

The Presidential

March 1955

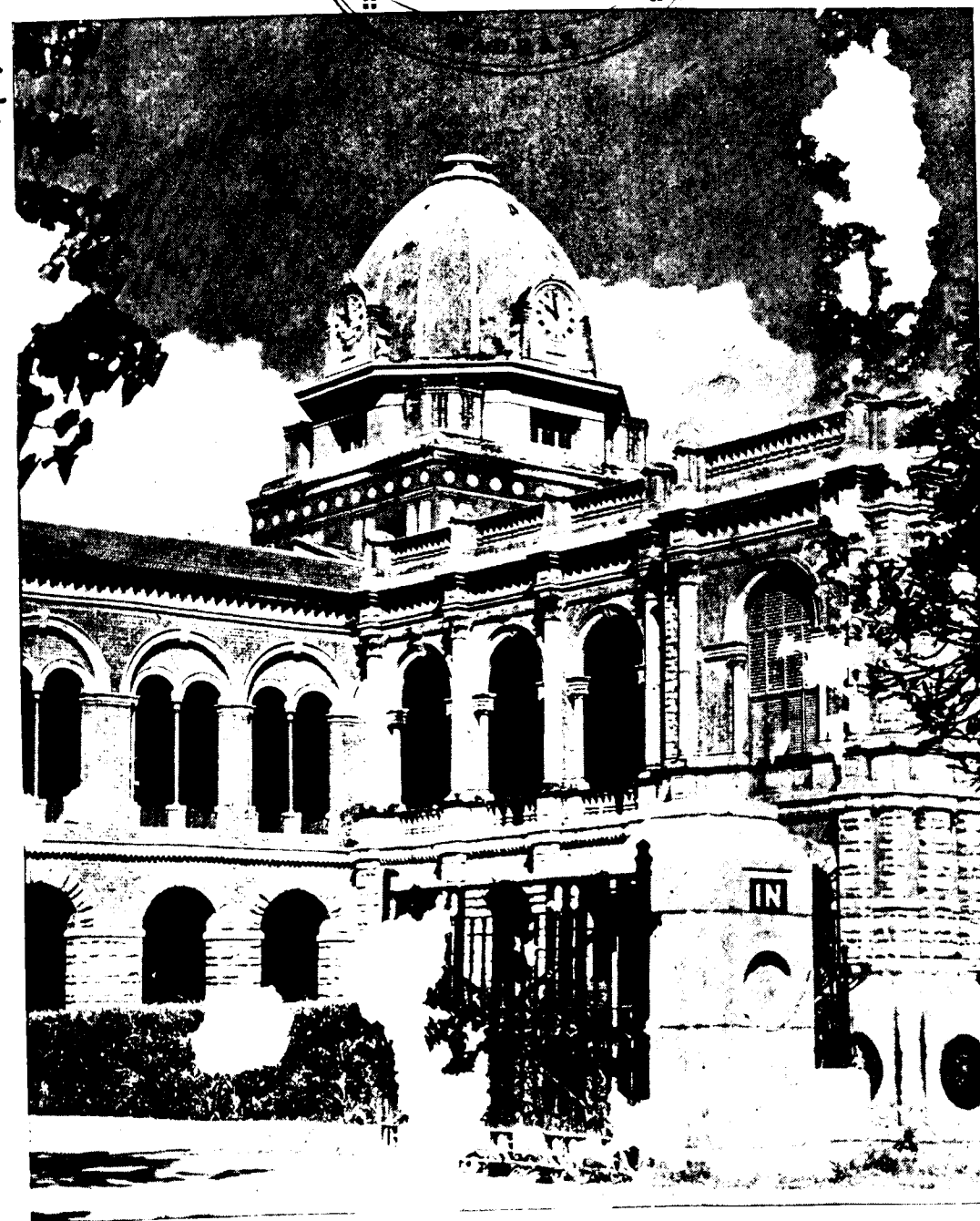
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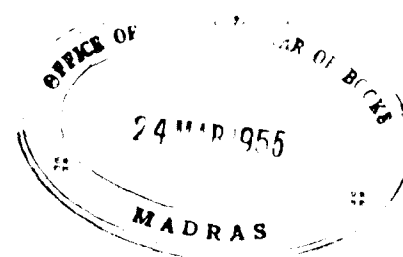
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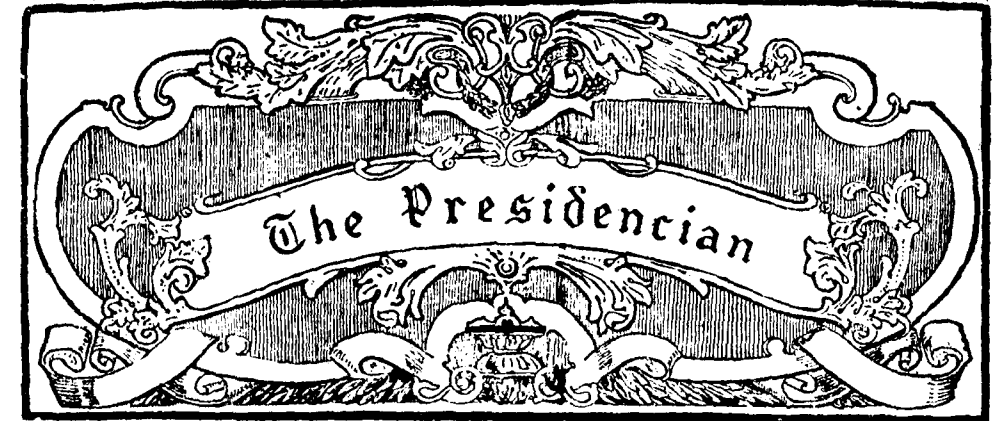
The Presideneian

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From the Editor's Desk

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"The Presidencian" this year appears in new attire, giving us a view of the front of our main building with the clock tower erected in 1940, when the College celebrated its centenary. The clock tower has since become a characteristic feature of the College building, reminding us, by day, of Time's swift but silent chariot-wheels, and with its four brightly-lit clock faces, serving by night as Time's beacon to those who still linger in the portals of the College and those who pass up and down the Marina. Nearly two decades ago, "the Presidencian" had similarly worn the front facade of the College on its cover, and it struck us, this year, that it could do so once again, familiarising its many readers with the new face their alma mater wears in token of having completed her hundredth birthday.

This year has seen the usual changes in staff, caused by retirements, transfers and promotions. We wish Sri V. R. Srinivasaraghavan, Professor of Mathematics, many happy years of rest and leisure after a long term of service to the College, and congratulate Sri B. M. Thirunaranan, Professor of Geography, on his appointment as Principal of Government Brennen College, Tellichery, and Sri K. Raghavan, Professor of Sanskrit, on his appointment as administrative officer of the 4th Madras Battalion N.C.C. We are sorry to part from all those who have to leave us and welcome all those who have joined us this year.

1954-1955 has seen some changes in the administrative aspect of College life also. Our Department of Politics has now become a full-fledged Department with a Professor of its own. The Professorships in the Departments of Tamil and Telugu have been upgraded—a justified recognition of the importance of these languages in the life of the State.

A development of great interest and significance is the starting of a division of the women's N.C.C., in the College, this year. Miss E. Williamson, Assistant Professor of English, is its Officer and underwent three months' training in Delhi, at the end of 1954 before she took charge of it. Women-students of the College responded enthusiastically to this further opportunity for development of personality and are enjoying their new sphere of activities and their new uniforms.

We are happy to congratulate Sri N. D. Sundaravadivelu on his appointment as Director of Public Instruction, Madras, and specially delighted, that in doing so, we are congratulating a former student of our College, who has thus brought great distinction to Presidency College. It was a great pleasure to us that he presided over our College Day function this year.

That academic study is gradually becoming associated with the life of the people outside the institution, is shown by two interesting examples. On the one hand, the exhibitions organised by the Physics and Psychology Departments of the College attracted large crowds of visitors who wanted to be enlightened; on the other, staff members in two departments of the College—the Statistics and Economics Departments—made surveys of living conditions in different parts of the City and have given their findings in two articles in this number of "The Presidencian". These are significant pointers to developments in the future, when education will become the birth-right of every citizen, and Colleges will be as interested in the life of the community as in books and laboratories.

That Presidency College remembers those who helped to build its traditions and make it worthy of its place as the premier academic institution of the State, was proved again this year, as in the past, by the presentation to the College of the portrait of a former Additional Professor of English, Sri K. Swaminathan, by a grateful old student. The portrait was unveiled by Sri D. S. Reddi and will be one more link between the old and the new.

It is just this link between the old and the new, that such a large College as ours vitally needs, and the Old Students' Association this year has been actively trying to fulfil that need. At the two interesting reunions it organised, the generations of old students mingled, showing the varied and important roles that Presidencians play in the life of the country.

We are sad to have to record the deaths of two of our Students, C. G. Upendranath of the IV B.Sc. class and Kumari Chitra Kamath of the IV B.Sc. class, and convey our sympathy to their bereaved families.

Sir Edwin Arnold

An old scholar and student, nothing was more welcome to him than a past rich with reminiscences to ruminate upon and a future full of promises of learned leisure. To him the mysterious enchantment of the East was irresistible. He loved to listen to the sweet formless tunes of those village Beethovens and the learned discourses of the unassuming pundits. He loved the savage splendour of the Indian jungles, the verdant plains and the virgin hue of Himalayan height that kisses heavens. He revered her vedic rishis who renounced the riches of the soil and reached the summits of spiritual celebrity; those sages who by their wise passiveness in the sylvan solitude sought enlightenment; those pilgrims to eternity; those progenitors of Indian philosophy and religion. The prince who proclaimed to the world the message of peace, the woe of humanity and the transience of earthly existence, gripped his soul.... "No one now listens to the precipitate ignorance which would set aside as "heathenish" the high civilization of this great race; but justice is not (yet) done to their past development and present capacities". And Arnold never forgot the words he uttered when he first came to India and thought it now time to do some work of noble note.

Sir Edwin Arnold, journalist, poet and man of letters was born at Gravesend on 10th June 1832. He was the second son of Robert Coles Arnold and the elder brother of Sir Arthur Arnold. Edwin was educated at King's College, Rochester, and later at London. In 1851 he secured a Scholarship at the University college, Oxford. While at Oxford Edwin evinced keen interest in Greek classics and in 1853 won the much-coveted Newdigate Prize. And he graduated B.A. and M.A. with third class. In 1853 he published his "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical" which was favourably reviewed with those of his namesake, whose fame threw that of Edwin into shade. For a brief period Arnold served as a teacher at King Edward's School, Birmingham. In 1856, he was nominated Principal of Government Deccan College at Poona. During his stay in India, Arnold learnt almost all the major oriental languages, especially Sanskrit. His hobby was philosophical discussion, which he enjoyed with his Brahmin friends. In 1861 he published the "Book of Good Counsels", a successful translation of Hitopadesa. On his return to England in 1861, Arnold was appointed the leader writer of the 'Daily telegraph' and later its chief editor. The 'Daily Telegraph' from this time began to answer back in roaring tones the thunder of 'The Times'. During the Russo-Turkish and Indo-Afghan wars, the government policy and public opinions were considerably influenced by this paper, which alone was competent to write on eastern questions.

What brought Arnold to the limelight of literary fame was his 'Light of Asia', which appeared two decades after the publication of

Fitzgerald's 'Rubayat of Omar Khayyam'. This book took the West by storm. Oliver Wendell Holmes compares it to the time-honoured works of the inspired penmen. But unfortunately, save this well-known work of the little known author, all his writings, including the exquisite "Indian Poetry" are thrown to the limbo of oblivion. "The Indian Song of Songs," a translation of Gita Govinda of Jayadeva, the celebrated lyric poet of Medieval India, is an erotic poem of surpassing beauty which appealed to European emotion. Arnold read with intense interest the two colossal epics of India. "The Indian Idylls" was published in 1883. The great epic, Mahabharatha was translated, but its still greater episode required a manner of treatment, worthy of its matter. "The Song Celestial" or Bhagavadgita—that Kohinoor among India's works of antiquity—enriched the treasury of English literature. "The Pearls of the faith" or "Islam's Rosary" is a noble and edifying poem. In all these works Arnold has eminently succeeded in recapturing the spirit of the original and investing the most thread-bare theme with a beauty and dignity, which are undoubtedly his own.

When Arnold turned to Western literature, he found there *embarass de choix*. An astonishing polyglot, he selects some representative specimens from the Spanish, French, German, Italian and Greek literatures. "The Secret of Death" contains, besides "Kathaupanishad", the direct translations of Lorenzo de Medici's "Nencia", "Lydia" from Horace, the "Epic of the Lion" or Victor Hugo's 'L' Art d'être Grandpère and other pieces. Arnold's "Wandering words", "Criselda", "The poets of Creece", "Hero and Leander" and "Political poems by Victor Hugo and Garibaldi" have not yet been rescued from obscurity. Altogether the intellectual feast that he provides us is elegantly prepared and tastefully varied. Arnold's "Light of the world" a poem on the life of Jesus was a conspicuous failure.

He had seen much of cities and men and he could not rest from travel. What took him abroad was an insatiable thirst for knowledge, a yearning to have an insight into the life and lore of people living under different climes and circumstances. He sympathised with the aims and aspirations of Asiatics, especially the Indians. Arnold was in India when the Great National Revolt broke out and many of his friends lost their lives. He was a rock in the angry ocean; and his attitude amazed the English and the natives alike. He declared that the time was over when India could be held by force and that the British never conquered India. How can India be conquered? Of course she often stooped to conquer. The soul of India was unconquerable and it was never fully known to the west. The western scholars stood aloof and admired it in their ignorance; many of them were marvelled at its majesty or perplexed at its profundity. The real discovery of India began with the pioneer works of Sir William Jones. Max Muller presented to the West the awe inspiring image

of India veiled in her vedic glory and mystery. What Arnold did was to peep into India's poetic past and communicate his vision to the inquiring west. Sir Alfred Lyall and other scholars were already in the field, but it was Arnold who made the most conspicuous contribution to the Anglo-Indian literature of the nineteenth century.

Kipling thought and wrote in terms of the eternal estrangement of the East and the West. Arnold envisaged the possibility of a cultural conciliation. He became the correct interpreter of the Eastern thought. Japan fascinated him and his third wife was a Japanese lady. His "East and West" 'Adzuma' and 'Japonica' can be compared to the best works of Lafcadio Hearn, to whom Japan owes the debt that India owes to Arnold. His 'India Revisited' contains a collection of essays, more in the nature of recollections and reminiscences than mere descriptions of cities and men. Arnold is at his best in his essay on Agra and Taj Mahal, that "tender elegy in marble". "The administration of Marquis of Dalhousie" is Arnold's solitary excursion into history.

Arnold's works which were denounced by the pulpit as bearing the stigma of infidelity were a reaction against the philistine aversion of things of art and beauty. It may be said of him 'Il est le modèle achève de toutes les vertus qu'il preche'. Arnold sang of the earthly and the ethereal, the sublime and the beautiful of life and love and losses. He took a Pater-esque view of life. He was for unproved pleasures free. And the Attic airs and the Indian idylls would alike enrapture him.

Arnold died on March 24, 1904. We who were wont to offer memorial thanks to alien conquerors, governors-general and viceroys cannot forget those who loved India and were proud to call themselves, her sons. While alive Arnold was encumbered with honours and titles—beginning with the 'Officer of the Order of the White Elephant of Siam' and ending with K. C. I. E. All Asia honoured him; and with his affectionate and sympathetic Trans-Atlantic cousins the "Light of Asia" was a best seller.

Before his death Arnold aspired to succeed Tennyson as Poet-laureate. Tennyson predeceased him and Arnold did not succeed him. In England he was eclipsed by his brilliant contemporaries. He was not recognised an eminent Victorian. In the firmament of literary figures he was only a lesser luminary, more and more attracted to the oriental orbit and the light of Asia.

N. R. Kunhikuttan, IV (Hons.), History.

The Science I Love

Make a survey of the various branches of Science and you will find there is none more fascinating than Geology. Perchance, I am partial towards the Science I love. But reader, to unravel the mode of origin and history of our Earth, hundreds if not thousands of millions of years old, to establish the sequence of genera and even species of the animals and plants that have peopled the Earth right from the time life began on the planet, to offer a reasonable guess as to the probable composition, structure and condition of the interior of the earth—a globe of four thousand miles radius of which only about a mile is penetrable, to explain the present disposition of continents and oceans, of altitudes and climates, of volcanoes and earthquakes, of animals and plants, of igneous, sedimentary and metamorphic rocks and so on, and to trace the histories of their dispositions through hundreds of millions of years—are these not amongst the grandest occupations of the human mind?

Geology is the history of the earth in precisely the same sense that Biology is the history of living beings and it traces the dramatic history of this celestial wanderer. Geology is concerned with piecing together the records that the earth herself provides of her own stupendous drama—a drama that has now run for some two thousand million years. The Earth is precious to one and all of us who live upon its surface and we have heard Pierre Termier say that “the Earth declares the Glory of God”. We know how, the unsophisticated Early Man, wiser in his simplicity than some of his posterity, spoke of the Earth as Great Mother and this primitive metaphor of his takes on a deeper meaning, for we are never weaned from the Great Mother and from birth to death, we are part and parcel of the Earth's own body. In our most exalted moments we are of the Earth's own life. Therefore, the history of the Earth is clearly a matter of the greatest importance to all of us—of interest because we should like to understand the environment in which we find ourselves, of importance because some of the events are recorded in materials such as coal, oil and ores upon which our civilization is founded.

Geology chooses for itself a unique place amongst the other Sciences and is the brightest ornament of scientific learning, simply because of the fact that there is no other branch of Science in which there is greater scope for the powers of observation, greater field for the cultivation of imagination and greater thrill in the results obtained.

Geology is a living Science. The special value and importance of Science as a mental and intellectual discipline lies in the ease with which, and the extent to which its study develops the scientific mood and teaches the scientific method. What then are the characteristics of the scientific

mood and scientific method? Tremendous passion for the facts of Nature, a cautiousness in interpreting these facts, a crystal clear vision of the various objects around us and a sense of inter-relatedness of things are the characteristics of the scientific mood. Scientific method consists in the careful observation and recording of facts, the drawing of general conclusions from these facts and the testing of generalisations by reference to fresh facts. These are the steps of that inductive method by which the advances of Science have been accomplished.

A perusal through Dr. James Hutton's great work “Theory of the Earth”, Professor Playfair's “Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory” and Sir Charles Lyell's “Principles of Geology” would show that Geology is pregnant with the above characteristics. It is seen from these works that the pioneers of the Science followed that most excellent of geological counsels, “Go and see” and collected the basic facts with marvellous enthusiasm and thoroughness. It is also seen that they withheld judgement when the data appeared incomplete, doubted conclusions hastily reached and hesitated to accept what appeared attractive on account of its simplicity.

Imaginative thought has been the very life blood of the Science of Geology. It is a subject peculiarly fitted to stimulate the regulated imagination which is the very essence of the highest education.

Interpreting the past history of the Earth as it does, Geology naturally gives us something more than mere satisfaction of curiosity. Geology gives us a keen perception of the Creator's methods. As we interpret the hieroglyphs written by nature, we gain not only intellectual but also spiritual refreshment. The more we know of the history of the Earth, the more we marvel, the more deeply we feel the inadequacy of a conception of the universe as the soulless product of physical and chemical processes fortuitous and uncontrolled.

Geology gives us an impetus to enjoy the beauties of Nature—the sun slowly sinking behind the edge of the sea, the ethereal delicacy of the greenish blue sky streaked with bands of a red brilliance and the panorama of mountain peaks. Geology recalls to us scenes on land and on sea that stir our hearts, raising us to a higher plane, setting in motion vibrations which seem to be an expression of a force that is not of this world, a mysterious influence bringing us nearer to the external values. Thus, we are able to experience an exaltation, a sense of being permitted to have a glimpse of the masterpieces of creation.

Geology is not one subject, but many, and may be described as the application of all Sciences to a comprehensive and co-operative investigation

of the Earth on which we live. It is thus a synthetic science and illustrates better than probably any other Science the wide ramifications and inter-relations of physical phenomena.

These are therefore, some of the thrills that Geology has in store. Nevertheless, this branch of natural knowledge is too often neglected and not infrequently avoided because of disinclination to learn a few unfamiliar technical terms. Technicality is no fault of any Science or History. The Geologist and his work embody the glories of Earth Science.

The geologist in dealing with the history of the earth finds himself in the position of a reader of fiction, the author of which depicts a character of calm, placid and unruffled exterior presenting few outward signs of past inward turmoil and strife, and then, gradually by subtle indications prepares the reader's mind for the discovery of a tragic history concealed beneath that apparent outward calmness. This is so because the earth apparently looks a thing of greatest stability, while in its interior there is a terrible drama of fire and thunder going on.

The student of Human History and the student of Earth History have a lot in common.

The student of human history does not restrict his investigations to any one period in national life, or to any one set of national events. He seeks to penetrate the obscurity hanging about the origin of the nation, to discover the various racial elements which entered into its composition, to trace the effect upon it of the physical surroundings, to follow the growth of the national and social customs, and in dealing with revolutions, must endeavour to uncover the quiet slow-acting causes which led them and must understand also the upheavings of those powerful social forces which are liberated in times of convulsion and rapid changes. So with the Geologist, the student of earth history. He recognizes no limitations to his study. He endeavours, with all the resources at his command, to trace the history of the earth from the beginnings. He believes that there is nothing arbitrary in the action of the forces of Nature. The harmony of orderliness and unity which characterises all nature fills him with wonder, gives fibre to his courage and touches him with awe.

The historian endeavours to reconstruct an accurate and vivid picture of the condition of a nation through the successive periods of its history with the help of written records and biographies, flint implements, bronze weapons and ornaments and when possible human skeletons too. In a similar fashion, the geologist seeks to give a picture of the earth's changes from the beginning until now with the help of the sources provided by Nature.

The historian seeks to know the boundaries of the territory, the relation of the nation to surrounding peoples, its political constitution and code of laws, its religious observances and social customs—all that is necessary to make the old time live again when man had not reached the threshold of civilization. So, precisely, for the past of the earth, the geologist seeks to know for each successive period the distribution of land and water, the coast-lines, the depth of water and the forms of life inhabiting it, the nature of land and the rocks composing it, the character of vegetation that clothed its surface and the forms of life that inhabited its mountains, plains and valleys, the direction and character of its rivers, and the sites of volcanoes. Knowing this succession completely, the geologist traces the life history of our planet through various stages of evolution from birth to maturity and learns something as to its future course from maturity to decay.

But there is one difference between the Historian and the Geologist. The historian has considerable doubt and difficulty in compiling an authentic history of human thought and endeavour between 5000 B. C. and 1000 B. C. while the geologist has been able to establish a connected and coherent history of the whole earth through a period of hundreds of millions of years.

In the geologist's intellect there is always an unconscious cerebral experiment going on. The geologist lets his mind play among a multitude of geological facts and as he walks, walks and walks, he broods deep enough to understand the meaning and significance of these facts and naturally he is led to magnificent conclusions. He wanders over the earth, goes to the seashore, river valleys, gorges, rapids, waterfalls, brooks, the hillside, mountain slopes, elevated peaks, caverns, underground channels and deserts, and thus sees the work of Nature's sculpturing tools. To his enjoyment of the beauty of a scene is added a deeper sensation that comes from closer contact with the mysteries of Nature and the epic of Creation.

Geology, a science that can hardly be stated to have existed two centuries ago, has thus very many thrills to narrate. Charles Darwin's declaration is as true to-day as when he made it:

"I find in Geology a never failing interest, it creates the same grand ideas respecting this world which astronomy does for the Universe."

S. Viswanathan, B.Sc., Second Year, Post-Graduate, (Geology).

My Brother Ravi

The boys have come home for the holidays and the old house instead of looking on with pained surprise like a dignified gentleman who has slipped upon a banana peel, now sportingly re-echoes to the blood curdling battle cry of 'redskins'. It has cheerfully submitted its walls to receive the impact of flying water bullets which burst with a wet splash and then fall, burst and impotent, to the floor. Every year I re-educate myself to disprove to the boys who come home with a pretty low opinion of girls who scream at rats, and read on without flinching when the Masked Marvel jumps in through the open French window of my room firing his shotguns or the lariat of hash harue whips the book from my hand. It was only after I had successfully trussed up a prowling Red Indian, that Ravi, the younger of my brothers, who had till so lately begged for a bedtime story from "Grim's Fairy Tales" generously offered to let me play the foil to his William Tell. But considering that he had not yet taught himself archery I declined the honour with thanks.

I saw Fluffy the other evening down at the sandpile which is in a remote corner of the garden. Fluffy is a bitch,—no I am not being insulting—whose family tree is quite cosmopolitan and can boast among other members a cocker-spaniel, a terrier and a daschund. She had fought with a huge mastiff and had an ear chewed off before she won the field; and it was after she had thus proved her mettle and Ravi had made her his comrade-in-arms that he found to his dismay from our casual conversation that she belonged to the fair and despised sex. But since they had already become fast friends, Ravi overcame the awkwardness of the situation by referring to her in the Masculine gender. Well, Fluffy was at the summit of the sandpile and I knew that Ravi must be somewhere near at hand. I found him trying to persuade a most reluctant hen to hatch out a handful of small eggs he had found in the sand—probably they were snake's eggs—we never found out, for during the experiment Fluffy got very excited and the eggs met with disaster.

A few days later I found Ravi with infinite patience sitting by the garden tank, a dead worm stuck at the end of his improvised rod, fishing for tadpoles. With a finger to his lips he cautioned me to silence. But soon the fishing closed for the day with an unwilling Fluffy being taught to swim.

Do all little boys have unmanageable hair which stick out as straight as ever like the bristles on a hair brush? Why do we badger them to slick their hair, push in their shirt when they look so much more DARLING when they come in from play rumpled and hot, their shirt hanging out? One finds the oddest things when one turns out their trouser pockets at bath time. Only boy-hood can find use for little pieces of rubber, pieces of dry coconut, bits of coloured paper, old bottle tops,

rusty knives and blades. Ravi comes out from his bath, rosy and shining, his pyjama string made into a loop and the loop slung round his neck. For, 'why waste time undoing beastly old knots in the morning when it is holiday time and there is so much to do?'

The boys' school report card had arrived by post and papa who brought it in at teatime was just in time to catch Ravi by his belt as he tried to dodge out of the dining room. And while papa read out his mark sheet he stood by, red, and grinning mischievously with both his hands plugging his ears.

As my birthday drew near, I pretended not to notice the huddles and whispered conferences the boys went into. On "the day", they handed me a card on which two bright blue birds posed stiffly on the green grass. Below this Ravi had written laboriously in his best hand:

PROGRAM

- 4-00 p.m. Diparchur from home
 4-30 p.m. 1. Elifinstun speshul
 2. Muttun pufs.
 3. Choklates
 4. Ice vater.
 6-15 p.m. "Ivanhoe" Robert Tailor, Elizbeth Tailor and Jon Fontein.

THE END

and then followed their signatures adorned with many a flourish. And what a time they gave me with their carefully hoarded pocket money! And I was not allowed to refuse even the 'ice water' for I suppose they felt that there should be something to drink but their finances cautioned economy.

And so it was that a week later, Christmas time found Ravi broke. And perhaps because it was some queer point of honour with him that he should not turn to parental assistance in such matters, and also the sight of the painting my own greeting cards—but I found him one day at his writing desk bent over a card he was colouring with his crayons. I asked him for whom it was. 'My master' he replied 'and then he looked up and volunteered with the slight stammer he gets when embarrassed "He's the k kindest man I ever came across". I thought, what greater tribute could a master have than to be called the "k kindest man" by a mischievous little boy.

M. N. Shetty (Mrs.) III B.A., (Hons). English.

Ladies and Gentlemen !

If I am another Polonius I may well say "Neither a hearer nor a speaker be; For speech oft loses both itself and friend. And hearing crowns the cap of ennui". Some one has aptly remarked that freedom of speech is our best safety measure because otherwise we will never discover our fools. Perhaps you, dear Reader, think that I am a little caustic. No, sir, I have listened for long and I should know.

The type of speaker, who is most common, I designate as the timorous tooter—yes, he produces short unmusical notes sporadically. A running commentary on such a speech will go thus—"yes, here he comes—He takes a paper from his pocket—reads few sentences slowly—he puts it back—tries to produce some inarticulate sound—no, again excitement—out comes the paper—a few fast sentences—there it goes in again—ah, now we have the end in view—he thinks better about it and sits."

But, I think I have more sympathy for this speaker. I derive much entertainment from the seven seconds sensation. He has memorised and practised his speech. So, for the first seven seconds he enraptures the audience. But alas! his memory fails, he becomes restive, the audience becomes hilarious, and what a fall was there my countrymen. The speech itself runs thus: "To speak or not to speak, that is the question, gentlemen. I do not possess the stock though hackneyed phrases of Mr. X....., I do not have those emotional outbursts which seem to upset my honourable friend Mr. Y....., but I am a plain, blunt man. And I... and I... and I..."

The voluble volcano is a species which is gradually coming into prominence. Words rush out chasing one another—and they deserve to be chased. I give but one instance: "Gentlemen, in view of the fact that we are still on the threshold of a new era and notwithstanding the many and variegated allegations that contrary to the expectations which were raised by quite a reasonable proportion of the electorate when that August body as a natural prelude to impending elections were promised that we would deem it our esteemed duty.....". Please, reader, excuse me. I am giving you the facts, and I agree with you, when you say, much sound and little light.

On a par with such a person is the bombastic babbler who has come with the specific view that he should use the twenty new words which he had picked up—God knows from where—and stun the audience (which they most likely wish to reciprocate). It is a moot point, whether he himself knows what he is talking, but certainly he puts up a good show. Only one small dose and you will know what I mean: "The time has come

when it is incumbent upon us to form a council on an inter-denominational basis to focus public thought on the exceptional importance of an all embracing collective organisation and the blessings of opinionative co-ordination will surely establish the indivisibility of peace."

There is a peacock in borrowed plumage—I mean the chronic quober. His sole aim is to show that he has studied all the books of quotations and that he is exceptionally clever in giving a thoroughly irrelevant quotation. One such person, whether he is talking about the age of the earth, or statistics in the service of man, begins this way: "There are more things wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. This is aptly illustrated when we study our subject."

"Again we have to-morrow, why to-morrow is another day and I may be with yesterday's ten thousand years! Now thoroughly this sums up our attitudes. But as we know a little knowledge is a dangerous thing etc."

The long winded lecturer probably gets the cake—a thunderous cheering in the beginning, clappings in the middle when he shows signs of finishing his speech and of course a tumultuous uproar in the end. I have heard many such speakers—(I cannot say whether it was the beginning or ending):—"Lastly, I say again that from what I said the proposition falls flat. And if I may be permitted to say a few more sentences I should add that it is the creation of a diseased intellect. To sum up, let me again place the facts in a nut shell before you..... In conclusion, it is evident that the others have completely missed the bus (they should have!). Finally I am not going to encroach much upon your time, but I feel that unless I give you facts and figures which are one..... two..... etc. Last but not least, let me make a short remark which I have forgotten..... In the end I may first say that we shall not sacrifice our principles. This raises the question which I asked in the beginning.....".

No, reader, no more of speeches for me. It is better to be a strong, silent man. Because we know that if we are silent, we are considered fools and if we talk we remove all doubts about that, Don't you agree?

K. P. Mohandas Rao, IV B.Sc., (Chemistry)

The Krankie Report

It is impossible to give here an adequate idea of the range of the Report and the report itself is but a microscopic summary of the Alpine masses of information gathered from 12,345 distinct and distinctive Indian University students 6,789 of which were of the gender feminine—their age varying from 13 at one extreme and to 62 (a Ph. D. student) at the other extreme. It appears that at first the “authorities” (i.e. Chancellors, Pro-Chancellors, Vice-Chancellors, Syndics, Registrars, Professors, Readers, Lecturers, etc., etc.) looked askance at the “Krankie Probe”, as they called it somewhat derisively. But when the distinguished Tinnepota researcher assured these “authorities” that they too would be made the subject of an independent Report, the situation seems to have cleared, and the ‘Varsity Land’ seems to have overflowed with the milk and honey of academic cooperation and professional understanding.

What brought you to college? A simple question, yet how differently have different groups answered it. 44% of the girls answered “The Sarda Act” (meaning the Act which made the marriage of girls under 14 illegal, says a footnote.); 33% answered, “to establish equality with men”; the rest answered, “I simply don’t know”.

47% of the girls and 74% of the boys confessed that they felt the class lectures a terrible bore and 24% of the former and 42% of the latter admitted that they thought of other things while the lectures were going on. The Krankie Statistical survey makes it abundantly clear that the compulsory lecture system is a farce.

Of the examination going candidates 76% of the boys and 54% of the girls confessed to commencing their preparation barely a month before the actual examinations. Nearly 40% admitted that they tried to make up for this by some form or other of post-examination preparation, (e.g. prayer to God—“the process of going round religious shrines” explains Prof. Krankie and, of course, contacting and influencing, if possible, the examiners themselves and thawing or melting their hearts). Prof. Krankie has noted that in some universities this last method is rendered impossible because the scripts are renumbered before being sent to the examiners. This has made the candidates more religious, says Prof. Krankie.

It is crystal clear says the learned Psycho-Statistician, that in India social life in the university is “frigid”. Boys and girls generally sit separately in classes, and even use separate stair-cases in some places. 78.9% of the boys and 87.65% of the girls declared that they had never spoken to a class-mate of the opposite sex during the whole course of their collegiate career. 24.6% of the boys and 12.3% of the girls had spoken indeed, but only at the safe distance of at least 3 feet. Only .12% had gone to the cinema together with a member of the opposite sex and that

too for the 3.30 p.m. matinee. It is not surprising that college life is responsible only for a low percentage of marriages—as low as 4% in the Arts classes, 8% in the Science classes, 30% in the Medical colleges, and 31% among research students. “It seems”, says Prof. Krankie on page 456, “that Arts and Science students are quite unaware of their mutual co-existence”.

Dress, costumes and make up: 80% of the males were suited and booted, of whom nearly .2% wore the tie; 10% were suited and chappalled; 6.78% pyjamaed and shirted; 3% dhotied and bush shirted; .12% dhotied and shirted or jibaed; .05% were sherwanied and .045% were double-breast-coated; 5% were hatted, 15% capped and the rest bareheaded. The girls wore either the sari (89%), or the Punjabi kameez and salwar (9%), the rest-conservatives still wore their schooldays attire. 99% of them confessed that they used powder indiscriminately. “The rest”, says the Report “imitated the Red Indian Warriors”. When questioned about lipstick, they humbly replied: “No, there is no lipstick education, you see”. The women look more natural and are less denationalised than the men: such is Prof. Krankie’s considered verdict.

Unlike the American student, the Indian student is very reticent about personal matters, including sex. To judge from the answers, they have no vices or deviations. 3.11% confessed to smoking, “but only occasionally”; no drinking, of course, because of Prohibition and Mahatma’s commandments; cinema going—on the average once a week among the boys and once a fortnight among the girls. The boys when questioned about sex, answered either, “Yes, I am married,” or “No, we are strict Brahmacharis, you see”. The girls were fortunately not insulted with such questions. There must be a limit to this psychological probing in the name of scientific research.

No dances—except in a few minority groups like those from European Schools. Picnics, chastely harmless, supervised by the teachers themselves. The vices freely admitted were sleeping too long and lotus-eating. Many also confessed that they read film magazines regularly. 48% of the boys, after repeated questionings, admitted that they kept portraits of certain actresses. The girls declared emphatically and with “one voice” that they didn’t care for male actors at all, only for their acting in the name of art.

I have said enough to indicate the engrossing and explosive nature of the Krankie Report. We shall now await the publication of Prof. Krankie’s promised companion: “Report on the Undercurrents of the Behaviour of University Teachers and Administrators in India”. It is sure to prove as revealing and as exciting as the present volume.

Anonymous.

The Reception Bath

I always manage, inspite of considerable precautions, to get into difficulties when taking a bath.

It isn't the usual hazards that beset me. It's years since I was flung through the air by a cake of soap on the floor, and I have long since graduated from the mistake of not having the towel within easy reach.

I prepare now, of course. I leave nothing to chance.

On the day of the Graduates Reception I made all the moves designed to assure a comfortable bath. The soap dish was at the right point of contact; the towel was where it ought to be.

Yes, sir, years of experience have taught me never to take chances in the bathroom. That's the reason I'm so careful. My soap-ski-ing experiences years ago cost me two fractured elbows and two wash hand basins; and on one frightful occasion I was propelled violently, head first, almost through a door panel.

Now on this present occasion I checked everything, then rechecked. Soap in dish, towel and all the rest of it ready. All present and correct, I went into my room, took out the clothes I would wear and returned and had a quick look round to make sure I had everything. I turned the shower on.

It was a wonderful feeling, standing there knowing that I had eliminated every possibility of error. I let the torrent rage and stood in it: arms locked behind, feet apart, stomach in, chest out, chin up, to get full enjoyment out of it.

Then it dawned on me. The sheer horror of it impelled itself into my brain. I closed my eyes to escape the utter agony of it. It can't be true, I told myself, it just can't be true.

But it was. I had forgotten to take my clothes off.

M. Shafiullah Khan, IV Hons. (Islamic History).

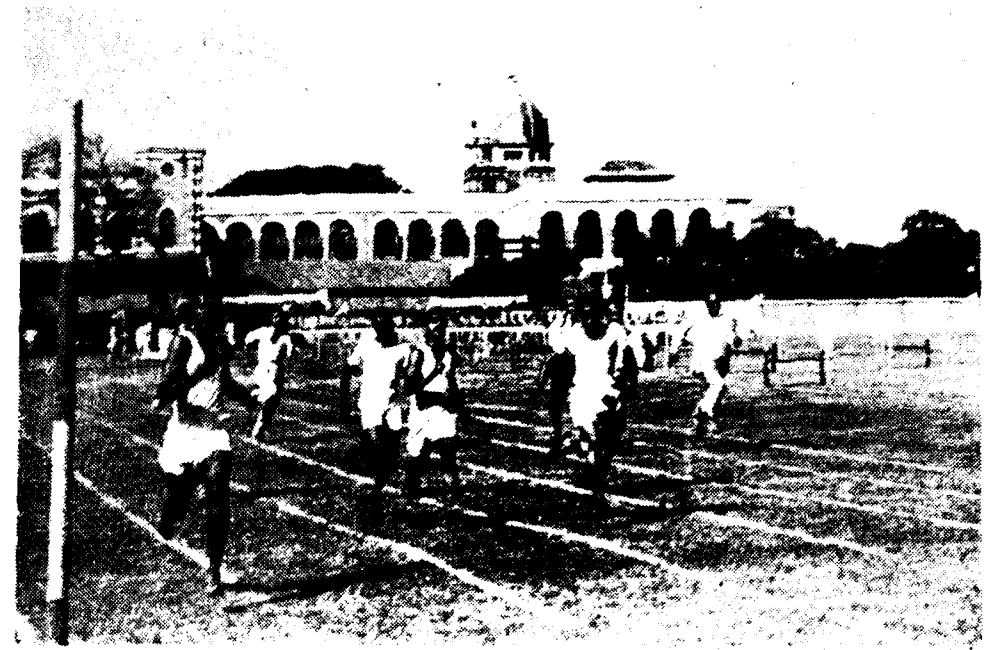
Equality of the Sexes

Last year the Presidential office of U.N. General Assmbly for the first time was occupied by a woman. That was the crowning success of the efforts of Mary Wollstonecraft. Not only in politics but also in every other field women have come to the forefront. And don't you think it is high time we pause a little, and inquire into the natures and functions of both the sexes and their proper relation to each other?

COLLEGE DAY SPORTS



Sri N. D. Sundaravadivelu, Director of Public Instruction, addressing the gathering on College Day.



Old Boys' Race.



MEMBERS OF THE MOCK PARLIAMENT

Looking at it in the widest possible way, we see in man and woman the two parts of humanity. The two sexes are not equal and can never be equal. They are not identical. They are also not antagonistic. They are complementary. But unfortunately the tendency in the west has been to throw them into antagonism, to make them competitors in the battle of life, rivals for employment, rivals for fame and rivals for power; the "Rights of Woman" has been opposed to the "Rights of Man"; and there has been fierce discussion, hot war of pens and hot war of tongues, much anger and much bitterness, contemptuous sneers from the one side and passionate out-cries from the other. In spite of all this the sexes are not antagonistic. Truly complementary are they each supplying what the other lacks, each giving that in which the other is deficient, and together they make up the perfect whole. Each part is necessarily incomplete; it cries out for, it craves, it demands the other, and the whole can come into existence only when the separated parts are brought together in harmonious combination. That the sexes are complementary to each other is proclaimed by nature in plant and in animal as well as in humanity; it is a natural fact sung by every bird that carols to its mate, seen in every flower that dances in the breeze. And whoever may urge that the sexes are equal, whatever arguments may support it, even if it be claimed as part of a scripture, that which is against nature is false and is foredoomed to failure.

Physically, and mentally, man and woman differ from each other and in the blending of the two stable equilibrium is found. In man the muscular system is more largely developed than in woman; on the other hand the glandular system is more largely developed in woman than in man. The different part played by each in the reproduction of the species demands this difference in the physical constitution, and it cannot change till women cease to be mothers and men fathers. With this differing physical development is connected a different emotional and intellectual development. In women, emotion prevails over intellect; in men intellect over emotion. Woman is quick, intuitional, receptive; man is cautious, logical, resistant. If such differences be looked at from the standpoint of separation antagonism will appear. Woman will think man slow, stupid, cold, heavy; man will think woman hasty, irrational, illogical, impulsive. But join the two in loving co-operation and each helps the other: the one is restrained from headlong decision and action; the other is stimulated and often finds in woman's quick intuitions an indication for reason. Together they can judge accurately and act wisely, with due consideration for human nature and a full understanding of human needs.

The ascetic, who had not really conquered his lower nature and who had put on prematurely the ascetic garb, regarded woman as his most dangerous enemy, as the lure from the ideal he desired to reach. Both

Hindus and Christians alike had applied to woman the most opprobrious terms as the temptress of man, the evil spirit that allured them from celibacy and asceticism. But we should not fail to remember that in all these cases the writers were men and blamed the woman rather their own unbridled nature. Perhaps had women written of their trials,

They might have writ of men more wickedness
Than all the race of Adam may redress.

What actually is woman's work? Woman's work these days seems to be everything that it was not in the past and nothing that it was. Now-a-days professions are taken and careers are invaded which were formerly held sacred to men; while things are left undone which for all the generations the world has lasted have been naturally and instinctively assigned to women to do. "To educate us when young and to take care of us when grown up" these according to Rousseau are the functions of women at all times.

"What is wanting" asked Napoleon one day of Madame Campan, "in order that the youth of France be well educated?" "Good mothers" was the reply. The emperor was most forcibly struck by the answer. Here is a system in two words. Few great men have flourished, who, were they candid, would not acknowledge the vast advantages they have derived in the earlier years of their life, from the spirit and sympathy of understanding mothers. "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my aged mother" said Abraham Lincoln. Many great Indian leaders owe their careers to their mothers. The spirit of a good mother's life, always radiates its charm, even without the need of words, on the natures of their children, like a flower radiating its fragrance into the sweet spring air.

In most households, the influence of the mother is greater than that of the father. All through the day, it is usually the mother that is with the child and thus has ample opportunities to exercise influence over and educate her children. Modern youth seem to think that their "uneducated" mothers know absolutely nothing; that they are necessary evils whom they have to tolerate with stoic resignation because it is not in their power to do otherwise. Mothers now-a-days are considered the greatest possible inconvenience. They do not know anything about the present day world or how to get on in it. And the modern youth considers those who did not have a school or college education as "uneducated". But one may have college education and yet be uneducated; and one may be educated without going through a college. One may lead a simple and honest life even without going through a college. We have standing examples of such persons in those plain hearted rustics who are governed by a code of honour, far superior to anything

we can find in our sophisticated societies. Our mothers might not have gone through a college. Yet it was mothers like them that brought into being a Shivaji, a Dadabhai or a Gokhale.

By this I do not in the least mean that women should not be given the benefits of a college education. Far from it. I am one of those who firmly believe that men should never deny women the opportunity of an education from which we have benefited so much. And I am also one of those who hold the unshakeable opinion that women should not be educated on identical lines as men. There is a craze among the modern women to be educated on identical lines with men. Because men take to engineering, women also want to take to engineering. Because men are given N.C.C. Training, women also want to be given N.C.C. Training. Pardon me if I say that it is nothing short of mid-summer madness to want the education of men and women to proceed on identical lines. How could the education of men and women ever proceed on identical lines when their functions in life are not identical? Education is essential for women, because it is on their education that the greatness of a nation depends. So far as cleverness, learning and knowledge are conducive to woman's moral excellence they are therefore desirable and no farther. All that would occupy her mind to the exclusion of better things ought to be avoided as an evil. The possession of great intellectual endowments in woman has much more frequently proved her bane than her blessing. And they are certainly not the qualifications of female character which conduce most to her own happiness or the happiness of those around her.

Mary Wollstonecraft simply stated a claim. She protested against the slavish treatment accorded to women by the contemporary society and demanded that she be given her rightful place as the partner of man. As it often happens to most leaders' claims, those who fought under Mary Wollstonecraft's banner soon lost sight of the original claim. They confounded it with the right to scribble their names on pieces of paper, the right to vote. And from then on they began to clamour for entry into this, that or the other profession and used to blame men for not allowing them to do so. But I cannot understand how it can ever be a matter of regret to right-minded women that they are exempt, not only from the most laborious occupations both of mind and body but also from the necessity of engaging in those eager pecuniary speculations and in that fierce conflict of wordly interests by which men are so deeply occupied as to be in a manner compelled to stifle their best feelings until they become in reality the characters they at first only assumed.

The trouble about the so called equality of the sexes is that it has created, what, for want of a better phrase one may term a 'Third Sex'—just a phase of feminine impertinence and masculine indulgence combined

together. The disregard of all old world modesties on the one hand and the unmanly brutalities on the other; the feverish love of notoriety in both sexes alike ought to open the eyes of all sane people to the true character of movement which makes women hard and men hysterical: which gives to each the vices of the other while destroying its own hitherto distinctive virtues. Woman would become the most hateful and heartless, disgusting and despicable, abominable and atrocious of human beings were she allowed to unsex herself. All men whose opinion is worth having prefer the simple and genuine girl of the past with her tender little ways and pretty bashful modesties, to this rampant modernization with her counterfeit hair and painted face.

In human society the influence of women has been on the whole extremely beneficial. It has softened the violence of men. It has improved their manners; it has lessened their cruelty. If only women make full use of the gifts of nature, in the way that nature intended them to be made use of, there is no knowing what they might not achieve.

G. V. Sivarama Ross III Hons. (Economics).

Class Room Moods

Students are supposed to be very attentive in the class room. They are expected to listen to the lecture and, having listened to every blessed word (nay, every blessed *letter*) of the lecture, they are supposed to digest it mentally. But how many of us, I mean the students, do this? Well, the answer depends on a variety of factors—purely psychological factors, as the psychologists will tell you—with which we are not concerned here. But, we shall just see a few 'cases' of students' behaviour in the class room while the lecture is going on. By this, I do not insinuate any indecent behaviour *within* the class room on the part of any student. Read through this 'piece' and you will see that it is far from being any such insinuation.

There are some students (especially women students, whose scoring first marks at the examination is taken for granted, for they are all, we are told, very intelligent, hard working and exceptionally bright and brilliant).....I mean to say, there are some students who take down every word—yes, *every* word, no matter whether it is relevant or is said only by the way by the lecturer concerned. A student, who seemed to be a little poetic, told me the other day that their moving fingers write at a rate faster than the speed of the most swift-footed and the buxomest of the deer.

There are others who sit tight and stiff (so tight and stiff that not even a single hair of their body shakes) in their seats, and just stare at the lecturer throughout the period as if they have been hypnotized by the lecturer. We are told that there is nothing hypnotic about this, but that they are simply sunk into the verbal well as they listen to the lecture in the class room.

Some students sit in the class room with every sign of ease and comfort; they sit as if they are quite conscious of the necessity of telling the lecturer that they feel quite at home even in the class room! "A class room, the ideal place to relax," they tell us, and what 'guts' they have to say that! Perhaps, their 'philosophy' is that, life itself is nothing but one long leisure of ease, comfort and happiness, and class room also, quite reasonably, enters into the pattern of their life!

There are some who go on noiselessly drumming on the edge of the desk with their fingers throughout the period, and even while they do it, they surprisingly succeed in putting on the appearance of being very honestly serious and attentive in the class room. How they succeed in keeping up the appearance of seriousness and attention thus—well, that is the secret of their 'art,' and we are all fortunate in not knowing that secret! After all, is it not true that 'where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise'?

There are other students who apparently seem to hear the lecture with rapt attention, but are actually lost in looking at the brilliant toes of the well-polished shoes of the lecturer; or, with an admiring pair of eyes, they are lost in looking at the starched crease of the lecturer's attractive trousers, or at his very well-cut coat, or at his beautiful tie whose clour agrees with that of the suit, or at the excellent frame of his spectacles. Some say that, to this category of students must be offered the lowest rung in the 'class room moods.' Well, you, dear reader, may or may not agree with this view.

There are some students, whose class room mood, though not fit to be wholly condemned, is not to be encouraged. To this category belong the students who instead of paying their whole attention to the entire content of the lecture, are, quite unintentionally, lost in admiring the lecturer's lucidity of narration, command of language, depth of description and height of imagination!

There are a few students who belong to quite a novel type—*novel* as far as their behaviour *within* the class room is concerned. We may call this the 'gold eating' type, for they attempt to eat gold in the class room. "Incredible!" I hear you exclaiming. The other day, a student was seen entering the class room actually chewing the chain which was adorning that student's neck—the chain, of course, was made of gold; the

chain-chewing student then sat in the front desk and kept on the chain-chewing business throughout the period. That was a chain-chewing case. But there are other cases which, though not same are yet similar, in nature. Ring-chewing, finger-sucking, kerchief-sucking, pen-cap-sucking, pen-smelling and paper-biting are but a few examples of such cases.....

But, having written this much, I am faced with a problem : What shall I do if the Editor asks me, "How did *you* take note of all these things when *you* are also expected to be attentive in the class room? The very fact of your having noticed all these, goes to prove that you are not listening to the lectures in the class, and so you are not a good student. And therefore, your name is not worthy of finding a place in THE PRESIDENCIAN." *Something* in me comes to my rescue and suggests, "When the Editor asks you such a question, you just tell a lie that you sacrificed a day specially to write this skit-cum-humour." But, I hear *another something* protesting from within: "Why tell a lie? Tell the truth to the Editor that, all that you have written above, is but the product of your imagination; and that, it has nothing to do with any one in any class."

This 'advice', if advice it may be called, gives me consolation, for I am a believer in the dictum, "MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PREVALET: TRUTH IS GREAT AND WILL PREVAIL."

M. A. M. Azeezur Rahman, IV Hons., (Islamic History).

If democracy should prevail

Of late, the concept of democracy appears to have receded to oblivion, eventhough, all political deeds of the modern era are supposed to have been evolved in concordance with democratic ideals. Part of this is due to the widening gulf between democracy and totalitarianism, and the popular indignation against any move to curtail liberty, which was hitherto termed as mere gilded cages. The term "democracy" as applied to a "Government, of people, by the people and for the people" is bound to be a trifle misnomer in this age of political philistinism, for, a more realistic approach is essential in order to keep this in phase with the progress of civilization. What then, must be the function of a democratic Government in order to enforce this noble ideal in practice?

To quote a well-known philosopher, "Democracy is the application of the new spirit in the industry by starting ameliorative measures for the workers, and infusing a feeling in the worker that he has interest in the industry, and he is as much responsible for the development of industry as

the capitalist." In other words, it must create economic equality, side by side with economic opportunity and fulfilment. This extension of the principle of democracy is vitally important, for, herein lies the progress of humanity and more particularly, the advancement of depressed and down-trodden classes in social and economic spheres. This new spirit must animate the industrial world as a whole, if democracy is to succeed.

Again, in a democratic state, "Sovereignty of parliament is the constitutional form of the sovereignty of the people." As such, political equality must be maintained, all the more so, if the power to elect their representatives is vested with the common masses. This in turn implies political liberty, which then, is the governing factor of democracy. But liberty, devoid of economic fulfilment, is almost "an abstraction and limitation in meaning" and hence, the crux of the matter lies in economic progress alone. It follows therefore that the fundamental aim of a democratic state, as is in other countries with different political ideologies, is the creation of an economically well-advanced society without which democracy can never hope to succeed.

Ever so many devices to create economic progress have been preached and pursued, but particular mention must be made of the reliance on foreign aid by a politically independent state. While abinitio it provides greater fillip to private enterprises and thus stirs up a nation's productive activity, too much of dependence on foreign aid constitutes a real menace to the function of a democratic state. In fact, it spells the death-knell of democracy in that it "mortgages the nation's present and future by its inflationary and non-productive economic consequences." No doubt, a democratic state must have peaceful relations abroad and in effect, it must strive for reconciliation abroad in order to aid democracy at home. All the same, it should not tolerate any foreign interferences on its internal economic problems, for they should be tackled only with the nation's financial potentialities aided by a little of foreign investments, yet, without undue reliance on foreign aid.

In spite of the heavy odds of colonialism and imperialistic exploitation, many underdeveloped countries have come into shape in a fully independent structure. They will have to adapt as their basic aim either democracy or bureaucracy, the negation of democracy. Much as bureaucracy is underrated as an "entrenchment in power without responsibility", it will be a fallacy to pursue democracy, unless and until the social and mental habits of the people in these countries are changed dynamically in order to respond to the new circumstances. It can be potent only if there is a human content of democracy, be it their intellectual or physical accomplishments.

Added to privilege and penury, totalitarianism has offered a fateful challenge to democracy in this post-war period. The triumph of democracy over Nazism and Fascism only created weaknesses and shortcomings within democracies themselves. This was mainly due to the exaltation of ends, practised by the war time democratic nations. The vital fact that the success of democracy entirely depends on the respect for the means was left out in the background, the serious outcomes of which were the intellectual chaos and economic poverty, that characterise the war's aftermath. A more pressing problem for democracy is thus the loss of its soul, its very essence, which was sacrificed during wartime in preference to imperialist exploitation. These serious drawbacks will have to be rectified if democracy is to triumph over totalitarianism.

Just because in a dictatorship the end hallows all the means, there is no room to assert that democracy will triumph in the end, for the war history shows us how even in democracy, the end hallows some of the means, if not all. This is serious in all its aspects, for as one eminent politician rightly points out: "To the extent that democracy sacrifices means to end, (as for instance, in the use of the atomic bomb against Japan in order to shorten the war), democracy imperils its own existence."—more as, perhaps, in this atomic age. No use will be served by clamouring against totalitarianism or against the curtailment of political freedom of action, for, the only answer to them lies in providing economic upliftment for the masses, in lieu of focussing too much attention on military expansions and rearmaments. To speed up the productions of atomic and hydrogen bombs is contrary to the very ideals of democracy. The issue in scepticism to-day is not whether the standard of living of the common people should be raised but how. For this, it is imperative to realize the well-defined theory: "the human content of democracy, be it their labour power and potential, their intellectual or physical attainments and above all their character content, is the basic factor for the survival and success of a democratic state and community."

N. R. Ranganathan, III Hons. (Maths).

The T.N.T. Club

Last Saturday brought me a pleasant surprise. A curious blue envelope containing a highly scented letter arrived with the official seal of the T.N.T. Club. On breaking the seal I found the Secretary's request. She sent me her very warm wishes for a very happy and prosperous New Year and requested me to do her the great favour of being the Chief Guest of their Club at an annual luncheon party to be held within a week. I was at first filled with excitement and pleasant surprise. Nevertheless I plucked up courage and readily wrote back to say that I was most willing

to grace the occasion with my presence if only they cared to send me a reminder sometime then. The day soon came and before long I was profusely garlanded by the members of the aforesaid club, invited to lunch and all sweet words and kindness bestowed on me. Within a few hours I moved with the learned members of the Club with an air of the most perfect familiarity. This attractive club consists of nearly a hundred members and for your interest is purely a feminine concern. Seven members form the executive body of the famous T.N.T. Club and they impress you with their sweet words and sterling character before you really discover the oddities of their character.

The President of the T.N.T. Club is an extra-ordinarily amicable member. She is of average height and thickness, dresses herself in the most attractive garb and has some qualities discernible in Hedy Lamarr. She carries a monstrous huge purse presented, as she told me, by a foreign returned uncle of hers who was now in the I.A.S. (Delhi). In this cavity she stores the following articles which I stealthily discovered: One tin of Cuticura Powder, a cake of lux toilet soap, a one-inch pencil, lip-stick, a small note-book and three rupees. Narcissus-like she welcomes flattery on her own behalf now and then. She sometimes puts on a very bewitching smile that reveals her very fine set of artificial teeth and it is in this respect that she offers a great contrast to the Vice-president.

Hailing from Coondapoor District this Vice-president is really a *lulus naturae*, which simply means that she is a freak of nature. She is a typist in a big firm in the city and is on the wrong side of twenty. Curiously she takes to snuff since smoking is forbidden as a rule in the club. She offers a contrast to the President in that she has rosy lips and an equally gracious set of teeth which she earned from chewing betel-leaves. She is unique in the T.N.T. Club because she claims to have a lover in a poet who composes sonnets on her beauty.

Next in importance is the Secretary. A sweet lass of eighteen, she studies in a city college and has one redeeming quality—that of absent-mindedness. She has only seven sarees according to club calculations, is very stylish, uses cutex to colour her nails and is very fond of travelling by rickshaws. 'Eternal smiles her hollowness betray' and she squints laconically whenever confused or in doubt. She is a bosom friend of the treasurer who is a great scholar of the Club by virtue of the number of diverse books she carries.

This lady is a B.A. (Hons) of the Nagpur University, always puts an air of affectation and sometimes of great love and affection for you. She wears high-heeled shoes, a garland of beads sits clumsily round her giraffe-like neck and she wraps herself in her saree whenever her modesty gets the better of her courage. She professes to know a great deal of

Kambar Ramayana, Book two of Virgil's Aeneid where Laocoon and Sinon figure, and Milton's blindness. She either knits socks or reads novels during all the important functions of the Club and, I am told, she weeps when she takes compassion on Tess or on Maggie and Oliver Tulliver or on Jean Valjean. On account of this malady she is suspected of having high blood pressure and others consequently keep at a safe distance from her.

The fifth member of the T.N.T. Club is no less than the secretary. She is all smiles for you and loves to ride on a motor-bicycle. She prefers a Punjabi uniform to a saree, is very simple but only emaciated. She claims to be the author of several pamphlets on curtsy and manners but herself has no time to practise all of them. She has a fascination for corridors where she dances once in a while. She uses a fan like Lady Windmere's which the recent leader of the Chinese Cultural Delegation presented her in recognition of her talents. She sings well—nay speaks in music but has a slight nasal twang that makes her music incomprehensible. She never reads news-papers but only film news and other rubbish of this sort.

The last member of the executive committee is the humble peon. She never speaks out but always has a grin on the right side of the mouth that gets on your nerves at once. She takes no tips as the T.N.T. Club imposes a fine of three annas for every one anna she accepts as tip. Shoes have no value for her but in spite of her flat foot she is monstrous pretty. She moves like the 'Evening Star Clad in the livery of a thousand stars.' She speaks only in Tamil or in Telugu as she considers below her dignity to speak in that "slavish language of the Britishers". Outside the club she rarely recognises anybody on account of her father's advice. She has a very broad fore-head which really means she is very narrow-minded and extraordinarily shy and modest.

With these members of the T.N.T. Club I had the unique privilege to lunch, although their rules strictly forbid male members being called in as chief-guests. I was an exception for three solid reasons. Firstly, I was "unique in certain respects", secondly I possessed a fund of experience and knowledge and thirdly as the modern poet says, I talked to every girl as though I loved her (which was really far from being the case). I take this opportunity of once again thanking the members of the dynamic T.N.T. Club which functions every week in our historic city from four to five every fort-night. May I be allowed to wish the T.N.T. Club every success in the coming New Year and May God shower His choicest blessings on each one of you, my good friends of the T.N.T. Club.

K. G. A. Narayan, IV Hons. (English).

A Wild Crab Chase

Crab—crustacean with ten legs, of which the front pair are armed with pincers, noted for walking sideways and backwards as well as forwards; flesh of these used as food and it is the flesh we are concerned with rather than the crust.

Ah! it would indeed require a more worthy pen to extol the excellences of that delectable flesh. And to what extent will not the crab-eater go, just to satisfy the palate of the epicure?

April 25th dawned bright and sunny. Some of the family were already up and about. Suddenly there was a general shout of "Uncle Louis". Rushing downstairs, we found that our uncle from Bangalore had arrived. There were cries of joy and greetings but all were terribly disappointed when we heard that uncle was leaving the same day, and had come only on an urgent business trip. But the damper was removed when uncle announced that he refused to return unless he took with him a special gift for Auntie and what was that? —CRABS!!!

Upon hearing of this decision, there were 'Hurrahs' for Dad also announced that the best place to obtain crabs, was Ennore. There were also cries of envy, for some of my brothers had to go to school. Dashing to the dining room, each packed himself a small snack, and then got into the car which was all set in readiness. A few minutes later we were off to Ennore.

When almost on the threshold of the picnic resort, we were delayed at a level-crossing for about five minutes. For a few minutes as we went alongside the railway track it was a race between the train and our car, but soon we branched away in another direction.

Lying on the river bank, with rising sun, well above the horizon, its rays throwing brilliant beams of light on the russet sails of the fishing boats, we caught our first glimpse of Ennore. Finding a suitably shady spot, in the cocoanut grove along the river side, we squatted down to have our snacks. As soon as we had finished we set out in search of fishermen, in order to go fishing with them. All were out except two, but their boat was too small, and hence could not accommodate us all. So we remained at an arranged spot, while they promised to return in an hour with the objects of our pursuit—Crabs!

While Dad and uncle seated themselves comfortably on a tree trunk we proceeded to explore our surroundings. There was a minor accident, when Pete was bitten by a small crab while wading in the river, but prompt first aid and teasing added to the frolic.

An hour and a quarter had gone by, and there was no sign of the returning boat. However, they soon hove into sight. We ran towards them, and yelled "What luck"? In reply they dragged up their line baited for 30 crabs, and hanging to it, was just one solitary little fellow! Uncle's countenance fell; and looking at his downcast face all of us shared a twinge of remorse. But some one got a brain wave,—on our way back, we would visit all the markets en route and surely we would get crabs. We went to three places but it was of no avail—there were all types of fishes—but crabs (?) there were none!

We consoled uncle by telling him not to worry for it was quite evident that luck was against us. So, once again, we were homeward bound, having had quite an enjoyable and eventful trip. We were a little tried but very happy, after a wild goose chase after crabs, or was it a wild crab chase, after all?

Harold J. Laski—An Estimate

It is an axiom of fundamental importance to political philosophy that there exists a close relationship between the political ideas of a thinker and the environment he encounters. The political philosophy of any thinker would remain unintelligible save in the context of the time in which he lived. In this sense it can be said that there has been no influential political work which is not in essence an autobiography of its time. Rousseau's egalitarianism is intelligible only in the context of the French Revolution. The absolutism of Hobbes, Locke's advocacy of constitutional monarchy have all their meaning only if the peculiarity of circumstances they faced is taken into account. Harold Laski was born at a time when England was trying to face the problems which the Industrial Revolution had created. The year 1848 had been called not without significance "the annus mirabilis" of our age. Political liberalism was unable to solve the multitude of economic problems of a society whose contours were fundamentally altered by the impact of science and technology. This incompatibility between political freedom on the one hand and economic slavery on the other led to a severe disillusionment and consequent criticism of democracy. This disillusionment with democracy also coincided with the attempt on the part of some thinkers in England to restore to the State its absolutism. It fell to the lot of Laski as much to re-examine democracy and its postulates in the light of these new developments as to fight this attempt to revive State absolutism.

Laski was brought up in the individualist tradition of Mill and Bentham. His opposition to the absorptiveness of the Leviathan State and its Moloch-like demands, his profound distrust of power, his emphasis

on the need to safeguard liberty from the subtle incursions of Caesarism can all be traced to his firm belief in individual values. It is significant that he should have written the introduction to the "Autobiography" of J. S. Mill. His book *Liberty in the modern State* is actually a re-statement of Mill's "On Liberty" with alterations to suit the needs of the twentieth century. His skepticism likewise has its origin in this firm belief in the supremacy of individual values. He deplored the unthinking acquiescence of the many in the decisions of the few for he held that "to doubt is to examine and to examine is to discover. We do our duty by examination not by submission, by zeal for truth and not by enthusiasm for uniformity".

In Laski we have a harmonious blend of all that is best in political liberalism combined with an awareness deepened by his historical knowledge of the need for greater social justice by an even distribution of economic power. Like many a conscientious political thinker of our time he was also bedevilled with the problem of seeking to harmonise social justice with political freedom which led him to several contradictions. His political philosophy indeed is a strange amalgam of individualism, pluralism, pragmatism and Marxism. The *ensemble* indeed was as unique as it was curious. But it reflected in all its pervasiveness a desire to find a solution to the greatest dilemma of our time—the reconciliation of political liberty with economic freedom. Whatever he was, whether an individualist, or a Marxist, he was that with a difference. He analysed individualism as a Collectivist and Collectivism as an individualist. He told an interrupter at a public meeting, "Yes, my friend, we are both Marxists, you in your way and I in Marx's". His individualism did not prevent him from a ruthless criticism of capitalist democracy, as is evidenced by his book "Democracy in Crisis" nor did his Marxism blind him to the cannibalistic excesses of Stalin's regime in Russia. He was an admirer of English institutions and the English virtue of adaptability but he made fun of them in a manner that would recall to our mind the names of such eminent satirists of British customs and manners as Low and Bernard Shaw.

