

--and, **YOU** are a part of it!



Give me food

Flood

One Nation Or

Planning For Poverty

Save

NOW!

Buses off Road: Crew-Student Clash

STUDENTS -
The Growing Factor
State Politics
EXPLOITATION
JOBLESS YOUTHS
BY BHEL
EXPOSED!

EXPLODING

The Mess
We Are In

CITIZEN'S

Flood

Drought

Give me food

CHILDREN IN
VICTIMS

Flood

The Last Resort?

Towards
Responsible



Cover Page :

MEERA VEERABADRAN

I M.A. Fine Arts



STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

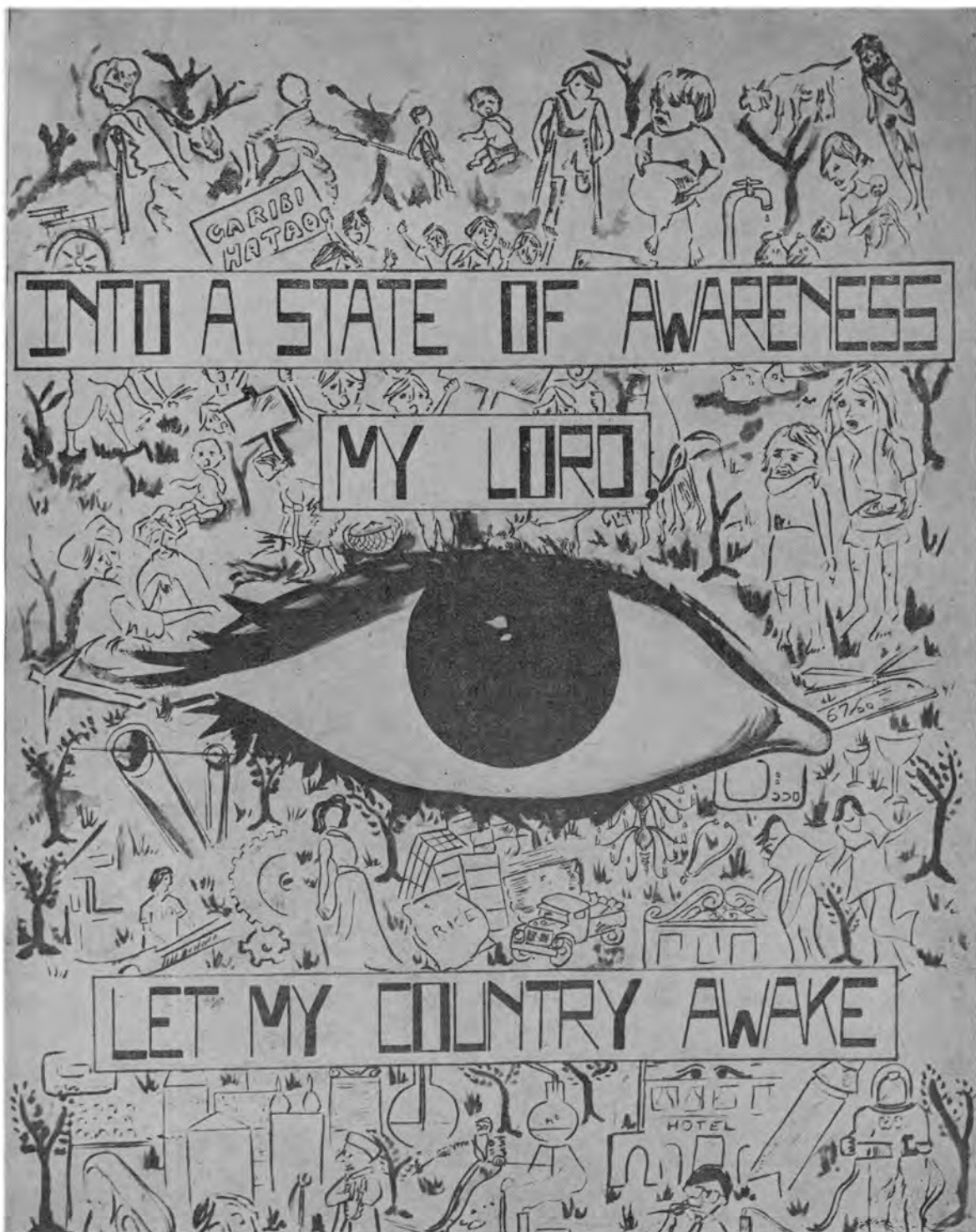
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MEERA SITARAMAN,
I M.A. Fine Arts.

Editorial

“If more people were for people,
All people everywhere
There’d be a lot less people to worry about
And a lot more people who care.”

The term ‘Social Awareness’ has fired the imagination of our students and staff this year. Almost all the college activities have been focussed in creating an awareness in us—that we are not the only pebbles on the beach—a clarion call to cast off our selfishness and become people in the real sense of the word. All of us are talking about this new phenomenon, but few realize its implications.

Social Awareness..... is to be aware of ourselves as belonging to a society more than half of which is below the poverty line..... aware of ourselves as individuals who are thriving on the sweat of the working class—they diminish as we grow. It means being aware of our responsibilities to society, “the awful daring of a moment’s surrender,” a surrender of self to create other selves. Social awareness means..... being aware of ourselves as persons with potential, who can make or mar those around us. It means a deliberate shattering of illusion to face the stark reality, of being aware of the people around us, on the street, in the classroom at home, as persons, no matter what their position, class or creed.

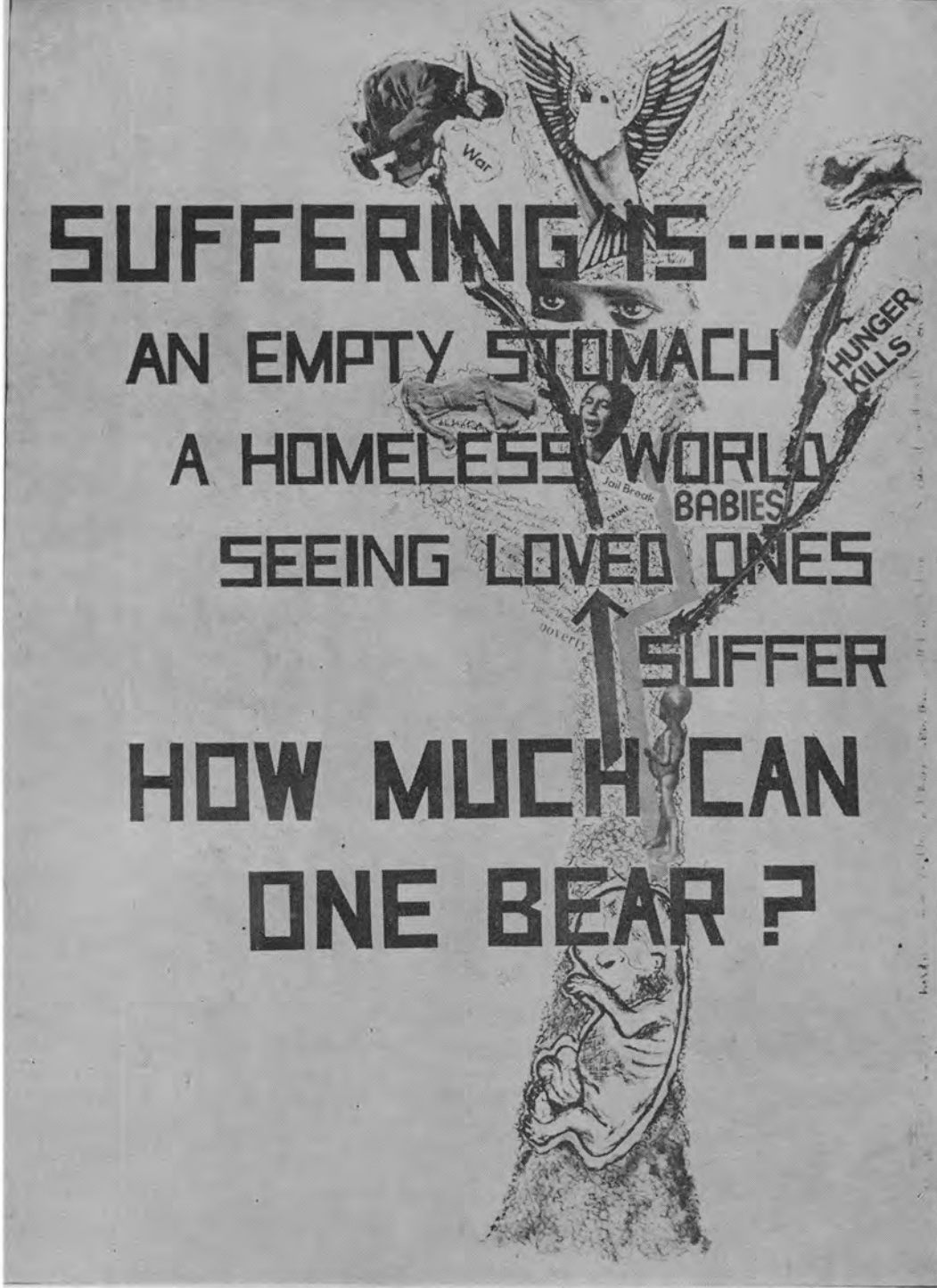
This year being Women’s International Year, the term acquires a special significance. We must become increasingly aware of our role as women in society—women who work and participate in social activities, who realize that political problems concern them and their families. But we also run the risk of being totally pre-occupied with a single perspective which could be an obstacle to our full development and evolution. We must take great care—because to become an individual one must not become the instrument of too limited a social order.

Social awareness is the first step to social action. We who affirm that we are 'socially aware', who almost see before our eyes the slow degeneration that is taking place in society, cannot sit back. We must act to bring about a change for the better—a change which is imminent and unavoidable, and which lies in our power. But to change society we must first start with ourselves. The change must take place within each one of us—a re-awakening a remoulding and broadening of our ideas and attitudes with regard to those around us. It is only then that we can unite to break down narrow social barriers and awake into that heaven of freedom which Tagore visualised.

“One man’s voice can’t shout and make them hear,
Two men’s voices can’t shout and make them hear
But if two and two and fifty make a million
We’ll see that day come around.”

Bilkhis Sait	...	I M.A.
Cecelia, E.	...	”
Chitra Jaganathan	...	”
Hannah Azariah	...	”
Jayanthi Parthasarathy	...	”
Jayashree Doraiswamy	...	”
Jayashree Parthasarathy	...	”
Jessie D’Souza	...	”
Jyostna Nath	...	”
Meena Veerabhadran	...	”
Meera Sitaraman	...	”
Nirmala Parthasarathy	...	”
Sowmya Varadarajan	...	”
Usha Chari	...	”

Staff : Mrs. Seetha Srinivasan
Mrs. Prem Kishore



SUFFERING IS ----
AN EMPTY STOMACH
A HOMELESS WORLD
SEEING LOVED ONES
SUFFER
HOW MUCH CAN
ONE BEAR ?

USHA VASUDEVAN
I M.A. Fine Arts

A Modern Parable

There was a factory which employed thousands of people. Its production line was a miracle of modern engineering turning out thousands of machines everyday. The factory had a high accident rate. The complicated machinery of the production line took little account of human error, forgetfulness, or ignorance. Day after day, men came out of the factory with squashed fingers, cuts, burns. Sometimes a man would lose an arm or a leg. Occasionally someone was electrocuted or crushed to death.

Enlightened people began to see that something needed to be done. First on the scene were the churches. An enterprising minister organised a small first-aid tent outside the factory gate. Soon, with the backing of the Council of Churches, it grew into a properly built clinic, able to give first-aid to quite serious cases and to treat minor injuries. The town council became interested, together with local bodies like the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club.

The clinic grew into a small hospital with modern equipment, an operating theatre, and a full-time staff of doctors and nurses. Several lives were saved. Finally, the factory management, seeing the good that was being done and wishing to prove itself enlightened, gave the hospital its official backing, with unrestricted access to the factory, a small annual grant, and ambulance to speed serious cases from workshop to hospital ward.

But, year by year, as production increased, the accident rate continued to rise. More and more men were hurt and maimed. And in spite of everything the hospital could do, more and more people died from the injuries they received. Only then did some people begin to ask if it was enough to treat people's injuries, while leaving untouched the machinery that caused them.

By kind courtesy: "Action and Development".

Am I my Brother's Keeper?

When the voice of God spoke to the first born of Man; an awe-inspiring question was uttered: "Cain, where is your brother?" "These words," said Father Ceyrac, "are wonderful words for me. If each one of us asks this same question — Where is my brother — here in this vast city, in the dark hovels of misery, in the slums, on the over-crowded pavements, then half the battle is won". He was speaking in the context of social injustice in India, of everyday problems besetting our millions of brothers and sisters, of which perhaps we all knew but had never been keenly aware.

We all know perhaps that in India the gap between the rich and the poor is very wide. While the rich live in the lap of luxury, the poor do not even make it to the

knees of comfort. It would be no exaggeration to say that the present economic crisis has hardly affected the rich who continue along the 'primrose way' of gala spending in spite of the hike in prices. The poor man on the other hand has always been haunted by the spectre of starvation. Now, in these hard times, day to day living has become a grim question of survival. In India the poor man has even demonstrated the meekness of a lamb, the patience of a donkey, the endurance of an ox. How much longer before he reaches the breaking point?

While things are mounting to a crisis in this way, we wonder what the role of the 'enlightened' community is. Hitherto, education has also been responsible for creating division between the rich and the poor, the educated have emerged as a class by themselves, distinguished by their celestial aloofness from the problems of the community. But now, when things are coming to a head, when in our suffering millions of countrymen we can recognise the peasant on the eve of the French Revolution, or his starving counterpart on the eve of the Red Revolution, the educated community can no longer be complacent. Perhaps we are all basically selfish and whatever we do must be motivated with a view to self-preservation. Or perhaps there is truly an awakening of conscience in all of us. Whatever it is, I consider it a hopeful sign that we are no longer academically asking the question 'What is poverty?' instead we ask ourselves, 'Why does it exist? Why should it exist?' It is a giant step forward in our humanisation.

A change of heart is therefore a pre-requisite in any scheme for social justice. Unless there is a willing personal commitment to social justice, nothing can be done. For, whatever we undertake by way of positive action to bring about social justice would lack the vital human element: a warmth of personality and a genuine compassion that make the simplest of actions—a helping hand reaching out to a brother or sister—ever so much more meaningful.

But this alone is not enough. It is not enough to say that we are concerned about the under-privileged. For there has been enough of talking in every sphere of life in India. Feeling without Action is just as meaningless as Action without Feeling. The crying need is for positive Action. Now. Each one of us could give of ourselves to projects aimed at the eradication of social evils. We are needed in the slums of Madras, in the Corporation Schools, at Social Service Centres, in Literacy Projects, and even in the college to devise and plan employment for poor women. The possibilities are endless and it is encouraging to note that already, in our college, many classes are translating their enthusiasm and feelings into positive action.

This mood of buoyant optimism is threatened. There is a tendency among chronic pessimists to quench the effervescent spirit of Youth and Hope. Visions of a great and prosperous India are blighted by fearful questions for these pessimists would ask: "What is the use of doing all this? The task ahead is stupendous. And even if we work in the slums it is not going to solve India's myriad problems: poverty, famine, hunger....."

Precisely. But we cannot admit defeat even before we start. Besides, it would be intolerable if we sit back and do nothing. It would be criminal not to feel concern, not to help.....We might as well share the guilt of Cain, his careless, facetious unconcern after a murder: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

On the other hand, if we contribute our mite towards social justice, though it might be the veriest drop in the ocean, only then will we be justified in living. A dying nation might then be given a new lease of life.

MISS HARIPRIYA, M.A.,
Assistant Professor of English

யான் கண்ட உண்மைக் காட்சிகளின் பின்னணியின் பயன் இது. இருளே பிழலாக எண்ணி வாழும் இம்மக்கள் ஒளியை வரவேற்க வெருவுகின்றனர். இருட்டினின்றும் ஒளிக்குக் கொணர்வது இளைஞர் கடன்.

குடிசையினுள் காண்பது :—

இருட்டுக் குடிசையினுள்ளே
உருக்கும் வேதனை என்னே!
கரும்பு தின்னக் காசு கேட்டு
கதறியே யழுவாள் சிறுமி;
விருப்புடன் காற்றாடி விடவே
வீரூப்புடன் சிறிடுவான் சிறுவன்;
நெருப்பில்லா அடுப்பை நோக்கி
உள்ளம் வெந்திடுவாள் தாயும்;
பொறுப்பில்லாத் தந்தை தானும்
பொல்லா வாழ்வு நடத்திடுவான்;
வெறுப்பு நிறைய வாழ்வதனில்
வெந்திடுவர் வீட்டு மக்கள்.

காணும் காட்சிகள் :—

வீலென்று அழும் குழந்தைதன்னை
வீணில் அடிப்பாளொரு சிறுமி;
வீழ்வற்று எழுமுறு சினந்தனை
விடை பெறச் செய்திடுவாள்;
வாலொன்றை குழைத்து நாயும்
வாள்வாளென்று கத்திக்
காலொன்றைக் கவ்வும்;
கடிதில் நாம் விரைந்திடுவோம்

வளரும் சினத்துடனே நாக்குழறி
 உளறும் சொல்லுடனே
 களர்நிலக் களிமகன் தான்
 கண்கள் சிவப்பேறச் செல்வான் ;
 வளமில்லா அவன் வாழ்வதளில்
 வறுமை வற்றாது ஒளிரும்.

குழாய்ச் சண்டை :—

குழாயடிச் சண்டையிலே
 குடுமிப் பிடி சிக்கும் ; வம்பர்
 குழாம் ஒன்று கூடிடும் ; ஆங்கே
 கலகம் ஒன்று விளைந்திடும் ;
 பாணிகள் பல உடையும்
 தாணச் சேணியின்
 தாளங்கள் எதிரொலிக்கும் ; வண்ட
 வாளங்கள் வெளிப்படும்.

மழை வந்தால் ?

மழையும் வந்திட்டால்
 மண்ணீர் ஓடிடும் ;
 கழைகள் கரைந்திட்டு
 மழைத்துளி உள்விழும் ;
 உழைக்கும் ஆடவர்தாம்
 ஓடுங்கிக் கிடந்திடுவர்
 தழைக்கும் வறுமையிலே—அது
 தானொன்றாகி விடும்.

மடியால் மலிந்து வரும் தீமை :—

சோம்பித் திரிந்திடுவர் ;
 உளம் சோர்வுற்று—உடல்
 கூம்பிக் கெடுவர்
 வீம்புடன் வீண்கதைகள்
 ஆவலுடன் பேசுடுவர்
 அதைப் பிறர்க்கு எடுத்துரைத்து
 ஆவது ஒன்றில்லா வாய்ச்
 சண்டை பின் முற்றி

அடிதடிச் சண்டையாகி
 ஆங்கொரு போர் நிகழும் ;
 துடிதுடிப்புக் குழந்தைகள்தாம்
 துட்டராகிக் கெடுவர்
 மடியால் மனிந்து வரும்
 மதியற்ற இச்செயல்தாம்
 மடிந்து மாண்டிடவே
 மாணவர் படை திரளட்டும் !

சமுதாயத் தீமைகள் :—

அழகுநிறை அணிகலன்கள்
 பழகின்ற சாமான்கள்
 உணவுப் பங்கீட்டு அட்டை
 உண்டான பொருட்கள் யாவும்
 அடகு வைத்திடுவர் ; அதில்
 பணமும் பெற்றிடுவர் ;
 கடனாக வட்டி ஏறிக்
 கடிதில் பொருள் மூழ்கும்
 இடருற்று மாய்ந்திடுவர்
 இம்மக்கள் மாநிலத்தே ;

இளைஞர் பணி :—

எழும் இளைஞர் சமுதாயம்
 எல்லையில்லா இருளினிலே
 விழும் இம்மக்கள் தம்மை
 விழிப்படையச் செய்தல் வேண்டும் !
 விழுமிய வாழ்க்கைதனை
 உழைப்பினில் பெற்றிடவே,
 விழைவுடன் சேவைதனை
 விரைவினில் அளித்தல் வேண்டும் !

K. LALLY,
 I B.Sc. (Maths.)

National Service Corps

So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others
I would almost say that we are indispensable and no man is
useless while he has a friend.

— R. L. Stevenson

But, alas! Many a man is compelled to live 'sans' a friend, while we are loved by others. But so long as we are loved, we love also, and as we love, we serve. Over two hundred enthusiastic volunteers guided by staff and student leaders, commenced work in late June 1974 soon after being enrolled in the National Service Scheme.

At the commencement of the year, three members were chosen to attend a "Leadership Training Course" for a week at the Community Service Centre. The three volunteers then joined the staff-in-charge to form a Planning Forum, which was convened to guide and plan the activities of the various projects of the National Service Scheme. This Forum, a new venture, proved to be a great help towards better organisation and greater co-ordination among the various projects. Student leaders were elected for each project and conducted weekly meetings for their groups, in an attempt to evaluate their work and to plan the work for the following week. A meeting was held every week, in which the members of the Planning Forum and the leaders of the various projects met to exchange reports and to discuss pressing problems and possible solutions.

A general body meeting on the 28th of July initiated the volunteers into social service. Various experiences were related and brief accounts were given of the activities of each project during the previous years.

At the Hospitals :

Hospitals have been major centres for N.S.S. activities and for the year 1974-75, three hospitals were included in the list of projects—General Hospital, Royapettah Hospital and Mental Hospital.

The members of the General Hospital project included twenty five eager volunteers who commenced work with mixed feelings—of fear, anticipation and enthusiasm—in a world of pain, anxiety and suffering. Their work embraced various sections of the hospital—the General Women's Ward, the Children's Ward and the Institute of Neurology. In the Women's and Children's Wards, cases were found which were at times as complex as suicide attempts and sometimes as simple as a burnt finger. The girls helped the nurses and doctors in offering consolation, sympathy and service to the patients. The Institute of Neurology displayed pitiful cases of strokes and disabilities. Besides offering companionship, the girls engaged themselves in filling forms, recording the necessary information about the patients with whom they were able to communicate.

Feast days were celebrated and the volunteers' attempts filled the Children's Ward with gay laughter in an atmosphere of festivity. The end of this year has left us sadder, it is true, but wiser, aware of the stark reality of suffering and aware of a few solutions.

At the Royapettah Hospital we rendered similar service as at General Hospital, but it presented certain problems which were peculiar to this set-up. The enthusiastic but inexperienced volunteers were not given as warm a welcome as they might have expected, but have in the course of the year, succeeded in winning the hearts of the hospital staff as well as of the patients. The volunteers visited the Men's, Women's and Children's Wards where they rendered practical help, such as taking temperatures, taking blood pressures, distributing medicines, and also offering words of comfort and consolation to unhappy and frustrated patients.

They also worked in the Burns and the Orthopaedic Departments. The members have been rewarded for their endeavours by small tokens of appreciation such as cards and letters which reveal the impact they have made on the patients.

The volunteers for social service at the Mental Hospital, Kilpauk were deeply moved and inspired by a convincing talk by the psychologist, Mrs. G. Menon. They were warned early that their service would be restricted to the children's section, where nine girls concentrated in bringing out talents latent in the children — children who were in a confused state of mind as a result of ill-treatment. The girls were greeted with dismal failures at first but were almost stubborn in their determination to help the retarded children. Now, they have been fortunate enough to see that their attempts have been fruitful. The children have responded to their kindness and were cheerful when they were taken on a day's 'spree' to the beach. The attempts to communicate with the adult patients were, however, not too successful.

At the Corporation School :

The twenty-four volunteers working at the Damodhar Corporation School were exposed to an entirely different aspect of the life and problems of the underprivileged. They were guided by their aim to improve the standard of education in the Corporation School in the vicinity. The volunteers' first visit to the school premises proved disheartening - the students were unruly and a general atmosphere of disorder prevailed. The girls were compelled to display sufficient enthusiasm for both the Corporation School children as well as themselves. They began by probing into the situation and unveiled the major problem that there were no extra-curricular activities to speak of. Now that the girls had a starting point, they set off with firm determination and introduced weekly cultural programmes known as the "Manavar Manram". These programmes instilled enthusiasm in the students. On Parents' Day, prizes were awarded and the invitation cards were painted by the school students themselves. Once a congenial relationship was established between the volunteers and the students, the former turned their attention towards their studies. The girls made the classes as interesting as possible by attaching amusing anecdotes to the most dreary of lessons. They have discovered and exploited the talents of the students and have firmly established themselves in the hearts of the once "little horrors".

At the Harijan Hostels :

Two sets of N. S. S. members were involved in the Harijan Hostels at Adyar and Kilpauk. Their work is similar but they also find that no two places are alike and some of the problems faced by the residents of the Adyar Hostel are very different from those faced by those living in the Kilpauk Hostel. One of the first aspects that struck the volunteers to the Adyar Hostel was the living conditions of the girls whose ages ranged from eight to eighteen. The volunteers resorted to the simple methods of improving hygiene — they scrubbed and swept the Hostel clean from wall to wall with the help of the girls. Once 'rapport' was established, the girls were willing to be guided. Extra-curricular activities were introduced such as singing, dancing, gardening and handwork. Celebrations were held to mark occasions such as Independence Day, and festivals like Deepavali and Pongal. The girls revealed their competitive spirit in sports. Two camps, one in September and the other in January, succeeded in instilling a feeling of oneness among the girls. The volunteers were struck by the pathetic living conditions and food habits of the girls, and the fact that the girls still managed to maintain their "joie de vivre". This jolted them into action and they approached Mr. Balraj, the Director of Harijan Hostels, and solved some of the problems in consultation with him.

The volunteers to Harijan Hostel, Kilpauk, were also greeted by eager young girls quite willing to learn new activities and to enjoy the company of girls hailing from a different background. Teaching, the members realised, required a great deal of patience. The girls were not able to grasp new methods very quickly but their interest proved encouraging. They realised the value of the help they were receiving and were quick in responding with their affection and goodwill. The volunteers to both hostels have found that their work has not just created in them an insight into the problems of the underprivileged but has also filled them with a burning desire to do their best for them.

Adult Literacy :

Adult Literacy, although a project which commenced in 1968, has proved to be a most difficult task. How does a young girl give advice to women who have raised families, faced births and deaths, lived through joys and sorrows — experiences she has never had in her life? This was the uphill task faced by twenty students who volunteered for this project. They worked thrice a week, each girl teaching five women. The women often walked in late with valid excuses — they had to cook for the family, they had to wait for their turn at the water pump. They were most doubtful about their ability to grasp the intricate art of reading and writing after so many years. But the students hit upon interesting methods. They recounted an anecdote and then chose the important words and phrases in the story. The women found it easy to grasp their meaning as they connected the words with the story. They were each allotted a little garden plot where they raised vegetables and greens. They learnt about budgeting, health and hygiene, and the importance of these was brought out through films. On

festive occasions the girls put up 'skits', sang songs and entertained the women. They were rewarded when the women had a valedictory function when they enacted a play and sang songs. It was heart-warming to find people who were so much older and who belonged to a different social set-up communicating so well.

Narikuravar Gypsy School :

The Narikuravar Gypsy School is a new venture and so the owner of the school as well as our volunteers work together to establish this still insecure school as firmly as possible. To control children ranging from five to eleven years is no easy task and the volunteers' imagination was constantly at work exploring new methods which would prove of interest to the little gypsies. Three committees were formed and the volunteers of each group devoted themselves to their particular field of activity. Finance is a pressing problem, and the girls are helping them by selling stamps. The volunteers are very eager to continue their work for they feel that in time, they will be able to do a great deal for the school.

Slum Development Projects :

The Slum Development Projects are the most complex of projects as they include every aspect of the lives of the underprivileged. The Gram Street Slum has been a centre of service for several years and rapport has been established firmly between the students and the slum-dwellers. This year, the volunteers went to the slum with a deceptive assurance, feeling that the path had already been paved for them. But, almost before they entered the slum, they found that they had a great deal of work to do. They formed a committee of the slum dwellers and impressed upon them the importance of getting personally involved in problems. They pointed out that the slum dwellers themselves contribute towards the uplift of the slum by approaching the authorities, and demanding their rights. They were very successful in this, as the committee approached the authorities and small lights and taps were fixed in the slums. The children were taken on a camp to Tonakela with the S. S. Puram slum children. A night school was started with some literate men who volunteered to teach the children. A food stall was set up to collect money and a jumble sale was held at the slum when clothes were sold at low rates to the people. The money collected from both sales were used towards improving the slum conditions.

The orientation course given by the N.S.S. staff on the social problem which India faces, motivated some volunteers to work at the Sivashanmughapuram slum. As this slum is a new field of activity, the slum-dwellers were understandably hostile and the confident students soon found their confidence slipping. They set out with great determination to organize the people of the community. They first established a close contact with the children who were affectionate. In September a "Youth against Dirt and Disease" camp was held at the slum, sponsored by the University. Various committees were formed such as Sanitation, Education, Health, Ration Cards and Maintenance Committees with the guidance of various important representatives from the Slum Clearance Board.

Pits were dug for the disposal of garbage, street lamps were installed, Health films were shown, a night school was started and new ration cards were issued. Thus in every field, action-oriented schemes were a success. The conditions have improved a great deal and the girls are now able to understand the problems and harsh realities of society, and they have acquired a sense of responsibility and are actively concerned about the welfare of their fellowmen.

