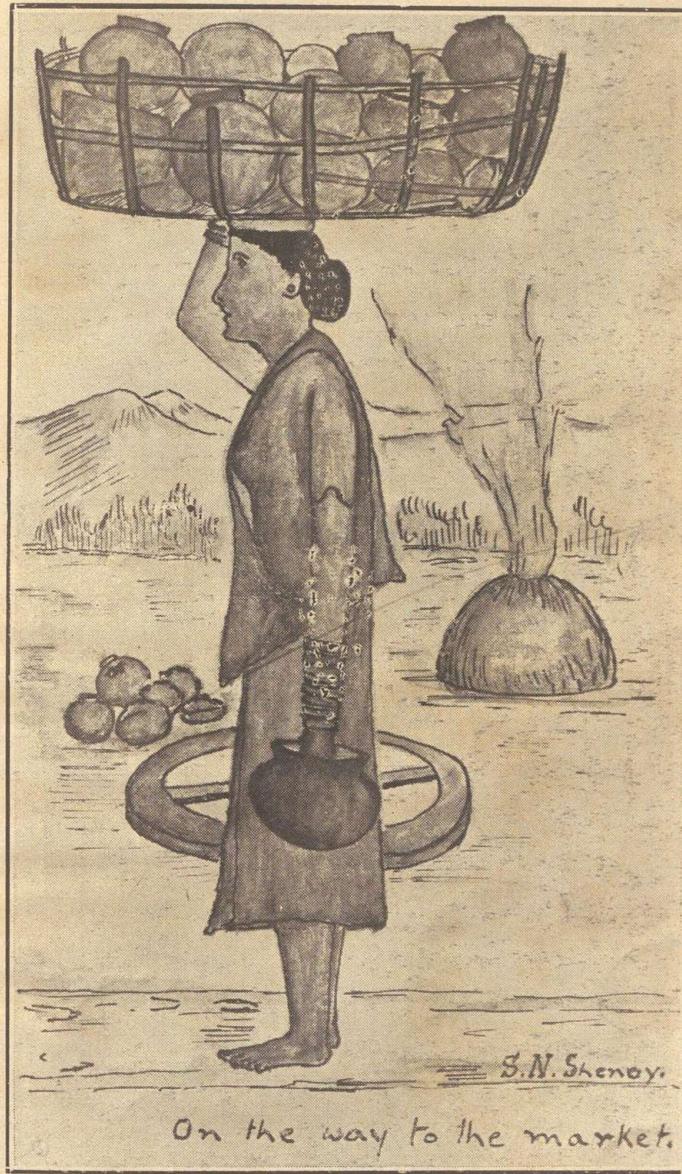
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# നി 13.

