

# A BUNCH OF POEMS

(SPECIAL INTRODUCTION: JAYAPRAKASH)

When The Editor brought me a wad of slightly crumpled manuscripts one sultry afternoon last March, I thought he was going to give me quite a job but it turned out to be a surprise. The wad contained manuscripts of English poems, written by our students to be published in the college Magazine and he asked me to do the choosing. When I went through the pieces, I was very much cut up because with the exception of two or three poems, the whole lot was mediocre. However, with considerable care, I have chosen a few for publication with the consent of the Editor. We are sorry to disoblige the others.

Most of you think that poetry is simply "prose run mad." Poetry is not simply prose put into metrical language, with occasional inversions, rhyme tagged on. It has, what is called form, which is one of the most important elements, that differentiates it from the other harmony-Prose. You have been misled to believe that modern free verse is formless. Even free verse has some kind of form, which you can unravel through deeper analysis. Its formlessness is only apparent. It has another indispensable feature called texture. Without texture, a poem is not a poem but prose run mad.

None of the poems I went through has these two qualities, though they were written in free verse quite conspicuously. When you compose a free verse poem in the future, don't dare to put pen to paper, without mastering the intricacies of versification first. I am giving a few clues in the criticisms, largely negative, that I offer below. I hope that you will benefit by my views.

Joju Jose's poem about the agony of love's silence and the pain of parting could have been written in a better way, if he had paid a little more attention to the technical details of verse-making. The choice of the classical stanza form, a rhyming couplet followed by quatrains, imposes certain obligations as to metre and rhyme. When you choose a rigid form, you should not take liberties with the metrical structure and the rhyme-scheme. The poem does not scan however much you try. My point is that the theme could have been handled in a better way if it had been written in free verse. Free verse gives you a little more freedom than classical stanza forms. Many quatrains have a rhyme scheme but there are some in which the rhyme has been arbitrarily disrupted for reasons best known to the poet himself. The poem has two serious deficiencies. One is lack of form; the other is sloppy versification.

There is no emotional consistency, which is a must in any good poem. There are lines which are confusing and often contradictory. Clarity is still a virtue in poetry.

Versification has been very lippy, The various sound elements of a poem — and that includes the rhyme too—are used functionally in a good poem. Metre and rhyme should not be an end in themselves. They should contribute towards intensifying the total effect, This is what critics call texture. Texture is conspicuous by its absence here. There are also lines, which leave the impression that the rhyme has controlled the thought. However, we are not discouraging students from attempting poetry. Our advice is that, you should first master the intricacies of the poetic craft before writing poetry, This tip is not meant for Joju alone but for all our ambitious uudergraduates aspiring to embrace the Muse.

The “Imprisonment” is a nice little poem, unpretentious, clear-headed and emotion-charged by a first-degree student with some sensibility, about the tragic loneliness of a soul. Unlike the majority of poems published herein, this piece has something clear to say and says it well. With a little more training, Sherin can write poetry a little better. The potential is there. What it needs is a little honing. One word of advice. Mind your punctuation marks. They are important in free verse.

“The Debris” is a pretty good romantic poem about the transience of love and the disillusionment that follows. It shows some sense of form. Not much texture though. The four periods in the ellipsis at the end of the fifth line are used functionally. Good. One serious drawback is careless punctuation.

The other poems do not measure up to our standard. ‘Fortified Enclosure is an exercise in verbal mystification. I could not make out what it was all about even after the third reading. A poem should mean, not simply be, contrary to what Archibald Meleish says. There are some honest attempts but in them, metre and rhyme have broken loose from the other elements; e.g. “Distant Dreams” by a Zoology Post-graduate, could have been written in plain, matter-of-fact prose as well, with absolutely no difference. ○

# A GLANCE THROUGH MY ENGLISH LESSONS

PARVATHIKUTTY M.D.

(B.Com. 3rd Year)

When I look back over my fifteen years of study, I feel as though it was all a matter of a few seconds. I still remember those days in the kindergarten when I recited my nursery rhymes with great pride. I was educated at the convent school in Calicut and our medium of instruction was English. I took a fascination to that language even at the tender age of four and I feel that, I have still a long way to go to understand all the aspects of that beautiful language.

I have still a vivid picture of those schooldays when we were so happy in the company of our loving and understanding teachers and a group of mischievous, yet friendly classmates. We conversed with each other in English and so that charming language became part and parcel of us and we could handle it fluently. In my memory, there stands affixed my English teachers, all so generous and willing to lend us a helping hand, whenever there arose the necessity.

