



16.7 million true
COLOURS
(who knows)

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I will never forget the day I got my first cell phone. I had asked my father for permission beforehand and he had agreed, a fact that had surprised me, because for some weird reason I thought he would not approve. I started doing research work online. I cannot remember how many times I had browsed through the 'Middle East and North Africa' section in the official website of Nokia. (We are living in K.S.A. at the time. A was to get my first ever cell phone and I wanted it to be the most perfect one ever, fully fixing all my requirements and most importantly fitting into my father's approved budget.

On a weekend, the day before I had a major Biology test in class and I was busy preparing for it. My father came back from his office and dumped a pink coloured packet onto my lap. I did not have to open it or peep inside to know what it contained. YES...!!! I had finally gotten my cell phone. Nokia 6131.

The next few hours was spent in texting every friend of mine announcing that I finally have a phone. I would describe each and every feature of it to anybody who would listen. I especially remember irritating my sister telling her every alternate hour "You know, it has 16.7 million true colours."





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I used to continuously text my friends even when there was nothing much to say just for the fun of it. The continuous beep-beep of the SMS alerts used to drive my mother mad. I used to tell her "See, it is useful. Every time She completes so and so portion she will give me a missed call or send an SMS. It is much better than making an actual call." I do not remember exactly how she used to respond to that.

Time passed. My school life finally got over and I returned to India for my higher studies. No matter where I went to always carried my phone with me, and I mean even passing from room to room. I did not want to miss opening a message on time and not replying it soon enough. I had disposed of my first ever sim card, my one and only Saudi number, and had taken an Indian sim. In the six months that followed my departure from Saudi and actual admission to college my main phone contact was my mother. She used to call me literally every day to ask how I was doing and how are things regarding my admission to college etc.

I finally joined for Computer Science Engineering. One of the first advices I got from my family regarding cell phone usage was "Never attend calls from unknown numbers." That is something, which I still follow. In the beginning, I never used to take my cell phone to college fearing that it might get stolen. My classmates assured me that nothing of the sort would happen and I started bringing it to college.

After every working day when I got back home, I will HAVE to have an SMS chat with each and every friend, otherwise the day would feel incomplete. The chats will mainly be about events that happened that same day. It is a totally different experience recounting those events and laughing your heads off it. Despite the fact that my elders kept reminding me "You just spent the entire day with them and will see them again tomorrow. What more will you possibly have to tell them?" I feel the need to contact them somehow. And by somehow I mean via my cell phone. I guess it is a girl's thing.

I was happy to see that every classmate of mine was always glued to their cell phones just as I was, maybe even more, a fact that I constantly reminded my family every time they complained I spend too much time playing with it. Then came the season of sim cards being available at extremely cheap rates, like Rs. 20/ sim and in certain cases absolutely FREE! With more mobile operators emerging by the day, all my friends were in a hurry to get a new sim card. One day I would hear "So and so has got a good call rate so I am shifting to that." Next day it would be "It wasn't as good as I thought. The network coverage is not good. So I am changing to this one." It became a common thing for one person to own multiple numbers. Every other day I would get an sms saying "Hey this is me. This is my new number." 99% of the time, these new numbers don't stay and people just keep going back to use their old numbers. I might even be the only person in my class who has stuck to one number since the past three years.

I am not sure why I never felt the need to change my number. Maybe the introduction of those fabulous SMS offers had something to do with it. I love texting and have been recharging with these offers ever since they began. In fact, I just did it again a couple of days back. Another reason why I did not go for anew number



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was because my international SMS rate is RE.1/sms. Since I got a good number of contacts in KSA and UAE, this is an added bonus. Most of my friends get charged with either Rs. 3 or 5 /SMS.

Everyday my phone would beep at least 20 times announcing the arrival of forwards from my friends. Sometimes, these will be silly jokes or may be ultra philosophical messages (both of which I mostly delete after reading, sometimes even before that). Other times, these will be touching messages regarding love and friendship, family values etc. Then there are also messages solely intended to fool the reader. I do not make or receive much phone calls, its mainly just texting for me. There were several times when I was jobless and I would simply text my friends with "Hey! Vat r u doing?" or "I am sooooo bored..." And I will get really excited if one of them responds, hence leading to an SMS chat.