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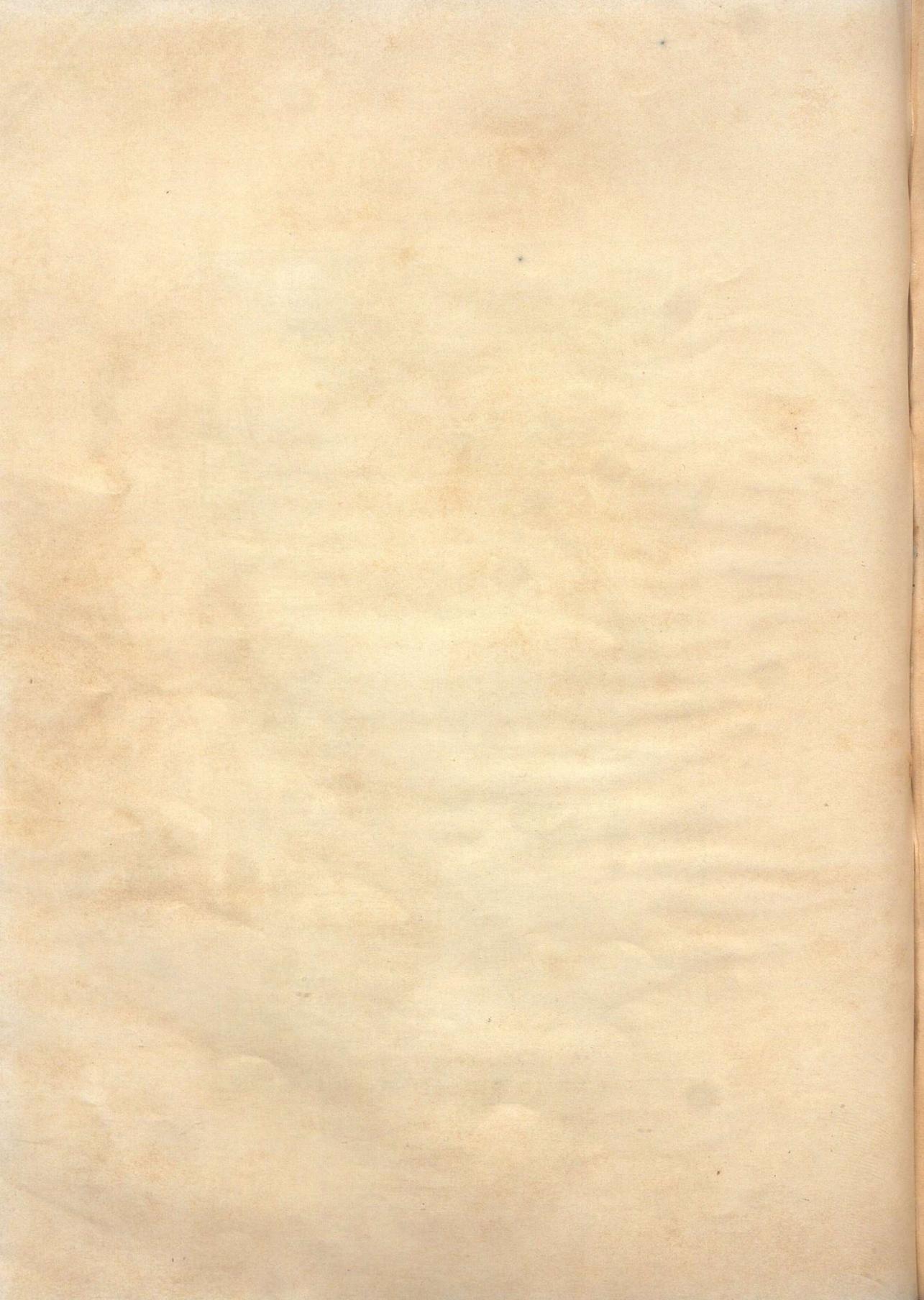
1. റാവാകവോളം പലവേലരചയ്യും  
നാന്നവിധി മാനസവേദമേറ്റും  
ആയാസമാന്തരം കഴിഞ്ഞിട്ടേം-  
ഒരുത്താനു നൽകുന്ന നമക്കിസൗഖ്യം?
2. യാത്രാനു രോഗിക്കവലംബമുണ്ടും  
ജീവിപ്പതിനേകനിലാനമായും,  
അതോന്നു ഫ്രോക്കോത്തരസൗഖ്യമാന്തരം-  
അക്കമാണന്നതു നിശ്ചിവാദം.
3. നിലാമുതം മാനഷശ്രദ്ധശിക്ഷ  
നാകത്തിലാന്ന് സുവാര്ണഭോഗം  
വജതതിട്ടനു കനിവാന്ന് നിത്യം  
കിനാവിലാണനു വിശ്വാഹമേകി.
4. സംസാരമാകം നിബിഡാന്യകാരം  
പ്രചിച്ച വാഴനേന്നായ ജീവജാലം  
എത്തോ സുഷ്ണൂടികകമേ വലഞ്ഞ  
പോരന്നതാല്ലെന്നതുമായകണ്ട?
5. ജനുക്കൈള്ളാമാരാനാളിലേതും  
വിനിച്ചിട്ടാത്തും സുലിർഹദയരികം  
നിലക്കൈപ്പട്ട മനഷ്യലേകം  
നൃജിക്കൈമനാളിത്തു വാസ്തുവംതാൻ
6. ഭ്രംബകവം നാകവുമൊക്കയും കീ-  
ഴമത്തി നാരീമണിയെന്നപോലെ  
മഹാശയനുക്കുമലംല്ല മാക്ക-  
മീട്ടാൻ നിലക്കു നമസ്ത്രിക്കാം.

