

The Presidential

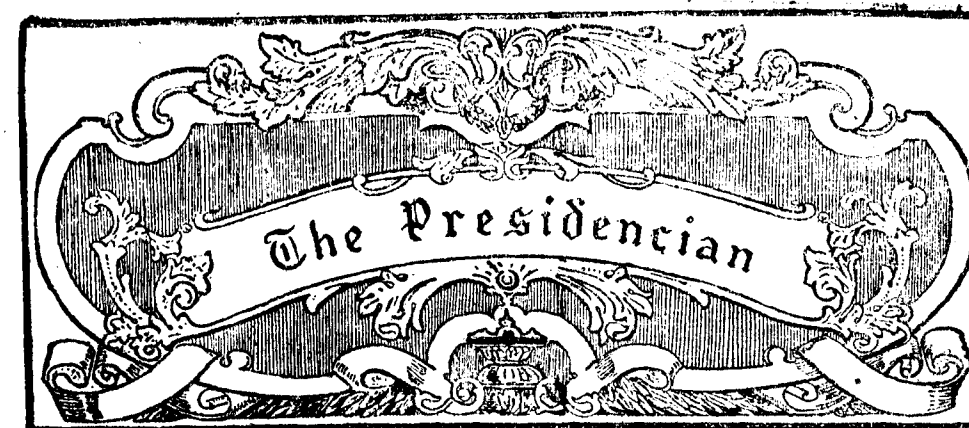


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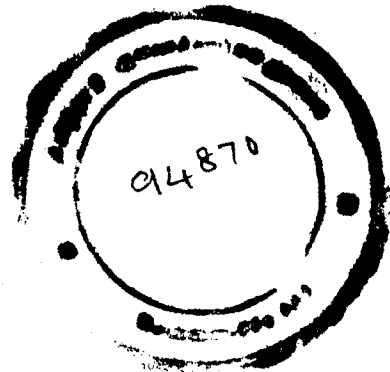
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Editorial.

Here is yet another number of the Presidencian. It may seem thinner than of old but the quality of the riches within, is we venture to hope, nothing abated.



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IN MEMORIAM:

DR. ABDUL HAQ, B.A. (Oxon.)

We record with deep regret the passing away on the afternoon of March 14th, 1958, of Dr. Abdul Haq, a former Principal and senior Professor of Presidency College, Madras. He was a distinguished educationist and a scholar in Islamic studies. At the time of his death, he was officiating as Chairman of the Madras Public Service Commission.

Life and Amusement

Our world is the greatest entertainment theatre that we are blessed with. Therein we have every conceivable aspect of life, motion and activity, revealing varying degrees of lunacy, idiocy and wisdom through philosophers, fools and saints out of this madding multitude of Homo Sapiens. It may be because most of us often do without thinking or think without doing. Both are abnormal. But what is interesting about it all is that out of this abnormality comes the jest of life for the rest of us. Without them life will be so insipid, tasteless, monotonous and flat that one could as well live contentedly alone by oneself in the Integral Coach Factory. Just imagine yourself in a class where the Professor is a crashing bore, dry and unimaginative, and serious to the point of fatigue, and a class of students, dull dumb and drowsing. I am sure you would sooner wish to be grazing buffaloes instead! It looks so stupid even to imagine that. Or again think of a state of things in the world in which all of us were, in the traditional sense, sane, wise and absolutely perfect. Nothing could be more stereotyped, arid and nauseating. I for one am far from such a humdrum life. Thanks to human imperfection, our world is what our life needs it to be.

Everyone of us in this world is in some sense and at some time either a drivelling idiot or a fool in the perfect sense in some way. In whatever way we may define the terms, we will fit in them at some moments of our life inextricably. But this does not amount to self condemnation. I say instead that it is a virtue in us, a necessary virtue at that. Whosoever leads in degree in them are not social misfortunes but are an asset to the society. It would do much to one's understanding if one would just reflect back upon the monarchical maintenance of clowns and comedians and jesters and buffoons throughout the imperial history of the olden days. The only difference in the modern world is that they have descended from the court level to the stage level. As things are, it is difficult to see how else we could be better amused in these days of "rush and hurry" machine and automation, science and artificiality. As such, we should value every form of amusement as adding to our jest of life much more than we accept to do so now. May be we have a tendency to disregard this particular aspect of spice in our life because there is plenty of entertainment all around us. But why spend more when much amusement can be got cheaply at every hour of our life?

See what goes on in our colleges every day to amuse us. There is the professor who once being unable to tolerate a boy's mischief in the class asked him to get out, and when the boy did not, getting out of control with temper, stammered: "If you don't, I'll ask the Principal to get out!" Or again recollect another who begins lectures by saying "Let us begin with the subject proper". It is admirable how he begins with the "subject proper" most faithfully. But you see, he needn't end with the "subject proper." So, by the time the hour is over, the "subject proper" remains at one end and he at the other end. There are again the professors who begin classes with introductory remarks such as "Today we will go on to 'Hegel'". But usually the students do not like to go to 'Hegel' So, the professors bring 'Hegel' to the students. And so all to 'Hell'!

Let us also meet the professors from the "other" departments where fluent English is said to be always tottering. There is an instance of a professor who once advised his students as "I am telling you in the front, you will realise it at the back." On another occasion, a professor was asked to receive a visiting professor from a foreign university. He walked absent mindedly to the professor who had just then arrived, and stood for a while gazing at him blankly. Realising that he was there to welcome him, in the suddenness, he stretched his hand out to the visiting professor and said "Thank you".

But let us not forget ourselves. We are all, remember, students of the University. One student clearly revealed his standard when he wrote that "people take corruption". Even more interesting are those who habitually follow the simple rules of grammar. To write the past tense, some students simply add "ed," and one son of a businessman did so very carefully by writing down first "sold" and striking it out and writing down again "solded". I heard of another incident when a student mustered enough courage and approached his professor with the words: "I don't think I deserve a zero for this paper, sir" to which the professor replied "Nor do I, but it's the lowest mark I can give".

Well, this is by way of an illustration of what we get in our colleges. But the world is much wider, and we should peep into it to see what variety we can get out of it in our daily life. All around us and rubbing shoulders every day are people of all shades and grades who do tickle us very often in different ways. But lamentably, there are not many of us to look at them humorously. God save us if we are not more like machines, stockish and dyspeptic in all the better and brighter sides of life, in these days of "Modernism"! As a matter of fact, "seriousness is justified only when the object is important enough. After all, nothing can be more serious than a monkey, and he is only so because he itches", as some one put it.

Once, impatient of President Lincoln's demand for detailed reports to be sent to the White House, General McClellan sent him a telegram; "Have just captured six cows. What shall I do with them?" The President replied, also by telegram: "Milk them." When Mr. R. G. Menzies was sworn in as Australian Prime Minister, he allowed news paper reporters to interview him. One of them, belonging to the extreme left, said: "I take it, Mr. Prime Minister, that you will consult the powerful interests that control you before you choose your Cabinet?" "Young man", said Menzies, "You leave my wife out of this". On one of Sir Winston Churchill's visits to Washington, a friend showed him a photograph of his (Churchill's) grandson in a magazine. "Cute picture, isn't it?" asked the friend, and Churchill agreed that it was. "And the strangest part about it" said the friend, "is that it is exactly like you." "That's not strange," said Winston. "All babies look like me." In London once, a young man's dog attracted the attention of an Irishman, who asked what breed it was. "He's a cross between an Irishman and an ape," was the unmannerly reply. The Irishman looked at the youngman. "Then he is related to both of us," he said.

You see, these are some instances of the deep sense of humour. Unless we develop a sense of humour, we are apt to be much like the itching monkey. Who else can amuse himself more than the littleman who once walked into a small saloon bar, rapped on the counter and said in a loud voice: "When I drink, everybody drinks!" Where upon the bar got filled quickly for the free drink, and when it was over, pulling out the exact price of his drink from his pocket, cried: "when I pay, everybody pays!" and who then hurriedly left the bar? As a matter of fact, any intelligent person, looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time, gets more out of this life than those of us who under go heroic vigils and furious moiling in the gold-mills. Most of us miss so much of the warm and palpitating facts of life because we lack the sense of humour. To such of us who have a mind vacant of all such material amusements, life is chill and arid, more often painful, and in the seriousness, never are we able to perceive the green and peaceful landscape in the daylight of our life.

Just think of the humorous youngman, in whose place most of us would have pined our life out, when his beloved finalised: "This is the end, you can take back

everything you ever gave me." He was calm. "Fine," he replied, "I'll start with the kisses." I wonder how many of us would in such a situation recoil from contemplating a death-dive in the Buckingham Canal!

After all, life is for living. And it is short. Then why be an ass, ploughing distressfully up the life-road, and missing the gem for the sake of the casket? Here then is a tip for you. Be like the comedian who was the guest of honour at a Jewish ceremonial dinner. One of the speakers told a funny story in Yiddish at which everyone laughed very heartily, including the Gentile comedian. "I didn't know you understood Yiddish," said his neighbour. "I don't," he admitted, "but I have confidence in you fellows."

But don't be like Thorwaldson, the Danish Sculptor, who was found weeping beside his latest work. When asked if it failed to satisfy him, he sighed: "I can see no fault in it, and that is a sure sign that my imagination is decaying."

S. SADASIVAN,
V (Hons.) Economics

Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey"—a Critical Study

The most potent element in Wordsworth's early education was the awakening of his love of Nature. It was not a feeling that suddenly sprang up in a moment, but the result of a gradual evolutionary process. His relation to Nature is well stated in "Tintern Abbey" which recalls and still further specifies the changes that came over his relationship with Nature as his knowledge of life deepened and "mellow years" brought him the 'philosophic mind.'

At first it is only a healthy boy's love of the open air and the freedom of the fields. Boating in summer, skating on the frozen lake, long rambles at dawn, Nature to begin with, meant these things to him and meant little else, "From excess of happiness, my blood appeared to flow for its own pleasure and I breathed with joy."

Then followed the intermediate stage in which the sensuous beauty of Nature was loved with an unreflecting passion, altogether untouched by intellectual interests or associations—the kind of passion which found full expression in the poetry of Keats, 'The sounding cataract haunted him like a passion'. The images of Nature supplied the youthful mind the place of thought, sentiment and almost of action. They were to him,

"An appetite, a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye."

Even this stage proved to be one of transition only. He passed beyond it finding abundant recompense for whatever he may have lost by the way into a state in which his love became profoundly religious in character. He now realizes that Nature is not the mere physical nature, but something which includes Man as part of it, both as the

enjoyer and the sufferer in this natural setting. Nature is the cradle in which we are nursed through our bitter experiences towards a higher life where moral possibilities are seen and nobler hopes revived. Nature thus is neither a bed of roses, nor a path of thorns; but it is a necessary training ground for the growth of the moral spirit in man.

Thus his love of Nature had ultimately evolved into something mystical and spiritual. The creative soul awoke and the world became alive for him with strange hints and symbols. A new glory and a new meaning stole across the face of familiar things and whispers came to him from afar which seemed "most audible, when the fleshly ear forgot her functions and slept undisturbed." The earth and the common face of Nature began to speak to him 'rememberable things.' His spiritual faculties quickened into activity and found their chief satisfaction in intimate communion with the indwelling spirit of external things. In such communion the spiritual faculties were themselves the intermediaries and interpreters.

In this religious love of Nature we find the essential principles of his later life. It is to that love (as he himself averred again and again) he was primarily indebted for guidance in the time of darkness and peril, for strength in need, for consolation in sorrow, for the deepest happiness he had ever been privileged to enjoy. Again here it is that we reach the distinctive quality of Wordsworth's nature poetry. Ardent devotion to natural beauty, keenness of observation, unfailing accuracy in the rendering of even the minutest details—these of course are important elements in his work. But they are not the most important. The essentially Wordsworthian feature of his treatment of Nature is his intense spirituality.

For Wordsworth it is because of the essential kinship between the spiritual faculty in man and the indwelling soul of the Universe that communion with Nature is possible and that through such communion we find 'an opening if there be any opening into the transcendent world.' To grasp this point is to have the key to Wordsworth's entire interpretation of Nature. To miss it is to miss everything important that is most characteristic in that interpretation. It is further necessary to realise that spiritual communion with Nature is possible only on condition that we go to Nature in the right mood, the mood not of analysis and speculation, but of receptivity and deep religious contemplation.

This is the "serene and blessed mood" of the "Tintern Abbey" lines—the mood of mystical rapture in which the burden of thought is lifted from us and the power is granted to us to see into the "very life of things." One moment of such inner illumination as we have found the poet telling his sister may give us more than years of toiling reason.

D. E. DORAI RAJ, B. A. (Hons.)
Assistant Professor of English

Joys of Life

John Masfield said once, "the days that make us happy, make us wise". Joy and knowledge go hand in hand. In fact, joy is knowledge in its completeness. The alankarikas in old India said that enjoyment is the soul of literature—enjoyment which is disinterested. What do we mean by enjoyment actually? When analysed it shows an endless series of rays of different colours and intensity throughout its different worlds of stars. The art world contains elements which are distinctly its own and which emit light that have their special range and property. As Tagore has written, "Man's abiding happiness is not in getting anything but in giving himself up to what is greater than himself, to ideas which are larger than his individual self, the idea of his country, of humanity, of God." This is the acquisition of true knowledge.

Knowledge is a many—faceted gem. It can be acquired through various media like thinking, reading, singing painting, conversation etc. etc. Whatever may be the medium of knowledge, it is an undeniable fact that it gives everlasting happiness.

"Thought is the child of 'intellect' says Emerson, "and this child is conceived with joy and born with joy". Thoughts have the power of making us happy even while our body is suffering. A habit of finding pleasure in thought rather than in action is safeguard against ignorance and excessive love of power, a means of preserving serenity in times of misfortune and peace of mind in a time of worry. It is only by visions afforded by our studies and thought into a larger and less fretful cosmos that the more tragic parts of life become enduring. A contemplative habit of mind has advantages ranging from the most trivial to the most profound. When assailed by people who are red with fury, it is pleasant, for instance, to remember the chapter in Descartes'. "Treatise on the Passions". "Curious learning not only makes" as Bertran Russel says, "unpleasant things less unpleasant, but also makes pleasant things more pleasant." One will enjoy peaches and apricots more, since he has known that they were first cultivated in China in the early days of the Han Dynasty; that Chinese hostages held by the great king Kanishka introduced them into India, whence they spread to Persia, reaching the Roman Empire in the first century of our era: and that the word *apricot* is derived from the same Latin source as the word *precocious* because the apricots ripen early. All this makes the fruit taste much sweeter. Imagination infuses a certain volatility and intoxication. It has a flute which sets the atoms of our frame in a dance, like planets, and once so, liberalizes the whole man reeling drunk to the music, and they never quite subside to their old stormy state.

The lofty ideals and examples we get from the books lift us up from the sordid surroundings of our day to day life to an atmosphere of pure delight. There are times when nothing in the world can give us joy and even the company of our best friends seems boring. Given in such dull moments of life, our books serve as our best companions. Birrell says, "Regarding life as a whole as something to be endured and if possible enjoyed, from its beginning to its, may be solitary end, I am certain that there is no greater gift of fortune than to have acquired and retained the power to go back to one's books with eagerness and joy". "If", said, Sir John Herschel, "I were to pray for a task which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste of reading." As Macaulay has excellently put it "they have stood by the readers in all vicissitudes, they are comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude". While various other pleasures are dependent upon our physical strength,

the intellectual and aesthetic pleasure which we derive from reading, is independent of our pecuniary conditions and is always at our back and call, in whatever station of life we may be. While other pleasures do not last long or grow dull with years, the pleasure of reading increases the more we seek after it. It has its own joy. One of the characters in an old drama says about another, "No prince fares like him; he breaks his fast with Aristotle, lunches at Helicon, sups with Seneca." Mrs. Woolf asks, "are there not some pursuits that we practise because they are good in themselves and some pleasures that are final? And is not this among them?"

What are the days richest in the creation of all of us whether we be poets or plain men and women? What are the hours that toss sparks into our natures and ignite the fires that shall hereafter drive our destinies? Indeed, hours of happy discourse with friends, in rooms that are filled with smoke, when we fire the sun with talking and send him down the sky, when twilight comes and finding the argument so loud and high withdraws from interruption, and refuses to announce itself; when from the starting point of our talk which may be concerned with some trivial material things, we have advanced to the Ontological Argument for the Existence of God etc.

Another imperishable source of joy and knowledge is music. The true comfort that remains for men and gives us a sense of zest in our struggle against every cause of despair is surely music. The basis of music is the qualities of the air and the vibrations of sonorous bodies. The pulsation of a stretched string or wire gives the ear the pleasure of sweet sound, before yet the musician has enhanced this pleasure by his own imaginative variations. Belloc, in his love of music goes to the extent of saying, "If you would ask what society is in peril of death, go to one in which song is extinguished. If you would ask in what society, a permanent sickness oppresses all, and the wealthy alone are permitted to make the laws, go to one in which song is a fine art and treated with criticism and used charily and ceases to be a human thing Song illuminates and strengthens and vivifies all common life."

In painting, bright colours stimulate the eyes before they are harmonized into a landscape. In sculpture and architecture, the material, marble and granite are sources of great pleasure, quite independent of the artificial arrangement. The artist does not feel himself to be the parent of his work, and is as much surprised at the effect as we, that we are so unwilling to impute our best sense of any work of art to the author.

The child asks you for a story and is thankful for the poorest. It is not poor to him, but radiant with meaning. The man asks for a novel, that is, asks leave for a few hours to be a poet and to paint things as they ought to be. The youth asks for a poem. The veriest dunce enjoys going to the theatre. Without the solace & joy afforded by these great arts which speak to the sense of beauty, life would be a poor thing indeed and man a lean naked, shivering, pitiful creature altogether.

We know how happy we are when we are making or doing earnestly something, that we are near to complete bliss when we are in the throes of creation. By applying our knowledge we see this sense of joy in creation when a child is aesthetically preoccupied making a mud-pie in the garden, a school boy earnestly engaged with his fret work tools or a Gibbon writing the last words of his History of Rome's Decline and Fall.

The first sudden taste of joy produces a little discomfort. The more steadily we seek it the more ready we are to assimilate it until at last the strength imparted by it becomes itself a positive source of joy.

(Miss.) N. S. SUSHEELA, B.A.,
P. G. I. (Politics)

On Examinations

Even as the minds of honest bank-managers, before the day of audit, embezzle large sums in fancy, even as the discreet and harmless clerks in offices toy with wild dreams of robbery and arson, even as the impeccable President of a Board of Directors takes secret delight in the proceedings of the court of Bankruptcy, so the student with large masses of books before him, as yet to be, "chewed and digested," begins to embark in imagination upon desperate adventures as a cheat at examinations.

He has visions of the perfect cheat; not one of your petty whisperers in crowded examination halls or furtive perusers of grimy scraps of paper, but one of mighty intellect—one who, when the industrious are burning their midnight oil, sits within the four walls of his room in princely meditation devising new methods of avoiding the doom that his lack of industry otherwise will surely cause to descend upon him. Such must have been the great dictators in their school and student days (if they had any). I cannot conceive of a Hitler or a Mussolini sitting down to an examination without some masterly underhand method to enable them to pass it. Such a one was that ingenious gentleman who was caught at a recent I.A.S. Examination by an eagle-eyed invigilator using a large pocket watch which he wound and consulted anxiously every few minutes. On examination the "Watch" was found to contain a closely written ribbon of papers wound round two drums in the manner in which one sometimes sees maps kept in a case. This of course supplied him with all the information that he required. Though he was, as one would expect, turned out then and there from the examination hall, I cannot help feeling that the examiners would have done better had they called him back and offered him a post in the intelligence service. For, is not the perfect cheat like the great criminal, in his own way, a genius? Many great men must have attained the art to perfection, but, as they will never admit it, it is hard to confess to one's suspicions. The only great man, as far as I know, who has confessed that he got through his examinations by the use of his learning was that great designer of aeroplanes, Anthony Fokker. He tells us in his biography how he made a slit in the lid of his School desk which he concealed when he had no need of it with a piece of wood; and how, by means of a rotating card with examination answers written on it, which was turned when he pressed his body against a hidden knob, by a concealed spring, he got through all his examinations with the minimum amount of work.

The work-weary student derives much the same sort of satisfaction from devising new methods of cheating at examinations as the writer of detective stories from the creation of novel and ingenious murders. In neither case, fortunately, is the theory put into practice; and even if it were, it would seldom be successful, for what appears fool-proof on paper is often very foolish in practice. To all those who are interested, may I suggest a new method, what might be called rather a "legal" one of cheating at examinations? The candidate should first of all tattoo upon his body the more difficult sections of his examination course. Then he should consult at leisure after the sensation which would arise when he bared his manly chest in the examination hall, had passed. In the event of his failing, despite the aid that his tattooing gave him, he could always obtain employment as the tattooed gentlemen at a circus. Botany and Zoology students, I am sure, would be in a special demand for such work on account of the weird diagrams of plants and insects with which they would be adorned. Considering the matter from the point of view of examiners I fail to see how they could possibly raise any objections. After all, is not one of the main duties of a student the collection and regurgitation of facts? Here then is the ideal student with his facts literally and metaphorically at his 'fingers' ends—and what is more, like the elephant, he never forgets. There is a smack of futurity about this tattooing, it brings into one's mind the picture of a Wellsian University drawn by Stephen Leacock, in which, by a

surgical operation, the student is given all the knowledge that he requires for his degree. Certainly this is a much neater method than tattooing and one in which the extent of knowledge that a student possesses is not liable to be limited by his girth!

Now, what of the invigilator? What is his attitude to his high and responsible office? Watch him and learn! The invigilator, is usually in ordinary life a humdrum Professor or lecturer. He pads down the long lines of Scribbling Students with the tread of a panther. He pauses near one of them, usually a perfectly innocuous foiler and stares suspiciously much to the latter's discomfort. Then he passes on for a few steps and suddenly look round with a terrible look, thus disconcerting the poor student who had been thinking that he had at last get rid of him. The invigilator too has visions of the perfect cheat, his mind is filled with plot and counter-plot and the rustle of a paper at the back of the hall is like the sound of a distant revolver shot at a policeman. There was only one invigilator I knew who did not take his duties seriously. He was a large-limbed and large-hearted Scot from Scotland who presided over our Intermediate Examination and was so full of his recent visit to Europe that he simply had to tell all candidates within hearing about his adventures. He had been to Russia he told me confidently, while I was desperately trying to recall the cause of the war between Rome and Antiochus for my Roman History paper. A friend had addressed him in Russian, but he was unable to understand it for as he solemnly assured me, it was all Greek to him. As a rule, however, the invigilator becomes an iron cog in the wheel of duty, two minutes extra scribbling on the part of a student is anathema to him, and it would need a real genius to escape his watchful eyes. Such is the efficiency of the average invigilator, such his devotion to his task with all the primeval instincts of the hunter awake in him, that, to succeed, the ordinary student would require a three-years intensive Honours Course in cheating unless he got himself tattooed as I have before suggested—not exactly a pleasant process.

Now then, I feel it is high time that I put an end to my essay. In my hurry, I have omitted many fine examples of perfect cheats at examinations, but even the student—editor of a magazine must have some consideration for the space in which he is permitted to bore his readers. And so I conclude my essay like an American true story thriller with the dreadful words—"Crime does not pay".

“GOPI”

Musings of a Modern Hamlet

(With Apologies to Shakespeare)

To listen or not to listen, that is the question
Whether it is nobler in the mind to endure
The halting monotone of the inevitable professor,
Or to take refuge in the land of slumber
And by not listening avoid it all. To sleep?
On the desk? And by that sleep to seek to end
The head-ache and the sudden gust of facts that startle the memory
'Tis a pleasure devoutly to be wished.
To sleep? On the desk? perchance to dream;
Ay! there's the rub—and that we don't need.
For, in that sleep on the desk what dreams may come
Full of invulnerable shapes and haunting visions,

When we have left off this our class room,
And wander for a time on the other bank of Lethe
Must make us think. Dreams! Fantasies!
For it is said, "Dreams are nothing but thoughts
Hitherto buried deep in the mind of man
Rising up and passing on with superfluities
Scene after scene before the mind's eye.
Neither cogently nor coherently,
In confusing arrogance threatening him"
Oh, that we don't want if that be the case
It is better, better done to listen to the Professor's droning
The philosophy of Descartes or poet obscure Browning
For who would bear the horrors, and the ghosts
The terrible theorems and rough riders in various shapes
Projecting their limbs in parabolic trajectories,
And enveloping us in innumerable ways,
In that land of dreams; or who would withstand
The implacable problems hurled at us
By circular points and point circles
Moving around us in elliptic orbits
Alas! It is better by far to listen; and
To be fried in the pan, than to fall in the fire.

K. RAJAMANI, B.A.
(Old Student.)

"The Naughty Girl of India"

The Chairman at Colombo once wittily introduced Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, "the Nightingale of India", as the "Naughty Girl of India". This Great Girl of India, who was a Bengali by race, born and bred in Hyderabad, a Hindu very much at home in her Muslim environment and later, a Brahmin bound by ties of love and marriage to a non-Brahmin from the south was a confluence of diverse currents of tradition, a conjunction of many roads of influence, and a concourse of many talents.

Sarojini Naidu was an outstanding woman and can be and has been admired for each of her many gifts. Great as she was as a patriot, memorable as she was as an orator, captivating as she was as a poetess, she was greatest, most memorable, most captivating as the vivacious, sympathetic, generous, courageous, gracious Sarojini Naidu. A weaver of exquisite garlands of song was she whose genius was like a rose that found a happy home in the West as well as the East. Her writing had a queenly pomp and pageantry of colour and beauty, mellow sweetness and charm of perfect womanhood in the realm of flowers, commanding homage by its regal loveliness, that had a pervasive and powerful perfume that bore our fancies away to a world of mystic inner happiness. She was drawn into the vortex of a tremendous national struggle in which she played a part such as few men can dream to play and for whose sake, she abandoned poetry—the poetry which she describes as

"The solace of faith to the lips that falter
The succour of hope to the hands that fail
The tidings of joy when Peace shall triumph
When Truth shall Conquer and Love prevail."

Her tongue was no less felicitous than her pen, for she was an orator of as great persuasiveness and power as she was a lyrist of exquisite fancy and haunting melody. With the eloquence of a Portia and the delicate fun of an Ariel she combined the impishness and love of tact a Puck; she blended dignity with mirth and tempered gravity with gaiety. Old in wisdom, and understanding, she was young in spirit and outlook.

She was, too, as cheerful as she was sympathetic and was one of those of whom R. L. Stevenson said that their entrance into a room was as though another candle had been lighted. Her gaiety of spirits was infectious and her vivacity inexhaustible. Even her finest flights of oratory were punctuated and varied by some witticism or playful turn of phrase that released not only her hearer's tension but also her own. Even on occasions of high solemnity, she was apt to laugh and make others laugh. Has she not told us herself; "Of all things that life or perhaps my temperament has given me. I prize the gift of laughter as beyond price?" She spared nobody, least of all herself, she delighted particularly in ridiculing pretentiousness and insincerity. Nothing was too sacred for her if or she felt like making it, and the greater the aura of sanctity something was enveloped in, the more she felt like mocking it. George Slocombe characterised Sarojini Naidu as "the licensed jester of the Mahatma's little court."

In her last days she mirthfully claimed to be "Governess of Uttar Pradesh", and one evening when after dinner at Government House all her Ministers made a simultaneous exit, she remarked: "There go my Ministers like a swarm of mosquitoes" and, on another occasion, referring to the indulgence with which the Chief Minister always treated her, she declared, 'Panditji treats me as his favourite daughter-in-law.'

Among anecdotes relating to Nehru is one about a tea party at which Nehru was the cynosure of scores of admiring feminine eyes. Taking in the situation, Mrs. Naidu called out. "Jawahar, take your cap off and disillusion the girls." Even the revered Mahatma, whom she called "Our Mickey Mouse of India" did not escape the shafts of her wit. She yielded to none in her loyalty to "The Little Man", as she affectionately designated Gandhiji; but she retained her right to be humorously critical of him. Thus knowing how much it cost the Government to maintain the Bhangi Colony in New Delhi in which the Mahatma insisted on living as a Bhangi among Bhangis, she once laughingly remarked. "I wonder if the Little Man knows how much it costs—this business of living like a Bhangi." On another occasion she referred to him as a "Bhangi de luxe."

And of course, she told stories against herself as well. One young admirer of her poetry wrote and asked her, where she could buy a poetic licence. Nor did she forget the other young man who, in a General Knowledge Quiz declared, "Sarojini Naidu is the widow of the Indian National Congress."

Jawaharlal Nehru's simple and sincere tribute comes nearest to doing her memory justice. "She began life as a poet. She did not write much poetry with pen and paper, but her whole life became a poem and a song. Let that be her epitaph."

Miss. N. S. SUSHEELA, B.A.
P. G. I. (Politics)

Vegetarians

Vegetarians vary as much as vegetables. The hundred percent vegetarian is as non-existent as the hundred percent non-vegetarian. Every man or woman falls some where between the non-existent extremes. Milk is as truly an animal product as bone soup or fish-cutlet. The Oxford dictionary sanctions the inclusion of eggs in vegetarian diet and defines an egg as something produced by a female bird and containing the germ of a new individual bird. If egg is vegetable then what comes out of it is just vegetable. Even a 'world vegetarian' should not go to the absurd limit of describing an egg as vegetable and what emerges out of it as animal.

No non-vegetarian lives on flesh alone like a tiger or on fish alone like a king-fisher. He or she eats almost as much of vegetables as any vegetarian. Most of the non-vegetarians are vegetarians on most of the days of the week. But all vegetarians are non-vegetarians every day as milk and milk products form inevitable items of food. So the line that is supposed to divide the vegetarians and the non-vegetarians is as imaginary as the Equator.

Many reasons are given why the vegetarians, so called, are vegetarians. Some are said to be vegetarians by taste. They just don't like the taste of mutton-chops or fish-fry which they have never dared to taste any more than I have dared to taste a live scorpion or minced millepede. Meanwhile they like the taste of salted brinjal, if it has any taste other than that of salt. But there shall be no quarrel about it as taste is after all a matter of taste. To some the word 'sweet' is enough to make the mouth water; to others it as readily causes nausea. To some beer is tasty, almost sweet; to others insufferably bitter. All this may be honest. But when vegetarians say, as they usually do, that their tastes are superior it is as much sense or nonsense as a lover of sweet claiming superiority over a lover of savoury. Tastes differ but are not superior or inferior.

The same can be said about vegetarians by smell. They cannot bear the smell of fish or fowl. But those who eat asafoetida without turning a hair have no olfactory right to complain against the flavour of fish.

Many vegetarians believe it is sin to eat meat or fish as it involves killing. Sentimental bunkum apart, vegetarianism involves much more deliberate killing than non-vegetarianism. Every grain of rice swallowed is a paddy plant killed outright; every cashew nut crunched is a cashew nut tree smothered. It may be argued that killing a goat is more sinful than killing rice. That is a distinction without a difference. A non-vegetarian may kill and eat a goat as callously as a vegetarian uproots and swallows a potato. But he is too sensitive to kill a cow as a vegetarian is to kill a goat. A cannibal may enjoy a human cutlet as much as a vegetarian enjoys his vegetable cutlet, but he stops short of roasting his child just as a vegetarian stops short of the goat. Here again we all fall between two extremes. All do kill to eat in a very real sense. The difference is only conventional not real. A person with a deep enough sensitivity may hear the moans of mashed potato and feel the pangs of the brinjal writhing in boiling chilli soup.

Some vegetarians say that vegetarianism indicates a higher culture. May be in the Chestertonian sense that all culture is ultimately based on agriculture, vegetarian culture particularly so. High culture does not develop so cheaply as by eating vegetable 'pilau' instead of mutton 'pilau'. Vegetarians do murder, rob, plunder and wallow in politics as well as the non-vegetarians.

Vegetarianism is claimed to make one mild and gentle whereas non-vegetarianism is supposed to make one ferocious and predatory. This is unmitigated balderdash, and is as ludicrous as the belief that if an expectant mother ate pork the child will be hairy. Really mildness and ferociousness are appropriate adaptive attributes. A carnivore like the lion has to be ferocious if it is to survive. In fact it can live only if it is ferocious and predatory. A herbivore can be mild and still get on as it needs no ferocity to eat grass or cabbage. Really it eats grass because it is mild and gentle. To say that vegetarian diet can make one mild and gentle is like saying that by feeding a tiger with curd bath and *drum-stick-sambar*, you can make it human. Nor are all vegetarians mild. According to George Bernard Shaw, "The bull is a vegetarian. If John Bull takes to his diet I shall not answer for the consequences. It may tax all the resources of the British Government to put a ring through his nose".

Vegetarian food is said to be more easy to digest. Let the vegetarian perform the simple experiment of eating a pound of beans just as a non-vegetarian eats a pound of meat. His experience will tell him that "death from starvation is much more pleasant than death from over-eating". Vegetarians of the world seem to be more concerned with what they and the others eat. They prove the statement of Samuel Johnson "that a man (woman included) seldom thinks with more earnestness on anything than he does of his dinner". Non-vegetarians on the other hand know that "all flesh is grass" and are more in earnest about other things. We have not yet heard of a "World non-vegetarian Congress".

P. K. MENON.

That Woman

Most of us are very poor judges of women although shrewd in other matters. But a woman is a poor judge in all matters, with one exception—man. It is here they are our superiors. It is here we cannot do away with them or do without them: Although the puritan Milton overlooked this fact, he has unconsciously made Eve, Adam's unconscious duper.

The tale that I am about to tell, is a curious illustration of this theory of ours. The central character is a heroine of outstanding ability and wit, mingled with cleverness, cunning and an abundant gift for lying—Lata. She was a daring woman who had made her way through life and the world though lying and vanity. She was the most talkative creature I have known, and a very agreeable companion and friend. She professed great interest in humanity and human service. Nothing low or mean ever concerned her. She was always talking of morals and ethics. She had visited the two Ashrams in the South—Aurobindo and Ramana—and had been moved by them.

One day my friend Dr. Dacha told me that one Miss Lata—a daughter of his friend in Nairobi—had come down with her father to India. He had come down of course for his business; she had accompanied him only for some sight seeing. He told me the girl was a prodigy, a well-read woman—and she was barely twenty. I should be certainly interested and delighted to see them.

The Doctor was a professional practitioner and took a deep interest in psychology. He was quite proficient in both. I therefore quite took his words for granted. The girl was indeed a prodigy. She seemed to know Jung, Adler and Freud thoroughly.

"Have you read them?" she asked me.

"No, not at all, you must excuse my ignorance." I said.

"Dr. Dacha has read them. He seems to have even tested the theories," she said.

"Quite right."

"In one place Jung says..."

"Excuse me" I said "I am not well versed in the subject. I really cannot keep up the talk. By the way, how do you like Aurobindo Ashram and Ramana Ashram?"

"O! I came to India only to see them. How well-read is Aurobindo! Have you read his Life Divine? His Savitri is indeed difficult to understand owing to his odd symbolism" she said.

"I agree with you. But I find Shree Ramana equally good and interesting. No comparisons. But his approach is easier to understand for a layman."

"I find he is too simple" she said. "But what difference do you find between them? I mean the subtle difference, not the outward."

"I am ignorant. I do not know" I said. I truly could not tell. I was not so well read I was taken aback by her knowledge but could not help a feeling of contempt for her vanity. She even eclipsed her father in talking and would not permit him a word while she kept her monologue going. Her father appeared quite a materialistic dupe in comparison to her.

Maneklal made no secret of the purpose of his visit. He wanted to see if he could ship more cloves and sugar to India, and, if possible, open a sugar mill here. He wanted to expand his business and increase his income. He appeared an ingenious businessman. But he could tolerate no other thought or talk of spirituality, religion or morals or even arts. A short young man with a flat upturned nose and a sensual mouth, he looked what he was.

But the daughter was impressive. She had a finer nose, better manners, a fairer complexion, well-combed hair and an average broad forehead. She gave us all an impression of sweetness and innocence: She was quite learned and well-behaved.

"Well, Nairobi is a really marvellous city. It is equal to, if not better than, London. Have you seen Kenya?" she asked.

"I have not. Let us hope however that the city is wonderful." I said. I found her exaggerating facts. "But I hope to come and stay with you."

A few days later the father left. He found immense potentialities for expansion of business. But Miss Lata stayed on. I heard some unconfirmed reports that the father and daughter had fallen out with each other. The reports were vague as to their propable causes. It was reported she wanted to continue her studies—college studies—in India.

I was given to understand she was a graduate from Nairobi and that she wanted to do post graduate study in India and in Madras at that. A few days later she paid me a visit—a courtesy call as she styled it.

"I just wanted to see you once before I got busy with my college-work" she said,

"Well" she said "I just would like to know all about your colleges in Madras." she said.

I gave my views and she chose the best co-education college ever.

"You know" she continued her monologue "Nairobi is the best university in the world. You should see it."

"Then why not study there?" I said.

"I want to see and know India and her spirituality," she said after some hesitation. She seemed to clear my doubts. She was studying in India because she had quarrelled with her father. It could be also that that was the cause of the quarrel.

"Well I just hear—or I got it from hearsay—that you are at loggerheads with your father. I am sorry if that is true" I said apologetically trying to get more information on the matter.

"Not at all" she contradicted stoutly.

"Then why not study in Africa?" I said.

"I told you I am interested in knowing more about India."

I was taken a back. She was not exaggerating but lying openly. She seemed to conceal something that was secretive or unpleasant to her—a guilt or an unpleasant truth or a scandal. Her face—strained in its efforts while she spoke—betrayed some kind of fear and anxiety.

"I have not told you about my family", she said trying to shift to another subject. Then she gave me another monologue on her brother, father, and mother. She had one brother and no sister. The family consisted of four members. Her brother was called Surendranath.

I found myself in utter confusion. My friend Dacha had told me she was a prodigy, a well-read lady. He had informed me she was honest and frank and that she was so spiritual. But I found matters different with her.

"Well you see we are one of the richest families in the world" she said.

"I see" I said cynically, though unperceived.

"And Kenya the best country too" she added "It is really the richest."

"I hope so" I added a little sarcastically.

"I forgot to tell you I was offered a seat in Cambridge, Christ Church, but I gave up that and preferred India. I have told you that."

That was the last time I ever saw her. Afterwards I only heard of her and once I talked to her on the phone. But I heard some shocking news of her. I heard that she was trying to pursue a young boy, whom she wanted to marry, while the boy tried to evade her. In the course of pursuit she also sought the help of another friend with whom she had had many affairs. And that led her to contacts with third, fourth and so on.

One fine Sunday I was really surprised to see the doctor stepping into my room at seven.

"Heard anything of Lata?" he asked me.

"Not quite," I said. "Only last month I saw her. She complained of less remittance from home. She took a hundred for college fees, and said she would repay as soon as her father sent her money."

"You fool" he burst out "Why do you pay her without knowing her well. Believe me her studying at the College is a hoax. She goes out of town often with one boy particularly to Tiruvannamalai and Trivandrum where her lover moves. She is never present at the College."

"Do you know her story?" he asked

"No, I am not so curious as to go about asking." I said.

"Well!! At an early age she fell for a boy of her College, who married some one else. She was heart broken. She tried her best to break off the marriage, wrote some letters to the wife stating her life was ruined since her friend and herself were already intimate. But she failed. The girl wrote her back scrubbing letters.

"Then her father decided to visit India. He was following one Jeevan, who had left a few months before for India. This girl tried to chase him. She made excuses for coming to India. Her father agreed to take her along for a few months. Once in India she made no secret of the purpose of her visit, but followed her friend closely. The father was enraged. He arranged for their return to Africa. But the lady refused. That brought them at cross purposes. The father left her and returned alone to Nairobi.

"Well, her original name is Indira; Jeevan knows that; he told me so. She has styled herself Lata. She told me however that she was offered a seat at Cambridge in Christ Church."

"She told me so too" I said interrupting "But I swallowed all that stuff as I knew nothing of it."

"It is all a lie—a white lie. She is interested in ensnaring Jeevan. That is an open secret. The fool that I was, I spent lavishly on her.

And then after a pause he continued "Jeevan goes to Ashram and his quarters in Trivandrum. She used to travel between these places just to chase him. She managed to get a formal acquaintance with him. From somewhere she got a photograph of his, wrote on the back of it 'to my beloved Lata,' and carried it about on her person. She carried a letter-head of his and some visiting cards. All these were smuggled by her with the help of Jeevan's stenographer.

"By her long acquaintance with Jeevan, who subsequently warned her off, she had come to know that Shekar, a Punjabi, was his intimate friend. Shekar had heard of her and even seen her casually in Jeevan's office. Both of them were dealers in finished jute and coir products, marketing them in their areas.

"Gradually she made friends with Shekar. She gave him her tales of woe; how Jeevan had promised to marry her in Africa and subsequently deserted her. But Jeevan was ruthless. She managed to show her entire correspondence with Jeevan and

his replies to Shekar. Shekar sympathized but could do nothing in the matter. But Shekar all the while supported her. But Shekar found her slipping out of his hands. He soon got tired of her and woke up in time from his slumber to save his nose.

He could do nothing more. He just gave a letter of introduction to Pran at Madras. This man believed her, saw Shekar's correspondence, letter-heads, visiting cards and photographs. He managed also to give a job to her in his office. She claimed before him to be a doctor specialising in eye diseases. He swallowed all that stuff. She was however, asked why did she not practice. She only replied she was interested in humanity and social service and had left all surgical equipment at home. He believed her because she came from Jeevan with a letter of introduction. He helped her write a strong letter to Sekhar, abusing and reprimanding him for his unmannerly behaviour. Sekhar was silent.

"She went a step further. She suggested to Pran that he marry her sister Rekha who was a graduate at Nairobi. She managed to get his oral consent. She suggested that they both fly to Africa which he agreed to. But Pran got himself entangled with her; her sister was quite forgotten. They had many happy days together, many picnics and excursions alone.

"She even became engaged to him. But by and by he heard some contradictory and damaging reports about her. He broke off the engagement."

"Now the talk of her sister was all a hoax. She had none. Pran and Lata quarrelled. "Lata"—that is her fake name. Her original name is Indira. Well they went to court. Pran wrote to her father giving him full particulars. But the father seems to have disowned her. He says she is not his daughter. He has not even sent her any money since he left India. The matter went into litigation.

"One day—after six years of absence—She walked into my room. That was six days ago. I was stunned.

"Are you still alive?" I asked her, much upset by what I heard of her.

"Yes" she said.

She told me then her father had let her down, her friend Pran had let her down after a betrothal. She asked me to talk to Pran. I said I could not. I did not even know him. She asked me to ring him up, on the pretext I was her brother asking for some information about the accommodation in the Hotel Ambassador he was staying in. I was anxious to know more of her. I telephoned him.

"No lies gentleman" he said, "you know nothing of Indira. She is Indira and not Lata." Then he seemed to be talking to his friend some time across the table. "Shut up" he roared after a long silence "Her brother is here across my table, coming from Africa. Tell her that she has no sister called Rekha." And slammed the receiver down.