I am about to step foot into my final year in college and I can honestly say my cell phone usage has not deviated one bit. The hardest time for me was probably two years back when my phone had some problems and I had to get another one. My major means of contacting others was lost. I felt like I was transported back to stone age. Every year when I go to KSA for my visa renewal, one thing that will make me sad is that I won't be able to stay in touch with my buddies.

One of my best friend remains out of credit most of the time. Even though I know that I will not get a reply from her, I will text her now and then with random stuff. On my defense, I also text important things. The random texting which I just mentioned only forms a minor case. I might even go to the extent of saying some times texting with my phone is a means for me to express myself

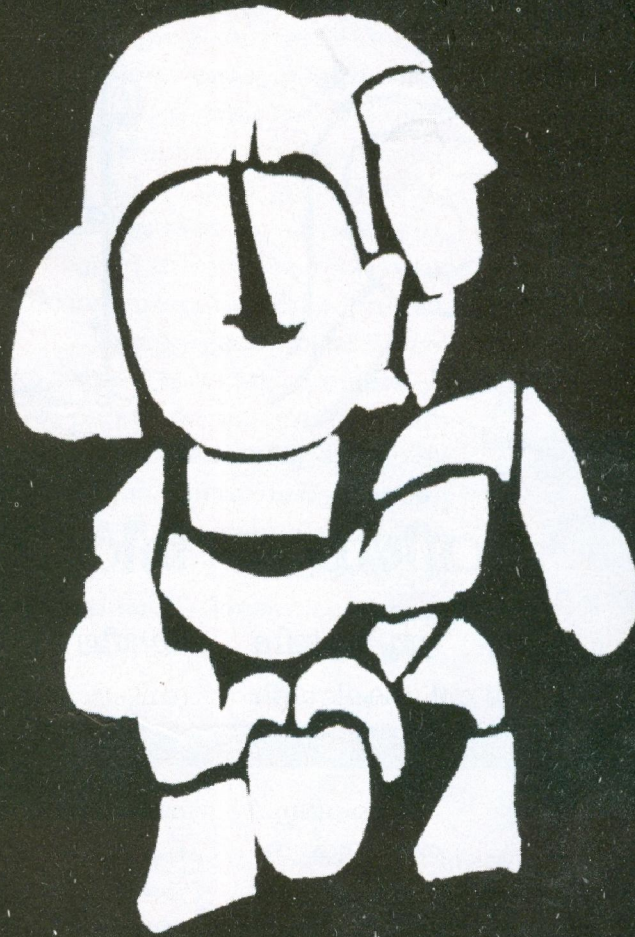
Am I addicted to cell phone? I do not know.



പതിനാലാം

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Am I U
Rishana K.P.
(B.A. English)

What a life!
Lacking safe.
Unbelievable stories.
Hyperbolic miseries.
Once has a look
ha, then caught by hook.
When she behold the man
with serious faces.
Quickly have a ran
then to where? ha, into
trapped houses.
Oh! What a life!



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A. Najda
(B.A. English)

Some deepest shallow concerns



മരസീ

The playback intelligentsia of post modern India, while scripting the nation, has contributed yet another slogan for the national culture, which is no wonder, 'survival of the profit'. So far, the changes adapted by the land of half naked fakirs and half dressed bollywood begums were all part of the worldly phenomenon of changes. So did the commodity- culture, such was its impact, that all the resources including man and woman got tagged in price as goods and commodities. Amidst the evolution of diversities and cultural nationalization, some more pages both joyous and sorrowful get added into the record book of history.

But by the beginning of the last century, our 'womanhood' has been hospitalized and from the very moment of entry, it has been undergoing scanning of specialization under different titles like 'Woman and politics', 'Woman and science', 'Woman and media', 'Woman in literature', 'Woman of literature', 'Woman of sports' etc. Though the scan reports were not up to the mark, they played a vital role

in empowering and educating the succeeding generations. The fair sex has started rewriting the existing records and is framing new theories. Disentangling on one side is but becoming complicated on the other and was not yet attained the rhythm.

