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Dr. T. R. Govindachari

A call to the youth of our land

General K. M. Cariappa

Our millions are on the march to build up India whose people had been sleeping for well-nigh two hundred years, until we got our Independence in August 1947. These two hundred years of slumber brought about by foreign rule had kept suppressed our spirit of selfless service to ourselves as a nation to bring up our country to the level of other big free countries whose people have enjoyed and continue to enjoy a life of plenty and prosperity. In the last thirteen years of our Independence, we have had nation-building plans which have produced good results, but not as good as they should have been had everyone of us, in this beloved land of ours, given our very best in our service as Indians at all times. Alas, we did not—not all of us. I know Rome was not built in a day, neither was it humanly possible to produce plenty and prosperity to all the millions in these last thirteen years, but had we given our sweat in gallons and our blood if it was necessary, in our nation-building work, instead of demanding our 'pound of flesh' from the government we have put in power, the results of these plans could have been much more impressive. With the gifts of god given us in abundance, such as vast areas of land, water and man-power, is it not a shame to each one of us that we should now go abegging for our food from outside our own land. Food is the most essential and vital requirement of our millions. On a full stomach and with the glory we possess of the heritage of our ancient culture and philosophy, if only we live upto it, we can build up our country more rapidly, saving ourselves the humiliation of having to go about the world asking for food and money. I know no young country—young in the sense of political freedom, can build without foreign financial and other aids in the early stages of its freedom, but we could have slowed down considerably this begging had all the plans of our government been properly co-ordinated and implemented by those entrusted to do so with scrupulous honesty, integrity, energy and determination and had we as a united people given our best with no thought for rest and comfort regarding these plans as much as ours as they were of the government.

Who are the people, who can help produce the food we want. It is the farmer—the peasant—the villager. They are the real 'back-bone' of our country. Of these we have nearly, 80 percent of our vast population. They need honest, sound and selfless guidance and leadership for the fulfilment of their duty to the nation, which is to step up agricultural products in sufficient quantities to stop food imports and so save our much-needed foreign exchange. Our farmers are simple folk. They are, men and women real gentlemen and ladies. It is in this context that I make this appeal to you, our youth, the precious gems of our land.

You, our youth, are the leaders of tomorrow. On your labours of today, depend the fruits the country will reap in the years to come. You know we have a very well thought-out, perhaps a trifle ambitious, Third Five Year Plan in the offing. This plan envisages to provide for our masses an increasingly better standard of living, to give them a life of dignity and self-respect, and to raise their *percapita* income. It is here where you can play your parts, in making this coming Five Year Plan a success, in so far as it affects the rural population.

I know there is an urgent call for bright young men to work in the factories, scientific research institutes, offices, services and so on, but the rural call is a much greater one, in this country of ours which has been essentially an agricultural land. Industry, small scale, medium scale and large scale, are all very essential of course, but food is even more essential. The millions of our rural population have yet to be shown, the ways of life and work as practised by people of prosperous countries. You can show them these. Now what are the essential 'requisites' necessary in them to enable them to become more effective and useful cogs in the huge big 'Nation Building Wheel'. To my mind they are.—

(1) Good health. (2) Discipline and character. (3) Selflessness and loyal voluntary co-operation with each other. (4) Sense of duty. (5) Value of time. (6) Sanitation and hygiene. (7) Sense of civic duties. (8) Simple Literacy. (9) Economy in all its aspects, to get the best value from their money. (10) Modern methods of farming which include besides growing cereals of all kinds, animal husbandry, poultry keeping, growing vegetables, fruit and so on. (11) Self help. (12) and this is most important, Family Planning—to regulate the size of the family to be in keeping with the length of the purse—and thus put a curb on the alarming growth of India's population, at the rate of five to seven million a year.

Such of you as have been blessed with intelligence and commonsense and physical fitness can play a very important part in inculcating all those 'requisites' in our village folk. I do not wish to give you here any elaborate programme on how you could do this, because an attempt to do so would involve writing volumes on this work. This is not the aim of this article. The article is aimed mainly to give you a rough outline, in its skeleton form, of what there is to be done to build up our Rural India, which is the real 'Gold Mine' of our country.

In this work, if you are a student, please do not subordinate your studies to it. Studies come first. Your main job in life as a student, is to acquire knowledge to broaden your mental outlook and vitalize your inner spirit to become a good citizen of the land, as you grow up. In your spare time you do this work. However, you students must now, make plans, carefully thought-out plans. Do not make them too elaborate or ambitious. Keep them simple. Do not take on too many subjects at the same time. Get together soon, and set about to plan on how to participate in this glorious adventure in our nation building work which is still in its embryonic stage.

For goodness' sake, when you get about your work, please do not go with an air of superiority, looking down on the villagers in a patronizing and condescending manner. Do not give them the impression that you want to show off that you are an intellectual superior while they are just poor worms with no brains at all. If you do this, you had better pack up and not waste their time or yours, in this great work of rural reconstruction. Go to them with modesty and humility. Do not indulge in mere verbiage, but roll up your sleeves and pull up your socks and do the work yourself which you tell them to do. Show them that you are a real practical guide and philosopher, and not just a 'Waffler' preaching platitudes. Remember our village folk who may not be blessed with any academic wealth, are blessed by God with a great deal of sound commonsense. They are very good judges of what is good and what is bad, of who is an honest man and who a hypocrite. You cannot deceive them. They respect gentlemen and will value their advice because they are themselves gentlemen.

As I have often said, I envy you for being young and still in the dawn of your life, with the morning, noon, evening and night yet to follow. With me, I have only the night to follow. You have endless opportunities to help in this 'Rural Reconstruction'. Go ahead, get cracking. Do not waste an instant's time on useless pursuits, on just meandering about town, frequenting cinema-houses and eating-places. No more strikes please. You have a sacred duty to our country and to yourselves and to our future generations. I have infinite faith in you. I know you will do big things if only you go about with one thought in your minds, and that is to render service to our land as Indians at all times, imbued with a high sense of moral integrity, honesty, selflessness and a sense of duty, giving your best to the other man regardless of how irksome and inconvenient that service may be to you personally. Give all your spare time for this work. Now is NOT the time to rest and idle.

In the villages, you can organize classes for adults and young people to teach them to read and write their own language, and Hindi and how to keep simple family accounts. You can organize drill classes, for adults and young people, and make them march about smartly as men and women. This need not cost you any money. In all this work you do, please do not over-do anything. Do not take up all their time for your work alone. Your work is only a tiny part of a bigger whole. You must have a thorough knowledge of what you are going to tell them before you go to them.

Finally, I make this fervent appeal to all the Students' Unions in our land, especially to the 'All India Youth League'. Please get down immediately, to preparing a plan, which I will call:—"The All India Youth Plan for Rural Reconstruction and Development during the Third Five Year Plan".

Form a small Committee of students/non-students, representatives from each State to discuss this matter and meet at Delhi. I say Delhi because here are the 'Planners', whom you can get to address you to indicate to you in what shape and form you can help. Then make your plans for 'Operation Rural Reconstruction' and send it to every single Students/Youth Unions in the country to implement. Let there be no piecemeal and isolated efforts in this respect. There should be planned supervision of the work being done. Contact the Government Planning Bodies in your own States and ask them to tell you what you can do to help.

It is only when you go about this work planning in this manner can you with a clear conscience feel you are serving India well.

Our Country's 'BUGLE CALL' to you is:—"Wake up! Act as Indians to make 'Rural Reconstruction' a thundering success during the Third Five Year Plan keeping only Indianism aloft in this glorious work, as your inspiration to serve".

Be up and at it, and help to achieve economic prosperity to our people which will bring in its wake national unity and therefore national strength.

God bless you, our dear youth.

The Spirit of Harmony and Synthesis in Kalidasa*

P. Thirugnanasambandham, (Professor of Sanskrit)

It is a well recognised axiom that 'Harmony is a source of pleasure and discord a source of pain'. It is only a man who is able to blend harmoniously the various units into a synthetic whole, who finds a common thread running through apparently diverse elements, that is considered according to the Gita as one who is endowed with the sattvika type of knowledge.

Sarvabhutesu yenaikam bhavam avyayam iksate ||

Avibhaktam vibhaktesu tajjnanam viddhi sattvikam ||

(Bh. Gita. XVIII. 20)

* Paper read on the 24th November 1961 at the Seminar organised by the Kalidasa Celebrations Committee under the auspices of the Vikram University, Ujjain.

'That by which one indestructible Being is seen in all beings, inseparable in the separated, know then that knowledge as pure'.

A true artist is essentially a man of this type.

The spirit of Kalidasa bears the stamp of Universality and for that very reason has a universal appeal. Apart from the Divine grace, which he is supposed to have obtained in his early days, meseems, it is more the result of the width of learning and worldly wisdom acquired by the poet in the manner prescribed. Of this we have ample testimony in his works.

Only when a man is large-hearted, views things as an integrated whole and practices advaitabhavana, is he able to secure joy and tranquillity and in the case of a poet it further enables him to convey to others the same joy and repose.

In the context of the present-day world, we find that differences are exaggerated among groups of people in our own country and in different parts of the world. When we think of the remedy for this social maladjustment what is lost right of is the need for the integration of the human individual. The disintegration of the atom, apart from its potentiality for abundant good that is claimed for it by scientists, has and is at present causing disintegration of the human personality which is evident in the disharmony in the thoughts and behaviour of individuals and groups, in the exhibition of passion and hatred, in the non-adherence to Spiritual values. It is with the restoration of the integrated personality, on the re-enthronement of Spirit over matter, that we can hope to retrieve the lost ground and live peacefully on this planet as men.

The works of Kalidasa—as indeed works of poets of his eminence in any language are—are helpful in the direction of maintaining the inner harmony of the human spirit, in enabling man to live in concord with the rest of creation.

I shall try to recapture certain scenes and incidents from his works where such a spirit of synthesis and harmony are in evidence.

Kalidasa has been described as an Advaitin. When he is so described we are to take him as a believer in the One Supreme. A true Advaitin will not countenance 'bheda' or difference. We find Kalidasa in describing the adoration of Brahma in his 'Kumarasambhava' refers to him in the verse—

Namas trimurtaye tubhyam prak srsteh kevalatmane |

Gunatrayavibhagaya pascad bheda upeyuse ||

(II. 4)

Here Brahma is identified with Trimurti, a concept evolved by the synthetic approach of the Hindu seers and adopted by a poet of kindred spirit. In the same way Visnu is referred to in the tenth canto of the Raghuvamsa—

Namo visvasrje purvam visvam tadanu bibhrate |

Atha visvasya samhartre tubhyam tredha sthitatmane ||

(X. 16)

The reference in one grand sweep to the entire Universe with the planets, elements and creations as the body of the Supreme in the invocatory verse of Sakuntalam is further proof of the synthetic vision of the poet.

We find here a poet who does not quarrel over the difference in name and for and reveals the best tradition of Hindu culture handed down from the ancient seers. Rigveda in the north who proclaimed the truth 'Ekam sad : vipra bahudha vadanti' and by Saiva and Vaisnava saints down in the south. Saint Tirujnanasambandar in one of his Thevaram hymns refers to "விரைமலரோன் செங்கண்மால் ஈசனென்று முவரா முதலொருவன்" and Nammalvar in his *Thiruvaymozhi* speaks about "நன்றெழி நாரணன் நான்முகன் அரனென்னுமிவரை ஒன்ற நும் மனத்து வைத்துள்ளி....."

Again we can see how Kalidasa sets his face against all conflicts in the name of creed. It is clear from his statement containing the beautiful simile—

'Bahudhapyagamair bhinnah panthanah siddhihetavah |

Tvayyeva nipatanatyogha jahnaviya ivarnave ||

(R. V. X. 2)

Mallinatha commenting on this verse observes, 'Vibhinnesvapi Srutivacanesu mun matesu ca tesam pratipadyas tvameva ekah' Such expressions of the poet go to show what importance he attaches to the synthetic vision that should guide the people.

It is only the Universal spirit in such a poet that can idealise that particular and breathe life into the lifeless. It is only the mind of such a spirit that can visualise the daffodils dance and the creepers shedding tears when their human companion part company. Unless the poet had got that sympathy and vision to look at the whole world as one family we would have missed several of the passages in his works which elevate the mind of man. We find in the *Meghaduta* how the poet brings about, without our being rudely made aware of it, the transference of human feelings and reactions to Nature and of Nature's simplicity, artistry and sublimity to man. Mountains and rivers, birds and beasts, human and semi-divine beings sing in chorus. Yet the individuality of each is as important as that of another. Man is a part of this grand commonwealth. To cite one instance,—'Nicairakhyam girimadhivaseh tatra visramahetoh | tvatsan parkat pulakitam iva praudhapuspaih kadambaih.....'(Megh. 7. 26) We find horripilation, a human experience attributed to the mountain and the human activity of 'rest to the inanimate cloud.

In the *Raghuvamsa* we can see how Kalidasa stresses the need for a balance and well-integrated life which alone can ensure harmony within and without. In fact kings of the Raghu race except in its last decadent stage laid equal stress on the importance of every stage of life. It is epitomised in two simple lines—

Saisave abhyasta vidyanam yauvane visayaisinam |

Vardhake munivrttinam yogenante tanutyajam || (R. V. I.)

We should not run away with the impression that the kavya which speaks largely of the achievements and occasionally of failures of kings has no concern for the layman. For 'Yatha Raja tatha prajah' What the poet suggests is that one should aspire to follow the ideals of Dilipa, Raghu and Rama and avoid the pitfalls and ultimate ruin of Agnivarna. The former is an example and the latter a counter example. True to the Hindu tradition the poet places greater emphasis on 'dharma' than on 'artha' and certainly than on 'kama'. There should be a happy synthesis of the constituent elements of this trio. Materialism and Spiritualism are not conflicting forces but complementary. It is well illustrated in the words of Dilipa addressed to Vasistha—'Ikshvakunam durape arthe tvadadhina hi siddhayah, (R. V. I. 72) (Success in regard to matters which are beyond the reach of the monarchs of Ikshvaku race is in your hands. Here we find the alliance between Brahma and Ksatra, a synthesis of wisdom and power, a combination which contributes to stability and harmony. The poet shows

how by neglecting his 'dharma' and giving himself up wholly to 'Kama' King Agni-varna brought ruin on himself and misery to his people. It is an instance of how a disintegrated soul becomes a degenerate one.

The Episode of Cupid in the *Kumarasambhava* again emphasises how if one is swayed by egoism, if one loses his mental equipoise, if the inner harmony (Samacittata) is disturbed he courts defeat and causes suffering. Manmatha in the height of his folly and pride undertakes to bring round Lord Siva to his way but courted only disaster and destruction. Laudable though the end (the alliance between Siva and Parvati) might be the means adopted were not sound. It was a conflict between 'sattva' and 'rajas' culminating in the annihilation of the latter.

On the other hand we have the picture of Parvati and Siva. It is not Parvati, the daughter of the Emperor of mountains with enormous wealth and power, not the one of superlative physical charm as described by the poet that won the heart and ultimately the hand, nay one half of His body, but Parvati, the austere, worshipful, humble soul that won Him.

These two episodes of the encounter between Manmatha and Siva on the one hand and Parvati and Siva on the other bring home to us the truth that neither 'kama' nor 'artha' alone can win the ultimate good but the one or the other or both can be fruitful provided they are grounded on 'dharma'. It is this harmonising of things which are apparently incompatible that is emphasised by the poet in several places.

Speaking about Ujjain and its environs in 'the Cloud-Messenger' the poet may be said to have brought within a single compass the Divine and the Natural, the Isvara and Prakrti. The cloud is advised to go to the city of Ujjain, the abode of Mahakala, not only because it is a place where salvation can be obtained but also for the reason that it is a place for gaiety and merriment for lovers. It is both a 'mukti-sthana' and a 'vilasa-sthana'. The poet introduces in the same verse the apparently contradictory purusarthas of 'kama' and 'moksa' giving two lines for each.

Bhartuh kanthacchavirh iti ganaih sadaram viksyamanah

Punyah yayah tribhuvanaguroh dhama candisvarasya ||

Dhutodyanam kuvalayarajogandhibhah gandhavatyah

Toyakrida nirata yuvati snana tiktair marudbhah || (Megh. I, 36)

In fact the city of Ujjain described by Kalidasa can be called a 'caturveni-sangama' if I may so put it. Therein we find the confluence of four purusarthas or ends of life. Besides the 'kama' and 'moksa' alluded to earlier there is unmistakable reference to 'Dharma' and 'artha' as well. 'Dharma' namely 'Sucaritaphalam' (the fruit of good actions) is indicated in the lines—

'Svalpibhute sucaritaphale svarginam gam gatauam Sesaih punyair

hrtam iva divah kantimat khandam ekam | (Megh I, 31)

We find the opulent city of Ujjain with precious stones of all types 'artha' heaped in the bazars—Harams tarams tarala gutikah saukasuktih etc....(Megh. I 33)

It is common knowledge how in the conversation between the ascetics and the king in the play *Sakuntalam*, the mutual interdependence of the culture of the hermits and of the king in the city is demonstrated as being mutually complimentary. We see also how Sakuntala brought up in the harmonious climate of the asrama under certain codes of discipline was presented as a picture of sprightliness, joy and radiance in the

opening scenes of the play but became later a picture of misery and suffering on account of the inner disharmony that was set in motion when she yielded to the physical charm and splendour of the king. She had to go through an ordeal before she could regain her native equilibrium. We also find how, in the words of Goethe, Kalidasa has succeeded to combine in one sole word 'Sakuntala' Heaven and Earth. This art of harmony and synthesis is not a mere mechanical putting together of two or more things but an artistic arrangement based on the supreme principle of 'aucitya' or 'propriety' as well and rightly emphasised by the great literary critic Anandavardhana.

Let me conclude with the supreme synthesis that forms the central theme of *Kumarasambhava* and the purport of the invocatory verse in *Raghuvamsa*, an address to the Ardhanarisvara form of the Divine pair, the Father and Mother of the Universe so that they may in their abundant grace vouchsafe to each one of us that inner harmony with the result that the world may turn into a haven of peace and joy.

The Red Earth

Prem Souri, I M.A., English

There was only stillness and darkness around him. But he walked on, up the pathway. The pathway was shrouded in shadows but he knew the way. Now and then he shifted the bundle on his head. Once, he looked back at the village he had left behind, but the village lay in silence. He knew he would have to walk faster if he wanted to reach the next village before the first crowing of the cocks. He was almost breathless. His tongue felt dry. And then he knew he would have to drink a little of the arrack he carried in the bundle. He placed the bundle on the ground and sat down beside it. Soon, the liquid fire went running down his throat warming, kindling. And he sighed contentedly. He pushed away the turban on his head and closed his eyes. Suddenly all around him there was the fragrance of the jasmine. It reminded him of Radha. But he did not want to think of her now. The fragrance seemed to him to be mingled with the smell of the fresh earth—the red earth on the unploughed land near him. He placed the bottle on the ground and walked towards the edge of the pathway. He stooped down and groped in the darkness for a handful of earth. The earth was warm and seemed almost alive in his hands. He sat down again and let the earth trickle through his fingers. It was this earth that had deceived him—this soft red earth that had betrayed him

There had been a time when he had been filled with pleasure on seeing the red earth and the green delicate paddy in the fields. There had been a time when he had been filled with the joy of feeling the sun on his face. He had sighed with gladness when he had watched his two splendid strong bulls press down the earth, and seen the furrows growing each day leisurely and slowly. It was only when the earth beneath him darkened and the shadows came creeping over the land that he'd leave off ploughing It had been a time when he had been at peace with all things. He had learned to wait patiently for the warm quick rains, and had known joy when he felt his sickle touch the ripe corn. And later, he had shared the same joy with his wife Radha. As he thought of Radha, a wild feeling of loneliness and longing swept over him. Radha with her eyes soft as a buck's—she had always been timidly careful of what she said or did in the beginning but later she had been less shy and had shared his dreams and longings. He had told her of his unfulfilled dream . . . of the day when he would be able to have enough money to buy the surrounding lands and grow sugar-cane and they would live in a brick house . . . She had believed in him for she had loved not only him but also the earth so red and soft. In the afternoons, she would bring food to him, when the sun had climbed high into the skies, he would hear her silver anklets and the bangles tinkling softly against each other; and he would then stop ploughing and make his way towards her

But then, the rains had come. Rains no longer gentle and caressing but violent and cruel. They came swiftly and left as suddenly, leaving behind only the bruised and ravaged fields. And then his bulls had sickened, and though he himself had nursed them, they had died. Through the days that followed he had been slowly filled with pain and misery. He had not gone to the fields after that. Instead, he had gone to the shop where the drink was sold. He had drowned his sorrows there together with his crumbled dreams. But when he had gone back furtively to Radha in the mornings, he had not liked to meet her eyes—her eyes which were bewildered and frightened because of this change in him. Soon, those eyes had grown dark with pain and pleading. They were no longer wistful and misty with dreams. She had not said anything, but only her eyes seemed to be haunted with sadness whenever she looked at him. And he had not wanted to stay with those silent, tormented eyes. It was then that he had discovered that she was to have a child. He knew that the time had come for him to leave—leave the village. He would go to the town and become a workman. It would be back-breaking toil, but he would be paid in coins every day. It would be enough for him. He would live there and forget his past life in the village.

And so, he had taken the last of his savings—the savings which would perhaps have bought another two bulls—but no—he had not wanted to risk his money again in that manner. He had taken the money and left the village in the night

He put the bottle back in the bundle and tied the ends more securely. Ah—God he thought, would there be peace for him in this new town? He thought wearily of the God to whom he had prayed for help during the furious rains. But the God, like his earth, had failed him. He had waited for a sign from God which would guide him to do the right thing—a sign which would tell him whether he should use his savings for the two new bullocks. And instead of a sign—a CHILD was to be born—a new body to be fed—to be clothed—He laughed aloud and then stopped short. He trembled—dear God—was this child the sign? The sign sent to tell him that he now had to seek a new life not in the town—but in the village? All at once there was a turmoil of smouldering pleasure, pain and awareness—a new warm excitement within him. Slowly, the old belief came creeping through his being. He felt a hungry tenderness for the old life. He knew now that he had to go back to them, give himself again to them, believe in them—in Radha—the child—and ah yes, the earth—the red earth.

Some Stray Thoughts on Boris Pasternak's "Dr. Zhivago"

C. S. Rangachari, II M.A., (*Economics*)

My hand falters as I recall to my mind the fact that this is the book which nearly made history in Russia, was offered the Nobel Prize, and caused a stir the world over—and I, no more than a desultory Rambler in the realms of gold, am about to embark on so bold a task: that of attempting a cursory critical review of this masterpiece. Perhaps I can take consolation in the fact that the book evidently is meant for the commonfolk only, and not for the scholars and Pandits of the present-day 'high-brow' literary world—its theme is ordinary, its action is lifted out of daily life and its characters mere prototypes of the men and women whom we come across in everyday life, who walk about, trudge along, wearily, desperately, ever engaged in the fierce and eternal struggle to earn their living and keep themselves from starvation and death.

What a typical Russian novel! How blissfully free from the sophistication, the hollow ostentation, the painful circumlocution, which are the direct outcome of the modern mania for literary coquettishness! The very simplicity of the narration is its

supreme and irresistible strength. It is the secret of its sway, the cause of its magic hold on the reader. Its innocence is only the positive outer symbol of the absence of iconoclasm which marks the spirit and purpose of the book. Its substance being so unimpeachably straightforward, simple and self-evident, the narration becomes effusive, and style and language remain not only unobtrusive but secondary.

The chief complaint against the book is its alleged lack of artistry. Nothing more betrays the utter emptiness and complacent assumption of omniscience of the modern critic than this allegation. Pasternak could as well have warned the reader against one serious misapprehension: the book, so far from being a political diary of a disgruntled Soviet citizen at war with himself and his milieu and prompted by the poignant call of his conscience, the portrayal of an artist passionately desiring to paint the vices of a rotten social structure to which he himself has been cruelly victimized, the woeful tale of a wretched, shattered, disillusioned man groaning under the yoke of inordinate tyranny and suppressed liberties — what a gross misrepresentation! — is really nothing of the kind. When politics enters the literary sphere, when into the pure and golden realm of literature infiltrates foreign influence so alien and remote as that from the sociological and political world, the picture is no longer to be loved and cherished — it corrupts and contaminates. Pasternak's righteousness and indeed his literary delicacy, which is his chief charm, his novelist's temperament and sensitiveness would have been outraged indeed, were we to attribute such abominable motivations completely alien to the spontaneous objectivity of literary experience and expression.

What, then, is sought to be conveyed in this long novel, apparently overburdened with characters who are mostly unnecessary and over whose names and their spellings so much labour has been expended? Apart from the few artistic undertones, the literary nothings of the novelist's convention, and the bare, simple and almost dreary prose, is there anything at all in the book, any aspect of lasting value in the story, any rare invention on the plane of human psychology, any literary uniqueness? The answer is simple: the reader who looks for these trivial signs of mistaken greatness is fencing with ghosts; his approach is entirely wrong. The book, to my mind, is immortal, not because of the grandeur of its outer garments, not because of stylistic trimmings, or even its modernity and rustic simplicity, but because of its transcendental theme, the lesson it can teach to a devitalised, disenchanting post-war world, especially the non-communist world.

It is a pity that the book is hailed everywhere only from narrow political prejudices or on grounds equally shaky. Those who rail at communism delight in the denunciatory passages which frequently punctuate the progress of the story; to those who admire the communist way of life, it gives a chance to prove not only that literature thrives and flourishes in Soviet Russia, but that freedom is kept shockingly alive even in that country.

But how many have touched the depths and scaled the heights which the author reaches, in the very variety of his characters? In this there is none of the horrible sameness, the stinking staleness, the obnoxious sophistry, and the repulsive banality of the Western novels. What an astonishing variety we come across in this book—Yury, the hero, with none of the petty vanities and trivial ambitions of the heroes of Western novels, who is portrayed with not poetic unrealism, but in vivid touching and real colours, and in whom intelligence and talent replace will: Lara, and ~~the other~~ the chief woman character, a woman with a terrific personality and strong white hands, a capacity for all-consuming love and rich and noble passions which cleanse and purify, and do not corrupt; Tonya, the devoted wife, ever faced with the riddle of domestic unhappiness, and the very model of sacrificing womanhood; Stralnikov (Pasha), the powerful personality who could hold the destiny of his people in the hollow of his hand but who made

such an appalling blunder about his own wife and domestic life; Uncle Kolya, the intellectual who disappears soon leaving not a wrack behind; Komarovsky, the man with a cankered character but with a conscience; and many others whom we cannot forget.

All these are living, breathing images of the endless variety of God's creation. Even a born misanthrope cannot help being transformed at one stroke into a radiant optimist of the Robert Browning type, once he reads Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*, and reads it fully and without prejudice. To take a lop-sided view and condemn the book merely on the score of its frequent passages of philosophy and metaphysics which we are too shallow to appreciate would be nothing short of brazen cowardice. For who can afford to be narrow or jealous after listening to Yury and Lara in their most impassioned of intimate lovers' conversations? Love is the only hope of deliverance to these innocent children, caught in the centre of seething confusion, buffeted by Fate—Love; the lonely star in a cloud-ridden firmament, beckons to them and is the only possible escape from a life so sordid, so squalid, and so inhuman. Russia was a troubled land shaken by spasmodic upheavals and cataclysmic insurrections. Not even the self-effacing loyalty and the intense fire of patriotism which drove men on to the battlefield in a frantic gamble of their precious lives, were enough to reward them with a crust of bread to see them through their struggle for survival.

This is the background against which the author works out a philosophy of love and life. One cannot but be thrilled at the vastness of Yury's vision. Lara to him is the living symbol of all that is good and rare and enduring in this world, and through his love of her, he, who groped in anxious uncertainty, finally grasps the beauty of life and tastes the joy of liberation.

But 'moral' is too dull and stale a word for the kind of teaching attempted in this book. Pasternak is no dweller in ethereal regions. He is no preacher from the pulpit. His book has none of the element of sacerdotal unctuousness—and he is certainly no idealist or poet, dwelling on the tall tops of ivory towers soaring amidst empyrean clouds. He is only a practical philosopher of life. While Marx and Hegel could merely comment upon the surfaces of life and dilate on the course of history, Pasternak, with his disarming simplicity, provides its ultimate unravelling and final solution. This is enough for his profundity as a philosopher. In this he surpasses Shaw and Russell and Koestler who could be cynical, pontifical, but not creative enough. And what a keen perception and penetrating vision he must have been endowed with to attempt the delineation of such a wide range of characters, all human and alive, but definitely not dolls of clay: they live with intense, throbbing reality, with all their ambitions, attitudes, reactions and responsibilities. Above all, the author reveals himself as a philosopher on the theme of love, and even the commonest of his readers cannot deny that the writer "knew his stuff". If an author could convey through a novel so much of his glittering personality, and if a single book achieves in itself the compression of so much comprehensive reality surrounding simple living, should not both be IMMORTAL?

The Watched Poet

S. Krishnaswamy, I M.A., English

"I am writing a poem", I announced to my friend who had just come in.

"Trying to write, you mean", he said, eyeing the ruin littered around me.

"I have the subject ready in hand, but my Muse has failed to give me service so far. And with you around, it is going to be more difficult than ever", I retorted, for we poets are as handy with insults as any other lay man.

"Your threats, Cassius, have no terror for me, for I am arm'd so strong in honesty that they flit by me as the idle wind which I respect not", was my friend's rejoinder.

"You are quoting," I said coldly, as if hinting that he had committed a grave breach of etiquette and good manners.

It was now my friend's turn to be piqued. "Why shouldn't I quote? I'll jolly well quote if I want to. Better men than I have quoted. What price Bartlett's Book of Familiar Quotations?" he ended heatedly.

"21s. 6d.," I said briefly, giving him the required information.

My friend danced a step or two in irritation and started to say something. But with a curt, impatient gesture of the arm, which implied that it ill behove us to be bandying words thus, when there were matters of greater pitch and moment to be dealt with, I called him to order. "You might try to help me, instead of wasting your breath with a lot of useless words".

"All right", he said, "What is the poem going to be about? And is it going to rhyme or not? Tell me everything, for every little helps", he added, trying to look thoughtful. It made him look more like a stuffed frog than most stuffed frogs do, but I did not tell him so. I knew instinctively—my poet's instinct—that this would not pass muster. You did not find Wordsworth commenting adversely on Coleridge's facial features or *vice versa*. These things aren't simply done.

Harking back to the poem, I told him that it was supposed to rhyme, but it didn't really matter if it didn't rhyme, if that was going to make things any easier, and that the poem was to be about the rain. On the last mentioned point I was very firm. One could afford to be lax about rhyme and so forth, but one cannot be so loose with one's subject. Stick to one subject I say and where is the sense in chalking up ninety-nine subjects and trying to find out the best of the lot?

"Rain, eh?" said my friend, "That is likely to make the poem a bit soggy, isn't it? Still, you want rain and you shall have rain". And, believe me, it started to rain. "We have now the atmosphere as well," continued my friend, unperturbed, "and inspiration shouldn't be long in coming. Even if it is, think of Archimedes".

I closed my eyes resignedly and dutifully. I thought that we had got on to a problem game, where you first think of a number, then double it or divide it or in some other way mangle it, and then finally arrive at the original number, after some more mangling. All very clever, but nevertheless boring. However, I had the sacred obligations of a poet towards his inspirer to fulfil. So, as I say, I closed my eyes and muttered, "I am thinking of Archimedes, shall I double him now?" "This conjured up a vision of an Archimedes with a forty-eight inch waist, and I could almost hear one of his contemporaries exclaiming, "Upon what meat doth our Archimedes feed that he is grown so great!")

"No, no, you have got it all wrong. Inspiration came to Archimedes in a flash, while he was in his bath"; and seeing me open my mouth, he said violently, "No, we are not going to have a bath", he added, "Regarding the poem, I feel that this

umbrella should play a large part in it. The only difficulty, as I see it, is to find a suitable rhyme for it."

"Not at all", I said suavely, "What about Cinderella?"

My friend was annoyed at my readiness. I rather fancy he wanted to say 'Cinderella' himself, but I had beaten him to her. He made a footling objection though his heart wasn't really in it. "But that is a proper noun".

I came back at him, quick as lightning. "No, you fathead, it is the proper rhyme". I was enjoying myself hugely. I didn't know poets had such a jolly time.

Even as I reflected thus, a quiet feeling of mastery swept over me. All was well. I had in a moment mentally composed the poem. I looked at my friend, who had not yet recovered from my last thrust.

"Think of Archimedes" I said, catching him with his own trap.

He flared up, "I will not think of Archimedes".

"My dear fellow" I said, "You've got to think of Archimedes. You know what Archimedes said when the said flash of inspiration descended on him? He said 'Eureka'. And I say 'Eureka', too, for I have the poem ready. If you'll have the kindness to reach for that pen and paper, I'll dictate my little effort to you". He did as he was told and I dictated the following:

"Rain!
The Main
Characteristic of rain
Is that it does not rain
In vain
The Ocean's water
Gets hotter:
And then there's evaporation,
The vapour rises heavenwards as in times of evacuation.
When it gets cold up there
All the people share
The rain
Which indeed does not rain
In vain!"

He read it once from left to right and then from right to left (he being a Urdu scholar, too), crinkled his nose distastefully and censoriously. "I don't think much of it, and you have given rise to this horror in spite of my watching over you. It is really a pity".

I got up. The time had come to crush this friend under my iron heel. I took my Parthian shot, poised it carefully and then let him have it full in the eye. "The watched poet never boils over", I said, and I meant that to sting.

The Case for Astronomy *

Dr. S. Chandrasekhar

The science of astronomy has always excited the imagination of civilised man. In early times, the interest in astronomy has often measured the culture of his times. The origin of this interest can be attributed to several factors. In the early times and unfortunately even in the present times, man thought that somehow the predictability of the future of astronomical events from the present implies a corresponding predictability of human events. Such surmises have of course no basis in science or reason. But, another factor which has excited man's genuine interest in astronomy is the vastness of the scale both in distance and in time of astronomical events. However, all these factors are minor when compared to the simple curiosity which underlies all scientific pursuits namely, the curiosity, which has led man to seek an understanding of the complexity of the phenomena presented by the physical universe in simple terms. The phenomena presented by astronomy is of course only a part of the totality of observable phenomena; and today, the principal values of astronomy are sought in those aspects which deepen our insight into the laws of nature which are responsible for the particular manifestations of the astronomical universe. In other words, astronomy is a physical science and it is as a physical science that the values of astronomy are achieved.

Now, the study of the physical sciences is generally carried out at two levels; the level in which we seek to understand the basic laws which govern the behaviour of physical system; the way for example, Newton's Laws of Gravitation govern all planetary and satellite motions; and the laws of Maxwell govern all manner of radio propagation, terrestrial and cosmic. This fundamental level in which we seek to formulate the physical laws of nature is of course the domain of physics as commonly understood. The second level is one in which we seek to apply these basic laws to the understanding of particular phenomena. It is this level at which a branch of a physical science is studied. While this separation into two levels is a convenient one, it is not of course a sharp one or a clear-cut one. Indeed, there is no general law of physics which has not been derived from the study of particular phenomena; and conversely, there is no physical phenomenon, which does not in some measure, small or large, illuminate some basic physical law. The relationship between physical sciences and physics is indeed a reciprocal one. Conceived in this manner, the study of particular astro-physical phenomena must illustrate specific laws of physics and conversely. This relationship between astronomy and physics can be traced in many of the developments of current astronomy. The study of the structure and the properties of the atmospheres of the sun and the stars illustrate many aspects of atomic physics. It was for example in studying the radiation emitted by the Sun that Lockyer first identified the existence of a new element which he called helium after helios for the Sun. It is of course now well-known that the study of helium has played an important part in our understanding of the properties of atoms; and helium also plays an important part in industry. Let me take another example. Certain types of stars called white dwarfs are known to have extremely high densities, densities which may be a million or more times than that of water. The properties and structures of these extremely dense stars can be understood in terms of the same physical laws which describe the behaviour of the electrons in metals. And examples of this kind can be multiplied. This type of relationship which I have described to you is of course obvious. Since astronomy is a physical science, it deals with physical phenomena. Nevertheless, one can ask if the study of astronomy will enable us to discover new patterns of order in nature in the sense that by going to systems of the scale which we find in astronomy we can discern new patterns of behaviour which will not manifest itself in smaller scales. That by going to systems of larger dimensions and larger numbers one can discover new laws can be illustrated by rather simple examples. Take the study of gases—a cubic centimetre of gas contains a very large

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number of particles. We do not seek to understand the properties of gases explicitly in terms of the motions of the individual particles. We describe it instead in terms of three simple parameters: pressure, density and temperature and a further relation connecting these three simple variables. Now, from the study of gases, one can go on to the systems of larger dimensions and we can ask: Will new patterns of behaviour emerge? That they may indeed emerge is shown by another simple consideration. We are all familiar that when we stir a fluid or allow it to flow in a channel, it behaves in a relatively simple way. But, when we consider gases and liquids in the large scale as in the atmosphere or in the oceans we find that they have a certain element of disorder which is rather difficult to comprehend, unless we introduce new concepts to describe what one calls turbulence. And, one can now ask whether by going to still larger scales, as one does in astronomy, one can discover still other patterns of behaviour. That one may do so is shown for example by considering the property of the propagation of sound. We are all familiar with the fact that sound is propagated with a velocity which is independent of frequency or pitch. Were it not so, we could not construct a good auditorium. Nevertheless, if we consider the propagation of sound in media as extensive as those one encounters in astronomy, then the velocity of propagation does indeed become dependent on its frequency; and moreover, as Jeans showed, the very concept of a medium of uniform density is untenable if you go to systems of really large scale dimensions. There is one other example I could discuss in this connection. It has become a matter of some importance for astronomers that the astronomical universe contains not only stars and systems of stars but also particles of extremely high energy, the so-called cosmic rays. In this connection, the question arises; is it possible to exchange energy between microscopic particles (like protons) and systems of large masses? Fermi showed that if we go to systems of astronomical scale, such an exchange is indeed possible. He considered matter of very low density distributed in space and he supposed further that such media may have magnetic fields prevailing in them. If particles like high energy protons traverse such media, Fermi showed that we can have such an exchange of energy; and this possibility of the exchange of energy between the small and the large gives rise to new phenomena in nature which can emerge only when one goes to systems of astronomical sizes. The point I wish to emphasize here is that the study of astronomy can reveal to us patterns of order and patterns of behaviour, which we will not appreciate, unless we study nature in the very large. It is possible that the case for astronomy is even more fundamental. I have often discussed the case for astronomy in the physical sciences. When I say the case for astronomy, I am not implying that one can measure the value of scientific pursuits in terms of material ends. It is after all the spirit human inquiry which stimulates the study of nature. The question concerns rather the special values which will be achieved by studying the astronomy and the properties of astronomical universe. I will leave you with a profound thought expressed by a very distinguished physicist, Eugene Wigner. He stated that the study of physics can tell us only what the laws of physics at present are. One can ask how did these laws come into being. And Wigner thought that the study of astronomy may provide the answer to it. He formulated his concept as follows: Physics teaches us only what the laws of nature are like today. It is only the study of astronomy that can tell us what the initial conditions for these laws are.

The Hawaiian Visitors

R. Subramanian, I M.A., (English)

"Hello, haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Of course, you have,—on board 'S. S. Jalavihar'—we entered the ship in Hawaii together, didn't we?"

"Yes, yes—you know—I got down here to see the city but it was so charming that I decided to stay here itself."

"How funny, I did the same thing too, and within this short stay in Madras—I've almost forgotten our Hawaii. Now, why not we go along Marina for a while?"

"Why not? I am ready. Come on".

The two go along Marina and stop opposite the 'Triumph of Labour' statue.

"Did you notice that this statue has been grossly miscalled?"

"Miscalled? How?"

"Well, if as the name suggests, labour has really triumphed, that boulder these men in their loin-clothes are trying to move should not be there. Don't you see, how can you call it the triumph of labour when the boulder is still there on the pedestal—the very exhibition of failure of labour?"

The two look at each other for a moment and then proceed.

"Yesterday, I was almost killed here, you know".

"Killed here? What happened?"

"I was enjoying the breeze here when suddenly I saw a middle-aged man approaching me fast with his walking-stick lifted above his head".

"Then what happened?"

"I was scared and turned to go away the way I was coming, but lo, there was another gentlemen coming from this end?"

"With another walking stick?"

"Yes".

"And lifted?"

"Yes, exactly. I have never in my life come across this sandwiching-stratagem and so I had to hurry across the road to the other side. And from there I watched these two assaulters, and what, do you think, did these harmless creatures do? They came closer, smiled at each other, and putting down their "greeting-appliances" exchanged something like "Good evening". My! these people have real funny ways of greeting each other".

"Ay! What is this?"

"Don't you know, this is Presidency College". "What do they do here?"

"Well, they manufacture graduates".

"But nobody is seen anywhere and the time is only four." "Oh, these people have funny timings you know—they start work at 9 and finish, at 3—Poor students, I pity them".

"You may pity them later. Right now, I'm feeling hungry and very thirsty. What do we do? By the way, isn't it long since we tasted sweet human blood? The last time I had good human blood was when I attacked a European tourist in Hawaii when he was sleeping in his tent".

"I was also thinking of that only. Do you see that lonely student, sitting under that tree. How about seeing how tasty his blood is?"

"Hey, what has he got in his pocket?" wait here, I'll go and see".

"They are all cards—he is standing for some election in the college".

"But what is that smell? Don't you get it?"

"Oh that! those cards are all perfumed. Take care. And now come with me. I am thirsty and I want his blood—I am going to take him by his right hand."

"I'll also join you, come on".

The two go to him and try his right hand. Bang comes his left hand on them and the two poor Hawaiian mosquitoes die a tragic death.

One Morning in May

Prem Kishore, (Old Student)

"I think I'm in love", Lily said one morning during breakfast.

"Nonsense goose, you're reading too many novels" retorted Lata.

This time Lily was in love—and he was an army Captain.

They lived together, Lata and Lily, in Lata's rented apartment, three streets to the left of the college. Actually for the first two years Lata lived by herself. Then in the final year she discovered that their taste in food, music and clothes were similar. So Lily came over to stay.

Lily was the quiet one—a dreamer and a poet; a mere vessel of emotion untinctured by experience. Lata was more stable, down-to-earth and with a sense of humour.

It all started a week ago when the two friends decided to cycle to the park in the mornings. A certain military officer went past them every morning, on his motor-cycle.

"My gosh! what a splendid moustache". Lily gushed and Cupid took the sharpest arrow from his quiver and shot it directly into the lady's heart. How Lily's soul would dance with joy at the distant gleam of the approaching motor-cycle! Then her heart would stand still, as the brave form of the Captain roared past.

One day the girls removed the air from Lily's bicycle and hailed to the officer. The Captain jammed the brakes and the machine screamed to a halt along the roadside. Then he came over.

But for his moustache and his one gold tooth, the Captain's face was peasant-like. He was getting stout—from excessive beer-drinking.

"Yes ma'am" he croaked, and proceeded to push the bicycle to the nearest workshop.

And Lily promptly fell in love.

"Isn't he cute, Lata?" Lily enquired tentatively.

"Who?—Oh the Captain—why sure", Lata was not co-operating.

"He's so tall," Lily continued, "so handsome. He looks very fearful though. Must be very strong and brave, I'm sure".

"Lil, please pass the butter".

But Lily's head was full of the dashing officer.

"Lil, the butter. No, no, not the tea-pot. I said butter—thank you".

"Can these army fellows be trusted, Lata? They usually prove untrue. Oh but he's such a nice chap. He must be nice. He must be.....".

Lily's bashfulness was making her garrulous—"You won't believe, but he reminds me of a film—".

"Sure baby—Marlon Brando" Lata said, enjoying the whole thing.

"Oh you wicked creature. Wait till you fall in love".

"Who's going to fall in love with poor me. I'm growing old".

Lily toyed with the food. She was irritated. Lata sipped her tea and stuck her nose in a magazine.

Then a pregnant silence.

All of a sudden Lata spoke—"See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand O, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek".

Lily blushed scarlet. "Now why did you say that?"

"Not I, honey,—Romeo did. Now what did you say his name was?"

At last, at last Lily had succeeded, "Raj—Captain Raj" she blurted.

"How prosaic!"

"I don't care".

"Am I to understand that you are in love with this man, Lily".

"Yes".

"Good, call him over to tea this evening".

"What!" Lily could hear the chimes of Paradise, "do you really mean it?"

"Why not? I'll go away to the library or to the park. May be you both could get to know each other better".

"—and what'll I wear.....Oh!"

"Pink for the engagement, white for the wedding and cottons ever afterwards!"

At four in the evening Lata was the first to hear the familiar throb of the four stroke engine, "Yahoo Lil, young Lochinvar's coming" she screamed. Simultaneously the door bell rang and the uniformed officer entered, smiling. "Good evening, captain—Lily's titivating. She'll be with you in a moment. Sit down".

"Of course, ma'am—thank you, ma'am", he said and sat down.

Lata went inside—"Listen, Lil, you could use the record-player. Remember now, jazz-records top shelf, classicals on the third. I'm going now. Thumbs up kid", and she was gone.

When Lata returned that evening, Lily was standing near the window. The captain had gone.

"Honey, when are the wedding bells?" she asked.

Lily turned around, she had been crying—"Oh Lata!—Lata!—the double-crosser—the dirty double-crosser—he's deceived me! Why didn't he tell me. He—he—he took off his cap Lata. He's bald! He's bald! Plain bald! Just bald!! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!" she began to weep afresh.