R. RADHIKA,
I B.A. (Sociology).

அரிய பணி

பெண்களின் உரிமையைப் பற்றிப் பறைசாற்றும் இவ்வாண்டில், கல்வியின்றி, மன இருளில் அடிமைப்பட்டுக் கிடக்கும் மாதர் பலருக்கு மன விளக்கம் காட்டிடவே யாம் பங்கு பெறும் முதியோர் 'கல்வித்திட்டம்' என்னும் பணியைக் குறித்து இங்கு கூற வந்துள்ளோம்.

கல்லூரிக்குள்ளேயே செயலாக்கப்படும் இத்திட்டத்தில் புகழக வகுப்பு மாணவியரும், பட்டப்படிப்புப் பயிலும் மாணவியரும் இணைந்து செயலாற்றுகின்றனர். ஒவ்வொரு புதனன்று கூடி ஆராய்ந்து திட்டங்கள் உருவாக்குவோம். அதனை நல்லார்வமுடன் உழைத்து நடை முறைக்குக் கொணருவோம்.

தாய் சேய் திட்டத்தின் கீழ், கல்லூரிக்கு அண்மையிலுள்ள ஏழை மாதர் பலருக்குக் கல்லூரி நிர்வாகத்தால் சத்துணவு கொடுக்கப்படுகிறது. இது அவர்களின் குழந்தைகளுக்குக் கொடுக்கப்பட வேண்டிய ஊட்ட சத்து மிகுந்த உணவு வகைகளாகும். அதனை அம்மாதர் வாங்க வரும் பொழுது நாங்கள் கற்றுத் தருவது என்று முடிவாயிற்று. ஆகவே காலை 8-30 மணி முதல் 9.15 வரை தினமும் நாங்கள் அம்மாதருக்குப் படிப்பு சொல்லித் தருகிறோம்.

எண்ணற்ற கவலைகளால் வாடித் துவளும் அம்மாதர் எழுத்துக்கள் கற்பதில் பயனென்றும் இல்லை என்று கருதி, ஆர்வமற்று வந்து கொண்டிருந்தனர். கேடில் விழுச் செல்வமாம் கல்வியின் உயர்வைக் கனிவுடனே எடுத்துரைத்து, எளிமையாகப் பல கற்பித்து, ஆர்வத்தை உள்ளத்தில் ஊட்டினோம்.

வாரந்தோறும் கூடி நாங்கள், அவ்வாரத்திற்குரிய பாடத்தைத் தேர்ந்தெடுப்போம். சிறப்பான பெருமை பல வாய்ந்த அறமான பொன் மொழிகள் சிலவற்றைப் பொருளுடனே விளக்கி விரித்துரைத்து எழுத்தில் வடிக்கப் பயிற்றுவித்தோம். ஒன்றுக்கொன்று தொடர் புடைய பல பொருட்கள் பற்றிக் கலந்துரையாடி உட்பொருளை அவர் மறவா விதம் நடத்திச் செல்வதாலே, தாய்மார்க்கு மிகுந்த விருப்பமதில் ஏற்பட்டுள்ளது. ஆகவே, சரித்திரம், பூகோளம், விஞ்ஞானம், சுகாதாரம் இவை குறித்துப் புரியுமாறு எடுத்துரைத்துள்ளோம். கதைகள் கேட்பதிலே அவர் ஆர்வத்தை கண்கூடாய்க் கண்டபின்னர், சிறப்பான நீதி கொண்ட சிறுகதைகள் சில சொல்லி, அவற்றில் கருப் பொருளாயுள்ள பாத்திரங்களின் பெயர்களை எழுத்து வடிவத்தில் வடிக்கக் கற்றுத் தந்தோம்.

கல்லூரியின் பின்புறத்தே ஓரிடத்தில் தாய்மாருக்குத் தோட்டம் அமைத்துத் தரப் பட்டுள்ளது. பல காய்களைப் பயிரிட்டுப் பயன்பெறவே அத்தோட்டம். உழைப்பே உடைமையாய்க் கொண்ட மாதர் அத்திட்டத்தால் பயன்பல பெறுகின்றனர். சோம்பித் திரிபவர் நன்மை பெறாமல் மேலும் வாடுகின்றனர். இதில் எம் பங்கு மாதர்க்குப் பயிர்த் தொழிலால் விளையும் நன்மைகளைப் பாங்குற எடுத்தியம்புவதேயாம்.

பொருளின் அருமையறியாது. பயனற்றதில் வீணடிக்கும் அவர் நிலையைப் புரிந்து கொண்டோம். தீய பழக்கங்கள் பல பெற்ற இவர், தம் மக்களையும் தினந்தோறும் காசு கொடுத்துப் பழக்கிவிட்டு, அவர்கள் பெரியவராய் வளர்ந்த பின்னர் மிகுந்த தொல்லைக் குள்ளாகின்றனர். இனிய சொற்களால், பணிவான மொழிகளாலே, அன்பான உள்ளத் தோடு அவர் மனம் புண்படாவண்ணம் அனுதினமும் இத்தீய பழக்கங்களை போக்குதற் குரிய வழிமுறைகளை எங்கள் சிற்றறிவுக்கு ஏற்ற வகையில் எடுத்தியம்பி வருகிறோம். வரவு செலவு கணக்கு எழுதுவது, இதை போக்க ஒரு சிறந்த வழி என்பதனையும் அறிவுறுத்தியுள்ளோம். அவர்கள் ஆர்வத்துடன் யாவற்றையும் கேட்டுக் கொண்டார்கள். செயலாற்றிப் பயன் பெறுகிறார்களா என்பதை இனிமேல் தான் பார்க்கவேண்டும்.

சுதந்திர நாளதனையும், முதியோர் கல்வித்தினத்தையும், சிறப்பாக குழந்தைகள் நாளையும், அவர்கள் புரிந்துணரும் வகையில், பல கலை நிகழ்ச்சிகளுடன் பகட்டின்று விழா வெடுத்து தெளிவுறுத்தினோம். மகிழ்ந்தார்கள்! இரசித்தார்கள்!

'நெல்லுக்குப் பாயும் நீர் சிறுபுல்லுக்கும் பாயுமாறு' முதியோர் திட்டத்தில் பணியாற்றும் நாங்கள் இவர்தம் மக்கள் நால்வருக்கு அனுதினமும் இன்றியமையாப் பள்ளிப்பாடம் கற்பிக்கிறோம்.

பிரச்சனைகள் பல்வேறு கண்டு விட்டோம், பலமான உறுதியுண்டு எம்மிடம். பணி செய்வதிலே அளவற்ற உற்சாகம் பெற்ற யாம், கண்டோம் பல தீர்வுகள்! தோல்விகளைத் தாங்கி மாற்றும் துணிவு, பிறருடனே பழகும் பணிவான முறை, பெரியோரை மதித்து அறிவுறுத்தும் ஆற்றல், ஏழையென்ற தாழ்வு எண்ணம் நீக்கம், கூட்டு முயற்சியின் பெரு நன்மை, திட்டமிட்டே செயலாற்றும் வலிமை இவையாவும் பெற்றோம் யாம், இத்திட்டத்தில் பணி செய்வதாலே!

உலக அனுபவம் மிக்க தாய்மார்க்கு யாம் கல்வி மட்டுமே அளித்திடுகிறோம். ஆனால் அவர்களிடமிருந்தும் சில நன்மை தெரிந்து கொண்டு, கல்விதனை அளிப்பதால் உள மகிழ்வு, அனுபவம், பொதுநோக்கு, பண்புள்ளம் என பல நன்மைகள் பெறுகிறோம்.

வறுமையிலே வாடித் தவிக்கும் அல்லிக்கே வேண்டிய நீராய் ஆக முடியாதாயினும் அம்மலரை மலர்விக்கும் நிலவான கல்விதனை அளித்திடும் முயற்சியே எம் அரிய பணி.

—Adult Literary Volunteers
N.S.S.

Social Awareness — In Action

The hand of friendship :

“The living need more charity than the dead” said George Arnold. We realised the truth of this statement after a visit to the school for the Deaf in Teynampet. Our class, the first year B. Sc. Maths, was involved in this part of the Social Awareness programme under which several schemes had been started in the college.

Saturday afternoon was found to be convenient and though the original enthusiasm dwindled a little during the course of the year, we were warmly encouraged by Sister Leonie Mary and Mrs. Rajeswari. This kept us going and soon we found that something really worthwhile was happening. Our main aim was to get to know the students personally and help them in any little way we could.

On our first day at the school we found most of the students in the playground. The older ones came forward to meet us. At first we found it difficult to start a conversation for we did not know how to communicate with the deaf. But we were all eager to make friends with them and soon we got them “talking” (One *can* use the word ‘talk’ because they really did try to talk) and even when we didn’t understand them sometimes, we pretended we did because we did not want to hurt them.

We went there almost every Saturday afternoon visiting their classroom and their hostel alternately. We could communicate more easily with the older groups of children. We talked to the students individually about their homes and families (if they had any) and we would speak to them without using gestures so that we could encourage them to lip read. Some of us helped the girls with their homework, corrected their letters for them, played games with them and even taught them to play chess. Subsequent visits made us such a familiar part of their lives that some of them would chide us in a friendly manner if one or another of us failed to turn up on a Saturday. It was gratifying to know that they enjoyed our visits.

We realised that much more than any material help, these children needed our friendship to place them on an equal footing and we soon forgot about their handicap which was what they wanted us to do. We would often compare notes about our studies—their sincerity and diligence constantly put us to shame and looking at their note books and their delicate embroidery we found ourselves speechless. If they learnt from us, we learnt a lot from them too. We managed to contribute Rs. 50/- towards their scheme to set up two Television sets in the school. We were glad to do our little bit.

We have not only made ourselves aware of people less fortunate than us, we have accepted the responsibility of doing our best for them. What is more, we have made them aware that all the world is not so insensitive as they may sometimes think.

SANDHYA RAMASWAMY,
(Co-ordinator)
I. B.Sc. Mathematics

Experiences and Impressions :

Gram Street

Work in the Gram Street Slum has been going on for several years now, and this year we've succeeded in getting people more INVOLVED. They aired their ills and grievances at a meeting for slum dwellers that we held at Stella Maris. At last our dream of making the people realise that only they can contribute most for the uplift of Gram Street had come true. This was a vital turning point, and henceforth we found that they took an active interest and worked in close co-ordination with us. Their enthusiasm saw the opening of the night school by the Harijan Welfare Minister. Young men volunteered to teach children after hours of heavy work. The course that they attended at Stella Maris helped them to tide over their problems and improve their teaching techniques. Undoubtedly, we had some harrowing experiences that depressed us, but thanks to our co-ordinator, Sr. Maddelena, we always managed to see the bright side of things. The children in Gram Street were a lovable lot. We had gay times during the combined camp with the S. S. Puram children which we organized at Tonekala.

We conducted meetings and intensive work camps on nutrition and hygiene during the September holidays, and encouraged them in their attempts to solve their own problems. It was a big day in Gram Street, when two street lamps and waterpumps were installed. The women were a little wary about the Small Saving Scheme that we tried to introduce. We persuaded three women to join the scheme and though it sounds a paltry number it was definitely a breakthrough. Funds were raised by putting up food stalls and by selling cards. A clothes collection campaign was held at college and we plan to sell them to the Gram Street people at reasonable rates.

Our visits to Gram Street made us realise that there should not be any 'Donts' enforced on them but that gentle persuasion worked wonders. It was generally felt that with a little more co-operation and less of party feeling, the people in Gram Street will soon see better days.

ROSALINE ROCHE,
III B.A. Literature

We Have Become Aware

The staff and students of the Department of Economics have become increasingly interested in studying the socio-economic conditions of our "Neighbours" — workers, villagers, people who are less privileged — with a view to finding some solution to their problems. This enthusiasm has been accentuated this year by the fresh outburst of social awareness in the college.

Our studies ranged from surveys of working women's conditions in low income groups to an analysis of the amazing transformation of Tharamani — an agricultural village into a suburb of Madras City.

We surveyed the households of sixty four casually employed women among the poorer sections of the city and found that 53% of these women were 'self employed', mostly as vendors while 36% were domestic servants receiving appalling low wages, often way below Rs. 25/- per month. The surprising fact was that these women were not unduly perturbed by this state of affairs. The vendors apparently were not so badly off. Another glaring feature that struck one almost immediately was the high rate of illiteracy. 34% of the women were illiterates despite the availability of free educational opportunities. It is imperative that intensive adult literacy programmes should be got under way among these women. In comparison, the women employed in Government offices as clerks or typists seemed to be in a better position even though clerical types of jobs undertaken by graduates seemed highly inconsistent with their level of education. It was found that dissatisfaction with jobs was strongly prevalent among the unmarried employed, while 56% of the married women were satisfied with their jobs which were probably only secondary means to supplement the household income. About 90% of these women workers expressed a desire to continue in their jobs even though only 80% of the unmarried and 56% of the married had taken up jobs voluntarily. This fact throws some light on the difference between the ability to join the labour force and the willingness to enter the labour market among the women in urban areas. While the need for taking up jobs exists among middle class women, a great proportion of these, if given the option would not want to work. For many married women there is no option — taking up jobs and shouldering the burden of household responsibilities seem to be indispensable to make both ends meet.

Contrary to the contentions of Coale and Hoover, the city working women in our sample seemed to feel that a successful combination of career and family life was possible and feasible. Our statistics revealed one unusual feature, that is, the proportion of women who felt that a career and family life was incompatible were the unmarried women. This goes to show that our educated girls assume responsibility only after marriage — that is, only when the actual situation arises!

Next, we turned our eyes to Tharamani which in 1949 was a specimen of a flourishing agricultural village but is now more or less an extension of the city suburbs with all its vicissitudes. What had happened was not so much a transition as a 'desolation'. The advent of the I.I.T. had sounded the death knell of agriculture and the rural exodus into Madras city began the absorption of Tharamani into the I.I.T. campus. The "Villagers" who did not find employment in the city went to work at the I.I.T. which we discovered, was the major employer in these parts. People wallow in poverty with meagre incomes and irrational spending patterns; every "villager" was in debt, and was borrowing beyond his means while the women in their huts bravely try to keep their fires burning. The situation is an "interlocking mesh of vicious circles".

What we need is not a grand village improvement scheme but a self-awareness scheme to motivate the villagers who are so calmly resigned to their fates.

Our surveys no doubt were limited in scope and size, but the lessons we learned through direct contact with people enriched our awareness.

More than ever before, we have become conscious of the stark realities of life, of the struggles of the working class; but we need to penetrate deeper to become aware of the complexities of their day-to-day lives before we can go into action and attempt to find solutions to their problems.

Knowledge comes through learning and experience and wisdom lingers — the wisdom to discern the root cause of social injustice so that our awareness can light up new vistas of change and progress.

STAFF AND STUDENTS,
Department of Economics



Pulicat Calls Again

The camp at Pulicat organised for the History students from the 26th to the 29th December 1974, aimed at creating an awareness in the people of their problems, and awakening in them a desire for self-improvement. The programme for the three days was drawn up in consultation with the staff of the Social Work Department.

The first day started with a fruitful discussion with the Panchayat leaders and elders of the village. The deepening of the estuary, the non-availability of drinking water and the lack of rice supply in the ration shops were the most pressing problems. The medical check-up the next morning brought us a pleasant surprise— anxious mothers took the trouble to bring their little ones for a check-up. Of the hundred and fifty babies, the healthiest five were awarded prizes of new clothes. The evening of the same day brought a large gathering of young and old to view some interesting films on village development, parent-teacher co-operation in the education of their children, family planning and the like.

The last day of the camp was scheduled for sports which was thoroughly enjoyed by young and old, at the end of which prizes were distributed. Our spare moments during the three days were spent in getting to know the villagers and visiting the ancient cemetery which contained valuable monuments and inscriptions in Portuguese. We copied these inscriptions for a thorough study of the history of Pulicat at a later date.

To us students, the camp was a unique experience of living and working together. More important, it was an occasion to make our learning fruitful in service. We hope that our efforts, though at present but drops of water, will help to make a mighty ocean and lead to the substantial progress of the village.

S. SUMATHY,
III B.A. (History)

An Experience

“I shall kill you. You should be in the hospital while I am in prison”, he snarled.

“I don’t care. I’ll not budge from this place. The child belongs to me,” she retorted.

“You bitch! Have you got any sense? Leave this child alone. Otherwise I’ll thrash you,” he yelled.

Thoroughly confused and moved to tears by the quarrel between her parents, the child went near her mother for protection. Still unaware that she was the root cause of their conflict the child cast terrified glances towards her father. A man stood with a knife in his hands, the wife crouched in a corner. Vessels and boxes were scattered everywhere.

What is all this about? Can you guess? Is it a rehearsal going on for the inter-year dramatics competition in the college? Or a bit of a dialogue from any film? Is it a drunkard talking to his wife?

The last guess is partly correct. It is a slum dweller of S. S. Puram arguing with his wife.

This is an episode which occurred during our Y.A.A.D. Camp in S. S. Puram in September. The children having seen the usual scene ran to their blocks to spread this news. More men and women streamed in.

I stood, baffled. Sumathi asked me whether we could get involved in the situation. I couldn’t think straight. Sumathi quietly approached him and gently called to him. Immediately he turned towards her. ‘Sir, please don’t do that. Drop that knife. You must not quarrel before that child. You are setting a bad example to her. Don’t you know that a child’s mind is like wet cement. Whatever you have said and done will make an indelible impression on her. Of course, both mother and father have an equal share in the upbringing of the child. So, you should bring her up in a peaceful atmosphere’. Sumathi continued on these lines. He seemed to give a patient hearing to what she said and dropped that knife. She requested him to take the child out for a walk. She added, “Before going to bed this night do think over the matter. Don’t give room for such an incident in future”. The man promised to do so. “No one could have handled it better,” I said to Sumathi. We walked out of the place with a triumphant feeling of having done our bit in preventing the quarrel from taking a worse turn.

During our subsequent visits, we learned that the “hero” of this incident is leading a quiet life free from ill-feelings and misunderstanding. He still remembers us with gratitude. It is extremely heartening to us to know that he strives to live as an understanding and considerate father and husband.

M. D. ROHINI,
I B.A.



Leadership - XXI

The aim of this ambitious programme by Stella Maris College was to create youth leaders for the India of Tomorrow. A small group of young people was selected from the various women's colleges in Madras. It was an odd assortment of girls who arrived at the Community Welfare Centre, Kilpauk. Hardly anyone knew the other. After the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Sundaravadivelu's address, we had a short coffee break which established an atmosphere of friendliness.

The programme, an intensive course in leadership training, was packed with lectures, seminars, discussions and field visits. Our first lecture was on 'Leadership and Communication' by Mr. G. V. N. Mudaliar of "Tube Investments". The most interesting item of the day, however, was our field visit to the Mercy Home for Destitutes. We began with the Children's Ward which was spotlessly clean and well maintained. Here we saw babies suffering from malnutrition, invalid and diseased ones, and some who were orphaned. But a trait which was common to them all was the smile they had for every visitor. This could not be ignored - we had to respond to it. After some time spent with them we passed on to the next ward where we were in direct contact with suffering humanity - the chronically ill, the mentally retarded and the disabled. It was an overwhelming experience. Finally we were led into the ward where the incurably ill were. We sensed at once the despair and hopelessness here - the patients gazed fixedly and unseeingly - how could we help?

The next day began with a lecture by Mr. M. T. Paul on "Understanding One-self and Others". Mr. K. N. George delivered a very impressive and dynamic lecture on "Student Leadership". He was a revolutionary speaker who inspired us to exercise

student rights to the utmost to achieve a good end. That evening we visited the Bala Vihar - the school for the mentally retarded children. It was definitely a new experience to talk to these children who were so trusting and affectionate. From here we proceeded to T. P. Chathiram and we were conducted around the slum.

We looked forward to the next day, for it was going to be devoted entirely to Public Relations. It was conducted by the Institute of Public Relations and Management. Experts in the field like Mr. Haksar and Mr. Barathan spoke to us. The camp was definitely not one of all work and no play, though. In the evenings we relaxed and were entertained by the ingenious creations of the Recreation Committee which we had formed.

Thursday began with a series of lectures and discussions. The topic of the day was 'Indian Social Problems and Needs.' Dr. Srinivas spoke on 'Disease and Disabilities', Mrs. Viji Srinivasan on 'Slums', Mrs. Singh on 'The Socially Handicapped' and the session wound up with Mrs. Paul's lecture. More impressive than these talks were our various field visits, and our reaction to what we saw. For after every visit we sat down and discussed the day's happenings and thus came to know the others' views and how they reacted emotionally to what we all saw. But it did not stop with mere discussions of solutions to the problems confronting us. In the second phase of the programme the girls took up various agencies like Bala Vihar, Deaf and Dumb School, Mercy Home, Slums and did constructive work.

Friday morning was another strenuous day. It began with lectures but we sailed through it happily for we knew we were going to visit 'Saligram' in the afternoon. This is a residential school for destitute and very poor boys who cannot afford to have a decent education. It offers them a comfortable life while giving them a formal education and an intensive training in technical courses.

We greeted the last day of the camp with mixed emotions - happy to be returning home, sad that this lovely course had come to an end. We had a 'crash' course in Public Speaking under the guidance of Mr. Ramanathan who dealt with us so expertly that our nervousness vanished, so much so that we were able to go up to the mike and deliver an impromptu speech. The camp came to an end with the valedictory ceremony in the evening.

This leadership programme was a success - it trained us as leaders no doubt but also created in us a sense of awareness, made us keenly aware of our responsibility as human beings to the less privileged people around us.

The first phase of the programme being theoretical, a second phase was organised by the college authorities. Here we could translate into action what we had learnt. We had to choose one of the various agencies offered - Bala Vihar, Mercy Home, Home for the Aged, Slums like Shiva Shanmugapuram and work there. We aimed at establishing personal contact with these people before beginning to deal with their various problems, and this proved rewarding.

The second term saw us at a 'Rural Camp' at Vedanthangal to observe village life. Our arrival there was heralded by rain. Since we had gone there to harvest groundnuts we squared our shoulders and resolutely set to work in the rain pulling out the groundnut plants. After lunch and a short stroll, we were back at the job. You can do only two things in a groundnut field. You either root out the plants from the field, or you sit around plucking the nut from the plant. This is exactly what we did the next day too. All at once it seemed to be time to pack our baggage and get into the Madras bus, which unexpectedly dropped us at Chingleput. We were forced to clamber into another bus and arrived at the city at an unearthly hour. We were none the worse for the trip for certainly it was an unique experience after all.

MALLIKA DASAN,
II B.A. Literature

English Speaking Course for Bus Conductors

About 108 bus conductors of the Pallavan Transport Corporation pride themselves in being the students of Stella Maris. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at the stroke of 4-30 p.m. they stride into the campus with a file in their hands, avail themselves of a cup of coffee and hurry to their respective class rooms on the second floor.

The English Speaking Course was started in mid February in response to an appeal from the Regional Manager of the P. T. C. We were thoroughly convinced of the value of such a course for it would be a sign of appreciation of the services of the bus conductors which we take so much for granted ; it would also go a long way in building up cordial relations between the bus conductors and the student community at large. Above all, it would be a concrete expression of the sense of social awareness and national service which the college is striving to inculcate in the students. No sooner had we accepted this proposal than the Education Officer of P. T. C. was besieged with applications from the bus conductors. The pressure was so great that a selection had to be made and the originally agreed upon strength of eighteen had to be increased to one hundred and eight. Under the direction of Sister Christine, the N. S. S. Officer, the course was inaugurated on the 12th of February. The one hundred and eight bus conductors were divided into seven groups. Each group was assigned to a panel of three teachers. The staff consisted of a number of teaching sisters and senior students of the college.

The bus conductors made good students — they were industrious, punctual and eager to learn. Home work was asked for and done with meticulous care. They broke the record of the student community in never wanting a holiday. In an atmosphere of understanding and acceptance even the diffident and shy ones became daring and bold. They spoke English non-stop, unmindful of the mistakes they made.



Rapt attention.....

The obvious outcome of all these painstaking efforts was steady progress. Their vocabulary increased; correct construction of sentences and apt expressions were learned.

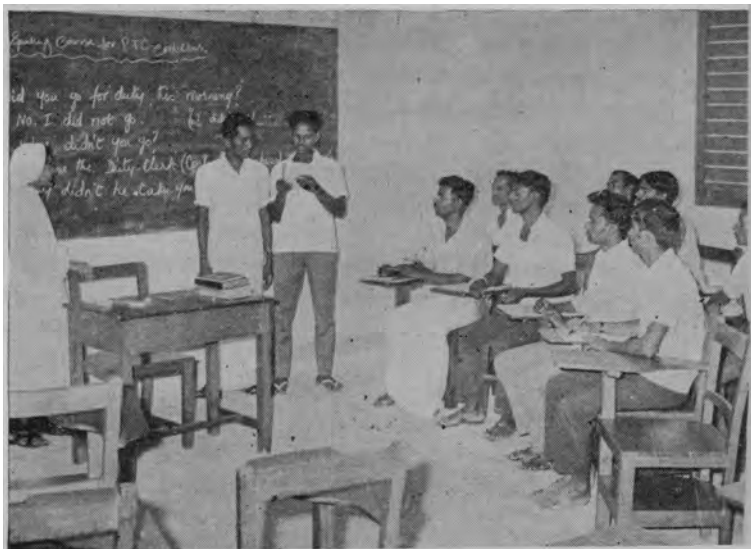
The staff was equally enthusiastic. It was encouraging and satisfying to teach students who possessed a genuine thirst for knowledge. A special syllabus was prepared drawing up basic sentence patterns which were drilled time and again, until the learner mastered them.

The progress was quite evident from the evaluation session held at the P. T. C. auditorium on Saturday the 8th of March. The entire programme was conducted in English unlike the inaugural function which was in Tamil. All the speeches were perfectly understood and appreciated. The conductors gave their first speech in public. They were grateful to the P. T. C. officials as well as to the college for all the help and felt thrilled when Sr. Principal addressed them as "Students of Stella Maris".

The course will be resumed in June and will continue till September. By then we hope that the conductors will have attained a certain proficiency in the English language.

SISTER CHRISTINE,
N. S. S. Officer.

.....and participation



The College - School Complex - 1974-75

There is always room for pioneering work to be done in the field of education and Stella Maris College was happy to explore possibilities under the guidance and support of the All India Association for Christian Higher Education. One way in which Stella Maris could play the role of a co-ordinator of educational facilities was through the formation of a College-School Complex.

The aim for such a fraternity of schools under the leadership of a college is to bridge the gap between schools and college and to pool resources in order to make education more relevant to local needs.

Stella Maris formed a College-School Complex with ten schools in the neighbourhood and placed at the disposal of these schools the facilities and expertise available in the college. The schools were invited to suggest areas where help might be required and it was found that teachers of New Maths would welcome a course in Geometry, the Science Teachers required lectures on Popular Science topics and even suggested a Joint-Science Exhibition.

The suggestions from the schools started a number of activities. One of the schools had just been up-graded and the enthusiastic Head Mistress was eager that the pupils should not suffer any loss due to lack of facilities. At her request and with her unstinted co-operation, students of Stella Maris took classes in needle-work, drawing, games and group study. The college students found their involvement with high school students satisfying and the enthusiasm of the high school students was most infectious.

While students of Stella Maris reached out to the school students, the Science and Mathematics lecturers of Stella Maris conducted week-end sessions on Popular Science topics, a few demonstrations and a course in Geometry. In the meanwhile, preparations were going on for the Joint Science Exhibition for three days. There were sections on New Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry and Biology and the College Campus was alive with the school children who felt a thrill of adventure visiting the college campus. At the concluding function, certificates were given to the enthusiastic participants of the Science Exhibition.

The college showed its interest in the non-academic needs of high school students by arranging a three day camp for Community Development at Royapettah during which college students worked with children from the neighbouring schools. Lectures on Family Life Education were given to schools which requested them, and a Joint Cultural Show was arranged for three days with competitions in Debates, One Act Plays and Variety Entertainments.

The Valedictory of the College-School Complex was held on 19th March, 1975. The participating schools answered the evaluation questionnaire and expressed their impressions of the programme while offering their suggestions. The schools were eager

that the programme should continue and should be an on-going process. The co-ordinator of the programme, Miss Rajalakshmi of the Department of Botany, declared that the co-operation from the schools and from her colleagues was heartening. Sister Irene rightly observed that it was the spirit of sharing and giving of one's best that united all those who contributed to the College—School Complex. Thus it was that Stella Maris College took the first step in offering leadership to educational institutions in the neighbourhood by co-ordinating educational endeavour through the College—School Complex.

Mrs. SOWMU FRANCIS, M.A ,
Assistant Professor in English

Social Awareness as a P. U. Sees IT

What is social awareness? It is the quality of being aware of our social surroundings, being aware of the people around us and being interested in them and their problems. Though this may appear to be a simple thing, unless this quality is inculcated in childhood, we can grow up entirely self-centred without a thought for others or for the society in which we live.

It is the duty of everyone of us in society to help to cheer up someone less fortunate than us. There are so many who are unhappy, who have no food, no clothes, nothing at all and all this through no fault of their own! Is this fair? What have they done that they deserve unhappiness and what have we done that we can live so well? We could very easily be in their place, then wouldn't we like it if someone took an interest in us or tried to help us?

By helping we don't mean just monetary help for the poor. Many of us give away money, but do we really feel for the poor? Again helping should not be confined to places like hospitals, homes for the poor, slums and similar places. If we simply look around us, we can see thousands of ways in which we can make ourselves helpful.

From their earliest years, children should be taught to share things with their brothers and sisters or with other children. They should learn to sympathise with those who are less fortunate than themselves and to help them. The child who has been taught to be kind and considerate to young and old, and not to hurt others' feelings will grow into a sympathetic adult.