വി. എം. ഗോവിന്ദൻകുമ്പിമേനോൻ,  
സിനിയർ വില്പാത്മി.



S.N. Shenoy.

On the way to the market.



# ദിനാന്തസുംഗ.

(മഞ്ചരി)

ഉന്നതകാന്തിമാനക്കൻ പ്രതിചിതിൾ  
സിന്മുരൈപ്പാട്ടായി ലാലസിക്കേ  
മാനസോല്പിസാ ത്മമേകനായേക്കം  
തൊന്തരാദ്ദേശ്യാദ്ദേശ്യിതീരം എക്കെൻ.  
വെണ്ടിനരവും തന്നൊളിപ്പും തുണി...  
യെന്നിൽ സരസപാൻ പൊഴിച്ചിരുന്നു.  
ക്രൈക്കടവിൽനിന്നപ്പോൾ തിരക്കെള്ളു  
താരാട്ടിയെത്തിയ മഡവായു  
സേപ്പലക്കണാവ്യിതമെന്നുവം മേൽക്കൂമേൽ  
സംഭരം ചുംബനംവെയ്തീരുന്നു.  
ചുറ്റുംപരംകിടക്കം മണാർത്തരി  
മുറും കതിരവൻ തന്ത്രക്കതിരുത്തി  
കണ്ണിനാനംമേക്കംമണിച്ചീടം  
സപ്പണ്ണപ്പാടിയാക്കിത്തീര്ത്തിരുന്നു.  
ബോവതരംഗോച്ചലിതവാരാനിധി,  
വീലയാ വീയിന വാതപോതാ,  
അസുമയാതനകാന്തിയിതെല്ലാമെൻ  
വിത്തം വികാരഭരിതമാക്കി.  
അബ്ദിവംതന്നിൽപ്പതിപ്പാൻ തുടങ്ങിച്ചു  
ചെന്നിരമാളുമാജുംതില്ലുന്ന  
പിന്നെയും പിന്നെയും നോക്കിക്കാണ്ണബുദ്ധേൻ  
നിന്നിതു ചിന്താതിബാധിതനായ്.  
ഇന്നാലെയിനേരംതന്നിലും തീംബോ!  
നിന്നനിലയിത്തരംതന്നെന്നയല്ലോ!  
മുത്തിയിത്തങ്ങൾവുംപ്പാൻ തുടങ്ങിയി-  
ട്ടുതയായ് കാലമന്നാക്കിയാം.  
എത്തനാളേവമന്നവുംക്കുമന്നത-