His unconventionality—a general disinclination to conform to accepted beliefs and traditions was responsible for the suspicion with which he was looked down upon by his friends as well as his admirers. This is perhaps the reason why he did not have anything like a settled life. He always loved a fight and went in for it. Neither political denigration by his opponents nor persecution by authority could swerve him from the path once he had chosen it; for he had in him the spirit which made Socrates prefer hemlock to a freedom he despised. Indeed his nature was such that he would have been a rebel wherever he would have lived. Had he been born in Russia he would have been exiled or executed long ago. If in America, Senator McCarthy would have sent him to prison.

Even in England known for its traditional tolerance he was always suspected for his allegedly Communist sympathies and for his anti-royal sentiments which blackened him in the eyes of the public.

He took great and vigorous interest in Indian politics urging the need for granting freedom to India by pointing out the absurdity in expecting Indian students to learn Mill and accept the position of second class citizens in their own country. Indeed it is doubtful whether the Labour party without Harold's powerful advocacy would have been able to carry through its decision in favour of India's freedom in the teeth of strong Conservative opposition voiced by no less a person than the great Winston Churchill who said that "he had not become the King's First Minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire". Laski has left behind him a number of friends in India. He was a personal friend of our Prime Minister to whom he sent a message on the eve of his 60th birthday calling on him to build up a healthy democratic opposition in India. This message is not only an affirmation of Laski's faith in democracy but also reflects his interest in Indian politics.

He had Montesquieu's zest for liberty and Rousseau's passion for equality which he combined with the robust humanism of Ruskin and Morris. His legal brilliance was such that he could be compared only to Maitland and in his forensic excellence Burke only could have excelled him. His knowledge was encyclopaedic, his memory prodigious and though his method of presentation was often verbose and tended to be labyrinthine yet he was a master phrasemaker which perhaps accounts for the immense popularity he enjoys with students of political science all over the world.

His death deprived the democratic world of its most enthusiastic spokesman and political science of a great thinker who elevated politics from the quagmire of reaction into which it had fallen to the dizzy Platonic heights of a princely science. Perhaps the best tribute that has yet been paid to him comes from Leon Blum, Laski's friend and sometimes Premier of France. He said, "I do not think that any man in Europe or America had such a profound and original knowledge of democratic institutions since the 17th century." But perhaps the best quality in him that endeared him to others apart from his brilliant intellect, was his humanism. As Kingsley Martin, his biographer puts it: "Laski was a great scholar and a political philosopher; he was a politician and a journalist, he was above all a teacher and a friend."

R. Jameel Ahamed, Assistant Professor of Politics,

The Perennial Drama

Have any of you stood out on the corridor of the main building of our College and contemplated the stream of life flowing down? I am one of those fortunate souls who have been afforded this opportunity. In fact I have had frequent opportunities because I practically live by the corridor during working hours. I have seen an untold number of students, both men and women, pass by. Ah! This is real education! Instead of sitting inside the class raking up the dry bones of fossilised thoughts and literary flourishes, to come out and feast my eyes on Youth at its freshest, throbbing with its characteristic ebullience, lit up by the torch of Being Young. This state of Being Young is an enviable one, say the old folk. I have many times listened to the old folk of my home in their reminiscent mood. A thrill of self conscious pride used to run through me when I noticed the glint of envy in their eyes.

In my hours-long vigil at the threshold of our class room, I have dipped into the richness of infinite variety of student life. I almost tend to think of our College as a drop of water looked at through a powerful microscope; the people I have seen pass by remind me of the myriads of tiny germs each dissimilar from one another. Each student is by himself or herself an interesting study. Although I do not make so bold as to boast of being a Pugliano, the renowned physiognomist of yore, I have discovered some distinct types of students, men and women, who can be taken as the empirical structure of the society of our college.

The most common type prevalent here is the 'fop'—I mean the dressed up one. To see him strut down the corridor with his tap-tap of suede shoes, indiscriminately scattering silly smiles, replete with all the frippery that go to make the glamour boy of the tailoring advertisements—My! Can you beat it! If he is half so rich up there in his head as he is in his clothes, three cheers for him. But, unfortunately, he is just a tailor's dummy: a clotheshorse, if you would like another term. I see him every day fully conscious of himself, darting his eyes this way and that to see if any body—preferably a lady—is admiring him. Mind you, I personally have nothing against an individual of this type. Rather, I am proud that Presidency College can vie with any other institution in the matter of clothes, the glittering facade which may or may not hide the intrinsically un-beautiful. In these days a job is got easier when the candidate strikes the eyes of the prospective boss blind with his impressive array of costly suits. I will let you into what a friend of mine, who happens to be a woman student, told me about those dressed up boys in an indignant tone. "Satan claim such pretentious ignoramuses. Do they think they are Clark Gables or Anthony Edens by merely dressing themselves up in this fashion?" How am I to tackle this forthright condemnation. My

foremost desire was to put in a word or two in defence of these 'demned' unfortunates. I kept quiet. After all, the women have the final say in these matters, you know.

As a sort of contrast to the type I delineated, there is the modest unpretentious young man. He is a quiet going chap. He abhors excesses in anything except perhaps his text books. He is secretly proud of being 'umble, although his intentions for appearing so are far from Uriah Heep's. Quaintly enough, most of this type wear spectacles. Why is it that specs have been invariably monopolised by students belonging to this type? They do not use sun glasses in a wintry afternoon as the 'fop' does. Just plain convex or concave lenses. As I am prepared to take an oath that, the 'modest' student dislikes affectation, I can only conclude that the pair of glasses was the consequence of undue indulgence in intellectual repasts. He reads the light essays of Belloc and Lynd for breakfast and masticates heavy authors like Milton or Browne for luncheon. Another noticeable characteristic of his is he never speaks out. Never, never! That girl friend of mine has not yet passed any judgement over this specimen of University life. If ever she does, I shall certainly relay it to you.

It is an established fact that women are kaleidoscopic creatures. They are vanity, snobbery, an occasional flash of vivacious charm, the imperiousness of a warlike queen, the frizzling stare and melting smile, all rolled into one. A woman is a woman in any part of the globe and so is she in Presidency College. I have seen many of them on the Corridor—the short ones, the tall ones, the quick ones, the placid ones, the bright ones, the stupid ones, the sociable ones and the ice packed ones. One common thread that runs through them all is their native flair for wearing the best in the market. One afternoon, after a particularly crowded interval on the corridor, I sat down and began to approximately compute how much money the chiffons and georgettes and silks and rayons that belonged to our charming young ladies were worth. I honestly felt that with that money another block like our new Chemistry one could have been raised. Am I exaggerating? I presume I am not far off the mark? But I am not the one to cry over spilt milk. In fact I am quite on the ladies side. I any day prefer an attractively dressed young lady to a shoddily dressed one.

I remember to have read in some magazine in the dim past that God created Woman to look pleasing but be unobtrusive. Alas! God's purpose has been partly defeated. I find that the young ladies are encountering some difficulty to come round the latter one of God's purposes. A small incident will illustrate what I am trying to convey. Our lecturer and we were merrily jogging along over a difficult part of our text. Remarkable communion, between us. Suddenly our eardrums were nearly

punctured by a shrill mixed sort of noise. By the time we cluttered out, filled with the worst forebodings, we could just manage to see the swishing sarees of a handful of young ladies disappearing round the bend. Probably a snorter of a joke. The thread was broken. The lecturer was an insufferable bore for the rest of the hour.

There are lots and lots more of entrancing stories that the corridor can tell. I see everyday atleast one drama enacted on it. To see is to enjoy, to hear is to miss the spice in it. The Christmas holidays are drawing close. I must rush back to my intimate dumb companion the corridor, resume my habitual stand on the threshold and turn to full throttle my capacity for observation. I am going to be too busy to waste my time in idle chit-chat. See it if you ever come south of Powell's statue. The stage is set.....

V. Ramaswami, IV (Hons.), English.

The Ministering Angel

As Loony's shadow crossed the door of the club, Bajjikanth rose stiffly, muttering something which sounded like "a place unfit for gentlemen" and went out.

The usually expressionless faces in the club registered an emotion akin to surprise. For, as everyone knew, though no one bothered to credit them with a sense of understanding they were sure all ears for gossip.

Loony comfortably settled himself in a chair and cried out: "Fellows, gentlemen, and cuckoo birds, lend me your cigarettes."

The operation having been performed, everyone crowded round Loony and asked "what's cracking up Bajji?"

"Oh," laughed Loony who was a cousin of Bajji, "it's nothing. He'll get over that. You see it's like this. You save a fellow from the gallows. But the goat feels that he has been denied his privilege. Gradually wisdom will dawn. Yes, but for me that chap in another two years would have been pushing around perambulators, and doing odd jobs at home while Masalapriya did social service in the club."

"Please get me some water," cried Goofy, "this is too much".

"I know that anything beyond the alphabet is too much for you," said Loony, "but I will explain. I saved Bajji from the abyss into which any young man sooner or later falls down, if good angels like myself shedding sweetness and light do not hover around. Yes, I took the matter in my hands when Bajji first confided his secret sin."

"No one who sees Bajji (continued Loony) would suspect that such a man with that phenomenal love for potatoes could not tolerate onions—but there it was. You may write it as one of the inexplicable happenings in nature. Onions he preferred—to keep at a distance. And similarly fathers-in-law. But at the time we open our show he is confronted both by an onion and by a prospective father-in-law. Fortune cannots show a meaner trick than this.

I will give in four short sentences the state of affairs when Bajji approached me. There was Bajji. There was Masalapriya he was after. There was her father Acharaswami. There was the onion he was after."

"Yes," said Bajji, "the time hath come to talk of marriages and onions, of cranks and clashing fads. I need not tell you that Masala is an angel. She stays with her father in the house opposite to mine. I need not tell you that Acharaswami is a friend. Or else why should onions be bought in their house daily and Masala's eyes always watery? It is evident that she does not like them. Well may I say 'yond Swami has a lean and hungry look; he eats onions such men are dangerous.'"

"I still don't see why you should worry?"

"Oh, to talk with such mugs. All the years in College will not brighten this little brain. Don't you see that I am in love with this girl and at the same time cannot allow onions?"

"why you can take her away after the marriage if there's any."

"Your gas is out, my dear dope. Do you belabour under the impression that a father with an only daughter ever allows a son-in-law to get away from him? Good heavens, you have sure forgotten to take logarithms. I will get mad talking with fellows like you who want every word to be spelt."

"Oh, is that so? Then you have only to declare 'out, out, short lived love! Love's but a barking dog, a timid thief who talks and fools his hour on that day, and then is heard no more.' If you are really in love, you must become partner in this great enterprise. Or else go and start an aquarium, you dumb fish."

Bajji shouted at this: "Doubt thou potatoes are onions. Doubt thou that girls tell truths. Doubt Loony to be a sage; But never doubt Bajji loves."

It was clear that Bajji's case could not be treated by ordinary therapy. He was madly in love. And he was obviously prepared for the worst. But still there comes in the affairs of every man a time when he

has to pause and consider whether he is wise in ignoring onions. The whole question when distilled gave the query—to love or not to love.

There was another thing also. Bajji was tactily assuming that it only required his asking before they started selecting models for invitations.

So I asked, "How are your stocks and shares, Bajji, with the old man?"

"I don't know whether they are preferred or deferred. But he borrows my paper every day."

"Oh, that's some straw. If only you could indicate that your property (which is Rs. 387-14-3, isn't it?) would be placed at his disposal... But wait, these things must be discussed over a nice dinner. Yes...yes... now here it comes. Cheer up Bajji. For cool, careful, and confidential advice consult Mentor the wise guy. Next week, your birthday comes. You invite A and M for dinner. The main item in the menu should be onion and the subsidiary dishes are made of onions. Get the idea."

"Then you think the stage is set for the hen to lay the egg."

"Exactly. If the old crony is not drowning you in tears of joy, remind me to accompany you to a picture."

"Loony, I am simply struck by this sparking. This is champion. Anyone could be mistaken—your face accounts for it—that though you might be good company, still you could not plan the nation's future. But here you have one of those happy ideas that strike at odd places. I think I shall show my gratitude by letting you adopt one of my children. It will call for a spirit of sacrifice. But I will rise up to the occasion. So long."

So behold us four on the eventful day—Bajji, Masalapriya, Acharaswami and myself indulging in that insipid talk about weather, sports, pictures and politics and reverting to weather again—that inevitably precedes a dinner.

The first dish was served.

"It's a special onion soup," said Bajji.

I think that A.S. let out a snort. If it was a friendly neighing, I don't know much about horses.

"And these are onions fried in special untouched-with-hand, nutritive, 100%, genuine vegetable ghee," explained Bajji.

"Is that? I'm glad," said A.S. in a voice which wives reserve for husbands who sneak in at 1 A.M.

"I thought that probably you may like some raw onions too. Here you are."

I saw the colours of the rainbow in A.S.'s face. His nose began to twitch.

I glanced into the paper. 'Fair to cloudy weather. Thunderstorms may burst.' The forecast was correct.

"This is onion ketchup specially good for vitamin deficiency," said Bajji and the fuse went off.

"Young man," said the dynamite exploding, "if you think that you have played a practical joke on me, you are going to be sorry for that. When you told me that today is your birthday I should have known. It's All Fools' Day. Your sense of humour I am unable to appreciate, as I have no soft corner for neurotics. Come out, Masala. God only knows how I allow you your weakness for onions. Probably because you are motherless I've been too indulgent. But this is scandalous. To think that I considered this chap as a probable match for you. It only shows that we are totally wrong in not judging by appearances."

With that A.S. walked out with his daughter.

I could see Bajji's consternation. He added two and two and that was wrong. I was reminded of: 'If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.' Bajji mistook the connection between Acharaswami and onions whereas the affinity was between Masala and onions. It clearly indicated that we must depend upon our intuition to help us guess wrongly.

By that time Bajji had collected himself. He actually clasped my hands and spoke through tears. "Loony, you have taught me that before one starts loving at first sight, he must have his eyes examined."

"So that's it," said Loony rising up.

"Hey, wait, wait. These do not add up. According to you Bajji must be grateful and consider you as his saviour. Now if I have studied my calculus correctly, I find that it is his greatest pleasure not to meet you. What does that mean?" asked Goofy.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said Loony walking towards the door, "that Acharaswami happens to be my new boss and I have successfully angled for Masala. Please turn up in large numbers at the marriage. And don't forget to bring your presents also."

C. V. Pichappa, M.A., M.Sc., (Chemistry), Old Student.

Cricket

Mrs. Batliwallah and Mrs. Marthangam were at the cricket-match. Fully prepared to enjoy the day, they had arrived with field glasses, eye-shades, lipstick, knitting, pattern books, pencils, purses, extra skeins of wool, snacks and various receptacles to hold their things. Mrs. B wisely brought a large purse into which she put all the smaller articles and a large knitting bay into which she put the larger articles. Mrs. M. not being so wise, packed up each of her things differently so that the N.C.C. cadet at the gate had to hold her bundles while she hunted for her ticket.

Both of them took seats behind a pillar from which place they could not be noticed by that snooty Mrs. R. who had managed to get a seat in the pavilion. Having settled down (nearly dislodging the two men on either side in the process) the ladies patted their hair, and took out their knitting. "Click, click, click" went their needles, and "clack, clack, clack," went their tongues; for they had both been born with clappers in their mouths.

"I am glad Mrs. R. cannot see us for we would hear of nothing but the view of the match from the pavilion—at Sheila's party," said Mrs. M. who did not believe in short sentences. "I am glad too, though I must say we will not see much of the match from here," said Mrs. B. "But ofcourse it is much better this way than to have Mrs. R. crowing over us, when next we meet." "My dear," said Mrs. M. pathetically, "if you only knew what she said, the other day—'you get imitation diamonds that look so like the real ones,' she remarked, eyeing my necklace with that supercilious air of hers." "I do hope you didn't let that pass," commented Mrs. B. "Certainly not," said Mrs. M. proudly, "I said, 'Jewellers shops are very obliging these days, aren't they? They let you take home jewellery sets, on approval, on the eve of a party and return it the next day.' She was completely squashed. As if I don't know that she doesn't buy half the costly jewellery she wears." Mrs. B. clapped her hands approvingly and dropped her knitting in the process. By the time she retrieved it, she found that the players had entered the field. Under cover of the shouting and clapping, Mrs. M. whispered, "How do you know one side from the other?" Mrs. B. whispered back that the man with the curly hair and the other with the beard, who had bats in their hands were on one side, while all the rest were the opposite team. "Isn't that rather unfair?" said Mrs. M. "but well if it is cricket, it must be so." And hugely enjoying her own wit, she laughed long and loud.

The knitting proceeded smoothly except for two interruptions when the short fat man sitting next to Mrs. B requested her (rather curtly, she thought) to keep her needle out of his eye, while the tall thin man on Mrs. M's right, muttered something uncomplimentary as he picked up Mrs. M's ball which had rolled under his seat. The two went on with their knitting

wearing a most injured look. "Talk of manners," they remarked to each other. Towards the middle of the morning's game Mrs. B. felt it incumbent to tell Mr. Boiled Beetroot, sitting on her left, that she disliked the way he let out a sudden yell, for it not only made her start, but left her to count her stitches all over again. Mrs. M told Mr. Longshanks sitting on her right, a bit frostily, that he had no right to use such language in the presence of ladies, and that if he did not like to pick up her ball, he could at least stand up for a minute or two while she foraged for it under his chair. The atmosphere was decidedly unfriendly when lunch time drew near. The two men left their seats and went out to get some lunch while both ladies opened their packets.

Mrs. B and Mrs. M exchanged gossip as they did their lunch. "Oh, my dear," gushed Mrs. B "what lovely cutlets! Did you make them all by yourself." "Mostly," smirked Mrs. M; "Ofcourse the cook prepared the vegetables and cut them up, and kept watch near the oven, while they browned but I did the rest practically single-handed." "But they're lovely", exclaimed Mrs. B, "you are a born cook. Mr. Marthangam is a lucky fellow. Do give me your recipe." Mrs. M hesitated. "I'll phone you up tomorrow and let you have it," she said. "I am not quite sure as to how I made it. I'll have to ask the cook." Mrs. M likewise enjoyed the potato chips Mrs. B had brought and asked for her recipe. Mrs. B gave it to her and admitted that her sister-in-law had helped—just a little bit—in the preparing of it. The ground-nuts vendor, the ice-cream vendor, the chocolate vendor, all made their appearance, and were hailed with delight.

The re-appearance of the two men who occupied the seats on either side, put an end to their chatter; and they busied themselves, removing their belongings from the two empty chairs. "Aren't we enjoying ourselves?" Mrs. M sighed with satisfaction, "My husband, poor pet, would n't get leave today. His boss has no heart—absolutely. He doesn't believe in people falling ill during the cricket season. And he will not instal a radio in the main room of the office. He tells them it is distracting. Distracting! There is nothing like soft music stealing out of the drawing room, where we are doing our household chores. If it wasn't for the boors who live near our house and the irate letters they send up, I would keep the radio on the whole day." Mrs. B contributed her share to the conversation. "I had made up my mind to come to the match," she remarked smugly, "and there are no obstacles in the way, once my mind is made up. I told my sister-in-law that she could go and see her sister's father-in-law's niece, tomorrow instead of today. It makes no difference. If she decides suddenly to come up for a week, she cannot make me change my plans to suit her convenience. And there ought to be some one at home to give the children lunch when they come home at one o'clock. Getting them off to school in the morning is a task enough to leave me prostrate the whole day. I hardly have enough energy for other work."

The cheering of the mob and the wild excitement of Mr. Beetroot and Mr. Longshanks made it impossible for them to continue their knitting. Putting it away with a sigh of resignation, they hunted out their field glasses and scrutinised the pavilion closely. "Mrs. R is wearing a new pearl and ruby set. I bet it is the one I saw in Chengappa Chettiar's shop," exclaimed Mrs. M. "The sari she is wearing now belongs to her sister-in-law. I wish, my relations were as obliging," remarked Mr. B with a sniff. "Look at that American girl, there, waving to one of the players on the field. Doesn't she know that she shouldn't disturb the game like that?" said Mrs. B indignantly. "Gaudily dressed," was Mrs. M's unusually brief comment. Focussing their glasses on the field, they watched interestedly, two men with bats running as if mad; crossing and re-crossing each other, while the crowd shouted itself hoarse. "Cricket seems to be a very interesting game," said Mrs. M "but tiring work on a hot day." "Good exercise, though," approved Mrs. B. "One could do with a little of it, these days. I don't mean hard work. I have more than my share of it. I mean just having 15 minutes to myself to do a few morning exercises. From the time I open my eyes at 7-30 in the morning I have hardly a minute's leisure. I spend nearly half an hour waking my husband up and getting him to fetch me my morning tea. Oh, men!" she dismissed the species with a wave of the hand. "The children are a nuisance, too," remarked Mrs. M. "Ofcourse they look awfully sweet when dressed up for a party or when asleep, but otherwise they are holy terrors. Babu, my youngest, refuses to eat rice pudding, 'why do we have rice pudding, twice a day, every day,' he grumbles, 'It is almost as bad as a Maccleans advertisement.' I told him that he must eat it as it is good for him. We never used to be so finicky about food when we were young. I remember—why, what has happened? Why are the players behaving like that? Why is that young man leaving the field? He bears a striking resemblance to my brother-in-law." "Kenny's out," Mr. Longshanks laconically volunteered the information "l.b.w." "Oh-er, thank you," murmured Mrs. M wondering if it was wise to sit next to a man who seemed to talk in some—some code language. Most sinister. Mrs. M had been reading a great many detective novels and her imagination ran riot. Surreptitiously she looked at her watch. But, of course, noting the time would be of no use if she was the one to be murdered.

Mrs. B looked at her companion rather curiously. Mrs. M looked rather pale, she thought. It must be the heat. Or it might be those awful vegetable cutlets. One never knew what cooks put into the food these days. Hadn't she read a case of—her thoughts wandered. Two unusually subdued ladies watched the exciting last ten minutes of the match. Mr. Beetroot and Mr. Longshanks kept bounding up as though they were sitting on live coals. The rest of the crowd shouted, screamed, hooted, gave advice, blew trumpets and let off squibs. But Mrs. M and Mrs. B sat

quietly thinking longingly of home with its comparative peace and quiet.

The whistle blew and the two found themselves borne out of the stadium, caught in a stream of people who, judging from the hurry, had suddenly remembered the pleasures of home. Tired, dishevelled, not knowing if they had all their belongings with them—they reached the gate. Mrs. R accosted them and asked in a condescending tone if they wanted a lift. "Oh, no," remarked Mrs. M brightly, "our husbands are picking us up."

It proved a long wait at the bus stand and Mrs. M reached home really tired, for once, and was welcomed home (for once) by an eager spouse. "How was the game" asked Mr. M who had reached home too late to listen to the commentary. "Oh, quite good," said Mrs. M, "My dear, you do not know how wild I was when Mrs. R offered us a lift. Mrs. B was with me, and we both refused of course. Why can't we buy a car? If you could only muster up enough courage to ask the boss for a raise—" "How many are out?" interrupted Mr. M. "What? Oh, the game. Well I don't know exactly, but I think about two or three left the field. They may have gone for drinks of course". "Who was out?" bellowed Mr. M. "Phadkar? Kenny? Ramchand?" "I didn't catch his name. The man next to me, mumbled something which sounded like 'Binny'. He looks very much like your brother, though, I mean the batsman." "Heavens, woman, what *did* you do at the match, if one may ask?" shouted Mr. M. "Well, I finished twenty more rows of the sweater I am working for you. I dropped only two stitches, so it won't show. And I got a most heavenly recipe from Mr. B. I must try it tomorrow." "Do you know if we won" said Mr. M deliberately in words of one syllable. "I am not quite sure, but there was a fat short player yelling and jumping, so his side must have won." "Describe him," begged Mr. M "I couldn't see quite clearly. I am sure Babu has spoilt our field glasses. The lenses are so cloudy. Oh, well. That man was waving to a girl in blue sitting on the pavilion. Do you know who he is?" Mr. M tore his hair, though he would little offend it. While Mrs. M happily potted off kitchen-wards to see the cook about dinner, Mr. M sat on the doorstep, chewing his finger nails and awaiting the evening paper.

Shalini N. Pai, IV Hons., English.

[N.B.—The characters are entirely imaginary.....etc., etc., etc.]



Nature Sublime.
(M. S. Anand, IV B.Sc. Geology).



A Single Soul.
(K. R. S. Rajaraman, Asst. Professor of Tamil).



The Bridge.
(R. Seshadri).



Lo! he heareth the sound of the bugle.
(Nirupama Kumari P.G.I. Zoology).

SAROJINI NAIDU



A Sketch by a Student,

Doors

I can see the reader begin this article, if at all he reads it with a contemptuous smirk, "Whom does she imagine she is? Christopher Morley?" No reader I am not aspiring to such heights, but doors have always held a strange fascination for me.

They come in all sizes—big doors, and little doors; thick doors and thin doors but they're still doors, with a mysterious touch, if they close the gap in the wall-tight.

Have you felt ever so much smaller than even a small door, if you are waiting outside it? And the big doors? Dear me, they really make one feel so insignificant. There is the old, old joke of dear pop, waiting outside the hospital room, pacing the corridor furiously—his sigh of relief when he hears the cheery voice of the nurse say "It's a boy" though it makes no difference, for it's equally nice to have a girl.

However, let's take College—Yes, closed doors there, are generally a menace, waiting outside the Principal's room (there is no real door there, but the screen is bad enough) wondering why we've been honoured in receiving a summons—about what? that's the all important question and the answer can be had, only behind that door. The ordeal is indeed half finished once we enter the room (if we're in for a banging) sometimes however, the interview is quite cheery, and what a remarkable difference there can be revealed on a face in so short a time—the entrance and exit.

Though it does not happen in my department, I have noticed that several rooms in the main block have their doors closed during classes. The poor latecomer (especially when the prof. is prompt!), he has to be more than courageous to push open that door. He stands outside in a predicament. He's just five minutes late, but still, later than the lecturer. The students may laugh if he goes in. He may receive a reprimand or may be, even worse, a glare! But Prof. is a nice man. He doesn't shout or glare, and he'll understand. But, it's better not to take the chance, and dropping his hand slowly, with a parting look of sadness, he departs. More often though, there's quite a cheery expression.

These closed class room doors are a temptation even to those who do not have to study within them. What are the mysteries behind it? Who is in that class? What class is it? Quite often, it's hard to resist and with a furtive glance up and down the corridor slowly the eye is glued to the keyhole. How terrible it would be, if at that moment the door opened and we glanced into the stern eye of authority but risks have to be run.....

Have you ever tried to imagine the faces of our College doors? The Principal's wears extremely supercilious smile. May be, it's because it's the 'Principal's door, or may be it's because of its very close proximity to the "Mona Lisa" with her enigmatic smile.

The big English lecture Hall door has a very weary expression. Poor thing! I do suppose it's very hard worked with so many students tripping in and out of it, and not always politely. Besides, there always seems to be such a hustle and bustle outside it. The Physics and Chemistry Department doors are really awful. They wear such dead-fully scientific looks, that I have a feeling we'll soon be opening them with electric switches. The Zoology department doors (chiefly the labs) have a terrible murderous look. I suppose it's because they see so many poor creatures chopped to pieces (to be more polite) dissected, within them. The Economics and Politics Department doors have such learned musty looks. It does dampen the spirits to come upon them. It's time they turned up their corners and smiled—they would be lop-sided if they grinned. The language rooms, doors stand on either sides of the corridor and glare at each other. Goodness what a Battle Royal there would be if they were off their hinges. Most of the other rooms wear usually learned looks except the ladies common room doors and those.....well find out for yourself!

But the doors in College, are still "College doors" and it is a relief to go out of them and take the first bus going your way. Then to walk a little distance and what joy wells up inside to see ahead, the welcome open door of HOME!

Mavis Govlas IV Hons. Psychology.

The Raptures of an Evening

Oh, the joy to see the setting sun,
And the bliss to see the fired clouds!
Crimson, purple, and red fall the shrouds
On dead Helos mocked by Hesper. Then one
Looking towards the West beholds the trees
Of wealth,* towering, rustling, blooming across
Many a burning cloud; the birds too cross
The horizon sweeping to nests; then frees
The breeze a solemn spring in blood, mind, and soul,
The which inspires the blood to toss and sing;
The mind, to think, to feel, know and revel;
The soul, to drink the tipsy wine and fling

*The Coconut trees

The cup of life to those moments passive,
When I never felt, 'I live, oh, I live!'

U. Mohd. Iqbal III B.A. (Hons) English.

Another Jeeves

I

"Narayana Swamy....."

"....."

Narayana Swa - a - my - e - e....."

"Sa - a - ar!" The rumbling roar of my manservant floated from the innermost regions of my flat where the kitchen is situated. I think it is from the drawing-room, that there came a drowning downpour of English literature; and believe me when I say that I felt like strangling myself!! Not I alone! Anyone will feel the same if they happen to be in the same condition as I then was..... A night-film show, and playing cards till two in the morning made one feel that it had been only a few minutes back I went to bed when the boisterous lecture from the drawing room split my head and almost drove me mad.....

I cursed those fellows, I was sure that it must be some of the early birds in my circle of friends....., in all the various languages that I knew; and I could not find any more suitable for the occasion.

The bedroom door gently opened and 'NARAYANASWAMY' entered slowly with a solemn and dignified tread.

"At-last you are awake, Sir!....."

"How can I help being awake, Narayana Swamy! with that sort of thing going on at such close quarters? By the by, who are they?"

"WHO ARE WHO? Sir!"

"My God! who else man! Those fellows who are bawling about as if they are addressing an audience of a thousand deaf....."

"There is no one in the drawing room, Sir!... ..It is the News Broadcast from New Delhi!!"

"OH! It is that 'YOU WILL NOW HEAR THE NEWS READ BY'—fellow, is it? But who the hell tuned on the radio, and especially that Melodious Music?"

"No one tuned it today Sir.....The Radio must have been on from last night itself!!"

"Go and Switch it off, man. Why are you standing here and aiding the ALL INDIA RADIO in waking me up!....."

"You are not going to sleep again, Sir!" "WHY NOT, MAN?? Don't you think that I have earned a good rest after a heavily busy night! kindly go now, and close the windows too."

"But"

"BUT ME NO BUTS, Narayana Swamy. I am unable even to sit; and I am feeling needles in my eyes."

"Not at all, Sir. Only I wanted to remind you that to-day is not Sunday, but MONDAY".

"WHAT!! MONDAY! Narayana Swamy you have gone mad. To-day is Sunday. I am dead-certain."

"I am not wrong, Sir. Even the Radio has announced that to-day is Monday."

"Damn it! Then I have to attend college...And, what is the time, Narayana Swamy?"

"It must be half past eight, Sir."

"Half past—Eight!! Good Heavens! Then help me to get up and lead me to the bath room.....And hurry up with the breakfast, man."

"Everything is ready, Sir. Only you have to hurry up with the toilet."

"In a frisk, Narayana Swamy. By then, have my dress ready...And, another thing.....Have my woollen pants brushed and pressed. I want to wear them this evening."

"That BLACK WOOLLEN, SIR!!"

"Yes, man.....what is wrong with it?.....Why do you gulp as if you have seen a bottle of castor oil!!"

"Kindly don't wear it, Sir. All the students in the college are laughing behind your back.....Excuse me for saying so, Sir. I, too, don't feel that you should wear it during these hot summer days."

"But I love those pants, man. And I Am going to wear them to-day. I am not going to dress myself to suit the tastes of others".....

Saying that in as firm a tone as possible I ran quickly into the bath room. I did not want to be guided and advised in sartorial matters by my man servant.

And I wanted to show Narayanaswamy that I was the master and not HE.

* * * *

II

I quickly finished a cold breakfast; you cannot imagine how cold a hot breakfast can be when Narayanaswamy is ruffled. But I did not care; and wanted to show him that I did not worry about his attitude, either.

After half an hour's struggle at the Bus-Stop, I reached the college at 9-50 A.M. There were still ten more minutes of my precious time and I wanted to utilise it in the best way possible, namely burning a gasper in homage to Minerva. Quickly I proceeded towards the college, and met on the way my dearest pal, Hiriyan. He was rushing towards me as if he was chasing the wind.

"Hey, Mo! The devil is after you, man! you are ruined..... Mark my words Brother,—you are going to get hell today."

"What is the matter, man? And why are you prattling as if bewitched. Calm down and explain."

"ME—BEWITCHED, IS IT?.....AHA!! It is you who will be bewitched in a few minutes....."

"I say, Hiriyan, what is the matter man? Please explain. I don't understand you at all!!"

"Hear me carefully then. The principal wants to meet you today. He has asked me to tell you, and I have been searching for you for the past half an hour.....And, I tell you....., the tone in which he gave me the 'ORDER' cannot be called ordinary at all. I think that there is some cause for his wanting to see your beautiful face and have your nice company".

"My God!! Please Hiriyan, Do you think that this has got anything to do with that....."

"Ya...Ya...That is the point to which I am referring. And in fact I saw that '—' coming out of the Principal's room just half-an hour back."

"What to do now, man? Please, find some way out... If the principal informs my pop, I am ruined. I can't even stay at Madras. What am I to do man?"

"There is no way out, pal..... I think that you have to face the music. And let me remind you that I had nothing to do with 'THAT'I even advised you not to be too hasty. What is the use of repenting now?"

"Please, Hiriyan! Do something man. I have stood by you in many a jam. And you have to help me now."

"How can I help you man? I cannot go to the principal and explain that all 'THAT' is a joke. Nor can I ask him to pipe down and ignore the whole business!"

"Then what to do man?? Oh my God! Help me....."

"Hey, Mol there is no meaning in wasting the time now.....Go immediately to your flat and ask Narayana Swamy to find a way out. He is wonderful in such things,.... that man is a real genius. He will surely do something.....Aye!... What is the matter... Why have you become so dumb all of a sudden... Talk man!... I am losing my patience".

"Oh!....Nothing wrong.....I shall do something myself.....I am sure to find a way".

"YOU!!.....Very interesting! I never knew that you have started settling all your mishaps by yourself.....If it is the case, then I am sure of your fate.....Good-bye, pal...Meet you to night if you hav'n't committed suicide by that time. I shall tell the principal that you have not come to the college at all. Cheerio for the present."

I slowly retraced my steps to my flat.....Good-Heavens! What a fool I was!! Now I have become a double fool by quarrelling with Narayana Swamy.....What to do??.....

If Naryana Swamy was surprised to see me come back, he did not show it on his face. COOLLY.....he opened the door and let me in.

"Have you forgotten anything, SIR?" No, Narayana Swamy. I am not feeling well. So I have come back."

"All right SIR. Anything else, SIR?" "Nothing.....Thank you very much."

"Then I shall take leave of you, SIR. I have to attend to the kitchen.....If you want me, you can call me, Sir....."

As soon as he left the room, I felt the temperature rising to the Normal once again, and I was able to breathe freely.....This man! can be quite ruthless when he wants. And his—"This, SIR!", "That, SIR", "Alright, SIR!" are enough to drive one mad..... How am I to broach the subject?

After half an hour of bemunbing silence, I decided to call Narayana Swamy.

He walked into the room like a Church Dignitary.

"YES.....SIR!"

"Narayana Swamy! I am in a bit of a jam, man."

"YES.....SIR!"

"The principal wants to see me today....."

"Then go and see him, SIR."

"I can't man....."

"If you can't, you can't, SIR!"

"Please, Narayana Swamy. Stop being harsh, man. How can you see me struggling in the ditch and proceed as if nothing is happening?Please help me, man."

"What can I do, SIR? I.....am illiterate Servant!"

"Don't be ironical man. And have I to suggest an idea to YOU!! How can you expect me, man?"

"Yes, Sir. They will be GREAT EXPECTATIONS!! By the by what is the trouble, Sir?"

"You see, Narayana Swamy. One particular '——' in the college was giving me the glad-eye. And last Friday making bold, I sent her dynamite."

"DYNAMITE?? SIR!"

"Yes man. Don't act as if you do not know what it means. I am not going to explain what it means, as I shall have to blush every time an idle seeker of mirth reads this!"

"You mean an l², SIR."

"Yes, man.....That is it. And it seems that that 'BL.....' complained to the principal. Now the principal wants to meet me! What does it mean, man?"

"Ofcourse the inevitable, SIR! But are you sure that she has com....."

"Absolutely, man. No doubt about it.....Mr. Hiriyam himself has seen".

"Then it must be true, Sir. And I think that I will have to work fast now. Prepare a leave letter and give it to me, Sir. I shall go and meet the Principal."

"Thank you, Narayana Swamy.....Thank you very much. How can I ever repay you! But what am I to do all day, here?"

"Go and disturb some other colleges, Sir"

"Allright, Narayana Swamy.....Best of luck man."

* * * *

III

"GOOD-MORNING...SIR!"

"Good-morning, Narayana Swamy. What is the matter?"

"Mr. Mohan is suffering from high temperature, SIR. And he has sent the leave letter".

"Oh! I see. That is why he has not come to college today..... I was wondering.....In fact I wanted to meet him".

"Anything very important, Sir?"

"Oh! Nothing. You see, Mr. Mohan's father has sent a M.O. to my address. I wanted to give it to him.....Now that you have come, you can take it to him."

"Yes.....Sir."

"Another thing, Narayanaswamy. Mr. Mohan seems to have written a letter and posted it without writing the address. It has gone to the dead letter office and is returned. You can take that too with you."

"Yes SIR. This must be the letter to his father. He had asked me to address it and post it, Sir. I must have forgotten to write the address."

"It must be so, Narayanaswamy. And by the by, how is Mr. Mohan studying".

"Oh! Quite well, Sir. Only at times he goes off the track, Sir!"

"What do you mean, Narayanaswamy."

"Nothing serious, Sir. At times he becomes too imaginative. In fact he becomes an ideal MAJNU. And it takes my life out to bring him round, Sir".

"Look after him, Man."

"Yes, Sir. Next time you meet him, tell him that if he acts MAJNU again, you will inform his father about it. But kindly don't let my name out, SIR... Thank you very much, Sir.....Good-afternoon, Sir!"

"Good-afternoon, Narayanaswamy."

IV

"What has happened, Narayanaswamy?" "Everything is settled and in order, SIR. Is this the I_2 , Sir?"

"Yes.....man. Only the cover is missingOh! Narayanaswamy! My guardian angel!! You are a real magician...But how did you manage to get this from the clutches of....."

"Don't be too boisterous in your joy, Sir.....And don't be led astray by faces.....It seems that that '.....' called you a 'Sq.....' and also used certain other terms to describe you, Sir. Hence pray don't even show your face to her, Sir. She is not worth it."

"Yes, Narayanaswamy. I, too feel the same, now! Thank you very much any-how."

"Please don't mention, Sir."

"And, Narayanaswamy....."

"Yes...Sir!"

"About that woollen pant!"

"Yes.....Sir!!"

"You can keep it at the bottom of the clothes closet so that I wo'n't find it till winter".

"I have ventured to send it to my nephew as a present from you, SIR!"

"Your NEPHEW! Narayanaswamy!.....you mean that cleaner boy in Government Transport!!..."

"Yes, Sir. It suits him perfectly, and he thanks you profusely... SIR!!"

"Your nephew.....my pant!!"

"To Part and to Forget"

Parting and forgetting form two important and major structures of the mechanisms of Life. We would have parted with innumerable people and we would have lost memory of countless incidents and events, not to speak of persons. The acts of parting and forgetting are inter-related and closely knit together.

Parting implies the pre-existence of association. When humanity was in its primitive stages, when society was not in existence, when the mingling of man with man, was a very rare feature, there could have been no parting. But such a state of isolation and solitude has long passed and man has advanced to the present state of forced entanglement with his fellow beings. It is impossible for modern man to remain alone; association is inevitable. Every human heart yearns for the affection of another human. But, once there is association, parting is bound to follow sooner or later. The human heart is so composed that it is unable to bear the sorrow of parting. To part with one, with whom we had spent many a happy day, who had shared with us our joys and sorrows, and who is associated with our happiest reminiscences is a blow that cannot be borne. We sink beneath its force into the depth of grief and misery. Parting is the saddest of all events, and is the most grievous experience.

Can there be no parting in life? Should the sword of separation always hang above us, threatening to descend? Can we not live, to the end of our lives, with our dear and near? We may, or we may not. Perhaps what Tagore wrote was correct: "Life contains innumerable instances of parting grief; it is but natural. For, on this earth, who unto whom is related?" The poet's philosophy, grim and real, is deep in its inner meaning. True, immortal bard! None on this earth are related. Each man has to go his own way in stumbling and struggling against the bitter factors of life. In his struggle against life, each man comes across innumerable people, friends and acquaintances, beloved and beautiful. He cannot forsake the struggle or deviate from his path for their sake, since that would mean the end of his existence. He must leave them, as and where they were and proceed by his own path. A companion for life is no doubt essential, and who knows, one may have to part even with her:

"A moment's halt—a momentary taste
Of being from the well amid the waste
And Lo! the phantom caravan has reach'd
The nothing it set out from—Oh make haste!"

Such is life, and parting is only natural in such a life.

"To meet, to know, to love, and then to part
Is the sad tale of many a human heart",

wrote Coleridge. Those two beautiful and touching lines contain the whole of life, for what is life but meeting, knowing, loving and parting. Life is like a train journey. We meet people, get to know each other, begin to feel an affection for them, and suddenly our destination comes, and we part with them sadly and sorrowfully. I remember, how, as a young boy of eight, while travelling with my parents, I contrived an affection (of course a childish affection) for a girl of five, who was travelling in the same compartment with us. As young children usually do, we became close friends as soon as we met, and combined together in common childish plays. But our friendship and happiness was not to last long: My destination had come and I was forced to part with her. I still remember vividly, how we wept before parting, and how our parents were embarrassed in trying to separate us. Well, that was years ago; but I have neither forgotten the incident, nor the lesson that it had taught me. The love that a man bears for a woman may also come to the tragic end mentioned by Coleridge. Before the object of his love could be aware of his passion for her, before his love could be returned and fulfilled, the tragic event of parting comes, and his love, boundless and passionate, preys on his own life, torturing him and inflicting him with mental agony. Many a sad tale of such tragic love remains unwritten and unknown. I am told that there are quite a number of such tragic cases in our College! May the philosophy of Tagore console those poor souls and bring solace to those ailing minds!

Has any of us realised what a painful experience it is to part with our college? To part with our college, with its sweet and luring atmosphere, with its warm and domestic air, with everything that is pleasant and soothing, the very building having become part and parcel of us, would be the most miserable and sorrowful event to a sentimental man like me, and I am sure that most of you would agree with me. To leave forever this abode of beauty and bliss in which is embodied many a sweet reminiscence and enter the world at large with its unending bitterness, prolonged suffering and miserable struggle, is the most horrible misfortune that can ever befall one. But such a misfortune is inevitable and essential and we have to bear the sorrow, if any, with a manly heart. So much for parting, now to forgetting.

To forget is one of the natures of humanity; it is a common factor and is found in all human beings. As time rolls by, the past becomes vague and misty, and one finds it difficult to recall or remember the past. Lack of memory and disability to remember accurately, go to prove the human institution, as the creation of the Almighty, an imperfect one.

Remembrance of the past may either bring joy or sorrow. It is hard for one who is crawling amidst misery to reconcile himself with happy memories of the past. In such cases remembrance of the past

might bring grief. In the words of Dante, "There is no greater sorrow than to recall in misery the time we were happy." But, sometimes, sweet reminiscences of the past serve to bring joy to the suffering mind:

"Let misery do her worst, there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she can never destroy".

The past is something memorable and pleasant to many. Though much of our past might have escaped our memory, yet, out of the little that is left, a man like me could create a dream-world of his own, and forgetting all his grief and sorrow, may find joy and peace. How pleasant it is to recall our youthful days, when as young children we played and giggled? Ignorant of the world, unmindful of the future and careless with life, we played our time away. What juvenile adventures? What mirth and laughter? When such reminiscences crowd our mind, we feel a new vigour, we find ourselves elated and transported into a world of bliss and glee. As there are happy reminiscences, there are also sad reminiscences. The failures that we had met with, are hopes that were unfulfilled, our wishes that were not granted, our follies, our mistakes, our mishaps, and all other unpleasant things—all these we remember and we heave a long sigh.

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste".

The natural defect of forgetfulness seldom serves as a handicap to man; it is of great benefit to him. Forgetting is an excellent remedy for our woes and worries. If some grievous incident had taken place, or some mishap had befallen us, let us not muse over it and increase our grief; let us forget it and be happy. As Christina Rossetti has put it, "Better by far you should forget and smile, than that you should remember and be sad." Although it is our natural tendency to forget, yet we are not able to forget certain things and happenings, and in some cases we are unable to forget persons as well. They haunt our memory and we are at a loss to dispel them. Things that are more important like lessons, passages and facts and figures are easily forgotten, but we are not able to forget those things that are connected with our heart. They are carved deeply in our memory and are unerasable, proof against time and forgetfulness. The brain has a bad memory, but the memory of the heart is striking and wonderful. How often it is that the visage of some bewitching beauty lingers in our mind fresh and vivid. The lover is haunted with the charming figure of his heart's idol. Her figure follows him like a fiery phantom wherever he goes, and spoils the charm of his life. He would not, he cannot forget it. Such forgetfulness is a source of great grief

and agony to a person. It is this forgetfulness that tortured Keats and made him write thus:

"What can I do to drive away
Remembrance from my eyes? for they have seen
Aye, an hour ago, my brilliant queen
Touch as a memory. O say, love, say
What can I do to kill it and be free
In my old liberty."

Keats realises that it is not possible for him to forget his brilliant queen. Pathetically and sadly, he scribbles:

"In vain away I cannot chase
The melting softness of that face
The beaminess of those bright eyes".

When Keats fell in love with a woman whom he had seen only for a few moments at Vauxhall, he found it extremely difficult to forget her charming figure. Five years had passed and yet her memory was quite fresh in his mind. This forgetfulness pained him excessively and had poisoned the pleasures of his life. Try as he might, he was unable to forget her beauty and charm, the remembrance of which brought sadness into his life, and disturbed the tranquillity of his existence. His grief took the shape of poetic lamenting:

".....thou dost eclipse
Every delight with sweet remembering
And grief unto my darling joys dost bring."

What paradox it is, that not given the faculty of keen remembrance, suffering from the natural defect of forgetfulness, we should be unable to forget a thing and that it should haunt our memory forever, and remain there as a challenge to our weak and feeble memory? How strange it is that our imperfect memory should remember a thing against our wish, against our efforts to forget it and drive it away from our mind? To be not able to forget the image of his love, who is unattainable and beyond his reach, is a torture, beyond endurance, to a lover. He cannot have her, cannot possess her; his love is a sheer waste, watering the sand dunes of the wild desert. What he had thought to be the joy and happiness of his life, has escaped and evaded him, and there shall be no more happiness for him. Yet, with all that, he is unable to forget her charming figure, which has rendered all happiness impossible for him and has brought on him endless sorrow and misery. He may forget his own self, but he can never forget her. As long as life resides in his body, her image

shall remain in his heart and her remembrance shall linger in his memory.
Keats has put it excellently :

".....as the Tuscan 'mid the snow
Of Lapland dreams on sweet Arno
Even so forever shall she be
The Halo of my memory."

The memory of her bewitching self shall always echo in his mind, and he shall drag on his painful existence by thinking of her, and dreaming of her; his revelling eyes always beholding her beautiful image, his wandering fancy seeing her charming figure everywhere, and his skilful imagination presenting him with joyful pictures that shall never come to life. The sweet vestige of that charming creature, which had put him to eternal suffering and pain small always remain in his mind

".....as mournful light
That breeds above the fallen sun
And dwells in half the night."

Lovers have a way of remembering the objects of their love. In thinking of them and musing over them, lovers forget everything else and this forgetfulness of everything else invariably leads them to insanity. In "Romeo and Juliet" Romeo is at first infatuated by the beauty of Rosaline, and he is not able to forget her. His friend Benevolio, who knows fully well that the sorrow and seeming illness of Romeo has been caused by the charm of Rosaline, persuades Romeo to forget her.

"Benevolio : Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Romeo : O ! teach me how I should forget to think.

Benevolio : By giving liberty unto thine eyes ; Examine
other beauties."

The ingenious expediency that Benevolio had suggested may appear logical, but it is not practical. If in order to forget Rosaline, Romeo follows the wise and sagacious advice of his friend, there is every possibility of his once again falling in love with one of the "other beauties" he had "examined." The theory of Benevolio is endless ; it is a cycle. Coming to the forgetfulness of lovers, we may choose an example from "Romeo and Juliet." When Romeo has descended from Juliet's balcony, and is about to leave her orchard, Juliet calls him back, and strangely enough she forgets why she has called him back.

Jul : I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom : Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul : I shall forget, to have thee still stand there
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom : And I'll still stay to have thee still forget
Forgetting any other home but this.

'To forget is no easy task', 'Forgetfulness is a natural defect',—both these contradicting statements are quite true. Indeed, forgetfulness is a virtue if one knows to forget the right things. Let us make the best use of forgetfulness ; let us treat it as an antidote—an antidote against our innumerable woes and worries, the cares and anxieties of life.

To part and to forget—how simple they seem ; but how significant they are in life. Generally, parting is followed by forgetting. If parting were the saddest of all experience trying to forget the beloved person is the hardest of all experience. Parting and Forgetting—that, in short, is Life. We part with all we know, forever ; we part with this world never to return to it ; we part with our own body and whither we go, we know not. We forget everything, we forget our own selves, we forget to breathe, and we relapse into eternal forgetfulness :

"Yon rising moon that looks for us again
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane ;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same garden,—and for one in vain".

It is to this sad and tragic existence, the fair name of Life has been given. Parting and unforgetfulness are mournful events in Life's sorry tale. Could not the tale be written in some other way ? Could not the events be joyful ? Could we not change the author ? Could we not write the tale, ourselves ?

"Long long I muse, then on I go wandering
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of Life".

D. Dorai Raj, IV B.A. (Economics).

Spotted Deer and Goldfish.*

"Spotted deer, gold fish and a troupe of young dancers"—sound like images in a dream. Yet they were all sent to us by our neighbouring country, China. After an interval of nearly two thousand years, we greeted each other as old friends in the cultural congresses we had in our leading cities at the end of last year.

For four days, the dancers from the east, in costumes the like of which we have not seen before, entertained thousands of people in our city. The fairy-faces of the butterfly chasers, the butterfly flutter of their eyelids still linger in our memory. The illusion of a grandfather tottering under the weight of the grand-daughter, created by Mme. Tai-ai-lien, was a marvel to all those who witnessed it. We laughed heartily at the fight in utter darkness, between the general and the warrior who was sent to protect him. The tea leaf pickers recalled to us our own harvest scenes and the songs sung by our rural folk. We can never forget the ripple-rhythm of the lotus girls who glided on the stage with an airy lightness. The song of friendship between our nations, Hindi-Chini Bhai-Bhai composed by Harindranath and sung in a magnificent chorus by the Chinese artists will ever ring in our ears!

This visit to our country by the Chinese Cultural delegation has a much greater significance than a mere topic of conversation, like the weather or Hollywood pictures. Many of us may not be aware of the fact that, within a few years of our attaining freedom, we have been visited by similar delegations from several foreign countries.

The only real curtain that isolated us from the rest of the world for many years vanished in the year 1947. Till then our part of the world had been divided into isolated markets or colonies by commercialism and imperialism. The extent to which our culture had in the past, permeated the life of the peoples of China, Indonesia, Cambodia and Burma, can now be realised by any visitor to these countries. Two places, Angkor in Cambodia, and Borobudur in Indonesia deserve particular mention in this connection. It is therefore not surprising, that with the advent of their political freedom, the people of these countries meet in an atmosphere of fraternal feeling. Such a meeting really marks the commencement of a new era of resurgence in Asia. But we have yet to go a long way to bring about a living unity between the various nations.

*It may be recalled that the Chinese premier Chou-en-Lai sent spotted deer and gold fish as birthday presents to our Prime-minister.

That the exchange of art, music, and drama, will forge the strongest links between the peoples is indisputable. Unlike the field of science, there are no secrets to be hidden by one country from another in the cultural realms of human activity. The spectre of security measures does not hover over artists and art movements. Hence cultural exchange will lead to the growth of love and understanding in the place of fear and distrust caused by antisocial thinking and use of science in the production of deadly weapons. This contradiction between art and science, though both enrich human life, is a peculiar phenomenon of the present age. Though we owe much to science and technology, the fear of war and of the annihilation of civilisation itself, rests mainly on the monstrous growth of science.

In such a context of a world facing disaster we have to place our hopes in the forces of peace and unity. Undoubtedly there cannot be a more vital uniting force than that of cultural exchange. It may sound paradoxical that art which preserves and creates the widest variety, can bring various peoples together on a plane of fraternal understanding. Phrases like, "unity in diversity", "order in chaos", "peace in perpetual movement" can be applied to the fine arts. Whatever be the nation or nationality, and irrespective of whether people come from Turkistan or Tibet, from Mongolia or Southern China, their folk art springs from their very soul and creates an atmosphere of gaiety and peace. Still, even in this matter, there is no place for complacency. We know only too well how art can be commercialised and used to bring down the morale of ordinary people.

Our Prime Minister has often spoken of assimilating what is good in others and weeding out what is harmful and out of tune with the times. In those respects China and India have much to learn from each other. The Chinese call their art, a people's art. The same cannot be said of many prevalent forms of art in all countries, if by people's art, we mean art of the people, by the people and for the people. Those who saw Chinese presentations on the stage, must have been struck by the stress laid on traditional forms and folk lore. China and India can both boast of very ancient cultures. Some of the Chinese songs and their technique of story telling can be traced back to the early days of Buddhism. Many of us must have noticed scenes in the Chinese opera that are similar to our Kathakali. Though the present day Artists in China direct most of their energy to encouraging vital folk arts, they do not stop at reviving old forms of music and operas. As their Chairman said, they boldly aim at blending the highest artistic forms with new and progressive content. Certain art forms are bound to get frozen and consequently forgotten if they lose contact with life or do not grow with the times. Fine arts must fulfil the function of raising the cultural level of the people as a whole instead of remaining as the proud possession of an elite.

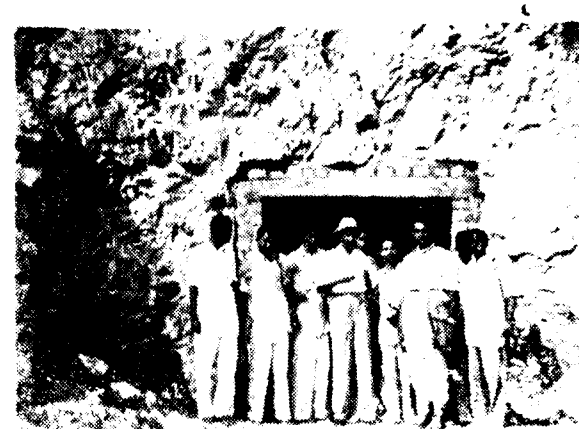
COLLEGE EXCURSIONS—RECORDS

Geology Dept. Excursion to Mysore.

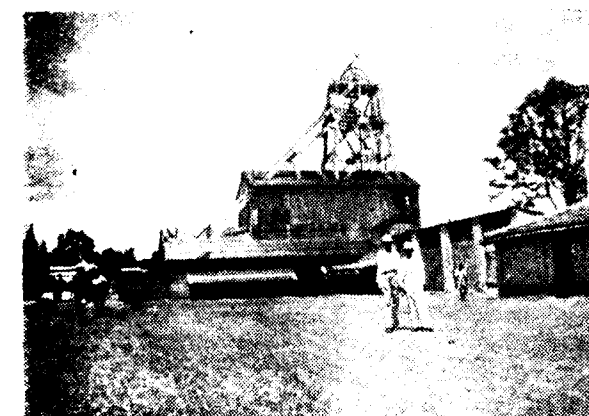
It may not be out of place to point out here what the English poet Stephen Spender said about literary styles, when he was in Madras last year. He pleaded for the blending of the mandarin of the classic form with the language of the people, the living voice of those around us. This synthesis can be extended to other arts too, as is being done in China. Themes like the dignity of labour, the evils of drink, happiness in work, equality of men and women are interwoven by the Chinese into colourful artistic presentations in music and drama. New China is also eager to learn the art of other countries. They have schools for training children in ballet, an art-form alien to them. Soon we may hope that South Indian artistes will be invited to teach them Bharatha Natya and Veena.

In our country the fine arts have suffered decay and un-healthy changes, due to neglect and their unnatural alliance with the West. Our folk art must be revived with greater zeal. The judgment of many of our art critics is conditioned by Western standards. This is in no way a general criticism of the West. It would be meaningless to criticise the West that has given us composers like Beethoven, sculptors like Michael Angelo and Rodin, painters like Titian, Reynolds and Gainsborough and play wrights like Shakespeare, Moliere and Ibsen. But in the present day West what flourishes as culture in cinemas, in large hotels, nightclubs and even in some theatres, and what is distributed throughout the world in the hundreds of glossy covered journals deserve a surgical treatment. To cite one example—the large influx of western pictures into our country has resulted in the association of the sublime theme of love with unbridled desire, crime, gangsterism and the display of wealth and power. That is perhaps one of the reasons why our College Mock-Parliament voted for the total abolition of cinemas. But we can hope that the restraining influence of the east, combined to our own glorious tradition, will alter the situation before long. India and China are both peace-loving and hospitable nations. We must emulate China's industry and zeal to improve the life of every man, woman and child. Particularly our youth on whose vision depends the quality of life in the future must spearhead this movement of regeneration of Asia.

Kamalakannan, Asst. Professor of Physics.



Entrance to the Magnesite Mines.



Shaft used at Champion Reef (Kolar gold fields) to descend to a depth of 10000 feet.

(Photo by R. Krishnamurthy, IV B.Sc. Geol.)



Lotus Mahal, Hampi.

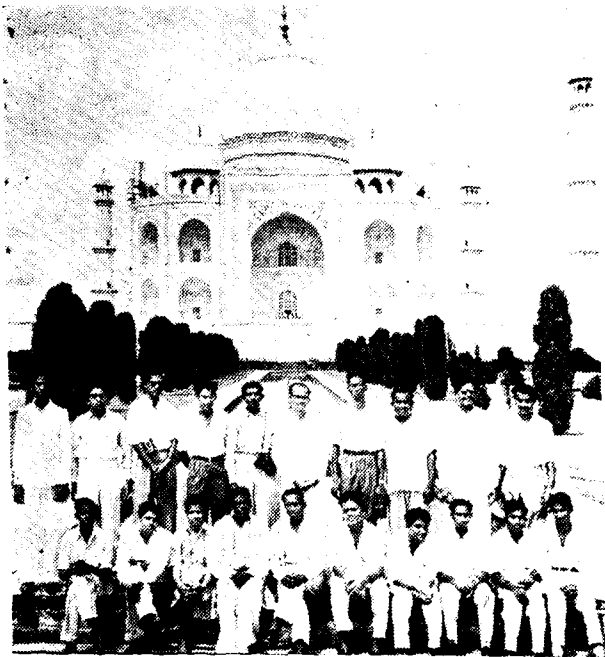
(Photo by P. N. Rao, IV B.Sc. Physics)



Prof. Dirac, Nobel Prize winner visited the Physics Dept. Dec. '51.

(Photo by K. Srinivasa Raghavan, IV (Hons.) Physics)

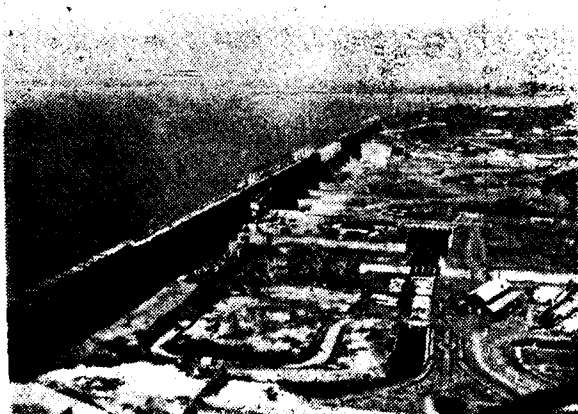
COLLEGE EXCURSIONS—RECORDS



The History and Politics group who visited N. India.



A Find During the Zoology Tour to Krasad
(K. R. Sekhar).



A view of the Tungabhadra Dam.
Visited by the Geography Dept.



Members of the Geography association with distinguished
delegates to the 42nd Indian Science Congress at Baroda.

(Photos by Shajul Hamid, IV B.Sc. Geog.)

The Clock in Shakespeare.

Shakespeare runs the whole round of the Clock :

The bell then beating *one*. (Hamlet)
 Sure Luciana it is *two o'* clock. (Comedy of Errors)
 The clock has stricken three. (Julius Caesar)
 What is it O'clock. Upon the stroke *of four*. (Richard III)
 At *five o'* clock I shall receive the money. (Comedy of Errors)
 "Hour's the day?". On the *sixth* hour. (Tempest)
 Let us see. I think it is some *seven o'* clock. (Taming of the shrew)
 By the *eighth* hour is that the altermost. (Julius Caesar)
 It is *nine o'* clock. (Richard III)
Ten o' clock? Within these three hours it will be time enough
 to go home. (All is well.that ends well.)
 Eleven o' clock of the hour. (Merry wives of Windsor)
 What hour now? I think it lacks of twelve (Hamlet)

M. Revathy Sri Ram, IVth B.Sc. (Mathe).

" Words, Words, Words."

When we describe a class-room lecture—specially the one between twelve and one—as 'simply boring' and a cinema show as 'simply thrilling' we mean one and the same thing. This may sound strange, but that is the evidence of etymology. 'Bore', cognate with the Latin 'porare' (cf. perforation) means to make a hole, and "thrill" means the same. 'Thrill' is the same word as 'drill' (which is a borrowing from Dutch) and it retains its original sense at least in one word 'nostril' which originally was nos-thrill. i.e. nose-hole. What caused such a wide divergence of sense in two words originally meaning the same is to be sought for not in etymology but in semantics which deals with the psychology of language. I guess that 'bore' probably was associated with the head while thrill was the perforation of the heart.

Words are not divine coinages: they are not born with meanings stamped on their foreheads. Words are what man makes them and meanings, good or bad, change according to the whims and fancies of the men who use them. It is a common linguistic fact that words in due course

acquire connotations diametrically opposite to the ones they originally had. 'Silly' once meant 'blessed' and 'nice' meant 'foolish'. The history of these words is interesting in as much as they disclose the curious working of the human mind. The old English 'Saelig' (from sael, a period of time) meant 'timely', 'fortunate', as the provencial *seely* still does. From 'fortunate' it acquired the sense of 'blessed' and then 'innocent'. The transition from 'innocent' to 'simple' and then to 'silly' was easy. The cognate German word 'selig' has not undergone this degradation; on the other hand to a certain extent it has been exalted; for 'Seligmacher' (sanctifier) is one of the epithets of Christ in German. The other word had a somewhat similar development, but in the opposite direction. 'Nice' is ultimately from the Latin 'ne scire' 'not knowing' and the old French 'nice' meant 'foolish'. The next stage was 'simple' hence 'unadorned' and therefore 'beautiful'.

Some words owe their origin to the fertile imagination of the people. Who will imagine for a moment that 'muscle' has anything to do with a mouse, or that such a beautiful word as 'cynosure' means 'dog's tail'?! Yet that is the fact. We cannot but appreciate the Roman imagination for calling the muscle a 'little mouse'. 'Mus' is the Latin for mouse, and indeed it is the same word as its English counterpart. (cf. O.E. mus)—'cle' is Latin diminutive suffix which we also find in words like particle, little part, and corpuscle, little body (corpus, body). 'Cynosure', immortalized by Milton's "Cynosure of neighbouring eyes" is the constellation which contains the north-star, and hence anything that strongly attracts attention or admiration. With all its sublime position it comes from two simple Greek words 'kynos oura', dog's tail. Tail reminds me of the word cowardice. It has as bad an origin as the quality itself: it comes from *Canda*, the Latin for tail. Why this should have meant cowardice is not clear, but the NED suggests that the reference might be to the fact that frightened animals put their tail between their legs. Courage, noble as it is, comes from an equally noble word, L. Cor, heart. 'Cor' has given us some more interesting words. 'Record' is to bring something back to the heart, hence to register. Accord and concord mean heart to heart, therefore agreement and peace.*

Knowing how useful and helpful the right hand is to us, we would not be surprised to find that 'dexterity' means nothing more than right handedness.** (L. dextra, right hand). Conversely 'Sinister' comes from the Latin for 'left'. Shakespeare uses both the words in their original sense:

* The Sanskrit cognate of Cor, Sraddha means 'Confidence' faith.

** This is true in many languages. The Sanskrit dakshina (cognate with dexter) not only means South (i.e. the direction to the right of the man facing the rising sun) but also 'able', skilful. The Persian 'rast', besides meaning right means straight and righteous. The Arabic root for right YMN primarily means fortune, happiness. The Yemen was called *Arabia Felix* by the Romans. Benjamin is the Hebrew for son of the right hand, i.e. of good fortune.

My mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's.—Troilus IV : 5 : 127.

Some of our pompous words have very humble origins. 'Sincere', a word so full of warmth, simply means "without Wax" (sine cera) probably applied to pure honey. 'Canopy', a word associated with wealth and luxury has its origin in 'mosquito'. The Greek Kōnōpeion means a mosquito curtain and is derived from Kōnōps a mosquito. 'School' which now is a seat of learning and education, has no pretensions to high breeding. The Greek scholē means 'leisure', and it acquired its present connotation from the habit of the Greeks who spent their leisure in discussing and learning.

There are words in which whole histories are embodied 'Assassin', despite its appearance, is not an English word. It comes to the English language from the Arabs as a legacy of the crusades. Hashshā Shīn was a military and religious order in Syria, of the 11th century, whose members became notorious for their secret murders in obedience to the will of their chiefs. They committed these murders under the influence of *hashish*, an intoxicating drink or drug, and hence their name. The word 'boycott' commemorates to this day the unhappy treatment which captain Boycott of country Mayo received at the hands of his neighbours in December of 1880. Guillotine is not the name of the machine itself, but was christened thus after the man who suggested its adoption for the purpose of beheading—Joseph Ignace Guillotin.

Words have whole philosophies in them if only we care to look into them. It was not without reason that Hamlet answered to Polonius' query "Words, words, words."

