



STELLA MARIS COLLEGE



MADRAS

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STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

The Individual
1980

**GNANODAYA PRESS,
40, Anderson Street,
Madras - 600 001**

Prayer

1. Lord, when I look around and see the wonderful work of your hands, I long to feel your loving touch on me. That touch which brought the world into being gave breath to me.
Thank you Father for bringing me into being.
2. In every leaf, in every flower, in wind and breeze, in calm or storm, I feel your Presence, gentle yet powerful - a fullness, sustaining energizing; The many surprises of each new day awaken in me hope, exhilaration.
Thank you Lord for sustaining life - so rich, so full, so free.
3. Too often Lord, I'm blind to all the gifts around - gifts within and gifts without. I pass them by unnoticed, too busy to transcend the narrow confines of self. I fail to appreciate the wonder of my being, the mystery "within".
4. Yet Lord, it's you that have gifted myself to me; Amidst the contortions of life's daily struggle, You help unwrap my gift for me - a gift so precious, I can't believe;
5. Each day you send more gifts to me - in timely encounters with persons, so full and free that my life ascends to new Horizons.
Thank you Lord for gifting them to me.
6. And when I'm down and cannot feel the beauty of your gifts to me, just stand by Lord to let your touch descend on me - that healing touch that awakens new life - a life that's full, a life that's free,
Thank you Lord for making me, me!

Editorial

What can the Individual contribute to to-day's world that is catapulting at a terrific speed into a future where the Individual is bound to be submerged by the needs of the masses ?

History tells us that time and again, the Individual has successfully defeated the stifling forces around him and has brought about startling changes in diverse fields of Science and Technology, Literature, Fine Arts, Politics, etc., for the betterment of mankind.

However, there is an apparent paradox in this; the Individual brings about changes for the benefit of humanity and at the same time prepares the ground for the negation of the Individual. For instance, in the Indian context we have seen how mass production despite its obvious advantages can stunt the growth of creativity and the Individual.

This Magazine is an attempt therefore, at encouraging and fostering the individual talents of our students. In short to quote Richard Bach, this is in celebration of the "the real Jonathan Sea-gull, who lives within us all".

Editorial Board

Miss. Vijayalakshmi	...	English Dept.
Miss. Gowri Nayak	...	Fine Arts Dept.
Mrs. Dasan	...	English Dept.

Student

Poonam Thakran ... II M.A.

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**Congrats & Hearty
Greetings to our
New Provincial**



Sr. Mary Lily Bernard fmm

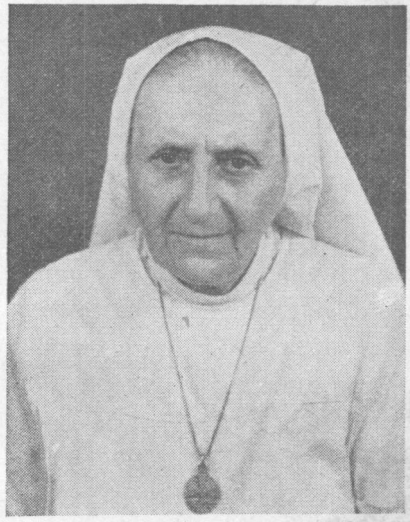
Sr. Mary Lily was a gift to Stella Maris College in 1967 when she returned from Rome after her Novitiate to continue her M.A. Economics. After her degree she joined the Economics Department and relieved Sr. Magdalen immensely by taking up the supervision of College maintenance and cleanliness. She also proved an asset to the Economics Department and won the appreciation of staff and students for her gentleness, patience, diligence, and hard work, until 1974, when she was given a new assignment as the Superior of St. Dominic's Convent. Stella Maris lost Sr. Mary Lily then, only to receive the benefit of her kind services in the person of a provincial superior and as the President of the Governing Body of Stella Maris College. Sr. Mary Lily was a good student, conscientious staff member and very understanding Superior. Our hearty congrats and prayerful good wishes to Sister on her new role of leadership and guidance. May God Bless her with health and grace to work for the cause of Higher Education for many more years.

God bless you Sister.

Sr. Helen Vincent, fmm
Principal

Pen-Portrait of an Artist

To produce a masterpiece an artist needs not only talent but the right kind of equipment - good brushes, paint and canvas. No amount of genius can compensate for poor instruments. And when God, the Master-Artist, wants to reproduce the



beauty of His likeness on a human soul, He needs the co-operation of the greatest gift He has given us, our free will. Sister Greta Bestall, formerly Sr. Silvestra, who painted so many beautiful pictures herself, allowed the Master-Artist to reproduce on her soul some of His most attractive qualities—charity, simplicity, humility and child-like candour all of which shone out of her actions and through those innocent bright blue eyes. With the eyes of her deep faith she saw the Master-Artist at work in her life and with the varied colours of events, their shades and high-lights, she allowed Him to cover the canvas of her soul, instead of spoiling it with the amateurish dabbling of her own self-will. With that basic faith and trust she gave Him, He made something beautiful of her life.

When her talent for art was discovered after she became a Franciscan Missionary of Mary, she was sent to the Technicum in Fribourg, Switzerland-annexed to the Fribourg University. There she received training in advanced drawing and painting. I met her when she came to Rome before she was sent to China. There she taught art till Stella Maris College was opened in 1947. She was called here from China to teach drawing and painting. I arrived three months later to teach the History of Fine Arts, and since June 1948 these subjects have been offered by the College, first in the B.A., then the M.A., and finally even Ph.D.

Sister Greta was a most faithful and untiring helper who never let anyone down. All day long she taught the students decorative art, landscape and portrait painting, and lettering. When asked, she painted backdrops for dramas, put up stands for exhibitions and was ever ready to give a hand even in carpentry and hard manual labour. She was never afraid of any work. Her good heart - as big as herself - never refused a service and everyone felt free to ask her help. And being good, like sweets, people ate her up, but she did not hesitate to work even late at night. She would never refuse a service - of that we were sure.

With her knowledge of perspective and architectural drawing she prepared all the plans for the College, made numerous plan elevations for maquettes, and the

whole Ajanta cave complex built on scale (10''×100'). This last won the Gold Medal at the University Centenary Exhibition.

Not only was Sister skilled in art and fine handwriting which made her much in demand, but also in household work and nursing the sick. Many a time she spent whole nights sitting beside her Sisters after operations, saying it did not matter to her.

The students looked up to her for guidance in her simple, motherly way, and in the moral science classes the child-like candour and the deep faith with which she related her life-story touched many a heart.

Where did she get all these beautiful virtues? Where else but from the many hours she spent with Jesus present in the Blessed Sacrament, and continued prayer when she could not be in chapel but had to go about her work. She loved to make the Holy Hour at least once a week from eleven to midnight in union with Jesus agonising in the garden over the human sufferings caused by sin. It was in her life of prayer that she watched the Master-Artist at work and saw what He was doing with her life.

And now she has been called to Austria where she will continue her good work, after her visit to her brother in Yugoslavia. How grateful we must be to God for having given her to us for so many years to reflect on us something of His goodness.

Sr. Edith Tormory, fmm
and
Sr. Luise Oeser, fmm

Thank you Sister Angela



For the role you have played in the life of the staff and the students, as Superior of Stella Maris College from 1969 to 1972 and Mother Provincial from 1972 to 1979. We congratulate you on the new assignment that you have been given in Rome. Your absence has left a void in our hearts. We will always recall the peace which emanated from you and which had the power to calm the troubled waters of several lives. We admire the unique quality which combined dynamic leadership with warm gentleness. Thank you Sister.

Sister Eileen Riordan named new Vicaress for Women Religious

Tuba City, AZ—The new position of Vicaress for Women Religious has been created by Bishop Jerome J. Hastrich. The Vicaress will help the Sisters in the diocese by offering a number of services such as prayer opportunities, spiritual direction, counseling, information on services available to aid in apostolic work, and orientation for new Sisters to the diocese.



Sister Eileen Riordan, F.M.M. of St. Michael's Mission was recently appointed by the Bishop to fill this post. She will act as liaison between the Bishop and the women religious.

Sister Eileen, born and raised in Peabody, Massachusetts, entered the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in 1946. After profession she spent 20 years in India teaching and working with the Legion of Mary. On returning to the States she received her Ph. D. in cancer research from Boston College. During that time she was Chairperson for the Ongoing Formation Committee of the F.M.M., U.S. Province.

She has been local coordinator of the Franciscan Missionaries at St. Michael's since April, 1975. Most of the Sisters in that community work in missions on or near the Navajo Reservation.

She has worked with the CCD program at St. Michael's Parish, taught part-time at the University of New Mexico at Gallup and at the Window Rock Extension of Navajo Community College. Since May, 1977, she has been Secretary Treasurer of the Sisters Senate.

Father Kenneth Robertson, OFM will continue as Vicar for Religious and will work with Sister Eileen.

Sr. Principal's Annual Report

*Respected Commissioner and Secretary to Government for Education
Mr. E. C. P. Prabhakar & Mrs. Prabhakar, Members of the Governing Body
Friends of the College, Dear Parents of our Students, Dear Staff and Students*

This is the much awaited Annual Day when we compliment our Staff and Students on their achievements and merits. It is also a day of thanksgiving and joy when we recall one by one the many good things the college has been able to achieve during the academic year 1979-80, with God's unfailing help. We recall with reverence the memory of the great pioneer in the field of non-formal education Sr. Jude Andrew known as Sr. Catherine Mclevy formerly lecturer in this college whom God has taken away under tragic circumstances to her eternal reward—May her soul rest in peace. We have lost a friend, Fr. Murphy who is now helping us from Heaven. It is His mercy that kept a spirit of optimism and a ray of hope alive in us as we started the year without our Pre-University Students. Stella Maris College continued to sail smoothly in its 32nd year and peace and harmony prevailed in the midst of hectic activities.

I start this report from the month of June even though the College started only on the 4th of July with 1375 students. During the month of June, the Management launched a Scheme for reorganising the administrative pattern according to modern methods of effective management under the able direction of Mr. Britto of HODCONTS, a Business Consultant and Expert in MBO. The entire teaching staff and departments benefited from the evaluation sessions and analysis. The Role and Functions of the Heads of Departments, the Office Staff and the rest, were drawn up, and this cumbersome but necessary task was undertaken with a view to achieving efficiency in administration and effectiveness in achieving educational goals. Since then, a team of three Staff Members Mrs. Seshadri, Mrs. Bhatt and Mrs. Kamala Aravind assumed the Office of the Dean of Student activities. Everyone who is dedicated to the noble task of Higher Education and to the betterment of society through advanced knowledge and wisdom, needs to be motivated to develop and improve her professional competence. To achieve this, several programmes were organised for the Staff during this year. Apart from the 17 Senior Staff members who are currently engaged in full time Research for Ph. D. a few Junior Staff Members have successfully completed their M. Phil through part-time work, thanks to encouragement and help received from the University and various departments concerned. The staff seminar on Moral Values conducted by Fr. L. Sundaram was indeed a Refresher course that added to the professional ethos.

The students and staff were very happy as they started the academic year with the installation of the public address system. The morning assembly which unites the entire college community in prayer - has become more meaningful and effective.

In the absence of an auditorium to house the entire college, and the lack of funds to build halls to accommodate even 500 students, this has been a big achievement to serve the purpose.

We now pass on to a brief review of the progress made in the various Departments. The Post Graduate Departments of Social Work, Fine Arts, Mathematics, Literature and Economics have kept up the traditions of academic excellence and all round development.

A courageous step taken by the Social Work Department was their open preference for the most deserving candidates for admission to this professional course giving them an opportunity to develop and equip themselves to work for their communities. These students have successfully organised an immunisation programme in the Nombil Village during their rural camp. The Department has implemented 4 field projects to impart professional training to its students. These are :

1. The Nombil Village Rural Project.
2. The Kamaraj Colony Urban Project.
3. The hand surgery ward Rehabilitation Project.
4. The Child Guidance Clinic in Shanthy Bhavan.

These projects are making good progress and deserve appreciation. A 3-day consultation on Social Justice sponsored by the Xavier Board of Higher Education, organised by the Department brought together the Staff Members, Social Workers and experts to discuss this vital issue.

The department is experimenting with a New Time-Table of morning sessions thus giving more time for Research and Field Work during the afternoons. The staff of the Social Work Department are constantly being invited for guest lectures and seminars even from colleges and agencies outside Madras. Needless to say, they impart the zeal and dedication necessary for this noble profession, wherever they go.

The semi-professional course offered by the Fine Arts Department attracts talented students who specialise in drawing, painting, commercial arts and crafts and acquire an academic degree as well. Being the only college offering such a course, the activities of the department are unique. The city witnessed an excellent display of the artistic talents of the Fine Arts students at INFORMEX 1979 and at the EXHIBITION cum Sale arranged by them in Maxmueller Bawan last month. Talent, coupled with hard work, supported by cheerful co-operation makes every venture of the Department a grand success. The Department makes the fullest and best use of the developmental grants and their extraordinary achievement is the Photographic and silk screen printing units. This year the post graduates have been accepted by advertising agencies for inservice training.

The students of Mathematics have also distinguished themselves as all rounders. They have won the first rank and other six places in the B.Sc. University Examinations. The President and Treasurer of the Union for 1979-80 belong to the Maths. Department. The Vice President for the next year comes from the Maths. Department. Not contented with being the star gazers on the college terrace where we have a telescope they travelled up to Raichur to study the effect of the solar eclipse. They have undertaken serious study tours to the Astrophysics centre and the observatory. Apart from studies, their interest extends to dramatics, debates, and social education projects.

The English Department in its turn has also obtained the 2nd University Rank in the M. A. University exam. The projects that deserve special reference are the remedial course for weak students, the functional literacy class for Bus Conductors, the Literary Journal and the Journalism classes. The intercollegiate seminar on Linguistics was an additional venture this year. The Best Club for the year is also the Literature Club that entertained students and staff with a very original presentation of Shakespeare in Sound and Light.

The Economics Department has been recommended for recognition as a research department by the University Commission. The tradition of holding Inter-Disciplinary Seminars, Inter-class Post Graduate Seminars and the publication of ANKUR (the Economics Journal) have all been carefully carried out even this year. The Post Graduate students have successfully completed a Research Project on collective bargaining. The First Rank in the B.A. Degree Exams and other 7 places have been captured by the Undergraduates in the 1979 University Examination. The New President elect for the next academic year is also a student of Economics.

The second phase of the College Humanities Improvement Programme has been successfully completed in the Undergraduate departments. As the entire college is on the Semester System, new methods of evaluation and Continuous internal assessment have become part and parcel of the learning process. Curricular, co-curricular and extra-curricular projects have increased in number and improved in quality. The History Department has also brought out its Journal 'Ithihas' encouraging student endeavour. The film strips documentation work of the department is in progress.

Sociology Department has excelled others in their unique project in Jawadhi Hills, namely entrepreneurship among Tribals in the Jawadhi Hills. Thanks to the support of the Government Officials the 3rd phase of the project has been approved. These young students under the direction of their staff members Sr. Christine and Miss. Prabha have gone ahead with dauntless courage to make self-reliance and self-help a reality among the Tribals of the remote Jawadhi Hills. The Director of Harijan & Tribal Welfare and the Collector has taken interest and shown admiration for the remarkable work done by this small group of 12 students. We congratulate our students who have been awarded merit certificates by the Government in appreciation of their services.

With regret and reluctance we accepted the University's decision to suspend the B.A. in Public Relations from this academic year but still we retain the hope of reintroducing it as a Post-graduate course some day. The last batch of Undergraduates are doing well in their in-service training and are appreciated for their effective service. The department successfully completed the blood donation campaign when nearly 150 Stella Marians were happy to donate their blood for a noble cause.

The Science Departments have been busy both inside and outside their laboratories. The newly born Botany Department had the honour of having the Minister for Agriculture to inaugurate the Vanamahotsava in Stella Maris organised by the Agricultural Department. A new garden has come up through the efforts of the 30 enthusiastic students, who have also displayed debating talents. The Zoology Department has been kept busy even without the Pre-University students, in utilising the facilities for various co-curricular study projects. The Dog Show organised by the Zoology Club is a special achievement worth mentioning. The Chemistry Staff made a study trip to T.T.I. to learn the effective use of modern teaching methods with visual aids. Their visit to Kalpakkam Power Project and guest lectures and soil and blood analysis projects keep them updated in their field. Their inter-collegiate seminar on the energy crisis and the help extended to the + 2 students conducting practicals deserve appreciation. Physics Department has offered to share their available facilities and talents with the students from Higher Secondary Schools of Avvai Home and St. Dominics. The Staff of the department are eagerly looking forward to start Physics Main while equipping themselves for the same through various programmes.

The Language Departments under COSIP have been busy improving and innovating. To the existing list of student publications the Hindi Department has added its "Blossoming Bud" this year. The Tamil Department staged their Second Play "Kadavu" to the great satisfaction of the public. The French Department benefited much from the lectures of Prof. Carpentier. The Sanskrit Department is proud of their achievement of a First Rank in the University Exams. All these departments are seriously planning to build up a Language Laboratory. So well done students—our congrats to each one of you.

Since we will be witnessing the Prize distribution today it is not necessary to call out the names of the prize winners in each of these departments nor enumerate their involvement in the various C.S.S. Projects. However since Stella Maris always gives greater importance to sports I am happy to mention our success in the Sports field. Under the able guidance of our Physical Directress Mrs. Mangaladurai, our athletes have won the A. L. Mudaliar Championship for the 4th year in succession.

We are indeed proud of our University Representation in Basket Ball, Hockey, Table Tennis, Shuttle Badminton and Cricket. Our athletes have also represented the State in Basket Ball, Table Tennis and athletics in Women's International Year Sports Festival. In the Inter-collegiate tournaments our teams were declared

winners in Table Tennis, Basket Ball, Shuttle Cock, Carrom, Shuttle Badminton and our players have won the **Group Championship in Major Games**. Our Basket Ball team has a record of success in the open tournaments this year and were declared winners in the

1. State Championship at Virudunagar
2. The Non-State Non-University players tournament and
3. The Kokila Raja Trophy tournament.

Our Cricket Team has won the Mayor Sambandan Trophy last week. Last in the list is our Staff Victory in Inter-Collegiate Table Tennis. To crown all this for the third time in succession our athletes have won the group championship with a lead of 30 points in the Inter-Collegiate athletic meet. S. Anto, III B.Sc. Zoology won the individual championship.

Well done Teams, we are very proud of your noteworthy victories, and the excellent team spirit that you have displayed.

Stella Maris has always shown keen interest not only in Sportsmanship and all extra curricular activities but also in Social Work which provides opportunities to the students to develop leadership qualities for social action consistent with the objectives of the college. These objectives are :

1. To foster the spiritual, moral, intellectual, social, cultural, emotional and physical development of students.
2. To help the staff and students to share the concerns of our people their desire for development, dignity, liberty, justice, peace, thus leading to creative involvement in the needs and problems of the country at large.

The Student Union has been functioning effectively co-ordinating the various clubs activities thus contributing greatly to the welfare of the Student Body.

Since the College is dedicated under God to the training of the minds and hearts of young students in the highest ideals, no effort is spared to make this education a worth while experience for them. We are happy that you all have come to share the joy of our prize winners today. We have a good number of debators, intelligent speakers, talented artists, musicians whom we warmly congratulate today. We would like to mention various shields won by our students at Inter-Collegiate and State level.

Our Debators have won about 14 trophies this year.

Special mention must be made of Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" which our students staged at Museum Theatre at the end of February, 1980. Its success speaks volumes for the potential of the students.

National Service Schemes and Community Service Projects have become almost the vital part of College life in Stella Maris. We have 36 C.S.S. Projects. In the 13 Voluntary National Service Scheme projects, 436 students are involved apart from the 23 C.S.S. projects which include the entire student body. 9 Adult Education Projects are also functioning in the urban centres. There are about 60 Staff members assisting in these projects. A ten day N.S.S. Camp was organised in Mepur Village in collaboration with the Students of DRBC College at Pattabiram. The N.S.S. Valedictory presided by Thiru A. P. Bhatikar celebrated its 10th Anniversary in the college. If Stella Maris enjoys peace and prosperity, order and harmony, friendship and joy within the campus, we attribute it in no small measure to the good done to the needy and deprived in and around the college ever since its foundation. The College stands for TRUTH AND CHARITY - where there is charity there is God and when God is with us, there is nothing to fear.

The College Day report will be incomplete unless I mention the Examination Results. We have decided to become less result-oriented and more development-oriented. We have deliberately altered our admission policy in giving seats to the most needy, the under-privileged and the first generation learners instead of preferring only high first classes. Even so our results have been very good and can be claimed to be excellent. The Science Under Graduate Departments of Zoology, Chemistry and Mathematics obtained 100% results, 95% of the students passing in 1st class. Zoology and Chemistry have 100% results with 100% first classes as well. In the humanities, thanks to the Semester System, we have 96% passes and 50% passed in First class. Literature had 95% First classes, Economics 96% First classes. Our Pre-University students obtained 87% passes. The good results reflect the hard work of our Staff and Students; no doubt with a little more effort we hope to make the Semester System even more effective and successful in the coming years. We do believe that knowledge acquired through hard labour becomes a rich heritage.

One question that the well-wishers of the college may be wanting to ask is the question of autonomy. Stella Maris has been preparing itself to become all that the Kothari Commission had recommended long ago. Striving towards Staff effectiveness, student development, examination reforms, methods, leadership training etc. The ground is being prepared carefully in all these aspects—as we plan for autonomous status.

Thanks to the financial assistance from the University Grants Commission and the promise of sustained co-operation from the Education Department we will be able to shoulder the burden of increased responsibilities, but we have decided to wait until all the 17 senior staff members return to the college with their Doctoral Degrees, new ideas and enthusiasm to launch into new horizons. We do not desire autonomous status for its prestige but for the good it will bring to our students and the society.

In the annals of Stella Maris this year the Vanamahotsava, the Convocation Day, Sr. Irene's visit, the Alumni meet, the Tamil Play 'Kadavu' staged in Fine Arts

Club, the English play "You Never Can Tell" staged in the Museum Theatre, the visit of All India Librarians etc. have left lasting impressions. We had the privilege of receiving U.G.C. officials and University Commissions in connection with affiliation for Research. A small extension of the existing facilities for non-resident students was completed with U.G.C. assistance.

Nothing spectacular has taken place this year but for small changes, small beginning small additions—Small is beautiful—Even a mighty work must have a small beginning some where. Even if our Botanical Garden is small—it is beautiful to have a garden.

Finally I come to the pleasant task of expressing my sincere gratitude to the Education Department, University of Madras, The Police, the Postal Departments, the Electricity Board and the Corporation, the P.T.C., the various agencies, industries and our Benefactors who have been watching and helping the growth and progress of this institution taking personal interest in its welfare day by day - wherever we knock, whenever we search, whatever we ask, we have met with generous assistance.

Within the walls of the Campus. the smooth running of the College is due to our loyal and devoted Teaching and Non-Teaching Staff, the ever active and enduring Office Staff and of course our cheerful and lively students. All I can say is a simple but sincere "God Bless" for what they are to us as we sail along.

The Song of Love—Dance Recital

God is Love—God Loves us first and our best response to Him is Love—Religion in its highest form is the expression of this Love—the longing of the soul for a complete eternal union with its God. Bridal mysticism explains this sublime theme time and again. Religious mystics displayed this unique characteristic of an unquenchable thirst for God's Love and union with Him in their lives. God the object of our Love and devotion, draws the soul chosen to experience this deep love and union—whether it be a "Meera" renouncing the palace and its luxuries in her pilgrimage, or a John of Cross pouring out his love songs. God's love has this magnetic power, attracting the soul as the bride is enchanted by her bride-groom.

Jeyadeva's 'Gita Govinda', one of the loveliest poems in Sanskrit is a composition of a lover passionately devoted to his Lord, wherein the poet identifies himself with Radha the bride, deeply in love with Krishna her Lord. In the longing of Radha, in the playful tricks of Krishna, in the whole loving episode, one finds beautiful and enchanting expressions of God's Love and the human response to this Love.

The Lord takes delight to live among his people. Love is music, Love is dance it is life to everything that is beautiful. playmate and friend—Lover and Lord—Nothing is more sublime than the union of Lovers. The bride dances with joy at the thought of her beloved.....His presence thrills the soul with joy. The bride closely watches and contemplates every movement of her lover.....we quote from Solomon's song of Love.

“ How beautiful you are — How perfect ...
Your looks are holding me captive ...
Let the king have sixty queens ...
Women without number ...
But I love only one... (Canticle of Solomon)

To quote another verse from the 'Song of Songs' of Solomon :

“ Night after night I dream of the one I love
I was looking for him but could not find him
I went wandering through the city, its streets
and alleys.
I looked, I looked
but could not find him
I called him but heard no more
Promise me, women of Jerusalem
that if you find my lover, you will tell him
that I am weak from passion

The Lord is equally loving — He longs for human love — He does not hesitate to stoop down to conquer his own creation ready to lavish his loving embrace on the beloved. Radha rejoices in the divine union the ultimate reality — the eternal bliss. He who loves God lives in God and God in Him says the scripture. “ My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with his Touch who is beyond touch ” exclaims Tagore in his Gitanjali.

To quote again the 'Song of Songs'

“ My lover is mine and I am his
I have found Him whom my soul loves
I shall not let Him go — and
So — The eternal Union ”

This is the Theme Song of God's Love.

Sr. Helen Vincent, fmm
Principal

Zodiac Club

The Zodiac started off with an enlightening talk by Dr. Krishnaswamy Alladi of the University of Michigan, on the much discussed subject of 'Irrational Numbers'.

This was followed by an Inter-Year Quiz Competition "Who am I?" which turned out to be a great success.

As its next feature, the Club invited Mr. J. K. Ramaprasad to give a talk on "Banking as a Career" which was indeed a very useful talk.

A "Just - A - Minute" programme was organized exclusively for High School children. The response was overwhelming and the programme was a change from the ordinary.

To conclude its activities for the year, and preceding the Valedictory function, there was a talk on Vedic Maths.

History Club

The History Club presented an Inter-Collegiate Historical Skit Competition on 3-9-79. The audience response was good but there was a dearth of participants — only four colleges—Women's Christian College, Loyola College, Madras School of Social Work and I.I.T. participated. Except for W.C.C. it was quite obvious that the other colleges had not bothered very much about the contents of their skit.

