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[No. I.

*The Reserve Bank and
Agricultural Credit*

K. J. Cyriac, M. A., B. L.

I

THE establishment of the Reserve Bank of India in 1935 has introduced a new factor in the machinery of Agricultural Credit in this country. As the central bank of India, it is in ultimate control of the country's currency and credit policy. The utility and service of the Bank will be determined and measured largely by the extent to which it promotes the economic welfare of the agriculturists, and, in particular, develops the rural occupations and industries. The progress of the rural population has come to be intimately bound up with the availability of adequate credit at cheap rates. Hence one of the essential functions of the Bank is to extend and cheapen the credit facilities of the agriculturists of the country.

The credit needs of the agriculturists are various, and they may be classified, on the basis of the time-element, as short, intermediate and long term credit. The agriculturist requires short term and intermediate credit to meet current outgoings of agricultural production like the purchase of seeds, manures, live stock, dead stock, the payment of wages, etc., and long term credit for the purchase of land, the acquisition of costly equipments, consolidation and improvement of holdings and repayment of past debt. He requires credit, either short term, intermediate or long term, for marketing and movement of his produce as well as for small, rural, and cottage industries.

Of the various agencies now supplying this large volume of rural credit, the money-lenders, the indigenous bankers and the co-operative banks including the land-mortgage banks, are the most important. But agricultural finance as supplied by these sources labours under various defects. Indigenous bankers lend at usurious rates, and the co-operative banks have succeeded neither in extending their operations widely nor in reducing the rates of interest to the level which it should have been brought to. The main part, then, the Reserve Bank has to play in the scheme of agricultural credit is to bring all these credit agencies in the country within the ambit of its influence and extend the advantages of central banking first to them, and through them to the agriculturists.

The supreme importance of the Reserve Bank in the scheme of rural credit is given statutory recognition by the creation of a separate Agricultural Credit Department to the Bank. The functions of this department are, firstly, to maintain an expert staff to study all questions of agricultural credit and be available for consultation by the Central Government, Local Governments, Provincial Co-operative Banks and other banking organisations; secondly, to co-ordinate the operations of the Bank in connection with the agricultural credit and its relations with Provincial Co-operative Banks and other organisations engaged in the business of agricultural credit. Further, the Bank has been invested with the duty of submitting to the Governor-General-in-Council a report with proposals, if it thinks fit, for legislation on the

extension of the provisions of the Act relating to Scheduled Banks, to persons and firms, not being scheduled banks, engaged in British India, in the business of banking, and on the improvement of the machinery for dealing with agricultural finance and methods for effecting a closer connection between agricultural enterprise and the operations of the Bank. The total of these latter clauses is that the Reserve Bank has to formulate a scheme for dealing with the indigenous bankers and the co-operative banks.

II

The relations between the Reserve Bank and the indigenous bankers shall be considered first. The scheme of contact with the indigenous bankers proposed by the Reserve Bank is contained in the two communiques published by the Bank in the months of May and September 1937. In them, the Bank recognizes the importance of the role the indigenous banker plays in the financial and economic structure of India, and admits that if the credit-machinery of India is to be properly organised and completed, it is essential that he should have a definite place in it. The scheduled banks will not be able to handle the whole of India's finance directly on the lines of banks in more highly organised countries such as the U. K. or U. S. A. But while conceding the importance of the indigenous bankers, the Reserve Bank finds it difficult, as conditions exist at present, to deal with them direct. Their vast number, the highly personal and fluid character of their business, and other features entail the creation of a large and costly staff. But if the indigenous bankers organise themselves on the lines in which the scheduled banks have done with regard to their business, resources, reserves, audit and other matters, the Bank would then gladly deal direct with them. Until that is achieved the Bank proposed in the May communiqué an alternative scheme of financing the indigenous banker through an intermediate agency, the scheduled banks, which will share the financial responsibility and undertake the necessary control. Under section 17 of the Reserve Bank Act, there are two kinds of Bills or Promissory Notes with which the Reserve Bank is empowered to deal.

The first consists of *bona-fide* Trade Bills originating with a merchant or an agriculturist and endorsed by the indigenous banker and re-discounted with a scheduled bank. In this case, while the Reserve Bank would not require the nature of the transaction to be set out in the document itself, the scheduled banks would be responsible for its genuineness. The second group of Bills would originate with the indigenous banker himself in the form of a promissary note with a possible second signature and discounted by a scheduled bank. These should help local trade or agriculture.

Under the scheme proposed, such documents would not be definitely discounted by the Bank, but it would merely make demand-advances to the scheduled banks against their security, with the result that the scheduled banks would be responsible for the collection of these Bills on their maturity. To prevent the scheduled banks from over-trading either generally or in respect of one particular commodity or allowing any individual customer to over-trade, they would have to classify the Bills presented for discount and keep the Reserve Bank informed of their total advances under each head. Such advances would at first be of a seasonal nature only and should be cleared at the end of the normal season of the commodity in respect of which they had been made. Further, the scheduled banks should inform the Bank in advance of the amount which they would require, so that there shall be no over-trading by them in the hope that they would secure accommodation from the Bank to any extent. The principle is, the scheduled banks must operate primarily and ordinarily on their own resources.

The main object of the scheme is that the scheduled banks, which benefit under it in the first instance, should pass on these benefits in a large measure to the indigenous bankers for whose benefit the scheme is being primarily devised. To prevent their exploitation by the scheduled banks, the indigenous bankers can organise themselves on a business basis and the Reserve Bank can refuse to accept paper for such advances if the scheduled banks have discounted such paper at more than a reasonable margin above the Bank Rate, say, by 2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The September communique lays down the conditions which the indigenous bankers have to fulfil to be linked directly to the Reserve Bank. The first condition is that these bankers must confine their business to banking proper by making their principal business the accepting of deposits and generally adopting modern banking methods. Though to a certain extent such bankers take deposits from the public, they depend to a much larger extent either on their own resources or on loans from outside agencies. But so long as this is the case, the Reserve Bank does not consider them eligible for central banking facilities. Further, any other non-banking business they might be conducting should be wound up within a reasonable time. Again, they must maintain properly audited accounts and the Bank will have the right to inspect their accounts and call for information from them. They must file with the Reserve Bank the periodical statements prescribed for scheduled banks, and publish the returns prescribed for banking companies. The Reserve Bank would also possess the right of regulating their business on banking lines. For a period of five years from the date of their registration, they will be entitled to open account with it and be subject to the same conditions as the scheduled banks. But during this period they need not furnish the compulsory deposits with the Bank, unless their time and demand liabilities are five times or more in excess of their capital. In the case of indigenous bankers not incorporating themselves under the Company Act, they would have to file a statement stating their capital, and the names and the extent of interest of their business partners. But under any circumstance bankers with a capital of less than two lakhs need not apply for direct relations.

If the indigenous bankers satisfy these conditions, they will enjoy re-discounting facilities with the Bank, the right to secure advances against government paper, and remittance facilities like those of the scheduled banks.

Where indigenous bankers do not organise themselves on these lines, they might be given the opportunity of developing their discount business by agreeing to accept paper bearing names of approved parties through a scheduled bank. If the indigenous bankers furnish the scheduled banks details

concerning their business, better co-operation will be ensured between the indigenous bankers and the scheduled banks and through them with the Reserve Bank. Further, they might organise themselves on a joint-stock basis into discount companies and the Bank would then discount their paper presented through such companies subject to the ordinary central banking principles.

III

The main duty of the Reserve Bank in relation to the co-operative movement is to give effect to the provisions of sections 17 of the Act in so far as they affect co-operative finance, and to make under section 55 suitable recommendations for the improvement of the scheme if necessary. Under section 17, inland Bills of exchange and promissory notes bearing two or more signatures, one of which is that of a Provincial Co-operative Bank, can be purchased, sold and re-discounted by the Bank. But they should have been drawn or issued for the purpose of financing seasonal agricultural operations, or the marketing of crops, and must mature within nine months from the date of such purchase or re-discount. Again, the Bank can make loans or advances on demand or on the expiry of fixed periods not exceeding three months to States in India, local authorities, scheduled banks and provincial co-operative banks, against approved security. Such securities include trust securities, bills of exchange and promissory notes such as are eligible for purchase or re-discount by the Bank, and also promissory notes of any scheduled bank or a provincial co-operative bank. These latter should be supported by documents of titles to goods given as security to any such bank for credit granted for *bona-fide* commercial or trade transactions, or for the purpose of financing seasonal agricultural operations or the marketing of crops.

The attitude of the Reserve Bank towards Co-operation is explained in the preliminary Report published by it under section 55 of the Act. The essence of it is that the Bank finds numerous defects in the working of the movement and unless and until such defects are removed on the lines indicated by the Bank, no tangible help can be given to it either

with regard to the supply of short term credit or long term credit. The essential reform required is that co-operative credit societies should transfer the function of supplying long-term credit to land-mortgage banks. The Bank also emphasises the necessity of loans being strictly limited to cultivation finance, of estimating the normal income from crop and normal cost of cultivation to prevent overfinancing, of refusing to make advances which cannot be repaid in one year, of issuing all loans in instalments as money is required for each purpose and not in one lump sum, of taking strong steps for realising arrears, of allowing extensions only in case of crop failure certified by the Co-operative Department, of showing total amount of loans extended owing to crop failure separately in all accounts, of restricting borrowing to a single agency, and of taking action against borrowers disposing of the produce without repaying the co-operative loan. There is some justification of the Bank's view when the problem of overdues is considered. While on June 30th, 1932, the overdue loans in agricultural societies amounted to only 33 per cent. of their working capital and 40 per cent. of total loans due by individuals, by June 30, 1934 they had gone up to 38 per cent. and 48 per cent. respectively.

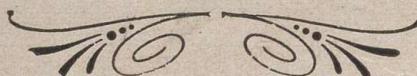
The attitude of the Bank is construed as virtual refusal to finance co-operative societies, and therefore the All India Co-operative conference held at Bangalore recently, recorded its feeling of disappointment with the Report and requested the Bank to give effect to the provisions of section 17 of the Act, so as to provide through the Provincial Co-operative Banks agricultural finance on the security of co-operative paper of prescribed standards and eligibility. The conference also brought to the notice of the Bank the necessity of providing Provincial Co-operative Banks short credit at special concession rate for the purpose of developing marketing societies, on the security of promissary notes bearing the signature of Provincial Co-operative Banks supported by documents of titles to goods.

In regard to long-period loans, while the Bank recommends their transfer to the Land Mortgage Banks, it refuses to finance them until more experience is gained of the working of existing banks. It merely promises to keep in

touch with the co-operative land-mortgage banks and study their constitution and working and give the benefit of banking advice. This is interpreted as amounting to avoiding the issue if not evading it. One essential reform suggested by the Bank is the creation of a Sinking Fund on a scientific basis to provide for the redemption of their debenture liabilities.

IV

The foregoing analysis of the policy of the Reserve Bank towards the indigenous bankers and the co-operative societies would make one conclude that the Bank, in its anxiety to be business-like and cautious, forgets one of the primary objects of its establishment: that of easing the agricultural credit situation in the country. What is required at the moment is, not mere schooling in the principles of sound banking, but a sympathetic handling of the problem of rural finance. A policy of criticism accompanied by tangible assistance will be more beneficial to the country.



Leaving College

P. L. Joseph B. A. (Old Boy).

I have witnessed a termagant mother-in-law who was going to her brothers for a few days' change, actually wiping her eyes at the time of parting from her daughter-in-law. This shows that human nature is not so hard as some 'weeping philosophers' would have us believe. While I was in the College, I was not perfectly reconciled to the shape of things over there. For instance, there was the itch for fining among some conservative members of the staff, not to mention the Catechism class at 9 A. M., the evasion of which entailed serious financial dislocation for the delinquent. Howling was not so well received as it should be. But take it all in all, now that I have left the College, I can look back upon these incidents with complacency and even with some sort of reminiscent pleasure. All things considered, I am sure that the College has offered me more genuine happiness than cause for resentment.....

How swiftly the two years rolled away ! Almost in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself packing my *samans*, preparatory to my departure from the scene of two years' activities. The examination fever which had spread with marked virulence among my lodge-mates had subsided; the convalescents having all gone home to spend their holidays. I sent my things in advance to the boat-jetty. I longed to linger about the rooms with my torch-light. Their happy inmates had left behind relics of their late revelling in the shape of broken chairs and empty swan-ink bottles. I thought of the merry group of lodge-mates—the young poet, the doctor (bye-the-bye, he was not actually a doctor; only, the story runs that he had certain associations with a Hospital for a few months), the K. D, and others—and how we used to raise nocturnal howlings calculated to bestir the Warden from his cosy bed. It was 8-35 P. M., and the stillness of the night was broken only by my heavy breathing.

I cast a last glance at my White House (for so we had christened our lodge), and slowly paced my way to the jetty.

I could easily have reached the M. C. Road by taking the short track running east of the Sacred Heart Hostel. But then, I thought I would have a last look at the College. The hostels were untenanted except for a few Logic students. I saw two or three of them poring intently over their books, and one of them, exhausted with lucubration, gliding ghost-like through the verandah. The tumultuous noise which had prevailed there a few days back, had given place to sepulchral silence. I stood on tip-toe and my eyes strained towards the Park Hostel. In the glimmering moon-light it stood silent and drooping; its inmates, including the fat tugger in the corner, having all gone away to their distant homes.

I walked past the foot-ball field. I am sure my friend the athlete would remonstrate with me for not growing eloquent at the sight of his favourite fie'd. But, you see, I have not been much of a foot-baller at the best of times, and, to be honest, I did not feel much regret in taking leave of my friend's foot-ball *platz*. I walked straight towards the New Building, and entered the main porch. I clearly recollect many memorable events associated with that part of the New Building. It was there that we used to have our moral conference during those good old days.....

I stood in front of the New Building and silently beheld the dark outlines of the Old *Bloc*. It was there, majestic as usual. I could distinctly make out the various rooms of intimate association. It was dark enough: but my inward eye read the label "Eco: Study Hall". I knew every bench and desk in that hall. I could identify every wood-cut on them with exactitude. The hall reminded me of many distinguished and erudite lectures, including critical and pungent attacks on the "Taxable capacity" as propounded by Sherras. Words like "the intricacies and subtleties of the Gold Exchange Standard...." and "the irrefragable causes which contributed to the break-down of the *Etalone Boiteaux* or the Limping Standard...." were dinning in my ears. I was aware that I should never more hear that vehement "Hey! hey! R—! Where is your essay? Not brought it? Write it five times." I was also reminded of the opposite school of

punishment, which went to the tune of "I fine you four annas and cancel it at once." Yet above all these, the steady emphatic assertions like "the Andhras, the Vakatakas, the Munjas—again, I say, Munjas. Why do you laugh?" besieged my memory. And I smiled. I was rapt in these pleasant thoughts, when suddenly my frenzied imagination beheld a short, stout, blushing figure, firing off his lecture on Greta Garbo and Lionel Barrymore, to supplement his previous day's appreciation of Mrs. Siddons' representation of Lady Macbeth.....

The distant horn of an omnibus woke me from my reverie, and I glanced at my watch. 9-20! The boat leaves at 10. I had no more time for imaginings and regrets. But I was thoroughly depressed in spirits. I knew I was leaving the port of secure anchorage to sail adrift on the troubled waters of the sea. I reached the college gate and turned back. A belligerent cloud had just shut out the moon-light; the dimly burning lamp before St. Berchmans' was the highest light of the landscape.

I tramped the whole distance to the jetty. I was in time by a minute or two. That is to say, I had time enough to send away my coolie, and fortify myself against the cold by helping myself to a pinch of snuff, borrowed from a good *compagnon de voyage*. The last bell rang, and the next moment there was a violent jolting as the boat sprang forward.... And then I thought of Home.

Supplementing Robert Caldwell

C. N. Ananta Ramaiya Sastri M. A.

WE can only complement Bishop Caldwell's meritorious work in Dravidian philology. His monumental volume on the subject, though capable of being added to or improved upon, can never be really supplanted.

Let me begin with numerical figures in Tamil which clearly prove that what are known as *Arabic figures*, had their beginnings in the Tamil Land. It may be difficult to believe that the Arabic figure for *one* started with being ∞ as that is the *first* consonant in Tamil. But we can prove it to be so. The first consonant, without any change, still denotes *one* in Tamil and Grantha Tamil.

The *second* letter of Grantha Tamil does duty for *two*. There is very little change indeed. The third and fourth letters in Grantha Tamil were not utilised to denote *three* and *four* respectively owing to the similarity of sound. The inventor adopted the *Atikhara*, said perhaps the equivalent of "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," cried halt and went to the next letter, the nasal guttural, for the symbol for *three*. There is very little change indeed from the Tamil symbol for ∞ to the numerical figure ω . The next letter went to make the next numerical figure, viz. *four*. There is no change at all.

But it may be pointed out that there are differences between these letters of the Tamil Land and the corresponding (Arabic) English numerical figures. We have to ask now: "Where is the difference in *two*? How much difference is there in *three*?" In regard to *two*, the Tamil figure remains without transformation, in Malayalam, and Devanagari which serves Sanskrit, Hindi and Marathi perfectly, and Gujarati, Bengali, etc. virtually. It remains without transfiguration in English also. In regard to *three*, there is only very little

change from the Tamil symbol to Malayalam ω . With very little change again we get at the Nagari and English symbol for *three*. With regard to *four*, it is very easy to show the change from the Tamil symbol to the Malayalam and Nagari symbols and to the English symbol. The Malayalam, Nagari and English figures are so similar. The change from the Tamil figure for *one* to the Malayalam and Nagari figures is equally patent on the blackboard and the English figure is closest to the Nagari and as simple as the figure for *one* should ideally be!

After ω is the Tamil symbol for $\omega\omega$, and from this is the Tamil figure for *five*. What difference is there between this and the Malayalam \circ ? The English figure is directly traceable from Tamil and the Nagari symbol too.

After *five*, the inventor invented the figure for *six* in Tamil from the figure for *one*, on the plea that *six* is but *five* plus *one*. The hand has *five* fingers and Dr. Caldwell would have been happy if he had known the origin of the symbol for *six* from what he says about the origin of the Dravidian term for *six*. The transformations from the Tamil figure for *six* to the symbols in the other languages can be shown on the board.

The inventor takes the symbol for *seven* from the first letter of the word in Tamil for *seven*. The Malayalam, Nagari and English symbols are palpably second steps from this letter of the Tamil alphabet !

It is my humble opinion that Nagari characters are connected with the Tamil Grantha and Malayalam characters and that Nagari preceded the others. The formation of the Sanskrit vowel symbol for $\omega\omega$ most resembling that for $\omega\omega$ is one evidence of this.

The Tamil figure for *eight* also comes from the first letter of a word for *eight*, but not of the Tamil word $\omega\omega\omega$. $\omega\omega\omega$ begins with $\omega\omega$, and $\omega\omega$ will cause confusion if it is adopted to denote *eight*, as it has already been adopted to denote *seven*. Hence $\omega\omega$ the first letter of the Sanskrit $\omega\omega\omega\omega$ was chosen for the purpose. The study of this enables us to conclude that some Sanskrit was already current in the Tamil Land when

the symbol for *eight* was chosen. There cannot have been any interval like that between the time when the *term* for *seven* was uttered and the time when the term for *eight* was mentioned. There is little difference between the Tamil figure *eight* and the Malayalam figure *eight*, though the Malayalam figure seems so far different from Malayalam എ . The English figure has undergone more change than the Nagari.

Just as the figure for *six* was adopted from the figure for *one*, *six* being *five* plus *one*, the Tamil figure for *nine* has also been adopted from the Tamil figure for *one*, *nine* being *ten* minus *one*. This is also beyond doubt. The Nagari figure *nine* is quite a counterpart of the Nagari figure *one*. The changes have to be shown in the Malayalam and English symbols for *nine*.

The Tamil symbol for *ten* is *one* followed by a cypher, that for *eleven* is *one* followed by *one* and so on. But a way of avoiding the cypher is also in vogue. *Ten* can be represented by ω . *Eleven* can be written either $\omega\omega$ or $\omega\omega\omega$. In fact *ten* and *eleven* can be written in a third way as $\omega\omega$ and $\omega\omega\omega$ respectively. ω has been at the root of the cypher wherever it is represented by o: in Malayalam, English, Nagari, etc., etc. In Malayalam the *anusvara* is also represented by o; the consonant *m* of Grantha is at the bottom of it.

The *Roman* method of representing *ten* by the simple symbol X without cypher causes inconvenience in counting, and it is no wonder that the Tamil method of $\omega\omega$, changed into ωo , is at the bottom of all calculations with the aid of cypher. The omission of the middle ω in $\omega\omega\omega$, also brought about its convenient omission in 10, 11, etc., etc. ω which preceded o in its history but meant *ten* is formed from Tamil ω (p). It is a momentous circumstance that the cypher, the pet of Mathematical psychology, is mapped out in symbol from the first letter of the Tamil word $\omega\omega\omega$. ω is in the Chera dialect of Tamil which became Malayalam ω formed like the other, from the Tamil Grantha.

Writing is either of numerals for which *figures* are employed for the sake of calculation, or of non-numerical words for which vowels that follow consonants on the one hand and vowels that do not come after consonants go to

form syllables in all languages in India except Tamil proper which has adopted an ingenious plan different from the plan of the other Indian alphabets and from European alphabets.

In the department of the Demonstratives, the Dravidian languages have in agglutination preserved a plan which has been lost in the other groups of Languages.

I humbly think that in the Japhetic stage of the Groups of Languages m came to denote distance, from the very distance between the jaws when uttering it, v denoted proximity from the nearness of the jaws when uttering it, and ə came to denote hiddenness or middleness from the position of the jaws when uttering it. In Sanskrit, म म म म म have m in the right place; म the feminine of म has it in the right place too; but in several case-forms of म म म has no place: m intrudes in such case-forms and even in the nominative singular of the masculine form of म , viz. म .

I think that the **எ** that is found in *relative participles*, is only the demonstrative **எ** divested of any idea of distance, as in the use of **எவன்**, **எவா** and **எஒ** as regular third personal pronouns, besides their Demonstrative tense. **எ** which is the genitive case sign in Kannada is also the *demonstrative* **எ** philologically. **எ** which is found as *inflexional increment* as in the Telugu form **கட்டுலகு** kattulaku (to the knives) is also *demonstrative* in the initial stage. The neuter plural termination **எ** of Tamil has also its beginning in the demonstrative idea.

ஈங்கூ, ஈங்கா, refer to the world beyond, whereas உங்கூ, உங்கா, உங்கை, உங்கா, have reference to the present world. உங்கூ has the demonstrative ஒ and refers to the aspect of hiddenness. உங்கை and உங்கை ஏது, உங்கை ஏது are connected with the demonstrative ஒ, as also என், and என் found in கெடு கெடு; ஒ of ஏது the copulative particle, is the demonstrative ஒ again. என், shows the demonstrative ஒ; that, however, has not been derived from Dravidian languages. European and Indian writers have derived Dravidian என் and எது from Pre-Vedic Sanskrit. The very regularity of என் எது and ஒ and the retaining of ஒ, go to prove their hoary antiquity.

Just as there is the term എന്തു, the demonstrative, there is a term, വരുംബു, the *interrogation letter*. In this

class ω which has its lengthened counterpart like the *demonstrative* letters, alone can be the initial letter of a word. There is also a consonant which can be the initial portion of words expressing interrogation. This consonant ω is intrinsically connected with the vowel ω . Sanskrit has many words beginning with ω , which are philologically connected with interrogative Tamil words beginning with ω or ω . But all such Sanskrit words are *relative pronouns* and not interrogatives. The curious circumstance in their connection is that Dravidian languages have nothing to do with relative pronouns. The connection thus is between Dravidian Interrogatives and Sanskrit relative pronouns. Is this connection pertaining to the "Japhetic Stage"? I beg to suggest that there is Dravidian influence in the Department of the Sanskrit relative pronouns. No Indo-European language of Europe has words beginning with y with the *relative* sense even, and in this circumstance they conspicuously disagree with Sanskrit. I think that this fact shows that the Dravidian languages influenced Sanskrit in the department of the pronouns which is a very important matter, philologically speaking. Greek, Latin, Romance Languages, as well as High and Low Germanic languages have both Interrogatives and relatives beginning with gutturals or the aspirate sound to which the guttural is reduced. On the other hand, to conceive that the Indo-European languages of the East developed spontaneously pronouns beginning with y with "relative" signification alone, discarding words with the initial guttural in the sphere of the *relative*, is as unnatural as to conceive that the Indo-European languages of the West discarded *relatives* beginning with y and re-coined them with initial guttural sound!

No question of supplementing a work like that of Dr. Bishop Robert Caldwell can be considered to have been taken up unless the study of some *stems* and ordinary words is pursued in the way he did. We shall consider words from the root $\omega\omega$ (*to divide*). We shall have to admit that *Pankti* of Sanskrit has connection in the Japhetic stage with பக்தி (a division), though Caldwell has not mentioned it when he discarded the derivation of $\omega\omega$ and Telugu Padi from *Pankti* already found in the name *Pankti-Ratha* of Dasaratha and

Pankti-Kantha of Dasa Rantha. பக்னி gets other meanings one of which alone its dwindle form, பானி, has. அக் joined to the root பக் makes பக்க, which gets the meaning, the division *par excellence* of a day, the day-time! பக்க dwindle itself into the form பாக், with the meaning of *division* in the names பெள் பாக் பல்பாக் கூக்காக் பாக் பலவிக்காக் of the department of *gender* and *number*, and phrases like கூக்காக் and கூக்காக் பாக். பாக், the only name of milk in Tamil, etc., is also, I crave permission to say, dwindle down from பக்க the original meaning of which is, as we have noted, just *a division*. We get a portion of the milk in the udder or should get only that much! The word having being first applied to the milk from cattle, the term குப்புக்காக் came to be coined to denote the milk from the breast. Neither பக்க nor its later from பாக் can be used instead of குக்காக் or பாக். The கி in பக்னி is exactly what we find as "di" in "adi" of Telugu in the neuter. "Adi," *she*, of Telugu, may, after all, be only the Telugu counterpart of அம்மா, the feminine termination of Tamil and Malayalam, which, however, came to be used to signify *she* in Telugu; *Adi* in verbal terminations may be considered to be on a par with ஏ, etc. of Sanskrit importing no idea of disrespect. ஏ means *thy*, and *they*, common gender plural, feminine gender dual number and neuter gender dual number. We need not go so far. Nobody regrets that *they*, the third person, common gender, plural, is the same in form as the third person neuter plural.

The Kannada *Alli* is only the termination *Al*, no longer remaining a termination, but becoming a word. It denotes *place* not intrinsically but by adoption. In fact, Tamil அம்மா is this அ plus கி, the counterpart of கி in பக்கி, கூக்கி, வாக்கி. Whereas அக்கி in Kannada means *there*, அக்கு (அக்கு) in Tamil means *then*. It is அக் that means *there* in Tamil. That meaning is also one that is adopted. அக்கு (அக்கு) is also negative neuter predicate; அக்கு (அக்கு) is negative verbal participle.

In வைக், the noun-suffix *ai* is joined to the same root வக் (*to divide*) which we referred to above. But வைக் has come to denote *rivalry*, since *rivalry* follows *division*. The word வைக் warns us of the ill-will that the parties may expect from each other and advises us "to give the coat also to him

who seeks our shirt in partition." எனு இinstead of the suffix எனக் gives எக்டு which is used only as எக்டு with எ added. It is a war-instrument. The root எகு with எ is எக்டு (smoke) and with எனு is எக்டு (fame). எகு means *to enter* and both smoke and fame *spread*. This எகு joined to the reflexive plural base எ makes no word, but the counterpart எவு joined to this எ makes தெவு, the name of the language; it means literally *own (possession)*. The meaning *sweet* could only be secondary. *Dramida*, the Sanskrit form, is only secondary to தெவு. If the suffix எகு and the Kannada எவு are identical, the suffix எகு and the word எனக் meaning *night* are even more identical in form! எகு came to mean *night* after coming to mean *no*. *Not* day-time is *night*; just as குறை which literally means only *a small thing* has come to mean *a small hill*, எகு has come to signify "*no day-time*" as day-time is as notable as a hill. "Distance lends enchantment to the view" is a proverb. Another aspect of distance is illustrated by *Al*, the precursor of எவு of Kannada and எவு+ஈ= எவை, *that day*, of Tamil, viz. "*existence at a distance* is as good or rather as bad as non-existence."

It remains to be said in this connection that *Al* and எவு which acted as noun-suffixes are sometimes found merely helping the *base* in an enunciative manner: *e. g.* எக்கு and எகை. With this function of எகு, the root எகு gets the meaning *to speak*. எகு must have meant *gladness* and எகை must have been co-eval with the Sanskrit எவன in literal meaning.

By the side of the noun எக்டு, we have also the *base* எக்டு from which we have the noun எக்டுவி, வி being எ.



Random Shots

(G. K.)

WE understand that at a recent session of the Punjab Legislative Assembly a dog sneaked in and occupied a back seat.

If he was not looking for dirt he was watching for trespasses.

* * * * *

Baldwin is reported to have said that the last ten years of his political life were due to the inducement of his wife. Let pullers of strings beware. Puppets may squeak.

* * * * *

A doctor advertising his specific for insanity quotes from the testimonial of a famous poet.

It is no wonder that this poet's mystic poetry is so baffling to many people.

* * * * *

Lord Lothian thus dismisses Jawaharlal Nehru's aversion to Imperialistic Britain:

“ His picture of a Jack-boot Britain stifling Indian freedom does not really hold water.”

The venerable statesman seems to be a good mixer.

* * * * *

An advertisement represents Baldwin as testifying: “ My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco.”

Hence the old plan to choke Abyssinia without killing her.

* * * * *

Strange news comes from Hollywood that for want of deputies two film stars had to stand with their lips pressed together for an hour and a quarter while lighting effects were being arranged.

Perhaps the only instance of familiarity not breeding contempt.

* * * * *
The Secretary of the Madras Peoples' Party contradicts the rumour that it is going to be amalgamated with the Justice Party.

This should convince us of its extremely "individualistic" nature.

* * * * *
Lord Baden Powell has been awarded the Wateler Peace Prize for 1937 for promoting international understanding.

Evidently Indian misunderstanding is no bar to international understanding.

* * * * *
Ancient Persians are said to have been given to five days of anarchy between reigns to bring into relief the benefits of good government.

Since Political Science was perhaps unknown then, the idea of an Interim Ministry never occurred to them.

* * * * *
A Congress Minister, after acceptance of office, is reported to have told a meeting that history was being made under their noses.

