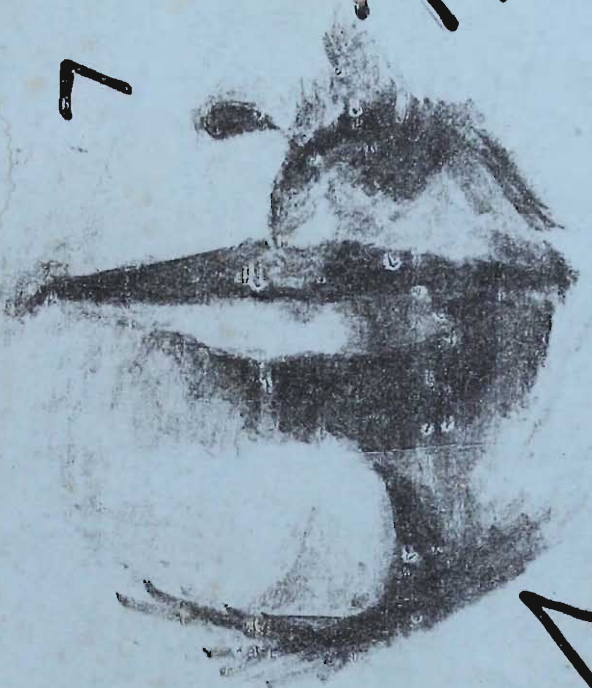


CAMPAS



MES

11/11/19

Speak out!

THE CAMPAS TIMES

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The **Campas Times** is the in-house magazine at IIT Madras catering to creative needs. It is published by the Cultural Advisor **Prof. V.G.Idichandy** . This is the annual issue for the academic year 1996 - 97.

EDITORIAL

Welcome! The editorial policy of this Campus magazine (or house organ if you want it) as much back into time as the archives reflect, has been an attempt to thin-film the minimum of thought into maximum of region. Like the true sons of tradition we are (our regular issues etc.) we vote to toe the hallowed precedent.

This issue on a browse you'll agree, is quite eclectic drawing contents ranging from the serious to the inane (the serious is inane and the inane serious). We would like to thank all our contributors some of whom have contributed to this issue directly and others whose entries into various creative writing competitions, we've culled in debonair spirit. A few have exercised their right to anonymity which one would guess is being clever, just in case you wish to exercise your right to retribution.

Now we've got some great news to offer you, which is our decision to terminate this tedium. Well .. editors can lie. On second thoughts we feel it would be quite unbecoming of sons of tradition to fail to deliver the usual lament concerning the moribund status of contributions. So here goes...

*Now that the potion is ready
We relax and watch, the early*

*Summer showers patter softly,
The tamarind tree shake slightly*

*Against the late evening glow
And mull upon those moments low*

*When the editorial shears, produce
Deficient, lay rusted in disuse*

*And we sat and sighed and gave thought:
" Have just the impending ills wrought*

*This frugal muse on the sure-footed?"
Such cogitations stay unrequited*

While you with the mag get acquainted.

RENDEZVOUS WITH THE LAW

Being the proud possessor of a new bike, I was rearing to go. I hoped to be the cynosure of the traveling public's eye, but what bothered me was the unseemly attention my little L-board, dangling in the front was receiving. People eyed me as though I were some kind of a featherweight who had imperiously strayed into the heavy weight division. My discomfort was not unfounded for soon a member of the traffic constabulary commanded me to a stop.

'A learner, eh'. A transparent observation. For a brief moment I thought I'd quip 'Nice work, Holmes' or something equally inane, but the moment was inopportune and the method tactless. So I quelled initial impetuosity and said nothing at all. So long as there is anything to be gained by saying nothing, it's said, it's better to do just that.

By then, the long arm of the law had made its way to the ignition keys and taken possession of it. "That will be Rs.100 for violation x, Rs 150 for violation y, in total Rs.250. Or will it be easier...." he left it like Mozart's last symphony. Unfinished, I mean.

The denouement might be to the traveling public, patently obvious. So I slipped an unwilling Rs.20 into his palm, and he, reciprocatingly, slipped the keys into mine. I knew my act was as peccable as his, but then I had my skin to save.

The formalities being completed, my venal bully avuncularly advised me 'watch out the next time, son'.

And watch out I did, for the approaching traffic cop. At this point, my sentiments were akin to that of an escaped convict. Whenever my internal radar spotted a cop I made, a beeline for the nearest egress to my right or my left.

But the law, contrary to popular belief is not an ass. It cannot be deceived for long, I had three more encounters with the law, much in the lines of the narrated experience.

But soon my fortune was to change. I did away with my L-board, on obtaining my permanent license. My stock, I learnt, had risen substantially in the eyes of the law, for no longer was I rudely accosted, or my road worthiness questioned, and on my part, no longer did I cower at the sight of an approaching policeman.

All's well that ends well, you might say. But beware, all ye learners: 'The law is watching you'.

- V. Chandramouli (246 Saraswathi)

DESTINATION BLACKWELL !

*Peace my heart ! Nor ev'r yet try to solve
The problem - How and what the guiding hand
Doth work - that man should yearn for, seek a thing
But ever and anon thwarted should it be.
Vexed, forlorn, when grows to hate the same
As worthless, lo, on him then falls it pat.*

*Soapy moved uneasy on his bench.
Was that Jack Frost's card! Aye, on his lap
That fell, the dead leaf! He must now resolve
Into a committee of Ways and Means,
And provide against the rigour of Jack.
"Three months on the island" Blackwell's guest,
Was all he craved. For years it had been
His winter quarters. For he thought the law
Was more benign than philanthropy. Sure
His proud spirit detested, scorned the gifts
of Charity. For it was encumbered:
In humiliation you will have to pay.
Hence he chose to be the guest of law.
Soapy left his bench and strolled away
Up Broadway. He would dine luxuriously
At some expensive restaurant, declare
Insolvent and be handed o'er to a cop.
He thought of what to eat; and in he stepped.
The waiter-chief observed his trousers frayed,
And shoes decadent. Ready hands him turned
About, in silent haste conveyed to the walk.
Loafing off, he came to a corner, a shop
In sixth avenue. He caught the chance.
A cobble stone he crashing sent across
On to the display glass front. People came
Running, and a cop around the corner.*

*Hands in pocket, smiling, Soapy stood.
"Where's the man that done that" quoth the cop.
"See you not I might have" Soapy said,
Friendly but with sarcasm, as one
Would greet a turn of fortune good. But no.*

*Would ever a window- smasher wait and smile
For parley with minions of law? He left.
Soapy, twice unsuccessful, now walked
Into a modest cafe, ate his fill.
"Now, call a cop; a coin haven't I, "
He told the waiter, "No cop for you"
He said, and called. The next was - Soapy felt
Himself, rising joint by joint
From that callous pavement. Waiters two
Had pitched him neatly on his ears. He beat
The dust from clothes. Was arrest a rosy dream?
He travelled far before his courage gave
Leave again to capture, woo. A Cinch!
A modest girl of pleasing guise he saw
Gazing at a show-window; across,
A large policeman, severe, leaned against
A water plug. Now he did play the role
Of an execrated 'masher'; set his hat
At killing cant and sidled t'ward the belle,
Made eyes at her and coughed and smiled and smirked.
Glad was he, the cop was watching him.
She moved away a little, stood and gazed.
Soapy could be on his way to the isle!
Right little, tight little isle!
She faced him, stretched a hand and caught his sleeve;
"Sure Mike. Blow me to a pail of suds"
She played the clinging ivy to Soapy's oak.
The cop they passed and gloomy Soapy grew.*

*Was he doomed to freedom? Cursed spite!
He shook her off at the farther corner, ran
Till he reached a play house, saw a cop
Lounging grand. And Soapy caught the straw.
He danced and raved, and drunken gibberish yelled
But the cop had turned his back on Soapy, twirled
His club, and told a friend "'Tis one of them
Hartford college Yale boys celebrating;
We have to leave them. Harmless, noisy though."
Soapy ceased this unavailing racket.
He muttered against the men with helmets, clubs.
Simply, would he into their clutches fall,
He seemed to them a king who could not wrong.*

*Soapy now had reached a quiet corner
Where stood a gabled, quaint and rambling church.
A soft light glowed from window violet-stained.
Above, the moon serene and lustrous shone;
Sleepy sparrows twittered in the caves.
The organist loitered over the keys to make
Sure of the coming Sabbath anthem. This
Sweet music drifted into the troubled soul
Soapy stood cemented on to the fence,
By that Anthem; he had known it well
When he had thoughts of roses, mothers, friends,
And ambitions. He viewed, with horror swift,
The abyss he had tumbled headlong in,
The days degraded, motives base and hopes
That long were dead and wrecked faculties.
Yet in a moment did his heart respond;
The conjunction of Soapy's state of mind
And influences of the old church wrought.
He was thrilled to the novel mood, and moved
By an impulse strong, to fight his fate
Out of the mire he would pull himself
To make a man of himself once again.
And conquer evil which had hold of him.
He was young; and there was time to start
And find some work, a place; the morning next:*

*- A man had offered him a driver's place -
And be some body in this world; and be -
Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm.
Quick he wheeled and into a policeman's
Broad face he did look, who asked him stern
"What are you doing here?" "Nothing," replied
Soapy, "Come along, then" said that cop.
It was morning; the place the police court
The Magistrate pronounced the sentence, just;
"Three months on the island", Blackwells guest.!*

*- V.Sivaramakrishnan
- R.Subramanian
(Class of 1965)*

THE DAYS OF TIME ARE NUMBERED

Professor Neverontime jumped with joy and tried to somersault around the room. "Too late!" he realized, while groaning in the rubble of his laboratory that (1) His lab was small, (2) He was 60 years old, (3) He was fat and never could somersault. "Next time", he thought, "I will celebrate the successful completion of an experiment with caviar, or by waving a flag".

The cause of his elation was, in his words, "A sleek, state of the art, beautiful" God knows What. In reality it looked like a beetle which had been run over by an 18 wheel truck. What was this gizmo? Good question. It was a time machine. Noo! I hear your say. That's not possible I hear you say. What happens if you meet yourself? I hear you ask. Well, lets see what Prof. Neverontime has to say about it.

"Well you see nature would never let such paradoxes to occur, because if you went back in time and met yourself, your old self would be so disgusted by your new self that the old self would make sure that it developed into a new self that was nothing like the new self that the old self had met. The same goes for the future. Got it? No, well neither did I for that matter, but never mind, time travel is possible. Okay see ya! Got to go to the future to see how the past develops."

Ten seconds later Prof Neverontime runs into the government building and finds a thing called a bureaucrat. The following is the conversation between them:

Prof: Oh My God ! Listen ! I have important news for you.

Buro: Oh ! Has the P.M's new coffee blender arrived? Good ! Good ! He's been pestering me about it for the past one week.

Prof: No ! No ! Its a major disaster !

Buro: No ! Please ! Please don't tell me you broke it.

Prof: [Intense Frustration] will you listen to me ! The days of Time are numbered.

Buro: [Indignation] I am listening to you. Anyway I already know that.

Prof: [Confused] How ? I patented my Time Machine™ before leaving. How do you know ?

Buro: Hey man ! Are you loco or what ? Everybody who's anybody knows that the days of time are numbered. Look at the calendar, today is 28.1.96.

Prof: AAaugh ! I didn't mean they were numbered, I mean that we can count our days left on the earth.

Buro: You need some serious help ! Of course we can count our days. They are numbered with the help of calendars.

Prof: [breaking down, almost crying] Please ! Please ! Try to understand my problem ...

Buro: What can I do if you have an illogical hatred of dates and calendars ? What did you say your name was again?.

Prof: Professor Neverontime.

Buro: Well that explains it. Look, If you want I know a very good shrink whose fee are quite low.

Prof: [Crying] I'm not Crazy! I, I just wanted to warn you that the the da, da, days of time are numbered.

Buro: I know that Hey ! Hey ! Where are you running off like a mad man?

Epilogue

The Professor was sent to the mental asylum after he was seen attacking and destroying a curious thing that looked like a beetle which had been run over by an 18 wheel truck.

- P. Dharhas
(Narmada)

SPARK - WEDNESDAY

(Sorry, Mr.Eliot)

Because I do hope to turn again
Because I do hope
Because I do hope to turn
Desiring the mind's gift and spirit's scope

I shall again strive to strive towards such things
(Why should the young lark droop its wings early?)
Why should I adopt
The barren calm of usual life?

Because I do hope to know again
The suffused glow of the positive hour
Because I do think
Because I know I shall know again
The transitory but lifting power
Because I can again drink
There, where trees flower, and springs flow, for there is
Something always.

Because I know that time is always time
And place is always place
And what is actual is actual for one time
And only for one place
I rejoice the goals and
I rejoice the blessed face
And rejoice the voice

Because I do hope to turn again
Consequently I rejoice, having to construct something
Upon which to rejoice
And pray to God to have mercy upon us
And I pray that I may continue
These matters that with myself I too much discuss

THE CONCEPT OF RG

RG-ing is not a modern concept. It has been in existence ever since Man made his presence on earth or should I go further to say-ever since life originated. For, life is synonymous with survival and of course, in the words of the great natural philosopher, only the fittest can survive. In other words you'll have to RG all forms of life if you want to survive. The mightier life-forms made sure they would survive (and pass on whatever they had acquired that would aid survival in hostile environments to future generations) by RG-ing the weaker forms. It really is a moot point whether some life-forms were able to RG because of their strength or whether they were strong because of their ability to RG ... akin to the familiar egg-hen (or is it hen-egg? story).

When man passed into the phase of urban existence, RG-ing not only catered to the survival instincts but also to his emotional security and satisfaction. He could gloat to himself that he had put one over the KIA (Know-It-All) next door or his condescending boss at the office. An example that rushes to the mind is the Keep-up-with-the-Jones attitude. For those of you not familiar with the fore-mentioned attitude, it just means trying to do what the neighbour does so that you don't feel left-out. How many times have you done it? Again, stratification of the society so that some take the plum jobs and others the not-really-great kind is an example of RG-ing. The way men treated (note the past tense) women as long as they were single is a classic case of RG-ing, needless to say that this across-genders RG-ing was reversed once men got married to, what seemed to them, nice, young, loving women only to get hen pecked and the like.

Hence, by giving a name 'RG' to this phenomenon of outdoing others, all that we are doing is placing it in the context of our lives in IIT. I was told by my seniors (whom I believed to be truthful) that the name originated from the Relative Grading system out here. RG-ing actually meant Relatively out Grading the other junta. I suppose you must've had enough of this lecture on the origin of RG, its more visible manifestations in society etc. so, how about a test of your RGQ (RG Quotient) ...

All you have to do is mark off what seems to you the right answer ... There is negative marking, so watch out! I would advise you to compare scores with the rating scale to see where exactly you stand and of course, compare your score with that of your class-mates/wing-mates/hostel-mates ...

Here goes.....

RGQ

Situation 1

You are the only one watching your favourite program on TV in the CR. Then you see another guy coming along who hates your favourite program and wants to watch the program you hate the most ! What will you do ?

Response

- (a) Allow him to watch his favourite program.
 - (b) Fight with him (verbally / physically) with the result that both of you do not watch either program.
 - (c) Immediately switch off all lights, fans and the TV to fake a power cut; force him to deesh; act like you are deeshing and then come back within 30 seconds to resume watching your favourite program.
 - (d) Same as (c) except that you come back and start watching **the other guy's** favourite program.
- ...

Situation 2

You've brought a whole lot of goodies from home and there are innumerable junta waiting to lay their hands on it. You...

Response

- (a) Whole heartedly allow them to partake of the goodies, keeping some for yourself.
- (b) You allow them to finish off everything and then go back home and get some more.
- (c) Prevaricate that you didn't bring any goodies and the stuff you brought is actually a life-size imitation that will evoke memories of home and ... (complete it yourself).
- (d) Bribe the security with 60% of the goodies so that he can store the whole lot in his secret vault (next to the pump) and allow you to pick it up later. (The other junta wouldn't be getting the 5% of the goodies they would have pleaded for).

Situation 3

There is only 1 copy of the most-needed book in POE or some equivalently shady course that requires major fundaes. You accidentally come across in a stack where somebody else has obviously hidden it. Tomorrow's quiz will probably contain all the questions lifted from it you...

- (a) Make a conscientious effort to locate the person who hid it and tell him that he'd done the wrong thing. You give the book to him forewarning him from repeating the misdemeanor.
- (b) Hide it in another place so that he will waste time searching for the book. You take a Xerox copy of the book.
- (c) You take the book for yourself and after locating the person who hid the book, go complain to the librarian that this fellow bearing such and such roll number in involved in unethical practices.

KEY

Question No.	Response	Points
1.	(a)	-5
	(b)	+10
	(c)	+20
	(d)	+50
2.	(a)	-5
	(b)	-20
	(c)	+10
	(d)	+15
3.	(a)	-20
	(b)	+50
	(c)	+30

SCORE RANGE**RGQ**

< 0	Pathetic at RG-ing. Better enlist for a course on RG-ing.
0 - 75	You've good fundaes but you are not applying them properly to real-life situations. With a little more effort your fundaes will fetch you many more marks
75 - 115	Excellent application of fundaes! Better start writing a thesis on RG-ing, if you've not already done so.
> 115	Stupendous! Give 15 more marks to yourself for inventing your own points scale. It should have been you who should have written this article.

