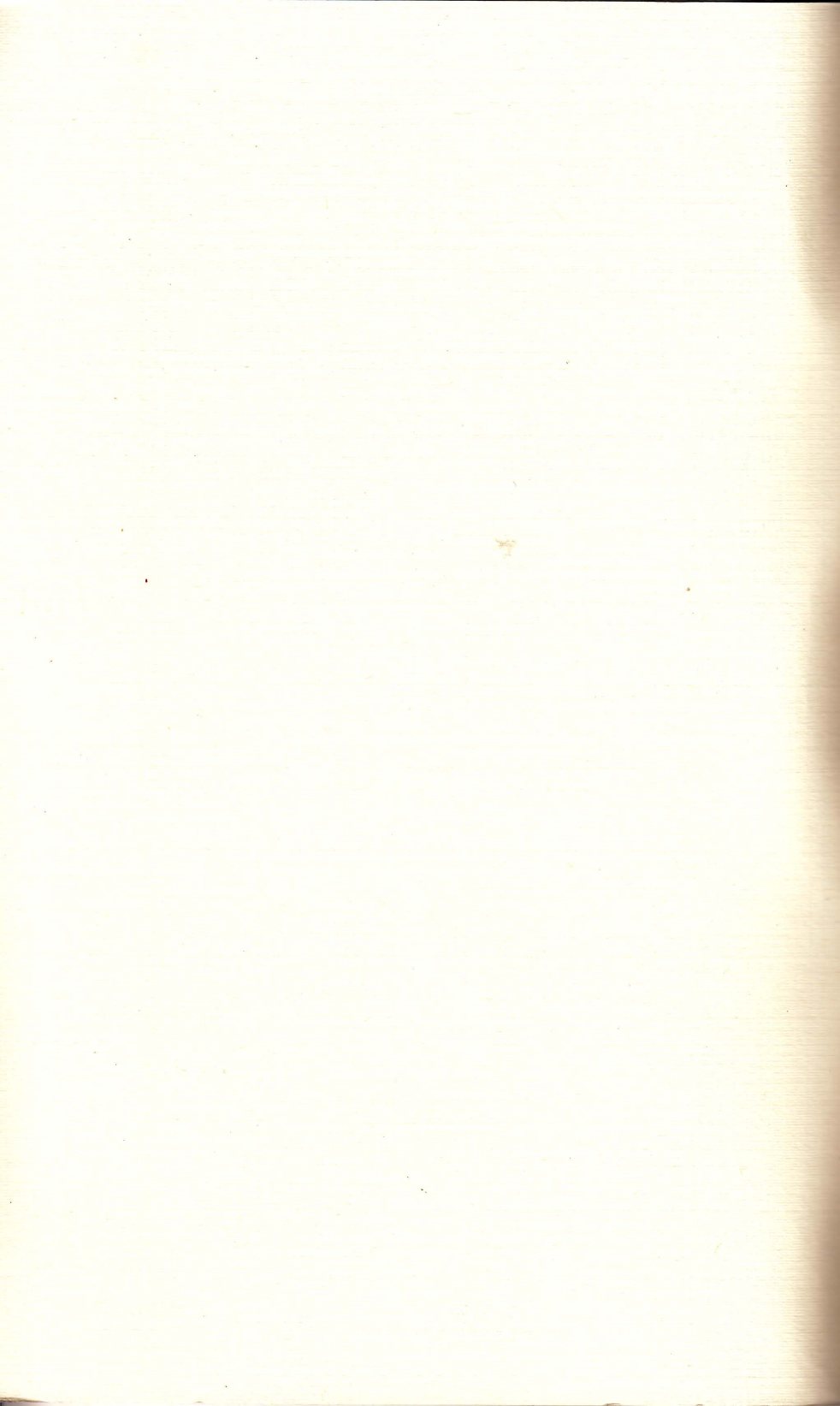
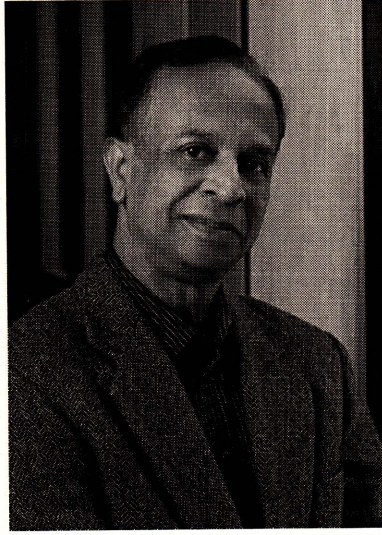




In Memoriam

**Professor Chelvanayakam Kanaganayakam
(1952 – 2014)**





In Memoriam

Chelvanayakam Kanaganayakam (1952 – 2014)

Professor Chelva Kanaganayakam FRSC, Dept. of English, University of Toronto, passed away suddenly on November 22, 2014 with his wife at his side. He is the son of late Tamil Professor V. Chelvanayakam (University of Peradeniya, Sri Lanka) and Kamalambikai, brother of Sivashanthi (Narayanasuwami), Kumaranayakam (Jeyanthi) and the late Thilagavathi. He is the beloved husband of Thirumagal, proud father of Shankary (Brian) and Jegan (Heather) and cherished grandfather of Aasha and Amita.

திதி வெண்பா

ஆண்டுஜயம் கார்த்திகையின் பூர்வ பிரதமையில்
மீண்டுவரா மேலுலகம் மேவினான் - மாண்டபுகழ்
வெல்வான் ஆங்கிலத்தில் ஆர்வமுறு வான்தமிழில்
செல்வா கனகநா யகம்.

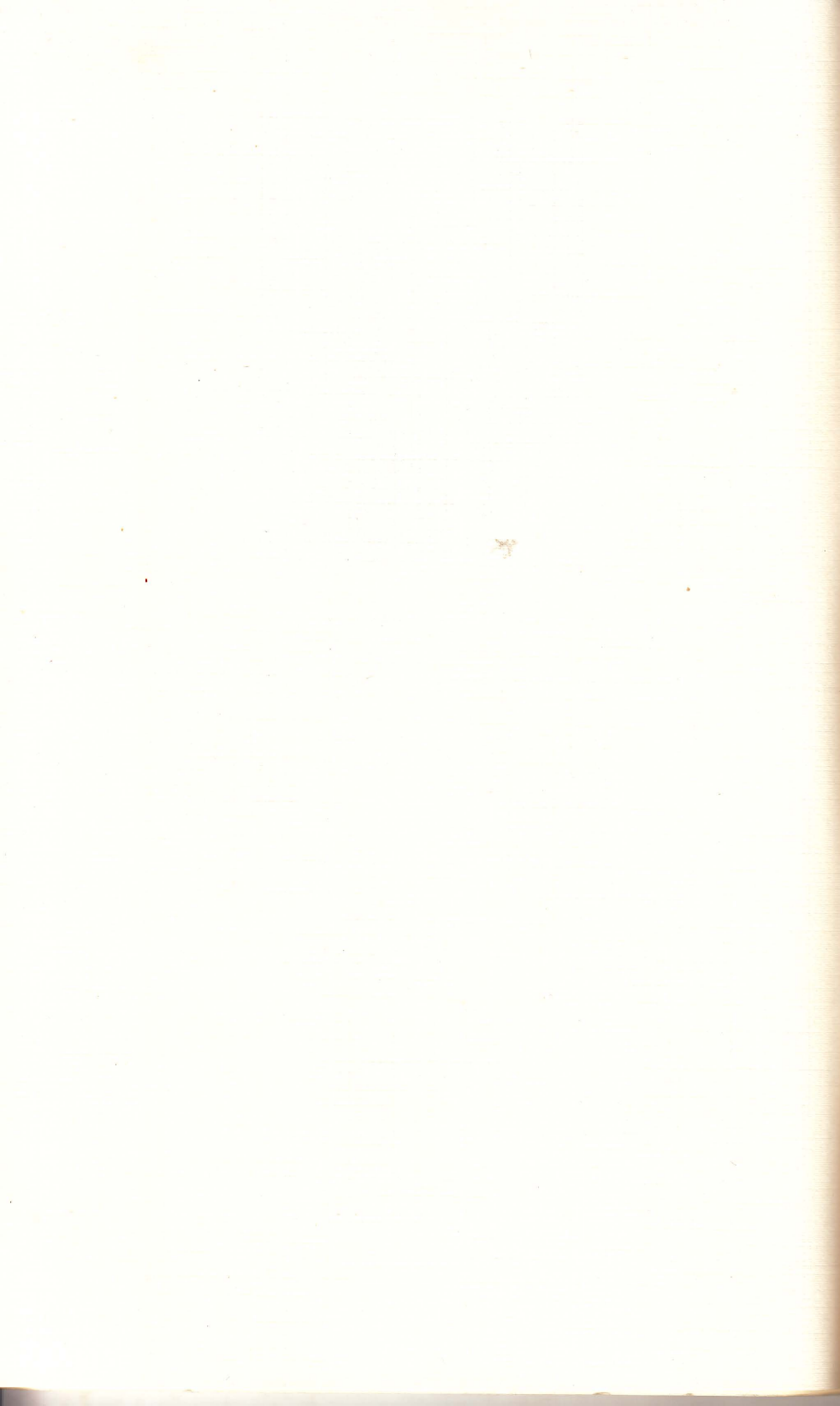


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விநாயகர்துதி

ஐந்து கரத்தனை ஆனை முகத்தனை
இந்தின் இளம்பிறை போலும் எயிற்றினை
நந்தி மகன்தனை ஞானக் கொழுந்தினை
புந்தியில் வைத்தடி போற்றுகின் றேனே.