The W.C.C. skit on France during the Revolution was excellent. They had taken pains over their costumes and their compere earned a special word of merit from the judges for her reading. The School of Social Work put up some sort of Mock Parliament, while the Loyola skit had no particular theme, least of all a historical one. W.C.C. deservedly received the First prize and the Second prize was given to the School of Social Work.

On 16-10-79 the History Club held a talk by Dr. C. T. Kurien on "Problems India Faces". He explained the economic aspects of Indian planning and stated that while India has a lot of resources and untapped potential, nothing was being done to bring these into use for the nation's good. Dr. Kurien also mentioned that the Directive Principles of State policy were not being followed. In conclusion he said that something had gone wrong with India's Planning but left the audience to answer the question - "What exactly has gone wrong and if so, where?"

The following month on 12-11-79 there was a talk by Dr. Devahanti of Delhi University on "Historians and Historiography in India." Dr. Devahanti started her lecture by defining the word "historiography". She then spoke of the lack of unbiased historical accounts in Indian history especially early Indian history which is mostly in the form of Itihasas, stories and legends. Dr. Devahanti illustrated her talk with examples from her own career and before ending her lecture she re-emphasized the need for a historian to present an unbiased and objective view of his subject.

The Phoenix Arises - Report of the Literature Club 1979—80

The Literature Club had been known for its Liberative existence. So, often the electrous—the office bearers and the staff advisor Mrs. Jose had the unenviable task of giving the club a new base of life, and the club was inaugurated with a long denied social... a fling of food and skits, (Antsay Richard Asneon's 'Furnished Tales') and for the more literary minded a talk by Dr. Prabhakar Reddy (Head of the Department of English, University of Madras) and poetry readings by Miss Susan Oomen and Shoba Venkatesh, were also included.

The Literature Club then plunged into a whirl of activities—an Inter-Collegiate Literary Pageant, in which Kamal Melvani (II Yr. P. R. bagged the 1st prize, with A. C. Technolgy and Guindy Engineering a close second and third; an Inter-Collegiate 'Literary Quiz', with I. I. T. winning the 1st prize; an Inter-Collegiate 'Poetry Sing-in' with M. C. C. bagging the prize.

Besides these, there were Collegiate programmes also—a stimulating Inter-year 'Guess the Good Word Competition' with the IIIrd years - Usha Vishwanathan and Parvathi Ramachandran winning the prize; a really interesting talk on Sylvia Plath; film shows on Jane Austen's 'Emma', Thomas Hardy's 'Wessex novels', Frost and Sandburg; and of course the Literature Club "Newsweek" where for five days we displayed eye-catching articles, cartoons and picture portraits of famous personalities from theatre, novel, poetry and American and Indian literature.

And crowning all these, we had a hitherto unprecedented book exhibition, on the 15th and 16th September.

There was only one, Inter-Collegiate programme in the Second Semester—'Just-a-minute', where I. I. T. won the 1st prize, and Sharada (I B.Sc. Maths) the Second Individual prize.

College day





College day



“Expressions” The Literature Club Book Exhibition



“Expressions” The Literature Club Book Exhibition



All other programmes were aimed at exploring home talents. Quite a few new programmes - 'Twenty Questions', 'Face About', 'Prove the proverb'-were organised, all of which kept the participants and audience amazed and interested.

Besides these, we had word games and puzzles put up on the notice-board-to encourage and interest literary enthusiasts—a 'Kangaroo Word' Competition, and 'Spot the Writers' Competition, were a part of this venture.

And as the grand finale to the years' activities, we had a Son-et-Lumiere' in which extracts from a variety of Shakespeare's plays were staged with sound and light effects. The eerie laughter of the three witches, the romantic atmosphere of Titania's forest, Lear's stormy grief, the pulsating passion of Romeo and Juliet, enthralled the audience.

To whomsoever it may concern

As we leave the Literature Club scenario with many a lingering backward look, a humane impulse stirring within us impels us to say a few words, of friendly advice, and give what is more vulgarly known as tips.

We don't advise any compromise where finances are concerned. Reluctant members, however good their reasons may be, should be asked, in no uncertain terms, to er-cough up. The coffers, of course should be ably, even miserly. managed. Besides ready hard cash, a few other indispensables would be in order like postal stationery, "Contacts" in other colleges and so on. It will save a lot of lung-power and shameless wheedling, if a couple of people could be signed on a contract of postermaking for a period of one year. We repeat: **Contract**. Hand in hand with posters we would strongly recommend a plethora of announcements, important, unimportant or merely repetitive, on the public-address system. This creates the necessary impression that the Club is at work.

Where rooms and eats are concerned, it is disaster if bookings are not done in the Little Brown Book downstairs. If you have overlooked this little detail, don't let on, but Fight Tooth and Nail. A choice group of twenty-five to thirty members should be procured to form a perpetual Audience. If not, we predict chairs, chairs and more chairs.

When calling outside judges, it is safe to go by first impressions: if you don't like the look of Him/Her, drop them. The Indian Institute of Technology is a must for any inter-Coll. One last thing, if you are thinking of doing a sound and light, Don't do it.

To the justly proud inheritors of this, we bequeath, in addition, the barge she sat in (sailing backstage 0-1) an embossed shield of antique value, a poster, and pins and needles. We earnestly hope you will steer to newer horizons. To this we put our names.

25th March 1980

Bharati
Madhumita
III (B.A. Litt)

Dramatics Club

The Dramatics Club of Stella Maris functioned in and outside college — it put up plays and competitions within the college, as well as participated in competitions outside the college. The office-bearers elected were Padma Krishna, President, Dogra as Vice President, Secretary - Sudha Menon and Clara Baby the Cultural Representative in the inaugural meeting on 1—8—79.

As part of its indoor activities the club met regularly for voice exercises, improvisations and play-readings. The play "The Importance of Being Earnest" was concentrated upon. As part of its cultural activities the club held a MONO-acting competition, which was well-received, and an Inter-Year Shakespeare Evening, in which the winning team presented a hilarious scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Inter-collegiate activities were strengthened by the Dumb Charades competition. The IIT team walked away with the prize and girl's admiration... ..

Teams sent out to colleges were quite successful. Miming teams were sent to various colleges for Dumbcharade Competitions and a team was sent to Loyola College for an Ad-Play competition. Their presentation of a cigarette advertisement, around a Red Indian Camp, was well received. Another team sent for an Inter-Collegiate Play Competition won a second prize for their play "A Pound on Demand," by Sean O' Casey and Amita Bhargava received the second individual prize.

Quiz Club

The Quiz Club functioned more outside than within the college. The inaugural meeting was held on 26—7—79, with Anu Koshi as President, and Padma Krishna as Vice-President.

As part of its activities within the College it held an Inter-Collegiate competition conducted by Mrs. Rekha Shetty. Madras Medical College won the well-deserved prize.

An Inter-Year Quiz was held to test the I.Qs. of our own College, on 21—9—79. The II years represented by Anu Koshi and Lakshmi Raman displayed their superior brains and won the prize. The Quiz Club regularly sent teams, won the first prize in Ethiraj College and did well in other competitions.

Hindi Club Activities

1979 - 1980

July 25th : Inaugural meeting. Election of office - bearers. President - Varsha ; Secretary - Nazeem ; Treasurer - Surekha ; Cultural representative - Lalita.

August

10th : Essay Competition

23rd : Food Stall near the canteen. Kachaalus were sold and boy ! was there a big crowd to taste the new delicacy.

September 13th : Hot bhelpuri and crisp tomato, cucumber and mint sandwiches were the rage of the college when the foodstall was held. All threw their calorie charts out of the window and came queuing for more !

25th : Inter year Antakshari contest, lovely melodies issued from lovely girls with the heavy rain providing us with a musical background and creating the right atmosphere. As expected, the II years walked away with the prize.

February 20th : With a great deal of running around fluster, hurry-burry-worry, the president and cultural representative managed to conduct the inter-collegiate Antakshari without mishap. An appreciative audience helped not a little in making it a melodious success. There was general goodwill and the competitors helped out each other during sticky patches, causing the score

keeper, Lalita, to tear her hair, wondering whom to give marks to. The time keeper Varsha hardly knew whether to keep a watch over her watch or the competitors. The girls from Meenakshi College won the prize.

February : The Lecturers proved their good nature by judging the Inter-collegiate
27th debate competition when the actual judges did not turn up, Despite scanty audience, the speakers were full of enthusiasm and pep so that the evening passed off with a good deal of lively banter among the debaters and the audience. Later there was " Shayari " and of course, film songs. The team prize went to the A. M. Jain College.

March : The auditorium was packed to bursting with excited girls awaiting their
14th screen heros on the screen from Devi. " Kabhie Kabhie " was filmed and in spite of the overwhelming crowd, everyone enjoyed the movie.

This was the last activity of the Hindi Club. In spite of lack of response, it managed to put forth quite a few items thus showing the zest of the few dedicated members.

Lalita Rao,
(III B.Sc. Zoology)

Ramu My friend, My son...

I lay on my string cot after a night of restless, mosquito-bitten and sweating sleep. I felt tired. My spirit was broken. I knew I had to get up and start another day of hot, heavy work; yet, I lingered. I could hear my wife and my 15 year old daughter Janaki, grumbling at the unruly crowd near the water-tap. My two sons Velan and Kittu lay sleeping on the mud floor, oblivious of the bustle outside, or the sweltering stuffiness inside the small hut. I shut my ears from the disturbing whimpers of my four year old daughter, Sita. She was down with measles and the atmosphere in the hut only aggravated her irritation and pain. I closed my eyes and tried to make my mind blank for a moment. But, I was not to enjoy this reprieve. My wife came in with the hard-won pot of water, shouting at all and sundry, and declaring there were some who were blessed with the sleep of Kumbakarnan. I was feeling too weary to retaliate; had it been a few months back, she would have got a slap for her pains.

I got up and walked through the low cracked wooden door to the common-ground. The men sat cleaning their teeth with neem twigs or smoking yesterday's half-smoked beedis. Women were sweeping the little piece of ground in front of their huts, sprinkling cow-dung and water and drawing insignificant kolams. Children ran helter-skelter, getting in the way of the busy women, and occasionally, there was the sound of a slap, followed by a lusty howl, when some errant youngster happened to stray too often in the field of its mother's or elder sister's activity.

I walked to the old tamarind tree where Ramu was tied up. Ramu was my ox and it was to his credit that I made a living. He now lay still, his tail occasionally twitching at a fly ; near him lay remains of cheap hay that he had chewed half-heartedly through the night. I could see how pathetically his skin stretched over his bones. My heart felt heavy. Ramu was nearly ten years old and past his prime. If anything happened to him, I would be lost. I cared, not only because he helped me in making my living ; he meant more to me than my family. Yes, anyone would have thought my attitude strange, but wasn't I justified in giving him a large soft corner of my heart ?

He loved me, not because I gave him his feed ; there had been happy days when I could have boasted with pride that Ramu was the best-fed and most well cared for ox in the world. However, those days were gone. Now, I felt shame flooding my heart as I looked at the spent, emaciated figure lying at my feet. Where were those beautiful, dark eyes that shone with intelligence and love ? Where was that snow-white, spotless, well-groomed body with rippling muscles and where was that majestic gait ? All I could see now were lack-lustre eyes glazed with fatigue and some inexplicable sorrow that I could not fathom. The neck that had once been smooth and strong was now sagging and festering with sores where the yoke had mercilessly cut into the flesh. The clean, healthy coat was now a dirty grey, and the bones stood out accusingly. As I stood there looking at him, I saw my reflection—a skinny, weak man with scraggy, unkempt hair and beard, the eyes sunken and blood shot with cheap liquor and sleepless nights, arms wobbly, and step unsure and faltering.

I was only 45 years old ; an age when men are supposed to rediscover themselves ; yet, I felt old and near my end. I could not believe that I had been reduced to this state. I could not believe that I had once been a young, healthy and successful man owning three ox-carts and six oxen, and living in a cement and brick house. I had given out on hire two of the carts and four oxen, and made quite good money and lived a better life than any of my friends or relatives. But famine and sickness had taken their toll, and the cycle of misfortune once started, remained moving towards greater misfortunes. In the end, I had been forced to sell my carts and oxen and my house. I was reduced to living in a haphazard clay hut and had begun once again with a small cart which could harness only one ox. That had been six years ago.

Ramu had come to me nine and a half years ago from my uncle when he was only 6 months old. I had loved that little calf and looked after it as I had my own children. My wife had always complained that I wasted my money and affections on a dumb animal, which did nothing, except eat the greenest grass and the sweetest hay, and sleep when it felt like it. As I had 6 oxen pulling carts, I had refused to yoke Ramu. He was my pride and joy and I was more than amply rewarded when he nuzzled his wet snout into my neck and rubbed himself against me. I waited for the evenings when, after my day's work, I would rub his coat and he would stand with his eyes closed, his neck outstretched, as he revelled in the ecstasy. Those days, my life had been complete.

Suddenly, the tide had changed. With the loss of my carts and oxen, I lost my livelihood. My wife ranted day and night about my stupidity in having a fat ox which was eating up everything, I had given in when I realised that there would be no other way out of my poverty. I had bought a single cart and tied Ramu to it. He was a bit surprised, but enthusiastic, and seeing his readiness to work, I started hoping for the better.

For 6 years now, Ramu and I had toiled undeterred, through wind and rain and sun. Little by little, as the months passed, I had noted with alarm, that the hard work and lack of food was dampening Ramu's spirits. He no longer jumped up eagerly in the mornings, he no longer briskly cantered down the road; I knew that he would not last if I continued treating him the way I did; however, a nagging wife, hungry children and my own wretchedness hardened my heart. Lately, I had even started using the whip. The first time I flicked him with my whip, he had turned his head and looked at me with a look of hurt bewilderment. Then, he had shuddered and begun dragging himself down the road. That night, when I could bear the grief in me no longer, I stole out to him and putting my arms round his neck, I asked him to forgive me. He licked my face and in the moonlight, I saw his eyes wet with tears. I buried my face in his face and cried like a child; I cried for him, for me, for everything.

All these memories played on my mind like faded snap-shots of yesterday. My senses were deadened with hunger, my mind numbed with the hopelessness of my guilt and grief.

I untied the rope which held him to the tree, and gently pushed him. He lay there without making an attempt to raise himself. Only his head turned towards me. His eyes implored me to leave him alone that day; he beseeched me to understand that he could not make it. A red light flashed in my brain as my dry mouth felt the bitterness of gall and my chest constricted with pain. I refused to understand him; I pretended I did not understand his plea. I yanked him harder. He raised himself to his feet and swayed. I all but dragged him to his cart and yoked him. Climbing into the cart, I drove him to the brick-seller, four streets off.

The sun was at its zenith. As I sat in the cart, I could feel the sweat pouring down my back in rivulets. My whole body was drenched with perspiration. The heat struck everyone, everywhere. Ramu dragged the brick-laden cart. Presently, nearing the Cantonment Road, which rose steeply and then sloped downwards, I stopped the cart and jumped to the ground. I filled the rusted tin trough which I always hung beneath the cart, with water and took it to Ramu. He turned his head away. This worried me because he had never refused this drink. I tried persuading him but to no avail. I emptied the trough and led him to the crest of the sloping road. He laboured painfully, his breath coming in shallow, harsh gasps, his eyes rolling frightfully. He made it to the top, then stood still. I jumped down and gently slapped his rump. He swayed and before I knew what was happening, he had crashed into the road heavily. Quickly, I freed him from the cart.

He was shuddering, his mouth frothing. Panic stricken, I ran down the road with the tin trough and filling it again, ran back. I splashed it desperately on his face. By now, a crowd had gathered I felt nausea welling up inside me. I knew Ramu was dying, my Ramu, my beloved son. With a cry, I sat down on the burning road and held his head on my lap. He had stopped shaking. With each second, his life was ebbing out of him. I wept with bitter, choking sobs; loudly, I begged the gods to spare him; like a man demented, I held on to his neck, muttering through my tears - "Ramu, don't leave me, my child. I promise you, you shall never draw a cart from today. Only don't leave me."

He licked my convulsive, caressing hands, and then, I felt the dead weight of his head on my lap. Ramu was dead. It was all over with him and me. However, I could not leave him. I cradled his head, and with hot tears blinding my eyes, I held on to him. Some man in the crowd came forward and said that he knew someone who would offer something for the carcass. His words did not enter my mute ears. He dragged me away and splashed the remaining water in the trough on me. It stung me to awareness. Once again, he repeated what he had said. I told him I could not give Ramu to anyone. Does a father give his dead child away? He told me patiently "Man, do not let your grief blind you to the practicalities of life. If you sell him, you will get atleast 30 rupees. You do not look very wealthy. You will need that money. You wait here, I shall be back shortly." I nodded in dumb agreement.

I stood staring at Ramu's prostrate body. In half an hour, some people came and after looking him over, tied his feet to two poles. They tied his neck to a rope and carried him away. I remember some money changing hands. As they took him away, I pleaded with him to forgive me for sending him away, I stood there for a long time with a wad of dirty notes in my hand. Blood money. I would not touch it.

I sit everyday under the tamarind tree. I do not remember how I reached home that day. I gave the money to my wife. I do not know what she did with it. I wonder how I can still be alive when Ramu is already gone. Sometimes, in my dreams, I can feel him licking my face ; I can see his beautiful eyes filled with understanding. It seems so real that I wake up, only to find I am all alone. Sometimes, I can feel his presence; I can feel his love touching me, enveloping me, telling me he understands. I still exist ; however, I stopped living ages ago.

Sports Round - Up

With the prestigious A. L. Mudaliar Athletic Trophy and Inter Collegiate Shield in their bag, the athletes from Stella Maris annexed the group championship for athletics. So did our girls retain the group championship for major games, by winning the hockey, basketball, shuttle badminton, table tennis titles and also the newly instituted carrom championship. Now for the story of their success.

Athletics :

The new members for the college athletic team were picked from the non state non university meet conducted within the college campus. The first outing for the athletic squad was for the A. L. Mudaliar Athletic Trophy which they won comfortably, thanks to splendid performances from the third year trio of Gerardine, Anto and Rani Bhavani. By sprinting to success, Anto gave Stella Maris a good lead in the Inter-Collegiate Meet, Which they won comfortably. The team consisted of Gerardine (Captain III B.A.), Anto (III B.Sc.), Rani Bhavani (III B.A.), Jessy (III B.A.), Ann Joseph (II B.A.), Mythili (I.M.A.), Susan (I B.Sc.), Indrani (II B.A)

To the Inter-Varsity Meet at Pune went Gerardine, Anto and Rani while Anto and Rani Bhavani were members of the State Team which took part in the Hissar Meet.

Basket ball :

Guided by their N.I.S. Coach, Mr. B. Muniappa, a former International player the basket-ball team practised consistently and performed creditably both in and outside Madras. They edged out Queen Mary's College twice, to win the Inter-Collegiate Title for the tenth year and the Gerard Fisher trophy. The team completely outplayed Madras Gymkhana at the state championship Tournament held at Virudhunagar and played well at the All-India Tournaments conducted in Neiveli and Tuticorin.

When the games club headed by Gerardine, Angayarkanni, and Gowri conducted a non-state non-university tournament, the home team romped home to win a handsome trophy donated by Mr. S. S. Balan.

The members of the team were :

Lakshmi (Captain III B.A.), Angayarkanni (III B.A.), Susanna (III B.A.), Suraj (II B.A.), T. P. Venkateswari (II B.A.), Vani (I M.A.), Janine (I B.A.), Banu Vasan (I B.A.), Sharada (I B.Sc.), Gayathri (I B.A.).

Janine played well for Madras University team at Bhopal and Kanpur. Lakshmi, Angayarkanni, Suraj, Venkateswari and Janine were members of the State team which participated in the Nationals held at Jaipur whilst Banu Vasan was selected to represent the state in the Women's Sports Festival held at Jabalpur.

Hockey :

The Former Olympian Mr. Charles Cornelius moulded the Stella hockey team into a winning combination and as a result of better goal average, they got the better of Women's Christian College to win the Inter Collegiate title. The team was represented by: Gowri (Captain III B.Sc.), Susanna (III B.A.), Pushpa (II B.A.), Shobana (II B.A.), Yvette (II B.A.), Roshini (II B.A.) Vimala (II B.A.), Sujatha (II B.Sc.), Darani (I B.Sc.), Nadeera (I B.A.), Bhavani (I B.A.), Yamuna (I B.A.), Shantika (I B.A.).

As a result of their outstanding game, Nadeera and Pushpa won a place in the Madras University team which went to Mysore.

Table Tennis :

B. Vidya (Captain III B.A.), Pallavi Bheda (I B.A.), Lakshmi (III B.A.), And Sharada (I B.Sc.) won the Inter Collegiate and divisional table tennis titles for Stella Maris. Pallavi captained the Madras University team at Mysore while both Vidya and Pallavi assisted the state team in Durgapur.

Shuttle Badminton :

With sterling performances from Neera Sachdev (Captain III B.A.), Hitha Revanur (I B.A.) and Vasudha (III B.A.). Stella Maris retained the Inter-Collegiate and Divisional Shuttle Badminton titles. Both Neera and Hitha represented the Madras University at the South Zone Inter-University Championship held at Dharwar. Neera captained the state team at the womens sports festival at Jabalpur while Hitha was selected for the Junior state team which participated in the Kottayam meet.

Carrom :

In the newly introduced carrom tourney, Vidya (III B.A.) made a successful debut by winning the singles title. The team was represented by Vidya (Captain III B.A.) and Bhagwathy (I B.Sc.)

Tennis :

Stella Maris had to settle for the second place which they tied with S.I.E.T. in the WIAA tennis tournament. Raji Bhoopathy (Captain II B.A.) and Uma Rathnam (I B.A.) represented the college in their tournament.

Cricket :

Though they fared none too well in the Inter-Collegiate tournament, our budding cricketers batted, bowled and fielded their hearts out to win the tournament. Mention must also be made of the individual performances of Meera and Indrani who were adjudged the best batswoman and bowler of the tournament respectively. The team was represented by Ambujam (Captain III B.A.), Sathya Bama (III B.A.), Himal (III B.A.), Beena (III B.A.), Indrani (II B.A.), Pushkala (II B.A.), Jacintha (II B.A.), Asha (II B.A.), Geetha (II B.A.), Sujatha (II B.A.), Kathyayini (I B.Sc.), Vasanthi (I B.Sc.), Meera (I B.A.), Susheela Bai (I B.A.), Gajalakshmi (I B.A.), Mythili (I B.A.)

Meera and Kathyayini represented the University Team at Amaravathi while Indrani and Kathyayini were selected for the Senior State Team which went to Pondicherry. Kathyayini, Susheela Bai and Meera were members of the Junior State Team which participated in the Jullunder tournament.

Volleyball and Ball Badminton :

With better luck the Volleyball and Ball Badminton teams would have reached the top.

The members of the Volleyball team are :

S. Anto (Captain III B.Sc.), Sujatha (I M.A.), Indrani (II B.A.), Vaanmathy (I B.A.), Agnes (I B.A.), Nadeera (I B.A.), Geetha (II B.A.), Shantha (II B.A.), Mythili (II B.Sc.), Jansy (II B.Sc.), Deena (III B.A.), Meera (I B.A.)

The Ball Badminton team was represented by Molly (Captain II B.Sc.), Banumathy (I M.A.), Hyma (II B.A.), Nalini (III B.A.), Mythili (III B.Sc.), Jayanthi (II B.A.), Prema (II B.Sc.)

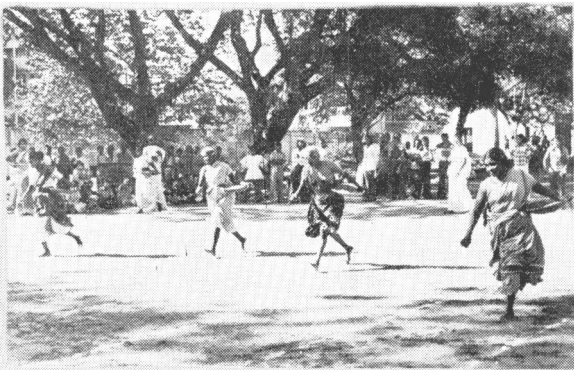
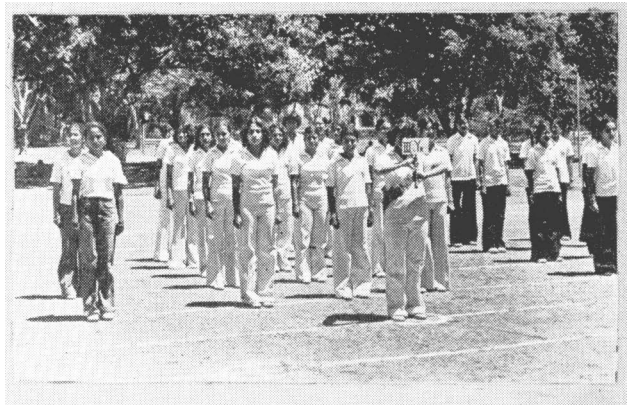
Rowing :

Our two rowers Cauvery Guruswamy (II B.A.) and Tula Goenka (II B.A.) performed creditably at Singapore and in the two Madras Colombo meets held last year.

In the College Sports the Third years won the Major Games and fittingly enough Anto (III B.Sc.) and Gerardine (III B.A.) tied for individual honours. Thus the curtain closed on yet another successful year under the guidance of Mrs. Mangaladurai.

Vani S.
II M.A. (Litt.)

