

A HEARTY LAUGH LIGHTENS TENSION

Man is the only animal that laughs. Why? What is the function of that "happy convulsion" as someone has called it? Laughter is defined as an emotional response, expressive normally joy, involving characteristic sounds of the voice and movement of the features and the body. The joy may take the form of mirth, amusement, ridicule and so on.

What is the association of laughter with speech? The suggestion is that laughter originated along with, more or less, the origin and evolution of speech as a kind of quasi-verb-alised social expression of pleasure. As a result of the development of speech, the verbal expression of symbols and symbol relations, occasions producing the sudden experiences of pleasure, sudden glory would greatly multiply.

The individual able to communicate his "sudden glories" in an expressive manner would certainly enjoy social advantages over those individuals who were less able or inclined to feel or to express their feelings that way. Everyone likes a good laughter. He brings good cheer with him wherever he goes; the very thought of him makes life more bearable. It is not for nothing that even today the highest paid entertainers should not be tragedians, but comedians. Laughter is infectious, and most of us go out of our way to acquire the infection.

It is not the custom of the western world to respond to the reprimand of a superior with a smile but it is so in Japan. Movie stars should smile or laugh in their photographs, but professors should look serious. Again the social function of laughter is under scored. It is well known that laughter has a tonic effect. It is good for the health. It suffuses the organism with feeling of well being which virtually nothing else comparably is able to do. It refreshes and

Abdul Razak T. K.

Laughter is infectious and most of us go out of the way to acquire the infection. It has a tonic effect and suffuses the organism with a feeling of well being. It refreshes the individual, renders his burdens bearable and brightens every prospect.

enlightens. It tenders all burdens bearable, and brightens every prospect. It is like the sun, a "sudden glory casting light and warmth all about it."

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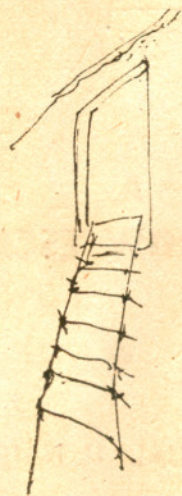
NARROW ESCAPE

ANJALI U. NAIR

His toes were numb with cold. He felt as if his legs were caught in an ever tightening vice. It was his second day on the cold snow covered slopes of the Alps. He had been on a trekking tour along with his friends from St Peter's University. They had started from the small valleyside town of Kings Moore. Their next camp site was 'Rangers's valley' 1000 feet uphill. They had to cover a distance of 16 miles through the snow covered Alpine forests. George Smith was a fiercely independent fellow right from his childhood. He preferred a short cut to the Ranger's valley. It was a steep rugged terrain and his friends tried to dissuade him from following this dangerous route. But they knew Smith very well. At last they decided that they will meet him at Rangers valley in a day's time. Smith was in the top of his spirits when he started his thrilling lonesome like. His face was remarkable. He was sure that he could surprise his friend by reaching Rangers valley 15 hours earlier than they had planned. By climbing a 150 feet tall steep slope he could gain about 2 miles of single track. He had a light lunch of chicken sandwiches which he had collected from grocer's store at Kings Moore. He had food supplies with him enough to last for two days. He had kept his cigarettes and some of the food in his chest pack while he kept the rest of the food, hiking equipment, sleeping kit etc. in his back pack. The sun was already sinking when he had started his adventurous 150 feet climb. His back pack was so heavy that he decided to tie it at end of his climbing line so he could haul them up when he reached



the top. He started his steep climb with an easy and steady pace. He had covered almost 100 feet of the climb when that drastic thing happened. The light was fading and he mistook an icicle for a projecting stone. It all happened suddenly. The icicle broke away. His head rammed with the rock. He had a flying sensation and then every thing went blank. After 6 hours of unconsciousness, Smith woke up in the midnight. He felt severe pain in his chest, there was a tearing sensation in his legs, and his head was heavy. He felt a warm line flowing down from his forehead. Amidst his agonies Smith tried hard to find what had happened. In the dim townlight he found out that he was lying on a three foot wide 6 foot long flat rock projection about 75 foot above from the land. Then he realized the miracle that had happened. His face was blocked by this projection. He knew that he had suffered only a 25 feet down fall. Amidst his surprise he started to realize the serious problem he was in. He was alone about 5 miles from the nearest human habitation with a small food supply in his chest pack. Though he was well covered in clothes and fur coats he knew that within 5-10 hours he will be dead from cold. He was sure that his friends would organise a search party for him if he didn't meet them at the camp as per schedule. Still he knew that his chances were low. a land searching party would never find them because the mountainside he was lying on was invisible both from up and down. Besides he was badly injured. He could see blood seeping through his trousers. It was almost midday and he had all the one or two sandwiches he had in the chest pack. It was almost 15 hours since he had his bad fall. He hoped earnestly that he should have heard his friends words. The cold of the mountains was slowly overtaking him. He was losing his



temperature quickly. His hands and feet were numb from cold, His cigarettes in the chest pack helped a lot to control his tension. But he was losing his control. He was slowly losing hope. He decided it was better to roll over down the mountain to suffer hunger and cold. He was about to give up when he heard a sound of helicopter. He was confused whether the sound was his imagination or real. Then he could see a speck in the far away sky. It was coming nearer and nearer; soon he could make out the outline of a helicopter. He waved frantically his bright red jacket he had bought at home. But the helicopter did not notice him and passed by. He was ditched. But like a wonder the helicopter came back. This time they saw him. In no time he was hauled up the helicopter and was rushed to the near by hospital. Smith had made a miraculous escape.