விநாயகர் அகவல்

சீதக் களபச் செந்தா மரைப்பும்
பாதச் சிலம்பு பலவிசை பாடப்
பொன்னரை ஞானும் பூந்துகில் ஆடையும்
வன்னமருங்கில் வளர்ந்தழ கெறிப்பப்
பேழை வயிறும் பெரும்பாரக் கோடும் (05)

வேழ முகமும் விளங்குசிந் தூரமும்
அஞ்சு கரமும் அங்குச பாசமும்
நெஞ்சிற் குடிகொண்ட நீல மேனியும்
நான்ற வாயும் நாலிரு புயமும்
மூன்று கண்ணும் மும்மதச் சுவடும் (10)

இரண்டு செவியும் இலங்குபொன் முடியும்
திரண்டமுப் புரிநூல் திகழொளி மார்பும்
சொற்பதம் கடந்த துரியமெய்ஞ் ஞான
அற்புதம் ஈன்ற கற்பகக் களிறே!
முப்பழ நுகரும் முஷிக வாகன! (15)

இப்பொழு தென்னை ஆட்கொள வேண்டித்
தாயா யெனக்குத் தானெழுந் தருளி
மாயாப் பிறவி மயக்கம் அறுத்துத்
திருந்திய முதலைந் தெழுத்தும் தெளிவாய்ப்
பொருந்தவே வந்தென் உளந்தனில் புகுந்து (20)

குருவடி வாகிக் குவலயந் தன்னில்
திருவடி வைத்துத் திறமிது பொருளென
வாடா வகைதான் மகிழ்ந்தெனக் கருளிக்
கோடா யுத்தால் கொடுவினை களைந்தே
உவட்டா உபதேசம் புகட்டியென் செவியில் (25)

தெவிட்டாத ஞானத் தெளிவையும் காட்டி
 ஐம்புலன் தன்னை அடக்கும் உபாயம்
 இன்புறு கருணையின் இனிதெனக் கருளிக்
 கருவிக னொடுங்கும் கருத்தினை யறிவித்து)
 இருவினை தன்னை அறுத்திருள் கடிந்து (30)

தலமொரு நான்கும் தந்தெனக் கருளி
 மலமொரு மூன்றின் மயக்கம் அறுத்தே
 ஒன்பது வாயில் ஒருமந் திரத்தால்
 ஐம்புலக் கதவை அடைப்பதும் காட்டி
 ஆறா தாரத்து) அங்குச நிலையும் (35)

பேறா நிறுத்திப் பேச்சுரை யறுத்தே
 இடைபிங் கலையின் எழுத்தறி வித்துக்
 கடையிற் சுழுமுனைக் கபாலமும் காட்டி
 மூன்றுமண் டலத்தின் முட்டிய தூணின்
 நான்றெழு பாம்பின் நாவில் உணர்த்திக் (40)

குண்டலி யதனிற் கூடிய அசபை
 விண்டெழு மந்திரம் வெளிப்பட உரைத்து
 மூலா தாரத்தின் மூண்டெழு கனலைக்
 காலால் எழுப்பும் கருத்தறி வித்தே
 அமுத நிலையும் ஆதித்தன் இயக்கமும் (45)

குமுத சகாயன் குணத்தையும் கூறி
 இடைச்சக் கரத்தின் ஈரெட்டு நிலையும்
 உடல்சக் கரத்தின் உறுப்பையும் காட்டிச்
 சண்முக தூலமும் சதுர்முக சூக்கமும்
 எண் முகமாக இனிதெனக் கருளிப் (50)

புரியட்ட காயம் புலப்பட எனக்குத்
 தெரியெட்டு நிலையும் தெரிசனப் படுத்திக்
 கருத்தினில் கபால வாயில் காட்டி
 இருத்தி முத்தி யினிதெனக் கருளி
 என்னை யறிவித்து) எனக்கருள் செய்து (55)

முன்னை வினையின் முதலைக் களைந்து
வாக்கும் மனமும் இல்லா மனோலயம்
தேக்கியே யென்றன் சிந்தை தெளிவித்து)
இருள்வெளி யிரண்டுக்கு ஒன்றிடம் என்ன
அருள்தரும் ஆனந்தத்து) அழுத்தியென் செவியில் (60)

எல்லை யில்லா ஆனந் தம்அளித்து)
அல்லல் களைந்தே அருள்வழி காட்டிச்
சத்தத்தின் உள்ளே சதாசிவம் காட்டிச்
சித்தத்தின் உள்ளே சிவலிங்கம் காட்டி
அணுவிற்கு) அணுவாய் அப்பாலுக்கு) அப்பாலாய்க் (65)

கணுமுற்றி நின்ற கரும்புள்ளே காட்டி
வேடமும் நீறும் விளங்க நிறுத்திக்
கூடுமெய்த் தொண்டர் குழாத்துடன் கூட்டி
அஞ்சக் கரத்தின் அரும்பொருள் தன்னை
நெஞ்சக் கருத்தின் நிலையறி வித்துத் (70)

தத்துவ நிலையைத் தந்தெனை யாண்ட
வித்தக விநாயக விரைகழல் சரணே! (72)

தேவாரங்கள்

திருஞானசம்பந்தர் அருளியது

முதலாம் திருமுறை

தோடுடையசெவி யன்விடையேறியோர் தூவெண்மதிதூடிக்
காடுடையகட லைப்பொடிபூசியென் னுள்ளங்கவர்கள்வன்
ஏடுடையமல ரான்முனை நாட்பணிந் தேத்தவருள்செய்த
பீடுடையபிர மாபுரமேவிய பெம்மானிவனன்றே.

நன்றுடையானைத் தீயதிலானை நரைவெள்ளே
ஹொன்றுடையானை உமையொருபாகம் உடையானைச்
சென்றடையாத திருவுடையானைச் சிராப்பள்ளிக்
குன்றுடையானைக் கூறவென்னுள்ளங் குளிரும்மே

பிடியதனு ருவுமை கொளமிகு கரியது
வடிகொடு தனதடி வழிபடு மவரிடர்
கடிகண் பதிவர அருளினன் மிகுகொடை
வடிவினர் பயில்வலி வலமுறை இறையே.

இரண்டாத்திருமுறை

மந்திர மாவது நீறு வானவர் மேலது நீறு
சுந்தர மாவது நீறு துதிக்கப் படுவது நீறு
தந்திர மாவது நீறு சமயத்தில் உள்ளது நீறு
செந்துவர் வாய்உமை பங்கன் திருஆல வாயான் திருநீறே.

வேயுறு தோளிபங்கன் விடமுண்ட கண்டன்
மிகநல்ல வீணை தடவி
மாசறு திங்கள்கங்கை முடிமேல் அணிந்துள்ள
உளமே புகுந்த அதனால்
ஞாயிறு திங்கள்செவ்வாய் புதன்வியாமுன் வெள்ளி
சனிபாம்பி ரண்டும் உடனே
ஆசறு நல்லநல்ல அவை நல்ல நல்ல
அடியா ரவர்க்கு மிகவே!

முன்றாத்திருமுறை

இடரினும் தளரினும் எனதுறுநோய்
தொடரினும் உன்கழல் தொழுதெழுவேன்
கடல்தனில் அமுதொடு கலந்தநஞ்சை
மிடறினில் அடக்கிய வேதியனே
இதுவோளமை ஆளுமா ரீவதொன்றெமக் கில்லையேல்
அதுவோவுன தின்னருள் ஆவடுதுறை அரனே.

காத லாகிக் கசிந்துகண் ணீர்மல்கி
ஓது வார்தமை நன்னெறிக் குய்ப்பது
வேதம் நான்கினும் மெய்ப்பொரு ளாவது
நாதன் நாமம் நமச்சி வாயவே.

திருநாவுக்கரசர் அருளிய நான்காத்திருமுறை

கூற்றாயின வாறு விலக்ககிலீர்
கொடுமைபல செய்தன நான்அறியேன்
ஏற்றாய்அடிக் கேஇர வும்பகலும்
பிரியாது வணங்குவன் எப்பொழுதும்
தோற்றாதென் வயிற்றின் அகம்படியே
குடரோடு துடக்கி முடக்கியிட
ஆற்றேன்அடி யேன்அதி கைக்கெடில
விரட்டா னத்துறை அம்மானே.

சொற்றுணை வேதியன் சோதி வானவன்
பொற்றுணைத் திருந்தடி பொருந்தக் கைதொழக்
கற்றுணைப் பூட்டியோர் கடலிற் பாய்ச்சினும்
நற்றுணை யாவது நமச்சி வாயவே.

ஐந்தாம்திருமுறை

அன்னம் பாலிக்குந் தில்லைச்சிற் றம்பலம்
பொன்னம் பாலிக்கு மேலுமிப் பூமிசை
என்னம் பாலிக்கு மாறுகண் டின்புற
இன்னம் பாலிக்கு மோஇப் பிறவியே

ஆறாம்திருமுறை

வாயானை மனத்தானை மனத்துள் நின்ற
கருத்தானைக் கருத்தறிந்து முடிப்பான் தன்னைத்
தூயானைத் தூவெள்ளை யேற்றான் தன்னைச்
கடர்த்திங்கட் சடையானைத் தொடர்ந்து நின்றேன்
தூயானைத் தவமாய தன்மை யானைத்
தலையாய தேவாதி தேவர்க் கென்றும்
சேயானைத் தென்கூடல் திருவா லவாய்ச்
சிவனடியே சிந்திக்கப் பெற்றேன் நானே.

திருவேயென் செல்வமே தேனே வானோர்
செழுஞ்சுடரே செழுஞ்சுடர்நற் சோதி மிக்க
உருவேஎன் னுறவேஎன் ஊனே ஊனின்
உள்ளமே உள்ளத்தி னுள்ளே நின்ற
கருவேயென் கற்பகமே கண்ணே கண்ணிற்
கருமணியே மணியாடு பாவாய் காவாய்
அருவாய வல்வினைநோய் அடையா வண்ணம்
ஆவடுதண் டுறையுறையும் அமர ரேறே.

எண்ணுகேன் என் சொல்லி எண்ணு கேனோ
எம்பெருமான் திருவடியே எண்ணி னல்லால்
கண்ணிலேன் மற்றோர் களைகண் இல்லேன்
கழலடியே கைதொழுது காணின் அல்லால்
ஒண்ணுளே ஒன்பது வாசல் வைத்தாய்
ஒக்க அடைக்கும்போ துணர மாட்டேன்
புண்ணியா உன்னடிக்கே போது கின்றேன்
பூம்புகலூர் மேவிய புண்ணி யனே.