"Perfectly alright dearie, its alright. You'll be okay. Don't you worry now, you'll be okay—come on now, we'll go for a walk. Just the two of us".

A Strange Denouement

"Lal"

Raj was always dapperly dressed like a beau. He believed that the dress always spoke for a man's good breeding and good reading. He walked with his spine erect and his head thrown well backward in an attitude of superior superciliousness. His gait reminded one of a strutting cock.

He was tall, handsome and brawny. Above all he was reputed for his virtue and aloofness in matters where women were concerned. Many a woman had fallen for him and some had even proposed to him, women who were beautiful and rich and would have turned the heads of men inferior to him. But he had braved all their attacks like a soldier entrenched in a citadel and come out victorious. And his reputation had gone up higher for that.

He was known in his circle of friends as a confirmed misogynist and a misogynist. In short he hated women and did not think it necessary that they should be given higher education as they were these days. Education was harmful to them even as tobacco was. Were women allowed to smoke in our country? Then why give them higher education, which had gone to their heads like a strong wine? He maintained a strict and inflexible attitude on this and had remained a staid bachelor till his twentyninth year.

"I cannot stand women for half an hour a day even", he used to declare. But his friends knew that that was enough to merit a marriage and beget a decent family. But they did not contradict him for it was useless to talk with him about his marriage. But they humoured him with sly nods of approval.

On this particular day he was seated in his office, reading and signing away the official correspondence his secretary had just typed, when there was a slight knock on the door and even before he could look up the visitor came in stealthily and deposited herself—for it was a female visitor—in the empty chair opposite him across the table. She had come in with feline swiftness and with feline grace for a feline purpose.

A strong smell of perfume, blended with a sweet fragrance of flowers, wafted upto him. His nostrils dilated with pleasure. He looked up.

He beheld a bewitching belle who was more than a match to him in dress and elegance.

"Good Lord!" he said. He could hardly restrain his surprise in spite of his being a woman hater.

She was dressed in immaculate Punjabi style, in a white pyjama and a silk laced gown. Her hair was done in a tower like chignon at the back of her head and inclined perilously like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Around it she had put a chaplet of flowers which looked like the bays of a conqueror.

"Most bewitching, most tempting,....." he stuttered at last. "I am at a loss for words".

"I have got good news for you", she said in her mellifluous voice. "Our dramatic society has decided to stage Hamlet and Othello", and here she allowed a judicious pause to tickle up the imagination of Raj.

"But what has that to do with me?" he asked surprised.

"Why, I suggested your name for the titular roles, Othello and Hamlet. I am playing opposite to you—Desdemona, Ophelia", she said,

"I thought you were cut out for Queene Gertrude", Raj said, but the veiled insinuation was lost upon Kamini.

"Now now do not try to undervalue my histrionic talents", she said smiling naively at him while her eyes closed with pleasure and cheeks swelled with pride.

"I am afraid that with all my work and the approaching half year, I shall not be able to muster time enough for it", he said. He was looking out for excuses for he felt it beneath his dignity to act opposite this lady who looked as if she was free with all sorts of men.

"That is a lame excuse for it takes place in spring. The rehearsals do not begin until winter. Then you will have enough time since the Christmas holidays will set in. It is time you gave yourself a holiday and enjoyed an innocuous pleasure of this sort". she contradicted. She had a tone of conviction which soon spread its infection to Raj. "And so I am leaving you for the time being to your work, cocksure of your 'yes' in the matter". And before Raj could think of another excuse she vanished out of the room with the same feline grace and swiftness with which she had entered.

She was a stenotypist in one of the wrist watch firms in the city. He had seen her once or twice before while he had gone for a minor repair to his wrist watch. On the second occasion she had been very polite and had attended to him personally. She even refused to bill for the repairs since it was a trifle job that did not merit any charging. He had been a little dumbfounded at her show of courtesy. He had expected her to be a little supercilious and haughty. He then asked her for a watch strap and was shown a variety of them in rolled gold nylon and leather. He lingered over his selection chatting affably with the stenotypist cum sales-girl. When he had made his choice she had fitted it to the watch and even fastened the watch on his arm. It fitted him well. He was pleased as punch. But all the same he was not sexually attracted he told himself. The proprietor of the firm had the right idea about business for though he was a crazy fellow he had engaged a bevy of ladies who secured him a bumper business while he spent his time at home and theatres.

Kamini was the most conspicuous of them all. What he admired in her was her courage. He had known her casually and yet she had fearlessly called on him and invited him to act in her dramas.

Perhaps she came from a well to do family, moved in good society and had some wealth to fall back upon. She was engaged in a job just to kill her time. After all she looked so cultured and refined.

The rehearsals were still far off. And Raj had to go on his business to Bangalore. He usually stayed there a day. But this his business took him another day and he found himself quite free on the afternoon of the second. He thought he would spend his time by calling on his old friend Ramu who lived in a really aristocratic house in Lal Bag. The famous garden was with a stone's throw from his house.

When he called on his friend his surprise knew no bounds for there was Kamini seated next to him in his study. She was reading Othello and beside her lay Hamlet. They were quoting excerpts and discussing certain passages from the books where Shakespeare reached his acme.

"You are in time. You are right welcome. We have been indulging in literary polemics and you may join us if you please". Ramu said with a sigh of relief.

It was evident to Raj that Ramu had been having a lean time arguing with Kamini in one of her favourite subjects.

"I apologise for not introducing each other". Ramu continued and introduced them to each other.

Kamini put on an impassive look on her face and in a feint of surprise even extended her arm to him for a shake. But Raj did not take the hint and blurted out, "You here Kamini?"

"So you seem to know each other". Ramu said flummoxed a little.

"We are opening a branch here. I am sent along with our manager since I am well versed with Bangalore", she said.

They had an excellent literary, didactic talk. Raj found Kamini well informed on many subjects. She even dropped a hint in her talk that she was a M.A. of the Delhi University. With Raj she seemed to behave very differently than she did with Ramu.

"With me she lost her temper often but with you she is so ladylike", Ramu said.

"Nonsense. You were arguing with me like a fool and behaved so unsportsman-like". Kamini rebuffed him.

Raj suggested they stop all controversies and have a small walk in the Lal Baug. She dropped her books with a thud and agreed. It was pleasantly cool in the garden at this time of the year. Kamini enjoyed herself by picking out a few flowers and giving out their names. She knew the names of quite a number of trees also. He was charmed. But he maintained that he was not sexually attracted.

"But too much education is harmful to a woman". Raj said, tempted to come round to his favourite subject.

"You are a cynic. You should have been born in the dark ages", Kamini thundered. She was ready to fall on him with feline fury and tear him to pieces.

"I apologise. I do not mean yourself. With due respects to you women are generally not clever, good education intoxicates you even as good wine intoxicates a monkey. But I am glad to see you are a real exception. Not all women can keep such a head on their shoulders", he said.

Kamini was mollified. She smiled in pleasure and her eyes closed and her cheeks bulged in conceit.

He returned to Madras. The next day when he had just opened his office mail Kamini entered his office and deposited herself in the chair opposite him.

"Good God!" he said. "I thought you were staying behind for your office work". His face wore a awkward look.

"I had not particularly gone there for the office work", she said smiling.

"Then was it to look up with Ramu or teach him literature?" he asked jovially.

"Not particularly, but have it as you please. It makes no difference to me", she continued in her sweet and titillating voice. But Raj had a goose flesh that he was being closely followed by a shrewd sleuth hound.

"Since the rehearsals are going to begin soon I thought we will have a prior discussion about it to-day", she was discursive and brilliant and she soon changed the topic to divert his mind from their trip to Bangalore.

"I shall be free by six o'clock". Raj said a little nervously.

At the appointed time she was picked up by Raj.

"Let us go to a cafe. I feel peckish. I cannot talk art on a hungry stomach". she said in a bantering tone.

It was only after she had got down a vegetable cutlet and a plate of cucumber sandwiches into her stomach that she found tongue to talk.

"I am expecting a cousin of mine any moment", she said. She watched his face for any reaction.

"Your cousin! I thought you wanted to discuss those plays with me alone". Raj was truly flabbergasted.

"Do not worry, she is only a cousin sister who is going to play Bianca. She is called Bina. What a strange co-incidence in name!" she said disarming his suspicions. She was still sipping her last drop of her tea when she called out "There she comes".

A lady walked up to them and greeted them with a 'Hello'. She took her seat beside Raj, shook his hand and chatted affably with him. Kamini was enraged. That chit of a girl does not even wait for the introductions to be over before she talks with him. A twinge of jealousy was evident in the sharp, taut lines of her face. That scoundrel, Kamini thought, had not even once greeted her with half the sweetness with which he now greeted Bina. Bina was after all a young student, who was not as beautiful as herself and who did not dress as elegantly as herself.

"I have a feeling", Kamini said digressing a bit, "That Hamlet was not mad after all. He was just witty and indulged in good repartee born of superior wit and superior knowledge of human nature, and disillusionment born of bitterness". She had a rare talent for versatility and was discursive under which she now took refuge as she always did in moments of crises like this.

"He was mad, stark mad". Bina contradicted her vehemently.

"Not half as mad as you are. Besides twice as clever". Kamini rebutted her and the insult went home to Bina.

"Now do not interrupt while I am talking. Let me finish. I have another theory. Othello was not jealous. Iago was but not his master. Othello was a man of great ideals and honour who aimed high. He suffered from a noble sense of duty. Otherwise we cannot expect such a military general to kill his wife without sound proofs", here she stopped to see what effect it had on the listeners.

"Othello is not jealous not half jealous as you are. I can see from your face that you are jealous of me. Come confess that". Bina said in a wild riposte. And this time she scored over Kamini.

Raj saw that they were about to quarrel like kittens. He wanted to pacify them.

"You are forgetting the purpose of our visit to this hotel. Come let us get down to brass tacks. You women are not only mad, jealous etc. but even senile like Lear". He had meant it as a banter but it was taken amiss by both.

"Senile! You call us senile! You are a nitwit like Polonius". Kamini burst out, choking with rage.

"And you are also sodden witted like Bottom". Bina said. Now they were united against a common foe, Raj thought. He had made a mistake, he should have allowed them to quarrel and got some fun out of it.

They picked up their purses and vanity bags and left him alone to himself. He paid the bill and walked out a bit crestfallen.

Women were always so unpredictable, so wily and yet so charming. They quarreled with men and pretended to be superior creatures, gave themselves airs and yet could not do without men.

The next day he received a phone call from Bina who apologised profusely for her misdemeanour. She fixed up an appointment in the evening.

She took him to a restaurant and ordered tea and cheese sandwiches. And in the course of their meal when the time was ripe proposed to him.

"Goodness!" said Raj gulping down his morsel. He was thrown off his balance. "Women and marriage are never in my blood".

"I know that you are a woman hater. But you must have an exception. I am a staunch man hater. But I make an exception in your case", she pleaded.

"Never mind that Bina. Thank you for the compliment. I have still not found that exception. Any way it is not going to be you", he said sternly.

"I know that you are in love with that hydra—Kamini—with a hundred tongues. She has caught you in her toils with her sweet tongue".

"But I cannot fall for viragoes, termagants like you", said Raj, his righteous anger rising.

"I hate misogynists and misogynists like you. Had I known you were such a misanthrope I would never have proposed to you. I am glad I thrashed it out with you. I might have been tied otherwise to a fool for life", she said and walked out.

The next day Kamini telephoned him to say she would meet him in the evening.

When she met him she told him she was alarmed by Bina's foolhardiness. She was beginning to couple her name with his and spreading rumours about their marriage which was only a matter of time.

"By the way if you are not going to accept her why not consider my proposal? That will silence all gossipers", she said blandly.

"I am sorry marriage is not for me". Raj said nonplussed. "Women bore me severely. They do not let me live in peace".

And once again Kamini collected her hand bag and walked out abruptly leaving him to himself to reflect on the frailties of women and pay the bill.

The next day he found a long letter awaiting him in his office. From the cursive hand he knew it was from Kamini.

Then the telephone rang. "Have you received my letter?" Kamini's voice asked at the other end.

"I read and tore it into bits and threw it into the dust bin", he said in high dudgeon. He curtly closed the telephone. He had received one of the most high faluting, yet one of the best love letters. He was pleased with the language, but he could not be sexually attracted to that chit for it.

He instructed his secretary that she was under no circumstances to give him the telephone connection when a lady's voice pleaded for him in a sweet tone. She was to say he was out.

In spite of it Bina called on him sharp at five after her college was over. And when Raj decided to close his office before five, she still found means to meet him at the rehearsals and make love to him. She proposed to him at least thirty times that month.

For a change he decided to go to Bangalore to escape from all this round of proposals. But when he called on his friend Ramu he was told that he had gone to Madras. Raj was in a quandary. He did not know where to spend his time.

When he returned to Madras and entered his office, his secretary told him that a lady's voice was urgently wanting him. She was pleading irresistibly.

"I am glad to find you". Kamini's voice rang out on the receiver when he took the telephone, "Bina left for Bangalore by the same train as yourself. But at the moment she is not in Bangalore nor in Madras. I thought you might know since you had been there".

"Nonsense, do you think I can run away with such a slut, such a slip of a girl?" he asked, flying into a tantrum. He disconnected with the words "Stop suspecting me". But he was stunned to know Kamini was watching him as if he was under a surveillance. It was so nerve racking. And then he had a flash of intuition. Could Bina have run away with Ramu? He chuckled at the thought. Good riddance to bad rubbish if it was so. But as yet it was too early to say so definitely.

And that evening he had an anti-climax in his bachelor's life. As he was about to leave his office his eyes rested on a small envelope addressed to him. Had he forgotten to read a letter in the day's mail? He opened and found it was from his secretary cum typist. She had resigned the post and in the end had proposed him.

"What a bathos", he said to himself. He peeped out and found that she had already left. How clever of her to forestall him, otherwise he would have kicked her out. But it was to her advantage as well to his. He may have broken down and behaved like a child under her proposal. As it is he was feeling jittery.

"A bachelor is not allowed to live in peace. Not allowed even to die in peace. It gives me goose flesh every time I receive a proposal".

He gave the matter good thought day. Fate had been playing tricks with him.

The next day he telephoned Kamini to say he would meet her at her office.

"Do meet me here, at home. I have resigned my job", she said.

"Resigned!" he asked aghast.

"Resigned, because my boss proposed to me. What a cheeky man he is. And your typist has taken my place".

"What pranks women are upto. They are unpredictable", he said to himself shocked out of his wits.

"I must take my cue from you". Raj said when he met her. "Not even Bina's elopement with Ramu could induce me. But secretary's resignation did it. I have incidentally been spared the choice between the devil and the deep sea".

"I do not understand your jargon", she said, smiling as usual.

"Why I propose to you", he said smiling back at her.

"A misogynist and a misogynist propose me!" she said, mock surprise evident in the lines of her pleased face.

"I am not riotously in love with you. Not so. I merely proposed to be rid of proposals—a spate of them. It is the hardest thing a bachelor faces. It gives me goose flesh when I receive a proposal. Even my secretary did not spare me".

But she remained pensive and frowning at him.

"Are you going to refuse now? Is it your turn to play the fool with me?" he asked anxiously.

"A man proposes and a woman accepts. But what bathos for you! It is however good for you that you decided to marry me, for I know another of the typists of my firm is going, to propose to you tomorrow", she said.

"I am saved now. We are cut out for each other, a fait accompli as it seems to me", he said.

"Our acting in the plays will not be real. It will be like a play within a play", he added after a pause.

"I have good news for you incidentally. We are not going to stage those plays because Bina and Ramu are away on their honeymoon. We will utilise the Christmas

...days for getting married. You will resign your job and join my father in his business. He is pleased with you and offers you a share", she spoke in her usual mellifluous voice.

"Goodness! Another proposal. But this time it is a business proposal. I think it is a strange denouement. After all a woman is not always harmful to man. There are exceptions and for me it is yourself", he muttered confusedly.

But Kamini did not reply. She smiled, closed her eyes in pleasure and her cheeks bulged with the conceit of a real conqueror.

What University Education means to me

Nalini B. Menon, I M.A.

It is with the greatest chagrin, and not a little consternation that Indian youth today observes the unpalatable truth—that "Student Indiscipline" has become one of the most talked of subjects among our reformers, politicians and the general public. In fact the recent occurrences in Aligarh and Jubbulpore have provoked an unprecedented animus from the "public-spirited" clique in the country. Even the most indulgent patriarchs of our day have thrown up their hands in disgust and labelled the student community collectively as a "lot of perverted delinquents"; everywhere one hears them growl at the obvious and deplorable symptoms of the younger generation "going to the dogs".

Techniques of tackling the situation came to be suggested by the dozen. Detached masterminds even advocated the drastic measure of closing down Universities until the erring youngsters learned to behave. Others asserted the urgent need to overhaul the entire system of higher education in the country. In the midst of the chaos, the average citizen finds himself reverting to the hackneyed theme—"What is University Education and what are its achievements, if any, for modern youth?"

Perhaps no other term in the language has suffered so many (mis-) interpretations as the term "higher education". With a good majority of people the word "collegian" conjures up visions of young gallants clad in picasso-printed shirts and speeding about on lambretta-scooters, or alternately gay girls sporting fantastic fashions in dress and mannerisms. Of course among the more charitable onlookers, a minimum quantum of intelligence is also conceded to the college student. But for the more solemn folk, University education suggests bespectacled pedagogues and harassed avian Physiology. The above assumptions are generally valid. For our student community today does fall into two categories—one completely lost in frivolous pursuits and the other lost in the passion for pure knowledge.

In reality, however, higher education is meant neither to train youth in the arts of sophistication, nor to satiate young minds with profound theories and abstract aphorisms. Education, as I see it, is the development of certain noble and humane traits which are inherent in the human personality and which should be nurtured. To enlarge the mind is important, but to ennoble it is infinitely more so. The noted philosopher Nietzsche with remarkable insight contended that education is primarily self-development and integration of the inner personality. It is not the imparting of a superficial culture to the masses; education is never meant to foster superficiality. The ultimate aim of education is the discovery and development of superior men who are "destined to create works of permanent value". To put it simply, education implies the cultivation of those "unfashionable" virtues like honesty and integrity, tolerance and uprightness. The acquisition of knowledge is but one of the aims of higher education.

A glimpse into the hoary past of our country will reveal the existence of great citadels of learning at Takshasila, Varanasi, Ujjain and Nalanda. The "Gurukula" system which prevailed at the time, exalted these houses of erudition into pulsating centres of life in its most sublime form. Purity and discipline of the mind, truthfulness and a general inner refinement were cultivated along with a certain moral responsibility towards god and fellowmen. Book-learning was also imparted, but besides this, the ancient educators aimed at strengthening those high qualities of the *spirit* which, with knowledge, are the hallmark of man's humanity and a measure of his culture.

But today University curricula lay stress on scholarship alone, and have little concern for the moral upbringing of the youngsters. The pervading atmosphere in most lecture halls is, by and large, impersonal and detached. Another danger signal is the attitude of students towards their teachers—it is usually one of a sullen dread which makes them fight shy of the possibility of an encounter with a teacher at all times. Reverence for superior knowledge and wisdom is on the ebb. The sole remedy for the malaise is the establishment of closer teacher-student relations. A modification of the already prevalent tutorial system will probably gain the objective, namely, a better intellectual and emotional understanding between the teacher and the taught.

Misconceptions regarding university education should be banished—it is *not* the mere imbibing of textual knowledge and survival in examinations by the display of second hand information. A university degree ought not to be degraded to the level of a commonplace passport to lucrative jobs. College life as it is today provides ample scope for the training of the youth in the norms pertaining to a worthwhile existence. The difficult art of human relations an art that calls for adjustment, accommodation, tolerance, sympathy, respect for the point of view of others, and self-restraint can be cultivated in one's day-to-day dealings with teachers and fellow-students. The mere observation of the diversity of their characters and temperaments is an education by itself. In this context may be indicated the desirability of establishing residential universities in India along the lines of Oxford and Cambridge. Such institutions enable the student to assimilate readily what is called the "Spirit of the University" and to acquire a better standard of moral and intellectual discipline. Student associations, leadership-training centres and other physical and cultural development schemes are not wholly absent today, but they should be organised on a larger scale in order to be effective.

Higher education should prepare the aspirant for the adventure of life. Every boy and girl who leaves the *alma mater* armed with a degree enters the world not as an addition to the already overcrowded ranks of unemployed and underemployed folk, but as a member of an intelligentsia with a better intellectual and moral fibre than their less fortunate fellows.

Present trends however, reveal the contrary. The allegedly "educated civilised and refined" man of our times has obviously taken a backward step to primitivism—with his hates, prejudices and general inhumanity towards his neighbours. It will tax the ingenuity of tomorrow's leaders to redeem ideals that are fast losing hold. But are not these future "captains of the ship of Destiny" to be found in the universities of our "enlightened" era? With our universities therefore, is vested the responsibility for producing the right quality of leadership and that superior human material which constitutes the only hope for the salvation of mankind in the years to come.

The Art of Happiness

T. V. Srinivasan, III B.Sc., (Geography)

"That action is best," said Francis Mutcheson, "which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers". But what is real happiness? How to achieve it? Unless we know what is real happiness, how are we going to take that 'best' action?

A French philosopher defined happiness as a state in which every one desired to remain without any change. According to him, any state of mind which makes us say to ourselves "I want everything to be like this forever," should be truly happy. This is, however, a very vague definition. Andre Maurois, the great French philosopher of the present century gives a very clear and beautiful picture of real happiness. According to him, happiness is rather a state of mind. All the things that seem outwardly to be causing happiness are only the numerous elements that are necessary to its duration. A cheerful man, for instance, admires everything around him. Even the 'dead' things seem to be full of life to him. Everything around him seems to be making him happier and happier. But that man, at that cheerful moment, would be as happy in any other place; he would find even the horrors of Hell very attractive. So it is a light within him that shines upon everything and according to the French philosopher, Andre Maurois, this inner light is the essence of happiness.

But the achievement of real happiness is possible only when we get at the truth of happiness. Andre Maurois suggests an easy way of getting at the truth of happiness by enumerating the obstacles in the way of happiness. First, poverty and sickness are the more common ones and are fundamental. It is very easy to pretend that suffering is merely a word "for past suffering exists no longer, present suffering is undiscernible and future suffering is not yet with us". But this pretence is useless because the remembrance of past suffering makes present suffering an ever-increasing burden. A strong man can doubtless fight suffering but how can he do that when his life is nothing but a groan of agony? Maurois cites beautiful examples in this context. "Diogenes could quite well make little of poverty, for he had the warmth of the sun, his food, his tub and he was alone in life. What if he had been jobless with four children to feed in a city with a cold climate where food could be bought only with cash? Here is real misfortune, and it is insulting to offer the consolations of philosophy to people who are cold and hungry. Food and coal are what they need."

These are real misfortunes for which we cannot have too much pity. But there are also imaginary misfortunes in the world. "To declare yourself unfortunate because a crisis which affects everyone has reduced your income is insulting to those who are really poor so long as you have a roof over your head, food to eat and clothes to wear" says Andre Maurois.

Next Andre Maurois deals with 'failures'. What is failure after all? We make plans for the future; they are thwarted and our hopes are destroyed. We want to be loved; but we are not loved and jealousy poisons our days and nights. Why is a man miserable when his ambitions cannot be realised? It is because he remembers the shortcomings that caused his past failures and wonders whether his future success will be hindered by the intrigues of his rivals. If instead of thinking about what the past could have been what the future is likely to be, he made an effort to arrive at an exact realisation of the present, what would be the result? Almost always a perfectly satisfactory state of affairs.

If you fail to achieve what you have planned, never mind it. Think of the possible inconveniences that might be caused by your success and be grateful to your failure. But this does not mean that one should anticipate failure to cope with it. When you work through to realise your ambitions, you must be determined. It pays you well. The young Bonaparte wanted power; the obstacles to its achievement seemed insurmountable and he did surmount them.

Fear of danger, according to Andre Maurois, is another cause of unhappiness. Why should we spoil our glorious present by anticipating and fearing a dangerous future? The acute mental suffering caused by fear is all the more useless because anticipation is usually far worse than actuality. "In a well-known play, there is a scene on board a great liner: Two young people on their honeymoon are standing at the rail looking at the sea and we hear the orchestra playing. They move apart, disclosing a life-buoy with the ship's name on it: *Titanic*. For us in the audience the scene becomes tragic, because we know that the *Titanic* is going to sink, but the actors in the drama are merely enjoying another beautiful evening. If they had feared a tragedy, their fear would have been legitimate but it would have spoiled a delightful hour uselessly".

We know the elements that are in the way of happiness. But how to get rid of them and achieve happiness? Andre Maurois gives a good solution. Nature always offers the greatest protection, the sea, the mountains and the woods have a calming effect because of their grandeur. Is it not comforting to sit facing the sea, with its waves dashing against the shore ceaselessly doing its work without any grudge for an hour of solitude? Sit there and watch the vast universe and you know how insignificant you are and your miseries on the face of this earth.

Avoid spending too much time in meditating upon the past. It is very harmful to turn over in the mind endlessly some loss, some insult and some abuse. There is no happiness without forgetfulness. In this process of meditating upon some unpleasant past, you are sure to miss your pleasant present. Be active because no one is unhappy during action. Like a child at play, he stops thinking of himself.

One of the most serious obstacles to happiness is the awkwardness of modern man, says Andre Maurois, with his mind full of doctrines and abstract formulas. Animals and unsophisticated people achieve happiness more naturally because their desires are simpler and truer. "Civilized man, a parrot enslaved by his chattering, ceaselessly inoculates himself with loves and hatreds which he does not actually feel".

The secret of happiness can be summarised in the verses of St. Matthew.

"Ask, and it shall be given you;
Seek, and Ye shall find;
Knock, and it shall be opened unto you;
For everyone that asketh receiveth;
And he that seeketh findeth;
And to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

He who seeks love shall find it; he who devotes himself unreservedly to friendship shall have friends; only the man who desires happiness with his whole heart shall find it.

Student life in 3,000 A. D.

R. Natesan, I.M.Sc. (Geology)

"A bright chance for young and enthusiastic students. Recruitment to the N.C.C. Space-wing. Enrol yourself immediately." Such an announcement in the Presidency College notice-board, made me realise that I was in 3,000 A. D. Having become curious, I began climbing the stair-case. Half-way up, a young student carrying with him some scientific instruments dashed against me, in his hurry to the class-room. He was a late-comer. I followed him to his class-room, where a voice stopped him and asked an explanation for his late coming. The student answered that on his way to the college, the space-carrier was interrupted by a heavy shower of meteorites and

rays had to be sought after by the transport authorities to disperse the meteorite-clouds. On hearing this, I was struck dumb. How strange are the ways of science!

Inquisitively, I peeped into the class-room to learn how the class was conducted. The room was cluttered up with various apparatus like those used in X-ray treatment. Every student had an instrument tied around his head, and the Professor was handling an instrumental panel. There was silence. Probably the professor was teaching the lessons to the students through the apparatus tied around their heads and knowledge is imparted directly into the brain. Afraid of being noticed, I left the place immediately.

In the several other class-rooms instead of the boards for subjects like 'Geology', 'Chemistry', 'Physics' etc., over the entrance, I joined boards for subjects 'Space-Geology, Space-Chemistry', 'Space-Physics' etc. All these were quite new to me.

A strange sound was heard, something like the warning signal during wartime, then all the students came out of their classes. I understood that the sound indicated their afternoon interval. They were going to a restaurant for a snack. I followed them. As it was situated in a 'flying platform', with no support from below, some students used the lifts and others flew with the help of the miniature rocket of 4-feet height.

Having sat near them, I could hear their conversation. One of the students was introduced to the others and I overheard that the new student was from the planet Venus and had come to Earth for his higher studies. There were students even from the farthest planets like Pluto & Neptune. These students go home for their vacations in space-carriers enjoying full concession.

Again the same strange sound was heard. All the students except one, left the hotel for their classes. Probably the interval was over. Being curious to know why that student stayed behind, I approached him and talked with him. He told me that he did not want to attend the weekly-test. He added that the students take these tests very easily. In fact they need not write anything, but an apparatus is attached to their heads, which records all the answers the students have in their minds. And he narrated the tragic story of a bright student, who failed in the examination, because his 'answer-record' was blank, which was traced to be due to the unnoticed exhaustion of the solar-battery used. He wrote the September examinations. Though he was an extraordinarily bright student, he lost the 'Inter-space University rank' as only the students, who passed in the first attempt are eligible for the prize.

Then I entered the college library, which was a big hall with small shelves, each with a number of drawers. Each drawer contained books for one subject and each book was the size of a match box. They were all 'Music-films'. Even the books like the Encyclopaedia were of that size. The students were using them by a projector, and with an instrument, which directly read into their ears, the contents of the pages. The idea behind it was that the audio-education was much more effective, when it is combined with the visual-education. The books were brought to the students' table by the touch of a switch.

Next, I witnessed the 'space-golf' match between Earth and Mars. Sitting on the gallery, suspended in the mid-sky, I could see the players following the ball, riding miniature rockets. The play was highly interesting and it ended in Earth's victory. Everybody rejoiced at the victory. A holiday was declared. Students around me jumped from their seats in joy and so did I.

What a pity? I had just rolled down from my bed, to know that I was no more in 3000 A. D. There were neither the micro-films, nor the projector, but only the text books laid open beside me.

The Quiz and I

R. K. Raghavan, II M.A. (Politics)

My life at College would, on the whole, have been dreary and monotonous but for certain phases of it, which have enlivened it. The Quiz programme conducted for University Students is one among those phases which have made my Collegiate career interesting. It has undoubtedly made me an informed and, if I am not mistaken to be impertinent or irrelevant, intelligent youth who can boast of some correct knowledge of "men and matters". It would not be an exaggeration to say that it has engendered in me a spirit of sportsmanship and compromise, as can be expected from participation in any other game or sport. The Quiz has made me more resourceful and has widened my sphere of interests. My emotional attachment to it became particularly significant and intense after our (the college team) resounding successes at various inter-collegiate competitions conducted before "colourful" and lively audiences.

I feel triumphant, and even nostalgic, when I look back upon my participation in many programmes of the past, in the presence of "live" audiences as well as indirect ones. I refer, of course, to the AIR Quiz programmes. The Quiz broadcast which generally goes on the air with fortnightly frequency is popular with the young as well as the old. I was always in a world of joy and 'intellectual comfort' when I used to 'adorn' the AIR Studios with my sprightly and intelligent team-mate (an undaunted warrior of many a triumphant 'intellectual' battle), thronged with somewhat less pleasant fellow-participants, with the usually ebullient quiz-master standing in front of the mike with sphinx-like majesty, gathering strength by a last-minute perusal of his list of questions, some of which only the quiz-master could answer. I cannot erase from my memory one quiz-master, because of his uncanny ability to conduct the programme. He was, and is, immeasurably popular both among boys and girls who took part in his programmes, particularly the latter, for whom he had, always, a soft corner. He had the knack to "beat" and "bowl" the participants with his mystic "corroboree", "gymnosophist" and "mare's nest". His pronouncement as to whether an answer was correct or not was always preceded by a remark upon the unfortunate answerer, which carried with it unusual pungency of humour and sarcasm. He was always in complete command and the obdurate intransigents and violators of "the rules of the game" were tamed by the sharpness of wit!

In contrast to the above-mentioned "character" there were other quiz-masters also, supine and supple, who were helpless before the mike, assailed by a battery of answers—the bowlers would be appropriate. I still remember this timid, but kind quiz-master, who, unable to bear the onslaught and the chorus of right and wrong answers, made a present to one competitor for not rushing to the mike. The recipient of the gift, however, had followed the "discretion-is-the-better-part-of-valour" policy. The enthusiasm and vigour of the participants must be seen to be believed, as may be evident from their terrifying onrush to the mike.

I also remember the quiz-master (or is it mistress?) who had the temerity and impudence to call out, with uncommon gusto, a question for which the answer happened to be her own life-partner's name! Pat came the reply from a naughty corner, "Too personal, madam!"

It is the quiz-programme which has always educated me in the psychology of human behaviour. Only there, I have come across a variety of characters, from the Gargantuan intellectualist to the Arcadian "sheep" who "vegetates" in the walls of the delightful studios of AIR., showing little or no endeavour to give a trim to his or her intellectual capabilities, by adroitly shunning the mike. There were others also whom I met. But they were so peculiar that discretion compels me to be silent about them.

I enjoyed every minute of the quizprogrammes that I attended. I am still crazy about it for the sheer pace it has always introduced in my thinking. It makes the student-participant a full youth and sharpens his or her mind to grasp the significance of a problem with amazing alacrity. These quizprogrammes have become a memory which I will ever treasure.

The Starlit Dome

Abdul Latheef, III B.Sc. (Statistics)

Presidency College, overlooking the Marina, is an impressive pile. The clock tower stands aloft as if announcing that time may pass but the institution will go on for ever. The clock tinkles out 6 o'clock musically, presumably with the message that one should linger till it is really dark to enjoy the beauty of the Marina. The Presidencians are too near the sea to appreciate its many-sided beauty.

The Marina is a fascinating spectacle, especially in the evening. It is the meeting place of the handsome and the fair and also an inviting resort of many, young and old, who find its appeal irresistible. What a busy hum of men and women! As the shades of evening deepen, the noisy crowd leaves behind a tranquillity disturbed only by the splash of the waves. The sea is now at the height of its loveliness—with the blue above and the blue below.

What an experience to see the radiant moon rising out of the distant horizon! Clouds move to and fro as if to greet her arrival and the waves leap higher and higher to get a glimpse of her. Feeling shy as a new bride, and just as pretty and charming, she glides into the garden of stars, where she enjoys a brisk game of hide-and-seek with the gold-rimmed clouds. She cuts through the fleecy and fleeing clouds, continuing her radiant journey through the clear sky. The very splendour of the sight holds the on-looker spell-bound, and it is a balm to hurt minds and bruised spirits.

What a sight our College is in the stillness of the night; the blue, creamy dashing waves in front, and the star-studded sky above! An inexpressible peace steals over us as we turn from the moon-blanching strand to contemplate the starlit dome.

Dull would be of soul who passes by a sight so touching in its majesty and loveliness.

How old is our Earth?

B. Balachander, I M.Sc. (Geology)

Any attempt to answer the question in number of years may look as silly as the attempt to measure the Pacific Ocean in pints! But much work has been done on this subject from the remote past and as any other problem, this also is still open to question. The Holy Bible says that God made this great Heaven and Earth in six days and rested on the seventh; but unfortunately when exactly the process of creation began, is not revealed. The Hindu theologians calculated the age of the earth as 2,000 million years and divided them into Yugas. An early and characteristic view was that of Hesiod who held the world emerged from primitive chaos—first the Heavens, then the mountains, the oceans and finally (a trifle belated) the gods. Even the more practical Romans preferred the poetic rather than the scientific approach to Nature.

In spite of their highly fantastic character all these early cosmogonic systems contain one fundamental truth. The whole Universe and our Earth, in particular, were actually formed from previously unorganised matter or chaos in some far distant part.

The piecing together of the chronicle of the earth, we may call purely scientific and cultural aspect of geology. Its philosophy appeals to many, and its development has given us not only our greatest academic geologists, but a host of amateur observers whose infectious enthusiasm bears witness to the similar speculative conclusions they have drawn regarding the age of the earth.

James Hutton demonstrated, how the past history of the earth might be understood through the study of what is happening to-day. Amazingly he does not seem to understand that human folly is not the only phenomenon in nature that repeats itself. For instance, the "everlasting" mountains about which many poets sang, were later on found to be not "everlasting" at all, and that they will crumble and fall away one day, perhaps to rise again at a later date. Helmholtz imagined that during primordial period, sun existed as a nebula and that heat was liberated as it contracted and consequently density became less and less. Assuming the present sun to be a globe of uniform density, he calculated that its past history must have been extended up to 20 million years. So Helmholtz is quite confident that the age of the earth cannot be more than the age of the sun—20 million years—as earth has originated from the sun. Lord Kelvin estimated that, from an initial temperature of 700° F, the earth took 100 million years to cool down to its present state. But the very contraction theory with a liquid interior has been ruled out by recent developments. All these were merely assumptions.

The first geological method suggested for calculating the age of the earth is based on sedimentation. Each year incalculable tons of rock waste find a resting place at the mouths of world's rivers. Every year the Nile alone deposits upon its delta over 50 million tons of rock debris. Yet we may spend our lives on the bank of a river and observe no appreciable widening of the valley. Rivers do widen their valley, but so slowly that the brief span of a human life is inadequate to measure it. By dividing the total thickness of sediment that had been accumulated since Cambrian age, by the rate of sedimentation, the age of the earth is found to vary from 28—700 million years; quite a wide range of course for a reasonable guess.

Everyone knows that ocean water is salty, but few are aware that this salt was brought into the sea by the so-called sweet waters of rivers. The quantity of salt dissolved in the ocean can be readily estimated from the total volume of ocean water (1,500,000,000 cubic kilometers) and the measured salt-concentration is 3%. If we could extract all the salt, it would form a solid block about 20,000,000 cubic kilometers in volume which means a cube with 270 kilometers on each edge, weighing, 40,000,000,000,000,000 tons. Geologists have estimated that rivers carry about 400,000,000 tons of salt into the ocean each year. So, dividing the salt content by this rate of supply of salt, a figure of 100 million years is obtained as the age of the earth. But how do we know that the addition of salt in the past was at the same rate as it is now?

Now men do not generally interpret the fossil remains of plants and animals as abortive attempts at creation fathered by the devil. They may read in these relics a story of antiquity. These remains of the extinct animals and plants which are preserved in stratified sedimentary strata, not only enable us to unravel the course of evolution of different animal groups but also to fix the age of the strata. Each type fossil is characteristic of a particular period and the oldest fossil relates to the age of Cambrian—520 million years ago. If life is supposed to have originated on earth in Cambrian only, then what about the period that is not recorded by fossils before Cambrian? Darwin maintained that at least 200 million years must be allowed for pre-Cambrian, but does not explain why it should not be 2000 million. With the development of science, more reliable methods came into the picture, and one of them is the study of radio-activity. A few elements in nature stirred constantly by a slow turmoil of their atoms are continuously changing from one form to another.

Uranium, for example, passes into radium and ultimately after many alterations into helium and lead which are stable products. The age of the rock containing Uranium can be calculated from the amount of Uranium and lead it contains. It was found that one gram of Uranium yields 1/7,600,000,000 grams of lead annually; so it can be easily inferred that it takes 4,500,000,000 years to be reduced to one-half of its size; twice as much time to reduce one-quarter and so on. Applying this method, the oldest rocks are found in Finland with an age of 1850 million years. But here it is assumed that the amount of lead in a rock is wholly transformed from Uranium while there is also the possibility of the presence of both at the initial stage. Moreover the percentage of error that could be caused by leakage is not taken into account.

The latest method of determination of the age of the earth is based on the study of meteorites. Certain iron meteorites contain significant amount of lead and negligible amount of Uranium and Thorium. Therefore the isotope ratios of Pb, U, Th, have remained unchanged and moreover the amount of non-radiogenic and radiogenic Pb in terrestrial samples are found to be the same, hence the Pb present is primeval. The age thus calculated for the planets in the solar system is about 4,500 million years.

As long as it is not disproved, this can be taken as a correct estimate of the age of our earth. For as the American Scientist Chalmers puts it, "we read things to-day only to forget them to-morrow!"

Presidency College—Then and Now

P. U. Indira, (Old Student)

The "then" does not, as you might think, indicate an age behind a decade. Hardly two years have passed since I walked about the corridors of Presidency College, like any of you.

Yet how different it seemed, when I visited my old college a few months ago!

It was my friend R. N.'s suggestion that I should pay a visit to "her" college. "We have a new canteen there and you get excellent tea for nine np." she said. I imagined the tea to be really excellent when I found that my friend had foregone her breakfast in view of the tea on that day.

At 8-45 a.m., we entered the college by the main entrance. As in our times, there was a crowd of boys downstairs, idly scanning the noticeboards. There were also some blackboards, announcing in bold colourful letters some debate or some such thing (the like of which we rarely attended in our times). "Just like the olden days" I said to myself. But when I ascended the magnificent red-carpeted staircase (in our days there was a thread-bare green carpet where our feet often got entangled)—oh! what a surprise! the familiar gathering of boys wasn't there, near Powell's statue. I was not prepared for this, for in our days the place was almost like a "common-room" for the boys.

We entered the girls' room. The usual din was there, but created this time by an entire lot of strangers. I strained my eyes in vain to find a familiar face. Just then the bell rang, and as the girls hurried away to their classrooms I recognized too late one or two familiar ones in that moving sea of faces. The room was soon empty but for R. N. and myself. "Let's go and have tea" she suggested.

As we walked down the corridor, I stopped near the English Department to gaze at some of my favourite pictures on the wall. "Oh don't act so countryish" said my friend, blushing. In order to save embarrassment to her, I walked with her trying to follow her in ways that might perhaps be considered "Cityish," though my earlier

attempts at draping my saree elegantly over my shoulder as they do now had been a miserable failure.

The canteen somehow seemed cleaner. A colourful array of eatables met our eyes. Surprisingly, tea was brought to our table and I remembered how in the olden days I had wished I had one or two additional hands to enable me to carry all my edibles in one trip from the counter to the table. One couldn't risk two trips: the crows were too quick for us, and moreover one couldn't quite trust the impatient crowd at the counter, waiting for hot dosais straight from the kitchen. There did not seem to be any crows now. I took my first sip of the "excellent" tea. I sipped it as R. N. did, and we came out.

"Now you must see the new library" said R. N. "And we have two new water-coolers, too." She took me to the New Block. In a cosy nook stood the water-cooler, with two tumblers chained to it, as if they were watchdogs guarding the new acquisition. My friend insisted that I should drink some water. My mind went back to the days when we caught tapwater in a tumbler and waited for the sedimentation of mud, planktons and pleustons. The impatient ones merely looked at the impurities and said "Oh they're only H and OH ions," and drank it up—algae, fungi, protozoa and all.

The new library made me gasp the moment I entered it. The place was indeed awe-inspiring. I recollected the small little nook we had, with scarcely enough place to move about, where I often went for a chat with friends from other departments. But here was a place that commanded you to sit and study in silence. My friend soon became absorbed in a book. But the feeling was strong in me that I did not belong here—I had to get away. "I'll go and visit my old department" I told R. N., and left her to her book.

My spirits brightened up at the prospect of seeing my old teachers. What a pleasant meeting it would be! We would talk about the old times, and all the changes that had taken place, and so on. But alas, disappointment awaited me. I was not wanted here—I belonged to the past. Conversation was an effort, and faces wore uneasy smiles. "The new library is simply wonderful, isn't it?" I ventured to remark. "We haven't seen it yet" came the sheepish reply. "I think I must be going now", I said, and fled. Once out of the college gates, I heaved a sigh of relief.

True, Presidency College has changed in many ways, and many improvements are there. There is, for instance, the "Presidencian Trend" which provides as much fun as food for thought, dealing with subjects ranging from the beard-craze among Presidencians right up to the reorganisation of states and emotional integration. Yet, whatever be the changes, when election-time appears, the old story is again repeated: the "election-smiles", distribution of cards—nowadays some of these appear in bold colours,—cards littered all over the floor, the suspense, the excitement and rejoicing,—all these seem to go unchanged through the ages.

The old familiar faces may be no more; the externals might have changed. But the spirit of the college is abiding.

Shalom L'Hitraot

Radha Nambiar, M.A. (English)

I am no Hebrew scholar but I have taken the liberty to translate the words "Shalom L'Hitraot" to mean "good-bye, my beloved". There is a sonorous beauty about the words which appeals greatly to my music-loving ears. Eyre Burton Powell, M.A., C.S.I., and I have known and loved each other for three years. Now that we have come to a parting of the ways I look up to him with tears in my eyes and say "Shalom L'Hitraot".

The greatest wrench of all is this: to bid goodbye to my beloved Department. A special charm lingers about mine which will enslave my heart for ever.

The imposing figure of Powell provides an awe-inspiring facade to our corridor. I have seen visitors look upon him with reverence in their eyes. Dignity and sober learning pervade our lecture halls and rooms. Marching down our corridor is a lesson in culture, a veritable feast of the finest masterpieces of the world of art. Our wise masters have made special arrangements that our poetic sensibilities should be sharpened by a close communion with nature. Music from the Marina, the spectacle of the dark and deep blue ocean rolling with majestic grace, and the pleasant droning of the lecturer make us dream dreams and see visions. Life is not always a bed of roses. We fall upon the thorns of life, we bleed. I have suffered the tortures of the damned sitting on the three-piece benches of the "Dungeon". Perched upon these uncomfortable bits of wood I have realised the stark, poignant tragedies of life. Peace and tranquillity are restored in the seminar room. Dimness and scholarly darkness increase the rare charm of this store-house of knowledge. We intellectuals say with Lamb "Above all thy rarities what do most arride and solace us are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves." What appeals to the groundling, though, is that it is an ideal place for a cosy chat.

Is it any wonder then that while saying "Shalom L'Hitraot" to all these joys, my heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains my senses.....?

"Sweet are the uses of adversity" K. Parthasarathy, I B.A. (Politics)

This well-known quotation from Shakespeare, expresses a great truth. Adversity or misfortune, hardships, trials, difficulties, poverty, illluck, anything that is opposite of luck or prosperity, all these are hard things to bear. We dislike them: they are bitter to taste. But the poet tells us, the bitterness is only immediate. In the long run adversity is even proved to be good and sweet.

