

English – The Royal Lingo

KALPANA

II B. A. Lit. No. 64

The world's most popular and wide-spread language English (it's the mother tongue of 200 million people) is being maltreated wherever it is being adopted. English as it should be spoken can rarely be found now even in the land of its origin—Britain. In fact Her Majesty's English or Queen's English (as some wisecrack named it) is rarely being spoken as it should be; any where on the earth today.

The typical example of a country which has adapted the English language to suit its own convenience is America. After gaining its independence the patriots were fired with enthusiasm to change everything they could lay their hands on even the language they had borrowed from their mother country, Britain. (mother country or father country or 'person' country? Can't be sure y'know! in these days of women's lib.) They wanted to give it a special American flavour. So the new American English or English yankee style emerged.

There is a helluva difference between English as it is in England and as it is in America. Take a look at these words:—

England	—	America
Flat	—	apartment
Perambulator	—	baby carriage
Petrol	—	gasoline
Mackintosh	—	rain coat
Blind	—	window shade
Sweets	—	candy
Tram	—	street car
Pavements	—	side walks

England	--	America
Rubbish	--	Junk
Parcel	--	package
Motor car	---	automobile
Chemist	---	druggist

Similarly a political party candidate "runs for" election in America, while he/she "stands for" election in England. (a sure sign of the hectic American life) You have to "fill up" a form in England and "fill" it "out" in America. You "meet people" and "talk to" them in England while you "meet with" them and "talk with" them in America. In England the host/hostess tells the guests that she/he will make coffee for them while in America it is "I will fix it up for you". "Fetch up" in America is "end up" in Britain. So on the list goes. The variations of the same language in the two countries separated by the Atlantic will make your head reel.

Then, of course, there are the ever popular catchy, old-fashioned little phrases which on some occasions prove to be really apt. Here are a few rare ones—splitting hairs, paying hand over fist, an ill wind that does nobody any good, hit below the belt. And can you guess what bosu on the wrong side of the blanket means? (don't be so down innocent. If you can't guess then you are a rare one). And "playing ducks and drakes"; (go see Hindi movies for this) and being the goose berry?. What is good for the goose is good for the gander aptly summes up the liberation

movement of today's female—only, its the other wayaround

In the 20th century a new but more expressive form of English has sprung up among the teenage community. The 'Fons - et - origo' (i. e., the source and the origin for you lay man.) were again the yankers. From the American teenagers it has spread more or less all over the globe and talking is 'slang' as it is called is the 'in' thing today. It is being propagated and popularised more by the "Flower children" or the hippies and by the new-fangled authors. The extent of its popularity can be gauged by the fact that an average American talks 'slanguage' and not language as some dour critics call it. This slanguage is more colourful and expresses human emotions better than Queen's English. It's much more preferable to the slitted, freezing, language of the British. In slanguage we can let off steam much more satisfyingly. It is more alive and simple in grammar than any other language which enjoys such tremendous popularity. Tune in to a typical American Conversation.

Fred—Huja Mick Just got some new skins.

M—Lotsa bread man ?

I—like nothing man nothing !

This unintelligible jargon (i. e. to all the old fogies !) means that Fred has just purchased a new set of drums very cheaply. "Bread means money in the hippie lingo. "Flake" means sleep, "pad" means flator apartment and "get stoned" means go on pot.

Some thing which is too magnificent to describe is really "out of sight" and when people leave a group they are "splitt-ing" A "funky" person is a down-to-earth reasonable person. "Cop-out" is disassociating yourself from a group. "Fuzz" means the bobbies.

There is another diversification of English language which is gaining ground

these days. It consists of giving grand names to ordinary words so as to disguise anything that is offensive to our senses. This is an entirely different matter from the juvenile idioms given above. So the common place undertaker is a "mortician" and a hair dresser a "beautician" Today your granie (lord bless her!) will not be buried in a cemetry but in "memorial parks". The ordinary rat catches of the old is called an "exterminating engineer." the garbage collector a "sanitaion engineer". Used things are now "reconditioned" things. The lazy burn in school is an "under achiever" prisons are "detention houses", slums "the inner city" (which of course is true) and this is the limit—an old man is a "senior citizen". In short the American English mirrors the warm feelings and the bopomie of the Americans which show a stark contrast with the ice-cool and reserved language of the Britons. (Their climate must be affecting them)

English, the royal lingo also contributes a lot towards the difference between the sexes. May be it originated in Britain—the land of politeness, chivalry (sigh! a lost vision today) and formality. The innocent, fair sex (?) are not supposed to use certain 4 letter words and swear words like b — oops., sorry folks I am a female and so I am not supposed to know it. But for a man ofcourse, swearing like a trooper is to proclaim his manliness and to show that he is not a sissy. Anyway thank heaven that such restrictions are fast disappearing.

As a coup-de-grace let me say that our own maltreatment of the most illustrious language can most rightly be called "Inglish". Otherwise it will be the case of the pot calling the kettle black.