சுந்தரர்அருளிய ஏழாப்திருமுறை

பித்தாபிறை சூடபெரு மானேயரு ளாளா
எத்தான்மற வாதேநினைக் கின்றேன்மனத் துன்னை
வைத்தாய்பெண்ணைத் தென்பால்வெண்ணெய் நல்லாரருட் துறையுள்
அத்தாஉனக் காளாய்இனி அல்லேனென லாமே.

மற்றுப் பற்றெனக் கின்றி நின்திருப்
பாத மேமனம் பாவித்தேன்
பெற்ற லும்பிறந் தேன்இ னிப்பிற
வாத தன்மைவந் தெய்தினேன்
கற்ற வர்தொழு தேத்துஞ் சீர்க்கறை
பூரிற் பாண்டிக் கொடுமுடி
நற்ற வாஉனை நான்ம றக்கினுஞ்
சொல்லும்நா நமச்சி வாயவே.

பொன்னும் மெய்ப்பொரு ளும்தரு வானைப்
போக மும்திரு வும்புணர்ப் பானைப்
பின்னை என்பிழை யைப்பொறுப் பானைப்
பிழையெ லாந்தவி ரப்பணிப் பானை
இன்ன தன்மையன் என்றறி வொண்ணா
எம்மா னைஎளி வந்தபி ரானை
அன்னமவை கும்வ யற்பழ னத்தணி
ஆரு ரானை மறக்கலு மாமே

நத்தார்படை ஞானன்பசு வேறிந்நனை கவிழ்வாய்
மத்தம்மத யானையுரி போர்த்தமண வாளன்
பத்தாகிய தொண்டர்தொழு பாலாவியின் கரைமேல்
செத்தாரெலும் பணிவான்திருக் கேதீச்சரத் தானே

மீளா அடிமை உமக்கே ஆளாய்ப்
பிறரை வேண்டாதே
முளாத் தீப்போல் உள்ளே கனன்று
முகத்தால் மிகவாடி
ஆளாய் இருக்கும் அடியார் தங்கள்
அல்லல் சொன்னக்கால்
வாளாங் கிருப்பீர் திருவா ரூரீர்
வாழ்ந்து போதீரே

மாணிக்கவாசகர் அருளிய எட்டாந் திருமுறை

திருவாசகம்

தொல்லை யிரும்பிறவிச் சூழ்ந்தளை நீக்கி
அல்லலறுத் தானந்தம் ஆக்கியதே - எல்லை
மருவா நெறியளிக்கும் வாதவூர் எங்கோன்
திருவாசக மென்னுந் தேன்.

சிவபுராணம்

நமச்சிவாய வாழ்க நாதன்தான் வாழ்க
இமைப்பொழுதும் என்நெஞ்சில் நீங்காதான் தாள்வாழ்க
கோகழி யாண்ட குருமணிதன் தாள்வாழ்க
ஆகம மாகிநின்று அண்ணிப்பான் தாள்வாழ்க
ஏகன் அநேகன் இறைவ னடிவாழ்க 5

வேகங் கெடுத்தாண்ட வேந்தனடி வெல்க
பிறப்பறுக்கும் பிஞ்சுகன்றன் பெய்கழல்கள் வெல்க
புறத்தார்க்குச் சேயோன்றன் புங்கழல்கள் வெல்க
கரங்குவிவார் உள்மகிழுங் கோன்கழல்கள் வெல்க
சிரங்குவிவார் ஓங்குவிக்குஞ் சீரோன் கழல்வெல்க 10

ஈச னடிபோற்றி எந்தை யடிபோற்றி
தேச னடிபோற்றி சிவன்சே வடிபோற்றி
நேயத்தே நின்ற நிமல னடிபோற்றி
மாயப் பிறப்பறுக்கும் மன்ன னடிபோற்றி
சீரார் பெருந்துறைநம் தேவ னடிபோற்றி 15

ஆராத இன்பம் அருளுமலை போற்றி
சிவனவன்என் சிந்தையுள் நின்ற அதனால்
அவனரு ளாலே அவன்தான் வணங்கிச்
சிந்தை மகிழ்ச் சிவபுரா ணந்தன்னை
முந்தை வினைமுழுதும் ஓயஉரைப்பன் யான் 20

கண்ணுதலான் தன்கருணைக் கண்காட்ட வந்தெய்தி
 எண்ணுதற் கெட்டா எழிலார் கழலிறைஞ்சி
 விண்ணிறைந்து மண்ணிறைந்து மிக்காய் விளங்கொளியாய்
 எண்ணிறந் தெல்லை யிலாதானே! நன்பெருஞ்சீர்
 பொல்லா வினையேன் புகழுமா றொன்றறியேன் 25

புல்லாகிப் பூடாய்ப் புழுவாய் மரமாகிப்
 பல்விருக மாகிப் பறவையாய்ப் பாம்பாகிப்
 கல்லாய் மனிதராய்ப் பேயாய்க் கணங்களாய்
 வல்லசுர ராகி முனிவராய்த் தேவராய்ச்
 செல்லாஅ நின்றஇத் தாவர சங்கமத்துள் 30

எல்லாப் பிறப்பும் பிறந்திளைத்தேன் எம்பெருமான்
 மெய்யேஉன் பொன்னடிகள் கண்டின்று வீடுந்றேன்
 உய்யஎன் உள்ளத்துள் ஓங்கார மாய்நின்ற
 மெய்யா விமலா விடைப்பாகா வேதங்கள்
 ஐயா எனஓங்கி ஆழ்ந்தகன்ற நுண்ணியனே 35

வெய்யாய் தணியாய் இயமான னாம்விமலா
 பொய்யா யினவெல்லாம் போயகல வந்தருளி
 மெய்ஞ்ஞான மாகி மிளிர்கின்ற மெய்ச்சுடரே
 எஞ்ஞானம் இல்லாதேன் இன்பப் பெருமானே
 அஞ்ஞானம் தன்னை அகல்விக்கும் நல்லறிவே 40

ஆக்கம் அளவிறுதி இல்லாய் அனைத்துலகும்
 ஆக்குவாய் காப்பாய் அழிப்பாய் அருள்தருவாய்
 போக்குவாய் என்னைப் புகுவிப்பாய் நின்தொழும்பின்
 நாற்றத்தின் நேரியாய் சேயாய் நணியானே
 மாற்றம் மனங்கழிய நின்ற மறையோனே 45

கறந்தபால் கன்னலொடு நெய்கலந்தாற் போலச்
 சிறந்தடியார் சிந்தனையுள் தேனூறி நின்று
 பிறந்த பிறப்பறுக்கும் எங்கள் பெருமான்
 நிறங்களோ ரைந்துடையாய் விண்ணோர்க ளேத்த
 மறைந்திருந்தாய் எம்பெருமான் வல்வினையேன் தன்னை 50

மறைந்திட மூடிய மாய இருளை
 அறம்பாவம் என்னும் அருங்கயிற்றாற் கட்டிப்
 புறந்தோல்போர்த் தெங்கும் புழுவழுக்கு மூடி
 மலஞ்சோரும் ஒன்பது வாயிற் குடிலை
 மலங்கப் புலனைந்தும் வஞ்சனையைச் செய்ய 55

விலங்கு மனத்தால் விமலா உனக்குக்
 கலந்தான் பாகிக் கசிந்துள் ளுருகும்
 நலந்தான் இலாத சிறியேற்கு நல்கி
 நிலந்தன்மேல் வந்தருளி நீள்கழல்கள் காட்டி
 நாயிற் கடையாய்க் கிடந்த அடியேற்குத் 60

தாயிற் சிறந்த தயாவான தத்துவனே
 மாசற்ற சோதி மலர்ந்த மலர்ச்சுடரே
 தேசனே தேனா ரமுதே சிவபுரனே
 பாசமாம் பற்றறுத்துப் பாரிக்கும் ஆரியனே
 நேச அருள்புரிந்து நெஞ்சில்வஞ் சங்கெடப் 65

பேராது நின்ற பெருங்கருணைப் பேராறே
 ஆரா அமுதே அளவிலாப் பெம்மானே
 ஓராதார் உள்ளத் தொளிக்கும் ஒளியானே
 நீராய் உருக்கியென் ஆருயிராய் நின்றானே
 இன்பமுந் துன்பமும் இல்லானே உள்ளானே 70

அன்பருக் கன்பனே யாவையுமாய் அல்லையுமாஞ்
 சோதியனே துன்னிருளே தோன்றாப் பெருமையனே
 ஆதியனே அந்தம் நடுவாகி அல்லானே
 ஈர்த்தென்னை யாட்கொண்ட எந்தை பெருமானே
 கூர்த்தமெய்ஞ் ஞானத்தாற் கொண்டுணர்வார் தங்கருத்தின் 75

நோக்கரிய நோக்கே நுணுக்கரிய நுண்ணுணர்வே
 போக்கும் வரவும் புணர்வுமிலாப் புண்ணியனே
 காக்குமெங் காவலனே காண்பரிய பேரொளியே
 ஆற்றின்ப வெள்ளமே அத்தாமிக் காய்நின்ற
 தோற்றச் சுடரொளியாய்ச் சொல்லாத நுண்ணுணர்வாய் 80

மாற்றமாம் வையகத்தின் வெவ்வேறே வந்தறிவாம்
 தேற்றனே தேற்றத் தெளிவேன் சிந்தனையுள்
 ஊற்றான உண்ணா ரமுதே உடையானே
 வேற்று விகார விடக்குடம்பி னுட்கிடப்ப
 ஆற்றேன்எம் ஐயா அரனேஓ என்றென்று 85

போற்றிப் புகழ்ந்திருந்து பொய்கெட்டு மெய்யானார்
 மீட்டிங்கு வந்து வினைப்பிறவி சாராமே
 கள்ளப் புலக்குரம்பை கட்டழிக்க வல்லானே
 நள்ளிருளில் நட்டம் பயின்றாடும் நாதனே
 தில்லையுட் கூத்தனே தென்பாண்டி நாட்டானே 90

அல்லற் பிறவி அறுப்பானே ஒன்றி
 சொல்லற் கரியானைச் சொல்லித் திருவடக்கீழ்ச்
 சொல்லிய பாட்டின் பொருளுணர்ந்து சொல்லுவார்
 செல்வர் சிவபுரத்தின் உள்ளார் சிவனடக்கீழ்ப்
 பல்லோரும் ஏத்தப் பணிந்து. 95

இராமலிங்க அடிகள் அருளிய கந்தன் பாமாலை

ஒருமையுடன் நினது திருமலரடி நினைக்கின்ற
 உத்தமர்தம் உறவு வேண்டும்
 உள்ளொன்று வைத்துப் புறமொன்று பேசுவார்
 உறவு கலவாமை வேண்டும்
 பெருமைபெறும் நினது புகழ் பேசவேண்டும் பொய்ம்மை
 பேசா திருக்க வேண்டும்
 பெருநெறி பிடித்தொழுக வேண்டும் மதமான
 பேய் பிடியா திருக்க வேண்டும்
 மருவு பெண்ணாசை மறக்கவே வேண்டும் உனை
 மறவா திருக்க வேண்டும்
 மதி வேண்டும் நின்கருணை நிதி வேண்டும் நோயற்ற
 வாழ்வு நான் வாழ வேண்டும்
 தருமமிகு சென்னையிற் கந்தகோட்டத்துள் வளர்
 தலமோங்கு கந்த வேளே
 தண்முகத் துய்யமணி யுண்முகச் சைவமணி
 சண்முகத் தெய்வ மணியே.