My love for the subject increased day by day and I felt as though I hadn't enough time to devote to the study of English. In the tenth standard we had to make a thorough study of the famous drama The "Twelfth Night" written by the renowned English dramatist, William Shakespeare "Jungle Pictures" a collection of jungle stories written by Norah Burke and a few poems were also included in our Syllabus. When I came to college I found that in the Pre-degree classes we had "Great Expectations" the simple book written by Dickens, as one of our texts. Dickens loved to write simple stories rather than complicated ones, so that ordinary people could read, understand and enjoy them during their leisure. But as we were familiar with the book during our schooldays, studying the same

book over again seemed quite a monotonous job. Our lecturers at the College were quite young and intelligent, lady—lecturers coming fresh after their post—graduation. Although they didn't have much experience they gave us the very best and Prose, Drama and Poetry were efficiently dealt with. My favourite lesson in my Pre-degree classes was "The Hero of Peace." I can never forget that wonderful lesson about Dag Hammarskjold, the Secretary-General of the U.N. Oh! What a daring personality he was! Of course, with his blue-eyed, sandy-haired and youthful-looking appearance he presented a charming figure too.

Now, let us come to our beloved Farook College. I am doing my B.Com. Degree Course here. We had to study English only for a year, so you see now we are quite finished with it. But the lessons we had during that year were the most superb and outstanding ones we have ever had so far. All our lecturers were extremely efficient people and typically English. Our lecturer, with his marvellous explanations converted the imaginary into the real and by the end of one hour, the matter was almost imprinted in our minds, never to fade away. His knowledge of English was quite astounding and his eyes seemed to twinkle with the light of that boundless knowledge,

Oh! why did this University put a full-stop to the study of English for B.com. students after the First Year. In my opinion they should have made it compulsory till the end of the course. So, my beloved English literature, let me place this piece of my autobiography at your sacred feet, and I hope my Gracious Queen, will forgive my errors because according to the famous proverb, "To err is human, to forgive divine." ○

# A THOUGHT FOR YOU

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SHYLAJA. K

(II Year B.A.)

Dreams...  
like leaves may fade away  
Unspoken words ..  
like cherished glances may linger  
Fond memories...  
dancing upon its boughs  
Life, with a heap of happenings  
Beckons you young Lady  
Remember! then that  
Life's  
hardest moments borne with a smile  
Are sweet to reflect and look back upon.

# DISTANT DREAMS

ZEENAT. C

(II Year M.Sc.)

Memories of you  
Cling to me tightly.  
I can't get away from them  
Your face is all before me.  
Your eyes are still in my mind-  
Which are the symbol of grief.  
Your silent words hurt my mind.  
Innocent sparks of your eyes—  
With those saddest songs  
Still remain in me.  
I always wished a brief glance,  
A smile from you  
But it was only a distant dream of mine.  
Thoughts of you envelop me none  
With those precious moments in my mind  
Which told me of your sorrow  
But at last you had gone  
Gone for ever.  
You gave me only a smile,  
A look, immersed in sorrow;  
Endless grief was there  
In the depth of your eyes  
My dreams only speak of you,  
It says life's pain !  
Thinking of your sorrow  
I walked alone, searching you all around  
There's only the cool breeze to soothe me.  
The warm eternal darkness to follow me.  
Hope you may remember me,  
Once in a while,  
When you recall your memories. ○

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# EPILOGUE

JOJU JOSE. M

(II BSc. Physics)

Why it be that thou must leave  
And thus our common bondage cleave?

Few that was 'twixt us said  
The very many that was not  
All these now to simmer and be dead  
In the grains of many a plaintive thought.

All that I had of you endeared  
Few visible and very many unseen  
All these now painfully severed  
All that exacts my loving servitude.

Note once have I shown or said  
All that was within; my fault,  
Immersed as I in fathoms of dread  
Brought on by the bonds of habit.

And unaware of what was  
Hidden in the innards, strongly secured  
Fenced in with morals, traditions, all the morass  
And what not! Yet was felt and heard!

Still, not to proceed was my conscience's decree  
That lest I wrongly be judged,  
God in heaven! Forgive thee  
This sinner who so hell hath deserved.

Me who still failed to see  
Time, 'twas running out for you an' me  
Thou knew and thy best did thee  
For the rest I was in the wrong, Mercy be.

And so I beg you forgive  
For thine fragrance that was lost  
In this mine desert air unfit to line  
For such flowers as yourself most.

Though it be that I have sinned  
I promise you this my Love  
See I your spirit in every room  
In every hall an'you move

So in every hallowed spot  
That once held your blithesome form  
These I see in sleep and wakefulness  
These I see, I see and yearn

Why it be that thou must leave  
And thus our common bondage cleave  
Still, wish you all that is best and more  
For now and for evermore.

# FORTIFIED ENCLOSURE

JANAKI.A.R

(II Year M.A.)

