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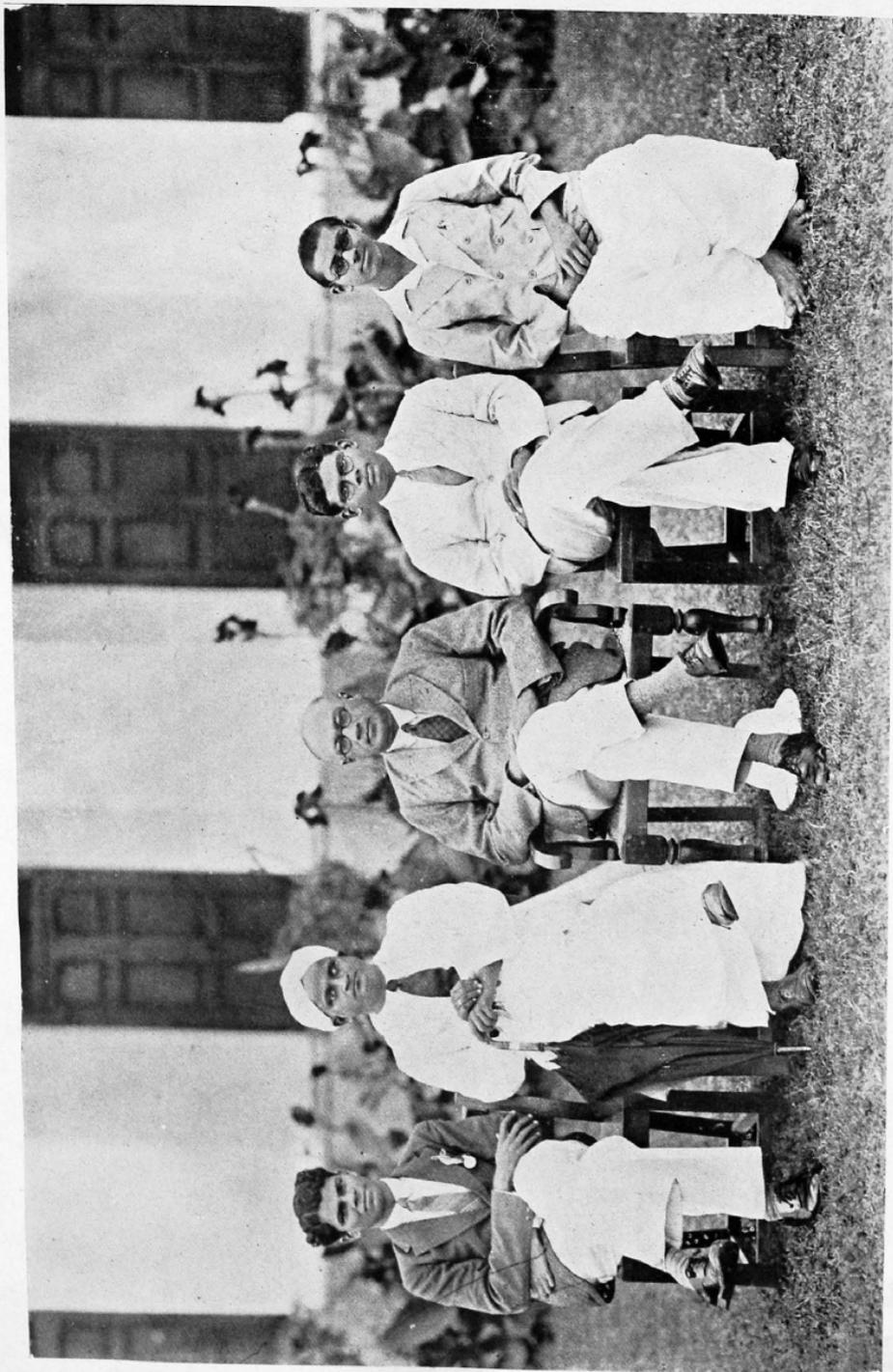
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Editorial Notes

N the last occasion, we congratulated ourselves on the kindness of our contributors. That kindness, we are thankful, we still enjoy. We hope it will never abate.

While we are sensible we cannot requite it, we have decided, in grateful appreciation of it, to give our contributors some reprints of each contribution.

The year 1935 has introduced many—and, we trust, welcome—changes in the Miscellany. Hitherto, though all our students were our subscribers, yet all our subscribers were our students. Now we are happy to count many, outside our University Registers, among those that buy our journal. Their list promises to grow. We promise to do our honest utmost to deserve their consideration.

Among other changes is the change in the design on the front cover. It was effected in deference to wishes expressed by many of our readers. The colour of the cover—of the cover, not of the journal—has also been changed. We had till now a sombre colour—too serious, we feared, for our purposes. We have now adopted a light one. But the most material of all these changes is the appearance, now for the first time, of advertisements in the journal. Most other journals of the kind contain advertisements. When the fact was pointed out to the Board, the Board was convinced that, if to be unique was a distinction, to fall into line with others made for safety.

The frontispiece in this issue is a photograph of the Board with the Vice-Chancellor of the University in the middle. It was taken when the Board was at home to the Vice-Chancellor to felicitate him on his new title and to express its gratitude to him for the enthusiastic interest he always takes in the Annamalainagar Miscellany.

George Bernard Shaw and Contemporary British Drama *

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON presents Shaw as a prophet seated on a tripod whose three legs are the Irishman, the Puritan and the Progressive. It is not at all an exaggeration to say that Shaw is a prophet; he has as great a message to his generation as Carlyle or Newman or Arnold or Ruskin. It was theirs to preach the gospel of faith, the gospel of culture or the gospel of art. Bernard Shaw is the prophet of reason. He sees England with the clear-sighted detachment of an Irishman and sketches it with the vigour and outspokenness of a Puritan. His ideas have been veritable bombshells on the faith of his generation. The Victorians worshipped decorum; they believed in the Englishman's destiny; they swore by romance; they were taken in by the pageantry of war; they exalted the sacredness of the hearth and the home; they were proud of their patriotism. Bernard Shaw pitted himself against all these idols of the market-place. Even when he agreed with his contemporaries he took care to tell them that he agreed for reasons which were just the reverse of theirs. He destroyed their arguments by the white heat of his reason and scattered his enemies as chaff before the wind. He fought many a fight during the last forty years and he is still very much alive and kicking. But the difference is that his enemies have now mostly gone over to his side and he is hailed as the master-spirit of contemporary drama.

It is not our task this evening to discuss the views which first brought him into conflict with his generation and afterwards exalted him above men's heads. We are

* An Extension Lecture delivered in the University.

concerned here only with his dramas—the vehicle by which he chose to convey his ideas.

But why did Bernard Shaw choose the drama for his medium? George Bernard Shaw is a born propagandist; and he can very well say with Wordsworth "I am nothing if not a teacher." Born in poor circumstances he was forced to bury his talent in the office of a land-agent at Dublin. But his fiery spirit could not be confined in such a narrow sphere and his love of music and interest in politics drew him to London where he was attracted to Socialism in the ranks of whose leaders he found friends like Morris, Sidney Webb, William Archer, Edward Carpenter and Mrs. Besant. Since 1880 he has been an untiring propagandist for the sake of his political, social and economic convictions. He wrote numberless pamphlets and literally cried himself hoarse on public platforms. Finding John Bull quite unwilling to swallow his socialistic pills by which he hoped to usher in the millennium, he tried to give it to him not in the form of lectures and pamphlets but in the form of stories and novels. When even this fell flat on the average Englishman, Shaw thought of the drama as a useful medium to press his views; and though he was at first laughed at and called names, slowly, he fought his way to recognition and esteem. He himself tells us why he prefers the dramatic form: "I am convinced that fine art is the subtlest, the most seductive, the most effective means of propagandism in the world, excepting only the example of personal conduct; and I waive even this exception in favour of the art of the Stage, because it works by exhibiting examples of personal conduct made intelligible and moving to crowds of unobservant, unreflecting people to whom real life means nothing." Probably another guiding reason for the choice was that the dramatic form enabled him to look at the same subject from different angles of vision and give an impartial, impersonal and

scientific view of the truths that he wanted to impress upon the minds of his audiences.

In the preface to the first volume of his plays Shaw says that he was interested in "the foundation of a theatre which should be to the newly gathered intellectual harvest of the 19th Century what Shakespeare's theatre was to the harvest of the Renaissance"; he refers, of course, to the foundation of the Independent Theatre in 1891 by John T. Grein. This marks the protest of contemporary England against the policy of existing theatre-managers who cared merely for their receipts at the box office and encouraged only plays dealing with sex or bad translations from foreign authors. This paved the way for the reunion of drama with life and such a vitalization of the national theatre as England has never witnessed since the days of Elizabeth. Not only did the new writers of Drama refuse to be bound by Victorian convention and prudery and took their subjects from the life around them but they asserted that the function of the drama was not to pander to the tastes of the vulgar but to set before them right ideas of life and conduct. Pre-eminent in the ranks of the new dramatists, Shaw contended that the modern theatre was church and school rolled into one and that it should set for itself the task of purging and cleansing the thoughts and consciences of men. This claim is not as extravagant as it sounds when we remember that English Drama owes its origin to the desire of the Church to teach her sons Bible history and the rules of life. The growing desire of the people for amusement and the increasing anxiety on the part of the Church to instruct brought the two into conflict: the Church foolishly banished the theatre from her precincts and drove her into the arms of the common pleasure-seeker who wanted boisterous mirth and pornographic details. This secular and commercial theatre was supported for sometime by the spirit of the Renaissance; it would have died a natural death left to itself. But the English Puritan

stepped in and forcibly closed its doors; and when the theatres were reopened English Drama had only a kind of artificial and exotic life, depending on the court and looking to France for inspiration. Even this partial animation was taken away from it by Jeremy Collier; and the good work of effacing drama out of England was completed by Walpole by the Institution of the Censorship. Since then for two hundred years English Drama was as good as non-existent. But towards the close of the last century began the wonderful flowering of Contemporary Drama which has now become almost the most popular form of English Literature. No one has contributed to this result more than Bernard Shaw; and Shaw and his fellow-playwrights have effected this marvel by bringing back to the drama the freedom and vital seriousness which characterised it in its best days.

Since the plays of Bernard Shaw deal with problems which vitally interested his contemporaries they are sometimes called "problem-plays". This term by no means implies that the dramas of Shaw leave in the minds of his readers problems for solution. Shakespeare does this. A man's father is murdered and his mother soon after marries his uncle. He suspects foul play. Should he act on his suspicions immediately and revenge himself? Crudely put, this is the problem in 'Hamlet'. Similarly in 'Macbeth' the question is how far we can sympathise with a good and ambitious man who commits a crime in a moment of weakness and then sinks deeper and deeper in the mire. Shaw presents us with no such problems. In the first volume of his plays the first play, "Widower's Houses", deals with the question of slum-landlordism. Sartorius, a resolute self-made man of fifty wants his daughter Blanche to be married to a gentleman who belongs to polite society. His choice falls upon Dr. Trench, a young medical man of twenty-four, Lady Roxdale's nephew. But Sartorius' income is derived from letting out houses in the London slums and extracting their last pence from the poor by

inhuman heartlessness. When Trench comes to know of this, without assigning any reason he tells Blanche that he would not take any part of her father's money though he loved her and was glad to marry her. Being as vital and energetic as her father, not delicate and refined, Blanche likes to have a good income and live well and so finds it hard to understand her lover's whim. When Trench mentions his objection to Sartorius, that astute businessman points out how Trench's own private income is derived from money invested in the self-same slums. So if Sartorius was to blame, Trench was equally to blame. The young Doctor convinced in spite of himself is prepared to waive his former objections to the income, when it comes to Blanche's turn to reject him. After sometime, however, this difference is made up and the play ends with their marriage. The conversion of Trench into a hardened young man who cares only for money is remarkable. The dramatist here unequivocally condemns society which tolerates the existence of slums and destroys the self-complacency of the average man by pointing out how he himself might be directly or indirectly helping the evil thing and profiting by it. Shaw has no doubts about the answer to the question; his only fear is that his readers might run away with the impression that the attacks are directed against the stage-figures and not against themselves, as they really are.

"The Philanderer" presents the story of a conflict between the ultra-modern followers of Ibsen and their less advanced elders. Charteris, the Philanderer, loves Grace Tranfield, a young and attractive widow, and wishes to marry her though his former flame, Julia Craven, would not allow it. Julia rushes upon them while they are together; Grace offers to surrender Charteris to Julia; but Charteris protests. Was he their property for one to give him to the other? If women wanted freedom, so did men. He tells Julia that as an advanced woman who

refused to marry him when he wanted to do so because she prized her freedom to give him up in case he should turn out to be a drunkard, a criminal, an imbecile, or a horror, she should now allow him the choice of leaving her. Advanced rights meant advanced duties. Marriage meant fidelity but friendship meant that either party should unhesitatingly give up the other on a notice of a change of feeling. Though Julia resorts to lies and women's wiles her efforts are lost upon the Ibsenist philosopher and they are interrupted by the elders who have more conventional views on such matters. Cuthbertson and Craven, the fathers of the two young women are shocked to find that the woman pursues the man, instead of the man begging for the woman's hand. They meet the next day at the Ibsen Club which excludes manly men and womanly women, i.e., weak and romantic women and chivalrous and foolish men. Colonel Craven tries to make peace between the parties, but the upshot of the whole business is that Julia accepts Dr. Paramore, being defeated in her attempt to capture Charteris. Grace refuses Charteris for the extraordinary reason that she loves him; for, if she marries him she will become his obedient slave being blinded by her love for him. Julia does not love Paramore but still she marries him because she wants to escape the troubles and anxieties of free love which makes her suspicious of all her lover's lady friends and always keeps her sleepless with fear lest he should grow tired of her. Here Shaw wants to expose not only the absurd difficulties of the advanced men and women but also the hollowness of the marriage system in England. Cuthbertson, Grace's father, married for love; but the marriage was so unhappy that he had to separate. Craven married for money and he still mourned for his wife though she was now many years dead. Another interesting point about this play is the character of Dr. Paramore.

In him Shaw gives us a vivid picture of the naive professional ambition of the strenuous young doctor who has discovered a new disease. He is delighted when he finds people suffering from it and is cast down to despair when he finds that it does not exist. Shaw condemns the fact that Dr. Paramore has "interposed a secondary and false conscience between himself and the facts" and points out the dangers of idealism so widely current in the world of physical science and the sacrifice of people to principles; because, we find that the scientist is in danger of caring more for the sickness than for the sick man and that the idealist is more anxious about the sin than about the sinner.

The third of the Unpleasant Plays is "Mrs. Warren's Profession". Mrs. Warren is between forty and fifty, rather spoiled and domineering, but on the whole, a genial and fairly presentable old blackguard of a woman. Born among the working classes she found out early in life that the only way for a woman to provide for herself decently is for her to be good to some man that can afford to be good to her i.e., by selling her charms. She made a business out of this discovery, became the owner of a number of hotels in the Continent and amassed a good fortune. She is still active and attractive and she has not yet given up her profession. She has a daughter named Vivie whom she has brought up away from her in ignorance of the source of her mother's fortune. Vivie is a keen and clever young lady who has a strong sense of her own powers, position and independence. One who depends on herself and has little sympathy for other's foolishness. Naturally she is not pleased to find her mother reluctant to speak about her profession and is too much her mother's daughter to allow herself to be led by others. She has already taken her Cambridge Tripos as fourth wrangler and wants to work in an office assisting a friend in actuarial work and conveyancing. She does not like her mother's coarse ways and

her coarse friends and resolves not to be controlled by her mother.

Mrs. Warren is not the woman to take such a defeat lying down. She points out to Vivie that there is no sense in her turning up her nose against her own mother since all the time, even the dress Vivie wore was saved out of Mrs. Warren's profession. She further explains that the only wise thing she could have done was to trade on her good looks herself rather than allow others to do so; rather than drudge for others at starvation wages and allow them to make money out of her by employing her as a shop-girl or a bar-maid. Besides she had no education and could not turn her hand to any other profitable occupation. It was a bad state of things that a healthy girl willing to work could not get a living wage in an innocent occupation; but the fact was so. She did not love her profession any more than others who made money in other professions loved theirs. When Vivie hears this explanation once again she begins to respect her mother; but the whole thing is spoiled by Sir George Croft, who proposes to marry Vivie and to take her along with him as her mother's partner in the business. Now the girl understands that her mother is still in her trade and that though she had made money she could not get out of it because of habit and inclination. Vivie is disgusted and rejecting all her mother's wealth she leaves her mother and resolves to live by her own work. The tragedy is intensified when we realise that Frank Gardener whom she loves turns out to be her half-brother. The girl firmly declares that in future she is to be a woman of business, permanently single and permanently unromantic.

This is the last of the plays which Shaw writes to force his generation to face unpleasant facts. The nation as a whole is responsible for the slums owned by the hard-hearted Sartorius; it is the laws of the nation which have

made possible the philanderings of Charteris; it is because there were no honourable industries guarded by a humane industrial code and a moral minimum wage that men and women were forced to sell their affections and their convictions in order to keep themselves in reasonable comfort. The Ibsen Club, the housing of the poor, the evil of prostitution are all topical subjects of immediate interest to the men around him. So is the topic of his next play "Arms and the Man".

"Arms and the Man" is one of the most popular of Shaw's plays; it tries to knock out of the heads of Englishmen foolish notions about war, the army and the heroic soldier. Shaw asserts that the romance of war is mythical: the so-called hero is a fool. Every soldier is afraid of death; but he faces it because he is more afraid of something else. "Soldiering is the coward's art of attacking mercilessly when you are strong, and keeping out of harm's way when you are weak. That is the whole secret of successful fighting. Get your enemy at a disadvantage; and never, on any account, fight him on equal terms".

Major Saranoff, the betrothed suitor of Raina, a Bulgarian young lady, is a conventional hero who charges the Serbians at the head of his regiment and wins a victory at Slivnitz. But his cavalry charge was against all military science and he and his men would have been wiped out but for a mistake about the Serbian cartridges which threw their guns out of action for ten minutes. Raina lives in a glass house of romantic illusion about war and about her hero-lover, Sergius, when Bluntschli, the Swiss mercenary captain, takes refuge in her room. The girl is naturally generous and does not wish that the poor fugitive should be found and murdered in her room. So she tells the Russian officer who comes in pursuit a lie and saves the soldier. Bluntschli, in return tells her the truth about soldiering and about the cavalry charge. He had been three days without sleep

and he was hungry; he had exhausted his food long ago even though he carried only rations in his holsters. The girl contemptuously offers him some chocolates which he takes and gobbles up. "Bless you, dear lady!" he says, "you can always tell an old soldier by the inside of his holsters and cartridge boxes. The young ones carry pistols and cartridges; but the old ones, grub." He tells her the story of Saranoff's quixotic charge and remarks "of all the fools ever let loose on a field of battle, that man must be the maddest". Raina is shaken and offended and asks him to go; he is almost dazed for want of sleep and the street is not yet safe from pursuing bands of Serbian soldiers. Still as a soldier he is prepared to face death if necessary and offers to go. Just then shots are heard. Raina is again touched and resolves to shelter him for the night. She goes to her mother to inform her of her decision; when the two ladies come they find the chocolate cream soldier sleeping. This scene gives us as grand and true a picture of war as a similar scene in the film "Dawn" in which the famous Nurse Cavel rescues the allied soldiers. When the soldier leaves next morning she gives him her father's coat for a disguise and in the pocket was her photo.

When peace is made Sergius returns; though the whole army including his future father-in-law has a poor opinion of his wisdom he puts on the airs of an injured hero and is absurdly conventional in his manners. He professes exaggerated love for Raina and behind her back makes love to Louka, her servant, who tells him of the chocolate cream soldier. Bluntschli comes back to return the coat and it is proved beyond doubt how superior he is to the other as a soldier and as a man. Sergius is found out and Raina marries her chocolate cream soldier though he is the prosaic owner of a number of good hotels and neither a noble nor a hero.

The conversation in this play is brilliant and light. The author makes fun of the barbarous and dirty habits of the

Bulgarians and gives a sketch of servant life as interesting as that in "Pendennis". The most important point however, is his views on war. In his presentation of the facts of war, Shaw resembles Tolstoy. But in their philosophy of war the two writers differ. Tolstoy says that there should be no war, because war is a blind butchery without any purpose. Shaw does not say anything definite against war as such. He simply points out that war is horrible; it is not glorious and beautiful as it is ordinarily presented. Our generation is quite familiar with this aspect of it in books like "All Quiet on the Western Front" and in plays like "Journey's End".

In "Candida" Shaw deals with the question, Why do women love men? Have wives any romantic illusions about their husbands? Do they put up with man's temper and his tyranny because they are blind to his demerits? The Reverend James Mavor Morell is a Christian Socialist Clergyman of the Church of England, and an active member of the Guild of St. Matthew and the Christian Social Union. He is a successful and enthusiastic preacher who knows the right note and the apt word, and who knows that he knows. He loves dearly his wife, Candida, a beautiful and sensible lady of thirty-three whose figure and appearance reminds one of Titian's Virgin of the Assumption. One day he picks up on the Thames Embankment, Marchbanks, a lad of eighteen, well-born, but shy; a very shrewd and intelligent poet, but inexperienced in the world. Both husband and wife like the young man and he becomes a frequent visitor at the house; and at last things come to such a pass that Morell realises that his wife loves and esteems Marchbanks more than himself; he faces this fact and honestly asks Candida to choose between them. Candida hints that she belongs to herself but adds:—

Candida:—And pray, my lords and masters, what have you to offer for my choice? I am up for auction, it seems. What do you bid, James?

Morell :—(*With proud humility.*) I have nothing to offer you but my strength for your defence, my honesty of purpose for your surety, my ability and industry for your livelihood, and my authority and position for your dignity. That is all it becomes a man to offer to a woman.

Candida :—(*quite quietly*) And you, Eugene? what do you offer?

Marchbanks :—My weakness! my desolation! my heart's need!

Candida :—(*impressed*) That's a good bid, Eugene. Now I know how to make my choice.

She pauses and looks curiously from one to the other, as if weighing them. Morell, whose lofty confidence has changed into heart-breaking dread at Eugene's bid, loses all power of concealing his anxiety. Eugene, strung to the highest tension, does not move a muscle.

Morell :—(*in a suffocated voice—the appeal bursting from the depths of his anguish*) Candida!

Marchbanks :—(*aside, in a flash of contempt*) Coward!

Candida :—(*significantly*) I give myself to the weaker of the two.

Eugene divines her meaning at once: his face whitens like steel in a furnace.

Morell :—(*bowing his head with the calm of collapse*) I accept your sentence, Candida.

Candida :—Do you understand, Eugene?

Marchbanks :—Oh, I feel I'm lost. He cannot bear the burden.

Morell :—(*incredulously*) Do you mean me, Candida?

Candida:—(*smiling a little*) Let us sit and talk comfortably over it like three friends. You remember what you told me about yourself, Eugene: how nobody has cared for you since your old nurse died: how those clever, fashionable sisters and successful brothers of yours were your mother's and father's pets: how miserable you were at Eton: how your father is trying to starve you into returning to Oxford; how you have to live without comfort or welcome or refuge, always lonely, and nearly always disliked and misunderstood, poor boy!

Marchbanks:—(*faithful to the nobility of his lot*) I had my books. I had Nature. And at last I met you.

Candida:—Never mind that just at present. Now I want you to look at this other boy here—my boy—spoiled from his cradle. We go once a fortnight to see his parents. You should come with us, Eugene, and see the pictures of the hero of that household. James as a baby! the most wonderful of all babies. James holding his first school prize, won at the ripe age of eight! James as the Captain of his Eleven! James in his first frock coat! James under all sorts of glorious circumstances! You know how strong he is (I hope he didn't hurt you)—how clever he is—how happy! (*with deepening gravity*) Ask James' mother and his three sisters what it cost to save James the trouble of doing anything but be strong and clever and happy. Ask me what it cost me to be James' mother and three sisters and wife, and mother to his children all in one. Ask Prossy and Maria how troublesome the house is even when we have no visitors to help us to slice the onions. Ask the tradesmen who

want to worry James and spoil his beautiful sermons who it is that puts them off. When there is money to give, he gives it: When there is money to refuse, I refuse it. I build a castle of comfort and indulgence and love for him, and stand sentinel always to keep little vulgar cares out. I make him master here, though he does not know it, and could not tell you a moment ago how he came to be so. (*With sweet irony*) And when he thought I might go away with you, his only anxiety was—what should become of me! And to tempt me to stay he offered me (*leaning forward to stroke his hair caressingly at each phrase*) his strength for my defence, his industry for my livelihood, his position for my dignity, his—(*relenting*) ah, I am mixing up your beautiful sentences and spoiling them, am I not, darling? (*she lays her cheek fondly against his*).

Morell:—(*quite overcome, kneeling beside her chair and embracing her with boyish ingenuousness*) It is all true, every word. What I am you have made me with the labour of your hands and the love of your heart. You are my wife, my mother, my sisters: you are the sum of all loving care to me.

Candida:—(*in his arms, smiling to Eugene*) Am I your mother and sisters to you, Eugene?

He realises that he is the stronger of the two. The wise woman loves because man needs her love. James' need was greater; Candida understood this and accordingly chose him; the poet knows her meaning, and rushes into the night outside leaving Candida and Morell together.

From these five plays, "Widower's Houses," "The Philanderer" "Mrs. Warren's Profession", "Arms and the Man", and "Candida", we get a fair idea of the substance

of Shavian Drama. The subject-matter of the thirty-eight plays that Shaw has written since 1892 is more or less modern except for a few. "You Never can Tell" is an admirable farce which deals with the subject of the modern attitude of children towards parents; "Man and Superman" represents man as the prey of the hunting, aggressive woman; "John Bull's Other Island" deals with the question of England's relations with Ireland; the Salvation Army is presented in Major Barbara; the Doctor's Dilemma is a tirade against modern doctors and lawyers while "Getting married" is a discussion on the breakdown of the present marriage laws in England. In the "Dark Lady of the Sonnets" Shaw attacks the popular idolatry of Shakespeare, and presents Shakespeare as a man like himself—if he was born in 1554 perhaps Shaw himself would have written Shakespeare's plays—as a 'picker-up of unconsidered trifles' of musical words uttered in his presence which he instantly records in his tablets. "Augustus Does his Bit" makes fun of the ineptitude of civilian war-workers; 'O'Flaherty V. C.' of recruiting and *Annajanska* tries to give a true picture of Bolshevik Russia. When the questions that interested his generation become mere landmarks of the past it is certain all his plays will not be as interesting as they were at the moment. But when the topics of his plays are not only the war-cries of his day but also turn on wider issues interesting to man at all times the sincere and vigorous thinking which Shaw puts into every part of his work must preserve the crispness and vitality of his pages.