சிவயோகசுவாமிகள் - நற்சிந்தனை

சொல்லு சிவமே சொல்லு சிவமே
சுகம்பெற மார்க்கமொன்று சொல்லு சிவமே
வெல்லும் பகையொழியச் சொல்லு சிவமே
வேறுபொரு ளில்லையென்று சொல்லு சிவமே
அல்லும் பகலுமறச் சொல்லு சிவமே
அன்பே சிவமென்று சொல்லு சிவமே
கல்லுங் கரையக் கவி சொல்லு சிவமே
காயமே கோயிலென்று சொல்லு சிவமே.

அல்லலற்று வாழ்வாழி சொல்லு சிவமே
அகம் பிரமாஸ்மியென்று சொல்லு சிவமே
எல்லவர்க்கு நல்லனென்று சொல்லு சிவமே
எல்லாஞ் சிவன்செயலாய்ச் சொல்லு சிவமே
நில்லாதிவ் வாழ்வென்று சொல்லு சிவமே
நீயுநானு மொன்றென்று சொல்லு சிவமே
பொல்லாப்பிங் கில்லையென்று சொல்லு சிவமே
புத்தடியோம் நாங்களென்று சொல்லு சிவமே.

கொல்லாமை பெரிதென்று சொல்லு சிவமே
கூசாமல் எவர்முன்னுஞ் செல்லு சிவமே
நல்லோர் நடுவிருக்கச் சொல்லு சிவமே
நாமே யனைத்துமென்று சொல்லு சிவமே
உல்லாச மாயெங்குஞ் செல்லு சிவமே
உண்மை முழுதுமென்று சொல்லு சிவமே
கல்லார்க்குங் கதியென்று சொல்லு சிவமே
கட்டிம னத்தையாளச் சொல்லு சிவமே.

Tributes

Department of English, University of Toronto

Chelva Kanaganayakam passed away on Saturday, November 22, 2014. That morning, in Quebec City, Chelva was inducted into the Royal Society of Canada in recognition of his extraordinary contribution to Canadian literary studies and culture. He suffered a heart attack later that evening in Montreal. This is difficult news for us all, and I want to extend our deepest sympathy to his family.

After receiving his B.A. from the University of Kelaniya in 1976, Chelva received his Ph.D. in 1985 from the University of British Columbia, for a thesis on the writings of Zulfikar Ghose supervised by Professor W. H. New. He joined the Department of English at the University of Toronto in 1989 and was appointed Professor in 2002. Since his arrival, Chelva has been a leader in the development of postcolonial theory and South Asian Studies at the University. He served many times as the Director of the Centre for South Asian Studies. He was also an active member of Trinity College, where he was the Coordinator of the Independent Studies Program.

Chelva received many awards over his career, among these the Faculty of Arts and Science Outstanding Teaching Award and his induction in the Royal Society of Canada. He was a superb translator and scholar; the books and essays that he published and the many papers that he delivered will stand as a testimony to the important contributions that he made to postcolonial literature and theory and to furthering our understanding of Tamil literature and culture. Among his books are *In Our Translated World: Contemporary Global Tamil Poetry* (2013); *Counterrealism and Indo-Anglian Fiction* (2002); *Dark Antonyms and Paradise: The Poetry of Rienzi Crusz* (1997); *Configurations of Exile: South Asian Writers and Their World* (1995); and *Structures of Negation: The Writings of Zulfikar Ghose* (1993).

At the time of his death, Chelva was completing the manuscript "Literary History of South Asian Writing" for Cambridge University Press, and he was continuing his lifetime work of making Tamil writers better known to us all through his translations.

We have lost an extraordinary person with the death of Chelva Kanaganayakam. A wonderful teacher and committed scholar, Chelva will be greatly missed by his colleagues, friends, graduate students, and undergraduates. He was a wise and gentle man, who calmly and tirelessly devoted himself to furthering cultural tolerance and understanding. In losing Chelva, Canadian society has lost an important voice for South Asian literature and the Tamil community worldwide.

Our hearts go out to Chelva's family, to his wife Thiru, his daughter Shankary, and son Jegan.

Professor Alan Bewell

*Chair of Department of English
University of Toronto*

Centre for South Asian Studies, University of Toronto

We are terribly saddened as we grieve the loss of a leader and centripetal force in the South Asian Studies community, Professor Chelva Kanaganayakam. Chelva, as he was known to friends, passed away as a result of a sudden heart attack in Montreal on Saturday night November 22, 2014. Earlier that same day, he had just been awarded the highest of academic honours in Canada, a fellowship in the Royal Society of Canada. This is a very difficult time for all of us and we extend our deepest sympathies to his family, friends, and students.

A Professor in the Department of English at the University of Toronto, Chelva was the Director of the Centre for South Asian Studies from 2002-2006, and then again from 2007-2011. For over a decade, he cultivated and sustained the South Asian Studies community at the University. He nurtured conversations across disciplines from the humanities to the social sciences, attentive to all regions of South Asia and to the transnational incarnations of South Asian worlds, most prominently in his ongoing dedication to initiatives in Tamil Studies. Chelva's attentiveness to the broad range of interests among the Centre for South Asian Studies' core faculty, as well as his affirmation of our strengths, enabled the CSAS to weave its rich texture of expertise into the Asian Institute and to actively contribute to collaborations there and at the Munk School, and indeed with other influential institutes, centres and projects at the University.

Chelva was the model of an open mind, one that, like a gracious host, accommodated a diversity of thought with care and generosity. This pluralist spirit informed the institutional personality and vitality of CSAS, which by its very presence helped to support invaluable faculty recruitment. That the University of Toronto can boast a robust, lively and talented group of faculty and students working on South Asia owes a

great deal to Chelva's welcoming presence and sustained leadership. Through it, we might say that his literary ethos and expertise, manifest in a subtle attention to the work of translation, a respect for the voice of unfamiliar others, and a patient tolerance, was harnessed to the ethical work of tending and building intellectual community. The Centre for South Asian Studies and the Asian Institute are indebted to him.

Chelva was also a leading light in the literary world, developing penetrating postcolonial analyses of South Asian writing in English, while reshaping the language itself, through his powerful translations of South Asian poetry. He was one of the few who could negotiate classical Tamil and contemporary critical theory with equal ease. Some of his many scholarly publications include: *In Our Translated World: Contemporary Global Tamil Poetry* (2013); *Counterrealism and Indo-Anglian Fiction* (2002); *Dark Antonyms and Paradise: The Poetry of Rienzi Crusz* (1997); *Configurations of Exile: South Asian Writers and Their World* (1995); and *Structures of Negation: The Writings of Zulfikar Ghose* (1993). At the time of his death, Chelva was completing a manuscript "Literary History of South Asian Writing" for Cambridge University Press. His work in the field of translation includes a volume he edited, called *Lutesong and Lament: Tamil Writing from Sri Lanka* (2001), and a collection of his own translations, titled *Wilting Laughter: Three Tamil Poets* (2009).

A generous mentor to so many generations of students and colleagues, Chelva was also a leader in the global Tamil community. He was one of the founders of Tamil Literary Garden in 2001, and active in organizing the Toronto Festival of Literature and the Arts, a major cultural event in the city promoting writers from South Asia, Africa, and the Caribbean. Chelva went on to help found and organize the Annual Tamil Studies Conference at the University of Toronto in 2006, the largest and most influential gathering of its kind in

North America. He made Toronto a centre for scholarship and debate, in a time of political crisis in his native Sri Lanka, by encouraging local talent, and by drawing the brightest and most distinguished researchers from around the world. Publications that he coedited in connection to the Tamil Studies Conference include: *History and Imagination: Tamil Culture in the Global Context* (2007); *New Directions: Essays in Tamil Studies* (2009); and *World Without Walls: Being Human, Being Tamil* (2011).

A scholar with a big heart, Chelva brought people from radically different worlds together with grace. He was deeply committed to keeping alive the role of the literary imagination in responding to and resisting war and loss. He was devoted to the cultivation of a deeply pluralistic public sphere in a world torn apart by violence. His passing is a massive loss for postcolonial literary studies, for Tamil and South Asian studies, and for those of us in Toronto who worked closely with him and learned from him over the years.

Professor Ritu Birla

*Department of History, University of Toronto
Director, Centre for South Asian Studies, Asian Institute,
Munk School of Global Affairs*

Professor Francis Cody

*Anthropology and the Asian Institute, University of Toronto
Munk School of Global Affairs
Co-Organizer, Tamil Studies Conference*

Tamil Literary Garden

Exactly fifteen years ago, three of us went and met Chelva in his office at the Larkin Building, Toronto. That was the first time I met him. I had heard a lot about him and also read some of his works but was amazed when I saw him face to face. He was so kind and simple and welcoming. The meeting resulted in the formation of Tamil Literary Garden, a charitable organization devoted to the development of literature in Tamil internationally. Its main objective was to recognize and award writers and scholars who have made significant contributions to the growth of Tamil. Chelva was responsible for the introduction of a Scholarship to an undergraduate student and organizing a lecture series sponsored by Tamil Literary Garden in conjunction with the Department of English, University of Toronto.