*B.Jayanth
#103, Saras.*

A TRAIN JOURNEY

*The iron horse gallops on rusty loops,
Shrieks whistles, shifts sparrows off rugged roofs.
Flurried stillness breeds beyond the window,
Inside, amidst voices, roosts solitude.*

*The iron horse pauses at the station; offers
Visions: Multitudinous sea, walking past.
You sit and stare, grasp just uniforms
The eyes expectant are hurt into a daze.*

*The iron horse jerks forward; mechanically.
The introspective moment, past brightness
Splutters, falls, heralds a new cycle.
Life a train journey, soul a journey car.*

POEM

*Lewis Carroll says 'Rhyme or reason'
I say 'neither Rhyme nor reason'
My friend from ear to ear grins
And says 'I will tell
the golden rules
of writing
poetry.'*

*He sayeth 'Rearrange words in a line
so that they make sense not
pay no attention to rhyme.
get a computer to adjust
the meter for you.*

*Assume not, that your poem is read.
Search for inner meaning so generations
to come can scratch their heads wondering
why you wrote what you wrote .*

*You must write about cabbages and kings
Of Saarang and the environment,
And of everything Indian.
Confuse the reader with words as
Supercalifragulisticexpralidocious.*

*Last, remember,
Poetry is punctuated prose.
This is my poem, I say
I am like this only.*

G. Sriram

*Every streetlamp I pass
Beats like a fatalistic drum
And through the spaces of the dark
Midnight shakes the memory
As a madman shakes a dead geranium.*

- T.S.Eliot (*Rhapsody on a Windy Night*)

OH! HE DIED ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE

I am not English Medium.

I beg your Pard on me. I am fool of Mala properisms and Miss spellings. Everyone making fun of me. But I am writing even if you are making fun-fun joke on me. Only half the time I work, I relax in that time and I am writing this.

Today I'm writing because I am feeling my friend Ajay who died. I am feeling like him. First time he met Kajol with an accident. He wanted to take dinner with her. That was the accident. That was the purpose.

Ajay is my very best friend. He is good. He is got CAD/CAM book for me by Groover author. Some people also wanting something, I am too shy to say ... I am not reading such books. But Ajay is getting them too.

Ajay will be going on motorcycle. Motorcycle are good. I had herohonda a very very long time ago. I emptied it, opened it and remembering that I forgot it. That is why I am not Hero Honda at Madras.

Back to Ajay on the motorcycle. He is not on the motorcycle with Kajol in the back. He in police station. Kajol make no mistake but is in Police station also. Actually Bullock make the mistake it did not know not to hit motorcycle.

Bullock driver crying. "Poor man saar if Bullock dies where I go for milk ?" Actually bullock is buffalo.

Ajay told lies that he has 50 rupees and pay it to the driver. He is actually having 750 rupees. Ajay is smart. Kajol is not I am also having girl friend. Very beautiful girl. Smiles like Mona-Lisa. I am going to beach with her near her home.

Ajay-Kajol have dinner at Mathura and then going to "Oh Darling! Yeh hai India". Night show. It is not nice. So they are still there in the theatre. They are not licking the philim.

Motorbike is not good after rain. It has started stopping. More rain is coming now. Ajay telling Kajol he needs to adjust tension. Kajol more tension. They open up and adjust the screw. Motorbike now starting after chock but is very fast.

Ajay coming back full speed to hostel with books. Then dear came in the middle. Ajay hit horn. Dear hit him with horn. Both confused. We got phone and ran to hospital. Nurse says Ajay is okay dear isn't. Kajol is looking afraid but okay. It is veterinary hospital. The dear departed.

Ajay now at men's hospital. Not much difference. Same smell. Same long corridor.

Ajay admitted. He is injured. Kajol crying now. I am saying "Don't cry Kajol, Tanuja and Tada will be here soon. All will be all right". Kajol Okay now.

Ajay not speaking anymore. Doctor saying he is dumb and may be for rest of his life. Poor Ajay! Dying to speak.

Ajay speaking now after few daze. After his death he wants to many Kajol. Marriages are made in heaven he said.

If he dead, he dead for a Nobel cause.

PS: Latest news Ajay getting married to Kajol.

Kajol is dead aa ?

K.L.V.N.T. Rama Rao

You have tasted two whole worms; You have hissed
all my mystery lectures and have been caught
fighting a lion in the quad; you will leave by
the next town drain.

William Archibald Spooner

A BIRTHDAY POEM

*Flare charming beast
On your 25th year.*

*Flare whom I yearn
In blinded love to touch*

*Stamp my closed eyes
Let adhere
Sweat of an upper lip
Into the crook of your neck
Fat, Pliant, resilient
And breath in the fumes of love.*

*Flare till hair fluffy yours
Crackles, bristles, sparkles
Shears across dry air
And eyes yours smoulder
Mock in derisive stare
Men dipped and world low.*

*Flare lion heart
Whose strength I quote
In constant thought
Whose apparition with
A singing heart
Daily in my mind I crush.*

*Flare in burnished glow
For my love and my faith.*

MARRIAGE

*The purohit's vedic incantations
Reverberate like the chimes of a big brass bell
In an empty hall.*

*The tongues of the sacrificial fire
Fed by the ghee of faithless rituals
Lick up the sanctity of matrimony.*

*She holds the stranger's hand and comes round
The sacrificial fire leaping up
Like a question mark at the portals of future.*

*He feels the familiar stirring
The touch of female flesh
The circle is complete.*

*Below lie scattered
The ashes of a sacrament
Distorted and destroyed.*

Dr. S. Mohan,
Department of Humanities.

THE MEANING OF COURAGE

April 5, 1972. This was the day that changed the course of Ramanna's life. Sheela, his wife, woke him up earlier than usual and said: "This is going to be the day we have been waiting for!"

Ramanna and Sheela were both clerks in Sharada Vidyalaya, the Panchayat school in the little village of Naglurbakkam, about 40 miles South-West of Madras. The school principal, Janakiraman, better known as HS (for 'Head Sir'), had marched about 30 miles to the shores of the Bay of Bengal with 25 other villagers when he was only 11 years old on the same day that Bapujee had reached Dandi, thousands of miles away at the Shores of Gujarat, clad in a Dhoti, his wooden staff in hand. The entire nation was awakened by Bapujee's call for the *SALT SATHYAGRAHA*. People understood the simplicity with which Bapujee insisted that it was immoral for the British to rule India. Janakiraman had since then employed Bapujee's ideals in his life and hoped that each child in his school would be committed to *SWADESHI* goods, and acquire nation building skills in his school. Ramanna and Sheela worked hard for their school, inspired by their 'HS'.

Ramanna's day would begin about an hour before the school bell rang, which also he did as part of his job, by personally checking in each of the ten class-rooms that chalk and duster were in place. Though not a graduate, Ramanna was well read in History and Religion, and 'HS' had assigned him the duty of writing an appropriate saying on the portable black-board that would be taken to the school play ground where they assembled for the morning prayer. Just the previous day Ramanna had written: '*An eye for an eye would make the whole world blind*' and had explained to the school assembly in his lucid Tamil how revenge was self-defeating. Ramanna was pleased with his own narration and wished Sheela had heard him that day. She had been on leave for about a month on the advice of their neighbor Chandramma, an elderly widow who lived along with her grand-son Kutti. Chandramma had told her very categorically: "You don't understand these things. You must not go to work in this state. You must be careful. What is inside you is God's blessing, and you must take best care of it".

“How do you know it will be today? You had suspected this twice in the past ten days, and nothing happened”, Ramanna retorted. He ignored her anticipation and went off to work. Ramanna had just finished tabulating that day’s attendance for all the classes when Kutti came running to inform that Sheela had to be rushed to the village dispensary and that Mohan had brought his bullock-cart for that purpose. ‘HS’ gave his permission instantly, and by the time Ramanna reached home, Sheela was already on her way. Chandramma was allowed inside the room and along with the staff nurses helped Sheela deliver her first baby, a girl. Ramanna and others waited anxiously outside and just as they heard the baby’s cry, there was beaming joy on Ramanna’s face. He felt ecstatic, almost electrified. When Chandramma emerged from the room another ten minutes later, he could not understand her taut expression. She held Ramanna’s hands and informed matter-of-factly: “God has given us a baby Sheelabut,.....but, he could not do without her, and has taken away the older one from us!” A gloom descended on them all. ‘HS’ personally supervised the last rites.

It was about three months already, and Chandramma got a cup of hot coffee for Ramanna. He hardly ever even as much as touched the baby girl, raised by this neighbor of his who was to him like his own mother. “You must give her a name now, it is too late already. If you don’t, I shall now call her Seetha”. Ramanna said: “Seetha is of course a very nice name, but the baby was born the same day Bapujee performed the *SALT SATHYAGRAHA*, so I will like to call her *SATHYA*.” He had tears in his eyes as he recalled that after Sheela had expressed the anticipation that the day they were waiting for had dawned it turned out to be her last one.

Sathya was now three years old. Her vocabulary was growing day by day, and included several English words. She had also started counting numbers. Ramanna wanted to make her a Teacher in the school he worked, and hoped that she would some day become the school’s principal. Janakiraman had left Naglurbakkam to take charge of a big school in Trichy and the new principal Govindachari was more interested in playing cards in the evening than teaching children during the day.

Ramanna was thinking of the days under Janakiraman, which he and Sheela rejoiced so much. It was on one of those days that the High-School mathematics teacher had to be hospitalized for several weeks. Classes were suffering and Janakiraman felt helpless. "Sir, if you will please forgive me for what might appear as my brashness, may I take the mathematics classes ? I have studied upto B.Sc., but could not complete the examination", said Sheela. Janakiraman sent her to the black-board and asked her to prove the Pythagorean theorem. Sheela came up with not just one, but four alternate ways of proving it. She had learnt this from a book on Vedic mathematics Ramanna had borrowed for her from the school library. For the next several weeks Sheela was teaching while Ramanna continued with his clerical work. This did not create any difficulty between Ramanna and Sheela, who doted on each other, and wished every couple was as happy as them.

Sathya was now four years old and seemed to have inherited her mother's aptitude for mathematics. She already knew the multiplication tables and could keep track of the vegetable expenses. Times had however become harder for Ramanna. Under the new principal, the practice of writing '*Thought for the day*' introduced by Janakiraman was abandoned and the school assembly had become a mere ritual. Chandamma had moved with Kutti to another town to stay with her son. The new neighbor had very little to do with Ramanna who had found it very difficult to cope with the annual increase in the rent he had to pay for his tiny shelter. For the last two months he had not paid the rent, having sent all he could save for his sister's wedding, and he now faced the threat from his landlord that he would have to vacate the house if he didn't pay the rent within five days.

It was on the third day that Ramanna gathered the courage to request Govindachari, the principal, if he could get any loan. "Don't ever come to me with such a request. Get out!", said Govindachari. Ramanna could only curse himself for having failed to anticipate this predictable outcome. By the time he returned home, he was running high fever. He had neglected himself badly and his health had degenerated. Next day, without even pleading for an extension from his landlord to pay the rent, he took temporary shelter in Mohan's house. Mohan took care of him and Sathya for the next two months during which Ramanna recovered from tuberculosis. He had lost his job by then. Govindachari told him very simply that there was no provision for a long medical leave in his position.

Ramanna had no means to express his gratitude to Mohan. One day when nobody else was home, Ramanna left some flowers at the feet of the idol of Shri Venkatesh Mohan would worship everyday and he left Mohan's home along with little Sathya. "Where are we going, Appa?" asked Sathya. Ramanna remained silent. He didn't know, but his dream that he would someday make Sathya the principal of the school he had worked for had not receded. He remembered Sheela and her thought gave him courage and hope. He felt sure that he will find a break. He understood his odds and wondered if Bapujee would have ever anticipated such situations. Along with Sathya and some valises he was carrying, he got a ride in a truck that was headed toward Madras. He hoped that there was some truth in what his beloved 'HS' Janakiraman had said long back that in big cities one can always find some good jobs and earn a comfortable living. *Where there is a will, there is a way*, so he thought, and reflected on another '*Thought for the Day*' he had once written.

The only job Ramanna could find was to carry some luggage of passengers at the Thiruvallavoor bus-stand and earn a few rupees against which he barely managed to buy some minimal food for himself and Sathya. They slept at the bus-stand, but on the third day police asked him to vacate that place. It was past 10 PM and Sathya was asleep. Ramanna carried her in one arm and his baggage in the other. He had no idea what he would do now. He walked barely half a mile, and tired, put Sathya on the footpath and sat by her side. He did not realize when he himself fell asleep. Buses and Trucks were still speeding across at that late hour, mostly driven by drunk drivers. A truck backed up right onto the footpath. Ramanna woke up by the shouts and screams of people only to learn that Sathya was crushed under the truck. He did not remain conscious to know what happened later.

'A girl about five years old sleeping on the foot-path was run over by a truck' is what Janakiraman remembered to have read in the news-paper. Two months later, he learnt that the girl was Ramanna's daughter who Ramanna had dreamt would some day become a school principal. Even as Janakiraman wondered if Ramanna would keep his courage alive as Bapujee would have wanted, Ramanna had, by then, adopted an orphan girl who he planned to raise for the service of man.

*Dr.P.C.Deshmukh,
Department of Physics*

THE CAMPASTIMES LITERARY QUIZ

1. He called them “battered and shaggy”, commenting on the different noises they make. What was the Italian poet Dante referring to?
2. Salman Rushdie directly quotes two novelists in his novel “Shame”. One is his contemporary living at Paris, while the other is one of the most enigmatic writer of Modern times. Name them both.
3. Trenchant wit though bent with age
Poet, Philosopher, seer ____
Can’t withstand the canine bark
Nor brew his poetic potions
‘Less an apple rots in the desk.
To whom are the above idiosyncrasies ascribed?
4. Who is novelist Barbara Cartland’s most famous grand daughter?
5. “When you came you were like white wine and honey
And the taste of you burned my mouth with its sweetness
Now you are like morning bread
Smooth and pleasant”
From what literary movement did the above verse emerge?
6. A former school teacher and Nobel prize winner in literature, each of his novels was refreshingly original in terms of style, structure and theme. Though once vastly acclaimed, his books are now dismissed by critics on account of not dealing with topics that fall under the purview of puritanical literature. Whom are we referring to?
7. This rock group emblemized by their wild and strident guitaring adapted from the gipsy music tradition answers to the appellation of a prominent Dickensian character. Name the group and the novel.
8. Grudgingly heralded by Elizabeth Sydwel as the greatest poet of his generation, this American created what is known as the “arch poetic style to inebriation”. He inspired one of the icons of country music into a name-change. Who was he?
9. After receiving the Nobel prize, Earnst Hemingway when enquired as to the essential qualities of a “_____” answered in characteristic bluntness “a shock proof shit detector”. Complete the sentence.
10. Much envied as one of the most successful popular writers, including screen plays, he has this peculiar habit of eating the same type of food so long as he works on a book and shifting to another type on commencing a different novel. Name the gastronomic freak.

GRAFFITI

TUT SHEETS

A STITCH IN TIME BRINGS THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY DOWN

WHEN I'M GOOD, I'M GOOD,
BUT WHEN I'M BAD,
I'M BETTER.

WAVE GOODBYE TO THE
PARTICLE THEORY

is the centre of Graffiti
- Isaac Newton

GRAVITY IS A MYTH - THE
EARTH SUCKS!

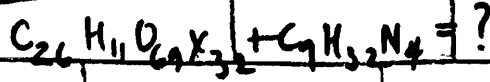
STROKE A PLATITUDE
TO GET AN EPIGRAM.

Just another
brick in the wall.

MURDER IS A SIMPLIFICATION
OF THE CONUNDRUMS
OF EXISTENCE

TORTURE

$a = ?$



$$\iiint x e^{2x \sin x (\log x)} dx dy dz = ?$$

(he, he)

T212AMI
TRA

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION CAUSED BY
DEPICIENT SPIRIT(UAL) INTAKE.

CENSOR

You don't need to write Graffiti on the wall
to be a Raymonds man

But it helps
- Graffiti man for Raymonds.

CAN YOU SEE THE INVISIBLE MAN?

MY MOM SAYS: REAL TOUGH GUYS DO THEIR

MY

GRAFFITI

THE WASTELAND - A Literary Crossword.

THE GOLDEN RULE:

Love your neighbour.

(If she's young, good looking
And drives a Mercedes)

SCHIZOPHRENIA

I think
more...

another guy
inside me

Life is too
short to learn

German

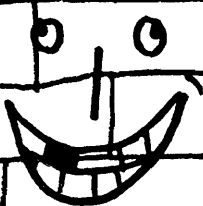
Speed up!
SLOWLY.

THE GOLDEN RULE FOR FEMINISTS

Love your neighbour. (If he's
young, good looking and drives
a Mercedes).

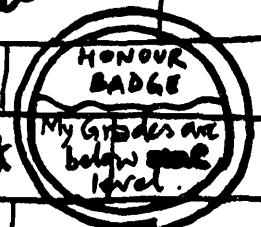
DENTOPEDOLOGY

THE science of planting your
tooth firmly in your mouth.