മിരിലോകത്തിലുായക്കണ്ണ?  
എങ്ങനെന്നയിലോകം കീഴുമേൽ മറികിലും  
ഒംഗം തപത്തുത്രജിനിപ്പയപ്പോ!  
മാനവസംഹതിജിവിതർത്തികൾ  
മാ! നിന്നിൽനിന്നെന്നത് ദിനഭിന്നം!  
ഇന്ന കടക്കണാറോറിപ്പാസം കൊരിവോനെ  
ക്ഷണിമേൽക്കണ്ണിംഗമപ്പോ നാളു.  
എന്തുകിലുമാട്ടിയക്കട—അംഗാണം.  
സിന്ധുവിൽ വീഴുകയായും മുക്കണക്കേ.  
ഇതുനേരംകൊണ്ണിലോകത്തിലെന്നപ്പും  
കുത്രാജ്ഞാജ്ഞാനം നിംബുചുച്ച?  
തന്നപജിവനം തേട്ടവാനായുംകാരണം  
തമാത്രാവിൽനിന്നെന്നത്പേര  
കുറും വിശ്വാസമിപ്പിച്ചിരും—  
കായണ്ണലേഡമിയന്നിംഗാതെ.  
ഇഞ്ചുജനാഫീയാലേതെപ്പോം മത്രുരു  
പുജ്ഞമോഡാമതതരംകിരിച്ചുചു?  
ആരിലെപ്പോം, ജീവൻ വേറിട്ടപോകിലും  
തീരാത്ത വൈവം ചെല്ലത്തിവിട്ടു?  
എത്ര മനജരു നീയിന്ന നിംബയം  
കുത്രുക്കപത്തിൽ പിടിച്ചുതുള്ളു?  
ചിത്രഭാനോ! തവ വൈവഭവം പാക്കിനേംഡം  
ചിത്രമഗ്രാവരമേതവക്കം  
നിന്നുമയരതാൽ കണ്ണസുമല്ലിയ!  
എന്നടെ ജീവിതഗ്രാവലക്കിൽ  
കള്ളിഡാനാറിത്തു വിണ്ണം ചേക്കിവാ—  
നെന്നാളുമാക്കിമെള്ളുപ്പോ.

പി. കെ. എക്സാറ്റിത്തന്പരമൻ,  
(പുംബില്ലാമ്പി)

# സംസ്കാരം .

( പി. കെ. കെ. മേനോൻ )

ചുമ്പിലും

1.

കാമലാർ ചൊല്ലിനാരം, “അരമേ, നമസ്കാരം,  
തൃംഗിന്ത്യാരത കമിയ്ക്കുകയായ്”;  
അരമേ, ക്ഷമിക്കുക നാനുപരാധിപരം—”  
കാമന്ത്രം നിന്മാക്കാതെയായി!  
ഗാത്രം തരളമായ്; കൈകർം തന്മാരുപോയ്;  
ഹാ നേതരകാന്തി പൊലിത്തുപോയി!!  
ജീവിതപാജ്ഞരമുക്തയാ, യക്ഷാച്ച—  
ജീവാത്മാവെങ്കോ പരന്നപോയി!!!  
നിത്യലുംാന്തിനാൽ നിത്യപരസംപോലവേ  
വിതിത്രടങ്ങിനാൻ മജ്ജാനിലവൻ . . . . .

2.

മധ്യാസനസുത്തിന്റെ പ്രോത്സാഹപരമേര  
സുന്നാദം വാചനത്തല്ല കല്പിം;  
ജീവിതത്തെട്ടിനേൽ ശോഭിക്കം കോരകം  
പൊന്നംഷസ്ത്രികൾ കരിവത്തേരു!  
ഹാ ലോകമാനഭംഗകാളി ടു! ദൈനാലും  
ആ മാത്രചിത്തരം കരയുമെന്നം!  
അഞ്ചും, ചതിച്ചുപ്പോ കംഖിയേ! ലോവമാം  
മാനസഭിത്തി പിളന്തല്ലോ നി  
ഹാ മാ നരകത്തിന് ചായായചുത്തല്ലോ  
സപ്ത്യീയജീവിതപ്പുണ്ടതിൽ!  
കരംകിടാവററ മാത്രാവേ! മായാത്ത  
കുർമ്മകിലല്ലോ നിന്തു മാനസത്തിൽ?  
സുംബംസപ്പല്ലും മരത്തു; നിന്തജീവിത-  
സംഗീതനാലം വിരളമായി!