But like the caption says all things said and considered English is the royal language — the language of Shakespeare and Milton.

ON THE MAD SINGER

BASHEER AHAMMED P.
II B. Co

.....He sang in the showering rain,
And sang in the sizzling sun,
He sang in the chilling wind,
And sang in the moonlit night-
Oh ! God ! Forgive them !

Physical Education Report 1976-77

College Teams have participated in the Inter Collegiate "B" Zone Tournaments of 76-77. Cricket, Foot ball, Table Tennis Volly-ball, Shuttle Badminton, etc. Teams have also participated in the District Association tournaments of 76-77.

Foot-ball Team won the 'B' division District Association league championship and 'B' ZONE Inter Collegiate Championship. The team also has participated in the Interzone foot-ball championship of Calicut University held at Palghat Govt. Victoria College ground during last week of Jan. 77. And I am proud to mention that we have won the coveted foot ball championship of Calicut University this year.

College Table Tennis Team won the All Kerala Inter Collegiate T. T. Championship conducted by the Junior Chamber Calicut during Oct. 1976.

Our Shuttle Badminton player Mr. Naveen kumar was the Runners up in the University Shuttle Badminton singles championships. He was also the holder of Kozhikode District Junior singles shuttle and also won the singles shuttle in the Siege Shuttle Tournament held at Calicut.

Volly-ball team was qualified for the final round matches of the District Association league Tournament during 76-77. Tennis Team was placed third in the University Interzone Davis cup Team championship.

The following players of our college have represented in the District, university and State level during 76-77.

1. C. P. M. Abdul Rasheed, I B. Sc. University foot ball team.
2. P. O. Oommen I B. A. University Basket Ball Team.
3. M. Vinod III B. Com. University Table Tennis Team District.
4. Ranjit Jacob I P. D. C. University Tennis Team.
5. Kutti Alikutty I M. Com. University Ball Badminton Team.
6. Manual P. J. III B. A. He has captained University Athletic team represented State, University and District in Athletics.
7. V. C. Joseph III B. A. University in Athletics.
8. Chandran. C II P.D.C. University, State & District

This year we had the privilege to host 'B' Zone Volley Ball. Shuttle tournaments and 'B' Zone team selection trials in Table Tennis and Shuttle were also held at our college Indoor stadium. University Men Volly Ball promising youngsters, camp was held at our college Indoor stadium during July 1976.

College Intramural competitions in sports and games were conducted on house basis for Men and Women. The entire students population have been divided into 4 houses namely- (1) AKBAR HOUSE; Captain Mr. Mohamed Basheer, III B. A. (2) IQBAL HOUSE: Captain Mr. Asif Ahamed, III B. Sc. (3) SIR SYED HOUSE: Captain Mr. Bhaskaran, III B. A. and (4) TIPPU HOUSE: Captain Mr. Mohasin, III B. Sc. Team Championship

in games was awarded to Akbar House with 25 points and aggregate championship in Athletics was won by Iqbal House With 97 points. Mr. Chandran. C. II P.D.C. was the Individual Champion in Men section and Miss. Vanaja I P. D C. was the Women section Individual Champion of this year's Annual Sports Competition held on 4th and 5th Feb. '77.

Prof. V. Mohamed, Head of the Department of Arabic has inaugurated the

College Annual Athletic Meet on 4-2-77 at 2 P. M. and Prof. V. J. Nair, President, Rotary Club of Calicut and Director of Surgery, Medical College was the Chief Guest of honour on closing function on 5-2-77 and he distributed the prizes and trophies to various winners of the Sports and games competitions of the year 1976-77.

REPORT OF THE COLLEGE UNION - 1976-1977

Presented by T. K. KUNHABDULLA,
General Secretary.

It is with immense pleasure that I am presenting this brief report of the activities of the College Union during the year 1976-77.

The College Union Elections were held on Thursday, 30th September 1976 in the light of the revised constitution of the College Union. The following were elected as the Office Bearers of the College Union:-
Chairman — Mr. P. K. Abdurassack
Vice Chairman — Miss K. M. Nejma
General Secretary — Mr. T. K. Kunhabdulla
Fine Arts

Secretary — Mr. K. Kunhikoya
Moideen

University Union

Councillors — 1. Mr. M. Sunilkumar
2. Mr. V. M.

Sudheendran

Magazine Editor — Mr. P. Pradeep Kumar

The following were elected Secretaries of the various associations:—

Botany — Miss Laila M. K.
Zoology — Mr. Mohammed Abdul
Jaleel P. E.
Chemistry — Mr. Rony P. C.
Physics — Mr. Jayakrishnan M
Mathematics — Mr. Satheesan K.
Economics — Mr. Gopalan V. T.
Commerce — Mr. Mohammed K.
Islamic — Mr. Aboobacker P. V.
English — Miss Pushpa V. V. Anand

The College Union Executive Committee nominated the following office bearers:

General Captain — Mr. V. C. Joseph
Secretary of the Planning Forum — Mr. M. M. Iqbal
Secretary of the Social Service League — Mr. Habeeb A.