Chelva was very passionate and committed to the promotion of Tamil. His translations from Tamil to English, *Wilting Laughter - Three Tamil Poets* (2009) and *Ritual* (novel, 2011) made Tamil known globally. As Tamil Literary Garden reached its fifteenth anniversary, Chelva had great vision and plans to celebrate a memorable event and to set goals for the future. In his memory, this will be achieved. He was a strong leader with conviction in his ideas and was gentle in dealing with people who had opposing views. His contribution to Tamil is vast and his loss to the community is immeasurable. He will be remembered forever for his works in English and Tamil.

We once organized the Lifetime Achievement (Iyal) award ceremony in Chennai, India as the recipients of the award that year could not come to Toronto to receive it. They were Kovai Gnani and Iravatham Mahadevan and Chelva was kind enough to organize an event in Chennai and went there to hand over the awards in person. This event was widely publicized in India and elsewhere.

Two of Chelva's great works, in which Tamil Literary Garden was involved, are "Lutesong and Lament" - Tamil writings from Sri Lanka edited by him and an anthology of Cheran's poems "You Cannot Turn Away" edited and translated by Chelva. "Lutesong and Lament" was released by Tamil Literary Garden in 2002 and the Toronto Star gave a glowing report about it. The other book was released by Tamil Literary Garden in a library event in Scarborough. Both books brought great reviews.

His last work with Tamil Literary Garden was the editing of an anthology of Contemporary Tamil poems translated into English. The poets are from Sri Lanka, India, Malaysia, Singapore and the Diaspora and it was a difficult task to select the poems and to edit them after translation. It was a work of love and dedication for Chelva which took almost one year to complete. The book was released in Toronto on 9 March 2014 and was well received worldwide.

I am reminded of the lines of poet Cheran in the anthology 'You Cannot Turn Away.'

After I am dead

*the tears of the grass
the blood of the night
the breeze from the sea
to strum the grief of the land*

the swaying lamp.

Not only the people who are aware of his works in the lands of Sri Lanka, India and Canada will realize the great loss but also those who love Tamil all over the world will grieve for him. We join these people in their grief.

Chelva's last email to me was from Quebec. 'I am in Quebec and will be back on Sunday evening. Will call on Monday.' This was sent to me on Saturday and within 12 hours he would be dead. He never saw Sunday. He was to discuss something important concerning Tamil Literary Garden, but that was not to happen.

Just now I checked his last text message to me. A few weeks ago he came home and to my text about dinner he texted back saying 'OK.' Just one word.

We miss you, Chelva. It is not OK.

Appadurai Muttulingam

Founding Member, Tamil Literary Garden

Tamil Studies Conference

The late night call is a dreaded reality for those of us scattered all around the world by the conflict in Sri Lanka. I, however, did not expect such a call in Sri Lanka to hear the shocking news of Chelva's death in Montreal. Death often forces us to turn to the well-worn phrase to describe our experience of its news. But its true, this time, we are shocked and in a state of shock. As one of Chelva's former students put it, to even think about mourning his passing is like being in some alternative reality. It simply cannot be that our Chelva – friend, colleague, teacher and mentor – is no more.

Any discussion of Chelva's accomplishments and contribution will rightly highlight the range and scope of his writings and scholarly work. I would like to reflect on something of his values, commitments and person that I got to know during our time working together on the Tamil Studies Conference.

When the idea of a Tamil Studies Conference was first broached to Chelva he immediately agreed to be one of its organizers and its lead presence at the University of Toronto. Chelva already had and continued to have his demanding day job, that of a full time Professor of English at the University of Toronto. That he took on this role with the conference was typical of his awareness of the need for new initiatives and of a willingness to provide leadership to it. He did so because of the particular kind of cultural practices and engagements he was committed to.

Many of us in the Tamil community position ourselves in relation to the world through the articulation and embrace of a notion of pure Tamil, where the presence or even a hint of an alien word, or garb or morsel becomes a threat to our world. Others of us want to educate our children in English from infancy and relegate Tamil to the private realm and quaint literary ventures. Sometimes the same people manage to make this swing from one pole to another. Chelva was very much one

of those who saw his cultural practice quite differently. He was committed to looking at and interpreting the world through the conceptual riches of Tamil literary imagination both classical and modern, and to an understanding of Tamil as a rightly global language and presence, not one reserved to its ancestral places. At the same time he was equally committed to bringing the knowledge and lenses of the broader world to bear on and engage with Tamil literary creativity and imagination. He was also determined that in these practices, we should demand of ourselves the most rigorous and critical thought possible. Such thinking and creativity required the creation of institutions and spaces where politics, culture, language, history, religion, identity could be openly debated, contested and analyzed while respecting and welcoming the presence and voice of those we may fiercely disagree with. We may remind ourselves to disagree without being disagreeable but for Chelva that was probably his first commandment.

These practices are challenging enough to contemplate but Chelva poured in a remarkable amount of labour into these. Cheran has highlighted the range of his publications including translations of and studies of Tamil literature, ancient and contemporary. As I have already mentioned, he had his demanding job as a Professor of English at an elite university. That on top of that he was able to dedicate himself to the study of and publication of Tamil literature, and play a leading role in Tamil Literary Garden and Tamil Studies Conference, is the mark of remarkable productivity and dedication.

Chelva's generosity and graciousness are apparent to those who have had even the briefest of encounters with him. But he also had a steely side to him. Perhaps because of a preference for calm and an innate gentleness he generally tried to steer clear of the turmoil and harshness of the political struggles that continue to define our Tamil worlds. However, when confronted with the need to, he also demonstrated his courage and resolve. When the Tamil Studies Conference was first launched, its

reception from certain sections of the community was, let's put it, as Chelva may have, mixed. The powers that be in the Toronto Tamil community looked on this venture askance, either due to their reservations about those of us involved in organizing it, or because we had the temerity to initiate this without seeking the appropriate sanction and imprimatur. Far worse was the reaction of some of those who saw themselves as cultural dissidents. They set about relentlessly characterizing and attacking the conference as an LTTE or Tiger conference. They went so far as to threaten participating scholars from the United States with the prospect of being put on "watch lists" of the North American states as part of their war on terror and they boasted of their capacity and connections to be able to do so. In the paranoid years after 9/11 these were not threats to be dismissed lightly. It required a few years of hard labour and steady nerves to build the conference and demonstrate its commitments to intellectual rigour and democratic openness and inclusiveness. But given these attacks there were some risks involved for those organizing and associated with the conference. The person who was institutionally the most exposed was Chelva. If things went pear shaped and the University of Toronto got panicky or fearful it would be Chelva, the only one of us who was a faculty member, who would have had to face the brunt of those consequences. But Chelva never flinched and never backed away from his leadership role in and identification with the conference.

The friendship that developed with Chelva was one of the unexpected gifts of working on the conference. Whenever I returned to Toronto, visiting with him in his Trinity College office and sharing a meal in a nearby restaurant were among the pleasures I looked forward to. Now those returns will always be marked with the presence of his absence.

Dr. Darshan Ambalavanar

Co-Organizer, Tamil Studies Conference

From a Former Student

I have known Professor Chelva Kanaganayakam since August 2004 when I joined the PhD program in English at the University of Toronto and he became my Departmental mentor. In the five years that followed, Chelva, as he urged all his students to call him, was exemplary as a mentor, teacher, and guide, and he shaped the trajectory of my dissertation as well as the directions in which my interests within Postcolonial Studies grew. I realized very early in my association with Chelva that he has been for many students like me a role model: not only has he been a successful academic (his long list of publications at very reputed presses makes this manifest), but he has also been an influential public intellectual representing the very best in cross-cultural exchange. At the University of Toronto, Chelva taught courses in Sri Lankan literatures and South Asian Studies (I have myself taken and audited many) that provided multiple perspectives on the histories and cultural traditions of a region that has far too often made headlines in the Western world over reports of conflict and violence. In the course of completing my dissertation, Chelva also encouraged me to make a research trip to Sri Lanka (whose literatures formed a substantial part of my dissertation), wrote letters of support for me that helped me garner the requisite funding for such a trip, and over the years, he shaped my thought and perspectives as I wrote my dissertation.

The PhD I completed at the University of Toronto was a Collaborative Program between the Department of English and the Centre for South Asian Studies whose director Chelva was from 2002 – 2006 (and in other periods as well). The Centre is somewhat special in Canada where its presence within the Munk School of Global Affairs goes a long way in making up the internationalist character of the University of Toronto. The Directorship of CSAS is, however, a tremendously challenging job, and consistently through the five years I saw Chelva in this

office, I saw him rise to the challenges of such a public position. In this office, Chelva liaised with consuls, diplomats, and bureaucrats of South Asian countries, preserving at all times, his firm commitment to the politics of rapprochement, academic and cross-cultural dialogue, and transparency and openness towards the student community for whose creative endeavours and freedom of expression he always provided institutional support and personal guidance. How rare such support has been is demonstrated by the fact that Chelva's home country, Sri Lanka, governed by successive Sinhala-Buddhist governments, has for the past several decades been embroiled in a civil conflict with the Tamil minority, whose diasporic presence in Toronto makes the work of the Director of CSAS at the University of Toronto an arduous and profoundly politicized job. Chelva was an exceptional leader of CSAS, balancing the sometimes belligerent politics of the Tamil diaspora in Toronto with an insistence on the need for a sustained program of inter-ethnic dialogue, and for concerted efforts by the University to construct a "third space," as it were, outside of the binaries of violence and retribution on the one hand, and silence and inaction on the other. Chelva's role in balancing the competing demands of Sinhala and Tamil nationalisms made CSAS an organization uncloven by binary visions, and helped sustain the Centre as a space wherein political and cultural identifications could be combined with intellection, academic rigour, tolerance, and collegiality.

