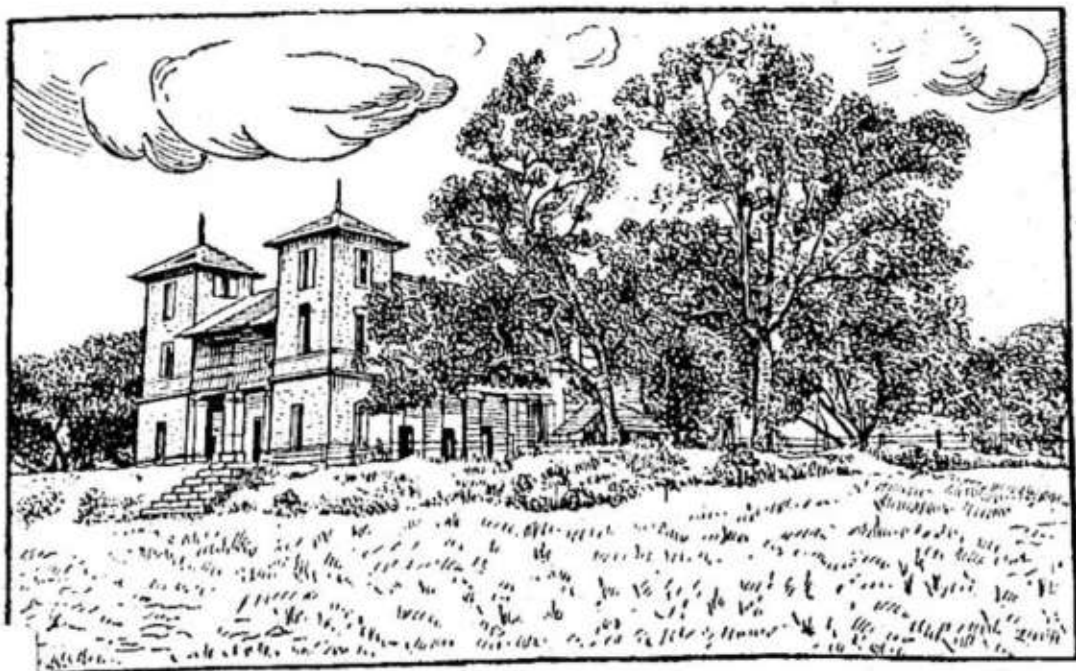


12.

The Always

# Union Christian College Magazine



JANUARY 1926

# CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial	33
College Notes	35
The Problem of the Unemployed B. A. — A Solution to It	38
The Birds of Alwaye	40
The Three J.'s	41
On the Virtue of Hating the Madras University Education	46
Mahatma Gandhi's Visit: My Personal Reminiscences	48
Midnight	53
The Weariness of Evening	58
The Literary and Debating Society	59
The Social Service League	59
Hostel Notes	59
The Athletic Club	61
The Student Christian Union	61
The Dramatic Society	62
Miss Spinney's Visit	62
On the Loneliness of being A Sahib	62
കയിൽ	62
പ്രാചാരയി ഭവിക്കുട്ട	65
മണ്ണുകാവ മലയാളം...	65
പാഠ്യപുസ്തകങ്ങൾ	66
സാഹിത്യസമുദായസംബന്ധം	69
	71

## NOTE

The articles in this Magazine represent the personal views of their writers. They do not necessarily represent the official opinion of the College. Mr. T. M. Muggeridge, the Editor, is personally responsible for the Editorial and College Notes.

### Magazine Committee

The Principal  
 The Bursar  
 Messrs. K. C. Chacko  
 V. M. Ittyerah  
 T. M. Muggeridge (*Editor—English Section*)  
 P. Unney (*Editor—Malayalam Section*)  
 V. N. Raman Pillai  
 T. Bhaskaren.

Postcards copies of the illustrations in this number of the magazine may be obtained from the Bursar price one anna each.

All financial communications should be addressed to the BURSAR and not to the Editor.

The magazine will be published terminally (i.e., three times a year.). The subscription will be 2 annas per copy excluding postage. All wishing to receive copies of this magazine are asked to communicate with the Editor.

## THE ALWAYE

# Union Christian College Magazine

---

---

Vol. I.

December 1925

No. 2.

---

---

### EDITORIAL

WE have had much criticism of our first effort and some little praise. The criticism especially delighted us; for how can we hope to progress unless our faults are pointed out? We have where possible tried to mend our ways to suit our critics. The praise too was pleasant and we sincerely thank those who helped us with it. In this criticism we realised that there was a fundamental difference between our idea of what a College Magazine should be and that of most of our critics; and it is this difference that we would discuss here.

Are we out to amuse each other, and generally to reflect the life of our College, so that those who have gone from it may be brought back for a little into it as they read each term's magazine, or are we out to make some new contribution to the stock of human knowledge? If the second is our aim it will be relevant to ask whether in fact, we can make additions to human knowledge—even whether we think they're worth making. The Encyclopedia Britannica is an admirable work—even a complete one—Can we add to it? Are the various journals and reviews that weekly, monthly and fortnightly, are spawned on to the world to discuss social, political, religious, and literary problems, adequate, or do they need to be supplemented by one more from the Union Christian College, Alwaye? These are the questions we must face and it is our whole contention that it is a light, airy, personal expression of Alwaye that we must aim at giving. But if after this second number we still find most people complaining that we have shed no new light on Shakespeare; or that the development of the Essay has been miserably untraced in our magazine, then we must get a new editor and make a fresh start: for this editor, when his lecturing is over, is tired of the development of the essay—indeed when he is lecturing he's not too enthusiastic about it, feeling a certain blasphemy to his beloved Elia in it; and, tell it not in Gath, he believes that enough—more than enough—has already been written on Shakespeare—that rather than new light being needed on him, some darkness is wanted to obscure a superabundance of it.

So that not only are we unable to model ourselves on say "The Hibbert Journal", but even could we do so we should not think it, from our point of view, worth doing. Should any article reach us up to the standard of these more serious papers then we shall see that it is published in them. If we get articles worthy of The Hibbert Journal they must go to it; and we must

not selfishly keep them only for the small number of people that read our magazine.

Our critics have constantly said, "Your magazine is of no interest to anyone outside those who know the College." We reply, "Nor do we want it so to be." There are many many magazines to suit all tastes and interests, but there is no magazine to reflect the spirit and life of this little corner of the world at Alwaye; which, like all corners no matter how small, is interesting, charming, amusing, and generally incredible and astounding. For all things human are this and much more. We have often marvelled at the astoundingness of life—often looked at men with their bright eyes and shapely limbs and seen them as like to Gods. And it has seemed to us of all strange things the strangest, that in a world, itself so miraculous, little things like miracles should worry people: that though they accept unquestioningly the fact of there being water, liquid cool and refreshing, in the world, and of there being grapes in great, purple, luscious clusters for the making of wine, yet that the changing of water into wine should seem to them unbelievable.

This is then what we feel to be our *raison d'être*—to put Alwaye on paper for the benefit of those who love it or hate it or are, generally speaking, interested in it.

Scarcely any of the students of the College liked our first number so that in our task of amusing them we failed hopelessly. They pointed to other magazines and said, "Look at that, that has a real editorial; our magazine has only thirty pages and that one has eighty; that one is full of pictures and we have none" and so on. We dared to ask them, in answer to this criticism, whether they had read the articles in this other magazine and the answer was often "No." Is a magazine for ornament or is it to be read? We must confess ourselves somewhat baffled. It reminded us of a discussion on the production of a Malayalam drama in which the great contention of the students that were to take part in it was that the essential thing for them to have was an attractive curtain. Surely the curtain is a small thing compared with the quality of the acting: surely the form of a magazine is as nothing compared with the interest or lack of interest of its subject matter.

We once were at a debate in English by Indian students and we were terribly bored by it. We even nearly slept as the speeches went droning on, with their Latin quotations, which no one understood, and their stale meaningless phrases; and it was quite apparent to us too that many of the other people there were near to sleep. We seemed to see the mockery of the whole thing: the weary useless artificiality of pasting the shell of one civilisation onto the growing life of another, with the killing of that life—or at any rate with the going of it into a comatose condition—and we had thought of little boys at a ferry we had crossed, and of the laughter of their good in contrast to this wretchedness, and our despair grew and grew. And then a change came; the atmosphere was suddenly different; people sat up and looked interested; they laughed and their faces lit up. The change came because someone was speaking in Malayalam. Tell us, good reader, tell us frankly; is it because our magazine is in English that it bores you and fails to win your affection or even your loyalty? Tell us

frankly if this is the reason and certainly, if it is, the next number of this magazine shall be in your own tongue. Mr. Unni's portion shall become the whole.

One other thing to the critics—the quality of paper and cover and printing of the magazine is largely dictated by finance. Our magazine is cheap: if students want improvement in its 'Get-up' then they must pay more and they will get it.

---

### College Notes

The match, played with Kottayam here on Saturday, November 21st, was a great success, and we thank everyone who helped to promote it. The game was played in an excellent spirit and the players were warmly complimented by Mr. K. John, who very kindly refereed the game. He said that he had never seen a game of football played in a more sportsmanlike way. It was a great pleasure to have the Kottayam College staff here for the day and we were only sorry that their Principal was unable to come. We all hope that Mr. Squire will soon be quite fit again. The two Captains, Messrs P. M. Philip and V. K. Kuruvilla, deserve special praise for the way the game was conducted.

---

Watching this game made us think of those many many students who, at the Review, said that their only physical recreation was the doing of ground exercises. Doubtless ground exercises are good for the muscles; but there is more in games than mere muscle development. They give a mental recreation which cannot be got from solitary exercising of the body. They are a kind of communion. It is a strange creature that wants to take his food alone and it is an equally strange creature that wants to take his exercise away from his fellows. The College has a fine new football-ground, an adequate number of tennis courts, badminton courts and volley ball courts, and the Periyar River within easy reach for bathing and boating (and we now have a boat house and boats) so that there should be amongst this something to suit all tastes. Ground exercises should be done in the mornings when man is unconvivial, and in the evenings body and mind should be refreshed together by our playing with each other.

---

The College Day celebrations have been postponed till Jan. 22nd. At the same time as these celebrations the Dramatic society is to present "She Stoops to Conquer."

---

A special meeting of the Literary and Debating Society was held on Nov. 20th to celebrate the birthday of Her Highness the Maharani of Travancore. Mr. John Kurien took the chair on this occasion.

---

Many students took advantage of the chance to meet in the Chapel on Armistice Day to give thanks for the ending of the most terrible war the world has ever known, and to renew their determination to support all organisations to prevent a similar world tragedy in the future.

---

The prize competitions have been much more successful than was expected. The names of the prize winners will be announced next term.



The standard in the Malayalam music competition was exceptionally high and the amount of interest shown in it—as demonstrated by the size of the audience when it took place—was surprising to many of us. The entries for the art competition too were of a very high order. These competitions shewed us very clearly how cramping in its effects must be a curriculum which gives so little time for activities of this kind. The talent was there—that was patent—the things that were lacking were time and opportunity for developing that talent. We should like to see singing going on in the College at least once a week; we should like to have a sketching club meeting regularly; but we know that only very few students would come if we did arrange for these things. The ground that must be covered for the University Examination leaves no time for outside things such as these, which, unlike most of the work of the College, such as committing notes to heart, have a real educational value.

Another interesting feature of the competitions was the extraordinary difference in quality between the English verse and music and the Malayalam verse and music. The one was to the other as a bathe in a swimming bath is to a bathe in the sea—as a Robot is to a man:—or as a gramophone record is to the human voice. So many things point to the same conclusion!

---

The opening ceremony of the Social Service School was held on Oct. 16th. Mrs. Holland distributed the prizes and Justice Mr. Pattathil Narayana Menon presided. Mr. C. P. Matthew also spoke.

---

Next year the College will be ready with Group I for Intermediate students. The building of laboratories for this is already in hand. Mr. Dann, town planner for the Madras Presidency, is in charge of the architectural side of this work.

---

The B. A. results for the whole year are as follows:—

84 students from this College sat for the examination; of these 49 obtained full passes and 10 passed in one part only.

The Intermediate results are as follows:—

38 students from this College sat for the Examination; of these 21 obtained full passes and 12 passed in one part only.

(Those results are incomplete in that the college authorities have not the number of the students who sat at the September examinations)

---

We most sincerely offer our sympathies to Mr. Unni in the loss of his wife.

---

Mr. C.W.E. Cotton, Agent to the Governor-General, visited the College this term.

Mr. W.S. Hooper, father of Mr. L. W. Hooper, the Bursar, stayed at Alwaye for a short time and was entertained to dinner by the staff.

---

N. M. S. Sunday was marked by a special service in the Chapel at which the Rev. W. E. S. Holland preached, and at which a collection was taken for missionary work.

---

The students of the Senior B. A. and Senior Intermediate classes were reviewed by the staff this term. This had the double value of mak-

ing clear the particular difficulties of particular students and of helping the staff to get to know students individually.

We were delighted to have a visit from Mr. K. K. Kuruvilla, who conducted a Retreat for the College Student Christian Association.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the Magazines of the following Colleges : Mangalore Government College; the St Thomas College, Trichur; the Maharajah's College, Ernakulam; St. Aloysius College, Mangalore; American College, Madura; Christian College, Madras; C. M. S. College, Kottayam; the Serampore College, Calcutta; Presidency College, Madras; Pachiappas College, Madras; Scott Mission College, Nagercoil.

Father P. C. John has been living in the College for most of this term and so members of the Malankara Syrian Church have happily had a priest regularly in attendance.

Mr K. Jacob, Lecturer in Philosophy, was married last vacation and we heartily congratulate him. We hear rumours of other possible matrimonial adventurings amongst the staff. He entertained the whole College to tea in honour of the event and was, on this occasion, presented with a copy of Shakespeare's works by the Philosophy students.

The subscription rates for the Magazine are as follows:—  
 For old students R. 1 per year (Three issues) post free.  
 For other subscribers R. 1 As. 8. per year post free.  
 \*For subscribers in England 2/6 per year post free.

There are two volumes just come to the Library that are especially worthy of mention. They are "The Life and Letters of Walter Page." Page was American Ambassador in London during the years of the war. No book could give a more vivid picture of the dreadful times in England from 1914 to 1918 than this one nor could any book give a more impartial account of the rights and wrongs of that great catastrophe. Mr. Page writes vividly and his attractive and energetic personality is stamped on every one of his letters, so that they are never dull. His comments on Englishmen and on the ways of Englishmen are very true and very well put. He catches splendidly the true ideal behind Democracy; and he gives us, above all, a life-like picture of President Wilson, which makes him human, but which at the same time shews what one has always felt, that he towers like a giant, in mind and in purity of motive, over those others with whom he made that disastrous document, the Treaty of Versailles. It is sad to read of the hopes of Wilson of what would follow the great European war, when one thinks of him dead of how he died a disappointed man; it is sad more than any thing to think of all the chaos and misery, of the wars here and wars there and wars everywhere, that have followed the Great War in place of the new era of peace that he dreamed of.

We would advise any student interested in these matters to make a point of reading these volumes.

\* All financial communications should be addressed to the Bursar and not to the Editor.

## The Problem of the Unemployed B A.— A Solution to It

Adaptation to environments is considered as a sign of life. If this is admitted we have to confess that most of us have to a great extent ceased to live. Circumstances change every day but we hold fast to certain old theories and beliefs and appear quite reluctant to leave these for new ones. Let any one who doubts this turn his attention to the public offices of any town. There he will find living examples of our present lifeless state of existence. What a pitiable sight meets him there! There are crowds in front of all the Government offices—crowds made up of the unemployed graduates of our country—of young men with full heads and empty stomachs!

Empty stomachs—that is the hard problem of the day. We ask: "How to get food," and our disappointed parents wonder "When is our son going to get a job?" No answer seems to be forthcoming. Take one case out of a thousand such and look closely into it. The father begins with a determination to see his son well established in a highly-paid Government post and spends cheerfully every pie of his hard-earned money. The son takes his degree perhaps with a double first-class, at which the joy of the aged parents knows no bounds. Images of motorcars and of peons in livery fly across their confused minds. A proper daughter-in-law is searched for and found out. Nothing more remains to be done and all await the arrival of the Government order telling the applicant to begin duty at once. Days pass by, but no order. Weeks change into months; yet the vision still remains a mere vision. The belief is that there must be some mistake, either the petition was forgotten or—but, no, that cannot be. Anyhow, the son one day approaches the head of the department, Mr. K—, who kindly promises him the next vacancy. A few more days pass by; and the poor father's enthusiasm cools down. Low murmurings and chiefly the words 'idleness' and 'extravagance' are heard here and there in the house. The unfortunate young gentleman once more goes to Mr. K.'s house and sends his card. But alas! The servant returns saying that his master is very busy and cannot see anyone, and this brings the matter to an end. Try in any department—this will be the ultimate result. Sympathetic reader! allow your mind to dwell for a while upon the wretched state of these poor educated gentlemen who, having given their health and wealth in return for a degree, undergo experiences similar to this everyday. What a degraded condition of mind!