Abdu'r Rahim, IV Hons. (English).*

The Study of Political Science

"We are building a civilization, not a factory or a workshop", remarked the report of the University Commission consisting of eminent educationists like Dr. S. Radhakrishnan and Dr. A. L. Mudaliar. While not discounting and depreciating the right and exuberant enthusiasm for the study of physical sciences and technology it is contended here that an underrating of the study of humanities will nullify the high ambition set to the nation by those savants, scholars and statesmen. Those who have unfortunately attempted to draw a distinction between the relative value of different subjects among humanities seem to have fallen victims to the baseless, agelong and traditional prejudices. Political science like many

other cognate branches of study which go by the name of humanities has not failed to escape the severe diatribes of cynical tongues. It is not only neglected but its true character is perverted too.

It is better to acquaint the reader at this juncture with a few choice polemics that have been hurled at political science by persons whose equipment to judge the subject on an ultimate analysis is either sheer ignorance or rank prejudice. A celebrity calls this science as the 'Art of fraud', another worthy describes politics as the "art by which politicians obtain campaign contributions from the rich and votes from the poor on the pretext of protecting one from the other". Another scholar with a touch of romance viewed it "barren like a virgin consecrated to God". The plethora of criticisms or rather misrepresentations need not be mentioned here because they run to volumes. Writers like Burke and Leslie Stephen who witnessed the unmitigated horrors of the French Revolution and the consequent turmoil on the continent were unfortunately driven to the hasty conclusion that the study of Political Philosophy was responsible for all those social and political upheavals ignoring the gross misrule of the despotic kings. The writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot and other encyclopaedists opened men's eyes to the atrocious misdeeds of autocracy and despotism. This naturally led to the bloody revolution which convulsed France and the neighbouring countries. The French Revolution, we now realise, is not altogether an unmixed evil. In view of these misconceptions it is necessary to know what this science is and what is its importance to Republican Democratic India. Political science in the words of a distinguished French writer is "that part of social science which treats of the foundations of State and the principles of Government. It not only studies the origin and development of State but also several organs or branches of Government and their interrelations. Democracy is not infrequently, wittingly or unwittingly sabotaged by Politicians ignorant of Political science which teaches this vital aspect. We hear numerous instances of infractions of democracy committed because of this basic misunderstanding of government and the mutual relations between its different parts.

Every individual is first and foremost a "Citizen" before he is a doctor or an engineer or an architect or a clerk. A good citizen is one who is aware of his rights, responsibilities and constitutional privileges. He should also have a lively and intelligent understanding and appreciation of the constitution under which he lives. Democracy, Political Parties, Franchise, Federation, Constituencies, Writs, Sovereignty, and proportional representation have become the common topics found in every modern newspaper. Therefore a minimum knowledge of political science is as indispensable to the citizen of a democratic state even as a knowledge of traffic regulations is essential to cross the busiest road at peak hours. The study of this science makes men assertive of their rights, selfconscious of

their dignity as citizens. It makes him fearless, it teaches him to be critical of the actions of the government when its policy is of dubious value. Sorensen rightly observed that "politics if interpreted correctly should be everybody's work because one should always strive for the welfare of one's own country and also that of the other countries in the world".

It is a matter of doubt how many of our educated classes (who of course are a hopelessly small fraction of the country's population) understand the full implications of the term Sovereign Democratic Republic of India. Many of our science graduates are absolutely ignorant of this new status even as Arts students are ignorant of fundamental topics like Atomic weight in Chemistry or the principle of Archimedes in Physics. The efficiency of the municipal administration in U.S.A. is partly attributed to the appointment of candidates who are trained in Public Administration. Every science student too must be compelled to attend a minimum number of classes in political science, since it has become so very vital and important to the discharge of his duties as a citizen. The legislators of several state assemblies and the central parliament also may be brought under the scheme which imparts to them the necessary knowledge relevant to their duties as legislators. Such a proposal seems to have gained momentum in Hyderabad. These changes will help India to establish a true democracy devoid of all the evil aspects said to be inherent in it.

The scholars of ancient India gave a respectable place to this science and appear to have shared the dictum of Emerson who once said "Government is the greatest science and service of mankind". In this connection it is well to remind the readers of the brilliant treatise of Kautilya on State-Craft or the art of government. Our great epics are interspersed with fruitful political ideas. Several ancient treasures of wisdom are lost to the modern civilisation in the process of time. This intellectual efflorescence of ancient India suffered an irremediable damage when her political destiny came under the control of foreign masters. Now that we are a free nation we should give an equal importance to this subject with other physical sciences in our sincere desire and effort to restore India to her pristine glory. The UNESCO is trying to do something in this field of study and has undertaken a project of enquiry into the teaching of social sciences including political science. It has also brought out a publication—"Contemporary Political Science" explaining the scope and nature of the study of political science in different countries. In India, in some of the universities, Political science is included in courses of study not only in graduate but also Post-graduate classes. The Patna, Nagpur, Lucknow, Travancore, Bombay, Allahabad, Calcutta, and Madras universities have made appreciable progress in the direction of popularising this course of study. The popularity of a course depends on its contents and consequent

value. A good politics course of study must necessarily contain subjects like International Law, Principle of Diplomacy besides Political theory, Political Organisation and Public Administration including local Self-government. It should also be supplemented by the study of at least two classical writers like Aristotle, Machiavelli, Mill or Kautilya. With a proper syllabus and reasonable patronage there is no reason why a political science course should not become as valuable as any other course of study. The student of political science studying as he does Public administration, local-self government, diplomacy etc., must certainly prove useful to handle the internal and also the external services of our country. The establishment of an Institute of Public administration with the aid and cooperation of the central government is a significant landmark in this direction as also the endeavour of the Lucknow university to start a course of study in diplomacy and international relations. The State governments also have their bit to do in this direction since they will benefit by well-informed, intelligent and honest men versed in the art of administration.

Political science can no longer be a neglected child. The present and future universities and centres of learning should give a significant place to this subject by not only starting it but also by revising and reorganising the course of study in this "Kingly Science" as the Greek philosopher Plato called it.

K. Kamalanathan, Asst. Professor of Politics.

I sit with an empty heart!

On the bold mountain-rocks and perilous peaks
Which are caressed by the gently-blowing breeze
That from the southern sky calmly flows
With the sweet fragrance of the flowers wild
That grow in large to be the burden of the wind
And where the whizzing vultures rest in flight
I sit with an empty heart, eyeing nothing
For my thoughts are on the way of the weeping winds!

On the shady bank of the broad live river,
Which flows fast, full with grace divine,
The rushing waves brisk as playful Kids
That whisper to me their joyous life
And their way from the falls overfields,
Until they mingle with the roaring main,
I sit with an empty heart doing nothing,
For my thoughts are on the way of the waters!

M. S. Anand, IV B.Sc. (Geology).

Cross Words

The salubrious breeze had kept me long in bed, fast asleep, till probably about eight o'clock in the morning. But, I was disturbed from my sleep on hearing violent knocks at the door of my bed-room. I was not willing to let my mischievous brother and sisters in, but opened the door on their shouting to me in a loud voice that they had an important 'noos' to convey to me.

"A car for father and a watch for me," "No, a sari—the costliest of its kind—for me and Lalith," "A handful of chocolate will do, *anna*"—So shouted my brother and sisters in mixed voices echoing exhilaration and expectancy. I was, for a moment, doubtful whether they were *really* my brother and sisters, being unable to comprehend what they were talking about. I rubbed my eyes; yes, they were not children of the dream-world, nor was it a pantomime going on; it was all naked reality.

My hilarity knew no bounds when I heard that I had won the first prize in Surya Crosswords, no. 69, and that my solution was all-correct. But, then, I wanted to know if they were not playing me fool.

I searched and searched in vain for long for that piece of paper on which I had written my solution to the puzzle, bearing all the while the cold look of my mother and the reproaches of my father on the ground that I had misplaced an important 'document'. I was not convinced when my brother disclosed to me that he had taken a copy of my solution with all the prescience that I would misplace mine, for, he said it with a sardonic smile that only served to pour oil into the fire of my fury! And, at last, I found to my own sense of shame that the paper had all along been kept in my pocket (but, you know, in one's hilarity at its acme, one is after all apt to forget everything that is most essential, and I was no exception to the rule).

With all the jubilation that my solution was an all correct one I turned to my mother, brother and sisters, on whose faces was discernible, a ray of expectancy. All of them plumped for either a pair of rings, or a costly watch, or the costliest sarees, whose cost, totalling up, so much exceeded the anticipated prize-amount that I might be getting and I felt a bit irritated that, in their selfishness, all of them had not even a moment's thought that I should also be left with something to satisfy the age-long desires I had cherished! Before, however, I could fret and fume, my friends (most of them, mere opportunists) had gathered like honey-bees in the front 'verandah' of my house, having obviously an axe to grind, for which a congratulation served as a cloak of concealment. After a chat with me for a few minutes, they obtained my consent to give them a 'treat' that was estimated (obviously, under-estimated!) to cost me a hundred rupees.

Unlike all these people who were so cocksure of my being the only first-prize winner, I had my own anxieties and misgivings. A solid period

of forty-eight hours was gone, and yet I received no telegram, which I ought to have received in case I had been the only first prize-winner! I was extremely perturbed and spent sleepless nights for about a week.

My friends had again congregated in my house one day and were crossing swords with one another on the issue (for, did it not concern the crosswords?) as to who should get the best part of the 'treat' on the alleged ground that he was the most intimate of my friends. In utter vexation, but in all the sincerity of keeping my word, I spent a substantial sum of Rupees two hundred on them which pleased them all (but, even here, you note, Mr. V. was a bit displeased because he could not get one more "Course" of Badham shir when he had already consumed—but, as he would say, *only*-five tumblers of the *iced* badham-shir!).

But, alas! What was Heaven's recompense for all that I had done? Therein lies the steamy and sad part of the story. For, I was one of the twenty first-prize-winners to share a total sum of Rs. 10,000!! What a lion's share of it had my friends appropriated! And more, what a fond reverie of cars and watches, sarees and chocolates that had all vanished into air, into thin air!!

A. S. Narayanan, B.A., P.G. II (Econ.)

The Eternal Element

Time is the greatest tyrant of us all,
With ruthless urgance goads us on the way—
Of Life—unmindful of the ones that lag,
And lagging fail to live the livelong day.

The strongest mortals bend beneath his stride,
The strangest wonders dot his varied path,
The monuments of man before him crumble,
He leaves our history as the aftermath.

He brings to end too soon our happy days,
Draws up the veil of night o'er happy hours,
Dulls the memory of the carefree years,
With the hazy hues of misty powers.

Yet he can be a kindly tyrant too,
Can draw us gentle from the depths of tears,
Can soothen pained and anguished, broken hearts,
With the slow, sweet balm of passing years.

And thus he marches keeping time to tears,
And joy, with rhythm and with rhyme,
Always helping, hurting, loving men,
The Invisible force—Eternal Time.

Rayma Varmha, V Hons. (Econs.)

Nutrition Survey of Middle Class Families in Madras City

(April—June 1954)

INTRODUCTION

It is of vital importance for any country to assess the nutritional value of the food consumed by the different sections of its people in order to ascertain the deficiencies, if any, in their diet. This problem has a vital bearing on the health of the people and the standard of living of the community in general. In an underfed country like India, it is essential to have a clear picture not only of the quantity and quality of food that people in various age, sex, occupational and economic groups in the various parts of the country consume, but also to ascertain whether the quality or quantity is changing for the better or for the worse. The starting point towards raising levels of nutrition must be a knowledge of what people eat, how far existing levels are satisfactory and what the basic causes of deficiency in the diet are. This objective can be achieved only by conducting systematic nutrition surveys of representative samples of the population.

The modern science of nutrition has shown that diet has a far-reaching influence on health and has tentatively established certain criteria of adequate nutrition. The nutritional experts Aykroyd and Krishnan were pioneers in the study of the diet of the south Indian. Based on a study of the dietary habits of south India, they have worked out a normal standard in terms of what is known as a sufficient and balanced diet. Sufficiency is estimated in terms of the total Calorific content of the diet. It is pointed out by nutritional experts that the quality and variety of food counts as much as the quantity and that the diet should be so distributed as to contain the necessary amounts of each of the essential elements namely Protein, Calcium, Carbohydrate, Iron, Vitamins etc., That is it should be a balanced one.

The object of the present study is to assess the Physiological adequacy of food intake of middle class families in Madras City, to study how the dietary pattern changes with increase in income and to compare them with the standard requirements set up for south India. The present report is based on a sample survey organised by the author under the auspices of the Presidency College, Madras during April-June 1954.

The population of the city according to the 1951 census is 14.16 lakhs. A middle class family for the purpose of this study was defined as a group of people living under the same roof and taking food from a common kitchen whose total monthly income is within the range of Rs. 100—Rs. 600. Approximately 12.2 percent of the people in the city belong to this class. Assuming that the average strength of a family is about 6 members,

the number of middle class families in the city works out to be approximately 30,000. The number of families to be included in the enquiry was fixed as 1 per cent of the total number. A total of 304 families from 9 wards of the city were included in the survey. The families were classified into five income groups and the quota of families to be selected from each income group in each ward was fixed taking into consideration the relative proportion of families belonging to the different income groups in each ward selected.

Table I gives the details of the choice of the families in the different wards classified under the five income groups.

TABLE I.

Distribution of families classified under Income Groups & Corporation Ward.

Wards.	Income in Rupees.					Total
	100-200.	200-300.	300-400.	400-500.	500-600.	
Mylapore	21	12	7	4	6	50
Adyar	—	4	3	6	13	26
Royapettah	23	9	7	2	1	47
Triplacane	16	9	5	5	1	36
Vepery	36	12	6	6	5	65
T. Nagar	1	5	3	4	2	15
Teynampet	16	5	4	1	2	28
Egmore	14	3	4	2	2	25
Chintadripet.	8	3	1	—	—	12
TOTAL.—	140	62	40	30	32	304

To arrive at a correct picture of the consumption of food in families, it is not sufficient to have data relating to one meal nor for one day. The actual consumption varies from one meal to another meal. The investigators were therefore instructed to visit each family for ten consecutive days, ascertain the actual quantities of food stuffs cooked for the consumption of the members of the family and enter them on separate forms supplied for the purpose. Details regarding the family income, occupation of the bread winner and the number of inmates of the family classified into different age groups were also recorded. The number of servants and guests sharing the common food with the family, during the period of the survey, were ascertained and separately entered.

The field work was carried out by 40 students belonging to the Statistics, Mathematics and Economics Departments of the Presidency College, Madras.

The object of the analysis is to work out the quantitative and chemical composition of the food consumed in terms of consumption units

to study the deficiencies, if any, in the diet. The average daily consumption of the different articles of food per consumption unit, after making adjustments for the guests and servants sharing the food, was calculated on the basis of the International scale of family coefficients given in Table II.

TABLE II.

Adult-equivalents for different age groups.

	Age in years.						
	Less than 4	4 & 5.	6 & 7.	8 & 9	10 & 11.	12 & 13.	Over 14
Male	0.3	0.4	0.5	0.6	0.7	0.8	1
Female	0.3	0.4	0.5	0.6	0.7	0.8	0.9

Using these, the data was analysed to bring out the following: (1) The average consumption of different articles of food for different income groups.

(2) The average consumption of different food factors (i.e., the chemical composition of the food) for the income levels.

The results of the analysis on these lines are briefly exhibited in the following tables and chart.

Table III gives the average consumption per adult per day in ounces of the different ingredients of food in each of the five income groups.

TABLE III

Average consumption in ounces of the different articles of food per day per consumption unit.

	Income in Rupees.				
	100-200.	200-300.	300-400.	400-500.	500-600.
Rice	11.24	11.11	10.80	10.35	8.91
Wheat	0.91	0.97	1.01	1.19	2.35
Other cereals	0.11	0.09	0.08	0.11	0.09
Pulses	2.06	2.40	2.34	2.11	2.39
Leafy Vegetables	0.72	0.74	0.74	0.76	0.94
Root Vegetables	1.04	1.24	1.35	1.36	2.02
Other Vegetables	3.06	3.09	3.27	3.39	4.29
Onions	0.56	0.54	0.56	0.53	0.63
Oils & Fats.	1.72	1.72	1.78	2.46	2.45
Milk & Milk Products	8.72	11.95	13.16	13.17	16.12
Fruits	1.41	1.61	2.28	2.86	4.14
Flesh Food & Eggs	0.85	0.90	1.06	1.34	2.29
Condiments	0.43	0.43	0.45	0.45	0.47
Salt	0.94	0.96	0.87	0.87	0.91
Sugar	1.90	2.00	2.13	2.23	2.21
Others	0.16	0.14	0.28	0.22	0.21

While table III provides information regarding the diet in terms of the quantities consumed, table IV exhibits how the different food factors protein, fat etc. enter into the diet of the families. The normal standard requirements are also given side by side.

TABLE IV
Average consumption of different food factors per consumption unit (in International units)

	Minimum standard	100-200.	200-300.	300-400.	400-500.	500-600.
Protein	75-85	63	66	68	69	76
Fat	65-75	48	50	56	58	70
Carbohydrate	380-420	377	384	384	385	400
Calcium	1.0-1.5	0.71	0.80	0.88	0.96	1.29
Phosphorus	1.3-1.5	1.29	1.34	1.38	1.43	1.69
Iron	20-50	28	30	32	33	40
Calorific value	2600-3000	2244	2301	2370	2395	2596
Vitamin A	3000-4000	2146	2489	2860	2952	3833
Vitamin B	300-500	230	262	285	295	304
Vitamin C	150-200	84	92	98	104	135

A different picture of the diet may be had from Chart I. This chart is the diagrammatic representation of table IV. The bar diagrams (sections 1 to 10) show the relative proportion in which each food factor is being consumed by the different income groups. A comparison is made possible with the standard minimum requirements shown side by side (the black bar). The scale is chosen proportionately to bring out the comparisons easily.

CONCLUSION

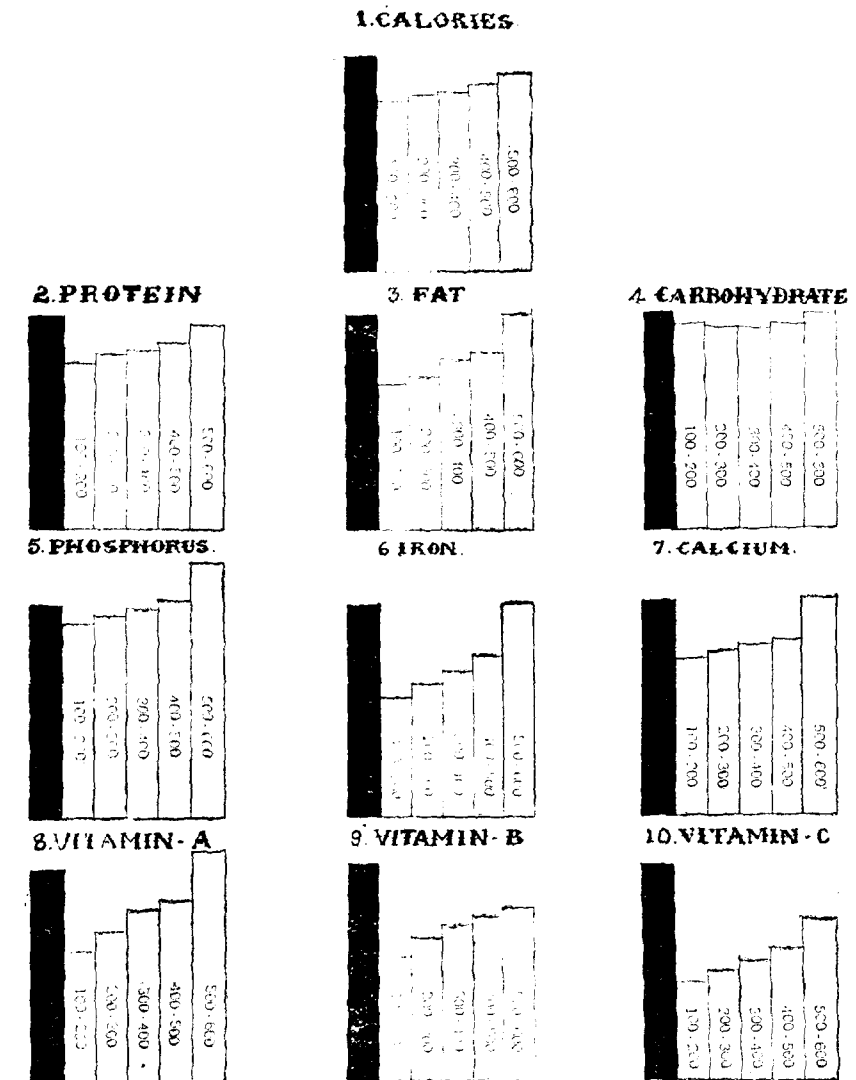
Before making inferences regarding the results of the analysis, certain general observations may be made. South Indians are generally having a mono-cereal diet. Rice is the only cereal normally consumed. But recently, probably as an after effect of the rationing, a little of wheat also forms part of the diet. In calculating the actual consumption of the different foods, allowance has not been made for the possibility of destruction through methods of preparation. So the actual intake may be even less than what is given here.

Table V gives the average adult-equivalents (A.E.) for the different income groups.

TABLE V.
Average Adult—Equivalents.

	Income in Rupees.				
A. E.	100-200.	200-300.	300-400.	400-500.	500-600.
...	3.95	5.00	5.60	6.51	4.79

CHART SHOWING THE VARIATION IN THE CONSUMPTION OF FOOD FACTORS WITH INCOME (IN RUPEES)



The figures in the above table exhibit for a corresponding income group, the average number of members equivalent to adult males which a family will have to feed. It is instructive to note that the middle income groups have a heavy burden compared to the other income groups.

The consumption of food by servants was separately estimated. The average number of servants per day taking food from the family in terms of adult males is given in table VI.

TABLE VI.
Number of Servants in terms of Adult Males.

		Income in Rupees.				
		100-200.	200-300.	300-400.	400-500.	500-600.
A. E.	...	0.20	0.37	0.63	0.60	1.13

It may be seen from the table that the number of servants given food from the family shows a gradual increase with income. These figures may also be taken as estimates of the number of full time servants in families belonging to the corresponding income groups.

A detailed study of table III shows that whereas the consumption of rice decreases as income increases, the consumption of wheat shows a gradual increase with income. The consumption of pulses is almost constant for all the income groups. The consumption of milk and milk products is very low in lower income groups. As income increases there is a corresponding increase in the intake of milk. Even in the higher income groups it has not reached the commonly accepted standard of 20 ounces per adult per day. The consumption of fruits is very low for all income groups.

Condiments and spices are not generally considered as important items of food and they contribute very little in the shape of actual nutrients. But they form a not very insignificant item so far as the food of the middle class families in Madras is concerned. Probably they impart a taste to the rather poor diet and create appetite for food.

A comparison of figures given in Table IV with the minimum requirements show that the diet in every income group is ill-balanced. The diet is deficient in protein, calcium, Iron and the Vitamins. Unbalanced diet may be largely due to the ignorance of the people regarding the importance of balanced diet to the human body. If it is found only in lower income groups, we could have attributed it to the economic incapability of the families to buy the necessary food stuffs. But families who can afford to have balanced diet, failing to have it is a real cause for

concern. It is hoped that nutritional experts will suggest means and measures for removing this state of affairs.

All the income groups show deficiency in the total calorific intake as well. The protein consumption is very poor and is mainly of vegetable origin. Proteins derived from animal foods are generally superior in biological value to the vegetable proteins. There is a preponderance of cereals and deficiencies of protective foods in the diet.

Thus the diet of the lower income groups is inadequate and illbalanced. The higher income groups approach sufficiency when reckoned in terms of calorific value. But their diet is seriously illbalanced.

The results of the survey seem to indicate two things clearly. Firstly, the economic condition of middle class families and hence their standard of living needs to be raised to a great extent. The lower income groups are virtually underfed. Their food is the simplest imaginable. Rice, pulses and cheap vegetables form the principal food. The poor classes live a very low standard of life. It is only by raising the economic condition, the productive strength and the standard of living, and thus keeping them fit for work, that the country, can progress. The survey brings out the fact that a good deal has yet to be done in that direction.

Secondly, a considerable amount of work has to be done in educating people on better dietary habits. It is usually assumed that financial ability is the sole factor that determines the type of a diet. It is known from nutritional experts that by paying more attention to the proper choice of a diet, much can be done in improving it. It is not wholly the quantity of food consumed that matters, but also the quality and variety of the different articles forming the diet. The survey brings out that the information of the people regarding these is quite inadequate and unsatisfactory. Even the well-to-do families are virtually ignorant of it, and if at all they are aware of it, they are not putting it into practice.

With these two things achieved, we can expect the people to be placed on a higher and healthier physiological level.

The present survey has been confined to the middle class families in Madras City. For a correct picture of the dietary habits of the city we should have fuller statistics relating to the condition of the people in the other income groups also. The information touching the people in the form the majority in the city is meagre. Further, we have not been able to collect reliable statistics regarding the diet of the people corresponding to different occupations. From the survey conducted, we could not also reach a satisfactory conclusion as to whether the community classification

has any appreciable influence on the food factors in the diet. A comprehensive survey on these lines has therefore to be undertaken, before the observations in this report are complete.*

V. J. Chacko, M.Sc., Addl. Professor of Statistics.

In Memoriam: W. C. Douglas.

Chief Professor of English 1928 - 32.

Principal 1932 - 35.

(A Personal reminiscence)

It must be a very unusual experience for anybody—as it undoubtedly is a most unenviable one—to write a letter to an old professor after a silence of twenty years, full of affection and admiration, and to get the letter back unopened, with a note in pencil: "Deceased", and the postal stamp: *Undelivered for Reason Stated: Return to sender.* That this should be the manner of our getting to know that Mr. W. C. Douglas is no longer in the land of the living is characteristic of the man. All his life he hated fuss—avoiding the limelight as wholeheartedly as most other people rush into it. His successor in office complained that at the time of his retirement, when it was proposed that in accordance with an unbroken custom all his colleagues in the Indian Educational Service should give him a farewell dinner, Douglas would not have it. He slipped out of India without ostentation—leaving in the minds and hearts of those who knew him best a sense of irreparable loss. And now, twenty years after, he has slipped out of this earth, and we feel that death has cheated us, because the words of affection and admiration which were his due, and which would surely have gladdened him by their unexpectedness, will now never reach him.

The earliest occasion when I met Douglas was nearly forty years ago, when I was a student in the Third or Fourth Standard of Kalyanasundaram High School, Tanjore. It was the time of the Annual Inspection, and the whole school was agog. We, children, had come dressed in our best. The Inspector was a white man, and we did not of course expect that he would actually visit the primary section of the school. But with some luck we thought we might catch a glimpse of him. Imagine our surprise when the great man, preceded by the peon carrying a special

*Acknowledgements :—It is with pleasure that I place on record my indebtedness to Professor T. Balakrishnan Nair, Principal of the College for his kind help and encouragement in organising the survey. Thanks are due to Mr. J. Ranganathan and Mr. S. Guha for helping me in the computations. Thanks are also due to all those who have by their wholehearted co-operation endeavoured to make this survey a success.

cane-bottomed chair for him, and followed by the Head Master, actually stepped into our class. He said a few words in English which we could not understand, went up to the black board, wrote on it in Tamil மேஜை ("mejai"), gave us a smile and went away. Our teacher explained to us that the Inspector had said that he was sorry that he could not spend any time with us, because we did not know any English and his knowledge of Tamil was very poor: he could say மேஜை and even venture to write it, but that was all! Inspectors before and after him, as far as I know, hardly ever bothered about any class below the First Form (corresponding to the Sixth standard), even when they were Indian Inspectors. But Douglas was Douglas, and here was an example.

Years after, in January 1928, he came to Presidency College as Professor of English. Practically all his life in India he had spent as Inspector of Schools, or District Educational Officer, or in a Training College. He took his teaching seriously, as he took everything—a trifle too seriously, we all thought. It was characteristic of the man that on the first day he should apologise for what he did not have: "I am afraid I am not anything of the trained elocutionist that Mr. Papworth is. You may find my lectures dull". He taught us Drama and then Modern Poetry, and because he took so much trouble with his notes, and always read out of his MSS, our business, we thought, was to take down everything. Most of us not bothering to come prepared with the texts, we just took down whatever he read, leaving gaps to be filled up by collation later on, and were more struck by his little idiosyncrasies, his winks, his way of saying, when referring to the number of a line, "seven nothing seven" instead of "seven hundred and seven"—than the actual value of what he said. But when the terminal examinations came along, and, having read the texts by then, we turned to his notes, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that we were completely bowled over. Here was masterly criticism, a brilliant mind taking up all these great writers—Kyd, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Milton—and dissecting and disposing of them without fear or favour, in language that was often brilliant and always memorable. He seemed to have read all the worth-while critics on these authors, and the surprising thing was that what he said about them was his own and not to be found in any of those critics. Again and again we wondered whether, if he just printed and published his notes, the world would not be astonished to find in its midst, all unsuspected, a first-rate critic.

Undergraduates have a way of hero-worshipping, and after all our knowledge was limited. But I think I may say truthfully that while Douglas may not have read every worth-while book on his subject—and many of the epoch-making books of criticism have been written since 1930—we made no mistake regarding the quality of his mind. It was

acute and independent, sharp as a razor's edge, essentially rational. Most of our lecturers dealing with authors were concerned to praise them, to dwell on their admirable qualities—qualities which generally someone else (Saintsbury, or Stopford Brooke, or Elton, or Raleigh) had found admirable before them. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. But to Douglas these authors were not dead: they were very much alive. And he gave one the impression that he was going to size them up, tell them exactly where they were wrong and ask them not to make fools of themselves. His business was to judge. The words of praise, when they came, had as consequence an added value

We never saw him except in the class room. The English Honours Association was started in 1929 with Douglas as the first President, but he agreed to be President very unwillingly, and made it quite clear that he had no time to attend to the meetings of the Association, and that in any case it should be a forum for the boys and girls and the more they depended on themselves the better. If there was a tea-party and someone approached him for a subscription, he would contribute a fantastic sum of money—say Rs. 30/- (a tidy sum in those days!)—and say that if the expenses of the party exceeded the amount collected, he would make up the difference, "if you don't mind"! This was clean contrary to all our ideas of a Scotchman.

He never stood on formality and was always the first to say "Good morning" or "Good evening"—whether it was to a colleague or a student. He was a democrat to his finger tips and had the Scotch Calvinist's respect for the individual (though I don't think he was a Puritan, at any rate in religion). All his bearers, I believe, like most of his students, worshipped him.

This note is becoming personal, but I shall make no apology for that. In a world which is becoming increasingly totalitarian and dehumanized, personal relationships are perhaps the only things that matter (and in saying this I have the support of E.M. Forster).

"By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider".

It is amazing, come to think of it, how a man who was so shy and self-conscious, and whom hardly any of us would have presumed to call on at his house (I never knew where his house was) should nevertheless have left so strong an impress on all those who had the fortune to sit at his feet and listen to his lectures. Here was the realization of our ideal of a scholar and a gentleman. Here was one who seemed to live and move

habitually with high objects, with enduring things. When his brother, a District Magistrate at Midnapur, was shot dead by an Indian student who had played football with him in his team, what distressed him was the "educational system" which so perverted one's sense of human relationships, or alternatively, was so powerless against such preversions. "I shall not make the mistake", he wrote to me referring to the incident, "of judging a whole people by individual occurrences like these, but there must be something wrong with our educational system". He was essentially a philosopher.

Those of us who have been his students should, at least when we think of him, be incapable of a mean act. By precept and example he taught us to think clearly, to live nobly, to act with courage and independence. He hated muddle-headedness and had an undisguised contempt for the shoddy and the plausible. He had a sense of values and passed on that sense to us.

Whenever I think of him, I think also of the lines in Meredith's poem, *Phoebus with Admetus* :

"He has been our fellow, the morning of our days;
Us he chose for housemates and this way went;

God of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure".

P. S. Sundaram,

[Student in the Dept. of English Language & Literature 1927-'30]
Now Member, Public Service Commission, Orissa.

Saving Equals Investment?

AN ECONOMIC PARODY

(With apologies to Lord John Maynard Keynes).

Great men nod their heads and say,
"Investment equals saving",
When one complains the words are false,
They say that one is raving.

You scrounge and stint to buy a book,
Which says, S equals I,
Impressive? Yes! Exciting?—No!
The thoughts are great and high.

The days pass by—much water flows,
Beneath the bridge of Time,
The more you work—less pay you get,
Ah, poverty sublime!

The wicked Mammon—powerful, strong,
Is in your mind all day,
You search your pockets—nothing find,
And then you're in the bay.

Then, of a sudden, wonder great,
You think—"S equals I",
"Then all that I invested in—
Those books will get me by".

So off you rush to see the books,
Ah! are they somewhat old?
Worm-eaten, dusty, dog-eared, torn?
They're worth their weight in gold!

The wily keeper of the shops,
First peers—then weighs, your 'gold',
And calmly, even kindly too,
"A Rupee-eight all told!"

The pittance that you hold in hand,
Draws pictures in your mind,
Of brand-new notes that bought the book,
When Fate was more than kind.

The wisdom born of pain and grief,
Enlightens you most clearly,
That those who say S equals I,
Must pay for that quite dearly!

Rayma Varmha, V Hons. Econs.

The Psychology of Ladies and the Philosophy of Gents

(With apologies to my girl friends).

"The Active thinking people are of two kinds—
Those who wish to dominate their fellows and
Those whose Supreme desire is to understand them"

John Drinkwater.

From the day when Adam and Eve are reported to have tasted the 'Forbidden Fruit', there has been in existence this clash between the psychology of the fairer Sex and the philosophy of the Stronger Sex. The interesting part in this peculiar clash is the fact that these are inter-linked. Although paradoxical, the truth of this statement is acknowledged by many of the modern men who attribute the growth of philosophy in them entirely to their ignorance of the psychology of their sweet-hearts, better-halves etc., and their consequent inability to satisfy them in the manner they want. There is also argument from the otherside that the philosophy enters the minds of the gents before they think of an understanding with their ladies and that from a spiritual level they are unable to bend towards the practical side of things to understand the psychology of the latter. Whatever be the origin of either, the intensity of this strife has reached a climax in the modern age where, as our daily experience has revealed to us, the ladies have advanced as far as to even usurp the positions of the gents in Offices, business-houses, (sports?) etc., etc. This is indeed a challenge to the age-long tradition of an united married life with husband and children and may have very serious repercussions on the sweet adventures of married life to which Adam and Eve created a precedent.

In the matter of expressing wants and desires the gentle sex is often ingenious, but in the question of conceding them their opposite sex is ingenious. And when according to the law of nature, the latter defeats the former, there is disappointment and rage. If women persist, men insist. The result is quite obvious. Ask Dickens, he would say "Accidents occur in the families not regulated by that pervading influence" of women in "the lofty character of wife".

The nature and course of this strife differ from families to families. The lower middle class, the middle class, the upper class, the super class, all these classes of families have different ways of settling their disputes. For example, in a lower middle class family, there is always the husband and wife quarrel and the wife is often heard of shouting in the words of Abraham Lincoln who used them on an entirely different occasion for an entirely different class of people, "I hold that if Almighty had ever made a set of men that should do all the eating and no work, He should have made them with mouths only and no hands",

The lower middle class housewife often forgets that her hubby also does work at Office without which there would be no work for her in the kitchen.

The middle class dwell in heated debates, walk-outs (to mother's houses), warnings (from mother's places) if the husband leans on any property through his wife, ultimatums etc., etc., all to some extent increasing the literacy talents of the individuals.

Before the marriage, the boy, true to the Wall-Street Journal quotation "never recognises a dictator in advance. To the average fellow, before the wedding she seems no more than a sweet girl". He agrees fully with Mark Twain that "to get the full value of joy, you must have some body to divide with". And so unaware of J. B. Priestly's warning that "marriage is a huge University with high fees and no degrees", he agrees to marry.

As for the girl, one of her life's ambitions is to have a husband, handsome, pliable to her whims and fancies and to obey her commands to the envy of the other girls of the locality. In addition to this ambition, the middle class lady possesses an ardent love for beauty and its exhibition on her person. She does not sometimes care to know whether it would suit the purse of her bread-earner or not and also to know how it suited "the (cash box of) neighbouring woman's house-hold. She shouts with Keats that 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever' and 'Beauty is truth, and truth beauty—that is all ye know on earth and ye need know'. The husband has also quotations. He warns her through John Ruskin "that the most beautiful things in this world are the most useless, peacocks and lillies, for example" and quotes from 'an almanac for the Moderns' that "Beauty is excrescence, superabundance, random ebulliance, and sheer delightful waste to be enjoyed in its own high light". But she is not to be convinced. She cannot give up her "freakish fancies" and "voluptuous tastes" for the mere economic reasons. This tendency drives her Gent to assume the two maxims enunciated by Swift, "to keep his countenance and never keep his words" which has of late gone to the level of the story writers and film directors and occupied their pages, exhibited in the form of humorous conversations.

Among the upper class, the strife does not come out to the public notice as the domestic economy is sound in these families. The women here also have a taste for waste. But when she spends hours in making up her mind as to which of the two dresses she should wear before starting to attend a ladies' club session, the husband is not worried. He knows the discretion advised by Lincoln that 'when you have got an elephant by the hind-leg and he is trying to run away, it is best to let him run'.

As regards the super-class, the strife does not occur in their practical domestic life. The discrimination between the sex is not quite in evidence among them and one has one's way. They dwell in imagination and also quarrel in that plane outside their homes. I am in this connection reminded of a Churchillian parliamentary wit reproduced in the Reader's Digest some time ago. A woman M.P., it is 'alleged', got excited and exasperated at the end of a hot debate and addressing the British Prime Minister, said 'If you were my husband, I will poison your tea'. The sagacious Prime Minister accepted the challenge and said 'If you were my wife, Madame, I will drink it'. Evidently, the Hon'ble statesman did not mean that he would have so acted if the event had really happened, but wanted to convey that such disputes have only to be taken to be dealt with in the divine plane of imagination and that they can have no place in the practical world of domestic affairs.

Analysing the foregoing, we may derive the following proposition: Man is not a tyrant, nor is a woman a slave, but both are servants of a higher ideal to which their individual inclinations are to be subordinated. Sensual love is sublimated into self-forgetful devotion. Marriage for the Hindu is a problem and not a datum. Marriage is not the end of the struggle, it is but the beginning of a strenuous life where we attempt to realise a larger ideal by subordinating our private interests, and inclinations. Service of a common ideal can bind together the most unlike individuals. Love demands its sacrifices. By restraint and endurance, we raise love to the likeness of the divine.

Equality may be demanded as facilitating this process, by removing the artificial advantages of wealth. It may be taken as a demand for a fair start not as a demand that the prizes shall be distributed irrespectively of individual worth. And whether the demand is rightly or wrongly expressed, we must admit that the real force with which we have to reckon is the demand for Justice and for equality as somehow implied by Justice.

Beauty is not entirely a personal affair, because the most subjective things are an objective part of human nature which is universal. Things lose their appeal when they cease to fill in a need but a beauty that answers to a lasting desire is a joy for ever. Beauty is elusive and escapes when we try clumsily to capture it though it may smile again when we are deserving. Then we know that it must have hovered near, invisible because we lacked the wit to win it back.

"Whatever life may be, it is an experience; whatever experience may be, it is a flow through time, a duration, a many coloured episode in eternity". "As long as men shall breathe and eyes shall see" so long shall there endure the search for ultimate standards of life and life together, which the mind, no less than the heart, can approve. But it is

not unnatural that once the search for standards is embarked upon, it should proceed farther than the inquiry into the bases of virtuous or reasonable action or sound social policy.

In conclusion, I must confess that the once-most-passionate desire to lead a quite domestic life is now extinct from the hearts of the modern men. This reformation is purely due to their love for 'adventure' in life without which, they are afraid that life would be reduced to the mere mechanical turning of events and passing of time which they seem to dislike. They have thus developed a philosophical attitude towards life. They seem to think with Horace M. Kallen that "we are born into a world which was not made for us, but in which we are willy-nilly compelled to grow". They rarely agree with Hegel that "what is reason is real and what is real is rational". Progress in knowledge is progress in rationality and rationality is, when completely comprehended by reason, the very nature of reality. But they arrive that "ideals are not derived from experience, nor from the mind. They only define themselves there, in the history and the spirit of man". "Wherever man has been confronted with the perplexing problems of life, there he has also tried to understand and has attempted to integrate his variegated experiences into a comprehensive world view which might enable him to meet with calmness the vicissitudes of his troubled existence". This is but to escape repenting with Byron that "The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree I planted—They have torn me and I bleed—I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed", and also to prove that "Nature has not only anticipated the coming of man, but has also contemplated the exercise of human intelligence". They make no complaints and tender no apologies to their unhappy domestic lives. They unanimously agree with Prospero in the *Tempest* that

" we are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep".

T. S. Raghavan, V (Hons.) Sanskrit.

The Lotus.

MORNING.

A lofty day, when I, as if in a dream,
Floating thro' my fancy's flowery cream,
Did gaze, lost in wonder and surprise,
The eternal Joy of the lake that doth rise,
With embalmed arms rippling the water's face,
Peeping into the bursting sun's fiery grace,
With an air of pride for the sun's hardy look,
It was a lotus which, to my mind, did book,
A vision of rapture that I can hardly express,
The memory of which often puts me in distress.

EVENING.

As the sinking sun touch'd the ocean's pearl,
The trees, like giants watching a sleeping girl,
With mighty shades that do devour the light,
Humbled the lotus and its colours bright,
Thus came to confusion, once a lovely scene,
Despite the poet's grief, it ever remains green.

K. Rajasekhara Udupa, IV Hons. English

House of Cards

I was unceremoniously lugged out of bed by my good friend Prakash.

"Look here," I spluttered, "will you explain what you mean by butting in on a fellow on a Sunday morning at this early hour?"

"Early hour!" snorted Prakash. He pointed at the timepiece which uncompromisingly showed "nine o'clock."

"Will you sit down and allow me to wash my mouth with a cup of coffee?" I asked resentfully.

"Well, it's your own funeral. Every minute wasted is fatal."

The old catch-word about the value of time, which was dinned into one's ears on office-days, simply failed to work on a Sunday. Still, goaded by Prakash, I consented to slip on some apparel, and stepped into the street, where an aged car—of 1925 vintage, I fancy—was snorting and puffing, quivering all the time. The footboard looked as if it would not

bear the weight of a fairy, and here and there in the upholstery the cocoanut-fibre stuffing peeped out treacherously.

"A recent purchase," announced Prakash modestly. "Isn't she a beauty?"

I made several non-committal noises.

It was only after a great deal of goading that the boneshaker could be induced to start. When it was chugging away, I prevailed upon Prakash to be more communicative.

"Do you want," he began, "to leave that wretched two-room tenement that you call a house?"

I pricked up my ears.

"Well, thank God—that is, thank me! I've found a house for you!"

I immediately hugged Prakash in ursine fashion. He had the presence of mind to jam the brakes.

"You fool!" he cried out, "Now we shall never be able to start her!"

In fact, it appeared that the vehicle was a crowning demonstration of one of the Laws of Motion. Once in motion, nothing short of a brick wall could stop it, and once at a standstill, it remained so.

"Just you get down and put your shoulder to the wheel," Prakash suggested.

"No, I'll stay at the wheel," I evaded.

"Well, you see, the old girl has sort of grown accustomed to me—she responds to nobody else at the wheel."

So finally it was I who had to get down and push.....And just when the car appeared as intransigent as ever, it started with a jerk and it was only with the utmost alacrity that I managed to get in.

"Well, this house," continued Prakash, "it is for sale, you know, and if you are sensible enough, it will be yours."

"Doesn't it look a bit.....er.....antiquated?" I asked dubiously as we drew up at the house.

"Compared to the surrounding houses, yes. But ten years ago this was considered to be a revolutionary model." And he dragged me towards the crowd clustered round the auctioneer.

"So, gentleman, it is going cheap at ten....."

"Ten and a half," shouted Prakash.

"Eleven," rejoined a voice.

"Wait a bit," I protested, "I'll do my own bidding."

But Prakash just would not allow me to trouble myself. I drew a sigh of relief when he stopped at "twenty-four," at which the auctioneer brought down his hammer. "There you are, you lucky guy," the latter beamed at me. I tried my best to look overwhelmed with joy.

"But where on earth am I to find Rs. 24000?" I asked Prakash despairingly.

"I have played *my* part," he declared, and disappeared—like the fairy in story-books who disappears after doing the good deed.

* * * * *

"Come and sweep the cobwebs," said my wife, forcibly closing the novel I was reading. It was a few hours after our moving into our new house. I got up to obey the mandate. But two days later the industrious spiders had made good their losses and the shimmering festoons hung as thick as ever.

"Even a child would have inspected the house properly before buying it," snorted the missus contemptuously.

By and by we discovered that a fine layer of dust, apparently emanating from the peeling plaster, was settling on every utensil and piece of furniture. My wife took me round, pointing accusingly at every dust-coated article.

In the midst of this, I heard the honk of Prakash's car and a minute later Prakash stepped in.

"I've parked my car in your garage," he announced in a way which suggested that we ought to feel flattered. "No objection, I hope?"

My wife glowered at me in a way that plainly indicated "Tell him, no!"

"Er.....that's all right," I gulped, looking at Prakash.

* * * * *

Things came to a head when the monsoon set in. Practically every room sprang leaks, with the remarkable exception of the garage. Every now and then I came to peer enviously at the car resting snugly there.

The missus, of course, was in a towering fury. So, with the first spell of good weather I crawled out to consult Prakash.

"I'll tell you what," he said meditatively, "I'll send you a contractor who works wonders with brick and mortar. He can set right in a jiffy houses which are on the verge of collapse"

The next day an unobtrusive-looking man with a pencil-stub parked behind his ear knocked at my door. I presented him reverently to the family with a "Behold-here-comes-your-saviour" look.

I led him from one room to another, while he jotted hieroglyphic notes in a note-book, cocking an eye up at the ceiling or tapping a door dubiously. By the time we came to the bathroom I could bear the suspense no longer.

"For God's sake, man," I cried out, "let me know the worst!"

"Well, the naked truth," he began, rubbing his hands in embarrassment, "is that the house is beyond repair. In fact, under Rule 52 (a) (1) the Corporation requires that a 'building which causes or is likely to cause danger to its occupants or others, shall be demolished.....' The contractor went on: "But, for the sake of the scrap, I am willing to take over the building for the generous sum of..." he stooped to whisper in my ear.

I struck a bargain with him on the spot.

* * * * *

So it was that we installed ourselves in our former quarters. Our landlord gave us a royal welcome—we owed him a month's rent.

A month later, I ran into Prakash and triumphantly announced how I had got rid of my house. "The contractor assured me it was just so much scrap," I said reproachfully.

"Oh, I've palmed off my bone-shaker, too," he said evasively. "But your house has now been made as good as new."

"What! And by whom?"

"By the contractor himself!"

Pravin Kumar, B.Sc., Hons. (Old Student.)

Beauty ?

The captivating College girl
With her bewitching charms,
Her dark mascared eyelids, her gently curving arms,
And inventions of fashion,
Employing every contraption
Which will leave you in a whirl,
Trimmed waist or padded hip,
Rouged cheeks or rubied lip,
Are all but snares you see,
And when you've fallen to them,
She will say, "Bow down to me"!
But if allure you'll ration,
Though not to satisfaction,
You are pretty safe, My boy,
For, neither doe-like eyes
Nor fawning sighs
Nor looks so very coy,
Will upset your cerebellum
From out its equilibrium.
Now if this fastidious female's
Domineering demands,
Have driven you to teeth and nails,
Pay heed to my commands,
Should you wish to abide in safetiness
Sans dread of craftiness,
Harken then to my instruction
With minutest attention.
Lend not your ear to listen to the co-ed's senseless chatter,
Use not your eye to gaze upon her looks, for they don't matter,
Be you not washed from side to side,
Like reeds in a tempestuous tide
By whims and fancies,
Otherwise :
Your bold independence
T'll give way to servility
T'wards women in plurality,
And—College Girls in predominance.

A. H. Shirazi, IV B. Sc. (Chem.)

Prince

Oh no, not the charming one, who comes riding by and wakes the sleeping princess with a kiss. This is a 'dog of a prince'. But it is just as possible that he has set a considerable number of canine hearts throbbing. In fact, he is a regular Don Juan, and though you might call this an exaggeration quite forgivable in a proud owner—I think he is the most dashing and handsome of all the dogs of the neighbourhood. And that is saying something, considering that Prince's deadly rival for the hand of many a beauty is the poodle who lives three doors down our street, and who is taken for beauty walks twice a day, every day by his master. Twice a day, every day, of course, when Prince is subjected to the indignity of being locked up—the owner of the poodle having requested me to confine prince to our grounds—in a duel over a current beauty, prince had resorted to the not very gentlemanly trick of chewing off his opponent's ears. So every morning and evening, Prince sends his blood pressure up and gnashes his teeth behind bars while the poodle trips disdainfully past; and I gnash my teeth too to keep Prince company in his sentiments. The morose and melancholic fasting spells which Prince has, can be traced directly to some new Delilah in the neighbourhood who, little upstart, would prefer the dandy poodle to our rough and easy going Prince. During these unpleasant intervals, Prince raises Cain over the slightest disturbance like a yank at his tail, or a ping pong ball landing square on his nose. And when my kid brother Ravi on his birthday gave Prince a kiss on his nose, Prince being down in the dumps gave Ravi a nasty bite. It was then that we seriously entertained the idea of sacking Prince. But in the meantime, the Poodle saved the situation by having a bilious attack (so the vet said) and Prince got on with his lady love and was right as rain.

Sometimes Prince's taste is simply awful. When he went into one of his blue spells over a mangy and lean little lady, I got quite exasperated with him and told him severely that he must be having blood from the lowest strata of society—though of course when the vet once remarked that Prince's pedigree defied research, I pretended I did not hear him the mean old thing!

Whatever event takes place at home, the first thing we consider, just as others do the weather—is Prince—disaster helped on by four legs. If the boys want to get on with a game of hide-and-seek they first have to lock up Prince, as he insists on joining the game and barking at the most embarrassing moments. And if anyone starts running, they have first to deal with Prince who snaps at the runner's legs. So now having a game and locking up Prince in the bath room go together.

But he is a wily one, is Prince—all temptations he has for a piece of bread he turns up his nose at. And yelling "rats" and diving into the

storeroom only brings on a bored look. And Prince, who on the whole is an obedient little person, pretends to be stone deaf when anyone wants him to get into a room and submit to a lock-up. I learned this much to my humiliation when after boasting to the boys that I could get Prince, to obey me, I spent a weary half hour, squatting before the unmoved Prince, commanding, entreating, pleading with him to at least this once to oblige, to the accompaniment of yells of derision from my brothers. All Prince would do was to avoid my eyes as much as to say "sorry old girl, but this is beyond me." I was furious with him. But now looking at his warm brown eyes I am not at all sure that I cannot forgive him.

M. N. Shetty (Mrs) III B. A. (Hons) English.

An Urge to Dwell in the Past

An urge to dwell in the past and things foregone
Consumes my heart and makes my withered, pale hands
Stretch out towards the distant strands
Where my childhood mushroomed, blossomed and shone;
And where my heart believes it rests alone
Amidst many a gay flower and bands
Of haunting songs, joyous moments and sands
Of time, puerile, pleasant, which hum and drone.
But, my hands tremble and grope in the air
As when a man born blind stretches his arms
To hug his dead, phantom child who from farms
Of Elysium descends eager as a prop
To tend and kiss her sad sire, father fair;
And then with sighs my heart sinks and hands drop.

U. Mohd. Iqbal, III B.A. (Hons.) English.

OUR DEBATERS

In Tamil



L. Sundara Rajan, III B.Sc. and S. Kandappan, IV (Hons.)
Winners of the Namasivaya Mudaliar
rolling cup for Tamil Oratory.

In Kannada



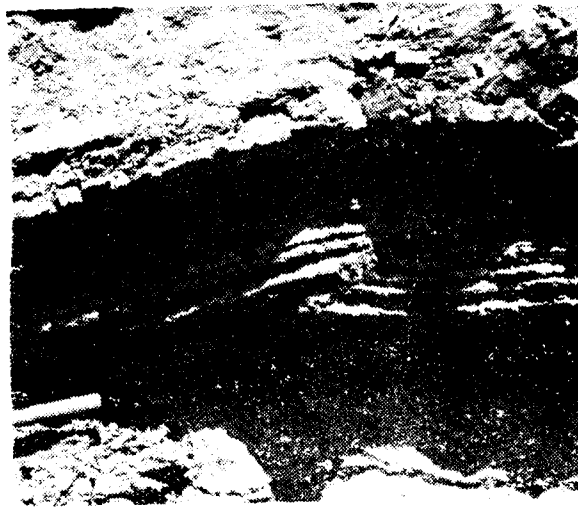
K. Anantha Vailaya, V (Hons.) Politics,
Winner of the first prize in the
inter-collegiate Kannada
Elocution competition.

In English



Standing—Left to Right: Lakshmiyijayan, T. B. Krishnaswamy, R. Chidambaram, M. Gopinath,
R. Z. Kothawalla, Sri Ram, K. C. A. Narayanan, Raghavan,
Sitting—Ranjit Kumar, (Secretary, Union), S. Sarasa, Subha Thambu, R. Syamala, (Vice-President Union)
J. M. Shetty, (President Union), G. V. S. Ross.

A PAGE FROM A GEOLOGIST'S ALBUM



Photograph No. 1.



Photograph No. 2.



Photograph No. 3.



Photograph No. 4.

A page from a Geologist's Album

Photograph No. 1. A 'REVERSED FAULT' IN SHALE

Compressional forces acting in the earth's crust produce such faults.

LOCALITY :—BANJARI, SHAHABAD DIST. BIHAR.

Photograph No. 2. 'FLOW-STRUCTURE' IN BASALT

This structure is formed by the flowing of liquid Basalt over the land surface.

LOCALITY :—AURANGABAD.

Photograph No. 3. 'PRISMATIC COLUMNAR JOINTS' IN BASALT

These joints are produced by the uniform undisturbed cooling and contraction of the homogeneous molten Basalt after it is erupted to the earth's surface as a lava flow.

LOCALITY :—ANDHERI, BOMBAY.

Photograph No. 4. A 'DIKE'.

A Dike is a vertical wall-like sheet of igneous rock having roughly parallel sides, and cutting across the bedding planes of other rocks. It is formed by the intrusion of molten rock material into a vertical fissure.

LOCALITY :—MEENAMBAKKAM, MADRAS.

Asif Ashraf, IV Hons. Geology.

Socio-Economic Survey of Locknagar

(A Slum in Madras)

This Socio-Economic Survey was sponsored by the President of the Presidency College Social Service League in December 1954. The Project investigation was taken up by the authors in the first week of January 1955 and completed in the second week of February. Care was taken to frame a comprehensive questionnaire, with a view to elicit information relating to (1) family size (2) dependents (3) Employment pattern (4) income pattern (5) volume of indebtedness (6) consumption pattern (7) literacy and (8) infantile mortality. The authors feel satisfied at the unusual response on the part of the Locknagar inhabitants to furnish as many details as were readily available. Questions were put to each head of the family in camera. The answers were quick and frank, since the residents were given the assurance that details relating to individual family would not be disclosed. The authors gratefully acknowledge the enthusiastic cooperation offered by the members of Locknagar, though it must be confessed that the authors had to meet the residents at the latter's convenience.

Situated on the Bank of the Buckingham Canal, near the lock (and hence the name Locknagar), the slum taken up for survey is in proximity to the University of Madras and the Government House, Madras. The slum is about 35 years old. At present there are about 50 numbered thatched mud huts accominodating 125 families. Nearly 100 families have come and settled during the last twenty years. The majority of the residents belong to Chingleput district. Easy access at low rents has been the main contributory factor for the settlement of families during the last five years. Many of the desirable social amenities are either non-existent or highly inadequate. There are only two street lights and two water taps. The Presidency College Social Service League is running a dispensary, and a night school for children and adults. Milk is distributed by the league to children twice a week.

PART II

1. Family size and dependants: The average size of the family is 4.7. This is almost in keeping with the finding of the census Report of India. The average number of children is 2.2. Taking into consideration such of those families which have dependents, we find that the average number of dependents in Locknagar is 2.04. What is very revealing is that the average number of earning dependents is .67. Being a slum located in a Metropolitan city, we noticed a pronounced anxiety on the part of a majority of the heads of the families to keep the dependents away. In some cases however we found a remarkable readiness to accommodate

their relatives or children of their relatives with a view to educate them. By and large, Locknagar is no exception to the disintegration of the undivided family that is so characteristic of predominantly urban areas, and to a less significant extent of the rural areas as well.

2. Employment pattern: An overwhelming majority of the heads of the families come under the description of unskilled labourers. The following is the distribution of the heads of the families in accordance to the nature of employment.

- (a) 41 are gardeners.
- (b) 9 are watchmen.
- (c) 16 are peons in different institutions and private agencies.
- (d) 18 are coolies working on daily wages.
- (e) 5 are rickshaw pullers.
- (f) 19 come under the description of skilled workers.
- (g) 1 is a fisherman.
- (h) 10 are women heads of families most of whom are working as servant maids.
- (i) 6 are unemployed.

Thus we find that 50 heads of the families who together constitute the gardeners and watchmen group are employed either in the Madras University or in the Government House, Mount Road, or in the Marina Garden maintained by the Public Works Department, Government of Madras. A majority of the peons are attached to some one or other of the employers mentioned above. The most unhappy lot are the coolies, the unemployed and the women heads of families. These have to struggle hard to find the wherewithal for their daily subsistence. The lot of Rickshaw pullers is slightly better, ofcourse next only to the relatively better economic status of the skilled workers; on the whole it is not possible for us to draw a bright picture of Locknagar. The situation is bad enough and what is most striking is the grim determination of the people of this slum to pull through thick and thin. The fatalist outlook and tolerance so typical of rural India are by no means absent in Locknagar.

3. Income pattern: Low level of income is a factor in the vicious circle of poverty. The average income in Locknagar calculated on a family basis is 46.76 rupees per mensem. This is utterly inadequate to keep a family going for a month. It would not be far from truth if we observe that the monthly income of a family can at best support the members for a fortnight. The inevitable gap between income and consumption expenditure, when covered, leads to a growing volume of indebtedness. We found a number of instances wherein provisions including rice are

being purchased at exorbitant prices, which cannot be escaped by many when they go in for purchase on a credit basis.

4. Expenditure pattern: The distribution of expenditure can be at best, broadly indicated for each family thus: Rice is an item which absorbs the largest percentage of income. In families where the consumption of tiffins in hotels and petty taverns is nil or almost nil, the consumption of rice per month is still higher. The consumption of rice varies from $\frac{3}{4}$ measure in some families to 2 measures in yet some other families per day. The consumption of sugar is high, in families with relatively higher incomes, whereas a large majority of families buy jaggery every month ranging from 2 viss. to 6 viss. The consumption of sugar or jaggery is to be explained in terms of the consumption of coffee. Coffee-drinking is so widespread that most of the families feel immensely satisfied, despite the use of coffee powder of inferior quality. We came across a few instances of coffee being drunk without milk. Milk consumption per day varies from 1 ollock to 2 ollocks among the families. Salt consumption indeed is very high in families where sugar or jaggery consumption is low. The consumption of kerosene per family varies between 4 bottles per month to 6 bottles per month. The monthly consumption of cereals in Locknagar varies from one measure to 6 measures per month. Workers who leave for work at 7 a.m. and return late in the evening are accustomed to spending a sum ranging between Rs. 8/- to Rs. 12/- per month on tiffins outside. On the whole a significant percentage of income in about 100 families is devoted to expenditure on tiffin.

5. Volume of indebtedness: What is true of the Indian farmer is equally true of the unskilled and semi-skilled workers who are crowded in the slums of big cities. Debts in some of the families in Locknagar are inherited, increased and finally passed on to succeeding generations. While we come across a few young and determined individuals who would rather remain underfed than go in for loans, in majority of the cases indebtedness is taken for granted. The balancing of the domestic budget is such an arduous task, that many heads of the families often lose their mental equanimity, get frustrated and dum-founded. Most families in Locknagar, have to borrow for covering their monthly deficit. The net consequence is for the volume of debt in most cases to increase steadily. The size of debt becomes alarming owing to un-expected circumstances such as marriage, death, housing construction and litigation. The average size of indebtedness calculated on a family basis is 208.03 rupees; only a small amount of the loans have been taken from co-operative societies which charge a nominal rate of interest. A majority of the families have borrowed from friends and private money lenders at either 37½ per cent or 75½ or 150 per cent per year. Interest payment is an item which eats

into the very vitals of the lives of people. High interest rates prevent the repayment of the principal and in most cases the tendency has been either for the volume of debt to remain stationary or to steadily increase.

6. Infantile mortality: Unhygienic conditions, lack of all kinds of medical facilities, malnutrition and semi-starvation, are factors contributing to infantile mortality. The average infantile mortality on a family basis is 1.24. In 29 families at present there are no children. In 96 families there are children varying from 2 to 6. Mortality rate is higher in families in which at present at least 2 children are surviving. In brief in 48 families there has been no instance of infantile mortality. In 35 cases one is dead; in 19 cases two are dead. In 11 cases three are dead; and in 10 cases four are dead and in 2 cases, 5 children are dead. As regards children alive, in 56 cases, the number is 1 or 2. In 27 cases the number alive is 3 to 4. In 13 cases the number is 5 or 6. Throughout the enquiry we have taken into consideration only those children who reside at Locknagar excluding those who are away from their parents.

7. Literacy: There is a keen desire on the part of the heads of the families to give the benefit of education to their children. Here again finance is the greatest handicap. A majority of the children at Locknagar above the age of six attend the school conducted by the Corporation. We found a number of families in which children have discontinued studies either due to lack of finance or due to the necessity of keeping children at homes so that they may be useful in rendering household duties. A few families have not hesitated to borrow with a view to educate their children. Once the limit of borrowing is reached, the education of children also ceases.

To sum up, Locknagar is a typical urban slum. Its people reveal a high sense of cooperation. They exhibit on the whole, a strong desire to improve their conditions of living. Throughout our inquiry the various heads of the families expressed their willingness to participate in any scheme intended to better their lot. We cannot help concluding that the people of Locknagar, being keenly alive to the urban amenities enjoyed by the upper classes, feel utter frustration which is heightened in the absence of any entertainment or diversion within their means.

PART III

Having acquired a certain insight into the problems of Locknagar, we make the following recommendations.

1. All heads of the families unanimously feel the dire need to improve certain basic amenities.

- (a) With a view to facilitate the supply of adequate drinking water at least three more taps must be provided.
- (b) The womenfolk of the nagar, pointed out the need for bath rooms. We suggest that three bathrooms may be constructed.
- (c) As the present two street lights are inadequate, it would be better, if five more lights are put up on the side of the buckingham canal.
- (d) With a view to provide some diversion for children, it would be highly welcome if the Corporation provides some recreational facilities.
- (e) Interest seems to spell the ruin of a large number of families. A majority of the heads of the families expressed the desire for starting a cooperative credit society which can give them loans at low rates of interest. We however feel that cooperation in Locknagar may be tried for starting a cooperative stores that may to begin with, supply essential things like say Rice, sugar and dhal. The activities of the stores must be slowly expanded once its financial position is stabilised. To start the stores, we suggest that the following method may be adopted. All the heads of the families must contribute towards a "stores fund" on the basis of one rupee per family. On the basis of 125 rupees per month, the nagar must accumulate balances for an year. With a fund of Rs. 1500/—the nagar may seek a loan from Corporation of atleast an equal amount and thereafter start the cooperative stores. We feel that cooperation so very necessary for the starting of the stores would be readily forthcoming once the initiative is taken by young and energetic members of the nagar.
- (f) Corporation can take up the proposal of constructing the houses of the Locknagar residents on a voluntary labour basis.

[As this report embodies the fruits of a Joint venture, we would share credit and criticisms alike. We take this opportunity to express our deep sense of gratitude to Mrs. G. Parthasarathi, the President of the Social Service League for sponsoring this project.]

R. Parthasarathy, B.A. (Hons)
Asst. Professor of Economics,
Presidency College, Madras.

G. S. Lingappiah, M.Sc.
Department of Statistics,
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From the Presidencian's Book-shelf —

The Indian land problem and Legislation—By G. D. Patel, published by N. M. Tripathi Ltd., Law Publications, Princess St., Bombay.—(A Review).

This book is an attempt at a comprehensive survey of the land problem in India with particular attention to interesting details. It has been recognised by the author that the attempts at land reform in India have been sporadic and haphazard with no common ground. To unify or bring together in the form of a book, the author has been labouring to present with ease and clarity the various questions at issue and his labours have not been in vain.

It is divided into two parts; the first part dealing with Agrarian reforms in Bombay (which was published by the author) examining thread-bare the different types of tenures like the Paragana and Kulkarni Watans, Salsette Estates, Saranjams and Political Inams, Personal Inams, Ankadia tenure, Matadari Estates and Baroda Watans, Mulgiras Tenure, Salami tenure, Kauli and Katuban tenures, Janjira and Bhor Khoti, village service Inams and Jagirs. The first part is terminated with an assessment and working of the implementation of Land Reforms in Bombay as to the financial results, administrative effects emanating from such a reform.

The second part is devoted to the discussion of the reforms in Part A, B, C, states. This part begins with an exhaustive and critical survey of the origin and progress of "Bhoodan Yagna" started by Acharya Vinobha Bhave. The other chapters deal with the many attempts of the States regarding prevention of subdivision and fragmentation by consolidation of holdings; the tenancy reforms introduced in States; the position in many States after the abolition of Jagirs and Zamindaris with its financial implication. The Book in its last chapter reviews the entire labyrinth of legislation in the direction of achieving social justice and improved Agricultural production and critically examines the achievements of various Governments in this direction. He also points out a number of deficiencies and draw-backs and concludes with the part to be played by the Planning Commission and the Central Land Reforms Organisation.

