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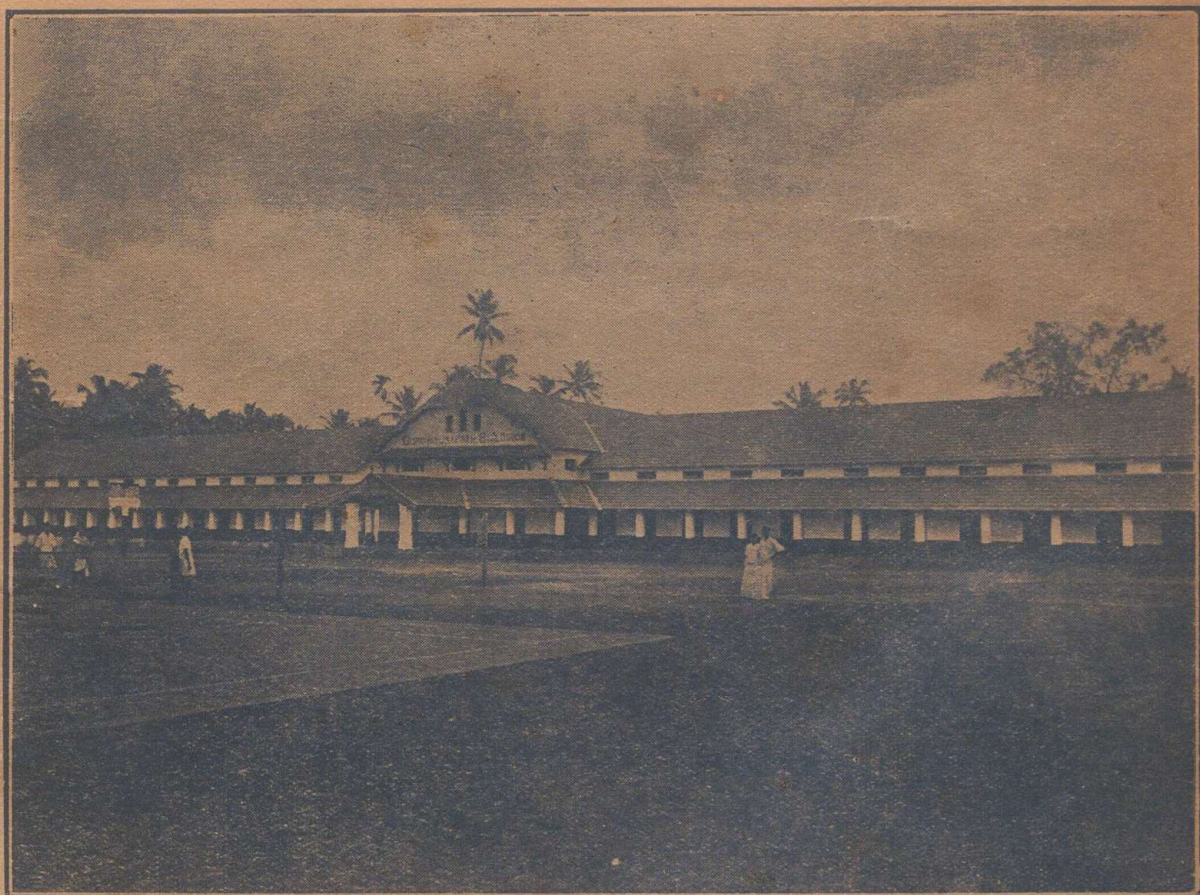
THE

ZAMORIN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER 1936.

No. 1.



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

Lee Tee

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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VOL. IX

NOVEMBER, 1936.

No. 1.

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 Pinokothak containing pictures by artists to the end of the 18th century, and the new Pinokothak 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 Bavaria. 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.

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 Crawford and Greta Garbo 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. Mischievous 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.

IN 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 artificial 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*).

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 please' 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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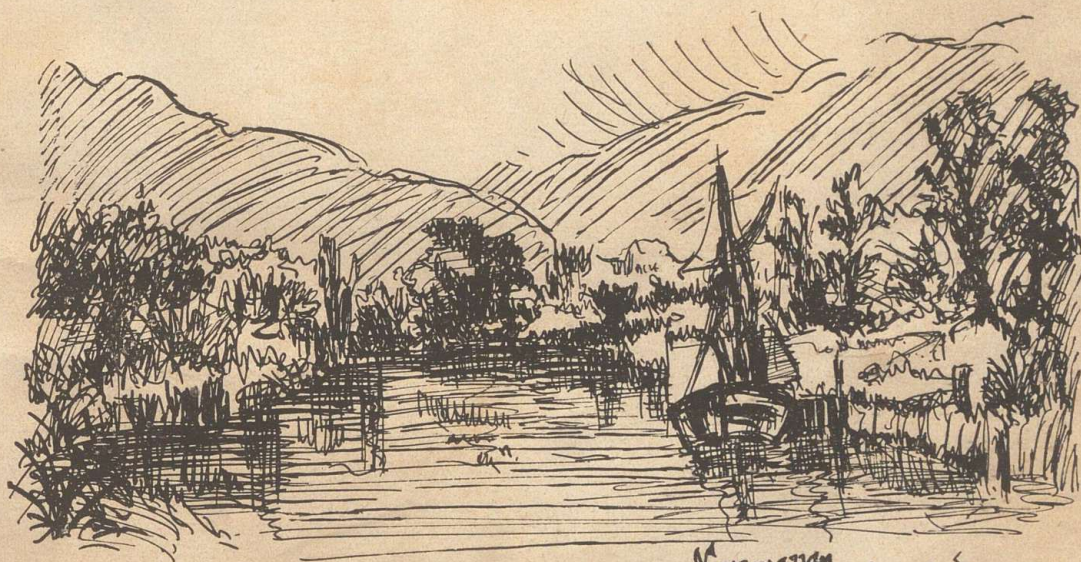
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I have a faint recollection of shouts of *stop him! He is mad, stop, stop him!* following me, as I rushed out from the Lecture Hall and darted off to take refuge in the nearest tea-shop. When I had safely hid myself in the innermost-room of that establishment, 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)



Narayanan
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, of 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 uncruel 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 Buffalow, 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.

HABIT 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 ennoble 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)

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.)

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



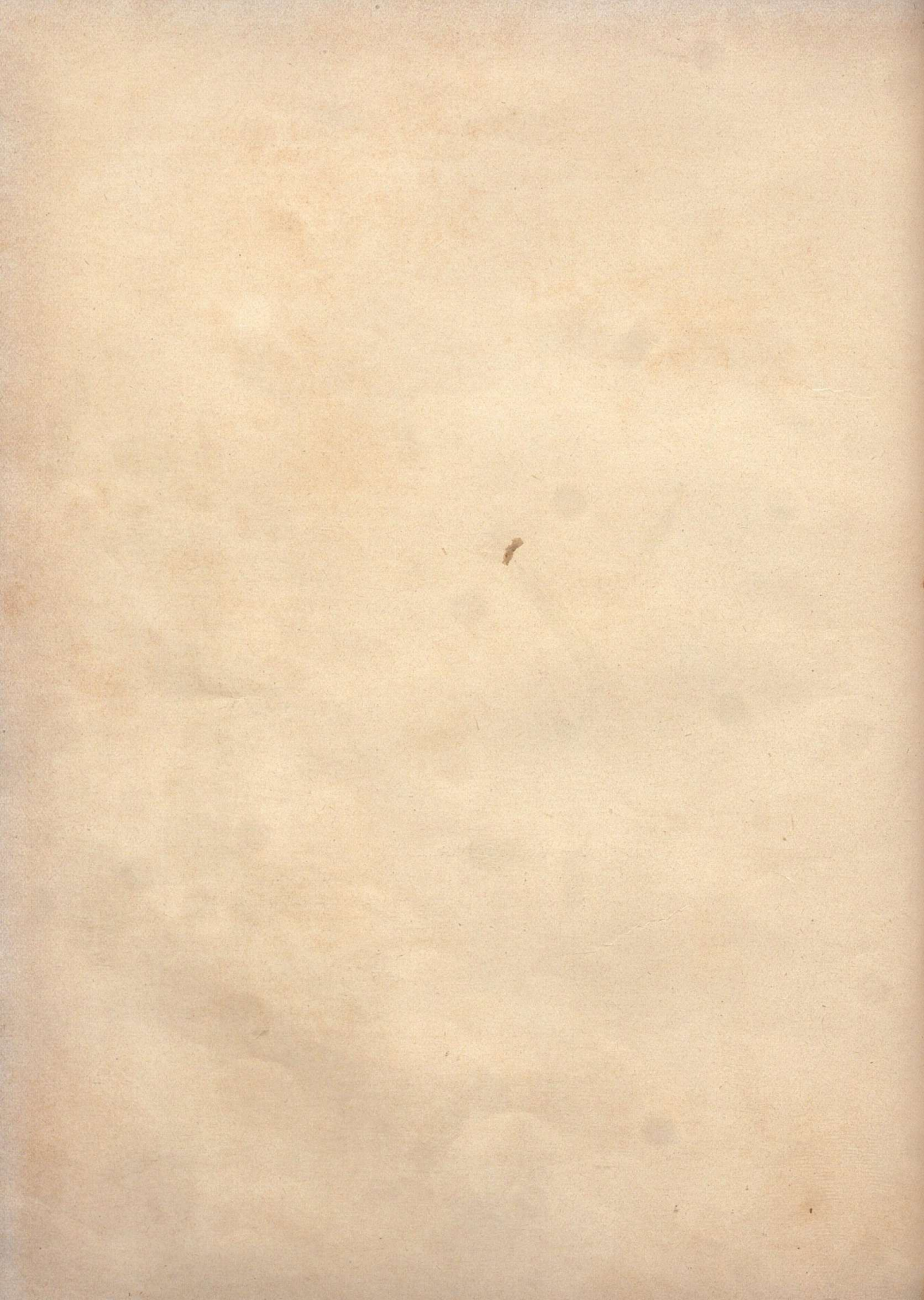
Passer-by:—What are you doing ?

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 jutka, 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*, *Vikramorvasi*, 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 :

ആധിക്ഷാമാം വിരഹശയനേ സന്നിഷ്ണുക്കപാർശ്വാം
പ്രചീമുഖ തന്മിവ കലമാതശേഷാം ഹിമാംശോഃ
നീതാ രാത്രിഃ ക്ഷണമിവ മയാ സാൽമിച്ഛാരതെന്തു
താമേവോഷ്ണപ്രിരഹമഹതീമശ്രുദിത്വാപയന്തി.

[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* :

ലലാഭോദയമാഭ്രം പല്ലവസ്തിഭവപാടലം

ബിഭ്രതീ ശ്വേതരോമാകം സന്ധ്യവ ശശിനം നവം.

(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 'ആഭ്രം' 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 'സ്തിഭവ' 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 'സന്ധ്യ' and 'നവം' 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 'നവം' 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 :

അനന്തേകഃ ഖലു വിക്രമാലങ്കാരഃ

(Freedom from pride is the ornament of valour.)

സർവ്വഃ ഖലു കാന്തമാത്മീയം പശ്യതി.

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

വിവക്ഷിതം ഹ്യനുക്തമനുതാപം 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 :

ഭവനാനിവ സിദ്ധാനാമമ്ലരാൽ പണ്യസംക്ഷയേ.

(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 :

സ്വപ്ലിഭൂതേ സുചിരതപഃലേ സ്വപ്തീണാം ഗാം ഗതാനാം

ശേഷഃ പരണ്യഃ കൃതമിവ ദിവഃ കാന്തിമൽ ഖണ്ഡമേകം

(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 'വൈഭീ', which is the most admired രീതി (style) in Sanskrit poetry. It has been defined thus :

അസ് പൂജാ ഭോഷമാതാഭിഃ സമഗ്രഗുണഗുഹിതാ
വിപതീസപരസേഭാഗ്യാ വൈഭീരീതിരിഷ്യതേ.

(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 (ഓഷാപാക), 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 :

കപിൽ പ്രഭ ചാന്ദ്രമസീ തമോഭിഃ
ശായാവിലീനൈഃ ശബളീതരേവ
പത്മാനവദ്വാങ്ഗീ ! വിഭാതി ഗംഗാ
ഭിന്നപ്രവാഹാ യമുനാതരങ്ഗൈഃ

(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—

രമാങ്ഗപാണേഃ പടലേന രോചിഷാ
ഋഷിതപിഷഃ സംവലിതാ വിരേജിരേ
ചലൽപലാശാന്തരഗോചരാസ്തരോ-
സ്തൂഷാരമൃതേന്ദ്രിവാ നകരമംശവഃ

(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.

A. NARAYANASWAMY,
(First year class.)

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 reposed:

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 adding 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.....butwhat 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.*)

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.

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.

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. Cheriya Kunhunni Rajah, B. A., P. C. Cheriya Rajah, B. A., P. K. Kutti Ettan Rajah, B. A., P. C. Kunhettan Rajah, P. C. Manavedan 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.

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,

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.

