



AN ANALYSIS OF THE CONCEPT OF MOTHERHOOD IN KAVILEPATTU

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Edassery Govindan Nair was born in 1906 in Edassery Tharavattu, Kuttipuram. Edassery was the person who stood against the Malayalam poets when they were drowned in the floods of the Edappally movement. Edassery's poems were free from the illusions of a fantasy world. The extraordinary scenes of everyday life and the extraordinary dimensions of the ritual tradition were the subject of Edassery's poetry alike. The poetic life of Edassery covers the pre-independence and post-independence stages. There is no other Malayalam poet who has made the natural aspects of rural life so poetic. M. Lilavati comments on the history of Malayalam poetry.

The main theme of Edassery's poems is the pains and sorrows of rural life. His usual style is to present in green the sorrows and persecutions of the common man in the countryside. The melodies, parables, images and symbols in the Edassery poems are closely related to the rural peasant life. His major works include Kavileppattu, Karuthachettichikal, Puthenkalam and Arivalum, Koottukrishi, Orupitinellikka and Poothappattu. His third collection of poems, Kavileppattu, is a highly acclaimed work.

The concept of the Mother Goddess was prevalent among the primitive people. The most prominent of the non-priestly deities is the 'Mother Goddess'. Many of the deities named Bhagwati, Kali, Devi and Achi are also 'Mother Goddess'. Mathrupooja was once a form of worship that stretched from the Nile Valley to the Indus Valley. Worship of the Devine Mother (Worship of the Devine Mother) Mathrupooja has existed since the beginning of mankind. Kali and Durga are a combination of a loving mother who dwells in the human mind and a destructive mother who lives in a class consciousness. Different peoples know that power in different forms. Sometimes there is a situation where cruelty and gentleness appear in the same form. Kali and Durga are the goddesses who act in this way.

Kavus are symbols of the primitive culture of Malnad. It was thought to be divine, will solve the valleys pracinassankarannalellam. Hills, forests, rivers, and began to chronicle pravesiccirunnilla irippitannalilekk, the divine man. It was a jungle with only the justice of biology. Kavus were vines that kept the secrets of various biological relationships unknown to humans. The history of the faith of the ancient peoples is an inquiry into this mystery. In

the past, there were caves along the coast, along the river, in the hills, and in the southwest corner of the house. The winds of fertility arose from this organism bound by vines. In the cultural history of Malayalam, there is no color other than the glory of Kavau.

The seeds of 'motherhood' germinated from this downpour of biodiversity. Mother worship was also the most ancient form of worship in the hills. Here the aborigines carved out replicas of fertility and poetry from the depths of the soil. A stone can be seen in most of the caves. Bloody granite. Many mothers sprout from the seed. In a forest, his mother's stone, which was not known to anyone, is lying in the forest. We do not know how long that penance will last. In order for the seeds to germinate in the same way, tapas is practiced in the soil for some time. Theyyamathas and Mudiyyet Kali arise as seeds germinate from the secret world of the soil inside the darkened Kavus. When a young man came to mow the grass and blew a sickle, blood flowed with a stone. Blood is a sign of the presence of the mother and a sign of femininity. The mother sacrifices herself in exchange for the blood that flows for the earth. They slaughter sheep and chickens and give blood as a symbol of their endless commitment. Most Mother Goddesses are sprinkled with turmeric and lime mortar on the north side of the temple or at a special place of worship. In many places it is common to pour into the soil. The northern part of the Mother Goddesses is known as the place of Kali. Such sprinkling of blood on the mother goddesses is called cremation. The folklore is that femininity makes a woman pregnant because of bleeding. Similarly, people believe that if blood is shed in the soil, the seeds will be fertile. This kuruthi tarpanam can create a kind of ritual psychic-dream level. The mother gods play in a pious ritual. Knowing the presence of mother gods in all Kavus, many villagers saw their mother in the village courtyards and laid to rest. 'Mathrupooja' has existed since the dawn of mankind. There is a sense of an unknown universal force among all peoples. Some people believe that this goddess is an image of the earth goddess who breastfeeds man and eventually sucks his blood. We call this loving and destructive goddess by many names, Durga and Kali. The primitive form that has been ingrained in the human consciousness for centuries often comes out through the individual consciousness. When a person is subjected to a dominant force, he engages in creative processes. In this way, the 'Kavileppattu' of Edassery is an artistic expression of the archetype of the Mother Goddess.