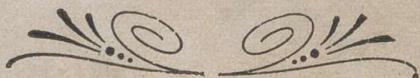
They must be careful, about the history since the Justice Party left out in the cold may sneeze awfully.

* * * * *
Neville Chamberlain, we understand, snatches a holiday or two to go fishing.

The English People can hear tales.

* * * * *
A Chinaman, who married after years of saving and brought his young wife to Singapore, watched her, on landing, being carried away by strangers.

He was in his own humble fashion acting the part of Eden and the Non-Intervention Committee.





“Far from the Madding Crowd’s ignoble strife”

Simple Jokes

(V. S. Vaithy, I U. C.)

History teacher:— Abdul, what do you know of the military commander during the reign of Akbar?

Abdul:— Sir, even my grandfather's grandfather did not exist at the time of Akbar. Then, how can I know anything of Akbar's military commander?

* * * * *

Balu:— Father, father, some people are waiting for you outside.

Father:— Balu, tell them that I am sleeping.

Balu:— They say that they won't believe it unless you yourself go and tell them.

* * * * *

“Do you know who is the present president of the Indian National Congress?” a man who always boasted himself to be a great congress-man was asked.

“Yes. Rabindranath Tagore, Gandhiji's eldest son.” replied the congress-man.

* * * * *

Teacher:— Boys, if anybody do good to you, you should say, “thank you”.

After a few days, the teacher punished an innocent boy for the fault of somebody else.

The real culprit stood up and said:— Sir, thank you.

* * * * *

English Teacher:— What is ‘grammar’?

Boy:— Grammar is that which deals with words.

Teacher:— What is a word?

Boy:— A word is a group of letters. Sir, if you want to know what a letter is, please ask the Post-peon.

THE OFT-REPEATED REQUEST



Canvassing agent: "It is not only your own individual vote that I solicit, but all possible help at the polls today"

THE OFT-REPEATED ANSWER



“Did you not understand what I asked you?”

“Yessar.”

“Then how far is this town of yours?”

“Yessar.”

The Office-Hand

by K. Sreedharan Nair—Class iv

I

I was fee'ing bored; the afternoon nap had done no good. Though completely awake I thought it better not to open my eyes lest, by doing so, I might become painfully aware of my boredom. I yawned and stretched my legs; there seemed to be some sort of impediment in my way. I opened my eyes and whom should I see but my friend Mr. R. G. Raghu calmly smoking one of my cigarettes and surveying me with watery eyes.

"It's all bally well, sitting there and smoking. But I wish to stretch my limbs and so—shove off to that easy chair beyond!" I snapped.

"Tut, tut, old horse," replied Raghu, "This is your room and not a prison. Don't disturb me or Pandemonium will be the result!"

I very well knew that Raghu was a man of his word and recollected an instance when he had fondly taken my Big Ben time-piece and thrown it out of the window—to test whether it was shock-proof, as he remarked later.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?" I asked with mock civility.

"The pleasant sound of your nasal orchestra, which, by the way, belongs to the same genera as the snoring symphony of our boss, my uncle. I say, old blade," he continued, dropping his bantering tone, "I badly need your advice on a certain point. The fact is that Ma is awfully keen on my sticking to the job at Uncle Venu's office. Uncle and myself dislike each other. But the old bounder can't turn me out in a peremptory manner. He doesn't want to be on the mat before Ma. I'd rather be in a madhouse than in his office!"

II

I knew that he was speaking the truth. Raghu heartily disliked his uncle and he made no bones to conceal the fact. This ill feeling was mainly due to Raghu's behaviour. He

usually followed on the heels of his uncle on the latter's return from the shopping expedition, extracted a dozen or two of cigarettes, had a mouthful of Schweppes and decamped. Raghu immensely enjoyed the whole proceeding. Mr. Venugopal looked upon these burglarious propensities of his nephew with marked disfavour.

Mr. Venugopal was a staunch advocate of the formula —or is it maxim?— 'early to bed and early to rise.' The result was that every morning, somewhere near cock-crow time, Raghu became uncomfortably aware of a podgy forefinger poking its way between his sixth or seventh rib or thereabouts. What with coming late from the theatre after gloating over the legs of Marlene Dietrich, the shoulders and eyes of Greta Garbo and the almost nude forms of the numerous 'Goldwyn girls' sleep came to him only late at night. So his attitude towards the owner of that forefinger can be easily imagined.

One day, as usual, Raghu awoke with the same old queer feeling between his ribs. He was dreaming of one of the girls he had taken the previous evening to the theatre in his uncle's car. A question was snapped at him:

"Had you the car out last night, Raghu?"

"Yes, uncle; I took some of the boys for a pleasure trip."

Pat came the caustic reply:

"Well, tell the boys I have found one of their diamond earrings!"

III

Another incident which still weakened the connection between uncle and nephew occurred in the following manner.

One evening, feeling unwell to go out for his usual walk, uncle settled down comfortably in his easy-chair by the window. By the slight pain in his jaw he knew that tooth-ache was following, and wisely put a wad of mentholised cotton in his mouth. The pain disappeared and he took to reading the latest thriller, or 'sixpenny trash', as the conservatives of Literature say. A couple of hours passed. He came to that portion of the novel where the young hero digs up the remains of his sweetheart's deceased father and rips open the belly for traces of poison. Mr. Venu's whole anatomy

revolted at the idea of a gentleman in evening clothes calmly examining the viscera of a putrefied body. Something rose in his throat, his eyes became watery and he spat like a machine-gun through the window.

* * * * *

Raghu was feeling dejected. He badly needed a mouthful of that 'fluid of fire'. Not that it had become a habit. But his youthful nature wanted to enjoy everything he was forbidden to use. He looked at his watch. Time that his uncle was off for his 'constitutional'. Even then one must be sure. He recollects the shocking experience when he was discovered by his uncle surreptitiously smoking a cigarette, and the gruesome aftermath. He brushed his way through the garden and came under the window of his uncle's room. He heard heavy breathing within and listened interested. The swish of the curtain as it was moved by his uncle made him look up and the same instant the wad of mentholised cotton lodged with a squishy bang in his right eye.

To say that our hero was startled, stunned and stupefied would be to say nothing of his feelings. He construed the old man's action as the outward manifestation of his hatred towards him (Raghu). He wiped the etceteras from his eye and stood in contemplation.

Mr. Venu was completely absorbed in his novel. He had come to the portion where the villain of the piece knocks the hero into oblivion with a life-preserver and makes good his escape with the bottle containing the viscera which the hero was carrying to the analyst.

"The cunning rascal!" he ejaculated, quite entranced.

A startled expression crossed Raghu's face on hearing these words and he beat a hasty retreat.

IV

It was while things were like this that Raghu sneaked into my rooms.

"Don't be silly," I advised him, "Your uncle is a sane, level-headed, conscientious man. He does not at all hate you. Get rid of that false notion. Madness—"

"Madness my aunt!" he cut in doggedly and went off at a tangent. "Look here, buddy, cut that talk out. The point in question is whether, under the present circumstances, my uncle will tolerate my absence from the office for a week or not."

"Your absence?"

"Yes, my absence. You know that girl from K—. Well, her Ma has asked me to accompany her and daughter on a drive to the Cape. Sort of pleasure trip and all that".

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, I earnestly request your honourable self to slip into my shoes—I mean, to slip into my room—during my absence and perform the work, for which act of charity and mercy....." he stopped breathlessly.

Though the prospect seemed none too pleasant I replied I would manage the affair.

"But," I told him, "don't allow that girl to add another laurel to her crown at your expense."

"No, Sir!" he said emphatically. "It's quite on the cards that she has gone absolutely potty over me."

And with this remark he departed.

* * * * *

The work which I alone was expected to do had by itself a telling effect on my usually healthy constitution. Add to it the newly accrued one of Raghu. But a promise is a promise and a friend is a friend and hence I was "in duty bound" to do the work, wasn't I?

The result Number One of this added burden was that I became the laughing-stock of all the office hands, whose faces were suffused with smiles when they saw yours faithfully hurrying to and fro, sweating all over and doing my best to diagnose the malady of an age-old Underwood Typewriter.

They did not stop there. They even wanted to see me doing Raghu's work, and when I occasionally glanced at the almost closed door, a dozen and odd grotesque faces leered back at me throughout the length of the narrow slit. How they managed to pack all those faces in a line was beyond me. It still is!

Imagine my joy when all these faces disappeared in a trice at the well-known creak of the boss's shoes !

Result Number Two was the sick-bed and the Doctor ! It was with a heavy heart that I sent for him and he promptly arrived in tip-top dress and with his inseparable valise. Without any delay he fired a series of questions at me in a staccato voice—how old was my granny, whether I was married or not, and so on and so forth. Then he asked me to stretch out my tongue, examined it, and nodded understandingly. He put his hand in his trouser-pocket and pulled out something very much in the nature of the India-rubber connections of a complicated experiment in the chemical laboratory. He introduced the two ends of this instrument—Terrascope, you call it? No? Then? Stethoscope? Yes, Stenoscope. Where was I? Well, he introduced two ends of his infernal Telescope in his ears and began prodding me all over with the other end.

Decades seemed to have passed before he finished this vain prospecting. And then it was to assume the graveness of a Justice of the Peace who says "You swing till you croak" and say, "You are suffering from Dyspepsia", or something to that effect.

The prescription followed on the heels of the Verdict. The lapse of a few days found me again 'alive and kicking.'

V

I was wondering what Louis Pasteur would have said about the modern practice of washing down the flat taste in your mouth by a cup of 'bed coffee', and cursing the servant for his laziness, when I heard the tell-tale creak of an uncomfortably noisy shoe at the door. The next instant the door was thrown open and the singularly ridiculous figure of Raghu loomed large before me. This man had an inexplicable aptitude for butting in at impossible moments and disturbing one's tranquillity. I was about to give him a piece of my enraged mind at this unexpected and unwished-for intrusion, but gulped the words down at the sight of his drawn and haggard face. He looked like the remnants of a human being just out of the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition.

"I'm done for—practically ruined!" he drawled and sank down in a chair.

"Has that girl drawn the sap out of your purse?" I asked suspiciously.

"Look here, fool," he retorted angrily, "I'm done for, do you hear? I'm done for!"

I instinctively knew that something serious had happened, something irrevocable. I was at a loss to know what, and to question him how.

The opportune arrival of my servant with the tray of coffee eased out the knotty situation. Raghu looked a wee bit glad and drank the coffee with much gusto. He then took a crumpled cigarette out of his pocket and contemplatively smoothened it out. Under the blandishments of the tobacco smoke, his ghost-like appearance wore off and he became confidentially voluble. This was the story he told me:

It was a glad and jolly Raghu, quite contented with himself and with the outside world, who raced down the dark street towards his home, the steering-wheel turning smoothly between his hands. He looked at the luminous dash-board which was registering 50. He turned the corner on hissing wheels and, as he casually glanced at the window of his uncle's office, he thought he saw heads moving about in the lighted room. He would have passed on to the garage thinking that was his uncle, when the light disappeared and came on again. It seemed funny to Raghu. He snapped out the headlights. The hydraulic brakes worked a bit noisily, and he groped his way towards the entrance. The door was open!

"Queer, deuced queer!" he thought as he tip-toed up the stairs to his uncle's room. Voices were heard speaking inside.

"Rupees four hundred," said a voice.

"Only four hundred? Search again," said another.

To Raghu the desire to look was keen. He slowly bent down to look through the key-hole, and as he did so his nose came unexpectedly in contact with the key which was in the lock. He could not suppress the subsequent noise and the sniff which escaped him.

He waited no further. He rushed into the room taking care to close the door behind him. The room was in darkness!

The atmosphere was tense and a creeping sensation ran down Raghu's spine. He sat crouched in a corner and looked towards the window. He was amazed at what he saw silhouetted against the dull window-pane. Two persons, standing on opposite sides of a table, were whispering with their heads close together. Raghu had read somewhere that, in such situations, taking your adversary unawares and stunning him was the best mode of procedure. In spite of the eerie atmosphere Raghu grinned. The temptation to act was irresistible. He shot himself towards the table and brought the two conferring heads together with a resounding crash!

VI

There was a scream, the noise of furniture overturned, and the room was flooded with light.

Raghu blinked, looked about the room and received the shock of his life; for, rubbing their heads and glaring at him, there stood—his uncle and his private secretary!

The rest, as Raghu said, was an amazing medley of imprecations, ejaculations, curses and pandemonium.

"Get out!" roared his uncle.

"I'm" began Raghu apologetically and ducked, to avoid the inkstand which came flying towards him.

"Get out! You're fired!" thundered his uncle's vocal gun.

Raghu stood undecidedly.

"Scram, ere you grin in another fashion, and be snappy about it!"

And Raghu scrammed!

As he got down the stairs, Raghu got a helping push in the form of a violent impact on the back and something rattled down to the floor.

"That was the steel paperweight," he told me confidentially.

The Devaluation of Currencies

Kuncheria T. Marattukulam, M. A. (Old Boy)

DEVALUATION is the replacement of the existing currency by a new monetary system reduced in value to correspond with the existing circumstances. Other things remaining the same, this currency-depreciation will serve as a bounty on exports, and a duty on imports. Hence this tends to increase the quantity of exports and to restrict imports.

As a consequence of the Great European War and the Versailles Treaty, there began a continual flow of gold from

the debtor-countries of Europe to the two creditor-countries, France and America. By

Circumstances for Devaluation. 1929 America and France came to hold more than half the total world-supply of gold. This accumulation of gold in France and the United States, however, had become so large as to cause an actual loss in the monetary gold stocks of the rest of the world. This loss of free gold-reserves in excess of the legal minimum induced many countries to go off the gold standard.

In May 1931, serious banking and currency troubles began in the Eastern and Central European countries. This

England off the Gold Standard European financial crisis had disastrous effects on the London Money-Market, because the short-term loans which British bankers issued to the 'lane ducks' of European countries became 'frozen', and the world came to know that London Bankers' hospitality to the financial cripples and industrial invalids of Europe was unsuccessful.

As a matter of course, a serious run on London began. Over £ 200 million was withdrawn from the London Money Market in the two months preceding 20th September, 1931. The £ 50 million credit which the Bank of England obtained from France and America at the beginning of August, and the £ 80 million on 29th of August, were insufficient to withstand the drain on the gold-reserves of England. The un-

preceded with withdrawals of over £ 43 million of short-term funds between Wednesday morning, September 16th, and Saturday mid-day, 19th, forced England off the gold standard. On 21st September, legislation was passed suspending the Bank of England's obligation to sell gold.

The consequences of the fall of the pound were very serious. The first effect was the abandonment of the Gold Standard by a number of other countries.

• **Other countries followed England** But during these years of great financial crisis there existed in Europe a "Gold Bloc" under the leadership of France. At last these few European countries, too, were seriously affected and they devaluated their currencies very recently. Thus there is no civilized country in the world which still keeps an over-valued currency except poor India.

The external value of the Rupee has never been adequately examined and adjusted to the requirements of the national economy. It was hoped that the Reserve India Bank entrusted with the care of currency and exchange would usher in a better economy than we ever had before. But neither the Reserve Bank nor the Indian Legislature could deal with the currency and exchange problem. This is left to the Governor-General acting in his discretion, which in reality means acting under the dictates of London financiers. India is an economic slave bound to the wheels of the chariots of London financiers.

The de-monetization of gold and the devaluation of the currencies of all the countries of the world, some of them even more than once, together with the international stabilization of the most important currencies, that is, the pound, the dollar and the franc, have inevitably revived public interest in the position of the Rupee. This long-standing question, the devaluation of the humble Rupee, was discussed even before "the almighty dollar was devalued, the puissant sterling divorced the gold, and the proud franc was humbled."

But the Indian Government, even very recently, announced that they have reviewed their currency policy and they have decided, in accordance with the spirit of the tripartite

declaration by France, Britain and United States, that they will in no way lend themselves to competitive depreciation of currencies, and they propose to maintain the present sterling parity of the Rupee. The reason behind this decision, according to the Finance Member is that, "any other decision would, in our view, be contrary to India's interests and international recovery at a time when there is a greater hope of international co-operation in currency matters than at any time during the last five years."

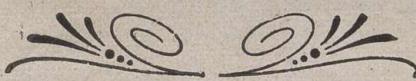
But the popular view has always been that in the post-war period Indian currency problems have not been considered and handled from the standpoint of the national interest and that, since the fixation of the value of the rupee at 18 pence, the country has been labouring under handicaps to which the government have refused to pay any attention. It is no wonder that when country after country has rejected over-valuation as intolerable, India, too, should feel a profound disquiet that no attempt has been made to determine the proper external value of the rupee. The *prima facie* case for a reconsideration of the Indian exchange policy is thus obvious and incontestable.

History tells us that the Indian Government had always been very keen and quick to appreciate, but never the other way about. When the exchange was moving round

How the Rupee was overvalued about 14 pence, they first fixed it at 16 pence in the nineties and then in February 1920 they tried to force it up to 24 pence in the days of the Reverse Councils that made the rates go up beyond their estimation. But after much waste of the gold resources of the government in keeping up the ratio and a much heavier loss to the people of the country, they finally dropped the attempt, finding it absolutely untenable. As it was all an artificial move, the rates soon dropped to about 15 pence in August 1920, as soon as the Government of India took their hands off the exchange for a time. From then to 1924, the rates were moving between 15 and 16 pence, the Rupee's natural level. From 1925, the Government were found to be again at their old game of exchange manipulation. This went on for some time against the repeated and wide-spread

protest of the country. Finally, another Royal Commission of foreign experts ignorant of Indian conditions was set up and they recommended an 18 pence ratio, in spite of the strong protest made by Sir Purshottamdas Thakurdas backed by his countrymen. This rate was fixed at a time when some of the major countries of the world had depreciated their currencies. These are countries whose products, industrial or agricultural, compete with ours both in the local markets and in the other markets of the world. Consequently the pressure of their competition is being severely felt by us both locally and in the outside markets; and it cannot be otherwise. It is to rectify this most regrettable state of affairs that the country wants at least a restoration of the exchange ratio to its previous level of 16 pence.

We are advocating only to undo a mischief long ago inflicted upon us. "The over-fattened rupee tries to resist the process of fattening and to resume its normal level; but the British Physician desires to suppress the disease by further fattening on the one hand and blood-letting, i. e. the gold drain, on the other" (Ramadas Pantulu). "It is much better to fatten the cow and draw more milk than to starve it and flatter oneself on taking so little milk from it" (Jamal Mahomed).



Two Little Grave-Diggers

by A. K. G. Nair

IF Ramu fought his little brother it was none of his fault. He had nothing to eat for well-nigh four hours since morning, and children must be eating always. With them regular food does not count. True, he had taken a nice load of *iddlies* and had washed them down with a pretty big pot of coffee. But stuff children full in the regular way and they don't care. Ramu believed in eating whatever he got by way of edibles, whenever it came. It is only the things you eat between meals, the stealthy sucking of sugar or the noiseless munching of stolen biscuits, that put a kick into you, he told the ragamuffins who lionised him. It was no wonder he fought his brother whom he had caught guiltily sucking some sweets.

"Just a bit, Seenu"—Ramu stretched out his hand, his eyes agleam with hope. Seenu went on noisily sucking. It was provoking, the way he did it. Ramu tried threats, that availed not either. Then he declared war to the knife. He had no desire to fight, but then Seenu had none to make peace either. It was his heartlessness that goaded him to it. Seenu wanted to cry, to knock up the attention of his mother and aunt to this very violent breach of the peace. But he was still vigorously sucking when his brother fell upon him. He could not articulate since a sucked-out lozenge glued his tongue to the roof of his mouth. With a gulp, that went in too. Ramu fought for it like a maddened cat, but was a fool for his pains.

Seenu had the worst of the fight. When his brother had released his hold and withdrawn from his mouth the fingers that had vainly sought for the lozenge, Seenu seemed to pity rather than rage.

"That is just like you, you fool," screamed Seenu now that the last vestige of the sweet had disappeared, "coming at the end."

"Seenu, I must eat something or die." Ramu had drawn in his horns. Seenu heard the ring of despair in his brother's tone. He regretted that he had not given Ramu a share, but it was no use crying over swallowed sweets.

"Anna, try mother." Seenu's advice was often fruitful. Ramu made, however, a tactical blunder in approaching his mamma. The house was in mourning, if mourning it may be called. The grandma had died the previous day. Her age nobody knew. Some said ninety, others ninety-five. Anyway, it didn't matter; she had dropped fully ripe. Ramu's mother was in mourning to the village. The womenfolk found her in a corner, squealing for her mother; they, too, forced a few tears, chewed betels, spat and departed. Now, his mother's mood was not exactly susceptible to requests when Ramu approached her. She had lost a key and was searching all odd corners for it. In the meanwhile if women came she must go and cry. She took the nearest thing that came handy, the stump of an ancient broom, and was after him. When an old woman was seen at the gate, she dropped the broom, sought her corner and cried for her mother, the good old soul!

Ramu thanked his stars and the old woman that had saved him from a nasty hiding. He felt he could never be grateful enough to his deceased grandma. Unless she had died he would have been beaten with a broom by his heartless mother. He walked about the house sulking, knowing not where to lay his hands. Not a copper to be found anywhere in that God-forsaken hole. Now he cursed his grandma. She should have died leaving him coppers to buy sweets. But these old women behave so irrationally, sometimes. When alive she used to alleviate his itching to eat. From her tattered bag she had produced copper and silver. The bag had now passed into his mother's hands. He sat down on a bed, a tear or two winking at the corners of his eyes. He thought and thought, lay down and kicked his legs in restless anguish. He blasphemed God who had not given him a better mother. A stream of blasphemy, at which he himself shuddered in the dreadful solitude of his room! He paused suddenly in his cry of despair to which nobody listened. He leaped from his bed and romped about with the delight of a

sudden discovery. He called himself an idiot for not having thought of it earlier. God was, after all, good to children; he revised his notion of God. The blasphemy of a much-tried child must have made him feel guilty. He eagerly sought out his brother and whispered in his ear. Seenu gave a bound of joy. Together they reconnoitred the vast grounds of the house. They marked the spot where they should repair after night-fall. Their adventure that night would sweeten their infant mouths for some days to come.

They were fed and put to bed for the night. Mother and Aunt slept and snored as though Grandma had not died. The adventurers stole out into the night. They groped their way among the plantain-groves and cocoa-nut palms. It was unmistakable, that new mound of earth and the smell of green sod all about it. Their grandma slept underneath. The grunt of a fat frog from its damp hole startled Seenu.

"Does grandma snore, *Anna*?"

"Fool, it is the frog we wanted to stone this evening."

They started digging up the mound. Insects screeched with a thousand tongues, frogs croaked, innumerable glow-worms stabbed the darkness. The earth was soft and damp, and their little hands fetched it up with wonderful ease. The earth they threw about them was engulfing them. Ramu paused in his work and smirked with satisfaction.

"But, *Anna*," protested his little brother, "this might swallow us."

"Shut up, fool, we are fine diggers."

For a time the noises of the night seemed to have ceased, the wind was hushed among the trees; the only sound was that of the handfuls of earth thrown about the grave. The darkness had gradually gone and the moon had risen. The boys were alarmed by this coming of moonlight. They looked at each other and dug. They snatched off the sheet. It was choking, inside the grave. Seenu gave a leap of sudden fright. His brother threw away the earth in his hand and smacked him on the right cheek. Seenu winced with pain.

"That will teach you right. Wretched milksop, is it not our grandma?"

"That look, *Anna*, that look.... those protruding teeth.... that bulge on the forehead!" The little fellow's eyes were agape and searching the darkness of the pit. That look was not of the earth, the boy feared.

"Don't be frightened, Seenu. It is grandma sleeping."

Ramu snatched open the mouth of his grandma, his fingers went ferreting into its depths and fetched up a little gold coin. Seenu watched him, his eyes uncanny, his hands clenched, and every nerve tight like a rope. Then they jumped out of the pit, shovelled in the earth, washed their hands in a dirty pool, and sneaked to their beds, smoking from their exercise and sin.

The next day masons came to build a tomb. The grandma had been a bit eccentric and it had been her wish that she should be buried, entombed and remembered, and not burnt and forgotten. Jackals had got into the ground and ravaged the grave, they thought. The boys, sucking sweets, watched the masons at their work making what their fingers and nails had marred. Stone upon stone they laid.

"Your grandma is safe," a mason said.

"These little fingers cannot reach her?" Seenu looked at his hands for traces of earth.

"No, little rogue, not even the devil."

Kr....kr....kr....krr.... The boys were regularly startled out of their sleep. They were digging away, digging with all their might and main, their fingers scratching the palm-leaves of their mats until they were torn. Every night that steady digging into the depths of hell! The boys raved about their grandma opening her mouth, and looked frightened, those little boys of ten and eight. They looked into imaginary mouths and clutched at imaginary coins. Doctors and wizards gave them up.

The Blessing in Disguise

By K. Krishnan Nair—class iv.

“Dear Sir,

I am indeed sorry that I am forced to reject your article. Since the present day public has dwindled considerably it is my sincere belief that your contribution will certainly be dismissed as a ‘gup’ with a guffaw. Needless to say that your interesting article with its ingenious plot and immaculate characterisation had a firm grip on me. We are the servants of the Public and hence in order to pull on we have to consider their tastes also.

“*The Editor.*”

Ramkumar looked from the letter to the rejected article. The blow had come when he had least expected it. For the first time he knew that becoming an ‘old favourite’ was not at all beer and skittles. What with the rigorous competition of catch-penny writers and...blighters, one is not given one’s due. This was his third attempt and, of course, the third rejection-slip. And all those damned slips had been couched in almost identical terms. What the deuce did the Editor mean by his refusal? Nothing short of insolence. The d....d....! Ramkumar gulped. Swearing was bad. His wife was in the next room. Economy was one of the salient aspects of her character and she had the other day severely reprimanded him for burning the midnight oil.

An unconscious glance at the grand-father clock roused him from his reverie. Eleven! God! He crawled into his bed and put out the lamp.

* * * * *

“The dashed hair-brained nincompoop—the—the—”

A whack on the chin made Kumar sit bolt-upright in his bed. He stretched his limbs, yawned and blinked at his wife’s questioning face.

“The fact is,” he pleaded, “I don’t like these solid reminders first thing in the morning. I want something subtly sweet and exquisitely thrilling like—er—a kiss, what?”

"How dare you!" she stormed and left the room to return a few minutes later with Forhan's and brush, and Kumar was not slow to understand the significance of her action. He demurely accepted the teeth-cleaning paraphernalia and rose.

While brushing his teeth his thoughts again reverted to the Editor's note. He was not going to accept the position tongue-tied. Something must be done—and that soon—to silence the Editor. "He was forced to reject!" The taste of the Public be blowed!

Suddenly his face brightened. Something must be sent that will undoubtedly meet with a less boisterous approval and HE was going to send it.

He returned to his room and studiously began writing without taking even his one cup of coffee. At 11 A. M. he found himself in the Post Office sending, by Registered Post, his article, after rapidly reading it once again. He was not going to run any risks with this one, not he. He was determined to see the affair through to the end. Hunger began to tell upon his delicate constitution and he hurried home.

After a sip he laid the coffee down. "This is as cold as the tip of my ear," he said. "And it will be hot, uncomfortably hot, for that organ if you start complaining," was the complacent reply.

"All right," he said and gulped the coffee with a gurgling sound. After all, the reply to the Editor had been sent. That at least was a consolation.

* * * * *

A week passed. Kumar wondered at the silence of the Editor. He was standing on the verandah with a far-away look in his eyes, his chin twitching spasmodically. "Another of those right-handers of my wife," his face seemed to say, "Lucky I wasn't knocked out. Since when has she taken an aversion to my swearing habit? Fancy her indulging in pugilistic exercises!"

The Post-man's "For you, Sir" roused him from his lethargy. He glanced through the money-order form and lo! it was for him. Rupees Four! The remitter, of all persons on earth, was the self-same Editor who had refused his contributions. There was a copy of the magazine too. Kumar was

completely taken by surprise. Yet, he signed the form and accepted the four token coins, not forgetting to tip the man liberally. He feverishly opened the magazine and—wonder of wonders! the thing was there. Kumar rubbed his eyes and looked. He was not mistaken. The letter which was intended to teach the Editor a lesson had been published! The block-head! Having refused the previous three articles, he had the cheek to publish his letter and pay for it too.

Kumar instinctively knew that something was wrong somewhere. He looked round for inspiration. The coupon which had been overlooked in his haste came to light. It ran:

“Sir,

I am sorry that your articles have not been published on account of misbehaviour of the clerk. They will appear in the magazine in due course.

The Editor.”

Kumar's mouth was an O of astonishment.

“Queer bird, that,” he murmured. Was the ‘queer bird’ the Editor or the clerk?

On a Social Injustice

V. J. Nerayampamp—iv U. C.

INTELLECTUAL labour, like physical labour, is fast losing its prestige. People care, it seems, more for the drones of society than for its workers. It has become the fashion especially in student-circles to praise, beyond all legitimate measure, the naturally gifted, and lamentably censure the less gifted and industrious. Eulogies are showered upon those who ought to be upbraided.

Inventors and politicians, however hard-working, get their due meed of praise. But in judging the work of certain intellectual workers, people are not often guided by correct standards. For example, if there are two rival poets in a country, one of them claiming to be a born poet and the other a scholarly poet, people show a tendency to applaud the former for the accident of birth and denounce the latter for his toils at reaching perfection in his noble vocation. This anomaly is even more pronounced among students. "P. J.! he is no genius at all. He is merely a book-worm. He tops the list of successful candidates by dint of sheer work and nothing more....But J. P.! how he kills his time! And yet, see, gets such high marks! If he cared to work a little he would have got the first mark. Anyway, P. J. cannot hold a candle to him."

The tendency to talk in this particular way can be attributed to the jealousy inborn in every human being. The head that is affected by this disease cannot view with any degree of pleasure the success of another. Hence it invents some apparently innocent method of damaging the person in the estimation of the world, and anointing in his place some one of its own temperament. That is the reason why the tendency is very strong among the idle. It is, in effect, a defence of idleness.

The freezing effects of this practice cannot be belittled. Every student loves fame, "that last infirmity of noble mind," and abhors public censure. This love of fame induces the

industrious student to work unnoticed by all. This alone can account for the hypocrisies of apparently idle fellows like those who pass the hours of the day in agreeable rivalries and burn the midnight oil; who go to bed at 9 o'clock, get up at 12, read till 4, sleep again till 7 in the morning and go about all day bragging that they have slept like a log; who go for their evening walk with books concealed under their shirts and, nimbly slipping into some isolated green, read till dusk. It has been almost established that if a student wants to study properly and at the same time to be free from being the common butt of ridicule, he should be a skilful hypocrite. Thus we find that even the end and aim of education is defeated by this unwholesome tendency which has taken deep root among students.