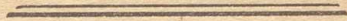
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In conclusion, we take this opportunity to express our sincere gratitude to Mr. M. P. Sivadasa Menon, and Mr. T. V. Rayarappa Kurup, who have voluntarily divested themselves of the mantle of Editorship of the College Magazine, which has just entered 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.



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 fight 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. Sreeveerarayan Rajah B. A., L. T.	
C. P. Ukku Nair.	
S. Suryanarayana Aiyar.	

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 moffussil.

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 indispensibility 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-neelisasandam', 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 Solmon'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.

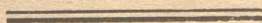
The Pudukotah College Magazine. With the August issue the Magazine enters on the third year of its useful existence. The literary out-put in the current number is varied and interesting. The Magazine is divided into four sections. The first section consists of Editorial Notes, and contributions by

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.

പ്രബുദ്ധകേരളം:—(21-ാം വാല്യം, 11-ാം ലക്കം) ഇതിലെ മിക്ക വിഷയങ്ങളും ശ്രീരാമകൃഷ്ണഭവനേന്റയും വിവേകാനന്ദസ്വാമികളുടേയും ഉപദേശങ്ങളുടേയും അഭിപ്രായങ്ങളുടേയും കറിച്ചു, ശരിയായ ബോധാധാരകളായിട്ട് ഉണ്ടാക്കിക്കൊടുക്കേണ്ട ഉദ്ദേശത്തോടുകൂടി എഴുതിയവയാണ്. പരമഹംസരുടേയും സ്വാമികളുടേയും അഭിപ്രായങ്ങളുടേയും ഉപദേശങ്ങളുടേയും എടുത്തുചേർക്കുന്നതിൽ ഇന്നത്തെ ലോകത്തിന്നു പ്രത്യേകം അറിഞ്ഞിരിക്കേണ്ടവയെ തിരഞ്ഞു എടുക്കുന്നതു ഒരു ചിന്തയായിരിക്കും. മതസമനന്തരത്തേയും, സമുദായത്തിൽ മഹിമയുള്ള സ്ഥാനത്തേയും, യാചക ഭാവത്തിന്റെ നിത്യപ്പതയേയും പഠിച്ചുള്ള വിവേകാനന്ദസ്വാമികളുടെ അഭിപ്രായങ്ങൾ ഇതിലേക്കു ദ്രഷ്ടാന്തങ്ങളാണ്. ഗീതയിലെ തത്വങ്ങൾ ഐഹിക ജീവിതത്തിൽ പ്രായോഗികങ്ങളാണെന്നു കാണിക്കുവാനാണ് "കരുഷ്ണേന്ദ്രയലത്തിന്റെ" ഉപന്യാസകർത്താവ് യത്നിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളത്. എന്നാൽ ഇതിലെ പ്രതിപാദനരീതിയും ഭാഷാഗതിയും ഈ ഉദ്ദേശത്തെ നിറവേറ്റുവാൻ യോജിച്ചവയാണോ എന്നു ശങ്കിക്കേണ്ടിയിരിക്കുന്നു. ഇതിൽ രണ്ടു പദ്യങ്ങൾ ഉള്ളവയിൽ കട്ടമത്തിന്റെ "ശ്രീരാമകൃഷ്ണഗീത"യിലെ വിഷയം സാരമേറിയതാണെങ്കിലും ഭാഷ ലളിതമായി കാണുന്നതിൽ ഞങ്ങൾ വളരെ സന്തോഷിക്കുന്നു.

മുസ്ലിം ട്രൈനിങ് സ്കൂൾ മാസിക:—മഞ്ചേരി മുസ്ലിം ട്രൈനിങ് സ്കൂളിൽ നിന്നു പുറപ്പെടുന്ന ഈ ത്രൈമാസികത്തിന്റെ ആദ്യലക്കം ഞങ്ങൾ നന്ദിപൂർവ്വം സ്വീകരിച്ചുകൊള്ളുന്നു. മഞ്ചേരി ട്രൈനിങ് സ്കൂളോടു കൂട്ടിച്ചേർത്ത് ഈ ആണ്ടിൽ സ്ഥാപിതമായ മുസ്ലിം ഫൈസ്കൂൾ പ്രസ്തുത ട്രൈനിങ് സ്കൂളിന്നു നവമായ ഒരു അന്തസ്സം പ്രാഭവവും പ്രദാനം ചെയ്തിട്ടുണ്ട്. ത്രൈമാസികത്തിന്റെ പ്രസിദ്ധീകരണം ആ അന്തസ്സിന്നും പ്രാഭവത്തിന്നും ഏറ്റവും അനുയോജ്യമാണെന്നു

മാതൃമല്ല അവയെ പൂർവ്വാധികം വർദ്ധിപ്പിക്കുകയി ചെയ്യുന്നുണ്ട്. പ്രാഥമിക അദ്ധ്യാപകന്മാരുടെ അഭിവൃദ്ധിയെ ഉദ്ദേശിച്ച നടത്തുന്ന മറ്റൊരു ത്രൈമാസിക കേരളത്തിൽ ഇല്ല. വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ വിഷയത്തിൽ കേരളത്തിലെ മറ്റു പല സമുദായങ്ങളുടേയും പിന്നണിയിൽ നില്ക്കുന്ന മുസ്ലിമീങ്ങൾ ഈ കാര്യത്തിൽ മറ്റുള്ളവർക്കു മാർഗ്ഗദർശികളായി തീർന്നതിൽ ഞങ്ങൾ അവരെ അഭിനന്ദിക്കുന്നു. ഇതിലെ ഉപന്യാസവിഷയങ്ങൾ പല തരക്കാർക്കും രുചിക്കത്തക്കവയാണ്. മിസ്റ്റർ ഒ. കെ. നമ്പ്യാർ ബി. എ; എൽ. ടി. “പ്രാഥമിക വിദ്യാലയങ്ങളുടെ ഭൂമിശാസ്ത്രപഠനവും” എന്ന തലക്കെട്ടിൽ എഴുതിയ ഉപന്യാസം പ്രാഥമിക അദ്ധ്യാപകന്മാർ പഠനം ചെയ്ത് പ്രായോഗിക പദ്ധതിയിൽ കൊണ്ടുവരുവാൻ ശ്രമിക്കുമെന്നു ഞങ്ങൾ ആശിക്കുന്നു. “സാമാന്യ അറിവു, 1 മുതൽ 4 വരെ തരങ്ങളിലേക്കുള്ള ഒരു പാഠപദ്ധതി” എന്ന ഉപന്യാസവും പ്രാഥമിക അദ്ധ്യാപകന്മാർക്കു പ്രയോജനകരമായതാണ്. മുസ്ലിം ഫൈസ്കൂൾ ഉൽഘാടനം ചെയ്ത അവസരത്തിൽ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ ഡയറക്ടർ ചെയ്ത പ്രസംഗത്തിന്റെ പരിഭാഷയും, മുസ്ലിം ഫൈസ്കൂളിന്റെ സ്ഥാപനത്തേയും ഭാവിയേയും പററിയുള്ള ഒരു ഉപന്യാസവും ഉള്ളതിന്നു പുറമെ മാപ്പിളമാരുടെ ഇടയിൽ പ്രാഥമിക വിദ്യാഭ്യാസം അഭിവൃദ്ധിപ്പെടു വരാതിരിക്കുന്നതിനുള്ള പ്രതിബന്ധങ്ങൾ മറ്റൊരു ഉപന്യാസത്തിൽ വിശദമാക്കപ്പെട്ടിരിക്കുന്നു. ഇതിന്നു പുറമെ രണ്ടു ചെറിയപട്ടെങ്ങളും ഇംഗ്ലീഷിൽ രണ്ടു ഉപന്യാസങ്ങളും ഉണ്ട്.



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.

EXCHANGES.

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

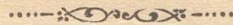
- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 The Scholar, Palghat. 2 The Light of the East, Ranchi. 3 Queen Mary's College Magazine, Madras. 4 Andhra Christian College Magazine. 5 Government Brennen College Magazine, Tellicherry. 6 The Magazine, St. Thomas' College, Trichur. 7 The Indian Educator, Madura. 8 Kumbhakonam College Magazine. 9 Barrovian, Isle of Man. 10 Indian Ladies' Magazine. 11 The Ravi, Lahore. 12 The Government College Miscellany, Mangalore. 13 The St. Joseph's College Magazine, Trichinopoly. 14 The National College Magazine, do. 15 The Puducotta College Magazine. 16 The Malabar Christian College Magazine, Calicut. 17 The South Indian Teacher, Madras. 18 The Vedanta Kesari, Madras. 19 Government Victoria College Magazine, Palghat. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 20 The Madras Christian College Magazine 21 The American College Magazine, Madura. 22 The Hindu Theological High school Magazine, Madras. 23 The Theosophical College Magazine, Madanapalle. 24 Magazine of the University Students Union, Vizianagaram 25 Pachayappa's College, Magazine Madras. 26 The Elphinstonian, Bombay. 27 The Kishori Raman High School Magazine, Muttra. 28 St. Berchmans' College Magazine, Changanacherry. 29 The Old College Magazine, Trivandrum. 30 Our Home Magazine, Madras. 31 The Madras Law College Magazine. 32 The Maharaja's College Magazine, Ernakulam. 33 Loyola College Magazine, Madras 34 Muslim Training School Magazine, Malappuram. 35 The Teachers' Magazine, Cochin. 36 പ്രബുദ്ധകേരളം. 37 മഹിള. |
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അനുശോചനം.

കാരുണ്യശാലിയാം കന്നലക്കോനുടെ
വാരറ സൽകലാമന്ദിരത്തിൽ
ഉദ്യോഗമുത്തമമൊന്നുവഹിച്ചെന്നും
വിദ്യോതിച്ചീടിന വന്ദ്യശീലൻ
ഉള്ളാട്ടു രാമുണ്ണിമേനവനേവകു-
മുള്ളാട്ടുമെദാതുമാൻ മാന്യൻ
കല്യാണശീലഗുണങ്ങളിണങ്ങിയ
കല്യാതമാവെങ്ങൾക്കും മറുളേളാക്കും
പേരാളും ചങ്ങാതി-യെന്നതാനോതിയാൽ
പോരാ-നല്ലാലംബമായിരുന്നു!
അപ്പമാനേങ്ങളെക്കൈവിട്ടു കഷ്ടം! ഞാ-
നപ്പാരമെങ്ങനെ ചൊല്ലിപ്പോട്ടു!
കിംസാരമല്ലവിന്നല്ലെങ്കിലെന്തിനോ?
സംസാരബന്ധമുത്തു ചെമ്മെ.
ശാശ്വതാനന്ദമാം സൽപദമാൻതാ-
നാശപിച്ചീടുകയല്ലി? ധന്യൻ.
എന്നാലുമെന്നപ്പോലുള്ളോരുബന്ധക്കര-
ക്കെന്നാളുമപ്പണ്യപുരുഷൻറ.
ചാരുഗുണങ്ങളെയോർക്കുന്നനേരത്തു
തോരുകയില്ലിനിബ്രാഹ്മപുരം.
മംഗലശീലമേ! മജ്ജാസൗജന്യമേ!
തുംഗഗുണങ്ങളേ! നിങ്ങൾക്കെല്ലാം
ഭൂരിവിശ്വാസിക്കുള്ളകമാമാലയം
പൂരിച്ചു ദൈവബാധയാലെ.
ഏകനിമേഷത്താൽ ബന്ധമനമോടും
ആകവേ വെന്തിതാ! വെണ്ണിറായി!
നിങ്ങളുമാലംബഹീനങ്ങളായല്ലോ
ഞങ്ങളെപ്പോലവേ പണ്യങ്ങളേ!

കവിമണി കെ. സി. കുട്ടപ്പനമ്പ്യാർ.

പാലിഭാഷ.