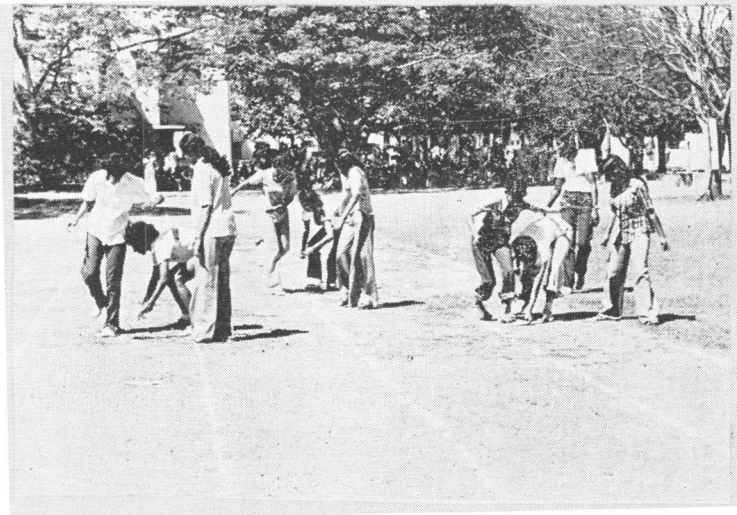
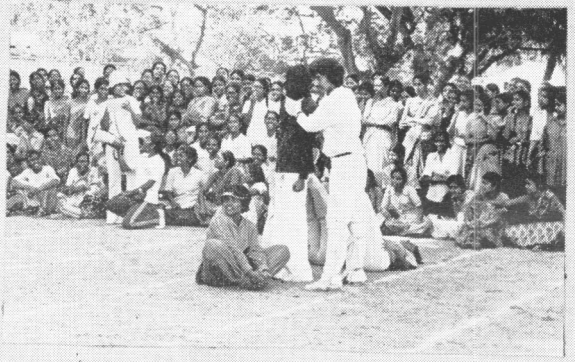
The Sports Day



The Sports Day



Sports
Round
Up





Sports Round Up

The Basket Ball Team



Table Tennis Team



The Cricket Team



Sports Round Up



The Shuttle
Badminton Team



The Hockey Team

Hockey — 1979

The new year began with a sudden spurt of enthusiasm and earnestness in the college hockey team's bid for the inter-collegiate title this year. The captain as well as some of the senior players went talent-hunting to try to lure potential players to come play and try out for the team. The college itself was surprised at the way the team went all out to practice every day, with new determination to prove that they would not give a repeat performance of the previous year.

After some search for a coach, we were indeed very lucky to find a man who had previously represented India in the 1972 Olympics, as well as two Asian Games and three World Cups, willing to come and train us. His name: Charles Cornelius. With his great experience, coaching and expertise, he moulded together a team quite proficient in the skills of this game.

Being a new comer I had heard many stories concerning our rival teams and how we had fared against them in previous encounters. But this only made some of us more determined to put up a tough fight every inch of the way.

After about two months of quite vigorous training (We were unused to such work outs !) we thought we were ready to face our opponents.

The great day of our first match in the tournament based on the league system dawned one day on Oct. 8; we had to meet our biggest rivals W.C.C. in that encounter. We were all literally shaking in our shoes as we made our way to the field. We warily eyed our opponents, sizing them up and trying to convince ourselves that we had a chance. The same began with both sides equally balanced, the ball moving from one end of the field to the other with exasperating regularity. Then with some deft manouvres we were able to bang a goal home and be in the lead. We began rather cautiously in the second half, anxious to hold on to the lead. When we were almost sure that we had the match, the other team, to our great dismay, equalized with a fine goal. With only about 4 or 5 minutes remaining till the end, we did our best to score again but could not manage it. We went home that evening annoyed that we'd let in that last goal, so near the end of the game.

Our next match was against Queen Mary's College, also a good talented side. We knew we had to do well in this one in order to keep our chances alive in the tournament. This turned out to be our finest game, everyone playing well. Encouraged by our frenzied supporters we gained a 1-0 lead in the first half, only to have it equalised minutes later in the second half. With a new desperate urge we began playing, summoning every ounce of our remaining energy until minutes before the end we were once again in the lead. We were jubilant with our victory though one match still remained between us and ultimate victory. In order to win the tournament we had to win our third and last match by a margin of 3 goals.

We set off for Chrompet to meet Vaishnav College with mixed feelings. We knew we could do it but we still weren't confident enough to think that we could score three goals.

As we lined up before the whistle blew to start the game, we sent up a silent prayer. In that first half we missed some good opportunities to score but we managed to hit in two without conceding any to them.

It was a tiring match, some of our team-mates not being able to get a good grip on the game and not coordinating together as a team very well. But after a pep talk from our coach during the brief five minutes break, we came back on to the field to play a much better game.

Though the encouraging cheering from the handful of supporters that came to watch us was drowned by the home team's own supporters, they did do a lot for our morale.

We scored three more goals in quick succession, managing to convert two penalty corners. The game dragged on a bit after that except for a couple of close calls, when our goalkeeper managed to save two brilliant shots. We longingly awaited the sound of the final whistle to blow and when it did we breathed a sigh of relief. We had made it.

Through all our groans of having to get up early in the morning for practice, and training every spare evening too, we had made it.

Our grateful appreciation goes out to our coach Mr. Charles Cornelius for his patience and regular training; our physical directress Mrs. Mangaldurai for her support and encouragement and not least of all, to our Captain Gowri Sinnadorai for building us into a team.

Nadeera
II B.A. English

Sun, Moon and Earth—The Threesome Date

The terrace is still but for the sudden, impatient shuffling of feet, low staccato exchanges in squeaky voices. The minutes race as the two time-keepers announce the time at five-minute intervals, their high-pitched voices barely concealing the mounting excitement that is reflected in every face. All eyes are glued to the telescope screen—the inexorable motion of the moon rapidly hiding the sun's disc. Tension escalates as only a sliver of the bright disc remains, to be devoured by the racing shadow all too soon. The second hand, seeming to acquire a life of its own, propels itself forward with compulsive energy.

Suddenly, cries of "shadow-bands!" rent the air. And we are engulfed in a shimmering writhing net of narrow alternating light and dark bands. They run all over our bodies, on the road below, on the terrace under our feet and rush past at an incredible 979 m.p.h. speed.

Too soon, the time-keepers call out hoarsely, "Totality Begins!". All eyes turn upwards, gazing at that spot where the sun blazed a second ago. The watch is slow by two seconds, but all to the good. A glorious diamond—ring winks and sparkles conspiratorially. Immediately, an inky dark brown-black-purple patch crowned by a halo of contrasting brightness fills the eye. Darkness swirls around us, the solid material quality of it—like smoke or mist, seemingly sucking away the very air we breathe. The refulgent corona—the sun's outer atmosphere—pours out from the well of darkness into the surrounding void. The heavens have kept their promise and the threesome date is consummated.

This afternoon is the culmination of our months' long preparations and excited anticipation that started in December 1979. Mr. Devadas, President of the Madras Astronomical Association, planned a trip to Raichur to observe and photograph the total solar eclipse on February 16th 1980. A group of students and staff of the Mathematics department were offered a chance to accompany him to Raichur. Naturally, we jumped at it. Himself an expert telescope-maker, he designed and built a six-inch telescope and a spectroheliograph which were carried to Raichur in parts. Excitement started building when the team members met at Mr. Devadas's house a week before the eclipse to test the instruments and receive general instructions.

Reaching Raichur on the 15th, the afternoon found us hot and grimy and busy with the assembling of the telescope and graph. Our other instruments were simple - a magnet and magnetic needle to fix directions, an ordinary centigrade thermometer, a stop-watch, a pair of binoculars and special filters for direct viewing of the sun. After assembly, we set up the equipment on the newly-cemented terrace of our hotel. Our hearts were gladdened by the clear and well-defined visible horizon. The pole star was located that night, the axis of the telescope directed to it and made parallel to the earth's axis. A test observation was held and various planets and stars viewed. The curious employees of the hotel made up quite an audience and we feared a similar swamp the next day. Fortunately, we were let off lightly.

We grabbed a quick visit to Mantralayam on the 16th and were back in Raichur by 10 am. when a conference was held and our duties outlined and specific tasks assigned. Time-keeping, visual observation of the landscape, temperature recording and photography were some of them. We had already corrected our watches the previous night by the time-signals of A.I.R.; we checked again at 2 pm. in the afternoon of the 16th. The periodic time announcements regulated our every action - checking the equipment, running trial tests. The eclipse was predicted to begin at 3-25 pm. I.S.T. and our delight was unbounded when the first contact on the screen took place just at a sunspot on the sun's limb

(position angle 244° measured from the north point of the sun in the anti-clockwise direction) exactly at 3.25 p.m. by our watches. Our time-keeping was accurate enough! Soon, the telescope highlighted the mountainous corrugations of the lunar limb and boiling around the sun's limb caused by atmospheric turbulences. Here follows the eye-witness account of the memorable event.

2 P.M.: We correct our watches by the A.I.R. time signal.

2.10 P.M.: Our hearts skip a beat as patches of cloud in the south-east and west vie for attention. They clear though, in a few minutes.

2.48 P.M.: Small faint sunspots, unnoticed before, leap into visibility just above the moon's limb; the contrast of the juxtaposed darkness has brought them into view.

2.53 P.M.: Loud chanting of prayer songs from the mosques and temples around assails our ears.

3.05 - 35 P.M.: Mr. Devadas takes a photograph of the half-eclipsed sun.

3.17 P.M.: There is a perceptible drop in temperature. Dogs are heard howling.

3.19 P.M.: The howling reaches a crescendo. A family of pigs roots about restlessly.

3.25 P.M.: Flocks of birds invade the east.

3.28 P.M.: Street lamps are turned on, to our dismay.

3.38 P.M.: We exclaim as Venus appears as a faint point. Flocks of birds fly from north to south and from ground to sky in strict formation.

3.38-43 P.M.: The diamond ring flashes out.

3.43 P.M.: Totality begins. Two students sketch the corona. Fairly long streamers fling their arms evenly all round the sun's disc, as seen by the naked eye. Longer wisps are seen in some directions. A large solar flare, reddish orange in colour, on the south-east limb and smaller ones too are visible. A photograph is taken. The chromosphere is bright and is light-chrome in colour. The sky around the corona is light. The darkness is comparable to that about 45 minutes after twilight. Two stars—one in the east (Rigel?) and another in the south-south east (Phoenix?) and Mercury are spotted.

The duration of totality is only 2 minutes 42 seconds which, alas, rapidly passes. We are jolted back to earth by the shout, "stop all visual observations!". An air of anticlimax pervades the air as the partial eclipse progresses in reverse order.

The importance of eclipse observations are widely recognised and needs no elaboration. Scientists all over the world converged in India to observe the eclipse and conduct sophisticated experiments. We ourselves met teams from West Germany, Japan and Singapore at Raichur. In these circumstances, amateur effects are in danger of casual dismissal by laymen. But astronomers never forget that astronomy has been a science of amateur discoveries. And I rate the personal thrill, excitement, satisfaction-call it what you will-that a total solar eclipse provides as high as the terror it induced in the cave man's breast. Surely, the conquest of fear is a step in the right direction toward the ultimate goal of all pursuits,

Reactions of Team Members

Mr. P. Devadas, Leader of the team : As this year, 1980, is the sunspot maximum period, I expected a smooth corona extending all round the sun's disc equally but the spectacularly long and bright streamers really gave me a pleasing surprise.

Mrs. J. Thangamani : I was right within the moon's shadow cone-this is an overwhelming thought. The descriptions in books did not in the least prepare me for the actualities.

Mrs. Rajeswari : It was the first time I experienced ecstasy in my life. I felt I was in the presence of the Almighty God.

Usha : A unique experience I can narrate to everyone with much excitement all through my life. I feel I have seen God Vishnu Himself in that two-minute period. I wish to join groups which go on expeditions to view the eclipses in 1995 and 1999.

Students : A Total solar elipse is a rare phenomenon and we are very lucky indeed to have observed it so soon in our lifetime. We really cannot express the excitment and happiness we attained at that instant. It has to be experienced by oneself.

A. Sowmya
In Collaboration with
Divya Soni
Priscilla Solomon,

R. Sudha, L. Usha, P. Vasanthi.

You and I
are like the
sun and the earth.
You the sun
and I the earth.
Once
I was a part of you
but now I am not.
I broke away from you
and cooled down
to become the earth.
But
even after all these years
we can't part though
we are so far away.
Each day I turn to you
 to bask in your light
 to get new life from you
And you are always there.
When I can't bear the heat anymore
I turn away
to be cooled by the moon.
But Inevitably
I turn to you again.
Since the day we parted
I've been revolving around you
And will do so, eternally.

Tula Goenka
III B.A. Sociology

A lone eagle
soars in the sky
A poet
picks up his pen
and
writes an ode
to it.

I
another lonely bird
glide off
into my world of
dreams—
unseen
unwritten
unheard.

Tula Goenka
III B.A. Sociology

Children of the Mountain Air

Children of the mountain air
Show your life in the depth of river
Your soft smiles have burnt candles
And your bodies sown wild seas.
Teach yourself to the knowledge of the winds
Blow in soft fusion with spring
The spring in the forest, you have never known—
Where have you hidden mystical innocents?
Shying away from the forest
And knowing all the while
That you have given love to the Mountain
At its edge.
You, children of the mountain air
Live while you still can.

Old Man

Looks, vacant as the
waves that leave the shore,
An old man, measures
the distance between time and his grave.
How many more days of waiting?
How many more to be drowned?
Some Arid knocks on the door
Of the sleepless shore
He wants all the ends-
The wind howls the answer
To the desolate barren man,
Old Man, you look tired where you stand
Your hair is metal grey with fatigue
And your storms have never been free,
A convict's eyes that sweep
And shakes the peace of the sky-
An atom shore,
where all ends, and begins.

Sunitha Manian,
III B.A. Fine Arts.

Birth

I conceive you
in the unswept, unlit bowels of my mind
while storm-winds sever lines of communication
and catamarans are swept by black tides of dejection and despair.

The period of gestation lasts
through perspiring bus queues,
piles of dirty plates left overnight,
mountains of surf-soaked, soiled clothes
and storms of parental incompatibility.

In this stale world
where 'mind' is subordinate to 'Body'
and 'I' is subordinate to 'Them',
there is no place for unwed mothers and their bastards-
like me and you - my Thought - Child.

So, like illicit love breaking through
barbed enclosures of social ostracism
when the Orthodox world is snoring,
into Forbiddeh Fields
to eat the fruit of the Tree of knowledge,
the life-blood in the womb of my Fountain pen
is drained on age-yellowed papery scraps to coagulate...
You are delivered - Child of my Imagination,
Fathered by Experience.

Indira Devi
II B.A. Literature

Musings of a Child Bride

Yesterday I turned seven,
Father gave me a four anna coin
Mother, a silk skirt with gold embroidery.
I danced and sang, played marbles with my brother,
Fought with him and presented him with
A black eye.
Today, I am no more the child
I was for seven years!
Father and Mother are strangers to me,
They pat and push me around
And bid me be quiet.
I am looked over by adults with hawkers' eyes,
Bartered and bargained like the pink ribbon
Which Mother bought for me last year.
I frisked about in happy rags yesterday
But today, I am bound by a brocade saree.
My younger sister peeps round the patio
And stares at my 'jhumkas' fascinated by their swinging motion.
Oh why can't I too go to the kitchen
And cram juicy 'jalebies' into my mouth?
The pipes blare out and the drums are thrumming
Sending shock waves over my throbbing nerves.
My mother's hand like a pinion grasps my wrist,
I am pulled and dragged onto the dais.
Impatiently I look all around, wondering where
My sister is? She puts out her tongue at me.
The cheeky brat! I'll slap when they release me.
Who is that boy standing under the red canopy?
He looks so funny, in tight churidars and white kurta.
He is fiddling with his flowery headdress,
There, he's torn away the tender jasmynes!
Why the heavens is he sitting next to me?
His face is turned away, he looks very sulky indeed.
The 'Pujari' chants the 'mantras',
Pouring golden ghee into the soaring tongues of fire.
On the sly I take a little of it and taste it with
The tip of my tongue. Oh, Mother has seen me!
The elders shake their heads in grave disapproval; Mother,
With burning eyes smites me hard on my cheek; hisses to me
"Behave yourself". I give a sob of protest.

The detestable boy next to me giggles. only to
Choke when I, tears forgotten, screw his ear tightly,
Watching it grow red with surging joy.
The smoke from the fire blinds me,
I'm so tired and drowsy. Are they not not yet sated ?
They have tortured me enough.
Why doesn't God punish them ?
Grandma says that He always punishes cruel people.
We walk round the fire, the boy and I, while
The elders shower rose petals on us ;
I like the feel of it, it's like the first soft
Drizzle of summer, only it smells so much better.
Oh they are happy now ! Mother and Father and Grandma
Are laughing and embracing each other.
I laugh too for the sheer happiness I feel.
Mother gives me a big apple. What ? one for the boy too ?
How dare she ? She'd better give me one more
I open my mouth and a large noisy yawn emerges.
Elders guffaw indulgently as I gape in surprise and embarrassment
My head is lolling and finds a strong resting place
Very near. It's very comfortable and smells funnily
Of Jasmine. My heavy eyelids droop among the
Lullaby of laughter, blare of trumpets and mantras,
Softly I tread into the land of Nod !

Suchitra Durai
II B.A. Litt.

Rejuvenation

The tree
flowered
into bloom.
A blush
slowly
coloured it.
The flowers
dropped
on the earth.
The shadow
a reflection
of beauty.
Hope
the seed
of life.
Life
a horizon
of chance.

Sujatha Choudry
III B.A. Litt.

.....Pay to dead hands
a rupee and a pai.
So much the masses
 individuals none.
Random figures ?
 O ! blot those lines !
Freaks—unprocessed.
Records speak
 past deeds stereotyped.
Tainted or stained ?
Individuals at birth ?
 passible hurdles—
return to process
“ industrial Age models—
guaranteed functionally perfect ”.

C. V. Vanitha,
II M.A. Literature.

Love struck me
like a lightning strikes a tree
And while it lasted
I glowed and sparkled
radiant with incandescent ecstasy
in the inky darkness of my life ;
The stormy winds banked my fires
And through the rain of tears
I burned ; I burned till I smoked
and nothing was left of me
But cold, drenched ashes.

Indira Devi
II B.A. Litt.

Poetry in Twilight

Santa Claus' Frothy beard, foaming in the firmament—
fluffy, flaky, translucent wisps
hiding bushels of streaming light behind them,
some are pink ; some are light-white,
some like smudges of dregs of ink.
and all the while,
crow-black wings soar high in the evening light
and get lost in the curtains of dusky clouds.
The talking Sun ceases to talk
as He nears the bosom of the sea ;
and still unwilling to sink into His night-bed,
lingers, lingers, lingers awhile,
blazing the world with twilight colours—
pink cotton candies melting to strawberry red—
tasty delights of any child ;
blooming roses of maiden Spring,
adorned with the pearly ornaments of dawn ;
mellow yellows of autumn leaves,
drowsing down to the fertile Earth ;
streamers of purple—
splendours of a king ;
join together in glorious harmony
To sing a silent elegy to the dying day.
The candies melt into the fading blooms,
The purples merge with the blue diapers of the infant night
The Moon peeps through the eastern clouds ;
slowly, like a coy maiden,
casts demure looks at the roosting world,
while stars join in with twinkling mirth ;
and as the night grows old and wise,
the constellations make music
as they trip on the keys of the Galaxy—
music unheard by mortal beings.

Indra Devi
II B.A. Litt.

The breeze filters in, reluctantly dragging
the stench of decomposing leaves,
heather, wildflowers and pink elephants.
Mildly disconcerting thru French Windows.
Wispy wafting flashes, like Will-O-the Wisp
slithers by, like pock marked snakes
Tongues whistling in and out
spewing chum and dust and spittle.
A Face-corpse like and cadaverous with
A mammoth heart shaped pair of lips
painted red and shiny peeps flapping.
Idiosyncrasies and last weeks lapses
stream in thru bell-shaped ears.
softly padding feet, pink and dusty.....
Where are the tusks ?
Chubby white hands, with slug like fingers.
nurture and caress out-crystal and liquid within.
soft rotation, mesmerizing motion catching light.
Like sparking, off a diamond stone -
Blinding shafts, dazzling. Perhaps
that's why I can't see the tusks,

Jayalakshmi
1st B.Sc. Zoology

The Doll

The little girl
pulls you
by your artificial hair
She tears off
your clothes
she pulls out
your limbs
One by one
She pokes in
your eye
and twists
your mouth.
There, little doll,
you lie,
hairless
limbless
eyeless
featureless
A grotesque toy
of the innocent.

Rohini
III B.A. Fine Arts

Welcome to Sr. Irene



The Executive Committee of the Students Union 1979 - 80



My Fraternal Woes

He is a budding artist. He jabs at my back when I least expect it. He cannot refrain from joining in when I begin to sing a song. He insists on telling me ghost stories at night. He loves sweets and would love to have my share too, if he could... To make a long story short, he is the brother.

So many complexities under a seemingly simple exterior. But this is not all, Four feet eight inches in height (he insists he is as tall as I am) the brother is just that sort of 'blithe spirit' which would make a Keats utter in despair: 'A thing called a brother is a terror for ever'.

Besides, his actions are most unexpected and unpredictable. On a Sunday afternoon, the whole household is rudely awakened from its slumber by the admonitions of the brother to the growling, scratching cat whose wounded paw he is bandaging. The next afternoon, it is his experiments on the unfortunate transistor with all the paraphernalia of hammer, nails and screwdriver that bring my father to the spot in haste.

And when one has a brother and he is the youngest child at that, it is really too much for a poor soul to bear! Any slips of the tongue that I make are instantly noted (if not in the presence of my parents, they are gleefully reported to them later); My friends are informed, by the brother again, that I sit up late at night to study (though he knows it isn't true) It is never he who hit me first, it is always I who am the offender. Not content with this, the brother takes vicarious pleasure in reading mystery stories before I can, and in revealing the contents to me as fast as he can. Of late, a new item has been added to his catalogue of sins—the brother suddenly expresses a desire to read my 'Mills and Boon' novels and thus throws me into a fit of embarrassment.

But let not people get the idea that this is a manual consisting of eternal complaints. Let them know how, in order to be acclaimed as the sister of the second Michaelangelo, I encouraged the brother to draw and paint to his heart's desire and to submit his works for my approval. But if I were to tell them how, after using my best drawing sheets and my most expensive paints, the brother produced for my inspection a bunch of caricatures, all representing a girl with a ghostly countenance and two lanky plaits, sporting a benevolent smile and titled, 'My Impressions of my Sister'...! I shall say nothing further; I leave people to judge for themselves.

However, I am not destitute of moments of sweet revenge, when I am one up on him—Completing his school projects is one; the brother is then all sugar and sweetness, and I begin to wonder whether I have floated into the land of dreams. My advice is humbly solicited, my services requested in honeyed, persuasive tones, and before I can say 'Abracadabra', there I am, willingly drawing dreary maps,

digging up material on the Indus Valley Civilization, and in general, making myself a mine of information, a sort of Arabian slave for my brother. But when the project is nearing completion, those old shades begin to creep back and before I can say 'Abracadabra' again, I am out on the streets, while the brother gleefully enjoys the fruits of my labour.

That brief spell of one-upmanship is, alas, too brief! Back I am again, the victim of the brother's latest crazes, one for the movies and another for General Knowledge quizzes. While the former is generally enjoyable (since I too love movies) and is restricted to the 'dhisum-dhisum' variety the latter is assuming Gargantuan proportions and threatens to drive me crazy! I am mercilessly quizzed on the height of mountains, the depth of seas, the capitals of countries, the names of Presidents till I feel myself going dizzy with despair. All this I could have borne if the brother had not included puzzles in his list! 'Why does lightning shock us?' asks the brother in an intelligent, innocent voice, and while my mind frantically wanders to the old school books of Physics, and gives up, the brother says primly, 'I am surprised you don't know this; it is because lightning does not know how to conduct itself!'

Surprising? Hardly so. For you and, who know better, could say in all truth, 'With the brother in the house, you never can tell!'

Lakshmi Raman
II B.A. Literature

“Every country is my Country; Every man is my Kinsman”

A great deal of verbal energy is spent these days on the topics of universal equality, world peace, and international understanding. Phrases such as “the brotherhood of man” and “the unity of all nations” have become a permanent part of every politician's dictionary. Even the common man does not desist from expressing his views on the desirability of a world where every man is another's equal, where all national and manmade boundaries have disappeared in the interests of humanity. Yet one wonders how many of the people who mouth such noble sentiments really mean what they are saying. “Every country is my country; every man is my kinsman” is a great ideal, but as long as it is misused and misquoted for purely selfish purposes by people who do not realize its total implications, it will remain no more than a distant, unattainable ideal.

One does not have to look far to find instances where the ideal of universal brotherhood has been used by unscrupulous politicians as an excuse for imperialism, exploitation, and dictatorship. When India won independence from the British, a problem arose over the territory of Goa, which until then had been a Portuguese colony. All of a sudden the Portuguese declared that the inhabitants of Goa were their "kinsmen", and that Goa was a part of "metropolitan Portugal". Similarly, the whites in South Africa today claim to be treating coloured South Africans as their equals - by providing equal and separate amenities to them - and the white Rhodesians, posing as advocates of international unity, condemn the motto of "Africa for the Africans" as a racist slogan meant to divide Rhodesians.

Nor is this cynical misuse of a great ideal the preserve of the powerful. The same thing works in reverse, as it were, when the slogan of international equality is used by developing countries as an argument for claiming a share in the possessions of the richer nations. It is easy for us in India to point a finger at the United States and accuse them of using for their own personal advantage those natural resources which, in the name of human rights, should belong to the whole world. But why do those noble notions about the rights of humanity desert us when we think of those worse-placed than ourselves - such as the Vietnamese refugees or the Bihari Muslims who are homeless now in Bangladesh? Our reluctance to face up to our responsibilities is a reflection of that hypocritical "equality" which, while convincing us that we have no superiors, carefully remains silent over the question of our inferiors.

The principle of human brotherhood is also used very often as an excuse for the enforcement of the ideology and mottos of one country over another. We all know how, in recent decades, some leading communist countries have not only enforced communism on other weaker nations, but have also ensured their domination in these "satellites" by ruthlessly crushing any rebellions which have arisen there. This is especially ironical because brotherhood and equality are claimed to be the very foundation of communist ideology. To paraphrase George Orwell's famous line from "Animal Farm", the ideal of equality, as understood by the communists, is: "All comrades are equal. But some comrades are more equal than others".

While on the one hand the ideal of universal brotherhood is used as a means of personal gain, on another level it is also used as a sop for one's conscience. This is particularly true of the people from advanced countries like America, who cannot but be aware of the wide gap between their own circumstances and those of the countless poverty-ridden people in the less fortunate countries of the world. By extending a quantum of financial aid to some of the developing countries, Americans convince themselves that they have fulfilled their obligations towards their brethren in other parts of the world. The situation here is rather suggestive of a millionaire practising charity at church; or giving alms to a beggar, and being glad that he is in a position to give rather than sorry that the beggar is in a position to receive.

Yet another misuse of the maxim of international unity and universal equality occurs when people use these high principles as a pose to disguise their lack of concern for their own countrymen. As Eric Hoffer once said, "It is easier to love humanity as a whole than to love one's neighbour." And when, as is the case in India, one's neighbour is an illiterate, or a low-caste "untouchable", or poor labourer who lives in the nearest slum, it becomes a far more attractive proposition to profess an all-embracing love for humanity than to help one's neighbour get two square meals a day. Many of the supposed elite of our country escape their obligation towards the man across the street by upholding on the public platform the great ideal of universal kinship and equality.