The book in short is a useful and informative text to economists, agricultural interests and jurists. The author has taken particular care to go to the original sources and pick the material for his work. The author deserves all encouragement for his unstinted and diligent work in the preparation of such an exhaustive account of the land problem in India.

G. Sethuram, M.A.,
Assistant Professor of Econs.

Measurement of Productivity in Indian Industry.—By Dr. Balakrishna, Professor of Economics, University of Madras.—(A Review)

The output of literature on industrial productivity has been quite considerable in advanced countries during the last decade. The growing interest in the measurement of physical productivity over a period of time is to be explained in terms of "a relative decline in the competitive efficiency of some of the countries" since the close of the second world war. Further, rigidities in national price structures arising out of high labour costs, induced the captains of industry to promote related programmes of investigations into productivity, primarily with a view to increase "physical productivity per unit of real cost". Studies of national industrial productivity apart, attempts have also been made in U.S.A. and the Continent at international comparisons of productivity in different economies.

Dr. Balakrishna's book "Measurement of productivity in Indian industry" is a pioneering study in the context of under-developed economies. As he himself aptly puts it, "International competitive efficiency, cannot be a consideration, beyond a point, for an underdeveloped country. The acquisition of an export market by such a country would depend on a lower comparative cost based essentially on a plethora of natural and human resources. But the rate of productivity, internally, both between, two points of time, say the pre-war and post-war, and between two areas of industrialisation is of considerable importance for it". "A discovery of a difference in productivity between two areas would help in enunciating a policy for the future pattern of industrial distribution". Hence this significant addition to Indian Economic literature.

The book is divided into two parts. Part I is composed of four chapters—productivity and its measurement, comparison of overall productivity, Regional comparisons of productivity, inter-industrial comparison of productivity and variations in individual industries. Part II deals with individual industries with particular attention to some revealing features.

Any detailed review of this book is not possible within a page or two. Nevertheless some of the important conclusions arrived at by the learned author can be outlined. (1) The concept of productivity is of considerable importance as an index of economic welfare. "Productivity measurement is an important tool of economic and social analysis". "It can serve as the basis of business decisions and state policy". (2) The crux of the problem is to arrive at a proper method of measurement. Dr. Balakrishna has skilfully employed all the four methods of labour productivity suggested by the International Labour Organisation to the industrial sector of the Indian economy. (3) "There does not seem to be much correlation between shifts in economic activity and productivity in the Indian industrial structure. Capital and entrepreneurial ability in India seem to be influenced in their choice of industries more by other factors than productivity. Perhaps profitability has been a more potent factor in generating shifts in industry than productivity and the two are not always synonymous." (4) The most revealing conclusion, however is that "contrary to expectation there has been a greater growth among industries whose productivity has deteriorated in the current period" (page 76). Productivity is also related to the concentration of industries.

Dr. Balakrishna has opened a new field for young researchers. His book indicates the possibilities of path breaking studies in statistical economic history of India.

R. Parthasarathy,
Assistant Professor of Econs.

From Our Secretaries.

THE COLLEGE UNION.

The inaugural address of the College Union was delivered by Sri C. Rajagopalachari. Mr. T. Balakrishnan Nayar, Principal, welcomed Mr. Rajagopalachari and the meeting was presided over by Mr. K. Jathindra Mohan Shetty, President of the College Union, on 13th August 1954.

Students from the University of California paid a visit to the College. They were entertained to tea at the Annapurna Sub-Cafeteria. There was exchange of views on various matters and the students expressed their pleasure at being able to see one of the greatest Colleges in Madras Presidency.

On 15th August 1954, Independence Day was celebrated at 7.30 a.m. in the morning. Mr. T. Balakrishnan Nayar hoisted the National Flag and the students and Professors who had gathered at the football grounds for the occasion sang the National Anthem.

One of the major events of the year, the "Graduates' Reception" was held on the spacious football grounds on 20th August 1954. The function commenced with tea at 4.30 p.m. and there was also a variety entertainment.

On the 30th of August, Presidency College, represented by Miss Grace Adiappa, Mr. Gopinath Menon and Mr. Sinha, came first in the Quiz Programme sponsored by the United States Information Service.

On 7th September 1954 some Yugoslavian students paid a visit to the College. They were taken round the College and then entertained to tea.

The United Nations Day was celebrated on 28th October 1954. A meeting was held at 4.15 p.m. in the Big English Lecture Hall to celebrate the United Nations Day. Mr. Best from the British Council spoke on the significance of the United Nations Day. Mr. Chitti Babu also spoke on the occasion. Mr. Shetty was the President of the meeting.

On 10th November 1954 was the Prime-Minister's National Relief Fund collection day. A sum of Rs. 136/- was collected on the occasion.

On 17th November 1954 a meeting was held in the Big English Lecture Hall where Mr. K. Jathindra Mohan Shetty, who had just returned from a tour of Russia and the Continent in his capacity as a Member of the delegation of students and Professors gave his impressions of Russia. Mr. T. Balakrishnan Nayar, Principal, presided.

The first session of the Presidency College Mock Parliament was held at 3.15 p.m. in the Big English Lecture Hall on 20th December 1954 with Mr. K. Jathindra Mohan Shetty as the Speaker, Miss Shanta Iyer as Secretary of the House, Miss R. Shyamala as the Leader of the Cabinet Party, Mr. G. Manohar Rao as Leader of the Opposition and Dr. U. Krishna Rao as the observer. The function concluded with a few remarks by Dr. Krishna Rao on the proceedings of the evening.

January 7th, 1955 was our Students' Aid Fund Collection Day. The amount collected, we are ashamed to state, does not deserve mention.

On 18th January 1955 there was a meeting at 4.45 p.m. when Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon addressed the members of the College Union. Mr. K. Jathindra Mohan Shetty presided.

On 20th January 1955, Mrs. Leelavathi Munshi, President of the Women's Food Council, visited the Annapurna Sub-Cafeteria at the Presidency College and addressed the students and members of the staff. Mr. T. Balakrishnan Nayar welcomed Mrs. Munshi. She was later taken round the College.

The College Day was celebrated with tea at 5.30 p.m. on 5th February 1955 at the football grounds, and sports at the Marina grounds. Mr. N. D. Sundaravivelu, Director of Public Instruction, presided and Mrs. Sundaravivelu gave away the prizes.

On 10th February 1955, our team consisting of Miss Grace Adiappa, Mr. Gopinath Menon and Mr. Sinha won the finals at the Quiz conducted by the United States Information Service. The Union takes this opportunity to congratulate the winners.

On 18th February 1955, elections were held for the posts of the office-bearers of the College Union for 1955-1956. Mr. M. Shafiullah Khan, Mr. M. Mathan and Miss Grace Adiappa were elected President, Vice-President, Secretary and Lady-Secretary respectively.

Besides these activities we have had several debates under the auspices of the College Union. The Freshers' Debate, the Fifty-Fifty Debate, the Debate held to choose the leader of the opposition of the Mock Parliament are a few which deserve mention.

The report will not, however, be complete if we do not mention the number of prizes Presidency College has won in the Debating Field.

On 15th August, Miss S. Sarasa won the second-prize at an oratorical contest in English held at the Hindu High School under the auspices of the Aurobindo Study Circle.

Again during the second-term, Miss Grace Adiappa was chosen to represent Madras University at a Debate in which some students from Oxford University took part.

On the November, Miss Nithila Thambu and Mr. K. C. A. Narayanan won the Pachaiyappa's College Principal's Rolling Cup. Miss Thambu also won an individual prize.

On the 18th November, Miss S. Sarasa won the second-prize at a debate held under the auspices of the Pachaiyappa's College History Association.

On the 24th January 1955, Miss Grace Adiappa won a Gold Medal and also the Shield for Presidency College, at an inter-collegiate Debate in English held at the Vivekananda College.

Presidency College has not failed to win laurels in the field of music either. On 14th August, Miss Zafira Karim won the first prize for non-carnatic music at a Music Competition held at Madras Medical College Hostel.

I take this opportunity to thank all those who have helped us and co-operated with us to make the year a success. I close my report with my best wishes to the office-bearers for the coming year.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION.

Shanta Iyer.

On Tuesday 13th July '54 the Inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Mr. S. K. Chettur, I.C.S. He gave an interesting and entertaining speech on 'Literary Tastes'. Mrs. G. Parthasarathi presided on the occasion.

On Tuesday 27th July '54, Mr. Abdu'r-Rahim of IV Hons. gave a talk on 'Alphabet', where he graphically explained the origin and development of the alphabetical system. Mr. T. K. Subrahmanyam was the student-chairman.

On Tuesday 24th August '54, Oliver Goldsmith's play entitled 'She stoops to Conquer' was read by a group of members.

On Tuesday 19th October '54, Father L. D. Murphy of Loyola College gave an instructive lecture on the English poet Gerard Manly Hopkins.

On Tuesday 21st December '54, a Farewell Party was given to Mr. A. E. Subramanyam, M.A.L.T., by the members of the Association. He was transferred on promotion to Government Arts College, Coimbatore. His departure was deeply felt and expressed by the students and the members of the staff of the English Department.

The members of the Association were the guests of a party given by the English Honours Association, Madras Christian College, on Thursday 10th February '55. In the debate held after tea the proposition 'Films based on great literary classics affect the beauty of the originals' was moved by the Presidency College Students. Although the proposition was lost, the evening was enjoyable.

A very important activity in which our Association took a major part was the unveiling of the portrait of Professor K. Swaminathan by Mr. D. S. Reddi, Andhra Director of Public Instruction, on Saturday 12th February '55. Mrs. G. Parthasarathi presented the portrait which our Principal Mr. T. Balakrishnan Nayar accepted. There was a large gathering on this happy occasion.

On Saturday 12th October '54, the members of the Association went on a one-day picnic to Mahabalipuram.

The 'break-up social' given in honour of the outgoing students of the English Honours Department was held on Tuesday 15th February '55. The activities for the year 1954-'55 were terminated with a send-off to the senior students.

V. Ramaswami

P. Nithila Thambu.

THE ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address was delivered by Sri. R. Venkataraman M.P. on 9th August 1954. There was a debate by students on 30th August. Both related to the Five Year Plan. Sri. S. Sonachalam, Dy. Director of City Survey spoke on 'Under developed' economies on 18th Nov. On 25th Jan. 1955 Sri S. N. Agarwal, General Secretary of the Indian National Congress, addressed the students on 'Socialist pattern of Society'. There was a lecture by Sri S. M. Fossil on 'unemployment' on 31st Jan. and the valedictory address was delivered by Dr. B. V. Narayanaswami Naidu, Chairman Forward Markets Commission, on 8th Feb.

As usual there were a number of excursions by the students. The students of IV Hons. and IV B.A. went to Ennore on different days. There was an excursion to Poondi by the students of V Hons. and P.G. II. Prof. R. Parthasarathy took a batch of students to Mysore during the Dasara and visited Bangalore too. The association's activities ended with a break-up social.

V. Ramalinga Reddy

M. Subramanyam.

THE HISTORY AND POLITICS ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. Justice A. S. P. Ayer on 3rd Aug. 1954. Principal T. B. Nayar presided. A condolence resolution was passed

on the death of Prof. V. Venkataraman, a former professor of History and politics in our College.

On 25th August 1954 Prof. Bigelow of the UNESCO spoke on "The British relations in the 19th century." Dr. K. K. Pillay presided. During the September holidays a tour was conducted to places of historical importance in North-India.

On 12th Nov. 1954 a farewell party was given to Dr. K. K. Pillay on his appointment as Professor of Indian History and Archaeology in the Madras University. Sri T. B. Nayar presided.

A batch of IV Hons. politics students went on an excursion to Mahabali-puram in the course of the second term.

On 19th Nov. 1954 a debate on "Communism and Democracy can co-exist peacefully" was held. Mr. Venkataraman presided and Prof. Sharif was the observer.

On 24th Jan. 1955 Prof. Chandran Devanesan of the Madras Christian College, spoke on "co-existence and the U.N.O.". Prof. S. V. Chittibabu presided.

B. C. Basavana Gowd.

THE ISLAMIC HISTORY AND CULTURE ASSOCIATION.

During the year under report, eight meetings were held. The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. A. M. Allapichai, Deputy Chairman of the Legislative Council.

The other important persons who spoke at our other functions were Dr. Yousuf Hussain Khan of the Oosmania University, Hyderabad, Mr. James Joyce of the United States Information Service, Senator A. M. A. Azeez, C.C.S., Principal, Zahiria College, Colombo, Mrs. G. Parthasarathi, the Chief Professor of the English Department of our College, Professor Meenakshi Sundaram, Mr. Abdul Wahab, M.A., B.Th. and Mr. Abdul Ghafoor, Professor of Tamil, Jamal Mohammed College, Tiruchy.

One of the highlights of the Association's activities this year, was the function got up in honour of the Prophet's Birthday which was presided over by Moulvi Haji M. Nazir Hussain Sahib, Sheriff of Madras. Several distinguished speakers including the old and present students of this course like Mr. Abdul Wahab, M.A., B.Th., Mr. Habibullah Basha, B.A. (Hons.) and Mr. A. K. A. Abdus Samad spoke. A dinner was also arranged on the occasion.

Another interesting item of the year was a debate in which several students from various groups participated.

The valedictory address was delivered by Senator A. M. A. Azeez, formerly of the Civil Service of Ceylon, who is now the Principal of Zahiria College, Colombo. The year was one of record activity and we take this opportunity of thanking all those ladies and gentlemen who had kindly responded to our invitations to address the members of the Association.

We also wish to thank our beloved Principal very sincerely for the interest he evinced in our activities and for having presided, on more than one occasion, over its deliberations.

In the field of sports we are happy to make mention of Mr. Mahdi Hussain Khan, a student of third Honours of our course, who was one of the University Hockey XI for the Inter-University meets. He also stood first in the 100 and 200 metres race in the College sports. Yet another of our students, Mr. Shafiullah Khan, is the Captain of the College Boxing team and a member of the cricket XI. Mr. I. Arunachalam, our student, who won the 1500 metres race on the College Day, is also one of the members of the College Football XI.

Ikram Mahmood.

THE MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION.

At the beginning of this academic year, a farewell party was given to the retiring Professor of Mathematics, Sri. V. R. Srinivasaraghavan, M.A.L.T.

The inaugural address was delivered on 6th August 1954 by Dr. A. Narasing Rao, Professor of Mathematics, Madras Institute of Technology. Sri T. Balakrishnan Nayar, Principal, presided. Dr. Rao spoke on 'Punched Card Machines'. The address was followed by a film show on Punched Card Machines.

The second meeting took place on 4th October 1954. Dr. V. S. Nair, M.A., Ph.D. (London), Professor of Statistics, Travancore University, spoke on 'theory of approximations'. Dr. P. V. A. Rahman was in the chair.

Master R. Govindarajan (aged 14), a prodigy in Mathematics, demonstrated his talents on 2nd November 1954.

On 19th November 1954, Dr. Venkataraman, Senior Lecturer in Mathematics, University of Madras, gave a lecture on the 'Axiomatic method in Mathematics'. Dr. P. V. A. Rahiman presided.

The valedictory address was delivered on 16th February 1955 by Rev. Fr. Racine, D.Sc., Professor of Mathematics, the Loyola College, Madras. He spoke on 'Modern-Mathematics'.

The annual break-up social was held on 19th February 1955.

G. Padmanabha Bhat.

THE PHYSICS ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the association was delivered on 18-8-54 by Dr. Ing Walter Repenthin of M.I.T., who supervised the design, development and manufacture of the first "Primary Glider" built in India. Dr. S. Gopalakrishnamurthy presided.

The 18th Physics Exhibition was inaugurated on the 9th of October by Hon. Mr. C. Subramaniam. A press preview was held on the 7th. Open for only four days, the exhibition attracted more than 10,000 people. It won the acclaim of both the press and the public and many appreciative reviews were published in weeklies and dailies. One of the "radio-control" exhibits was coverpaged in Swantantra. It was decided to create out of the proceeds of the exhibition, a fund in the name of late Dr. H. P. Waran, once Professor of Physics in this college. It was also decided to unveil a portrait of Dr. Waran.

On 8-12-54, Mr. T. N. Seshadri delivered a lecture on "Artificial Rain". Mr. A. G. Narasimhan presided.

On 17-12-54, Dr. P.A.M. Dirac, F.R.S., Nobel Laureate, visited the department. He saw our laboratories and later discussed scientific problems of current interest with us. Mr. T. Balakrishnan Nair, Principal was with us to welcome the guest.

A very enjoyable excursion was arranged to Fort Gingee on 18-12-54, by the members of the association.

The valedictory address of the association was delivered by Dr. G. N. Ramachandran, University Professor of Physics. Dr. S. Gopalakrishnamurthy presided.

The following papers were read during the course of the year :

- (i). On 26-8-'54, by Mr. U. Madwanath on the "Upper Atmosphere". Mr. A. Ramamurthy presided.
- (ii). On 19-11-'54, by Mr. Vijendra Rao on the "Stellar Universe". Dr. S. Gopalakrishnamurthy presided.
- (iii). On 19-1-'55, by Mr. E. S. Narayanamurthy on "Photoelectric Cells". Mr. K. Sampath presided.
- (iv). On 27-1-'55, by Mr. S. Somasundaram on "The Interior of the Earth." Mr. D. K. Kamalakannan presided.
- (v). On 14-2-'55, by Mr. Thyagaraja Rao on "Internal Combustion Engines". Mr. M. S. Ramamurthy, presided.
- (vi). On 15-2-'55, by Mr. A. Narasimhan on "Artificial Transmutation of Elements." Mr. K. S. Krishnamurthy presided.
- (vii). On 17-2-'55, by Mr. S. Krishnan on "The problem of the Spinning Top." Mr. K. H. Ramaswamy presided.

*R. Chidambaram.
N. Selvakumar.*

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

The Inaugural address of the Society was delivered by Dr. Lourdu M. Yeddanapalli, S. J., Ph.D. (Princeton), D.Sc., (Louvain) M.A., F.R.I.C., at 4-30 p.m. on Monday, 9th August, 1954. Dr. Yeddanapalli spoke on "plastics industry in India". Dr. T. R. Govindachari presided.

On 1st November, 1954, at 4-30 p.m. Sri S. Sundararajan of IV Hons. read a paper on "chemistry in paper making". Sri U. Ramadas Rao presided.

On 8th November, 1954, at 4-30 p.m. Sri Mohandas Rao of IV B.Sc. read a paper on atomic and hydrogen bombs. Sri C. V. Ramadas presided.

T. S. Raman.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The inaugural address of the society was delivered by Dr. Ananthanarayana Iyer, Director of Anatomy on 23rd July 1954. He spoke on the physical and mental differences that distinguished man from other animals.

During the month of July and August the IVth B.Sc., IVth Hons. and final Honours students went on educational tours to Pamban, Krusadi Islands and Rameswaram. Sri H. Enoch, Sri T. S. Gopalakrishnan, and Kumari S. Oomen

accompanied the IVth B.Sc., students while Sri P. K. Menon and Srimathi P. A. Bhanumathi went with the Honours students.

On 28th August the students who went on tour spoke on "Tour & Tour collection." The president presided on that occasion.

On September 17th Mr. B. V. Ramanujulu, Asst. Superintendent, Madras Zoological Gardens spoke on "Wild animals and stressed the necessity for game sanctuaries to protect them".

On 20th September Sri Pampapathy Rao an old student of the department addressed the gathering. He gave an interesting account of his experience in America.

During the last week of October, final year students paid a visit to the Malarial Exhibition at Teynampet which was very interesting to our zoological minded students.

On January 18th, 1955, Prof. P. John Sundara Rao accompanied the IVth B.Sc., students on an excursion to Ennore.

The III B.Sc. & III Hons. Students went to Mahabalipuram on January 16th '55. Sri K. Arunachalam and Kumari S. Oomen accompanied the students.

The Final Honours students also went on an excursion to Ennore. They were accompanied by Sri K. Arunachalam.

The activities of the society came to a close with the valedictory address by Sri V. John, Deputy Director of Fisheries on 14th February 1955.

*D. N. Ramachandran.
E. Visalam.*

THE GEOGRAPHICAL ASSOCIATION.

The election of the office bearers for the year was held on 7th October 1954. Immediately after this a General Body Meeting was held on 27-10-'54, to discuss the by-laws of the Association. It was decided to appoint an exhibition committee to explore the possibilities of organizing a geographical exhibition during the Academic year 1955-'56 on a small scale to develop the geographical outlook of the citizens of Madras City.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was held on 29th Oct., 1954. Sri K. P. Kochukutta Menon, M.A., Assistant Professor, Department of Zoology, delivered the Address on "The Evolution of Man through geological time." In addition two other ordinary meetings were held during the year :

1. Rao Sahib N. Murugesha Mudaliar, Depty. Secretary to the Govt. Agriculture Department, spoke on "the Geographical factors influencing cereal culture in Madras State" on 10-11-'54.
2. Dr. K. H. Buschman, Ph.D. (Fresfurg, Germany) spoke on the "Agricultural Geography of Germany".

Professor B. M. Thirunaranan, former president of the association was appointed as Principal, Govt. Arts College, Coimbatore and in his place Sri U. Jammal Muhammed, M.Sc., from Coimbatore Arts College was appointed as Professor of Geography. Sri V. S. Anantha Padbhahbhan, B.A., L.T., Treasurer of the Association, who was on leave joined duty during the end of the First

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Term and consequently Miss. B. Vasantha Kumari B.A. (Hons.) had to discontinue her post as Tutor. Dr. (Miss) A. R. Irawathy, B.A. (Hons.) Ph. D (London) on return from Study leave from the United Kingdom was appointed as the Professor and head of the Department of Geography on 20-1-1955.

Study tours for the members of the Association were arranged to Tiruthany, Vellore and Baroda. The high light of the excursions was the one arranged to Baroda under the combined auspices of the University Geography Department and our Association to attend the Forty Second Indian Science Congress held at the Baroda University. Our members attended all the sessions as student delegates.

The Annual Social of the Association was held on 23rd Feb. We are happy that one of our members, M. V. Rajendran, III B A. Class got the College Championship during the College Sports held on 5th Feb. 1955.

The Association has awarded prizes to the following students for the best practical work done in their respective classes.

V. B.Sc. Hons.—K. Venkataraman
IV. B.Sc. —R. Sivasankaran
IV. B.A. —P. Rajagopalan
Special Prize —M. V. Rajendran.

G. Krishnamurthy

THE PSYCHOLOGY ASSOCIATION.

The first general body meeting of the association was held on 28th July 1954, for the election of the President and Office bearers for the year 1954-1955.

The General body met on 13-9-'54 and decided to conduct the 2nd Psychology Exhibition during the Deepavali Holidays.

During the Michaelmas holidays in September 1954 the members of the association engaged themselves in the preliminary preparations for the exhibition.

The Inaugural Address of the association was delivered by Professor P. Sankaranarayana Iyer of the Vivekananda College on the 12th October 1954.

Shri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Madras was to have declared open the "Second Psychology Exhibition" on 23rd October 1954. But as Shri Sri Prakasa was indisposed he could not fulfil this engagement. However we had the honour of receiving his good wishes on the occasion.

The Hon'ble Minister Sri M. Bhaktavatsalam declared the Second Psychology Exhibition open on the 23rd October '54 at 10-30 A.M. Sri M. Bhaktavatsalam went round the exhibition and evinced keen interest in all the exhibits.

The exhibition was visited by Sri Subramaniam, Minister for Education, Government of Madras. The Hon'ble Minister spent more than an hour at the exhibition which he characterised as interesting and instructive. Among the other distinguished visitors who saw the exhibition were Mr. C. S. Ramachandran, Secretary, Education Department, Government of Madras, Sri S. Parthasarathy Iyengar, Commissioner of Police, Madras, Sri T.S. Ramachandran, I.G. of Prisons, Sri Santhanakrishna Naidu, Principal, Teachers College, Sri Kuruvilla Jacob, Headmaster, Christian College High School, and Dr. Ayappan, Superintendent, Government Museum.

The exhibition was a grand success.

A Debate was held on 10th Feb. '55. It was presided over by Md. Sattar Meah, Lecturer in Psychology, The New College, Madras.

On 16th February 1955 Professor U. R. Ehrenfels, Professor of Anthropology, University of Madras addressed the members of the Association and spoke on "Co-operation between Anthropology and Psychology".

On 18th February 1955 the Valedictory Address of the Association was delivered by Dr. G. D. Boaz, M.A., D.Phil(Oxon) Professor of Psychology, University of Madras.

The social break up of the association came off with a pleasant party on the evening of 26th February 1955.

M. P. Hemadri Vasu.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION.

The Inaugural address of the Assn. was delivered by Dr. Raghu Vira, M.A., Ph. D., D. Litt.-et-Phil., Director, International Academy of Indian Culture, Nagpur. Mr. T. Balakrishnan Nayar, M.A., (Lond.) Principal, presided.

On 15-10-54, Dr. V. Raghavan, M.A., Ph.D., Head of the Department of Sanskrit, University of Madras, spoke on "The Bhavabhuti—the Dramatist". Mr. K. Raghavan, M.A., L.T., Professor of Sanskrit, presided. On 8-11-54, Dr. K. Kunjuni Raja, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of Madras, spoke on "the Indian theories of Meaning". Mr. K. Raghavan, M.A., L.T., Professor of Sanskrit, presided. We were fortunate to have in our midst Dr. W. Norman Brown, Professor of Sanskrit, Pennsylvania University, on 15-11-54. Mr. T. Balakrishnan Nayar, M.A., (Lond.) Principal, presided.

On 25-11-54, Mr. T. K. Venkateswaran, M.A., Head of the Dept. of Sanskrit, Govt. Arts College, Madras, spoke on "The Indian Theatre-past and present". Mr. K. Raghavan, M.A., L.T., Professor of Sanskrit, presided.

On 13-12-54 Prof. V. A. Ramaswami Sastri, M.A., of the Deccan college of Post-graduate and Research Institute, Poona, spoke on "Abhinavagupta and his contribution to Dhvani". Dr. V. Raghavan, M.A., Ph.D., Head of the Dept. of Sanskrit, University of Madras, presided.

The Valedictory Address of the Association was delivered by Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy, University of Madras, on 9-2-55. Mr. K. Raghavan, M.A., L.T., Professor of Sanskrit, presided.

The Students, Past and Present, gave a farewell party to Mr. K. Raghavan, M.A., L.T., Professor of Sanskrit, on the eve of his appointment as Administrative Officer, N.C.C.

Our thanks are due to Dr. V. Raghavan, M.A., Ph.D., Head of Dept. of Sanskrit, University of Madras for his kind help in arranging for us some meetings, and the Old students for their kind donations.

*T. S. Raghavan.
R. Rangachari.*

THE HINDI ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Sri Y. Janardan of Vivekananda College, Mylapore, Madras, on the 26th of August 1954. He

explained his views on the relationship between Hindi and Urdu laying emphasis upon the importance of Hindustani. Janab Bokhari Saheb presided.

A farewell party was held on the 12th of January 1955 in honour of Miss. Rukmini Devi whom we had the good fortune of having as Assistant Professor for a period of one and half year. On this occasion Janab Bokhari Saheb, Sri K. Raghvan, Janab Hyder Ali Khan, Sri G. Venkataramana and Sri Shivdas Damani spoke. We also gave a hearty welcome to our new Assistant Professor Sri N. V. Rajgopalan.

The members of the association took part in many oratorical competitions. Besides this many students from other departments, due to their interest in Hindi, became members of our association.

*M. Amritlal Shah.
Rama Devi.*

THE URDU ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the association was delivered on 6th August 1954, by Justice Basheer Ahmed Sayeed Saheb.

There were seven ordinary meetings, during which important Subjects regarding Urdu literature and language were discussed. One of these meetings was addressed by Dr. Yusuf Hussain Khan, Professor of History, Usmania University. He spoke on the "Progressive writers and poets".

We sent our representatives to the Inter-Collegiate Urdu debate conducted by the University of Madras on 15th Oct. 1954 at 'Islamia College' Vaniyambadi. We are glad to report that our representative S. Asrar, IVth (Hons.) came second in the competition.

THE ANDHRA BHASHABHIVARDHINI.

The association was inaugurated by Sri Subba Rao M. L., Professor, Law College, Madras.

The members of the association participated in the Inter-Collegiate competitions conducted by the outside cultural associations; and they annexed the following cups and prizes for the College:

1. Tenneti Viswanatham Cup for Elocution.
2. Individual Best Speaker's Prize.
3. Law College—Elocution Contest—Second Prize.
4. Versification Contest—First Prize and Second Prizes.
5. Short Story—1st and 2nd Prizes.
6. Essay writing—1st and 2nd Prizes.
7. Individual Second Prize in Elocution—Law College.

P. Satyanarayana, a student of our Second P.G. Class was selected as a representative speaker on the occasion of the Birthday celebrations of Sri Saradaman Devi, organised by the Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore.

Potana Kavi Jayanti was celebrated on 3—2—'55. Sri Puttaparti Narayana-charyulu of the Etymology Department, Travancore University, was the speaker and Sri M. Somasekhara Sarma of the Telugu Bhasha Samiti, was the President on the occasion.

Members of the association led by P. Satyanarayana participated in the Quiz Programme conducted by the All India Radio, Madras.

THE KANNADA ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address was delivered by Dr. U. Krishna Rao, Ex-minister of Industries, Govt. of Madras. Our principal Mr. T. Balakrishna Nair M.A. (Lond) welcomed the speaker and Mr. M. R. Sastry, Professor of Kannada, presided.

On 20-1-55 Sri Lakshminarayana Alva spoke on "Ramaswameddali Navate". Sri P. Subraya Bhat, Asst. professor of Kannada presided. On 25-1-55 Mr. K.L. Tygaraya Sastry, retired Sanskrit Professor of Presidency College, spoke on "Abijnna Sakuntala". Prof. M. R. Sastry presided. On 3-2-55 Sri Katil Ganapathi Sarma, M.A., L.T., Asst. Lecturer in Hindi, Govt. Arts College, Madras, spoke on "Art, Literature and Life". Mr. B. S. Bhandary, V Hons. presided.

We congratulate Mr. Anantha Vailaya for having won the first prize in the Inter-collegiate Kannada debate held at Mangalore.

*H. K. Gundu Rao,
Siddamalliah.*

TAMIL HONOURS CLUB

PAPERS READ

Date	Name of Essay	Student who read the Essay	President
27— 8—'54	"Kambanum Shakespearum."	Sri Pandurangan.	Prof. A. S. Gnana-sambandam.
8—10—'54	"Nan Virumbum Suvai Nagai."	Kumari Navaranjitha Navamani.	Sri Thangavelu.
14—10—'54	Settril Senthamarai-Mathavi.	Srimathi V. Jayakumari.	Sri Perumal.
21—10—'54	"Kavithai."	Kumari Seetha Bai.	Sri Rajaraman B.A. Honours.
29—10—'54	"Pandai Tamilar Nagarigam"	Miss Mary Manohara.	Sri R. Shanmugam.
5—11—'54	Penpar Pulavargal.	Srimathi Danarathnam.	Prof. Palaniswamy Addl. Prof of English.
12— 1—'54	"Kurunthogail Thozi"	Sri S. A. Rajagopal.	Sri Thillai Govindan.
4— 2—'55	"Ethuthogail Manram."	Sri S. Kandappan.	Sri B. Murugan M.A.

SYMPOSIUMS

16— 8—'54	Agashiyar.		Prof. T.P. Meenakshi-sundaram.
13— 8—'54	Tamil as a medium of Instruction.		Sri V.R. Mahalingham

Three numbers of the manuscript magazine, Tamil cholai, were issued—an Annual Number, a Deepavali Number, and a Pongal Number.

Tamil Araichi or Tamil Research, another manuscript magazine of research articles was started this year.

*S. Kandappa.
Maria Rajamani.*

TAMIL PERAVAI.

A Farewell function to Prof. S. Arumuga Mudaliar was organised. C. R. Namasivaya Mudaliar oratorical competition was held and the rolling cup was won by our college. Our students competed for the inter-collegiate and inter-university debates in Tamil. Sri. Sundara Rajan of III B.Sc., won the individual prizes in the competition held by the Madras Medical College and the Christian College, Tambaram.

Barathi Oratorical competition was held by the Peravai and Sri. Pandurangam and Sri. Balachandraganesan won the first and second Prizes respectively. In the Stanley Medical College Musical competition Miss Seethalakshmi, Research Student of History, won the II Prize.

The Barathi Day was celebrated with Mr. Periasami Thooran in the chair. The Katta Bomman Day was celebrated with Mr. M. P. Sivagnana Gramani in the chair. The Pongal Day was celebrated with Sri. Shanmugam, Principal of Sir Theyagaraya college, in the chair. Messers. Prof. S. Arumuga Mudaliar and Sanjeevi of Madras University delivered the Pongal address.

*Sivaprakasam.
Dorairaj.*

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

The inaugural address was delivered by Sri. P. Sambanada Mudaliar. The members then put on board 'Sabapathi' in Tamil and a play in English.

The Dramatic Club took part in the dramatic competitions of the Engineering College, Pachaiyappas College, Stanley Medical College, Theagaraja College and the College Students' council.

A special prize was won by Kumari M. S. Lakshmi of IV B.Sc., zoology in the Engineering College, Competition.

The club won the Rolling cup of the Theagaraja College and the individual prize cup for the best actor was won by Sri. T. B. Jayaraman of IV. B.A. The script was prepared by one of our Tamil Students Sri. Dorai Raj of IV. B.A.

IN MEMORIAM



Kumari Chithra Kamath,
Student of IV B.Sc. (Botany)
died on 7-2-55.



I./Sgt. C. G. Upendranath of II. O. Coy
(Presidency) and student of IV B.Sc.
(Physics) died on 27-9-54 in the Tragic
Railway disaster at Khazipet on his way
back from Hyderabad to attend college
after the September Holidays. He was
an energetic and popular N. C. O. and
student of the college.

THE SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE



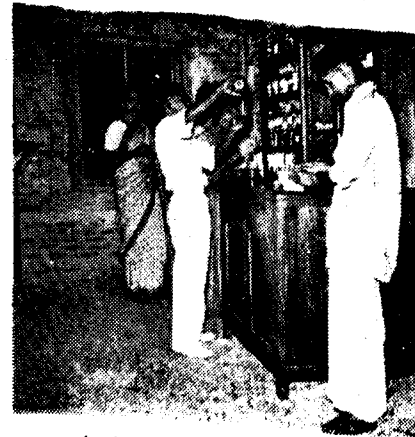
Mixing the milk.



Teaching spinning and weaving.



Helping patients in the Dispensary.



Assisting the compounder.



Adult Education.

(Photos by Vanitha).



Sports in Locknagar.

(Photo by P. Narayanan).

Rolling cups have been presented by Sri. S. V. Ranga Rao, Sri. Anjali Devi and Sri. Nageswara Rao for the best women team, Men team and the best actor respectively in the Annual Dramatic competition to be held by the club.

Donations have been promised for flash lights and scenes. The Drop curtain was donated by actor Mr. Ramachandran.

Sri. Sivaji Ganesan and party gave a benefit performance on 19-2-'55 at the Annamalai Manram.

*A. P. Thirunavukkarasu.
Hemalatha.*

THE SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE.

The Presidency College Social Service League was started in August 1952 under the guidance of Professor Mrs. G. Parthasarathi its present President. It works in Locknagar, an area near the College, behind the University Building.

The League aims at touching all aspects of the life of the people in this area. There are about 500 families living in it. The League began with the daily distribution of milk to all children below 12, and with evening classes for the men. Last year, the League constructed a Centre in Locknagar to house all its activities. The centre cost about Rs. 2000/- and the cost was partly met by donations raised by the President. The students, both men and women, contributed voluntary manual labour for about three weeks. The centre was formally opened by Sri C. Subramaniam, Minister for Finance and Education with the Government of Madras, on February 24th 1954 and has enabled us to start a spinning and weaving class for the women of Locknagar, and a day-school for the younger children of Locknagar. The salaries of the two teachers of this school have so far been met by the Corporation of Madras, but the League supplies the children with books, slates and pencils.

This academic year has seen further progress in the activities of the League. The number of children receiving milk has increased from 62 to 120, as children of the neighbouring locality also come to the daily distribution "Class". By the efforts of our President, we have been able to get three bags of rice, so that the children get "payasam" three times a week and milk on the other days. The women pupils of the spinning and weaving section have started to weave towels which are being sold in the College at Re. 1-4-0 each; so that very soon, they can earn a regular though small amount every month. The day-school now has grown into two classes, because of increased numbers and the usual promotions at the end of last year.

The adult school in the evenings is conducted by students of the College and a few simple books in Tamil have been compiled to help with the work.

This year's notable achievement was the opening of the dispensary. It is housed in a part of the centre and is well-equipped, thanks again to generous donations obtained by our President who has also obtained the honorary services of four doctors—one lady doctor and three men and of a trained pharmacist. The Dispensary was formally opened by Sri A. B. Shetty, Minister for Health with the Government of Madras on August and fulfils a vital need of the locality. It relieves the pressure on hospitals and can give quick and personal attention to its patients. At the request of the President of the League, the City hospitals have agreed to admit such cases as require hospital treatment. These patients

are encouraged to get themselves admitted into hospital and are "introduced" to the latter by being given cards of identity from the League Dispensary signed by the respective doctors.

The League sent two members, its lady Secretary and one of the men students—to take part in the Sixth Annual Conference of Social Work held in Coimbatore in November 1954. Forty-three members of the League attended the certificate course conducted by the Madras Students' Social Service League this year.

The League showed its sympathy with the humanitarian work undertaken by sister organisations, by contributing a donation to the annual sale held in aid of the school for the Deaf, and by sending 15 of its members as volunteers to sell Red Cross Flags and collect money for that organisation on its annual day.

At the request and under the guidance of the President of the League, Sri R. Parthasarathy, Assistant Professor in Economics, Department of the Presidency College has undertaken a survey of the conditions of life among the people of Locknagar, the results of which will be known at the end of this academic year.

*Kumari V. Rajam.
Sri P. Narayanan.*

GIRLS' DIVISION—N.C.C. PRESIDENCY COLLEGE SUB-TROOP.

The Girls' Division N.C.C. has been active for some time in the north of India, but it was adopted in our state only this year.

Late in June 1954, Miss E. Williamson, Assistant Professor of English was interviewed by Wing-Commander Satyanarayana and Miss Das Gupta, and selected for training as an officer of the N.C.C. In September she proceeded to Delhi for a Pre-Commission Training of three months.

Response to this call of the Nation, was at first poor in the College, but after Wing Commander Satyanarayana, our then Circle Commander, addressed the girl-students, response was immediate and overwhelming. We have here to express our appreciation of the propaganda and earnest spade-work done by the NCC Boys' Division in our College, in all the important preliminaries necessary in the formation of the N.C.C. sub-troop.

By the end of the second term, our cadets had attended three parades in the Queen Mary's College grounds and learnt the rigours of standing to attention.

In the third term parades were conducted in Presidency College, at the end of which, we are proud to say, our cadets have shed much of the rawness of recruits, and this we attribute to their enthusiastic desire to be a perfect squad.

The Madras Girls' Division N.C.C. was officially inaugurated on the 7th February 1955 at the N.C.C. Sports Rally. Their marching and sportsmanship were commented upon, although the only item we won was Musical Chairs, the winner being Cadet Krishnavani Jhelam. We were runners-up for Tug-of-War.

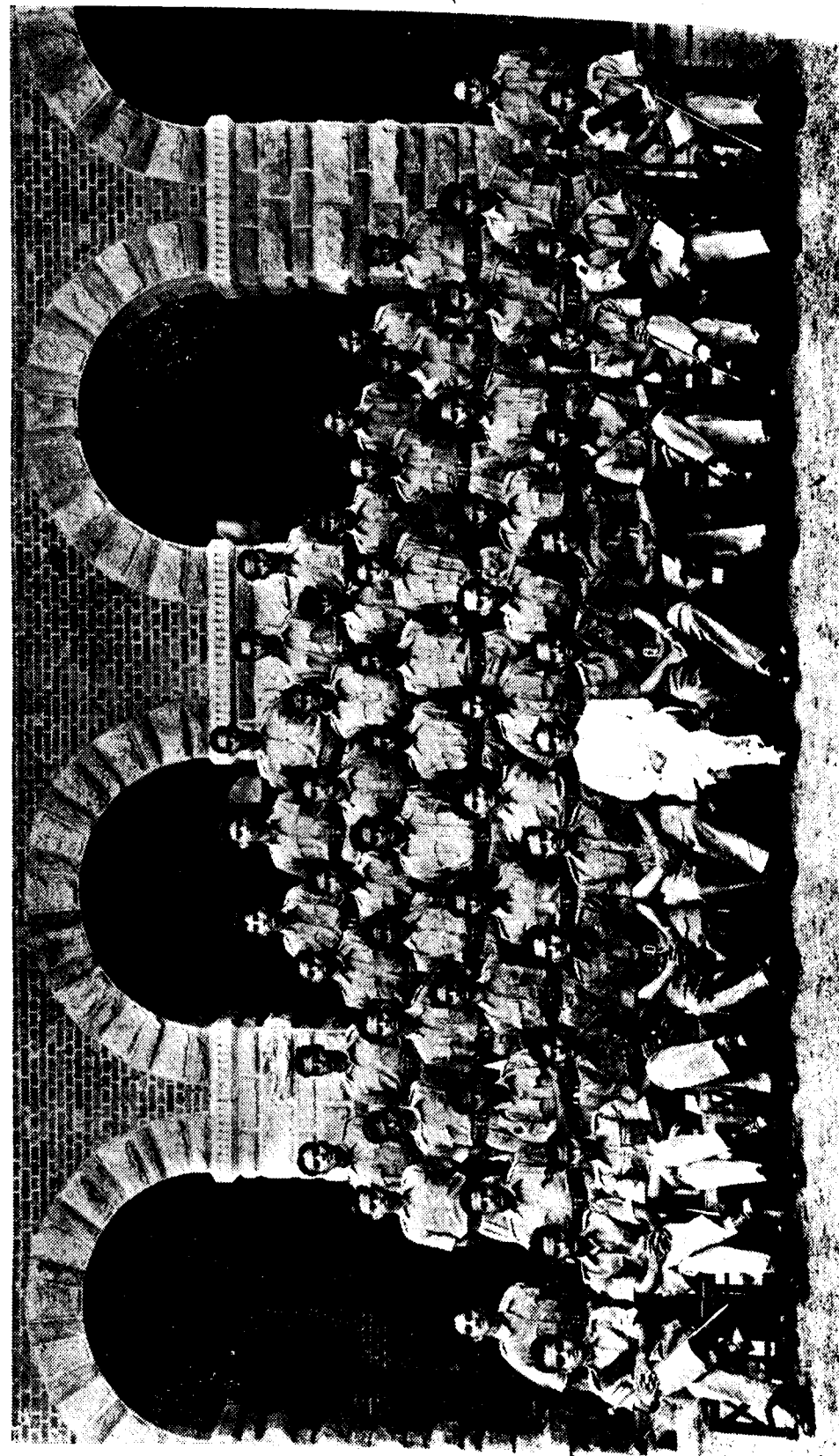
In our College Sports, Cadet Sundarasivarajini won the Slow Cycle Race. Cdt. Vasanthi Pai won the 100 metres flat race, and 100 metres Skipping Race. Cdt. Soundarasivarajini also won the Ladies Tennis Doubles with another student.



College Unit of the Women's N.C.C.



No. 1 Section of the N.C.C. which won the championship for Drill and Mounting Guard.



'H. Q.' Coy (Presidency College) 1 (M) B. N. N. C. C.

Cdt. Saraswathi Reddy, with another, won the Inter-Collegiate and Inter-Divisional Tennis Doubles Championship. She also represented Madras at the National Tennis Championships at Calcutta. Seven of our cadets were among the College team who won the Inter-Collegiate Throwball Championship.

Zafira Karim won the Inter-Collegiate Music Competition.

We number among our cadets, R. Shyamala the Vice-President of the College Union, and Shanta Iyer the Lady Secretary of the College Union.

We are deeply indebted to the Principal for his unfailing sympathy, guidance and kindness in all matters.

2/Lt. E. Williamson.

'H' COY PRESIDENCY COLLEGE.

Our activities for the year under review began in the month of May 1954, when the Officer Commanding and 15 cadets took part in the 'Summer Cadre and Social Service Camp' under the aegis of the Second Circle, N.C.C., at Pennalurpet (Trivellur Taluk) from 10th to 31st. We constructed a tank bund for the storage of water which could cover an anacut of 100 Acres. It was the height of summer, the temperature in the shade almost daily reading 120 degrees, but our boys stuck to their guns and put up a splendid show.

The training year began for us on the 6th of July when we held the first parade for the year. This day was indeed a 'Red Letter Day' for us since in addition to the parade we celebrated Vanamahotsava after a Route March to Napier Park and back to bring Saplings. Ex-Mayor, Sri Munuswami Pillai presided and the function was a grand success. 24 saplings were planted on that day in the N.C.C. Quadrangle and we are proud to record today that all the saplings are alive and growing strong and beautiful, thanks to the present of the guard-drums provided free by the Corporation of Madras under the kind instructions of His Worshipful Mayor. A report of this appeared in the 'Hindu' dated 10th July 1954.

We are proud to record that Sri C. Rajagopalachari blessed, on 19th of July, our Manual Labour activities in the College during the last training year. When he visited the College union on 19th of July, the N.C.C. maintained the necessary Bundo.

On 3rd August we had the unique honour of representing our Battalion in the All India Radio, Madras, special programme covering the Social work activities of the National Cadet Corps.

On 18th August a contingent from this Company took part in the Convocation parade at the Senate House to His Excellency Shri Sri Prakasa, followed by making all the Bundo for maintenance of Law and Order on the Graduates' Reception Day in the College on 20th August 1954.

In September, for the first time, we held our Company Cadre which proved to be of immense benefit to the "Certificate Examination-taking" Cadets. We are glad to record that our CHM. Raghavan did a thorough job of it.

We record with sorrow the sad demise of our L/Sgt. C. G. Upendranath on 27th of September 1954 in the Secunderabad Railway disaster. We sent our heartfelt condolences to the bereaved family on the same day. We have lost in his death one of our best comrade-in-arms.

On 23rd October, we presented an inspection parade to the Hon'ble Minister Sri Bakthavatsalam in connection with his visit to and opening of the Psychology Exhibition in the College.

In October at the behest of our Principal this Company did an intensive spade work for the starting of the Girls' Wing (N.C.C.) in this College for which there was earlier little response. We are glad to record now that the Girls' Wing in this College is a reality with one Officer and 32 Cadets.

In November this Company went to Jain College to give a Drill demonstration in connection with the inauguration of an N.C.C. Unit there.

On 16th November, we had the Circle Commander's annual inspection and we presented him a Guard of Honour with a March Past.

In December we had our annual camp from 8th to 21st at Arkonain. In the Battalion competitions, we retained the 'Interior Economy and Administration Shield' and secured third place in Guard Mounting and Route March and last place in Drill competition. Our boys had an intensive military training in the camp. In addition to the usual Company promotions, our Company secured one Battalion appointment in the post of a Regimental Sergeant Major and also an additional company N.C.O. in the rank of CQMS, thanks to our Commandant. Our beloved Principal was kind enough to visit us during the annual Camp.

The feather in our Cap, on the eve of ringing out the old year, is our arrangement of internal Bundo at Kalamandap and Annamalai Manram on the 27th and the 29th of December respectively in connection with the Chinese Cultural Delegation's visit and performances. Our sincere work drew much appreciation from the Organisers. Our boys did an excellent job under the most trying circumstances and lived up to the tradition of our Company and College.

A contingent from this Company took part in the Republic Day Parade at Island Grounds. On 29th and 30th of January 1955, fifteen of our boys appeared for 'B' Certificate Examination and we hope there will be cent per-cent success.

We held our Intra-Company Competitions on 4th of February.

On Saturday the 5th of February, our Sports and College Day, we presented an inspection parade to the Director of Public Instruction, Sri N. D. Sundaravadi-velu, and did all the usual Bundo for the day. Our work was much appreciated by the Chief Guest and other VIPs. We are proud to state that our CPL. Rajendran won the College Championship for this year.

We are glad to state that our Cdt. Sundararajan was the recipient of a number of first-prizes in almost all the Tamil Elocution Competitions.

We are proud to state that our senior company Officer Capt. K. Raghavan has been appointed as Administrative Officer for the 4th Madras Battalion, N.C.C. Our respectful and best wishes for a glorious future go with him.

We are sorry to learn that at this juncture our beloved Commandant of the Battalion will be leaving us for his parent-unit early in May. In his transfer we lose an able administrator and a very popular Commanding Officer who is a fine soldier and a great gentleman. If the I Madras Battalion has gained in stature, as it did, it is entirely due to his untiring and zealous work for these three years.

He carries with him our warmest and most respectful wishes for a more glorious future in his Unit.

One of our ex-U/Os. Krishnamurthy is now a gentleman-Cadet in the National Defence Academy.

Our activities for the year closed on the 19th of February with a grand break-up-social.

In Conclusion we can proudly say that there was NEVER A DULL MOMENT in the life of this Company, thanks to the initiative and able guidance of our beloved O.C. and the active interest of our beloved Principal.

Navaneethakrishnan,
Copy. Sgt. Major.

THE 5TH MADRAS BATTERY N.C.C. (ARTILLERY) PRESIDENCY COLLEGE.

The above Battery entered its third year with the strength of 60 cadets distributed over 6 colleges—Presidency, Government Arts, Loyola, Pachaiyappa, Vivekananda and Jain—with 10 cadets per College. At the beginning of this year, there was only one Cadet from Presidency. The 9 vacancies were soon filled up with the best 9, out of many who rushed for recruitment. The enthusiasm of the cadets was enhanced by the extra-equipment which arrived early this year.

Last year all the 6 cadets from Presidency College who appeared for 'B' Certificate examination got through with flying colours. In fact the case of 'Gunnery' was the singular instance of cent per cent success. This year also we earnestly hope to keep up the same Presidential standard.

Early this year our cadets gave a demonstration of Artillery firing at Engineering College, Guindy, to the A.C.C. and the Senior Division N.C.C. from Punjab. On 23rd November, Wing Commander Satyanarayana, Commander of No. 2 Circle visited us.

As the seniormost Arms, we led the March Past held in connection with the N.C.C. Day. There was a demonstration of quick firing also which was interesting.

The Battery proceeded to Devlali for our second annual camp on 6th December 1954. All the cadets of Presidency College attended it. It was unique to see the Artillery Head Quarters, the school of Artillery and various equipment therein. Special mention must be made of the mountain Gun, Anti-Air Craft guns and radar arrangement, including the Doom trainers. This year we had an actual troop deployment with all necessary accessories and firing of high explosives and smoke. On the way back the party proceeded to Bombay for a few days stay there.

Early this year our Sub. P. Joel was transferred to Ambala. It was not the only transfer but only the beginning of a series. Towards the middle of the year, our beloved Officer Commanding Capt. A. Amalraj was promoted as Quarter Master to Artillery Centre, Devlali. He was succeeded by our present C.O. Capt. A. K. Ghosh. We also got G. M. Nayagam as our Sub. a man with a great tradition from the Army.

A word of thanks is due to C.O. Capt. A. K. Ghose, Capt. Murugaiyan, Lt. G. K. Ramachandran, and Sub. Nayagam for their keen interest and kind

advice. We also express our heartfelt thanks to Capt. A. Amalraj and Sub. Joel the many happy experiences with whom are still green in our memory.

Our College N.C.C. Officer, Lt. C. V. Ramadas also showed a deep interest in our activities and gave us all possible help. Above all, we offer our humble thanks to our beloved Principal for his kind interest and constant encouragement.

*M. Purushothaman,
L/Cpl.*

NO. 3 (MADRAS) AIR SQUADRON, N.C.C.

The Air Squadron of N.C.C. entered its fourth year with the strength of sixty cadets drawn from various Colleges of the City.

A combined All India N.C.C. entered its fourth year with the strength of sixty cadets drawn from various Colleges of the City.

A combined All India N.C.C. Air-Wing Camp was held in Avadi Ordinance Depot, Madras, in which our Squadron also participated and was well placed in Sports event. On the final day of the Camp, Air Commodore S. N. Goyal, A.O.C., O.B.E., took the salute and distributed the prizes to the winners.

Cpl. Cdt. Swethanarayanan is the only one from this College who successfully completed the Flying Training and achieved the Senior Air Certificate III and also the flying 'A' Licence. He is also the only fortunate Presidencian Cadet undergoing for the 4th year Advanced Training in flying, which consists of Acrobatics and Cross country flying.

We are proud to place on record that five of our cadets have been undergoing their training for General Duty-Pilot's Course at Jodpur for the permanent commission in the I.A.F. and also a Sergeant Cadet from our Unit has been selected for the permanent commission in the Medical Corp.

Our thanks are due to our Commanding Officer, Squadron Leader B. Manivelu and our N.C.C. Officer, F/O. M.S. Jothi, F/O. V. Devasundaram and the staffs of N.C.C. Air-wing for their keen and abiding interest in us and their able guidance was of great help to us.

Our thanks are also due to our beloved Principal, Mr. T. Balakrishnan Nayar, for his interest in us and our College N.C.C. Officer, Lt. C. V. Ramadas, who treated his own infantry unit and the Air-wing on a par.

SPL. CDT. K. C. Swethanarayanan.

The Old Students' Association.

<i>President</i>	... Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Ayyar.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	... Sri K. P. Lakshmana Rao. Hon. Justice Mr. P. Govinda Menon. Sri V. K. Tiruvenkatachari.
<i>Committee-Members</i>	... Mrs. G. Parthasarathi. Kumari D. Devakunjari. Sri K. G. Rajan. " B. Parandhaman. ... " A. K. Balasubramanian. ... " V. T. Arasu. ... " S. Ramiah Naik. ... " D. H. Nambudripad. ... " K. G. Veeraraghavan.

Hony. Secretaries

... Sri K. Ramachandran.
" P. R. Subramaniam.

Hony. Treasurer

... Sri T. Balakrishnan Nayar.
Principal (Ex-Officio).

The activities of the Association during the year under review began with the election of the Office-bearers for the year on the 17th April 1954. Sri. V. K. Krishna Menon,, an old student of the College, was also present on the occasion. The enthusiastic interest evinced by the members present on the occasion was evident from their discussion of ways and means by which the membership of the Association could be increased. The Executive Committee met subsequently on several occasions to devise a plan of action in regard to this matter and due to the concerted efforts of the members of the Executive Committee the strength of the Association was increased from 500 to about 650 as on 31-12-1954.

That the past and present students are still in touch with one another was demonstrated by the jovial cricket fixture that was played at the M.C.C. grounds on 14-11-1954. They got a real 'kick' out of it, what with the animation that pervaded the atmosphere on the occasion. Some of our old students, no matter they were past in the meridian of their age, delighted the spectators on the occasion of the Annual Sports Day of the College by participating in several of the interesting items reserved for them and exhibiting a spirit of excellent sportsmanship. As usual, the College Sports Day (held on 6-2-1954) attracted a large number of members of the Association and the members present had an enjoyable evening.

This year the Association moved in the matter of acquiring for the College an Assembly Hall which has been a long felt need of the institution. A Sub-Committee consisting of Messrs. K. P. Lakshmana Rao, K. Ramachandran, P. R. Subramaniam, K. G. Rajan, K. G. Veeraraghavan, Mrs. G. Parthasarathi and Kumari D. Devakunjari waited on deputation on Sri. C. Subramaniam, Minister for Finance and Education, who, we are proud to claim, is an old student of the College and a Patrom member of the Association. The Minister assured the Committee that he would give their request due consideration. The Association held an annual subscription dinner on 12th February in Presidency College. Many distinguished old boys including Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer and Mr. C. Subramaniam, Minister for Finance and Education attended it. During the coming year the Association, we hope, will have more varied activities and achievements to its credit.

*K. Ramachandran.
P. R. Subramaniam.*

LIST OF PATRON AND LIFE MEMBERS ENROLLED IN 1954.

Patron Member :

1. Sri. C. Subramaniam, Minister for Finance and Education, 97, Mowbrays Road, Alwarpet, Madras-18.

Life Members :

1. Sri. T. Balakrishnan Nayar, M.A., (Madras), M.A., (London), Principal, Presidency College, College House, Chepauk, Madras-5.
2. Sri. K. Ramachandran, Auditor, A.G's. Office, Madras, 29, New Bunglow Street, Chintadripet, Madras-2.

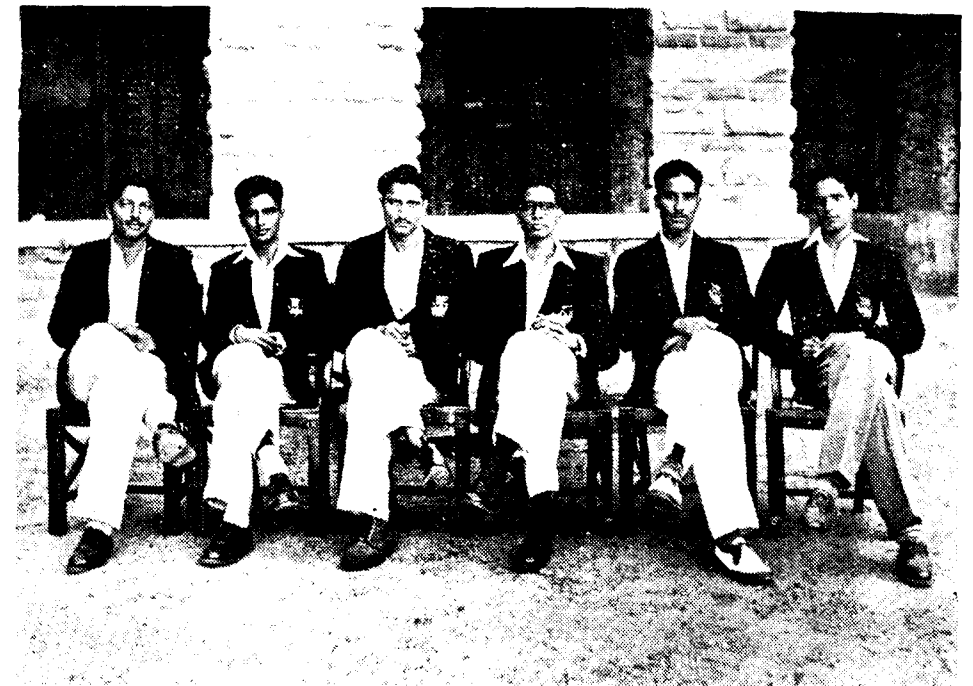
OUR CAPTAINS

3. Sri. B. Parandhaman, B.Sc., Industrialist, 62, Audiappa Naick Street, G.T. Madras.
4. Sri. A. K. Balasubramaniam, Merchant, 101, Acharappan Street, G.T. Madras.
5. Sri. Md. Abdulla, Merchant, 59, Arunachala Naick Road, Madras-2.
6. Sri. C. V. R. Panikkar, I.A.S., Under Secretary to Government, Revenue Department, Fort St. George, Madras-9.
7. Sri. T. Chandrasekara Dikshidar, Curator, Government Oriental Manuscripts Library, Chepauk, Madras-5.
8. Sri. P. Suryanarayana Rau, 32, Venkatanarayana Road, Madras-17.
9. Sri. T. M. Srinivasan, 5, Smiths Road, Mount Road, Madras-2.
10. Sri. N. G. Swami, 25, Dr. Rangachari Road, Mylapore, Madras-4.
11. Sri. N. Nazir Ahmed, 6, V. V. Koil Street, Periamet, Madras.
12. Sri. M. Shanmugam, General Manager, Saroja Mills Ltd., Singanallur, Coimbatore Dt.
13. Sri. Rajnikant K. Mehta, C/o Messrs. Bapalal & Co., Rattan Bazaar, Madras.
14. Sri. N. Shanmugasundaram, 2/237, Banglowmedu, Mettuppalayam.
15. Sri. C. M. Ramanathan, Lloyds Bank, Mount Road, Madras, 8, Apparswami Koil Street, Madras-4.
16. Sri. Mohamed Omer Sait, Merchant, 20, Rattan Bazaar, Madras.
17. Sri. A. V. Balasubramaniam, Businessman, 33, Nammalwar Street Madras.
18. Sri. A. J. Jalaluddin, 63, Acharappan Street, Madras-1.
19. Sri. C. R. Sundararajan, Medical Practitioner, 3, Sullivan Garden Street, Mylapore, Madras-4.
20. Sri. S. M. Ebrahim, Merchant, 7, Mount Road, Madras-2.

From Our Captains

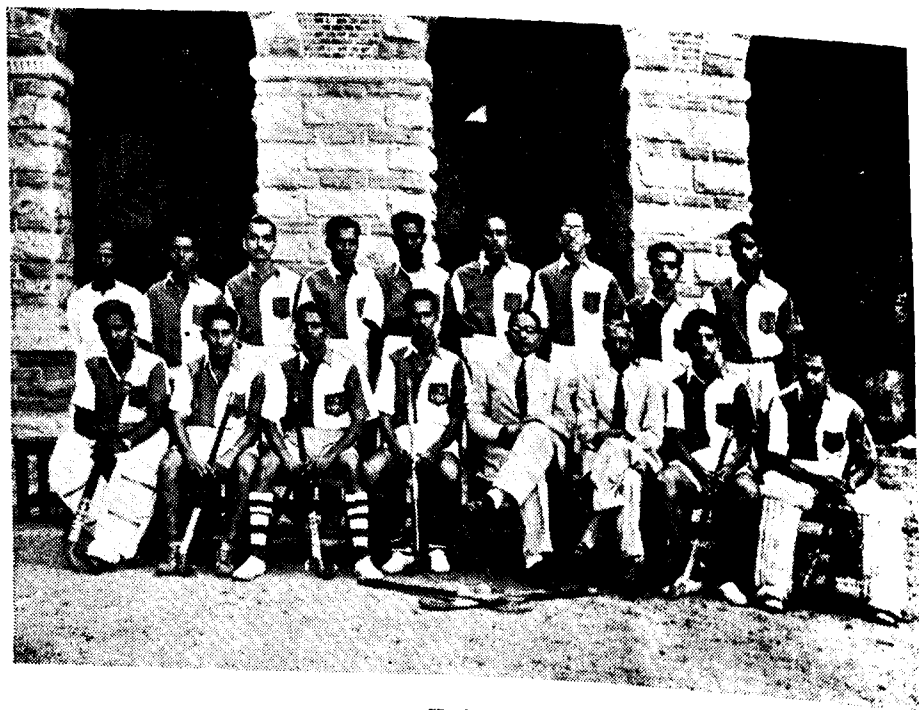
CRICKET.

We had not the luck of raising a strong combination this year. Still our performance was not bad when we take into consideration the achievements of the individual players. Of the 7 matches we played in the Inter-Collegiate League, we won 2, drew 2 and lost 3. We were also unlucky in the Duncan Memorial Tournament as we were beaten in the first round. Our match with the Madras Medicals which ended in a draw will ever be remembered. A. M. Venugopal (43 not out) and R. Narasimhan (32 not out) carried the score from 28 for 8 to 117 for 8. B. G. Sunder's unbeaten century against C. N. T. and S. Gourishankar's century against St. Joseph's College team, Trichy, deserve special mention. S. Gourishankar, B. G. Sunder, S. Ramachandran and S. B. Bale Rao were our consistent scorers, while A. M. Venugopal, S. Venkata Rao and S. D. Patel were

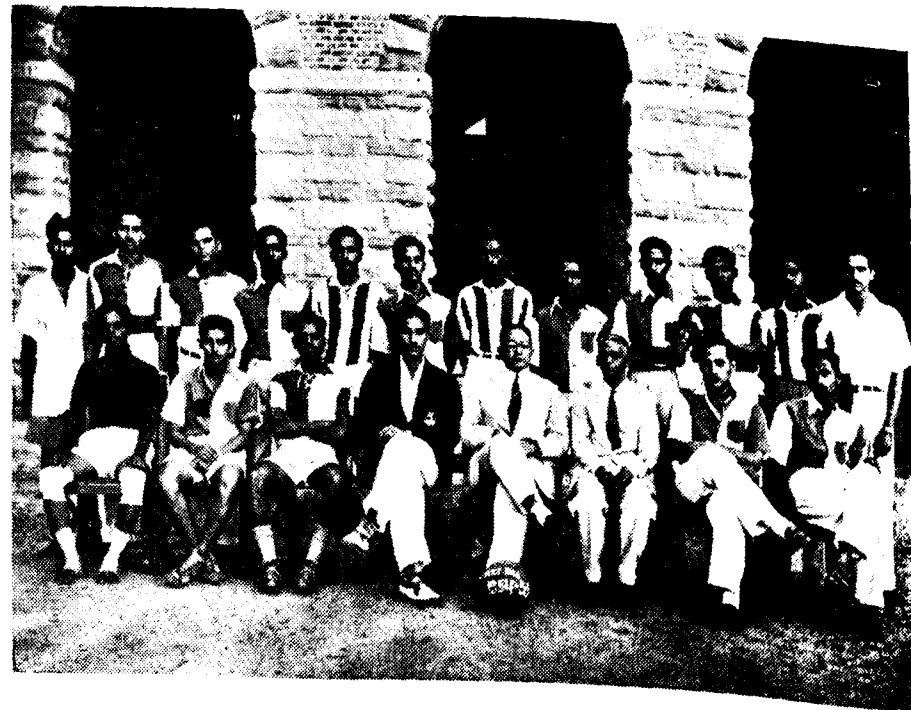


OUR BOXING TEAM

OUR PLAYERS



HOCKEY



FOOT BALL

our best bowlers. S. Raghunandan was our best field. A. M. Venugopal represented the Madras, varsity from our college.

The captain thanks all the fellow players for their unfailing co-operation and support on and off the field and the Physical Director for his encouragement.

A. M. Venugopal.

HOCKEY.

Though we have not won any trophy, we are proud of having Mahadi Hussian who plays for the Madras 'Varsity' hockey team as our centre forward. In spite of our inability to retain the Stoke's Shield which we won last year, we had fast moving forwards, hard hitting half backs, deep defence and a courageous custodian under the cross bar.