Nature has endowed different people with different quantities and qualities of intellect. The man with less brains can never successfully compete with the man with more. But is it right on the part of the so-called genius at the top to remain idle just because he is already superior to the rest? The man who is superior to the rest has no reason to boast of his superiority at all. If he does, it only shows want of real wisdom. The talents that he possesses are a gift, and a gift which carries with it real burden. Society cannot exist if all its members were of the same mental calibre. The man who has a greater amount of natural gifts is *ipso facto* bound to perform better deeds and work harder than another with a smaller amount. On the contrary, if such a man were to waste his genius in idleness, society is thereby impoverished. But it does not follow that the less gifted can remain idle. For the progress of society each one has to contribute his share. Honour is the reward that we offer for the fulfilment of this duty. To deny it to the really deserving and to lavish it on the wholly unworthy is to put a premium on idleness and stultify society. It is a social injustice, nay more, it is a sin against the light. Our admiration of the better gifted should not be at the disparagement of the less gifted.

Voting

C. D. O.—iii class

IT was about 9 o'clock. A man, suddenly entering my room, said, without any enquiry from me, that his intrusion should be imputed, though he was a perfect stranger to me, to the amity that existed between him and me. I was about to direct him to a seat, when I found he had already occupied one. I measured him head to foot. I was right. To me he was a perfect stranger. I wondered why this man, whom I had neither seen nor heard of before, was so 'hail-fellow-well-met' to me. I stared at him. Staring at a stranger is not good form; still an intruder has no right to complain. I concluded he was a stranger to good manners as well.

I, being the sole monarch of my realm, broke the ice:-
"Your name, please."

"Vote—"

"What! Your name is Vote?"

"No, my opponent is a student of the II class," said he. Though I tried to suppress my laughter I could not help smiling.

"What brought you here?" I popped the question at him.

"Chacko, who is a candidate for the election asked me to go over here and canvass for him."

"Let me know your name."

"Manikutty."

"But you said your name was Vote."

"Did I?"

"Yes, you did."

"Then it was nothing but the expression of the thought which was uppermost in my mind. I will be earnest in the business. The candidate is a liberal entertainer."

Then he dwelt for some time on the abilities of his host (excuse me); he would be eternally grateful to me; for "an ungrateful man is a blot on the universal page of beauty,"

he concluded. Thinking that his eloquence had swept me off my feet, he took a slip of paper from the table, and wrote on it something. The cachography was worse than that of the "finishing touches" of a Registrar on a mortgage-deed. He quitted my room. This time he did not fail to give the genteel salute with his umbrella. He went to the neighbouring room thinking that he had bought me body and soul. He had not told me that I should vote for Chacko.

My neighbour was a friend of his. Upon entering the room, he said in a loud voice, "You should vote for Mathen."

From my room I shouted: "You told me you were canvassing for Chacko; now you say, 'vote for Mathen'. Why this....."

"No, no, no," said he, "the former is for Foot-ball, the latter for Hockey"

"Anybody else for any other?" I asked.

"Two more," he said.

Suppressed laughter from the rooms near by.

He again strolled along the Verandah, paused at the entrance of each room, but never uttered a word. Finally he left the hostel computing forty votes for his candidate. Poor candidates, how earnestly their agents work !

Voting day was drawing near. One candidate, having a great belief in the power of the press, determined to circulate printed notices among students. The candidate effected this circulation through agents of great experience. But, whether it was due to the misfortune of the candidate or to the carelessness of the agents I do not know, most of the notices were circulated among High School students. This was found out by the candidate and on asking the agents he was told: "There were many spare copies: you know we are your friends; we know you have spent some money over it. So it must be put to the best use. A spare notice means a vote lost." The candidate did not seem convinced by their reasoning; yet he gave them further instructions.

Next day, as usual, I went to the college. I found students unusually active. Students were walking two by two, hand in hand. At times they would pause for a moment and utter some inarticulate words. Then they would turn face to face as if to admire each other. Finally they parted.

only to form a new pair. At the stair-case students were distributing pieces of paper. I was gloating over the scene, when the unmannerly peon, to my greatest disappointment, rang the bell.

I was in my study. The experiences of the day would at times intrude into my mind and divert my attention. So I closed my book and went to bed. I fell into slumber. Suddenly I was startled as if a dart had struck me; for the most insignificant incident, if unexpected, causes great alarm. Up I rose. To my greatest astonishment, I found a pellet of paper falling down from my breast.

I could not guess from whom it came. Had I ever been a lover, I would have, without any hesitation, taken it for a *billet-dou*. Ah! had I been a lover!

I lighted the lamp; my attention became cautiously fixed on the paper. I read some 'names', some 'ships', and above all the word 'Vote' appeared in bold type. I spent some time ruminating over the names and cursing the impudence of the man who had thrown the missive. I do not know how long I should have continued in this mood had not my attention been called away by a knock at the door. A clique entered the room. I told them all that had happened and showed them the slip which had disturbed my sleep.

"It is ours", said they.

"Yours ? What does it mean ?" I asked.

"You should vote for us. That is what it means."

"Is this the proper time ? Be a bit prudent," said I rather in a huff.

"Why are you angry?"

"No, it is not anger but indignation."

"We are not going to argue with you. Will you vote for us ?"

"I will consider", said I.

They quitted the room. I followed them and asked them whether they were all candidates. They, again, perhaps led by hope, entered my room without any invitation on my part.

"Only one of us", they said.

I was about to ask them who he was, when one gentleman smiled an immaculate smile and I understood him to be the candidate.

"Bye-the-bye," said I, "why do you print so many names in the same slip? Is it not better to have a separate slip for each name?"

"It is economy," they said.

"What economy, after a'l?"

"No, you need not argue with us. We are students of Economics."

"Well, have your own way."

"Alright, good-night."

"Good-night."

Next day arrangements were made for the debate. The college auditorium was filled to suffocation. Orations were delivered, recited and read. One orator seemed to reproach the students for having assembled there instead of going to their respective classes. Another gentleman concluded his speech, saying "With these few words, vote for me." And to vote all went.

Gandhi and Lenin

K. N. Narayana Kaimal—iii U. C.

ONE of the persons I have to deal with lies embalmed in a temple in Russia, whither tens and thousands of peasants and pilgrims make their visit yearly, though in his own time he was uncompromisingly opposed to this practice of hero-worship. The other is still alive as you and I are, and youthful and energetic as we are not. He is, indeed, a young old man or an old young man, as you will. If you would see him as he is, go to Shegaon. If you would know him as he was till a few years ago, imagine yourselves to be on the banks of the Sabarmathi which is vast and extensive in the rainy season, but in summer is only a thin narrow channel. On one side of this famous and historic river lies an expansive uneven soil, strewn here and there with prickly trees, through the foliage of which smoke curls up the air from the numerous mills there. This, in fact, is the Manchester of India. On the other side of the river, a few hundred yards away, stands the *Asramam* of Gandhi. It has no artistic beauty; a few prickly trees stand here and there with luxuriant grass underneath. There is no systematic and scientific care that is characteristic of *Santiniketham*, where the very grasses are planted in an artistic manner. But Mahatmaji's *Asramam*, which, like those that we read about in the Puranas, is a place for work after truth, is marked by its simplicity.

It is extremely simple. It consists mainly of three cottages, one a kitchen, another the visitors' room, the third, the office room, store room and sleeping room all combined. There in that little room is spread a carpet of Khaddar, and at the centre is a small writing table, by the side of which sits the man we are anxious to see. His spectacles, the half-naked fakir's dress and the toothless smile at once tell us that this is the man in whose search we have travelled all the way.

It is the pasonality of the man that appeals to us most. Both Lenin and Gandhi were good laughers, who laughed immeasurably. They knew how to make others laugh, too. One of the biographers of Lenin says that, once in his attempt to control his laughter by putting it in his hands, it escaped through the sides of his hands and passed out. Mahatmaji, too, is an excellent laugher. In his company every one is very easy and at home.

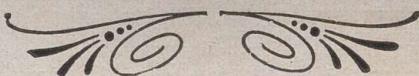
Lenin was relentless and soft-hearted; Mahatmaji is also exactly of that type. If the hardness of steel and the sweetness of the rose could be synthesised by some means, then you have a picture of both. In the Sikh *Sathyagraha*, we saw how C. F. Andrews would have rushed against the white men had it not been for the pledge he had given, while Gandhi, accompanied by Desai, witnessed this scene of the officers of law and order charging against the harmless *Satyagrahis* with the blunt edge of their *Lathis*, not a drop of tear escaping from his eyes. He was dreaming of a liberation of India from her shackles by a similar process.

Gandhi in his *Asramam* was one of the most devoted adherents of communism. Now, what is communism? It is the condition of things according to which private property should be abolished and all things held in common. In his *Asramam* nobody was given anything more than what was absolutely necessary. But each had his due share. The money which was in excess should not be hoarded, but handed over to the Treasury.

Both are men of the people. No halo of greatness about them, no saintliness. Lenin had a broad and expansive brow; Gandhi has eyes of a quiet but irresistible lustre. In all other respects they are ordinary peasants. Their writings are simple, though surcharged with force and eloquence.

But as regards the end and the means, these two great men stand poles apart. While Lenin held the view that "the end justifies the means", Gandhi is of opinion that "the means that we adopt justifies the end". Thus with the sole

idea of redeeming Russia from the shackles of oppression, Lenin plunged the country into war and revolution, and in the short space of six months he was able to achieve the end. But to Gandhi this appeared to be brutal and inhuman. He resorted to the method of bloodless revolution. He does not want redemption at the point of the sword or the bayonet. He would rather wait months and years and even suffer thraldom. The true, natural, genuine and harmless method of Gandhi will ultimately prove its superiority to Lenin's bloody revolution.



The Change of Time

V. Chandrasekharan—ii U. C.

“**O**THER times, other manners”, says the French proverb. “The old order changeth yielding place to new”. Such are the signs of the times and need evoke no surprise. I am not, however, dealing at present with general changes of modes and manners in accordance with the doctrines of progress and evolution. I wish to confine myself rigorously to the topic of the proposed change of working-hours in educational institutions.

The problem has been mooted from every point-of-view, and the pros and cons of the question have been laboured to death. It only remains for me to give a *resume* of the various arguments that have been trotted out on both sides by enthusiastic supporters.

The problem may be simplified if we consider it from two view-points:- (1) the object of the reform, (2) how far the object is likely to be fulfilled.

The object of the reform, presumably, is to inculcate the habit of early rising, to encourage extra-curricular activities, to foster rural industries, to promote the integrity of the family-unit, and to assist the boy and girl to take part in the daily avocations of the home and village. (This question, like many of the questions affecting India, must be discussed from the point of view of the village).

How far are these objects likely to be achieved? May I be permitted to engage the services of an *advocatus diaboli*? He says that “early to bed and early to rise” is an out-worn canon. He points to the discoveries of certain European Scientists who say that better results can be obtained by sleeping from 7 P.M. to 11 P.M. and working from 11 P.M., than by the early-rising method. The *advocatus diaboli* asks whether it is right to detract from the traditional sanctity of the midnight oil. In fact, he is mean enough to quote from a brochure attached to a patent preparation called “Sulphur Bitters”. He quotes in this wise:- “Now, my good, sensible

readers, I want you all to know that the old idea of many, that you must rise early in order to be healthy, I do not believe in; and I know from experience that I always feel better when I get up in the morning at six o'clock than I did when I rose at four; and I further believe that the last two hours of sleep which we have before getting up are worth all the other six hours put together. Then, to make a long story short, I do not believe in getting up too early in the morning."— That is what old Dr. Kauffmann says. It does not require a great deal of imagination to discover the evils of early rising in connection with the present reform. I imagine little children and their mothers getting up at un-earthly hours, consuming old rice or ill-cooked food, and issuing forth on a dewy morning with cadjan-leaf torches. I imagine girls and school-mistresses crossing flooded rivers in the small hours of the morning. What protection have they under the stars, against the manifold dangers of the road ?

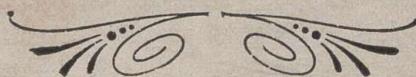
The *advocatus diaboli* continues to say that extra-curricular activities are likely to be neglected. He says that the tired boys and girls will drag their weary feet home to enjoy a post-prandial nap during the blazing hours of a summer day when even nature takes her afternoon siesta. Even the studious boy may catch himself nodding over his books. It is quite likely that boys may take to exhilarating or relaxing forms of exercise in the afternoon, at least to keep themselves awake. And a game of cards is as good as any other. And think of the school and college-playgrounds deserted in the evening! The silence is the silence of "waters stilled at even". The playing-fields of Eton, forsooth! Occasionally one may hear the whoops of a few children on the road or see the ineffectual attempts of a handful to form an eleven for foot-ball. And let us hope, for the sake of foot-ball, that boys will drop in at irregular intervals, to instil fresh life into an already flagging game.

It may also be vain to expect that a fillip may be given to rural industries, continues the *advocatus diaboli*. Girls, it may be true, are more docile and industrious than boys, and may give greater attention to sewing or poultry-farming than boys. But the scope for girls is limited in

industrial matters, and cottage industries suited to their genius are 'conspicuous by their absence'.

In a final peroration, the *advocatus diaboli* says that the proposed reform is a menace to society in general. The general wealth of the future generation will go down, he says, owing to insufficient and improper food in the morning and to long hours of continued work. The parents may have their lives plagued out of them in the afternoon, and, as somebody has written, even teachers may become lazy and consider teaching only as an avocation of secondary importance.

But, fortunately, the *advocatus diaboli* can see only the seamy side of things. Even through his indictment we can see the silver lining. Nobody has yet been killed by early rising, and no one has attributed his failure in life to early habits. On the other hand, Benjamin Franklin, Cobbet, Smiles, and a host of others are in favour of that very useful habit. Even the Hindu *Sastras* are in favour of the early hours of the morning for study and meditation. The initial resistance of the boys can be overcome by a little compulsion. And even they will welcome the long hours of rest in the afternoon, with prospects of useful employment or profitable amusement. Boys and girls will find time to develop their particular and peculiar aptitudes, and will cease to be purely spoon-fed, and machine-made. With the electrification of the villages, a thousand and one useful projects will be placed before the youth of the country and Travancore may blossom into a land of industrial plenty. Industrial decentralisation has been successful in Japan, which is a land of small holdings; and there is no reason why it should not be equally successful in Travancore which bears so many resemblances to Japan, not the least of which is our loyalty to our Sovereign.



The Collapse of Democracy

K. J. John—I U. C.

“THE collapse of democracy has become a settled fact. If it is not altogether annihilated by complex world-forces, it is, at least, on its last legs”, said an eminent author, the other day. All over the world there is a feeling, which is gaining ground day by day, that parliamentary Government is doomed to failure. In fact, the nineteenth century was the age of democracy; but the dawn of the twentieth marks its decline. The Great War which was fought “to render the world safe for democracy” has only made it easy for dictatorships.

Even a superficial study of contemporary world-politics will, no doubt, serve to strengthen our emphasis on the collapse of democracy. From China to Peru there is one doleful story of parliamentary inefficiency, of revolutions and of dictatorships. “Democracy”, says a writer in the *Modern Review*, “has been tried from earliest days—first in Greece and Rome and then in mediaeval England — tried and found wanting and could only survive occasionally alternating with dictatorships.”

To take the Land of the Rising Sun first, in our survey of the world, we see there a military despotism. It is not a despotism of war-lords or military chiefs. “The driving force”, says Mr. Churchill, “comes from secret groups in the army, who, in the name of an exalted patriotism, murder statesmen, generals or admirals, thought to be weaklings in the Japanese Imperial expansion”. Passing westwards, we see in Afghanistan, Persia, Egypt and Turkey, not to speak of India and China, virtual dictatorships, either supported by royal patronage or disguised by a show of democratic institutions.

Turning over to European politics, we see there, too, a similar scene. The Italian Fascist experiment is unique in its composition and significance. Finding the outward forms of parliamentarism to be a mere luxury, Mussolini has done

away with them. The tragedy of democracy in Spain is even deadlier. Unhappy Spain has entered upon the second year of her Civil War. Even if the so-called Government, "the champion of democracy", happens to win, democracy is not likely to occupy a high pedestal in that country.

In fact, England and France are the only two countries where parliaments still function — at least outwardly — as in old days. But even there these are becoming hollow shells. It was only the other day that a leading English Liberal said:— "Our representative Parliament is rapidly becoming the machinery of registration for the dictates of a governing caucus elected by an imperfect and badly working electoral machine".

But Germany has a different tale to tell. Her problem is the problem of Hitler, according to whom "the time for Parliamentary weakness is past". Every German has to sing *Hallelujah* before this national demi-god. Even in Russia, "the most democratic country in the world" the scene is not dissimilar. Her dictatorship of the proletariat is in essence a dictatorship *over* the proletariat.

The recent history of the United States of America, too, strengthens our conclusion about the fall of democracy. The legal and constitutional position of her president, even in normal times, is that of a dictator. His veto is absolute. The case of President Roosevelt is unique in the history of the "youngest of Nations". His national Recovery Administration is an unmistakable sign of the collapse of democracy in the New World.

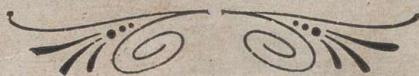
After all, why has democracy failed? The failure of democracy is due to a fundamental change in human psychology. The problems of the present day need prompt and ready action. The parliamentary government, with its dilatory methods, does not rise to the occasion. Hence it is that an eminent authority on contemporary politics has remarked, that an average period of nineteen years was necessary for the unanimous recommendation of a Royal Commission into law in England. Disappointed at this state of affairs, Lord Posonby says:— "It has taken only a year to rebuild a large part of Rome. But it has taken us about three years to say that we will not build two new bridges in London".

Another reason why democracy has failed, is that modern democratic institutions are unwieldy and unworkable. A House of Commons composed of 615 members is but a babel of tongues. It is recorded that the proceedings of the House have been reduced to chaos, on numerous occasions, because the members thereof were unruly and beyond control, when swayed by outbursts of political passions.

An additional reason of less importance, which has contributed its quota to the failure of democracy, is that corruption in electioneering does not seem to have been fully annihilated, even in a country having six hundred years of parliamentary experience. Small wonder, therefore, if, in a country like India, the ballot-box is entirely at the mercy of the privy purse of the contestants in elections. If the revolt against democracy is so insistent today, it is due to the fact that the time-honoured sanctity of the ballot-box is now fully exploded.

Perhaps the present predominance of dictatorships may not continue for ever. There may come a day when humanity may become more enlightened and broad-minded, when justice and fair-play may reign supreme. Only then can there be a swing-back of the pendulum in favour of democracy. In the meanwhile let us dream, as Lord Tennyson did a century ago, of a time when we can hear

“Far along the world-wide whisper
 of the South wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples
 plunging through the thunder-storms;
Till the war-drum throb’d no longer
 and the battle-flags were furled
In the parliament of Man,
 the Federation of the World.”



The Perfect Man

V. D. Antony—IV U. C.

IN the editorial columns of that very respectable journal “The Kerala Times” of September 14th, 1933, the following paragraph appeared:—

“This is the first time that we hear of a case, where a very brilliant and famous man is murdered by another, not equally famous but not less promising. No one who has ever heard of the “Modern Man” will deny the extra-ordinary brilliance of its young author. Mr. G— was undoubtedly one of the brightest representatives of the younger generation and it is said that as a lawyer he had few equals. We are surprised to find that such a man should be murdered by one who is reported to have been his only friend and greatest admirer. From the circumstances of the case we are inclined to believe that the accused was at that time suffering from some unaccountable mental malady. However, it is most unfortunate that a man of Mr. P—’s promises and talents should be sentenced to death. In him, our language loses one of its ablest critics. It is not our purpose here, even if we were allowed to do so, to comment upon a sentence passed by perhaps the ablest and most learned judge in our country.”

In another part of the same paper, I found the following report from one of “Our own correspondents”:—

“The Modern Man Murder Sensation The voice of the judge falters

“Yesterday, at four in the afternoon, the judgment on the sensational “Modern Man Murder Case” was given by justice Mr. M—. The court-room was packed. Justice Mr. M— concluded his judgment with the following words: “The accused has confessed his guilt. He has not even attempted to answer the questions from the prosecution side. Besides, he is heard to have shouted several times in the

court, 'I am guilty. Hang me if you want.' Not a word of self-justification has escaped his lips. His attitude throughout was one of defiance and utter indifference. Under these circumstances, I am compelled, against my own inclinations, to pass the sentence of death upon him. Painful as it is, I am driven to it; for law and equity allow of no alternative. I have the greatest compassion for Mr. P—. I know him to be a lawyer of no little promise and a writer of great talents." When the last sentences of the judgment were read, the voice of the judge seemed to falter and beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. It is rather strange that, while the judgment was being read out, not a tremor of emotion did appear in the accused. The fact that the murder was committed by a man of university education and no mean culture makes it unique in the annals of crime. This is perhaps the most sensational murder case that has appeared in this country for the last several years."

With the reporter of that paper I too felt that it was a most astonishing case. In my college days Mr. P— was among my intimate friends. I had known him as a delicately sensitive young man with a very promising future. The vicissitudes of life had separated us since then and for the last five or six years we had not met each other. When I had finished reading these extra-ordinary items of intelligence, I relapsed into a mood of sad reflection. The past rose vividly before my mind. Mr. P— a murderer? It was incredible. There was nothing in his nature which suggested atrocity. True, he was whimsical and even morbidly fanciful. But that was no explanation for a crime of this kind.

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Three days later, I received a letter. I give the full text of the letter below:—

Dear friend,

I have reached the end of my journey. A few hours more, and my carcass will be dangling from the noose. But before the end comes, I must unburden my soul. I have been a dreamer in life and I pass out of it as a dreamer. The realities of life and the agonies of the soul have only just

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begun to frown upon me. But I am about to pass into a region where they can do me no harm. Perhaps this is idle writing. The minutes are flying. I must hurry up. Excuse me, dear friend, if you find much that is incredible in this letter. The circumstances under which I write are not those suited for cool and clear composition. Much I refrain from expressing, and much that I express may not be well-expressed. But at this late hour I cannot hope to overcome these defects. Language is too feeble to express the subtle and infinite moods of the human mind. Several things, obscure and unintelligible, may creep into this letter. The inadequacy of language and my own feeble mastery of it are my only apologies. Ah! these minutes, my friend, are too dear and precious! Therefore, I will be brief.

* * * * *

Two years have passed since I first became acquainted with the most perfect man I ever knew in life. He was at that time thirty-five years of age, a bachelor, tall and singularly handsome, with a face which bore the suspicion of a habitual disdain. Our first meeting was in a Court of Law.

I had just taken my degree in law and was about to begin my career as a lawyer. The very first day I appeared in Court brought me under the spell of this extra-ordinary man. A murder-trial was going on. He was the counsel for the Defendant. when he stood up to speak, a great silence came over the court. Every one seemed to expect some mighty revelation. All faces were turned towards him. He spoke for an hour, and that hour sealed my fate. Oh! never, never from the lips of mortals, has emanated such impassioned eloquence! His consummate mastery of the abstruse and intricate details of law, his keen insight into human nature, his wonderful command of words, above all, his passion for justice,—these held me spell-bound. At the end of his moving peroration he stood motionless and silent for a few moments and then sank into his seat. When he sat up again, there was not the slightest trace of exhaustion about him. The memory of that great hour seemed to have gone out of his mind. Apparently, his thoughts were wandering in some vague, far-off lands. For the rest of the day, I had no other feeling than that of having witnessed something grand and

almost miraculous. And for the first time in my life I became concentrated upon a single and singular man.

In the evening I made some interested enquiries about him. One of my friends said, "Why, you don't know Mr. G—? He is the most reputed lawyer here. He is rather stand-off-ish, you know, and shuns all company. He came here some two or three years ago. But few people know anything more about him than that he is a prodigy of wisdom. I have seldom seen him talking with any one. Of course, he talks with his clients. But that's a different thing. He doesn't come to the court every day. But when he comes he wins his case and earns a lot."

"Ah, then, I understand," I said. "He is the author of that famous book, 'The Modern Man'."

"Have you read it?"

"No. But I have heard others saying that it is the most sensational book written by a young man in India."

"He was only twenty-five or twenty-six when he wrote that book," my friend said. "Within a month of its publication it was suppressed by the government. It is the fiercest and most vigorous attack made on old traditions, institutions and beliefs. He seems to have spared not even God. Had it not been for that book, he would have been raised to the Bench long ago."

"Has he written anything since?"

"No; when once asked about it, he seems to have said, 'Oh! the gaol is no agreeable place. I care more for freedom than reputation'.

I felt keenly interested. After a pause, my friend continued: "Unlike some patty intellectuals, he has no disdain for the physical aspect of life. In his book he has strongly advocated the cause of physical culture. For he says that 'premature old age is one of the most lamentable symptoms of our generation'. Haven't you noted his physical features? What symmetry and perfection! It is the result of hard exercise. Once I happened to visit his house. Then I found two heavy clubs in one of the rooms. The servant told me that his master takes regular exercise with them."

"That's greatness real and perfected", I exclaimed in admiration. "The man who develops his intellect at the

expense of his body is certainly a lesser man than one who has an equal regard for both." I felt then I was giving out a piece of profound philosophy.

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A few days later the accused was acquitted. In the judgment, the judge had paid a glowing tribute to the Defendant's Counsel. For a week or so, I did not meet Mr. G—, again. When he came next, there was another great sensation in the Court. The same knowledge of law, the same understanding of man, the same mastery over the niceties of language and the same impassioned devotion to justice were once again exhibited. The result was not less gratifying. Another wretched soul was released from the fatal grip of law.

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For three months, not a word passed between us. We were strangers to each other. He was not even aware that he had an interested spectator. I was madly longing for an occasion. Then, one day, towards the close of an evening, I suddenly came upon him in a remote part of the town. He was alone, walking with slow, measured steps. A few words passed between us. He was curt to the point of rudeness, and I was not a little disappointed. A week later we met again and at the same spot. This time I engaged him a little longer in conversation with some enquiries after his lodgings and hobbies. His answers were brief, unenthusiastic, and to the point. He seemed to avoid carefully every superfluous word.

Gradually, my acquaintance with him matured into a sort of hero-worship on my part and contemptuous acquiescence on his. He began to dominate my thoughts. I felt dejected and uneasy on the days that I did not see him. I attended the Court because I knew he would be there. In the evenings, I found myself walking towards his house. If he was not there, I would saunter in the suburbs of the town in the hope of meeting him in some out-of-the-way place, till it was very late in the night.

His house was situated in a sequestered quarter of the town sparsely studded with houses. Himself and a servant were the only occupants of the house. What impressed me most was the air of perfection that pervaded it. There was such neatness, such an air of completeness, about everything there. The flower-pots in the courtyard, the carpets on the floor, the furniture, the books on the shelves,—all these manifested a hand scrupulously neat and methodical in its operations. This air of perfection was confined not to the house alone. It reflected in the dress and manners of its master. His dress, no doubt, was very simple. But looking at it, one felt that no other dress could be in better harmony with his physical make-up. His manners were polite, polite to the last degree. But it proceeded, not from respect for others, but from a sort of indifference, a veiled contempt.

As days passed, my thoughts became more and more concentrated upon him. How was it that I came to conceive such a strange passion for this man?— I asked myself. Was it because I had the soul of a woman in me? Whatever it might have been, I am fully convinced that it was no mere hero-worship; for the soul of hero-worship is admiration on the part of the worshipper. But in my attitude towards him there was something more than admiration, something stronger, more emotional, more akin to the love of a woman in the early raptures of a first love. If I happened to meet him unexpectedly in one of the streets, suddenly I would blush and my voice would falter.....

Men are by nature inclined to talk a great deal about themselves, when they know that they have worshippers. But my hero was of a different sort. There was nothing in his life which I was not interested in. But there was nothing in his life which my deity took the slightest delight to disclose to me. The evenings we passed in his house were passed mostly in silence. Were his parents alive? Had he brothers and sisters? A host of similar questions would rise to my lips, but I never had the courage to put them into words. It was no idle curiosity, but something born of that deep interest I had come to take in his life. He seemed, however, to have not even the faintest interest in the details of his own life. He never spoke of himself. But one could easily feel that every

word he uttered was instinct with his personality. He was the greatest and most subtle egoist I had ever come across. Even when he spoke of the most abstract things, and in a way that was most dispassionate, every word was intensely personal, intensely alive with the individuality of the speaker.

Sometimes I said to myself: "This evening I will tell him everything— everything about my people, my friends, my sorrows, joys and aspirations." But in his presence my urge for confidence was promptly snubbed. That grave and inexorable disinterestedness warned me not to venture into autobiography. Was this indifference affected or real? I cannot say. It was only too likely that he had known some of my books; at least he must have seen some of my more recent articles. I always felt that he would at any moment allude to my writings. But he never made the most distant allusion to any of them. The usual expression of his face was one of scorn and contempt, born as it would seem of a profound distrust of the meanness and shiftiness of the men he knew. His smile—when he deigned to smile—had a hidden element of irony in it, which only made it all the more characteristic. Ah! it was with a sense of shame—of bitter humiliation—that I returned to my lodgings, very late in the evening.

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In the long run, his calm and aloofness began to chill me. His very perfection which held me in its bondage filled me with a vague, inexpressible horror. And I became jealous of his cold-blooded, inhuman perfection! I felt—I felt vaguely and uneasily—that there was some mystery about his life. It was impossible—impossible, I argued—to affect such perfect indifference in the face of such an impassioned worship. That indifference, I felt, was deliberate, studied. It was the desire to maintain this impression of perfection that made him silent in my presence. A longing—a mad and fierce longing—to break my idol, began to obsess my soul. In vain I sought to find a blot upon his character.

One evening, towards the close of last March, his servant came to me in a hurry and said—"Master has sent me to tell you, Sir, that he will not be at home this evening."

"Where is he going?"

"I don't know, Sir. He called me and said, 'Go and tell P— that I will not be here this evening. You can go home for the night. But be here at six to-morrow morning. Don't forget'."