Since social awareness is so essential, most schools and colleges have programmes for fostering this quality in children. At school the girl-guide activities and first aid training teach children how to help those in distress or who have been suddenly taken ill or injured. Later, especially at college, their efforts are channelled through the National Service Scheme into many worthwhile projects. Teaching the illiterate or semi-literate to read, explaining the need for hygiene to slum dwellers, working with

the physically disabled, all these are organized ways in which college students help their less fortunate human beings.

We feel and know what we are doing is something worthwhile, something useful and that gives us self-confidence and the courage to act in the right way. Life is indeed greater when we give.

Unless we are always aware of all that is happening around us and are able to perceive how it will affect us and those around us, we cannot rise to the challenges of a fast changing society where we have to recognise everyone else as our equal and be aware of them — be aware that they too have a right to live, to breathe, to expect.

SARANYA KUMAR — P.U. 5

DILSHAD — P.U. 5

Whither Courtesy ?

It was about nine-thirty in the morning — the busiest time of the day in the city. Amidst a huge crowd of people stood an old man in the scorching sun waiting for his bus. Cars whizzed by, people scurried past him. Many a time he was knocked about by the passers-by. There was not a single soul amongst them who stopped to say 'sorry'.

Fifteen minutes passed. A bus was now in sight. There was a bustle. As the bus approached nearer, the old man asked a young gentleman the number of the bus, only to be greeted by a "Get out of my way". He asked a few others, but no one had time for him. The people scrambled into the bus. The bus moved away. A few more buses went by in the same fashion.

It was over an hour since the old man had been waiting at the bus stop when a fairly empty bus halted and the old man managed to get into it with great difficulty. There were people who said that the old man took too long a time to get into the bus and yet others who said that old people should not be allowed to travel in buses. All the seats in the bus were occupied and so the old man had to stand. He was weak with age and could not stand steadily in the moving bus and stamped a gentleman's foot, and was asked menacingly to move off.

An incident such as this is not uncommon today. It is just one of the many instances which emphasise the decline in social behaviour. Today small courtesies and good behaviour seem to matter so little. It is true that we have made tremendous progress in the field of science and we may plan to build colonies on Jupiter and Mars. But where people and society are concerned we are indifferent and callous. It is today a world where one human being does not respect another, where he is totally unaware

of the other's existence or at least pretends to be. He lives in his own world of egoism and has no connection whatsoever with the outside world. What is it that has made us so callous towards the feelings of others? Have people become so involved in their own personal aggrandisement that they have become apathetic towards the world around them? Or are these just bestial appetites of a supposedly civilized man?

When we see a blind person on the road, do we consider it our duty to help him cross? When we give a beggar a coin, do we give it as one human being would give another? When we see a person fall, do we consider it our duty to help him? Do we say 'sorry' and mean it truly when we are wrong? Do we say 'thank you' when we have received? Are we aware of the people around us?

It would not be too much to say that we are becoming like animals — deprived completely of our reasoning, understanding and social awareness. Why have we become so impassive? What is it that makes man a man and distinguishes him so clearly from animals? Man has been made to live with the people, to work with them and work for them. The real man is the one who is filled with a Sense of Duty — one who is ready to immolate his own ambitions because of a sense of duty. These are but the small courtesies of life, but they are those that really matter — those which make man really a man.

NEELA G. MANDE,
P. U. I

गरीबों की पुकार

ऐ माँ। यह कैसा सहमा - सा अंधेरा छाया तेरी समाधि पर ।
देख हमारी ओर आँखों से आँसू बह रहे हैं गालों पर ।
काश ! इक बार भी मिल जाता वही प्यार हमें ।
जिसको याद करके हो रहा दुख बार बार हमें ॥

जिनके हाथों में तुमने हमारा दामन सौपा था ।
वह भी एक रोज़ हमें अकेला ही छोड़ गये ।
जाने क्या बात हुई कि वह हमारी उलझी दशा से मुँह मोड़ गये ।

और हमारी दुनियाँ में वह अँधेरा ही अँधेरा छोड़ गये ।
हमारी दुनियाँ में न वह प्यार, न ममता, न खतलता थी ।
चारों ओर देखा तो तमाशाई और हमारी बरबाद दुनियाँ थी ।

अचानक हमारी ओर एक हाथ बढ़ा जिससे हमने शांति का संदेश लिया ।
मगर दुनिया के सृष्टिकर्ता ने उसे आधे में ही रोक लिया ।

हमारे दिल की उजड़ती दुनियाँ दुख के तूफानों में खो गई ।
सावन की काली घटायेँ हमारी बरबादी पर रो गई ।
देशके रखवालों ने हमें अपना कहकर बेगाना बना दिया ।
हमारी निर्धनता और बेबसी को याद रखने वाला अफसाना बना दिया ।

चारों ओर मचा हुआ है भ्रष्टाचार ।
हो चुका गरीबों पर है बहुत अत्याचार ।
ऐ हिन्द के रखवालो ! अब तो आँख खोल दो ।
इन गरीबों केलिये सत्य और न्याय का मार्ग खोल दो ॥
बापू ने क्या इसलिये था अपना तन - मन - धन दिया ।
क्या यही था वह सन्देश जो चाचा नेहरु ने हमें दिया ।
इन गरीबों की पुकार को हम बहरे कानों तक पहुँचायेंगे ।
उन्हें अन्न, वस्त्र औ न्याय का समान अधिकार दिखायेंगे ।

SUKHBIR
I B A. History

சமுதாய விழிப்புணர்வு

சமுதாய விழிப்புணர்வு நமக்குத் தேவை என்பது பற்றிப் பலர் கூறக் கேட்டுள்ளோம். 'விழிப்பு, உறக்கத்தில் ஆழ்ந்தவனுக்குத்தானே!' எனும் கேள்வி உள்ளத்தில் தோன்றுவது இயல்பு. நாம் உறங்கித்தான் போய்விட்டோம், அந்நியன் கையில் ஆட்சியை ஒப்படைத்தபோது ஆரம்பித்த துயில் சிறுசிறு விழிப்புகளுடன் இன்னும் தொடர்கிறது. இராமன் ஆண்ட அயோத்தியை இராவணனிடம் தாரை வார்த்துக் கொடுத்து விட்டு, 'இராமன் ஆண்டாலென்ன, இராவணன் ஆண்டாலென்ன?' எனத் துயிலில் ஆழ்ந்தோம். நம்மைத் தட்டியெழுப்பக் கர்மவீரர் காந்தியும், அமைதி விழைந்த நேருவும், இரும்பு மனிதர் வல்லபபாய் படேலும், கவிக்குயில் சரோஜினி தேவியும், பாவேந்தர் பாரதியும் தியாகச் செம்மல்கள் பலரும் திரண்டு வந்தனர். நீண்ட இரவை முடித்து வைத்தனர். வைகறையின் ஒளியினிலே மகிழ்ந்த நாம் சுதந்திர பாரதத்தைத் தன்னிறைவு பெற்றதாக்க ஒன்று படாமல், மடியின் பிடியிலகப்பட்டு, தொலைக்கவொண்ணா மிடியில் அடிமைப்பட்டோம். நம் இந்தியத்தாய் ஆதவனின் கதிரொளியின் வண்ணச் சிதறலிலே மனம் நெகிழ்ந்து

நிற்கும் அழகினைக் காணும் ஆர்வமின்றி, தலைவனைத் தேர்ந்தெடுப்பதோடு நம் கடமையினை முடித்துக் கொண்டு துயிலில் ஆழ்ந்தோம். இந்த இருபத்தி ஏழு வருடங்களில் இருளை விட்டு முழுமையாக நாம் வரவில்லை என்பது உலகறிந்த செய்தி.

அறியாமை, வறுமை, சாதிப்பிரிவுகள் என்றெல்லாம் நாம் விதைத்த விதைகளின் பயனை நாம் தானே அனுபவிக்க வேண்டும்! 'வினை விதைத்தவன் விளைவைப் பெருமல் இருக்கக்கூடுமா?'

“ வீடுதோறும் கலையின் விளக்கம்
 வீதிதோறும் இரண்டொரு பள்ளி
 நாடு முற்றிலும் உள்ளன ஊர்கள்
 நகர்களெங்கும் பலப்பல பள்ளி
 தேடுகல்வி இலாததொரு ஊரைத்
 தீயினுக்கு இரையாக மடுத்தல்
 கேடு தீர்க்கும் அமுதமென் அன்னை
 கேண்மை கொள்ள வழியிவை கண்டீர் ”

எனப் பாரதி பாடியபடி, வீதிதோறும் இரண்டொரு பள்ளி இல்லாவிடிலும், நான்கு வீதி கட்டு ஒரு பள்ளியாயினும் நடைபெற்று வருகிறது. எனினும், வீடுதோறும் கலையின் விளக்கம் ஏற்படவில்லை. அறியாப் பெற்றோர் கல்வியின் பயனதனை உணர்வதில்லை. தம்மருமை மக்களுக்கு 'ஏட்டுக் கல்வியின் பயனின்மையை அறிவுறுத்தி,

“ கைத்தொழில் ஒன்றைக் கற்றுக் கொள்
 கவலை உனக்கிலை ஒத்துக் கொள்
 எத்தொழில் ஏதும் செய்யாமல்
 இருப்பது உனக்கே சரியாமோ? ”

என்றே கேட்டுப் படித்துப் பண்பட வேண்டிய வயதில் மாடாக உழைத்து, ஊதியம் நாடி நிற்கச் செய்கிறார்கள். வருமானம் குடும்பத்துக்கு உதவியாய் இருக்கும். பெற்றோருடைய கவலையும் குறையும். ஆனால் இது எத்தனை பெரிய இழப்பு? கற்க வேண்டியதனைக் கல்லாமல், கல்வியின் மேன்மைதனை உணராமல், கற்கும் வாய்ப்பிழந்து, வாழ்வில் பிடிப்பிழந்து, உற்சாகமான இளமையை உழைப்பிலும், களைப்பிலும் மட்டுமே செலவிட்டு, வயிற்றின் பசிக்கு உணவு தேடி, அறிவுப் பசிக்குத் தீனியின்றி நலிந்து, உருக்குலைந்து போகும் தனி மனித இழப்பைக் கூறுவதா? இத்தகைய அறிவிலாதாரைப் பெறும் நாட்டின் இழப்பைப் பெரிதென்பதா? சுடர்விட வேண்டிய மேதைகளை இழக்கும் சமுதாயத்தின் வருத்தம் பெரிதா? சிந்தித்துச் செயல்பட்டுக் கல்வியின் சிறப்புதனைப் பெற்றோருக்கு உணர்த்தினால், வருங்காலம் சிறக்கும். நேற்றைய அலட்சியத்தால் இன்று உருவிழந்து நிற்கிறோம். இன்று கவனமாக இருந்து நானாய அவலத்திளின்று விடுபடுவோம்.

வறுமை கொடியது, பொய்யில் புலவரின் வாக்கான

“ இன்மையின் இன்னுதது யாதெனின் இன்மையின்
 இன்மையே இன்னு தது ”.

என்பது உண்மைதானே! வறுமைக்குக் காரணம் என்ன எனக் கூர்ந்து நோக்கின் ஊழ் வினையும், சமுதாய அவல நிலையும் மட்டுமல்ல காரணம் என்பது தெளிவாகத் தெரியும்.

ஏனென்றால், தேவையற்ற பலவற்றில் பொருளை வீணாக்கி, கண்டகண்ட பண்டங்களை வாங்கித் தின்று, உடலைப் பாழாக்குவதோடு, தினமும் கொடுத்துக் குழந்தைகளையும் தீய பழக்கத்துக்கு ஆளாக்கி, வறுமையினை விலைகொடுத்து வாங்கும் பேதைமையினை என்னென்பது? தீய உணவுப் பழக்கங்கள் காரணமாய் நோய்கள், வருமுன்னர் காவாத தோடு, வந்த வுடனும் கவனியாமையால் அதிகச் செலவு, மேலும் உயிரிழப்புகள்—இவையெல்லாம் அறியாமையின் விளைவுகளன்றி வேறென்ன?

அருகிலுள்ள சேரியொன்றில் வேலை செய்தபோது சில அதிர்ச்சிகரமான நிகழ்ச்சிகளைக் காண வேண்டிய கட்டாயம் வந்துற்றது. காலரா வியாதி சென்னை முழுதும் பரவத் தொடங்கிய சமயமாக இருந்தமையால், காலரா தடுப்பு ஊசி போடுவோரை அழைத்து வந்தோம். காரணங்கள் பலகூறித் தப்ப முயன்றனர். சிலர் அச்சமிகுதியால் எங்களுடன் சண்டையிட்டதோடு, நாங்கள் ஊசியின் அவசியத்தை விரித்துரைத்தபோது “இந்த ஊசியினால் அவதிப்படுவதற்குக் காலராவே வந்துவிட்டுப் போகட்டும். விலைவாசி இருக்கும் நிலையில் ஆட்களாவது குறைவார்கள்” என்று பதிலளித்தது, இன்று திரும்ப எண்ணிப் பார்த்தாலும் வேதனையை அளிக்கிறது. காலரா ஊசி கண்டு அஞ்சும் அறியாமையை என்னென்பது? இவ்வாறே உடல் வெந்து போன ஒரு குழந்தையை மருத்துவ மனைக்கு எடுத்துச் சென்று, மருந்திட்டுக் கட்டி அழைத்து வந்தார் நம் கல்லூரியின் சிஸ்டர் ஒருவர். இரு நாட்கள் கழித்து அவரே சென்று பார்த்தபோது, அக்குழந்தையின் பெற்றோரும், மற்றும் சுற்றதாரும், கட்டைப் பிரித்தெறிந்து விட்டு ஏதோ இலையை அரைத்துப் பூசிச் சீழ்ப்பிடிக்க வைத்திருந்தது தெரிய வந்தது. சிலநாட்களில் அக்குழந்தை இறந்துவிட்டது. இச்செய்தி எவ்வளவு அதிர்ச்சியைத் தருகிறது நமக்கெல்லாம்? இதற்கு அவர்தம் அறியாமையேயன்றே காரணம்? இதனால்தான் தற்போது முதியோர் கல்வி அளிக்கப் பெறுகிறது. எனினும் அதற்குப் பலரும் ஒருங்கிணைந்து உழைக்க முன்வருதல் அவசியமன்றோ?

மருத்துவ மனைகளிலும், பிச்சைக்காரர் இல்லத்திலும் சென்று பார்த்தவருக்குத்தான் புரியும், நாம் செய்யக் கூடிய செயல்கள் எவ்வளவு உள்ளன என்பது. ஏழைமையில் பலவகை உண்டு. உணவின்றி வாடும் வறுமை, அறியாமை எனப்பல. ஆனால் இங்கே அன்பான உள்ளங்களுக்காகவும், கனிவான பார்வைக்காகவும், தம்மைக் கண்டு மலரக்கூடிய முகங்களுக்காகவும் ஏங்கி வாடும் உள்ளங்களைக் காணலாம். அன்பு என்ற ஆணியே இல்லா விடின், வாழ்வு எனும் மரம் தழைக்க முடியாது. ‘அன்பின் வழியது உயிர்நிலை’ அன்றோ? உணவு, உடை, இடம் எல்லாமே காற்று, சூரியவொளி, நீராகத்தான் இருக்கலாம். ஆனால் வேர் இல்லாத மரத்துக்கு இவற்றெல்லாம் யாது பயன்?

அறியாமை எனும் மயக்கத்திலிருந்து விடுபட்டுத் தற்கால அறிவியலின் பயன்களைத் தெளிவாக உணரும் வாய்ப்புப் பெற்ற நாம், அன்புமிகு பெற்றோரும், உற்றோரும் பெற்ற நாம், இவற்றின் மதிப்புகளைத் தெளிவாக உணர்ந்தோமானால், முன்வருவோம்—இவையிழந்து தவிக்கும் ஏழையருடன் இவற்றைப் பகிர்ந்து கொள்ள! நமக்கு இழப்பு ஏதுமில்லை; பொருளா—‘கொடுக்கக் கொடுக்கக் குறைய’. அன்பும் கல்வியும் கொடுக்கும் போது பெறவும் செய்கிறோமே! உள்ளத்தில் அன்பும், செய்யும் செயலில் ஊக்கமும், சிந்தனையில் தெளிவும், நல்ல எண்ணமும் உடையவர் செலவு ஏதுமின்றி சாதிக்கக்கூடிய சாதனைகள்—சாதித்து ஆகவேண்டிய பல காத்துக் கொண்டிருக்கின்றன என்று கூறி முடிக்கின்றேன்—கடமைக்கு முன் வருவோர் பலர் இருப்பாரென நம்பி!

க. மலர்விழி

B.Sc. (Maths.)

இளம் அறிவியல் (கணிதம்) முதலாண்டு.

Consuming
Developing from a small
Burst of flame, to a
Soaring, scorching
All enveloping
Blaze
A glimmer it was
And then, it grew,
It brightened and expanded.
Glaring, unbearable
And I closed my eyes
I closed my eyes against it.
But it seeped through
My eyelids,
My eyes,
To those nerves beyond,
To create sensation,
Incessantly demanding attention
Insisting
Till it glowed in a circle
As large as the earth
Larger
Till slowly
My eyes,
My mind,
And my being
Opened to it
Till the excruciating pain
Settled itself upon me ;
While far above me ;
In a distant haze,
In an Utopian mirage
I saw the pleasant
Promises of years to come.
Of a Land of Promise and Plenty ;
Comforting
Slowly, but inexorably,
It drove me to an unrelenting Death.
To that beckoning future
Hunger.

DAKSHAYANI CHANDILYA,
I. B. A. (Literature)

आधुनिक युवक, सामाजिक जागरण में क्या योगदान दे सकते हैं ।

यह बात सोलहों आने सच है कि किसी भी राष्ट्र का उचित मूल्यांकन करने के पूर्व, हमें उस राष्ट्र के समाज, और उस समाज के निर्मातागण, उसके नागरिकों के मौलिक, मानसिक एवं आध्यात्मिक गुणों का माप तोल कर लेना आवश्यक है । जिस भाँति सभ्य और सदाचारी व्यक्तियों द्वारा एक स्वस्थ समाज का निर्माण होता है, उसी भाँति, स्वस्थ, एवं निर्दोष समाज से ही एक सुदृढ और लोकप्रिय राष्ट्र का ढाँचा तैयार होता है । संक्षिप्त में, समाज ही एक ऐसी नींव है जिस पर राष्ट्र का सुन्दर प्रासाद खड़ा किया जा सकता है ।

प्राचीन भारत में हमारा समाज, गुणों की दृष्टि में एक स्वर्णिम समाज था । समय-समय पर भारत यात्रा करनेवाले विदेशी यात्रियों से प्रशंसित वह भारत कहाँ और आज गरीबी और माँगों से ओतप्रोत, दिन प्रतिदिन बढ़ती जनसंख्या को अपने आँचल में संभालने में असमर्थ होने के कारण लड़खड़ाती हुई, अप्रसन्नता और निराशा से परिपूर्ण आज की भारतभूमि कहाँ? यह अत्यन्त स्वाभाविक ही है कि हममें से प्रत्येक युवकयुवती के मन में यह प्रश्न उठे कि हमारे इस आकस्मिक सामाजिक पतन के क्या कारण हैं? हमारी शासन प्रणाली एवं उच्च तथा तुच्छ पदवियों पर नियुक्त नेतागणों एवं सरकारी कर्मचारियों पर दोष लगाना, अपनी व्यवहारहीनता एवं मूर्खता को घोषित करना ही होगा । दूसरों को दोषी ठहराने के पूर्व, हममें से प्रत्येक को निजी दुर्बलताओं को पहचानने एवं उन्हें सुधारने का प्रयत्न करना चाहिए । आखिर हम नागरिक ही तो अपनी संसद एवं नेतागण को चुनते हैं ।

समाज में व्याप्त कुप्रवृत्तियों जो समाज को अन्दर ही अन्दर घुन की भाँति खाए जा रहे हैं, को निर्मूल करना प्रत्येक युवक का कर्तव्य है । आज युवापीढ़ी के कंधों पर भारी उत्तरदायित्व है और यदि वे उनकी पूर्ति न करें तो न केवल उनके अपितु आगामी पीढ़ी के जीवन को भी नरक बना देंगे । हममें से स्वयं को याद दिलाना चाहिए कि हममें से प्रत्येक व्यक्ति, चाहे वह स्त्री हो या पुरुष, युवक हो या युवती, आधुनिक भारत की दयनीय दशा का परोक्ष या अपरोक्ष रूप से कारण है ।

आज हमारा राष्ट्र स्वतन्त्र होकर भी स्वतन्त्र कहलाने योग्य नहीं है। खेद का विषय है कि हमारा समाज आज की पश्चिमी भौतिकवादी सभ्यता के दल-दल में धंसा जा रहा है। मौलिकता और आत्मीयता के व्यावहारिक दृष्टान्त अधिक नहीं मिलते। आज के युवक आध्यात्मवादी न रहकर भोगवादी प्रवृत्ति की ओर बढ़ते जा रहे हैं। फैशन की कुरीति आज हमारे समाज में अपना आधिक्य जमा चुकी है, जिस युवापीढ़ी को हमारी भावी समाज का कर्णधार बनना है, आज वे नये-नये फैशनों का अनुकरण करके जहाँ भारत जैसे निर्धन राष्ट्र की आर्थिक व्यवस्था को दुर्बल बना रहे हैं, वहाँ समाज के निम्न वर्ग की गरीबी और लाचारी की मात्रा को भी बढ़ा रहे हैं। अपनी वस्त्राभूषण की असीम लालसा की पूर्ति करने के लिए वे विदेशी माल ही पसन्द करते हैं। हाथ से बुने मोटे खद्दर पहनने में गौरव महसूस करने वाले अब नहीं रहे। आज के युवक तो नरम से नरम, शरीर को दृष्टिगोसर करने वाले कृत्रिम वस्त्रों को पहनकर स्वयं को सात लोकों का अधिपति समझते हैं। वाह री नौजवानो, तुम्हारी अल्पबुद्धि! गैर कानूनी कार्यवाहो, जमाखोरी आदि नीच व्यवसायों के प्रोत्साहक आज की फैशन-मुग्ध युवापीढ़ी नहीं तो और कौन? वे देशी सामग्री एवं वस्त्र खरीदकर अपने राष्ट्र की आय बढ़ाने के बजाय, आकर्षक विदेशी वस्तुओं के पीछे अपनी बुद्धिस्वाधीनता खो बैठते हैं। इसीलिए तो हमारा समाज दिनप्रतिदिन खोखला होता जा रहा है।

युवकों को चाहिए कि फैशन करने एवं वस्त्राभूषण में व्यय किया जाने वाला समय एवं धन वे क्षमतानुसार समाज सेवा में लगाएँ। वे अपने अवकाश काल में गरीब बच्चों को विद्या का बोध करा सकते हैं। और स्वयं पर व्यय करने वाले धन के कुछ अंश को वे सामाजिक जागरण के कार्यों लिए दान दे सकते हैं। अपने जीवन के आधे समय को सिनेमाघरों, क्लबों एवं अन्य मनोरंजन-स्थलों पर बितानेवाले आधुनिक युवक यदि दिन में कुछ घंटे समाजसेवा में लगाएँ तो क्या उनका कुछ घट जाएगा? कुछ अमीर घरानों के पुत्र-पुत्रियाँ यह सोचते हैं कि हम जो अपने ही घरों में हाथ पर हाथ धरे बैठे रहते हैं क्या गन्दी बस्तियों में जाकर, अपने मूल्यवान वस्त्रों को मैले करके, कार्य करेंगे? छी-छी: कितना घटिया काम है, कोई और करे। यही तो हमारी कमजोरी है। हममें से प्रत्येक चाहता है कि यह अत्यावश्यक, एवं विशाल कार्य—समाज जागरण का, कोई दूसरा करे।

आखिर ऐसे सोचने वालों की ही एक लम्बी कतार होगी और अपने विचारों को कार्यरूप देने वाला कोई नहीं। हम भारतवासियों की संकीर्ण मनस्थिति का परिचय देने के लिए इससे बड़ा दृष्टान्त और क्या हो सकता है।

हमारे समाज में ऊँच-नीच का भेदभाव स्पष्ट रूप से दृश्य है जो समाज को जर्जरित करता जा रहा है। यद्यपि हमारे बहुत से नेतागण पतित जातियों के उद्धारस्वरूप बहुत कुछ कर गये हैं, फिर भी हम आज तक पूर्ण रूप से छुआछूत के रोग से मुक्त नहीं हो पाए। इस ओर, समाज सुधारकों की तुलना में विद्यालयों एवं विश्वविद्यालयों में पढ़ने वाले युवक-युवतियाँ ही अधिक सफलता प्राप्त कर सकते हैं। वे अपने सहपाठियों से विचार विनिमय कर अपनी क्षमतानुसार समाज के उद्धार में हाथ बँटा सकते हैं। साथ ही अगर विद्यार्थियों के कोमल हृदयों में जागरण की भावना फूँक दी जाए तो वह समाज में आच्छादित होते देर न लगेगी।

भ्रष्टाचार हमारे समाज की खून चूस रही है। रिश्वतखोरी, काला बाजार, मिलावट सिफारिश, अन्याय आदि गैरकानूनी कार्य हमारे राष्ट्रवासियों की दिनचर्या बन गये हैं। हम यह आभास नहीं करते कि अपनी धन तृष्णा के कारण हम अपनी ही पाँव पर कुल्हाड़ी मार रहे हैं। हमारे सहनागरिकों को हानि पहुँचाकर ऐसे कार्यों द्वारा प्राप्त, पाप से ओत-प्रोत धन किस काम का? क्या हम चिरकाल से यह सीखते नहीं आए कि “पड़ोसी और मित्र का सुख ही अपना सुख और उनका दुःख, हमारा अपना दुःख है।

आज के अंतरिक्ष युग में कौन किसकी परवाह करता है। पर हमें से कितनों को यह तथ्य मालूम है कि हमारी इस उदासीन भावना के कारण न केवल हमको परंतु दूसरों को भी दुःख झेलना पड़ रहा है।

समाज में व्याप्त घृणा, पारस्परिक वैमनस्य, भाषाविवाद, प्रान्तीयता अदि दुष्प्रवृत्तियों का अन्त करना युवापीढ़ी का कर्तव्य है। इसी में समाज का उत्थान एवं राष्ट्र की प्रगति निर्धारित है। युवापीढ़ी को चाहिए कि वे अनेक राजनैतिक पार्टियों के उलझन में पड़कर, आन्दोलनों एवं अन्य हानिकारक कार्यों में भाग न लें। ऐसा करने पर न केवल उनके अमूल्य समयरूपी धन का व्यय होगा, अपितु

सैकड़ों रुपयों के मूल्य की सामाजिक सम्पत्ति का भी नाश होगा। और इस नाश का बोझ प्रत्येक राष्ट्रवासी के कंधों पर, महँगायी तथा विभिन्न करों के रूप में पड़ता है। अगर हम एक टन सामग्री जलाएँ तो हमें लगभग सौ टन का अपने कंधों पर धारण करना पड़ता है। इसलिए यह आवश्यक है कि हम स्थिर-बुद्धि से विचारें और तोड़-फोड़ छोड़कर निर्माण कार्यों की ओर ध्यान दें। हमें ऐसे युवक नेताओं की आवश्यकता है, जो अपने चारित्रिक गुणों तथा सादे, संयम एवं धर्मपरायण जीवन के द्वारा अन्य पथ-भ्रष्ट युवकों के लिए सुन्दर आदर्श बन पाएँ।

चारित्रिक पतन ही सामाजिक पतन है। यदि हम समाज रूपी इस सुन्दर प्रासाद को खण्डहर होने से बचाना चाहें तो आलस्य को त्यागकर तीव्रता और चुस्ती से हमें काम लेना चाहिए। इस कार्य को यदि सरकार का कर्तव्य समझकर लापरवाह रह जाएँ तो वह दिन दूर नहीं जब हमारा यह खर्णित, सुगठित राष्ट्र, शिथिल-शिथिल हो जायेगा और शायद हमारा भी अस्तित्व न रहे।

गुप्त जी की यह वाणी हमारे नेत्र खोल देने के लिए पर्याप्त है, जो राष्ट्र की दशा पर आँसू बहाते हुए कहते हैं :

हम कौन थे, क्या हो गये हैं, और क्या होंगे अभी,
आओ विचारें बैठकर हम, ये समस्याएँ सभी।

SARADA MANI
1st B.Sc. Zoology

Realite

Au milieu de grandes rues
Et des bâtiments flamboyants
Je vois quelque chose
Quelque chose - éffrayante et étrange.
Des visages blâmes, des corps difformés
Des yeux nus regardant aveuglément
Comme des songes vides
Sans espoir, sans lumière.
Un tunnel noir.
De désespoir
La vue passe, je marche lentement
Et pense
Etait - ce un mirage. Non.
Non ! seulement
Une réalité vivante.

L. SHEILA,
II B.A. Literature

'the purpose of life
is life itself'
- goethe.



Help
them.

materialize —

their

soulful

aspirations...

I filled my bucket with jasmine flowers
 Ran the water,
 Undressed.....
 Sprinkled the flowers
 Like cold stars
 Onto the water,
 Soaked in it.
 Beauty bath!
 I slept,
 When I awoke
 I found myself.....
 a green – winged bee
 Still wet,
 On a jasmine bower.