The society as a whole has paid enormous amount of interest as an impact of the non participation of women in setting the society's agenda. Day by day, more and more hazards are sprouting, shaking the balance of the society. Don't worry for the moment, for, we have some women galaxies indulged in the activity of illuminating the dark aspects. Remember our concern is neither a women free world nor women's only world. Also it does not mean that men completely responsible for the growing anarchy. A little of action as well as indifference also constitute the issues. Take for example, the situation in Kerala. Here we can locate three types of girls in schools and colleges. First



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STILL THERE ARE MANY
FISSURES IN THE FOUNDATION
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group consists of a studious network confined in syllabus-texts and notes that they don't know any other aspect of life. The second is the leisurely team, for them life is an encyclopedia of enjoyments. The third group, though less populated is socially, politically and psychologically aware of the prevailing situations in the world. All are more creatively alive and alert. The perspectives of the majority, here, are encompassed and are revolving around marriage, children, fashion and costumes. Though there are many women employees in every productive firm, they are either not willing to interfere or are not concerned with reforms. With all these pages of discussions and debates, the norms and ideals of 'what women ought to be' perspective has been greatly revived almost in favor of womanhood.

During this accession, we cannot forget some great personages who sacrificed their time and resources to ease the path before the women. They were really fighting against the existing anti feminine aspects of the society or we can say, they possessed the guts through plunged in controversies. In India there is seen a tendency to blame 'westernization' for every wrongs in the society. But many hearts are there, praying for the westernization in dowry system (no dowry system) which is still a curse of Indian civilization. When relationship gets measured in coins, life becomes more and more mechanical. Profit becomes the soul motive. And survival, the password.

One of the philosophic interpretations on the creation is that the God has created human beings in the

language of science, in the language of mathematics – adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing.

Small wonder, if life become a see-saw of loss and gain. From biscuits to brides everything is meant on calculations. Conferences cry for values and morality through words and less by deeds as if they are waiting for a magician with a wand. Psychologically, the primary motives of human beings are food, drink, warmth and shelter but their secondary objectives are friendship, freedom, honor, power, wealth, fame, love etc. Lack of primary concerns will end up in physical revolutions whereas the lack of secondary objectives create mental conflicts. The theory is applicable equally on men and women. Still there are many fissures in the foundation where spotlight has not yet reached.

Assaults, molestations and murders occupy a major portion of our media and have become 'not a news' at all. Victimization gets naturalized. But the Murdochisation of these serious happenings are retarding the progress of all institutions even this era of scientific and technological advancement. Even the court-judges ask women to take care of themselves. From time immemorial, social safety of women is a headache for almost all the civilizations, still, an effective system is not launched. The social scientists are writing, re writing, discussing and debating on the matter treating it as a mere subject under discussion, instead of choking out the remedies. Remedies are there, but in principles and mostly not in practices. But as women, we have many other Kodak moments. The rising star among writers, the Indian born Chetan Bagath portrays powerful female characters with potential and guts apart from the stereotype feminine images, that too from Indian background.



There were uncles, grand uncles who had loud voices and who were pampered rotten by the women folk but it looked kind of patronizing on the part of the women, now I realize the women were playing the part to keep their already sagging dignity intact- a mere ploy.
Memoir of an old student.



സ്മൃതി

ZAHEERA RAHMAN

ഗതകാലവട്ടം

Some Wandering Thoughts of a Liberated Woman



ശ്യാമപ്രസാദ്

When growing up the gender difference was not too evident to my uncritical eye. Everything was so very aristocratically English and to top it matriarchal of the Malabar Muslim community and so suppression of women wouldn't have been too evident to a naïve girl's eyes. There were uncles, grand uncles who had loud voices and who were pampered rotten by the women folk but it looked kind of patronizing on the part of the women or so it seemed to me then, now I realize the women were playing the part to keep their already sagging dignity intact- a mere ploy.