NAIVETTE
My jokes are so
funny!

JETHRO TULL: They look both ways
crossing a one way street



SMILE! IT COULDN'T
GET WORSE

FEMINISTS: They look both ways
crossing a one way street

Those who live in
Glass houses should buy
cortains.

HEISENBERG and THE
PRINCIPLE OF UNCERTAINTY
The electron is here
or here?

before
Pink Floyd IS THE
ELIOT OF ROCK MUSIC.

Frantz Kafka
Dinner??

If you think you
so damn witty,
you can fill up
this space

DOOKIE -
Basically a lot
of noise.

ANSWERS

1. WORDS.
2. MILAN KUNDERA AND FRANZ KAFKA.
3. GOETHE.
4. PRINCESS DIANA.
5. THE IMAGIST MOVEMENT.
6. WILLIAM GOLDING.
7. URIAH HEEP AND DAVID COPPERFIELD.
8. DYLAN THOMAS. BOB DYLAN WAS THE COUNTRY SINGER.
9. WRITER.
10. MICHAEL CRICHTON.

DOUGH STORY

*The old man bakes bread
With smile, clear shining eyes,
Weaving the dough, mixing
Yeast and brilliant philosophy.*

*"What's your secret" I ask
"Of love and labour" he sighs
"Putting one's heart and soul,
in their silent occupation"*

*Many wise words were said by him,
Which I needn't repeat,
Excepting
"There are already enough books"
After I mentioned he should write one.*

CHILDHOOD

Two thousand kicks.

*Peppery licks
At the scales
Of a hundred smooth wounds.*

*Worms teasing out
Of cracks in an
Ancient
Wall.*

*Poignancy rumbling
Like shadows of an uncertain
Monument of steel.*

*Many long innings
We never played*

*Sparrows.
Hushed voices.*

*Bright
As the vision of a shared dream.*

*Those
Were the days.*

To lose one parent, Mr. Worthing, may be regarded
as misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness.

- Oscar Wilde (*The importance of being earnest*)

THE DAYS OF TIME ARE NUMBERED

"I don't care what they say, the life of an angel isn't what it's made out to be" the whining, slightly nasal voice belonged to Importunus, a minor, no, a very minor seraph working in the records and registry department of Archangel Michael's information bureau, Section Five (MI5 for short).

"I don't know what you've got to complain about", replied his companion Chrysophase. The work is slight, the view is good, job security's guaranteed, and you've got everything you could wish for. What more do you want?'

"It just that I'm deady bored of this rut. I thought my work would be interesting, challenging. I thought it would make a difference. Celestial chronodynamics. Sounds impressive, doesn't it? Hah! impressive, my wing!"

If he had been human, he would have kicked his chair; since he was an angel, he contented himself with fluttering up and down a bit. At that moment, his eye glanced upon a wall clock about to strike 12 midnight.

"Time to do my duty", he said, squeezing every last ounce of frustration and contempt into the word "duty". He walked over to a large stack of papers on his desk, took the top one, tore it up and dropped it into the dust bin. Next, he took out a clean sheet and placed it on top; carefully, he wrote out-

Day, 5,504,923,447,691.

Thomas

IIT B

EXILE

"Will the prisoner please rise!". The bailiff's voice resonated across the packed courtroom as all eyes turned, first to the prisoner, standing still defiant and unrepentant and then to the judge; who was to pronounce his fate.

It was happening! The climax of the most spectacular trial of the millenium, the situation of the most hotly debated arguments in living memory; This was the final moment of truth, the hour of judgement. Shall we reckon?

The judge paused, waited for the hubub to die down, summed up the moment and commenced on his pronouncement:

"The prisoner, Gesswiss the son of Ghoth, has been acused of wilfully fomenting unrest and disturbance wherever he goes. He has publicly renounced the code of our Galactic Federation; he has called for the formation of a new order adopting his own ethics and ideals; he has resisted and often contravened the regulations which make our society stable. In short, he is a reactionary of the most sinister kind.

On all these accounts, we find him guilty as charged, and deserving of our utmost contempt and opprobium. The penalty for these crimes is death."

"And yet-".

"And yet?" Had the judge decided to be merciful? Will he be offering a second chance? A maelstorm of conflicting thoughts deluged the minds of the audience.

"And yet, we must also remember that the prisoner's actions were derived from purely altruistic motives; that he sincerely believed in the substance of his preachings; that in all his deeds he never once counselled violence or hatred. He was misguided, but he meant well, and that counts to his favour"

"Hence I'm commuting the death sentence to one of permanent exile. Gesswiss, son of Ghoth, shall be left stranded with no accoutrement, on the outskirts of the galaxy. He shall be surrounded in that world by a group of technologically primitive savages. But he shall live".

Pandemonium broke loose on the courtroom as armed guards whisked the prisoner away to the detention center. The news spread rapidly - "Geswiss is guilty, but he's going scot free". Riot police formed blockades as security around his person was stepped up.

Amidst all this chaos, Gesswiss himself remained strangely calm. He proffered no conversation with the Enforcement officer while the latter prattled on about his forthcoming punishment.

"We'll ship you out on an autocruiser and then blow her up in orbit. Mighty, pretty sight it'll make; like a new star in the heavens. We'll hypnoteach you all the relevant background; history, geography and so on. We'll even give you a profession, make you a woodworker's son, I think. Should be an experience; What do you think?"

"I think . . . ' (His reply, as usual, was slow and considered)' . . . that these people will have all the more need for my teachings."

The E.O. laughed, then caught himself and shrugged his shoulders. All the best then. You'll need all the luck you can get with the Jews".

Thomas
IIT B

*so much depends
upon*

*a red wheel
barrow*

*glazed with rain
water*

*beside the white
chickens.*

William Carlos Williams
(The Red Wheelbarrow)

MAY I HELP YOU?

I was standing on the porch looking at the Summers' cottage. It has been lying vacant for many years now. But now some family will be moving in this evening. Atleast that's what I heard. It should be a pleasant change for me. Joe in the office all day long and I all alone, in the house, throughout the afternoons. Life does tend to get a bit dull. Now I might get some company. There are only two houses in this entire stretch of 300 yards.

The family had arrived some time back to inspect the cottage. I could manage just a glimpse then-two children they had. Seemed a pretty decent family. May be, I shall call them to lun. . .

My train of thoughts were broken by the sudden ringing of the phone.

"Hello", I said.

"Hi sweetie", said a voice, deep and long drawn. It wasn't Joe. He never is so frightening. I slammed the phone down.

Again it rang. A full five minutes passed before I picked the receiver.

"I am going to kill you today baby", said the same voice and the phone went dead. The line was deliberately cut. I froze. I couldn't tell Joe. No one was around and I had to go and pick up Patrick from his school.

Somehow I managed to get the car out of the garage. My hands were trembling, my eyes darting here and there trying to locate the mysterious caller. No one was around, not a sound. I sped to the school. Patrick was in tears waiting for me. Poor child he was hungry. We rushed back.

As I neared Hudson Avenue, I saw a blue sedan following us. I increased pressure on the accelerometer. But the sedan seemed to close in on us. And just a few yards into Hudson avenue, my car stopped. The sedan had reached the entrance. It stopped too. The man took out a cigarette and lit it. He looked at me and gave us a thin smile - looked very dangerous. He got out slowly and acted as if something was wrong with the car. He took out a long spanner. My heart skipped a beat. The man was powerfully built, possessed a powerful weapon in his hand and was just a few feet away. His eyes were glued to us and they were stone hard. I tried starting the car but it didn't. I decided to walk the 300 yards. I must have gone twenty yards or so. I looked back to find the man starting his car. I quickened my pace and nearly began running. He caught up with us. The sedan stopped in front of us and the man got out. His hands were in his pocket. There was something in there. I was panting. Patrick couldn't run anymore. I closed my eyes and breathed a silent prayer.

"May I help you", said the man. "You must be Mrs. Joe. I am Smith, your new neighbour", said he much to my relief. "Want a lift?" He asked.

*Manish Jain
(Class of 1996)*

WHEN IT WAS MG LAST

*Your babe Jessie on the ramp
Her face scarred in silver bands
Tore across the white fumes;
In her stride, shook death.*

*Death fell on the crowd in the well -
Faces stoned to flashing lights
Bouncing off her somatic shapes
Were caught with eyes glazed.*

*The show ends, she sips cognac on rocks,
Death stalks me, who rides the bike-
Serpants arrest waist; wind buffets face
Back safe by twelve to the campfire.*

*The fire crackles, the maidens cackle.
Jessie joins the geeze, gyrates round.
My fractured leg shrieks, I retire...
After IIT, it'll be the monastery.*

Noah Buddy

TO FLY

*To rise gently into freedom
Cool air fanning my wing
To glide in the ethereal night;
Survey all , Find myself king.*

*To dive, to swoop, to plummet, to plunge
To soar through darkness and light
To fly against the great firmanent
And shatter it with mymight!*

*One second or eternity,
An inch or the endless sea
In the boundless joy of speed and flight
Time and space are nothing to me.*

*To pierce through the thickest mist
With a single slash of a white wing
Unfettered, free, joyous
To spin, to twirl, to sing!
Oh, to fly....*

Lavanya Vasudevan
Sarayu.

A HOLIDAY IN FRANCE AND ASSORTED DANGERS

Before anything else, I would like to destroy the absurd stereotype of the French being rude. They are not rude, they just happen to hate you. Surely, that's no reason to avoid such a beautiful country, though the French also tend to shortchange you. I just thought that I would mention this shortchanging - I shan't dwell on it any longer.

What's striking about the French apart from their inclination to shortchange is their esoteric culinary skill; if not in what they cook, atleast in their nomenclature; which is probably why one should go to their restaurants - I don't mean go inside them but just stand outside and gaze stupidly at :

CARTE DE MENU

Les petites eyeballes de mackerelle en thick de voiture
Les escargots avec les dinosaures dans le soupe
Le poisson de votre frère Raoul.

VOUS TRIED THE REST, NOW TRY LE BEST !

Apart from this and the inevitable shortchanging, France is actually an interesting place. Le Louvre is a place you simply mustn't miss. Ofcourse, it is a different matter that when you want to see a painting you actually see the backs of other tourists. Try standing on your toes and you will see a larger congregation in front. Stand on someone's shoulders and you might just catch a glimpse of a Neanderthal man at the head of the queue.

Other than the shortchanging epidemic, one must keep in mind that the best place to stay is at one of those quaint cottages run by an old couple called Rene and Renee. "Don't mind me," Renee will say eight times during breakfast: "I know you are here for a quiet time and I don't even want you to notice me, although Rene did want me to ask you not to throw your escargots out of the window. They spoil the garden. A couple did that once and Rene took out his machete - Doesn't Rene love his garden! I had to give him one of those shots to calm him down. He still carries that couple's address in his wallet. But look at me you are obviously here for tranquility. I just keep rattling on and Rene - I'm sure he's just kidding threatens to lock me up with his scorpions if I don't shut up. And dont forget, those light fixtures in your room are not miniature video cameras. Hey ! what happened? where are you running off to?".

Aha ! Just kidding. And if you still are in France, don't miss the Eiffel tower not because it is so great to look at, but because it is the only piece from history you can see in France, even with the Neaderthals, the Huns and the Japanese tourists in front of you. And finally as for that shortchanging, one must take it in one's stride - cest la vie , you know. Apres le tous, que sera sera.

Hey! where's my bloody wallet ? ? ?

Vivek Krishnan
247, Ganga.

THE ROGUES MARCH

I do not consider myself a conscientious person. Infact conscience in our profession is a much hounded evil. My very good friend Charlie who was also my partner-in-crime was quite a perfect thief except for this gadfly called conscience he could never shoo away. His conscience gnawed at his sanity everytime he was involved in a misdemeanour , which was ofcourse all he was ever involved in. So much so, one fine October afternoon, as the sun was beating down on his balding top, he consumed himself as he jumped from the white cliffs of Dover into the ragged oblivion below. Funny how his top reflected the sunlight in crazy patterns on the way down. So you see, the gates at our place are forever padlocked (and sensibly too), against conscience.

And yet, uncanny though it may appear, I too was once subject to the throes that only conscience can deliver. I refer to an incident that shall remain indelible on the pages of my torrid memory, so long as the breath in the body continues to come out warm.

We go back many years. Seven to be precise. It isn't a well dispersed fact (and that, hush reader ! is an understatement) that every year in the month of March all subjects of the vast criminal empire of England, whether it be petty thief or dishonest politician, take part in a kind of festival. It is not ofcourse the usual festival full of hooplas, hurrahs, viands, music, dance and other elements that make up banal fanfare. It is in tune with the nature of the underworld, a dark and sinister ritual - an event so silent and scary it chills to the spine, the most valiant among men, women and believe me children. Can you visualise more than 20,000 of the most dedicated purveyors of crime and corruption assembling on the infamous backstreets of Soho to pay respects to Pluto - The God, Lord and Emperor of the underworld ? Each of the persons engaged in the silent procession will be carrying a black valise which contains a definite portion of the wealth he (or she) had amassed through criminal means during the past financial year. These riches will then be incinerated at the altar of Pluto. It is believed that this act will propitiate Pluto, who will then bestow upon the criminal fraternity renewed power and opportunity, to plunder more, more and more. More so that the flames resulting from the burning wealth will render Pluto more resplendant at the coming annual event.

I've been a party to this ritual eversince I was formally accepted into the criminal fold and have been observing the same with utmost sincerity, faith and respect. The event acquired a deep rooted sacred tinge in the hearts of all members of the fraternity - all excepting Long John. The referred dude derives his apellation from his towering frame. Long John wasn't just tall. He was the most capable and ruthless individual among those who've ever welded their

lives to this nefarious vocation. Among the criminal community he had acquired the status of an unsurpassable legend - so much so, his toothy smiling face was a permanent fixture on the bulletin boards at all police stations. His activities were transnational and diversified . He was wanted by half a dozen governments across the globe for a medley of crimes. They were lucky they never caught him, for after coughing up the prize money they put on his head, their budgets would've had to run deficits. So much charisma surrounded his name and person, aspiring criminals carried his mug shot in their backpockets and tried to emulate his deeds, only to land up in jail. Such was Long John, and he was my brother.

"Hide of God!" he once announced "You noodles with punctured sanities actually expect me to pulverise my hard earned wealth at the altar of a ridiculously fanciful myth, wrought by queasy minds ? By my blistering backside, the only object I consider worth worshipping would be my shadow and ... " (The rest had to be censored for being too charmingly colloquial). The others used to get transmogrified at the blasphemy and worry about the repercussions of Pluto's wrath, but he couldn't have cared less. It was OK by me for I believed a man's got a right to choose his own path; besides, I respected him, not to mention that I was petrified of his temper. But, seven years ago, Long John crossed all limits. A month prior to the Rogues March. he accosted me while I was about my nocturnal duties and proposed business.

"Junior, I've got an idea, which if it turns fruity will make us so rich we can take over Rolls Royce".

Gladdened by his approach and much in awe of his well discussed ingenuity, I perked up the auditory and asked him to shoot.

"Let's rob the Rogue's pit". He said.

It took me a full minute to recover my speech and all the while, his eyes leered greedily into mine out of his greasy face, the tip of his brown tongue curled round a protruding stained tooth. "Rob the Rogue's pit ?" I shouted back in an intense hoarse whisper. "Have you lost your senses ? Do you realise now much the ritual means to us thieves ? For long you've ignored a power higher than yourself, but don't force Pluto into displaying his wrath now"

Long John wasn't obviously tuned to such speeches. He could barely suppress his exploding wrath as he gripped my neck, and scraped me up along the wall in level with his eyes. " Listen sis", he said " I don't tag you late in the night to sit and allow myself to be reformed by your snot-nosed philosophy. It's time you shake yourself of a medieval fancy and teach your noodle to do a bit of independent thinking. The only Pluto exists in your ossified head.

Here I am the finest criminal that ever cavorted in nature's bosom and I got to where I am without paying obeisance to no Pluto. Lissin sis! Lissin! The governments are closing in their dragnets and I'm in bad need of dough. This is our last chance. I've sewed up the plan like the lining on the inside of my stomach. There's a tunnel I've got dug beneath the pit a long time ago. I shall stay in there and sack up all the monies as they drop in. When the time comes for torching the pit, you hold the torch in your hand and "Hail Pluto" thrice. By the second hail, I would have slammed the trap door and scampered out into the open. Life for me is quite tight now sis. You comply and we'll tan, surf and smoke Cubans for the rest of our lives. Say no and you convalesce at the Thames Hospital till your flame's out".

Saying thus he left me and my roused conscience to battle it out, in the night, with a bruised neck thrown in as well. The tussle was long and overshot the night. Through the next month my earnings dropped and vacillations were chiselling away at my sanity.

"Don't do it. It's a crime more heinous than the most gory murder" my conscience shrieked. And yet still, there was a life the stuff of dreams waiting at the end of tunnel and a dire threat besides.

"Do it ! Don't do it ! Don't contaminate your religion.
Don't bring down the wrath of Pluto upon your fold".

The mind was a raging battlefield of contradictions as I held the flaming torch aloft in my hand. The final call was pure and straight from the heart. I whispered three sweet Hail Pluto's all to myself, threw the torch into the pit and walked back to raucous cheers, just as some screams from the pit were being muffled by the roaring fire. I never really knew when the actual cremation began. I walked away before the screams died down.