What, then, are the true implications of the maxim, "Every country is my country; every man is my kinsman?" To me it means not only the disappearance of national boundaries, racial prejudices, and international warfare, but also the shedding of some age-old ideals like patriotism and national loyalty. G. K. Chesterton once said, "My country, right or wrong," is...like saying 'My mother, drunk or sober.' It is easy to realize how right he was in thus condemning the blind, unquestioning loyalty that patriotism demands of its narrowminded followers. Unfortunately it is far less easy to rid oneself of this narrow-ideal in order to make way for a larger, deeper one.

That is only understandable. Almost from the very day we are born, we are taught to respect "Our country", to be proud of "Our country", to place "Our country" above every other country in the world. All foreigners become aliens. We forget that human beings are the same the world over. We might have different coloured skins, we might speak different languages, we might come from different economic backgrounds—but as long as we are humans, we are equal. Shakespeare has said the same thing far more effectively through Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice". "I am a Jew", says Shylock to the so-called "Christians" who deride him for his racial inferiority. "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections; passions?... If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?..."

Shakespeare was speaking to the Elizabethans of the 16th century. Today, nearly four hundred years later, we are no nearer the goal of universal equality than were the people of Shakespeare's age. If (and what a big "IF" that is!) we have overcome a few of our racial prejudices, our national prejudices have only been inflated to highly dangerous proportions. Fed by the latest developments in the field of defence, stoked by the underlying tensions in the affairs of international trade, constantly rekindled by the doubts and suspicions of international politics, the fire of national zeal and patriotism which is raging today is on the point of scorching and destroying all mankind.

What is the reason behind our inability to accept others as our equals? There seems to be a basic urge in human beings to feel and believe that they are, in some

way, "special"; and since this is accompanied by a nagging fear that they might not actually be "special" in any inherent way, they look for, borrow, or invent various forms of myth on which to anchor their claim to superiority. As Bertrand Russell said in one of his essays, "In order to be happy we require all kinds of supports to our self-esteem. We are human beings, therefore human beings are the purpose of creation. We are Americans, therefore America is God's own country. We are white, and therefore god cursed Ham and his descendents who are black....."

The test of true faith in the equality of man lies in one's readiness to accept not just the virtues and achievements of humanity, but, more crucially, its suffering, weakness, and guilt. "All humanity is one undivided and indivisible family", said Mahatma Gandhi, "and each one of us is responsible for the misdeeds of all the others. I cannot detach myself from the wickedest soul". Gandhi understood the total implications of the principle of human brotherhood. That was why he professed no enmity towards the English even as he was fighting for the freedom of India. That was why he fasted in the cause of the Muslims against the Hindus—and lost his life in the process. Jesus Christ, too, understood the meaning of human brotherhood: when he shed his blood to save the rest of mankind, he was paying a personal price for the sins of all humanity.

Vidya Prabhu
III B.A. Litt.

Hostel Report

It was their big day at last and amid chifon and applause, the 'freshies' introduced themselves to their seniors. The evening was a gala glittering event of beauty, grace and wit. There were three rounds while the number of contestants were breathlessly reduced to five. Shoba Venkatesh and Uma Ayyadurai stole the show and our hearts. They tied for the 'Freshy Queen' title. Shoba quite convinced us of her table manners in the event of the chicken suddenly springing to life on her plate. Uma was equally convincing about her sincerity when she spoke about 'doing India proud'. We agreed. The first runner up was dusky Sujatha Sagar, and the most sporting freshies were Yammuna and Nadira. They deserved it after the battering they took.

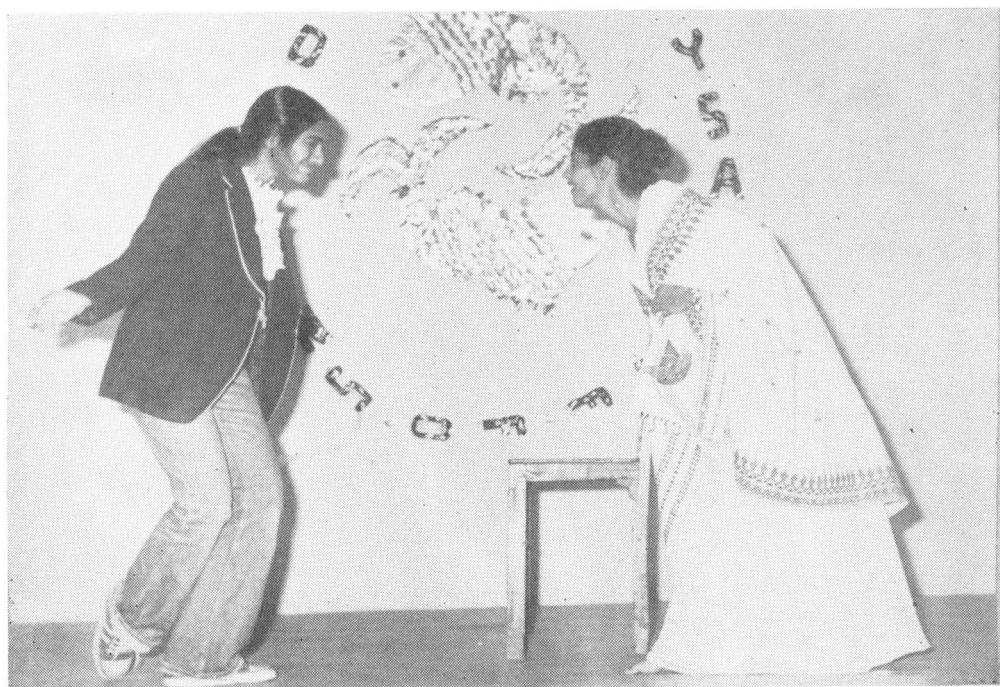
The return social followed as a matter of course and tradition. The freshies put up a valiant show and Shoba had us guffawing from start to finish with imitations of a variety of accents.

The inter-hostel debate was a new idea born of the enthusiasm of the campus debating club. Needless to say when St. Joseph's was so efficiently represented by Hema Nayar and Usha Lakshminarayan, Our Lady's didn't stand within even sniffing distance of the shield. Roshini Shekar and Clara baby maintain till today that they agreed to be bulldozed into representing their hall, purely as an act of mercy to prevent total humiliation for Our Lady's.

A season of shared love and geniality—Christmas was celebrated by a service in the chapel followed by gusty carolling from the chapel to the mess—we had been promised an unusually hearty meal; which being a rarity, was doubly appreciated. And our appetites being what they are, we did full justice to the candle lit dinner. Gifts were presented to the maids and all the trusty gentlemen around the hostel campus who make life just that much more bearable by seeing to our water problems, our electricity problems and numerous other sundries; not to mention for just being there for us to put the blame on whenever we needed to find an excuse for being late to college. 'Oh sister, there wasn't any water this morning' or 'Ma'am, but there wasn't any electricity last evening, and nobody was around to repair the fuse'. Our thanks were deep and sincere. Sister Helen came jovially along to the function with all the other sisters, we rub shoulders with in the course of our day on campus. Everybody enjoyed themselves tremendously and laughed, carolled, and ate like gluttons.

Then, along came the one and only Hostel Day, preceded by Hostel Week when Arokiamary of St. Joseph's and Usha Reddy of Our Lady's took away the first and second prizes respectively for the Mehndi Competition. Oh, but that was some competition—pandemonium and smudged patterns, shrieks and giggles and almost total chaos with everybody wanting to see everybody else's patterns. Housie provided an enjoyable financial evening. Sports was a noisy hilarious competitive affair after which most people needed to take strepsils, the all time Hostel favourite. The cup went to St. Joseph's. I can't understand why, but it nearly always does. Is it just that they have far more sports - women than Our Lady's do? Calamity struck when the study cup as well went to St. Joseph's. The despondency in Our Lady's could be sawed into, and everybody went around looking glum and doomed when we unexpectedly landed the Decoration Cup. I say unexpectedly because deep down in our hearts, though we hadn't the shadow of a doubt, the St. Joseph's people had put up a really mind slowing show. The theme was 'Under the Sea'. The morning had opened with a beautiful mass, tastefully organized by Alphonsa Thomas. The evening ended with a rib tickling entertainment beginning with a fashion show where Neptune watched benignly as a chorus of nymphs modelled for his pleasure. Romeo and Juliet played by Ambika Nayar and Clara Baby got the audience roaring and the medley done by Kamal Melwani's group had the people literally rolling in the aisle. That brought the evening to a close when yummy eats and dancing ended the programme.

Hostel Day - "Oceans of Fantasy"



Hostel Day - "Oceans of Fantasy"



The film club did a fine job and screened 'The Great Gatsby' much to the delight of everybody who either laughed, cried or snored through it, each unto his own liking.

The hostel lost three of its girls to holy matrimony. Usha Lakshminaryan, Yasmin and Anita. Miss Usha George will soon be leaving on the same bandwagon. We wish them happy wedded bliss.

Farewell to the seniors—we cried, laughed, hiccuped and cried again. The seniors were leaving and their juniors in a burst of sentimental possessiveness laid out an evening of fun, eats and gifts for them. We wish them luck for the times ahead. Not to be out done and in true hostel tradition the St. Joseph's seniors presented their juniors an aquarium which Sr. Juliana faithfully replenishes each time a plague takes the fishes ; to keep alive the memory of our beloved seniors.

As far as new charges go, Sr. Ena left and Sr. Evelyn arrived as the new warden for St. Joseph's. We wish to thank Sr. Ena for all the good times and extend a warm welcome to Sr. Evelyn. Miss Ruth Winifred was the latest addition to Our Lady's and we wish her happiness with us.

Clara Baby
III B. A. Literature.

நெஞ்சே!

அன்பிற் கென்றும் அடிமை யாயிரு
ஆணவ மென்னும் சேற்றில் விழாதிரு
இன்பப் போதைக் கடிமை யாகாதே
ஈவதில் இன்பம் காணத் தவறாதே
உழைப்புச் செல்வ மதனை மறவாதே
ஊழலை எங்கும் நுழைய விடாதே
எவரையும் துச்ச மென்று நினைக்காதே
ஏழைக் குதவ என்றும் தயங்காதே
ஐயத்திற்கு வாழ்வில் இடமே தாராதே
ஒருவனே இறைவன் என்பதை நினைந்தே
ஓதலை என்றும் மறவாதே! ஏனெனில்
ஒளடதம் உயிர்க்கு அதுவே! வேறிலை!
அஃது உயிர்க்கு உறுதுணை யாகுமே!

Kalpana Jagannathan

I B.A. (Histoy)

மறையோன் தமிழை மறவோமே

ஆதியில்நாம் அவனியிலே அவதரித்த அந்நாளே
தீதில்லாத் தமிழ்ச்சொல்லே தங்கியது நம்நாவில்
அவதரித்த நாள்முதலாய் ஆண்டுவரும் தமிழ்தனையே
தவிக்கவிட்டு நம்மொழியைத் தவிர்த்திடுதல் நன்றாமோ ?
பிறந்ததின முதற்கொண்டே பேசமிந்தத் தீந்தமிழை
மறந்தும்நாம் சிறிதேனும் மறந்திடுதல் நன்றே சொல்வீர் !
ஏழிரண்டு ஆண்டுகளாய் இயன்றுவந்த இன்மொழியை
ஏழிரண்டு நாழிகையுள் இழந்திடுதல் இயன்றிடுமோ !
பாடசாலை வகுப்பினிலே பயிலவந்த முதல்நாளே
பாடமாக அமைந்ததுவும் பாடல்மொழிப் பைந்தமிழே.
அரிச்சுவடிப் பாடமுதல் அன்றிருந்து இன்றுவரை
பெரிதெனவே பலகலைகள் பயின்றுவந்த காலத்தும்,
பள்ளிநேரம் பாடநேரம் போகமீத நேரத்தும்,
அல்லுபகல் உரைப்பதுவும் அகத்தியன்தன் அருந்தமிழே !
அடிபட்ட காலத்தும் 'அம்மா'வென் றலறுகின்றோம்.
'அம்மா'வெனும் அச்சொல்லும் அமுதத்தமிழ் மொழியன்றோ ?
செவ்வேள்தன் திருவாயில் செழித்துவரும் மொழியினுக்கே
ஒவ்வாதே இருநிலத்தில் என்றுமெந்த மொழிதானும்.
தமிழ்மறையோன் நாத்தோன்றி தனிச்செங்கோல் ஓச்சிவரும்
தமிழ்த்தாயை மறந்திடவே துணிந்திடுமோ எந்நெஞ்சே ?
உயிருடலில் ஒட்டிருக்கும் ஓர்கடைசி முச்சுவரை
உயிரான உயர்தமிழை ஒருகாலும் மறவேனே !
குருநீக்கி, குணமளிக்கும் குருவளித்த குமரனுக்கும்
கருதுகின்ற கடன்மேலாய்க் கற்றுவித்த குருவினுக்கும்
பணிவுடனே பாதங்கள் பன்முறையும் பணிந்தெழுந்து
பணிவுடனே நன்றிகூறிப் பிரியாவிடை பெறுகின்றோமே.

V. ஜயந்தி

இளம் அறிவியல் [கணிதம்]
இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு

பாரதத்தின் பாரதி

கலைமகள் கலையிற்கொண்ட குலையா ஆர்வம் தன்னால்
கலைகளிற் சிறந்து நிற்கும் கலைஞனைக் கலையாய்த் தந்தாள்
எட்டய புரத்தில் தோன்றி எட்டொடு மெட்டாய் நின்ற
மட்டிலாக் கலைகள் யாவும் மகிழ்ந்திட அவற்றைக் கற்றான்
தமிழினிற் காதல் கொண்டான். தமிழனைக் கசடறக் கற்றுத்
தமிழினிற் பாக்கள் செய்து, தமிழ்மணம் சிறக்கச் செய்தான்
விடுதலை வேட்கை கொண்டு, 'விடுதலை இயக்கந் தன்னில்
இடுதலை' என்று என்று எங்கும் முழக்க மிட்டான்
தூங்கிய மாந்தர் தன்னின் தூக்கம் நீக்கி அவரை
வேங்கையின் சேற்றங்கொண்டு வீறுடன் முழங்கச் செய்தான்
உள்ள வேட்கை யாவும் உடைப்பசய்ப் பெருகி யோட
உள்ளத் தன்னைத் தீண்டும் உயர்ந்த கவிதை தந்தான்
பாடலைப் படித்தால் எளிமை; பாங்குடன் ஒளிரும் புதுமை;
பாடலில் நிறைந்த பொதுமை; பாடிடத் தூண்டும் தன்மை.
சாதியின் ஒருமைப் பாட்டை; சமரச உணர்வு தன்னைச்
சாதியாற் சண்டை யிட்ட சகத்தினர் உணரச் செய்தான்
பெண்ணினப் பெருமைக் கென்று பெருங்குரல் எடுத்துத் தந்தான்
பெண்ணினை ஆணுடன் சமமாய்ப் பாரினில் வாழச் செய்தான்.
தோத்திரப் பாடல் மற்றும் தேசியப் பாடல் தந்தான்
சாத்திரத் தன்னைச் சேறும் சமூகப் பாடல் செய்தான்
கண்ணைப் பலவாய் நிறுத்தி கனிந்திடுங் கவிதை சொன்னான்
கண்ணன் குழலிற் சிறந்த குயிலின் பாட்டும் தந்தான்.
பாண்டவர் தங்கள் துணைவி 'பாஞ்சாலி' யென்னும் பாவை
ஆண்டகைக் கெதிராய் நின்று ஆக்கிய சபதம் சொன்னான்.
'மனிதரில் தெய்வம்' எனவே மாநில மக்கள் போற்றும்
மனிதரின் சத்திய நெறியில் மக்களை அழைத்துச் சென்றான்.
பாரத தேசந் தன்னைப் பாரெலாம் புகழ்ச் செய்தான்
பாரத தேசந் தன்னின் 'பாரதி' என்பான் தானே.
புகழொடு புனியில் தோன்றிப் புகழொடு சிலநாள் வாழ்ந்து,
புகழினை நாட்டிற் கீந்து, புகழும் புகழாய் நின்றான்.

V. ஜயந்தி

இளம் அறிவியல் (கணிதம்)
இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு

Russell's Philosophy of Education

To Bertrand Russell, education consists in the cultivation of instincts, but not in their suppression. As human instincts are very vague and can be satisfied in various ways, instincts can find a 'refined satisfaction' in useful activities. The instinct of power can be channelised to achieve satisfaction in scientific discoveries or artistic creation or the creation and education of splendid children. The raw material of instinct is ethically neutral—the right kinds of skill makes a man virtuous, whereas wickedness results when wrong kinds of skill or no skills are given to a person. Instinct is thus shaped by the environmental influence.

The basis of education should be 'knowledge wielded by love'. Russell mentions two aims of education: (1) 'training of character to be fearless and affectionate by wise parenthood and nursery schools where contact with other children is as important as skilled guidance'; and (2) 'development of the intellect in which delight is balanced with the need for accuracy, and utility with disinterestedness, the supreme good and fount of progress'.

Every boy and girl should be given an opportunity for the best that exists. Russell advocates democratic system in education, but democracy, as he points out, does not mean 'dead level uniformity'. Progress should not be sacrificed to a mechanical equality, he wishes to preserve the 'valuable products that happen to have been associated with social injustice'. The democrat in his educational system gives 'more merely useful knowledge to the hitherto merely ornamental classes, and more merely delightful knowledge to the hitherto merely useful classes'. In this connection, Russell denounces the advocate of utility who attaches intrinsic value to physical satisfaction, as the 'useful' for him is that which helps him to gratify the needs and desires of the body. If we judge with this utilitarian standard, the act of appreciating Hamlet is not very useful in practical life.

The modern world needs a type of education with 'more imaginative sympathy, more intellectual suppleness, less belief in bull-dog courage and more belief in technical knowledge'. The administrator must be a servant of free citizens, the educator should love the young and so have also a right conception of human excellence. Russell insists on the encouragement of special skill.

In the modern educational system, discipline is secured not by external force or compulsion. Rules are obeyed as a means of enjoyment just like the rules of the game. Through reason, one acquires self-discipline consisting of good habits. The pupil resists an impulse for the sake of some ultimate gain. Russell is against physical punishment. It destroys that relation of open confidence between parents and children, as well as between teacher and pupils.

Vitality, courage, sensitivity and intelligence are the four main characteristics that jointly form the basis of an ideal character. By proper physical, emotional and

intellectual care these qualities could be developed. If education can produce in the highest degree the four characteristics, the main causes of unhappiness would be reduced. Ill health can be eradicated, the collective stupidity that causes poverty could be abolished by sensitiveness, intelligence would show the way and courage would lead the community of men and women to follow it. Russell remarks that one generation of fearless women could transform the world by educating a generation of fearless children 'not contorted into unnatural shapes, but straight and candid, generous, affectionate and free'.

The coerced child tends to respond with hatred, subsequently hatred leads the child to become an anarchist, an atheist or a militarist. Russell denounces absolute freedom, but he is prepared to allow himself to be called a fool whenever children wish to call him so. In matters of religion and politics, the adult may and should suggest consideration to them without imposing conclusions.

New born infants have no habits, but have reflexes and instincts. Formation of habits is possible by association, and physical pleasures are used to educate them. The child learns to smile at about the age of two or three months, and the new weapon of the educator now is praise or blame. Praise is less harmful. Moral education ought to be nearly complete at the age of six and the further virtues ought to be developed spontaneously as a result of the existing good habits and stimulated ambitions. Russell accepts the negative influence of untoward circumstances or environments. A character can be spoilt by such an event. Development of character requires the company of elder, younger and same aged children. A solitary child is either suppressed or selfish.

The educational system depends upon the conception of a social system. A static conception of society as a machine demands for the pouring of the human nature into a prepared mould, 'to set in a preconceived shape'. Such a conception is correlated with a political outlook of a still and unyielding, and stern and persecuting type. The industrialists and the communists belong to this class. Their goal is maximising production. But human beings persist in wanting all kinds of chaotic things, and desire what they think good. This leads to revolution. Russell declares finally that psychological constructiveness is essential to a right theory of education, politics and human affairs.

Truthfulness is a handicap in a hypocritical society, but the handicap is outweighed by the advantage of fearlessness that is essential for truthfulness. To quote Russell, 'I would have my children truthful in their thoughts and words, even if it should entail worldly misfortune, for something of more importance than riches and honours is at stake'.

The cultivation of the individual mind is not the same as the production of a useful citizen. The good of the individual is distinct from the good of the community. The individual should mirror the world; and knowledge, emotion and power should be widened to the utmost in order to attain perfection of the human being. Citizens,

Russell says, as conceived by governments are persons who admire the status quo and are prepared to exert themselves for its preservation. All governments aim at producing men of this type, but 'their heroes in the past are of exactly the sort that they aim at preventing in the present'. In this context, Russell sarcastically remarks that Christ who has been admired by the Western nations, would certainly be a suspect to Scotland Yard if He lived now, and would be refused American citizenship on account of His unwillingness to bear arms. Citizenship is inadequate and rebellion is no better than acquiescence. There should be a capacity to strike out a wholly new line.

The cultural aim of education is concerned with tradition, but it is likely to be replaced by education in citizenship. Education in citizenship, if it is wise, can retain what is best in the individual and make him a mere tool of the government. Only persons of wide individual culture are qualified to decide what individual culture has to contribute to citizenship. "Unfortunately, in the present day, such men tend to be replaced more and more by men of executive ability, or by mere politicians who must be rewarded for their services".

Patriotism is 'a narrow devotion to the persons living in a certain area, as opposed to those living elsewhere, and willingness to further the interests of the persons in the chosen area by the use of military force'. With regard to internal affairs, citizenship perpetuates traditional injustice which can be supported by the constitution.

Civilized life depends upon co-operation which industrialism demands. International cohesion and 'a sense of the whole human race is one co-operative unit' is a necessity for a scientific civilization. This requires the establishment of a world State and the institution of a world-wide system of education designed to produce loyalty to the world State. Such a system will entail 'certain crudities which will militate against the development of the individual'. But if the alternative is chaos and the death of civilization, Russell remarks that the price will be worth paying.

Russell classifies religions as those that are political and those that concern the individual soul. Confucianism and communism are political. There is a possibility that the Communist Party may replace the church. Communism offers a solution to the difficult problems of the family and provides sex-equality. It gives children an education which is a practicable alternative to one of masters and slaves and destroys that separation of the school from life that exists in the west. It offers to youth 'a hope which is not chimerical and an activity in the usefulness of which they feel no doubt'. If it conquers the world as it may do, Russell assures that it will solve most of the major evils of our time.

For a satisfactory life, an internal harmony of intelligence, emotion and will and an external harmony with the wills of others are necessary. Internal harmony is prevented by religions and moral teaching given in infancy and youth, which usually governs the emotions, but not the intelligence in later life, while the will is left

vacillating between the two, The matter of external harmony with the wills of others is not capable of a complete solution. Competition and co-operation are natural human tendencies and it is not possible to suppress competition completely without destroying individuality. The dangerous form of disharmony in the modern world is the organised form, between nations and between classes. Disharmony can be removed by internationalist propaganda in schools. This needs a political internationalism. If all armed forces are disbanded, and all disputes between nations were settled by an international tribunal and all tariffs were abolished and all men could move freely from one country to another, every nation would be happier. Science has made the world one economic unit. The political institutions and beliefs lag behind and each nation 'makes itself artificially poor by economic isolation'.

Russell wants an educational system which would bring up children to be 'free citizens of the Universe'. His humanism therefore has to insist on international understanding to achieve international cohesion which demands for an international government. His analysis brings out the element of indeterminacy in each stage. Further, as Russell himself points out, his utopia has to depend upon external harmony for which one has to wait for the perfection of the 'other persons', This difficulty Dr. S. Radhakrishnan also has encountered and hence accepts the perfection of all (*sarva mukti*) as his goal.

Dr. Miss G. V. Saroja
Department of Public Relations

கல்லூரித் தமிழ் நாடகம் பற்றிச் சில.....

ஸ்டெல்லா மாரிஸ் கல்லூரி வரலாற்றில் ஒரு புதிய ஏடு! தமிழ் நாடக அரங்கேற்றம்! இதை ஒரு சாதனை என்றே நாங்கள் பெருமையுடன் கருதுகின்றோம்! எமது மாணவச் செல்வங்களின் ஆர்வத்தின் விளைவாக 1978-ல் பி.வி. ஆரின் "மதுரநாயகி" அரங்கேறினாள்! இல்லை! இல்லை! ஆசிரியரின் கற்பனைப் பாத்திரங்கள் அரங்கில் உயிர் பெற்று உலகின என்பது நாவலாசிரியரின் பாராட்டுரை. மதுரநாயகி அருளால் அவள் தந்த உற்சாகத்தால், ஊக்கத்தால் உழைத்ததன் பயன் சென்ற ஆண்டு திருமதி கமலா சடகோபரின் "கதவு" திறந்தது, இந்த இரண்டிற்குமே வித்து—முன்னாள் மாணவி செல்வி மணிமேகலையின் தமிழ் நாடகம் நடத்த வேண்டும் என்ற தணியாத ஆர்வமேயாம் 1976-ல் எமது கல்லூரியில் மாணவிகள் முன்னிலையில் அரங்கேறியது 'கதவு', நாடகமாக்கம், தயாரிப்பு எல்லாமே அவள் பொறுப்பு. நல்ல சமூக நாவலை நாடகமாக்கிப் பார்ப்பதே எமது தோக்கம். கல்லூரிப்படிப்பு முடிந்த பின்னரும் 1978-ல் மதுரநாயகியை நாடகமாக்கியதோடன்றி மெய்வகுத்தம் பாராது, பசினோக்காது, கண்துஞ்சாது, உழைத்ததன் பயன். தேர்ந்தெடுக்கப்பட்ட மாணவிகள் மிக அருமையாக நடித்ததன் பயன்—மயிலை ஃபைன் ஆர்ட்ஸ் கிளப்பில் பொதுமக்கள் முன்னிலையில் வெற்றிகரமாக அரங்கேறியது, பலருடைய பாராட்டையும் பெற்றது. கன்னி முயற்சி தந்த வெற்றிப் பெருமிதத்துடன் மீண்டும் செயல்பட்டோம். அதன் பயன் சென்ற ஆண்டில் அதே இடத்தில் தொடர்ந்து இரண்டு நாட்கள்

“கதவு”—The Tamil Play



“கதவு”—The Tamil Play



வெற்றிகரமாக அரங்கேறியது 'கதவு'! கண்டோர் பாராட்டினர். வியந்தனர் நடிகையர்களை அணுகித் தங்கள் நாடகக் குழுவில் சேர்ந்து நடிக்கும் எண்ணமுண்டோ' என்று கேட்குமளவிற்கு நாடகம் சிறப்பாக அமைந்தது மீண்டும் இதையே ஏன் தேர்ந்தெடுத்தீர்கள் என்று சிலர் கேட் னர். முதன்முறை நடத்தியது கல்லூரி அளவில் ஆதலால் எல்லோரும் அதைக்கண்டு களிக்க முடியவில்லை. எமது கல்லூரி முதல்வரது விருப்பத்திற்கிணங்கவும், பொதுமக்கள் கண்டு களிக்க வும், சற்று விரிவான முறையில் அதையே தயாரித்தோம்.