Soon after the selections we entered the intercollegiate league in which we won two matches, drew twice and lost only one match. In these matches Mahadi Hussain, Chandrasekaran and Percy Edwards distinguished themselves by performing hat tricks. Mention must be made of our captain A. Natarajan who besides his fine display in all the matches carried the ball all the way from end to end. It is to him we owe the only goal in the match against Christian College.

In the knock-out tournament we met Veterinary college in the first match and beat them by 4-1-. Mahadi Hussian performed the hat trick. He was ably supported by T. Govindaraj in the pivotal position. Thus we entered semi-finals in which we had to meet the Loyola college. This match proved a great trial to our custodian Mahomed Nizar who made a number of good saves. In the forward line Mahadi Hussian was putting up his best efforts. In spite of these we were beaten by a solitary goal.

We are thankful to Mr. R. Vaidyanathan, our last year's captain for coming over very often and giving us his precious time to help the team with an amount of coaching which was of great value.

T. Govindarajan.

FOOT BALL.

The year began as the previous years with many practice matches. We entered the Madras intercollegiate league and knockout championships. Eipe Mathai, Panduranga, N. Kandaswamy, Muthukrishnan were outstanding players. We won some matches in the inter-collegiate league tournament. All the matches were played in good spirit and sportmanship. With a little more of intensive practice, we could have fared better in all the matches. Hope the coming year will bring more credit to the college.

Eipe Mathai.

TENNIS.

Tennis, as usual, proved to be one of the popular games of the college. It was reflected in the sustained interest the members of the club had shown throughout the year.

The panel for the inter-collegiate tennis matches comprised of T. G. Vijayaraghavan, G. S. Prabhakar, P. R. Seshadri, Eipe Mathai, V. Subramanian and I. S. Shenbagaram. Though we could not snatch the championship this year, yet all the matches proved interesting and were played with keenness and enthusiasm. In the invitation tennis match with the Osmania Medical college we gained a run away victory, winning all the matches. P. R. Seshadri had the distinction of representing the University this year; he deserved his colours on his fine display in the Knock-out tournament.

The Mixed doubles matches were the usual feature of attraction of the year. Promising talent is to be found in Miss. Saraswathi Reddy, Miss. Sasheela Paul and Miss. Rajalakshmi.

BOXING.

T. G. Vijayaraghavan.

We have the credit of maintaining the good standard of our college Boxing team though we have failed to attain any success in the inter-collegiate tournament. But no other captain of the Presidency College Boxing team could have been prouder than the present one, while writing this report, to have in the team enthusiastic, young good boxers who do not get discouraged at defeat for themselves and reverses for the team and who believe firmly that "Failure is the stepping stone to success".

We were fortunate to have Sri. P. R. Vedagiri a very experienced Boxer as our coach this year also. Among the numerous boys that turned up there were many raw recruits. Though they had no experience our coach extended a warm welcome to all of them. They were all stout in their hearts and strong in their limbs—keen in practising the art of self-defence.

Though individual skill is counted much in boxing, our boys had good team spirit. The college boxing tournament was an exciting event. We expected that some of our boxers would win in the inter-collegiate boxing tournament held at Engineering College. But our hopes were shattered when our good boxer Percy Deranand (Kuttiah) was disqualified as medically unfit. Balasubramanian on whom we next pinned our hope lost in semi-finals and thus our team's morale was lost. Baskar Rao's hit and run policy pulled him down in his first bout itself. He is one of the future hopes of our college if he trains well.

In the inter-class tournament Ramakrishnan and Sivaprakasam were outstanding. The "Cock fight" between the brothers Seshagiri and Ramachandran provided a lot of fun to the spectators. Unfortunately walk-over made the spectators to miss a very good chance of witnessing high class boxing between Chandrasekaran and Vinayagam.

It is indeed our wholesome wish that a bright chapter in the otherwise sombre history of our boxing team should at least be started next year by taking some more interest in this sport which improves individual self-confidence and team spirit of our young citizens.

VOLLEY BALL.

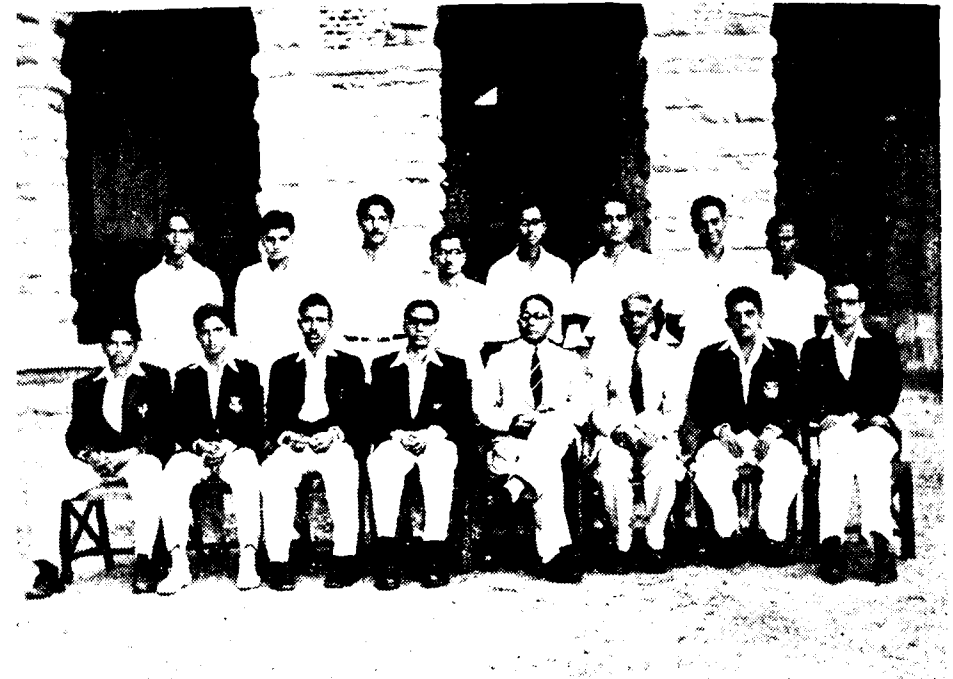
M. Shafiullah Khan.

Ardent love for sports has always been a tradition among the Presidencians. Volley ball is also a popular sport in our college. This year our college possesses a good and energetic team with skill and tactics and a higher standard of the team play is being set. In the inter-collegiate league and knock-out tournaments our team showed a high level of technique and was particularly strong at smashing and skilful lifting.

Throughout the year in the matches our players showed a fine spirit of unity and played with great co-ordination. We were humble in victory and undaunted in defeat. Of our new players K. Pandurangam, Mallikarjunaya and Periaswamy are to be specially mentioned for their outstanding performances in most of the matches.

I wish the best of luck to my juniors.

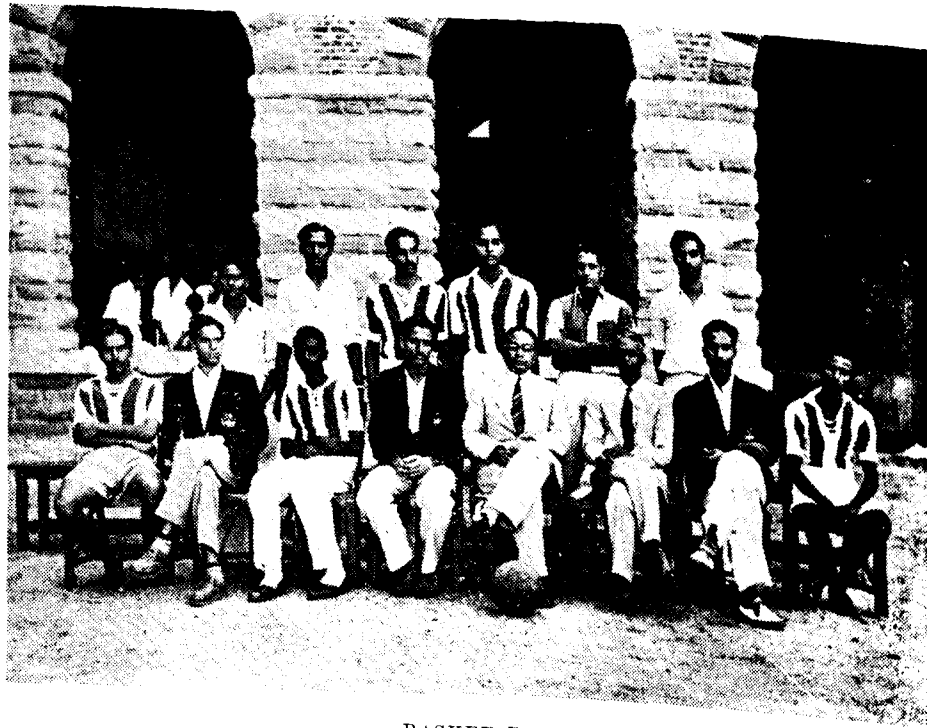
J. Nanjundappa.



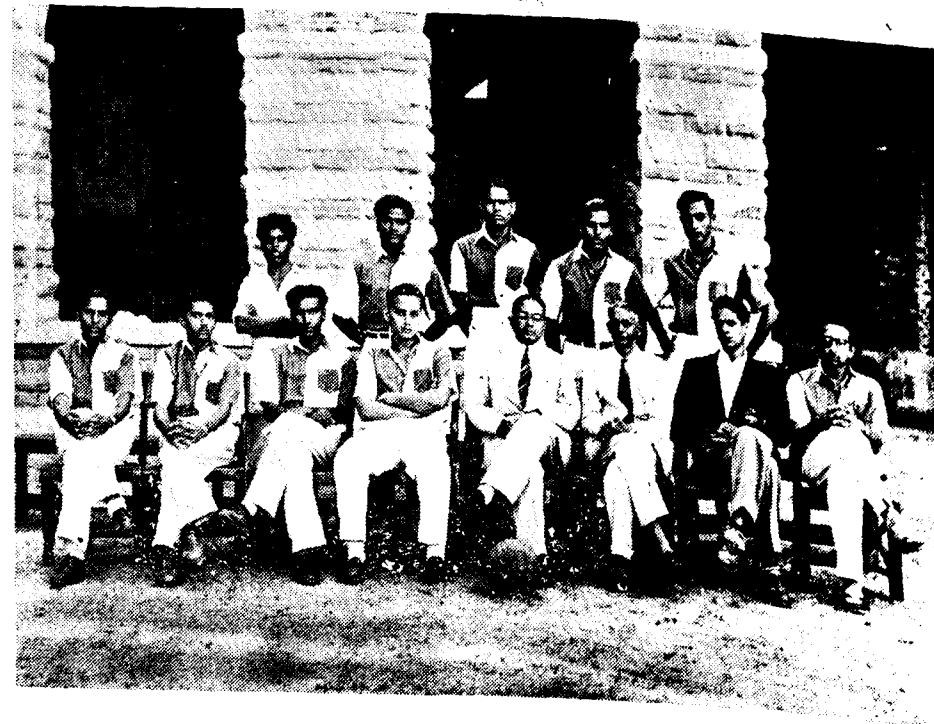
CRICKET



OUR PLAYERS



BASKET BALL



VOLLEY BALL

BASKET BALL.

We are proud to record the enviable advancement made in the field of Basket ball this year. Our participation in the inter-collegiate league enabled us to win over Stanley Medical, Veterinary and Govt. Arts colleges. Yet we cannot escape the fact of having lost to Law college, Madras, which is indisputably the best among the state college teams. We have lost unfortunately to Christian college by a very narrow margin of a point.

Another gratifying feature of our career during the current year is that we have had a tour to Trichy in order to participate in the Centenary Basket Ball tournaments conducted by the St. Joseph's College, Trichy. We ably defeated the National college and the Jamal Mohammed College, Trichy; but we lost by a narrow margin to the St. Joseph's Old Boys' team. Being comprised mostly of state players, the defeat at the hands of the St. Joseph Old Boys' team is not disheartening.

Mr. K. V. Ramaraju was awarded the individual prize for the best performance in the Centenary tournaments. Praiseworthy performance of Messrs. K. V. Ramaraju, K. Chinnaswamy, N. Rajagopal and Abdul Karim are beyond any shadow of doubt in all matches, apart from the skilfulness and quickness in despatch, accuracy in basketing and much more for adroitness, dodging by Chinnaswamy and Rajagopal who provoked interest and rapt attention through the performance with his unique left hand drive. Iype Mathai and A. N. Seetharaman constituted the impervious sources of defence. General progress made this year is far beyond the expectation and creates positive incentive to greater strides in the coming years.

A. N. Seetharaman.

Students who have been awarded the Endowed Prizes and Scholarships of the College.

SCHOLARSHIPS :

1. The Lord Elphinstone Scholar- ... R. Balakrishnan, III Hons. (Statistics)
ship 1954-1955
2. The Subramania Ayyar Scholar- ... { U. Madhwanath, P.G.I. (Physics)
ship 1954-1955 (Senior) { S. S. Krishnan, III Hons. (Physics)
3. The Sir C. P. Ramaswamy ... J. Sethuraman, III Hons. (Statistics)
Ayyar Scholarship 1954-1955
4. The Dr. R. M. Alagappa Chet- ... V. Abdul Rahim IV Hons. (English
tiar Scholarship 1954-1955 Literature)
5. The Kasturi Ranga Iyengar ... K. V. Ramakrishnan, III Hons.
Scholarship 1954-1955 (Statistics)
6. Dr. U. Swaminatha Ayyar ... Miss Navamani A. Navaranjitham,
Tamil Literature Scholarship P. G. II (Tamil)
1953-1954
7. The Venkataraman Scholarship... Miss S. Sudha, V Hons. (Zoology)
in Zoology 1954-1955 1954-1955
8. The Shanmugam Gold Medal ... Miss V. Vimala, V Hons. (Economics)
in Economics 1954 1953-1954
9. The Senior Conolly Scholarship ... { Miss M. Vijiyam, V Hons. (Economics)
1954-1955 { K. E. Vaidyanathan, III Hons. (Stats.)
10. The Thompson Scholarship ... Kumari Shalini Pai, III Hons.
1953-1954 (English Literature) 1953-1954.

PRIZES:

1. The Lord Elphinstone Prize 1953 ... Miss S. Anandalakshmi, P. G. II (Economics) 1953-1954
2. The Arbuthnot Prize 1953-1954 ... R. Bharath, V Hons. (Physics) 1953-1954
3. The Scott Elocution Prize 1953-1954 ... Miss N. Mythili, IV Hons. (Economics) 1954-1955
4. The Pandit Narasimhacharya Sanskrit Prize 1953-1954 ... Miss K. Lalitha, V Hons. (Sanskrit) 1954-1955
5. The Viswanatha Sastry Sanskrit Prize 1953-1954 ... S. Sundararajan, IV Hons. (Chemistry) 1954-1955
6. The Bourdillon Prize (Telugu) 1953-1954 ... I. Subba Reddy, IV B.A. (Economics) 1953-1954
7. The Bourdillon Prize (Tamil) 1953-1954 ... R. Chengalvarayan, IV B.A. (Economics) 1953-1954
8. The Kunjambu Nambiar Prize 1953-1954 ... P. V. Kunhikrishna Kurup, IV B.A. (Economics) 1953-1954
9. The Bourne Prize 1953-1954 ... Miss A. Sarada, V Hons. (Zoology) 1953-1954
10. The Innes Prize 1953-1954 ... Mother Mary Joseph Michael, V Hons. (English Literature) 1953-1954
11. The Elliot Prize 1953-1954 ... M. D. Ganapathi, IV B.A. (Economics) 1953-1954
12. The Mackintosh Prize 1953-1954 ... Mother Mary Joseph Michael, V Hons. (English Literature) 1953-1954
13. The Allen Prize 1953-1954 ... G. Anjanayya, V Hons. (Economics) 1953-1954
14. The Oppert Prize 1953-1954 ... A. Seshadri, V Hons. (Sanskrit) 1953-1954
15. The J. B. Bilderbeck Prize 1953-1954 ... M. D. Ganapathi, IV B.A. (Economics) 1953-1954
16. The Bilderbeck Prize 1953-1954 ... M. D. Ganapathi, IV B.A. (Economics) 1953-1954
17. The Sithalakshmi Subramania Prize 1953-1954 ... S. Raman, V. Hons. (Physics) 1953-1954
18. The Ramunni Menon Prize 1953-1954 ... M. Dayanandam, IV B.Sc. (Zoology) 1953-1954
19. The R. Ll. Jones (Junior) Prize 1953-1954 ... U. Madhwanath, P.G.I. (Physics) 1954-1955
20. The R. Ll. Jones (Senior) Prize 1953-1954 ... S. Raman, V Hons. (Physics) 1953-1954
21. The Physics Association Senior Prize 1953-1954 ... N. E. Dweltz, V Hons. (Physics) 1954-1955
22. The Physics Association Junior Prize 1953-1954 ... D. R. Samuel, IV B. Sc. (Physics) 1953-1954
23. The Sir Mark Hunter Memorial Prize 1953-1954 ... N. M. Balasubramaniam, V. Hons. (English Literature) 1953-1954
24. The Candeth Memorial Gold Medal 1953-1954 ... Miss Padma Narayanaswami, V Hons. (Economics) 1953-1954
25. The Sir C. V. Kumaraswami Sastry Sanskrit Prize 1953-1954 ... M. D. Ganapathi, IV B.A. (Economics) 1953-1954

26. The Mahamahopadhyaya Kuppuswami Sastry Sanskrit Prize 1953-1954 ... M. D. Ganapathi, IV B.A. (Economics) 1953-1954
27. The Rao Bahadur S. K. Padmanabha Sastry Sanskrit Prize 1953-1954 ... Miss R. V. Jayam, IV Hons. (Sanskrit) 1954-1955
28. The Rao Bahadur M. Ranga-charya Sanskrit Elocution Prize 1953-1954 ... Miss R. V. Jayam, IV Hons. (Sanskrit) 1954-1955
29. The Presidency College Centenary Prize for N.C.C. 1953-1954 ... U/O B. Panduranga Rao, V Hons. (Psychology) 1953-1954
30. The Professor R. Gopala Ayyar Prize 1953-1954 ... Miss E. K. Uma Devi, IV B. Sc. (Zoology) 1953-1954
31. The Captain S. Kalyanaraman Memorial Prize 1953-1954 ... CPL. N. Thirunavukkarasu, IV B. Sc. (Zoology) 1953-1954
32. The Wilson Gold Medal 1953-1954 ... P. V. Narasimhamurthy, P.G.I. (Chemistry) 1954-1955
33. The Senior Chemical Society Prize 1953-1954 ... M. Mohandas Kini, V Hons. (Chemistry) 1954-1955
34. The Junior Chemical Society Prize 1953-1954 ... V. K. Lakshmanan, IV B. Sc. (Chemistry) 1953-1954
35. The Rao Bahadur H. Narayana Rao Prize 1953-1954 ... M. N. Balasubramaniam, V Hons. (Geology) 1953-1954
36. The Fyson Prize 1953-1954 ... Kumari K.T.B. Jayanthi Devi, P.G.II. (Botany) 1953-1954
37. The Rao Sahib M. R. Rajagopala Ayyangar Prize 1953-1954 ... V. S. Varadarajan, III Hons. (Statistics) 1953-1954
38. Dr. B.B. Dey Commemoration Prize 1953-1954 ... S. Ramakrishnan, P.G. II. (Chemistry) 1953-1954
39. Professor M. Rangachariar Sanskrit Prize 1954-1955 ... Kumari K. Lalitha, V. Hons. (Sanskrit) 1954-1955
40. The Senior Thompson Prize 1953-1954 ... S. Raman, V. Hons. (Phys.) 1953-54
41. The Maharajah of Travancore Prize 1953-1954 ... U. Madhwanath, P. G. I. (Physics) 1954-1955
42. The Maharajah of Vizianagaram Prize 1953-1954 ... Kumari A. Sarada, V. Hons. (Zoology) 1953-54
43. The Gordon Prize 1953-1954 ... A. Arunachalam, V. Hons. (Hist) 1953-1954
44. The Presidency College Malayalee Association Prize 1953-1954 ... Anthony M. Thomas, V. Hons. (Malayalam) 1953-1954
45. The Pandit C. R. Namasivaya Mudaliyar Memorial Rolling Cup 1954-1955 ... The Rolling Cup is awarded to Presidency College
First-Prize: for individual speaker—
Paul, Loyola College
Second-Prize: for individual speaker—
M. Abdullah Sheriff, New College
46. The Rajah of Annamalai Chettiar Prize 1953-1954 ... S. Chithambaranathan, V. Hons. (Physics) 1953-1954

47. The Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. ... U. V. Swaminatha Iyer Tiruk-kural Prize 1954-1955
First-Prize: Miss M. K. Anasuya, Stella Maris College, Madras
Second-Prize: Miss P. A. Sivagama-sundari, Stella Maris College, Madras
Miss B. Hensman, V. Hons. (English Literature) 1954-1955
48. The Papworth Prize 1954-1955 ...
First-Prize: S. Kandappan, V. Hons. (Tamil) 1954-1955 Presidency College
Second-Prize: Kumari K. Ranganayaki, III Hons. (Tamil) 1954-1955 Presidency College
Third Prize: Kumari K. Chingaram, III Hons. (Tamil) 1954-1955 Presidency College
49. Sri Guru Gnana Sambanda ... Swamigal Memorial Sivabhogasaram Prize 1954-1955

College Day—Prize Winners in Athletics.

Events for Men

1. 100 metres race :
1. Mahdi Hussain
2. M. V. Rajendran
2. 200 metres race :
1. Mahdi Hussain
2. Percy D. Edwards
3. 400 metres race :
1. M. V. Rajendran
2. Abdul Karim
4. 800 metres race :
1. Malathkar V. Rajendran
2. I. Arunachalam
5. 1500 metres race :
1. I. Arunachalam
2. S. Balakrishnan
6. 110 metres High hurdles :
1. Narayanan
2. Percy D. Edwards
7. 400 metres hurdles :
1. Malathkar V. Rajendran
2. Percy D. Edwards
8. Hop Step & Jump :
1. K. V. Ramaraju
2. L. Narayanan
9. Long Jump :
1. L. Narayanan
2. Malathkar V. Rajendran
10. High Jump :
1. K. V. Ramaraju
2. L. Narayanan
11. Pole Vault :
1. Malathkar V. Rajendran
2. S. Siddamalliah
12. Shot Put :
1. J. Brown
2. K. P. Chandrasekaran
13. Javelin Throw :
1. J. Brown
2. K. P. Chandrasekaran
14. Discus Throw :
1. J. Brown
2. P. S. Sunder Rao
15. Hammer Throw :
1. J. Brown
2. A. H. Shirazi
16. Cycle race :
1. D. A. Jason
17. Old Students under 40 :
1. Bhaskaran
2. Vaidyanathan
18. Old Students over 40 :
1. Dr. Krishna Rao
2. Capt. K. Raghavan
3. P. R. Subramaniam
19. Staff Race :
1. Visvanathan
2. Mayan Kutty
3. P. T. Joseph
20. 4 X 200 metres relay, Staff Present, Vs. Past :
1. Present
2. Past

Events for Women

1. 100 metres race :
1. Jaya Sreenivasan
2. Vasanthi Pai
2. Rope Skipping :
1. Vasanthi Pai
2. P. R. Vimala
3. Three Legged Race :
1. S. Reddy & Vasanthi
2. Vimala & Nirup
4. Cycle Race (Slow) :
1. Sundari Sarojini
2. Jaya Sreenivasan
5. High Jump :
1. P. R. Vimala
2. Saroj Kumari
6. Long Jump :
1. Jaya Srinivasan
2. P. R. Vimala
7. Putting the Shot :
1. Jaya Sreenivasan
2. Indira K. Menon
8. Javelin Throw :
1. Jaya Sreenivasan
2. Indira K. Menon
9. Discus Throw :
1. Indira K. Menon
2. Jaya Sreenivasan
10. Lemon Race :
1. Jaya Sreenivasan
2. Vimala
11. Staff Race :
1. Miss. Rajalakshmi
2. Miss. Saraswathi
12. Womens old students' race :
1. Miss. V. Sulochana
2. Miss. Chella
3. Miss. Saraswathi Subbiah
13. 3 X 100 metres relay (Arts vs. Science)
1. Arts
2. Science
14. Obstacle Race :
1. Vimala
2. Jaya Sreenivasan
3. Miss D'Silva

Papworth Prize

Championship for men : M. V. Rajendran

Statham Prize

Championship for women : Jaya Sreenivasan

Results of the college Tournaments

Tennis for Men	Winner	Runner-Up
1. Open Singles	P. R. Seshadri	Eipe Mathai
2. Open Doubles	T. G. Vijayaraghavan & Eipe Mathai	P. R. Seshadri & S. Rangarajan
3. Handicap Singles	T. G. Vijayaraghavan	P. R. Seshadri
4. Handicap Doubles	T. G. Vijayaraghavan & Raghu Bale Rao	P. R. Seshadri & M. Ammanna
5. 2nd Court Singles	P. R. Somasundaram	M. Mohamad Ibrahim
6. 3rd and 4th court singles	S. Ramachandran	K. M. Gopalakrishna Menon
7. 3rd and 4th court doubles	S. Ramachandran & M. S. Narayanan	K. C. George and Y. Chengalappa

Tennis for Women

1. Singles	1. S. Paul	2. S. Reddy
2. Doubles	1. S. Paul & Sundara Sivarajini	2. Raja Lakshmi & Saraswathy Reddy
1. Singles for novices	1. Raja Lakshmi	2. E. Visalam

Badminton for Women

1. Singles	1. M. K. Lakshmi	2. Krishnaveni Jalem
2. Doubles	2. M. K. Lakshmi & Krishnaveni Jalem	2. Girija Lakshmirattan & Leela

Tennicoit for Men

1. Singles	M. V. Venkataramanjalu	N. Abdul Kareem
2. Doubles	N. Abdul Khader and N. Abdul Kareem	M. Ganesan and S. Viswanathan

Boxing

	Winner	Runner-Up
1. Junior Weight	D. N. Seshagiri	D. N. Ramachandran
2. Paper Weight	C. T. Balasubramanian	G. Rajasekar
3. Fly Weight	Percy D. Edwards	R. D. Jason
4. Bant Weight	K. Baskar Rao	N. S. Parasuraman
5. Feather Weight	M. S. Sivaprakasam	N. Ramakrishnan
6. Welter Weight	D. Vinayagam	K. Chandrasekaran (walk over)
7. Light Heavy	M. S. Khan	Faisee-ur-Rahman

RESULTS OF INTER-GROUP TOURNAMENTS FOR MEN.

	Winners	Captain
1. Cricket	Arts	A. M. Venugopal
2. Hockey	Hist. & Pol. Eco. & Languages	T. Govindarajan
3. Football	Science	K. Jeevarathnan
4. Volleyball	Phy., Chem., Maths., & Statis	J. Nanjundappa
5. Basketball	Science	A. N. Seetharaman
	Phy., Chem., Maths., & Statis	
	Arts	
	Hist., Pol., Eco., & Languages	
	" Arts "	

RESULTS OF INTER-DEPT. TOURNAMENTS FOR WOMEN.

	Winners	Captain
1. Netball	Arts	Jaya Sreenivasan
2. Badminton fives	Science	Sivakami
3. Tennicoit	Science	Krishnaveni Jalem

RESULTS OF INTER-DEPT. ATHLETICS.

1. 4 X 100 Shuttle Relay	Science	J. Brown
2. 4 X 200 metres Relay	Natural Science	Malathkar
3. 4 X Long Jump	Science	V. Rajendran
4. 4 X Shot Put	Arts	J. Brown
		S. Siddamallia

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATIONS.

1. Cricket	1. A. M. Venugopal
2. Hockey	1. Madhi Hussain
3. Tennis	1. P. R. Seshadri

॥ राजा नाकुश्च ॥

आसीत्पुरा मतिमतां तिलकः क्षितीशो भूरिप्रभः शशधरः सुगृहीतनामा ।

देश्यैश्च यः प्रभुवरैर्नगरात्प्रतस्थे सैन्याधिपैरनुगतश्च कयापि राज्ञ्या ॥ १ ॥

सायाह्मभास्करसुवर्णकराभियोगप्राप्ताप्रमेयनिजगात्रविशिष्टकान्तिः ।

राज्ञी च सा शशधरं तु विलोक्यती मार्गे चकार सरसं किल मन्दहासम् ॥ २ ॥

गोत्रातले निवसतः सकलस्य तिर्यग् जालस्य शब्दनिचयप्रतिबद्धसारम् ।

जानाति सम्यगुरुकीर्तिरुदारशीलो गोत्रापतिर्मतिमतां धुरि संस्थितोऽसौ ॥ ३ ॥

कश्चिद्भूव पृथिवीपतिमर्गमध्ये स्वच्छप्रभानयनगोचरखोलकस्तु ।

तस्माल्लभोः सपदि संश्रुणुते स्म राजा व्याख्यामिमां तदनु तद्वचसां चकार ॥ ४ ॥

“अत्रागतो नरपतिः खलु, गीयते यत्प्रज्ञादयादिगुणजालमहो प्रजामिः ।

स्वीयातिरूक्षहतपादविमर्दनैर्नः प्राणान् विहर्तुमधुना करुणाविहीनम्” ॥ ५ ॥

एतां निशम्य करुणार्थेगिरं स्वकीयां जातात्यनल्पकुतुकस्यवितृताक्षीम् ।

पूताशयां स तु विलोक्य तदा नराणां नेता स्वकीयशिरसा विनतिं चकार ॥ ६ ॥

राज्ञी च तावदतिरम्यमुवाच वाक्यं “राजन्! भवच्चरणतामरसान्तिके तु ।

प्राणान् विहातुमतिदुर्लभभागधेयं यो वा लभेत नियतं परमस्स धन्यः ॥ ७ ॥

सर्वज्ञदत्तमकुटान्वितपुण्यमूर्ते! क्षुद्रः पिपीलिकगणः कथमेष धीरः ।

वार्तामिमां कथयितुं भवतः पुरस्तात् वीराग्रगण्यपृथिवीपतिसंस्तुतस्य?” ॥ ८ ॥

“मैवं, तपस्विपरिरक्षणजागरूकैः प्रज्ञायुतैर्बल्युतैश्च सदापि भाव्यम्” ।

इत्युत्तरं शशधरः क्षममीरयित्वा शीघ्रं स्ववाहमपरेण पथा निनाय ॥ ९ ॥

अह्नाय तावदनुगामिगणस्तदीयस्तन्नेतृदर्शितदिशा त्वरितं जगाम ।

नाकुर्बभूव परिरक्षित, ईक्ष्य सर्वं राज्ञी च नम्रवदना नृपमित्युवाच ॥ १० ॥

“मानातीतमनोजसद्गुणिवे! दीनाग्रबन्धो! तवाऽनूनायत्रजयप्रसिद्धिनिगमं जानाम्यहं सांप्रतम् ।

दीनाक्रोशमहद्वृथास्तुतिगिरोः स्थानादिमा यन्नृपात् पीनाकर्णनमालभेत नियतं सा नाम धन्या क्षितिः” ॥ ११ ॥

M. D. GANAPATHI, B.A.,

AN ELEGY IN SANSKRIT

[With translation by the author]

वर्णी नैव करोति वित्तसहितां यत्तन्न तावद्विधे ! दारिद्र्यादपराधमाकलयन्तं साधौ न तावच्च तत् ।
यावत्क्रौर्यनिदाघशोषितकृपावापीकलापो भवान् दैन्यं मानवतो ददाति यदिदं तन्मे मनः कृन्तति ॥ १ ॥

1. Oh, Destiny! the last traces of any compassionate feelings in your heart seem to have dried out in the burning heat of your cruelty. It is not unpardonable that you never associate learning with wealth; nor is it so cruel that you make the poor bear the brunt of accusations in respect of crimes never committed by them, solely because they are poor; this alone pricks my heart very much; why should you link poverty and self-respect?

अत्यारुह्यान्मिदं नाद्य निध्यातंकस्य मानिनः । श्रुतिर्मया दरिद्रस्य वक्ष्मि तां भवतां जनाः ! ॥ २ ॥

2. The actual sufferings of a poor man, who was imbued with high feelings of self-respect, were observed by me. I shall relate them here.

अकिञ्चनो मानधनः किलैकः निराहृतित्वाञ्जितरां विषण्णः । अयाचकाकारधरः स्वमानादितस्ततस्संचरति स्म वीथ्याम् ॥ ३ ॥

3. A person with absolutely no earthly possessions and whose sole wealth was a sense of self-respect, was going about in the street. In spite of his penury his sense of shame refused to allow him to beg.

स्वहस्तधौतीकृतजीर्णवस्त्रधरो विपश्चिच्च विशुद्धवेषः । यतस्समालक्ष्यत तेन नूनं न भिक्षुरित्येनममस्त लोकः ॥ ४ ॥

4. Nor would any one who saw him, take him to be in need of alms; for he was dressed in white though worn-out clothes, washed carefully with his own hands, and appeared to be as cultured as he was neat in attire.

धनीव दृष्टोऽपि विहीनवित्तः जनोऽयमेकाणकवान्किलेति । पराशयालोकनदक्षवीक्षं विहाय मां तत्र न कोऽप्यजानात् ॥ ५ ॥

5. Rich man to all appearances though he was, he had only one anna in his pocket; none there except me endowed with the power of reading others' hearts could know of this.

निरर्थभावादिव पाणिनीयः शृणोति नैनं स्म किलार्थिशब्दः । उतास्य मानकधनत्वेहेतोः विद्वद्भूतोऽप्यदुनोदतीव ॥ ६ ॥

6. The term अर्थिन् (a beggar) did not like him perhaps since he had no अर्थ (wealth). [Drawn by analogies in Sanskrit it would be अर्थः अस्य अस्तीति अर्थी;

though there is an अपवाद for it in पाणिनिव्याकरण, I have used it in a poetical sense.] Or rightly it might be that his self dignity drove away the very thought of this term to bring nothing but starvation and suffering because if atleast he had begged, he could have LIVED.

अकार्यकार्यादिविवेकहीनः क्षुधासमास्तम्भितसर्वकर्मा । स्वमेव संचिन्त्य ललाटलेखं अखिद्यतात्मन्यतिमात्रतप्तः ॥ ७ ॥

7. He was at a loss to know what to do. Hunger had paralysed the whole of his activities. He thought of his fate and cursed his ownself. He was burnt to the core and was mourning in his heart just like Charudatta in "The clay-eart" when he says. "क्रोधः कुपुरुषस्येव स्वगान्धेव सीदति" ।

सन्त्यस्य नूनं धनिनस्सखायः श्रीः शिश्रिये यानभिमानिनीव । तथाऽपि नैनानुपयाति सोऽयं न मानवान् मानवभावनाहः ॥ ८ ॥

8. He had many rich friends, whom, Lakshmi, the Goddess of wealth had largely favoured as if through excessive fondness. But he seldom approached any of them for an obligation. Alas! Self-dignity is verily the negation of human existence.

वरं विपत्तिं नै तु मानहानिः इति भुवान्तःकरणः स्थितस्तः । क्षुधा तु मध्याह्नविषयितासु प्रचोदयत्यर्थयितुं ततस्त्याज ॥ ९ ॥

9. He steadfastly held the view that death is happier than a loss of self-respect. But man proposes, God disposes. At noon his hunger was so tremendously increased that he was forced to beg off others, for food.

आजन्मनो मानधनो जनो यः व्यचिन्त्यद्विवृत्तिपूर्वकं याम् । तामाददादर्थिकलामनाथः तथाविधत्वाद्भुवि तव्यतायाः ॥ १० ॥

10. From the time of his birth he had considered and looked upon 'begging' with great contempt. Hard fate! He himself was obliged to resort to it. Such was his unalterable predestination. [Similar occasions do occur often in the lives of many.]

अथोपसृत्यैनममेयवित्तं जनं जनो याचितुमुद्यतस्तः । परं त्वनाचारवशेन वार्ता न तन्मुखात्प्रावहदेव हन्त ! ॥ ११ ॥

11. He turns now to a wealthy man here and tries to say something by way of begging. But being a novice at that art, not a single word came out of his lips. [How cruel is Fate towards some of us !]

नार्थस्त्वहस्ते न परः प्रदातुं नाचारशक्यं किल याचकत्वम् । इत्यस्य वृत्तिं निरवेक्ष्य खिन्नः परैरदृष्टोऽहमरोदिषं हि ॥ १२ ॥

12. Nothing on hand, nobody to give, not possible even to beg due to inexperience. Seeing him in such a state, my sympathetic heart was moved to tears and hiding my face from others, I wept for him in pity.

कथञ्चिदालम्ब्य ततस्सधैर्यं ऋणं स्वमितादनुयोक्तुकामः । अभ्यर्थनाभङ्गमशङ्कमानः जगाम तन्वान्वहमप्यदृष्टः ॥ १३ ॥

13. Picking up courage some how, he thought of asking a loan from a friend of his; heast expecting a refusal of his request, he went and I followed him, unseen.

उपेत्य मित्रं वचनैर्निवेद्य कष्टपट्टैः निजमीप्सितार्थम् । ऋणानि दत्तानि मया सखिभ्यः निरगमानीत्यधुनाऽभ्यधायि ॥ १४ ॥

14. He approached his friend and expressed his desire with words, difficultly drawn out. To that, the friend observed in reply that none of his friends to whom he had lent had ever repayed.

विभिन्नचेताः प्रथमप्रयत्ने विशीर्णमानो विवशो विषण्णः । विचक्षणत्वाच्च विहन्तुकामः आत्मानमायाति पुनस्स वीथ्याम् ॥ १५ ॥

15. Crest-fallen by the failure in the very first endeavour, with his self-respect shattered to pieces, he was helpless and depressed and yet since he was learned he did not want to commit suicide but came back into the street. [Perhaps thinking that the world would kill him in due course.]

अनेन कालेन विवृद्धतृष्णः स कर्कटीशस्ययुगं विप्रण्याम् । क्रीत्वा मुखे यावदिवातनोति तावत्सदीनैः परिवारितोऽभूत् ॥ १६ ॥

16. By this time his hunger transformed itself into a great thirst and he bought two fruits for the one anna, he had with him; just as he took them up to his lips, he was surrounded by several beggars, who cried to him in a pitiable manner.

न दृष्टमन्नं दिनयोर्मयेति स्वामिन् कृपालो परिपाहि चेति । दीनः कुटुम्बीति च खिन्नवार्ताः शृणुं द्रवोचकुरमुष्य चेतः ॥ १७ ॥

17. "Have mercy upon me.", "It's a couple of days since I saw food." "Save me from starvation." "Oh, Lord" "I am very poor with a large family to be maintained." These and similar cryings moved his heart very much.

विभज्य तेषां करुणाद्रिचित्तः स कर्कटीशस्यमदादयाच्च । द्वित्राणि गत्वा तु पदानि दीनः पपात भूमौ विवशः क्षुधार्तः ॥ १८ ॥

18. He cut the fruits and distributed the pieces among them without taking even a bit for himself. He could not walk; his feet faltered and after a few steps he fell on the ground.

अशक्नुवंस्थानुमतः परस्तात् अहं विषण्णो गृहमभ्यगच्छम् । विधाविजिह्वत्वमतो विचिन्त्य कथामिमां शोच्यतमामगायम् ॥ १९ ॥

19. It was impossible for me to stay there any longer looking at this pitiable sight and I returned to my room with a heavy and thought laden heart. Reflecting upon the cruelty of Fate, I have sung the story of that poor person in the form of an elegy or rather my thoughts found a way out, in that form. My repeated appeal to Fate is,

मानो मा नश्च दीयेतां मा नो मानः प्रदीयताम् । ननु माभिः न मानेन मनुजं मनुते जनः ॥ २० ॥

20. Oh Fate! Give us self-dignity along with wealth. Do not give us self-respect alone. This world measures men not according to the degree of their self-dignity, but according to the riches they possess.

बालकविः S. Sundararajan
IV B.Sc. (Hons.) [Chemistry]



“एको रसः करुण एव”

अन्तरायतिमिरोपशान्तये, शान्तपावनमचिन्त्यवैभवम् ।

तन्नरं वपुषि कुञ्जरं मुखेवे, मन्महे किमपि तुन्दिलं महः ॥ २ ॥

एकएव करुणो विवर्तते, फेनबुद्बुदविभागशः पयः ।

नामरूप बहुभाव आत्मनः, रज्जुसर्पनयतः प्रकाश्यते ॥ २ ॥

रसिकाः सहृदयाः आलङ्कारिकाः अनुभूयमानं रसं नवधा विभजन्ते, “शान्तोऽपि नवमो रसः” इति केषाञ्चिद्विप्रतिपत्तिविषयं शान्तरसमपि बाधकनिराकरणेन साधकोपन्यासेन च स्थापयन्ति । तत्त्वतः परिशील्यमाने अवस्थाभेदेऽपि अवस्थावान् धर्मी रसः एक एव इति नः सिद्धान्तः । तथैवाह स्म महाकविः वेदार्थतत्त्वाभिज्ञः मीमांसकमूर्धन्ये । भवभूतिः “एको रसः करुण एव” इति । तत्त्वप्रदर्शनार्थं प्रवृत्ताः महर्षयः सोपानरीत्या

महार्णवे मूढवाता नौरिव विपद्ये । नूनं तौ राजपुत्रौ मम कारणाद्विशस्तौ । नूनं सकालः हरिणरूपधारी
अल्पभाग्यां मां तदानौ लुलुभे । यदा आर्यपुत्रं रामानुजं च मूढा विससर्ज । पत्येकदेवत्वं, बहुदुःखसहिष्णुत्वं,
स्थण्डिलशय्या, बहवो नियमाः, ममेदं सर्वं, विफलङ्कृतम् । मया इयान्धर्मः मोहः चरितः । एकपत्नीत्वमिदं
तथा निरर्थकं, या त्वाञ्च पश्यामि । हीनास्मि त्वया । पितुर्निदेशकारी भवान् मन्ये विपुलक्षणाभिः स्त्रीभिः
रम्यसे । शीघ्रमहं यमस्य मूलङ्गमिष्यामि ”—इत्यादि सीताप्रलपाः कं वा सचेतसं करुणा-
द्रहदयन्न कुर्वन्ति ॥

हनूमता रामदासेन प्रत्यानीतं चूडामणिं पश्यन् राघवः “इतस्तु किं दुःखतरं यदिमं वारिसंभवं । मणिं पश्यामि सौमित्रे वैदेहीमागतं विना ॥ यदि मासन्धरिष्यति नूनं वैदेही चिरजीवति । विन तामसितेक्षणां क्षणमपि न जीवेयम् । भोः आज्ञनेय । भवता यत्र मम प्रिया दृष्टा तन्देशं मामपि नय । तस्याः प्रवृत्ति-मुपलभ्य क्षणमपि न तिष्ठेयं । सुश्रोणी सा सदा भीरुभोरुः भयावहानां घोराणां रक्षसां मध्ये कथन्तिष्ठति ? अभुदैः शारदः चन्द्र इव राक्षसैरावृतं तस्या वदनं नूनं न विराजते । हनुमन् । सीता किमाह ? अद्य मे तत्कथय । एतेन खलु आतुरः भेषजेनेव जीविष्ये ” इत्येवमादि प्रलपन् स्वयं शोकाक्रान्तहृदयः सामाजिकान् पश्यतः शृण्वतो वा तदभेदेन द्रुतचेतस्कान् करुणरसभरितान्, ब्रह्मास्वादसहोदर, —लोकोत्तरचमत्कार प्राण,—वेदान्तरस्पर्शशून्य—अखण्डस्वप्रकाश-आनन्द-चिन्मयान् उद्विक्तसत्त्वान् तनोति । तस्मात् करुणादेः रस्यमानत्वं एकस्यैव तस्य नवधा विभाव्यमानत्वञ्च सुष्ठु घटते इति ॥

भवभूतिदिशा रस्यमानता प्रथमोदिता ।

करुणस्य रसत्वञ्च संक्षेपात् स्थापितं ततः ॥ ९ ॥

वाल्मीकिवचनैः सीतादेव्याः करुण ईरितः ।

राघवस्य विमुक्तस्य पत्न्या, सोऽपि तयोदितः ॥ २ ॥

एवं संवर्ण्य चतुरः विषयान् सङ्गहादिह ।

यथामति न्यरूप्यैक्यं, रसानां करुणात्मना ॥ ३ ॥

“सह नौ यशः । सह नौ ब्रह्मवर्चसम् ॥”

R. V. Jayam,
IV (Hons.) Skt.



अपूर्व बलिदान

लेखकः—शिवदास दम्माणी, सीनियर बी. ए.

रमेश

उन दिनों को मैं कभी भी नहीं भूल सकता जब कि मैं सनातन स्कूल में पढ़ता था । स्कूल में सबसे गहरी दोस्ती थी मेरी, दीपक से । वास्तव में दीपक, दीपक के समान ही उज्ज्वल व दीप्तिमान था । कितना होनहार, कितना मेहनती तथा कितना आत्माभिमानी ! बेचारे का बाप बचपन में ही उसे बिलखता छोड़ चल बसा । माँ इने-गिने घरों में जाती, वहाँ का काम-काज करती ; कभी आटा पीस लाती, तो कभी पापड़ बेल जाती । जो कुछ भी काम उसे सौंपा जाता, उसे दौड़-दौड़ करती । थोड़ा-बहुत जो मिल जाता उसीसे अपना व दीपक का गुजारा चलाती । जो कुछ भी कमाती उसे दीपक की पढ़ाई में खर्च कर देती और मन में तरह-तरह के मनसूबे बाँधती । फीस भरने में कुछ सहायता मिल जाती ; क्योंकि दीपक को रायबहादुर सेठ मदनगोपाल की छात्रवृत्ति मिली हुई थी । सरस्वती की उस पर असीम कृपा थी और इसी वजह से वह मास्टर्स की प्रशंसा का पात्र हो गया तो क्या आश्चर्य ? मैं तो उसकी आर्थिक सहायता ही कर पाता था पर उसने तो मेरा जीवन ही उबार दिया । रेखागणित की पुस्तक हाथ में लेते ही मेरा सिर चकराने लगता । मुझे ऐसा लगता मानों कोई बड़ा विकराल मनुष्य सामने खड़ा हो, सचमुच होश-हवास उड़ जाते । अगर दीपक मेरी मदद न कर पाता तो इन्टरमीडिएट की परीक्षा आज मैं पास न कर पाता । कैसा अच्छा समझाता ।

उसका टूटा-फूटा छोटा-सा घर हमारे ही मुहल्ले में था । सिर्फ दो-तीन ही कमरे थे । सोने के लिये कई सालों के फटे पुराने मैले बिस्तर थे । रोशनी तो वहाँ कहाँ थी ? चारों कोनों में मकड़ी के जाले तने हुए थे और हमेशा वहाँ संगीत चलता था मच्छरों का । मैंने कई बार उससे कहा, ‘मेरे यहाँ सो जाया करो. पर वह न मानता । उसे जो आनन्द अपने घर में आता था, वह दूसरी जगह कहाँ ? खाने के लाले पड़ने पर भी कहीं भी खाना न खाता । मानता हूँ कि लक्ष्मी की उसपर कृपा न थी, फिर भी उसके चेहरे से गरीबी की झलक दिखलाई नहीं देती थी ।

मैं उसे चाहता, अध्यापक उसे प्यार करते, हमारे मुहल्लेवाले उसे आदर देते । वह तो प्रांत-भर में प्रथम रहा, पर मैं तो मरता-झुबता किसी तरह पास हो गया । सचमुच मेरे जीवन का वही दीपक था । मैं जहाँ जाता वहाँ उसे चलने के लिए कहता, पर वह साफ़ इनकार कर देता । अंत में मेरे आग्रह पर उसे हार खानी ही पड़ी । पर अफसोस अब वे सच्ची मित्रता के दिन न रहे ।

आज हम दोनों कलकत्ते की प्रेसिडेन्सी कॉलेज में बी. एस. सी. में पढ़ते हैं । यहाँ पर आने के बाद ही, न जाने क्यों मेरा मन उसकी ओर आकर्षित नहीं होता । एक तो वह समय था जब उसे देखते ही मेरे हृदय में प्रेम उमड़ पड़ता, पर आज ईर्ष्या ने उसे धर दबाया है ।

इसका शायद कारण थी वह लड़की—शशिकला जो दुर्भाग्य या भाग्य से उसी कॉलेज में भर्ती हुई थी। वह सुन्दरी थी, शिक्षिता थी, उसकी वाणी में माधुर्य था, दृष्टि में मादकता थी। वह एक कुसुमित वाटिका थी; जहाँ फूलों की मनोहर महक थी और हरियाली की मनोरम शीतलता। उनमें न जाने कैसा आकर्षण था कि मेरा दिल उसकी एडियों के नीचे आने लगा। मेरी आँखें अगर कक्षा में किसी को खोजा करतीं तो वह शशिकला ही को। जब वह दिखलाई न देती तो मेरा मुँह उदास हो जाता। लेक्चर की ओर ज़रा भी ध्यान न रहता। पर वह तो मेरा ज़रा भी ख्याल न करती, मेरी तरफ़ आँख उठाकर भी न देखती। मेरी गति उस हरिण की-सी थी जो मरुभूमि में गर्मियों के दिनों में पानी के लिए मारा-मारा फिरता है। वह तो दीपक को चाहती है, न जाने क्यों? शायद इसीलिए कि वह होशियार है, सीधा-सादा है। अभी हाल ही में क्लास-टेस्ट में वह सर्वप्रथम रहा और उस समय शशिकला मुस्करा रही थी। उस समय मेरे अन्दर अग्नि धधक उठी और सोचने लगा कि किसी तरह उसे दबाना चाहिये पर यह मेरे बस की बात नहीं।

दीपक

कल और आज में कितना अंतर! बी. एस.सी. में आने के बाद न जाने रमेश को क्या हो गया है कि वह मुझसे बातें तक नहीं करता। मैं उसके सामने से निकल जाता हूँ पर वह अपना सिर फेरकर चल पड़ता है। वह भी समय था जब वह मुझे अपनी आँखों से ओझल न होने देता था, पर आज वह मेरी ओर घृणा की दृष्टि से देखता है। इसे ही कहते हैं समय का फेर। काश मैं इस कालेज में भर्ती ही न होता तब यहाँ तक की नौबत तो न आती!

सबसे पहली मेरी बातचीत शशिकला से हुई थी प्रेक्टिकल क्लास में। सब लड़के अपना-अपना प्रेक्टिकल करके जा चुके थे। मैं भी जाने की तैयारी में था कि शशिकला आ खड़ी हुई। उसने धीरे से कहा—“आज मेरी सहपाठिनी न आयी। मुझे मालूम नहीं प्रेक्टिकल कैसे करूँ? अगर आज न कर पाऊँगी तो प्रोफ़ेसर साहब खफ़ा होंगे? बाद में करना ही तो है, फिर आज ही खत्म क्यों न कर लूँ। पर तुम्हें तो देर होती होगी न?”

मैं बोल उठा—“देरी काहे की? आज आध घंटे पीछे ही.....।”

बस, उसी दिन से दोनों में मैत्री का सूत्रपात हुआ। वह मुझे चाहने लगी। जहाँ जाती मुझे ले चलती। वह भी दिन याद है जब शशिकला ने ‘लेक’ (Lake) चलने को कहा। उस आग्रह में न जाने कितनी श्रद्धा थी, कितनी दीनता थी। मैंने हामी भर दी। उस समय उसे कितनी खुशी थी, कितना आनन्द था। बात-बात पर हँस रही थी। लेकिन मुझे उसके इस व्यवहार पर आश्चर्य होता क्योंकि मैं गरीब हूँ और भला गरीबों से किसीका क्या मतलब साधे? वह पैसेवाली, पर चाहती मुझसे शादी करना। हाय री बिडम्बना!

सचमुच उसके लायक घर था तो वह रमेश का ही। मेरा तो वही टूटा-फूटा-सा घर। कहाँ रानी-का सा आराम और कहाँ नौकरानी का-सा काम! कहाँ रमेश और कहाँ मैं! बस, तरह-तरह की भावनाएँ मेरे मानस को उद्वेलित करने लगीं। मैंने अपना विचार उससे प्रकट करने का इरादा भी कर लिया। पर उसके सामने मेरी हालत उसी बकरे की-सी हो जाती जो शेर के सामने होती है। मैं उससे कुछ भी न कह पाता।

एक दिन जब मैं घर लौटा तो माता ने कहा—“बेटा, आज मैं सेठ घनश्यामदासजी के यहाँ गई थी। सावित्रीदेवी के पास जाने पर मुझे मालूम हुआ कि रमेश की हालत दिनों दिन बिगड़ती जा रही है। खाता-पीता तो बहुत ही कम है। मुख निस्तेज व कान्तिहीन हो गया है। सुना है, वह शशिकला को चाहता है। सेठजी ने लड़कीवालों के यहाँ सगाई की बातचीत भी चलाई। पर न मालूम शशिकला के माँ-बाप ने क्यों मनाई कर दी। बेटा उन्होंने बड़ी भारी भूल कर दी। कैसा नेक लड़का है और फिर पास इतना पैसा। सोने में सुगंध और फिर क्या चाहिये?” मैं सब सुनता गया।

दूसरे दिन कॉलेज गया, पर आज रमेश का चेहरा बहुत उदास था। उसे देखते ही मेरे कानों में गूँज उठा—“रमेश, तेरा वही पुराना मित्र है, जिसने कई बार तेरी सहायता की। आज वह दुःखी है, उसका दुःख तू दूर कर—अपने अपूर्व त्याग से।” बस, मैं काँप उठा। पृथ्वी मेरे पैरों से निकलने लगी। मैंने अपना इरादा पक्का कर लिया कि शशिकला से शादी न करूँगा। उसे साफ़ कह दूँगा कि रमेश तेरे योग्य हैं।

शशिकला

गरीबी और पंडितताई में चोली दामन का साथ है। दीपक है गरीब, पर साथ ही पंडित भी। रमेश है कमज़ोर, पर अमीर का लड़का। एक में प्रेम है तो दूसरे में स्वार्थ-लोलुपता। एक है अमृत, तो दूसरा है विष। दोनों में आकाश-पाताल का फर्क है। क्या कारण रमेश दीपक को देखते ही जल उठता है। सुना है कि पहले दोनों भाई की तरह ही रहते पर इस कॉलेज की चहरदीवारी में घूमते ही न मालूम क्या हो गया? रमेश को अपने धन का घमण्ड है। वह तो जहाँ जाता है वहीं डींग हाँकता रहता है कि अगर मैंने आर्थिक सहायता की न होती तो आज दीपक कॉलेज की हवा खा नहीं सकता। पर वह भारी भूल करता है। उसे ज्ञात नहीं कि अगर दीपक न पढ़ता तो रमेश का पास होना भी दुर्लभ हो जाता। हाल ही में जो क्लास-टेस्ट हुआ, उसी में वही सर्वप्रथम रहा। रमेश का कहीं नम्बर भी न था।

मुझे ऐसा जान पड़ता है कि दीपक के भी विचार बदल रहे हैं। न मालूम उसे क्या हो गया है? क्लास में देखती हूँ तो वही उदास चेहरा। न किसी से कुछ बोलता है, न कुछ करता है। आजकल मुझसे भी कुछ कहता नहीं। हाल ही में इण्डिया इलेवन (India XI) और रजत जयन्ती विदेशी

क्रिकेट टीम (S. J. O. C. Team) के मध्य मैच ईडन गार्डन्स (Eden Gardens) में शुरू होनेवाला था। मैंने उससे पूछा—चलने के लिए। पहले तो कुछ भी जवाब न मिला। जब दुबारा मैंने पूछा तब रुखाई से जवाब दिया—“मेरी तबीयत ठीक नहीं, तुम्हीं चली जाओ।” दीपक के बर्ताव में परिवर्तन हुआ उसपर मुझे आश्चर्य हुआ। एक तो वह समय था जब मैं उससे न मिलती तो वह मिलने आता, मिलते ही मुस्कुराने लगता। पर आजकल वह मुझसे मिलना ही नहीं चाहता। वह सामने से निकल जाता, पर मुझे न पुकारता। ऐसा चल देता मानो उसने देखा ही न हो। ओह! शायद वह सोचता होगा कि मैं अमीर की लड़की हूँ और वह है गरीब का लड़का। पर सच्चे प्रेम में गरीबी और अमीरी का कोई भी भेद नहीं हो सकता चाहे समाज उस भेद को क्यों न माने? दीपक! मैं अपना सर्वस्व तुझे दे चुकी, क्योंकि तेरे पास हृदय है जो बड़े बड़े अमीरों में नहीं। भगवान ने उन्हें आँखें दी हैं पर दिल वहाँ कहाँ? जो कुछ भी हो, हमारे सुदृढ़ प्रेम रूपी गढ़ को कोई भी तोड़कर अंदर नहीं घुस सकता। हमारे बीच जो गहरा समुद्र लहरा रहा है उसे मैं पारकर आऊँगी तेरे ही पास।

रमेश

हाय! मैं कितना नीच हूँ जो कि एक दिव्य पुरुष को भी न पहचान सका। वह खरा मोती है पर मैंने उसे आज तक खोटा समझ रखा था। वह शरीफ है, पर मैंने उसे बंदमाश समझ रखा था। मैंने तो उसकी बुराइयाँ कीं पर उसने मेरे खिलाफ एक भी शब्द न कहा। वह भी जमाना था जब मैं उसकी हिफाजत के लिए ईश्वर से प्रार्थना करता था पर अब उसीकी मौत के इन्तज़ार में हूँ।

कई दिनों से आज दीपक मेरे यहाँ आया था। उस समय मुझे अपनी आँखों पर विश्वास न हुआ। मैंने टकटकी लगाकर उस ओर देखा और उसने मेरी ओर। उसकी आँखें डबडबाई हुई थीं। मैं उससे बोलना न चाहता था पर इतने में वह बोल उठा—“भैया! तुम तो मेरी खबर क्यों कर लोगे? पर मुझे तो तुम्हारी खबर लेनी ही पड़ती है। तुम्हारी याद दिन-रात सताती है। जब से मेरी अम्मा ने मुझसे कहा कि रमेश की तबीयत कुछ नर्म है तबसे मेरा मन किसी भी काम में नहीं लगता। भैया! तुम चार पाँच रोज़ कॉलेज भी न आये। मुझे तुम्हारे दर्शनों की बड़ी अभिलाषा थी।

“मेरी नहीं, उस शशिकला की।”

बस, फिर वह कुछ न बोला और चल पड़ा न जाने कहाँ?

दीपक

मैं कितना धूर्त हूँ जो कि किसी का प्रत्युपकार नहीं कर पाता। वे दिन बार-बार मेरी आँखों के सामने नाचने लगते हैं जब मैं रमेश का प्यारा था। पर आज हम दोनों में इतना अंतर—उसी शशिकला के कारण हो गया है। रमेश समझता है कि मैंने ही उससे शशिकला छीन ली; पर मैं समझता हूँ कि शशिकला ने ही मुझे अपने प्रिय मित्र से अलग कर दिया। वास्तव में रमेश शशिकला

को चाहता है पर शशिकला मुझे और मैं रमेश को। रमेश ने मेरे लिए क्या कुछ कम किया? अगर वह मेरी आर्थिक सहायता न करता तो आज मैं कॉलेज न होता; अगर कॉलेज का मुँह न देखता तो शशिकला कहाँ मिलती? इसलिए रमेश के लिए मुझे सब कुछ करना होगा, शशिकला को भी त्यागना होगा जिससे रमेश का जीवन सुखमय हो जाय।

रमेश

दूसरे दिन समाचार पत्रों में प्रकाशित हुआ—

“प्रेसिडेन्सी कॉलेज का दीपक नाम का एक विद्यार्थी आज हुगली नदी में डूब कर मर गया। उसके शव का अभी तक पता न लगा। उसका एक हेंड-बैग व एक पत्र मिला है।”

इस समाचार को पढ़ मैं पुलिस स्टेशन पहुँचा और देखा। वह मेरे नाम ही से संबोधित था। मैंने पत्र खोलकर पढ़ा। उसमें लिखा था—

रमेश भैया—

“संसार परिवर्तनशील है। वह बार-बार बदलता ही रहता है। एक तो वह समय था जब हम दोनों बड़े स्नेह से रहते। पर आज एक दूसरे का मुँह तक न देखने की नौबत आ गई। भैया! तुम समझते हो कि मैं शशिकला के प्रेमपाश में बंधा हुआ हूँ, पर मैं समझता हूँ कि तुमने मुझसे पहले ही अपने प्रेमपाश बाँधा रखा है। मैं उसे त्याग सकता हूँ पर भैया! तुम्हें नहीं। भैया! मैं समझता हूँ कि तुम्हारे सुखमय जीवन का एक कंटक मैं हूँ और ऐसी दशा में केवल एक ही उपाय है वह यह कि तुम्हारे सुख के लिए मैं अपना सर्वस्व बलिदान कर दूँ क्योंकि ‘न रहे बाँस, न बजे बाँसुरी।’ भैया! वह आज मैं कर रहा हूँ। किन्तु मेरी एक प्रार्थना है और वह मेरी माता की देखभाल। बस, तुम्हारे व शशिकला के सुखमय जीवन की एक मात्र आशा लिये जा रहा हूँ। अपनी त्रुटियों के लिए क्षमा चाहता हूँ।”

“कैसा अपूर्व बलिदान! दीपक वास्तव में दीपक ही था। सचमुच दीपक से कभी अंधकार नहीं निकल सकता।”

मैं अपने कमरे में बैठा हुआ दीपक के उस पत्र को बार बार पढ़ रहा था। कितने ही दफ़े पढ़ चुका फिर भी पढ़ने के लिए मन लालायित था। रेडियो चल रहा था। किसी से मुझे खबर मिली—“शशिकला दार्जिलिंग से आ गई, पर जब उसने दीपक की मृत्यु का समाचार सुना तब वह ‘दीपक’ कहती पछाड़ खाकर गिर पड़ी। पास ही रेडियो में “दाग” का गाना चल रहा था—

“ऐ मेरे दिल कहीं और चल

गम की दुनियाँ से दिल भर गया

ढूँढ़ ले अब कोई घर नया.....।”

“प्रेम और विराग”

टी. के. कमलम III (Honours) Sanskrit

प्रेसिडेंसी कॉलेज, मद्रास

[रात के बिना दिन शोभा नहीं देता और दिन के बिना रात भी शोभती नहीं। वैसे ही वैराग्य के बगैर प्रेम का कुछ प्रयोजन नहीं है और प्रेमहीन वैराग्य में भी माधुर्य नहीं रहता।]

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“क्या प्रेम का प्रधान अंश भोगविलास ही है? क्या बिना भोगविलास के प्रेम असंभव है? क्या आप समझते हैं कि प्रेम की पूर्ति ब्याह से होती है! सो बात नहीं। प्रेम आत्मोत्सर्ग से ही परिपूर्ण हो सकता है।.....और आपके साथ मेरा नाता सदा के लिए बना रहेगा।”

“सुहिणी! फिर सोच लो कि पीछे न पछताना पड़े।”

“खूब सोच-विचारकर ही इस निर्णय पर पहुँची हूँ। अब मुझे जो आनन्द मिलता है वह ब्याह करने पर कभी न मिलेगा। तब मैं एक, आपसे ही प्यार कर सकूंगी। इन अनगिनत नादान बच्चों के प्यार को ठुकरा देना पड़ेगा। नहीं, मुझसे यह मुमकिन नहीं।”

“तो फिर तुमने मुझसे प्रेम ही क्यों किया था? तभी यह धारणा क्यों न बना ली थी? एक बार प्रेम करके फिर शादी के लिए राजी न होनेवाली, तुम बड़ी विचित्र प्रकृति की हो।

“आपकी शुबहा मुनासिब है। तब तक मैं भूल में पड़ी थी। मैं यह समझे हुए थी कि एक व्यक्ति से अपना सारा प्रेम बाँटकर कृतार्थ हो जाऊँगी। मैंने इस बात की ओर तबज्जह ही न दी कि इस देश के सहस्र बालक प्रेम के लिए मेरे मोहताज हैं और उनके प्रति मेरा बहुत बड़ा कर्तव्य है।”

“तो मैं यही समझ लूँ कि तुम्हारे प्रेम में असलियत नहीं रही? सच्चा प्रेम प्रेमी से कभी मुँह नहीं मोड़ने देता।”

“इस इलज़ाम को मैं बर्दाश्त नहीं कर सकती। मैं आत्मिक प्रेम की कायल हूँ। असत्य प्रेम का मुझे ज्ञान नहीं है। हाँ, उन दिनों मेरा प्रेम व्यक्तिगत था। अब वह दैवी बन गया है। इस स्वर्गीय प्रेम को वासनापूर्ण पार्थिव प्रेम द्वारा तबाह नहीं करूँगी।”

“दैवी प्रेम! कैसा उपहास है! जो एक व्यक्ति से अन्त तक प्रेम न कर सकती वह भगवान् से प्रेम करे! जो एक आदमी को प्रसन्न न कर सकती वह भगवान् को प्रसन्न करने में तत्पर! बड़ी विचित्र बात है।.....क्या मेरी सभी कामनाओं पर पानी फेर देने की तुम्हें ज़रा भी लज्जा नहीं है।”

“इसमें मेरा अपराध ही क्या है? क्या कभी मैंने आपसे कहा है कि मैं आपसे प्रेम करती हूँ और आपके साथ विवाह करूँगी?”

“हाँ, अपराध तुम्हारा कुछ भी नहीं। मुझको धिक्कार है जो अमूल्य रत्न को लात मारकर इस बनावटी हीरे की चमक के वशीभूत, लोभ में पड़कर दौड़ा आया। जानती हो, लता ने हाथ जोड़कर मुझसे प्रेम की याचना की थी?”