"My brother in India is all lies" she said. She talked on and on. She requested me not to tell you she was in Madras or of the developments.

"As we were talking, the door of my room, was banged open and I saw a gentleman with dark eyes, bushy eye-brows and unkempt, rough, loose hair. Lata turned back and shrieked. It was her brother. She tried to move and run. But he managed to pull out a revolver out of his pocket and now pointed at her.

"He beckoned with his hand and said" "Follow me". He took her to his hotel and locked her up.

"He came to me again and told me he was called Surendranath. He intended to play rough with his sister. Otherwise she would not obey him. He even had managed to purchase a licence for his gun for the purpose. He is going off in ten days. Day after tomorrow Lata leaves. I mean Indira. He follows her by next week's plane. He wants help in packing her off. He wants to have the history of her stay in India. He wants to see you. Will you."

"No" I said "I do not want to see any of their family. My compliments to him. But I regret I can be of no possible help to him. What more help do you need.

"There is the suit of Pran in the High Court. I do not know the law about suits foreigners against and tourists. But let me see" he said.

He left. Then my telephone rang. It was Indira. She still claimed to be Lata.

"Hello! Indira how are you?" I asked.

"So my brother has told all lies about me to you. What did he speak about me?" she asked.

"All good. That you have shut yourself in a room and are progressing spiritually and that you have done with your studies" I said in mockery.

"What else did he say?" She asked now becoming a little ironical.

"Well what else can we talk of woman but her beauty, her chastity, her religion her philosophy and her marriage. We talked of all these with regard to yourself." I said now taunting her. I had heard from Dr. Dacha that she had read notes on all subjects and merely scrappy notes. She had no knowledge of psychology or religion.

"I own myself beaten madam. Hats off to you" I said laughing. She laughed too, or could not keep back laughing.

"Did he stay with you long enough?" she asked.

"No. I did not even see him. Dr. Dacha was here. I refused to see your brother." I said.

"Can you help me to be free? will you talk to my brother? Or shall I see you with him?" She asked me quite nervously but anxiously. She spoke in faltering tones. Her self confidence and her old dash had left her.

"No, I am sorry." I said.

What I subsequently heard was shocking. Her brother had arranged her passage to Bombay. There he had made arrangements for her stay at a friend's house. Her ticket for Bombay to Nairobi journey was given to her.

She made one last dash to save herself. She returned the ticket at the air office, for feiting rupees two hundred, as cancellation charges. Instead she bought one for Trivandrum. It was her last chance to plead with Jeevan. She flew over to the place.

But Jeevan had left for Bombay. She heard that he was likely to stay there for a week at least. At the air office her hopes were wrecked. No tickets were available for Bombay. She talked with the chauffeur, told him she wanted a love drive along the beach. She asked him to stay on at the Beach club, and tipped him with two bottles of beer, for which he had an awful fondness.

She made a dash for Madras by car, all alone. She had the necessary mettle. Probably the circumstances gave her that mettle. She parked her car by the aerodrome at Madras and boarded the plane for Bombay. She swore she would change and mend herself if he would marry her. She would try to convince him.

At the aerodrome she was picked by two civilian looking C. I. Ds. She was questioned. She gave the purpose of her visit as her desire to see Jeevan. Had she flown off the first time she could have gone. The news of her behaviour at Trivandrum had spread fast. Of course Pran's case was squared off. But she had stayed for one year in India without renewing her passport and permit. Lately she had managed to renew it, leaving the gap of one year unaltered. The Police were only trying to find her out. The Court case and the car scandal had exposed her. After some preliminary difficulty all was set right.

"Well they have left for Nairobi, all right. They were packed off by ship—she and her brother." Dr. Dacha told me over the phone.

"Well, Doctor, she is above all Jung, or Adler, or Freud. She has upset your psychology and psychiatry." I said.

"O! truly she has."

"Well I request you to pack up all your books and dispose of them at a second hand book shop, or drop them in Arabian Sea so that they do not float back to our shores for they are useless." I said laughing.

"That I have done."

"Done what?"

"Presented them to one of my friends free of payment. Now let him have his turn for tomfoolery. But that girl..."

"That woman" I said "seven years have now passed. She is a woman and a prodigy. Remember she is too good for you."

"Yes, yes! That woman" he said and dropped the receiver.

A Dissertation upon the Intellectual Female

The prejudice I have against the intellectual female is not a newly acquired one. It started right from the time I was in kindergarten. My classmate and neighbour was an intellectual in a small way. She learnt all her lessons well, knew her moral science by heart, was not afraid of cows or ghosts for that matter, did not believe in playing with dolls and doubtless cast a spell when she reached a higher class. She came home frequently and told her marks to the great havoc of my own I. Q. If I did answer well in class my mother would know of it that evening itself, and this resulted in the preceding of any pleasant outing with the remark 'But, I hope you've learnt your lessons'

and also to the break-up of heated maternal arguments with the comment, 'Oh, Don't argue and waste time. Go and study'.

Later at school too I was destined to meet a few intellectuals. But we met, had a mental collision and parted, never to meet again except on the most constrained terms.

However it is in College that you are destined to meet a large number of them. They are usually shy but when you get to be friendly you get the full brunt of their uninhibited remarks. Once sensing the inferiority complex I had about my rose an intellectual friend stopped my plaintive chant with the hint that I should take things having a more general interest.

Intellectuals take everything seriously. There is nothing indecisive about them. They never waver. Everything is either black or white, grays just don't exist. It is of course very difficult to hold a conversation with one of them unless you have read the day's newspaper, the Encyclopaedia, Who's Who, and also have a dictionary in hand. One day I was particularly fortunate in being able to understand a conversation for about half an hour about art until we came to modern art and my friend talked of cubism and existentialism. I had never heard of them before and rather than reveal my ignorance with what seemed so familiar to her I said I wanted to go to the Library and beat a quick retreat.

She knows all about the current floods and famines and I advise you never to have lunch with her, unless of course you feel like having only a cup of coffee, because she subsists only on that and you feel like a gourmet while eating your ordinary lunch. Having a good lunch with an intellectual, I was searching for something profound to say, when she shocked me out of my complacency by asking me, just when I was attacking the second *gulabjam*, what I had done for the recent Famine Relief Fund. I replied that I did not know there was one till then.

Having learnt to look at life dispassionately the Intellectual expects you to do the same. She however almost caused a riot in our class when having taken a good look all around said "We are a rotten set, aren't we" seeing puzzled faces all around she clarified her statement with "I mean where looks are concerned". As X said afterwards "She need not have rubbed it in".

Once you are acquainted with her she is interested in your views and in your hobbies. Her hobby is of course writing realistic poetry or reading philosophy or Marx. She enquires about yours and finding out that it is gardening, says 'really' in a tone of disillusionment as if you had just told her you eat snails or something. Of course she unflinchingly gives you all her poems to read and asks for your "candid" opinion. The poems incidentally are realistic and in free verse. By realistic I mean depicting your feelings—the kind you have while waiting for a bus. All the other members go whizzing past while your own bus never comes! It is mostly about the ills of Industrial India—at least one was all about the dreariness and darkness. It ended with the words "Waiting, waiting, waiting for what?" When I suggested 'For a No. 13 Bus' she got furious and told me not to try to be funny.

Knowing her, in spite of the deflation to your ego, is a great pleasure. She is generally equipped with a piquant sense of humour. At school we had an intellectual in town who was very good at Maths. There was a celebrity, a man who had travelled all over the world and who was frequently invited to our school to let off steam. Of course he did not completely ignore the fact that he had gone abroad—it came out at regular intervals, London-Paris—New York—Japan and then the voyage

to India. He stuck to this procedure with such precision that the intellectual would calculate (sometimes to the minute) when he would finish. This she did by noting the time he arrived in London (in the speech) and giving about 25 minutes to each place. She also used to enliven the procedure by capping his astounding statements with a soft "So what?" audible only to the back benches. Her comments were piercing and to the point. Our school was once celebrating its centenary and there was of course a grand celebration. Nothing was ready, however, so classes were disbanded while we stuck paper streamers to the walls. Quipped the intellectual, seeing all this desperate hurry, "They had a hundred years to prepare for this and still they are not ready."

Closely allied to this species yet lacking the broad-minded toleration of the intellectual is the pseudo-intellectual. The P. I. is interested only in the books prescribed in the syllabus. She considers it a sad waste of time to read others. She is not even interested in the people who moulded the character of the authors. Once, discussing Pope I asked her who did she think was prettier, Martha or Teresa Bloint (the pictures are in Edith Sitwell's book which we had just been reading) she replied that she had not thought about it and it was just like me to think of such irrelevant thing. Her demands to borrow books and notes off you are tremendous. For days she ignores you altogether and you are surprised to see her smiling generally at you. You feel puzzled — but not for long. That afternoon she comes and asks you for your notes.

S. VASANTHA,
P. G. II (ENGLISH)

Art and Literature

Robert Buchanan committed himself to the generalisation "The truth is that literature and more particularly poetry, is in a very bad way when one art gets hold of another and imposes upon it its conditions and regulations". He is writing as a literary critic and his prejudice is disclosed by the assertion that "Poetry is more than painting". This fallacious value comparison of the two arts, current in the Victorian era, is echoed by Oscar Wilde's opinion that the prose appreciation of Ruskin and Pater was greater than the pictures that inspired them :—

"Greater I always think, even as literature is the greater art. Who again cares whether Mr. Pater has put into portrait of Mona Lisa something that Leonardo never dreamed of?..... And so the picture becomes more wonderful to us than it really is and reveals to us, a secret of which, in truth, it knows nothing, and the music of the prose is as sweet in our ears as was the flute player's music that lent to the lips of Gioconda those subtle and poisonous curves".

Implicit in this is a characteristically Victorian judgment. Literature is superior to the other arts, in proportion to its greater power of creating "noble grounds for noble emotion" or as Arnold put it, of "forming, sustaining and delighting us". But when we study the inter-relation of art and letters we need not agree with these critics, who are men of letters and naturally are justified in holding their own views of literature.

While considering this, the big task that lies before us is the definition of art. What is art? This if not a Herculean task is in no way an easy one. Let us make an attempt to define art.

Ever since his emergence nearly three quarters of a million years ago man has in a sense proclaimed his uniqueness in the animal kingdom, through some of his distinctive

capabilities, highest among which must rank his ability to conceptualise, i.e., to evolve and express his thoughts, not merely about concrete phenomena and feelings, but also about abstract ideas and to yearnings. This ability of man is termed as artistic ability.

Art, in the view of the followers of Ruskin and Morris, was the spirit of order and lucidity and grace, that wrought on man's life, transforming chaotic passions into harmonious forces for the good of the community in general. They thought that beauty is as indispensable to life (and consequently to literature) as is strength and that the one need not exclude the other.

Art has now, however been democratized. Beauty and social utility have been to the wedded, extent possible is under modern economic conditions and this stress on the significance of beauty and colour, rhythm, harmony, clarity of design, acts as a healthy check upon the tendency of some of the revolutionaries of today to sacrifice every thing to the purely intellectual.

Art is and must be either in its abundance or its bareness, in its sincerity or its hollowness, an expression of society within which it exists.

So far for the definition of art. Now let us examine the interrelation between art and letters. Superficially there may seem a good deal of difference between a tapestry, a stained-glass window, and an epic. Fundamentally there is no distinction. The divergence is one of technique and not of art.

No essay on this subject will be complete without a reference to the Pre-Raphaelite movement in English Literature. Always the affinities between painting and writing were uppermost in their minds. If their painting was not an illustration to a piece of literature they would either compose a sonnet for their picture, as Rossetti did for "Found" or they would elucidate the theme of a picture in prose comment as Madox Brown also did for 'Work'. It has been said that Rossetti wrote his pictures and painted his poems and Morris thought in arabesques and curves rather than in metre and rhythm.

Throughout his poetry Rossetti instinctively describes in pictorial terms anything that his imagination seizes on. It is not a question of one art getting hold of another "and imposing upon it its conditions and limitations" so much as of a gifted artist transferring unconsciously to one medium the means of expression he would have used in another. This description of a sick-bed vigil from "My sister's sleep" is an example.

"Twelve struck, that Sound, by dwindling years
Heard in each hour, crept off; and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.
Our mother rose from where she sat,
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly and her silken gown
Settled; no other noise than that".

Sounds here are described entirely in terms of visual imagery: the sound crept off, the ruffled silence spreads like the ripples of a pool, and in the second stanza the noises are not suggested by onomatopoeic words like "clicked" or "rustled" but the actual movement is described as it would be seen, and the reader visualizing it supplies the sound himself.

The next question that faces us is "What is the aim of art?" To quote Morris "The aim of art is to increase the happiness of men, by giving them beauty and interest of incident to amuse their leisure, and prevent them wearying even of rest, and by giving them hope and bodily pleasure in their work: or shortly to make man's work happy and his rest fruitful".

According to Holman Hunt "All art from the beginning served the higher development of men's minds. It has ever been valued as food to sustain strength for noble resolves, not as that devoured by epicures only to surfeit the palate".

Morris again says that genuine art is an unmixed blessing to the race of man. So, Art whether it is decorative or literary is a reflection of society but art in modern times is not in a very healthy state. "The guardians of beauty, so fertile of education (*i.e.* the artists) though professedly engaged in "higher-education" (as the futile system of compromises which they follow is nick-named) have ignored it utterly, have made its preservation give way to the pressure of commercial exigencies and are determined apparently to destroy it altogether". So in the twentieth century when talks of atomic energy are the fashion of the day art is easily being ridiculed. Attempts are being made to encourage the artists, who in fact are the mirrors of society. We will be happy to see the day when industrial slavery and the degradation of arts would perish.

An exhibition before the first world war moved Isaac Rosenberg himself a painter poet of promise, to a critical essay on the relationship between the two arts, with a quotation from which this essay can usefully end.

"We are apt to confuse imagination with literature, with the psychological interest of a picture, as a quality apart from its technical qualities. Literature, I think is permissible only if it increases the difficulties of imagination. A picture must be a perfect consistency of thought and execution, of colour and design to harmonize with the idea. Whatever the object, nature is always our resort, a basis for creation. To feel and interpret nature, to project ourself beyond nature through nature, and yet convince of our faithfulness to the sensation is imagination.

The ultimate end of all the arts should be beauty. Poetry and music achieve that end through the intellect and the ear, painting and sculpture through the eye. The former possess advantages which the latter do not: and the latter vice versa. Painting is stationary while poetry is in motion. Through the intellect the emotion is enchaind; feeling made articulate transmits its exact state to the reader. Each word adapts itself to the phase of emotion (including sensation of the soul), and carries one along from degree to degree. Painting can only give the moment, the visual aspect, and only suggest the spiritual consciousness; not even a mood, but the phase of a mood. By imagination in painting we do not encroach on the domain of the writer. We give what the writer cannot give, with all his advantages, the visible aspect of things, which the writer can only suggest, and give the aspect a poetic interest and by that a more intensely human interest: for here the body and the soul are one, and beauty the crown thereof.

P. N. MEENA.

Mr. Chettiar Joins Presidency

Just from the mofussil—not necessarily a village—and for the first time to the metropolis, a student is bound to be struck by a good many things. Having been called for an interview at a premier institution in South India such as Presidency College, one is bound to alight at the Egmore or the Central Station with legitimate pride at having escaped the "Butcher's Knife" and with all the feelings and emotions of an inexperienced "young boy" of one and twenty. So alighted our chettiar, the hero of our story.

He had heard of the city and its multifarious attractions. While in the train he had given a patient hearing to the hot debate of the city students returning after a long and tedious vacation to their respective Colleges in Madras from their respective sweet homes where these "Prodigal sons" had had enough and more of "fatted calves". They were keenly discussing the manifold entertainments in which they had indulged themselves while in the city to which the Dhanushkodi Boat Mail was carrying them at record speed, these full-blooded youths debated upon the delicate subject of the merits of their respective Colleges. The major part centres round the Christian and the Presidency.

"Your College has run away from the city, afraid of us—we Presidency College chaps," argued Venu, a P. G. student, "well, it ran away to the forest—better for us."

Ramu, an English Honours chap of the Christian, thought for a while and curtly replied, "Truly, man, we went away to the forest so that we could fast and repent for you sinners".

"A-ha", said the Loyola chap. "A devil quoting scripture for his own purpose. You simply aped us in getting away from the turmoils of the city".

"Ours will never go," Venu resumed "being situated in the heart of Paradise itself".

"Indeed! situated as the sacred river Cooum, it is paradise itself for you", retorted the Vivekananda College hero.

"What rot you talk", continued Mr. Venu. "Where on earth can you have a College to the special benefit of which the Madras Corporation—mind you, the oldest Corporation in India—broadcasts daily and sometimes at nights too, the sweetest music available in South India".

"Damned lie", said the Pachaiyappite.

"All right man, I know what music you have outside your college," went on the Presidency College advocate. "Secondly, our College is situated on one of the best beaches in the world. We have an Aquarium and the Marina restaurant attached to it".

"Why do you go along blowing your own trumpet," complained a host of voices.

"Wait a minute, gentlemen. I come to the most critical point and most important. Ours is the only College on earth to worship at whose altar all of you fellows come every evening. Our munificent tolerance is extended to people of all shades of opinion, rich or poor, high or low, pedagogues or demagogues, who stir out for air in the evenings. Above all, there is a predominant element of the fair sex there, in their best moods and attires, so that you have not only the cool sea-breeze but also the warm she-breeze".

Everybody was spell-bound because it was almost true. To go for a pleasant walk meant automatically to a city student to go up to the Presidency College and beyond.

But the Christian College student is not to be easily outwitted. His never-failing fund of knowledge took him to a picturesque quotation from Dr. Johnson. As the train slowly enters the Egmore Station, Ramu sums up and says: "If the bull were to talk, it will also say, 'I have got grass and a cow. What more felicities do I require?' As if those were the things for which you were made by God, man".

All these parleys, though intended mainly as a pastime for those who partook in it, had a profound effect on Chettiar's heart. He had determined to join the Presidency College and he was glad of it. He was very familiar with the reputation of Presidency and he had often heard it repeated that from her womb have sprung eminent men of great repute. To move about the quadrangles of such a College was to this well-fish really a "Paradise Regained". He had already imagined himself the prospective Prime Minister of India and so on and so forth. Surely, who would not, if only he or she was one in the happy family of Presidencians! He had already drawn up a well-schemed out-programme for his daily regular habits in the College. He supposed himself the sure recipient of all the medals, prizes and scholarships awarded by the College. Thus dreaming he alighted from the train and got into the open street with all the possible castles in the air that could be allowed to a prospective "Presidencian".

He got into the first bus that came—fortunately for him the right bus—and said he wanted to go to Presidency.

He got himself admitted without much difficulty into the Victoria Hostel where he had an old friend. He had fixed up 11 O'clock as the most auspicious hour to meet the Principal when his star was exactly on the ascendant. He began dressing very finely and he struggled with no effect for full sixty minutes with his unruly hair which could not be combed this way or that. No amount of 'Lathi charge' or Section 144 could subdue it. The best policy under the circumstances would be to hand over the charge to the Military: so thought our Chettiar. He gave imperious orders to the Commander-in-chief there and without a moment's delay Martial Law was proclaimed and due notice was given to the rebels. Yet they defied the orders and stood on end. With his sharp scissors, which did more havoc than a machine gun, the brave Commander shot down every rebel to the ground. Chettiar was much pleased with his bravery. Paying the devil his due he returned. After a few minutes' rehearsal before a mirror, he knelt down for prayer in a language which he himself could not distinguish.

All these over, at exactly eleven, Chettiar saw himself before the Principal. He presented the case in a nutshell, though the hearer could not clearly grasp whether it was Greek or Latin or a Wonderful Combination of these two. Naturally therefore, he had to put some questions, though in the end, unfortunately he found his doubts in no way cleared.

"Where are you coming from, please?" was the first question.

"From the hostel, sir," was the prompt reply.

"I mean, your native place?"

"A village where my father and sister were born."

"What is your age, please?"

"Which do you want, sir, the real age or the age in S. S. L. C. book? My father insisted that there should not be more than five years' difference."

The Principal naturally became curious about his father.

"What is your father, please?"

"My father is the most-talked-of man in the village, sir."

"Who talks about him?"

"My mother, sir."

"You have got fairly good marks indeed, but not very good marks."

"My teacher was telling me, sir, that I would have got centum, sir, in all the subjects, sir, if only the examiners, sir, would have given it, sir."

With a smile on his lips, the Principal saw to his admission and directed him to go to the Class.

Night came on, and our Chettiar did full justice to his stomach. He took life seriously and sat down under the bright electric light with his "Advanced History of Great Britain by T. F. Tout to begin British History in right earnest. At exactly nine O'clock, there rang out a voice "May I come in?" Our Chettiar anyhow was not lacking in etiquette. He invited him in and requested the Professor and the hostel mates who had accompanied him to sit down.

"What were you reading?" the Professor began.

"I have finished the Roman Conquest, sir."

Have you? Then can you tell me who conquered Rome?"

"Julius Caesar, sir."

The whole room reverberated with peals of laughter which sounded like thunder, and our Chettiar could not really understand the why of it.

"All right" the Professor continued. "What did the Romans do for the Britons?"

"They civilized them, sir."

"How?"

"By teaching them the art of fighting."

One more thunderbolt of laughter, and so on it went for over half an hour. Chettiar talked some sense but blabbered a good deal. He would pride himself that in English Grammar, especially Parsing, he was the brightest star in his school firmament. To test it the Professor asked him to parse.

"Govind married Shanta"

Without a moment's hesitation, he began by saying that 'Govind' is a noun because it signifies something, 'Married' is a conjunction because it unites Govind and Shanta 'Shanta' is a preposition because she governs the noun 'Govind.' And so on and so forth it progressed till the hostel clock chimed ten.

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Soviet Russia - Some impressions

One of the biggest festivals of importance and interest ever held in Moscow since the days of the Glorious Communist Revolution was the "Sixth World Festival of Youth and Students". The very idea of Youth Festivals was born in the autumn of 1945 when the guns of the Second World War had just been silenced. It was then that Youths of the World united together in London for a World Youth Conference, gave serious thought, discussed and decided to prevent war at any cost. The youths of the world pledged to accumulate their forces for the defence of Peace throughout the world and the consolidation of friendship among the nations. Since then Youth Festivals have become a tradition. The Sixth World Festival of Youth and Students was held in Moscow, the capital city of U. S. S. R. for the first time. Earlier festivals were held in Prague, Peking, Warsaw, Berlin and Bucharest.

Moscow, the ancient but eternally young city resembled an enormous flower. During the day she shone with all the colours of the rainbow and at night she sparkled with billions of lights. The streets and squares, parks and stadiums, buildings and lights-post were decorated with multitudes of flags of all nations of the world, while the flag bearing the festival emblem, the five petal flower—flew high everywhere. Trimly dressed Moscow heard songs and slogans from all parts of the world.

The Youth Festival for Peace and Friendship was held for 15 days from 28th July to 11th August 1957. Young men and women numbering nearly 32,000 from 132 nations of all five continents had come to Moscow for this historic Festival. The International Preparatory Committee for the Sixth World Festival of Youth and Students had made elaborate arrangements at the cost of a crore of Rupees. We had nothing to complain of.

A grand and warm welcome awaited the delegates from various countries. Every day and night during the fifteen days of the Festival millions and millions of the host country crowded the streets, parks and exhibitions to greet the foreign delegates. We received thunderous cheers and applause from windows, balconies, pavements and even from the roofs of buildings wherever we went. It was an unforgettable sight indeed!

The peoples of U. S. S. R. had an opportunity now to meet and mingle with foreigners in large numbers after 40 years rigorous isolation from the rest of the world. So they took the fullest advantage and demonstrated their hospitality to the maximum extent possible. They proved that the peoples of U. S. S. R. were very simple, modest, warm and cordial.

Mr. M. S. Appa Rao, the leader of the delegation and myself had the privilege and honour to be in the midst of the millions in the Festival on an invitation from the International Preparatory Committee for the Youth Festival. Youth organisations from Yugoslavia, Rumania and East Germany cordially extended their invitations to us to visit their countries to study the political social and economic conditions of the people. But unfortunately the time at our disposal was very limited and so we could not avail ourselves of the opportunity.

Dr. Rammanohar Lohia, the Indian Socialist Party Leader in his message had asked us to make our views clear i.e., the "Equal Irrelevancy" of the Atlantic and the Soviet alliances which hinder the building of a new civilization on a foundation of justice, peace and freedom.

We had a very crowded programme of theatrical performances, film shows, sports, excursions, exhibitions, competitions, seminars and faculty meetings of students etc. Once we were out on the streets of Moscow, out of sheer love and affection we were compelled to discharge certain obligations such as signing autographs, receiving bouquets, souvenirs, picture post cards etc., giving poses to innumerable cameramen with men and women, boys and girls. The keen interest and the enthusiastic admiration that had been showered upon us by the Muscovites during the festival made us really feel as though we were great international figures of importance!

The aim of our visit to Moscow was to study for ourselves conditions in the world's biggest communist country. We were there for a fortnight and had opportunities meeting all sections of the people and getting a clear and a correct picture of their life and ways. Our stay of a fortnight was by no means long enough for a full study of the economy of that great country. The vast and magnificent city of Moscow, that ancient citadel of culture, and its good and kind people however made a lasting impression on our minds and above all the desire for peace and friendship, that was evident was reassuring and comforting.

As the younger generation spoke English, it was easy for us to meet the people of different kinds, behaviour and status without interference from "interpreters." Indeed contact with people was far easier than we had imagined when we set out.

Of so vast and varied a land any survey is bound to be inadequate. I give a few impressions formed at first hand, and I hope a general picture of the life of the peoples of U. S. S. R. will emerge.

Soviet Society:

The people of U. S. S. R. seemed to me to be a simple, modest, warm-hearted cordial people. Their appearance is not inviting and their clothes are poor in cut, style and quality. Gents never use neck-tie and men and women never apply either oil or cream to their hair. The sexes mingle freely and it is fashion for a smart young girl to have four or five boy friends. Morality of the western rigid type or of the more rigid eastern type doesn't obtain here. Indeed, I was told that unmarried motherhood wasn't uncommon. But we from outside Russia have no right to judge.

Nearly 64 per cent of the Soviet population are women. Quite a large number of women are engineers, teachers, house-keepers and even drivers and conductors in auto and trolley buses, taxies, lorries, electric trams and trains. Women work even in hair-dressing saloons. House-keepers and servant maids enjoy equal rights and privileges with their masters.

Ordinarily the pay of an unskilled worker is about 600 roubles per month i.e., Rs. 714/- (approximate) while a skilled worker earns 1000 to 1300 roubles but a pair of shoes costs about 300 to 400 roubles i.e., approximately more than 357 rupees in our country and one ordinary cotton shirt costs more than 300 roubles i.e., more than 357 rupees which we can get for 12 to 15 rupees here. However people are leading a happy life. The Government undertakes the responsibility of providing the necessities of life such as food, clothing, shelter medical relief, employment and the education for its people.

We all know that Religion does not find a place in communism since communism self may be regarded as a new faith or religion of the twentieth century. We saw many churches and mosques in U. S. S. R. which had been banned once. The people adhere

to their own religion but they do not manifest their feelings externally as our people do. The younger generation seems to be more indifferent towards religious "Freedom of religious worship and freedom of anti-religious propaganda is recognised for all citizens" under article 124 of the Constitution of U. S. S. R.

At a recent conference held in Moscow on the question of Scientific Atheistic propaganda, one of the Academicians frankly admitted that "there is a partial revival of religion as a result of the relaxation of our fight against it". But the high-priest of communism, the party boss Mr. Khrushchev recently made known his views on God. In an interview with Mr. Frank Coniff of the International News Service, he said, "We are atheists".

People, in general, are not much interested in politics but they were anxious to know about our political institutions. Whenever we had an occasion to discuss matters of common interest, I found them more preoccupied with economic development of their nation and the problems of peace than anything else. The Peace slogan is genuine as far as the people are concerned but I am not sure of the intentions of the state. Everyone in Moscow, the Mecca of Communism, who met the Indian delegation assured them that they confidently looked forward to very friendly relations between U. S. S. R. and India in resolutely fighting for the cause of World Peace.

The attitude of the peoples of U. S. S. R. towards India is very friendly and warm. There is a great respect and admiration for the people of India not wholly because of our Panch Shila but because of our wonderful colour, brown !. Raj Kapoor, a film veteran, to be frank, is more popular than Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister of India.

The people U. S. S. R. are rather ill-informed about the conditions in India and her leaders. Some of them were surprisingly ignorant about the techniques of the Indian civil disobedience movements before and after independence.

Peoples of U. S. S. R. seem poorly informed of what is happening in the outside world. There is discontent among the people over the acute shortage of consumer goods and housing accommodation. We all know that the world wars had destroyed a considerable number of men, money and material. Russian economy was shattered due to a prolonged period of foreign invasion. They had to reconstruct their ruined country and they have been doing it tremendously. There is no doubt that U. S. S. R. under the leadership of Stalin has become a second mightiest industrial power in the world. In the world of scientific inventions also U. S. S. R. surpasses even America, her closest rival.

In cities people are completely westernised, wearing western clothes and adopting some western social forms. One thing which deserves appreciation is that though the people are westernised in their appearance, in character and mental make-up they are Asians. The Russians have a natural affinity towards Easterners.

There is as much difference between rural and urban population as in the non-Communist countries. The villages are still very backward and we can compare those villages to our more backward villages. People from villages are very anxious to settle themselves in cities because of the desire to lead a more pleasant life with modern facilities. But the state is trying to prevent such migration by introducing a passport system. Every citizen owns a passport and one cannot stay out of his own village or town more than a month or two.

In the Soviet society, besides the two dominant classes namely industrial workers and peasants, one finds a new privileged class the communist Party leaders, managers or

the directors of industries, factories, agricultural farms and the army. They enjoy special privileges in Soviet society. Their salaries are far in excess of those of ordinary wage earners. They rule in the name of the workers and peasants but in reality they are wholly beyond the control of the workers and peasants. The dictatorship in U. S. S. R. is not the dictatorship of the Proletariat but the dictatorship of the Communist party and ultimately the privileged intelligentsia.

The people seem rather aloof from the affairs of the government and they seem hardly interested in politics. Under the system of the Soviets people have none of the freedoms of the democracy and the individual has no place except as a tool of the State. The devotion to a supreme power, the State—makes the peoples of U. S. S. R. surrender themselves completely into the hands of the State and thus become slaves of the State. Even today the main factor that dominates peoples of U. S. S. R. is a fear complex which is a widespread disease.

"Citizens of U. S. S. R. have the right to work, that is, the right to guaranteed employment and payment for their work in accordance with its quality and quantity" which is ensured by the article 118 of the Constitution which our constitution miserably fails to guarantee. But the same generous constitution, the constitution which guarantees every Union Republic the right to secede from the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics by article 17, has completely denied workers and peasants their due, that is, the right to go on strike to get their grievances redressed which, of course, our constitution guarantees.

Freedom of speech, of the press, assembly, mass meetings and demonstrations guaranteed by article 125 of the constitution are not to the peoples of U. S. S. R. but to the Communist Party and its various organisations under its control. "Members of all Soviets of Working People's deputies, from the Supreme Soviet to City and rural Soviets, are elected on the basis of universal, equal and direct suffrage by secret ballot". It is the duty of every deputy to report to his electors on his work and on the work of his Soviet of working people's deputies, and he may be recalled at any time upon decision of a majority of the electors in the manner established by law'. "The right to nominate candidates is secured to public organisations and societies of the working people: Communist Party organisations, trade Unions, Cooperatives, Youth organisations and cultural societies".

These constitutional guarantees (Articles 134, 142, 141) given to peoples of U. S. S. R. are dealt with in chapter XI under "The electoral system". People who have understood the so called "Peoples' Democracy" are well aware of their electoral methods'. Terms like election, universal suffrage, secret ballot, and recall have lost their normal significance.

The right to propose candidates for election is given to public organisations and societies of the working people. Practically speaking, the Communist party has a complete monopoly in all organisations; trade unions, co-operatives, Youth organisations and cultural societies. The people have little to do with the nomination of candidates. They simply accept the list given to them by the Communist Party without question. The Communist Party will place its list of candidates to be voted. The deputies, that is the elected members are expected to report to the electors on the work and on the work of the soviet of working people's deputies. Anyone who fails to discharge his or her prescribed work may be recalled from their offices by the electors at any time. It is only an ornament to glorify the constitution. In reality there is no evidence to show that the 'recall' is in operation. We often hear about many dismissals but of 'recalls' and

even dismissals have taken place only on the initiative of the Communist Party and not of the electors.

We hear of many ruthless struggles for power within the rank and file of the Communist party of U. S. S. R. which usually ends with wholesale liquidation of its own top-most leaders who fought for the 'dictatorship of the proletariat.' We hear of the trials, purges and assassinations of the so called traitors and betrayers of the nation. But from the government we have never heard that even a single Republic tried for secession from the so-called "Voluntary Union of equal Soviet Socialist Republics". in spite of various discontents during its 40 years of existence.

Out of political necessity and economic compulsions in and around U.S.S.R. the bureaucratic regime of the Communist party made certain concessions here and there to the discontented masses. The younger generation is somewhat open-minded, curious to know many things outside their nation. They are really tired of the propaganda of the Communist party for the past 40 years. They exhibit tendencies of independent thinking to a considerable extent. They are very curious to know about the democratic institutions and many expressed their desire to have a democratic government out of their disbelief in the regime of Mr. Khrushchev. While we were talking to an engineer in Moscow, with open heart, he said 'Where is the guarantee? Even Mr. Khrushchev may become a tyrant like Stalin. Who can prevent Mr. Khrushchev?'. People suspect the integrity and sincerity of Mr. Khrushchev even though he made his thesis open at the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in Moscow in February 1956.

The Youth Festivals of this kind, may be traps. Such festivals feed both the groups namely, Communists and anti-Communists. The communists use the Festivals as a means to convert the non-communists and the anti-communists by exhibiting their achievements through their faith. At the same time the anti-communists are taking advantage of the opportunity and are placing their faith before the people. As far as I see though both the groups are getting equal response from the people, the latter can produce better response from the people. If Soviet Russia conducts such a Youth Festival every year for 10 years continually well, we can't say what will happen! "An invasion of armies can be resisted, an invasion of ideas cannot be resisted"—(Victor Hugo).

The people worship Lenin, the founder of U. S. S. R., with a fervour worthy of a better God. Every day a long queues can be seen before 'The Lenin Mausoleum' in the Kremlin just to see the 'light' in the face of the corpse of the "Great Man" of the Revolution. The Lenin Mausoleum lost its sanctity when it accommodated an unworthy tyrant Joseph Stalin. When we happened to see the tyrant Stalin placed very near to Lenin the father of Revolution in the Mausoleum, I was really shocked. In the words of Professor H. A. L. Fisher, "Devout pilgrims to Moscow even yet defile in an unending cortege before the embalmed corpse of the great revolutionary figure, once so violent and rugged, who lies there in the place of death, while his will and mind continue to fashion the ideals of the Russian State".

Soviet Government.

Generally it is very difficult for any one either of the Government or the Communist party to function independantly in a communist system. Sometimes Governmental services and secret police do each other's work. The Soviet State arranged a reception for all the leaders of the delegations. They took a lot of trouble despatching invitations to large numbers of us. All the leaders of the various delegations went to the State Reception

with very high hopes and expectations. It was a very grand affair indeed but unfortunately some were rather disappointed. Mr. Bulganin, the Prime Minister, Mr. Krushchev, the first secretary of the Communist Party, Mr. Voroshilov, the President of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics were sitting at a distance of 30 to 40 feet with full security measures just like 'exhibits.' Some representatives from the International preparatory committee for the Youth Festival addressed the gathering. They did not have even the courtesy to exchange formal greetings. From this incident we can understand the prevalence of fear complex in Soviet Society.

The State interferes and dominates even the personal life of its people and the dignity of the individual has been smothered to the dust. The state which can be identified with the Communist Party takes much efforts in controlling even the 'thought the people.'

Soviet Workers and Peasants.

"In conformity with the interests of working people, and in order to develop the organisational initiative and political activity of the masses of the people, citizens of the U. S. S. R. are guaranteed the right to unite in public organisations, trade unions, cooperative societies, youth organisations, sport and defence organisations, cultural, technical and scientific societies, and the most active and politically-conscious citizens in the ranks of the working class, working peasants and working intelligentsia voluntarily write in the communist party of the Soviet Union, which is the vanguard of the working people in their struggle to build a communist society and is the leading core of all organisations of the working people, both public and the State" thus runs article 126 of the constitution.

Public organisations mentioned in the article above are all dependent on or the shadow of the Communist party. The Communist party alone has got the sovereign power to decide whether an act of an individual or a group is in conformity with the interest of the working people or not. It can very easily dispose of even a genuine act as an act which is not in conformity with the interests of the working people. The interest of the working people is nothing but the interest of the Communist party. Workers and peasants are nothing before the law or the state or the party. The state of affairs in U. S. S. R. can be summed up in the words of fascist Mussolini, "Everything within the State, nothing against the State, nothing outside the State."

Soviet Trade Unions are entirely different from the trade unions which we have to-day in India or elsewhere in the non-communist countries. Trade Unions are not independent organisations of the proletariat to safeguard their rights and privileges but subordinate limbs of all-powerful state and the Communist party. The Labour laws and the atmosphere are so rigid that even ordinary rights that workers of capitalist countries enjoy are completely denied to them. Labourers, for example, are deprived of the right to strike or do any other action against the State.

Trade Unions are only tools in the hands of the bureaucracy in power. The workers and peasants are not to decide their fate, they have nothing to do in shaping either the labour and Industrial policy or its execution and the state passes all laws entirely out of its own will.

The workers and others are all well paid when we compare with wages in India. They are not of course, going to live in India but they have to live in U. S. S. R. where the cost of living is very, very high. The state pays more by one hand and takes it back by another hand. Everything is run by the State and even an ice-fruit seller sells

fruits for the state. When we compare their wages with their standard of living, their wages can only meet the sheer necessities of the workers and peasants.

There is an enormous gulf between the low wages and the high. The common gap between the high and the low wages is as 1 : 20 and in some places the gap is more.

The Communist party under the leadership of Joseph Stalin promised to raise the wages and pensions of the low-paid workers long ago. But they have never had any increment in their pay so far. The glaring disparity in pay and pension continues to exist even to-day under Mr. Khrushchev's communism.

Lenin after the successful revolution of the Bolsheviks promised in the draft programme that "the gradual reduction of the working day and the gradual equalization of all wages and salaries in all professions and categories" were the main objects of the Soviet regime. After the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist party, Khrushchev, the first secretary of the Communist party claims that he is following the true path of Marx and Lenin. But since 1956 he has not tried to fulfil the old promise of Lenin, the father of the Russian Revolution.

People are however sure of their employment and there is no unemployment problem in U. S. S. R. The reason is not far to seek. Russia is not over-populated like India. She is an under populated country. So the question of unemployment or the question of beggary is unthinkable as far as Russia is concerned.

Man has never lived nor will ever live by bread alone. By nature he is a "social and political animal." He is born free and rational. The desire for liberty is inherent in him. "Individual liberty is like oxygen in air, a life-giving spirit. Political liberty will have seen one of its, fairest fruits wither on the bough if that spirit declines," says Lord Bryce. It is not necessary to emphasize that liberty is essential to his mental make-up and the development of his personalty.

'The State comes into existence for the sake of life and continues to exist for the sake of good life' - (Aristotle) and we should not allow the state or a party to be a leech to suck away the blood of liberty of the people.

What Struck me Most in U. S. S. R.?

- * The high moral standard of women and men.
- * The incentive to work for the state even without personal profit.
- * The hospitality and the cordial behaviour of the people with foreigners.
- * Their love of art—music, dance and their incomparable ballet.
- * The urge to action; the desire for democracy and free and unfettered education.
- * Their busy and industrious life.
- * The enormous care of the state and the people in bringing up the children.
- * The immeasurable devotion of the individual to the state.
- * Their nationalist feelings and emotions.

D. RAMACHANDRAN,
IV (Hons.) Pol.

On Snobs

Writing about bores last year I said they caused a great deal of amusement though individually they might be pestilential. This time I must apprise the readers of the existence of another category of social perverts who by their insistence on maintaining false standards of dignity and by indulging in the essentially puerile habit of being fussy about trivial things, have made it impossible for the rest of the world to live in peace. These are the type of people whom an amused though desperate humanity has learnt to call snobs.

I have always looked upon snobs as people who cause a great deal of social harm and disturb the peace of mind of millions of people—they are a group of social faddists with their own distorted and perverse standards of conduct who are bent upon inflicting upon a desperate humanity their own self-created notions of what is good and bad making life miserable for all.

The impact of science has resulted in the emergence of a make-believe world, a world of fantasy and riotous imagination and has created in the minds of weak willed people the delusion that they can lead a life of opulence and affluence, though the stresses and strains of a highly complex economy make only a fraction of the human race enjoy in reality a life of careless ease, reckless abandon, abundant luxury and endless excitement. Snobs are essentially those people who create an artificial world of dignity about themselves which is as fantastic in its dimensions as it is preposterous in its claims. They satisfy this urge to lead the life of their imagination by inflicting upon the sober and realistic men, their own notions of life, the high standard of life they lead, the costly dress they wear, the costly jewels they possess and so on. It does not take much time to expose the essential shallowness of their "dignity" and their "high standard of life".

You will discover snobbish traits in all those who proudly boast that they don't buy anything cheap, that they live in stately mansions, that they wear the costliest robes, that they look askance at anything cheap and vulgar judged by the highest bourgeois standards, and yet a visit to their houses, a look at their dress and habits will tell you that they live in the dirtiest of hovels, wear the shabbiest of dress of which even the most disgruntled proletarian will be ashamed. I can tell you the instance of a certain X who used to tell us fairy tales (at the moment we believed them to be true) that he was living in a stately room, a magnificent edifice comparable (he made us think) only to the palace of Farouk when he was the king of Egypt. It was however an evil day for this snob when we visited his "stately" room and found it to be a dark and dirty room, comparable we thought not to the palace of Farouk but to the Black Hole of Calcutta of which we have read in history.

The same snob had told us another yarn—that he owned lands in his native village and that he did not have to depend on his job for his existence. He also told us (when he told this there was a look of contempt on his face like some feudal landlord looking down on his servile vassal) that if he was transferred from the job he was holding he would resign because he did not have to depend on this job. But as Fate would have it, he was suddenly transferred to a God-forsaken place. Instead of resigning, he told us, that he was a "conscientious Government Servant" and hence would not resign! The real truth of the matter was that he had only 4½ acres of useless land, which would have hardly fed him for a year—and yet why this proud boast? Well, that is what I mean by snobbery.

I shall tell you also of another snob I came across. This was a 'travel' snob who used to boast of having seen places which we had not seen. One fine morning he would tell us that he was going on an all India tour on 'business'. After an interval of a month he would come and tell us stories of the places he had seen, the architectural magnificence of the Taj, the natural beauty of Kashmir etc. Like fools we believed him but he exposed himself when he told us in rapturous delight that Delhi—the capital of the Indian Republic possesses the finest beach he had ever seen! Apparently he forgot the little geographical error he was committing. That exposed his 'Snobbishness' to all. After this 'Delhi-beach' episode we refused to believe that he had ever visited Kashmir. After careful examination we found that all his stories relating to Kashmir were taken out of a Tamil magazine in which a certain writer had given his impressions of the Kashmir Valley. Oh, how miserable he looked when we told him that!