How can adversity or suffering ever be good? This question can be easily answered if we remember that human nature is elastic and vital. Whenever difficulties impose a strain upon us, our minds develop strength to overcome them. Faced with difficulties our intellects become more keen and active, and our wills tough and strong.

Adversity therefore has the same tonic effect upon our intellectual and moral nature as exercise has upon our physical being. Though temporarily inconvenient, it contributes eventually to our moral strength. The effect of adversity on our character has also been compared to the purifying effect of fire upon gold. In other words, adversity purifies and strengthens us.

Some of the greatest men of history have been trained in the "School of Adversity"—that is how they have become great and powerful. The great Moghul Emperors Babar and Akbar spent their childhood and youth fighting against enemies, making narrow escapes and straining every nerve to keep themselves alive. The youth of the great Sivaji was also spent in a perpetual fight against adversity. The greatest teachers of the world, like Buddha, Christ and Mohamed, had to pass through a sea of suffering before they gave to the world their pearls of wisdom.

The Modern Man—An Analysis R. K. Krishna Kumar, II M.A. (Politics)

Surveying the field of modern thought one can sense the vague, ill-defined belief that something is amiss with the world. The analysis leads to the conclusion that ethics or conduct, and therefore character, has degenerated. The titanic potentialities of violence within the last few decades have confirmed this feeling, though its classic statement was found in Spengler's celebrated "The Decline of the West." Contrary to this rather gloomy picture of man, some die-hard optimists point to the galloping victories of science in conquering nature and hold that mankind is now at the summit. These believers in the theory of progress further maintain, that the total human situation will somehow advance, like compound interest, until the wave of history will carry man onwards from progress to progress, till he is deposited on the threshold of the Millenium. Yet it cannot be denied that western civilization, which has a very powerful influence on the Indian, is facing a crisis of meaning, a crisis mirrored in every sphere of its activity.

This crisis is centred in the decline of ethics, for history and ethics have close inter-relationship. Dealing, as it does, with the dynamics of conduct, the source of ethics has to be sought in what Durkheim called the 'collective representations' or 'collective conscience' which forms, as it were, the fund of moral principles gathered in the mind in its process of evolution. Religion in the form of symbols and myths is the reflection of this underlying collective morality of the race and exercises a great influence on conduct. Now symbols and myths have great meanings, purposes. They serve to nourish what has been called the 'dimension of depth' in man. The driving forces of the great society go ahead horizontally and not vertically. This state is expressed in popular terms, in phrases like "bigger and bigger", "faster and faster." On the other hand the depth dimension in man is the condition in which is gripped by the true religious experience of a great concern for the meaning and end of life. The decisive element in the predicament of western man in our period is his loss of the dimension of depth. The development of this loss is spread over decades, and it ended with the scientific attack on religious beliefs and ideas. This was possible only after the loss of the religious idea in its basic and universal meaning. If this religious dimension is lost, the symbols in which this is expressed must also disappear. The reason for this was not scientific attack alone, but a complete misunderstanding of their meaning. The first step towards non-religion was made by religion itself. When it defended its great symbols not as symbols but as literal stories, it had already lost the battle. Once transferred to the horizontal plane, symbols and myths lose their power and meaning and become easy prey to physical, biological and historical attack.

In the process of this sustained attack, science struck at the prop of the society's value-system, leaving behind a void of meaninglessness. By its very nature science cannot create values. Even now in the enthusiasm for new discoveries scientists tend to run increasingly toward a future replete with more inventions, stores of energy, babies in bottles, deadlier weapons, weapons which mean death to green grass and singing bird, death to a world. Relatively few of them speak of values, ethics, art, religion—all those intangible aspects of life which set the tone of a civilization and determine in the end whether it will be cruel or humane. A civilization which is not moral, has lost its power to create values.

Seeping from the sphere of man's spiritual dilemma, this vacuum is most tellingly expressed in man's creative endeavour. Art, architecture, music, literature, and even the cinema reflect the spiritual condition of man. When the stream of the spirit runs dry, the consciousness of void is manifested in a similar pattern in the artistic expression of the age. Contemporary standards in these related fields are dismal illustrations of this hypothesis. In painting the tendency has been towards

breaking down form into cubes, planes and lines. In philosophy this may be compared to the logical positivist methods of analysing language itself. In sculpture and architecture abstract art express the same trend. Films and literature, reveal this schism of the soul, this crisis of meaning.

The clearest pathological symptom of such general collapse is seen in the general pattern of sexual morality. In this direction the outstanding characteristic of modern western society is the breakdown of restraints on sexual morality, and this loosening of of the moral code has inundated all artistic fields, especially literature. What distinguishes the present situation is the mass breakdown of this conformism. Such a phenomenon has appeared like an epidemic before the decline and dissolution of many civilizations in the past, like the Egyptian, the Roman and others. Its impact is felt directly on such social institutions as the family, the marriage system etc.

The only intelligible explanation of this fascinating phenomenon lies in viewing culture and civilization as organisms, which even like a flower grow with a 'superb aimlessness', subject to the Spring-Summer-Autumn-Winter cyclical mechanism of all creation. Plato long ago held, that all embodied ideas are subject to the law of decay immanent in the universe. There are arguments against the health of western civilization and point to its fall and decline. By this token then, is western civilization an empty receptacle of a dying soul? Only Time and History can "say."

Several men have tried to respond to this challenge. Albert Schweitzer pleads for a return to ethics with the "Reverence for life" as the fundamental principle of a new world view. Gandhi passionately worked for a way away from violence and conflict, a method of reinstating the moral idea in life. The fact is that the process of evolution in man is incomplete. Having made a dramatic entrance into a new vision of existence, man has yet to orient himself to new forces. He is, as the philosopher Henri Bergson once remarked, a reservoir of indetermination; his power of choice for good or evil is enormous; the sudden dramatic inventions of science have distorted his vision. Man has then sought to reject his own human heritage. He has confused "progress" in science with progress in culture, for there is no demonstrable historical correlation between progress in technique and progress in civilization. Man is not completed—that is the secret of his predicament. He is not made. He is perhaps about to be. In the Middle Ages he was called *Homo duplex*—a thing half of dust and half of spirit. The term well expresses his situation.

Despite set backs, despite attack, the spiritual idea will persist in the human situation, striving to create new meaning and new values, for man is a value creating animal. An integrated view of life, merging the spiritual with the scientific view in life will then be the criterion of human valuation. "The nationality of man" a great theologian once wrote "is the little telltale rift in nature which shows there is something beyond or behind her." It remains for man in his moral freedom, to prove that statement true. This, therefore, is the great task of man today—the rediscovery of values in life, the restoration of spirituality in the fabric of rich genuine human existence, and then perhaps a new civilization will dawn upon mankind. The cynic will say this is idealism. But man has far horizons, invincible hopes, thoughts, that wander through eternity, projects that cannot be accomplished easily. Is it not the privilege and destiny of man to live in the world of senses with the ideals of the spirit?

An Indian Poet

Omer Khyyam, III B.A. (History)

It is an indisputable fact that a writer or a speaker can wound the tender feelings of people, but not a poet whose soul-inspiring works only transport them into a region of bliss. A poet's writing mirrors the inner feelings, emotions and desires and ambitions of the people. He represents a glowing picture of life in a very touching and appealing manner. Majaz was one among those eternal poets whose soul-elevating works are to-day a treasure of pleasure and inspiration.

Majaz is an interesting personality, besides being a renowned scholar and a famous poet. He was not at all affected by the problems of life, and he treated them very lightly. Seriousness was quite alien to him. Self was all in all for him. He never surrendered his individuality and personality at the altar of wealth, greed and power; he preferred dire poverty to that. And he sought pleasure at any cost. He preferred madness to cunning. Viewing him one has the impression of a grand empire falling to pieces.

The personality of Majaz can be found in his works, which easily bear comparison with those of all the true poets of the world. Like Eliot, he succeeded in presenting a true, realistic picture of his times. His poetry expresses the fearless and revolutionary character of his times. Prepared to face all difficulties, Majaz is for striking out a new path rather than following the beaten track. "He lived for his poetry and thus made it real."

Majaz has written many poems, the more well-known among them being, "To a young man", "To a young lady", "Thought", "Return from Delhi", "Dawn of Dream", "Vagabond", "Confession", "Introduction", and so forth. The poem "Vagabond" shows a young man facing the difficulties of life and reaching his objective. The young man's courage prepares him to reach the stars even. He desires to put an end to tyranny, even at great personal risk. This poem sums up Majaz's real personality. In the poem, "Introduction", Majaz describes the characteristic features of "self", a quality peculiar to Eastern poets. In the poem "Confession", he has confessed his defeat.

Such a great poet met with his death in a very pitiable manner. His selfish friends induced him to drink liquor excessively, and then left him alone; Majaz died in the vicious atmosphere of the tavern on 14th December, 1955. His death reminds one of the death of the Czechoslovakian poet Masek whose body was left lying uncared for in a public place. After a hundred years, people realised his genius, and removed his coffin to the royal grave-yard. The death of the French poet Arthur Rimbaud in a tavern, due to excessive consumption of liquor, also bears a close resemblance to the end of Majaz.

The pitiable end of Majaz is a lesson to all poets who think it conventional to associate wine with poetry. The lives of poets are often miserable; but the marvel is that they should live such a life and yet give birth to the most sublime thoughts, and illuminate the darkness that is life.

Ramayana—The enchanting legacy

R. N. Sampath.

Of the two epics of India, Ramayana is the more popular and has appealed to people for nearly a period of thirty centuries. It has become a sacred book for every pious Hindu. It has equally impressed the non-Hindu as a fine piece of literary composition. The composer Valmiki ranks high as a seer and a poet. The secret of its success is in a large measure due to the sincerity of purpose of the poet. It is a noble

testament, vindicating the spirit of the sage to translate the Vedic ideals of Truth and Tolerance into the fabric of life's activities. This work is at once a bold, yet convincing, answer for many apparently unreasonable and insoluble miseries of the world.

Man, such as he is, is a mixture of good and bad qualities and it is only when he develops and sustains the good elements, he becomes human and has consideration for fellow-beings; otherwise, he sinks to a lower level. Such a condition will necessarily lead to a life of nature, a life rife with malice, envy, and suspicion. Man becomes "man" only if he succeeds in taming this truant—his own nature, and it is only very rarely we come across such people who have risen higher in the scale. Valmiki, in a graphic manner, has portrayed men of varied natures. It appears that the sage-poet wanted to impress upon men the supreme necessity of understanding the true principles of life. According to him, Truth and Tolerance, if practised in a sincere fashion, will lead a person to godhood. To devout Hindus, Rama is an *avatar* of Vishnu, and to another school of thought, Rama is a human being, who had reached the heights of perfection in all fields. Whether it is a descent from god-hood to a human being, or an ascent from a human being to godhood, one thing is clear and that is man has the divine potential in him.

Truth, has two phases—one, subjective thinking, and the other, expressed notion. To Valmiki mental uprightness should correspond with demonstrated truth. Ramayana bears ample illustration to its vindication. Sri Rama is so upright that in the lexicon we find the word "Rama" standing as a synonym for Truth. Vedas contain two words to indicate the twin-phased aspect of Truth—Rita, and Satya. The former indicates the mental uprightness and the latter, the demonstrated nature of Truth. The hero Rama lives in Truth and Tolerance. Rama demonstrates that his tolerance is not a passive virtue, but a conscious, effective self-restraint even in the face of grave provocation. The principles of Truth and Tolerance are two facets of *Dharma*.

Valmiki describes Rama as the personification of *Dharma*. *Ramo Vighrahan Dharmaha*. The practice of *Dharma* in all its aspects calls for severe discipline. Rama cultivated this discipline right from his early age. Physical prowess and spiritual ment, by themselves, will not lead one far. If they are perverted to wrongful ends, disaster is inevitable and complete. Ravana was endowed with enormous strength. He also had *Tapas*. In spite of these gifts, he chose and persisted in the path of Adharma. The Ramayana presents the eternal conflict between Good and Evil and the ultimate triumph of Good. It is a Book of Life and has a message to every generation. The present spiritual crisis can be tidied over if the world practises Truth and Tolerance, emphasised in the immortal epic.

College Day Report

Your Excellency, Srimathi Medhi, distinguished guests and my young friends,

I deem it a great privilege to extend a most cordial welcome, on behalf of the students of Presidency College, on behalf of my esteemed colleagues and on my own behalf, to your Excellency, Srimathi Medhi and other distinguished guests who have responded to our invitation to participate in our College Day Celebrations. Even

before your Excellency assumed the Governorship of Madras State, we were aware of the sacrifices you had made in the cause of Indian Independence and of your services to the Republic of India as Chief Minister of Assam. As Governor of Madras, you have endeared yourself to all of us by your simplicity, good nature, genial temperament and concern for the advancement of this State. I am happy that your Excellency's and Srimathi Medhi's first visit to this College is on a very important occasion which brings past and present Presidencians together.

May I now be permitted to present a brief report on the activities and achievements of our College during the current academic year, as is the usual practice?

Adverting first to the sports activities, our college teams participated in all the Inter-Collegiate and University tournaments and generally gave a good account of themselves. Several of our students were selected to represent the State and the University in various games and athletics. Sri S. Ramanathan and Sri S. Lakshminarayanan of I B.Sc., Geology were selected as members of the State Senior and State Junior Basket Ball teams. Sri Joseph Irudayaraj of I M.A. Politics and Sri P. K. Munuswamy of III B.A. Economics were members of the University Foot-Ball team and Sri S. Chandrasekharan of II B.Sc., Psychology played for the University Hockey team. Sri S. Jayaraman, III B.A. Economics and Sri S. Sarathy, III B.Sc., Physics were members of the University Boxing Team. Sri V. Rajamani, I B.Sc., Chemistry was selected as a member of the State Junior Cricket team and Sri George John, II B.Sc., Zoology as member of the City Colleges Cricket team. Sri P. Viswanathan and Sri D. Manoharan of I B.A. Economics were members of the City Colleges Athletics team. Mention must also be made of the bowling feat of Sri Hemachandra Naidu, II B.Sc., Zoology who dismissed the strongest cricket team among Colleges in the State for a mere fourteen runs.

The N.C.C. Contingent of our College had a strength of 280 cadets this year, comprised of Infantry, 89, Rifles, 102, Armoured Squadron, 43, Artillery, 12, Air Wing, 6, Naval Wing, 9, and Girls 19. Considering the fact that we have no Pre-University classes and that a large proportion of our students are Post-graduates, the strength is quite satisfactory. We are proud of the manner in which the N.C.C. has upheld the good name of the College, through its discipline and smartness in turn-out.

The College Union has functioned this year with remarkable success, thanks to the enthusiasm, organising capacity and maturity of outlook exhibited by the President, Sri P. Periaswamy. He has been ably assisted in his tasks by the other office-bearers of the Union. The Union held a large number of meetings, many of which were addressed by eminent personalities. The highlight of the Union activities this year was the organisation of a Youth Leadership Seminar in which some twenty persons prominent in the field of education, administration, social service, literature and arts and about a hundred students participated. It is customary for the older generation to accuse younger people of lack of seriousness and confusion about the goals to be achieved. Anyone who had attended the seminar would have been struck by the earnestness with which the young participants discussed various problems confronting the country.

Another important Union activity this year was the launching of the 'Presidencian Trend' a fortnightly, devoted to the discussion of local, national and international affairs. A very eminent Presidencian, Sir C. V. Raman remarked to me after going through one of the issues, that he was pleasantly surprised that even students of today could express themselves so well in good English!

The Union presented to the College, a portrait of Sri T. Balakrishnan Nair, our erstwhile Principal, which was unveiled by Sri A. L. Mudaliar. This was a fitting acknowledgment of the great services rendered by Sri T. Balakrishnan Nair as Principal of the College from 1953—61. No Principal in recent memory had shown

such intense devotion and total absorption in advancing the interests of the College and of its student community.

The Social Service League of this college has been carrying out its beneficent activities in Lock Nagar, with the same enthusiasm and zeal as in previous years. My thanks are due to Sri Rajaraman for shouldering the responsibility of giving day-to-day guidance to members of the League. The college Planning Forum has also taken upon itself, in addition to its task of creating an interest in the III Plan, relief work in a slum located in Vanniampathy as part of its activities, under the able guidance of Prof. Velayudham and the enthusiastic Secretary Sri T. C. Mohan. I am proud of the services rendered by these organisations in alleviating the distress of the less favoured sections of our community.

The students of our College presented an English play at a competition organised by the Bharathiya Vidya Bhavan. Our team was adjudged to be the best.

I have so far given an account of the extra-curricular activities of the College during the year. Our record of achievement in the academic sphere is no less impressive. The performance of our students in the University examinations of 1961 was quite satisfactory, as good as in previous years. Quite a large number of our students, particularly the Post-graduate students secured first classes. Our students annexed fourteen University prizes and medals. Maya B. Menon and Saroja Thirupad of M.A. English were awarded the Dr. T. M. Nair Gold Medal. S. R. Lakshmanan who secured the only first class awarded by the University in M.A. Politics was awarded the Raja Sri Ramaswami Medal and the Candeth Medal. In the Psychology Department, Sri N. Santhanakrishnan obtained the Madras Psychology Society Medal, Sri T. K. Chakrapani, the Sir R. Venkatarathnam Medal and Sri Mohan Rao, the Sri P. N. Krishnamurthy Prize. Sri N. Krishnamurthi of M.Sc., Physics secured a first class and the first rank and walked away with the Jagirdar of Arni Gold Medal, the Prof. P. E. Subrahmanya Ayyar Commemoration Medal, the Madras University Centenary Prize and the Dr. K. S. Krishnan Gold Medal. Sri D. Banerjee, M.Sc., Zoology was awarded the Caithness Prize and Medal and Sri P. V. Ananthanarayanan, the Cromarty Prize. Kumari Ganga Bhavani, M.A. Sanskrit secured the Prince of Wales Medal and Shafaquat Hussain, the Hajeer Budan Prize for Urdu.

The generous help extended by the State and Central Governments in the way of grants and awards of fellowships has fostered research work both in the Science and the Arts departments. There are several post-doctoral workers in the College and as many as twenty students working for the Ph.D. degree. Four candidates were awarded the Ph.D. degree and five others have submitted theses for the Ph.D. degree during the year. More than forty papers were published during the year from the several departments in leading journals in India and abroad.

It is a matter of particular gratification to me that Dr. N. Viswanathan, formerly Senior Research Fellow, C. S. I. R., was awarded the Chancellor's Centenary Prize by the Madras University for the best Ph.D. thesis in Chemistry.

If I may be permitted to strike a personal note, I found myself at the beginning of the academic year, through a combination of circumstances, entrusted with the administration of this College. If the College has survived this new circumstance, it is largely due to the unstinting co-operation of my colleagues and the good will and affection shown to me by the students of this College. I am convinced from my own observation during many years, of students who come to this College, that there is no lack of ability or intelligence in them. There is an abundance of enthusiasm and high spirits. The extent to which we are able to harness this intelligence and enthusiasm for worthwhile goals will be the measure of our success as an educational institution. In this difficult task we require the help and guidance of administrators, educationists

and public men not only of Madras city, but even of those from outside and I am sure this help will be preferred to us in abundant measure as in the past.

In conclusion, may I express my most sincere gratitude to your Excellency and Srimathi Medhi for your gracious presence this afternoon? I now request you to address the gathering and Srimathi Medhi to give away the prizes at the conclusion of your speech.

Book Reviews

Srimad Valmiki Ramayanam: (Text) Published by the Gita Press, Gorakhpur. Copies to be had of Indian Industrial Co., Ltd., 363, Netaji Subash Chandra Road, Madras-1. Price Rs. 7-50 nP. (*The Sundara Kanda* alone, paper-bound, 75 nP.)

The Gita Press, Gorakhpur, is well-known all over India for a continuous series of acts of beneficence to the cause of Indian culture and the ancient dharma of this land. In their English journal *Kalyana Kalpataru* and in their Hindi journal *Kalyan*, they have two organs through which they afford an opportunity to lovers of religion and culture to exchange thoughts with one another and more especially, to learn of the latest insights of earnest scholars. The special numbers of these journals relating to the Bhagavad Gita, Srimad Bhagavata, Yoga, Tulasidasa's Ramacharitamansa etc., are treasured and cherished by those who have been fortunate enough to be subscribers to these journals. But in many ways the most important of their services to Indian culture and religion lies in the unbelievably cheap but soundly produced editions of the *Upanishads*—with the great commentary of Adi Sankara thereon and, in addition, Hindi expositions of the essentials of these scriptures, and their editions, of varied size, shape and binding, of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Their paper-back pocket edition of the *Bhagavad Gita* costs but ten naye paise—and there is attached to it—an excellent bonus in the form of the text of the great Vishnu sahasranama stotra. Recently they brought out an edition of the great epic The Mahabharatha, in four cloth-bound volumes at a cost of Rs. 22-50 nP. per set. These are indeed marvels of publishing and in themselves a public service.

It is gratifying to find that they have placed all lovers of Srimad Valmiki Ramayana in their debt by bringing out a first class well bound textually accurate edition of Valmiki's *mahakavya* at a price that represents not just a bare concession to the reader but an act of true philanthropy. For this edition, cloth bound and sturdy in the handling, with nearly a thousand pages of text in large Devanagari type on good white paper must have drawn enormously on the resources of the Gita Press. But that Press, as we know from long experience, exists to serve the pious public, not to make a large profit. At the price which the Press charges for the book, it is almost a free gift to the readers. And the book contains six excellent tricolour pictures. The edition is enriched by an introduction in Sanskrit covering the central teaching of the classic. The text of the *Mahatmya* of the Ramayana is also given.

Altogether the book is excellent value for the money. And that the Sundara Kanda even though in a paper-bound edition is available for 75 nP. is very good news indeed.

S. R.

Readings from Sankara : In two parts. Text in Devanagari and Roman with an English translation. By Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan, Published by Ganesh and Co., Ltd., Madras-17. Price : Part one (Isa and Kena) Rs. 1-50 nP. Part two (Mandukya) Rs. 2/-.

These two slim books are the fifth and the sixth volumes in the series of books with which Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan celebrates Sankara Jayanthi every year. Dr. Mahadevan is one of the most earnest and devout of the advaita scholars in India and is an excellent interpreter of Sankara's doctrine to those who, imperfectly or not at all acquainted with Sanskrit, know at least their English. The plan that Dr. Mahadevan has adopted is that of so selecting texts from the Upanishads and passages from Sankara's commentaries that the whole constitutes an introduction to the central elements of Advaita Vedanta. The method has much to commend it as it puts the reader who is at all inclined to study Sankara's masterly interpretation of the basic teaching of the ancient scriptures in a position to go about his task without fear of getting himself bogged in metaphysical disputation.

S. R.

1. *Sparks from a Divine Anvil.* } By R. Krishnaswami Iyer, Published by Ganesh
2. *The Call of the Jagadguru.* } and Co., Ltd., Madras-17.

(1) Price : Rs. 2. (2) Price Rs. 4.

One of the very greatest of the occupants of the Sringeri Sarada Pitha was His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Chandrasekhara Bharathi who attained jala samadhi on 26th September 1954. Like Sadasiva Brahmendra of Nerur whom he resembled so closely in his supreme philosophic indifference to the myriad manifestations of maya in the phenomenal universe, he spoke out seldom. But when he did, he was most illuminatingly profound and frank as well as enchantingly kindly in his handling of moral and spiritual issues. The conversations and discourses gathered into these two volumes cover topics like true Detachment, Guru Bhakti, Ahimsa, Education, Dharma and true happiness. In dealing with these issues, the great Acharya draws from a limitless acquaintance with the sacred scriptures and Kavyas. Far more important than the learning that they display is the fact that these discourses portray an authentic saint, one of the greatest of the great band of those who, from time to time, make their appearance on earth to rescue mankind from the path of evil. The books deserve not merely to be read repeatedly but to be meditated on continually.

S. R.

The Call of the Jagadguru : (in English). Edited by Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan and published by Ganesh and Co., Madras-17. Price Rs. 4.

The Discourses of the Acharya : (Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi Kamakoti Pitha). (in Tamil). In three parts. Published by M. L. J. Press. Price Rs. 2/- for each part.

The first of these books is an English version of a selection of the thrilling discourses that the saintly *avatarapurusha* who adorns the Kanchi Kamakoti Pitha, delivered from time to time. They cover a multiplicity of topics but all of them stress the importance of *Bhakti* as the means to that true *gnana*, which is itself *moksha*. The Acharya has held thousands of human hearts subdued to the simple call he makes for a

life lived in harmony with the immemorial values and culture of this land. The language of the discourses is a marvel of lucidity and vividness and is admirably adapted to the expression of the high truths which he presents. These discourses which were made in Tamil, have not suffered one whit in the admirable English translation which Prof. Sankaranarayanan has achieved. Prof. Sankaranarayanan deserves to be congratulated on this.

The second book in three parts is a record of the actual Tamil discourses, given by the Acharya during his visit to Madras in 1958-59. Here again we find a wonderful handling of such issues as affect the moral and spiritual well-being of individual men and women. There is an intellectual alertness and sharpness, a vividness of imagery and a profound and sublime simplicity and an apparent artlessness in the approach which will endear the discourses to all readers and in particular to those who, night after night, listened to them with awe and reverence. There is in these discourses an uncompromising conformity to the central teaching of our *rishis* and *acharyas* of old. The call to the discipline of the self is one which would elicit an echo in all classes, the rich and the poor, the westernised and the eastern, men and women. Even children used to sit fascinated and thrilled by the personality of one who was the authentic picture of the true child which sannyasin is bidden to be. Countless listeners were impressed by the moving simplicity, not merely of the teaching, but of the language used to set it forth. The Acharya is one of the authentic saints of our time. It has been said of him that men of all faith, and men of even no faith put their trust in him. Firm upholder of the sacred tradition of our land as he is, the reformers, even the most radical of them have been drawn to him by the life of uninterrupted beneficence and of unremitting tapas which is his. Fortunate are we who have the opportunity of beholding in real life a living example of the great rishis of our land, of those whose teachings are the Upanishads we cherish. And we shall be substantially enriching our good fortune by systematic study of these inspiring discourses. We heartily commend these books to our readers, and we hope that for the benefit of those who do not know Tamil, English versions will soon be made available.

S. R.

Sanskrit Literature : Broadcast talks selected and edited by Dr. V. Raghavan. Publications Division, Govt. of India. Price Rs. 1-50 nP.

This is a selection of talks on aspects of Sanskrit language and literature broadcast over the A. I. R. some in its internal and some in its external services. The talks are by scholars eminent in the field of Sanskrit studies. The editor is Dr. Raghavan, a distinguished former Presidencian who has won honour in India and abroad and who was recently awarded the title of Padma Bhushan by the President of India. Sometime ago we reviewed in these columns Dr. Raghavan's anthology from Sanskrit literature entitled *The Indian Heritage*. We are glad to be able to bring to the notice of our readers this book. Fourteen of the twenty-three talks gathered herein are by Dr. Raghavan himself and he covers among others in these the Rig Veda, the two great epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, Sanskrit drama, Kalidasa, Bana, Dandi, and Vishakadatta. The substance of these talks is informative and of a kind to rouse interest in the listeners for whom they were designed. Here and there, however, one feels like cavilling at Dr. Raghavan's remarks. On p. 1 Dr. Raghavan says, "Sanskrit belongs to a linguistic family which is not only most widely spoken today all over the world, but is, in all respects, the most powerful force in the world's civilisation". This is seems to us, is not a happy way of indicating the unquestionable preeminence of Sanskrit as a language and its undisputed dominance over the cultural life of most of Asia. On p. 37, Dr. Raghavan refers to Alberuni as a renowned Persian author. This is wrong.

On p. 47, Dr. Raghavan says that the love of nature, in Sanskrit poetry, "which makes creepers and deer part of the dramatis personae is something which in its realization of the oneness of life soars far above a Wordsworthian mysticism". This would seem odd to those who know Wordsworth and mysticism for what they really are. But these are minor points. Dr. Raghavan has given us in the book and particularly in his own talks illuminating glimpses of the great literary heritage of India enshrined in the Sanskrit language.

S. R.

The Paradox of Tragedy: By D. D. Raphael. Allen and Unwin, London. Price 16 sh. net.

The mystery which surrounds our intense enjoyment of the spectacle of pain and suffering, often, of an innocent, noble or lovable human being, seems unlikely to be resolved in spite of the gallant effort made by Prof. Raphael in this book. Aristotle's explanation has convinced but a very few and Prof. Raphael's account of the inadequacies of Aristotle's thesis is, in the main, sound. Explanations by other writers come in for summary treatment. Prof. Raphael's own explanation is based on his conception of tragedy as an inner conflict between two forms of the sublime, that of human heroism pitted against that of overwhelming power. "Tragedy snatches a spiritual victory out of a natural defeat and thus elevates man in his struggle with necessity". But how does it happen that we are so much more impressed by the unavailing heroism of the human hero than by the awe-inspiring spectacle of absolute power which vanquishes him? Why doesn't unavailing, foredoomed, futile struggle depress us and irritate us as a piece of sheer impertinence? Why don't we admire the overwhelming force of a Goliath absolutely crushing a puny little David? Didn't we, when we were wanton boys, derive considerable joy from the overwhelming power we wielded over flies and ants? Dictators aren't all of them comic characters and we are not all of us anti-fascist. Ultimately it seems to be some glorious sublime perversity in human nature, or rather in some of us, which makes us enjoy tragedy.

S. R.

The Stages of Economic Growth: By W. W. Rostow. Cambridge University Press. Paper back edition. 12 sh. 6d.

Discerning observers of India's "operation bootstraps" in the field of economic development have often heard Prime Minister Nehru proudly acclaim the present phase of India's economic life as 'the take-off stage', from which the next stage is that of a self-generating economy. The idea of these stages of economic growth is that of Professor Rostow of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He distinguishes five stages; (a) the traditional society based on pre Newtonian science and technology, (b) the pre-take off stage, with a centralized national state, and the decline of the land-owning class (c) the take-off stage in which resistances to economic growth are overcome (d) the drive to maturity with a complex international framework and technical progress leading to (e) the age of high mass consumption. Dr. Rostow admits that the stages of growth are an arbitrary and limited way of looking at the sequence of history but they are, while not being correct in any absolute sense, helpful in dramatizing not merely the uniformities in the sequence of modernization but the uniqueness of each nation's experience. And Rostow presents a powerful challenge in the whole thesis to Karl Marx's theory of modern history. The fatal failure of Marx to take

account of non-economic human motives and aspirations affords Dr. Rostow a fine opportunity of exposing its more serious inadequacies. Dr. Rostow examines the economies of the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.—entirely different types of economy and draws attention to the close relation between military aggressiveness and economic growth. Dr. Rostow recognises that communism cannot be disposed of by merely revealing its nature, its deceptions and its dilemmas. It is quite formidable as a technique of power and its fatal attractions can only be countered by wealthy nations creating urgently in association with non-communist under-developed and democratic nations of the world the pre conditions of the take-off stage in this area. Else, as Dr. Rostow says on p. 167 there may not be much civilization left to save. Dr. Rostow has given us a most inspiring and stimulating anti-communist manifesto.

Lectures in Criticism: Ed. by Elliott Coleman. Price Rs. 7-25 (copies can be had at M/s. Higginbothams, Madras.)

This book is a collection of lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins University in reassessment of the task and obligation of the literary critic. The critics chosen for re-examination are Aristotle, Longinus and Coleridge. Criticism has throughout exhibited broadly, two aspects—comparison and judgment. Homer was thought in the 6th century B.C. immoral and not to be read. Douglas Jerrold went about asking people if he had turned mad after he had read Browning's *Sordello* and there are critics of divers other kinds. The task of reassessment has been excellently performed here. Ransome writes on Aristotle, Tate on Longinus, Herbert Read on Coleridge and there are three concluding essays, one on contemporary criticism by Henry Peyre, one on criticism in Italy by Benedetto Croce and one entitled, *A Burden for Critics* by R. P. Blackmur. This last essay is a plea for rational intent, rational statement and rational technique in the arts. In other words, Mr. Blackmur would like poetry and sense to come together again. The plea is long over-due.

Swami Vivekananda's Complete Works Vol. I (In Tamil) Published by Sri Ramakrishna Mutt, Mylapore, Madras-4. Price Rs. 5. Pre-publication price for the entire set of ten volumes Rs. 30.

It was an excellent idea of the Sri Ramakrishna Mutt of Madras to undertake the translation into Tamil of the works of Swami Vivekananda and to make them available to the Tamil public at a price which is almost an act of philanthropy. The work is still in progress and we are noticing herein only the first of the ten volumes that have been planned. It is gratifying to note that Sri R. S. Desikan, a former member of the English staff of Presidency College and a sound scholar in English and Tamil has been closely associated with the work of translation from English to Tamil.

The first volume contains, among other things, the famous address to the Parliament of World Religions at Chicago, the lectures on Indian Culture and the discourse on Bhakti Yoga. As is well-known to all students of our recent history, the Chicago address was something of a turning point in India's religious history. Swami Vivekananda was indeed the true counter-attack from the East, designed not merely to arrest the propaganda and conversion work of a certain narrow-minded group of foreign Christian missionaries working in India, but to bring home to all the peoples of the world the transcendent universality of the central spiritual message of Advaita Vedanta. The other discourses are on the same level of forcefulness, learning and lucidity. The Renaissance, not merely of Hinduism, but of the culture of India had thus begun. The first volume is rich in material and is admirably representative of the great Swami's mental agility and his expository gifts. The Tamil translation is faithful, without becoming a pale, mechanical rendering into Tamil of the matter of the English original.

Here and there it would perhaps have been better for the translators to write a less consciously literary Tamil than they have chosen to adopt. Take for example, Vivekananda's famous exordium, "I thank you all in the name of the oldest order of monks that the world has ever known". The translation reads: "துறவொழுக்க நிலையங் களிலே மிகப் பழமை வாய்ந்த நிலையத்தின் பெயரினால் நான் உங்களுக்கு நன்றி கூறுகின்றேன்". Is it merely one reader's individual perversity that fails to see the forcefulness of the English original in the Tamil translation? If this impression is more widespread shouldn't those in charge of the translation do some critical self-examination of the diction they employ?

All the young men and, women of India and we venture to hope, all Presidencians, past, present and future, will use the opportunity afforded by the Mutt of acquiring a complete set of these works.

S. R.

Our New Rulers: By Vigneswara (N. Raghunathan). B. G. Paul & Co., Madras.

Here is a further selection from the sotto voce columns of Khasa Subba Rao's *Swatantra*. Reviewing the first selection in this growing series in the Presidencian two years ago, we ventured to salute this distinguished former Presidencian on the stimulating quality of the thought-content, the excellence of the English and the enduring power and fascination of the whole book. It can be fairly claimed of this second volume that the same qualities of form and content distinguish it. The theme is *Our New Rulers*, the struggle of India's nascent democracy to discover its bearings in a chaotic world dominated by the ever present threat of atomic armageddon. It is inevitably, in many ways, a depressing tale of deterioration of values and of human nature under the temptations of new and alas, easily-won power. We say that the power is easily won because after all it may be claimed that convincing an adult suffrage electorate about party policies and programmes is easier than convincing a strong-minded, alert, well-informed and conscientious intelligentsia. Some may think of the picture of the corruption wrought by power rather over-drawn and seek consolation in the fact that democracies in other countries have had to go through similar phases. But it cannot be denied that the highest moral standards are the only relevant standards to apply to parties, persons and programmes claiming to derive from Mahatma Gandhi and constantly invoking his name in public for evoking mass approval. The book is rich fare for all who love the stimulus of sharp writing and sharp but conscientiously fair and well-informed assessment of public events and public figures.

S. R.

The Rise of Indian Independence Vol. I: By T. R. Kannappa Naicker, M.A., L.T., M.Sc. Price Rs. 20. Copies to be had of the author, 23, Appavo Gramani Street, Mount Road, Madras-2.

This is the first part of Prof. Naicker's Memoirs in which he seeks to trace the role he played personally in securing the Independence of India. Prof. Naicker was formerly Additional Prof. of Physics in Presidency College, Madras. The work carries a foreword by Prof. M. Ruthnaswami.

சிற் பி

ஜே. எம். சாலி, எம்.ஏ., இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு

"நெஞ்சப் பூம்பஞ்சனையில் நிருத்தமிடும் கண்ணே,
நீன் விழியின் மொழிகேட்க நேரமெலாம் நின்றேன்;
கஞ்ச மலர்க் கரம்பற்றிக் ககனமெலாம் செல்வேன்;
காலத்தை வென்றிடவே காதல்தவம் புரிவோம்..."

சிற்பியின் கண்டத்திலிருந்து கானமுதம் கிறங்கியது. அந்த மாயப்பண் மலையின் மடியில் தவழ்ந்தது. வளியில் இழைந்தது. விண்ணகத்தின் ஒரு மருங்கில் கண்ணைய காதலிக்குப் பண்பாடும் விஞ்சையனின் நெஞ்சக் குரல்போல் கொஞ்சம் எழிலோடு சிற்பி பாடிக்கொண்டிருந்தான். மதி மயக்கும் அந்த மோகன இசையமுதம் மண்மகளுக்குத் தாலப்பாட்டாய் அமைந்தது. வானம்பாடிகள் அந்தக் கான மழையில் நனைந்து மேல்நோக்கி வட்டமிட்டுக் கொண்டிருந்தன. மதிப்பெண்ணுள் அந்த மாயச் சிற்பியைக் காண நாணி மேகத் திரையில் புகுந்துகொண்டாள்.

சிற்பியின் கண்ணில் மலர்ந்தது மின்னல் பூ. அவன் பேசினான்:

"காதல் தெய்வமே! காலமெல்லாம் கண் விழித்துக் கிடக்கிறேன். உனக்காக என் வாழ்வையே ஓய்விலா வேலையில் ஈடுபடுத்திவிட்டேன். வான வல்லியே...! மோன மொழி போதும்; மீனக் கண் காட்டு; ஆன்மாவில் உணர்வை அள்ளி யூட்டு."

அந்தக் கலைஞன் பேசிக்கொண்டேயிருந்தான். எதிரே உயிர் பெற்ற சிற்பம் நின்றிருந்தது. அந்தக் கற்சிலை அவனோடு கதை பேசுகிறதா? விண்ணும் மண்ணும் பால் நிலவின் அமுத சுகத்தில் கட்டுண்டு தன்னையே மறந்து கிடக்கும் அந்த நீட்ட நடு இரவில் மலைப்புறத்தில் காதற்பாணி எழுப்பிக் கொண்டிருக்கும் அந்தக் கலைஞன் யார்? அவன் விரைந்த மனிதன். மின்னல் கொடியாக எதிரே நிற்கும் அந்தச் சிலையின் காத் விழிகளைப் பார்த்துக்கொண்டே நெடு முச்சு விட்டான் சிற்பி.

"மணிவிளக்கமே! மண்ணும் வானும் வாழ்த்துப் பாட உன் மலர்க் கரம் பிடிப்பேன்... அந்த நாள் வந்துவிட்டது... மாதவம் செய்தவன் நான்..."

உணர்வின் எல்லையில் நின்றவன் நிலைவுக்கு வந்தான். சிற்பி எழுந்தான். கலைப் பசி மூண்டது. சிலை செதுக்கும் மாயக் கருவி கல்லோடு கதை பேசத் தொடங்கியது. காதலின் வேகம் கல்லைத் தகர்த்தது. சிகரப் பாறைகள் சிதறி விழுந்தன. அந்த எதிரொலியில் மலையே நடுங்கியது. ஏகாந்தப் பெருங் ககனம்போல் கண்ணுக் கெட்டிய தூரத்திலே அந்தப் பெருநகர் விரிந்து கிடந்தது. கலைஞன் பணியில் இறங்கிவிட்டான்.

காதல் தேவதை கடைக்கணித்தாள். சிற்பியின் நெஞ்ச வானில் காதல் என்ற வானவில் வண்ணக் கோலம் காட்டியது. சிற்பி பர்காத்தின் இளமை நெஞ்சில் காதல் தரங்கங்கள் இன்னிசை எழுப்பத் தொடங்கின. மயக்கும் அழகுக் கொடி சிரீன் அவன் மனச் சிறகைப் பறித்துக்கொண்டாள். நாடு போற்றும் பேரழகி சிரீனைக் கண்டது முதல் அவன் கண்கள் உறங்கவில்லை. அந்த அழகரசியின் இளை விழிகளுக்கு ஈடுதா? பொங்கியமுதாறும் பூவிதழ்கள்; அந்தப் புன்னகையின் பொலிவு... கலைஞனின் கற்பனையில் அடங்காத கண்ணியெழில்! பர்காத் அப்படித்தான் எண்ணி னான். தனையற்றுத் தாவிப் பறந்த அந்தக் கலைஞனின் கற்பனையுள்ளம் சிறைப்பட்டு டது. நெஞ்சைச் சிறைப்பிடித்த காதல் மகள் அரண்மனையில் வாழ்கின்றவன். ஏழைச் சிற்பி அவன்! கனவிலும் நனவிலும் இரண்டு கருவிழிகள் அவனை நோக்கி வந்து வந்து வட்டமிட்டன,

சிற்பி பேதுற்றுத் தவித்தான். சாசாரிய மன்னனின் அன்பிற்குரியவன் அந்த எழிலரசி. அவளை அடைய முடியுமா? என்னைக் கோட்டை எழுந்துவிட்டது. இடிந்து பாழ்படத்தான் வேண்டுமா? நெஞ்சோடு நெஞ்சு கலந்து கலை வாழ்வு வாழ வேண்டும். இந்த நினைவை அவனால் அழிக்க முடியாது. சிரீன் மன்னனின் உரிமைப் பொருளாகிவிட்டால்...? மன மலரைச் சோக வண்டு அரிக்கத் தொடங்கியது. நினைப்பில் களைத்த சிற்பி ஒரு முடிவுக்கு வந்தான். மக்களின் குரலுக்குச் செவி சாய்ப்பவன்தானே மன்னன்? தன் இதய வேகத்தை எடுத்துச் சொன்னால் என்ன? கலைஞனின் நெஞ்ச ஓலம் மன்னனுக்கு எட்டியது.

மன்னனின் மனம் காரீகாலத்து வானமாகியது. கவலை மேகங்கள் குழந்தன. இதய வீணையில் நரம்பை மீட்டி இன்பம் சேர்க்கப் போகும் சிரீனை இழப்பதா? அவளைப் பிரிய முடியாது. சிற்பி நாட்டின் குடிமகன்; ஒப்பற்ற கலைஞன்; காவியப் பூம்பாவை சிரீனைச் சிற்பி விரும்புகிறான் என்ற செய்தியை நாடறியும். சிரீன் மன்னனின் காதல் மனைவியல்ல; அவன் எப்படி மறுக்க முடியும்? மனக் கவலையை அமைச்சரிடம் சொன்னான் அரசன்.

சிற்பியின் சிந்தையை மாற்ற முடியாது. சிரீன் இல்லாமல் அவனால் வாழ முடியாது. அவன் நினைவில்தான் அவன் உயிர் ஓட்டிக் கிடக்கின்றது. அமைச்சன் இதை யறிவான். கலைஞனைக் கலையால் ஏமாற்றும் வழி அவனுக்குப் புலப்பட்டது. அந்த ஆடகப் பொற்பாவையைப் பர்காத் பெறவேண்டுமானால் அரசனின் ஆணையை நிறைவேற்ற வேண்டும். அரசன் இடும் ஆணை சிற்பியால் நிறைவேற்ற முடியாததாக இருக்க வேண்டும்!

ஒங்கியுயர்ந்த மலை அந்த நாட்டில் உண்டு. யாருமே கடத்தற்கரிய அந்த மலையிலே வழியமைக்க வேண்டும். அந்த வழி ஓர் ஆறு ஓடவல்ல அளவு விரிந்து பரந்து பர்காத் இந்த நிபந்தனையை முடித்துவிட்டால் மனங் கவர்ந்தவனைப் பெறலாம். இயலாதவொரு செயல்; காலமெல்லாம் உழைத்தாலும் முற்றுப் பெறாத ஒரு பணி. கண்டிப்பாகக் காதல் வெறிபிடித்த கலைஞனால் ஆற்றமுடியாத வினை. அமைச்சனின் எண்ணத்தையுணர்ந்தான் மன்னன். மகிழ்ந்தான்.

கல்லிலே கலை வண்ணங் காணும் காதல் சித்தன் வந்தான். ஆற்ற வேண்டிய பணியைச் சொன்னான் மன்னன். சிற்பி சிரித்தான். அனைவரையும் சிலையாக்கி கலைஞன்.

பருவங்கள் மாறி மாறி வந்து போய்க்கொண்டிருந்தன. வான்மதி அவலைப் பார்த்துச் சிரித்தது. அவன் ஏறிட்டுப் பார்க்கவில்லை. செங்கதிர் அவன் உழைப்பை வியந்து உயிர்த்தது. அதை அவன் அறியவில்லை. மின்னல் மின்னியது; இடி இடித்தது. கார் பொழிந்தது. அவனுக்கு ஒன்றுமே தெரியாது. தன்னை மறந்தான்.

இரவின் கருமேகம் மலையைக் கப்பிய நாட்கள் ஆயிரமாயிரம்! காதல் கலைஞன் பர்காத் அயரவில்லை. நெஞ்சின் நெடுமூச்சிலெல்லாம் 'சிரீன்...சிரீன்...' என்ற அதே ஒலி! கல்லின் ஒவ்வொரு அடியிலும் அற்புதம் மலர்ந்துகொண்டே யிருந்தது.