That evening, I was terribly uneasy. The conviction that something which I had been seeking for long had at last arrived, dawned upon me. The whole affair smacked of mystery. At about eleven o'clock that night, I stepped into the moon-lit lane outside. The town lay hushed. The street lamps appeared pale in the silvery flood of the moon. I walked in the direction of G—'s house. A closed 'riksha' passed by me. From some inexplicable feeling, I followed it at a rapid pace. A quarter of an hour later I found it stopping at Mr. G—'s gate. The gate was instantly opened. A slender figure clothed in white from head to foot emerged from the 'riksha' and passed into the house..... A feeling of wild exultation seized me. I felt that I would shout. But I beat my thoughts down for a while and waited outside. Then, slowly and silently, I climbed the wall and dropped into the courtyard below. My eyes turned in the direction of his study. The window was half-closed. A lamp, dimly burning, sent its feeble rays into the shadow of the building outside. A moment later, I stood beneath the window. I peeped in. Silhouetted against the window was a figure quite unlike that of Mr. G—. The figure turned its profile against the lamp. It was a notorious woman of the town! Again I was seized with a wild desire to shout. In that mad moment of exultation, all the humiliations I had hitherto suffered cried for vengeance. It was with great effort that I retraced my steps in silence.

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Though I had passed a sleepless night, I was unusually gay and lively the next day. A feeling of triumph kept stirring in my soul. I talked a great deal and laughed with excessive gusto. Precisely at ten, I saw Mr. G— entering the court and going to his seat. He was the same perfect

man, perfectly dressed and perfectly cool. The adventure of the previous night had not left the slightest mark upon his features. While looking intently at him, I felt a secret impulse within urging me to knock him down from his seat and trample upon him.

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In the evening we met. I was returning from an entertainment given by one of my friends. Being a little drunk, I felt slightly out of sort. But my sensibilities were only sharpened by the liquor.

He was alone in the house. "I expected you at N—'s," I said.

"I had an invitation, but had to decline it owing to some other engagement," said he with implacable coolness. In fact, he had no other engagement, and I knew it.

A silence ensued.

At last I said, "The guests included Miss M— also."

"Miss M—?" he asked with studied unconcern.

"Yes; Miss M—," I said, "she is really a very beautiful woman, and very smart". For the first time since the beginning of our acquaintance, I felt his equal.

"After all, she is a woman," said he with contempt in his tone.

This was meant as a rebuff. And I felt it.

"But women are not so bad as all that, are they?"

He was keenly alive to the irony in my remark.

"Perhaps, may not be to some." He spoke with forced calm.

I felt hell surge within me.

"But you are not very indifferent to women, are you?" I asked.

He marked the concealed exultation in my tone.

"What are you driving at?" he asked impatiently.

"Oh! nothing. I was only thinking that last night—"

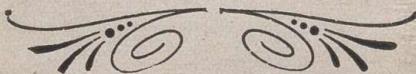
"Last night? What do you mean?"—he demanded. For the first time, I noted a slight tremor in his voice.

"Last night, my dear Sir," I continued, "when you were with that infamous woman, you did not appear to be very indifferent."

He sprang to his feet. He was ghastly pale. A glare of diabolic fury came into his eyes. He darted a glance at the heavy club that lay on the floor. In an instant I seized it and struck him fiercely on the forehead. He staggered and then fell down heavily. Blind with fury, I struck, and struck again. When I recovered myself, there lay my perfect man on the floor, writhing in agony, his contorted face bathing in blood. Then all was silence.

This is my story. You know the rest.

"Your unfortunate friend."



The Heart of Sighs

K. Sreedharan Nair—IV U. C.

MY heart is yearning still, brother,
For that I can't explain;
It sighs like yonder mountain wind,
And moans and moans in vain !

A thousand birds do sing and fly
In the glorious morn;
A thousand hues and shapes flit by
Amidst the light just born.

The sun ascends the cloudless sky,
The world is hot and tense—
Not a rustle, not a movement—
The heat, it is intense.

The scene doth change with lightning speed,
The western sky is red,
The sun sinks through the swaying reeds,
And day and night are wed.

The stars pierce the murky blue
And shed an eerie light.
Can human mind a scene picture
That beats the starry night ?

By a mellow haze is painted
The eastern sky, away.
The silver moon now peeps and sits
Atop the mountain, grey.

The smiling flood of silver sheen,
The singing nightingale,
The western wind with perfume strong,
The arbour in the vale.....

But ah! my friend! the scene does not
To me some joy impart.
How can it, when nothing is
Attuned to my lone heart ?

'The scene is perfect,' some maintain,
But somthing still it wants—
A dream that gladdens youthful hearts,
A nymph in sylvan haunts !

Nature thinks by showing often
Her beauty-bag to all
The human heart does stronger grow
To stem the surging gall.

My heart is not so armoured, friend,
By nature glad and gay.
Methinks its fate is horrible
And ~~inky~~ black the way.

The dark and stormy clouds do not
A silver lining hold,
I peep and clutch at that I want
And grope about blindfold !

'A light!' I cry for dear life,
But no one heeds the call,
The world revels, I know not how,
To laugh as others fall !

And then my heart doth miss a beat
And expectant remain

It sighs like yonder mountain wind,
And weeps and weeps in vain !

The College Debating Society

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By the Chronicler

The old order changeth—

CHANGANACHERRY, like Rome, moves slowly; but when it does, it makes a lot of noise. The College Debating Society turned the proverbial new leaf last July with a great deal of ceremony and considerable ostentation. The Society was reconstituted on the lines of the Parliamentary Debating Societies of certain other colleges and universities. The President, the Vice-President and the Secretary are now elected half-yearly from among the students by all the students of the College and members of the staff.

Nomination papers were called for, towards the middle of July. An intensive election campaign followed, which reminded cynics of the politics of Lilliput. The candidates grew hoarse with blowing their own trumpets. Billets modestly setting forth the virtues of rival aspirants to office were strewn about like leaves in Vallambrosa. The two candidates for the President's office were both so deserving that many a voter, it is suspected, spread out his hands in sheer helplessness and lamented: 'How happy could I be with either if the other charmer were away!'

The Election Debate

The Society did not believe in putting its shirt on dark horses. It was, therefore, proposed to hold a public debate just before the polling, in which all the candidates were invited to take part. The Election Debate was held on 21st July, when Mr. M. P. Paul M. A. took the chair. After

explaining, with suitable gravity, the spirit of the new experiment, the chairman called upon Mr. S. Varadarajan Nair, one of the candidates for the President's office, to move the resolution standing in his name. He moved that 'this House condemns the Congress Working Committee's decision to accept office'. He pointed out that the Working Committee had infringed the rights of the A. I. C. C., and condemned the decision of July 7th in words which the Congress President himself had employed earlier in the year. He refused to believe that the Governor's special powers were no hindrance to political progress. The Congress ministers, he said, have very sensitive consciences and the governors are sure to tread on them. This will lead to repeated elections which are physically and spiritually exhausting. Besides, by accepting office, Congress may be committing themselves to the proposed Indian Federation, which would be overweighted by the forces of obscurantism.

He was seconded by Mr. P. R. Madhavan Pillai. Mr. K. P. Kesavan, the other candidate for the Presidentship, then rose to oppose the motion. He argued that one of the surest ways of thwarting Federation was for the Congress to accept office and to refuse to elect representatives to the Federal Legislature. Besides, there were many pressing reforms which a Congress ministry alone could carry through, such as a more rational system of taxation than is now in force. Perhaps the liveliest moment in the debate came when Mr. Kesavan's eloquence flared up at the thought of the possibility of the national flag flying over government buildings.

Mr. K. Velu Pillai and Mr. Thomas Mukkattukunnel then spoke for the motion, and Mr. C. J. Cherian opposed it. The mover, in rising to make his reply, summarily disposed of Mr. Kesavan's raptures over the national flag flying over government buildings, by coolly reminding the House that he for one could not feel any enthusiasm for the prospect of hoisting the national flag in the company of the Union Jack. The President then declared that the motion had been talked out. Polling of votes commenced immediately after the meeting.

The personnel of the Standing Committee for the first half-year was announced the following week. Of the ten members, seven are students.

President:	Mr. K. P. Kesavan.
Vice-President:	Mr. C. J. Cherian.
Secretary:	Mr. P. R. Madhavan Pillai.
Class Representatives:	Mr. S. Subramoniam IV U. C. Mr. K. Sivasankara Pillai III U. C. Mr. Philip Thomas II U. C. Mr. Cyriac J. Nidhiry I U. C.
Staff Representatives:	Mr. O. C. Varghese M. A., L. T. Mr. P. R. Doraiswami Sarma(Siromani)
Chairman:	Mr. V. V. John M. A.

Inaugural Address

The Inaugural Address of the year was delivered by Mr. G. Ramachandran, Secretary of the Kerala Provincial Board of the Harijan Sevak Sangh, on 16th August.

The meeting was held under the joint auspices of the College Debating Society, the Science Association and the History and Economics Association. The three associations jointly constitute the College Union. The intricacies of the three constituents of the Union were explained by Mr. V. V. John in his Welcome Speech: "The College Union metaphysically consists of three associations at present. The Union itself is, as somebody observed the other day, an imaginary institution like the Travancore Sircar One Rupee or the equatorial line. But it fulfils itself in three ways, the College Debating Society, the Science Association and the History and Economics Association. In discussing momentous questions like the frequency and application with which Gladstone chewed his food, and the economics of murdering one's own grandmother, we have the History and Economics Association. The Science Association is there to pronounce on abstruse and intriguing subjects such as the difference between College Time and Time as understood by the uninitiated world outside. For quarrels in a general way, we have the College Debating Society. The College Union is thus modestly endeavouring to be all things to all men".

The president made a statement regarding his plans for the half-year, and, incidentally, indulged in a spirited exhortation to all whom it might concern, to encourage debating talent in the College. He also announced that the Standing Committee had agreed to elect Mr. G. Ramachandran as an Honorary Member of the Debating Society.

Mr. Ramachandran then delivered the Inaugural Address on *The Renaissance in India*. (The short-hand reporter who had been got down for the occasion was about forty words per minute behind the speaker, and what was even more awkward, he confessed later on that he could not decipher what little he had got down.) Mr. Ramachandran endeavoured to show how a spiritual background existed for all the renaissances of India both national and local. That background was very unmistakable in Vedic and Buddhist culture. After the Buddhist Renaissance, one does not come across any nation-wide awakening until recent times. Meanwhile, local renaissances have manifested themselves time and again. The Sikh Renaissance was the result of the impact of Hinduism with Islamic thought; and the Arya Samaj and the Brahmo Samaj were the result of a similar impact with Christian thought. The new awakening we are living through today is not local, but national. With some reluctance the speaker ventured to give the unattractive(?)name of Gandhism to the philosophy that has inspired the new Indian Renaissance. The philosophy is not new. The spirit of the Upanishads and of Buddhist thought lives again in Gandhian philosophy, just as the spirit of the Ajanta paintings lives again in the paintings of Nandalal Bose and Abanindranath Tagore. There is no politics for Gandhiji divorced from religion. The lecturer concluded by wishing that the true Gandhian spirit may inspire the Congress Ministries. The meeting came to a close with the singing of Vancheesa Mangalam.

Second Public Debate

At a meeting held on 26th August, Mr. S. Varadarajan Nair moved that 'In the opinion of this House, Scientific Inventions have done more harm than good to humanity'. He contended that machinery has ruined cottage industries, and

has saved labour so thoroughly that it has thrown millions of people out of work. Scientific inventions have so far only made the world safe for capitalism and Imperialism. Mr. Nair somewhat spoilt the effect of his arguments by contending that science has encouraged atheism. Mr. R. Paul Thottan seconded the motion in a vehement speech. Mr. N. V. Varghese led the opposition. The burden of his speech was that the members on the other side of the House were so many barbarians. He was in raptures over the achievements of modern science. He then went off at a tangent to show that, if science was no good, the other subjects like economics and history, that were taught in the college, were infinitely worse. Mr. D. Gopalan M. A., in a learned speech, then showed how absurd it was to relate atheism to science. He spoke of the ennobling influence which the pursuit of scientific knowledge has on man. He also contended that the abuse of certain inventions by men was not a sufficient argument against scientific inventions in general. Mr. K. S. Kurian, Mr. P. A. Joseph, Mr. K. N. George, Mr. Francis D'Cruz and Mr. V. A. George also spoke against the motion; and Mr. A. V. Zacharias and Mr. V. V. John spoke for the motion. The debate was adjourned at 5-45 P. M. and was resumed on 6th October. The champions of scientific inventions came in full force. Mr. P. M. Augustine, Mr. J. Varghese and Mr. Antony Pereira spoke against the motion; and before this avalanche of enthusiasm, what could Mr. V. C. Samuel's support for the motion do? The motion was put to the house and lost by an overwhelming majority.

Third Public Debate

On 12th October, a debate in Malayalam was held under the auspices of the Society. Mr. M. N. Govindan Nair, B. A., B. L., moved that 'In the opinion of this House, Hindi should be adopted as the national language of India'. He spoke of the feeling of brotherhood that would be fostered among all Indians by the adoption of a national language. Hindi was already the mother-tongue of millions in North India. The others could learn the language without much difficulty. The speaker also dwelt on the possibilities of

Hindi for vigorous expression of ideas; it was a language fit for heroes. Mr. Raghava Panicker seconded the motion in an admirably lucid speech. Mr. P. Sivarama Pillai M. A., L.L. B., M. L. A., led the opposition. He did not see why the great variety of languages in India should be a hindrance to achieving national unity. Mr. Govindan Nair could learn Hindi in three months. But few people were so clever. The Hindi-speaking people of North India will come to have an unfair advantage over the people of other provinces in the national legislature and elsewhere. Besides, the speaker saw no prospect of persuading the Urdu-speaking Muslims to accept the Devanagari script. Mr. Antony Pereira, Mr. E. M. Joseph, Mr. P. P. George and Mr. V. V. John also spoke against the motion, which was then put to the house and was carried.

Inter-Collegiate Debate on Prohibition

A Debating Team from the St. Thomas' College, Trichur, led by Mr. V. Achuthan Nair M. A. took part in the fourth public debate of the year held 23rd October. A large gathering attended the debate. Mr. N. V. Ittiachan, St. Thomas' College, moved that 'This House congratulates the Congress Ministries on their policy of the prohibition of alcoholic drinks'. He said, Prohibition was the greatest social experiment of modern times. The Congress is an organisation of the poor. It is tackling the evil of evils. The evil of drink is to be viewed from a social, religious and economic point of view. All the religions of the world condemn it as a blot on civilization. It leads to immorality, degrades social life, destroys the peace of domestic life. The Opposition might base their arguments on the economic aspect of the question. Economically, prohibition must be a great boon. It will lead to contented and happy life in millions of homes where now such blessings are unknown. Labourers will be better able to furnish their houses and look after their families. It will undoubtedly increase the purchasing power of the poor people. The mover anticipated that the Opposition would refer to the American experiment which is supposed to have been a failure. Even in America, Prohibition was a success

from an economic point of view. During the period of Prohibition, the savings of Americans, deposited in banks, increased. Prohibition increased the industrial efficiency of America. The anti-prohibitionists are apprehensive that Prohibition will mean less revenue. They point out that the income from Excise is utilized now for nation-building purposes. It is a great shame if a government cannot carry on without the income from drink. It is the rich that stand to gain by the drink evil. To make up for the loss of revenue, why not increase the taxes upon the rich? Super-tax and death-duties could be introduced. There are possibilities of retrenchment; substantial cuts could be made in the salaries of officers. The Congress Ministries have shown how expenditure on the machinery of government could be reduced, by taking for themselves only nominal salaries. The Opposition might contend that the abolition of the evil should not be a matter of compulsion, but one of private judgment. Laws restraining the freedom of the individual exist already. Whenever there is a grave national danger, the government must interfere. The drink evil has become a national danger. It can be tolerated further only at the risk of national ruin. Would anybody contend that by abolishing Sati in India, and by abolishing slavery in America, the governments were riding rough-shod over the liberties of the people?

Mr. P. A. Joseph, seconding the motion, pointed out that Prohibition has become an unseemly word on account of the American precedent. Prohibition failed in America because of wholesale political corruption which paralysed the arm of the law.

Mr. A. G. Augustine, Secretary of the Debating Society, St. Thomas' College, Trichur, led the opposition. Prohibition, he said, denies the privilege of drinking only to poor people. Europeans in this country and the rich may drink. Can the evil not touch them? Prohibition is a violation of the freedom of the individual. And besides, when one came right down to think of it, drink was not so bad in itself if one knew how to have it in proper quantities.

Mr. K. M. George said that drink was an evil even in cold countries and was a greater evil in hotter climates. Drink

has very nearly ruined the coal-miners of Bengal. Mr. R. Paul Thottan, who spoke next, feared that drink is a hereditary evil. Mr. P. C. Joseph did not think much of a government that would not allow one to order one's own dinner.

Mr. P. R. Krishna Iyer M. A., speaking in support of the motion, ventured to predict that Changanacherry will in the near future be the Salem of Travancore. The problem in India is different from the problem in the West. In the West there is no stigma attached to the consumption of alcohol. In India all religions discountenance the habit. Time and again, Prohibition has been described as bad economics. It is in anticipation of economic difficulties that it has been decided to introduce Prohibition by stages. In Salem alone it will involve a loss of 26 lakhs of rupees to the government. But the people of Salem will meanwhile be saving no less than a crore. The introduction, therefore, of Prohibition in the whole Province will involve a loss of 4 crores to the government; but by the obliteration of a moral evil, the people of the province will be saving as much as 16 crores. Is that bad economics? asked the speaker. This enormous purchasing power could be utilized for procuring the necessities of life. The price of paddy will go up immediately. The people would be better fed and better clothed. That would mean the economic regeneration of the country. The speaker went on to say that there is a school of thought which holds that, once drink is abolished, the poor wage-earner will come to entertain a desperate philosophy of life and will not work hard any more, for there will be nothing left in life to spend his earnings on. But that is too low and unwarranted an estimate of human nature. They say that the labourer drinks in order to drown the miseries of life. But that will be suicidal drowning. The speaker thought that the abolition of the evil would pave the way for new industries which will absorb the unemployed. He concluded by pointing out that Prohibition was an integral part of the Gandhian renaissance.

Mr. V. Achyuthan Nair M. A. gave a humorous turn to the debate. He said that, before Sati was abolished,

there had been intensive social propaganda against it. The Sarda Act has now been on the statute book for some years. But there is no doubt it is very widely violated. The Congress Ministries are actuated by the loftiest of motives; but honesty of purpose by itself cannot do anything. Was not Don Quixote thoroughly honest when he attacked the windmill? The demon of liquor that Mr. Rajagopalachari hopes to crush is as much a figment of the imagination as Don Quixote's giant. There are people who drink and there are people who are drunkards. The poor labourers drink toddy for physical and mental relaxation. It is an illusion to say that, as soon as Prohibition comes into force, the economic condition of the people will be improved. It is a solid fact that there will be a huge loss of revenue, while the gain to the people is mostly illusory.

Mr. A. A. Joseph, Mr. P. C. Kurian and Mr. V. Gopala Menon (St. Thomas' College), also spoke against the motion. Mr. Anantha Narayanan (St. Thomas' College) supported the motion, after which Mr. M. P. Paul M. A. spoke against the motion. The problem of government, he pointed out, is to reconcile the liberty of the individual with the authority of the state. High-mindedness in politics is not everything. Individual liberty is being seriously threatened. Today it is toddy. Tomorrow it may be tea and coffee and cigarettes. (This last-mentioned calamity sent a visible shudder through the speaker's body.) Abuse is no argument for the total abolition of drink. One might as well cure a headache by cutting off the head. There is every likelihood that in the application of the law we shall soon witness inquisitorial methods. Wives will blackmail husbands when the husbands come home after having had a sip on the sly. The speaker concluded by saying that the whole programme is an affront to human nature.

Mr. K. Kunjukrishna Pillai then spoke for the motion and Mr. C. J. Cherian against. The motion was talked out. By the way, the short-hand reporter had exhausted his patience long before the debate was closed.

Inauguration of the Arts Club

At 7 P. M. the same evening, the Arts Club was inaugurated with a short programme of variety entertainments. Mr. Christopher D'Cruz sang well, and played the mandolino and the accordion with considerable proficiency. As for the rest, the audience provided much of the entertainment. Those who sang could have sung better.

Economics and History Association

President: Mr. P. R. Krishna Iyer, M. A.

Vice-President: Mr. L. M. Pylee M. A., B. L.

THE first extraordinary meeting of the Association was held 25th July with Mr. L. M. Pylee, M. A., B. L. in the chair. Mr. Joseph Kurian B. A. (Hons), former student of the College, spoke on 'Dictatorship'. In the course of his profound and illuminative address, he elucidated the various aspects of modern dictatorship and gave a picturesque sketch of its development from a world aspiring for democracy, and he showed how it has reached its present pre-eminent position in world politics, out distancing the luke-warm democratic nations. The president commented on the outstanding features of the subject with his characteristic humour and acumen.

The first ordinary meeting of the Association was held on 21—10—'37, with Mr. K. J. Cyriac, M. A., B. L. in the chair. Mr. P. T. Mathew of III U. C. spoke on 'Rural Reconstruction'. He graphically expounded the salient points of rural indebtedness and suggested several remedial measures. Following him several students of various classes spoke on the subject, all of them unanimously recommending the necessity of rural education as the sheet-anchor of rural uplift. They stressed the necessity of giving more importance to agriculture and other rural industries in the educational curriculum. The president, in his concluding remarks, pointed out the need of building up the vitality of the agriculturists by taking good and nutritious food, as a necessary prelude to rural reconstruction.

Varghese K. O. (Secretary)

Hostel Notes

Parel Hostel.

WITH the advent of our present wardens Rev. Frs. Devasia Kuzhimattam B. A. and Joseph Pariarem, our hostel-life was infused with a new vigour and enthusiasm.

Early in the academic year, we had the inaugural meeting of our Literary Association on 26th June 1937 under the presidentship of Rao Bahadur Rev. John Kurian B. A., B. E. Mr. V. V. John M. A. (Oxon.) gave an instructive lecture on "Students and their Professors." Vidwan V. T. Iype made a scholarly discourse in Malayalam on "പിതാ സംഘം പ്രിമീന്റേറേ, എ.പി.ഡി. ബാലാ." The president in his concluding remarks pointed out the necessity of a good reading room in hostels.

Since then we have been holding ordinary meetings every Sunday. Altogether we had seven meetings, of which two were debates and prolonged sessions. The English section had its debate on "Whether India deserves swaraj at present or not." The Malayalam section debated on "കൊല്ലിപ്പറ്റ പ്രഭാവിന്റെ കുറിച്ച മനസ്സ്".

We have been very happy so far. We hope to have a better time still under the able and loving guidance of our wardens.

Mathai K. J. }
Mani P. C. } Secretaries

The Voluntary Association,—

Apart from the general Literary Association of the hostel, a new one called the Voluntary Association was started at the desire of some enthusiastic inmates. As the name implies, any member of the hostel can become a member of it provided he is willing to observe certain rules laid down by the Association. Its aim, like that of the General Association, is the intensive cultivation of the literary and oratorical talents of its members.

We are only using a part of our recreation-time for the Association and yet we were able to conduct ten ordinary meetings and an extra-ordinary one. They were all largely attended even by people who were not members of the hostel.

We are grateful for the warm support given by the hostel authorities and the hearty co-operation of the other members of the hostel.

M. T. Chacko }
 V. M. Cheriany } *Secretaries*

Sacred Heart Hostel.

Our hostel reopened on 7th June 1937. Next day a business meeting was held under the presidentship of our new warden when the office-bearers for the ensuing year were elected. The inaugural meeting of our literary union was held early in the first term under the presidentship of M.R.Ry. P. V. Kuruvilla B. A., L. T. (retired head-translator, Madras). Messrs. N. I. Thomas B. A. and P. C. Abraham (Vidwan) spoke on the occasion in English and Malayalam respectively. Since then ordinary meetings were held in English and Malayalam alternately on every Sunday. Under the auspices of the M. C. Y. L. we conducted a study circle on 'Birth control'.

The inmates are taking an active part in games. We are proud to say that the captains elected for the college atheletie association were mostly from us. As soon as the results of the college election were out, we conducted a meeting to congratulate the general captain Mr. M. C. Kuncheria and other captains.

We are very grateful to our warden Rev. Fr. L. J. Chittore Ph. D., S. T. D. (Rome), under whose guidance we are having a very happy time, and to Rev. Father A.C. Eapen B. A., Ph. D. who has contributed not a little to our spiritual and temporal welfare.

P. J. Francis

Monitor.



Athletic Association

AS usual, the North-West monsoons drove us indoors for the greater part of the first term. But the enthusiasm for play and sports among the collegians was so irrepressible that full advantage was taken of every spell of fair weather in the evenings. Even from the beginning of the academic year, a vigorous election campaign was simmering beneath the surface. It grew most intense and demonstrative when the Physical Director invited nominations from candidates for various offices, including the office of the General Captain which was revived this year. The election was fought out in good order. The following are the successful candidates:—

<i>General Captain</i> —	Mr. M. C. Kuncheria IV U. C.
<i>Badminton Captain</i> —	„ C. P. Sukumaran Nair IV U. C.
„ <i>Vice-Captain</i> —	„ M. J. Mathew II U. C.
<i>Basket-ball Captain</i> —	„ K. V. Chandy IV U. C.
„ <i>Vice-Captain</i> —	„ V. J. Vargese I U. C.
<i>Foot-ball Captain</i> —	„ M. M. Kuriyan IV U. C.
„ <i>Vice-Captain</i> —	„ K. J. Thomas II U. C.
<i>Hockey Captain</i> —	„ V. M. Mathew IV U. C.
„ <i>Vice-Captain</i> —	„ P. C. John II U. C.
<i>Ring-Tennis Captain</i> —	„ Abraham Eapen II U. C.
„ <i>Vice-Captain</i> —	„ Ahmad Koshi Kannu II U. C.
<i>Volley-ball Captain</i> —	„ K. M. Mathew IV U. C.
„ <i>Vice-Captain</i> —	„ K. C. Chacko II U. C.

Mr. S. Balan Pillai IV U. C. was nominated sports secretary by the Principal.

For the management of extra-ordinary Athletic activities, the Principal appointed a committee consisting of the Principal (President) Mr. M. P. Paul M. A. (Vice-President), the Physical Director (Secretary) and the elected and nominated office-bearers.

Though the monsoons tried their best to damp our play-instinct here, at least our Volley team had occasions to play a few games in drier regions. The Volley-ball Nines Team was enlisted in the Rev. Fr. Bartram Memorial Tournament

at Madras. In the match we had to play against the Physical Training College, Madras, they won by taking the first and third games. But in a friendly match we played subsequently in response to their challenge, we defeated them, winning the first two games and giving but 5 and 11 points respectively to our opponents.

We have already got three Foot-ball teams, one Hockey team, two Volley Ball teams and three Badminton teams enlisted for the N. S. S. Annual Tournament which will commence shortly. We are also preparing for the inter-collegiate volley ball tournament at Trivandrum.

The weather has now changed and all the courts are crowded with players. There are already three tennis courts for students, and in a week another will be laid out. With the daily practice we are having here, we hope to come out successful in most of the coming tournaments.

M. C. Kuncheria

General Captain.



The Waste - Paper Basket

(Ed.)

There, before us, lie the 'dream-children' of juvenile ambition, the 'might-have-been's of periodical celebrity, the waifs and castaways, the unborn lucubrations which wait wearily by the shore of Lethe and shall wait millions of ages before they find, if at all, a local habitation within the covers of a Magazine. There, in company with odds and ends, with bills and wrappers, with cinema-notices and unopened invitation-covers, lie the articles which it is the most rueful and not the least necessary part (alas that it should be so!) of our duty to reject.

Were we in a mock-moralising vein, we might, after Swift, have exclaimed: 'Surely man is a *rejected article*. Nature sent him into the world with a mind as white as the paper on which the article was written. The vicissitudes of life knock him about. He is plashed with ink; he struggles for distinction. The world, like the unfeeling Editor, passes him by; he is left out, thrown under, forgotten. At length, the world, being pressed for space in its waste-paper basket, cremates him with much else, to make room for another generation of victims. Surely, man is a *rejected article*!'

But we do not find it in our heart to treat the matter with the ruthless levity of Swift. With many twinges of our editorial conscience, we ask ourself: Will these abortive children of the fancy rise in judgment against us, glide ghost-like into our dreams, and point an accusing finger at our unappreciative stolidity? He of the 'Liberty and Authority', he of the incident in the train, he who attempted to write before learning to spell, he who applauded modern science, sneering at religions, he who was so rhapsodical over the landscapes of Travancore, he who wrote the Byronic address to the ocean,—will these, in the whirl-gig of Time, put us down for a bungler and blotcher, a faithless steward of learning, an unskilful midwife of genius? Time alone can tell.

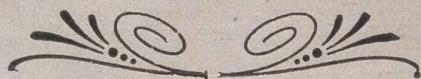
മംഗളാശംസ



(പി. എൻ. ഗോപാലഗണകൻ)

ii. ii. c.

അലോലാനദിയാംകംപ്രതിജ്ഞിന്മാറ്റവാക്കന്നസംമിച്ചമാതാ
താലോലിക്ഷം, പ്രശ്നപ്രജ്ഞാലകിലും ത്രഞ്ഞനാം ‘നമാസികേ’ നീ
ഒച്ചലു ‘ടാംഗ്രൂ ഉ’ ഭാഷാവനിതയൊന്നിശംകൈരളീഡവിയെച്ചു—
ത്രീഡലാകത്തക്കാക്കിച്ചുകൈ കാവികംപാവനാനദി തെത്ത്.



രം സാഹിത്യകാരന്നർ അനുഭവങ്ങൾ.

എൻ്റെ സുഹൃത്തു ക്ഷേത്രിൽ പച്ചം തൊൻ സാമ്പിത്യസംരംഭങ്ങളിലെ
നിലും എൽപ്പുടാതിരിക്കുന്നതെന്നു കാണാണെന്നും പലപ്പോഴം ചോദിക്കാ
ഡണ്ട്. തുപ്പികാമായ ഒരു മറപടി നൽകുന്നതിനും എന്നിക്കിയും സാ
ധ്യച്ചിട്ടിലും. “ഹാ, സമയമില്ല”, അപ്പുക്കിൽ “അതുകാണ്ട വലിയ മു
ണ്ണാജന്മാനം വരാനില്ല” എന്ന ക്ഷേത്രാവിരിക്കിം എന്നർ ഉത്തം.
തൊൻ അവശ്യാനം കേവലം സുഖജലാധിപത്യായ ക്ഷേത്രാശാനാണിനും എ
ൻ്റെ സുഹൃത്തു ക്ഷേത്ര യാത്ര. താഴെ പ്രസ്താവിക്കാൻ പോകുന്ന സംഗ
തികൾ വായിച്ചുകഴിയുമ്പോൾ എന്നപ്പറിയുന്നായ ടുച്ചി ഇം തെററിഡാ
ഡണ നീഞ്ഞുമനും തൊൻ വിശ്വസിക്കുന്നു.