Though was all to me my friend  
All that anyone can ask for  
And yet, one thing I asked you not  
Be stern with me and help it stay dormant within  
Lest it erupt and break someone's heart.  
Yet I want to say it and still will not  
For it I do, you will hate me so  
For some things are born that way  
Born in your mind for you to hate  
An ache within, still urges.  
I resist;  
for I may lose a friend forever  
Oh! I forget it. I am in this world  
Yet again when night engulfs this world and you  
And I am lost in vacant thoughts  
The empty night mocks at me  
The distant stars laugh at me  
And I brood over that again  
And get carried away  
My thoughts uplift me to the starry heavens  
Where things are born that way  
Born to tell to each other  
Ah! the then you would not hate me so.  
no still I will not tell it to you  
For you are made that way  
To laugh at life and laugh at pain,  
Burdened yourself with such a life  
So let that secret stay in my heart  
Dormant within, till the day I die  
And when the logs are piled over my corpse  
And I hear the loved ones wail,  
A power lifts my soul forever  
my life-long secret dying within me;  
And nothing is left but memories of ashes  
Ashes in which my secret lies  
words which no one else can read  
no, not even you will know it  
you will forget me, as will all

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no birds will cry for me.

no day will mourn for me.

All will remain as on the day I died

The birds will chatter. The days will deepen

And you like a machine,

will resume life again. ○



# GLIMPSES OF GREATNESS

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J.THOTTATHIL

(II Year B.Sc. Chemistry)

As was the custom in Illionis, Abraham Lincoln and his political opponent were travelling over the district together to engage themselves on a joint debate. The carriage belonged to the opponent. When they met a group of farmers, Lincoln said: "I am too poor to own a carriage but my friend has generously invited me to ride with him. I want you to vote for me if you will, but if not, then vote for my opponent, for he is a fine man.

When Albert Schweitzer visited America in 1949 a former school pupil of his, met him at the railway station and took him to a restaurant for breakfast. A cake, specially prepared for the occasion, was produced, thus giving the table a festive look.

When the time came to cut the cake, Dr. Schweizer was handed the knife. He stood up, poised the blade and counted the people. There were nine of them. But Dr. Schweitzer cut the cake into ten pieces. One piece for the young lady who so graciously served us," he explained, handing the tenth piece to the waitress.

A poor Russian soldier during the reign of Emperor Nicholas, was sitting on his barracks in complete dejection. He had many debts to pay but he found no way of paying them. He listed them all on a sheet of paper and wrote underneath. "Who shall pay them"?

He then fell asleep. After some time Emperor Nicholas happend to pass that way and seeing the sleeping soldier he stopped by him. He read the items of debts on the paper and taking a pencil wrote the answer: "Nicholas."

The soldier woke up but could not believe his eyes when he saw the Emperor's signature. He thought it to be a dream. The next morning, however, he received from the Emperor's treasurer the promised amount. ○

# **IMPRISONMENT**

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**SHERIN ISAAC**

(1 Year B.A.)

Tearing though the days of darkness,  
With a tear—flooded face,  
To find nothing,  
Which could carry my aching heart.

I made my way through the wilderness,  
Abandoned by all.  
I know not what my crime could be,  
Awarded a punishment so great.

Chains of sadness had pulled me down;  
Freedom was far away:  
Could none bail me out  
From this desert of distress?

Never have you heard my painful cries?  
Had none seen me yet?  
Now too, I wait with an aching heart,  
Hoping to see a passer by.

# LIBRARY HURLY - BURLY

BEENA RANI C.

(1 Year M.A.)

I was in a state of hibernation when the sound of that dreadful instrument pierced my ears. The bell-a necessary evil. Myself and my friends rambled through the sinuous paths of the mighty college and at last reached our nihilist's chamber. My head was full of maxims. I was in particularly of brooding over the resolution I made in the morning to spend the time in the most useful manner - to follow knowledge ilke a sinking star.

Sometimes the whole process of education becomes a trinity of dullness - dull student, dull lecturer and dull subject. But the worst thing happens when you are let free like the stray dogs left arbitrarily. Today also the inevitable thing happened as one of our lecturers announced "We can go to the library and refer". Someone had a brain wave. I stood grinning like an ass and said to myself: "Yes, Hamlet you are right" "To be or not to be-that is the question". All sorts of unparliamentary epithets tumbled out of my mouth and at last like the Satan who travelled through the Chaos we swept through the portals of our Alma Mater and reached the face of our library.

The first sign that struck my eyes was the contentious board—"Silence". I just had the urge to protest that it was a gross trespassing on the fundamental rights. But it was too late when I realized that I was gazing at it as if it were a goblin. Amidst the confusion, I found my friend staring at some magazine, I stood with her in a stoic manner.

Slipping through the fields of the sprawling hall, we continued up on to the perilous summits that stood alluring above us. When she was about to go and search for one back, she realized that she left her esteemable book downstairs. She fled downstairs and got logged down with the chase of books and at last dug it out. She reminded me of a virile viper burning with amorous passion shooing up into a creative dance, the frenzy of which distracted the poor spectators.