This problem of the unemployed if not answered immediately is sure to bring with it terrible consequences, signs of which are now clearly visible to eyes that see. It is time for us to rise above our habitual indolence and determine what the future shall be. The crisis is fast approaching and determination to begin to look at the material side of life in a practical way, the impending calamity cannot be averted. But how to strike at the root of the evil? The answer to this question should finally come from the educationalists of our country, who at last have now opened their eyes to search and discuss and discover an efficient system of education that will work with all classes of people.



But in the meanwhile the immediate remedy lies in our hands alone—in the hands of the few of us who understand the demands of the day. We first of all have to leave off preaching and grow more practical. The time-honoured way of regarding the present university education as a training for the quibbler's work has to be totally abandoned. We have had enough of idle speculation and what we require now is to find out a practicable and honourable means to earn our food. The job-hunting business can no more do anything for us. Offices are already overcrowded and, moreover, everywhere retrenchment has become the order of the day. We have to realise what all these facts mean for us and then prepare ourselves to apply commonsense to the problem. In such an adaptation to the changed environments alone lies our, as well as the country's, prosperity.

But this is not the whole share of our work. The ignorant masses who place their trust in the money value of education and are thus unconsciously working out their own ruin, require our help. We must approach the labourer with our humble message and make him realise the uselessness—the danger—of sending his boys to school with a view to getting them a handsome income. If this is done successfully I know not any social service that has an equal value.

We should take the lead with the spade and the plough in our hands to show to the refined but starving degree-holders the real dignity of manual labour. Many of us are in fact champions of simplicity and labour when on the platform; but in practice we are the first to slink away into the background. The reason for this may be that somehow or other we are accustomed to look upon manual labour as something below the dignity of an educated gentleman. The ridiculous absurdity of this notion is very well known to us all. None need tell us that it is most honourable to feed the body with the sweat of labour. The theory does not at all appear strange; but it is not the theory that is valuable now but rather the application of it in our practical life.

Our chief obstacle to this is that by the customary reliance we place on the pen and ink business, we have begun to doubt our capacity to do successfully any work other than this. But once we are determined, it is easy to surmount this difficulty. Really the scope for work in our country is very large. India's chief wealth lies in her fields, and on agriculture should depend the vast majority of her children. The times require enterprising and cultured landowners—men of business—capable of making the most of the exhaustless resources at their disposal. Individual efforts can accomplish much; united enterprises much more. Some of us who are rich enough can form ourselves into companies each one investing a small sum in the concern. This would bring under our care many acres of land, to which we can pay the best possible attention. If the money is invested wisely and if the modern scientific discoveries are made most use of, such a united concern can never fail to produce brilliant results. It will bring an income far higher than the interest of the sum invested—greater and more nobly earned than that we could get from any office clerkship. But what is more important than all these material benefits is the wholesome influence such a life sheds on our moral life. We become really independent men, free to think, speak and act in accordance with the dictates of

our superior self. Freedom, liberty and happiness become ours. We need no more fear our stomachs and kill our conscience. Above all, we become true patriots—loving sons of the mother and living protectors of our honour and self-respect.

Let me take leave for the present. If any reader cares to give the preceding lines a share of his thought my labour is amply rewarded. No one can to-day deny the existence of the problem herein stated. I do not believe the remedies suggested here to be the only adequate ones that circumstances require, but I do firmly hold that if with slight alterations to suit particular situations they are accepted, we can still keep ourselves safe from the most terrible consequences of the fast approaching crisis.

V. N. R. P.

[We were very taken with this article, every word of which seems to us to be true. Here is a problem that faces every graduate our College turns out—the problem of getting a job. Mr. Raman Pillai says Co-operative agriculture offers a solution to the problem. We are inclined to think he is right. For our next issue we shall ask him to give us some details of the scheme he has in mind; and when he leaves us to work his scheme—and he really is going to work it—we shall get him to report to us from time to time his progress at it.

We shall be very glad to have other students' ideas on this problem.

Editor.]

### The Birds of Alwaye

When I was at Alwaye two years ago I was struck by the extraordinary facilities the place offered for all sorts of Nature study, especially for the study of the bird life. Within the College compound and round about is every variety of ground and natural feature, marsh and river and stony heath, tall grass and trees and bushes. Many species of birds were thus to be seen within a small circuit and with little trouble. My record was twenty-five different kinds in a single day; I am sure it can easily be beaten.

The best time to see birds is the early morning up to about eight or nine; after that only the hardier birds, crows, mynas and so forth, hold the field. The afternoon is also good, but in my experience, not as fruitful as the morning. The best way to study birds is to sit quietly under a tree or a bush, if possible in fruit, and possess one's soul in patience. The least motion will frighten birds away; but they probably take a stationary figure for a tree of strange shape. Standing thus I have had shy birds come within a foot of me. Sometimes you may have to wait a long time, but don't lose heart. Patience is the first and last qualification for a naturalist.

To College students there is no need to point out that throwing stones at birds is not calculated to bring them near. Birds add so much to the beauty of Nature and are such friends to the farmer that any act of cruelty to them is both criminal and foolish.

The first step in the study of birds is discovering their names, identification. Fortunately, there is an excellent book which makes this easy, *Dewar's Indian Birds*, which is a key to the common birds of the plains.

Practically all the birds one sees are in Dewar ; and with its help, after a little practice, you can identify any bird in five minutes. After identification, proceed to study its habits and appearance. Every detail is instructive and of value. It is useful to keep a notebook with a page for each bird in which you can enter your observations. I could say much about the significance of the differences in colour, beak, toes, wings and so forth of different species. But space forbids.

The rest of this article will be devoted to a short description of the different kinds of birds I saw at Alwaye, following the order in Dewar. I should be glad to hear from any reader of any other species which he may have observed.

1. The Common Crow, which needs no description and which nobody is very anxious to see ; but, nevertheless, a bird deserving close study and of uncommon intelligence, probably developed through close intercourse with man !

2. The Jungle Crow, black all over and with a harsher note and slightly larger. I am not quite sure whether this is to be seen at Alwaye, but I believe it is.

3. The Tree-pie, a fine bird, brownish-black head and breast, reddish body, silver-grey wings, long tail, usually seen two or three together, boasting a great variety of shrill, raucous notes.

4. The white-headed Babbler, seen in flocks of five or more, flitting from bush to bush ; great chatterers, as the name implies.

5. The red-vented Bulbul, black head with a characteristic short crest and a red patch under the tail.

6. The red-whiskered Bulbul, like the former in general shape, but with a crimson patch on each cheek. Usually seen on the hills, I saw it first at Peermade. But I also saw one in the wood behind the C. M. S. Parsonage at Alwaye, which is a splendid place for birds.

7. The King Crow, completely black, with a forked tail, usually seen on the tops of branches or on telegraph wires. A bird of extraordinary courage, I have seen one pursuing a craven kite, and of a very graceful manner of flight.

8. The small Minivet, a little bird, head grey, lower back bright red, wings black with a red bar, tail black with red tip, lower parts orange. Seen on trees in the Bishop's compound. In small flocks.

9. The black-headed Cuckoo-Shrike, smallish, cock and hen different, seen on trees.

10. The Oriole or Mango bird, a beautiful bird, bright yellow all over with a little black on wings and tail, pink beak, red eyes, seen on trees. A very mellow call of two or three notes.

11. The rose-coloured Starling, head, wings and tail black, rest pink. In flocks. Seen in the fields behind the Parsonage.

12. The common Myna, too familiar for description. There are several other varieties of Myna, but I do not remember to have seen any others at Alwaye.

13. The brown Fly-catcher, a small bird, ashy-brown, sits on a tree and makes dashes after insects. The only one I saw was on a tree to the south of the Tagore Hostel.

14. The Paradise Fly-catcher, a lovely bird. Like a bulbul in general shape. The hen and the young cock have a black crest and head and chestnut plumage. The cock in the second year develops two very long feathers. When it grows older still, all the chestnut on its body turns to pure white. This is a most curious transformation and the purpose of it remains obscure. Seen only once at Alwaye in the Parsonage wood.

15. The Fantail Fly-catcher, a blackish-brown bird with a white band over each eye, often spreading out its tail like a fan, alternating between trees and ground. It has a lovely song of six or seven notes.

16. The black-backed Robin, a small black bird with a white bar in the wing and a red patch under the tail, which usually carries its tail erect.

17. The Magpie Robin, also, often erects its tail and has a wing bar, but it is larger and has no red patch. Very common, especially near the river.

18. The large-pied Wagtail, black above, white below, white eye-brow and wing bar, constantly wagging its tail.

19. The grey Wagtail, chiefly grey and yellow, also a wagger of tails. Both seen near the flooded field to the south of the College compound.

20. The Bush Lark, a brownish bird, perching in bushes and taking short flights from thence into the air.

21. The purple-rumped Sun-bird, a tiny creature, most beautifully coloured, glistening like burnished metal, hovering in front of flowers, with a long, thin, curving beak.

22. The golden-backed Woodpecker, golden back and red crest, climbing up tree trunks, with a curious undulating flight. There are other woodpeckers, but this is the only one I saw at Alwaye.

23. The green Barbet, a green bird, brown head and brown patch round the eye, always in trees.

24. The crimson-breasted Barbet or Coppersmith, a bird which derives its popular name from the monotonous metallic sound it makes, gorgeously coloured, smallish, not easy to see at close quarters, but often heard.

25. The Roller or Blue Jay, reddish-brown head and shoulders, wings and tail with alternate bands of dark and light blue, which are conspicuous when it flies.

26. The common Bee-eater, a green bird with a bluish throat and a black line through the eye; when it flies the wings look a bronze colour; two feathers of the tail stick out. Usually seen on the tips of branches or stumps, very common.

27. The blue-tailed Bee-eater, a little larger than the other and with a blue tail. I saw one or two on a casuarina tree near the Nair Mess.

28. The Pied Kingfisher. Kingfishers as a class are well-known. There are three common species in India. This one is easily recognised by its coloring, being speckled with black and white spots, and by its habit of hovering in the air above water. Often seen in the field.

29. The common Kingfisher, a smallish bird, pale blue back, bright blue tail, black bill and patches of red, blue, black and white elsewhere.



30. The white-breasted Kingfisher, a larger edition, head and abdomen chocolate-brown, back, tail and wings blue and the rest white, but the bill is red.

31. The Hoopoe, to be recognised by its long slightly curving beak, short legs, wonderful crest and colouring, which is a mixture of fawn, black and white. Always seen on the ground. There was one to be seen any day below the Brahmin Mess.

32. The common Swift, seen in flocks morning or evening, flying about rapidly in the air in curves and never resting, the wings curving backwards.

33. The Hawk-Cuckoo, heard rather than seen. Any summer night its monotonous call of three notes, rising higher and higher to an absolute shriek can be heard by the wakeful. It usually keeps quiet during the day. A very shy bird, living in the tops of trees and flying away when anyone approaches. I have pursued one all over the Bishop's compound, it was suspicious of the gentlest movements. Known as the Brain-fever bird for obvious reasons.

34. The rose-ringed Paroquet. There is a large variety of parrots to be seen at Alwaye, especially on the cashuarinas near the river. This one has a long tail and a rose collar.

35. The Brahminy Kite, white and chestnut, and

36. The Pariah Kite, dirty brown, are both too well-known to be described.

37. The blue Rock-Pigeon, a pigeon of a slate colour, with two black bars in the wing and red legs. There are sure to be other pigeons and doves round about, but I don't remember seeing any.

38. The yellow-wattled Lapwing, a largish ground bird, to be easily known by a yellow wattle in front of the eye and a white line from eye to eye running round the back, as well as by its peculiar cry, like Did-you-do-it. Usually seen at dusk, common near the old football field.

39. The Kentish Plover, a small bird, usually in flocks, upper parts brown, but with a white forehead, eyebrow and collar, lower parts white. Often seen on the banks of the flooded field.

40. The Gull-billed Tern, larger than a myna, a white bird with grey wings and some black in the head, tail a little forked, flies rapidly over water, seen over the field.

41. The Cattle Egret, a white bird with yellow bill and black legs, in considerable flocks, following cattle between the College and the Tagore Hostel. Usually walking sedately on the ground.

42. The Pond Heron, looks muddy brown when seen sitting in a marsh or field, but as soon as it begins to fly it looks almost completely white. Very common.

This is not a complete list of the birds that may be seen at Alwaye, but it is a list of all the birds in my copy of Dewar, which have Alwaye written in the margin against them. Some of my readers are sure to have more success. There is no more fascinating occupation, for a lazy morning or afternoon than to spend it with the birds; and I can assure any doubting or conscientious student that it is far more profitable and instructive than a morning with Tout's History of England!

K. Z.

## The Three J.'s.

It was a dirty evening in October. The mess was unusually and unaccountably silent until James entered in a fret of a haste with this bit of news.

To-morrow is a holiday, and the senior B.A. students will have 'review.'

Joseph. (puzzled). Eh, John, what does this chap mean by 'review'?

Pray, tell me, what it treats on.

John. Review! The meaning of 'Review'. Joseph, you must be one of world's prize-idiots. Come on, ignorant fellow, I will teach you something of Etymology. 'Review' is of French origin: *Revue* or *Revoir* meaning "Looking over with an eye to improvement."

Joseph. Johnnie, I've heard of the Modern Review. I once saw in the library the Student Movement Review, and our lecturer has dictated some notes on the Edinburgh Review but I cannot for a moment guess what this review will be.

James. It's strange you haven't heard of that. The Principal and the staff will indulge in a retrospective review of your career and say, like the critic Jeffrey, "This will never do."

Joseph. I failed in almost all the papers in the terminal. O! It would indeed be a painful scene. Look how I quake with fear. Bless me, how shall I behave?

James. It's nothing, Jose. I twice underwent this ordeal in St. Thomas College and now—and now I am review-proof.

John. Why, man, don't fear. Only have your thickest coat on, for the bitter remarks will get considerably ameliorated by their passage through your thick dress.

Joseph. Johnnie, I have—a—a—a mortal apprehension of—of—two of those task-masters.

John. Think no more of this, Joseph. Eat! Eat!

Joseph who was much troubled by the news abruptly concluded his meal and left the dining hall. Let us pry no further into his agitated mind.

Scene II. Staff shed. The lecturers in council.

The bell rings. James has been reviewed. It is Joseph's turn to step into the Staff shed. His heart beats audibly against his ribs, as he with unwilling strides comes before the council.

Lecturer. (Casting a rapid glance over his marks he motions Joseph to sit. Joseph hesitates, for there is a vague feeling that standing may elicit their sympathy and lessen the savageness of their criticisms. Finally he sits, crouched like a rabbit).

You have done badly in my paper (removing his spectacles from his nose).

Lecturer 2. In mine also and his...

Lecturer. Indeed, in mine too. (Student gazes stupidly at this lecturer).

Lecturer 2. His style is stilted,—

Student. By no means, I never use stilts for writing. I—I use a Waterman's ideal fountain pen.

Lecturer 2. O! heavy ignorance. I mean your language is laboured

Misspelt words are scattered through all your papers in rich profusion, and grammar—(freeing his hands from his pocket striking the table as he speaks) Hopeless! hopeless!

(Student scratches his head and gives no answer).

Lecturer 1. Have you read, what we call "extra books."

(Student looks dubious) A long pause.

Lecturer 4. He secures a bare pass in Economics. He might pass if he worked better. (Student imploringly turns to his warden).

Warden. Sirs, for aught I know he works hard.

Student. (in a tremulous tone). I worked hard, sir, I took to my lessons hugely.

Lecturer 2. Eh, but what is the use of working with your brain cells closed? My impression about him is that he doesn't work—at any rate his work is not evident from his answer-papers.

Warden. He is the most studious chap in our hostel. He knows a good lot of facts but finds difficulty in presenting them. (Turning patronisingly to the student) Come to me in private, I'll teach you how to present these facts.

Lecturer 3. First improve his Calligraphy. His paper is not readable. Metbinks he writes with a broom stick.

Student. (sarcastically) But, Sir, my broom stick costs me only Rs. 10. 8.

(Lecturer shews terrific embarrassment. He never recovers to speak a syllable against Joseph).

Lecturer 1 (winds up the remarks in a serious and slow tone). Unless you make considerable progress you will not be eligible for promotion. What do you do in the way of exercise?