സാഹിത്യപ്രക്രിയയിൽ ഒരു ന്യാനം ലഭിക്കുന്നതിനുവേണ്ടി വളരെ
ധികം പ്രശ്നത്തിച്ചുട്ടു കൈവന്നാണ് തൊൻ. തണ്ടപ്രമാണി എന്നിക്കു ലഭി
ച്ചിട്ടുള്ള അനുഭവങ്ങൾ, സ്മരണ എന്നിൽ കടക്കുന്നു നിടത്തെന്നും കാ
ലം തൊൻ വിസ്മിക്കുന്നു. കേവലം ഒരു ബാല്യാസിനു കാവത്രു
നും, സാഹിത്യപരിഗ്രാമങ്ങൾ തൊൻ ആരംഭിച്ചതാണ്. കമ്മറം വായി
ക്കുന്നതിലും അവ മറ്റൊരു വരെ പറഞ്ഞുകൂടിക്കുന്നതിലും എന്നിക്കു അം
തുയിക്കും വാസനയുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. തൊൻ ദിലിക്കുന്നുക്കിൽ പഠിച്ചി
നന്നപ്പോൾ തന്നെ, ചില “ക്ഷുണ്ണികമകൾ” മലയാളത്തിലാക്കാൻ ശുഭി
ച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്.

മെമ്പ്പുളിൽ കയറിക്കതിനോടെ, സാമ്പിത്യവാസന എന്ന സം
ബന്ധിച്ചിടത്തോളം ഒരു മാനസികരേഖമായിരിക്കുന്നു “എന്നകു
ലും പത്രത്തിൽ എന്നതുകിലും എഴുതണാ—പുസ്തകങ്ങൾ” രാഖുംപെക
ഡുമ്പും എൻ്റെ ചിന്ത ഇത്താത്തായി. എന്നുംപുതതു കമ്മപാത്രങ്ങൾ
കൂടും രീക്കലും അവസാനിക്കാത്ത കമ്മക്കൂടും എൻ്റെ ഭാവന സ്വജ്ഞി
ച്ചു. എന്തിനെന്നും? ഒരു ചിത്രം എൻ്റെ ഭാവന പ്രസവക്കുന്നെവയ്ക്കു
തൊൻ ഒരു കമ്മയുണ്ടോ, ഒരു കത്തുസഹിതം അതു “ഭാരതിമിത്രം” പാത
ത്തിനെയും. കത്തും ഇപ്പുകാരമായിരുന്നു:—

“സർ, കഴിത്തെ പത്രം ഉച്ചക്കാശമായി എൻ്റെ അട്ടു നിശ്ചാരം
ഒരു മാസപത്രത്തിന്റെ ഒരു വാനിക്കാനാണ്”. മല ശാഖാം നല്ലും
ബും വായിക്കാരായകാലം മുതൽ തൊൻ ‘ഭാരതിമിത്രം’ മുഖ്യഭാത്ത വായിക്കു
നുമുനാം. ഇക്കാരണങ്ങളും, എൻ്റെ പ്രമുഖസാമ്പിത്രപ്രൂഗ താം നിശ്ചാരം

என புதுதின்குடி வோகுஸமக்ஷம் புதுக்கூப்புவெள்ளமென்றால், ஏன் கூறும். என்ற பதினாற் வயதில் மாறு பூயமுடித் தெ வொல் கூள். கிழக்குவே உலாவுமாய பேராசூமாங் லலிகெள்வக்ஷம், ஸாமி தூபரமாயி வழுதுமொகை சென் வாங் ஸாயிக்கெள்வக்ஷம், ஏன் கூறுவிசோபாஸ்”.

അനന്ദത്തൻ, 'ഭാരതമിത്രം'വകുന്ന ദിവസങ്ങളിലോക്കേ തൊൻ ഓണയെല്ലാഫീസിൽ കാവല്ലായി. പ്രക്ഷേ, ആളുകൾ ഒന്നരണ്ടുകഴിഞ്ഞിട്ടും പത്രത്തിൽ എൻ്റെ കൂട കാണുന്നില്ല. "ഈ ലക്ഷ്മിവില്ലേക്കിൽ അടുത്തതിൽ നിന്മയമായും കാണാം," ഇതായിരുന്നു എൻ്റെ ആശ. ഇക്കാരണ അടുത്ത ലക്ഷം നോക്കിനോക്കി മാസം ഒന്നക്കു തന്തു. ടെലിയിൽ തൊൻ പത്രാധിപക്ഷ ഒരു കത്തയച്ചു. അതിനു താഴെ പറയുന്ന മറപടി കൂട്ടി—

“ക്രാപ്പാറു ക്രമംക്ക പേരുകൾ കൊടും കാരുതതിൽ കണക്കുടി ഉം വിത്യം കാണിക്കണം. ‘മത്തായി’യെന്നും ‘മറിയ’മെന്നും മറ്റെല്ലാം നി ക്കുള്ളുടെ അല്ലെന്നറയും, സമേരാദിയുടെരയും ഒക്കെ പേരായിക്കും. അം ക്കുള്ളുടെ അല്ലെന്നറയും മറ്റ തോനുകളും സാധാരണഭാംശം. പക്ഷു വായനക്കാക്കി അവ അചിക്കുംപ്പെന്ന നല്ലവള്ളും സുഖിക്കണം. കമ പ്രസി ലഭപ്പെട്ടതണ്ണെന്നുള്ള പക്ഷം, നിക്കും മുഴുപ്പേരുകൾ മാറ്റി പകരം ‘ബോ മഞ്ചേബാ’നും, ‘രൂപാഖിനി’യെന്നുംഒരു ഉപയോഗിക്കണം. ബക്കാളിനാ മജുസ്സാം’ എങ്കുള്ളുടെ വായനക്കാക്കി മുജ്ജാ. ”മത്തിന്റെക്കുടാട, മുനിക്ക കമ യെഴുതാൻ ആവശ്യപ്പെടുന്നുക്കു ക്രാപ്പാറു ക്രമംക്കുള്ള പേരുകൾ തിരഞ്ഞെടുക്കുന്നതിനായി ദിർഘമായ ഒരു പേരവിവരപ്പുട്ടുകയും പത്രാ ധിപ്പക്കിയും കാണിക്കാനും. തൊൻ ഉടൻ തന്നെ ക്രാപ്പാറു ക്കുള്ളുടെ പേരുമാറ്റ. ‘മത്തായി’യും ‘മറിയ’യും ബോ മഞ്ചേബാനും രൂപാഖിനിയുമായി മാറ്റ. അട തെ ശാഖവിൽത്തനും, അതു വിശ്വാം തൊൻ പത്രാധിപക്കി അയച്ച. ഒരു മാ സന്ദേഹത്തിനും അതിനെപ്പറ്റാം ഒന്നുകേട്ടുപ്പാ. ‘ഭാരതമാരു’തിന്റെ വാരോ ലക്ഷ്യവും തൊൻ എത്ര ശ്രദ്ധത്തിയോടുകൂടാം’ പാത്തിക്കുന്നതുനും പറഞ്ഞതിനിക്കും മുയാസം. ഒച്ചവിൽ എൻ്റെ ക്കുമ അസുഖിച്ച. തൊൻ രോക്കിയക്കുടി പത്ര ധിപക്കി എഴുപ്പിൽ എഴുപ്പിൽ. രൂപാഖിവിശാം കഴിഞ്ഞുപോരും എ ത്രിപ്പാട മും പട്ടി വന്നു. അതിപ്പു കാരംഭാംശം:—

“കഴുതു കരതിൽ, ഒരു കാര്യം നിശ്ചാരം ആനുസ്ഥിപ്പിക്കുന്നതാണ് എന്ന് വിശ്വാസിച്ചുപായാണ്. പെരുംബാറിയതുകാണ്ടാണും കാര്യമായ സ്ഥിരം കൂടിയിൽ സ്ഥാപിക്കുന്നതാണും സംഭവിക്കുന്നതിനു വേണം. ദോശാദാവരണം മുണ്ടാക്കിയും ഉള്ളാന്തിൽവച്ചുകാണുകയും സാധകാലത്തിലെ ഉദ്ദിയ വെളിച്ചതിൽനിന്നും ചുണ്ണവിക്കും ചെയ്യാൻ മാത്രാബ്ദാം. ദോശാദാവരണ കൈ ദാരുകുടിയേണം.”

கம வீழ்டு என்ற திட்டத்தினையுடை. ஸூமஶேவரன் கூறுவாய் 'கோபாலவாஸுத்தன்' (இட பேர் புதுயிபகு அதை பட்டிக்குறித்தினம் நடந்தத்தொன்) ரூ. 30 பூர்வமுறை ஸூமஶேவரனை வயிக்கொள்ள முடிகின்றது. கடவிற் அதை போலிஸின்மீது கைவிற் அங்கேபூர்வத அதமைத்துவதை செய்கிறான் குத்துக்கூடுதல் தொடர்பு அதை விடுதலை கொடுக்கிறான்.

“தாமஸி வாத தொடர் “லக்கி ஜோஸ்”(Lucky John) என கம டூயூஸ்ட்ட் யோம்னாஸ்” என பேரில் விவரத்தை வெறு கை மாஸி கூடியே அதை. ஆதாரம் பிவஸ்தை கடிதைப்பூர் மாஸிக்கைப் பிரதை கை கற்றுமாயிகம திரிதியுபான். கரதிகள்ர ஸாங்கிலு காரமாஸ்:- “துளபால் நானாயிரிகளை. பக்கை புள்ளயத்திற கம டிற ஸமாக மலை”. வெடிவிவஸ்தை புஷ்டாமாயிக கரை புள்ளயங்கைப்பட்டுடி தொடர் அதிதை ஏழாதையுடன் ஸதம் பரவுக்கரைவைக்கிற அநான புள்ளய திரிக்கை ஏ. வி. ஸி. போலு எடுக்கிச் சிலையறச்சீட்டுகளைகிறன. எடுக்கிச் சிலையை மாதாவும் ஸமேத விழுஷநாசிகை, தொடர் ஸஂஸாரியுட்குத்தை ஸ்ரீகந்தி சுவ க்கையிகளை. எடுக்கிச்சீட்டுக்கை ஜேஸேஸ் தொடர் புள்ளமலை நாமாவ ராஜக்கூரையை புவிக்கை வையும் வழிரை தனுவத்தோடு விகாரபாரவு ஸ்ரேதோடு குடி வக்ளியுபவங்கையிகளை எடுக்கிச் சொல்.

କୋଷିଜ୍ଞ” ଯିଶ୍ଵାଲ୍ପାସଂ ଅରୁଣାତ୍ମିତ୍ୟତୋର୍ଦ୍ଦ, ଏହାମୁର ସାହିତ୍ୟ ନାହିଁ
କିମ୍ବାହୀନୀ କରି ଅନ୍ତିମୁଲ୍ଲୋ କଣ୍ଠତ୍ରିକାର୍ତ୍ତାବି. ପାତ୍ର ବ୍ୟାପ ଶେଷପାଦାଶ ଏହି
ନେ ବିଶ୍ଵମାର୍ଗ. ହୃଦୟର୍କର୍ତ୍ତାକ୍ରମ୍ୟ ଅନୁପରିମାଣର୍ଥାଯ ପିଲମାସିକରଂ ନଟତି
ଯିତର ପରାଯିପରମାତରକ ଅନ୍ତମୋଦନକରତରକଙ୍କଂ କିମ୍ବାରତ୍ୟିକୁଣ୍ଠିତ.

தொன் ஹங்கார்ஹியிலைர் பலகூ பாஸ்தாயி. வி. ஏ. ஜி. பா கூன் எனிகை ஏழால் அருமதங்களையிடும். பகூ எது வது? என்ற பிரதிவிளை யானமிதி அதிகானவர்தாஸ். தாவித் தா ந் கை நிழுத்திமாத்து கலெபிடித்து. ஏதான் செந்துகமகர எதுதித்து அது கை புஸ்கருப்புதித் துபாலூப்புத்துக். பத்தான்து கம கத்து குபோ ஹங்கார் வர்ஜங்கத்துவேளாங். கை அபாவிலயு. அந்தநாடுபுதி கூட செல்வாக்குமானாகிடும் கூறுதலைப்பும் ஏடும் அபாவுக்கிடும் கிட்டு தமிக்கைப்பீ. ஒன் கொஸ்தேரையு. அதுமதி. அடுத்தகைப்பும் அதுக் கொடையை அது பாங்பூஸ்க்குமையிலெட்புக்கையா, அஸ்தைகிற ஸ்தோல்பதிப்பு அபுதிசுரிக்கையா செறுயா. ஹதிகெப்புரி சித்திகை தோடு மூடு மூடு அடுத்துக்குத்து அதுக்குப்புக்கூடு எனிகை தோனி

எதான் என்னிட கடமாயேவரவும் க்கூடுதலிலேகிறோமானாகும், மூடு மத்தினின்ற வசதியிற் பெண்டூரா பூலைத்தூராவும் ஸூரியபளவு மெல்லாம் கஷிராடு ஸாஸ்ரூகரம் மேவல்லுநரதிற் பயித்திரிக்கூயாக்கிற நம். மூடியூடியூ “மாலை—மாலைபு” என்னாக்கி கேரம்கூா. அராமம் ஸ்ரூர் அவிவெ நினங்கின்றதூராஷே ஜூல் அது பூஷிரபூாந் களில்துர் நம். வ'நயதூரகமாய நெ உபஸ்ரூத்தநெங்கா எதான் அடேபுமத்தெ ஸமி பிது. “என்னால்”, ரிசூ வாந்து? என்னால்கொ அதம் மத்து நெ ஸங்ஸ் துதூரூகாம் சொல்லிக்கொள்ள ஸாஸ்ரூகரம் என்கிக்க ஸபாநதமாக்கி. எதான் க்கூடுதலிலிருந்து பூஸு கும் அராமமதினின்ற கெகயிற் கெந்துறு. அங்கத்தோ எதான் பட்டதை: “எதான் எழுதிதயிர்க்குஷி எழுதான் குமக்குஷா என். பூஸுக்குமானு பூஸுல்லபூதுநர்னை நூ உட்டுக்கொன. ரூக்கநை

ପ୍ରିଫିକର ଯାହାହାଙ୍କ କାଳିମ. ଅବିଭିଜ୍ଞାନ ରାଶି ଜୋବିତତିରକୋଣରେ ଛିଲ୍ଲ କିମ୍ ତିକତିରକୋଣରେ କୋଣାହାଙ୍କ. ” “ରାତ୍ରି କଶିରତ୍ତିରକି. ଅଭ୍ୟାସ ଯୁଦ୍ଧର ଯୋଗ ଶରିରପ୍ରତିବିର୍ଦ୍ଧରୁ ହୁଅଛି” ହୃଦୟପରିତରଣେଷଙ୍କ ମାତ୍ରାକରି ପ୍ରମୁଖ କବ୍ୟମାତି ଅକରେତରୁ ହୋଇଥିଲା.

எவ்வும் போகாமாயில் ஹிக்கி. அப்போசியூல் மறிமாயவரஸ் ஸ்டி கரி, வேரை ரெட்டிபுஸ்கவுமாயில் வரை ஏற்று படிக்குடி. அடுத்தும் பா யுக்காஸ்:— “கிளைக்கி நல்லதற்கும் ஏழ் ரெஷர்வா அதற்குமத்துவமாக்கிற அதிகினமுங்குப் பூசை பூஸ்க்காரர்கள்டான் மங்காயாக்களை...” “ஏதுற்பூஸ்க் காரர்கள், ஸாரோ?” தொன் போலிசு. “ஸி. வி. யூட் ‘லாமர்ஜெவ்மாட்டிரல்’ வ ஹியக்கோயித்து நடவடிக்கைகளைப்போலே ‘காக் பூர்ட்’.” தொன்ஸ் ஸ்டி காக்ட்டரி சூங்காயிகளைக்காலத்துற், பல்க்கூக்கள்வாஸித் ஸி. வி. யூட் லாப்பாரிதிகை அடுக்கூபிசு ஏந்தை ஏழ்தாய்துத்திரை கூட்டு ஏது வரை ஸ்டாஸிக் வெறியில் காக்டி சுருக்கிவர்ணவர்கள் அப்பூர்ட் தொன் ஸ்டி சு. அதுக்கேள்க

‘രാമരാജബഹുദിവിന്റെ ഭാഷാരീതിയെപ്പറ്റി ഒന്നു പറയാതെ തോൻ മുന്നും അവലംബിച്ചതെയുള്ളി. ശാസ്ത്രികരും ‘രാമരാജബഹുദിവി’ തുന്നാം, ചില ഭാഗങ്ങൾ വാചികളാണ് തുടങ്ങി. ഇതു മനസ്സുനെ കാണാൻ വന്ന എൻ്റെ ഭർവ്വിയിലെ പഴിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു തോൻ അവിഭക്തിനെ അതുകേട്ട്. ഇതു വായിന തോൻ പ്രോത്സാഹിപ്പിക്കയാണെങ്കിൽ അന്നത്തെയെല്ലാ അവധിയെത്തുടരുകൊണ്ടു, ആ പുസ്തകം മുഴുവൻ ഇരുന്ന വാചിച്ചുകേൾപ്പിക്കാമെന്നു എന്നിക്കും അറിയാമായിരുന്നു. അതുകൊണ്ടു, ഇത്തും എൻ്റെ അക്കദാത കാണിക്കാതിരുന്നില്ല. ഇതു ഗുഹിച്ച ശാസ്ത്രികൾ, ഒലപ്പായത്തിലെ അവസാനവാസിക വാചിച്ചു നിരത്തിച്ചേണ്ടും, ഇക്കാരണ പറത്തു:— “എത്രു്? നിക്കാരക്കിടിയിൽ സമാപ്പേന്നോ?—മനിപ്പുവാളുതിന്റെ മനോഹരവിഹാരമല്ലെ, ഇതു്? മാത്രമോ?—മനസ്സുവുദ്ദേശത്തെപ്പറ്റി ഏതു അഗ്രാധമായ പാണ്ഡിത്യമാണു് ഗുന്മാകാരം പ്രഭർപ്പിക്കണമു്?” ഇതുകേട്ട് രൂക്കനായിരിക്കുന്നതിനുള്ളിൽ ക്ഷുമ എന്നിക്കില്ലായിരുന്നു. തോൻ ചുറ്റെത്തു—“സി. വി. രാമൻപിള്ളയുടെ ഭാഷാരീതി അതു ശാനകരണായോഗവും ആദ്യമാണും അഭ്യാസം എന്നിക്കു തോന്നിയിട്ടില്ല. അദ്ദേഹത്തിനു മനസ്സുവുദ്ദേശത്തെപ്പറ്റി അഗ്രാധമായ പാണ്ഡിത്യമാണും വിശ്വാസിക്കുന്നും എന്നിക്കു വിശ്വമരംശാം.”

ഇതുകേട്ട് ശാസ്ത്രികളുടെ മുഖം ചുവന്നു. കോപകല്പനാക സ്വരത്തിൽ അദ്ദേഹം പ്രഖ്യാപിച്ചു: “എത്രു്? കൈരളിയുടെ വീണസന്താനമായ അതു മഹാത്മാവിശേഷപ്പാറിക്കാണോ, നിക്കാരക ഇതു വിധം സംസാർക്കണമു്? നിക്കാരക പരമാഥായ അജ്ഞത്തെയെ പഴിക്കുന്നതിനുപകരം നിക്കാരക അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ അക്രൂരിമവും അത്ര താവാദവും ഭാഷാരീതിയെന്നാണു് അപലബ്ധിക്കണമു്, അണ്ണു്?—ഹാ!! ഇതു ചന്തതിന്റെ മനസ്സുവിഭാസം!! ദിക്കാരത്തിന്റെ പാര്ശ്വം—”

ഇതു വിഭപ്പാനമായി പട്ടബന്ധം കഴിച്ചുകൂടിപ്പേണ്ടും വിവാരിച്ചു വീണാട്ടം തോൻ മുഴുവാ അവജംബിച്ചു. “അംപ്പാരം, അംഗാ ശാസ്ത്രികരും പുതിയ സമരം ആരംഭിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. ‘അക്കംബർ’ എന്ന ആവ്യാഹിക യുടെ പ്രമാഖ്യായം അദ്ദേഹം വാചിച്ചുത്തുടങ്ങി: “അണ്ണുപർവ്വതനിന്തംവ തെരു അഭിമുഖീകരിച്ചു ലംബമാനമായ” എന്നു കഴിത്തേപ്പുചേയ്യും തോൻ ചാടിപ്പാതെ—“എത്രും സാരം, ഇതുപരംനെ വിവാരിച്ചു എന്നു ഉപാദ്വിക്കുകയെതെ—ഇതു പുസ്തകം ആരോഗ്യിലും, വായിക്കുന്നും ചമമടിക്കാണ്ടി അടിക്കുകൂട്ടുന്ന ദിന പ്രതീതിയാണു എന്നിക്കുന്നാകാരംശിരുതും അതുകേട്ടുള്ള നീതിയും ശാസ്ത്രികരും ചോദിച്ചു: “എത്രു്? പുസ്തകം രാജാക്കനായ ആ തിരുമന്ത്രിയുടെ ഭാഷാരീതിയും നിക്കാരകം ഇപ്പും പ്രേസ്സുപ്പേന്നുണ്ടോ പറയാൻ ആവു്?” “തോൻ സാധാരണ സംസാർക്കണമു് എഴുതുന്നതുമല്ലോ. അതു മും

നമ്മുള്ളാശയിലുണ്ടാണെന്നെന്ന് വിശ്വാസം” എന്ന് കഴിയുന്നതും ശാഖയും രംഗത്തിൽ താൻ പറത്തു. ശാസ്ത്രികരം ഒരു വിശ്വാസം പോതി; എന്ന് കൂടും വികാരപാരവയ്ക്കുന്നതും വിറകുകളുള്ളതും സ്വന്തതിൽ തുല്യ നിർഭ്യാസം എന്നിക്കണ്ണായില്ലോ. നടപ്പിക്കുന്ന ചണ്ണാശത്തുത്തിനം ഒരു വേണ്ടേണ്ടിയും നിങ്ങളുടെ സ്വന്തം അനുസ്ഥിത മുകളാശിയിൽ കെട്ടി അടക്കണ്ണതിനുപോലും നിങ്ങൾ മടക്കയില്ല.” അനന്തരാശാഖയിൽ അല്ലെന്ന മുന്തിന്റെ ശാസ്ത്രികരം തുന്ന്: — “മെയ്, ഡിക്കാർഡാഡ യുവാവ, നിങ്ങൾ മലയാളം ഇന്ത്യൻമക്കി മും നന്നായി എഴുതുന്നതിനം സംസാരിക്കുന്നതിനും മാർപ്പണം തെളിക്കിപ്പിച്ചതു മഹാനാഭവനാഡു ആ തിരമേനിയാണെന്നുള്ള വസ്തു നിങ്ങൾ വിസ്തൃതി പോയോ? ഒരു പക്ഷേ, ആ വാസ്തവം നിങ്ങളോട് പരിഞ്ഞതുകൊണ്ട് അപ്പോളാമൊന്നും ലില്ലാശിരിക്കാം. ആതായാലും ഒരു കാൽപ്പനിക്കാം നിന്തിന്നുന്നതു കൊള്ളാം. നിങ്ങളെപ്പോലെയുള്ള തലതിരിത്ത ചെറുച്ചക്കാർ വസ്തും പുലന്നുന്നതുകൊണ്ട് ആ മഹാത്മാവിന്നു (മഹാത്മാവ് എന്നപേണ്ടും ഉച്ചരിച്ചപ്പോൾ, ശാസ്ത്രികളുടെ നയനങ്ങൾ സ്വർപ്പം തിരിയും യർന്നു. തന്റെ ആരാധനമുത്തിയായ ആ തിരമേനി ഒന്നല്ലങ്ങളിൽ എഴുന്നേള്ളിക്കുവാൻ” തന്നെന്നുകൊണ്ട് അനുഗ്രഹപൂർണ്ണം മനസ്സിൽനംബാതു ദിശിച്ച ശാസ്ത്രികൾ, കൊള്ളളിക്കയാണെന്നും ആ ക്ലിനി ശത്രു കണ്ണാൽ തോന്നും) കീത്തിയാവഴ്ചതിൽ കളക്കം ചാത്താമെന്ന വാച്ചാണിങ്കണ്ണാം.”

விடுவேலை மன்ற வசியுதை என்ற விதகம் மறுகாறாவிட என—“கஸ்ட்!! தொன் ஹஸ் மனஷுளை பூஸ்கம் எடுப்பிட்டபோ. கார வூகம்

தேவூடு படுலோகத்தில் ஹா வாக்கோலாமலாம் மாதுமே கேர்க்கான்னா யின்னாத்தி. விடுத்தியும் கிளைவுங்கமிலுத்த ஸ்ரீ ரூத்த. நயுதிரீப்பு கிளீர் பிடியில் கிடீஸ் ரூத்திவுக் கால்வதை குஜுப்புடு. தடவித் தெருவுக் கிழுக்கிக்கிளீஸ் மங்குத்துத்து கை நயுதாவிட்டிலை அரியித் தா குஜுக்கினை கை படிய விடுத்தியும் ஸாமித்துப்பிசுத்தித் தூ புத்திலீடுக்குத்து. அன்னத்தை பரிசுத்தித் தூ ஸாமேலீத்துவிடுத்து விடுத்து மாத்தின்ற சரிதானேப்பெண்ணாமத்துத்தை அன்மோகிழுத்துக்காஸ்டு புத்தாப்புத்து ஸப்பிள்ளைமலை ஸமானித்து. அன்னத்தை ஸீ 'விடுத்து' யென்னத்துபே கை மாத்தினை ஸிலித்துது.

ஹா மாஷுங் அத்துநிக்காமித்துபு ஸமாக்காலைத்துப்புரி யாதொர் ரிவுமிலைஸ் ஏடுகிக்கை நல்வளைங் அரிதாமாதினை. ஏடுன் டூ ஹாது கெ அவதாரிக லடித்துபுள்ளகாவுக் குத்து ஜெக்காலைத்துப்புரி மனிபாய் ஸம் கடித்துக்காஸ்தினை தொங் டுவித் தூதை தூதை ஸமிப்பிக்கதை தொ தூ. தொங் செங்கோடு ஸங்குவுக் குரை படிய தூதையோலருமாக்கல் புகுபிடித்து அவுகிலை அக்குரைக்கல் மிகவுரை அவுக்குக்காலூக் குத்து கைதியினை— கை க்ளீந்துகை ஸமாயதேநை ஹாங் வாயிக்கவாஸ். அரம் மனீக்கும் தொங் குத்துங் நாதின்ற யேஷங் மாதுங்ஸ், அங்குமூ க்ளீக் கரை உத்தித்து. தொங் உடங்கை தொங்குவினாவத்து. ராது வெனேரம் நின்றுக்குமித்தும் காது குத்துத்துக்கையின்னை. ஏடுன் யூ ராது யிட்டுத் தொங்கிக்கை வழுதை மோமதுள்ளாகினை. ஸங்குவுக்கை முதிகி லை உத்தந்தம் காஸ் லக்கு லேயூக் குத்துக் கொதுக்கொக்கை க்ளீகரை ஸ வெரித்துக்கை. பவக்கி, அங்குதை முவத்து குத்துக்கை கை குத்துக்கை யைகீழும் ஸ்மூரிக்கவேலே? தொங் நின் நிலகித்துக்கை விளை நிலை. குத்துக்கை ஏடுன் நாடுவாடு வீக்குத்துமேஷம் அது ஸாமித்து சுந்து சோதிக்கவாஸ்: “மெய், ஆவாவை, நீண்ட திகத்தும் ஏடு யூக் அப்புறு பித்தாவைஸ்து. ஏடுது காலனாங்காவாயிரிக்கூ ஹவிடெ வாந்து”?

தொங் குத்தும் முதுவும் தூநை பாரத்து. “தூதே, ஏவுகுடுக்குத்துங், அங்கு? நம்முடை யுவாக்குத் தூ புலரைக்கை யாலூம் ஏவுகுடுக்கும் ரெபி குத்துதாயி தொங் கேர்க்குமாவதை. ஏடுத்துக்கை தூதை வித்து வேகம்பூத்து ஏவுகுடுக்கை வைக்குத்து குத்துக்கை குத்துக்கை அந்து புத்து விக்குத்து கேட்டு வாய்வுங்கதைங்காலை?” “பிலர் அத்தந் குத்தும் ஏடுத்தாக்கை” ஏடுன் பக்குத் தொங்குப்புத்துத்தை தொங் பாரத்து. “ஹாதுக்கு, ஸாமித்துத்தை யாலூம் நல்வு ஏவுகுடுக்குத்துக்கை”. ஜார்ஸ்கையும் பெற

எனால் முனையிலே வெட்டுக்கூடிய நிலைகளில் பூவிலிசித்தைகளைகிடைக்க முடியும். எதால் ஸமயமுறை பூவிலிசித்தைகளையும் முறை ஏற்று உணவாக பிடிக்காத நிலைகளை குட்டிக்கர வாய்க்கூடியதாலா?"