காதல் கனலில் கற்கள் கரிந்து பொடியாயின. எண்ணற்ற சிலை யருவங்கள் எழுந்துவிட்டன. காதல் தெய்வம் சிரீன் ஒளிவிடும் கல்லிலே உயிர் பெற்று நின்றான். சிரீன் தன் தோழியரோடு பூங்காவில் நின்று கொண்டிருக்கிறான்.. எத்தனையோ கோணத்தில் எழில் நகை சிந்தி நின்றான் சிரீன்.

கட்டளையிடும் முகத்தோடு, கடுமையான தோற்றம் அமைத்து, மன்னனை நிறுத்தியிருந்தான் சிற்பி. அடிமையரும், அரசனின் கூற்றத்தாரும் சிலையுருவில் நின்றிருந்தனர். சிலை வடிக்கும் அந்தச் சிற்பியை மக்கள் வெள்ளம் கண்டு போய்க் கொண்டிருந்தது. சிற்பக் கலைஞர்கள் வியந்தனர். விந்தையால் வீரலைக் கடித்தனர்,

வெறி கொண்ட காதலனின் ஆற்றலை நாடெல்லாம் போற்றியது. கலைஞனின் கனவு நனவாகப் போகிறது. அவன் வெற்றிப் புன்னகை செய்யும் நேரம் நெருங்கி வந்தது.

புயல் எழுந்துவிட்டது. அமைதியற்றுத் தவித்தான் ஆளும் வேந்தன். நாடெங்கும் சிற்பியைப் பற்றித்தான் பேச்சு. எழிலரசி சிரீனுக்கு அந்தக் கலைஞன் ஏற்ற நாயகன் என்றார்கள். வாடைக் காற்றுகள் செய்திகள் அவளை நாடி வந்தன. சிற்பி பர்காத் வெற்றியோடு ஆணையை நிறைவேற்றியவனாக அரண்மனைக்கு வந்து விடுவான். வாக்குப்படி சிரீனை அவனுக்கு அளிக்க வேண்டும். இணையில்லா எழிலின் செல்வியை எப்படி இழப்பது? உள்ளமெல்லாம் நிறைந்து நிற்கும் அமர ஓவிய மல்லவா சிரீன்?

மன்னனின் மனக்கவலையை மாற்றுவேன் என்று வந்தான் முதுமகளொருத்தி. சிந்தையின் வண்ணம் சிரீனை அவனுக்கே சொந்தமாக்குவேன் என்று வந்தான். சிற்பியை அழிக்கும் வழி தனக்குத் தெரியும் என்றாள். மன்னனின் மன விதானத் திலே மகிழ்ச்சி மின்னல்! வேண்டும் பொருளெல்லாம் தருவேன் வென்று வந்தால், என்றான் மன்னன் மதுவுண்ட வண்டாகி! முதுமகள் நடந்தாள்; கூற்றம்போல் நடந்தாள்; கொடுவனியின் உருவாகி நடந்தாள். கொலை மகள்போல் சென்றாள்.

"வானத்து மோகினியே, வந்தேன், அன்பன்!

மணிக் கதவம் திறந்தென்னை ஏற்பாய் கண்ணே;

கானத்தால் கருத்தழிக்கும் கவின்பெடைக் குயிலே,

கடைக்கண்ணால் கொல்லாதே, காதல் தாராய்!

ஞானப்பூங் காதலியே நலிந்தேன் பாராய்,

நாளெல்லாம் சுவனமதைக் காண்போம் நன்றே,

மோனத்தைக் கலைத்திடுவாய், முழுமதியே, தேனே!

ஆகங்கலர்திடவே அடிமை வந்தேன்!"

சிற்பியின் பண்ணமுதப் பாட்டு மயங்கியது. காலமெல்லாம் அந்தக் கலைஞன் உழைத்தான். வெற்றியின் வாயிலுக்கு வந்துவிட்டான். இதயத்தில் இன்பக் கோயில் எழுந்துவிட்டது. இணையில்லாத எழில் தெய்வம் அங்கே குடிபுகப் போகிறது.

எழுதவொண்ணாப் பேரெழிலுக்கு ஒரு எல்லை காண முயன்று, கலைக் கண்ணிக்குள் சிரீனின் அழகைச் சிக்க வைத்துக் கண்டெடுத்த பேசும் சிற்பம்! அந்த ஞானக் காதலி உயிர் பெற்று நிற்கிறாள்; விழிகளில்தாம் எத்துனை விந்தை யுணர்வுகள்! அந்தச் சிலையைப் பார்த்துத்தான் பண்ணிசைத்துக் கொண்டிருந்தான் பர்காத்.

இன்னும் சில நேரம்! எல்லாம் முடிந்துவிட்டன. மன்னனைப் பார்க்க அவன் போவான். அவன் வாழ்வில் மணிவிளக்கம் முத்துச் சுடர் சிரிதப்போகின்றதா?

கொல்லும் கூற்றம் அவனைக் குறுகி வந்தது. ஆமாம், அந்தக் கொடு மனக் கிழவி வந்தாள். பேசினாள்:

"அந்தோ, பர்காத்... ஏன் இந்த அரற்றல்? இன்னமும் அந்த எழிலரசியின் பெயரை ஏன் ஒலிக்கிறாய்? சிரீன் எங்கே இருக்கிறாள்?"

"இதோ, என் நெஞ்சில்! கொஞ்சம் நடம்புரிகிறாள் என் வஞ்சிக் கொடி!"

"பித்தேறிப் பிதற்றுகிறாய், பர்காத்! போய்விட்டாள் உன் ஆசை நாயகி. அவள் கண்ணை மூடி இரண்டு வாரமாகிவிட்டது. உன் தலை விதி அப்படி, பர்காத்!"

"என்ன பேசுகிறாய், தாயே?"

"ஐயோ, பர்காத், இன்னமும் உன் மயக்கம் தெளியவில்லையா? உன் சிரீன் மடிந்துவிட்டாள். அந்த மாதரசி மாண்டுபோய் மூன்றாம் வாரம் வந்துவிட்டது!"

புள்ளியொழந்தான் சிற்பி. நெடுமுச்சு நெஞ்சை எரிமலையாக்கியது. கல்லைப் போல் விழுந்தான் பள்ளத்தாக்கில்!

அற்றினான் அமர கலைஞன்:

“கண்ணின் ஒளியே! என் எண்ணக் கனவுகளெல்லாம் காளையில் கறிந்து போய்விட்டனவா? ஓடாய் உழைத்தேன்; போனதும் மணியும் பெரும் போற்றேன் என்று கனவு கண்டேன், மூடன்! செங்கதிரும் தண் மதியும் எனக்கு இனிமேல் எங்கே? சோலைவனம் பாலைப் பெரும்பரப்பாய்ப் போய்விட்டதா? இயற்கை இந்த ஏழையிடம் கருணை காட்டத் தவறி விட்டது! என் நெஞ்சத்துக் கதிரையும் மதியையும் கிரகணம் விழுங்கி விட்டது! என் வாழ்க்கை ஆறு அந்தகாரத்தில் நுழைந்துவிட்டது...மண் னுக்கிடடாள் என் காதலி!”

விண்ணும் மண்ணும் அந்த ஒலியில் நடுங்கின.

“வசந்தப்பண் வானப்புள் மறைந்த பின்னே
வாசமலர் பொறிலிந்த இருத்தல் ஏனே?

கசக்கின்ற காரிருளாய்ப் போன வாழ்வில்

கன்னியின் ஒளி நலமும் உண்டோ?

அசைந்தாடும் அணிமலர்ப்பூ உதிர்ந்த பின்னே

அமுதப் பண்தும்பிக்கு என்னே வாழ்வு!

இசைந்திரு நல்எழிலாளே, தந்தேன் முத்தம்

எழுந்திட்டேன் சாவின் களம் ஈதோவந்தேன்.”

சிற்பியின் விழி மழை ஓயவில்லை. ‘சாவின் வயலுக்கு அப்பால் உன்னைச் சந்திக்க வருகிறேன், கண்ணே!’ என்று முனுமுனுத்தான். ‘சிரின்...சிரின்’ என்றன இதழ்கள். நிலத்தை முத்தமிட்டான்! ஆமாம், முத்தமிட்டான்! ஞானக் காதலியைத் தேட உயிர்ப்புள் மோனவுலகை நாடிப் பயணம் புறப்பட்டது. அவன் படைத்த கலைக் கோயில் அவனுக்காகக் கண்ணீர் விட்டது!

(‘குஸ்ருவஷிரின்’ என்ற பார்ஸி காவியக் கருவின் தழுவல் உரு)

உலகம் உருவான கதை.

மு. சாவிகு, II எம்.எஸ்ஸி (நிலவியல்)

அறிவியல் அதிவேகமாக வளர்ந்து வரும் இந்நாளில், நாம் வாழும் இவ்வுலகத்தைப் பற்றிய சுவையான கருத்துக்களை அறிதல் இன்றியமையாததாகும். நாம் வதியும் உலகம் எப்படி உருவானது, இன்றைய நிலைக்கும் உலகம் தோன்றிய அன்றைய நிலைக்கும் என்ன வேறுபாடு என்பதை நாம் அறிதல் வேண்டும்.

உலகம் இப்படித்தான் தோன்றியது என, இன்று வரை எந்த அறிவியல் அறிஞனும் திட்டவட்டமாகக் கூறவில்லை. வெவ்வேறு அறிஞர்கள் வெவ்வேறு விதமாக ஆராய்ந்து, தங்களது கருத்துக்களை வெளியிட்டுள்ளனர். அவைகளை அறிதல் மிகப்பயனுடைத்து.

முதன் முதலில், அறிவியலின் அடிப்படையில் இஞ்ஞாலத்தின் தோற்றத்தை ஆய்ந்தவர்கள் கண்ட் (Kant), லேப்லேசு (Laplace) என்பவர்கள். இவர்கள் 18-ம் நூற்றாண்டில் ஆராய்ச்சி செய்தார்கள். கதிரவனும் மற்றும் ஏனைய கிரகங்களும் தோன்றுவதற்கு முன்பே, விண்ணில் ஒரு மாபெரும் ‘வளி மண்டலம்’ (Nebula) சுழற்சியில் ஈடுபட்டிருந்தது. இம்மண்டலம் இன்றைய கதிரவன் குடும்பத்தை விட (Solar System) மிகப் பெரிதாகவும், சிறிது தட்டையாகவும் இருந்தது. இம்மண்டலம்

சுழலுங்கால், குளிர்ச்சியடைதலும், ஈர்ப்புச் சக்தியும் வளர்ந்தன. எப்பொருளும் குளிர்ச்சியடைந்தால், சுருங்கும் என்பது அறிவியல் உண்மை. ஆகவே, வளிமண்டலமும் நடுப்பாகத்தில் (Equator) சுருங்கவே, அதினின்று சிறிது பாகம் உருண்டை வடிவாக வெளி வந்தது. வெளி வந்த இச்சிறு பகுதியும் சுழன்றது. சுழற்சியின் காரணமாக உருண்டை வடிவத்தைப் பெற்றது. இவ்வாறு வளிமண்டலம் மென்மேலும் குளிர், சுருங்க, பல்வேறு பகுதிகள் வெளி வந்தன. இவைகளே இன்றைய கிரகங்களாக மாறின. பூமி உருவான கதையும் இவ்வாறே. எப்படி வளி மண்டலத்திலிருந்து பூமி முதலியன தோன்றினவோ, அவ்வாறே பூமியினின்று வெளி வந்த பகுதி சந்திரனாக மாறிப் பூமியைச் சுற்றுகிறது என்பது லாப்லேசு கண்ட உண்மை.

19-ம் நூற்றாண்டின் துவக்கத்தில், நிலவியல், விண்ணியல், நிலப்பொருளியல் (Geophysics) போன்றன வளரத் தலைப்பட்டன. முன்னோர் பகர்ந்த கருத்துக்களை ஆராய்ந்து, புதுக்கொள்கைகள் காணப் பலர் முற்பட்டனர். ஜீன்சு (Jeans) என்பவர் கதிரவக்குடும்பம் தோன்றினதை ஆராய்ந்தார். முழுமதி நான், கடலில் அலைகள் மேலே எழும்பி அமைவது, மதியின் ஈர்ப்புச் சக்தியால் என்பது போன்ற எண்ணங்களை ஆய்ந்தார். அது போல, கதிரவனும், மற்றும் ஒரு விண்மீனும் நெருங்குவதாக எண்ணினார். இப்படி நெருங்கும்போது, கதிரவனினுள் ஒரு சிறிய பாகத்தை விண்மீன் வெளிக் கொணருகிறது. அது படிப்படியாகக் குளிர்ந்து, பல் வேறு கிரகங்களாக உருவாகியது என்பது அவர் கண்ட உண்மை. இப்படித் தோன்றியவற்றில் ஒன்றுதான் நாம் வதியும் இப்புவி.

இருபதாம் நூற்றாண்டின் இடையில் இன்னொரு கருத்து, பலம் பெற்றது. சுமித் (Schmidt) என்ற அறிஞன் உலகமும் ஏனைய கிரகங்களும் உருவான முறைபற்றி ஆய்ந்தான். விண்ணில் விண்மீன்கள் கூட்டம் (Galaxy) ஒன்று இருந்தது. அதற் கிடையில் தூசியும் வளியும், இடைப் பொருட்களாய் (Interstellar Matter) அமைந்திருந்தன. கதிரவன் மீன்கள் கூட்டத்தில், இந்த இடைப் பொருட்களின் வழியாகச் சுழன்ற நிலையில், இடைப்பொருட்கள் கதிரவனைச் சுற்றிக் கொண்டு, சுழல ஆரம்பிக்கவே, அவைகள் ஒன்றாகக் கலந்தன. இப்படி இடைப்பொருட்கள் ஒன்றாயினதே, கிரகங்களின் தோற்றத்திற்கு வித்தாகியது. கதிரவனுக்கு அருகிலுள்ளவை அதிக வெப்பமுற்று, உருவத்தில் சிறிதாயும், அடர்த்தியில் பெரிதாயும் விளங்குகின்றன. மெர்க்குரி, வினசு, பூமி, மார்சு முதலியன கதிரவனுக்கு அருகிலுள்ளன. சுபிடர், சாடன், உரேனசு, நெப்டியூன் போன்றன தொலைவில் இருப்பதால், உருவத்தில் பெரிதாயும், அடர்த்தியில் சிறிதாயும் இருக்கின்றன.

நாம் வாழும் பூமி கதிரவனினுள் வந்த ஒரு சிறிய பாகம் என்பது ஒரு சாரார் கருத்து; அது வளி மண்டலத்தின் பகுதியென்றும், இடைப் பொருட்களின் கூட்டு என்பதும் மற்றவர்களின் கருத்துக்கள். இதுவரை இது பற்றிய முடிவு எடுக்கப்படவில்லை. இப்படியாக உருவான பூமி மிகமிக வெப்பமுடையதாக இருக்க வேண்டும். சுழலச்சுழல, வெப்பம் தணிய, குளிர்ச்சி ஏற்பட்டது. ஆனால் சுரங்கங்களில் கீழே செல்லச் செல்ல வெப்பம் அதிகரிப்பதும், எரிமலைக் குழம்பின் வெப்பத்தை அளக்கும்போதும், பூமியின் உட்புறம் குளிர் வில்லை என்ற உண்மை புலப்படுகின்றது. 800 கிலோமீட்டர்களுக்கு அப்பால், பூமியினடியில் திடப்பொருட்களைக் காண முடியாது. சுடு பொற்குழம்பு (Magma) இருப்பது தென்படும். பூமியின் மேற்பாகம் குளிர்ந்தமைக்குச் சரியான காரணம் எவராலும் கூறமுடிய வில்லை. குளிர்ந்த மேற்பாகம் (Outer Shell) சிலவிடங்களில் மென்மையாக இருப்பதால், பூமியின் அடியிலுள்ள காற்றின் அழுத்தம் இம்மென்மையான பாகங்களில் வெடிப்பு ஏற்படுத்துகின்றது. பூகம்பம் (Earthquake) ஏற்படக் காரணம் இதுவே. சில சமயங்களில் காற்று வெடிப்புக்களை உண்டாக்குவதோடு, கீழேயிருந்து வெப்பக் குழம்புகளையும் கொணர்ந்து இன்னல் விளைவிக்கின்றது. எரிமலை (Volcano) போன்றன ஏற்படுவது இப்படியே.

பூமியின் மேற்பரப்பிலுள்ள மெல்லிய பாகம் வெடிக்கும்படியும் பிளவு படும்படியும் நேரும்பொழுது, அங்குப் பெரும் பள்ளங்கள் தோன்றி விடுகின்றன. இப்பெரும் பள்ளங்களே இன்று கடலாக விளங்குகின்றன. அச்சமயம் பெய்த நீரெல்லாம் ஆவியாகி, கடல் நீரற்று விளங்கியது. பின்னர் படிப்படியாய், ஆவியாதல் குறைந்து, ஆழியை நிரப்பின. முதலில் முந்நீர் கொதித்த நிலையிலும், பின்னர் தணிந்த நிலையிலும் இருந்தது. முந்நீர் உப்பாக இருப்பது, இதில் சேர்ந்த நீர் பலவகையான உப்புக்களைக் கொண்ட வெப்பக் குழம்புகள் வழியே வந்ததே காரணம் என்பது ஒரு கொள்கை. இப்படியாக, நிலைமைகள் முன்னேறின. கதிரவன் ஒளி வீசத் துவங்கினான்; இரவு பகல் ஏற்பட்டது; அமைதியின் குழநிலை அமைந்தது. கடலில் முதன் முதலில் உயிரினம் தோன்றியது. பின்னர் தோன்றிய பல உயிர் இனங்களையும், மனித இனங்களையும் பற்றிய விலங்கியல் அறிஞர்கள் நிறையக் கொண்டுள்ளனர்.

நம்முடைய உலகத்தின் வரலாற்றினை எண்ணுங்கால், நாம் எவ்வளவு இயற்கையன்னைக்குக் கடமைப் பட்டுள்ளோம் என்று உணருகிறோம். இப்பேர்ப்பட்ட எழுச்சி நிறைந்த நம்முலகை, வீழ்ச்சியுறச் செய்யும் வேலையில் ஈடுபட்டிருக்கும் அரசியல் தலைகள் உணரின், உலகம் செழிக்கும் தழைக்கும் என்பதில் ஐயமில்லை.

கடல் பேசிற்று!

ஆ. சண்முகம், பி. ஏ. முன்னுமாண்டு, (பொருளாதாரம்)

ஊருக்குக் கிழக்கே உள்ள
பெருங்கடல் ஓரமெல்லாம்,
கிரியின் உடல் வண்ணம் போல்
மணல் மெத்தை: அம் மெத்தை மேல்
நேரிடும் அலையோ, கல்வி
நிலையத்தின் இளைஞர் போலப்
பூரிப்பால் ஏறும்; வீழும்;
புரண்டிடும்; பாராய் தம்பி.

— பாரதி தாசன்.

அன்று மெரினாவுக்குச் சென்றிருந்தேன். மனம் அலையாடிக்கொண்டிருந்த எனக்குக் கடலின் அலைகள் ஆறுதலளித்தன. சுற்றிலுமுள்ள ஆரவாரமும் மகிழ்ச்சி ஓசையும் என்னைப் பெரிதும் கவர்த்தன, கால்களின் களிப்பு, குமரிகளின் குறுஞ் சிரிப்பு, சிரார்களின் சிந்தனையற்ற உவப்பு ஆகியவை யாவும் நிறைந்து கடலே இன்பக் கடலில் மூழ்கியிருந்தது.

ஆனால் ... நானோ கடலினை உற்று நோக்கிய வண்ணம் இருந்தேன். குழலின் எண்ணம் மறைந்தது; குழல்கின் எண்ணம் நிறைந்தது. ஆம், சிந்தனைக் கடலில் மூழ்கினேன்.

அது காலே —

பேசிற்று கடல்! ...

“என்னை மேலோடு நோக்கினால் அலைகள் தெரியும்; சிறிது ஆழத்தில் சென்றால் மீன்கள் கிடைக்கும்; இன்னுஞ் சிறிது ஆழத்தில் சென்றால் முத்துக்கள் கிடைக்கும். ராஜாளி எவ்வளவுதான் பல முடையதாக இருந்தபோதும் அது தன் கூட்டை விட்டு வெளியே வரவில்லை யெனின் அதற்கு இரை இல்லை. அதே போன்று ஒருவன் ஆழத்தில் பயமின்றி மூழ்கி ஆராயா விட்டால் அவன் முத்துக்களைப் பெற முடியுமா? ஆற்றிவினே! தோந்து தெளிவு பெறு; அபாயத்திற்கு எள்ளளவும் அஞ்சக்கூடாது!

தான் கொண்ட கருத்தில் உண்மையான முயற்சியில் உறுதியாக நின்று உண்மையான செவ்வினைகளை உரமாக ஆற்றின் வாழ்வோ சிறக்கும்; தாழ்வோ பறக்கும்.

“ஆம், மனிதனே! என்னைப் பார். என்னை எதிர்த்து நிற்கும் மலைகளின் கதி என்னவாயிற்று என்று ஏறிட்டுப் பார். அவைகள் தவிடு பொடியாயின. அங்ஙனமே உன் வாழ்க்கை ஓடும் செல்லும் போதும் பெரிய துன்ப மலைகள் நடுவில் குறுக்கே நிற்கும். அவைகளைக் கண்டு அஞ்சாதே! கலங்காதே! என்னைப் போல் தவிடு பொடியாக்! நொறுக்கி, உடைத்து, மேலே செல். என்னைச் சுற்றிலும் பயங்கரத் திமிங்கிலங்கள், பல கொடும் ஜந்துக்கள் இருப்பது போல உன் வாழ்வுக் கடலிலும் தின்று கொழுத்து விளையாடும் அசுர சக்திகள் நீ காணாதவாறு மறைந்திருந்து மாய்க்கும் தீய ஆற்றல்கள் உண்டு. அவைகளுக்கு நீ இடம் கொடாதே. முடியுமானால் அவைகளை ஒழித்து விடு; இல்லாவிடில் ஒதுங்கிச் செல். ஆழம் தெரியாமல் எதிலும் காலே விடாதே.

“தோழ! இயற்கையோடு இயைந்த வாழ்விற்கு நான் ஒரு சிறந்த சான்று. எத்தனையோ குருவளிகளைக் கண்டிருக்கின்றேன்; புயலை அனுபவித்திருக்கின்றேன்; பூகம்பத்தை உணர்ந்திருக்கின்றேன். ஆனால் இவைகளால் நான் மாறினேனா? என்னை மாற்றினவா இவைகள்? அல்ல, அல்ல, இவைகளே மறைந்தொழிந்தன. பிந்தைய நிலைகளில் நான் ஆழ்ந்த அமைதியுடனிருக்கிறேன்; தென்றலால் தாலாட்டப் பெறுகின்றேன்; முழு நிலவால் அமிழ்தாக்கப் படுகின்றேன். இதே போன்றுதான் உன் வாழ்வும் நிலையும். துன்பத்தையும்—எதையும் தாங்கும் இதயம் வேண்டும்; முயற்சியுண்டாயின் எழுச்சிதான். துணிவின் முகட்டிலே தணிந்து பணியும் தீமைகள்; பிணியும் நீங்கும்; இனியும் நன்மையே! இதற்கு நானே எடுத்துக் காட்டு.

“என் ஆழம் அறிவின் ஆழம். என் அகலம் பரந்து விரிந்த அறிவின் பரப்பு. என் தெளிவு ஞானத் தெளிவு, உண்மை உணர்ந்த உயர்ந்தோர்களின் உள் ளத் தெளிவு. நண்ப! என் ஆழத்திலே நீ நீந்தாதே; அறிவின் ஆழத்திலே நீந்து; அறிஞனாவாய்: முயற்சியால் எழுச்சி பெற்று, எழுச்சியால் மகிழ்ச்சி பெற்று, பண் படுவாய்; உண்மைப் பொருளை உணர்வாய்.

“எவன் எந்தப் பொருளில் நம்பிக்கை உடையவனோ அவன் அப் பொருளே தான் ஆகின்றான்”, என்று நான் கூறவில்லை; பகவத் கதை திருவாய் மலர்ந்தருள்கிறது. என்னைக் கண்டு கலங்கினது போல் பெரியோர்களைக் கண்டு கலங்காதே. அவர்களுடன் நெருங்கி உறவாடு போ, போ, நேரமாகிறது. போய் வா. ‘என்னுடைய அலைகளும், காலமும் யாருக்கும் காத்திருப்பதில்லை’ என்று நீ அறிவாயே. காலத்தைப் போற்றி வாழ்; பருவத்தே பயிர் செய்: கிழக்கண்ட பொன் மொழியின் பொருளை ஏற்று வாழ்:

“யாருமே தன் பணத்தை மற்றவருக்கு வாரி யிறைப்பதில்லை; ஆனால் ஒவ்வொருவனும் தன் நேரத்தை வாரி இறைத்துக் கொண்டிருக்கின்றான். எந்த ஒரு செய்தியில் கஞ்சத்தனம் மிகப் பயனுள்ளதாயும், போற்றத்தக்கதாயும் இருக்குமோ அதிலேயோ நாம் ஊதாரிகளாக இருப்பது?” — மாண்டேன்.

சிந்தனைச் சுழலினின்றும் விடுபட்ட நான், அறிவுரைகளை அறிவுறுத்தின கடலை வாழ்த்துகின்றவனாய் பாரதிதாசனின் பாடல்களிலொன்றை முணு முணுத்துக் கொண்டே வீடு நோக்கி நடை போட்டேன்:—

முத்துக் கடலே வாழ்க —இசை
முழங்கும் கடலே வாழ்க!
மண்ணிற் பெரிதாம் கடலே — நீ
வாழ்க வாழ்க வாழ்க!

தப்புக் கணக்கு

M. S. சாந்தா, எம்.ஏ. முதல் ஆண்டு

முழு மதி எழுந்து உச்சியைத் தொட்டுக்கொண்டிருந்தது. பொழுது விடிந்தால் கிறிஸ்துமஸ் பண்டிகை. உதகமண்டலமே இந்திர லோகம்போலக் காட்டி அளித்தது. ஆயிற்று, இன்னும் சுற்று நேரத்தில், கிறிஸ்து பெருமான் பாவத்தில் ஆழ்ந்துள்ள உயிர்களுக்கு நன்னெறியைக் காட்ட, இம் மண்ணாலின்மேல் பிறக்கப் போகின்றார்.

வெண்ணிலவின் பால் கதிர்கள் உயர்ந்து கூம்பிய கற்பூரத்தை மரங்களின் கூரிய இலைகளின்மேல் உறை பனியுடன் கலந்து அன்னத்தின் தூவியைப் போலவும், பால் ஏடுகளைப் போலவும், படிய ஆரம்பித்தன. பைன் மரங்கள் இருண்டு, விரிந்து எழந்து, கூம்பிய தம் உச்சியின்மேல் நிலவொளி அருவியைத் தாங்கித் தம் ஊசி இலைகளின் வழியே வழிய விட்டுக் கொண்டிருந்தன. வசந்தகாலத்தில் துளிர்த்துப் பச்சை வெல்வெட்டுக் கம்பள விரிப்புதலைப்போலக் காட்சியளித்த புல் தரைகள் இன்று உறைபனிப் படிவுகளில் ஆழ்ந்து வெண்ணிலவின் ஒளியைக் கண்ணாடிபோல ஹோலித்துக் கொண்டிருந்தன. வால்பேரி, அப்பிள், பிளம், பீச் இம் மர வகைகள் தத்தம் இலைகளை உதிர்த்துவிட்டு, வறண்ட இலைகளையும், கொம்புகளையும் பரப்பிக் கொண்டு ஓங்கி நின்றன.

நகரில் ஆங்காங்கு நூற்றுக்கணக்கான மின் விளக்குகள் சிவப்பு, பச்சை, நீலம், மஞ்சள் ஆகிய ஒளிகளை உதிர்த்துகொண்டிருந்த உறைபனித் தூள்களுக்கு வண்ண பேதங்களை ஊட்டிக்கொண்டிருந்தன. செயின்ட் மேரீஸ் குன்று, பாம்பே காரில், ஜெயில் குன்று, கமிஷனர் ரோடு, இவ்விடங்களிலிருந்து மாதா கோயில் மணி ஓசை வாடைக் காற்றில் மிதந்து வந்தது.

கருணைப் பிரகாசன் கல்பங்கனா குன்றின்மேல் நிற்குகொண்டிருந்தான். தொலைதூரத்தில் கோடப்பமந்தின்மேல் பேரிரைச்சலுடன் கறிகாய் லாரி ஒன்று ஏறிக்கொண்டிருந்தது. கருணைப் பிரகாசன் ஒரு கட்டினைஞன். அவன் அணிந்திருந்த நீண்ட கம்பளிச் சட்டையின்மேல் உறைபனி வெள்ளை வெளேரென்று படிந்திருந்தது. தடித்த கம்பளிச் சட்டைக்குள் அவனுடைய உடல் குளிரால் நடுங்கிக்கொண்டிருந்தது. அவனுடைய முகத்தில் ஏதோ ஒரு கிறிது சோகத்தின் சாயல் படர்ந்திருந்தது. கருணைப் பிரகாசன் உதகைக் கலைக் கல்லூரி மாணவன். அவனுடைய பெற்றோர் அவனுக்கு இட்டிருந்த பெயருக்குத் தக்கவாறு அவன் கருணையே குடிகொண்டவன். பிறர் துன்பத்தைக் காணும்போதெல்லாம் அவன் கண்களில் நீர் சுரக்கும். தன்னால் இயன்றவரை பிற உயிர்களுக்கு வரும் இன்னல் களைத் தீர்ப்பதையே தன் வாணாளின் குறிக்கோளாகக் கொண்டிருந்தான்.

வானத்தில் மிதந்துகொண்டிருந்த ஒரு சிறு முகில் படலம் அவனைத் தழுவிக்கொண்டு சென்றது. அவனுக்கு எதிரே கமர்ஷியல் ரோடு பள்ளத்தாக்கில் மின்னிக் கொண்டிருந்த எண்ணிறந்த மின் விளக்குகள் அம் மேகத்தால் தாக்குண்டு பேரதிரச்சி யுற்றன. ஏதோ ஆழ்ந்த சிந்தனையில் இருந்த கருணைப் பிரகாசனின் முகத்தில் ஒரு ஒளி படர்ந்தது. அவன் ஏதோ ஒரு உறுதி கொண்டவன்போல் தென்பட்டான். விறுவிறென்று கல்பங்கனா குன்றை விட்டு இறங்கிச் செயின்ட் மேரீஸ் குன்றை நோக்கி நடந்தான்.

அரை மணி நேரத்தில் செயின்ட் மேரீஸ் குன்றின்மேல் கருணைப் பிரகாசன் ஏறிக்கொண்டிருந்தான். மேல் வானத்தில் வெண்ணிலா இறங்கிக்கொண்டிருந்தது. அக் குன்றின்மேல்தான் உதகமண்டலத்தில் நடைபெற்று வந்த ஓட்டல்களுக்கெல்லாம் இராணி எனப் பெயரும், புகழும் பெற்று எல்லாருடைய பாராட்டுக்கும் பாத்திரமாக இருந்த “ஓட்டல் மாண்ட் பிளாங்க்” என்ற உணவு விடுதி தன் வெப்பத்தையும்,

வையையும் கொண்டு இரசிகர்களுக்கு இன்பம் ஊட்டி வந்தது. அவ்விடுதிக்கு 3 ரோப்பியர்களும், செல்வச் செழிப்பில் திளைத்த இந்தியர்களும், அரசாங்கச் செல்வாக்கின் அணைப்பில் வாழ்ந்து வந்த ஒன்றிரு தொதவர்களும், உருளைக்கிழங்கின் ருண்டோடும் செல்வப் பெருக்கில் மிதந்துகொண்டிருந்த படகப் பெருமக்களும் சென்று உணவு அருந்தி வருவது வழக்கம்.

நாளை கிறிஸ்துமஸ் பண்டிகை விருந்துக்கு ஆக்கப்படவிருந்த உணவு வகைகளுக்குச் சிகரம் வைத்தது போல “வான் கோழிப் புலவு” அந்த உணவு விடுதியில் மீளாக விளம்பரப்படுத்தப்பட்டிருந்தது. அவ்வளவுக்கு உதவ ஐந்தாறு வான் கோழிகள் விடுதியின் பின்புறம் பெருமையோடு வளர்ந்தன. அவற்றின் நடைச் செருக்கையும், அழகு பாவனையையும் காண்பார் அவற்றிற்காகக் காத்துக்கொண்டிருந்த முடிவு தகும் தகும் என்று வியந்து கூறினர்.

ஆனால் கருணைப் பிரகாசனின் மனப் போக்கு முற்றிலும் மாறாக இருந்தது. ஐயோ! இவ் வாயில்லாப் பிராணிகள் நாளை மாலை உலகை உய்விக்க வந்த கிறிஸ்து பெருமானின் பெயரால் விருந்தில் உணவாக்கப்படப் போகின்றனவே!” என்று இரங்கினான். அவனுடைய கண்களில் வெப்பக் கண்ணீர் சுரந்தது. தான் மேற்கொண்ட நிர்மானத்தின்படி செய்து முடிக்க முனைந்தான். ஓட்டலின் பின்புறம் சென்றான். அன் இரு கைகளிலும் இரு வான் கோழிகளைப் பற்றிக்கொண்டான். அங்கிருந்த பறவைகள் அத்தனையும் பொழுது விடிவதற்குள் அவ்வுணவு விடுதியின் கொலைக்ளத்திலிருந்து அகற்றப்பட வேண்டும் என்று முனைந்தான். இரவு மூன்று மணி. லா மேற்கே விரைந்து கொண்டிருந்தது. உறை பனியின் தடிப்பு ஏறிக்கொண்டிருந்தது. கருணைப் பிரகாசன் வெகு முயற்சியுடன், வான்கோழிகள் எல்லாவற்றையும் எங்கோ கொண்டுபோய் விட்டுவிட்டான். அன்றைய நாள் விடியும்போது ஓட்டலில் நிகழப்போகும் அல்லோலகல்லோலத்தையும், வான்கோழிச் சுவையின்றி இருந்தப் போகும் மக்களின் ஏமாற்றத்தையும் தன் நெஞ்சக் கண்களில் கண்டு ஆனந்தித்தான். ஆறு கோழிகளின் உயிரைத் தான் காப்பாற்றிவிட்டதற்காகத் தன் வீரத்திலும், இரக்கத்திலும் அவனுக்கே ஒரு பெருமிதம் பொங்கிற்று.

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விடியற்காலம் மணி ஆறு. நிலா வளைந்து எழுந்த மலைத்தொடரின் சிகரத்தின் அன்றாடின் மறைந்துவிட்டது. புல்வெளிகளின்மேல் வெள்ளை வெளேரென்று உறைபனி கம்பளம் விரித்ததுபோலவும், வெள் உப்புத் தூளை வாரி இறைத்தது போலவும் படிந்து கிடந்தது. கருணைப் பிரகாசன் உணவு விடுதியின் உரிமையாளன் ஏமாற்றத்தை நேரில் கண்டு மகிழ்வு எய்த ஓட்டல் மாண்ட் பிளாங்குக்குப் படபடப்புடன் சென்றான். ஓட்டலின் புகைப் போக்கிகளில் தடித்த புகை சுருண்டு இருண்டு எழுந்து விரிந்துகொண்டிருந்தது. திரை விலக்கப்பட்ட ஒன்றிரண்டு சன்ரால்களில் மின் விளக்குகளின் வெள்ளொளி அருவியிட்டு வெளியே பாய்ந்து வந்தது.

ஒரு விநாடி. கருணைப்பிரகாசனின் கண்கள் வியப்பினால் விரிந்தன. அவற்றில் ஒரு பீதியும், ஏமாற்றமும், அழுகையும், பீறிட்டு வழிந்தன. தன் இதயத் ததத் தன் வலது கையினால் அழுத்திக்கொண்டான். அவனுடைய நெஞ்சம் படிபென்று வெடித்துவிடும்போல் இருந்தது அவனுக்கு. தொண்டை வறண்டுவிட்டது! “ஐயோ கடவுளே!” என்று முறையிட விரும்பினான். வாயிலிருந்து வெளியேறியிருந்த சொற்கள் தாழும் உறை பனியில் உறைந்துவிட்டனவே!.

கருணைப் பிரகாசா! நீதான் ஏமாந்துவிட்டாய்! உணவு விடுதியின் உரிமை யாளர் அல்ல. நீ பெரு முயற்சியுடன் வெளியேற்றிய அத்தனை பறவைகளுக்கும் உயிரும், உள்ளமும், நன்றியும், தம்மை வளர்த்தவரிடம் அன்பும், பற்றுதலும் உண்டு என்பதை நீ அறியமாட்டாயா? உலகில் மனிதன் ஒருவனுக்குத்தான் செய்ந்ன்றி மறக்கும் தீய பண்பு உண்டு. மற்ற எந்த உயிருக்கும் அது கிடையாது. இவ்வுண்மையை நீ அறியாய்!

இல்லாவிடில் ஓராண்டுக் காலம் தாம் உண்டு வளர்ந்த உணவு விடுதியை நோக்கி ஆறு வான் கோழிகளும் பல திசைகளிலிருந்தும் பறந்தும் நடந்தும், ஓடியும் நெருங்கிக்கொண்டிருப்பதைக் கண்டு நீ இப்படி வியப்படைவாயா?

மாவீரன் வேலுத்தம்பி

செ. சுரேந்திரன், இள அறிவியல் (பௌதிகம்), இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு.

[ஆங்கில ஆதிக்கம் மலையாள மண்ணிலே பரவ முற்பட்ட காலம். அந்நேரத்தில் மாவீரன் வேலுத்தம்பி திருவிதாங்கூரின் தளவாயாகப் பதவி ஏற்றான். ஏற்கனவே ஆங்கிலேயருடன் செய்துகொண்ட ஒப்பந்தத்தின் படி திருவிதாங்கூர் ஆங்கிலேயரிடம் கடன்பட்டிருந்தது. பண வசூல் செய்ய அக்கால வைஸ்ராய் மெக்காலே பல குழ்ச்சிகள் புரிந்தான். வேலுத் தம்பி 'ஒரு வீரன், புரட்சிக்காரன்' எனக் கேள்விப்பட்ட மெக்காலே வேலுவுடன் உறவு வைத்துக் கெடுக்கத் திட்டமிட்டான். திட்டத்தின் பலனாகத் திருவிதாங்கூர் அரசன் மெக்காலேயின் கைப்பொம்மை ஆனான். அரசனுடன் செய்துகொண்ட ஒப்பந்தத்தின்படி ஆங்கிலேயர்கள் கப்பத் தொகையை இரட்டிப்பாக உயர்த்தினர். அது கேட்ட வீரன் வேலு ஆங்கிலேயருக்கு எதிராக வீறுகொண்டு எழுந்தான். போர் மூண்டது; சந்தர்ப்பம் சதி செய்தது; வேலுத்தம்பியின் தலை 50,000 ரூபாய்க்கு மதிப்பிடப்பட்டது. கயவர்கள் தன்னைக் காட்டிக்கொடுக்கத் துணிந்ததை உணர்ந்த வேலு தன் தம்பியுடன் மண்ணடிக் கோவிலில் சரண் புகுந்தான்.]

வேலுத்தம்பி: [மகேஸ்வரி சிலை முன் மண்டியிட்டு நின்றுகொண்டு] மகேஸ்வரி! என்னை ஏற்றுக்கொள். வெள்ளையன் கையால் சிறைப் பிடிக்கப்பட்டு, நானும் கேடாகத் தலை குனிந்து நிற்பதைக் காட்டிலும், உன் சந்நிதானத்தில் சரணடைகிறேன். வஞ்சி நாட்டார் வணங்கும் புகழ் கொண்டவளே! உன் வேல் விழியால் வஞ்சி நாடு காக்கும் வஞ்சி மாதா! என்னை ஏற்றுக்கொள்.

பத்மநாபன் தம்பி: [ஆத்திர உணர்ச்சியோடு] அண்ணா! வெள்ளையர் நம் மைத் துரத்திவருகிறார்கள். நாம் இருக்கும் இடம் நம்மவனால் காட்டிக் கொடுக்கப்பட்டு அவர்களுக்குத் தெரிந்துவிட்டால், வஞ்சி நாடு காக்க நீங்கள் முறையிடும் இந்தச் சிலைகூட அவர்களது துப்பாக்கி முனையால் தூள் தூளாகிப் போய்விடும். தயவு செய்து சற்றுப் பேசாமல் இருங்கள், அண்ணா.

வேலு: [ஏளனச் சிரிப்புடன்] தம்பி! சாகத் துணிந்தவனுக்குச் சாகரம் பெரிதா? கல்லறைக்குள் இருந்தாலும் காலனுடைய ஆள் வந்தால் போய்த்தான் ஆக வேண்டும் என்று தன் பெற்றவனை நோக்கிப் பெருமூச்சு விட்டுக்கொண்டு, தாய் நாடு காக்கப் போர்க்களம் சென்ற இரவிக்குட்டியின் வம்சத்திலே பிறந்த உன் உள்ளத்திலா கோழைத்தனம்? இந்த அரசு நிலைத்திடப் பத்தாயிரம் பொன்னுக்காகப் பத்தாயிரம் வீரர்களைத் தயார் செய்துவிட்டேன் என்று வெள்ளையனிடம் வீர வாதம் முழங்கிய என் தம்பியின் உள்ளத்திலா கோழைத்தனம்? என் பெற்றவனின் வாக்கைக்கூட மதியாமல் அநீதி செய்த கணக்கனின் கை விரல்களை வெட்டி நீதி நிலைநாட்டிய என் முன் நில்லாதே! போய்விடு! கோழைத்தனம் பிடித்தவனே, போய்விடு!!

பத்மநாபன்: அண்ணா! போதும் அண்ணா, போதும். நான் கோழை அல்ல. இப்பொழுது அனுமதி கொடுங்கள். கடலைபோல் பொங்கி வரும் வெள்ளையன் முன் இந்த விரிந்த மார்பைக் காட்டுகிறேன். அவர்களது துப்பாக்கி முனையிலிருந்து வெளிக் கிளம்பும் ஒவ்வொரு குண்டும் என் உடலைச் சின்னபின்னமாக்கட்டும்.

மரணத்தைக் கண்டு மண்டியிடுபவன் அல்ல உங்கள் தம்பி. [வேலுவின் கால்களைப் பிடித்துக்கொண்டு] விடை கொடுங்கள், அண்ணா! விடை கொடுங்கள்!!

வேலு: பத்மநாபா! எழுந்திரு. என்னையே நீ கோழையாக்கிவிட்டாய்.

பத்மநாபன்: [எழுந்து] அண்ணா!

வேலு: ஆமாம்! என்னையே நீ கோழையாக்கிவிட்டாய். தம்பி! நான் என்ன அந்தப் பரங்கிகளைக் கண்டு பயந்தா இந்தக் கோவிலுக்குள் நுழைந்தேன்? இல்லவே இல்லை. நமக்கு இருப்பது, நமது முன்னோர்கள் நமக்குத் தேடி வைத்த செல்வம், என்றுமே அழியாத புகழ்—'மானம்.' அந்த மானம் காக்கத்தான் பரங்கிகளிடமிருந்து ஓடவேண்டிய நிலை வந்துவிட்டது. தம்பி! இன்னும் கேள். தமிழகத்தில் இரண்டு வீரர்கள் இருந்தனர் தமது தாய் நாடு காக்க. அந்த வீரர்கள்—தமிழ்ப் புகழ் பாடும் கட்டப்பொம்மனும் புலித்தேவனும். இறுதிவரையில் வெள்ளையனிடம் போராடினார்கள். அவர்களின் கடைசி மூச்சு வெள்ளையன் கையால்தான் போயிற்று என்று சரித்திரம் வருத்தத்துடன் கூறுகிறது. நமது வரலாறு குறிக்கப்படும் நேரத்தில் வேலுத்தம்பி வெள்ளையன் கையால் சிறைப் பிடிக்கப்பட்டு, சித்தரவதை செய்து கொல்லப்பட்டான் என்றால் அதைவிட வெட்கக்கேடான செய்தி என்ன இருக்கிறது? நமது மானம் அதோடு போய்விட்டதா, போய்விட்டது.

பத்மநாபன்: அண்ணா! வெள்ளையன் அறைகூவல் கேட்கிறது அங்கே.

வேலுத்தம்பி: இங்கே வந்துவிடுவான் இன்னும் சிறிது நேரத்திற்குள்.

பத்மநாபன்: இப்பொழுது என்ன அண்ணா செய்யப் போகிறீர்கள்? இந்த இடத்தைவிட்டு—

வேலு: நகரமுடியாது தம்பி [மகேஸ்வரியைப் பார்க்கிறான்].

பத்மநாபன்: உங்கள் உயிரைக் காப்பாற்றிக்கொள்ளுங்கள், அண்ணா.

வேலு: காப்பாற்றிக்கொள்கிறேன்—என் மானத்தை. அதற்குமுன் தம்பி! என் உடன் பிறந்தவனே! உன் அன்புக் கரங்களால் என்னை ஒரு முறை தழுவிக்கொள். வா தம்பி, வா. [இருவரும் தழுவிக்கொள்கிறார்கள்]

பத்மநாபன்: இனி என்ன அண்ணா செய்ய வேண்டும்?