How ably and with great personal integrity Chelva fulfilled the often contrapuntal responsibilities of his intensely public office as Director of CSAS at the University of Toronto and the comparatively specialized scholarly work of an English professor was shown by his unwavering commitment to academic and extra-academic work over the past many years. Through his critical writings, editorial work, and conferences, Chelva crafted his own version of political activism, one that often eschewed the uncomplicated stances of resistance vs. support for the

more involved, and certainly the more onerous, work of making and showing cultural connections between linguistic and ethnic communities. In doing so, he combined his academic responsibilities with a rare political courage: through his writings on and translations of Sri Lankan Tamil literature into English, he has made accessible the rich, vital, and powerful narratives of a people whom many today might know only as an embattled minority in a remote corner of the world.

In Toronto, Chelva was also involved with Tamil Literary Garden, a wonderful annual event in which people from all walks of life interested in Tamil literature come to hear poets and intellectuals share their work. The Annual Tamil Conference held by the CSAS at the University of Toronto has also largely been the initiative of Chelva (and Dr. Cheran, among others), and has lent to the University of Toronto that truly international character that is the hallmark of the best academic institutions in the world. Along with his academic work where he brought to notice various works in Tamil literature, Chelva was a staunch supporter of inter-ethnic dialogue and the recognition of intellectuals and activists *sans* ethnic boundaries: in 2005, when the University of Toronto awarded the Acharya Sushil Kumar International Peace Prize to Dr. A. T. Ariyaratne, the Sinhalese founder and president of the Sarvodaya Shramadana Movement in Sri Lanka, the CSAS and Munk Centre organized a reception and lecture wherein Chelva introduced Dr. Ariyaratne in a talk that crystallized for many of us in the audience the “third space” I spoke of earlier – of activism, sustained belief in dialogue, and of an unflinching faith in the need to speak over and above the cacophony of narrow nationalisms, ideals that Chelva, in the best tradition of a *parrhesiastes*, has consistently espoused through his work within and outside of academia. It came as no surprise to all of us, then, that in 2009, the Canadian Tamil Chamber of Commerce awarded Chelva the Outstanding Professional Award in recognition of his multi-splendoured contribution to academia and the world beyond.

Chelva's being made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada this year was the just apotheosis, in many ways, of a wonderful career in the humanities, and a timely honouring of an inspirational scholar and academic. With characteristic self-deprecation, I believe, Chelva, who was elated at the news of this latest honour, is said to have chuckled at the irony of being awarded the fellowship despite being a postcolonialist!

Chelva's untimely demise is a deep personal sorrow for me, and it will stay with me all my life, I'm afraid. At the same time, his life is an inspiration, and he will forever be a shining light and a reservoir of strength for me and for those of us who learned from him and who will remember him, always, for his integrity and unfailing love and support.

Professor Anupama Mohan
Presidency University, Kolkata

From a Former Student

Eternal Dinner

He came to the dinner that I never hosted
On an autumn day which I'd waited for too long
I heard the bell which he never pressed
He entered through the door I never opened for him
Sat at the table I had placed an order for
Relished the food I never cooked for him
Smiled at me which I didn't get a glimpse of
Glanced at my papers which I never wrote
And commented insightfully which I didn't hear
I sang him a melody that floated away with the wind
The time never came for him to leave the dinner
So he stays on, here, until my memory dims.

Dr. Maithili Thayanithy

அழியா விருந்து

காலம் தாழ்த்திய
இலையுதிர் கால நாளொன்றில்
நாம் அளிக்காத
இராப்போசன விருந்திற்கு
வந்தார்
அவர்
ஒருபோதும் தொட்டிராத
எம் வீட்டு அழைப்பு மணி
ஒலித்தது
அவருக்காய்
நாம் ஒருபோதும் திறந்திராத
கதவூடாய்
நுழைந்தார்
வாங்குவதற்காய்

ஏற்பாடு செய்திருந்த மேசையில்
 அமர்ந்தார்
 நாம்
 அவருக்காய்
 ஒருபோதும் சமைத்திராத
 உணவினை
 சுவைத்தார்
 எமைப் பார்த்துப்
 புன்னகைத்தார்
 ஆனால் நாம் பார்க்கவில்லை
 நாம் எழுதாத
 கட்டுரைகளின் பக்கங்களைப்
 புரட்டினார்
 அர்த்தமுள்ள விமர்சனங்கள்
 தந்தார்
 ஆனால் எமக்குக் கேட்கவில்லை
 அவருக்காய்
 ஒரு பாடல் பாடினோம்
 ஆனால் அது காற்றுடன் போய் விட்டது
 விருந்தினை விட்டுப் புறப்படுவதற்கு
 அவருக்கு
 நேரம் ஒருபோதும் வரவேயில்லை
 அதனால்
 அவர் இங்கேயே, இருக்கின்றார்
 எம் ஞாபகங்கள் மங்கும்வரை

மைதிலி தயாநிதி

Maithili, a former student of Professor Chelva Kanaganayakam, was planning to invite him over to dinner in December 2014.

From Mr. Narayanasuwami (Brother-in-law)

It is with profound sorrow that I pay tribute to a person who until his last breath remained an accomplished scholar and educationist, a distinguished Professor of English and an adored human being. I had known Baba, as he is affectionately called by his immediate family members, since the date of my marriage to his sister a few decades ago. I recall the little boy sucking his thumb and staying in the garage of his parent's house when the marriage ceremony took place in Jaffna in 1961-he was kept away from attendees to the ceremony to enable speedy recovery from a viral fever. Since the age of eight I have had the pleasure and privilege of seeing a budding English professor emerging from his Jaffna roots. His reluctance to follow the parents' advice to study for medicine and insist on the humanities and arts disturbed his father somewhat but he had his way as it was in humanities and languages he felt that he could make an indelible contribution. Subsequent events have proven that his choice of subjects and his passion for languages ultimately brought him and us joy and substantial credit to the larger Tamil community.

Talking about Baba is no easy task-where will I start; do I talk about a loving and endearing child to his parents, an adorable husband to his cherished wife, a symbol of virtue to his and his wife's siblings, a man of high integrity and honour to his professional colleagues, a wonderful companion to his only brother-in-law, and a friend, philosopher and guide to his multitude of admirers and colleagues? I can talk for hours about this great soul but I will confine my talk only to a few notable characteristics I witnessed as a close family member for the last fifty years.

Not many may know of Chelva Kanaganayakam's early years when he was a student of English Literature at the Vidyalankara University, Kelaniya, Sri Lanka - he was a studious, energetic and

hardworking undergraduate whose only past time was to fall in love with his university contemporary - his beautiful wife Thirumagal. This I knew after almost the entire love affair was about to be sealed- my wife kept it a secret assuming that I may object to a love marriage! He would phone home weekly or visit us in Colombo for a home cooked meal which his sister fondly served. He would use these occasions to share his secrets with his only sister, having lost his other sister at an untimely age. Often telephone calls from female voices come when he visits us in Colombo under different names-Rathika, Siromi, Manique etc. to give us the impression that it was a classmate wanting to share some tutorial discussions- my wife knew this but would not disclose details to me or to her parents. Baba was asked to be a guardian of Thirumagal being a girl coming from a traditional Hindu family from Nallur, a village close to Baba's abode. He decided that the easiest way to take care of her was to make her his guardian angel! When the time was ripe for endorsing the lovely couple's marriage we were delighted to note that he chose an outstanding life-long companion who would until his last day remain a loving, compassionate and understanding wife. He remained completely faithful adored by all her relatives, and until his last breath we used to call both of them as 'love birds' as they always displayed their love and shared thinking on all matters.

An episode I will remember forever is my first visit in the 1980's to Vancouver where Baba was preparing for his PhD. I was accommodated in their humble cottage and looked after with Thiru cooking me a delicious chicken curry which was indeed a surprise coming from a born vegetarian. I narrate this to highlight two things; he was an affectionate brother-in-law who wanted to break the rules at home to look after a close relative and prove that his wife would always rise to the occasion if he wanted it.

There was another occasion where he proved his great affection to his beloved sister Sivam. When Sivam had her heart attack in November 2009 I went through traumatic times. He would telephone me at least twice a day to check on her health condition and also my health situation.

It is not always that parents are blessed with gifted, understanding and above all affectionate children. Baba and Thiru have been fortunate to have a wonderful daughter in Shankary and a fantastic son in Jegan- the latter virtually a prototype of Baba in many ways although the former almost always absorbed his caring ways and behavioural traits. I remember one incident in 1984 when Shankary was around four years old-it was the Halloween time and she was distributing sweets to the neighbours' children and something went wrong. She came running and crying and wanted the father's explanation and I remember her words-"appa, I cannot figure out why this happened" and Baba giving all the loving care and explanations. (Mark the language she used, the words 'figure out' was typical of Baba then). She refused to budge and finally she was consoled by me and the mother who succeeded in putting her to bed. It was then that she started calling me England Uncle because I had gone to Vancouver after attending to some official business in London. To this date I am not Narayana uncle or Nam uncle as others call but always England uncle to both children.

Jegan became close to us only in recent years as we were away in Manila when he grew up. But over the last few years we have found him to be a lovable child with a high sense of duty and caring behaviour. He was a petted child of my mother-in-law who always waited for him to arrive from school to feed him and eat together with him. She narrated several stories about him which made us feel how fortunate Baba and Thiru were to have brought into this world such an understanding child, more mature than his age.

Baba was fortunate to have given Shankary in marriage to her heart throb Brian who has proven to be another son to the family of Baba. It is rarely that you come across a son-in-law who treats his in-laws like his own parents and this seems to be mutual in the case of Baba and Thiru as well. Brian had adapted admirably well into the family and he is a source of support to the entire family. I remember Baba speaking highly of him even last August when we met in London.

I do not know much about Jegan's fiancée Heather but my initial observations of her since arrival yesterday confirm that Jegan has made the right choice. She would obviously turn out to be another daughter to Thiru. We are saddened that Baba who announced last August their forthcoming marriage would not be present to see through all the ceremonies.

Baba was a man of extraordinary attributes. His life, both professionally and otherwise, had been characterised by humility and simplicity. His norms in social behaviour were equally remarkable—he could never be persuaded to show his displeasure at something in an open manner. He has shared with me all his frustrations about our ethnic problems but always exercised care and tact in handling controversial issues.