There is also the story of another 'businessman snob' who used to tell us that he was running a huge business establishment and that his marriage had been fixed up with a millionaires daughter in some North Indian town. He told us that since it would be beneath his 'dignity' to take us to his marriage by ordinary train, he would take us either by plane or air conditioned coach. Ultimately it so happened that he did not take us by any conveyance and himself went in III class to the North Indian town where he got married.

While the 'snobs' I have listed above cause a great deal of amusement there are others who inflict themselves on you by their talk on what we should or should not do. There are the people who tell us what and how we should eat etc. There are the people who insist on going to English films though they do not understand a word of what is said there, and there are the people who insist on following western customs without understanding the meaning and significance of any of them. I may relate the obvious amusement with which one observes people struggling with fork and spoon without knowing how they should use them. More amusing is the use of napkins by some people. I have found them use them in all sorts of places except the right place making them interesting specimens to look at. Some people use them as if they were scarfs! That reminds me of a story, I read somewhere, of a certain man, who after having been converted to a particular religion, and told that he should be making use of trousers to hide his nakedness, which he did not know earlier, tied them round his neck and walked stark naked into a church congregation!

There are others who are probably more interesting though less dignified. These are the 'Time snobs' who make a lot of fuss their being punctual. I know at least of one leader, who is revered by his followers as a great intellectual and even called the "Bernard Shaw" of the South, who believes that by coming late to public meetings his stock rises high with his audience! He deliberately comes late to meetings wherever held, whether in a college or in the Beach, so that people may give a thunderous oration to him. How Snobbish! How foolish!

I have, I suppose, told you enough about snobs and various categories of them, for you to know how amusing they are, though sometimes they also, like bores become pestilential. I must stop, before you start calling me—"intellectual Snob!"

C. R. JAMEEL AHAMED.

LOVE!

The first thing that a student sees, notes and experiences in the city when he sets his foot there, and the first idea that dances before his memory in his miseries as a probationer in the Rice Killing Department is "Love"—love not necessarily of his experience in the practical world, but love as depicted in novels and films, in text-books and theatres. If he be of a poetic temperament, if he be a born genius with imaginative faculties of a far-reaching type, if his eyes, ideas, thoughts and life turn in their natural course to where love is being exhibited, as the sunflower turns towards the sun, it becomes his fate eventually to turn back his steps to his place of birth, sighing and weeping like Wolsey in Henry VIII. "Had I but served my text-books with half the zeal with which I served the novels and films, they would not have left me naked to my question papers in the examination time." Such is the destiny that awaits the inborn geniuses of our colleges with their broad outlook on romance and love.

Coming to the practical side of the question, to love needs a courage that such is not possessed by every Tom, Dick and Harry that, on espying a pretty face on the beach or Marina dreams he has already fallen in love. But what requires more courage than this to note, without losing one's equilibrium and steadiness, a pretty couple going arm in arm along the beach. Let my honourable readers, with their hands on their hearts, confess whether they have not been affected once at least like that. And what is funnier still is that often it turns out that children of the same parents are mistaken for fondling couples.

It was my good or bad fortune—I leave it to my friends to decide—to join a premier College in the city. I was new to the College and I had only one soul there whom I knew—and knew pretty well—and that was Miss..... To tell you the truth, she was one year younger than I was and in scholastic life, my senior by a year. Comely was not the word for her, looking at her, people have wondered if she was from a world not ours. But such beauty and power of expression not rarely catch the imagination of a poet or an artist. And I was both.

Finding my views and the views of Miss..... Very similar, I made it my general habit of life to go to her hostel and to be talking with her as long as the rules of her hostel permitted her to be outside the premises. My friends scented out my movements and whispered out the tale, with the result that everybody in the College from the Principal down, had their eyes on me. Poor me!

Months glided away with the same routine, but with the fables getting magnified around us, Ramu saw us both at Connemara, Venu noted us at the Marina, Krishna saw us at the top of the lighthouse and so on till every one knew us both by our movements.

This sort of life was not to be tolerated any more. The lecturers brought it to my notice. I said nothing but went on in my own way. It was my Professors' turn next to reprimand me. I gave not a word in reply, but my movements did not seem to change. It was the Principal's duty then to send for me and warn me of graver consequences than those anticipated by anybody else. A week had not elapsed and I was called again to his room. "Were you not at the Elphinstone along with that girl for the 9-30 show last night", he asked. I pleaded guilty. "So you did not care a tuppence for all my warnings, eh? I shall see to it."

The news leaked out to the entire College. It was decided on all hands that I was an undesirable, an unworthy student, and that I deserved expulsion. A meeting of the entire College was convened. People in the street too peeped in to hear the judgement. It had thus become more sensational than the most sensational of all the murder cases! Perhaps the very rats and mice were peeping out from the beams to see the outcome.

I was dismissed from the College, my conduct was reported to the 'Varsity' and through this bad behaviour, I was to be wrecked for life. I submitted to my fate but I could not control my tears.

The Principal turned to me. Our eyes met.

"You repent, at last, eh? What impelled you to date on that girl?"

"Love, Sir."

"Love!". he echoed, as if to bring down the central beam supporting the hall
"Love, what LOVE! Love!" he again re-echoed.

"Brotherly love, Sir. We were born together."

"Eh! What did you say! Is she your sister?"

"Yes, Sir, my own sister."

S. GOPALAKRISHNAN,

IV B.A. (Hons.) History.

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Presidency College! The name conjures up a picture of youthful romance, reckless gaiety, boundless freedom; all show and glow; all gain and no pain, all glass and grass and no class.....

It is said that while the boys go in for figures, the girls go in for facts, both go in to lose their heads!

Along with a friend or two you charmingly ask "them" (later you discover that the "them" were department peons!) the way to the office. With the greatest grace and a lavish simile you whisper to the man behind the counter—"Oh... Please... may I have...."

The man's frown and raised eyebrow tell you that he will not tolerate anyone giving gaga over him. Already a little more sober you feel a bit foolish—lala as the tire who came to 'scoff must have felt when he remained to pray.

On the first day at college, you feel as Oliver Twist did when he asked for "More". There is nothing at all to do. Killing time they say, is not murder but suicide. Remembering proverbs bodes us no good. Time and Tide, it is said, wait for no

man. You discover that Time is not so valuable as Tide and has decided to wait on you. Indefinitely modifying proverbs does no good either. Suddenly you remember—what is life if there is no time to stand and shave. Especially if you happen to be a person of average looks, then you can go ahead and shave and shave—as if you are classifying each Presidencian according to Darwin's Theory. The next day you remember to bring a good story book to keep yourself occupied during the "free hours" which practically extends from morning till eve—with the lunch break excepted.

Almost immediately you win a number of "friends" who persist in telling you and all others how goody—good and how studious you are and so on. And so you develop Virtue.

* * * *

The Presidency College audience, have you seen it, heard it or heard of it? It is a remarkable Phenomenon; it is the most interesting, intriguing thing that ever shook a gallery. It will listen in pin-drop silence to the inimitable C. R., but will boo a bore off the platform. When a play, a song, a speech, or something on the stage is threatening to lay an egg, the audience will keep you enthralled as only a Presidency College audience can;—paper arrows, spicy comments; funny little songs; imperatives in different languages; *tabla* performance on the desks.....In the midst of it all you learn something which only Life itself can teach you. Any one aspiring to be a Buddha need not go in search of any Bodhi tree; he needs but make a bee line for a meeting in the Big English Lecture Hall to find himself enlightened and inspired in a few seconds.

If you have faced a Presidency College audience, or even formed a quiet part of it, (as I have) you can face Life and more so the Doomsday that follows.

The Annapoorna Canteen; have you seen it, smelt it or visited it? If you haven't then well and good. Do you remember Gandhiji's three monkeys and the three Principles? Well, avoid them.

See evil, *i.e.* pick out cockroaches etc. from sambar, flies etc. from tea etc. Hear all evil things said about the Annapoorna. Speak all evil about the same—for example say that a crow died after eating Annapoorna left-overs. These three principles should help you to steer clear of Annapoorna..... But then if you are one of those science guys or dolls, (pre) occupied with experiments and things, then Gandhiji's monkey principles are just what the doctor ordered. I mean to say—see no evil in Annapoorna preparations, hear no evil about it from its haters, and speak no evil about it. Close your eyes, hold your breath and swallow what is on the plate or in the cup. There is bound to be something in it or on it.

This following of Gandhi's Principles, and the hardening of the physique due to Annapoorna food, is bound to stand you in good stead when you contest elections later.

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Who says that the Powell statue zone belongs to the boys? It is part of Presidency College and as such belongs to all.

Do you realise how profoundly true the poet was When he said "When the cats are away the mice are at play?"

When the boys have evacuated "the zone" the girls boldly occupy it and talk, and joke and laugh and even whistle softly. Personality cult may be as dead as the Dodo in the U. S. S. R. but it is very much alive around the Powell Statue in Presidency College. Year after year Powell Statue has been receiving the best statue - prize. This is as it should be. None but the brave deserve the fair

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And so you are about to leave the College. Parting they say, is such sweet sorrow. Under the circumstances, it is the "sorrow" that is predominant—how else could it be when there is a mammoth final exam. to be faced just before leaving? How truly sweet would the parting be if there were no medieval ordeals called exams. at the end of it all. You can't wire to a friend—"Leaving Presidency College March 20th. Meet me on the Marina. Just as you would wire to a friend after a pleasant holiday, say at Ooty.

Now you can only wire "Results announced. Running temperature. Meet me in H. or H. Good-bye..."

K. VASANTA,
P. G. II (History.)

My First Experience In Presidency College

To talk of Presidency College has become and continues to be the fashion "par excellence" of the times. Whether it be a Convocation Address or a Press Conference or any other gathering, the name of this institution crops up inevitably like "King Charles" 'head in politicians' formal utterances. I was told by a friend of mine when I was very small that Presidency College stands for many peculiarities. He gave me a fantastic account for every alphabet that is contained in the word "PRESIDENCY"; College of course was given the accepted meaning of a training centre.

The letter 'P,' he said, stood for "Pandemonium" an abode of all demons, lawlessness, violence, either confusion and injustice. I was petrified to hear the first peculiarity of my then future college. But now, I feel and think, as a student of this college, that the letter 'P' stands for prestige and popularity that this college enjoys in the education world! Prestige of what? of acquiring knowledge and prudence and widening our creative faculties and impulses that has been and is being panegyricized by many for ages. Our College appears to my eyes a palace full of progressivists and pandits who are giants of learning, whose distinctive traits are wisdom, intelligence, and integrity and who impart their robust common sense, experience and training to a multitude of young men and women in the realm of political science, psychology, physics, history, mathematics, etc, etc.

The letter 'R,' according to my friend stood for a rabble full of rebels and radicals who are devotees of revolution and riots. Until I became one of the students of this college, I was under the misconception that Presidency College was nothing short of

a disorderly crowd. Now I understand that the letter R stands for the refinement that is inherent in and the radiance of the red buildings of our college. It is the abode of the goddess of learning, a palace that reflects the study and dissemination of ever growing knowledge!

To my friend, the letter 'E' denoted an edifice of eccentrics. But my experience demonstrates the fact that our institution is an edifice of education that elevates elegance and ecstasy!

In his opinion, the letter 'S', stood for the sailors sailing in the ship of sadness to the blessed land of ignorance. To me it denotes a palace that contains the sagacity of the sages and saints who are and who will be the saviours of mankind as a whole!

The letter 'I', denoted him a place full of idiots, ignoramuses, illiterates and iconoclasts (breakers of images.) But to my great surprise, our college is illuminated always by intelligent and experienced Professors and by statues that are the incarnation of industry and sources of inspiration!

It appealed to my friend that the letter 'D', denoted a place haunted by devils and demons. On the contrary I think that it stands to emphasize the fact that our college is a place dazzled by damsels and angels in the guise of human beings!

To him the letter 'E' stood for an emporium of egoists. According to me it denotes an establishment filled with efficient scholars and eminent economists whose enthusiasm and sense of duty finds expression in examinations!

My friend interpreted the letter 'N' as standing for a nursery that bred naughty girls and boys. But to me it appears a nursery that fosters novelty and nick-names!

The letter 'C', according to him stood for a camp of cattle in human shape. But I find it to be a camp of N. C. C. and Social Service cadets noted for their courage and candour!

Finally, his interpretation of the letter 'Y', was the most fantastic of all. For, to him it denoted a yard (a piece of enclosed ground) of the yeoman class. I used to wonder whether a college would be filled by peasants. It appears to me a yard of young folks who yearn and yell always and who possess in themselves the wisdom of the old combined with the vigour of the youth!

Long live our Presidency College with its indescribable grandeur and unsurpassed record of academic distinction.

S. NOOR JAHAN,
(I. P. G. Politics.)

Adam Unparadised !

Man! Thou art going down. When I say 'man' I do not assume the air of a generous philosopher and mean mankind in general. I mean 'man', that stolid creature, who from the days of Adam has slowly grown lethargic and at last relinquished his position as the victor and master in the battle of the sexes to his unfeeling and man-ouvring opponent who has been rather inaptly thought of as belonging to the 'weaker sex.'

My hand trembles as I already perceive an army of squires-of-dames march towards me with raised weapons. Friends! I do not mean any ill to your fragile damsels but what I say is, 'Can't they be more sympathetic?' Throw off your weapons, sit down calmly and I shall explain to you what I actually mean by my provocative first paragraph.

Till recently, man has been justly enjoying an enviable position of authority in this world. Not a single member of your fair sex even dreamed that man was unfair to her. On the other hand, she took pleasure in being governed by her wise and strong counterpart and reclining subserviently on his hefty shoulders has vastly improved her personal appearance.

But as ill-luck would have it, a spirit of reform and revolution is visible among this hitherto innocent species and the result is absolute and helpless slavery for man. This is not to discredit the agility and sinewy strength of man. But he has to fight in a peculiar battlefield. It is not strange that a soldier inured to arms and implicit victories stands disarmed before a woman whose eyes at once expressive and irresistibly imploring make a lamb of this lion. It is thus that we have been ruined and our strength and supremacy have slipped away.

In our own country, some centuries ago, for a woman even to come out of her house was considered to be improper. While I am not so foolish and selfish as to uphold this opinion. I can definitely not help feeling a little indignant that the relaxation of these rigidities out of a generous sympathy has resulted in man himself being swept off his feet. I do not know whence woman got the notion that she was a slave but there it is - the story of her struggle for freedom from her supposed slavery.

First there came a demand for education for women - a very just demand indeed. But look at what has actually been the consequence of the granting of the demand. Readers who by now have formed a strong opinion that I am an outmoded cynic grudging even such an elementary right as education to women, are only deceiving themselves. I challenge anyone to testify more abhorrence to illiteracy among the Eves. What I wish to point out is that education for women has done more harm for men than good to women themselves. A husband can no longer appear mystic and wise to his wife when he gracefully talks in English to his colleagues. The realization that a Master of Arts is in the kitchen and at any time may come out to give a wonderful lecture on your flaws and follies, is really damping.

One of my friends, an Honours graduate, with a very brilliant academic career really presents an amusing and pathetic sight when with rising wrath, he stubbornly maintains that if anyone could be a really deadly enemy to anybody else in this world, it is the woman-the twentieth century woman—who is so to man-the helpless twentieth century puppet. Poor fellow! It seems wherever he goes hunting for employment, there at least four comely figures in sarees are seated in the queue. Thereafter all the

medals and certificates that my friend can produce to the employer can never equal those two feminine eyes which are more eloquent than the most thundering testimonials.

It has been the contention of these young men—who are becoming old through weariness—that women seek jobs more because Time hangs heavy on their hands than because they are really under the necessity of relieving their families. In their extreme disgust, these young men point out that the money which could really be used to feed starving families if deserving people like themselves are employed for these jobs, is now being wasted enormously in the bazaar on cosmetics and superfluous dresses. We cannot completely rule out these contentions as illogical. For those readers who have already discovered in my "these young men" hints of my own opinion, I can only give a significant smile.

Recently, an aged uneducated father came to a city College where his son was studying. As he was standing in the corridor searching for his son in the ocean of somebodys' sons, he saw a figure smartly clad in military uniform, walk by. Relieved, he approached the figure and asked, "Excuse me, Sir, but can you tell me where I can see my son Ram..." But he had not completed. The figure was now looking at him full in the face. Guess his confusion! He was talking to a woman. It took him sometime before he could recover from the shock. What was he perceiving here? A woman, a symbol of all that is soft, in the manly dress of a military officer? No, it could not be; he was mistaken. But look! She was now talking to him. Unmistakably she was a woman. All that she said thereafter fell on a pair of deaf ears.

The old man then began to debate seriously with himself whether something was suddenly wrong with all the people around him. He recalled how, in his young days, the men in his house would go out for really manly work in the field and when they came back in the evening tired and weary were welcomed by the women in the house with a shy smile which definitely did more to beautify them than these military dresses. Would the world go to the dogs, he thought, if these women did not put on such a dress and imagine that it is by their military might that the world is kept going? What had happened to men? Was there not a sufficient number of them to fight for their country? Had they become slaves to sluggishness and shamelessness and are these tender women to fight on their behalf? But at the same time, he saw an N.C.C. parade in the ground. Taught a lesson by his recent experience, the old man 'looked twice' before asserting that it was men who were marching there. Glee filled his heart. After all, he had been wrong. Men had not yet lost their fire, vigour, and spirit and here he could see a set of smarter figures appearing smarter in their dresses to whom the country could confidently entrust the task of safeguarding her security.

But think hard as he did, the poor old gentleman could not conceive of any reason why women should come into this picture. "Is it because of their blind passion to compete with their unfortunate counterpart whatever be the field he is engaged in?" He was sad! 'How petty of these women!' he thought at first. Then he said to himself, "Now that they have ceased to be ministering angels," let them do something that needs doing."

K. V. VARADAN,
IV (Hons.) Statistics.

THE ATOM BOMB.

I. Introduction.

The object of this article is to explain the probable basic design of an atom bomb. It is an admitted fact that there is no secret about the scientific principles behind its construction, and design. The processes of construction of the bomb are however secret though to-day the U.S.A. has no monopoly of it. If a permanent transformation of an atom is to be effected we must either alter its nuclear mass or its nuclear charge or both at once. Till the end of 1938 the transformation effected was such as to change an element into another in its close neighbourhood, with reference to the periodic table.

II. Sequence of the Discovery of the Principles of Nuclear Fission.

In 1939 Hahn and Strassman bombarded the Uranium atom with Neutrons. It was discovered that one of the products formed was Barium, for which he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry for the year 1944. Barium has an atomic number and mass about half that of Uranium. Subsequent investigations in his laboratory proved that Strontium and Xenon were the final products of this nuclear reaction. This discovery showed that a much more radical change had taken place, the uranium nucleus having undergone fission or division into two apparently equal parts.

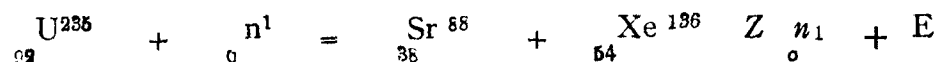
(2) It was Frische and Meitner who pointed out that the two parts of the divided uranium would fly apart with great energy.

(3) Early in the same year Joliot and other collaborators proved experimentally that the fission of Uranium by neutrons produced fresh neutrons, otherwise called "Secondary" neutrons, some what analogous to the well known chain reaction in the Chemistry of stable atoms and molecules.

(4) Nier and Booth verified in 1940 an earlier prediction that the isotope of Uranium of mass 235 present in only a small percentage in the natural uranium should undergo fission particularly easily, when bombarded with slow neutrons¹.

III. The Energy Release of the Nuclear Reaction.

The reaction produced in Hahn's Laboratory is of the type.



Where Strontium and Xenon are the Binary products formed, and Z is the number of secondary neutrons generated, and E is the energy released.

²Prof. Saha mentions that the value of Z must be either 2, 3 or 4. In the above equation the efficiency of mass when calculated comes out to be 11 units giving according to Prof. Saha the value of $7 \times 931 = 6527$ million electron volts. (1 gm = 937 MEV)

(1) Current Science, 1945.

(2) Refer to Nature Dec, 1945 pp. 649.

If, as is stated ³Lise Meitner has identified 100 different radioactive isotopes belonging to 25 different elements, the energy release points to a much greater value than 6527 MEV.

But it is recorded that so far experimentally, only 200 MEV energy release is observed. Hence our quantitative knowledge of U^{235} nuclear reaction is very far from complete.

According to President Truman the destructive power of the Atom bomb used had more power than 20,000 of T. N. T. the equivalent of 2,000 blockbusters or a raiding force of 2,000 super for tresses.

The bomb itself has been estimated to weigh up 400 lbs.

When it exploded, the released energy was said to be only 1/100 percent of the total energy contained in the explosive.

IV. The Necessary Constructional Parts of an Atom Bomb.

Hence in any attempt to translate the above knowledge to engineering practice, the following necessary parts must be provided for in the construction.

1. *Copious Supply of Neutrons* :—To start the nuclear reaction, an easy method is to mix up 200 mgms of a pure radium salt with powdered Beryllium. This convenient method produces neutrons at the rate of a million per second⁴.

Prof. Saha believed that the first Secondary neutrons are probably generated by the ⁶deutrium-deutrium reaction. All that is needed, is a little piece of radium, a plate of the light metal ⁶Beryllium, and some paraffin.

2. *Slow Neutrons* :—This steady source of swift neutrons must be allowed to pass through substances containing hydrogen such as water or paraffin or preferably heavy water in order to slow their velocities to the order of the velocities of gaseous molecules (1,000 miles per second).

3. *The Active Material* :—Such slow neutrons must be made to irradiate pure U^{235} or alternatively on Plutonium—a transuranic element—which does not exist in nature.

Very large quantities of plutonium were manufactured in U. S. A., transmuting natural Uranium. Uranium first changes to Neptunium and thence to Plutonium. It is mentioned that Plutonium has nuclear properties similar to U^{235} . The end products of Plutonium fission are not stated, or the amount of energy released, even experimentally.

4. *Control of the course of the reactions* :—The Uranium or Plutonium is heated by the released energy. Owing to the almost instantaneous chain reaction, all the neutrons generated will heat the active metal. In the absence of a controlling mechanism to

(3) Current Science January 1946 pp. 15.

(4) Refer "The Newer Alchemy" by Rutherford 1937 pp. 37.

(5) Science and culture Vol. xi, No. 3 sept, 45 pp. 115.

(6) Life Vol. 19 No. 8 Aug 20 1946 pp. 89.

slow-down the energy release the whole mass will become rapidly hot and melt and be dispersed long before the atom bomb reached the target.

It was therefore found necessary to include a sufficient amount of certain blanket ing substances, otherwise called 7 Moderators which will not take part in atomic disintegration. A system whose role is the same as the pile used for the production of Plutonium 239 therefore consists of the active material dispersed in a regular pattern or lattice, throughout these moderators such as carbon in the form of graphite or heavy water (Deutrium).

This will reduce the *spread* of the chain reaction process sufficiently to allow the released energy to be available at a predetermined instant after the release of the bomb.

5. Critical size :—Sir Charles Darwin in his broadcast talk expressed as follows :—

“To make an explosion you must therefore take two pieces, each of which is too small to explode by itself, and suddenly put them together. The combined mass is then big enough to trap the neutrons.”

It therefore appears that the activating particles must be of a certain critical size and must be suddenly brought together. This critical size depends upon the exact disposition of the active metal and the nature of the moderator.

V. The American Atom Bomb.

It can therefore be stated that the secrets are :—(a) The production of neutrons for the fission of the nucleus. (b) The activating particles used, and their corresponding critical sizes. (c) The exact ratio of the amount of moderator used to the active material chosen, and (d) The various safety devices.

The technical Secrets are closely guarded by the U. S. A., Canada, and Great Britain.

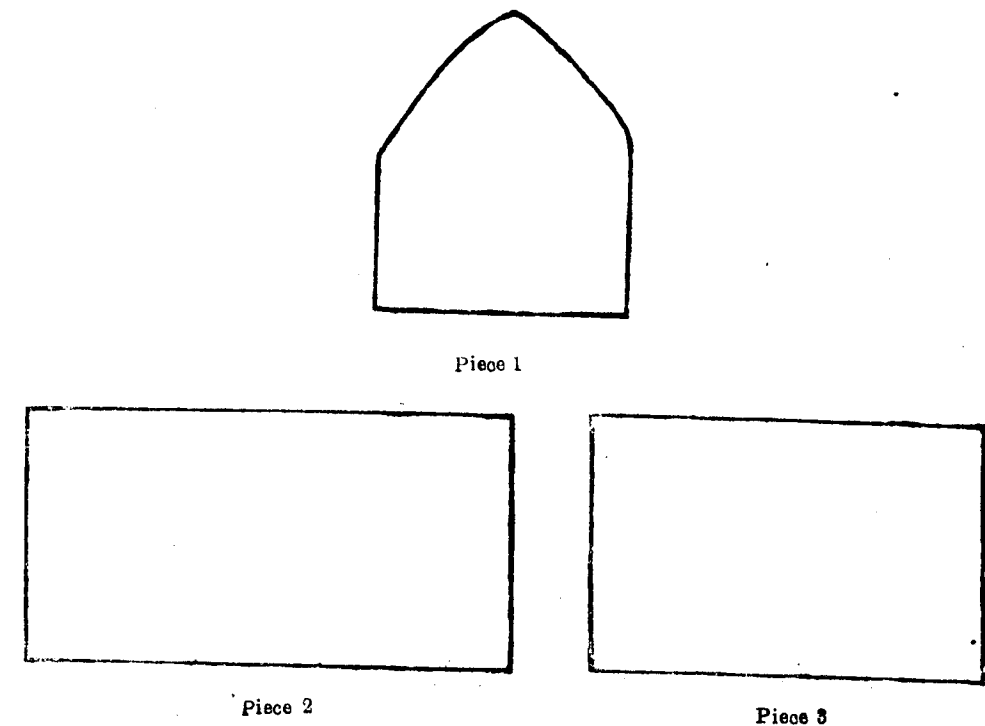
VI. Possible Constructional parts of the American Atom Bomb.

In a practical application of the above facts both scientific and technical, in *designing an atom bomb* we have to place them in a certain correct order employing a synthetic mind. Probably such attempts at designing, will bring to focus new difficulties at reconciliation and also help us to get an insight into the missing censored knowledge of further details.

The atom bomb is constructed of⁸ three separate pieces, so that it can be safely transported and joined just when it is necessary.

(7) Refer "London Science News Oct. 1945 pp. 400.

8. Refer "The probable mechanism of the bomb" and "How the bomb May Work"—"Life August 20, 1945 pp 87 c.



Piece (3) is propelled by mechanical means towards pieces (2) and (1). Smashing piece (2), piece (3) is suddenly held against piece (1) so that the active particles in (1) and (3) forge into spheres of "Critical Mass", and the bomb explodes releasing vast energy.

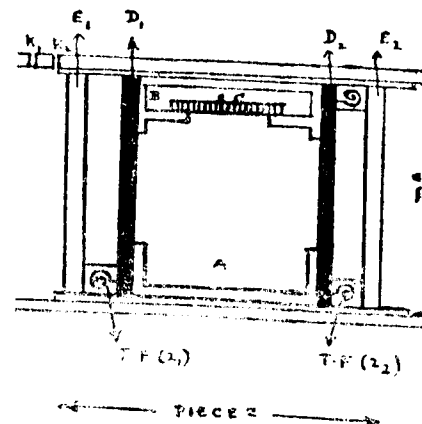
Details of Piece No. (2)

The mechanism of piece No. (2) is shown in detail in the diagram below. A and B are the two portions of a steel chamber lined externally with cadmium plates—to prevent the entrance of any neutrons of cosmic ray origin—, A containing powdered beryllium, and B containing a pure radium salt. A and B are separated by a metallic shutter C of the type used in camera apertures which can be opened at predetermined time by time fuse (1), after the bomb has been released from the aeroplane.

The time-fuse to be employed is preferably a clock-work. Till the particles from radium are prevented from irradiating Beryllium powder, as these radiations are completely absorbed even by relatively thin⁹ metallic foils. When C is open, neutrons are formed.

After a further lapse of predetermined interval, the gadolinum shutter D₁ and D₂ are opened simultaneously by the time fuses 2₁ 2₂ respectively. Till D₁ and D₂

9. Refer Introduction to Atomic Physics by S. Tolansky 1942 pp. 227)



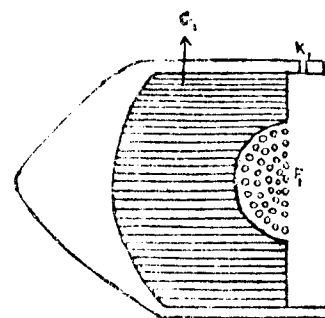
are opened, neutrons will be captured by the gadolinium shutters, if their thicknesses¹⁰ exceed a few millimeters.

The above timefuses must be of the Arming¹¹ vane type. This type of fuse has the property of releasing the clock-work restraints only after a bomb has made a definite number of revolutions due to the action of the air, while falling a considerable distance from the plane. So it can be arranged, that the timefuses 2₁ and 2₂ are opened after a calculated interval of time has elapsed, after timefuse (1) has operated.

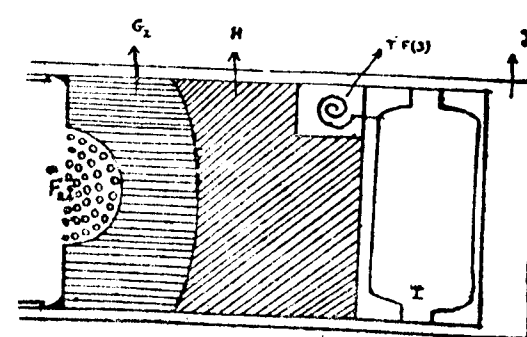
After D₁ and 2₁ are opened this stream of swift neutrons passes through partitions E₁ and E₂ containing a layer of paraffin or Heavy water, in order that they may be slowed down by collisions with the surrounding molecules.

Details of Piece No. (1) and Piece No. (3)

Piece No. 1



Piece No. 3.



PIECE 1

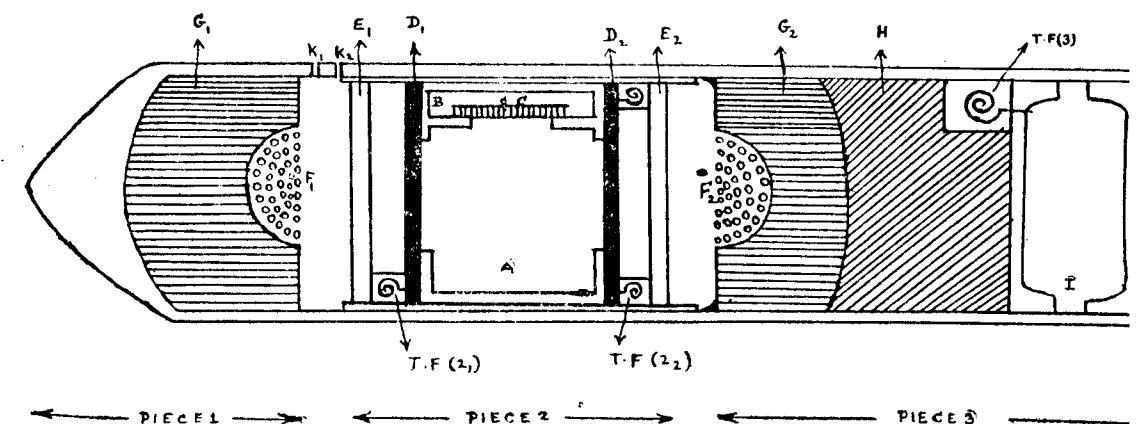
PIECE 3

10. Vide reference 4.

11. Refer Ency-Britanica (1937 Vol. I. Ammunition pp. 821)

In the above diagram F₁ and F₂ contain pastes made up of Plutonium particles mixed with suitable quantities of moderators such as Cadmium particles and heavy water. G₁ and G₂ are graphite blocks to reflect back secondary neutrons produced by chain reaction.

After all the secondary neutrons have been formed, the timefuse (3) fires the cordite in J. The expanding gases press the steel base H on piece No. (3) which after smashing piece No. (2), presses against piece No. (1) such that F₁ and F₂ are suddenly pressed against each other, resulting in atomic explosion which releases vast energy.



The finished Bomb.

- | | |
|---|--|
| A. contains Beryllium. | H. Steel Base. |
| B. contains Radium Salt. | I. contains Cordite. |
| C. Metallic shutter. | T.F. (2 ₁) (2 ₂) and 3 are time-fuses. |
| D ₁ and D ₂ . Gadolinium shutters. | J. Gun Steel tube. |
| E ₁ and E ₂ . contain Paraffin or Heavy Water. | K ₁ . Air Vent. |
| F ₁ and F ₂ . contain active particles with moderators. | K ₂ . Gas Vent. |
| G ₁ and G ₂ . Graphite blocks. | |

VII. Conclusion.

The Germans possessed all the basic knowledge of this nuclear reaction, and they were working feverishly to find a way to add atomic energy to other engines of war. It was given to Americans, in collaboration with Canada and Great Britain, to construct the necessary immense plants to transform theory into action.

In January 1946 the Government of India appointed a committee on Atomic energy under the presidentship of Dr. H. J. Bhabha. Its programme is that of similar organisations in other countries. We must bear in mind that the future may unfold other fissionable materials than U235 and Plutonium, and totally different methods may be found out for converting matter into energy.

N. B. For further study read the following :—

1. The Story of the Atomic Bomb by M. N. Saha (F. R. S.) and B. D. Nag Chaudhuri—Science and Culture Sept. 1945 pp. 111—118.
2. The Science behind the Atomic Bomb by Dr. D. S. Evans Sept. 1945 pp. 363—374.
3. The Atomic Bomb—Manhattan Project pp. 87B to 96 and 100-11. "Life" August 1945.

T. R. KANNAPPAN NAICKER.

N. B. This article was actually written in 1946 shortly after the first atom bombs had been dropped on Nagasaki and Hiroshima. The author was then working in the Dept. of Physics, Govt. Arts College, Rajahmundry. —Editor.

அவள் உள்ளம்.

ஏ. கசிலா, V. B.A. (Hons.) Tamil

கிழக்கு வானம் பூர்ணிமை நிலவின் உதயத்திற்கான கட்டியம் கூறியது. கண்ணைக் கவரும் செந்நிறப்பட்டாடை போர்த்துவிளங்கிய எழிலோடு வானம் மனத்தை மயக்கும் பொலிவுடன் விளங்கியது. அங்கே தங்கத்தை உருக்கி வார்த்ததுபோன்ற உருப்பொலியுடன் வந்து தோன்றினாள் சந்திரிகை. மகிழ்ச்சியால் விம்மிதழுற்ற அவளது முகத்திலே திடீரெனக் கலக்கம் ஏற்பட்டது. அவள் கண்கள் சுற்றுமுற்றும் ஆவலுடன் யாரையோ தேடின. ஆம்! பெருமிதத்தால் பூரித்த முகத்துடன் கொள்ளை ஆசையோடு அவள் ஓடி வந்தது. தன் காதலனைத் தேடித்தான்! ஆனால் அந்தக் குறும்பன் இரவியோ மேற்குவானில் விரைந்தோடி மறைந்துவிட்டான். காதலனைக் காணாத சந்திரிகையின் மனம் சாம்பிவிட்டது. கண்களிலே பரபரப்பு அதிகமாக ஆக, அகத்திலே ஏக்கம் படிந்துவிட்டது. முகமும் வெளுத்தது. நடையிலும் முன்பிருந்த வேகம் மறைந்து தளர்ச்சியெற்பட்டது. வானவீதியிலே தனிமையில் சோர்வுநடை போட்டுச் செல்லலானாள் சந்திரிகை.

ஆம்! இப்படித்தான் அந்த முன்னிரவுக் காலம் தோன்றியது அவளுக்கு! ஒருவேளை 'மனத்தின் கண்ணாடி உலகம்' என்று பெரியவர்கள் சொல்வது போல் இதுவும் அவள் மனநிலை காட்டும் உருவெளித் தோற்றமாக இருக்குமோ? ஆனால் இந்தக் கேள்விக்கு விடைதேடும் மனத்தெளிவு அவளிடம் இப்போது இல்லை. சாளரத்தினூடே தென்றலோடு கலந்துவந்த வேப்பங் காற்றுக்கு அவள் உடல்சோர்வைத் தணிக்க முடிந்தாலும் உள்ளச்சோர்வைத் தணிக்கக்கூடிய ஆற்றல் இல்லை. அப்பப்ப! அவள் படும் இத்தனை துன்பங்களுக்கும் அவன் தானே காரணம்!

அவனை அவள் கண்டது ஒரு மாலைக் காலத்தில் தான். அந்தமாலைப் பொழுதில் அவள் தன் தோழிகளுடன் பந்துவிளையாடிக்கொண்டிருந்தாள். ஆட்டத்தின் மும்முரத்திலே அங்கு வந்து நின்ற வாவிபனை யாருமே கவனிக்க வில்லை. ஆட்டம் முடிந்த போதுதான் அவன் அங்கு நிற்பதை அவர்கள் கண்டனர். தோழிகள் நடுவிலே நின்ற அவளும் அவனைக் கண்டாள். அந்த ஆணழகனும் அவனைக் கண்டான். அந்தக் கண்வழிக் கலந்தன அவ்விரு உள்ளங்களும்! ஊழ்வினை கடைக்கூட்ட, இருவர் கருத்தும் ஒரு மித்தது. அன்று தொடங்கியதுதான் இருவர் நட்பும். இவ்வாறு தோன்றிய நட்பு வளர்ந்து, காதலன்பாக மலர உதவி செய்தாள் அவளின் உயிர்த்தோழி.

ஆனால் அவ்வாறு உதவிசெய்த தோழியே இருவரையும் இப்போது பிரித்துவிட்ட கொடுமையை என்னவென்று சொல்வது? அந்தத் தோழி மிகவும் பொல்லாதவள்! திருமணமற்ற காதல் நிலை உலகத்திற்கு ஒவ்வாத ஒன்றுமே! ஊரார் பழிதுற்றவர்களாம்; மணம் செய்யவேண்டுமாம்; அதற்காக நாங்கள் ஒருவரை ஒருவர் புரர்க்கவும் முடியாமல் என்னவெல்லாமோ கூறி அவன் மனத்தை அலைத்து அனுப்பிவிட்டாள்.

இதோ! இந்த முல்லையும் பூத்துவிட்டது. அவனைச் சந்தித்து எத்தனை நாட்களாகிவிட்டன. அந்தப் பேதையுள்ளத்தின் காதல் நினைவு அவனைத்

துன்புறுத்துகிறது. மாலைமலரும் நோயாறிய காமத்திற்கு இலக்காகி விட்ட அந்தப் பெண்ணின் மென்மை, அத்துன்பத்தினைத் தாங்க இயலாமல் வருந்து கிறது. வருத்தம் தோய்ந்த அந்தக் கண்கள் தோட்டத்திலே தம் வெறிச்சோடிய பார்வையைச் செலுத்தின. அங்கேயிருந்த மரக்கிளையில் தினைக் கதிரைத் தின்று கொண்டிருந்தது ஒரு கிளி. அதைக்கண்டதும் அப்பேதைபுள்ளத்திலே, மேக விடு தூது, அன்ன விடு தூது போன்ற செய்கிகள் நிழலாடின. தானும் அந்தக் கிளியைத் தூது விடலாமா என நினைக்கிறாள். அந்தக் கிளியைத் தன் தலைவனிடம் தூது அனுப்ப எண்ணிக்கூறும் அவள் சொற்களிலே 'செம்பியனார்' என்ற தமிழ்ப்புலவரைக் காண்கிறோம்.

“தினைக் கதிர்களை உண்ணுகின்ற பசுங்கிளியே! நீ உனது உணவை முடித்த பின்பு, பலாப்பழங்கள் நிறைந்துவிளங்கும் மலைக்குரியவனிடம் சென்று இந்த மலையில் உள்ள குறவரின் மகள் தினைப்புனக் காவலுக்கு வந்துவிட்டாள்! என்று கூறுவாயாக!” என்று அத்தலைவியின் வாயிலாகப் புலவர் பேசுகிறார்.

இஃது, அகத்துறை நூலான நற்றிணைப் பாடல்களுள் ஒன்று. காதல் உணர்வையும் காதல் வாழ்வின் நிகழ்ச்சிகளையும் ஒரு நாடகமாகக்காட்டி 'அகப் பொருள் இலக்கணம்' வகுத்தவன் தமிழன். இந்தப் பொருளிலக்கணம் பிற மொழிகளில் இல்லாத, தமிழ்மொழிக்கே உரிய தனிச்சிறப்பு. காதலன்பிலே ஒன்றுபட்ட உள்ளங்கள் பிரிவினால் துன்புறும் நிலையைச் சித்திரிக்க விரும்பினார் செம்பியனார்.

அவர் பாடலிலே, தலைவியின் உள்ளமாக நின்று அவர் உள்ளமே பேசுகிறது. அந்தப் புலமை உள்ளத்தின் கலை உணர்வு அந்தப் பேச்சிலே இழை கிறது. அதன் விளைவாக ஒரு கற்பனை உலகம் தோன்றிவிடுகிறது. அந்தப் புலவர் கண்ட கற்பனை உலகு நடைமுறை உலகிலிருந்து வேறுபட்ட ஒன்று. அந்தக் கற்பனை உலகில் இவ்வுலகின் உயிரற்ற பொருட்களுக்கு உயிர் உண்டு. இவ்வுலகிலே பேசாதன அங்கு பேசும்; இங்குக் கேட்க இயலாதன அங்குக் கேட்க இயலும். இங்குப் பகுத்தறிவற்றவை அங்கே பகுத்தறிவு பெற்றுவிரும். அந்த விநோத உலகத்தின் நூதன அமைப்பு இது. -

இந்தக் கற்பனை உலகிலே காதல் துன்பத்தை நிறுத்திப் பார்த்த புலவரின் உள்ளம் பாட்டிலே பேசுகிறது. 'செவ்வாய்ப் பசுங்கிளி' என அக்கிளியினது உடலழகிலே ஈடுபடுகிறது அக்கலையுள்ளம். 'உணவைமுடித்த பிறகு எனக்காக அங்குசெல்க' என்று விளிக்கிறது அக்கருணையுள்ளம். 'என்னிடம் அருள் இல்லாத அந்தத் தலைவனது மலையிலே பலாப்பழங்கள் மிகுதியாகப் பழுப்ப தும் விதியின் சதியோ?' என்று ஆற்றமைப்படுகிறது அக்காதலுள்ளம். இவ்வாறு, பேசுகின்ற பெண்ணின் உள்ளமாக நின்று புலவரின் உள்ளமே பேசுகின்றது. பல அழகுக் கோணங்கள் கொண்ட எழில் வடிவமாக விளங்கும் புலவரின் உள்ளமே 'அவள் உள்ளமாகத் திகழ்கின்றது.'