The dramas of Shaw are not dramas of stirring events; they are mostly domestic and almost always end happily. They picture the manners of his time, but they are not mere comedies of manners. They present the Englishmen and women of today as they actually are but they are something more than the so-called realistic play. It goes more deeply into the root of the matter than either the

comedy of manners or the realistic play. When he conceives situations he is as daring as the best of the Elizabethans. For example his conceptions of Cæsar and Cleopatra challenge comparison with Shakespeare's characters. Though Shakespeare is interested in Cæsar he gives us only a side-glimpse of Cæsar and that too not at his best. Cleopatra appears in her middle age laying out her wiles to keep Mark Antony in bondage. Shakespeare uses all the splendour of a Renaissance imagination to heighten the stature of these noble figures of the Roman world. Shaw on the other hand presents Cæsar as a middle-aged man who wears his wreath always on his brow to conceal his baldness. Cleopatra is a young girl of eighteen who has not yet realised her powers. Cæsar is here depicted as a strong and generous man who is generous because he thinks it weak to take revenge. He will order a massacre if there is no other way; and he will release all his prisoners if that is the shortest cut to pacification. The victory of Cæsar is due to the greatness of his outlook and the clearness of his understanding. Since the main theme of Shaw's plays is not love it is different from the romantic and idealistic plays of Shakespeare's time. In fact Shaw thinks that romance is a great heresy to be rooted out from art and life; it is the source of modern pessimism and the bane of modern self-respect. "Idealism which is only a flattering name for romance in politics and morals, is as obnoxious as romance in ethics and religion." Though Shaw's plays cannot be put down either as romantic or realistic or as belonging to the Restoration type there can be no doubt that they partake of the best qualities of all the three*.

Every drama is the story of a conflict. In Shaw's dramas we find the conflict of ideas not the conflict of wills and actions. The conflict is due to the difference between true and correct ideas about things and the conventional ideas about things and events with which people's minds

* Cf. Dickinson—The Contemporary Drama of England, pp. 184-85.

are filled. So in Shaw's dramas character is expressed not so much by action as by words; and hence all his characters are talking characters. Their talk is always sincere and deep down from the heart and arrests us by its force, sincerity and unexpectedness. The change that is wrought upon our convictions is so tremendous that we do not stop to reflect that we are merely listening to talk and not witnessing actions. But a play like the "Devils' Disciple" is full of action: the reading of the Will; the arrest of Dick Dudgeon; the Vicar's ride; the trial; the interview; the rescue. The predominance of conversation in his dramas is characteristic of Shaw; it is forced upon him because he holds that thought is at the root of action and so to understand action i.e., life, we must go to the well-spring of thought. Shaw does not concern himself with the feelings and emotions, the joys and sorrows of men as such, but he is concerned only with their thoughts.

Therefore there is a sense of incompleteness even about the characters whom he has sketched most vigorously. He does not picture them to us; he reveals only their thoughts. We wish to be acquainted with the whole man and not merely with the inside of his head. So much so that some critics are misled into the opinion that Shaw's characters are merely puppets without life and emotions, set in action by a clever thinker and craftsmen. "They are puppets at the ends of wires, and the wires are attached to a battery, and Mr. Shaw is in charge of the current."* Shaw's characters are very vital and feel deeply. Cleopatra, Morell, Lady Cicely Waynflete (Captain Brassbound's Conversion), Candida, the Dark Lady and many others are real figures to us. But the rigid logician that Shaw is, he does not allow his characters to run away with him. He chooses to look at life only from the rational stand-point and so he rigidly excludes all other aspects and thus gives rise to misinterpretations.

* P. P. Howe, Dramatic Portraits quoted by Barret H. Clark—A Study of the Modern Drama.

The greatness of Shaw lies in the fact that he has tried to rationalize drama. The story of a woman who finds another man more attractive than her wedded husband is treated by Mrs. Henry Wood in "*East Lynne*"; by Galsworthy in "*A Bit O'love*"; and by Shaw in "*Candida*". Mrs. Carlyle weaker and less intelligent deserts her husband and children and runs away with Francis Levison; but her maternal instincts—her need for service and protection—are too strong for her and she returns to her husband's roof after the death of his second wife and in the disguise of a governess resumes her interrupted duties. Here the approach is emotional, and necessarily, therefore more easy to understand and more popular. In Galsworthy's "*A Bit O'love*" the same problem crops up; but here the strong suffering soul is the clergyman, Strangway. The beauty as well as the coarseness of the life around is fully and faithfully mirrored; Strangway is heroic in a most original and unexpected way. He has the courage to give up, as the poet Marchbanks has in "*Candida*". But a prayer like Strangway's is exactly what Shaw is not capable of: "God of the Moon and the Sun; of joy and beauty, of loneliness and sorrow—Give me strength to go on, till I love every living thing". When we turn from this to "*Candida*" we find that Shaw in his desire for emphasis has inverted the order. It is true *Candida's* reasons for her choice are convincing; we feel their reality. But is a scene like that of the choice possible in real life? Here the thought is true; but the situation is unreal; the words still more.

This is Bernard Shaw's limitation; but his strength is equally marked. His power of clear-thinking and his ability to put it in arresting form is perhaps unrivalled by any other dramatist. "Spare no labour to find out the right thing to say; and then say it with the most exasperating levity, as if it were the first thing that would come into any one's head." His characters talk about real

and vital matters in clear and unmistakeable terms. The Shavian dialogue displays an astonishing intellectual agility, a remarkable wit and treasures of concentrated thinking.

That Shaw is not primarily interested in the drama is clear from the way in which he uses it. Admittedly he cares for not a single one of the dramatic conventions. He is continually girding at the play-goer and giving a dog's time to the actor. If the drama is insufficient for his purposes he adds on a preface which is sometimes longer and more interesting than the play itself. Not content with this he brings in a Post Script. If he has still something more he crams it into his elaborate stage directions. Shaw says that he added all these in order to make people read his plays. Well, why should people read his plays? Because he wanted that his propaganda should reach not only the habitual play-goers of London but also people in far-off places as well as the academic student in his closet.

However, Shaw's interest in the drama has been altogether for its good. He has done more than any other man of his time to free English Drama from her conventional shackles. He not only gave her life and vigour but brought many new provinces under her sway. Subjects which were till then regarded to be quite unsuited to drama were successfully presented by him. In "You Never Can Tell", the scene opens in a dentist's shop; a waiter in a hotel is one of the principal characters. Women's equality, marriage law, the minimum wage, recruiting, prostitution, the Salvation Army, the Kaiser, Bolshevism and many other unlikely things are strikingly hit off by him. He has given English Drama a new orientation which has been responsible for giving us such writers as Galsworthy, Barker, Housman, Allan Monkhouse, John Drinkwater, C. K. Munro and others.

But Shaw is at his greatest not as a dramatist but as a thinker. The study of Shaw is an intellectual exercise.

One must have rare courage and great strength to breathe for long the dry and piercing air in the height of pure reason where Shaw dwells. The cold light of his reason is dazzling; but it opens the eyes and widens the vision. It may be said that man is not merely a creature of reason; his head is only a part of his body; that Shaw does not reveal to us the joys and sorrows, the passions and emotions which account for the greater part of human life. True, but by the light of his reason and the power of his intellect he opens the ground from under our feet and shows us things in a new light that we never dreamt of before; he lays bare to us by the magic of his thought the springs of human action which arise from the store houses of human thought.

A. C. SUBRAHMANYAN.

Cricketer from outside.—Any improvement in your cricket, this term?

'Varsity Cricketer.—Yes; some; no Hitch among us now.

The Last Day

§ NINTH of April 193—; all alone, under a serene sky, with the moon playing hide-and-peek, I sat musing in solitary silence. The examinations were all over and there was a bare seventeen hours between me and my departure. It was my last day at college.

Four years had passed; four years with the length of four long summers and once more I stood on the threshold of the University, but now bidding good-bye. To think how fast the four years had fled! And the change, I had undergone during this brief spell of four years! It was wonderful, this change—this Ovidian metamorphosis of the stripling into the man.

Yes, the examinations were all over, but my heart was heavy. To-morrow.....and I shall be miles and miles away from the dear old place borne thither by inexorable steam-power. Never more to return, no chance of coming back after the holidays. The last of my four short years, this; and over all these happy fields and quadrangles the "World Dramaturgist writes for me: Exeunt."

They were over, these four brief minutes, with achievements and failures, with misunderstandings and reconciliations. At the end of my tether, I had nothing to regret. Every cloud had a silver lining and there was a soul of goodness even in things evil. But the more I thought of this brief ecstatic life, the sadder I felt. Forty years hence, probably in my last gasps, I am not sure, whether I should feel such intense bitterness in parting from this mortal world. But that day the sadness was overwhelming; it was like bidding good-bye to one's youth. The thought dimmed my eyes.

To-morrow and I had to part with the whole lot of them. There was the Union, where we met and crossed swords, exchanged hot words but passed with the friendliest of understandings. Yes here, in this beloved association, we children were playing with greatness as grown-up children themselves do in life. Opinions and words were exchanged on a thousand topics here, from "snuff" to "socialism" overnight and we woke on the morrow "wiser but never sadder." And there were the friends! There was G....., at once, a child of folly and a Professor of wisdom. He could give you the exact dimensions of Constantinople and Peking, but he did not know, whether his next-door neighbour was a knave or a fool. He was essentially of the book, bookish. Few understood him, but the more you understood him, the more you loved him. There was H.....a veritable Santa Claus.....who went about daily distributing his smiles and admonitions to the alumni. Gratis of course—all gratis. His freedom of speech and absolute candour were shockingly out of taste to the undergraduates, who were well-bred in twentieth century reserve. There was again the sporting enthusiast, full of Bradman, Tilden and "Windsor Lad." There was a host of them and I knew I had to bid good-bye to them all the next morning.

In the stillness of the night, I heard a voice from within me shout: "fool, be less sentimental. It is no use crying over impossibilities. It is just like life—this coming and going out of the University." "I came like Water and like Wind I go". You can no more complain about this parting, than you can complain against death. Yes—our life in the University is something akin to the Persian Poet's philosophy of existence. We pass through the University of Education, as we pass through the University of Existence. We come to the University, we are faced with diverse problems to which we find no solution and at the termination of our contract, we pass out of it. Simply. Till

the "freshers" come, 'some talk awhile of me and thee; there is—and then, why, no more of me and thee.'

"And so, this dear old institution will forget us in course of time?" The thought was appalling. The reality, no, even the possibility of the thought stunned me. This dear old place, these beloved familiar surroundings, and this majestic institution will forget us! It was cruel, inexcusably cruel.

I again heard the same voice. "No, no. It is not cruel; only, you are unreasonable. People come and go out of this mighty world in millions every day. Is it possible or even desirable, that we should remember them? It will be an astounding feat of memory, if we remember every one that has passed out of the earth, since the Stone Age. People die every day, their dearest and nearest remember them for a time, time passes and then the dead fade out of even these peoples' memories. It is just like that in the University. You are all remembered till the next batch comes and leaves the University and then you are forgotten. It is in the University, just as it is in life. Men may come and men may go, but it goes on for ever."

I wrung my hands in despair to escape from that infernal voice. Its message was too true to be good. It was the way of the world, yet I wished things were different. Not even an epitaph to commemorate the departed!

Here 'lived his life' upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.....

The moon emerged from a passing cloud. My eyes unconsciously wandered to the pale building and I saw it in a new effulgent light. A strange thrill made me happy. It stood there so lovely and pale in the moon light and

seemed to say, "Be cheerful, my son. May be, your physical self is forgotten, but all of you live immortally in the spirit of the Alma Mater. Abandon thy moodiness therefore, and face the world WITH COURAGE AND FAITH".

T. N. VISVANATHAN.

Visitor—How many times do they put these roads under repair?

Nagar guide—Twice.

Visitor—How long each time?

Guide—Six months.

The Missing Heart *



DEEP depression. Probably cyclone within six hours.
Warn people.'

Thus ran the telegram that was received on the 15th of December, 1934. A great commotion was caused by these paltry nine words. It seemed that cyclones had determined to make an annual visit to our 'Nagar'. And while the Hostel was busy fortifying the fortress, we in the Zoology Laboratory busied ourselves with removing the portion of the museum occupying the verandah into the main hall. This occupied us till late into the night. It was too late to return; but all except me and the laboratory assistant, went to the hostel, leaving us to be near the specimens, should any emergency arise. Leaving one door partly open to allow the air we needed, we bolted the rest and lay ourselves down on the long dissection-tables in the ghostly company of skeletons and pickled reptiles.

I think I slept soundly till about midnight when a sudden draught of unpleasantly chill air woke me up from my slumber. The laboratory was pitch dark. But, somehow, a feeling was creeping over me that soft feet were treading the lab. The idea of robbers was ridiculous since nobody would be fool enough to attempt to steal snakes and scorpions and earthworms. But presently I heard the turning of a key in a padlock. Yet partly from fear and partly from laziness, I did not move but lay with my eyes open, vainly staring at darkness. For a time there was no sound and I thought I had dreamed when

Crash!

Evidently a glass jar had fallen and got broken. I started to my feet and switched on the light. But even before I lay my hand on the switch, the door flew open and there

* The short story that has won the prize.

was a tremendous rush of something—I could not see what it was—escaping past me. I ran to the door and peeped out. Nobody was to be found. Inside, no living being except myself and the assistant—who lay unruffled either by the cold blast or the crash of falling glass. I turned to inspect the ruins on the floor. In a pool of formalin lay pieces of glass and a sheep's heart, one of our museum exhibits. The Formal de hyde irritated my Lachrymal glands which resulted in a profusion of their secretion which nearly rendered me blind.

I helplessly walked to the door and peered out. The sky was overcast with dark thunder clouds. And there was raging a tempest 'when the scolding winds rived the knotty oaks'. It drove the rain, the trees, the very stones before it in convulsive confusion. The path of the storm was lighted by flash after flash of blue lightning. Peal on peal of thunder struck 'terror into my heart which palpitated like the prongs of a tuning fork. I shuddered again and switching off the light went to bed again. I waited in silence for might-be a quarter of an hour—it seemed to me many hours.

There was a click as a key turned in a padlock at the farther end of the hall immediately followed by another very close to me. 'Could it be that two beings are at work?', I thought. I stirred not lest my head should be smashed with bottles. So I solemnly resolved within myself that as soon as it was dawn, I should inform the diligent police—now that there was a police station in Annamalainagar—and set them on the heels of the thieves.

There was then a silence for about five seconds—even this seemed hours to me. There was a clang as if something was being rocked. I waited. A few whispered words filtered into my ears. Could I be under a hallucination, I thought. Surely somebody was whispering and I could with great difficulty discern as follows :

'..... hated our love'. Then after a break during which the syllables were all mixed up into one continuous hissing sound, 'I arranged our meeting on the bridge in the forest.....you remember that the ape hurled me into the river. It was no real ape. It was he himself. The cold-gleam in his eye was unmistakable.....All these years, all my bodily remains that I could gather were merely a mass of flesh. The skeleton was gone.....searched in all laboratories, museums and medical colleges all these centuries... found it only now and here'. A long interval when nothing was audible; and then a sigh was heard. Thereafter, 'Elissa, Elissa, do you love me still? Have the centuries made any difference?'

A curious noise that could correspond with only a kiss fluttered up my ear.

Then another husky voice spoke.

'Pardon me, Ashe, for not following you immediately. I was a coward. I poisoned myself and died in a hospital. My heart has met with the same fate as your bones. I too found it here now. Chance has thrown us again together. Even in death we are inseparable. Now come, let us go to our ethereal abodes to live for ever after this in eternal bliss. Come.

The voices ceased. The door opened and my eye was strained in vain. Nothing could be seen through the gloom. It slammed. There was a flash of blue lightning and Jove's messenger struck a tree in the neighbourhood and all became silent.

I waited till I knew that mundane things had resumed their normal course. Then I jumped out and switched on the lights. The next thing I did was to run to the adjoining table and shake my honest friend. With some difficulty he woke up and shortly informing him of the

state of affairs I ran with him to the case that contained the skeleton.

Gone!

It was absolutely empty. I ran to the shelf that had the human heart. Again

Gone!

The jar was there but the heart was gone.

The next morning the police were informed. But the police inform us to-day that diligent investigation is still proceeding. Readers may have their own opinions. But I, the eye-witness, am convinced that neither the police nor any other organisation will ever find the missing objects. The ghosts have come after their missing parts and taken them away. I call upon the empty case and the empty place in the shelf to bear their silent testimony to my story and prove to the world that for ever is lost to the world the missing heart.

K. V. SRINIVASAN, II CLASS.

Pratab.—I have fixed up a bungalow for my marriage.

Mother.—Good news; is your bungalow educated, good-looking?

The Evolution of Sound Pictures

THE present age is an age of electricity. The introduction of electricity into every sphere of modern life has created a demand for more comfort, more entertainment etc. In every civilised country the demand for moving and talking pictures as a regular source of entertainment is ever increasing. Even in such a poor country as ours it is not unusual to find even in small towns a fully equipped talkie-house; and the popularity of these houses is so great that there is an enormous rush of people of all classes to them. In this article an attempt is made to trace the development of the talking picture and to explain the main principles involved in its production.

The projection of the image of an object on a screen

The object is first photographed on a sensitive plate with the use of an ordinary camera. This plate is known as the 'Negative'. The negative of a white man in black dress will show him as a negro in white—a negro of course without the thick lips! The picture on the negative is copied on another plate. This plate is known as the 'Positive', and any number of positives can be taken from a single negative. In the positive the man will appear as in an actual photograph; only here the picture is transparent whereas ordinary photographs are made on opaque sheets of paper. If now this plate is put in a projecting lantern, one is able to get the enlarged picture of the man on a white screen. If the magnification is adjusted to get the life-size-picture then the man appears on the screen in correct size and dress. This method of projecting pictures on the screen is limited to still life pictures.

If we are to project "Action Pictures" on the screen, it will certainly be a very great advantage; for by its

means we shall have the opportunity of witnessing scenes which occur at very distant places. This advance now is made possible on account of a peculiar defect of the eye known as the persistence of vision.

Persistence of Vision

If one looks at an object for a short time the image is formed on the retina of the eye; and if now the object is taken out of sight, the brain continues to see the object for the short period of $1/10$ th of a second. If the object is now made to appear again in its original position within this short interval, the eye sees the object as if it were there all the time. This is an optical illusion and this defect of the eye is known as the persistence of vision. If the object is made to appear on the screen a little displaced from its original position, the eye sees the object as moving from the original to the new position. This is accounted a "defect" in the eye. But precisely this defect of the eye it is that has been pressed into the service of Science in the production of a moving picture.

A scene is first shown stationarily for a short time; the eye sees the object; the scene is now made to disappear suddenly but the brain continues to see the object. If now the object is made to reappear, before the *brain* ceases to see it, one gets a continuous impression of the object. If this process of making a picture appear and disappear at short intervals alternately is continued, the eye is able to see the object as if it were stationary. That is all the magic!

The Production of Motion Pictures

To take a small scene called a 'Shot' the ordinary camera is replaced by what is known as a Cine-camera which is specially devised to take pictures of moving objects. We shall take the case of a man at one end of a road seeing a horse running towards him from the other end and

suppose it is required to show on the screen the movement of the horse as seen by the man. The camera is stationed at the place where the man is standing with the lens of the camera facing the direction of his vision. A snap shot of the horse is taken first; and after a small fraction of a second another snap shot is taken; and thus a series of photographs of the horse at intervals of a fraction of a second. Usually sixteen pictures are taken in one second. This quick succession of photographs can only be taken by a Cine-camera.

With this camera only films in the form of long reels, usually about a thousand feet in length, are used. This film is wound over a spool which is "loaded" in the camera. The longitudinal edges of the film are carefully perforated so as to enable the film to run through a series of toothed wheels. The outer end of the film is taken through such toothed wheels and finally wound over another spool at the bottom of the camera. The whole thing is so arranged that when the lower spool is rotated, the film unwinds itself from the upper spool, travels through the toothed wheels and finally winds itself on the lower spool. In taking the picture of an object whether stationary or moving, it is essential that the film in the camera should be kept stationary during the time for which it is exposed to the outside object. Hence in the cine-camera it is mechanically arranged such that the film passes from one spool to another not continuously but intermittently. In other words the film travels only by jerks. At each jerk the portion of the film just exposed moves from its place and brings the next unexposed portion of the film before the lens of the camera. The time of exposure is regulated by means of a shutter. As the exposures are given in quick succession and the time for each exposure is only a fraction of a second and as the film is moving by jerks, particular care is taken—and ought to be—to see that the shutter is closed when the film is moving. The shutter must open only when the film is

stationary between two consecutive jerks. For this purpose a special form of rotating shutter is used. This shutter will close the lens usually four times during each rotation. The time of exposure is adjusted by the speed of the shutter. The movement of the shutter and the film are made to synchronise by a common driving agency for both being used.

Going back to the subject, namely, the running horse, several yards of the film are exposed by the time the horse reaches the end of the road where the camera is stationed. This film constitutes the negative of the running horse. Another unexposed film is taken and the whole length of the pictures is copied on this film. This is the positive film and is now ready for projection.

The projection of the Pictures on the Screen.

This is done with the aid of a projecting lantern equipped with several mechanical devices similar to that in the camera used in photographing scenes. It is also provided with two spools, the toothed wheel arrangement and lastly the special shutter. The film is made to pass in jerks from the upper spool to the lower spool by the latter being rotated. The picture on that portion of the film just in front of the lens system of the projector is illuminated with a powerful source of light. The motion of the shutter is made to synchronise with the motion of the film. Thus the pictures are projected on the screen one after another in quick succession, each picture remaining stationary on the screen for a short period. If now the number of pictures projected on the screen per second is above eight, then the eye will not be able to find out that the pictures are shown intermittently. Although eight pictures are sufficient, usually sixteen pictures are shown per second and hence an impression of a continuous picture on the screen is obtained. If this is done with the film taken above, one is able to see the horse in its real size running from one end of

the road to the other exactly as the man at the other end sees it. This is all the witchcraft—the black art!

First attempts to produce a Talking Picture.

The next advance in the Motion Picture Industry was to make the films talk. Various attempts were made as early as 1878; but it took a long time for scientists to devise methods practically possible. The first such method worked out in practice is what is known as the "Vita-phone Recording System." In this system the sounds produced in the scenes, namely, the speeches of the actors, are recorded on a circular disc of hard wax as is done in the case of gramophone records.

The sounds produced in the scenes are picked up by several microphones stationed at suitable places. A microphone is simply an instrument which transforms sound-energy into electric current. These microphones, therefore, convert the sounds into variations in electric current. These latter varying electric currents are amplified by an electric system and are sent to an electric recorder, the needle of which travels over a circular disc of hard wax on which the sound is recorded in the form of indentations. This circular disc constitutes the sound record of the scene photographed and several copies of this record can be taken just as in the case of gramophone records.

In a gramophone the sound box while traversing the lines on the record, gives out directly the sound through the sound chamber. In the reproduction of sounds recorded for talking pictures, the ordinary sound box is replaced by a gramophone "Electric Pick-up." This 'Electric Pick-up' instead of giving the sounds directly converts the sounds into varying electric currents. These varying currents when amplified and sent to loud speakers are again converted into sound distinctly audible to a large audience. In this system, special attention is always paid to see that

the sounds from the record and the pictures on the screen are made to synchronise. For this purpose, the film and the records are run by a common electric motor.

This system of recording and reproducing the sound has got its own defects. For example, if the film is spoiled in the middle by being cut or burnt, as is often the case, the scenes corresponding to the spoiled portion of the film are lost; but the recorded sounds corresponding to those scenes cannot be destroyed from the record. When the film is shown again, the sounds produced by the record will not be synchronous with the pictures shown. This defect however is overcome in the more modern method which is known as the "Movietone System."

The 'Movietone System.'

In this system the sounds are optically recorded along the edge of the motion-picture-film itself. The heart of this recording machine is the 'Light Valve.' This consists of a slit with a loop of metal ribbon covering the slit. If an electric current is sent through the 'Light Valve' the loop widens and opens the slit. If the current is varying, the width of the slit also will be varying as the current is passed on to the 'Light Valve.' As in the "Vitaphone System" the sounds from the scenes are picked up by the microphones and then amplified. A bright source of light is focussed on the plane of the valve. The light rays passing through the slit are focussed on the edge of the film. The undisturbed valve opening appears on the film as a line, .001 by .128 inch, the length of the line being at right angles to that of the film. When the amplified varying currents are sent through the light valve as the film is run from one spool to another while the object is being photographed, the sound also is recorded on the edge of the film in the form of thick and thin lines of varying intensity. This edge of the film is called the "Sound Track."

In reproducing the sound recorded on the film, a source of light is focussed on the 'Sound Track' and the light passing through the 'Sound Track' is made to fall upon a "Photoelectric Cell." The photoelectric cell, otherwise known as the 'Electric Eye' is an instrument which produces an electric current if light is made to fall upon it. Externally it looks like an ordinary electric bulb. If the light falling on it is of varying intensity then the current produced by the cell will also vary correspondingly. The intensity of light coming through the sound track on the film varies according to the width of the line. These light variations are converted into varying electric currents by the photoelectric cell. These currents, being feeble, are amplified by the amplifying set and then sent to the Loud Speakers stationed behind the screen where they are converted into sound.

In the Movietone system of recording and reproducing the sound, perfect synchronisation of sound with the motion picture is secured as the sound is recorded on the same film, at the same time and side by side with the pictures. Even if the film is cut in the middle, or a portion of the film is burnt, the sound corresponding to that portion of the film is spoiled along with the pictures. Hence when the film is shown, the sound produced will correspond exactly to the scenes projected. No scene, no sound.

Conclusion

Though everything in the production and the projection of sound films appears difficult, the technique has been perfected and the instruments devised for this are so compact and fool-proof that anybody with a little experience—not a certified fool, of course—can handle and use them successfully. All difficulties are overcome, as is always the case, by the scientists and the manufacturers who form a fraternity for the purpose of easing us of the superfluous heaviness, as they think, of our purses. And when once the

difficulties have been solved everything appears simple in operation and the layman enjoys the advantage and appreciates the simplicity. So, to the end of time, you see, Prosperos will continue to exhibit Ceres and Iris and Ferdinands to enjoy the visions. But will Ferdinands continue also to think the "pageants" *unsubstantial* and ourselves, I mean scientists, manufacturers and laymen, *to be such stuff as dreams are made on?*"

S. SRIRAMAN.

Principal: What is your complaint?