SHALINI REDDY,
 I. M. A. Literature

அழகும் இறையும்

காலேச் சூரியனின் செம்மையில் பொன்னாகத் தகதகக்கிற வயலைத் தடவிப் பறக்கிற குருவிகளின் முணுமுணுப்புகள், கும்மென்று ஏய்கிற இரவில் மோனத்தில் ஆழ்ந்து போகிற வானவெளியில் சிரிக்கிற வானப்பூக்கள், ஆழமாய்ப் பரந்து வானைத் தடவிப் பாய்ந்து ஆர்பரித்துப் பூரிக்கிற நீலக் கடலின் சிரிப்புகள். ஆஹா! இவைதரும் மகிழ்ச்சியையும், மயக்கத்தையும் என்னென்பது? சொல்லச் சொற்கள்தான் உண்டோ? இவற்றுள் தானே மூழ்கி ஒன்றுகிற மனமுடையோரால் தானே இந்நினைவுகளை அசை போட்டு உள்ளுக்குள்ளே பூரிக்க இயலும். இவற்றைப் படைத்தவன்தான் எத்தகைய ரசிகனாகவும் கவிஞனாகவும் இருக்கிறான்! ஓ! வரம்பின்றிப் பரந்து கிடக்கிற இந்த அழகு அலைகளே அவனது எல்லாம் கடந்த நிலையைப் பறைசாற்றுகின்றனவே.

அழகாய் அழகின் தோற்றமாய் எழில் விளக்காய் எழிலின் எழிலாய் பரிமளிக்கிற இறைவனது எல்லையில்லாப் பெருமையைப் புரிந்து கொள்ள அழகினைவிட வேறு சாதனம் ஏதுமுண்டோ?

அவனே அழகன். அவன் படைப்பும் அழகு. அழகின் விளைவும் எழிலே. இந்த அழகினை எல்லோரும் பாராட்ட இயலும். அதனையே ரசித்து பூரித்துப் போகிறவர்கள் ஒரு சிலரே! எழிலைப் பாவாலோ, ஒவியத்தாலோ, போற்றுபவன் தான் கவிஞன் என்பதில்லை! அழகினை ரசிக்கிற மனமுடையோர் எவருமே சிறந்த கவிஞர் தாம்! அழகுத் தோற்றத்தை வணங்குகிறவர்களும் ரசிக்கிறவர்களும் ரசித்ததன் விளைவாய் அந்த அழகுத் தோற்றத்தை மக்களிடம் பகிர்ந்து இன்பம் கொள்கிறவர்களும் இந்த அழகின் உட்பொருளாய் ஒளிர்கிற இறை விளக்கத்தை உணர்ந்தவராவர். அழகினுள் இறைவனைக் கண்டவர்,

‘தாம்பெற்ற இன்பம் பெறுக இவ்வையகம்’ என்னுமாறு என்று நின்று நிலவி இன்பம் பயக்கிற நூல்களைப் படைத்துச் சென்றார். அழகைப் படைத்துச் சென்றார். கவிஞர் எந்நாட்டவராயினும் அழகினைப் பயிலும் தன்மையில் அனைவரும் ஒருவரே என்பதை அவர்கள் கவிதைகள் உணர்த்துகின்றன. அழகை ஆழ்ந்து அனுபவித்த அவர்களிடம் உயர்ந்த எண்ணக்கூறுகள் சொற்களாய், கவிதைகளாய், மலர்ந்தன. அழகினுள் உறையும் இறையோ என்றும் நின்று நிலவும் பேராளன். இந்த இறையினைக் கண்டுணர்ந்த கவிஞர் யாத்த கவிகள் யாவும் அவ்விறையே போல் இப்பூவுலகில் நின்று நிலவும் பேருண்மையை என்னென்பது? இயற்கை அழகை ரசித்துப் பாவியற்றிய நல்லோரின் பாக்கள் சிலவற்றை நாமும் காண்போம்!

இதோ முதல் அழகுநிலை! ‘மந்தி ஒன்று வினையாட்டுப் போக்கில் மலையினின்று இழுகிற அருவியில் விழுகிறது. என்னசெய்வது? உயிரைக் காப்பாற்றிக் கொள்ள வேண்டுமே! விரைவாய் சுற்றுமுற்றும் பார்க்கிறது. ஆ! அதற்குப் பறீறுக் கோடு ஒன்று கிடைத்துவிட்டது; என்ன தெரியுமா? மலைநாட்டில் மலிவாகக் கிடக்கிற தேள் சுவைப் பலா. அதன் மேல் ஏறிக் கொண்டு சுகமாய்ப் பயணம் செய்கிறது. இதனை ‘அருவிப் பாய்ந்த கருவிரல் மந்தி,

செழுங் கோள் பலவின் பழம்புணையாகச் சாரல் பேரூர் முந்துறை இழிதரும்’ என நெடுந்தொகை வடித்துக் காட்டுவதைப் படித்து இன்புறுகிறோம்.

மற்றொரு அவலம் கலந்த அழகிய காட்சி. கலந்து நிற்கும் தன்மை பற்றி நம்மாழ்வார் ‘பரந்தான் பாவையுள் நீர் தொறும் பரந்துள்ள’ எனக் குறிக்கிறார் திருமாவின் அழகினைப் போற்றுமிடத்தில் பரிபாடல்.

‘நின்னது திகழ் ஒளி சிறப்பு இருள்திருமணி
கண்ணே புகழ்சால் தாமரை அலர் இணைப் பணையல்,
வாய்மை வயங்கிய வைகல்’

என இயற்கையோடு இயைத்துக் கூறுகிறது.

இவ்வாறு எத்தனையோ காவியச் செல்வங்கள் அழகைப் போற்றியும் உள்ள பயன்! இயற்கை அழகை நாமும் கண்ணெடுத்தும் பார்க்கிறோமா! ம்! அதற்கெல்லாம் நமக்கு நேரமேது? நாம்தான் இயந்திர மனிதர்களாயிற்றே! இவற்றையெல்லாம் நின்று கவனித்துக் கொண்டிருந்தால் அன்றாடக் கவலைகள் கடமைகள் எங்கு போவது! இப்படிப் பல சமாதானங்கள் சொல்வதற்குத் தயாராயிருக்கிறோம் நாம்! அன்றாடம் பரப் பரப்பில் கவலைகளில் எதிரில் பளிச்சிடுகிற அழகு ரேகைகளைக் கண் சிமிட்டலைக் காண மறந்து விடுகிறோம். இதனை நினைத்து, நொந்து பாடுகிறோம் மேலூட்டுக் கவிஞன்! வாழ்க்கையின் சஞ்சலம் பரபரப்பு அழகை ரசிக்க விடாமல் குறுக்கிடுகின்றன. என்ன வாழ்வு இது?’

இலைகளின் விதானத்தடியில் நின்று, கண் விழித்து இமை கொட்டாமல் நோக்க நேரம் வேண்டாமா? இல்லையே! காட்டுவழிச் செல்கிறோம்.

பருந்து ஒன்று நாள் முழுதும் சென்று தன் பிள்ளைக்காக இரை தேடிப் பறக்கிறது வானில், இரை கிட்டவில்லை. ஊன் கிடைக்கிறது. அதன் மகிழ்ச்சிக்கு இப்போது எல்லை இல்லை. நாள் முழுதும் தேடிப் பெற்ற அந்த ஊனை அருமை பெருமையோடு, மனத்தில் பெருக்கெடுக்கிற ஓசையுடன் எடுத்து மீள்கிறது தனது கூட்டுக்கு. இரையைத் தனது

குஞ்சுக்கு ஊட்ட முற்படுகிறது. அந்தோ! அருமையைப் பெற்ற இரை நழுவி கீழே விழுகிறது. திரும்ப அதற்கு மீட்சி உண்டா என்று பார்த்தால் அதுவும் இல்லை. ஏன்! நெடுநாளாய்ப் பசித்து வாடித்திரிகிற கிழநரி ஒன்று அந்நேரம் பார்த்து மரத்தடியில் வந்து சேர்கிறது. ஆசையாய்க் கொணர்ந்த உணவு எதிர் பாராமல் நரிவாயை அடைகிறது, பாவம். இதோ அந்தப் பாடல் :

‘ பொறித்த போலும் வால்நிற எருத்தின்
அணிந்த போலும் செந்செவி எருவை
குறும் பொறை எழுந்த நெடுந்தாய் அத்து
அருள்க வட்டு உயர்சினைப் பிள்ளை ஊட்ட
விரைந்து வாய் வழக்கிய கொழுங் கண் ஊன் தடி
தொல்பசி முதுநரி வல்கி ஆகும் ’

இவை படிப்பவர்க்கு எல்லையில்லா இன்பத்தை அள்ளித்தர வல்லன. இதுவே அழகின் இயல்பு. பயிலப் பயிலப் புதுப் பாடமாய், பாடப்பாடப் புதுக் காவியமாய், எடுக்க எடுக்க குறையாப் பெருங் களஞ்சியமாய் முடிவின்றிப் பரந்து நிற்கிறது. அழகு. இதனை முழுதாய்ப் பாட முடிந்தாரும் இலர். முடிவாய்ப் பாட முடிந்தாரும் இலர். இறைவனது வரம்பற்ற தன்மைபோல் அழகும் இறையும் ஒன்றனுள் ஒன்றாய் ஓடையின் அலைமேல் ஒளி புரளும் காட்சிதான் என்ன? அழகின் கடைக் கண் பார்வையைக் கண்டு அவள் நடன மாடும் அழகை உணர நேரம்தான் வேண்டாமா! என்று புலம்புகிறார் புலவர்.

இந்த இயற்கையில் அழகு நடம் புரிந்து ஆட்சிபுரியும் இறைவனது கம்பீரக் காட்சியை பிரௌளியிங்,

‘ வசந்த ருதுவில் தேய்ந்தது வருடம்
வைகறை தேய்ந்தது பகலும்
விசைத்தது சிறையினை வானம்பாடி
விரிந்த முட் புதரிலே நத்தை
இசைத்தனள் தனது வானிலே இறைவன் ’

என உணர்ந்து பாடுகிறார். இயற்கை ரகசியங்கள் என்னும் கதவின் தாளைத் திறந்தேன். கணந்தோறும் புதுப் பொலிவு பூண்ட வானமுகத்தில் புரண்ட ருறிப்பிள் பொருளெல்லாம் தெளிந்தேன் என இயற்கை அழகினுள் இறைஞானம் பெற்றமையை விளக்குகிறார், கவிஞர். நாமும்.

வான வெளியில் தீல அமைதியில் சிறிது நேரம் திளைத்து நிற்போம். மழைத் துளிகள் முத்துச்சரம் போல், கம்பிகளில் புரண்டு நகர்கிற காட்சியில் கொஞ்சம் மனம் பறி கொடுப்போம். மாலை மஞ்சள் மலை முகடுகளைப் பொன்னாக்கி ஒளிகிற காட்சியைக் காண்போம் ரசிப்போம். அப்போது,

அழகுப் பொருள்களினையே படைத்து, உலகை அழகால் நிறைத்து மனிதர்க்கு மகிழ்வை நிரப்பும் நமது தலைவனின் எல்லையில்லாப் பேரருளை நினைக்கத் தோன்றும்.

அழகின் வடிவம் இறைவன். அழகின் பொருளும் இறைவன். அழகே உருவாம் இறைவன். அழகின் சிரிப்பும் இறைவன். அழகின் தலைவன் இறைவன். அழகைப் படைப்பான் இறைவன். அழகின் மலர்வுமும் இறைவன். அழகின் பெயரே இறைவன்.

R. VASANTHA,
III B.Sc. Chemistry

The Chemist and Social Awareness

Chemistry and social awareness — Are these two things poles apart? Can a chemist really do something about social awareness? He is constantly in the laboratory mixing one solution with another, watching golden yellow spangles or scarlet red precipitates. If you feel that a chemist confines himself to a laboratory and has no idea of the world around, we chemists feel you are wrong.

A chemist like any other citizen can do his share for the betterment of the less fortunate people. Apart from this a chemist can do something special in his own chemical, methodical way!!

For instance, a chemist can discover new drugs, fertilizers and chemicals which can be effective and cheap and available to the poor patient, the agriculturist and the small scale industrialist. Instead of giving complicated formulae to discover a costly tetralon he can think of a method of manufacturing long lasting cheaper fabrics.

It is the chemist who can explain the nutritive values of various foods and teach the slum dwellers to prepare a balanced diet — from cheap raw materials like Soya beans or green leafy vegetables — The cost is low to suit their purses and the food — palatable and nutritive. What better solution for the imminent problem of malnutrition?

A chemist can also picture graphically the harmful effects of alcohol and thus participate in a very concrete manner in the efforts to eradicate this vice of drinking in society.

As regards sanitation and keeping the environment unpolluted, who else other than a (sanitary) chemist will be suitable? The hazards of living in dirty environments can be explained, ways and means of keeping the surroundings clean through the use of insecticides and bleaching powder — all this can be done effectively by the chemist with his first-hand knowledge.

The importance of sterilising drinking water, which is the chief carrier of diseases and the preparation of good potable water is within the domain of the chemist. And it is he who can talk more convincingly and effectively on this subject and educate the people as well as the authorities.

However much one may increase production it is of no use if the population increases at the present rate. Out of a population of 2.7 millions in the city, about a million are slum dwellers — the impact of these slums on the general living standards of society will be felt very soon. Even now one can see that its harmful effect is felt. No sensible person will try to blame the Corporation or the Government authorities. Chemists should focus their attention on the subject of population explosion instead of on nuclear explosion and try to control the increase in population. Even though the

Government in collaboration with various service minded clubs is taking measures on a large scale, the chemist can do his own share. No doubt there is the pill. But the pill is costly and more suited for the upper classes. Chemists should do research to discover cheap, effective drugs which have no side effects — it should be within the range and reach of the economically backward.

All this does not need great financial resources but it just needs a will, a total involvement. The chemist should think of the less fortunate and realise that his researches and resources are not to make T. V. or sophisticated instruments but to discover a cheaper medicine or food or any tiny useful pill or drug which will be useful for the less fortunate, the poorer section. He can fight poverty and the population explosion and find ways and means of increasing the per capita income of an individual — A chemist like any one else should question himself “Am I doing what I should for the needs of the society — for the needy poor?” If the answer is positive then one can be proud of oneself as this will lead to a better Madras, a better Tamilnadu and a better India.

Mrs. YASODHRA DORAISWAMY, M.Sc.,
Assistant Professor of Chemistry.

To sit in the lounge
of a five-star hotel:
I anticipated
People, people everywhere
Moving like automatons — used simile
a few used men and
women
and children.
The eternal lollipop holder
now sat opposite me
Looking between the long pillars.

But here there were
no people
This one sat for sometime
and then slid off
The Chair.
I felt the silence:
silence of the rubber shoes,
of squatting minds.
Silence is sophistication:
This is a 5 star Hotel.

J. CHITRA,
I M.A. Literature.

பிராயச்சித்தம்

காலைக்கன்னி தன் இருளெனும் கரிய முகத்திரை களைந்து முகமலரைக் காட்டினாள். புள்ளினங்கள் அவளுக்கு வரவேற்புக் கீதம் இசைப்பதுபோல் பாடிக்கொண்டே பறக்க ஆரம்பித்தன. வானத்தில் தன் பொற்கிரணங்களால் வர்ணக்கோலம் தீட்டியவாறு எழுந்த கதிரவன் 'நிர்மலா கிளிநிக்' கையும் நன் ஓளியால் விளங்கச்செய்தான். 'டக் டக்' என்று ஷுக்கள் ஓளிக்க ஓளிக்க நடந்து வந்த டாக்டர் மனோஹர் இத்தகைய காலைவேளையில் நிர்மலா கிளிநிக் அளித்த அற்புதக் காட்சியிலேயே மனம் இலயித்து நின்றார். அந்தக் காட்சி அவனுக்குப் புதியதல்ல. அவன் நிர்மலா கிளிநிக்கிலேயே பணிபுரிபவன், அதன் உரிமையாளரும் கூட. ஆயினும், ஒவ்வொருமுறை அதைக் காண்கையிலும் அன்றுதான் அதைப் புதிதாகக் காண்பதுபோல் அவன் விழிகள் விரியும். ஒரு கணம் அக்கட்டிடத் தையே உற்று நோக்கிவிட்டு மீண்டும் ஷுக்கள் துரிதகதியில் ஓளியெழுப்ப உள்ளே நுழைந்தான். சற்றுமுன் வாயிலில் நின்றிருந்தபோது இருந்த வியப்பும், ஆவலும் அவர் விழிகளில் இல்லை, முகம் சலனமுற்று இருந்தது. கண்களில் மட்டும் எல்லையற்ற சோகம் மிதந்தது. அதுவும் அரைகண நேரம்தான். பிறகு கடமையைச் செய்யும் கர்மயோகி என ஒவ்வொரு வார்டாகச் சென்று நோயாளிகளைக் கவனிக்க ஆரம்பித்தான்.

இத்தனையையும் நான் அறையிலிருந்தவாறே சன்னல் மூலம் பார்த்துக் கொண்டிருந்தேன். நான் இந்த 'நிர்மலா கிளிநிக்' கில் சிகிச்சைக்காகச் சேர்ந்திருக்கும் குமாரின் சித்தப்பா. பெயர் ராம்மோகன். நான் இங்கு வந்து ஒரு வாரம்தான் ஆகிறது. ஆனால் ஒருநாள் தவறாமல் தினந்தோறும் இதே நாடகம் நடந்து கொண்டிருக்கின்றது. இங்கு என்றால், இந்த 'நிர்மலா கிளிநிக்' இருக்கும் இந்தச் சிற்றூரைக் குறிப்பிடுகிறேன். இது நகரத்திலிருந்து தள்ளி இருக்கிறது அமைதி இங்குத்தான் குடிகொண்டிருக்கிறது என்றே கூறிவிடலாம். என் அண்ணன் மகன் குமாரின் இளம்பிள்ளை வாதத்தால் பாதிக்கப்பட்ட கால்களைச் சீர்திருத்தும் பொருட்டு இங்கு அவனுடன் மருத்துவமனையில் நான் தங்கியிருக்கிறேன். எனக்கு முதல் இரு நாட்கள் பொழுதே போகவில்லை. நகரத்தில் பிறந்து வளர்ந்த எனக்கு இந்தச் சிற்றூரின் தனிமை முதலில் வெறுப்பை அளித்தது. வாயிலில் சாலையில் அங்கங்கே ஓடிக்கொண்டிருக்கும் லாரிகளையும், கட்டை வண்டிகளையும் தவிர வேறு ஏதாவது கண்களில் படுமென்றால் அவை மோனத்தவம் புரியும் மலைகளும் பஞ்சு பஞ்சாக மிதந்து செல்லும் வெண் மேகங்களும் தான். முதல் இரண்டு நாட்களை வெறுப்புடன் என் கண்களில் தற்செயலாகக் காலைவேளையில் தவறாமல் நடக்கும் இந்த நாடகம் பட்டது. டாக்டர் மனோஹர் புகழ்பெற்ற நிபுணர், அறிவும், ஆரோக்கியமும், செல்வமும் உடையவர். அவர் தினமும் காலையில் இவ்வாறு நடந்து கொள்ளும் காரணத்தையறிய எனக்கு ஆவல் பிறந்தது. அதிலிருந்து தான் சுற்றுப்புறத்தை ஆராயத் தொடங்கினேன். வெண்புருக்கள் போல் அங்குமிங்கும் மருந்துகளுடன் அலைந்து கொண்டிருக்கும் நர்ஸ்கள், சுறுசுறுப்புடன் ஓடிக்கொண்டிருக்கும் வார்டுபாய்கள், நம்பிக்கையின் ஒளியுடன் காத்துக்கொண்டிருக்கும் பிஞ்சு முகங்கள்—இவையெல்லாமே எனக்குப் புதுமையாகவும், சுவாரசியமாகவும் இருந்தது. எனவே நானும் அலுப்பின்றி உற்சாகத்துடன் குமாருக்கு உதவியாக இருக்கலானேன். ஓடியாடித் திரியவேண்டிய இளம் வயதில் படுத்துக் கிடக்கும் இளங்குருத்துப் போன்ற அவனைக் காணும்போதெல்லாம் என்னெஞ்சம் ஒருமுறை விம்மித்தனரியும். இந்த மருத்துவமனைக்கு வந்தது முதல் அவனிடம் காணப்பட்ட முன்னேற்றமும், முகமலர்ச்சியும் என் மனதிலும் டாக்டர் மனோஹரைப் பற்றி ஓர் உயர்ந்த எண்ணத்தை ஏற்படுத்தின.

இங்கு வந்த ஒருவார காலமாகவே நான் டாக்டரைக் கவனித்து வருகிறேன். அவரது பழக்கங்கள் எனக்குத் தெளிவாகத் தெரிந்து விட்டன. காலையில் 6-மணிக்கு உள்ளே

நுழைபவர் பத்து நிமிடங்களை வெளியில் நின்று கழிப்பார். பின் நான்கு மணி நேரம் ஒவ்வொரு அறையாக நுழைந்து ஒவ்வொரு நோயாளியையும் நன்கு கவனிப்பார். பதினொன்றரை மணிக்கு அவர் சமையற்காரன் சாம்பு கொண்டு வரும் சரப்பாட்டைச் சாப்பிடுவார். பிறகு ½ மணி நேரம் வைத்திய சம்பந்தமான பத்திரிகைகளைப் படிப்பார். மீண்டும் ஒருமுறை நோயாளிகள் அனைவரையும் கவனித்துவிட்டு சரியாக 4-மணிக்குக் கிளம்பித் தன் காரிலேறிச் சென்று விடுவார். மீண்டும் அதன்பின் அவரை ஆஸ்பத்திரியில் மறுநாள் காலை 6 மணிக்குத்தான் பார்க்கலாம்.

இவ்வளவு மணிக்கணக்குத் தவறாது நடக்கும் மனிதர் காலையில் அந்த பத்து நிமிடங்கள் மட்டும் உணர்ச்சிகரமான மனிதராக மாறக்காரணம் என்னவாக இருக்கும் என்ற குறுகுறுப்பு என் உள்ளத்தில் இருந்துகொண்டே இருந்தது. ஆஸ்பத்திரியில் பணி புரியும் மற்றவர்களுக்கும் மனோஹரைப் பற்றிய தனிப்பட்ட விஷயம் ஏதும் தெரியவில்லை. ஆனாலும் அவர்கள் எல்லோரும் மனோஹரை கண்ணெதிரே நடமாடும் தெய்வமாகவே கருதுகின்றனர் என்பது தெளிவாகத் தெரிந்தது. ஒருநாள் அவர் சமையற்காரன் சாம்புவை விசாரித்தேன். அதிலிருந்து டாக்டர் மனோஹர் பதினைந்து ஆண்டுகளுக்குமுன் தன்னந்தனியே அந்த ஊருக்கு வந்தார் எனவும், தனக்கு ஒரு சமையற்காரன் வேண்டுமென்று சாம்புவை அமர்த்திக் கொண்டதாகவும், 'நிர்மலா கிளிணிக்'கைக் கட்டி அல்லும் பகலும் அயராது உழைத்து வருகிறார் என்பதும் தெரிந்தது. என் மனப்புதிரை இந்த விவரங்கள் அவிழ்க்க சிறிதும் உதவவில்லை.

காலமெனும் செடியிலிருந்து 6 மாதங்கள் என்ற இலைகள் ஒன்றன் பின் ஒன்றாய் உதிர்ந்தன. குமார் நன்கு குணமடைந்து விட்டான், மெல்ல மெல்ல அவன் நடக்க ஆரம்பித்தான், இன்னும் ஓரிரு நாட்களில் அவனை வீட்டிற்கு அழைத்துச் செல்லலாம் என்று மனோஹர் என்னிடம் தெரிவித்தார். என் கண்கள் பனித்தன. உழைப்பும், உறுதியுமே ஒருருக்கொண்டு உலவுவதுபோல் என் கண்ணெதிரே மனோஹர் நின்றார். உணர்ச்சிப் பெருக்கில் வார்த்தைகள் வராமல் திணறினேன். "உணர்ச்சி வசப்படாதீர்கள். ராம் மோகன், குமார் இனி உங்களுடன் ஓடிப்பிடித்து விளையாட ஆரம்பித்து விடுவான் எல்லாம் இறைவன் அருள்" என்று கூறிவிட்டு மென்மையாக என் தோளில் தட்டிக் கொடுத்து விட்டு அவர் சென்று விட்டார். அவர் சென்றபின் எத்தனை நேரம் சிவையாக அமர்ந்திருந்தேனோ எனக்கே தெரியாது. குமார், 'சித்தப்பா' என்று குரல் கொடுத்ததும் தான் இந்த உலகிற்கு வந்தேன். அப்போதுதான் டாக்டருக்கு நன்றி கூடத் தெரிவிக்காமல் நான் இருந்து விட்டேன் என்பதை உணர்ந்து வெட்கினேன் அவரைப் பார்த்து என் நன்றியை நேரில் தெரிவித்துவிட வேண்டும் என்ற எண்ணத்துடன் 'இதோ, குமார் ஒரு நொடியில் வந்து விடுகிறேன்' என்று கூறிவிட்டு விரைந்து சென்று டாக்டரின் அலுவலறைக்கதவைத் திறந்து கொண்டு சென்றேன். எதிர்பாராமல் என்னைக் கண்டதும் மனோஹரின் கண்கள் வியப்பால் விரிந்தன ஒருகணம். 'மன்னிக்க வேண்டும் டாக்டர். உங்கள் அறைக்குள் உத்தரவின்றி நுழைந்துவிட்டேன்' என்று கூறிக்கொண்டே உள்ளே சென்று அமர்ந்தேன். அறையில் ஒருபுறம் புள்ளகை தவழும் முகத்துடன் காந்தியடிகளின் படம் காட்சி தந்தது. மறுபுறம் அலமாரியில் புத்தகங்கள் வரிசையாக அடுக்கி வைக்கப்பட்டிருந்தன. அடுத்து அங்கு மாட்டப்பட்டிருந்த பொருளிலேயே என் விழிகள் நிலைத்தன. அது ஒரு சட்டமிடப்பட்ட காசிதம். அதில் எழுதப்பட்டிருந்தது இரண்டே வரிகள் தான். மீண்டும், மீண்டும் அதனைப் படித்தேன்:

"நீயே என் வாழ்விற்கு நாதம், உன்

நினைவே என் நெஞ்சத்தின் கீதம்".

ஏதோ கவிதை போலிருக்கிறதே இரண்டே வரிகளுடைய இதை இவர் எதற்காக இங்கு மாட்டி வைத்திருக்கிறார் என்ற கேள்விக்குறியுடன் அவரை நோக்கினேன். அவர் அதை

நான் கவனித்ததை உணர்ந்திருக்க வேண்டும். எழுந்து வந்து அந்தச் சட்டத்திற்கு அருகே நின்று கொண்டார் 'நீங்கள் இந்த இருவரிகளைப் பற்றி என்ன நினைக்கிறீர்கள் ராம்மோகன்?' கேள்வி எழுந்தது அவர் உதடுகளிலிருந்து. 'ஓர் அழகிய உள்ளத்தின் ஆசைகள், கனவுகள் அத்தனையும் அந்த இருவரிகளில் புதைந்து கிடக்கின்றன'. என் உள்ளத்தில் தோன்றியதை நான் சொன்னேன். சொல்லிவிட்டு அவர் முகத்தைப் பார்த்தேன். 'ஆம் மோகன்! நீங்கள் சரியாகச் சொல்லிவிட்டீர்கள்!' என்று பதிலுரைத்த அவர் முகம் நாள்தோறும் நான் காலையில் காண்பதைப் போலவே உணர்ச்சிமயமாய் இருந்தது. கண்களில் நீர் தரும்பியிருந்தது. 'மிஸ்டர் மோகன், நீங்கள் இங்கு வந்தது முதலே என்னைக் கவனித்து வருகிறீர்கள் என்பதை நான் நன்கறிவேன். உங்கள் கண்களுக்கு நான் புதிராகத் தோன்றியிருக்கக் கூடும். உங்கள் மனதில் எனக்கு நீங்கள் உயர்ந்ததோர் இடம் அளித்திருக்கிறீர்கள் என்பதையும் நானறிவேன். ஆனால் உண்மையில் அத்தகைய மதிப்பிற்கு நான் சிறிதும் அருகதை உடையவன்லன்.....' அவர் தொடர்வதற்கு முன் நான் குறுக்கிட்டேன். இல்லை டாக்டர் நீங்கள் நிச்சயம் தகுதி உடையவர்தான். என்னைக் கையமர்த்திய அவர் "முழுவதையும் கேட்டுவிட்டுப் பிறகு கூறுங்கள். இதோ இந்த இரண்டு வரிகள் இவை என் மனைவியால் எங்கள் மகனைப்பற்றி எழுதப்பட்டன. எத்தனை ஆசை அவள் மனதில்.....ம் அவர்களிருவரையும் நானே கொண்டு விட்டேன். நீங்கள் நம்பமாட்டீர்கள். ஆனால் உண்மை அதுதான். மதுவின் மயக்கத்திலிருந்த நான் அவள் எங்கள் குழந்தை உயிருக்குப் போராடுகிறது என்று எத்தனை கதறியும் கவனிக்காமலிருந்து விட்டேன். என் கூற்றினால் எங்கள் குழந்தையின் உயிர் பிரிந்தது. என் மனைவியும் என்னை விட்டுவிட்டு அதே கவலையில் மறைந்து போனாள். பிறகு நான் தனியானேன். மனைவி, குழந்தை, குடும்பம் இவற்றின் அருமையை உணர்ந்தேன். மதுவை ஒழித்தேன். என் தவறு என்னை வருத்தியது. ஆனால் நான் என்ன பிராயச்சித்தம் செய்ய இயலும்? ஒருநாள் என் மனைவியின் டயரியை எடுத்துப் புரட்டியபோது இந்த வரிகள் என் கண்களைக் கவர்ந்தன. ஒரு தாய் குழந்தைகளைப் பற்றி என்ன நினைக்கிறாள் என்பதை உணர்ந்தேன். ஒரு தாயின் மனதைத் தான் ஓடித்து விட்டேன். அதேபோல் எத்தனை எத்தனை தாய்மார்கள் தங்கள் குழந்தைகளைப் பற்றிக் கனவுகள் காண்கின்றனரோ? அதையெல்லாம் நனவாக்க வேண்டும் என்று தான் நான் இப்பொழுது முயற்சி செய்து கொண்டிருக்கிறேன். இது சேவையல்ல பிராயச்சித்தம் அவ்வளவு தான். "இப்போது சொல்லுங்கள், நான் உங்கள் மதிப்பிற்கு உரியவனா? உரியவன் தானா?" உணர்ச்சி மிகுதியால் அவர் திணறினார். "ஆமாம் டாக்டர் நிச்சயமாக நான் நினைத்திருந்ததைவிட நீங்கள் மிக மிக உயர்ந்தவர். இதோ இந்தவரிகள் ஒரு தாயின் ஆசைக் கனவு. அதுவே உங்கள் கனவும். இப்போது அவள் தன் மகளை மட்டுமே கண்டாள். நீங்கள் எல்லாக் குழந்தைகளைப் பற்றியுமே அதே கனவைக் காண்கிறீர்கள். இது ஒன்றே உங்கள் உள்ளத்தின் உயர்வைக் காட்டுகின்றது. இது நிச்சயம் உயர்ந்த சேவைதான். உறுதியாகச் சொல்கிறேன், வருந்துபவர்கள் துன்பத்தை யெல்லாம் துடைக்க வேண்டும் என்ற எண்ணம், அதற்காக நீங்கள் அயராதுழைக்கும் திறம்— அதனால் பயனடைந்து மலரும் முகங்கள்— இவையே உங்களுக்கு உயர்வை அளிக்கின்றன. நீங்கள் வருந்துவதில் சிறிதும் பொருளையில்லை. மேலும் ஊக்கத்துடன் உழையுங்கள். உங்கள் உழைப்பால், சேவையால் எத்தனையோ கோடிக்குழந்தைகள்—எங்கள் குமாரைப் போல் பயன் பெறும்படி என்று மூச்சு விடாமல் தொடர்ந்து கூறி முடித்தேன். டாக்டரின் முகத்தில் இப்போது நம்பிக்கையும் தீர்மானமும் சுடர்விட்டன. முன்பு இருந்த கலக்கம் இல்லை. அவர் முகத்தில் தெரிந்த தெளிவே நான் நன்றிக் கடனைச் செலுத்தியமையைத் தெரிவித்தது.