செல்வி மணிமேகலையின் நாடகமாக்கம், தமிழ்த்துறையைச் சார்ந்த செல்வி கமலாക്ഷி ஸ்ரீநிவாசனின் துணையோடு நிறைவு பெற்றது. நாடகத்திற்கு ஏற்றதொரு வாழ்த்துப்பாவையும் படைத்தனர்—செல்வி கமலாക്ഷி ஸ்ரீநிவாசன். இசையமைப்பு—செல்வி பாகிரதி (முது அறிவியல் முதலாண்டு—கணிதம்) பாடியவர் மூவர்—லீலா, பாகிரதி, ராதா. பின்னணி இசை-திரு. தம்பிராஜ் குழுவினர்! எல்லாமே அருமையாய் அமைந்தது. நாடகத்தை இயக்கும் முக்கியமான பொறுப்பைப் பொருளாதாரத் துறையைச் சார்ந்த திருமதி ரமணி ஏற்று, மிகத் திறமையோடு தம் பணியைச் செவ்வனே செய்தார். "ஆட்டி வைத்தால் ஆரொருவர் ஆடாதாரே" சூத்திர தாரியாய் இருந்து அரங்கில் ஆடவிட்டனர். தமிழ்த்துறைத் தலைவர் திருமதி சந்திரா பார்த்தசாரதி தலைமையில், தமிழ்த்துறை ஆசிரியர்களும், பல துறைகளைச் சார்ந்த பல ஆசிரியர் களும் ஒரு மனமுடையராய் ஒத்துழைத்துப் பணிகளைக் கவனித்தனர், சகோ. லியோனிமேரி—தயாரிப்பாளரும், கல்லூரி முதல்வரும், எங்கள் மதிப்பிற்குரியவருமான சகோ. ஹெலன் வீன்சென்ட் அவர்களும், துணைமுதல்வர், சகோ. மெர்லின் அவர்களும் தாளாளர் சகோ. சூசன் அவர்களும் மிகுந்த உற்சாகத்துடன் வேண்டுவன வேண்டியாங்கு உதவி நல்லாசியும் வழங்கினர். அரங்கின் பின்னணியிலிருந்து, சிற்துறை (வரலாறு, தாவரவியல்) ஆசிரியர்களும், மாணவியரும், ஒப்பனை, அரங்கப் பொருள் முதலானவற்றைக் கண்ணும் கருத்துமாய்க் கவனித்துக் கொண்டனர். தேர்ந்தெடுக்கப்பட்ட நடிகர்களின் சலியா உழைப்பும், ஒத்துழைப்பும், ஆர்வமும், திறமை யும் சொல்லும் தரமன்று!

பிரபல நல்லாசிரியர் திருமதி கமலா சடகோபன் அவர்கள் நாடகத்தைக் கண்டு களித்து, மனம் நிறைந்து பாராட்டினார். தான் படைத்த இலக்கியத்தில் உயிரோட்டத்தைக் கண்டு! மண்ணுந்தை மாதவனை என் சொல்வது? கண்டது விஜயையா? இல்லை! இல்லை! மாதவனையே கண்டோம். அவளுக்காக அனுதாபப் பட்டனர் அவள் வென்று நின்றபோது மகிழ்ந்தனர் அவையோர்! மிகவும் இயல்பான நடப்பு! மாதவனையும் ஆண்டவள் ஆண்டாள்—அன்று! இன்று—கொடி அவள், கொடியவளா? இல்லை இனியவளே! படியதிர முழங்கிப் பூசலிட்டுச் சிணுங்கியவள், படிப்படியாய் மாறிப்படி நோக்கிய பாவை—பாரதப் பெண்ணன்றோ மாலதி! மாலதியாகப் பங்கேற்றவள் முதுகலை வகுப்பு மாணவி ஆண்டாள்! இருவர் தாயரும் ஒற்றுமைக் கோர் உறைவிடம். கண்டிக்கும் தாய், பரிவுகாட்டும் தாய். தாயர் இருவரும் அற்புதம். நித்ய கல்யாணி—மாலதி தாயாகவும், சுந்தரி மாதவன் தாயாகவும் பங்கேற்றனர், பாம்பின் கால் பாம்பறியும் என்பார். அதுபோல் மருமகனின் ஆசைதனை உணர்ந்து மாதவனை மருமகனாகவே ஆக்கிக் கொண்டு மகளுக்கு நன்னெறி வகுக்கும் தந்தையைக் கண்டோம். ஹேமாவை அல்ல. ஏனைய பாத்திரங்களும் சிறப்பாகவே விளங்கின. கூத்தாட்டு அவைக் குழாத்தை என்னென்பேன்! கண்டவர்க்கெல்லாம் மனநிறைவே ஏற்பட்டிருக்கும் என்று நம்புகிறோம். 'ஒன்று பட்டால் உண்டு வாழ்வு' உழைப்பில் வாரா உறுதிகன் உளவோ? என்ற பொருளுரையின் பொருளைக் கண்டோம்; உணர்ந்தோம். மறப்பறியா நெஞ்சுடன் மீண்டும் ஒரு முறை இந்த நாடகத்திற்கு வெற்றி தேடித் தந்த யாவருக்கும் நன்றி கூறி உள்நின்று உறுதுணையாய் இறை அருளை வாழ்த்தி நிறைவு செய்கின்றேன்"

பா. ஜயலக்ஷ்மி

தமிழ்த்துறை

Patterns of Change in a Tribal Community

AT VEERAPPANUR JAVADHI HILLS, North Arcot District

On request from the Director of Harijan and Tribal Welfare, the Department of Sociology, Stella Maris College, Madras, undertook a project - Scheme for Entrepreneurship for Tribals - under the Integrated Tribal Development Project of the Government of Tamil Nadu. The project commenced in June 1977 and is to end in June 1980. The area of work - Veerappanur village, Javadhi Hills, North Arcot District,

Stages of Development :

1977 - 78

- Tribals view the group with fear and suspicion.
- The group refrains from imposing their views on the tribals.
- Increased contacts made on a house to house basis.
- End of Phase - a major break through achieved. Rapport created and maintained and the relationship rests on a sound footing.

1978 - 79

- Awareness heightened and motivation increased.
- The tribals are more responsive and are eager to listen to the group.
- Exposure to new ideas and methods in the areas of Agriculture, Animal Husbandry, Womens Welfare, and Home Management.
- The community is involved in the planning, organisation and decision-making processe.
- Community feeling increased.
- The brewing and selling of illicit liquor banned through community action.

1979 - 80

- Rapid strides made due to the residential Community Worker.
- Response to new ideas heartening.
- Community is active and able to organise and take common decisions.

Tangible Achievements :

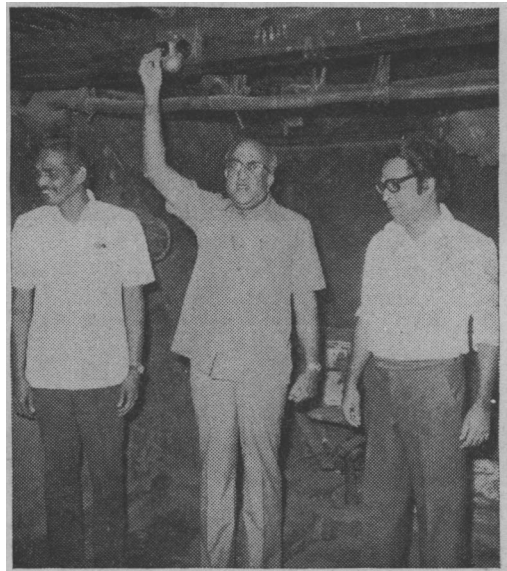
- Four training programmes for 140 men were conducted relating to Agriculture.
- The demonstration plots total 33.
- 65% of the tribal farmers have taken up improved methods of cultivation.
- Gongu has been initiated as an experiment in the lands of 6 farmers.
- One programme in Animal Husbandry was organised for 50 men.
- 5 sheep units and 11 plough bullock pairs have been sanctioned and purchased on loans.

- Sericulture has been taken to by 21 farmers.
- Bee-keeping has come into its own with 30 families taking to the scheme.
- Three programmes for women, dealing with subjects of family welfare, nutrition. Health, Hygiene and occupation were undertaken for 65 women.
- Two tailoring courses have been organised with 18 participants from Veerapanur
- Tours as an appendage to the training programmes number 3 for men and 1 for women, entertaining 100 men and 50 women.
- Membership in the LAMP Society has increased.
- Loans to 7 tribals to deepen and desilt their wells and to 10 for pump sets are underway.
- A community hall and a percolation tank are to be constructed in the village.

A Foot in Javadhi Hills

When I bit my pencil and sat in retrospection scanning my files of memory—memories of my first visit to Javadhi Hills, the emotions in me made a gale crash entry, overwhelming me in the process. I swayed, poised, censored, edited and here I am no more the shrew that I was, no more the wild-cat with claws untrimmed and no more a chaotic personality. The new me is more refined, matured after having seen beyond the horizon the reality a reality the none see at Stella Maris the truth that our sophisticated lot do not present.

What I saw at Javadhi Hills, I had never before seen; what I heard I had never before heard; what I understood I had never before understood; what I felt I had never before felt. I soon recovered from the ecstasy that I felt on looking at the spectacular vision that the quaint settlement presented amidst green vegetation which were like multiplied limbs of a beautiful unsophisticated maiden. On waking up from the ecstasy, I felt my emotions playing tricks. It was an immense grief to behold this place with people so good but



20th March 1980 — A Red Letter day for Veerappanur Village. Thiru. T. N. Lakshmi Narayan, I.A.S., Advisor to the Governor of Tamilnadu, switches on the electricity for 125 houses under the Rural Electrification Scheme.

with problems so cute. Tell me, have you ever been to a place where the nearest source of water is a well minus wall and wheel about three miles away and which has to be shared by two settlements of 60 and 30 families. (as in Mankapari and Kalliparai) worse still to a place where people live on gutted water (as in Odaman-galam). On to a place where there is hardly any water due to lack of rain. How many days we have cursed the rains when it poured dogs and cats when we had to through the waters?



The Advisor to the Governor, Thiru T.N. Lakshmi Narayan hands over the sheep unit purchased on loan under the IRDP scheme, to a tribal from Veerappanur — 20th March 1980.

Can you beat it — there are still people who depend upon rain for their living and that for about four months in a year they are idle — the season of farming having gone, with no secondary occupation. One has to see for oneself this place which still recently civilisation did not touch but which so early corruption has touched. As if the torments of nature itself is not enough, officials play havoc here.

When back from the fields by the side of the low liy lanterns I used to think- what is it that these people have done that they should suffer so and what is it that we have done that we should live so which they die a double death what is it that we have done to deserve this costly education and what is it that they have done that their schools are locked-locked mind with locks that have instead. I am still thinking.....thinking how I in my own small way can help them. I came back to this environment which is in sharp contrast to that in Javadhi Hills

silent obsessed with poverty and their pathetic trust. God give me the courage to face such atrocities and God help me to help them in the best way possible.

Lalitha Nagarajan,
II B.A., Sociology

தூரத்து நினைவுகள்

“கரையா என்மனக் கல்லும் கரைந்தது
கலந்து கொளற்கு என்கருத்தும் விரைந்தது”

ஐவ்வாது மலை! செழித்து வளர்ந்த சந்தன மரங்கள் நிறைந்த இடம்; செழுமையும், வளர்ச்சியும் கண்டறியாமல் சந்தனக் கட்டைகள் போல, நகரத்து மனிதர்களிடம் அரைபட்டு, அல்லலுற்று உழலும் மக்கள் நிறைந்த இடம். “மனிதர் உணவை மனிதர் பறிக்கும் வழக்கமினியுண்டோ?” மனிதர் நோக மனிதர் பார்க்கும் வாழ்க்கை இனியுண்டா?” எனும் கேள்வி எழுந்தால், பெரும்பாலோர் ‘இல்லை’ என்று கூறினாலும், நாங்கள் ‘உண்டு’ என்றே அடித்துக் கூறுவோம். நமது நாட்டின் இன்றைய நிலையைச் சென்னை போன்ற நகரில் வாழ்ந்து, வசதி மிகுந்த நூல் நிலையத்தில், மின்விசிறியில் கீழ் அமர்ந்து படிக்கும் புத்தகங்களிலிருந்து அறிய முடியாது. ‘ஏட்டுச் சுரைக்காய் கறிக்கு உதவாது’. உண்மை வாழ்வில் புத்தக அறிவு வேறு, பட்ட அறிவு வேறு.

“ஏடு தூக்கிப் பள்ளியில் இன்று பயிலும் மாணவனே நாடுகாக்கும் தலைவனாய் நாளை வரப் போகிறான்.” அங்கு ஏடுதூக்கிப் பள்ளி பயிலும் மாணவச் செல்வங்கள் எத்தனை? பள்ளிகள்தான் எத்தனை? ஒரு கிராமத்தில் ஒரு பள்ளி, அதுவும் ஐந்து வகுப்புகள் உள்ள பள்ளி மட்டுமே உண்டு. கடமையுணர்வு உள்ள ஒரு சில ஆசிரியர்கள் இருந்தால், மாணவர்கள் கற்பார்கள்—கசடற என்று கூறுமுடியாது. ஏனைய பலர் இருக்கையில் பள்ளியின் பூட்டு துருப் பிடித்து இருக்கும் இப்படி ஒரு நிலை இன்றைய மாணவனுக்கு ஏற்பட்டால், நாளை இந்தியாவின் கதி என்ன?

தமிழ்நாட்டின் இன்றைய வாழ்க்கையில் காப்பியங்கள் இல்லை; காவியங்கள் இல்லை; கவிதைகள் இல்லை. வயிற்றுப் பசியும், ஏமாற்றமும், வேதனையும் மலைபோலக் குளிந்துள்ளன. இம்மலைவாழ் மக்கள் இயற்கையை நம்பியே வாழ்கின்றனர். பருவமழை தவறினால், அவர்கள் படும்துன்பங்கள் சொல்லிற்கடங்கா. மழை பெய்து, உரிய காலத்தில் அறுவடை செய்தாலும், அடுத்து பயிரிடும் காலத்தினை எதிர்தோக்கி, பலமாதங்கள் பொழுதை வீணை கழிக்கும் இம்மக்களின் ஆற்றாமையை என்னவென்று கூறுவது? கறவை மாட்டினைக் கொண்டு உழும் இவர்களின் அறியாமை எங்களை உலுக்கி எடுத்தது. இம்மக்களின் அவல நிலையைக் கண்டு எங்களுக்கு அனுதாபம் மட்டும் ஏற்படவில்லை; நாகரிக மோகம் மிகுந்த இச்சமுதாயத்தின் மீது கசப்பும் ஏற்படுகிறது.

நமது வாழ்க்கையில் பிரச்சனைகள் உள்ளன. ஆனால் அவர்களுக்குப் பிரச்சனையில் தான் வாழ்க்கையே உள்ளது. போக்குவரத்து வசதிகள் இல்லாத கிராமங்கள் இவை எங்குச் சென்றாலும், எப்போது சென்றாலும், நடந்தே செல்லவேண்டும். மருத்துவ வசதிகளும் இல்லை இத்தகைய ஒருநிலை நமக்கு ஏற்பட்டால், அவர்களைப் போலத் துயரத்தினை எப்பொழுதும் எதிர்நோக்கி ஏற்றுக் கொள்ளும் மனப்பாங்கு நம்மில் எத்தனை பேருக்கு உண்டு? அவநம்பிக்கைகள் நடுவிலும், சந்தேகங்களுக்கு நடுவிலும் நாம் வாழ்க்கையில், அவர்கள் அளவுக்கு மீறிய நம்பிக்கையை மற்றவர்களிடம் அளித்து, வாழவும் முடியாமல், சாகவும் முடியாமல் தங்களது வாழ்க்கையினை அழித்துக் கொள்கின்றனர். தண்ணீருக்காகப் பலகாத தூரங்கள் நடந்து, தலையிலும், இடையிலும் நீரைச் சுமந்து வரும் பெண்களைக் கண்டால் நெஞ்சு தடிக்கிறது.

“எண்ணிலா நோயுடையார்—இவர்
எழுந்து நடப்பதற்கும் வலிமையிலார்
கண்ணிலாக் குழந்தைகள் போல—பிறர்
காட்டிய வழிசென்று மாட்டிக்கொள்வார்.
நண்ணிய பெருங்கலைகள்—பத்து
நாலாயிரங்கோடி நயந்து நின்ற
புண்ணிய நாட்டினிலே—இவர்
பொறியற்ற விலங்குபோல வாழ்வார்.”

என்ற பாரதியின் பாடல் இம்மக்கள் நிலையினைத் தெள்ளென விளக்குகிறது. கருணை, அறம்— இவ்விரண்டு தூண்களும் வேரோடு இடிந்த ஒரு சமுதாயத்தில் வாழ்கிறோம் நாம். இங்குக் கருணை காட்டுபவன் தோற்கிறான். கன்னத்தில் அடிப்பவன் வாழ்கிறான் வாழ்க்கையில் தோல்வி கண்ட மனிதர்கள் வாழ வழியில்லையா? முன்னேற்றத்திற்குத் தேவையான வசதிகள் இருந்து, ஊக்கம் இருந்தும், இவர்கள் நிலைமாறாத காரணம் என்ன? “விழிகள் நட்சத்திரங்களை வருடினாலும், விரல்களென்னவோ ஜன்னல் கம்பிகளோடுதான்.”

“பொறுப்பு, உழைப்பு, கடமை—இவை நிறைந்துள்ள இவர்களின் வாழ்க்கையில், உரிமை என்ற சொல்லுக்கு இடமில்லையா? ‘எல்லோரும் இந்நாட்டு மன்னர்’ என்ற அமரகவியின் வாக்கை மறந்து விட்டோமா? சாதாரண உலகில், சாதாரண முறையில், சாதாரண மனிதர்கள் வாழும் வாழ்க்கையைக் கூட வாழாமல் இருப்பதற்கு இவர்கள் செய்த தவறுதான் என்ன?” எனப் பலவாறு சோம்பிக் கிடந்த சிந்தனைக் குதிரையினைத் தட்டியெழுப்பிப் பறக்கச் செய்தது இவ்வநுபவம். மக்களின் துயரத்தினைக் கண்ட நாங்கள் கண்டதை நம்பமுடியாமல் திகைத்து நின்றோம் எங்களுக்குள் அக்கணத்தே ஏற்பட்ட மாற்றம்... அது, விவரிக்க இயலாதது.

தொழில்களுக்கெல்லாம் தலையான உழவுத்தொழிலினை மேற்கொண்டு, ஏனையோர் “தொழுதுண்டு பின்செல்லும்” ஆற்றல் படைத்த இம்மக்களின்—உழவர்களின் உறுபசியினையும், ஓவாப்பிசியினையும் விலக்குவோம், வாழ்க்கையின் இறுதி நாணியே சாவு என்கிறோம் நாம். ஆனால், ஆயுட் காலத்துள் பலமுறை இறந்து பிறக்கும் இவர்களின் அவலநிலையினைக் கண்டு, “வாழ்ந்தால் இந்தியராகிய அனைவரும் வாழ்வோம்! வீழில் நாம் அனைவரும் அழிவோம்” என உறுதி கூறுவோம். இம்மக்களை, இக்கிராமத்தினை, இயற்கையின் பேரழகு பொலியும் இன்ப உறைவிடமாய், தொழில் பலபோற்றும் எழில்மிகு கலைக்கூடமாய், தென்றலின் நறுமணமும், செந்தமிழின் கவிமணமும் கமழ்கின்ற கலையரங்காய் மாற்ற முயல்வோம்.

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II B.A. Sociology

Convocation '79



Workers' Day



राह में चलते - चलते.....

राह में चलते देखा..... उस मिट्टी में बहुत से पैरों के निशान थे, बहुत से जूतों के निशान थे। शाम की दुल्हन घूँघट ओढ़े अब जाना चाह रही थी, पंक्षी अपने बसेरे की ओर जा रहे थे। मेरी निगाह उन निशानों पर पड़ी जो मेरी चप्पल के निशान के साथ-साथ बने थे..... कभी इसी मिट्टी में..... लेकिन... लेकिन निशान मिट चुके थे। उसके ऊपर से होकर कई लोग गुजर चुके थे। हाय! वे मिट चुके..... सचमुच मिट चुके क्या ?

नजर चारो तरफ फिसलती रही..... देखा एक चिड़िया उड़ी, हाँ वही चिड़िया जो रोज हमारे ऊपर से चीं चीं करती हुई गुजर जाया करती थी और हम उसे देखते रहते थे।..... लेकिन ले..... कि.....न यह चिड़िया इतनी शान्त और उदास नहीं..... नहीं..... यह चिड़िया नहीं मैं हूँ मैं।

आज भी यह शाम अन्य दिनों की भाँति सारी दुनिया को अपनी बाँहों में लपेट रही है और उस दिन भी—कई दिनों तक यूँही लपेटती थी..... और हम उसकी बाँहों में यूँ छिप जाते थे..... याद है ना? आज देखो, यह शाम विरहन की तरह अकेली है..... उसकी माँग का सिद्धर फीका पड़ चुका है..... वह ढल रही है।

ओह! यह पडे क्यों रो रहा है? अरे! यह कदम्ब का पेड़ तो नहीं है, जिसके नीचे राधा-कृष्ण रास रचाया करते थे। पागल है यह, जानता नहीं कि राधा-कृष्ण कभी मरते नहीं..... वे अमर हैं और आज भी यूँही रास रचाया करते हैं। वह देख नहीं पाता-बेचारा। यह देखो..... यह फूल पेड़ से गिरकर मेरे पैरों पर गिरा। हाँ, यह जानता है कि मैं उस बीते युग की राधा हूँ। यह गीत “ बरसे बुँदिया..... ” कौन गाता है? अपनी आवाज भी नहीं पहचानी जाती।

शाम उदासी का आँचल थामेआँसू लिए, मुझे आश्वासन दे रही है। आकाश और जोर से रो रहा है। आकाश के आँसू मेरी आँखों से लगातार वह रहे हैं। आकाश को कौन चुप कराए ?

राह का कोई अन्त नहीं कहीं से कहीं तक आ गई मैं । राह में चलते..... पीछे मुड़ कर देखा । बहुत सारे साने अपनी क्तोली में प्यार - भरी शामें, बाते व वचन लिए सर झुकाकर चल रहे थे । वे श्मशात की ओर जा रहे हैं उन शामों, बातों व वचनों को दफनाने के लिए ।

धुँधली-सी रोशनी में आँखें फैलाकर देखा पीछे..... दूर - दूर तुम खड़े थे । हाय ! तुम इतने पीछे छूट गये..... खैर, अब भी आ सकते हो पास..... क्योंकि अब भी एक ही राह के राही हैं हम । जरा जल्दी चलो, पहुँच जाओगे-मुझ तक । हाँ, हो सकता है कि यह राह फिर बृन्दावन लौट रही हो..... सुन रहे हो ? आओ..... देखो, यह विरहन शाम जाते-जाते रुककर आशाभरी नजरों से ताक रही है..... सुन रहे हो ? सपनों के सर धीरे धीरे उठ रहे हैं..... उन प्यार भरी बातों के, शामों के, वचनों के मुद्दे बदन में चेतना का संचार हो रहा है ।

और और मैं राह में चलते -- चलते रुक गयी हूँ..... शाम की बाँहों में अकेली तुम आ जाओ..... शाम तरस रही है और मैं दृष्टि बिछाए राह देख रही हूँ..... अभी भी तुम्हारी राह देख रही हूँ.....

श चुप..... । देखो तो, यह आकाश रो रहा है । आँसू ठंडे क्यों है ? यह सावन बड़ा बेदर्द होता है । आकाश को उसने रुला दिया ।

मेरे गालों पर पानी की बूंदें, अरे, आकाश के आँसू मेरी आँखों से कैसे बहने लगे ? विरहन शाम की माँग का सिंदूर और फीका पड़ गया है ।

वह गीत कौन गा रहा है ? “ बरसे बदरिया सावन की, सावन की मन भावन की । ”

तुमने क्या कहा था - उस दिन ? कहा था न आपने कि तुम मेरे अपने हो ? लेकिन, वह बदली देखो बड़ी प्यासी नजरों से देख रही हैं तुम्हें मगर तुम..... तुम मेरे अपने हो..... मत देखो वहाँ..... वह बदली मेरे आँसू से प्यास बुझाना चाहती है । चलो जल्दी चलो यहाँ से ।

वह समुद्र देखो । कितना विशाल, कितना उदार कितना गहरा । कई बार कहा आपने पानी में चलने को लेकिन, आप नहीं मानते । आज तो नहीं छोड़ूंगी आज आपको आना ही पड़ेगा पानी में-मेरे साथ ।

कहाँ गए ? अरे ! सुनो सुनो तो । कहीं हो तुम । तुम नहीं हो हाँ तुम नहीं हो । तो तो फिर मैं किसमे बोल रही हूँ ? पुरानी यादों में फिसलती यहाँ तक आ गई ।

वो प्यासी बदली अब भयानक कृकटाक्ष-युक्त स्मित बिखेर रही है । वह चिड़िया चीं... चीं करके मज़ाक उड़ा रही है । अरे मैं यहीं खड़ी हूँ ? यह अब वृन्दावन नहीं रही क्योंकि अब यहीं कृष्ण बाँसुरी नहीं बजाते ॥

VARSHA

III B. Sc.

यह अस्तित्व है, सम्मान नहीं ।
यह अस्तित्व है, सम्मान नहीं
किमी की ऊसर शान नहीं !
जान है, जी जान है
काल ताण्डव की मान नहीं !

