

in memoriam

PROF. M. NOOR MOHAMED

who passed away on 12 September 1992 was one of the stalwarts on the Chemistry faculty. Never once in this 32 years and 6 months of service did he compromise on the high standard of academic and moral excellence. His total devotion to work was matched only by his mastery of the subject. Behind a deceptively rough exterior he nursed sincere love towards his students.

Born in 1927. Prof. Noor Mohamed joined service as Lecturer in Chemistry on 7-8-49. He was promoted as Professor on 11-9-63. He was the Head of the PG Dept of Chemistry from 1949 to 1958. After a period of study leave he resumed duty in 1963 and continued so till his retirement on 30-4-82.

Prof. Noor Mohamed worked as Hostel Deputy Warden, Secretary of the College Council, Secretary of the Housing Tenancy Society. He also served as Member of the Calicut University Science Faculty and of Board of Studies.

We pray that Almighty may bless the departed soul.

IQBAL

ARCHITECT OF A NEW WORLD

There are a few men who can feel the pulse of times and have the clairvoyance to see things ahead and see them clearly. This is also, because seers have the capacity to look into the heart of things and grasp the very spirit of life so that this outlook completely coincides with the proper direction of events.

This becomes more and more clear as time passes. In the hectic, topsy-turvy course of events that has characterised the history of mankind in the modern times, it may not have been possible to grasp the real force of Dr Muhammed Iqbal, the poet-philosopher who was not only the moving spirit of the renaissance in the East but of far-reaching resurgence in the West also, as is apparent from the global impact of his thought and personality.

Iqbal was not a mere academician doctrinaire or philosopher. He was a person live to the core. Hence the dynamism of his entire being was brought to bear upon life, giving tremendous momentum to it. His address was not to the East or west alone, but to all humanity and this is something which ought to be stressed more and more. He was as much heir to the cultural heritage and life course of the west as of the East, the Greco, Roman, Hebraic and far Eastern, all combined. He stands where the horizons of thought, culture and life of the East and West meet synthesising. The most striking parts of both and giving rise to a new vital amalgam pulsating with life and activity.

It would be a limited representation of Iqbal's personality to say that he was thinker like so many others. He is far more than that because the entire past of the East, consisting of rich and manifold culture and experience combined in him with that of the equally rich and varied heritage of the West, and gave rise to a still richer product.

Again it was not merely reform, it was a penetrating perception of the very essence of human existence, in fact all existences, which enabled Iqbal to determine what the future unmapped course of life should be. It was no temporary adjustment that he made, not a perfunctory reform here and now, but an enduring revolution of things. It was not a mere attempt at word—building as art of letters generally is, but world—building; not an ephemeral world. but a series of worlds which go on appearing by the advances of humanity in different times and circumstances. Iqbal is thus the high-priest of humanity who looks forward to its destiny with the high spirit of a fervent optimist.

Universality of Iqbal

This leads us to another consideration. Many westerners might still be thinking of Iqbal as an Eastern or Muslim thinker, and looking up on him as an alien figure, with whom they have but a remote relation. Nothing could be more incorrect. Iqbal lived and thought primarily as a human being. What ever he felt or said was as much as an Easterner as a Westerner. In fact he was, to a substantial extent, a poet thinker and vitalizer of the West a Voltaire, Goethe, Bergson,, Metggart. Western people should visualise him as such, a person who is one of them He feels, thinks and hopes for them.

To sum up, Iqbal was a writer, patriot, and a citizen of the world. He left the stamp of his unique personality everywhere.

Man

Abdurahiman K.

Through a life time, brief or long, we strive to learn
Bread of strange dream and desire
What man calls Heaven was never authentic Heaven
But only the babyhood of the Heaven that circles apart
And aloof, soaring higher and higher and higher
At the core of the human heart.