ആനംസംശയമിടിഞ്ഞിരാ, ലഞ്ചിക-  
സംഭാഗ്രമെല്ലാം വിനൃതിമായ !  
മുത്തുതൻ ഓലാരുന്നുകാരമേ ! നീഞ്ഞത  
ഭിവുതേജസ്സിൽ പടന്നിട്ടില്ല !  
അാല്പകിലെന്തിനു കേഴുനു ? ശോകക്കാർഡം  
ആനംസോപാനമാർക്കുമെല്ലാ !  
മാ സുലുഭാത്രത്തെയല്ലി പ്രഭർിച്ചു  
രാത്രി ? —നീയാര്യപാസംകാർക വേഗം;  
ജീവിതസംഗ്രഹിതാനുന്നതിൽ ആനം-  
രെഞ്ചവിയിൽത്തന്നു ഭിവരുഗം !  
സത്രത്തിൽ ചരാവത്രുപഞ്ചല്ലഭ്യേ  
മാതാവേ ! ലഞ്ചികവുന്നമെല്ലാം ?  
എന്തോ വിഴുസ്ഥമവിത്രും തെടിടം  
പാസ്ഥമാരല്ലഭ്യേ നമ്മരുല്ലാം ?  
കമ്പ്രവാഹത്തിൽ ഞോജിച്ചും, കൈവിട്ട-  
മോട്ടിട്ടമോരോ തുരന്തുകരം നാം !  
നിത്യത്തനടിത്തടിൽനിന്നുംവി-  
ച്ചല്ലി നാം ചുറിക്കരഞ്ഞിട്ടുനു ?  
എത്ര ജനക്കാർക്കും, എത്ര ബന്ധക്കും  
മാതാവേ ! നീയും വിയേയയായി ?

4.

കാലത്തിൽ ശ്രദ്ധയവനിക, നിങ്ങൾതന്നു  
ലഞ്ചികവുന്നു മരച്ചിട്ടില്ലം,  
ഭിവുമനോജന്നുരുന്നയിൽ, ആത്മീയ-  
ബന്ധനതിൽ, വാഴാം നിനക്കു നിത്യം !  
ആദിത്യകാന്തിയിൽ, ചന്ദ്രപ്രകാശത്തിയിൽ,  
മരം വിറിയും നൃമലവിൽ,  
താരത്തിൽ നിറ്റുംഗാനത്തിൽ, രാമലിൻ  
ഭിവുസംബന്ധത്തെന്നാസപ്രിക്കാം !  
വിത്പന്തിലെല്ലാം വഴിതെതാഴുകന്നും  
ഈപ്പത്സത്യത്തിൽ തുമാധുച്ചും ;

നവ്യചെച്ചത്രും നിരയ്ക്കുവാൻ മാത്രമീ  
ഭേദത്തിനും പുണ്ണിയില്ല എല്ലാവും!

5.

സുപ്രഭാവും ജീവിക്കുവാൻ ക്രാന്തിക  
വാന്തതിൽ പുണ്ണിയില്ല തുകിട്ടും ?  
ലഭകിക്കാക്കരത്തു വെടിഞ്ഞു, പ്രതിതിനം  
വിസ്തമാതിന്ത്തിൽ നിദ്രചെയ്യു !  
“ഇന്ന് മരിയും നീ; നാഞ്ചി വിരമിക്കു—”  
കൈനാട്ടു ലോകത്തിന് ഗ്രാഹത്തുപം !  
സാജലിബന്ധരായ് നമ്മരക്കു പ്രാർഥിക്കും  
നിന്മലാത്മാക്കരംക്കരയ് —നിത്യശാന്തി !!!

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# സവിവിലാപം.