வேலு: [பத்மநாபனின் வாளை உருவிக்கொண்டு] எத்தனையோ பகைவர்களை வெட்டி வீழ்த்திய உன் வாளை உன் கையில் தருகிறேன். வெள்ளையனை வெட்டி வீழ்த்து என்று சொல்வதற்காக அல்ல. அணிவகுத்து வரும் அன்னியர்களை அழித்து விடு என்று சொல்வதற்காக அல்ல. [முக மாற்றம்] அண்ணனையே அழித்துவிடு என்று சொல்கிறேன் மகிழ்ச்சியோடு.

பத்மநாபன்: அண்ணா! ஆண்டவன்கூட இந்த அக்கிரமத்தைப் பொறுக்க மாட்டான். என் கையால் தங்களைக் கொல்லவா? தம்பியின் கையால் தன்மயனைத் கொல்லவா?

வேலு: தம்பியின் கையால் தன்மயன் தலை வெட்டப்பட்டது இல்லையா? அந்த வீர வரலாறு படித்தது இல்லையா? வீரன் விக்ரமதித்தன் கதை தெரியாதா உனக்கு?

பத்மநாபன்: அண்ணா! பட்டி விக்ரமதித்தன் கதையைச் செல்லி என் மனதை மாற்றுகிறீர். என் கையால் உங்களை.....

வேலு: உன் கையால் அல்லாமல் பரங்கிகள் கையாலா இந்த அண்ணன் சாக வேண்டும்?

பத்மநாபன்: அண்ணா! இங்கு நின்று தப்பிச் செல்வோம். எங்கேயாவது தலைமறைவாக வாழ்வோம்.

வேலு : பரங்குகளின் ஆதிக்கத்தில் வாழ்வதைவிடச் சாவதே மேல். எப்படியும் பரங்குகள் நம்மைக் கண்டுபிடித்துவிடுவார்கள். நம்மவர்கள் நம்மைக் காட்டிக் கொடுத்துவிடுவார்கள். அதைவிட மண்ணடிக் கோவிலில் மகேஸ்வரி முன் அடையும் மரணம் மகத்தானது. மாய்த்துவிடு என்னை.

பத்மநாபன் : அண்ணா! மகேஸ்வரிமீது ஆணையிட்டுச் சொல்கிறேன். உடன் பிறந்தவனை உடைவாளால் சாய்க்கமாட்டேன். அவ்வளவு துரோகியாக உங்கள் தம்பி மாறமுடியாது.

வேலு : [திடமான குரலில்] பத்மநாபா! மானம் காக்க வேண்டியிருக்கிறது.

பத்மநாபன் : போர் புரிந்து வீர சுவர்க்கம் அடைவோம், அண்ணா.

வேலு : தம்பி! அதோ பார்! கும்பினிப் பட்டாளம் வந்துவிட்டது. இனி மானம்தான் பெரிது. இந்த மதில் கட்டுகள் இடியும் முன்பு என் உயிர் போகட்டும். எடு வாளை—வெட்டிவிடு தலையை. [மண்டியிட்டுப் பத்மநாபன் முன் நிற்கிறான்].

பத்மநாபன் : முடியாது அண்ணா! என்னால் முடியாது.

வேலு : தம்பி! யாரிடமும் முழங்காவிடாத உன் அண்ணன்—ஏன்—நம்மை ஆண்டு வந்த அரசனிடம்கூட முழங்காவிடாத உன் அண்ணன், மானம் காக்க, உன் முன் மண்டியிட்டு நிற்கும்பொழுது முடியாது என்று கூறுகிறாயா? நீ என் தம்பியா?

பத்மநாபன் : வேண்டாம் அண்ணா! இந்த விபரீதப் பேச்சுக்கள். தங்கள் ரத்தம் வெளிக் கிளம்புவதை என்னால் காணமுடியாது, அண்ணா.

வேலு : [எதையோ நினைத்துக்கொண்டு தேவியை உற்றுப் பார்க்கிறான். பிறகு] மதில்கட்டுகளுக்கு வெளியே வெறி பிடித்த ஓநாய்கள் வட்டமிடுகின்றன. அவைகள் கையில் உன் அண்ணன் சிக்கிச் சித்ரவதைப்படும் காட்சியினைக் காணப் போகிறாயா?—இல்லை—உன் அண்ணனின் ரத்தம் இந்தச் சந்நிதானத்தில் ஓடுவதைப் பார்த்துப் போகிறாயா? அரசைக் குழி தோண்டிப் புதைக்க முற்பட்ட குழச்சிக்காரர் களை எவர் உத்தரவுமின்றி அடக்கிவிட்ட இந்த வேலுவுக்குத் தளவாய் என்ற பட்டம் கொடுத்துப் பதவி கொடுத்தார் நம் அரசர். வஞ்சம், குழ்ச்சி, பேராசை என வெள்ளைக் காரப் பட்டாளம் ஒரு பக்கம் நிற்க, கடமை, கண்ணியம், கட்டுப்பாடு என்ற தாய் நாட்டு வீரர்கள் ஒரு பக்கம் நிற்கப் போர் மூண்டது. சந்தர்ப்பம் சதி செய்தது, ஆனால் என் மனம் இன்னும் சதி செய்யவில்லை—அந்த வெள்ளையனிடமிருந்து என் அரசனைக் காப்பாற்றினேன். இந்தக் கடைசி நேரத்தில் என் குல மகிமையைக் காப்பாற்றப் போகிறேன். மானம் பெரிதென மதித்து மண்ணடிக் கோவிலில் தற்கொலை செய்து கொண்டான் வஞ்சி நாட்டுத் தளவாய் வேலு எனச் சரித்திரம் பறைசாற்றட்டும்; என் பின்னோர்கள் அதைப் படிக்கட்டும்; மானம் பெரிதென வாழட்டும். வெள்ளையனே! வேலு உன் கையால் சாக மாட்டான். தம்பி! என்னை மன்னித்துவிடு. [அரையினின்றும் கட்டாரியை உருவி நெஞ்சில் குத்திக் கொள்கிறான்.]

பத்மநாபன் : [தாழ் வீழும் தமையனைத் தாங்கிக்கொண்டு] அண்ணா! வஞ்சி வீரனே! தலைக் குளத்தின் தலைவனே! தம்பியின் முன் தற்கொலை செய்து கொண்டாயே, அண்ணா!

வேலு : தம்பி! உயிர் போக மறுக்கிறது—வெள்ளையன் வரும் நேரம் நெருங்குகிறது—என் உயிரைப் போக்கு—உன் அண்ணனின்—கடைசி வேண்டு கோள்—என் உயிர் போகுமுன்—வெள்ளையன் என் தலையைத் தீண்ட இடம் கொடுக்காதே—தலை வெட்டி—இங்கு நின்று—போய்விடு.

பத்மநாபன் : அண்ணா! மன்னித்துவிடுங்கள் என்னை. அண்ணா! என் தலையை வேண்டுமானால் வெட்டி எறிந்துவிடுகிறேன். உங்கள் தலையை.....ஐயோ! அண்ணா! நானே இறந்துவிடுகிறேன்.

வேலு : சாகப்போகும் நேரத்தில் மன மகிழ்ச்சியோடு சாகட்டும்—ஒரே ஒரு வேண்டுகோள்—கடைசி வேண்டுகோள்—இதைப் பூர்த்தி செய், தம்பி! [படுத்துக் கொண்டே தம்பியின் காலைப் பிடிக்கிறான்.]

பத்மநாபன் : ஐயோ! அண்ணா! அண்ணா!

வேலு : சகோதர பாசம் உன் உள்ளத்தில் இருக்குமானால்—வெள்ளையனின் கையால் அண்ணன் சாகக்கூடாது என்று நினைப்பது உண்மையானால்—எனக்குப் பாலூட்டிய—அதே கொங்கைகள் உனக்கும் பாலூட்டி வளர்த்தமை உண்மையானால்—மகேஸ்வரி முன் ஆணையிட்டுச் சொல்கிறேன், என் தலை வெட்டி—தலைக் குளத்தின்—நாயர் குலத்தின் பெருமையை நிலைநாட்டு.

பத்மநாபன் : அண்ணா! அண்ணா! அண்ணா!

வேலு : அழைக்காதே அண்ணா என்று.

பத்மநாபன் : அண்ணா! கோயில் கதவு திறக்கப்படுகிறது. என்னை மன்னித்துவிடுங்கள். [தொழுகிறான், வாள் கையில் எடுக்கிறான்.] மகேஸ்வரி! நீயும் என்னை மன்னித்துவிடு. என் வஞ்சி நாடே! என்னை மன்னித்துவிடு. [தமையன் காலைத் தொட்டு வணங்குகிறான்.]

வேலு : தம்பி! தாமதிக்காதே—வெள்ளையன் வந்துவிட்டான்—மானம்—காப்பாற்று—என் தலையை அவனிடம் கொடுக்காதே.

பத்மநாபன் : இல்லை. இல்லையென்றே இல்லை. தலைக் குளத்தின் தலைவனே! வஞ்சி நாட்டின் வீரனே! வீரப் பரம்பரையில் வீறுகொண்டு எழுந்த வீரனே! என்னை மன்னித்துவிடுங்கள், அண்ணா. [தலையை வெட்டுகிறான்; ஒரு நிமிடம் அங்கு நிற்கிறான்; பின் தலையுடன் மறைகிறான்.]

இளங்கோவின் கலைத்திறம்

டி. செல்வராசன், எம்.ஏ. வகுப்பு (தமிழ்)

கலையே உருவெடுத்த, கற்பனையே உருவெடுத்த, சுவையே உருவெடுத்த, உணர்ச்சியே உருவெடுத்த, எழில் மிகுந்த ஓர் ஓவியம் அந்தி மாலைச் சிறப்புச் செய்காதை; இளங்கோவடிகளின் கலைத்திறத்தை எடுத்து நிலைநாட்ட ஓர் எடுத்துக் காட்டு. கலைத்திறமையுடன் இணைந்து செல்லாத 'காப்பியம்' கதை பொதி பாடல் களின் (Ballads) வரிசையில் இடம் பெற்றுவிடும். அதே போலக் கலைத்திறமையுடன் கதை பொதி பாடல் கூறப்பட்டால் அதுவும் காப்பியம் எனக் கூறத் தகுந்த அளவுக்கு அமையும். காப்பியம், கதை பொதி பாட்டு இவைகளைப் பிரித்துக் காண்பதற்குக் கவிஞனின் கலைத்திறமையே சிறந்த அளவு கோலாகும்.

எது கலைத்திறமை? இதுதான் கலைத்திறமை என வரையறுத்துக் கூறுவது சற்றுக் கடினம். கவிஞனின் கலைத் திறமை பல முறைகளில் வெளிப்படும். அவைகளைச் சுவைக்க முடியும். இந்த இடங்களில் வெளிப்பட்டு, மறைந்தோ இருக்கின்றது எனச் சுட்டிக்காட்ட முடியும். ஆனால் வரையறுக்க இயலாது. வருணித்தல், கதையை வளர்த்தல், பாத்திரப் பண்புகளை எடுத்துக் காட்டல், குறிப்பால் தன்னை உணர்த்திச் செல்லுதல் முதலிய இடங்களில் கலைத்திறமை கலந்திருக்கும். இளங்கோவடிகளின் கலைத்திறத்தின் பிறப்பிடம், சிலம்பின் நான்காவது பரலாக ஓவியம் செய்யும் அந்தி மாலைச் சிறப்புச் செய்காதை ஆகும். அந்த வண்ண ஓவியம் நமது எண்ண அலைகளைத் தூண்டுகிறது; ஓவியத்தை எக்கோணத்திலிருந்து பார்க்கின்றால் அது காவியத்தின் அழகை மேன்மேல் உயர்த்துகின்றது.

முதலாவது, அந்திமாலைச் சிறப்புச் செய் காதையில் வரும் வருணனைத் திறனைக் காணும்போது, அக் காதையின் வரிகள் வருணிக்கும் பகுதிகளாகவே உள்ளன. இத் தகைய வருணனைப் பகுதிகள் காப்பியத்தை அழகு செய்யும். காப்பிய வருணனைகளை மூன்று வகைகளாகப் பிரிக்கலாம். முதலாவது, காப்பியக் கதை நிகழ்ச்சிகளை நிரலே வருணிக்கும் நிகழ்ச்சி வருணனை (Description of plots); இரண்டாவது, காப்பியப் பாத்திரங்களைக் கற்போர், கேட்போர் முன் நிறுத்த வருணிக்கும் பாத்திர வருணனை (Description of characters); மூன்றாவது, காப்பியக் கதைக்குப் பின்னணி வருணனை (Description of Background). இயற்கை, சமுதாயம், இயற்கை அல்லாத பிற பொருள் கள் இவை பின்னணி வருணனைகளாகும்.

“கடலை ஆடையாக உடுத்த நிலமடந்தை உலக முழுதாண்ட ஒரு தனித் திரியை உடைய உரவோனைக் காணவில்லையே எனத் தன் கணவனாகிய ஞாயிற்றைக் கெடுத்து வருந்துகிறாள். அப்போது, முடியுடை வேந்தன் நீங்கிய செவ்வி பார்த்து, நாட்டில் வந்து புகுந்து குடிகளை வருத்தும் குறுநில மன்னர் போல மாலைப் பொழுது வந்தது. தென்னர் குலமாதலால் வெண்பிறை தோன்றி மாலைக் காலத்தின் குறும் பினைப் போக்கி மீன் அரசினை ஆண்டது.” அந்தி மாலைச் சிறப்புச் செய் காதையில் வரும் இவ்வருணனை அழகான இயற்கை வருணனையாகும்.

தகுந்தபடி கதைக்குப் பின்னணியை வருணித்த இளங்கோ, அடுத்துக் கதைப் பாத்திரங்களாகிய மாதவி, கண்ணகி இவர்களையும், இவர்களைப் போன்று, அப்போது கணவனை முறையே கூடியும், பிரிந்தும் இருந்தோர் நிலையையும் வருணிக்கின்றனர். வருணனைப் பகுதிகளைப் படிக்கும்போது கூடிய நிலையிலிருந்த மாதவியையும், பிரிந்த நிலையிலிருந்த கண்ணகியையும் நம் அகக் கண் முன்னே காண்பதைப் போன்றதோர் உணர்ச்சி எழுகின்றது.

“செங்கயல் நெடுங்கண் அஞ்சனம் மறப்பப்
பவள வாள் துதல் திலகம் இழப்பத்
தவள வாள் நகை கோவலன் இழப்ப
மையிரும் கூந்தல் நெய்யணி மறப்பக்
கையறு நெஞ்சத்துக் கண்ணகி”

(சில: 4: 53-57)

என்ற வரிகளைப் படித்துணரும்போது இளங்கோ கண்ட கண்ணகியை நாமும் காண் கின்றோம். இது பாத்திர வருணனை என்பதை இதனால் அறியலாம். இந்த வருணனை களுக்கு இடையே கதை நிகழ்ச்சிகள் விரவி வந்தன. அவைகள் நிகழ்ச்சி வருணனை களாம். எனவே, காப்பிய வருணனைகள் மூன்றாம் அந்தி மாலைச் சிறப்புச் செய் காதையை அழகுபடுத்துகின்றன.

வருணனைகளில் வருணனை மட்டுமல்ல, அவைகளில் சுவைகள் இரண்டறக் கலந்திருக்கும். சிலம்பினை முழுவதும் படிக்கும்போது, படித்துணரும்போது—மூன்று தமிழ், மூன்று அரசர், மூன்று தலைநகர், (கண்ணகி, கோவலன், மாதவி என்ற) மூன்று சிறந்த பாத்திரங்கள்—என மும்மூன்றாக ஒலித்தல் போல மூன்று சுவைகள்—இன்பம், அவலம், வீரம்—இவற்றை அது ஏந்தி வருகின்றது. ஏனைய சுவைகளும் அங்கங்கு விரவி வருகின்றன. பெரும்பாலும் இன்பச் சுவையைப் புகாரீக் காண்ட மும், அவலச் சுவையை மதுரைக் காண்டமும், வீரச் சுவையை வஞ்சிக் காண்டமும் கொண்டுள்ளன. ஒவ்வொரு சுவையும் அந்தந்தக் காண்டங்களில் வரும் காதைகள் தோறும் பைய வளர்க்கப்படுகின்றது. மதுரைக் காண்டத்தில் வரும் காதைகள் சுவைக்குச் சிறந்த தொடக்கம் புகாரீக் காண்டத்தின் அந்திமாலைச் சிறப்புச் செய் காதை ஆகும். இக் காதைக்கு முன்னால் அமைந்த கதைகளில் அவலச் சுவை எங்கும் வெளிப்படையாக வரவில்லை. ஆகவே இக்காதையில் இணைந்த அவலப் பையப் பைய வளர்ந்து கொலைக்களக் காதையில் முழு உருவத்தைக் காட்டுகின்றது.

ஆசிரியர் இயற்கையை வருணிக்கும்போதும் அதை அவலச் சுவையுடன் கலந்து அளிக்கிறார்.

“முழுநீர் வாரம் முழுமையும் பனித்துத்
திரைநீர் ஆடை இருநில மடந்தை
திரைநீர் ஆடை இருநில மடந்தை
அரைசுசெடுத்து அலம்வரும் அல்லல் காலை.”

பாத்திர வருணனையிலும் அவலச் சுவையைச் சுவைக்கிறோம்: கண்ணகியை வருணிப்பவர்.

“அஞ்செஞ் சேறடி அணிசிலம்பு ஒழிய
மென்றுசில் அல்குல் மேகலை நீங்கக்
கொங்கை முன்றில் குங்குமம் எழுதாள்
மங்கல அணியின் பிறிதணி மகிழாள்.....”

என்றார், மாதவியை வருணிக்கும்போதும். அவளைப்போலக் கணவனைக் கூடியோர் நிலையினை வருணிக்கும்போதும், அவ்விடங்களில் இன்பச் சுவையைச் சுவைக்கிறோம். ஆகவே அந்திமாலைச் சிறப்புச் செய் காதையில் முரண்பட்ட அவலச் சுவையும், இன்பச் சுவையும் மாறி மாறி வருகின்றன. காப்பியத்தில் இப்படி அடிக்கடி சுவைகளை மாற்றும் பண்பினை மிகச்சில இடங்களில்தான் காண முடியும். இன்பச் சுவையும், துன்பச் சுவையும் அடுத்து அடுத்து வந்து ஆசிரியர் எண்ணும் அளவிற்கு, சுவைக்கும். அளவிற்கு, உணரும் அளவிற்கு எண்ண, சுவிக்க, உணரத் துணை செய்கின்றன. இவ்வாறு சுவைகளைத் திறம்பட மாற்றல் ஒருவகைக் கலைத் திறமாம்.

வருணிக்கும்போது சுவையைக் கலந்தவர், காப்பிய வருணனைப் போக்கில், காப்பிய நிகழ்ச்சிகள் சிலவற்றிற்கு உயிர்ப்பாடியான சிலம்பினைக் குறித்துச் செல்கிறார். சிலப்பதிகாரத்தின் கதை ஒட்டத்திற்குச் சிலம்பு மிக இன்றியமையாத ஒரு துணைக் கருவி. அது கோவலன் கொலைக்கும், நெடுஞ்செழியனின் இறப்புக்கும் காரணமாகிச் சிறந்த பங்கேற்கிறது. சிலம்பு இல்லாவிட்டால் சிலப்பதிகாரக் கதை வளருமா? அல்லது சிலப்பதிகாரத்தான் தோன்றி இருக்குமா? கதையின் உயிர்ப்பாடியான செயல் களுக்கு உறுதுணையான சிலம்பு பெறும் சிறந்த இடம் சாகுந்தலம் என்ற நாடகத்தில் கணையாழி பெறும் இடத்தை நினைவுபடுத்துகிறது. அச்சிலம்பினை அந்திமாலைச் சிறப்புச் செய் காதையில் அறிமுகப்படுத்தும் நிலையே தனிப்பட்ட கலைத்திறமாகும்.

“அஞ்செஞ் சேறடி அணிசிலம்பு ஒழிய”

இவ்வடியில் கண்ணகியை வருணிக்கிறார்? அல்லது சிலம்பை அறிமுகப்படுத்து கிறார்? “மங்கல அணியின் பிறிதணி மகிழாள்” எனக் கூறும்போதே சிலம்பை அணியாமை அறிந்தோம். பின்னர் ஏன் சிலம்பைக் கண்ணகி கழற்றினள் எனக் கூறுதல் வேண்டும்? ஆகவே சிலம்பை அறிமுகப்படுத்தலும் ஆசிரியர் நோக்கமாம். சிலம்பைக் குறிக்கும் இடங்களிலெல்லாம் அதன் அழகை வருணிக்காமல் பெயரள வில் மட்டும் குறிக்கின்றார். “சிலம்புள கொணம்” கதைத்திற முரைத்த காதையில் இது வருகின்றது. இச்சிலம்பு எந்த அளவுக்குக் காப்பியக் கதைக்குத் துணை செய் கிறது என்பதைக் கொலைக்களக் காதை, விழக்குரை காதை இவைகளில் காணலாம். காப்பியம் அவலச் சுவையை அளிக்கக் கூடியதாகும் சிலம்பினை அவல உணர்ச்சி, குழல், சுவை மிகுந்துள்ள அந்திமாலைச் சிறப்புச் செய் காதையில் குறித்தமை சிறப் புடையது. அக் காதையின் சிறப்பைச் சிலம்பின் அறிமுகம் உயர்த்தவில்லை. ஆனால் அச்சிலம்பை அறிமுகப்படுத்த ஆசிரியர் கைக்கொண்ட கலைத்திறம் அதன் சிறப்பை உயர்வடையச் செய்கிறது.

இறுதியாக, காப்பியம் என்பது குறிப்பிட்ட ஒரு சமுதாயத்தின் கண்ணாடி என்பது மேலை நாட்டவர் கண்ட காப்பிய விளக்கம், சிலப்பதிகாரம் சமுதாயத்தைப்

“శుశ్రూషస్య గురూక్, కురు ప్రియసఖీ పుత్రం సవత్సజనే, భర్త్యర్థి ప్రకృతాపి రోషా తయామాస్మ ప్రతిపంగమః, భూయిష్టం భవదక్షిణా పరిజనే, బాగ్యేష్వ సుత్యేషీ, యస్త్యేనం గృహిణీ పదం యుపతయోః ; వామా కులస్సాధయః ।

పై స్లోకమున కణ్వుడు శకుంతలకు తెలుపవలసిన కులకన్యకా ధర్మములను తెలిపినాడు. ఈ స్లోకమునకు మధురానువాదమే ఈక్రింది పినవీరన పద్యము.

సీసము : ఆత్మ మామలకు నీ-యభివేషి వెట్టుముఁ గనునన్నఁజేయుమీ-చనులెటింగి
ప్రాణ మిత్రములుగా భావించి యే ప్రాద్దు సవరింపు మీ ప్రేమ-సవతులందు
భర్త యొక్కొక వేళ-బహుమాన మొనరింపఁ గదియరానీకుమా-గర్వరేఖ
పతిచిత్త మెఱిగి త-త్పరి జనంబులమీఁదఁ జేయుమా మిగుల దా-క్షిణ్య గరిమ.

గీతము : కలఁత నొందకుమా ధవు డలిగినపుడు

పలుకులను దేరినీకుమా పరుసఁడనము

వీని వెలి గాఁగఁ దిరుగునే-వెది యెవఁ

గులమునకు నాదియగుఁజుమీ-కూఁతుఁగుట్ట :

ఇక కొన్ని నీతులను భోదించుటకు, శ్రీనాథుని కాశీ ఖండము నాధారముగ చేసికొనినాడు. శకుంతల నెడబొయ్యనపుడు కణ్వుని మనోవేదనను కాలిదానుడెంత అద్భుతముగ చిత్రించినో చూడుడు.

ఆస్మాక్ సాధు విచిన్త్య సంయ మధనానుష్ఠైః కలంఛాశ్మినః
త్వయ్యస్యాః కథమప్య బాంధవకృ తాంస్నేహ ప్రవృత్తించతామ్,
సామాన్య ప్రతిపత్తిపూర్వక మియందారేషు దృశ్యాత్వయా,
భాగ్యాత్తమతః పరం, నఖిలు తద్వాచ్యం పథా బన్ధుభిః

స్లోక చతుష్టయమున మొదటిదగు ఈ స్లోకమును పిన వీరభద్రుడు ఈ క్రిందివిధముగ అనుపదించినాడు.

ఉ : ఎంచ మునీంద్రులందు విజితేంద్రియుడైన తపస్వి కూర్మి గా
వించి శకుంతలం బెనిచి—విస్మృతి నొందిన మోహ పాశముల్
త్రెంచుకొనంగ లేక తరి తీపులఁ జిత్తము గాసిపెట్టె నీ
లించిన నెవ్వడింక పదలింపఁగ నోపెడు మోహ బంధముల్.

నన్నయ భారతమున, దుష్టంతుడు, శకుంతలను తానెఱుగనని

కందము : ఏ నెట నీ నెట సుతుడెట,
యే నెన్నఁడుఁ దొల్లి చూచి యెఱుఁగను నిన్నున్
మానిను లసత్య పచనులు,
నానిట్లు లసత్య భాషణం బుచితంబే.

అన్న కందమునకు పినవీరన అందముగ అనుకరణమును గావించినాడు, చూడుదామని అనుకరణము.

కందము : ముని కన్యకయుట : నేనెట :
వనమున గాంధర్వ మున—వివాహంబట ! నూ
నునిఁ గనెనట : మఱచితి నట :
వినఁగూడునె యిట్టి భంగి—విపరీతోక్తుల్.

ఇట్లు పెక్కు రూపముల అనుకరణములను గావించిన పినవీరుని ప్రతిభకు మన మెల్లరము ఆశ్చర్య మొందక తప్పదు. భారతమందలి శకుంతలోపాఖ్యానమును ఆధారముగ చేసికొని, నాటకోచిత్రము

లగు మార్పు కూర్పులతో కాలిదాను తన రూపకమును రచించినాడు. అందు ముఖ్యముగ దూర్వాసుని కావమును, తన్నివారణోపాయముగ, ఒక అభిజ్ఞానమును, అననూయా ప్రియంపదిల సృష్టియు ముఖ్యములైనవి. వీనిని పినవీరన గ్రహించెనే గాని, అందు చక్కగ జౌచిత్యమును పాటించలేదు. ఉదాహరణముగ, కాలిదాను శకుంతలతో, వివాహవయస్కులైన అననూయా ప్రియంపదిలను పంపలేదు. కాని పినవీరన చెరిక తైలను శకుంతలతో పంపుటయేగాక వారి మూలమున రోషవాక్కులచేత రాజును దూషింప జేసినాడు ; మఱయు అంగురీయక గాధను గ్రహించెనే గాని, దానికతడు భారతమున ఆకాశవాణికున్నంత ప్రాముఖ్యత నొసంగలేదు. ఇందు అంగురీయక మప్రధానమైనది.

ఇట్లు, పినవీరన అనుకరణమునందు ఒకటి రెండు లోపములున్నను వ్యంగ్య గర్భితమగు కాకు వులతో, ఉదాత్తమగు కవిత్వమును, సరళములైన పద్యరచన నవలంబించి పాఠకుల మెచ్చును అందుకొనుచున్నాడు.

శబ్ద చాలనము నందితనికున్న నేర్పు తదితరుల కబ్బలేదు. పాశకులు నన్నయ భారతమును, శ్రీనాథుని కాశీ ఖండమును, కాలిదాన మహాకవి అభిజ్ఞాన కాకుంతలమును పఠించినచో పినవీరన, తైలి రచనా విధానమున, పూర్వ కవుల నెంతవఱకు “ఉద్ధరించెనో” తెలిసికొన గలరు

వి ర హ తా ప ము

రచన:—పి. సుందర రాజన్, 2-వ బి.ఎస్.సి. (కెమిస్ట్రీ))

అనాడు కాలేజినుండి వస్తూంటే.....కాంతి నివాసంనుండి వయ్యారం వోలక బోస్తూ క్రిగంటితో చూచిందొక కోమలి, నడుమన్న నా కళ్ళకు ప్రేకేసినటుల నిలచిపోయి కళ్ళామె పయిపు చూడసాగింది. ఎందుకో ఆవారిజాక్షి బెదిరి లోనికి పరుగిడిపోయింది. ఆమె అందం కరిగి పోని హిమగిరి చరిదం, ఆమె ముఖంలో యందము, ఆమాపుల చందము మనోభావానికతీతము. ఆమె అధిక లావణ్యము, కళ్ళవలుపు, నడుము నొంపు, వొంటి యెరుపు నన్ను ముత్తెక్కించగా ఆ వాకలోక నారి మణిని అరుణారణ దీప్తివేళలా ఎదురుచూడ సాగాను. కాని యామె కనబడలేదు. అనాటి ఆకర్షణే ఈనాటి నామనస్సంఘర్షణకు కారణం, ఆ వరవర్ణిని వర్ణించలేను, ఆ సుర మోహినిని మ్రోగించలేను. ఆఁ ! ఎవరు ? ఆఁ ఆ సన్నజాజి పందిరివైపు వెళ్ళిన దెవరు ? ఎవరు లేలే !

ఈనవ మధూదయపువేళ నింతి ! నిన్నుఁ జూచితి మఱుసంజక నీవుఁ జూచితిఁద్రణ య రస నూ క్తివె లూర్పుచు వంత లేనువు పులకరించెనేమొ చెపుమట లతాంగి.

అది మొదలునేదో నన్ను వెంటాడు నేండు కొరకొ ఎదలో నొదిగియన్న శోభలిపుఁ డేనెరింగింప నైతికే ప్రణయ పదకు రమ్మ జానుచు నుంటి నీ వాకవేది.

నీపయిన పాటలెన్నియో నేను వ్రాసి
మృదుల మరలిని పాడుచు మెయి మరపున
పాలతొలిపై కూర్చుండి వలని యుంటి
గాలయాసన నేయగాఁ గాదు నీకు.

నానయిన పారిజాతములు పడు చుండె
నిన్నె మనసులోన గనుచునేనచటి, ను
మములఁ పొదివికొంటి గవుగింట మెయి మగపు
తో బెదిరినఁ ముద్దిడుకొంటి తోయజాక్షి.

నిండు పున్నమనాడు నీదండినారు
గాంచి నాయుల్ల మల్లన గడన మీర
నాట్య మాడెను వలపుల నాట్య మదియి
కదలి రావేల? ఆతివగో హృదయ వీధి.

నీవు నాడెందమున నిల్చినావు దేవి
నీవు నాప్రియు రాలవు నీటు దాన
నీవు నేనయి నేనును నీవునై క
లసిబ్రతుకవే తరలి రమ్మ రసికు రాల.

ఇందు బింబాస్య! నీరాక కెదురు చూచి
డస్సి యున్నవాడను నీవు లెస్సఁ జాడ
కున్న నేనిక విరహాగ్ని లోన జత్తు
గాని జీవింపగా లేను, కదలి రమ్మ.

జీలుగు వలువలు ధరియించి చెలుల వెంట
వచ్చుఁ ప్రేమార్ద్ర హృదయ! ఆ వనిత తియ్య
తలపులకొ లేవిన మనోహర లలితాంగి
నన్నుఁ బ్రోవ తరలివచ్చు చెన్ను మీర.

రావె మందరి, ప్రణయినీ రావెబాల
రావె ప్రేయసీ రావేల రా మధురిక
ఈ వియోగానలము ధరియింప లేక
ప్రేగి పోవుచు నుంటినే విరహానుండు.

కనులు కాయలుగాచి పోయినవి, నుండ
రీ! ర యమునఁ నన్దవుగింట కేర నీవు
ఎంతకాలము తపియింతు నీట్టి వలపు?
నైన సహియింతు వే రమ్మ ఆలరు బోడి.

అల్ల ఘల్లు ఘల్లు మమ నూపుర రవము
నన్నరమర చేయ నడవనేర్చి
యిట్లు నన్ను గాసిపెట్టు నిన్నేమందు
వనరు వీడ వేడ్క మనుప వీవు!

అనవరతము నడచె యిదె వచ్చె వచ్చె
నానతో కోమలత్వంబు, పసగులుకు మ
నోహరంబగు మూర్తి కనుగొన యుండ
ఇంక నెన్నార్చు నేడ్చింతు పంకజాక్షి.

నే నన్నది యంతయు విన్నది గాబోలు—నవ్వులోంది నన్ను జూచి, ఆమె హృదయం
ద్రవించి పుష్కరావర్తక మేఘంలోంచి వడే వర్ష జలంలా నాపై ప్రవహిస్తుంది, ఎదో మత్తు ఆవరిస్తుంది,
వర్షంలా కురుస్తున్న పారిజాత సుమాలనుండి యొక దివ్యహస్తం—నా ప్రేయసి హస్తం—నన్ను నాక
లోకంకి తీస్తుకల్గింది.

నే నెవ్వరు?

రచన:—వి. మురళీ కృష్ణన్, 1-వ బి.ఎ. (బి. కామ్.)

సన్మాదయులకు,

నేనెప్పుడు పుట్టితినో, ఎవరికి పుట్టితినో, ఎటులు పుట్టితినో, ఎందులకై పుట్టితినో, నేను
ఎరుగను. మరెవ్వరును ఎరుగ జాలరు. నే ననేక శతాబ్దములనుండి వృద్ధి నొందుచునే యున్నాను.
నాపై పూర్వ మనేక రాజులకు మోజు కలిగి నా కొఱకై ధన ధాన్యములను చెచ్చించి, వారికి నాపైగల
మక్కువను నేటి పఱకు ప్రజల కందరికి తేటతెల్లము గావించిరి. నా కొఱకు పూర్వము వేసకు వేల
యునిష్టలు తమ తల్లితండ్రులను విడిచిపెట్టి, అన్న పానాదులను సహితము విసర్జించి తమ జన్మ భూమి
వదలి నావెంట పరుగిడసాగిరి. అట్లు వీరిచేతను, ప్రజల చేతను బహు గారాబముగా పెంచబడి
యన్నత స్థితిలోనికి వచ్చిన నా జీవితమును వర్ణింప నలవిగాదు. ఆనాటి విప్రులకు నన్ను వృద్ధి నొందిం
చుటయే ముఖ్య వృత్తి. రాజులు నా వృద్ధికొఱకై బహుకరించిన మాన్యములపై ఆధారపడి నాతో
గూడి విప్రులు సుఖముగా జీవితము సాగించిరి.

అట్టి యెడ నా విలాసార్థమయి దేవాలయములు, మఠములు, అగ్రహారములు మున్నగు
నాటిని ప్రభువు లుచితముగా నిర్మించిరి. నేనాసమయమున నా ఔన్నత్యమును జూచి విజ్ఞప్తి పాలవరె
పొంగితిని గాని పొయ్యిపాలై పోవుదునన్న సంగతి పూర్తిగా మఱచితిని.

ఇటుల నా జీవితము సుఖముగానే గడచిపోవుచుండ ఒకానొక కుక్కపక్ష పార్శ్వమి
నాడు చంద్రుని వెన్నెల పూచిన మల్లెపల్లె నిర్మలముగా ప్రకాశించుచుండ, దానిని జూచి సముద్రుం
డుప్పొంగి తన యలల డోలికలలో తేలి యాడు చుండ సముద్ర తీరమున నుండు నొక దేవాలయపు

सुभाषितशब्दस्य को वा अर्थः । भाषितशब्दः भावार्थकप्रत्ययान्तः भाषणार्थकः । शोभन-
भाषणमेव सुभाषितं भवति । सोऽयं सुभाषितशब्दः योगरूढया PROVERB वाचकः व्यवहियते ।
यौगिकव्युत्पत्त्याश्रयणे तु शोभनवचनमित्येवार्थः । अतएव किल S. S. L. C. इत्यादि परीक्षायै पाठ्यत्वेन

विश्वविद्यालयेन प्रकाशिते संस्कृतग्रन्थे “सुभाषितानि” इति प्रविभागे स्तोत्राणां भगवद्गीतापद्यानां सङ्कलनं दृश्यते ।

अस्तु — भाषणस्य साधुत्वे दुष्टत्वे च निर्णायकाः के ? ते किल, ये धीमन्तः विद्वांसः पण्डिताश्च त एव किल निकषप्रावाणो भवन्ति । तेषु शास्त्रज्ञानां शास्त्ररसिकाणां दृष्ट्या शास्त्रीयसिद्धान्तप्रतिपादकान्येव वाक्यानि सुभाषितानि स्वीकृतानि भवेयुः । ये तु केवलं काव्यरसास्वादकाः तेषां दृष्टः अर्थान्तरन्यासादिसमलङ्कृतं रमणीयार्थप्रतिपादकं वाक्यमेव सुभाषितं स्वीकृतं भवति । भिन्नरुचिर्हि लोकः

एवं च उभयविधयापि कालिदासग्रन्थस्थानां सुभाषितानां प्रतिपादनमेव मम अभीष्टं आसीत् तस्मात् सुभाषितशब्दस्य योगरूढिव्युत्पत्तिपक्षं यौगिकव्युत्पत्तिपक्षं च स्वीकृत्य विषयविस्तारः कर्तव्य इति मम मनीषा ।

॥ शास्त्रीयतत्त्वप्रतिपादकानि सुभाषितानि कालिदासश्च ॥

यद्यपि “पुराणन्यायमीमांसा धर्मशास्त्राङ्गमिश्रिताः ।

वेदाः स्थानानि विद्यानां धर्मस्य च चतुर्दश ॥”

इति याज्ञवल्क्यस्मृतिप्रतिपादितानां चतुर्दशविद्यानां मध्ये यां काश्चन विद्यां अधिकृत्य कालिदासेन कोऽपि स्वतन्त्रः मूलभूतो वा ग्रन्थः नैव विरचित इति एव इदानीं पर्यन्तं ज्ञायते । नापि तेषां दर्शनानां विषये स्वतन्त्रो वा विचारः आरचितः । परं तु एतेषां दर्शनानां उल्लेखाः काव्येषु कथावस्तु निरूपणावसरे अर्थान्तरन्यासाद्यलङ्कारसाहाय्येन उपमाप्रतिपादनदिशा च प्रतिपादिता एव दृश्यन्ते कालिदासीया उपमा रसिकान् आनन्दसागरे निमज्जयन्ती, कामपि अनिर्वचनीयां लोकोत्तररसधारपाययन्ती, विपश्चितां चेतांसि चमत्कुर्वन्ती, अनन्यसदृशान् उपदेशान् उपदिशन्ती, विविधभावावेशान् आविष्कुर्वन्ती, शास्त्रीयसिद्धान्तान् प्रत्यक्षं प्रतिपादयन्ती, साकल्येन उपमेयानुरूप्यं आदधाति, स्वारस्यसामञ्जस्यं पूर्णतया स्वदत्ते, नैसर्गिकत्वं मनागपि न जहाति, चमत्कारित्वं चमत्करोति च । पात्राणां सहजवार्तालापेषु स्वाभाविकपद्धत्या एव दार्शनिकानि सुभाषितानि प्रतिपादितानि विद्यन्ते । कालिदासप्रौढः प्रविद्वान् आसीत् । तथापि कुत्रचिदपि स्थले स्वीयपाण्डित्यप्रकटनं तेन न कृतम् । अतएव पाण्डित्यप्रकटनपरः ग्रन्थः न निर्ममे निर्ममेण कालिदासेन ।

॥ कालिदासीयं अध्यात्मविषयकं सुभाषितम् ॥

तत्त्वानुशासनस्य यः परं पर्यवसानं तं औपनिषदं पुरुषं प्राधान्येन उपश्लोकयितुकामः कविः वेदान्तवाक्येषु श्रद्धालुः श्रुतिदृष्टं पन्थानं अनुगच्छन् रघुवंशे कुमारसम्भवे च पुरुषोत्तमं चतुर्मुखं महेश्वरं च अधिकृत्य देवानां सप्तर्षीणां च स्तुति-रूपाः तिष्ठः गीताः निबबन्ध—

नमस्त्रिमूर्तये तुभ्यं प्राक् सृष्टेः केवलात्मने ।
गुणत्रयविभागाय पश्चात् भेदमुपेयुषे ॥

यदमोघं अपामन्तरुप्तं बीजमज त्वया ।
अतश्चराचरं विश्वं प्रभवस्तस्य गीयसे ॥

तिसृभिस्त्वमवस्थाभिः महिमानमुदीरयन् ।
प्रलयस्थितिसर्गाणां एकः कारणतां गतः ॥

स्त्रीपुंसावात्मभागौ ते भिन्नमूर्तेः सिसृक्षया ।
प्रसूतिभाजः सर्गस्य तावेव पितरौ स्मृतौ ॥

स्वकालपरिमाणेन व्यस्तरात्रिन्दिवस्य ते ।
यौ तु स्वप्नावबोधौ तौ भूतानां प्रलयोदयौ ॥

जगदादिरनादिस्त्वं जगदन्तो निरन्तरकः ।

जगद्योनिरयोनिस्त्वं जगदीशो निरीश्वरः ॥

(K. II/4-10)

इत्यादिभिः श्लोकैः जगद्ब्रह्मणोरैकात्म्यं विवृणोति । तिसृभिः ब्रह्म-विष्णु-महेशलक्षणाभिः आत्मशक्तिभिः सर्गस्थितिप्रलयानां नामरूपानर्हायां दशायां वर्तमानोऽपि चराचरजगतां च कारणतां गत इति, एकं ब्रह्मैव सत् चराचरविश्वरूपकार्यात्मना विवर्तभावमापन्नं वर्तते इति, परमात्मा अन्तर्यामिन्त्वेन औदासीन्येन सर्वत्र अवस्थितो भवतीति च प्रतिपादयति । “प्रलयस्थितिसर्गाणां एकः कारणतां गतः” इति पद्यांशेन “जन्माद्यस्य यतः” “शास्त्रयोनित्वात्” इति ब्रह्मसूत्रोक्तं तटस्थलक्षणं स्वरूपलक्षणञ्च, “यतो वा इमानि भूतानि जायन्ते येन जातानि जीवन्ति यं प्रयन्त्यभिसंविशन्ति” इति श्रुत्यर्थं च सङ्गृह्णाति ।

“प्रत्यक्षोऽप्यपरिच्छेद्यः महादिर्मेहिमा तव ।

आप्तवागनुमानाभ्यां साध्यं त्वां प्रति का कथा ॥”

(R. 10/28)

महिमानं यदुत्कीर्त्य तव संहियते वचः ।

श्रमेण तदशक्यं वा न गुणानां इयत्तया ॥

(R. 10/32)

इत्यनेन पद्यद्वयेन परमात्मनः स्वरूपतः गुणैश्च अपरिच्छेद्यतां अवाङ्मनसगोचरमहिमानञ्च अवबोधयन् “यतो वाचो निर्वर्तन्ते” इति श्रुत्यर्थं प्रतिपादयति ।

“स्त्रीपुंसौ आत्मभागौ ते भिन्नमूर्तेः सिसृक्षया ।

प्रसूतिभाजः सर्गस्य तावेव पितरौ स्मृतौ ॥”

(K. 2/7)

इति पद्येन सृष्टिकर्मणि प्रवृत्तस्य सिसृक्षोः तस्य ब्रह्मणः स्त्रीपुम्भाव रूपघटकद्वयेन विभक्तस्य ब्रह्मणः सकाशात् सृष्टिरुपजायत इति औपनिषदा सृष्टिप्रक्रियापि प्रतिपादिता । जीवेश्वरयोः मायाब्रह्मणोः आत्मानात्मनोः च यादृशस्सम्बन्धः पश्चात् शङ्करभगवत्पादैः उपवर्णितः स च सिद्धान्तः कालिदासेन यत्र तत्र प्रतिपादितो दृश्यते । भगवतः सर्वव्यापकत्वं परमात्मनः अनाद्यनन्तत्वं च “या सृष्टि स्त्रष्टुराद्या.... वस्ताभिरष्टाभिरिशः” (S. I/1) इति पद्येन “तां तां अवस्थां प्रतिपद्यमानं स्थितं दश व्याप्य दिशो महिम्ना । विष्णोरिव” (R. 13/5) इति पद्येन च प्रतिपादयन् अयं कविः पूर्णतया स्वीयां अद्वैतभावनां प्रकटीकरोति । अजं प्रति वसिष्ठवाचा वसिष्ठशिष्यस्य सान्त्वनावसरे “स्वशरीर शरीरिणावपि श्रुतसंयोगविपर्ययौ यदा” (R. 8/89) इति वदन् देहे आत्मत्वभ्रान्तिं वारयति । स्फुटयति च “मरणं प्रकृतिः शरीरिणां विकृतिर्जीवितमुच्यते बुधैः” (R. 8/87) इति पद्यार्थेन शरीरशरीरिणोः सम्बन्धः कादाचित्कः मायाविलसितश्चेति । मायारूपस्य आवरणविक्षेपशक्त्यात्मकस्य अज्ञानस्य नाशे नित्यनिरतिशयसुखावाप्तिरूपः परमपुरुषार्थो भवतीत्ययं वेदान्तसिद्धान्तः

“तमसः परं आपत् अव्ययं पुरुषं योगसमाधिना रघुः”

(R. 8/24)

“मारुतिः सागरं तीर्णः संसारमिव निर्ममः”

(R. 12/60)

इति पद्याभ्यां प्रतिपाद्यते ।

कवेरस्य मनोवृत्तिः कर्मकाण्डापेक्षया अध्यात्मविद्यायामेव श्रद्धाधिक्यं प्रतिपादयति । “मालविकाग्निमित्रे पण्डितकौशिकीं पुरस्कृत्य आगच्छन्त्याः महिष्याः वर्णनावसरे—

“मङ्गलालङ्कृता भाति कौशिकया यतिवेषया ।

त्रयी विग्रहवत्येव समं अध्यात्मविद्यया ॥”

(M. 1/14)