When I was at school during the 70s I did not so much feel the insecurity of being a girl. It could not have been because there were no rules restraining women for the prevalent conception has always been women must curb her visibility as much as she can, not laugh aloud like the men folk, imprison her gait and gestures to the extent that it begins to look awkward, not play freely with boys, restrain the unruly hair; hundreds of such unwritten rules which I had to follow. However, my father though a great believer in propriety did not let me feel I was the weaker



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സി.കെ. ജാനു

കേരളത്തിന്റെ അധഃസ്ഥിത വിഭാഗത്തിൽനിന്ന് തലതൊട്ടപ്പന്മാരില്ലാതെ ഉയർന്നുവന്ന മാണിക്യം

സിവിക് ചന്ദ്രൻ



sex, he sent me to the same school as my brothers went to, valued my counsel, had adult to adult conversations with me and perhaps I grew up healthily gendered in a way undeterred by dominant discourses. As a child you are freer to choose. I went to school at the cosmopolitan Kendriya Vidyalaya where we spoke all languages and interacted openly and I for one didn't realize I was of a different gender from my male classmates. I was not told to beware of the opposite sex. Nor did we generally speaking project our sexuality, until we actually grew up into young adults and naturally developed sexual instincts. We were deprived of the modern age training to ooze sexuality at six if you are a female.

When in my 20s I was a student at Farook College though there might have been rules restricting the female, but I didn't feel the burden of my sex so much that I needed to protest. The teachers never hesitated when they had to choose between a male and a female student, and I and most of my female classmates were often encouraged to take the lead despite being women. Nevertheless there must have been female students who might have had strong views about being a female and felt some of the segregating rules hard to swallow and had to make themselves look comic and ludicrous to project themselves as emancipated females in a male ruled world. The three times colonized creature did exist as the Muslim woman in a third world country.

All most all the Muslim girls wore a veil and I copied the majority without question. Until then I had not been told wearing the veil was an integral part of one's religion for

THE THREE TIMES COLONIZED CREATURE DID EXIST AS THE MUSLIM WOMAN IN A THIRD WORLD COUNTRY.

women. My father was a devoted Muslim but he had told us that there were more important things as humanity, modesty and honesty and if you entertained these qualities it would be reflected in the way you related to people and behaved in public. Dressing would naturally be modest if you thought modest and not vice versa, besides dress codes and the value system did not merely pertain to women. To me therefore, the veil was then more of a fashion statement and not something forced upon me and I didn't bother much if my veil slipped.

The fact that as a woman I didn't question these sartorial conventions until later when I was ordered to follow them shows how well as a woman I had internalized these apparently innocuous euphemistically constructed codes women are persuaded to follow. But it was also a bit different then, religion was then not so much of a politicized entity then as it is now and many of these rules did not come sugar coated making it seem women enjoy better freedom now when they do not and they are now even more intellectually repressed with male ideologies and male desires ruling the roost.

When I started working as a college lecturer I noticed that it is the common perception in the



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പി.ടി. ഉഷ

കഴിവിനെ പരമാവധി പ്രയോജനപ്പെടുത്തി താൻ പ്രവർത്തിക്കുന്ന മേഖലയിലേക്ക് ജനശ്രദ്ധ ആകർഷിച്ചു

ഡോ. എൻ.പി. സെനീന

HOW EVIL AND PREDATORY MEN MAKE THEMSELVES SEEM BY IMPOSING CERTAIN DRESS CODES ON WOMEN.

community that only women who cover themselves up without a strand of hair showing are considered chaste. I have also noticed that in certain spaces when you go around without bandaging your bust, you are immediately perceived as loose or modern. Modern if your attire is rich and loose if your clothes are cheap. Men who look askance at your slipping veil are actually not so obsessed with morals; they are just quicker in noticing your physicality.

Why do the female embrace the extremes now? I can only see young girls catering to the male dictum of either covering up from top to toe in black gowns or exposing in skimpy dresses to delight the roving eye. The vantage point is always the male – cover from head to foot so that the male is not tempted, expose so that the male can fantasize. How evil and predatory men make themselves seem by imposing certain dress codes on women. Women tend to grab some of these directives as a life-line when they come disguised in the form of security, salvation or insulation against evil temptations, especially in a world in which discourses say that man's natural libido is too difficult to control and women again 'naturally' blessed with immense capacity to suffer can only be protected from man's raw sexual hunger (even if he were living in civilization for 1000s of years) only if she is bundled up in loose garments with no delicious flesh showing. The

rule meant as a protection in wartime for women against men of a ruthless, wild race stands good for the 20th century men and women who have practicing culture and control for at least 14 centuries!