At last, the blessed moment came and I began to proceed. But after seeing the moth

eaten cover of that book my spirits declined steeply. I thought to myself "Chaucer wrote old English and no wonder this book seems to be one that existed at the Jawanan's time" Well I started reading. Chaucer was gently mocking at his contemporaries. Well the word contemporaries sounded interesting "Look at the contemporary politicians. pack them up and put it in the dustbin" My friend could not help expressing her anger. "But Indira Gandhi is really great. She has an aura of charm around her". She was different. But I was not sure whether that comment was adulterated with her unfathomable love for her own sex. I teased her for being partial. "You know all these men folk are stupid. I had a tough time arguing with them in the morning." That grave comment made me keep mum. Although. I put a plastic smile I was comparing her to a diminutive hero fighting with an ogre, I thought I was enjoying the whole situation Suddenly my friend of lifted all of us back into the world of Chaucer from the everenchanted dream world. "Chaucer is too boring (!) Let us read Bacon". I wanted very much to tell them, "Nothing is good or bad, thinking makes it so". Well the only thing I was able to do was to curse my friend for depriving one of the chance of exhibiting my little knowledge.

By that time the impression about Chaucer was one of scattered, similar to lost foot prints on wind-blown dunes. This time my friend volunteered". Bacon was admirable as a philosopher". Oh! philosophy! The memory of my dead friend flared like lightning" I can very well remember how she used to stuff our poor brains with nerve racking philosophy and how she used to behave like an exalted creature. I started narrating her story.

"Damn with your friend. My friend interrupted "Look at this Bacon, I wonder whether he was alive. How can a man trouble people like this?" "No, that is not the case," Another one interrupted "He was alive any way. But he was an exhibitor who wanted to show off his knowledge and we are here to suffer for his impudence." We have been taught that finding fault is the easiest and meanest thing to do.

Though the meanest, I also started arguing like an ancient Sophist. "If I were the queen at that time I would have had his mouth shut forever" But lucky for him I was not.

Then suddenly we all heard that dreadful sound again. We paled, reeled, stammered faltered, but luckily or unluckily never fainted. We all stood up staring at each other completely forgetting our pabulum. Engulfed in the turmoil, I dropped my book. Oh; what a fate!

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Suddenly I realized it was all over. Throughout our journey downstairs we inflicted upon ourselves the most spectacular of mental holocausts and recreated out of it the angel of a new dawn. 'Better luck next time.' Though bachneyed it sounds fascinating. But my poor brain was about to burst with Bacon, Chaucer and all super-human beings lying in a biggledy-higgledy manner. The only thing I could do was to give out a deep sigh..... ○

# ON BEING A SCIENTIST

JAFAR. M.

(M.Sc. (Final) Chemistry)

To the outside world, the word scientist refers to a group of strange fellows—chemists, physicists, biologists etc—who spend their lives among the riddles and realities of life. In the brilliant and creative world of science, only one quality is respected—excellence. But the pathetic fact is that the quantum of effort they put in, was not always rewarded accordingly. There are cases where true ability went unacknowledged until 10, 20, 30 years after the man's death. When Niels Bohr, in 1913, proposed his Quantum Mechanical model for Hydrogen atom, it was only one of dozens of alternate atomic theories that had been appearing in the journals month after month for decades. No one paid much attention, even though Einstein confided to a friend that Bohr's ideas were of great importance. "I once had similar thoughts, but I didn't dare to publish them!" was his amazing confession.

Albert Einstein was thought to have so little promise at graduation that no school or university bothered to offer him a job. In 1905, at the age of 26, the still supposedly untalented man working as a mere patent clerk published 3 papers in a single year, each of which was destined to become a classic of scientific thought. The response from the world of science to this unequalled performance was total indifference. That silence persisted for another few years.

There are instances of over-looked talent far worse than this. The Austrian monk, Gregor Mendel, founded the science of genetics in a monastery garden in 1858. It was not until the beginning of the present century that the results of his work and their great significance were to become known to the scientific world. He died in 1884 without ever knowing the great veneration which was to be his as "the father of modern genetics". Even though Sadi Carnot belonged to one of French aristocratic families his work on Thermodynamics, was totally ignored during his life-time and for 20 years after his death. Thus many of these intellectuals are unfortunate to see their winged ideas fly, before breathing their last.

There is profound pleasure, both of touch and mind—to the experimentalist in the manipula-

tion of apparatus. It he has designed it himself, There is the added pleasure of seeing it perform exactly as he conceived it. The theorist has the overwhelming satisfaction when one of his hypotheses turns out to be true. Jack Peter Green who was working on the structural configuration of a number of hallucinogens—LSD, Morephine etc—was said to have made loud sounds of private satisfaction. The story of Archmedes, who ran naked through the streets shouting "Eureka! Eureka!", when he was struck by the idea of the so called Archmedies Principle, is worth mentioning here.