Prof. of Chemistry: I have lost a balance—the finest in my laboratory.

Principal: Whom do you suspect?

Prof.: My colleague.

Principal: You have lost indeed your balance.

The Lure of Statistics

THE lure of statistics indeed! Why not talk of the sweetness of the margosa, of the ravishing beauty of the gorilla or of the mild temper of the German boar?

Do not imagine, dear reader, that I am luring you into a field of forbidding aspect by false promises of enchanting sights. Far be it from me to add to your load of figures in these days when you are literally snowed in by reports of committees, conferences and boards full of distasteful statistics.

It was an insufferably hot afternoon in May. The wind was howling and blowing columns of dust into my rooms. The fan overhead afforded no relief. So I fled precipitately to the University Library to seek refuge in a cool corner of the reading room and plunge myself into that wonderful little book which opens with the Simian adage 'What one fool can do, another can.' But the wind was howling in the Library too, and I was in no mood to thread the mazes of differential and integral calculus.

Verily you have to pass through spaces narrower than the eye of a needle before you can knock at the portals of knowledge. While squeezing through the dark and narrow interstices between the book stacks, I hit my knee against something that was protruding into the passage. When I dragged it out into daylight, I discovered that it was the first volume of the Madras Census Report for the year 1931. The best way of punishing the offender is to expose him to the public gaze. So here he is.

The report opens with a definition of the term 'house'. The 1921 report, it seems, defined house as 'the residence of one or more families possessing a common entrance from the public way'. The 1931 definition, which, by the way,

is claimed to be an improvement upon the previous one, is 'every dwelling with a separate main entrance'.

An acute logician will demand an explanation of the word 'family'. Is it a family of bees or ants, beavers or wolves? And now in these days when we have high ways on the ocean and private roads in the air, what exactly is the public way? A factory chimney opens into the public way and so does your nose. Well, does not the nose harbour 'one or more families' of bacilli? The 'cute logician has a terrific name for fallacies of this type. But let us pass on.

Here is an extract from Table IV—(Variation in population).

Chidambaram

	Males	Females
1921	11214	11287
1931	12449	12635

Beware, dear reader! The other sex are outnumbering us in this district. They have invaded even the University. Who can be certain that they will not crowd us out?

Have you ever heard of a religion called Kaladi? There are Theosophists, Atheists, Agnostics, Rationalists, Humanists, Deists, Christian Scientists and Free Thinkers. But who are the Kaladists? There are five of them in East Godavari, two men and three women.

One lady in far-off Tellichery has declared that her religion is 'No religion'. Who can now have any doubt about the progressiveness of Malabar? Hats off to the solitary lady who has had the courage of her conviction!

Theosophy claims only 24 adherents. One wonders whether the huge colony at Adyar was ever visited by the tabulators.

Seventeen men and two women have declared Greek and Latin to be their mother tongue. No one dare say now that these are dead languages. Be that as it may. 17 men and 7 women in our district have declared that they speak Sanskrit at home. Evidently they are tourists from Indraloka seeking adventure in Thillaisthalam.

It is when you turn to the statistics of widowed girls that you get the greatest surprise. There are, in our Presidency, 28 married Christian infants below one year of age. Of these one baby boy has already lost his infant wife. Of children aged 5 and less than 5, 562 are married and 19 are widows. Among Anglo-Indians 11 girls aged 12 are married and of these 3 are widows.

I pause here. Census figures are not after all entirely devoid of human interest. There is a touch of life about them. Gentle Reader! If your interest has been roused by my remarks, I would invite you to study the reports and give us the benefit of your researches.

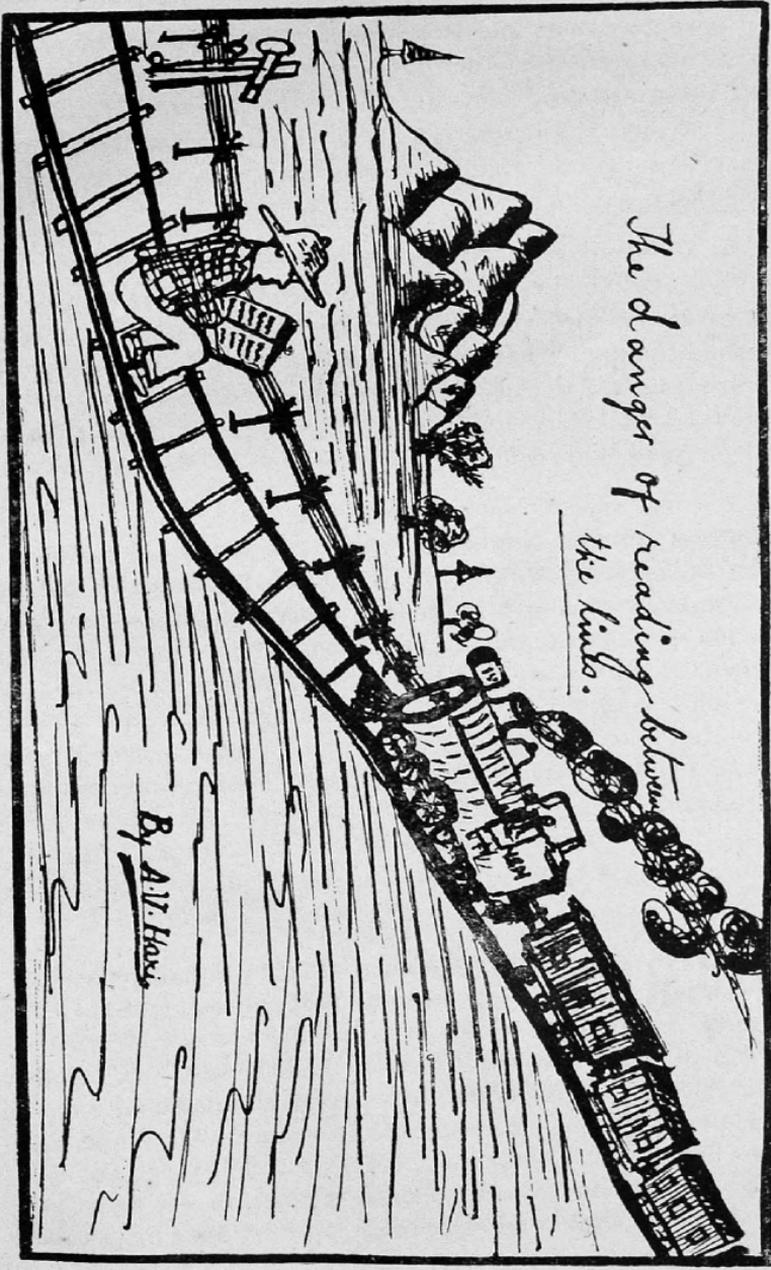
BABU

Young enthusiast.—Don't you think a European tour improves an Indian's angle of vision?

Old Conservative.—I don't know about the vision; I can vouch for the angle.

The danger of reading between
the lines.

By Alv. Hove



Talk Across the Ocean

NE of the most leading recreations today is to lounge comfortably in front of a 'Walnut or Veneer-finished all-mains-Wireless Receiver', with the fingers occasionally coming in contact with the knobs in the panel of the set. You look at the clock and tune in the desired station working at the time. When you get near, you hear some unlikely whistles, but do not worry and try a little in that neighbourhood. There you get at the Colombo programme in a low tone. Increase the volume by adjusting another knob, when the peering orchestra of Captain Blond and Co. swells in your lobby.

What is this mysterious agent that carries the voice uttered some hundreds of miles away in front of a mike at the broadcasting house, with its terrace crowded with a mesh work of steel towers and wires called the aerial? As one speaks in front of the microphone, a high frequency electric replica of the acoustic note is obtained. This in turn is transmitted into space by those towering aerials in all directions. These electromagnetic waves can come seven times round the earth in a second, a speed unimagined even by Prospero's Ariel or Oberon's Puck. They could put a girdle, on their own admission, round the earth only in forty minutes.

The birth of wireless communication may be said to have taken place in 1887 in the laboratory of Hertz. He found that when an electric spark was produced, energy radiated into space and induced a similar spark in a loop at some distance. Some ten years previous to this celebrated experiment, the famous mathematician Clerk Maxwell, had predicted the existence of electromagnetic waves and even enunciated its velocity of propagation in ether. Ten years later i.e., in 1897 Marconi demonstrated before British Gov-

ernment officials, wireless communication between two places four miles apart. From this date on, the progress was rapid and before the end of the same year signals were sent by wireless between Salisbury and Bath in England—a distance of thirty-four miles. A good deal could be said about many celebrated experiments of these pioneers, and of their successes and failures; but it is sufficient to state that today wireless communication from any one part of the globe to any other is an accomplished fact. Nay, even some gymnastics are being done with wireless waves. The same Marconi who transmitted wireless messages over a distance of four miles some thirty-seven years ago, demonstrated to ship owners at Vienna, just a few months ago, the methods of blind steering into harbour during a fog with the help of wireless waves.

Wireless waves are high frequency electrical oscillations and are similar to many other natural phenomena such as light and heat. These waves are similar in character and differ only in their wave-lengths. Wireless waves are the longest known of the electromagnetic band, and the shorter they become, the nearer they approach the heat band. An oscillation is merely a periodic disturbance of a medium, and when we say the wave travels we mean it is the disturbance that travels and not the medium. It is obvious, however, that for a wave to travel there must be a medium. The medium for the electromagnetic wave is ether which is supposed to pervade the whole universe, not even sparing the interspace between the atoms of matter.

Every transmitting station is radiating electromagnetic waves, modulated by speech or music, at a definite frequency as published in the dailies. Suppose the frequency of a particular station is a thousand kilocycles per second, that is, its waves are as long as three hundred metres. We arrange a circuit and adjust its natural frequency by changing either an inductance or a capacity, more often

the latter, such that it is equal to that of the desired transmitting station. By the principle of resonance the waves from the distant broadcasting house will induce alternating currents of the same frequency and also of similar characteristics. The induced currents are infinitesimal but can be detected with suitable apparatus, as we shall see. The reactance of this tuned circuit, as it is called, is very great for any other frequency and so no other wave will induce any current. If we wish to hear some other station we alter the natural frequency to the desired station by changing again the capacity or inductance or both. This is exactly what we do with the tuning knobs when we close the monotonous orchestra and turn to Chicago to hear the long expected voice of Greeta Garbo who seems to be preparing to open her lips for the first time before the broadcasting mike.

As has been said already, the impulses got from the aerial earth systems after tuning are infinitesimal in strength. So these impulses have to be amplified enormously before they can be detected. Amplification is done by what are known as valves. A valve is merely an incandescent lamp with a plate kept at a high positive potential. Any glowing body emits electrons and the negative electrons emitted by the filament of the valve is attracted by the positive plate, which constitutes an unidirectional flow of electric current. A third electrode named grid is interposed between the filament and the plate. The tuned high frequency oscillations are brought to this grid. These infinitesimal charges upon the grid control or rather modulate the comparatively larger electronic flow from the filament to the plate and so we get an amplified replica of the tuned electromagnetic wave. This is the fundamental principle of amplification and this can be multiplied any number of times. The modern practice of high frequency amplification is done by what are known as 'Screen grid valves'. After the high frequency is amplified, it has to be detected, or more

precisely, rectified. The history of detectors from the historic crystal with its cat whiskers to the modern 'Duodiode-triode' is very interesting, but a little technical. The low frequency obtained from the detector is further amplified. There are a host of low frequency amplifiers, namely, the pentode, the push pull stage, the class B output valves and many others. Thus we see the valve plays a unique part in wireless. Aladdin's lamp may be a myth, but the radiotron tube or valve is a fact.

The amplified pulsating electric current is fed into the loud speaker which reproduces the speech or music. The volume of sound can be adjusted from a lover's whisper to a loud boom by controlling the current to suit the hour and taste of the hearer. A battery model set requires three batteries, namely, the low tension, the high tension and the grid bias. It is a nuisance to deal with these dirty bulky things, to connect their various terminals, and to see to their frequent replacement. In a mains-driven set these troubles vanish as all the three batteries are obtained from the single mains itself. You have simply to switch on the mains and tune in the programme. For this purpose an alternating current electric main is more useful and economical as the current consumption is only about that of an average bulb of 40-50 watts even with a powerful superhet. As modern systems of power-supply is only alternating current and as the whole of South-India is going to be served with electric power from Pykara, Mettur and other Hydro Electric stations, even an average pocket can afford to buy or build and maintain a wireless set.

Enough is said about the good boys of the radio school and let us not overlook the bad boys, namely, the growls and hootings, (which are not rare) called the atmospherics. Scientists ascribe more than one reason for this disturbance. The atmospheric disturbance is more

pronounced during day than at night. The sun's rays ionise the air which absorbs a lot of the radiated energy, and hence reception during day is not so good as at night. In a similar manner reception in winter is more satisfactory than in summer. The sun spot activity is said to hold a material control over wireless reception, according to its activity. As it is minimum at present we are assured of better reception now.

We need not worry ourselves about the technique or manufacture of these things. There are men enough abroad to do that. We shall safely purchase them and hear whether Bradman is duck-out or not or who won the Donkey Derby in the Sweepstake.

A. S. NARAYANASWAMI, B.A.

Jacques.—How do you count the number of deer in a large herd ?

Amiens.—I don't know. How ?

Jacques.—Why, easy ; count the legs and divide it by four.

I awoke and found it was all a.....

I do not claim to be a very early riser. It would be a fantastic claim if I made it; I know many would laugh. But my complaint is I can't sleep as long as I wish to.

I am not suffered to have my way. I envy the hostel chaps. They have ample facilities to sleep till late in the morning, or (must I not say?) forenoon. My friend N. S. of Mahadevipuram, that well-known never-do-well, gets up only on hearing the hostel bell. He boasts he then straight-way goes, to "take my meals." But we of the town have got our parents. Of them I am tempted to say all that Lamb says of 'Poor Relations'. But I shall say only this here. They are, between you and me, about the most inconvenient things in creation. Besides them, there are other sources of standing nuisance. They call themselves friends. But I call God to witness, they are not entitled to the appellation. These all combine and shout in my ears at the most inconvenient moment. How much undesirable cold water has gone down unaware ears up to this moment of my existence! I of course pray for Heaven's forgiveness for them. But I cannot help wishing that Heaven blasted their devilish activity. My woe is that I can sleep only up till eight, or if you want more veracity in my unenviable autobiography, a trifle of a quarter hour or half hour after that.

All Fools' day. Neighbour Sinu came into my study. Not exactly a study—I hasten to confess. It is a verandah *cum* study *cum* parlour *cum* drawing, retiring, sitting, sleeping, what not apartment. Well, into that nondescript came Sinu on his day or All Fools' Day—that's the same, you know. Every morning, by the way, Sinu is a regular visitor. He comes to me for the 'Hindu' and whatever other things of the like kind he might lay hold

on. All know him for that sort of fellow who pampers on others' sweat and to whom 'snuff from another's box is sweeter' than from his own—if of course he had any of his own.

"Dang it, old fellow" says he "studying for the Ides of March?"

I beg your pardon; I must have told you already that my friend's utterances are Alfred Jingle all over. One doesn't know how to call his Wodehousian phrasing; it is a cross between slang and language. Personally I should call it slanguage.

Now to return. "What is up?" queried Sinu.

"I am writing for the March number of the Miscellany and don't particularly care to be disturbed in my activity" was my not over-courteous reply. But Sinu, you know, is not of the sort to be put out by discourtesy. He found his centre of gravity on the only spare stool in my apartment and ejaculated "Oh! that Short Story Competition affair! What is it all about? I am going to have a squint at it."

This offer was to me not over-welcome, I promise you. That fact showed itself on my face. Sinu, however, is not the man to take a hint. He insisted; I evaded. He insisted again. I saw the futility of my endeavour to escape. I bowed to the inevitable. Also, I must confess to a secret desire to read my composition to at least one hearer and enjoy it with him. It is no empirical induction to generalise that all authors feel that desire. I too am an author, you see. Then too I had another justification. I might take Sinu's counsel. Two heads are better than one. If Sinu admired my composition, it would hearten me. If he did not, why, surely, the more fool he! These ideas (bright aren't they?) flashed on my mind; and in less than a minute, I made up my mind to make Sinu my conscience.

We sat. I cleared my throat and started. "This is article number one. Its title is 'Mainly Medical'. The gist of the story is this. Dr. Narayana Rao is a medical practitioner of long standing (and wide strolling) at Palur. One day Dr. (Miss) Kamala Bai arrives at that place and 'squats' down as a rival practitioner. Dr. Rao doubly detests her. She is a woman, and she is a rival. But things happen to alter this situation. The old doctor is badly wounded in a motor accident and the new comer treats him during his illness. Gratitude backs up nature, and the convalescent throws amorous glances at the doctor. But when at last he brings himself to propose to her, he is cut up to be told that she is already engaged and is shortly proceeding to Vienna for further studies.

"Houissat?" I asked.

"Hang it! Old chum! We must not carry imitation too far. I simply can't stand this," protested Sinu seriously. A C. J.'s countenance cannot be more serious when pronouncing death sentence in some Parcel Murder case. "This is unblushing plagiarism" reproached Sinu. You have pilfered it from Donan Coyle. No, no. You needn't try any cheap joke upon this tip of the slongue. But that is a parenthesis. Yes, it is Dyole's '*Doctors of Hoyland*' modified somewhat with adjectives and adverbs in the proportion of two to three. I tell you what. This simply won't do. Bring in the next and don't fool about it.

"It is a poem" I began apologetically—somewhat nervous by reason of the short shrift given to what I had thought my masterpiece. "It is entitled '*The Ravages of a Cyclone*' and begins

An university went phut
And fell into the gut;
I am so glad of that
As I do not like that.

“Deuced fishy; or rather it is neither fish nor flesh”, was Sinu’s impatient comment. “The subject is not worth a poem and the poem isn’t worth a rotten egg. Don’t send it in”. Sinu’s tone was authoritative. “Next!” he commanded.

“It’s a one-act drama entitled ‘*The Private Life of Kuppu Sastri*’. The first scene is this. Kuppu Sastri goes to Suppu Sastri to borrow some areca nuts on an *Amashi* day. Suppu Sastri is scandalised at a Sastri chewing on an *Amashi* day. But he quickly learns that Kuppu is too far gone: he, a brahmin, actually ploughs with cows a piece of land to raise a crop of poppy upon!! Suppu Sastri closes his ears in pious horror on receipt of this intelligence and giving to Kuppu his betel-box, leaf and all, flies the horrid presence. The second scene.....

“Enough” cried Sinu “this is funny. It may go in. I think that any reasonable fellow of a judge will plump for such a perfect piece as this. Hand it to me, I’ll go through it.” I was delighted, simply delighted. I gave it to him. He quickly perused it punctuating his perusal with appreciative observations.

“Goodwun”, he ruled. Shortly after, he left.

That evening I got the MS. typewritten, put it in a neat envelope and handed it to the editor with an air in which an attempt to look modest contended with confidence, for mastery.

Three fortnights, three long fortnights went by with the length, as it seemed, of three years. The March number of the Miscellany at last came out. On the day I should get my copy of it at the office, I was uncommonly pious, and when leaving for college made myself hoary with an extra pinch of sacred ash. I was in the college a clear half hour before the first bell. I waited ten minutes for the clerk to come. Getting my copy, I opened it with a degree

of nervousness and found the prize story. What the d—l was it that I saw? The story was entitled 'The Rival Doctors of Palur.' The author was K. Srinivasan 1/F Gettinarayan Street, Chidambaram. I read it through, with eyes that seemed to rush out of their sockets. It was that story, my story, that one about old Rao and young Kamala. It was there, word for word, letter for letter. Only the title had been changed. I had been befooled and Sinu was the villain of the piece. Oh! the thought that he the chastiser of plagiarism should pocket the money and make me pocket the disappointment! It was too much. It was so overwhelming that my only idea was to go and search my drawer for the piece. I knew it would not be there. I tell you it wasn't there. Sinu had lifted the lock and lifted the piece. I became sadder, I don't know about wiser. But about one thing I made up my mind: I was never more going to allow Sinu to come anywhere inside a ten-yard radius of my front-door.

As this resolution was forming in my mind, I gnashed my teeth. Just that minute "Get up! will you, or shall I prick you with a pin?" cried my sister. I opened my eyes and saw the nine o'clock sun in full blaze. I then knew that I had been dreaming all the time as a result of the heated discussion I had had with Sinu about the relative merits of the prize stories published in five consecutive numbers of the Merry Magazine.

V. KRISHNAMURTI,
III Hons.

Plaintiff.—I am a poor injured man; pray your Honour go deep into my case and grant me justice.

Judge.—Nothing shall be done here without proper consideration.

All for Love

(AT THE VARIETY SHOW)

THE curtain lifted and revealed a strange country; a wild country in a wild bygone age. Men and women were taller and bigger than you know them; more primitive, as you would say, and much more passionate. Vegetation was ranker. Civilization, they say, has added a cubit to man's stature. If they mean it in the literal sense, they are wrong. Men and women in that first scene of the Variety Show were Brobdingnagian.

An old man appeared. Three young women followed him with deep respect. They walked into the midst of a company hushed in awe. They called the old man Lear. What did they mean by it? There was nothing of your "civil leer" about him. His fierce eyes looked straight and, as it were, into your soul. He was in a rage against the youngest and loveliest of the three young women. One wondered how could there be so much animation in that old flesh.

Presently appeared a young man in a simple week-day attire. His train was small, and yet they called him a king—the king of France. To him old Lear:

"This thing they call my daughter, this that they call Cordelia you chose for your bride. But it is no more our daughter. We disclaim her. Nature does so too. As her ingratitude is monstrous, she has no dower from us. We know that after this she shall not be yours.

France was perplexed and looked at Cordelia. Cordelia spoke up: "All that I lack is a still-soliciting eye and such a glib tongue as I am glad I have not."

"Is that all?," cried astonished France. "If that is all, dower or no dower, here and now I seal Cordelia mine."

He took her by the hand and was in act to lead her out of the room. He just turned back and delivered a short speech—just a sentence long—for the edification of the astonished company :

Love is not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point.

The pair disappeared and the curtain fell. The utterance of France was aphoristic and I frankly did not know what in verity it meant. My friend Verity at my elbow kindly offered an explanation :

“If a man’s love to a woman is genuine, he loves her exclusively for her own sake ; considerations like her money or position in life do not influence his mind.”

“A genuine lover gives up everything else for love ?” I asked.

“Yes” answered laconic Verity.

I wondered how many in the world had love like that to show. The curtain rose and set my doubt at rest.

There came a young lady with a young woman, presumably her confidante. The lady’s lover whom she referred to “as my perfect Proteus” was gone from her. The fellow had probably deserted her. She proposed to go forth in quest of him. The confidante attempted dissuasion. The lady observed

A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps,
Much less shall she that hath Love’s wings to fly.

Her mien became suddenly resolute and she went on :

I’ll be as patient as a gentle stream
And make a pastime of each weary step
Till the last step hath brought me to my love ;
And there I’ll rest as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

The lady then actually took a step or two but seemed suddenly to remember something and turned and said

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation.

With that she was off. Her confidante followed her. But it was clear that the confidante knew it would be useless to reason with the lady.

“My goods, my lands, my reputation!” The words rang in my ears. She would sacrifice them *all for love*, I mused. The bell rang and my attention was called to a lady whom the audience hailed by the name of Imogen. She remained but a few minutes on the stage. But the might of her love made a lasting impression on me. Her lord in banishment had written to her bidding her meet him at Milford-Haven. She was ready at once to set out. She had married him in defiance of her own father who was a king, and now made ready to seek her beggared and banished lord at Milford-Haven. Wonderful! A replica of the Julia I had already seen! But a greater wonder was yet to come. Near that Milford-Haven, when she had gone there, she learnt that she had been but lured thither. Her husband had taken her to be “false to his bed” and had commanded his servant to take her to Milford-Haven and kill her there. The man loathed the master’s commission and suggested a way out of the difficulty. What do you think he says? Imogen must dress like a boy and take service under a Roman general now invading the country. The lady listens with indifference; for after her husband’s suspicion of her purity, life is nothing to her. But now the man says that, among other things, she may by that means live near her lord. This decides her. She jumps at the arrangement and jumps into boy’s clothes. Her words are:

Oh! for such means
Though peril to my modesty, not death on’t,
I would adventure.

Everything short of *death to her modesty* she then would risk for the chance of living near her suspicious and cruel lord. So, there are wives like that in the world, you see. If there were not, how would it rain and But it is unthinkable—the calamity that would follow.

The boards were now again engaged. A lovely princess was smitten with the perfections of a young wrestler. The gallant confessed himself a beggar, one who had literally nothing in the world and literally none, if he died that day, to shed a tear for, or even bury, him. But the princess was none the less smitten. She actually took a gold chain off her own neck and bade him wear it for her. The links were truly golden and forged in the furnace of her heart that was on fire! She led Orlando—for that was the name of the young gallant—in *chains*! He forgot all his woe in that new position. He forgot that his brother sought his life and that his sovereign loathed his sight. He said

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother;
But heavenly Rosalind!

To think that his "heavenly Rosalind" made him forget the dangers that beset him! But what did Rosalind herself do? She mentioned once a talk she had had with her father; but quickly added "what talk you of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?"

Here was a "complete pair"—you know Shakespeare often means *perfect* by *complete*. But the Variety Entertainers that night could show one "completer". A young man who called himself a king's son appeared. He thought he had lost his father and was himself then a king. He made love to a young maiden of unexampled beauty. He variously styled her queen, goddess, what not. He was, however, held in check by the old father of the lady who

threatened him with imprisonment if he showed himself forward. The young fellow protested

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else of the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

What do you say to that love?

The relentless old fellow was so crabbed—as the young lover complained—that he imposed a penance on the young man. He made him (would you believe it?) carry logs of wood. The man gave himself out a prince, nay, a king and yet carried wood! He muttered

This my mean task
Would be as easy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures.

The lovely girl was herself grieved to the soul at the sight. She was indeed as mad after the fellow as the fellow was after her. A conversation ensued. How can I help quoting it when it has not yet ceased to ring in my ears?

“If you will sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,”
she begged.

“No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by”,

he protested.

“It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it”,

pleaded the lovely creature.