ഗൌതമബുദ്ധന്റെ കാലത്തും, ചന്ദ്രഗുപ്തന്റെ കാലത്തും മഗധരാജ്യത്തിൽ സാധാരണ ജനങ്ങൾ ഉപയോഗിച്ചിരുന്ന ഭാഷ മാഗധി എന്ന പ്രാകൃത ഭാഷയായിരുന്നു. ഈ ഭാഷ സംസ്കൃതത്തിന്റെ അഥവാ വൈദിക ഭാഷയുടെ പ്രാകൃതമായിരുന്നു. ജനസമുദായത്തിന്റെ ഭാഷയായിരുന്നതുകൊണ്ട് ഈ ഭാഷയെ ഗൌതമബുദ്ധൻ തന്റെ മതപ്രചാരത്തിന് ഉപയോഗിച്ചു. സംസ്കൃതത്തിലായാൽ ബഹുജനങ്ങൾക്കു മതബോധം ഉണ്ടാവാൻ വിഷമമാണെന്നു വിചാരിച്ച ബുദ്ധദേവൻ തന്റെ നാട്ടുഭാഷയിൽ മതതത്വങ്ങളെ പ്രചാരമാക്കി. ചന്ദ്രഗുപ്തനു ദേശഭാഷയെ രാജ്യത്തിലെ വ്യവഹാരഭാഷയാക്കിയതിനാൽ ക്രമേണ ഭാഷക്ക് ശുദ്ധിയും, പ്രചാരവുമുണ്ടായിത്തുടങ്ങി. രാജ്യകാര്യങ്ങളിലെല്ലാം മാഗധിയെ ഉപയോഗിച്ചു തുടങ്ങി. എഴുത്തുകുത്തുകളും, കണക്കുകളും, സന്ദേശങ്ങളും, വിളംബരങ്ങളും എല്ലാം മാഗധിയിലാക്കി. ചന്ദ്രഗുപ്തന്റെ പൌത്രനായ അശോകൻ തന്റെ ശിലാശാസനങ്ങളിലെല്ലാം ഈ ഭാഷയെയാണ് ഉപയോഗിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളത്. ഈ ഭാഷയെ എഴുതിയിരുന്നതു ബ്രാഹ്മിലിപിയിലായിരുന്നു. അശോകന്റെ വിളംബരങ്ങളിലുള്ള ഭാഷ ദേശഭേദപോലെ അല്പാല്പം വ്യത്യാസപ്പെട്ടിരിക്കുന്നതായി കാണാം. എന്നാൽ ബുദ്ധമതക്കാർ ഈ ഭാഷയിൽ ഗ്രന്ഥങ്ങളെ നിർമ്മിക്കുവാൻ തുടങ്ങിയപ്പോൾ ഈ മാഗധിയെ അല്പം സംസ്കരിച്ച ഒരു സാഹിത്യഭാഷയാക്കി. ബൌദ്ധപിടകങ്ങളിലും, ജാതകങ്ങളിലും ഇങ്ങിനെ ശുദ്ധിച്ചെഴുതാൻ ഭാഷയെയാണ് കാണുന്നത്. ഈ ശുദ്ധ മാഗധിയെയാണ് “പാലി” എന്നു പറയുന്നത്. ചില യൂറോപ്യൻ ഭാഷാപണ്ഡിതന്മാർ ഇതിനെ — Polished Magadhi — എന്നു പറയുന്നു. മാഗധി സംസ്കൃതത്തിന്റെ ആദ്യ പ്രധാന പ്രാകൃതങ്ങളിൽ ഒന്നാണെന്നു നമുക്കറിയാം. അതിന്റെ സാഹിത്യഭാഷയാണ് പാലി.

മാഗധി എന്ന പ്രാകൃത ഭാഷയെ സംസ്കരിച്ചതാണ് പാലി എന്നു പല ഭാഷാപണ്ഡിതന്മാരും പറയുന്നുണ്ട്. എന്നാൽ പാലിഭാഷ ബുദ്ധമതക്കാരുടെ ഗ്രന്ഥനിർമ്മാണത്തിനുള്ള ഭാഷയായിരുന്നതല്ലാതെ ഒരു കാലത്തിലും ബഹുജനങ്ങൾ സംഭാഷണത്തിനുപയോഗിച്ചിരുന്ന ഭാഷയായിരുന്നില്ല. പ്രാകൃതങ്ങളുടെ മാതൃകകൾ (സംഭാഷണത്തിനുപയോഗിച്ചിരുന്ന ഭാഷയുടെ ഉദാഹരണങ്ങൾ) സംസ്കൃത നാടകങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും നമുക്കു കാണാൻ കഴിയുന്നതാണ്. മലയാളഭാഷയിൽ മണിപ്രവാളം സാഹിത്യഭാഷയായപോലെയാണ് പാലി ബുദ്ധമതക്കാരുടെ

സാഹിത്യഭാഷയായത്. പാലിയും, 'ശുദ്ധ മാഗധി'യും പശ്ചാത്യശബ്ദങ്ങളാകുന്നു. സംസ്കൃതം ഹിന്ദുക്കളുടെ ഭാഷയും, പാലി ബൌദ്ധന്മാരുടെ ഭാഷയുമാകുന്നു. സംസ്കൃതത്തിന്റെ ഉച്ചാരണഭേദമാകുന്നു പാലി. സംസ്കൃതശബ്ദങ്ങളുടെ അപഭ്രംശങ്ങളാണ് പാലിയിലുള്ള വാക്കുകൾ. സംസ്കൃതത്തിലെ ദശലക്ഷങ്ങളിൽ (ദശവിധ ക്രിയാകാലങ്ങളിൽ) എട്ടു പാലിയിൽ നടപ്പുണ്ട്. എന്നാൽ പാലിഭാഷ സംസ്കൃതസന്ധി തീരെ ഉപേക്ഷിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. പാലിഭാഷയിൽ വിസർഗ്ഗം തീരെ ഉപയോഗിക്കാറില്ല. വിസർഗ്ഗാന്തങ്ങളെ ഭേദയും ഓകാരാന്തമാക്കിത്തീർക്കും. പദ്മഖ്യത്തിലുള്ള വിസർഗ്ഗങ്ങളെ വിട്ടുകളകയും ചെയ്യും.

ഉദാഹരണം:—

പുനഃ	പുനഃ
ഭേവഃ	ഭേവഃ
ദുഃഖം	ദുഃഖം

സംസ്കൃതത്തിലെപ്പോലെ സ്വരസന്ധി പാലിയിലും പ്രാകൃതത്തിലും ഇല്ല. ഒരു സ്വരത്തിന്നു പരമായി വരുന്ന മറ്റൊരു സ്വരം അതതു സ്ഥാനങ്ങളിൽ നില്ക്കുകയല്ലാതെ തമ്മിൽ യോജിച്ചു സന്ധിയായിത്തീരുക പതിവില്ല. ഇതാണ് പാലി ഭാഷയിലെ സാധാരണ നിയമം. ഗദ്യങ്ങളിലും, പദ്യങ്ങളിലും സന്ധി ചേർത്തിയോജിപ്പിച്ചെഴുതുക പതിവില്ല. ഈ ലേഖത്തിൽ മേൽ ഉദ്ധരിച്ച കാണിക്കുന്ന ഗദ്യപദ്യങ്ങളെ സൂക്ഷിച്ചു നോക്കുക. പദ്യങ്ങൾക്കു സംസ്കൃതവൃത്തങ്ങൾ മിക്കതും ഉപയോഗിച്ചിരുന്നു.

ഇനി ഈ ഭാഷയെ സംബന്ധിച്ചു വല്ലതും പറയുന്നതിന്നു മുമ്പായി ആ ഭാഷയുടെ സ്വഭാവത്തേയും, അതിന്നു സംസ്കൃതവും, മറ്റു ഭാഷകളുമായിട്ടുള്ള സംബന്ധത്തേയും കാണിപ്പാൻ ചില ഉദാഹരണങ്ങൾ ഇവിടെ ഉദ്ധരിക്കാം.

ശുദ്ധ മാഗധി അഥവാ—പാലി

1. യേ സുഭസ്സ ബലത്ഥസ്സ
ഭീതാ മോരിയ വംസജാ
പാലയിതപാ നരാ വാസം
കപ്പയിം സുതഥം തഥിം
2. തേസാമഞ്ജതമോ നന്ദീ
വാപിഗ്രാമേ കുടുംബികോ
ധാതുസേനാഫല ആസീ
ഭാറാ നാമോ ചതാ സുതൊ

സംസ്കൃതമതഃ

1. യേശുഭസ്യ ബലാത്ഥസ്യ
ഭീതാ മൌര്യകുലോദ്ഭവാഃ
പലായു മനുജാ വാസം
ചക്രസ്തേ തത്ര തത്ര ഹി.
2. തേഷാമന്യതമോ നന്ദീ
വാപിഗ്രാമേ കുടുംബികഃ
ധാതുസേനാഫല ആസീത്
ഭാറാനാമസു തത്സുതഃ

3. പണ്ഡുലബ്രാഹ്മണോ നാമ
ഭോഗവാ വേദപാഠഗോ
ഭക്തിമുഖിനാസ്തിം ദിസാഭാഗേ
വസിപണ്ഡുലഗാമകേ
4. കമാരേ തത്ഥ ഗതപഥം
പസ്തി പണ്ഡുലബ്രാഹ്മണം
തപം പണ്ഡുകാ ഭയോ താത
ഇതി പുഷ്പിയ വ്യാകതോ.

3. പണ്ഡുലബ്രാഹ്മണോ നാമ
ഭോഗവാൻ വേദപാഠഃ
ഭക്തിമുഖിനാസ്തിം ദിശായാ യഃ *
വസൽ പണ്ഡുലഗാമകേ
4. കമാരസ്തത്ര ഗതപഥാ-
ഭാക്ഷിൽ പണ്ഡുലബ്രാഹ്മണം
തപം പണ്ഡുകാഭയോസ്താത
ഇതി പുഷ്പാപി വ്യാകൃതഃ

(ഈ ഭാഗം മഹാവംശം എന്ന സിംഹളഭീപിലെ ഇതിഹാസഗ്രന്ഥത്തിൽ നിന്നെടുത്തതാകുന്നു.)

അതേ ഗ്രന്ഥത്തിൽനിന്നു ഉദ്ധരിക്കുന്നത്.

1. ആദിപ്രവംശകമലാകര
ഭാകരേണ
രാജിനമോലിമണിരഞ്ജിത
സാസനേന
ലക്ഷിസ്തരേണ വയമാത്ത
ജപേമബുദ്ധ്യാ
സംവസ്തിതാപിതൃപദാ
ധിഗതേന യേന
2. സത്ഥന്തരേവ വിവിധേ
സമയന്തരേവ
ഭാസന്തരേവ സകലേ
പിടകന്തയേവ
ആപേരഭാവമുപഗമ
ഭോമ പീതിം
ഭീർഘം സജീവതു പരാകമ
ബാഹുരാജാ
3. രാജാ പരാക്രന്തിഭുജോ യസസ്തി
യോ സോഹലീനോ ബഹു
പുഞ്ജതേജോ
പോസേസിമം സാധു
ഗുണേഹി സിദ്ധി
ആ വാലഭാവസുതപേമ
യുക്തോ

1. ആദിപ്രവംശകമലാകര
ഭാസ്തരേണ
രാജേന്ദ്രമേലിമണിരഞ്ജിത
ശാസനേന
ലക്ഷേശ്വരേണ വയമാത്മജ
പ്രേമബുദ്ധ്യാ
സംവൽതാ പിതൃപദാധി
ഗതേന യേന
2. ശാസ്ത്രാന്തരേ ച വിവിധേ
സമയാന്തരേ ച
ഭാഷാന്തരേ ച സകലേ പിടക
ത്രയേ ച
ആചാര്യഭാവമുപഗമ്യ മദം
ഭോമോ *
ഭീർഘം സ ജീവതു പരാക്രമ
ബാഹുരാജാ *
3. രാജാപരാക്രന്തിഭുജോയശസപി
യഃസിംഹളേന്ദ്രോ ബഹു-
പുണ്യതേജഃ
പുപോഷി? മാം സാധു ഗുണൈ
ശ്വസാബ്-
മാബാലഭാവാൽസുതപ്രേമ
യുക്തഃ

* ദിശാഭാഗേ എന്നായിരിക്കും മഹായ. Editor.

* ഭോമം പീതിം E.

* ബാഹുരാജാ E.

ഇനി അശോകന്റെ ഒരു ശിലാശാസനത്തിന്റെ ഒരു ഉദാഹരണം ഇവിടെ ഉദ്ധരിക്കാം. അതിലെ ഭാഷയേയും നോക്കാമല്ലോ.

(മാഗധി)

ദേവാനാം പിയോപിയദസ്സീ
രാജാഏവമാഹഃ— ലോഭസവാ-
സാഭിസിത്തേന മയാ ഇദം ആ-
ഞ്ഞാപിതം സമുത്ത വിജിതേ
നമയുത്താ (?) ചരാജ്ജകേച
പ്രാഭേസികേച പഞ്ചസുപ
ഞ്ചസു വാസേസു അനുസന്ധാനം നി-
യ്യാതു ഏതായേവ അത്ഥായഇമായ
ധമ്മാനുസസ്സിയ യഥാഅഞ്ഞായ
പി കമ്മായ, മാതരി പിതരിചസു
സ്രുസാമിത്താസംസ്തത്താതീനം
ബ്രാഹ്മണ സമന്നാനം സാധുഭാനം
പ്രാണാനം സാധു അനാരംഭോ
അപവൃയതാ, അപഭാഡ്ധതാ, സാ-
ധുപരിസാപിയത്തേ ആഞ്ഞാ
പയസ്സതി ഗണനായം ഹേതു
തോ വുജ്ജനതോ ച.