Student. Sir, as for exercise I depend upon Ping-Pong and my favourite game is 'Royal Ludo.'

Lecturer 2. (Slightly mortified) Why can't you play Badminton? You are—(aside) a hill of flesh.

Student. (Aside). And you a bundle of bones unfit for any other game but badminton. (To his questioner) Sir, I have my own reasons for not playing that game you are so fond of. In the Badminton Court without the slightest hesitation they say "one love" grammar is set at nought. They also say, "Love two" "Love three" "Love four" and at times when they are very enthusiastic they even say "Love nineteen" polygamy insisted upon. I, Sir, can't change the rudimentary principles of grammar I learnt from Mr. Nesfield, nor having a poor father, can I afford to have a harem around me. Hence it is, Sir, that I have "a magnanimous disdain" for badminton.

A pause and then in the ears of the tortured student the words "You may go" ring with relief and off he goes singing "Jack shall have Jill. And nought shall go ill."

(Exit Student)

K. W. A.

## On the Virtue of Hating the Madras University Education.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,  
 With grammar, and nonsense and learning,  
 Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,  
 Give genus a better discerning.  
 Let them brag of their heathenish gods,  
 Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians,  
 Their Qui's, and their Quae's, and their Quods,  
 They are all but a parcel of pigeons.  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

So sang Tony Lumpkin, who, it is said, practically demonstrated genus in making two University recruits little better than a couple of pigeons! Though I do not drink liquor and I do not at all maintain that liquor 'gives genus a better discerning', yet, I am glad to confess that I secretly share the rest of Tony's remarks.

Only the other day, I heard a responsible member of the venerable institution of the Madras Senate confess the futility of the present system of education which is inflicted on the poor students. Not only the students feel the unpleasantness of this system of education, the professors also equally share it. At least, the students have an absurd notion that they are to be the humble receptacles to take in what professors might periodically thunder forth from their oracular platforms; which fact almost explains the rather furious demand for notes in complete sentences, put in black and white. Moreover the notes should not be based on the professor's personal opinions but on the big treatises which the college supplies the library with. In short, the professors are charged with the awful duty of absorbing the whole of knowledge stored in the library and of supplying the students with what they, after keeping 'heroic vigil' during a major portion of the night, write down in their different notes of lessons. When examinations approach the professors' duty is to fish for probable questions and produce them at a proper banquet for the students. The success of a professor depends indeed on the nervous strain he can sustain without breaking, while that of a student depends on his capacity to become a perfectly elastic receptacle, ready to vomit forth at periodic intervals, of course with discretion.

This being the state of affairs it is no wonder to see the student and the professor alike wear such joyful faces when the vacation greets them after a sorry trial of nerves, though it is significant to observe that the student is the more joyful of the two; for, by the time the professor boards the train, the peon has already deposited a pretty-sized bundle of papers for him to correct. Of course, he has his revenge, for after the vacation it is the student's turn to become pale. So, by turns they become paler and paler until they become too pale to bear the strain patiently, and the long summer vacation comes as a welcome deliverer to save them both from further worry.

If I could catch hold of an eccentric photographer, I think I could convince him of the worthwhileness of standing with his camera before the portals of a student's hostel just after the examinations are over and before they prepare to pack off home. What joy flits across their faces, now that they are for a considerable time, freed from constant worry and trouble! What a violent reaction sets in on their erstwhile teeming brains encumbered with numerous things, which they could not in their hurry



understand, and which they are only too delighted to forget when once they can dispense with them!

I am not preaching against knowledge, only I am dead against being taught under compulsion. "What, upon compulsion?" exclaims Falstaff; This is the exclamation of all students. I know many students who like immensely the works of many authors, both for instruction and delight. They like Shakespear and Carlyle, Lamb and Dequincey, Keats and Shelley; but, when it comes to an examination of their knowledge of the same, they respectfully tender their apologies and beg to withdraw any claim to such knowledge. I have heard many students give forth sighs of relief, after passing their examinations, and chuckle to themselves that they might henceforward enjoy a treat of the very best of authors, in peace, without fear of interruption.

The venerable members of the Senate, themselves recognise the extraordinarily cramping effect of the University curriculum on the students and professors. But nevertheless, they content themselves with holding their opinions without making any effort to overhaul or even modify the ghastly system of education that is adopted in this Presidency. They bow their devoted heads to receive humbly the sentences which the superior gods deign to pass on them. They repair slowly to their own desks to labour at countless reference books for their preparation to meet the classes.

However, they take care to lay the faults at the door of the students, they say that the students are neither industrious nor sprightly. Of course, they are neither industrious nor sprightly but it is none of their fault. They lounge, and yawn and scratch their heads when the lecturer waxes eloquent; but when dry matter-of-fact notes are dictated they suddenly feel that notes are serious things and that they have something concrete in the shape of helping them to a degree, which is now worse than useless. Only the other day a Muhammadan youth, after all his ramblings in a fruitless search after a petty job, sent the B. A. certificate back to the University, and received thereby a certain *degree* of satisfaction. At least he must have slept well the following night. Still the manufacturing of graduates goes on, and more and more nerves are tested and broken.

What are the causes that make the student and the professor alike consider it a virtue to hate this system of education? To be sure, the main cause is that education is imparted to Indian students in a foreign language. Secondly, the student is required to study a very large number of text-books and subjects which are in themselves not depressing so much as the enormous supplementary criticism that is also necessary to ensure success. Most likely, the student has not enough time to digest all that he has read, and consequently he tries shortcuts to success. He falls invariably into the mistake of studying, instead of his texts, some short summaries of his texts, prepared by unknown masters of arts. The history of the Drama, of the Noyel, of the Essay, of Poetry and Criticism, and what not, altogether make the student weary of study, while the professor is equally distracted with collecting notes. To crown it all, the spirit-killing examinations set in without break, demanding the accumulated knowledge of two or more years from the hapless student, who, if he has wit enough to get out of the situation, will ever think of his trials with dread. With health shattered with rather rotund spectacles to help his poor sight, with a long face and a

short temper, he returns home, weary and exhausted, to be an object of anxiety to his parents and of helplessness to men of independent means.

When a student can offer thanks to the Principal for assigning him a seat in the back benches, in that he finds it very convenient to sleep there without interruption, and when almost all students envy his lot, it is but natural to consider it a virtue to hate this vicious system of education which breaks the spirit of all who come under its baneful influence. It sucks the life-blood out of both student and professor. It is no wonder we 'begin the world bankrupt', and it is no wonder I consider it a virtue to hate this system of education which is responsible for such a sad state of affairs.

V. G. S.

---

## Mahatma Gandhi's Visit: My Personal Reminiscences

EVER since the commencement of the Satyagraha Movement at Vaikom which has by the way brought that village a reputation which even the long existence of the famous temple in that locality could not impart to it, it had been rumoured several times that the great man under whose inspiration the movement was started, was to visit Travancore. That Mahatma Gandhi was to visit Travancore and that they would get a chance of seeing him whom they had heard to be the greatest man of the world, seemed incredible and too good to be true to several. The fact that it was in the air for a long time added to their scepticism. But in February last the rumour gained further ground and the newspapers confidently reported that Mahatma Gandhi would shortly visit this country.

Some of our students began to whisper that the College would do well to invite the Mahatma to visit the Institution. Some even suggested that he should be requested to deliver the Anniversary Address of the Literary and Debating Society! But few felt sure that the authorities of the College would feel free to invite the author of the Non-co-operation Movement and that even if they invited, he would condescend to accept the invitation. Meanwhile the matter was engaging the attention of the College authorities too and they arrived at the decision that an invitation should be sent to the Mahatma to stop here on his way to Vaikom. He was to arrive in Madras on Saturday morning, 7th of March, and to proceed to Travancore the same evening. A letter was written and posted so as to reach him in Madras on Saturday and I felt some pleasure in writing it with my own hand. Early morning on Sunday a telegraphic reply was received from him that he did not like to break his journey but would consider the question of paying a visit to the College after reaching his destination. On the same noon most of the students and several members of the Staff assembled at the Railway Station long before the arrival of the Mail Train from Madras which was bringing on that day the greatest living son of India. Besides this, several hundreds of people gathered together even at this small station and were eagerly awaiting the arrival of the train. At last the train arrived and Mahatmaji was seen sitting up

on a berth in a second-class compartment. The crowd pressed on to him and greeted him with the usual cries too well known to the readers to be mentioned here. Those of us who had seen him before during those busy days when he was working up the Non-co-operation Movement, thought that he was in a much better state of health now than before, which was rather surprising in view of that long fast which he had undergone only a few months previous to this. The train stopped but a little while at the station and as it moved away he vanished out of the sight of those who were feasting their eyes with the vision of him. Several students went by the same train to Ernakulam and heard him the same evening on the Cochin Beach. Though I had intended to do the same and even purchased a ticket, I could not get into a compartment on account of the crowds and had therefore to give up the pleasure.

A couple of days passed and it was time to renew the invitation if he was really to be got down here. Mr. Holland, the only member of the Staff who had any personal acquaintance with him, and myself were commissioned to go to Vaikom and to invite him in person. Unfortunately Mr. Holland could not go and so I had to do it alone. My responsibility was all the greater and I feared that the students would hardly forgive me if I spoiled the chances of his visit by any fault in my representation to him. One morning I started for Vaikom but was told on the way that Mahatma Gandhi was to leave there for Trivandrum on that same day. Thus I was not sure whether I could even see him. But on my arrival there I learned that there was yet some time before his departure. He was there in a room, surrounded by a small group of workers. I could see him clearly from outside the room, but the problem was how to arrange an interview with him in the short interval before his departure. I thought I should call in the help of some intermediary for the purpose. The other day did we not read in the newspapers how some worthy correspondent to the "Morning Post" did not succeed in getting at even the private secretary to the Viceroy of India during his short stay in England? I should be pardoned therefore if I thought that the process of arranging an interview with the Mahatma would be a laborious one. I regret that I did not then recollect the circumstances of my first interview with Mr. C. F. Andrews, for had I recollected them, I might not perhaps have felt so much the burden of arranging an interview with his hero now. While a student in Madras, at the close of a big public meeting addressed by Mr. Andrews I requested one of my Professors present there to introduce me to Mr. Andrews. The Professor replied that I might walk straight up to Mr. Andrews and that there was no need of any introduction. I could have done the same in this case and in fact I had to do the same at last. At first, however, I could not make bold to do it and so I approached an eminent man who was travelling with the Mahatma with the request that he would not only introduce me to the Mahatma but also put in a word in support of my mission. Very soon I realised the folly of the procedure for this worthy whom I wanted to be my intermediary was more difficult to be satisfied. He wanted first to be convinced of the special claims of the College to receive a visit from Gandhiji and all that I said failed to produce the desired conviction! I thought that all my chances were lost,



for this man whose help I thus sought in vain was known to be of great influence with the Mahatma and in a matter of an unimportant detail of his programme I thought that the Mahatma would not go against the suggestions of his lieutenants. Fortunately, however, this lieutenant did not positively stand in the way of my mission and he even promised me to arrange for me an interview with his leader though I have reason to suspect that he did not carry out that promise. He could not however support my application. I waited and waited and yet I was not called in and I saw that the Mahatma was going on with his talk with those around him. It was past one o'clock and he was to leave the place at 1. 30. I could not wait any longer and so I made up my mind to approach him direct. For a few minutes he disappeared from the room and as he stepped back into the room, I walked up to him and confronted him. I asked for a few minutes of his precious time and suggested that he be seated, but he preferred to stand where he was and to hear me as his friends were still around his seat. There I stood face to face for the first time in my life with the hero, nay almost the idol, of many millions. I had expected that he would be in a hurry as he was to leave for Trivandrum within about a quarter of an hour. But there was no sign of hurry, much less impatience on his face. With great pleasure he heard all that I had to say. The request that I had been commissioned by the College Senatus to lay before him, was rather an ambitious one. It was that he should stay a night in the College and take the prayers for the students early next morning. He replied that he could not possibly fit such an item into his programme which then was that he should leave Vaikom finally late that night and go to Ernakulam in a special boat so that he might get his sleep in the boat on the way and catch the early morning train from there. I suggested that we would take him straight to Alwaye from Vaikom in a special car, so that he might sleep for the rest of the night at Alwaye. I added at the same time that this meant less sleep for him and so it was with great hesitation that I made the suggestion as it was a question that would affect his health. He replied that it was not so much a question of his health as that he considered the task that I proposed to him to be not a part of his immediate mission and that if it were, he would have been quite prepared to forego his sleep to any extent. He had no regular hours of sleep. I asked him whether his religious message was not a more important and enduring contribution to the country than the message of the Khaddar. The expected retort came at once, that according to his ideas of religion his message of Khaddar and Untouchability was so truly religious that he could not look upon the task of taking prayers and giving devotional addresses as more religious than working out the above message. I stopped arguing with him! It may also be interesting to the readers to know that he was not aware of the location of Alwaye and it was after a good deal of explanation both from me and from a few friends who were standing by like Mr. Mahadeva Desai that he was somewhat enlightened on the subject. In the course of my remarks on the point I mentioned that the birthplace of Sri Sankaracharya was very near Alwaye when he replied that he did not even know where that was. Though he could not concede to my ambitious request, with extreme kindness he added that



he could pay a flying visit to the College, especially as it was pointed out to him that he had already agreed to break the journey at Alwaye to visit the Sanskrit School. His plan then was to drive in a motor car from Alwaye to Trichur which was his next halting place. While thanking him profusely for his kindness, I pointed out to him that the College was two miles off from the Railway Station and the Sanskrit School and not on the way from there to Trichur. He replied that it did not matter and when he remarked that he would be greatly pleased to see his old friend Mr. Holland, I disillusioned him saying that Mr. Holland would be away the time of his visit. Again he said that though the presence of Mr. Holland would have been an additional attraction for him to visit the College, he would still gladly do it. I had still some apprehensions as to whether subsequent developments might not crowd out this item from his programme. Some two years ago one fine morning while in the College we had been making the final busy preparations to receive the Post-Laureate of Asia, that same afternoon a telegram reached us that he could not come owing to ill-health. What dismay and confusion it caused to the crowds that had been pouring on to the spot, not to speak of the students and the Staff, is left to the imagination of the reader. To return from this digression, Mahatmaji assured me that nothing of the sort would occur. I left him then and soon after I came out I saw him driving to the landing-place to take boat to Quilon via Alleppey en route for Trivandrum.