People did miss Long John for a while, but no one was too sad about that. I'm now the successor to Long John's coveted reputation. Also, I don't allow my conscience to bother me anymore. You might think it was wrong of me to have committed fratricide. Well as I mentioned earlier I entitle people a right to opinion. As for me, my face is famous even in Lhasa - so no regrets.

By the way, Charlie didn't jump off the cliff; I pushed him. Signora.

- Abishek

**REGIONAL LANGUAGE
SECTION**

ವಿಶ್ವ. ಖನಿಜದತ್ತ ನಾಗ್ರುತ್ತ ದೆಯೋ ?

ಶ್ರೀಗಂತ್ಯ. ೬, ೧೯೭೫; ಪ್ರಾವಣದಿಗಂಕದಲ್ಲ, ರಖ
ಉನಯಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಕುಕ್ಕಿಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕೆಮ್ಮು ಗೂಡುಗಳಿಂದ ಇತಿಹಾಸ-
ಗೈಯುತ್ತಾ ಹೊರಬಂದು ಹಾಕುತ್ತಿವೆ. ಸೆನಿನಿಡ್ಲೆಯಲ್ಲ ಮಲ-
ಗಿದ್ದ, ಜಿಪ್ಸಂ ದೇಶದ ಹಿರೋಕಿಮಾ ನಗರ ಮುಂಜಿನಿಯ
ಮೆಸುಕಿನಲ್ಲ. ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿರುವಂತೆ ಆದೆ. ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಸಕಲ
ಘಟಕ - ಅಸ್ತಿತ್ವಗಳಿಗೆ ಸಾಕ್ಷಿಯಾಗಿರುವ ಶಿರ, ಇನ್ನು ಕೆಲವೇ
ಕ್ಷಣಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿರೋಕಿಮಾಗೆ ಬಂದೊಡಗುವ ದುಃಸ್ಥಿತಿಗೆ ನಾನಲ್ಲದೆ
ಮತ್ತಾರು ಸಾಕ್ಷಿ ವನ್ನುವಂತೆ ದೇಶದಿಂದ ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಇಷ್ಟೆ
ಹಾಕುತ್ತ. ಶ್ರೀಗಂತ್ಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಬಿಬಿಗ ಸುಮಾರು
೮ ಗಂಟೆ. ಶ್ರೀಗಂತ್ಯ ಖನಿಜದತ್ತನು ಕಾಣಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾನೆ.
ಯುದ್ಧದ ಸಮಯವಾದ್ದರಿಂದ ಅದು ಮುಮೂಯ. ಈ ಮುಮೂಯ.
ಖನಿಜ ಕೆನ್ನ ನಗರದ ಸಮಸ್ತ ನಾಶಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ ವಾಡು
ಹಿರೋಕಿಮಾದ ಯಾವ ಪ್ರಜೆಯೂ ಉಳಿದಿರಲಾರ. ಹೀಗೆ ಕಾಣಿಸಿ-
ಕೊಂಡ ಈ ಖನಿಜದ ಗರ್ಭದಿಂದ ೭೧೦೦ ಕೆ.ಜಿ. ತೂಕದ
"ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಹುಡುಗ" (Little Boy) ವನ್ನುವ ಪರಮಾಣು
ಬಾಂಹ ಹಿರೋಕಿಮಾ ನಗರದ ಮೇಲೆ ಇಟ್ಟಿತು. ನೋಡಿನೋ-
ಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ, ಹಿರೋಕಿಮಾ ನಗರ ಸುಟ್ಟು ಬುಡಿಯಾಯ್ತು
೯೨,೦೦೦ ಕ್ಕೂ ಅಧಿಕ ಮುಗ್ಧ, ಅಮಾಯಕ ಜಿಪ್ಸಂ ಜನರ
ಕ್ಷಣದಿಂದ. ಬಾಯನಾರು. ಈ ದರ್ದನೇ ಕೈಕೈ ಮಾಡುವ
ಜನಾಂಗದಲ್ಲ. ಕೆಲವು ಭಾರತಿಯನ್ನು ಸೆಪ್ಪಿಸಿ, ಎಕೆಡನೇ ಮಹಾ-
ಯುದ್ಧಕ್ಕೆ ಮಂಗಳವನ್ನು, ಶಿವರೇ ಶೇಕಲ ಸಮರಕ್ಕೆ ನಾಂಹಿ-
ಯನ್ನು ಹಾಕಿತು.

ಇದನ್ನೆ ಮೂರು ಹಸಿಗಳ ನಂತರ, ಅಂದರೆ ಶ್ರೀಗಂತ್ಯ ೬
ರಂದು 'ನಾಗಸಾಕಿ'ಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಹಾಕಲ್ಪಟ್ಟ "ಮಹಿ ಮನುಷ್ಯ"
(Fat-Man) ಪರಮಾಣು ಬಾಂಹ, ೪೦,೦೦೦ ಕ್ಕೂ ಅಧಿಕ ಮುಗ್ಧ

ರೆನ್ನು ಇಂತಿಗೇನುಕೊಂಡಿತು.

"ಇತ್ತೆ ಲೋಕ" ಮತ್ತು "ನಿಶ್ಚಯವನ್ನು" ಪರಮಾಣು
ಭಾಂವಗಳಿಂದ ಫಿನ ನೆಚ್ಚುವನ್ನು ಗಮನಿಸಿ, ಈ ಅನುಲೇಶನೆಯನ್ನು
ಜಗತ್ತಿನಿಂದ ದೂರವಿಡುವ ಪರವನ್ನು ನಾವು ಕಂಡುಬಂದಿರಲಿತ್ತು. ಫಿನರೆ,
ಮರದ್ವಿಷ್ಟವೆಚ್ಚ, ಇದರಿಂದ ಪಾತಿ ಕೆಲವುನ ಫಲಸ್ವರೂಪವಿರವಾಗಿ
ನಾನು ಎಚ್ಚವನ್ನು ಎನಾಳನೆ ಉಂಟಿನಲ್ಲ ಇಟ್ಟಿದ್ದೆವೆ. ಎರಡನೇ
ಎಚ್ಚೆಯುಧ್ವನಿ ನಂತರ, ಜೇರೆಲ-ನಮರ ಪ್ರರಂಭವಾಗಿ ಅಮಿರಿಕಾ
ನೀತ್ವೆತ್ತೆದಲ್ಲ ಇಂಡವಾಳವೇ ನೇತಗಲು, ಮತ್ತು ಲೆಪ್ಪನ (ಯು.
ಎಸ್. ಎಸ್. ಫಿರ) ನೀತ್ವೆತ್ತೆದಲ್ಲ ರೆಮ್ಯಾನಿಸ್ವೆ ನೇತಗಲು ಇದ್ದ
ಪ್ರಿಲಗಲಾಗಿ, ಪರಪ್ರೆರೆ ಕೈಪ್ರೀಚಿಯಿಂದ, ಪರಮಾಣು ಆಸ್ತ್ರಗಲೆ
ರೆಯಾಲಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲ, ಮತ್ತು ಜೇಖರಣೆಯಲ್ಲ ಕೊಡಗಿದವು.

೧೯೪೬ರ ಜುಲೈನಲ್ಲ ಅಮಿರಿಕಾ ೨೦೦೦ ಟನ್ ನಾಮಧೇಯ
ನು ಎರಡು ಅಣುಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಗಳನ್ನು 'ಇರಿನಿ-ಅಮೀಲ್' ದ್ವಿಪದಲ್ಲ
ನಡೆಸಿತು. ರಷ್ಯಾ ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರಥಮ ಅಣು ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯನ್ನು ಫೆಗಸ್ಟ್
೧೯೪೯ ರಲ್ಲ ನಡೆಸಿತು. ೧೯೫೨ ನವೆಂಬರ್ ೧ ರಂದು
ಅಮಿರಿಕಾ "ಕೇಂಪ್ರ-ನಿಯೂಲನ" (Nuclear-Fusion) ಶೆತ್ತೆನ
ಮೀಲೆ ಫಿಲಾಲರೆ 'ಜಲಜನಕ - ಇಂಜ'ನ್ನು ಪರೀಕ್ಷಿಸಿತು.
ತನೇನೂ ಕೆನೆಯಿಲ್ಲವು ಎಂಬುವಂಕೆ ರಷ್ಯಾ ಮರುವಶೇಕವೇ
'ಜಲಜನಕ - ಇಂಜ' ರೆಯಾಲಿತು.

ಈ ಕೈಪ್ರೀಚಿ ಅಮಿರಿಕಾ ಮತ್ತು ರಷ್ಯಾಗಲೆ ಮಾತ್ರ
ನೀಡುತವಾಗಿರನೇ, ಫ್ರಾನ್ಸ್ ಮತ್ತು ಬೀನಾ ಸಿಡ ಇದರಲ್ಲ
ಛುಮುಕಿದವು. ಅಳಿಪ್ರಾಥ ರಷ್ಯೆಗಲೆ ಫಿನಯನ ಹೆಚ್ಚೆಚ್ಚ
ಯಾ, ಶೆನ್ತ್ರಾಶ್ತ್ರ ರೆಯಾಲಿಕೆಗಲೆ ವ್ಯಯವಾಗೆಕೊಡಗಿತು.
ಎಚ್ಚನ ಕೆಲವೇ ರಷ್ಯೆಗಲು ಭಾರೀ ಶೆನ್ತ್ರಾಶ್ತ್ರಗಲೆ ಸಂಗ್ರಹನಲ್ಲ
ಕೊಡಗಿನಾಗ, ಉಳನ ನೇತಗಲು ತಮ್ಮ ಫಿಲರೆಗೆ ಫಕ್ಟ್ ಕುಸು
ಕೊಂಡವು. ಹಾಗಾಗಿ ಅವು, ಅನಿವಾರ್ಯವಾಗಿ, ತಮ್ಮ ಅಳಿಪ್ರಾಥ
ಶಿಯಾಲಗಲೆಗೆ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ, ಶೆನ್ತ್ರಾಶ್ತ್ರಗಲೆಗೆ ಹಣ ವ್ಯಯವಾಗೆಕೊಡ-
ಗಲೆ.

ಕೂಗಿ ಇಂದಿರು.

ಯೇಗೆ ಕೆಲವೇ ಉದ್ದೇಶಗಳ ಉದ್ದೇಶವಾಗಿ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಗೀಡೆಯಿಂದಾಗಿ
ಭೇದಭಾವವಿರುವ ಶಕ್ತಿಶಾಲಿ ಸಂಗ್ರಹಣೆ ಈ ರೀತಿ ಇಂದು ಜಗತ್ತಿನ
ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಉದ್ದೇಶಕ್ಕೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿದೆ. ಇಂದು "ಜಿಕ್ಸ್-ಕ್ರಾಸ್ಟಿಂಗ್" ಉದ್ದೇಶ
ಇಂದು "ದಿಪ್ತ-ಮನೋಹರ" ಪರಮಾಣು ಇಂದಿರುಗಳು ಮಾನವಕುಲಕ್ಕೆ
ಮಾಡಿದ ನಷ್ಟವು ಅಂದಾಜಿನ್ನು ಅಂದಾಜಿನ್ನು ಇದುವರೆಗೂ ಅನಿವಾರ್ಯ
ರಾಗಿರುವ ನಾಪಾ ಇತಿಹಾಸದ ಪುನರಾವರ್ತನೆಗೆ. ಧಾರ್ಮಿಕವಾದಿಗಳು?
ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಮೂಲ ಮೂಲೆಯಲ್ಲೂ ತೋರುವ ಈ ಪರಮಾಣು ದೃಶ್ಯವು
ಜ್ಞಾನ ಬೆಳಕಿನಿಂದ, ಈ ಇಂದಿರು, ಈ ನಾಗರಿಕತೆ, ಈ ಮಾನವ ಕುಲ
ಉಳಿದಿರಬೇಕೆ? ಇದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಗಣನೆಗೆ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಉಳಿದಿರುವುದಾಗಿ,
ನಾಪಾ ಉಳಿದಿರಬೇಕು ಉಳಿದಿರಬೇಕು ಉಳಿದಿರುವುದಾಗಿ ಉಳಿದಿರುವುದಾಗಿ.
ಅಲ್ಲವೇ? ಇಂದಿರುಗಳು ಸರ್ವಜನಿಕವಾಗಿ ಪಾಪ ಕೆಲವು ನಾಪಾ,
ಇಂದಿರುಗಳಿಗೆ ಕೆಲವು ಕೆಲವು ಇಂದಿರುಗಳಿಂದ ಪಾಪ ಕೆಲವು
ಮುಂದಿನದೂ ಮಾನವ ಕುಲದ ನಾಪಾನ್ನು ಕೆಲವು
ಪ್ರಿಯವೆನಿಸುವೇ ?

— ರಘುನಂದನ ಕುಲಕರ್ಣಿ

(ಎಂ.ಬಿ.ಕೆ), # 2111, ತೆಪ್ಪಿ

ಮತ್ತು

ರಮೇಶ್.ಜಿ

(ಎಂ.ಬಿ.ಕೆ), # 2111, ತೆಪ್ಪಿ

(೫) ಖ್ಯಾತಿ

ನಲ್ಲೆಯ

ಜ್ಞಾನಯ

ಖಂಠಿಗೊಲಂಠ

ವಾಪ್ಪೆ ಜಲನರೂ

ಪ್ರೇಮವಾಪ್ಪೆ

ಖಾತಿಯಾಗಲಲ್ಲ

ನಲ್ಲನಿಗೆ

ಪ್ರೇಮ

ಕೆರಲಲ್ಲ

(೭) ನಿನ್ನ ಶಿರಣ

ನಿನ್ನ ನಲ್ಲ

ನಿನ್ನ ಪ್ರೇಮ

ಪ್ರೇಮವತ್ತವ

ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲ, ಜತ್ತೆಲ್ಲ

ನೂತನು ಖಾತಿ

ನಿನ್ನನ್ನೆ

ನಿನ್ನೂ

ನಿನ್ನ ಪ್ರೇಮ

ನಿನ್ನನ್ನೆ

ನಿನ್ನ!

ಅನೇನು ಖಾತಿ.

ನಿನ್ನತನು ಖಾತಿ

ನಿನ್ನನರೂ

ಯಾರಿಗೂ ಅಭಾವಗದೆ

"ಖ್ಯಾತಿ ಅತಿ"

(೬) ಭೀತಿ

ನೋಡಿದ ಪ್ರಸಂಗಿಯರನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ

ಕಿತ್ತು - ಕಿತ್ತು ವಂಸು

ಕೆರಲನುತ್ತು

ನಿನ್ನ ಪ್ರಸಂಗ

ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಮನುವಿಯಾದದ್ದು

ಕೆರಲನಲೂ ಸೆಳ

ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ ಖಾತಿಯಾದ

ಪ್ರಸಂಗಿಯನ್ನೆ !!

(೮) ಪ್ರೇಮ

ಲೋಕ

ಕೆತ್ತು

ಕೈಬಿಟ್ಟು

ಕೆರಲನನ್ನೆಗೆ

ಕೆಳಗ

ಹಾಕಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲೂ

ಗರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ

ಖಾತಿಯನ್

- ಖಾತಿಯಾಳ . ೨೦

(ಎಂ.ಎಸ್)

೨೦೧, ಕೆತ್ತು

ನಗೆ ಲೇ ಸು

** ಇಂದು ಪ್ರಾಚ್ಯಸ್ಥಿತ್ರೆಯಲ್ಲೂ ದಾಕ್ಷಿಣ್ಯ ತಮ್ಮ ಭೌತಿಕತೆಯ ಪ್ರಭಾವವನ್ನು ಕೆಳಯಲು ಬಂದು ಇನ್ನೆ ಪ್ರಾಚ್ಯರನ್ನು (ರೋಗಿಗಳನ್ನು) ಕರೆದು, ಅವರಲ್ಲರನ್ನು ಇಂಚಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಕುಳ್ಳಿರಿಸಿ ಅವರಿಗೆ ನೀವೆಲ್ಲರೂ ಈಗ ಸೈಕಲ್ ಸವಾರಿ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀರಿ' ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದರು.

ಈ ಕೂಡಲೇ ರೋಗಿಗಳಲ್ಲೊಬ್ಬರು ಟ್ರಿನ್ ಟ್ರಿನ್ ಎಂದು ಚಿಲಿ ಚಾಳಿಸಲು ಕುರುಸುಗೊಂಡು, ಎಂಪ್ರಿಡ್ಲಿ ಇನ್ಫಂಡಲ್ ತಿರುಗಿಸಲು ಕುರು ಮಾಡಿದ. ಹೀಗೆ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಇನ್ನೆ ಸೈಕಲ್ ಸವಾರಿಯಲ್ಲೂ ಸುಗಮವಾದರು. ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಮಾತ್ರ ಸುಮ್ಮನೇ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದು, ತನ್ನ ಭೌತಿಕತೆ ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಇಬ್ಬರಿಗಾದರೂ ಕೊಂಚಮೇಲೆ ಇಂಚಿನಿಂದ ಎಂಪ್ರಿಡ್ಲಿ ಸಂಕುಚ್ಛಿತವಾದ ದಾಕ್ಷಿಣ್ಯ ಈ ರೋಗಿಯ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬಂದಿ.