In affluent societies women find fulfillment with financial support of her sufficiently well-off father and 'modern' husband. They do seem to live a contended life, uncomplicated and not a part of the larger warring society. However there are times when like men, women do not live by bread alone and then when she needs to fulfill her inner potential she finds the environment hostile, an environment, that she conspired to create with her complicit silence.

How would she who cooks for pleasure, travels often to luxury spots and has her beauty nap every noon, understand female woes? The woes of women for whom life is a long battle to keep her husband and children well fed clean and happy (and do not believe the ads and think it is as easy and glamorous as opening a tin or a bottle and pouring the contents into a container or vessel) with endless filling of tiffins, washing dishes, clothes, cleaning, organizing, running errands and finally rushing to the workplace forgetting to drink her tea.

There are several instances of working women being tortured because she has trespassed into male territory, travelling women subjected to endless miseries, women enduring insults at the workplace to avoid further humiliation; many of the injustices we are unaware of for there have been for centuries unquestioned social discourses that endorse these 'crimes'.

All this unfairness has been



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കമല സുരൂ

തനിക്കു ശരിയെന്നു തോന്നിയ ആദർശത്തെ ആർജ്ജവത്തോടെ മുറുകിപ്പിടിച്ച മനുഷ്യസ്ത്രീ

സലാം വാണിയമ്പലം



overlooked for a longtime that it is normal for young women to consider it magnanimity on the part of prospective grooms to permit them to continue their studies after marriage. My brilliant female students beg me not to have extra classes on Saturdays for it would mean asking the mother in law or father in law for an extra favour. How odd that the female as the daughter -in -law has to beg for a space to move in when the male as son-in -law is presented with luxury cars to speed in? And we keep denying there is segregation. But then these discourses have been so commonly unquestioned that what seems outrageous is the order of the day. For instance a gentleman arguing for polygamy so earnestly related an example of a married man who wouldn't give up his lecherous ways. He was persuaded to marry a second time but there was no end to his reckless lust and he was offered a third and fourth wife. This reportedly made him relatively harmless. The otherwise sane and sober gentleman who related this smugly announced that the option should be made available to all that peace reigns in society; the term legal prostitution didn't occur to him either.

Some women are willing to sacrifice their lives to keep their dissolute partners happy and such women are considered noble and virtuous. I have often wondered how women can be termed noble when she encourages lazy ineffectual men to remain so and propagate the message that women are ever ready to support redundancy in slothful men!

Women may now have the equality and freedom she didn't ask for- there are no separate queues for

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women when she is hurrying home from work but there are still dangers lurking in the dark for women, there are soppy serials galore to entertain her and she has learnt to mould her intellect to accept the soppy stuff. Many women are making the most of their ill won freedom by embracing the comforts of a sedentary life style in front of the idiot box too tired to be troubled about the consequences and only to be made objects of mockery. Women are branded as crybabies and dunces by the entertainment industry even when countless women climb peaks of victory in every field.

Why I should have remained not too concerned about women's liberation except as literature should be attributed to the fact that I have been lucky with the men in my immediate family and selfishly I didn't worry about the rest of my species. The gap between different categories of women makes it almost impossible for women who really struggle to find a niche for themselves to be heard or seen. Do not aspire to be more than what you are designed to be by the dominant male discourse (and sometimes female), is the loud message.

*Zaheera Rahman,
Teacher & author*



പാഠി

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അരുന്ധതി റോയ്

ഉറച്ച നിലപാട്, അടിച്ചമർത്തപ്പെട്ടവരുടെ ശബ്ദം, ആണവവിപത്തിനെന്തെ? ഒരു സന്ധിയില്ലാ സമരം, മനുഷ്യാവകാശത്തിനായി പോരാട്ടം

ജന്തു



അഫ്സാൽ

The Homemaker

M. Labeeba

(M.A. English)

"In those days, my world shrinks to the size of a peanut.

One day when I got out of my bedroom

I could hardly breath

From now on, I lose my voice too..."

This was the costatnt sob of grief in her heart who can

answer to these 'cept me the deceive?

"Remember the days when you were on the cloud nine

All the dreams and you are doomed

Barrenness of the mind is the key."

What? She stood up pestrified

Is this the man who talked of all glories of

love of all the beauties in the world, rapturously?

Isn't there any chance to escape from

This deviled world?

Not even a chance?

Worn out, she fell down to the floor

But who can answer to her queries

'cept me, the cheat?