ജോണ്സ് സന്റർയം പാർശ്വാർഥിയും പ്രഭസ്സി കമ്പനിയുടെ കുറവായ എന്നതു നിലയിലപ്പെന്നുള്ള വാസ്തവം പറയാൻ എന്നിക്കേ പ്രഖ്യാതമായ പ്രേരണാധിക്കിളും അവതാരിക കിട്ടാൻ തു അഭിലാഷംകേണ്ട് അട്ടപ്പട്ടിക്കുന്ന ശ്രദ്ധയും ഭാഷാപരിജ്ഞാനം തൊന്തരം സമ്മതിച്ചുകൊടുക്കുന്നെന്ന് ചെയ്തു. “അവിടെയ്ക്ക് മുൻ്നിന്നപ്പോം എങ്ങനെ സമയംകിട്ടും?” എന്ന് അ മുന്നിന്നാവം നടപ്പിച്ചു ചോഡിച്ചു. “എൻ്റെ ജീവിതം മുഴുവൻ സാധിത്തു ദേവിക്കു സമപ്പിച്ചിരിക്കുമ്പോൾ”, ദശരൂപിവൻ ചാരിതാത്മ്യപൂർവ്വ പക്കായ ഒരു പുന്നിരിഡിയംടക്കുടാ പ്രതിവച്ചിച്ചു. മനസ്സുസമജമായ സകല ശക്തിയീ നതകരക്കും അതിനൊക്കി വർത്തകിക്കുന്ന ഒരു അതാന്വുംനു സൂചനപുന്നം ഇന്നിയം നേരത്തിന്ത്തിപ്പാത ഒരു ശിരു പിംഗാട് സംസാരിക്കുന്ന ഭാവത്തിലാണോ, അദ്ദേഹം നംസാരംചു കന്നതു. അവതാരികയും വണ്ണി അതെപ്പോം തൊന്തരം സമിച്ചു. ദച്ചവിൽ എന്നിക്കേ വിശദപ്പെ ദിസ്യമമായിത്തുടങ്കി. തൊന്തരം പറത്തു — “അവതാരിക എഴു തൊന്തരം അവിടെയ്ക്ക് നുകളുള്ളുക്കും —”

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രജാളാത്രുക്കളിൽനിരു എന്നാൻ വിശ്വാസം ഉണ്ടാക്കിവരുന്ന ഒന്നതിനിൽ ചെന്ന അഭ്യർത്ഥി ഒരു വർത്തമാനപ്പെട്ടതുമായി മുറിത്തു ലാഭത്തുകയാണ്. എന്നാൻവെന്നു കയറുന്നതു കണക്കിലും കരുതേന്നതേരും കാണിക്കാവും നടപ്പിലും അ

നന്തരം മരന്നപോയ എന്നോ വാർമ്മിക്കാൻ ശ്രമിക്കുന്ന ഭാവത്തിൽ മാല പ്രദേശരേത കരുതവിയ ശ്രേഷ്ഠം, ആ തിരുവായ" തുന്ന മുക്കുന്ന അയ ഇ—“ ഹ—എവിടെയോ ഒഴു കണ്ണടിക്കുള്ള താഴി തോന്നുവരേണ്ടു. പ ക്കേ—”ശ്രദ്ധലോകത്തിൽ വിശ്വിച്ചുപ്പേശം അദ്ദേഹം പൂജാവിജ്ഞാന ദണ്ഡാനാരമായ തന്റെ മസ്തിഷ്കക്കെത്ത മഹത്തിനു ആ മാലപ്രദേശരേത ദിക്കുന്നുട്ടി തലോടി. അദ്ദേഹത്തെ കുട്ടതയും കൂടിപ്പുറിക്കാതെ തന്റെ റണ്ടു: “ഒണ്ണായും മുച്ചു മുഖിടുന്ന ഒരു അവതാരിക കിട്ടുന്നതിനും ഒരായി നാതു” അങ്കു് വാർമ്മിക്കുന്നാലേ?—“ഹ, എറി, തോൻ വിസ്മരിച്ചുപോയതാണോ”. ക്ഷമിക്കണം. പേരോടു തൊൻ ഒരു മാവിക്കാനാണോ?.” അഡി സമയം ആലോചനാനിമത്തന്നായി നിന്നേരേഷം അമേരിക്കായിലും മുട്ടു ക്കിലും അവതാരികാകാരമാണെങ്കിൽ കിട്ടുന്ന ഭീമായ പ്രതിഫലത്തെപ്പറ്റി അ ഭദ്രാം ഒരു പ്രസംഗം കുടി നടത്തി. അന്നത്താം മുക്കുന്ന തുടർന്ന്: “കമകക ചിലവതാക്കേ തോൻ വായിച്ചുനോക്കി. സാമാന്യം തരങ്കെടിപ്പ്. അവ താരിക തയാറാക്കുന്നതിനു് എനിക്കിതുവരെ കഴി എന്തിലും ഹൗസ്കുട്ടി കഴി തെട്ടു മതിയെയാ?—”

காலேஜிற் கண கேஷம் வசீயகிக்கிடத்துடன் கை முறைகளைப்பிடித் திட்டம் அவ்வாறு கொண்டு வருவதை வாழ்கிறோம். அதிலும் குறையாகினா:—

“கலாவெவரீஸ் டூங்கொள்டு புரோவிக்ஸன் ஸெகிஃப்பிக்கூடா வளைக்கும்படியில்கூங்குஸ்கூது, ‘தீவிலில்’க்கு ‘லீதியென்டு’ ‘ரோமான்ரிக்ஸ்’ லீதியென்டு ஸ்ரீ கூய ஸ்ரீகுபத்தீஸ்வரன். மூட ளெடு லீதிக்கூதென்டு ரெஜா ய ஸுமமானமாஸ், காந்தெலா, ரெஸ் கிள் இட்கோய விழபுவிவுருத்துவமா ராய கட்டாதுத்து கூதென் வளைக்கமகர்ச்சி பூங்கூங்வு புஷ்பியும் கெங்க சூது. ஏந்தான் ஆபிலிசிக்ஸன் ஜூ செங்குறுமத்திலும் புஷ்டு துணங் அப்பாப்பும் கூதியாது நான்கென் பரவுவான் ஏந்தியூ அந்திமாய ஸ்ரீதா மதுங்கி. பரிசுநிக்கைவாஸ்கீது யுவாவாய ருமகாரன், ஶோத்துமா ய தோவி உள்ளாகாதிரிக்கூடியிலு..... ருமகாரன் ருமத்தின் ஸ குல மங்கூசுக்கூது அதங்ஸிதுகே தேடி என்.”

ആകാശത്തിലും ഭൂമിയിലും സ്വപ്നങ്ങളാൽ ഇടവിതാന്തരു് കിന്ന് കൊണ്ട് എഴു തിമിന്നുന്ന തുര അവതാരിക വായിപ്പുസ്തുര എങ്ങ്ങില്ലാതെ ഒഴുവും അവമാനവും എന്നിക്കുന്നേനി. കൊപ്പതാപാലികളാൽ എന്നെന്ന് ഉല്ലാക വിറക്കാണ്ട് വികാരക്കൂദ്രത്താൽ ആസ്തുസ്വയന്ത്രയ്ക്ക് സംസാരശക്തിപൂജ്യ എന്നിക്ക നഞ്ചാപ്പുട്ട്. എന്നും ശരീരം വികർത്തരു. ആ നിലയിൽ ഒരു ദണ്ഡകൂടും തൊന്ത് അവിടെ ഇരുന്നുപോണി. എന്നെന്ന് എന്നു അവിടെ കൊണ്ടും അവസാനിച്ചു മനസ്സുക്കൾ സ്വപ്നമാശസ്ത്രുര തൊന്ത് അവിടെ കിന്നും എഴുന്നോടു ശേരുവിവൻ്നു വശതിയെ ലക്ഷ്യമാക്കി സാവധാനം നടന്നു. തൊന്ത് ചെന്നുപ്പുര അദ്ദേഹം വായനമുറിയിൽ ഒരു ചാരകസാലയിൽ കിടക്കുമാണ്. അന്നവാഴംചുംകാതെത്തന്നെ തൊന്ത് അക്കരു കുന്നു. എന്നീടു— “മുഖം കാലത്തെക്കാരം അവിടുത്തെ അട്ടിനാം ഒരു യോ വല്ലവകം മരിക്കുവാനുകയിൽ മുഖ അവതാരികക്കുടി അധികരണ ശവപ്പുട്ടിരിക്കുവാൻ മർദ്ദു ചെയ്യുക തുണ്ടാം.” എന്നപറഞ്ഞെക്കാണ്ട്, തൊന്ത് എന്നെന്ന് നോട്ടുവുക്കിൽ നാനും ആ കുലംബോധനരു് ചുട്ടു ഉടക്കിഞ്ഞദ്ദേഹ ദതിന്നും മുവാ വേദി വലിച്ചുറിത്തു അഞ്ചന്തും രോക്കണംകുടി ഉം ധാരാതെ അവിടെനിന്നും മുഖം കിടപ്പുമിക്കുയും ചെയ്തു.

ഞാൻ ദോഷം എന്തിയെല്ലാമേഖല കേരളം—“എടാ, എടാ
കുഞ്ഞി”, അംബനു— അവനു, അപോയ ദ്രാവന പിടിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുവാടാ.”
ഞാൻ തിരിഞ്ഞെന്നാക്കിയെല്ലാം തുണ്ണും എൻ്റെ വിരകേ ലാടിവന്നു.
ബേദം നടന്ന ഞാൻ രോധിലെത്ത്. അംപ്പാമേഖല തുണ്ണും എന്നുപാ-
ടിക്രൂടിക്കുംണ്ടെന്നു. “എടാ, പിശാചേ, എന്ന വിട്ട്” എന്ന പറഞ്ഞു
കൊണ്ട് ഞാൻ ബലം പാടിച്ചു. പക്ഷേ തുണ്ണു തുണ്ണു ഞാൻ ആ തീര-
നോടു മുമ്പാവയ്ക്കാണും? അവൻ എന്ന തെരിച്ചുതുടങ്കി. പാതയിൽ
കുടി കടന്നാംപായ ചില പാമ്പമാർ മരുക്കണ്ട് “ഒരു, ആം സംശയവിന
വിട്ട്” എന്ന പച പ്രാവശ്യം പറഞ്ഞു. പക്ഷേ തുണ്ണും വിടിപ്പി. ഒക്കെ

ക്ഷമാനം കുറിച്ചു അവതാരിക്കുന്നതും തെരുവും പുന്നകാ പുരത്വം.

ജീവിതാരംഭം

(കാകളി)

(ശ്രീ. കെ. നമ്പും)

III U. C.

എതിനിപ്പും വനിതൻ നടവിക്കലേ—
യുണ്ടിയെന്തും വിധിയെന്ന നിഷ്പമലം?
വാർഷവില്ലിന്റെ സത്തിനാൽ തന്നെ തന്നെ—
കോമളിമാവെഴുമിമെച്ചും വിലാസരംബം,
പാരംപരിസംഗ്രഹിച്ചുവായും പിന്നാൽ,
പാടപരശ്രമപരിച്ഛുവായും പിന്നാൽ,
മറ്റാഥാത്തതന്റെ എത്രടക്കക ലും
മറ്റുവികാരം ചുത്തുമാക്കവാൻ,
പാരിലോകചുദജീവിതനും ജീവിത
നാരകമല്ലത്തിൽനാകം ചെമ്പയും വാൻ
നിഷ്പലംനില്ലെന്നും വിശ്വാസരാണി
പ്രശ്നപരിബന്ധത്തിലെ ഗുമാരിപ്പും!!
മറ്റുസുഖങ്ങളാണോന്നേ, തന്ത്രം തന്ത്രം
ചൂടും പബ്ലിക് ഗവർണ്ണറിന്തതിനാൽ സപ്രയം
ശാന്തമാമംബരംതന്നാൽ പകത്തിൽ
പൊൻതരംഗങ്ങളാണോന്നുണ്ടും വെ,
തൊന്തരെന്നുകൊണ്ടുണ്ടുണ്ടിയിൽ ചുന്നണം—
യും നശിനാതിപ്പും ശാന്തനാമിഷ്വം,
എക്കിലും നേനും മുമാററാഗംപോലു—
മക്കിപ്പും കുമാൻസാലും വായും ലഭേ!
നുതന ദാവത്തുവലരായും സ്വന്തും കുറീയ
കൂതുകാസകതാവയ്ക്കും യവാക്കുളിൽ
ജീവിതപ്പും റിലടിക്കെന്നേട്ട്
തോൽവിയും ലും എടക്കം നൊന്തപാവങ്ങളിൽ,

ആനന്ദമേകവാൻ, ആശന്തകീഴ്വാൻ,
ആദ്യസിപ്പിച്ചുതാത്മതയേറ്റവാൻ
ആകാരതാരീ വെംജിവിതമെന്തിന
പ്ലാകതിലിന്നിയും വെച്ചുപുലർത്തണം.

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ഇല്ല; എന്നെത്രംനിരാശാഭിതമാ—
കില്ല, ഏന്നെത്രനിമിഷംവരക്കുമാ.
യീരതകെവിഭാതന്നകരവൊക്കെയും
പാരന്നികരുചിന്നല്ലെങ്കിൽനാബുദ്ധാൻ!
ഇംഗ്ലോകമെന്ന നിസ്സാമോയ് തനാൻഗണി—
ചൂഡുമനനിക്കെതിലിപ്പോരുവോദ്ദും,
എൻവഴിഖല്ലീമടച്ചുകെട്ടില്ലും
പിന്നവലിയാതെത്ര മന്ത്രാണ്ടിത്രതാൻ!
ആർജജിക്കുമിഞ്ഞനിക്കില്ലാതവാഗ് മിന്തപ—
മാർപ്പജവം, ഒന്നുംനുംവരുന്നതാട്ടാക്കുകയും.
എന്നക്കില്ലെമായകാലമീമനിട—
മെന്നുമഹകാരതച്ചിലായ് തനിക്കനിടം
അന്നുതൊന്നുംജന്നനിസാത്മകമാക്കിച്ച—
മന്നായിരിക്കുമെന്ന് ‘ജീവിതാരംഭ’ യും!!



କାଳେ କାଳେ

പി. സി. കൗൺസിൽ-IV സ്കാൻ.

“‘எனில் பாக்காலித் தூகி வழிரெதாஷ்கமாகுக’ இல்லா மனோமத கூலைய தொக்காலை அனாரமிதமாய கேராலத்தில் வழைக்கலைச்’ அதிலுயானமாய ஒன் ஸ்மாகமானது. கேராலை வினோக்காலை” அது அம்மூலாக்கமானால் பராலை அதிர்ச்சேக்கதியுமின்ற தோன்னிலை. நம்மான பூர்வானுமான வனவியிலுத்த பரிசுயங்கொள்ள வொலிசிகளை அவர் “கலபூர்யாவே வந்காடினை” ஸ்பூவெதனை “கலபூர்யா கூலதும் தக்கந்துநிறுத்து” அன்றைய ஏதுபோலும் அந்தஜித்துது. வத்தும் கூலை கேராலத்தில் பல ஸ்மாக்குது. நடத்தெதிர்களாகவிலும் மட்டுமான திலை டுலங்காலித் தங்களைத்தோடு கொடு இல்லா ஸ்பூ. நானாவேவாஸிக்கூடியி நானாஜாதிமதன்யாய வெறுப்பமலூம் ஜகங்கி அனால் கூல்க்காலத்திலை கூலைகாலத்தையாயி ஸ்நிமைத்தாக்கால என்று. ஹத புஷிலுமாய ஹு தென்விவினோக்கத்தில்லை அதுமலே பல கூல அந்தத்தையிரிக்கவும்நான் தோன்னது”.

ജനസമാനൂഹം, നതിൽ പ്രവാസതിലിരിക്കുന്നതു പ്രിയിയെന്നു
ഹ്യമാണ്. അവും ആശ, തൃതീശം സ്നാപാമിക്കേണ്ടതും പണികൾപ്പിളി
വെവുകൾപ്പിലാജാവ് പ്രതിജ്ഞാത്മം അതി വിശ്വേഷണായ ഒരു തൃഷ്ണാവി
ഗമം തീപ്പിച്ചു. അതു പല തന്ത്രിമാരയും കാണിച്ചതിൽ പുതുമനയാ
ഡിതു നന്ദിതിരി മാത്രമെ ഭരണപ്രായം പറഞ്ഞതായി. അദ്ദേഹമാകട്ടെ അ
വച്ചപ്പെടാം ആവിണ്ടിതന്ത്രിയുടെ വിശ്വായ യും തന്ത്രാലാലപ്പും കാണക്കി
ചുക്കുന്നതും ആരംഭിക്കു. പുതിയ വിഗ്രഹങ്ങിന്നും വാചഭാഗത്തു് ഉ
ള്ളിൽ ഒരു തവാളുക്കുണ്ടാണ് അതു് അറിവാണ് അപ്പുംപ്പും അപ്പും
ധാരംഭായക മാരു നാം ആയിരുന്നു നന്ദിതിരിയുടെ അടക്കപ്പം. ഒരിന്നരാ

ആകന്നയിങ്ങന മുഴുവം പന്തംവെച്ചു് അമാവാസിഡിവസം നേട പുണ്ണവദ്ധമാരെ ഉദിപ്പിച്ചുവെന്നപോലും എതിമലുമണ്ട്. വർഗമപ്രതി ഷംഖു മുന്നഡിവസംമുഖാത്മാശം നമ്പുതിരിയുടെ ആക്ഷേപമുണ്ടായതു്. വേരോടെ വിഗ്രഹനിമ്മാനത്തിനു കിരണ്ടതതു് ആദമാസം വേണ്ടിയിരുന്നവരുതു. അതിനാൽ വിഗ്രഹസ്മിതമായ തവളയെ കാണിക്കാവാൻ രാജാവു് തന്ത്രിയോടാവശ്യപ്പെട്ടു. നമ്പുതിരി നിർദ്ദിശ്യന്മാനത്തു മട്ടകയും അവിടും തകൾ അക്കത്തിങ്ങനു തവള വെളിയിൽ മാട്ടകയും ചെയ്തു. ദ്രോഗ്രത വോല്പമാശത്തിനാൽ രാജാവു് സ്വപ്നേശ്വരത്തുമാറ്റിലെ തന്ത്രിസ്ഥാനത്തു പുത്രമനക്കില്ലും നിയമിച്ചു. മുന്നാംദിവസം പ്രതിജ്ഞ നടത്തശ്രദ്ധവെള്ളും ഏവിടെ നിന്നൊക്കിലും വിഗ്രഹം വരുത്തിക്കൊള്ളിണമെന്നു കല്പനയാക്കയും ചെയ്തു.

പുത്രമനസ്യുതിരി തക്ഷംതുർ രാജുണിൽപ്പെട്ട കരിച്ചുക്കൊടുത്തിലെ തന്ത്രിമായിഞ്ഞാ. കല്പനാന്നസരി ചു നമ്പുതിരി തണ്ടവും വോട്ടിൽ അക്കവിഡ്യോട്ടുകൂടി കരിച്ചുകൊണ്ടും കാണിക്കാവാൻ ശ്രദ്ധം, അതുമരിയാതെ, അവിടുത്തു കൂൾ സ്വിഗ്രഹം കൈക്കലാക്കിക്കൊണ്ടു തിരിച്ചു. പ്രഭാതമായദ്ദോഡി ചവുക്കളുത്തുമാറ്റിൽ എത്തി. അന്ന മിറ്റുനമാസത്തിലെ രൂചം നക്ഷത്രദിവസമായിഞ്ഞാ. ചവുക്കളുത്തു് ചവവക്കളും ഒരു കൊട്ടാരവും ഭൂവതിക്കൊടുവുംബന്നുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ക്ഷേത്രത്തിലെ പ്രഭാതപുജ നടത്തിയശ്രദ്ധം വിണ്ണം അവുല്പുംയുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ധാരാളം ചെരുവുള്ളുകൾ മുതുകണ്ടു് ക്രൂട പോക്കയും ചെയ്തു. ശ്രവിഗ്രഹം ലഭിച്ചുതു് ചവവക്കളും വിക കൊട്ടാരത്തിൽ അതു അപകടമെന്നു എത്തിപ്പുറന്തും ഒരു വലിയ വിജയമായി രാജാവു് കരതിയാന്തിനാൽ തന്ത്രസ്ഥാന നിലവാന്തരം നിലവാന്തരം അടഞ്ഞാറുണ്ടായി അടഞ്ഞാരും രൂലംഞ്ഞായും പവക്കളുതു് വള്ളംകളും ശാശ്വതമാക്കി. മതാരക്കളിയരനാനിക്കണ്ണതു് മും മംത്തിലാശം. കരിച്ചുക്കൊടുത്തിൽ ഇന്നം വിഗ്രഹചില്ല; തക്കാലിയാത്മയുള്ള ഏന്നാണു പറയുന്നതു്.

എങ്ങനെന്നാൽ മുംകളും അവുല്പും രാജാക്കമൊരുതു കാലത്താശം ആരംഭിച്ചുതു് എന്നുള്ളതു് നിർവ്വിവാദഭാശം. ചവവക്കളും രാജും തിരുവിതാംകുർ സപാധിനമാക്കിയശ്രദ്ധവും മും വിണ്ണാദലുകടനം അവസാനിച്ചില്ല. ചവവക്കളും അട പ്രതിനിധിയായ കടമാളുംഭു തിലിയുടെ സാന്നില്ലാത്തിൽ മാത്രമാശം ഇന്നം കളിനടക്കണ്ടു്. ഭൂതിരിക്കും മും സ്ഥാനം. എങ്ങനെ ലഭിച്ചുവെള്ളുതു് വരിത്രാശമാശം. ഭൂതിരിക്കുംബന്ധം ചവവക്കളും വില്ലുക്കാരം കടമാളുംസ്പരശിക്കുംബന്ധം അവിടെന്നായിഞ്ഞാ മറം മുല്ലക്കാർ ചവവക്കളും വില്ലുക്കാർ അവരുമായി സൗഹ്യംഭു

തതിൽത്തെന്ന കഴിവെന്തുവന്നു. മുൻ ചെവുകളുടെ ജോക്കുമാരുടെ വിശ്വസ്ത രാധ ആലോചനക്കാരായിരുന്നു. എന്നാൽ രാമയും ചെവുകളുടെ അനുഭവിച്ചുപെട്ടു ആട്ടിരിക്കു കൈക്കുള്ളുവികൊട്ടാത്തു സ്പായീസ്പ്രൈറ്റുടെ രാജ്യാധികാരിയായ അംഗിരെ കൊടുത്തു സ്പായീസ്പ്രൈറ്റുടെ മരി നിലയിൽ പ്രവർത്തിച്ചുവെച്ചും അവരുടെ അംഗിരെ കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നും രാജ്യം അവരുടെ ചുണ്ടും മരി നിലയിൽ പ്രവർത്തിച്ചുവെച്ചും അംഗിരുടെ ചെവുകളുടെ ജോക്കുമാരുടെ വിശ്വസ്ത രാധ ആലോചനക്കാരായിരുന്നു.

കളിവസം അപരാധാക്കന്തോടകൂടി ‘വാഡൻ’, ‘കാടി’, ‘ചുരുക്കി’ (ചുപ്പി), ‘ചുക്കുൾ’ മതവായ വൻ പത്ര സഭക്കിട്ടില്ലാം ചെറു തീരുമാളിയിൽ വന്നതുടങ്ങി. മുഴുവന്നാലേ ജനത്തിനും പൂരാമുള്ളിര മരനീകിടം ഉള്ള ദണ്ഡം കുറവും” തിക്ക ബാധം “വൻ പിത്രഭ്രാന്തോട്” കൂടിതന്നെന്നാണ് ആളുകൾ കൂടിക്കൊണ്ടുനിന്നും തീരുമാരുത്തു. രൂപംകളിവസം മദ്ധ്യപാനം ചെയ്യാത്ത ഗ്രാമാർത്ഥക്ക്കൂട്ടായ കുറിക്കാർ ദിനപരമുഖമനേ പറയേണ്ടി. കോൺഗ്രസ് ഭാഗവിൽ നിന്നും നാട്ടിലും നടപ്പുകൊണ്ടു രൂപംകളി നിയേമഹാഭാംഗരോഗത്തി പ്രാപിച്ചു പോകാം! “ശക്താനന്നയെയും വിങ്കകൾ” ട്രിക്കിന തും സാധനമാണ് മി ട്രിക്കാംഗങ്ങൾ “കട്ടുവെള്ളംകുണ്ടോ” ശാഖക്കിൽതന്നും ഭീമപരമേം തും യുബാൾ കൂടിക്കൊണ്ടു പ്രാപ്താക്കണമെന്നു. മുദ്രാന്തര അന്തരമാർഗ്ഗവും ഉത്സവപ്രക്രിയക്കാരും കൂടിയും അപരാധിക്കുമാണ്. ദേവഗ്രാമപ്പുകാരമില്ല. തന്ത്രകാണ്ണപ്പകടന്തരിയ കരിക്കലും പിന്നോക്കമായിപ്പോകാറമില്ല.

മെന്നാകുംതുണ്ട് വിരക്കരിക്കിവിവിഹിതാരുവാരാരുശല്യം

ന്യൂനാദി വിഖ്യാവതിനാൽ കൊണ്ടുവരുന്നതുനാം”,

സംശയമില്ല. ഈ തിരഞ്ഞെടുത്ത അനുഭവങ്ങൾ ഉത്തേപക്ഷജീവികൾ അനുപയോഗിക്കുന്നതിൽ വർദ്ധിച്ചുനിന്നും വരുന്നതാണ്.

“മാത്രാണ്യാവൃത്തായിരിക്കും പുതുക്കണ്ണഭവതയുടെ

മാധാത്മ്യമോത്തിട്ടുമനസ്സും പ്രതീക്ഷനും എന്നും മറ്റും പാടി അട്ടമസിച്ച വക്കന്നതുകണ്ണാൽ എന്നതായ അംഗസികനം അറിയാതെ താഴ്വാ നസാരം ചോദ്യാതിരിക്കുകയില്ല. തുല്യവേഷങ്ങളായ കളിക്കാടുകളും തുല്യ ഫോറം യത്രവും തിരെയും അതിശയിക്കുന്നതുകൂടി മാത്രാവിശേഷമുള്ളതാണ്. ചന്ദ്രന്മാരുടെ വിവരങ്ങൾ കളിച്ചുവരുമ്പോൾ മറ്റുള്ളവ ശിക്ഷയെ ദേഹാം ദേഹത്തോന്നും ഹാട്ടിപ്പോകുന്നതു കാണാം.

ஹிலும் ரஸாவம்மாயிரிக்களை கூடியான். தூநூக்கூடிட உரைக்கூடிலும் செடுக்கங்கூடிலும் பூளிங் 'அமைத்' தெர வயி ஆசுகாள்கூடி முடையா நாலோ அதிகம் மாறும் காலோனிலும் கூடிக்கள். மடி தடிலீர் செக்கிவர்லீக்களைதோடுகூடி ஒரே வணியிலுத்து வர்த்தனை மது ரிக்களைதும் சுத்திசெய்து. கூடிக்கார் அடியிலும் ஒத்துமுக்கூடிலும்மாயிரிட்டெடு கடியுடையாள்' எவ்வாவதை அவியேகம் மறைப்பாக்களைது. உரையாக கூடுவிசென்றும் மாறுமாள். 'அமைத்'க்காலேயேப்பாக்கிக் கூ! கண்டு! அப் பேருதேயூர் அது" பாதுகாலத்திலெதிரிச்சு. முக்கூடிட பக்க ஈ ஹுபுக்காலேபூரை ஹு செய்யிய வத்து க்கால வலிசுவனோடு செங்கூ' அவு வதிசிரிக்கை தூஷ்கூடிக்கொள்க கட்களைக்கூடியுள்ளது" ஸுக்ஷாத் மோஹனா ஸக்திகொள்ளப்படுத்தனை! காட்டுக்கார் கடக்கிக்கொள்க சூரியன் அவர்களிட, வூலமண்ண சுத்தியில் நினோ' காக்கி அப்புடூதுமளை செறுப்புற்போ வெ அவுடுக்கொள்கூ' கூடியுள்ளது ஹுக்குக்கூ' கை கூடிமுறுமாள். விப்பி யதற்கொண்டிலுக்காக்கப்பார்க்கிறது அவர்ஸ்வூ ஹுத்தனை.

பூஸங்கமதைக்கலை விலை யபரமாற் கலைவழக்காலைக் கயிராடன்க் கட்டுவங்காம் மற்றுவாறு வொழில்துக்காலைக் கலைக்காசு யாராலும் ஸமுந் காலைக் கொடுக்கியும் வெறும். ஆவியேஷாந்த் கலைவழக்குவுறையை உலைத்து ரளைமதைத்தின்ற விழயத்திலவங்காகிக்கண்டு, பாயுந்துகூட வூலை கைதை பெறாஸ்த்ரங்கை காயவெலத்தின் பின்னாக்கமாவென்றாலைத்தினை தூஷுக்கைக்காலை கை ஸயங்கபாரம் மாறுமலை? என்னாலும் யபரமாற் கை திற்க ஸறுஷு கைக்கையேயுத்தி.

ଏହି କଣ୍ଠେରେ ଦୁଇମନୀଯାକଣାତେବ୍ରତ୍ତି ମର୍ତ୍ତସରକଣ୍ଠିଯାଏଣାଲିକଣାରେ
ମୁଖ୍ୟକାଳପତ୍ରରେ କରେବାମୟଗ୍ରହିତ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଭୂକ୍ଷେତ୍ରରୁ ମର୍ତ୍ତସରିଥୁ ଜୀବିତକଣ ରହିଥିଲୁ
ସମ୍ମାନାର୍ଥମାତ୍ର ରଖିଥିଲୁଣାରେ ଏହିନାତ୍ର, ହୁଣ ନ ପ୍ରତିବନ୍ଦିତ କ୍ରତୁତରେ ର
ସକରମାଣେଣକିଲୁ, କହିଥୁ ଜୀବିକଣନ୍ତିକଣାର ପାଇଥୁବାଣୀ ଜୀବିକାର
ପତ୍ରିବୁ । ହୁଣ ଉବ୍ସାରପତ୍ରରେ ସମାଧୀନପରିପୋଲନାତମ୍ବ ଦେଖନ୍ତକହିଲୁ
ମରଦୁ ନାହିଁ ନ ନିତିକ୍ରମପାଲକନୀ କାହାର ଭାବୀମଧ୍ୟ ରାତର ପରି ପୋଲୁ
ଅନ୍ତର୍ଭୂତରେ କଲାଶକଣ୍ଠରେଣ୍ଟାକୁ

കിന്നതിനാവശ്യമായ സമയം എല്ലപ്പും നിസ്താരിക്കണം നിലനിർണ്ണയം ചെയ്യാതു്.

കുറുത്തിന്റെ നാനാ ഭാഗങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും ക്രൈസ്തവമേഖലയിൽനിന്നും അനാധികാരി ജനങ്ങൾ ഇരുക്കുകയില്ലെങ്കിലും കാഴ്ചയായി തിക്കിമുട്ടുനും. നിപാർശ്വങ്ങളിലും മനോഹരസൗഖ്യങ്ങളിലും കേരളക്കൂട്ടുക്കാർക്കും പോലും ഒരു കൂട്ടായി നിബിഡത്തോടുകൂടായിരത്തിനും. കാഴ്ചകാർക്കും കയറിട്ടുള്ള ബ്രഹ്മാണ്ഡങ്ങളായ ബോധുകൾ കൊട്ട ക്രൂകൾ പാറിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് പായുന്നതുകണ്ണാൽ രാജയാനി നബിപ്രഖാഹത്തിനു വിശ്വയഭായത്തോപ്പും എന്നുംതോന്തി പ്രോക്കം.