सुहिणी के शरीर में हर्ष की रेखा दौड़ गयी। उसका चेहरा अचानक चमक उठा। आखिर उसके सारे त्यागों का, समस्त परिश्रमों का, शुभपरिणाम ही तो निकलनेवाला है! अगर वह अपने विचारों में अटल रहकर नलिनकुमार के साथ शादी करने से साफ़ इनकार कर देगी तो उसका लता के साथ विवाह ज़रूर होवेगा। उसने अपना स्वर कठोर बनाकर कहा—

“तो अब मालूम हो गया न कि मैं सिर्फ़ बनावटी हीरा हूँ? समझ गये न कि इसमें मन लुभानेवाली दीप्ति नहीं, पर हृदय तपानेवाले आग के शोले ही हैं? जहाँ तक हो सके, इस ज़हर के पहाड़ से अपने को बचा लीजिए।”

“सुहिणी! बातें मत बनाओ। साफ़ उत्तर दो। मुझसे ब्याह करोगी कि नहीं?”

“मैं अपना इरादा बदल नहीं सकती। इन असंख्य यतीम, निहत्थे जीवों से सम्बन्ध तोड़कर मैं आपसे नाता नहीं जोड़ सकती। मेरा और आपका ब्याह नाममुकिन है।”

“तो मेरा भी यहाँ कोई काम नहीं”—कहता हुआ नलिन फुर्ती से चला गया।

सुहिणी ने मन ही मन प्रार्थना की—“भगवान् करे, मेरे प्राण किसी दिन इनके काम आयें।”

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सुहिणी और नलिन का परिचय तब हुआ जब वह सीनियर इन्टर में थी और नलिन सीनियर बी. ए. में था। लता सुहिणी की सहविद्यार्थिनी थी। सुहिणी और नलिन की पहली मुलाकात लता के घर में हुई। प्रथम दर्शन में ही एक ने दूसरे में आकर्षण देखा। ज्यों ज्यों दिन गुज़रते गये त्यों त्यों आकर्षण ने प्रेम का रूप धारण कर लिया। सुहिणी ने लता से भी एक दो-बार अपने प्रेम की बात कही थी। वह बेचारी अनजान थी कि लता के दिल में भी नलिन के प्रति प्रेमभाव खिल गया था। एक दिन सुहिणी के बहुत तंग करने पर, असह्य व्यथा और नैराश्य के बोझ के तकाजे से लता ने अपना भाव प्रकट किया।

सुहिणी पर बिजली-सी आ गिरी। पर एक ही पल में उसने अपने को संभाल लिया। उसने गरीब लता की किसी भी तरह सहायता करना अपना फ़र्ज़ समझा। हसद की लेशमात्र झलक भी इसके दिल में न उठी। क्योंकि लता बहुत ही गरीब थी। नलिन को त्याग देने से ज़रूरत ही उसे बड़ा दुख होगा। उसने यह कहकर कि त्याग के आनन्द में वह दुख लोप हो जायगा, अपने को तसल्ली दी। ब्याह किये बिना क्या वह नलिन का प्रेम जारी नहीं रख सकेगी? भाई का पवित्र बन्धन क्या इस प्रेम से ज्यादा महत्वपूर्ण नहीं है? इस तरह के सोचविचार के बाद उसने सखी के ऋण से उन्मत्त होने का

प्रण लिया। उसने लता को सान्त्वना देते हुए कहा कि उसकी कामना पूरी होगी। इसके पहले नलिन के प्रति अपने प्रेम का उसने जो जिक्र किया था वह सिर्फ लता को खिझाने के लिए था और असल में उसकी नीयत ब्याह करने की न थी।

इस्तहान आया। परीक्षाफल निकले। दोनों सहेलियाँ पहले दर्जे में पास हुई थीं। नलिन भी सम्मान के साथ पास हुआ था। इसके बाद एंजिनियरिंग पढ़ने के लिए वह गोरखपुर चला गया। लता के बाप भी सकुटुम्ब मिराज़पुर चले गये। सुहिणी ने समाज सेवा का सर्वश्रेष्ठ साधन डाक्टरी को ही समझकर इलाहाबाद में ही डाक्टरी पढ़ने लगी।

पाँच साल जल्दी से दौड़ गये। सुहिणी ने काशी में प्रैक्टिस शुरू कर दिया। माँ-बाप के बहुत कहने पर भी उसने शादी करना न तसलीम किया। एक अनाथालय खोलवाकर वह हजारों बालकों की परवरिश कर रही थी। उन बच्चों के पास में वह इस तरह जकड़े हुए थी कि उसमें मातृत्व का उदय हो गया था।

अब गिरिधरलाल, मीरा के प्राणनायक और गोपियों का मनमोहन, वह माखनचोर सुहिणी का भी एकमात्र आराध्य देवता बन गये। उसकी सारी भक्ति और उसका सारा प्रेम ब्रजविभूषण पर अंकित हो गये। ब्रजमोहन में उसने नाथ को देखा, पुत्र को देखा, ईश्वर को देखा और गुरु को देखा। प्रातः काल गंगा में स्नान करके, पूजागृह को आँचल से लीपकर दीप जलाकर गाने बैठ जाती तो कम से कम दो-ढाई घंटों के लिए उसे इस दुनिया की सुध ही न रहती। उसके दिन चैन से बीत रहे थे।

उसके प्रेमी और शान्तिपूर्ण संसार में अचानक एक आँधी आयी। छः साल के बाद कल नलिन उसे देखने आया। सुहिणी ने उसे आज फिर आने को कहा और उसे भी सुहिणी से मिलने की ज़रूरत थी। आज वह आया ब्याह का प्रस्ताव लेकर। बाद की बातें हमसे छिपी नहीं हैं। भगवान ने उससे कड़ी परीक्षा लेनी चाही। सुहिणी उसमें अक्षत निकल गयी।

फिर भी उसके प्रेम को कलङ्कित बताकर नलिन ने उसे जलील किया था। उसके दिल पर भारी चोट लगी थी। उसने देवकीनन्दन से बार-बार गुज़ारिश की कि नलिन के लिए प्राण दे देने का सुअवसर उसे जल्द ही मिले।

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“अगर चन्दन तैं चिता रचाऊँ, अपने हाथ जला जा।

जल बल भई भसम की ढेरी, अपने अंग लगा जा।

मीरा के प्रभु गिरिधर नागर, ज्योति में ज्योति मिला जा ॥”

गीत के मधुर स्वरों से समूचा ‘लालभवन’ मुखरित हो रहा था। सावन सन्ध्या की पवन गान के

माधुर्य के साथ गंभीर हो रहा था। सुहिणी की आँखें बन्द थीं मानो वह गिरिधर से एकान्त में बातचीत कर रही थी। आज अकारण ही उसके दिल में आनन्द—स्वर्गीय आनन्द लहरें मार रहा था। उसने ऐसा महसूस किया जैसे मुद्दतों की उसकी आशा आज पूरा होनेवाली हो। उसके, पूजागृह में जाये तीन घंटे बीत चुके थे। कृष्ण के साथ वार्तालाप में उसे समय का ज्ञान ही न रहा। उसकी देह एक म्लान लता की तरह पृथ्वी पर पड़ी थी। उसके सिर से लगी हुई, कमल और चम्पक फूल की मालाओं से सुसज्जित श्रीबाँकेविहारी की एक सुन्दर तस्वीर विराजमान थी। चम्पक और अन्य सामग्रियों के सुगन्ध से सारा घर महक रहा था। सुहिणी की आँखों से बहनेवाली अश्रुधारा श्रीकृष्ण के चरणारविन्दों को धो रही थी। मुरलीमोहन हासपूर्ण बड़े-बड़े नेत्रों से उसे इस तरह निरख रहे थे मानो चिरकाल की उसकी विनती को पूरा करके उसपर अनुग्रह कर रहे हों।

“माई!....ओ माई!.....अम्मा!” गोविन्द की आवाज़ अब कुछ ऊँची उठी।

सुहिणी ने अचम्भे के साथ आँखें खोलीं जैसे ख़्वाब से उठ रही हो। कमरे के बाहर से उसका नौकर गोविन्द बुला रहा था। उसके स्वर में एक तरह का आवेग था। सुहिणी सहम उठी।—“क्या है गोविन्द?”

गोविन्द ने वैसे ही कम्पन के साथ कहा—“डाक्टर साहब ने कार भेजा है और तुरन्त ही आ जाने को कहा है। मालूम होता है किसी अवश्य कैस (Case) के लिये आपका इन्तज़ार कर रहे हैं।”

बात संक्षेप में कहकर वह जल्दी से नीचे चला गया और लेथर-स्यूटकैस को उपकरणों से सजाकर कार में रख दिया। सुहिणी एक बार श्यामसुन्दर के मुस्कराहट से सुशोभित मुखमण्डल का दर्शन करके नीचे आयी और कार में बैठकर ड्रैवर को चलाने की सूचना दी। हर्ष और शोक से मिश्रित एक भावना उसके हृदय में उमड़ आयी। वह तय न कर सकी कि यह उसकी खुशकिस्मती का बोधक है या बदकिस्मती का।

अस्पताल के अन्दर जाकर कार रुकी। सुहिणी ने स्यूटकेस उठाकर सर्जकमरे की तरफ बढ़ी। कमरे के बाहर आठ दस आदमियों का एक छोटा-सा दल था। कोई कह रहा था—“अभी ब्याह हुए एक साल भी पूरा न होने पाया है।” दूसरा कह रहा था—“अभी बीवी प्रथम प्रसूती के लिए मायके गयी है।”

सुहिणी ने कमरे के अन्दर ज्यों ही पैर रखे, उसका खून बरफ़ हो गया। चारों ओर अन्धकार छा गया। ज़मीन पैरों के नीचे से फिसलती-सी जान पड़ी।

माथे पर पट्टी के साथ बेहोश नलिन एक बेंच पर लिटाया गया था। माथे से अब भी खून बह रहा था। उसका सारा बदन लोहू से तर था। पास ही सुरेन्द्रबाबू फ़िक्रमन्द चेहरा लिए खड़े थे। उन्होंने कहा—“ये एक एंजिनियर हैं। काम की देखरेख करते समय लोहे का गोल सिर पर गिर

गया। मैंने खून को रोकने की भरसक कोशिश की है और पट्टी भी बाँध दी है। पर शरीर से बहुत कुछ रक्त निकल चुका है। ब्लड इन्जक्शन के बगैर आदमी का बचना सर्वथा असम्भव दीखता है।”

सुहिणी ने घाव की जाँच की। उसे भी यही प्रतीत हुआ कि बिना रक्त के नलिन बचेगा नहीं। पर वहाँ उसके लिए कोई अच्छा प्रबन्ध नहीं था और कहीं ले जाने में बड़ी देर लग जायगी। उसने तुरन्त सुरेशबाबू से कहा—“डाक्टर साहब! देखें तो मेरा खून इनके से मिलाने के काबिल है?” कहती हुई वह खुद एक ट्यूब में ज़रा-सा अपना रक्त निकाला। जाँच करने पर मालूम हुआ कि दोनों के खून मिल सकते हैं। सुहिणी ने सुरेश से कहा—“डाक्टर, अब देर मत लगाइये। जितना चाहिये मेरा खून ले लीजिये।”

“.....”

“देर मत लगाइये, लीजिये।

“पर आप यह तकलीफ़ उठा न सकेंगी। आप खुद आजकल बहुत घुलती जा रही हैं, ऊपर से यह और....”

“मैं कुछ भी सह लूँगी। आपको हैरत होगी कि ये मेरे कौन होते हैं। यह सब आप पीछे जान लेंगे। और मेरी मौत भी इनका जिलाना हो तो मुझे मरने का गम नहीं। इन्हें ऐसी दशा में छोड़ दूँगी तो मैं बड़ी पापिनी हो जाऊँगी। लीजिये मेरा ही ब्लड। विलम्ब न कीजिये।”

सुरेश ने बड़ी मुश्किल से की। पर सुहिणी ने उन्हें बहुत तंग किया। उसने सुरेश से यह भी अनुरोध किया कि वे उसके इस रक्तदान की बात को किसी पर प्रगट न करें, खासकर नलिन से भूलकर भी इसका प्रस्ताव न करना, वरना, उसका सारा सम्मान मिट्टी में मिल जाएगा।

खून देने के बाद सुहिणी की दशा बहुत बिगड़ गयी। दो ही दिनों के बाद उसके महोत्सव का दिन आ गया। वह योगिनी जिससे वैराग्य को अपनाने के उपरान्त भी अपने प्रेम का परिचय दिया, वह प्रेमिका जिसने प्रेम की साधना भोग में की थी, बड़ी शान्ति के साथ, नारीजाति का समग्र अभिमान लुटकर इस दुनिया से रुखसत हुई। चिरकाल की उसकी प्रार्थना को भगवान ने सुन लिया। उसकी आत्मा यमुनातीर में विचरनेवाली नीलज्योति के साथ एक हो गयी। ‘भगतवल्लभ गोपाल’ ने उस ‘प्रेमभगति’ को अपना लिया।

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तीसरी प्रति

ए. पी. जोषी III (Honours) Chemistry

सेठ माखनलाल धनी तो थे, पर बहुत कंजूस। खास करके वाङ्मय के प्रति तीव्र घृणा रखते थे। उनकी पत्नी इससे बहुत बेचैन हो जाती थी, क्योंकि वह तो वाङ्मय-सागर में डुबकी लगाने में अपने को धन्य समझती थी।

एक दिन की बात है। सेठजी अपने कार्यालय में काम में डूबे थे। आज विशेष खुश थे क्योंकि एक भारी सौदा किया था। अचानक उनके कमरे का दखाना खुला और पुस्तक विक्रेता श्रीवास्तव अन्दर घुसे। सेठजी उनको बाहर हकालना ही चाहते थे पर इतने में उन्होंने अपने नव प्रकाशित उपन्यास ‘कुबेर का धन’ की तारीफ़ करना शुरू किया। सेठजी ने बार-बार कहा कि वे किताब नहीं खरीदना चाहते थे पर श्रीवास्तवजी वहीं डटकर खड़े रहे। आखिर सेठजी ने सोचा कि आज खुशी का समय है, पत्नी को यह किताब भेंट करें। इस विचार से उन्होंने वह किताब खरीद ली। विक्रेता उन्हें धन्यवाद देते हुए चले गये।

कार्यालय में अपना काम पूरा करके सेठजी घर की ओर चले। चेहरे पर हँसी लाकर और किताब हाथ में लेकर अंदर गये। उनकी पत्नी ने उनका सहास्य मुद्रा से स्वागत किया। उनके हाथ में किताब देखकर आश्चर्यचकित हो गयीं और उसने कहा ‘ओह! क्या मेरे लिए भेंट लाये हैं। पर आज तो किताब कैसी खरीद ली?’ सेठजी ने बड़ी प्रसन्नता से उसके हाथ में किताब दी। उसने उत्सुकता से किताब ली पर किताब का नाम देखकर उसी दम चिल्ला उठी, “हाय! यही किताब तो आज ही मैंने खरीद ली है। आज मेरे लिये कभी भी उपन्यास नहीं लाते हैं। आज श्री वास्तवजी यहीं पर किताबें बेचने के लिए आये थे। सोचा कि किताब खरीद लें।”

सेठजी को बहुत गुस्सा आया। उन्होंने कहा कि यह श्रीवास्तवजी की बेवकूफी है और एक किताब तो हम अवश्य वापिस करेंगे। उसी दम उन्होंने नौकर को बुलाया और कहा ‘गोपाल, वह पुस्तक विक्रेता श्रीवास्तवजी तो तुझे मालूम है न? दौड़ता जा और उनसे कह कि सेठजी उनसे अभी मिलना चाहते हैं।’

गोपाल दौड़कर श्रीवास्तवजी के घर गया और उसने आगमन का कारण बताया। श्रीवास्तवजी ने हँसकर कहा, “ओहो! मुझे बुलाने का कारण तो मैं, अच्छी तरह से जानता हूँ। वे तो ‘कुबेर का धन’ उपन्यास चाहते हैं। पर आज रात को ही मैं गाँव को जानेवाला हूँ। अब तो मैं उनसे मिल नहीं सकता हूँ। तुम्हारे पास तो ढाई रुपये हैं न? तो ऐसा करो कि रुपया दो और यह पुस्तक साथ ले चलो। सेठजी तुम्हारे पैसे ज़रूर वापस करेंगे। अच्छा यह लो किताब।”

गोपाल पैसा देकर और पुस्तक हाथ में लेकर घर लौट गया। ‘कुबेर का धन’ की तीसरी प्रति देखकर सेठजी इतने गरम हो गये कि उस प्रसंग का वर्णन हम वाचक के ऊपर ही सौंप देते हैं।

“தமிழ்ப் பண்ணை தாலாட்டு”

இசையேஎன் இன்னமுதே கன்னல் சாறே!
இவ்வுலகின் இன்பத்தின் எல்லைக் கோடே!
திசைதோறும் தெருதோறும் ஊர்கள் தோறும்
திளைக்கின்ற கன்னிதமிழ்ப் பண்ணை பண்ணை!
பண்சேய்தும் நும்கையில் உண்டு கொல்லோ?
பாவாய்பின் எனைமயக்க லென்னே என்னே!
வசையாகப் பாய்ந்திடினும் வனிதா யுன்னை
வரவேற்றுக் களியாரும் வையத் துண்டோ?

மயிரெல்லாம் சிலிர்க்குதென தன்பே நீதான்
மாயத்தில் வல்லவனோ! மயக்கப் பேடோ!
செயிரில்லா உவகைதனை ஊட்டும் தாயே
செகமுழுதும் நினக்கடிமை ஆகா ருண்டோ?
உயிரெல்லாம் ஊனெல்லாம் உருக்கி எம்மை
உணர்ச்சிமயக் கடலாக.....ஆகா இன்பம்!
துயர்போக்கும் தூயதமிழ்ப் பண்ணைப் பெண்ணே
துதிக்கின்றேன் துணையென் துடிப்பே நீதான்.

ஒலியெலாம் காதலே கேட்கு மென்பர்
உண்மையோ பொய்யோயான் அறியே னானால்
கனியேஎன் நெஞ்சுறும் களிப்பே உன்னைக்
காதலே எந்நாளும் கேட்ட தில்லை!
பலியாகி என்னையான் இழந்து நின்னைப்
பருகலுண்டு; நின்மயமாய் ஆதல் உண்டு;
ஒலியாக ஒருநாளும் கேட்ட தில்லை!
உத்தமியே நினையுணரக் காதல் ஆமோ?

குருதியிலே கலக்கின்றாய்; குழந்தை யாகிக்
குதிக்கின்றேன், குடிக்கின்றேன் பண்ணும் நின்னை
பருகிடுவேன் பருகிடுவேன் வாணன் எல்லாம்
பைங்கிளியே எனினுமெனக் கைய மொன்று,
ஒருமுகமாய் உயிர்ப்போடே புகுந்தே எந்தன்
உதிரத்தில் கலந்தோடிக் களிக்கின் றாயோ!
இறுகிப்பின் மயிர்க்காலுள் நுழைந்து சென்று
இசைமயமாய் இன்பத்துள் ஆழ்க்கின் றாயோ!

இன்னிசையே! தன்மைமிகு காங்க ளாலே
இறுகவேமைத் தழுவிப்பண் எனும்பா லாட்டி,
துன்பத்தைத் தூத்தியுளத் தொல்லை போக்கும்
தூய்மையெனும் தொட்டிள்ளிலே எம்மை வைத்தே,
இன்பத்தால் இதழ்க்கடையில் முறுவல் பூத்து
இருகையும் இருகாலும் ஆட்டி யாட்டி
அன்பென்னும் கயிற்றைநீ ஊக்கி யாட்ட
ஆனந்தக் கணவளர்வேன் ஆட்டு வாயே.

சே. கந்தப்பன்,
தமிழ் இலக்கிய மாணவன்.

அணுவால் விளையும் விளைவு

இக்காலத்தில் எங்கு திரும்பினாலும் அணு குண்டு, ஹைட்ரஜன் குண்டு என்பதைப் பற்றியே பேச்சு. அமெரிக்காவோ அணுகுண்டால் இவ்வுலகை என்வயப் படுத்துவேன் என்று இறுமாந்து இருக்கிறது. ரஷ்யாவோ “உனக்கு இளைத்தவன் அல்லன்யான்” என்று மார்தட்டுகிறது. அணுகுண்டு சோதனை—ஹைட்ரஜன் குண்டு சோதனை—எங்கு சோதனை செய்யலாம்?—எந்நாட்டில் போட்டால் சோதனை நன்றாக முடியும்? என்ற எண்ணமே. அடி பணிவாயா? அல்லது அழிவுக்கு இடந்தேடுகிறாயா? என்ற நிலைமையை அடைய முயல்கிறது அணுயுகம். ஆனால் அது அந்நிலைமையை அடைய யாவரும் விரும்பவில்லை. அதன் தீவிரமான முன்னேற்றத்தை அதாவது அழிக்கும் சக்தியை தடுக்கவே பாடுபடுகிறார்கள்.

அணுகுண்டு என்றால் என்ன? சாதாரணமாக ஒருபொருளைப் பல கூறுகளாகப் பிரிக்கிறோம் எனக்கொள்வோம். கணக்கற்ற சிறிய கூறுகளாகப் பிரித்தல். இவைகளில் கண்ணுக்குத் தெரியாத பல பாகங்களுமுண்டு. இவைகளே மூலகங்கள், அணுக்களெனப்படும். சக்தி வாய்ந்த அணுக்களை ஒன்று சேர்த்து நல்ல அழுக்கத்தில் வைத்திருக்கையில், அவைகளுக்கு விரிவடைவதற்கேற்ற சாதனங்களைக் கொடுத்தால் அவை எல்லையற்ற அளவில் விரிவடைகின்றன. அப்பொழுது அவ்வணுக்கள் தங்கள் சக்தியை வெளியிடுகின்றன. அச்சக்தியே நெருப்பு, நீர் முதலியனவாக வெளியிடப் படுகின்றன. ஆகவே அணுகுண்டு நெருப்பைக் கக்கி இவ்வுலகையழிப்பேன் என்றால் ஹைட்ரஜன் குண்டோ நீரைக் கக்கி யான் அழிப்பேன் என மார் தட்டுகின்றது. அணு குண்டு பரிசோதனைக்கு இடமாக அமைந்தது ஜப்பானிலுள்ள நாகஸாகி என்பதை நேயர்கள் அறிவர்.

சக்தி வாய்ந்த அணுக்கள் யுரேனியம் முதலிய ரேடியாகதிர்வீச்சு உலோகங்களிலிருந்து கிடைக்கின்றன. உதாரணமாக யுரேனியம், போலோனியம், ரேடியம் முதலியன, இவைகள் அணுச்சிதைவு அடையும்போது பற்பல சக்திகள் வெளிப்படுகின்றன. இவைகள் தானாகவே ஒளிவிடக் கூடியவை. முதன்மையாக ரேடியம் விடும் கதிர்கள் பலபொருள்கள் கொண்டவை. அவைகளாவன ஆல்பா அணு, பீட்டா அணு, ௨ காமா கதிர்வீச்சு. இவற்றுல் மிக்க சக்தி வாய்ந்தது ௨ காமா கதிர்வீச்சு. இவற்றுள் யுரேனியம் என்னும் உலோகம் தான் அநேகமாக அணுகுண்டு செய்வதில் உபயோகப்படுகிறதென்று சிலர் கூறுகின்றனர். இந்த யுரேனியத்தில் பலவகை களுண்டு.

விளைவு:—

இவ்வாறு செய்த அணுகுண்டினை ஓரிடத்தில் போடுவதாகக் கொள்வோம். அவ்வாறு அதன் சக்தியைத் தூண்டுகையில் தூங்கும் பாம்பினை எழுப்பினால் அது எங்ஙனம் சீறிக்கடிக்க வருமோ அங்ஙனமே அணுகுண்டு தன்னுடைய தன்மையைக் காண்பிக்கின்றது. அவ்விதம் வெளிப்படும் சக்திகளால் ௨ காமா கதிர்வீச்சு மிகவும் சக்தி வாய்ந்தது. அக்கதிர்வீச்சு அணுக்களைப் பல கூறுகளாக சிதைக்கின்றது. அவ்விதம் சிதைக்கும்கால் காற்றின் அழுக்கம் அதிகரிப்பதால் எரிகொள்ளிகள் ஏற்படுகின்றன. இதன் விளைவாக உண்டாகும் வெப்பத்தின் அளவோ கணக்கிலடங்காது. ஒருசிலர் அவ்வெப்ப அளவு சுமார் 1000000° எனக் கணக்கிட்டுள்ளனர். இந்த குண்டைப் போட்ட இடத்தில் மேற்கூறிய விளைவுகளினால் முதலில் சுமார் 10 ச. மைல்

தூரத்திலுள்ள இடங்களிலுள்ள மக்கள், கால் நடைகள் யாவும் கூண்டில் அடைபட்ட புலிபோல் வெந்து மடிகின்றனர். ஊடுருவிச் செல்லும் தன்மைமிக்க ௨ காமா கதிர்வீச்சு பரவப்பரவ, சுமார் 200 ச. மைல் தூரம்வரை வியாபித்து ஆங்குள்ள மக்களினத்தை மாளச் செய்கிறது. இதனால் முதன்மையாக மக்கள், பயிர் கால்நடைகளில் சேதம் ஏற்படுகின்றது. என்னே அணுவின் விளைவு! ஒருசிலர் நம்நாட்டில் தற்போது பிறக்கும் குழந்தைகளுள் சில மந்தகதி, பயித்திய நிலை அடைய இக்குண்டே காரணமென்கின்றனர். எஃது உண்மையோ யாம் அறியோம்.

இனிநாம் செய்ய வேண்டியது:—

முதன் முதலாக இந்த ரேடியோ கதிர்வீச்சு மூலகங்களைக் கண்டுபிடித்த க்யூரி அம்மையார் இதைக் கண்ணுற்றால் என்னே மனம் நோவார்? அவர் புதிய பொருள் கண்டுபிடிக்க வேண்டுமென்ற அவாவில் இவைகளைக் கண்டு பிடித்தார். மின்சார சக்தியை நாம் ஓர் ஆளைக் கொல்லவும், பற்பல ஆக்க வேலைகளைச் செய்யவும் உபயோகப் படுத்துகின்றோம். அதே போல இவ்வணுசக்தியையும் ஏன் நல்வழிகளில் பயன் படுத்தக் கூடாது? இதற்கு நம் நாட்டுத் தலைவரான நேருஜி அவர்கள் செய்து வரும் தொண்டு மிகவும் போற்றுவதற்குரியது. “மூர்த்தி சிறியதாயினும் கீர்த்தி பெரியது” என்பதை ஓக்கும். அணுவே உன்னால் விளையும் விளைவை இயம்பலாகுமோ !!

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“விதி”

மாலை மணி நாலேழுக்கால் இருக்கும். திருச்சி கோட்டை ஸ்டேஷனிலிருந்து பங்குளூர் எக்ஸ்பிரஸ் புறப்பட்டுக் கொண்டு இருந்தது.

அப்பொழுதுதான் ஸ்டேஷனுக்குள் குமரன் வேகமாக ஓடிவந்தான். நகரும் வண்டியில் தாவி ஏறினான். ஆளில்லாத ஒரு பெஞ்சில் உட்கார்ந்து கொண்டான். வண்டி காலியாகவே இருந்தது.

ரயில் நகரத்தை பின்னே விட்டு முன்னேக்கி வேகமாக முன்னேறிக்கொண்டிருந்தது. குமரன் தனது மனக்கலைகளை மறக்க முயன்றான். ஆனால் அவனிடமிருந்து ஒரு துயரம் தோய்ந்த பெருமூச்சுதான் வெளிப்பட்டது. வேகமாகச் செல்லும் வண்டியுடன் அவனது மனமும் கடந்தகால சம்பவங்களை நோக்கிச் சென்றது.

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சுந்தரேசம் பிள்ளை அந்த ஊர் பள்ளிக்கூடத்தில் ஆசிரியர். சுந்தரனும் குமரனும் அவரது குமாரர்கள். சுந்தரன் குமரனைவிட பத்து வயதுக்குமேல் பெரியவன். சுந்தரேசம் பிள்ளையின் மனைவி குமரன் பிறந்த சில காலத்திலேயே இறந்து விட்டாள். தனது குழந்தைகளின் பிற்கால வாழ்வு பாழாகிவிடும் என்று மணம் செய்துகொள்ள மறுத்துவிட்டார்.

வருடங்கள் பல பறந்தன. சுந்தரன் இளைஞனானான். பி. ஏ. பாஸ் செய்துவிட்டு பாங்கில் ஒரு வேலை தேடிக்கொண்டான். விரைவில் அவனது திருமணமும் நடந்தது. நளினி அவனது மனைவியானாள். சுந்தரேசம் பிள்ளை திடீர் என இறந்தார்.

சுந்தரனுக்குக் குமானிடம் மிக்க அன்பு. ஆனால் சுந்தரனின் மனைவி நளினி குமாளை விரும்பவில்லை. அவன் அங்கு இருப்பதை அவள் ஒரு சமையாகக் கருதினால் எங்கோ போகவேண்டிய சனியனைத் தனது கணவன் அங்கு கொண்டுவந்து விட்டதாக அவள் எண்ணம்.

பொங்கலுக்கு இன்னும் சில நாட்களே இருந்தன. வீட்டை வெள்ளை அடிப்பதற்காக சாமான்களை நகர்த்திக் கொண்டிருந்தார்கள். எல்லாம் ஒழுங்கில்லாமல் கலைந்து கிடந்தன.

அன்று குமாருக்கு கல்லூரி இல்லை. வீட்டில்தான் இருந்தான். மாலை மூன்று மணி இருக்கும். நளினி தான் காலையில் சுழற்றிவைத்த சங்கிலியை எடுப்பதற்காகப் போய் வைத்த இடத்தில் பார்த்தாள். ஆனால் சங்கிலி அங்கு இல்லை. அவளுக்கு திடுக்கிட்டது. தேள் ஒன்று கொட்டியதுபோல் இருந்தது. அவசர அவசரமாக அந்த அறையிலிருந்து வெளியே வந்தாள். அப்போது தான் குமாரன் அங்கு வந்தான். நளினிக்கு அதை குமாரன் தான் எடுத்திருக்க வேண்டும் என்ற சந்தேகம். அவனிடம் சென்று அவனை மிரட்டினாள். அவன் மீண்டும் தனக்கு ஒன்றும் தெரியாது என்றான்.

அப்போது சுந்தரன் வாடிய முகத்துடன் வீட்டிற்குள் நுழைந்தான். அன்று காலை முதலே அவனுக்குத் தலைவலி. பகலில் தலைவலி மிகவும் அதிகமாகி விட்டது. ஆகவே பிற்பகல் ஓய்வு எடுத்துக்கொண்டு வீடு திரும்பிக்கொண்டிருந்தான். வீட்டில் நுழைந்ததும் அங்கு நடக்கும் ரகசியைப் பார்த்ததும் அவனது பொறுமை எல்லாமேறி விட்டது.

“இது என்ன வீடா? அல்லது சந்தையா?” என்று சுத்தினான். நளினி உடனே அவனிடம் சங்கிலி காணாதுபோன விபரம் கூறி அதை குமாரன்தான் எடுத்திருக்க வேண்டும் என்று அவனது கோபத்துக்கு தூபம் போட்டுவிட்டாள். புகைந்து கொண்டிருந்த நெருப்பு நன்கு பற்றிக்கொண்டது. சுந்தருக்கு அப்போது இருந்த நிலையில் ஒன்றும் விசாரிக்கத் தோன்றவில்லை. குமாரன்தான் சங்கிலியை எடுத்திருக்க வேண்டும், மற்றபடி அத்தனை நாள் இல்லாமல் அன்று மட்டும் எப்படி காணாமல் போகும் என்று தான் தோன்றியது. ஆத்திரக் காரனுக்கு புத்தி மட்டும்தானே?

“நீ உண்மையைக் கூறும்வரை இந்த வீட்டில் உனக்கு இடம் இல்லை. போ! வெளியே” என்று உத்திரவு இட்டுவிட்டு சுந்தர் உள்ளே சென்றான். குமாரன் “அண்ணா” என்று கதறிக்கொண்டே அவனைப் பின்தொடர முயற்சித்தான். ஆனால் அண்ணி அதற்கு இடம் அளிக்கவில்லை. அவனை வெளியேதள்ளிக் கதவைத் தாளிட்டாள்.

குமாருக்கு ஒன்றும் புரியவில்லை. இந்த உலகமே தன்னை கையாண்டி செய்வதாக அவனுக்குத் தோன்றியது. என்ன செய்வது என்று தெரியவில்லை. கால் சென்ற வழியே நடந்து கொண்டிருந்தான். ஆனால் என்ன செய்வது எங்கு போவது என்று தோன்றவில்லை. அப்போதுதான் அவன் கோட்டை ஸ்டேஷனிலிருந்து புறப்பட்டுக் கொண்டிருந்த அந்த ரயிலைப் பார்த்தான். இதில் கிளம்பி அவ்வுரைவிட்டே சென்று விட்டால் என்ன என்று தோன்றியது. ‘அதுதான் சரி’ என்றது அவன் மனம். உடனே அதை அவன் காரியத்தில் செய்துவிட்டான்.

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மீண்டும் ஓராண்டு ஓடி மறைந்தது. அடுத்த பொங்கலும் வந்தது. மீண்டும் பொங்கலுக்கான வேலைகள் ஆரம்ப மாயின. சமான்களை எல்லாம் இடம்விட்டு இடம் நகர்த்திக் கொண்டிருந்தார்கள். அப்போது ஒரு மூலையில் ஏதோ பளபள வென்று மின்னியதுபோல் தோன்றியது சுந்தருக்கு. சுந்தரன் உடனே அதை எடுத்துப் பார்த்தான். தேள் ஒன்று கொட்டினாற்போல் தோன்றியது அவனுக்கு. சென்ற ஆண்டு

காணாமல்போன அதே சங்கிலி அவன் கையில் அவனைப் பார்த்து நகைத்துக் கொண்டிருந்தது.

தனது தந்தை தன்னை குற்றம் சாட்டுவதுபோல் ஒரு காட்சி, தனது தவறால் குமாரன் எங்கோ சென்று கவலைப்படுவது போன்ற நினைவுகள் இவை அவனை மிகவும் துன்புறுத்த ஆரம்பித்தது. உடல் நிலையும் சீர்கேடு அடைந்தது. டாக்டர்கள் அவன் வேறு நல்ல இடத்திற்கு செல்லவேண்டும் என்றார்கள். அவனுக்கும் திருச்சியைப் பிடிக்கவில்லை. ஆகவே தனது மேலதிகாரிகளிடம் தனக்கு பங்களுருக்கு மாற்றல் வாங்கிக் கொண்டான். அவனது குடும்பமும் பங்களுர் போய்ச்சேர்ந்தது.

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எங்கு போவது என்ற எண்ணம் ஒன்றும் இல்லாமல் புறப்பட்ட குமாரன் பங்களுர் வந்து சேர்ந்தான். ரயில் மேலே எங்கும் போகாது. ஆகவே அவன் தனது பிரயாணத்தை முடித்துக்கொண்டு அங்கேயே இறங்க நேரிட்டது. இரண்டு நாட்கள் முழுவதும் பங்களுரைச் சுற்றிச் சுற்றி வந்தான். மூன்றாம் நாள் பசி எல்லை மீறி விட்டது. ‘பக்கத்திலிருந்த ஒரு பெரிய ஹோட்டலில் போய் சாப்பிடுவது, என்ன விளையு ஆயினும் சரி’ என்ற முடிவுக்கு வந்தான்.

விடுவிடு என்று ஹோட்டலினுள் சென்று மேஜை முன்னால் அமர்ந்தான். முடிந்த மட்டும் சாப்பிட்டான். கடைசியில் ஹோட்டல் வேலையாள் பில் கொண்டு வந்து வைத்ததும் அவனுக்கு என்ன செய்வது என்றே தெரியவில்லை. திரு திரு வென்று விழித்தான். உடனே வேலையாள் குமாளை முதலாளியிடம் அழைத்துச் சென்று விபரம் முழுவதையும் சொன்னாள். என்ன செய்வான், குமார் பாவம்! அவனால் அழுவது தவிர ஒன்றும் செய்ய முடியவில்லை. ஆனால் அந்த முதலாளி மிகவும் நல்லவர். அவனைப் பார்த்த உடனேயே நல்ல குடும்பத்துப்பையன், ஏதோ கஷ்ட நிலைமை என்று தெரிந்து கொண்டார். உடனே வேலையாளைப் போகச் சொல்லி விட்டு அவனைத் தேற்றி அவனை விசாரித்தார். குமாரன் தனது கதை முழுவதையும் வீம்மல்களுக்கிடையே கூறினான். அவனிடம் அவருக்கு பச்சாதாபம் ஏற்பட்டது. அவருக்கும் வேறு குழந்தைகள் இல்லை. ஆகவே அவனைத் தன்னுடனேயே வைத்துக் கொள்ளத் தீர்மானித்தார். ஆகவே அவரது வற்புறுத்தலையும் அன்புக் கட்டளையையும் மீற முடியாது. குமாரன் அவருடனேயே தங்கி விட்டான். குமார் செல்வத்திலே வாழ்க்கை நடத்த ஆரம்பித்தான்.

அந்த ஆண்டும் சென்றது. அடுத்த பொங்கலும் வந்தது. குமாரன் மாலையில் தனது காரில் வெளிக்கிளம்பினான். கார் ‘லால் பாக்’ தாண்டி கொஞ்ச தூரம் சென்ற பின்பு அருகிலிருந்த ஒரு தெருவிலிருந்து ஒரு மனிதன் காருக்கு அருகில் வேகமாக வந்து விட்டான். குமாரன் எவ்வளவோ முயன்றும் கார் அவன் மீது மோதிவிட்டது. அந்த மனிதன் ‘வீல்’ என்று கத்திக் கொண்டே கீழே சாய்ந்தான். காரும் சிறிது தூரம் சென்று ‘கிரீச்’ என்ற ஒலியுடன் நின்றது. குமாரன் சட்டெனக் கீழே இறங்கி அந்த மனிதனை நோக்கி ஓடினான். நல்ல காலமாக அந்த மனிதனுக்கு பலமான காயம் ஒன்றும் ஏற்படவில்லை. கார் மேலே மோதிய அகிரச்சியில் கீழே சாய்ந்து விட்டான், அவ்வளவுதான். காலில் கொஞ்சம் அடி. அவனும் சமாளித்துக் கொண்டான்.

கீழே விழுந்த மனிதனை நெருங்கிய குமாரன் அவனைப் பார்த்து திடுக்கிட்டான். அவனையும் அறியாமல் ‘அண்ணா’ என்ற சப்தம் வெளிப்பட்டது. அதைக் கேட்டுத் திரும்பிய அம்மனிதன் ‘குமார்’ என அலறினான். குமாரன் தனது அண்ணனை நோக்கி வேகமாக ஓடினான். அவனைத் தழுவிக்கொண்டான். இருவர் கண்களிலும் கண்ணீர் பெருகியது.

“நான் என்ன காரியம் செய்தேன். உங்கள் மீது காலை ஏற்றி விட்டேனே” என்று அலறினான் குமாரன்.

“குமார், அது உனது தவரல்ல. எனது பாபத்தின் எதிரொலி. உனக்கு நான் திங்கிழைத்தேன். குற்றமற்ற உன்னை விரட்டியடித்தேன். அதன் பலன் இது. குமார்! என்னை மன்னித்துவிடு,” என்று கதறினான் சுந்தர்.

T. S. கிருஷ்ணமூர்த்தி, III Hons. Chemistry.

தீரு. வி. க.

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|-----------------|---------------|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. ஊருக்கே | நல்லவரே! | உழைப்பினால் | உயர்ந்தவரே! |
| போருக்கே | இடமின்றிப் | பொறுமைக்கே | இருப்பிடமாய்க் |
| பாருக்கே | உழைத்தவரே! | பண்பிற்கே | வாழ்ந்தவரே! |
| யாருக்கோ | உமைப்பிரிக்க | எண்ணந்தான் | வந்ததுவே! |
| 2. செந்தமிழை | வளர்த்தவரே! | திரு. வி. க. | பெயரினரே! |
| அந்தமிலா | அன்பினரே! | அறிவுக்கே | பிறப்பிடமாய் |
| வந்தவரே! | வறுமையிலே | வாடுகின்ற | மக்களுக்கே |
| நெர்தவரே! | எமைப்பிரிந்து | துண்ணுடலாய் | மறைந்தனிரே! |
| 3. நேர்மைக்கு | நிலைக்காமே! | நெறிதப்பி | வாழ்ந்தவரைச் |
| சீர்மைக்குள் | வாழ்விக்கச் | சினமின்றித் | தொண்டாற்றிக் |
| கார்மைக்குள் | மழையெனவே | கருத்தாங்கார் | பொழிந்தவரே! |
| யார் மெய்க்குள் | புகுந்தனிரோ! | எப்படி நான் | தேடுவனே! |
| 4. ஊன் ஈன்ற | நானிலத்தில் | உமைவைக்க | விரும்பாமல் |
| தேன் ஈன்ற | செந்தமிழைத் | தெவிட்டாமல் | செவிமடுக்க |
| வான் ஈன்ற | குழந்தைகளாம் | வண்மீன்கள் | உமையழைத்தே |
| யான் வருந்தத் | தமிழ் வருந்த | எடுத்தங்கே | சென்றனவோ? |
| 5. கண்ணிழந்தும் | மண்ணோங்கு | கருத்துகளை | நூலாக்கிப் |
| பண்ணிறைந்த | தமிழோங்கப் | பயன்நிறைந்த | செயல் புரிந்தீர்! |
| எண்ணிறந்த | புகழுடையீர்! | எதற்கும்மேல் | எனச் சிறந்த |
| விண்ணிறந்த | உலகெங்கும் | விளையாடச் | சென்றனிரோ? |

— வேறு —

6. உடலோ சுடலைப் பொடியாக
உயிரோ வான வெளியாகக்
கடலின் வற்று ஊற்றாகக்
காற்றாய் ஆற்றல் நெருப்பாக
உடலும் உயிரும் சுமந்திங்கே
உழலும் எவர்க்கும் எவ்வுயிர்க்கும்
நடலை அற்ற இறையாக
நாளும் கோளும் ஆனிரோ?

க. பெருமாள்,
தமிழ்த்துணைப் பேராசிரியர்.

தேதி: 26—1—55.

சூரிய அடுப்பு—செய்வது எப்படி

நமது உணவை சமைக்க அடுப்புகளை உபயோகிக்கிறோம். உணவுப் பொருள் களாகிய சாதம் கறிவகைகளைப் பெரும்பாலும் நீரின் கொதி நிலையாகிய 100 டிகிரி சென்டிக்கிரேட் சூட்டில் வேக வைக்கிறோம். இந்த அளவுக்கு சூடேற்றுவதற்கு உஷ்ணம் தேவை. சாதாரணமாக நமது வீடுகளில் விறகு, கரி, நிலக்கரி, மண்ணெண்ணெய் ஆகியவற்றை எரித்து நமக்குத் தேவையான உஷ்ணத்தைப் பெறுகிறோம். மின்சார அடுப்புகளில் மின்சார சக்தியைக் கொண்டு உஷ்ணத்தைப் பெறுகிறோம்.

உலகத்தில் விறகு, கரி முதலிய எரிக்கும் சாதனங்கள் நாளடைவில் குறைந்து கொண்டே வருகின்றன. அதனால் அவைகளின் விலைகளும் ஏறிக்கொண்டே வருகின்றன. எனவே வேறு வகையில் உஷ்ணத்தைப் பெற நாம் முயல் வேண்டியது அவசியமாயிருக்கிறது. ஒவ்வொரு வருஷமும் கோடைக்காலத்தில் எவ்வளவு உஷ்ணமாயிருக்கிறது என்பதை நீங்கள் அறிவீர்கள். இந்த உஷ்ணத்திற்கு முக்கிய காரணம் சூரியனுடைய கிரணங்களே. இவ்வாறு சூரியனிடமிருந்து இடைவிடாது வரும் உஷ்ணத்தைக் கொண்டு நாம் சமையல் செய்யக்கூடும். அப்படிச் சூரிய உஷ்ணத்தைக் கொண்டே சமையல் செய்ய உதவும் சாதனமே சூரிய அடுப்பு எனப்படும்.

உலகத்திலுள்ள சக்திகளுக்கெல்லாம் மூலகாரணம் சூரியனிடமிருந்து வரும் கதிர்களே. இவை நேராகவோ அல்லது வேறு வகையாக மாறியோ நமக்கு உபயோகப்படுகின்றன. ஆகையால் சூரியனிடமிருந்து நேரடியாக வரும் உஷ்ண சக்தியை நாம் உபயோகிக்க முயலுவது மிக எளிது. பண்டைக் காலங்களில் கூட, சூரியனிடமிருந்து வரும் கதிர்களின் சக்தியைப் பயன்படுத்திக் கொண்டிருக்கிறார்கள் என்று புராணங்களிலிருந்து நாம் அறிகிறோம். நளன், தமயந்தி கதையை நீங்கள் கேட்டிருக்கலாம். விதிவசியால் நளன் தமயந்தியை விட்டுப் பிரிய நேர்ந்தது. அதன் பிறகு அவன் உடல், நிறமும் கருத்து, அவனை அடைவாளாம் கண்டு கொள்ளக் கூடாமல் போயிற்று அதனால் தமயந்தி மீண்டும் நளனைச் சந்தித்தபோது அவன் நளனாய் இருக்கலாம் என்று சந்தேகம் தோன்றியும் அவனுடைய உடல் நிற மாறுபட்டால் நிச்சயிக்க முடியவில்லை. இதைக் கண்டு பிடிப்பதற்காகத் தமயந்தி ஒரு யுக்தி செய்தாள். நளன் சமையல் செய்வதில் மிகத் தேர்ச்சி பெற்றவன். அவனிடம் சமையலுக்கான பண்டங்களை யெல்லாம் அனுப்பி நெருப்பை மட்டும் அனுப்பாமல் நிறுத்தி விட்டாள். நளன் நெருப்பில்லாமலேயே சமையலைச் செய்து முடித்து விட்டான். இதனால் அவன் நளன் தான் என்று தமயந்தி நிச்சயித்தாள் என்பது கதை. நளன் சூரிய வெப்பத்தைக் கொண்டே இவ்வரிய காரியத்தைச் சாதித்திருப்பான் என்று நாம் ஊகிக்கலாம்.

இவ்வாறு சரித்திர காலத்திலிருந்தே சூரிய வெப்பத்தைக் கொண்டு சமையல் செய்வது, நண்ணீர் காய்ச்சுவது போன்ற காரியங்களைச் செய்ய பலர் முயன்றிருக்கிறார்கள். அம் முயற்சிகள் ஓரளவுக்குப் பயன் பட்டுமிருக்கலாம். சூரிய கிரணங்களை ஒரு முகப்படுத்தி, அதனால் ஏற்படும் உஷ்ணத்தைக் கொண்டு நெருப்பை மூட்டும் வழக்கமும் பண்டைக்காலம் தொட்டே இருந்து வருகிறது. உதாரணமாகச் சிசிலித் தீவுலுள்ள ஸைரக்யூஸ் என்ற துறைமுகத்தை ரோம சாம்ராஜ்யத்தின் கப்பற் படை தாக்க வந்த போது அந்நகரத்தில் வாழ்ந்த ஆர்க்கிமிடிஸ் என்னும் பேரறிஞர் பல சூழிந்த கண்ணாடிகளைக் கொண்டு சூரிய கிரணங்களை ஒரு முகப்படுத்தி எதிரிகளின் கப்பல்கள் மீது குவிச் செய்து அந்த கப்பல்களை எரித்து அழித்து விட்டார் என்று தெரிகிறது.

பூதக்கண்ணடியை நீங்கள் எல்லோரும் பார்த்திருப்பீர்கள். அது சிறுவர்களுக்கு ஒரு விஷயாட்டுப் பொருள். ஒரு பூதக்கண்ணடியைச் சூரிய கிரணங்களுக்குக் குறுக்கே பிடித்தால் அக் கிரணங்கள் ஒரு முகமாகச் சென்று ஓரிடத்தில் குவிக்கின்றன. அங்கே சிறிதளவு பஞ்சை வைத்தால் அது புகைந்து பற்றி எரிகிறது. இங்கனம் சூரிய கிரணங்களைக் கொண்டு நெருப்பை உண்டாக்க முடியுமென்றால் அங்ஙனமே சமையலும் செய்ய முடியுமல்லவா?

நமது தேசம் உஷ்ண மண்டலத்தில் இருப்பதால் சூரிய வெப்பத்திற்குப்பஞ்சமே இல்லை. வருஷத்தில் மப்பு மந்தாரமாகவும், பணிமுடியும் உள்ள நாட்கள் மிகக்குறைவு. சூரிய அடுப்பு எங்கனம் செய்யலாம் என ஆராய்வதற்கு முன்பு, சூரியனிடமிருந்து நமக்கு எந்த அளவில் வெப்பம் கிடைக்கிறது என்பதைத் தெரிந்துகொள்ள வேண்டும். சூரியனிடமிருந்து கிளம்பும் வெப்பத்தின் அளவு எப்பொழுதும் ஒரே சீராகவே இருக்கிறது. ஆனால் இந்த வெப்பம் முழுவதும் பூமியின் மீது விழுவதில்லை. ஏனெனில் காற்று மண்டலத்தின் வழியாகச் சூரிய கிரணங்கள் வரும்போது அங்குள்ள ஈரம் தூசு முதலியவற்றாலும் காற்றின் அணுக்களாலும் கதிர்களில் ஓரளவு நாலாப்பக்கங்களில் சிதறிப் போகின்றன. தவிர, காற்று மண்டலத்தின் மேல் பாகத்திலுள்ள ஒஸோன் என்ற வாயு வெப்பத்தைப் பெரிதும் உட்கொள்ளுவதால் வெப்பத்தைத் தணித்து விடுகிறது. புகையும் தூசும், ஈரப்பசையும் மற்ற வாயுக்களும் இவ்வாறே உஷ்ணத்தைத் தணித்து விடுகின்றன. இவையெல்லாம் இருந்தும் கூட, சாதாரணமாகக் கோடைக் காலத்தில் ஆகாயம் நிரம்பலாய் இருக்கும் போது உச்சிவேளையில் ஒரு அடி சதுரத்தில் நேரடியாக ஒரு நிமிஷத்தில் விழும் சூரிய வெப்பத்தைக் கொண்டே ஒரு ஆழாக்குத் தண்ணீரை கொதிக்கச் செய்யலாம்.

சூரியக் கிரணங்களின் உஷ்ணத்தைச் சேகரிக்கும் சாதனங்கள் இருவகைப்படும். ஒன்று சூரிய உஷ்ணத்தை நேரே கிரகிப்பவை. இவைகளில் கிரணங்கள் ஒரு முகமாகக் குவிக்கப்படுவதில்லை. மற்றொரு வகையில் கிரணங்கள் குவிக்கப்பட்டு வெப்பம் அதிகரிக்கப்படுகிறது. முதல் வகை ஒரு பெட்டி போல இருக்கும். அதன் உட்புறச் சுவரில் கருப்பு வர்ணம் பூசியிருக்கும். முடிமட்டும் கண்ணடியாலானது. இம்முடி அதிக உஷ்ணமுள்ள கிரணங்களை உட்செல்ல அனுமதிக்கும். ஆனால் குறைந்த உஷ்ண கிரணங்களை வெளியேற விடாமல் தடுக்கும். இதனால் உள்ளே துறைந்த வெப்பம் வெளியேற முடியாமல் அடைப்பட்டிருக்கும். ஹெர்ஷெல் என்பவர் 1837ம் வருஷத்தில் இத்தகைய உஷ்ணப் பெட்டி யொன்றை எடுத்துக் கொண்டு ஒரு மலையின் மீதேறிச் சென்றார். மலையுச்சில் உறை பனி முடியிருந்தும் இந்த உஷ்ணப் பெட்டியைக் கொண்டு சமையல் செய்ய முடிந்தது. 1884ம் வருஷத்தில் லாங்லி என்பவரும் இதே போலப் பெட்டி அடுப்பை உபயோகித்தார். இதின் தண்ணீரின் கொதி நிலையை விட 15 டிகிரி அதிகமான உஷ்ண நிலை கிடைத்தது.

குளிந்த பிரதேசங்களில் உள்ள பூங்காக்களில் கண்ணடியினாலாகிய கூரையுள்ள அறைகள் இருப்பதை நீங்கள் பார்த்திருக்கலாம். இந்த “உஷ்ண வீடுகள்” சூரிய வெப்பத்தைச் சேகரித்து அடைப்பதனால் கதகதப்பாக இருக்கும். பூங்காவிற்கு வரும் மக்கள் குளிரால் கஷ்டப்படும் போது இந்த அறைகளை உபயோகப்படுத்துகிறார்கள். இதே மாதிரி அறைகளைச் சாதாரணமாய் எல்லாத் தோட்டங்களிலும் அதிகக் குளிரால் பாதிக்கப்படும் இளஞ்செடி, கொடிகளை வளர்ப்பதற்காக நர்ஸரிகளாக உபயோகப்படுத்துகிறார்கள்.

சூரியக்கிரணங்களைக் குவியச் செய்வதால் மற்றொரு வகை அடுப்பில் இன்னும் அதிகச் சூடு உண்டாக்க முடியும். குவிவிலைகளைக் கொண்டாவது அல்லது பூதக் கண்ணடிகளைக் கொண்டாவது அல்லது உலோகத்தால் ஆன குழிந்த ஆடிகளைக் கொண்டாவது சூரியக் கிரணங்களை ஒருங்கு சேரக் குவிக்கலாம். ஆடிகள் உலோகத்தால் செய்யப்பட்டால் அவை உடைந்து போகாமல் நெடுநாள் உழைக்கும். சூரிய அடுப்பு களின் அமைப்பு எளிதாக இருக்க வேண்டும். வெப்பமும் அதிகமாகக் கிடைக்க வேண்டும். அதோடு நிலைமலிவாகவும் இருக்க வேண்டும். சூரிய அடுப்பின் முக்கிய பாகங்களாவன :—

- (1) சூரிய கிரணங்களை ஒரு முகப்படுத்துவதற்கான குழிந்த ஆடி.
- (2) ஆடி எப்பொழுதும் சூரியனை எதிர் நோக்கியிருக்கும்படி செய்ய சாதனம்.
- (3) சமையல் பாத்திரம்.

ஆடியின் பரப்பு அதிகமாக இருந்தால் அது அதிகமான கிரணங்களை ஒரு முகப்படுத்தி அதிக வெப்பத்தைக் கொடுக்கும். பரப்பு மிகவும் சிறியதாக இருந்தால் அது சேகரிக்கும் சிறிதளவு வெப்பமும் சிதறிப்போய்விடும். அதனால் தண்ணீர் கொதிக்கக்கூடிய உஷ்ண நிலையை அடைய முடியாது. ஆனால் அதற்காக ஆடியின் பரப்பை அளவுக்கு மீறி பெரிதாக்கவும் முடியாது. ஆடி பெரியதாகிவிட்டால் அசௌகர்பை அளவுக்கு மீறி பெரிதாக்கவும் முடியாது. ஆடி பெரியதாகிவிட்டால் அசௌகர்பை ஏற்படுவதோடு அதைத் திருப்பி இயக்குவதற்கும் கஷ்டமாக இருக்கும். ஆடி தன் மீது விழும் கிரணங்களில் குறைந்த பகலும் முக்கால் பங்கையாவது பிரதிபலித்தால் ஆடி சதுர அடிப்பரப்புள்ள ஆடிசாதாரணமாக சமையல் செய்யும் அடுப்புக்குப் போதும். இடம் சௌகரியமாகவும் விஸ்தாரமாகவும் இருந்தால் 10 அல்லது 12 சதுர அடி பரப்புள்ள ஆடிகளை உபயோகிக்கலாம். இதனால் சமையல் இன்னும் விரைவில் செய்யக்கூடும். ஆடியை இதைவிடப் பெரிதாக்குவது சாத்தியமில்லை.

சூரிய அடுப்பு திறம்பட வேலை செய்ய வேண்டுமானால் ஆடி எப்பொழுதும் சூரியனை எதிர்நோக்கி இருக்க வேண்டும். பூமி தன்னைதானே சுற்றி வருவதாலும் சூரியனைச் சுற்றி வருவதாலும் சூரியன் எப்பொழுதும் ஒரே நிலையில் காணப்படுவதில்லை. ஆகையால் சூரியனின் நிலையைப்பொறுத்து எப்பொழுதும் சூரியனை எதிர் நோக்கி இருக்குமாறு ஆடியைச் சுலபமாகத் திருப்பி இயக்கும்படி ஒரு சாதனம் அமைக்க வேண்டும். அதோடு பிரதிபலித்த கிரணங்கள் சமையல் பாத்திரத்தின் மீது குவியும் படியாகச் செய்ய வேண்டும். இவ்வாறு செய்வதற்கு வட்டவடிவமான ஆடிகளே சௌகரியமானவை. மேலும் ஆடி செய்வதற்கான உலோகத் தகட்டைச் சதுரமாக வெட்டுவதால் சேதாரமும் ஏற்படுவதில்லை. இதனால் அதன் விலை குறைகிறது. தவிரச் சதுரமாக இருப்பதால் ஆடியைச் சரியாகப் பொறுத்தி இயக்குவதும் சுலபமாகிறது. அடுப்பில் அதிகமான உஷ்ணம் இருக்க வேண்டுமானால் ஆடியின் பிரதிபலிக்கும் சக்தி அதிகமாக இருக்க வேண்டும். காற்று, தண்ணீர் பட்டால் துருவும் களிம்பும் ஏறாமல் இருக்க வேண்டும். அதோடு கனம் குறைவாகவும் உறுதி வாய்ந்ததாகவும் இருக்க வேண்டும். வெள்ளி அல்லது தாம்பரத் தகடுகள் நன்றாகப் பிரதி பதிக்கக் கூடியவை. ஆனால் அவற் சீக்கிரமாகக் களிம்பேறிவிடும். எவர்சில்வர் தகடுகள் உறுதி வாய்ந்தவை. ஆனால் அவற்றின் பிரதிபலிக்கும் சக்தி மிகக் குறைவு. தூய்மையான அலுமினியத் தகடுகளே சுலபமாகப் பளபளப்பேற்கும். இவைகளுக்குக் கனமும் குறைவு. இத் தகடுகளே ஆடி செய்ய சிறந்தவை எனக் கருதப்படுகின்றன. சமையல் பாத்திரத்தின் அடிபாகத்தில் பிரதிபலிக்கப்பட்ட சூரிய கிரணங்கள் வந்து குவிய வேண்டும். குவிந்த வெப்பத்தை முழுவதும் உட்கொள்ள பாத்திரத்தின் அடியில் கருப்பு வர்ணம் பூச வேண்டும். தவிர ஆடி

எப்படித் திரும்பி இருந்தாலும் சமையல் பாத்திரம் சாய்ந்து விடாமல் எப்போழுதும் நிமிர்ந்து இருக்கும்படி ஒரு சாதனம் அமைக்க வேண்டும். சூரிய அடுப்பைத் திறந்த வெளியில்தான் வைக்க வேண்டும் அங்கே அடிக்கும் காற்றினால் சமையல் பாத்திரத் தின் வெப்பம் குறைந்து போகும். இதைத் தவிர்ப்பதற்காகப் பாத்திரத்தைச் சுற்றி ஒரு துணி உறையை உபயோகிப்பதுண்டு. அல்லது அதற்குக் கவசம் போல ஒரு பாத்திரம் வெளிப்பாகத்தில் அமைக்கலாம். சமையல் பாத்திரத்திற்கு இறுகிய மூடி இருக்க வேண்டும். இதனால் வெப்பம் வெளியேறாமல்தான் குறைவதோடு இறுக்கத்தால் வெப்பமும் அதிகரிக்கும். சமையலும் விரைவில் செய்ய முடியும்.

இந்த அடுப்பின் திறமையை அதிகரிப்பதற்காகப் பல விதமான பரிசோதனை களைப் புது டிஸ்கியிலுள்ள தேசிய பெளதிக ஆராய்ச்சி சாலையில் நடத்தி வருகிறார்கள். அவர்கள் செய்துள்ள அடுப்புகளை உபயோகித்த பலர்—நமது பிரதம மந்திரி நேரு உள்பட அவற்றைப் பாராட்டிப் பேசி இருக்கிறார்கள்.

எனவே விறகு, கரி முதலிய எரிக்கும் பொருள்கள் செலவில்லாமல் சமையல் செய்யும்படியான அடுப்பு ஒன்று நமக்குக் கிடைத்துள்ளது. ஆனால் இயற்கையும் நமக் குத் துணைபுரிய வேண்டும். மப்பும் மழையும் இல்லாது வெய்யில் காயவேண்டும். நமது நாடு வெய்யிலுக்குத்தான் பேர்போனதாயிற்றே. ஆகையால் சூரிய அடுப்பு இந்த நாட் டில் பெரிதும் பயன்படும் என்பதில் சந்தேகமில்லை. விறகுக்காகும் செலவு குறைவ தோடு காடுகள் அழிவதும் குறையும். இதனால் நாடும் செழிக்கும்!

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ஜீர குடீரமு

நாகஜ் சுபுபிரசாதராவு பி. ஜி. I. (தெலுங்கு)

- சு|| ఎన్నితరాల నారితల నితకు బూర్వము కాపురంబవి
చిన్నముగా నొనర్చి. మృత్యుజేడి? గురులులేక జీరము
చెన్నతీయున్న యీ గృహము చెప్పుననలేవిసాదగాధల
నిన్నుజ్ఞానగంటలదీ బెట్టుచునేగిన పాంథులందఱ?
- మ|| ఇదియే దివ్యమహత్వమో తెలియదాయో; కాయకష్టమునే
మదిలో నన్నిన మూసనోలములు నిర్మాణము గావించిరి
సదనంబు, గతజన్మలై యెప్పుడో, చర్చింప నాశ్చర్యమూ
గద; జీవాంశము లేని యీ జడము పలకన్నె ర్చే నేరీగ?
- చు|| గుండెలుపేర్చి రాలవలెగోడలు కటి? నత్తు రోడ్డియు
భాండములందఱుబోసి తలవాకిటిలో గలయంపె జలి? ^{బి}
యెండిన యసిపంజరము లెన్నివ్యయించి శ్రమించినారో? వే
రొండగు నేనియిట్లు మనుజోక్తుల బిల్బునె? మాటలాడునే?
- మ|| ఎవరెప్పుడుద్యమించి గృహమిచ్చట గటి? హేతువేమి? యీ
దివసముతోడ నేటికి గతించిన యబములెన్ని? చెప్పవీ
లవునొక? పూర్వశాసన శిలాశ్రిముల్ వలె సాలెగూడులు
న్నవి పరిశోధనంబిక నొనర్పగలారె చరిత్రకారులున్
- సీ|| బాజులెంచిన మైత్ర మూర్ధన్యజే మాడు?
“లాభనపాలు కల్గంగఱోవు”
కవిసార్య భాముని గంటమేమి లిఖించు?
“సంగీత సాహిత్య చంద్రశాల”
సిరి, కోటగట్టినదొర, యెడివచియించు?
“రాకాసి నిలువేది రాచగిము”
సామూఖ్య మూసప్రండే మాదిరిగఱెప్పు?
“గువ్వ కోల్కను భూతకోటివిడిది”
- తే|| గీ|| శ్రామికుని మహావ్యాఖ్యాన సారమేది?
“కష్టత్రుల శేషకంకాళ సలితి”
సకల లోకక కల్యాణ సారమైన
భావసమ్మేళనము గలుగఱుగలదె?

సీ॥ కలవారి విసఫుఁ జూపులయిట్ట లాగులు
మదనుని వోలెభస్మముగఁ జేయ
మూఢ విశ్వాసంబు మూరిబోయినవారు
ధూపదీపాలతోనుతు లొసర్పఁ
బరవేష భాషల బానిసీడగు ఘనుల్
చరితఁదెల్పు నటంచుఁ బరిహాసింప
తొలికారు వలపులు తొలుకాడు చిటుజంట
సంకేత గృహమను సంజనొసఁగ

తే॥ గీ॥ సామ్యభావార్ద్ర హృదయులు, సమ్యగంత
రంగదృష్టియై శోకభరంబుఁదాల్చు
మూడు కాళ్ళుల ముదుసలి పొలుపుదోప
నరిగెడిని యిదియెటకొ కాలాధ్వమునను.

చం॥ కలిమికి లేమికి యుగయుగమ్ముల నుండియు సాగుచున్న పో
రులకిది సాక్ష్యమందునో? స్వరూపముఁ బొందిన దుఃఖమందు నో?
వలపుల చిన్నకాక, ధనవంతులకుఁ బలియైన పేద సా
దల దురదృష్టముందెలుపు తాజమహాలుగఁ జాటుచుందునో?

తే॥ గీ॥ అనిలవశమైన యిచటి ప్రత్యక్షునిక
హర్ష్య రాజంబుగా రూపమందుఁగాక !
భారత సవిత్రిపారాణి ప్రభలతోడి
చిట్టిపాపల చిటునప్పు చెలఁగుఁగాక !
శాంతి, సమదృష్టి పర్వనాశాంతములకు
స్వస్తియగుఁగాక ! సకల విశ్వమ్మునకును.

వారతీయ సంస్కృతి

బాణ్ణా రాధాకృష్ణమూర్తి.

సంస్కృతి ఆత్మగతము. నాగరికత దైహికము. మనపూర్వులు ఆత్మనశింపదని చెప్పినారు. దేహమునశించుట మనకు దెలియును. కనుక జాతి రక్షణములలో నెచ్చట నోయొక్క-చోట సంస్కృతి ప్రవహించుచునే యుండును. ఆటంబముల ప్రభావముచే నేదేని యొక దుర్మహూర్తమున నాగరికత నశింపవచ్చును. ఆనందములాద గ్రగణ్యమైన బ్రహ్మనందమునందు దృష్టినిల్పి, తాకిక వాసనలు పట్టియు పటనట యుండి మన పూర్వులు ఈ జీవయాత్రను గడిపినారు. వారు యోగులు, మిసాలపై "దేనియల" వంటి తుచ్చ సుఖములలో భారణాడినవారునుగలరు. నారుభోగులు. మన పూర్వులలో కొందరు మహామహులు, యోగమునందు భోగమును, భోగమునందు యోగమును గూడ సాధించినారు. పిచ్చివాణో యేమోకాని మనపూర్వులు చాలమంది బంటెలవలె ముఖములపైకెత్తి తపస్సుచేసినారు. ఏదోయొక నిర్వికార నిరంజన స్వరూపము ఆకాశము లోపలగలదట! మనకెన్నడునది గన్పడలేదు. కాని వారు తమకు గన్పడినదని వ్రాసిపెట్టి, దానివంకకు పయనించినారు. ఏమో? ఎవరుచెప్పుగలరు. నిన్న మొన్నటివాడు రమణ మహర్షి తనకది కన్పడినదనియే చెప్పినాడు. అవును. మన పూర్వులు బ్రతికిన దంతయు వేదాంతపుబ్రతుకే. వారిలోకొందరు చేతులు తీట వదలునట్లు యుద్ధములుచేసి, తమ్ములను, గురువులను చంపి, తదుపరి హతాత్తుగా సన్యసించినారు.