அந்தக் கிளி அப்பெண் கூறிய செய்தியைத் தலைவனுக்கு எடுத்துச் சென்றதோ என்னமோ! ஆனால் இரண்டாயிரம் ஆண்டுகளுக்கு முன்பு வாழ்ந்த ஒரு புலவரின் உள்ளத்தை, காலவேகத்தையும் தாண்டி நமக்குக் கொண்டு சேர்த்துவிட்டது இப்பாடல்.

‘கொடுங்குரல் குறைத்த செவ்வாய்ப் பைங்கிளி
அஞ்ச லோம்பி ஆர்பதங் கொண்டு
நின்குறை முடித்த பின்றை என்குறை
செய்தல் வேண்டுமால் கைதொழுது இரப்பல்
பல்கோட் பலவின் சாரல் அவர்நாட்டு
நின்கிளை மருங்கிற் சேறியாயின்
அம்மலை கிழவோர்க்கு உரைமதி இம்மலைக்
கானக் குறவர் மடமகள்
ஏனல் காவல் ஆயினள் எனவே!’

நற்றிணை--102-ஆம் பாடல்.

நாணயம்.

நாணயம் என்றவுடன் பத்து மாதங்களுக்கு முன் பதிப்பிக்கப்பட்ட புதுக்காசுகளைப் பற்றிப் பகரவருவதாக எண்ணவேண்டாம். மனிதனிடமுள்ள (மனிதியிடமும் கூட) பண்பொன்றைக் குறிக்கிறேன். “நாணயமே சிறந்த செல்வம்” என்றொரு பழமொழி இருப்பதாக நினைவு, ஆனால் அஃது இந்த இருபதாம் நூற்றாண்டின் இடைப் பகுதிக்கு ஏற்றதாகாது. பழையதைக்களைந்து “நாணயம் இன்றெனில் சாலவும் நன்று” என்று புதியதைப் புகுத்தவேண்டும். எண்ணற்ற உதாரணங்கள் உங்களுக்கே தெரியும். ஒரு சிலவற்றைப் பார்க்கலாம்.

“பொய்ம்மையும் வாய்மையிடத்த” என்று வள்ளுவனாரே வகுத்துள்ளார். ஏதோ ஒரு காலத்தில் பலரும் பண்பு நிறைந்தவர்களாயிருந்திருக்கலாம். அப்போது பொய்ம்மைக்கு அவசியம் இல்லாததால் இப்பத்தாம் பசலிப் பழ மொழிகள் தோன்றியிருக்கும். இப்போது.....

செல்வராஜுக்குச் செலவு தேவை. அவன் உண்மையான காரணத்தை உரைத்தால் தலைவர் மனுவை நிராகரிக்கலாம். இதற்காகவே உலகில் தலை வலியும் வயிற்றுநோவும் உலவுகின்றன. எனக்குத் தெரிந்து ஓர் ஆண்டிற்குள் ஓர் ஆள் தன் ஐந்து பாட்டிகளைக் கொல்ல வேண்டியிருந்தது. “உலகத்தோ டொப்ப வாழ்”. உண்மைக்கு இடமில்லா வையகத்தில் வெள்ளத்தோடிழுத்துச் செல்லப்படும் துரும்பு போலத்தானே நாமுமிருக்கவேண்டும்.

இந்நாட்களில் மண வயது வந்த மங்கையின் வயதைக் குறைத்துச் சொல்வதும், மணமகனின் ஊதியத்தை உயர்த்திச் சொல்வதும் “பேஷன்.” அல்லாது அரிச்சந்திரன் பரம்பரை என எண்ணி உண்மையை உரைத்தால் மணம் நடக்குமா? பெண் அழகில் குயில், பாட்டில் மயில், நடையில் யானை என்று உள்ளதைச் சொன்னால் பெண் கன்னியாகுமரியாகத்தான் நிற்க வேண்டும்! பையனுக்குப் (உண்மையில் பையனல்ல, தடியன்—உண்மைதான்

உரைக்கக் கூடாதே) படிப்பில்லை, சம்பளம் ஐம்பது என்று இருப்பதை உரைத் தால் அவன் நாட்டின் நலனுக்கு உதவும் தியாகியாக—சட்டப்படி கொண்ட மனைவிவழி மக்களைப் பெருத நல்லவராக ஆகவேண்டியது தான். மாமனார் மாமியார்களும் மணத்திற்கு முன் வாய்ப்பந்தல்போட்டுவிட்டுத் தங்கள்மகளின் கழுத்தில் தாலி ஏறியதும் சொன்னதில் எள்ளளவும் நிறைவேற்றாதிருப்பதுவும் சாதாரணமாய்க் காணக்கூடியதே. அந்தக் காலத்திலேயே “ஆயிரம் பொய் சொல்லிக் கலியாணம் செய்” என்று எழுதியிருக்கிறார்களே!

நாணயமுள்ள மனிதன் ஊதிய உயர்வும் பெற முடியாது. மனச்சாட்சி, வாய்மை இவற்றை அகற்றி, கையிலில்லாவிடினும் பையிலாவது வாங்கினால் தான் நாலுபேர் நடுவில் நன்றாக வாழமுடியும்.

பிச்சைக்காரிக்கு எச்சிற்கையைக் காட்டாத புண்ணியவான் பகட்டுக் காரியிடம் பரிந்தோடிப் பல நூறு கொட்டுவான்.

இன்னும் ஒன்றே ஒன்று. உங்களிடம் ஒருவர் கடன் கேட்கிறார். பணம் கொடுத்தால் “யானை வாயிற்போன கரும்புதான்” என நீங்கள் அறிவீர்கள். அந்தச் சமயம் நாணயமாக நடக்கமுடியுமா? பெட்டியில் கட்டாக நோட்டு இருந்தாலும் கையில் (சிறிய) காசு கூட இல்லை யென்று தான் கூறுவீர்கள். இந்த முன் யோசனையும் அறிவும் உபயோகப் படுத்தப்படவில்லை யென்றால் பின்னால் வருந்த நேரிடும்.

அதனால் “நாணயமே சிறந்த தனம்” (தனம் என்றால் இங்கு செல்வம் என்று தான் பொருள்) என்ற முதுமொழி யாவரும் பண்புமிக்கவராய் இருந்த காலத்தில் தோன்றியிருக்கலாம். இப்போதும் ஏதோ ஒரு சில நாணயமுள்ள வர்கள் வெற்றி பெற்றிருக்கலாம். ஆனால் நாணய மற்றவர்கள் வெற்றி பெறுவது எண்ணிலடங்காது. ஆகையால் ஒருவன் (ஒருத்தி) நாணயமுள்ளவ ராயிருந்து அதனால் பலனடைவதில்லையெனின் ஏன் நாணயமாயிருக்க வேண்டும்? உண்மை வாழ்க்கையில் நாணயம் என்ற பண்பு நாணயத்தைப் பெற உதவுவதில்லை. நீதி அறிவுள்ளவர்கள் நாணயமுள்ளவர்களாயிருக்கக் கூடாது.

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அவள் கொண்ட காதல்.

இதழ்விரித்த எழில்ரோஜா மலரின்மீது உறைந்தொளிர்ந்து இன்பக்கனவில் திளைத்துள்ள இரவுதுளிர்ந்த பனித்துளியைச் சிதறவிட்டு அம்மலர்தான் சோர்ந்துவாடி வீழ்ந்திடுமோ!— துன்பம்கண்டு இரவுசிந்தும் தூயகண்ணீர் ஓயாதோ!

பவளமல்லி மரந்தோறும் பறந்துசுற்றும் வண்டினங்கள் கவலையின்றி மதுவுண்டு காதலுறவில் களிகொண்டு துவளும்மலரின் உடல்கொண்டு தோட்டமெங்கும் கோலமிடல் எவனோதோழி பார்த்திடுவாய்! ஏங்கும்மரத்தின் நீர்த்துளிகள்!!

வாய்மலர்ந்த தாமரையின் வண்ணஇதழைச் சுவைத்திடவே பாய்ந்துவரும் பகலவனின் பசும்பொற்கரங்கள் பார்தோழி! சாய்ந்துவீழும் அவனுருவம் செக்கர்வானில் மூழ்கிடுங்கால் சோர்ந்துமூடும் மலர்மீது சுரும்பினமார்ப்பது அழுகுரலோ!

அத்திமரத்துப் பெண்கிளியை அன்பொடுநோக்கி ஆண்கிளியைத் தத்தித்தத்திப் பிடிப்பதுமேன் தன்னுடல்சிலிர்த்துத் துடிப்பதுமேன்! பித்தலாட்டம் என்னேபார்! கொத்திக்குலவ மற்றொருபெண் பெற்றஆண்தான் பிரிதலைப்பார்! பேதைப்பெண்ணை புலம்புதல்கேள்!

முன்றில்எங்கும் மணமுல்லை விண்டதுகண்டாய் எந்தோழி! என்னைப்பிரிந்து சென்றவரோ இன்னும்திரும்பக் காணென்யான் கண்டதெல்லாம் வீண்கனவோ கவலைவெள்ளம் ஓயாதோ! கொண்டகாதல் கானல்போல் குவலயவாழ்வில் மறைந்திடுமோ!

குறிப்பு:—தலைவனைப் பிரிந்த தலைவி நெடுநாள் ஆகியும் தலைவனைக் காணாது வருந்துகிறாள். இயற்கைக் காட்சிகள் எல்லாம் அவள் அமைதி குலைந்த உள்ளத்தில் துன்பத்தின் சாயலோடு தோன்றும் எண்ணங்களையே எழுப்புகின்றன.

இரா. குமாரசுவாமி, II P. G., தாவர இயல்.

கவிதைக் காதல்.

P. V. மூக்குமாள், III B. Sc., Physics.

அமரகவி பாரதியாருக்கு நாம் இன்று செய்யும் சிறப்புக்கள் யாவும் அவருடைய உணர்ச்சி மிகுந்த தேசிய கீதங்களைப் பற்றியவை என்பது மிகை யாகாது. பாரதியார் சிறந்த தேசியக்கவி. ஆனால் தேசியப் பாட்டுகளோடு அவர் நின்றுவிடவில்லை. வேதாந்தமும், கடவுள் வணக்கமும், காமச்சுவையும், புராணக்கதைகளும் அவர் உள்ளத்தை நெகிழ்வித்தன. ஆதி முதல் அந்தம் வரை, உச்சியிலிருந்து உள்ளங்கால் வரை, அவர் கவிஞர். கவிஞர் என்ற தன்மையினாலே தான் தேசியமும் அவரை வசீகரித்தது. கவிதா தெய்வத்தை வழிபாடு செய்தார். அதற்குத் தன் உடல், உயிர், ஆவி அனைத்தையும் அர்ப்பணம் செய்தார்.

இக்கவிஞர், கவிதாதேவி என்ற காதலியின் அருளை, வேண்டிக்கூறுகிறார்;

வாராய் கவிதையாம் மணிப்பெயர்க் காதலி!
பன்னாள் பன்மதி ஆண்டு பல கழிந்தன,
நின்னருள் வதனம் நான் ஏருறக் கண்டே.

“கவிதையென்னும் சிறந்த பெயருடைய காதலியே! நீ வந்து என் மீது கருணை பொழிவாயாக. உன்னுடைய அருள் நிறைந்த முகத்தை நான் அழகுப் பொலியும்படியாகப் பார்த்து, பல நாட்கள், மாதங்கள், ஆண்டுகள் கழிந்துவிட்டன.” என்று அழைக்கிறார். இளமையில், கவிதை புலவரை அடிமையாகக் கொண்டாள்; இருவரும் தனித்து வாழ்ந்த நாட்கள் பல.

அந்தநாள் நீயெனை யடிமையாக் கொள, யாம்
மானிடர் குழாத்தின் மறைவுறத் தனியிருந்து
எண்ணிலா விற்பத் திருங் கடற்றி னைத்தோம்.

மனிதர்களிடமிருந்து வெகுதூரத்தில், கவிதையும் கவிஞனும் தனியே இன்பக் கடலில் ஆடித் திளைத்தார்கள். எல்லா இயற்கைக் காட்சிகளும் காதலியாகிய கவிதையின் ஒப்புயர்வற்ற சிறப்பைப் புலவருக்கு எடுத்து ஒதுகின்றன. இப்பொழுது கவிதை எழும்புகிறது:

பூம்பொழில் குயில்களில் நின்குரல் போன்ற
திங்குரலு டைத்தோர் புள்ளினைத் தெரிந்திலேன்;
மலரினத் துன்றன் வாள்விழி யொப்ப
நிலவிய தொன்றினை நேர்ந்திலேன்; குளிர் புனற்
சுனைகளி லுன்மணிச் சொற்கள்போற் றண்ணிய
நீருடைத் தறிக்கிலேன்.

சோலைகளில் பாடித்திரியும் குயில்களின் குரல், கவிதையின் குரல் முன் இசையிழந்தது; கவிதாதேவியின் வேல் போன்ற கூரிய விழிக்குச் சமமாக, மலர்க் கூட்டத்தில் ஒன்றையும் காணும்; குளிர்ந்த நீருடைய சுனைகளில் கவிதையின் சொற்களிலுள்ள குளிர்ச்சிக் கிணையாக ஒன்றும் காண இயலவில்லை.

கவிஞருக்கு வாழ்க்கை முழுவதும் அமுதச்சுவை போன்று விளங்கியது. ஆனால், அமுதம் உண்ணும்பொழுது, தொண்டையில் சிக்கிக்கொள்ளும் முள் போல் குறுக்கே வந்து அனுபவத்தைக் கெடுத்தது ஒன்று; அதுதான் இவ்வுலகத்தின் கொடுமைகளுக்கெல்லாம் சிகரமான கொடுமை என்று சொல்லக் கூடிய வறுமை நோய். “இந்த முள்ளைச் சற்றே களைந்து எறிந்துவிடலாம்,” என்று அதை எடுத்துப், பின் வந்து பார்த்தால், கவிதையே மறைந்துபோய் விடுகிறது.

நின்னோடு களித்து நினைவிழந் திருந்த
எனைத் துயர்ப்படுத்த வந்தெய்திய துலகிற்
கொடியன யாவுளுங் கொடியதா யிடிமை,
அடிநா முள்ளினை அயல் சிறிதேனிக்
களைந்து பின்வந்து காண்பொழுது, ஐயகோ!
மறைந்தது தெய்வ மருந்துடைப் பொற்குடம்,

இனிமை அனுபவத்திற்குக் கேடாக வந்த வறுமையைப்போக்க, பாரதியார் தென் திசையில் ஒரு சிற்றூர்க்கிறைவனாகிய எட்டயபுர ஜமீன்தாரிடம் பணி செய்யச் சென்றார். கவிதையும் உடனே இவரைப் பிரிந்து, தனியே உழல விட்டு நீங்கினாள்; காலம் மாறுதலை அதிகப்படுத்திற்று.

சின்னாள் கழிந்தபின் - யாதெனச் செப்புகேன்!
நின்னோடு வாழ்ந்த நினைப்புமே தேய்ந்தது.

நினைவும் அகன்றுவிடல் தகுமா? ஆசைமுகமும் மறந்துபோகலாமா?

மனிதனுக்கு ஒரு சுபாவம் உண்டு; எந்தக் கீழ்நிலையிலும் கொஞ்சகாலம் பழகி விட்டால், அந்நிலையிலும் மனத்திருப்தி ஏற்பட்டுவிடும். முனியொருவர், சாபத்தால் பன்றியிருவம் அடைவதற்கு முன்பு, தன் மகனை அழைத்துத் தான் மிருகமானவுடன் உடலை வாள்கொண்டு வீழ்த்திவிடச் சொன்னாராம் ஆனால் மகன் அவ்வாறு செய்யத் துணிந்த பொழுது, பன்றி “காற்றும் புனலும் கடிப்புற் கிழங்கும் பல்லின்பமும் நிறைந்த” புது வாழ்க்கையை மெச்சி, அவனை இருதரம் தடுத்ததாகப் புராணக்கதை கூறுகிறது. இதைக் கவிஞர் உதாரணமாகக் கூறி, இவ்வாறு தன் கீழ்மை நீடிக்கவேண்டாமென்று தன் காதலியாகிய கவிதாதேவியை வேண்டுகிறார்!

பழமொழிகள்.

P. கருணவல்லி, V Hons., Maths.

எங்கேயோ கடிகார மணியின் ஒலிகேட்டது. திடுக்கிட்டு விழித்துக் கொண்டேன். காலை மணி ஐந்து என்று மேசைமேலிருந்த கடிகாரம் காண்பித்தது. இரவு கட்டுரை எழுத உட்கார்ந்த நான் சிந்தனை மயக்கத்தில் அப்படியே தூங்கி விட்டிருக்கிறேன் என்று தெளிவதற்குச் சிறிது நாழிகையாயிற்று. முதல் நாள் தோழிகளோடு ஏற்பட்ட வாதம் பழமொழிகளைப் பற்றிய கட்டுரைப் போட்டியாக முடிந்தது. இரவு கட்டுரை எழுத உட்கார்ந்தேன். வெள்ளைத் தாளை எடுத்துச் சிந்தனை முகத்தில் தேக்கி, பேனாவைத்திறந்தேன். தலைப்பை எழுதினேன். பேனா முனையினின்று மேற்கொண்டு எழுத்து வரவில்லை. பேனாவில் மசி இல்லாத காரணத்தால் அல்ல; சிந்தனைக் குதிரை வேலை நிறுத்தம் செய்யவே கற்பனைத்தோர் ஓடாத காரணத்தால் தான் என்று சிறிய ஆராய்ச்சிக்குப்பின் தெரியவந்தது.

“விட்டைக் கட்டிப்பார்; கல்யாணம் பண்ணிப்பார்” என்ற பழமொழிக் கேற்ப, “பழமொழி எழுதிப்பார்” என்று ஒரு புதுமொழிகூட எழுதிவிடலாம் போல் தோன்றியது. கட்டுரை ஓடவேயில்லை. இரவு தொடங்கி இன்னும் மைபடியாத வெள்ளைக்காகிதம் என்னைப் பார்த்துச்சிரித்துக்கொண்டிருந்தது. பேனாவும் கையுமாகச் செயலற்ற நிலையில் அமர்ந்திருந்த நான் முயற்சியைக் கைவிடும் அளவிற்குப் பொறுமையின் எல்லையை அடைந்துவிட்டேன். அந்நிலையில், “முயற்சி உடையார் இகழ்ச்சி அடையார்” என்று தங்கை உரக்கப்

படித்துக்கொண்டிருந்தாள். அச்சொற்கள் சோர்ந்த உள்ளத்திற்கு ஊக்கம் அளித்தன. “முயன்றால் வாராததொன்றில்லை” என்று என்னைத் தேற்றிக் கொண்டேன்.

“கொட்டிக், கிழங்கோ கிழங்கென்று கூறுவாள் நாவில்
வழங்கோசை வையம் பெறும்”

என்று கம்பர் வாழ்த்தியதைப் போல் நானும் மனமார வாழ்த்தி விட்டுக் கட்டுரை எழுதுவதைத் தொடர்ந்தேன்.

இந்தப் பழமொழிகளின் பெருமையை என்னென்பது? “முத்தோர் சொல் வார்த்தை அமிழ்தம்” என்பதற்கேற்பவே இந்தப் பழமொழிகளும் போற்றப்படுகின்றன. சிறுவர் உலகத்திலிருந்து பெரியோர் வாக்குவரை இந்தப் பழமொழியின் ஆதிக்கம் நிலவுகிறது. யாவரும் தம் கருத்துக்களுக்குப் பழமொழியில் சான்று தேடி நிலைநிறுத்த விரும்புகின்றனர். பெரியவர்களும் சிறுவர்களும் பழமொழிகளைக் கூறுகின்றனர். “தொட்டிற் பழக்கம் சுடுகாடு மட்டும்” என்பதற்கேற்ப இந்தப்பழக்கமே தொடர்ந்து நிலைபெற்றுவிடுகிறது.

“பழகப் பழகப் பாலும் புளிக்கும்” என்ற கூற்று இந்தப் பழமொழிகளை ஒட்டிய வரையில் பொய்யாகி விடுகிறது. பழமொழிகள் என்றும் மக்கள் உள்ளத்தைச் சலிக்க வைப்பதில்லை. “உருசி கண்ட பூனை உறியைத் தாவுவது” போன்று, திரும்பத் திரும்ப பழமொழிகளிலே புதுமை விரும்பிகளும் கூட ஈடுபடுவது அவற்றின் பெருமையாலல்லவா?

[திடீரென்று தம்பியின் ஓலம் காதைத் துளைத்தது. கூடவே, “அடித்து வளர்க்காத பிள்ளையும் ஒடித்து வளர்க்காத முருங்கையும் உருப்படாது” என்று அன்னையின் குரலும் அதை ஒட்டிப் பிரம்பு தம்பியின் முதுகைப் பதம்பார்க்கும் ஒலியும் கலந்துவந்தன. பிள்ளையின் குறும்பிற்குப் “பரிசு” கொடுக்கும்போது எல்லா அன்னையும் கூறுகின்ற பழமொழி யார்க்கும் புதியதல்லவே?]

என் சிந்தனை ஓட்டத்தைத் தடைப்படுத்திய நினைவை அகற்றிக் கட்டுரைக்குத் திரும்பினேன். அப்போது குளிக்கும் அறையிலிருந்து துணி துவைக்கும் சப்தம் மண்டையைப் பிளப்பதுபோல் கேட்டது. “கந்தையானு லும் கசக்கிக் கட்டு” என்ற பழமொழியை முழுதுமாகப் பின்பற்ற விரும்பி, ‘கசக்கியாவது கந்தலாக்கிக் கட்டு’ வதற்காக முயன்று கொண்டிருந்தாரோ, என்னவோ? “அடி உதவுவதுபோல் அண்ணன் தம்பியும் உதவமாட்டார்கள்” என்ற பழமொழி அவருடைய அகராதியில் துணிக்கும் தலைவிதியாகப் போய் விட்டிருக்கலாம்.

பத்தாவது முறையாக அன்னையிடமிருந்து அழைப்பு வந்துவிட்டது. “எருதின் நோய் காக்கைக்குத் தெரியுமா?” என்பதுபோல் கட்டுரை எழுதும் தொல்லை பற்றி அவர்க்கு ஏதாவது தெரிந்தால் தானே? என்று அலுத்துக் கொண்டேன். ஆனால் “பெற்ற மனம் பித்து, பிள்ளை மனம் கல்லு” என்பதற் கேற்ப, உணவருந்தத் தான் அன்னை பலமுறையும் அழைத்தார் என்பது பின்னால் தான் தெரியவந்தது.

“அளவிற்கு மிஞ்சினால் அமிர்தமும் நஞ்சல்லவா?” எனவே கட்டுரையை இத்துடன் முடிக்க விரும்பினேன். அளவிற்கு மிஞ்சிய ஆராய்ச்சியால் எனக்கு (ஏன், உங்களுக்கும் கூடத்தான்) தலைவலி ஏற்படுவதற்கு முன் முடிப்பதே நல்லதல்லவா? “மலையைக் கல்வி எலியைப் பிடித்த மாதிரி,” ‘சிறிய’ முயற்சிக்குப்பின் இவ்வளவு ‘பெரிய’ கட்டுரை அமைந்துவிட்டதே என்று திருப்தி ஏற்பட்டது.

ஆகையால், “போதும் என்ற மனமே பொன் செய்யும் மருந்து” என்ற பழமொழிக் கேற்ப இந்தக் கட்டுரையை இத்துடன் முடித்துக் கொள்கிறேன்.

தாயுளமறியாத் தலைமகள்.

“நெகி” IV B.A. (Hons.) History.

“கழற்கால் மின்னொளிர் நெடுவேல் இளையோன்” தன்னொடு தலை மகள் பயின்று வந்த களவொழுக்கம், எப்படியோ அவ்வூரிலுள்ள சிலருக்குத் தெரிந்துவிடுகின்றது. பிறர் இன்பங்கண்டு பொருமைப்படும் இயல்பினதன்றோ இவ்வுலகு! இவ்வியல்பினராய் அவ்வூர் மாந்தருட் சிலர் தலைமகளின் நற்றூயை அணுகி அவள் மகளின் களவொழுக்கங் குறித்து, “இன்னனைய நின் மகள் இன்னனையானோடு இன்னனைய செயல் புரிகின்றனள்” எனக் கூறு நிற்ப, இவற்றையெல்லாம் நற்றூயின் அணிமையினின்று செவிமடுத்த தலைவியின் தோழி அவ்விடத்தினின்றும் பெயர்ந்து, தலைவியைடைந்து நிகழ்ந்தவற்றைக் கூறினள். இதைக்கேட்ட தலைவி ஊராரின் அறனல்லாச் செய்கைக்கு நொந்து, தன் தாய் தன் காதலுக்குத் தீங்கிழைப்பளோ என ஐயுறவு கொள்ளுகின்றாள். தன் தாயின் உளப்பாங்கினை ஓர்ந்த அவட்குக் கடந்த கால நிகழ்ச்சி ஒன்று நினைவுக்கு வருகின்றது.

அன்று விழா நாளாகலின் யாரும் அறியாவண்ணம் தன் வீட்டினின்றும் வெளிப்போதல் தலைவிக்கு அரிதாகின்றது. எனவே, அன்று அவள் தன் காதலனைத் தோழியினுற் குறிக்கப்பட்ட குறியிடத்தே சென்று காண இயலாமைக்குப் பெரிதும் கலக்கமுறுகிறாள். தன் நிலையைத் தன் பாங்கிக்குரைத்து அவர்கள் கூட்டம் நிகழ்தற்கு ஏற்பக் ‘குறியிடம் பெயர்த்துக் கூறு’ம்படி வேண்டுகின்றனள். தலைவியின் ஆற்றாமையை உணர்ந்த தோழியும் தலைவனையடைந்து, தலைவியை வழக்கமாகக் கூடும் குறியிடத்தே அன்றும் கூட வியலாதென்பதனை எடுத்துக்காட்டி, தலைவியின் வீட்டின் மருங்கே ஏற்ற ஓரிடத்தைக் குறிப்பிட்டு, “இன்ன காலத்து இன்ன இடத்தில் நீவிர் வந்திருந்தால் எம் தலைவியைக் காண்டல் எளிதாம்” எனப் புகன்று அகன்று விடுகின்றனள். தலைவனும் தோழியினுற் குறிக்கப்பட்ட இடத்தை அவள் குறித்த காலத்தே சென்றடைந்து, தன் வரவினை ஒலி எழுப்பிக் குறிப்பால் தலைவிக்குப் புலப்படுத்துகின்றனள். அக்குறிப்புணர்ந்த தலைவி விரைந்துசென்று தன் காதலனைக் கூடுகிறாள். இங்ஙனம் உளமொத்த அவ்விரு காதலர்களும் கூடிப்பேசி மகிழ்ந்திருந்தலை அவ்வழிப் போந்த தலைமகளின் நற்றூய் கண்டனள். கண்ட அவள் தன் மகள்

மீது வசை மொழி பொழிந்தாளில்லை. மற்றுச் சினந்தும் தன் மகளை நோக்கி னாளில்லை. பின் என் செய்தனள் எனின், வறிதே தன் மகள் முகம் நோக்கி, நன்றெனும் பொருட்பட நகைத்துக்கொண்டே அவ்விடத்தினின்றும் சென்று விடுகிறாள். இந்நிகழ்ச்சியினை நினைவு கூர்ந்த தலைவி தன் பாங்கியை விளித்து,

“இல்வந்து நின்றோர் கண்டனள் அன்னை
வல்லே என்முக நோக்கி
நல்ல மன்னென நகைப்பெயர்ந் தோளே”

எனக்கூறி, இத்தகு பெற்றியளாய தன்தாய் தன் காதல் வாழ்விற்குத் திங்கையாளொனத் தேர்ந்து நின்ற காலே, தோழி அவட்கு, பிறர் தூண்டுதலால் தன் தாய் உள்ளம் மாறி அவர்கள் காதல் வாழ்விற்கு இடையூறு விளைத்தல் கூடும் என்ற உண்மையினை எடுத்தியம்பா நிற்ப, தலைவியும் அவ்விடையூறு விளையாது தடுக்க வழி யாது என்று வினவ, அதற்குத் தோழி, தலைவி தன் காதலனொடு ‘உடன் போக்கு’ மேற்கொள்ளலே சிறந்த வழியென ஆய்ந்துரைக்கின்றனள். “தன் நல மொன்றே நாடும் தன் பாங்கியின் ஆய்வுரையை மேற்கொண்டு தலைவி தன் ஆருயிரையானே, யாரும் கண்டு கொள்ளா வண்ணம் அவன் இல்லிடைச் சென்று கண்டு, நிலைமையை அவனுக் கெடுத்துரைத்து, அவனொடு உடன் போக்கு மேற்கொள்ளுகின்றனள்.

இங்ஙனம் உடன் போக்கு மேற்கொண்ட அக்காதலர்களின் நோக்க மாவது, இருவரும் தமர் அறியா வேற்றாரேகி அவண் சிறு குடிலமைத்து இல்லறம் நடாத்துதலென்பதுவேயாம். அவ்விளங்காதலர்கள் மேற்கொண்ட நெறி பல மலைகளையும் கொடிய சுரத்தினையும் கடந்து செல்லுவதாகும். காலிலே கழல் அணிந்து, கையிலே மின்னொளிர் நெடுவேலைத் தாங்கி தலைவன் முன் செல்ல தலைவி அவன் பின்னால் குறுநடை பயின்று வர, பருக்கைக் கற்கள் நிறைந்த குன்றுகளையும் மலைகளையும் தாண்டியும் கடத்தற்கரிய கொடிய வெப்பத் தினையுடைய பாலை நிலங்களைக் கடந்தும் அவ்விளங்காதலர்கள் சென்று கொண்டிருக்கின்றனர்—தன் மகள்,

“முலை கொடுத்தாரினும் முத்தங் கொடுத்தார்
மிகநல்ல என்பது மன்பதைத் தேற”

தன் மனதிற் கிசைந்தானொடு உடன் போக்கு மேற்கொண்டனள் என்ற செய்தியை அறிந்த நற்றாய், தன் உள்ளத்தினை உணராத தன் மகளின் செயல் குறித்துப் பெரிதும் வருந்துகிறாள். தன் உள்ளமறியாது இவ்வாறு தன் மகள் அவசரப்பட்டு மேற்கொண்ட செயலுக்கு வருந்திய அவள், கடத்தற்கரிய நெறி வழி “அனிச்சமும் நெறிஞ்சிலா அஞ்சிய அடிய” ளாய தன் அருமை மகள் எத்தனை அல்லல்கட்காளாகின்றாளோ வென நினைந்து துன்பக் கண்ணீர் வடிக்கின்றாள். தன் மகளின் மலரன்ன மெல்லடிகளைப்பற்றி நினைக்கும் பொழுது அந்நற்றாய்க்கு அன்றொரு நாள் நிகழ்ந்த நிகழ்ச்சி நினைவிற்கு வருகின்றது.

ஓரமயம் நற்றாய் தன் மகளின் மலரடியினைப் பஞ்சுகொண்டு ஒற்றி ஒற்றடம் கொடுத்தாளாக, பஞ்சி தன் அடிகளிலே படும் வலியையும் பொறுக்க இயலாதவளாய் “மெல்ல, மெல்ல” என்றனள் தலைவி. அத்தகைய “பஞ்சி கொண்டீட்டினும் பையபைய” வென்ற மெல்லடியினையுடைய தன் மகள்

“கழற்கால் மின்னொளிர் நெடுவேல் இளையோன் முன்னுறப் பன்மலை யருஞ்சரம் போக”த் துணிந்தமைக்குக் காரணம் தானே எனவறிந்த அத்தாய் மேலும் துன்பமுற்று, “அந்தோ! என் உள்ளம் அறிந்திலளே. அவள் களவொழுக்கத்தை நானறியின் அவட்குத் திங்கிழைப்பேனென அவள் கருதியது பிழை எனலை அவள் உணரச் செய்வேன்,” எனக்கருதுகின்றாள். தன் மகட்குத்தான் கொடியவளல்லள் என்பதனை எப்படி அவளறியப் புலப் படுத்துவது எனக்கருதிய அவட்கு ஒரு வழி தோற்றுகின்றது.

தன் மகளும் அவள் நெஞ்சு நேர்ந்தவனும் செல்லும் வழியில் குளிர்ச்சி பொருந்திய நெடுவரைகளாற் சூழப் பெற்ற ஒரு சிற்றூருண்டென்பதனை அவள் அறிவாள். அவ்வூரை அவர்கள் அடையா முன்னர் தான் குறுக்கு வழியே சென்றடைந்து, மாற்றுருவில் அவர்கட்குச் செல்விருந்தாற்றி யுதவுவோமெனக் கருதுகின்றாள். இதனை அந்நற்றாயே கூறக் கேண்மின்!

“அன்னை யறியி விவணுறை வாழ்க்கை
எனக்கெளி தாகல் இல்லென கழற்கால்
மின்னொளிர் நெடுவேல் இளையோன் முன்னுறப்
பன்மலை யருஞ்சரம் போகிய தனக்கியான்
அன்னேன் அன்மை நன்வா யாக
மானதர் மயங்கிய மலைமுதற் சிறுநெறி
வெய்திடை யுருஅ தெய்தி முன்னர்ப்
புல்லென் மாமலைப் புலம்புகொள் சேரார்ச்
செல்விருந் தாற்றித் துச்சி விருத்த
நுணைகுழைத் தலமரு நொச்சி
மனைகெழு பெண்டியா னாகு மன்னே,”



இங்ஙனம் கருதிய அந்நற்றாய் நற்றாயே யன்றோ!

இளங்கோ காட்டும் அரசியல் நெறி.

க. ச. சுப்பிரமணியன், V B.Sc., (Hons.) Physics.

நீடிருங் குன்று நிழல் காலு மண்டிலத்துக்
கோடு கோடாய்த் தோன்றுங் கொள்கைத்தே—கூடலார்
கொண்டாடுஞ் செஞ்சொற் குடக்கோ முனி சேரன்
தண்டா உரை முத்தமிழ்.

கனியிடை ஏறிய சுளையினும், நனிபசு பொழியும் பாலினும், பனிமலர் மேவிய தேனினும் இனிதாம் தண்டமிழ் மொழியின் புலவர் பெருமக்களுள் ஒருவராம் இளங்கோ அடிகள் இலக்கியத்து மாடமிசை எழில் வீசும் பொன் விளக்காய், இலக்கியத்துத் தனி வானில் இலங்கு மெழிற் றனி மீனாய், இலக்கியத்துச் சுவைக் கடலில் எதிர் வந்த நித்திலமாய், இன்பூட்டும் இலக்கி யத்துப் பூங்காவின் ஒளிக் குயிலாய் மிளிர்ந்து நெஞ்சையள்ளும் சிலப்பதி காரமாம் மணியாரத்தைத் தமிழன்னைக்குப் பூட்டி அலங்கரித்தார். அன்று புவிபரசைத்துறந்தார்; இன்று கவியரசராய்வாழ்கிறார். அன்று செங்குட்டுவன்

அழிவுக்குப் புறம்பற்ற கற்காப்பியம் கட்டினான்; அவன் தன் இளவலோ அழிவையே அழித்திட்ட அமுதமாம் சொற்காப்பியம் கட்டினார். கற்புக்கடம் பூண்ட பொற்புடைத் தமிழ் மகள் கண்ணகியாரின் காற்சிலம்பு காரணமாய்த் தமிழகத்தில் அவர் தோற்றிய நூற்சிலம்பு, தமிழன்னையின் திருவடிக் கண் அழியாப் பெருங்கலகை நிலைபெற்று, நின்று இன்றும் இன்னொலி மிழ்ந்துகிறது. இத்தலையாய செஞ்சொற் காப்பியத்தின் கண் காணக்கிடக்கும் அரசியல் நெறி இன்றைய தமிழகத்திற்கு, ஏன் தரணிக்கே, இருள்விலக்கும் ஞாயிராய், தண்ணொளி நல்கும் தண்மதியாய் விளங்கும் என்பதில் சிறிதும் ஐயமில்லை.

தமிழ் வேந்தர், தம் கொற்கீழ் வாழும் மக்கள் நலமே தம்நலம் எனப் பேணி வாழும் தகுதிப்பாட்டை மேற்கொண்டு, தமது ஆட்சி இனிது நடாத்தற்கு அரசியற் சுற்றமும், ஐம்பெருங்குழுவும், எண் பேராயமும், நால்வகைப்படையும் கொண்டிருக்கின்றனர். அவர் அரசியற்குப் படை, குடி, கூழ், அமைச்சு, நட்பு, அந்நாட் ஆகிய ஆறும் குறைவற நிரம்பியுள்ளன. அரசியற் சுற்றத்துள் “கரும வினைஞரும், கணக்கியல் வினைஞரும், “தரும வினைஞரும், தந்திர வினைஞரும்” இருக்கின்றனர். இன்றியமையாவிடத்து அமைச்சர், தாணைத் தலைவர், அறக்களத் தந்தணர் முதலாயினரும் அரசியற் சுற்றமாய்த் தொழிலாராய்ச்சி புரிகின்றனர். எனவே அரசர் அரசியற் சுற்றத்தின் அவசியத்தை நன்குணர்ந் திருந்தனர் என்பது வெள்ளிடைமலை.

அரசன் கீழ் வாழ்வோருள், அரசர்க்கு அடுத்தபடியில் பெருந்திருவுடைய வணிகரும், பின்பு வேளாளரும், இவ்விருவர்க்கிடையே மறையவரும் வைத்து மதிக்கப் பெறுகின்றனர். “பெருங்குடி வணிகர் மாட மறுகும், மறையோர் இருக்கையும், வீழ்குடி யழுவரோடு விளங்கிய கொள்கை, ஆயுள் வேதரும், காலக் கணிதரும், பால்வகை தெரிந்த பன்முறை இருக்கையும்” என அடிகள் முறைப்படுத்தி ஒதியிருக்கிறார். நாட்டின் செல்வ நிலைக்கு இன்றியமையாதது வாணிகம் என்பதை உணர்ந்து அது செய்யும் வணிகரைத் தமக்கு அடுத்த வரிசையில் வைத்துப் போற்றிய இச்செய்தி சுட்டும் தமிழ்வேந்தரின் பொருளிய லறிவின் உயர்ச்சி வியக்கற் பாலது.

“பலகுடை நீழலும் தங்குடைக் கீழ்க்காண்பர்
அலகுடை நீழலவர்”

என ‘வேளாண்மையால் வறியவர் பசினோய் ஒழியும், வேந்தர் படைத்திறம் ஓங்கும்’ என்று பொருள்பட வள்ளுவர் உரைத்த வாய்மையை ஒட்டி,

“பரப்பு நீர்க்காவிநிப் பாவைதன் புதல்வர்
இரப்போர் சுற்றமும் புரப்போர் கொற்றமும்
உழவிடை விளைப்போர்”

என்ற அடிகளில் அடிகளார் வேளாளரால் இரவலரும் புரவலரும் அடையும் நன்மையைப் பாராட்டுகிறார்.

வேளாளர்களை “வீழ்குடி யுழவர்” என்பதொன்றே அரசர் முன் அவர் பெருமதிப்புடையோராய் இருப்பதை விளக்கும்.

அன்றைய தமிழகத்தில் அரசு புரிந்தோர் “உழுவார் உலகத்தார்க்கு ஆணி” என்ற உண்மையை நன்குணர்ந்து வேளாளர்க்கு நாட்டு வாழ்வில்

நல்லதோர் இடம் நல்கி இருந்தனர் என்பது இன்றைய இந்திய அரசுக்கு ஒரு வழிகாட்டியாய் விளங்குகிறது.

எந்த அரசின் சிறப்புடை நோக்கமும் பசியும் பணியும் அழிந்து வசியும் வளனும் சுரந்து விளங்கி, வேளாண்மையால் வளம் பெருக்கும் தாளாளரும், நற்றவஞ் செய் நல்லோரும், வாணிகத்தால் பொருள் பெருக்கும் வணிகரும் பொருந்தி வாழும் நன்னாட்டைச் சமைப்பதே யாகும். நாட்டின் சீரும், சிறப்பும், வளமும் வளர்ச்சியும், அந்நாட்டரசின் உயர்வுக்கு உரைகல்லாய்த் திகழ்கின்றன. சிலப்பத்திகாரத்தின் கண் வேளாண்மையுடன், சான்றாண்மையும், செல்வச் செழுமையும் கொழிக்கும் நாட்டைக்காண்கிறோம்.

“பொதியிலாயினும் இமயமாயினும்
பொது வறு சிறப்பிற் புகாரே யாயினும்
நடுக்கின்றி நிலை இய என்ப தல்லதை
ஒடுக்கம் கூறர் உயர்ந்தோர் உண்மையின்
முடித்த கேள்வி முழுதுணர்ந் தோரே”

என்ற மங்கலப்பாடல் ஆன்றவிந்தலங்கிய கொள்கைச் சான்றோர்கள் வாழ் வதால் அமரத்தன்மை வாய்ந்த புகார் நகரத்தின் சிறப்பைத் தெள்ளென எடுத்தியம்புகிறது. கண்ணகியார் பிறந்த நன்னாடு இருபுனலும் வருபுனலும் உடை வளநாடு. பால் நினைந்தாட்டும் தாய்போல் அந்நாட்டை நீருட்டி வளர்த்தது காவிரியாறு. அவ்வாற்று நீரை அணைகளால் அணைத்து, கால்களில் எடுத்து, குளங்களில் நிறைத்து, வயல்களில் பாய்ச்சிச் செந்நெல் விளைத்தனர் மருதநில மக்கள்.

“பொறை ஒருங்கு மேல் வருங்கால் தாங்கி இறைவற்கு
இறை ஒருங்கு நேர்வது நாடு”

என்ற வாய்மொழிக்கு ஓர் எடுத்துக் காட்டாக,

“முழங்கு கடல் ஞாலம் முழுவதும் வரினும்
வழங்கத் தவாஅ வளத்தாகி”

காவிரிப்பட்டினம் சிறந்து விளங்கிற்றென சிலம்பு பாடுகிறது. அந்நாட்டின் வளத்திற்கும், நாட்டு மக்களின் சீரிய பண்பிற்கும், எடுத்துக்காட்டாகக் கீழ்க் காணும் வரிகள் விளங்குகின்றன :—

“வம்ப மாக்கள் தம்பெயர் பொறித்த
கண்ணெழுத்துப் படுத்த எண்ணுப் பல்பொதி
கடைமுக வாயினும் கருத்தாழக் காவலும்
உடையோர் காவலும் ஓர்இய வாழிக்
கட்போர் உளரெனின் கடுப்பத் தலையேற்றிக்
கொட்பினல்லது கொடுத்த லீயாது
உள்ளுநர்ப் பணிக்கும் வெள்ளிடை மன்றமும்.....”