Baba, as a husband, father and grandfather, was the epitome of love, affection and generosity. His beautiful and wonderful wife who stood steadfast until his last day often recounted several incidents of how he took care of her since marriage. We had occasion to witness the great love and affection he showered on her while at home as well as on their travels. She had been a tremendous source of support and inspiration to him. I can well understand the agony that she is now going through. No one can console her but his wonderful memories, her children's endearing ways, and support from all of us would make her come to terms with this irreparable loss. She could rest satisfied

that she had always been devoted and unselfish in serving him well until his death.

We take this opportunity to salute him from the bottom of our hearts and pray that he rests in peace along with those sublime human beings who have taken a place in history among distinguished Sri Lankans. The time is now ripe to end this homage to an illustrious and exemplary professional, a wonderful husband, an affectionate father and a grandfather and a lovable brother/brother-in-law with the following three quotes;

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Awaits alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave".

Thomas Gray

"The mind that is wise mourns less for what age takes away;
than what it leaves behind"

William Wordsworth

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN!"

William Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*

Postscript

Since this hurried piece was written for presentation on the occasion of the viewing ceremony we have been privy to hearing/reading a number of tributes about Baba. We are indeed proud to note the overwhelming words of praise and appreciation of Baba's contributions to the world of post-colonial literature. He has been rightfully acclaimed as an amazing human being and a distinguished and remarkable interpreter of valuable insights and thoughts expressed in Tamil

literature which even the most erudite Tamil scholars would find difficult to interpret. On return to Sydney I reviewed some of his works and was struck by the clarity and appropriateness of the choice of words and the selection of literature for the translated world. The glory of his professional achievements should be passed on to posterity and we need to work together with the academic community to have his name etched in history forever.

We pray for his eternity and his only remaining sister and the two nieces want it to be recorded that "Baba would continue to live in their memories as their favourite brother/uncle who was always open to lend a helping hand in times of distress and participate equally well in their happy encounters".

Athan

From Mr. Kumaranayakam (Brother)

The loss of an affectionate brother who also doubled up as my friend is indeed a tragic one. I recount some cherished memories for record.

Not long after he joined Trinity College, Kandy, Sri Lanka for his secondary education, Baba was awarded a double promotion which resulted in only a difference of one grade between us. We travelled to and from school by the school bus. Since all our friends and school mates traveled by the school bus it was always fun. When we returned from school, Baba and I played cricket with our friends until dusk. He was very competitive while playing any sport. Baba played cricket for the school and later played for the university as well.

Our school holidays were spent in Jaffna. We enjoyed the change of scenery and the opportunity we had to meet with relatives and play with our cousins. Going to the Nallur Kanthasamy Temple on Fridays and observance of other religious activities during our vacations helped us to ensure that our religious and cultural values remained intact. During these holidays Baba used to read Enid Blyton books for extended periods of time without breaks. This habit was not one shared by any other member of the family. In contrast Aiya (father) used to take regular breaks while reading.

Baba excelled at school and finished his higher studies by winning four prizes. This gave my parents immense satisfaction and pride. From a very young age, Baba was very affectionate and caring of Amma and used to help Amma with domestic chores. It is now history how he took care of her even after migrating to Canada.

I left for the United Kingdom in 1974 to continue my studies. Since then I did not have the pleasure of living close to Baba, although we communicated regularly by phone or letters. He was a pillar of support to me when I shared life's problems and difficulties with him during my university days. Even thereafter we had maintained close ties either meeting in Colombo or in Australia. In recent years, I was impressed with Baba's ability to analyze peoples' behavior and provide insights into their character.

The joy of conversing, sharing and meeting with Baba has suddenly come to an abrupt end. As a former teacher at Trinity College, Mr. Gnanendran, said to me at the viewing, 'It is by God's grace that you are able to accept Baba's death'. I will miss Baba greatly and it is only the memories of the wonderful times and events shared together that will give me solace.

Kumar Annai

From Shankary and Jegan Kanaganayakam

We write in remembrance of our father, Professor Chelva Kanaganayakam. To many, he was known as Kanags, Baba, Annai, Uncle, and most recently, Pata. He was the son of Professor V. Chelvanayakam and Kamalambihai. He was the youngest of their four children: Sivashanti, Thilagavathy and Kumaranayakam. He was husband to Thirumagal, father in law to Brian and Heather, and grandfather to Aasha and Amita.

Our father was born in Colombo, Sri Lanka and spent much of his childhood in Peradeniya, Kandy. He always spoke to us with great fondness of his childhood. Nicknamed kolukattai, he was prone to mischief which had to be kept carefully hidden from the watchful eyes of his austere father. He recounted many stories of the misadventures engaged in by himself and his brother, whom he called "Kumar Annai." He spoke of a childhood that was idyllic in so many ways, surrounded by neighbourhood friends, games of cricket, eating with abandon. In fact, he described himself as an excellent fast bowler in cricket. We always pretended to be dubious of this. He spoke, with considerable pride, of tormenting his school teachers to tears, in cahoots with his friends, some of whom still visit him today. Their childhood antics would be unimaginable today. Little did he, or his teachers, imagine then that he would devote his life to education.

As he grew older, our father began to walk a path that, in hindsight, appears to have been his destiny. He suffered many losses and tragedies too early in life. But he resolved to gain strength from those losses. In a society that prized a scientific education, he fought to pursue his dreams, and it quickly became apparent that his gifts lay in languages and literature. This was perhaps not surprising as he was the son of the eminent professor V. Chelvanayakam, former head of the Department of Tamil at the University of Peradeniya, and

author of the ground breaking text "Tamil Elakiya Varalaaru" (A History of Tamil Literature) that continues to inform and inspire generations of students even today.

Raised in a richly academic home and nurtured in his father's world of academia and literary criticism, he developed his interest in literature and pursued his studies in English. During this time, he also met my mother, Thirumagal, and they began a friendship and relationship that would become the anchor of his life for the next forty years. He became a Professor of English at the University of Jaffna and taught there until he won the commonwealth scholarship, allowing him to earn his PhD at the University of British Columbia in Canada. From there, he joined the University of Toronto and began his illustrious career as a Professor of English, leader in post-colonial theory and South Asian studies, writer, critic, Director of the Centre for South Asian Studies, founding member of Tamil Literary Garden, organizer of the annual Tamil Studies Conference and community leader.

The messages we have received from the academic community around the world continue to humble us. They describe him as a leader, philosopher, guide and mentor, a man who brought people from different worlds together, a brilliant scholar and a global leader in postcolonial analyses of South Asian writing in English. But what we hear most from those that worked with him is that he was a calm and gentle influence who drew together the brightest and most distinguished minds from around the world. He believed that great scholarship was absolute, and that gifted artists should be acknowledged and their work showcased to the world, entirely irrespective of their backgrounds, political beliefs or personal prejudices.

Our father was so many things to so many people. But for many of the people to whom he was closest, his only role was that of a dear, trusted friend. Countless friends, in coming to his home to pay their respects, have said that they were never really

aware of any of his academic achievements. To them, he was loved entirely for his personhood and friendship. For his friends, sometimes even for those he knew only in passing, there was no request too large or inconvenient. An old friend of his sent us a message that our father had sent him. In the original Tamil, from Thirrukural, உடுக்கை இழந்தவன் கைபோல ஆங்கே இடுக்கண் களைவதாம் நட்பு, and as per his own translation: "Like the hand that grabs one's slipping clothes, friendship rushes to dispel one's griefs." That is truly how he lived his life. We would sometimes chide him for being involved in absurd situations – a consiglieri in a variety of sticky scenarios from star struck lovers to troubled students or families. When we would ask him about it, he would simply say "how could I say no?"

Of the myriad of qualities our father had, the one that remains most insistent with us was his unwavering ability to do the right thing, the generous thing, the thing that would always give someone a second chance. It never seemed to be difficult for him. In fact, in his pursuit of drawing attention to scholars on the basis of their merits alone, there were many who questioned him, even shunned him for the choices he made. But he believed that scholarly and artistic merits were the only relevant considerations. He truly believed that we are all more alike than we are different.

To all of our family and friends, he was known simply as "Baba" – the baby of the family. As he grew older, he became Baba Anna, Baba Uncle and Baba Mama, and this never seemed incongruous to anyone. Baba was loved and respected by his family. They knew him for being a pillar of his community. They loved him for his generosity, his hospitality and his welcoming face at his front door.

For so many, he was an academic, a scholar and a friend, but to us, he was our father, or as we called him, Appa. He was there for us at every turn in our lives. He gave us everything we have,

sacrificed for us, and made us everything we are today. He taught us how to live our lives as good people, to think of others first and to be grateful for all we have. He gave us the strength to make our own choices, encouraged us to think critically about our decisions, and then supported us as we navigated through difficult moments in life. He asked us to trust ourselves and to do what we thought was right.

As children, we had very little sense of what our father did for a living or what his academic achievements really meant. But to us, he was everything already. We turned to him whenever we needed help, advice or direction. He always made time in his schedule for soccer practices, school plays and help with homework. As we grew older, he spent time with us individually and in different ways. With me, his daughter, he would talk at length, sometimes about his work, . But what he enjoyed most was spending time with his grandchildren, spoiling them, going to their school concerts. With me, his son, he would make a laundry list of home improvement projects to tackle together. I will cherish the memories of working with my father on so many of these projects – building our basement, fixing the cars, working on the garden, putting up the Christmas lights, and our religious weekly trips to Home Depot and Canadian Tire. These are the times with my father that I will remember most – they are the times when my father and I were closest to one another.

Our father came to Canada at a time when his homeland was in turmoil. Being a Sri Lankan Tamil was always a profoundly important and proud aspect of his identity. But Canada became his home and began to inform his identity as well. It was a country that embraced him at a time when home was inaccessible and unrecognizable. He was so grateful for the opportunities that Canada afforded him and our family. Upon recently receiving the great honour of being inducted into the Royal Society of Canada, he had expressed such pride and joy that he lived in a society where this was possible for him. He embraced his Canadian identity as well. He loved camping in

northern Ontario and was an ardent hockey and basketball fan. He would tape every single Toronto Maple Leafs and Toronto Raptors game and stay up late into the night to watch them, only to then tell us that the whole team should be fired. It is here, in this land so far away from his birthplace that our father became a brilliant scholar, raised his children and grandchildren and ultimately built a life of which he was very proud.