అట్టివారు మనపూర్వులు. వారికి శాంతి ప్రధానము. ఎందరు భార్యలున్నను, సేవకులున్నను, ధనమున్నను, ముదుగొలుపు సంతానమున్నను, స్తుతించుటకు కవులున్నను, వారికి శాంతిదొరకలేదు, వారికిసన్యాసమాశ్రయమైనది. కందమూలములాహారములైనవి. నారచిరలు ఆచ్ఛాదములైనవి. కొండగుహలు, రావిచెట్టునీడలు, వాసస్థానములైనవి. అవును. వారికి కృత్రిమజీవనము, యాత్రికలోకము, నచ్చలేదు. దీనిలో శాంతి సూర్యము. ఇదియంతయు వ్యర్థమైనబ్రతుకని వారుగుర్తించినారు. మానవునకు పశువునకన్న నన్నియో విలక్షణ నైజముల భగవంతుడు ప్రసాదించినాడు. వాని నన్నింటిని సద్వినియోగ మొందింప వలయునని వారి భావము.

అందువలన మన పూర్వులు గొప్పగనే బ్రతికినారు. వారు మనలను ఏడి దూరముగపోలేదు. మన వ్రాతపుస్తకములందు వారు నాకు నిత్యము గన్పెడదరు. అశోకుని మాటయేమి? హరచక్రవర్తిసంగతియేమి? ఏడాది తిరిగినదోలేదో? అచ్చటలు ముచ్చటలు తీరని భార్యను ఏడిచి, ముకు-పచ్చలారని సుతునివిడిచి, కారవపులలోనికి కన్నులు దెలియని చీకటిలో కదలిపోయిన బుద్ధుని చరిత్రయేమి? ఇవియన్నియు మన మహాదాతమైన సంస్కృతి వికసించి, పురోగమించిన సుందర సువర్ణసోపానములు.

మిటి? నీవు వ్రాయునది. మనపూర్వులు ఇంత నీరసమైన శుష్కవేదాంత జీవనము గడిపినారా! కొంతయైన ఆనందమనుభవింప మానవుడు నోచుకొనలేదా? అనవచ్చును. మనపూర్వులంత పిచ్చివారుకారు. తిన్నదంతయు తిన్నపిదప, వెగటుగా దోచగా, యింక తినినచో లాభములేదనియే వారు నిష్క్రమించినారు. నేడు మన మటుల చేయుటలేదే? తినవలసినపుడు తినలేము. వెగటుగాదోచిన, విడువలేము. మన జీవితములు చుక్కాని విరిగిన ఓడలవంటివి. ఎప్పుడో యొకప్పుడు గాలివాన తప్పదు. సముద్రములో కనుపించక దాగియున్న కొండలుండనే యున్నవి. మన ఓడబద్ధులు కాక మానదు.

అన్నియుదములు చేసినాడు. అన్నిరాజ్యములు జయించినాడు. ఎంత రక్తము ప్రవహింపజేసినాడో! “అము క్తమాల్యద”లో మాత్రము శుద్ధవైషమ్యవేషమువేసి, వైషమ్యపు పలుకులన్నియు పొల్లుపోకుండ పల్కినాడు ఆ కృష్ణదేవరాయలు. అలసానిపెదన కాలికి గండమెండేరము స్వహస్తములతో దొడిగినాడు. తెనాలిరామలింగడు, కవిత్వములో నెన్నిటిటులు తిట్టినను, నా కంటవని నవ్వినాడు. అబ్బ! ఆ రాజుకుదెలిసిన “తిండిరుచి” వేరెవ్వనికిదెలిసినది.

చతుస్సముద్ర ముద్రిత సకల భూవలయమును, చుట్టివచ్చిన జౌదమత ప్రచారకులు అశోకునిచే పంపబడినవారే. వారందరు తా మెరుగుట యే గాకొండ, జౌదమును సర్వదేశములకు కొంచెము కొంచెము బంచినచ్చినారు. అదిమాత్రము సర్వదేశములను, రక్త మొక్కచుక్క క్రిందబడకుండ జయించుటకాదా? అశోకుడు సామాన్యుడా!! కళింగ విజయముతోపాటు, ప్రపంచమే జయించినాడు.

ఒక విధముగ జూచినచో మనభారతీయసంస్కృతి, గొప్పది. ప్రాచీనతవలన గొప్ప తనమేగాక, దానిస్వభావము నందును గొప్పతనమున్నది. కాళిదాసు, భవభూతి, వీరయందరి నాటకములలో దాని స్వభావము, పాలమైని మీగడవలె కన్పడుచున్నది. ఇక ‘గీత’లోఉపనిషత్తులలోనది సీసాలలో నీలు బిగించి యున్నమందువలె భద్రముగనున్నది. అదిమనము వాడుకొన వీలుగలదు. మనమేకాదు సర్వదేశములు దానికై చేతులుచాపి నవి. అదిత్రాగి జీరించుకొని శాంతముగ, ఒకరినొకరు గిల్లి కయ్యములు పెంచుకొనకుండ జీవించుటలోనే నేర్పుగలదు.

ఇంత ఎందులకు! నాటకములలో, పద్యములలో రవీంద్రుడు వ్రాసినదేమి? మన సుందరము శాంతులమై, స్వతంత్రముగ జీవింపవలయునని, మన పురాణాభ్యాసాన్నితిని గుర్తింపవలయునని. మనరాజ్యమునుండి వెనుకటివలె, ప్రపంచమునకు ధర్మసందేశమును చాటు వలెనని, అదియే నేడు కురుక్షేత్రభూమిలో జరుగు శాంతి యజ్ఞము. నేడచట రక్తపాతములేదు. నేడచట శాంతి వర్షపాతమున్నది.

అమెరికా, ఇగాండులందువలె మనము మొదటినుండియు సముద్రయానములుచేసి ఓడలదోపిడి సాగించలేదు. కాని యవసరమై మనజౌదులేమైన పడవలపై దిరిగిరేమో? మొన్నటి వాడు గాంధీతాత, జంకి జంకి పడవపై పయనించేనే! మన సంస్కృతివేరు. మనము మానవులమేగాని, యంత్రములుగా మారబోవుటలేదు. కమ్యూనిజము లేకున్నను, మనకు “అక్షయపాత్రలు” “కామధేనువులు” ఉండనే యున్నవి.

మహాభారత, రామాయణ, కావ్యముఖమున బ్రచురితమై, నవనవోన్మేష చైతన్య పూరితమైన మన సంస్కృతి శిరోధార్యము. మనకు శాంతికావలయును. మానవుడు, మానవునిగా బ్రతుకుట మనకు కావలయును. ఇంతటి యాంత్రిక యుగజీవనుల మయ్యును మన పూర్వ సంస్కృతిని విస్మరింపవీలులేదు. సర్వదేశములందు, ప్రాచీన కాలమునుండి గౌరవింపబడి యనుసరించబడి నేటికిని తనపూర్వ స్వరూపమును గోల్పోవని మన జాతీయ ఏకైక ఆర్థసంస్కృతి అనుసరణీయము.

జౌదులనుండి, ప్రపంచ మెద్దానిని గ్రహించినదో, దానినే నేడు నైహూ నాయకత్వమున ప్రపంచము నేర్చుచున్నది. సత్యమ్-శివమ్-సుందరమ్-సూక్తులలో దాగి యుండి, నిరంతరము విశ్వక్రేయస్సున కై పాటువడు మనభారతీయ సంస్కృతి, ఐరోపీయ నాగరికతలకన్న గౌరవనీయమేమో?

అసహమానదమయ, తమసా మాజ్యోతిర్గమయ
మృత్యోర్మా అమృతంగమయ
ఓం శాంతిః శాంతిః శాంతిః.

నేనూ రమేశూ ప్రాణమిత్రులం. మీరు రమేశ్ ను యెరిగే ఉంటారు. సన్నగా, యెఱ్రగా కాలేజీ అంతా ఉత్సాహంగా తిరుగుతుంటాడు. అందరితోనూ అంతగా కలసి మెలిసి యుండేవాడు కాబట్టి అతని మృతికి అందరూ కన్నీళ్ళు రాల్చారు. మీ కందరికీ తెలిసిందేమిటంటే రమేశ్ ఆత్మహత్య చేసుకొన్నాడనే కదూ !! అది యెంత మాత్రం నిజంకాదు. ముమ్మాటికీ కాదు. నిజం కాదని చెప్పిన నన్ను మొటల్ హాస్పిటలులో పరీక్ష చేయించారు. నా కళ్ళతోనే చూసిందిచెప్పే హాల్వూసి నేషన్ అన్నారు. నే నింకేం చేసేది?...

రమేశ్ యెలా చనిపోయాడో నాకు తెలుసు. నాకళ్ళారా నేనే చూశాను రమేశ్ మృతిని... ప్రాణస్నేహితుడు చనిపోతూంటే కాలు కూడా కదపని కసాయి వాణ్ని నేను... నిజం తెలిస్తే నన్ను దూషించరు మీరు... కొంచెంసేపు ఓపిక పట్టారా చెప్తాను...

ఆరోజు మధ్యాహ్నమంతా యెండ విపరీతంగా కాసింది. సాయంకాలం షికారుకని నేనూ రమేశూ శాంతోమ్ బీచికి బయలుదేరాము. నెమ్మదిగా నడచు కుంటూ జనసమూహాలకు దూరమయ్యాము. సముద్రానికి కొంచెం దగ్గరగా యిసుకపై కూర్చున్నాము..... సరదాగా కబుర్లు చెప్పుకోవటంలో మమ్మల్ని మేమే కొంచెం సేపు మరచాము..... ఆకాశమంతా దట్టంగా నల్లని మేఘాలు ఆక్రమించాయి. హఠాత్తుంటూ సముద్రం రోదనం చేస్తోంది. మబ్బుల్లోంచి మసక మసకగా తొగి చూస్తూన్న చంద్రుడు, దట్టంగా ఆక్రమించుకున్న కారుచీకట్లను తరుమడానికి వ్యర్థ ప్రయత్నం చేస్తున్నాడు. బీచ్ అంతా నిర్మానుష్యంగా యుడి స్థాన వాటికను జప్తికి తెస్తోంది. గంట 9-40.

“ఇక పోదామా? రమేశ్ !...” అన్నాను నెమ్మదిగా.

“ఉండవోయ్ ! ఎప్పుడు చూసినా పోదామా? పోదామా? అంటూ న ఉంటావు. అటుచూడు... ఈ మసక వెన్నెలలో ఆచర్షగోపురం యెంత అందంగా ఉందో.”

“పోవోయ్, రమేశ్. ఈ నిర్మానుష్య నిశ్శబ్దంలో నీ కొక్కనికే అదంతా అగుపిస్తోంది. నాకు మాత్రం స్థాన వాటికలో కూర్చుని దయ్యాల కథలు వింటున్నట్టుంది... ఇక పోదాం, రావోయ్.”

“ఇదిగో బాబ్జీ! చెప్తున్నా విను. ఇంతవరకూ యెప్పుడూ నేను నీమాట కాదనలేదు. ఈరోజు మాత్రం నామాట విను. ఇంకొక అరగంట సేపు కూర్చుని వెళ్ళి పోదాం. ఏం, సరేనా?”

“అదికాదురా బాబూ. ఇంకొక పదిహేను నిమిషాలలో వాన పట్టు కుంటుంది... మనం యిల్లుచేరుకో లేం.” అని నేను అంటూండగానే హఠాత్తుగాలితో వర్షం కురియడం ప్రారంభించింది.

ఎలాగయితే నేం పరిగెత్తుకుంటూ వెళ్ళి ఆ ప్రక్కనే యున్న గుడిసె చేరు కున్నాం. గుడిసెనిండా జాలరుల వలలా త్రాళ్ళు కట్టలు కట్టలాగా పడియున్నాయి. లోపల దూరాము. రమేశ్ తలుపు దగ్గరగా కూర్చుని బయటకు చూస్తున్నాడు. నేను చలికి వణుకుతూ లోపల కూర్చున్నాను...

అలా యెంతసేపు కూర్చున్నానో కానీ రమేశ్ గిలడంతోనే ఒక్కసారిగా ఉలిక్కిపడి లేచాను, ఒక ప్రక్కగాలి వానహోరు, యింకొక ప్రక్క సముద్రరోదనం— వీనిలో రమేశ్ యేమన్నాడో స్పష్టంగా వినిపించలేదు. కానీ, అతను బయట దేన్నో తన చేతితో చూపుతూండడం చూసి, నెమ్మదిగా తలతిప్పి చూశాను సముద్రంవైపు.

దూరంగా... సముద్ర కెరటాలు పొంగుతూ యిసుక మీదికి ఉరకలు వేసు కుంటూ పందెపు గుత్తాలలాగా వస్తున్నాయి. ఆ పొంగులో పాదాలు తడుపుకుంటూ ఒక స్త్రీమూరి కనిపించింది. వానకు తడిసి పోయి, శరీరానికి అంటి పెట్టుకుని అంగ సౌఖ్యాన్ని ప్రదర్శిస్తున్న తెలస చీర వెన్నెలలో మిల మిలా మెరిసి పోతోంది. వానకు తడిసి, గాలిలో చిందర వందరగా ఊగుతున్న ముంగురులు ఆమె ముఖానికి ఒక వింత తేజాన్ని యిస్తున్నాయి. రమేశ్ ఆమెను తడేక ధ్యానంతో చూస్తూ శిలాప్రతిమలా ఉండి పోయాడు.... ఇంతలో ఆమె వెనుదిరిగి మ్రావేపే రాసాగింది. నావైప్రాణాలు వైనే పోయాయి. ఒక్కసారిగా కళ్ళు చీకట్లు కమ్మాయి.

నేను మేల్కొనే సరికి వాన బాగా వెలిసిపోయింది. రమేశ్ ఒక చేత్తో సిగరెట్టు కాలుస్తూ, యింకొక చేత్తో నానాడి పరిశీలిస్తున్నాడు. నెమ్మదిగా లేచి కూర్చున్నాను.

“ఎంత పిరికి వాడవోయ్, బాబ్జీ! ఒక అందమయిన అమ్మాయి నా చూసి అంతగా భయపడి మూర్ఛపోవడం?”

“ఆ... అమ్మాయ్... ఎవరు?”

“ఆ... అమ్మాయి జాలరి సత్యైక్యకూతురట. పేరేమిటనుకున్నావు? మీనా-అట. ఎంత చక్కని పేరో చూశానా! అందులోనూ యెంత అందంగా ఉందను కున్నావు!!”

“మరి... ఆ... అమ్మాయి... ఎందుకు వచ్చింది, యింత వానలో?”

“అలా వర్షంలో తిరగటం ఆ యమ్మాయికి యిష్టమట. ఎప్పుడు వాన కురిసి నా అల్లాగ బీచ్ మీద ఉడుకుంటూ తిరుగుతూంటుందట. ఆ అమ్మాయే చెప్పింది.”

“అప్పుడే మాటలు కూడా జరిపావురా?”

“అంత అందమైన అమ్మాయితో మాట్లాడకుండా ఉండలేక పోయానుగా.”

“పోరా, పిచ్చివెధవా! అంతకన్నా అందమైన అమ్మాయిలు ప్రపంచంలో చాలా మంది ఉన్నారు. ఇక పోదాం లేరా!” అంటూ లేచాను.

రమేశ్ నావెంట తక్షణమే బయలుదేరినా వాడిహృదయం మాత్రం వాడితో రావటం లేదని నాకు బాగా తెలుసు. అయినా రెండు మూడు గోజులలో యీ సంఘటననే మరిచిపోక పోతాడా అని ఊహించుకున్నాను....

అటు తర్వాత ఒక నెలరోజులు రమేశ్ కనిపించనే లేదు. వరకాలం యిక షికారేమిటని నేనూ ఊహించుకున్నాను.

ఒకరోజు మధ్యాహ్నం తలనొప్పిగా ఉంటే మెరీనా కాంటీన్ కి వెళ్ళాను. అక్కడ ఆకస్మాత్తుగా రమేశ్ కనిపించాడు. ఒక మూలలో ఒంటరిగా కూర్చుని యున్నాడు. సిగరెట్లుడబ్బా, అగ్గిపెట్టె ముందున్నాయి. శుబ్బిలు మీదున్న Ash Tray అంతా కాల్చేసిన సిగరెట్లతో నిండిపోయి యుంది. రమేశ్ నన్ను చూడనేలేదు. సిగరెట్లుమీద సిగరెట్లు తెగకాలుస్తున్నాడు. నెమ్మదిగా కాఫీ ముగించి, దగ్గరకెళ్ళి పలుకరించాను. కంగారుగా లేచాడు. రమేశ్ ముఖంలో ముందున్న కళగానీ, సంతోషం గానీ యెక్కడా కనిపించలేదు. పెదిమెలు పాలిపోయి ఉన్నాయి. ముఖమంతా ముడి శించుకొని పోయి యుంది.

“ఏం, రమేశ్! ఈమధ్య నీకేమైనా జబ్బుచేసిందా? ఎక్కడ కనిపించడమే లేదే.”

“జబ్బేంలేదు బ్రదర్. నేను యెప్పటిలాగానే యున్నాను...మనం కలుసుకొని చాలారోజులవడం వల్ల నీకల్లా కనిపిస్తాందో యేమో!” అన్నాడు రమేశ్ తడబడుతూ.

రమేశ్! నాకణ్ణ కప్పటానికి ప్రయత్నిస్తున్నావా? నీ మనస్సును నీవే ప్రశ్నిచుకో నీవెలా ప్రవర్తిస్తున్నావో నీకే తెలుస్తుంది.” అన్నాను కొంచెం కఠినంగా.

“బాబ్బి! నీవేనా యిలా మాట్లాడుతున్నది. నీదగ్గర నేనేమీ దాయటం లేదు, నేను బాగానే యున్నాను...మరి నాకొంచెం అజ్ఞానం పనియ్యింది. వెళ్తాను...” అంటూ గిరుక్కున వెనుదిరిగి వెళ్ళిపోయాడు.

రమేశ్ ప్రవర్తన నాకు ఆశ్చర్యాన్ని కలిగించింది అతని వాలకం చూస్తూనే కలిగింది...రమేశ్ పూర్వపు రమేశ్ కాదు.

ఎలాగయినా రమేశ్ ను ఒక కంటకనివెటి వుండాలని నామనస్సు నన్ను తొందర పెట్టింది. అతి కష్టం మీద ఆఖరు పీరియడు కూడా అటెండుచేసి కాలేజీ బయటకు వచ్చాను...ఉన్నట్టుండి వరం పడుకుంది. కాలేజీ స్టూడెంట్లు అంతా పోర్టి కోలో కలిశారు. రమేశ్ యెక్కడా సా ఉన్నాడా అని అంతా వెతికాను. ఎక్కడా కనిపించలేదు. అతనికాన్ మెట్ కుమార్ కనిపించాడు. రమేశ్ ను గురించి అడిగాను. రమేశ్ నెలరోజులుగా కాలేజీకి రావడం లేదని చెప్పాడు.

అనుమాన పిశాచి నా మనో వీధుల్లో నాట్యం చేయడం ప్రారంభించింది. టైము ఆరుగంటలు కావచ్చింది. నెమ్మదిగా చీకట్లు క్రమ్ముకుంటున్నాయి. నిముషనిముషానికి వరం విజృంభించ సాగింది. నిముష నిముషానికి నా హృదయాందోళన హెచ్చుకాసాగింది. పుస్తకాలు స్నేహితుని చేతికిచ్చి ధారాపాతంగా కురుస్తున్న వరాన్ని ప్రవేశించాను. కాలేజీ విద్యార్థులంతా నా పిచ్చితనాన్ని అందరికీ వెలడించడానికి కాబోలు “హీరో! హీరో!!” అంటూ అరవడం మొదలు పెట్టారు. దృష్టాంతంగా అడుగులు వేసుకుంటూ టాక్సీస్టాండుకు దారి తీశాను.

సముద్రుని హోరు యెక్కువయింది.....గాలి వాన విజృంభించింది..... నా హృదయాగ్ధాటం మితిమీరింది...

తృటిలో రమేశ్ యింటిముందు వాలాను...కానీ యేం ప్రయోజనం? రమేశ్ యింటో లేదట! పిచ్చినానిలా స్నేహితుల యిల్లు కబ్బులు అన్నీ వెతికాను. ఎక్కడా కనిపించలేదు నారమేశ్... బరు వెక్కిరిస్తూ హృదయంతో టాక్సీలో వాలాను. దుఃఖాశ్రవులు యేకధారగా నా కళ్ళనుండి జారిపడు తున్నాయి.....

టాక్సీ జోరుగా పోతోంది. బయటగాలి వాన శాంతించనే లేదు. నా హృదయంలో సందడి తగ్గనే లేదు.....

ఇంతలో...యెక్కడో దూరంగా గంటలు వినిపించాయి. మంత్రముగ్ధుని లాగా తెక్కపెట్టెను...పదిగంటలు!...ఏదో చర్చలో గంటలు కొట్టున్నారు. లేచి కూర్చున్నాను, యెక్కడున్నామో చూడమని.....టాక్సీ Q. M. C. మీదుగా శాంతోష్ పోతోంది: దూరంగా మనక వెన్నెలలో నల్లగా వికృతంగా కనిపించింది. చర్చ గోపురం. తృటికాలంలో చర్చిని సమీపించాము,

అప్పుడు స్ఫురణకు వచ్చింది మినా! డ్రైవర్ ని టాక్సీని ఆపమన్నాను. పెదశబ్దం చేసుకుంటూ టాక్సీఆగింది. ఒక్క ఉరుకులో బీచ్ చేరుకున్నాను. వెనుకనే డ్రైవరు కూడా రాసాగాడు.

మారంగా సముద్రతీరంలో.....ఆ మసక వెన్నెలలో నల్లగా రెండు మూర్తులు కనిపించాయి....అదిగో...నా రమేశ్ !!

“రమేశ్ ! ర...మే...శ్ !!”

నా పిలుపు రమేశ్ వినడం సముద్రం కయ్యిపోయింది కాబోలు ! ద్విగుణీకృత శబ్దంతో రోదించ సాగాడు.

రమేశ్ మీనా యిరువురూ నెమ్మదిగా అడుగులు వేసుకుంటూ నీటి కెరటాలను సమీపించారు. మీనా ముందుగా వెడుతోంది. వెనుకనే ఆమె చేయి పట్టుకుని రమేశ్ అనుసరిస్తున్నాడు. మీనా నడుము వరకూ వచ్చాయి నీళ్లు. రమేశ్ చిరునవ్వు నవ్వుతూ యికా లోపలికి పోతూనే వున్నాడు. నాపరుగువేగం హెచ్చించడానికి వ్యర్థ ప్రయత్నం చేశాను.

“రమేశ్ ! జాగ్రత్త. మునిగిపోతావు...”

మీనా పూరిగా మునిగిపోయింది. రమేశ్ కు మెడవరకూ వచ్చాయి నీళ్లు. “బాబ్బీ ! నన్ను మరచిపోకు. నెలవు” అంటూ నా రమేశ్

మరునాడు హాస్పటల్ లో మేల్కొన్నాను. ఆనాడు మధ్యాహ్నమే రమేష్ మృతక శోభనం దొరికింది. ఆతని ముఖంలో ప్రశాంతత, తృప్తి నెలకొని యున్నాయి. ఆతని పెదమెలపై చిరునవ్వు తాండవించింది...నా రమేష్ నన్ను విడిచి వెళ్లిపోయాడు...

నేను చూసినదంతా అందరికీ తెలియజేశాను. సావధానంగా విన్నారు. కానీ ఆ జాలరి గూడెంలో సత్యమే అనేవాడు యెప్పుడో పదేళ్లక్రితమే చనిపోయాడట. అతని కూతురు మీనా అంతకుముందే సముద్రంలో పడి మరణించిందట !! మరి నా మాట నమ్మడెవరు ?.....

నేచెప్పిన దంతా హాబర్ అన్నారు పెద్దలు...రమేశ్ దేహాన్ని పోస్ట్ మార్టమ్ కు పంపారు... “Committed suicide due to unknown reasons” అని verdict యిచ్చారు.

ఇదీ...లోకంలో ; సత్యానికున్న విలువ !.....

ఇంతకూ చెప్పవచ్చే దేమిటంటే మీరు మాత్రం వరాకాలలో ఒంటరిగా శాంతిలో బీచ్ లో చిక్కుకోకండి...ఏమో, యెవరు చెప్పగలరు.....

సంఘటనల గురించి దుబియ

ప్రొ. వి. శేషారెడ్డి

ఇన్స్టిట్యూషన్లకు సంబంధించిన అనేక సమస్యలు ఉన్నాయి. వీటిని పరిష్కరించేందుకు అనేక చర్యలు తీసుకోవాలి. వీటిలో ముఖ్యమైనది ఏమిటో అనేది. అనేక సమస్యలు ఉన్నాయి. వీటిని పరిష్కరించేందుకు అనేక చర్యలు తీసుకోవాలి. వీటిలో ముఖ్యమైనది ఏమిటో అనేది.

మరియు మరొకటి ఏమిటో అనేది. అనేక సమస్యలు ఉన్నాయి. వీటిని పరిష్కరించేందుకు అనేక చర్యలు తీసుకోవాలి. వీటిలో ముఖ్యమైనది ఏమిటో అనేది.

అలాగే, అనేక సమస్యలు ఉన్నాయి. వీటిని పరిష్కరించేందుకు అనేక చర్యలు తీసుకోవాలి. వీటిలో ముఖ్యమైనది ఏమిటో అనేది.

ఇంకా, అనేక సమస్యలు ఉన్నాయి. వీటిని పరిష్కరించేందుకు అనేక చర్యలు తీసుకోవాలి. వీటిలో ముఖ్యమైనది ఏమిటో అనేది.

ഇതെല്ലാം ദൈവത്തിന്റെ ഇഷ്ടമാണ് എന്ന്. പിന്നെയുണ്ടോ മനുഷ്യരുടെ കാര്യം. കാളിയുടെ സൈന്യവും അവരും മത്സ്യഗന്ധി ആയിരുന്നിട്ടുകൂടി ബന്ധമോക്ഷങ്ങളുടെ ദേവം കണ്ടു നിവർത്തിയെ കിഴക്കിക്കിട്ടെത്തും. അതേ സമയം ആ മേധാവിത്വം വിട്ടുകൊടുക്കുന്നില്ല താനും.

കാളിയുടെ സ്ഥിതിയോ. അവർ അധഃക്രമയാണെങ്കിലും വിട്ടുകൊടുക്കുന്നില്ല. ധിക്കരിക്കാൻ പാടില്ലല്ലോ. നല്ല തന്ത്രത്തിലുള്ള ഉത്തരമാണ് കാളിയുടേത്. ഭയമുണ്ടു താനും. ശിക്ഷാരക്ഷാശക്തിയുള്ള ആളാണല്ലോ തന്റെ ഇടംപ്രഥമനായ താടിക്കാരൻ കാമുകൻ. ഉത്തരം ശ്രവിച്ചു:- “അയ്യോ, രണ്ടു തീരത്തും മുനിമാരും വൈദികന്മാരും ഉണ്ട്. ഞാൻ കന്യകയാണേ. എനിക്ക് ചാരിത്രദോഷവും വരും. അങ്ങ് തപോധനനായ മാമുനിശ്രേഷ്ഠനാണ്. ഞാൻ തൊട്ടുകൂട്ടാതെ, തീണ്ടിക്കൂട്ടാതെ മുക്കവെപ്പണാണ്. അങ്ങ് പാരത്രികാത്മിയായ പാരമാത്മികനാണ്. ഞങ്ങൾ വേദതത്വങ്ങളറിയാത്ത, മാംസഭക്ഷകളായ നീചജാതികളും, നിങ്ങൾ വേദാത്മജ്ഞാനികളും സ്തുതികർത്താക്കളായ താപസരും ആണ്. അങ്ങയ്ക്ക് ഇതു പറയാനും തോന്നാനും കാരണമെന്തായിരിക്കാം. ആരുമറിയാതെ രണ്ടു പേർക്കും ദോഷം വരാത്തവിധത്തിലാണെങ്കിൽ പറഞ്ഞതു കേൾക്കാം. ഇങ്ങനെയുള്ള അവിടുന്ന് കല്പിച്ചത് അനുസരിക്കാതിരുന്നത് അനന്തരഫലം ഉൾക്കൊള്ളി വയ്യ.”

സൗമ്യതയോടെയാണെങ്കിലും അതിരുകടന്ന അപമാന്യത ആ വാക്കുകളിൽ മുഴങ്ങുന്നുണ്ട്. അബലാസഹജമായ ദുർബ്ബലതയോടെ തുടങ്ങിയ ഉത്തരം അതേ ദുർബ്ബലതയിൽ ചെന്നവസാനിക്കുന്നു. പക്ഷെ അതിന്നിടയിൽ ദുർബ്ബലതയല്ല ധൈര്യമാണ് കാണുന്നത്. ധ്വനി ക്ഷണമോ, തികഞ്ഞ ഹാസ്യവും. തപസ്സു മാത്രമാണ് അങ്ങയുടെ ധനം. അതാർജ്ജുനനായിലാണ് അങ്ങയുടെ ശ്രദ്ധ മുഴുവനും പതിയേണ്ടത്. സ്ത്രീയിലല്ല. അതും തൊട്ടാൽ മാത്രമല്ല, അടുത്തു ചെന്നാൽപ്പോലും തീണ്ടലുള്ള മുക്കവെപ്പണിയിൽ. സ്തുതികർത്താക്കളേയും അവരുടെ നിയമത്തെയും ആ മുക്കവെത്തി വെല്ലുവിളിച്ചത് കാമാന്ധനായ മഹാഷിക്ക് കിട്ടിക്കൊഞ്ചലായി മാത്രമേ തോന്നിയുള്ളൂ. പാരത്രികാത്മിയാണ്, ഐഹികവിരക്തനാണ് എന്നുദ്ദേശിച്ചാൽ അങ്ങനെയെല്ലാം വെറും തട്ടിപ്പ്. അജ്ഞരും കണ്ട മൃഗങ്ങളെ കൊന്നു തിന്നുന്നവരും ആണ് ഞങ്ങൾ എന്ന് നിങ്ങൾ അധിക്ഷേപിക്കാറുണ്ട്. അതേ സമയം ശ്രുതിദോഷജ്ഞാനചതുരളുടെ ഈ നിയമത്തിനെല്ലാം എന്താണത്ത്. സ്ത്രീവിഷയകമാകുമ്പോൾ ഇതൊന്നും ബാധകമല്ലെന്നുണ്ടോ? സൗന്ദര്യത്തിന്റെ മുമ്പിൽ ഈ നിയമം കമ്പിടുമോ? നിന്റെ ഭേദബുദ്ധിയെല്ലാം എവിടെപ്പോയി. പിന്നീട് മേധാവിത്വത്തെ വകവെച്ചുകൊണ്ട് ഹൃദയം നൊന്ത ഒരു കരച്ചിലായിരുന്നു.

ബന്ധമോക്ഷങ്ങളുടെ ദേവം കണ്ട ആ മുനി-സാക്ഷാൽ പരാശരമഹർഷി-ആ ദിവ്യതീർത്ഥത്തിൽ ദിവ്യാർക്കന്റെ പ്രഥമകിരണം പ്രസരിക്കുമ്പോൾ, മററുള്ള ദ്രുഷ്ടിപരന്മാർ കളിച്ചുത്തു സന്ധ്യയെ വന്ദിക്കുമ്പോൾ, ആ മുക്കവെപ്പണിന്റെ കന്യാത്വം ഭഞ്ജിക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. പിന്നെയും കന്യാത്വം വരും എന്നുനഗ്രഹിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. എന്തൊരു നിയമം! ഇതാണ് സാക്ഷാൽ വേദവ്യാസന്റെ ജനനത്തിന്റേ ഫലം.

സ്തുതികളും മററ നിയമസംഹിതകളുമെല്ലാം കെട്ടുകെട്ടായിക്കൊട്ടി ബുദ്ധിമതിയായ ആ മുശലയുടെ കാല്ലിൽ കൊണ്ടുവെച്ച് ഒരു നാഴിക മാറിനിന്നു സാഷ്ടാംഗം പ്രണമിക്കട്ടെ ഈ താടിക്കാരനല്ലോ.

കലാലയം വിടുമ്പോൾ

ടി. എം. ആർ. പണിക്കർ M. A.

പാകർപെറ്റൊരൊൻ കലാശാലയിൽ നിന്നു ഞാൻ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസം സമയമായി.

വഴികാട്ടുമെൻ ഗുരുഭൂതരേ, നിങ്ങളെൻ-
പിഴക്കളെയെല്ലാം പൊറുത്തുകൊള്ളൂ.

കളിയും ചിരിയും പഠിച്ചുമൊരുപോലെ
വിളയുന്നോരിക്കലാശാലയിങ്കൽ

ദിവസങ്ങൾ നീക്കി, യെൻ മോഹന സ്വപ്നങ്ങൾ
ദിനവും വിടരുതയായിരുന്നു;

പ്രതിദിനമോരോ പ്രതീക്ഷകളെന്നുടെ
പ്രതിധീവജ്ജിപ്പിപ്പിച്ചിരുന്നു;

നിറമെഴും ഓവിയെൻ ഓവനാശ്രുപത്തിൽ
വിരിയുന്നതായി ഞാൻ കണ്ടിരുന്നു.

അരികിലഴിഞ്ഞു പരന്നു കിടക്കുന്നു
പെരിയ സമുദ്രത്തിൽ നീലവസ്ത്രം

അതിവേഗമേറുമലകളും പൊന്നൊളി-
ചിതറിപ്പരന്നൊരു വെൺമണലും,
കളിർകാറ്റിൽ കോരമയിർക്കൊണ്ടു നിന്നിടുന്ന
വടിവേറും കോളേജിൻ കെട്ടിടവും,

കന്യതകളിച്ചു ചിറകടിച്ചാത്തുകൊ
ണ്ടരികിലെന്നോമനസ്സഹിതരും,
വഴിയിലുമോരോരോ മുക്കിയും പൂത്തിങ്ങും
വനിതകൾ - എന്നുടെ സോദരിമാർ,
പിരിയുകയായി അന്നെല്ലാം, യെന്നീയം
കരളിൽ കടന്നു നിറയുകയായ്.

ഇനിവരാനുള്ളതല്ലി മട്ടിൽ നാളുകൾ
വഴുതിയൊഴുകിപ്പോയ് നല്ലകാലം;
തിരിയുന്നു ജീവിതം, ആവഴി നമ്മളും
തിരിയുകയായി പല വഴിക്കും;

വരിക സതീർത്ഥ്യരേ, നമ്മളി സൗഹൃദം-
മെഴിയെ നനക്കണം കണ്ണുനീരാൽ.

അകലത്തെച്ചക്രവാളത്തിങ്കലെന്നെന്നും-
മരുണിമ ചേർക്കുമ സ്നേഹപ്പി.

വിശ്വനാഥൻ മനുഷ്യരായാകട്ടെ

സി. വി. ചേരപ്പൻ B. A., I. P. G.

കണ്ടിട്ടില്ലാത്തതെന്തെങ്കിലും ചിത്തം
തുടങ്ങിയ കീറുന്ന രംഗമൊന്നിത്തം.
മാനസമണിവിണ്ണയിൽശോക
ഗാനമെന്നും മുഴക്കുന്നതംഗം.
മാഞ്ഞുപോകാത്തതെന്തെങ്കിലും മനസ്സി-
ലാഞ്ഞെഴിച്ച പതിഞ്ഞതാരാ രംഗം.

പാതവഴികളെ പൂർണ്ണമായി
പൂർണ്ണമായി പൂർണ്ണമായി
അന്തിച്ചൊപ്പിപ്പിച്ചുകിടക്കുന്നു
മനുഷ്യവിലാസിക്കാത്തതും
അന്തിച്ചൊപ്പിപ്പിച്ചുകിടക്കുന്നു
പൂർണ്ണമായി പൂർണ്ണമായി
പട്ടണത്തിലെ പൂർണ്ണമായി
നട്ടണത്തിലെ പൂർണ്ണമായി
കേട്ടുനോക്കുന്നതെന്തെങ്കിലും
കണ്ടു മെഴുകു മണ്ണുപുരണ്ടു
നീണ്ടു നീന്ത കിടക്കുന്ന ദേഹം;
പട്ടണത്തിലെ പട്ടണത്തിൽ
പെട്ടെന്നു കിടക്കുന്ന ദേഹം.

ശ്രീമദ് കിളികൾ ചിലപ്പോൾ
ശ്രീമദ് കിളികൾ ചിലപ്പോൾ
(മണ്ണുനില്ക്കുന്ന മരിക്കാൻപോലും
പാതവഴികളെ പൂർണ്ണമായി)

ഇല്ലവരുക്കൊണ്ടു മാറമറയ്ക്കാൻ
വല്ല കീറപ്പഴംതുണിപോലും;
കീറിനാറമറയ്ക്കാൻ മാത്രം
പാറിടുന്നു കടൽക്കരയിൽ;
ഉണ്ടവരുക്കൊട്ടു മാറമറയ്ക്കാൻ
നെയ്യിലേറിക്കരയുന്നോരോമൽ.

തേങ്ങത്തേങ്ങ, വിശ്വനാഥൻ
തേളിനൊപ്പം പിടയുന്ന പൈതൽ

പൊങ്ങിയില്ലാ മരവിച്ച കൈകൾ
കഞ്ഞിനല്ലും മലപ്പാലു നൽകാൻ;
സാന്തപനങ്ങളുവരുതൻ വരണ്ട
കണ്ണനാളുമയർത്തിയില്ലല്ലം.
പാതിയോളമടഞ്ഞുമാഞ്ഞു
പാടുകെട്ടിയ കണ്മിഴിക്കോണാൽ
കാണുകില്ലാതെ തന്നിട്ടും പൈതൽ
കേണുകേണു മരിക്കുന്ന രംഗം.

മുകുതയാൽ മുഖരിതമായി
ലോകരെല്ലാംമയങ്ങി, യുറങ്ങി
ശാന്തനിദ്രയിലാണുകിടന്നു
കാന്തിചിതുന്ന മേടകളെല്ലാം.
പാതിരാവോടടുത്തൊരുനേര
ത്താളമില്ലൊ രനക്കുവുമില്ല.
പാതിജീവൻ കിടന്നുപിടയ്ക്കും
പൈതലിൻ ടീനരോദനം മാത്രം.
ഉണ്ടായില്ലെന്നൊരാളും വരണ്ട
മുണ്ടിലൊന്നു നനച്ചുകൊടുക്കാൻ
മുള്ളിലിങ്ങു കനിഞ്ഞൊരുമുള്ളി
കണ്ണനീരും പൊഴിച്ചില്ലൊരാളും.

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ആരുമാരുമറിയാതെ രണ്ടു
ജീവിതങ്ങൾ പൊടിമണ്ണിലാണ്ടു;
കണ്ണനീർക്കാൻ കഴിവറ്റ നീല
ക്കൊണ്ടലിൽ ചെന്നൊളിച്ചു ശശാങ്കൻ.

ആശാന്റെ വിചാരകഥ .

(എ. എൻ. പി. ഉമ്മർ, III B. Sc. Zoology)

മഹാകവി കമരനാശാൻ ഒരു വിചാരകഥയാണോ അല്ലയോ എന്നതിനെക്കുറിച്ച് നമ്മുടെ മിക്ക നിരൂപകന്മാരും കക്ഷിപിരിഞ്ഞ വഴക്കടിക്കുന്നതായാണ് കാണാറുള്ളത്. മാർക്സനോടും കൂടുതൽ കൂടുതൽ ആനന്ദം പ്രദാനം ചെയ്യാൻ കഴിവുള്ള കൃതികളാണ് സാഹിത്യമെന്ന് വിശ്വസിക്കുന്ന ഒരു കക്ഷി ആശാൻ ഒരു വിലാപഗായകനാണെന്ന് സമർത്ഥിക്കാൻ ശ്രമിക്കുന്നു. ആശാന്റെ കൃതികളാസ്വദിക്കാൻ കഴിവുണ്ടാകുകയും അതേ അവസരത്തിൽ വിചാരമൊരു രോഗമാണെന്ന് ധരിച്ചുവെക്കുകയും ചെയ്തിട്ടുള്ള മറ്റൊരു കക്ഷി അങ്ങനെയല്ലെന്ന് സ്ഥാപിക്കുന്നു. യഥാർത്ഥത്തിൽ ഈ വാദങ്ങൾക്ക് വലിയ ഉൾക്കാമ്പൊന്നുമുണ്ടെന്ന് തോന്നുന്നില്ല. നമ്മുടെ സാഹിത്യത്തിന് എന്നുമെന്നും അഭിമാനിക്കാവുന്ന പല കൃതികളും സമ്മാനിച്ച ഒരു മഹാകവിയെ ഏതെങ്കിലും ഒരു പ്രത്യേകകക്ഷിയിൽ പിടിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട് എത്രയായും നന്നല്ല; എന്നല്ല അത് സാധ്യവുമല്ല. “മനുഷ്യകുമാരനായി”യായ ആശാൻ, ജീവിതത്തെക്കുറിച്ചും, പ്രപഞ്ചത്തെക്കുറിച്ചും, ഈശ്വരനെക്കുറിച്ചും പലതും പാടിയിട്ടുണ്ട്; ആ പാട്ടുകളിൽ ആനന്ദത്തിന്റെ സ്തുതിഗീതങ്ങളും യാതനയുടെ വിലാപങ്ങളും നിങ്ങൾ കേട്ടുവെന്നുവരാം. അതിൽ വിറച്ചിയെടുക്കാതെത്തന്നെ. അവ യഥാർത്ഥങ്ങളാണ്.

എന്താണ് വിചാരകഥ എന്ന്? അത് ജീവിതത്തെക്കുറിച്ചുള്ള ഒരു ശുഭാപ്തിവിശ്വാസം (Pessimism) മാണോ? അശുഭാപ്തിവിശ്വാസത്തിൽ വിചാരമുണ്ടായിരിക്കാം; പക്ഷെ, വിചാരമെന്ന് പൂർണ്ണമായും അശുഭാപ്തിപരമല്ല. വിധിയുടെ ക്രൂരമായ മട്ടുനത്തിൽ, മനുഷ്യന്റെ നിരന്തരയാതനകളിൽ സുഖീഭാവമായ ഈ ജീവിതത്തിൽ ചില നിമിഷങ്ങളിലെങ്കിലും വിചാരിക്കാത്ത മനുഷ്യരുണ്ടാവില്ല. ഈ വിചാരങ്ങൾ “പെസിമിസത്തിന്റെ” പ്രദർശനമല്ല; മറിച്ച്, പലപ്പോഴും ജീവിതശയ്യ കൂടുതൽ ശക്തിമത്താക്കുന്ന, ജീവിതത്തെ കൂടുതൽ സുഖപൂർണ്ണമാക്കാൻ പ്രേരിപ്പിക്കുന്ന ഔഷധമുഖങ്ങളാണ്. ജീവിതത്തെക്കുറിച്ചുള്ള അശുഭാപ്തിവിശ്വാസം നമ്മെ പരാജയമനസ്സാണാക്കുന്നതെങ്കിൽ, വിചാരം നമുക്ക് ചില നൂതനാനുഭവങ്ങൾ പഠിപ്പിക്കുകയും ജീവിതത്തെ കൂടുതൽ വിശാലമാക്കിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുകയുമാണ് ചെയ്യുന്നത്. മറ്റൊരുവിധത്തിൽ പറഞ്ഞാൽ, വിചാരവും പരാജയബോധവും (Pessimism) പ്രഥമദർശനത്തിൽ അന്യോന്യസമുദായമായി തോന്നാമെങ്കിലും അവയുടെ അന്ത്യഫലങ്ങൾ വിഭിന്നങ്ങളാണ്. ആശാനെ വിചാരകഥകൾക്ക് വിട്ടിടുന്നവർ അദ്ദേഹത്തിൽ ആരോപിക്കുന്നത് മേല്പറഞ്ഞതിൽ ഏതിനേയാണ് എന്ന് ധൂഷിതമല്ല. ഏതായാലും ഒന്നു തീർച്ചയാണ്: ആശാൻ ഒരു പരാജയമനസ്സുള്ളവൻ; മനുഷ്യന്റെ പ്രജ്ഞക്ക് അതിരായ പലതുംകണ്ടു വിസ്മയിച്ചുപോയ ആശാൻ മനുഷ്യകഥത്തിന്റെ നിസ്സഹായതയേയും അപൂർണ്ണതയേയും ചൊല്ലി വാവിട്ടുക്കരഞ്ഞിട്ടുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ അത് തന്റെ സഹജീവികൾക്ക് ഉൽകൃഷ്ടമായൊരു പാഠം കാണിച്ചുകൊടുക്കാൻ മാത്രമായിരുന്നു.

വിചാരവും പരാജയബോധവും ഏറ്റവും വിഭിന്നങ്ങളായ വൈകാരിക മനോഭാവങ്ങളാണെന്ന അഭിപ്രായത്തിന് അല്പം വിശദീകരണംകൂടി ആവശ്യമാണെന്നുതോന്നുന്നു. വിചാരം നൈമിഷികമാണ്. തീവണ്ടിയാപ്പീസിൽ മരണാസന്നനായിക്കിടക്കുന്ന ഒരു പാവപ്പെട്ടവന്റെ ദേഹീയനിമിഷ നമ്മെ വിചാരിപ്പിക്കുന്നു. പക്ഷെ ആ ദേഹീയാവസ്ഥയുടെ കാരണത്ത

ത്താൽത്തരിയാനും, അതിനൊരു പ്രതിവിധി കാണാനുള്ള അന്തഃപ്രചോദനം നമുക്ക് ലഭിക്കുന്നമാത്രയിൽ ആ വിചാരം അവസാനിക്കുന്നു. എന്നാൽ പരാജയബോധത്തിന്റെ സ്വഭാവമിതല്ല. ജീവിതത്തെക്കുറിച്ചുള്ള ഒരു വജ്രയുദ്ധം പരാജയബോധം ഉൾക്കൊള്ളുന്നത്. മാനസികസമാധാനം അത് നമുക്ക് നൽകില്ല. സഹാനുഭാവത്തിന്റെ നൈമിഷികമായ പ്രത്യക്ഷാവമാണ് വിചാരമെങ്കിൽ, വിചാരത്തിന്റെ സ്ഥായിഭാവം മറുചില ഇരുണ്ടവശങ്ങളോടു കൂടി അവതരിക്കുന്നതാണ് പരാജയബോധം.

വിചാരവും കണ്ണനീരും സാധാരണ ജീവിതത്തിൽ നിശ്ചയമായും ആഗ്രഹിക്കത്തക്കതല്ല. കാരണം ഹൃദയത്തെ കാന്തമാക്കുന്ന വിചാരികതയാണത്. എന്നാൽ സാഹിത്യത്തിൽ പ്രവേശിക്കുമ്പോൾ അവയുടെ ആകൃതിയും ധർമ്മവും മാറുന്നു. നമ്മുടെ ഹൃദയത്തെ കൂടുതൽ പകപ്രായമാക്കാൻ അവിടെ അതിന് കഴിവുണ്ട്. ആനന്ദസന്തോഷകരമായും, ഹൃദയശുദ്ധീകരണവും അത് നമുക്ക് നൽകുന്നു. കാളിദാസന്റെ വിശ്വമോഹനമായ ‘അജാലാപ’വും, ടെനിസന്റെ മധുരകോമളമായ ‘ഇൻ മെമോറിയ’വും, ഗ്രേയുടെ അതുല്യമായ ‘എലിജി’യും എന്നല്ല, നമ്മുടെ നാലാപ്പാടന്റെ ‘കണ്ണനീർത്തുള്ളി’യും വിചാരത്തിന്റെ മൂർത്തിമൽഭാവങ്ങളാണെന്നതിനോടൊപ്പംതന്നെ ഹൃദയഹാരിതപത്തിന്റെ സമ്പൂർണ്ണതയുമാണ്. പരാജയബോധത്തിന്റെ സന്താനമെന്ന് വിളിക്കപ്പെടാവുന്ന ചങ്ങമ്പുഴയുടെ ‘രമണൻ’പോലും കാവ്യാനുഭൂതിയുടെ ഉത്തിഷ്ഠമാനമായ പ്രാതിനിധ്യമാണ് വഹിക്കുന്നത്? പോരെങ്കിൽ ഷെല്ലി പറയുന്നതു കൂടി ശ്രദ്ധിക്കുക: “നമ്മുടെ ഏറ്റവും മധുരമായ ഗാനങ്ങൾ ഏറ്റവും വിചാരമയമായ ചിന്തകൾ ഉൾക്കൊള്ളുന്നു.” അശാന്റെ കൃതികളെ നിഷ്കണ്ഠമായി സമീപിക്കുന്ന നിരൂപകന് ഷെല്ലിയുടെ വാക്യത്തിന്റെ ശരിയായ അർത്ഥം മനസ്സിലാക്കും.

“വീണപുവി”ലാണ് ഈ വിചാരത്തിന്റെ ഒരുന്നതും നാം ദർശിക്കുന്നത്. ഒരു വീണപുവിന്റെ സുന്ദരജീവിതത്തേയും അതിന് നേരിട്ട അത്യാഹിതത്തേയും ചൊല്ലി ഹൃദയം നൊന്ത് വിലപിക്കുക എന്നതിൽനിന്നുതന്നെ ആ വിലാപത്തിന്റെ സ്വഭാവം നമുക്ക് മനസ്സിലാക്കും. ചൈതന്യരഹിതമായി വാടിത്തളന്നുകിടക്കുന്ന ആ മനോഹരപുവി കവിഹൃദയത്തെ ശോകനിർഭരമാക്കുന്നു. അതിൽ സഹാനുഭാവയുടെ കവിത്തൈഴ്ചാണുപോഴുണ്ടാകുന്നത്:

“എന്തിന്നിങ്ങു ഗുണധാരണിവെച്ചു നിന്മേ-
ലെന്നിന്നതാശു വിധിയേവചാകരിച്ചു?”
“കണ്ണേ മടങ്ങുക, കരിഞ്ഞുമെലിഞ്ഞുമാശു
മണ്ണാകുമീ മലര വിസ്തൃതമാകുമിപ്പോൾ;
എണ്ണിടുകാർ മിതുതാൻഗതി; സാധ്യമെന്തു
കണ്ണീരിനാൽ അവനിവാഴ്വു കിനാവ്കഷ്ടം!

വിധിയുടെ നിർദ്വയമായ പെരുമാറ്റത്തിൽ കവിക്ക് പ്രതിഷേധമുണ്ട്; എന്നല്ല യോനിർഭരമായ ആ മൃഗഹൃദയം അതിൽ വേദനിക്കുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു. പക്ഷെ ആ വേദനിക്കൽ ആത്മഹത്യപരമല്ല. “എണ്ണിടുകാർമിതുതാൻഗതി”യെന്നും, കണ്ണീരിനാൽ സ്വപ്നസമാനമായ ഈ ലോകത്തിൽ ഉപയോഗമൊന്നുമില്ലെന്നുള്ള വാക്യങ്ങൾ ഹൃദയത്തിന് കൂടുതൽ ദുഃഖതയെത്തുല്പാദനം ചെയ്യുന്നത്? വാസ്തവത്തിൽ “വീണപുവി” നാം ദർശിക്കുന്നത് നശ്വരമായ ഈ ലോകത്തിലെ ഒട്ടുമാത്ര യാതനകളിൽനിന്നു ശാശ്വതസമാധാനത്തിന്റേയും അപ്രമേയാനന്ദത്തിന്റേയും ഉറവിടമായ ദൈവികചിന്തയിലേക്കുള്ള പ്രയാണമാണ്. “ഖേദിക്കുകൊണ്ട് ഫലമി

ഒല്ലെന്നും “ശാന്തിയെപ്പറമ്പിപ്പോകതികൾതന്നെ നൽകും” എന്നുമുള്ള വാക്യങ്ങൾ എഴുതിയ കവി എങ്ങനെ ഒരു പരാജയമനസ്സനാകും?

“ലോകാനുരാഗമിയലാത്തവരേ, നരന്റെ-
യാകാരമാന്നിവിടെ ജനിച്ചിടായ്വിൻ” (വനമാല)
“കരുതവതിഹചെയ്യവയ്യ
ചെയ്യാൻ വരുതി ലഭിച്ചതിൽ നിന്നിടാ വിചാരം
പരമഹിതമറിഞ്ഞുകൂട,

ആയുസ്സിരതയുമില്ല,തിനിന്ദുരീ നരതപം” എന്നു തുടങ്ങിയ വരികൾ മുങ്ങിമരിക്കാൻ പോകുന്ന ഒരാളാവിന്റെ ഭീനരോദനങ്ങളാണ് എന്ന ആരോപം ചിലർ ഉന്നയിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. നരതപത്തിന്റെ നിസ്സഹായതയിലും അസ്ഥിരതയിലും കവിക്കുള്ള ശോകഭാവത്തേയാണ് ഈ വരികൾ സൂചിപ്പിക്കുന്നതെന്ന് വാസ്തവംതന്നെ. പക്ഷെ മുങ്ങിമരിക്കാൻ പോകുന്ന ഒരാളെപ്പറ്റി അത് പ്രതിനിധീകരിക്കുന്നത്. മറിച്ച് നരതപത്തിന്നതമായൊരവസ്ഥയെ പ്രാപിച്ച തപജ്ഞന്റെ നിലയാണ്. പ്രേമത്തിനും കറകളുണ്ടെ ശ്രംഗാരത്തിനും കവിതയിൽ ഒരു സ്ഥിരപ്രതിഷ്ഠകൊടുത്ത മഹാകവി ഇത്തരത്തിലേ എഴുതുകയുള്ളവെന്ന് നമുക്ക് തീർച്ചയായും വിശ്വസിക്കാം. ജീവിതത്തിന്റെ ‘കൊള്ളക്കൊടുക്ക’കളിൽ പരിജയം നേടിയിട്ടില്ലാത്ത യുവാവായെക്കാൾ പരിപക്വനായൊരു തപജ്ഞൻ നൽകുന്ന മുന്നറിയിപ്പ് മാത്രമാണീ വരികൾ. പക്ഷെ ഒന്ന് പറയാം: തന്റെ കൃതികളിൽ വിഷാദത്തിന്റെ (വിഷാദത്തിന്റെ മാത്രം—അല്ലാതെ പെസിമിസത്തിന്റെയല്ല.) അംശങ്ങൾ തരംകിട്ടുന്നെടത്തൊക്കെ ചേക്കാൻ ആശാൻ ശ്രമിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. പക്ഷെ ആ വിഷാദം അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കവിതയെ ഓഴിപ്പിച്ചിട്ടില്ല; ജീവിതവീക്ഷണത്തെ വികലമാക്കിയിട്ടുമില്ല. ആശാന്റെ വിഷാദാത്മകതയെക്കുറിച്ച് ശ്രീമതി. ലീലാവതി ഒരു “മാതൃഭൂമി” ലേഖനത്തിൽ എഴുതിയത് ഇവിടെ ഉദ്ധരിക്കുന്നത് ഉചിതമായിരിക്കും. അവർ പറയുകയാണ്: “മധുരഭാവങ്ങളിൽ കണ്ണുനീരുവ് ചേർത്തു പാകപ്പെടുത്തിയിട്ടുണ്ടു അദ്ദേഹം (ആശാൻ) സംതൃപ്തനായിട്ടുള്ള.....മധുരഭാവത്തിന്റേയും കണ്ണുനീരിന്റേയും സംയോജനത്തിൽനിന്നുണ്ടായ വിഷാദാംശം വെണ്ണപോലെ മധുരവുമാണ്.”

ജീവിതത്തിന്റെ നാനാവശങ്ങളേയും അതിന്റെ അഗാധതയോളം മുഴിഞ്ഞിറങ്ങി കഴിയുന്നെടത്തോളം മനസ്സിലാക്കിയ കേരളത്തിന്റെ കവിവര്യനായ ആശാൻ, കേവലം ലൗകികവും ലൈംഗികവുമായ സുഖഭോഗങ്ങളിൽനിന്നുപരിയായി സമുച്ചിതാനന്ദത്തിന്റേതായ ഒരു വിഭവമുണ്ടെന്ന് നരകിക്കുന്ന മനുഷ്യലക്ഷങ്ങൾക്ക് പഠിപ്പിച്ചുകൊടുത്ത ആശാൻ, അധഃപതിതയായ വേശ്യയെ സദാചാരത്തിന്റേയും, ജ്ഞാപരചിന്തയുടെയും ഉത്തമഗുണംവരെ എത്തിച്ച ആശാൻ, കേവലം ശക്തിഹീനവും അഗണ്യവുമായ ഒരു പുവിന്റെ പതനത്തിൽപോലും ഹൃദയംനൊന്ത കരയുന്ന ആശാൻ, എല്ലാറ്റിലുമുപരി നമ്മുടെ സാഹിത്യത്തിന് അതിന്റേതായൊരു പ്രൗഢിയും അന്ത്യം നൽകിയ ആശാൻ ഒരു വിഷാദാത്മകനല്ല. ജീവിതത്തിന്റെ അസഹനീയവശങ്ങളെക്കുറിച്ചദ്ദേഹം വിലപിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ, അതൊരു സഹതാപ പ്രകടനം മാത്രമാണ്. ആശാന്റെ വിഷാദഭാവം നമ്മെ അധഃപതിപ്പിക്കുന്നില്ല. മറിച്ച് ആത്മാവിനെ വീണ്ടും വീണ്ടും കറയും കരടും കളഞ്ഞു പരിശുദ്ധമാക്കുകയാണ് ചെയ്യുന്നത്. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കണ്ണുനീർ ഹൃദയത്തെ ദ്രവിപ്പിക്കുന്ന ആമ്ലികദ്രവമല്ല; അതിന് ഉറപ്പും ശുദ്ധത (elasticity) യുണ്ടെന്നൊരു ഒരു രാസദ്രവ്യമാണ്. കരുണയെപ്പോലെയോ നമുക്കി പ്രവാഹങ്ങളിൽ കൂടി ഒഴുകി, വ്യാസനെയോപോലെ ആശാനും കരുണയെപ്പോലെ പാരമ്പര്യത്തിലാണെന്നത്.

സംവദ-ഭിഷകര!

പദ്മനാഭൻ: — “നാരികളുടെ”

നരൾ നരൾ യുഗമുദം രാമിനീ
നീർ നാരികളുടെ
നീർ നാരികളുടെ കരനാരികളുടെ
നീർ നാരികളുടെ

ഹിരയകാരവർണ്ണമേ ഹേളി
നീർ നാരികളുടെ
നീർ നാരികളുടെ കരനാരികളുടെ
നീർ നാരികളുടെ

x x x x

നീർ നാരികളുടെ നരൾ നാരികളുടെ
നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ
നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ
നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ

നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ, നാരികളുടെ
നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ—
നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ, നാരികളുടെ
നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ

നാരികളുടെ, നാരികളുടെ, നാരികളുടെ
നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ
നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ
നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ

നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ
നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ....
നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ
നാരികളുടെ നാരികളുടെ

x x x x

ಕೆಂಪು ಬಣ್ಣದಲಿ ಕಂಪು ಬೀರುತಿಹ
ಚಿಂಗುಲಾಬಿ ಹಿಂದೆ-
ರಕ್ತ ಪಾನವನು ಗೈದ ರಕ್ತಸಿಯು !
ಈಗ ಸೊಬಗರಂಜೆ !

ಸಸ್ಯ ಶ್ಯಾಮಲೆ ಸುರೂಪಿ ಕೋಮಲೆಯು
ಎಮ್ಮ ಭೂಮಿ ದೇವಿ !
ಪ್ರಳಯ ಜ್ವಾಲೆಯೆದೆಯೊಳಗೆ ತೀವಿ ' ಧಗ-
ಧಗನೆ' ಉರಿವ ಮಾರಿ !

ಸಮಯ ಒದಗಿದರೆ ಮಾತೆ ಮಕ್ಕಳನೆ-
ನುಂಗಿ ಬಿಡುವಳಲ್ಲೊ ?
ರೌದ್ರ ಮೂರ್ತಿಯೆನಳೆಂದು ಬೆದರಿ ನಡು
ನಡುಗುತಿರುವೆನಲ್ಲೊ !

x x x x

ಮಧುರ ಪುಷ್ಪಗಳ ಸುರಭಿ ತುಂಬಿ ಬರೆ
ಸುಳಿವ ಸುಖದ ಗಾಳಿ-
ಹಿಂದೆ ಮಾಡಿ ಇದೆ ಕ್ರೂರ ಕಾರ್ಯವನು
ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಜೀವ ಹಾನಿ !

ಒಮ್ಮೆ ಬನಗಳೆಡೆಯಿಂದ ಕುಸುಮಗಳ
ಮಧುರ ಕಂಪು ಸೂಸೆ
ಒಡನೆ ಸರ್ಪಗಳ ವಿಷದ ಬಿಸಿಯ ನಿ
ಟ್ಟುಸಿರು ಸುಡುವುದಲ್ಲೆ ?

ಮಧುರರಾಗದೊಳಗುಲಿವ ಪಿಕ್ಕಗಳೊಡ
ನೊಡನೆ ವ್ಯಾಘ್ರ ಗಜರಿ-
ಭಯನ ತುಂಬುತಿದೆ ಎದೆಯು ನಡುಗುತಿದೆ !
ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಗಾನ ಲಹರಿ ?

x x x x

ಭವ್ಯಭೀಕರಗಳೆರಡು ಠೂಪಗಳ
ನೆನೆದು ನೆನೆದು ಸೋತು
ನವೆಯುತಿರುವೆ ನಾ, ಸವೆಯುತಿರುವೆ ನಾ
ಮಾನವಾಗಿ ಮಾತು !

ಮಣಿಯಿದೆಂದು ನಾ ಭ್ರಮಿಸಿ ಹಿಡಿಯಲಹ !
ಅದುವೆ ಕೆಂಡವಹುದು !
ರಾಸಿಕೆಂಡದಲಿ ತನುವನೀಗಲೈ-
ತರಲು ತಣ್ಣ ತಹುದು !

ಏನೊ ಮಾಯೆಯಿದೆಂದು ಮೆಲ್ಲನಿರೆ
ಕತ್ತಲೊತ್ತಿ ಬಹುದು !
ನಿನ್ನ ಮೈಮೆಯನು ನೀನೆ ಬಿಡಿಸುತಿರು
ತೋರು ಎನಗೆ ಬೆಳಕು



ಕ ವಿ-ಕಾ ವ್ಯ

ಕವಿ ಕಾವ್ಯರಚನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಚತುರ್ಮುಖ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮ. ಅವನ ಕೃತಿ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯ ಪ್ರತಿಫಲಿತ ; ಪ್ರತಿಮಾಕೃತಿ. “Its nature is to be not a part, nor yet a copy of the real world but to be a world by itself, independent, complete, autonomous”—A. C. Bradley. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಂ ಜನಜೀವನದ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬ, ಕಾವ್ಯ ಜೀವನದ ವಿಮರ್ಶೆ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿಕೊಂಡು ಬರುವುದು ಸಂಭವವಾಗಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಕೊನೆಯಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದರಿಂದ ಕಾವ್ಯೋದ್ದೇಶ ಮುಕ್ತಾಯವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಗುಣ ಸಾಧಿಸುವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯ ನಿಗೂಢವಾದ ನಗ್ನ ಸತ್ಯ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಂಡು, ಪರಪ್ರಪ್ತನ ಸಜ್ಜಿದಾಗುವ ಸ್ವರೂಪವನ್ನು ಸಂದರ್ಶಿಸಿ ಅದರಿಂದ ಉಂಟಾಗುವ ಅತುಳಾನಂದವನ್ನು ಅನುಭವಿಸಿ, ಅತ್ಯೋನ್ನತಿಯ ಬರಹನಿಮಯನ್ನೇರಿ ಕಾವ್ಯವನ್ನು ಸೃಜಿಸುವುದು ಕವಿಯ ಪರಾತ್ಪರವಾದ ಉದ್ದೇಶ.

ಕವಿ ಕಾವ್ಯವನ್ನು ಸೃಜಿಸುವುದು ತನ್ನ ಆತ್ಮಾನಂದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ, ಜನತೆಗಾಗಿ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಜನತೆ ಅವನ ಕಾವ್ಯದಿಂದ ಲಾಭ ಪಡೆದು ಪ್ರಗತಿಮಾರ್ಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುನ್ನಡೆಯಬೇಕು.