Experiments carry all the emotions of a contest. Objectivity lies in the scientist's willingness to accept, however reluctantly, evidence that his brilliant conception is wrong. Once Nature gives its decision, there is no appeal. Within no time, the scientist is ruthlessly informed whether his creation is valid or not. There are several differences between creativity for the artist and for the scientist. If Shakespear had never written 'Hamlet', if Beethoven had not lived to create 'Eroica' no one would have brought these works into existence. But if Watson and Crick had not solved the structure of DNA, or if Einstein had never lived to work out the Theory of Relativity, other scientists would have done so. The world of art is infinite is creative possibilities; the world of science is restricted. There is only one nature to be discovered. The words of Sir Isaac Newton "I have been but a child playing on the sea shore, now finding some prettier pebble or more beautiful shell than my companion, while the unbounded ocean of knowledge lay undiscovered before me" depict correctly the position of the greatest of scientists even today.

No work of art has ever had the revolutionary impact on man and society, the impact a new technology had. With the artist, a moment history comes to an end when he finishes his particular work and the act of creation is terminated. With the scientist, it is that precise moment at which a new phase of history begins, even though he himself cannot foresee what future generations will add to his contribution or choose to do with it. Thus, Michael Faraday would not have guessed that the dropping of a

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magnet through a coil of wire would mean that a 100 years later, millions of miles of electric power lines would flash billions of kilowatt-hours in this way, in the world. The scientist is the prisoner of his own time. Because of his inability to look over the walls of history and foresee what subsequent generations will do with the fruits of his discovery, society today

blames him for making nasty smells in the laboratory and engines polluting the atmosphere and waters. It is as if Prometheus, was chained to rock not by gods from whom he stole the fire, but by the men he tried to help, because, as they claim, he had now made it possible for them to burn one another to death. ○

## PROF.K.A.JALEEL: OUR MAN OF THE YEAR

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To those who knew Prof.Jaleel as an academician and educational administrator, the news of his appointment to the post of the Vice-Chancellor of Calicut University came not a day too soon. As the Principal of Farook College and as a member of the policy-making bodies of the Kerala, Cochin and Calicut Universities, he has been well-known in the academic circles all over Kerala for the past three decades, and his appointment to the present post is only a fitting recognition of his widely known abilities in the educational and cultural fields.

Prof. Jaleel who entered his educational career as a Lecturer in English in Islamiah College, Vaniambadi joined Farook College as Lecturer in English in 1948. He was promoted as Professor of English in 1949 and as Principal in May 1957. During his twenty-two year long tenure in office as Principal, Prof.Jaleel served the college in various capacities - as teacher, administrator and the chief warden of hostels, and by the time he left the college to take over as the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Calicut in 1979, gave a very distinguished place to the college in the academic map of Kerala. In tune with the good work that was being done at the College, recognition of his abilities was coming from other sources, too. The University Grants Commission, New Delhi, and the Universities of Madras, Kerala, Calicut and Cochin nominated him, from time to time, to several of their high-level academic bodies. He was invited to serve on the Central Wakf Board's Special Committee for Coordination of Modern Education and Deeni Ta'leem (1973-75), as a member of Round Table Conference on Education organised by the Govt. of Jammu & Kashmir (1975), as President of Rotary Club and Chairman of Rotary District Conference (1972) and as Chairman of Reception Committee of the All India Muslim Educational Conference (1970), and V All India Muslim Educational Conference (1975). He visited the USA, West Germany and France in 1972 and saw the working of the Universities in those countries. He also visited the United Kingdom under the sponsorship of the British Council to study the organisation and administration of University Education in Britain.

In spite of the various academic and non-academic positions held by him outside, Prof. Jaleel's main area of work and concentration has been the Farook College Campus. Through planned, systematic and dedicated work, he gave new dimensions to the curricular and co-curricular activities at the College, and earned for it the distinction of being one of the foremost residential Colleges in the State with Post-graduate Depts in as many as seven subjects. Today, as we saunter from one end of the College Campus to another, amidst the beautifully laid landscape, play grounds and official and residential buildings, we gratefully recall Prof. Jaleel's services to Farook College, which have immortalised his association with this institution. He has rightly earned his place among those who helped in transforming a bald hill-top into a well-equipped temple of learning. On his well-deserved elevation to the post of the Vice-Chancellor of Calicut University, we join our readers in wishing him all the best. ○

# RAMRAJ

HEMRAJ.K.  
(II Year B.Com.)

Ramraj was still small. Doctors predicted that he would never grow up in intellect or physique. An ugly prediction for one also deprived of speech. Whenever doctors went away, he would look incomprehendingly at Mother, but all she did was tap lightly on his head, and her heart-warming smile was a comfort to poor Ramraj.

A lovely name Ramraj! Mother said it was lovely. He remembered the story of Ramayana. Mother often told him. Ram was handsome, he was a king, and little Ramraj was named after him. It is great to be named after a heroic idol, but he was not pleased. Could he be, when the children called him 'dwarf' and 'ugly' if he sat in the verandah? As for being valiant, even a slight movement by him was ridiculed.

Ramraj had lived with nature for twelve years, each year more beautiful than the last. The trees grew bigger, so did little Usha, the next door neighbour who was four years younger than him. He wondered why he did not grow like her and the rest of the children. Why was he treated differently? Why did he not go to school, about which Usha had plenty to say?