(സംസ്കൃതം)

ദേവാനാം പ്രിയഃ പ്രിയഭാസി *
രാജാ ഏവമാഹ, ലോഭശവഷാഭി
ഷികേതന മയാഇദം ആജ്ഞാപിതം
സമുത്ര വിജിതേ നമയുക്താ (?) ച
രാജ്ജകേ ച പ്രാഭേശികേ ച പ
ഞ്ചസു പഞ്ചസു വഷാസു അ-
നുസന്ധാനം നിർയാതു ഏതേ (?)
ഏവ അത്ഥായ അയ്സേ ധമ്മാ
നുജാനായ അന്വേപിച കമ്മണേ.
മാതരി, പിതരി ച ശുശ്രൂഷാ മിത്ര
സംസ്തതജ്ഞാതീനാം, ബ്രാഹ്മണത്ര
മന്നാനാം സാധുഭാനം, പ്രാണാ-
നാം സ്വാധ്വപനാരംഭോ/പവൃയതാ,
അപഭാഡ്ധതാ സാധുപരിഷാ
പിയുക്തേ ആജ്ഞാപയിഷ്വതി
ഗണനാമയം ഹേതുതോ വു
ജ്ജനതശ്ച.

* ഭക്തി E.

From Philology of Indo-Aryan languages.

(തൃടതം)

കൊങ്ങോട്ട് കൃഷ്ണൻനായർ.

‘കവിതയും, പ്രേമയും’

സാത്മകമായ വാക്യമാണല്ലോ കാവ്യം. ഈ തത്വമനുസരിച്ചു നോക്കിയാൽ, പദ്യങ്ങൾ മാത്രമല്ല, ചില പ്രത്യേകഗദ്യവാക്യങ്ങളും കാവ്യങ്ങളാണെന്ന് നമുക്കു ബോധപ്പെടും. ഏതു ഭാഷയിലേയും, ഏതു രാജ്യത്തിലേയും സാഹിത്യത്തിൽ കവിതയ്ക്കുള്ള സ്ഥാനം പ്രഥമമാണെന്നു നിർദ്ദിഷ്ടമാണ്. കവിതയ്ക്കു മറ്റേതു സാഹിത്യത്തേക്കാളും മനുഷ്യരുടെ ഹൃദയങ്ങളിലേക്ക് ചുഴിഞ്ഞു ചെല്ലുന്നതിനുള്ള താണിയുണ്ട്; മനുഷ്യരിൽ ഒരുണർവുണ്ടാക്കിത്തീർക്കുവാനുള്ള ശക്തി കവിതയ്ക്കുണ്ട്. “മനുഷ്യരെ ദുഃഖാംബുധിയിൽനിന്നു കരേറുന്ന ഒരു മനോഹര ഗായകനാണ് കവി” എന്നാണ് കവിയെപ്പറ്റി ഒരു മഹാൻ്റെ അഭിപ്രായം.

നാം കവിതയെ കൃപാർഷ്വരമായി പരിശോധിച്ചു നോക്കുന്നതായാൽ അതിനും, ദുഃഖത്തിനും തമ്മിൽ ഒരു വലിയ ബന്ധമുള്ളതായിക്കാണാവുന്നതാണ്. ഏതെങ്കിലും ഒരു കവിതയെ പരിശോധിക്കുമ്പോൾ തൽകവിയുടെ ജീവിതത്തെപ്പറ്റിയും ചിന്തിച്ചു നോക്കേണ്ടത് അവശ്യം ആവശ്യമാണ്. കാരണം, കവിയുടെ ജീവിതത്തിൻ്റെ ഒരു പ്രതിഫലനമായിരിക്കും കവിത.

നാം ഒന്നാമതായി നമ്മുടെ ആദികവിയായ വാല്മീകിയെപ്പറ്റി ചിന്തിച്ചുനോക്കുക. തന്റെ ആശ്രമത്തിനടുത്തുള്ള ഒരു വനത്തിൽവെച്ചു സരസസല്ലാപം ചെയ്യുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന രണ്ടു ക്രൗഞ്ചപ്പക്ഷികളിൽ ഒന്നിനെ ഒരു വേടൻ അന്വയ്യ വീഴ്ത്തുന്നത് ആ ഋഷിവർണ്ണം കാണുവാൻ സംഗതിയായി. ആ പക്ഷി, യമ മുതലിയുടെ ആജ്ഞയെ വഹിക്കുന്ന ആ കൂരമ്പേറന് നിന്നും വാൻ ഭൂമിയിൽ കിടന്നു പിടയുന്നതും, അതിൻ്റെ ഇണ അതിന്നടുത്തായി ദുഃഖിച്ചു തല കുനിച്ചു നില്ക്കുന്നതും ആയ ആ കാഴ്ച ആ യോഗിവർണ്ണൻ—ആ കരുണാശാലിയുടെ—ഹൃദയത്തെ വല്ലാതെ വേദനപ്പിച്ചു. ഉടനെതന്നെ അദ്ദേഹത്തിൻ്റെ തപ്തഹൃദയത്തിൽനിന്നു കവിതാവാഹിനി,

മാനിഷാദ പ്രതിഷ്ഠാ തപമഗമശ്ശാശ്വതീസ്തമാഃ

യൽ ക്രൗഞ്ചമിമുനാദേകമവധിഃ കാമമോഹിതം.

എന്നു പദ്യരൂപത്തിൽ പ്രവഹിച്ചു. ഇതാണു ആദ്യത്തെ പദ്യകവിത. ആദ്യത്തെ പദ്യകവിതയുടെ ഉത്ഭവം ദുഃഖപൂർണ്ണമായ ഹൃദയത്തിൽനിന്നാണ്! അഥവാ, ദുഃഖത്തിൻ്റെ സന്താനമായിരുന്നു ആദ്യത്തെ പദ്യകവിത! ആദികവിയെ ലോകപ്രസിദ്ധവും, പരിപാവനവുമായ ‘വാല്മീകി രാമായണം’ എഴുതുവാൻ പ്രേരിപ്പിച്ചതും മേല്പറഞ്ഞ ദുഃഖസംഭവമായിരുന്നു.



St. Francis preaching to the birds.



ഏതു കവിയുടെ കാവ്യത്തെ പരിശോധിച്ചുനോക്കിയാലും അവയുടെ ഉത്ഭവത്തിലോ, അഥവാ അവയിൽ തന്നെയുമോ ഝഞ്ചത്തിന്റെ ഒരു സങ്കല്പമുണ്ടെന്നു മനസ്സിലാക്കാവുന്നതാണ്. ഏതു മഹൽഗ്രന്ഥങ്ങൾക്കും വ്യഥയുടെ ഒരു ചെറിയ കൂട്ടുകെട്ടുകിലുണ്ടായിരിക്കും. കരുക്ഷേത്രത്തിൽ, വിറമ്പാറായ ശത്രുക്കളുടെയും, അവരുടെ അന്തമററ സൈന്യങ്ങളുടേയും നടുവിൽവെച്ചാണ് ഭഗവാൻ അയ്യപ്പൻ 'ഗീത'യെ ഉപദേശിച്ചത്.—അതെ—ഭയാനകമായ പരിതസ്ഥിതികളുടെ മദ്ധ്യവെച്ചാണ് ഇന്ത്യക്കെന്നല്ല, ലോകത്തിനാകെത്തന്നെ ശാന്തിയെ പ്രദാനം ചെയ്യാൻ ത്രാണിയുള്ള 'ഗീത'യുടെ ഉത്ഭവം!

തന്റെ ഏറ്റവും പ്രിയപ്പെട്ട ഭാരതഭൂമിയിൽനിന്നും നിഷ്കാസിതനായി, ഒട്ടേറെ അകലെ കിടക്കുന്ന ബർമ്മയിലെ ഒരു കാരാഗൃഹത്തിൽ കിടന്ന് തീവ്രവൃഥയനുഭവിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന അവസരത്തിലാണ് ലോകമാന്യബാലഗംഗാധരതിലകൻ തന്റെ ലോകപ്രസിദ്ധമായ 'ഗീതാരംഗസ്യ'ത്തെ നിർമ്മിച്ചത്! അതേവിധാന്തരണ ഝഞ്ചമനുഭവിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന കാലങ്ങളിലാണ്, 'ആർട്ടിക് ഹോം' (Arctic Home) തുടങ്ങിയ മറ്റനേകം അമൂല്യഗ്രന്ഥങ്ങളേയും അദ്ദേഹം ലോകത്തിന്നു പ്രദാനം ചെയ്തത്.

ഭാരതോദ്വീപുടെ യശസ്സുഭമായി പരിലസിക്കുന്ന വന്ദ്യമഹാകവി രവീന്ദ്രനാഥടാഗോറിനെപ്പറ്റി നാം അല്പമൊന്നാലോചിച്ചുനോക്കുക. ബാല്യകാലത്തിൽ തന്റെ ഗൃഹത്തിൽ തുടരെ തുടരെയുണ്ടായ അന്ധാര്യ മണ്ഡലങ്ങൾ കേവലം ഒരു ബാലനായ രവീന്ദ്രനെ ഝഞ്ചാബ്ബിയിൽ ആഴ്ത്തി; അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കളങ്കരഹിതമായ പിഞ്ചുഹൃദയത്തിൽ ആ ഝഞ്ചസംഭവങ്ങൾ അതിതീവ്രമായ ഒരു പ്രണയത്തെ ഉണ്ടാക്കിത്തീർത്തു. ["അതിയായ ഝഞ്ചത്തിന്റെ അവസാനം ആനന്ദമാണ്" എന്ന തത്വത്തെ ഈ അവസരത്തിൽ വിസ്തരിക്കാൽ പാടുള്ളതല്ല] ആ ഭയങ്കരസംഭവങ്ങൾ, അദ്ദേഹത്തെ ലൌകികവ്യവഹാരങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും വേർപെടുത്തി; അവ അദ്ദേഹത്തെ കവിതാവിഷയത്തിലേക്കു വഴികാണിച്ചു. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കവിതാവാഹിനി ഇന്ത്യയിലെമ്പാൾ, ലോകമെങ്ങും പ്രവഹിച്ചുതുടങ്ങി. 'നോബൽ' സമ്മാനം ലഭിച്ചതോടുകൂടി അദ്ദേഹം 'ലോകമഹാകവി'യുമായി. മഹാകവി ടാഗോറിനെ, ലോകപ്രസിദ്ധനാവാൻ സഹായിച്ച സംഗതികളിൽ ഒന്ന്, അദ്ദേഹത്തെ ലൌകികവ്യവഹാരങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും വേർപെടുത്തിയ അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ബാല്യകാലത്തിലെ ആ ഭയങ്കരസംഭവമായിരിക്കാം.

കുത്തിക്കാളിക്കൊണ്ടിരുന്ന ചിതയിൽ നിന്നുംകൊണ്ടു, തീവ്രവേഗേ അന്തരഭവിക്കുകൊണ്ടാണ് സുകുമാരമഹാകവി, കവികലപതിയായ കാളിദാസനെക്കൂടി

ലജ്ജിപ്പിച്ച് തല കുനിച്ചിട്ട് 'ശ്രീകൃഷ്ണവിലാസ' മഹാകാവ്യത്തെ നിർമ്മിച്ചത്! തന്റെ പ്രേമ സർവ്വസ്വത്തിൽനിന്നും അകത്തുപോട്ട്, കൊട്ടാരത്തിലെ സുഖങ്ങളേയ്ക്കു മേൽക്കൂർത്തിയെടുത്തു. ഒരു നൂറ്റാണ്ടിനിടയിൽ പതിവിലധികം തവണ സന്തപ്തനായി കലയാ പനം ചെയ്തുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുമ്പോഴാണ് 'കേരളകാളിദാസ'നെന്ന അപരാഭിധാനമുള്ള കേരളവർമ്മ വലിയകോയിത്തമ്പുരാൻ സുപ്രസിദ്ധമായ 'മയൂരസന്ദേശ'ത്തെ കൈ രളിക്കു പ്രദാനം ചെയ്തത്. രചനാഭംഗികൊണ്ടും, വണ്ണനാവൈശിഷ്ട്യംകൊണ്ടും, ആശയബാഹുല്യംകൊണ്ടും 'മയൂരസന്ദേശ'ത്തെ കവിച്ചുവെക്കുവാനോ, അതിനോടു കിടപിടിക്കുവാനോ ത്രാണിയുള്ള ഗ്രന്ഥങ്ങൾ മലയാളഭാഷയിൽ അധികമില്ല. പതിവിലധികം തവണ സന്തപ്തനായിട്ടുള്ളതിന്റെ അടിത്തട്ടിൽനിന്നാണ് മയൂര സന്ദേശത്തിലെ ഓരോ പദ്യങ്ങളും പൊട്ടിപ്പുറപ്പെട്ടിട്ടുള്ളത്!