On the day preceding his expected visit we learned that he had altered his route, that he would go from Vaikom straight to Parur and that he would be coming to Alwaye from there in a car. This was all the more agreeable to us. Meanwhile we had made up our minds that a welcome speech be made on his arrival in the College instead of a short printed address being presented. Many of the students, however, did not quite appreciate this idea though, I believe, they changed their minds after the event. In the absence of the Principal away in Madras on University business, I had to be mainly responsible for the function. Long before dawn on the 18th of March, I drove to the Parur landing-place; when I learned that, the Mahatma had just got out of the boat and was driving to a bungalow near the District Court where he was to stop before proceeding to Alwaye. Thousands of people who had assembled to greet him were seen now following the car. I too followed him to the bungalow where I saw him seated on the floor inside the Drawing Room surrounded by a row of children who were singing songs of welcome and praise. These and other children and several others too besought his blessing paying obeisance to him by touching his feet. Shortly after daybreak, the court-maidan was filled with thousands of people as he was to receive the Municipal address there. I was told then of the terms that the Parur Municipality had to offer to persuade the Mahatma to visit Parur and accept their address. At first when they approached him he replied that he was becoming more and more hard-hearted and that he would not undertake a visit of the kind desired unless it would in some way help his mission of the propagation of Charka and in this case he demanded that the councillors themselves should wear Khaddar and promote spinning to the extent the Municipality could afford. The terms had to be accepted by the poor councillors! The Muni-

cipal address was read out by the Chairman of the Municipality in the midst of huge crowds. In his reply as usual he dealt with Khaddar, the evils of drink and the curse of Untouchability. As soon as the meeting was over and even before the Mahatma could get out from the midst of the crowds, I drove back in haste to the College. There the students and the Staff lined the road from the gate up to the College courtyard. Within a few minutes Mahatmaji's car stopped at the gate and he stepped out and walked up to the court-yard amidst the hearty greetings and the reverential bows of those assembled. As he was walking up some one took a snapshot of him, and he thanked him in these words "Hope you have failed". A seat was prepared for him on a table in the College court-yard and when he had occupied the same, on behalf of the College I read out to him the speech of welcome that I had prepared. After paying homage to his unique greatness I briefly explained the policy of the College on such questions as Untouchability and Khaddar. In his reply he spoke of the poetry of the Charka, the relief which its introduction brought to the flood-stricken districts of Bengal, the eye-opening of Sir. P. C. Roy and his present apostolic fervour, the duty of the classes to the masses, all in a fresh and delightful way though the message itself was not new from him now. To the amusement of the audience he demanded that the College should rise above its present attitude of "Benevolent neutrality" to Khaddar. After his speech he was requested to plant a young mango-tree in the College court-yard to be a memorial of his visit and after doing this he walked around the College and spoke very appreciatingly of the beautiful scenery all around. He has put down that impression in the College Visitors' Diary also. As he got back into the car many students thronged round him touching his feet and asking for his autograph on his photos that they had with them, about some of which he remarked "I can't even recognise that," "That is still worse," etc. After spending about three-quarters of an hour thus in the College he drove to the other side of the river where he was presented with addresses of welcome by the Municipality of Alwaye, and the Sanskrit School. After these engagements he had his morning bath and private interviews with people like the Commissioner of Police in Travancore. He was to proceed to Trichur by the Mail Train at about 11 a. m., according to the latest plan, and not by car. Considerably before the arrival of the train he walked to the Railway Station followed by several hundreds of the admiring people. He seated himself on the platform and was writing something for a few minutes, I then garlanded him when he smilingly replied "As an earnest of wholesale Khaddar" (The reader may be told that I had only a Khaddar Kavani on my body then, while all the rest were foreign clothes). I took advantage of this remark to discuss with him the question of Khaddar and certain other important questions. In the course of the brief discussion he remarked in reply to my questions that he called upon every Indian to ply the Charka only as a temporary measure till there was a sufficient out-put of Khaddar, and till this home industry was so well organised that they could keep up an adequate supply of Khaddar needed for the whole country. He was quite confident that the Movement had come to stay in the country. He also remarked that

there were some people who always demanded of him exciting activities in the service of the country and that he could not satisfy them. Speaking about his religious message he said in our country there was a danger of religion being mistaken to consist in mere emotions and sentiments but that in reality as a man consists of a spirit and a body even so religion consists in a spirit, and external deeds of kindness and helpfulness expressive of the spirit. He admitted that his insistence on spinning as an act of invaluable help to the country and especially to the poor masses was in danger being misunderstood by some of his followers who might isolate it from the inner religious spirit of which it is to be the expression. Questioned about the success of his particular mission to Travancore at this time, he assured me with superb confidence that it was only a question of time. When I expressed the difficulty of understanding the claims of the Government of Travancore that it was sympathetic towards the Movement in the light of the fact that the Government member in the Legislative Council had to vote against the resolution to open all the roads to all the people he explained to me in certain details the position of the late Dewan and said he could understand it though not agree with it. The train now arrived and put a stop to our conversation.

For the College it was a holiday in honour of his visit though it was the examination week. An eventful morning in the life of the College and in the life of the present writer thus passed off. May the memories of his visit be a perennial source of joy and inspiration to all those who live and work in this Institution which has been hallowed by the presence, for however short a time, of a great prophet and a mighty reformer.

C. P. M.

---

*Note:*—It is interesting to remember that Mr. Gandhi's opinion with regard to the settlement of the Vaikom dispute has been fully justified. The victory of the untouchables has been complete —*Ed.*

---

### Midnight

"Hulloa! Who's there; Come in — Ah, Nirmal, was it you? At this late hour. See. It's 12 now. I was just thinking of having a sleep." My friend carelessly threw himself into an easy chair. He looked unusually excited.

"Nirmal, dear fellow, what's the matter with you? Have you had a nightmare? Perhaps you joined a street brawl on your way —. Or you had a little tipping at —."

"There! enough of it, Pillay. I am not in a mood to enjoy your jokes. Will you just listen to me, at least remembering our past friendship —?"

Like all Bengalees my friend was of a very emotional nature. I thought it was better not to add fuel to the excitement. I drew up my chair to him and sat in an attitude to listen.



At that time the clock struck 12. The din and roar of Calcutta were slowly subsiding. The casuarina in our compound made weird music in that dead hour. From a neighbouring European inn we could hear the deep sonorous throbbing of a dynamo; and occasionally the mellow notes from a piano. I rose up and heightened the glare of my lamp. Then I arranged the books which lay scattered on my table; and again retired to my seat like an obedient school-boy.

My friend by this time seemed to have regained his calmness of mind. Yet he looked like one who had a paralytic attack. He gave me no time to study his face. He spoke "Excuse me, dear Pillay, that I have kept what I am going to tell, so long a secret from you. It is a chapter of my private history. I kept it from you in the hope that I might tell it all after it had reached a critical stage. Now it has come to such a stage. But how different from what I long hoped for! ..... Cruel is fate to me, Friend, I only wish to die. ...." Beads of perspiration stood on his brow. He drew his chair to the window to get some air. The city outside, looked like the paradise of some poet's imagination. From the neighbouring inn, we still could hear the dynamo throbbing like the heart-beats of the night. After a pause my friend continued.

"That day the sunset was unusually brilliant. The west flushed in purple and gold. The waves looked like so many gold fishes scintillating from a sable sea. Towards the east a glorious rainbow bent an arch of everlasting joy. The hills on the other side robed in luxuriant vegetation carried me to an imaginary fairy-land. One by one a few stars peeped above the thickly wooded landscape as if to see whether the sun had disappeared. The cool night breeze waved the creepers that hung like garlands by the riverside and made a sweet whispering sound. In the distance a small pleasure boat was trying to force her way against the foaming current. Alone I sat there on a sandhill.

"From far away, Calcutta, grouped in her carnival of lights, looked like so many constellations. Now a roaring flock of wild birds flew above my head; now a solitary crow sang her farewell "Caw." The tinkling bells from a distant temple added a religious awe to the scene. The whistle from a jute factory close by, resounded keen and shrill. And alone I sat upon the sandhill lost in an elysium of delight.

"I was suddenly roused from my reverie by an affrighted cry "help! help!" The distant hills echoed it with exaggerated vehemence. The twinkling waves seemed to frown. My eyes flew at once to the direction of the pleasure boat which I perceived a moment ago. It stood still. Again the cry echoed fearfully in the night, "help! help!" It was a human voice. I rushed to the water-side. There was no ferry boat or canoe about the place. I did not hesitate. I wildly sprang in to the roaring water, reckless youth that I was. A few minutes' hard struggle brought me to the sinking steam-yacht. I jumped on board with catlike agility. In a corner of the deck stood a slender human form. It was she."

Nirmal heaved a deep sigh. I felt very much interested. I drew the chair still closer to him. After a pause he resumed in a calmer tone.

"I was then studying in the 2nd class of the Calcutta National College. They considered me a Romantic youth. I was known to my



classmates by the nickname Sir Rowland de Bois! I loved to read stories of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes. I loved to observe alone the hidden charms of nature. I fled from the activities of my fellow students like the "scholar gipsy" of Arnold. I loved to build cloud-high castles in the air. In short, I lived more in a world of imagination than in a world of realities. And now, worn and weary by hard swimming I stood before her like some brave Knight-Errant. My heart leapt up with joy as I pictured myself a heroic knight about to save a fairy princess from some wicked enchanter. I caught the rudder and rowed the wreck to the shore.

"It was no easy task. The current was strongly against us. Though I took pride in the muscular formation of my body and mine own physical strength, I found that it was severely tested by the might of Mother Ganges. Our situation was rather a fearful one. From far the crested ocean-breakers showed their angry teeth at us. All my rowing was in vain for some time. Our prospects looked quite gloomy; the water was getting in slowly but steadily; we thought ourselves lost. Suddenly by a strange turn of luck we fell in with a very strong current and the vessel flew like a feather to the shore. I caught hold of one of the shrubs that grew on the steep bank and we safely landed leaving the boat to itself. Afterwards I saw an advertisement in some vernacular papers of a mangled steam-yacht fished up from the sea.

"But to resume the story.

"Without my questioning her she told me all about her adventures. I gathered from her conversation that she was a daughter of the rich zemindar of Navapuri. She was on a pleasure trip with her waiting woman and a driver. On the way the vessel was totally damaged on the sides while passing by a treacherous rock. Water began to ooze in rapidly. Both the waiting woman and the worthless coward of a driver swam to the opposite shore, leaving her to her fate. The sinking yacht was still drawn by the angry flux till it ran over a sand bank. The young lady knew no swimming; and was about to make a desperate effort to get to the shore when I reached her.

"She insisted on being taken to her father's house the very same night. I hired a canoe from a fisherman on the riverbank and rowed it to her father's house. It was by the river about two miles upstream. She sat silent in the boat. I spoke not a word. An hour's hard work brought us to the palatial house where the baboos of Navapuri reside. Several persons were standing on the ghat. They were waiting for her. Our arrival was greeted by a cry of mingled joy and surprise. She stepped out of the canoe. The old Zemindar rushed down and clasped her with sobs. I stood watching this happy scene of filial love. None observed me. She soon disappeared among her anxious kinsfolk. How eagerly I longed for a parting word! But my expectations were in vain. She did not even send a glance at me. "How ungrateful these rich people are," I thought myself.

"I sullenly sat down in my canoe and rowed it back.—"Why did she not even look at me," my thoughts ran. I recollected her shapely form

and beautiful gait. My heart seemed to have fled with her. How much I longed to have another glance from those large black eyes. The knight-errant in me vanished. All my ideas of disinterested-work disappeared like the passing wind. A moment later and I began to reproach her with her ungratefulness. I railed fiercely at all rich people like any communist. I even cursed the affectionate old zemindar. I rebuked my classmates, my friends, my professors and everybody whom I knew. My heart rebelled against all mankind. An hour and a half saw me change from a Lancelot to a Timon...In short, I don't know how I found my way home."—

Here Nirmal paused. He drank a cup of water which I passed to him. The clock struck one. All was dead silence but for the wind moaning in the casuarina grove and the dog 'Victor' growling menacingly at some passer by. My friend again took up the thread of the story.

"In short, Pillai—I began to love her. She was a descendant of a princess; and I the son of a penniless Calcutta pleader. She belonged to the Royal (Kshatriya) caste; I was but a fourthrate Namsudra. Princes were suing for her hand. Her dowry itself was huge. Yet I hoped. Hope, hope my friend; it is hope that sustains us through all our misfortunes and woes—without it we would have soon become weary of this life; It is divine. It is nectar; but alas, it is unsteady like the breeze; Unreal like the fleeting mirage—and it cheated me. Ah how cruelly!"

———A pause———

"Daily, after the class work was over I used to go to the huge mango orchards of Navapuri. Ever and anon she haunted my thoughts like a fairy. To see her was my only delight—the inward yearning of my soul. "Let class work go to the Devil! let me fail in all examinations," said I. Often she passed before me like a Grecian nymph, her slender form wrapt in loose robes, her long raven locks sporting in the wind—Oh how much I longed for a look from those eyes. But no; she turned her face away whenever she saw me on the way—I took little notice of her indifference. I still awaited her daily in the mango grove; ever hopeful of my love.

"Thus four years passed. I took my University degree and was offered, as you know, the editorship of "Awakened India." I accepted the offer and within three years became one of the leading journalists of Calcutta. My name ranked high in nationalist circles. Newspapers praised me to the skies. Men began to consider my acquaintance an honour. Of course several matches were offered to me—some very advantageous ones from the point of view of my meagre financial state. I refused them all. Some newspapers took notice of this and the Calcutta Punch published a full-paged cartoon in which I was represented as a soldier hotly pursued by a host of matches."

"All this time my habit of haunting the mango orchard of Navapuri continued. My love was still unmoved. She would haughtily turn her head away whenever she perceived me—I like an untiring lover would gaze after her till she was lost among the groves. "How cruel, how cruel," I used to murmur mournfully—But how could I live without

seeing her—rather her cruelty than nothing, I would console myself.

“Two weeks ago I went as usual to the orchard at Navapuri and sat on a stone which lay on her path. The green grass flowered beneath me and as I sat in the cool shade my heart beat heavily to greet her. She came at last the same graceful maiden, that I had met six years before. That day she did not turn her face from my gaze. I noticed that she looked sad. My heart suddenly fired up. Heavens, if she be sad why should I live a moment on earth?—I ran towards her and caught her hands. She suddenly wrung them from my impassioned clench, and stepped a few feet back leaving me to blush at mine own rashness. Soon I recovered my courage. “My dear, my life—the angel of my dreams, the hope of my soul.....” She interrupted “I cannot, I—cannot disobey my faith—” “Oh don’t speak!” I grasped “you will kill me”.....We both stood silent. We both wept like little children. A rustle among the shrubs broke the eloquent symphony of our silent conversation. An elderly gentleman stepped in. It was the old Zemindar. He uttered not a word. He took her hands. In a few minutes they both disappeared among the woods. I returned to the lodge swayed by various emotions.

“Even after this event my stolen visits to the orchard continued. I was as hopeful as ever. But I did not find her. The big mango trees sprinkled dew drops upon me as if weeping over my hard state. They seemed to look with pity on me. The fair chrysanthemum which bloomed where she stood seemed to laugh at me and say “Forlorn, forlorn lover!”

My friend heaved a sigh. A beautiful moth flickered around the glare of my lamp. It fluttered its wings on the hot chimney as if to catch the brightly burning wick. In a moment before we could save it, the pretty creature fell lifeless. I was about to philosophise over this little incident when my friend broke in again with his story.

“To-day I was in my office looking over the lately arrived papers and periodicals. I read with enthusiasm the news of the latest motion of the Swarajya party in the assembly; pandit Motilal’s great speech, demanding the birthright of India. My heart rang with praises for the brave band of C. P. nationalists who brought Dyarchy to a dead-lock. I fiercely reproached Mr. Baldwin and his diehard fellows. Suddenly my eyes ran over the lines of a column “in the Englishman.”

#### *Tragic events at Navapuri*

I read with anxious suspense:—“A terrible tragedy has occurred there this morning. Miss Padmini Devi the only daughter of Hon. Sir Harichandra Sing the Zemindar of Navapuri and one of the leaders of aristocratic Bengal has burnt herself to death.———

Nirmal could speak no more. He took from his pocket a folded paper and bundled it to me. It was the latest issue of the “Englishman.” He pointed to the columns which contained the terrible news.

“It seems” the narrative ran.

It seems that love was at the bottom of this horrible tragedy. The young lady, we are informed, was for a long time hotly in love. The old Zemindar had arranged a match between her and the———

of———. The marriage was to take place tomorrow. The lady seems to have remonstrated strongly with her parents. But her appeals were entirely ignored. One morning her room was found bolted from inside. After a time the door was broken open. It was a horrid sight that met the eyes of the bystanders. She had smeared her clothes with oil and died in the tragic manner mentioned before. The Zemindar even now lies senseless. The doctors are of opinion that the Maharani will not survive this tragic blow long."

"Horrible, horrible," I murmured.

"This," said Nirmal grasping the paper———"this is my death warrant. I have lived for her this six years. Now I can no more live without her. It is the will of Heaven, and I obey it."

I tried to console him but in vain. He uttered not a word more. He rose and took a few turns across my room and then rushed out like a man who has lost his reason. I stood all amazed. I knew not what to do.

Three days passed. The day before yesterday when I returned after my evening walk I saw a letter addressed to me lying on the table. I recognised my friend's hand and broke it open with frantic haste. It ran thus:—My only friend,

A long farewell. Ever cherish a place for me in your heart. We shall meet, I am sure, in another world,

*Yours*

NIRMAL CHANDRA CHATTERJEE.

I at once ran to his lodge in Canning street. I found his weeping mother. My efforts to console her proved futile. All that I could gather was that Nirmal has disappeared the day before. I made all sorts of enquiries; but I found no clue. It was with a heavy heart that I returned home. I had lost the best friend I ever had.

ANANTHA BHASKAR.

### The Weariness of Evening

Vaguely sad is the eventide  
With murmuring sigh,  
Terribly sad on this cold hillside  
Neath a starless sky.

Strangely like to a beauteous face  
Sad of eye;  
Passion strained like the wild embrace  
Of a last good-bye.

Light prayers like faeries come and go,  
Fitfully,  
And Magdalen, as the night winds blow,  
Sings songs to me.



Oh weary weary am I grown  
 Weary I  
 For the flesh has reaped where the soul has sown  
 And I sigh to die.

### **The Literary and Debating Society**

Seven meetings of this society have been held, three special ones and four ordinary debates. The debates were conducted with much warmth and enthusiasm and the staff took a full part in them. It is in activities of this character that the full ideal of a residential College such as ours is achieved.

Mr. V. Somasundaran moved "that this house is of opinion that it is highly desirable that students of this institution should get themselves trained in the Madras University Training Corps." He was opposed by Mr. T. M. Muggeridge. The motion was easily carried.