इति उपनिषत्प्रतिपाद्यया अध्यात्मविद्यया कर्मकाण्डप्रधानस्य पूर्वमीमांसाभागस्य शोभां प्रतिपादयन् अयं कविः औपनिषद्भागस्य प्राधान्यं अवचनेन निर्दिशन् पूर्वमीमांसायाः शेषतया उपनिषदां अर्थवर्णनपराणां मीमांसकानां मतं प्रतिक्षिपतीव दृश्यते ।

“द्यां अर्जितां कर्मभिरारुहोह” (R. 18/3) इति यज्ञफलं स्वर्गं प्रतिपादयन्

“अमर्त्यभावेऽपि कयोश्चिदासीत्

एकाप्सरःप्रार्थितयो विवादः”

(R. 7/53)

इत्यनेन त्रिदशलोकेऽपि जीवात्मनः अरिषड्वर्गेण पराभवं ध्वनयति ।

“पीडयिष्यति न मां खिलीकृतस्वर्गपद्वतिरभोगलोलुपम्” (R. 11/87)

“विषयेषु विनाशधर्मसु त्रिदिवस्थेष्वपि निस्पृहोऽभवत्” (R. 8/10)

“यं काङ्क्षन्ति तपोभिरन्यमुनयस्तस्मिन् तपस्यन्ति अमी ।” (S. VII/12)

इत्येभिः स्वर्गोक्तसामपि भोगलोलुपत्वं “ते तं मुक्त्वा स्वर्गलोकं विशालं क्षीणे पुण्ये मर्त्यलोकं विशन्ति” एवं “तत् यथेह कर्मचितो लोकः क्षीयते” छा-8-1-6 इत्यादिना प्रतिपादितं स्वर्गफलस्य नश्वरत्वं प्रतिपादयन्

“ममापि च क्षपयतु नीललोहितः

पुनर्भवं परिगत शक्तिरात्मभूः ॥ इति

(S. VII/35)

अपुनर्भवरूपे मोक्षे उपनिषत्प्रतिपाद्ये एव स्वाभिसन्धिं प्रकटीकरोति ।

॥ पूर्वमीमांसाविषयकं सुभाषितं कालिदासश्च ॥

“सत्यामपि तपस्सिद्धौ नियमापेक्षया मुनिः” (R. 1/94) इत्यनेन मुमुक्षुभिरपि योगानुष्ठाननिरतैरपि विद्यानिष्पत्तिं अधिगतवद्विरपि तत्तदाश्रमकर्माणि अहरहः अनुष्ठेयानि इति प्रतिपादयति । चतुर्भिः वर्णैः अनुष्ठेयान् धर्मान् प्रतिपादयन्तीषु स्मृतिषु “श्रुतेरिवार्थं स्मृतिरन्वगच्छत्” (R. 2/2)

इत्यनेन गौरवबुद्धिं उत्पादयति ।

“अतिष्ठदेकोनशतक्रतुत्वे शक्राभ्यसूयाविनिवृत्तये यः” (R. 6/74)

“महाक्रतोर्विश्वजितः प्रयोक्ता” (R. 4/76)

“तस्या एव प्रतिकृतिसखो यत्क्रतूनाजहार” (R. 15/87)

“वेदिप्रतिष्ठान् वितताध्वराणां यूपानपश्यत् शतशो रघूणाम्” (R. 16/35)

इत्यादिना यागादिकर्मसु स्वीयश्रद्धाविशेषं प्रतिपादयति । पूर्वेषां राज्ञां भवनेषु अनुसन्तं त्रेताग्नीनां अनुसेवनं

“वसन् चतुर्थोऽग्निरिवान्यगारे” (R. 5/25) “वेत्रवति ! अग्निशरणमार्गमादेशय” (S. V/B. 6) इत्यादिना सूचयति ।

“यथाक्रमं पुंसवनादिकाः क्रियाः” (R. 3/10) इति गर्भसंस्कारविधौ “स जातकर्म-
ण्यखिले तपस्विनाम्” (R. 3/18)

“स वृत्तचूलश्चलकाकपक्षकैः” (R. 3/28)

“अथास्य गोदानविधेरनन्तरं विवाहदीक्षां निरवर्तयत् गुरुः ॥” (R. 3/33)

इत्यादिना जातकर्मादिविवाहपर्यन्तस्य संस्कारस्य स्वरूपं उपवर्णयन् गृह्योक्तसंस्कारादिषु आत्मनः
सम्यक्त्विनयं प्रतिपादयति । एवं गार्हस्थ्यस्य प्राशस्त्यं

“कालो ह्ययं संक्रमितुं द्वितीयं सर्वोपकारक्षममाश्रमं ते ॥” (R. 5/10)

इत्यनेन स्थिरीकरोति । इन्दुमतीपाणिग्रहणविधिं मधुपर्कादारभ्य लाजहोमान्तं एवं पार्वतीपाणि-
ग्रहणविधिञ्च कथयन् “हस्तेन हस्तं परिगृह्य वध्वाः” (R. 7/21) इति पद्यांशेन “अथास्यै
दक्षिणेन नीचा हस्तेन दक्षिणं उत्तानं हस्तं गृह्णीयात् ।”

इत्यापस्तम्बसूत्रं स्मारयति । विवाहानन्तरं दम्पत्योः त्रिरात्रपर्यन्तं ब्रह्मचर्यपालनं भूमिशयनञ्च
धर्म इति “अत ऊर्ध्वं अक्षारलवणाशिनौ अधश्शायिनौ ब्रह्मचारिणौ स्याताम्” इति
(I—6-11) आश्वलायनगृह्यसूत्रं

अथ विबुधगणान् तान् इन्दुमौलिर्विसृज्य

क्षितिधरपतिकन्यां आददानः करेण ।

कनककलशयुक्तं भक्तिशोभासनाथं ।

क्षितिधिरचितशय्यां कौतुकागारमागात् ॥ (K. 7/94)

इति पद्येन स्मारयतीव भाति । यजुर्वेदविहितस्य अश्वमेधयागस्य वर्णनायां “राजपुत्रशत-
परिवृतं गोप्तारं वसुमित्रं आदिश्य संवत्सरोपावर्तनीयो निर्गलः तुरगो विसृष्टः” इति
मालविकाग्निमित्राय (5/B. 15) वाक्यं “शतेन राजपुत्रैस्सह” इत्याश्वमेधिकप्रकरणश्रूयमाणं वाक्यं
शब्दतः अनुसरति । “पत्नी सुदक्षिणेत्यासीत् अध्वरस्येव दक्षिणा” (R. 1/31) इतिवदन्नयं
कविः “यज्ञो गन्धर्वः तस्य दक्षिणा अप्सरसः” इति ब्राह्मणवाक्यैः स्वीयं परिचयविशेषं निर्दिशति ।
गलितवयोभिराश्रयणीयस्य वानप्रस्थाश्रमस्य रीतिमसकृत् आवेदयति । एवं “समुद्ररशना साक्षात्
प्रादुरासीत् वसुन्धरा” (R. 15/83) “अस्त्युत्तरस्यां दिशि देवतात्मा” (K. I/1) “तस्याः
पुरः सम्प्रति वीतनाथां जानीहि राजन् अधिदेवतां मां” (R. 16/9) इत्यादिना धरायां
शिलायां नगर्यां च तत्तदधिष्ठानदेवतासान्निध्यं प्रतिपादयति । “श्रुतेरिवार्थं स्मृतिरन्वगच्छत्” (R. 2/2)
इति वाक्येन मीमांसकाभिप्रेतं श्रुतिस्मृत्योरैकमत्यं द्रढयति ।

॥ सांख्यदर्शनविषयकं सुभाषितं कालिदासश्च ॥

“त्वामामनन्ति प्रकृतिपुरुषार्थप्रवर्तिनीम् ।

तद्दर्शिनं उदासीनं त्वामेव पुरुषं विदुः ॥ (K. 1/13)

इत्यनेन चतुर्विंशतितत्त्वसंख्यापराणां निरीश्वरसांख्यानां प्रकृतिपुरुषसिद्धान्तं प्रदर्शयन्नपि—

त्वमेव हव्यं होता च भोज्यं भोक्ता च शाश्वतः ।

वेद्यं च वेदिता चासि ध्याता ध्येयं च यत् परम् ॥ (K. 2/15)

इति एकात्मवादे एव समापयति । “प्रारभ्यमाणे परिणामवादे स्वयं समायाति विवर्तवादः”
इति सम्प्रदायमनुसृत्यैव कालिदासः सांख्यसिद्धान्तादारभ्य “ध्याता ध्येयं च यत् परम्”
(K. 2/15 D) इति एकात्मवादे स्वाशयं प्रकटयन्

“बहुधाप्यागमैर्भिन्नाः पन्थानाः सिद्धिहेतवः ।

त्वय्येव निपतन्त्योधाः जाह्नवीया इवार्णवे ॥” (R. 10/26)

इति मोक्षप्राप्तौ नैकविधं उपायमपि ऊरीकरोत्येव ।

॥ योगशास्त्रविषयकं सुभाषितं कालिदासश्च ॥

ध्यानावस्थितस्य शिवस्य वर्णनावसरे योगशास्त्रसम्बद्धानि बहूनि वाक्यानि कालिदासेन उपवर्णि-
तानि दृश्यन्ते । “पर्यङ्कबन्धस्थिरपूर्वकायं ऋज्वायतं सन्नमितोभयांसम्” (K. 3/45)
इत्यनेन योगाभ्यासपद्धतिं प्रतिपादयति ।

“वीरासनैर्ध्यानजुषां ऋषीणां अमी समासादितवेदिमध्याः ।

निवातनिष्कम्पतया विभाति योगाधिरूढा इव शाखिनोऽपि ॥ (R. 13/52)

इत्यनेनापि वीरासनपद्धतिं प्रतिपादयन् “अनपायिपदोपलब्धये रघुराप्तैः समियाय
योगिभिः” (R. 8/17)

“अपरः प्रणिधानयोग्यया मरुतः पञ्चशरीरगोचरान् ।

अनयत् प्रभुशक्तिसम्पदा वशमेको नृपतीननन्तरान् ॥” (R. 8/19)

इत्याभ्यां योगानुष्ठानस्य प्राशस्त्यं आवेदयति ।

“योगात् सचान्तः परमात्मसंज्ञं दृष्ट्वा परं ज्योतिरूपाराम ॥” (K. 3/58)

इति पद्यार्धेन योगेन ईश्वरसाक्षात्कारो भवतीति च प्रतिपादयन् “नहि तेन पथा तनुत्यजः

तनयावर्जितपिण्डकांक्षिणः” (R. 8/26) इति विद्यानिप्यत्तिमधिगत्य तनुं त्यजतां और्ध्वदेहिकी क्रिया अकिञ्चित्करीति प्रतिपादयति । पुत्रास्यः रघुवंशोत्पन्नः राजा स्वसूनौ पौण्यास्ये राज्यभारं निक्षिप्य योगविधया मुक्तोऽभूदिति प्रतिपादयन् कविः

“महीं महेच्छः परिकीर्य सूनौ,
मनीषिणे जैभिनयेऽर्पितान्मा ।
तस्मात् सयोगात् अधिगम्य योगं
अजन्मनेऽकल्पत जन्मभीरुः ॥”

(R. 18/33)

इति श्लोकेन योगेन मोक्षरूपफलावाप्तिं प्रतिपादयति ।

॥ न्यायशास्त्रविषयकं सुभाषितं कालिदासश्च ॥

“अथात्मनः शब्दगुणं गुणज्ञः पदं विमानेन विगाहमानः ॥” (R. 13/1)

“श्रुतिविषयगुणा या स्थिता व्याप्य विश्वम् ॥ (S. 1/1) इति पद्यांशेषु न्यायशास्त्रे प्रतिपादितं शब्दगुणकमाकाशमिति आकाशलक्षणं प्रतिपादयन् स्वीयं न्यायशास्त्रपरिचयं ददाति ।

॥ व्याकरणशास्त्रविषयकं सुभाषितं कालिदासश्च ॥

स हत्वा वालिनं वीरः तत्पदे चिरकाङ्क्षिते ।

धातोः स्थान इवादेशं सुग्रीवं सन्यवेशयत् ॥

(R. XII/58)

इत्यनेन व्याकरणपरिज्ञानं प्रदर्शयति । अत्र “धातोः स्थान इवादेशं” इति उपमा कीदृशी हृदङ्गमा दृश्यते । यथा “अस्” धातोः “भूः”, “इण्” स्थाने “गा” इयेवमादयः आदेशाः स्थानिनः पूर्णं कार्यं साधयन्ति तथा स्थानिनः वालिनः समस्तं राज्यकार्यं तत्स्थाने सुग्रीवः सञ्चालयिष्यतीति किल भावः प्रतीयते ।

यः कश्चन रघूणां हि परमेको परन्तपः ।

अपवाद इवोत्सर्गं व्यावर्तयितुं ईश्वरः ॥

(R. 15/7)

लब्धप्रतिष्ठाः प्रथमं यूयं किं बलवत्तरैः ।

अपवाद इवोत्सर्गं कृतव्यावृत्तयः परैः ॥

(K. 2/27)

इति पद्याभ्यां यथा एक अपवाद अनेकान् उत्सर्गान् व्यावर्तयितुं शक्तो भवति तथा रघुकुलसम्भवः कश्चित् एक एव शत्रुसमुदायं विदूरयितुं क्षम इति “अपवादो बलीयान्” येन नाप्राप्ते यो विधिरारभ्यते स तस्यापवाद” इति व्याकरणानुशासनस्य समादरं प्रशस्तविधिना प्रतिपादयति ।

रामादेशात् अनुगता सेना तस्यार्थसिद्धये ।

पश्चादध्ययनार्थाय धातोरधिरिवाभवत् ॥

(R. 15/9)

इत्यत्र यथा अध्ययनार्थात् इङ्धातोः “अधि” उपसर्गादेव अर्थसिद्धिः भवति, न जातु तं विना, तथैव विजयरूपार्थसिद्धये रामादेशात् तत्सेना अनुगता विजयलाभाय प्रभवति इति प्रकृष्टं आशयं व्याकरण-शास्त्रात्लावगाहित्वं च प्रदर्शयति । वाण्याः व्याकरणशास्त्राभ्युपगमेन परा पश्यन्ती मध्यमा वैखरीतिभेदात् चतुष्टयीत्वं प्रसिद्धम् । अथवा महाभाष्ये “चतुष्टयी शब्दानां प्रवृत्तिः जातिशब्दाः गुणशब्दाः क्रियाशब्दाः यद्वच्छाशब्दाश्चेति” प्रतिपादितम् । व्याकरणतत्त्वमिदम्—

पुराणस्य कवेस्तस्य चतुर्मुखसमीरिता ।

प्रवृत्तिरासीत् शब्दानां चरितार्था चतुष्टयी ॥

(K. 2/17)

इत्यनेन तारकासुरसन्त्रस्तैः देवगणैः आत्मकरुणकथा यदा ब्रह्मणे निवेदिता तदा चतुर्मुखेन तेन ब्रह्मणा चतुर्भिरपि मुखैः उत्तरं विनिवेद्य चरितार्थिता इति प्रतिपादयति ।

॥ अलङ्कारशास्त्रविषयकं सुभाषितं कालिदासश्च ॥

रघुवंशकाव्यं आरभमाणः कवीन्द्रोऽयं “वागर्थविव सम्पृक्तौ ।” इत्यत्र सर्वतः प्राक् काव्य-लक्षणं निर्दिशन् “वागर्थप्रतिपत्तये” इति काव्यतत्त्वप्रतिबोधाय एव एष काव्योपक्रम इत्यपि प्रबोधयन्—

“शब्दार्थौ काव्यम्” इति काव्यालङ्कारसूत्रस्य (600 A. D.)

“इष्टार्थव्यवच्छिन्ना पदावलिः काव्यम्” इति काव्यादर्शस्य (700 A. D.)

“तददौषौ शब्दार्थौ काव्यम्” इति काव्यप्रकाशस्य (1100 A. D.)

निर्दोषा लक्षणवती सरीतिर्गुणगुम्फिता ।

सालङ्काररसानेकवृत्तिः वाक् काव्यनामभाक् ॥ इति चन्द्रालोकस्य (1300 A. D.)

“वाक्यं रसात्मकं काव्यम्” इति साहित्यदर्पणस्य (1400 A. D.)

“रमणीयार्थप्रतिपादकशब्दः काव्यं” इति रसगङ्गाधरस्य (1700 A. D.), च काव्य-लक्षणानां मार्गदर्शको भवति ।

॥ अर्थशास्त्रविषयकं सुभाषितं कालिदासश्च ॥

सप्ताङ्ग-यातव्य-प्रकृति-प्रशमन-मूलप्रत्यन्त-पार्ष्णि-इत्यादीनां अर्थशास्त्रव्यवहृतानां पारिभाषिक-शब्दानां प्रयोगः कालिदासेन स्थाने स्थाने प्रयुक्तो दृश्यते ।

अनम्राणां समुद्धर्तुः तस्मात् सिन्धुरयादिव ।

आत्मा संरक्षितः सुहृदः वृत्तिमाश्रित्य वैतसीम् ॥

(R. 4/35)

इति रघुदिग्विजययात्रावसरे सुहृदेशीयानां वैतसवृत्त्याश्रयणेन स्वात्मसंरक्षणं कथयन् कालिदासः “बलीयसा अभियुक्तो दुर्बलः सर्वत्र अनुप्रणतो वेतसधर्ममातिष्ठेत् ।” इति कौटिलीयं अर्थ-शास्त्रं स्मारयति ।

“अचिराधिष्ठितराज्यः शत्रुः प्रकृतिष्वरुद्धमूलत्वात् ।

नवसंरोपणशिथिलः तरुरिव सुकरः समुद्धर्तुम् ॥”

(M. 1/8)

इत्यत्र तन्त्रकाराणां वचनमेव अर्थतः सङ्गृहीतं दृश्यते ।

॥ कामशास्त्रविषयकं सुभाषितं कालिदासश्च ॥

पतिगृहं गन्तुं उद्युक्तायाः शकुन्तलायाः मार्मिकं गमनवृत्तान्तं वर्णयन् कविः काश्यपमुखेन गृहिणीकर्तव्यमुपदिशति—

“शुश्रूषस्व गुरुन् कुरु प्रियसखीवृत्तिं सपत्नीजने,

पत्युर्विप्रकृतापि रोषणतया मा स्म प्रतीपं गमः ।

भूयिष्ठं भव दक्षिणा परिजने भाग्येष्वनुत्सेकिनी,

यान्त्येवं गृहिणीपदं युवतयो वामाः कुलस्याधयः ॥ (S. IV/16)

सौज्यमुपदेशः वात्स्यायनप्रणीतकामसूत्रं अर्थतः शब्दतश्च अनुसरति । तत्र—

“श्वश्रूश्चशुरपरिचर्या तत्पारतन्त्र्यं अनुत्तरवादिता” “भोगेषु अनुत्सेकः” “परिजने दाक्षिण्यम्” “नायकापराधेषु किञ्चित् कलुषता नात्यर्थं निवदेत्”

इति वर्तते । एवं कामसूत्रेषु नगरनिवासिनां विलासिनां दाक्षिण्यसम्पन्नानां नागरिकाणां सविस्तरं वर्णनं दृश्यते । तत्प्रकरणार्थं “साधु आर्य नागरिकोऽसि, अन्यसङ्क्रान्तप्रमाणः नागरिकाः अधिकं दक्षिणा भवन्ति” इति विक्रमोर्वशीये III/A 13 चित्रलेखामुखेन, शाकुन्तले हंसपदि-

कावृत्तान्तवर्णनावसरे “नागरिकवृत्त्या सान्त्वय एनाम्” इति V/B 2 दुष्यन्तमुखेन च प्रतिपादयति ।

॥ ज्योतिषशास्त्रविषयकं सुभाषितं कालिदासश्च ॥

कुमारसम्भवे मन्मथस्य शिवसमाधिस्थानप्रयाणावसरे “दृष्टिप्रपातं परिहृत्य तस्य कामः पुरःशुक्रमिव प्रयाणे” (K. III/43) इति वाक्येन प्रयाणे पुरःशुक्रप्रतिषेधं मुहूर्तशास्त्रोक्तं प्रतिपादयति । तत्र हि “यस्यां तिष्ठेत् भार्गवो दिश्यमुष्यां यात्रा पुंसां प्राणमानार्थहन्त्री” इति दृश्यते । “मैत्रे मुहूर्ते शशलाञ्छनेन योगं गतासूत्तरफल्गुनीषु । (K. VII/6) इति पार्वती-विवाहसमयं उत्तरफल्गुनीयुक्तं प्रतिपादयन् “विवाहे शुभदा अत्यन्तं तस्मात् उत्तरफल्गुनी” इति गौतमवाक्यं ज्योतिषशास्त्रोक्तं च सिद्धान्तं अनुसरति । “किमत्र चित्रं यदि विशाखे शशाङ्कले-स्वामनुवर्तेते (S. III/B10) “एष चित्रलेखाद्वितीयां उर्वशीं गृहीत्वा विशाखासमीपगत इव चन्द्र उपस्थितो राजर्षिः” इति (V. I/B 11) “तावत् शीघ्रतरं अपक्रमावः यावत् अङ्गारको राशिमिव सा (इरावती) अनुवक्रं न करोति” इति (M. III/B 23) “पुष्टिं जना पुष्य इव द्वितीये” (R. 18/32) इत्यादीनि वाक्यानि नक्षत्रग्रहराशीनां गतिविशेषात् विभिन्नफलोत्पादकतां प्रतिपादयन्ति ।

T 45, 1, 2, 10, 11, 12

॥ आयुर्वेदविषयकं सुभाषितं कालिदासश्च ॥ N62-21

कालिदासः अनुभवशाली प्रायोगिकः सफलः भिषग्वर आसीत् वा न वा, परंतु वैद्यविषयकं तदीयं वाक्यं अस्मान् विस्मापयति । वातपित्तश्लेष्मणां समाहारेण सन्निपातेन वा उद्भूते सान्निपातिके ज्वरे महावीर्याणि औषधानि यथा विफलानि भवन्ति एवं देवानां उपायाः तारके प्रतिहतशक्तयो भवन्तीति प्रतिपादयन् कालिदासः—

“तस्मिन् उपायाः सर्वे नः क्रूरे प्रतिहतक्रियाः ।

वीर्यवन्ति औषधानीव विकारे सान्निपातिके ॥

इति वदन् ।

वातपित्तकफानां च सन्निपातो यदा भवेत् ।

तदा जातो ज्वरस्तीव्रः असह्यः सर्वभेषजैः ॥

इति वैद्यशास्त्रमनुसरति । सर्पदष्टस्य चिकित्सानिरूपणावसरे कालिदासः



छेदो दंशस्य दाहो वा क्षतेर्वा रक्तमोक्षणम् ।

एतानि दष्टमात्राणां आयुषः प्रतिपत्तयः ॥

(M. IV/4)

“त्याज्यो दुष्टः प्रियोऽप्यासीत् अङ्गुलीवोरगक्षता”

(R. I/28)

इति वदति । सोऽयं चिकित्साप्रकारः—

“प्रदीप्तैः हेमलोहाद्यैः दहेत् आशु उल्मुकेन वा ।

करोति भस्मसात् सद्यः वह्निः किं नाम तत्क्षणात् ॥

निष्पीडयानुद्धरेत् रक्तं मर्मसन्ध्यगतं तथा ।

न जायते विषावेगो बीजनाशादिवाङ्कुरः ॥

विषे प्रविशते विध्येत् शिरा सा परमा क्रिया ।

शिरासु अदृश्यमानासु योज्या शृङ्गजलौकसः ॥ इति वाम्भटीयं अनुसरति ।

मालविकामित्रे विदूषकमुखेन “उचितवेलातिक्रमे चिकित्सकाः दोषमुदाहरन्ति” इति वदन् कालिदासः आयुर्वेदोक्तं स्वास्थ्यसंरक्षणोपायेषु प्रधानतमं भोजनवेलानतिक्रमणं प्रतिपादयति । “नाजीर्णे भोजनं कुर्यात् नातिबुभुक्षिते” इति किल वैद्यशास्त्रे तस्मिन् श्रूयते । एवं मालविकाया आगमनं दृष्ट्वा “शीघ्रपानोद्वेजितस्य मत्स्यण्डिका उपनता” इति वदन् विदूषकः मद्यपानेन प्रमत्तस्य मदबाधायाः शमनोपायः मत्स्यण्डिकापानमिति

“मद्यं पीत्वा यदि वा तत्क्षणं अवलेढि शर्करां सघृताम् ।

मदयति न जातु मद्यं मनागपि प्रथितवीर्यमपि ।” इति आयुर्वेदशास्त्रमनुसरति ।

अतिनूतनानां औषधानां आविर्भावके अस्मिन् विज्ञानयुगेऽपि अज्ञातोपायस्य प्रयत्नं कृत्वापि अशान्तस्य कर्मव्याधिरिति उपेक्षितस्य राजयक्ष्मरोगस्य वर्णनावसरे कालिदासः—

“वैद्ययत्नपरिभाविनं गदं न प्रदीप इव वायुं अत्यगात् ।” (R. 19/53)

इति वदति । राजयक्ष्मणः कामयानस्य च गुणाः समा भवन्तीति

“तस्य पाण्डुवत् अनल्पभूषणा सावलम्बगमना मृदुस्वना ।

राजयक्ष्मपरिहारानिराययौ कामयानसमवस्थया तुलाम् ॥ (R. 19/50)

अनेन पद्येन प्रतिपादयति । राजयक्ष्मरोगोत्पत्तेः मुख्यं मूलकारणं अत्यन्तं रत्यनुभव एवेति—

“आमयस्तु रतिरागसम्भवः

दक्षशाप इव चन्द्रमक्षिणोत् ॥” (R. 19/48) इति प्रतिपादयति ।

एवमेव भौतिकशास्त्रसम्बद्धानि धनुर्विद्याविषयकाणि राजनीतिविषयकाणि भूगोलविज्ञानविषयकाणि स्थलजलआकाशयात्रानुभवप्रतिपादकानि सङ्गीतशास्त्रीयाणि च बहूनि सुभाषितानि कालिदासेन कथितानि विद्यन्ते । न केवलमेतावता—लोकयात्रासामान्यसङ्गतानि समयोचितभाषणार्हाणि उपदेशात्मकानि च सुभाषितानि कालिदासकृतिषु बहूनि लभ्यन्ते । कालिदासीयसमग्रग्रन्थपर्यालोचनायां कृतायां मया तस्य ग्रन्थेभ्यः मार्कि 400 सुभाषितानि लब्धानि । ऋतुसंहारात् 4, मेघसन्देशात् 22, विक्रमोर्वशीयात् 44, कुमारसम्भवस्य अष्टम्यस्सर्गेभ्यः 57, मालविकाग्निमित्रात् 60, शाकुन्तलात् 94, रघुवंशात् 110 इति परिगणितानि विद्यन्ते ।

अस्तु—उपदेशात्मकानि सुभाषितानि इत्युक्ते कालिदासीयानां सुभाषितानां उपदेशात्मकत्वं कथं सङ्गच्छते । साधारणतया उपदेशशब्दश्रवणे लिङ्लोट् तव्यप्रत्ययान्तानां विधिपराणां वा “आचार्य-देवो भव” इत्यादीनामेव वाक्यानां स्मृतिरायाति । कालिदासीये परिशीलिते न कुत्रापि तादृशं तत्तत्प्रत्ययान्तं वाक्यं कण्ठोपदेशात् अन्यत्र दृश्यते । किन्तु अर्थान्तरन्यासादिमुखेनैव उपदेशा दृश्यन्ते । पाणिनीये व्याकरणशास्त्रे उपदेश इत्यस्य आद्योच्चारणमेवार्थः । कविपरम्परायां व्यासात् वाल्मीकेश्च अनन्तरं कालिदासग्रन्थेष्वेव अर्थान्तरन्यासाद्यलङ्कारपद्धत्यां मानवीयसमुदायस्य लोकयात्रा-सङ्गताः सन्देशाः दृश्यन्ते । तस्मात् कालिदासस्य आद्योच्चारणमेव उपदेश इति निर्णयते । रज्जुं दृष्ट्वा सर्प इति भ्रान्तस्य पुरुषस्य “नायं सर्पः, परं इयं रज्जुः” इति विध्याद्यबोधकवाक्यश्रवणेनापि भ्रान्तिनिवृत्तिः दृश्यत इति सूत्रभाष्ये शङ्करभगवत्पादा वर्णयन्ति । तस्मात् मानवसमुदायस्य यस्य वाक्यस्य श्रवणमात्रेण दर्शनमात्रेण वा शोभना बुद्धिः उद्भवति स एव उपदेश इति वक्तव्यम् । एवञ्च कालिदासीयविवारा एव उपदेशाः ते एव सुभाषितानि च भवन्ति । सर्वेषां सुभाषितानां वर्णनं अशक्यमत्रेति कृत्वा स्थालीपुलाकन्यायेन कानिचन वर्णयन्ते ।

शरणागतरक्षा भारतीयधर्मेषु प्रधानः । “सकृदेव प्रपन्नाय तवास्मीति इति याचते । अभयं सर्वभूतेभ्यः ददाम्येतत् व्रतं मम ।” इति मधुमयफणितीनां मार्गदर्शिना राममुखेन प्रतिपादितम् । सोऽयमुपदेशः शिबिप्रभृतिभिः सम्पोषितः । वाल्मीकिव्यायासमार्गानुसारिणा कालिदासेन सोऽयमुपदेशः—

“क्षुद्रेऽपि नूनं शरणं प्रपन्ने ममत्वं उच्चैश्शिरसां सतीव ॥” (K. I/12) इति प्रतिपाद्यते । सोऽयमुपदेशः इदानीन्तने समये सर्वक्षेत्रेषु अत्यन्तं फलदाता दरीदृश्यते । संस्कृतलोकेऽपि एष उपदेशः यदि स्वीकृतो भवेत् तर्हि संस्कृतज्ञानां संस्कृतप्रचारे सुलभसहयोगो भविष्यत्येवेति मदीया विनम्रप्रार्थना ।

एवं धीराणां लक्षणनिरूपणावसरे —

“विकारहेतौ सति विक्रियन्ते येषां न चेतांसि त एव धीराः” इति (K. I/59)
चित्तविकारोत्पादकेषु कारणेषु सत्स्वपि यस्य मनः न विकृतं भवति स एव धीर इति वदन् कालिदासः
आदर्शधीरतां उपदिशति ।

नवे वयसि यश्शान्तः स शान्त इति कथ्यते ।

धातुषु क्षीयमाणेषु शमः कस्य न जायते ॥

इति नीतिश्लोकोऽपि कालिदासोक्तमेव अनुवदति ।

स्नेहविषये कालिदासस्य सुभाषितं अन्येभ्यस्तुतरां भिद्यते । “मैत्रीचाप्रणयात् समृद्धिरनयात्
स्नेहः प्रवासाश्रयात्” नश्यतीति केचन मन्यन्ते । परं कालिदासः

“स्नेहानाहुः किमपि विरहे ध्वंसिनस्ते तु अभोगात्
इष्टे वस्तुन्युपचितरसाः प्रेमराशीभवन्ति ॥”

(M.D. II/55)

इति वदति । स्नेहः प्रवासाश्रयात् कदापि न अपचीयेत, परंतु अनुक्षणं उपचितरसः परिवर्धत एवेति
गतानुगतिकं लोकमिमं उपदिशति । सोऽयमुपदेशः मनोविज्ञानरीत्या अत्युत्तमो भूत्वा अलौकिकस्य सत्य-
स्नेहस्य लक्षणमपि प्रतिपादयति ।

सज्जनानां विषये कालिदासीयं सुभाषितं तावत्—

“निश्शब्दोऽपि प्रदिशसि जलं याचितश्चातकेभ्यः ।

प्रत्युक्तं हि प्रणयिषु सतां ईप्सितार्थक्रियैव ॥”

(M. D. II/55)

इति विद्यते । फलानुमेयप्रारम्भाणां प्रकृत्या मितभाषिणां महापुरुषाणां सतां स्वाभिलषितं याचमानेषु पुरुषेषु
ईप्सितार्थकरणमेव प्रतिवचनं भवति । न तु फलशून्यो मृषागर्जिताडम्बर इति वदति । अयमेवार्थः
श्रीहर्षेण नैषधीयचरिते—

“याचमानजनमानसवृत्तेः पूरणाय बत जन्म न यस्य ।

तेन भूमिरतिभारवतीयं नद्रुमैर्न गिरिभिर्न समुद्रैः ॥”

इति, “नीचो वदति न करोति, न वदति सुजनः करोत्येव” इत्यादिना च
उपवर्ण्यते ।

कस्यापि दशा सर्वदा सर्वथा समाना न तिष्ठति । यस्य उत्कर्षः अधुना उन्नतिशिखरं आरूढः
स एव श्वः अपकर्षगते पतन् दृश्यते । सम्प्रति अन्धकूपे यः पतित अवलोक्यते स एव परश्वः पुरः

प्रतिष्ठमानः प्रेक्षिष्यते । यश्च अधुना समुदयसमुद्रे तरति स एव श्वः पतनमरुषु म्रियमाणदशां अनुभवन्
दृश्येत । योऽद्य हताशः श्वसिति स एव श्वः सदाशाभिः प्रसीदति । अतश्च परिवर्तनशीलमिदं
विश्वम् । एतेन यस्य दशा सम्प्रति नीचा तेन नियतिकृते परिवर्तने कदाचित् उपरि गन्तव्यमित्ययं
नियतिवादः—

“कस्यात्यन्तं सुखं उपनतं दुःखमेकान्ततो वा
नीचैर्गच्छत्युपरि च दशा चक्रनेमिक्रमेण ॥”

(M. D. II/52)

इति पद्येन प्रतिपाद्यते । अस्य उदाहरणं संस्कृतभाषाविषयकमेव वक्तुं शक्यते—

“वाल्मीकेरजनि प्रकाशितगुणा व्यासेन लीलावती
वैदर्भी कविता स्वयं वृत्तवती श्रीकालिदासं वरम् ।
या अद्यत अमरसिंह माघ धनिकान् सेयं जरानीरसा
शून्यालङ्कारणा स्वलन्मृदुपदा कं वा जनं नाश्रिता ॥”

इति श्रूयते किल । नियतिरेव अत्र कारणं भवति ।

“रिक्तः सर्वो भवति हि लघुः पूर्णता गौरवाय” (M. D. I/21) इत्यनेन निर्धनत्वं
निन्दन् कालिदासः सम्पदुपार्जनस्य उत्तमं फलमपि “आपन्नार्तिप्रशमनफलाः सम्पदो ह्युत्तमानाम्”
इति (M. D. I/57) वदन् “परोपकाराय सतां विभूतयः” इति द्रव्यति । कृते च प्रतिकर्तव्यं
एष धर्मस्मनातनः” इति भारतीय धर्मतत्त्वं जानन्नयं भारतीयधर्मसंस्कृतिस्वरूपः कालिदासः
कृतज्ञताविषये—

“न क्षुद्रोऽपि प्रथममुकृतापेक्षया संश्रयाय
प्राप्ते मित्रे भवति विमुखः किं पुनर्यस्तथोच्चैः”

(M. D. I/17)

इति स्वाभिमतं उपदिशति ।

विविधचरित्रविचित्रिते जगति मानवाः द्विविधाः दृष्टिपथमायान्ति-संशयात्मानः निश्चयात्मानश्चेति ।
तत्र संशयात्मानस्तावत् अखिलेषु आसाद्य स्वीयमनोरथेषु अनिश्चितान्तःकरणा भवन्ति । ततश्च
“संशयात्मा विनश्यति” इत्युक्तिमनुसृत्य स्ववाञ्छितं अर्थं अधिगन्तुं नैव शक्ता भवन्ति । कथञ्चित्
प्रवर्तमाना अपि स्वल्पेनैव अवरोधेन निरुद्धाः स्वाभीप्सितसाधनव्यापारात् निवर्तन्ते । ततश्च तेषां
मनोरथाः “उत्पद्यन्ते विलीयन्ते दग्धिणां मनोरथाः” इति न्यायेन केवलं मनोमोदकसदृशाः
भगनप्रासादसमा वा भवन्ति ।

निश्चयात्मानस्तावत् स्वाभीष्टेषु अर्थेषु स्थिरनिश्चयाः साहसोत्साहमूर्तयः यदपि बाञ्छन्ति तदर्थं बद्धपरिकराः प्रयतमानाः भवन्ति । महान्ति कष्टानि कृच्छ्राणि तपांसि अन्यानि दुःखानि वा स्वीयव्यापारात् निश्चयात्मनः पुरुषान् निर्वर्तयितुं न प्रभवन्ति । तादृशान् सत्यसन्धान् महीयसः अतिमानमहिमानान् स्वाभीष्टितार्थसाधने प्रवृत्तान् धीरान् निश्चयात्मन अभिलक्ष्यकृत्य कालिदासः—

“क ईप्सितार्थस्थिरनिश्चयं मनः

पयश्च निम्नाभिमुखं प्रतीपयेत्”

(K. V/5)

इति वदति । प्रदापयति च “विध्वंस्सहस्रगुणितैरपि ताड्यमानाः प्रारभ्य तु उत्तम-जनाः न परित्यजन्ति” इति सुभाषितम् ।

“यत् किञ्चिदं वरुण दैव्ये जनेऽभिद्रोहं मनुष्याश्चरामसि अचिन्तयत्तव धर्मा युयोपिम मानस्तस्मादेनेसो देव रीरिषः ।” (चरामसि-चरामः, अचिन्तय-अज्ञानेन, धर्मा—धारकं कर्म धर्म, युयोपिम-वयं विमोहितवन्तः, मा रीरिषः—मा हिंसीः,) इति श्रुतिवचसा अज्ञानवशात् मनुष्यस्य अकार्य-करणोन्मुखता प्रतिपादिता दृश्यते । अधीतशास्त्रा अपि अज्ञानविमोहितधियः कदाचित् अकार्यं अनुतिष्ठन्ति । यथा चक्षुष्मन्तोऽपि रजसा निमीलितनयनाः अन्धा इव अपथे पदं अर्पयन्ति एवमेव श्रुतवन्तोऽपि “काम एष क्रोध एष रजोगुणसमुद्भवः” “आवृतं ज्ञानमेतेन ज्ञानिनो नित्यवैरिणा” इति भगवद्गीताप्रतिपादितेन रजोगुणेन निमीलिताः अकार्यकरणोन्मुखा दृश्यन्त इत्यमुं अर्थं दशरथस्य युद्धात् अन्यत्र करिमुगयावर्णनावसरे कालिदासः प्रतिपादयति—

“अपथे पदं अर्पयन्ति हि श्रुतवन्तोऽपि रजोनिमीलिताः” (R. IX/74)

इति । उपदिशति च व्यंग्यभंग्या स्वचारित्र्यस्य कार्याकार्यबुद्धेश्च संरक्षणाय परिपुष्टतायै च मनुष्येण सततं अप्रमत्तेन स्वीयकार्याणां परीक्षणे सावधानेन अमूढेन च भवितव्यमिति ।

ABBREVIATIONS

B = Before	M D = Megha-dūtām
K = Kumārasambhavam	R = Raghuvamsam
M = Mālavikāgnimitram	S = Śakuntalam
V = Vikramorvasiyam	

The article is a summary of the paper read on the occasion of Kalidasa day celebrated on 18-10-61 under the auspices of the Sanskrit Academy, Madras.

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AN ODE TO THE MOUNTAIN STREAM

By Sri S. Sundararajan, I. A. S. (Old Boy)

1. शृङ्गेः पादपनिर्भरैः गिरिपतेरङ्गे नते चोन्नते
कान्तारे कठिनोपलेषु वहपि केत्थं द्रुतं निक्षरि !
एकान्तं विपिनं मृगाकुलमि- त्वं तावदेकाकिनी
तन्वी हासविलासभासितसिता चित्तं ममाकर्षसि ॥

Whither do you flow so fast, Oh hill-stream, on the lap of the mountain rugged with peaks dense with trees—through forests on hard gravel bed? Lonely is this forest, full of deer and here you are alone, slim and sweet and shining white in playful laughter and attracting me.

2. कान्ते कामिनि तिष्ठ मे प्रतिवचो ब्रूया वनाभ्यन्तरे
भीमे नासि दिवश्च्युता सुरसुता भीता ततो धावती ।
आहो नासि वने वनेचरपतेः कन्या मनोहारिणी
स्वैरं विभ्रमवेलया विचरती स्मेरानना निर्भया ॥

Stop you, pretty nymph, and answer me; Are you not an angel fallen from heaven into this frightful forest and running out of fear? Or, are you not the princess, charming of the hunters, running, playing and laughing freely without fear?

3. किं न त्वं वनदेवताऽसि विपिने विभ्राम्यती सर्वतः
मुग्धालीभिरनुद्रुता विहसती तासामगृह्णा सती ।
एकान्ते निजकान्तसंगमकृते कान्तारमेवं गता
कामान्धा त्वभिसारिका यदि कथं शब्दायनं युज्यते ॥

Are you not a fairy of this forest playing around with your friends and laughing aloud like this at their inability to catch you up? Or, if you are an "Abhisarika" blind with passion and have come here to a lonely spot in the forest for a rendezvous with your lover, you must not be shouting aloud.

4. नूनं स्तेनवधूरसीति विदितं येन त्वदुत्पातने
फेनच्छन्नानि दृश्यते समभितः संकीर्णमुक्ताफलम् ।
अन्यस्मै न निवेदयेयमभिधेहि केदमासादितं
किं ब्रूषे न कदाऽपि वक्ष्यसि ममेत्याः त्वां ग्रहीष्येऽधुना ॥

Sure, it is clear that you are a thief, since just now when you jumped there, millions of pearls (tiny bubbles) have broken loose. I promise not to tell anybody else, if you would tell me, where you got them from. What do you say—that you would never tell me—here I am catching you up.

5. वामे किं न शृणोषि भाषितमिदं स्थित्वा क्षणं निश्चला
नारीणां चलता न कस्य विदिता नेमाः पुनर्निर्दिष्टाः ।
हन्त त्वं कठिनाशया गिरिशिलासंपर्कतो निर्झरि !
नो चेत्तप्तमिमं विहाय करुणाहीना कथं धाविता ? ॥

Crooked girl, won't you hold on for a while and hear what I say? True, women are unsteady but they are seldom merciless. But you here become hard-hearted by your constant contact with hard rocks; Or else, why would you leave me to pine for you and run away?

6. मुग्धे किं विहितं मयाऽद्य किमिति त्वं तत्र गत्वा गिरेः
अग्राद्भूमितले निपत्य यतसे त्यक्तुं निजं जीवितम् ?
हा हा त्वं पतितैव किं वितनवै पश्याम्यधस्तादिति
सा मे पश्यत एव सादृहसितं पाटश्चरी विद्रुता ॥

What have I now done, that you are trying to fall down that precipice and commit suicide? Oh God, you have really fallen down and what shall I do—so shouting, I ran up the precipice and looked down—there she was, a veritable rogue rolling off with loud guff awa.

*

“गीत”

P. S. KALYANA RAMAN

I M. Sc. (Statistics)

कौन वह गीत गा रहा है
क्यों मुझे सताता रहा है ?
क्या भूल की मैंने उसको,
कुचल डाला मैंने किसीको ?

शांति की छाया थी वह रात,
पवन बह रहा था उस रात ।
सोने जा रहा था उस रात,
सुना मैंने उस सुंदर गीत ।

पैर चले खिड़की की ओर,
कान थे संगीत की ओर ।
नयन थे नींद की ओर
औंसू थे गाल की ओर ।

वह मेरी भूली कहानी
यह मेरी राणी की वाणी ।
प्रकट नहीं किया किसीको,
कैसे मालुम हुआ इसको ?

सुंदर चित्र खींचा था उसने
मृदु स्वर भी दिया था उसने ।
यही गीत सुना था मैंने
यही गीत गाया था उसने ।

वह आयी और चली गयी
यह गीत छोड़ चली गयी
क्यों इसे छोड़ चली गयी,
क्यों इसे न ले चली गयी ?

अरे, गीत क्षीण हो रहा है
पवन का साथ हो रहा है।
जीवन का अंत हो रहा है।
अशांति का अंत हो रहा है।

देते क्यों और लेते क्यों?
खींचते क्यों, रगड़ते क्यों?
संतोष क्यों, अशांति क्यों;
आशा क्यों, निराशा क्यों?

ईश्वर, तू ही कारण हो,
क्यों मेरा गला घोंटते हो।
क्यों मुझसे दूरी लेते हो
क्यों दुनियाँ को चानते हो?