മേഖി ! വസുമതി ! തായേ ! സദ്ധൃതപരി !  
 കൈവല്യമുത്തേരു ! തോൻ കൈകൂദ്ധുനേനൻ.  
 സർച്ചരാചരമാതാവേ ! ഘണ്ണും !  
 സദ്ധൃദ്ധുമായിനി ! ഭാക്ഷ്യരീഡേ !  
 എന്നാതമമിത്യമാം ബാവികാരത്താത്ത-  
 യെന്നമേ യെങ്ങുനി കൊണ്ടപോയി?  
 എന്നപ്രാണത്രഖ്യപ്രിയസവിസന്നിഡേ  
 സംപ്രതമകന്നയും കൊണ്ടപോക.  
 എത്തനിചനാർ നിന്മകളായണ്ടിപ്പോം  
 അത ജീവിക്കുന്ന ഭാരതത്തിൽ !  
 ഭൂമിക്കാർ താവകപ്പതുർ ദിനംതോറം  
 ഘണ്ണിപ്പുട്ടന്തു കുഞ്ഞമല്ലോ!  
 എത സർച്ചതമാർ നിത്യം മരിക്കുന്ന  
 അതയുംതന്നേ ജനിപ്പത്തേണ?  
 ഭാഗ്യസംഘട്ടന്യായ് വാണിജത്രംവ  
 ഭാഗ്യവിഹീനയാളീന്വല്ലോ !

ഭാതമാതാവേ ! ലോകം വെടിത്തമർ-  
 ചാരസവിത്യെങ്ങു വാഴുനിപ്പോം?  
 എന്നപ്രിയണ്ണോരീ ! തന്നേ ! നീയെങ്ങു  
 സംപ്രതി ത്യങ്കളു വിട്ടപോയി ?  
 കൊല്ലാനതകൊല്ലുന്നതെന്നിനി ത്യങ്കളു?  
 വല്ലാതെ മാനസം നീറിട്ടു,  
 തന്നേ ! ലോനേമീലോകം വിട്ടമോ!  
 യതാം ക്രൂതെ നീ പോയിത്തല്ലോ!  
 സപ്രസുവം തവസാധ്യമാണെങ്കിലോ  
 മാർന്നിരേഡും തോൻ ചെയ്യുന്നില്ല;  
 എന്നാഥം ത്യങ്കളുക്രൂതെയാനു-  
 മെന്നമന്ത്രവിച്ചീടുകേന്നോ?

രണ്ടന്നാഡാവമേരുശാരതാരൻസവി-  
ക്ഷണാധ്യത്തനിത്രമാത്രം സ്പാത്മം ?  
തെങ്ങാളെളുക്കാതെതാട്ടു വാഴുക നീതെന്നാൽ  
തെങ്ങാളും വന്നാത്രും കുലമായാൽ.  
എപ്പാം മരന്ന കളിക്കാം നമ്മക്കേപ്പാർ  
സപ്പല്ലോക്കുംകാവിലോമലാളേ !

സി. കെമുഖീദേവി,  
(വില്യൂത്തമിനി)

# ജീവിതമോ? ഉറണമോ?

ലോകം ഇന്ന് ഒരു ചരിവത്തനാലട്ടതിലാണ് സ്ഥിതി ചെയ്യുന്നത്. എൻ വിടെ നോക്കിയാലും ഒരു വന്നിച്ചു മാറ്റത്തിനുള്ളിൽ നാമ്പിയാണ് കാണപ്പെടുന്നത്. നാനാരാജ്യങ്ങളിലും നാനാവിധാനങ്ങളിലും ഗ്രംജം അതിജാത്രയിൽ തന്മാനിയിരിയ്ക്കുന്നു. ഇത് എന്തോ ഒരു അദ്ദേഹത്തിനു പ്രേരണയാണോ എന്നതെന്ന സംശയിക്കണം. ഇന്ന് ലോകത്തിൽ നടക്കുന്ന സംഭവപരമായ ഒരു ഉഘനത്തിനു ശക്തികുടുന്നു.

1914-ാമാണ്ടിൽ ലോകം നന്ന ഇളക്കിമറിഞ്ഞു. യുറോപ്പിൽ വെടിപ്പെട്ടി. മാണ്ഡ ഉതിരുന്ന മാതിരി മനഷ്യൻ ചത്ര മലച്ച. രാജ്യിയാന്തരിക്കുന്നതിൽ കൂദാം കോളും കയറി. എവിടെയും ഭയവും ശക്തിയും കളിയാടി. എത്ര മക്കി. ലും മുലയിലും ഉള്ള വയ്ക്കേയും കഴുന്നുകൾ തന്നെപ്പിച്ചു. എന്നാൽ ഭാഗ്യവത്താൽ ആയ യുദ്ധരംഗം ഭിവപത്രവസായിയാവാതെ കഴിത്തുകൂട്ടി.