Mr. T. Bhaskaren brought forward and carried the motion that "by the influence of Western Culture, India is losing her distinctive genius." He was opposed by Mr. K. Krishna Menon.

Mr. V. Gopala Nair led a discussion on "The Role of Women in the awakening of India."

Mr. P. N. Nainan's motion "that the system of education in South India is on fundamentally wrong lines" stands adjourned.

Mr. P. Unni gave an interesting lecture on Kumaran Asan and his works; a special meeting was held to celebrate the Malayalam new year and another took place on the occasion of Her Highness the Maharani Regent of Travancore's birthday. Mr. John Kurian took the chair for this meeting.

V. G. N.

### **The Social Service League**

Little enough has been done since the issue of the last number of the magazine; indeed the only important event to record is the opening ceremony of the league's school. Mr. P. Narayana Menon took the chair on this occasion and delivered an interesting Malayalam address. Mrs. W. E. S. Holland distributed the prizes.

This school is a small thing. All round the College are Pariahs who need help in many ways. It is our duty to give this. It is not enough to give some small (or large) donations to the League, we must give ourselves. It will not be success until there is a good-sized band of us doing this.

### **North-East Hostel Notes**

"Morning evening afternoon  
 Morning evening afternoon  
 Morning evening—what next?  
 The same story repeats itself."

So too with terms. The first term comes with its dismal rains ; its dull lethargy ; its floods and social service ; and then it too passes away like any mortal thing. Then comes the second term with its smiling sunshine ; its sports and its selections and detentions ; and it too goes like its predecessor. The third term still hangs ahead—a dawn cloud, gloomy with University examinations, failures, and the prospect of September to come.

We had a general meeting this term at which abundant resolutions were brought forward. There was much wrangling over many a silly point. Important suggestions were made for the improvement of the Hostel gardens, which even now, after so much brave talk, remain an unrealised dream. One member went so far as to emphasise the necessity of having hanging gardens, "just like those of old Babylon," said some one ambitiously.

The lecturers who live in the Hostel gave us a garden party the other day. The Principal presided over the function. We had a happy time, and while sweetmeats feasted our stomachs sweet music feasted our ears. There were lectures too, amongst which was a remarkable one by our athlete K. K. Mathai.

Thunkappan is coming to be easily the most important person in the Hostel. He rules his Father and the Wardens with a rod of iron.

### Tagore Hostel Notes

The members of this Hostel met in the Common room on October 5th. They sat like Roman senators in serious deliberation over the budget. There was nothing unusual about this meeting except the inordinate length to which it dragged itself. Another meeting was held to celebrate the birthday of Mahatma Gandhi.

Early this term our football team played a friendly match with the South-East Hostel. It was a very vigorous and exciting game from the beginning to the end. P. C. George and V. K. Kuruvilla played especially well.

The ping-pong tournament has come and gone. Some of the matches were very exciting, though the final game, played between V. M. Ittyerah and P. C. George, was rather tame, George winning easily.

Messrs George Iype, T. Appu Nair and George Ooman have come to live with us and Messrs P. M. Varghese, Keshava Pillai and Thomas Matthew have gone to live in other places.

Under the fostering care of the cattle the heads of the plants in the Hostel garden are fast growing beneath their shoulders.

P. I. Marthan has been very ill but is now well on the way to recovery.

No notes have been received from the *South-East Hostel* for this issue of the Magazine.

## The Athletic Club

The new College ground is now turfed and in use. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that it is the best ground in Travancore. It has above it a convenient place where spectators may sit and overlook the whole of it and on the occasions of the two matches played last term on our ground, large numbers of people from Alwaye and the neighbourhood availed themselves of this natural gallery.

Our first match was with the C. M. S. College, Kottayam. It resulted in a draw (Kottayam 1. Alwaye 1.). The game was good and keenly contested throughout. Everyone seemed pleased with it.

The second, on the Saturday following the Kottayam match, was with the Mahrajah's College, Ernakulam. This too was a thoroughly good game. The final score was Ernakulam 0. Alwaye 2.

We enjoyed these matches tremendously; we enjoyed being visited by the Staff and students of these two Colleges and we hope above all things to meet them often again.

We owe a special debt of gratitude to Mr. John for refereeing both games.

The College sports took place this term. There were many items, 100 yards, 220 yards,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile and 1 mile flat races and hurdles, high-jump and long jump etc. The list of winners and seconds will be published in next term's magazine; suffice it here to say that P. M. Abraham and P. C. George did exceptionally well.

More sports will be held next term at the time of the College Day celebrations.

We are sending a team this year to the inter-college sports at Trichur. May it be very successful.

V. K. K.

---

## The Student Christian Union

The terminal retreat was conducted by Mr. K. K. Kuruvilla. It took place on October 24th. Mr. Kuruvilla gave three devotional addresses on the subject of "The Higher Spiritual Life." These were both interesting and instructive. More than thirty student members and some lecturers took part in the Retreat.

We made an attempt to use our study groups for educating Pulaya boys; but the boys were hungry and didn't want to be educated by us unless we would satisfy their physical appetites first. Who can blame them in this? The alphabet must seem a stupid unattractive thing if, when one is learning it, one is longing for rice. As we hadn't enough money to feed them we had to let the scheme drop. Let those who would spiritualise and culturise the masses of humanity before giving them a standard of life notice this and take it to heart.

In order to give the senior students, who were members of the committee more time for work, they, with the approval of the Principal, have resigned. New committee members will be elected next term. N. M. A.

---

## The Dramatic Society

We have been rehearsing with only fair regularity, but we hope to be ready with "She Stoops to Conquer" by January 22nd. Mrs. Holland is very kindly making the dresses for us.

We shall meet some few days before the beginning of next term.  
P. N. N.

## Miss Spinney's Visit

We were all pleased with Miss Spinney's dramatic performance. She gave us "Hamlet" in the evening and a Greek play — "Alcestis" on the following morning. In Alwaye, it is rare to get a chance of seeing good acting and so her work was greatly appreciated.

Many of us find Hamlet a somewhat unwholesome, morbidly introspective young man with inordinate conceit, and a madness far from being entirely feigned; and feel that Denmark was lucky in never suffering him as King. Miss Spinney made him a sensitive, pure, soul; whose tragedy it was to shrink away in ghastly horror from the ugliness of this human life. But even if we differed from Miss Spinney in her conception of Hamlet, we could not but admire the skill of her acting and her great cleverness in being able to take many parts and in being able to put on a distinctive voice for each one of them. Her grave digger and her Polonius were especially good.

The Greek play was charming in every way.

Miss Spinney took great trouble in coming to us and we most heartily thank her for it.

## On the Loneliness of being A Sahib

I have to fill just the last two pages of the magazine, but to fit all that I could say on this fascinating subject into that limited space will be an impossibility and I shall content myself with being fragmentary.

I suppose that many people in this sad land of India still look with envy on a Sahib. They think of him as a specially favoured mortal. Once they would even call him Heaven-born; now it is not quite as bad as that, but still he is regarded as being not as other men. In fact he is amongst the saddest of human beings because he is always lonely. He is lonely because he is not one of many but is set apart in a little group; is put as it were in a category of his own.

If he goes to a shop, attendants rush to serve him; if he crosses a ferry, the boatmen clamorously quarrel as to which of their number shall have the honour of paddling him across the river. It may be that this is due to the traditional hospitality of all Eastern peoples; it may be that the shopkeepers and the ferrymen see in a Sahib a lonely wanderer in a strange land, and that their enthusiasm to serve him is nothing but a sign of their desire to make him feel welcome, but rather I think it is a question of money. They know that they can expect a bigger payment from a



European than from one of their own people; and so they are more anxious to serve him than to serve their fellow countrymen. To support my hypothesis that the incentive with them is money, I have noticed that there are degrees of enthusiasm amongst tradespeople, in dealing with Indians too; that a turban and a coat gets more attention than a mere shirt and that a shirt in its turn is served more assiduously than a bare back.

Many of my countrymen grumble at the fact that they are always charged more than Indians, but I am in entire agreement with its being done (and this is particularly heroic on my part in that I, as a poor Englishman, suffer from it acutely) for the Sahib invariably demands a higher wage than an Indian for the same service and should therefore be prepared to pay more for the amenities of life. As long as the world permits the scandal of rich people to continue I certainly think that they should be made to pay more than the poor. When we are all happily poor then we can all pay the same.

But be this as it may, certain it is that this over-attention to Sahibs makes them lonely. Particularly do I feel this loneliness in travelling, for travelling in the past has always been, for me, the greatest fun in the world. It has offered chances of picking up all sorts of odd acquaintances and of having all sorts of jolly conversations. Even if one doesn't know the language of the country in which one is travelling one can smile at people and nurse children, and notice oddly-shaped foreheads. But here in India travelling is a barren business. People seem to be afraid of one, or to hate one, or, at any rate, to be laughing at one, and nearly all the children cry when they see a European because they have been told that if they are naughty a Sahib will come and take them away, and since they are nearly always naughty when they see me they think that the dreadful punishment has at last fallen upon them.

Of course, some of my countrymen may like their isolation. It may make them feel somebodies, but for myself I hate it. There are people, I suppose, that prefer all sorts of queer things. There may be men who prefer a roof to the sky, or who would rather read the "Strand Magazine" than "Pickwick," or who like money better than children or clothes better than nakedness, but such people are freaks. So are Sahibs freaks who would sacrifice for a cheap kind of majesty, based on the vulgarity of money or the worse vulgarity of bayonets, three hundred million potential brothers or friends or loves.

Even mixing with my fellow countrymen is difficult in this country. They are often so stupid, and one needs so much money to share their lives with them. Unless they are drunk (and one is always liable to find them sober) they never accept one unquestioningly and, as Hazlitt says somewhere, unless this is done no real friendship is possible. They have complexes of all kinds—They perhaps despise Missionaries and one may be a Missionary—They may sniff at oil and one may get one's living from that unoffending fluid—One may drop one's aitches, and that, for some unaccountable reason, may make them standoffish. They think that things like these make a difference to what a man is. Christ probably did what was equivalent in Jewish speech to dropping aitches, and He got His living from shaping wood. To mix with them, too, one must

have cut and dried "Morning Post" ideas on certain subjects, and unless one can talk (and write) what one likes, how is any sort of human intercourse possible?

This isolation of Sahibs is a comparatively new thing. Kinglake, on his travels, took the greatest delight in mixing with all the people, black, brown, yellow or pink, with whom he met, and in smoking hookahs with them and in drinking coffee with them; and even that tough female, Mrs. Fay, was no more prejudiced against dark-coloured peoples than against fair-coloured peoples. Perhaps there is a chance of this isolation passing away. I hope there may be. I shall like to come to India when it has gone.

And even with English-educated Indians things are difficult. One may be met by them with suspicion, or one may be met (fortunately rarely) slavishly or one may be met in a slap on the back 'Good old days at the 'Varsity' way, which in Anglo-Saxons, with whom it is the nature of the beast, is revolting, but which, copied badly by Asiatics, is of all things most terrible.

So full harmonious, human, intercourse is difficult for the Sahib, and since it is this which is the very spice of life, life for him lacks its spice. And it is largely his own fault that this is so. He can never travel because he carries with him an atmosphere of his own country, and that country's prejudices and conventions and social customs. And he even inflicts these on other people around him. I think of an Indian soldier I saw, almost melting away in puttees and boots and grey army shirt, under a tropical sun, and I think of the sight of a boiled shirt after an evening in the plains, and of all I suffered in wearing it and my point is proved.

M.

---

In the article headed "Some Impressions of the Union Christian College at Alwaye" in the December issue of the Kottayam College Magazine there occurs the following sentence, "We come to understand that the present financial outlook of the College is not bright as the fee income has fallen short of the budgeted amounts." While appreciating the article as a whole we wish to point out that the writer of the above statement was misinformed. The true state of affairs is as follows—The fee income shows an increase over the budgeted amount of Rs. 610-15-0 owing to several new admissions in the course of the year. The College has also received in donations since the making of the Budget Rs. 3652-6-2 and another Rs. 3000-0-0 has been promised before the close of this financial year. Our recurring expenditure needs are more than fully met, even without taking into account the donations received and promised, though naturally being a young institution we are always in need of money for purposes of improvement and expansion.

L. W. HOOPER.

*Bursar.*

---



Front view of the College building, containing lecture rooms, laboratory and library. Staff tennis court and students' playing field in Foreground.



The North East Hostel holding some fifty students and Two Wardens.

## കുറിപ്പ്

(G. Kesava Pisbarodi, First Class)

അഭയമുള്ള നല്ലപേരും  
കവന്നിടത്തു സർവ്വഗണങ്ങൾ  
പുക്കെത്തു ചൂടുന്ന മരങ്ങളും നീ-  
ശരണതന്നാഗമനം കുമിച്ചു.

മുളംകുളിർത്തെന്നതിലാടിത്തന്ന  
തേന്മാവുതന്നുന്നതശാഖയിന്മേൽ  
പണ്ണങ്ങളിൽപ്പാതി മറഞ്ഞിരുന്ന  
പാടുന്നിതാഗായകവർത്തനകൾ.

കാർക്കൊണ്ടലിന്നിങ്ങൽവളർത്തിത്തന്ന  
കാത്തിക്കുവാഴ്ചൻ വിധി തീർത്തുകൂടെ  
നിൻഗാനപിതൃന്ദരസത്തിലെത്തൊ  
നിഗ്രന്ധതപം നിയതംകിടപ്പു.

അനന്ദലാഭത്തിനുവേണ്ടി ഞങ്ങൾ  
പാഴിൽ പ്രയത്നിച്ചതുകണ്ടിട്ടുവോൾ  
അയത്നസിദ്ധം സുഖമാന്നിടം നി-  
ഹസിക്കയൊ കൈതവഗാനരിത്യാ.

തൃപ്താർത്തരാ മാനുഷാപഗമലം  
മാലിന്യമാർന്നധരാതലത്തിൽ

ജറങ്ങൊലാപാവനഗാത്രനിന്നെ-  
ത്തിങ്ങിട്ടുമേ ഞങ്ങളെ രോഗബിജം.

ഉത്തംഗഹർമ്മങ്ങളിൽ ഹേമമഞ്ജ-  
പ്രാപിച്ച സൗഗന്ധികമന്ദാദാരം  
ഏറിനിടിലും മർദ്യന മാനുഷത്തിൽ  
തൃപ്താനലജാപല ശരിച്ചുതല്ല.

ശുദ്ധങ്ങളും ശാഖകൾകൊണ്ടുതിന്ത-  
ത്തന്നാകിലും നിൻ പരിശുദ്ധനിധം  
വിളങ്ങിത്തന്ന മണിസൗധമായി-  
പ്പു. തൃപ്തിയാം ദേവതവാഴ്ക ഓലാ

അറിഞ്ഞിട്ടന്നില്ല ചോൽ ജഗത്തിൻ  
യാമാന്ദ്യമോത്താലതു ഭാഗ്യപുരം  
അജ്ഞാനമാനന്ദമോയിട്ടുവോൾ  
വിജ്ഞാനിയാകുന്നതുമെന്തുമത്രെ.

പാടിട്ടു, പാടിട്ടു, പതം! മോഹം  
തുകിട്ടു, തുകിട്ടു, തുടച്ചുയായ് നി  
അതികലെയുപി സമാസപിച്ഛ  
ധന്യതാമി ഞങ്ങളെങ്ങിരിക്കട്ടെ.

## പ്രാപ്തനായ് ഭവിക്കാട്ട

(M. S. Kumaran Nair, Third Class)

(കേക)

ഭൂതലംപഴുപ്പിച്ച ചെമ്പുഗോളത്തിൻമട്ടി-  
പാതപമേരുകുപാരം ജാലിപ്പോരഹർമ്മ്യം.  
ബിവജാലങ്ങളെല്ലാമോരോരോ സമേതത്തിൽ  
പാവകയെ: പുണ്ടമേവുന്നനിസ്സഞ്ചരായ്.

അയതാതവംവിട്ടു ഗോകുലം വാഴ് വൃക്ഷ-  
ക്കായകളിതാമരം മന്ദമായ് ചുങ്ങുന്നു.  
ചരിപ്പാനസാധ്യമീയഗ്നികണ്ഡത്തിലെന്നു  
ധരിച്ചോ സഭാഗതിപോലും തെല്ലിടകത്തു

ഉപ്പിയിൽ ചരാചരം സർവ്വമെന്നോരോര  
ഓപ്പിധിക്കിപ്പെട്ടമട്ടിലായ് കണ്ടിടുന്നു.  
തീക്കുന്നൽകളകൊത്ത പാങ്കാണലണ്ഡങ്ങളോ-  
ലൊക്കവെ മറഞ്ഞൊരു മൈതാനമധ്യത്തിൽ  
നാലുപേർ ചില്ലിതാവീൻപുത്രന്മാർ— മഹാപാ-  
പം!