The poem 'Kavileppattu' depicts the love of the mother and the power that emanates from it. It screamed as if it had been drenched in blood. At the end of the day, the red light spread like wildfire. It was time for Mom to get up. The virgin goddess dances with a lotus-studded necklace, a bowed head, a rudraksha garland and a blood-stained Thechimala, and is adorned with silver silk. The sword flashed in her hand like lightning on a peak. The earthenware jar was filled with intoxicating honey, and the golden jar was filled with flowers. Colorful weeds were painted and chandeliers were placed. There was a deafening roar and gunfire. The girls are waiting to welcome their mother with a bang. Weed writing, song and instrument are the main items of Devata Pooja.

Killing the demons, the angry goddess became as cool as a flower. His mother cut down the Kashmiris who opposed him. And threw them into the fire. The goddess came from a village in the south on a hot summer day when Thechimalar blossomed. Kali's mother came with a bloody sword in her hand. Devotees wait on the altar, spreading silk on the pedestal. At this moment, Kanchana is a lovely boy who shines like a statue. After tying the knot, he left the

kalari and reached there. The boy is the Sukratha Pooram of the Nalukettu who worships Kavin every time. His body, full of youth and adolescence, shone brightly in the afternoon sun. At the next house, his mother prepares his favorite dishes, prepares rice and waits for his son to arrive.

The goddess who cut off a thousand necks and drank the blood of that young child asks me to quench my cruel thirst by shedding blood. Her throat grew like hell. The eyebrows darkened like a tropic. On hearing this, the heroic boy did not jump towards the Goddess like the demon. He smiled sympathetically at his mother's unquenchable thirst. After taking a dip in the pool of Kumaran Kavil, he touched the ground like a mother. He turned seven feet and jumped seven feet. He bowed his shining sword from below. You surrounded the Goddess by praising her as the Goddess of the seven and fourteen worlds. He cut his neck like a young man with a sharp sword. Blood gushed like boiling water. Even her mother's necklace faded in front of it. The anger that had arisen from the virgin's eyes towards the world had not yet cooled, and the heart of the virgin goddess, who had a tradition of annihilation, had not melted away.

The devotees remembered him on the altar and spread silk on the altar. The sun, shrouded in clouds, looked like a bowl of ash. The stars looked at Poon Mann in amazement. The mother went out to look for Unni and looked around. They did not look at the Goddess. If she had looked, the goddess would have been burnt. Azhar put up with everything and said this to Thozhukai.

“I fasted for seven years and tied the knot.

I fasted for seven years and gave birth to him

I gave milk for seven years and beat Maravan-

He who wields a sword for seven years then dies.”

The mother only asked if his wrists did not shake when he cut his neck with a sword in front of Ambika. His mother was proud that he had not insulted his clan. It is unknown at this time what he will do after leaving the post.

This poem touches even those who do not believe in Kali and Durga. The mother goddess, who emerged in the consciousness of the society, was conceived as the center of the slaying power. The eternal virgin is seduced by the body glow of a young man. The life of the poem is the emotional conflict created by her destructive lust, Kumaran's devotion and her mother's sacrifice. The mother, overwhelmed by her son, snatches the soul and burns it to the Goddess. The mother-in-law drinks blood to quench her thirst. The urge to donate blood is as strong as the urge to drink blood. Like the ancient concept, it created a favorable background for the goddess to ascend. As Matya steps into the courtyard of the abandoned house, she feels the flow of divine music. This poem is an artistic tale of a legend who grew up in the shadow of superstition.

CAPTIONS

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