பட்டினப் பாக்கத்திலே வெள்ளிடை மன்றத்தில் மண்டபத்திற்குப் பூட்டுத் தாழ் எதுவும் கிடையாது. வெளிநாட்டார் தங்கள் பெயர் பொறித்த பொதிகளைச் சிறிதும் அச்ச உணர்வின்றி அங்கு நிரப்பியிருந்தனர். என்னே தமிழன் பண்பு! என்னே தமிழகத்தின் வளம் !! என்னே தமிழரசின் மாண்பு !!!

தமிழ் வேந்தர் தம் அரசமுறையின் செம்மைநாட்டு மகளிரின் கற்பைக் காக்கும் பேரரணுவது என்ற மெய்ம்மை நெறியை இனிதறிந்து அதற்கேற்ப அரசு புரிந்தொழுகினர். மேலும், கற்புடை மகளிர் நாட்டில் அரசமுறை கோடாது என்ற கொள்கையும் நிலவியிருக்கிறது. ஆகவே நாட்டரசர் தம் நாட்டு மகளிரின் கற்பு நலத்தைப் பேணவும், நாட்டு மகளிர் தம் நாட்டரசர் செங்கோல் வளையாமையைப்பேணவும், மக்களும் அரசுபுரிவோரும் ஒருவருக் கொருவர் இன்றியமையாத் தொடர்புடைய வாழ்க்கை நடாத்தும் நயம் நினைக்குந்தோறும் இன்பம் பயக்கிறது. ஆண்மை பெண்மைக்கு அரணுதலும், பெண்மை ஆண்மைக்குத் துணையாதலும், நன்கு தேர்ந்து காவலாற்றும் நல்லரசு, நந்தத் தமிழரசு! மக்கள் மன்னன் பால் கொண்டிருந்த பேரன்பும் மதிப்பும், கண்ணகியார் கோவலன் திருமணத்திற்குப்பின் பள்ளியறை சேர்க்கையில் கூறிய”

“இப்பால் இமயத்து இருத்திய வாள் வேங்கை
உப்பாலைப் பொற்கோட்டு உழையாதா, எப்பாலும்
செருமிகு சினவேற் செம்பியன்
ஒருதனி ஆழி உருட்டுவோன் எனவே”

என்ற இவ்வாழ்த்திலிருந்து உள்ளங்கை நெல்லிக் கனி போல் தெள்ளென விளங்கும்.

முடியாட்சி நிலவினும் அக்காலத்துக் குடிமக்களின் குறைகள் திறம்படக் கவனிக்கப்பட்டன; மக்கள் தம் குறைகளை மன்னனிடம் முறையிட்டுக் கூறிக் குறைத்துக்கொள்ளலாம்; ஏன், அரசனை நிந்திக்குமளவுக்குச் சுதந்திரம் மிகுந்திருந்தது.

கோவலனது பரத்தைமையும் பிரிவும் பெரிதும் ஆற்றியிருந்த கண்ணகியார், கோவலன் கொலையுண்டதைச் செவியுற்றதும் ஆற்றுமையின் வரம்பு கடந்து விடுகிறார்; அவரது ஆறிய கற்பு சேறிய கற்பாக மாறுகிறது; மெல்லியற் பொறை வல்லியற் பொறையாய் மாறுகிறது; மென்மொழி வழங்கிய மென்வாய் வன்மொழி வழங்குகின்றது; அருள் கிடந்த உள்ளத்தே மருட்கை இடம் பெறுகிறது; அழகையும் அவலமும் அவரை ஆட்கொள்கின்றன; பெண்மையின் வரம்பாகிய பெருநாண் நெகிழ்ந்து நீங்குகின்றது. மாடங்களும், கூடங்களும், கோட்டைகளும், கொத்தளங்களும் நிரம்பிய நகர் நடுவே கண்ணகியார்,

“கொண்ட கொழுநர் உறுகுறை தாங்குறா உம்
பெண்டிரும் உண்டுகொல்? பெண்டிரும் உண்டுகொல்?
ஈன்ற குழவி எடுத்து வளர்க்குறா உம்
சான்றோரும் உண்டுகொல்? சான்றோரும் உண்டுகொல்?
வைவாளிற்றப்பிய மன்னவன் கூடலில்
தெய்வமும் உண்டுகொல்? தெய்வமும் உண்டுகொல்?”

எனக் கதறிக்கொண்டே, அரசு நிந்தனைப் பிரசாரம் செய்து கொண்டே செல்கிறார்.

“காய் சினந் தணிந் தன்றிக் கணவனைக் கைகூடேன்
திவேந்தன்றனைக் கண்டு இத்திறம் கேட்பல் யான்”

எனக் கூறிக்கொண்டே அரண்மனை வாயிலை அடைகிறார். நீதியும் உரிமையும், நிலைத்திருந்த காலமது. எனவே கண்ணகியார் தன்னைக் காண வந்துள்ளார்

என்ற செய்தி கேட்டதும் அவரை அழைத்து வர உத்திரவிட்டான் நெடுஞ் செழியன்.

கண்ணீருடன் வந்து நின்ற கண்ணகியாரைக் காண்கிறான் கொற்றவன்; கையிலே சிலம்பு; மெய்யிலே புழுதி; கண்ணிலே நீர்; வாயிலே வன் சொல். மன்னவன் வினவக் கண்ணகியார், “என் கணவன் கள்வனல்லன்; அவன் கைப் பட்ட சிலம்பு என்காலுக்குரியதே” என்கிறார். சிலம்பு கொணரப் பட்டது, சிலம்பைக்கண்ட கண்ணகியார் தன் கணவனின் கூற்றமாகவே அதைக் கண்டு சேற்றங் கொண்டு அதைக் கையால் எடுத்துத் தரையிலடித்து நொறுக்கினார். அதனுள்ளிருந்து மாணிக்கப் பரல்கள் சிதறுவதைக் கண்ட மன்னவன் தான் செய்த மகத்தான தவறுணர்ந்தான். வெண்குடை தாழ், செங்கோல் தளர, தமிழே மொழியும் தன்வாய் திறந்து,

“பொன்செய் கொல்லன் தன் சொல் கேட்ட
யானே அரசன்? யானே கள்வன்!
மன்பதை காக்கும் தென்புலம் காவல்
என்முதல் பிழைத்தது கெடுக என் ஆயுள்”

எனக் கதறினான். உடனே அவன் உடல் சாய்ந்தது; உயிர் பிரிந்தது.

அரசர் பெருமான் போர்த்திறல் மிக்க செழியன் உயிரினும் அறத்தையே உயர்வெனக் கருதிப் போற்றினான். தனது நீதி கோடியது; அதற்குத் தன் உயிரையே பலி கொடுத்து செங்கோன்மையின் பண்பை உலகிற்கு விளக்கினான், மன்னறம் பிழைத்ததும் தான் அமர்ந்து அறந்தாங்கிய அரியணையினின்றே வீழ்ந்திறந்தான். ‘அறமே அரசனுக்கு உயிர்நாடி; அதை நிலை நாட்டலே அரியணை; அப்புகழே பொன்முடி; அறமிழந்தால் அரசன் உயிரிழக்கிறான்; அரியணை வகிக்கும் உரிமையிழக்கிறான்’ என்ற தலையாய அரசியல் நெறியை உலகிற்கு விளக்கினான்.

தமிழ் வேந்தர் தம் சீரிய பொறுப்புணர்ச்சியை

“மழைவளம் கரப்பின் வான்பே ரச்சம்
பிழையுயி ரெய்தின் பெரும்பே ரச்சம்
குடிபுர வுண்டும் கொடுங் கோலஞ்சி
மன்பதை காக்கும் நன்குடிப் பிறத்தல்
துன்பமல்லது தொழுதகவு இல்”

என்ற செங்குட்டுவனின் கூற்று வற்புறுத்துகின்றது. அறம் முறிந்ததும், அதன் விளைவாய் செழியன் உயிர் துறந்ததும் அறிந்து,

“எம்மோ ரன்ன வேந்தற் குற்ற
செம்மையின் இகந்தசொல் செவிப்புலம் படாமுன்
உயிர் பதிப் பெயர்த்தமை உறுக ஈங்கென
வல்வினை வளைத்த கோலை மன்னவன்
செல்லுயிர் நிமிர்த்துச் செங்கோலாக்கியது”

எனச் செங்குட்டுவன் விளம்புவதும் இதனை விளக்கி நிற்கின்றது ‘அல்லவை செய்தார்க்கு அறம் கூற்றமாம்’ என்ற தமிழக அரசியல் நெறியை உணர்த்து தலே சிலம்பின் குறிக்கோள் என்பது,

“అరసియల్ పీఠాత్తేఠార్కు అఱమ్ కుఱ్ఱమవతుమ్

.....
 సిలప్పతికారమ్ ఎన్నుమ్ పెయరాల

నాడ్డుత్తమ్ యామోర్ బాడ్డుడైశ్ శెయ్యున్ ”

என்ற அழகிய அடிகளால் அறியப்படும். இவ்வரசியல் நெறி, மக்கள் நம்பிக்
 கையைக் கொள்ளையடித்து, செல்வாக்கு என்ற நிலா முற்றத்தில் உலவி, புகழ்
 என்னும் தென்றல் இசைமிட்ட, செறுக் கென்ற பொற் கிண்ணத்தில் ஆணவ
 மென்ற மது அருந்தும் அரசியல் சீமான்களுக்கு இன்றியமையாத அருமருந்
 தாகும்.

‘అల్లற்பట్టు, ఆర్ద్రేణాత్ తుయర్తు, మక్కన్ అమృత కణ్ణణీరే
 కొండుంగోలిన కుఱ్ఱ మేన ఆర్ద్రతలగిక్కిరూర్ వల్లవప్ పెరుంతకె.
 ఆణల్ ఇలంగోవడికలొ వేణిల్, బారాల్వోర్ తవఱిఱైత్తాల్ పఱి
 తీర్కక పడె కిలంబియే తీర్ వేణ్ణుమేన మురశఱెక్కిరూర్. “మన్నన్
 ఇఱైత్త తవఱుక్కు మానకరె అఱిప్పతా?” என்ற విణువీర్కు అడిగన్ అగిక్
 కుమ్ విడె ఇలక్కియ ప్పెఱైయాయ్, శిఱ్ఱణైశ్ శిఱ్ఱమాయ్త్ తిక్కుఱిఱెత్తు.
 ‘ఒడ్డేన్ అరశోడు ఁఱిప్పేన్ మతురైయై’ ఁన వఱ్ఱశిఱమ్ కుఱియ కణ్ణణి
 యార్, మిణ్ణుమ్ తయగ్కి ప్పిన్ కుఱ్ఱప్పమ్ నీగ్కిత్ తెఱిఱిఱెక్కిరూర్.

“యానమర్ కారతలన్ తన్నైత్ తవఱిఱైత్త
 కౌనకర్ శిఱిణైన్, కుఱ్ఱమిలైన్ యన్ ”

எனக்கூறி நகரைத் தன் கற்பின் வலிமையால் எரிக்கிறார். அநீతి அரசோச்சும்
 நாட்டிலே புரட்சியாம் அதிர்ச்சி வைத்தியம் தேவை என்பதை இலைமறை
 காய்போல் சொல்லாமற் சொல்கிறார் சிலம்பிசைத்த அடிகளார்.

செங்கோல் செలుத்தும் మన్నవన్ తన్ ఇనప్ పఱ్ఱుడెయోనాయ్,
 తన్నినత్తిఱ్ఱ కిఱైత్కప్పట్ట ఇఱిఱైవత్ తనతాకక్ కొణ్ణు తుడెక్క ముఱ్
 పడవేణ్ణుమ్. కనకన్ విశయన్ఁఱుమ్ శిఱ్ఱరశర్ ఇరువర్ వడనాడ్డరశర్ పలర్
 కుఱుమిఱిఱున్త అవెయిల్ తమిఱర్ వీరత్తైత్ పఱిత్తురైత్తనర్ ఁనశ్ శెవిఱుఱ్ఱ
 శెంగుట్టవన్ అడలైఱెనక్ కఱ్ఱుశిఱ్ఱన్ కొణ్ణున్. మాన వీరమ్
 అవన్ మనత్తిల్ ముఱుకి ఁఱున్తత్తు. వాయ్ వీశ్శాల్ మతిఱిఱున్త ఇరువరైఱుమ్
 వాన్ వీశ్శాల్ వేణ్ణు వీఱ్ఱత్త విఱైఱ్ఱన్.

‘కావా నావీన్ కనకఱుమ్ విశయఱుమ్
 విఱున్తన్ మన్నన్ తమ్మొఱుమ్ కుడి
 అఱున్తమిఱ్ ఆఱ్ఱల్ అఱిన్తలర్ ఆఱ్ఱకెనక్
 కుఱ్ఱన్కొణ్ణు తమిఱ్ఱపడె
 కొణ్ణువొణ్ణి ఁడ్డార్, మిక్కుకొడియోర్ శెయల్ అఱవే’

எனத் திரண்டெழுந்தது. செருக்குற்ற தருக்கர்கள் நாகாவாது சொல் வீசியதற்
 కాకక్ కల్ శమక్కశ్శెయ్తనర్. ‘తమిఱ్’ ‘ఁఱ్ఱుల్ ఁఱిఱ్’ ఁనక్ కుఱువతై పెఱుమె
 యెనక్ కఱుత్తమ్ శిల పత్తామ్ పశలికఱుక్కు ఇశ్శీరియ ఇనప్పఱ్ఱు విఱిఱ్ఱుట్ట
 మేన నమ్బ ఇడమఱ్ఱు.

இவ்வாறு பொருளியற் புலவனாய், அரசியல் ஆశానాయ్, కవికుల తిలక
 మాయ్త్ తిక్కుమ్ ఇలంగోవడికలొ, ఇక్కాలమ్ అక్కాలమ్ ఁన్నుమ్ ఁక్కాలత్
 తిఱ్ఱుమ్ ఁఱ్ఱవొఱు ఇయప్పిఱ్ఱున్ అరసియల్ నెఱి అరసియల్ వొణ్ణిలై
 అమరతారావాయ్ మిఱిఱిక్కిన్తత్తు; అరసియల్ కడలిలై కలంగకరె విఱక్కమాయ్
 ఁణి నల్కుక్కిన్తత్తు. ఇవ్వొణ్ణియే మార్తర్ ఁణఱుమ్ కాలమ్ విఱైఱిల్
 వొరొత్తొ?

పిల్లన గ్రోవి పాట

రచన : వేమూరి ఆంజనేయ శర్మ. V. Hon. Sanskrit.

అల్ల కళిందజాతము నందున, సైకత దేశమందునన్,
 చల్లని గాలిలో, విసుల చంద్రుని చంద్రికలోన, శాంతిలో
 భిల్లడు సుందర ప్రకృతి, ప్రేమ సుధానిధి! గోపికాళికన్
 పిల్లన గ్రోవి పాట విని పించెడు నిన్ గనగోరదన్ ప్రభూ!

మందనినాద మంజులము మానసహరియు మాధురీ రస
 స్వందియుఁ దృప్తుధానుమధురాధరసిక్తమునైన వేణువా
 నంద రసాభిఁ జేల్చెన్ జనంబుల, స్వచ్ఛరా చరాళి స
 స్పంద మొనర్చెన్ తరుల పల్లవతంబులఁ జేసెన్ ప్రభూ!

పీఠా మిటుచున్ నిగమ పీఠఁజరించుచు నేదియొరన
 ప్రాణమునైన నీతికను బాడుచు తన్మయతన్ జలంగు నా
 వాణి మనోహరంబగు భవన్మురళి స్వనితంబువిన్న నా
 పీఠా స్వప్తి చెప్పి తనపీఠుల దానికి నప్పగించెన్

ముసులకు తత్త్వబోధ, కవిముఖ్యుల కల్ల కవిత్వ బోధ, పా
 వననిజ భక్త సంతతికవర్ణ్య సుఖస్థితిబోధ, కిన్నరీ
 జనులకు గానబోధయు, వెసన్ జనియింపగ జేసియుండు మో
 హన భవదీయ వంశనినదావళి నిక్రము దివ్యగాయకా!

హృదయస్వాపనమై రసోల్లసితమై హృద్యంబునై కర్ణ ప
 ర్యదమై యొప్పెడు నీడు వంశసుధ నాస్వాదింది యల్లాస సం
 పదలొ నిర్ఘోషస్థానిన్ విహగశబ్దాలన్ ప్రతిధ్వనమున్
 పదవంశీయుచు నున్న దీప్రకృతి గానోన్మత్తయై యెప్పుడున్

కనుగొనలం దయారసవికాస ఝరల్, లలితానసంబుజ
 మ్మున మృదుమందహాసరుచిపూరములున్ మురళిన్ మనోహర
 స్వనితలసత్తరంగిణులుఁ జక్కగ నొక్కటియై జగత్తునం
 తను, కడు, ముంచివేసినవొ తాళకయుక్కిరి విక్కిరొనటుల్

ఆనందంబుననే జగత్తు జనితంబయ్యెన్ సమస్తంబు, ఆ
 ఆనందంబై జగంబుఁ బ్రోచు మతి యాయానందమండకా
 తినంబొను సమస్తమున్ ; ఇది భవల్లిలాంశ ; మానందరూ
 పా! నీవే భవదీయ గానమున నిర్భాసింతు నోయీ ప్రభూ!

పీడి నీమృదువేణుగానమును నాహృద్వల్లకితంబ్రులన్
 ఊదన్ రాగదళియి ; గాన సతతంబునృత్తు చందాన నీ
 ప్రాదుర్భూత జగత్పదార్థముల సంబంధములన్ పీడి యా
 స్వాదుస్వానము సంతరంగమున నాస్వాదింతు నోయీ
 ప్రభూ!

విశ్వాత్మ

రచయిత: ప. గోపీచంద్. V. Hons. Telugu.

కృష్ణపక్షనిశ్చయి. కష్టము కాంగురు సుచరిత్రాంగియై, నల్లని మేలిముసుగు ఒయారంగా చేసికొన్న పౌష్ణ కృష్ణాభిరూపక నర మెల్లగాపయనిస్తున్నది విభాషింపవలెను. ఆమె నీలనుచేలముంతా కూర్చులు పోసిన ముత్యాల సరూలే తాగకానికరాలు. సంధ్యాగాఁ గాఁజేరినంతసేదాంత వియన్మార్గియై, మెలమెల్లగ ప్రశాంతనిశాంత శీతమందమానుతాలలో నిశ్శబ్ద గాఁభీర్యాన్ని విశ్వానికి ప్రదర్శిస్తోంది యామినీ భామినీ. వాగ్దములకు, ప్రసూన పరీమళములకు గల అవివాదాభావసంబంధమే నిశానుభావశువుల ద్వైతంలో అద్వైత ప్రణయంగా రూపొందింది.

దూరదూరాలలో రహస్యీగాలలో పరివ్యాప్తమైన విటపీవని తమలసాలాలిని తలపిస్తున్నది. ఉన్నత గోలు అంజనావలములవలెనున్నది. వెన్నెలలో పులకించు ప్రకృతి ధవళిమ కన్న కాళరాత్రిలో జలదరించు శోభ గభీరము. పండుటాకుల నొరసి రివున పీతెంచు శీతవాతూలములు శిఖరీదరీముఖమునండి హూయనేతెంచు చండమారుతములతో శ్రుతిగలిపి అగాధనిశిధికి స్థాయి కల్పిస్తున్నది. ప్రణయోద్విగ్న నిశాక్రమణసేతువుచే శశాంకుని ఫాలభాగమే తేభామాత్రంగా గోచరిస్తున్నది. ప్రకృతి మాత్ర మేలకో విషణ్ణమై ఉన్నది. ఇట్టి కాలరాత్రిలో హృదిలో విశ్వాత్మ సంక్షోభం వినిపించి, శయ్యనుండిలేచి, సవ్వడి లేక కుటీర ద్వారం తెరచి విశ్వాంతరాళం లోనికి గమించాను. ఒక ఉత్తలశైలముపై కూర్చుండి విశ్వాత్మలో నా ఆత్మను మేళవించాను. విశ్వవిపంచిపై మ్రోగిన విషాద శ్రుతులునాలో ఆ ప్రతినాదాన్ని శబ్దించాయి. దవ్వలవీతెంచు సాగరఘోష, ప్రకృతియందలి నిశ్శబ్దత, నా ప్రకృతి నుత్తేజపరచాయి. ప్రకృత్యభిముఖును విశ్వమహా ప్రస్థానాన్ని గమనించి రేయెల్ల నిజాభీల నిర్భరతచే అంగలార్చుటయే ఆఘోష. ఎచటికీ ప్రకృతికి పరాజ్ఞుభుమై పురోగమించు ఈ మానవావళి మహాప్రస్థానము?

ప్రశాంతతలో ప్రభవించి, ఆ కాంతిలో ఆడుగుపెట్టి, వినాశములోనికా విలయిస్తున్నది? ఈ విశాల ప్రకృతి అదిమనరుల జీవితాల నాలోకించినది. సృష్టిల్లిన మధింపగా లభించిన ఆనందసుధతో పాటు విషాద విషాన్ని జీవితాలలోనికి స్వీకరించారువారు. ప్రకృతిలోని సామరస్యాన్ని విస్మరింపగా విజృంభించిన 'అహం' స్వార్థానికి మాతృకయై విద్యేషవిషవాయువు వీచి పరస్పరం కలహించుకొన్నారు. ఆ తొలి కల హమే వేడిచల్లారని కటిక గుండెలకూ, మారణహోమాలకూ, మహా సుక్షోభాలకూ విషమిచ్చి పెంచింది. శైశవంలో తన దుగ్ధగుధాధారలతో పెరిగిన నరుడు శాంతిలో ఆనందాన్ని అనుభవంపలేక సంక్షోభంలో విలయాన్ని సృజిస్తున్నాడే అని యాక ప్రకృతి కుమిలి విలపిస్తున్నది. ఆ విశ్వాత్మ ఆవేదన నా నాడిలో స్పందిస్తున్నది. ఆమె గుండె నా గొంతులో కొట్టుకుంటున్నది. ఇంత వేడిగా స్పందించడానికి సేతువు ఆమె యుగయుగాలుగా పొందిన ప్రగాఢ విషాదాను భూతిమా?

చుట్టూ పరికించాను. సృష్ట్యాదినుండి ఒకే తీరున మధుర దరహాసంతో, మృదుపదవిశ్వాసంతో లాస్యం చేస్తున్నది వసంతశ్రీ. కోకిల కంఠ ముఖంగా తన ఋతుగానాన్ని వినిపిస్తున్నది. ఆ మృదుపద విన్యసనానికి రంగభూమి ద్వేషకలుషిత ప్రదేశంకాదు. ప్రశాంతత ప్రస్ఫుటించు ప్రకృతి. ఆ నీలవిశాల విహాయసం, ప్రక్షిప్త మౌక్తికా నీకాశ తారావారం, పరితప్త విశ్వానికి శీతాంశువులచే నేదతిర్చు చంద్రుడు, గభీరఘోషతో విశ్వాత్మకు వినిపించు సాగరసందేశం, ఈ ఋతుపరి భ్రమణం ఏ నాడూ శృంఖలాబద్ధములు కాలేదు. ప్రకృతికి నన్నుదారముచేసి ఈ మానవావళి కొనిపోవునని భీతిలుకుంటాను.

సృష్టిరహస్యము తెరుగని బాల్యమున ఆ నదీతటమున కూర్చుండి పిల్లగాలులతో నుడితిరుగు ఊర్మి పంక్తులడోలలపై ఊయెలలగా చంద్రబింబమును ధ్యానముతోచూసాను. శరన్నవీ సమయమున నాపర్ణకుటీర మున నిదురపట్టక గవాక్షమునుండి శరన్నవ కానుదీ సాందర్యం చూచి ఆ నిశి శాశ్వ తమై ఉండాలని వాంఛించాను. దూరగ్రామములనుండి పంటచేలకు కాపుండువాలికుల ఆస్పష్ట గీతికాలాప ములు మెలమెల్లగ గాలియలల తేలిరాగా విని పులకించాను. దూరాగతగృహోన్ముఖపశుకంఠపట్టికా ఘటితకింకిణీ నిక్వణానములు, ప్రాగ్విశ సంధ్యరక్తిమ, వేగుజామునందలి పక్షుల కలకలారవములు, నేటికిని విస్తరింపలేను. ఉన్నతమైన పథానికి కడుదవ్వన సృష్ట్యాది మానవునివలె ఈ ప్రశాంతజీవనముననుభవిస్తున్నానని తృప్తి నొందాను. కాని వేడి విశ్వాత్మ ఆవేదనమింత తీవ్రముగా నున్నదేమి?

విశాలవిశ్వం స్వాధీనం కావాలని శ్రమించిన మానవునిలో తొలుతలేని స్వార్థం మన సిచ్చి తోటి వానితో మాటాడనీయలేదు. అనంత ప్రకృతి అధిపతి అయిన అతనికి దాస్యము నంగీకరింపని వారు ఎవరు తిరిగారు. ఈ ఉభయాల సంఘర్షణ ప్రశాంత ప్రకృతిని పిశాచాలు తాండవించే సమర భూమిగ మార్చినది. ఈ విద్యేష విషఫలాన్ని ఆరగించిన వారిలో పవిత్రత నశించి కైతవం పెరిగి జీవితం సంకుచితమైంది. కాని ప్రశాంతత నుండి ప్రళయంలోనికి పురోగమించు జీవితంమరల ప్రశాంతతలోనే లయిస్తున్నదని యుగసంధ్యాసమయ తాండవరుద్రుని ధమరుకానాదమే చాటుతున్నది. హింసతో పరకాన్తనాందిన మానవత తుదకు సాధించి స్థాపించిన దేమిలేదని యుగాంతంలోని అనంతాశ్రం ఆశనిపాతంవలె వెట్టిగొంతును విచ్చి మ్రోసింది. ఉత్తేజంతో రక్తసిక్తం చేసిన మానవుని ఉద్యేగం గ్రీష్మర్తువు కాగా, అతని ఉద్విగ్నతను ప్రశాంతతలోనికి లయింపజేసి అతని రక్తదాహాన్ని తీయని శీతలాంబుసేచనముతోనే తనివి తీర్చినది అనంతరం ఆగమించినవర్షర్తువు. జీవిత పరిపక్వ దశయందలి ప్రశాంతత శీతర్తువైనది. జీవిత నవకుసుమ వికాసమే వసంతర్తువు. మానవయావనమధురిమయే శరదృతువు. ప్రకృతినుండి ఉదయించిన మానవ జీవిత ప్రపవము ప్రకృతియందే లయించునని శిశిర్సు సందేశం. ఈ ఋతుగానమే మానవ జీవితాంతరాగ్ధము. విశ్వసీమపై ప్రకృతిరూప లా ఋతువులు చేయులాస్యములే మానవజీవితావస్థలు. పరుగిడిపోవు యుగములే మానవునికిని, ప్రకృతికిని నడుమ దూరమును విస్తరిస్తున్నవి. ఈ ప్రకృతి సంక్షోభమే భావి విశ్వవిలయ మహానాటకములోని శివతాండవానికి పూర్వరంగవాదియా? విజగీష, విద్యేషాలతో కలుషితమై దివ్యతవిగతమైనమానవత ఆంతములేని జీవిత ప్రయాణంలో చేతికందని వానికై ఎటకో పరువిడిపోతున్నది. మానవత కదియే పరమార్థమా? అదియే సత్యమా? శివమా? సుందరమా?

అనంతమైన కాళరాత్రి
జడ విశ్వతమోముక్తి
నెపుడు మహాయుగ ప్రభాత
ప్రభా స్ఫుర్ప కలిగించునా?

ఆవేదనాలహరి

R. RAJAGOPAL, IV B.A. (Hons.) Tel.

ఆప్పుడే వీధిలోని విద్యుద్దీపాలు వెలిగాయి. లోకాన్ని ముంచివేయగలనని ముదదుగువేసే ఆచీకటిని చూచి చిలిపిగా నవ్వుతున్నట్లున్నాయి దీపకాంతులు.

పడమటి దిక్కులోని ఆ అరుణామణి కాంతులను నిరజమ్మే ఆమరజ్యోతియొక్క రుచిని చూచేసరికి నిజంగా నాహృదయం పొంగిపోయింది. కత్తి ఘాతమండి వెలువడే రక్తపాతమా? లేక మంగళాన్ని చూచించే కుంకుమ పూతయా? అనే అనుమానం నాలో బయలు దేరింది. జీవితం అంతా ఇంతే. అంతంవిమాదం గనో సంతోషంగానో ఉంటుందని తృప్తిపలచుకున్నాను.

ఇలాంటి విషయాల నాలోచిస్తూ నీచి గోడ్డు మీద వెళ్తున్నాను. కమమేర దూరంలో కొందరు గుంపులుకూడి యున్నారు. ఎందుకో! లోకులు కాకుండా! కామలలాగున కూచుడమే గాకుండ ఆప్పుడప్పుడు గుంపులుగ గూడ కూడుతుంటారు.

జనసమృద్ధిని సర్దుకుంటూ మధ్యభాగాన్ని చేరుకున్నాను. పాపం, ఎవరో వృద్ధురాలు. వెళ్లి వెళ్లి ఏడుస్తూ గుండెబాదుకుంటూఉంది...దగ్గుకట్టేయి. ఎవ్వరో గాదు. శేఖర్ తల్లి. నా కేమీ అర్థంకాలేదు అటువైపున నిలబడియుండే రిక్సాలో చూశాను....

ఆ నిమిషం నాశరీరం నిర్జీవ మైసట్లనిపించింది. ప్రశ్నార్థకంగా శేఖర్ తల్లి వేపుచూశాను..... లాభంలేదు. ఇప్పుడే వివరాలను వివేదించే పరిస్థితితోలేదు. కొన్నిక్షణాల్లోపోలీసువాళ్ళు వచ్చి శేఖర్ తల్లిని, రిక్సాను తీసుకెళ్ళారు. నాకాళ్లు గూడ నన్నట్టే లాక్కురి వెళ్ళాయి.

శేఖర్ కు నాలుగేళ్ల వయస్సులో వాళ్లతండ్రి చనిపోయాడని శేఖర్ తో స్నేహితం చేసిన కొన్నాళ్ళకు తెలిసింది. నేనూ వాడూ సహాధ్యాయులమే. మాసిన బట్టలతో క్లాసుకువచ్చేవాడు. నిరాశా జైన్యాలూ వాడి ముఖంలో ఎప్పుడూ లోణికిసలాడుతు ఉండేవి. ఎవ్వరితోనూ చేరేవాడుకాదు. నేనేదయినా ఇచ్చినా శ్రుచ్చుకొనేవాడుగాదు. వాస్తవంగా జీవిత సంద్రాన్ని దగిచేరనీదడం చాలాకష్టం. ఆసేదావంవాణ్ణి చూసినప్పుడల్లా నాకు గుర్తువస్తుండేది. జీవితంలో ఎన్నో ఎగుడు దిగుళ్లతో మనం ఉక్కిరి బిక్కిరి అవుతుంటాం. అందులోనూ అటుఫనికులు, ఇటు పేదవాళ్లు కాక మధ్యలోనుండే ప్రశంకుల స్థితిప్రపచయింది.

మానవుడు సృష్టించిన ఈ ధనం మానవుణ్ణి ఎన్ని హింసలు పెడుతుందో మనం అంచనాచేయలేం. ఆదిమానవు లీధన పిశాచి పొత్తులేక ఎంత ప్రళాంత జీవితాల్ని గడిపినారో?.....

జేతిలో చిల్లి గవ్వగూడ లేకుండే పరిస్థితుల్లో శేఖర్ తల్లి అతనికి స్కూలు జీతంకట్టి స్కూల్ డ్రెస్ కు వరకు చదివించింది. అప్పటికే జీవితంలోని వైవిధ్యాలను కొంతవఱకు మేము అనుభవించాం,

వాస్తవంగా యీ విద్యవల్ల యేమీలాభంలేనని మాకుతోచేది, చదువుకునే విషయాలకు తరువాత జీవితానికి సంబంధం ఏ మాత్రం ఉండడంలేదని మాకునమ్మకం ఏర్పడింది. ప్రస్తుత విధ్యావిధానం మాకునచ్చేది కాదు. ఈ చదువులు, వాస్తవ అనుభవాన్ని అంచనాచేయజాలని కొలతబద్ధలయిన యీ పరీక్షలు...వీనితో విద్యార్థులు ఉక్కిరి బిక్కిరవుతున్నాను. ఎట్లో వీనిగండం తప్పించుకున్నా తరువాత పొట్టకూటికి పొగల వలసిందే.

శేఖర్ కు ఆగలే పట్టింది. పరీక్షలయిన తర్వాత శైలవుల్లో విరామంలేకుండా తిరిగాడు. ఏగుమ్మాన్ని ఎక్కినాడో దాన్ని మళ్ళా నిరుత్సాహంతో దిగడంసంభవించేది. వాడి జోళ్ళు మాత్రం అరిగిపోయేవిగాని ఆఫీసుల్లో కాళీబండేవికావు. అంతావృథా ప్రయాణేకాని లాభంలేకుండాపోయింది. ఛీ! అని జీవితంమీద విరక్తి పుట్టే పరిస్థితి యేర్పడింది శేఖర్ కు.

ఒకనాడో ధనికుని ఇంటిగుమ్మంవద్దకళ్ళాడు. యజమానిని చూడాలనికోరాదు. కాపలావాడు నేమాన్ని పైకి క్రిందకి నాలుగుమార్లు చూసి, వెళ్లి పొమ్మన్నాడు. ఊడిపడ్డట్టు ా విదేళ్ల కుర్రాడు ఒకడువచ్చి శేఖర్ చేయిపట్టుకొని లోపలికి లాక్కెళ్ళాడు. కాపలావాని ముఖంలో నెత్తుటి చుక్కయినా లేకుండా గ్రుడ్లు మిటకరించిచూస్తూ ఉండిపోయాడు....

కాస్సేపటికి ముఖంలో చిటునవ్వు తాండవమవుతూ మళ్ళా గేటువద్ద ఉండేవాణ్ణి చూచి నవ్వుతూ తిరిగి వెళ్లిపోయాడు శేఖర్. ఈ తడవ కాపలా వానికి శేఖర్ ని మ్రింగి వేయాలన్నంత కోపం వచ్చింది. కానీ ఈ యుగంలో అంతకార్యాన్ని మాత్రం చెయ్యలేనని గుటకలు మ్రింగుకున్నాడు.

మరుసటిదినంనుండి ప్రతిసాయంకాలం రెండుగంటలసేపు రాజుకు చదువు చెప్పివస్తున్నాడు. నెలకా గానే చేతిలో ఇరవై అయిదు రూపాయలు పడేసరికి చిందులు వేసుకుంటూ ఇల్లు చేరుకునేవాడు. ఒకనాడు ఏ చదువునైతే చీదరించుకున్నామో, ఆ చదువే నేడు శేఖర్ పాలిటి ఆస్తుడేవతగా తయారయిందని సంతోషించాము.

పసిపిల్లలకు పాఠాలు నేర్పడంలో ఎంతో చాకచక్యం కావలసియుంటుంది. ప్రకృతిలోని ఆనందాన్ని వాళ్లకు చేకూరుస్తూ, ప్రతివిషయం వాళ్ల మనస్సుకు పట్టేటట్టు చేయవలసిందేగాని పాఠాలనువల్ల వేయించడంలో లాభంలేదని శేఖర్ గ్రహించాడు. తనకు సమృతమయిన మార్గాన్నే అవలంబించాడు. ప్రతి దినం పుస్తకాల చదువుతో పాటు పిల్లవాణ్ణి పార్కులోకి పట్టుకెళ్లి ఆలేత హృదయంలో ప్రకృతి మాతనా రాధించేందుకు బీజాలు నాటి హృదయ పద్మాన్ని విప్ప జూచాడు. కళాత్మకమయిన హృదయానికి కళానైపుణ్యాన్ని నేర్పి కళాప్రాణ్ణిదయాన్ని ప్రతిపాదింప ప్రయత్నించాడు. అప్పుడప్పుడు రాజు అక్కయ్య శ్యామల గూడవచ్చి ఆరికించేది.

రాజు తల్లికి ఈ విధానం రుచించలేదు. తన కుమారుణ్ణి అధఃక్షాసంలోకి కూలదోస్తున్నాడని తీర్మానించుకుంది. శేఖర్ సాంగత్యాన్ని వదలించేందుకా, అనేటట్లు చీరకొంగును నడుముకు బిగియ గట్టింది.....

హఠాత్తుగా శేఖర్ నిరాశతో కాల్గిడ్చుకుంటూ ఇంటికి దారితీసాడు. మరుసటిదినంనుండి మరో జీవితమార్గాన్నే స్వీంచవలసివచ్చింది.

శ్యామలను బుట్టలో వేసుకుంటున్నాడనీ, శేఖర్ ను చెడిపివేస్తున్నాడని రాజుతల్లి నేరంమోపింది. మరోసారి శేఖర్ ను తన గుమ్మం త్రొక్కినివ్వకుండాచేసింది. ఆడవాళ్ళు - దీర్ఘంగా ఆలోచిస్తే-అతిశక్తులే. ప్రసన్నలావణ్యాన్ని చిప్పిలే మాధుర్యం ఆ మూర్తిలోనే అంతర్గర్భితంగావుంది. భీకర నినాదాలుమనస్సులో మారుమోగింది, దుష్ప్రభలు పటపట గొరుకగలిగిన క్రోధావేశంగూడ కాంతంలోనేడింది. శేఖర్ వేసుకున్న ఊహించిరి, శ్యామలలో మొలకలెత్తిన అనురాగత, పుష్పించే సమయమలో పెద్ద ఝంఝూమాయతం చెలరేగింది.

లోకం అంతాచెడ్డదికాదు. బట్టల మిల్లు మేనేజరు శేఖర్ దీనస్థితిని అవలోకించి కనికరించాడు. కష్టాలు గట్టిక్కినాయి. దినాలు మెల్లగా జారుకుంటున్నాయి... శేఖర్ ఉద్యోగంలో చేరి ఐదు సంవత్సరాలు

విదుక్షణాల్లాగడచిపోయాాయి. మా ఇద్దరి జీవితాలు కుదుట బడ్డాయి. శేఖర్ తన ఆఫీసులో మంచిపేరు సంపాదించుకున్నాడు.

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తన బాగోగులు తక్కువై ద్వారా శ్యామల తెలుసుకుంటూ ఉంటుందని తెలిసింది శేఖర్కు. తన ఆత్మలో మాగుమూలలో తనతన కొట్టుకుంటూఉండే ఆకాశ్యోతిక్రమంగా అనికంగాజొచ్చింది. ఏం చెయ్యాలో ఏం చెప్పాలో తోచేదికాదు శేఖర్కు. శ్యామల కండ్లనుండి వెలువడే దృక్పథంపరలోని అవ్యక్త మాధుర్యం గుండెల్లోకి చూచుకోని, మళ్ళా తన వెనుకవేసేసరికి మధురతరంగా తయారయ్యేది. అప్పుడప్పుడు తన ఎదుట నిలుచుండేట్లుండేది ఆ ప్రణయమూర్తి స్వరూపం. ఇదంతా తన మనస్సుచేస్తున్న కలత అని గ్రహించాడు. అయినా ఎందుకో అతని మనస్సు ద్వైధ భూతంగా తయారయ్యేది. అతని మనస్సంతో బాధపడేది.

ప్రేయసీ ప్రియులిద్దరూ విభిన్నమగు అంతస్తుల్లో ఉండేటప్పుడు వారిమనస్సులో చెలరేగే సంఘర్షణ వర్ణనాతీతం. సంఘం - అనే శృంఖలాలను తెంచుకొని ప్రేమబాటలో విహరించడానికి ప్రయత్నిస్తారు. అందరికీ ఆశృంఖలాలను తెంచేందుకు శక్తిఉండొచ్చా?

ఆరు నెలలు గడిచిపోయాయి. శ్యామల కంఠంలా త్రాడు బిగించబడింది... శేఖర్ అంతస్తులో తక్కువ వాడైనా వ్యక్తిత్వంలో ఏదైనాలోపంఉందా? అతనిలో మినుకు మినుకుమని మెరుస్తుండే ఆకాశ్యోతి ఒక్కసారిగా ఆరిపోయింది. జీవితపుబాట అతనికి చీకటికూపంగా తయారయింది. దారీ తెన్నూ తెలియలేదు కాని ఆఫీసు, ఇల్లు, వీటి మధ్య డిక్యుతోచక అటూ ఇటూ తిరుగాడుతున్నాడు.

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మెల్లిగామలో ఎనిమిది సంవత్సరాలు గడిచిపోయాయి. శేఖర్ తన ఉద్యోగంలో ప్రైవేట్‌జికిపంపబడ్డాడు. వాళ్లతిల్లి చాకచక్యంగా కుటుంబాన్ని నడుపుతూండేది. ఇంటి పరిస్థితి కుదుటబడ్డా మిగిలిపోయిన కొంత ఒకటే - శేఖర్ కు పెండ్లిచేయడం.

ఒకనాడు నేనూ శేఖర్ బీబీలో కూర్చోని మాట్లాడుతూ ఉడిపోయాము. కొంతసేపు శేఖరు దీర్ఘంగా మాన్యంలోకి చూస్తూ ఉండిపోయాడు. నాకెంతో బాలివేసింది. ఓగ్గాలనుకున్నాను. ప్రతి విషయానికి ఇంతగా బాధపడడంవల్ల బాధలేదని చెప్పాను. ఉన్నట్టుండి మా ఎదుట ఒక స్త్రీమూర్తి ప్రత్యక్షమయింది. శేఖర్ తనకండ్లను తాను నమ్మలేకపోయాడు. కండ్లు నలుపుకొని చూశాడు. మళ్ళా అదేమూర్తి! ఆశ్చర్యమే!!

“వీరు మన రాజుకు చిన్ననాటి మేష్టాను.” అంటూ శేఖర్ కు తనప్రక్కన నిలుచున్న వ్యక్తిని చూపుచు,

“వీరు మా.....” అంటూ మాట్లాడలేక పోయింది. శేఖర్ లేచి అతనితో కరచాలనంచేశాడు. చేతుల్లో సత్తువలేనట్లు ఉిగిపోయాయి. ఇంతలో శేఖర్ తేరుకుంటూ “వీరు మా మిత్రుడు” “.....” అని నన్ను పరిచయంచేశాడు.

“నా పేరు కుమార్మా.....” అంటూ కూర్చున్నాడతను. ప్రక్కన శ్యామల ఆసీనురాలయింది.

“నాపేరు శేఖర్ ” అని మెల్లిగా తలదించుకొని జవాబిచ్చాడు.