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La Jeunesse Indienne

La jeunesse est une des phases les plus belles de la vie humaine. Les jeunes, en général, sont pleins de vigueur, de vitalité, d'énergie, d'espoirs et d'illusions. Rien ne leur semble impossible. Mais il ne faut surtout pas oublier que ces jeunes citoyens tissent le bonheur ou le malheur de leur pays. La seul espoir d'un pays sous-développé et misérable est sa jeunesse. Quand on parle de pays misérable, nous ne pouvons nous empêcher de penser à notre pays : l'Inde.

L'Inde est un des pays les plus pauvres du globe. La population comprend une majorité de jeunes. Quelle est l'attitude de ces jeunes en face de la vie ?

En général nous constatons que ces jeunes se disent "modernes". Encore faudrait-il savoir le vrai sens du mot "moderne". Très souvent ils ne veulent que copier l'Occident. Ils ne choisissent dans les habitudes occidentales que ce qui leur permet d'échapper à la contrainte. Par exemple : la liberté des mœurs, la drogue etc... Mais l'Occident recèle des coutumes autrement plus lovables, qu'il serait préférable d'adopter. Mais les jeunes de notre pays préfèrent les ignorer.

Dans un pays comme le nôtre où les traditions sont encore très importantes, "moderne" devrait signifier que ces traditions ne pèsent plus sur nous.

Par exemple, tout le monde sait qu'en Inde il existe un système de castes très rigide. La caste à laquelle on appartient nous détermine (langage, coutumes, cuisine etc...) La jeunesse indienne en général accepte les bien de système de castes, mettant à part quelques exceptions. Or cette jeunesse qui se dit moderne devrait trouver tout cela dépassé à l'époque où l'homme marche sur la lune !

Mais chacun se tait, ou laisse faire, car le mariage à l'intérieur de la caste permet de parler de dot. Nous savons que depuis des centaines d'années cette habitude existe en Inde, la fille apporte sa dot quand elle se marie. Récemment cette habitude a quelque peu dégénéré en véritable marché. Le jeune instruit peut s'attendre à une plus grosse dot. La fille pauvre a peu de chances de se marier.

Tout cela devrait paraître ignoble pour un jeune homme qui a des idées nobles d'égalité et de fraternité.

Mais non, on accepte de bon cœur, on met ses idées à part, car ses idées modernes seraient fatales pour la bourse. L'argent n'est-ce pas la clef de la vie ?

L'argent ! voilà le mot que tout le monde a à la bouche : Jeunes, vieux, moins vieux on ne voit pas de différence.

A une époque où l'Inde connaît les plus grandes difficultés dans tous les domaines, la jeunesse fait des rêves, bâtit son avenir. C'est normal, pourrait on penser. Mais le malheur c'est qu'elle bâtit son avenir hors de l'Inde : On ne parle que de "foreign" de "visas", de "passe port".

L'Inde qui a besoin de sa jeunesse, de cette même jeunesse insouciant qui aujourd'hui prend tout à la légère. Les universitaires de maintenant sont les médecins, les professeurs, les juristes de demain. Seule la jeunesse peut apporter une solution aux problèmes de l'Inde. C'est d'elle seule que dépend le salut de l'Inde. Pour cela la jeunesse doit réaliser pleinement la situation actuelle, pour bâtir l'avenir à la mesure de ses qualités et de ses capacités.

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மனத்தின் கேள்வி

ஏனிந்த கோலம் ?
ஏனிந்த தயக்கம் ?
துணிந்து செயல்படாமல்
துணைவற்று நிற்கின்றாயே
கனிந்த பழமொன்று
கைக்கு கிடைக்குமென்றும்
வனிதையே நிற்கின்றாயே
ஏனிந்த தயக்கம் ?
மனமறிந்து செயல்படு
இனமறிந்து தோழமை
இன்பமாய் அமைத்துக்கொள்
ஏனிந்த தயக்கம் ?

பதில்

மனித உலகில்
மட்டற்ற ஆசை
வான உலகிலும்
வாழ ஆசை
மனத்தில் குழப்பம்
தணிக்க யாருமில்லை
கணம் ஒவ்வொன்றும்
மௌனமாய்க் கழிகிறது
படிக்கவும் தோன்றவில்லை
பயிற்றுவிப்பார் யாருமில்லை
இடித்துரைக்கவும் ஆளில்லை
இன்பமின்றி இருக்கிறேன்

சுழலும் மனத்துள்
சுழன்றோடும் எண்ணங்கள்
விழியும் முன்னைப்போல்
ஒன்றில் செலுத்த முடிவதில்லை :
எழுதலாம் பல பக்கம்
எண்ணங்கள் அனைத்தையும்
எழுதி குவிக்க முடியாது
பழுதின்றி எழுதவும் இயலாது.

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Social Awareness in the Indian Novel

“.....Kanakchand was my first contact with the quivering poverty of India. One day he showed me what he had brought with him for his mid-day meal—a single black roti smeared with a mess of oil and chilli, and a whole raw onion.....he ate, hungrily and with relish”. Abhay feels close to tears. This is the first consciousness of society that the heir-apparent of Begwad state, “reared in the lap of feudal luxury” experiences. “The Princes” by Manohar Malgaonkar, is essentially a novel of a world far-removed from this “quivering poverty”, in the sense that it is a personal novel. It concerns the life of Abhayraj, who belongs to a ‘tightly-knit’ group. In no place in the novel does the novelist allow a conscious intrusion of the general conditions prevailing outside the immediate concerns of this group. Yet, this almost incidental mention of poverty reflects something. I say incidental, because, though Kanakchand is a very important character in the novel, the interest later on is concentrated on the individual growth and maturity, against a purely political background, rather than a social one. What is this something? Briefly, it is Manohar Malgaonkar’s social awareness. The potent power of the society around the novelist, with a sense of immediate experience, finds some form of manifestation within his creation — sometimes in spite of himself, as in the case of Malgaonkar.

India is a poor country. Therefore, the dominant social evil is poverty. And social awareness has itself come to signify an understanding and appreciation of the problems of the masses who live well below the poverty line. It is only with an extension of the meaning of this term that it comes to denote society in its many facets. To return, if the novel in India is used as a vehicle of expression of social awareness, then ultimately, it follows that poverty is the main theme. A question then arises whether it is social awareness that prompts the novelist to exploit this theme of poverty. India is poor, and the novelist may argue, that he too has to live, so he is justified if he capitalises on her social evil. It is but logical that he should be moved by the glaring poverty around him, rural or urban, and paint it in his novel in graphic detail. More

often than not, he finds that this kind of portraiture, provides a "Paying Image" to his novel.

Mulk Raj Anand has declared himself to be the champion of the poor. His novels treat of characters whose bane of existence is poverty, and of situations that spell "Squalor" with every nerve. There is a definite indication in his novels, of the novelist's effort, not merely to chastise the society, but also to reform it. No other novelist has afforded such a sensitive treatment of his kind of principal character—who is from low life; he is a tool brought to life. It sounds paradoxical, but the fact is that Anand's characters like the untouchable and the coolie are tools he employs to show, that in spite of all distinction of caste and creed, they too are capable of feeling. There is such a depth of psychological perception, that one cannot but be startled into realization while reading his novel, "Untouchable". I use the present tense, not merely to emphasise that particular experience while perusing the novels, but also because this social evil of class and caste distinction, though it has lost much of rigidity today, is still extant—but in a dormant form. It is almost as if, we would rather not recognise its presence, because we know it is ludicrous, yet we are fools enough to be bound by convention and tradition that are meaningless, and we imagine that we are powerless to do something about it—even in our own homes. This is forcibly brought home in Anand's own novel—"Untouchable". The characters themselves are aware that this fallacy hides itself under the norm of religion, and that individuals mean no harm. Admittedly, the situation in the novel itself has lost contemporary significance, but there is still that rancid complacency about the problem that is an insult to the intellectuality of the Hindu religion and the Indian mind. It is not enough just to give the class an idealistic name—Harijan; the name only emphasises the hollowness of inaction within the confines of religious society.

If we move on to consider the question whether the novelist infuses this awareness into his characters, the answer is definitely yes. Kalo, in Bhabhani Bhattacharya's "He who rides the Tiger", and Bakha in Anand's "Untouchable" are conscious of this. There is however, one primary difference in the condition of Kalo and Bakha. The sin Kalo suffers from is universal poverty, and not any created social hierarchy. Of course, the differences are there. To Bakha, untouchability added to poverty is like adding insult to injury. But, both suffer. Again, there is a sharp contrast in their reaction. Kalo, motivated by personal reasons is moved into action—there is nothing of the defeatist mentality in him. He capitalises on the fanatical trends religion has taken, and the true spirituality that Aurobindo was so proud of, that has degenerated into mere ritual. The full moment of his victory comes, when those very people who in some way or the other caused his and his daughter's suffering are virtually under his thumb. The elevation of his status ironically enough, has come through religion, under whose dicta, he was considered low. The social evil, then is definitely a compelling force that propels him into action. But Bakha is helpless. Numerous personal insults are hurled at him, but they are the direct cause of the circumstance of his birth. Towards the end of the novel, there is an increased perception of the problem, and though his character is fully developed, Bakha is in no position to rebel and react. We

cannot even characterise his to be a defeatist mentality, — it is just that the problem covers a wider range. Kalo's is only a question of personal revenge against society, but here it is one class of society pitted against the other. It, of necessity, therefore, needs a unified awareness, and combined effort towards solution, and thence progress. This is partly due to the novelist's own delineation perhaps to drive home his point. Whether a character cowers under relentless social pressures, or rises against the tide, he gauges the intensity of the problem.

Kámala Markandaya is yet another novelist who deals with this theme of poverty. Rukmani, in "Nectar in a Sieve" and Apu, in "A Handful of Rice" can be best described as stoical. They are typical, accepting their lot without as much as a murmur. It never occurs to them to better themselves, and the idea of rebellion is blasphemy. But Ravi, the hero in "A Handful of Rice" is urged to rebel. Towards the close of the novel the reader's mind is alert, waiting for Ravi to act — to hurl brick at the offensive glass-window, that almost symbolises his subservience. It is that shop which sells his tailored creations at ten times the price it pays him — catering to the "stinking-rich" and battenning itself in the process; while he wallows in poverty, unable to satisfy the basic needs of his family. And it was not due to want of effort on his part. Here we have a look into the Indian defeatist mentality. The spirited hand that lifts the brick drops down nervelessly, and what might have closed with a bang, ends in a whisper. Perhaps, the optimist might say — it is better this way; it shows the disinclination of the Indian mind to destruction. But if the mind that is disinclined thus is a little more inclined towards construction — with a little less of that all pervading, and all-dominating "self" we might be justified in satisfaction. But today the situation of course, is just topsy-turvy.

But social awareness could also signify in its broader sense, not necessarily only the recognition of the social evil around the novelist. The artist's sensibility could react creatively to his surrounding, which is ordinary dailiness of daily life. William Walsh justly talks of R. K. Narayan's "Creative Use of the Ordinary". With a rare sense of humour, and a Chaucerian geniality to the very human idiosyncrasies around him, Narayan seems to be the undeclared champion of the middle-class society. What gives his novels an unspoken emphasis is the very matter-of-fact treatment of theme and subject. "Take it Easy, it's just life" seems to be his dogma. Every little detail is picked straight out of life but treated with no passion. His Malgudi tingles with life but with none of the complexities of emotion. A homely creation, into which you and I could fit in with perfect ease. Perhaps what appeals to the South Indian mind is the familiarity of not only the setting but also of characters like Mr. Sampath, Chandran, Susheela, Srinivas, or the lovable little Swami. The mind, as it reads Narayan, almost involuntarily translates the character, incident, situation and dialogue into something that is essentially your own — an inexpressible nuance that identifies the novel for you. A feeling probably, that we share with Jane Austen's public. Apart from Manohar Malgaonkar, Anita Desai, Raja Rao and others, Narayan is one who deals with the middle or upper classes of society that is intermingled with Anand's world of squalour. These afford glimpses into the Indian Society, and in that sense, remain novels of social awareness.

Yet, one important factor about these novels needs emphasis. They are not novels of mere social awareness, in which case they would be nothing more than propagandist novels. Their world compasses a variety—a spectrum which offers a brilliant panoramic view of life. They satisfy the primary aim to please, as they instruct. To appearances, I have concentrated on the instructive appeal. To appreciate the pleasure, the novels themselves allure, and need no advocate. Moreover, the nuances of experience when such an appreciation of a novel is involved, must remain one's own. These charms and attractions, the reader will best find for himself.

SOWMYA VARADARAJAN,
I M. A. Literature

परोपकारः

मानवाः ईश्वरीयसृष्टेः प्रतिनिधयः एव । मनोः संजाता एव मानवाः । मानवानां प्रमुखं कर्तव्यं ईश्वरभक्तिः अथवा ईश्वर विश्वासः । यत्र यत्र ईश्वरावेश्वासः तत्र तत्र भगवतः पूजापि संभवति । भगवदारधनं येन केनापि रूपेण कर्तुं शक्यते । केचन ईशपूजां विधिपूर्वकं कुर्वन्ति । केचित् पुनः मानवसेवयापि भगवन्तं संतोषयन्ति । मानवसेवा एव परोपकारः । परेषां यावान् उपकारः क्रियते स एव परोपकारः इति सद्भिः उच्यते । परोपकारिणां सत्कथाः अस्माकं पुराणेभ्यः लभ्यन्ते । महर्षिः दधीचिः निजास्थीनि वज्रायुधनिर्माणाय इन्द्राय प्रादात् । परमकारुणिकः शिबिः गृध्राय आत्ममांसं समर्पितवान् । प्रकृतेः वैभवेभ्यः परोपकारः सततं क्रियते । नद्यः आत्मीयं जलं परेभ्यः ददति । वृक्षाः स्वफलानि अपरेभ्यः यच्छन्ति । एतान् निरूपणाय सुभाषितमिदमुदाहरणीयम्—

परोपकाराय फलन्ति वृक्षाः,
परोपकाराय वहन्ति नद्यः,
परोपकाराय दुहन्ति गावः,
परोपकाराय सतां विभूतयः ॥

परोपकारिणां हृदयं नूनं सरलतमं मधुरतमञ्च । भवभूतेः उत्तररामचरिते परोपकारिणां स्वभावं प्रति लक्षणं प्राण्यते ।

“ वज्रादपि कठोराणि मृदूनि कुसुमादपि ।
लोकोत्तराणां चेतांसि को हि विज्ञातुमर्हति ॥ ”

एतावता ज्ञायते यत् परोपकारिणां मनः अप्रमेयम् । महान् भर्तृहरिः वदति—

“ सर्वेषां अपि सर्वकारणं इदं शीलं परं भूषणम्
नरस्य यशः दीपस्य ज्योति इव सर्वत्र प्रसरति ।
सुशीलस्य नरस्य संगः सर्वं कुशल दायकः । ”

सौलभ्यं, सौशील्यं, सारल्यमेव एतेषां स्वभावजालम् । पुराणेषु परोपकारिणां कथाः अतिमञ्जुलाः । सूर्यपुत्रः कर्णः दाने शौण्डः प्रख्यातश्च । एकदा ऐन्द्रि सहायीकर्तुं वासवः ब्राह्मणरूपेणागत्य तस्य कवचकुण्डलान् कर्णम् अयाचत । निजपित्रा विकर्तनेन निवारितोऽपि कर्णः ससुखं कवचकुण्डलान् विप्राय अददात् ।

अहो परोपकारिणां दानशीलता त्यागशीलता च ।

R. GBETHA
I B.A. (Economics)

Look the Other way

“ Take a look at you and me
Are we just too blind to see
Or do we simply turn our heads
And look the other way.....
In the Ghetto”

Through the rhythmic poundings of the drums and the pattern of bamboo framework, the bier swayed – a cascade of flowers and the corpse submerged beneath it. The pipes and trumpets blared while the dancers rocked to and fro, tipsily. Death marches are always gay for the people of the slums.

A whizzing stone crashed suddenly into the procession, then a second and a quick third — an angry, concrete hailstorm. Nobody paused. The burning ghat was a long distance away and the anger against the miscreants impotent, for being ill-equipped. Throw the corpse down — run for your party, Council-of-War, disappear into the night.

Street lights fused. Shop shutters slid down with a crash. Emptied streets and the whirling tumult of stones. Bursting soda water bottles.

Respectable citizens withdrew into their homes. Respectable citizens always do. They bolted their doors, barred the windows and commented upon the shameful state of affairs. Then they waited for each other to telephone the police.

The brawl lasted half an hour, and then the remains were borne to the ghat—a fitting funeral trauma for such a hero. Everybody knew him. Lolling at the arrack shops, a brave man at knife-fights, a quick hand at cards — his woman wept for him — even now.

It had been a good life for her while it lasted. A man to cook for, and one who cared so deeply. He would pawn no other woman's sari but hers—the regular beating when he came in drunk. Why, before she had met him, she had worked at the house, nearest the slums—so large, it had a number on its gate — 13. But they kicked her out. They said they didn't approve of the man she lived with. Too much expense. The question of morality was neither here nor there. He had a job — trade unionist in the factory.

And then two days ago, when he staggered his alcoholic way down the rubbish infested road, leaving her with her bruises, he met his political rivals. Everything was over in a flash — the hot words, the quick offense swifter than the flash of knives that ripped the life from his bleeding side..... they carried him home dead.

When the trauma passed and the gauchy faces of grotesque film posters began to smile again, and the tea shop sang out new film songs she went to house number thirteen with timid hope. I'll work twice as hard. Any work you give me.

But we have two people working for less pay — mother and child.

That evening there was a fire. The hut where she lived was an orange and red sheet of leaping, burning violence. Later, others screamed in hysteria that it was a funeral pyre. She was within - kerosene and a match - an inexpensive price to pay when life becomes too dear. The flames crackled through the brown thatch, like the angry impatience of frustration. The hot ashes blew with the wind and the glowing sparks ignited the neighbouring thatched roofs. The wind blew insistently. 'Phone for the fire engine', said the people of house number 13. Someone ought to put it out before it becomes a danger to us...no, don't close the door...we won't know what's happening outside...where is the telephone number?

But the flames hissed and writhed their fiery coils across the slum towards the houses. The wind blew stronger and the fire engine was a long time coming.....

JEAN FERNANDEZ
II B.A. Literature

सच्चाई छिपाये नहीं छिपती ।

ओ ! चमच, काँटे से रवाने वाले धनिको ।
क्या तुमने कभी एक नजर उठाकर भी देखा उन श्रमिकों को,
जो तुम्हारे लिए, घिस - पिसकर भूख - प्यास से हुए हड्डियों की मूर्ति,
परन्तु तुमने नहीं खोई अब तक धन एकत्र करने की भूर्ति ।
भरपेट खादिष्ट भोजन खाकर, ऐश्वर्य की मखमली कम्बलों में लोटकर,
अनुचित रूप से एकत्र किये धन को अनुचित रूप से ही खर्चकर,
तुम लाख चाहे तथ्य को छिपाने का प्रयास करो,
परन्तु तरस खाओ, हाय ! गरीब इन्सान के मूल्य पर अपना तौंद न बढ़ाओ ।
हे पूँजीपतियो ! याद रखो, यदि श्रमिक न होते तो तुम,
धनाढ्य नहीं, सड़क पर एक भिखारी होते,
खादिष्ट व्यञ्जन और एक आरामदेह, अलंकृत भवन
तुम्हारे लिए एक सुरम्य स्वप्न मात्र रह जाते ।
तुम्हारे सुखी - सम्पन्न जीवन ने छीन लिया है
उनकी संतुष्टि जो है राष्ट्र उत्थान की दीप्ति,
यही तो है उनकी महत्ता जो है राष्ट्र की असली सत्ता ।

R. SARADA MANI
I st B.Sc. Zoology

The Road to Nowhere

We were grasping and eager, rushing ahead aimlessly, trying to get a grip on life; to find ourselves, to discover a mutual identity. We were hypocrites condemning the world and the meagre satisfaction it offers, yet remaining very much a part of it and savouring those pleasant aspects of existence which in retrospect seem contemptible. Our intellectual theorizing and unconventional ideas weren't much more than valiant but pathetic attempts to conceal our very real and deep-rooted awkwardness and insecurity in society, and our basic inability to confront without prevarication the problems we were saddled with. And then.....but there doesn't seem to be any point in brooding over it, particularly when you take into account the fact that such post-mortems only emphasize the mad exaggeration and flamboyance characteristic of reminiscences. All said and done, however, we were friends of a sort. Though how the friendship survived as long as it did is beyond me.

Anyway, we were thrown together more or less by accident. She was perhaps my senior in years but mentally we were at par. She was cynical, bitter, fatalistic (it wasn't genuine, though.....it was the "in" attitude to adopt) and I was going through a period of intense emotional conflict, plagued by complexes and suffering from what a psychologist would term an "identity crisis". But somehow we tuned into each other's wavelength and adhered to one another from then on. I realize now that there was no stable basis on which our relationship was built. Huxley, Freud, Marx, Lenin, McLuhan, transactional analysis, transcendental meditation, rational thereby ad infinitum are hardly conducive to a purely human understanding. Hasn't the individual much more to give than a few hours of mere pseudo-intellectual conversation? He can truly understand himself only by seeing his mirrored image in the sympathetic reflecting soul of a kindred spirit. But we didn't know all this then.

Our favourite hang-out in those days was the small coffee lounge at the University. As coffee lounges go, it wasn't too bad, but it had the usual quota of flies, leering, apathetic waiters, dirty tableware, an uncared-for appearance and a smell to match, and stools (minus two legs) to sit or rather, to squat on. But we talked. And how! We argued, we agreed, we discussed. We'd never let anyone in on our abstract enunciations. We were going to change the world you see. We were the champions of the neglected intellegentia. We were the highbrows who knew so much that we weren't able to descend to the level of the humanitarians. In short, we were also fools.

I went on in this fashion for two years, almost. Both of us were supposed to be studying in college, and in a very sought-after one, at that. But we were escapists, remember? There never was a lecture which held our attention. She and I being in different classes, it was naturally difficult for us to meet whenever we wanted to. During the lectures, however, I used to formulate new theories to discuss and so would she; and we'd meet at that coffee lounge in the evenings to digress on them. The room grew clogged with cigarette smoke, the noise around us would be deafening, and the heat outside would be replaced by the inviting evening breeze, but we never budged. When a decision regarding the efficacy of Socialism was at stake, who cared about the fact that the beggar on the roadside was horribly mutilated, that the pot-bellied malnurtured child vainly striving to crawl to his ragged mother was the result of the selfsame ideal, that common human problems demanding our attention were being thrust aside?

Thus we remained blind for a long time and revelled in the sensation, believing that we were nihilists, that we were eradicating all the difficulties in our personal lives by alienating ourselves from them. But nothing is ever permanent, is it? Nothing. So too our idyllic abstract refuge of pseudo-intellectualism terminated abruptly. It happened in the course of a single day. A Sunday, I remember.

That far-off morning, she came to me with a kind of radiance emanating from her. "Look" she said, "there's something tremendously exciting this evening, J. Krishnamurthi is speaking! I'm just dying to hear him. Come with me, won't you? Say you'll come!"

“ Well.....to tell the truth. I don't think I can.....I've this test tomorrow.....”

“ Oh, forget that —! Hey, you haven't become square suddenly, have you?! Don't tell me you have! ”

“ No, I haven't...but these days I feel we're just heading nowhere. We talk the whole day, we criticise everything but we never attempt remedies. What's the purpose of the whole thing? And all J. K. is going to do is lead us further into the mess ”.

“ Please don't moralize, it sounds sick ”.

“ I know it does, but can you honestly call this moralizing? What I'm trying to say is that let's do what we say.....for example even if we want to live a life of escapism, let's honestly do so instead of merely talking about it. But why don't we face reality? You tackle your problems, I'll tackle mine. Try and DO something. Sitting in the coffee lounge while the rest of the world is intensely alive, intensely human, isn't helping either of us one bit. I have my problems too. I can't ignore them. I've been ignoring them far too long. I could apply the theory of relationships, or the theory of this, or that, or the other. But how does it help? Tell me ”.

“ I don't know, and I don't know what's made you change so much either. Why do you want to change? We're quite happy this way, aren't we? ”

“ We were. But I'm certainly not happy now. Something's missing. Something's wrong. I wish I could find what I'm looking for..... but I myself don't quite know what I want..... ”

“ Hey, what on earth's come over you?.....Anyway, I intend to go there this evening, whether you come or not ”.

She went. I accompanied her. Why? I don't know myself. I think it was because I was so used to being a faithful shadow.

G. RAMA,
I B.A. Literature.
(By kind courtesy: “UDAYA”)

The Quest of the Modern Mind

“ We're waiting for Godot

It'll be day again, What'll we do what'll we do!

We are bored.....We are bored to death.....

We are all born mad

Wait.....go on waiting.....waiting.....go on waiting

Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it's awful ”.

Beckett in his play 'Waiting for Godot' diagnoses the plight of humanity as purposelessness in an existence out of harmony with its surroundings. Awareness of

this lack of purpose in all we do.....produces a state of anguish which is the central theme of the writers in the Theatre of the Absurd. "The rational linking of idea with idea is abandoned, and instead the irrationality of experience is transferred to the stage"¹.

'Waiting for Godot' does not tell a story, it explores a static situation. Beckett sets four characters all different, and yet all recognisably human, in a dream landscape - a bare road with a single tree. In the dream landscape two men - half-tramp, half-clown wait for Mr. Godot, who never turns up. Pozzo and Lucky arrive instead. The play is in two acts of unequal length, both of which are set in the same place, and begin at the same time (early evening) and night falls at the close of each. In both acts Pozzo and Lucky appear. Both acts see the entrance of the Boy, a messenger from Mr. Godot, and in both his message is the same! "Mr. Godot will not come that evening, but surely tomorrow". The two-act play displays the same basic events in both acts, but showing in its second series an accelerated state of decay. The text announces 'The next day' for the second act - but what kind of 'next day' is it, when leaves have suddenly appeared on the bare tree, when Pozzo has gone blind and Lucky dumb? And when Estragon's boots seem to have altered? The answer is that all days are identical, they mirror or parody one another. Even the apparent differences between Act One and Act Two only serve to emphasize the essential sameness of the situation. The day of Act One ends, as does the day of Act Two with "Let's go" - They do not go!

There is no conflict and no conclusion. There is no initial exposition of the situation. Beckett gives only minimal information at the beginning. What action there is, such as the arrival of Pozzo and Lucky, come to nothing. The second act though sadder than the first, lacks tragic finality. Pozzo tells Vladimir - "Guess who taught me all these beautiful things.....But for Lucky all my thoughts, all my feelings would have been of common things".