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TANTALISING STAR



THAHIR P.C

A sky, a black sky
A still river of clouds dark;
A hell of miseries swoop down upon me,
A hail of pains, a mist of doubts,
Floats an empty jar

Appears a single star
Like shower in Indian summer
In the farthest corner of the sky;
O you bloody star,
Why should you drop yourself into the
empty
And make it bright but burdensome?!
You cheat, you fraud, you tantalising rogue
You are the grape that lured the fox,
You are the mirage that made the traveler
wea
You are the wicked being that keeps
on the checke

AESTHETIC LICENCE

SAJID ABOOBAKAR

It is indeed a highly interesting experience to think about the extent to which mans appreciation of beauty is possible. Before detrin into the depth of the subject it becomes necessary for us to give a correctf definition to beauty.

According to John Keats "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Every object has a beauty of its own and it depends upon the attitude of the observer. So it becomes absolutely essential for drawing a line of distinction between a thing of permanent beauty and a thing ofephemeral beauty. For example a rain-bow a dew drop of the tip of leaf of grass at dawn or a flower has got a temporary transient beauty which is time bound. That is the rainbow fades away after a short while, a dew drop disappears in the sun, and a flower is destined to wither away at the end of the day.

In Sanskrit there is a famous saying that Vahni Santhapthadobasthambu Bindu Sannibham Marthya Janmam Kshana bhonguram'

"Even human Life is ephemeral just like a rain drop that falls on hiron."

But a beautiful poem or a fine piece of art or a world famous literary work has got a beauty which surpasses time and is immortal. Then we can distinguish spiritual beauty from physical beauty.

Man is born with the capacity to appreciate both the physical and spiritual beauty. There is nothing to prevent a person from enjoying the beauty of a man or a good book of verse or a stenery. But the most important aspect of this appreciation is unselfishness.

A beautiful woman is perhaps one of the most remarkable example of God's creation

or for that matter a good masculine physique is again a fine piece of art from the Master Artist and as long as the observer has no malicious selfish intention his appreciation may be regarded as a sign of aesthetic sense and hence of sublime nature He is a mere observer at first and then becomes capable of more appreciation of beauty but later at a higher grade the same observer becomes a critic when his role in the appreciation is more important. In all these cases whether he is a passive observer or an interested critic as has been already expressed the appreciation must be unselfish and unpossessive. Possessive and selfish admiration is not only unadvisable but also going beyond the limits of decency. Possessive selfish criticism is biased and a sign of most indecent mark in literary criticism. According to Swami Vivekananda a sound mind in a sound

body is best and he goes to the extent of saying that a football player can understand Geeta better than a passive unhealthy philosopher. This theory gives equal importance to physical beauty also. Unless a person tries to develop his muscles and increase his health it is difficult to concentrate, contemplate or meditate; that is why Vivekananda puts it Education is not the amount of information that is put into the brain to run riot there without being digested, but real education is life building, man making character making assimilation of ideas.

The importance of spiritual beauty is that immortal a piece of work of art like The Last Supper of Michael Angelo a superb book of verse 'Divine comedy' by Dante or an immortal work of literary fiction by Thomas Hardy 'Tess of the D'urberville are all things of beauty which remain joy forever.

A thing of beauty is universal appreciation and not for personal possession and hence it is of a refined sophisticated level; it is all the more aesthetic. This is the interesting aspect of aesthetic licence. There is no rigid 'Yes' or 'No' in a person enjoying himself in the appreciation of beautiful things in the world. But my freedom or liberty or licence must never be an infringement on the licence of somebody else. Moreover regarding personal

appreciation of the beauty of one individual by another an important principle is that must be with mutual respect and permission.

Human soul can be attributed four distinct phases They are.

1. Jagrath or alertness
2. Sushipthi or sleep
3. Swapna or dreams
4. Thuriya or sublimity

The first three stages are present in animals but the phase of sublimity or Thuriya is found only in the case of sages or divi men and also in the case of artist and writer. It is in this sublime level of this stage that real unselfish appreciation of beauty is possible. Real appreciation of beauty is not the sense organs like eye, ear but together with the soul. One can enjoy a poem or a piece of music not with the eye or ear but with the soul.

Beethoven made the Seventh Symphony after being deaf. How could he do it? Milton wrote 'Paradise Lost' after being blind. How could he write it? Mahakavi Vallathol was at the heights of his fame as Mahakavi; how could he achieve it? These point to the fact that creation and appreciation of beauty is not with sense organ but with soul.

LET ME WAIT FOR A MOMENT
WHICH SHALL HAPPEN EVERY TIME,
SLEEPING, DREAMING AND PRAYER
NO, NO, SUCH EXCEPTIONS
BUT A WAY NOT TO DIE
IS TO MAKE FAME IN GOOD OR BAD
MAKE A MAN LONG LIVE
EXCEPTIONS ABOUT THE MARGIN
OF THE MYSTERIOUS HAND
TO CATCH A LIFE FROM THE EARTH
BUT A LIFE IN THE HEAVEN
OR DULL

DEATH A FACIAL END



ANWAR SADAT.K

THE MOON THROUGH MY TELESCOPE

●
SHAHAD JAN
●

Its full moon today,
The type that drives lovers crazy-
I slowly adjust the lens
To get a clearer view,
The facad gets smeared with blood,
Pits and holes resemble ravages
Made by a nuclear bomb test.
Something's missing-
A debris of humanity,
And man's crumbled civilization?
What I search may be buried-
deep, deep inside-
Explorers of the next species may set on a
journey-
Someday, sometime-
And find the fossils
My little son wants to see the moon-
I turn the screws-
'Mother isn't the moon beautiful?'
Then the trouble is not with the lens-
The problem is with my eyes-
That I see things diffent from an anocent soul-
But why should he lie?
The problem is with my eyes-
That get filled with tears
And blur the view-
The problem is with my eyes-
I must get it checked.