He opened his mouth to speak like Usha, but

all that came out were quaint guttural sounds. Anita, Usha's new friend, laughed at him. This infuriated him. He tried to scream, which sent a piercing pain to his stomach. He did not know what he did later, but only remembered Usha's screams and Anita's waitings.

From that day life seemed rather dull and lonely. Usha never came to see him, nor did he see Anita. When Anita was spoken of at home, secretive glances were cast towards him. Then he realised—he must have hurt her.

The days grew longer, gloomy and dreary. He was confined to his bed. Sometimes mother and father came to see him—otherwise no one. His outbursts of anger grew more frequent. He could not remember what happened during these outbursts, only recall Mother's questioning look of fear mixed with sadness.

Then one day they dressed him and filled his suitcase with his clothes and toys. Mother kissed him on his cheek and father's lips brushed lightly on his forehead. Ramraj could not understand this. He was afraid.

For the first time in many months they seated him in the verandah. After a while, a small clean van stopped at the gate. Father placed him in the van and the driver took his suitcase. The door was quickly shut and he felt the van moving.

Ramraj was now on the threshold of a new life—life in an asylum. ○





# SILENCE

PUSHPA KIDAV

(M. A. First Year)

Silence is omnipotent. It has the immense power to move, to persuade, to provoke, to inspire, to instigate to instil. Silence like a vacuum allows no sound, but it has the magnificent talent of communication. A thousand refined thoughts can be put forth during the glorious event of silence.

The unfathomable depth of darkness engulfed in silence has much more to communicate than what words can do. The rich foliage silhouetted against the brilliant sky embracing within the glorious creatures of the Almighty; Does it not convey a significant message? It says, give refuge to the needy, the discarded, the detained and the hopeless. The pale silvery moonlight which illumines the entire landscape profess to convey yet another brilliant view of dignified thoughts. It relays in the most scintillating tone of silence:- Come, illumine the life of the disheartened, the disappointed, the distracted, the unwanted, the disillusioned and the doomed.

The soft lyrical motion of the shivering cool breeze does not have the fury of a monster tempest. It lifts our souls to the highest point. It neither betrays nor discourages. It inspires and induces the best thoughts in the best outfit. It is neither irksome nor disgusting. It has the effect of the caress of sylphs and nymphs. A feeling of the absence of the dark prince. A series of unsyllabic notes are gracefully swung forth to us from a distance. This sweetest music with its colossal strength reminds our presence among the vast human flow on earth.

The vast ocean, its mighty waves stumbles and splits into a thousand skimming names. What has this unsurpassed beauty to relay to us? It says life has both its ups and downs. You can sink amazingly as well as rise gloriously. There is nothing like the past and the future but only the present.

A panorama of the wildest flowers will never fail to stir the heart of even a dull-witted man. Its the nature smiling in the most alluring manner conveying the crystal clear and unadulterated thoughts of the divine being. Gospels have recommended silent prayer behind a closed door.

“Silence is Golden” but ‘All that glitters is not gold’.

This pinpoints another variety of silence which is embarrassing, awkward and displeasing. There is an air of uncertainty and rudeness about it. There is a sense of gloom and unhappiness. The silence here is unsoothing, unvented, unrelished, uninspiring, unrecommended and uninvited. This is the silence of death. It is cold and demonic in attire. It bites, lashes, and hurts you. It is as well, disastrous and unhealthy. It reflects a sense of despair and loss. And deep, within there is an intense current of commotion.

Yet in everyday life we come across several instances when silence is demanded of us which signifies the presence of the dignified the sensible, the responsible and, above all, the intellectual.

# THE DEBRIS

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NITA. G

(III B.A.)

Sensations Sweet  
Gazes interlocked  
Hands enclasped  
Time stands still.  
Rrrrude awakening.....  
Mirages

In the desert of life !  
Waves and Seagulls  
Come together;  
Waves roll away  
Seagulls fly away.  
And the debris of  
Reminiscences remain.○

# THE NORTH - SOUTH DIVIDE

RANJIT NAYAR

(1 Year B.Sc.(Phy))

"I want to make it clear that Travancore claims independence equal to any other State in the world, and is going to apply in time for membership to the United Nations Organisation. We shall see how the UNO dare deny admission to Travancore", said Sir C P. Ramaswamy Iyer, Dewan of Travancore, way back in June 1947. Travancore State eventually joined the Indian Union, and the call for independence died down. But today, thanks to our so-called "National" leaders, and their biased policies, the call for secession slowly gains ground.