ದಾಕ್ಷಿಣ್ಯ: ಎನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರೂ ಸೈಕಲ್ ಸವಾರಿ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀರಿ, ನೀನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಸುಮ್ಮನಿರುವೆಯಲ್ಲ, ಏಕೆ?

ರೋಗಿ: 'ದಾಕ್ಷಿಣ್ಯ, ನಾನೀಗ ಸೈಕಲ್ ಮೇಲೆ ಜೈನನಲ್ಲೂ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆನಿ. ಇನ್ನೂ ಅಷ್ಟೆ ಇಂಬಲ್ಲ, ಅದಕ್ಕೇ ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದೆನಿ.

** ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಮುಂದುವರಿದು ಕೊನೆಯಲ್ಲೂ ಮೆಂಟಲ್ ಪ್ರಸಂಗವೊಬ್ಬರ ಫಿಟನೆಸ್ ಕೊಡಲು ಕೊಡಿಸಿ "ರೋಗ್ಯ ತೆಗಲೆ ಇಲ್ಲಾಂಕ್ರಿ ಫಿಟನೆಸ್ ತೆಗಲೆತಲೆನಿ" ಅಂದಾಗ ಈ ಮುಂದುವರಿದ ಕೂಡಲೇ ತನ್ನ ಕೊನೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಈತ್ತು ರೂಪವಿಲ್ಲಾ ಮೋಟೊರನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟುಕೊಟ್ಟು, ಈ ಪ್ರಸಂಗ ಮುಂದುವರಿದು ಮೋಸ ಮಾಡಿದ ಮುಖಿಯಲ್ಲೂ ನಗುತ್ತಾ "ಮುಂದುವರಿದು, ನಾ ಕೊಡಿಸಿದ್ದು ಫಿಟನೆಸ್ ಕೊಡಲು. ಅದಕ್ಕೇ ಇಷ್ಟು ಹೊಸತನವಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದನು. ಅದಕ್ಕೇ ಪ್ರತಿಯಾಗಿ ಮುಂದುವರಿದು, "ಪ್ರಸಂಗ, ನಾನು ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಮೋಟೊ ಕೆಗೆದು ನೋಡು. ಅದು ಮೋಟೊ ಮೋಟೊ", ಎಂದಾಗ ಪ್ರಸಂಗನಿಗೆ ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ.

- ಎಚ್. ಸಿ. ನಾಗರಾಜ್ (ಸಿ. ಎಚ್. ಸಿ. - Ap. Math)

ನಕ್ಷೆ ಬಿಚ್ಚಿ ಜೋಕೆ
ರೆಡ್ಡೆ

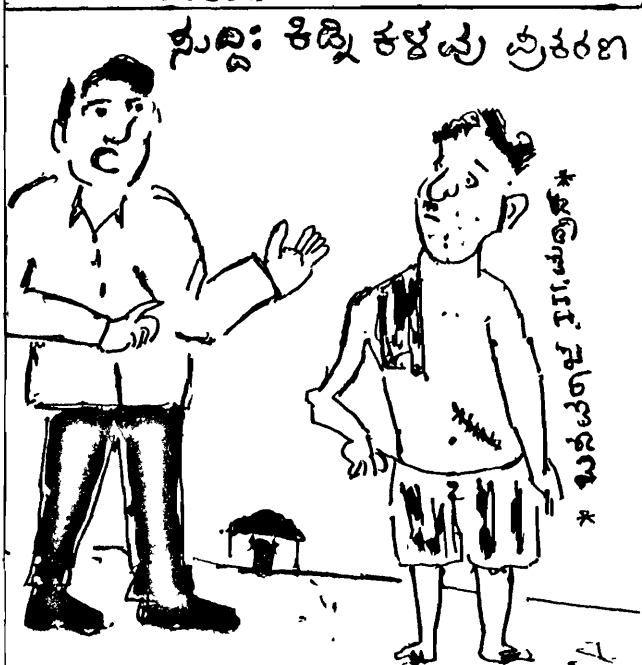
ಹಿಬ್ಬ ಮಂತ್ರಿ ಮಹಾರಾಜರು, ಭಾಷಣ ಮಾಡುವಾಗ, ತ್ರಿಕಿ ಭಾರಿಯೂ "ನಾನು ಮಾಡುವ ಕೆಲಸ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಜನಕ್ಕೆ ಉಪಯೋಗ ಲಿಸ್ತೆ, ರಾಜಕೀಯವಾಗಿ ನನ್ನ ಜನರ ಸುಖಕರ." ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು.

ಇವರ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಭಾಷಣಗಳನ್ನು ರೆಡ್ಡೆನೇ ಕೇಳುವ, ಅವರ ಕೆಟ್ಟಭಾಷಣ ಗುಂಪು, ಮಂತ್ರಿಯವರನ್ನು ವಶಪಡಿಸಿ ಭೇಟಿಯಾಗಿ ಹೊಗಳಿಸಲು:

"ಸರ್, ನೀವು ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಅಪ್ಪಟ ಪರಿಣಿತರೇ ಇರಬೇಕು."

ಅವರು ಮಂತ್ರಿಗಳು:

"ಮುಖ್ಯ, ನಾನು 'ನಾಲ್ಕು ಜನ' ಅಂತ ಹೇಳೋದು ಅಂತ್ರಿ, ನಾನು, ನನ್ನ ಹೆಂಡತಿ, ನನ್ನ ಹಿಬ್ಬನೇ ಮಗ ಮಕ್ಕಳು ಹಿಬ್ಬನೇ ಮಗಳು ಇವೇ."



ಹಿಬ್ಬನೇ ಮಗ, ಮಕ್ಕಳು

ನನ್ನ ಕೆಟ್ಟ ಕೆಲಸ ಪ್ರಕರಣ
ನನ್ನ ಕೆಟ್ಟ ಕೆಲಸ ಪ್ರಕರಣ
ಹಿಬ್ಬನೇ ಮಗ, ಮಕ್ಕಳು



'ആൾ മിട്ടുക്കി തന്ന'

"ദേ ഇതുകണ്ടോ ചേട്ടാ എന്റെ മുഖ്", മുറുത്തുനിൽക്കുന്ന മുഖത്തിൽനിന്നു മനോഹരമായ മുഖച്ചെടിയിലെ ചുണ്ടിങ്ങിനെ ചുണ്ടിക്കൊണ്ട് മുഖപ്പുറത്തേക്കാൾ മനോഹരമായ ഒരു മധുരമുറുപ്പിടത്തോടെ എന്റെ കൊച്ചുപെങ്ങൾ ആൾ എന്നോട് പറയുകയാണ്. "ഉം കുറച്ചുകഴിയും ഈ മുഖ നിന്റെതാകാൻ; ഞാൻ അരിപാകി വെള്ളമൊഴിച്ചു വളർത്തിക്കൊണ്ടുവന്നപ്പോൾ മുഖ അവളുടേതായി! അമ്പടി കേൾ". ഞാൻ വളരെ കഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടു വളർത്തിയെടുത്ത മുഖമിങ്ങലുള്ള അവകാശം അവൾക്ക് വിട്ടുകൊടുക്കുവാൻ ഞാൻ ഒരുക്കമാകിത്തന്നിട്ടു. എന്റെ ഗന്ധവരദരിയ വാക്കുകൾ കേട്ടു അവളുടെ വരനാംബുജം വാടി. അവൾ കരയുവാൻ തുടങ്ങി. "അമ്മേ, ദേ ഈ ചേട്ടൻ ഇവിടെ വഴക്കൊണ്ടാക്കുവാനേ". പ്രതിസന്ധിപ്പട്ടത്താലിൽ അവൾ കാണാറുള്ള ഒരു പോംവഴിയാണ് അമ്മയെ വിളിച്ചുകരയുക എന്തെന്നു. ഇത്തവണയും അവളുടെ അടുത്ത് കുറിക്കുതന്നെ കൊണ്ടു. "എടാനീ അവളോട് വഴക്കിടാതെ പോയി വല്ലതും വാക്കിയാൽ നോക്ക്". ഉടനെ വന്ന അടുക്കളയിൽനിന്നും അമ്മയുടെ സ്വരം. ഞാൻ അവളോടുള്ള തകർ. മതിയാക്കി ഉമ്മറത്തേക്ക് പോയി.

ഞാൻ ഏഴാം ക്ലാസ്സിലാണ് പഠിക്കുന്നത്. ആൾ നാലിലും. എന്നും സ്കൂൾ വിട്ടു വന്നാലുടൻ ഞാൻ മുഖമുടച്ചുവെട്ടിലേക്ക് ഓടും. അതിന് വെള്ളമൊഴിക്കും. മുഖ അവളുടേതാണെന്ന ഭാവത്തിൽ ആൾക്കും എന്നും അതിൽ വെള്ളമൊഴിച്ചു പോന്നു. എന്നാൽ പിന്നീടൊരിക്കലും മുഖമുടച്ച പേരിൽ അവകാശവാദമുണ്ടാകില്ലാൻ ഞങ്ങളുടെ ഒരു ഉറപ്പുണ്ട്.

കാലചക്രം അതിവേഗം അതിന്റെ പ്രഭാസം ഇടുന്നു.

എന്റെ മുഖമുഖം ഇതുകൊണ്ട് കിട്ടിയിട്ട് തവനിട്ടിനിൽക്കുന്ന രണ്ടു മുഖമൊട്ടുകൾ ഒരുദിവസം എന്റെ മുമ്പാകെ വെച്ചു ഞാൻ ഇക്കാര്യം ആരെയും അറിയിക്കാതെ രഹസ്യമായി സൂക്ഷിച്ചു എന്നാൽ ഒരുദിവസം സ്കൂളിൽ പോകാനിറങ്ങിയപ്പോൾ ആരെയും റൂട്ടിലും ആ പൂക്കൾ ചെന്നുവെച്ചു അവർ സന്തോഷത്തോടെ കൊച്ചുപിപ്പികൾ കാട്ടിച്ചിരിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് അമ്മയോട് പറഞ്ഞു. "അമ്മേ, ഓ ഇതുകണ്ടോ, എന്റെ മുഖമിന് പ്രവിട്ട്". ഞാൻ ആ പരാമർശം അത്ര കാര്യമാക്കുകയാൽ പോയില്ല.

ദിനരാത്രങ്ങൾ ഒന്നൊന്നായി കൊഴിഞ്ഞ് വീണുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. സ്കൂൾ വിട്ട് അന്ന് ഞാനും ആരും നേരത്തെ എത്തി. വന്നപ്പോൾ ഞാൻ വെളിച്ചവുമായി മുഖമുഖം അടുത്തുവെത്തി. അപ്പോൾ കണ്ട കാഴ്ച! എന്റെ സപ്തനാഡികളും മറവിച്ചുപോയി. ഞാൻ നട്ടുവളർത്തിയ എന്റെ പ്രിയപ്പെട്ട മുഖ ആരോ നശിപ്പിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. അപ്പോഴേക്കും ആരും അവിടെ എത്തിക്കഴിഞ്ഞിരുന്നു. ഈ രംഗം കണ്ട് അവളുടെ കണ്ണുകൾ നിറഞ്ഞു. അമ്മയും, പെട്ടെന്ന് മനസ്സാന്നിദ്ധ്യം വിണ്ടെടുത്ത് അവർ അമ്മയോട് പറഞ്ഞു: "ഓ അമ്മേ, ആരാണ് ചേട്ടന്റെ മുഖ മുഴുവൻ ആട്ട് തിന്ന". ഇതുവരെ മുഖമുഖം മേലുള്ള അവകാശം തന്റെ മാത്രമെന്ന് ഉറപ്പിക്കാൻ വെമ്പൽ കൊണ്ടിരുന്ന അവർ ആ അവകാശം ഇപ്പോൾ ചേട്ടന് വിട്ടുകൊടുത്തിരിക്കുന്നുപോലും! "ആശ മിടുക്കിതന്നെ" ഞാൻ വിചാരിച്ചു. ഞാൻ അവളുടെ മുഖത്തേക്കു തന്നെ നോക്കി നിൽപ്പോയി. അവളുടെ കണ്ണുകൊണ്ടുകിട്ടിയിട്ട് അത് മുഖമുഖം ഇതുകൊണ്ട് വീണ് ചിന്നിച്ചിതറി. പട്ടിഞ്ഞാറുനിന്നും വന്ന, മുമ്പാകെ മർദ്ദമെടുത്തു പുറപ്പെട്ടുവിട്ടുകൊണ്ട് ശോകാനന്ദം പാടി.

ARUL CYRIAC MATHEW,
4/4 MECH, 345 SARAS.

മലയാളം പ്രോഗ്രാമിങ്ങ് ഭാഷ

മലയാളം പ്രോഗ്രാമിങ്ങ് ഭാഷയിലേയ്ക്കുള്ള ഒരു അത്യാവേശാത്മക ചുമക്കുറയാണ് ഈ ലഘുലേഖ. മലയാളം പ്രോഗ്രാമിങ്ങ് ആവശ്യങ്ങൾക്കായി നിർമ്മിതപ്പെട്ട ഒരു C language ഉപയോഗമാണ് മലയാളം. 'കണ്ടാക്കിയെടുത്ത് ആശാൻ' എന്ന് പത്തു വാചസ്പത്യം കയ്യടന്ന ഒരു മാതൃകാ പ്രോഗ്രാമിങ്ങ് ഇതിൽ ഉൾപ്പെടുത്തിയിരിക്കുന്നു. Sin, PC, macintosh തുടങ്ങിയ platforms-ൽ ഉപയോഗിക്കാവുന്ന മലയാളം കമ്പൈലറും താമസിക്കാതെ ചുരുക്കുപരമ്പരയിലുമാകുന്നു.

C programming language-യുമായുള്ള സാമ്യതയെക്കൂടാതെ ഒരു വ്യത്യസ്തതയാണ്. കമ്പൈലർ മലയാളം കയ്യടന്ന മലയാളം പ്രോഗ്രാമിങ്ങ് .mal എന്ന അനുബന്ധം ഉൾപ്പെടുത്തിയിരിക്കുന്നു എന്നത് ശ്രദ്ധിക്കുക.

1. Begin & End. കണക്കിനുപകരം തുടങ്ങി (thudang) നിർത്തി (nirthu) കണക്കുവെക്കുക.

2. 'സത്യം', 'പശ്ചാത്താപം' എന്നീ രണ്ട് boolean constants ഈ ഭാഷയുടെ ഭേദമായിട്ടുണ്ട്.

3. If (expr) {statement-block}

else {statement-block} കണക്കിനുപകരം

{ expr അല്ലെങ്കിൽ {st-block}

അല്ലെങ്കിൽ {st-block} } എന്നും

while (expr) do {st-block} കണക്കിനുപകരം

(`<expr>`) പച്ചക്കുട്ടം ആദരവനെ

ആവർത്തിക്കുക `{est-blocks}` എന്നും
ഉപയോഗിക്കേണ്ടിയിരിക്കുന്നു.

4. Pre processor directives, file inclusions
എന്നിവ

ഉൾപ്പെടുത്തുക `<file>`

എന്നെപ്പോലെ `<preprocessorconst>` `<expr>`
മാറ്റുകളിൽ ചെയ്യാവുന്നതാണ്.

ഉദാഹരണം:

എന്നെപ്പോലെ നമെ പച്ചക്കുട്ടം

എന്നെപ്പോലെ ഏൻ നവനവത്വം

5. C language ന്റെ ഒരു ഭാഗമാണ് മാത്രമാണ്

മലയാളമെന്ന് ധരിക്കുന്നത്. മലയാളഭാഷയുടെ
അന്തർലീനമായ പാരമ്പര്യം അനുപചാരികതയും
ഇതിൽ ഉപയുക്തമാക്കാവുന്നതാണ്. ഉദാഹരണം
ത്തിന് 'ഉടൻ' എന്നതിനുപകരം 'ഉടൻതോ'
എന്നും 'നിർണ്ണയ' എന്ന ആജ്ഞാപകരം 'നിർണ്ണയം'
എന്നോ ഭൂതത്ത് സ്ഥിതിയായി 'നിർണ്ണയം' എന്നും
ആകാവുന്നതാണ്.

6. സൂക്ഷിക്കുക! Compiler & runtime error

സൂചനകൾ അല്ലെങ്കിൽ പരസ്പരം അസമ്യം ആയിരിക്കും.
സാധാരണ കാരണം 'segmentation fault -
core dumped' എന്നതിനുപകരം 'നിന്റെ പാലിയം
മണ്ണിട്' എന്നും 'fatal error - cannot open the
included file' എന്നതിന് 'നിന്റെ ഭൂതത്തെ
ഭോധം ഇവിടെ ചെയ്യാതില്ല' എന്നും റൈലിങ്ങ്
തെറ്റുകൾക്ക്

'ഭൂ! ഏതു! എവിടെ നോക്കിയാലും ഭോധം വെച്ചു
നന്ത്' എന്നീ സന്ദർഭങ്ങൾ വന്നുവരുകയില്ല.