And to reach that Heaven is a matter of ages and ages,
As splendour spans beyond plans and passions and woods
Never forget that our bodies are pitiful cages
And we, their possessors, are captives behind their bars,
Birds of a breath of illusion,
Birds deprived of sweet friendship with stars !

On her Departure

Ershad Hussan

Stricken heart of excessive grief,
Laments her sorrowful departure.
Dwelling upon the thoughts of her.
Spring bid me farewell,
Leaving behind the troublesome winter
Seminating the seeds of sorrow
Tinkling the anklets of sadness,
She goes away forever,
Gazing at her going
With my unshut sorrow-laden eyes
I felt burdened with a mountain of grief

R E T I R E E S

Dr. N. Balakrishnan Elayidom served Farook College for 31 years and 8 months. He joined service as Lecturer in Zoology in 1959; for three years he was on study leave, doing Ph D at IIS Bangalore. In 1982 Dr. Elayidom became Head of the PG Dept. of Zoology. Superannuation on 31-3-91.

Prof. T. R. Mayadevi put in 29 years of service in the college. She joined the Dept. of Mathematics in 1959. From 1959 to 64 she was the only woman teacher here. She served as Dean of Girl Students for several years. Promoted as Professor in 1974, she voluntarily retired on 3-9-91 due to ill health.

Prof. Ivy George Andrews has more than 26 years of service in the Dept. of English. She joined service as Tutor in 1964 Promoted as Lecturer in 1970 and as Professor in 1979. Superannuation on 31-3-1991.

Prof. C. P. Aboobacker an old student of the college, was instrumental in toning up the Dept. of Physical Education. From 1965 he had been in the service of MES Mampad College as Lecturer in Physical Education, and from there came over to Farook College in 1970. Promoted as Professor in 1979, he was later (1986) deputed to Farook Training College from where he retired on 31-3-1992.

C. M. Assan worked for 23 years in the College Office. A student of the college from 1953 to 1957, he joined service as clerk in 1968. Promoted as UD Accountant in 1979, Sri. Assan had all along been a model of quiet efficiency. Superannuation on 31-3-1991.

K. M. Mohamed served the college as Last-grade employee and as Attender for more than 41 years. He joined service in 1949 (at the age of 13), his regular service beginning in 1973. Promoted as Attender in 1973, he worked in the Chemistry and Botany Labs. Higher Grade sanctioned in 1985. Superannuation on 31-3-1991.

Secular Architecture of Malabar - A Glimpse

Anjali-U. Nair

A century and half ago when convete jungles were not in vogue and life did not revolve around the electronic gadgets as in today's world there was this mode of living which was more luxurious and relaxed. Time was spent not only in increasing one's monetary reserves but also in enhancing the aesthetic sense hidden in each individual. Thus along with the birth and revival of different dance and theatre forms like *Kathakali*, *Thullal*alongside developed the middle class persons interest in architectural marvels.

It can be termed architectural marvels because an indepth study shows that these buildings were not built by graduates from professional engineering colleges. On the other hand it was based on the principles of the age old *thachusastra*-the branch of knowledge which lays down the basic laws of architecture. And that *Thachushastra* finds a proper scientific translation is yet another wonder.

Thachushastra which actually lays down rules for the plan of the house, determines, the positions of windows, doors, ventilators etc, the basic idea being that the free flow of air should be allowed. Wrong positioning of this were even supposed to bring about calamities and deaths in the household. Though these sentiments were written off as superstition it is not actually so. Scientifically it is explained that the earth is surrounded by power grids-where concentration of power takes place. This power has to flow and any obstruction of this flow in the form of buildings or any thing else can have adverse effects. As a result openings in the form of doors, windows or ventilators have to be provided at strategic points to allow the free flow of power—which is nothing but the scientific explanation of *Thachushastra*. Even the north-south alignment of houses ancient or modern are based on these very basic principles.