കാലമത്തലതാനമൊന്നുപോലുരിങ്ങിട്ടും  
മാലിന്യസഹിച്ചുകൊണ്ടുപന്നഗരാജെന്തൊ  
ജോലിചെയ്യുന്നവചന്ദ്രികാമധ്യത്തിൽപോൽ

മീമൊമൊരു കരിങ്കല്ലുതർ ചട്ടുപഴു-  
ത്താമയമിയററുന്ന മട്ടിലുണ്ടരികത്തിട്ട്  
അകല്ലും വലിച്ചുകൊണ്ടുനീനിപ്പാവങ്ങളി-  
ന്നിക്കുന്നൽപ്പറമ്പുതെ നടുപ്പ വധാതാപെ!

ഏതുസല്ലിണ്യമയസാമ്രാജ്യച്ചേക്കോലേന്താ-  
നാതുരരാകുമിവരഗ്രമിത്തപം ചെയ്യൂ?  
നിന്തുജിമണ്ണിഹാരമെത്രയോ ഭുജിക്കിതാ  
ചാത്തുന്നു ജയലക്ഷ്മി നിർലപ്പ്രമാദയായ്.

ഏകനീരണിന്യസമിപ്തവിംത്തിൽ വാഴ്വു  
കർമ്മസാക്ഷിയോ സാമിതൽപ്രതിബിംബവ്യാ-  
ജാൽ

അന്യർതന്മഹാ ഓലമേരമേ ഗണിക്കാത്ത  
വന്യവൻമൃഗതുല്യസ്വാർത്ഥകനിരന്തന്മാർ

അല്ലിലും പകലിലുമഗ്നിയിൽപോലും രണ്ടു  
ചില്ലിക്കായ് വേലചെയ്യാൻ കല്ലിടുകുതലാളർ  
സാധാരണരോടും ചെയ്തും സാരമറക്കുചില  
വ്യായാമലിലകൾക്കായി സ്ഥലമൊരുക്കുവാൻ



സോമരണ്ടാരിൽ ചിലർ തീർത്ഥാടനം വീഴ്ത്തും  
സോമരണ്ടാരിൽ ചിലർ തീർത്ഥാടനം വീഴ്ത്തും  
സോമരണ്ടാരിൽ ചിലർ തീർത്ഥാടനം വീഴ്ത്തും  
സോമരണ്ടാരിൽ ചിലർ തീർത്ഥാടനം വീഴ്ത്തും

നല്ല സ്വഭാവമുള്ള സമൃദ്ധിമന്ദിരത്തെ  
ചിത്രമെഴുതിയ ചിത്രമെഴുതിയ ചിത്രമെഴുതിയ  
ചിത്രമെഴുതിയ ചിത്രമെഴുതിയ ചിത്രമെഴുതിയ  
ചിത്രമെഴുതിയ ചിത്രമെഴുതിയ ചിത്രമെഴുതിയ

വല്ലഭ, കിടന്നുവെന്ന് വെന്ന് വെന്ന് വെന്ന്  
വല്ലഭ, കിടന്നുവെന്ന് വെന്ന് വെന്ന് വെന്ന്  
വല്ലഭ, കിടന്നുവെന്ന് വെന്ന് വെന്ന് വെന്ന്  
വല്ലഭ, കിടന്നുവെന്ന് വെന്ന് വെന്ന് വെന്ന്

മെഴിച്ചും മെഴിച്ചും മെഴിച്ചും മെഴിച്ചും  
മെഴിച്ചും മെഴിച്ചും മെഴിച്ചും മെഴിച്ചും  
മെഴിച്ചും മെഴിച്ചും മെഴിച്ചും മെഴിച്ചും  
മെഴിച്ചും മെഴിച്ചും മെഴിച്ചും മെഴിച്ചും

മദ്ധ്യകാലമലയാളം (ഭാഗം)

(Mr. M. Krishna Pillay, Viduan.)

ഉണ്ണുനീലിസന്ദേശത്തിൽ കാണുന്ന പദ്യത്തിലും നിസ്സങ്കടമായും ചെറിയതും ചെറിയതും  
രണ്ടുപേരുടെയും ഇടയിൽ ചെറിയതും ചെറിയതും ചെറിയതും  
രണ്ടുപേരുടെയും ഇടയിൽ ചെറിയതും ചെറിയതും ചെറിയതും  
രണ്ടുപേരുടെയും ഇടയിൽ ചെറിയതും ചെറിയതും ചെറിയതും

‘നിന്ദാ നിന്ദാ പരിവർത്തിതമാവു പോലെയായിട്ടും  
നിന്ദാ നിന്ദാ പരിവർത്തിതമാവു പോലെയായിട്ടും  
നിന്ദാ നിന്ദാ പരിവർത്തിതമാവു പോലെയായിട്ടും  
നിന്ദാ നിന്ദാ പരിവർത്തിതമാവു പോലെയായിട്ടും

എന്ന പദ്യംകൊണ്ടു പ്രകാശിപ്പിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നതിനെക്കാൾ കൂടുതലായി ഒരു മഹാകവിക്ക് വന്നിട്ടു  
പ്രകാശിപ്പിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കുമോ എന്ന് സംശയമാകുന്നു.

‘കാലികാലിൽ തടവിനപൊടി ചാർത്തുകൊണ്ടാത്തശോഭം  
പീലിക്കുന്നതും കലിതകിരം പീതകൊഴയവിതം  
കോലം കോലക്കുഴലിയും ബാലഗോപാലലീലം  
കോലാനിലം തവനിയതവും കോയിൽകൊൽകെണ്ടർ ചേതം’

എന്ന ഉണ്ണുനീലിസന്ദേശപദ്യത്തിനും

‘പാലിക്കാനായ് ഭവനമഖിലം ഭൂതലേ ജാതനായ-  
കാലികാലിൽ കലിതകിരം കാത്ത കണ്ണനു കേന്ദ്രം  
പീലിക്കോലൊന്നടിമലരിൽ നീ കാഴ്ചയായ് വച്ചിടേണം  
മെഴിച്ചെട്ടിൽ തിരുകുതിനെത്തിച്ചായ് കേരളാസൻ’

എന്ന മയൂരസന്ദേശത്തിലെ പദ്യത്തിനും തമ്മിലുള്ള സാദൃശ്യം കേവലം യദൃച്ഛാസംഭവമാണെ  
ങ്കിൽ വിസ്മയിച്ചുപോകാതെ നിവൃത്തിയില്ല. ഉണ്ണുനീലിസന്ദേശകൃത്താവിനു പച്ചമലയാളത്തി  
ലും സർവസമയങ്ങളായ പദ്യങ്ങൾ ചമെപ്പാൻ കഴിയുമെന്നുള്ളതിന്നു

‘മുക്കിക്കോരിച്ചെറിയ കനകകിണ്ടികൊണ്ടൊതു ചൊൽവു  
മിക്കപ്പോഴും പുനരതു നനയ്ക്കുന്നിമററില്ല വേല ;  
തെക്കുംപാകത്തിനിയകുറുമ്പിക്കൽ മൈക്കണ്ണിയണ്ണി-  
ച്ചക്കിപ്പെണ്ണിൻ കലിയതു കർമ്മേന്താരചേമനിയുണ്ടു’.

‘മാഴക്കണ്ണാർക്കൊരുമയിലുമുണ്ടുപിൻകാലൊരും പോയ്-  
താഴെച്ചെല്ലും പുരികഴലഴിച്ചോരൻ നില്ലാരുനേരം  
ഉഴഞ്ഞു കൊണ്ടിരുർ മുക്കിതെന്തൊന്നാൽ പിരിചാലേ  
മുഴച്ചിത്തിച്ചവയൊടുക്കേ പാടിയാടിപ്പൊന്നു’.

ഈ പദ്യങ്ങൾ മതിയായ ലക്ഷ്യങ്ങളാകുന്നു.

ഇതുപോലെ, സരസമധുരങ്ങളായ പദ്യങ്ങൾ നിറഞ്ഞിട്ടുള്ള അനവധി കാവ്യതല്പരന്മാർ കൊല്ലം ൫-ാം ന്റ-ാം ശതകങ്ങളിൽ ഉണ്ടായിട്ടുള്ളതായി ലിഖാതിലകത്തിൽനിന്നും മനസ്സിലാക്കാവുന്നതാണ്. എന്നാൽ ഓന്മായോന്മയുടെ നിർഭാഗ്യവശാൽ അവയിൽ മിക്കതും കാലകാലിനിയുടെ ആവർത്തനകളിൽ ആണ്ടുപോയതായിട്ടാണു കാണപ്പെടുന്നത്. ഓന്മാസാഹിത്യസാമ്രാജ്യത്തിലെ അന്ധകാരമന്ദിരങ്ങളായ പന്ഥാകളിൽ പ്രവേശിച്ച തങ്ങളുടെ ഗവേഷണാലുപരിഷ്കരിച്ച നാലുപാദം പ്രസരിപ്പിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന മഹാശയന്മാർ അവയിൽ ചിലരെങ്കിലും വിജ്ഞാതരായ പ്രകാശിപ്പിക്കാതിരിക്കുകയല്ലെന്നു മാത്രം നമുക്കു കാണാം.

ഈ ഘട്ടത്തിൽ ഉണ്ടായ സന്ദേശകാവ്യങ്ങളുടെ കൂട്ടത്തിൽ ഒരു വികടകവി കാകസന്ദേശം എന്നൊരു കാവ്യം ഉണ്ടാക്കിയതായിക്കാണുന്നുണ്ട്. അതിൽനിന്നും മാതൃകയുപേണ്ടി ഒരു ശ്ലോകം ഉദ്ധരിക്കാം:—

“സപ്തോപപാദം മഹിതഗുപതേവിക്രമാദിത്യനാമുപോഷാംചക്രേതജ്ഞമഖഭം കാലിദാസഃകവീന്ദ്രഃ-  
തപഃ കൃത്തസ്ത്വീവദരതിജ്ജോളസ്സവിശ്വാഹമിമ്മം  
മതപാതമാനം തവ ലഘുമയാ പ്രേതിതകാക ഏവ.”

ഇതേകാലത്തുതന്നെ ഉണ്ടായിട്ടുള്ളവയായിക്കാണുന്ന

“നിരാടഭേ, നിവസനമിദം ചാത്മ്യം മേവാച്ഛനായാ-  
മെപ്പോഴും നി കൃതമതിരതും മട്ടുമാറായിതല്ലോ  
എന്നിറങ്ങുന്ന നിജപരിഭവപ്രാർത്ഥനാ കണ്ഠകാമാ  
കേഴത്തിവാരാഹസിവിരാഗവ്യാകുലാവല്ലഭാമേ.” എന്നും

“അച്ഛാനിലം നിരമദിതൊഴും ക്രന്തൽ, പുറന്തൽപൊരുത്തോ-  
ല്ലശ്യാഭാസം കൊടിയിടത്തുടമന്ദപമത്യന്താമ്യം  
അസ്സുചാത്താലവമവിസഭേ, ചൊല്ലിനാലുല്ലസിക്കും  
വക്ത്രംനേത്രേ ചില സലിലവും ചെണ്ടമെൻ വല്ലഭായാ?” എന്നും

ഉള്ള പദ്യങ്ങളും ഏതോ സന്ദേശകാവ്യങ്ങളിൽ ഉള്ളവയായിരിക്കണം.

മുൻപറഞ്ഞ രവിവർമ്മകൃതത്തിനുശേഷമാരോടു പടപെട്ടിയതും പാണ്ഡ്യരാജ്യം പിടിച്ചടക്കിയതും ആയ ചരിത്രസംഗതിയെ വിഷയമാക്കി വീരരസപ്രധാനമായി ഒരു കാവ്യം ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നതായും കാണുന്നുണ്ട്.

“ദ്രോണായഭൂപദം ധനഞ്ജയ ഇവക്ത്വാപാലബാലാം ബലി  
വേണാട്ടിന്നടയോരുവീരരവിവർമ്മാഖ്യോയമുനാം പതിഃ  
പാണ്ഡ്യവിക്രമപുഷ്പം പടയിൽവെച്ചാട്ടിപ്പിടിച്ചുങ്ങനെ  
പാണ്ഡ്യശായകൊടുത്തുതസ്സുതനയാം പത്മാനനാമഗ്രഹീൽ.”

“പരമദനേ പരപുതനാം-പാണ്ഡ്യനവഃ ലഞ്ചനാംചകാരഗരഭേ  
തൂരഗാരവ്യാസപാദ-തൂരതൂര മണ്ടിതൂരപ്പുരല്ലാതം.”

“ഏററംതിമയ്ക്കു നിറമററണയ്ക്കു നാചാൻ താൻ  
കാററത്തു സംവലിതരൂപസമാൻ വിതേനേ  
ചീററത്തിനാൽ മതിമറന്ന മഹാനഭാവൻ  
കൂററത്തിലും കൊടിയ വിക്രമപാണ്ഡ്യസിംഹഃ.”

ഈ പദ്യങ്ങൾ മൂന്നും ആ കാവ്യത്തിൽ ഉള്ളവതന്നെ ആയിരിക്കണം.

മഴ നന്നത്തു കളിരും വിശപ്പുകൊണ്ടു പരവശനായി അർദ്ധരാത്രി പെരുമനത്തു തിരുവിളക്കാവസ്ഥത്തിൽ അകപ്പെട്ടുപോയ വാസുദേവിരിക്കു മേവൻ പ്രസാദിച്ചു കളിമുററുവാൻ വിറകും തീയും വിശപ്പടക്കാവാൻ ഒരു കമലീപുഷ്പമഖയും സമ്മാനിച്ചതായും തി കാഞ്ഞു ഞെട്ടുബാധ നികി പഴം ഭക്ഷിച്ചതുമുതൽ അദ്ദേഹം ഒരു മഹാകവി ചാമിത്തിന്നതായും ഒരു കഥയുണ്ടല്ലോ. പിററന്നാർ രാവിലെ ക്ഷേത്രം അടിച്ചുതളിക്കാണെന്നതിനു വാക്യസ്വാർത്ഥം ഇക്കമയറ

യ്ക്ക് ഇത്ര മാഹാത്മ്യമുള്ള പഴത്തിന്റെ തൊലിപ്പം ഏതെന്നിവിടെ ശക്തിയില്ലാതിരിക്കയില്ലെന്ന വിശ്വാസമുണ്ട്. ഭൂതരി തിരുമുറ്റത്തുനിന്നു പഴത്തൊലികളെടുത്തു ഭക്ഷിച്ചതിൽ അതി ക്കും കവിതാം ലഭിച്ചതായി അതേകഥതന്നെ ഉദ്ഘോഷിക്കുന്നുണ്ട്. വാഴ്ചപ്പാക്ക് ചാനാക വിത ചമെത്തുനല്ല പാടവമേ സിദ്ധിച്ചു. തൊലിയിൽനിന്നും കൂടുതലായ വിഷമകളാണു അശിഷാനും വഴിയില്ലല്ലോ. അവർ ഒരു യാത്രകാര്യം ചെയ്തു. നേരംപോക നായിട്ടായി ിഷാം ആ കാവ്യത്തിനു തൊലിക്കാവ്യം എന്നു പേർ പറഞ്ഞുവെന്നത്.

“മഴയിനിയും പെട്ടോട്ടേ-വരഹിണിമയിമാരവിരമ്പെട്ടോട്ടേ,  
വൃസനമതികുന്നുണ്ടോ-കുസുമാരൻ കൊച്ചുയല്ലതികുന്നുണ്ടോ?”

ഈ പദ്യം തൊലിക്കാവ്യത്തിലുള്ളതാണുപോലും.