ఇక మా సంభాషణ ప్రారంభమయింది. అతనితో మాట్లాడుతూ అప్పుడప్పుడు శ్యామలను చూస్తున్నాడు శేఖర్. ఎ.తమారిపోయింది, ప్రక్కన ఆరేండ్ల అమ్మాయి, ఒడిలో చంటిపాప. కాని కండ్లలో అదే ప్రసన్నత మాత్రం తాండవిస్తున్నది. ఎందుకో ఆ కండ్ల వెనుక ఆవేదన ‘శే నున్నా’ నంటున్నది. ఇనుకలో ఏదోరాస్తూ వెనుక చెరిపివేస్తూ గతాన్ని ఆలోచించుతున్నాది కాబోలు. ఆమెకు తెలియకుండా అశ్రుబిందువులు రాడు ఇనుకపైపడ్డాయి. ఆ కన్నీటి బిందువులు నునుపారు చెక్కిళ్లపైనుండి బారడం శేఖర్ కూడచూశాడు.

మా సంభాషణ పూర్తికావచ్చింది. “మిరిద్దరు మా ఇంటికిరేపు భోజనానికి రావాలి” అన్నాడు శేఖర్. “రాజునుకూడ పిలుచుకరా శ్యామలా” అన్న మాటలు తనకు తెలియకుండా వెలువడ్డాయి.

“ఇప్పుడెందుకురెండి.” అని బారుకొనడానికి ప్రయత్నించాడు కుమార్. కాని శేఖర్ బలవంతంపైన ఒప్పుకొన్నాడు.

ఆమృతో చెప్పి ఆదివారం నాడు అన్ని ఏర్పాట్లు చేయించాడు శేఖర్. అంతా అందంగా కనబడేట్లు మేమిద్దరం సర్దిపెట్టగానే పదిగంటలకు కుమార్, శ్యామల, రాజు, ఇద్దరు పాపలు వచ్చారు. చిన్న పాపను తన చేతుల్లోకి తీసికొని ఎంతో ఆనందంతో ముద్దిడుకొని శ్యామల కండ్లలోకిచూచాడు. ఆమె ఆవేదనను భరించలేక పోయింది, ముఖాన్ని అవతలవైపుకు త్రిప్పుకొనింది. శేఖర్ ముఖం వెలవెల పోయింది.

సంభాషణలు చాలకులాసాగా సాగిపోతున్నాయి. శ్యామల ఎందుకో రాజుపట్ల ద్వేషభావం చూపుతూ ఉంది. శేఖర్ కు అర్థంకాలేదు. అందరం భోజనం చేశాక కొంత సేపు విశ్రాంతి తీసికొని సినిమాకు బయలుదేరారు.

వారం రాజులు దాటిపోయాయి. ఆనాడు రైల్వే స్టేషనుకు నేనూ, శేఖర్ వెళ్ళాము.

“మామయ్యను కూడ మనతో బొంబాయికి రమ్మను బాబూ” అని తన ఒడిలోని పాపతోచెప్పి శేఖర్ వైపుచూసింది శ్యామల. ఆ చూపులో ఏదో మూగబాధ వ్యక్తమవుతూ ఉంది, కొంతసేపటికి బండి కదిలింది. శ్యామల చూపుల్లో ప్రకటితమయ్యే బాధ ఎక్కువయింది. క్షణంలో ఆ బాధ కన్నీటి రూపంలో క్రమ్ముకునింది. అవి అఖరుసారిగా శేఖర్ వీడ్కోలు పొందినందువల్ల వచ్చిన ఆనందబాష్పాలలో తేక శేఖర్ హృదయానికి చిచ్చుపెట్టినందుకు ప్రతిఫలంగా బయలుదేరిన కన్నీటి జాలో.

క్రమంగా రైలుపొగలో అదృశ్యమైపోయింది శ్యామల. శేఖర్ గుండెల్లో చక్రాలు పరుగెత్త నారంభించాయి. తాను తలక్రిందుగా నడుస్తునట్లు భావించాడు. చాలాసేపువరకు మాట్లాడలేక పోయాడు.

అతను ఈ విధంగా బాధపడడం మంచిదికాదని నాకుతోచింది. అతన్ని ఒకదారిలో పెట్టాలనే ఆభిప్రాయంనాకు కలిగింది. క్రమంగా అతని దృష్టిలోనుంచి శ్యామలకూపాన్ని తొలగించాలన్న ప్రయత్నాన్ని మొదలు పెట్టాలను కున్నాను. అతని మాటలతీరు మరీ విపరీతంగాతయారయింది. అడవాళ్లపై తన అక్కనును వెళ్ళబుచ్చుతున్నాడు. విషయం శృతిమించిరాగానికి వచ్చిందనుకున్నాను.

వారం రోజుల తర్వాత రాజువచ్చి శేఖరుకు దర్శనమిచ్చాడు. తన తల్లి చనిపోయినప్పటినుండి తన పరిస్థితి పరిగా ఉండడంలేదని శేఖర్ కు చెప్పాడు. ఓపిక పట్టివుండమనడం కన్న వేరేంచెప్పడానికి తోచలేదు.

మరోనెలయింది. మళ్ళా ప్రత్యక్షమయ్యాడు రాజు. వాళ్ల నాన్న మరోయూవరిని వారం రోజుల్లోగా శిండ్రాడబోతున్నాడనీ, శ్యామలకుకూడ ఇష్టంలేనందున రావడంలేదని చెప్పాడు. శేఖర్

మెల్లగా రాజును ఓదార్చి ఒక విడు రూపాయల నోటునిచ్చి పంపేసాడు. రాజుకు ఇంకా యేడ్లుంటాయి. బి. ఏ. పాసయ్యాడు. ఎందుకీవిధంగా ప్రవర్తిస్తున్నాడో అర్థంకావడంలేదు.

ఇంకొకనెల గడచిపోయింది. సుమారు తొమ్మిది గంటలయి ఉంటుంది. లాంతరు ప్రక్కన కూర్చుని మరుసటిరోజు హాగ్గురుకు వెళ్లి తనకంపెనీ తరపునకట్టవలసిన యాభైవేల రూపాయలను మరోసారి తక్కువెట్టుతున్నాడు. రాజువచ్చాడు. శేఖరుతో మాట్లాడుతూ తన నాన్నగారికి పెండ్లిజరిగిపోయిందని ఏవేవో చెప్పుకపోయాడు. ఇంతలో శేఖర్ తల్లివచ్చి రాజునూ శేఖర్ ను భోజనానికి పిలిచింది. రాజు భోంచేశానన్నాడు. వేపరుతీసి చదవడం ప్రారంభించాడు. శేఖర్ పైకం సంచిలోపెట్టి భోజనానికివెళ్ళాడు. మధ్యలోవచ్చి, చాల ఆలస్యమయిందని, వెళ్తున్నానని తెలపుచుకుని రాజు వెళ్లిపోయాడు.

శేఖర్ భోజనముగించి సంచులను జాగ్రత్తగా పెట్టెలో పెట్టి తాళంపేసి పడుకున్నాడు.

* * * *

మంచంమీద నుండి తటాకనమేలుకున్నాడు. శేఖర్ పెట్టెతీసి పైకం తక్కువెట్టాడు. నలభై వేలు మాత్రం ఉన్నాయి. మరో ఉత్తరంకూడఉంది. అందులో “మేష్టరుగారికి,

క్షమించాలి. నేను అవసరంగా క్లౌజ్ ఇంగ్లండుకు వెళ్ళుతున్నాను. మానాన్నగారి వద్దకొంత డబ్బు మీవద్దనుండి పదివేలూ తీసికొనడమైనది. ఇప్పుట్లో ఇక మానాన్నగారు నాకు ధనసహాయం చెయ్యరు. ఈ ఉత్తరం తీసికెళ్లి మానాన్నగారివద్ద మీపైకం వసూలుచేసికొనవలసింది.

క్షమించమని మరల ప్రార్థించుచు
మీ రాజు.

శేఖర్ నిద్రాంతపోయాడు. దేహం కంపించింది. చెమట పోయనారంభించింది. గంటచూశాడు విడుయిరవై అయింది. ఇంగ్లండు కార్య విమానం రాత్రి ఒక గంటకే వెళ్తుంది. కాళ్లు చేతులుతనస్వాధీనం నుండితప్పుకుంటున్నాయి.

తన్నుగా మేనేజరు ఇంటికి వెళ్లి జరిగిన విషయంచెప్పాడు. మేనేజరు నమ్మక పోగా, రాజు వ్రాసిన ఉత్తరం చూపెట్టాడు. “మిష్టర్ శేఖర్, నీకు ఒక దినం గడువిస్తున్నావు. అంతలోగా కంపెనీ ధనం చేర్చక పోతే తరువాత విషయం పోలీసువాళ్లు చూసుకుంటారు” అన్న మాటలు మాత్రం వివగలిగాడు. ఉన్న ఆశలన్నీ తెగిపోయాయి. అఖిరి ప్రయత్నంగా రాజు తండ్రి వద్దకు వెళ్ళాడు. ఆయన బుస్సునుని విరగబడుతూ తన కుమారునకా విద్య నేర్పించింది శేఖరేనని చివాట్లు పెట్టాడు. తన డబ్బుకూడ కొంత పట్టుకక్కాడని శేఖరుపెట్టనారంభించాడు.....

రాజుకు తనకాళ్ళు తన్నెక్కడెక్కడికి తీసుకొని పోయాడో తెలియలేదు. సాయంకాలం నాలుగు గంటలయింది. ఒక రిక్షావాసికి రూపాయఇచ్చి తన్ను బీచీరోడ్డులో త్రిప్ప చుండమని చెప్పాడు.....

రోడ్డుమీద దీపాలు వేయబోతున్నారు. రిక్షావాడు విసుగెత్తి శేఖర్ ను పలకరించాడు. జవాబు రాలేదు. తిరిగిచూశాడు.....

శకుంతలావిప్రయోగ: ॥

अद्यापि स्मरामि

[V. ANJANEYA SARMA, V Hons. Sanskrit]

अद्यापि ते मधुरकोमलमञ्जुकान्ति-

विस्फारितं, सुवदनं, मयि दत्तदृष्टि ।

स्निग्धद्युति प्रसरसुन्दरलोचनान्तं,

नो विस्मरामि सखि, बिम्बसमाधरोष्ठं ॥

अस्ताद्रिभूषतिशिरोमुकुटायितस्य

सूर्यस्य काञ्चननिभामलकान्तिजालैः ।

आच्छादिते क्षितितले क्षितिजान्तरे त्वां

शोभावहां परिसरस्य, सखि, स्मरामि ॥

अद्यापि ते मृदुलबाहुलतान्तरेण

कुम्भं कुचोन्नतलसत्तटपीड्यमानं ।

धृत्वा विलाससुभगं जलमानयन्त्याः

मन्दं मनोज्ञगमनं मनसि स्मरामि ॥

ते सुभ्रु, तारुण्यरमैकसाध्य-

माधुर्यसंशोभितमिद्वरूपं, ।

कामस्य शातास्त्रमिवान्तरङ्गे

प्रविष्टमद्यापि विलोकयामि ॥

अद्यापि ते तरलसौम्यविभामनोज्ञ-

नेत्राञ्चलं, विकसितोन्नतगण्डभागं ।

विस्तारितामलरदच्छदरागचारु-

पुष्पोपमं, सुहसितं, सखि, संस्मरामि ॥

ज्योत्स्नासहोदर हसोलसिते मुखे ते

कान्ताधरारुणिमरञ्जितदन्तपङ्क्तिम् ।

उद्दामसान्ध्यरुचिरूषितचन्द्रलेखा

सम्पन्मयीं ननु कथं सखि विस्मरामि ॥

व्यक्तस्नेहं कपटरहितं निर्मलं भावसान्द्रं

सान्द्रानन्दप्रदमविकलं सुसितश्रीविलासं ।

अस्मच्चेतोविकसनकरं रागपीयूषवाहि
अद्याप्यद्वा कमलनयने ! वीक्षितं ते स्मरामि ॥

स्नेहभावचपलात्मना समा-

हूय मामभिधया, मुहुर्मिश्रः ।
भाषितं किमपि मञ्जुनिस्वनं
संस्मरामि सखि ते शकुन्तले ॥

स्मरामि सर्वं सखि चेष्टितं ते
स्मृत्वा विचारं समुपैमि नूनम् ।
विषादहर्षौ युगपद्भजामि
तदा तदा शान्तिकलां तनोमि ॥

कदापि ते दृष्टिपथं गतोऽस्मि चेत्-
क्षमानुकम्पावृतमानसा सती
आभाषसे मां स्मितपूर्वकं नु किं
रूपा नु किं तिष्ठसि वक्रितेक्षणा ॥

कदापि किं ते स्मृतिमागतोऽहं
स्वप्नेऽथवा जाग्रति वा विरामे
कदापि किं ध्यायसि मामभाग्यं
कपोलविन्यस्तकरारविन्दा ॥

वीक्षे कदा सखि पुनः स्ततताद्रिशोभं
शान्तप्रभालयमनुक्षणनूतनभावं
मन्दस्मितद्युतितरङ्गलसत्कपोलं
लावण्यधाम मुखमात्मरसायनं ते ॥

स्वस्योर्मिकासमवलोकनधूतशापः
दुप्यन्त आत्मचरितं गतमाकलय्य ।
चिन्ताभरेण मनसा दिवसान्निनाय
शश्वत्प्रियास्मरणजातवियोगवहिः ॥

TEAR DROPS

S. SUNDARARAJAN B. Sc. (Hons)
[Old Student.]

—:—:—

शोकः श्लोकमिषेण गीयत इति ख्यातामधोवर्तिनीं
श्लोकानां सरणिं विगाह्य विबुधा लोकस्थितादर्शिनाम् ।
तस्यां तादृशि तत्र तत्र निरताः दुःखाभिपन्ना भृशं
चेतःक्षालकमश्रुबिन्दुनिवहं संवर्धयध्वं चिरम् ॥ १ ॥

जात्यन्धश्च कृतान्धवेषरचनः नेत्रे निमील्यात्मनः
द्वौ भिक्षू धृतकुण्डिकौ प्रतिदिनं छायादुमूलाश्रयौ ।
पान्थैः कुण्डिकयोस्समं करुणया दत्तं तु वित्तं पुनः
सर्वं वेषधरः प्रतार्य हरतीत्यन्धः कथं बुध्यताम् ॥

पूर्वं रूप्यशतं सुवर्णवलयं हीरांगुलीयं ततः
भर्तुर्वैश्मनि धृष्टमुष्टमभवच्चोरो न दृष्टः पुनः ।
विश्वासी गतकल्मषः चकितधीः कालेरितस्सेवकः
कष्टं काष्ठहृदीक्षितोऽथ घटितस्सर्वापराधैरपि ॥

सायं संविकचं सुगन्धि कुसुमं मलीलतायां सितं
मां भृङ्गाः परिवार्य मञ्जु मधुने गुञ्जैरुत्थुत्सुकम् ।
आहो वासकसज्जिकाकचभरं तं वासयिष्याम्यहं
इत्युत्कण्ठं विलूनपिष्टमथितं बालेन लीलावता ॥

लीलालोलमुखालकेन ललिता खिन्ना सभूषाखना
बाला वारिधितीरशुभ्रपुलिने सौधावलीं सैकतैः ।
कृच्छ्रेण प्रसभं ससर्ज धवलैस्तां फेनिलैस्सागरः
हासेन प्रसते स वीचिनिचयैस्सा हन्त भग्नोद्यमा ॥

दृष्ट्वा निर्मलधौतवस्त्रधनिनः कश्चिद्बुभूषस्तथा
दीनो धावयितुं स्वमेकवसनं दत्ते स कार्वापणे ।
यत्नैर्वित्तमुपार्ज्य देयदिवसे दत्त्वा गृहीत्वाऽम्बरं
तस्मिन्नायति पङ्क्तिं पथि पटो वाताहतस्सोऽपतत् ॥

पान्थेभ्यो विततार पवनविडम्बितां सुखाश्रमिनीं
 शस्यानि क्षुधिताय पर्णनिवहं प्रादात्पशुभ्यस्तथा ।
 आवासं च ददौ विहंगमकुलायान्योपकारी तरुः
 छित्त्वा नीयत एष कालवशतः कोऽप्यत्र नो रोदिति ॥
 भुक्तं साधु मनश्च तृप्तमधुना गायामि तस्मादिति
 मण्डूकः स्वरितैः प्लुतैश्च रटितुं केदारिके प्रोद्यतः ।
 शब्दं तस्य निशम्य कोऽपि भुजगः भक्ष्यं ग्रहीतुं शनैः
 सर्पन्मृष्टत एत्य तं स्ववदने जग्राह हा हन्त हा ॥
 आप्रातस्समयादनार्जितवत्तसायं धनी कश्चना-
 रूढः शाकटिकस्य यानमथ तद्देहाय गच्छन्पथि ।
 स्तेनैस्सायुधमागतैः कतिपयैः यानस्थवित्तार्थिभिः
 दीनश्शाकटिकः प्रताड्य निहतः कालः कमुत्त्यक्ष्यति ॥
 पित्रोः जर्जरिताङ्गयोः पलितयोः भ्रातुः परेषां तथा
 बालस्यावरजस्य लोचनपथान्निष्क्राम्य विसम्भतः ।
 कान्ते कामवशे प्रियाऽधरमुधापानाय पीनायते
 वक्षोजे परिरभ्य यत्नवति हा तवागता चेष्टिका ॥
 पूर्वादत्तमृगं प्रदाय परिणेष्यामि प्रियां तां मम
 सानन्दं तदनन्तरं सह तथा तत्तच्च कुर्यामिति ।
 दृष्ट्वा प्रौढमचिन्तयत्स तरुणो रम्भावन् स्वं मुदा
 तस्यामेव निशि प्रवातकदिताः सर्वाः कदल्यो मृताः ॥
 वित्तोपार्जनहेतवे प्रियतमे कान्ते विदेशं गते
 तन्वी प्रोषितभर्तृका प्रतिदिनं तल्लेखमुत्पश्यति ।
 एकस्मिन् दिवसे कुतोऽपि लिखितं केनापि दृष्ट्वाऽऽत्मने
 “हा नाथ क गतोऽसि हे”ति रुदती भ्रष्टा पुनर्नोत्थिता ॥
 चञ्च्वा शुष्कतृणानि काष्ठशकलान्याहृत्य चैकैकशः
 क्रौञ्चः कश्चन कान्तया सह बबन्धावासनीडं द्रुमे ।
 काले साऽण्डमसूत तौ च मुदितौ गत्वा निवृत्तौ यदा
 नीडं निर्मथितं तदाऽण्डमभवत्पीतं बिडालेन तत् ॥
 मृत्पात्री मल्लिनाम्बरः कृशवपुः भिक्षुः क्षुधा पीडितः
 याचन्सर्वत एव किञ्चन दिवा लेभे पुराणौदनम् ।

विश्रान्तः करवाणि भोजनमिति प्रादाय वीथ्यां चलन्
 यानेनातिरयेण पातितहतो भुक्तं तदन्नं शुना ॥
 बन्धुर्नास्ति गतिश्च नास्ति भुवने नाथो विपन्नश्च मे
 एकोऽयं गतिरित्यतीव दृढया प्रीत्वाभ्यया वर्धितः ।
 वात्सल्यं त्वविचिन्त्य मातृसविधं हित्वा गतस्स कचित्
 तं दीना परिदेवनैः मृगयते नैकोऽपि वार्ताहरः ॥
 “दारुणैकनिधे विधे भुवि मया किं वाऽपराद्धं त्वयि
 सप्राणस्य वपुर्यतो मम सदा रोगैश्शनैः कृन्तसि ।
 व्याधिग्राहभिया सखा विमुखतां लोकश्च सावज्ञतां
 पत्नी निस्पृहतां सुतोऽप्यदयतां याताः क्षते क्षारवत् ॥”
 जातश्चूततरौ वसन्तसमये रागान्वितस्सुन्दरः
 हूतानेकपिको मृदुः किसलयो वातेरितो नन्दति ।
 जानीते न तु कालदुर्गतिमयं येन क्रमेणाहतः
 धूतः पीततनुः पतेदुत नरैः लूयेत शीर्येत वा ॥
 अज्ञानेन पथि स्थिते निपतितः कूपे पुराणे नरः
 दुर्गन्धे द्रुमपाशवल्लिजटिले नक्राकुले वारिणि ।
 क्रामन्पाणिपदाहतैस्स कथमप्यालम्ब्य लम्बद्रुमं
 प्रायेणोदतरद्यदा निपतितः भूयश्शिलाभिस्तदा ॥
 भ्रातः पश्य रसालवृक्ष फलने त्वं यावदात्तश्रमः
 लोकश्चैष फलैकतत्परतिया त्वां तावदेवेहते ।
 यावत्केवलकाष्ठकल्पिततनुः शुष्कः पुनस्तिष्ठसि
 तावत्त्वामदयं निपात्य खननैरेधार्थमादास्यसे ॥
 एकाकी सुचिराय दुःखितमनाः पुंस्कोकिलः कोऽपि तत्
 कान्तारे विचरन् कथंचन ददर्शान्ते प्रियां काञ्चन ।
 कृत्वा प्रेमकथाः प्रमोदविवशः यावत्समाश्लेष्यत्
 तावद्धन्त वनान्तशिल्पिपरचितं शिल्पं तदित्यग्रहीत् ॥
 प्रागुक्तं भवभूतिनामकविना शस्ते स्वके नाटके
 एकः कारुणिको रसः तदितरे तस्यैव वैवर्तिकाः ।
 लोकोऽयं तदिहात्मनीनचरिते नानारसे निष्ठितं
 सर्वान्तर्गतजीवकल्पकरुणं पश्यत्वितिदं कृतम् ॥

नाम्नि किमस्ति ?

मम तु एकदा एकेन मित्रेण वाक्स्पर्धा अजायत । सोऽवदत् “नाम्नि किमस्ति ? कस्यचित् विश्वसुन्दर राव इति नाम विद्येत । परन्तु सः अतीव अवयवः भवेत् । कस्याश्चित् सुभाषिणी इति नाम भवति । सा सदा दुष्टवाक्यानि वदेच्चेत्, तस्याः नाम अन्वर्थं कुतः ? यं कमपि अन्वर्थेनामधेयं न शृणोमि ” इति । तदा मया उक्तं “मित्र ! मा मैवम्, अहं एकां गाथां कथयिष्यामि । तदा भवान् चिन्तयतु नाम्नि किमस्तीति ” इति । एवमुक्त्वा अधोकां गाथां तस्य अवदम् ।

पूर्वं उज्जयिन्यां विक्रमार्कभूपतिः आसीत् । सः पराक्रमशाली, विद्यावान्, दयाशीलश्च । धन्वन्तरिः, क्षणकः, अमरसिंहः, शङ्खः, वेतालभट्टः, घटकर्परः, कालिदासः, वराहमिहिरः, वररुचिः इति प्रसिद्धाः नवपण्डिताः “नवरत्नानि” इति नाम्ना तस्य आस्थानं अलङ्कृतवन्तः । तेषु वराहमिहिरः नक्षत्रशास्त्रे महान् पण्डितः । तेन विरचितः नक्षत्रशास्त्रग्रन्थः नक्षत्रशास्त्रे उन्नतस्थानं प्राप्नोति । तस्य वराहमिहिरः इत्यन्वर्थेनामधेयं एवं प्रकारेण भवति ।

उज्जयिन्याः कस्मिंश्चित् ग्रामे कौचन ब्राह्मणदम्पती वसतः । तयोश्च संतानः नासीत् । स भूसुरः स्वकुलदैवं सवितारमुद्दिश्य धोरं तपश्चकार । अचिरादेव तुष्टः प्रभाकरः सुगुणसंपन्नः पण्डितः यशस्वी पुत्रः तव भविष्यतीति स्वप्ने उक्तवान् । तथाविधः बालकः तयोः अजायत । प्रभाकरप्रसादाज्जात इति तस्य मिहिरः इति नामकृतम् ।

मिहिरः बाल्ये एव षट्शास्त्राणि पठित्वा अतीव पण्डितः अभवत् । एकदा मिहिरः पश्चिमाद्रिं भगवति सवितरि प्रविशति, भगवते अर्घ्यं ददाति स्म । तस्मिन्नेव प्रच्छन्नवेषधारिणौ विक्रमार्कभट्टी नरपति मन्त्रिणौ । तत्रागत्य तं दृष्ट्वा “आवयोः कस्यांदिशि अतीव वर्तकलाभः भविष्यतीति अपृच्छताम् । मिहिरः किञ्चित् गणनं कृत्वा ईषद्विहस्य “युवां न वणिजौ, परन्तु नरपतिमन्त्रिणौ ” । मां ज्योतिषे परीक्षितुं एवं कृतवन्तौ ” इत्युक्तवान् । तस्य ज्योतिषप्रज्ञां अभिनन्द्य राजा विक्रमार्कः स्वमास्थानं अलङ्कृतुं मिहिरं प्रार्थयामास, मिहिरोपि अङ्गीचकार ।

एवं गच्छति सति विक्रमार्कस्य पुत्रः अजायत । दैवज्ञाः सर्वे नरपतिप्रार्थनामनुसृत्य जन्मपलं विलिख्य “बालकः वनमृगेण मरणं प्राप्स्यतीति ऊचुः । मिहिरोपि सम्यग्गणित्वा ” कुमारकः सप्तदशवर्षे वराहनखदंष्ट्रेण मरणं प्राप्स्यति । मरणं रोद्धुं न कोपि शक्नोती ” त्यवदत् । खिन्नः विक्रमार्कः पुरुषप्रयत्नोपिति कर्तव्यः इति मत्वा महाप्रासादमेकं विरचय्य सर्वान् सभारान्, आवश्यकवस्तूनि निक्षिप्य अन्यैर्बालकैस्सह बालकं तस्मिन्निवेश्य “यस्मै कस्मै अपि प्रवेशः न दातव्यः ” इत्याज्ञाप्य सायुधान् भटान् प्रासादं रक्षितुं नियुक्तवान् । कुमारः एवंविधं सावधानं प्रसादे रक्षितः अतः तस्य मरणं न संभविष्यतीति सोऽमन्यत ।

इत्थं षोडशवर्षाण्यतीतानि । बालकः प्रासादे एव मित्रैः साकं क्रीडन् विद्यामधीते स्म । सर्वे जनाः ईदृशस्य रक्षितस्य बालकस्य वराहेण मरणं कथं संभविष्यति । षोडशवर्षाण्यतीतानि, बालकः सजीव

एव । मिहिरस्य वाक् मिथ्या भविष्यतीति अमन्यन्त । केचन दिनकर प्रसादलब्धस्य मिहिरस्य वाक् मिथ्या न भविष्यतीति अतर्कयन् । राजा मिहिरं दृष्ट्वा तिरस्कार भावं प्रदर्शयन् “आर्य ! भवतः वाणी स्वलिता भविष्यतीति मे शङ्का । बालकः अद्यपर्यन्तं सजीवः । तस्य मरणं कुतः ? यदि बालकः भवतोक्तरीत्या मरणं प्राप्स्यति चेत् अनया राजलाञ्छनया मम वराहमुद्रिकया भवन्तं अलङ्कुरिष्यामि । इयं मम प्रतिज्ञा ” इत्युवाच । अखलितधैर्यः मिहिरोपि “राजन् ! अप्रतिहतामे वाक् । इयं साक्षाद्भवतः प्रभाकरस्य वाणी । यदि तव कुमारः मरणं न प्राप्स्यति, इमं देशं त्यक्त्वा अटवीं गमिष्यामि । यदि तव बालकः जीविष्यति मत्तः कोऽन्यः हर्षं प्राप्स्यति ? इति प्रतिप्रतिज्ञां चकार ।

मिहिरस्य वाक्यमनुसृत्य बालकमरणस्य विंशतिक्षणा एव आसन् । प्रतिक्षणं प्रासादात् भटः आगत्य “बालकः सजीवः इति वदति स्म । यदा विंशतिक्षणाः अतीताः, मिहिरः राजानं “राजन् ! तव बालकः उपरतः । प्रासादं गत्वा वयं सर्वे कलेवरं पश्यामः इत्युक्त्वा राजा अन्यैस्सह मिलित्वा प्रासादं गच्छत् । तत्र कोष्ठे अन्येषु बालेषु कुमारः नासीत् । कुमारः अद्य एव प्राङ्गणे शीतलानिलं सेवितुं आभ्यन्तर-प्रदेशं गतः इति सर्वे बालकाः ऊचुः । यदा विक्रमार्कः प्राङ्गणं गत्वा पश्यति, तत्र किमस्ति ? भयङ्करदृश्यम् । बालकः उपरतः । खट्वायां रक्तसिक्तकलेवरः दृष्टः । किमिदं आश्चर्यं असां प्रतम् ? तस्य मरणं कथं भूतम् ? यदा कुमारः खट्वायां किञ्चित् अशेत, तदा महावायुसंचलितेन प्रासादोपरि ध्वजस्तंभात् महानाय-सवराहः कुमारस्य वक्षःस्थले पतित्वा, नखदंष्ट्रैः बालकं जघान । राजा किञ्चिदिव दुःखितः । स वराह मिहिरं सादरं गाढं परिपूज्य तस्य पादयोः पतित्वा “आचार्य ! भवतः वाण्यां अज्ञानेन मया तिरस्कारः प्रदर्शितः । मां कृपया क्षमस्व । ईदृशो दैवज्ञः ममास्थाने अस्ति चेत्, इदं मम महत्तरभाग्यादृते किमन्यत् ? मम प्रतिज्ञामनुसृत्य इयं राजलाञ्छिता वराहमुद्रिका भवतश्शीर्षं अलङ्करोतु । अद्य प्रभृति भवतः “वराह-मिहिरः ” इत्यन्वर्थेनामधेयं भवतु इत्युवाच । मिहिरोपि नरपतिप्रार्थनामङ्गीकृत्य वराहमुद्रिकां स्वीचकार । ततः प्रभृति सः वराहमिहिरः इत्यन्वर्थं नामधेयोऽभूत् ।

एतांमम गाथां श्रुत्वा, मम सुहृत् “अद्य एव कश्चिदप्युदाहरणेन श्रुतम् । अन्वर्थेनामधेयाः अद्यतनदिनेषु अल्पसंख्याः किल ” इत्यवदत् । ततः प्रभृति सः नाम्निज्ञातव्यं किमप्यस्तीति वदति ।

K. S. R. DATTA
III Hons. Sanskrit

वे अमर हैं ॥

By

रामसुब्रह्मण्यन III BSc.

त्याग आग में जो धुस्ते
वे हो जाते हैं अमर,
प्यार की हरियाली रास्ते
जो पकड़ते, होते हैं अमर।

जो करते मातृ भूमी की रक्षा,
वे स्थापित होते त्याग की मूर्ति,
देते हैं वे अपने दान की शिक्षा
और पाते हर क्षण सच्ची कीर्ती।

हैं वे अमर होते हर बात में
जो मरते में अन्य के सुधार
जो देते अपने को दुखी के हाथ में,
वे होते सब लोगों के आधार।

जो स्वर्गसिधारे कर्तव्य पालन में,
होते वे ही इतिहास में मोती,
जो हित करते राज्य परिपालन में,
वे हो जाते निजी अमर ज्योती।



प्यार का मूल्य

रात दो बजे हो गया है। सन्नाटा फैल गया। साराशहर, जहाँ नवावी टाटपाट हो रहा था, अब बच्चे की तरह सो रहा था। गलियों में कुछ बिजली की लैम्ब, रेशमी देती रहती थी। सभी लोग, उनके अलावा जो चोर थे, धनी थे, लेखक थे, बुरे वर्ताववाले थे, और जिनकी शादी हो गयी है; निर्विन्त सो रहे थे। जिस शहर में सारे दिन तोपों की वर्षा हुई थी अब एकश्मशान की तरह लेट रहा था। किसी गली में एक कुत्ता भूँक रहा था।

सिंग मियाँ गली में एक घर। वह शायद अपनी उम्र की याद दे रही थी। एक कमरा है। मोम का एक बत्ती जल रहा था। एक बड़ा मेज़ था। ऊपर चौबीस पंचीस वर्ष, का एक युव लेट रहा था। शायद वह युद्ध में मार खाया था। हाथ, पैट सिर में पट्टियाँ बांधी थीं। शायद एक दिन से अधिक वह वहाँ रहता है। बहे बहोश में था। अब होश आ गया और वह पूँछता है। “तुम एक अच्छे जगह में हो। चिन्ता न करो। इस दूध को पीलो।” ऐसा ही जवाब मिलता है। उसके आखों के ऊपर भी पट्टियाँ होने के बजह वह अंधा हो गया है। मगर उसे यह नहीं मालूम की वह कहां है।

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इंग्लैंड के आरमीयन गली में पचासवां घर। एक दम्पति और उनका एक बेटा था। शायद वह बेटा ही उनका सारा सम्पत्ति था। देखने में वह बहुत सुंदर था। वह बी० ए० पास कर चुका था। सेवा में वह एक लेफ्टिनेंट था। जब यह खबर मिली कि, जावान सेना सिंगबूर में हमला करने लगे हैं तब, वह लेफ्टिनेंट “सार्लिस” उसका नाम था, एक बड़ा फौज़ लेकर मलाया चला गया। माँने, देश की रक्षा के लिए बेटे को इतना कहकर भेज दिया कि, “जो लड़नेवाले नहीं, उनके ऊपर हाथ न रखना।”

जब वह एक विभाग को अपने साथ लेकर लड़ने चला, तब किसी तरह दुश्मनों को यह मालूम हो गया कि, वही लेफ्टिनेंट स्पर्स है, तुरंत एक गोली उसके ताहिने हाथ में लगा।

बस दूसरा एक पैर में। वह नीचे गिर गया। जब यह खबर दुश्मनों को मालूम हुई, तभी चारों ओर से मोलियाँ आने लगीं जिनके सामने अंग्रेजी सेना ठिका नहीं सका। एक दम सभी सैन्य लड़ते-लड़ते पीछे चलने लगे। दूसरा लेफ्टिनेंट सर मियू ने जब लेफ्टिनेंट सार्लिस के डेरे में यह देखा, कि वहाँ सार्लिस नहीं है, तो उसे मालूम हुआ कि अपने जान बचाने में कोई भी सार्लिस को ले आने को तैयार नहीं था, और उसी को, युद्ध भूमी में छोड़ गये हैं। अब मियू को कुछ न सूझा। वह वहाँ सिर में हाथ रखकर बैठ गया।

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सवेरा था। सात बजे की घंटी अब बजती है। उस युव के सिरका पट्टियां को कोई दूर कर रहा है। अब वह क्या देखता है अपने सामने एक बुद्ध चित्र को देखता है। मेज़ के पास एक लेडी डाक्टर को देखता है। उसने कुछ क्षण तक उस नवयौवन सुन्धरी को देखा। उसकी छोटी, मृग जैसी नेत्रों में मुक्त हो गया है। आप....उसने अंग्रेजी में पूछने लगा। तुरंत ही, हाँ, मैं डाक्टर यून्सी हूँ। आप इस दवाको पहले पीलीजिये,” अंग्रेजी में सुन्दर जवाब मिला। चुपसे वह दवा पीलिया। उसे अब माँ की याद आ गयी। साथ ही सभी विषयों को याद करने लगा। “मैं अब कहाँ हूँ? आप एक” सेफ़्टी जगह में रहते हैं जहाँ गोलियाँ नहीं, दुश्मन नहीं मगर.....। मगर तो, आप एक जावानी.....। कोई चिन्ता नहीं कीजिये। जब मैंने आपको पहले पहल देखा, तब से.....। अच्छी बात मैं किसी को खबर नहीं दूँगी। सुनते सुनते उस युव ने वह वीस उम्र की बालिका के माँ के चूम लिया और लेट गया।

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दो दिन भीत गये। इतने में यह मालूम हो गया कि अंग्रेजीयों ने विजय पालिया है। जावान सैन्य द्वार मानकर अब चुप हो गये हैं। सारे शहर अब अंग्रेजों के वश में आ गया है। मगर यह नहीं मालूम हुआ कि, सार्लिस का क्या हाल हुआ।

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वह युवक अब सीधे चल सकता है। फिर भी वह अधिक दूर तक नहीं चल सकता। दवा, खाना और सभी सेवा शुश्रूषा हो रहा है। यून्सी को यह नहीं मालूम कि वह युव का क्या नाम है। फिर भी उसने उस युवक से नाम नहीं पूछा था।

दो पहर हो गये हैं। वह युव उस सुंदरी की जोड़ में सिर रखकर बाले रहा था। शायद उस सुंदरी के साथ शादी करने की इच्छा प्रकट कर रहा था। वह युवती चुन चाप रहती थी। मगर आखों से आँसू बहने लगी। क्या हुआ? क्यों रोती हो? युवक ने पूछा कुछ रक्षण के बाद यह जावान निकली कि, मेरा पिता युद्ध में मर चुके हैं। उस का नाम था कमांडर वाऊन्। बालिका अकेली रहती है। यद्यपि वह युवक उसे प्यार करता था हफ़िरी भी, उसे यह शक थी, कि, उस युव की माँ बाप एक जावानी बहूँ को पसंद करें। मैं सोचता हूँ, आप सीधे किसी अंग्रेजी लेडी से शादी कर लीजिये। मैं आप के याद में ही जीवन बिता लूँगी इतने में, सार्लिस; तुम और एक दुश्मन के घर में एक दुश्मन लेडी के साथ कमरे की दरवाज़े से शब्द निकले। एक दम, यून्सी को मालूम हुआ कि वही लेफ़्टिनेंट सार्लिस:” बस एक क्षण में यह देखी कि एक पिस्टल से गोल आ रही है। बीच में वह भागकर चली, है बुद्ध शब्द करती हुई नीचे गिर पड़ी जब सार्लिस ने अपने जीवन प्रेमिका को मरते हुए देखा, तुरंत ही अपने ज़ेब से पिस्टल ले लिया और.....। वहाँ दो, लख गये।

जब माँ को यह मालूम हुई कि, अपना बेटा जो युद्ध भूमी से जीवित होकर फिर भी मर गया है तब वह बेहोश हो गई।

N. RAMASUBRAMANIAM
III B Sc

ಎಳು ಕೆರೆ ನೀರು ಕುಡಿಸಿದ್ದು.

ವಿ. ಸೂ. :- ಧಾರವಾಡದತ್ತ ಕಡೆ ಹಳ್ಳಿಮೂಲೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕನ್ನಡವು ಮನೆಮಾತಾಗಿ ಹೇಗೆ ನಿಂತಿರುವುದೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸಲು ಈ ಲೇಖನವನ್ನು ಕೊಡಲಾಗಿದೆ. ಕನ್ನಡ ಗದ್ಯಶೈಲಿಯ ಸ್ವಾರಸ್ಯವಾದ ಒಂದು ಮುಖವನ್ನು ಇಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಬಹುದು.

ಒಂದು ಪೂರಾಗ ಒಂದು ದಂಪತಿಗಳು ಇದ್ದು. ಅವರು ಸಾಧಾರಣ ಅಸ್ತಿ ಇದ್ದವರು. ಮದುವೆ ಆಗಿ ಹತ್ತು ವರ್ಷದವರಿಗೂ ಸುಖವಾಗಿ ಇದ್ದು. ಅವರಿಗೆ ಸಂತಾನ ಆಗಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಹೆಂಡತಿ ಭಾಳ ಸತಿವ್ರತೆ. ಆಕೀನ ನಿರಾಕರಿಸಿ ದುರ್ವ್ಯಾಪಾರದಿಂದ ಬೇರೆ ಮಾರ್ಗ ಹಿಡಿದು ಪೂರುಬಿಟ್ಟು ಗಂಡ ಬೇರೆ ಪಟ್ಟದೊಳಗೆ ಪ್ರವೇಶಮಾಡಿದಾ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬ ಜಮೀನ್ದಾರನ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಗುಮಾಸ್ತ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಾ. ಪೂಟವುಸಚಾರ, ರಾತ್ರಿವಾಸ, ವಬ್ಬ ದಾಸಿ ಮನೀಲಿಮಾಡಿ ಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾ. ಹೀಗೆ ಕೆಲವು ದಿನಗಳಾದುವು. ಪಾಪ, ಹೆಂಡತಿ ಇನ್ನೂ ಚಿಕ್ಕವಳು. ಆದರೆ, ಅವಳು ಓದಿದಾಕಿ. ಬಹಳ ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತೆ, ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ನೈದ್ಯಿಕಿಕೂಡಾ ತಿಳಿದಿತ್ತು. ಒಂದು ವುಪಾಯದಿಂದ ಗಂಡನನ್ನು ಹುಡುಕಿ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನ ಮಾಡಿ ಕರಕೊಂಡು ಬರಬೇಕು ಅಂತ, ಆಲೋಚನೆಮಾಡಿ ಆಕಿ ಒಂದು ಪ್ಲಾನು ಹಾಕಿದಳು. ಹೀಗೇ ಹೋದ್ರೆ ವುಪಯೋಗವಿಲ್ಲ, ಅದ ಕಾರಣ ನಾನು ಗಂಡು ವೇಷಧಾರಿಯಾಗಿ ಹೋದ್ರೆ ಈ ಕೆಲಸ ನೆರವೇರಬಹುದು, ಅಂದುಕೊಂಡು, ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಏರ್ಪಾಡುಗಳೂ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ತನ್ನ ಸತಿ ಇದ್ದ ಪೂರುಸ್ತಳ ವಿಚಾರಿಸಿ, ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಆಕಿ ಪೂರಹೊರಗೆ ಒಂದು ರೂಮಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಇದ್ದು, ಆ ಪೂರಲ್ಲಾ ಸುತ್ತಿ ತನ್ನ ಸತಿ ಇಂಥ ಸ್ತಳದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೀಗಿದ್ದಾನೆ ಅಂತ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕಂಡುಕೊಂಡಳು.

ಆಕಿ ತನ್ನ ಪೂರುಪನು ದಿನಾಲೂ ರಾತ್ರಿ ಆ ದಾಸಿ ಮನೀಗೆ ಹೋಗುವುದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿಕೊಂಡಳು. ಮರುದಿವಸ ಬೆಳಗ್ಗೆ ಆಕಿ ಆ ದಾಸಿ ಮನೀಗೆ ತಾನು ಸಾಧಾರಣ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ವೇಷದಲ್ಲೇ ಪ್ರವೇಶಮಾಡಿ, ಆಕೀನ ಸ್ನೇಹದ ರೀತೀಲೇ ವಶಮಾಡಿ ಕೊಂಡು, ದಿನಾಲೂ ಆಕಿ ಹತ್ರ ಬರತಾ ಇದ್ದಳು. ಅವಳು ಆ ದಾಸಿಮನೀಗೆ ಬಂದಾಗಮಾತ್ರ ಮಾರವಾಡಿನೇಷ ಹಾಕು ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಒಂದು ದಿವಸ ಅವನು ಇವಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಮೋಹಿಸಿ ಮರುದಿವಸ ಆ ದಾಸಿ ಹತ್ರ ಪ್ರಶ್ನಮಾಡಿದಾ. ‘ಹ್ಯಾಗಾರ ಮಾಡಿ ಅವಳನ್ನು ನನ್ನ ವಶಮಾಡು, ನೀನು ಏನು ಕೇಳಿದ್ರಾ ಕೊಡತೀನಿ’ ಅಂದಾ. ಮರುದಿವಸ ಇದೇ ಪ್ರಕಾರ ದಾಸಿ ಆಕೀಗೆ ತಿಳಿಸಿದಳು. ಅವಳಿಗೂ ಅದೇ ಬೇಕಾಗಿರೋದು ಮನಸಿನಾಗ. ಅವಳು, ದಾಸಿಯೊಡನೆ “ಏನು ತಾಯಿ, ನಾನು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಗಳ ಸಮಾನ, ಏನು ಬಂದ್ರಾ ನಿಮ್ಮದೇ. ಅದೇ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಇಷ್ಟಬಂದಂತೆ ಮಾಡ್ತೀ” ಅಂದಳು. ಅಂದು ರಾತ್ರಿ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಮಗಳಿಗೆ ಬರಹೇಳಿದಳು. ಅವನು ದಿನಾಲೂ ಬರುವಂತೆ ದಾಸಿಯಮನೀಗೆ ಬಂದಾ, ಆಗ ಅವಳು ಎಲ್ಲಾ ವಿಷಯ ಗಳೂ ತಿಳಿಸಿ “ಅವಳು ಒಂದು ಸಾವಿರ ರೂಪ್ಯಾ ಕೇಳತಾಕೆ, ನೀನೇನಂತೀರಿ” ಅಂದಳು. ಅವನು, “ಇಷ್ಟೇನಾ, ಓ, ನಮ್ಮ ಜಮೀಂದಾರನನ್ನ ಕೇಳಿ ತರತ್ತೀನಿ” ಅಂತ ಒಪ್ಪಿದ. “ಅವಳು ಮುಸಲ್ಮಾನರವಳಂತೆ, ನೀವು ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣರು. ಅವಳ ಜಾತಿಯ ಫಲಾಹಾರಗಳು ಎಲ್ಲಾ ನೀವು ಭಕ್ಷಿಸಬೇಕು.” “ಸರಿ” ಅಂದಾ ಆತ. ಅವಳು ಆ ರಾತ್ರಿ ಅಲ್ಲೇ ವಾಸ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಳು.

ഇങ്ങിനെയിരിക്കുമ്പോൾ ഒരു ദിവസം ഗോപി ഉച്ചക്ക് ടിഫിനും കഴിഞ്ഞു പതിവു പോലെ ചുണ്ടിലൊരു സിഗരറ്റുമായി ലൈബ്രറിയിലേക്കുപോയി. അപ്പോഴാണ് തന്റെ ഒരു സ്നേഹിതൻ അന്നത്തെ പത്രത്തിലെ ഒരു പരസ്യം വായിച്ചു കേൾപ്പിച്ചത്. “സിനിമ

യിൽ അഭിനയിക്കുവാൻ ആഗ്രഹമുള്ളവർ 25 രൂപാ മണിമാർഡറും, പോസ്റ്റ് കാർഡ് സൈസീ വുള്ള ഫോട്ടോവും സഹിതം അപേക്ഷിക്കുക. പോസ്റ്റ് ബോക്സ് നമ്പർ 102; എക്സ് പ്രസ്സ് മദ്രാസ്." ഇതു കേട്ടമാത്രയിൽ ഗോപി കൂട്ടുകാരന്റെ കയ്യിൽനിന്ന് പേപ്പർ തട്ടിപ്പിടുങ്ങി പരസ്യം തന്നത്താനെന്നു വായിച്ചു. ഇതു കണ്ടമാത്രയിൽ അയാൾ തന്റെ ആസ്ഥാനത്തിൽ നിന്നിരുന്ന സ്ഥലത്തുനിന്ന് ഒരു ചാട്ടംചാടി. പരസ്യം പരിപ്രാവശ്യം വായിച്ചു. 25 കയല്ലെ; സാരമില്ല. 250 ക ആയാൽ പോലും വല്ലവരുടെ കയ്യിൽനിന്നും കടംവാങ്ങിയെങ്കിലും അയക്കാൻ ഗോപി തയ്യാറാണ്. ഗോപിക്ക് തന്റെ ഭാഗ്യപരമാവദേഹവെപ്പറ്റി ചിന്തിച്ചപ്പോൾ എന്തു ചെയ്യണമെന്നറിയാതെയായി. മണിയടിച്ച കൂട്ടുകാരെല്ലാം ക്ലാസ്സിലേക്കു പോയി. ഗോപി ബൈബ്രറിയിൽ ഏകാകിയായിരുന്നു കൊണ്ട് ഗ്രൂപ്പുപ്രതീക്ഷകൾ നെയ്തെടുക്കുകയാണ്. എല്ലാതെരുവുകളുടെ ചുവരുകളിലും, പോസ്റ്റ്കളിലും, എല്ലാം തന്റെ പല പോസ്റ്റുകളുള്ള ഫോട്ടോകൾ നിറയും. തന്റെ കൂട്ടുകാരും, പരിചയക്കാരെല്ലാം ഒരു ദിവസം പത്രത്തിന്റെ മുൻപേജിൽ തന്റെ വിവിധ ഭാവത്തിലുള്ള ഫോട്ടോകൾ കാണുമ്പോൾ അതിശയിക്കയും, അസൂയപ്പെടുകയോ ചെയ്യും. പിന്നെ തന്റെ സ്ഥിതിയെന്താണ്? എപ്പോഴും എങ്കിലുമെന്റുകൾ! അടുത്ത പർവ്വം തന്റെ കോളേജിലെ ഫൈനാൽ സ്റ്റുഡന്റിന്റെ ഉൽഘാടനത്തിന് ആദ്യമായി ക്ഷണിക്കുന്നത് തന്നെ തന്നെയായിരിക്കും. താൻ കാരിൽനിന്നിറങ്ങുമ്പോഴെല്ലാം ആളുകൾ തടിച്ചുകൂടും! തന്നെ ഒന്നു കാണാൻ! ഇങ്ങിനെ പലപല ചിന്തകളും ഗോപിയുടെ മനസ്സിലൂടെ കടന്നുപോയി. ഗോപി അന്നുതന്നെ 25 രൂപാ ഉണ്ടാക്കി അപേക്ഷ അയച്ചു.

നാലാം ദിവസം ഗോപിക്ക് മറുപടികിട്ടി. ഒക്ടോബർ 10-ാം തീയതി കൃത്യം 1 മണിക്ക് സ്റ്റുഡിയോയിൽ ഫാജറാകണം. അന്നു തീയതിയാണെങ്കിൽ 8 ആയി പക്ഷെ ഒരു ദിവസമല്ലെ വേണ്ട, മലിരാശിയിലെത്താൻ.

കത്തു വായിച്ചപ്പോൾ ഗോപിയുടെ ഹൃദയം തുടിച്ചു. പിന്നത്തെ ഗോപിയുടെ ചിന്തയെല്ലാം എങ്ങിനെയാണ് വീട്ടിൽനിന്നും പോവുക എന്നായിരുന്നു അച്ഛനോടു പറഞ്ഞാൽ തീർച്ചയായും സമ്മതിക്കില്ല. "ഒരു മാനമുള്ള കുടുംബത്തിൽ പിറന്നത്", കണ്ട പെണ്ണുങ്ങളുടെ കൂടെ ആടുവാനും പാടുവാനും നിനക്കു നാണമില്ലല്ലോ?" എന്നും പറഞ്ഞ് അച്ഛൻ തന്റെ കോളേജു പഠിപ്പു മുതൽ നിറുത്തിയേയ്ക്കും ഗോപിയുടെ നാടകാഭിനയവും, സിനിമക്കുപോക്കുമെന്നും അച്ഛനറിയില്ല. ഒരു ദിവസം സിനിമക്കുപോയ ചിചരമറിഞ്ഞതിന്നു തന്നെ അച്ഛൻ പറഞ്ഞ ചീത്തക്ക് കയ്യും കണക്കുമില്ല. പിന്നെ സിനിമയിലഭിനയിക്കാതെന്നു പറഞ്ഞാൽ കേൾക്കണോ? ഗോപി ആകെ കറങ്ങി. പണമാണെങ്കിൽ ഒരു പത്തു നൂറു രൂപാവേണം. എങ്ങിനെ ഉണ്ടാക്കാനാണ്. അച്ഛന്റെ കയ്യിൽനിന്നും ഒരു ശില്പി പോലും കക്കാതൊക്കില്ല ഗോപി പല വഴികളുമാലോചിച്ചു അവസാനം ഒരു നല്ല പ്ലാൻ കണ്ടുപിടിച്ചു.

സെക്ഷൻറു് ടോ ഫീസുകൊടുക്കാനുള്ള അവസാന ദിവസത്തിൽ ഇനി രണ്ടുനാളെ ഉള്ള. ഗോപി വീട്ടിൽനിന്നും ഫീസിനു പണവോങ്ങി 80 രൂപാ തന്റെ ആവശ്യത്തിനായി

ധാരാളം മതിയാകും. ഇങ്ങിനെ തന്റെ പണത്തിനുള്ള അത്യാവശ്യവും ഫീസിന്റെ സമയവും ഒത്തുവന്നത് തീർച്ചയായും തന്റെ ശോഭനമായ ഭാവിയുടെ ഒരു സൂചനമാണെന്ന് ഗോപി കരുതി തന്റെ കോളേജുപഠിപ്പവസാനിപ്പിച്ച് ഒരു പ്രബല നടനാകാൻതന്നെ ഗോപി തീർച്ചയാക്കി.

ഗോപി ആരുമറിയാതെ, തന്റെ ഡ്രസ്സുകളെല്ലാം ഒരു സൂട്ട് കേസിലാക്കി അന്നത്തെ എക്സ് പ്രസ്സിൽത്തന്നെ ഒരു രണ്ടാംക്ലാസ്സു ടിക്കറ്റും വാങ്ങി സ്ഥലംപിടിച്ചു. വണ്ടി പുറപ്പെട്ടതോടെ ഗോപിയുടെ മനസ്സും യാത്രയാരംഭിച്ചു. സ്റ്റേഷനുകളിലെ ബഹളവും, വണ്ടിയുടെ കടകടാശബ്ദവും, നീണ്ട ചുളംവിളിയും ഒന്നും ഗോപിയുടെ കാതിൽ വീണില്ല. അന്നത്തെ രാത്രി ഗോപിയുടെ സ്വപ്നലോകത്തിൽ ഒരു നിമിഷംപോലെ കഴിഞ്ഞുപോയി. അന്നു വണ്ടി രണ്ടു മണിക്കൂർ ലേററാണ്. വണ്ടിയുടെ സാവധാനത്തിലുള്ള പോക്ക് ഗോപിക്ക് തീരെ പിടിച്ചില്ല. ഉച്ചക്ക് ഒരുമണിക്ക് സ്റ്റുഡിയോയിലെത്തണം ഗോപി വണ്ടിയിലിരുന്ന് കൊണ്ട് റെയിൽവേക്കാരെ ശപിച്ചു തുടങ്ങി. ഒരു വിധത്തിൽ 10 മണിയോടെ തീവണ്ടി മലിരാശിയിലെത്തി.

ഗോപി വേഗം സ്റ്റേഷനു പുറത്തുവന്ന് ഒരു ബേബി ടാക്സിയിൽക്കയറിയിരുന്നു. എങ്കെ പോകണം സാർ? ഡ്രൈവർ ചോദിച്ചു. 'വുഡ് ലാൻസ്' ഗോപി പറഞ്ഞു. വുഡ് ലാൻസിൽച്ചെന്ന് ഒരു റൂമെടുത്ത് ഗോപി തന്റെ ഷേവും, കുളിയും ഉണരമെല്ലാം വേഗത്തിൽ കഴിച്ചു. ഡ്രസ്സിങ്ങിനാണ് കുറെ സമയം ചിലവുചെയ്തത്. തന്റെ ഏറ്റവും നല്ല പാൻറും, ഷർട്ടും, ടൈയും എല്ലാം ധരിച്ച്, വളരെ പാടുപെട്ട് ഒരു ചില്ലറ 'മേക്കപ്പ്' കഴിച്ച് ഗോപി ഒരു കൊച്ചുസൂര്യനായിച്ചമഞ്ഞു. തന്റെ സർട്ടിഫിക്കറ്റുകളുമെല്ലാമെടുത്ത് ആൾ ഉടനെ ഒരു ടാക്സി പിടിച്ച് സ്റ്റുഡിയോയിലേക്കു തിരിച്ചു. ഏതാണ്ട് ഒരു മണിയോടുകൂടി ഗോപി സ്റ്റുഡിയോവാൽ ചെന്നിറങ്ങി. എങ്ങിനെയായാലും കൃത്യസമയത്തിൽ സ്റ്റുഡിയോയിലെത്തിയതിൽ ഗോപിക്ക് വളരെ ആശ്വാസമായി അവിടെ തന്നെ പ്ലോലെ കുറെപ്പേർക്കുടിഇൻറർവ്യൂവിനു വന്നിരിക്കുന്നതായിക്കണ്ടു. മത്സരത്തിനാളുകളുണ്ടെങ്കിലും തന്റെ അഭിനയവിരുതും, പെർസിനാലിറ്റിയുംകൊണ്ട് മറ്റൊരാളുവരേയും കവച്ചു വെക്കാമെന്നുള്ള പൂർണ്ണവിശ്വാസം ഗോപിക്കുണ്ടു്. ഇതിനുംപുറമെ തന്റെ സർട്ടിഫിക്കറ്റുകളും, മെഡലുകളുമെല്ലാം കാണുമ്പോൾ ആക്കായാലും തന്നെപ്പറ്റി ഒരു വലിയ അഭിപ്രായം വിഴാതെ കഴിയില്ല.

മുമ്പു വന്നവരെല്ലാം വെയിറ്റിങ്ങ് റൂമിൽ വരിയായി ക്യൂവിൽ ഇരിക്കുന്നതുകണ്ടു. ഗോപി നേരെ മാനേജരെകണ്ട് ഇൻഡർവുക്കാർഡും, സർട്ടിഫിക്കറ്റുകളുമെല്ലാം കൊടുത്തു മാനേജർ സർട്ടിഫിക്കറ്റുകളെല്ലാം തിരിച്ചുകൊടുത്ത് ഗോപിയോടു് ക്യൂവിൽചെന്നിരിക്കാൻ പറഞ്ഞു ഗോപിയാണ് ക്യൂവിൽ അവസാനത്തെയാൾ

കുറച്ചു സമയത്തിനുശേഷം മാനേജർ ഓരോരുത്തരെയായി ഒറ്റക്കു് പടം പിടിക്കുന്ന ബ്ലോക്കിലേക്കു വിളിച്ചു. ഓരോരുത്തരും പത്തുമിനിറ്റിനുശേഷം വേറെ വഴിയിൽക്കൂടി പുറത്തു വരുന്നതുകണ്ടു. തിരിച്ചുവരുന്നവരുടെ മുഖഭാവം വളരെ ശോചനീയമായിരുന്നു

ഇതു കണ്ടപ്പോൾ ഗോപിക്ക് ഉന്മേഷവും, ധൈര്യവും കൂടി. ഒരു പക്ഷെ വന്നവരിൽ ഏറ്റവും ഭംഗിയും കഴിവും ഉള്ള നടൻ താൻ മാത്രമായിരിക്കാം എന്നു പോലും ഗോപി വിചാരിച്ചു. അവസാനമായി ഗോപിയുടെ പേർ വിളിക്കപ്പെട്ടു. ഗോപി ഗാംഭീര്യംകലർന്ന ഭാവത്തോടെ സാവധാനത്തിൽ പടം പിടിക്കുന്ന സ്ഥലത്തേക്കു നടന്നു.

പതിനഞ്ചുമിനിറ്റിനുശേഷം, ചുക്കുന്ന ഫേസ് പെയന്ററും, കൈയ്യിൽ ടൈയ്യുമായി വിജയോല്പാദിപ്പിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് മറൈല്ലാവരെയും പോലെ ഗോപിയും സ്റ്റേജിനോടടുത്തു ചെന്നു. ഗോപിയുടെ തല ചുക്കുന്നു.

ഗോപിക്കു കിട്ടിയത് ഒരു പ്യൂണിന്റെ ഭാഗമാണ്. അങ്ങിനെ ഗോപിയുടെ ചിര കാലമായ ആശ അന്നു നിറവേറി. ഗോപി ഒരു സിനിമാ നടനായി!

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زندگی کی اصلاح کا ایک ذریعہ ہے شاعری کا نصیب العین زندگی کی رہبری ہے اور شاعر اپنے کلام میں ہمیشہ اسی کوشش میں مشغول، رہتا ہے کہ دنیا کو کچھ سبق سکھائے۔ ہم میں سے ہر ایک دوسرے کو امر بالمعروف کی تلقین کرنے کی کوشش کرتا رہتا ہے۔ بعض لوگ اس کام کو دوسروں سے بخوبی انجام دے سکتے ہیں اور	شاعر اسی کام کو ہم سب سے بہتر اور زیادہ مستعدی کے ساتھ کرتا ہے۔ کچھ تو اس کو اس کے فن سے مدد ملتی ہے جو ایک مخصوص زبان اور مخصوص موسیقی استعمال کرتے ہوئے نا معلوم ذرائع سے اثر انداز ہوتا ہے۔ اور کچھ تو اس کو اس کی فطرت سے مدد ملتی ہے جو ہمیشہ انسانیت کی فلاح اور اصلاح میں مستعدی سے لگی رہتی ہے۔
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مولیٰ رضا
مستعلم فیتہ آفیس
پریسڈنسی کالج مدراس

رجانی ہے اور نہ تاثر فرماتے ہیں۔
ہے خواب ثبات آشنائی۔ آئیں جہاں کا ہے جدائی
سانفہ ہی سانفہ مطلب کا ان سے کم الفاظ میں ادا کرنا
دشواری نہیں بلکہ ناممکن ہے خواہ شریں ہو یا نظم میں۔ اور
نہی اقبال سے پیشتر کسی نے اس مطلب کو شعر مذکور
سے خوبتر شعر میں کہا ہے۔

ان دونوں قوانین کے ماتحت شاعری زندگی پر تنقید
کرتی ہے۔ جب شاعر شعر لکھتا ہے تو اس کی حیثیت ایک
نقاد کی ہوتی ہے شاعر سے یہاں مراد اس شخص سے نہیں جو
مصنع طرح سامنے رکھ کر دس یا گیارہ شعر بمثل کچھ لینا ہو یا بلغ
پر دباؤ ڈال کر زبان کو جوڑ توڑ کر دیف و قافیوں پر شعر قف
کر لیتا ہو۔ شاعری ضرورت کی بنا پر نہیں کی جاتی ہے شاعر
پیدا ہوتا ہے بنایا نہیں جاتا۔ شاعر اسی وقت شعر لکھتا ہے
جب اسے ایک اندرونی اکساہٹ یا ایک ضمیری جبر شعر کہنے
پر مجبور کر دیتا ہے۔ اس حالت میں شاعر کو اپنا پورا پورا
غام مواد زندگی ہی سے ملتا ہے۔ جب شاعر زندگی کے سود و
زیاں پر غور کرتے ہوئے زندگی کے کشیب و فراز سے گذرتا
ہے تو ایک ایسے مقام پر پہنچتا ہے جہاں پہنچ کر وہ دنیا کے عوام
مقبول شدہ معیار کو رد کر کے خود اپنا نجی معیار قائم کر لیتا
ہے اور زندگی کو اسی معیار پر توڑتا ہے اس شاعر کی
شاعری اسی ناپ تول کا نتیجہ ہوتی ہے اور یہی شاعری
شعری حقیقت اور شعری حسن کو مد نظر رکھتے ہوئے زندگی
پر تنقید کرتی ہے۔

شاعری کو تنقید حیات بننے میں مدد دینے والا ایک
اہم جز سنجیدگی ہے۔ جب تک شاعری میں سنجیدگی کا عنصر پایا
نہیں جاتا اس وقت تک شاعری زندگی کا صحیح تجزیہ نہیں کر سکتی
سنجیدگی اس عنصر کا نام ہے جو شاعر کو زندگی کے غیر ضروری اور
قابل تحقیر پہلوؤں کو رد کر کے ضروری اور معنی فیز پہلوؤں پر تھیر
کرنا سکھاتا ہے۔ اور شاعر کو زندگی کے نصب العین کو نظم میں
رکھتے ہوئے ادنیٰ رخنوں کو نظر انداز کرنے میں مدد دیتا ہے اور
یہی وہ عنصر ہے جو ایک ادنیٰ اور اعلیٰ شاعر کے امتیاز کا
محرک و منفک ہے۔ غالب، داغ، ذوق، اقبال وغیرہم کے
کلام کے بیشتر حصہ میں سنجیدگی کا عنصر نمایاں ہے جو ایک
اوسط الفہم قاری کے دل و دماغ ہی کو نہیں بلکہ اس کی روح
تک کو چھیڑ دیتا ہے۔ مثال کے طور پر غالب کا ایک شعر لے لیتے
قید حیات و بند غم اصل میں دو نو ایک ہیں
موت سے پہلے آدمی غم سے نجات پائے کیوں
اس شعر کو کسی بھی نقطہ نظر سے دیکھا جائے تو یہی پتہ
چلے گا کہ اس میں کامل تنقید حیات پیش کی گئی ہے۔ شاعر
نے زندگی کے تمام پہلوؤں پر غور کرنے کے بعد ایک معیار
حیات قائم کیا ہے جس کے مطابق قید حیات اور بند غم
متراکفات ہیں۔ اور جب تک انسان بقید حیات ہے غم
والم سے آزاد نہیں ہو سکتا۔ اس مطلب کو شعر مذکورہ سے
کم الفاظ میں بیان کرنا یا اس کی شریں تر جانی کرنا ناممکن ہے
البتہ غالب ہی کا ایک دوسرا شعر اس کی صحیح تر جانی کر سکتا ہے
جب وہ فرماتے ہیں۔

غم ہستی کا اسد کس سے ہو جز مرگ علاج
شمع ہر رنگ میں جلتی ہے سحر ہونے تک
برعکس اسکے غالب ایک ایسا شعر بھی کہہ سکتے ہیں۔
جس میں سنجیدگی کا شائبہ تک بھی نہ ہو اور جس میں زندگی کے

کسی بھی پہلو پر تنقید نہ ہو۔ جس مقصد کو غالب ذیل
کے شعر میں بیان کر رہے ہیں نہ اس کے بیان کرنے
کی کچھ ضرورت ہے اور نہ اس سے زندگی کے کسی پہلو پر
روشنی پڑتی ہے۔ فرماتے ہیں۔

دھوتا ہوں جبکہ بیتے کو اس سیم تن کے پاؤں
لکھتا ہے ضد سے کھینچ کے باہر لگن کے پاؤں
علامہ اقبال نے جس دن سے شاعری شروع
کی تھی انھوں نے زندگی کا ایک نجی معیار قائم کر لیا تھا۔
اس معیار پر انھوں نے زندگی کو پرکھا۔ انسانیت کو ناپا
اور خالق و مخلوق کے رشتہ کا اندازہ لگایا۔ اور چند
خاص نتائج پر پہنچے جن کا انھوں نے اشعار کی صورت
میں اظہار کیا۔ ایک مقام پر فرماتے ہیں۔

تو بچا بچا کے نہ رکھ اسے ترا آئینہ بصدہ آئینہ
جو شکستہ ہو تو عزیز تر ہے نگاہ آئینہ ساز میں
یہ حقیقت کہ دل کا ٹوٹنا انسان کی وقعت
کو اس کے خالق کی نظروں میں بڑھا دیتا ہے۔ کسی اور
شاعر نے اقبال سے پیشتر اس خوبی سے کہا ہوگا۔
مگر جس طرح اقبال اس قسم کے بخیہ اشعار کہہ سکتے
ہیں اسی طرح ان کے قلم سے کچھ ایسے اشعار بھی نکل
سکتے ہیں جو سنجیدگی اور تنقید حیات سے عاری ہیں۔
مثلاً فرماتے ہیں۔

وہ دور رہنے دالے ہنگامہ جہاں سے :
کہتا ہے جن کو انسان اپنی زبان میں تارے
مذکور بالا شعر میں صرف تاروں کی طرف
اشارہ کرنے کے لئے اقبال کو سولہ الفاظ کی ضرورت

ہوئی۔
ان مثالوں سے مجھے صرف یہ بات جانی تھی کہ سنجیدگی
اور تنقید حیات غالب، داغ یا اقبال کے ہر شعر
میں نہیں پائی جاتی اور نہ یہ صرف ان کی خاص ملکیت
ہے۔ عصر حال کے چند شعراء ایسے بھی ہیں جن کے
کلام میں ہمیں کبھی کبھی سنجیدگی کی ایک جھلک نظر
آ جاتی ہے۔ مثلاً تاج محل کو دیکھ کر سنا آج لکھنؤ
فرماتے ہیں۔

ایک شہنشاہ نے دولت کا سہارا لیکر
ہم غریبوں کی محبت کا اڑایا ہے مذاق
یہاں تاج محل کی حقیقت کو ایک فن کار کے
معیار حیات کی بجائے ایک غریب کے معیار حیات
پر نوا لگایا ہے۔ کتنے ہی غریب ایسے گذرے ہوں گے
جن کی محبت شاہجہاں کی محبت سے زیادہ گہری
اور مکمل رہی ہوگی لیکن جن کی غریبی نے انھیں اپنی
محبت کا ایک لافانی ثبوت پیش کرنے کا موقع
نہ دیا۔ یا فتا ہی کا ایک شعر لے لیتے۔

ساحل کے تماشائی ہر ڈوبنے والے پر
افسوس تو کرتے ہیں امداد نہیں کرتے
یہاں شاعری کا فیصلہ زندگی کے
ایک خاص نقطہ نظر کے خلاف ہے لیکن
جیسا کہ پیشتر ذکر ہو چکا ہے تنقید حیات کو فیہ
کی نوعیت سے کوئی تعلق نہیں۔
شاعری کا تنقید حیات ہونا

تنقید حیات

ہے کہ شاعری حقیقت کو نظر انداز کر کے تخیل کو اپنا سنگ بنیاد بناتی ہے۔ اس رائے کے مطابق ہی نتیجہ اخذ کیا جاسکتا ہے کہ شاعری کا مقصد صرف تاریخی قصوں کا بیان کرنا ہے جن پر جھوٹ ہونے کا الزام نہیں لگایا جاسکتا۔ مگر بات دراصل یہ ہے کہ شعری حقیقت تاریخی حقیقت سے کئی گنا زیادہ حقیقی اور عالمگیر ہوتی ہے۔ نیپولین کا روس فتح کرنا دنیا کی تاریخ کا ایک حقیر باب ہے جس کا اثر عہد نیپولین میں شروع ہو کر دہائی ختم ہو جاتا ہے لیکن جو حقیقت "اے عشق تو نے اکثر قوموں کو کھلے چھوڑا" میں پیش کی گئی ہے وہ تاریخ عالم کے ہر باب سے ظاہر ہے۔ انطونی اور قلو پیرہ کے معاشرہ سے لیکر ایڈورڈ ہفتم کے تخت سے دست بردار ہونے کی ساری داستان اس شعر میں ہمہ گیر ہے۔

شعری حقیقت کے مطالبہ کو پورا کرنے کے بعد شاعری کو تنقید حیات بننے سے پیشتر شعری حسن کی شرط پوری کرنی ملتی رہ جاتی ہے شعری حسن پر غصہ مٹا رہتی ہے۔ اولاً جو طلبہ شعر میں بیان کیا جا رہا ہو اس کی تسکین کے لئے شرا قابل ہو۔ ثانیاً مطلب کم سے کم الفاظ میں زیادہ سے زیادہ وضاحت کے ساتھ پیش کیا گیا ہو۔ ثالثاً مطلب اس سے پیشتر کہی گئی نہ مذکورہ شعر سے ہتھ لاطیں نہ بیان کیا ہو۔

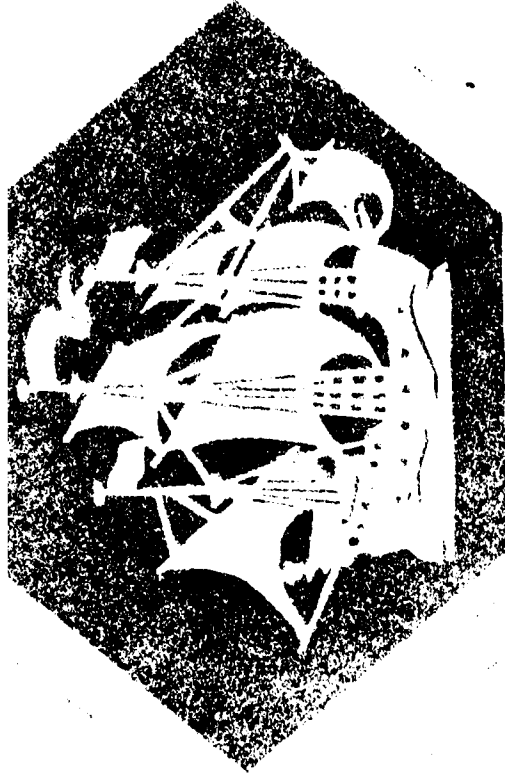
مثلاً علامہ اقبال نے جس عالمگیر حقیقت کو ذیل کے شعر میں بیان کیا ہے اگر اسے شعر میں پیش کرنے کی کوشش کی جائے تو نہ وہ خراب

ارنلڈ نے شاعری پر تبصرہ کرتے ہوئے اپنے ایک مضمون میں لکھا ہے کہ شاعری تنقید حیات ہے یا الفاظ دیگر شاعری شعری حقیقت اور شعری حسن کے قوانین کے تحت زندگی پر تنقید کرتی ہے۔ تنقید کے متعلق عرصہ دراز سے لوگوں کا یہی نظریہ ہے کہ یہ فن کی تحلیل ہے۔ اور یہ کہ تنقید کا اصلی مقصد فن کی غامیوں پر تبصرہ کرنا ہے مگر یہ نظریہ غلط، تنقید کا اصلی مطلب فن کی تخمین کرنا ہے اور فن کے دعاوی پر فیصلہ صادر کرنا ہے۔ لہذا شاعری کو تنقید حیات کہا جاتا ہے تو دراصل مطلب یہ ہے کہ شاعری زندگی کی صحیح تخمین کرتی ہے اور زندگی کے تمام دعاوی پر غور کرنے کے بعد فیصلہ صادر کرتی ہے یہ فیصلہ بعض اوقات زندگی کے حق میں ہوتا ہے اور بعض اوقات اس کے خلاف۔ مگر شاعری کو فیصلہ کی نوعیت سے کوئی غرض نہیں ادب پر اگر ہم ایک غائرانہ نظر ڈالیں تو ہمیں اس میں دو قسم کی حقیقتیں ملتی ہیں۔ ایک تو تاریخی حقیقت ہے اور دوسری شعری حقیقت۔ اگر آپ نے یہ کہا کہ نیپولین نے روس فتح کیا تو یہ ایک تاریخی حقیقت ہوگی۔ مگر آپ جب یہ کہیں گے کہ اے عشق تو نے اکثر قوموں کو کھلے چھوڑا تو یہ شعری حقیقت ہوگی۔ شاعری پر اکثر یہ اعتراضات کئے جاتے ہیں کہ شاعری بیکاری کی تربیت دیتی ہے، شاعری میں حقیقت آرائی کم اور قیاس آرائی زیادہ ہوتی ہے، اور شاعری ہمیشہ اقوام کے زمانہ زوال میں بھی اپنے ارتقا پر پہنچتی ہے۔ اور اس کا سبب یہ بتایا جاتا



THE PRIME MINISTER

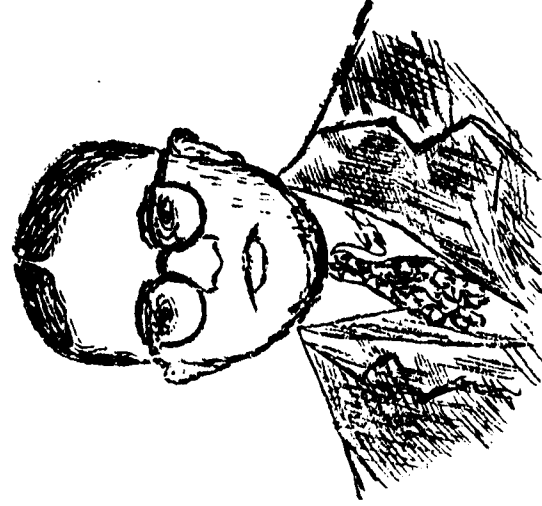
By A. S. Ramamoorthy, V Hons, Physios.



A Silhouette Study



Another Silhouette Study
By Bhasker, IV B.Sc., Bot.



The Principal—(a pen & ink sketch)
By C. V. Padmanabhan, IV B.Sc., Chem.



"C. R."—(a pen & ink sketch)
By C. V. Padmanabhan, IV B.Sc., Chem.



BUDDHA—a study
By Rajagopal, IV Hons, Tel.



RABINDRANATH TAGORE
By A. B. Ramamoorthy, V Hons, Physics.

The Co-eds—Presidencian Styles



1



2



3



By K. Manoharan, 1V Hons, Eo

1, 2 & 3 By C. V. Padmanabhan, IV B.Sc., Chem.



HOCKEY
Samuel Raja who played in the Inter-University Hockey
Tournament at Nagpur is seated third from left.



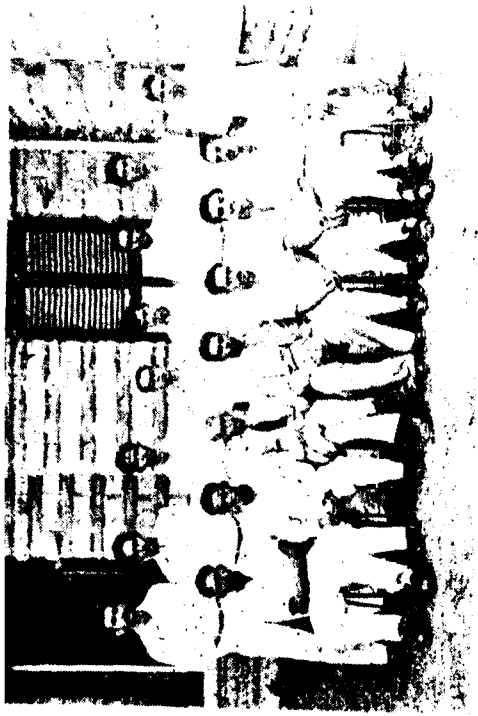
FOOT BALL



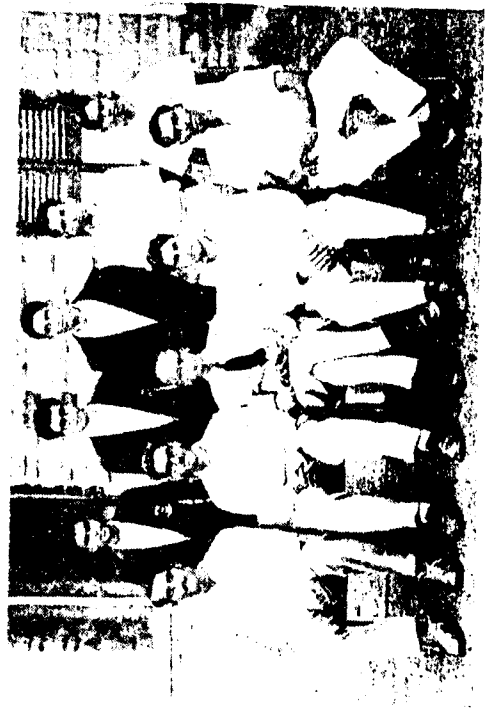
BOXING
Inayath Hussain the Captain of the College Team and the
Vice-Captain of the Madras University Boxing Team
is seated third from the left.



CRICKET "B"



CRICKET. A.



BADMINTON.
Runners up in the Freedom Struggle centenary
Tournament.



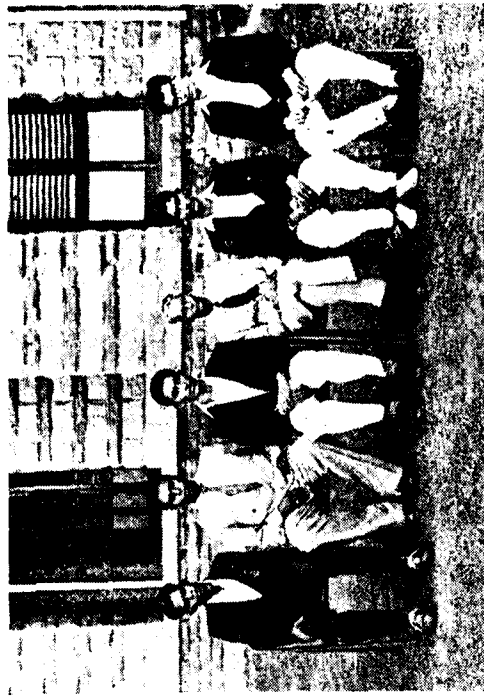
TENNIS.



TENNIS.



BASKET.



University Blues.



VOLLEY BALL.

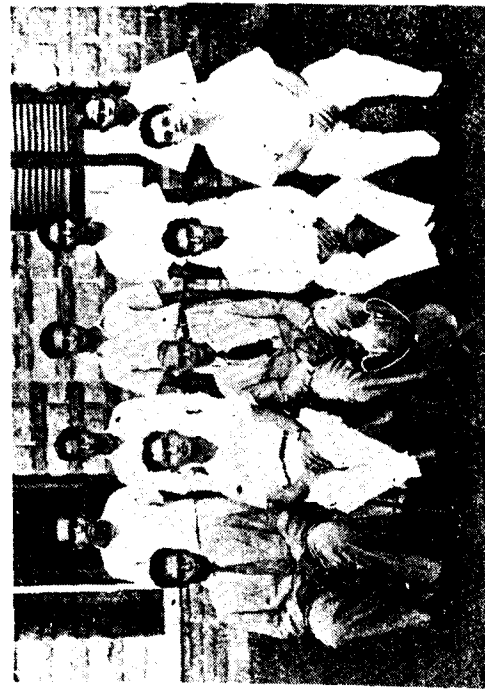


TABLE TENNIS.



THROW BALL.



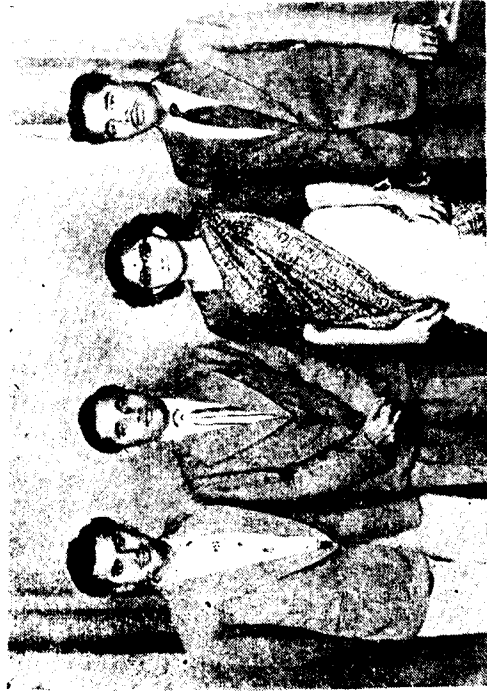
VOLLEY BALL.



Captains of the College Teams,



College Debating Team.



College Union Office-bearers.



Rajaji addressing the College Union.



College Mock Parliament
The Leader of the Opposition addressing the Parliament.



College Mock Parliament.



College Mock Parliament.



The Principal receiving a prize on College Day.



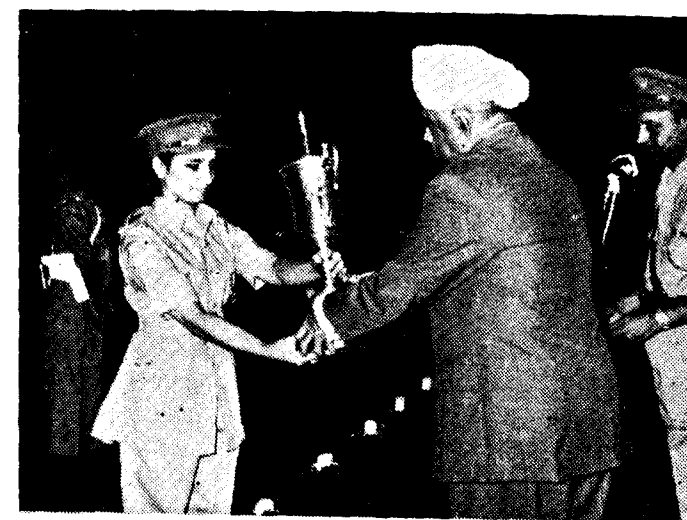
The Education Minister receiving a prize on College Day.



Gen. K. M. Kariappa being received by the Principal on College Day.



The Principal reading his Report on College day.



2/Lt. Miss Khursheed sunnirsa N. C. C. receiving the Char Cup for Presidency College N. C. C. Girls' Division



Sri C. Subramanian. Hon. Minister for Education, acknowledging the cheers on his arrival at the Sports.



P. V. SHARADA RAO, IV B. 'Sc. (Botany)
Champion Athlete 1967-58.



G. ABDUL JABBAR.
Champion Athlete 1957-58.



The College N. C. C. at work.



Charles Darwin (1809-1882)
By: K. S. Subramanian, S. IV B. Sc., Zoology.



“நமசிவாய”
தெய்வம் குருகுங்கால்
தன்னை இவன்
தீபரண்டுப் பெற்றுள்”

From Our Secretaries

Reports of Association Activities for 1957-58

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE UNION

On the 23rd of July, '57, Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, inaugurated the work for the year.

The President and Secretary of our College Union met Sri C. D. Deshmukh, Chairman, University Grants Commission, along with representatives from other city colleges and discussed problems affecting students.

On 2nd August, '57. Freshers' debate was held. The resolution—'Co-education in colleges is a signpost to healthy post college life'—was carried.

On 14th August, '57 Quiz contest to select the college team was held. The following students were selected : Mr. K. Santhanam, Miss K. Vasantha, Mr. Moosa Raza, Mr. Lakshminarayana Rao. Our team has consistently done well in the Quiz contests of A.I.R., Madras.

On 15th August, '57 Independence day was celebrated. Our Principal unfurled the National flag.

On 18th August, '57 in the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest organised by the the Aurobindo Study Circle. Mr. K. S. Subramanian V Hons. (Physics) and Miss M. S. Kalanidhi III B. A. (Psychology) were awarded the first and third prizes respectively.

On 19th August, '57 a meeting was held in honour of a Californian student delegation, when the visitors addressed the College Union and entertained the audience with dances and songs.

On 24th August, '57 we had the most important function of the year — the Graduates' reception.

On 30th August, '57 Mr. Louis Schwarzgruver, an Austrian student of the University of Vienna, who is on a world tour, displayed colour slides covering his tour, accompanied by a running commentary.

On 5th of September, '57 a debate on 'India should withdraw from the Commonwealth' was held to select the college debating team. The following students were declared to form the team :—

Mr. K. S. Subrmanian, Miss N. S. Susheela.

Mr. Moosa Raza and Mr. K. A. Varadan.

On the 17th October, '57 the International Shakespeariana Theatre Company gave an excellent performance of Bernard Shaw's 'Arms and the Man.'