"One day he went dumb, one day I went blind, one day we'll go deaf one day we were born, one day we shall die.....They give birth astride of a grove, the light gleams an instant, then it's night once more". Pozzo's outburst contains the very core of Beckettian anguish and despair at the cruelty of life, the shortness and waste of it, and man's compulsion, in spite of it, to go on. Each character though distinct, now and then drops his individuality, and speaks in the impersonal vein. Pozzo's speech and Vladimir's are examples of this "impersonal vein," the sentiment expressed is universal.

For Beckett, the only real brotherhood of man lies in his grief and loneliness; in the cry of distress Estragon, Vladimir and Pozzo are all one. Though they are different in appearance, yet they are similar in spiritual condition, within the mind. For mind in Beckett's World is universal, impersonal and timeless.

Affection and tenderness between human beings is always present and is prominent in the mutual need for each other of Beckett's pains — Vladimir and Estragon, Pozzo and Lucky. This is seen in Pozzo's words to Estragon — "Don't leave me".

1 "The Penguin Dictionary of the Theatre" — J. R. Taylor

Beckett is not a didactic author, interested in conveying a message in literary form. Such truths as he does enunciate are the simple observations of the human condition. "Waiting for Godot" is a poem on a world in which man waits and hopes for something, to give a meaning to his life. There is hope of salvation in the arrival of Pozzo or the messenger.

Like Harold Pinter, Beckett is remarkable for his effective use of silence. In the first act the 'Boy' says (in a rush) —

"Mr. Godot told me to tell you he won't come this evening but surely tomorrow".

SILENCE

Vladimir — Is that all?

Boy — Yes Sir

SILENCE

In his novel 'The Unnamable' the language moves close to the language of Silence. Beckett has returned to something simpler and elemental in novel and drama. Beckett's characteristic density and compression make his theatre a literature of significance and awareness.

'There is nothing to express, nothing with which to express, no power to express, no desire to express, together with the obligation to express— This statement of his contains the Key to all his works, Beckett refuses to create and yet he creates. He will take any situation to its ultimate depth, wallow in the gloom of despair, and after reiterating the impossibility of hope, he finds that when his eyes are accustomed to the darkness, there is a glimmer of light, a hope that something may survive after all. Beckett never leaves his reader without hope at the end. Vladimir in "Waiting for Godot" reflects on his lot, on the possibility that he too is observed from above, breaks suddenly into panic, but pulls himself back from despair —

"Someone is looking, Of me too someone is saying, He is sleeping, he knows nothing, let him sleep on (Pause).

I can't go on".

SHEILA JOSEPH,
II M.A. Literature

வாழ்க்கைக் கடல்

வாழ்க்கை	என்பது	கடலாகும்.
வருகிற	துன்பம்	அலையாகும்
வாழ்வின்	இன்பம்	சிப்பிகளில்
மறைந்து	கிடக்கும்	முத்தாகும்.
முத்தை	எடுக்க	விரும்புவோர்
மூச்சை	அடக்கி	மூழ்கிடுவார்
முக்தி	இன்பம்	பெறுவோரும்
முன்னம்	அன்பால்	துயருறுவார்
அலையின்	கழலில்	மரக்கலத்தை
அணைத்து	பிடிக்கும்	நங்கூரம் ;
குலையும்	துயரில்	சீவன்களைக்
குறியாய்க்	காக்கும்	ஈசன்கரம் !
தனியாய்ப்	பிறந்தோம்	தரணியிலே
தனியாய்	இறப்போம்	முடிவிலிலே.
இடையில்	ஆசை	பாசங்கள் ஏன் ?
ஈசன்	தலைமையில்	மோசன்கள் ஏன் ?
நமது	மரக்கலம்	கரைசேர
நமக்குப்	பிறின்	துணைவேண்டும்
நாமும்	பிறர்க்குத்	துணை செய்வோம்
நமது	விருப்பம்	நிறைவேறும்.

M. A. M. MADHAVI
Pre-University.

பாரதியார் இயற்கைப் புலவர்

“பட்டுக் கருநீலப் புடவை பதித்த நல்வயிரம்
நட்ட நடுநிசியில் தெரியும் நகைத்திரங்களடி”

இந்தக் கவிதை வரிகளை நாமனைவரும் பலகாலும் பண்ணொடு கேட்டு இன்புற்றிருக்கிறோம். இதனை இயற்றிய கவியரசையும் நாம் நன்கு அறிவோம். சொல்லில் அடங்காதது அவர் கவித்திறன் என்றால் நமக்கது புதிதன்று. ஆனாலும் எண்ணும்தொறும் இசைக்குந்தொறும் நித்தம்நித்தம் இன்பம் பயக்கும் நிலையான அழகு எவ்வாறு வந்தது ? உறங்கிக் கிடந்த மக்களைக் கவிதையின் மூலம் தட்டியெழுப்பி உணர்ச்சிக் கனல் புகுத்திய சுதந்திரக் கவி பாரதியார் இங்ஙனம் தெய்வீக அழகு திகழும் பாடல்களை எழுதியுள்ள திறனைப்பாராட்ட வார்த்தைகள் கிடைப்பதில்லை. பாரதியாரின் இயற்கை எழில் மிளிரும் பாடல்களை இரசிக்காதார் இவர். கவி பாரதி என்பதைவிட, இயற்கைக்கவி பாரதி என்பது மிகவும் இயல்பானதாகத் தோன்றுகிறது.

இயற்கை அழகு : நமது வாழ்க்கையில் பல்வேறு உணர்ச்சி மோதல்கள் நாள் தொறும் நிகழ்கின்றன. இத்தகைய பல உணர்ச்சிகளில் சிறந்தது அழகுணர்ச்சி என்கூறலாம். ஏனென்றால் அழகுணர்ச்சியே பிறகு அன்பு, பண்பு, தெய்வீகம் முதலிய

நல்லுணர்ச்சிகளைத் தோற்றுவிக்கிறது. நம்மைப்போன்ற சாதாரண மக்களை விடக் கவிஞர் களுக்கு இந்த அழகுணர்ச்சி அதிகம். உள்ளத்தில் பொங்கும் உணர்ச்சியலைகளுக்கு உருவம் கொடுத்து வெளியாக்க வேண்டுமென்ற எண்ணத்திற்குத் தூண்டுகோலே அழகுணர்ச்சி. இவ்வெண்ணமே கவிதை பிறக்கக் காரணம். எனவே கவிதை என்பது அழகு.

கவி பாரதியும் தமது ஞானரத்தினில் இதனைக் குறிப்பிடுகிறார். “சௌந்தர்யத்தை தாகத்துடன் தேடுவோர்களுக்குச் சத்தியம் அகப்பட்டுவிடும். “உண்மையே வனப்பு வனப்பு உண்மை” என்று ஒரு ஞானி சொல்லியிருக்கிறார். சௌந்தர்யம் சத்தியம் என்பதால் சௌந்தர்யம் தெய்வத்தன்மை பொருந்தியது எனத் தெளிவாகிறது. உபநிஷதங்கள் இறை இயல்பை வாக்கு, மனவட்டங்களைக் கடந்தது என்றே குறிப்பிடுகின்றன. அழகைக் குறிக்க இயற்கையைக் குறிக்கும் தொடர்களையே பயன்படுத்துகின்றன. எனவே, அழகு தெய்வத்தன்மை உடையது. இறைவன் அழகுடையவன். ஆகவே நாம் இயற்கை அழகு என்பதுடன் இயற்கை—இறை என்று கூறலாம். இயற்கையோடு இயைந்த வாழ்வு நடத்த வேண்டுமென நம்முன்னோர் வகுத்ததன் காரணமும் நமக்கு இப்போது புரிபடுகிறது. இறையருள் பெற்ற நம் முன்னோரான பாரதி இயற்கையில் திளைத்து இயற்கைப் புலவராக நின்று பாடும்போது இந்த இறைத் தன்மையையே இயற்கையில் காண்கிறார். இயற்கைப் புலவன் பாரதி இயற்கையைப் பற்றிப் பாடும் போது இறையுணர்வு பெற்ற ஞானியாகப் பாடுகிறாரென்றி உயிற்றற புறவழிகில் ஈடுபட்டுப் பாடுகிறார். இயற்கைப் புலவனாகப் பாரதியைக் காணும் நாம் அடிப்படையாக இதனை மனத்தில் நிலைநிறுத்திக் கொள்ள வேண்டும்.

அழகுத் தெய்வத்தின் அறிமுகம் கவிஞருக்குக் கிட்டுகிறது:

“மங்கியதோர் நிலவிலே கனவினது கண்டேன்
வயது பதினாறுக்கும் இளவயது மங்கை
பொங்கிவரும் பெருநிலவு போன்ற ஒளிமுகமும்
புள்ளகையின் புதுநிலவும் போற்றவருந் தோற்றம்
தூங்கமணி மின்போலும் வடிவத்தாள் வந்து
தூங்காதே எழுந்தென்னைப் பாரென்று சொன்னாள்
ஆங்கதனிர்கண் விழித்தேன்.....
அழகென்னும் தெய்வந்தான் அதுவென்றே அறிந்தேன்”

நிலவு ஒளிவீசும் நள்ளிரவில் கவியைத் ‘தூங்காதே’ என்றெழுப்பி அழகு மங்கை அற்புதத் தோற்றம் அளிக்கின்றாள். மயங்கிய தூங்க நிலையில் மானிடப் பெண்ணாகக் காட்சி அளித்தவள், விழித்த தெளிந்த நிலையில் தெய்வமாகத் தோன்றுகிறாள். அதனால் பெற்ற ஞானமே பாடலில் விரவி நிற்கிறது. கண் விழித்த நிலை ஞானம் பெற்றமையை உணர்த்துகிறது.

அழகுத் தெய்வத்திடம் கேள்விமாரி பொழிகிறார் கவி. பதில்களும் உடனே கிடைக்கின்றன.

“யோகம்தான் சிறந்ததுவோ தவம் பெரிதோ என்றேன்
யோகமே தவம் தவமே யோகம் எனவுரைத்தாள்”

என்று தொடங்கிப் பலவினாக்கள் தொடுத்து:

“முகத்தில் அருள் காட்டினாள் மோகமது தீர்ந்தேன்” என முடிக்கும் பாங்கினைக் கவனித்தால் பாரதி நடத்துவது அழகு ஆராய்சி அல்ல, மெய்ப்பொருள் ஆராய்ச்சியே என்பது புரிகிறது. இயற்கை அழகுடன் ஒன்றும்போது மெய்யுணர்வு பிறக்கின்றது.

இங்ஙனம் மெய்யுணர்வில் திளைத்துப் பெற்ற ஞானம் பாட்டுருவம் பெற்றுத் தம்மிடமிருந்து வெளிவர வேண்டுமெனப் பாரதி கலைமகளை வேண்டுகிறார்.

“ என்றன்
பாவமெல்லாம் கெட்டு ஞான கங்கை
நாதமோ டெப்போதும் என்றன்
நாவினிலே பொழிந்திட வேண்டும் ”

உலகத்தையும் இன்பம் தரவல்ல அழகுத் தெய்வத்தின் திருவோலக்கமாகக் கண்ட கவிஞன் அவ்வழகில் தன்னை மறந்து திளைக்கிறான். அத் திளைப்பில் ‘ஞானம்’ பிறக்கிறது. இத்தகைய ஞானப் பெருக்கின் ஞான கங்கையின் நாதவடிவமான சொல்லோட்டமே கவிதை என்று கவிதைக்கு இலக்கணம் கூறுகிறார். இவ்வாறு பாரதியிடமிருந்து பொங்கி வந்த கவிதைகள் மூலமாகவே அவரது ஞானத்தையும் அதன் பயனையும் நாம் அறிந்து கொள்ள வேண்டும்.

இந்த இயற்கை ஞானம் இன்பம் பயப்பதன்றி அதில் ஈடுபட்டால் உலக துன்பங்களைத்தையும் மறக்கடித்து விடுகிறது. கலைமகள் வணக்கத்தில் இவ்வுண்மையைக் காணலாம்.

“ திங்களைக் கண்டவுடன் கடல் திரையினைக் காற்றினைக் கேட்டவுடன் கங்குலைப் பார்த்தவுடன் கடல் காலையில் இரவியைத் தொழுதுவுடன் பொங்குவீர் அமிழ்தெனவே அந்தப் புதுமையிலே துயர் மறந்திருப்பேன் ”

துன்பம் துடைப்பது மட்டுமன்று, இயற்கை எப்போதும் நீங்காத இன்பம் பயப்பதுமாம். உலகம் பெரிது, இயற்கை மேடை பெரிது, அதில் காலடி வைத்தால் நமது மனமும் பெரிதாகத் துவங்குகிறது. இயற்கையின் எழிலோவியங்களுக்கு எல்லை இல்லை. கணித சாஸ்திரப்படி எண்களுக்கு எல்லையில்லாத தன்மை உண்டு. இந்த எல்லையில்லாத தன்மையை infinity என்பார்கள். இயற்கையின் எழிலோவியங்களும் எண்களை ஒத்தவை. எல்லையே கிடையாது. இந்த பரந்த எல்லையற்ற அழகை உணரும்போது நமது மனமும் விரிவதில் வியப்பென்ன? மனம் குறுகிய எண்ணங்களிலிருந்து விடுபட்டுச் சிறகடித்து பறக்கும்போது சிறுமையான எண்ணங்களால் ஏற்படும் துன்பம் ஓடிப்போய் ஒளிந்து கொள்ளும். எல்லாம் அப்போது இன்பம், இன்பம், இன்பம்; ஆகவே பாரதியார் “உலகம் இனியது; வான் இனியது; காற்று இனியது; தீ இனிது; உயிர் நன்று; சாதல் நன்று” என்று எல்லாவற்றையும் இனியவையாக்குவது வியப்பைத் தருவதில்லையல்லவா? அழகுத் தோற்றம் தெய்வம், வேதாந்தியின் குரலும் தெய்வம் என்று பாரதி கூறுகிறார்.

“ இயலுகின்ற செடப்பொருள்களைத்தும் தெய்வம்
எழுதுகோல் தெய்வம் இந்த எழுத்தும் தெய்வம் ”

எல்லாம் தெய்வமயம். ஆகவே எல்லாம் இன்பமயம்.

இயற்கையின் எழிலையும், எழிலின் தெய்வீகத் தன்மையையும் அதுதரும் பயனையும் அறிந்த நாம், இனி பாரதியார் இவ்வியற்கை எழிலை எவ்வாறு கவிதை ஒவியமாகத் தீட்டினார் என்பதை அவரது கவிதைகள் வாயிலாக அறிந்து அந்த இன்பத்தில் திளைக்கலாம்.

நாளின் தொடக்கம் காலைப் பொழுது. அப்போது கதிரவன் குணதிசைச் சிகரம் வந்தனைகிறான். கதிரவனைக் கண்ட கவிஞர் தாமரையென அகமலர்ந்து பாடுகிறார்.

“காலைக் கதிரழகின் கற்பனைகள் பாடுகின்றேன்
தங்கம் உருக்கித் தழல் குறைத்துத் தேனாக்கி
எங்கும் பரப்பியதோர் இங்கிதமோ”

காலையின் பொன்னிற வெயில் பொன்னை உருக்கி வார்த்தாற்போல இருக்கிறது. ஆயின், உருக்கிய பொன்னின் வெம்மையில்லை. அது இதமாக இருக்கிறது. உடலுக்கும் உயிர்க்கும் நன்மை பயப்பது. ஆகவேதான், “தழல் குறைத்துத் தேனாக்கி” என்கிறார்.

காலைக் கதிரவன் மட்டுமின்றி, மாலைக் கதிரவனும் கவிஞரை மயக்குகிறான். மேலைப்போம் பரிதியைப் ‘பஞ்சாவி சபதத்தில்’ அர்ச்சுனன் பாடமுற்படுகின்றான்.

“அடிவானத்தே அங்குப் பரிதிக் கோளம்
அளப்பரிய விரைவினோடு கழலக் காண்பாய்”

அதுவும் தேவியின் விளையாடலாகவே தோன்றுகிறது.

“கணந்தோறும் ஒரு புதிய வண்ணம் காட்டிக்
காளி பராசக்தி அவள் களிக்குங் கோலம்”

பகலவன் மட்டுமின்றி நிலவுமகளும் போட்டியாக கவிஞர் நெஞ்சை நிறைக்கிறார்,

“எல்லையில்லாததோர் வானக் கடலிடை
வெண்ணிலாவே விழிக்கு
கின்பமளிப்பதோர் தீவென்றிலகுவை
வெண்ணிலாவே”

வானமாகிற கடலிடை உள்ள அந்த வெள்ளிய தீவின் மீது கவிஞர் காதல் கொண்டு விட்டார். தண்ணிலவிலும் தேவி பராசக்தி ஒளிமுகம் காண்கிறார்.

“சந்திரனொளியில் அவனைக் கண்டேன்
சரணமென்று புகுந்து கொண்டேன்
இந்திரியங்களை வென்று விட்டேன்
எனதென் ஆசையைக் கொன்று விட்டேன்.” அழகில் மெய்யுணர்வு

விரிகிறது.

இந்த மழை இருக்கிறதே இது இயற்கையின் அமுத ஊற்று. வானத்தையும் பூமியையும் இணைக்கும் வெள்ளிக் கம்பிகள் மழைத்தூறல்கள். இம்மழையுடன் பெருங்காற்று சேர்ந்து விட்டாலோ ஊழித் தாண்டவம்தான். இயல்பில் உயிர்கள் அஞ்சிப் பதுங்கும் நம் கவிஞரோ இயற்கை எழிலின் எல்லை கண்டு, தாமும் அதனுடன் ஆடிப்பாடுகிறார்.

“தாளங்கள் கொட்டிக் களைக்குது வானம்
எட்டுத்திசையும் இடிய.....மழை
எங்ஙனம் வந்ததடா தம்பி வீரா”

மழையாக நின்று ஆடும் ஆட்டத்திற்கு வானம் திசைகள் இடிபடத் தாளம் போடுகிறதாம், என்ன கூத்து இயற்கைக் கூத்து. பேய்க் கூத்தினை இரசிப்பவர்க்கு புயல் ஒரு பொருட்டா! அதனையும் விட்டு வைக்கவில்லை கவிஞர், இயற்கைச் சக்திகளுக்குமன் மனிதன் எவ்வளவு சிறியவனாகிறான்.

இயற்கையில் இறைவனைக் காண்பதால் இறைவனை வருணிக்கும்போதும் அது இயற்கை வருணனையாகவே ஆகிவிடுகிறது.

“காயிலே புளிப்பதென்ன கண்ணபெருமானே - நீ
கனியிலே இனிப்பதென்ன கண்ணபெருமானே — என்கிறார் கவிஞர்.

கண்ணனை, அன்பாக அவர் ‘கண்ணம்மா’ என்று அழைக்கிறார். அவரது காதலி கண்ணம்மாவைக் காணலாம்.

வட்டமான கரிய விழியின் ஒளிச்சுடர்கள் சூரிய சந்திரர்கள்—நஷைத்திரங்கள் பதித்த கருநீல ஆகாயப்புடவை - தெய்வமங்கையின் எழில் அழியா ஓவியமாக மனத்தில் பதிக்கிறது. விண்ணாகம் மட்டுமல்ல, மண்ணகத்தின் எழில்களும்,

அவள் அங்கங்களே, ‘சோலை மலரொளியோ.....பருவக்காதல்
கொண்டேள். காதல் கொள்ளாமல் எவ்வாறிருக்க முடியும்?

“தீக்குள் விரலை வைத்தால் நினைத் தீண்டும் இன்பம் தோன்றுதடா” இதில் வியப் பென்ன? காற்று, நீர், நெருப்பு, வான், நிலவு ஆகிய பஞ்ச பூதங்களையும் அழகொடு தெய்வீக உணர்வோடு ஒன்றி இரசித்தவரைத் தீ தான் சுடுமா? அன்றி நீர் தான் நனைக் குமா? இறைவனில் இரண்டறக் கலக்கும் தன்மை பெற்றுவிட்டார் என்பதில் ஐயமும் உண்டோ?

நீலக்கடலினிலே நீண்ட குழலும் கோலமதியினிலே குளிர்ந்த முகமும் கண்டவர் ஞாலவொளியினிலே ஞான ஒளியும், கால நடையினிலே தேவியின் காதல் மனமும் கண்டவர் இறைவனிடத்தில் வேண்டிப்பெற வேண்டியதும் உண்டோ?

ஆனாலும் வேண்டுகின்றாரே! என்னவென்று காண்போம்:

“கனியிலே கோவிந்தா நினைக் கண்டு
நின்னொடு நான் கலப்பதென்றே”

இறைவனில் இரண்டறக் கலக்கும் உயர்நிலையை இயற்கை வழிபாட்டால் அடைந்த இயற்கைப் புலவர் பாரதி அதனையே வேண்டுகிறார்.

பாரதியாரின் பாடல்களில் சொல் அலங்காரங்களைவிட ஆத்ம இன்பம் பயக்கும் பொருட்சுவைகளே அதிகம். எளிய பாடல்கள் - இனிய நடை - அரிய பொருட்கள் - உயர்ந்த கருத்துக்கள்! இத்தகு சிறப்புகள் பல நிரம்பிய இயற்கைப் புலவரைப் பற்றி இந்நாளில் எண்ணி மகிழ்ந்ததே நாம் செய்த பேறு. பாரதியின் இனிய கவிதைகள் நமது மனத்தையும் சென்று அணைத்திருக்குமாயின்.

இயற்கையில் இறைவனைக் காண முயல்வோம் இன்பம் அடைவோம்.

V. ARUNA,
III B.Sc. Chemistry.

You are a cliché
In the discussions,
Interpretations
In the streets and book houses
Of my cities
I don't know where
To hide you.

Why do you dog my
Car-wheels?
My fingers shut you out
of the gate:
You were in the garden
My feet washed you
away
In the warm waters of
my pink, porcelain tub:
The window showed you.

The cream rich on
the fruits.
The spoon eagerly dips in—
scoops out
Icicles of guilt complexes
The urchin looks in
grinning with
brown teeth
You had your revenge
You still do.

J. Chitra,
I M. A. Literature

In Memoriam



CHITRA (II B.Sc. Maths.)
1974-'75

She said she would come back — come back soon.
We waited eagerly, day after day,
Hope and cheer swelling in our hearts, we waited,
For the first time in her life, she didn't, rather
She couldn't live up to her word.
Alas! that was also the last time.
The pretty flower is always plucked a bit too soon.
She was pretty but never petty.
Pretty in her own simple ways.
Her innocence was like the fragrance of a flower,
Her heart as soft as the petal,
She smiled and radiated the warmth of the sun,
She was active — ever active like the bee.
And now she is taking eternal rest in a flowery grave.
Easily touched by poverty and suffering,
She remained unaffected by pomp and show,
Her hobby was work — hard mental work.
Her greatest beauty was her unique purity.
Her greatest love was laughter.
Thinking back I realise how unfit she was to
live in this world. She was a flower to be offered only to God,
meant only to beautify His feet.
Her smiling face is imprinted in our minds forever.
Memories are evergreen!

B. UMA GOWRI
II B.Sc. Mathematics

A Record of Service . . .



Miss Rukmini

Last year, two of our veteran staff members, Miss Rukmini, Department of Economics, and Mrs. Agnes Joseph, who served in both the Departments of English and French, retired from years of dedicated and selfless service to Stella Maris College. As teachers and persons, they endeared themselves to many..... who still remember them and their "acts of kindness" "too deep for tears". Here are two among the multitude who have tried to translate their feelings of love into words..... and confessed how inadequate words are to describe two such warm, friendly persons who were so noted for their integrity, their selflessness, their spirit of co-operation and their dedication to duty.

A gentle breeze and on the corridor a neat figure appears with a small bag and an umbrella neatly folded - An air of purity and serenity prevails. The person who arrives - none other than Miss Rukmini.

Her quiet smile of friendliness - it means a lot. She has a patient ear to all our troubles - academic or non-academic, and her advice is full of practical wisdom.

What strikes one is her humility, her modesty. Where others tend to ostentatiously display their knowledge, she is prudent and sober and adheres to essential facts to suit the needs of her students. But her range of reading is wide. When others flounder in the sea of knowledge, she would readily lend a helping hand.

In all her work which was always neat and systematic, she never let her emotions get the better of her. When there used to be dissatisfaction all round and evidence of "frayed tempers", Miss Rukmini was ever placid, even tempered and would go out of the way to foster understanding and better human relations.

In whatever she did or said she would never assert herself first. Ever soft-spoken (one is reminded of her 'soft' request for a mike in the big lecture halls) and gentle-mannered, she used to give opinions last - but opinions which were so valuable that they had to be considered and acted upon - not brushed aside, for Miss Rukmini was and is an unforgettable personality representing the almost vanishing tradition of courtesy combined with wisdom.

Mrs. Joseph and "Self-effacement" seem to go together. As a person, Mrs. Joseph is so self-effacing that a new person in Stella Maris might miss her altogether and not realise what a gem of a person she has failed to meet !

As one of the oldest members of the staff she would never let her personality be felt. She would always co-operate with her colleagues and the management and would be ever ready to accept work. Her punctuality would put to shame all truants in the academic field. And then she would join us all in the "funfare" we occasionally had and in this she was younger than the youngest of us.

Her patience was and is monumental - the hard work of going through scripts indifferently written in French and English would have made anyone else 'bitter' but not Mrs. Joseph. Equally well versed in both languages, she proved herself equal to the task — something to be admired and emulated. As a teacher she was a strict disciplinarian but her "firmness" was ever tempered with love.

There was never an occasion when Mrs. Joseph would lose her equanimity and poise. Quiet and unassuming, she charmed us by her gracious ways and her readiness to help.

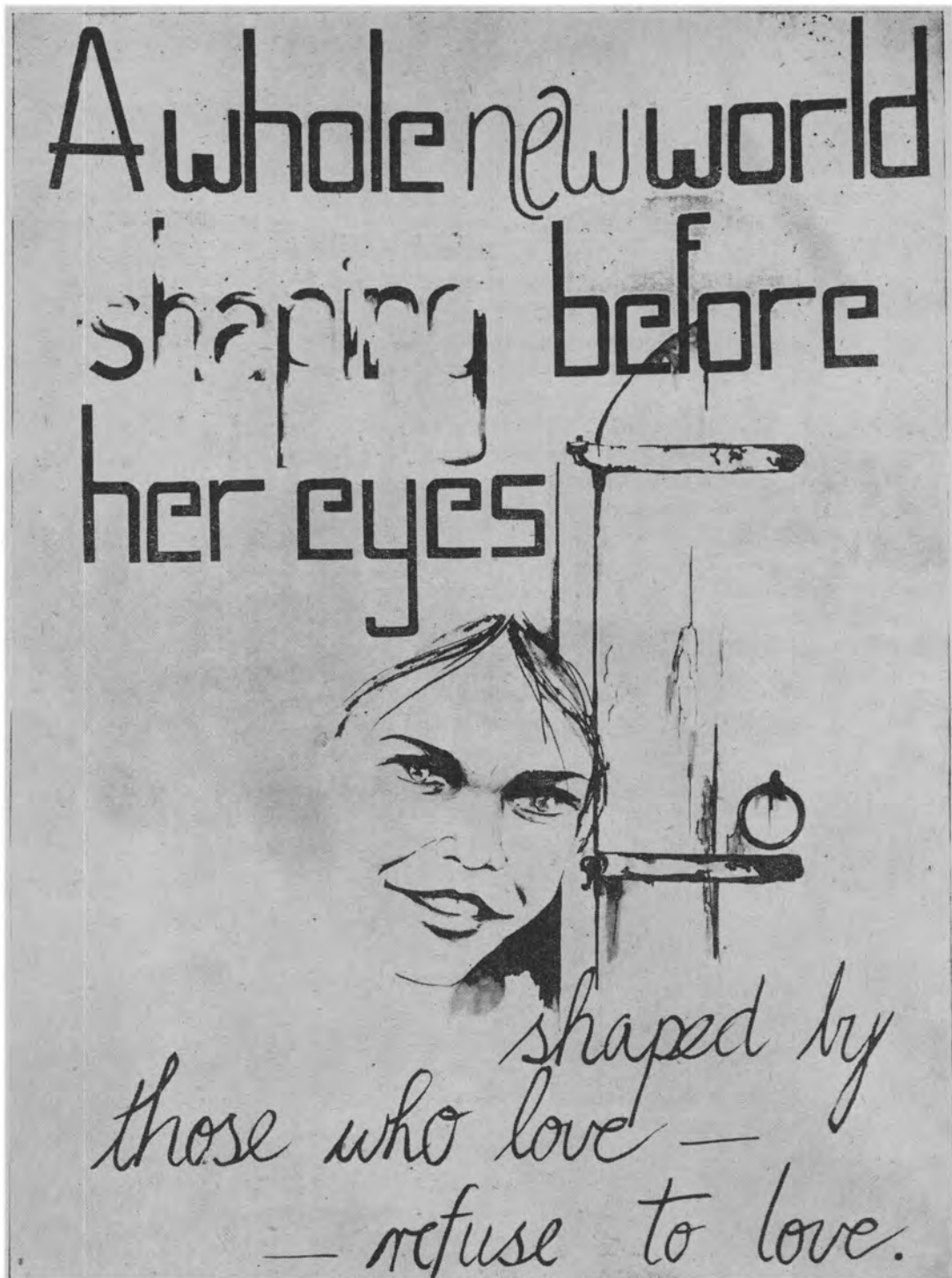
We miss these two stalwarts of mind and manners.....we wish them a long and eventful retired life.....their tradition of courtesy combined with wisdom will continue, we hope.....



Mrs. Joseph

Mrs. SEETHA SRINIVASAN, M.A.

Mrs. CHELLAM MITRAN, M.A.