In olden days when land and labour were definitely less expensive emphasis was given on the size of the house, the quality of wood used, the number of rooms a house had. The size of each house was determined by the number of central-courtyards-*Nadumittams*—it had. The four central-courtyard type house was called the *Pathinareketu* and was the biggest of its kind and the single central-courtyard type was called the *Naluketu*-the smallest. The rooms were built around these courtyards. the number of rooms depending on the number of courtyards. The houses were usually double storeyed with the bedrooms coming on the first floor and the other functional rooms on the ground floor. The rooms are called functional because each one was used for a specific purpose—as in the case of *Adukkala* which is the kitchen, the *Anjampura*—where the women folk had to spend their time when not toiling in the kitchen, the *Machu* where the religious rites were performed, the *vadekkini* where dead bodies were kept before cremation and *Thekkini* where marriages were conducted. The functions of each room could not be interchanged and it had as much relevance and importance as dining rooms and studies in modern constructions.

Each room is separated from the other by solid doors-which may have even taken a 100 days to be carved to perfection. Wood work was given a lot of importance with intricate designs being incorporated into the frames of doors and pieces of hand carved furniture.

The grandeur and splendeur of the ancient houses-a link with our culture and heritage-has to be seen touched and even smelt for the impact to sink deep into one's heart. It is only when a semi-classical movie shot in these old houses-the number of which are decreasing at an alarming rate-hit the celluloid screen, the modern generation sits up and wonders whether these things are realities or fantasies.



Tagore

That moonlit evening

RABINDRANATH TAGORE was hardly 22 when he visited Karwar. Shortly after his return home he got married.

It was during this visit that he wrote "Prakritir Pratishodha" (Nature's Revenge), a dramatic poem about a hermit who strove to conquer nature by cutting himself off from the bonds of desires and affections and arrive at the truth of the self but was brought back to the bondage of human affection by a little girl. The sanyasi realises that the great is to be found in the small, the infinite within the bounds of form, and the eternal freedom of the soul in love. It is only in the light of love that all limits are merged in the limitless. The poet has recorded his reminiscences of Karwar in The Modern Review (November 1916). Excerpts :

"The little harbour ringed round with hills is so secluded that it has nothing of the aspect of a port about it. Its crescent-shaped beach throws out its arms to the shoreress open sea like the very image of an eager striving to embrace the infinite. The edge of the broad sandy beach is fringed with a forest of casuarinas broken at one end by the Kalinadi river which here flows in to the sea after passing through a gorge flanked by rows of hills on either side.

"I remember how one moonlit evening we went up this river in a little boat. We stopped at one of Sivaji's old hill forts, and stepping ashore found our way into the clean-swept little yard of a peasant's home. We sat on a spot where the moonbeams fell glancing off the outer enclosure, and there dined off the eatables, we had brought with us. On our way back we let the boat glide down the river. The night brooded over the motionless hills and forests and on the silent flowing stream of this little Kalinadi, throwing over all its moon light spell. It took us a good long time to reach the mouth of the river, so instead of returning by sea we got off the boat there and walked back home over the sand of the beach. It was then far into the night the sea was without ripple. even the evertroubled murmur of the casuarinas was at rest. The shadow of the fringe of trees along the vast expanse of sand hung motionless along its border, and the ring of blue grey hills around the horizon slept calmly beneath the sky.

"Through the deep silence of this illimitable whiteness we few human creatures walked along with our shadows, without a word. When we reached home my sleep had lost itself in something still deeper. The poem which I then wrote is inextricably mingled with that night on the distant seashore I do not know how it will appeal to the reader apart from the memories with which it is entwined. The doubt led to its being left out of Mohit Babu's edition of my works. I trust that a place given to it among my reminiscences may not be deemed unfitting.

Let me sink down, losing myself in the depth of midnight
Let the earth leave her hold of me,
let her free me from the obstacle of dust
Keep your watch from afar, O
Stars, drunk though you be with moonlight,
and let the horizon hold its wings still around me.
Let there be no song, no word, no
sound no touch, nor sleep, nor awakement,
but only the moonlight like a
swoon of ecstasy over the sky, and my being.
The world seems to me like a ship with its countless pilgrims.
Vanishing in the faraway blue of
the sky, its sailors song becoming fainter and fainter in the air.
While I sink in the bosom of the endless night
fading away from myself dwindling into a poem.