The United Nations day was celebrated on the 24th of October, '57 when Dr. Mrs. Monica Felton, Vice-president, International Peace Council, spoke on "This United nations !"

In the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest held under the auspices of Rotary club, Mr. K. S. Subramanian, was awarded a prize.

On 4th November, '57 Mr. M. Balakrishanan of III Hons., (Statistics) won the first Prize in the Inter-Collegiate Music contest held in Vivekananda College.

On 24th November, '57 our college team represented by Mr. K. S. Subramanian and Mr. K. A. Varadan won the rolling cup in the Y. M. I. A. Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest. Mr. K. S. Subramanian won the first individual prize.

On 13th December, '57 our College Union office-bearers had the privilege of meeting Mr. Dalip. S. Saund, the Indian-born U. S. congressman at a luncheon at the U. S. I. S.

On 13th December, '57 a debate on 'Kerala represents the failure of Indian democracy' was held. The resolution was lost.

On 20th December, '57 debate on 'Women are best suited for the kitchen' was held. The motion was carried.

On 23rd December, '57 debate on "United Nations has failed and India must withdraw from United Nations" was held to select the Leader of opposition for the Mock session of the Union Parliament. Miss N. S. Susheela was selected.

On 24th December, '57, debate on 'An average woman is more intelligent than an average man' was held. The motion was lost.

On 30th December, '57, a Mock Session of the Union Parliament was held when the following resolution was tabled for discussion: "College is not the place for knowledge." The resolution was defeated. Hon. Justice A. S. P. Ayyar acted as the observer.

On 24th January, '58 debate on 'All India Radio is a headache' was held. The motion was carried.

The same day our College team represented by Mr. K. S. Subramanian and Mr. K. A. Varadan, won the rolling cup in the Inter Collegiate debate held in Law College. Mr. K. S. Subramanian won the first individual prize.

On 28th January, '58 debate on 'Democracy has stood its test in India' was held. The resolution was carried.

On 30th January, '58 debate on 'Religion has outlived its utility' was held. The motion was carried.

The same day ten women student of our College took part in the 'Bhajan' held in the Rajaji hall, in connection with the 'Sarvodaya day' celebrations.

On the 4th of February, '58 Sri Rajaji delivered an illuminating speech on 'The Language Problem.'

On 6th February, '58 the Annual elections of the College union was held and the following were elected as the office-bearers for the academic year 1958-'59.

Mr. Abdul Haman	...	President
Mr. Ali Nawaz	...	Vice-president
Mr. K. N. Ramachandran	}	Secretaries
Miss Mangala Devi Arulnandhi		

On 8th February, '58 the College day and Sports day were celebrated. General K. M. Cariappa was the Chief guest.

It is with pleasure that we record that the first Tamil meeting under the auspices of the Union was held this year when we celebrated the 'Pongal Day' on the 14th of February, '58. Thavathiru Kundrakkudi Adigalar delivered an inspiring speech on "Language and Life."

In the Inter-Collegiate English essay contest held in Vivekananda College on 15th February, '58, Mr. K. S. Subramanian won the first Prize.

I. S. KAVERI,

S. JAGADEESHWARAN,

Secretaries.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

The Inaugural address was delivered by Sri K. S. Ramaswamy Sastri, on the 29th August '57. Prof. P. Thirugnanasambandhan, Professor of Sanskrit, presided.

Sri Agnihotram Ramanuja Thathachariar, addressed the members, in Sanskrit on the 12th September, '57 on "Vedic culture, with special reference to Rigveda," under

the presidentship of Prof. P. Thirugnanasambandhan. 'Adisankara day' was celebrated on the 18th October, '57, under the presidentship of Sri T. K. Venkateswaran, Assistant Professor of Sanskrit, when Sri V. Anjaneya Sarma read a paper on "The poet in Sankara".

'Mahakavi Kalidasa day' was observed on the 21st November, '57. Dr. K. Kunjunni Raja, Reader in Sanskrit, University of Madras spoke on 'Kalidasa and his poetry.' The Professor of Sanskrit presided. Pandita Ratna B. L. Shambogue, of the Oriental section of Baroda University, spoke in Sanskrit on "Modern Poetry in Sanskrit" on the 27th December, '57, under the chairmanship of Prof. P. Thirugnanasambandhan. Swami Bala Brahmachari Mahesh Yogi, from Jyotir Mutt, delivered a lecture on the 24th Jan, '58, on "Bliss and Turiya."

The activities for the year came to a close on the 25th February '58, when the Valedictory address was delivered by Dr. A. Sankaran, Professor of Sanskrit, Vivekananda College, Sri P. Thirugnanasambandhan, Professor of Sanskrit, presided. The occasion was also utilised to felicitate Dr. A. Sankaran on his being appointed as an Assistant Editor, in the Dictionary Project, in Deccan College, Poona. Prof. P. Thirugnanasambandhan and Sri T. K. Venkateswaran spoke felicitating Dr. A. Sankaran.

T. APPA RAO,

PRABAVATI,

Secretaries.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

6-8-'57 Professor Venkat Rao, Pachaiappas College, spoke on "Adventure among Books".

23- 8-'57 Debate on "Sense in Modern Poetry".

9- 9-'57 Discussion on "Should Drama be staged?"

15-10-'57 Some Recordings from Elizabethan Poetry were played.

28-10-'57 Debate on "Hamlet is an Artistic Failure".

2-11-'57 Members of the Association went on an Excursion to Ennore.

11-11-'57 Discussion on "Poets themselves are their best critics".

23-12-'57 Rev. Fr. Murphy, S. J, Loyola College, spoke on "The Book of Job."

26-12-'57 Prof. Srinivasa Raghavan, Principal, V. O. C. College, Tuticorin, spoke on "Vision and Judgement".

24- 1-'58 Mr. Tibor Sekelj a Polish scholar spoke on "an International Language".

6- 2-'58 Members of the English Honours Association, Madras Christian College, were the guests of our Association at the Annual Inter-Collegiate Social.

11- 2-'58 A Debate on "The Function of all Literature is to Teach".

28- 2-'58 The Break-up social of the Association.

K. SUBRAMANYA BHAT,

PRISCILLA D'CRUZ,

Secretaries.

TAMIL PERAVAI

- 8- 8-'57 Inaugural-Sri P. M. Sivagnana Gramanar.
 21- 8-'57 Debate, Sri. Meyyappan I. P. G. and Sri. T. Venugopalan, IV Hons.
 4- 9-'57 Extra ordinary meeting—"Akilam" & "Begeerathan".
 10-10-'57 Bharathy Oratorical competitions.
 28-10-'57 Bharathy day—Srimathi Kulandai Ammal and Sri. N. Pandurangan, Sri. Sangu Subramanian.

In the Bharathy Oratorical competition Sri. Meyyappan and Sri. Venugopalan won the first and second prizes respectively. Kumari E. Susila won the special prize for women students. Sri. Meyyappan representing the Peravai won first prizes in the debates held in Engineering College, Guindy and Manavar Mauram, Madras and second prizes in Y. M. I. A. and Kalki Memorial competition.

T. P. MEENATCHISUNDARAM,

M.A., B.L., M.O.L.,

President.

R. RADHAKRISHNAN,

Secretary.

TAMIL HONOURS CLUB ASSOCIATION

The Tamil Honours Club held seminars every Friday after-noon. The Inaugural address on Phonetics was delivered by Miss. Eli Fischer Jorgenson of the Copenhagen University. A special lecture on 'Tamil Testament of Beauty' was delivered by Mrs. Ratna Navaratna, Educational Officer, Colombo.

Seminars were conducted on (1) Purananuru (2) Narrinai (3) Perumpan-nuruppalai (4) Asia Jothi (5) Manonmaniam. (6) Periapuranam (7) Tholkappium. Eluthu Adikaram. (8) and Thandi Alankaram-during this year.

T. VENUGOPALAN,

Secretary.

P. KANKALADHA,

Joint Secretary.

ANDHRA BHASHABHI VARDHINI

The association was inaugurated on 11-9-'57 by Dr. C. Satya Narayana, M.B., M. S., D. L. O., F. I. C. S.—Professor in the E. N. T. Department, Madras Medical College. A farewell party for prof. B. Lakshmi Narayana Rao, M. A., B. Ed., former professor of Telugu in the Presidency College, was also given on that day.

An essay competition was held on 28-8-'57.

Subject:—Andhra State and after.

An elocution Competition was held on 31-10-'57.

Subject:—"A state that is secular is indifferent to moral values."

The Valedictory address was delivered on 3-3-'58 by Padma Sri Moturi Satya Narayana, M. P., General Secretary, Dakshina Bharat Hindi Prachar Sabha.

K. SURYANARAYANA,

President.

KANNADA ASSOCIATION

On 31-10-'57 One of the representatives, Miss C. N. Mangala, I. P. G. English Literature got the second prize, in the Inter Collegiate debate in Kananda held at Mangalore.

On 18-10-'57 Inaugural address by Sri Kemparaj Urs.

On 24-12-'57 Dr. B. G. L. Swamy, Professor of Botany addressed the Association.

On 6-3-'58 Valedictory address by Prof. Mariappa Bhatt, M. A., L. T., of Madras University.

N. A. MADIAH, IV B. A. Economic,

A. M. PARVATHAIAH, IV B. A. (Psy.)

Secretaries.

URDU ASSOCIATION

On 22nd August Sri Ramanand Sagar, the renowned Urdu novelist delivered the Inaugural address of the Association.

Besides conducting four debates in the college, the Association sent a team, consisting of:—

1. Mr. MOOSA RAZA— V Eng. (Hons.)

2. „ SALIH Md. SAITH — VHist. (Hons.)

to take part in the Inter Collegiate debates conducted by the (1) University of Madras (2) Govt. Arts College for Naimur Rahman Cup and (3) A. J. Urdu Seminar for Zainul Ahdeen Shield.

On 25th February '58 the Urdu Association gave a dinner to Moulavi Syed Abdul Wahab Sahib Bukhari, on the eve of his retirement. After dinner there was a meeting presided over by Sri T. B. Nayar, Principal, Presidency College. With this dinner the activities of the Association for the year '57—'58 came to a close.

HYDIRALI KHAN,

Asst. Prof. Urdu.

MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Association were as follows:—

9th Aug, '57 Inaugural address of the Association by Prof. Tolasi Ayyangar, Principal, Madura College.

16th & 30th Oct, '57, 6th, 13th, & 20th Nov, '57 A series of five Seminar lectures given by Prof. P. V. Abdul Rahiman M. A. Ph. D. (Manch.) B.T., on "Boundary Layers"

9th Nov, '57, Excursion to Poondi.

30th Dec, '57 Lectures by Prof. B. R. Seth of the Indian Institute of Technology Kharagpur and Prof. P. H. Nelson (U. S. A.).

9th Jan, '58 "Industrial Applications of Statistics", by Prof. Ekambaram of Mysore University.

10th Jan, '58 Lectures by Prof. Sath and Mr. Kishen (formerly of Patna University).

22nd & 29th Jan, '58, 5th Feb, '58 Seminar lectures by Mr. Rajappa, Research student, on "Motions of Compressible Fluids"
 19th & 26th Feb, '58, 5th, 12th March '58 Seminar Lectures by Mr. M. Sankaran B. Sc., (Hons.) on "Numerical, Methods".
 20th Feb, '58 Break-up social of the Association. Dr. V. S. Krishnan, of Madras University, was the Chief Guest.

SATHYANARAIN,
Secretary.

VENKATESAN,
Asst. Secretary.

THE PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

20-8-'57 Inaugural address by Professor Narasinga Rao, Madras Institute of Technology on "Guided Missiles".
 30-10-'57 Paper by C. P. Divakaran V (Hons.) on "Cosmic Ray Phenomena",
 19-11-'57 Paper by Miss Prema Nilakantan IV (Hons.) on "Science and Music"
 20-11-'57 Dr. Thangaraj, Head of the Department of Physics, Madras Christian College, on "Artificial Satellites".
 22-11-'57 Dr. C. V. Raman on "Infra Red Spectroscopy".
 25-11-'57 & 28-11-'57, 10-12-'57, 16-12-'57 & 17-12-'57 Series of lectures delivered by Mr Sankaran, Assistant Professor of Statistics, Presidency College, on "The Theory of Matrices and their application to Physics".
 20-12-'57 The students of the Honours classes led by Mr. Kannappa Naicker, went to Madras Institute of Technology to witness some important experiments in Architectural Acoustics.
 21-12-'57 A group consisting of Honours students and Staff members of the Physics department went to the Basin Bridge "Thermal Station".
 18-12-'57 & 23-12-'57 22-1-'58 23-1-'58 & 24-1-'58 Series of lectures delivered by Mr. Thygaraja Rao of A. C. College of Technology, on Special Functions of Mathematics Occurring in Physics.
 11-2-'58 Paper by Mr. Shankar Bhat, IV (Hons.) on 'The Electron Microscope'
 4-2-'58 & 5-2-'58 Two lectures by Sangeeta Bhushanam Ramanathan on 'The Music of the Ancient Tamils'.
 12-2-'58 Paper by Mr. Gopalkrishnan III B.Sc. on the "Science of Space Flight and Satellite Vehicles".
 13-2-'58 Paper by Mr. Ganesan III B.Sc. on 'The Study of the Earth.'
 14-2-'58 The Valedictory address by Dr. Hill, Head of the Department of Electronics, M.I.T. on "Computing Machines".
 7-1-'58 A few members of the Association were sent as volunteers to the Indian Science Congress.
 15-2-'58 Staff V. S. Students-Cricket match.
 28-2-'58 The Department Break up social was held.

N. G. DESHPANDE,
 M. HRISHIKESH.

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

The function of the society officially began with the address of Dr. R. S. SARMA, Professor of biochemistry, University of Madras in August last year.
 On the second of September a farewell party was got up in honour of Capt. C. V. Ramdas, on his transfer to Government Arts College, Madras.
 A quiz programme was conducted by P. Ravindranath and M. V. Subramaniam, Professor Dr. T. R. Govindachari presided.

We had six papers read during in year by members. A complete list of the papers presented is as follows :—

15-10-'57 "Atomic Energy" —P. Ravindranath IV Honours.
 7-11-'57 "Statistical Thermodynamics" —M. V. Subramaniam II. P. G.
 17-11-'57 "Petroleum and Thermonuclear fuels" —M. Srinivasan III. B. Sc.
 23-1-'57 "Colour and organic chemistry" —P. T. Manoharan, I. P. G.
 11-2-'57 "Corrosion of Metals" —M. Jeevanandam. I. P. G.
 18-2-'57 "Electronegativity in inorganic chemistry"—N. C. Vaiguntam. IV. Hons.

A study tour was arranged to Ranipet and Vellore where we had an opportunity to visit the sulphuric acid factory at Ranipet, the well known American Missionary Hospital at Vellore and also the historical vellore fort.

A few members of the society took part both as volunteers and student delegates in the Science Congress held this year at Madras.

The valedictory address was delivered by Rev. Father Dr. L. M. Yeddanapali, Professor of Chemistry, Loyola College. He spoke on "Catalysis in Chemistry."

The activities of the society terminated with a break-up social on the first of March.

P. RAVINDRANATH. IV. B. Sc. HONOURS,
Secretary.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

13-8-'57 Inaugural address by Dr. Ehrenfels Prof. of Anthropology, University of Madras, on "Man—A Domesticated Animal"?
 27-8-'57 IV B. Sc., students, on tour to Kususadi Islands.
 10-9-'57 Fare-well party to Mrs. Banumathi, Asst. Prof. of Zoology on her transfer to Q. M. C.
 17-10-'57 III B. Sc., students excursion to Thirukazukunram and Mamallapuram.
 24-10-'57 "Wild-life week" day, Mr. V. S. Krishnaswamy M. A., I. F. S. conservator of forests, on "The wild life in South India and its conservation."
 22-11-'57 Mr. H. Viswanathan—Bee-keeping Development Officer "on the place of Bee-keeping in the University."
 11-12-'57 Mr. H. Enoch M. A., F. Z. S., Prof. of Zoology, Presidency College, on "His Western Tour."
 17-12-'57 Senior Honours and P. G. students on tour to Bangalore and Mysore.
 1-2-'58 Senior Honours and P. G. students visited Harbour for the collection of Specimens of Zoological Interest.
 7-2-'58 Dr. A. S. Alwar, G. M. Vc., B. V. Sc., M. Sc., Lecturer in Parasitology, Veterinary College on "The parasites of Domesticated Animals."
 12-2-'58 Valedictory address on "Functions of Modern Museum with special reference to Zoology" by Dr. S. T. Satyamurti, M.A., O.Sc., F.Z.S. Asst. Supt. of Madras Govt. Museum.
 20-2-'58 Fare-well party to the Out-going Students.

V. BALASOUNDARA RAJAN,
 N. JAYALAKSHMI,
Secretaries.

THE GEOLOGY ASSOCIATION

Mr. N. K. N. Ayyengar, M.A., B.L., F.G.M.S., (Retired Supdt. Geological Survey of India) State Geologist, Madras Govt., delivered the Inaugural address of the Association on 30th August, 1957. He spoke on "the Siwaliks Fauna".

A congratulatory party to felicitate Dr. N. Leelananda Rao, B.Sc., (Hons.), M.Sc., Ph. D. Asst. Prof. of Geology was held on 6th Nov, '57.

Dr. T. F. Gaskell, chief of the British oil and Gas exploration corporation gave a talk about the general methods of oil exploration, on the 12th December 1957.

The members who attended the 45th Indian Science Congress, visited the Department. They went around the museum and Library. Among the distinguished visitors were, Dr. M. S. Krishnan, Director Indian School of mines and applied geology, Dhaubad, Prof. Dubey of Banares University, Dr. Chiplankar, Prof of Geology, Saugar university Dr. Misra (G.S.I.), Dr. Jingran (G.S.I. Calcutta Dr. P.R.J. Naidu, Chief Prof. and Head of the Department of Geology, Madras university, Dr. Arogiaswamy, of G.S.I. Madras, and Prof. Sahni, and others.

The Valedictory address of th Association was delivered by Dr. George Kuriyan, Chief Prof and Head of the Department of Geography, University of Madras, on 27th Feb., '58. He spoke on "The physical geography of united states".

The Juniors Break-up social was held on 3rd of March 1958.

Senior B. Sc. students visited cuddapah and other areas of geological interest. V (Hons.) IV (Hons.) P.G. II and P.G. I went to Bangalore and Mysore. Juniors were taken to Trichy district.

R. SRINIVASAN,
P. G. I.

GEOGRAPHICAL ASSOCIATION

The Inaugural meeting of the Association was held on Wednesday the 21st August. Mr. P. D. Mahadev, Mr. K. T. Nageswaran and Mr. G. S. Vittal read papers on "The Village I have surveyed."

The second meeting of the Association was held on 11th September 1957 when Dr. Arthur L. Funk, Cultural Affairs Officer, U.S.I.S. gave a talk on "one geography of U. S. A."

The child meeting of the association was held on 15th November 1957, when G. S. Vittal, K. T. Nageswaran, P. D. Mahadev read papers on "Some Aspects if I.G.Y."

Mr. P. D. Mahadev of II P. G. of the 1st prize in the All India Geographical Essay competition conducted by the Aligarh Muslim University. Mr. K. T. Nageswaran got a consolation prize.

The annual meeting of the Association was held on Saturday the 1st of March 1958.

G. S. VITTAL,
Secretary,

ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

Inauguration and celebration of planning day

11-9-'57 Film show.

12-9-'57 Seminar on co-operative Farming by M. Murugesu Mudaliar presiding.

13-2-'57 "Planning for prospectually" lecture by Sri K. S. Vidyasankar.

19-12-'57 "Paying for economic development" by Sri V. K. R. V. Rao, Vice-Chancellor of Delhi University.

5-2-'58 "American Economic Assistance" by Sir Howard Houston.

14-2-'58 Valedictory address by S. V. Ayyar, Professor Economics, Hyderabad, on "The public sector in Indian economic development."

M. THIAGARAJAN,
Secretary.

August 1957—Inaugural address by Hon. R. Venkataraman, Industries Minister, Madras, Prof. Makeen of London University & Sri P. V. G. Raju, M. P., addressed the Association during the academic year. Prof. R. Bhaskara delivered the Valedictory address on 24-2-'58.

J. VENUGOPAL,
Joint Secretary.

PSYCHOLOGY ASSOCIATION

22-8-'57 Inaugural address by Dr. Dhayan "Psychology and mental health."

5-9-'57 M. L. Santhanam a IV B. A., "Style from the Psychological point of view."

An Excursion consisting of 47 members led by Major. S. Parthasarathy visited the senior certified school, Chingleput, Tirukazikunram and then to Mahabalipuram during the second term.

The Senior students of the Association visited Government Mental hospital, Kilpauk lead by Sri P. Rama Rao on 25-1-'58.

On 7-2-'58 Dr. C. B. Cross of U. S. I. S. spoke on "The workings of American Democracy."

Valedictory address by Mr. B. A. Nandagopal, Principal, The Government School for the blind on "The welfare of the blind and the part played by society in it."

P. BHASKAR RAO,
Secretary.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Presidency College dramatic club sent two teams to compete in the annual Art Festival conducted by the Engineering College, Guindy. The mixed team, competing in the General Class, produced Anton Tehekovi's "Bear." Miss Vatsala Menon, the heroine of the play, was adjudged the Best Actress. The ladies team, produced C. B. Frys' "A Phoenix Too Frequent," and Miss. Sumangali Chettur was adjudged the Best Supporting Actress.

SYED GHOUSE MIAN,
ASHOK DEY.

SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE

This year, the League as usual provided medical aid to the people in Locknagar and distributing milk to the children of the area.

The Medical Squad worked three days a week, aided by a doctor and a compounder. On an average ten children and five adults received medical attention every day.

The 'Milk distribution squad' started functioning rather late in the year as milk powder was not available at the beginning. It worked five days a week and distributed milk to hundred children every evening.

The League also provided funds for the running of a night school for the children of Locknagar.

'Deepavali' was celebrated by the League among the children of Locknagar. sweets and crackers were distributed free to the children.

R. VENKOBARAO,
Secretary.

CRICKET TEAM

The Presidency College cricket team maintained a fairly high standard of game during the year. They had a excellent start this year in the Inter-Collegiate League

Tournament by a convincing win over the Jain College. They continued their from against Chengalvaroya Naicker's Technical Institute. There after our fortunes were mixed. We owe very much about their good performance of the team to skipper A. Narayana Rao, K. R. Venugopal, Shankaran and M. V. Balaraman among the batsmen and D. Suryanarayanan, K. V. Sampath, M. Shoukat Basha and M. V. Balaraman among the bowlers.

The College participated in the Inter-Collegiate League, Inter-College Knock-out, Annamalai University external, and Tarapore tournaments of Pachaiyappa's College.

Our 'B' team has also had a very successful year and played many practice matches. They also participated in the Tarapore Cup Tournament of Pachaiyappa's College.

During the Christmas holidays the team went on a tour visited Coimbatore, Madurai and Trichy and played cricket matches in these centres,

A. NARAYANA RAO,
Cricket Captain.

HOCKEY

Since the departure of Medhi Hussian and S. Regunandan the college hockey team suffered a severe set back. However the team by dint of hard work and constant practice proved to be quite as able as the one we had last year. In the beginning of the year we played a few practice matches and entered both the league and knock-out tournaments of the Madras Collegiate Athletic Association. Out of eight matches we lost only to Stanley Medical College drew with the Integrated Medicine, Arts and Law college and won against M. I. T., Pachaiyappas, Jain and Polytechnic. Thus we secured the second place in one zone and in the inter-zonal semi-final we lost.

During the Christmas holidays the college team attained valuable experience by touring Coimbatore, Madurai and Trichinopoly. Mention should be made of the names of P. Samel Rajah and N. Madiha for their ability and skill, they were selected in the University Hockey team and P. Samuel Rajah accompanied the varsity XI to Nagpur and took the credit of scoring a goal in their initial match.

B. S. ADITYAN,
Captain.

FOOTBALL

Football has always been a weak-link among the college teams but this year I must say the college had indeed really a good team. We participated both in the league and knock-out tournaments, of Madras Collegiate Athletic Association. In the knock-out tournament, our team did really well to beat Government Arts and Madras Medical and thus came up to the Semifinal match we were beaten by Pachaiyappa's college who ultimately won the championship.

We entered Sri Kailasam Memorial tournament conducted by Annamalai University at Chidambaram. Our record was creditable we beat the Annamalai B and Veterinary college and came up to the final of the tournament. In which match we met the Christian College who proved too tough. Thus we remain the runner-up in this tournament. We entered the B. U. Narayanaswami tournament conducted by the Pachaiyappa's College and came up to the last four and in the semi-final we were beaten by the Y.M.C.A. College of Physical Education.

G. SIVANANJAPPA,
Captain.

TENNIS

Though we did not have any outstanding tennis star as during the previous years we had a very successful and interesting year. We entered the Inter-Collegiate League and Knock-out tournaments as well as the Tennis tournaments conducted by the Loyola College and Madras Medical College. The College team consisted of Alladi Venkatesh the Captain, Syed Ali Ispahani and S. K. Sundaramoorthy.

This year we had the honour of conducting both the Knock and Inter-Divisional Tennis Tournaments of Madras University. The College Women's team continued the last year's form and proved themselves to be invincible even this year. The College team was strengthened by Miss Ameneh Khaleeli, Miss Susheela Paul was again two star player of not only the college but also the university. Miss Lakshmi Mahadevan also played a great part in the matches for the college. It is therefore no wonder that our college won the inter collegiate women's league tournament with ease. Susheela Paul was selected to represent Madras University tennis tournament held at Trivandrum, she with Malathi Rajaratnam of Q. M. C. won the championship.

ALLADI VENKATESH,
Tennis Captain.

VOLLEY BALL

Our team took part this academic year in several matches. First of all we took part in Freedom Struggle Tournaments in July 1957 and our performance was, extremely good. The team went on a tour to Chidambaram to participate in Centenary Jubilee celebrations conducted by Annamalai University. The team met with considerable success in Inter-Collegiate League and Knock-out tournaments.

S. R. JAYAPANDIAN,
Captain.

BADMINTON

The College badminton had a busy time this year. Early in July we entered the five ball badminton tournament conducted in commemoration of the Freedom Struggle Centenary Celebration. We beat Teachers college, Saidapet, Theagaraja college and in the final we met Stanley Medical college. Ultimately we were the runner-up in the tournament.

Then we entered the Loyola College tournament, the external tournament of the Annamalai University and the A. M. M. Aboobucker Memorial tournament conducted by the Stanley Medical College. I am glad to report our performances in all these tournaments were really good.

A. M. PARVATHIAH,
Captain.

SPORTS

This year sports was a great success. There were a large number of old students present on the ground occasion including the Honourable Minister C. Subramaniam, Sri Godwa, I.C.S., Sri K. M. Nanjappa and others. General K. M. Cariappa presided over the sports and gave away the prizes. There were a large number of interesting events both for the present as well as for the past students. The musical chairs for the old students was a noteworthy item, as General K. M. Cariappa and Sri C. Subramaniam the two distinguished old boys not only participated but also won the prizes. There were a large

number of entries for the sports and the competition was very keen. Many of the old records both in the men and women division were bettered. G. Abdul Jabbar was adjudged the best athlete of the meet and Miss. P. V. Sharada won the girl's championship. After distributing the prizes General K. M. Cariappa delivered a short speech.

In the Inter-Collegiate meet held at our grounds the services of Mr. Ragnanathan were sorely missed. Though we did not do anything exceptional all our athletes that took part gave a good account of themselves.

N. JAYAPRAKASAM,
Athletic Captain.

ANNUAL GAMES REPORT

We began the year with our participation in the Inter-Collegiate matches. In the first term matches in Tennikoit Badminton and Throwball were held. We fared quite well in all these matches but were not fortunate enough to win them.

With the beginning of the second term our Physical Directress Miss I. Rajalakshmi left us. We felt her absence very much, for she always guided us in all our activities.

In the second term we had Netball matches held in the Inter-Collegiate tournaments. Our performance in these matches were fairly good. At that time a Ceylon Ceylon Netball team visited our City and we had the fortune of playing a match with them. They also demonstrated to us the way in which the games is played in Ceylon.

Towards the end of the term we got a new Physical Directress Mrs. J. C. Paul Raj. Let me here take the opportunity to welcome her to our College. Since her appointment she had been taking very great interest in all our activities and I am sure that under her training our College will fair well in the future.

In the third term, we took part in the Inter-Collegiate Tennis matches. We are very happy indeed that we won the championship in it. Then our tennis team took part in the Inter-Divisional match and were successful against Lady Doak College of Madura. The credit goes to Miss Susheela Paul (V Honours Economics) Miss Ameena Khaleeli (III Honours-History) and Lakshmi Mahadevan (IV Honours-Politics) for their performance.

Lastly we took part in the Volley ball matches and we are proud to say that two of our players Miss. Kuntala (III Honours Chemistry) and Miss. P. V. Sharada (IV B.Sc., Botany) were chosen to represent Madras State in Volleyball in the National Championship at Cuttack while Miss Kuntala played in the All India Volleyball tournament at Cuttack, Sharada was unable to make the trip to Cuttack as she is in the final year class.

On the 8th February, the annual sports meet was held. This year large number of girls took part in the sports and keen competition prevailed. The individual championship was won by Miss. P. V. Sharada (IV B.Sc. Botany) The Championship shield was won by the Science Department.

PADMA IYER,
Games Secretary.

TABLE TENNIS

Thanks to the honest endeavour of our Physical Director, for the first time in the history of our College, men students have been provided with a separate room and a new Table Tennis table.

We participated in the Loyola College Tournaments, in the Inter-collegiate League and also in the Pachappa's Hostel Tournaments. In the Loyola College Tournaments,

P. Ashok won the Principal's Cup. We fared well in the Inter-collegiate League and were runners-up in our zone, losing only to Law College. In the Pachappa's Hostel Tournament, P. Ashok reached the Semi-finals in the singles and P. Ashok and P. Ravindranath also reached the semi-finals in the Doubles. P. Ashok was the runner-up in the Inter-collegiate open singles. To crown his achievements P. Ashok was selected in the State Team for the Nationals.

The Annual Open Tournaments were conducted. The competitors were large in number and matches were keenly contested.

P. RAVINDRANATH,
Captain.

BOXING REPORT

The following pugilists participated in this Inter-Collegiate Boxing tournament: Srinivasan, Chandrashekar Rao, Inayath, Hanumantha Rao, Kamlesh Babu, V. Chinnaiyah Nandakumar, Prasanna Kumar and I. M. Thimaiyah. Most of them displayed energy dexterity and a few would have certainly reached the finals, but for a jarring event which led to the cancellation of the tournament. The Inter Class Boxing tournament was conducted and response to it was in deed great. The Captain represented the Madras University, and Chosen as the vice-Captain of the team. He was adjudged runner-up in the feather weight class.

INAYATH HUSSAIN,
Captain

List of Prize Winners in the College Annual Sports

On 8th February 1958

Men

100 Metres Sprint

1. Abdul Jabbar - Arts
2. S. R. Jayapandian Natural Science
3. J. Venugopal 12 secs.

200 Metres Sprint

1. Abdul Jabbar - Arts
2. J. Venugopal - Arts
3. Syed Mustata - Arts 23.4 secs
(New Record)

400 Metres Sprint

1. Abdul Jabbar - Arts
2. S. R. Jayapandian - N. S.
3. E. Perumal N. S. 54.2 secs
(New record)

800 Metres Race

1. Abdul Jabbar - Arts
2. N. Jayaprakasam - Science
3. K. Kannan - Science 2 mts 14
(New record)

1500 Metres Race

1. N. Jayaprakasam - Science
2. Abdul Jabbar - Arts
3. K. Kannan - Science 4 mts 55 secs

110 Metres Hurdles

1. K. V. Chandrasekara Rao - Science
2. J. Venugopal - Arts
3. S. R. Jayapandian - N. S. 20 secs

400 Metres Hurdles

1. S. R. Jayapandian - N. S.
 2. N. Jayaprakasam - Science
 3. Clarence - N. S.
- 1 mts 11 secs
(New Record)

High Jump

1. Christopher Wesley - N. S.
2. K. V. Chandrasekara Rao - Science
3. M. L. James - Arts 5' 4"

Long Jump

1. S. R. Jayapandian - N. S.
2. K. V. Chandrasekara Rao Science
3. Sankaran - Science 17' 11"

Hop Step & Jump

1. S. R. Jayapandian - N. S.
2. O. Abdul Khader - N. S.
3. Syed Ali Ispahani - Science 37' 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ "

Shot put

1. M. Rajaram - N. S.

Papworth Prize for Men : Abdul Jabbar - 23 points.

Team Championship : Natural Science - S. R. Jayapandian - 52 points.

Women**100 Metres Sprint**

1. A. Mangalam
2. Esme Jayapaul Raj
3. Sharada

200 Metres Sprint

1. A. Mangalam
2. Esme Jayapaul Raj
3. I. S. Gowramma

80 Metres Hurdles

1. A. Mangalam
2. P. V. Sharada
3. I. S. Gowramma

High Jump

1. Sharada
2. A. Mangalam
3. S. Saroja

Long Jump

1. A. Mangalam
2. Sharada
3. Vasantha Gnanaraj

2. B. S. Adityan - N. S.
3. Syed Ali Ispahani - Science 27' 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

Javelin Throw

1. Abdul Khader - N. S.
2. K. V. Chandrasekara Rao - Science
3. Clarence - N. S. 111-5 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

Discus Throw

1. M. Ponnuswamy - Science
2. B. S. Adityan - N. S.
3. Clarence - N. S. 77'

Hammer Throw

1. Syed Ali Ispahani - Science
2. Syed Jameel Ahamed - Arts
3. T. Sivakumar - N. S. 56' 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

1600 Metres Cycle Race

1. Philomen Somasundaram - Arts
2. Syed Ali Ispahani - Science
3. M. Gopinath - N. S. 3 mts. 55 secs

Discus Throw

1. Sharada
2. S. Padma
3. V. Kunthala

Javelin Throw

1. V. Kunthala
2. Sharada
3. Vasantha Gnanaraj

Shot Put

1. Sharada
2. V. Kunthala
3. A. Mangalam

75 Metres Skippinl

1. Gowramma
2. Lalitha Francis
3. Esme Paul Raj

400 Metres Cycle Race

1. Lalitha Francis
2. Rita Karumbaya
3. K. J. Kalyani

Musical Lime

1. V. Kamala
2. S. Saroja
3. Vasantha Gnanaraj

Obstacle Race

1. S. Saroja
2. N. S. Sushella
3. Vasantha Gnanaraj

BEST ATHLETE (WOMEN)—SHARADA 27 points
TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP—SCIENCE

100 Metres Race—Old Studedts under 40 Years

1. Mr. S. Jayachandran
2. Mr. K. N. Sheik Dawood
3. Mr. C. G. Devayya

50 Metres—Old Students above 40 years

1. Pro. Enoch
2. Prof. T. Balakrishnan Nayar
3. Mr. V. S. Raghavan

Musical Lime—Staff (Women)

1. Miss Vedavalli
2. Mrs. Vatsala
3. Miss Kursheed

100 Metres Race—Staff (Men)

1. Sri Kuppaswami

2. Sri Gopalan
3. S. Ramachandran

50 Metres Old Students (Women)

1. Miss Anandavalli
2. Kamala
3. Indira

Musical Chair Gursts Men

1. Sri C. Subramanian
2. Major Parthasarathy
3. General K. M. Cariappa

4 x 100 Metres Relay (Present, Past & Staff)

1. Present
2. Past
3. Staff

RESULTS OF THE COLLEGE TOURNAMENTS**Tennis Men**

Open Singles
Open Doubles

Handicap Singles
Handicap Doubles

Second Court Singles
Third & Fourth Court
Singles

Third & Fourth Court
Doubles

Tennis Women

Open Singles

Table Tennis Men

Open Singles
Open Doubles

Table Tennis (Women)

Open Singles
Open Doubles

Winner

S. K. Sundaramurthy
S. K. Sundaramurthy &
Srinivasakumar
S. K. Sundaramurthy
S. A. Ispahani &
Sivakumar
A. Sivakumar
D. K. Vasu

R. Swaminathan &
Srinivasavardan

Susheela Paul

K. Kanakaraj
P. Ravindranath &
S. Shankar

Theresa
I. S. Gowramma &
A. Mangalam.

Runner

Syed Ali Ispahani
A. Venkatesh &
Syed Ali Ispahani
Syed Ali Ispahani
A. Venkatesh &
Srinivasan
S. Srinivasan
R. Swaminathan

C. Kadirvelu & Partner

Lakshmi Mahadevan

Mallikarjunan
Prabhakar &
Santhanam

I. S. Gowramma
Theres &
P. U. Indira

Class	Winner	Runner
<i>Junior Weight</i>	I. M. Thinniah	A. G. Babu
<i>Pin Weight</i>	P. Gopinath	Christpoher John
<i>Paper Weight</i>	V. Balasundararajan	K. G. Prabhakaran
<i>Fly Weight</i>	Chinniah Viswasam	N. Nandakumar
<i>Bantam Weight</i>	K. Kamalesh Bady	Prabhakar
<i>Feather Weight</i>	Inayath Hussian	H. Hanumantha Rao
<i>Light Weight</i>	G. Sivananjappa	N. N. Madiah
<i>Welter Weight</i>	K. V. Chandrasekara Rao	J. B. Rozario
<i>Heavy Weight</i>	Syed Ali Ispahani	Jameel Ahmed
<i>Middle Weight</i>	B. S. Adityan	K. N. Ramachandran

INTER-GROUP TOURNAMENTS

Men	Winner	Captain
<i>Basketball</i>	Arts	S. Alagavelu
<i>Football</i>	Arts	G. Sivanjappa
<i>Badminton Fives</i>	Natural Science	A. M. Parvathiah
<i>Volleyball</i>	Arts	M. G. Perirswamy
<i>Cricket</i>	Arts	K. R. Venugopal
<i>Hockey</i>	Arts	N. A. Madiah
<i>Table Tennis</i>	Science	P. Ravindranath
<i>4 × 100 Shuttle Relay</i>	Natural Science	S. R. Jayapandian
<i>4 × Long Jump</i>	Natural Science	T. Sivakumar
<i>Medley Relay</i>	Arts	J. Venugopal
<i>4 × Shot put</i>	Natural Science	Rajaram
Women		
<i>Run & Throw</i>	Science	Sharada
<i>4 × 100 M. Relay</i>	Science	Sharada
<i>Netball</i>	Arts	Padma Iyer
<i>Throwball</i>	Science	S. Padma
<i>Badminton</i>	Arts	Gowramma
<i>Badminton Singles</i>	I. S. Gowramma	Prema Nilakantan
<i>Badminton Doubles</i>	I. S. Gowramma & Sharada	Ramani & Prama
<i>Tennicoit Singles</i>	Minnie	Narie Miranda
<i>Tennicoit Doubles</i>	Minnie Partner	Kunthala & Partner

STATE REPRESENTATION

1. *Volley ball* — (Women) 1. V. Kunthala
2. P. V. Sharada

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATION

<i>Hockey</i>	1. P. Samuel Rajah 2. N. A. Madiah
<i>Football</i>	1. K. Kanakaraj
<i>Boxing</i>	1. Inayath Hussian
<i>Tennis (Women)</i>	1. Susheela Paul 2. Ameena Khaleeli
<i>Over all Championship</i>	— Women - Science
<i>Over all Championship</i>	— Men Arts - 117 Pints

Football — Runners - up at the Annamalai University Tournament G. Sivananjappa (Captain)

- 100 Metres - Markers - Seniors* 1. C. Padhmanabhan
2. S. Raju
3. M. Rajagopal

- 100 Metres - Inter* 1. N. Sabapathy
2. P. Kuppan
3. K. Mani

- 100 Metres - Juniors* 1. N. Annamalai
2. V. Ellumalai
3. C. Raju

N. C. C. (AIR-WING)

The N. C. C. Unit of the Air Wing consists of 160 cadets drawn from the various city colleges. As such the strength of the cadets from each of the various colleges are limited. We have four cadets in this wing, from our College. They are (1) W. O. K. Kamalesh Babu, (2) Sgt. R. Gopalakrishnan, (3) L. F. C., K. V. Chandrasekara Rao and (4) Flt/cdt. N. V. Kumar.

The training imparted is for four years and is divided into four stages during the four years. They are basic, intermediate, advance and super advance. During the first three stages upto advance, the cadets are taught on subjects such as Aeroengines, Aero-modelling, Airmanship, Armament, Met and Navigation. During these stages, the cadets are given weapon training. The third and the fourth year cadets have flying in Tiger-moth, a biplane. The second year cadets do fifty launches in the glider. They are eligible to do twenty five hours of flying only when they attain advance stage.

Those who are doing flying secure their Civil Pilot's 'A' License during the initial forty five hours of flying training. The Super advance cadets are given additional forty four hours of advance flying which consists mainly of aerobatics and cross-country flights.

Sgt. R. Gopalakrishnan and L.F.C. K. V. Chandrasekara Rao have finished the their ninety hours of flying. W.O. K. Kamalesh Babu has completed his forty five hours of flying. All of them are 'A' licensed pilots.

W.O. K. Kamalesh Babu was adjudged as the best aeromodeller, in the Air wing annual camp held at Tambaram. He was selected to take part in the Republic Day Parade at Delhi this year. Though the strength of the cadets from our college is small, we have made a mark in the N.C.C. Air Wing.

W.O. K. KAMALESH BABU.

GIRLS DIVISION--N.C.C. No. 2 & 3 SUB-TROOPS

Our Senior Officer Mrs. Brown left the College right at the beginning of this year. Her place was taken up by 2/Lt. Miss. Khursheed-Unissa

It is a sign of the growing interest in our work that we have been able to raise a 2nd Sub-troop. We won this year again all the rolling trophies of the year—Best Drill, Technical subjects, Interior economy and Championship.

Our N.C.O. Jayalakshmi was declared the best C.S.M. at the camp and she was also selected for the Delhi contingent to participate in the Republic Day Parade. Group Commander susheela Sarma Scored the highest point in the shooting competition.

20 Cadets of the College contingent took part in the Guard of Honour and March, past in honour of Pandit Nehru at the Corporation Stadium, and in the Republic day parade held at the Island Grounds.

In our Annual sports and College Day 27 Cadets presented the Guard of Honour along with our N.C.C. Boys to General Cariappa and 15 of them took part in the Guard of Honour given to our Vice-Chancellor Dr. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar. Our Cadet ——— marvellously in the Annual Sports and a number of prizes were carried away by Our Sgt. P. Sharada was awarded the Championship.

In the G. I & G. II Certificate Examinations we have secured hundred per cent success.

2/Lt KHURSHEED UNISSA, N.

OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

During the year 1 Patron member, 15 Life Members and 67 Ordinary Members joined the Association.

The Annual Sports and College Day celebrations were held on 8-2-1958 and the presidentship of General K. M. Cariappa, Vice-president of the Association.

The annual "Reunion" Dinner will be held on 2nd March.



K. RAMACHANDRAN,
P. R. SUBRAMANIAN.
Hony. Secy.