ഇന്ന് വീണ്ടും ലോകം ഒരു വിഷമാലട്ടതിലേയ്ക്കു ആര്ത്തുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കാണുണ്ട്. നാനാരാജ്യങ്ങളിലും നാനാമുഖങ്ങളിലും വിഹത്രകൾ വന്ന ചേർന്നിരിക്കുന്നു. നാളിത്രവരും അഭിനവസപ്രഭമനോണം കുതിയിക്കുന്ന അമേരിയുക്കുടി അമരമില്ലാത്ത തോന്തിപ്പോലെ അങ്ങോട്ടുമിങ്ങോട്ടും ചായാടിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നു. മഹാനായ രസപത്രകൾ അവിടെ ഒരു അഭിവുദ്ധിപ്രധാനം നടപ്പിലാക്കി. എന്നിട്ടും സമുദ്ധി അവിടെ കണ്ണികാണുകപ്പോലും ചെയ്യുന്നില്ലെന്നു ഒരു കുട്ടം ജനങ്ങൾ പരാതിപ്പെടുന്നു. “ഈന്തി മുഴക്കംതോടും ഭാരിത്രും, ഭാരിത്രും മുഴക്കംതോടും താന്തി,” എന്ന ഒരു പഴയ മാലാണ് ഈ അവസരത്തിൽ ബാധ്യവരുന്നത്.

വലിയ മത്സ്യങ്ങൾ ചെറിയ മത്സ്യത്തിനെ അണ്ണാക്കിൽ തൊട്ടാതെ വിശ്രദിനുണ്ട്. ഇററലി എത്രൊപ്പു മുഴവൻ സാപ്പെട്ടു കഴിത്തു. സ്ക്രൂയിനിലേക്കു തിരുച്ചുകഴിത്തുവെന്ന വർത്തമാനപത്രങ്ങൾ പാറയുണ്ട്. റഷ്യ, തന്റെ നിലവരെ, തിരിക്കുവാൻ ഒരു പാശവംപലതിയാക്കുന്ന ഇരയുച്ചടക്ക നിർമ്മിക്കുന്നു. ഫ്രാൻസ് അലിലപോലെ വിരക്കുന്നു. ബ്രിട്ടൻ “ശാന്താനം കണ്ണില്ലെ നാരായാൻ” എന്ന ജപിക്കുന്നു. അപ്പോൾഫേക്കം ജപ്പാൻ ചെചനയുടെ തലമുതി ചവടിക്കേണ്ടു. അകത്രുള്ള കുമികൾ അവിച്ചാരിതമായി ചുറന്തുക്കു പെടുന്ന പൊട്ടിത്തറിക്കുന്നു മാതിരി പാലസ്റ്റിനിൽ ലഹരി തുടങ്കി. ഇങ്ങനെ നോക്കിയാൽ അങ്ങോളമിങ്ങോളിം അതുള്ളിയാക്കുന്ന ഒരു കൊടുക്കാറും അവധിക്കുന്നതായി കാണപ്പെടുന്നുണ്ട്. ഇതോക്കെ വിഭേദരാജ്യങ്ങളിൽ മാത്രമാണെന്ന ചിലർ വ്യാമോഹിക്കുന്നണണ്ടാണ്.