ഇനിയും നമ്മുടെ ശ്രദ്ധയെ ആകർഷിക്കുന്ന മദ്ധ്യകാലഘട്ടത്തിലെ ഒരു കൃതി പത്രോസ വമാകുന്നു. ഇതിന്റെ കവിയാരാണെന്നു അറിയാപ്പെട്ടിട്ടില്ല. സുകുമാരകോമളങ്ങളായ പ മാവലികളുടെ അവിരളപ്രയോഗം കൊണ്ടും ശബ്ദാത്മകാരങ്ങളുടെ അകൃത്രിമരമണിയതുകൊണ്ടും ഈ കൃതിയും ഒരൊന്നാംതരം കാവ്യംതന്നെ. പക്ഷേ, ഇതിൽ പദ്യപടരണം കാണുന്ന ശൃംഗാരസത്തിന്റെ നഗ്നമായ പ്രതിപാദന പലപ്പോഴും നമ്മിൽ ഒരു സങ്കോചത്തെ ജനിപ്പിക്കുന്നുണ്ടെന്നുള്ള സംഗതിയും മറച്ചുവെക്കുന്നതും. സ്ത്രീകൾക്ക് സന്ദർശനപരമായ സൗഹൃദ നായകനായ ഒരു കല്പന (-ചന്ദ്രോത്സവം-) നായികയായ മേലിൻപെണ്ണിലാവ് നടത്തുന്ന സംഗതിയാണു് ഇതിലെ ഇതിവൃത്തം. പൗരസ്ത്യകവികളുടെ സമ്പ്രദായം അനുസരിച്ചു നായികയുടെ മാതാവിനേയും അവരുടെ ഗർഭധാരണത്തെയും നായികയുടെ ജനനത്തെയും കൈക്കൊണ്ടു കവി പൊടിപൊടിച്ചു വർണ്ണിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. ആകെ അഞ്ചു സൂത്രമുള്ള ഈ കാവ്യത്തിലെ ഒട്ടുമിക്ക ഭാഗങ്ങളും രണ്ടു സൂത്രങ്ങളിൽ, അക്ഷരത്തെ സാമുദായികസ്ഥിതിയുടെ ഒരു മഹിയ ചിത്രവും പ്രതിബിംബിതമായിട്ടുണ്ട്. ഭാഷാരീതി സാക്ഷാൽ മണിപ്രാദംതന്നെയാകുന്നു. അതു വിശദീകരിക്കാനായി രണ്ടു മൂന്നു പദ്യങ്ങൾ ഉദ്ധരിക്കാം.

“കംതോടിക്കമ്മിഴികാണുന്നകേതകാലാ-  
മാപാമധുവമണിമെന്തിലലംവകാര  
ഗഭേനിറംതകമിളം കളിപ്പൊണ്ണിലാവു  
മുൽപാദഗ്രന്ഥകമേ നിഴിച്ചുപോലെ.”

പുകാവുതോറും പിഴസുന്ദരിണാ-  
മാണുകോകിലാലീപരിയാലിതാനാം  
കേൾക്കപ്പെടുന്നരതിനാഥമാപ-  
ശ്രോകാരകാരിണിരതാനിയന്ത്രി.

‘യന്ത്രിനനംഗകൊടിയാടകാരേറ-  
റാകാശവീഥിമവഗാഹ്യഗതാ  
തൊങ്കൽക്കരംകൊണ്ടുമാവതിം നേ-  
രങ്കത്തിനായാഹ്വയതിവളാതി’

ഈ കൃതിയിൽ

‘ഉചിതരൂപവിലാസേ ചാരുവാദേവതാശ്രി  
കരകിസലയസംഹൃതശ്ചോപദേശാലം  
അഹമഹമികയാപോന്നതംശബ്ദപ്രവാഹം  
വേവുവനേബിംബം പ്രിയയേശാങ്കരമെ.

എന്ന പദ്യത്തിൽ ശങ്കരൻ എന്നൊരു മഹാകവിയുടെ പേർ പ്രസ്താവിച്ചുകാണുന്നുണ്ട്. ഈ ശങ്കരകവി ആരാണെന്നോ അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കൃതികൾ ഏതെല്ലാമാണെന്നോ ഇതേവരെ അറിയാപ്പെട്ടിട്ടില്ലെന്നുള്ളതും പ്രസ്താവയോഗ്യമാകുന്നു. \*

(തുടരും)

\* ഇതു് മഹാകവി ശങ്കരരാജാർപ്പണിയാണെന്നു തോന്നുന്നു. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കവികൃതികളും കണ്ടുകിട്ടിയിട്ടുണ്ട്. (Editor)





നഗ്നയുമാകുന്നു. അതുകൊണ്ട് അവളുടെ സൗന്ദര്യം കൃത്രിമമാണെന്നുള്ളതുകൊണ്ട് ഉന്മീലിപ്പിച്ചിട്ടില്ല. ആരോണമില്ലാത്തതുകൊണ്ട് അവർക്കു കൃത്യവുമില്ല. ഈ അർത്ഥം കിട്ടണമെങ്കിൽ 'അ കൃത്രിമമൃതിഃ ഇയം അനവാദ്യം' എന്നു അനവർത്തികയും 'പ്രകൃതിരമണീയയാമകൊണ്ടു ഇവർ നിദ്രാതയാകുന്നു' എന്നു പരിഭാഷപ്പെടുത്തുകയും ചെയ്യണം.

നളൻ ഭാർയ്യയോടു കൂടി കാട്ടിൽ നടക്കുമ്പോൾ 'പക്ഷങ്ങൾ ചഞ്ചുക്കുട്ടാ പരിപാഴ്ചെപ്പാൻ നിറമാം പക്കികൾ ഇതാ വന്നു പരമരമണീയങ്ങൾ' എന്നു പറഞ്ഞു അവയെ പിടിക്കുന്നതിനായി വലവയ്ക്കുന്നു. കലിയും നളനമാണു പക്ഷി വേഷം ധരിച്ചു നളനെ ചർക്കുന്നതിനായി വന്നുവെന്നതു്. ഇവരുടെ പ്രവേശത്തോടുകൂടി 'കാന്താരന്താരക' വ്യാഖ്യാനപ്രകാരം കവിമാത്രം പ്രവേശിക്കുന്നതായിട്ടെ കാണുന്നു. 'സചാപരോഷകവതാഥിതി' എന്നതിനു പ്രകൃതത്തിനു യോജിച്ച രേഖം പറവാൻ വ്യാഖ്യാതാവു വളരെ കഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടു. "സചാപര അക്ഷകലിതാഥിതിഃ (കലി)' എന്നു അനവർത്തിച്ചു 'ചാപരനോടു കൂടി അക്ഷങ്ങളിൽ സ്ഥിതി ചെയ്യുവനായിട്ടു 'കലി' എന്നു പരിഭാഷപ്പെടുത്തുകയും 'കലികളായായി ഇരുനൂറുകൊക്കുമെന്നു ചാപരൻ അക്ഷങ്ങളിൽ ഇരിക്കണമെന്നുമായിരുന്നു അവർ തങ്ങളിൽ ഉടമ്പടി. എന്നാൽ കലിക്കു അക്ഷത്തിലും സ്ഥിതി ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു എന്നു കല്പിക്കേണ്ടിയിരിക്കുന്നു' എന്നൊരു വിവരം ഞ്കൂടിച്ചേർക്കുകയും ചെയ്തിരിക്കുന്നു. എന്നാൽ ഇത്രവളരെ ബുദ്ധിമുട്ടാതെ പ്രകൃതത്തിനു യോജിച്ച രേഖം ഈ പദങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും ലഭിക്കാവുന്നതാണ്. 'സ അക്ഷകലിതാഥിതിഃ ചാപര ച' (ആ അക്ഷകലിതാഥിതിനായ ചാപരനും) എന്നാക്കിയാൽ മതി. ഇങ്ങനെ രേഖം എടുക്കുന്നതിനു പ്രധാനബാധകമായി നില്ക്കുന്നതു 'നഗ്രാഭീൽ' എന്നു മുങ്ങിയപ്പോൾ ഏകവചനമായിരുന്നു. ഈ പ്രയോഗം 'പിപീലികാച ഭാർയ്യാച അഹോരാത്രം തുഞ്ചാധരൈ' എന്നിത്യാദികളിലെപ്പോലെ ക്രിയാപദം ഏകദേശവിവർത്തിയാണെന്നും ആവർത്തിക്കുന്നതുകൊണ്ടു രണ്ടു കർത്താക്കളിലും പ്രത്യേകം പ്രത്യേകം സംബന്ധിപ്പിക്കാമെന്നും വിചാരിക്കുന്നപക്ഷം അതുകൊണ്ടു പിന്നെ കഴുപ്പുവരില്ല. അപ്പോൾ പിന്നിട്ടുള്ള പദം കലിയും ചാപരനും കൂടിപ്പറയുന്നതായിത്തീരുകയും ചെയ്യും.

ഇവകൂടാതെയും പലതും ഈ ഭാഗത്തിൽത്തന്നെ കാണാവുന്നതാണ്. നളചരിതംകഥകളിൽ ഒരിക്കലും ഇൻറർമിഡ്യേററുവിദ്യാർത്ഥികൾക്കു യോജിച്ച ഒരു കാവ്യമല്ല. അതിന്റെ കാര്യം നിമിത്തം പഠിക്കുന്നതിനു നിഷ്പ്രസിതരായ വിദ്യാർത്ഥികളിൽ പലരും 'തിമരകം' കന്യായം സേവിക്കുന്നതുപോലെയാണു അതു വായിച്ചു വീക്ഷിക്കുന്നത്. എങ്കിലും വേറെ ചില പുസ്തകങ്ങളുടെ കഥയോത്താൽ ഇപ്രകാരമുള്ള ബുദ്ധിമുട്ടുകൾ വളരെ കുറഞ്ഞുപോയതിനാലുതന്നെ.

നവരസങ്ങളിൽ പ്രധാന്യം ശൃംഗാരത്തിനാണെന്നുള്ളതു് അവിതർക്കമായ സംഗതിയാകുന്നു. യഥാർത്ഥകവിതകളിൽ അതിനു മതിയായ പരിപാവനതാപുമാണ്ടു. എങ്കിലും പല കവികളുടെയും ശൃംഗാരരസപ്രകടനം അത്യന്തപരിശുദ്ധിക്കുകയാതെ വിടവുനോടും നല്കുന്നതിനും ശക്തിയോടെ ഉപേക്ഷിക്കുന്നു. ബി. എ. പരിക്ഷക്കു വെച്ചിരിക്കുന്ന 'മലയാളകൊല്ലം' ഇതിനു മതിയായ ഒരുദാഹരണമാണ്. ഇതു സാഹചര്യമൊഴൊഴൊടുകൂടിയ ഒരു കാവ്യമാണെന്നുള്ളതിനു തർക്കമില്ല. എന്നാൽ അതിൽ ഉല്ക്കടമായിട്ടുള്ള ശൃംഗാരരസം കേവലം നഗ്നമായിക്കാണുന്നതുകൊണ്ടു അതു ഒരു പാഠ്യപുസ്തകമാക്കിക്കല്പിക്കുവാൻ പാടില്ലാത്തതാകുന്നു. ഭാരതസാഹിത്യത്തിലും അധികം ശ്ലോകവും സ്തോത്രകളുടെ ചില അംഗങ്ങളേപ്പറ്റിയുള്ള വർണ്ണനകളോടുകൂടിയതാണ്. ആ അംഗങ്ങൾ ഏതുതരം ഗോപ്യമായിരിക്കുന്നുവോ അതുതരം കവിയുടെ വർണ്ണനകളും ഉല്ക്കടമായിരിക്കും. 'ചിഞ്ചമാസം' എന്ന ആദ്യസാഹിത്യത്തിൽ തന്നെ ഈ മാതിരിയിലുള്ള ഏതുയോ ശ്ലോകങ്ങളാണുള്ളതു്.

'മാടോട്ടമേട്ട, കുറവേറമിരിപ്പിടത്തിൽ  
കൂടുംപ്രകാരമൊരു വൃദ്ധി, തിരക്കുതമ്മിൽ,  
ചോടിനന്നു, പ്രിവയ്ക്കും പരദേശികൾക്കു  
മുടംകൊണ്ടുചികരം പലഹാരമല്ലോ'.

'പെട്ടെന്നു നല്ലപരടിട്ടു വരിഞ്ഞുകെട്ടി-  
ച്ചട്ടറപമ്പരമെറിഞ്ഞിരിച്ചിട്ടുന്നു  
തുഞ്ചാവധൂക്കളുടെ പമ്പരമോടിക്കത്ത  
പുഷ്പസ്ഥനം ഹൃദയസീമനി ചേർത്തിട്ടുന്നു'.

[illegible]

ഇങ്ങനെ എനിയും എത്രപേണമെങ്കിലുമുണ്ട്. യുവാക്കളാൽ യുവതികളും ഒരുമിച്ചു പഠിക്കുന്ന ഒരു ക്ലാസിൽ ഇങ്ങനെയൊന്നും ഒരു അധ്യാപകൻ ഇവർക്ക് ശ്ലോകങ്ങളുടെ അർത്ഥം പറയുകയോ ഉള്ളതല്ല? യുവാക്കളായ വിദ്യാർത്ഥികളുടെ മനസ്സിലും കടാക്ഷവിഷേപങ്ങളും യുവതികളുടെ വിവർത്തനങ്ങളും നിശ്ചയമായും അതിനുചുരുക്കുന്ന അധ്യാപകൻ കാണേണ്ടതായിവരും. എന്നാൽ ആ വർഷങ്ങളിലെ ഉപേക്ഷിച്ചു കളയാമെന്നുപോയി എന്നൊരു പുസ്തകത്തിൽ അധികമാംഗവും ഉപേക്ഷിക്കേണ്ടതായിവരും. പിന്നെ പഠിക്കുകയോ പോലും തപ്പി എവിടെ വിടിക്കൂടുമെന്നു വിശ്വസിക്കാനും താമില്ല. ആകയാൽ 'നാടുകോലം കെട്ടിയാൽ കരസ്ഥമാകുന്ന' എന്ന വിദ്യാർത്ഥികളും അധ്യാപകന്മാരും കണപോലെ സമാധാനപ്പെട്ടേണ്ടിയിരിക്കുന്നു.

മേൽ വിവരിച്ചതുതടക്കവും അല്ലാത്തവയിലുള്ള കട്ടവലരെ മാനങ്ങൾ പ്രസ്തുത നമ്മത്തിലുണ്ടു. കുന്നിലാസവണ്ണനയിൽ 'പട്ടിപ്പട്ട'കൂടി ഉൾപ്പെടുത്താനിരുന്നാൽ കവിത സമാധാനം പോരാ. എന്നാൽ അതു കണക്കാക്കേണ്ടതോ കവിതയല്ലെന്നു വിചാരിച്ചാൽ—പോകത്തിൽ ഇതുവലരെ പട്ടികകളുപോലെ?—മരിക്കലും മരിയാകുകയില്ല. ഹാ! അപരരെ കണ്ണാനുകരമായ സംഗീതമോ? മതി. ഈ പ്രകൃതം ഇവിടെ നില്ക്കട്ടെ.

‘ബാലാംഗനാഭവകുടുംബം’യെക്കുറിച്ച്  
കാലേവരിച്ചതു ജനങ്ങൾ ഉള്ളിടത്തു  
ശ്രീമിപ്പതിപ്പു ചിലർ കൂടാതെത്തന്നെ  
കാലിന്റെ വിത്തുകൾ നിറച്ചുവെച്ചു.

എന്നിത്യാദി ശ്ലോകങ്ങൾ വായിക്കുമ്പോൾ അറപ്പുതോന്നാത്തവർ വല്ലവരുമുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ അവർ ഈ കവിയുടെ ശിഷ്യത്വം സ്വന്തമാക്കേണ്ടതാണ്. സാഹിത്യരേഖയുടെ മുഖത്തു ചെലിടേണ്ടുന്ന ഇനാരിരി ശ്ലോകങ്ങളോടുകൂടിയ ഒരു ഗ്രന്ഥം പാഠ്യപുസ്തകമാക്കി കല്പിക്കുന്നതിനു ധൈര്യപ്പെട്ടവരുടെ വകതിരിവിനു നമുക്കു ഒരു വിട്ടുനമയ്ക്കാരും ചെയ്യാം.

(T. N. KESAVA PILLAY, First Class).

കാവ്യരസം കാല,ദേശ,വ്യതിരിക്തമാണ്. അതു പ്രപഞ്ചത്തെപ്പോലെ അനാദ്യനവും, ആ കാശത്തെപ്പോലെ അപരിമേയവും, നമീപ്രവാഹത്തെപ്പോലെ അവിച്ഛിന്നവും അത്രേ. അ പരിച്ഛേദനായ കാട്ടാളനിലും, പരിച്ഛേദനായ പൊരനിലും കവിതാഭേദിയുടെ കടാക്ഷവി ഷ്ഠങ്ങളാൽ നിരന്തരം പതിഞ്ഞുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നു. അണിമാഗരിമാദ്യവസ്ഥാവിശേഷങ്ങളി ല്ല അന്തരമുണ്ടെന്നുള്ളത്.

[illegible]

ബോണിസവാൻ പട്ടാപ്പുറമായിത്തന്നിട്ടു. അതാണു നില്പി കല്പസമാധി. ചന്ദ്രമേധന പാ മശാന്തി തന്നെയാണു് ആ മരയിൽ അനുഭവം.