Professor V. Mohammed was nominated as the treasurer of the College Union by the Principal. Each of the affiliated associations has its own staff director and student secretary to assist in planning and executing the activities.

The College Union Executive Committee consists of the Principal, Treasurer, 7 Office bearers elected by the General Council, 5 members elected by the General Council and 3 members elected by the Secretaries of Associations.

Mr. M. Sunil Kumar was elected to the Executive Committee of the Calicut University Union.

The activities of the College Union were inaugurated by Sri. Paul P. Mani, Food Minister, Government of Kerala, on Monday 29th November 1976. The function was presided over by the Chairman of the College Union. The Principal welcomed the gathering and the General Secretary proposed the vote of thanks.

Fine Arts Association :

The Fine Arts Association was inaugurated by Sri Jose Prakash, the well known Malayalam Cine Artist, on 29th Dec. '76.

Inter Collegiate Debate:

The Inter Collegiate Debate for the Moulana Abussabah Memorial Rolling trophy was conducted on 14th January 1977. Students from the various colleges affiliated to the Calicut University participated in the competition. The trophy was awarded for 1976-77 to the R. E. C., Calicut who secured the team championship. Mr. Abdul hameed of the Madeenathul Uloom Arabic College, Pulikkal won the individual championship for the best speaker. Prof. M. A. Shukkur, Principal, Farook Training College gave away the prizes.

Our College Union celebrated the Human Rights Day on 10th December 1976. A seminar was held on 22nd January 1977 on 'The problems of Adolescence'. Dr. Farooqui of the Department of Psychology of Calicut University addressed the gathering. Mr. M. M. Basheer, Dept. of Malayalam, Calicut University inaugurated the Seminar on 'Modern Malayalam Literature' on 31st January 1977. Mr. Punaloor Balan, the well known Malayalam Poet spoke on the occasion.

Day-Scholars and Non-hosted Residential Students Association :

Mr. Vijayakumar and Mr. Basheer A.M. were elected as the Secretaries of the Day Scholars Association and the Non-Hostel residential students association respectively.

Outstanding Achievements :

Achievements of our students in extra-curricular activities are noteworthy. Mr. P. J. Manuel and Mr. V. C. Joseph of our college were captain and Vice-captain respectively of the Calicut University Athletic Team. Mr. Chandran C. who won the 3rd place in 400 Mtrs. race in the inter University Athletic Meet is the record holder of the Calicut University in 400 Mtrs and 800 Mtrs. race. Mr. Thirumeni of I. P. D. C. won the first prize in High Jump in the Inter Collegiate Athletic Meet. Mr. Rasheed and Mr. Kuttiali M. represented the Calicut University in Foot-ball and Ball Badminton respectively. Mr. Ranjit Jacob and Mr. Oomen Jacob also represented the University in Lawn Tennis and Basket-ball respectively. Mr. Vinod M. represented the Calicut University and the Calicut District for the last 3 years in Table Tennis. Our Table Tennis Team won the All Kerala Inter Collegiate Tournament conducted by the Calicut Jaycees. Our Foot-ball team won the K. D. F. A. 'B' division championship. It is worth mentioning that our college foot ball team the Calicut University foot ball championship.

Let me extend my gratitude to the Principal, members of the staff, students and management of the college for the whole-hearted co-operation and patronage they extended for making the functioning of the Union smooth and lively.

T. K. KUNHABDULLA
General Secretary.

SHE CAME BACK....

LASITHA KRISHNAN,

I B. A. Lit.

'Mummy' shouted four year old Priya 'what is the spelling of elephant?' Seema lifted her head impatiently and glanced at her daughter not in the least liking to be disturbed from what to her was a serious job needing much care and attention. She was polishing her nails with the new mauve coloured nail polish which had been recently sent to her by her friend in Persia. 'Go find it from your text book' she said harshly That's the hundredth question you are asking me. Be a dear and don't bother me with your silly doubts again'. Deepak looked at his wife Scrutinizingly from the newspaper and said 'Come here, dear. Daddy will clear your doubts'. Priya went to him with a contented smile. This behaviour of Seema's was not new to Deepak. It was there even as soon as their honeymoon days were over. From then onwards it had begun to be worse and worse like a festering sore. He did not know when the climax would be. In the beginning he had hoped that his fate would find a good turn when their child came into the world. The child is a bond connecting a man and a woman. It is the symbol of their mutual love. But he knew that Seema never wanted that baby. It was all a mistake from her point of view. The main reason was that she did not want to ruin her figure which he had to admit was an extremely lovely one. She even attempted once or twice to get rid of the innocent thing. He had forced her then to have the baby thinking that a child would break the barrier coming up between them

and bring them close. But he was soon to know that his hopes were completely wrong. 'Daddy, why should there be a 'P'and'h' in between? Won't an 'f' be enough? E, L, E, F, A, N, T should also be correct, shouldn't it?' Priya's innocent question brought Deepak back to the present. He explained with patience. Then he looked with pitiful eye at Priya. The most sorrowful fact was that Priya in her turn adored her mother with her whole heart. Sometimes Deepak found her weeping along in solitude in some nook. He never once ventured to ask the reason, for it was too obvious to be questioned.