This talk elevated me much. If all lovers in the world were like this Ferdinand and this Miranda, I reflected, how gloriously the world would be peopled! The offspring of such unions would be welcome to us in any number. What need then for the preachings of men like High Court Judges and ex-Executive Councillors on contraception?

These reflections were interrupted by the bell. There stood a handsome prince with the queen of his heart on the stage. The king of Bohemia, his father, rebuked him for "doting on a shepherdess". It was hard to believe the young lady a shepherdess but the king gave her that name and none contradicted him. The son stood mute but showed no sign of yielding. The angry father threatened to disown and disinherit the boy and left the place in high dudgeon. The young lover burst out:

Not for Bohemia, nor for the pomp that may
Thereat be gleaned, for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved.

I am told that the young man proved as good as his word. I am told that he subsequently left his country with his mistress and though by a strange chance he came by his father's kingdom at last, he reckoned it not as anything approaching the preciousness of his "fair beloved."

I remembered at this stage that a Shakesperian English king cried out on a battlefield: "a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." I said it was new to me that a prince with the rosy chance of a kingdom should give it up *because* he loved a maiden. My neighbour at the entertainment observed

"Men have given up empires for love."

"Have they?" I queried.

“See for yourself”, he answered and turned to the stage.

An impressive spectacle met my eyes. The scene was the Nile Valley. The persons were a famous Roman and an Egyptian queen. Cleopatra the queen urged Antony the Roman (mockingly, I am afraid) to go back to Rome and devote himself to affairs of state. Antony declined. Cleopatra persisted. Antony now declaimed

Let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall. Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus.

He explained the *thus* by embracing Queen Cleopatra.

“You see that”, cried my neighbour, “you know this Antony. It was the cunning fellow, who set the Roman mob on Julius Cæsar’s murderers and carved for himself a mighty empire. But that he gave up and gave himself up to the charms of the dark beauty of the Nile valley.”

The “mutual pair” disappeared. But shortly after, Cleopatra reappeared. She was strangely attired. Her royal robes were gone and she had a widow’s weeds on. The scene was a tangled forest and the time the early dawn with its streaks of gray. Cleopatra told the story of Antony’s end:

Fresh from war’s alarms
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms
Contented there to die!
And there he died.

“Is it Shakespeare’s Cleopatra that gives this account?” I muttered to myself.

“No, it is another—a later—poet’s Cleopatra”, answered my neighbour. “But that poet has only paraphrased Shakespeare”.

Oh! the poet that wrote a play called "All for Love" about Antony and the mistress of his heart?" I suggested.

"No," was my neighbour's answer. "He was another. He too indeed paraphrased Shakespeare. He was called Dryden. But this poet is a still later one."

He was proceeding to name him when the bell rang and we were shown Venice in her glory. The Doge's court was in session. An old man whom, I think, they called Brabantio charged a dark soldierly looking man with the theft of his daughter. The accused pleaded guilty to the charge but contended that in marrying the lady he only made a sacrifice and committed no theft. He had always valued his "free unhoused condition" as the very breath of life. But he had sacrificed it for the love of the lovely creature at his side. The lovely creature herself now made her deposition. She owned she had, as her father observed,

shunned

The wealthy, curled darlings of our
Nation.

She knew that at her choice of a husband Venitian respectability was shocked. A white European choosing a black Oriental! How could white respectability afford to lose caste like this? But in spite

Of years, of country, credit, everything,

she had chosen Othello the Moor and knew what she was about. It appeared that not she but the Spirit of Love in her now spoke. For evidently she was

A maiden never bold:

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself.

But she found her speech and actually stepped forward and gave a challenge to her father:

Here's my husband ;
 And so much duty as my mother showed
 To you, preferring you before her father
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor my lord.

After this declaration by Desdemona, the Venitian's daughter, I had no doubt about the might of Love. But she made further demonstrations of that might. Her woman asked her on a later occasion if Othello her lord was not jealous. I was afraid the woman had good reasons to suspect that Othello was. But Desdemona hastened to reply

Who? He! I think the sun where he was born
 Drew all such humours from him.

The truth at last came out that Othello did suspect his wife of impurity. The fellow had at last the heart to stifle her on her own bed. Life was ebbing out of that unsullied frame. Her woman came in, just that minute. Looking on what had been done, she demanded

O! Who hath done the deed ?

Desdemona answered

Nobody ; I myself ; farewell ;
 Commend me to my kind lord.

With that sublime lie on her lips did that noblest of women give up the ghost. Sobs were heard in the audience. Handkerchiefs were pulled out of pockets. I felt that moment a strange feeling which words cannot describe. I felt ennobled, and feared I was ennobled by sorrow and tears. That is the work of Tragedy, I am told.

Long days after that, I once happened to meet the man that had sat next to me at the Show. He smiled and said that he had heard me recite, at Desdemona's death, the soul-stirring verse :

साऽहं तपः सूर्यनिविष्टदृष्टरुध्वं प्रसूतेश्चरितुं यतिष्ये ।

भूयो यथा मे जननान्तरेऽपि त्वमेव भर्ता न च विप्रयोगः ॥

“Did I recite it?” I inquired.

“You did” he replied and passed.

I must have done it involuntarily. That is the only parallel I know in literature, if even that is a parallel, to noble Desdemona's dying words.

So, that was the Variety Show. All, no doubt, on a single theme—Love. But Love has ‘infinite variety’; so has Shakespeare. Custom never stales it.

(Anon.)

He that sees and sees he sees is wise; hear him.

He that sees but sees not he sees is foolish; pity him.

He that sees not and sees he sees not is honest; teach him.

He that sees not and sees not he sees not is dangerous; shun him.

A Good Example of a Bad Article

I got some sheets of virgin paper, drew the chair nearer the table, stretched my legs well upon it and ordered my fancy to take a flight. Half an hour passed in brown study and I remained still face to face with the reproachfully blank paper. I scratched my head sapiently and rocked my chair restlessly: contrivances (with me) commonly conducive to concentration. Once more I drifted, by degrees, into a day-dream: a giddy drama of strange situations!

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I found myself walking to the temple to have a glimpse of the idol. I threaded my way through the thick crowd; very near the temple-gate, I encountered a battalion of widows in their white uniform, very pious, a murmur on their lips. I paused in perplexity, not knowing whether I should, or rather, could push myself any farther. Suddenly an amazing frenzy swept through their ranks; every one in that crowd set up a fight to catch a glimpse of the bright image and a general 'Hara, Hara, Hara' escaped from everywhere. I too felt the infinite grace radiating from the bedizened image. My earthly parts sank into oblivion and there spread over me a felicitous blend of the poet and the saint—an altogether extraordinary and unearthly sensation. But no sooner had I a taste of that trance than I found myself in a whirlpool of push and pull. Some one knocked me down from behind; I fell on a widow, who fell on another who, in turn, kissed the sod. I had stumbled over a hag. But by the time I got up, the woman too had sprung into activity; at least her tongue had—and she started on an impeaching impromptu against me. An endless string of unutterable anathemas, peppered with pungent phrases of abuse and punctuated by well-timed sobs, automatically shot from what looked

like a machine-gun. Never before was so much rhetoric at the tip of a tongue! The torrent stunned me. I stood in unresisting imbecility, with face turned blue with murky confusion and eyes that were wide open and yet saw nothing. Poor me. O pity me! Where was Nataraja's cosmic dance! Where fled 'the felicitous blend of the poet and the saint'! She raged and surged. I gaped and moped. Should I shed tears at the painful pathos or laugh aloud at the brilliant bathos of that remarkable row of which I was the hero! Whatever it was, I had to thank my stars for the luck to be alive; at least they spared me my life—those viragos!

(First Reel Over.)

* * * *

The reverie dragged on but soon a rude knock on my head gently called me to my table and virgin paper. Of course it was my friend whom I love so much because it is a point with me not to hate friends. Excuse me for the nomadic nature of my pen but I must tell you of my friend who is not a bore. I am a simple fellow, you know; but my friend is simpler still, I mean, more stupid. I hate frogs and philosophers and fortunately he belongs to neither of these species. He is as fat as Falstaff and equally foolish though he is exceedingly confident of a first class in his examination—as Falstaff was at Shrewsbury. A few words about his speaking talents or else it is like describing all about an ass, its wisdom and saga of service etc. and omitting to mention that it has also occasional musical moods like some of us. This crude comparison, I assure you, has no implications. Oftentimes he prepares before a speech. A patient auditor is sure to find sensible matter in it. Glittering phrases festoon his sentences. But the tragic climax comes, when he steps briskly up on the platform in fine fettle and brimming over with bright ideas; a shower of hoots greets him and his courage oozes away and he stands like a fertile country flooded with mud. He contemplates

the audience with a stoic calm and realizes that he may sooner command their claps than their ears. He forms a word on his lips—another yell—and it dies in his throat. Here, as in Galsworthy's plays, the audience is the villain. For a time he stands motionless like an idiot in an asylum occasionally making attempts ludicrously earnest but unavailing; his tongue becomes unmanageable and his gestures take up the job of speaking. By this time the polite chairman looks at his face to catch his eyes and then at the watch significantly!

Another of my friends is more versed in oratorical tricks and easily passes for a good speaker. He is a noisy blusterer. Three things characterise his speeches—audacious utterance, verbal jugglery and copious quotations (relevant or not, it matters not.) In one sentence, swash-buckling is the quintessence of his success in swindling the audience so cheaply. One common feature of his speeches is that there is invariably a psychological point even if the subject be an astronomical problem. The truth is, there is neither psychology nor a point behind his words. With apologies to my friend of course.

The one radical difference between myself and this blooming blighter is that I am right royally 'religious' (you remember my going to the temple) but he is rudely irreligious—'rationalistic'. Rationalism is but a perverse reaction from orthodox religiosity, and the reverse of the right action. I do not say that I take this view, or indeed, the opposite view or any view. I simply tell you what G. K. C. told me the other day. However, I cannot afford to embrace Rationalism especially when my astral forces seem to be hostile and piety is badly in need.

One request to you, reader, and I shall stop. Please do not revile me by saying that I wooed you to waste your time. In fact your editor, egregiously solicitous of his readers' tastes, requested me to spin out some silly but

They tried the 'Blackbird'

UNDARAM was at college. His parents were a poor but honest couple whose only satisfaction was that they conferred the benefit of education upon their son. It was with considerable difficulty that they supported him at college. They would have felt it more keenly—nay even thought it impossible—had it not been for Sundaram's uncle, a wealthy man who helped Sundaram often. He had a genuine love for his nephew.

Sundaram was a fair bright lad of nineteen with amiable and bland manners. He was tall of course, but I would not say slim. Pleasing in manners, gay and genial in temper, volatile by nature with a captivating smile playing ever on his lips, he was the Nireus Formosus among his classmates. He won the hearts of many that came near to him. In fact this was one of the reasons why his uncle liked him so much. But this was not all. Intellectually bright he was and gave promise of a not inglorious future.

The summer holidays were approaching. He wrote his papers of course well, as usual.

But he was then often thinking about Nambam where his uncle was. His mind always travelled to Kamala. He planned a thousand ways in which he would "fleet his time carelessly" in her sweet company. These thoughts he was revolving over and over in his head, till they conjured up her lovely image. He often fancied he saw her angelic face lit up with a delicious smile, welcoming him on the door-steps. He already saw her graceful form running in and out and flitting from the kitchen to the study and from the study back to the kitchen. It would be quite unfair to say, of course, that these thoughts hindered

the young man's studies. When he wrote to his uncle that he would be going over to Nambam on Friday and asked him to send his car to the railway-station, and while he was visualizing Kamala, he did see to it that his daily work was never interfered with.

Sundaram's uncle had a magnificent mansion and a pleasant little garden adjoining it.

He knew what was essential to life. That the garden and its work engrossed much of his time is no wonder. Being brought up in such surroundings and by a father of such cultivated tastes, Kamala grew up a lovable maiden. Besides she had a tolerably good education. She had written letters to Sundaram and she knew when he was coming for the holidays. To say that she was awaiting the day of his arrival with eager expectancy would be to make a prosaic account of an exquisitely poetic fact.

Somanathan, an old friend of Sundaram, and a neighbour of his uncle, was making inquiries now and then as to his arrival. He was not a little eager to meet his dear old friend. It is really a job to tell which of the two, Kamala or Soman, was more anxious to see Sundaram.

The much expected day arrived, and Sundaram was at Nambam.

His joy knew no bounds when he espied at the entrance, the blooming and beautiful Kamala standing before him with a welcoming smile that expressed her happiness better than any speech of hers could have done. Sundaram felt the felicity of the moment and deemed himself the favourite of the gods. That day he passed in much merriment.

The next morning he was sitting in Kamala's study. A cup of coffee was on the table. He was turning over the

leaves of one of her books. Kamala entered the room with a radiant smile.

“He saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all he saw in her”

He lost himself in admiration. ‘She said, “Do you know, Sundaram, that I am getting the Merry Magazine nowadays?”’

“Oh, it is interesting” replied Sundaram mechanically, continuing to indulge in his reverie. What talk you of Merry Magazines when Kamala is by!

“When does your college reopen, Sundaram?” asked Kamala in an eager tone.

“On the 8th July”

He was put in mind of the jolly life he led in Kamala's house and the life of toil he led at college. Then he exclaimed “O that dry routine of salt-analysis and essay-writing! It is quite painful to recollect the uninteresting life that I led there. Dear Kamala, don't speak of the dry activities of college life—dry I mean in comparison with life at Nambam, life in this happy house.” But he consoled himself that the reopening was on distant July 8th. Kamala however on hearing of the reopening date was evidently displeased, for she was sorry to be cut off from him so soon. “Three months fleet as if they were three minutes” she mused. “I wish all the year were a holiday.”

Sundaram was elated to hear the words that issued from her “rubies unparagoned” and thought it the right moment to open his heart to her. He began, “Oh, dearest sweetest Kamala.” He was unable to say more. But his eyes showed what his tongue failed to utter; and Kamala's was no dull head. She saw what was coming. “Oh for the day”, he began again. His tongue again failed him. But

Kamala sympathetically supplied: "For the day when I shall be in your arms."

Sundaram's heart leapt. He jumped from the seat. That gesture was all that showed his joy. Mute was he, for mute he could not but be. But their eyes met and made assurances doubly sure.

In a few sentences which at last Sundaram could utter he bade Kamala speak that very instant to her mother. "Aunt must speak to uncle, you know, and the thing must come off long before the reopening".

Sundaram then issued his mandate. Kamala interpreted it as girls in her time of life could alone interpret it. She knew Sundaram meant that life at college for a year more would be mere hell, if he once more went there with any uncertainty about Kamala.

Kamala said, "I am going about the business this instant. But Sun. . . She could not pronounce the name. After what had happened, Sundaram was to her no mere Sundaram, her loving cousin. He was her lord; how could she pronounce his name?" Sundaram saw it and was instantly transported to the Seventh Heaven. That minute Somanathan entered. Kamala coloured and ran out of her chamber. It was all that Sundaram could do to have patience with the author of this interruption.

But Soman also was not unwelcome—that is, not quite. Sundaram eagerly and even cordially accosted him.

Soman expressed himself happy. Sundaram with proud satisfaction produced the 'Blackbird' which he had brought as a new year present to Soman. The recipient was as happy as grateful. He tried the pen on what was nearest on the table and pronounced it splendid. Sundaram took it from him with prouder satisfaction now and tried it in his turn on something on the desk. Soman sang the praises of the

gift and the giver. Sundaram deprecated the praises and tried to look as if he considered it nothing. Time sped. The happy friends knew it not. Uncle at last came to take Sundaram to breakfast. Somanathan tore himself away from his friend.

Four o'clock. On the canvas easy chair after a short nap, Sundaram ate his lunch. It was sweet, far sweeter than it could otherwise have been, as Kamala handed it.

Sundaram adjourned to Kamala's study again. He took a book at random and opened it. In a moment his eyes seemed to burn in their sockets. What did he see there? He got up and loudly called Kamala and showing the open page of the book to her which had upset him, he demanded "What is that?" Kamala slowly spelled "So-ma-na-than". "What is that?" Sundaram thundered again.

"Why, that is your friend's name" said Kamala artlessly.

"And in his own hand" supplied Sundaram.

"Presumably" was Kamala's short reply.

"How comes it here?" interrogated the cousin.

"I don't know" answered Kamala naively.

"No, indeed, you don't know. You didn't blush either this morning when he entered" and with that he sailed out of the room and was in the hall.

Uncle joined him there and began. "What have you been about, you rascal? I am commissioned by your auntie to write to your father about you know what".

Sundaram implored him not to write. "Why, why on earth?" demanded his uncle suddenly turning anxious.

All the reply that Sundaram gave was to mutter "Frailty, thy name is woman".

His uncle more than suspected what the matter was and went inside the house. Kamala, in tears, only too eager to tell him all, told him all. Kamala's father went into the study, took the book in question, satisfied himself with the facts of the case and even from there sent for Somanathan.

The young man came. Kamala's grieved father had a talk with him. Somanathan's protestations confirmed Kamala's. Darkness by this time had set in; Somanathan went home. But nothing was darker than the outlook of the inmates of little Kamala's house. They all retired to a restless rest.

But the dawn brought relief. Soon after coffee a man came and put into Sundaram's hand a letter in which Sundaram had acknowledged a loan of ten rupees from Somanathan in terms of profuse gratitude. The letter was all type-written over the signature of Sundaram. The young man could not believe the evidence of his own eyes. He had neither received the loan nor written the letter. His uncle saw his perplexity and ascertaining what the matter was sent for Somanathan. When he came jealousy got the better of Sundaram's good sense, and made his accent particularly bitter when he asked Somanathan

"When did I write this letter to you?"

"Why, it is dated," answered Somanathan with provoking coolness.

"This is the devil's trick" roared Sundaram.

"Which? your signature?" asked Somanathan again coolly.

"Signature! Fiddlestick, I don't acknowledge it" cried Sundaram.

A College Sportsman and his morning newspapers.



"If you don't, then I don't acknowledge my signature on Kamala's book in that room", said Somanathan with decisiveness.

Sundaram whose eye had closed in darkness felt a sudden flash of light.

"I tried the 'Blackbird' on this piece of paper?"

"Even as I tried it on a page of Kamala's book", supplied Somanathan.

Sundaram felt ashamed of himself. He apologised to Soman for his ill-considered conclusion about him. His uncle praised Somanathan for so cleverly cutting the Gordian knot. Somanathan left the house loaded with apologies and praises. Sundaram and Kamala felt drawn to each other more closely than before.

"O the power of that bitter drop that mysteriously serves to make more sweet the cup that Cupid fills with his own hand!"

V. R. DOSS, III HONS.

Teacher—What sort of man do you think Stevenson is, from his works?

Boy—A gross wicked fellow.

Teacher—My word! why?

Boy—He has "kidnapped"

Sama's Quest

THE S. S. L. C. results were "out"; Sama's shaky fingers held the list and it shook like a bundle of aspen leaves. But what a misfortune! his name was not there. He had expected it. But the eagerly looked-for vixen hadn't made her appearance. There was another boy of the same name K. Swaminathan, but son of Krishna Ayyar and not of Krishna Sastri.

Sama was an industrious chap and did his 'Sandhyavandanam' regularly; and so was naturally a mathematics student—impeccable logic that, I assure you in passing. He had Physics and Chemistry to assist him in his Mathematical pursuits. His Sanskrit had never given him trouble. There it was question only of $79\frac{1}{2}$ or $89\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of marks for him. In truth, he would obtain 80 or 90 per cent of marks. But on account of the generosity associated with the correction of papers in obedience to a law of nature, it got itself reduced by at least half a mark. But this again by the way. He had answered his English papers very well. 'The Tempest' by Charles Lamb was a prose-selection and he had mastered it specially for the examination. He had expected many questions there, but the one sane question in the paper was "Pick out instances, comparatively, of Lamb's temper from the version,"—a confusing question, to which Sama's answer ran as follows: "Internal evidence shows that while we meet with Shakespeare's tempest in the play, we have only Lamb's temper in the prose version; the latter ought to be comparative, while the former is obviously superlative". The examiner, if sane, would have appreciated the answer and the fertile wit behind it. But as it is, the answer seems to have remained without one to appreciate. That's the curse of examinees, you know.

The nightmare of Elementary Mathematics was nothing to Sama, who had really got 38 per cent of marks therein. In the construction of figures, he had never faltered. His papers never bore irregular or ill-constructed figures, except when occasionally an ellipse representing a circle stood legibly on the margin.

His knowledge of geography was not poor, either. Only the recent innovations in the syllabus had upset his notions. No doubt it is to be admitted that he had inadvertently written that New Guinea and New Zealand were two peninsulas quite adjacent to New Brunswick, an estuary in the New Mettur valley; and had propounded the theory that the Sundarbans must be in Travancore, while proposing it as a question to the examiner himself, whether the Nicobar Isles are in the Bay of Bengal or the Arabian sea. And if Philadelphia disappointed him (after the examination) by not getting itself fixed up in South Africa, Sama was not to blame. He somehow could never dispel the idea ever since he had heard the dying echoes, in his childhood, of the Boer War, (just then coming to a close, you know) that Philadelphia was certainly in the neighbourhood of Transvaal, which he could prove was in S. Africa. Similar feats of intellectual gymnastics were not rare phenomena with him, and he had done them in his S. S. L. C. answer-papers with rare vigour and neatness of execution.

He had not many examination sins on his conscience either. *He* had not copied his answers out of a text-book; *he* had not had loose sheets of brown paper on his person; he had been quite chaste as regards all this. Only once out of fraternal concern and youthful curiosity, he had had presence of mind enough to take just a bird's eye view of his neighbour's answer-book; but could discover nothing there, because the calligraphy of that gentleman was nothing short of unique.

So it is simply a trial to one's patience and a death-blow to one's piety, if one finds, after all these attempts at

virtue and knowledge, that this world is at heart rotten and rarely fit to sit in judgment over all mortals equally. But at the same time it is really gratifying to reflect from an easy-chair that genius is seldom recognised, and that genius is none the worse for it. Great men snap their fingers at this world, snort and turn away. Pope did so, Bernard Shaw advocates the practice. Why not Sama take after them? He almost was on the point of doing it.

But an idea struck him. Certainly not the noose, I must hasten to assure you, nor the stolen and valedictory visit to the Chemistry Laboratory, which is in fashion now; but something constructive.

He seriously explored for sometime, the various possibilities of a livelihood open to young and promising chaps with the only qualification of having failed to pass the Matric Exam.

He might turn out an Insurance Agent. That he might do any day. A clerk's place in a lawyer's office could of course be thought of. And Sama did think of it. But he was so good that he could never be up to the duties expected of him in that line. He could not, for instance, secure clients, secure their money for himself and his master, keep his counsel when necessary and make himself voluble when *that* was necessitated, arrange the digests of cases in his principal's shelf and call in the doctor for indigestion cases in his principal's house. All the same, he did try a lawyer or two. They tried his patience. The first lawyer was a good man that meant well. But as a lawyer he did not do well. The second Sama found wholly impossible. On the third day of his entertainment, Sama found himself asking "Who will supply this man with the three B's: Bhagavat Gita in the morning, Briefs at noon, and Bottles in the evening?" So to be a lawyer's clerk was both beyond Sama's ability and against Sama's grain.

From that day onwards, Sama was seen daily tramping to a neighbouring gentleman who happened to own a motor car (18th Century Royal Model); he became a motor driver.

Of evenings his mother used to stand in front of her door lost in doubt whether to admire more the grandeur of the setting sun or the glory of that rising sun of a Sama. He, her son, was in the maternal eye, the very pink and perfection of motor-driving skill. But soon all Sama's driving power proved to be of no avail to him. His master had not paid the price of the car and after default on two or three occasions, he found his car 'attached' by the sellers. The car gone, the car-driver was sent about his business.

Sama styles himself now a 'general agent'. The term is elastic. Sama proposes to take advantage of its elasticity. Sama is the agent of (1) The South British Idlers Life Insurance Society, (2) South Indian Anti-Unemployment Institute, (3) Woolman's Cotton Piece Goods Company Limited, Manchester and similar thriving concerns. But as the inconvenient parent at home complained that there was no tangible, material benefit to him from Sama's 'General Agency', Sama recently became also an electioneering agent to all candidates—all without exception—for by-elections to the Local Council set up by the party in power.

N. SUBRAMANIAN, III Hons.

Scenes from a Tamil Classic

[From Kalittogai a Tamil Classic written some twenty centuries ago two interesting scenes are here presented. They have an appeal not only to students of Tamil but also to those that are interested in the psychology and poetry of love.]

Scene I

(The maid commends to her lady a man who has seen her and been with her before.)

Maid : Dear me ! What a sight it was !

Lady : What do you mean ?

Maid : I saw a man on bended knees ; weeping, trembling, murmuring, melting. Said he at last, "unbecoming of a woman to inflict suffering and death on me with her eyes".

Lady : Silly girl ! Why commiserate a passer-by dismayed without rhyme or reason ? Leave all that to a Benares saint.

Maid : Blame me not, for he says that you are taking his life out of him. He says his malady has no cure—no cure except the sight of your face ; earnestly entreats to be cured. Now what shall we do ?

Lady : Do what ? Come, play.—Easy enough to mark and consider the words of a Jack who has no decency, and ventures on words of this sort to a woman—and in a street ! And you believe him ! Ha, easy enough ! !

Maid : Easy joke to allow a man to die ? This easy ?

Lady : He to die ? Will he ? He who throws honour and decorum to the winds, he who goes about prating something about a girl ! He to die !

Maid : I am sure he thinks that you are his jewel, his gem. He is mad after you, and seeks your company. Bashful me ! I didn't think of stopping to take notice of him.

(The lady smiles ; for she knows him for her lover whom she is shortly to marry.)



The Science Block



Scene II

(A rich young girl to her maid.)

Girl : My dear, don't you know that elf of a lad who delights to annoy us at our play, tramples on our tiny sand-house, snatches the flower-wreath from my head, runs away with our balls and plays us a thousand other tricks? Listen, I say.

Maid : Yes, I do.

Girl : He came one fine morning, when mother and I were sitting; came straight up to our house and asked for water to drink. Could you guess what mother did? She directly asked me to give him some drink in a golden goblet. I went in almost as an automaton, not knowing what I was about. The blade followed me in. Once inside, he surprised me by seizing my braceleted hand and squeezing my dainty fingers hard. In my confusion I screamed and cried "O! Mother, look at what this dangerous fellow does." Mother burst in shouting aloud, in an awful fix. I hustled and improvised an explanation: "Mother, the water choked the poor lad, and sent him into a faint. That frightened me." Mother stroked his back and brought him round. And that rogue of a boy slyly cocked his head and cast a killing glance at me: he knew that I knew we loved.