മഹാകവി കുമാരനാശാനെ, കവിയെന്ന നിലയിൽ വിഖ്യാതനാക്കിത്തീർത്ത അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ 'വീണ പൂവ്' ഒരു തത്ത്വമോദാഹരണമാണ്. ['വീണ പൂവ്' ഒരു നൂറ്റാണ്ടിനിടയിൽ പതിവിലധികം തവണ സന്തപ്തനായിട്ടുള്ളതിന്റെ അടിത്തട്ടിൽനിന്നാണ് മയൂര സന്ദേശത്തിലെ ഓരോ പദ്യങ്ങളും പൊട്ടിപ്പുറപ്പെട്ടിട്ടുള്ളത്!'] കുമാരനാശാന് ആ 'വീണ പൂവ്' ഒരു വെറും പൂവായിരുന്നില്ല. 'അധികതുംഗപദത്തിൽ ഒരു രാജ്ഞി കണക്കെ വർത്തിച്ചിരുന്ന' ആ പൂവിന്റെ വീഴ്ച അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കരുണാമന്ദിരവും, അനുരാഗപൂരിതവുമായ ഹൃദയത്തെ പൊട്ടിത്തകർത്തുകളഞ്ഞു. അപ്രകാരം സന്തപ്തനായിട്ടുള്ളതിന്റെ അടിത്തട്ടിൽനിന്നാണ് 'വീണ പൂവ്'ന്റെ ആവിർഭാവം. ആശാന്റെ 'പ്രഭോദന'വും മറ്റൊരു മോദാഹരണമാണ്. തന്റെ ഒരു പ്രധാന ഗുരുവും, സാഹിത്യ സഖാവുമായിരുന്ന പ്രൊഫസ്സർ രാജരാജവർമ്മ കോയിത്തമ്പുരാന്റെ അകാലദേഹവിയോഗം ആ കവിമർമ്മജ്വലത്തിൽ എന്തെന്നില്ലാത്ത ഒരു പീഡയെ ഉളവാക്കി. ആ അപരിഹാസ്യമായ നഷ്ടത്താൽ ക്ലിഷ്ടമനസ്സനായ ആശാന്റെ ദുഃഖപൂർണ്ണമായ ആശയങ്ങളെയാണ് 'പ്രഭോദനം' നമുക്കു വെളിവാക്കിത്തന്നത്. മഹാകവി വള്ളത്തോളിന്റെ 'ബധിരവിലാപം' മറ്റൊരു മോദാഹരണമാണ്. പ്രണയികളുടെ നർമ്മസംഭാഷണങ്ങളും, സഖാക്കളായ കവികളുടെ കവിതാപാരായണവും, വിധിവൈപരീത്യത്താൽ കേൾക്കുവാൻ ശക്തനാവാതെ കഴിഞ്ഞുപോയ മഹാകവിയുടെ വ്യസനം എത്ര വലിയതായിരിക്കുകയല്ല! 'ബധിരവിലാപം' കേവലം അർപ്പണത്തോന്നു ചെറു പദ്യങ്ങൾ മാത്രമടങ്ങിയ ഒരു ചെറുഗ്രന്ഥമാണെങ്കിലും, അതു വായിച്ചു തീർന്നാൽ, ഒരു മഹാകാവ്യം വായിച്ചു തീർന്നാലുണ്ടാവുന്നതുപോലെയുള്ള ഒരു പ്രതീതിയാണ് നമ്മളിൽ ഉണ്ടാവുന്നത്. 'ബധിരവിലാപം' മഹാകവിയുടെ ക്ലേശപൂർണ്ണമായ ചിന്തകളുടെ സങ്കലനമാണ്.

കണ്ണുകളുടെ ശക്തി കേവലം ക്ഷയിച്ച്, അഥവാ, കേവലം അന്ധനായിത്തീർന്നാൽ ഏറ്റവും പ്രിയപ്പെട്ട പ്രകൃതിയുടെ രമണീയതയെക്കണ്ടാസരിക്കുവാൻ

നിവൃത്തിയില്ലാതെ കണ്ണിതപ്പെട്ട് അന്ധകാരമയവും, ദുഃഖപൂർണ്ണവുമായ ജീവിത യാത്രയുടെ അന്ത്യഘട്ടത്തിലാണ് ആംഗലമഹാകവി 'മിൽട്ടൻ' ആംഗലസാഹിത്യത്തിലെ ഒരുമൂല്യരത്നമായ 'പറുഭീസാനഷ്'ത്തെ രചിച്ചത്. ആംഗലകവികളുടെയിടയിൽ ഒരു ഉൽകൃഷ്ടസ്ഥാനത്തെ അർഹിക്കുന്ന വിലും കൂപ്പരുടെ (William Couper) ജീവിതം ദുഃഖഭ്രയിഷ്ടമായ ഒന്നായിരുന്നു. അദ്ദേഹത്തിനു തന്റെ ജീവിതത്തിൽ മൂന്നു നാലു പ്രാവശ്യം ബുദ്ധിഭ്രമത്തിനു വശംവദനാകേണ്ടി വന്നിട്ടുണ്ട്. "എനിക്ക് കൂടക്കൂടെ ഉണ്ടായിക്കൊണ്ടിരുന്ന ബുദ്ധിഭ്രമമാണ് എന്നെ ഒരു കവിയാക്കിത്തീർത്തത്," എന്ന് അദ്ദേഹംതന്നെ ഒരിടത്ത് പ്രസ്താവിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്.

ആധുനികയൂറോപ്പിലെ മഹാകവികളിൽ അഗ്രഗണ്യനെന്നു കരുതാവുന്ന ഡാൻററി (Dante)യുടെ ജീവിതം ഏറെയും ക്ലേശഭ്രയിഷ്ടമായിരുന്നു. ഒരു മികച്ച 'സ്വപരാജ്യസ്തേഹി'യായ അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്നനുഭവിക്കേണ്ടിവന്നിട്ടുള്ള സങ്കടങ്ങൾക്കു 'കയ്യുംകണക്കു'മില്ല. സ്വപന്തം നഗരത്തിൽനിന്നും അദ്ദേഹത്തിനു നിഷ്കാസിതനാവേണ്ടി വന്നിട്ടുണ്ട്. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ അസാധാരണ തൂലികയിൽ നിന്നാണ് 'ഡിവൈൻ കോമഡി' (Divine Comedy)യെന്ന ഗ്രന്ഥരത്നം ലോകത്തിനു ലഭിച്ചത്! ഗോൾഡ് സ്മിത്തിന്റെ (Gold Smith) ജീവിതം പരിശോധിച്ചുനോക്കുകയാണെങ്കിൽ, ഒട്ടും സന്തോഷപ്രദമായിരുന്നില്ല അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ജീവിതമെന്നു നമ്മൾക്കു മനസ്സിലാവും. എന്നാൽ അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കവിതകളോ? ആംഗലസാഹിത്യത്തിൽ ഒരു വലിയ സ്ഥാനമാണ് അവ കരസ്ഥമാക്കിയിട്ടുള്ളത്.

കവിതയും, വ്യഥയും തമ്മിൽ ഒരു വലിയ ബന്ധമുണ്ടെന്നു നാം മനസ്സിലാക്കിക്കഴിഞ്ഞു. ഏതു കവിതയേയും കൂലങ്കഷമായി പരിശോധിക്കുകയാണെങ്കിൽ ഈ തത്വം നമ്മൾക്കു കൂടുതൽ വ്യക്തമാകുന്നതാണ്. "നമ്മുടെ ശ്രുതിമധുരമായ ഗാനങ്ങൾ ദുഃഖസംഭവങ്ങളെ വർണ്ണിക്കുന്നവയാണെന്ന്" ഷെല്ലിയും ഒരിടത്ത് പ്രസ്താവിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്.

ഒ. വേലായുധൻ, (സീനിയർ വിദ്യാർത്ഥി)

ആരാമത്തിൽ.

എം. വാസുദേവൻ നായർ സീനിയർ വിദ്വാൻ.

(മഞ്ജരി)

മനുഷ്യാത്മമുഖത്തോടു മരുവുന്ന
കുന്ദലതേ സുഖമല്ലയോതേ.
സുന്ദരപൂർണ്ണനാരിമാർത്തന്റെ
ചന്തമേറീടുന്ന ദന്തജാലം
കണ്ടിട്ടുമാട്ടും നിനക്കില്ല ലജ്ജയും
കഷ്ടം! ചിരിച്ചുണ്ടു ചാഞ്ചാടു നീ.
മാനുഷമാനസം സംഭൃതസന്തോഷ-
മാനമാക്കുന്നു സുഗന്ധിസ്മനം.
മാലതി! മാമകമാനസം ശോഭന-
മാക്കിച്ചമക്കുന്നു നിത്യവും നീ.
മന്ദോമേ, തവ സുന്ദരപുഷ്പങ്ങൾ-
ഉന്തികത്തേക്കു വിളിച്ചീടുന്നു.
കോമളഗാത്രിതൻ ശോണകപോലമോ
ലാലസിച്ച് ഓ പനീനീരേ നീ?
ആരാമദേശത്തുളളോരോരോ പുഷ്പവ-
മാനന്ദം കൊള്ളുന്നു കാറ്റിൽചെമ്മ.
സൗരഭ്യം വീശി ഫസിച്ചു പളക്കുക
സന്തോഷം ശാശ്വതമല്ല പാരിൽ!

മഹാവിഷ്ണു

വൈകുണ്ഠമെന്നതീ ബ്രഹ്മാഞ്ചലമാകുന്നു
വൈകുണ്ഠനിന്നതിൽ വാണീടുന്നു.
കുണ്ഡലമിട്ടോരനന്തനാമാകാശ-
മണ്ഡലത്തിൽക്കിടപ്പുഹരി.
ആദിത്യചന്ദ്രന്മാർ ശംഖചക്രങ്ങളും;
സൗദാമിനിയായ നാന്തകവും;
സന്ധ്യാകുന്ദോരു പത്മവും; രാത്രിയി-
ലന്ധകാരമല്ലൊ കൌമോദകി.
കൌസ്തുഭമെന്നതരുണനാം; ലക്ഷ്മിയോ
നിസ്തലശോഭയുഷസ്സമല്ലോ.
നിത്യപ്രകാശത്തെത്തെയങ്ങും പരത്തുന്ന
സത്യപരാശക്തി താർക്ക്യമല്ലോ.
ആത്മവായോരു പീതാംബരം പിന്നെ
ഭൂതങ്ങളുണ്ണമിന്നിന്ദ്രിയങ്ങൾ.
ക്ഷീരധാരയാകും ശ്രീവത്സമിന്ദ്രന്റെ
ചാരുവില്ലാകും വനമാലയും
ഈ വിധമല്ലാമലങ്കാരമുള്ളോരു
ദേവനാം വിഷ്ണുവെ കൈകൂപ്പുന്നേൻ.

*Milky way

*Rain bow

കോങ്ങോട്ടു കൃഷ്ണൻ നായർ.

മാതൃഭാഷ പോഷണാർമല്ലേ?

മാതൃഭാഷാപ്രണയികളെ ക്ഷോഭിപ്പിക്കത്തക്കവണ്ണം ചിലർ “സ്വഭാഷ പോഷണാർമൊ” എന്ന തലക്കെട്ടിൽ ചിലതെല്ലാം പ്രതിവാദിച്ചു, “അങ്ങനെയല്ല, ഇംഗ്ലീഷുമാത്രമേ നല്ല ഭാഷയുള്ളൂ” എന്നു സ്ഥാപിച്ചു വരുന്നുണ്ട്. “മാതൃഭാഷ പോഷണാർമൊ” എന്നു പോലീക്കുമ്പോൾ തന്നെ മറ്റൊല്ലാ ഭാഷകളും പരിപൂർണ്ണാവസ്ഥയെ പ്രാപിച്ചിട്ടില്ലെന്നും, അവകൾ പോഷണാർമങ്ങളാണെന്നും, മാതൃഭാഷ നേരെ മറിച്ചു പരിപക്വമായ നിലയിൽ എത്തിക്കഴിഞ്ഞിരിക്കുന്നുവെന്നും പ്രത്യക്ഷമായിത്തീരുന്നു. ഒരു ഭാഷ പോഷണാർമല്ലെങ്കിൽ അതു ഒരുനതസ്ഥിതിയിലാണെന്നുള്ളതിന്നു രണ്ടു പക്ഷമില്ല. അതിനാൽ മാതൃഭാഷയായ മലയാളം പോഷിപ്പിക്കേണ്ടതില്ലെന്നു എപ്പോൾ പറയുന്നുവോ അന്നു മുതൽക്ക് അതിന്നു മറ്റൊല്ലാ ഭാഷകളെക്കാളും ഒന്നുതും ലഭിച്ചു കഴിഞ്ഞുവെന്നു വ്യക്തമാകുന്നുണ്ട്. പിന്നെ മേല്പറഞ്ഞ പോലുതന്നെ “പോഷണാർമല്ല” എന്നുത്തരം പറയുന്നതു ന്യായമായിട്ടുള്ളതാണെന്നു തോന്നുന്നില്ല.