Seema wished that she were never married. She had had several men in her life. She was of that type who liked to loaf around with men and enjoy life having affection for none in particular. She was incapable of loving anyone deeply, even her parents or her only brother. Her parents knowing her character thought that a settled life would change her. But though of course it changed her physically in some ways, it did not alter her mentally. She still went out with men and attached much importance to her appearance to her appearance than to her own family.

Priya, too small to learn the ways of the world lived a miserable life of her own. True she had a nominal mother. But approaching her was similar to approaching a stone pillar. When she ran to her mother with arms outstretched, showering her with love all she received was

a cold smile, a 'hellow dearie' and the final pushing away. Janaki, the maid servant, did everything for her. She envied her friends in the nursery school. Her large innocent eyes occasionally filled with tears when some girl boasted of the new dress her mum had made or the tasty dish, another's had prepared. She had nothing, absolutely nothing, that her mum had given her except a handkerchief stiched hastily with an inexperienced hand which knew only to handle hair brushes, hair curlers and apply rouge. Only if her mummy was like other mummies! This was the prayer that arose from her little heart each night before she slept.

Seema got up from the 'diwan' and began ascending the stairs. She stopped halfway and tilting her head said 'I have to attend a dinner tonight. So I'll be late. So don't wait for me.'

'But today is our wedding anniversary Couldn't you stay home today?' Deepak asked hopefully. 'Oh! I completely forgot about it. But now there's no question of staying back. They will be expecting me. How can I dissappoint them? So saying Seema went up to dress. So she preferred going to some party, dressed up as a queen, to be admired by all, to celebrating her wedding anniversary at home with her husband and child. Deepak sighed deeply. This was what life had in store for him. All his expectations and hopes of a cosy and comfortable family life had seen their ruin long long ago. Now he was getting used to it. Thank the good Lord! Human beings had that ability—to get used to any sort of life, however hard it might seem to be at first. Deepak was good looking. A bit dark, with sharp features, and jet black wavy hair and a thick drooping moustache, he was a full head taller than Seema who was 5 feet 4." They made a

perfect pair. Seema was tall, fair with straight black hair. She had an extraordinary lovely figure with a very very slim waist. But her most attractive feature were her eyes. They were large bordered with thick black lashes which needed no mascara. They had a penetrating look capable of captivating any man. Deepak and Seema were known as 'the lovely couple' in their surroundings soon after their marriage. But who knew their exact relationship?

As day's passed things were becoming worse and worse in deepak's house. Seema very rarely spoke to him. Most of the nights she came home drunk. Priya was ignored and all per attempts to make her mum love her were in vain and reluctantly she gave it up. Still, Deepak, loved his wife with all his heart and soul. Something told him that she would someday become the loving wife of his expectations.

Seema came home very late that night. She entered her own large bedroom and slumped down on her bed. Since Priya's birth they slept in separate rooms. Sleep refused to come and hundreds of questions tormented her. Why lead such a dull and uninteresting life while others of her age were leading such pompous lives? She longed to be single and carefree. This house was hell. A husband who rarely accompanied his wife to night clubs and parties and a daughter who always asked 'what is this?' 'what is that?' 'why do you put it like this'? and so on. She had had an invitation from her boy friend Rajesh from Bombay asking her to go there for a holiday. Why shouldn't she go? She will.....she must.....And probably she would not come back. She was going to enjoy life. She must pack off this week itself. Finding contentment in this thought she slept.

Next morning she woke up very late. It was a Sunday and so Deepak was at

home. When she went down for breakfast she saw that he had a telegram in his hand and that his face had a very worried expression. He said "Seema, just read this." Seema glanced at the telegram. It said 'DAD SERIOUS, START IMMEDIATELY, MUM! Deepak's daddy who was a heart patient was on the verge of death. But the thought which came to her mind first was not of her worrying husband but that she would have to postpone her trip to Bombay. The time he chose for his death she thought inwardly. If he died while she was in Bombay, then she wouldn't have bothered to go.

'When are you planning to go?' she asked 'Will go by the afternoon train' he replied. The idea of going to that old house in the remote village was so unbearable that Seema winced. Really she couldn't agree to it? she must make up some excuse and exempt herself from it. So she said without looking at his face. 'But I was planning to go to Bombay because my one and only friend has had an accident and is in the hospital. Her Dad had written asking me to go immediately. I got his letter yesterday. So you see I can't come. Anyway my friend is much more younger than your Dad. Deepak, unable to say anything, looked desperately at her. Grief and anguish took hold of him. He knew clearly that she was telling a lie as if it were written on her face. "If she did not wish to come, then why should I force her?" So thinking he covered his eyes with his hand and said 'Okay, you go. Priya and my self will go today itself' For a brief moment she felt sorry for him. He was such a submissive fellow. But such passions never lingered long in her heart, so her spirits came back as she thought of the life that she was going to live in Bombay. Priya came running in at that moment. She had heard the news from

Janaki. 'Dady, we must go today itself. I want to see grandpa soon'. The sight of her crest fallen face brought the tears into Deepak's eyes. He placed her on his lap and tenderly kissed her cheek. Seema turned her back and went up to pack.