To his wife, his children and his grandchildren, he was simply everything. He doted on all of us. We struggled, as we put this together, to recall a most beautiful passage he had quoted to us in Tamil some years ago. We cannot recall the original, but we remember him translating it to us. He said "The poet is comparing love to the way a necklace encircles a neck. It envelops it and settles there until it has taken its shape and become part of it." We believe that it struck him because that is the way he loved his family.

We pray that our love for him will now send him into the next world without sadness and loss, only with great blessings. And that he will continue to bless us in death as he did in life.

Shankary and Jegan Kanaganayakam

Ahalikai

From the Himalayan peaks
Indran descends;
the embroidered shawl
that hides his fragrant chest
reflects the rays of the waning moon,
and chirping insects abruptly cease.

The anklets silent on his floating feet
no pause in his majestic stride,
on grassy plains he touches the earth
and moves towards a warbling stream.

A bud that awaits the sun
he plucks,
then cups his hand and inhales deep.
This earthly joy
that blooms at morn and fades at dusk
he spurns but loves it too.

He reaches the stream and quenches his thirst.
Did this tasteless drink
defy the taste of celestial food?
A fleeting smile escapes his lips,
he flicks the flower and approaches the hut.

His shawl that glitters
like stars in that serene sky,
his sword, sandals, and bracelets
he hides with care
and treads once more the declining path.

His piercing eyes gaze and search
the maze of trees,
the line of shrubs;
he peers, and sees the hut.

He steps across the thorn-less stile,
the fowls from branches
disturbed, stare.

He moves with steadfast eyes
blind to all but a tiny
crack, through which he peers.

Ahalikai moves her stalk-soft arms
across the hoary chest of Gothama;
he wakes, thinks it dawn
and leaves the hut - all these are watched.

The arm that slides to seek its joy
now comes back to rest
on half-seen breasts;
the lips curl with wistful smile,
she sighs and turns.

Gothama leaves for his well-worn seat
his eyes close in meditative pose.
Indran stands at the foot of the bed
eyes aflame with burning passion;
he sees her squirm with unfed love.

No best of prey would dare approach
this hut the sage had made his own.
Now he stands with boundless lust
his body aches, he takes a step!

She gasps with pain, yet loves
the hands that hold with love;
he buries in her the passion he brought
her eyes closed she feels the joy.

Like one possessed his lips seek
the eyelids and the sensual frame,
his body hot, he makes her his;
she gently opens her eyes.

She sees, shudders, breaks out in sweat
and freezes as her breathing stops.
And as she stares
becomes a stone.

The lord of all celestial beings
watches in horror the woman he craved.
The sage returns and glances around
strokes his beard and turns away.

Indran flees
damned for dateless time.
His body erupts in a thousand sores.
Deserted by all, a senseless stone
she waits for the touch of a godly foot.

Mahakavi

Translated by Chelva Kanaganayakam
Lutesong and Lament, 2001, p. 1

T. Rudramoorthy, who used the sobriquet Mahakavi, wrote this poem in 1965 and first published this poem in *Ilangkathir* 1965/1966, an annual publication of the Tamil Society of the University of Peradeniya, Sri Lanka. Included in the author's collection of poems *Veedum Veliyum* edited by M.A. Nuhman and published by Vasakar Sangam, Kalmunai, Sri Lanka in 1973. The poem was first translated in 1984 for publication in *The Toronto South Asian Review* (3,2 Fall 1984). The present version has been revised considerably.

The poem is based on a popular Hindu myth about Indran, the monarch of angels, who was once enamoured of a beautiful woman called Ahalikai, the wife of a sage called Gothama. One day, having tricked Gothama into leaving his home, Indran seduced Ahalikai. Both Indran and Ahalikai were cursed by the sage. Mahakavi offers a new interpretation of the poem.

A Poet's Fearless Death

If I am not stricken by disease
or felled by enemies,
if I do not perish by these,
I will thrive even in old age;
my poems
will give me the strength of youth
To walk apace
To swing my arms
bend to pick up a grain of earth;
if I have the strength
I will ascend and fly
With the courage to face death;
I will love life
as roots with flowers
and flowers with roots, I will live.
With my poems
I will be born again,
alongside those
fighting injustice
I will blossom;
I will not grow old
not be infirm;
my poems will prevent my death.
When the final lines of
my life are written,
do not come close to me;
in the light of a small lamp
a face is all that is needed.
When I was born,
when I was poor
I was alone;
When I give myself to death
I want to be alone;
The sound of Death

ringing in my ears won't agitate me,
I will welcome death;
a mat to lie down
a little water to quench my thirst,
my song in my ears
that is enough,
I will depart.
My body frozen,
when I am a corpse,
do not despair;
when my body lies at home;
sing my songs,
read my poems aloud,
be at peace;
I came
lived
and left;
no, I did my best
and returned;
for me
that will suffice.

Puthuvai Ratnathurai

Translated by Chelva Kanaganayakam
Wilting Laughter, 2009, p. 100

With Gratitude

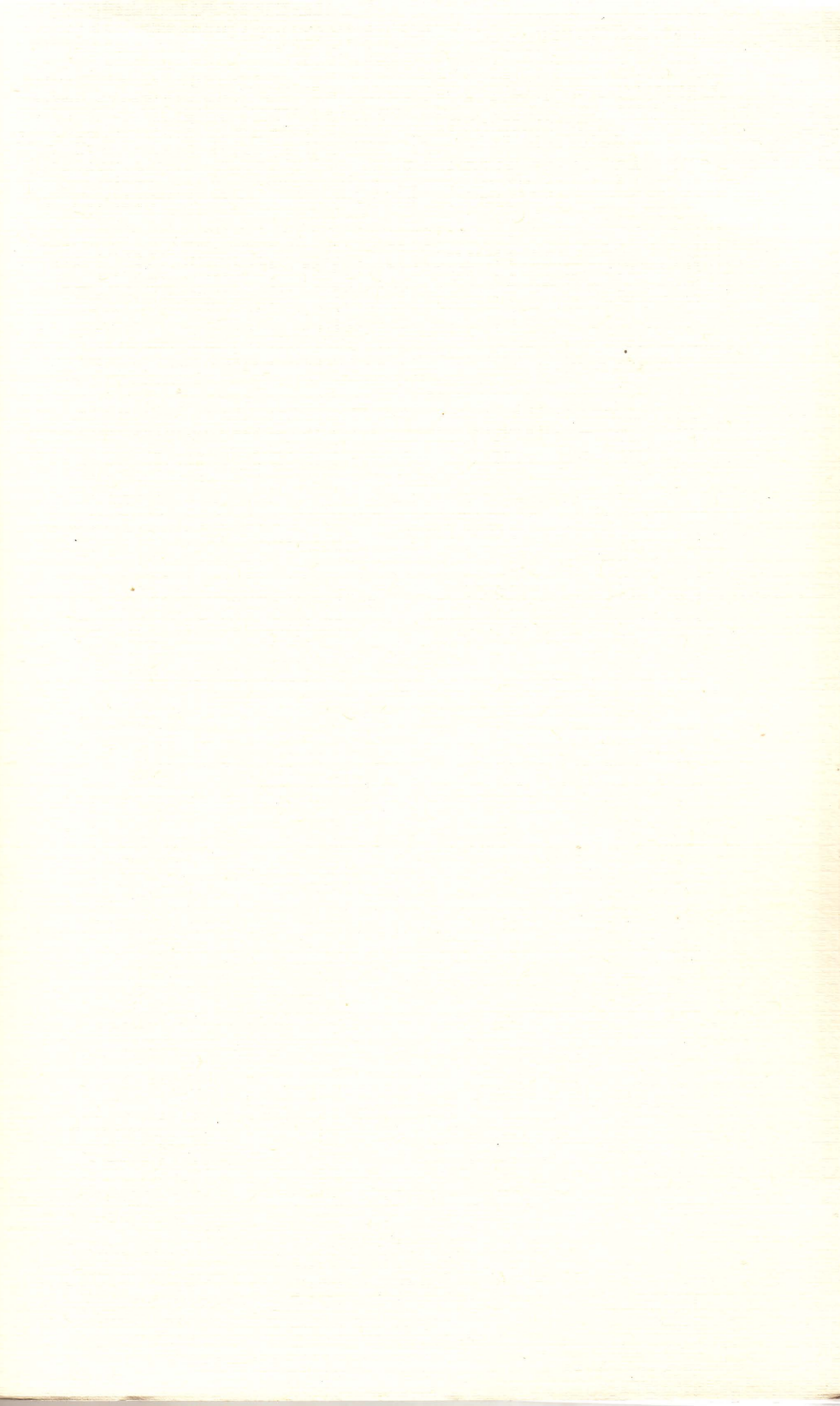
On Nov 22, 2014, our world shattered. We lost a beloved husband, father, brother, uncle and grandfather. It seemed that there was no way ahead. It has been the tremendous outpouring of love and support from family, friends, colleagues and the community at large that has given us the strength to face these unbearable times and to try to look forward. You have stood by us, shared our grief, wiped our tears and offered comfort. We wish to express our deep gratitude for the support you have shown us.

The family of Professor Chelva Kanaganayakam

நன்றி

ஒரு மாதத்திற்கு முன்னர் எங்களுக்கு அடித்தளமாக - அன்புவளையமாக - இருந்த உலகம் திசைமாறி நின்ற போது, எங்களுக்குப் பக்கபலமாக, உறுதுணையாக நின்று, உரிமையோடும், கருணையோடும் உதவிகள் பல செய்து, துயரத்தில் பங்கு கொண்டு, கண்ணீர் துடைத்த யாவருக்கும் எங்கள் மனமார்ந்த நன்றிகள்.

பேராசிரியர் செல்வா கனகநாயகம் குடும்பத்தினர்



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