प्रेम किया

फिर क्या किया ?

अपनों का, अपना किया

वैशिष्ट्य क्या महान किया ?

दान दे, भगवान दे !

वैयक्तिक का मान दे !

उर्वंश यह दान दे !

आरजू यह अमिताभ दे !

VANITHA C. V.

I. M. A. Litt.

A Pictorial Tour of our Library



The library is a 3 storeyed, modern, spacious building. Built entirely with the needs of the students in mind, it is as impressive inside as outside

Over 350 books arrive at and depart from this counter everyday



The general reading room comfortably accommodates 250 students at a sitting.

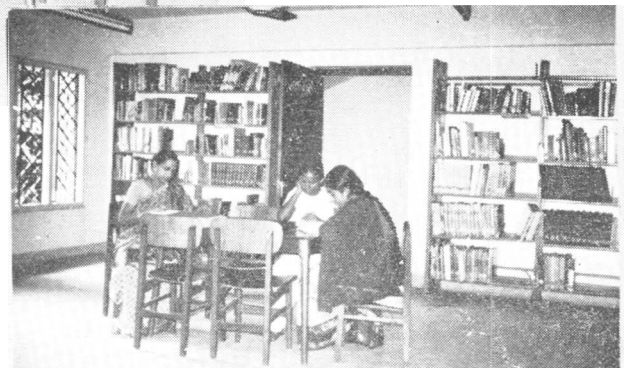


The Periodical section with newspapers and 150 magazines brings current news and information to students. There is also a section for back issues of these periodicals.

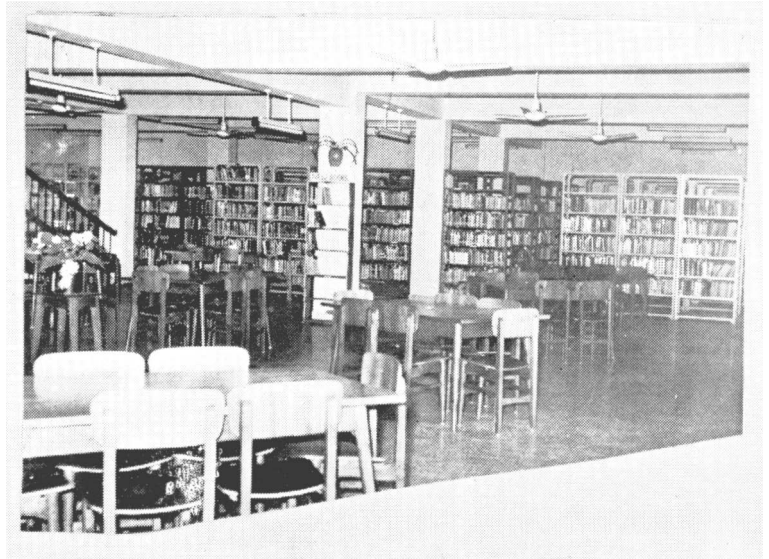


This is the catalogue for 50,000 books. About 250 new books are added every month.

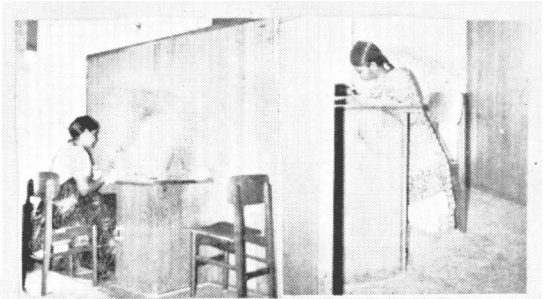
The reference section offers a large selection of dictionaries, encyclopedias, Year books and other books to improve one's general knowledge.



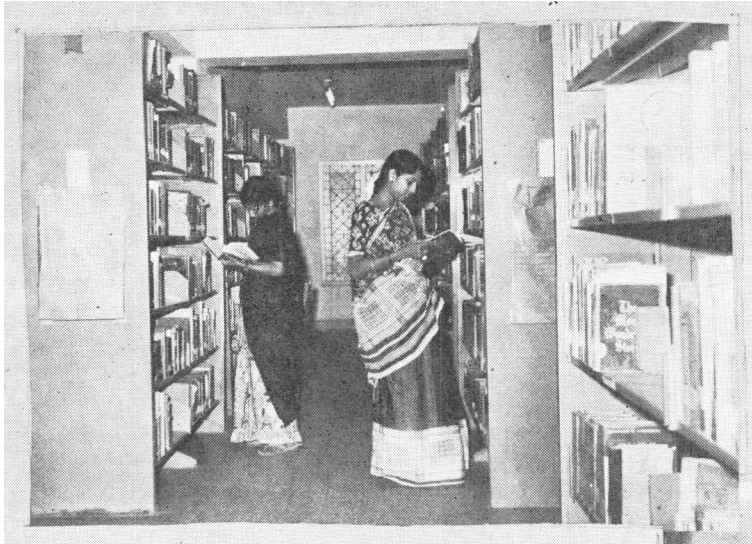
Housed in the top floor of the building the Post-Graduate library has a seating capacity of 100 and has the additional facility of a Seminar room.



The peace and quiet of the research cubicles in the Post-Graduate library facilitates intellectual pursuit.



The Post-Graduate library counter manned by a separate staff, handles upto 90 books a day. It also boasts of a separate, well stocked reference section



Under the open access system the students are granted the privilege of choosing books directly off the stacks.



The staff corner is a haven of quiet amidst busy hours of lecturing and is ideal for preparing for further lectures and classes.



पारा

पारा जिसे अंग्रेजी में Mercury के नाम से पुकारा जाता है, दुनिया में केवल वह धातु है जो Liquid के रूप में पाया जाता है। यह पानी से बहुत भारी है और इसकी विशेषता है कि दो बूंदें झट से एक बन जाती हैं। यह सिन्नेबार के रूप में धरती में पाया जाता है—सल्फर के साथ मिला हुआ है। इटली, स्पेन और अमरीका में पाया जाता है। सबसे पहले सिन्नेबार को साफ किया जाता है और मिट्टी वगैरह धोयी जाती है। इसके पश्चात् इसको चक्की में पोसा जाता है ताकि आगे की रीति में आसानी हों। इस सिन्नेबार को अब तेल के साथ गीला किया जाता है और हवा बुलबुलों के रूप में भिजवाई जाती है। इससे केवल शुद्ध सिन्नेबार ऊपर झाग के रूप में आ जाता है। सारी गन्दगी नीचे रह जाती है। उस सफ - सुथरे सिन्नेबार को अब Furnace में रखा जाता है और 300° तक ताप में सिन्नेबार से पारा Gas के रूप में पाया जाता है। इसी Gas की नली को ठंडे पानी में रखा जाता है ताकि पारा अब द्रव रूप में बदल जाए। पारा और पारा—मिश्रित पदार्थ बहुत विषैले होते हैं। पारे के अनेक उपयोग हैं। उसे Thermometer, Barometer, Manometer जैसे यंत्रों में उपयोग किया जाता है। पारे का इस्तेमाल Bulbs में होता है जहाँ नली बत्ती मिलती है। रसायनशास्त्र और कल - कारखानों में भी इसका बहुत उपयोग है। चूँकि यह दुनिया में कम मिलना है और शुद्ध रूप में पाने का कठिन और लम्बा तरीका है, अतः बहुत कीमती है।

RADHIKA BATRA

II B. Sc. Chemistry

मेरा बचपन

मेरा बचपन न जाने
कहाँ, कब गुज़र गया
बीत गया
और मैं खड़ी रही बन
अनजान, समझ उसे नाचीज़ ।
वह बचपन
जो सब रत्नों से बढ़कर
है अमूल्य, कौन जाने किस दिन
रूठा मुझसे ।
कुछ दिन मैं रही खेलती
सहेली संग, मिट्टी में ;
पलक झपकते
ही, वे दिन बिन बिदाई
लिए ओझल हो गए मेरी
राह से ।
वह बचपन जिसकी याद
लोग अकसर हैं किया करते,
वही बचपन
न जाने किस अनचाहे, अनजाने
क्षण में, मुहँ फेर चल दिया
लेकिन मैं
रही अज्ञान ; न जाने क्यों न
पहचान सकी मैं उसका रुख
जब वह
था मेरे निकट, और ज्यों वह
दूर हटा मैं लगी पुकारने,

बचपन मेरा
चलता गया करके अनसुनी
हाय मेरी दर्दभरी पुकार ।
लोग करते हैं,
गुजरे दिन किसी भी हालत में
नहीं लौटते, वे नहीं रुकते ।
लेकिन मैं,
मैं हूँ बैठी अब देहली पर,
फैलाए आँसुओं की झोली ;
लौटे कभी
अगर मेरा बचपन, लूँ थाम
उसे और न छूटने दूँ
फिर कभी ।

LALITA RAO
II B. Sc. Zoology

टूटी चूड़ी

टूटी चूड़ी के टुकड़े,
बिश्वरे, पत्थर के फ़र्श पर ।
गुज़रता जो भी वहाँ से,
अपनी ही ध्यान कल्पना में मग्न
पड़ते ही नज़र उसकी
इस कांच के टुकड़े पर
ओह ! कैसी कैसी भावना लहरें
टकरती उस मन की दीवारों से
हरे रंग की चूड़ी का टुकड़ा
हाय ! पाँव में न चुभ जाय कहीं,
पड़ा रहा हो कितने दिनों ये यहाँ,
किसी ने इसे उठाया तक नहीं,
शायद ये किसी के टूटे सपने हैं,
किसी के पथ की आखिरी निशानी है ।

SHEILA BASHYAM

तुम एक धुंधली सी परछाई हो ।
नजर नहीं आती पर
पर मैं जानता हूं तुम यहीं पे कहीं हो ।
बिना पायलकी झनकार के, चुड़ियों की आवाज के
तुम मेरा साया बन कर रहती थी, चुपचाप
चुपचाप हो आसपास ।
तुम्हारे घर का मुझे पता है । हाँ,
तुम रहती हो उस विशाल शून्य के पार
आती हो कभी-कभी इस पार
मुझे ले जाने के लिए प्रिय ।
प्रिय करो एक वादा, कि ले चलना
मुझे भी उस पार, संग अपने
जहाँ निशा को स्तब्ध करने वाली शांति होगी
वहाँ निराशा-जिन्दगी की बड़ियाँ न होंगी,
जहाँ हमेशा के लिए तुम्हारे सासों में सोऊँगा मैं
हाँ प्रीय । यह मेरा भी वादा रहा ।

PUNAM THAKRAN
II nd MA Litt.

The Relevance of Art History to Art Education today

Art is born when man observing the world around him feels the impact of certain fleeting moments or events which swells in him a desire to re-create these visions and make a permanent record of them—either through forms in painting or sculpture. It would be interesting to pause a while and analyse the stages in the creation of a work of art. The artist as an individual is usually more sensitive and has a keener sense of perception than a lay person. He has an instinctive response to sense beauty where none has found it before. Aided by his imagination, he creates the 'impression' sensed by him. This final act of creation is spiritual in nature—a "truth" in that it unravels a mystery—something abstract—in other words, making tangible the intangible in nature.

The layman or student of art is not as sensitive and his perception not as keen as that of an artist. It is undeniable that every human being has some latent artistic talent or energy in him i.e. the thirst or pursuit of beauty. Under proper guidance, every student of art can be trained to develop his senses so as to re-create in his mind what the artist has created. The artist makes use of certain technical skills to be able to project his ideas visually. His expressions call for an emotional involvement on the onlooker. Art Education plays an important role in this area.

In the present day society, the artist is not an isolated entity. He is the inheritor of thousands of years of rich artistic heritage. It is for him to understand the wisdom of the ages through a deep study of the artistic achievements of his predecessors, in order to perfect his art and aesthetic sensibilities. The deeper the understanding, the more successful and easier would it be for him to convey his ideas. In India today, there seems to be a widespread and chronic apathy towards Art History as a supplement to the study of Art as a Practical. Learning from the past ages is imperative to an individual's expression. It aids him to evolve a style of his own through mastering skills and technical qualities—by his experiencing them practically.

Our appreciation of the artist's intention depends on our ability to sort out the fake, the copy, the second-rate and the second-hand. Books can enlighten us of the artist's life, his environment, something of the techniques, themes etc. and it is certainly helpful to be made aware of these essentials. Richness, refinement and emotional depth in Art arise from cultural values, strength develops from the functional demands put upon the artist by having to create something worthwhile and useful.

The value of a timeless work of art depends on (a) the quality of the artist's intention and (b) on the success of the technical realization of that intention.

Art must have significance. Unless the student of art has a very clear idea of these intrinsic qualities of any timeless work of art, he will be unable to produce any work of "quality" by himself. In other words, a study of Art History enables him to widen his out—look helps him find self-expression and evaluate his own works and that of others as well. But for the fact that the previous works of art are recorded in books, collected in museums etc. We would be ignorant of past achievements in this sphere.

Disturbed by the indifference to art in India thirty years ago, Dr. Sr. Edith Tomory a Hungarian by birth pioneered the course "History of Fine Arts and Drawing and Painting" in Madras. Her desire was to start an Art Academy in India to propagate the ideal of beauty and truth which is important in the overall refinement of a human being. Dr. Sr. Edith Tomory saw the potential for the re-birth of art education in India.

The Department of Fine Arts of the Stella Maris College, Madras, now stands as a recognised unit of the University of Madras offering a Bachelor of Arts degree, a Master of Arts degree and Ph.D. or research facilities, based on the syllabi formulated by European Academies of Fine Arts. You may be aware of the fact that every artist abroad must have a thorough knowledge of art masterpieces before he starts out exploring on his own—I mean, to create a style of his own in graphics or sculpture.

The syllabus for study for the Academic course of Fine Arts at Stella Maris College includes an equal percentage of the the History of Art (India and the West) Drawing and Painting both at the undergraduate and Post-graduate levels. Great emphasis is laid on eye-training for the students of art by the constant use of slide projections, study of reproductions etc. to enable the students to a better understanding of the subject and to inculcate in them the intellectual and spiritual content of all great works of art. A team of trained staff members train the students in the skills and techniques of drawing and painting and crafts. We strongly believe that a good background of art history aids in the making of an artist and an art critic.

Throughout the ages, one sees that it is not always that scientific achievements mark the changeless manifestations of an age, but it is "Art" which is the signature of an age. So if we as art scholars and artists want the present age manifested in Art, it is for us to nurture the study of Art and to utilize this knowledge for the creation of an art today which will be our contribution to the future.

Compiled by
Mrs. Gita Koshy
Miss Gowri
Dept. of Fine Arts

The Plague Still Rages

The sun shone brightly into the office room, its rays lighting up the corners, as the waiter dusted the furniture. It was the beginning of another new day for his fellow waiters in the canteen. But for Anand it was the second day of his first and new job. He had long since realised that his degree would give him no job. He had travelled many miles, applied everywhere, had himself interviewed about twenty times; but he never found himself placed in a respectable job.

Then his cousin, a certain Mr. Arunkumar, an influential man no doubt, condescended to get him a job. Three months and many nervous tensions later, Anand found himself landed in the important office of peon to the pompous boss of the canteen unit. The post of secretary in the main office was vacant and Anand had the necessary qualifications. But the kind-hearted cousin wanted it for his own dear daughter, a smart young girl of marvellous accomplishments, he said, who would of course be married off with a fat dowry. Anyway, the office of peon was, he decided, respectable enough. Anand agreed and thanked his cousin. He had realised that any labour had its own dignity be it manual labour or not. In any case he had only the two alternatives of starvation and survival to choose from, and, he chose the latter.

He dusted the furniture and wiped them till they sparkled, with a wet piece of linen. Then he arranged the cups and plates carefully. There was no artistic originality in the arrangement, because, as you know severity and suppression drive out originality and the boss was not a man to be trifled with.

The boss appeared at the doorway at about 9.15 am., his protruding pot-belly entering first and then the left of the pair of spindle legs that were enclosed in expensive double knit trousers, was kicked forward. He rubbed his half-bald head that reflected the glaring morning sunlight as he strode towards his desk and plopped into the cushioned comfort behind it. He sat there the whole day doing nothing but counting the money that flowed in, with extremely meticulous care. Occasionally he marched into the kitchen to enquire into matters and order everyone about or taste with large helpings of the food. He had to make sure that his customers were not poisoned. Then he would go back and sit counting money in the truly Midas fashion. No wonder that the flesh on his chest sagged and his fingers trembled.

There was nothing special about today. The new secretary had collected her boss' morning coffee, leaving the canteen air with the mixed aroma of cooked food and French perfume. Everything seemed to run the normal routine way. But Anand was still only adapting himself to the environment. The hot fires of the kitchen and the heated dampness of the air left him sick and tired at about 2-30 pm. When the majority of the office staff had had their lunches, he approached the boss for fifteen minutes of freetime. A new employee should never ask for leave at least not so soon after being employed and Anand did not realize this, never having had a job before.

The boss seemed not to hear at first. Then he stared vaguely at Anand and when at last he comprehended he was shocked, in fact astounded, at the sheer audacity of it all. A new employed man, a peon, asks for leave! It was unheard of! "You will get no concession of the sort. You've got guts, indeed you do!" he thundered, and the matter was closed immediately.

Anand went back to his kitchen and remained there preparing food and waiting on others and watching them eat while he remained hungry.

The boss took a long time in recovering. He scratched the beef under his chin. Cold perspiration broke out on his upper lip and his temples throbbed as he clenched his teeth in anger. He clutched the pen so tightly that the veins on his fingers wormed out. He could not stop wondering at the sheer audacity of it all.

"A poisonous presumptuous race of vermin that thrives in a quiet society like a plague. It does no one no good. The sooner it is wiped away the better" he muttered and his fingers trembled as he grimaced.

About four hours later Anand strolled home. His head was bursting with a headache that had been caused by prolonged hunger. He was already shivering from fever. But it was the price he had to pay if he wished to retain his job. He took out his file and pulled out a stylishly designed certificate that said he was a graduate. He gazed long at it and wondered that he once dreamt of acquiring a respectable job. He put it away. He was no better off for having acquired it. It was just as good as not having it.

The next day again he worked amidst the heat of the kitchen though his forehead burnt with fever. It was while serving a customer that he began to shiver violently. The plates slipped from his hands and crashed down to the floor breaking into tiny pieces. The floor was in a mess.

The customers were angry, indignant rather, that a waiter should behave so uncivilly. The boss' reaction alternated between consoling the customers and yelling at the peon. Amidst the confusion Anand managed to drag himself to the kitchen.

It seemed to take the boss a long time to serve the dust. The customers stormed and the peons ran about, more of the crockery was smashed and when the turbulence had subsided, the boss strode into the kitchen to let out his share of steaming. He caught Anand by the shirt collar and after a volley of abuses alternating with filthy language, he fumed, "you're fired".

That was the end. Anand found himself in the streets again. He went home and took out his wrist watch and walked to the jeweller's shop. He pawned it for Rs. 75. He bought a packet of coconut candy for his four-year-old niece and a bottle of cough drops. He managed to survive on the rest of the money for 15 days.

Next his fountain pen found its way to the broker, followed by the blue file presented to him by his late parents on his 18th birthday. He decided not to even dare to hope he could redeem it. Within another week even some of his best clothes were on the broker's shelf.

Meanwhile a new peon had been appointed. Anand's cousin washed his hands off him. Anand had behaved disgracefully, he said. It had tarnished his reputation. He could do nothing for ungrateful beasts.

Anand shook his head. He couldn't blame the guy. He's only human. He agreed that unemployed graduates like himself were a burdensome race. They weary the world and do nobody no good.

By now he had pawned everything except the clothes on his back, a blanket he slept on and his only pair of slippers. He gazed at his certificates occasionally, but that gave him no food. He started the walking quest for employment again and everynight he slept dreaming of monthly salaries and yearly bonuses. He sometimes met his friends who had graduated with him. The few fortunate ones walked past importantly ignoring him. But the greater majority smiled understandingly at each other's thin wan faces. They belonged to a race of people whose lots in life were rather ironical.

The poison and the unholy presumption if ever there was any, in such a 'vermin' race as Anand and his unemployed colleagues, was either definitely exhausted or merely illusory, as everyday they gazed at their certificates, their tired eyes staring out of gaunt worn-out faces and wondered what to pawn next, their slippers or the shirts on their backs. Nevertheless the plague still rages.

Claramma Xavier,
III B.A. Literature.

The Martyr

".....After all, its only a building. Its not the combination of holy sacrement, Indian torture and sexual ecstasy that you seem to make of it."

'Isn't it?'

The Fountainhead, Ayn Rand.

She wiped her finger with a rag, carefully and meticulously removing the stains of paint from them. She worked slowly, concentrating on her task with a sort

of awed reverence, as if it were a ritual. Satisfied, she laid the rag aside and stared at her fingers, flexing them, absently noting their slender perfection.

And then she turned around to look at the painting, and her eyes moved over the canvas with the same impersonal admiration. The earlier tension was not there any more, nor the intense weariness of drained emotions - there was just a calm sense of acceptance now, a quiet, sure certainty. Its good, she said to herself softly, very good.

She thought of the newspaper reviews of her first show. 'Pseudo and Exhibitionistic' one paper called her paintings.....and never accounted for the fact that the exhibition was a failure. 'Wanton Selfishness of An Anti-Social Egoist' another paper called it. She hadn't understood, and somebody had condescended to explain.

'Its.....its selfish, burdening other people with stuff like this - your feelings, your emotions, your convictions. It shows lack of concern for others, for their tastesand anyway what makes you so important, so special?'

"A Breach of Professional Ethics", one headline ran. 'The artist', she was told, 'should always have his audience in mind. He has a social responsibility that he cannot shun - he should pander to the tastes of society, to the tastes of the common man, not...not to some crazy whim of his own.....He does not have the right to exercise a choice.....who is he to choosethe tramp does not choose his benefactor..... so why should the artist choose his modelthat's not being fair to the tramp.....and we're all equal aren't we.....the tramp and the artist..... you and me.....Einstein and the drunken hobo at the end of the laneall equal.

She shrugged bitterly now, as she thought of it. She hadn't bothered to defend herself to him - a sponge; a sponge that sucked up ideas in the air, blindly and greedily, to spurt out when provoked.

Occasionally, she saw paintings on display, paintings too good to be displayed and she felt a fierce desire to acknowledge them, to give them their due. She saw the souls of fellow-artists laid bare on canvas - gathering dust in some obscure corner. And she thought, the fault is ours, we are the culprits. We are the martyrs- and this cause does not deserve martyrdom.

She looked down now and saw her trembling fingers moving over the canvas, caressing it.....and she thought suddenly, I'm in love with it, my work..... And because she felt a violent urge to cover it from the sight of the world, to clutch it tight to her bosom, she held it loosely, with the tips of her fingers.....lightly..... casually..... carelessly.

Soudhamini
II B.A. Litt.

Unity of Faiths

The world has been shrinking at an increasing pace with the advance of communications and technology. We have now the physical basis for a unified world community. World solidarity is no more a pious dream. It is an urgent practical necessity. If it is to endure, it must find psychological unity and spiritual coherence. In other words, unity of faiths alone can solve the problem of mutual understanding.

Let us now analyse the following quotations.

1. "Whom the Muslims adore as Allah
2. Whom the Christians adore as Jehova
3. Whom the Vaishnavites adore as Vishnu
4. Whom the Saivites adore as Sambhu

who grants, in answer to their several prayers, health, long life, prosperity and happiness to all wherever they may be, He, the one God, is the God of all mankind".

It is therefore clear that the paths are many but the goal is one. The motive behind the formation and propagation of all the different faiths is the same. Religions as superficially seen are many but their teachings are the same. Each in its own way tries to help the human being to merge with divinity. The essence of all religions is love. Each faith has its own symbol.

The symbol 'om' represents God or Brahman in Hinduism. According to the Hindu religion the goal of life is communion with the Supreme. The one doctrine by which the Indian culture is best known to the outside world is that of "Tat-Tvam-Asi." The eternal is oneself. The real which is the inmost of all things is the essence of one's own soul. The Hindu thinkers were conscious of the immensity, the infinity, the inexhaustibility and the mysterious nature of the supreme reality. Brahman is a reality which transcends space and time, and so is greater than the human understanding could grasp. Brahman is silence, yet Brahman is continuing power which pervades and upholds the world. He is the real of the real, the unseen reality, the supreme reality, the infinite reality and the foundation on which the world rests. He is not concrete, but He has made the ground for concrete actuality. He is essential freedom. His different functions are creation, preservation and destruction which are personalized in the forms of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva.

The peculiarity of the symbol om the pranava or the primordial sound sabdah, Brahman, symbolises all the names and forms of God. It is "Aum for Hindus, Amen for Christians and Amin for Muslims." Listen to the primeval pranava Aum resounding in your heart as well as in the heart of the universe.

The Cross (†) represents Christianity. It is the religion based on the life and experiences of Lord Jesus. The Cross becomes significant only when we make it our own and only when we undergo crucifixion. The Cross means physical suffering, earthly defeat but spiritual victory. It means that only through suffering lies the way to liberation. The significance of the Cross can be explained in a beautiful manner.

When we refer to ourselves as I, the I shows the ego dwelling in us. When we put line across this I (ie) when we cut off this egoism the I is lost. As a result of which we merge with the Divinity and reach the eternity.

The wheel which is otherwise known as Dharma chakra represents Buddhism. Buddhism arose in India. The name Buddha means the Awakened one. The Buddha is one who attained spiritual realization. From his experiences of enlightenment the Buddha derived his doctrines. The fourfold truth namely (1) Suffering (2) The cause of suffering (3) Its removal and (4) The way to remove it, are all the results of his own experiences of truth. The Buddha is not only the discoverer of truth but also its revealer to mankind.

The Dharma chakra denotes "the wheel of cause and consequence of deed and destiny and the wheel of Dharma that sets all of these right."

The combination of the star and the crescent represents the Islamic faith. Islam affirms that the spread of materialism brings about the downfall of great nations. Muhammed the prophet affirms the unity of God and the brotherhood of man. Allah is a being without parts, without beginning and without end, without equal. He is viewed as a personal being, omnipotent, omniscient and compassionate. The Qurran says 'whomsoever He willeth, Allah sendeth astray and whomsoever he willeth He setteth on a straight path'. His transforming grace is essential for our effort to draw near to God. Islam teaches the way to keep close to divinity. As the star which never wavers from the Crescent so also should our mind be constantly in contact with Divinity through steady faith and constant adoration.