[2]

Seema was not happy. It was four months since she had come to Bombay. She had taken up a job as a model and was living on the 3rd floor of a post flat. Rajesh was on the 4th floor. Although she was living like a princess with Rajesh's money as well as her own she found that she was missing something. She did not know how to define it. "Seema.....just see this" called out a voice from the 2nd floor. Sunitha was standing near the door of her apartment with a newly stitched frock in her hand. She had done smoking in the centre. It was really a very lovely frock. Sunitha was a 25 year old girl living on the 2nd floor of the same flat. She had a 3 year old daughter Sona and her husband Vijay, a very jovial fellow was a big businessman in the city. Seema liked Sunitha and her daughter very much. Sunitha was her first true friend. Sunitha was a very open minded girl and she told Seema everything because Seema was the only one who was some what her ownage in the surroundings. So now she had come eagerly to win Seema's approval for the frock she had stitched. 'Ooh! its' really wonderful, exclaimed Seema. 'You do have a talent for such things suni'. 'Sunitha glowed with pride. 'Thank you very much. I'll teach you to stitch and then you'll wish your first child to be a girl' Suni said teasingly. Seema bent her head to hide her guilty face. She had bid to Suni that she was an unmarried girl. At times her conscience pricked her very badly. It was mainly because Sunitha's character was exactly the

opposite of her's. She was very much attached to her small family and the sacrifices that she made for her husband, surprised and at the same time fitted Seema with a kind of admiration for Sunitha. She knew that Sunitha was changing her character bit by bit. Men were becoming fewer and fewer in her life. She had long before written a letter to Deepak saying that she would not be returning, and telling him about her job. His reply had come informing her of his father's death and begging her to come urgently just to see her own family. But she had refused. 4 or 5 letters followed, all pleading her to return. But she hadn't replied. Then after some days for fear of being traced out she wrote a letter asking him not to find out her whereabouts and not to disturb her again. After that no such letter came. If Sunitha knew all this' she thought 'I wouldn't be allowed to step into her house? After her working hours she usually went and sat with Sunitha. Mostly Seema found her cooking something or mending some clothes or playing with Sona. Her husband was also a very affectionate person. There was scarcely a day when he did not ring up from his office to ask whether all was well with her. He did so even on his busiest of days. On most of the evening's they went out for a walk with Sona in a pram. Sometimes Seema accompanied them. But sometimes she purposely stayed back on some excuse or other thinking that another's company might spoil their fun. Sometimes she saw them in the night sitting in the garden below-Sunitha's head in Vijay's lap and Vijay caressing her head. She felt a hollow feeling inside her when she witnessed such scenes of love. She was reminded of Priya now and then when she saw Sona. 'Come, Seema' Sunitha interrupted her thoughts 'Will go upstairs. I have got to mend Vijay's shirt'. They went up and Sunitha

cuddled on the sofa with the shirt in hand. She said 'Seema, when I am alone I simply take up one of his things and I feel that his near me. Oh! I feel so contented. I would like to see you married. Have you anyone in mind?' 'No' said Seema looking on the ground. 'Surely' Sunitha continued' surely a thing that a woman wishes for most is to have a loving husband and children. In my opinion however poor we are a loving little family is all that we need to make us perfectly happy. I am sure you are of my opinion. Aren't you?' 'Yes' came the hasty reply from Seema. Sunitha went on without noticing her expression. 'I don't care in which nasty corner of the world I am in, so long as I have my Vijay and Sona with me. I don't care a hang for money or for fine dresses or for any such luxuries. You would also think the same if you had a loving husband and child. This was too much for Seema. Sunitha's words had touched a painful nerve. She suddenly got up and said I remember that I forgot to close my front door. I'll come later and she hastily left. The long threatened tears poured down her cheeks as she entered her bedroom. Something strange was happening to her. She longed to see Priya. How she had hurt her? How she used to push her away when she came to hug her. How she beat her once when she used her lipstick to draw pictures. How she refused to help her in her studies. And when she thought of kind and loving Deepak. Oh! she couldn't think of him-will he ever ever in his life forgive her? How she had ignored him and refused his love, And he did he ever speak harshly to her no never. Oh! she should fall on her knees and beg pardon. She wanted to return. Oh! how desperately she wanted to return. She wanted to be in his arms. To have those tender hands caressing her, telling her that he loved her ... that he forgave her, Oh