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വീണ്ടെടുക്കേണ്ട അസ്തിത്വം

പി. മുസ്ന മുഹമ്മദ്

(ബി.എ. ഇക്കണോമിക്സ്)

ചരിത്രാതീത കാലം മുതൽക്കുതന്നെ സ്ത്രീ മനുഷ്യകുലത്തിലുള്ളതാണോ, അല്ലെങ്കിൽ അവളുടെ ആത്മാവ് മനുഷ്യന്റെതാണോ, അവൾ പുരുഷനു തുല്യയാണോ എന്നൊക്കെ പ്രാകൃത സമൂഹങ്ങൾ ചർച്ച നടത്തി. ക്രിസ്തീയ ധർമ്മശാസ്ത്രപ്രകാരം സ്ത്രീയെ പുരുഷന്റെ വാരിയെല്ലിൽനിന്നും സൃഷ്ടിച്ചതാണെന്നും ആദിപാപത്തിന് ഉത്തരവാദി സ്ത്രീയാണെന്നും വായിച്ചെടുക്കാനാവും. ഇസ്ലാം സൃഷ്ടിയുടെ കാര്യത്തിൽ ക്രിസ്തീയ വിശ്വാസത്തോട് താദാത്മ്യം പ്രാപിക്കുന്നുണ്ടെങ്കിലും ആദിപാപത്തിൽ സ്ത്രീയുടെ മുൻനടത്തം അംഗീകരിക്കുന്നില്ല. സമകാലിക സാഹചര്യത്തിൽ സ്ത്രീത്വം ചർച്ചാവിഷയമാകുന്നത് അവർ അനുഭവിക്കുന്ന പീഡനതാഡനങ്ങൾക്കു പുറമെ, അവകാശ നിഷേധം കൂടിയുണ്ട് എന്നതിനാലാണ്.

ഗർഭപാത്രത്തിൽനിന്ന് ഭൂമിയിലേക്കും സ്വഗൃഹത്തിൽനിന്ന് ഭർതൃഗൃഹത്തിലേക്കും പിന്നീട് ചിതയിലേക്കുമല്ലാതെ പുറത്തു കടക്കാൻ പറ്റാത്ത വിധം സ്ത്രീയെ അകത്തെ ജനം(അന്തർജനം) ആക്കിയാണ് ചിലരെങ്കിലും നാമകരണം നടത്തിയത്. ഗാർഹികഭാരം വഹിക്കുന്ന സ്ത്രീ പുറത്തിറങ്ങി സമൂഹത്തിൽ അള്ളിപ്പിടിച്ചു കിടക്കുന്ന ദുരാചാരങ്ങൾക്കും അന്ധവിശ്വാസങ്ങൾക്കും എതിരെ പ്രവർത്തിക്കുന്നത് കുറ്റകരമായി വിധിക്കപ്പെട്ടത് എന്നു മുതലാണെന്നതിനു വിശ്വാസയോഗ്യമായ തെളിവുകളൊന്നുമില്ല.

ആദിമനുഷ്യൻ ആദമിന്റെ ഏകാന്തതയ്ക്ക് അറുതി വരുത്താൻ ദൈവം പടച്ച ഇണ വീടിന്റെ ഉറക്കറയിൽ ഒതുങ്ങി നിന്നതുകൊണ്ടുണ്ടായ ദുഷ്ടങ്ങൾ എന്തൊക്കെയെന്ന ഒരു പഠനം നടത്തിയതായി അറിവില്ലെങ്കിലും കാലം പറഞ്ഞു തരുന്ന ചില യാഥാർത്ഥ്യങ്ങളുണ്ട്. ഹവ്വയിൽ തുടങ്ങി ഫറവൊ ചക്രവർത്തിയുടെ ഭാര്യയിലൂടെ, മുസാ നബിയുടെയും ഈസാ നബിയുടെയും മാതാക്കളിലൂടെ, പ്രവാചകഭാര്യമാരിലൂടെ സമൂഹരിക്കപ്പെട്ട സ്ത്രീജനത്തെ കാണാമെങ്കിലും അവളുടെ അസ്തത്വം ചോദ്യം ചെയ്യപ്പെടാൻ വിധം വ്യക്തിത്വം നഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടവളായി തീർന്നതിന്റെ കാരണവും അജ്ഞാത മെന്നേ പറയാനാവും.