हाय! तुझे खेल है यह,
परंतु मुझे खेद है यह।
नींद आ रही है मुझे,
मेरे अंग भूल जाऊँ तुझे।

यन्त्र कला तथा सामाजिक कला

यन्त्र-कला की अपेक्षा सामाजिक कला का अध्ययन आजकल की विशिष्ट माँग है। इस बात पर विचार करने के पहले हमें इसपर ध्यान देना चाहिए कि यन्त्र कला क्या है और सामाजिक कला क्या है।

कानून, सामाजिक-विज्ञान, अर्थ, मनो-विज्ञान, दर्शन, तर्क, इतिहास, राजनीति, शिक्षा, भाषा-विज्ञान भूगोल, धर्म आदि शास्त्र सामाजिक कला के अंतर्गत हैं। हमें एक संपूर्ण तथा श्रेष्ठ जीवन बिताने में सहायता जिस कला से प्राप्त होती है, वही सामाजिक कला है। मानव के स्वभाव की खोज ही सामाजिक कला है।

अब हम यह देख लें, कि यन्त्र-कला क्या है? वह कौन-सी कला है? मानव जीवन में उसका क्या स्थान है? औद्योगिक तथा व्यापारिक जीवन के तत्वों का बोध करानेवाली शिक्षा ही यन्त्र-कला है। खासकर, यन्त्र-कला में कला तथा वैज्ञानिक साधनों की भरमार है।

इस यन्त्र-कला की महत्ता भी अभी पिछले दस वर्षों से ही हुई है। उसके पहले न कि इतनी यन्त्र-कलाशालाएँ थीं न इतने विद्यार्थी। इससे हम ऐसा नहीं कह सकते कि इसी यन्त्र-कला से हमारा विकास हुआ है। क्योंकि दूसरे महायुद्ध के पहले हमारे रोज़ाने-जीवन का स्वरूप भी अल्प था। औद्योगिक-शिक्षा से शायद हमारा जीवन स्तर ऊपर उठ सकता, लेकिन उसके बराबर, औसत अर्जन भी बढ़ना चाहिए।

मानव के आविष्कार दिन-ब-दिन बढ़ते रहते हैं। उस सफलता के गर्व में वह न केवल अपने को ही भूल जाता है, लेकिन उसे इस बात की भी याद नहीं रहती कि वह क्यों आविष्कार करता है और उसका लक्ष्य क्या है। परमाणु का आविष्कार इसका एक ज्वलंत उदाहरण है। परमाणु का आविष्कार इसलिए हुआ था कि उसके प्रयोग से कुछ कलों के काम को हम आसान बना सकें। लेकिन अब परमाणु का आविष्कार मानव का हितकारी नहीं, बल्कि नाशकारी है।

यन्त्र-कला ने हमारी दुनियाँ को बदल दिया है। यन्त्र-कला ने मनुष्य के काम को आसान बना दिया है, लेकिन जीवन को सुखमय नहीं बना दिया है। यन्त्र-कला ने मनुष्य की परिस्थितियों को सुधारा है, मगर मनुष्यत्व को नहीं। यन्त्र-कला की प्रगति से लोग बुद्धिवादी

वन गये हैं और बुद्धि को विश्वास से अधिक प्रधानता देते हैं। सौन्दर्य के प्रति प्रेम और ईश्वर के प्रति विश्वास इन दोनों को यन्त्र-कला ने कुचल डाला है।

मनुष्य के कार्य क्षेत्रों में अगर किसी एक क्षेत्र को यन्त्र-कला ने पूर्णतया सुधारा है, तो वह है युद्ध क्षेत्र। यन्त्र-कला नहीं हो तो युद्ध इतना भयंकर नहीं हो सकता और मानव का नाश भी इतना जल्दी किया नहीं जा सकता। इस तरह आशंका करने का पर्याप्त आधार है कि अगले युद्ध ही सभ्यता के इतिहास में आखिरी युद्ध होगा क्योंकि उसके पश्चात् सभ्यता जीवित ही न रहेगी। इस भयानक अन्याय की एक ही निवृत्ति है और वह, यन्त्र-कलाकारों को कलाकारों और कवियों के अधीन रखना है।

अतएव सामाजिक कला, विशेषकर साहित्य और ललित कलाओं के अध्ययन से ही मानव में मनुष्यत्व की भावनाएँ जागृत हो जायेंगी और उसी से मानव समाज का कल्याण हो सकता है।

N. RAMADURAI III B. Sc (Statistics)

*

गीत

तुम से लगाई मैंने प्रीत
गाये मन भी प्यार के गीत
आओ पास मेरे मीत
प्रेम हुआ तुझसे सनम
आकाश और धरती की कसम
और न ढाओ मुझ पे सितम
काले काले बालों वाली
गोरे गोरे गालों वाली
टेढ़ी टेढ़ी चालों वाली
होट गुलाबी पतली कमरया
और नशीली तेरी नज़रया
पास मेरे आ मेरी नगरया
“खयाम” तेरे पास रहेगा
हाथों में तेरा हाथ रहेगा
जनम जनम का साथ रहेगा

—उमर खयाम Final B. A.

*

بیتے دین

بیتے دین کی یاد نہ ہو ।

اب کوئی بھی فریاد نہ ہو ॥

یہ ملاقات، وہ بات، وہ باتیں ।

ان سبکی اب وہ رات نہ ہو ॥

وہ پیار بھرے نینوں کے اشارے ।

ان نینوں سے اب بات نہ ہو ॥

توہارا سوشیل چندرمو سا وہ چہرہ ।

ان سب سے اب پریم نہ ہو ॥

وہ میرے تھے، میرے ہیں رہیں ”خیام“

ایسے بھی جگ میں کبھی کو پیار نہ ہو ॥

—امیر خیام Final B

*

صبح کو اتفاق سے ملے کو ساحل پر سے گزرنا پڑا۔ ایک طرف لوگوں کا جھوم تھا۔ اس نے دیکھا کہ شاہدہ کی لاش پڑی ہوئی ہے۔ اُس کی آنکھوں سے آنسوؤں کے دو قطرے ڈھلک کر گالوں پر لڑکے اور بھسل کر شاہدہ کے رخ پر ٹپکے اور پھر ڈھلک کر ریتی میں جذب ہو گئے۔

غزل

سجاد رموی

زلفِ شب رنگ آسرا ہوگا
ان سے ملنے کا حوصلہ ہوگا
دیکھ کے عشق کی تباہی کو
رہروے شوق ڈر گیا ہوگا
کوئی منزل نہیں جنوں کے سوا
منزلوں کا یہی پتہ ہوگا
یوں بھی تقدیر ہم بدل دیتے
کچھ تو تدبیر کا کیا ہوگا
لیکے بڑھتا ہوں کاروانِ الم
دل مرا میر قافلہ ہوگا
ان کی باتوں کا اعتبار نہ کر
جن کا انداز دل رہا ہوگا
بھولنے کی سچی نہیں ممکن
یاد سے داغِ دل ہرا ہوگا
داستانِ میری سن کے رو بیٹھے
کچھ نہ کچھ یاد آ گیا ہوگا

غزل

(محمد عریام فاضل بی، اے۔ پریذینسی کالج لاہور)

تمہارے در کا تم ہم کو پتہ دیتے تو کیا ہوتا
مجھے آوارہ گردی سے بچالیتے تو کیا ہوتا
نگاہِ شوق سے خاموش بس دیکھا کئے تم کو
اگر تم بس ذرا سا مسکرا دیتے تو کیا ہوتا
تمہارے آئے تھے سکونِ دل کی خاطر ہم
جو آنچل کا ہمیں تم آسرا دیتے تو کیا ہوتا
نہ ہم نے جامِ جم مانگا نہ ساغر کی تنہا کی
فقط نظروں سے تم ہم کو بلا دیتے تو کیا ہوتا
ہاں سے گرنے کی تم نے ہمارے حال کی پریش
ٹھاکر آنکھ کی چلین گرا دیتے تو کیا ہوتا
محبت بھی تجارت بن گئی ہے یہاں خیام
اگر یہ بات ہم سب کو بتا دیتے تو کیا ہوتا

ارمان نکلیں گے۔ لیکن اب کا پلٹ ہو چکی تھی اب حامد قریب قریب متوسط طبقہ کے برابر ہو چکا تھا۔ ان وجوہات نے شاہدہ کو اپنا ارادہ بدلنے پر مجبور کیا۔ اس نے حامد سے ملنا چھوڑ دیا اور فرید سے اپنے تعلقات بڑھانے لگی۔ اس انتشار میں حامد یم لے۔ پاس کر چکا تھا۔

ایک دن حامد سمندر کے کنارے بیٹھا اپنے مستقبل کا جائزہ لے رہا تھا۔ شام کا وقت تھا اور آسمان پر بادل منڈلا رہے تھے۔ جوہنی اس نے داہنی جانب دیکھا تو چونک پڑا۔ شاہدہ فرید کی آغوش میں لیٹی ہوئی تھی اور اس سے کھل کر مذاق کر رہی تھی۔ فرید اس شوخ و چمیل دوستیزہ کا جواب اپنے شرارت آمیز لبوں سے دیتا تھا۔ اتنے میں زور سے بھلی کر لگی اور حامد فوراً وہاں سے اٹھ کر گھر چل دیا۔ موسلا دھار بارش ہونے لگی۔ اس کا دل کسی نے بے رحمی سے توڑ ڈالا تھا۔ اس کا ضمیر اسے طامت کر رہا تھا کہ اس نے نادان بن کر ایک ایسی لڑکی سے وفا کی امید کی "جو نہیں جانتی وفا کیا ہے" اس صدمہ سے دوسرے دن اس کو تیز بخار ہو گیا۔

ادھر فرید اور شاہدہ کی محبت پروان چڑھ رہی تھی۔ شاہدہ کو فرید کی صحبتوں سے فرصت ہی نہیں ملتی تھی کہ وہ حامد کی حالت دریافت کرتی۔ آخر کار کچھ دنوں کے بعد حامد اور شاہدہ کی بڑھڑ ہو گئی۔ حامد نے فرید کا تذکرہ چھپ کر شاہدہ کے بدلے ہوئے روئے کا سبب دریافت کیا اس پر شاہدہ نے جواب دیا کہ کسی کو میرے نجی معاملات میں دخل دینے کا حق نہیں ہے۔ حامد نے کہا "کیا تم اپنا وعدہ بھول گئیں؟ وہ گل و بلبل کی داستان فرضی تھی۔ میں نہیں سمجھا تھا کہ تم مجھے اس طرح دھوکا دو گی؟"

شاہدہ۔ دھوکا تو تم ہی دینا چاہتے تھے مجھے اپنی دولت کے فریب سے خریدنا چاہتے تھے۔ اچھا ہوا کہ مجھے تمہاری اصلی حالت کا پتہ چل گیا۔ زندگی کی راحتیں جو فرید کے یہاں میسر آ سکتی ہیں تمہارے یہاں نہیں ہیں۔ تم تو مجھے بھی اپنے ساتھ لے ڈوبنا چاہتے تھے۔ اچھا ہوا کہ مجھے پہلے ہی معلوم ہو گیا۔

حامد:- ہاں! یہ تم نے سچ کہا شاہدہ۔ مجھے دل کا سودا کرنا چاہئے تھا۔ میں نادان بن کر اپنے دل کو ان بے رحم ہاتھوں میں دے ڈالا جو دولت کی ترازو میں تول رہے تھے۔ کاش مجھے اس کا علم ہوتا کہ تم میری دولت سے محبت کرتی ہو تو شاید مجھے یہ دن دیکھنا نہ پڑتا۔ لیکن یاد رکھو کہ دولت کی محبت ہمیں ایک دن برباد کر کے رہے گی۔

حامد کو ڈی۔ بی۔ بی کا عہدہ مل گیا۔ ادھر فرید اور شاہدہ کے تعلقات ناجائز طور پر بڑھتے گئے۔ ایک دن شاہدہ جنابت کی رو میں اپنی عصمت کا گوہر بے بہا کھو بیٹھی۔

حامد اپنی ماں کے بابا یا صرا کر کے پر آخر کہہ اٹھا۔ اچھاں تم جس کو پسند کرو اسی سے میرا بیاہ رچانا۔ میں تو اپنی بازی ہار چکا۔

شاہدہ کے ماموں کو جب اس کی آوارگی کا پتہ چلا تو بدنامی کے ڈر سے اس کو گھر سے نکال دیا۔ رات کافی گز رہی تھی۔ شاہدہ نے ٹھہر کے بنگلے کی راہ لی اور دروازہ کھٹکھٹایا۔ فرید شرب کے نشے میں..... جھومتا ہوا آیا اور دروازہ کھولا

چار بائی پر ایک لڑکا نیم برہنہ لیٹی ہوئی تھی۔ یہ منظر دیکھ کر شاہدہ پر گویا آسمان ٹوٹ پڑا غم اور غصہ سے اس کا چہرہ سرخ ہو گیا۔ اس نے فرید سے کہا تم بدچلن ہو۔ یہ بھول رہے ہو کہ اپنی شریک زندگی کوئی ہو سکتی ہے تو وہ صرف میں ہوں۔ ہمیں اپنی غلطی کا احساس ہونا چاہئے "مگر فرید پر اس کی باتوں کا کچھ اثر نہ ہوا۔ وہ شاہدہ کی گردن میں باہنیں ڈال کر چار بائی پر ایک ہی دھکے سے اسکو گرا دیا مگر شاہدہ اس کے چنگل میں نہیں آئی۔ اس نے عاجزی سے کہا۔ مجھ سے بیاہ کر لو میں تباہ ہو چکی ہوں"

فرید نے ہنستے ہوئے کہا۔ میں تم جیسی لڑکیوں کو اپنی انگلیوں پر بچا سکتا ہوں تم تو دولت کی بھوک کی ہو۔ میں اچھی طرح جانتا ہوں کہ تم نے حامد کو اس وجہ سے دغا دی کہ وہ غریب ہو گیا ہے اور میرے پاس سب کچھ ہے۔ میں تم ایسی دھوکے باز لڑکیوں کو اپنی شریک زندگی کسی قیمت پر بھی نہیں بنا سکتا۔ جاؤ اپنی جوانی کو لیکر دولت کی ترازو میں تولتی پھرو۔ "ہوش میں آؤ فرید۔ میں تمہارے لئے اپنا سب کچھ کھو چکی ہوں اور تم مجھے دھتکار رہے ہو؟ آخر تم نے مجھ سے

محبت کا ٹانگ کس لئے کھینچا؟

"تم بھی تو حامد کے دل سے کھیل چکی ہو! وہ تمہارے لئے کیا نہیں کر سکتا تھا۔ جب تم اس کے دل کو توڑ سکتی ہو تو کیا مجھے یہ حق حاصل نہیں ہے کہ تمہارے دل کو مسل ڈالوں؟"

فرید نے شاہدہ کو دروازے کے باہر کر کے دروازہ بند کر دیا۔ شاہدہ بے بس بھی کی طرح تڑپ کر رہ گئی۔ حامد کی بھولی صورت اور انکساری اسے بار بار یاد آتی تھی اور اس کا دل موس اٹھتا تھا۔ لیکن اب پچھتائے کیا ہوت جب چڑیاں چک گئیں کھیت؟ آخر اس کے دل نے کہا حامد کے پاس جاؤ اور اس سے منت سماجت کرو۔ غرض یہ حامد کے پاس گئی اور اسے اپنی پیتاسانی۔

حامد نے کہا "میں فرید کی طرح دو لمٹند نہیں ہوں۔ ہمیں غلط فہمی ہوئی ہے۔ جاؤ کوئی اور دروازہ کھٹکھاؤ۔ ممکن ہے کہ کوئی قسمت کا مارا تمہارے ٹھن کے پھندے میں آ جائے۔

مجھے معاف کر دو حامد! جو سزا چاہے دو لیکن مجھے یوں نہ ٹھکراؤ۔ کیا ہمیں وہ وعدہ یاد نہیں جو مجھ سے کیا تھا؟ جب تم اپنا قول و قرار بھول سکتی ہو تو میں کیوں نہ بھولوں۔ میرے دل میں تمہارے لئے اب کوئی جگہ نہیں ہے۔ میری منگنی ہو چکی ہے۔ تمہارا میرا رشتہ تو اسی دن ٹوٹ چکا جب میں نے ہمیں فرید کے پہلو میں پایا۔

"بس کرو حامد مجھے اور شرمندہ نہ کرو۔ بے شک میں گنہگار اور بیچ ہوں مجھے خدا جتنا بھی عذاب دے کم ہے۔ یہاں سے شاہدہ سمندر کی طرف گئی۔ وہ رہ کر اس کے کانوں میں حامد اور فرید کے طنز آمیز فقرے گونج رہے تھے۔ اس کا ضمیر اسے طامت کر رہا تھا۔ سمندر کی موجیں طیش میں آکر زور زور سے ساحل سے ٹکرا رہی تھیں جیسے شاہدہ کو اپنی آغوش میں لے لینا چاہتی ہوں۔ اس نے یہ ہتھیہ کر لیا تھا کہ اپنے رنج و غم کے طوفان کو سمندر کی موجوں میں خاموش کر دے۔ وہ سمندر سے ہم آغوش ہونے کے لئے بے تحاشہ دوڑ پڑی۔

فَرِیب

شیخ عبدالسلیم فائینل بی اے۔ پریسڈنسی کالج

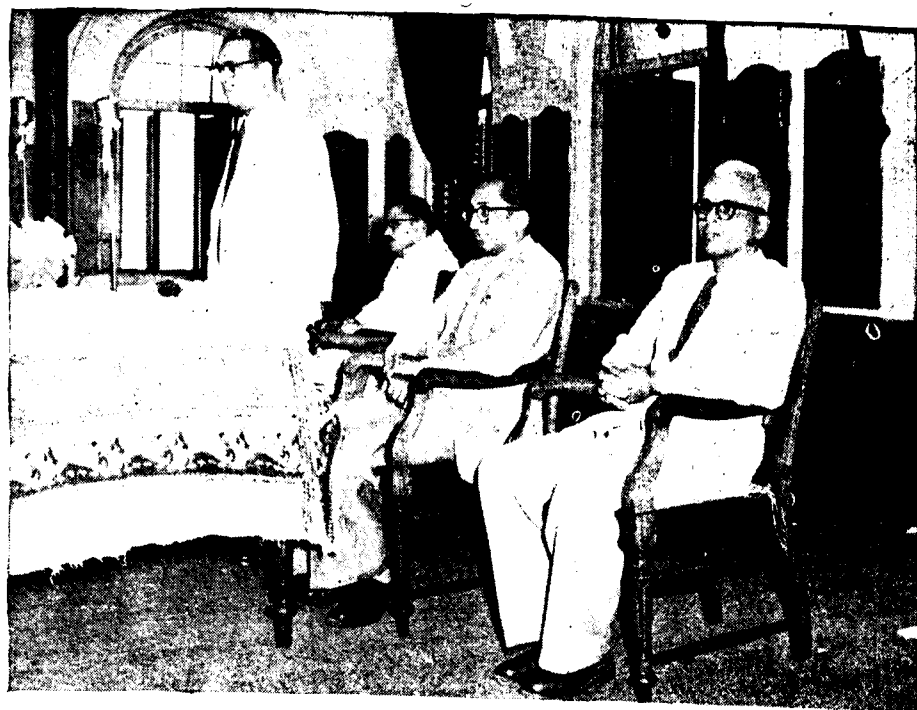
چاند بادلوں کی گھونگھٹ سے سمندر پر اپنے ٹکھڑے ہوئے حسن کی پرچھائیں ڈال رہا تھا۔ سمندر کی لہریں ساحل سے ملنے کے لئے بے قرار تھیں۔ ہوا کے ٹھنڈے جھونکے دونوں جوان دلوں میں امنگیں ابھار رہے تھے۔ ساحل پر حامد اور شاہدہ کے علاوہ کچھ اور لوگ بھی تھے۔ حامد نے منائے کو توڑتے ہوئے کہا۔ تم اس چاند سے بھی زیادہ حسین ہو شاہدہ۔ دیکھو کہ وہ کس طرح تم سے شرما کر بادلوں میں چھپ رہا ہے۔ کیا تم وعدہ کر دگی کہ مجھ سے جدا نہ ہوگی اور زندگی کے موڑ پر میرا ساتھ دوگی؟ سچ مانو شاہدہ! میں تمہارے لئے یہ دھن دولت سب کچھ قربان کرنے کے لئے تیار ہوں۔“

”تمہیں باتیں بنانا ہی آتا ہے۔ بھلا میرے احساسات کا بھی کچھ خیال ہے تمہیں؟“
شاہدہ کے لب چھلکتے ہوئے ساغر کی طرح چمک رہے تھے اور اس کی مخمور آنکھیں حامد پر بجلیاں گرا رہی تھیں۔ حامد بی اے کر چکا تھا۔ اس کے والد پنجاب بینک کے حصہ دار تھے۔ ان کی بہت سی جائداد تھی۔ شاہدہ حامد کی ہم جماعت تھی مگر یتیم تھی۔ اپنے ماموں کے ہاں رہتی تھی۔ حامد اور شاہدہ کے تعلقات کالج ہی میں گہرے ہو گئے تھے۔ شاہدہ کے ماموں ایک اوسط درجہ کے آدمی تھے۔

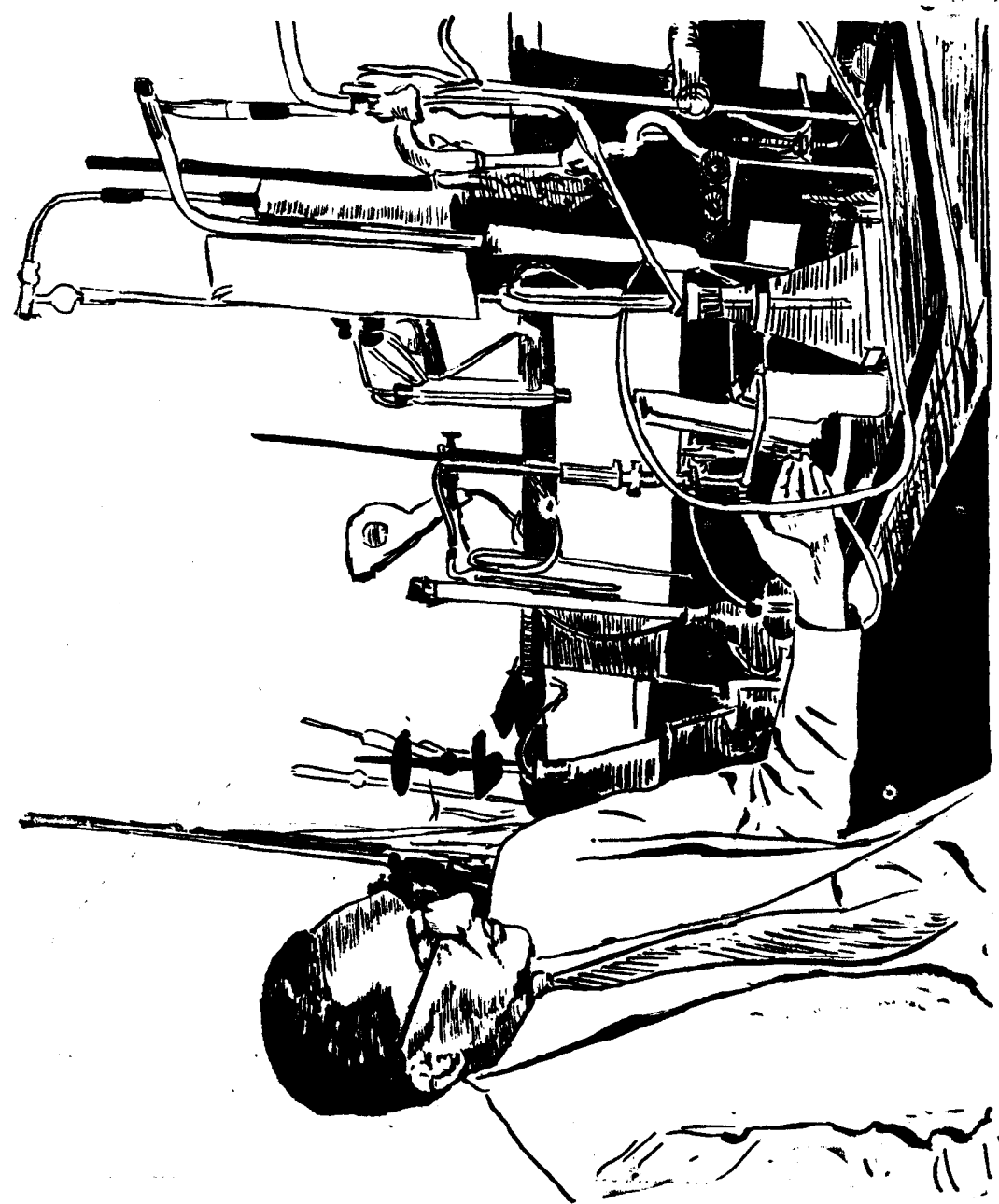
کبھی کبھی حامد اپنی جائداد کا ذکر کرتا تو شاہدہ بڑے اشتیاق سے سنتی اور دل ہی دل میں خوش ہوتی۔ شاہدہ کا ایک چچا زاد بھائی فرید لندن ہو گیا تھا۔ اس کی کافی جائداد تھی۔ رنگ روپ اور توانائی کے لحاظ سے وہ حامد سے کم نہ تھا۔ لندن کے قیام سے اس پر گہری مغربیت چھا گئی تھی۔ اکثر لڑکیوں کی محفلوں میں شراب نوشی کیا کرتا تھا۔ چونکہ شاہدہ حسین تھی وہ اس کو بھانسنے لگا تھا۔ لیکن اس پر اور اس کے گھر والوں پر یہ ظاہر نہیں ہو دیتا تھا کہ وہ شرابی اور عیاش ہے۔ حامد کی ماں بار بار اصرار کر رہی تھی کہ اپنی منتخب شدہ لڑکی سے حامد شادی کر لے مگر وہ یہ کہہ کر ٹال دیتا تھا کہ وہ یم اے کرنے کے بعد ہی شادی کرے گا۔ اور لڑکی بھی آپ ہی منتخب کرے گا۔ مگر تباہی کے ظالم ہاتھوں سے حامد بچ نہ سکا۔ قسمت کی مار ایسی بڑی کہ بینک کا دیوالیہ ہو گیا۔ بہت سی جائداد ہاتھ سے جاتی رہی۔ حامد کے والد اس صدمہ سے جانبر نہ ہو سکے۔ اس وقت حامد یم اے فائینل میں تھا۔ یہ خبر سننے ہی شاہدہ پر بجلی سی گر پڑی۔ وہ سمجھتی تھی کہ حامد بالدار ہے۔ اس کے ساتھ زندگی آرام سے گزرے گی۔ اس کا نام سوسائٹی میں اوجھا ہوگا اور اس کے غر



Sri N. D. Sundaravadivelu presenting uniforms to children



Sri N. D. Sundaravadivelu addressing a joint meeting of
the Tamil Association and the Planning Forum



Our Principal in his Laboratory

S. PRABHAKAR, III B.Sc.



John F. Kennedy, the young President of the United States.

S. PRABHAKAR, III B.Sc.



Principal reading the report

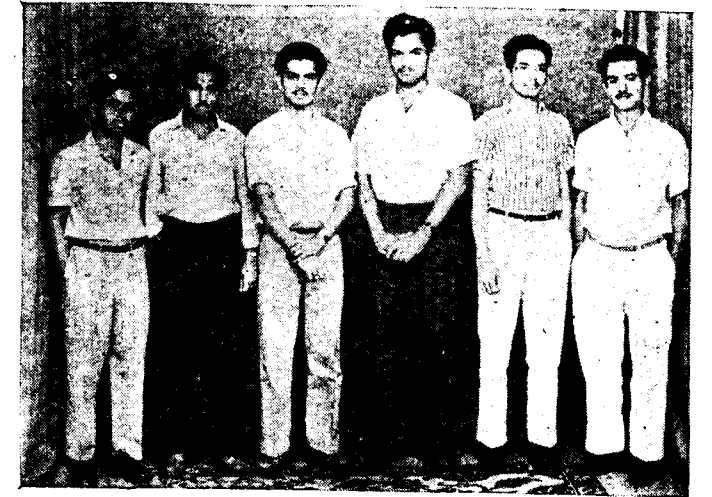


Sri Kamaraj addressing the Union



"Handsome in Handloom"

Presidencians at the Inter-Collegiate Dramatic Competition held at the Engineering College, Guindy.

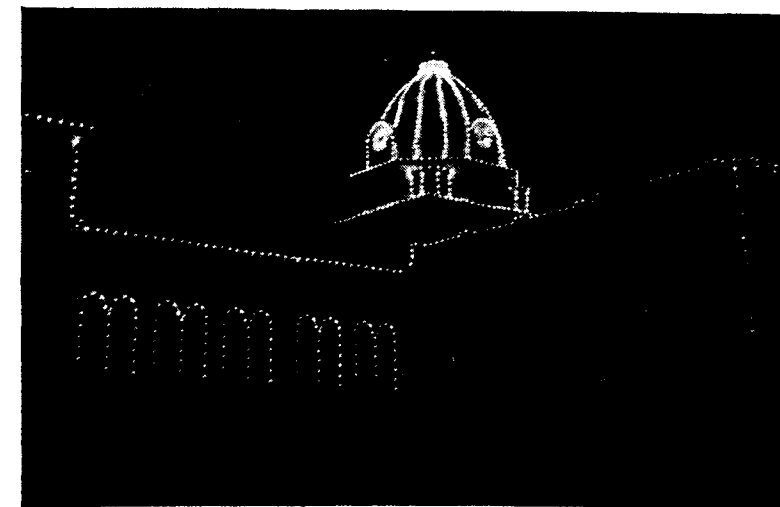


'Quenching the thirst'

V. R. SHUNMUGA KUMARASWAMY, III B.SC.



The exalted Mahout



College during the Queen's Visit

L. C. AMARNATHAN,
III B.SC



The chariot in marble, inside the Birla Mandhir, New Delhi.

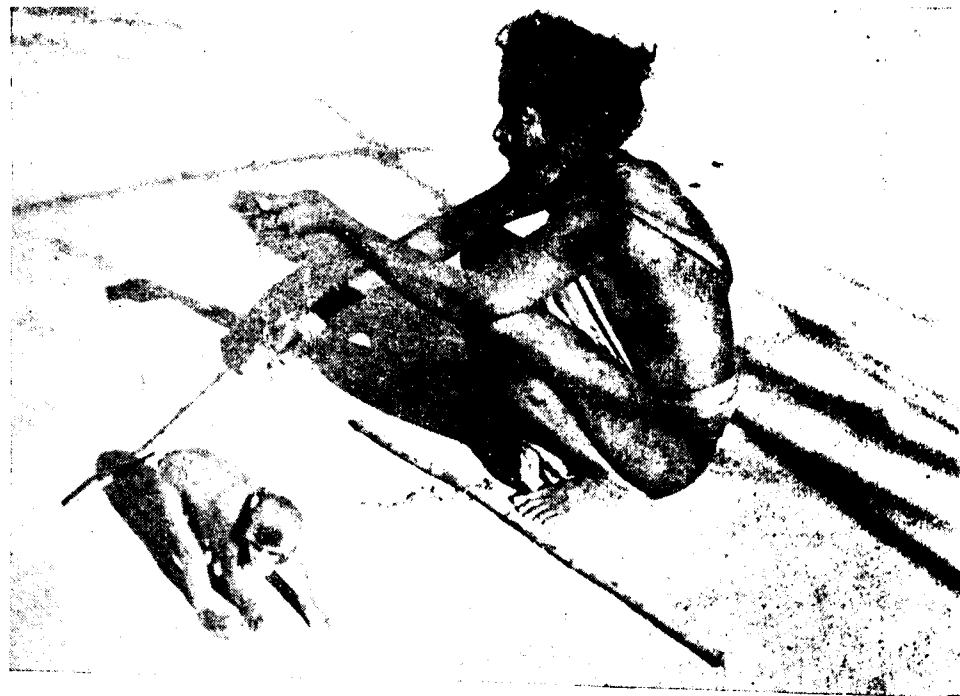
V. R. SHANMUGA KUMARASWAMY, III B.SC.



Photo taken during study tour by our Geologists

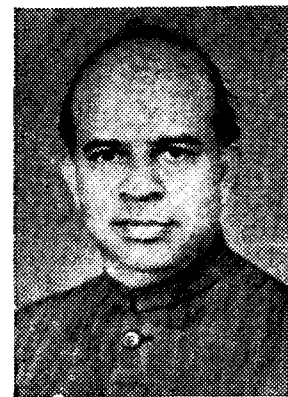


Visiting Californian Students



"A Teacher and a Student"

S. PRABHAKAR, III B.SC.



Padma Bushan V. Ragavan
(Old Student)



S. Chandra Mohan
University Blue—Hockey

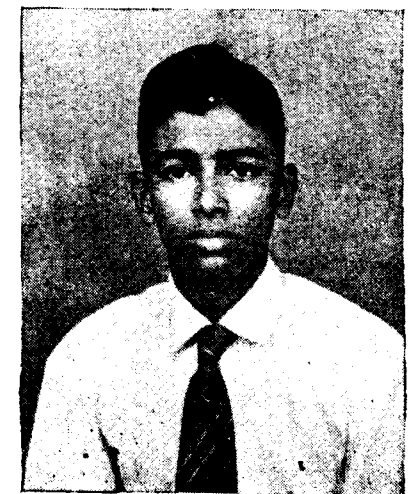


"Summit Conference!"

S. PRABHAKAR, III B.



Regimental Sergeant Major
A. Padmanabhan, Infantry



Officer Cadet V. Mahalingam,
Selected for O.T.U.



S.U/O V. Gopalakrishnan, III B.sc.,
5th (M) Battery, N.C.C.



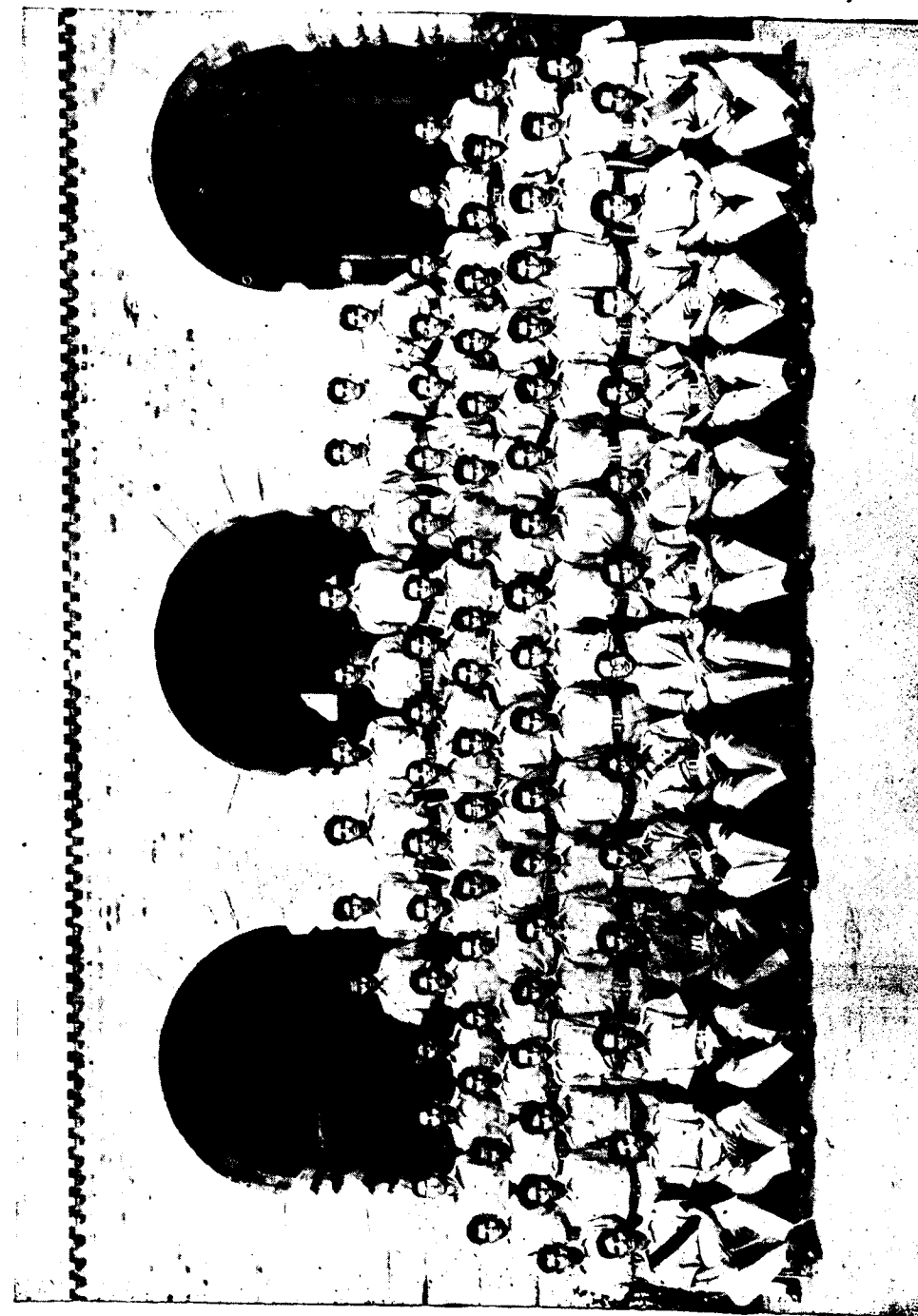
Under Officer—T. Chennikesavulu,
Infantry.



Under Officer
M. N. Palaniappan, Infantry.

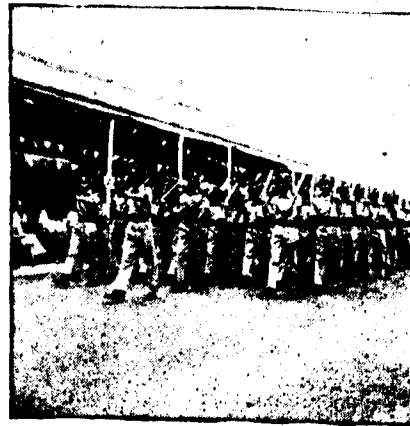


Under Officer
T. C. Sreeramulu, III B.sc.,
V (M) Battery, N.C.C.

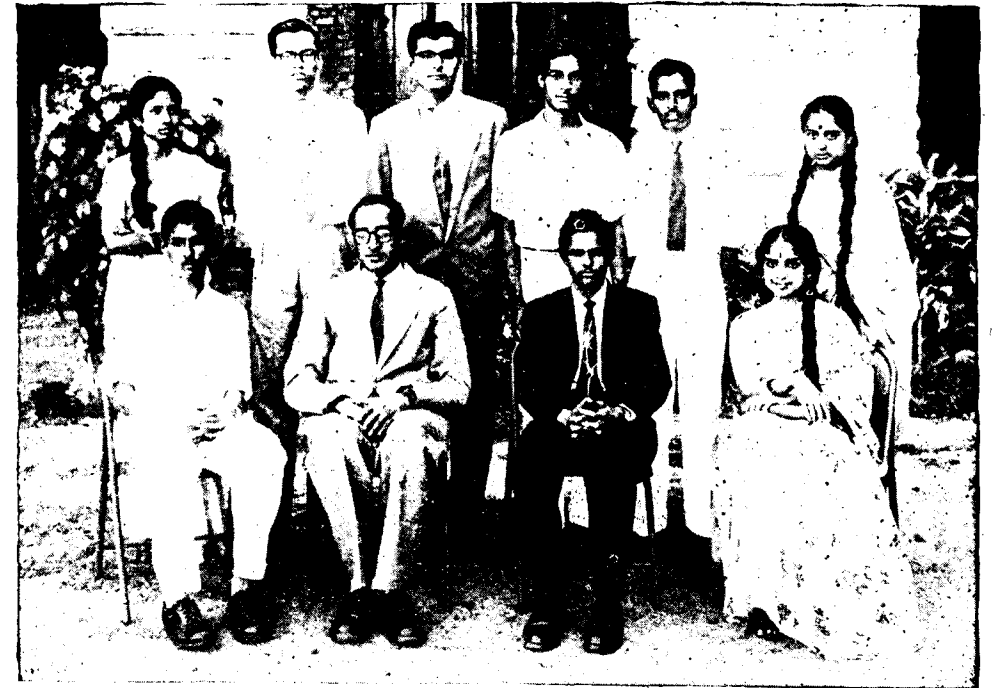




Planning Forum
Slum clearance at Vanniampathy



9th Madras Armed Squadron, N.C.C.
in Republic Day Parade 1962.



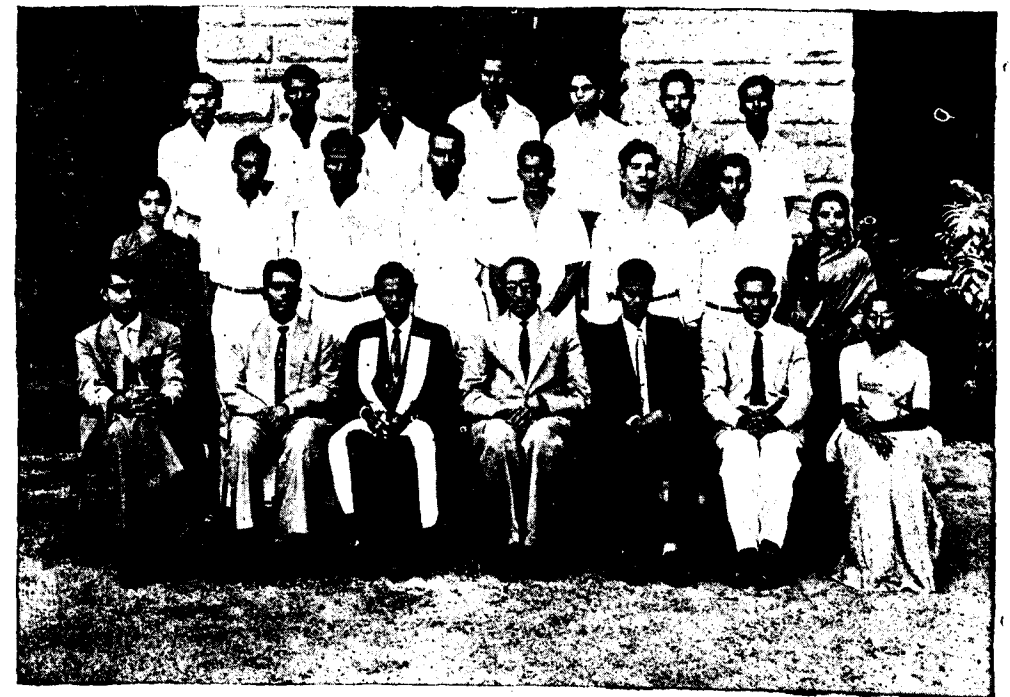
Editorial Board—"The Presidential Trend"



P. Viswanathan, I B.A.
Champion Athlete—1962



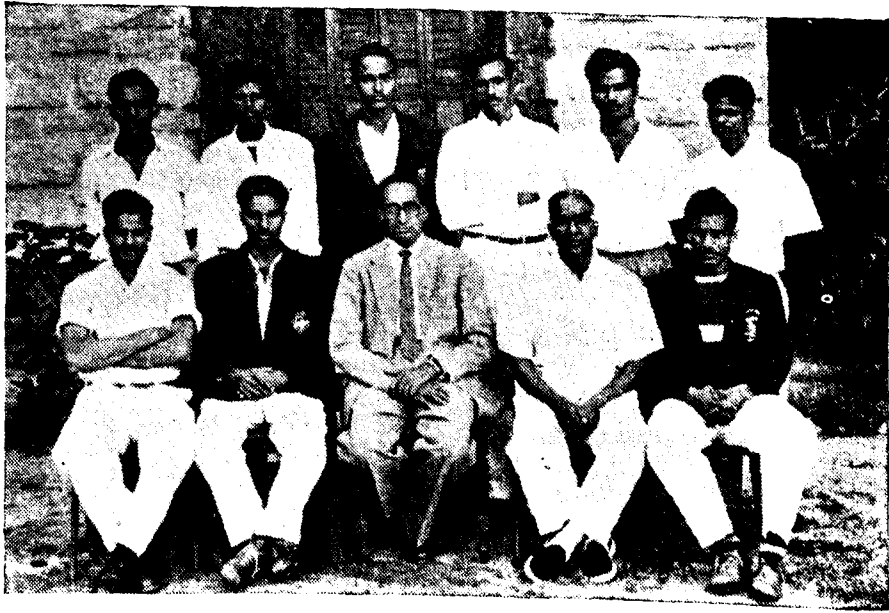
N. A. Mirza, II B.A. Secretary of the
Madras College Students' Council.