... .. will it ever happen? So this was what she had been missing all her life. Now she neither cared for luxury nor for beauty. She wanted love she was hungry for love from her loving husband and daughter her own daughter. She must return tomorrow itself. She got up at once and wrote a long letter to Sunitha explaining the truth and thanking her a hundred times for changing her character. She packed everything and just when daylight was creeping in she fell into soft slumber. Next day morning she went to the railway station to book a ticket for the night train. She purchased some things for her husband, daughter, Sunitha's family and Rajesh. Then she went to see Rajesh at his office to bid him good bye. 'But what made you decide so suddenly Seema?' asked Sunitha when she went to her place. 'Here, take this letter' said Seema 'But promise that you'll read it only after my departure'. 'Okey, I promise' said Sunitha. They all went to the Railway station to see Seema off. They bade farewell with tears in their eyes Seema started her journey home. As the minutes went by and as the places become familiar and familiar, the urge to see her husband and child became greater and greater. She longed to hold Priya in her arms and tell her that she would be a real niece mummy who will help her do her home work and even play with her. She longed to do things for her. But will they be glad to have her back? will Deepak reject her? Does he love her still? Was she too late in repenting? She must fall on her knees, and hugging his legs beg pardon. At last the train stopped after what seemed an eternity. She took a cab which took her to her door-step. She was amazed to find everything locked and bolted. She asked the cab to wait and enquired of her neighbour what the matter was. The news sounded like thunder in her ears. Priya was serious and in the

hospital. She had been ill for 3 days. Nothing much. Just ordinary fever. But the temperature became so high that she was at once taken to the general hospital. She had asked for her mother frequently and cried out loud holding the hand. They had sent Seema a telegram. Seema did not wait there a moment longer. She asked the driver to take her to the hospital. She did not know what was happening around her. Her only thought and only hope was to see Priya alive and smiling. She was shown to the room where Priya lay. Priya was surrounded by doctors. But she noticed none. Not even her husband who was sitting near by holding the child's hand. She was shocked to find the change in her child. In place of the blooming chubby little girl was a thin wan looking bag of bones! Her eyes were closed and she was breathing with difficulty. She went to the bedside and took the tiny hand in her own. Then slowly she bent down and kissed her cheek. The child slowly opened her eyes and said in a voice almost inaudible 'Mummy You've come at last' She tried to smile, then rolled her eyes, gasped frantically and then.....then.....she was dead and Seema started at her and shrieked madly 'Priya... my child no you are not dead' Then she fell back and fainted.

When she opened her eyes she was in her own bedroom. Her head was in someone's lap and someone was caressing her with loving, tender hands. Oh! of course it was Deepak, her husband. Ah, Now she remembered. She was in her own home. Her husband was near her. But Priya . . . where was she? . . . oh . . . Good Lord . . . She isn't dead? But yes she is! And as the naked truth glared at her she burst into tears while Deepak comforted her. He bent down and kissed away her tears and murmured in her ear "Seema . . . Darling . . . I know all along that you'd come back to me some day. Now you are mine forever"

SHORT STORY (Fiction)

PUSHPA ANAND

M. A. Final

"Do you drink?" she asked him. "Yes," he replied matter of factly. He was a painter whose pictures often sold for a considerable sum. Then he would be in good spirits often, lavishly buying her expensive gifts. She used to taunt him on such extravagances. Then he lost his temper and snapped at her.

That day when she, along with her friend went to his workroom he was taking a quick shower, so idly she opened a closet on the wall. All that it contained were, 3 full, 2 half full and 1 empty liquor bottles. She shut the closet quietly and sat down on a backless chair. Her friend was admiring his paintings in the meantime. An empty bottle under a table caught her attention. That was why she asked the previous question. Once more she ventured a question, "You know Sudhir, you shouldn't drink so much!" The moment she said this she regretted it. For immediately Sudhir turned and practically roared at her like a tiger. "This is what I dislike in women! Once you take them into your confidence you start becoming too curious! Why don't you mind your own business instead of trying to make me an angel. I shall drink and go to the dogs, but you have no business to preach at me. If you continue like this you needn't come here any more. Women! they are unpredictable". He stole a glance at her friend.

Rupa remained unperturbed. When Sudhir turned to his canvas the two of

them slowly rose and left without even letting him know. She knew him and his moods. Once crossed he was a wild tiger but at other times he was like a lamb.

She walked home sadly thinking that he would never change. Once an addict, always so. Yet she couldn't understand why she could not break with him. He was careless, Irresponsible and in many respects too adamant in his views. Rupa knew that the time had come at last to take a definite resolution. Her relationship with Sudhir she felt had no future. He stuck to his principles whether right or wrong and cared two-hoots for her still old-fashioned ideas. He took on a callous attitude towards women. She detested and at the same time loved him for it. What could she do? what could she ever do? She sighed and entered her own house.