Southern India, especially the States of Kerala, Tamil Nadu, and West Bengal have a growing sense of alienation towards North India. But what brought matters to a head was the slow, but steady replacement of English—the sole link language between most of the States in India — by Hindi. Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru had promised the Southern states that Hindi would not be the national language, if even one state objected to it. He coined the term. "Three-Language Formula", i.e the use for all official purposes three languages. English, Hindi, and the regional language. But today, the "three-language formula" is just a bad memory to the Northern administrators. To start with, the three-language formula is actually a two-language formula for North India, as the regional language there also is Hindi. Slowly, we find English being erased, to be replaced by Hindi, so much so, that in India today, English is practically a South Indian language. Anti-English slogans are vote-catchers in the North, as are anti-Hindi slogans in the South. Mr. Morarji Desai, when he was Prime Minister, is reported to have said that those who did not know Hindi, were not patriotic.

The North argues that English is a foreign language, and we should not be using it even after three decades of independence after the British. What they forget, is that if English is a foreign language, then Hindi, too, is very much a foreign language to the Southerner. Moreover English is an international language, and a highly developed one at that. Hindi is as foreign to a South Indian

as the Kathakali is to the North Indian.

Another argument of the Hindi chauvinist is that Hindi is the Language spoken by the majority in India. This is indeed a peculiar argument. According to the 1971 census, of a total of 548 million Indians, 215m live in the Hindi-speaking States. Of these, more than 56m belong to Bihar, whose language is Bhojpuri, which is not actually Hindi. Thus, the actual number of Hindi speakers is reduced to 159 m., accounting for a bare 29.01% of the total population! This means, about 389 million (total 548m. minus 159m) people, or 71% of the population, speak languages other than Hindi.\*For argument's sake, let us suppose that Hindi is the language of the majority. In the words of Mr. M. Karunanidhi, Ex-Chief Minister of the Tamil Nadu, "...Why should we then claim the tiger as our national animal instead of the rat, which is so much more numerous or the peacock as our national bird, when the crow is ubiquitous?"

Compared to most of the South-Indian languages, Hindi is only in it's cradle stages. Malayalam struck out on it's own (from Tamil) by the 10th century A. D.; Bengali emerged as a separate language around A. D 1000; Kannada as an independent language dates from the 9th century A. D.; Telugu became a literary language by 11th century A. D. (it is found recorded from 7th century A. D.); Tamil literature dates back to centuries before the christian Era. As against this, Hindi, in the standard Khari-Boli form, started developing only in the *second half of the 19th century*, just about a hundred years ago!\*

The percentage of national literacy, according to the 1971 census, is 29.3%. But this figure does not give the correct picture. Kerala is far ahead of other States, with a literacy rate of 60.16%—Staggering, by Indian standards. U. P. has just 21.07% while Bihar has 19.94% and Rajasthan has a paltry 19.07%. Even the remote Island territory of Lakshadweep, in the Arabian sea, is ahead of these States, with

\* Source Manorama Year Book, 1978

43.66%\* The renowned journalist, Mr. Khushwant Singh after a visit to Kerala, remarked, "Kerala has rows of palm trees, toddy shops, strikes, and parallel college."

The number of people (in 1917) who could read and write their own language was as follows:

Malayalam	—	60%
Tamil	—	39%
Bengali	—	33%
Panjabi	—	33%
Hindi	—	22%

[source : Illustrated Weekly of India Oct. 14, '79]

while 60% could read and write Malayalam, only 22% could do the same in Hindi. It is on this basis they wish to make Hindi the national and link language. According to Central Govt. Statistics presented to Parliament of every 1000 newspaper readers in India, 36 read Malayalam newspapers, 21 read Tamil, 12 read urdu, and 10 read Bengali. As against this, only 6 out of thousand (i. e. 06% ) read Hindi newspapers. Indeed, a fine link language !

Hindi was made compulsory in Kerala in 1949. For the Malayalee, the world is not confined to the narrow strip of land between the Western Ghats and the Arabian sea. He has to look for employment outside Kerala, which is the most densely populated State in India (549 people per sq. km, against a national average of 178 people). So the Malayalee took to

Hindi. Thus he ended up learning, beside his own tongue Malayalam, English and Hindi, too, both of which have scripts different from Malayalam. But in the North, all they have to learn, is their native tongue, Hindi. The North Indian does not have to learn any additional regional language, and he doesn't bother to learn the "foreign" language English. English is anathema to him.

Chinese, probably the most complicated language in the world, has been Romanised to a very large extent. Likewise, if Hindi, too, were to be Romanised, it would become far more palatable to the South Indians, who as it is, have to learn both the regional and Roman scripts. The Hindi script, Devnagari, in addition, is too much of a strain. The famous Tamil writer, Akhilan is of the opinion that "the first duty of those making it [Hindi] a national language, should have been to take as much material and literary words as possible from the South-Indian language". But the Northerners would not consent to that, or even to change the script. That would hurt their Hindi chauvinism. Their aim is to throw out English by hook or by crook, and to replace it by Hindi, as is evident from the following incident. The Government of Haryana sent an official communication to the Govt. of West Bengal, in Hindi. West Bengal got it translated, and sent Haryana a reply—in Bangali. ○

\* Source : Manorama Year Book, 1978

# WHAT YOU WILL

C.K.MOHAMED UMAR

Of all rummy experiences, mine was the rummiest. To let you in on a personal secret, Rummy experiences are no strangers to me. You dive into any part of my eventful history, you surface with a rummy experience.