Maid : Well, I know what it will lead to.

Girl : What?

Maid : Why, mar——

(The girl smiles and turns away before the maid finishes.)

A. C. CHETTIAR, B.A.

SOCIETY REPORTS

English Language and Literature Society

Chairman:—Mr. V. R. Krishnan (II Term.)

„ R. N. Ramachandran (III Term.)

Secretary:—Mr. R. Kannuswamy.

There were two ordinary meetings during the second term in which the following papers were read and discussed.

“Elizabethan Sonnets” by K. Balakrishnan (V Hons. Literature.)

“Love in Shakespeare” by S. Venkatakrishnan.

In addition to the ordinary meetings three extraordinary meetings were held under the auspices of the society. The first was addressed by M.R.Ry. P. A. Subramaniya Iyer Avl., M.A. The subject of the address was “The Place of Literature in a Scheme of University Studies.”

On 7-10-'34 Prof. Srikantai, M.A., Head of the English Department, Mysore University, delivered a most illuminating lecture on “Shakespeare and the Revival of Indian Drama”, with the Vice-Chancellor in the chair.

M.R.Ry. V. S. Krishnan Avl., M.A. (Oxon), delivered a lecture on ‘Personality in Poetry’. The subject was open to discussion. Many students and members of the staff participated in the discussion.

Sanskrit Society

REPORT—II TERM (1934-'35)

During the period under report, we had eleven meetings of which three were extraordinary. The following topics were discussed:—

1. The Doctrine of Rasa.
2. How Sahitya differs from the other Sciences.
3. Bhavabhūti and his Works.
4. Kālidāsa's Simile.
5. The Place of "Śākuntalam" among Indian Dramas.
6. The "Mritcha Katika" of Śūdraka.
7. Bhāravi's power of Expression.

"That the contact with the West is advantageous to India" was the subject of a debate in one of the meetings.

Prof. B. M. Srikantiah of the Mysore University delivered an interesting lecture on "Literature" while, Pandit, Brahmasri V. Subrahmanya Sastrigal of this University expounded the "Essence of the Six Darśanas." We had also the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Prof. Norman Brown of the Philadelphia University on "Western Indian Miniature Painting", when the Vice-Chancellor presided. The lecture was illustrated by means of lantern slides.

It is earnestly hoped that the members will keep up the high degree of interest and enthusiasm which they have been evincing in the past.

C. S. VENKATESWARAN.

IV Sah.

Natural Science Association

REPORT FOR 1934-35

Secretaries :—Mr. A. S. Ramakrishnan.

„ R. Vasudevan.

The Association began its activities early in July. The inaugural address was delivered by Dr. T. Ekambaram, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Botany, Presidency College, Madras. Six ordinary meetings and two extraordinary meetings were held at which the following papers were read :

- Mr. K. V. Srinivasan, II Cl. “ Some interesting habits of the Marine and Non-marine Fauna of Annamalainagar and Porto Novo.”
- Mr. A. Balasubramaniam, II Cl. “ The Autothrophic mode of Nutrition ”.
- Mr. K. Anantanarayanan, II Cl. “ The Economic Importance of plants ”.
- Mr. S. Krishna Pillai, III B.Sc. “ A sexual reproduction in Plants ”.
- Mr. K. Natarajan, II Cl. “ Vegetation and Man ”.
- Mr. K. V. Srinivasan, II Cl. “ Fossil Plants ”.

Of the two extraordinary meetings held, one was a small Exhibition in which objects of Zoological and Physiological interest were exhibited. A large number of the members took part in it and it attracted a large number of the student population. In the other extraordinary meeting Mr. T. Gopalachari, M.A., Lecturer in Zoology, Cocanada College, delivered a lecture on “ The Biology of Human Personality ”.

There was also a Zoological excursion to Porto Novo where a collection of many specimens of Zoological interest was made.

Physics Society

The inaugural address was delivered by M.R.Ry. G. V. Krishnaswami Iyengar, M.A., Lecturer in Mathematics, Annamalai Varsity, on Friday the 27th July, the subject being Astronomy and Physics.

Many student members of the society read papers on various aspects of Physics.

1. 'Relativity' by V. N. Ramaswami, IV H.
2. 'X-Rays and Atomic Number' by G. V. Ramaswami, IV B. Sc.
3. 'Quantum Theory' by D. K. Sankaran, V H.
4. 'Wireless Reception' by A. S. Narayanasami, IV H.
5. 'Selenium Cells' by T. S. Ramaswami, IV B. Sc.
6. 'Industrial Radiography' by Nedungadi, IV H.
7. 'Colour Photography' by N. Muthusami, IV B. Sc.

The function of Unveiling the portrait of Lord Rutherford came off on the 10th October when Rao Bahadur B. Venkatesachar, M.A., F. INST. P. and Member of the Academy of Sciences, Bangalore, unveiled the portrait. He spoke on 'Rutherford and his Contributions to Physics', dealing with the modern conception of the Atom etc.

Three extraordinary meetings were held in the course of the year.

M.R.Ry. R. K. Viswanathan, B.A. (Hons.) lecturer in Physics, delivered a lecture on 'The Acoustics of Indian Musical Instruments'

M.R.Ry. B. Nageswara Rao, B. Sc. (Hons.) Research Student, Bangalore, Central College, gave a lecture on 'The Cosmic Rays'.

Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao, President of the society, delivered an interesting lecture on Rontgen and his Rays. We hope that the enthusiasm with which the society's activities are carried on, will be continued during this term also.

Two prizes will be offered to the best speakers this year.

G. V. RAMASWAMI, IV B. Sc.

Chemical Society

Report for the Third Term (1933-34)

The valedictory address of the society was delivered by Dr. B. B. Dey, D.Sc., F.I.C., Professor of Chemistry, Presidency College, Madras, on 3rd March 1934. The address was on "The Possibilities of Chemical Industries in India". After a group photo the society was "at home" to the distinguished guest of the evening. The first prize for the year for the best lecture given by a student member was won by Mr. P. R. Venkatraman, III B. Sc., who spoke on "The Corrosion of Metals". The second prize was divided among Mr. N. Vaidyanathan, V Hons., Mr. V. Ranganathan, IV Hons. and Mr. G. V. Ramaswami, IV B. Sc. The society offers its hearty congratulations to the winners and its thanks to the President for the encouragement he has given in thus offering the prizes.

The following lectures were delivered during the period under report :—

“Phytochemical Synthesis” by Mr. K. Narayanaswamy, V Hons.

“Artificial Silk” by Mr. V. Seturaman, IV B. Sc.

“Plastics” by Mr. G. V. Ramaswami, III B. Sc.

“Fats and Fatty Oils” by Mr. V. Rama Iyer, IV B. Sc.

“Sugarcane Agriculture, Manufacture, the Industry and its Organisation in India” by Mr. V. Ranganathan, IV Hons.

Report for the year 1934-35

Secretary :—Mr. C. V. Ganapati, IV Hons.

Asst. Secretary :—Mr. M. A. Damodar Panikkar, III B. Sc.

The society began to function early in July with the election of the Asst. Secretary Mr. M. A. Damodar Panikkar. The President has announced two prizes for the best lectures delivered by student members, this year also. We are deeply grateful to him for this generous offer. We had the pleasure of having Prof. P. R. Rāi of the University College of Science, Calcutta, to deliver the inaugural address. The subject of the address was “Magneto Chemistry.” Nine ordinary meetings have been held till now, and the following are the lectures delivered :—

“Criptopine and Protopine” by Mr. K. Ganapati, B.A.

“Electrovalency, Covalency and Co-ordination” by Mr. P. R. Venkatraman, IV B. Sc.

“The rare Gases of the Atmosphere” by Mr. S. Krishnamurti, IV Hons.

“Chemistry and Agriculture” by Mr. C. N. Ardhaneswaran, IV B. Sc.

“Colour and Constitution” by Mr. G. V. Ramaswami, IV B. Sc.

“The Alternative or The Tutin Atom” by Mr. V. Ranganathan, V Hons.

“Raman Effect and Chemistry” by Mr. P. V. Appu, V Hons.

“Atomic Structure and its relation to Chemistry” by Mr. Anantapadmanabhan, III Hons.

Three extraordinary meetings also were held. Mr. R. Sadasivan, M.Sc. (Cal.), M.Sc. Tech. (Manch.), A.I.C., M.I. Text. A.M.I.S. gave a lecture on “The Chemical Technology of Textiles”; Mr. Madhavan Nair, M.A., addressed the Society on “The dipolemoment and Chemical Structure” and Mr. Ananta Vaidyanathan delivered two special lectures in Tamil on (1) Nomenclature, and (2) Atomic Theory.

We are glad to note that the staff and the students are maintaining their keen interest in the working of the society and earnestly hope they will continue to do so till the end of the year.

The Malayalee Club

1934-35.

<i>Chairman</i> :—Mr. N. P. Krishnamurti	}	I term.	
„ K. I. Pavoo			
„ K. Balakrishna Nair,			II term.
„ V. K. Damodara Menon,			III term.

The club began its activities early in July and we are glad that the members take a very keen interest in its activities. During the two terms under report we had eight ordinary meetings and two special meetings. The inaugural address of the club was delivered by M.R.Ry. A. C. Kunhuni Raja Avl., B.A., B.L., Addl. Sub-Judge, Cuddalore, on the 26th August 1934.

The club conducted literary competitions and a "Thalama pandu" (native ball) tournament in connection with the Onam celebrations.

During the 1st term Mr. N. P. Krishnamurti resigning his office, Mr. K. I. Pavoo was nominated to the chair by the President.

The club conveyed its congratulations to Mr. M. P. Narayana Menon on his release from jail and to Mr. Samuel Aaron on his being elected to the Assembly.

P. P. BHASKARAN NAMBIAR.

Andhra Sangam

1934-35

Chairman :—Mr. P. L. Narasimha Rao, B. Sc., (I term).
 „ L. Lakshmiopathy, II Class, (II term).
 „ M. Venkataratnam, IV B. Sc., (III term).

Secretary :—Mr. S. Ramamurti, III Class.

Treasurer :—Mr. S. Pattabiramamurti, III B. Sc.

The year began with the inaugural address of the Sangam delivered by M.R.Ry. R. V. Seshayya Garu, M.A., on the 7th October 1934 at 8 P.M., in the Inter-Physics Hall, with Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu, in the chair. The subject of the address was 'Animal Physiology.'

The following subjects were discussed in the ordinary meetings :

‘ Art as a reflection of Life ’

‘ Democracy ’

‘ Co-education ’

‘ Kalidasa and his days. ’

Some special meetings were also conducted.

His Holiness Swamy Sidhēswarananda of Ramakrishna Mutt, Madras, delivered an address on

‘ India’s Needs in the Ramakrishna Mission ’ with M.R.Ry. P. S. Naidu Garu, M.A., in the chair.

M.R.Ry. P. N. Vasudeva Rao Garu, M.A., Lecturer in Economics, Madanapalle College, delivered a lecture on

‘ The Needs of the Andhras ’ and M.R.Ry. T. Appanna Pantulu Garu presided.

M.R.Ry. Vidwan T. Appanna Pantulu Garu, Telugu Pandit, gave a lecture on

‘ The life and works of Allasani Peddana ’ with M.R.Ry. Vidwan S. Sivasubrahmanyam Avl., M.A., in the chair.

M.R.Ry. R. V. Seshayya Garu, M.A., kindly addressed the Sangam a second time on

‘ The Links in Life ’

M.R.Ry. P. S. Naidu Garu, M.A., presided on that occasion.

Arrangements for the valedictory address are proceeding apace. The quality of the discourses held so far, was high, and the few meetings that may be held in the course of this busy term will, we trust, be of great value to us.

The Dramatic Club

1934-35

Secretaries:—N. Ganapati
G. Pattabiraman
I. V. Narayanamurti.

The Vice-Chancellor, the President of our club, with a view to giving an impetus to the writing of original Social Plays in Tamil, kindly announced a prize of Rs. 50 for the best Social Play, written by any member of the University. We have received some plays for the prize. A committee of judges consisting of the following gentlemen has been appointed to adjudge the prize: Prof S. S. Bharati, Panditamani Kathiresan Chettiar, Mr. R. P. Sethu Pillai, and Mr. C. R. Myleru.

The Dramatic Club arranged for a Variety Entertainment on the 2nd February. All the items were well done, and we thank all those who helped us to make the Variety a success.

The Students' Co-operative Stores Ltd.

The Society has opened new branches of activity and service to the members. The Home Delivery System on Sundays and the ordering and distribution of fruits and English vegetables on previous indents and the stocking and sale of Khadi are proving very popular. The price of most of the articles stocked by us is cheaper than in the town. It is hoped that members of the University will take advantage of this and enroll themselves as shareholders and get all their requisites from us.

C. R. MYLERU.

The Rajah Annamalai Music Sabha

The Sabha started in 1929 has completed another year of its activities, with December 1934.

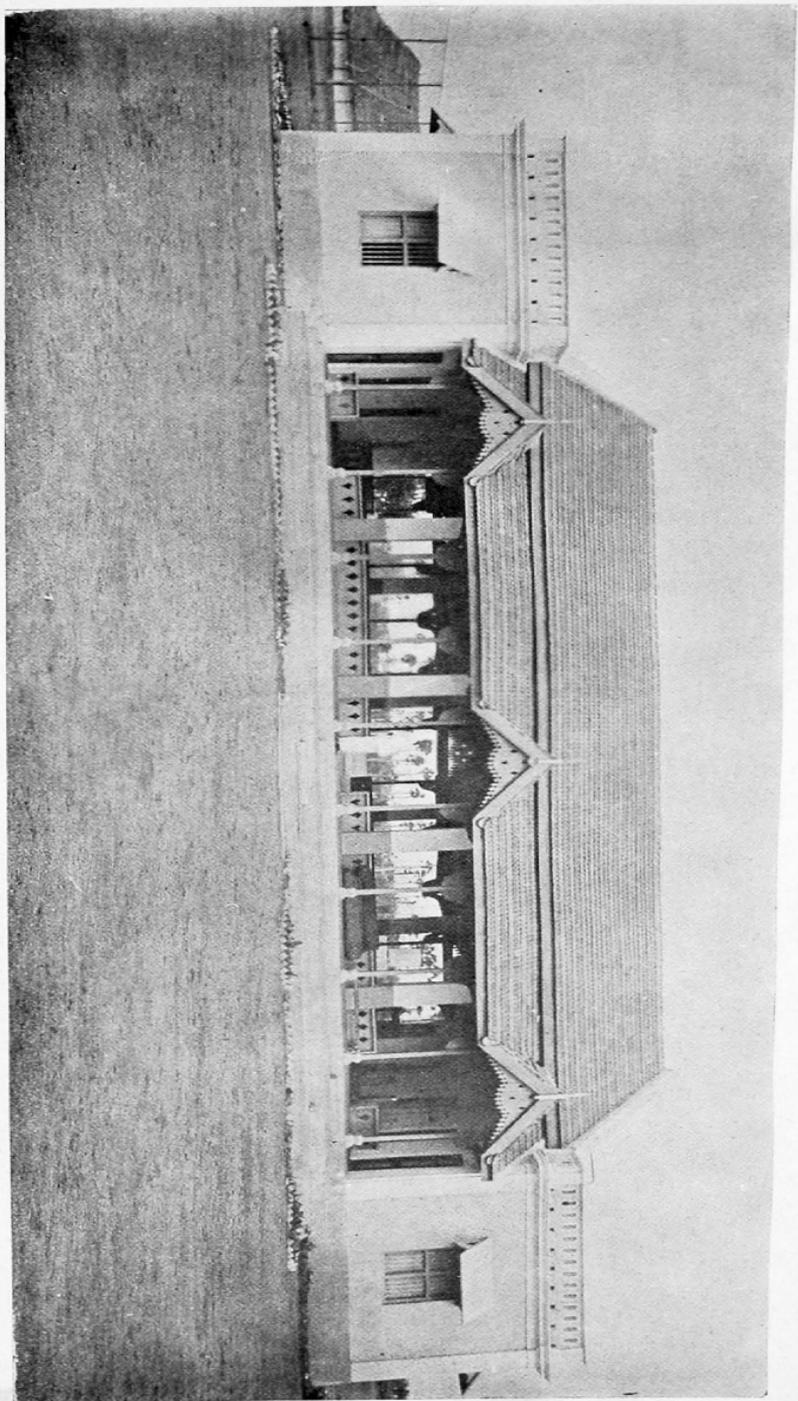
In the course of the year, it arranged for a number of performances by well-known musicians. The last one by the Veena Brothers of Karaikkudi, accompanied by Mr. Dakshinamoorthi Pillai of Pudukkottah on the Mridangam, was easily the best. It was very much appreciated by all those assembled.

This year is memorable in the life of the Sabha, since, for the first time, a performance was given entirely by the old students of the Music College: Messrs. C. S. Krishnan of Palghat (vocal), T. S. Krishnaswamy of Thittakkudi (violin), Hariharan of Lalgudi (Mridangam). The performance was a great success. We hope we shall be able to arrange for more performances of this kind, by our old students.

The annual competition in vocal music was held on 20th Jan. 1935. Mr. N. Somayajulu of the 2nd year class (Music) was adjudged the best, among the competitors from the Music College. No Arts College Student who competed was considered good enough for a prize this year.

The Sabha is highly thankful to Dr. Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar of Chettinad, the Founder Pro-Chancellor of the University, and Patron of the Sabha, for his kind and generous donation of Rs. 200 which has helped us greatly.

C. R. MYLERU.



THE SPORTS PAVILLION

“ வில்லியின் நல்லுரை ”

புரந்த பாரின்கண் பகுத்தறிவுள்ள மக்கள் பலரும் தம்முட் கூடி வாழ்தலே சிறப்புடைத்தொன்றும். வாழ்க்கை முறையில் மிகத் தாழ்ந்த விலங்கு, பறவை முதலியன ஒன்று கூடி வாழ்தல் நம்மிற் பலருங்கண்டு உணர்வதோருண்மையாகும்.

இவ்வாறு ஒன்றுபட்டு வாழும் மக்கள் வாழ்க்கையிலும்,

“ செயற்கரிய யாவுள நட்பி னதுபோல்
வினைக்கரிய யாவுள காப்பு ”

என்ற பொருள்சேர்மொழிப் புலவர் பொன்னுரைக்கிணங்க, ஒவ்வொருவருக்கும் பாலும் நீருங் கலந்தாங்கு உளம் ஒன்றிய நண்பன் ஒருவன் இன்றியமையாதவனாய் இருக்கிறான் எனக் கூறுதல் மிகையன்று. இதுபற்றியன்றோ தெள்ளிய அறிவு வாய்க்கப்பெற்ற தண்டமிழ்ப் புலவர் பெருமானாகிய வள்ளுவப் பெருந்தகையும் நட்பின் நலத்தினையும் திட்பத்தினையும் பல படக்கூறிப் போந்துள்ளார்? மற்றும்,

“ அறிந்து செல்வமுடையானும் அளகைப் பதியாற்
[ரோழமைகொண்டு
உறழ்ந்த கல்வியுடையானு மொருவன் வேண்டு
[மெனவிருந்து
துறந்த முனிவர் தொழும் பரவைத் துணைவா
[நினைத்தோழமை கொண்டான்
சிறந்த அறிவு வடிவமாய்த் திகழும் நுதற்கட்
[பெருமாளே ”

என்ற கற்பனைக் களஞ்சியமாகிய கவிஞரின் கவியால், திரிபுரம் எரித்த விரிசடைத்தேவன் கூடி வாழ்தலின் சிறப்பையும், அவ் வாழ்க்கையில் நட்பால் உளதாம் பெருமையையும் மக்களுக்கு

உணர்ந்துவான் வேண்டியே இங்ஙனம் நட்புக்கொண்டார் என விளங்குகிறதன்றோ?

இன்னணம் மக்கள் பலர் கூடி வாழ்தலாலும், நண்பர் உள்ளமையாலும் துன்பக்குறையும் இன்ப நிறையும் உண்டாகின்றன என்பதை ஈண்டுக்காட்ட முயல்வன். ஒருவன் இடுக்கணுற்று அலமருங்கால் அக்கவற்சிமேலீட்டினைத் துடைப்பான் கருதிப் பலரும் அவன்மாட்டேகி ஆறுதல் மொழிகள் பல பகர்ந்து உடைந்து கிடக்கும் அவன் உள்ளத்தைத் திடம் படச் செய்தல் உலகப் பெரு வழக்காயிருப்பதை எவரே அறியார்? மற்றும் ஒருவன் தான் பெற்ற இன்பத்தைப் பலர்க்கும் நவிலுமுகத்தானும், அதனைப் பிறர் கூறக் கேட்கும் வாயிலானும் அவ்வன்பம் மேலும் மேலும் பெருகும் என்ற கொள்கையினை நுண்ணறிவுடைய உளநூல் அறிஞர்கள் கூறுவதை உணர்ந்திருக்கின்றோமல்லவா? இன்னும், துஞ்சினரில்லஞ் சென்று உசாவுதலும், சிறப்புப் பெற்றாரிடஞ் சென்று மகிழ்ச்சிமொழி கூறுதலும் நம்மாட்டு நாளும் நிகழ்வதோர் செயலன்றோ? இவ்வுண்மையினை இலக்கியங்களில் காண்பாம். நுண்மாண் நுழைபுலன் வாய்ந்த நமது பண்டைப் பெரும் புலவர்களும் காதற்சிறப்பினை எடுத்தோதும் அகனைந்திணையுள் தலைவனைப் பிரிந்து கவலும் தலைவியின் ஆற்றாமையைத் தோழி ஆற்றுவதாக அமைந்துள்ள இனிமையும் விழுப்பமுந் ததும்பும் பைந்தமிழ்ப் பாக்கள் பல இயற்றியிருத்தலைக் காண்கின்றோம். இதுபோன்றே காதலியைக் காணாது கலங்குங் காதலனுக்குப் பாங்கன் பகரும் அன்பு குழைந்த இன்பக் கூற்றுக்கள் பல பாக்களாக மிளிர்ந்தலைக் காண்கின்றோம்.

இக்கருத்தை யுட்கொண்ட சொல்லிசை வாய்ந்த நல் விசைப் பாவலராகிய வில்லி, தாங்காக் கடுந்துயர் தாங்கிய தருமருக்கு ஊனமில் உத்தமராய வியாசர் வாயிலாக அருளிய அருங்கவி எண்ணுந்தொறும் எல்லையில் இன்பம் பயப்பதாகும்.

வீமன் பெருமிதப் பெருங் குணத்தைக்கண்டு அழுக்காறு கொண்டு அழிவு சூழ்ந்த தூரியோதனனிடத்து அறத்தாறகலா

ஆண்மைமிகு தருமர் தமது நாடு நகர் அனைத்தையும் சூதில்
தோற்று,

“ அரிவையோ டகன்று நீவிரைவரும் அடவி

[யெய்திச்

சுரர் தினமீரா றங்கண் துன்னுதிர் மன்னு நாட்டின்
ஒருவரும் அறியா வண்ணமொரு தினமுறைந்

[திருங்கள்

பெருவிற லாசம் வாழ்வும் பின்னுறப் பெறுதிர் ”

எனக் கூறக்கேட்டு, விரித்த கூந்தலும் வெதும்பிய உள்ளமு
முடைய மனைவியோடும், அடக்கம் அமைந்த அடல்மிகு
தம்பிமாரோடும், “ குழவி பால் நுகர்தலின்றிக் கொற்ற மாநகரி
மாக்கள் தழுலென வுயிர்த்து மாழ்கித் தனித்தனி புலம்பக் ”
காடு நோக்கிச் சென்றார். வெவ்வனம் விடாது மேவித்
தவம்புரி வியாதர் அறிந்து, கன்றினர் கவலை தீர்க்கக் கருதி
எதிர்சென்று ஆசி புகன்று அவர் கூறியதைச் செவியுற்று,
“ முன் நிகழ்ந்ததைக் கூறுதல் கொடிது பாவம், அவாவினுக்கு
அவதியுண்டோ? துன்றினரின்னலெய்தத் துன்னலாகித் தம்
மில் ஒன்றினர் செறினும் உள்ளதுண்டென உணரத்தேற்றி ;

“ நீவிரே யல்லீர் முன்னாள் நில முழுதாண்டநேமி

நாவிரி கீர்த்தியாளன் நளனெனு நாமவேந்தன்

காவிரி யென்னத் தப்பாக் கருணையான் சூதிற்

[ரோற்றுத்

தீவிரி கானஞ் சென்ற காதை நும்செவிப் படாதோ ”

என நளன் சூதில் தனது நாட்டைத் துறந்து காடு நண்ணிய
கதையைச் சுருங்கச் சொல்லி விளங்க வைத்த மொழிகள்
சிறந்த நயம் வாய்ந்தனவாகும். தருமரை நோக்கி “ தருமமோ
ருருவெடுத்த தகையோய்! கானஞ் செல்வது நீவிரே அல்லீர்
நிலமுழுதாண்ட பேராசனாகிய நளனும் கானஞ் சென்றான்.
வாரணுவதமென்னும் சிறு நாட்டைத் துறந்து கானஞ் செல்வது
சுடுந்துயரமாகாது ; நிலமனைத்துந் தோற்று நளன் காடு

படர்ந்தான்” என்று கூறிய தேறுதல் மொழி கற்றோர் மனத்தைக் களிக்கச் செய்யும் என்பதில் ஐயமில்லை.