രണ്ടാമത് മലയാളഭാഷ നന്നല്ലെന്നു പറയുന്നവർക്കുള്ള ഒരുക്ഷേപം, അത് രാഷ്ട്രീയഭാഷയാക്കി വെച്ചിട്ടില്ലെന്നുള്ളതാണ്. ഒരു ഭാഷ രാഷ്ട്രഭാഷയല്ലെന്നുള്ള കുറ്റത്തിന്നു അതിനെ തിരസ്കരിക്കുവാൻ പാടുള്ളതാണോ? രാഷ്ട്രീയഭാഷയാക്കി സ്ഥാപിക്കാത്തതു ഭാഷയുടെ കുറ്റമാണോ? വിദേശീയർ രാജ്യം ഭരിക്കുമ്പോൾ അവരുടെ ഇഷ്ടപ്രകാരമാണല്ലോ ഭരണം നടത്തുക. അതിനാൽ അവർക്കു ഇംഗ്ലീഷുഭാഷ രാഷ്ട്രഭാഷയാക്കി സ്ഥാപിക്കേണമെന്നു തോന്നിയിട്ടുണ്ടാവാം. കൊച്ചി, തിരുവിതാംകൂർ മുതലായ ഭേദങ്ങളിൽ മലയാളം രാഷ്ട്രഭാഷയാക്കി സ്വീകരിക്കാതെ ഇംഗ്ലീഷുപരത്തുവാൻ ശ്രമിക്കുന്നത് അവരുടെ അനുകരണഭ്രമം കൊണ്ടായിരിക്കാം.

നമ്മുടെ പൂർവ്വികർ സ്വഭാഷയിൽ മതിയാവണ്ണം വാക്കുകളില്ലാതെ കഴിഞ്ഞതിൽത്തമ്മിൽ ആശയങ്ങൾ പറഞ്ഞറിയിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കാതെയാണ് കഴിച്ചുകൂട്ടിയതെന്നു ഞാൻ വിശ്വസിക്കുന്നില്ല. മലയാളഭാഷയിൽ സംസ്കൃതത്തിൽ നിന്നും, തമിഴിൽ നിന്നും ഉള്ള തത്സമങ്ങളും തത്ഭവങ്ങളും ഉണ്ടായിരിക്കാം. ലോകമെങ്ങും പരന്നു, നിരവധി ജനങ്ങളുടെ പ്രശംസക്കർമ്മമായി പല ശാസ്ത്രങ്ങളും പ്രതിപാദിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതും, ഇന്ത്യയിലും മറ്റനേകം ഭേദങ്ങളിലും രാഷ്ട്രീയഭാഷയായി സ്വീകരിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതുമായ ഇംഗ്ലീഷിൽ ഹബ്ബ, ഗ്രീക്കു, ലാറ്റിൻ, മുതലായവയിൽ നിന്നു എടുത്തിട്ടുള്ള വാക്കുകൾക്കു കണക്കില്ല. അതിനാൽ ഇംഗ്ലീഷു ഒരു സ്വതന്ത്രഭാഷയല്ലെന്നുള്ളതു തീർച്ചതന്നെ. അതിന്നുപുറമെ, മലയാള ഭാഷയിൽ

വേണ്ടത്ര വാക്കുകളില്ലാതെ ആവശ്യങ്ങൾക്കു മതിയാവുന്നില്ലെന്നുള്ളത് അല്പ വിചാരിക്കേണ്ടതെന്നായിരാം. “കൃഷ്ണഗാഥ”യിൽ എത്രയൊ നല്ല അലങ്കാരങ്ങളും ആശയങ്ങളും “പച്ച”മലയാളത്തിൽ നിഷ്പ്രയാസം പ്രകടിപ്പിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. ഈ ഒരേ സംഗതിതന്നെ മലയാളഭാഷയിൽ സുലഭമായി വാക്കുകൾ ഉണ്ടെന്നുള്ളതിന്നു സാക്ഷ്യം വഹിക്കുന്നുണ്ടല്ലോ.

മലയാളത്തിൽ വേണ്ടത്ര വാക്കുകളില്ലെന്നും, അതിനാൽ അധികം വാക്കുകളടങ്ങിയ ഇംഗ്ലീഷുഭാഷയാണ് ഉപയോഗക്കുവേണ്ടതെന്നും പറയുന്നവരോട് ഒന്നു ചോദിച്ചുകൊള്ളട്ടെ. ഭാഷകളുടെ സാർവ്വഭൗമിയാണെന്നു തീർച്ചപ്പെടുത്തിയ ഇംഗ്ലീഷിൽ എല്ലാ വികാരങ്ങൾക്കും വസ്തുക്കൾക്കും തക്കതായ വാക്കുകളുണ്ടോ? ഇല്ലെന്നു പറയാതെ നിർദ്ദാഹമില്ല. ഇപ്രകാരം ഓരോ ഇനവും കൃപയോടെ പരിശോധിക്കുന്നതായാൽ മലയാളത്തിൽ തൃപ്തിയാർവണ്ണം വാക്കുകളില്ലെന്നു കാര്യം നീക്കേണ്ടിവരുന്നതാണ്.

ഇംഗ്ലീഷുഭാഷയിൽ മാത്രമല്ല ശാസ്ത്രങ്ങളുള്ള. സംസ്കൃതത്തിൽ പൗരാണികകാലം മുതൽക്കുതന്നെ ഛന്ദസ്സ്, ശിക്ഷ, കല്പം, നിരൂപണം, വ്യാകരണം, ജ്യോതിഷം എന്നീ ശാസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ ഉണ്ട്. ഇംഗ്ലീഷിൽ പ്രതിപാദിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതിനേക്കാൾ പതിനടങ്ങു നന്നായിട്ടാണ് ഗീർവാണഭാഷയിൽ പ്രതിപാദിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതെന്നു ജ്ഞാനികൾക്കു അറിയാവുന്ന ഒന്നാണ്. സംസ്കൃതമായി എത്രയൊ അടുപ്പമുള്ള നമ്മുടെ ഭാഷയിൽ സംസ്കൃതശാസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ തജ്ജമ ചെയ്യുവാൻ സുസാദ്ധ്യമാണ്. ഇപ്പോൾ പല ശാസ്ത്രങ്ങളും സംസ്കൃതത്തിൽനിന്നു മലയാളത്തിലേക്കു തജ്ജമ ചെയ്തിട്ടുണ്ട്. അങ്ങിനെയിരിക്കെ, മലയാളത്തിലേക്കു ഇംഗ്ലീഷിൽനിന്നു എന്തിനാണ് തർജ്ജമകൾ ചെയ്യുന്നത്? അഥവാ തജ്ജമകൾ ഇംഗ്ലീഷിൽനിന്നു വേണമെങ്കിൽ അത് മലയാളത്തിൽ ക്ഷീപ്രസാദ്ധ്യവുമാണ്.

മലയാളത്തിൽ മോശമായ പുസ്തകങ്ങൾ ഉള്ളത് ഭാഷയുടെ കുറ്റമാണോ? വല്ല അല്പവിചാരിയും ആശയശുദ്ധിയൊ ഭാഷാശുദ്ധിയൊ ഇല്ലാതെ ചില കൃതികൾ രചിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതുകൊണ്ടു ഒരു ഭാഷ ചീത്തയാവുകയോ പോഷണാർഹമല്ലാതെയാവുകയോ ചെയ്യുമെന്നു തോന്നുന്നില്ല.

മലയാളഭാഷ നന്നല്ലെന്നു തന്നെയിരിക്കട്ടെ, എന്നാലും അതിനെ തിരസ്കരിക്കുന്നത് ഉചിതമാണോ? അതിനെ പോഷിപ്പിച്ചു ഒരുങ്ങുതാവസ്ഥയിൽ എത്തിക്കേണ്ടത് കേരളീയരുടെ ചുമതലയല്ലെ. ഇംഗ്ലീഷുഭാഷ ആദ്യം എത്രയോ ശോച്യമായ അവസ്ഥയിലായിരുന്നു. തദനന്തരം ഇംഗ്ലീഷുകാരുടെ അശ്രാന്തപരിശ്രമം കൊണ്ടല്ല ഇങ്ങനെ ലോകമൊട്ടുക്കും പരന്നു വിജയപതാകനാട്ടിയത്?

നിരർത്ഥകമായ വാദങ്ങൾ കൊണ്ടുവരാതെ സ്വഭാഷയെ പോഷിപ്പിക്കുവാനാണ് നാം നോക്കേണ്ടത്.

ഒരു ഭാഷാഗുണകാംക്ഷി

ഒരു പ്രാർത്ഥന.

1. സ്വൈരമെന്നിലണയ്ക്കതെ പാർവ്വതീ-
നാരായണ ഏദയ! നിന്നോടോതുവോൻ
നീരദഭനവനുള്ള കാലടി-
ത്താരജസ്രമിവനേകണം സുഖം.
2. ദൈവതവസ്തുവിലഹന്ത ചേർപ്പാരി-
ക്കൈതവത്തിൻ മുതിൻ ഏതത്ത്വം
മാ! തവം പ്രീതികമലം മറച്ചു മേ
വാതനാഥ! ഗതിയെന്തു മേലിൽ മേ.
3. കാതരാക്ഷികളിലുള്ള സൗഷ്ഠവം
ചേതസാ ബത നരകിടം വിധയ
വീതശങ്കമഖിലേശനന്റെ ഏൽ-
പ്പാതയിൽ ചതുരമോടിക്കേണമേ.
4. വൃന്ദതൻവനമണഞ്ഞു ഗോകുളതൻ-
വൃന്ദധൃഭുവി വാണു വേണവിൽ-
സുന്ദരധാമണച്ചിരിപ്പൊരൻ
നന്ദനന്ദനനെയെന്നു കാണു ഞാൻ
5. വൈരിയാന്നിജ മനസ്സു തീർത്താരി
ശ്രീരത്നലിഖ്യകുന്നവർക്കോ
പാരിലെന്നുഗതി മാരുതേശനാം
പാരിജാതമരമൊന്നൊഴിച്ചിനി
6. ഇല്ലവും ധനവുമീശപരന്റെ കാൽ-
പ്പല്ലവപ്രിയവുമില്ല തൃഷ്ണയും
നല്ലതൊന്നുമിവനില്ല ഭാഗ്വതീ-
വല്ലഭൻ മയി മിഴിയ്ക്കുമോ മിഴി.
7. പാവകൻവനാമരിച്ചിടം വിധയ
പാവമാം ഹരിണപോതമെന്നപോൽ
മാ! വളൻ ഗൃഹഭാരവിന്തയും
തീവളത്തുടൽ കരിച്ചിടുന്നു മേ.

8. പീലി ഗോപി വനമുഖ കങ്കണം
താലി കിങ്ങിണി ചിലമ്പു മോതിരം
ചേലിലീവകയണിഞ്ഞു കാണണം
മേലിലെന്തമനിലാലയേശനെ.
9. ഗോപിതൊട്ട തിരുനെറ്റി; രാധയാ-
ഗോപി തൊട്ട കരഭോര; സങ്കടം
ഗോപിതൊട്ട മനം; ഏവമത്രയോ
ഗോപിതൊട്ട ശിശുഗോപനാശ്രയം!
10. മുല്ലമൊട്ടുകൾ മറച്ചുനിന്നിടം
പല്ലവത്തൊടൊരിരയ തൻചൊടി.
വല്ലവീമണികൾ നോക്കിനിൽക്കവേ
മല്ലവൈരി മുളിയ്ക്കു നല്ലിനാൻ!
11. ആരുമിങ്ങുതന്നെയില്ല; പക്ഷേവാ-
ന്തരുമില്ല, കലവും ധനാദിയും
പോരുമേ! വിഷമമെന്തെൻ ജീവിതം
മാരുതേശ! ഭഗവൻ!! നമോസ്തുതേ.
12. സാരസാക്ഷന്തെ ചാരപാദതാ-
രാനിഞ്ഞു സതതം സ്തുരിയ്ക്കുമേ.
സാരമില്ലവൻ ചോദനയായ സം-
സാരസാഗരതരംഗമട്ടുനം.



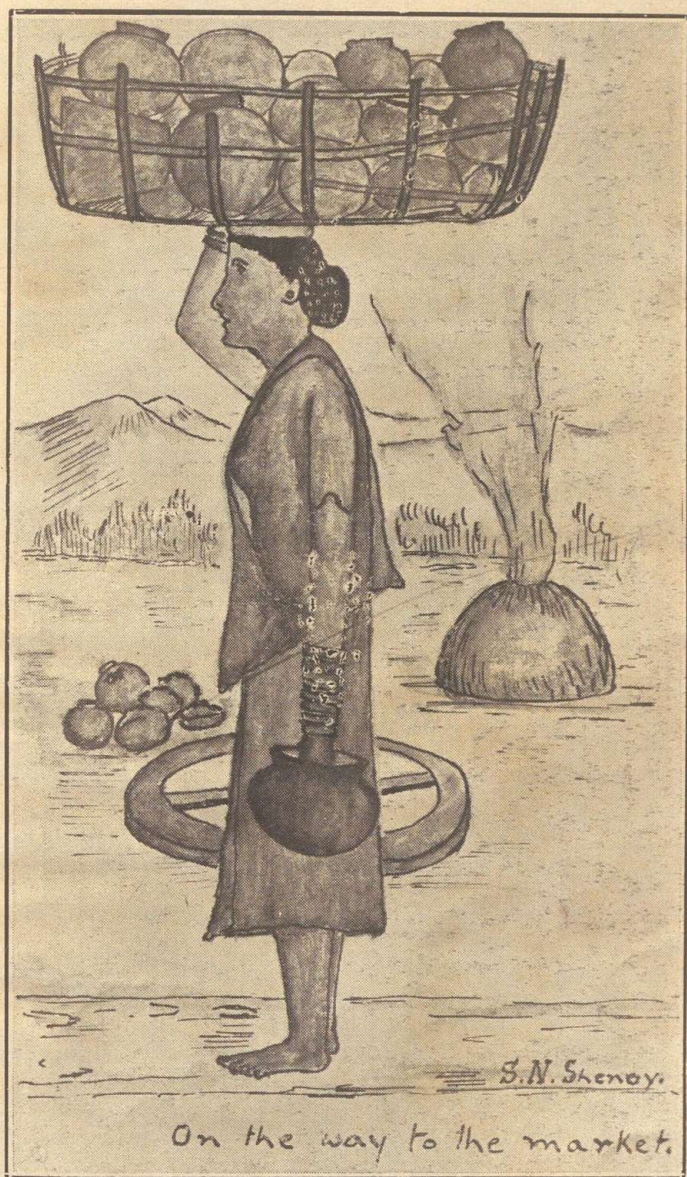
നിദ്ര.