അയ്യായിരം സംവത്സരങ്ങൾക്കു മുമ്പുണ്ടായിരുന്ന ലോകം ജനത്തേതിൽനിന്നു തുറന്നു വെച്ചുവെച്ചിരുന്നു. അന്നു ശാസ്ത്രപ്രകാരം ലോകത്തെ ചാസമാനമാക്കിയിരുന്നില്ല. പരിഷ്കാരസൂത്രൻ പ്രവണ്ണപ്രതാപനായി ഭവിച്ചിരുന്നുമില്ല. ഇന്നു മണിമാറ്റികളും മേടകളും നില്പു നിൽക്കു് അന്നു വെറും ചെററക്കുട്ടികളായിരുന്നു കെട്ടപ്പെട്ടിരുന്നതു്. ജന "മാറാലമറ പോലു്" ജ്ഞ പട്ടാംബരം ധരിക്കുന്നവരുടെ പുയികന്മാർ എന്നു മറവിറിയായിരുന്നു ധരിച്ചിരുന്നതു്. ഇന്നത്തെ യന്ത്രങ്ങളുടെ മോലിയെല്ലാം അന്നു കൈകൾതന്നെ നടത്തി പോന്നു. ഇന്നു ജനാധിപത്യ നടത്തിപ്പോരുന്ന നാട്ടുകാരും, സമുദായപരം അന്നു സ്വേച്ഛാപ്രഭുക്കളായ അനേകം പ്രഭുക്കന്മാരുടെ ചൊല്ലിനെ കീഴ്പ്പെട്ടിരുന്നു. ഏകീഭൂ, ആ ലോകവും ഇന്നത്തെ പോലെ തന്നെ ചന്ദ്രഭാവേന വർത്തിച്ചിരുന്നു. ജനനവും മരണവും, നന്മയും തിന്മയും, സന്തോഷവും സന്ദർഭവും അന്നു മാറി മാറി ഉണ്ടായിക്കൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. ബാഹ്യവുമായ മാറ്റങ്ങൾ എത്രയോ വന്നിരുന്നിട്ടും അവരുടെ ജീവിതഗതിയെ നിയന്ത്രിക്കുന്ന നിയമങ്ങൾ അലാസമായി നിലനിന്നു പോന്നു. ആന്തരപ്രകൃതി മാത്രം അവരുടെയത്രേ. പരിത്രാർത്ഥമായ ഒരു കാലത്തുണ്ടായ മഹാഭാരതവും, രാമായണവും മനുഷ്യാട്ടമായതെ ഇന്നും ജ്ഞാതരികുവാൻ പ്രാപ്തമായിരുന്നതിന്റെ രഹസ്യം ഇതുതന്നെ. മുതലതു ശതാബ്ദത്തിലധികം മുമ്പു്, ഇൻഡ്യയിൽ, ഹോമറാജസയ്ക്കിന്റെ 'ഇല്ല്യൂഡ്' വിജയഭേരിയടിച്ച ശാകന്മാരും അടുത്തകാലത്തു്, ജർമ്മിയിൽ പെട്ടു്, ഗേറ്റെ (Goethe) മഹാകാവ്യം പരമാനന്ദപരതന്ത്രനാക്കിയതിന്റെ പരമാനന്ദവും ഇതുതന്നെ.

പക്ഷെ, ഏല്പാക്കുവിതകളും ദേശതന്ത്രത്തിലുൾപ്പെട്ടവയല്ല. കാവ്യരസോദ്യമങ്ങളായ കവിതാസാമഗ്രികളിൽ, ഹൃദയവികാസസങ്കോചമേദംകൊണ്ടു്, ചിലതിന്നു ചില ജനസമുദായങ്ങളിൽ ചില കാലങ്ങളിൽ കൂടുതൽ പ്രാധാന്യം കിട്ടിക്കൊണ്ടുണ്ടു്. ആത്മാന്തരവിവേചനോല്പാദനോദയമായ ഭാരതീയരുടെ ഇടയിൽ കല്പനാശക്തിക്കു്, ഭൗതികപരിഷ്കാരോന്മുഖമായ പാശ്ചാത്യരുടെയിടയിൽ സൂക്ഷ്മാവലോകന പാടവത്തിന്നും ലഭ്യങ്ങളായ സ്ഥാനങ്ങൾ ആരണ്ടു ജനസമുദായങ്ങളുടെയും ആന്തരപ്രകൃതികൾക്കു തമ്മിലുള്ള അന്തരത്തെ പ്രസ്തുതമായി പ്രത്യക്ഷപ്പെടുത്തുന്നുണ്ടു്. റിസ്റ്റോറേഷൻ (Restoration) കാലത്തു സാഹിത്യകൃതികളെക്കുറിച്ചു് രൂപം നല്കിയ കോട്ടവും, നവീകരണപ്രസ്ഥാനകാലത്തു (Puritanic Movement) അതിനോടു യ അതിതിവ്രമായ പുനരജീവനവും, അത്തതു കാലങ്ങളിലെ കൃതികളിൽ പ്രതിബിംബിച്ചു കാണാം. ചരിത്രപ്രസിദ്ധമായ ഫ്രഞ്ചുവിപ്ലവകാലത്തു വാർട്ടയർ, റൂസോ മുതലായവർ ഫ്രാൻസിലും, ഇംഗ്ലണ്ടിലും നിലനിന്നുകാലത്തു ഖിയോ ഓർസ്റ്റായി റഷ്യയിലും, സാമുവേൽ ഹൂക്കർ സാഹിത്യലോകത്തിലേക്കു വ്യാപരിച്ചിട്ടിരുന്നതായിക്കാണാം. ബാല്യവിവാഹം, സ്ത്രീധനംകാക്കു മുതലായ സാമുദായിക ഭ്രാന്താരങ്ങളെ നിവാരണം ചെയ്യുന്നതിന്നും, വിധവാവിവാഹാദി പരിഷ്കാരങ്ങളെ ഏല്പെടുത്തുന്നതിന്നും ഉണ്ടായ സാമുദായികാവലം സാഹിത്യത്തിലേക്കും, സാഹിത്യത്തിൽനിന്നു ജനസാമാന്യത്തിലേക്കും ഏങ്ങനെ സംക്രമിച്ചുവെന്നു വംഗചാന്ദസാഹിത്യം വെളിപ്പെടുത്തുന്നു.

നമ്മുടെ പരിമിതമായ മലയാളസാഹിത്യത്തിലും, ഉദാഹരണങ്ങളില്ലെന്നില്ല. കാലേകൂട്ടി കളരിയിൽ കയറി, കച്ചകെട്ടിപ്പയറി, അടവുചവിട്ടി, കയ്യറച്ചു്, മെയ്യറച്ചു്, ജടമ്പിരി പറന്നു, വലമ്പിരി പറന്നു് പുറത്തിറങ്ങിയ രണനായകന്മാരുടെ കാലത്തല്ലാതെ ഒരു തട്ടെപ്പോട്ടു ഉണ്ടാകുവാനിടയില്ല. ആയോധനപാടവം കുറയ്ക്കു്, ശൌർദ്യവും വികൃതവും വെടിയിലേ പല ഭാഗങ്ങളും ഉണ്ടാവാൻ തരമില്ല. വെണ്ണണി കൃതികളുടെ ആവിർഭാവവും പ്രചാരം. ഇന്നു ഭാരതാന്തരീക്ഷത്തിൽ അത്യുഗ്രമായടിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന രാഷ്ട്രീയ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം കൊടുങ്കാറ്റിന്റെ ശബ്ദംകൊലാഹലവും, ജാതിക്കോട്ടയിൽ ഒരങ്ങി ഒരങ്ങി കഴിഞ്ഞുകൂടിയ അധഃകൃതസമുദായങ്ങളുടെ കൂട്ടമറവിലിയും, അവയുടെ മാറ്റംവരിയുമാണു് ഇന്നു മലയാളസാഹിത്യമോമണ്ഡലത്തിൽ മുങ്ങി പോകുന്നതു്. ഈ "ഭ്രാന്താകൃപതി"യിലെ മാമുൽപ്രിയനായ റിപ്പ് വാൻ വിങ്കിളന്മാർ (Rip Van Winkler) ക്കു വളത്തോൾ കവിതയിൽ "വൈജാത്യം" മുതക്കുന്നതു് ആ മഹാകവിയുടെ ഭൂതംകൊണ്ടല്ലെന്നു അറിയാൻ സാധിക്കാത്തതു കഷ്ടം തന്നെ.

സമുദായജീവിതത്തിലെ ചെറുകുടുംബങ്ങൾ സാഹിത്യലോകത്തെയും ആകൃഷ്ടിച്ചെന്നു, ആകൃഷ്ടിച്ചു വന്നു, ജീവിച്ചു ആകൃഷ്ടപ്പെടുകയായിത്തീർന്നു. സാഹിത്യസമുദായസംസ്ഥാനം അടയാളമാണ്. മനസ്സ് ബാഹ്യമായി പങ്കാലത്തായിത്തീർന്നുവെച്ചു, സാമൂഹികജീവിതത്തിന്റെ പ്രാരംഭഘട്ടങ്ങളിലൂടെയുളള അധികവും വ്യാപാരലോകമായിത്തീർന്നു. ജനസമുദായത്തിനകത്ത് സമാധാനവും ദൈവവും വർണ്ണഭേദങ്ങൾ മിഥശിഖ്യം, ശാന്തമായും സംശയമാകുന്നു. അപ്പോൾ കവിതാപ്രവാഹം പ്രമാണമായും പ്രൊശ്നമായിത്തീർന്നു. അപ്പോൾ തന്നെ മനസ്സ് പാപത്തിന്റെ സൂക്ഷ്മഭാവം കാര്യത്തിൽ പ്രതിബിംബിച്ചു കാണുവാൻ തുടങ്ങുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു. സാമൂഹികവിപ്ലവങ്ങൾ സാഹിത്യലോകത്തിലും പരിവർത്തനങ്ങൾ വരുത്തിച്ചേർന്നു. സാമൂഹികബോധം ശിഥിലമായിത്തീർന്നപ്പോൾ സാഹിത്യത്തിന്റെ വളർച്ചയും നിലയുണ്ടായി. ഗ്രീക്ക്, ഫ്രാൻസിസ്, സംസ്കൃത ഭക്തകാവ്യങ്ങൾ ഭിന്നഭാവം കൈമാറ്റിത്തന്നു. മറ്റൊരു അതിവായാണ്.

റാസ് ത്രിയോ സാമൂഹികജീവിതം കവിതയുടെ വാഹനമാക്കിത്തീർന്നു. കവിതകൾ കാര്യങ്ങളെ ചുരുക്കപ്പെടുത്തുന്നു. അതു തന്നെ അനന്തരപ്രായം സമ്പ്രദായമാണെന്നു വിശ്വസിക്കാൻ അർത്ഥപരമാകുന്നു. രണ്ടു കൂട്ടരെയും പ്രവൃത്തി മുഴുവൻ ശരവോ മുഴുവൻ തെറ്റൊരു ആശയം പറയാൻ നിവൃത്തിയില്ല. കാര്യം യശസ്സു അർത്ഥം ഉത്തമാവയെ ഉള്ളിച്ചു വഴുതപ്പെടുന്നവയായിത്തീർന്നു. അതിന്റെ പാലപ്രയോജനം വിജ്ഞാപനമാണെന്നു കരുതുന്നവരുടെ പ്രമാണമാണെന്നു അറിയുന്നതാണ്. സാഹിത്യപ്രളയം, കർമ്മപ്രാപ്തിയും ചെയ്യുന്നു. അതിന്റെ കടലും. സമുദ്രത്തിലേക്കു കൊണ്ടു തന്നെ വന്നു, താഴെത്തന്നെ ബുദ്ധി ജനിച്ചു. സമുദായമുദയത്തിൽ ഉളിച്ചുവെച്ച ഉപദേശം ഗാഢമായി പതയുകയുണ്ടു. അതിന്റെ, അറിഞ്ഞാൽത്തന്നെയും അന്നു പരിചയം ശക്തിപ്രദം, ഒരു വെറും ഉപദേശിയെ പോലെ സാമൂഹികലോകം ചെയ്യുന്ന കവി വെറും 'കവി' ആവാനാണ് അർത്ഥം. സാഹിത്യത്തിന്റെ വലിയ മാറ്റമല്ലാത്ത സാഹിത്യത്തെ ഉപയോഗിച്ചു കൊണ്ടുവന്നു വരിക സൂക്ഷ്മമാണ്. ഇതിനനുസരിച്ചു, പുഷ്പനായുള്ള ബന്ധത്തിനു മുമ്പ് അതിലേക്കുവേണ്ടി വേണ്ട പരിശോധനയും സമുദായമുദയത്തെ കൈമാറ്റിയെ പോരാതെ, ഒരു തത്വപരമായ കൈമാറ്റം ചെയ്യണം.

‘മാതൃവർണ്ണമാണു കവി’ എന്നുണ്ടാകട്ടെ പ്രസ്താവിച്ച് ആ ഭാഗത്തെ അപസാദിപ്പിക്കുവാൻ വാഹനാശം ചെയ്ത ആ മഹാകവിപോലും കർമ്മപ്രയത്നം ശക്തിപ്രദം തീർന്നു പോകുന്നു. അപ്രകാരമുള്ള വിപ്ലവങ്ങൾ വിപ്ലവങ്ങൾക്കെന്നു തോന്നാത്ത വിധത്തിൽ, പരിണാമപരമായി കാണിക്കുന്നതാണ് ഉത്തമം. അപ്പോഴാണ് കവിതയുടെ മിത പൊങ്ങിക്കാണുന്ന കാര്യം ഉദ്യോഗസ്ഥമാക്കി കവിതയെ അനുപാദിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കാതെ വരും. കവിത വായിക്കുമ്പോൾ കവിയെ ചർച്ചയ്ക്കു കവിതയെ അനുപാദിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കാതെ വരും.

കവിയുടെ മാറ്റം വന്നു കലയാണ്. “ഉള്ളിലേക്കു തെളിഞ്ഞു നിന്നു വിളമ്പി,” “സ്വാഭാവികമായി കലിച്ച്,” “പുഷ്പനായുള്ള ബന്ധം,” “പൊതുവായും അങ്ങനെ” എന്നു മേൽപറഞ്ഞതിൽ ഉള്ള അർത്ഥത്തെ അനുമാനിക്കുന്നു. പ്രസ്ഥാനങ്ങളിലും, കവിതയെക്കൊണ്ടും, വാഗ്ദാനവും വാഗ്ദാനം “അർത്ഥപരമായ” ഗംഗത്തിലെ ഹൃദയം പോലെ” യാതൊന്നും സ്ഥിതി ചെയ്യുന്ന പോലെയോ അതോ കവിത. സമുദായത്തെയും, സാഹിത്യത്തെയും അർത്ഥം അനുപാദിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കാത്ത വിധത്തിൽ, കൈയോടു കൈ കോർത്തു ഇണക്കി ആരു കൊണ്ടുപോകുന്നുവോ അപരാധം കവിത.



## Abstract of Calendar for the Third Term, 1925—'26.

### JANUARY

9. S. B. A. reassembles. 'Announcement of Selection Results for the S. B. A.
12. College re-opens after Christmas vacation.
14. Holiday. (Tai Pongal)
16. Saturday. Working day.
19. Holiday. (Dhanaha)
23. Saturday. Working day.

### FEBRUARY

11. Holiday. (Sivarathri)
12. Holiday. (New Moon)
15. Holiday. (Mayaltho)
20. Saturday. Working day.

### MARCH

5. Senior Intermediate Class ends work.
12. Senior B. A. Class ends work.
22. University Intermediate Examination begins.
31. College closes for the Midsummer vacation.

### APRIL

7. University B. A. Examination begins.

## Programme for College Day Celebrations

Wednesday, 20th January 1926.

3. 30 to 6. 30 p. m.

5 to 6 p. m.

Sports

Football match.

Thursday, 21st. January.

11 a. m.

7 to 9 a. m.

Business meeting of the old

River Sports  
association.

Feast

Boat race

Scout display

4 to 5 p. m.

5 to 6 p. m.

6 to 6. 30 p. m.

Friday, 22nd January.

7. 30 to 8. 30 a. m.

3 to 4. 30 p. m.

4. 30 to 6 p. m.

6. 30 p. m.

7 to 8 p. m.

8 to 10 p. m.

Chapel service

Public meeting

Tea

Illuminations begin

English drama

Malayalam drama

The Dewan of Travancore has promised to take the chair on Friday  
January 22nd.