പരിതി

സമൂഹഗാത്രത്തിലെ പാതിയായി വിശേഷിപ്പിച്ചുവന്ന സ്ത്രീജനം ഇന്ത്യൻ ജനസംഖ്യാനുപാതത്തിൽപോലും മേൽക്കോയ്മ അവകാശപ്പെടുമ്പോഴും നിയമസഭയിലും പാർലമെന്റിലും എത്തുമ്പോൾ നൂറിന്റെ പകുതിയായ അൻപതിനു പകരം മുപ്പതിലേക്ക് പരിമിതപ്പെടുത്തുന്നു. ന സ്ത്രീ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യമർഹിത(സ്ത്രീ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം അർഹിക്കുന്നില്ല) എന്ന മനുവിയൻ ആശയം മുതൽ സതി എന്ന തിട്ടുരത്തിലേക്ക് സ്ത്രീയെ കൊണ്ടെത്തിച്ച ഏതു സംഹിതയെയാണ് പഴി ചാരേണ്ടത് എന്ന നിഗമനത്തിലെത്താനാവുന്നില്ല. ചരിത്രബോധമുള്ള ഒരു സമൂഹത്തിൽനിന്നല്ല, മനുഷ്യൻ എന്ന പദത്തിന്റെ ഉൽപത്തിയായ മനീഷി എന്ന വാക്കിന്റെ അർത്ഥംപോലും ഗ്രഹിക്കാത്തവരിൽനിന്നാണ് ഈ അപച്യുതി സ്ത്രീത്വത്തിനു നേരിട്ടത്.

സോളമൻ രാജാവിന്റെ ചക്രവർത്തിനി ബൽക്കീസ് രാജ്ഞിയിൽനിന്നു തുടങ്ങി ഷജാതുദ്ദുർറിലൂടെ, ഇരുമ്പുവനിത എലിസബത്തിലൂടെ, സരോജിനിയായിഡുവിലൂടെ പൂർവ്വ ചരിത്രം അവകാശപ്പെടാവുന്ന സ്ത്രീത്വത്തിന്റെ പതനത്തിന് മേൽക്കോയ്മ നേടിയത് ബ്രാഹ്മണ കാലഘട്ടത്തിലായിരിക്കണം. ഇന്ദിര ഗാന്ധി, ബേനസീർ ഭൂട്ടോ, ഷെയ്ഖ് ഹസീന, സിരിമാവോ ബണ്ഡാരനായകെ, അക്വിനോ തുടങ്ങിയവർ പല രാജ്യങ്ങളുടെ അധികാരസ്ഥാനം നേടിയെടുത്തു മധ്യവർഗത്തിലെ സ്ത്രീ പിന്നാക്കാവസ്ഥയുടെ ഗർഭത്തിൽനിന്ന് പിടഞ്ഞെഴുന്നേൽക്കാനുള്ള ശ്രമത്തിന് ആക്കം കൊടുക്കേണ്ട ബാധ്യത നമ്മിലുണ്ടെന്നതാണ് ആകെത്തുക. സാക്ഷരതാനിരക്കിൽ കാലാകാലങ്ങളായി പിന്നിലെ ചക്രമാവാൻ വിധിക്കപ്പെട്ട സ്ത്രീജനത്തിന്റെ ഔന്നത്യത്തിലൂടെ മാത്രമെ സാമൂഹിക വളർച്ച പൂർണ്ണമാവൂ എന്ന തിരിച്ചറിവ് ഇനിയും വൈകിക്കൂട.

ഏതു മഹാവിജയത്തിനു പിന്നിലും സ്ത്രീയുണ്ടെന്നതു മാറ്റി ഏതു വിജയത്തിനു മുന്നിലും പെണ്ണുണ്ടെന്ന മറുമൊഴി ജനിക്കേണ്ട സമയം അതിക്രമിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. പെണ്ണെഴുത്തിലൂടെയും ദൃശ്യമാധ്യമ പരമ്പരകളിലൂടെയും തോക്കെടുക്കുന്നവളായി പരിണിചിതലൂടെ സ്ത്രീത്വം സടകുടഞ്ഞെഴുന്നേറ്റു എന്നുപറയാനാവില്ല. എന്നാൽ കണ്ണീരിന്റെ കദനകഥകൾ കുത്തിനിറച്ച പരമ്പരകളിലെ സ്ത്രീയായി ഹോമിക്കപ്പെടാനും അവൾനിന്നുകൊടുക്കരുത്.