1. രാവുകുവോളം പലവേലമെഴുതും
നാനാവിധം മാനസഭേദമേറും
ആയാസമാണൊട്ടു കഴങ്ങിടുമ്പോ-
ളേതൊന്നു നൽകുന്നു നമുക്കുസൗഖ്യം?
2. യാതൊന്നു രോഗിക്കുവലംബമായും
ജീവിപ്പതിന്നേകനിലാനമായും,
അതൊന്നു ലോകോത്തരസൗഖ്യമാണോ-
രുകമുണ്ടെന്നതു നിശ്ചിതമാകും.
3. നിദ്രാമൃതം മാനുഷശ്രമേഷിക്കു
നാകുതലൊന്നുള്ള സുഖാനുഭവം
വരുത്തിടുത്തു കനിവാൻ നിത്യം
കിനാവിലാണെന്ന വിമോഹമേകി.
4. സംസാരമാകും നിബിഡാസ്ഥകാരം
പ്രാപിച്ചു വാഴുന്നൊരു ജീവജാലം
ഏതോ സൃഷ്ടിക്കുകമേ വലഞ്ഞു
പോരുന്നതല്ലെന്നതുമായുണ്ടു?
5. ജന്തുക്കളല്ലാമൊരുന്നാളിലേതും
വിന്തിച്ചിടാതെങ്ങു സുഖീർഗ്ഗലയാകും
നിദ്രക്കുറപ്പു മനുഷ്യലോകം
തൃജിക്കുമെന്നുള്ളതു വാസ്തവംതാൻ
6. ഭൂലോകവും നാകവുമാക്കയും കീ-
ഴമത്തി നാരീമണിയെന്നപോലെ
മഹാശയനാർക്കു മലംപ്രയാകും-
മീടാൻ നിദ്രക്കു നമസ്കരിക്കാം.

വി. എം. ഗോവിന്ദൻകുട്ടിമേനോൻ,

സീനിയർ വിദ്യാർത്ഥി.



On the way to the market.

ദിനാന്തസൂര്യൻ.

(മഞ്ജരി)

ഉന്നതകാന്തിമാനകൻ പ്രതീചിതൻ
സിന്ധു രജപാട്ടായി ലാലസിക്കേ
മാനസോല്ലാസാത്മമേകനായേകദോ
ഞാനഭാരോദധീതീരം പുകേൽ.
വെൺനരവ്യാജത്താൽ തന്നെച്ചിപ്പുയിരി-
യെന്നിൽ സരസ്വതൻ പൊഴിച്ചിരുന്നു.
ഭൂരക്ഷലിൽനിന്നുപ്പോൾ തിരകളെ
താരാട്ടിയെത്തിയ മന്ദവായു
സേപദകണാഞ്ചിതമെന്തും മേൽക്കുമേൽ
സാദരം ചുംബനംചെയ്തിരുന്നു.
ചുറ്റുംപരന്നുകിടക്കും മണൽത്തരി
മുറ്റം കതിരവൻ തൻകതിരായ്
കണ്ണിന്നാനന്ദമേക്ഷ്മണച്ചീടും
സപ്തർഷിപ്പാടിയാക്കിത്തീർത്തിരുന്നു.
ബാലതരംഗോച്ചലിതവാരാന്നിധി,
ലീലയാ വീയിന വാതപോതം,
അസ്തമയാരുണകാന്തിയിതെല്ലാമെൻ
ചിത്തം വികാരഭരിതമാക്കി.
അണ്ണവന്തന്നിൽപ്പതിപ്പാൻ തുടങ്ങീടും
ചെന്നിറമാളമാജോതിസ്സിനെ
പിന്നെയും പിന്നെയും നോക്കിക്കൊണ്ടങ്ങുഞാൻ
നിന്നിത്ര ചിന്താതിബാധിതനായ്.
ഇന്നലെയിന്നേരത്തന്നിലും ശ്രീഭാനോ!
നിൻനിലയിത്തരംതന്നെയല്ലേ!
വൃത്തിയിതങ്ങുനഷ്ടിപ്പാൻ തുടങ്ങിയി-
ട്ടെത്രയായ് കാലമെന്നാക്കിയാം.
എത്രനാളേവമനുഷ്ടിക്കുമെന്നതു-

മത്രലോകത്തിങ്കലാരുണ്ടു?
ഏങ്ങനെയിലോകം കീഴ്മേൽ മറികിലും
ഭംഗം തപൽകൃത്യത്തിന്നില്ലയല്ലോ!
മാനവസംഹതീജീവിതരീതികൾ
ഓ! നിന്നിൽനിന്നൊരു ഭിന്നഭിന്നം!
ഇന്നു കടൽക്കാറ്റോറുല്ലാസം കൊൾവോനെ
ക്കുന്നിന്മേൽക്കണ്ടിടാമല്ലോ നാളെ.
എന്തെങ്കിലുമാളെയക്കഥ—അങ്ങിനും
സിന്ധുവിൽ വീഴ്കയാൽ മുൻകണക്കേ.
ഇത്രനേരംകൊണ്ടിലോകത്തിലെന്തെല്ലാം
കൃത്യങ്ങളുണ്ടു നിർമ്മിച്ചു?
തന്നുപജീവനം തേടുവാനായ്ക്കൊണ്ടു
തന്മാതുഭൂവിൽനിന്നൊരുപേരെ
ദൂരദൂരം വിദേശംഗമിപ്പിച്ചിതും—
ക്കാരുണ്യലേശമിയന്നിടാതെ.
ഇഷ്ടജനാപ്തിയാലേതെല്ലാം മന്ത്രിരെ
പുഷ്ടമോദോന്മത്തരക്കിച്ഛയ്ക്കു?
ആരിലെല്ലാം, ജീവൻ വേറിട്ടുപോകിലും
തീരാത്ത വൈരം പെലുത്തിവിട്ടു?
എത്ര മനുജരെ നീയിന്നു നിർദ്ദയം
മൃത്യുകുപത്തിൽ പിടിച്ചുതള്ളി?
ചിത്രഭാനോ! തവ വൈഭവം പാർക്കുമ്പോൾ
ചിത്രമഗോചരമേതവർക്കും
നിന്നസ്തമയത്താൽ കണ്ടുസുമ്പ്രിയ!
എന്നുടേ ജീവിതശൃംഖലയിൽ
കണ്ണിയൊന്നററിതതു വീണ്ടും ചേർക്കുവാ-
നെന്നാളുമാർക്കുമെളുതല്ലല്ലോ.

പി. കെ. ഏട്ടുനണ്ണിത്തമ്പുരൻ,
(പൂച്ചവിദ്യാർത്ഥി)

സാത്താപനം.

(പി. കെ. കെ. മേനോൻ)

പൂർവ്വിദ്യാത്മി.

1.

ഓമലാൾ ചൊല്ലിനാൾ, “അമ്മേ, നമസ്കാരം,
ഞാനന്ത്യായാത്ര കഥിയ്ക്കുകയായ്;
അമ്മേ, ക്ഷമിക്കുക നാനാപരാധങ്ങൾ—”
ഓമനച്ചുണ്ടെന്നങ്ങതെയായി!
ഗാത്രം തരളമായ്; കൈകൾ തണുത്തുപോയ്;
ഛാ നേത്രകാന്തി പൊലിഞ്ഞുപോയി!!
ജീവിതപഞ്ജരമുക്തയാ,യക്കൊച്ച -
ജീവാത്മാവെങ്ങോ പറന്നുപോയി!!!
നിത്യപ്രശാന്തിതൻ നിശ്വാസംപോലവേ
വീശിത്തുടങ്ങിനാൻ മരാനിലൻ

2.

മധ്യാഹ്നസൂര്യന്റെ ഘോരാതപമേറു
സൂനങ്ങൾ വാടുന്നതല്ല കഷ്ടം;
ജീവിതത്തെട്ടിന്മേൽ ശോഭിക്കും കോരകം
പൊന്നുഷ്ണികൽ കരിവതത്രേ!
ഛാ ലോകമാനന്ദംകൊള്ളട്ടെ!യെന്നാലും
ആ മാതൃവിത്തം കരയുമെന്നം!
അയ്യോ, ചതിച്ചല്ലോ ഭർച്ചിയേ ! ലോലമാം
മാനസഭിത്തി പിളർന്നല്ലോ നീ
ഛാ ഛാ നരകത്തിൻ ഛായയെച്ചേർത്തല്ലോ
സ്വർഗ്ഗീയജീവിതഭൂമിയിൽ!
കററക്കിടാവററ മാതാവേ ! മായാത്ത
കാർമുകിലല്ലി നിൻ മാനസത്തിൽ?
സുന്ദരസ്വപ്നം മറഞ്ഞു; നിൻജീവിത-
സംഗീതനാദം വിരളമായി!

ആനന്ദസൗധമിടിഞ്ഞിതാ, ലൗകിക-
 സൗഭാഗ്യമെല്ലാം വിഗളിതമായ് !
 മൃത്യുതൻ ലോരാന്ധകാരമേ ! നീയെത്ര
 ദിവ്യതേജസ്സിൽ പടന്നിട്ടില്ല !
 അല്ലെങ്കിലെന്തിന്നു കേഴുന്നു ? ശോകങ്ങൾ
 ആനന്ദസോപാനമാഗ്തമല്ലോ !
 ഹാ സുപ്രഭാതത്തെല്ലി പ്രദർശിച്ചു
 രാത്രി ? — നീയാശ്വാസംകൊറുക വേഗം ;
 ജീവിതസംഗീതശാസ്ത്രത്തിൽ ആനന്ദ-
 ഭൈരവിയിൽതന്നെ ദുഃഖരാഗം !
 സത്യത്തിൻ ചതുരവരൂപങ്ങളെല്ലയോ
 മാതാവേ ! ലൗകികബന്ധമെല്ലാം ?
 ഏതോ വിദൂരസ്ഥവിശ്രമം തേടിടും
 പാസ്ഥനാരല്ലയോ നമ്മളെല്ലാം ?
 കർമ്മപ്രവാഹത്തിൽ യോജിച്ചും, കൈവിട്ടു-
 മോടിടുമോരോ തുരുമ്പുകൾ നാം !
 നിത്യതന്മസിത്തട്ടിൽനിന്നുൽഭവി-
 ച്ചല്ലി നാം ചുറ്റിക്കറങ്ങീടുന്നു ?
 എത്ര ജന്മങ്ങൾക്കും, എത്ര ബന്ധങ്ങൾക്കും
 മാതാവേ ! നീയും വിധേയയായി ?

4.

കാലത്തിൻ ഗ്രന്ഥയവനിക, നിങ്ങൾതൻ
 ലൗകികബന്ധം മറച്ചീടിലും,
 ദിവ്യമനോജ്ഞസ്തരണയിൽ, ആത്മീയ-
 ബന്ധത്തിൽ, വാഴാം നിനക്കു നിത്യം !
 ആദിത്യകാന്തിയിൽ, ചന്ദ്രപ്രശാന്തിയിൽ,
 മന്ദം വിരിയും നരമലരിൽ,
 താരത്തിൻ നിശ്ശബ്ദഗാനത്തിൽ, ഓമലിൻ
 ദിവ്യസൗന്ദര്യത്തെയാസപദിക്കാം !
 വിശ്വപത്തിലെല്ലാം വഴിഞ്ഞൊഴുകുന്നല്ലോ
 ശാശ്വതസത്യത്തിൻ തുമാധുർവ്വം ;

നവ്യചൈതന്യം നിറയ്ക്കുവാൻ മാത്രമീ
ഭൗതികപാത്രമൊഴിപ്പൂ ദൈവം!

5.