சிறு துயரமுற்ற ஒருவனிடஞ் செல்லும் அன்பர்கள் அதனினும் மிக்கதோர் துன்பமுற்றோரை எடுத்துக்காட்டித் தேற்றுதல் பெருமபிற்றென்பதை யீண்டு விரித்துணர்த்த வேண்டுவதன்று. இவ்வியல்பை நன்குணர்ந்திருந்த வியாதர் நில் முழுதாண்ட நேமி நளன் எனக் கூறிய திறம் வியக்கற் பாலதேயாம். புகழமைந்த வீரமிக்க அரச குமாரர்களாகிய யாங்களும் நாடுதூறந்து காடு நண்ணுவதோ எனப் பாண்ட வர்கள் தங்கள் மனத்துச் சிந்திக்கக் கூடுமோ எனக் கருதிய வியாதர் புலவரால் பாடத் தொலையாத அத்துணைப் பாரந்த புகழுடையோனும், பகைவர் கண்டு அஞ்சத்தக்க சிறந்த வில்லாளனுமாகிய அரசரேறு என அடைமொழி தந்து நளனைச் சிறப்பித்து, ‘நாவிரி கீர்த்தியாளன் நளனெனு நாம வேந்தன்’ எனத் தெளியக் கூறிய பண்பு போற்றத்தக்கதாகும். தருமம் தலைகாக்கும் என்ற தலையாயர் மொழியும் பொய்யாகத், தருமத்தில் தலை சிறந்த யாங்களும் காடடைவதோ என்ற வினாவிற்கு விடையிறுப்பார் போன்று தருமம் உண்டாதற்குத் தலையான் காரணமான கருணை நீங்காத தண்ணளி மிக்கோன் எனக்கூறிய மொழி கூர்ந்து நோக்கத்தக்கதாகும். அக்கருணையினை வில்லி தன்னுடைய நன்னுட்டில் கற்றோர் கவியென ஒழுகிச் செல்லும் காவிரிக்கு ஒப்பிட்டுச் சிறப்பித்தமை தமிழர் யாவருள்ளத்திலும் கழிபேருவகை பூப்பச் செய்வதொன்றன்றோ? பண்பு மிக்க நீங்கள் நன்னெறியடைய முயலும் முனிவர்கள் வாழும் காடு செல்லுகின்றீர்கள். நளனோ தீவிரி கானஞ் சென்றான் எனக் கூறிய கூற்று உலக ஒழுக்கத்தை உணர்ந்தோர் உள்ளத்து உவப்பை உண்டாக்குவதாகும். ‘ஞான யோகிகளும் ஒவ்வா நரசேன்’ எனச் சிறப்பித்துக் கூறப்பட்ட தருமருக்கு மற்றொருவர் புத்தி புகலுதல் புன்மையெனக் கருதிய வில்லி, ‘குன்றினதுயர்ச்சி யந்தக் குன்றினுக்கறிய வுண்டோ’ எனப்

பகர்ந்து புன்மையாதலைப் பரிகரித்து, இக்களியில் ‘காதை நும் செவிப்படாதோ’ எனக் கூறுதது போன்று கூறிய கூற்று படித்தின்புறற்பாலது.

மேற்காட்டிய உண்மையினை உளம்வைத்து நுணுகி ஆராய்ந்து நண்புகொண்டு பயன் பெறுதல் வேண்டற்பாலதாகும்.

M. C. கண்ணபிரான்,
வித்துவான் IV.

அ. நகர். *

அ. நகர்! இஃதென்ன விந்தை!! மேல்நாட்டு நாகரீகம் நமக்குத் தந்துள்ள பல பொருள்களில் ஒன்று அன்றோ இது? வேங்கடாசலம் வி. செல்லம் ஆவாரேயானால், பசுபதி பி. பதி ஆவாரேயானால், காமேசுவரன் கே. வாரன் ஆவாரேயானால் அண்ணாமலைநகர் ஏன் அ. நகர் ஆகாது? கலைநிபுண ஐயர் அவர்களே பிரதிபேதத்தை “பி—ம்” என்றும், யாப்பருங்கலக்காரிகையை “யா—கா” என்றும் குறிப்பார்களே யானால், அண்ணாமலைநகரை அ. நகர் என்று கூறுவதால் வரும் இழுக்கென்னை? அ. நகர் என்றவுடன் அ. விலாசமுள்ள நகரென்றவது அழகிய நகரென்றவது யாரேனும் நினைத்து விட்டால், வருவது பெருமையேயொழியச் சிறுமை யொன்றும் இல்லையே? அ. நகர் என்றால், அண்ணாமலைநகர்தான் என்று மாணவர் யாவரும் அறிவர், அவர் தாமே இங்ஙனம் வழங்கி வருகின்றாராகலின். திருவண்ணாமலையாருக்கும் இவ்வண்ணாமலை நகர்க்கும் தொடர்பு இல்லையென்று நான் சொல்லவும் வேண்டுமோ? செட்டிநாட்டரசர்தம் பெயரால் நாட்டப்பட்டது இப்பல்கலைக் கழகம் அவர் மனமுவந்தளித்த நிதிதுணையாக என்பதை யறியாரிருத்தல் தமிழ் நாட்டில் அரிது. அப்பல்கலைக்கழகமுள்ள ஊருக்கு அ. நகர் என்ற விலாசம் வந்து சேர்ந்தது வியப்பன்றே, சம்பாபதிக்குக் காவிரிபுகும்பட்டினம் என்ற பெயர் வந்தது வியப்பல்லாவாறு போல.

அ. நகரில் என்ன விசேஷம்? ஒரு பெரிய பல்கலைக்கழகம் இருக்கிறது. பல தேர்ந்த அறிவாளிகளாகிய ஆசிரியர்கள் பல திறப்பட்ட மாணவர்க்கும் அறிவுச் சூடர் கொளுத்துகிறார்கள். மாணவர்கள் படிக்கிறார்கள், விளையாடுகிறார்கள், ஆடுகிறார்கள், பாடுகிறார்கள், வாழ்க்கையிற் புருந்தபின் வாழவேண்

* அன்புடை நண்பர் ஒருவர்க்கு எழுதப்பட்ட கடிதம்.

டிய முறைகளைக் கற்றுக்கொள்ள முயலுகிறார்கள். இக் கழகமாகிய இயந்திரம் மக்களை மக்களாக்க முயலுகிறது.

வேறு என்ன விசேஷம்? இல்லாமல் இல்லை. ஆண்டு தோறும் பட்டமளிப்பு விழா என ஒன்று நிகழும். அன்று பார்க்கவேண்டுமே அந்நகரை! திருமணவில்லமும் திருவிழா ஆறும் அதற்கீடாகுமோ? கவர்னர் வருவார், அவர்முன் சிலர் வருவார், பின் பலர் வருவார், அருகே இருமருங்கும் இருவர் வருவார், இன்னும் பலர் வருவார். 'வருக' என அவரையழைக்கும் கொடிகள் பொன்னைய எழுத்தாற் பொறிக்கப்பட்டு நுடங்கும். கோடு போட்ட கொடிகள், ஆடவிட்ட கொடிகள், ஓடவிட்ட கார்கள், நாட்டப்பட்ட மாங்கள், சூட்டப்படும் மலர்கள் எல்லாம் எம்மருங்கும் காணப்படும். நேர்த்தியான தெரு, நேர்மையான காட்சி! நாடோறும் இந்தக் கவர்னர் வந்துபோனாலென்ன என்றுகூடச் சிலருக்குத் தோன்றும். பட்டமளிப்பார்கள், பேசுவார்கள், கை குலுக்குவார்கள், சாப்பிடுவார்கள், இருப்பார்கள், போவார்கள். ஆனால், இந்த விதவான் பட்டத்திற்குள்ள பெருமை இருக்கிறதே, அதைக் கண்டு ஏனைய பட்டதாரிகள் ஏன் பொறாமை கொள்ளவேண்டுமென்று தெரியவில்லை. எம். ஏ. மேலங்கிக்கு (Gown) ஒரு வெண்பொற்காசு (Rupee) அணிகூலி யென்றால், வித்வானை தற்கு இரண்டு மூன்று வெண்பொற்காசு தையற்காரர் வாங்கிக் கொண்டால் இவ்வளவு பொறாமைபா பாவம்!

இன்று ஹிட்சு வந்திருக்கிறார். ஹிட்சு என்றால் மண்டையுடைக்கும் சண்டைக்குக் காரணம் என்று நினைத்துவிட மாட்டீர்களென்று எனக்குத் தெரியும். அவர்தாம் மாணவர்களைக் கிரிக்கெட்டு விளையாட்டிற் பழக்கிவருகிறார். அன்று வந்தார் திரு. இராமசுவாமி. அவர்தாம் சில மாணவர்களை டென்னிஸ் பந்தாட்டத்திற் பழக்கினார். அதன் முன் வந்தார் கிரீன்வுட். அவர் எங்கள் பொதுப் பேரவையிற் பேசினார் ஆகஸ்போர்டிலிருந்து வந்து. பௌதீக அறிவாற் கேடா

நன்மையா என்றதைக் குறித்து அவரும் எனது நண்பர்களும் முட்டிக்கொண்டார்கள். மற்றொரு நாள் ஒட்டப்பந்தயம், தாண்டற்பந்தயம், வீசும்பந்தயம் எல்லாம் நிகழ்ந்தன. அப்பால், சுண்ணம் வைக்கத்தகுங் கிண்ணங்கள், தாங்கத்தகும பதக்கங்கள் இவையெல்லாம் வழங்கினார்கள்.

இங்கு, பல அவைக்களங்கள் உள. எத்துணைக் கலைக ளுளவோ அத்துணைக் களங்கள். ஆண்டெல்லாம் சொற்போர், சொற்பொழிவு, தொடக்கவிழா, நிறைவுவிழா. இடையே மகாத்மா வருவார். அவருக்கு ஒரு பணமுடிப்பு, ஒரு வர வேற்புரை, ஒரு பருத்திமாலை. அவர் கூறும் ஆசியுடன் கூட் டம் கலைந்துவிடும். தமிழ்ப் பேரவையிற் பல அறிஞர்கள் பேச வார்கள். அவர்களது சொற்பெருக்கெல்லாம் கேட்டாரைப் பிணிக்கும்; கேளாரைக் கேட்டல் விருப்பத்தில் உய்க்கும். வாரந்தோறும் மாணவர்கள் வேறு சொல்லம்பு போடுவார்கள். ஆனால், அவ்வம்புகள் புண்படுத்தமாட்டா; புண்படுத்தும் அம்புகளை அவர்களது வாய் ஆள விதியும் இடந்தராது.

இப்பொழுது தேர்தல். பரீட்சைக்கு அல்ல; சங்கத்தின் பதவிகளுக்கு. என்ன கூக்குரல்! என்ன ஆரவாரம்! எவ்வளவு துணுக்குகள்! எவ்வளவு மினுக்குகள்! எத்தனைப் பேச்சுகள்! எத்தனை வீச்சுகள்! போற்றல் ஒருபக்கம்; தூற்றல் ஒருபக்கம். அணிந்துரை ஒருபக்கம்; பணிந்துரை ஒருபக்கம். ஹாஸ்டலில் மூடியிருக்கும் கதவைத் தட்டுகிறார் ஒருவர்; கனல்கிறார் உள்ளிருப்பவர். மன்னிப்பு என்ற குரல் வெளியி லிருந்து; வாக்களித்தாயிற்று என்ற சொல் உள்ளிடத்திருந்து. “மிகமிக யோக்கியன்! உண்மையை உரைக்கிறானும். கொஞ்சம் ஒளித்து மறைத்துச் சொன்னால் என்ன கேடு?” என்று கேட்டவர் கூறிக்கொண்டு செல்கிறார்—உடனையல்ல—பத்தடி சென்றபின்—தமது குழாத்தினருக்கு.

நாங்கள் நீராடச் சில அறைகள் உள. உள்ளே போனவர் தாழிட்டுக்கொள்ளலாம். பின்னே வந்தவர் சற்றுக் காத்திருக்

கச் சிற்சில சமயம் நேரிடும். அப்பொழுது தம்மை அவர் பதிவுசெய்துகொள்ளவேண்டியிருக்கும். சும்மாவா வரும் சுகமாகக் குளிப்பது! பதிவு என்றால் தாக்கல். தாக்கல் என்றால் சோப்புப் பெட்டியையோ குட்டையையோ தாம் காத்திருப்பதற்கு அடையாளமாகக் கதவின் மேலிடத்தில் வைத்துக் காட்டல். அப்படிச் செய்தால், இவர்க்குப் பின் வருபவர் அவ்வறைக்குள் நுழைவதாயிருந்தால் இவர்க்குப் பின்னரே நுழையக்கூடும். நீராடுமிடத்திற்கூட வேடிக்கைதான். ஒருவர் நீரை வாரி யுள்ளே எறிவார்; உள்ளேயிருந்து ஒருவர் எறிவார். ஆடுங்காற் பாடுவார் சிலர். தண்ணீர் மேலே பட்டவுடன், தண்ணீர்பட்ட பாடுதான் பாட்டு அவர்க்கு. அவர்தம் பாட்டைக் கேட்கிறவர் அரைகுறையாகக் குளித்துத் திரும்ப விருப்பமில்லாதவரேபோலும் என்று “விசுடன்” ஆசிரியர் கூறிடுவார்.

அடுக்களையைப்பற்றி எங்களுக்குக் கவலையில்லை. மடையர்கள் இருக்கிறார்கள் அதனைப்பார்த்துக்கொள்ள. இருந்தாலும், அவர்கள் பெரியவர்கள்தாம். என்னை? உண்டி கொடுப்போர் உயிர்கொடுப்போர் அல்லரா? ஆனால், இந்த உண்டிக்குக் காசு உண்டே என்று கேட்காதீர்கள். அது வேறு விஷயம். மடைப்பள்ளி வேலை செவ்வனே நடக்கிறதா என்றும், உண்டி ஒழுங்காகப் படைக்கப்படுகிறதா என்றும் எங்கள்பொருட்டுப் பார்க்க எங்களால் தேர்ந்தெடுக்கப்படும் பிரதிநிதிகள் உளர். பருவந்தோறும் விருந்து நடத்த ஏற்பாடு செய்வார் அவர். விருந்து முடிந்தபிறகு இன்னொரு விருந்தயர்வோம். அவ்விருந்து இசை விருந்து. சில சமயங்களில், இவ்விருந்திற்குத் தேவலோகத்து விருந்தும் ஒப்பாகுமோ என்று வெண் பாட்டுக்கூடக் கட்டிவிடுவார்கள் சில புலவர்கள். நாங்களெல்லாம் உடனுண்ணுவோமா இல்லையா என்ற ஐயம் உங்களுக்கு வேண்டாம். எங்களுட்கிலர் உண்போம்; பலர் மாட்டார்கள். இன்னும் இவ்வேற்றுமையெல்லாம் ஒழியவில்லையா என்று நீங்கள் நினைத்து ஆகப்போவது ஒன்றும் இல்லை.

இன்று ஓணம். நல்ல ஓணம்! திருவோணம்! அதன் கதியை என்னென்பது!! ஓணம் ஆங்கிலத்தில் ஓணமாகி, மீண்டும் தமிழுக்கு வந்து தமிழராலும் ஓணம் என்று வழங்கப்படுகிறது! இதில் வியப்பு ஒன்றும் இல்லை. தமிழ்கூட டமின் ஆய்விடுகிறதே! அவ்வோணத்தன்று, முன்னும், பின்னும் பார்க்க வேண்டுமே எங்கள் ஹாஸ்டலை, எங்கள் நகரை! சடபுடா; சடபுடாதான்! “வஞ்சிப்பாட்டு” கேட்டிருக்கிறீர்களா நீங்கள்? ஆமாம் என்னுதீர்கள். ஏனெனின், நான் கூறுவது பட்டினப் பாலை யென்னும் வஞ்சிரெடும் பாட்டன்று. மற்று, மலையாள ஓடப்பாட்டையே நான் குறிப்பிடுகின்றேன். அதைக் கேட்க வேண்டுமானால், வாருங்கள் இங்கே அடுத்த ஆண்டில் ஓணத்தன்று. தீபாவளி, பொங்கல் விஷயங்கள் நீங்கள் அறிந்தவையே யாதலால் நான் எடுத்துரைக்கப் போவதில்லை.

இந்தக் குதூகலங்களுக்கு இடையே ஒருவன் வருகிறான். அவன் தான் பரீட்சையென்னும் பயமுறுத்தி. அவன் எங்கள் மகிழ்ச்சிகளிற் பலவற்றை அழுக்குகிறான், அல்லாவிட்டால் அகற்றுக்கிறான். இரவு பகலாகிறது சில பேருக்கு. பகல் இரவாதலுமுண்டு. பகலுமிரவும் என்ற வேற்றுமை யறியா விழுமியோரும் சிலருளர். அவரெல்லாம் பெரியவர்கள். வருஷமெல்லாம் விளையாடி ஒரு பருவத்திலே முனைகிறவர்கள்! அங்கே ஒருவர் சீட்டுப்போட்டுப் பார்க்கிறார் எதை யதைப் படிக்க வேண்டுமென்று! இங்கே ஒருவர் சிலவற்றைக் கழிக்கிறார், சிலவற்றை இழைக்கிறார். உங்கே ஒருவர் கண்டதெல்லாம் கேட்டதெல்லாம் நினைத்ததெல்லாம் படிக்கிறார். ஆனால், பாவம்! படித்தது இன்னதென்று ஒன்றையும் திட்டமாக அவர் அறிகின்றாரில்லை. இன்னொருவர் கோயிலுக்குப் போகிறார், கும்பிடுகிறார், வேண்டுகிறார், நேர்த்திக்கடனும் இசைகின்றார். மற்றொருவர் காந்திஜோசியரை ஆரூடம் கேட்டிருக்கிறார். பிறிதொருவர் இராட்சைக்கு எழுதியிருக்கிறார். அவருக்குப் பாவம்! ஸர் எஸ். இராதாகிருஷ்ணன் அலகபர்த்து யூனிவர்சிட்டிப் பட்டமளிப்பு விழாவின் கண் உரைத்தது தெரியாது!

இடையே நுழைவது பரிட்சை மாத்திரமன்று. இன்னும் பலபேர் வருகிறார்கள். அவர்கள் ஊர்பெயரெல்லாம் எனக்குத் தெரியாது. எங்கெங்கிருந்தோ வருகிறார்கள். வந்து காண்கிறார்கள் எங்கள் கட்டிடத்தை. நோக்குகிறார்கள் எங்கள் முகத்தை. பார்க்கிறார்கள் பாவைமாரை. பார்த்துவிட்டால், அப்பாற் செல்கிறார்களில்லை உடனே. பெண்களிற்கு சிலர் ஆடவர் பயிலுங் கல்லூரியிற் படிப்பதைக் காண அவர்களுக்கு ஆச்சரியமாயிருக்கிறது. “ஆ! ஏழைமக்களே! முன்னரும் நம் பெண்டிர் கல்விகற்று வல்லராயினர் என்பதை அறியீர்! இக்காலக் கற்றலும் அவசியம் என்பதை உணரீர்! உங்கள் ஆச்சரியத்தை ஒட்டுமின்” என்று கூறலாமா எனச் சிலர் நினைப்பார்கள். ஆனால், வகுப்பிற்குள் உட்கார்ந்திருக்கும் அவர்கள் இதற்கென்றோ வெளிவருவார்கள்?

இந்நகர் அ. நகர் ஆகுமுன்னே திருவேட்களம் என்ற திருப்பெயரால் நிகழ்ந்தது. ஈண்டே அருச்சுனன் பாசபதாஸ்திரம் பெற்றனன் என்று கூறுப. அதைக்குறித்த ஆராய்ச்சியை நீங்களே நிகழ்த்திக்கொள்ளவேண்டும். நவகண்ணிகைகள் இங்கு வந்து தங்கினார்கள் என்று சொல்லி ஒரு மாதத்தடியில் சில சிலைகள் வைத்திருக்கிறார்கள். அச்சிலைகள் பாடுகொண்டாட்டந்தான், ஆண்டிற்கொருமுறை பூசை போடப்படுங்கால். ஏனைவேளைகளில் தங்களைத் தாமே காத்துக் கொள்ளமாட்டார்களா அவர்கள்? இவண், தாலியறுத்தாள் சந்தென ஒன்று உண்டாம். அதுபற்றி எனக்கு நன்றாகத் தெரியாது. அவ்விடத்தில் இவ்வூர்ப் பழங்குடிகள் கணவனையிழந்தக்கால் வந்து கூடி யழுவார்களாம். ஒருநாள்கூட இவ்வழகுநால் நான் கேட்டதே இல்லை. எந்தக் கிரிமினல் சட்டம் தடுத்திருக்கிறதோ, தெரியவில்லை.

இந்நகரிடைக் கிடக்கும் பார்த வெளி காணத்தக்கது. நல்ல காற்று, நல்ல ஒளி, நல்ல நீர் எல்லாம் உண்டு. இவ்வெளியிடை நின்று ஞாயிறு எழும் எழிலையும் விழும் வண்ணத்தையும் காணவேண்டுமே! திங்கள் விரிக்கும் நிலாவை நோக்க

வேண்டுமே! சிரியஸ் என்னும் மீன் விண்ணின்கண் மிளிர்வதையுங் காணவேண்டுமே! அருகே சிவபுரி யிருக்கிறது. அதன் மருங்கே திருக்கழிப்பாயுள்ளது. அம்பலவன் ஆடுந் தில்லையம் பதியுள்ள விஷயம் உங்களுக்குத் தெரிந்ததே. புதிதாக வேறு கட்டிடங்கள் கட்டிக்கொண்டிருக்கிறார்கள். பட்டமளிப்பு விழாக்கென ஒரு ஹாலாம், பொதுப்பேரவைக்கென ஒரு ஹாலாம், மாணவர் உண்ணத் தின்ன இருக்கப் பேச என ஒரு ஹாலாம்—இன்னும் எத்தனையோ ஹாலெல்லாம் சொல்லுகிறார்கள்! ஒரு பெருங்குளம் வேறு தொடுகிறார்கள். மாணவர்கள் நீந்துவதற்கும் படகோட்டுவதற்கும் அக்குளத்திற் பழகிக்கொள்ளலாம். என் பின் வரும் தம்போலியரது அதிட்டமே அதிட்டம்!

இதையெல்லாம் காணவேண்டாமா? எங்கள் வகுப்பெல்லாம் எப்படியிருக்கிறது என்று அறியவேண்டாமா? வந்து பாருங்களேன், எங்கள் வகுப்புகளில் ஒரு வாரம் வந்து உடனிருந்து. அப்பால், ஏன் நீங்கள் அகல்வீர்கள்? வாருங்கள், வந்து பாருங்கள், பார்த்துக் களிகூருங்கள்.

அ: சீதம்பரநாதஞ் சேட்டியார்,

V Hons.

புலவர் : மீட்டிங்கு வருவீர்களா?

மணிதர் : எங்கே மீட்டிங்கு? முன்னமே சொல்லக் கூடாதா?



“ சிவபெருமானே சோற்றுக்குத்
தாளம்போட்டால்.....? ”

இரட்டையர், இரட்டையர் என்று நீங்கள் கேள்வியுற்
றிருப்பீர்கள். இவ்விருவரும் சகோதரர்களாவார்கள். இவ்விரு
வரும் பிறவிப்புலவர்களாவர். மூத்தவருக்குக் கால் முடம்;
இனையவருக்குக் கண் குருடு. அங்கம் பழுதாயிருந்தபோதி
லும், கவிபாடுவதிலும், மற்ற வித்துவத்திறமைகளிலும் மிகவும்
வல்லுநர்கள். மூத்தவரைத் தோளில் சுமந்து நடப்பார் இனைய
வர். மூத்தவர் தம்பியின் தோளில் அமர்ந்து வழி காட்டிச்
செல்வார். இந்நிலையில் இருந்து கவி கூறித்திரிவர் இருவரும்.
ஏதேனும் கவி கூறுகையில் இனையவர் தோற்றுவாய் செய்து
முதல் இரண்டு அடிகளைக் கூறுவார். பிறகு மூத்தவர் பின்
னிரண்டு அடிகளையும் கூறிக் கவியை முடிப்பார்.

ஒரு சமயம் இவ்விருவரும் திருநாகேச்சரத்தில் ஒரு
பிள்ளையார் கோவிலில் படுத்து உறங்கினர். காலையில் எழுந்தி
ருந்தனர். முதல் நாள் தாங்கள் பரிசுபெற்ற பொருளை ஓர் சிறு
மூட்டையாகக் கட்டிப் பக்கத்தில் வைத்திருந்தனர். அம்
மூட்டையைக் காணவில்லை என்று இனையவரிடம் உரைத்தார்
மூத்தவர். பூஜை செய்ய வந்த அர்ச்சகரோ, தரிசனம் செய்ய
வந்த பக்தசிகாமணியோ அயோக்கிய சிகாமணியாக மாறி
மூட்டையை எடுத்துக்கொண்டு போயிருக்கவேண்டுமென்று
கருதினர். யார் எடுத்திருந்தபோதிலும், கோயிலில்தான் காணு
மற்போனதால் பிள்ளையாரே அதற்குப் பொறுப்பு என்று
நினைத்த இனையவர் உடனே அப்பிள்ளையாரை நோக்கி,

தம்பியோ பெண்திருடி தாயா ருடன்பிறந்த
வம்பனே நெய்திருடு மாமாயன்.....

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என்று வெண்பாவின் முதலிரண்டடிகளையும் கூறினார். பிறகு
மூத்தவர்

.....அம்புவியில்

மூத்தபிள்ளை யாரே! முடிச்சவிழ்த் தீர்போமோ
கோத்திரத்துக் குள்ள குணம்

என்று பாட்டை முடித்தார். எதைப் பாடியும் என்? மூட்டை
போனது போனதுதான்.

பிறகு இரட்டையர் பக்கத்தூரிலுள்ள திருவேங்கடன்
என்னும் பிரபுவையடைந்து தமது பொருள் பிள்ளையார் கோயி
லில் மாயமாக மறைந்ததை உரைத்துத் தங்களுக்குப் பொருளு
தவியும் உணவுந்தருமாறு வேண்டினார். திருவேங்கடன் மிகவும்
நல்லவன். புலவர்களைத் தன் சுற்றமாகப் பாவித்து உபசரித்
தனன். அவர்கள் பொருளிழந்தமை குறித்து வருந்தினன்.
அவர்கள் பாட்டை வியந்தனன். உடனே அவர்களுக்குச் சன்
மானம் செய்ய எழுந்தனன். ஆனால் அவன் பக்கத்திலிருந்த
அவன் தமையன் அவனைத் தடுத்தான். 'புலவர்கள் பொய்புகல்
வோர்' என்றும், அவர்கள் கூறுவது 'கட்டுக்கதை' என்றும்,
'அதை நம்பி அவர்களுக்குப் பொருளளித்தல் கூடாது'
என்றும் உரைத்து நமது புலவர்களை வெருட்டி விரட்டினன்.
உடனே இனைய புலவர்

“தேன் பொழியும் வாயான் திருவேங் கடவனுடன்
ஏன் பிறந்தானிந்த இனியான்காண்—

என்று தொடங்க, இதற்கு விடையாக மூத்தவர்

—யான் சொலக்கேள்

சீதேவி யார்பிறந்த செய்யதிருப் பாற்கடலுள்
மூதேவி என்பிறந்தாள் முன்”

என்று பாட்டை முடித்தார்.