The fire represents Zoroastrianism. Fire stands for purity and for sacred functions. All bitterness must be offered in the sacred fire and we must emerge pure, grand, great and godly. It also stands for Wisdom in which all our evil thoughts and tendencies are reduced to ashes. We must take up adoration, meditation, and acts of selfless service which are essential for enlightenment. There is not one individual who is not beyond redemption.

As already said all these religions teach the same principle, that is to say, cultivate love to realise the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God and reach the goal namely, self realization. The world today has bled and suffered from the disease of dogmatism, of conformity and of intolerance. People become aggressive towards other ways of life. The crusading spirit has spoiled the records of all religions. It is no more possible for different civilizations to live in ignorance of one

another. Concord and not discord will contribute to the spiritual values of life to mankind.

In conclusion

“There is only one Religion,
—the Religion of love ;
There is only one caste,
—the caste of humanity :
There is only one language,
—the language of the heart ;
There is only one God,
—He is omnipresent.

V. Gajalakshmi,
I B.A. History.

Musings on Music

I had a sudden idea. As a lover of Classical Music, it suddenly occurred to me that I should try and get an explanation from at least some people as to why they did not like Classical music.

These were some of the opinions :—

“It’s morbid and depressing !”

“It’s a bore !”

“They keep repeating the same phrases over and over again, and that, for me holds no meaning at all.”

When I heard these comments I felt that somehow I must share what little knowledge I have been able to gather about Classical Music, with all.

The origin of classical Music dates back to centuries. It mainly originated as a means of invoking God. We find beautiful compositions by various composers, which have been passed from generation to generation and are still sung. These composers forsake all their worldly pleasures to sing the praise of the Lord. This materialistic world could not offer them anything. They were way above mere pleasures and riches. The songs were never composed for the sake of composing, but they were just expressions of their intense feelings of "Bhakthi". They lived in a realm of ecstasy—a world which had only God and themselves. Each word came from the depths of their hearts. This is why when we listen to it intently, it never does seem morbid and depressing, but touches the very core of our hearts. There is nothing so soothing and restful as to listen to a person singing, with the rich notes of the Thampura providing an effective atmosphere.

The number of people who learn Classical Music is surely increasing. In fact, Music teachers are in great demand. But I truly feel that Classical Music has lost quite a lot of its depth. It has lost its aesthetic value. There are now hardly any singers who can really take us to a state of emotional bliss. I think there are two main reasons for this, one is that, nowadays people do not learn music for the sake of learning the art, but are obsessed by the idea of stage performances, so much so they learn a few songs and dogmatically sing them. There is no touch of originality. Secondly, singing, today has become a hobby. It is no more a profession, for a singer always invariably faces monetary difficulties. These have helped in reducing the depth of this wonderful and divine art. It is indeed a pathetic sight, when we see an almost empty sabha for a Classical Music performance. But this same sabha can pull crowds when it stages a play or a light-music performance.

Classical Music is an art, which needs the concentration of every fibre of our body. The sense of rhythm should be inborn. It is an art which is extremely hard to understand and master. People need to have a powerful and pleasant voice and above all good training and determination. If classical music be a circle, the person singing walks on the circumference of it. He neither can move inside, nor can he go outside the rim. When he does so, he may drift into a different set-up altogether. The beauty of the art lies in the rigid discipline imposed upon the singers while singing. All this may seem very awesome, but **nothing** can stop us from making an effort to understand it.

Classical Music, we must understand, is immortal. It is timeless. Surely the very fact that songs composed hundreds of years ago are being sung now, is proof enough of this statement. The pleasure we derive from film music is momentary. If different words are substituted and are sung in the same tune, the song will still have the same effect. The songs which are popular this year are never even thought of next year. Not so for Classical Music. Its intrinsic worth is so much, that its impact is lasting. Of late we find people raving over the beautiful film "Shankara-bharanam". This seems to have sparked off an intense interest for Classical Music. We can only hope that this trend continues.

A very good friend of mine told me as she read this article, "You may be able to convince the readers intellectually about the greatness of Classical Music but it takes personal experience to realize it! " True! only personal experience brings about true involvement in it and people who have discovered this never fail to find peace and happiness.

G. Leela
III B.A. Economics

The Alumnae

M. Mahalakshmi (Soc. Wk.) getting married on 17th August 1980, hopes to join her husband in the States and wants to pursue further studies in Community Development.

Sumathi III B.A. Soc., (best out-going N.S.S. student 1979-80) is also getting married on 17th August 1980

12—1—80

17, Raja Street,
Madras-600 017

To

Sr. Susan or The Principal, Stella Maris College, Madras

Dear Sister,

I am an old student of Stella Maris and I'm getting married on the 20th instant. I would like to celebrate my marriage after doing something for my College (even though it is very very small). Hence for my satisfaction, I request you to kindly accept this cheque and use it for the sake of my college and thus bless me (on behalf of my college) in my new life.

Thanking you,

Yours faithfully
R. Mythili

Durga - Member of the Faculty in Indian Music, Madras University

Leaving for USA to present a paper on 'Indian Literature on Vocal Abuse' at the International Seminar at Denver, Colorado under the auspices of the International Association of the Experimental Research in Singing / National Association of Teachers in Singing, USA. from 27—31, July 1980. She has been admitted to the Wesleyan University, USA to work for her Ph.D. programme in Ethnomusicology and hence will continue her stay for a period of two years.

Student of Stella Maris from 1956 - 1960—B.A., M.A.—1963 - 1965. In Stella Maris was awarded the Ravivarma Gold Medal / Prizes for having stood first in the M.A. Degree Examination.

Awarded the Master of Letters Degree on her Thesis on "Voice-Culture" and received the Ph.D. Degree on her Thesis on "Operas in South India" from the University of Madras.

Geetha Ramaswami, 812, Road No. 8 ,Sind Colony, Aundh, Pune-411 007

Dear Sister,

I am sure this letter would come to you as a surprise. Don't ask me which Geetha! (I am S. N. Geetha of M.A. 1963 - 65). Though I don't correspond with you, my days at Stella are so fresh in my memory that I keep recalling them again and again. I keep telling my children and many of my friends about my M.A. days that even my kids have grown fond of our college! How is everyone in the Economics Department and at the convent? Once while travelling in a train I got the happy news from a sister of another Order in Madras that now you are the Principal. I feel like joining college once more!

My kids are doing fine in their schools. My son has done his VI Std. exams at Loyola High School here and my daughter is completing her V Std, at Convent of Jesus & Mary. I have not come to Madras of late!

I don't know whether I wrote to you that my husband is the Dy. Gen. Manager of Bharat Forge Ltd. He is doing well and we are happily settled in Poona. I am glad to inform you that I am conducting yoga classes at home (I am the teacher-how do you like it?) Other than this I have associated myself with the Missionaries of Charity and am an active co-worker of a group and we try to solve some of their day to day problems.

Sister, one more news! I and my husband are going to Europe to attend a conference at London between 2nd June and 12th June. I want Sr. Ursula's

address and also Rev. Mother Carla Rosa's address at Rome. I am making a special trip to Rome just to meet her. We are going to the U.S. and Canada by mid May and then come back to London. Hence I want to have both these addresses before I leave. Sister! I'll be really thankful to you if you can write this to me.

How are Sr. Shiela and Sr. Eansweeda. My love and regards to them and to you and to all sisters at Stella. With lots of love.

Yours affectionately.

Geetha

Bangalore,
4th July 1980

Dear Sister,

First, allow me to thank you for the marvellous testimonial you have given me. It was immensely flattering and I am proud you think me worthy of it. Not for the first time I thank God that I was given the opportunity to study in Stella Maris. Apart from academics I have learnt a lot during my two years there and have met some of the warmest and most genuine people there.

And now for the news! I want you to be one of the first people (along with my grandparents to whom I have just written) to know that I have been selected for the post of Lecturer in Jyothi Nivas College in Bangalore. I applied for the post, about which Nandu had told me, on the 25th of last month and was called for the interview on the first of this month. Sr. Marguerite, who is the Principal, interviewed me alone with two lecturers of the English Department. She also told me that she knows you. The very next day I was intimated about my appointment and I reported for duty on the 3rd. Today I completed my second day as lecturer and all I can say is that the past two days have been immensely stimulating and satisfying. Thank you, Sister, once again for your wonderful letter which carried a lot of weight in my appointment.

Though I miss Stella sometimes, it is nice to be back with my parents. It is only when one has been away from them that one realises the worth of parents! Mummy wishes me to send your her regards and says she is sorry that she could not spend some more time with you.

I am really grateful to you, Sr. Merlyn, Sr. Susan and others and to Stella Maris! for two of the most educative and valuable years of my life!

Yours sincerely,
Shoba (Venkatesh)

St. Helen's Convent,
Lovedale, Ootacamund
Pin. 641 003.

My dear Sisters Helen and Merlyn,

Few months have passed by after having bid bye to Stella Maris — the college where my total development, as this Alice, had taken place. I am truly grateful to everyone of you dear sisters. The sweet memories of my three years at Stella will remain forever fresh and green and now I feel sorry for not having learnt a lot more when the opportunity was given to me.

I can imagine, how busy both of you are these days. Do you enjoy the heat of Madras or prefer the cool climate of Nilgiris? Welcome sisters.

Come for an excursion to Ooty when Madras is very hot. By now our semester results must have been out and how eager I am to know of our performance. I am afraid, I might get poor marks because I have not done my papers well.

Permit me dear sisters to extend my heartfelt thanks to you for all your goodwill and help for the success of our AICUF activities in our College last year. It was a good experience and your guidance had encouraged me to face life with courage.

Now I am teaching in St. Lena's School, for a year, and I have very little idea as to what my future is going to be like. Hope you will kindly remember me in your prayers.

With much love and prayers,

Your loving student,
Alice Dominic.

19—3—1979

Uma Gowri-College Union President's (1978-79) touching tribute to Sr. Susan :

Dear Sister Susan,

Six years ago, I entered the portals of Stella—a shy girl. Then the world, was a little too big and bombastic for me. In another six weeks time I will be leaving Stella convinced that the world around me is what I make of it.

You have been a shepherd to me in every sense of the term. When my building was crumbling to ruins you played the role of architect. When my freshness was withering you were the fertilizer. I am not going to thank you for all this for that would be simplifying things a bit too far. But I promise you two things. That I will always live up to what you taught me and secondly you will always be a living memory.

I close with warm regards to one of the nicest persons I have ever known.

Loving Student
Uma Gowri

Elizabeth (Staff in Department of Social Work-1977) writes from Australia :

I have been very busy here at University as the work tends to be quite heavy and demanding but interesting nevertheless. I continue to work at the University of New South Wales and Carl is at I.C.I. Australia. I have been trying to resume my studies here since I now feel more settled. I have applied to the Sydney University for the Ph.D. programme and am still awaiting a reply. Though I have a first class, I am finding it hard to establish some comparability of the marks to the grades given here at that level because the marks awarded in Universities in India were so low until the new system was adopted. Anyway I hope and pray that I will be accepted ultimately.

Nigel is now in year IV and Caryle has just begun school this year. How are all the sisters? Please give my regards to everyone in the convent and in Social Work. I am planning a holiday to India in January during which I hope to see all of you.

Monsoons

Monsoons! With the very sound of the word, a cloud of memories bursts in my mind and they come falling into my consciousness like a memory-shower; running into one another and merging on the pane.

Born and brought up in Calcutta till I was around fourteen, monsoons hold a special meaning for me. Monsoons being an integral part of Calcutta life have become a part of mine too.

As a little girl the first shower saw me rushing out on to the road, to play. My mother would come running to pull me back into the house, but she too would get entangled in the joy of bathing and we would both play. She was once more a young girl running around. Forgotten were the worries of every day life. The heavenly shower outside was followed by a hot one inside and a glass of hotter milk, which I hated. It seems to me that the only things I hated about monsoons were the toads that insisted on exercising their vocal cords in the middle of the night and drinking hot milk!

I grew older and we shifted to another colony, famous for getting flooded even if it rained for an hour or so, which was considered to be a drizzle in Calcutta! I remember waking up in the morning and running to the window to see if it was a holiday. Flooded roads meant no cars, and no cars meant not going to school. If it wasn't flooded my mother would be happy, because it meant getting rid of me for a few hours. If it was flooded, I'd be happy because it meant playing outside.

My little brother and myself would be constantly on the look-out to see where mother was and as soon as we got the chance we would be out on the street. Our friends would come from their homes and join us and we would have a whale of a time. We would get a sheet from one of our homes and fish around. Two of us would hold the ends of the sheet and use it like a net. The boys would not let us fish, for they considered it to be boys' work, but in all fairness to them we girls would get the prize of their catch as soon as their friends had finished praising them and something more interesting was found. Once I was the proud owner of atleast ten little fishes, but my mother made me throw them away.

During the rainy days my father was not able to go to work and he'd sit at home and we would have a feast. Hot "pakodas" were made and we children were allowed to put a few "drops" of tea in our milk and act as if we were adults.

My grandfather used to love it when it got flooded. During his last year with us, when he was too sick to move around, he wanted to go out and see the flooded roads. That day my father got a jeep from a friend of his and we went around the whole colony, lording over the cars stuck on the roadsides.

I remember the bridge that used to get flooded on either side, disconnecting us from Central Calcutta. Urchins used to roam around there, waiting for a car to get stuck in the water, so that they could help push it out and may earn a few coins.

My grandmother died during the monsoons and we felt as if the heavens above had joined us in crying.

When I was sent to a boarding-school in Dehra-Dun, during monsoons we all wore gum-boots with shorts and acted as if we were top professional models, modelling hot pants made in Paris and boots made in Italy.

The hockey-field and the base-ball field used to get flooded and we'd go and roll in them like the boys who used to roll in the football field in front of my house in Calcutta.

I remember stepping into puddles deliberately to make the person next to me, wet.

I sit here now, and wonder what will the future monsoons be like and by how many inches will the reservoir of my memories increase year by year.

Monsoons.....

Tula Goenka
III B.A. Sociology

NSS Report on 10 Years' Activities

- 1969—70** Why NSS was taken up and how the beginning was made.
- 1970—71** The strength of the unit and the various projects.
- 1971—72** Increase in projects.
- 1972—73** Participation in Inter Collegiate and flood relief camps.
- 1973—74** Change of perspective—from charity to development.
- 1974—75** Expansion of the unit and growing awareness regarding working with people.
- 1975—76** Activities ranging from school projects to community development programmes undertaken.
- 1976—77** Increased involvement of students and request from agencies for help.
- 1977—78** Publishing the first 'Sevak'—a step towards making the common man aware of NSS. Emphasis laid on CSS as a co-curricular activity.
- 1978—79** Second edition of 'Sevak' published. Increase in unit strength. Decreasing awareness of NSS and CSS.
- 1979—80** Marching towards the future with limited resources—diminishing interest of students as CSS is compulsory.

RESUME OF 10 YEARS

The National Service Corps, as the NSS was originally termed, was initiated on an experimental basis in the College in 1968-69. A training course in Literacy and Adult Education was conducted in Dec.—Jan. 1969, and another course in Community and Slum Development, Hospital Service and Kitchen Gardening. These training programmes laid the foundation for the implementation of NSS in the College.

In 1969—70 NSS was started with a strength of 246 students and the chief areas of activity were Adult Literacy / Education. Community Development, Hospital Service and Kitchen Gardening. The same projects were continued in 1970—71.

1971—72 marked the true beginnings of the NSS. 215 students and 8 Staff members were actively involved in the various projects which now included coaching classes for Corporation school children, and two slums projects at Gram Street and Kotoor. The students and two staff members went to Calcutta to work at the Salt Lake Refugee camp for 2 weeks in September, on request from Caritas India. Camps were also conducted at Vippedu and Madras Christian College, Tambaram.

From 1973—74 there has been a gradual change in perspective - from a programme of charity-oriented activities to one of development. Greater emphasis was laid on Projects of Health and Hygiene in the various slums of the city. Cultural programmes were found to be an effective means of communication, appreciated by the audience and understood by one and all. Kitchen gardening was dropped as a project and more people-oriented projects were undertaken.

Over the years the NSS has grown from a strength of 200 students to 434 at the present day. From four main areas of work it has progressed to seven areas at present—village, non-formal education, coaching students in Corporation Schools, blood bank, soil analysis, health and welfare institutions. The projects were organised so as to evoke the maximum interest and to be more subject-oriented. The campaign for blood was undertaken by the students of Public Relations, while the Chemistry Department analysed soil samples and the Economics Department applied their knowledge in the field of Co-operatives.

The NSS has now gained momentum as it has become a co-curricular activity as CSS. We hope that although the voluntary nature of service is now out dated, students will sustain their motivation and be more involved in the future.

REPORT OF NSS & CSS ACTIVITIES - '79-1980

The total number of projects under NSS and CSS have increased during this academic year, from 27 to 36. These projects are connected with seven areas of work - village, non-formal education, corporation schools, blood bank, soil analysis, Health and Welfare Institutions. Each department is linked with a project that is subject-oriented and thus more interesting to the students.

The Economics Department has undertaken three projects. The Women's Welfare Co-operatives, with a strength of 71 students, is involved in promoting women's co-operatives in the city. Ten students of the post graduate level are involved in the organisation and maintenance of the college Co-operative Stores. Forty students visit the Home for the Aged.

The English Department works in several projects. 31 students help children at St. Ebba's School, and 40 others work in St. Ursula's School. The students help at Kalyani Hospital, and 5 are working on a study Project. Fourteen students of the post graduate level teach Functional English to the Conductors & Drivers of the PTC. The Mass Communications group stages programmes in several areas of the city with a group of 56 students.

The Public Relations Department correlate their theoretical knowledge with their field-level activities and are involved in campaigning for voluntary blood donation—a group of 24 students. Another batch of 23 students are working on a study of the incidence of drug addiction in schools.

The Fine Arts Department work in the Clarke School for the Deaf and prepare teaching aids for the handicapped children—a group of 17 students. Ten others work in the Louis Institute for Blind. Fifty-two students are part of a group called the Media Lab., which produces visual aids for projects which need them.

The History Department has placed 50 students in St. Raphael's School, to coach backward children. 29 students prepare teaching aids for the subjects. Avvai Home is visited by 26 students.

The Sociology Department has 8 projects on hand. 24 students are involved in non-formal education work at Nirmala Nilayam, a centre for craft classes for young girls. 25 students help in the Corporation School, Luz. 24 students form a Population Education Cell and 12 students are involved in a village project at Meppur. 37 students have conducted a survey on the awareness level of the public towards Eye Donation. A group of 8 students are working on a tribal project in Javadhi Hills, North Arcot District. A total of 7 monthly camps, two ten-day camps and a number of official visits were undertaken.

The Maths. Department works in three schools - St. Ebba's with 71 students, Corporation School with 100 students and the School for the Blind and Deaf with 8 students.

The Zoology Department has organised 115 students to cover 2 schools - St. Francis Xavier's with 32 students and Sree Venkateswara School with 10 students. 40 students help in the Public Health Centre at Mambalam, while 36 are placed in the Government Museum.

The Chemistry Department in keeping with the subject, undertakes blood analysis - 20 students, and Soil Analysis with 35 students. They plan to take up urine analysis as well with medical assistance. 25 students have been coaching students at the National English Schools while 14 others act as PTC volunteers to maintain order at the bus stands.

The fledgling Botany Department works with the children at Sree Sarada School - a group of 20 students, while 8 others work at Shanthi Bhavan.

There are 13 NSS projects, 23 CSS projects. Students of NSS number 436 and are guided by 22 staff members. CSS students number 675 and are assisted by 29 staff members. A trained Social Worker, as Programme Organiser, co-ordinates the activities of the departments, finds suitable projects and guides the project groups.

One-day camps were conducted at Ottiambakkam village during the last semester. A ten day NSS camp was conducted from 3rd - 12th January '80 at Meppur village in collaboration with the students of DRBCC Hindu College, Pattabiram. Ten years of NSS activities in the college was celebrated on 7th March 1980 with a valedictory function and a photograph exhibition tracing the growth of the unit over the years.

Miss Prabha Nair

भारतीय नारी

वैदिक काल की भारतीय नारी देवी तुल्य मानी जाती थी और पुरुष को प्रोत्साहन और स्फूर्ति देती थी। उसके बिना कोई भी यज्ञ अथवा धार्मिक कार्य पूरा नहीं माना जाता था। सीता के बनवास के समय श्री रामचन्द्र जी न उसकी एक स्वर्ग मूर्ति को अपने यज्ञ में प्रधान स्थान दिया था। स्त्री को सच्चे अर्थ में अर्द्धांगिनी माना जाता था। उसकी स्वतंत्रता में कोई बाधा नहीं डाली जाती थी। उस समय पर्दा प्रथा नहीं थी। हमारे पुराणों से पता चलता है कि उस समय के ऋषि मुनियों के आश्रम में कन्याएँ भी युवकों के साथ शिक्षा ग्रहण करती थी इतना ही नहीं उन्हें अस्त्र-शस्त्र चलाने की कला भी सिखायी जाती थी।

मनु ने 'शास्त्रो' में नारी की स्वतन्त्रता सीमित करने का प्रयत्न किया। लेकिन मुसलमानों के आगमन के पहले उसे थोड़ी बहुत स्वतन्त्रता दी गयी थी। राजपूत नारियों को बहुत ही हूट थी। हम देखते हैं कि संयुक्ता को अपनी इच्छानुसार वर चुनने का अधिकार दिया गया था।

यह स्थिति मुसलमान आक्रमणकारियों के आगमन से बदलने लगी। भारतीय हिन्दू नारियों को अत्यन्त अपमान और कष्ट सहना पड़ा। वह मुसलमान राजाओं के भोग विलास और काम-वासना को तृप्त करने का साधन बनीं। इसी कारण हर क्षेत्र में उसकी स्वतन्त्रता में बाधा पड़ी और समाज में उसका स्थान घट गया।

इस प्रकार विवशता और परिस्थितियों की मरी नारी दुभाग्य की देवी बनी। राजस्थान में लड़की का जन्म ही श्राप समझा जाता था, उसे जिंदा ही धरती में गाड़ दिया जाता था। एक आध छटना के उपरान्त इस रीति में सुधार किया गया और तब से उसका पिता के छन पर कोई अधिकार नहीं है,

ससुरात में भी कई प्रकार के कष्ट सहने पड़ते थे। पति की चिता पर उसे भी बैठना पड़ता था क्योंकि भारतीय विधवा समाज में सबसे तुच्छ प्राणी है। कविवर 'निराला जी' भी अपनी 'विधवा' शीर्षक कविता में एक दीन हीन विधवा की दयनीय स्थिति का वर्णन करते हैं—'वह टूटे तरू की छुटी लता सी दीन' दलित भारत की ही विधवा है।'

इस प्रकार नारी का प्रतिभाषाती व्यक्तित्व पूरी तरह से कुचला गया। अब सामाजिक धार्मिक, राजनीतिक कार्यों में भाग नहीं के सकती थी। उसकी स्थिति अश्रुपूर्ण थी।

अंग्रेजों के शासन काल में नारी का स्थान और भी गिर गया। उन्हें मालूम था कि यदि वे पढ़-लिख जायें तो भविष्य में परधीनता से मुक्त हो सकेंगीं। अंग्रेजों ने भारतीय नारियों की दुःशा देखी तो कुछ सुधार करने का प्रयत्न किया और कलस्वरूप सत्याग्रह आन्दोलनों में नारियों ने भी भाग लिया। दिनोंदिन उनकी स्थिति सुधरने लगी और आज भारतीय नारी समग्र के ऊन्नत पद पर आसीन है। हर क्षेत्र में पुरुषों से कम नहीं है इसका प्रमाण हमारे चारों ओर है। इन्दिरा गाँधी इसका आदर्श प्रमाण है।

SHALIBA

III B. A.