"It is necessary to remark here that merely because something has been written when feelings are brimming over it is not therefore necessarily good. Such is rather a time when the utterance is thick with emotion. Just as it does not do to have the written entirely removed from the feeling to which he is giving expression. so also it does not conduce to the truest poetry to have him too close to it. Memory is the brush which can best lay on the true poetic colour. Nearness has too much of the compelling about it and the imagination is not sufficiently free unless it can get away from the influence. Not only in poetry, but in all art, the mind of the artist must be allowed the sole control. If the subject matter gets the better of the creation, the result is a mere replica of the event, not a reflection of it through the artists' mind."

"The sea beach in Karwar is certainly a fit place in which to realise that the beauty of Nature is not a mirage of the imagination. but reflects the joy of the infinite and thus draws us to lose ourselves in it.

"On our way back from Karwar, I wrote some songs for the Nature's Revenge on board ship; the first one filled me with a great gladness as I sang and wrote it sitting on the deck.

Mother, leave your dearling boy to us.

And let us take him to the field where we graze our cattle".

"The sun has risen, the buds have opened, the cowherd boys are going to the pasture; and they would have the sunlight. the flowers and their play in the grazing grounds empty. They want their Shyam (Krishna) to be with them there in the midst of all these they want to see the infinite in all its carefully adorned loveliness. they have turned out so early because they want to join in its gladsome play, in the midst of these woods and fields - not to admire from a distance, nor in the majesty of power. Their equipment is of the slightest. A simple yellow garment and a garland of wild flowers are all the ornaments they require. For where joy reigns on every side, to hunt for it arduously, or amidst pomp and circumstance, is to lose it"

The First Greeting Card

If you wish to greet someone at Christmas or Eid, who dwells at a distant place you send him a card. But what happens if you don't have a card handy? Of course, you might send him a letter. That is what people used to do before it became fashionable to send cards. The man who started the fashion was a busy British businessman named Henry Cole, way back in 1843.

In that year Henry Cole got so busy that he had no time to write christmas letters. Hence, he commissioned a famous artist John Horsley to design a card that he could print and send to his numerous friends and acquaintances. The card that Horsley designed had three panels. The central panel showed people enjoying themselves at a party. The panels on either side showed people doing good deeds. The card carried the message 'Merry Christmas' and a 'Happy New Year to you'. 'Merry' in those days meant 'holy' or 'blessed'.

Cole printed a thousand cards based on the design and of these about a dozen survive in private collection.

The card that Horsley designed was the first christmas card made for sale and the forerunner of today's multi-million dollar greeting card industry.

The Lessons We Can Learn From History

Sulaikha. K.

History is a record of facts and events concerning a country and its people from earliest times to the present day. It is not a catalogue of dates. It is life, light and romance. Current events being matters within our knowledge, the chief function of history is to give us a glimpse of the past.

History is a study of man through the ages. It is a study of his ways of life, his manner and customs, his prejudices and superstitions, his hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows. The scope of history is vast and wide. It includes intellectual, political, social, philosophical, material, moral or emotional contents relating to man in society. It also describes wars, conquests, revolutions, personalities, art, religion etc. History also includes all human achievements such as science, technology, discoveries, inventions and adventures. The study of social and economic change is gaining greater prominence in history. Thus, the scope of history is ever expanding in short, it is a study of man's progress from the savage to the civilised state.

History tells us how nations once at the zenith of their glory have suffered decline and decay and how others have emerged from obscurity and risen to prominence and power. It tells us how one nation has struggled to free itself from foreign yoke and how another has snatched charters of liberty out of the unwilling hands of a despotic monarch. It tells us how great civilisations have come and gone and how, out of their ashes, new ones have sprung into being. It tells us how mighty movements, which go by the name of revolutions and reformatations, have originated and developed.