பசியோ மிகவும் அதிகம். ‘பசி வந்திடப் பத்தும் பறந்திடும்’ என்றதற்கேற்ப நமது புலவர்களுக்கும் பசிக்கொடுமை அதிகரிக்க அதிகரிக்க, ஒரு கவளம் அன்னத்திற்காக நூறு கவிகள் பாடத் தயாராய் இருந்தனர். இந்நிலையில் திருநாங்கூர் வந்தணைந்தனர். அவ்வூரிலுள்ளவரிடம் இவர்கள் பசியைப் போக்கும்படியாக ஒன்றும் இல்லை. பொருள்கள் இருந்தன. ஆனால் அவர்கள் கொடுக்கத் தயாராக இல்லை. ஆதலில் “கோவிலிலாவது உணவு கிடைக்காதா?” என்று அவ்வூரிலுள்ள சிவன்கோவிலுக்குச் சென்றனர். அவ்வூர்க் கோவிலில் விசேடம் யாதெனில் சுவாமிக்கு நிவேதனம் முதலியவை செய்வதில்லை. “செவிக்குணவில்லாதபோழ்து சிறிது வயிற்றுக்கு மீயப்படும்” என்ற திருவள்ளுவநாயனாரின் வாக்குக்கு எதிர்வாக்கில்லை என்று நினைத்துப்போலும், அக்கோயிலின் தருமகர்த்தாவும், பட்டர்களும் அச்சுவாமிக்கு உணவுப் பொருள்களை வைத்து நிவேதனம் செய்வதில்லை! அப்பொருள்களைத் தாங்கள் பங்கு போட்டுக்கொள்வர். கோயிலில் முசும், முழுவும், சங்கும், படகமும் பிறவாத்தியங்களும் எஞ்ஞான்றும் முழங்கும். சிவபெருமானுக்கும் செவிக்கு உணவு கிடைத்து வந்தது. இக்கோயிலுக்கு வந்து சேர்ந்தனர் இரட்டைப்புலவர்கள். சிவபெருமானே சோற்றுக்குத் தாளம் போடும்பேர்து இப்புலவர்களுக்குச் சோறு கிடைக்கும்? இந்நிலையை உணர்ந்தனர் புலவர். “ஏ அல்லாளியப்பா! (அச்சிவபெருமான் பெயர்) நீயே அல்லற்படுகிறாயே சோறின்றி! நீயோ அல்லற்படுவாரை ஆள்பவன்” என்று நினைத்த இளையபுலவர் உடனே

“தேங்குபுகழ் நாங்கூர்ச் சிவனே அல்லாளியப்பா!

நாங்கள் பசித்திருக்கை ஞாயமோ?”

என்று கடவுளைக் கேள்வியொன்று கேட்டார். உடனே சிவனே அதற்கு விடை கூறுவது போன்று சூத்தவர்,

—பேர்ங்காணும்!

கூறுசங்கு தொல்முரசு கொட்டோசை அல்லாமல்,
சோறுகண்ட மூளியார் சொல்”

என்றார். சிவபெருமானுக்கே சோறில்லை யென்றால், இவ்
அக்கிரமம் இருந்தவாறு என்னே!

ஸ்ரீ ரா. ராமஸ்வாமி,

III Hons.

ஒருவர் :—அவர் எவ்வளவு நீட்டாயிருக்கிறார், பார்த்தீர்
களா?

மற்றவர் :—எவ்வளவு இருப்பார்? எட்டடிக்கு மேலா?

தேர் எரிந்துபோனது

பதினாயிரம் ஆட்கள் கூடி ஆறு வடம் பூட்டி ஒரு வாரம் இழுத்தாலொழிய இந்தத் தேர் நிலைக்கு வராது. அவ்வளவு பெரிய தேர். இதற்கிடான தேர் கட்டினதுமில்லை, கட்டப் போவதுமில்லை. இந்தப் பெரிய தேரை ஆயிரக்கணக்கான பறையர் கூடி, தாரை, தப்பு, பறை முழங்க இழுத்துக்கொண்டிருந்தனர். காலேமுதல் மாலைவரை இழுத்தும் தேர் மூலை திரும்பவில்லை. அதிர்வெடியின் படாரென்ற ஒசையும், பறையொலியுடன் ஏழைகள் தேரை இழுக்கும் ஆரவாரமும், பின்சக்கரங்களில் உலுக்கு மரம்போடும் ஆர்ப்பும் பெரிதாய் இருந்ததேயன்றித் தேர்மட்டும் நகரவில்லை. அப்பொழுது போலீசுவீரர் பிரம்புகளை மேலே சுழற்றி ஊக்கங் கொடுத்துக்கொண்டிருந்தனர். தேரிழுப்பதை மேற்பார்க்கும் மடத்தின் ஆட்கள் கயிற்றுச் சாட்டையைச் சுழற்றி அடித்தபடியிருப்பார்கள். சாட்டை மணிக்கயிற்றால் செய்தது; இரப்பர்போல வளைந்து கொடுக்கும் இயல்புடையது; மீன் வால் ஒத்தது. அடிவிழும் இடத்தை இரண்டு மூன்று சுற்றுச் சுற்றிக்கொள்ளும். விண்ணென்று உடம்பில் பட்டதும் ஆகும் சுவடு ஆற ஒரு மாதமாகும். பண்ணையில் வேலைசெய்யும் ஆட்களுக்குச் சிம்ம சொப்பனம் ஆவது. அத்தகைய பெருமைதங்கிய திருச் சாட்டையைச் சுழற்றிக்கொண்டு கார்வார் தம்பிரான் அதட்டி இழுக்கும்படி கூறி “அடே கழுதைகளே! இன்று தேர் நிலைக்குப்போனால் ஒழியப் படிநெல் கிடையாது. தேரை அசையாமல் நீண்ட நாள் இழுக்கப்போட்டால் பல் நாள்களுக்குப் படிநெல் அடையலாம் என்ற எண்ணமா” என்று அதட்டிக்கொண்டிருந்தார். போலீசுவீரரின் பிரம்புகள் அவர்கள் முதுகின் சுவை காணத் தொடங்கின.

நான் அப்பொழுது கூட்டத்திற் புகுந்து, நானும் சாஸ்திரத் திற்கு இழுத்தேன் என்று பெயர்பண்ண ஒரு வடத்தைத்

தொட்டதும் தொடாததுமாய் நின்றேன். பக்கத்தில் திரும்பினேன். எங்களுர் சநாதன சபைக் காரியதரிசி நின்றுகொண்டிருந்தார். என்னைப் பார்த்ததும் “பார்த்தாயா? நம்முடைய இந்துமத தர்மத்தின் நேர்த்தியை! தீண்டாதார்களைத் தள்ளி விட்டார்கள் என்று இந்தக் காந்தி குதிக்கிறாரே! இன்று அவர்களே தேரிழுக்கிறார்கள். அவர்களையும் சுவாமி அனுக்கிரகத்தைப் பெற வைத்திருக்கிறார்கள். அப்படியிருக்கையில் ஏன் காந்தி அவர்களைக் கோவிலுள் விடவேண்டுமென்கிறார்? பதில் சொல்லு” என்றார்.

“மேல்ஜாதிகளாலும் சநாதனிகளாலும் இழுக்கமுடியாது. பலமில்லை. சிரமமதிகம்” என்றேன். சநாதனி அதற்குள் திரும்பிப் பார்த்தார். “என்ன அற்புத்தி! தேர்ச் சக்கரத்தில் ஒருவன் தேங்காயைச் சூறையடிக்கிறான். வடத்தை விட்டு விட்டு அதைப் பொறுக்க இவ்வளவு பதட்டமா? இவர்கள் ஆசையைப் பார். தேரினைக் கால தாமதம் பண்ணி இழுத்தால் இன்னும் சில நாளைக்கு நெல் படியாகப் பெறலாமென்று மெள்ளச் சுறுசுறுப்பில்லாது இழுக்கிறார்கள்” என்று கூறினார். நான் பதில் சொல்லவில்லை.

அதற்குள் “தி தி தி” என்ற பேரொலி கேட்டது. அதிர்வேட்டுப் போட்டதும் கிளம்பிய ஒரு பொறி தேர்ச்சீலை மேல் விழுந்தது. உடனே தேர்ச்சீலை பற்றிக்கொண்டது. ஒரு நொடிக்குள் தேர் முழுதுந் தீ பரவியது. என்ன காட்சி! படர் படர் என்று தேரின் மேற்கட்டு வரிச்சுக்கொம்புகள் வெடித்தன. சீலை பற்றிச் சொக்கப்பனைபோல எரியத் தொடங்கின. கரியபுகை மேகம்போலக் கவிந்தது. மலையில் வைத்த தீப்போல இருந்தது. பல மைல் கணக்கில் உள்ள ஊர்கட்கெல்லாம் தீ நன்றாய்த் தெரிந்தது. யாவரும் வடத்தைக் கீழே போட்டுத் தாறுமாறாக விழுந்து ஓடினார்கள். தீ தேரினின்று வீட்டுக்கூரைகட்குத் தாவிற்று. தேர்த்தட்டில் இருந்த குருக்கண்மார் “தி” என்ற ஒலிகேட்கவும் ஒரே குதியாய்க்குதித்து

உயிர் தப்பினர். அப்பொழுது யாவரும் “சுவாமி! ஐயோ சுவாமி எரியப்போகிறாரே!” என்று அலறினர். ஆகா! என்ன தோற்றம்! நான்கு தியாக உருவங்கள், உயிருக்குத் துணிந்து தேரில் ஒரு பக்கமாக ஏறின. நெருப்புச்சுழன்று அடிக்கிறது. வீரமணிகள் பின்வாங்கவில்லை.

“சுவாமி தப்பினார்” என்ற ஒலி கிளம்பிற்று. சுவாமியை யொருவனும், ஏனைய விக்கிரகங்களை மற்றவரும் மார்புற அணைத்தபடி தேரிழுத்த பறையர் நால்வர் குதித்தனர். சாதாரண நாளில் கனவிலும் நினைக்கமுடியாத சுவாமி திருமேனியைத் தங்கள் கைகளால் தொட நேரிட்டதை அவர்கள் என்னவென்று நினைப்பார்கள்! தலைமுறை தலைமுறையாகத் தங்கள் நிழலும் படக்கூடாத இடத்தில் வைக்கப்படுந் திருமேனிகள் தங்கள் கையிற் கிடைத்ததால் விட மனமில்லையோ, அல்லது தீயினால் உடம்பெல்லாம் சுடப்பட்டதால் களைப்புற்றார்களோ அறியேன். உருவங்களைப் பிடித்தபடி சேர்ந்து கிடந்தனர். மறுகணம் சுவாமியை விரைவாய்க் கோயிற்குக் கொண்டுபோனார்கள். காயம்பட்ட நான்கு தீண்டாதவர்கள் கூட்ட நெருக்கத்தில் என்னவானார்களென்று தெரியாது. பறையரென்று தெரிந்துவிட்டபின் வேறு யாரும் அவர்களை அணுகியிருக்கமாட்டார்கள். இறப்பார்களோ பிழைப்பார்களோ யார் கண்டார்கள்?

இரண்டு வாரஞ் சென்றபின் கோயிலுக்குச் சென்றேன். பெரிய உற்சவம்போல இருந்தது. என்னவென்று விசாரித்தேன். “கோயிலில் இன்று மகா பிராயச்சித்த அபிஷேகம். சண்டாளன் தொட்டான் அல்லவா? அதற்குச் சாந்தியாய்ச் செய்கிறார்கள். அலங்காரமான புறப்பாடு. பெரிய வித்வானுடைய நாதசூக்ச்சேரி” என்று பேசிக்கொண்டிருந்தது காதில் விழுந்தது. ஐயோ தேரே! ஐயோ சாமி!

பண்ணையார்

நத்தம் பெரியபண்ணையார் மாணப்படுக்கையில் வீழ்ந்தார் என்று கேட்டதும் ஊரே கலகலத்துப்போய்விட்டது.

ஆயிரம் வேலி நிலத்தையும் ஐம்பது இலட்ச ரூபாயையும் விட்டுவிட்டு ஒருநாளும் போகமாட்டார் என்று எல்லோரும் ஒருமுகமாகக் கூறினர். அவருக்குக் குழந்தைகளில்லை. அவர் தம்பிக்கும் இல்லை. மிகுந்த வருத்தமடைந்து ஏராளமான சொத்தைச் செலவுசெய்தார்.

திடீரென்று பண்ணையாருக்கு சுரம் தோன்றிற்று. முத்தில் அது ஜலதோஷமாகத்தான் இருந்தது. அற்பமான ஜலதோஷம் பெரிய இடத்தை அடைந்ததால் அதன் பெருமை அதிகரித்தது. கணக்குவழக்கின்றிக் கொடுத்த மருந்துகளால் அது கொடிய சுரமாயிற்று. அவ்வளவுதான் பாவம். பண்ணையார் நிலைமை கவலைக்கிடமாயிற்று.

முத்த மனைவி அவர்மீது புரண்டழுது தன் தங்கை மகனைத் தத்து எடுத்துக்கொள்ளவேண்டுமென்று பிடிவாதம் செய்து அவரைப் பேச இடங்கொடாமற் செய்தனர். “ஆ” வென்று பண்ணையார் வாயைத் திறக்குமுன், யான் போகிற வழி என்னவென்ற கூக்குரலுடன் “முடியாது, என் தம்பி குமாரசைத்தான் சுவீகாரம் எடுத்துக்கொள்ளவேண்டும்” என்று இனைய மனைவி வாய்ப்பறையறைந்து பெருமுழக்கஞ் செய்தனர்.

முதல் மனைவியின் சுற்றத்தார்கள் ஐம்பது ஆட்களுடன் புகுந்து கருஆலமிருந்த அறையை முத்திரையிட்டுப் பாதுகாத்தனர். இனையாள் சுற்றத்தார்கள் ஆரவாரத்துடன் புகுந்து அவ்வறைக்கு வேறு பூட்டுப் பூட்டித் தாமும் முத்திரையிட்டுப் பாதுகாத்தனர். அரசாங்கத்தாரிடமிருந்து ஐம்பது காவல் வீரர்கள் வீட்டைக் காவல்செய்தனர்.

முத்தவள் தனக்கு வேண்டியவாறு எழுதப்பெற்ற ஓர் காகிதத்தை நீட்டிக் “கையெழுத்திடும்” என்றனர். மாற்றாள் மறு கையைப் பற்றித் தன்னுடைய தாளில் கையெழுத்துப் போடக் கூச்சலிட்டாள். இந்தச்சமயத்தில் தங்கை, தாயார், தமக்கை, தம்பி, அவர்கள் குழவிகள் முதலியோர் எங்கள் கதையென்னவென்று கூச்சலிட்டு அலறி மேல்விழுந்து துவையல் செய்யத்தொடங்கினர். வாயிலிற் கடன்காரர் கூட்டம் ஒன்று “கடனுக்கு வழிகாட்டாமற் பிணம் காட்டுக்கு எப்படிப் போகும்” என்று படுத்திக்கொண்டனர்.

அன்று சமாசாரப்பத்திரிகைகள் உள்ளங்கை அகல எழுத்துக்களில் “பண்ணையாரின் மரணவஸ்தை” எனத் தலையங்க மிட்டு மணிக்கு மணி அவர் நிலைமையைப்பற்றி எழுதத் தொடங்கின.

அவ்வூர் நிருபர் பண்ணையாரின் பரிதாபமான மரணத்தையும் அவர் பிரேத ஊர்வலச்சிறப்பையும் அடக்கஞ் செய்யப்பட்ட போது நடந்த கண்கொளாக்காட்சியையும் எழுதிப் பண்ணையார் இறந்த கையோடுகையாய் பத்திரிகைகளில் வெளியிட யாவர்க்கும் முன்னரே தன் கல்வித்திறமையைக் காட்டும் நடையில் எழுதி அனுப்பிவிட்டனர்.

உள்ளூர் சோதிடர் இது சனியன்பார்வை யென்றும் அதற்குப் பரிஹாரஹோமம் செய்யவேண்டும் என்றும் கூறினார். மந்திரவாதி பண்ணையாரை நூறு பேய்களுக்குக் குறையாமற் பிடித்திருக்கவேண்டுமென்றும் அதற்காகப் பூசை போட நூறு ரூபாய் வேண்டுமென்றும் கூறினன்.

இந்நிலைமையிற் பண்ணையார் தெளிந்து நிகழ்ச்சியையறிந்து ரூபாய் நூறு கிடையாது என்று சொல்லுவதற்காகத் தலையை அசைத்தார். இந்நிலைமையில் வைத்தியர் “அட்டா, ஜன்னி ஏறுகிறதே” என்று நவர்தன மெழுகை உள்ளே செலுத்த முயன்றார். பண்ணையார் விழுங்கக்கூடாது என்று பல்லைக் கடித்தார். பக்கலி லுள்ளார் பல் கிட்டிவிட்டது என்று அவருக்கு ஊசியால்

மருந்து ஏற்ற ஆங்கில வைத்தியரை அழைத்துவா ஆளனுப்பினர்.

பத்திரிகை நிருபர்கள் வாயிலில் வந்த மனிதர்களை இதுதான் சமயமென்று பண்ணையாரைப்பற்றி அவர்களிடமிருந்து கேட்டுக்கொண்டு அவர் மரணத்தைப்பற்றின தங்கள் அபிப்பிராயங்களை எழுதிக்கொண்டிருந்தனர்.

அப்பொழுது நல்ல செல்வாக்குள்ள கோடையிடிப்புலவர் பண்ணையார்மீது வெண்பா, ஆசிரியம், கலி, வஞ்சி முதலிய பாக்களிலும் இனங்களிலும் வகைக்கொண்டாய்க் கையறுநிலை பாடித் தெரிந்தவர்களிடம் அரங்கேற்றிக்கொண்டிருந்தனர்.

ஆங்கில மருத்துவர் வந்து பார்த்து எல்லோரையும் வெளியே போகச்செய்து தந்தொழிலைத் தொடங்கினார். பண்ணையார் விழித்தார்.

வீட்டுப் பஞ்சாங்கக்கார ஐயர் பரிவாரங்களுடன் தருப்பை முதலியவற்றை முடிந்து முற்றத்தில் இரைந்துகொண்டிருந்தனர். “ஓய் கிருஷ்ணய்யர், இவருடைய கருமாதிக்கு நான் பண்ணிவைத்துவிடுகிறேன். இவர் தம்பி விழுந்துபோனால் நீர் வாறும்” என்று கூச்சலிட்ட குரல் பண்ணையார் காதில் விழுந்தது. பண்ணையாருக்கு மிகக்கோபம் உண்டாயிற்று.

ஒரே பாய்ச்சலில் வெளியில் தாவினார். அந்தப் பஞ்சாங்கக்கார ஐயரை உதைக்க ஒடி ஆண்டுக் குழுமியிருந்த எல்லாரிடத்தும் சீற்றத்தைக் காட்டினார்.

“பிழைத்துவிட்டாரே. எல்லா ஏற்பாடும் வீணாய்ப் போய் விட்டதே” என்று கூறினார்கள் நிருபர்கள். “இறந்த பண்ணையார் பிழைத்த மாயம் என்று யானைத்தலை எழுத்தில் தலையங்கம் எழுதிவிடலாம். நமக்கொன்றும் நஷ்டமில்லை” என்று சொல்லிக்கொண்டே வீட்டைந்தனர் சமாசாரப் பத்திரிகை எழுத்தாளர்கள்.

S. V. PARTHASARATHY,
Music I Year.

இடரெய்திடினும் இன்பம் இன்பமே

இரண்டு நாட்கள் விடாமழை பெய்தமையான் கதிரவனைக் காணாது தாய் முகங்காணச் சேய்ப்போற்றவிக்கும் எம்மவர்க்கு ஓர் நாட் காலையில் கதிரவனுந் தன்னிளங் கதிர் வீசி இன்பமளித்தான். அக் காலேவேளை இவ்வாறு கவின்பெற்று எம்மனத்தைக் கனிவித்தது. வழக்கம்போலக் காலேக்கடன் முடித்து உணவருந்தி அறைக்கு வந்தேன். மனங்கனிந்த அற்றைநாள் செம்பாலடித்த காசுகூடக் கையிலில்லாத் தன்மையால் கவலைகொண்டிருந்தேன். ஆண்டை 'ச' என்னும் நண்பர் விரைவாக வந்து, "நண்பனே! இன்று முதல் நான்கு நாட்கள் விடுமுறைபாகலான் இன்றமிழ்ப் பாவால் இறைவனை மகிழ்வித்த சம்பந்தர் பிறந்த காழியைக் கண்டுவரலாம், வருகின்றாயா?" என்றார். அந்த ஏற்பாடு இனிமையானதொன்றையெனக் கூறிக் காசில்லாத் கவலையையும் புகன்றேன். அவர் தற்போது தங்கையிற் பணமிருப்பதாகவும் இனிமையாய் ஒரு பிரயாணஞ் செய்து வரலாமெனவுங்கூற அவ்வாறே இணங்கினேன். இன்னும் ஐந்து நண்பர் வருகின்றார் என அவர் கூறவே பாலோடு பழமுண்ட தன்மையை எய்தினேன். பதினொன்றரைமணி வண்டிக்குப் போகலாமெனவும் ஏற்பாடாயிற்று.

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சரியாக மணி 11-54-க்குத்தான் வண்டி புறப்படுமாயைபாலும் அறையிலிருந்து புகைவண்டி நிலையத்திற்கு 15 நிமிஷ நேரத்திற் போய்ச் சேரலாமாயைபாலும் சரியாக 11-30-க்கு அறையைவிட்டுப் புறப்பட்டால் போதுமென்று தீர்மானித்திருந்தோம். அதன்படியே கடிக்காரத்தைக் கவனித்துக்கொண்டிருந்து சரியாய் 11-30-க்கு ஏழுபேரும் அறையை விட்டுப் புறப்பட்டோம். புகைவண்டி நிலையத்திற்கு சுமார் ஒரு பர்லாங்கு தூரத்திற் போய்க்கொண்டிருக்கின்றபொழுது வண்டி நிலையத்தை யண்டிற்று. உடனே ஒருவரை வேகமாகவோடிக் கட்

டணத்தைச் செலுத்திப் பயணச்சீட்டு வாங்க அனுப்பிவிட்டு நாங்களும் விரைவாகச் சென்றோம். அவரும் எங்களுக்குமுன் முனைந்தோடினார். வண்டியை யண்டினோம். துண்டும் வாங்கி வந்தார். வண்டியினுள்ளே ஏறிக்கொண்டோம். ஏறினதும் பயணச்சீட்டு வாங்கிவந்தவர் “யாரிடமேனுந் துணி சிறிதுண்டா?” எனக்கேட்டார். ஏனென்று கேட்க விரைவாய் ஓடிவந்ததின் பலனாக ஒரு கற்றுண்டு அபாயவறிவிப்புப் போன்ற செம்மையைக் காலிலே தோலையுரித்துக் காட்டிற்று எனக்கூறினார். உடனே ஒரு நண்பர் தமது ஆடையின் ஒரு பக்கத்தைக் கிழித்துத் துதினார். நல்லவேளையாகக் குடிதண்ணீர் கொடுக்குமொருவன் அவ்விடத்தே வரத் துணியை நனைத்து அவரது காலிற் கட்டினோம். வண்டியும் புறப்பட்டது.

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சுமார் 12-45 மணிக்கு சீர்காழியடைந்தோம். ஒரு சிற்றுண்டிச்சாலையிற் சிற்றுண்டியருந்தினோம். நண்பகலானபடியாற் கதிரவனுங் கடுமை செய்தான். அப்பொழுது ஒரு நண்பர் இங்கு “ஈருருளை வண்டி குறைந்த வாடகைக்குக் கிடைக்குமாகையால் நமக்குத் தேவையான வண்டிகளைப் பெற்றுத் திருவெண்காடு சென்று மீளலாம்” என்றார். எல்லோருமதற் கிணங்கினோம். ஆனால் ஐந்துபேருக்கே ஈருருளை வண்டி ஒட்டும் வித்தை தெரியும். இருவருக்குத் தெரியாது. ஆயினும் இருவரைப் பின்னால் வைத்துக்கொண்டு போகலாமெனத் துணிந்து ஐந்து வண்டிகள் வாடகைக்குப் பெற்றோம். உடனே வண்டிகளில் ஏறினோம். ஒரு வண்டியில் ‘டபீர்’ என்னு மொலியுண்டாயிற்று. அவ்வொலி உருளையிற் சேர்த்திருந்த ரப்பர் வெடித் தமையாலுண்டானது. அரசர் எழுந்தருளுவதாயின் வெடிக்குண்டு போடுவதுபோல நாங்கள் புறப்படும்போதுண்டான அவ்வொலி எங்களுக்கு இன்பத்தையே தந்தது. அதை நற்சகுன மன்றெனக் கருதினோமல்லேம்.

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சுமார் பத்து மைல் தூரமிருக்கின்ற திருவெண்காட்டுக்குப் போகும் பாதை கல் சேராத மண்ணால் ஆனது. அதிலும் பழுது பார்ப்பதற்கென்று இருமருங்கிலும் மண் குவியல் குவியலாக இடப்பட்டிருந்தது. அப்பாதையில் கார்காலத்தில் ஈருருளை வண்டியிற் பிரயாணஞ் செய்வது எத்துணை எளிதான காரியமென்பது யாவருந் தெரிந்ததொன்றே. நற்காலமாக அவ்விடத்தே இரண்டு ராட்களாக மழையின்மையால் பத்து மைல் தூரத்தையும் 9 நாழிகை நேரத்திற் கடந்து சென்றுவிட்டோம். வழியே இருவர் சீழே விழுந்ததில் இரண்டொரு முட்கள் தைத்தனவேயொழிய வேறிடர் இல்லை. சுமார் 5 மணிக்கு வெண்காட்டை யடைந்தோம். பசியோவெனில், “இடும்பை கூ ரென்வயிறே யுன்னோடு வாழ்தல்ரிது” என்னும் ஓளவை சொல் உண்மையையாமென விளக்கிற்று. வெண்காடோவெனில் வெண்காடே. அவ்வாறிருந்தும் ஒரு நண்பர் சிற்றுண்டி விற்றுப் பிழைக்கும் வீட்டைக் காட்டிச் சிறிதுதவி ஓர். காசுக்குப் பெறுமானவையா யிராவிடினும் அச் சிற்றுண்டி காலத்திற்குப் போதுமானதாகவேயிருந்தது.