7. Variable names ന്നു സ്ഥാനത്ത് സ്ഥാനാർത്ഥനാമങ്ങൾ ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്നതാണ് ഉത്തമശൈലി. (Elegant style). ഉദാഹരണത്തിന് 'ഒരു', 'മാണ്', 'ഒരു', 'പതി', 'ചട്ടി', 'കലം' ഇത്യാദി. ഇതിൽ നിബന്ധനകളോടെ ഉള്ള. (സംവരണവാക്കുകൾ - reserved words - ഒഴിവാക്കുക.) 'ഒരു', 'അപ്പൻ', 'അപ്പപ്പൻ', 'അമ്മാവൻ' എന്നീ പദങ്ങൾ മലയാളം ++ (സ്ഥാനാർത്ഥം - object oriented support - ഉള്ള മലയാളം) ന് ഉള്ളതാൽ അനുയോജ്യമായിരിക്കും. Parent classes ലെ 'സ്ഥാന'ങ്ങൾക്ക് (objects) 'ഒരു', 'അപ്പൻ' എന്നും സംഭാവന (inheritance) യനുസരിച്ച് 'ഒരു', 'പെരു', 'അമ്മപ്പപ്പൻ' എന്നിങ്ങനെയും abstract classes നെ 'ചാപിട്ടു' എന്നും നാമകരണം ചെയ്യുന്നത് പ്രോഗ്രാമിന്റെ ചുരുക്ക പദമായിരിക്കും.

8. Input, output ആവശ്യങ്ങൾക്ക് പ്രാഥമികമായി ഉപയോഗിക്കുക (library functions) ഉപയോഗിക്കാം.

പായിക്കുക { <format>, <var-name> } ;

എഴുതുക { <format>, <var-list> } ;

അങ്ങനെയെ ആവശ്യപ്പെടുകയും തിരുവന്നന്തരം തുടർ, കോളിക്കോട് എന്നീ മൂന്ന് മലയാള പതിപ്പ് (versions) പ്രകാശനം ചെയ്യുകയെന്നതാണ്. ഇവയിലെ ചുരുക്കങ്ങൾ നാമമാകാമായിരിക്കും.

ഉദാഹരണം:

കോളിക്കോട് പതിപ്പ്.

Error സൂചന : 'എന്റെ നല്ലത്!'

പായിക്കുക, എഴുതുക ഇവയ്ക്കു പദം

'ബായിക്കുക' എന്നും 'എഴുതുക' എന്നുമായിരിക്കും.

മുഖ്യർ പതിപ്പ്:

Error സൂചന: 'കണ്ടുപിടുത്തം കണ്ടുപിടുത്തം' നീക്കം!

studio.h എന്നത് 'സാങ്കേതികപരമായ' എന്നും

stream.h എന്നത് 'മുൻപിൻപ്രകാരം' എന്നും
പരിഭാഷപ്പെടുത്തിയിരിക്കുന്നു.

എല്ലാ മലയാളി പ്രൊഫഷണലുകളും മലയാളം
ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്ന ഒരു സൂത്രമാണ് ഞങ്ങളുടെ ഡയറക്ടർ.
ലോകത്തെമ്പാടുമുള്ള മലയാളികൾ എല്ലാ മലയാളത്തിന്റെ
സുഗന്ധം പകർന്നു കൊണ്ടുവരുന്ന പ്രൊഫഷണൽ സംസ്കാരം എങ്ങും
വ്യാപകമാക്കുമെന്ന് നമുക്ക് പ്രതീക്ഷിക്കാം.

(* എന്നൊക്കെയുണ്ടാവാം എന്ന് പത്ത് വാചകം
കുറച്ചു ഒരു മലയാള പ്രൊഫഷണൽ */

(* കർമ്മാർത്ഥം: കോൾ കോൾ
നിയമം: 1172 മോം ദന്ന് */

ഉൾപ്പെടുത്തുക ഡയറക്ടറിയോട്
എന്നൊക്കെ നന്നായി പരിചരിക്കും
ഡയറക്ടറിയോട് (* main() */

{ കർമ്മസംഖ്യ കേൾക്കുക ;

(* int എന്നതിന് കർമ്മസംഖ്യ എന്നും
float എന്നതിന് ദിനസംഖ്യ എന്നും
ഉപയോഗിക്കുക : */

കേൾക്കുക = 0 ;

(കേൾക്കുക < 10) നന്നായി കേൾക്കുക
ആവർത്തിക്കുക

```

{
    കൃത്യത (" %s \n", "അനുമാനമുണ്ടാകാം");
    കോഡ് ++;
}
}

```

അനുമാനം : C++ - മലയാളം നിഘണ്ടു :-

asm	വിളക്കൽ	operator	പണിക്കാരൻ
break	ചാട്	public	പരസ്യം
case	കേസ്	private	രഹസ്യം
const	സ്ഥാനം	protected	അർദ്ധരഹസ്യം
delete	കുറ്റുകൃ	return	മടങ്ങ്
goto	പോ	template	അത്
inline	പരസ്പരം	try	ഒന്നാൽ
extern	പാ	union	മുതലി
new	പുതിയ	volatile	സ്ഥിരം
friend	അടുത്ത	virtual	മിഥ്യ
		void	മൊട്ട

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Version 1.2 : Joseph Alex@Saras.iitm.ernet.in

விவாசம் தேவை

காவை முதல் மானல் வரை
எதிர்ப்கொண்ட வேதனை நீங்கி
கவலை மறக்க -

கோயில் சென்று
மான வாரிக் மனம் உண்டு.
ஆனால் - வாரிகும் பணத்தில்
ஒரு வேளை உயிர்நிறுப்பதி நீங்கும்.
கற்பூரமாவது வாரிகலா மென
கயம்பக்கம் சென்றுவிடபால்
என்கடை. உன்கடை என
எதிர்புத்தையம்பார்,
எதிரியாய் ஆகிவிடுவார். -
கேட்ட பணம் கிவ்வையென்றால்.

அடுத்த -
கடவுளைச் சந்திக்க
சிறப்பு நுகரவுச் சீட்டு - பணம்
கிறும்பவர் மட்டுமே நுகரவும் கேட்டு. (gate)
பொழுதையுடன் கிறைவன்
சந்திதி அடைந்து
ஏறெடுத்துப் பார்ப்பதற்குள்
கிடுத்துவிட்டுக் கேட்பார்..

தட்சணை -

அது ஒரு பிரச்சனை.

கவலை மறக்க கோயில் சென்று,
கோயில் சென்ற கவலை தீர்க்க
எங்கே செல்வது ?

கிறைவனிடம் சொல்ல வேண்டும்-
கோயிலுக்கு செல்வ பணமில்லை,
கடிதம் மீடம் தொவிக்க
கிறைவனக்கு விவாசம் தேவை !

- தி. கிரவிசுந்தர்
246, தபதி

சோக கிசை
உடைப்பாளி வீட்டில்
சமையலறை சாமான்கள்
கிசைக்கடுவிகளாயின.
பிதாவாள் வீட்டில்
கிசைக்க மழுத்தன

வேலாயுதம்
201, தபதி

சுவால் (சீறுகதை)

செல்வம் நவ்லூர் கிராமத்தில் ஒரு நல்ல
 புத்திசாலி. அன்றாடம் அகதிபூள்ள ஊர்களுக்குச்
 சென்று செவ்திகளை சுறுசுறுப்புடன் சேகரித்துக்
 கொடுத்து பத்திரிகை அலுவலகத்தில் நன்மதிப்பைப்
 பெற்றிருந்தான். அதே பதிதியில் வாய்ந்த
 கொண்டிருந்த பரமன் ஒரு சம்பவம் உண்டான.
 சித்தாலத்து அரசியல்வாதிகள்விருந்து எத்த
 வகையில் வேண்டாத மோத்திடைபயவர்.
 மந்திரியுடன் ஸ்கோர்த்துச் செல்லுமளவுக்கு
 நட்பு. தேடகவே வேண்டாம், மந்திரிக்குக்
 கீழ்கும் பண்பலத்திட்பவீதிகள் பரமனுடைய
 ஆதிக்கம்தான். இது வந்தும் கொடுத்தும் பணத்தை
 திரும்ப மீட்டும் ஆர்வமிள்ளவர்களான
 கான்ட்ராக்டர்களை அவருக்கிடையே அமர்க்கியிருந்-
 தது. இதனால், பரமனுக்கு பண்பலத்திற்கும்,
 பக்கபலத்திற்கும் பஞ்சமே வந்ததில்லை. ஒரு நாள்
 நவ்லூர்வருந்து மூன்று தியோட்டர் தொலைவில்
 பரமன் கைவண்ணத்தில் உருவான சூலைப்
 பாலம் ஒன்றில் ஊர்ந்த குணியார் பேசுந்து,
 தீய்மென்று பாலத்தின் கிழமடபால் சிரசாசனம்
 பண்ணிக் கொண்டிருந்தது. விபத்தை அறிந்த
 ஊர்மகிகள், துமையுணர்வுடன் செல்வம், வேண்டா

வெறுப்புடன் பரமன் ஆகியோர் ஆஜராகியிருந்தனர்.
 காயழிற்றாறந்தனை காப்பாற்றுவதில் பொதுமக்கள்
 துணைம் செலுத்தியிருந்தார்கள். பரமன் பேருக்கு
 அபிதிமயீதும் நடந்துகொண்டும், பொதுமக்களை
 ஏவிக்கொண்டும், பேருந்தின்மேல் குறை
 கூறிக்கொண்டும் இருந்தார். விபத்துக்குக் காரணம்
 தவறான முறையிலே கடழிய பாவம் தான் என்பதை
 புரிந்து கொண்ட செல்வம், நாசூக்காக
 பரமனைப் பழிபோடுமளவு தேட்ட கேள்விகளால்,
 பரமன் வெறுப்படைந்தார். கோபத்தில் 'உன்னை
 என்ன செய்கிறேன் மார்' என்று மிரட்ட, செல்வமும்
 சளைக்காமல், 'நான் பத்திரிகைக்காரன், சுவாஸி
 வேண்டாம்' என்று சொல்லியும், பரமன்
 தாழ்மறாகப் பேசுவதாய்.

மறுநாள் பத்திரிகையைத் திருப்பிய
 பரமனுக்கோ ஓரே ஆச்சரியம். ஏனென்றால்,
 நேற்று நடந்த விபத்துக்குக் காரணம் பாலத்தைக்
 கடழியவரே எனச் சட்டமன்ற உறுப்பினர்
 திரு. பரமன் அவர்கள் சட்டக்காட்டி, மேலும்
 பாலத்தைக் கடழிய காண்ட்ராக்டரிடமிருந்து,
 காய்மடைந்த ஒவ்வொருவரின் குடும்பத்திற்கும்
 தலா பத்தாயிரம் ரூபாய் வரல்திக் கொடுப்பதாக
 உறுதியளித்திருக்கிறார் எனவும், மற்ற அரசியல்-
 -வாதிகளும் கிவனாய் போன்ற நல்லவரை

பின்னிதாபுர வேண்டும் எனவும் செய்தி பெளபாகி
 இருந்தது தான். இதைப்படித்த பரமனக்கோ,
 இரண்டு வகையில் சந்தோசம். ஒன்று அவரைப்
 பற்றி நல்ல செய்தி வந்ததற்கு. மற்றொன்று
 செலுத்தை அடிபணிய வைத்ததற்கு. மற்ற
 பத்திரிகையாளர்களும் அந்தச் செய்தியை
 விவாகம் பரமனை அணுகியபோது அனைத்தையும்
 ஒப்புக்கொண்டுவிட்டனர். பொதுமக்கள் இதன்பேரில்
 பரமனைத் தொந்தரவு செய்ததன் விளைவு,
 காண்ட்ராக்டரிம் வசூல்கடையாமாத பணத்தைப்
 பெறிக வேண்டிய நிலை, அதற்கு மேல் எந்த
 காண்ட்ராக்டர் அவருகில் வருவார்? இருப்பினும்
 நல்லெண்ணம் கொண்ட ஒருசில காண்ட்ராக்டர்-
 கள் அவரை நெருங்கி முடிவெடுத்திருந்த
 வேளையில் வந்தது இன்னொரு செய்தி.
 பழைய விபத்தைப் பற்றியது தான். அம்முறை,
 சட்டமன்ற உறுப்பினர் பரமன் காண்ட்ராக்டர்களிடம்
 இரண்டு மடங்கு பணம் பெற்றுக்கொண்டு
 இன்னும் உழைக்கவில்லை, இவரும் மற்ற
 அரசியல்வாதிகளைப் போல் நல்ல பெயர் உடனீக
 வேண்டும் என்பதற்காக நாடகம் ஆடியிருக்கிறார்
 என்ற செய்தியை செலுத்தான் திரும்பவும்
 தயாரித்திருந்தான். கேள்வியுற்ற மற்ற
 காண்ட்ராக்டர்கள் பொதுமக்கள் வம்பு வேண்டாம்
 என்று ஒதுங்கிக் கொண்டார்கள். கோபம் கொண்ட

பரமனோ பக்த பவமலிவாமலி மௌனம் சாதிக்க
வேண்டியதாயிற்று. வெறுப்புற்று பக்தனின் கையால்
பரமனின் சொத்துக்கள் நாசமாயின. நடுத்தெருவு
-ல் நின்ற பரமனை எதிரிகொண்ட செவ்வம்
தனது பேனாவை உயர்த்திக் காட்டினான்.

தி. கிரவி சுந்தர்

246, தபதி

நித்தம் விதி தொடர்ந்திடுமோ?

"ராசா! நல்லா படிக்கணும்பா. நா
இந்த பட்டிக்காட்டுவ காபடி தமிழ்ச்சது போதும்.
எனக்கப்பறும் நியும் கஷ்டப்பட வேண்டாம். படிச்சப்
பெரிய உத்தியோகத்துக்குப் போகணும்பா."

மகனைப் பள்ளிக்கு டத்தில்
சேர்த்துவிட்ட பெருமை ராசப்பனுக்கு, ஆத்திக்குட்டு
ஊராட்சி ஒன்றியத் துவக்கப் பள்ளியின் வாசலில்,
புதுச்சட்டை, புதுடயசர் கிடைத்துவிட்ட
சந்திரேஷத்தில் நின்றிருந்த சாப்பிரமணியனிடம்
அப்படி உபதேசித்தான். உபதேசத்தினாலே
அவன் நுரையீரலை அரித்துக்கொண்டிருந்ததுதான்
அவன் மது பரிதாபத்தைக் காட்டத் தூண்டியது.
மகனை பள்ளிக்குடத்தில் விட்டுவிட்டு அம்பலம்
அய்யாக்கண்ணு சைக்கிள் கைடைய நோக்கி
நுடையைக் காட்டினான். அய்யாக்கண்ணுதான்

ஸ்ரீமதாயுதம் கிராமத்திற்கு அம்பலம். ஊரார்
 குடும்பம் பிரச்சினைகளுக்கும் ஊர் விவதாரங்களு-
 க்கும் பஞ்சாயத்திலும் பண்ணி வைப்பார்; ஊர்
 மக்களும் அவர் வார்த்தைக்கு கட்டுப்படத்தான்
 செய்தார்கள். அவர் நடத்தி வந்த சைக்கிள்
 கடைவாய். பார்த்துக் கொள்வதுதான்
 ராசப்பனுக்கு வேலை. அவருடைய வரடகை
 சைக்கிள்களை தினமும் துடைத்து வைப்பான்.
 வரடகைக்கு சைக்கிள் எடுக்க உடுபவர்களின்
 விமலமும் பதிவு செய்து கொண்டு சைக்கிள்
 கொடுப்பதும் அவர்கள் வந்தவுடன் நேரத்தை
 கணக்கும் பண்ணி காசுவாங்கி கொள்வதும்
 வாடிக்கையான வேலை. அவ்வப்போது படிதாடும்
 சைக்கிள்களைச் சீர் செய்து வைப்பான். மாதச்
 சம்பளம் நாலுநூற்றாய்து ரூபாய். இது போத
 மற்றவர்களின் சைக்கிளைப் பதிவுபார்ப்பது,
 பஞ்சரொட்டுவது இதற்கெல்லாம் சூலி அவனுக்கே.
 இந்த வகையில் மாதம் ஐம்பதோ அறுபதோ
 கிடைக்கும். இந்த உடுமானத்தில்தான் மனைவி
 சுப்பிரமணி மற்றும் தன் ஜீவனத்தையும் நடத்தி
 வரவேண்டும். சிரமப்பட்டுத்தான் காலம் கடத்தி
 வந்தான். இவ்வளவும் சுப்பிரமணியைப் படிக்க
 வைத்து உத்தியோகத்திற்கு அனுப்ப வேண்டும்
 என்பது அவன் கனவு.
 இந்தாண்டுகள் துவக்கம் பள்ளியில்
 தடையின்றி பெய்விவாடு உடுமும் தேறிவந்தான்

சும்பிரமணி. ஒவ்வொரு முறையும் "அம்மா நான்
 பாஸ் பண்ணிட்டேன்" என்று ஒடிவரும் சும்பிரமணி-
 யின் மலர்ந்த முகத்தைப் பார்த்தகையில் சந்தோஷமா-
 கத்தான் இருக்கும், ராசம்பலுக்கு. கீந்தாம்
 வகுப்பிலும் பாஸ் பண்ணிய பிறகு தெக்கூர்
 விசாலாட்சி கலாசாலை மேல்திளவம் பள்ளியில்
 சேர்த்துவிட்டான். இப்போது பள்ளிக்கூடக் கட்டணம்
 கொஞ்சம் அதிகமாக இருந்தாலும் முதலாளியிடம்
 அதிகப் பற்று வரல்கி சமாளித்துக் கொண்டான்.
 இதற்கிடையில், துவக்கம் பள்ளியில் தன் சக
 மாணவர்கள் அவனைச் செலீயமாக அழைத்தபடி
 'சும்புணி' என்று சும்பிரமணியின் பெயர்
 தேடிந்து விட்டிருந்தது. ராசம்பலும் இப்போது
 'சும்புணி' என்றுதான் தன் மகனை அழைக்கிறான்.
 ஆறாவது முடி ஆண்டுத் தேர்வின்
 முடிவினைப் பார்த்துவிட்டு வரும் சும்புணிக்காகத்
 காத்திக் கொண்டிருக்கின்றான் ராசம்பலன். வேலை
 ஒன்றும் ஒட்டவில்லை. "இந்த வருஷமும் எப்பவும்
 போல எம் மலனைப் பாஸ் பண்ண வச்சிரு சாமி"
 என்று அய்யனாரை வேண்டிக் கொண்டான்.
 "அவ்வளவு தூண்ட சாஞ்சு உக்காந்துக்கிட்டு
 என்னடா பண்ண? ஒழுக்கா வேலைபயம் பார்த்தா!"
 அம்மவர்தின் குரல் அதட்டலாய் ஒலித்தது
 "எம்மவன் ரிசல்ட் பார்த்துப் போயிருக்காண்டா"

"அஞ்சு வருசமாப் பாஸ் பண்ணாங்களை! இந்த வருசம் எப்படிப் பெய்லாவிட்டாங்கய்யா?"