These are all some of the major streams of history. We can now examine whether history has any lessons to offer to mankind. Some argue that it has no lessons to offer. But the fact is that it has some lessons and teachings to offer to mankind.

History brings home the great lesson that tyranny and oppression, injustice and unrighteousness carry with them an inevitable punishment. Such punishment may be delayed, but it must come one day. We can see many examples of this in the pages of history; like the history of Napoleon, Hitler, Mussolini etc. History makes man wise and enables him to strengthen his virtue. It promotes in man the power to imagine circumstances and conditions other than his own. A wise man learns from his own experience but a wiser man learns from the experience of others. History not only tells us of the past, but enables us to have a peep into the future. History repeats itself, and so by a critical study of what has happened before, we may get some indications of the shape of things to come.

Thus, by studying history in its real and objective manner, we can pick up lessons one by one from history. History attempts to give us the meaning of life. It gives us an insight into man's life and action. It offers man mental discipline which helps him to meet new problems soberly and intelligently, and not emotionally and superficially. Above all, history has the ability to improve the understanding of man. History, which is a study of human nature, enables him to live in a state of peace and understanding. Those sovereigns and statesmen who had a good knowledge of history like Frederic, the Great, Napoleon, Churchill and Nehru have played a vital role in History.

History not only educates man, but also trains his mind. When Bertrand Russell was asked about the need for history, he said, "I think it is enormously important, it gives stability, and it gives depth to your thought and to your feelings." History also has some ethical values as history is philosophy taught by examples. The primary aim of history is to promote understanding of the present by knowledge of the past. Thus, History is a storehouse of wisdom, an unfailing fountain of inspiration. Whatever our problem, it has always a solution for it; whatever the cause of our despair, the lessons of history are always there to cheer us. The message of history is the precious heritage of mankind. Unfortunate are those who are ignorant of this treasure or deliberately turn their back upon it and pursue perverse courses of action which are attended by inevitable nemesis.

The Obverse of our Educational System

M. Ubaidu Rahiman

During the last few decades Kerala achieved tremendous advancement in the field of education which strengthened and enhanced her superiority over other states of India. If she had only one university to be proud of in the earliest times, now the state has four famous universities and a large number of affiliated colleges which keep the little state aglow with the radiant rays of knowledge and education. Considering the fact that the popularity of the state is mainly due to the envious progress she has achieved in the sphere of education, one should always have a magpie keenness and infinite vigil of the 'crankers' creeping surreptitiously in to destroy the newly-sprouted leaves of glory. Since it has already been in the tentacles of the evil force it is worth while, I think, to focus on the maladies that have seized the educational system as well as the reasons for the sudden decline in educational standards.

Education has rightly been defined as "the process of making man a man" (Kant). But the toppling down of the sanctimonious educational principles so solemnly kept up by each succeeding generation, right from the good old days of the 'Gurukula' system, compels one to seriously speculate on how far this definition is suited to the system of education prevalent in our universities. When I think of the perverted and rather valueless system of education the words in a famous article on education come to my mind—"our education has so far succeeded in producing moral dwarfs, social recalitrants and economic bankrupts"

Recent surveys and analytical studies conducted on the modern system of education in the universities of Kerala have incontrovertibly proved that all the four elements—students, teachers, parents and the government—are equally

responsible in bringing down the standard of education. Instead of becoming the seats of knowledge and culture the colleges have become the centres of romance and malpractices. A horrendous and startling discovery made by commissions is that our colleges and universities are the kindergartens where the new generation scrapes up acquaintance with drugs and narcotics. How pitiable it is to see an entire group of educated youth fall victims to such dire and detrimental habits while they are expected to shoulder the responsibilities of the society! who will cure the patients when the doctor himself is bed-ridden?