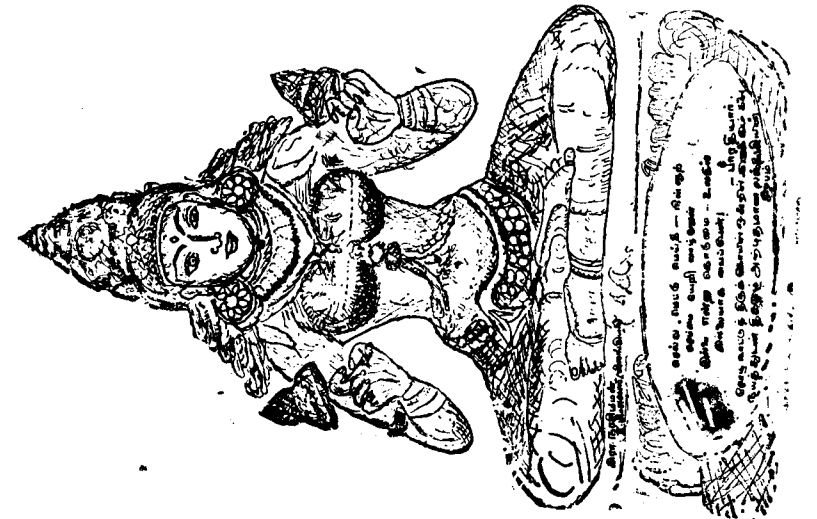
The College Union Committee

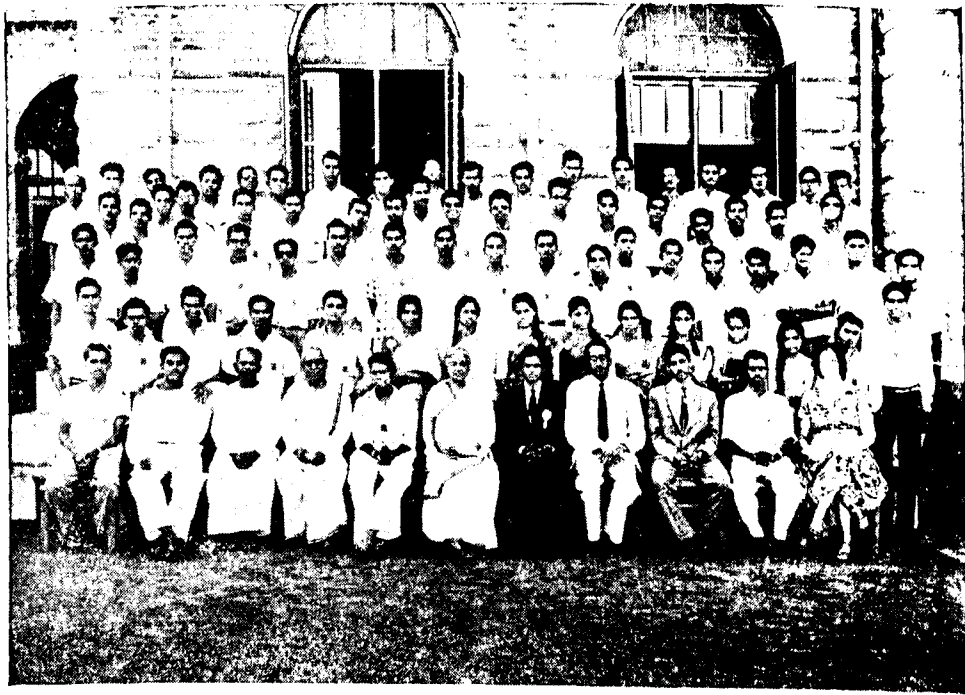


THROW - BALL

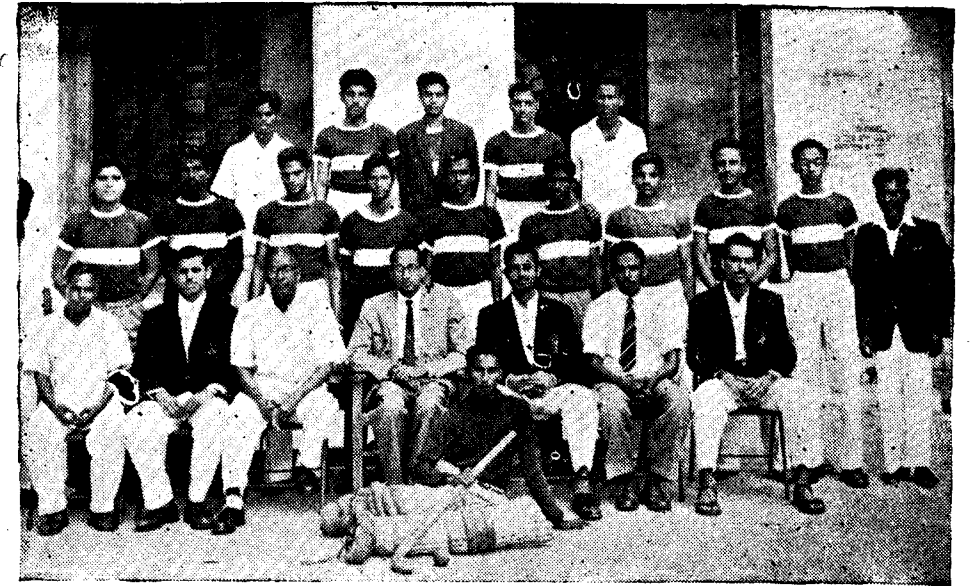


ATHLETICS

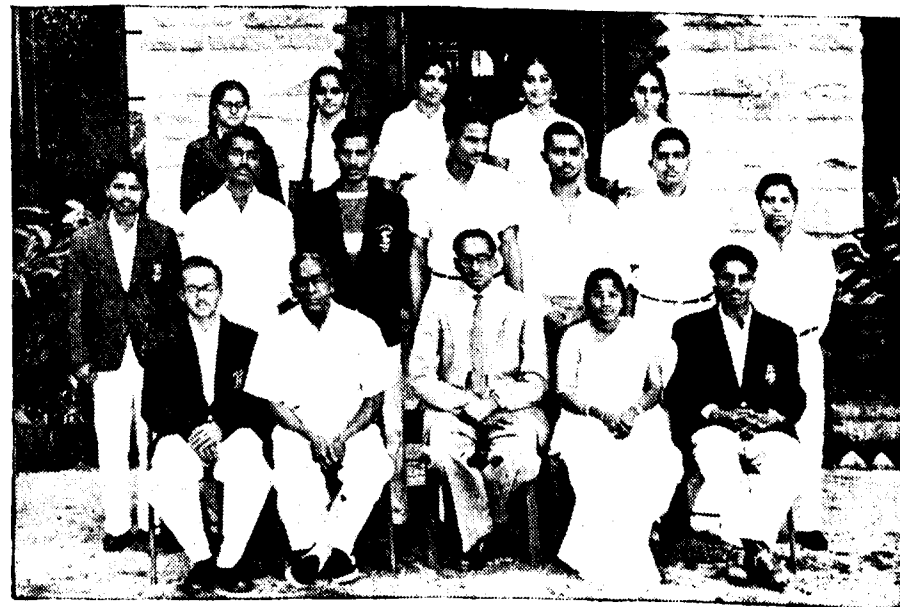




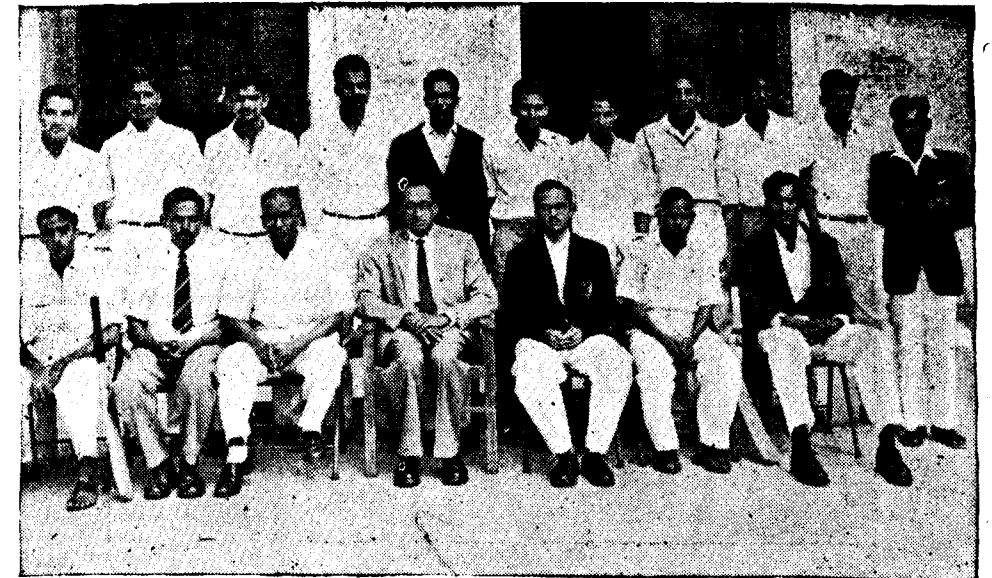
Youth Leadership Seminar— 14th to 17th October 1961



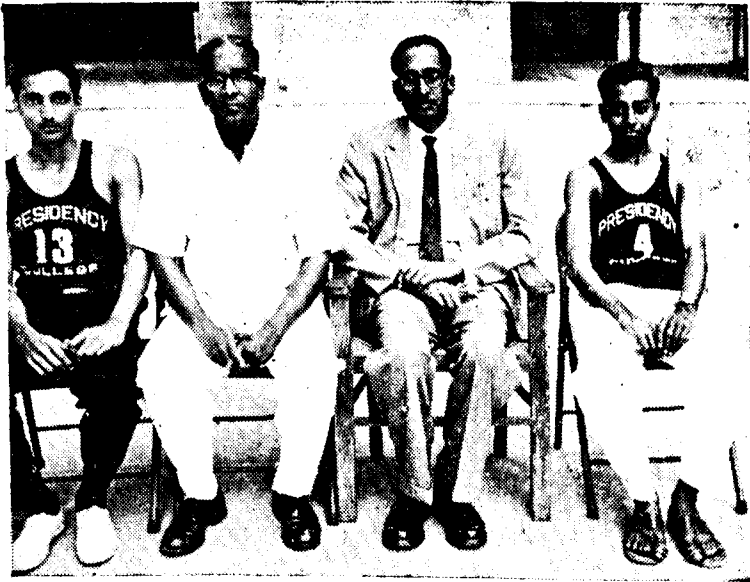
HOCKEY



TEAM CAPTAINS



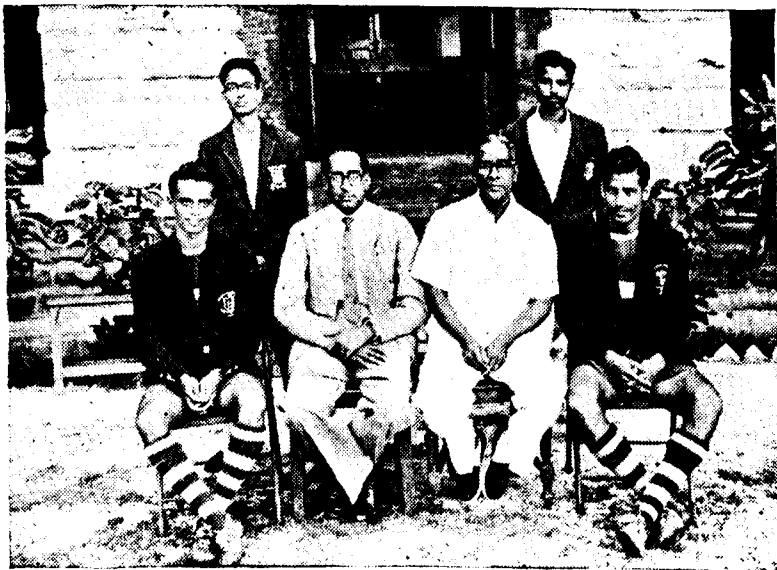
CRICKET



STATE BASKET - BALL
S. Ramanathan (*Senior*) M. K. Lakshmi Narayan (*Junior*)



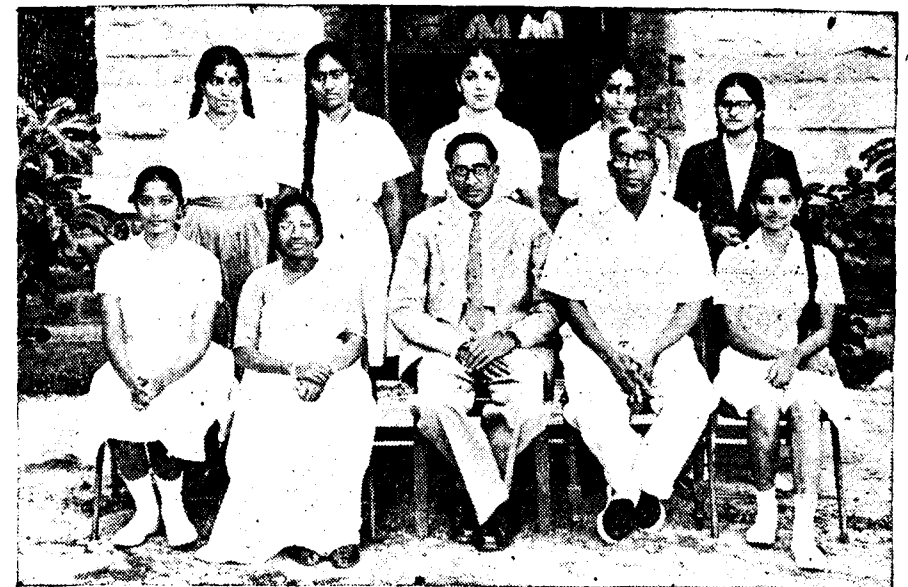
BADMINTON & TENNIKOIT



UNIVERSITY BLUE

Standing : S. Sarathy (Boxing) S. Jayaraman (Boxing)

Sitting : R. S. Joseph Irudayaraj P. K. Munuswamy
 (Foot-ball) (Foot-ball)



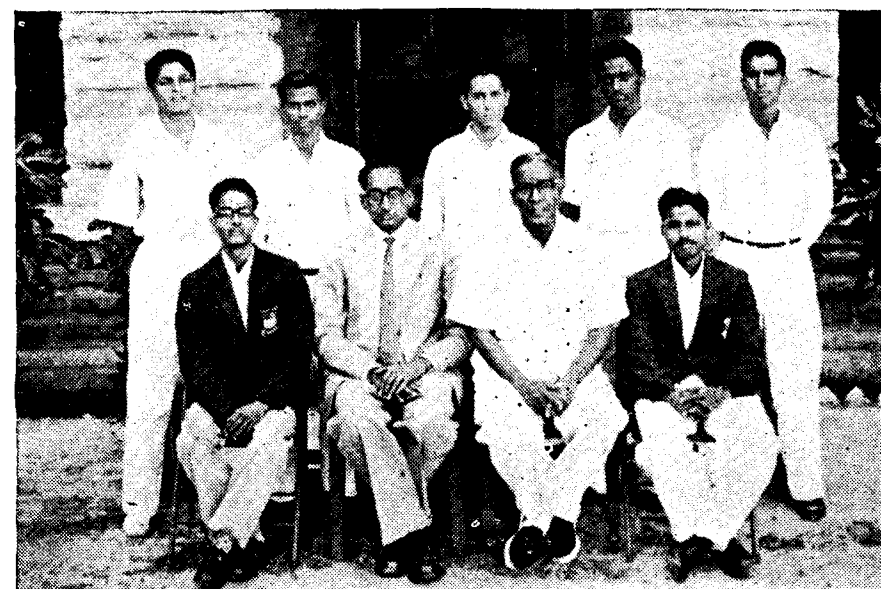
NET - BALL



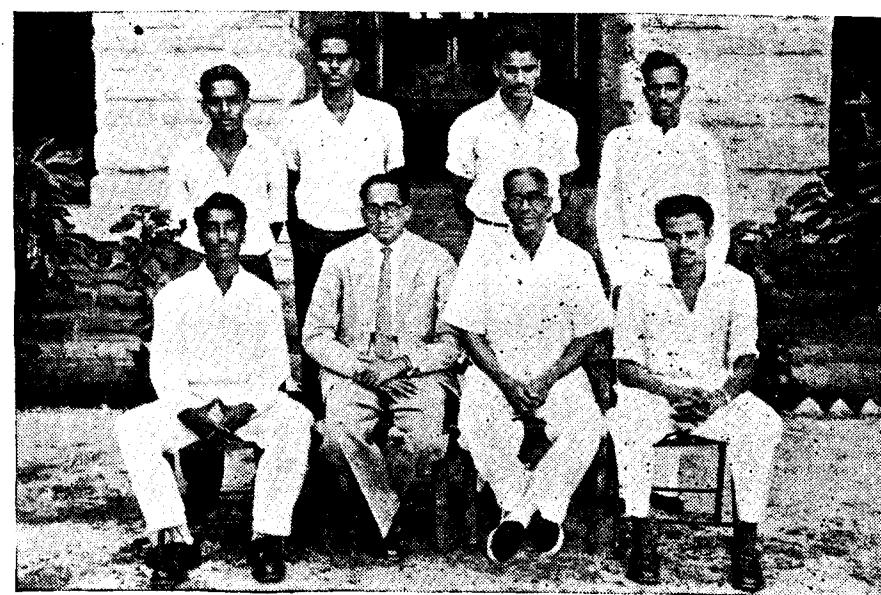
TENNIS



TABLE - TENNIS

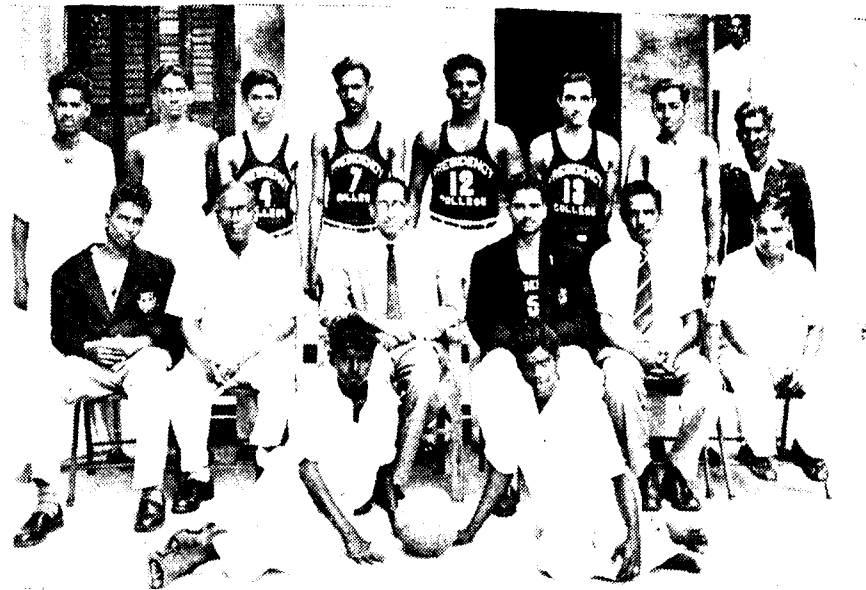


BOXING



VOLLEY - BALL

Association Reports 1961 - 62



BASKET - BALL



FOOT - BALL

COLLEGE UNION

- 18-7-1961 Inaugural address by Hon. M. Bakthavatsalam, Home Minister.
- 19-7-1961 Gen. K. M. Cariappa addressed the Union.
- 21-7-1961 Flood Relief Fund (Rs. 530) was handed over to Sri K. Kamaraj Nadar, at a special function.
- 25-7-1961 Rev. Fr. T. N. Siqueira, S. J. addressed the Union on "What is University Education?"
- 27-7-1961 Reception to Californian Students.
- 14-8-1961 His Excellency, Dr. V. V. Giri, Governor of Kerala, addressed the Union on "The Place of Youth in Modern India".
- 15-8-1961 Independence Day. Flag-hoisting by the Principal.
- 28-8-1961 Reception to the New Graduates.
- 19-9-1961 Condolence meeting on the sudden demise of the U. N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld.
- 14-10-1961 to 17-10-1961. Youth Leadership Seminar. Inauguration by Mr. Justice P. S. Kailasam. Among those who addressed the Seminar were Mrs. Tara Cherian, Mr. A. S. P. Iyer, Mr. D. C. Kothari, Mrs. Mona Hensman, Hon. C. Subramaniam, Prof. S. Velayudham, Mr. S. K. Chettur, Mrs. Soundaram Kailasam, Mr. Balakrishna Shetty, and Prof. S. A. Bukhari.
- 24-10-1961 U. N. Day Celebrations.
- 15-11-1961 Dr. P. V. Cherian released the first issue of "The Presidential Trend". Dr. Rajah Sir Muthiah Chettiar delivered a special address.
- 1-12-1961 Address by Sri Kunrakkudi Adigalar.
- 7-12-1961 Election Debate.
- 8-12-1961 Election Debate.
- 11-12-1961 Sri A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar unveiled the portrait of our former Principal Sri T. Balakrishna Nayar.
- 12-12-1961 Election Debate.
- 13-12-1961 Mr. S. Ramaswamy was appointed as the Secretary of College Union.
- 22-1-1962 College Union Election. The following were elected.
 President :—D. Sundaresan;
 Vice-President :—K. V. Kemparaj;
 Secretaries :—M. Thiagarajan, Miss Ruby Pramila.
- 1-2-1962 College Day. His Excellency Sri Bishnuram Medhi, the Governor of Madras, was the Chief Guest.

S. RAMASWAMI,
Miss LALITHA DANIEL,
Secretaries.

ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

The inaugural address was delivered by Sri Desikan. Mr. Jed Horner of the Joey Adams' Troupe spoke on the American Theatre. Mr. Dorab of the Theosophical Society, Adyar spoke on "Literature as the Gateway to life" Many interesting films were shown by the courtesy of the U. S. I. S., Madras.

The members went on a picnic to the bird-sanctuary at Vedanthangal,

The break-up Social of the Association was held on 6th March, 1962. We were the hosts to the English Association of Madras Christian College, and Stella Maris College.

SYED IMTIAZ ALI,
Miss GITA D. KOTHARI,
Secretaries.

TAMIL MANRAM

30-8-1961 Inaugural address by Hon. C. Subramaniam, Minister of Finance and Education.

29-9-1961 Bharathi Day Celebration—Sri K. Mahadevan, Research officer for Children's Education. Bharathi Memorial Mono-Acting and Music competitions.

21-11-1961 Inter-Collegiate Oratorical competition in Tamil.

19-1-1962 Pongal Day Celebration—Sri A. K. Parandamanar, Lecturer in Tamil, Thiagaraja College, Madurai.

14-3-1962 Valedictory Address by Sri Padmashri N. D. Sundaravadivelu, D.P.L., Madras—distribution of clothes to the children of our college servants.

Sri. Santhanakrishnan who was selected to represent our College in the Madras University Debate in Tamil, won the first prize. He secured many other individual prizes. Kumari Kanagasundaram and Srimathi Santha won the second and third prizes respectively in the Sivalogasaram competition.

S. UMAPATHY,
S. R. SRINIVASAN,
Secretaries.

HINDI ASSOCIATION

5-9-1961 Inaugural address by Shri N. Chandrakant Mudaliar, Regional Hindi Officer, Govt. of India.

10-11-1961 The following were selected to form the Hindi Debating Team: Miss Kawal Nain, Miss Pichumani, Sri Babu, Sri Ramadorai.

17-11-1961 Inter-Collegiate Debate in Hindi.

24-11-1961 Discussion on "Stri Siksha."

7-2-1962 Magic Show.

5-3-1962 Quiz Programme.

12-3-1962 Valedictory meeting of the Association.

Secretary: S. NARAYANASWAMY.
Joint Secretary: P. SRICHAND.
Asst. Secretary: K. M. VENKATESAN.

SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

16-8-1961 Inaugural address by Shrimathi Kamalamu Unni, Head of the Dept. of Sanskrit, Q.M.C.

7-9-1961 Sri Sengalipuram Anantarama Dikshitar spoke on "Sanskrit and Indian Culture".

24-11-1961 "Kalidasa's Iconography"—talk by Sri T. N. Ramachandran, Retd. Joint Director of Archaeology.

13-3-1962 Dr. V. Raghavan, Prof. of Sanskrit, Madras University delivered the valedictory address.

URDU ASSOCIATION

18-7-1961 Inaugural address by Sahir Hoshiarpuri. A poetic symposium was held in which many eminent poets recited their poems.

A farewell party was got up in honour of Janab Hyder Ali Khan, who has been transferred to Government Arts College. A Quiz programme was held. Our debating team took part in many Inter-Collegiate debates, and Miss Jehanara was awarded a prize. The Association also published an Urdu Magazine called "Zia".

Secretary: SAJJAD RAZVI.
Joint Secretary: H. TYEB ALI FYAZI.

TELUGU ASSOCIATION

18-8-1961 Inaugural function and "Chinnayasuri Day." Sri N. Venkata Rao, and Sri C. Radhakrishna Sarma spoke on "Chinnaya Suri" and "Emotional Integration".

29-10-1961 Sri R. Doraswami Sarma spoke on "Tittu Kavita."

6-3-1962 Poets' Day and Valedictory Function—lectures were delivered in memory of the former Pandits of Presidency College.

Miss Swarnalata, I B.A. secured the first prize in the Inter-Collegiate Debate conducted by the University of Madras.

Sri N. Dhananjayudu, III B.Sc. won the second prize in the Inter-Collegiate debate conducted by the Pachaiyappa's College.

Miss Nalini, I B.A., and Sri K. Ankiah, I B.Sc. won the Rolling-Cup in the Inter-Collegiate Music Competition conducted by the Andhra Vidyarthi Vignana Samiti, Madras. Miss Nalini also won the individual Prize.

HISTORY AND POLITICS ASSOCIATION

16-8-1961 Inaugural address on "The Congo Disaster" by Professor John. A. Gallagher, Fellow, Trinity College, Cambridge.

25-10-1961 Dr. Alfred Fernbach, Visiting Fulbright Professor, Karnatak University spoke on "How United States' Foreign Policy is made".

2-10-1961 Sri C. P. Ravindranath, Sri R. K. Raghavan, and Miss Radha Bai of the Politics Department, took part in A. I. R. Youth Forum Discussion on "The Vote in a Democracy".

30-10-1961 Prince Hubertus-Zu-Lowenstein, Special Political Adviser to the Govt. of the Federal Republic of Germany delivered a short lecture on "The Berlin Issue".

24-11-1961 Inter-Departmental Quiz Programme. Miss J. Rosalind, II M.A. (English) and Mr. Koreth, I.M.A. (Politics) won the first and second prizes. The English Department won the Rolling Trophy instituted by Prof. J. Ramachandran.

27-11-1961 A. I. R. Youth Forum Discussion—"The vote in a Democracy" (Second Series), R. K. Krishnakumar, V. B. Srinivasan, Miss Nalini Menon took part.

20-2-1962 Valedictory address by Dr. K. S. Shelvankar, Foreign Correspondent of "The Hindu", on "Indo-British Relations".

Secretary: R. K. RAGHAVAN.

ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

8-9-1961 Inaugural address by Dr. G. Parthasarathy, Director, Agro-Economic Unit, Madras University. Subject: "Agricultural Prices and Planning in India".

3-11-1961 Sri K. Santhanam, M.P., spoke on "Foreign Capital and Economic Development".

29-11-1961 Sri V. N. Kollanthai, a Visiting Economist from Russia spoke on "Planning and Economic growth in U.S.S.R.".

30-11-1961 Inaugural session of Madras Economic Students' Convention. Sri M. A. Muthiah Chettiar presided. Sri Dharmarajan, Regional Field Publicity Officer, spoke on "Conflicting Objectives of Third Plan". B. Bhaskaran, I.M.A. and Rajagopalan, III B.A. won prizes in the essay competition conducted by the Convention.

Secretary: C. MOHAN.

PSYCHOLOGY ASSOCIATION

- 2-8-1961 Inaugural address by Major S. Parthasarathy, Head of the Dept. of Psychology, Sri Venkateswara University College, Tirupathy.
 26-9-1961 Film show by USIS.
 16-11-1961 Dr. D. Dhairyam spoke on the "Concept of Abnormality".
 19-11-1961 Excursion to Poondi.
 6-2-1962 Dr. E. G. Parameswaran, Reader in Psychology, University of Madras, addressed the Association.
 3-3-1962 Dr. S. P. Adinarayan, Prof. of Psychology, Annamalai University, delivered the Valedictory address.
 10-3-1962 Break-up Social.

Secretary: Mrs. M. PADMAKUMARI.

MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION

- 18-8-1961 Inaugural address by Dr. Alladi Ramakrishnan, Prof. of Physics, University of Madras.
 27-10-1961 Seminar: Lecture by Mr. Srinivasa Raghavan, II M.Sc. (Stat.)—"Decision Process".
 8-11-1961 Seminar: Lecture by Mr. V. R. Srinivasan, II M.Sc. (Stat.)—"The Formulation of Problems in Linear Programming".
 11-11-1961 Picnic to Kailas Waterfalls.
 8-12-1961 Dr. (Mrs) Maragatham Krishnan spoke on "Change and Changeability".
 9-2-1962 Seminar: Lecture by Mr. M. Abdul Latheef, III B.Sc. (Stat.)—"Statistics and Sampling Distribution".
 5-3-1962 Valedictory address by Dr. D. V. Rajalakshmanan, Prof. of Statistics, University of Madras.
 10-3-1962 Break-up Social.

Secretary: C. P. VELUSAMI

CHEMISTRY ASSOCIATION

- Inaugural address by Dr. B. S. Thiagarajan, Reader in Organic Chemistry, Madras University.
 Seminars were conducted and many students took an active part.
 Mrs. Katheleen Lawns Dole spoke on, "X-Ray studies of Diamond".
 Dr. Ananthakrishnan, Professor of Chemistry, Madras Christian College, spoke on "The effect of the Solvent".
 A film was shown by the courtesy of the Federal Republic of Germany on 9-11-61.
 The valedictory address was delivered by Dr. T. R. Govindachari.

Secretary: A. P. SRINIVASA.

PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

- 27-7-1961 Inaugural address by Dr. Gopinath Kastha.
 1-9-1961 Mr. Sankaranarayanan on, "The theory of Elementary Particles".
 14-11-1961 Dr. S. Chandrasekhar on, "Physics and Astronomy, their relationship and Independence".
 30-11-1961 Mr. Ramesh K. Chabria, and Mr. Rajaraman of II B.Sc. read papers on "Production and Detection of X-Rays and its application".

- 12-1-1962 Mr. Aravamudan, III B.Sc. read a paper on "Kinetic Theory of Gases".
 6-2-1962 Mr. M. Rajagopalan, III B.Sc. read a paper on "Atomic energy and atomic reactions".
 8-2-1962 Mr. Swaminathan, III B.Sc. read a paper on "Interaction of Radiation with Matter".
 10-2-1962 Mr. Sarathy, III B.Sc. read a paper on "Thermodynamics".
 22-2-1962 } Lectures on "Hydrodynamics" by Dr. Abdur Rahman, Chief
 1-3-1962 } Professor of Mathematics, Presidency College.
 5-3-1962 }
 9-3-1962 Valedictory address by Dr. Alladi Ramakrishnan on "The problem of finding a problem".

N. NEELAKANTAN,
 RAMESH K. CHABRIA,
Secretaries.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

- 28-7-1961 Inaugural address by Mr. H. K. Ghazi, I.A.S., Director of Fisheries—"Oceanography in relation to Biology".
 11-8-1961 Sri A. K. Kasturi, Asst. Prof. of Geology, spoke on "Paleo-Geography".
 22-8-1961 Film Show by the U.S.I.S.
 26-8-1961 Sri P. K. Menon spoke about our tour.
 27-8-1961 to 3-9-1961 Tour by III B.Sc. and I M.Sc. to Krusadi and neighbouring islands, guided by Mrs. Bhanumathy and Mr. Kamal Pasha.
 29-9-1961 Miss Vasantha, Miss Pandyan, and Mr. A. Rehman spoke on "What use is an Educational Tour?"
 21-10-1961 to 29-10-1961 Tour by II M.Sc. to Porto-Novo, Neyveli, and Arialur, guided by Prof. P. K. Menon.
 10-11-1961 Mr. Kamal Pasha, Asst. Prof. of Zoology, spoke on, "Some Aspects of growth and growing old".
 21-12-1961 Dr. Akthar Ali, Prof. of Montreal University, spoke on "Experimental Zoology".
 19-1-1962 Mr. Rehman, and Mr. Srinivasan spoke on "Kindness to animals."
 Mr. Ardhanareeswaran, Asst. Prof. of English, also spoke.
 Prof. Ananthakrishnan of Loyola College spoke on, "Wonders of Insect Hormones".
 12-2-1962 Dr. Gnanamuthu, Director of Zoology on "Animal Behaviour".
 26-2-1962 Dr. B. G. L. Swamy, Chief Prof. of Botany spoke on "Animals and Plants".
 5-3-1962 Farewell party to the outgoing seniors.
 9-3-1962 Valedictory address by Prof. P. K. Menon on, "Respiration and Photo-synthesis".

Seminars were conducted regularly throughout the year.

ABDUR REHMAN,
 J. PARVATHI,
Secretaries.

GEOLOGY ASSOCIATION

26-7-1961 Election of Office-bearers.

14-8-1961 Inaugural address by Prof. K. K. Menon, of the University of Kerala, on "Studies on Distributive Provenances of Sedimentary Rocks".

17-8-1961 Prof. Tillith of the Faculty of Geophysics, Paris University, spoke on, "Geomagnetism" and "Paleomagnetism" and their application to Archaeology and Geology.

26-10-1961 Prof. Charmer J. Roy, Head of the Dept. of Geology, Iowa State University, U. S. A., spoke on "Recent Trends in Geomorphology".

30-10-1961 Prof. Charmer J. Roy on "Studies on Loess".

31-10-1961 Prof. Charmer J. Roy on "Advanced Studies in Structural Geology".

20-11-1961 to 22-11-1961 Seminar on Geological subjects. Post-graduates and under-graduates took part.

28-2-1962 The concluding session of "Seminar on Geology".

N. KAMESWARAN,

K. R. CHANDRASEKARAN,

Secretaries.

GEOGRAPHICAL ASSOCIATION

Prof. U. R. Ehnrfhels, Prof. B. M. Thirunarayanan, Prof. P. K. Menon addressed the members.

Tours to Tiruttani and Kundah were organised.

The Association organised a Geographical Exhibition for the South Indian Teachers' Union Council of Educational Research.

President: JAMAL MUHAMMED.

PLANNING FORUM

The Planning Forum underwent a reorganisation this year and a new constitution providing for an Executive Committee, a nominated Staff Secretary and Treasurer and an elected student-secretary was brought into existence.

The activities of the Forum were inaugurated at Vanniampathi slum in Raja Annamalaipuram on 21-8-61 by Mr. Kakkan, Minister for Public Works. The chief activities during the year were:

21-8-1961 Adult Literacy classes were started for men and women in Vannayampathi.

28-9-1961 National Plan observance week was inaugurated in the college by Sri V. T. Krishnamachari, former Deputy Chairman of the Planning Commission.

2-10-1961 Slum clearance was carried out on Gandhiji's birthday at Vanniampathi slum by students and staff members of the Forum under the leadership of Principal Dr. T. R. Govindachari.

25-2-1962 A socio-economic survey was carried out by student members at Vanniampathi slum.

14-3-1962 New clothes were distributed to 120 poor school children out of voluntary donations of students and staff members. Sri N. D. Sundaravadivelu, Director of Public Instruction gave away the clothes.

Staff Secretary: T. C. MOHAN

Student Secretary: S. BALASUBRAMANIAN

9th MADRAS ARMoured SQUADRON N.C.C.

A sub-unit of the 9th (M) Armd. Sqn. N.C.C. exists in this college and in the current year had a strength of 35 men and two Senior under officers. The cadets attended the combined annual training camp held in Dec. '61-Jan. '62 at Vandalur and won a prize for best line dressing in the camp.

One officer and 45 cadets of the squadron had participated in the ceremonial march-past on the Republic day.

Senior-under officer Sarathy of this college attended the Advanced leadership course at Mahablesewar in May 1961. A good proportion among the cadets from this college have appeared for the 'B' and 'C' certificate examinations held recently and good results are expected. Cadets of this unit from this college also participated in the road-laying work at Thirupparankunram Social Service Camp in May 1961.

2/Lt. T. C. MOHAN.

5th (M) BATTERY N. C. C.

There are sixteen cadets from our college in this unit which includes under officer T. C. Sriramulu. All of them attended the annual training camp held at Vandalur. Our guards commanded by Sgt. Ramesh K. Chabria of this college won the cup in the guard mounting competition. Four cadets appeared for the "B" certificate and one for the 'C' certificate examinations. I am extremely happy to say that all of them have passed creditably.

Senior under officer: V. GOPALAKRISHNAN.

HQ. COY. (Presidency College) N. C. C. INFANTRY

Capt. V. A. Angappan joined the Coy. and he took over as the O.C. of the Coy.

2/Lt. V. Subramaniam was taken on the strength of the Coy. from 1st Feb. '61.

Strength: 3 officers and 89 cadets.

Activities: Apart from the usual parades twice a week the Coy. participated in the following parades.

(1) Convocation Guard of Honour at the University.

(2) N.C.C. day parade on the Marina.

(3) Special Convocation on the occasion of the opening of the University Centenary buildings.

(4) Republic Day parade on the Marina.

Camp: 3 officers and 75 cadets attended the Annual camp at Manivakkam (Vandalur) from 27th Dec. 1961 to 9th Jan. '62. They acquitted themselves creditably in the camp.

Officer Commanding: Lt. V. SETHURAM.

TEAM CAPTAINS 1961-62

		Men
General Captain	...	...
Football	...	H. Jeevanan
Hockey	...	P. K. Munuswamy
Cricket	...	S. Premkumar
Basketball	...	S. Sridhar
Volleyball	...	C. Himachandra Naidu
Boxing	...	C. N. Chandran
Tennis	...	S. Jayaraman
Table-tennis	...	K. V. Ramana Rao
	...	Sateesh Kumar

		Women
Games Secretary	...	...
Throwball	...	K. Nalini
Volleyball	...	R. S. Hemalatha
Badminton	...	S. Iravathy
Tennikoit	...	S. Saroja
	...	S. Mayadevi.

Annual Sports, Presidency College---1962

RESULTS

Best Sportsmen of the Year :

- | | | |
|----------------------------|-----|--|
| 1. S. Ramanathan | ... | Member of the Senior State Basketball Team. |
| 2. M. K. Lakshminarayanan | ... | Member of the Junior State Basketball Team. |
| 3. V. V. Rajamani | ... | Member of the State Sub-Junior Cricket Team. |
| 4. P. K. Munuswamy | ... | Member of the University Football Team. |
| 5. R. S. Joseph Irudayaraj | ... | Member of the University Football Team. |
| 6. S. Chandramohan | ... | Member of the University Hockey Team. |
| 7. S. Jayaraman | ... | Member of the University Boxing Team. |
| 8. S. Sarathy | ... | Member of the University Boxing Team. |
| 9. George John | ... | Member of the City Colleges Cricket Team. |
| 10. C. Himachandra Naidu | ... | Record Performance in Cricket. |

Results of the College Tournaments: Women Students.

Tennis Singles	Winner	...	K. Nalini
	Runner-up	...	S. Saroja
Table Tennis Singles	Winner	...	Nawaz
	Runner-up	...	M. Padma

Inter-Class Tournaments: Women Students.

		Captain
Throwball	Winners—III B.A., & B.Sc.,	R. S. Hemalatha
Netball	Winners—III B.A., & B.Sc.,	Shobha Sabnis
Badminton Fives	Winners—III B.A., & B.Sc.,	K. Nalini
Tennikoit Doubles	Winners—II B.A., & B.Sc.,	S. Mayadevi
4 × 50 Metres Skipping Relay	Winners—M.A., & M.Sc.,	S. Vedavalli
4 × 100 Metres Relay	Winners—M.A., & M.Sc.,	Nawaz. K. Chinoy
Wheel Relay	Winners—II B.A., & B.Sc.,	Miss. S. Tara.

Results of College Tournaments: Men Students.

Tennis :			
First Court Singles	Winner	...	P. V. Rajaraman
	Runner-up	...	K. V. Ramana Rao
First Court Doubles	Winner	...	K. V. Ramana Rao & Dakshinmurthy
	Runner-up	...	P. V. Rajaraman & B. Venugopal
Second Court Singles	Winner	...	B. Venugopal
	Runner-up	...	D. Shah
Second Court Doubles	Winner	...	B. Venugopal & L.C. Amarnathan
	Runner-up	...	Anil Kumar C. Kothari & D. Shah
Mixed Doubles	Winner	...	P. V. Rajaraman & S. Saroja
	Runner-up	...	K. V. Ramana Rao & K. Nalini
Table Tennis :			
Singles	Winner	...	Venkatesh Krishnan (3rd year in succession)
	Runner-up	...	G. Krishnan
Doubles	Winner	...	Satish Kumar & V. Krishnan
	Runner-up	...	G. Krishnan & G. Vasudevan
Mixed Doubles	Winner	...	V. Krishnan & Miss. Savitri
	Runner-up	...	G. Vasudevan & K. Nalini

Boxing :

Pin Weight	Winner	...	S. Sarathy
	Runner-up	...	G. Sivakumar
Paper Weight	Winner	...	S. Jayaraman
	Runner-up	...	P. E. Krishnan
Bantom Weight	Winner	...	Hari Prasad
	Runner-up	...	L. H. Venkataraman
Feather Weight	Winner	...	S. Premkumar
	Runner-up	...	K. Sateesh Babu
Welter Weight	Winner	...	Apiraks
	Runner-up	...	Karve
Light Heavy Weight	Winner	...	C. Himachandra Naidu
	Runner-up	...	Tyabali

Inter-Group Tournaments: Men.

Football	Winners:	Natural Science	...	S. G. Raja Singh
Hockey	"	Science	...	L. H. Venkataraman
Cricket	"	Natural Science	...	M. A. Hameed
Basketball	"	Natural Science	...	A. N. Rangier
Volleyball	"	Arts	...	P. Ananthacharlu
4 x Long Jump	"	Arts	...	P. K. Munuswamy
4 x Shot Put	"	Arts	...	P. K. Munuswamy
Medley Relay	"	Arts	...	P. K. Munuswamy

Results of Athletic Sports—Women Students.

50 Metres	Long Jump
1. Jehanara Begum	1. Nawaz
2. M. Mithra	2. Mithra
100 Metres	Shot Put
1. Jehanara Begum	1. C. Indhumathy
2. S. Saroja	2. K. Nalini
75 Metres Skipping	Discus
1. Jehanara Begum	1. C. Indhumathy
2. Mithra	2. M. Mithra
200 Metres	Javelin
1. Jehanara Begum	1. C. Indhumathy
2. V. Vimala	2. S. Swarnadevi
High Jump	Musical Clubs
1. Nawaz	1. K. Nalini
2. Mithra	2. Jehanara Begum

Individual Championship (Women)

Tie between	{ C. Indhumathi
	{ Jehanara Begum

Old Students (Women) 50 Metres

1. Mrs. Maragatham Krishnan
2. Miss. Eswari
3. Miss. Noorjehan

Staff Women (Finding the Treasure)

1. Miss. N. Eswari
2. „ K. Indu
3. „ Noorjehan

Old Students—Men Below 40 Years

1. J. Lindsey
2. Iyed Mustafa
3. S. R. Jaya Pandian

Old Students—Men 40 Years and above

1. Prof H. Enoch
2. Mr. C. S. Sivaram
3. Mr. P. R. Subramanian

Staff—Men

1. Sri Sundaram
2. Nappoly
3. V. Subramaniam

Siren Cites

1. Dhanapatram & Partner
2. Imtiaz Ali & Partner
3. Vedavalli & Partner

4 x 100 Metres Relay (Present, Past and Staff)

1. Present
2. Past

3. Staff**Tug-of-war**

1. Staff—Winners

100 Metres Clerical Staff

1. Sri K. Narayanaswamy
2. „ A. Sivanandam
3. „ M. P. Madhavan

Markers' Race

1. Sri S. Raju

2. „ C. Padhmanabhan**4. „ C. Munuswamy****Pickers' Race**

1. P. Munuswamy

2. K. Dorai**3. R. Jayapal****Results of Athletic Sports—Men.**

100 Metres	1. D. Manoharan	Best Effort
	2. M. Srinivasan	12 Secs.
200 Metres	1. D. Manoharan	24.9 Secs.
	2. M. Srinivasan	
400 Metres	1. P. K. Munuswamy	55.7 Secs.
	2. D. Manoharan	
800 Metres	1. P. Viswanathan	2 Mts. 8 Secs.
	2. P. K. Munuswamy	
1500 Metres	1. P. Viswanathan	4 Mts. 30.4 Secs.
	2. H. Jeevanan	
5000 Metres	1. P. Viswanathan	17 Mts. 44 Secs.
	2. H. Jeevanan	
110 Metres Hurdles	1. K. Janakiramudu	18.6 Secs.
	2. Ebenezer John	
400 Metres	1. M. Srinivasan	1 Mt. 9 Secs.
	2. C. Hemachandra Naidu	

High Jump	1. K. V. Ramalingam	5' 3"
	2. M. Srinivasan	
Long Jump	1. P. K. Munuswamy	19' 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
	2. K. Janakiramudu	
Hop Step & Jump	1. P. Viswanathan	36' 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
	2. S. M. Apiraks	
Shot Put	1. C. Hemachandra Naidu	31' 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
	2. M. Subramania Rao	
Javelin Throw	1. P. K. Munuswamy	130 feet
	2. C. Hemachandra Naidu	
Discus	1. C. Hemachandra Naidu	95' 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
	2. P. Athmanabhan	
Individual Championship	1. P. Viswanathan, 20 points	

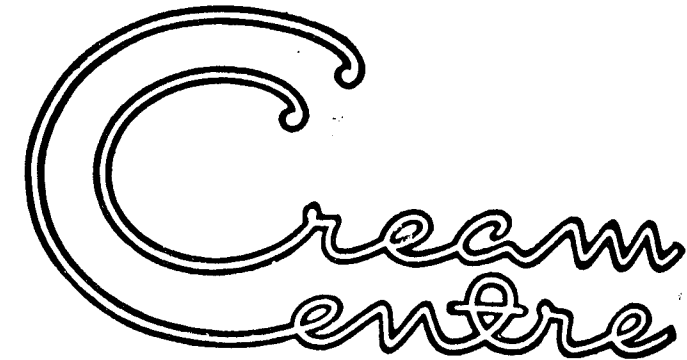
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S. RAMASWAMI,
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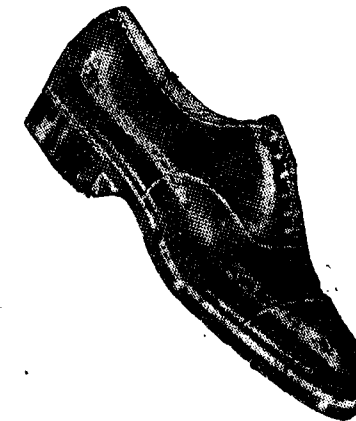


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