"மொத அஞ்சு வருசம் யாரையும் பெய்லாக்கம் - புடாதுன்னு சர்க்கார், உத்தரவுப்பா. ஆறாப்பு வந்ததுக்கம்புளம் நல்வாப் படிச்சுத்தான் பாஸ் பண்ண முடியும். உம்மவனுக்குப் படிப்பும் பத்தவே. இன்னும் கொஞ்சம் நல்வாப் படிக்கச் சொல்லு. அடுத்த வருசம் பாஸ் பண்ணிடுவான்."

மாத்தியாரின் வார்த்தைகள் ஆறுதலைத் தந்தாலும் வாழ்வு முகம் மாறவில்லை.
"சரிப்பா, வர்டுங்கய்யா" என்றான் வீட்டுக்கிப் போனான்.

"பேப் சும்புனி, நான் பேஸு வெத்திலைப் பெட்டி மாத்தியாரையும் பார்த்தேன். நீ படிக்கறது பந்தாதுன் - னுட்பார். அடுத்த வருசம் பாஸ் பண்ணலைன்னா தோலைப் பிச்சிடுவேன்"

குண்டிப்பாகச் சொன்னவன் கடை பேஸைகளை பார்க்க ஆரம்பித்தான்.

* * *

ராசம்பன் சைக்கிளுக்கு ஸ்பேர் பார்டல் வாங்கிவதற்காகத் தெக்கூறுக்கும் போயிருந்தான் கடை வீதியில் வெத்திலைப் பெட்டி வாத்தியாரைப் பார்த்தவனுக்கு மகனைப் பற்றி விசாரிக்க வேண்டும் போல் தோன்றியது.

"அப்பா, வணக்கமுடுத"

"வணக்கம், என்னப்பா வேணும்?"

"அய்யா, நான் ராசம்பலுக்காக. ஆறாப்பு சப்புணி, அப்பலுக்காக"

"ஆமாமா, மறந்துட்டேம்பா. உம்மவன் திம்ப என் கிளாவதான் இருந்தான். காப்படுச்செய்யும் எல்லாம் பாடத்திலயும். பெய்வாயிட்டான். உன்னைக் கூட்டிக்கினு வந்தாத்தான் வகுப்புக்குள்ளே விடுவேன்னு சொன்னேன். ஒரு ஊரமா பள்ளிக்கூட-த்துக்கே வரலம்பா"

"அய்யா. வீட்டிலிருந்து வற்றாலுக்களை"

"அது என்னமோப்பா, அவன் பள்ளிக்கொடத்துக்கு வரல அவனக் கொஞ்சம் கண்டிச்சு வை"

சென்னவர் அவசரமாகப் புறப்பட்டுவிட்டார். ராசம்பலுக்கு மிகம் கடுகித்தது. அவன் மிகத்தில் ஏமாற்றமும் ஆவெசமும் சல்தமக்தன. அன்று மாலை வீட்டுக்கு வந்த சப்புணியின் கன்னங்கள் இரண்டையும் மாறி மாறி அறைந்தான்.

"வேண்டாம்மா ... விட்டுகும்மா ... வேண்டாம்மா"

தேம்பினாடே வார்த்தைகள் குட்டுத்தமறா வர, அறைவதை நிறுத்திக் கொண்ட ராசம்பன் அவன் தலைமயிற்றும் விடித்துக் கொண்டு கத்தினான்.

"நாபே, எங்கேர்ந்துபா வற்ற?"

"பள்ளிக் கொடத்து வார்த்தும் ..."

வார்த்தை முடிவதற்குள் அவன் முகத்தில் ஒரு அழ விழுந்தது. "கடுகை, மொய் வேற சொல்கியா? நீ ஏறம்பக் கொடுத்துப் போனடா. நா மிகலானி

காலக் கைம்பும் புழச்சு அதிகப்பத்து வாங்கி
உன்ன பள்ளிக்கொடத்துல சேத்தேன். தெரியுமவ.
ஏன்டா, வயத்துல நெருப்பள்ளி கொட்டா?"

"அப்பா, என்ன மன்னிச்சுக்கும்மா.

அடிக்காதும்மா. எனக்கு படிப்பு ஏறலும்மா. ஆடு
வாரமா நா பள்ளிக்கொடம் போவனும்மா.
மம்மலாட்டி வெவக்குவ அம்பலத்தையாபுடிக்
காட்டுக்துள்ள ஆவமரத்தழல படுத்துத் தூங்கிட்டு
வர்ட்ரேம்மா."

தேம்பலும். கதறலும் நின்றபாழல்லை

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"சும்புணி, பத்தொம்பது கிருஷ்ண ஸ்ரீமான்னரை எடு
ஆவராயலிங்குக்காத வந்திருந்த சைக்கிளைப்
பிரித்துக் கொண்டிருந்த. கிராசம்பனின்
சும்புணியை ஏனான். சும்புணியைக் கையில்
பார்த்த அம்பலம் கேட்டார்:

"ஏன்டா சும்புணி! பள்ளிக்கொடம் போவனவ?"

"அய்யா அந்த கருத்தைக்கும் படிப்பு
ஏறலையா"

பதில் ராசம்பனிடம் இருந்து வந்தது.

"அய்யா தயவு பண்ணிங்கன்னா நம்ம கடைல
வச்சிருந்து வேல பழகிக் குடுத்துடுவேயும்மா",
கெஞ்சம் குறில் சும்புணியின் வேலைக்கு
மலும்போட்டான். ராசம்பன்.

"சரி, கத்துக் கு"

* * *
சுப்புணி இப்போது மஞ்சளிராட்டுவதிலிருந்து
புதுச் சைக்கிள் வாங்கிச் சேர்ப்பது வரை அனைத்து
வேலைகளிலும் தோர்ந்துவிட்டான்.

ராசம்பன், "அப்பா சுப்புணி நம்ம
கடையே இருக்கட்டுமேய்யா" என்று முறைவிட்ட-
-வாறு கடையிலேயே தண்ணை பீழவிட்டான்.
சுப்புணிக்கு இப்போது நானூற்றி ஐம்பது ரூபாய்
சம்பளம்.

மெய்யப்பன்,
152, தபதி

कवितारत्न

दर्द जब बढ़ा तो दवा सोजनी पड़ी।
जब जब उदासी दूयी तेरी बात सोजनी पड़ी।
तूफान सा दिल में उड़ा लगा तूने दू लिया।
जब कभी मजार पर अपने जो शेरानी पड़ी।

जब भी आती है याद अपने दिल की बुनियाद
हमें।

कर जाती है दर्द से पल-दो-पल भाजाद हमें।
पर एक बात है जो समझ में आती नहीं हमें कि
जिसने दिखाई राह जीने की कैसे कर रही है
बर्बाद हमें।

कहते हैं लोग ये की ये बात अनजानी बड़ी।
जिन्दगी छोटी है पर है बहुत ये कहानी बड़ी।
फिरभी कर रहा हूँ कोशिश तुझे जानने की -
ऐ दिल

कि तू बड़ा होगा मगर मैं भी हूँ वो जो करता है
नादानी बड़ी।

~~खुश~~ हूँ
रूका हूँ की कोई आके मेरी जिन्दगी क मोड़
कोई तो मेरा नाता सुशियो से- गमोसे जोड़ दे।
हूँ मैं एक पत्थर बेशकीमती मगर पड़ा हूँ धूल में
कोई लगा दे ताज मे जा फिर मुझ को तोड़ दे।

आज मेरे तू खयालों में आजा ।
रोशनी बन के उजालों में आजा ।
आ बन के जैन दिल में कभी, कभी बन के
शराब छानों में आजा ।

समझूंगा क्या मैं तुमको कि समझा है मुझे कैना
फिर भी मेरे दिल में उतरने से रोकेगा तुझे कौन ।
कि हम दोनों तो है बस दिपक और वात, तो
दुनिया की
आँखों पे छोड़ो फैसला कि जले कौन, बुझे कौन ।

आगे बढ़े हम जो दो कदम तो रास्ते पीछे हट गये
स्थाही फैली भगनों की मैं कि हम सिमर गये ।
कई बार लिया है हमने किस्मत को अपने हाथों
में, कई बार रोसा हुआ की हाथ कट गये ।

दिल की चीख कानों तक जब पहुँची दिल मेरा
दहला था ।
अपने ही लहू ने जब खुद को जलाया तब
आँखों से मैं पिचला भीया ।
हूँ क्या मैं वजह अपने दर्द की राहु कि लोगों
ने हिदायत भी की थी और मैं समझता भी था ।

दर्द मेरा इतना बड़ा बर्दाश की हृद से।
 कि मेरा अक्स भी हुआ है दूर याददाश की
 फासना जितना है अब उतना न होता गुजर
 अगर हम पहले काश कि हृद से।

~~दूख~~
 मेरी यादों को शायद उसने दिन में संजोया
 होगा।
 कभी कभी वो भी तो थोड़ा रोया होगा।
 मोना की हल उसका जानता नहीं कोई घर मैंने
 है जब गमों को पाया तो उसने भी तो
 नींद अपनी रातों को नसीब नहीं अगस्त तो हमें याद
 करके ही वो सोया होगा।
 जिक्र उसका तब चलाता है हमपर तो पाके खत
 मेरा उसने भी आँखों को भिगोया होगा।

इन बेपनाह रातों में पनाह ढूँढता हूँ।
 अपनी बेबुनाही में गनाह ढूँढता हूँ।
 मंजिल तो अभी बहुत दूर की बात है राहुन
 में तो पथरों में अपनी राह ढूँढता हूँ

वो खुदा खून मे कलम डुबो कर नसीब लिखता है
 बांध कर आँखों पर पट्टी ज़िगर मे खंजर चुभो
 कर नसीब लिखता है।
 गुनाहों के तराजू मे तोल अपनी रहस्यत को,
 ज़िन्दगी की डोर मे आँसू पिये कर नसीब
 लिखता है।

कुछ लग मेरे गले गये।
 चन्द आँसू बहा ~~बहे~~ धले गये
 लेकिन स्का न कोयी पास -
 दूर सब चले गये।

चार बातें करके ये दिल भी बेवफा सा हो
 चला
 मेहरबान कभी ~~कु~~ खुशियाँ नहीं थी, अब ~~हम~~ भी
 खफा सा हो चला।
 तन्हाई कुछ ऐसी बड़ी कि खुद से भी
 फासला सा हो चला।

राहुल मोन्डल

338, SARASWATI

कविता

भोली नजर को देखकर आज चाँद ने पूछा।
नजाने क्या गम है हर मुस्कान के पीछे।
मासूम अदाओं को देखकर आज तारे भी
नजाने क्या जज्बात है हर झलक के पीछे।

फूल की खुशबू जब चूमती आती है,
लगता है तुम दूर से आ रहे हो।
ठण्डी हवा जब चूमती जाती है,
लगता है तुम गुजरते जा रहे हो।
तुम्हारी ये यादों को लेकर आज फिर से
और इस अन्धेरे में अब खुलके सोते हैं।

नजाने क्यों पड़ी है इस अन्धेरे से वास्ता,
चाँद भी नहीं है आज दिखाने को रास्ता।
नजाने वो क्या गम है, जो हमने नहीं पाये
नजाने वो क्या पल था, जब तुम्हें छोड़ आये।

याद आता है वो बीती कल,
जब शाम ये डलती है।
दर्द भरी ये तेरी गजल
मेरे जीवन से मिलती है।

न दिन था, न रात थी, बस हाथ में शराब थी।
न रंग थे, न उमंग, बस दिल में प्यास थी।
ये मत पूछ के हम कैसे जी रहे थे,
बस। हम तो उसकी याद में जी रहे थे।

पाया हूँ आज इस तरह का गम,
जो दिल में आकर बन गया है जकम।
काश कुछ और होता, कुछ बात बनती,
काश वो मेरे दिल की आवाज सुनती।

दिल में ले आया हूँ तेरी नज़रों की झलक,
इससे मुकाबला क्या करें, ये सागर ये फलक।
हा अब यादों में और स्वादों में बस तुम्हो,
पहली बार महसूस किया हूँ शेषों की कमी।

दिन की शोर से दूर भाग आया हूँ मैं
और साय में कुछ ऐसे गीत लाया हूँ मैं।
बनके तारे जो बसे हैं ऊँचे फलक पे,
और जो वाकिफ हैं तुम्हारी हर झलक से।

कितनी अजीब है यहां की जिन्दगी,
करता है कोई राज, कोई बन्दगी।
इन्सान की ~~होखी~~ भी होती है ~~कीमत~~ ~~कीमत~~ कीमत,
मेरे भाई! ये है बम्बई की स्वासियत

- बादल

'Happy Birthday To You'

'Happy Birthday To You'

মনে হয় এই আশ্চর্য কথটা
হেওয়ালেৰ কানে গিয়ে বলি।

আৰ এদিকে চুপিআবে, অন্ধকাৰ জানালাৰ বাবে
হুহু আৰ কাঁপা কাঁপা প্ৰদীপেৰ জিহা
হেওয়ালে লিখে যায় কালি।

'Happy Birthday To You'

এই নিতান্তই আশ্চর্য কথটা —
মাত্ৰাৰ মত যদি

চিত্ৰাৰ তাৰ বেয়ে বেয়ে
নিষ্কল বাত্ৰিৰ পথে
হেয়ে মত প্ৰভাতেৰ দিকে —

আৰ ফিকে ফিকে চিত্ৰাৰ স্মৃতি যদি
বক্তিম আকাশেৰ বুকু এঁকে দিত স্নেহজ্বৰি তাৰ,
তবে দিশাহীন যাবাবৰ হয়ে
সুৰ তাৰ পানে চেয়ে
মৰচে পড়া কল্পমেৰ কাঁচাখানা
নিজ হাতে নিতাম আশি তুলে —

আৰ তীব্ৰতা পানীদেৰ জংগল ফুলিলেৰ মত
পাখালেৰ সুৰিপুল ডাৰ স্নেহে লিখে —
বহুতাম পড়ে হাজাৰবছৰ ধৰে
জিলামুৰেৰ গোপন এক কোণে।

শুভি?

মে তো আজ বাক্সবন্দী শুক্তিৰ মত
ফাইলবন্দী চুক্তিৰ চাপে বিলুপ্তিৰ পথে।

তবু এক পৰিত্যক্ত দমবন্ধ ঘড়িৰ মত
প্ৰতিবেলী টিকটিকিৰ বোম্বাৰ্জকৰ চেনা চেনা ডাকে
মহমা ডাঙে ক্ৰান্তিৰ কালঘুম ;

আৰু জনে হয় —

নৈজাত্ৰু পাগলোৰ স্ত, অৰাইকৈ ডেকে বনি
'Happy Birthday To Whom?'