Sudhir lived alone in a one room apartment. He had run away from home because his father thought him a pervert. Sudhir's mother loved him but he opted for absolute freedom. He wanted to live for the present and not think of the future. He was not romantically sentimental but downright practical. What he wanted from life he wished to take not considering the consequences. In a way Rupa admired his careless attitude to life with no interest in taking any responsibility. His academic career was brilliant but he threw away a good job for his vocation as a painter.

His merit certificates he had left somewhere in his trunk. He never looked at them.

Rupa did not meet Sudhir for some time. Sudhir felt her absence but he ground his teeth and continued with his painting and absent-mindedly asked, "Rupa don't you think that new curator from America will grab this creation of mine?" He turned and only then realised that Rupa was not present. "To hell with her," he thought, "She is a sentimental fool, I like a woman to be more practical-minded."

[One day, a month later our poor heroine and her friend once more met our hero.] They hesitated for a minute. Sudhir was splashing paint on the canvas in a carelessly careful manner. She watched him silently. Suddenly Sudhir tore the canvas from the easel and flung it aside and reeled towards a chair, staring blankly at the wall opposite. His mind was an absolute blank. A fly crawled on the wall. He muttered a few curses under his breath. She coughed vehemently. Sudhir looked up and felt very sheepish; he said "Hallo!" and nothing more. She smiled and they entered. The two of them sat down on the settee.

She said, "You know Sudhir, I've been meaning to tell you all the while you should not go on like this. You should settle down. Why don't you get married?" Sudhir replied calmly. "I don't intend to marry when you want me to and you needn't advise me. I won't take anybody's advice. Leave me and my affairs alone" "Well I want to settle down." "Do so by all means, who is preventing you"—so the conversation went.

She continued, "I wanted to tell you that I might stop coming here entirely be-

cause I am going to settle down for good." He rose from his chair and came to her. He stared at her "How dare you, you had the nerve to tell me, that you are going to get married. How dare you!"

Realising his foolishness he apologised to Rupa's friend. With his customary smile he looked at her straight and said, "I'm very glad for you, who is the lucky chap?" She rose and left silently. She could not speak a word. She never went to him any more. A few months later she got a job transfer and so left the place altogether.

Sudhir immersed himself in his painting all the more. He laughed when he thought of Rupa. Silly girl, she had no brains; a light-headed, light hearted girl. Sudhir became famous. As money increased his pride swelled. He was surrounded by admirers. Men, Women and children flocked into admire his paintings. He lived a full life. His room was filled with gift tokens; instead of water he drank wine. He had everything he wanted. Life was a pleasant dream come true. His bank account mounted. He became the proud possessor of an imported car and a beautiful wife. What more could one want?

In a way Sudhir became an isolated island within himself. Once he wanted a rustic back-ground for his painting. He packed up a few things and went to a hilly area 20 miles from his home. He was alone and he felt relieved. He chose a particular shady spot and stretched out on the bare ground. The sky above was clear and blue, the ground was strewn with leaves. Sudhir thought over about his life. He was never a strong believer in faith but he believed in himself. He loved himself more than anyone else in the world. No woman

had so far impressed him much. Women were all frail and absolutely dependent on men. But when he thought of Rupa he smiled sadly. He remembered how sometimes she put forth very original ideas and gave constructive criticism of his work. But, no, he cannot be anybody's own, not even perhaps his wife's.

He opened his box and took out the novel he had been presented with by an admirer. He looked at the author's name-- Raji Tilak. Some foolish woman, he thought, but he loved literature and so he started reading. As he went on with his reading something in the style struck him. There was a certain distinguished flow in the diction. Only one person could possibly write like this. He gasped, surely it cannot be, no it could not, no woman could equal man in any field. They are the weaker sex, but yet! He slowly rose and went into the interior of the forest. Birds twittered and a slight wind whistled through the leaves. It was dusk and the scene before him impressed him. He took the canvas and started his work vigorously. He was like a maniac when it came to his painting. Sudhir had no formal training in his art. Originality was his forte and

that alone made him famous. To him his painting was basically his life, his bread and butter. He was proud of it. After he finished his painting he felt exhausted. The picture was beautiful. He placed it carefully in his box and returned home.

Alone in his room sudhir took the novel out once again. He completed it at one stretch. The story was simple. Boy meets girl who had more admirers than she could count on her fingers. Boy determined to possess girl. He cannot resist her and sticks to her and finally gets her. Trash, Sudhir thought. Yet there was something impressive about the novel. It remained in his mind and tormented him. Strangely enough his otherwise calm nights were troubled. He wanted to get to know the author personally. He forgot who gave him the book. The next day he wrote a letter to the publishers asking about the author of the book.

They wrote to him that she could not be exactly located as she travelled a lot. For some strange reason he felt a desire to know more about her. Strange he thought, very strange.

On Family Planning

.....All are agreed on the need to control population growth and to bring down the rate to more manageable proportions. But there are still some doubts as to the choice of methods..... In India the demographic survey reveals that the population will double within thirty years. India will not be able to support such a population, Family planning is thus a must. There are those methods by which population growth can be reduced: (1) Deliberate increase in death-rate, (2) Large-scale migration and (3) Decline of birth-rate. The first two are unrealistic and unthinkable. So naturally, the right choice is birth-control.