ಶತ ಶತ ಸಾಸಿರ ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯ ತರುವಿನಲ್ಲಿ ತಾನೇ ತಾನಾಗಿ ಅರಳಿ ನಲಿಯುವ ಪುಷ್ಪ ಕವಿ ಯ ಹೃದಯ. ಆ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯ ನಿಧಿಯ ಸಹಾಯದಿಂದ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು, ನಿಸರ್ಗ ಸತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಂಡುಹಿಡಿಯಲು ಪ್ರಸಕ್ತನಾಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. “It is an acknowledgement of the beauty of the universe it is a homage payed to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves.”—Wordsworth. ಕಾಲಕಾಲಕ್ಕೂ ನಿತ್ಯನೂತನವಾದ ನಾನಾ ಅನುಭವಗಳು ಅವನಿಗೆ ಉಂಟಾಗುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತವೆ. ವಾಸ್ತವ ಪ್ರಪಂಚದ ದುಟ್ಟು-ಸಾವು, ನೋವು-ನಲಿವು, ಸುಖ-ದುಃಖ, ಸೋಲು-ಗೆಲವು, ಆಶೆ-ನಿರಾಶೆ, ಸುಮ್ಮಾನ-ದುಮ್ಮಾನಗಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಕವಿಯ ಹೃದಯ ಮಮ್ಮಲ ಮರುಗುತ್ತದೆ, ಮನಸ್ಸು ವಿಕಾರವ ಶವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಅದೇ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದು ಕೊಂಡು ರಚಿಸುವ ಕಾವ್ಯ ಜೀವನದ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬ ಅಥವಾ ವಿಮರ್ಶೆಯಾದೀತು. ಆದರೆ ನಿಜವಾದ ಕವಿಯ ಕರ್ಮ ಅಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದೊಂದು ರೀತಿಯ ತಪ್ಪರಣೆ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಆ ಎಲ್ಲ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯ ಚಿತ್ರ ವೈಚಿತ್ರ್ಯಗಳ ಮೂಲವನ್ನು ಪರಿಶೋಧಿಸಲು ಉದ್ಯುಕ್ತನಾಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಆ ಕರ್ಮಾಚರಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹೃದಯದ ರಾಗವಿಕಾರಗಳು ಮಾಯವಾಗಿ ಸ್ಥಿತಪ್ರಜ್ಞನಾಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಅಂತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅರಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಸತ್ಯ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯ ದರ್ಶನ ಉಂಟಾಗಿ ಆನಂದ ತುಂದಿಲನಾಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಆನಂದ ಸುಧೆ ಕಾವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ರಸಸ್ರೋತವಾಗಿ ಹರಿಯುತ್ತದೆ.

ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಕವಿಯ ಕರ್ಮವನ್ನು ಮೂರು ಹಂತವಾಗಿ ವಿಂಗಡಿಸಬಹುದು.—ನಿಧಿ ಅಥವಾ ಅನುಭೂತಿ, ಧ್ಯಾನ ಮತ್ತು ದರ್ಶನ. ಕವಿಗೆ ಅನುಭವ ದೊರೆಯುವುದು ವಾಸ್ತವ ಜಗತ್ತಿನಿಂದ. ಆ ಅನುಭವವನ್ನು ಹೃದಯದ ಮೂಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪುಟಗೊಳಿಸಿ, ಆತ್ಮದ ಪಡಿಯಚ್ಚಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಎರಕಹೊಯ್ದು, ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ವಿಶಿಷ್ಟಾಕೃತಿಯನ್ನು, ಅನುಸಮಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು, ಅದ್ವಿತೀಯ ಶೋಭೆಯನ್ನು ತೆತ್ತು ಪ್ರದರ್ಶಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಕೊನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಮಗೆ ದೊರೆಯುವುದು ಕವಿಯ ಅನುಭವಕ್ಕಿಂತಲೂ ತೀರ ಬೇರೆಯಾದ ನವೋದನವಾದ ವಸ್ತು. “ಕಾವ್ಯಭಿವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಗೆ ಅಥವಾ ಭಾವ ಪ್ರದರ್ಶನಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಮಗ್ರಿ ಸಂವಿಧಾನಗಳು ಕವಿಪ್ರತಿಭೆಗೆ ಬಾಹ್ಯ ಜಗತ್ತಿನಿಂದ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯ ಮೂಲಕ ದೊರೆಯುತ್ತವಾದರೂ ಆ ಅಭಿವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ಅಥವಾ ಪ್ರಕಾಶನದ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿ ಮುಹೂರ್ತವು ಬುದ್ಧಿಗತವಾಗಿರದೆ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅತೀತವೂ ಭಿತ್ತಿರೂಪವೂ ಆಗಿರುವ ಅಪ್ರಜ್ಞಾವಲಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸೇರಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಅನುಭವಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಂಕೇತಿಕವಾದ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ರಚನೆ ಸುಪ್ತ ಚಿತ್ತದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಗುವ ಗುಪ್ತಕರ್ಮ”.—ಕುವೆಂಪು.

ಕವಿ ತಾನು ಕಂಡ ಸತ್ಯ ನಿಸ್ಸಂಶಯವಾಗಿ ವಾಸ್ತವ ಜೀವನದ ವಸ್ತು ಘಟನೆ, ಪಾತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ಆಯ್ದು ಕೊಂಡು ತಾನು ಕೃತಿಯನ್ನು ಹೊಸೆಯುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಅದರ ಮೂಲಕ ತನ್ನ ಸತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಪ್ರಪಂಚಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರದರ್ಶಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ, ಪ್ರಕಾಶಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಅವನ ಕಾವ್ಯದ ಮುಖ್ಯವಿಷಯ ವಸ್ತುವು ಅಲ್ಲ. ಘಟನೆಯೂ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಪಾತ್ರಗಳೂ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಅವುಗಳ ಮೂಲಕ ನಿವೇದಿಸುವ ತವಾಗುವ ಪರಮೋನ್ನತ ಸತ್ಯ, ನಿರೂಪಿಸುವ ಸತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಸತ್ಯದಯಾನಂದಕರವಾಗುವಂತೆ ನಿರೂಪಿಸಲು ಬೇಕಾಗುವ ಬಾಹ್ಯ ಸಲಕರಣೆ ಅವೆಲ್ಲ. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಶಾಶ್ವತವಾಗಿ ನಿಲ್ಲುವುದು ಪರಮಾನಂದ ಮಾತ್ರ. “The worlds are only frames of our experience, the senses only instruments of experience and conveniences. Consciousness is the great underlying fact, the universal witness for whom the world is a field, the senses instruments. To that witness the worlds and the objects appeal for their reality”

Sri Aurabindo.

“ವಾಕ್ಯಂ ರಸಾತ್ಮಕಂ ಕಾವ್ಯಂ” ಎಂದು ನಮ್ಮ ಪೂರ್ವಜರು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಆದರೆ ಕಾವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ರಸವು ಪ್ರಧಾನವಾಗಿರುವುದಷ್ಟೇ ಅದರ ಮಹತ್ತರವಾದ ಗುಣವಲ್ಲ. ಕಾವ್ಯದ ಉದ್ದಗಲಕ್ಕೂ ಪ್ರತಿಗೊಂಡ ವೀಣೆಯಂತೆ ಪರಿಪಕ್ವವಾದ ಅಮರತ್ವವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿದ ಕವಿಯ ಹೃದಯ ಅಮರತನೂ ಮಿಡಿದೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಹಾಗೆ ಮಿಡಿದೊಂಡ ಮಂದ್ರ ಮಂಜುಳ ಸ್ವರ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬಿತವಾದ ಮೂಲಕ ನಮ್ಮ ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ತಟ್ಟಿ ಮಾರ್ದವ ಗೊಳಿಸುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಕಾವ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಮುಖ್ಯವಾದ ಗುಣ ವಿಶೇಷ ಕವಿಯ ಅತ್ಮಾಭಿವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ. ‘ವೈಪ್ರಕೃತ್ಯ’ (.....consciousness is the great underlying fact ...) ಮಿಕ್ಕದ್ದೆಲ್ಲ ಒಂದು ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ಗಾಣ.

‘Beauty is truth, truth beauty’—that is all

Ye know on earth, and ye need to know.

—Keats.

ಮಹಾಕವಿ ಕೀಟ್ಸ್ ಹೇಳುವಂತೆ ಸಜ್ಜಿದಾನಂದವಾದ ಸತ್ಯಸೌಂದರ್ಯ ದರ್ಶನವೇ ಕವಿಯ ಅದ್ವೈತಕರ್ಮ, ಮಹೋದ್ದೇಶ. ಆ ದರ್ಶನ ಸೌಲಭ್ಯವನ್ನು ಪಡೆದ ಮೇಲೆ ಅವನ ಆತ್ಮ ಅಮರವಾದ ಆನಂದಸಾಗರದಲ್ಲಿ ಓಲಾಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಆತ್ಮೋಲ್ಲಾಸದ ಸುಧಾರಸ ಮೇರೆ ಮೀರಿ ಕಟ್ಟಿಡೆದು ಪ್ರವಹಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಆ ದಿವ್ಯವಾದ ಆನಂದ ಸುಧೆಯನ್ನು ಕಾವ್ಯಕೃತಿಯ ಭವ್ಯಸರೋವರದಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿಡಿದಿಟ್ಟುಗಳೇನೇ ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಶಾಂತಿ, ನೆಮ್ಮದಿ ಲಭಿಸುವುದು. ಅಲ್ಲಿಯವರೆಗೂ ಕಳವಳದಿಂದ ಬೇಗುದಿಗೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಕವಿಗೆ ಕಾವ್ಯಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿಬಾ ಎಂದಾಗ ಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತ್ಯಂಗನೆಯ ಆಗಮನಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಅವನು ಹಗಲಿರುಳೂ ತಪಸ್ಸು ಮಾಡಬೇಕು. ಹೃನ್ಮಂದಿರವನ್ನು ತ್ರಿಕೂಣಶುದ್ಧಿಪೂರ್ವಕವಾಗಿ ನಿರ್ಮಲಗೊಳಿಸಿ ದೇವಿಯ ಭದ್ರಪೀಠವನ್ನು ಅಣಿಮಾಡಿ ಕಾದು ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. “It is a spirit. It comes we know not whence. It will not speak at our bidding, nor answer in our language. It is not our servant, it is our master.”—A. C. Bradley.

ಅವಳ ಅನುಗ್ರಹ ಉಂಟಾದಾಗ ಮಾತ್ರ ಕಾವ್ಯ ತಾನಾಗಿಯೇ ಆಬಾಧಿತವಾಗಿ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಹೃದಯದಿಂದ ನೇರವಾಗಿ ಅಪ್ರಯತ್ನದಿಂದ ಹೊಮ್ಮಿ ಸೂಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಹೃದಯದಿಂದ ಹೊಮ್ಮಿದ ಕಾವ್ಯ ವಾಚಕನ ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ಮುಟ್ಟುತ್ತದೆ. ಅಂಥವನೇ ಮಹಾಕವಿ. ಅವನೇ ರಸ ಮುಷಿ. ಅವನ ಕಾವ್ಯ ಮಹಾಕಾವ್ಯ. ಅಂತಹ ಕಾವ್ಯ ಕಾಲಾತೀತ ದೇಶಾತೀತವಾಗಿ ಸರ್ವಜನಾದರಣೀಯವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.

M. Mahantaswamy)
V Hons. (Kan.)

ನಾಲ್ಕು ಕಾರಣಗಳು

ಕತೆಗಾರ:—ಜಿ. ಚನ್ನಬಸವನಗೌಡ

ನಾನು ಮೊದಲ ಸಲ ರಜೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಊರಿಗೆ ಹೋದಾಗ ಕೇಳಿದ ಸುದ್ದಿಗೂ, ಅನಂತರ ನಾನು ಕೇಳಿ ತಿಳಿದ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಸಮಾಚಾರಗಳಿಗೂ ಬಹಳ ಸಂಬಂಧವಿದೆ. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಆ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಸಮಾಚಾರಗಳೇ ನಾನು ಕೇಳಿದ ಸುದ್ದಿಯ ಸುತ್ತಲೂ ಸುತ್ತಿಕೊಂಡಿವೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದಲೇ ಒಂದುಗೂಡಿಸಲಾಗದ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಯೂ ಏರ್ಪಟ್ಟಿದೆ.

ಆ ದಿನ ಸಾಯಂಕಾಲ ಹೊಲಗಳ ಕಡೆಗೆ ತಿರುಗಾಡಲು ಹೋದಾಗ ಕರಿಯ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದ. ಬೆಳೆ ಮತ್ತು ಮಳೆಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ವಿಚಾರಿಸಿದ ಅನಂತರ ನಾನು ಅವನ ಮನೆಯ ಕುರಿತು ವಿಚಾರಿಸಿದೆ. ಆಗ ಕರಿಯ ಮುಖವನ್ನು ಸಣ್ಣದು ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೇಳಬೇಕೋ ಬೇಡವೋ ಎಂಬ ಅನುಮಾನದಿಂದಲೇ “ಇದ್ದೊಬ್ಬ ಮಗನಿಗಂತ ಸಾಲ ಮಾಡಿ ಮದುವೆ ಮಾಡ್ತೆ. ಆದ್ರೆ, ಸೊಸೆ ಉಳಿಲ್ಲ ನಮ್ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ” ಎಂದ.

ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮ ಸತ್ತ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಕರಿಯನಿಂದ ಕೇಳಿದ ಈ ಸುದ್ದಿಯೇ ಮೊದಲಿನದು.

ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವಿಗೆ ಕಾರಣವೇನೆಂದು ನಾನು ವಿಚಾರಿಸಿದಾಗ ಕರಿಯ ಈರೀತಿ ಹೇಳಿದ. ಇದು ನಾನು ಕೇಳಿದ ಮೊದಲನೇ ಕಾರಣ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವಿಗೆ.

“ ಏನೋ ಒಳ್ಳೇ ಹುಡುಗಿಗಂತ ನಾನು ತಿಳಿದಿದ್ದೆ. ಮಾನವಂತ್ರ ಮನೆ ತನ್ನೋಳು ಅಂತ ಅಂದ್ಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದೆ ಆದ್ರೆ ಹಲ್ ಕಟ್ ಮುಂ.... ಹಲ್ಲುಟ್ ಕೆಲಸನೇ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದು. ಅದನ್ನು ಮುಚ್ಚಿಗೊಳ್ಳಲು ಬಾವಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದು ಸತ್ತಳು ಬ್ಯಾರಿ. ಇದ್ದಿಂದ ಅವೇನೋ ತಾನು ಮಾಡಿದ್ ತಪ್ಪು ತಾನು ಮುಚ್ಚಿಗೊಂಡ್ಲ, ಆದ್ರೆ ಅವ್ವಾದನ್ ಮಾತ್ರ ನಮ್ ಮ್ಯಾಲೆ ಆಕಿದ್ರು ” ಎಂದ ಕರಿಯ.

“ ಏನು! ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮ ಆತ್ಮಹತ್ಯೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಸತ್ತಳೇ ? ” ಎಂದು ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯದಿಂದ ಕೇಳಿದೆ ನಾನು.

ಅಂಗ್ನಾಡ್ಕಳ್ಳಿದ್ರೆ ಮತ್ತೇನ್ ಮಾಡ್ತಾಳೆ? ಮಾನಗೆಟ್ಟ ಮ್ಯಾಲೆ ಯೆಗೆ ಸತ್ತರೂ ಏನೈತೆ ? ” ತಿರಸ್ಕಾರ ತುಂಬಿತ್ತು ಅವನ ಧ್ವನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ.

“ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮ ಮಾಡಿದ ಮಾನಗೆಟ್ಟ ಕೆಲಸ ಏನು ” ಎಂದು ಕರಿಯನನ್ನು ಕೇಳಲಾರದೆ ಕೇಳಿದೆ. ಕರಿಯನ ಮುಖದಲ್ಲಿ ತಿರಸ್ಕಾರದ ಹೊರತು ಬೇರೆ ಭಾವಕ್ಕೆ ಸ್ಥಳವಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

“ ಇನ್ನೇನು ಮಾಡ್ತಾಳೆ ಗಂಡ ಸಾಕಾಗ್ತಿಲ್ಲಂತ ಮಿಂಡನ್ತಾಕ ಮಲಗಿದ್ದು. ಇದ್ದಿಂತ ಮಾನಗೆಟ್ಟ ಕೆಲಸ ಯಾವ ಹೆಂಗ್ಸು ಮಾಡ್ತಾಳೆ ಹೇಳಿ ” ಎಂದು ಕರಿಯ ನನ್ನ ಕಡೆಗೆ ನೋಡಿದ. ಅವನ ಸ್ವರದಲ್ಲಿ ಗಂಡಸಿನ ಅಭಿಮಾನಕ್ಕೆ ಬರೆ ಎಳೆದ ಅಸರಾಧ ಮತ್ತು ಅಸವಾದದ ಪ್ರತಿಪಾದನೆ ಇತ್ತು.

ನಾನು ಕರಿಯನ ದುಡುಕು ಸ್ವಭಾವ ತಿಳಿದಿದ್ದೆನಾದ್ದರಿಂದ “ ಈ ಸುದ್ದಿ ಯಾರು ಹೇಳಿದ್ರು ನಿಗೆ ? ” ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದೆ.

“ ಯಾರು ತಾನೇ ಯಾಕ ಹೇಳ್ತೀಕು. ನನ್ನಣ್ಣ ನಾನು ನಂಬಬ್ಯಾಡ್ತೆ ? ಮನೇಲಿ ಯಾರಿಲ್ಲಾಗ ಆ ಗೌಡನ ಕೂಡ..... ” ಮುಂದೆ ಹೇಳಲಿಲ್ಲ ಕರಿಯ. ಕೋಪ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿದ್ದರಿಂದ, ತಿರಸ್ಕಾರದ ಭಾವವು ಕಡಮೆ ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿತ್ತು ಮುಖದಲ್ಲಿ. ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಕೇಳಿದರೆ ಕೋಪದ ಪರ್ಯವಸಾನ ದುಃಖದಲ್ಲಿ ಆಗುವಂತೆ ಕಂಡಿತು ನನಗೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ನಾನು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಕೆದರಿ ವಿಷಯವನ್ನು ಕೇಳಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಆತ್ಮಹತ್ಯೆಗೆ ಕರಿಯ ಹೇಳಿದ ಕಾರಣ ಹೀಗಿತ್ತು.

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ಅನಂತರ ನಾನು ತಳವಾರ ಗೋವಿಂದನೊಂದಿಗೆ ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ ಅಕಸ್ಮಾತ್ತಾಗಿ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಮಾತು ಬಂದಿತು. ಅವನು ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವಿನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಅದ ಕಂಚನಾಮೆಯನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸಿದ. ಗೋವಿಂದ ತಿಳಿಸಿದ್ದು ಇಷ್ಟು ಮಾತ್ರ:— ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ ಆಗಾಗ್ಗೆ ಬಹಳ ಬರುತ್ತಿತ್ತಂತೆ. ಚಿಕ್ಕಂದಿನಿಂದಲೂ ಆಗಾಗ್ಗೆ ಕುಳಿತಾಗ, ನಿಂತಾಗ ಅಕಸ್ಮಾತ್ತಾಗಿ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮ ಎಚ್ಚರ ತಪ್ಪಿ ಬೀಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ತಾಯಿ ತಂದೆಗಳು ‘ ಉರುಕುಂದಿ ಈರಣ್ಣ ’ ನ ತಿಕ್ಕಡಿ ಎಂದುಕೊಂಡು ಆ ದೇವರಿಗೆ ಪ್ರತಿವರ್ಷವೂ ನಡೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಅದರೂ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ರೋಗಮಾತ್ರ ವಾಸಿಯಾ ಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ವೈದ್ಯನಾದ ಕಂಠಣ್ಣನ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಔಷಧವನ್ನು ಕೊಡಿಸಿದಾಗ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಗುಣ ಕಂಡುಬಂದಿತು. ಆದ್ದರಲ್ಲೇ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಮದುವೆಯೂ ಆಯಿತು. ಅನಂತರ ಒಂದೆರಡು ಸಲಮಾತ್ರ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮ ಎಚ್ಚರ ತಪ್ಪಿ ಬಿದ್ದುಹೋದಳು. ಇದನ್ನು ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಅತ್ತೆ ಮಲ್ಲಮ್ಮನು ‘ ಪಾತಪ್ಪನ ಕಾಟವೆಂದು ’ ತಿಳಿದು ಒಂದೆರಡು ‘ ಅಂತ್ರ ’ ಗಳನ್ನು ಹಾಕಿಸಿದ್ದಳು. ನಂತರ ಕೆಲವು ದಿನಗಳು ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿಯೇ ಇದ್ದಳು. ಆದರೆ ನೀರಿಗೆ ಹೋದಾಗ ಹಿಂದಿನ ರೋಗ ಮುಂಕಳಿಸಿದ್ದರಿಂದ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮ ಎಚ್ಚರ ತಪ್ಪಿ ಬಾವಿಗುಳಿದಳು. ಬಾವಿಯ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಆ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾರೂ ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರಿಂದ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮ ಸತ್ತು ಹೋದಳು. ಇಂಥಾ ಆಕಸ್ಮಿಕ ಘಟನೆಯಿಂದ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮ ಸತ್ತಳೇ ಹೊರತು, ಆತ್ಮಹತ್ಯೆಯಿಂದಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಗೌಡರು ಕಂಚನಾಮೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿಸಿದ ಗೋವಿಂದ.

ನನಗೆ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವಾಯಿತು ಅದರೂ ಇದಕ್ಕೆಲ್ಲಾ ಸಾಕ್ಷಿ ಹೇಳಿದವರಾರು ? ಎಂದು ತಳವಾರ ಗೋವಿಂದ ನನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದೆ.

“ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಅತ್ತೆ ಮಲ್ಲಕ್ಕನೇ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾಳೆ ” ಎಂದ. ನನಗೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವಾಯಿತು, ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಮನೆಯವರ ಸಾಕ್ಷ್ಯವೇ ಸಾಕಾಗಿತ್ತು ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವಿಗೆ ಇದರಿಂದ ಕುತೂಹಲ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಯಿತು.

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ಕರಿಯನ ಮನೆಯ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಯಲ್ಲಮ್ಮನನ್ನು ವಿಚಾರಿಸಿದಾಗ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವಿಗೆ ಬೇರೆಯೇ ಕಥೆ ಒಂದು ಹೊರಬಂದಿತು.

ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವಿಗೆ ಕಂಚನಾಮೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಮೂದಿಸಿದ ಕಾರಣವನ್ನು ನಾನು ತಿಳಿಸಿದಾಗ “ ಅದೆಲ್ಲಾ ಸುಳ್ಳು ಎಚ್ಚರಿಕೆಯಿರಲಿ ಇಲ್ಲವೋ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಆ ಮಲ್ಲಕ್ಕಂದೇ ಮಾಟ. ಹಗ್ಗೂ ರಾತ್ರೀ ಪುರಸೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲದ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದು ಸತ್ಯಕ್ಕ. ಅದ್ರೂ ಮಲ್ಲಕ್ಕಮಾತ್ರ ಅವಳ ಸ್ವಾತಿ ಸ್ವಾತಿ ತಿವ್ವು ಬೈತಿದ್ದು. ಒಂದಿನಾದ್ರೂ ಅತ್ತೆಸೊಸೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದನ್ನ ನಾನೊಡ್ಡಲಿಲ್ಲವೆ ಆದ್ರೆ, ಆ ಉಚ್ಚುಂಡೋನು ತಾಯಿಮಾತು ನಮ್ಮೈಂಡೇ ಸತ್ಯಕ್ಕನ್ನ ಕಟ್ಟಿ ಕಲ್ಲೂ ಅಂಬುದಂಗ, ಕೈಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಾಂದ್ರಿಂದ ಬಡಿತಿದ್ದ ” ಎಂದಳು ಯಲ್ಲಮ್ಮ. ಎಲೆ ಅಡೆಕೆ ಮೆಲ್ಲುತ್ತಿದ್ದರಿಂದ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇದ್ದ ತೊಂಬಲನ್ನು ಉಗುಳಲು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿದಳು ಮಾತನ್ನು.

ಆಗ ನಾನು ಅತ್ತೆಯ ಕಾಟ ತಾಳಲಾರದೆ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮ ಬಾವಿಗೆ ಹಾರಿಕೊಂಡು ಸತ್ತಿರಬಹುದು ಎಂದು ಊಹಿಸಿ ಕೊಂಡೆ. ಕೂಡಲೇ ಕರಿಯ ಹೇಳಿದ ಕಾರಣವೂ ನೆನಪಿಗೆ ಬಂದಿತು. ಅದನ್ನು ಯಲ್ಲಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿಸಿದಾಗ “ ಅವ್ವೂ ಮಲ್ಲಕ್ಕನ್ನಾಟಿದಾಗ ಸಿಕ್ಕೊಂಡ್ನಾ ? ಗಯ್ಯಾಳಿ ತಾನು ಕೆಟ್ಟದ್ದಕ್ಕೆ ಸತ್ಯಕ್ಕನ್ನ ಕೆಟ್ಟಳಂತೆ ಅಕರೆ ಮೂತ್ಯೋನು ಕರಿಗ್ಗಿ ಹೇಳ್ತಾಳೆ ” ಎಂದಳು.

“ ಇಲ್ಲಾ ಯಲ್ಲಮ್ಮಾ, ಕರಿಯ ತಾನೇ ಕಣ್ಣಾರೆ ನೋಡೀನಂತ ಹೇಳಿದ ನನಗೆ ” ಎಂದೆ.

“ ಅದೆಲ್ಲಾ ನಾಟ್ಯಾ ಬಿಡಪ್ಪಾ. ಯಾವನಾದ್ರೂ ಗಂಡ್ನು ಮನೆ ಸೊಸೆ ಕೂಡ ಮಲಕ್ಕೊಂಡಾ ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಯಾರು ಸುಮ್ಮನಿರಾರೆ ? ಅದೂ ತನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣಿಂದೇ ನೋಡ್ಯಾನಂದ್ರೆ ಕುಡುಗೋಲು ತಗೊಂಡು ಅಗ್ಗೇ ಇಬ್ಬನ್ನೂ ಸೀಳ್ಕಿರಾ ? ಒದೆಲ್ಲಾ ಮಲ್ಲಕ್ಕಂದೇ ಕತೆ. ಯಾಕಂದ್ರೆ..... ” ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ಮುಂದೆ ಹೇಳಲು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಅನುಮಾನಿಸಿದಳು ಯಲ್ಲಮ್ಮ.

“ ಏನು ? ಏನು ಕತೆ ಯಲ್ಲಮ್ಮ ? ಇದ್ದು ಹೇಳು. ನೀನೇನು ಇಲ್ಲದ್ದು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾ ? ” ಎಂದು ನಾನು ಯಲ್ಲಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ ಧೈರ್ಯದ ಮಾತು ಹೇಳಿದೆ.

ಆಗ ಯಲ್ಲಮ್ಮನು “ ಆ ಗೌಡನ್ನೇ, ಈ ಗಯ್ಯಾಳಿ ಮಲ್ಲಕ್ಕ ಮುಬ್ಬೊಂಡಾಳವ್ವಾ. ಇದು ಬಾಳಾ ದಿವಸದ ಸಂಬಂಧಾ ” ಎಂದಳು.

ನನಗೆ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವಿಗೂ, ಮಲ್ಲಮ್ಮನ ನಡತೆಗೂ ಅಷ್ಟೇನೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಸಂಬಂಧ ಕಂಡು ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಅನುಮಾನಿಸುತ್ತಾ “ ಅಲ್ಲಾ ಯಲ್ಲಮ್ಮ, ಸತ್ಯಕ್ಕ ಸತ್ತುದ್ದೇಕೆ ? ನೀನೇನು ಹೇಳೋ ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ” ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದೆ.

“ ಈಟು ತಿಕ್ಕೋಕಿಲ್ಲೇನವ್ವಾ ? ಗಯ್ಯಾಳಿ ಮಲ್ಲಕ್ಕ ಗೌಡನ್ನೂಡ ಮಲಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದನ್ನ ಸತ್ಯಕ್ಕ ನೋಡ್ತಾಳ. ಆಗ ಮಲ್ಲಕ್ಕ ಗಂಡಗ ತಿಳಿದ್ರೆ ಗತಿನೆಟ್ಟು ಗಾಕಿಲ್ಲಾಂತ, ತನ್ನೇಲೆ ಬಂದದ್ದನ್ನ ಸತ್ಯಕ್ಕನ ಮೇಲೆ ಹಾಕ್ಪಿಟ್ಟು. ಕತೆಕಟ್ಟಿ ಗಂಡನ ಕಿವಿ ಊದಿ ಸತ್ಯಕ್ಕನ್ನ ಕೆಬ್ಬೊಳನ್ನ ಮಾಡಿಸ್ತು. ಆಗ ಕರಿಯ ಕೂಡ ಬಾಯಿಗೆ ಬಂದಂಗೆ ಬೈಲಿಕ್ಕೆ ಶುರು ಮಾಡಿದ, ಅತ್ತೆ ಮಾವ ಮತ್ತೆ ಗಂಡ, ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಬೈತಾ, ಬಡಿತಾ ಇವ್ರೆ ಸತ್ಯಕ್ಕ ಏನ್ನಾಡ್ತಾಳೇಳವ್ವಾ ? ಅದ್ಯೇ ಅಂತೋರ್ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ಬದ್ವೋದ್ದಿಂತ ಸಾಯೋದ್ ಮೇಲಾಂತ ಸತ್ಯಕ್ಕ ಬಾಯಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದು ಸತ್ತಿದ್ದು ” ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದಳು ಯಲ್ಲಮ್ಮ.

ಮುಂದೆ ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬರು ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವಿಗೆ ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಕಾರಣವನ್ನು ಮುಂದೆ ಮಾಡಿ, ಹೀಗೆ ಹೇಳಿದರು.

ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮ ಗಂಡನ ಮನೆಗೆ ಬಂದು ನಾಲ್ಕು ವರುಷಗಳಾದರೂ ಮಕ್ಕಳಾಗುವ ಲಕ್ಷಣಗಳೇ ಕಂಡುಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಅವಳ ಗಂಡ ಬೇರೆ ಮದುವೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕೆಂದು ಬಯಸಿದ. ಇದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿದಾಗ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮ ಹೆಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಸಹಜವಾದ ಭೀತಿ ಮತ್ತು ದ್ವೇಷದಿಂದ ಬದುಕಿದರೂ ಸಾರ್ಥಕವೇನು ಎಂದುಕೊಂಡು ಬಾವಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದು ಪ್ರಾಣ ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡದ್ದು — ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದರು.

ಇವು ನಾಲ್ಕು ಕಾರಣಗಳೂ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವಿಗೆ ಶೋಷಕವಾಗಿ ಅವಳ ಬಾಳಿನ ಸುತ್ತಲೂ ಹೆಣೆದ, ಬಿಡಿಸಲಾಗದ ಬಲೆಯಂತಿವೆ. ಈಗಲೂ ನನಗೆ ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವಿಗೆ ನಿಜವಾದ ಕಾರಣ ತಿಳಿದು ಬಂದಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ಜೀವನ ಸರಳ ಎಂಬ ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಈಸಿದು ಹೋಗಿ, ಸರಳತೆಯ ಹಿಂದೆ ಅಡಗಿರುವ ಗೂಢತೆಯನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದೆ ಮನಸ್ಸು.

ಸತ್ಯಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವಿಗೆ ನಿಜವಾದ ಕಾರಣ ಹೇಗಿದೆಯೋ ? ಸರಿಯಾದುದು ಯಾವುದೋ ? ಏನೋ ?



جس کی شکل و صورت سے تو حلال ٹپکتا تھا اور جسمانی بناوٹ کے لحاظ سے بھی کچھ برا نہیں تھا لیکن اس کے چہرے کا دائرہ تو ہو بہو ہندوستان کے نقشہ کے مانند تھا اور اس سے لگے ہوئے دو متفرق کان تو بالکل مشرقی اور مغربی پاکستان معلوم ہوتے تھے اس لئے ہم نے دانت والے آدمی ہی کو بہتر جانا۔ اس کے بعد ہیروئن کیلئے بھی ہم نے مالی و دھنی مشہور اور نیم برہمنہ رتھامہ من مٹھا کا انتخاب کر کے اس امر کا ریکارڈ قائم کر دیا۔ کہانی ایسے نئے وضع پر تیار کی کہ بس دیکھنے والا دیکھتے ہی رہ جائے۔ اکثر فلموں میں تو ایرانی فلموں کے گیت ہی الٹ پھیر کر دھر دئے جاتے ہیں کسی میں "مل کے بھر لگی انکھیاں" ہوتا ہے تو کسی میں "بھر کے مل گئی انکھیاں" اگر کسی بیل مانس نے سوال کرنے کی جرأت کی تو منہ توڑ جواب یہ ملتا ہے کہ پہلے میں خزاں یار کا درد ٹپکتا ہے تو دوسرے میں وصال محبت کا رنگ جھلکتا ہے۔ مگر ہم نے ان تمام گورکھ دھندوں سے پاک ایسے رسیلے اور پر جوش گیت لکھے کہ سننے والا سننے ہی اپنا سر دھنکے لگے مثلاً "نارو دو دینیوں کے تیرا کہیں نہ ہو جاؤں میں دلگیر دم ہی ہو دل کے میرے پیر، اب دل کے پکائیں کھیر۔ محبت کی، محبت کی، محبت کی، محبت کی۔"

اب فلم کا نام تجویز کرنے کی باری آئی۔ ہم نے سوچا کہ سب باتوں کا یعنی گناہ کا، ثواب کا، طاقت کا، کمزوری کا، دولت کا، گداگری کا، خوف کا، بہادری کا غرض کہ ہر اچھائی اور برائی کا مرکز دنیا ہی تو ہوتی ہے۔ جب دنیا نہیں تو کچھ بھی نہیں۔ پھر کیوں نہ ہم لفظ "دنیا" ہی کے ساتھ کوئی اور لفظ منسلک کر دیں۔ لیکن نہ جانیں کتنی فلمیں "دل کی دنیا" "من کی دنیا" "گروے کی دنیا" "پیسے بھڑے کی دنیا" "اندھوں کی دنیا" "کانوں کی دنیا" جیسے ناموں سے بن چکی ہیں۔ چنانچہ ہمیں ذرا غور سے کام لینا پڑا لیکن جلد ہی یہ معاہدہ بھی کہانی کے مرکزی پاٹ کی بدولت حل ہو گیا اور ہم نے طے کر لیا کہ فلم کا نام "لنگڑوں کی دنیا" رکھا جائے۔ کیونکہ کہانی کا آغاز ایک تعلیم یافتہ لڑکی کے ایک لنگڑے مگر نوجوان گڈ رٹے سے عشق کی بنیاد پر ہوتا ہے۔ اور یہ لڑکی آزاد خیال ہونے کے باوجود مغرور ہیرو کی چند مجبور کمزوریوں کی وجہ سے آخر میں دونوں ہی زہر کھا کر دنیا میں کود جاتے ہیں تاکہ زہر اپنا اثر نہ دکھائے تو کم سے کم دنیا تو ضرور مؤثر ثابت ہو سکے۔

اس کے بعد اللہ اللہ کر کے تصویر کشی کی تاریخ مقرر پائی۔ اور اس دن جوں ہی ہم تیار ہو کر گھر سے نکلے والے تھے کہ ہیرو کا فون آیا۔ اس نے بتایا کہ اس کے باپ کی اچانک موت کی بدولت فلم بندی کے لئے دو ماہ سے پہلے وہ اپنا وقت نہیں دے سکے گا۔ ہمیں بہت رنج ہوا۔ فیروزہ وقت بھی آہستہ آہستہ مگر اطمینان کے ساتھ گزر گیا۔ مگر جب دوبارہ شوٹنگ کی گھڑی آئی تو ہمارے پارٹنر کی ماں مر گئی اور جائداد کی بنا پر ان کے چار بھائیوں میں ناجائز پھیل جانے کی وجہ سے انھوں نے صاف صاف کہہ دیا کہ ان کی گھر یلو گتھیاں سلجھنے کے لئے تقریباً تین مہینے ضرور لگیں گے۔ اب رنج کے ساتھ ساتھ ہماری امیدوں کی فولادی دیوار میں ناامیدی کا ایک چھوٹا سا شگاف بھی پیدا ہو گیا۔ ہیروئن بھی ناراض ہو گئی کہ وہ ہمارے لئے ہندوستان میں اب اور ٹہر کر اپنا قیمتی وقت برباد نہ کر سکے گی۔ بہت منت سماجت کے بعد ہم نے اسے تین ماہ اور رہنے کے لئے رخصت کر لیا۔ آخر یہ مدت بھی پوری ہو گئی اور ہم نے شوٹنگ بھی شروع کر دی۔

پہلے سین میں ہیروئن اپنی ہیلیڈوں کے ساتھ پک ٹک کے لئے روانہ ہوتی ہے۔ ہیرو بکریاں چرتے ہوئے راستہ میں قاتل بکریاں لڑکیوں کی ساٹھوں سے ڈر کر ادھر ادھر بھاگنے لگتی ہیں اور ہیروئن ان کی زد میں آکر گر جاتی ہے۔ لنگڑا اور

گنوار ہیرو گھبرا کر معافی مانگنے کی غرض سے فوراً ہیروئن کے قدموں پر سر رکھ دیتا ہے مگر اس ہیرو کے بچنے لنگڑے پن کی قدرتی ایکٹنگ کرنے کی کوشش کچھ اس انداز سے کی کہ دھڑام سے منہ کے بل ہیروئن کے قدموں پر گر پڑا اور ساتھ ہی ہیروئن کے درد بھری بیچ نکل گئی۔ ذرا غور سے دیکھا تو پتہ چلا کہ ہیرو کا دانت اس کے پاؤں میں ذرا دھنس گیا تھا۔ وہ فوراً گر گئی اور اس فالتو زخم کے بھرنے کے لئے بھی ہمیں اسے چھ مہینوں سے کم عرصے کے لئے رخصت دیتے نہ بنی اور وہ امریکہ کی ایک سیمہ کیپٹی سے اپنے زخم کا معائنہ وصول کرنے چلی گئی۔

اب ہم سرکپ کر بیٹھ گئے۔ لیکن ساتھ ہی ہمیں اس بات سے فحشی حاصل ہوئی کہ آج ملک کے مشہور مشاعرہ منتخب کا معاہدہ خیر شجر حل ہو گیا۔ انھوں نے کسی فلم کے لئے لکھا تھا۔

ہم دل کو کپڑ کر بیٹھ گئے ہاتھوں سے کیلجہ تمام لیا
آہیں نہ بھریں شکوے نہ کے کچھ بھی نہ زباں سے کام لیا

آج سے پہلے تو یہ راز ہماری سمجھ میں نہ آسکا کہ جب ہاتھوں نے کیلجہ تمام لیا تھا تو پھر دل کو جسم کے کس حصے سے کپڑا ہو گا۔ انسان کے تو صرف دو ہاتھ ہوتے ہیں۔ مگر جب نوبت خود پر آن پہنچی تو تب کہیں پتہ چلا۔ خود سے خود کا جائزہ لیا تو معلوم ہوا کہ ہم سینے پر ہاتھ دھر کے اگر دوں بیٹھے تھے۔ کیلجہ دو ہاتھوں میں بھیجا ہوا تھا تو دل دو گھٹنوں کے درمیان اٹکا ہوا تھا!

اب کیا کیا جائے۔ اس کمبخت ہیرو کو تو لاکھ دفعہ بھیجا یا تھا کہ اپنا بیوٹا دانت نکھو اور اسے یہاں تک کہ نواب کا شمشیری کا قلعہ دہراتے ہوئے کہا تھا کہ اس نے آرٹ کی خاطر جانی ہی میں پورے دانت نکال لئے تھے۔ اس پر اس نے خنر سے اڑ کر کہا "دیکھئے صاحب میں ہمیشہ سے اصلیت کو مصنوعیت پر ترجیح دیتے آیا ہوں۔ آپ چانس دیں یا نہ دیں، اس کی فکر نہیں۔ میں تو آئندہ سے اپنی فلمیں بنایا کروں گا۔" اس جواب سے ہمارے پیروں تلے سے زمین سرکتی ہوئی معلوم ہوئی اور سوچا کہ اس جیسے لونڈے بھی اگر فلم بندی کو کھیل سمجھ کر کھیلنے پر اتر آئیں تو ہم جیسے پرانے کھلاڑیوں کا کیا مشر ہو گا۔ بس اب چاہو ہی کیا تھا صرف واپس پیسے کر رہ گئے۔ مفت میں ہیرو کو کھو دینے سے اس کے ناز اٹھانا ہی بہتر جانا کیونکہ ہم نے ہیرو کے چانس کا لالچ دیکر مفت میں اس سے معاہدہ کر لیا تھا۔ یہ تو قسمت کی بات تھی کہ رکاوٹیں حائل ہو گئیں۔ تاہم ہمیں یقین ہے کہ ایک دن اس فلم کو مکمل کر لینگے۔ اب اور سمجھانے کی کیا ضرورت ہے۔ میدان جنگ میں شہسوار نہ گریں تو کیا گھٹنوں کے بل رہنے والے گرتے ہیں۔

اگر آپ جاننا چاہتے ہیں کہ آگے کیا ہوا تو آئندہ اشاعت کا انتظار کیجئے لیکن
پھر نہ کہنا ہیں فیسر نہ ہوی

سکھی پیا کو جو میں نہ دیکھوں تو کیسے کاٹوں اندھیری رتیاں

امیر خسرو کی جامعیت اور کمالات کے متعلق شبلی فرماتے ہیں کہ ہندوستان میں چھ سو برس سے آج تک اس درجے کا جامع الکمال انسان پیدا نہیں ہوا اور سچ پوچھو تو اس قدر مختلف علوم اور گونا گوں اوصاف کے جامع ایران اور روم کی خاک نے بھی ہزاروں برس کی مدت میں دو چار ہی پیدا کئے ہونگے۔ صرف ایک شامی کو تو ان کی جامعیت پر حیرت ہوتی ہے۔ فردوسی، سعدی، انوری، حافظ، عرفی، نظیری بے شبہ اقلیم سخن کے ماہ پارے ہیں لیکن فردوسی مشنوی سے آگے بڑھ نہیں سکتا، سعدی قصیدے کو ماتہ نہیں لگا سکتے، انوری مشنوی اور غزل کو چھو نہیں سکتا، حافظ، عرفی، نظیری غزل کے دائرے سے باہر نہیں نکل سکتے۔ لیکن خسرو کی جہانگیری میں غزل، مشنوی، قصیدہ، رباعی سب کچھ موجود ہیں۔ محققین کا خیال ہے کہ آپ کا کلام کئی لاکھ سے کم نہیں۔ خسرو مختلف زبانوں کے ماہر تھے اور خصوصاً علم سنسکرت میں یدِ پٹوئی رکھتے تھے۔

فارسی غزل گوئی میں آپ کو حد درجہ کمال حاصل تھا۔ جن عشق کی کیفیات کو اس طرح پیش کرتے کہ قاری کی آنکھوں کے سامنے زندہ تصویر کھڑی ہو جاتی۔ معشوق کی آنکھ کو سب محو اور لئے آلودہ سے تشبیہ دیتے ہیں۔ اسی مضمون کو امیر خسرو نے کس انداز سے کہا ہے ملاحظہ ہو۔

مے حاجت نیست سستیم را در چشم تو تا خراب است

عشق کی آخری منزل جہاں عاشق و معشوق کی کوئی تمیز نہیں ہوتی، امیر خسرو اس کیفیت کو بڑے نرلے انداز میں بیان کرتے ہیں اور کہتے ہیں۔

من تو شدم نوم شدم تو تن شدم بہ تا کس نگوید بعد ازین من دیگرم تو دیگری

امیر خسرو بہترین صوفی تھے اور صوفیانہ خیالات ان کے بہت سے اشعار میں پائے جاتے ہیں۔ اسرارِ معرفت اور حقیقت کو کھولنا کوئی آسان بات نہیں۔ یوں تو دنیا کے بڑے بڑے مفکرین اور فلاسفہ اس منزل میں تھک کر مار گئے۔ امیر خسرو سچے عاشق خدا اور رسول تھے۔ شیخ کی محبت ان پر اس درجہ غالب تھی جہاں کہیں بھی سین کو دیکھتے تھے تو وہ جلوہ خداوندی ہی دیکھتے۔ درحقیقت وہ محسن کی تعریف کرتے ہیں تو حقیقت کی طرف دوڑتے ہیں۔ بیان کیا جاتا ہے کہ جب بھی آپ اشعار کہتے تھے تو آپ پر ایک خاص وجد و کیف کا عالم طاری ہو جاتا تھا۔ آپ کے وجد آفرین اشعار میں سے ایک شعر مقطع کا ملاحظہ ہو۔

خدا خود میر مجلس بود اندر لاکھوں خسرو محمد شمع محفل بود شب جائے کہ من بودم

امیر خسرو موسیقی میں بھی کمال رکھتے تھے۔ آپ نے بہترین نمونی ہونے کے علاوہ کئی نئی ترکیبیں راگ میں ایجاد کیں۔ سلطان علاؤ الدین خلجی کے دربار میں ایک مشہور استاد موسیقی نایک گوال تھا جس کا چرچا پورے ہندوستان بھر میں تھا۔ امیر خسرو نے اس کو شکست دی۔ آپ عربی و ایرانی راگوں سے بخوبی واقف تھے۔ ایک راگ کو دوسرے راگ سے مل کر بہت سی نئی راگیں ایجاد کیں۔ مثلاً قول، ترانہ، خیال، ایمن، ہم، اور بہشت دہار آپ ہی کی ایجاد کردہ ہیں۔ اپنے بہت سے موسیقی کے آلات بھی ایجاد کئے مثلاً ستار، تبلہ وغیرہ۔

امیر خسرو کا کلام کئی لاکھ اشعار سے کم نہیں ہے لیکن آپ کی تصانیف میں مندرجہ ذیل کتابوں کو غیر معمولی اہمیت حاصل ہے۔ بیان خسرو، انجاز خسرو، بہشت بہشت، تعلق نامہ۔

بیان خسرو۔ یہ آپ کا پہلا دیوان ہے۔

انجاز خسرو۔ نثر نگاری کے اصول اور ضابطے لکھے گئے ہیں۔

بہشت بہشت۔ اس میں آپ کے تین ہزار اشعار ہیں جو مختلف مضامین کے حامل ہیں۔

تعلق نامہ۔ سلطان غیاث الدین تغلق کے حالات اس کتاب میں قلمبند ہیں۔ آپ کی ادبیت ہی تصانیف ہیں جو بہت نایاب ہیں۔

امیر خسرو جیسا جامع الکمال شاعر ہند میں اب تک پیدا ہوا ہے اور نہ ہوگا۔ آپ کی شخصیت کا فنی شخصیت ہے۔ جناب سلیمان اشرف صاحب "بہشت بہشت" کے مقدمہ میں امیر خسرو کے متعلق لکھتے ہیں۔ اگر صوفی کی حیثیت سے دیکھو تو خانی فی اللہ، مذہم کی حیثیت سے دیکھو تو ارسطوئے زمانہ، عالم کی حیثیت سے دیکھو تو سیر علامہ، موسیقی کی حیثیت سے دیکھو تو امام المجدد، نور کی حیثیت سے دیکھو تو بے نظیر محقق، شاعر کی حیثیت سے دیکھو تو ملک الشعراء غرض ان کے ہر کمال کا دامن نہایت وسیع ہے۔

محمد اسحاق ایللی

فلم اور قلم

قلم لان کا جو بھی پروڈیوسر ہماری کہانی لیتا ہے اسے کاٹ چھانٹ کر سٹیا ناس کر دیتا ہے۔ جس کا نتیجہ یہ ہوتا ہے کہ کہانی میں جان نہیں رہتی اور پھر قلم تو بالکل فالتو اور گھٹیا قسم کی بن کر رہ جاتی ہے۔ اسی لئے ہم نے فیصلہ کر لیا کہ اپنی کہانیاں ہم خود ہی لکھیں گے۔ مگر اس کے لئے ایک کثیر رقم چاہئے تھی۔ جوں جوں سوچا کیا پریشانی برپا ہوتی ہی گئی۔ آخر بڑی تنگ و روک بعد ایک منجیلے جاگیر دار کو پارٹنرشپ کے حقوق خریدنے پر آمادہ کیا۔ پھر بہت ہی غور و فکر کے بعد ہم نے آدمی سے زائد ذمہ داریاں شلا کہانی، مکالمے، منظر نامہ، گیت، عکاسی، موسیقی، ایڈیٹنگ، ریکارڈنگ اور ڈائریکشن وغیرہ سب اپنے ذمے لیکر خود اپنی مالی کسر چوری کر دی اور محوئے بہت قرضہ کے بل کئی فلمیں بنی ڈائریکٹریں لیکن افسوس کہ ایک کے طفیل سے بھی کامیابی کی صورت نصیب نہ ہوئی تاہم ہم نے محنت نہ باری اور دل میں تہیہ کر لیا کہ اب کے بالکل نئے پلاٹ پر فلم بنائیں گے۔ آج کل کے فلم میں تو لوگوں جیسے ایکسٹروں کو پردہ سین پر دیکھ دیکھ کر اکتا چکے ہیں۔ لہذا ہمیں روکے انتخاب میں بھی ایک نیا بین پیدا کرنے کی خاطر ہم نے دو سال کی شوق و کوششوں کے بعد کامیابی حاصل کر لی اور ہیر و بالکل امریکن ایکٹر جیسا مل گیا۔ مگر صرف اس بات کی تھی کہ اس کا ایک اوپری و انت ڈراما تھا۔ مگر کیا کیا جائے وہ بھی غیبت ہی معلوم ہوا۔ ورنہ چہرے کا رعب و داب اور جسمانی قد و خال کا لحاظ کرتے ہوئے ہم نے جتنے بھی ایسے وار دیکھے ہیں ان میں کوئی نہ کوئی نقص ضرور ہوتا تھا۔ کسی کا سر لمبا ہوتا تو کسی کی ایک ٹانگ چھوٹی ہوتی۔ ہاں ایک شخص تو ایسا ملا

کہتے ہیں کہ تغزل میں صرف اہل چیز جذبات نگاری ہے مگر اصل مزا تو اس وقت ہے جبکہ جذبات نگاری کیساتھ حسن بیان میں ہر طرف جذبات و تاثرات کو اہمیت دینا اور الفاظ کی اہمیت کو بھٹلا دینا گویا سالن بغیر جرج تیار کرنا ہے۔ انداز بیان ہی وہ چیز ہے جس سے غنی طلبک متاثر کیا جاسکتا ہے۔

اس سلسلے میں یہ امر ضرور توجہ طلب ہے کہ جب ہر شاعر اس سے واقف ہے تو کیوں دو شاعروں کے کلام میں اتنا فرق مراتب ہے۔ اسی سے یہ معلوم ہوتا ہے کہ غزل شاعر اور غزل شاعر کی کیفیت اپنے اندر محسوس کرنے لگے اور اسی کا نام ذوق سلیم ہے اور اسی کو شاعری کہتے ہیں اور اسی سے کسی شاعر کا کلام دلچسپ اور دلکش ہوتا ہے۔ مگر ہر شاعر کامیاب نہیں ہو سکتا، کیونکہ شعر محض الفاظ کے اجتماع سے نہیں بن جاتا، بلکہ اس کے ساتھ ساتھ یہ بھی ضروری ہے کہ جذبات و تاثرات کی بستی و بندی بھی پائی جائے اور اسی لحاظ سے کسی شعر کو بلند اور کسی کو پست قرار دیا جاتا اس میں شک نہیں کہ محبت کا وہ جذبہ جو غزل کی بنیاد قائم ہے اگر اس کے اظہار میں احتیاط نہ کی جائے اور اسی احتیاط سے تشبیہ، استعارہ، کنایہ وغیرہ کا لحاظ نہ کیا جائے اور نہایت معمولی الفاظ میں اس کو ظاہر کر دیا جائے تو پھر غزل کوئی اور واقعہ نگاری میں کوئی فرق باقی نہیں رہتا۔

سید حیدر بادشاہ بخاری ستم فورتم آرزو، اسلامی تاریخ۔

امیر خسرو

ہندوستان میں ترکوں کی حکومت کے زمانے میں ایک جامع الکمال شاعر مومن آباد ضلع ایٹھ میں پیدا ہوئے جن کا نام ابوالحسن تھا مگر امیر خسرو کے نام سے مشہور ہوئے۔ آپ کے والد جناب سیف الدین محمود ترکستان کے قبیلہ لاجپن سے تعلق رکھتے تھے۔ شہر 'کنس' کے باشندے تھے اور وہاں کے امرا میں آپ کا شمار کیا جاتا تھا۔ جب چنگیز خاں کا فتنہ اٹھا تو آپ نے ہجرت کی اور ہندوستان میں آئے۔

حضرت امیر خسرو کی ابتدائی تعلیم و تربیت آپ کے والد ماجد اور برادران محترم کی نگرانی میں ہوئی جیسا کہ اس زمانے میں ہوا کرتی تھی۔ آٹھ سال کی عمر میں والد ماجد کا سایہ سر سے اٹھ گیا۔ آپ کے نانا ابوبکر بن عبد الملک آپ کی تعلیم و تربیت کے کفیل ہوئے۔ مولانا سعد الدین خطاط کی زیر نگرانی آپ کی تعلیم جاری رہی۔ مگر امیر خسرو کو پڑھنے لکھنے کی بجائے شعر گوئی کی دھن دماغ میں سما چکی تھی۔ آپ نے اپنی تعلیم ملائے دیں اور کاغذ و قلم سے حاصل کی۔ ابتدا ہی سے ذہن تھ جس کی وجہ سے مختلف علوم و فنون میں اچھی خاصی مہارت حاصل کر لی اور بڑے بڑے علمائیں شہر ہونے لگا۔

امیر خسرو جب سن بلوغ کو پہنچے تو دلی کے تخت پر سلطان غیاث الدین بلبن صمدین تھا۔ کتو خاں نامی بہت بڑے رستے کا سردار اور سلطان کا بھتیجا بھی تھا۔ بیان کیا جاتا ہے کہ سب سے پہلے امیر خسرو کی رسائی اس کے دربار میں ہوئی اور دو برس تک ملازمت پر مامور رہے جس کا ذکر خود خسرو نے اپنی کتاب مغزۃ الکمال کے دیباچے میں کیا ہے۔ عام طور پر درباری شاعر کا جو حال ہوتا تھا وہی

حال امیر خسرو کا ہوا یعنی ایک چھوٹی سی غلطی کی بنا پر کتو خاں ناراض ہو گیا۔ امیر خسرو نے اس کی ناراضگی سے تنگ آکر بغیر خاں نامی امیر کے دربار میں جگہ پائی۔ اس کے بعد سلطان محمد عالم لٹان نے امیر خسرو کی قابلیت دیکھ کر اپنا درباری شاعر بنالیا۔ خسرو بہت ہی تنگ لٹان ہی میں مقیم رہے۔ جب تاریخوں نے لٹان پر حملہ کیا تو سلطان محمد تاتاریوں کے خلاف لڑتے ہوئے مارا گیا۔ خسرو کو مجبوراً دلی کی طرف لوٹنا پڑا۔ اس زمانے میں دلی کی حکومت پر جلال الدین خلجی حکومت کر رہا تھا۔ اس نے خسرو کو اپنا ندیم خاص بنالیا اور کاتبی فرماتے ہیں "ایسے گونا گوں صاحب مذاق بادشاہ کے دربار کے لئے امیر خسرو سے زیادہ کون موزوں ہو سکتا تھا۔ وہ عالم بھی ستھے فاضل بھی مثنوی بھی تھے اور مطرب بھی اور شاعر تو تھے ہی۔"

جلال الدین خلجی کے قتل کے بعد اس کا بھتیجا علاؤ الدین خلجی ۶۹۲ھ میں تخت نشین ہوا۔ سلطان نے امیر خسرو کو اپنے دربار میں جگہ دی اور آپ کو ایک ہزار سالانہ منگہ مقرر کیا۔ سلطان علاؤ الدین خلجی امیر خسرو کی علمی اور ادبی خدمات کی بڑی عزت کرتا تھا۔ خسرو نے علاؤ الدین خلجی کے تمام فتوحات کو نہایت تفصیل سے اپنی کتاب خزائن الفتوح میں قلمبند کیا ہے۔ سلطان علاؤ الدین خلجی کے بعد اس کا لڑکا مبارک بن علاؤ الدین خلجی بادشاہ ہوا اور اس نے بھی خسرو کی بڑی قدر و منزلت کی۔ الغرض خلجی خاندان کے خاتمہ کے بعد خسرو نے بنگال کا رخ کیا مگر آپ کے پیرو مشد خواجہ نظام الدین اولیا محبوب الہی کی وفات کی خبر سن کر دلی واپس آئے۔ بیان کیا جاتا ہے کہ خسرو کو اپنے روحانی پیرو مشد سے یہی عشق تھا۔ مولانا شبلی اپنی کتاب شعر الجم میں لکھتے ہیں کہ ایک دفعہ خواجہ صاحب لب دریا ایک کوٹھے پر بیٹھ کر مندوؤں کی عبادت اور اشنان کا تماشا دیکھ رہے تھے۔ وہاں امیر خسرو بھی حاضر تھے۔ خواجہ صاحب نے فرمایا دیکھتے ہو سح ہر قوم راست رہے دینی و قبلہ گسے۔ اس وقت خواجہ صاحب کی ٹوپی ذرا ٹیڑھی تھی۔ خسرو نے اس کی طرف اشارہ کر کے برصہ کہا سح ماقبلہ راست کر دیم بر طرف بکلا ہے۔ آپ کے پیرو مشد کے انتقال سے آپ کے دل پر بہت بڑا صدمہ ہوا۔ آخر کار اسی اضطراب و غم میں چھ ماہ بعد ۷۲۵ھ میں آپ کا وصال دلی میں ہوا۔ اہمیت کے مطابق آپ کو خواجہ صاحب کے پائیں دفن کر دیا گیا۔

امیر خسرو فطرتی شاعر و اتح ہوئے تھے۔ آپ کی طبیعت بچپن ہی سے شعر و شاعری کی طرف راغب تھی۔ چونکہ خسرو کو اصناف سخن پر پوری قدرت حاصل تھی اس لئے ہر صنف پر طبع آزمائی کی اور ہزاروں اشعار لکھ ڈالے۔ آپ کی سب سے بڑی خصوصیت یہ تھی کہ آپ نے فارسی اور ہندی کو ملا کر ایک نئی زبان کی بنیاد ڈالی جس نے بڑھتے بڑھتے اردو کی شکل اختیار کر لی اگرچہ پوچھیں تو اردو زبان کی بنیاد کا سہرا آپ ہی کے سر ہے۔ ایک شعر ملاحظہ ہو ۵

بیجا مور آؤر بھائی ۵ بنشیں مادر بیٹھ ری مائی

آپ نے اس شعر میں فارسی کا ترجمہ اس خوبی کے ساتھ ہندی میں کیا ہے کہ شعر کی رنگینی اور وزن میں ذرا بھر فرق نہیں آتا۔

آپ نے ہندی اور فارسی کو ملا کر شیر شکر کے مصداق کیا اور اس میں غزلیات لکھیں۔ نمونہ ملاحظہ ہو: ۵

ز حال سکیں کن قفافل ۵ گولائے نیناں بنائے بتیاں

کہ تاب، جراں نذر ام لے جاں ۵ نہ لہو گھاسے لگائے چھتیاں

شبان بھیراں دراز چوں زلف ۵ دور روز و صلت چوں سحر کوتاہ

محمود سیٹھ چہارم، بی۔ اے۔ غزل گوئی

لفظ غزل کے لغوی معنی اس قدر عام و مشہور ہو چکے ہیں کہ اس کے اظہار کی ضرورت نہیں۔ جس نے محبت کی ہے اور جو اس کو چپے سے نابلد ہے ان دونوں کو یہ معلوم ہے کہ ”محبوب سے باتیں کرنے کا نام غزل و تغزل ہے۔“ اب جاننا یہ ہے کہ ”محبوب سے ایک عاشق کیا باتیں کر سکتا ہے اور ان باتوں کا انداز و لب و لہجہ کیا ہونا چاہئے۔“ محبت یا عشق درحقیقت ایک شدید قسم کا احساس پسندیدگی ہے اور اس کے احساس کا نام ہے شعر۔ بھول کے رنگ و بو سے متاثر ہو کر اس کا اظہار کرنا، شفق کی رنگینی سے متاثر ہونا، قوس قزح کو دیکھ کر بے اختیار ہو جانا اور ان کی تعریف کا اظہار کرنا ہی ’شعر‘ ہے، بشرطیکہ اس اظہار میں ترنم کو قائم رکھا جائے، اور اسی ترنم کو پیدا کرنے کے لئے شاعری سے کام لینا پڑتا ہے۔ اور اسی طرح ہی جذبہ پسندیدگی کسی انسان کا کسی اور انسان سے ہو تو وہ بھی محبت کہلاتا ہے۔ مگر جس محبت کا نقل غزل گوئی سے ہے وہ مخصوص ہے، جو جنسی کشش اور نفسانی خواہش سے پیدا ہوتا ہے۔

محبت، ماں، بھائی، بہن اور اولاد سے بھی ہو سکتی ہے مگر غزل کے لئے ان میں سے کوئی بھی موضوع نہیں ہوتا۔ غزل کا تعلق ایک ایسے فرد سے ہوتا ہے جس سے انسان میں جنسی بھجوان پیدا ہو۔ بقول نیا ز فچوری ”محبت کا تعلق ان جذبات سے ہے جو گوشت و پوست سے پیدا ہوتے ہیں اور جن کے پورے ہونے کی تمنا ہر محبت کر نیوالے کو ہوتی ہے۔“ اور ٹھیک ہی تو ہے محبت کسی وقت بھی ذہنی یا روحانی نہیں ہو سکتی اور پھر غزل گوئی سے تو اس کا کوئی واسطہ ہی نہیں۔

اولین نظر میں تو غزل گوئی بہت محدود دکھائی دیتی ہے کیونکہ ظاہر اس میں عاشق اور معشوق کی باتوں کے سوا اور کچھ نہیں ہوتا، مگر ہم اس کی جزئیات و کیفیات پر نظر ڈالیں تو یقیناً ہمیں اس کی وسعت کا اعتراف کرنا پڑے گا۔

اب غزل طلب بات جو ہے وہ جذبات محبت ہیں جن کا تجزیہ کرنے سے ہمیں دو بڑی قسمیں ملتی ہیں، ’ہجر و وصل‘ ان دونوں کے تحت ہیں جدا جدا کیفیات اور تاثرات نظر آئیں گے۔ مثلاً ہجر کے بیان میں دل کی بیتابی، تمنائوں اور ارمانوں کا بھجوم اور ان کا خون، غم و الم، خون و دیوانگی، بے بسی اور بچاؤ، بیماری اور نزاع سبھی کچھ شامل ہیں۔ اسی طرح وصل میں خوشیوں کا اظہار، کامیابی کا ناز، کامرانی اور مستی، نشاط و از خود رفتگی، اپنی تعریف اور قیصوں کا ڈر وغیرہ، اس قسم کی سیکڑوں باتیں شامل ہیں۔ لیکن یہ بات مانی ہوئی ہے کہ نسبت ہجر کے وصل کا میدان اتنا وسیع نہیں ہے اور اسی لئے ہم دیکھتے ہیں کہ غزل گوئی کی وسعتیں زیادہ تر ہجر و فراق کی دنیا سے متعلق ہو آتی ہیں۔ اس لئے معلوم یہ ہوا کہ غزل کا دائرہ ایک لحاظ سے بہت محدود ہے اور دوسری حیثیت سے حد درجہ وسیع بھی۔ محدود اس لئے کہ یہاں عشق میدان کے سوا، شاعر اور کوئی میدان اختیار نہیں کر سکتا۔ اسی لئے اس کی محبت کو محدود ہے مگر طرز بیان اور اظہار کے طریقے غیر محدود ہیں۔ اگر ہم عشق اور محبت کے معنی محدود لے لیں تو عشق حقیقی کا شاعری میں کیا مقام ہے۔ اس کا جواب صرف یہ ہے کہ عشق حقیقی کا غزل سے کوئی تعلق ہی نہیں۔

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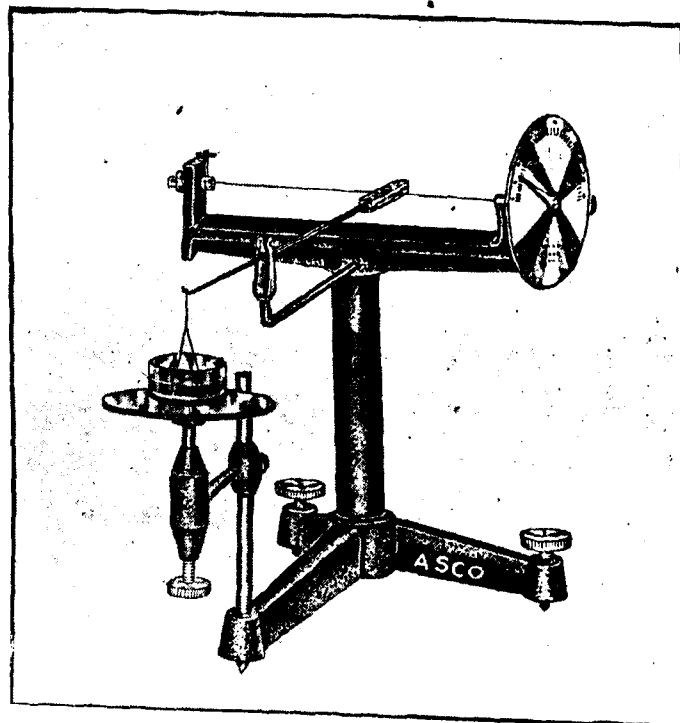
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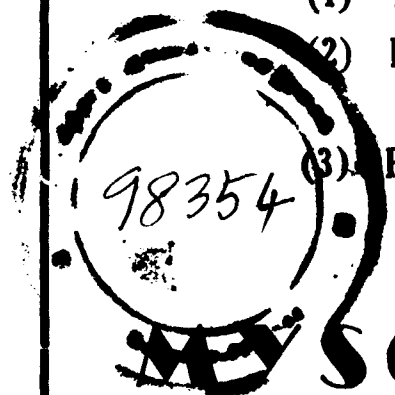
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