First, to let you into the circs. On the day in question nothing unusual had happened. Morning came as mornings come every day—the sun rising in the east and all that sort of thing. Then the long day's journey into night, as my poet-friend would have put it in one of his inspired moments. Self totally without rummy experiences.

Now, photographer, focus! I'm all alone in my out-of-the-way country mansion, a house filled with vast echoes. Electricity has failed for some electrical reason. A giant candle is lighting up my whole room. I'm reading Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher." Outside the house, in the enveloping darkness, Dim Figures and Faceless Fiends may have been playing hide-and-seek. If the word 'eerie' springs to your lips, you were never righter in your life.

Here we pause. Before we proceed any further, let me ask you to have a firm grip on my psychology. I'm the sort of cove who can take a casual stroll in a graveyard in the dead of the night. My biographer (may the good Lord bless and keep him!) may tell you that one time I met a corpse stealthily coming out of its grave and self pointed out to the restless soul the folly of walking about at night. "Look here!" I made it clear to the dead old gentleman, "You should be sleeping now after life's fitful fever" (I often come up with original phrases like "life's fitful fever").

Time for slipping into the present. I do this in the belief that you have my psychology in firm grip. I have reached a very climactic point in Poe's story when my attention is diverted by a scratching sound. Then things happen with breathless speed. It is as though Nature and its laws had gone crazy. My bulging eyes see a tiny pink rabbit smartly stepping into my room and moving across the floor. Then, suddenly, in a suspended moment in time, the tiny pink rabbit looks up at me, gives me a genial smile as though I were a long-lost friend, and asks me

with an easily recognisable Lancashire accent, "Say, do you happen to have a match on you?"

Well, you have it in full. What happened afterwards is just immaterial. After some days I legged it to my friend's quarters. I wanted their observations on my r. experience.

My psychologist-friend; "It is a perfectly natural psychic phenomenon. Great souls frequently experience it."

My poet-friend. "Beauty in any form is to be appreciated. Your experience of beauty happens to be in the shape of a pink rabbit."

My scientist-friend: "Pink rabbits have been known to speak to humans with easily recognisable Lancashire accents when there is too much of atmospheric disturbance."

My lawyer-friend thought he was in court and cross-examined me:

"When did you see the pink rabbit?"  
"On 30th February."

"So far nothing unusual. How do you know the rabbit was pink?"

"It was not green. So naturally it must be pink."

"You sure it was a rabbit?"  
"Quite."

"Not an elephant, by any chance?"  
"No. I've seen rabbits, I've seen elephants."

"You're sure it spoke with an easily recognisable Lancashire accent?"

"I can smell a Lancashire accent a mile off. We're old chums."

Well, it all boils down to one thing. If any more pink rabbits come to me asking for matches, I'm jolly well going to ignore them. Their accents are not going to impress me.

N.B. 1) Characters and situations: fictitious.  
2) Resemblances: accidental. ○

# YOUTH

BEENA KIDAV

(1 B.A. Eco.)

Youth is the gem in the treasure of life. It is the time of unadulterated fun happiness and joy. It is the transitional phase between childhood and adulthood. This purple period of life retains a pinch of boyish character and a tinge of adulthood. In this never-repeated golden period of life great ideas can fashion themselves.

Childhood being a bud, youth is a fully bloomed flower. Like a flower it is colourful and enjoyable. Even the wildest flower has its beauty, so has youth.

Youth forever bubbles with life. Youth is like moist clay which can be moulded into any shape. character has its strong foundation in youth. Seeds of good manners and divine thoughts are sown in this period so that they germinate, flower and fruit by the time youth windles into adulthood.

Youth and freedom are synonymous. Youth is free as a speck of cloud floatin<sup>g</sup> high in the blue and like the soaring lark in the sombre sky. Infact, freedom is the emblem of youth.

Youth is the holy period when one comes to know more and more about the enigmatic, clusive and mysterious world. Like the skylark that looks down to inspect the wide endless stretch of the queer earth, so does youth which toils hard to solve the mysterious riddles of life to which it is merci- lessly exposed.

A spring season of life—youth is the most pleasing, charming, beautiful, exciting, nosy, interesting intriguing, adventurous and romantic period. hand is to pring smile alike.

Youth is like a prancing young colt full of vim, vigour and vitality enjoying the morning sun. The sun in its in dancing drives away the darkness and pierces the thick membrane of mist, leaving behind a spectrum of colours. In the same manner youth drives away darkness aad ignorance that enveloped the childhood days. Youth is the dusk of childhood and the dawn of adulthood.

The silver dew drops that embroiders the attire of the night disappear with the arrival of the day. Like-wise youth sheds its petals in the wake of adulthood. Alas! all good things have to come to an end. ○