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இக்காலை ஒரு நண்பர் காவிரிப்பூம்பட்டினம் சுமார் ஐந்து மைல் தூரத்திலே இருக்கின்றதென்றும் அம் மாலைப்பொழுது அதைக் காண ஏற்றது என்றும் புகன்றார். உடனே புகார் நகரமுஞ் சென்று மீளுவோமெனத் துணிந்தோம்; சென்று மடைந்தோம். நல்ல மாலைப்பொழுதில் செக்கர் வானமும் அதன்கட்டோன்றிய சிறிய கருமுகிற்றிரளும் அதற்கு மேலே தோன்றிய இளஞ் சந்திரனுஞ் சேர்ந்து நெருப்பு நிறமுடைய சந்திரசேகரனைப் போன்று எங்கள் கண்முன் நின்ற தோற்றம் அரைநாழிகை நேரத்துக்கெல்லாம் மறைந்து போனமை ‘இன்பம் எப்பொழுதும் நிலைத்து நிற்பதன்று’ என்னும் உண்மைப் பொருளை விளக்கிற்று. செக்கர் வானம் மறையவும் ‘மீனினைமோடித் திரிந்ததானும் பிறையாகிய வெள்ளி ஓட மொன்று திகழ்ந்ததானும்’ கடற்கரையில் நின்று பார்க்கும்

எங்களுக்கு வானமுங் கடலாகத் தோன்றிற்று. இவ்வாறு இனிமை பயந்த மாலைக்காலத்திலே பொன்னியாறு முந்நீரோடு கலக்குமிடத்திலே நாங்கள் உப்புநீரிலும் உண்ணீரிலுமாக நீந்தியுந் திளைத்தும் நீராடினோம். பின் அவணிருந்து புறப்பட்டு இளமதியின் இன்னொளி உதவியால் ஈருருளை வண்டியிலேறி வெண்காட்டிற்கு மீண்டோம்.

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அங்கே ஆலயஞ் சென்று இறைவனை இறைஞ்சிப் பின் வயிற்றிடும்பைதீர அவ்வேளையிற் கிடைத்த சிற்றுண்டியை அருந்திவிட்டுக் காழிக்குப் பிரயாணப்பட்டோம். நாங்கள் படுமிடரை யுன்னி மனவிடும்பை யெய்திய திங்களும் மேற்கடலுட் குளித்தான். கார்காலத்துரைத்தனமும் தன்னாலியன்ற அவசரச் சட்டங்களை அமுலுக்குக் கொண்டுவரத்தலைப்பட்டது. காழிக்குச் செல்லும் வழியில் மழையாகிய வாய்ப்பூட்டுச் சட்டத்தினால் புழுதியாகிய மக்களை மேற்கிளம்ப வொட்டாது தடுத்ததோடமையாது அத்துரைத்தனம் தண்ணீராகிய கடுங்காவலையு மிட்டது. ஐந்து ஈருருளை வண்டியும் ஏழுபேரும் அப்பாதையின் மேல் 10 மைல் வரவேண்டும். என் செய்வது! 'பட்டகாலிலே படும் கெட்டகுடியே கெடும்' என்பர் ஆன்றோர். ஆனால் எங்கள் காரியம் அவ்வாறுமன்று. ஒருகணமின்பம் மறுகணந்துன்பம். புகார் நகரத்தில் இரவு பத்து நாழிகைப் பொழுதுக்குமேல் மாலைக்காட்சியில் மகிழ்ந்து கிடந்த எமது மனம் நள்ளிருளிலே சேற்றின்மேல் நடந்து செல்லும் கவலையால் சூழப்பட்டது. ஆயினும் நாங்கள் இளமைப்பருவமுடையோமாகையால் இளமையும் வீரமும் பொருந்திய அறுமுகக்கடவுளின் றன்மையைச் செய்கையில் காட்ட வெண்ணி, 'உச்சிமீது வானிடிந்து வீழுகின்றபோதினும் அச்சமில்லை' என்னுஞ் சொற்றொடரை மனதிற் கொண்டு பாரதத்தாயை வணங்கி, மகிழ்மனதை நெகிழவிடாது காழிப்பதியைச் சுமார் இரவு 12-30 மணிக்கு வந்தடைந்தோம்.

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ஆண்டு உடல் நலங்கருதிச் சிறிது உறங்கினோம். காலையி
 லெழுந்து காழிப்பதியைப் பெயர்ந்து ஊர் வந்து சேர்ந்து இன்
 பமுந்துன்பமும் நிலையற்றனவென்ற ஆன்றோர் சொற்பொருளை
 நன்குணர்ந்து இடரெய்திடினும் இன்பம் இன்பமே யென்று
 எண்ணி இப்பிரயாணத்தாலெய்திய நுகர்ச்சிகளை நினைந்து மகிழ்
 வெய்தி வாழுகின்றோம்.

P. ஆறுமுகப்பெருமாள்,

III Vid.

“ கண்ணாய அருங்கல்வி ”

கண்ணாய அருங்கல்வி கற்றுப்பின் குவலயத்திற்
பண்பாய பொருளாற்றிப் பகிர்ந்திட்டே பயன்மேவ
நண்பாய கலனல்கி நலம்பெறவென் காதலவர்
விண்விழையு மாடமிளிர் வியனாண்ணு மலைநகரிற்
சென்றேயு மவரின்றே வந்திடுவர் கொலோதோழி !

கற்றவர்க ளெலாம்போற்றும் கலிகற்பே னாங்கென்றார்
கற்குங்கால் அவராங்கே கண்டிடுவர் ஒருவந்தம்
எற்போலும் இனைந்திடுவார் இரங்கிடுவார் இந்நிலையே.

அகத்திணையின் மிகத்திகழும் நானூறு கற்பெனென்றார்
அகங்கொளவே யவைதம்மை யமைக்குங்கால் அறிவாரே
அகமுனைந்தே அலமருமவ் அரிவையர்தம் இந்நிலையே.

உள்ளத்தை அள்ளுறாஉஞ் சிலம்பிணையான் கற்பெனென்றார்
உள்ளத்தே இழைக்குங்கால் உணர்வாரே வேண்மாளின்
உள்ளத்தே ஓர்ந்திருந்தே உயிர்கிடந்தாள் இந்நிலையே.

இன்பஞ்செய் காவியமாங் கம்பன்செய் காவியத்தை
இன்புபட வுணர்ந்திடுவன் ஆங்கென்றார் ; உணருங்கால்
நின்பிரிவிற் சடுமோகா டெனவுரைத்த உணர்வாரே.

பத்துப்பாட் டொருபாட்டா முல்லையினைக் கற்பெனென்றார்
பத்துப்பாட் டோதுங்காற் பார்ப்பாரே பரிவிரைய
நற்றேர்சேர் ஒலிகேட்டே நலமுற்றாள் இந்நிலையே.

எனவாங்கு,

இந்நலந் துன்னிய அந்நகர்ச் சென்றோர்
என்னலம் மறக்குநர் அல்லர் தோழி !
என்னிடத் தோளும் துடித்ததே
அன்றாய் வந்தான் அஞ்சல் ஆளே.

[இப் பஸ்தாழிசைக் கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா கல்வி குறித்துப் பிரிந்த தலைவன் கூறிச்சென்ற சில மொழிகளைத் தலைவி நினைந்து, இக்காரணத்தால் தலைவர் வருவர் எனத் தோழிக்குச் சொல்லி நிமித்தமுங் கூறியதுபோல இயற்றப்பட்டது.]

அ. சிதம்பரநாதஞ் சேட்டியார்,

V Hons.

நமது தாய்

உலகிலே உயர்ந்த மலையாகிய இமயமலை என்ற முடியைத் தனது தலையில் தரித்துக், கண்டோர்கண்களைக் கவரும் கன்னியாகுமரியென்ற கழலைத் தனது தாள்களில் தரித்து, கங்கை யமுனை காவிரி முதலிய முத்தாரங்களைப் பூண்டிருக்கிற நமது பாரத அன்னை தனது பழம் பெருமையை யிழந்து பாரில் பலர் பார்த்திருக்கப் பரிதவிக்கின்றாள்.

அவ் அன்னையின் தளையை நாம் அகற்ற வேண்டாமா? அவளுடைய புதல்வர்களில் ஆயிரக்கணக்கானவர்கள் உண்ண உணவின்றி, உடுக்க உடையின்றி, படுக்கப் பாயலின்றி, இருக்க இல்லமின்றித் தவிக்கிறார்கள். நமது அன்னையின் மக்களை வறுமை யென்ற கடலினின்று கரையேற்ற வேண்டியது நமது கடமையன்றோ?

நமது தாய் சிந்தை கலங்கி அவதிப்படுகையில் நாம் செய்வன செய்யாமல் செருக்குற்று வாழ்வது செய்யத்தக்கதா? நாம் உண்மையிலே ஆண்மக்கள் என்ற பெயரை எடுக்கவேண்டாமா?

நமது அனைக்கு நாம் செய்யவேண்டிய அரிய வேலைகள் யாவையென ஆராய்வோம். நமது மாதா நம்மைப் பார்த்து, “புதல்விகளே, புதல்வர்களே! உலகத்தை உற்று நோக்குங்கள். எனது சகோதரிகளாகிய அமெரிக்கா, ருஷியா (Russia), பிரான்ஸ் முதலிய பெண்கள் சுதந்திர மாதர்களாய் வாழ்கிறார்கள் என்று அறிவீர்கள். ஐயோ, யான் என்ன பாவஞ் செய்தேனோ? மக்களே, எனக்கு வந்த அவமானம் உங்களுக்கில்லையா? சகோதரர்களாகிய நீங்களே சச்சரவு செய்துகொள்வது சரியா? “ஒன்று பட்டா லுண்டு வாழ்வு” என்பதை நன்குணருங்கள். “நான் இந்தியன், நீ ஆங்கிலோ இந்தியன்; நான் மகமதியன், நீ இந்து; நான் பிராமணன்,

நீ பறையன்; நான் சென்னை வாசி, நீ கல்கத்தா வாசி; நான் தமிழன், நீ தெலுங்கன்” என்ற பிணக்குகள் இல்லாமல் யாமெல்லாம் எமதன்னையாம் பாரத தேவியின் புதல்வர்கள் என்பதை நினைத்து எனக்காகப் பாடுபடுங்கள்.

“இன்னல் வந்துற்றிடும் போததற் கஞ்சோம்
ஏழையராகி, யினிமண்ணிற் றுஞ்சோம்
தன்னலம் பேணியிழி தொழில் புரியோம்
தாய்த்திரு நாடெனிலினிக்கையை விரியோம்
கன்னலுந்தேனும் கனியுமின்பாலும்
கதலியும் செந்நெலும் நல்கு மெக்காலும்
உன்னத ஆரிய நாடெங்கள் நாடே
ஓதுவமிஃதை யெமக்கிலை ஈடே.”

என்று நாக்கடிப்பாக வாய்ப்பறை அறைமின்.

மெய்வருத்தம் பாராது, பசி நோக்காது, கண்துஞ்சாது, செவ்வி அருமையும் பாராமல் நீங்கள் முயற்சிசெய்தால் அம் முயற்சி வீண்போகாது. “மாதாவின் மனத்துயரை மாற்றிய மக்கள்” என்று உம்மை உலகம் கொண்டாடும்; உமது பெயர் பெரன்னெழுத்துக்களால் பொறிக்கப்படும். உரோமாபுரியின் (Rome) தேசாபிமானிகளாகிய புரூட்டஸ், ஹொரேஷியஸ், லார்ஷியஸ், ஹெர்மீனியஸ், மியூஷியஸ் முதலியோரையும், ஸ்பார்ட்ட ஸிம்மமாகிய வியோனிடாஸையும், ஸ்காட்லண்டின் உரிமையைத் தேடிய உவில்லியம் வாலெஸ் (William Wallace)ஐயும், இட்டலி சுதந்திரம் பெறும் பொருட்டுப் போராடிய காரிபால்டி (Garibaldi), மாஜினி முதலியவர்களையும், அமெரிக்காவிலுள்ள ஐக்கிய மாகாணங்களின் (U. S. A.) சுயாதீனத்தை நிலைநாட்டிய ஜார்ஜ் வாஷிங்டனையும், ஸ்விட்ஸர் லண்ட் (Switzerland) உரிமையைக்காத உவில்லியம் டெல்லையும் (William Tell), ஆஸ்திரியா (Austria)வின் அடல் வீரனாகிய கோஸத்தையும் எப்படி உலக மக்கள் கொண்டாடுகிறார்களோ, அப்படியே உம்மையும் உமக்குப் பின்னால் வரப் போகிறவர்கள் கொண்டாடுவார்கள்.

பெண்மணிகளே, உங்களது சகோதரர்களுக்குக் கூறிய வற்றை நீங்களும் கடைப்பிடியுங்கள். “பொது வாழ்வில் ஈடுபடுவது பெண்மைக்கழகல்ல” என்ற மனப்பான்மையைப் போக்குங்கள். பண்டைக்கால வீரமாதர்களின் வீரவாழ்க்கையையும், தேசாபிமானத்தையும் எண்ணிப்பாருங்கள். வீரப் புதல்வர்களைப் பெற்று, வீரப் பாக்களைப் பாடித் தாலாட்டுங்கள்.

‘நாம் பெண்கள், பேதைகள்; நம்மால் என்ன ஆகும்’ என்று எண்ணுதீர். ஜோன் ஆப் ஆர்க் (Joan of Arc) என்ற பெண்மணியினாலன்றே பிரான்சு தேசம் ஆங்கிலேயரிடமிருந்து விடுதலையடைந்தது? வல்மீனியா (Volumina) என்ற வணிகையினாலன்றே கொறிலேனஸ் (Coriolanus) பெரும் வீரனாக உரோமாபுரியில் திகழ்ந்தான்? பிரிட்டனை (Britain) உரோமர்களிடமிருந்து காப்பாற்றும் பொருட்டுப் போராடியது பொவடீஸியா (Boadicea) என்ற பெண்ணன்றே! சிவாஜி தனது தாயாகிய ஜீஜீபாயுக்கு எவ்வளவு கடமைப்பட்டவன்! தற்பொழுது வாழும் சரோஜினியின் தேசாபிமானம் எவ்வளவு பெரிது!

லோரைன் மாகாணத்தில் ப்ரன்ச் (French) மொழியின் மணமே வீசலாகாது என்று கட்டளையிட்டிருந்த ஜர்மானியரிடமிருந்து, தன் தாய் பேசும் பாஷையில் தங்கள் நாட்டார் கல்வி பயிலவேண்டும் என்று கேட்டு அங்ஙனமே கிடைக்கும்படி செய்ததும் ஒரு லோரைன் சிறுமியன்றே? என்னே அச்சிறுமியின் மொழிப்பற்றும் நாட்டுப்பற்றும்! அத்தகைய சிறுமி ஒருத்தி எனக்கிருந்தால் நானும் வீரமுடியணிந்து வீரக்கழல் தரித்து அமர்போற்ற அரியணையில் வீற்றிருக்கமாட்டேனோ?

பெண்களாகிய நம்மால் ஒன்றும் செய்யமுடியாது என்று எண்ணுதீர். உங்களாலேயே நான் உரிமைபெறவேண்டும். அந்நாளில் போரில் புறங்காட்டி ஓடிவந்த புருஷர்களை அவர்கள் மனைவிகள் தங்கள் மனைக்குள் விடாமல் வாயிற்படியை மூடி விடுவாராம்.

வீர மாதர்களின் வீரத்தைப் பின்பற்றி மன்னாவுலகத்து மன்னிய புகழ் நிறுவுங்கள்” என்று முறையிடுகின்றார்.

அவள் கதறும் கதறல் நம் காதுகளில் கணீரென்று கேட்க வில்லையா? கேட்கும் நாம் என்ன செய்கிறோம்? பட்டம், பதவிகளுக்காக நமக்குள்ளாகவே வேற்றுமைகளை வலிய ஏற்படுத்திக்கொண்டு நமது நாட்களை வீணில் கழிக்கின்றோம். “விழியுங்கள்; எழுந்திருங்கள், உங்கள் காரியம் கைகூடும்வரை ஊக்கங்கொண்டு உழையுங்கள்” என்று விவேகானந்த அடிகள் கூறியதைப் பொன்னேபோல் போற்றுவோமாக.

ப. அரங்கநாதன்,
III Hons.

மலையாளி : கன்னுப் போச்சு! கன்னுப் போச்சு!
தெலுங்கர் : கன்னு இருக்கே அதோ மூஞ்சியிலே.
தமிழர் : என்ன கன்னிப் போச்சு? என்ன? என்ன?
மலையாளி : பசுக்கன்னு போயி. மோட்டாரிலே போயி.

பருவங்கண்டி-ரங்கல்*

அஃதாவது: தலைவனைப் பிரிந்த தலைமகள் கார்காலத்தில் மீள்வனெனக் கூறிய தலைமகனைக் காணப்பெறுது தோழியை நோக்கிக் “கார்காலம் கலுழப்போந்ததே; கணவர் போந்திலரே” என வருந்திக் கூறியது.

தாழ்சை

1. “கடு” “கடு”ப் பெனவே யிடி—மு முக்கிடவே
கார்ப ரந்ததனைக் காண்ட
“விடுக” “விட்டிடுக” பெடைநலீர் நடையை
இடையே விட்டிடு மெனு நடையினர்
2. நீல ஆடையுடை மாத ரார்தமது
நீள மார்புடைய கணவர்தோள்
மாலை யார்புடைய மலையி லாடுவபோல்
மயில்க ளாடுவன மாயமோ!
3. காலை நேரமதிற் கன்றை நீத்துடனே
துன்றி மேய்தற்கே சென்ற ஆ
மாலை நேரமதில் ‘மா’ ‘ம’ வென்ற லறி
மடிகள் பால்—சொரிய வருவ பார்.
4. முல்லை கோவியர்கள் மெல்ல வேதமது
அல்லல் தீர அணி கொன்றையம்
நல்ல திங்குழலை அல்லி வாயதனிற்
புல்லி பாடுவன கேட்டையோ
5. அலைபோலுந் துயரத்தை அழியாத தோழி
அன்றைக்குக் கிடையாத இன்பத்தை ஈந்த
நிலையான கண்ணோட்ட மில்லாத கணவர்
நினைத்தெற்கு அருளத்தான் வருவார்கொல்

[மீண்டே.

B. C. LINGAM,
III Vid.

மேகவிடுதூது

“நூனவிநோதன்”

[கவி சுப்பிரமணிய பாரதியார்மீது அன்புடைய ஒருவர் அன்பின் பெருக்கால் தம்மைக் காதலியாகவும் பாரதியாரைக் காதலனாகவும் பாவித்து யாத்தது.]

1. மேலாப்பு விரித்தனைய மேகங்காள்! பன்மணியிற்
கோலஞ்செய் தார்மார்பன் குளிரிளங்கார் முகில்போலுஞ்
சிலனைநீர் கண்டரேல் என்னிலையைச் சொல்லிடுவீர்
மால்கொண்டாள் துயில்நீத்தாள் மேனிகொதித்
[தாளென்றே.
2. நேரார்தம் நீண்டும் நேர்மையுடன் நீர்சொரியும்
கார்முகில்காள்! பாற்புகழும் பாரதியைக் கண்டரேல்
பாரினிலோர் பெண்பேதை பரிவுடனே நாடோறும்
வாராரோ வெனவைகி வருந்துதலை வகுப்பிரே.
3. கோவைட மின்னியேயிக் காசினியைக் காத்திடுவீர்
தேவைமகிழ் புயற்குலங்காள்! பெண்ணொருத்தி நானுழ
நோவினையந் நாவலர்க்கு நவின்றிட்டால் நயமுடனே [லும்
பாவையெனக் குயிரளித்த பொற்புறுநற் பயன்பெறுவீர்.
4. மலையிருநல் லுச்சிமேவி களியாட்ட மயர்வுறுஞ்சீர்
குலைவிலாக்கார் முகிற்குலங்காள்! பெண்ணொருத்தி
[காதலற்று
மலைவுற்றாள் நெஞ்சமென்று அறிந்துமஃ தறியார்போல்
அலைவில்புகழ் அருங்கவியை விட்டழைத்தே ஏகிடுவீர்.
5. பாலாழி யதன்மீது பண்புறுநற் றுயில்புரியும்
நீலார நன்மார்பன் கொழுமேனிக் கொண்டல்காள்!
சேல்கொண்ட செழுந்தடங்கள் சூற்பலவின் கனிசேரக்
கால்பலவாய்ப் பாய்நாட்டுக் கோமாணக் கூவிரே.

M. S. RAMANUJAM,

III Hons.

அண்ணாமலைப் பல்கலைக்கழகத்
தமிழ்ப் பேரவை

1934-1935

புரவலர் :—உயர்திரு. திவான்பகதூர்,

S. E. அரங்கநாதன் அவர்கள், M.A., I.E.S.

பெருந்தலைவர் :—உயர்திரு. S. சோமசுந்தர பாரதியார்

அவர்கள், M.A., B.L.

2-ம் பருவத் தலைவர் :—திரு. G. இராஜவேலு அவர்கள்,

(B.A. JUNIOR)

அமைச்சர் :—திரு. M. C. கண்ணபிரான் அவர்கள்,

வித்துவான், IV.

காரியக் குழுவின் இதர அங்கத்தினர் :—

திரு. பண்டிதமணி மு. கதிரேசச் செட்டியார் அவர்கள்.

„ T. P. பழனியப்பப் பிள்ளை அவர்கள், வித்துவான்.

„ வித்துவான், சிவசுப்பிரமணிய ஐயர் அவர்கள், M.A.

„ K. கார்த்திகேயன் அவர்கள், வித்துவான் 2-ம் வகுப்பு.

„ S. இராமநாதன் அவர்கள், IV Hons.

„ A. S. வேதாத்தினம் அவர்கள், IV Hons.

புதிதாக அமைக்கப்பட்ட திட்டம் 1-10-34 முதல் ஆட்
சிக்கு வந்தது. இப்பருவத்தில் இலக்கியப் பகுதியின் ஆதர
வில் நான்கு சிறப்புக் கூட்டங்கள் நிகழ்ந்தன. அக்கரலை,
திருவாளர் இராமபிஷாரட்டி, M.A. அவர்கள் தலைமையில், Prof.
ஸ்ரீகண்டையா அவர்கள் “இலக்கியம்” என்ற பொருள்பற்றி
யும், திரு. பண்டிதமணி மு. கதிரேசச் செட்டியார் அவர்கள்
தலைமையில் திரு. C. R. நமச்சிவாய முதலியார், M.R.A.S.
அவர்கள் “தமிழர் யார்” என்ற பொருள்பற்றியும், Prof.
S. S. பாரதியார் அவர்கள் தலைமையில் திரு. N. கந்தசாமிப்

பின்னே அவர்கள் “குறுந்தொகை” என்ற பொருள்பற்றியும், வித்துவான் S. கணபதி B.A. அவர்கள் “கூட்டுக் தமிழ் அறிக்கை” என்ற பொருள்பற்றியும் சொற்பொழிவாற்றினார்கள்.

இனி, சொற்போர்க் கூட்டங்களில் பின்வரும் பொருள் களைப்பற்றி வாதம் நடந்தது :—

1. மேனாட்டு நாகரீகத்தினும் நம் நாட்டு நாகரீகமே தலை சிறந்தது.

2. சட்டசபையில் காங்கிரஸ் கலந்துகொள்ளுதல் நலமன்று.

3. நம் நாட்டு ஆங்கிலக் கல்விமுறை நலம் பயப்பது ஒன்றன்று.

4. நம் நாடு சாத்வீக வழிகளான் அன்றிக் கொடும் போரினால் சதந்திரம் அடையமுடியாது.

5. சுயராஜ்யத்தைவிடச் சமூக சீர்திருத்தமே நம் நாட்டிற்கு இப்பொழுது தேவை.

மேற்கண்ட தீர்மானங்களில் 1, 5 ஆகியவற்றை அவை ஒப்புக்கொண்டு 2, 3, 4 ஆகியவற்றைத் தள்ளிவிட்டது.

இவையேயன்றி இலக்கியப் பொதுக் கூட்டம் ஒன்று நிகழ்ந்தது. அக்காலை, பண்டிதமணி மு. கதிதேசச் செட்டியார் அவர்கள் தலைமையில், வித்துவான் மறை. திருநாவுக்கரசு அவர்கள் “சமய வேற்றுமை யொற்றுமைக் கிடையூறுகாது” என்ற பொருள்பற்றிச் சொற்பொழிவாற்றினார்கள்.

கழக அலுவல் நேரங்களில், முதற் பருவத் தலைவர் திரு. A. சிதம்பரநாதஞ் செட்டியார், B.A. அவர்களது நன்றியைப் பாராட்டிய தீர்மானமும், திரு. குமார ராஜா, M. A. முத்தையா செட்டியார், B.A. அவர்கள் இரண்டாம் முறையும் சென்னை நகரசபைத் தலைவர் (Mayor) பதவி எய்தியதை அறிந்து

மகிழ்ந்து வாழ்த்திய தீர்மானமும், திரு. S. சத்தியமூர்த்தி அவர்கள், திரு. சாமிவெங்கடாசலஞ் செட்டியார் அவர்கள் ஆகிய இருவரும் இந்தியா சட்டசபை உறுப்பினர்களாய்த் தேர்ந்தெடுக்கப்பட்டமைக்கு மகிழ்ந்து வாழ்த்திய தீர்மானமும் ஒரே மனதாக நிறைவேறின.



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Our Exchange List

- The Madras Christian College Magazine, December 1934.
A Government College Miscellany, Mangalore,
November 1934.
- The Kumbakonam College Magazine, November 1934.
- The Magazine, St. Thomas' College, Trichur,
December 1934.
- St. Joseph's College Magazine, Trichinopoly,
January 1935.
- The Madras Law College Magazine, December 1934.
- The National College Magazine, Trichinopoly,
November 1934,
- Hindu College Magazine, Masulipatam, December 1934.
- Findlay College Magazine, Mannargudi, December 1934.
- The Hindu Theological High School Magazine, Madras,
December 1934.
- Quarterly Journal of the Mythic Society, Bangalore,
January 1935.
- K. R. High School Magazine, Muttra-Vasart, 1935.
- The Lingaraj College Miscellany, Belgaum,
February 1935.
- The Loyola College Magazine, Madras.
- Macmillan's Educational Bulletin, February 1935.



Our Exchange List

The Madras Christian College Magazine, December 1934
A Government College Magazine, Madras, November 1934
The Kumbakonam Literary Magazine, November 1934
The Magazine of Thomas College, Trichy
St. Joseph's College, Madras, February 1935
The Madras Law College Magazine, Trichy, 1935

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