गतानुमतिको लोकः न लोकः पारमार्थिकः

अहो नु खलु सामान्यामां जनानां चित्तप्रमादः। यतः ते जनानेवान्यान् अनुकुर्वन्ति। वस्तुनः याथार्थ्यं विषयस्य वस्तुस्थितिं वा विचार्यं ज्ञातुं न प्रभवन्ति। यद्यपि सहसा विदधीत न क्रियां अविवेकः परमापदां पदं। इति कविसंभ्राजा उक्तं, तथाप्यस्माकं मनः शीघ्रतामेव भजते। कार्यं वा भाषणं वा वेगेनैव समाप्यते। न तत्र हार्दं चिन्तनं, अथवा परिशीलनं गहनं। अत एव प्रमादः सार्वजनीनः दृश्यते। प्रसिद्धः कश्चित् यत्करोति यदाचष्टे तदेव परमं वचः इत्याद्रियते लोकः। पश्यत—पुरा खलु विश्वामित्रः मेनकाविषये दत्तचित्तोऽभवत्।

यद्यपि तेन प्रम देन तस्य महान् तपोनष्टः जातः पश्चात्तप्तश्च । तथापि जनाः किं वदन्ति, तेनैव तथाऽचरितं किं पुनः अश्मादृशां ? इति । परं तु तत्प्राय-
 श्शिक्षित्विधया कति वर्षाणि तपश्चरितं तेन, इत्येतत् कदापि चिन्त्यते जनैः ।
 साधुर्वा असाधुर्वा कर्म येन केनापि प्रसिद्धपुरुषेण कृतं चेत् तद्विना चिन्तनं अनुसर्यते
 जनैः । यथा पुरा अर्जुनेन सुभद्रा परिणयार्थं कपटसन्यासिवेषः धृतः ।
 कर्मसमाप्यनंतरं स च वेषः त्यक्तः । अर्जुनादिभिरपि एवं यतिधर्मो स्वीकृत्य
 त्यक्तश्चेत् कुतो वयं तथा न कुर्मः । इति पृच्छन्ते केचित् । तत्र गतिरेव तस्य
 दृष्टा न तु परमार्थतो तेन यति धर्मः स्वीकृतः ततश्च स त्यक्तो वा इति विचार्यते
 वा इति तदेव न । आपातविचार एव सर्वत्र दृश्यते न तु सूक्ष्मोक्षिकया कदापि
 चिन्त्यते । सीतायाः रावणगृह वसतिमेव विचार्यतां । साधवः तया कठिनं
 तपश्चरितं तत्रेति वदेयुः असाधवः कथं वा वयं विश्वसिमः । तथा तत्र वसितं
 खलु महान् कालः? तदा मनो छलनं तावत् संभविष्यत्येव, स्त्री सामान्यदृष्ट्या
 एवं वदेयुः । अपवादतया केचित् सर्वत्र सर्वदा भवेयुरेव इति न चिन्तयन्ति ।
 इदानीमपि पश्यतां उच्चस्थित्यां वर्तमानाः राजकीयनेतारः किञ्चित् वदेयुः तद्वचनं
 विना विचारं अङ्गीकुर्वन्ति । परं तु यदा तदेव वचनं विपरीतगतिं प्राप्नोति तदा
 जानन्ति, नास्माभिः सम्यग्विचार्यानुष्ठितं, अत एव विपरीतं जातमिति ।
 राज्यसभार्थं वा लोकसभार्थं वा नेतृग्रहणविषयेऽपि नेतृणां वादकौशले दत्तचित्ताः
 अनुमतिपत्रिकां पेटिकायां प्रक्षिपन्ति । तेऽपि सिद्धाः निर्गच्छन्ति । परं तु यदा
 ते शासनविषये स्खलन्ति, तदेव जानन्ति नास्माभिः परमार्थं सम्यग्विचारितं, अत
 एव एवं वञ्चिता अभवन् इति चिन्त्यन्ते । एवं सर्वत्र विषयेषु जनप्रवादानुसारेण
 गच्छन्तः यथार्थं अजानन्तः क्लिश्यन्ते बुधा अपि । अत एव केनचित् पथा
 गच्छन्तमेव पश्चात् गम्यमानो अनुसरति । न च चिन्तयति मार्गविषयं याथार्थ्यं ।
 अत एव उच्चते एवं गतानुगतिको लोक न लोकः पारमाथिकः इति ॥

अतः अस्माभिः सत्कर्माणि नासत्कर्माणि । अतः लोकः तदनुसरेत् क्षेमं च
 लभेत् ॥

T. MALATHI
 (III B. Sc. Maths)

॥ श्रीः ॥

महिता कालिदासस्य कविता

निर्गतासु न वा कस्य कालिदासस्य सूक्तिषु ।

प्रीतिर्मधुरसान्द्रासु मञ्जरीष्विव जायते ॥

इति गद्यकवीनां शिरोऽवतंसभूतेन भट्टशाणेन श्लाघितः कविसार्वभौमः
कालिदासः संस्कृतकाव्यत्रयोमि परं ज्योतिर्विनसति वेदभोवनितायाः स्वयंवृतः
पतिरयं रसिकानां मनांसि सर्वतोमुखेन कविताचातुर्येण नरीनर्तयति ॥

उक्त एव कालिदासेन, तस्य उपमावैभवं अस्माकं स्मरणपदवीमवनरति।
“ उपमा कालिदासस्य ” इति हि प्राचामभिनन्दनम् ! ऋग्वेदेऽपि प्रयुक्तायाः
पुरातनायाः उपमायाः प्राथम्यम्, तत्र स्वर्नपुणं च प्रदर्शयितुकामः इव
कविचक्रवर्ती कालिदासः रघुवंशमहाकाव्यस्य प्रथमे सर्गे, प्रथमे श्लोके, स्वाराध्यदेवता
गताम्, भक्तिभासुराम् उपमां प्रयुङ्क्ते -

वागर्थाविव संपृक्तौ वागर्थप्रतिपत्तये ।

जगतः पितरौ वन्दे पार्वतीपरमेश्वरौ ॥

शब्दार्थयोः सुबन्धः कालत्रयेऽपि यथा अविनाभावभासितः, तथा पार्वती-
परमेश्वरौ सर्वदा अविपुक्ते विराजेते । उक्तं च कालिदासेन “ प्रेम्णा शरीराध्वंहरां
हरस्य ” इति । वन्दितौ हि जगत्पितरौ वागर्थप्रतिपत्तिं नूनं वितरिष्यतः ।
अन्यश्च तयोः कटाक्षकलितौ कालिदासस्य वागर्थावपि लोककल्याणाय कल्पेयाताम्
इति ध्वनिरप्यत्र श्रूयते । ध्वनिः खलु काव्यस्य आत्मा ॥

कालिदासकाव्यनन्दनवने इयं सुगन्धिनी उपमापुष्पमाला—

प्रभामहत्या शिखयेव दीपस्त्रिमार्गयेव त्रिदिवस्य मार्गः ।

संस्कारत्येव गिरा मनीषी तथा स पूतश्च विभूषितश्च ॥

अत्र, पार्वत्याः जन्मना “ देवतात्मा हिमालयः ” पूतः विभूषितश्च अभूदिति
तत्त्वं, कुमारसंभवे, उपमात्रयेण-मालोपमया—कविहृद्भासयति । प्रथमोपमा
गिरिजायाः स्वयंप्रकाशत्वम्, द्वितीया तस्याः पवित्रत्वम् तृतीया तस्याः संस्कृति
च द्योतयन्ति । कालिदासोपमायः अनुपमेयत्वं कथं वा श्लोध्येत !

तथैव, रघुवंशे, गङ्गायमुनासंगमं—सितासितजलानां संगमं—स्मारं स्मारम्, ध्यायं ध्यायम्, सहृदयाः अमन्दानन्दसंदोहं विन्दन्ति, तत्र “क्वचिच्च कृष्णोरग-भूषणेव भस्माङ्गरागा तनुरीश्वरस्य” इति अन्त्या उपमा ईश्वरभक्तान् पुलकितगात्रान् कुर्यादिति निश्चप्रचम् ।

कुहनावदुना परमेश्वरेण निजरूपे प्रदर्शिते, कुलकन्यासहजया भीत्या लज्जाया च चकितवती भवति नगाधिराजतनया पार्वती । अन्यत्र गन्तुकामा पादमुद्रुतवती किं तु शृङ्गारभावः तां तत्रैव स्थापयति । अतः भावद्वयसंबर्षणसंलग्ना सा न चलति, नापि तिष्ठति, उत्तमचैत्रिकाणां चित्रविषयाहर्हा इयं मनोहारिणी अवस्था कविवरेण चेतोहारिण्या उपमया प्रत्यक्षीक्रियते—

“मार्गाचलव्यतिकराकुलितेव सिन्धुः ।

शैलाधिराजतनया न ययौ न तस्थौ ॥”

मार्गे पर्वतेन रुद्धा नदी प्रतीपं प्रवहति ; किं तु पश्चाद्देगादागतेन प्रवाहरयसा पुरस्सरति । क्षणकालं कल्लोलितदशायाम्, एकत्रैव स्थित्वा न पुरतः सरति, नापि पश्चात् । इयं चोपमा, कविवरिष्टस्य कालिदासस्य, वाल्मीकिसमम्, प्रकृतिसौन्दर्यवर्णनवैभवं संदर्शयति ॥

“दीपशिखाकालिदासः” इत्यस्य कविवरेण्यस्य बिरुदं-प्रथां-संपादितवती उपमा संस्कृतकवितासाम्राज्ये सुप्रसिद्धः; पुनः पुनः पठितापि नवतामेव उपैति, यथा क्षणे क्षणे रमणीयता—

“संचारिणी दीपशिखेन रात्रौ यं यं व्यतीयाय पतिवरा सा ।

नरेन्द्रमार्गाह इव प्रपेदे विवर्णभावं स स भूमिपालः ॥

इन्दुमती स्वयंवरमण्डपे मालिक्रया सह यान् यान् राजपुत्रान् अतिक्रम्य अगच्छत्, तांस्तान् नष्टाशान् विनष्टमुखरागांश्च वैवर्ण्यं प्रापयत् । अग्रे स्थितान् राजकुमारांस्तु आशापूरितहृदयान् प्रकाशितमुखान् अकरोत्, यथा दीपशिखा पुरतः स्थितानि वस्तूनि प्रकाशयति; पश्चात्भूतानि तमसि पातयति । इयमुपमा इन्दुमत्याः सौन्दर्यपवित्रत्वादिक्रियाणगुणगणान् व्यञ्जयति । अहो कालिदासोपमायाः अन्यादृशी काव्यश्रीः !

कविश्रेष्ठस्य कालिदासस्य वर्णनाचतुरो तथास्ति यथा वर्णितविषयाः चलचित्रमिव अस्मन्मानसपटे सरति । अत्र वर्षासु पार्वत्याः अग्रतपश्चरणचित्रण-मुदाह्रियते —

“स्थिता क्षणं पक्षमसु, ताडिताधराः पयोधरोत्सेधनिपातचूर्णिताः ।

वलीषु तस्याः स्खलिताः प्रपेदिरे चिरेण नाभिं प्रथमोदबिन्दवः ॥”

एतस्मिन् श्लोके, समुचितपदैः, पार्वत्याः तत्तदङ्गेषु प्रथमोदबिन्दूनां दशावर्णनेन तस्याः सामुद्रिकलक्षणसंपन्न सौन्दर्यम्—पक्षमणां सान्द्रत्वं, स्नैग्ध्यं च, अधरस्य मार्दवम् पयोधरयोः काठिन्यम्, त्रिवल्याः निम्नोन्नतत्वम् नाभेः गाम्भीर्यं च—मनोरञ्जनं व्यञ्जयति महाकविः ॥

नाटकरत्ने अभिज्ञानशाकुन्तले, निजप्राणान् दुष्पन्तशराद्रक्षितुं उदग्रप्लुन धावतः कष्वाक्षममृगस्य दुःखस्था हृदयंगमया स्वभावोक्त्वा वर्णयते कविकुलतिलकेन—

“ ग्रीवाभङ्ग भिरामं मुहुरनुपतति स्यन्दने बद्धहृत्विः
पञ्चार्धेन प्रविष्टः शरपतनभिया भूयसा पूवेकायम् ।
दर्भैर्धर्वलीढैः श्रमविष्टमुखभ्रंशिभिः कीर्णवर्मा
पश्योदग्रप्लुतत्वाद्वियति बहुतरं स्तोत्रमुर्ध्यां प्रयाति ॥

धावन्मृगः, स्वस्य स्थस्यच अन्तरे विद्यमानं दूरं ज्ञात्वा, तदनुगुणं धावनस्य वेगं निर्णेतुं, पुनः पुनः अनुपतन्तं रथं पश्यति । शरपतनं परिहर्तुं पञ्चार्धेन पूर्वकायं प्रविरय गोलकाकारो भवति । श्रमेण विवृतात् तस्य मुखात् पूर्वं किञ्चिज्जग्न्थाः दर्भाः तत्र तत्र विकीर्णाः सन्ति । अहो ! भीतभीतस्य मृगस्य दीनामेतां दशामुद्गाय्य, वयं बाष्पवारिपरिपूर्णलोचनाः भवामः ।

सरसरसवर्णने, विशिष्य, शृङ्गाररसविधाने, तत्र च विप्रलम्भशृङ्गारचित्रणे, कालिदासस्य दक्षता अद्वितीया । अत्र ललितमधुर पदप्रचुरा वैदर्भीरितिः महाकवेः कालिदासस्य अत्यन्तमुपकरोति ।

मेघसंदेशे, विरहविधुरां अलकास्थितां स्वपत्नीं यक्षः एवं दुःखदुःखं वर्णयति—

“ उत्सङ्गे वा मलिनवसने सौम्य निक्षिप्य वीणां
मद्गोत्राङ्गं विरचितपदं गैयमुद्रांतुकामा ।
तन्त्रीमार्दा नयनसलिलैः सारयित्वा कथंचिद्भूयो
भूयः स्वयमपि कृतां मूर्च्छनां विस्मरन्ती ॥ ”

पद्यमिदं विरहानलदग्धां यक्षवनितां चित्रितामिव सजीवामिव अश्मदक्ष्णोः पुरः उपस्थापयति ।

अस्मिन् संदर्भे, स्त्रीपुरुषयोः अनुरागं प्रति कालिदास्य मतं किमिति वक्तव्यम् ॥

“ अकृतार्थेऽपि मनसिजे रतिमुभप्रार्थना कुरुते ”

इति अभिज्ञानशाकुन्तले, “परस्परप्राप्तनिराशयोर्वरं शरीरनाशोऽपि समानुरागयोः” इति मालविकाग्निमित्रे च, घोषयन्कविः, सफलो विफलो वा, परस्परं कामयमानयोः अनुरागः एव रत्नेर्विजयः; न अनुत्कण्ठितयो, शरीरसंगमः इति कामस्य हृदयं, रहस्यं, सुविशदयति ।

रघुवशे “निषादविद्धाण्डजदर्शनोत्थः श्लोकत्वमापद्यत पस्य शोकः” इति कवितामार्गदर्शिनं महर्षिं वाल्मीकिं वर्णयन्कविः स्वयमेव करुणरससंविधाने अतीव समर्थः इति बहुषु स्थलेषु निस्सन्देहं निरूपयति ।

सा मुत्कण्ठं व्यसनाति भाराच्चक्रन्द विग्रा कुरुरीव भूयः ।

नृत्यं मयूरः कुसुमानि वृक्षा दर्भानुपात्तान्विजहुर्हरिण्यः ।

तस्याः प्रपन्ने समदुःखभावमत्यन्तमासीद्द्रुदितं वनेऽपि ॥

सीतां गङ्गातीरे विसृज्य लक्ष्मणे व्यतीते, तस्याः दुःखम् ; तद्दुःखदुःखितस्य सर्वस्य काननस्य दुःखं च, काव्यचमत्कृत्या, करुणरसभरितैः वचोभिः वर्णयति महाकविः । “अपि ग्रावा रोदिति अपि दलति वज्रस्य हृदयम्” इति “एको रसः करुण एव” इति नवं मतं स्वीये ऊत्तररामचरिते स्थापयित्वा विरुढवतः भवभूतेः करुणोक्तिः अस्मत्स्मृतिपथम् आगच्छति ।

अर्थान्तरहयासे, यथा उपमायाम्, कालिदासस्य पारीणता अनितरसाधरणैव । अस्य काव्यनाटकेषु तत्र तत्र सूक्तिमौक्तिकानि प्रकाशन्ते ; तानि जीवितभ्युदयाय, लोककल्याणाय च कल्पन्ते, तथा हि

“कस्यात्यन्तं सुखमुपगतं दुःखपेकान्ततो वा नीवैर्गच्छत्युपरि च दशा चक्रनेमिक्रमेण ॥”

इदं सुभाषितं दुःखभूचिष्टे लोकेऽस्मिन् शोकभग्नानां नराणां हृतिदायकम्, प्रत्याशाजनकम्, समाश्रवासयितारम्, विश्वासोत्पादकम् उपदेशं वितरति । “जीवन्भद्राणि पश्यति” इत्यार्षी वाक्,

“कल्याणी बत गाथेयं लौकिकी प्रतिभाति मे ।

एति जीवन्तमानन्दो नरं वर्षशतादपि ॥”

इति रामायणसूक्तिश्च अत्र स्मरणीये । आङ्गलभाषायाम् इदमेव “Optimism” इति कथ्यते ।

काव्यसंपदः काष्णत्रये नेसर्गिकी प्रतिभा शीर्षस्थानं वहति । तां च अनन्यसाधारणतया कालिदासो विजति । तज्ज्वन्या महाकवेः उत्प्रेक्षा कामपि कव्यशोभां धत्ते । तथाहि—

“ क्लमं ययौ कग्दुकलीलयापि या
तया मुनीनां चरितं व्यागाह्यत ।
ध्रुवं वपुः काञ्चनपद्मनिर्मितं
मृदु प्रकृत्या च ससारमेव च ॥ ”

“ तपः क्व वत्से ! क्व च तावकं वपुः ” ! इति मात्रा तपसो निषिद्धा उमा महत् तपश्चरितुं प्रचक्रमे । “ कथमिदं साध्यम् ? इत्यस्माकं संशयं परिहर्तुमिव कविवरः पार्वत्याः वपुः नूनं सुवर्णकमलनिर्मितम् ” इति उत्प्रेक्षते । अमेनैव हेतुना तस्याः शरीरे पद्मस्वभावेन मार्दवम्, काञ्चनस्वभावेन काठिन्यं च एकत्र वर्तेते । अतः, उग्रतपश्चरणं उमायाः सुकरमेव

इत्थं, कविशार्दूलस्य कालिदासस्य महिता कविता दिङ्मात्रमेव प्रदर्शिता; यदि पूर्णतया तन्महत्त्वजिज्ञासा तर्हि कविसंराजः सर्वाः कृतयः सादरं काव्यरसा-स्वादलक्ष्येण पठयन्ताम् ॥

— 0 —

The English Play—"You Never Can Tell"



The English Play—"You Never can Tell"



College Play

It was novel—rubbing shoulders, as it were, with buses, occasionally peering patronisingly down at sleek embassy cars and above all gazing up at the glorious heavens (at the imminent risk of a sunstroke) "with ne'er a cloud in sight". Mount Road from 'above' was indeed a novelty—S. M. C. College play crew was moving swiftly (No, not on a helicopter) through Mount Road with all the furniture - props atop a valiant though battered lorry; destination—the scene of action, 'Museum Theatre'.

No one looking at the cheery gang seated blithely on top would have known the nervous anxiety smothering their chaste hearts. A sense of deep excitement had for days now plunged the crew and the cast into alternate moods of elation and abject misery as the "Great days" approached.

The months of hard work flashed through many minds, as well as the bustling cheerfulness and unwavering good humour of the staff involved; Sr. Evelyn in particular, the stolid plodding of the painters, carpenters; all of them who had been indispensable in the past months.

The amount of team work had been considerable. The costumes' committee had scooped down on every well-dressed girl in College with a kind of grim determination that was spine-chilling to us onlookers. Behind their deceptively mild faces was hid a ruthless will which only those in close association were privileged to glimpse at; working relentlessly through nights and doing embroidery with such skill, it would make a Bond Street tailor wince with shame. The cast and the director (Ms. Susan Oomen) were a haloed team apart, whose deep sense of commitment kept them working methodically through interminable practice sessions, perfecting each scene. As the final days approached the pace increased (if that were possible) even more and everyone was working with frenzied haste.

After the long expected move into Museum Theatre, the cast were kept on their toes all day long and the director flitted between the sets, props and cast—a packet of dynamite. The crew had a full time practising sets change,—and tougher work—convincing the museum visitors that 'Museum Theatre' did not hold delightful exhibits of 16th Century Cavaliers at present, but poor hardworking 20th Century College girls.

The show opened in an atmosphere of strained stillness, and the hard labour of many months was finally put to the test. The pace was set, right from the start, with Dolly and Valentine. It was further built up with the arrival of Phil and the twins blazed with wit and impudence (Shavian Verbal felicity at its best). With the quiet entry of Gloria, Quality sneaked in and established itself, reinforced by the dignified performance of Mrs. Clandon. The quaint M'comas was delightful, forming

a perfect foil for the urbane fatherly waiter. The waiter himself was indispensable right through and lent the touch of class that contrasted effectively with the harsh bluntness of Crampton. The last Act was completely overshadowed by the dominant Mr. Bohun, whose stay though short was extremely impressive.

The first day set an example for the following two. Even the morning sessions—where the director quelled our unwarranted enthusiasm with a pithy but effective commentary on our various misdemeanours,—were enjoyable; and at the end of a very tired third day, it was all we could do to stop dancing on our feet, though with an inexplicable sense of loss, as the play slid to a smooth close after three impressive performances. We knew without regret that even being a very small cog in the wheel was enviable in such a rollicking group and the sense of small achievement that everyone tucked contentedly under their arm was unique. Moreover who could tell what big adventure waited around the corner working with such a group - For as Shaw says - "You never can Tell"-Can you ?

Chitra Kameswaran
II M. A. English

The Crazy Horse - Power

The village Miraj is the present ashram of the saint Sankaracharya. Naturally when my father had to go there on duty, my mother—God-fearing person that she is, decided we should pay our respects to him. This decided, we packed off to Miraj. We reached the place on a sultry evening. Dawn found us ready to set off to the ashram, in the only mock of a transport available then—A Tonga.

This tonga was dragged by an old nag with a young, still sleepy man for its master. Immediately as we sat in it, the man signalled the horse to move. The seemingly obedient nag set off at a swift canter, with our praises following it, but within just a few minutes, the horse, realising that it was doing exactly what its master wanted, decided to remedy things. He stopped and moved in a quick trot but Alas! in reverse gear. The owner first cursed it, then whipped it and finally cajoled it, all to no avail. The horse either had a mind of its own or had drunk the better half of a whisky bottle meant for the master. So, on and on we went till the horse accidentally laid its foot on a bar of soap, lying a distance away from a road-side

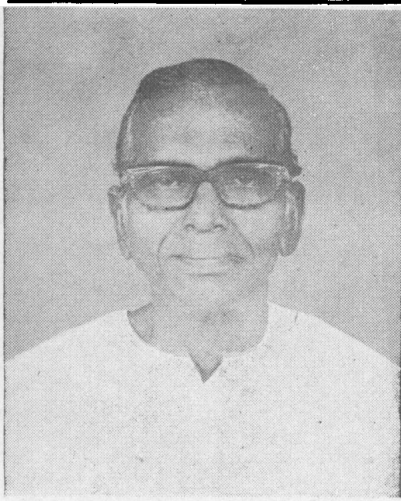
water tap. The horse accelerated to third gear and we could hear the owner of the soap yelling for hell. The speed limit was forgotten altogether and we thanked our lucky stars that there wasn't any bobby in the vicinity for we would have been given a ticket for over-speeding in reverse gear.

We begged the man to stop the horse, with my brother calling it a thousand and one kinds of blankety blank fool, followed by a running commentary on the misfortunes of riding in a vehicle drawn by a mad horse. I am sure we must have presented a pretty picture to the world for we heard a lot of sniggers, chuckles and thunderous laughter.

Suddenly my Mom in the back seat beside me—pointed wordlessly ahead, her eyes stricken with horror. I looked at the indicated place and burst out into frightened and hysterical laughter, for a few yards ahead of us was a huge open gutter into which we would have found ourselves in a few minutes' time. The horse-man whipped it continuously and the horse came to a screeching halt. My hurried exit from the seat showed me that we were but a foot away from the gutter. We paid the man the return fare too and I thanked God to have my skull left in one piece. We started walking to the ashram but a few minutes later my brother was missing. Turning back we found him giving the horse a piece of his mind and vowing solemnly in its presence that he would never lay another foot in a tonga.

We soon began our long walk to the ashram. An hour later we reached the ashram, thankfully sat on the cement stage and paid our respects to him.

J. Bhavani,
I B.A. Litt



BORN : 3-6-1917
DIED : 10-1-1981

Students, Staff and almost everyone in college will miss Mr. J. T. Sundararajan, of our College Office. For 30 dedicated years he oiled the wheels which made the intricacies of paperwork less ponderous and cumbersome. His faithful and loyal service, sincerity and enthusiasm, sense of humour and his accurate knowledge of his work, endeared him to all. May his soul rest in peace.

Petites Gouttes

Il y a ceux qui sont inspirés par les montagnes dominantes, les autres qui sont enchantés par les fleurs parfumées ou ceux qui sont fascinés par la mer écumée. Mais rien, je crois, peut surpasser la grandeur du spectacle de la pluie - le ciel tremble, le tonnerre sonne et la pluie tombe en torrents, avec une ferocité et une intensité sur la terre sans défense.

Le spectacle est aussi beau que la poésie - le son du tonnerre se mélange avec le bruit de la pluie qui s'abat sur les arbres, produire une symphonie musicale inégalée par aucune composition humaine. La pluie semble symboliser le mystère de toute création - un moment, tout est en obscurité, au lieu d'un ciel d'azur, on ne voit qu'un vide, obscur, noir et mystérieux. Le prochain moment, l'éclair flamboie à travers ce vide, pour éclairer le monde entier. Les arbres, les maisons, les champs et la pluie noire se révèlent, pour un moment court, dans cette lueur.

Le poète, Kalidasa, décrit ainsi la saison de la pluie :

“ Les nuages, les éléphants qui la supportent,
L'éclair son étendard
et le tonnerre son tambour,
La saison pluvieuse vient en forme royale ”

Pendant cette saison, même la sortie dans la rue est un bel amusement, inspirer le parfum du sol mouillé, porter des imperméables, s'accrocher aux marchepieds glissants dans les autobus, éclabousser l'eau des flacques pleines d'eau boueuse.

Lakshmi Raman
III B.A. (Lit.)

University Examination Results - April '80

Course	Total appeared	I Class	II Class	III Class	Total passed	Per- centage
B.A.						
History	35	18	12	2	32	91.4%
Economics	51	39	10	—	49	96.07%
Fine Arts	27	—	—	—	24	88.89%
Sociology	48	34	14	—	48	100%
Public Relations	23	23	—	—	23	100%
English	49	41	6	—	47	96%
B.Sc.						
Mathematics	47	47	—	—	47	100%
Chemistry	35	35	—	—	35	100%
Zoology	45	33	4	8	45	100%
		Grade 0	Grade A	Grade B & C		
M.A.						
English	25	8	16	1	25	100%
Economics	22	10	12	—	22	100%
Fine Arts	5	—	—	—	5	100%
Social Work	27	12	13	—	25	92.5%
M.Sc.						
Mathematics	25	4	10	4	18	72%

**Statement about ownership and other particulars about the newspaper
Stella Maris College Magazine to be published in the first issue every year
after the last day of February
Form IV—(See Rule 8)**

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|---|
| 1. Place of Publication | ... | 19, Cathedral Road, Madras-600 086 |
| 2. Periodicity of its publicatin | ... | Annual |
| 3. Printer's Name
(whether Citizen of India)
(If foreigner, state the
country of origin)
Address | ...
...
...
... | R. Surianarayanan
Citizen of India
—
40, Anderson Street, Madras-600 001 |
| 4. Publisher's Name
(whether Citizen of India)
(If foreigner, state the
country of origin)
Address | ...
...
...
... | Sister Helen Vincent, F.M.M. Ph.D.
Citizen of India
—
19, Cathedral Road, Madras-600 086 |
| 5. Editor's Name
(Whether Citizen of India)
(If foreigner, state the
country of origin)
Address | ...
...
...
... | Sister Helen Vincent, F.M.M. Ph.D.
Citizen of India
—
19, Cathedral Road, Madras-600 086 |
| 6. Names and addresses of individuals
who own the newspaper and part-
ners or shareholders holding more
than one per cent of the total capital | ... | Stella Maris College, Madras-600 086 |

I, Helen Vincent, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Date : 23—1—1981

Signature of Publisher : Sr. Helen Vincent, F.M.M.

Printed by R. Surianarayanan at Gnanodaya Press, 40, Anderson Street, Madras - 600 001
Published by Sr. Helen Vincent, at 19, Cathedral Road, Madras - 600 086
Editor : Sr. Helen Vincent

GNANODAYA PRESS
40, Anderson Street,
Madras - 600 001