എന്നാൽ അതിനു യോഗത്തോടു കൂടിയാണ് അത്ഭുതമായ അനുഭവം മണിക്കൂർ മഹാരാജാം മാറ്റിവരുത്താൻ പറയാം. കഴിഞ്ഞ വെള്ളിപ്പോക്കുല തു പഠവും പുശ്രം പാതയും പാലവും വെള്ളിക്കൊണ്ട് നേരപ്പോലെ കൊണ്ടുപോക്കാൻ അവസരമായി ഒരു വില്പാൻ തന്റെ സുവലും സാഡത്തിൽ അഭ്യന്തരം പൂർണ്ണമായി പിണ്ടി. വെള്ളം അതിരക്കരിയേണ്ട അക്കദേശക്കു കടക്കിവാൻ തുടങ്ങി. ഉടനെ വാതിൽ അടച്ച തുടക്കിട്ടുമ്പോൾ മുകളിൽ കയറിയിരുന്നു. അവിന്തേയും വെള്ളം കയറിയപ്പോഴാണ് ആ വില്പാൻ വിഹപലനായതു്. ഇതുപോലെ ഇന്നതോടു കൂടി മഹാപ്രവാഹം നമേം സുന്ദരിക്കയില്ലെന്ന വല്ലവയം ശക്തിക്കുന്നണണിക്കിയിൽ അവക്കു പിന്നീടു പദ്ധതിപരിക്കുകയുടെ വേണ്ടിവരും.

നമ്മുടെ ഇതു പരിത്യോഗിത്വത്തോടു കൂടി നാം ഒന്നു ഉറുദു നോക്കേണ്ടതാണ്. അതുസന്ദർഭിൽ നമ്മുടെ ശക്തിയേയും നാം തരിപ്പുട്ടത്താം ഫോകുമെഴുക്കുകൾ സമർപ്പിക്കുന്നതുമായാണ് സമാധാനവും എന്നത് ഉണ്ടാവാത്ത ഒരു സംഗതിയാണ്. അതുകൊണ്ട് ഇവിടേയും ഒരു സമരസന്ധിയും കുടിയേ തീരുമാണ് ശക്തിയും മാത്രമേ സ്ഥാനമുള്ളത്. അതുകൊണ്ട് ശക്തി വലിപ്പിച്ചേണ്ടതിനും ശക്തി എന്ന പദംകൊണ്ട് ബാഹ്യബലം എന്നും മാത്രം ആയാം അതുപോലെ കൂടുതൽ കൂടുതൽ ആയാം. നേരെ മറിച്ചു ആര്യീയവലത്തിനും മുമ്പുകയ്ക്കുന്നത്. ആര്യീയവലത്തോടുകൂടി വലുതായ ഒരു ബലം ഇപ്പോൾനും മഹാത്മാ ശ്രീനിബാസനും നാഞ്ചിന്ത്യൻും നാം.

என ஸுங்கதிக்கு பரவை ஹூ செஷனிப்பிடிக்கால் நாம் வெஷா புஸ்கப்புடிக்கூடியி மாது விழுாஷாலக்குதில் கஷிதிக்குதியாக போ ரா. விழுாஞ்சாஸ் ஜிவிதத்தின்ர அஸமிவாரமாஸ். அதுகூடு விழுாஞ்சாஸ்காலத்தை பயரின்ர கழுகெக்குநாற்போல, நமத அதைக்கூடுதல் அடிநிவேஶக்கூடுதல் காலமிதிக்கூடு அஸமிரிது மாரிக்கூடிரிக்கூம். அஸாதவபகும் நாக்கூடு மாரிமாத்தூக்கூடிரிக்கூன் பரிதமிதிகில் ஜிவி க்கவான் ஸாயிக்கையிடு. ஹது ஏராவு கடிநமாய என வாஸ்வமாஸ். சுத் க்குதிதல் பரக்காலக்கில் நாம் ஜிவிக்கூனமோ மரிக்கூனமோ ஏராஸ் போ டு. ஜிவிக்கூனமைக்கில் ஹவிட வகுவான் போக்கு பரிவர்த்தனதின்ர நாமு தழுவாவனம்.

എം. പിതാക്ക നമ്പുതിരിയ്യുടെ.

ജീവിയൻ വിഭ്രാത്മി.