JAYASHREE PARTHASARATHY,
I M.A. Fine Arts

Amateur Astronomers in Kavalur & Bangalore

Our interest in astronomy having been whetted by Miss Thangamani's reports of the observatory at Kavalur, we decided to combine business and pleasure and left on January 23rd for a visit to Kavalur and Bangalore. On the first day of our stay at Kavalur, the Director of the Observatory, Mr. Babu, showed us interesting features of the cosmos, which included the craters of the moon, the rings of Saturn, the dogstar Sirius, the Orion nebulae and Jupiter. The operational details of the 40" telescope and the results of the spectroscopy studies were also explained to us.

On the afternoon of the 24th we arrived at Bangalore. We visited the Bangalore Dairy and the Vidhan Soudha where we met the Speaker of the Assembly and were shown the different chambers. At Lal Bagh we were fortunate enough to see a horticultural show. This was followed by boating on Ulsoor Lake, worship at the Bull Temple, and of course shopping at Russell Market, Majestic Circle and Commercial Street.

One of the unforgettable highlights of our return journey on the 26th was when one of us accidentally walked away with somebody else's suitcase and it was noisily reclaimed by an irate owner at Jolarpet station.

In college, one is not so conscious of the bonds that link us together but on a happy trip of this sort, we realise what good times we have had together and as the sands of time are running out, we know this marks the beginning of the end.

SHYAMALA VENKATRAMAN,
III B.Sc. Mathematics



Good times



to-gether.....

Zoologists on Tour

What a scramble there was as we jumped into our carriage and the train pulled slowly out of Madras..... This was the beginning of ten glorious days of music, laughter and companionship..... not forgetting the knowledge we gained!

We reached Pamban the following day and when we arrived at our resting place, we felt we had stepped back in time — there were only thatched sheds and coconut palms proclaiming our oneness with nature. We spent an enchanting evening collecting the corals that lay littered along the shores of Pamban and it was refreshing to watch animals in their natural habitat. The next day, armed with forceps, nets and bottles we waded through 2 miles of shallow water to Kuntakkal point from where we took a launch to Shingle and Krusadei islands. We were completely spell bound by the myriad colours of creation that caught our eyes in every direction and yet we remembered to collect Planarians, Coelenterates, Polychaetes and Molluscs which were in abundance everywhere. At Krusadei, the “Paradise of Biologists” where our lunch awaited us we were a little disappointed with our collection though we did see *Stoichactic*, *Peachia*, *Balanoglossus* and *Gyrostoma*.



From Madurai we ascended the cool heights of Kodai — the hillsides flanked by groves

At Mandapam, in the aquarium the next day, we saw “Dugong dugong” or seacow which is a very rare specimen. We had an exhilarating swim at the beach though we found ourselves constantly stepping on starfish! We also visited the Indo-Norwegian Fish Meal Plant and the Oceanic Export Company. At Rameshwaram we saw the lovely coral reefs and bathed in the twenty four wells of Rameshwaram Temple and worshipped at the shrine.

and orchards. We saw the museum run by Jesuit priests at Shenbaganur and as the weather was misty in Kodai we couldn't visit all the places on our schedule. The shrouded lake made boating impossible and so with great reluctance we returned to Madurai by nightfall.

The next day we relaxed by picnicking on Vaigai dam and on our last day at Madurai we visited Tiruparamkundram, Gandhi Museum, Tirumalainayak Mahal and Meenakshi Temple.

Our memorable trip came to an end on the fourteenth morning when a group of tired but beaming girls rushed out of the train at Egmore eager to relate our adventures and relive every moment of our happy time.

VASANTHI RAJULU,
III B.Sc. Zoology

The World Hindi Convention and Me

"Hindi is completely endowed with the beauty of Sanskrit and like English it is the most versatile of Indo-European group of languages". This affirmation by Professor Buckle of Belgium together with his keen desire for more facts on India and Hindi rightly revealed to me my 'partial' ignorance of India at the World Hindi Convention held in January, 1975 at Nagpur.

The First World Tamil Convention at Madras in 1968 set off the trend to consider in depth the universality of content and appeal of each language and Hindi was no different.



The convention began with thought-provoking and inspiring advice from Mrs. Indira Gandhi and Dr. Shivasagar Ramagoolam; followed by two days of discussions and seminars punctuated by entertainment. But the climax of the convention was the Poet's Meet, called the "Kavi Sammelam" in Hindi and "Mushaira" in Urdu. Scholars-foreign and Indian, held us spell bound by their pure, chaste language and their belief that the popularity of the tongue was a befitting claim to make it an international language at the United Nations Organisation. Statistics taken at the convention further proved Hindi's growing popularity among the large majority of Indians and its quintessential quality.

Certainly the convention proved to be a mark of inspiration, a realisation of a great unity that underlines India's multilinguality and regionalism. No wonder then that I returned with a sense of exhilaration, a glorious feeling of "reciprocation, mutual respect and affection".

UMA VENKATESWARAN,
III B.Sc. Chemistry

The Student Union

The past year has been quite an eventful one. The Union as usual began with a decisive election of the Executive Committee consisting of Brinda Arumugam (P. G.), Padmavathi (III Year), Jaya, S. (II Year), Uma Gowri (I Year), Sunu (P. U. C.), and Meera Srinivasan (II year), Secretary.

The Student Council carried out its functions through the several committees formed from among its members, such as The Book Bank, The Social Awareness Committee, The Tuition Committee, The Canteen Committee and the Cultural Committee. The Committees have trodden steadily through a beaten track.

The Independence Day Celebrations provided some Indian Music and Indian Dancing making us renew our fondness and respect for our culture.

Teachers' Day was just round the corner, and we ransacked our brains for ideas-wanted only the best for our teachers. Finally a simple entertainment was provided by a jolly band of students.

Mr. Prasantham conducted a Group Dynamics Session for the members of the Student Council. This helped the Council function intelligently and efficiently as a harmonious group.

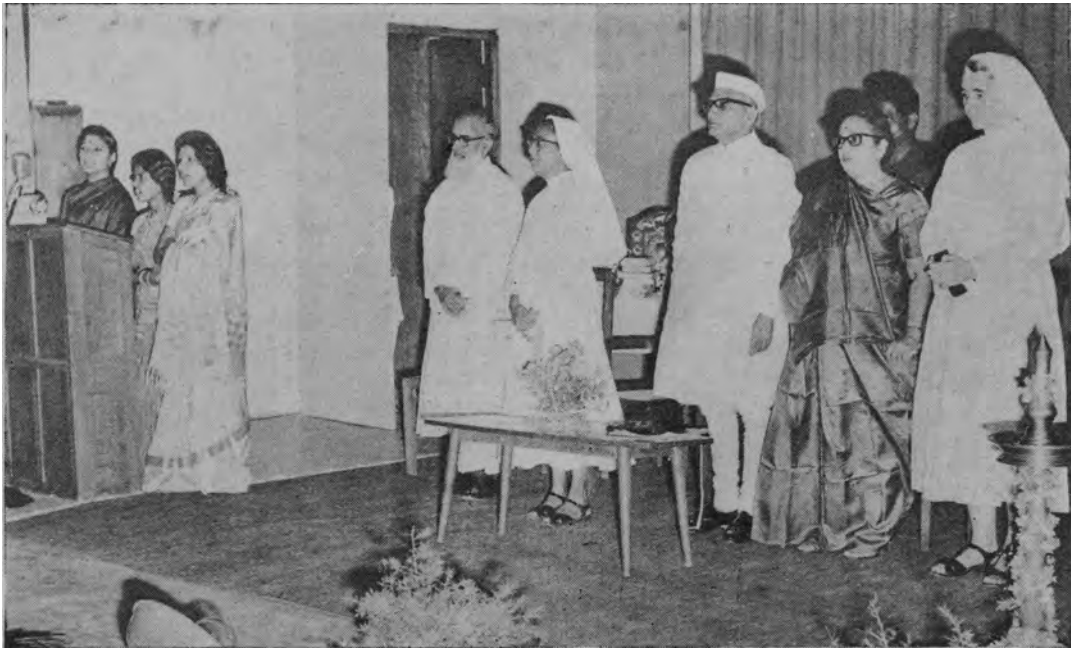
The Student Union and the Debating Club had an inter-collegiate seminar on 'Marriage Without Dowry'. It was a success because of the intelligent participation and was popular because of the students' ardent faith in the proposition.

In November began a series of lively club weeks, with the clubs vying to out-shine one another. 26th November brought cheery grins and beaming smiles to college workers — It was Workers' Day organised by the Social Awareness Committee. This was a day of relaxation, relief, and a wee bit of money making for the workers. Three cheers to them !

And then came a scintillating week of competitions, ably organised by the Cultural Convenor, Caroline Coelho. This talent week was remarkable not only for the competitive spirit that it infused into the students, but also for discovering the talent in the college.

College Day this year was a very special event as it marked the formal opening of our long awaited library building. The evening began with Sr. Principal presenting the Annual Address, summing up the curricular and co-curricular achievements of Stella Maris for 1974-75. His Excellency Thiru K. K. Shah, Governor of Tamil Nadu, presided over the function and also declared open the library.

COLLEGE DAY



Prayer.....



.....and dance

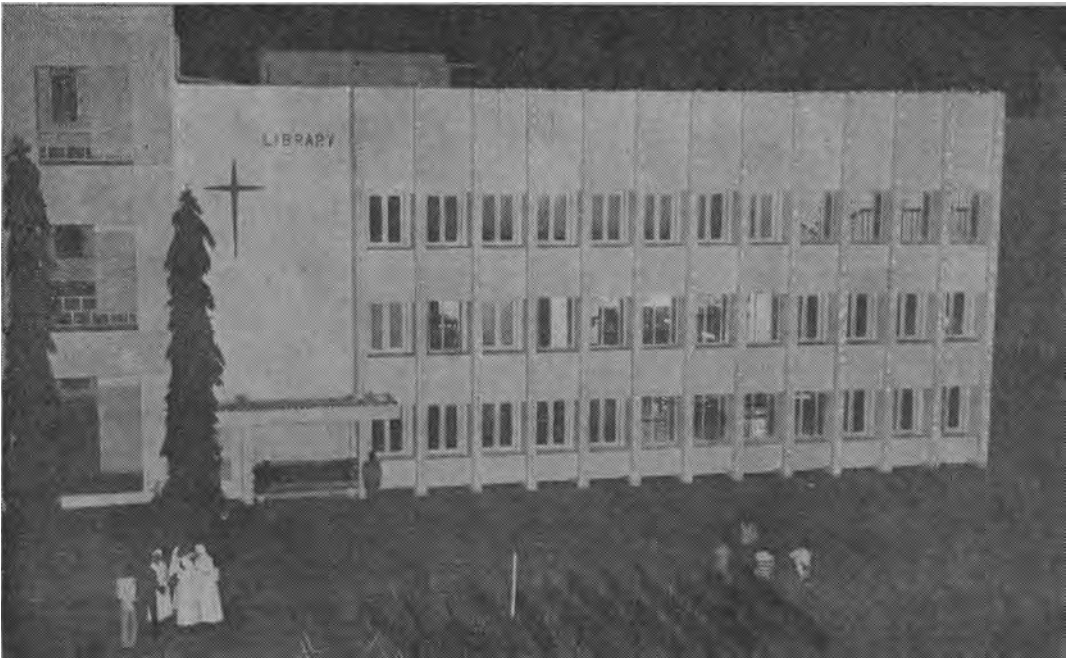


.....and song

COLLEGE DAY



Lighting the Lamp.....



.....to illumine the abode of Learning

Her Excellency Thirumathi Madhuben Shah distributed the prizes. The Student Union President, Rajalakshmi, proposed the vote of thanks. The evening concluded with a brief but enjoyable entertainment.

One cannot help feeling however, that the Union for all its activities and achievements did not have its full share of the youthful enthusiasm and spirited participation of the students. We have simply got to blow away this blue haze of apathy and indifference—truly 'live' and not 'exist' in college.

MEERA SRINIVASAN,
II B. A. Literature

Gaslight

Two weary figures jostled their way through the crowds looking for round red beads. The great hunt was on — the search for the Barlow Rubies!

We had acquired an ornate glass lamp, a Victorian bell cord, an elaborately wrought mirror and sinister looking handcuffs with comparative ease, but those Rubies put us in a quandary. In fact, at one stage the "props" pitifully queried, "Why not Barlow pearls or emeralds or diamonds? Why rubies? But find the rubies we did — in a remote shop in Town — And when Mrs. Manningham held them in her palm — the light shining through for all the world to see — "They were in the case all the time" — You could see bliss writ all over our faces, back stage.

Enthusiasm, laughter, tears, hard work, last minute misgivings—all these were very much part of Gaslight & Co—The directors were busy with prima donna temperament and hysterical clownishness—what with one person losing her cool because somebody missed out a favourite line of hers and another forgetting chunks of dialogue because an actress had made a new unexpected move!

I haven't forgotten the three nights of the play when actresses wandered around getting into the "mood". One night, Betty Scen who admirably portrayed Mrs. Manningham found herself doing quite a bit of embroidery on stage waiting for the muffin men backstage to get into the mood and give her the cue!

Yasodhra Menon, Mr. Manningham, insisted on looking as diabolical as possible. Despite all her attempts to do so people gasped — "Oh, Mr. Manningham is so handsome. What beautiful diction!"

Nancy — Indu Menon with her cascade of black hair was chirpy and alluring. But our ingenious one was Elizabeth — Lakshmi Manian who thought she could walk about like a cat.

Padmini Ramamurthy — the Inspector — never stopped telling us that he would have never liked to leave the company of Mrs. Manningham - so charming was she.

With the directors Prem Kishore and Prema Rangunath and the intelligent lighting crew Laurence Vincent and Gowri Nayak, the costume designers Rama Ramakrishna and Sandhya Varma, the play slowly took shape and came alive.

Prem Kishore recalls — “It began in a bewildering manner — the lack of time, the choice of play — the tension within the group and outside and later the ticket selling frenzy. But I’m glad that I was committed and I realised this on the first day when the darkness on stage fled and the play was on!”

Prema Raghunath recalls — “What an exciting time it was! Prem and I in hysterics, the actresses showing temperament, tears, tantrums, the two directors trying to be their age and keep their cool! I couldn’t have missed a minute of it!”

Even “The Hindu” had its say —

“It stood to the credit of the dramatic troupe that the atmosphere of late Victorian England was truly captured. Their speech, accent and action were true to type. ‘Gaslight’ was a photographic negative for Patrick Hemilton’s crime thriller with the characters sharply focussed”.

For all of us who were involved, Gaslight was GREAT, not only the smooth run of the play but everything it stood for—the hard work, the butterflies, the applause — ‘Gaslight’ was an experience!

SANDHYA RAO,
II B.A. Literature.

Cultural Programme



Alarmel Valli
..... Joyous Thillana

Music Academy throbbed with excitement on 15th October, 1974. Promptly at 6-30 p.m. Stella Maris College began the evening’s programme with the “Invocation Dance” by Alarmel Valli. Her quick rhythmic movements full of grace interpreted the joyousness of the Thillana. The classical Bharata Natyam was followed by a group of dancers who wove in dance the life of the Maharashtrian fisher folk.

At last the special feature—The Fourth Dimension, which was but a vague beat group to most of the audience! The three dimensional effect is evident to an average connoisseur of art whereas the Fourth Dimension (relating to time and movement involved in a painting) can be interpreted only by a kindred spirit in rapport with the artist.

The chant of “Buddham Charanam Gatchami” echoes in the background as the Buddha figure is shrouded by incense smoke—serenity and transcendental bliss.

A dance - the abandoned dance of Salome at the feast of King Herod. A dance replete with the gruesome head of St. John the Baptist!

From Rajasthan came the Krishna Leela paintings. Simplicity amidst nature's beauty in a bygone era. To Sitar music, the Gopis' dance, rejoicing at their beloved Krishna, Radha then appears and on hearing the magical flute goes in search of the "Ultimate Essence of Life".

The Virgin Mary in her pristine glory cast against illuminated stained glass windows—In the background, inspiring music of a mediaeval congregation. A gloriously lit Batik painting created a stained glass effect.

Blood curdling screams from a tormented mind bring Edward Munch's picture of "The Cry" to Life.

'Child Life' and 'Hill Women', paintings of Amritha Sha Gill, reflect silent images of willing submission and endurance.



Ajanta.....

Graceful figures, adorned with massive coiffures entwined with pearls made the audience recall Ajantha Frescoes. Another figure dances—glittering and shimmering with gems and precious metals invested with strange powers and set in astrologically calculated patterns.

When the charioteer of Delphi, a symbol of pride and triumph is illumined, we almost hear the thudding of horses' hooves, the roaring of the spectators centuries ago.

The three Graces now breeze on to the stage in flimsy folds dancing to the music of Apollo. Pretty Flora scatters flowers in their paths. Spring or 'La Primavera'—charming Zephyrs, waft in the evening twilight.

Two very good reproductions—Christ revealing Himself to his Disciples and Donatello's Judith.

Changing hues at dawn.....to a brilliant yellow and at sunset to a glowing red. Sculpuresque postures reveal the skill of those anonymous artists who worked in stone on the temples of Behir and Hahobid.

As Chitra Sarathy, the commentator, ends the special feature with a Keatsian thought—'Beauty is truth and truth beauty, that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know', one must applaud the lighting expert Laurence Vincent, the backstage crew, the Recording professionals Mr. Hubert and Thangaraj of Christian Arts and Communication Centre, and The Director—Miss Gowri of the Fine Arts Department. An excellent synchronisation of sound, light and music.

Wing Commander Manivelu, the M. C. of the evening, then introduced the Male Quartet—Dr. Grubb and the guest artistes of the evening's programme. The selection of songs was interesting but acoustics did not do the five singers justice.

Chittilakshmi of Kuchipudi fame executed a 'Tharangam' brilliantly with a Kalasa filled with water on her head and a brass plate under her feet.

Suddenly Bhangra dancers to the accompaniment of cries of joy and drum beats broke onto the scene—They danced, savouring every moment of their zesty dance.

The next part of the programme was highlighted by the 'Musiano' led by A. V. Ramanan and Uma Venkataraman. There was instant rapport between the orchestra, singers and audience. Familiar well-loved songs and melodies gave much pleasure for another one and a half hours. A wonderful evening.

HEERA SANGHVI, M.A. &
GOWRI NAYAK, M.A.
Asst. Professor, Fine Arts Department



Donatello's Judith



Chittilakshmi — Tharangam

Poetry Workshop

After a lapse of more than a year, the Poetry Seminar was revived by the English Department. It was a unique and rewarding experience for those of us who were involved in it. We were happy to have it conducted by one of our foremost poets, Mr. R. Parthasarathy. He inculcated in us an awareness of poetry as a living experience.

At our weekly meetings, the work of one of us.....we were six in allwas read and discussed. At the first meeting, we read one of Mr. Parthasarathy's own poems, 'Temple by the Sea'. From our reading and discussion of the poem, there emerged the necessity of looking at every poem as an entity by itself, complete and self-contained. A poem was an object made up of words, and it functioned in its own specific gravity. If it were to disclose to the uninitiated, it had to be approached with reverence and infinite patience. We recognized that a poem may be looked at from different angles: logical, grammatical, structural, prosodic, and semantic. Each encounter brought us closer to the heart of the poem, as it were. Eventually, the poem began to take on a life of its own. It began to communicate, to become a part of us.

In the meetings that followed, the poems that each one of us had written were read and discussed. The approach was novel: while the writer of the poem offered no comments, the others studied the poem, its use of words, its structure, its images, its tone and metrics. Only after a thorough analysis, the writer was called in to express her opinions. This unique approach to each poem led us to a new realization of the entire creative process. A poet's task is to keep the language on the move, and through unusual collocations of words offer fresh insights into human life.

Next year, we expect to begin the Poetry Seminar early in July itself, and include among our activities the following:

- 1) Poetry readings, both live and recorded.
- 2) A seminar on the problems of writing poetry.
- 3) A course in the speaking of poetry.
- 4) Publication of a collection of our poems.
- 5) A reading of our poems over the All India Radio.

We are grateful to Mr. Parthasarathy for his encouragement and guidance, and we sincerely hope that the experience of working together and understanding poetry will be furthered next year.

NIRMALA PARTHASARATHY
I M.A. Literature

Debating Club

The tale of the Debating Club began sadly with only fifteen members on its list. It was inaugurated with a talk on public speaking by Mr. Robin Benjamin, which was attended by a small but interested audience. The inauguration must have taken place at an auspicious moment, for this year Stella Marians brought back eleven gleaming shields and a great many cups. An inter-collegiate extempore debate was conducted with student judges from five different city colleges. Mr. B. G. Krishnan of Loyola bagged the first prize with his talk on 'Practice of Religion is a hindrance to progress'. The second prize went to Sundaram of Vivekananda who spoke on "Permissiveness in girls impedes their chances of marriage". Shanta Kanyakumari of Presidency was adjudged third best speaker for her "Traditionalism is necessarily a sentimentalistic creed". Anil Gadi and Mahesh from I. I. T. won the team prize. On 10th February there was a debate to choose the best speaker of the college and Mythili of I Year bagged the honour.



The Smiling Victors.....

The first shield of the year was brought back from Ethiraj by Usha Bendigiri, I M. A., and Alamelu Sharma, II B.A. Alamelu and Latha Ramamoorthy won the Annie Beasant Memorial Shield at the Theosophical Society. Meera Srinivasan and Jayanthi won the team trophy at Service Civil International. Sheila Rani, I M.A. and Jessie D'Souza, I M.A. won the trophy at B. D. Jain College speaking on Mahavira's teachings. Alamelu spoke on "The impact of fuel on modern society" and won the rolling trophy of the Indo-Arab Friendship Council including a medal and a fabulous cash prize of Rs. 1000/-. Usha, B. I M.A., won the first prize at the Forum of

Free Enterprise. E. V. Usha, II B.A. secured a voucher for Rs. 100/- at a debate held by the Rotary Club. Latha, R. II B.A., was adjudged best speaker at the Theosophical Society. With a rather poor membership and an almost nil bank balance, the club's performance has been startling. The debating team has done a good job.

LATHA RAMAMOORTHY,
II B.A. Economics

Dramatics Club

Like the princess who slumbered for a hundred years and was awakened by the kiss of Prince Charming, the Dramatics Club was given its much — needed kiss of life by Rajani Chacko, the President, who took over the reins at the last minute.

The inter-year dramatic competition held on the 4th of February had just three participants: The P. U. s, the I and II Years. The II years' play "Idols" dealing with six women characters during the French Revolution could have been more effective if its emotional depths had been fully exploited. However, Meera's acting contributed to the success of the play; so did Sabrina's, which, incidentally, collected the supporting actress prize. The P. U. s' roaring comedy held the attention of the audience and though the play did not call for histrionics, the actresses played their parts with gusto. "Shut the door softly" by the I Years was the best play. Its two characters were superbly delineated by Chitra Sarathy and Yashodhara Menon (they deserved the applause) and the atmosphere of the modern world was perfectly captured and sustained.

Here's hoping that next year we have more participants and, of course, better fittings for our auditorium.

SANDHYA RAO,
SIVAGAMI, S.
II B. A. Literature

P. U. Literary Club

The inaugural of the P.U. Literary Club was a lively affair, with refreshments to satisfy the palate, and entertainment to relax the tired brains.

A literary Quiz Programme, and a series of films—sensitive studies of Robert Frost and John Steinbeck, and a delightful film covering a basketball match, formed part of the club's activities. An Oratorical Competition and a debate were also held. Sheila, who spoke on "Socialism" bagged the first prize in the oratorical competition. The debaters on "Love or Hate — which is the greater motivating force in the world?" exhibited talent and originality.

Though not a bee-hive of activity, the club did not lack enthusiasm or response from its many members, and the short year drew to a close, leaving everyone satisfied.

DIVYA, J.
P. U. C.

Literary Club

The first meeting of the Literature Club witnessed the election of the office-bearers — Viji, S. II M.A. Litt. (President) Vanitha Narayanan, III B.A. Litt. (Secretary) and Prabha Rau, III B.A. Litt. (Treasurer). The year's representatives, Bilkhis (I M.A. Litt.) Geetha (II B.A. Litt) and Chhaya (I B.A. Litt.) were elected at subsequent meetings.

The memorable inaugural social, incidentally described as a roaring success—performed the double function of allowing the hundred odd members to get to know each other, and of welcoming the I M.A.'s who arrived the day before.

This year several movies (courtesy U.S.I.S.) were screened under the auspices of the Literature Club.

Much preparation went into the highlight of the year's activities, "Literature Week". The week opened on an intellectual note, with a Seminar (The Quest of the Modern Mind) conducted by Dr. Appaswamy. In the inter-collegiate Quiz conducted by Mrs. Prem Kishore on the second day, Bilkhis, I M.A. walked off with the first prize, and M.C.C. won the second and the team prizes.

The inter-year play reading competition held on the third day, saw the P.Gs victorious. But the celebrated event was the literary pageant, based on ballads, fairy tales and nursery rhymes. Sleeping Beauty (III Years) and Little Miss Muffet (II Years), stood out amidst the colourful spectacle, and were adjudged first and second respectively.

The Club also conducted an Inter-year Literary Quiz, in which the III Years were the top-scorers, and Jayashree (I Year) won the first prize.

The end-of-year social was held on 21st February. A short but gay affair, it brought the activities of the club to a close.

VANITHA NARAYANAN,
III B.A. Literature

Music Club

The Music Club launched its activities this year with an attractive proposition for its members : Bhajan Classes conducted by Mr. T. K. Govinda Menon. An impressive start to the year's activities was a flute recital by Mr. Krishnaswamy, followed by an impressive performance in Hindustani Classical Music by Vanitha Narayan, III B.A. Literature.

The highlight of the club's activities was the Music week. Mr. Krishnaswamy and Miss Radha Warriar were the judges to a high standard of performance in Carnatic Music on the first day. Radha, III B.A. and Chitra, I M.A. were adjudged winners of the light music competition the next day, by Mr. Mahesh Mahadevan, Miss Uma Venkatraman and Mr. A. V. Ramanan.

Dr. M. Balamuralikrishna's inspiring and enjoyable music performance on the third day, was followed by a grand finale when members of the club enthusiastically exhibited their talents.

CHANDRIKA SUNDARARAJAN
II B A. Fine Arts.

Economics Club

Bright sunshine and an overflowing hall saw twenty determined debaters engaged in conflict over the subject "State Autonomy is the the only solution for India's Economic Development." M. M. C. (best speaker) Loyola (team prize, and 2nd best), and Ethiraj (3rd) shared the honours.

The Inter-Collegiate Quiz Competition suffered a threat of stampede for the second day in succession. M.C.C., Vivekananda and Stella Maris were the winners (Team, 1st and 2nd prizes respectively) and the enthusiastic House which solved in a trice some questions that nonplussed even the quizzers, thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Miss Sowmini (Department of Economics) conducted the Quiz.



Receiving the Prize from the President of India.
.....Sharmila



and Usha

Wednesday saw the advent of an Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest sponsored by the Forum of Free Enterprise. Usha Bendagiri, I M.A. and S. Alamelu, II B.A. were declared the winners.

“A mock planning session” formed the fitting finale to the week. It proved to be an interesting satire on the Planning Commission with the participants even staging a walk-out.

The week’s hectic activities proved to be an interesting, stimulating and satisfying experience.

RADHIKA RAMAN,
I B.A. Economics

History Club

The History Week commenced with Mr. Badrinath’s speech on “The Methods of Teaching History”. The 20th evening was an important one; an exciting debate was held, the provocative title being “Today’s Socialism is a blind faith”. Shashi Menon of M.C.C. marched away with the first prize with his more neutral argument. The inter-departmental quiz held the next day was fairly exciting though there was a meagre audience. The Literature Department finally walked away with the prize. On the last day, the History students put up a variety entertainment-cum-fashion show. The melodious songs and the amusing skit, “Pistols at Sundown”, were well received. But it was the fashion show that stole the day. The various costumes worn in India were modelled in accordance with the theme — “The Wonder that is India”. Comper Nandini’s amusing comments made the evening go. It was a week of rush, worry, headaches, fun and excitement!

S. PUSHKALA,
II B.A. History

Sanskrit Club

The Sanskrit Club was inaugurated with a talk by Mr. Narasimhachari. A few weeks later, a Recitation Competition proved to be a satisfying aesthetic experience. K. Shanthi, I B.Sc. Maths, the winner, was most expressive. Our club associated itself with the Music and Tamil Clubs and helped in conducting a Music Competition, in which Vijayalakshmi, II B.Sc. and Chandrika, II B. A. won the first and second prizes respectively.

S. PADMALATHA,
II B.A. Economics

Tamil Club

The inaugural meeting of the Tamil Club for the year 1974—75, held in July, was presided by the eminent writer Sri N. Parthasarathy.

An inter-class music competition was sponsored by the Tamil Club in August. Jayanthi, II B. A., Lakshmi and Vijayalakshmi, II B.Sc. were the winners. An oratorical contest was held on 'Bharathiyar Day', 11th September. Radha, II B.Sc. and Aruna, III B.Sc. were declared winners.

The first and second prizes of the inter-collegiate debate on "Dictatorship is the only remedy for the malaise in India" were won by Stanley Medical College and Queen Mary's College respectively ; M. C. C. claimed the team prize, while R. Meenakshi, III B.Sc. was awarded the first prize in the Tirukkural Competition conducted by the Sharada Ladies Union. The Secretary of our Club was selected as Joint Secretary of the Inter-Collegiate Tamil Association. Our members also won many rolling cups and prizes in inter-collegiate events throughout the academic year.