അതിതീവ്രത ആവശ്യപ്പെടുന്ന ഫെമിനിസത്തിന്റെയും അന്തർജനത്തിന്റെയും സതിയുടെയും ഭാഷ മാത്രം പരിചയമുള്ള ചരിത്രത്തിലെ സ്ത്രീയുടെയും മധ്യേയാണ് അവളുടെ സ്ഥാനം കൂടികൊള്ളുന്നത് എന്ന തിരിച്ചറിവാണ് ആവശ്യം. ചരിത്രത്തിന്റെ ദശാസന്ധികളിലെന്നോ കൈമോശം വന്നുപോയ സ്ത്രീത്വത്തിന്റെ അസ്തിത്വവും വ്യക്തിത്വവും വീണ്ടെടുക്കാനുള്ള ശ്രദ്ധേയമായ ചില ചുവടുവയ്പ്പുകൾ കാലം താൽപ്പര്യപ്പെടുന്നു എന്നു ബോധ്യം വരേണ്ടതുണ്ട്.

അത്തരം പരമ്പരകൾ തരുന്ന സന്ദേശവും മറിച്ചൊന്നുമല്ല.

അതിതീവ്രത ആവശ്യപ്പെടുന്ന ഫെമിനിസത്തിന്റെയും അന്തർജനത്തിന്റെയും സതിയുടെയും ഭാഷ മാത്രം പരിചയമുള്ള ചരിത്രത്തിലെ സ്ത്രീയുടെയും മധ്യേയാണ് അവളുടെ സ്ഥാനം കൂടികൊള്ളുന്നത് എന്ന തിരിച്ചറിവാണ് ആവശ്യം. ചരിത്രത്തിന്റെ ദശാസന്ധികളിലെന്നോ കൈമോശം വന്നുപോയ സ്ത്രീത്വത്തിന്റെ അസ്തിത്വവും വ്യക്തിത്വവും വീണ്ടെടുക്കാനുള്ള ശ്രദ്ധേയമായ ചില ചുവടുവയ്പ്പുകൾ കാലം താൽപ്പര്യപ്പെടുന്നു എന്നു ബോധ്യം വരേണ്ടതുണ്ട്. ഇത്തരമൊരു അവബോധത്തിലൂടെ മാത്രമെ സ്ത്രീത്വത്തിന്റെ സമുദ്ധാരണം സംഭവിക്കൂ എന്ന് തിരിച്ചറിയേണ്ടതുണ്ട്. തമസ്കരിക്കപ്പെടുന്ന സ്ത്രീചരിത്രത്തെയും ഭൂമിയുടെ എല്ലാ കോണിലും പീഡനപര്യായമാക്കപ്പെടുന്നവളുടെയും മോചനമാണ് അർത്ഥമാക്കേണ്ടത്. ഗർഭപാത്രം വാടകയ്ക്ക് കൊടുക്കുന്നിടത്തോ മാതൃത്വം തന്നെ പണയപ്പെടുത്തുന്നിടത്തോ അല്ല സ്ത്രീത്വത്തിന്റെ മഹിമ എന്നും മറിച്ചാണ് വസ്തുത എന്നുമുള്ള യാഥാർത്ഥ്യബോധത്തിലേക്ക് നാം ഉണർന്നെഴുന്നേൽക്കണം. എങ്കിൽ നവമ്പുറം സൗഭാഗ്യത്തിന്റേതാകും.





സംഗീതം

YOUTH

T. Brincy

(B.A. English)

Oh! Youth
The most colorful,
Once, you were adding life to life
You were the one to act
And you were the one to change
All eyes were on you
And you were able to lift the world.
But today,
Your shoulders are weak
You are not at all the one
Who can lead the world.
You are searching
New pleasures of life
Sacrificing the life of your life,
And others too.
But you have to wake up with full vigour.
And be a torch bearer
For the new comers, to goodness.



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