സുപ്രഭാപുഞ്ജമായല്ലി നിൻ കഞ്ഞതാ
വാനത്തിൽ പുഞ്ചിരി തുകീടുന്നു ?
ലൗകികാങ്കുരയെ വെടിഞ്ഞു, പ്രകൃതിതൻ
വിസ്തൃതമാർത്തിൽ നിദ്രചെയ്തു !
“ഇന്നു രമിയ്ക്കു നീ; നാളെ വിരമിക്ക—”
കെന്നതെ ലോകത്തിൻ ഗ്രന്ഥതപം !
സാഞ്ജലിബന്ധരായ് നമ്മൾക്കു പ്രാർത്ഥിക്കും
നിർമ്മലാത്മക്കൾക്കായ്—നിത്യശാന്തി !!!

സ ഖി ഹി ലാ പ ങ്ങ .

ദേവി ! വസുമതി ! തായേ ! സർവ്വേശ്വരി !
കൈവലയമുത്തേ ! ഞാൻ കൈകൂപ്പുന്നേൻ.
സർവ്വചരാചരമാതാവേ ! പുണ്യദേ !
സർവ്വേഷ്വരായിനി ! ഭാഷ്യശീലേ !
എന്നാത്മമിത്രമാം ബാലികാരണത്തെ-
യെന്നമ്മേ യെങ്ങുനീ കൊണ്ടുപോയി ?
എൻപ്രാണതുല്യപ്രിയസഖീസന്നിധൗ
സംപ്രതമെന്നെയും കൊണ്ടുപോക.
എത്രനീചന്മാർ നിൻമക്കളായുണ്ടിപ്പോൾ
അത്ര ജീവിക്കുന്നു ഭാരതത്തിൽ !
ദുഷ്ടന്മാർ താവകപുത്രർ ദിനംതോറും
പട്ടിപ്പെടുന്നതു കഷ്ടമല്ലോ !
എത്ര സൽപുത്രന്മാർ നിത്യം മരിക്കുന്നു
അത്രയുന്തന്നെ ജനിപ്പതുണ്ടോ ?
ഭാഗ്യസംപൂർണ്ണയായ് വാണഭാരതംബ
ഭാഗ്യവിഹീനയായ്കീൻവല്ലോ !

ഭാരതമാതാവേ ! ലോകം വെടിഞ്ഞമൽ-
ചാരുസഖിയെങ്ങു വാഴുന്നിപ്പോൾ ?
എൻപ്രിയസോദരീ ! രത്നമേ ! നീയെങ്ങു
സംപ്രതി ഞങ്ങളെ വിട്ടുപോയി ?
കൊല്ലാതെകൊല്ലുന്നതെന്തിനീ ഞങ്ങളെ ?
വല്ലാതെ മാനസം നീറിടുന്നതു
രത്നമേ ! ലോഭനമീലോകം വിട്ടുപോ !
യത്നം കൂടാതെ നീ പോയിതല്ലോ !
സ്വർഗ്ഗസുഖം തവസാധ്യമാണെങ്കിലോ
മാർഗ്ഗനിരോധം ഞാൻ ചെയ്യുന്നില്ല ;
എന്നാലും ഞങ്ങളെക്കൂടാതെയാനന്ദ-
മെന്നമനുഭവിച്ചിട്ടുകേണോ ?

രണ്ടെന്നഭാവമേയേശാത്തൊരൻസഖി-
ക്കുണ്ടായതെന്നിത്രമാത്രം സപാത്നം ?
ഞങ്ങളെക്കാത്തൊട്ടു വാഴുക നീയെന്നാൽ
ഞങ്ങളും വന്നെത്തും കാലമായാൽ.
എല്ലാം മറന്നു കളിക്കാം നമുക്കപ്പോൾ
സ്വപ്നോക്തപ്രകാരിലോമലാളേ !

സി. കൌമുദീദേവി,
(വിദ്യാത്മിനി)

ജീവിതമോ? മരണമോ?

ലോകം ഇന്ന് ഒരു പരിവർത്തനഘട്ടത്തിലാണ് സ്ഥിതി ചെയ്യുന്നത്. എവിടെ നോക്കിയാലും ഒരു വമ്പിച്ച മാറ്റത്തിനുള്ള നാമ്പിയാണ് കാണപ്പെടുന്നത്. നാനാശാസ്ത്രങ്ങളിലും നാനാവിധങ്ങളായ ശ്രമങ്ങൾ അതിജാഗ്രതയിൽ തുടങ്ങിയിരിക്കുന്നു. ഇത് ഏതോ ഒരു അത്ഭുതശക്തിയുടെ പ്രേരണയാണോ എന്നുതന്നെ സംശയിക്കണം. ഇന്ന് ലോകത്തിൽ നടക്കുന്ന സംഭവപരമ്പരകൾ ഈ ഉപഹത്തിനു ശക്തികൂട്ടുന്നു.

1914-ാമാണ്ടിൽ ലോകം ഒരു ഇളകിമറിഞ്ഞു. യൂറോപ്പിൽ വെടി പൊട്ടി. മാങ്ങ ഉതിരുന്ന മാതിരി മനുഷ്യൻ ചത്തു മലച്ചു. രാഷ്ട്രിയാന്തരീക്ഷത്തിൽ കറുപ്പും കോളും കയറി. എവിടേയും ഭയവും ശങ്കയും കളിയാടി. ഏതു മുക്കിലും മൂലയിലും ഉള്ളവരുടേയും കണ്ണുകൾ തുറന്നിട്ടു. എന്നാൽ ഭാഗ്യവശാൽ ആ യുദ്ധരംഗം ദുഃഖപര്യവസായിയാവാതെ കഴിഞ്ഞുകൂടി.

ഇന്ന് വീണ്ടും ലോകം ഒരു വിപ്ലവഘട്ടത്തിലേയ്ക്കു ആഞ്ഞുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുകയാണ്. നാനാശാസ്ത്രങ്ങളിലും നാനാമുഖങ്ങളായ വിപത്തുകൾ വന്ന് ചേർന്നിരിക്കുന്നു. നാളിതുവരെ അഭിനവസ്വർഗ്ഗമെന്നോണം കരുതിയിരുന്ന അമേരിക്കയിലും അമരമില്ലാത്ത തോണിപോലെ അങ്ങോട്ടുമിങ്ങോട്ടും ചായ്യാടിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നു. മഹാനായ രൂപംപെട്ട് അവിടെ ഒരു അഭിവൃദ്ധിപ്രസ്ഥാനം നടപ്പിലാക്കി. എന്നിട്ടും സമൃദ്ധി അവിടെ കണികാണകപോലും ചെയ്യുന്നില്ലെന്നു ഒരു കൂട്ടം ജനങ്ങൾ പരാതിപ്പെടുന്നു. “ശാന്തി മുഴക്കത്തോടും ഭാരിദ്രം, ഭാരിദ്രം മുഴക്കത്തോടും ശാന്തി,” എന്ന ഒരു പഴഞ്ചൊല്ലാണ് ഈ അവസരത്തിൽ ഓർമ്മവരുന്നത്.

വലിയ മത്സ്യങ്ങൾ ചെറിയ മത്സ്യത്തിനെ അണ്ണാക്കിൽ തൊടാതെ വിഴുങ്ങുന്നു. ഇറാഖി എത്രോപ്പു മുഴുവൻ സാപ്പട്ടു കഴിഞ്ഞു. സ്വെയിനിലേക്കു തിരുച്ചുകഴിഞ്ഞുവെന്നു വർത്തമാനപത്രങ്ങൾ പറയുന്നു. റഷ്യ, തന്റെ നിലത്തൊറ്റു തിരിക്കുവാൻ ഒരു പശ്ചാത്തപലതിയാകുന്ന ഇരുമ്പുചട്ട നിർമ്മിക്കുന്നു. ഫ്രാൻസ് ആലിലപോലെ വിറക്കുന്നു. ബ്രിട്ടൻ “ഞാനെന്നും കണ്ടില്ലെ നാരായണ” എന്നു ജപിക്കുന്നു. അപ്പോഴേക്കും ജപ്പാൻ ചൈനയുടെ തലയിൽ ചവിട്ടിക്കേറുന്നു. അകത്തുള്ള ക്രമികൾ അവിചാരിതമായി പുറത്തേക്കു പെട്ടെന്നു പൊട്ടിത്തുറക്കുന്ന മാതിരി പാലസ്തീനിൽ ലഹള തുടങ്ങി. ഇങ്ങനെ നോക്കിയാൽ അങ്ങോളമിങ്ങോളം അതൃപ്തിയാകുന്ന ഒരു കൊടുങ്കാറ്റ് അലയടിക്കുന്നതായി കാണപ്പെടുന്നുണ്ട്. ഇതൊക്കെ വിദേശരാജ്യങ്ങളിൽ മാത്രമാണെന്നു ചിലർ വ്യാമോഹിക്കുന്നുണ്ടാവാം.

എന്നാൽ അതിന്നു യാതൊരു അർത്ഥവും കാണുന്നില്ല. അത്രമാത്രമല്ല അന്നത്ഥമുണ്ടുതാനും ഇതിന്നൊരു ഉദാഹരണം പറയാം. കഴിഞ്ഞ വെള്ളപ്പൊക്കകാലത്തു പാടവും പുഴയും പാതയും പാലവും വെള്ളംകൊണ്ടു ഒന്നുപോലെ കാണപ്പെട്ടു. ഈ അവസ്ഥയിൽ ഒരു വിഭാഗം തന്റെ സുഖപ്രാസാദത്തിൽ അഭയം പ്രാപിച്ചു. വെള്ളം അതിശക്തിയോടെ അകത്തേക്കു കടക്കുവാൻ തുടങ്ങി. ഉടനെ വാതിൽ അടച്ചു തഴുതിട്ടു പൂമുഖത്തിന്റെ മുകളിൽ കയറിയിരുന്നു. അവിടെയും വെള്ളം കയറിയപ്പോഴാണ് ആ വിഭാഗം വിഹ്വലമായത്. ഇതുപോലെ ഇന്നത്തെ ഈ മഹാപ്രവാഹം നമ്മേ സ്പർശിക്കയില്ലെന്നു വല്ലവരും ശങ്കിക്കുന്നുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ അവർക്കു പിന്നീടു പശ്ചാത്തപിക്കുകയുണ്ടാകട്ടെ വേണ്ടിവരും.

നമ്മുടെ ഈ പരിതസ്ഥിതിയെ നാം ഒന്നു ഉറപ്പു നോക്കേണ്ടതാണ്. അതനുസരിച്ചു നമ്മുടെ ശക്തിയേയും നാം ശരിപ്പെടുത്തണം ലോകമെടുക്കു് സമരവും നമ്മുടെ രാജ്യത്തുമാത്രം സമാധാനവും എന്നത് ഉണ്ടാവാത്ത ഒരു സംഗതിയാണ്. അതുകൊണ്ടു് ഇവിടെയും ഒരു സമരസന്നദ്ധത കൂടിയേ തീരൂ. ഇന്നു ശക്തന്മാർക്കു മാത്രമേ സ്ഥാനമുള്ളൂ. അതുകൊണ്ടു് ശക്തി വർദ്ധിപ്പിച്ചേ തീരൂ. ശക്തി എന്ന പദംകൊണ്ടു് ബാഹ്യബലം എന്നു മാത്രം ആരും അർത്ഥം കരുതരുത്. നേരെ മറിച്ചു ആത്മീയബലത്തിന്നു് മുമ്പാകെത്തുണ്ടു്. ആത്മീയബലത്തേക്കാൾ വലുതായ ഒരു ബലം ഇല്ലെന്നാണു് മഹാത്മാ ഗാന്ധി അരുളിച്ചെയ്യുന്നതു്.

ഒരു സംഗതികൂടി പറഞ്ഞു ഈ ചെറുലേഖം അവസാനിപ്പിച്ചേക്കാം. നാം വെറും പുസ്തകപ്പഴുക്കായി മാത്രം വിദ്യാശാലകളിൽ കഴിച്ചുകൂട്ടിയാൽ പോരാ. വിദ്യാഭ്യാസം ജീവിതത്തിന്റെ അസ്ഥിവാദമാണു്. അതുകൊണ്ടു് വിദ്യാഭ്യാസകാലത്തുതന്നെ പയറിന്നു് കച്ചകെട്ടുന്നതുപോലെ, നമ്മുടെ ആശയങ്ങളേയും അഭിനിവേശങ്ങളേയും കാലസ്ഥിതിക്കു് അനുസരിച്ചു് മാറ്റിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കണം. അല്ലാത്തപക്ഷം നമുക്കു് മാറിമറിഞ്ഞുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന പരിതസ്ഥിതിയിൽ ജീവിക്കുവാൻ സാധിക്കയില്ല. ഇതു് ഏറ്റവും കഠിനമായ ഒരു വാസ്തവമാണു്. മുരുകത്തിൽ പറയുന്നതെങ്കിൽ നാം ജീവിക്കണമോ മരിക്കണമോ എന്നാണു് ചോദ്യം. ജീവിക്കണമെങ്കിൽ ഇവിടെ വരുവാൻ പോകുന്ന പരിവർത്തനത്തിന്നു് നാമുതയ്യാറാവണം.

എം. ചിത്രഭാസ്കരൻ നമ്പൂതിരിപ്പാട്.

ജൂനിയർ വിദ്യാർത്ഥി.