JAYANTHI,
II B.A. Economics

Chemistry Club

The Club started its activities for the year with an interesting and informative talk by Mrs. Paul of the Zoology Department on the popular subject, "Heredity".

At the next meeting, V. Uma of III B.Sc., spoke on "Perfumes and the Art of Perfumery." We also conducted a Quiz Programme for Pre-University students.

The second term activities included a Quiz-cum-Entertainment programme by the First and Second Year students of the Club. We had a series of talks by several professors from the Chemistry Department of Indian Institute of Technology, Guindy, and they were mostly for the benefit of the third year members.

During the third term, we were involved in a School-College Complex, the first of its kind. In connection with this, the Botany, Chemistry, Mathematics, Physics and Zoology Departments organised a Science Exhibition in which many schools participated. The Chemistry Club members incidentally took an active part in it.

Soon after this, twenty five students with two staff members left for Bangalore and Mysore on a five day educational trip. They were third and first year students and they visited the Indian Institute of Sciences, Kissan Factory and H. M. T. Watch Factory among other places of interest.

Following this, the Chemistry Club organised an educational trip to the Atomic Research Centre at Kalpakkam. Sixty-nine members visited the centre accompanied by five members of the staff. We terminated the activities of the Club with the social on 25th February, 1975.

In spite of several upsets, we have had a fairly active year, thanks to the co-operation and enthusiasm of the members and staff. We also wish to thank the staff members for their help and advice, especially Miss Revathy, our Staff Adviser.

VIJAYALAKSHMI,
III B.Sc. Chemistry.

Zoology Club



Zoologists on Tour

The activities of the club began with the election of office bearers. At the first meeting the members enjoyed a film on Reptiles and Birds.

Dr. Dharmaraj gave an informative and useful talk on "New Genetics". There was another film show "Desert Life and Parasitism". The activities concluded with a talk by Dr. Sahasram on "Radiation and its effects".

JAYANTHI,
III B.Sc. Zoology

Sports Roundup

Games : Once again, Stella Maris came out with flying colours, retaining the Major Games Trophy for the second year in succession.

Netball : We were the Runners-up in the Inter-collegiate Tournament, losing to Ethiraj, in the finals.

Coaches : Mrs. Mangaladurai and Anita Ratnam

Team : Poonam (Captain) III B.A., Preeta Ratnam III B.A., Menaka III B.A., V. K. Pritha I B.A., Beryl I B.A., Souji I B.A., P. Geetha I B.A., Yashodhara I B.A.



Hockey Team

I M.A., Elizabeth John III B.A., Sabrina II B.A., Tara I B.A., Shobha Kuruvilla I B.A., Karuna P.U.C., Audrey P.U.C., Anjali P.U.C.

Basketball : We were the proud winners in the Inter-collegiate Tournament and Runners-up in the Second State Women's Basket-ball Championship at Vellore.

Coach : Mr. Muniappa

Team : Sudha Kini (Captain) III B.A., Annama Abraham II M.A., Sonal Shah III B.Sc., Minnie Mathew III B.Sc., Pradipta Mehta II B.A., Sandhya Rao II B.A., Hema Naidu II B.A., Souji Palandy I B.A., Reena George I B.A., Madonna D'Costa I B.A.

Sudha Kini, Sandya Rao, Souji Palandy, Hema Naidu, Pradipta Mehta, Madonna D'Costa and Minnie Mathew represented Madras University at the Inter-University meet in Hyderabad and Sudha, Sandya and Souji in the Twenty-fifth Silver Jubilee National Championship at Delhi.



Basketball Team

Ball Badminton : Stella Maris was declared winners in the Inter-Collegiate Tournament, after an easy victory over W.C.C.

Team : Asha Prabhu II M.Sc., Rajeswari III B.A., Padma Mahadevan III B.A., Jayanthi P.U.C., Sharada P.U.C.

Tenniquoit : We bagged the trophy this year with an exciting win over M.M.C.

Team : Veena & Vani (P.U.C.) (for the finals) Subhashini (I B.A.) & Rita Alexander (II B.Sc.) (for the Zonal matches)

Cricket : We formed our own Cricket Club and became member of the Tamilnadu Women's Cricket Association.

Team : Shashi I M.A., Usha Ramanathan III B.A., Jayameera III B.A., Ranjini Bhas II B.A., Gita Das II B.A., Kalpana I B.A., Sumathi I B.A., Malathi P.U.C., Rajalakshmi P.U.C., Varalakshmi P.U.C., Suguna P.U.C., Mathangi Shankar I B.A.

Athletics : R. Radha came out first in High Jump and Pentathlon, and Jayashree Rao (II B.A.) second in High Jump in the A. L. Mudaliar Sports Meet. R. Radha and Sharon Garlow (P.U.C.) were active participants in the All India Open Nationals Meet held at Madurai. R. Radha represented Madras University in the Inter-University Athletic Meet at Calicut.

The sports activities of the year came to a close with the College Sports on March 8th. Sharon Garlow (PU. 7) won the individual championsip and the I years, the group championship.

SUDHA KINI,
III B.A. Literature

Hostel Day

I chose to get nostalgic on the eve of the examinations about the hostel (which I hadn't seen for precisely 24 hours). Nostalgia is sweet and hostel day is worth getting nostalgic about. There is a big sunflower staring up impudently at me as I descend the stairs and it looks more like a hypnotical stop signal because I just stand there looking at it. That special something hangs in the atmosphere through the exhilarating treasure hunt, brunch, a fancy dress competition where the theme of Ancient India manifests itself in diverse but occasionally dubious forms, and tea with visitors. There is even something festive about gheraoing a sad-faced photographer and demanding snaps to be taken. Someone strums on a guitar ; so many silhouettes rise from nowhere being drawn to the gentle music. Music alternately boisterous and mellowing brews 'togetherness' in the atmosphere. A figure galvanizes into action, leaps three feet on to the stage and

throws itself jerkily about, alarmingly disengaging various limbs from its body and jerking it back into its socket. It gets cock-eyed, knock-kneed, breaks into a ghastly run, its facial contortions reach new realms of ugliness. Finally the figure flies off stage and collapses, its exertions having won it a mighty applause. A brave hostelite has done her duty. I know that feeling of well-being was there because we got good grub. Extravagant adjectives are redundant—grub is either bad or good and there is a lot of meaning behind each word. I know things worked out like well-oiled machinery that day because we prepare for it by learning to live in a big set-up with big undertakings which just cannot be done without big feelings.

CHITRA SARATHY,
I. B. A. Fine Arts

The AICUF

The All India Catholic University Federation comprising of a few diligent social workers from our college, had its inaugural Mass on 22nd July 1974. In collaboration with the N. S. C., camps were held during the Michaelmas holidays, and help extended to Gram Street Slum and the Harijan Hostel, Adyar.

A thought provoking discussion on the "Hopes and Frustrations of Youth" and a role-play on the attitudes of politicians and farmers in India formed part of our Independence Day Celebrations. Once again, along with the N. S. S., X'mas cards were made and sold and the proceeds of the project went to the Harijan Hostel. The session concluded with an inspiring Mass.

We also participated in the regional project of collecting data on the working of Student Unions in City Colleges, and on the New Year had a beneficial Sunday Session with Leadership as the theme.

THELMA D' SOUZA,
II B. A. Economics.

And.....

they are aware.....

the Alumnae

O. S. A.

And they are aware — what it is to be a Stella Marian, what it is to look back on the 'good old days' in Stella Maris and how their Alma Mater has shaped and moulded their living present... ..

Ruth Cornelius, (nèe D'Souza) of B.A. Lit. '68 writes from Ahmedabad.

June, 1974

Things are fine over here. I'm one of the new French teachers over here and am in great demand. In addition to continuing my work at St. Xavier's College, I am also teaching a six month French course to some scientists and other technical staff connected with the Physical Research Laboratory and Indian Space Research Organisation. I find my work very rewarding. Also these places are just five minutes away by car, which after much patience on the part of Caius I have learnt to drive.

I have become an enthusiastic gardener and bird-watcher. Just by sitting on the door-step, I've been able to spot at least thirty-five different kinds from kites to gorgeous peacocks. Life on the campus is good, because one is so close to nature. (snakes inclusive!)

Hope we have more of French teaching, gardening and bird-watching Ruth. Shall we say "encore"?

From New Delhi, Prajna Paramita, M.A. Lit. '73 writes about her training as IFS Probationer.

November, 1974

We've started off with Foreign Trade at the IIFT three weeks ago. It's sure to prove very useful as a course in the long run. There's another five weeks of this during which we have to work in a Project; India's diplomatic and economic ties with any country or region. I've chosen West Africa, since very little has been done so far in this area.

My compulsory foreign language is French and my first posting is in all probability — Paris.

The course here is varied ranging from Accounts Training to Protocol. There's also an Army Attachment for three weeks. We'll be covering South India mainly and I do hope to see you when we stop by at Madras.

There are a lot of good plays and cultural programmes in town right now and I'm trying to see as many of them as I can. When I'm through with the major work for my project, I plan to join the Triveni Kala Sangam for Indian music and also the Theatre Action Group for a bit of diversion from the schedule.

Of course, the diversion must have been most enjoyable.

Two letters from Kottayam ; one from Mano M.A. Lit. '71 and another from Josi Kurien, M.A. Lit. '72.

November, 1974

Mano writes :

Right after the wedding we went to Mangalore where my husband was doing his house-surgeoncy. After we came back to Kerala, he started working in a Mission Hospital run by German sisters and we stayed there. Then he got a job in a hospital near Kottayam where his parents live and fortunately I got a job in a college nearby. It's very near our house — only walking distance. Since we're staying with my in-laws, I have absolutely no house-work and can give my whole time to college work. But still I can't say I am very satisfied. You see, there is no Literature main for B.A., which means that the English staff have only the Part-I English to handle and all ten of us feel very sad at losing touch with literature... ..

October, 1974

Josi writes :

I'm sending an M.O. for Rs. 100/-. The money is for buying books for our department library. Hope you manage to get something good — I know how expensive books have become and how worthless money has become — comparatively speaking.

Thank you Josi, You must visit us especially to see the New Library.

Nalini Potti of M.A. Lit. '71 writes from Trichy.

February, 1975

I am well and happy teaching in Seethalakshmi Ramaswamy College. I have applied for the British Council Scholarship for Research and Study in the United Kingdom for the year 1975-1976.

I will always remember my two very fruitful years in Stella Maris. I owe the college a debt of gratitude for what I am today.....

From Madras — Vinita Rajagopal, M.A. Lit '74 writes :

January, 1975

Here at home, we're having a small break from shopping partly due to 'flu' and a very welcome break it is too. Collecting things for a South Indian wedding is unfortunately reminiscent of that Queen of Sheba party game, with each requirement becoming more bizarre than last. An umbrella, a walking-stick, a silkbag with coins, wooden planks to sit on with metal flowers at the corners, straw mats of a particular length and goodness knows what.....

Vinita was married on February 21st '75 and will be in Germany by the time the Magazine is published.....

Well, Vinita, it was worth the trouble, wasn't it ?

From Ragini also of M.A. Literature 1974

January, 1975

I'm working with Klein and Peyerl, Photographers, at their Connemara Branch at the moment. I can't say I love my work, but I'm seeing an entirely new side to life — the other side of the hedge as Forster would call it, and I must say it's worth the experience.

From Madras to Ottawa, Canada, where Vasantha Narasimhan, M.A. Lit. '71 writes :

December, 1974

My parents and Priya were here for four months. We toured some parts of Canada and the United States. I intend becoming a full-time student at the University of Ottawa from January 1975. I shall write to you about my new programme of studies.

Nirmala Sridhar, M.A. Literature, 1966 writes from Pinawa, Canada after her short visit to Madras.

December, 1974

Except for the heat, my trip to Madras was quite nice. As usual it seemed a rather rushed affair. The days just flew. I managed to see quite a few of my friends this time.

When I left for Canada, Prathim came with me for a short holiday. Having her with me was a real help. I didn't feel half as homesick as I would otherwise have felt. We showed her around Ottawa, Montreal etc. She is returning on 4th January. She'll drop in to see you to give you first hand report about Kala and me. Prathima did. And here's something about Pinawa, from Nirmala.

Pinawa is about seventy miles from Winnipeg. It's English-speaking, and is very cold. Everybody has been warning us about the 30 degrees below temperature. The cold Arctic air from the North really gets you sometimes when it is windy.

The town could have come out of a picture postcard for all its scenic beauty. It's hemmed in on three sides by woods, and on one by the Winnipeg River. Could you believe it - the last community letter carried this newsclip: "Children were found bothering a hibernating bear behind Lewis School. Parents are asked to warn their children to keep away from them"?

Did Kala keep away ?

Vaijyanthi Raghunathan, M.A. Literature '66 also writes from Vancouver :

July, 1974

I shall be going back to my studies in September. I have three units to finish and I have also to begin work on my thesis. You will be glad to know that for this year I have been awarded the Tina Morris Wagner Foundation Fellowship.

Jyotsna is one year old now and she is growing more mischievous by the day. She has quite a few words in her vocabulary and understands all that we say.

Congratulations Vaija! Here's wishing you all the best in your thesis work.....

From Canada, across the border, to New Jersey, United States, where Georgina Mathen, M.A. Literature 1970 is:

December, 1974

It was a big job settling down here with Sushil especially with my husband away from home most of the time. We have now worked things out such that when he goes for long projects, Sushil and I tag along and stay at a hotel close to his work spot.

We have made a number of friends here now, and we are really enjoying our stay except for this awful cold weather. We experienced our first snowfall two weeks back. I met some Stella Marians here. Angelina, Marina and Shyla Ipe..... I really miss college.....

Christmas is just round the corner.....all the shops are gaily decorated and it's such a beautiful sight.

February, 1975

Today we have had eight inches of snow. I love to watch it fall and see the children play in it but I personally don't like to walk in it, or be out in it. We are eagerly looking forward to spring.....

And from 'down under' Valli Subramaniam, M A. Lit. '71 writes :—

April, 1974

You must have had a prayerful Easter – I had a beautiful one, with prayers and Easter eggs and my first ever hot cross buns. And I read Blake's Jerusalem and enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Valli writes from London, again.....

November, 1974

It was lovely to read your letter to Kanchana and me just before I left Adelaide. I've been here two days now, spent today getting familiar with the British Museum Library.....I'm going to like London very much. It has so much more culture behind it than dear old Adelaide.....

Kanchana Chidambaram, M.A. Lit. 1970, is still at Flinders University, Australia, but hopes to complete her Ph.D. there soon.

April, 1974

Yes, Valli Subramaniam, M.A. Lit. '72 and I are sharing an office in the School of Humanities ; we also share your letters and news about S.M.C.

The Festival of Arts was gay and packed with plenty of interesting things R. K. Narayanan was one of the speakers at Writer's Week. Valli and I met him at a party Sid Harrex gave at his place. The Stratford National Theatre of Canada performed a Moliere play, "The Imaginary Invalid" which was quite good.

January, 1975

My thesis! The end is in sight at last. Nine chapters have been typed - two more to go. Then, footnotes and bibliography, and finally the proof-reading before it goes off to the printers and binders. It is enormous, and it is going to be in two volumes. The last few months have been intensive, as final throes always are, and I'll be glad to see the end of it. It will probably be early March before my thesis gets dispatched to the examiners. Flinders has offered me some tutoring to fill in time till I decide what to do.

Karin Kapadia, M.A. Lit. 1974 writes from Oxford:

October, 1974

I arrived Tuesday afternoon, looking out for the spires of Oxford - and when I saw them, soaring above the buildings - I could count six from the station - I was delighted ; it was really true that Oxford was still Arnold's city of spires.

Friday was a busy day : first registration with the college, then a business meeting with Mrs. Butler where all the young second years turned up, and we were paired off for tutorials (Mrs. Butler asked who we'd like to do of the Elizabethans - Marlowe and Donne were plumped for), then lunch in the Buttery with Rina, and off to the Oxford Union for sherry (an inaugural invitation had come), then to the Fresher's Fair in the exam halls, to look at what the countless societies had to offer ; home, meeting with Miss Bruton, the Old English lecturer, then after dinner, off to the Oxford Union for the first debate of the year.

Oxford, November, 1974

This week's plays : Monday, "Zuleika", musical written by Oxford under-grads, based on Beerbohm's famous story ; Tuesday, St. Hugh's Dinner, with the food in the Hall excellent for once ; Wednesday, "Gammer Gurton's Needle", well done ; Thursday Strindberg's "Miss Julie", excellently done, with such fine acting that at its appalling end I was frozen with horror and could not bring myself to clap. Friday, a Chinese film of the Shanghai Opera performing "The White-Haired Girl" —very good indeed.

Pat Butler came down last Saturday. That was lovely, it made home all the closer to be with her. My friends were happy to meet her, too—and liked her, of course. Work is interesting; we're reading the *Metaphysicals* for Mrs. Butler at present. I'm attending only one lecture a week, though we have such worthies as Dame Helen Gardner, Richard Ellmann and Wain lecturing. No time for them, so much reading to do.

December, 1974

Oxford really has a prolific theatrical life. I'd been to so many plays—most of them well done—that I thought I'd like to take part in one. Auditioned for two—one was the Oxford University Dramatic Society's major production of next term—*Pericles*. This term they did Tennessee Williams' "*Camino Real*" and well, too. "*Volpone*" was splendidly done by Oriel College—The boys who played *Volpone* and *Mosca* were among the best actors I've seen in Oxford. The delight, excitement and richness of the play were wonderfully communicated.

Sheila Antonyswamy, M. A. Lit. 1974, writes from St. Teresa's College, Ernakulam.

October, 1974

You must have heard of my being safely tucked away in the land of coconut trees. The lecturer's quarters are on the 6th floor of a 7-storey building. We have a lift to waft us up and down, but when the electricity plays tricks on us we have to fall back on our poor legs. My windows open out into a vast stretch of coconut trees that sway gently in the breeze. Roof-tops peep out here and there in the midst of this luscious greenery, and on the other side we can see the backwaters merging with the sea. At night when the ships are illuminated, it's lovely to watch.

I am teaching Pre-Degree students, first years, and third year Br. XII. I really enjoy my classes.

January, 1975

When I came back from Madras I was involved in our College Day Play, taking practices. November 30th was "*The Day*", and I was very apprehensive, because it was my first venture in directing. The play was "*The Sheriff's Kitchen*". Everything turned out well, and it was a success, so now I'm again cast in the role of assistant director of "*Coriolanus*"—not the whole play but certain scenes.

Noorjehan Makhdoon, M. A. Lit. 1971 writes :

February, 1975

Soon after I had passed my M.A. exam in July 1971, I was appointed as a lecturer in S. I. E. T. College, Madras. I was very happy with my career. I worked there for a period of three academic years.

Gaynor Macedo, B.Sc. Maths—1967—Edmunton, Canada writes delightfully of her little one - Losley Ann who is growing on a daily basis of height, weight and mischief!

January, 1975

She is a full-time job and the most enjoyable one I've ever had. She's trying hard to walk and you can imagine with what excitement we follow her progress as she gets bolder and bolder. X'mas and New Year were spent quietly at home. The tree turned Lesley's eyes to saucers. You turned your back and she made a beeline for the gifts so she could chew on all that lovely paper and ribbon.

Ken is enjoying his work. He is the senior consultant there now. The staff are a friendly lot.

Meera Chidambaram, M.A. Lit. 1973 writes from a warmer clime :

February, 1975

I have got through the written part of my I.A.S. exam and have qualified for the interview at Delhi. I hope to come and see you when I pass through Madras. I heard that the interview will be quite an ordeal!

Edisha Soman, M.A. Lit. 1970 writes happily from Kerala :

July, 1974

A Stella girl can never forget her life there especially if she happened to be a hostelite. When we write, we remind each other of our outings, midnight sessions and our over-enthusiastic activities. And now — Responsibility.

My two daughters are fine. The younger one is just taking her first steps and the older one gets so excited and pushes her down. There is only a tiny gap of sixteen months between them, so it is real fun to watch them grow.

And from Toledo, Ohio, Kamala Srinivasan, M.A. Lit. 1970 writes :

February, 1975

It would be wonderful to meet Stella Marians again and talk of college days, which without exaggeration were among the happiest I have known. I married in July 1973 and came to the U. S. soon afterwards. My husband is an engineer here. Since I could not find a teaching job without going to the University at least for a year to do some courses in English and Education, I took up a secretarial job, which I still have. Sometimes I feel that life here is too much of a rat race and the hectic and feverish speed with which people go about everything is difficult to understand.

Padma Gotur, B.Sc. Chemistry, 1974 writes from Washington about her studies :

December, 1974

The fall session of college begins day after tomorrow. I am taking some courses in Economics to qualify for admission to M.A. early next year, at the George Washington University.

Subashini, B A. Lit. 1972 writes from Delhi to share the happy news of her results :

August, 1974

My results were announced today and to my great joy I found that I have been placed at the very top. 'You now stand vindicated' said Dr. Kaul — because when I went to the Delhi University seeking admission, a lot of fuss was created. I should thank Stella Maris and the staff out there for the very good grounding I received. Not only did I have to study many books already covered in my B.A. Course but I also learnt the right approach to work in Stella. The family spirit which we so valued in Stella is almost non-existent here. But of course I can't have everything and I only hope I don't succumb to the system.

Congratulations Subashini.

Lavanya Raja, M.A. Lit. 1970, Lecturer, Dept. of English 1970-'74 wrote from Delhi :

December, 1974

I was in Mussorie for four months (for I.F.S. training) and loved every moment of it. The lecturers themselves were very dull to a literature student, but the staff and the officer-trainees were wonderful. I've never felt so lazy all my life! No corrections. But how I missed the girls! I used to dream of them, and like Caliban, cry myself to sleep again. I write often to most of them, so I get all the S.M. news regularly. Our training here is interesting, but a literature student like me finds stuff like Value of Tax Added and FOB incomprehensible. Would you believe I read a paper on International Monetary Reform? My findings were so profound they left everyone baffled, and the two economists among the IFS group wearily tried to untangle my arguments.

My language allotment is Spanish — I can't believe my luck. I'm the only one who's got Spanish, so I'm hoping to get Madrid as my first posting.

Our training is heavily commercial and trade-oriented. Diploma these days is more a matter of finding markets than of politics. Right now I'm attached to the Indian Institute of Foreign Affairs for eight weeks. After this I'll be shunted back to the Ministry for three weeks training in Accounts and Auditing. After that, hopefully, I will be in Tamil Nadu for District Training.

February, 1975

Did you know India imported ducklings and dogs? I didn't until this afternoon. Along with chemicals like Alfa Nephthylamine and wire rods. I was puzzled, so I asked if it were a code word for something else. But it isn't. Do you suppose they make Bombay duck with ducklings? Or may be ask Clementine to drive them to the water every morning just at nine? Dogs are police dogs. But ducklings?

Today we started a week-long course at the State Trading Corporation of India, and next week will be with the Minerals and Metals Trading Corporation, after that, a week with the Bureau of Security, and then — Tamil Nadu!

Vasantha Rangaraju, B.Sc. Zoology, 1960, who though very much married finds the charm of higher studies irresistible, writes from Sholapur :

February, 1974

My thesis is completed. I did some work on Acanthocephala. Last year I scored 73% breaking previous records. The credit goes to you for laying the foundation.

Congratulations Vasantha.

Rajam, M.A. Economics, 1974 writes from Bombay :

September, 1974

We have been very busy with Sports Day and College Day. Rather colourful functions. I have been called for a written test by the Bank of India for the senior clerical post. I have also applied for Ph.D. at Madras University. I am interested in Monetary Economics.

Mary Joseph, B.Sc. Chemistry, 1974 writes from Lucknow :

December, 1974

I have joined the Indian Institute of Technology, Delhi, for M.Sc. in Chemistry. The standard of the Delhi University students is quite high but the training I received in Stella Maris stands me in good stead. The course is rather tough as there are students from different parts of India.

Hope you do well, Mary.

We have news of her sister Rebecca Joseph, B.Sc. Chemistry, 1972 who has finished her M.Sc.

December, 1974

You will be happy to hear that I have secured a first class and the sixth rank in the University. I really do miss Stella Maris very much. Sometimes I feel I can never

recapture those carefree happy days of college life. Time seems to pass so quickly and I guess I can only hope to live up to the ideals laid by my Alma Mater.

Congratulations, Rebecca. Keep it up.

Gauri, B. A. History, 1974 writes nostalgically from Colombo :

September, 1974

I am getting along fine with the Montessori Course. We have to be always alert due to the surprise tests that are sprung upon us time and again. It really keeps me on my toes.

I don't go out very much here, unlike in college where we used to long for food. But I'd love to come back again.

Meera Murthi, M.Sc. Maths 1972 writes from Bangalore :

Last year I had applied for the post of Probationary Officer in the State Bank of India and this week I have just received a letter saying I have successfully passed the competitive written examination and now I shall go for the interview.

Ayesha Hakim, B.A. History, 1974 writes from Ohio :

December, 1974

I have joined Columbus University and am taking a year's course in interior designing. I intend starting a business of my own when I return to India. The education which I have received in college has been of great help to me. I have a lot of confidence in whatever I do here. I have exams every week!

Audrey, B.A. History, 1974 writes from the city itself :

December, 1974

I am now teaching in a school and it is only now that I know how difficult it is to teach children who are naughty. Sarah George is also working in my school. We often talk about our lovely college days and wish we could go back for a few more years. At times when I feel lonely, I take up the college handbook and go through the pages.

And now T. R. Kokilambal, Inter, 1954 a very old student remembers us fondly from Neyveli :

February, 1975

There are so many Stella Marians here — Vimala Ramaswamy, Ambiga, N. (1950-54), C. V. Jayalakshmi (1951-55). I am the Science Assistant in the N. L. C. Girls High School, Neyveli. I am married and have three children. College is so vivid to me. I can still picture the Chemistry Lab and the Aspirator Experiment, though so many years have passed and my eldest daughter is in Xth Standard!!

We are happy that you still remember us. Do write again.

W. B. Sita, Maths M.Sc. 1970 promptly wrote to us from Kumbakonam to share the happy news of her transfer :

August, 1974

I am transferred to Madras as Asst. Professor of Maths in the Office of the Superintending Engineer—P. W. D. Design Circle, Chepauk, Madras. So I shall have to say goodbye to classes and become involved with problems.

Happy problem-solving Sita.

Her sister W. B. Vasantha (M.Sc. 1974) also is a regular correspondent.

Sunanda, M.Sc. Maths. 1970 on the staff till 1973 is a regular correspondent from Bangalore :

May 1974

I am slowly adjusting to the new place, and new people. Our house is far away from the main city. So I feel very lonely. I hope some of you will come over here for a Summer Course. I am learning Kannada and am progressing rather well.

N. Rajeswari, B.Sc. Maths-1974 writes from Sivaganga :

August, 1974

I am learning typewriting and shorthand. I was very happy to know of my high marks. You lecturers gave me a lot of encouragement and opportunities to help myself. The reason for my success is because of your zeal in teaching us.

J. Vaseegari, B.Sc. Zoology 1974 working in Providence College, writes about her work :

February, 1975

Thank you for the specimens. Here, we conducted a biology exhibition - and went fishing to get some exhibits! We got some exhibits from the Pasteur Institute. The exhibition was a success.

Our good wishes to those Stella Marians who ever remember the college but who never write - their awareness is never expressed thro' letters but thro' verbal messages and surprise visits!

We express our deep sense of grief at the sad demise of Shenbagadevi (B.Sc. Zoology, 1974) who died under tragic circumstances. She stood first in the State in her subject and even before the college could felicitate her, death snatched her away. Our condolences to the bereaved family and our prayers for her soul.

Our condolences to Janaki (M.A. Economics, 1966) who lost her husband. We pray God grant her that strength of mind to bear this irreparable loss.

University Examinations - March - April 1975

RESULTS

Name of the Examination	No. of candidates appeared	Passed in			Total	Percentage of passes
		I Cl.	II Cl.	III Cl.		
Pre-University :						
(English Medium)						
Mathematics, Physics & Chem.	182	168	6	3	172	96%
Physics, Chemistry & Nat. Sc.	348	200	105	20	325	93.3%
History, Economics & D. & P.	39	11	16	5	32	82%
History, Economics & Adv. English	59	17	31	8	56	95%
(Tamil Medium)						
History, Economics & Adv. Tamil	18	4	4	22.2%
B.A. (English Medium)						
First Year	215	207	96%
Second Year	226	200	88.4%
Third Year : History	37	...	7	24	31	83.5%
Economics	77	...	24	44	68	88%
History of Fine Arts	22	2	8	9	19	86%
Sociology	39	...	11	28	39	100%
English	37	1	19	16	36	97%
B.Sc. (English Medium)						
First Year : Mathematics	39	39	100%
Chemistry	32	32	100%
Zoology	40	35	87.5%
Second Year : Mathematics	40	40	100%
Chemistry	30	30	100%
Zoology	37	31	83.7%
Third Year : Mathematics	40	28	1	...	29	72%
Chemistry	30	26	2	...	28	93%
Zoology	39	10	15	8	33	84.6%
First Year : M.A. Economics	26	20	77%
M.A. Social Work	24	21	87.6%
M.A. Hist. of Fine Arts	3	2	66%
M.Sc. Mathematics	27	23	85%
Second Year : M.A. Economics	24	...	22	...	22	91.5%
M.A. English	25	6	17	...	23	92%
M.A. Social Work	27	4	22	...	26	96%
M.A. Hist. of Fine Arts	2	1	1	...	2	100%
M.Sc. Mathematics	23	12	9	...	21	91%

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STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

1975