സുമ്മാനുന്നയങ്ങളാട്ടക്രമി കൂട്ടയുമവസാനിക്കുന്നു. ജനങ്ങൾ മുഹമ്മദ് മാരിയും ബഹദൂരും കൂട്ടക്കാരുടെ നിരുദ്ധമേശകമായ പോക്കം അനാരിവവകുംഭക്കും മാത്രം ശാശ്വതം. കൂട്ടക്കാരിൽ ചലനരു വീരവാദങ്ങൾ മാനകരങ്ങളും. സൈക്കിളോമണിയായ ഒരു വദ്ധാവുംലും, ഒരു മുള്ളത്തിൽ “മുന്നനവശം ദാവഗണരക്കും കുറേ മുന്നാട്ട് പോരത്തായി അയാൾ പറത്തു”വെന്നു് ദീക്കരി പ്രസ്താവിക്കുകയുണ്ടായി.

ദേവസ്വം ഡിപ്പാർട്ട്മെന്റിൽ നിന്നുണ്ടായോന്തേനുനും ഒരു തീരുമാനം കൊടുക്കുന്നതു്. എന്നാൽ ഇങ്ങനെക്കുറിപ്പുണ്ട് നമ്മാന്തരുകകൾ അനുഭവയോഗക്കുന്ന ഒരുക്കംശങ്ങൾക്കു വാടക കൊടുക്കുവാൻ പോലും മതി വാക്കാവത്താണിരിക്കുന്നതു് എന്ന കാര്യം സഖ്യജം പ്രസ്താവിക്കുവാൻ കിരിക്കുന്ന ജനസാമാന്യത്തിന്റെ മുഴ ദിനോജപ്രകടനരഹിതം, നാനാ ജനങ്ങൾ സാമേരുക്കുന്ന അപേരിതമായ മുഴ അനുഭാവത്തിനു്, നൽകുന്ന പ്രോത്സാഹനം ഇതും ശാശ്വതം നാണാം. ഭാംഗനുടമേധാവിക്കൂട്ടയ ചില ദിവസമായം ബ്രദീഷ് രാജകീയ പ്രതിനിധികളും അവരുടെ സാന്നിദ്ധ്യത്താലും ഉപരിത്തായ പാരിതോഷിക പരഭാന്തരാധം ഇതിനെ കഴിയുന്നതു് പ്രായംസാഹിപ്പിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. എന്നാൽ കരകാലങ്ങളായി തിരിവിതാംകുറിയ ബാധിച്ചിരിക്കുന്ന സമുദ്രം പ്രസ്താവിക്കുന്നതിനും നാമായ കാവു വാതതിട്ടുണ്ട്. കൂട്ടായിരുന്ന അസാമാന്യ സംഭവമാരായും യുക്ത സമുദ്രായക്കാർ ഇപ്പോൾ ശാശ്വതത്തോന്നു ഉണ്ടായാം പ്രകടപ്പെട്ടിരിക്കുന്നതു്. അതിനാൽ മുഴ ദേശീയ വാന്നോടും അദ്ദേഹത്തിനും നാമായ കാവു വാതതിട്ടുണ്ട്. ചെന്നുകൾക്കുറിതനുംശാശ്വതിനും സമുദ്രാന്തരായും നിലനിർണ്ണയ നിലനിർത്തുന്ന മുഴ കൂടി നശിക്കാതിരിക്കുന്നതു്.

“ആര്യാൻ ഒരു സ്നേഹരായകൻ”

(എം. പി. ശക്രപ്പിള്ളി-IV U. C.)

“ലോകാഭ്യാസങ്ങൾ കുട്ടിക്കുട്ടന ഒരു ദിവസത്തായും, അത്തമാവെത്ത നൃത്തിഞ്ചൻ ഒരു പ്രത്യുഷപ്രഭായും, അമുകാശാരാഗത്തിന് പറവിയ ഒരു ഷയഭാജ്യം, മോക്ഷസ്വാധകമായും, ലോകാംശഭൂതയ അനബ്ലിനും പത്രഭയൻ ഷേരി കാണാപ്പെട്ടന ഒരു മാനസികവികാശവിശേഷങ്ങളുണ്ടാണു്” സാംഖ്യനും സ്നേഹം എന്നു് രൂപവഹിക്കുന്നുണ്ടെന്നു്. ഇതു് വാതാലു് തെരു് കുതിവ രൂപവിധിയ തുപാന്തരങ്ങളാണുട്ടു. പരംഖാം കുതിവിശേഷങ്ങൾഞ്ചേരിയിൽ കാണാപ്പെട്ടന അഭ്യതാവിശേഷങ്ങൾ ഒഴിവാം ഇതു ശക്തിവിശേഷങ്ങൾഞ്ചേരിയിൽ വിളിംബുരക്കാണു്. പാമാന ഓയി കുതിവിശേഷങ്ങൾഞ്ചേരിയിൽ മനസ്സും ഭ്രാഹ്മിയിൽ അമുരത്പാം മൂപിക്കുന്നതും ഉം ധിവിച്ചീനമ്പയും ഇതു വികാരത്തിഞ്ചേരി തബലിൽ നിന്നുകൊണ്ടു. ഇതി ഞ്ചേരി ഒരു ഒരു വിച്ചുച്ചാവായ പരിസ്ഥിതം, പരിശോധനകാരത്തിലെത്തരയേം, അതു് സകലക്കും സമാരാധ്യഭാവ ത്രാന്തരതയും ഉള്ളാഭിഷ്ടിക്കുന്നു. ലോകാർത്ഥിഞ്ചേരി സർവാലൂദ്ധനങ്ങളും ത്രാനാരാധ്യത്തിൽ പരിച്ചിറിക്കുന്നതിനാൽ സകലത്തിഞ്ചേരിയും നാരാധ്യവർ സ്നേഹം എന്നു് സിലിംഗംവാഴ്പു. സാമ്പത്തും സുദാകലകളിൽ സുദാന്തരമാക്കിണിന്മുകിക്കുന്നതു് മത വിശിഷ്ടഭാവ സ്നേഹത്തിഞ്ചേരി സ്ഥിതിരിപ്പത്യാസങ്ങളും വിശദീകരിക്കുന്നതുകൊണ്ടും ഭാക്തനും

മഹാകവികൾ ഓരോന്തരതയാം സ്നേഹത്തിഞ്ചേരി ഓരോ ഭാവങ്ങൾക്കു് പ്രധാനം കൊടുത്തു്, അവയിൽ ആനന്ദിച്ചു്, അവസ്യ പ്രശംസിച്ചു്, സന്തുഷ്ടായിരത്തിക്കുന്നതു് ഓരോ സാമ്പത്തിച്ചു് പരിശോധിച്ചു് കണ്ണപിടിക്കുപൂ നന്നാണു്. ഭോഗത്രജ്ഞാനത്തയ്ക്കു അല്ലത്തിക്ക്ക്കുന്നുണ്ടാണു് പരമപാവനം എന്നായുള്ള വിവനപരിശീലനമാരിൽ ഒരു പ്രായം എന്നും ക്രാന്തിക്കും അഭിപ്രായം തന്നുകൊണ്ടു് സ്വന്നംക്കുവന്ന മുഖം ഒഴുക്കും ഉണ്ടു്. വാസ്തവസ്നേഹത്തിഞ്ചേരി കേന്ദ്രമല്ലും ഭോഗത്രജ്ഞാനിക്കുവേണ്ടി ആത്മാസമർപ്പണം ചെയ്യാത്തിട്ടതോന്തും കാലം മാത്രമേ നിലനില്ലെങ്കുള്ളിൽ എന്നു് കീറിന്നു് എന്ന ആന്തലകവി പറഞ്ഞിക്കുന്നു. രോഖന്തു് മുഖാംഗം സ്നേഹംതിരഞ്ഞെത്തരം അന്തരുമാക്കാൻ വേണ്ടി കാരുക്കാനുകൊണ്ടു് ദയവിശേഷം കൊല്ലിച്ചു് നാന്തരപുനാക്കനും. ചിന്താശംഖേനും

தினை “வேல்”-“வற்றத்” எனக்கவித்திலக்கி ஸ்ரீமத்தீர்த்தர் கமல வும் காலீவேலாய காவுவிலாஸ்காலை தெலியிலை காளியிடிடுள்ளது. அது ஸ்ரீ உஸாமோதூஸால்வத்துநாய செக்குப்பீஸ்ராகாடு தெள்ளலைத்தெட்டு நாவுக்காலை லயிடுக் கஷ்டியாட்டுவாகிலூ, அதுமூன்றெண் ஹபு தர வூவதீயுவாக்கீடு தீஸ்ராகாத்த அபவுபவிக்கீன. ஹதுபாலையுதை வதூஸ்காலம் கீழ்த் தொகையிலும் காளாவுள்ளதான்.

ஸംസ്കൃതാചാരവാരിൽ അന്ത്യം സ്ഥാനത്തിൽ അർച്ചനായ കാഴ്ചി
ബാസൻ ദ്രോഹം ശാപേതമാക്കണമെങ്കിൽ തുണണക്കും വേണ്ടമണ്ഠൽനിറം
പ്രവൃത്തന്നടക്കമായ ശാക്തിയും മുഖ്യത്തരം റൂക്തിയും തന്നെ നിറം
ധാന്യായിരുന്ന ശക്തിയു പ്രമാണംശന്നടക്കിൽത്തന്നെ രജേതുണ്ടായാ
നനാശിരുന്ന ഭാഷ്യംനിൽ അന്നരക്തയായതും നന്നായിരുന്നും കരിക്കു
തോന്നിയതിനാലും ഭർവാസാവിനെ പ്രവേശിപ്പിച്ചു് ഇതിനുംതാഴെ
പ്രത്യാസം വരുത്തിക്കും. തിരഞ്ഞൈരാനന്തരം ഗർഭിണിയായിരുന്ന അവരും
കമ്പുശാരുമരിൽ ഏതു പരം്പരാത്താപരിപ്രാടക്കുടി ഉറ്റപംബവയ്ക്ക്. ധാരം
ധാരം ശക്തിപ്രാപ്തംകുണ്ടു് ശക്തിയു ഉച്ചപ്രക്ഷീണചുക്കിലും മോതിരും കുണ്ടു
പ്രോഡ മുതൽ രാജ്യവു പരം്പരാത്താപനിഗ്രഹായി ഒപ്പുവെച്ചു് കരിച്ചകാ
ലം കഴിവത്തും മുതൽ തുണണക്കു് ഉണ്ടായി രണ്ടിടപ്പം ഒരുമിച്ചുംപാന്നു് ശാ
പ്രതാനദം അന്നാദിക്കുന്നു. ഇതുപരംതന്നെന്നവാണു് ക്രാനസാഭവം ദി
വാതവു കുംഭ വെള്ളപ്രസ്താവനും ഭാഗമായിത്തന്നിനുംവാണിയിൽ
ഒരുമല്ലതിപാദം ചോകയായത്തിനുംവാണിയിൽ. അതു സുർപ്പിണ
ഞങ്ങളുടെ മഹാന്തിരനാണു് കാനിക്കുന്നതു്? ഇതുവാശത്തിൽ
അഭ്യുത്തനിലു് വേദംസംവത്സരിപ്പാടു് ആട്ടുകുട്ടി സാമ്രാജ്യം കാണുന്നുണ്ടു്.

കൈകളും വി നവംനവജ്ഞായ പ്രസ്ഥാനവിശേഷങ്ങളിൽ കൂടിയാ ടിക്കാണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന അധിനാതനാല്പത്രതെ സസ്യക്കുമ്മ പരിശോധിച്ചാൽ, സ്നേഹഗായകമാനിൽ കൗണ്ടറെതു ചാദിനീന്ത കൂമാരനാശനാശന നീ കാണാവുന്നതാണ്. “സ്നേഹമാണവിഭസാരമുള്ളിൽ, സ്നേഹസാരമി മാസത്രമേകമാം”എന്ന തത്പരം അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കാവ്യങ്ങളിൽ പ്രശ്നവം പോലെ പാവനപം പ്രാപിച്ചു് കുരൈ പ്രതിപാദനത്തെ ലും അന്തർപ്പിന മായിരിക്കുന്നു. സ്നേഹത്തിന്റെ സ്പാതരൂപതയോടുകൂടിയ കാവ്യാഭിനോ ക്ഷണം അണിയാനില്ലോതെ, ഒരു വിധം അപരിക്കുതിയേണ്ടപ്പാലെ കൈകൾ കൂംവനിൽ കൂടി എത്തുപോതുന്ന കാലത്താണ്, മുട്ടക്കാണമായി, എന്നാൽ ബ തുംബാഹമനമായും പാടിക്കുന്നു “വിശ്വ പുരുഷാംഗപ്രവേശം ചെയ്തു ആശാൻ ആ ഭേദവിയെ ആനന്ദനാശനമാക്കിയതു്. ഉണ്ണിപ്പം, പുതുതി, ആ വം, എന്നീ രൂപം സംഗതിക്കുള്ള പ്രാധാന്യേന ആസ്ത്രപ്രഭാകരിയാണ്” എപ്പാ ക്ഷവികളും ഗാനം ചെയ്യുന്നതു്. അണാൻ ഭാവഗായകനാണ്. കേവ ലും, ഭാവശബ്ദം എന്നും രണ്ടാണി പിരിയുന്ന ഭാവഗാനത്തിന്റെ സംഭാവന ക്ഷേമം അദ്ദേഹത്തിനു് സ്പാതതമാണിതു്. “വിശ്വപുരുഷു് തുടക്കിയിട്ടുള്ള കുതിക്കു ലും കേവച്ചാവഗാനത്തിന്റെ ഉദ്ദംത നീ രംഗുളും പ്രവർദ്ദിക്കുന്നുണ്ടു്.

കരണാത്മകമായ ഉർത്തുപ്പുണ്ണേഹം സത്പരഗ്രന്ഥപ്രധാനമായ ശാന്തതിൽ വിലങ്ങിച്ചു, വിപ്രഖംഭാവസ്ഥയിൽ അതിനു മാറ്ററുന്ന അഭി സ്ഥാനത്തെ പ്രസ്തുതമാക്കി, സാദ്ധ്യമാരായ വായനക്കാരെ രോമാശ്വക ദ്വാക്കിതരാക്കാൻ സവർത്താ പ്രാപ്തമായ “നൃത്തിന്”യാണ്, ആശാന്തിന്റെ ഭാവ ഗാനത്തല്ലജ്ഞങ്ങളിൽ മുന്നാനിയിൽ നാട്ടുന്നതെന്നുള്ളതിനു സംശയമില്ല. ഈ തിലവ ഇതിപുതം സ്നേഹത്തിനവേണ്ടിയുള്ള ത്യാഗത്തിന്റെ ഒരു ഒരു കൗണ്ടറം പ്രതിബിംബമാണു്. അംഗിലേ സ്നേഹം, അസാധാരണം, അമുഖം അലുകികും, അപ്പുകിൽ ആത്മീയംതന്നെ. അതിലെ നായികാനായകമാണു് എ സ്നേഹത്തിനു് ലോകാതിത്തമായ ഒരു പിരുവത്തെന്നും പ്രഭാനം ചെയ്യുന്നതു്, സാതപ്രകമായ മാനസിക റൂപം പാതത്തിന്റെ സ്നേഹമാനും വമായ പ്രവർത്തനകൾ അപ്പുതെ രണ്ടാനുംബുളു്. നാവകനും രജോത്താനാതീതനും ലോകവിരകതനും ആശാനക്കും, നായിക ലോകാതിത്യോ ഭാഗത്തുകത്തോ അപ്പു്. എന്നാൽ അവരും നിർമ്മലസ്നേഹത്തിന്റെ ഇരിപ്പിടിമാണു്. അതിനാൽ രംത്രം രംശനമാത്രം തിരഞ്ഞെടുപ്പും അവരും ആനന്ദവിരുന്നും ചെയ്യും അംഗും സ്നേഹസന്താനമായി ലോകതന്റെ പ്രാപിക്കുന്നു. സ്നേഹഭവനക്കും മോക്ഷങ്ങളും സ്ഥിതിഗതിക്കുള്ള ത്രാഗാരക്കരണാത്മകമായ നാവുവർണ്ണനകളും സുന്ദരമാംബണ്ണം വെളിപ്പെടുന്നിരിക്കുന്ന “നൃത്തിന്”യിൽ നിന്നും വിസ്തൃതയെന്നാൽ ഉദാഹരണങ്ങൾ ഉല്ലരിക്കുന്നുണ്ടു്.

ലോകസാധാരണമായ സ്നേഹം, യുവതീയവാക്കണ്ണാരിൽ പ്രതിബിംഖിച്ചാലുണ്ടാകും. അനാഭിവരണങ്ങളുടെ ഒരു ശരിയായ പിതുമാണ്. ആശാൻ “വീലു” കുറഞ്ഞുകാണിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നതു്. രാജസാധാരണമയ്ക്കു സാത്പീകാവം നിയോക്കാരിലും മുഖ്യമാണും കുടുംബം മുഖ്യമാണും കുടുംബം മുഖ്യമാണും കുടുംബം മുഖ്യമാണും ലീഡിംഗ് സെൻസർ വേണ്ടെങ്കിൽ ഒരുവിധത്തിൽ പറയാം.

സത്പത്രം തമോഹരണത്തിലേയ്ക്ക് ചിലപ്പോൾ കാലുനിയെന്നും വരും. അപ്പേഴും രാജസത്രിന്റെ ഉല്ലത്തി. അതിനാൽ അതിനി മലമായ ചില അവസ്ഥകളിൽ അതിൽ ഉണ്ടാകും. അവയാണ് ലീഡിംഗ് അനുഭവിവാഹാനന്തരമുള്ള കാൽപ്പനകളെ സ്പൂഷ്ടമാക്കുന്നതു്. നായികയായ അവളുടെ ഏദാദത്തിന്റെ അടിസ്ഥാനത്തിൽ, എ ബള്ളടേഹേരതിനു് രേഖാനം സപാനതം അനുള്ളനാത്തവരും, അ ചഞ്ചലമായ സ്നേഹം ഘടനമായും, ഘടനപ്രവമായും, ലഘുപ്രവമായും, സ്ഥിതിചെയ്യുന്നുണ്ട്. മാലിന്യസ്പർശം ലഭിക്കുന്ന കലരാത്രി ജീവിതം, സംഭവപരമാഖ്യലുമായ മുഖ ലോകത്തിൽ ആക്ഷം കാണാൻ മുട്ടിലുണ്ടു്. എന്നാൽ അപ്രകാരമുള്ള മാലിന്യം അല്ലെങ്കിട്ടുണ്ടായാലും തദ്ദുരാഗം സാത്പീകരപ്പെട്ടിട്ടില്ല സംഭവിക്കുന്നവാം എന്നാണ്. ലീഡിംഗ് നമ്മുടെ മനസ്സിലുണ്ടു്. അതിനാൽ അവളുടെ അതിമരംഗത്തിൽ നാം സ്നേഹം നിന്നാണെന്നു പരമ്പരാസ്ഥാനം തോറാത്ത കണ്ണിൽക്കണക്കാളുടെ മുട്ടിയിൽക്കൂടി ഒന്നാണെന്ന്. ദിവ്യസ്നേഹത്തിന്റെ ഫലം നേരകിൽ മുഖലോകത്തിൽ അപ്പുകളും പരബ്രഹ്മത്തിൽ അവിക്കാം എന്നുള്ള ഷണ്മൂരിയുടെ അഭിപ്രായരും, ശിഖന്ന ആശാനം ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നതു് “വിംഗറതിയായിപ്പു സംസാരചുങ്കു്”, “ആരു തോഴീയുലക്കിൽ മരണനില്ല ദേഹം വെടിത്താൽ” എന്നിരുപ്പാഡിയായ അപ്രേഹത്തിന്റെ പ്രഭാഗാഖ്യക്കിൽനിന്നു് അനമാനിക്കാം.

സ്നേഹാധാരത്തിനേൽക്കും, ഗ്രാമാധാര പിന്താസരണിയാൽ, ഭാവശൈലൈ മായ ഗാനത്തിന്റെ നൈന്മമല്ലെന്ന നിശ്ചിയു കൂളിയാട്ടനു് കാണാണെന്നും കുറഞ്ഞുണ്ടു് “പ്രഭാഗം” തെളിഞ്ഞുണ്ടു്.

സംസ്കൃതാടക്കത്താക്കളിൽ ഭാവശൈലൈത്തിനു് പ്രഭാഗം കൊട്ടത്തിനിക്കുന്നതു് ഭാഗ്രതിയാണ്. ഉത്തരാമചരിത്തിൽ മക്ഷപദ്ധതിയുടുമ്പിം മഹിന്തനമോഡാഹരണക്കാളുണ്ടതു്. ഗ്രീക്കാഭന്ത്രാന്റെ ഏദാദാവസ്ഥകളും പ്രസ്തുതമാക്കുന്നു “നൈന്മാശ്രതാലും സീനതബൈഥു്” എന്നാണിക്കുന്ന പദ്ധം എത്ര മനോഹരമായിരിക്കുന്നവും നോക്കുക. ഭാവശൈലൈത്തപകടനത്തിൽ ആശാൻ വെള്ളിയുടെ ടെക്ക് പിന്നിലല്ല, എന്നു് “പ്രഭാഗം” തിലെ ദൈഹം പദ്ധവും വിളിച്ചപരമാണെന്ന്. “മഹാഭാവങ്ങൾക്കുശ്വരാം വിപരിതകൾപ്പേജുംനേരുണ്ടു്” എന്നു്, സ്നേഹഗായകനാഡു കവി ആ ഗ്രന്ഥത്തിൽ നിന്നും വെളിപ്പെട്ടതി ടെക്കിൽ ശാന്തിദ്വീപിൽ പ്രവേശിക്കുന്നും.

മാമായണംകമു, സംസ്കൃതത്തിൽ നബ്ലൂതിൽപ്പരം ഗ്രന്ഥങ്ങളിൽ പലതുപത്തിൽ കാണപ്പെട്ടിരിക്കും. അവയെക്കാരം നമ്മുടെ ചിന്തയെ തട്ടിയിണത്താണ്യേക്കാൽ അംഗാൻറു 'ചിന്താവിഷ്ണവായ സീതായും' എന്നുംകാണണ്ടായി? സ്ക്രിപ്തത്തിൽനിന്ന് നിർവ്വാജവിലാസങ്ങൾ ലഭകിക്കുന്നതിനിൽ വൈദിപ്പെട്ടണിയതുകാണ്ടാമാത്രം. പരമപാവനമായ തെർപ്പേസ്ക്രിപ്തത്തിൽനിന്ന് പിന്നിൽ നിന്നുകൊണ്ട് സീതാദേവി വിചാരിക്കിന്നുവെ ഓരോന്നും സാധാരണാ ജനങ്ങളുടെ എഭ്യുന്നുവരുണ്ടായത്തിൽ ചുഴിത്തിറങ്കി അവയുടെ വികാരങ്ങളെ ഉണ്ടാക്കി അവരെ സംസ്കാരചിത്രമാരാക്കാൻ പ്രശ്നകൾ പ്രാണിയ്ക്കിയാൽ തന്ത്രം

“മോഹംകൂത്രതുജനത്ര-തമിൽ
സ്കൂമൈക്കാൻ ചൊൽക നാദ്രേ,
സ്കൂമതതിൽനിന്നുംകുമ-ലോകം
സ്കൂമതാൽ വൃലിതേട്ടന.
സ്കൂമംതാന്മകതിജഗതിൽ — സ്വഹം
സ്കൂമംതാനാനന്ദഭാക്തിം.
സ്കൂമംതാന് ജീവിതം തുമിൻ — സ്വനേഹ
വുംഹതിതന്നമരണം.
സ്വനേഹം നരകതൻ പ്രീഥിൽ — സ്വപ്രയേ
ഗ്രഹംവണിയും പട്ടപം”.

ഈ ഉറ ദേശത്തിൽ, അല്ലൂ പ്രസംഗതിൽ, കവി, “സർവ്വം സ്വനേഹയം
ജഗത്” എന്ന സമർപ്പിക്കുകയാണ് ചെയ്തിരിക്കുന്നതു”.

ക്രാറ്റാശാന്തര അന്തിമതുതിയാണ് ‘കരണം’ നൃത്തി, ലീല, ഭരണം, ചാന്ദ്രാലിക്ഷുകി, ഈ ഗന്മകഭാിൽ സ്കൂമതതിന്നര സംഭിന്നമായ നാലു തരം വിലാസങ്ങളാണ് കാണാനു”. ‘കരണം’യിൽ, ഇവയിൽ നന്നം അല്ലോ ഭിന്നമായ മഹാജ സ്കൂമം വിശേഷം വെളിപ്പേടുന്നു. കാളിഭാസംരഘ്നാലു മുഖാശക്രം ഉണ്ടാകാത്ത സ്കൂമം പ്രഞ്ചസാർഡമല്ലെന്നു
ഈ തുടി മാവാത്രം ആശാൻ തെളിക്കിട്ടിട്ടുണ്ട്. രാജാത്തിൽനിന്നും ജനിച്ച താമസത്തിൽക്കൂടും സംതപ്പിക്കുന്ന എന്തും ശാന്തി പ്രാപിക്കുന്ന താണ്ടപ്പാ, ഈ കമാറിലും ഇതിരുത്തം. വാസവാദത്തു എന്ന നായികയുടെ സംഭവം സദ്ഗുപ്തം, അബദ്ധകാജായ ജയീമസ്കൂമരെവച്ചും, ഇവ രജാത്താപരാജ്യം, മേക്കാരതമായ ശ്രമാനത്തിലെ സ്ഥാനിൽ തമോ മൃഥപ്രായാനവും, സ്വഭാവിച്ചുന്നു ഉപദേശവും മോക്ഷാനവും, സത്പര സ്വഭാവത്ക്രമത്തു.

അംബോച്ചുംബിയായ ഒരു വെന്നുംബാമാളികയുടെ തെക്കിലാഗത്രത്തിൽ
ഉല്പന്നാരത്തിൽ ഇരിക്കുന്ന വാസവദത്തെ നോക്കുക:—

“വൃാളിമുഖവച്ചതീർത്തവുള്ളതെ ബാതിലുംന്-ക
ഞാളിക്കാരകാണാർച്ചുവാക്കിയിൽ
ചിന്നിയപുക പകുളംപട്ടാതാക്കപ്പയുള്ളെമാരു—
പൊന്നാശോകംവിടത്തിയകടത്തന്കീഴിൽ
മസ്തകാലിലാസനത്തിന്നച്ചിഞ്ഞപാർപ്പത്തിൽപ്പുണ്ണ-
വിസ്മരണസ്രംഭിയാമുപയാനത്തിൽ
മെല്ലുംയാട്ടുവാഞ്ഞാവക്കിയക്കു വുമിന്നംപുംവാട
തെല്ലുകോപരിഡായാദ്വാനത്താക്കിയും
കാല്പാളിവിത്രംകാംപുംരാന്നുടിക്കാത്ത—

ଭୟମାଲାମିଳାଂକୁତାରୁକରିବାରୁକିମୁ
ରୁକ୍ତିକାଳମାରୁତିଲାକିଯିଲାନାନ୍ତମୁଗମନ୍ତି
ପ୍ରୁଣ୍ଟିଲାନାନ୍ତମାରୁପାରୁନ୍ତିମୁଣ୍ଡିଲାନ୍ତମାରୁ
ଲୋଲମୋହନମାଯ୍ ତରକାପ୍ରୁକ୍ତିରେତରବୟାନ୍ତମାରୁ
କାଳିଟରୁତକାମୀଯିଲାକରାରିଯାନ୍ତମାରୁ
ରାମ୍ଭାବିଶେଷିପଣିନୀରିଲାନ୍ତମାରୁକିରେଣ୍ଟିରାକେବା
ବୋଲାମର୍ତ୍ତକେବାନ୍ତମାରୁକିଲୁକେବେଳେଯାନ୍ତମାରୁକିଲୁବାନ୍ତମାରୁ
କରିଯାବୁଲାନ୍ତମାରୁକରିପାରୁକରିଲାକିରାଜାନୀପୋଲାରା
ମରିଯୁନୀଶ୍ଵରିମାରୁମୋହିନୀ।”

“‘‘സമയമായില്ല’’പോലും ‘‘സമയമായില്ല’’പോലും
 ക്ഷമയെന്നറ്റുമ്പയത്തിലൂഴിത്തുംതാഴി
 വാട്ടവെല്ലുന്നതാമെന്നുകൊള്ളിപ്പിക്കവാൻകൈയി—
 ലോട്ടമേന്തുനടക്കമീയില്ലവബാണൻ.
 പണമില്ലാത്തുതാൻവരാൻമട്ടിക്കൊരുംഡിസ്സ്.യു
 ഗണകിക്കായുംതന്നെന്നയുണ്ടാക്കിക്കൊഡാം;
 തുണ്ടുംഡിക്കാതുതുന്തോഴികൊതിള്ളുതക്കാമളംനീറ
 പ്രണയമാറുമാണെന്നുപറഞ്ഞില്ലോ?
 അനുകരിക്കരഹോ!ധനപതികരക്കിത്യുമൻകാലിൽ
 കനകാളിയേക്കംചെയ്യുതാൽപോലു
 കനിഞ്ഞതാനുകടക്കിപ്പാൻമട്ടിക്കണക്കണ്ണിക്കാശി—
 മനിയെക്കാണവാൻടടിയുഴുവന്നുണ്ടാണോ”

அநு மாருமோ? அவழ்ச் சு வாக்ஷகரி ஸ்ரூபி ருலிக்ஷன்ஸோயென் ஸ்ரூபிக்கிரியென். அடுத்து திரு ஸ்ரூபை வெகித் தீ க்ஷாத்மேக்கிலும் தங்க ருத்தித் வரை லூபு. “அநு செறுமாயிருள்ள லாருமாதுவாய்”, மிசிகாலூபுத்தியெ நோக்கி லயிக்காமலூபு. குத்து! அ வரு காளூதறுக்காளு ருத்தவு, கேருக்காதறுக்காளு ராத்தவு, நி ஷ்மவமென்வரு விதிக்கென். ஹத்தலூமென்தினெயாளு ஸுவித்துக்கென து? அவழ்ச் சு தீக்ஷ் ஸ்ரூபி ஸ்ரூபை விஶேஷத்து. ஹதிரு குமாரு ஸ்ரூப் அவைக்கிரியெபு. காரென் அநு முழுவங்க வெறக்கிக்குமாக்குத்து கென். ‘குலகைவிக்கலு’ மக்கிலும், அவழ்ச் சு ஸ்ரூபை ‘கொடுத்து’ ருத்து கென யாயிருள். பக்கை அநு ஸ்ரூபை தமத்து தமத்து அநு அப்பம் ஸ்ரூபை தமத்து சேக்கி நாயிக்கை பேரித்து. அநினாத் அவரு கீ க்ஷார்த்தவாயி. எநு பட்டாதிலை கிட்டுத்துக்கி நோக்குக.