BASHEER KORAD
M. Com. Previous

On Psycho - therapy

.....He (the Psycho - therapist) makes the patient see clearly and object-

ively how he has been reacting to events and to people and how he has been perceiving himself. The result will however; depend upon the ability of the individual to understand himself more clearly to deal with his feelings more healthfully, to establish more satisfying relationship with others and to pursue with more effectiveness his life's goals

K. A. ABDUL NAZAR
II B. Com.

The Road to Prosperity

.....We know political liberty is meaningless without economic liberty. An idle people indulging in fissiparous tendencies cannot achieve economic self sufficiency. We must shrug off this gloomy nature; hard work is the only way to prosperity

KUTTY RAYAN
II B. A

Some Thoughts on Our Educational Field

K. V. MOIDEEN KUTTY

II B. A. (English Language & Literature
No. 70.

The greatest investment of man is his own brain. Unlike other living beings he uses the resources of his own intellect to gather his food and maintain his existence. Actually the basic aim of education is to connect and co-ordinate human intelligence with practical matters. For man's work to be more fruitful his mental condition must be powerful and mature. As theoretical science was divorced from technology (in the academic field atleast) the objectives of education have been diverted from the actual and practical objectives of human life. The clamour and frustration in our educational field can be traced to this root cause.

In our attitude and educational system we have evolved thereby, there is the glaring absence of a historical approach. Just like the evolutionary nature of history the educational structure also must be mobile. Eventhough the present takes shape negating the existence of yesterday, the gains of yesterday are inherent in the working of the present. That evolution of the present crystallising the gains of the past is lacking in our educational realm. Except blindly following the past there has not been the clarion call of novelty in the field. We are simply following the system enacted by Lord Macaulay in 1835. That white collar education is unpracticable and in compatible with the Indian nature.

Ofcourse we have conducted very many experiments. But every experiment

ends up in itself becoming a mechanical process. When the conflicts in our educational field gather immensa momentum, the authorities nominate one more commission. One of the prominent of them, Kothari commission diagonises the disease and prescribes some methods to make it development oriented. Though the commission suggested that "the future of India is being formed in the class rooms" that formation has not been planned and executed as it should be till today.

Means and Ends

In the means and ends of education some changes will come according to time and place.

It is said that the academic education evolved at the time of transition of humanity from gathering food to food production. There was no division of labour in the middle ages. Knowledge was transmitted from father to son. When the process of production became more complex, the academic education took birth. Due to the ascendancy of religious in the middle ages the aim of education became spiritual. It was with the 19th century that the social awareness or sense developed as one of the corner stones of education. Today we know, that sense is inevitable for the personality development of man. At the same time it is clear that another aim must be to correlate man with the process of production in the economic field.

While in the economically advanced countries, being in contact with the process of manufacture, students are able to widen their field of knowledge, we Indians are sticking to the old Platonic concept of education. We still follow the orthodox method of parrot teaching. It is our bookish pedantic educational system which contributed a great part to the down fall of our national economy.

Education must be a medium to make people competent to participate in the struggle of life. It must not be aimed at creating stereotyped pedantic scholars. Even our science laboratories have no connection with the actual process of a factory. Prosperity will thrive only in a condition where theory and practice go hand in hand.

Job Oriented Education

Lack of responsibility is prominent in the student generation of today. It is one of the main reasons of the frustrations in the academic field. This is reinforced by many other factors. One is the gloomy vision of tomorrows awaiting them after the college days. They see their senior brothers wandering in the streets knocking at every door for a job. They are aware that their future also cannot be different. These

grim facts are on the way to make them life-long pessimists.

The only alternative is a job-oriented educational system. In the schools and colleges they must be trained to do some useful work making them competent to live on their own. This only will change them into self-reliant, and self-respecting youth, the invaluable asset of any nation. This way, education can be an instrument of social change.

In the social context of today, where the division of labour has become complex, the same feature must be reflected in the training of the young also. Students must be trained in varied fields. The old system of leaving the flock on the same highway is not compatible today.

The cultural side of education must not be neglected. It is the cumulative achievement of human refinement through out the ages. Any system neglecting this aspect tends to throw the baby away along with the bath-water.

Human power is a blank cheque offering infinite prospects. It will become practicable only through education. It is the duty of the thinkers and experts to plan it in the proper way. —

The Meaningless Smile

Mohandas P. V.
II M. A. (Eng. litt.)

**I feel the Pangs
I feel the Venom
Yet I Smile
I have to tread
Miles unknown
Through alleys
Unseen
Before I fall
Yet I smile.**

YOU

N. Rohini

II nd M. A. (English)

A glance at your face,
A thought of you, in a glash
I heard musical strains of harmony,
Thousands of ragas enchanting
And captivating my heart
All at once, lingering
Some precious moments, netting
Melting me into nothingness.