What of politics? No doubt, party politics is the most detrimental factor that has paved the way for the present disorders of the academic system. Strikes, clashes, pitched battle and what's more even gruesome murder—the "man editing man" process now described—are commonplace reports which are read in newspapers. Once frenzied and pepped with the nectar of politics the students, any group for that matter, will turn wild and vandalistic like the electrified Roman Mob in Shakespeare, and shatter the very fabric of education to pieces. Is it not a blatant paradox that students immolate themselves in the pyre built by them?

We cannot connive at some of the serious defects in the antiquated and outmoded methods which are being

followed by the universities down through the ages, as in laying the standards for college teachers the way in which the examinations are being conducted; the manner in which the syllabi are set for each course and so on. Certainly there are colleges who are rich for their eminent and capable teachers; but they are all occasional products catapulted into the field by mere chance. The yardsticks for the appointment of college teachers are neither their competence nor teaching skill; rather the weight of their purse and influence over the concerned ones. Neither do I hold the brief for, for those coming with the highest marks for their marks are not a better testimony of their teaching skill. I have been told of the system of appointment in the U. S. where the students have a say in the selection of their teachers; the same system which is in prevalence in the parallel institutions in our state. However, it is the best system for merit and talent are placed where they are required. Why can't we test this mode of appointment at least as an experiment?

Though the edifice of the educational system shows clear and discernible cracks forecasting its immediate, total destruction we are still optimistic of setting it right—"though much is lost something remains". The process of regaining the pristine glory in this field is a task which requires the full co-operation and total involvement of all concerned.

The Power and the Glory

There is

no difficulty that enough Love will not conquer ;

no disease that enough Love will not heal ;

no door that enough Love will not open ;

no gulf that enough Love will not bridge ;

no wall that enough Love will not throw down ;

no sin that enough Love will not redeem.

It makes no difference

how deeply seated may be the trouble,

how hopeless the outlook,

how muddled the tangle,

how great the mistake,

a sufficient realization of love

will dissolve it All.

If only you would Love enough,

you would be

the happiest and most powerful

being in the world !

Tommorrow

Cinila

At sunset I sat by the sea-shore
Enjoying the cool mild breeze.
The sky was painted almost red
With dark shades all around
The sun was declining
For a new awakening of the day
Suddenly I saw her sitting
On the lonely rock away from the sea
She was simply smiling at the sea
With all childly innocence on her face
I had a thirst to meet her
But my cowardice stood before it
I waited for tomorrow to come
But my tomorrows had no end
And atlast when I had made a sternmind
I could find the rock barren
Oh ! tommorrow, you are the one
Who made me a coward

Understanding the Muslim Mind

Rajmohan Gandhi

Any nuclear Clash between India and Pakistan (may God forbid it) Would, in part, be due to history. Though living side by side for centuries, the subcontinent's Hindus and Muslims have never adequately understood or trusted one another, and Killings partition and wars have resulted. All the same, even if man's folly sets off a series of nuclear explosions on the subcontinent, it is unlikely that they will wipe out either the entire Hindu Population, or the entire Muslim Population, or each side's habit of blaming the other. Hindus and Muslims will remain, and so will the Hindu-Muslim question. A fresh look at the Hindu-Muslim relationship is therefore not hard to justify.

Not that India-Pakistan or India-Bangladesh relations can be equated with the Hindu-Muslim encounter Both communities live in all three countries, even if Hindu numbers in Pakistan are negligible, and Muslim participation in India's conflicts with Pakistan has always been more than nominal. But the two subjects how the neighbouring nations get along and how the neighbouring communities do, are not unconnected.