“உங்களுக்கும்முன்வதை காளென்வெல்லுக்கொடுவி—
லணிதெகோல்வக்கில்லாவுள்ளுக்கிப்புரி
பாகவகோமுமுமாயவாத்தாங்பார்த்து—
மாடியைவாந்தாவுக்காரியென்றியு
காவெனக்கிளின்காக்காத்தங்பாரித்துக்கென—
லாநுரைநூமாபூர்வடியுநூளு,
தாப்பாயு மாந்தாநாதக்காக்காத் துரிக்குதொ! ஸ்த்திக்
தாக்கேபூரையைல் தூர்க்குவெட்குதோடு
அநுத்து தாந்தா! பந்து! தயிலானுயெனித்தலூ
துட்டுத்துக்குமித்துத்துப்புத்துக்கு
நூத்தின்ஸமங்கவங்மின்குவென்மோதிர—
மத்துவிரும்புவின்துத்துப்பாட்கருத்துக்கு
கோநாக்காய் துறுப்புத்துவிருவேலுமாக்காளு,
மேற்புச்சுப்பால்வெக்கக்கூக்குத்துவாய்.”

நாயிக்குத் தலை வெறுத்து, நூத்துப்புத்து கிட்டுத், வாய்க்காரன்கள் ரூப உத்தித் தீ ஜாதித்துக்கென விகாரணமாக்கு. அதீந்தாக ஸோ! ஏதிக்கூபும் ஹலூ. ஹஸ் பட்டாதிலூளு வெவிக்குமாய ஸ்ரூபைத்து அவழ்ச் சு வெவிதித் துறுத்துக்காட்டுப்பால் உபத்துப்பால் ஏதுத்து காக்குத்து. அநாளூபி குவிக்குலஸ்பாத்திர்கள் அடுத்து காக்குத்து அவரு டுதிக்கென். பக்கை கூடுத்து ஏதுத்துக்காளாலென்று வருள் தாமஸித்து தென்று ஹத்துரு வாத்துக்காளாலென்று பரவுத்து கேருக்குக்:—

“ஸோநெக்கால்க்குத்துக்கு நூத்துவித்துப்புக்கு-குக்கு
ஸ்ரூபைத்துக்காதுவிவாத்துப்புவித்துத்துத்து.

അറിയുന്നണണംകുളംശാന്തിത്രിമലപണ്ണയൻ—
സഹവാനന്നിനംരക്കാവിലുറിനിന്നും
മുരയോട്ടക്കണ്ണവാളുള്ളനിന്നുമുത്രുണ്ണമേനോം
നിറയുന്നണണംകുളിൽ നാമിതാനമേ.”

ക്രൂണു അവളുടെ ഭാക്ഷിശ്വരിലും ഭാസിയുടെ പരിവര്ണം തിൽനാം
അംഗുഡുമം അനുഭിക്കയും ചെയ്യുന്നു. അങ്കുതിമസ് നേമത്തിനു വാസരാ
ഭത്തയുടെ എഞ്ചന്തിൽ ഡ്യൂനമുഖായിക്കുന്നു നന്നാസിപ്പോലും സമ്മതി
ക്കുന്നു. അതിനാധാരം അവർക്കു മോക്ഷം കൊടുക്കുവാൻ അംഗുഡുമം അ
വുടെ എത്രത്തും. സ് നേമത്തിനും നശ്ചരാവും സ്ഥാനയും, സകാമസ് നേ
മം വരുത്തിക്കുട്ടും ചാപലുക്കുഡുയും അംഗുഡുമം വിസ്തൃതപ്പോരും അ
വളുടെ അന്തർന്നേതുക്കൾ തുന്നു. നരകാമുഖമായിക്കുന്ന എഞ്ചനു ദിവാ
സ് നേമത്തിൽ ലഭിച്ചു. അപ്പോരും ശരിയായ മാനസംതരവും ഉണ്ടായി.
പിന്നീട് അവളുടെ എഞ്ചനു സത്പരണങ്ങളിൽത്തൊന്നു. അതിനെ ആയ
പിടിച്ചുവച്ചിരും ഇനി മച്ചിപ്പു അക്കാനാ പെട്ടുനാശായ ആ സ് നേ
മം ആത്മാവിൽ തിങ്കി. അതു ഉപയുപ്പുകൾ ഉപഭോഗത്താട്ടകൂടി ക
രകവിശേഷത്താഴകി. ആ ദുഷ്കിൽപ്പെട്ട അവളുടെ ജീവാത്മാവു് പ്രശാന്തി
യെ പ്രാപിക്കയും ചെയ്തു. ഇങ്ങനെന്നാണ് സ് നേമത്തിനും നശ്ചര
വും അന്തര്പ്പവും ആയ അവസ്ഥാവിശേഷങ്ങൾ “ക്രൂണം” യിൽ കമാണ്ടാഡോ
നു കാണിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നതു്.

ആശാൻ ഒരു മഹാകവി എന്നനിലയിൽ ലോകത്തിനു കൊടുക്കുന്ന
മഹനീയസന്ദേശം “സ് നേമദം” എന്നാൽ തുമാതുമാണു്. അംഗുഡുമത്തിനും
രഹപ്പു തുടികളും ഇരുക്കുണ്ട് നിരതിപിക്കുന്നു. സത്യം, ധർമ്മം, നീതി,
അഹിസ, ത്രാശം, മഹതാക്കൈ സ് നേമത്തിനും ദിനസന്താനങ്ങളുണ്ടാകുന്നു
നും, അംഗുഡുമം സർവ്വത്വിത്തിരിക്കുന്നാണു്.

സ് നേമദം നിർമ്മാഖാനക്കിൽ മാത്രമെ ശാശ്വതമായ സ്ഥിതിക്കു
അവകാശമുള്ളു എന്നും, അംഗുഡുമം സോജാമരണം തെളിഞ്ചിത്തിട്ടണ്ടു്. കു
റററ ചുട്ടുത്തിൽമാത്രമെ അംഗുഡുമം ചാറുന്ന സ് നേമദം കാണാകയുള്ളൂ.
ആക്കൂട്ടു കൂട്ടാലുന്നയിലും, പദ്ധതിലും, വാക്കുത്തിലും, ആശയത്തിലും
സ് നേമവെവചിത്രങ്ങൾ വെളിവാക്കിയിരിക്കുന്ന മുഴ കവിപ്പുൾ അതി
നെ ഒരു പ്രത്യേകരണമാക്കി തന്നു കാര്യങ്ങളിൽ കലത്തിയിരിക്കുന്നു.
മഹത്മാതും ഓവഗംഭീരുന്നയിന്നു ആ മഹാകവി അകാലത്തിൽ ലോകാ
നാം പ്രാപിച്ചതു് കൈരളിയുടെയും കേരളീയത്തെയും ഭാഗ്യരാഹിത്രത്തെ
അസ്ഥാത മഹരാതിനെന്നാണു് കാണിക്കുന്നതു്.

“നാം വന്നാൽ ‘വിണ്ണപ്പ്’ ‘നൗകിനി’യായും
തീരെത്താൽ ‘ലീചാ’ ലസൻ
ക്ഷേണം “പിന്തു” വഴിയുണ്ടായുകവിഡപം
പ്രാവിച്ചുപുംസ” ക്ഷോകിലം
ഹാ! ശാന്തം “ഭാവസ്ഥം” കണ്ണാടിക്കണ്ണാ നീർ
തൃപ്പള്ളിയുടെ കുടിപ്പും മരഞ്ഞരാൻ
കഷ്ടകാലത്തിനായും



ഒരു കേരളക്ഷിം.

(കെ. പി. കേശവൻ. IV U. C.)

താനെന്നീര പാരായണശാലതന്നിളിൽ വൈന്ന
ശീനന്നായ് പുരത്തെയ്ക്കു നോക്കുമ്പോഴും തല്ലാം,
സ്വീച്ചിതമാമേതോ വിന്തയേശിയസ്പാസ്യുംപുണം—
മാതിരി, കാറിൽച്ചുലിച്ചുംംനിലകോടിരു!
അക്കാച്ചുരുളുന്നബാധ് പവിംസ്താൻ തെറാതെന്നം—
മരിക്കാനുപരതവിത്രുവക്കണ്ണിലും ക്രയപ്പോവേണം.
ശതമാനച്ചുവട്ടിക്കൽ ദിന്മാവിഗ്രാമങ്കാളിളിം.
മാമകാനന്നം പാർത്തപാത്രത്രുക്കുപ്പേണാംതോൻ.
വർഷക്കാരപോയി മുരുന്നാംവിന്നാംഭാവം.
ഘർഷണം തുടർന്ന എത്തരത്തിക്കു തക്കന്നം.
വലശശാക്കമായ്, മഹി മുകമായ്, മരവിച്ചു—
വിന്തമാംഭാരം താഴുനിന്ത്യാനന്നിശ്ചസിക്കട്ട.

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എന്നീജിവിതംകുളകാന്തരാപിക്കണ്ണി—
വെന്തിനോ കാല തിന്നീര പോഖയിച്ചുവിച്ചുത്തി,
കാറിന്നീര മലഖ്യവന്ന തെളിയുംപൊന്നവിളി—
ക്കീറപോയിരിംതെന്ന നീ മൻകൊച്ചുമരാളിലും;
പത്രക്കാരവിന്നാംവിന്നാംവിന്നാം, വഞ്ചുക്കുളിൽ
വിദുച്ചുയംചേരുന്ന തെളിനെന്തിലതിന്മരണ
എതനായപ്പോന്നിയെന്നിരിച്ചുമംസം, — എവോ—
ഹിതമാകമോ ഭേദഭാവുകും ഉന്തുനേക്കാൻ?
മറഞ്ഞതന്നാലും നിന്നീര മോഹനാകരേ, ഇളിം.
നിറഞ്ഞു കാണുന്നതാനെന്ന ജാഗ്രതിക്ക കിനാവിലും;
അതിനെക്കാളുണ്ടുള്ളതുംബരയുന്നണ്ണിയിച്ചു
പതിവായുംതാഴലാലിക്കയുണ്ണാനിക്കാതമാശ്പാനം.
നിന്മേഷ്കുറിശനുവർക്കുക്കുരെയീഗതിയെക്കി—
ലിമാനിലിനൊന്തുരും വിന്തക്കാരിക്കുക്കുരും!
സ്വനേഹത്തിന്നിരിച്ചുവരാണുത്പംകണ്ണിതാൻകമാരകും,
സ്വനേഹംതാൻനരച്ചിവേഹതുക്കുമെന്നംകണ്ണി.

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നട്ടായുംവള്ളത്താതെപുലൻ, വാട്ടംമുൻവാ—
പട്ടപ്പുച്ചപ്പട്ടിപ്പ് പതിക്കണ്ണുക്കപ്പള്ളേ,

തുഡിയും ദിനപ്രവർത്തനമേന്തിട്ടുനിൽക്കും-
 ക്രാമത്തോളിംഗത്തിന്നവഗ്രേഖങ്ങളുണ്ടാണ്.
 അംഗലുകിൽ പ്രത്യേകിയാണുത്തലുജന്തിനേരൽ
 നല്ലവസ്തുക്കൾക്കും കൊണ്ടുചെന്നർപ്പിക്കയാം;
 പൊന്നിടം പുണംവാടാമല്ലോയും, വാസനതിയും,
 കുറവും, കരിഞ്ഞതിയും, ചന്ദ്രിനീർപ്പുവും പിന്നെ,
 വടിവിൽക്കേമന്തിയും, തുഡിയും, ചെവന്തറിയും
 മടിയിൽനിന്നാം വാരിവിരിപ്പിടിക്കുകയുണ്ടാവും.
 ആവഹനത്! പാത്താലെത്തുച്ചുള്ളായവിരുചിയു—
 മോഹനാകാരമാണൊന്നവിഞ്ചുടക്കുന്നു!

க்ஷீளமாம்பதுநழியகேற்றுவதிக்கு
விளைகேள்ளிடுவதுபைக்கிழிவெப்புத்தன்மேல்,
நீக்கங்களுமாவிழிவெங்கன்னேலித்திட்டாத
இருமாற்பாகாரமொன்னாக்குவதற்கான;
அதைகிடைத்தார்யகாங்கிர்ஷ்வகி—
பேராய்தாங்களைகிடுக்காங்கிர்ஷ்வினையாக.
வெறுகி திட்டத்தெப்பாட்டுக்கிரிவதைப்பூர்வாடுமேற்
விளைவிக்காதது, எங்காக்கங்கள் நிடுங்கேலா,
ஏன்மாறவாஸூரியமேவளவுதான்
வொன்னாக்கிலமெங்கிடுதை வாழுவதுங்கூடிக்கு
அது வாயாகூடுவான், போயமல்புங்காதாகி
வாய்வாங்கு பங்குங்கிபோனிடுங்கதை வாழு.
ஈக்கங்காவிலவேநாமங்கை உடன்னாடு—
தன்துப்புத்தன்மூர்வைக்கங்கர விரிவெந்தி
காட்டுத்தூங்கங்காக்கிவிட்டிக்கொய—
பாட்டுங்கைலாவங்காக்கமாரிட்டிப்பதிக்காத?

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എന്നെന്നമെന്നക്കണ്ണിൽമാരിയിൽ കഴകിപ്പോ-
ന്നുംലുമാണിവയുമെന്നിക്കാ കേരളം;
ജാതമാംക്രോടനുനായണ്ടപാർത്താലെൻ-
റാതനപക്കതെറി ജീവിതഞ്ചും താങ്ങാൻ?

പൊക്കമിന്നിയ പൊന്നിന്താരകരംക്കാലുംപോയ"-
 മക്കിയീരിശ്രദ്ധംതാനേനിത്രയിലാണ്ടിട്ടേം
 മന്മാവുക്കാതിശ്രീ നാനുകരംചലിച്ചായ
 ക്രദനംകേരംക്കാവുണ്ട് നിത്രവുംനിശ്ചയിക്കൽ:
 അന്തരാവിരിശ്രദ്ധത്തിയാംമെൻകണ്ണത്തിൽ
 സന്തതം മന്ത്രിക്കരനീസ്വരൂപം നിർവ്വേദകം:-
 "സ"നേഹിച്ചപിനേക്കവീട്ടിട്ടേകന്തിനേക്കാരം
 സ"നേഹംതാനാജണ്ണാതമായ"തീരക്കയല്ലാവരം!"



விழுத்திகள் ஸஹகரணபுணரவு.

(ജ്ഞാനപഠനം വലിയവിട്ടിൽ - II U. C.)

ജീവിതാധാരങ്ങൾ വിജയപ്രഭമാക്കിത്തീക്കന്നതിനും ഒരു പരിശീലനം നാം ഗമാണാല്ലോ വിഭ്യാലയം. അതിനാൽ മുഖ്യാഗ്രികൾക്കുണ്ട് വിഭ്യാത്മികരംക്കൾ നിശ്ചയിക്കുന്നതല്ല. നിലവിലിരിക്കുന്ന പാഠപ്രബന്ധത്തിലുകാരുള്ള വിഭ്യാത്മാസം കേവലം സാമ്പിത്യപരമാണെന്നും അതുകൊണ്ട് വിഭ്യാത്മികരംക്കൾ വേണ്ടതു മുഖ്യാഗ്രികൾക്കുണ്ട്. സിലിക്കണില്ലെന്നും പല വിഭ്യാത്മാസമുഖ്യത്തുകൊണ്ടും വിലപിക്കുന്നതു കേരളക്കാരുണ്ട്. ഇത് മുഴും എറുക്കണം പരിമാരിക്കുന്നതിനും വിഭ്യാലയസഹക്കണ്ണസംഘക്കാരംക്കു കഴിയുന്നതാണ്.

ஸாயுக்ஷலூடு குலிவேலுக்கார முதலாட்சித்பதினீர் நிஷ் ட். மெர்ட் கண்ணல்திற்கின்ம் ஸமரக்ஷிக்கவான் அதைமாயி யூரோப்புந்ராஜுக்காலித் தெ கோட்சியால் ஸமாரங்கிக்கைப்பட்டதாலே இது புரியானா. என்னால் மன்றியுதியூ கூட இது நவநம்மளினீர் நிற்கை யூப்புவ்மாத போதுமாக்கா எடு அதுவிடவேஇதிடுத்துதாலோ. பாறபூஸமாயஸாலக்கால ஏவிகெயும் வயதாய் ஸந்தாயஸேவகம் நிற்குமிடிடுத்துநள்ளாத்திரு நிற்குவிவாசமா ஸா. ஹங்கூங்கிலே “ாகங் கெயத்திற்பகுக்கையேசேஸ்,” பானுவிலே பா ஸுபூஸமாயஸாலக்கால, முதலாடு ஸமக்களை ஸமாங்கநகர் ஸாயிடிடுக்கி மஹா தித்துக்கால கெக்காலாது விஸ்துமதமாகவான் மாட்சியுத்திரப்.

விழுதுமிகுத்து ஸமக்ளனபூஸ்மானவும் தமிழக அலெக்டுமாய கை
வென்று உள்ளங்கு வரைத பலக்கு அல்லது தமாயிரிக்கால். ஏனால்
ஹூட்டுஷால்லப்போக்காளர் யுவாக்ளோக்கு பறவையும்முப்பேரிக்களை நிலைமை
படிக்கவேண்டியதான் பரமாத்மன். கை விழுதுமயத்திலேயோ மஹாபா
ஂஶாலயிலேயோ ஸமக்ளனஸங்கப்பார் அல்லாபக்ளாயை நாமமாடு
மாய ஸமாயத்தொடக்குடி விழுதுமிகுத்துக்களை நகத்தைப்பூநினவ்வாயில்
கிக்கி. ஏனால் அவர் ஸங்காலாலோங்கள்மாரை திருவெத்தந்தக்கிளான்து
பறைக்குதியிடை நியநிறுத்துக்களில்து “குப்பீர்” மாரை திருவெத்தந்தக்கிள
நாற்போலேயோ அடிவா ஸாம்பித்துஸமாஜ ஜத்துக்கு “ஸகுஞ்சி” மாரை திரு
வெத்தந்தக்கிளான்துபோலேயோ அதிரிக்கைக்கடிப்பி. பல்லூசைமாயஸங்கப்
கவர்மென்டுஷாஸ்கார்டில் வில புதைக்கிடைய்க்கூடிய வியேற்று
யிடுக்குத் தொக்கால் தக்கால் அயிகார பரியிக்கி ஹனிக்காவயைன்
அதிகார தலைவர்கள் புவர்த்திக்கவாக் ஸங்காலாக்கார துஷ்காக்கிய

ഒരു വരായിരിക്കും. ഒരു സമകാരിസംഘത്തിന്റെ ഭാഗം, പൊതുഭാഗം [General Body] ഉണ്ടാക്കിയിരിക്കുന്നതു്. തങ്കളുടെ മുതലിനെക്കുറഞ്ഞും സ്കൂൾ ശിക്ഷന ഒരു കാര്യമാക്കാതെ ഭാഗം മാറ്റിയിരിക്കുന്നുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ അതുകൂടി സർവ്വപ്രാരംഭം കൂലാറുണ്ടു് കൂടുതലായിരിക്കുന്നുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ അതുകൂടി സർവ്വപ്രാരംഭം വിജ്ഞാത്തിരിക്കുന്നതു്. അപ്പോൾ മുതലായ പ്രവോദനത്താൽ യോഗ്യത യില്ലാതെ ദാരംശ സമത്വാനം നൽകാൻ ഇടയാക്കുന്നതല്ല. * സമകാരിസംഘത്തു് “ഒരു സംസ്ഥാനത്തിന്റെ ഉള്ളിലുള്ള ഒരു സംസ്ഥാനം” എന്നു് ഒരു മഹാൻ നിർവ്വചനം ചെയ്തിരിക്കുന്നതു്. ആരംഭയോഗ്യമായ അതിന്റെ ഭരണാധികാരിക്കാം. കാരാ ആളും സമാധാനത്തിനും സമാധാനം നൽകാനും കാരാ ആളും സമാധാനം നൽകാനും ആശങ്കയിലുള്ളിരുന്നാൽ പ്രയതിക്കേണ്ടതാണെന്നുള്ളതു്. അതുപോലെതന്നെ സമകാരിസംഘത്തു്, ഉത്തമപരം ധർമ്മത്തുപുറിയുള്ള ബോധം, അനകീകരണത്തുപുരുത എന്നിവയും സമകാരിസംഘത്തു് നിന്മിച്ചും നേരുകൾ സംഭാവനയായിരിക്കുന്നുണ്ടു്.

സമജ്വിവാദത്തിന്റെ (Socialism) ദുഷ്ക്രാന്തപ്രസ്താവി വിചിത്രനം ചെയ്യാതെ, കാർഡ്മാർക്സിന്റെ (Karl Marx) സിലബാന്തങ്ങൾ ഉല്ലാസിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് അവത്തെന്നാണു മാനവ സമാധാനത്തിന്റെ പുരാണമെന്നതിനും ഒരു ഉത്തമമാർദ്ദമനും ചിലർ ജപ്പിക്കുന്നു. എന്നാൽ സമകാരണം വിജയ പ്രഭായി നിർവ്വഹിക്കപ്പെടുന്നതായാൽ സാമ്പത്തികവും സാമ്പാദികവും യാഥാർത്ഥം അവവരെക്കരിക്കുന്നു് അമാത്മപരിപരാമനും ജനസാമാന്യത്തെ യാപ്പിച്ചു് ഏതെങ്കിലും പ്രവർത്തിക്കേണ്ടതു് അഉസ്റ്റുവില്യൂടെ കമ്മയായാൽ മുതിരു വിജ്ഞാലയങ്ങളിൽവച്ചുനാനു പരിശീലനം ലഭിക്കേണ്ടി നിരിക്കുന്നു. ഇതു സംബന്ധിച്ചു നല്ലൊരു സമകാരണത്തപ്രകാരം വിഎം. റാറ്റ് എം. എ. അവർക്കരിക്കുന്നതു് സമകാരണം സോഷ്യലിസ്റ്റ തത്തിനുള്ള മുഹമ്മദാബാദിനും ഇതു വസ്തുത ജനത്തെ ചുന്നടിക്കാണിക്കുന്നതിനും കുറിച്ചുനാ ഉത്തമസ്ഥാപനം വിജ്ഞാലയം തന്നെയും നാനും ആകുന്നു.

വിജ്ഞാത്തിരിക്കും സമകാരണപ്രസ്ഥാനവും തമിലുള്ള വന്നുത്തെപ്പറ്റി ചരാചരിക്കാതെ അഭിരൂപിസ്ഥാപകരാണവിജ്ഞാലുംനായ സീ. എം. സ്റ്റ്രിക്ക്ലെൻഡ് (Strickland) അഭിപ്രായം ശ്രദ്ധിച്ചുമാണു്. അഉസ്റ്റുമം പരിയന്നു് “വിജ്ഞാലയത്തിൽവച്ചു കാരാ ബാലറം അമാവാ കാരാ ബാലികയും സമ

* ഇത്തരം പ്രശ്നങ്ങളുള്ള എത്ര തിരഞ്ഞെടുപ്പുകളിലും (പ്രത്യക്ഷി മുതലായ വജ്ഞാനിക്കന്നാലും) വർജ്ജിക്കേണ്ടതാണു് —ചതുരാധിപർ.

கரளைத்தின்ற மூலத்தப்பைக் குமிட்டிரிக்கேள்ளது எனவேயும் அதுவூடு அறங்கான்பூவுமானா? என்னையான், அது ஆராத்துவத் ஸாவுத்திக்கப்பாத முறை, மிதவுயிற், ஸபாஞ்சுவில் என்னிடயை வேள்ளியலூட்டானானா? அது ஸாவுத்திக்கான்பூர்த்தியின்னாலூட்ட விழுக்கிக்கூ” உத்தமமாக்கும் தெழுவியிருக்கும், முமிளங்கிரித்தப்பைக்கெல்லாம் கை கெரமூலியின்கையாயிர வர்த்திக்கூ.” பூஷில்லாய ஒரு ஸமக்கணப்புவர்த்தகன்ற வாக்கெல் எடுத்து எந்த மால்க்கப்பூனா? லாவிப்பாலூராயித்திரேஷ் விழுாக்டமிக்கல் ஸமக்கணத்தப்பைக்குக் கூறுதலராயி விழுாபுலம் விடுப்பைக்கும் அது எடுத்துவர்த்தாய்க் கிலை!

ହୁଣ୍ଡୁଯୁଷ ହତରଙ୍ଗରକାଳୀତେ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧରୂପସଂହାରତିଳେ ବିଲ୍ଲାର
ତମିକଳ୍ପର ହୁଣ୍ଡୁଯିତ ଲାଲିଟ୍ରିଲିକେନ ନିବ ଏରାବୁ ଓ ଓଲିନେବନୀକମାଣ୍ଡେ
ତଲାଙ୍ଗେରୀ ଦରରକମଣାନ୍ତରୁଣ୍ୟାଙ୍କେକାଳେଜିଲେ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧରୂପସଂହାରତାଙ୍କ
କିନିଲ୍ଲାଟରକ ବିଲ୍ଲାଲୁଯାପରକରଣସଂହାରର ହୁଣ୍ଡୁଯିତ ଏ
ରୋଜ୍ବେଳେ ଉବେଳିନ ତେବେଳିଲ୍ଲ. ପରେପୁଣ୍ସମାଧୀଯାଶଂସାରକି ପ୍ରଚାର
ପ୍ରଚାର ସିଲିଟ୍ରିଲିକେନ ପବ୍ଲାବିତ ହୁଣ୍ଡୁପୁଣ୍ସାନତିଳେ ବିଲ୍ଲାରମ୍ଭି
କଳ୍ପର ହୁଣ୍ଡୁଯିଲୁହି ପ୍ରଚାରରେତରପୁରୀ ବିବରିକେଣେ ଶ୍ରୀଵନ୍ଦ୍ରମିଲ୍ଲାଲ୍ଲେ
ବୋଂବପାତି ଓଲେହୁରାକଳ୍ପର ଉପରେଯାଶାନ୍ତରେ, ନିର୍ବଳ୍ୟିନ୍ଦରକରଣ
ସଂବନ୍ଧରୂପରକ ନାମାବିଶ୍ଵ ନନ୍ଦିବିଜନାନ୍ତିରେ.. ହୁଣ୍ଡି ନାଂ ରେଣ୍ଟର

“ചിത്രയരു”

—:0:—

(മാവേലിനാട് വാൺചിട്ടംകാലം.....)

വേണാടേ! ചിത്ര ക്ഷേഷണവനീയ്രുൻ
വാണയൈച്ചീടുന്ന പുന്നുഭ്രവേ!
നീണാടുജയിക്കുന്നി, ആത്തുയർമ്മ—
തത്തായിലോകത്തിലെന്നറയമേ!

മാസ്തലിന്മാറാത്തമാറാലെയ
മാറിമറിത്തുക്കേശത്തുലമാക്കി
ഈ ധർമ്മക്ഷേത്രത്തിൽവ്വരുംപോ
നീരൈക്കാളുത്തിയ ധർമ്മദാസൻ,

ജാതിച്ചുമ്പേശ്വര ധീരയീരം
ഭേദിച്ചു, നാചാരവൻപടകയെ
പായിച്ചു, തന്ന ധർമ്മകാർഷത്താൽ
ലോകംമുഴുവന്ന കർമ്മധീരൻ,

ഞങ്ങൾക്കുകാണുപുട്ടുള്ള രഭവം
ഭാർദ്ദവക്ഷേത്രത്തിന് ഭാഗ്യപീഠം
രാജേന്ദ്രാജൻ ത്രൈ ചിത്തിരാവുൻ
രാജിച്ചീടെന്നാവന്ന താരം!....

ധർമ്മംപുനർജ്ജമംപുണ്ഡകാലം
കർമ്മധീരമാർ ജയിക്കംകാലം
ധർമ്മരാജുത്തിന്നര ഭാഗ്യകാലം
ശർമ്മംവളർത്തുമീ ‘ചിത്രയരം’

തൊമ്മൻ° ജോസഫ° ചിക്കംനംവിൽ

ഡാറാവാരോൺവെയ്യും, പരമിതപര, നൃസൂക്രംപ്രസ്ത്രിയം, തന്ന
പാരാക്രമപ്രസ്ത്രം പരിഹാര പരിപാലിയ്ക്കു ഭ്രാഹ്മപ്രാം!
പാരാതന്ത്രമസ്പദമല്ലോ, പട്ടമതി പരന്നം പുരക്കന്നോകി, സേവാ—
ഡാറാധിന്യം വഹിയ്ക്കു തിരഞ്ഞെടുന്നോടു സത്ക്ഷിപ്പായംമാ!

വേഹാതീതപ്രമോദപ്രസരം വയോറുശരാട്ടണ; മേഡി—
കാലംപിക്കുന്ന രാജസ്ഥാവമിഹകടിലിൽ പാതുമിപ്പുണ്ടകിടംകം—
ഒചലാൻഡ് വീശചിത്രാഭ്യജനനമഹംഗളാശോഷപ്പുണ്ണ—
ഡീലാകോലാധാരം കൊണ്ടിലകമുഴുവനം മാറാമോന്നോറിട്ടണ.

അക്ഷിണം എത്രാംബിടകരു നിന്മജ്ജാതിതന്ന് ജായുംകും
പക്ഷിംഞ്ചേരിച്ച പക്ഷത്തിനു ഭിക്കഹരാതുന്നതൻ ധന്യനായി;
ഇക്ഷിണിഗ്രികൾ കുടിക്കരുകവെം പരംകു താടിക്കുന്നോള്ളും
രക്ഷാഭാരം ചുമനുന്ന തിരവടിയിൽപ്പെത്താറിലിന്നോറിട്ടണ!

ശ്രദ്ധേ! വ്യുമണ്ഡം; സൃഷ്ടികൾ നംബാവഞ്ചി നാനാപദാനം
പാടേ! ഭ്രതിപുശിപ്പുളകമൊടു പുളിച്ചാർത്തിടേ ധരിതി;
തേടേ! ഭേക്കിൽത്തി തുമരിനിര മിച്ചാർത്തേശാന്തരം; കു—
ശാടേ! ഇമതാരായതമിതി ക്രണം സഖയൻ വരുവിരാജൻ!

കെ. പി. കേശവൻ.