জানালোৰ বাইৰে এখন ডাঙা বোতলোৰ—

বিপজ্জনক টুকৰোৰ স্ত
চুলচেৰা বিচাৰেৰে স্তম্ভ।

উয় হয়,

কেউ বুঝি আমাৰ গোপন পাগলাল্লিৰ কথা
জেনে ফুলে কোনকুলে ;

তৰু আহমেৰ বড়ীল স্মৃখোজখানা প'ৰে
আৰু স্কলোৰ স্ত, স্মৃখোজ হাতে ক'ৰে
বাইৰে বেৰিয়ে আমি, স্মৃজিৰ স্মৃজানে।

না:

আজ আৰু তাৰ জন্মদিন নয় —

মেতো কতকাল আগে ফুলে আমা
অতীতৰ ইতিহাস হয়ে গেছে ;

বাৰবাৰ মিছিমিছি ফিৰে আমা —

মেতো স্মৃজোৰ স্মৃজ নয়।

নিদ্রাহীন অতীতৰ কাছে স্মৃজা চাওয়া

হয় নিছক পাগলাল্লো —

একথা বুঝতে বড় দেরী হয়ে গেল ;

তাই নৈজাত্ৰু আৰু স্মৃজবাঙা চোখে

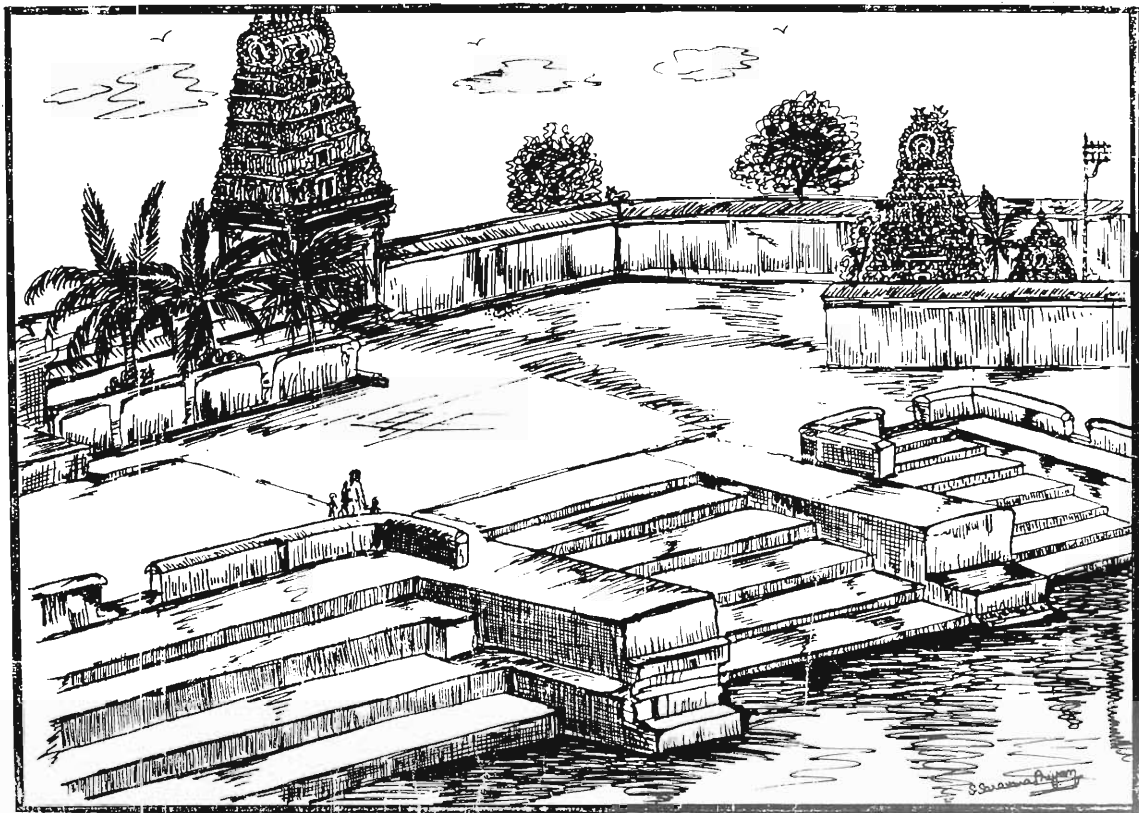
এখন ওই লাল স্মৃজোৰ পানে চেখে

আমাৰ চীংকাৰ কৰে বলতে ইচ্ছুক কৰে —

'Happy Birthday To You
Yes You, Only You.'

— RIPAN SARKAR

#346, SARASWATHI, IV/IV B.Tech



శనివారం రోజు తెల్లవారకముందే లేచి
కాలకృత్యాలన్నీ తోర్చుకుని తెల్లని బట్టలు ధరించాడు.
రవి. “ ఆమ్మా, నేను గుడికి వెళ్ళి వస్తాను కాని
కొబ్బరికాయకి దుబ్బులియ్యి” అని దుబ్బులు తీసుకుని
దెగ్గరలో ఉన్న శ్రావేంకటేశ్వర స్వామి దేవాలయానికి
వెళ్ళాడు. గుడి గంటలు మ్రోగించే, ప్రదక్షిణ చేసే
లోనికి వెళ్ళాడు. పూజారికి పూజాసామగ్రి ఇచ్చి
తిర్చిన తన పేరిట చేయమన్నాడు. స్వామి వైపు
మనస్సును లగ్నం చేసి “ ఏడు కొండల వాడా
వేంకటరమణా గోవిందా! గోవింద! దేవాది దేవా
ఇంకొక పది రోజుల్లో ఐ.ఐ.టి ఎంట్రన్స్
పరీక్ష ఉంది, నేను నా కృషి చేస్తున్నాను. కాని
అనుమతి, దయ లేనిదే గడ్డి పోచ కూడా కదలదు.
నా కృషి వలన నేను పాసయితే నీకు ఇష్టమయిన

చెక్కు పొంగలి చేయిస్తాను." అని మొక్కాడు. రవి
 చాలా తెలివికలవాడు, చురుకైన విద్యార్థి. రెండు
 సంవత్సరాలనుంచే ఐ.ఐ.టి కోసం రాత్రింబగళ్ళు
 కష్టపడ్డాడు. మొదటి మూడు పరీక్షలు బాగా
 రాసాడు. అన్నీ వచ్చినందు మూలాన చివరి పరీక్ష
 ఒక గంట ముందే రాసేసాడు. ఊరికే కూర్చోవటం
 ఇష్టం లేక ఒక పేపరు తొసుకుని చెక్కుపొంగలికి
 ఎంత అయితేందో లెక్కలు వేయటం మొదలు
 పెట్టాడు. పాట, పంచదార, యాలకులు మొదలుకొని
 పూవులు, కొబ్బరికాయ, తమలపాకులు, ఒక్కపొడి,
 అర్చన టెక్కెట్టు, పూజారికి దక్కినా, అగరొత్తులు, కర్పూరం,
 చివరికి చెప్పుల వాడికిచ్చే చిల్లర తొసపా మొత్తం
 రెండు మూడు పేజీల తిన్నీ లిస్టు అయిందే.
 ఖర్చు రెండు వందల రూపాయలు తేలింది.
 రవి మనస్సులోని భావాలల్లో మార్పులు వస్తున్నాయి.

“నేను పది రోజుల క్రితం మొక్కుకున్నాను, కాని
 పేపర్లు రెండు నెలల క్రితమే తయారు చేసి ఉండవ
 -చ్చు. రెండు సంవత్సరాలనుంచే కష్టపడి చదివి
 నందు వలన బాగా రాశాను కాని పది రోజుల
 క్రితం దేవుని ఆడిగితే, ఆయన సహాయం వలన
 కాదు. అందువలన చక్రపాంగలాలేదు, దీక్రపాంగలాలేదు,”
 అని అనుకున్నాడు. పేపరు ఇచ్చేసి సంతోషంగా
 ఎగురుకుంటూ, ఆడిగిన వాళ్ళందరికీ బాగా రాశానంటూ
 ఇంటికి చేరాడు. ఇంటికి వచ్చి కూర్చొని చూస్తే
 ఏముందో, చక్రపాంగలి లిస్ట్ మో ఇన్ విజిలేటరుకిచ్చి,
 సమాధానం పేపరు ఇంటికి తెచ్చాడు.

ఫలక

2nd MSc

సంస్కృతి. e

చిన్న బోయిన చీకటి

ఒక వెన్నెలకిరణం కొబ్బరాకు నుంచి జారి నిశేధిలో

నిక్కి ప్తమైన పుడు

ప్రకృతి అంతా చీకటి అంచుల్లో మ్రోసగా నిశ్చేసిస్తున్న పుడు

కాలం కడలదు, కలం కడులుంది

వెన్నెలతో తడసి అర్థమైన చిరుగాలి అప్యాయంగా

తడుముతుంది

నే చెప్తే వింటానంటుంది, రాయమని బలవంతు చేస్తుంది

వియండిలే చెప్పేందుకు! మనసు పొరలు విప్పేందుకు!!

చీకట్లలో, వెన్నెలలో కూడ చిత్రంగా కలసిపోతుంది నా ఉపరి

బాహుళ్యం అనుభూతుల్లో నిభిన్నతను వెతుక్కుంటున్నందుకే!

చీకటిని భేదం చేస్తూ మనుషుల గొంతులు

లా ఆఫ్ కన్ఫ్యూషస్ ఆఫ్ ఎన్నో ప్రకారం ఈ అరపుల్లో

వృద్ధ మయ్యే శక్తి ఏమవుతుంది?

బాహుళ్యం నిస్సబ్దతను చంపేందుకు, అస్పృష్టతను పెంచేందుకు

వెళ్తుందేమో!

నిదురరాని క్రోచురాని జీవితం, బేలగా అరుస్తుంది

సన్నజాజి చెట్టు నిదుర కళ్ళు విప్పి పెరిమిస్టల నవ్వుతుంది

అందమైన నిశ్శబ్దరాగిని ఏలకే అపశ్రుతులు విని

చీకటి చిన్నబోతుంది.

— కెన్నెర

మెరుపు

నావలపు వాకిళ్ళ పెల్లివిరిసెను మెరుపు
వల్లమూవిన సాగసు, ఒల్లసేకదు మనసు
చేరిమి జూబిల్లి, మరులు చల్లి మేరల
ఉల్లసింపెను బాల కడలి పొలిమేరల

ఫూలమూలిక కులకు జివిజివినీ పలుకు
జూలు వారే పువ్వు పలుక నవ్వు
తొలి పేలుగు తళతళల, నీలవంక మిలమిల
నీ కళ్ళ జోలుగు గని పులకెత్తెను ఒడల

మేయిలు ఊయల ఎక్కె మెల్లగా రాసేల
కలల పల్లకి ఎక్కె తొలి రావేల
చల్లగాలికి తూలి, బూల పాటల సాగి
మెల్లగా చలియింతు విది ఏమి హల

— కిన్నెర

సుందర కాశ్మీరం

పల్లవి:-

సుందర కాశ్మీరం - మా దేశాంతర్భాగము
కంచుకాట కాశ్మీరం - భారత భూభాగము
సూర్యుని తొలి కిరణాలు సుమభారతి సాంతము
ఈ నిజం కాదుటే చూస్తాయె క అంతము

చరణం - 1 :-

దీగ్రవాదు సమస్తకే ఊపిరినే పోసి
బ్రతరిజూని కెప్పుడూ ప్రేమింగును ఇచ్చి
కంచుకాట కాశ్మీరం కబలించుగ సంచుట
పొకిస్తానీ పతననానికి పరాకాష్ఠ కాదా!
ఉదయ సూర్య దిన మూర్చుట ప్రేమహయున్న
పనియేనా!
॥ సుందర ॥

చరణం - 2 :-

అంతర్గత సమస్తలు అంతర్జాతీయం చేసి
టెన్డాదపు నక్కులకు ఊతనిచ్చు దేశానికి
మానవ హక్కుల ఊపేత్తై నైతిక హక్కుకడిది
నైతిక హక్కుకడిది
॥ సుందర ॥

— పి. వి. కృష్ణ ప్రేతస్వ,
1/4 బి. టెక్,
113, సరస్వతి.

నవ వసంతిక

పల్లవి :-

అదిగదిగా - నవవసంతిక
అరుదెంచెను - అల నల్లన
అందించును - ఆల చీరలు,
కలిగించును - వేల వాయి
॥ అదిగదిగా ॥

చరణం - 1 :-

చారునగవులు బొందిస్తూ
చైతన్యం నింపుతుకు
మన అందరి ఉన్నతికై
మన జాతి అభ్యున్నతికై
॥ అదిగదిగా ॥

చరణం - 2 :-

మమతా సంపదలు నింప
మనకై వచ్చింది చూడూ
సమైక్యతను పెంచుటకై
చుక్కల పతించె నేడూ
॥ అదిగదిగా ॥

చరణం - 3 :-

సహజపు వేదికపై
సమతా సరిగమలు పలుక
సౌభ్రాతృత్వపు రాగం
చుక్కల పలికించ వచ్చు
॥ అదిగదిగా ॥

చరణం - 4 :-

విశ్వవిణి తంతులను
వింతల మోగించ సంబ
బక్కల రాగాన్ని
మక్కువ తాగి ఆలపించ
॥ అదిగదిగా ॥

— పి.వి. కృష్ణ చైతన్య,
1/4 బి.బి.కె.,
113, సరస్వతి;

మమతల నెలవు

పల్లవి :-

మమతల నెలవులా మారణ హోమం ఎందుకు?
సమతల కాలవులా విభేదాల విషభితండుకు?
॥ మమతల ॥

చరణం-1 :-

అభిమతాలు ఒకటైనా మత భేదానందుకు?
భానాలు ఒకటైనా భాషా విభేదానందుకు?
తీయని తలపుల ఒకటైనా ప్రాంతీయతా పక్షానందుకు?
వెన్నెల మనసుల్లా విషసాగుల ప్రవేశం ఎందుకు?
॥ మమతల ॥

చరణం-2 :-

మమకారపు హఠానికి సహకారం దారం కావాలి.
సుహృద్భావ సుమాలతగా సైబ్రాత్మత్వపు
పరిమళం అంతా నిండాలి.
సమ సమాజపు స్థాపనగా భూమి
మరగా ప్రపంచం కావాలి.
నవ సమాజ నిర్మాణంతో నవ జగం
సాకారం కావాలి.
॥ మమతల ॥

— ఏ ఏ క్షుణ్ణ తేతస్త్వ
1/4 బి. హెక్టర్,
113, సరస్వతి.

పదకేళి

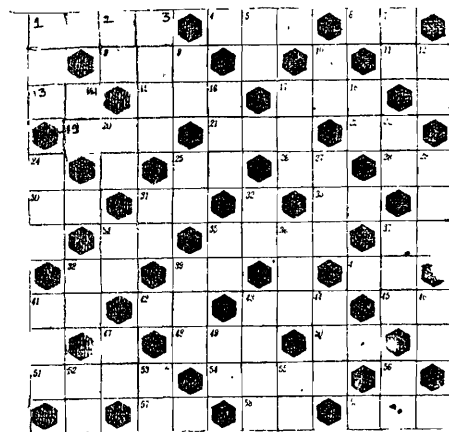
అధికారాలు

అర్థం:

1. శ్రేణి
4. రాత్రి
6. ప్రముఖ రచయిత ధర్మారావు ఇంటి పేరు
8. నిజము, ప్రకృతి రూపం
11. బంధం
13. బెల్లగాం, కుడి ఎడమలుగా
15. ప్రసిద్ధి నాటక నమాజం
17. ఇటీవల నిజయనుకల్పిత 'శిల్ప' చిత్రం
19. విభిన్నమార్తా వాహనం
21. ఉర్దూలో 'మందు'
22. బంతి, కుడి ఎడమలుగా
25. ప్రజా తంత్రం ప్రతి పాకుడికీ కలది
26. ఇలా అంటే ఆపెయ్యిమని అర్థం; కుడిమీది ఎడమకు.
28. దూది
30. చేయి
31. చేయి పట్టు సాధనం
33. ఈ యుగానికి
35. 'లైలామజ్ను'లో రైల
37. చావు వంటిది
39. బాణం
41. విడిది
43. అప్పుడన
45. ఇప్పుడు మీరు వింటున్నది, ఎకవచనం.
48. లేది
51. దెన్నె
53. మాచీకాగిల తొలిది, కుడి ఎడమలుగా
55. ఎటునుండి చదివినా గుర్తొమ్మే.

నిలువు

1. (1) 2. సోమరి పోయకు చెట్టానిది
3. రాక్షసుడు. 4. ఆకాశం..
7. విలసిల్లడంచేందుకు వాడిది
9. దానివలె యుగంలాని రకానికి
10. అలా కాదు.
12. మెరుపు తోగ
14. భూతకాలం చలక్కిందులయింది
16. జబ్బు జప జమక - 'జ' భాషలో కైదున్నది
17. భయం వంటిది.
18. ఎందుకూ కొరకాని భూమి
20. కృష్ణుడి మరది
23. చెక్కిరి (24) కప్ప
- (25) నాగరి (27) జెకెడు పువ్వు
- (29) విశ్వామిత్రుడ సృష్టించిన సృష్టిం
31. అనిలం (32) తమిళ
34. 'కుక్కల'లో అతి సుఖ్యమైనది
35. బురుగు (36) పొగడ్త వంటిది
37. కిరాయి (38) వృత్త లక్షణం
39. రాముని భక్తురాలు (40) సుమతి తలకే వర్త
43. పూర్వం ధనవంతుల బిళ్ళలో చేతకానివి ఇది చేసేవారు
44. హిందీ 'బల్ల' లో మొదలు
46. సానియం చలక్కిందులయింది (47) సాంబో బిరు
49. తోక (52) అడవి (53) చిక్క
- (55) విష్ణు పల్ని (56) కుంభం



అధికారాలు