Though the Muslim question has pursued me from my childhood I allowed a lot of time to pass before attempting a serious

understanding of the subcontinents, Muslims. Like many of my compatriots I Mouthed the fact that India was the world's second largest Muslim country but I had not cared to study the history of the subcontinent's Muslims or the impulses that moved them. I was ignorant but not, I recognized with some concern, more so than most of my non-Muslim compatriots including highly educated ones. Thus to give only two revealing examples, they did not know as I had not known that the Qur'an contained a verse that unambiguously frowned upon compulsion in religion, or that it spoke more than once of God sending prophets to all nations and peoples. Muslims have been similarly uninformed about Hindu beliefs and points of view. Hence these pages an attempt to reduce the understanding gap or scale the separating wall.

A stimulus for this attempt was the research I had to do for the biography of Chakravarty Rajagopalachari, or Rajaji, as he is better known who strove for freedom and became, following the Rajas withdrawal, India's first Indian head of states. My study for the biography underlined for me the fact that the Hindu-Muslim question is central in our subcontinents affairs. It has broken hopes, hearts and India's unity. It had to be understood.

Passions, however, overtake our understanding. We take sides before we have grasped what happened and what is happening. We are merely more polarized not better informed, after we have read and talked of disputes of the Shah Bano or Babri Masjid / Ram Janmabhoomi kind. Our communal riots have many dimensions, including the commercial, the political, and the criminal, but it is undeniable that the fuel polarization and also feed on it. "Ahemadabad" a congress (I) MP assesses (India Today November 30, 1986) is divided in to two parts Hindu-Ahemedabad and Muslim Ahemedabad'. A nation cannot be judged by a city, nor a city by a season behind the wall, the lathi and the knife and not, alas figments of the imagination. History will not dissolve resentments and suspicions. Selective History, will in fact, harden them. Yet a frank and non-partisan look at the past can at least fell us of the blocks to Hindu Muslim Partnership, and tell us, too, what went wrong, and why, in t

Muslims were in the main, alien conquerors. Today for the most part, Muslims and Hindus are the same ethnically; where they are not, they share a long common tie to the same stretch of land, If partnership is our goal, these factors will help.

efforts to remove them. If it informs us of times when the other side, too was large hearted and of other times when our side also was small minded, that awareness may make us whoever we are less prickly. History will then have served the cause of national and sub-continental understanding.

* * *

India's Muslims were and are attached to India for the implest of reasons; they and their fore fathers were born in the land. Descendants of non- Indians are but a tiny percentage of India's Muslim population. They were a small element likewise, in the Muslim population of undivided India. The great majority are descendants of converts of Indian origin. This means that the ethnic roots of most of the subcontinents Muslims are no different from the ethnic origins of the Hindus, a factor that people from both communities tend to forget. India is wholly different from the period when

"I belong to two Circles of equal size but which are not concentric. One is India and the other is the Muslim world". This was said in 1930 by the colourful Moulana Mohamed Ali who for a period had been one of Mahatma Gandhi's closest colleagues. This words probably represent the sentiments of many Indian Muslims today. The Muslims of post-1947 India have not been slow to wore speak or fight for their country. They would hesitate if India were clash with Islam but in the context of our times it is not easy to see why such a clash should occur. If we rule out such a confrontation we can see the Indian Muslim's "extra-territorial" involvement as a national opportunity. It gives us ready links with the Muslim world. Moreover this "extra-territorial" involvement of our Muslims causes the rest of us also to think beyond India's borders a useful thing that does not come naturally to us.

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Unspoken Words

K. Y. Rehna Jan

I won't open my mouth-
Who wants to talk just to be misunderstood?
I'll build a cage of silence,
and bury me alive inside.
My words may bang at the bars
crying to be freed-
You can be assured
of not being harmed by them.
But what will I do ?
O what will I do with all the love
That fills my whole being for you,
my dear ones ?
Let it drain down my pen-
And dry
On the stark white sheet in front ?

○

○

I'd like to hold your hand-
And never let go
I want to unmask myself
And be that old little girl before you
(lie once more like a babe in your arms)
But its so hard you know
Too much time has passed unnoticed,
There's so much strangeness between us
We'll try to get acquainted again
That's all I can say